THE WEEKLY MAIL, TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1881.

ON THE FRONTIER. robbed the mail at midnight? We'll trail m down, you bet ! bring them into the halter; I'm sheriff of mustangs, hearties, and long before m down to their refuge, and justice

asant, this rude experie the plains and mountains, far to the now-capped mountains-waves of

an endless sea-ook at yon billowed prairie, boundless as grand Ah! we have found our quarry! yonder within the bush ! Empty your carbines at them, then follow me in with a rush !

ith the desperadoes! Ours is the cause or right ! rugh they should slash like demons, still we must gain the fight!

Pretty hot work, McGregor, but we have gained the day. What? Have we lost their leader? Car he have "meaked away?" There he goes in the chaparral! He'll reach it now in a bound! Give methat rifle, Parker, I'll bring him down to the ground.

There, I knew I could drop him, that little piece of lead Sped straight on to its duty. The left of the

of lead Sped straight on to its duty. The last of the gang is dead. He was a bandsome fellow, plucky and fearless too ; Pity such men are devils, preying on those more

true. What have you found in his pockets? Papers? Lets take a look. "George Walgrave" stamped on the cover? Why, that is my brother's book; The deeds and the papers also, and letters re-ceived from me; He must have met these demons. Been murdered and robbed, you see.

and I have been his avenger ! It is years since We loved each other dearly, and Walgraves never forget, If my voice is broken, excuse me. Somehow it confines my breath. Let me look on the face of that demon who-dogged poor George to his death l

Good God 1 It is he; my brother! killed by my own strong hand! He is no bandi! leader! This is no robber band! What a mad, murderous blunder! Friends, who "thought they were focs: Seven dead men on the prairie, and seven homes fooded with woes.

Pardon my weak emotion. Bury them here, my friends: Here, where the green-plumed willow over the prairie bends; One more tragedy finished in the romance of strife. Passing like sombre shadows over this frontier

-Boston Transcript.

A MASTERPIECE OF CRIME

L Some mortals are born under an unlucky star. Jonathan Smith was one of them. There was his vulgar name to handicap him in life's race at the outset. Then, he was poor and had no brains to speak of, and—un-kindest of all—he considered himself a man

service

"What service ?"

"To bring me my letters."

His first anxiety on reaching the age of puberty-which for him did not mean the age of discretion-was to adopt a pseudonym ; his second, to adopt another ; and so on for ten years, until he had exhausted all the sobri years, until he had exhausted all the soor-quets within his fantastic reach in the effort to throw the curiosity—the fancied curiosity rather—of his contemporaries off the trail of his identity.

No matter what name he took-noble, mid-No matter what name he took—noble, mid-die-class, or basely mechanical, foreign or home-made, romanticor prossic—Cavendish, Thomp-son, or Sikes, Giovanni, Romano, or John Bull, Guy Chastelar or Tom Merry—he re-mained in the depths of obscurity. The least known of workers at the pen, the most unrecognized of novices, the poorest of the horde of Grub street, glory would have none of him

"E pur, si move !" he used to exclaim, as he tapped the bony casket of his skull with his index finger. "I have something here." He believed his skull was profound because it

He believed his skull was protound because it sounded hollow. "Were not Sheridan and Disraeli failures in their parliamentary beginnings ? and yet see to what greatness they arrived ! And I, Jonathan Smith, shall I despair ? No. Periah the therefore the second state of the second state

a letter written to her, telling her all ab

A letter written to her, telling har all about must her arrange are burned betorehand. If that is no construction to the arrange of the second to the the second to the arrange of the second to the second to the arrange of the second to the second to the arrange of the second to the second to the arrange of the second to the second to the arrange of the second to the second to the arrange of the second to the second to the arrange of the second to the second

the

ing to the tribe of ill-doers. The public con-science was tranquil on this head. There was but one obscure point in the whole business. What had become of the widow's money? It was obvious that the scoundrel, Wiggins, had hidden it in some well-chosen spot. That the money had been taken by him was un-questionable, for was not robbery the motive of his crime? It was universally admitted that never, in the annals of turpitude, had a murder been brought more providentially home to the Cain who had imbrued his hand in the blood of an unoffending fellow-creature.

a key. I know I have only to let her have a message that I want the papers, and she would send them immediately. But I have no confidence in the woman that's with her, and she's the very one that would be sent with them. From some words she let drop, I can guess she is the cabinet-maker's friend now / He is paying her attentions, and she has let herself be taken in by them, for he is a handsome, softspoken bla'guard. But if he is wheedling her, 'tis only to get those letters. Now, you understand my trouble. Oh, if you would only do me a kindness ! I have no claim on you, 'tis true, but it would be a real mercy if you would render me this service." inoffending fellow-creature.

IV. The consciousness of a good action, they say, brings balm and peace to the soul ; but few thinkers have the hardihood to maintain

"To bring me my letters." "But how am I to get at them ?" "It is easy as possible. Every evening be-fore bed-time missus takes chloral, and at ten she is sound asleep as a 'unmingtop. And at that hour there is nobody in the place but herself ; the serving-woman always leaves at seven in the evening. She does not know that missus takes chloral, for missus kept that very quiet always, through fear of rob-bery. She only told it to me—to me, be-cause she trusted me so much, the poor old lady 1 Well, you can enter her rooms at ten —she will never hear you going in or coming say, brings balm and peace to the soul ; but few thinkers have the hardihood to maintain that impunity for a bad action can also carry happiness in its train. Nevertheless, it is true. Jonathan Smith was happy. He had the full enjoyment of his double murder, and tasted of the fruits of his criminality in the most undisturbed ease. He felt neither re-morse nor terror. The only sentiment which chafed him, and which swelled by degrees, was an overpowering pride. An artistic pride, above all. The very perfection of his work, and the sense that he was inaccessible to at-tack, caused him to forget every moral con-sideration. In that reflection alone, his thirst for the sentiment of superiority found where-with to shake itself—even to drunkenness. But, apart from that, he was as before—a weak, mediocre, justly unknown man. In vain he tried to force the gates of fame with his stolen money-bags. Literature would re-cognize himself, but not his writings. He contributed generously to the Newspaper Press Fund, the Royal Dramatic Fund, the Newsvendors' Benevolent Fund, he gave sup-pers and drinks to the hangers-on of third-class journals; he wrote a drams, which was produced at the East-end and damned; he started a magazine, which died after the first number of a plethora of his own prose; he feasted Grub street, but the British public would not hearken to him but to laugh at him. His articles, tales, rhymes, and plays were uniformly stamped with the trade-mark of addy ' Weil, you can enter ner rooms at ten -she will never hear you going in or coming out-and you can fetch me my letters. There is no danger of nobody noticing you ; besides, even if they do, you can pretend that you are going into the cabinet maker's shop." "You're silly, woman. How could I open the burean ? and the widow's set of rooms, how could I get into the ""

the bureau ? and the widow's set of rooms, how could I get into them ?" "I have a duplicate key to the burean. To my shame I had it made to help me rob the missus. Here it is ; the little one opens my drawer. One of these others is a latch-key for the hall door, and the other opens missus' rooms. Do me this kinduess, I entreat you. I den't know why, but I have faith in you. I am sure you will act a friend, and aid me to die in neare."

His articles, tales, rhymes, and plays were uniformly stamped with the trade-mark of

"But I tell your Worship,"cried Jonathan, impatient at this long-drawn out urbanity from the bench..."I tell you, emphatically, that this is no practical joke ! I swear to you on my most solemn oath that I am Jonathan Smith ; that I did commit the murder in nd in a fever, and, like some true poet in the as of a great composition, at a single ing he dashed off the vivid history of his

sitting he dashed off the vivid history of his crime. He told of the miserable commencement of Jonathan Smith, his Bohemian existence, his multiplied failures, his proved mediocrity, his fierce run course against society and fate, the hot wayward impalses toward suicide and an which held epileptic revel in his brain, the revolt of a heart deceived by the chimerical, and yearning to avenge itself on the real--in short, a penetrating psychological romance, a remorseless scalped scrutiny of the inner man. In a style of studied soberness, and with a harrowing precision, he described the scene in the Strand hospital, the scene in the Great Coram street house, the scene in New-gate gaol, and the triumph of the actual assassin. Then, with a Statanic incisiveness, he analysed the causes which had induced the writer to publish his crime, and finished by the apotheosis of Jonathan Smith--who placed his signature at the bottom of the con-fession.

v.

V. "A Masterpiece of Crime" was brought out in the orthodox three-volume form, and had an immediate and enormous sale. It took the town by storm. Within six weeks it ran into nineteen editions. Some faint estimate of the sensation it created may be gathered from the following excerpts from the notices which appeared at the time in ex-ponents of public opinion—that is, opinions of professed critics—in organs of various and varying attitudes of importance : "It is the secret of Polichinelle that, inder the nom de plume of Jonathan Smith, is to be recognized the facile pen of Mr. Horatio Primrose, a gentleman who takes a particular delight in this harmless species of literary magnerade. After having too long wasted his abilities in minor fields of culture, less grateful to the peculiar mode of mental hus-bandry he affects, he at last has hit on a

grateful to the peculiar mode of mental hus-bandry he affects, he at has has hit on a golden vein and has gratified us with the re-velation of unexpected power. His 'Master-piece of Crime' is, indeed, a masterpice of in-ventiveness, of lucid disentanglement of a re-vealed skein of intrigue, and of stremous character-painting. It would be uncharitable to the subscribers to our libraries to divulge the plot, but we may broadly state that the moral of the narrative—for there is a deep-lying moral—&c."—The Times. "This is a book of depraved and debasing tendency, utterly vicious in intent and execu-tion, and the more dangerous that it bears evidence of having been written by a man of unrivalled art in his profession. We pray— and we ask our readers to join with us in the prayer—that he may be brought to see the error of his ways."—The Christian Gnomon. "You have doubtless heard of the new novel, the success of the season, 'A Master-piece of Crime.' It is admitted on every side to be one of the most magnificent pro-ductions which has emanated from the press since Tom Moore electrified the universe with his melodies, and set human nature in accord with the music of the spheres. Need I tell you it is the offspring of an Irish mind ? The author is a distingnished member of the Home Rule Party, who is hoping shortly to have the privilege of going to prison for the good of his country."—London' Correspondent oy the Dublin Freeman's Journal. "A deucedly amusing study of murder, this of Primrose's (no relative of my Lord of Dal-

the Dublin Freeman's Journal. "A deucedly amusing study of murder, this of Primrose's (no relative of my Lord of Dal-meny), but blotted by the ugly blemishes of conceit, cynicism, Crichtonism, and the like. The man knows nothing of the ramification of Scotland Yard. Now, when I was at Washington, D. C., I met," &c.-T. T., in Truth. Truth.

Truth. To sum up, the book was a hit. It was praised by the judicious, it was damned with faint praise by the envious and those anxious to be smart, but it was read by all. The publisher rubbed his hands in secret, and smiled as if he had good conscience and supportion

and smiled as if he had good conscience and appetite. Nevertheless, in all these criticisms, even the most flattering, two things inevitably m turned up to worry Jonathan Smith. The first was that the writers obstinately persisted in taking his true name for a pseu-donym, and in calling him Horatio Primrose. The second was that there was too much said of his rich imagination, and that the wonderful realism of his narrative was not brought into sufficiently strong relief.

produced the marriage certificate, and the parents of the bride saw that what he had told them was not mere fiction, but the truth. The court gave the custody of the blind bride to her husband, and he led her away—the happiest man in the court-room. Mr. Chiford is not wealthy, but he has a pleasant home, and everything is in readiness there to receive the mistress for whom he made so great a sacrifice.

GETTING MARRIED. Marrying Girls and the Other Kind-Why Men do and do not Marry. New York Times.

on my most solemn oath that I am Jonathan Smith ; that I did commt the murder in Great Coram street ; and, more than that, I can prove it to yoa."
"Yery good, sir," said the magistrate, "as we are not mightly busy to-day, and as I have got through the morning charges, I don't mind humouring the pleasantry. I tell you, beforehand, that I shall look upon it as a treat to hear how a subtle intellect like yours will set about demonstrating the absurd."
"The absurd ! But I have written nothing but the absolute truth. The cabinet-maker was innocent. It was I who made away with..."
"My dear sir, I am under the impression I told you I had read your story. If it pleases you to relate it to me viva coce, it will give me infinite gratification ; but that will demonstrate nothing entitie gratification ; but that will demonstrate nothing what is familiar to me already...that you have a singularly rich and wierd imagination." New York Times. There seem to be two sorts of girls—those that ought, because specially fit, to be mar-ried, and those that never should and never will be, and yet invariably get married. The former are usually the demure, industrious, unworldly, domestic; the latter are the easy, careless, merry, impudent, frolicsome, saucy girls, of whom men become enamoured for no reason at all, and in spite of themselves. When a man falls in love and can't crawl out readily, he avails himself of marriage, and is often extricated thereby without intending it. He is no more logical in matrimony than in celibacy; the same thing that makes him a wierd imagination." "I needed no imagination to commit my

He is no more logical in matrimony than in cellbacy ; the same thing that makes him a lover turns him to a husband, and he is thrice blessed if he does not discover a sharp and sudden difference between the two. It is passion, not reason, and it is called the divine passion because it is so thoroughly human. Men generally like one kind of women and love another kind. The one kind they are commonly recommended to wed, and don't; the other kind they are advised not to wed, and do. Which is the better—to take a wife because you like her, or to take a wife he-

"Insertion of the describe it, my dear sir, to describe it. With your permission, since we are on the subject, I'll let you have a bit of my mind frankly. As for the style of the book, there, of course, you are the better judge. To my thinking, you give just a little too free a rein to your imagination ; you passed the legitimate bounds of fancy; you invented certain circumstances which outrage all probability."
"But, again, I tell you..."
"Allow me, allow me ! You will admit, at all events, that I have some competence respecting crime. I can assure you candidly that yours was not what I should call combined naturally. That meeting with the nurse in the Strand hospital, for example, savors too much of the deus ex machan. The chloral is difficult to swallow." (Here there was laughter in court). "There are many other smaller details which trip in the same way. As a piece of literary handicraft, your story is charming, original, most skilfully worked up—in fact, what you gentlemen would call thrilling. As a writer, I admit that your are perfectly justified in travestying the reality, but your famous crime of itself is impossible. My dear Mr. Primrose, I am sorry to say anything to hurt you ; but, while I admire you as a man of letters, I must say you would make a very indifferent criminal."
"I'll soon show you whether I would or not "y yelled Jonathan Smith, springing to zero. The considerable scoffling, the madman of itself is impossible, would have strangled his Worship if an uster, a warder, a police constable, and a feature onsiderable scoffling, the madman bith, should have strangled his Worship if an uster, a warder, a police constable, and a feature on the secting with passion. He would have strangled his Worship if an uster, a warder, a police constable, and a feature on the secting with passion. He would have strangled his Worship if an uster, a warder, a police constable, and a feature on the secting with passion. He would have strangled his Worship if an uster, a ward the other kind they are advised not to wed, and do. Which is the better—to take a wife because you like her, or to take a wife be-cause you love her. Hymen alone knows and he won't tell. If you do either or neither you may repent. There is no absolute safety in wedlock or out of it. No man's experi-ence is good for another man, and our own experience in erotic affairs is rarely valu-able; for every time a man falls in love—and he has got alacrity in this way—the acci-dent varies, though the effect is unaltered. No man can gay what sort of a women will be his wife; and if he be wise he won't express any opinion on the subject. He may cherish many views and have many beliefs there-upon, but the more of these he has the less likely are they to be confirmed. He, who insists, in his bachelor days, that his wife shall be a beauty, is apt to find her plain. He who cannot endure women without in-tellect surrenders to one not suspected of it. The devotee of order discovers himself mated with the embodiment of confusion. The stickler for elegance sees, when the glamour

side of the street.

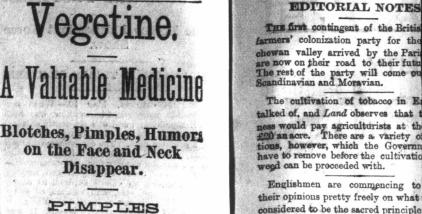
bill of Pygmalion growing amarous of his statue."

statue. · VIL

out well. No one can tell what love is ; nor can anyone guess what marriage will bring. We are all, when young, full of thoughts and theories about both, and individual experi-ence is ever contradicting what we have learned. Marriage is as impenetrable as love. Few of us are prepared for their disclosures. We may love and marry again and again ; but our ideal of love and marriage is almost always wholly unlike the thing itself. The most terrible feature in the case was that Jonathan Smith was not mad. He was in perfect hold of his faculties, which but added to the tortures of his disappointed mind. "Gracious goodness !" he said to himself, in the solitude of his cell, "I am the most unhappy of men. What have I done that I should be thus crushed under the weight of misfortune? They will peither believe in my name nor in my crime. When I am dead I shall pass for simple Horatio Primrose, a newspaper hack, who had the luck to imagine one clever story, and only one, and they will take for a creature of fiction this Jonathan Smith-my very self, the man of coolness, of decision, of action—the hero of ferocity, the living negation of remorse. Oh, let them hang me, if they chose—I ask for it— but at least let the truth be known ! If it were only for The most terrible feature in the case was

CURRENT HUMOUR. The fellow who was struck by a young lady wanted to return a kiss for the blow.-Lowell

When that young man out west hugged his best girl to death was it not a dead-lock ?---Oil City Derrick. It is a remarkable fact that one meets with



Humours on the Face, In this condition of the skin VEGETINE is the great remedy, as it acts directly on the blood. If cleanses and purifies the blood, thereby causing humours to disappear. By internal treatment all impurities are thrown out. VEGETINE gives good circulation to the blood, relieving the in-flamed or congested organism, restoring the health, giving a good clear complexion.

adopted. The St. Joseph, Kansas, Herald t farmer near Elwood who was found ing and planting an acre of ground land he had not covered with wat alternative was ruin and starvatio

anyhow, where a farmer has to com a corner and plough his land as t subside ? Australia, at all events, will not |

Read what Dr. Simmons says : SKIN DISEASES

with the embodiment of confusion. The stickler for elegance sees, when the glamour of courtship has been removed, that he is joined to a dowdy. Marriage goes, to a certain extent, by con-trast, if not contraries. A woman, still less than a man, gets the hueband she paints to her fancy. Her conhubial ideas are commonly regulated by her age and experience. The man she desires at 16 or 17 would be a burden at 20. and her ideal at 20 might prove a bore VERONA, Miss., June 5, 1878. H. R. STEVENS, Boston -- I have used "Vege tine" in my family for two years, and cordially recommend it as a remedy for *Eruptions* of the *Skin, Chronic Sore Eyes, and General Debility.* I have also recommended it to a great many por-sons in this section, and I think it has given general satisfaction. Very respectfully, DR. J. S. SIMMONS,

Medical.

AND

Remarkable Cure of Scrofulous

Face.

Gives General Satisfaction.

Eruptions of the Skin, Chronie

Sore Eyes, and General Debility.

Your very valuable medicine "Vegetine" re-stored the sight to my little daughter, saved her from being blind, and I have no doubt saved her life. Very gratefully. MRS. J. J. SIMMONS. man she desires at 16 or 17 would be a burden at 20, and her ideal at 20 might prove a bore at 25. She begins with sentimentalism and ends with soberness ; vanity impels her first, but sympathy holds her last. She is fre-quently surprised at the offers she receives, and still more surprised at the offers she does not receive. The love that comes at first sight rarely remains ; it is apt to be born of the eye, not of the temperament. The love that grows genarally endures and produces fruit. Love and marriage are not related as we think they should be. Love matches often turn out ill, and matches without love is; nor can anyone guess what marriage will bring.

Scrofulous Humour Cured.

Scrofulous Humour Cured. Bosron, Sept. 9, 157. Mr. H. R. Strevens-Dear Sir.-I have soften ed with Scrofulous Humour for seven years, and onld get no relief. I have tailed everything in the way of herbs. salves, piasters, etc., but not ining did me good. Fwas from my knees to my ankles one mass. of sores. I was advised by Police Officer W. B. Hill to try Vicestrins. I commenced last July, 1576. After taking the second bottle I began to get relief, and the sores to heal up. I was finally reduced to ome large ulcer on my right leg, that run so much and looked so bad that many said I must lose my leg; but after I had taken it bottles of Vicestrins my lever I was in my life. I comider Visestring the best cleanser and purifier of the blood, and advise give it a trial. HENRY T. SMITH.

A Husband's Statement of the Great Sufferings of His Wife.

HARWICH, Mass.,

The cultivation of tobacco in E talked of, and Land observes that 1 ness would pay agriculturists at th £20 an acre. There are a variety of tions, however, which the Govern have to remove before the cultivat

AGRICULTURA

EDITORIAL NOTES

Englishmen are commencing to their opinions pretty freely on what considered to be the sacred principle trade. At a meeting of the Norfolk of Commerce on April 19, Mr. C. S said that the agricultural outlook thing but promising, and that even tion of local taxes would not help the He ascribed existing evils to the

free trade which other countries paper praises his pluck, and remark seemed in no way discouraged, but w low the recoding water with his plou doubt the farmer deserves credit pluck, but few people would not be to make the most of what was left

WESTMINSTER, Ct., June 19, 1579. MR. H. R. STEVENS-DEAR SIR.-I can testify to the good effect of your medicine. My little bay had a Scrotula break out on his head as large as a quarter of a dollar, and it went down his face from one ear to the other, under his neck and was one solid mass of sores. Two bottles of your valuable V RESTINE completely cured him. Yery respectfully, MRS. G. R. THATCHER. all their hopes and their property lyi water. But what kind of a count Vegetine

compete successfully with Canada in ness of providing English appetites ples. A consignment of Australi pies. A consignment of Australia arrived in England recently. The carriage was 15s. a case, and the hig obtained was only 10s. 6d. a ca Symes, who is at the head and from Nova Scotia fresh meat boom, a business in Canadian apples is rapid ing in importance, but he says why not neaches grapes and tomates a

port peaches, grapes, and tomatoes 7 fully packed, Canadian grapes might Atlantic, and as to tomatoes, they sh a very ready market in England, wh are a luxury. The dry weather which prevailed out last month has not injuriousl

our crops ; but a rainfall is now re the farmers of this western penin though the sun has been occasiona as in June, the nights have been the average temperature low for th The good condition of the wheat or to this fact; the sun has not been to scorch the shoots, which have str to scoren the shoots, which have sun ciently deep to reach moisture, wheat and peach crops in the Stat ported to be in an unfavourable o Of the former the area sown is con less than last year, owing to the while there is a slim chance of while there is a slim chance of

early peaches from Delaware. In r this continent are the farmers' brighter than in Ontatio Not so very long ago, Mr. Leonar had a comfortable, if not a luxuri in Canada. In an evil hour he lister wily whisperings of the Dakota la wily whisperings of the Dakota la and selling out, left for the land of How he was deceived, and how bitt perionces have been, he narrates published in another column. Mr case is not an isolated one, as he have left comfortable homes to a straige land, unawar of the great monniable difficulties which they to encounter, and to find out only late that they have been made the wicked and wilful misregresentation

The aberrations to which literary vanity can push those who are afflicted with it are inconceivable. There are men of genuine ability whom it has made ridiculous, if not worse. It has sometimes induced them to give way to shameful or odious follies. What give way to shameful or odious follies. What may not its effect be, therefore, when it racks an unfortunate wretch of notorious incom-petency? Worn oft patience, wounded pride, the growing sense of impotence, a career wasted in futile attempts to succeed renewed again and again at the stimulus of ambition—these accumulated trails are surely enough to drive a weak man to thoughts of suicide or crime. Jonathan Smith shrank from the idea of death, He was not physically brave enough

Jonathan Smith shrank from the idea of death. He was not physically brave enough to throw down the gantlet to the King of Terrors. Besides, his pretensions to intel-lectual superiority might find gratification in doing something bad and base, not to himself, but to his fellows. He reasoned that his genius had so far gone astray in following the dreams of art, and that destiny marked him out for the violences of action. On the other hand arime might bring him a fortune, and, at last, riches might conduct into the full blaze of moonlight this transcendental mind which was withering in the chill of poverty. From the artistic and moral point of view, the unappreciated Jonathan convinced him-self that it was absolutely necessary that he should commit a crime.

self that it was accountery necessary that he should commit a crime. He did commit one. And, as if fate wished to justify his reasoning, for the first time in his life, he accompliahed a masterpiece.

TL.

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"And why should she despise you ?" "Bend over me, and I will make a clean "Bend over me, and I will make a clean breast of it. I want to make my wickedness known to somebody, and to whom rather than to you? I may confess now that I always had a hankering after you; but you were above me in station. You are a scholard, and I was only in service. But there was another man in the 'ouse at Great Coram street, a me-chanic, a cabinet-maker, by the name of Wig-gins. If the missus only knew that horrid fellow's carryings on with me, 'twould be my ruin. He was all for money, he was—the wretch; but I was a fool to listen to him. He is the father of my child. That was his hold upon me. He always kept promising that he would acknowledge the baby, and marry me. Now I know it is all make-belief on his part; but never mind. I have enough money to leave after me to keep my little one above want, and my missus, who is a good and a bottom, will look after her ; for I have

whose couch he was leaning, once out of the way, the thing was easy of execution. "My poor girl," said he, "I would go far to do you a kindness; but tell me, may not the

cabinet-maker be on the premises and guess what I am after ?" "No, no ; he is never there at night ; he only works in the shop on the ground floor." "And how am I to get into it, if anybody

interrupts ?" "I have a key for that, too ; it was there

we used to meet. There it is." Jonathan took the key—he had now five— and chuckled to himself that he was almost as well furnished as a locksmith. The conversation had been carried on in an

which he reached at five minutes to ten. On the road he had matured his plan.

The conversation had been carried on in an undertone; but now a short sharp gurgling cry came from the bed. "Oh, I'm choking, I'm choking !" gasped the patient, who was exhasted by her long narrative. "Water, water ! something to drink !"

drink !" The ward was in semi-obscurity, faintly il-luminated by a night-light. There was no attendant near. The occupants of the neigh-bouring beds were in profound repose. Jona-than lifted the head of the sick woman, drew back the pillow, and clapping it to her mouth, pressed upon it with all his strength and weight. He had the awful determination to preserve that position for ten whole minutes

of letters as an amateur who had more bullion than brains. But that stern, unbribable pub-lic made a mockery of his money, and refused to give him credit for an ounce of talent. He stood convicted of mental imbecility. "Notwithstanding," he often said to him-self, with a flash in his eye, "notwithstand-ing, if I only wished ! If I were to recount my masterpiece—for masterpiece it was ! There can be no doubt about that. Horatio Primrose is an ass—be it so ; but Jonathan Smith is a man of genius. All the same, it is bitterly mortifying to think that an act so ad-mirably conceived, so powerfully carried out, so neat and successful in all its details, should be condemned to everlasting oblivion. Al ! that day I had the true inspiration ; that day my breast heaved under the disinus affectus of brightest malice. I have done but one great thing in my life. Why did I perform instead of writing it ! If I had written it, I should be celebrated, I should have one tale to point to ; but everybody would read it, for it would be unique of its kind. I have accomplished a masterpiece of crime." In the long run, this idea assumed the force of an hallucination. For two years he fought against it. He was devoured, first, by the regret not to have conceived a fiction instead of having done an action, and, next, by the desire to recount the action as if it were a fiction. esire to recount the action as if it were a fiction.

pressed upon it with all his strength and weight. He had the awful determination to preserve that position for ten whole minutes. When he raised the pillow and looked upon the woman's face, all was over. She was suf-focated. She had been unable to make a single movement or utters single moan. She had the appearance of having succumbed to cerebral congestion. He replaced the pillow under her head, and drew the coverlet under her chin. The corpse had the tranquil aspect, to those who might pass carelessly by, of a wearied sufferer in a deep sleep. The murderer walked quietly out of the hospital, passed the porter with a nod, and an instant afterward was in the mad whirl of the busy, tumultous Strand, with its streams of rattling cabs and carriages, its crowds of hurrying pedestrians, its lively shops, its cheerful noises, and its blaze of glaring gas. It was twenty minutes past nine o'clock. Jonathan Swift walked as far as Drury lane, entered a tavern there, and drained a pint of ale ; then, hastening across Holborn he made his way to the house in Great Coram street, which he reached at five minutes to ten. It was not the demon of perversity which bushes criminals to avow their crimes, as in Edgar Poe's tales, which haunted him; it was purely a passion for literary renown, a craving for reputation, a sort of prurigo of glory.

Like to a subtle counsellor who demolishes objection after objection, and brings caption arguments into play, his fixed idea pursued him with a thousand questionings :

him with a thousand questionings : "Why should you not write the truth ? What do you fear ? Horatio Primrose is sheltered from the law. The crime is stale. Everybody has forgotten it. The author of it is buried in quicklime under an unchiselled flagstone. You will be thought merely to have woven an artistic narrative out of a few columns of police intelligence. You can put in it all your dimly shadowed thoughts, all the grudges that drove you to murder, all the shrewdness and address you brought into ex-ercise to compass it, all the circumstances that were furnished like gifts by that most marvellous of inventors whom fools nickname Chance. You alone are in the secret, and none can guess that you sought out your plot in the actual. They will only discover in your story the opulence of a rare imagina-tion. And then you will be the man you wish to be, the great writer who reveals him-self late but by a stroke of undenils and and then you will be the man you wish to be, the great writer who reveals him-

On the road he had matured his plan. He opened the hall-door and coolly passed in. There was none to perceive him. Seiz-ing his opportunity, he unlocked and pushed ajar the door of the cabinet-maker's shop, and groped his way to where a working suit lay roughly thrown across a bench. By the dim rays cast into the shop from the fan-light, he perceived a coarse cotton-mixture necktie. He tore a strip from one end of it, and then, steathily shutting the door, stepped boldly but cautionaly up the stairs till he reached the entrance to the widow's set of apartments. He turned the key, and walked on tip-toe into her bedroom. She was sleeping, as he In your story the opulence of a rare imagina-tion. And then you will be the man you wish to be, the great writer who reveals him-elf late, but by a stroke of undeniable genius. You will enjoy your crime as malefactor never enjoyed his. You will reap from it not only doid, but laurels. And who knows ? After his first victory, when you shall have a mame, you will cause them to read your other works, and compel them to reverse the unjust of the first victory, when you shall have a mame, you will cause them to read your other works, and compel them to reverse the unjust of the first victory, when you shall have a mane, you will cause them to read your other works, and compel them to reverse the unjust of the first victory, when you shall have a mane, you will cause them to reverse the unjust of the splanted with thorns. Have pluck, man ! Summon to your aid but a tithe of the splanted with thorns. Have pluck of that marvellous temerity you had one day in your existence. Recollect how it succeed of the splanted with thorns. The ball is at your foot again ; kick it ! You cannot con-eal from yourself that the job was splendid y done. Chronicle it as it happened, with yot face or equivocation, proudly, in its more histic howror. And if you have any faith in me you will do the big brave thing-sign the which they are sure to take for a pseudonym. Hat not Cavendish, or Chastelar, or Tom Merry, not even Horatio Primose, or any of that urowd, you must link to immortality. Moordingly, one fine evening, Jonstham man and the story to bis deak, a block of tripping the story to bis deak, a block of the prime thest down to bis deak, a block of the prime to the story to bis deak, a block of the prime to the story to bis deak, a block of the prime to the story to bis deak, a block of the prime to the story to bis deak a block of the prime to the story to bis deak a block of the prime to the story to bis deak a block of the prime to the story to bis deak a block of the prime to the story to bis deak a block of the prime to the sto into her bedroom. She was sleeping, as he had been told and expected, "sound as a humming-top." He grasped her firmly by the throat and held her in his vice-like clutch

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incapacity. Under the pseudonym of Horatio Primrose he was known to men in the world of letters as an amateur who had more bullion than brains. But that stern, unbribable pubthe basehoe of these two desiderata inflated him to such a degree that, in pondering over them, he forgot all the happiness of his dawn-ing renown. Some sensitive litérateurs are thus constituted; even when the critics spread under them a bed of roses they are querulous if there be the alightest rumble in

ductions it there do the signest runnie in one of the leaves. As an instance of how he felt, it is well to give an anecdote of this stage of his experi-ence. Walking down Oxford street one afternoon, an acquaintance congratulated him on his book ; there was the ring of the genuine metal in the work ; when would he give them something again like "A Masterpiece of Crime ?"

Crime ?" "My good sir," said the coming great man, "your congratulations would take another turn if you only knew the word of the enig-ma. My story is founded, not on fiction, but on fact. The crime was comitted, literally as I have written it down, and I am the assassin. My real name is Jonathan Smith !" He said this coldly, with an air of profound earnestness, choosing his phrases deliberately, after the fashion of a speaker who wishes to impress his author that he is speaking the simple truth.

simple truth. "Capital, by Jove ! capital, Mr. Primrose !" exclaimed his acquaintance with a grin. "The joke is worthy of Theodore Hook, ha, ha ! Of Theodore Hook, did I say ! Of Ned Sothern, rather." The anecdote was printed in the gossiping

him to their hearts' content. "Ah ! this is too much of a good thing," he cried to a knot of incredulous auditors in a corner of the Gaiety bar. "Not one of you fellows is willing to credit me when I am tell-ing you the candid truth. You won't admit that I have not only described, but executed, 'a masterpiece of crime.' All right. I shall soon put it beyond yes or nay. By this time to-morrow all London will know who is Jona-than Smith."

soon put it beyond yea or nay. By this time to-morrow all London will know who is Jona-than Smith." VI. The following day be presented himself at soon street, before the magistrate who had committed the man Wiggins for trial. "Your Worship, he said, "I have come to give myself up. I am Jonathan Smith." "His uncessary to prolong the joke," said the magistrate, amiably. 'I am a sub-plimenting you upon it. I am also not savare of the pleasantry you have been playing off on your friends for the past week to soo. Another in my pince would be annoyed at your attempt to turn a Police court intos a theatre for practical joking ; but I have dable bled in literature myself in my time, and I can pardon the sally, since it affords me the bled in literature myself in my time, and I can pardon the sally, since it affords me the

et the truth be known! If it w hotels.-Boston Transcript. World.

me, if they chose—i ask for it— but at least let the truth be known ! If it were only for a minute before putting my neck in the halter ; if it were only for a second while the white cap was being pulled over my head; if, it were only during the space of a lightning flash— I wish to have the certainty of my glory, the the version of my immortality." But the doctors only looked upon him as madder than ever. They took his complaints for hysterical ravings, and treated his parox-ysms with shower-baths. At length, as the inevitable effect of living in this fixed idea and of keeping the company of lunatics, he became a complete and con-firmed lunatic himself. And then, precisely then, O irony of Fate, the doctors pronounced him sane, and discharged him with a certificate that he was cured. Jonathan Smith ended by imagining that he was really Horato Primrose, and that he had never been an assassin. Donald-"What's this?" Waiter-"Broth what what is the state of the way is the state of the sta

had never been an assassin. He died in the conviction that he had *dreamed* his Masterpiece of Crime instead of having committed it. - Tinsley's Magazine. heir feet on our grass."

ROMANTIC LOVE STORY.

Young Man's Betrothed Becomes Blind He Marries Her, and is Compelled to Re sort to Law to Obtain Possession of Her. sort to Law to Obtain Possession or Her. The particulars of a very romantic love story were developed before Judge Dixon, holding Supreme Court Chambers at Pater-son, N.J. From the uncontradicted testi-mony in the case the following facts are ga-thered: --Mr. John P. Clifford is a young man who resides at Yonkers, this State. He

"I wish to heaven I had a gentleman op-posite me," said an irritable old fellow at a dinner party. "Why should you wish such a thing?" was the retort; "you cannot be more opposite to a gentleman than you are at present." Doctor to nervous patient: "What! You are afraid of being buried before life is ex-tinct? Nonsense! You take what I prescribe, and drive such foolish notions out of your head. Such a thing never happens with my patients."

mony in the case the following facts are ga-thered :--Mr. John P. Clifford is a young man who resides at Yonkers, this State. He is a very respectable young man, and of good habits, so when he asked to be received as suitor to the hand of Miss Ellen McKilvey, of Paterson, her parents did not offer any ob-jection. The courtship proceeded very smoothly until Miss McKilvey was suddenly taken sick. The lover spent anxious days and nights, but finally the young lady recov-ered her health, but with it came a terrible affliction-the loss of sight. Before this the two had promised to marry each other; now the lady offered to release him from his vow, but he would not con-sent to it, declaring that he had promised to marry her, and that he considered a promise as good as if the ceremony had been per-formed, and that her misfortune had only in-creased his affection for her. But her mis-fortune scemed also to have increased the affection entertained for her by her parents, and these absolutely refused to give their consent to the marriage, though they did not have any objection previous to the sickness of the young lady. Now that she was stricken with blindness they declared that they were the only persons who ought to take care of her. They told Mr. Clifford that under the circumstances they could never think of part-ing with their daughter, and requested him Young man, if you begin at the top of the ladder, progress is in one direction only— down. But if you begin on lower rounds you will have the satisfaction of going up just as your abilities will carry you.—New Haven Register. Register. "This isn't a menagerie," sharply observed an irascible deacont to a man who was trying to force a passage through the crowd at a church doorway. "No, I presume not," re-turned the stranger, "or they wouldn't leave any of the animals to block up the entrance." —Boston Transcript.

her. They told Mr. Clifford that under the circumstances they could never think of part-ing with their daughter, and requested him to give up his idea of marrying her. He used all the arguments at his command, but the parents were inflexible, and would not be per-suaded. The two lovers, however, were so attached to each other that it seemed too cruel to separate them altogether, and so Mr. Clifford was allowed to continue his visits. Miss McKilvey was over twenty-one years of age, and consequently her own mistress, and "Round the Studios."-First artist "Round the Studies." — First artist (grumpily)—" When you fellows came to see my pictures, the other day, you never said a word —... " Second and third ditto (eagerly, both at once)—" Oh, but my dear—'po' my word, we—fellow, you've no idea—oh—we said—a tremendous—they were—weren't they—didn't we, Jack—lot about 'em when we got out ! — Punch.

AN EPITAPH.

Beneath this quiet, turfy, And flower-scented green Lies Arabella Murphy. As usual-kerosene. —American Queen

Beecher says "we pray too much." This explains why the average newspaper man's breeches always bag at the knees.—*Titusville* An editor in Cincinnati, puffing air-tight coffins, said : "No person having onec tried ane of these coffins will ever use any other."— Syracuse Herald.

HARWICH, Mass, Sept. H. 1975. The first stars of the second stars When the old lady told her daughter's lover that she saw the villain in his face he said, "Of course, it's a personal reflection, and naturally hard to overcome."

Pimples and Humours on the Face and Body.

MONTREAL, Que., Jan. 28, 1880. Mr. H. R. STEVENES, Boston, Mass. – Dear Sir ». For several years I have been greatly troubled with pimples breaking out on my face and body. I had consulted several physicians, and also tried several preparations, and obtained no rehef. I thought I would try VEGETINE, as I had heard several speak in its favour, and, before I had used the first bottle, I saw I had the right modi-cine. I have used three bottles, and my health is very much improved, and the pimples have entirely disappeared from my face and body. I recommend VEGETINE, S. J. OSBURNE. I am personally sequalited with Mr. 1.0 A "three years old" discovered the neigh-bour's hens in her yard scratching. In a most indignant tone she reported to her mother that Mr. Smith's hens were "wiping A bright exchange says: "A young lady resembles ammunition, because the powder is needed before the ball." And might have added that she does not fail to put in plenty of wadding before she "sets her cap." A remarkable thing happened last week. Sitting Bull didn't surrender! He will probably surrender twice this week to make up for lost time. But he shouldn't have broken his season of farewell surrenders.

I was, iours truly, J. OSBORNE. I am personally acquainted with Mr. J. Os-burne, and know the above to be a true states ment of the facts. I sold him the VEGETINE. P. O. GIROUX, Druggist, 601 St. Joseph st., Montreal.

After Using Three Bottles Was Entirely Cured.

FOR BLOTCHES AND PIMPLES.

Best Remedy in the Land.

LETTLE FALLS, N.Y., Sept. 23, 1876. Mr. H. R. STEVENS-Dear Sir.-I desire to state to you that I was afflicted with a breaking out of blotches and pimples on my face and needs for several years. I have tried many remedies, but none cured the humour on my face and needs After using two or three bottles of your YEER-runs the humour was entirely cured. I do cer-tainly believe it is the best medicine for all im-purities of the blood that there is in the land and should highly recommend it to the afflicted public. Yours truly. P. PERRINE, Architect. Mr. Perrine is a well-known architect and builder at Little Falls, N.Y. having lived there and in the vicinity for the last 33 years.

Gives a Good, Clear Complexion.

Gives a Good, Clear Complexion. PHILADELPHIA, Pa., July 8, 157. M. H. R. Structures, Boston - Dear Sire-The great banefit I have received from the use of Vertration of the second second second second to second second second second second second performance and knowing it to be about a second second to second second second second second second second second performance and the first bottle I second second second performed second second second second second second second many means in more second second second second second in the second second second second second second second many second seco

Skin Humours Cured.

COLOMERA, III., June 20, 1875. H. R. STEVENS, Boston-Dear Sir:--My little daughter has been troubled with humorous breaking-out on the skin from infrancy until about one year ago, at which time I commenced giving her the VEGETINE; and now, I am very happy to say, I find her entirely cured. Yours truly, JACOB LACROIX.

Vegetine IS THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists

amonest us who are restless and disc and think that by going abroad they a short road to opulance, should Martin's letter, and then, perhaps, come to the conclusion that they off where they are.

THE opposition displayed by Mr. Pa his associates to the emigration clas Irish Land hill is pretty good evid they do not wish the Irish to leave t Isle, even though their condition thereby be improved. The clause thereby be improved. The clause i very simple one, merely providing land commission may, with the cor of the treasury, enter into agreem any anthorized person or company, the British colonies, to promote e from Ireland, and, in the carrying o plan, may make loans of money, ta to secure the eventual repaymentof That is to say, if an Irish farmer or desires to go to Canada or to Austra will be provided by which his passa paid, and he will be given the need start him in life in his new home, the ment taking as security a lien upon ment taking as security a lien upon in the colony. All reasonable peo look upon this scheme as a singular

ous one. The Pacific Railway Company wi

good service to the Dominion if it c any considerable portion of Germa tion to the Canadian North-West. can special agent declares that the an can special agent declares that the an at Berlin are perfectly bewildered : triordinary and unprecedented exod is taking place this year. The Ham although it has engaged additiona cannot find accommodation for the e At the offices of agents whole reg young men may be seen standing in half a block waiting their turn to their money and get tickets. Whole are being depopulated, and people a ficing their property at ruinous rate fausds to leave the country. No of Canadian Pacific Railway Company able to secure many of these Gern grants, who would prove as invalual North-West territory as they has themselves in the Western States.

FARM NOTES. Withinghe past few days a large

sheep, valued at \$200, have been by dogs in Thurlow. A large number of farmers Otfawa section leave for Manitob next special train on Wednesday ne One thousand cars laden with me and stock have been brought to a at the Chicago yards owing to th freight hands.

The Belleville buyers will ship a pars of cheese this week. The price new singers at Belleville at present is to 141c. per pound.

The potato-bug has commenced it in Virginia and a worm bearing a semblance to the army worm is caus havoe on Long Island. Messrs. Dickey & Buckey are no tering about 40 head of cattle per da slaughter-house as Amberst, N.S., ment to the English market.

ment to the English market. An old negro while ploughing on near Palestine, Tex., turned up gold, supposed to have been buried slave living on the farm twenty year Crop prospects in Oldhan townsh tenac, are good, as at the time of th trosts the grain had not attained growth, and consequently has not jured.

Ocean freights at New York h declined, and it is said rates are h since 1865. Some of the steame