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LITERATURE.

OF A WINTER'S NIGHT IN PARIS.

From the Sunday World.

I.

"I beg of you, Monsieur l'Abbe," said the gentlemen, as the coupe drew up, "I beg of you to let me take you home. It would hardly be prudent for you to go home afoot and alone at so late an hour, with the proceeds of our little benevolent festival about you."

"Thank you, my dear sir," responded the priest, "but the money is for the poor, and who would think of stealing it? Besides, if I am attacked I am amply capable of defending myself."

The vehicle rolled away and the priest turned down the Rue de Grenelle-St-Germain not noticing that he was followed by a man whose appearance was by no means prepossessing.

II.

It was towards the close of December, 1878. Times were hard—very hard, and if here and there a brilliantly illuminated mansion indicated that balls and banquets were given by the rich, further on in the quarters where the poor swarmed were cold, darkness and hunger. Indeed the scene at that place and instant offered a strange and significant contrast. Through the widely opened door from which the priest and his companion had just issued could be seen in the inner court yard a ring of splendid equipages and a throng of well-fed and richly dressed coachmen and lackeys. From their thick coats and furs they beamed forth, fat, freshly-shaven, smug; the horses, heavily blanketed, tossed their heads with a glitter and clank of brass and silver, and the warm and ruddy light gleamed on glossy robes and costly trappings. And just without the lean and haggard man who watched the scene with envying eyes shivered on the sidewalk ragged and well-nigh barefooted. The face, revealed by the gaslight, was not that of a criminal, but two deep wrinkles that seemed channeled by bitter tears, extending from the eyes downwards, gave his face the appearance of being set in a sinster grim. Despair, anger, passion, fright—all these had set their seal on his countenance. He looked at once wearied and furious, like one who had long struggled in vain against unjust and extreme temptation. He had doubtless been a workman, certainly was a beggar and probably would be a thief, or worse.

III.

As the priest passed him the man suddenly started and recoiled a few paces, muttering something boarsely, then silently and watchfully followed after him, keeping within the shadow of the walls.

Had he heard the priest's conversation with his friend? Probably he had. So, at least, thought two pedestrians who were passing at the same moment, bound in the same direction.

"That fellow means no good," said one; "he intends robbing some one."

"Or begging something," said his companion.

"I don't like his way of sneaking along in the shadow—it looks ugly."

"Possibly, but somehow he doesn't give me the impression of being a scoundrel."

"Whew! why you have turned optimist. Oh, I see, you've made a conquest, eh? That little Cora, I suppose? That is why you are on such good terms with the universe."

"Well, I did get her to promise to let me take her to supper to-night as soon as her theatre is out. Won't you come? Do, and on the road I'll tell you about Father Gottlieb, the priest in front of us there, whose history is worth hearing."

"Well, no. Somehow I think that I will follow those two men and see the story out, if there is to be any story. You may tell me about the priest at supper; I will join you and your enchanting Cora at the Cafe des Princes in an hour."

"Done; take care of yourself," and they parted at the corner of the Austrian Embassy.

IV.

The street was asleep and white with snow. Not a breath disturbed the keen air, and the sky, clear as a mighty opal, added to its milky uniformity to the serenity of the winter night.

The Abbe Gottlieb turned to the left, along the Boulevard des Invalides, which was absolutely deserted, walking rapidly but with his head bent down as if in thought. Suddenly, as if by enchantment, the man who had been stalking his footsteps appeared at his side; making a tremendous bound like the spring of a tiger he caught the priest by the throat, and both rolled upon the snowy sidewalk.

The gentleman who had followed them darted forward, but ere he reached them they were on their feet. With one hand the young priest held his assailant's wrists so firmly that, though the man struggled and writhed to free himself, he could not break his captor's hold; with the other he struck the snow from his robe.

"I give in," finally said the ragged man, in a sharp and bitter tone, as he ceased to struggle; "I give in—it may as well end here and now." And as he caught his breath he added, hoarsely and as if talking to himself, "the little ones will die—if they are not dead—that is all."

The priest had not uttered a single word.

"I give in—take me to the station," his prisoner repeated.

V.

"My friend," said Father Gottlieb, mildly, "why have you attacked me?"

The man in his turn was silent.

"What has driven you to this crime?"

"We have jabbered enough," said the man, fiercely; "I don't care a curse for your petticoats and shorn heads; take me to the station; you are stronger than I."

"Have you not a wife and children who will be shamed by your madness and left without protection—perhaps in destitution? Was it for them"——

The wretch shuddered. "Here," he said, "I'll tell you all. Three months and no work; the old woman sick, three children perishing with hunger, a daughter gadding about the streets and going to suppers with gentlemen—well. Still no work; the old woman dies; the girl goes to the bad. Two months more—and no work. I have earned 20 sous in the last fortnight. To-night the children gave up crying for something to eat, and I came out to steal a loaf of bread. I didn't get a chance, there were so many people about. I begged, and they told me to go and look for work. Look for work! I have been looking for work for six months. Then I saw my girl—saw her in a carriage with feathers in her hat, and the children at home starving. I wanted to kill everybody. That is all. You folks can laugh—you don't know."

"Monsieur," said the priest to the gentleman whose assistance, fortunately, was not needed, "I thank you for coming to my aid, but you see what sort of a case this is. Let me attend to the poor fellow, and I beg of you say nothing about this."

The prisoner listened to the stupefaction. The priest dragged him onwards, though from time to time he struggled to get free; finally, recognizing his powerlessness, he abandoned all idea of resistance. Questioned, he recited his sufferings, going over and over the melancholy refrain, "The girl gone to the bad and the little ones starving."

The priest whispered a word to him.

"You?" exclaimed the man in surprise and embarrassment as he uncovered himself; "you! I will come with you quietly, Your Reverence."

VI.

Half an hour later the gentleman who had followed them entered the Cafe des Princes. His friend was waiting for him in company with a young and pretty woman, who was engaged with a *sorbet*.

"Well," said his friend, "what news have you brought? What did you see? Cora, here, has been quite nervous at your long absence and made sure you must have been killed, or something."

He narrated briefly what the reader already knows.

"Dear me, how nice and interesting!" said the young lady; "and what then?"

"Well, the priest took his companion to the police station, but did not go in—instead, they went into Ragache's restaurant, which happened to be open"——

"Skip the bill of fare—what then?"

"Then they went on, and I walked near enough to them to hear the man say that though his daughter had gone to the bad, she was a pretty good-hearted sort of a girl, and that if he had revealed himself to her when he saw her driving past she would certainly have given him what money she had, but that he did not want that sort of money, and"——

"Well, and then?"——

"Last scene of the last act—a window with no curtain; tallow candle to the right; in front two children eating greedily; up the stage a big black shadow holding a third child also eating greedily; and at about the second entrance left my ragamuffin on his knees. Praying I fancy."

"And where was this this highly satisfactory tableau exhibited?" said his friend.

"Rue Cambronne, No. 11, second story."

VII.

Cora, with the deliberate luxuriousness of a cat at a forbidden cream-pot, finished the last drop of her sherbet, smoothed down the lace over her plump arms, settled her pearl bracelet above an exquisitely fitting gray glove, and said:

"Eleven, Rue Cambronne, second floor. That must have been pa. Now if you're ready for supper I am."

SOUR GRASS ON A SWAMP.—Timothy will not grow on a swamp vigorously enough to crowd out the wild grass, although the tussocks have been cut off. The land should be thoroughly drained and well limed, 50 to 100 bushels per acre, and then, after a few years mowing, the timothy will take the place of the sedges and keep it, if the drains are kept open. Manure will not help such land; lime will.

THE largest wheat farm on the globe is along the Red River, in Dakota, near the town of Fargo. It contains 40,000 acres, and gives an average yield of 25 bushels per acre. The owner does not walk over it before breakfast.

Napoleonic Superstitions.

By Moncure D. Conway.

In the will of Napoleon III. occurs the following remarkable passage: "With regard to my son, let him keep as a talisman the seal I used to wear attached to my watch, and which comes from my mother; let him carefully preserve every thing that comes from the Emperor, my uncle; and let him be convinced that my heart and my soul remain with him." The telegram from Cape Town which announced the finding of the late ex-Prince Imperial contains these words: "The Prince's body was found stripped of all clothing, but had not suffered mutilation, and the reliquary which he wore suspended by a chain from his neck, together with his watch and rings, was found lying near the spot where he fell."

The "talisman" which the late Emperor so solemnly enjoined his son to wear, which he did wear, and which returns to his mother from that wild scene beside the Tombakala, is almost certainly the once famous charm of Charlemagne. It has a more interesting story than any gem in Europe, if not in the world. In the course of studies for other purposes I have recently come upon legendary traces of the curious object.

"La plus belle reliquе de l'Europe," as a French antiquarian described it in the last generation, was by one myth said to have been contrived by one of the Magi belonging to the court of Harounal-Raschid, who came from the East to pay homage to the great Emperor of the West along with certain ambassadors. The wife of Charlemagne, Fastrada, asked the Magi for a talisman which would always cause her husband to be fascinated by its wearer, and this charm was framed at her instance. But another fable ascribed to it the following origin. While Charlemagne had his seat at Zum Loch, near Zurich, administering exact justice to all, he had a column fixed to his gates with a bell and a rope. It was open to any one demanding justice to sound the bell; and when the Emperor heard it, even though at his meals, he would instantly answer the summons. On one occasion this bell was repeatedly rung without any person being found near it. At length an enormous serpent was found twined around the rope. The Emperor hearing this, immediately went forth; the serpent inclined respectfully before him, and them moved slowly off; Charlemagne followed it to the river, where he saw a monstrous toad sitting upon the nest and eggs of the serpent. Resolved to administer justice to all creatures, the Emperor ordered the toad to be burned. A few days after, this serpent crept into the judgment-hall, bowed low to the Emperor, crept upon the table, and having dropped a precious stone into a golden goblet, glided quietly away. The Emperor, impressed by this marvel, built on the spot where the serpent's nest had been a church called "Wasserkelch." He gave the precious stone to his beloved spouse, Fastrada. The stone so drew toward her the Emperor's love that he could hardly suffer her out of his sight. In the hour of her death, the Empress, dreading lest another should succed her in the affections of the Emperor, placed the the gem beneath her tongue, and it was buried with her. Charlemagne could not separate himself from the body, and for eighteen years carried it about with him. At length his confessor, by some black art, discovered the stone and its virtues: after which Charlemagne allowed the body to be interred, and transferred his affection to the confessor, who became his Prime Minister, Archbishop of Mainz, and Chancellor of the Empire. But then, either in a moment of repentance or anger, this individual threw the stone into a lake near Ingethum. Then the affection of Charlemagne was diverted from his former favorite to the lake, and he built beside it a palace, for whose decoration his other imperial residences were made bare. But when Charlemagne came to die, his throes were long and violent; and the archbishop knowing the cause, had the lake dragged for the gem he had thrown into it. The talisman having been restored to the person of the monarch, he died peacefully (814).

The tomb of Charlemagne, at Aix-la-Chapelle, was opened by Otto III. in 997, and it is said that the wonderful gem was found suspended from his neck. However that may be, the gem had been for a long time the most valued relic in Aix-la-Chapelle when it was presented by that city to Napoleon I. It was at a moment when he seemed to many, pre-eminently to himself, an avatar of Charlemagne. Napoleon presented it to his favorite Hortense, *ci-devant* Queen of Holland. At her death, in 1837, it passed to her son, Napoleon III. It shared his imprisonment at Ham, and accompanied him through all his vicissitudes.

In the course of its long history the precious stone has undergone evolutions. The nut-like stone constituting its basis is surrounded by antique filigree of fine gold, and is set with various gems. There are several relics about it. In the centre is a portion of the Holy Cross. Possibly it gained it sanctity after losing its virtues as a love charm. Some of variants of its legend look as if its virtues had gone into the thermal waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, which would account for the association of the serpent with it—of old the guardian of wells. At any rate, Hortense had an experience of its attractive powers widely different from that of Fastrada. The Magian amulat could not co-operate with the true cross, and Hortense was divorced from her husband in 1810. It appears to have had equally little of the power originally ascribed to it in the case of the late Emperor. For while it was worn by him, and he was writing so solemnly about it in his will (dated April 24, 1865), he wrote sadly in another clause of the same instrument that, "contemporaries seldom render [one] justice," and "it is necessary to consider that from Heaven on high those whom you have loved regard and protect you; it is the soul of my illustrious uncle that has always inspired and sustained me."

Whether the late Emperor would have expressed himself so strongly about the talisman if his will had been written after Sedan, is questionable. It is open to speculation how far the young ex Prince was influenced by this talisman. That which his father wore at his waich chain the son wore suspended upon his breast, as Catholics wear the most sacred reliquaries in whose protective virtues they believe. The strange mystical addresses to the Deity found among this youth's papers, reveal a degree of superstition about himself which amounts to a psychological phenomenon. At the seat of war in Africa he displayed a recklessness which he led some to believe that his desire to do "something to get himself talked about" (words reported from him by his intimate friend M. Amigues) amounted to insanity, while others believe that he sought death. But it is possible that a natural rashness of disposition, and the tradition that a Napoleon must begin with a military halo, were turned to fatal forces by secret faith in the potency of this talisman.

There is, I think, no reason to suppose that the Bonaparte family are by nature more superstitious than others. It would rather appear that Imperialism itself is a grert superstition, and that all who become heirs to it find themselves brought into a weird realm of shadows, which become potent through belief in their reality.

IMPRESSIONS OF MANITOBA.—Mr. William Weld, Editor of the *Farmer's Advocate*, writes as follows from Manitoba:—

"Persons of small means, do not think of coming to this province this season. The labour market is over-stocked. There are over emigrants at the emigrant sheds here; some have been here five weeks and connot find work. Many have gone to the States, and some are walking back to Canada; they are leaving daily. We believe they would kill the emigrant and circular writers if they could get at them. No emigrant agent has yet gone to the sheds. The poor are begging, and good men, good mechanics. It is a sad night to see them and hear their accounts. Many of them have been to the Canadian Pacific Railroad and have been shamefully used. We have seen farmers from all parts of Manitoba. Men that have $150 to spare may come and examine the country; many will like it. No settler should come this year unless he can command $600 at least. There may be some good openings for those who have plenty of capital and energy. All are not satisfied that are here; some are highly delighted."

THE animal remains found in the Rocky Mountains show the gigantic size of the monster of pre-historic ages. The backbone of one animal is three and a half feet wide, and implies a neck fully five feet in width. The diplodveus was fifty feet long. Dinosaurians were exhumed twenty-five feet long. The atlantosaurians, a lizard-footed animal, must have been forty feet long while alive. Another animal, embedded in a hard matriz of rock which was removed with difficulty after much blasting, was thirty feet long. Such were some of the monsters that once enjoyed themselves around the Rocky Mountains. They were reptiles, and most of their friends and foes were the same, even the birds being half reptiles. What eggs some of these reptiles, must have laid, may be imagined when one female atlantosaurian is described as 100 feet long with thigh bones measuring nine feet, and probably twenty-five feet high.

THE recent investigation by two French doctors for the influence of mental labor on the growth of the brain and skull was full of interest. They measured the heads of persons of many different pursuits, educated as well as illiterate. The results were in favour of educated men leeding an intellectual; that is to say, the heads of these men were much more fully developed than those of other men. It was found that both halves of the head were not always symmetrically developed. In students, for example, the development of the left frontal region was fuller than that of the right; but in illiterate subjects the right occipital region larger than the left. In the students the frontal region was more developed than the occipital; in illiterate subjects the occipital region was the largest.

THE highest mountain gives the finest view, but give us a little one for ascent.—*Boston Post.*

Caroline Clare.

THE CANADIAN GIRL WHO THROWS OFF AS SHARP SHOCKS AS THE SOUTH AMERICAN EEL.

From the London (Ont.) Advertiser.

About two years siece a daughter of Mr. Richard Clare, Caroline by name, and then 17 years of age, living on lot No. 25, on the second concession of Rodney, was taken ill. Her disease could not be correctly diagnosed, and had many peculiar features. Her appetite fell off, and she lost flesh till from a strapping girl of 130 pounds weight she barely weighed 87 pounds. There did not seem to be organic complaint. The bodily functions were not impaired, and although she ate less than formerly, the falling of in this respect was not such as in itself would alarm her friends. After the lapse of a few months she took to her bed. Then it was that a change occurred in her mental condition. Formerly she was noted rather for lack of conversational powers, but now fits or spasms would come over her, on the passing away of which her eyes would become set and glazed, her body almost rigid, and while in that state she would discourse eloquently, and give vived descriptions of far-off scenes, far exceeding in their beauty anything which she had ever seen or presumably even read of. On the of this state she exhibited a great degree of lassitude and indisposition to moue, and was taciturn and surly in reply to any questions. This continued till about a month since, when an extraordinary change took place. The girl, although still not gaining flesh, appeared to rally. She became light hearted and gay, and her friends anticipated an early release for her from the room to which she had been confined so long. Their expectations were not in vain, for she is now about the house apparently as well bodily as ever. But another remarkable development has taken place. She is constantly given off electrical charges, and to be a perfect battery. A person, unless possessed of the very strongest nerves, cannot skake hands with her, nor can any one place his hand in a pail of water with hers. By joining hands she can send a sharp shock through 15 or 20 persons in a room, and she possesses all the attraction of a magnet. If she attempts to pick up a knife the blade will jump into her hand, and a paper of needles will hang suspended from one of her fingers. So strongly developed is the electrical power, that she cannot release from her touch any article of steel which she may have taken up. The only method yet found is for a second party to take hold of the articles and pull, while the girl strokes her own arm vigorously from the wrist upward. On entering a room a perceptible influence seizes hold of all others, and while some are affected to sleepiness, others are ill and fidgety till they leave, and even for a considerable time afterward. A sleeping babe will wake up with a start at her approach, but with a stroke of her hand she can at once coax it to slumber again. Animals are also subject to her influence, and a dog of the household will lie for hours at her feet as motionless as in death. A curious part of the phenomena is the fact that the electricity can be imparted to her by any article with which she habitually comes in contact. The other day a younger sister, while doing the house-work, took up a pair of corsets belonging to Caroline, and on her hand touching the steel she was compelled to drop them with a loud cry and an exclamation to the effect that she had run a needle into her finger. Wooden spoons have had to be made for her, as she cannot touch metal. Altogether the case is a most remarkable one, and attracts scores of visitors to the house of Mr. Clare. Medical men are especially interesting themselves, and it has been stated that Dr. Tye of Thamesville will read a paper on the subject at the meeting of the Provincial Medical Association, which is to be held in London in the course of this summer. Mr. Clare is the father of a family of seven children, none of whom except Caroline show any abnormal qualities.

The Canadian Goverment has resolved to civilize the Indians and train them up in the way they should go. The red man is to be made a gentleman of culture—agriculture. Thirteen Canadian farmers are to go to the Northwest to teach the Indian idea how to make corn shoot. These grangers are to get $750 a year and "found." They are found in agricultural implements, and among the farming implements each receives a bowie knife, a revolver, a Martini-Henry rifle, and several hundred rounds of ammunition. All scalping is barred out and will be declared foul. Probably the Canada ruralist will sit on a fence with a rifle across his knee, a revolver in one hand and a bowie in the other, shouting to the perspiring Indians in the corn fields, "Hoe faster, you red fiends, or I'll open out on you."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Kansas City man was stabbed, while drunk and disorderly, by a marshal. During a slow recovery from his wounds, he repeatedly declared that as soon as he could get out he would kill the marshal. When able to ride, he went to the marshal's house, called him to the door and shot him through the heart.

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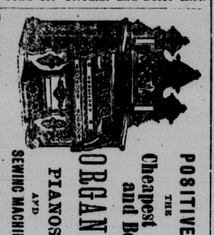

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JOHN MILTON BAIRD.
Sackville, Oct. 22nd, 1877.

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Sackville. April 2, 1879.

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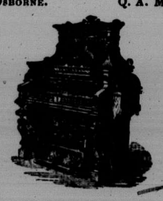
DOUGLAS BUCHANAN.
Dorchester, April 8, 1879.

A. B. OSBORNE. Q. A. MORSE.



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SACKVILLE
Drug Store
NEW GOODS!
SUPERIOR Hollow Ground and Concave RAZORS;
Razor Strops;
Spectacles and Cases;
India Rubbers and Base Balls;
Hand Mirrors;
Pocket Books and Purses;
Thermometers;
Atomizers;
½ Gross Boxes Stationery, &c.
In Patent Medicines.

	Per Bottle.
Vegetine,	$1.25
Northrop & Lyman's Quinine Wine,	1.00
Robinson's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion,	1.00
Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion,	50
Sandford's Catarrh Cure,	1.00
Carboline,	1.00
Elixir of Beef, Iron and Wine,	1.00
Fragrant Dentizone (for the Teeth)	50
Phosphozone,	1.00
Shoshonees Remedy,	1.00
Gates' Bitters and Syrup,	50
Quinine Cordial (a grateful tonic),	1.00
Hanington's Quinine Wine,	50
Green's August Flower,	75
Boschee's German Syrup,	75
Syrup of Phosphates,	85
Peruvian Syrup,	1.00
Hall's Hair Renewer,	1.00
Ayer's Hair Vigor,	90
Burnett's Oriental Tooth Wash,	50
Cherry Tooth Paste,	25

Our Usual Stock of Toilet Articles, &c.
Oranges, Lemons, Confectionery, &c.
Prescriptions carefully filled.
july23 A. DIXON.

TO MY FRIENDS,
Patrons and Public Generally.
I HAVE ADDED TO STOCK OF
BOOTS & SHOES,
In my Retail Store, under Chignecto Hall, by importations from Montreal and Quebec, of certain lines in
Ladies', Misses' & Children's Wear
Not manufactured by me, and I am adding weekly to Stock from my own Manufactory, which makes it the
BEST STOCK
For persons in want of Boots and Shoes to select from.
An obliging salesman constantly in attendance.
Goods make to measure, and fit guaranteed for persons that have difficulty in getting ready-made Boots to fit.
Repairs done prompt and neat. Give me a call.
ABNER SMITH.
N. B.—I do not say that I can Buy or Sell Lower than anyone else, but I do claim to have had more experience in the Manufacture and Sale of Boots and Shoes than any other man doing business in Sackville. Perhaps I know the value of a Boot as well as most of men. I buy as low as I can—quality considered. I can and will sell as low as any man doing a legitimate business.
I thank the people who have so generously patronized me in the past, and trust that the reputation of my Goods will continue to meet their preference.
june17-3m ABNER SMITH.

PATENTS
OBTAINED for new inventions, or for improvements in old ones. Caveats, Trade Marks and all patent business promptly attended to.
Inventions that have been rejected may still, in most cases, be patented by us. Being opposite the U. S. Patent Office and engaged in Patent Business exclusively, we can secure patents in less time than those who are remote from Washington and who must depend upon the mails in all transactions with the Patent Office.
When Inventors send model or sketch we make search in the Patent Office and advise as to its patentability *free of charge*. Correspondence confidential, prices low, and *no charge unless Patent is obtained*.
We refer to Hon. Postmaster General D. M. Key, Rev. F. D. Power, to officials in the U. S. Patent Office, and especially to our clients in every State of the Union and in Canada. For special references, terms, advice, &c., address
C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office,
july9 Washington, D. C.

BUCKWHEAT MEAL.
JUST received—1 Ton BUCKWHEAT MEAL which I will sell at $2 per cwt.
mar20 JAS. R. AYER.