

The Mystery of Castellane.

FROM THE RECORDS OF A FRENCH POLICE OFFICER.

I had some renown as a successful negotiator and I had some experience, too. My field of operations, as you would say, lay within the confines of the Department of the Lower Alps, and though I served under the Sub-prefect of the Third Arrondissement, yet the Prefect of the Department looked upon me as he would upon his own man.

"Yes," said I, "I have you got work for me?"
"Excellent," he replied, "sit down and listen."
We sat down, and having tasted a glass of wine, he proceeded.

"Within a few months past there have been some of the most atrocious murders committed in this department, and in the Department of Var, that have ever come under my notice. They are done, mostly on the road from Castellane to Aups. The first victim was a Marseilles merchant, who had come up to Castellane to purchase preserved fruits. His body was found by the roadside, near the line between the two departments, and at first it was supposed that he must have fallen there, and died in a fit; no mark of violence could be found upon him. His pockets had been rifled, however.

"The next one was found near Aups, and under the same circumstances. He was a merchant, also, and from Nice. Since then five or six more have died upon the road in the same mysterious way, and no marks of ill-usage have been found upon any of them, but they have all been robbed."

"Have most of them stopped in Castellane?" I asked. The Prefect told me that they had.
"And I suppose they must have put upon some inn there?" I remarked.
"Yes," said the Prefect.
I then supposed that some of the landlords must be concerned. But my companion informed me that they had all been watched, and that no shadow of evidence rested against them.

"But," said I, "is there not some person in this matter? Some innkeeper may administer the poison, and then send an accomplice after the victim?"
"Ne," returned the Prefect, with a shake of the head. "Experienced physicians have examined the stomachs of several of the dead men, but no trace of poison has been found. It is a mysterious affair. The Sub-prefect has done all he could, but with effect; and now we mean to give the whole thing into your hands."

I spent all of the next day in the town, ostensibly engaged in business with the factor, but in reality hunting after some clue to the object of my mission. Night came again; but I had found nothing new. I was perfectly satisfied that the murderer had taken his usual prey, and that the circumstances that I could be straight forward, business-like, I must catch him with the proof upon him.

"I had given an assumed name at the inn, and stated that I belonged to Toulon. On the next morning I called for my bill, and informed my host that I was off for home. Then I went to the town-prosecutor's and told him the same, stating that I must confer with my partner before I concluded my bargain. After this I went to the woollen factory and saw the business agent. His name was Louis Cazabon, and he had come to Castellane about a year before. He seemed to be a straightforward, business man, and yet he was the only one I had seen whom I really wished to suspect. In conversing upon the murders, he had been a little free and off-handed, treating the subject more coolly than a man with a heart as cold as steel should have done. He had a little to do for nothing against him, the present occasion I told him, as I had the others, that I must return to Toulon.

"If you have not the ready money with you, we can give you credit," he said.
I told him I had plenty of money, but I was not fully prepared to pay the price he had demanded. He said, "Very well; and we will give you credit for the ready money. I have a little of my own in a safe here, and I will let you have it. As soon as I have it, I will let you have it. As soon as I have it, I will let you have it."

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Unseen Helpers.

"Can you give me a day's work?" asked a poor woman of a well-to-do matron.
"You look very delicate," said the lady, "I need some one to wash, but you do not seem strong enough for the work."

"Oh, yes, only try me and you will see," I have been sick and got behind hand, and my children need bread; besides, Charlie will help carry the water and lift the tubs," concluded the woman, eagerly.
"Who is Charlie," asked the lady of the house.
"My husband, ma'am," was the low answer.

"The woman was engaged, and did her work well, but there was something that troubled the mistress of the house greatly. As soon as she left the kitchen the woman would call Charlie, and she would hear her voice chattering away, laughing, and holding converse with someone, but when she went into the room there would be no one there. The water was carried, the tubs all lifted into their places, but the slight woman who washed was the only person who was visible. When she laid of the house part he said, 'Call your husband, I would like to see him.'"

"He wouldn't come, ma'am," said the woman. "No one ever sees him but me!"
"What do you mean?" asked the lady in astonishment.
"Why, ma'am, Charlie is dead himself, but his spirit comes and helps me; how could I work this way if it didn't? I could no more lift one of those tubs of water alone than you could, ma'am. He comes over since I was sick and helped me that way."

"The compassionate lady placed another coin with those she had already given. 'For Charlie and the children,' she said, with tears in her eyes, and she saw afterward that the sick and wounded mother was helped by living hands.
But there must be many people learning bargains greater than they were able to; who are helped and made stronger by invisible guides—the memory of some dead 'charlie,' who lifts unseen the heavy load, with whom they commune as they work? How could the dull routine of daily life be glorified, could we for one moment see the angel-helper at our side? When the pious monk left his duties to go out on a deed of mercy, he returned to find all his worldly work done, and for one moment he saw in the door of his cell his Blessed Master smiling upon him! It may be only a vague theory, the delusion of a sick brain—and there is an infinite sadness in it—but surely

"It is a beautiful belief! That ever round our heads, Above our own imaginations, The spirits of the dead."
To test that unseen hand we clean, While few but inward are gathering round; The light of heaven, that shines upon the dead, Is celestial gleam from heavenly ground."

"Sacred Tribute to O'Connell.
CARDINAL MANNING FAREWELL TO THE MEMORY OF HIS GREAT IRISH COMPANION.
Canon Brown, of Cahirciveen (Irish) had received the following letter from Cardinal Manning:—'Archbishop's House, Westminster, October 11, 1882. My dear Canon—You have wisely decided to raise a memorial to Daniel O'Connell in the most sacred form, by building a church in which his Divine Presence shall be made a reality. The interest and pathetic love of the Irish people for their sainted patriot will be an Englishman for England. Too true it is that an Irishman loves Ireland not only with the natural love of a son to a mother, but with a love which knows no other deity, and martyrdom of Ireland for the faith, all wrongs with his patriotism to purify and elevate it to the supernatural order. These are old words of mine, written fifty years ago. They are to my mind a true description of Daniel O'Connell, who, in the Cathedral of Canterbury, knelt in prayer and kissed the stone where our greatest martyr, St. Thomas, received his crown-declaring him to be the greatest patriot that England ever knew. You have done well to mingle his memory with the undying faith of Ireland and with the holy sacrifice which has sustained the people of Ireland in their fidelity to God and to His laws. I wish I could help you largely; but I rejoice to put even one stone into the wall of the Church at Cahirciveen, by the birthplace of Daniel O'Connell, to whom we Catholics of England also owe so much. Believe me, my dear Canon, yours very faithfully,
HENRY E. CARDINAL MANNING,
Archbishop of Westminster.
Very Rev. Canon Brown."

The instinct to seek to appear beautiful is universal. Some of us are obliged to content ourselves with approaching the beautiful only so far as to become pleasing. None need fall short of this. But whose-ever can become beautiful may regard himself divinely called to be beautiful. Beauty and duty chime as well in substance as in sound. The ambition to be beautiful is not only right—it is ennobling—it is obligatory. But beware of counting mere personal beauty the chief end of life. More physical beauty of person we recognize and admire, but supreme, commanding beauty resides in the heart and in the mind. A culture of mind gives charm to the face; and gentle, disciplined and benignant heart shines winningly through features which are not of classic mould. Beauty of person, then, is something which may be cultivated. Hence the aspiration to be beautiful is not a vain one; yet it is so, kind Nature would not have implanted it in our hearts. I do not speak at random when I affirm that women with cultured minds and hearts excel in beauty those who remain ignorant and perverse. From the day when a course of thought and spiritual training begins, you may detect an improvement in personal attraction. How vain, then, are rouges, and dyes, and other cosmetics inventions. Beauty is not made of paint and powder. It is the simple which makes beauty for a pure, bright spirit; or, as St. Clement of Alexandria, says,—Beauty is the free flower of health."

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CALENDAR FOR 1882. Table listing dates and days of the week for the remaining months of the year.

RAIL Time Table. Table listing train routes and departure times for various stations.

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Train Table. Table listing train routes and departure times for various stations.

HEAD FURNISHINGS. Table listing various types of headwear and their prices.

GROCERIES. Table listing various grocery items and their prices.