

THE DYING STREET ARAB.

BY MATTHIAS BARR.

I knows what you mean, I'm a-dyin'— Well, I aint no worse nor the rest. Taint them as does nothin' but pray in, I reckons, as is the best.

market-place of Caen amid the curses and execrations of the citizens. He had destroyed twenty-one houses and fourteen lives. Doctors and lawyers, as well as newspaper readers, are familiar with many phrases and manifestations of monomania, but it is not often that so striking a sample of the motiveless and irrational "fire-bug" is offered to their inspection.



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CURIOUS CRIMINALS.

On the 6th of December last a young man of talents and education was gunned in the public square of Caen, France, in the presence of a great multitude of people. He was a "fire-bug," and during the two or three months preceding his capture had set the skies of all Normandy with the light of burning villages, farm-houses, hay-ricks and barns.

ciently intimate to justify such a liberty, because of her tender sympathy with a daughter of that family who was shut up in a convent, and, as she deemed, oppressed by her kindred. In all these acts, and others innumerable committed by this historic woman, some ghost of a motive may be traced.

places in the streets, rushed forth upon passing girls or women, and inflicted stabs upon them with a penknife or some other pointed instrument. He could give no account of his demoniac possession. He wept on the policeman who captured him with such copiousness as to seriously dampen that official, and was contrite and remorseful beyond his years.



and his apartments were found to be crowded with female shoes. They were of all sorts, from the dainty little slipper to the most fashionable bootie. The man was a respectable person, and among his immediate neighbors bore the repute of being a quiet, worthy citizen.

changes of the nervous system, such as are traceable in epilepsy or melancholia. The mania of vanity, of fear, of ambition, of superstition, of homicide, of any sort of wanton and causeless destruction existing in minds which betray no other evidence of unsoundness, may yet be traced to distinct and accurately ascertained lesions of the brain.

THE NAMING OF CHILDREN.

One of the most common, foolish, and mischievous habits is that of naming babies after historic characters, or persons who have achieved contemporaneous notoriety. The smaller the chance the children have of ever achieving any resemblance to those with whose title they are crushed from the first, the greater the likelihood of the bestowal of such titles.

The injury William Shakespeare, John Milton, George Washington, Daniel Webster, and a hundred others have done at the baptismal font can never be reckoned. It is doubtful which would have been better, they should not have been born, or that the nominal wearers of their honors should not have been.

I am sure hundreds—nay, thousands—of promising and naturally clever boys have been spoiled by indiscretion of nomenclature. How can a sensitive and competent youth, with an ardent proclivity to and many inclinations for literature, obey the bent of his inclination when everybody is aware that he is William Shakespeare Jones, or Smith, or Brown, or anything else?

How THEY DO IT.—The following conversation between two clever lawyers was overheard:—"How does your client like it?" "Not over much; begins to complain of the expense."

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