

Trouble is the engine in God's hands to lift us up to heaven.

It is only in this life that we can win souls for Christ.

We must love the Lord, if we would learn to serve Him and win others to Him.

The very presence of Christ is the conscious experience of every regenerate soul.

In the great majority of things, habit is a greater plague than ever infested Egypt; in religious character, it is a grand felicity.

"Do you feel that you love Christ?" was asked of an aged and dying Christian. "Better than that," was the reply, "Christ loves me."

There cannot be named a pursuit or enterprise of human beings, in which there is so little possibility of failure, as praying for sanctification.

Earnestness is the path to immortality, thoughtlessness the path to death. Those who are in earnest do not die; those who are thoughtless are as if dead already.

Christianity, which is always true to the heart, knows no abstract virtues, but virtues resulting from our wants, and useful to all.

Man's works, even in the most perfect form, always have more or less of excitement in them. God's works are calm and peaceful, both in nature and in His work.

A sanctified soul is offered up to God in the flames of love, upon Christ, the altar. Hail gathered in some by his preaching, not to keep them to himself, but to offer them up to God.

As in the sun's shining we can behold the great stars shining in the heavens, so in this life-eclipse has these men beheld the lights of the great eternity, burning solemnly and forever.

I can see nothing, without the Spirit's eyes, but as it were in a mist. I am fully persuaded of the truth of Scripture, and that it tells me of sin, myself, God, Christ and eternity; but with little more effect and true feeling than what I know and believe of some remote country in which I have no manner of concern.

CHOICE WIT.

Signs of the times—"Rock beer." An eastern paper conveys the information that the spring beer is now blushing. The assertion was written in a humorous vein.

"No, sir," said the professional heavy-weight lifter; "I've never visited a pawnshop, but I often put up dumb-bells for money."

A man in this city claims to have a wife so hot-tempered that when she is angry he can light his cigar from the fire that flashes from her eyes.

A poet says: "Yesterday comes not. He should tell us something we do not know." What we are looking for is the return of the week before last.

"Do you not think I would make a very attractive angel?" said a dupe with very large ears to a young lady. "Well, no," she replied, pointing to his immense ears; "I think your wings are a little too high up."

A quick doctor who was giving testimony in a San Francisco court was asked if he had ever performed the operation of decapitation. "O yes," he said; "I have done that often—Never lost a patient under it."

At a magic-lantern exhibition in a country town the other day, the man who was hauling the instrument threw under the title of "Solitude" a picture of an aged female on the screen. Immediately the dozen old maids in the audience took it as a personal insult, and arose and left the hall.

A young mother, traveling with her infant child, writes the following letter to her husband at home: "We are all doing first-rate, and enjoying ourselves very much. We are in fine health. The boy can crawl about on all fours. Hoping that the same be said of you, I remain, etc., Fanny."

A lady asked a learned professor if he understood Chinese. He did. "Well, what is 'mouth' in Chinese?" "Mouth is 'k'ou." A week later the lady suddenly asked the professor: "What is kitchen in Chinese?" "It is 'k'ou." "Very remarkable," she said, "a week ago you said 'mouth' is 'k'ou.'" "Quite so," answered the professor; "whatever opens and shuts is 'k'ou' in Chinese."

How Gorster views it: Reporter—I suppose you heard about that kissing affair between Gov. Crittenden and Patti? Gorster—I heard that the governor kissed Patti before she had time to resist, but I don't see anything in that to create so much talk. Reporter—You don't? Gorster—Certainly not. There is nothing wrong in a man's kissing a woman old enough to be his mother.

CANADIAN NEWS.

Commercial travellers residing in Belleville have resolved to appeal against the income tax.

Advices from the end of the Canadian Pacific line west say that trouble is feared there with a large body of Italian laborers. They were promised in the East higher wages than are being paid, and have struck work. They are all armed, and serious consequences may result.

The second anniversary of Arbor day was celebrated with great ceremony in the city of Quebec, six hundred trees being planted. In Montreal the citizens generally ignored the event, only the Mayor and a few civic officials carrying out the work of planting the trees in the various parks.

John McGill, a farmer living about two miles out of Picton, on the road to Smith's Bay, hung himself recently with a long chain to an apple tree while labouring under a fit of temporary insanity, caused by his being very severely crippled, the result of having his feet and hands frozen last winter while under the influence of liquor.

Cora Ward, a young woman of Montreal, was arrested at London on a telegram by Detective Blair at the instance of the police authorities, charged with having stolen money in her possession. She admits having money belonging to a Mrs. Smith in her possession, on which she says the latter gave her to take care of when she left her husband.

R. D. Fisher, late teller and accountant of the Dominion Bank at Oshawa, was recently brought before Judge Burnham, charged with embezzlement. There were three different indictments, each charging the prisoner with passing through the bank and on being found guilty on the first count he consented to the remaining charges being disposed of by the judge. He was then found guilty and sentenced to five years in the Kingston penitentiary on each indictment, the sentences to run concurrently. The prosecution was at the instance of the Guarantee Company of North America.

The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

CUPIDITY AND CRIME.

CHAPTER XXX—CONTINUED.

"I think it was madness that came upon me; the cold cruel words lighted a fire in my heart and brain—a fire that burns unquenchably.—A little cry broke from my lips; but as yet I could not speak.

"Compose yourself my dear Olivia, he broke in suavely. 'Jilting is not pleasant, as I know. You made me the laughing-stock of London once; but I assure you the story of my wrong was, and the story of my vengeance will be, a mine days' wonder at the worst. Your pride will help you to bear a little bitter jilting; and, by the time the diamonds glitter upon my Nora's neck, the world will have forgotten that you ever forgot Lady de Gretton's privilege and wore them.'

"Did I do wrong to kill him, coward and traitor that he was! Did I do wrong to drive him mad? No, I say ten thousand times no! Albergio Grant deserved the death I dealt him. I was not a murderer, but an executioner. 'I hardly know how I lived through the time that followed—through the civil sneers and biting jests that encountered me on every side. I knew the diversion of the season; and I knew it. Yet the knowledge hardly hurt me as I thought it would. I seemed to move in a dull and misty atmosphere, in which I saw all things distinctly. One thought only shaped itself clearly and distinctly in my mind, the thought of revenge.—'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life.' He had laid mine desolate, and I would take his in return.

"I think the sorrow with which I bore my iniquity outlasted any more than any fiery outbreak would have done. He avoided me at first; but, finding that I in no way shrank from society, that I had even forced myself to call upon his bride-lect—a poor spirit-broken child, sold to the rich man like a bale of goods, and sick for the love of a dead lover—he tried to conciliate me and teach me to forget. Well, that passed off badly. Olivia gave her back her life and freedom, and I stood calmly by, regardless of the pin-prick stings, the smiles and shoulder-slugs and whispers of my dear familiar friends—for did not every word the priest spoke, every step the bridal pair took from the altar bring me nearer to my revenge?"

"I stood in stuno-like endurance through the ceremony; but I would not break bread with them. I excused myself to the bride's mother on the plea of an immediate return to Ireland, where my sister-in-law lay dangerously ill; and I started for Devonshire by the same train that bore Lord and Lady de Gretton on the first stage of their honeymoon journey. I had a very nice corner in Cliff Cottage and grounds, and I knew my cousin's habit of despatching all business in the little room that opened on to the verandah and the lawn. True, there might be some change in even his methodical habits upon his wedding day; but in some way or other it would be strangled indeed if it did not catch him for one moment alone—and then—

"I felt the edge of the long, slender steel, my mother's Spanish dagger, in my content to wait, crouched in the dense impenetrable shrubbery that lay to the side of the house—to see him come and go, now to answer some business telegram, now to bring back the young bride to whom he should have been all love and tenderness, but upon whom he looked with the same cold and cruel anger that had been in his eyes when he had killed me. 'Something had come between them—but what? I pondered the question as I knelt on and on in my cramped comfortable position, till the sun vanished beyond the horizon-line, till the pink tinge faded from the sky, till the stars began to peep shyly out, their tremulous light half lost in the soft splendor of the full round moon, till the dew drenched my black dress and my limbs grew numb and stiff, till the lights twinkled from window to window, and one by one, went out, till only the steady star that shone from the open doorway of de Gretton's room broke the long line of shadow.

"Then I forgot all things, for the long-for-hour had come. Slowly, for my limbs were cramped and aching, I came to the pretty flower-grown porch, and crept along in its shadow. I had not expected both French windows stood open, and he was seated at the farther one, his back turned to me, at the large writing table which Mr. Romayne had always laughingly consecrated to his use.

"One breathless second I paused in the doorway—and then with the bound of a tigress, I sprang upon him, and the long keen knife did its fatal work. He tried to cry he did ejaculate my name; but I drew the cloth I had soaked with chloroform across his lips and then—with a I drew the dagger forth with all my strength; and when I saw the blood that followed it, I knew that he must die. How heavily he fell to the ground! Yet no one stirred.

"In a stupor of immobility I sat watching the finely-cut cruel face that grew grayer and grayer in the cold white light. I had drawn the cloth I had soaked with chloroform across his lips and then—with a I drew the dagger forth with all my strength; and when I saw the blood that followed it, I knew that he must die. How heavily he fell to the ground! Yet no one stirred.

"I suddenly the white face seemed to stir, or a shifting ray of moonlight gave it the ghastly semblance of the old mocking smile. The sight filled me with a wild abject terror. I started to my feet and rushed across the lawn, as though ten thousand fiends pursued me. Another moment and I was on the open shore, the dagger had flashed in the air and sunk in the faithfulness depths of the sea. I was away from the scene, free from the worst evidence of my crime.

"With that knowledge there came to me the faint hope of escape. I examined my dress—the long close fitting cloak, the dark bonnet and veil, would certainly not attract attention in passing through the streets. There might be an early train, the little town was unusually full. I did not count much on the chance, still I would try.

way along the coast, and crossed St. George's Channel; and I first learned that Lord de Gretton's murder had been discovered, and that public opinion attributed the crime to his missing wife.

"The days that followed were days of agony to me. Had Nora de Gretton been brought to trial, I would have confessed my crime and saved her—that I swear in this the last hour of my life, as I confess it now, and die to save her.—'Let her forgive me if she can. The wrong I did her even in her grave has haunted my thoughts and well-nigh driven me mad; ever has her shadow pursued me, a phantom figure, with sad and angry eyes and pale reproachful lips. She will forgive me, for she will be happy and happiness is merciful, most merciful to the unhappy dead. I ask no other pardon for my sin against her. There has been some expiatory agony even here: and for the crime for which the law would take my life I go to answer to another judge.'

"The document was duly sealed and signed, not only by Lady Olivia, but by the two women whom she had, with apparent carelessness, asked to sign her will, before retiring for the night. Being placed in the hands of the proper authorities, it speedily secured Nora's release from custody and the removal of the last shadow of suspicion from her name.

CHAPTER XXXI.—LAST.

"Good night, Christine. If we sit talking any more, you will have no roses for to-morrow; and what will the Baron say? Nora spoke with a touch of peremptory plainness such as she never would have shown to her step-sister in the old Nettleton days. But, though Christine smiled a little, she did not stir. She leaned one elbow on the chimney-piece, and looking into the brightly blazing fire, said slowly and thoughtfully—

"No, let me stay a little longer dear; I have so much to say." Nora winced a little, but dropped back into her chair and crossed her hands upon her lap. She was lovelier than ever, Christine thought, watching her with eyes that were troubled still, but clouded with hate and envy no longer. The six months that had passed since Lady Olivia gave her back her life and freedom, had deepened the rose-tint in the smooth soft cheek, and restored the old starry lustre to the great gray eyes. But for the soft snow-white hair that contrasted so quaintly with the peach-like skin and arched black brows, Nora de Gretton would have been fairer than Nora Bruce had been; and even that, to her lover's faithful eyes was a sacred crown of martyrdom.

"Christine looked, till the tears that had been gathering slowly filled her eyes and blinded her; then she dropped suddenly upon her knees and hid her face in Nora's lap. 'Christine, tears on your bridal-veil, when you should be so happy!' Nora said, trying to raise the blonde head; but Christine would not look up.

"'Happy!' she echoed with a passionate cry. 'How dare I hope for happiness? Nora, I am afraid!'" "Why, dear? Baron Benjuda loves you; and I think he is a good man." "Too good. I never thought he would forgive me; but he says he can trust me still. Is it not wonderful?" "Wonderful that he should see how nobly you repaid a wrong and overcame a foe."

"'A jealousy,' Christine finished in a whisper. 'Nora, we will never speak of this again; but I was madly jealous of you always, of your beauty and fascination, of your father's affection and Vance's preference—last and most of all, of Arthur Beaupeure's love!'" "Oh, hush! Nora interrupted sharply; but Christine went steadily on—

"'Wait! Do you think that, if that foolish fire had not burned to gray ashes long ago, I would have stirred its embers now? I only want you to know what poor excuse there was for my savage cruelty to win your full forgiveness as my best wedding-gift.'

"For all answer Nora stooped and kissed her; and the two sisters clung together in a silence that was eloquent of love and peace.

"Vance was so good to me to-day," Christine went on, after a little pause. "He and Israel are great friends now. Israel vows he will make his fortune." "And Nettie and my godchild—were they good too?" Nora asked, with a smile.

"Dear Nettie! Yes; what a happy couple they are, and yet what a terrible thing we should have thought such a marriage for Vance once!" "Ah, once!" The words came almost unconsciously from Lady de Gretton's lips, the deep eyes were shadowed with the pain of reminiscence. "We thought so many strange things in that 'once,' Christine!"

"Nothing so strange as what has been," Christine said hurriedly. "Nora how different your life would have been if you had never brought us to his home!" "Different indeed," Nora answered, with a sad half-smile. "For I should never have known Vance!" "Ah, Vance redeemed us!" Christine said heartily. "Our scapegrace was the best of us, after all. Well—moving reluctantly towards the door—"there is peace between us now, Nora?"

tomb as Nora de Gretton, the girl had had an instinctive sympathy from the first; and Mrs. Beaupeure's cheerful piety and strong common-sense had done much to dispel the morose terrors that were the natural result of the long unnatural strain Nora had borne.

"She is like a plant that has lived too long in the shade, and wants all the sunshine we can give her," Mrs. Beaupeure would say in her bright hopeful fashion, when Arthur complained dejectedly that the light was long in coming back to the gray eyes, and the roses were long in blooming on the pale thin face.

"Trust in time, dear, and do not fret over her. She will never forget; but by-and-by her memories will grow dim; and then I shall welcome my daughter, Arthur, as you do."

"Is she not lovely?" Arthur asked, his worn face lighting with an eager smile. And his mother warmly assented— "Lovely and lovable; I have but one fault to find with her."

"A fault!" the young man echoed indignantly. "What fault has the poor child, mother?" "She is too forgiving," Mrs. Beaupeure said, with much decision. "No, I am not unchristian, Arthur; but, in her place I would never have spoken to Christine Singleton."

"Why, mother, do you forget that, if she wronged Nora once, she rendered her signal service at the last?" "Pure accident!" the obstinate old lady said disdainfully. "Lady Olivia's conscience would have weakened without her aid. Miss Singleton is a clever girl, and, seeing how the tide had turned, took advantage of an opportunity to re-establish herself in every one's good graces; but she will never find a place in mine—never!"

"There was a grim determination in the last word that Arthur found it impossible to shake—he knew what his mother's prejudice was, and that first of all Christine's sins, with her, ranked the wild attempt to establish herself as his nurse. It was a subject fraught with perils, and one he never cared to discuss; so, smiling a little unobtrusively, he said—

"Well, I will not be irreverent as to deny your charity; but we may as well let Nora live at peace with those belonging to her."

"With all my heart. The step-mother is a foolish, selfish woman; but I think her lesson has sobered her a little, and Vance—Vance and his wife are simply charming. No, I object simply to Christine."

"And Christine will be Baroness Benjuda almost immediately, and live abroad at least half the year," interrupted Mrs. Beaupeure, with crushing emphasis. "And I hope," said Baron Benjuda in a man with a wife of his own, who knows how to keep her in order."

"He does not look very weak," Arthur said, with a smile; and there the subject dropped; but in his heart he knew that his mother's prejudice was quite unshaken.

"She refused, with a grim courtesy, the invitation to Christine's wedding, though she did not attempt to keep her son from attending it, saying indeed that she would be glad to hear, on the evidence of an eye-witness, that it had really taken place, as she was always in fear that Israel Benjuda would discover some fresh wickend in his betrothed's part, and break the marriage off at the last moment.

"The clear bright sunshine of a fine March morning, Christine Singleton, arrayed in white velvet, Brussels lace, orange-blossoms, and pearls, knelt on the altar-steps, and rose up Baroness Benjuda. The ceremony was less ornate and splendid than quite suited the bridegroom's Oriental taste, the guests assembled were fewer in number than seemed right to his lavish hospitality; and he could find no flaw in the beauty of the splendor of his bride; and he looked a proud and radiantly happy man as he walked, with astounding self-possession, down the long aisle, with that fair and shining vision on his arm.

answered gravely. "Once, not long ago I thought that Christine would never be a good woman. Now I hope and think she will."

"That afternoon, when the wedding-guests had taken their leave, when Mrs. Bruce, worn out with the fatigue and excitement of the day, had stolen away to sleep off an incipient headache, Arthur and Nora found themselves alone. The bright chill day was fading into dusk, the lamps were gleaming in the gray haze outside. Within, only the ruddy firelight shone on Nora's warm velvet dress, on the slender clasped hands and sweet calm face.

"She sat in her favorite attitude in the low chair beside the chimney-corner. Arthur, leaning with crossed arms on the top of the prie-dieu chair, watched her in silence, wondering whether her thoughts had taken flight. Then suddenly he spoke.

"Did you dread the ordeal of to-day, Nora?" "She winced a little, but raised her large clear eyes to his, with the instant answer— "Yes—it was terrible at first. I could think of nothing but that dreadful day of—"

"She paused, with a shudder, and turned her head away. The wound had been sore and deep, and must be long in healing; yet Arthur Beaupeure thought, with a sudden quickening of his breath, that he dared touch it—at last.

"The worst is over now, my darling!" he cried fondly. "There is no need ever to look back any more. Nora, I have waited long and patiently for this moment; I must speak. My own love, you know what boon I ask, know how truly and unchangeably I love you. When shall my love meet with some reward?"

"She trembled violently; but there was no repulsion in the attitude of the graceful figure, no anger in the fair troubled face. With a wild heart-throb, Arthur knew his chance was at hand.

"Nora, I have served as Jacob served for Rachel. When will my wife be mine?" She rose and stood before him, a wild appeal in her great gray eyes.

"Arthur, may I be happy—dare I—is it right? My love, I love you so well, I would not do you harm."

"Harm, when you give me all I love on earth? He clasped her to him in a lover's rapture, and kissed the red spots on her cheeks, and kissed her lips to stay their pleading. "Dare you be happy, Nora? Dare to be anything else when you are once my wife, and you shall see the tyrant I will be!"

"She smiled; but a faint tinge of the old trouble lingered around her lips and in her eyes.

"But you, Arthur—will you never regret that your wife has lost all that you used to prize in the old days—beauty and youth and gaiety of heart? See—I am almost an old woman!"

"She touched the white lock with a pitiful upward look. He stooped and kissed them with a sudden reverent passion, though he answered cheerily—

AGRICULTURAL.

A Farm Essay.

The Rural New Yorker has been offering prizes for the best farm essays, and publishes the following as one of them. It is certainly short and to the point, and well worth reading and remembering:—

- Underdrain.
Keep accounts.
Keep a diary.
Give stock salt regularly.
Weeds are robbers.
Stick to your business.
No man can farm by proxy.
Firm the seed-bed.
Rotate a variety of crops.
Read agricultural books and papers.
Keep manure near the surface.
Keep sheep dry underfoot.
Plant a few trees each year.
Don't sign a paper for a stranger.
Keep everything in its place.
Consult experienced, successful farmers.

Feed the soil with the food it needs.
Neither a chronic lender nor a borrower be.
Quality is as important as quantity.
Swine plague is not "at home" in a clover field.
Paint will cost less than new boards and beams.

The doctor will ride on if he sees you have a good garden.
Sell when your produce is ready for market.
Have the least possible fencing, but all ways substantial.
The most profitable acres are the deepest, not the broadest.

Insure your property in some good company.
Never buy land till you are sure of the title.
Nature declares that to breed immature animals is poor policy.

Feed grain (except wheat etc.) and forage to stock on the farm.
Use pure seed carefully selected, in season.
Do all work at the very earliest seasonable moment.

Have well and wood-shed near the kitchen door.
Better go to the lumber yard and the crib than to the "cattle-drover."
The man without a hay-mow is not without a hole in his pocket.

Sow rye between crops for pasture and manure.
I have never heard a man complain that he has tilled his land too well.
Color the butter before it comes from the cow with clover (green or dry) and corn-meal mush.

The best bank in which to deposit is bank of earth.
Rain and wind will not charge anything for hauling the manure; but they do wear hands.
Some farming is like a sieve—only little leaks, but the profits all run through.

A ton of corn fodder is worth for food as much as two-thirds of a ton of hay; straw almost as much.
Raise large crops that leave the farm richer than they found it.

Not only collect but keep (by absorbents and shelter) and apply (fined) manure.
Shelter farm implements. Rust and rot faster than w and r and t.
Plan and work ahead. Bright brains and brown hands make the farm pay.

Keep out of debt. When the farm is once mortgaged it is already half lost.
Pumpkins, squashes, turnips beets, etc., do not take up much room while growing, but make a big item in the feed and health of the farm stock.

Ventilate stock shelters by opening under the eaves. Light them by glass windows.
Cultivating Sorghum in the West.
The rapid increase in the amount of sorghum planted from year to year, has stimulated ingenuity to discover ways and means of doing the entire cultivation by horse-power.

Sorghum is a feeble plant and grows slowly at first, and unless the land is turned up, weeds are apt to get up faster than the crop. The following seems to be the most successful plan:—
The land is plowed immediately before planting, or if done earlier, or in the preceding fall, the entire surface is cultivated with a two-horse cultivator before planting. The seed is planted quite thickly in drills, by using a two-row corn planter.

Enough soil in any case will be thrown dropping levee quite fast, so as to drop the seed in an almost continuous stream. Those planters, that have a drilling attachment, are very convenient for doing this. At least twice as much seed is planted as is expected to grow, about six or seven pounds per acre is not too much. The most common mistake is to plant too deep, and much care is needed when a horse-planter is used, to avoid this difficulty. If the ground is moist, half an inch is deep enough, to even less will do. As soon as it is safe to do so without covering the young plants, go through the field with a straddle-row cultivator, taking care to have the inside shovels turned so as to throw the soil away from the plants. By setting them in this way, you can go much closer to the row than otherwise.

Enough soil in any case will be thrown towards the plant, while you stir the soil close to the young plants. After cultivation is completed, cross-harrow with any good harrow, going over the ground twice. This will destroy a good many of the weeds, but as they are planted thick with reference to this treatment, no harm occurs, while those which are left are thoroughly hoed, and the soil mellowed. The whole surface ridged by the corn plow, is leveled down and is put in fine condition for the next plowing. Should the cross-harrowing not thin the plants enough, the land may be harrowed the same way as the rows run. In ordinary seasons and on moderately clear land, this method of treatment will usually enable a grower to raise a crop without resorting to the hoe.—American Agriculturist.

A PARISIANS CANDAL.

Attempt to Murder an Ex-Deputy—A Woman in the Case.

A Paris telegram to the London Daily News says: The Parisian event of the hour is M. Lamy's attempt recently in a fit of marital jealousy, to shoot M. Savary, an ex-deputy, formerly member of the national assembly and director of the Banque de Lyon et de la Loire. M. Savary is the person who was chiefly instrumental in getting Orleans and legitimist votes for the Wallon constitution. It is said that the Wallon finance was worked by him in order to create a majority, and that his report on the Bonapartist conspiracy had not the great effect outsiders imagined.

M. Savary for three years has been in difficult pecuniary circumstances and under a cloud. M. Lamy had been his financial associate, and after the Lyons bank got into trouble was placed by M. Savary at the head of the Campagne Electrique, in the Avenue d'Opera. He used often to go into the provinces on the business of this concern. On returning from a professional tour he found that his wife, a handsome young woman, had run away, leaving two children. He was told that she had eloped with M. Savary. Two or three thousand francs which he expected to find in his desk was not there, and he jumped perhaps unfairly, to the conclusion that she took them.

His story, on being arrested is, that mad from despair, he at once hastened to Lyons, and with the little money he had took a third-class ticket to Geneva, where he suspected the fugitives were. The head police officer there told him that they had not left Paris. He was able to borrow enough to come back and buy a revolver. In going to Geneva he took with him his youngest child, hoping that its presence might touch his wife's heart. The infant caught cold and on the way back died of the croup.

M. Lamy then went to the police commissary, M. Barruel, who informed him where the lady was. When he went to the house he was told that she had gone to dine with M. Eyries and M. Savary at a beer saloon in the Rue des Martyrs. There he found them at dinner in a private room. The husband walked up to M. Savary, and discharged the revolver at him. One ball hit a looking-glass, and another, grazing the ex-deputy's hand, struck a memorandum book in his breast pocket, which, the powder being weak, arrested it.

The reports of the pistol shots brought the waiters and customers from the general room. They seized M. Lamy, who was afterwards taken into custody and brought to the police office. There he repeated the story, which he told in the cafe, but did not say that he had been told at the house whether they had gone. He insisted that he had been undisturbed, and that he went into the beer saloon because he saw M. Savary's friend, M. Eyries, enter. If he fired it was because his wife was leaning against M. Savary, and that the image of his dead child came before his eyes.

When M. Savary was asked to give his name, age, and occupation he said: "Ex-deputy, under necessary circumstances M. Dufour, and 37 years old." At this M. Lamy cried: "He is 40, but my wife being here, he makes himself out three years younger." M. Savary declares that Mue. Lamy did not elope with him. She merely quitted the conjugal domicile because her husband had a violent temper and made her life intolerable. She had to go to M. Savary to implore him to obtain employment for her as a clerk in a bank. He appointed to see her in the evening alone with M. Eyries at the beer-saloon, and they were discussing her qualifications for the place she sought when M. Lamy entered and fired the pistol. We shall see what she speaks the truth when she stands his trial at the next assizes. The press takes the part of the jealous husband.

A Sensational Will Case.

A very striking will case has been settled at Salem by the supreme court, Louise C. Randlett, claiming to be the widow of Thomas L. Randlett, late of Newburyport, petitioned for an allowance, pending the settlement of the estate, and it was granted by the probate court. The case came to the supreme court on a petition of the heirs, who claimed, to the surprise of the community, in which the Randletts had lived, that the very high, that the petitioner was not a widow, but was merely a polygamous wife. Gen. Butler appeared for the supposed Mrs. Randlett, and able counsellors were retained by the other side. The clergyman who performed the marriage testified to the ceremony, but it was shown that at the time the petitioner married Mr. Randlett, in 1880, she had been thirteen years the legal wife of Alexander Alexander, who is a Vermont farmer, 70 years old, was produced. He testified that his marriage took place in 1867 and that they lived together until 1868, when she had trouble with him and caused him to be arrested two or three times. He left her in 1868 and had never lived with her since, but there was no divorce obtained and he was legally her husband in 1880 when she imposed on this wealthy old man and married him, and by promises of handsome presents, endeavored to shut the mouths of all who knew her history. The counsel informed the court that Alexander was unwilling to testify in the case unless he was paid, and that they had paid him \$1,200 and when the court adjourned Gen. Butler asked his Alexander's arrest on a charge of perjury.

The woman in the case is rather prepossessing, and when young was evidently quite good looking. According to her testimony she is 49. Among other things it was shown that Alexander had, in spite of his lack of personal charms, attracted the affection of numerous women beside the one in this case, and that he is a bigamist at the present time. The decision of the supreme court overrules that of the lower court.

A Model Scholar.

The Fall Mall Gazette says that a girl named Alice Akerman, aged 14, the daughter of a laborer, has just completed her education at Langley school, Bucks. She has never missed being present since the school was opened, since Oct. 4, 1875, and in completing her 3,451 attendance she has to have walked 6,000 miles. She has passed every standard successfully, and in the three subjects in first-grade drawing obtained "Excellent" prizes in free-hand and model, as also in the three stages of the specific subjects, literature, domestic economy, and animal physiology, and in one stage in physical geography. She has also obtained twenty-six other prizes for good attendance, sculpture, sewing, knitting, etc.

"Your fare, young lady," said the stage-driver, as a pretty miss stepped from his vehicle, and was about tripping away. "O, thank you," responded the absent-minded little beauty; "I think your mustache becomes you real well, too." She got her ride free.

Schoolmasters should be entitled to rank among the ruling classes.