

Her Only One.
BY MARY H. BURNETT.

"Good dame, how many children have you?"
Then, with a loving and troubled face,
Sadly she looked at an empty place:
"Friend, I have two."
"May, Mother," the child gravely said,
"We have only one, and so long ago
He left his home, I am sure we know
He must be dead."
"Yes, I have two; one, a little child,
Comes to me often, evening light;
His pure, sweet face and garments white,
As if he were the innocent child;
With clear, bright eyes and soft, fair hair,
He climbs up on my mother's knee,
Folds baby hands and whispers to me
His evening prayer."
"The other, he took a wilful way,
Went far out West, and they link his name
With deeds of cruelty and shame,
I can but pray,
And a mother's prayers are never cold;
So, in my heart the innocent child,
And the reckless man, by sin defiled,
The same I hold."
"But yet I keep them ever apart;
For I will not stain the evening light;
Of the boy who once prayed at my knee,
Close to my heart."
The man he grew to will come again;
No matter how far away he roam,
Father and mother will bring him home—
Prayers are not vain."
The stranger stood in the broader light.
"Oh, Mother, oh, Father!" he weeping said,
"I have come back to your side, to tread
The path that is right."
And so the answer to prayer was won;
And the father and mother were glad,
And the mother kissed and blessed her boy,
Her only one! —The Independent.

From the Catholic World.
A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XXX
TO THE LOWEST DEPTHS.

Mental or physical pain, if not too acute, is long in reaching a culminating point. It continues while endurance lasts, and when that fails pain is death. Misery can help itself to an astonishing height, and find mortals to bear the burden even while putting on the straw that breaks the supporter down. Miss McDowell had come to the conclusion that her sufferings, her real miseries, had begun and ended with the one fatal announcement which her father had made on his death-bed. She did not discuss her wretchedness or endeavor to analyze it. The fact was too patent. Whatever hopes she had before entertained of reaching once more the eminence of virtue by an irreproachable life died out. The strongest motive was gone from her. Poverty, loneliness, oblivion would have been welcome, if only they had restored to her the friends she had lost. Her wealth was become distasteful, even hateful. It had cost her the esteem of a noble woman and the love of one man—the only man in her world, and who had gone out of it forever.

It was April, and the April rains were falling on the broad leaves of the previous autumn. The laden skies and the leafless streets, the grand, lonely house with its death-odors, the skeleton trees naked and dripping, were in perfect accordance with the mood which possessed her. A curtain of dismal colors had fallen between the mirth of the winter and the promised spring, and a similar curtain had fallen between the glory and joy of her past life and the utter misery to come. Her trust in herself was gone. She played now the role of the unsuccessful schemer, cheated by those whom she had thought faithful, cheated by herself when she dreamed of purchasing at a bargain. She had become a laughing and a scorn. Diogenes seemed likely to be made her beau-ideal of a philosopher and a man. What little faith she had in personal good was lost, she sneered at her transcendentalism, and threw her books into the flames. Iconoclasm was her religion. Having innocently broken her most favored idols, she revenged herself by breaking the less favored ones in succession.

Her father had scarcely been laid in his grave with fitting honors when she sent for Killany. Caprice had more to do with the action than sound sense or discretion. She was inclined to do rash and desperate things. He had once been ignominiously ejected from her house, and threatened with a similar service should he venture to make his appearance there again without permission. This he had felt as no disgrace, neither as an annoyance, until by the death of McDowell his trusteeship lapsed. Then a footing at McDowell House would have been a wonderful advantage. His honor was expediency. He received her summons with gratitude, and came, smiling and subservient at her command. He was met with superciliousness. She had some torpedoes to set off for his benefit. Their effect had already been tried on herself, and she was desirous of noting in her cynical way their effect on the arch-schemer, who was never surprised, never taken aback at anything.

"My father is dying," said she, when the conversation was fairly begun, "managed to leave the property we so struggled to hold to the heirs of the estate. I was puzzled to know how he could do that when you so successfully proved the heirs dead."
This was the first of the missiles she had prepared, and it went off with considerable noise. He blushed at her nice innuendo, and stammered out that he was as much surprised as herself.

"A lawyer of these heirs has told me that I may as well compromise. I have not a chance in the courts, and ugly stories might get out among my city friends. Dr. Hamilton and his sister Olivia—lately Dr. and Miss Fullerton—have kindly consented to any arrangements I shall propose in the matter. They are the heirs." The second missile was more successful even than the first, as it rendered the doctor quite speechless. He wished, with a great comprehensiveness, to call himself fool, but the word was altogether too weak to express his appreciation of himself. Miss McDowell, perceiving the feeling, was delighted.

"They have given me my own time in which to make my arrangements," she continued. "You are no longer my trustee. I now make you my agent. The sum of three hundred thousand dollars must be placed at the disposal of the Hamiltons as speedily as possible. It will therefore be necessary to dispose of real estate, bonds, mortgages, and merchandise to that amount. You are commissioned to do this, and you will also convert into money whatever of property is left to me."
"Which will amount to one hundred and fifty thousand," he said, quite over-

come by this unexpected mark of favor, but conjecturing that it came from disappointment and grief at the personality of the heirs.
"Very good. You may go, and when you have business to transact send a deputy. I do not care to see you often than can be helped. Thirty thousand of my property is yours. You have already by your negligence cost me more, but I let that pass. Without any questions or thanks or explanations, go."
He went with wise alacrity. Her smiling, decisive manner was too much for him.

"Generous with her money," he thought. "However I am not sure that her generosity will stand the strain I will soon put upon it."
A remark which shows that Miss McDowell's cynical, brave, devil-may-care recklessness in appointing such a villain as her agent was not without something of foolishness in it after all. Perhaps she thought to bribe him into faithfulness by her gift of thirty thousand.

Real estate was then at premium, and particularly that which had been owned by McDowell. His investments had been well made, and the mortgages, bonds, etc., were sold at full value. Her share in the business which her father had carried on was sold to the junior partners, and in two weeks the sum of three thousand was placed to the account of Dr. Hamilton and his sister. Killany announced by deputy that in ten days all the remaining property would be represented by a bank account of over one hundred thousand dollars. His deputy was the agreeable Quip, whose share in certain transactions had not yet become known to his over-confident master. Mr. Quip called every other day with his report, and was so to call until the doctor had finished his work.

The Hamiltons in the meantime had made their appearance in society under the protection of their new name, their new fortune, and the powerful Mrs. Strachan. Their confidence in themselves and their indifference to every one, now that they could stand face to face with the world, upset the slander which Killany's public horsewhipping had already brought into the world; the fact that brother and sister were to share some sixty thousand pounds between them made general society affable, though not cringing; and Mrs. Strachan's unceasing pride in their company capped the climax gloriously. Society came to its knees after a time, threw dirt at Killany, and begged pardon in the many delicate but open ways which it employs for that purpose. Having a great respect for it, with a safe amount of scorn intermingled, Dr. Hamilton and Olivia chose to forgive and forget past cruelties.

With the end of April the marriage-music began to melt on the air in delicate cadences, and Hymen, in the person of the harpist, to make furious and incessant attempts to light the nuptial torch. Olivia declared that she was in no hurry, which Sir Stanley refused to believe, and he reasoned with her in a variety of ways. He argued that the little birds were mating in the spring weather, and no time could be more appropriate for them. He had been daily for a long on the American continent, not having been home since he had come into his inheritance, that the charge of absenteeism would soon be flung at his head. Heaven alone knew what wrongs his tenants might be suffering from his absence. For a longer delay she might hold herself responsible. It was a prospect that he was not disposed to entertain. Their troubles were over to the church at once and get married. These novels in which the reader is told that the lovers intend to get married were not satisfactory, and authors risked a good part of their reputation by prolonging useless adventures through three chapters when lovers should have become man and wife, and turned their attention to more serious duties and more rational pleasures.

"Oh!" said she pettishly, for prosperity had spoiled her a little, "then you don't believe in the cooing and wooing that ought to precede these things."
"I do," he said, with a grin of delighted recollection at his own doings in that direction. "You mix! haven't I cooed and wooed for a whole winter like a young dove? And haven't I liked it, and haven't you liked it so well that you have consented to listen to it for the rest of your days. And didn't I get a bloody nose and a broken head one night in order to satisfy your—my tastes for the thing? And am I not about to light a diel with a man on your account, unless the said man, who has twice abjectly petitioned for an extension of time, shall leave the city immediately?"

"Oh! holding her blushes with her hands, "how absurdly you can talk. Fight a duel with a man when you are going to get married!"
"It gives a relish to the wedding, my love," says he. "You have just got your money—coaxingly—and will you not say next week for the time? If you will consent I will do more cooing and wooing in one week."
"I don't want it," said she curtly. "What are you thinking of? A week? You take away my breath at the bare idea!"

"Then you will not say next week?" And he began to bridle.
"Why, you dear, unreasonable fellow, who ever heard of a young lady just come into a fortune getting married without a trousseau?"
"Trousseau!" echoes the laconic in despair. "A letter to Paris, a month or two of waiting, and heaven knows what besides! I'll not stand it. I shall wait longer than another week. Why did you not think of this a month ago?"
"Hunted about me, Sir Stanley, I can get ready in a week; but then you know this is to be a grand affair, and one needs at least two weeks."
"Stop right there," says Sir Stanley. "In two weeks it shall be, and if you change your mind I start for Europe to-morrow."
It was settled afterwards in family council that the wedding should take place early in the month of May now close at hand, and preparations were begun on a grand scale. Olivia and her baronet would much have preferred a quiet, unostentatious ceremony, but Mrs. Strachan having been consulted, went against it so decidedly and gave reasons so strong in support of her views that all agreed it was right and consented to follow her instructions. So duty must know once and for ever that

Miss Hamilton was not afraid of scrutiny into her family records; that she stood before the world a lady of fortune, and not one whit less equal to her husband before than after her marriage. As her wealth was considerable, it would not be amiss to give society an idea of its proportion in the magnificence of her first appearance as Miss Hamilton. The ceremony was to be performed at the cathedral, and the breakfast was to take place at Mrs. Strachan's residence.

It came off at the appointed time, and was, of course, a grand affair. All the city was present. Ever-fashion of the hour was represented in the costumes of the ladies and gentlemen, and the bride, as the centre of attraction, looked the perfection of the character which she sustained. It was a triumphant hour for Sir Stanley, but a rather mournful one for Lady Dashington. That day saw her go out once more into the strange world. She had once thought that no other party could be more sorrowful than that which she had made with her beloved convent and convent life. It bore only a shadow of present suffering. "For ever and for ever" were the words traced on her destiny. She was to find a new self, and new friends, and a new life, and the dear old associations were to be torn from her and thrown aside. One face that should have smiled and wept with her in that hour was not present. A card of invitation had been sent to Miss McDowell, and with it Olivia had sent an entreating note, affectionate as ever when her father was alive, and which she had written in the presence of her father. The invitation was declined with thanks, and the note remained unanswered.

The breakfast, being under Mrs. Strachan's supervision, was a success. Well-bred hilarity, a quality for which she had ever been famous, prevailed. The guests were arranged with an eye to the peculiarities of each, and Father Leonard sat side-by-side with Sir John McDonough, who had a High-Church bishop on his left, with some nomenclature, however, between. The endeavors to get a decided opinion from Sir John on any point—an amusement which kept that part of the table in perpetual good-humor—only served to show the doctor's wit and good humor, and the expense of his neighbors. The bridegroom was in a merry mood between looking too often at his bride and at the bottom of his wine glass. In his speech he said many rash brilliant things and many rash foolish ones, which were quite excusable in a man just married, but afforded Lady Dashington ample material for a first certain lecture. Dr. Hamilton had been very cheerful and talkative through the whole ceremony. It was a satisfactory event for him, inasmuch as he saw his sister so well provided for. Olivia had watched him closely, but was unable to detect any outward expression of the sorrow which she knew to be in his heart.

As the doctor was about to start for his home, he was met by the train while the train was steaming into the depot.
"Keep a brave heart, little girl," he said consolingly, "and have no fears for me. Such a steady old chap, with plenty of money at his command and a loved profession, can never want for happiness."
He laid his hand on her forehead, and she felt a gentle shake of the bowed head.
"Never, never, Olivia. It can never be. I love her still, it is true, but my respect for her is gone. I do not condemn her. We can leave that to God. Yet do not trouble yourself about me in that respect. When she is forgotten I shall perhaps find a better one."
He led her to the train and stood waving his handkerchief at the tearful face as it moved away. It was the last of pretty, pure-hearted Olivia. Very downcast he felt as he returned to the guests at Mrs. Strachan's and took his place among them. He was resolved that as soon as possible he would leave the city and seek a quiet life in some remote spot.

Having obtained the property so confidently assured him by Mr. Quip, his first duty was to search up that individual, in order to pay him his stipulated five thousand. Mr. Quip, however, was not to be found, neither at the office, which was closed, nor at any of his usual haunts in the city. Strict inquiry brought out the fact that the gentleman was in jail, and thither went the doctor, amused at this new freak of Mr. Quip's fortunes. The philosopher greeted him cheerily and gabbled away with unconscious coquetry.

"All through our friend Mr. Juniper," he said in explaining the circumstances of his imprisonment. "Miss McDowell presented him with some money for my detention to her father—he knew that would be forthcoming, the rascal!—and on a strength of my five thousand I asked him to lend me some. I have a habit of borrowing, I must admit, and had practiced conscientiously on Juniper. He refused, and going off with some old cronies, returned to my lodging in the evening gloriously drunk. I put him to bed unthinkingly, and two days later find myself in jail on a charge of robbery preferred by Juniper. He had no money when he woke up next morning, and found it convenient, having been under my care, to fix the charge on the doctor. Fortunately, the judge saw the matter in the strong light which Juniper's counsel and the prosecuting court attorney threw upon it, and I am rusticated for two months straight. You may put away my five thousand dollars in a bank. There is another thing which has made me uneasy, and which I wish you to settle. Killany has led to parts unknown. I was go-between with Miss McDowell for some time, because he was her agent and she would not look at him. When he was going he gave me a series of letters to be

delivered to her one by one every other day for two weeks, exactly as if he were present in the city. He has been gone ten days, and the whole affair has made me uneasy. I can swear that he did not go without taking a fair share of somebody's goods along with him, for he had none of his own."
Dr. Hamilton thanked Mr. Quip for his information, bade him a final adieu, and hastened in alarm to the priest. Inquiries were set on foot by both, and the result chronicled a new and last misfortune for Miss McDowell. She was left as poor as the poorest. The house had been sold from over her head by the smiling Killany, and with his ill-gotten gains that slippery gentleman had fled to distant countries where he would be unheard of by his Canadian friends for evermore. She bore her losses with the same stoicism shown under the trials of the months that were past.

"I am not in love with riches and station now," she said to the priest, "and feel some relief in knowing that the metal which brought me so much evil is no longer mine. I am going to New York. I have a position already assured me as editress of a magazine, and the salary is quite sufficient to support me in comfort. If I desired to be revenged on Killany I could not have done better than to have permitted him to make away with this money. He is now the beggar on horseback, and you can surmise the direction he will take."
Nevertheless the priest was not pleased with her manner or her looks or her decision. Her face had become marble in its whiteness, and the lustrous eyes never for a moment lost their expression of pain. The strain which she had borne without once wincing was too severe for her physical powers long to withstand, and he suggested that she should remain for some time at leisure before attempting work of any kind.

"I am not safe without work," she replied, "and I am sure that new scenes and new faces, and the excitement of being poor and earning my own living, will be of benefit. All my own pursuits are distasteful. I could not remain here in any event. I shall go within a week. I have many friends in New York, who are acquainted with this with my changed fortunes and are anxious to serve me. If I get ill—and, to tell the truth, I am not desirous of it—there will be many kind friends to care for me. Good-bye, father. Be assured of my gratitude for your many kindnesses."
Within a week she had departed, alone and unattended, for New York. It was the wonder of society for the proverbial nine days. Dr. Hamilton had preceded her by one day; Killany was said to be in Italy; Quip was in jail; Juniper, haunted in his drunken moments by visions of the long wafers and a woman's face, had fled to the West; and Olivia, with her husband's name safely settled in Ireland. Thus one by one the characters of our tale faded from the scene where they had played with so much pathos, merriment, and pain, and left behind them no deeper impression on the hearts or memories of men than the snow which had gone in the spring. Their places were filled as rapidly as they were vacated. It is our misfortune and our safety that, important as we may be to our little selves, with the world we are of no importance.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Effects of Too Much Brain Work for Children.

On April 28, Dr. Richardson, F. R. S., delivering a lecture on "National Necessities as the Basis of Natural Education," before the Society of Arts, brought forward, writes F. C. S., the following extract, which happened to be a report of the chairman of the evening, Mr. Edwin Chadwick, C. B., to the British Association in 1869, to show what an evil effect too much brain work, without a proportional amount of industrial occupation to support it, has upon young children:
"In one large establishment, containing about six hundred children, half girls and half boys, the means of industrial occupation were gained for the girls before any were obtained for the boys. The girls were therefore put upon half time tuition; that is to say, their time of book instruction was reduced from thirty-six hours to eighteen per week, given on the three alternate days of their industrial occupation, the boys remaining at full school teaching being the same, on the same system, and by the same teachers, the same school attendance in weeks and years in both cases. On the periodical examination of the school, surprise was expressed by the inspector at finding how much more alert mentally the girls were than the boys, and in advance of their attainments. Subsequently industrial occupation was found for the boys, when their time of book instruction was reduced from thirty-six hours a week to eighteen; and after a while, the boys were proved, upon examination, to have obtained their previous relative position, which was in advance of the girls."

Carlyle and the Devil.
Carlyle said many foolish things, in his own queer dialect. One of the most foolish of his Irish Journey, printed for the first time in the July Century. Knowledge does not make men good; a glance at the statistics of crime shows that men of education are not less devilish, in spite of their collection of facts:
"If the devil were passing through my country, and he applied to me for my instruction on any truth or fact of this universe, I should wish to give it him. He is less a devil, knowing that 3 and 3 are 6, than if he didn't know it; a light-spark, the fact of the finest, is in this fact; if he knew facts enough, continuous light would dawn on him; he would (to his amazement) understand that this universe is, on what principles it conducts itself, and would cease to be a devil!"
The devil knows all these facts; but his malice makes him what he is.

Young or middle aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send three stamps for Part VII of Dime Series pamphlets. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE STABILITY OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

Montreal Gazette.
Twelve years of development has given to the present French Republic stability which its friends have good reason to consider proof against party intrigue or popular caprice. It almost seems as if the goal vaguely sought in the uprising of 1789, and from the path to which rival ambitions and unforeseen contingencies have so often caused the nation to swerve, had been at last reached, and that the form of rule which above all others suited the genius of the French people, was now firmly and permanently established. It may be so, and to all appearance such is really the case. One by one the parties inimical to the Republic seem, through internal weakness, lack of able leadership or the compelling force of circumstances, to have dropped out of the race for power and to have lost all hope of success, even in a distant day. Nevertheless, it would be rash, even to-day, to conclude from such favorable appearances that the Republic was destined to last forever and the seemingly dead corpse of Bourbon or of Bonaparte. Without falling back on the infinite variety of human chances or even on the proverbial saying that it is the unexpected that happens—a saying which in France has been proved by experience to have an element of truth as well as of paradox—it will be sufficient to recall that other regimes which had a longer term than the September Republic has yet reached, and which, not long before their fall, seemed as stable as it is now, were suddenly swept out of existence by the resistless whirlwind of revolution.

The restored Bourbons reigned for sixteen years, and when one thinks of the deposition of Louis the Sixteenth and the accession of his successor, it is surprising that they reigned so long. Yet, if Charles the Tenth had not tried to ignore the Revolution, it would not have risen up to banish him from his kingdom. When too late he would have yielded, and Louis Philippe was elected to reign, not by divine right, but as King of the French. He held that position for eighteen years, and then, after refusing demands for reform, he, too, lost his throne as suddenly as the monarch whom he had displaced, and while just as confident that it was secured to him and his heirs for ever. After the brief reign of the second Republic, the coup d'etat placed the hitherto despised Louis Napoleon on the vacant throne. He held his grip on power longer than either restored Bourbon or Orleans, but the fatal day came upon him, too, unawares, and like his three predecessors, he also died miserably in exile.

After so many catastrophes in the face of seeming security, can it be said of the actual regime that it is altogether exceptional and that no assault of foes without or plots of malcontents within can endanger its stability? If, with the most universal favor (as proved by recent elections) which it enjoys we contrast the weakness, of any of the claimants, for the throne from which Bourbon, Napoleon, Bourbon again, Orleans, and Napoleon again have in turn been driven, may it not be replied that in all these cases the successful aspirant after sovereignty attained his aim from the standpoint of a depression which seemed equally hopeless. Some years, in some cases a few months, before the actual elevation of Bonaparte, Bourbon or Orleans there seemed quite as little chance of such an event taking place as there does to-day of the accession to power of the Comte de Chambord, the Comte de Paris or of Prince Napoleon. Nor does France at the present moment fail to furnish indications to those who choose to look for them, that the same ebb and flow of opinion and sentiment which made such extreme and sudden changes possible in the past are still forces in the community. Only a few months ago, M. Gambetta was virtually a dictator; now he is practically powerless. The support which keeps M. DeFreycinet in office, while general enough to show how completely his rival has lost his hold on the public mind, is still devoid of all enthusiasm. It is of that lifeless, formal, almost indifferent character, which sometimes gives evidence of a deep-seated discontent that endures unpopular men simply because no man, under the actual system, would be popular. If only there were a great leader in any of the monarchial parties to take advantage of the present defection of republican spirit, who knows what changes a few weeks might bring forth? Of course this may be mere conjecture. The Republic may be as deeply based in the affections of the people as ever it was. Loyalty is not to be measured by the degree of spread-eagles which it evokes. All we mean to point out is that, with the history of the past century before us, we cannot pronounce a French Republic permanent because it has outlived the dangers of a dozen years, or because its foes are apparently dead. Living men have seen political resuscitations which rebuke all trust in such appearances.

It would be premature, however, to speculate on that one of the rival monarchial parties which, if its course were run, would probably take the Republic's place. Every year makes the cause of the kingly functions more and more the same and, though the Comte de Chambord proved the favourite, the Comte de Paris, in whose favour Louis Philippe abdicated, is still less apparent. Had the latter been first here, a few years ago, he would have had a very fair chance of sitting on his grandfather's throne. But the representative of the elder branch would not yield a whit of his anti-Revolution principles or prejudices. Since then, undoubtedly, the cause of the Bourbons has lost ground. What of the Napoleons? They, too, have lost ground, but they die hard. And there is this much to be favorably noted, that, unpopular though they are, the heirs of the Emperor have some support in France, especially among his own party, he has higher claims to the recognition of the great reigning powers of Europe than any other of his imperial predecessors—excepting that unhappy Napoleon II, who never reigned at all. England, Germany, Russia, and almost all the other powers could, without loss of dignity, welcome him as the consort and equal of their own sovereigns, while his sons would have a still greater share of

royal blood. This may not be of such consequence, as if a man is a usurper, royal kinship does not improve his claims. But it would, perhaps, have some weight. A Prince who represents in person the extraordinary career of the Bonapartes—these strange children of the Revolution—and those memories of victory and conquest of which France will always be proud, combined with all that is grandest in those royal lives which carry us back to the Roman Empire, ought to satisfy all the demands of popular sentiment, including that "divinity which doth hedge a king." But whether Prince Napoleon or his sons will ever sit on a throne, who can say? Better, perhaps, to leave them where they are. And yet more unlikely things have happened.

HORRIBLE MURDER AND MUTILATION OF A PRIEST ON A SICK CALL.

There is proceeding this week at one of the departmental assizes in the heart of France a trial for murder which reveals one of the most remarkable crimes of our day. In a village high up in the mountains, where the Loire takes its rise, is an old church of the twelfth century, with a neighboring parsonage of one story. At seven o'clock on the evening of Jan. 3rd a man, of forbidding appearance, rang the bell of the parsonage, and on the door being opened by the priest's sister he entered and told the priest, who was finishing his dinner, that he was wanted to administer the last Sacraments to one of his parishioners, who had been seriously wounded by a cow. The priest, Abbe Garraud, felt some doubt about his visitor, but prepared the Sacred Elements, and then took a revolver from his dressing-case. "You don't need that," said the man; "we shall meet no one. Thieves find nothing to do here." To show his acquaintance with the neighborhood, the man said he had been an acolyte in a church at the foot of the mountain. They set out upon the wintry walk, along mountain paths so narrow in places that two men cannot pass each other. The Abbe walked in front, but he turned so frequently that his eye was almost continually upon his strange companion. They arrived at a particularly wild spot, and M. Garraud was about to step upon a bridge stretching over a precipice, when, on looking back, he saw his companion in the act of leaping upon him. To draw the revolver, which was the man's moment, and the mountains reverberated with the echo of his discharge. The stranger paused, raised his hat, and saying, "Excuse me; I will go first to see how the sick woman is," he fled. Abbe Garraud, pondering upon the strange occurrence, returned home. Scarcely an hour after this he prepared to depart up the street of the village in the valley, stopped at the priest's house, and, being admitted by the old housekeeper exclaimed to the cure: "Bring the Host quickly! M. Martin, of Rognac, has been engaged by his bull, and is dying." The Abbe Rivet offered his visitor a glass of wine, which he prepared to drink, and then, as they left together, the old woman expressed the hope that her master would not attempt to return home that night, as it was snowing, and the stranger said arrangements would be made for the cure to sleep at Rognac. About ten o'clock the same night there was a knocking at Abbe Rivet's door, and the woman, who had got a friend to stay the night with her, hesitated to open the door, so a colloquy was carried on from the window. The man at the door said it was he who had summoned M. Rivet to Rognac, and that he was stopping there; the wounded farmer was better. The woman asked if he would be so kind to come in and warm himself, and the man replied that his feet were very cold, as it was freezing hard. The key was turning in the lock, when some neighbors, who had heard the conversation, approached, and the man took to flight. Next morning, about a couple of miles from the village, where the path winds among precipices, the body of the unfortunate cure was found, horribly mutilated. His watch, snuffbox, and the sacred vessels had disappeared. The murder had been committed by a blow of a hammer from behind. Suspicion at once fell upon the strange visitor, who had returned to the parsonage in order, by killing the housekeeper, to remove any witness who might be hostile against him. He was tracked from place to place, and was found to have been dealing with some of the stolen property. For two months the murderer had eluded the pursuit, and lived like a wild beast in the woods. At length, on March 1st, the gendarmes arrested him near Dunieres, and he still had his victim's watch in his possession. He proved to be a man of 36 years, named Mallet. His record is one of almost continuous crime, and for the past seven years he has worn sward against the priests. The terror he has spread through the Department of the Haute-Loire will probably prevent extenuating circumstances being found by the jury in his case.

Personal Item.

The following references are to a matter of sufficient importance to enlist the attention of all our readers.
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE.
HAMILTON, ONT.
I have much pleasure in stating, that I lately used St. Jacobs Oil in a case of very severe sprain, with marvellous effect. I had been badly hurt and could not afford to rest too long; I therefore used the quickest means of relief, St. Jacobs Oil, which certainly worked wonders in my case. I consider it to be an invaluable remedy and shall not hesitate to recommend it to anyone whom I meet, suffering from want of a reliable remedy. I regard St. Jacobs Oil as a wonderful preparation, and shall freely suggest its use to my friends and enemies for that matter—when I find them looking anything for the alleviation of the terrible torture of rheumatism. I write this note voluntarily to say what I think of the Oil, and it may be used in any way to accomplish the good goal.

A. D. STEWART, Chief of Police.

Bad temper often proceeds from those painful disorders to which women are subject. In female complaints Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure. By all druggists.