last.

"Mon Dieu," she cried impatiently, "I don't want to hold any conversation with you. I tell you I must see the Prefect of Police himself, forthwith."

"You cannot see him, madame," replied the eld functionary, angrily. "You must first tell me why you solicit an interview with him!"

She hesitated a moment. " It is about "A HORRIBLE MURDER,"

"Very well." He rang a bell. A door-keeper stepped

'What is your name, Madame?" he "My name is Felice Arnault, Monsieur," "Your occupation?"
She averted her face. Then she replied

een murdered ?" young man; I only knew him under what have reason to believe an alias." "Who murdered him?"

She hesitated again; then she said: "I am afraid my friend-that is to say the man who has kept me for two years-

"Louis Casimir." Where does he live?" Where is he employed?"

"At the Droguerie of Martin Nadeur, No. 417 Rue de Bac." No. 417 Rue de Bac."
While the woman had been makin
these statements, the Prefect of Police ha noiselessly touched with his right foot a number of small knobs in the floor under his desk, without her having noticed what

a telegraphic instrument under the floor. In a word, the Prefect of Police had noiselessly sent a despatch. It was as fol lows:"Arrest without delay Leuis Casimi

he arrives."
This despatch reached the Chief of De tectives at once. The Chief of Detectives telegraphed the order for Casimir's arrest to the Commissaries of Police of the

"Why did he maltreat you?"
"Because—because he is too lazy
work, and wants me to make money f

would beat me with his heavy cane. Last Wednesday he came home with a well-dressed young stranger, whom he introduced to me as M. Valloni. He whispered into my ear, 'He has thousands of francs in his pocket. Be smart.' I refused. Then he went out with Valloni, and did not come back for twenty four hours. his pocket. Be smart. I refused. Then he went out with Valloni, and did not come back for twenty-four hours. He was very drunk. 'Look here,' he said to me, 'I played cards with that young fool after we left you. I won 4,000 francs from him and this gold locket. Get us a couple of bottles of Chateau Lafitte, old girl. You shall have a new dress. I won't beat you any more.' I went for the wine, and he drank of it until he was utterly stupefied. Then I put him to bed. Every now and then he spoke to himself, 'I killed you—yes—I killed you, you stupid young fool, and I have got your money; and no one will be able to tell what became of you,' he said, again and again. Once he breathed very heavily. I unbuttoned his vest. The bosom of his shirt was torn, and his breast was terribly scratched. Next morning he answered me with a volley of oaths.

"He got his cane and struck me repeatedly on the head and on the shoulders. Then he got a bottle of Cognac, and drank it in less than half an hour. He became beastly drunk again. 'Do you mean to intimate to me that I murdered that young fellow,' he said to me, with a blasphemous oath. 'If you allude to him again I shall

fellow,' he said to me, with a blasphem oath. 'If you allude to him again I shout your throat, and—ha! ha! ha!—no will be able to find out what became you. This morning he beat me again, that is what brought me here, Monsie The Prefect of Police kept silence

He opened the door of his sitting-room.

After she had withdrawn he rang a bell.

An officer led in a dissipated looking me

The prisoner turned livid. He clutched the back of a chair.

"I—I," he stammered.

OF LIVE STOCK.



THE WEEKLY MAIL, TORONTO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1879.



A Good Horse.

The property of the property o

when the story of a strong and the s

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

Yes, business prospered, insomed that id Ned was enabled to have an addition, a low shed-room, built to his storehouse.

One day about two weeks ago, Tony, returning from dinner, found old Ned sitting by the fire brooding heavily.

"Edward, why do I find you plunged in this unimpenetrable gloom?"

"Tony," Ned answered, slowly lifting his head, "I'm no literary man like you are, though I propose to be a gentleman, and am a person of some learning. I'm not a common negro, and I well knew you are not. We are no longer below the common grade of white folks, but are climbing toward that summit—but I'm no literary man. That is what I'm getting at I see by the newspapers that all the employés of banks and mints are searched every time they leave their places of business, not because the men are dishonest, but for the purpose of keeping up system.

"I know that you are dishonest, Tony, understand, but you'll have to be searched every time that you are dishonest, Tony, understand, but you'll have to undergo the examination. Those who prosper must be systematic."

Tony stood gazing at the fire. The fact is, he had been taking little bits of money from the store, fifty and sixty cents at a time, which were so insignificant in comparison with his salary that he saw no in wrong in the transaction.

Looking up quickly, he remarked:—

Yes but for the purpose of working them.

"I don't see now there ever came to be so many words in the world!" exclaimed a girl who was studying her spelling lesson.

Tony stood gazing at the fire. The fact is, he had been taking little bits of money from the store, fifty and sixty cents at a time, which were so insignificant in comparison with his salary that he saw no wrong in the transaction.

Looking up quickly, he remarked:—
"Edward, after due reflection, I have comparison with his salary that he saw no wrong in the transaction. For the offered to undergo the infliction. For the infliction in the infliction. For the infliction in the infliction. For the infliction in the infliction in the infliction. For the infliction in the infliction. For the infliction in the

MISCELLANEOUS.

Matchless Sandy: "Hae ye a licht, onal?" Tonal: "Ah; but it's oot" The Khedive and family, including acretaries, receive only \$1,500,000 a ye

with him !"

she then said.

"A murder!" cried the secretary, rising from his desk. "That alters the case.

Who has been murdered?"

"That I can only reveal to the Prefect himself, Monsieur." "Show this woman into the private cabinet of the Prefect," said the secretary.

A minute later the woman was ushered into the small room where the chief of the

The Prefect was a gentleman whose intelligent and urbane manners could not but produce the most agreeable impression upon all who were brought into contact with

hesitatingly:—
"I am an unfortunate weman." "Are you on the lists of the police?"
"Oh, no, Monsieur; I only live with a
man who is not my husband."
"What brings you here?"
"I am afraid a terrible murder has been

The Prefect became visibly interested in er words.
"A murder?" he asked. "Who has "I cannot tell you his name. It is a

What is your friend's name?" "At No. 21 Rue de Montfaucon." "What is his business?"
"He is a chemist's clerk."

he was doing.
These brass knobs were connected with

chemist. Residence, No. 21 Rue de Montfaucon. Employed at No. 417 Rue de Bac. Send him here. Telegraph when she saying

> murder.
>
> "Ah, Monsieur," she exclaimed, "il Casimir had not maltreated me for some time past, I should not, perhaps, have come to you with THIS DREADFUL ACCUSATION !"

"He brought repeatedly men late a night to our rooms. I always refused to have anything to do with them. Then he would beat me with his heavy cane. Las

minute or two; then he put a number of seemingly indifferent questions to her.
Suddenly a bell was rung in the adjoining room. The Prefect looked down upon the floor. The brass knobs moved for a few

of thirty-two or three.
"This is Louis Casimir," said the officer. The Prefect looked at him for a moment; then he said to the prisoner:

"Casimir, you murdered a man last Wednesday night. What did you do with

Then he uttered a profound groan, and fainted away.

Hartshorn was held under his nostrils, and he revived. He was utterly broken down in spirit. He confessed that he had killed young Valloni. He had taken his victim to the laboratory in the Rue de Bas, to which he had a key, and stabbed him to death. Then he had thrown the corpse into the furnace, and burned it to asnes under an intensely hot fire. The furnace was examined, and in it were found faint traces of the cremation of a human body.

AGRICULTURAL.

SIMPLE APPLIANCES IN DISEASES

put in the oven late in the day let it remain all night. Graham may be used insted of rye, and baked as above. In the olden time it was placed in a kettle, allowed to rise, then placed on the hearth before the fire, with coals on the top of the lid, and baked.