



A TERRIBLE THREAT.

FAREWELL, FATHER I CAN STAND YOUR REPROACHES NO LONGER. I WILL SEEK SOME FOREIGN CLIME—ENGLAND MOST LIKELY, AND ONCE THERE, I SHALL SEARCH FOR A WIFE AMONGST THE NOBILITY, AND THEN—

OH, MY DEAR SON, ANYTHING BUT THAT! HAVE SOME CONSIDERATION FOR YOUR POOR MOTHER AND SISTER, IF YOU HAVE NONE FOR ME. I FORGIVE YOU. COME TO MY ARMS.

(An affecting tableau occurs.)

A DETECTIVE STORY.

DETECTIVE CULLEN sat in sub-chief Naegel's morocco leather chair and puffed away at his well-colored briar in a happy contented sort of way, while his face gradually assumed that sapient expression, evidencing that he had something of importance to communicate. He patted Senecal, the well known setter belonging to the central station, and said to the *Star* reporter who looked expectantly at him: "I saw three curious things last night and these were three different citizens. Now what was funny about them was their peculiar attitudes. One citizen stood at a front door, his spring overcoat thrown wide open, his dress coat all awry, and kept his hand with a latch key in it, wandering vaguely all over the door of a fine Sherbrooke Street residence. The second individual was clasping a lamp post at the corner of Beaver Hall and trying to mail a letter, while another citizen lay at full length at the foot of the hill, on the green grass of the square, snoring musically upon the night air."

"Well," asked the reporter, "what is there peculiar about that?"

"Peculiar!!" gasped Cullen, with an emphasis that made Senecal jump two feet in mid air. "I say it is very peculiar. To a thoughtful man like me, the great detective, it illustrates the effects of various liquors on mankind in general and Montreal in particular."

"Is that the case, and how?" queried the reporter.

"Well," continued Cullen, whose face now wore an excited look, "the first man had been drinking champagne; the champagne drinker can always get as far as his own door but gets mixed always concerning the latch key. The second man had been imbibing beer which always makes a man happy, so he was trying to hug the

lamp post; while the man who sleeps outside, trying to cover himself with moonbeams or gaslight has to a dead certainty been captured by rye whiskey at forty cents a bottle and—"Clang! clang! rang the alarm, cutting short abruptly the analytical narrative of Detective Cullen.

Chief Paradis rushed out from the inner office in his shirt sleeves, and rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, he looked first at Cullen and then at the reporter. "I was know it," he said and returned to his slumber.

"Knew what?" asked the reporter, ever on the *qui vive* for news.

"Why," said detective Robinson, "he knew it was Cullen's same old chestnut. Capt. Beckingham always rings the bell on that."

"On what?" persisted the reporter.

"That story" said Robinson "that Cullen got out of an American paper about eight years ago, about 'The effect of certain liquors.' Old Noah in the Ark used to tell the same story to please Shem, Ham and Japhet," and Robinson lapsed once more into silence and a dream of the Quenneville murder.

Cullen looked discouraged and was morose and silent for a few moments. Then recovering somewhat he continued his weird tale:—"What I have told you is true, every word of it, and is my own actual experience. I never got it out of any paper; and as for that blamed alarm bell, the thing has been out of order ever since the police investigation. One of the committee was investigating it and of course spoilt it, as they usually do. You can rely on what I have told you and you can watch and prove it for yourself. But you need not publish this."

THERE was an old lady named Mrs. O'Leary, who raised fine narcers;
A little girl bought
One, and put in a pought,
And paid the old lady in krs.

IRISH.

PATRICK is an ardent politician, and was expressing his disgust at the appointment of Mr. Coffey to the registrarship of Carleton—and his preference for Mr. Walker, whose father died while holding the office:—

"Him! what has he done for the party; bedad they moight 'a' gave it to th' other man, that worked and died for the party."