

We arrived at Paris at last, and I was at once conveyed to prison.

That very day a young lady came into my cell, accompanied by a police agent, in whom I recognized the one with the golden hair, whom I had seen in the gambling saloon in the Rue Neuve des Petits-Champs.

The agent said, pointing to me: "Do you recognize that man?" She replied, without hesitation, that she did.

"Well, we are ready to take your deposition, mademoiselle," and the agent added: "Henri, come in and witness this." A turnkey entered. The young lady commenced in a silvery voice as follows: "I saw this man in a *mansion de jeu* in the Rue des Petits-Champs; he was playing at the same table with the murdered man, whom I have also recognized at the morgue. Sometimes they would leave the table and take their refreshments together in the saloon. They drank in company several times, and had some private conversation. The prisoner left the house before the murdered man, who did not leave until two hours later, and had not won much that night."

This deposition she signed with her name, Eugénie Dumont.

Here the interview ended, and I was left alone to reflect.

I heard next day, from one of the keepers, that the friend who had left his valise with me had been captured at La Forge, near Rouen, where he had made a desperate resistance, but had been overpowered.

I spoke to the tall agent, and asked him to recommend me a good lawyer. He did so, and sent for him. In the meantime the agent said that the other prisoner was very much like me, with the exception that he wore a moustache, and I wore a beard. I remarked: "He had a beard, too, when I saw him last." "Oh, we know all that," said the agent. "When we entered the hotel he saw his game was up, and he put his valise in your room, cut off his beard, trimmed his moustache, went straight to our carriage, which was waiting, and told the driver coolly to drive him to another hotel; then paid and discharged him. Of course the driver never suspected anything, as he thought the murderer was one of my party. But the coolest part of the business was, that he came as far as Rouen, on the same train with ourselves, at least, so he himself says. In his room at the hotel, we found a large clasp-knife with the blood dried in the interstices; also the hair he had cut off."

The agent then told me the prisoner had confessed; and in his confession had stated that he had followed me from Rouen to Dieppe, to shift the murder on me, as I looked so much like him, and as he had seen me leave the gambling house, while he lay in wait for the murdered man, and as he knew the detectives were on his track.

What a singular stroke of luck it would have been in his favor, the fact of my having the watch, had chance not have fixed it otherwise!

Next day, through the kindness of the agent and the efforts of the lawyer, I was released on bail. I appeared at the trial, which was very long, and was called several times to the stand.

The clue the detectives discovered the murderer by, was the fact that they had found two letters on the murdered man from Mariette Gaudoin to Claude Belin.

By means of these they found Mariette, and from her obtained information that Claude had been in the habit of gambling. Then they found he had been in the house at which I met him. I was at once suspected and an agent started after me, having my description, which coincided exactly with the murderer, were it not that he had a scar over his right eye.

The detectives then got on my track; and it so happened that the murderer saw me at Rouen, where his keen eyes soon recognized me, and he determined to throw his guilt over me, thinking, no doubt, any personal resemblance to him would help considerably to that end. Little thought he, however, that the police agents were following so closely in my footsteps, and that he was making his own capture the more easy.

The trial was at length over, and as I stood there, while the Judge sentenced him to death, I shuddered when I thought of the quiet game of cards he and I played together at the dead hour of midnight in his own room, where he might easily have murdered me, had he felt so inclined, as I never carried any arms. I shuddered again and hoped he would be forgiven.

He saw me and a bitter smile flitted across his face. He beckoned me to come to him. I went over and he whispered hoarsely in my ear: "Do you forgive me? I played my last hand with you, and did not cheat. Adieu."

I felt his cold hand in mine; and he pressed it, and said: "Gambling has brought me here! Beware! Farewell!"

A Pennsylvanian has invented a rat trap that is made to operate on the selfish passions of the poor rat, and lure him into trouble. A mirror is set in the back part of the device beyond the bait, and as his rati-ship is out on a foraging expedition he spies the bait and at the same time believes his own image in the mirror to be another rat making for it on the opposite side. This is too much for rat nature to stand and he cool over it, so he rushes for the bait.

AN UNPLEASANT FIX.

IT was night when I arrived at home. There was something so provocative in the darkness and utter quiet in which I found the premises wrapped that I determined to give a lively surprise, but Nature appealing to me in a vital point, I dropped into the dining room with a view of refreshing myself with a bit of cold joint by way of preliminary.

Striking a light, I found that my wants had been anticipated, for there on the table lay the remains of a repast—breast of chicken, cakes, cheese and what not. Being sharp set, I pitched, in, a glass of old port materially assisting the process of digestion.

All at once my eye caught sight of a meerschaum on the mantle. Now, there is nothing very alarming in a meerschaum *per se*, but when the meerschaum is the property of a stranger, and is found upon one's premises during his absence, it becomes invested with an importance which it could derive from no other circumstance. There was also a paper of Turkish tobacco. "The fellow has taste, at all events," said I, and I filled and smoked, drank a bumper and cogitated.

Now Maria knows I am not in the least bit jealous; knows it had never entered my head to suspect her of an impudence; but this to say the least of it, had a very suspicious look. I drank again. Yet I protest I was not at all jealous. At that moment I started from my seat as if at the touch of an electric battery for on the settee in the corner lay an impudent looking hat and cane, and even a pair of gloves! To smash the hat into smithereens, to tear the gloves into fragments, to snap the cane into splinters was the work of a moment. I took another bumper, and folding my arms, glared majestically around. Not that I was jealous! O, dear, no!

I was resuming my seat and pipe, to cogitate over a course of prosecution, when I received another shock. My eye had alighted upon a note which had fallen from the table. It was a feminine hand. "Dear Charlie," it ran, "I'm so glad you've arrived. Sammy's away. Don't stand upon ceremony. We'll have each a nice time! Cold lunch and all agreeable. Come over at once."

Sammy's my name. "Perfidious woman! It is thus—"

I threw it into the fire after tramping on it. I fortified myself with another glass, took of my stockings, and started up stairs. On the way stumbled over a strange cat in the kitchen.

In my ascent I supposed I must have made some noise, for a strange dog set up a furious yell in the bank area. It may be as well to go prepared for contingencies, I reflected, as I re-entered the parlor with a view of possessing myself of a poker. Dark as it was, I secured the desired object, and was retreating, when I fancied somebody came in on tip-toe. Holding my breath I dodged past him, and crept up stairs like a thief, not that I was jealous, but only to see what was going on. After a pause, during which I could count the beating of my heart, I tried the bed room door. It was not locked and all was dark within. A gentle snore—not rough, exasperating, reckless thing, but more of a musical moan, came from the bed.

"She was asleep," mused I, "the sleep of the virtuous, and what I thought the step of a stranger's toes was the tread of the cat. Poor, dear Maria! how could I so wrong you?" I disrobed and slipped into bed.

"Charlie, how long you have been here!" said a feminine voice.

Gracious goodness!—it was that of a stranger! A cold perspiration broke out all over me as I reflected upon the horrors of my situation. The house I bought was one of a pair which had been built exactly alike, and, coming fatigued and sleepy direct from the cars, I must have entered my neighbor's mansion instead of my own! "Excuse me dear," I whispered; "I think I hear burglars."

"What! again! I think you must be mistaken."

"I'll go and see," said I, and bundling on something, I groped my way to the stairs, descending them with a cold feeling all the way down my back, and crept into the basement. There I made another appalling discovery—the clothes I had put on were somebody else's and not my own.

Safe on the sidewalk, I glanced up at the house from which I had just escaped, thinking how I should manage to return my borrowed toggery.

And it was my house after all. Resolved on an explanation, I rung the bell boldly. I heard the tip-tip-pety-tip of a pair of well known feet, and was at once in the arms of Mrs. Spivins.

"Why, don't you remember, Sammy," she said, in reply to my interrogations, "I told you brother Charles was coming from the country with his new wife, to pass a few days with us. I have given up our own bed room to them, and it's lucky you rang, or you'd have gone right into their room."

"Well, hadn't I been there and got into bed and stolen Charlie's clothes while he was after burglars! The note to Charlie was sufficiently explained.

I will never get jealous again.

The old Man's Trick.

A merchant of Munich having obtained a large fortune, gave each of his three daughters a considerable sum, and married them to three brothers, sons of a very worthy man of Hamburg. He reserved to himself a large capital, and his sons-in-law employed all their efforts to induce him to give it to them. At last, by flattery and demonstrations of affection, they got the old man's money. But from that time they began to show indifference for him, and at last wholly neglected him. The good old man was very wretched, and, what was worse, very poor. One day his youngest daughter went to see him. In the course of the conversation, she suggested to him that he might gain the good-will of her and her sisters' husbands, by pretending to be still rich. The old man, seeing the idea was a good one, resolved at once to act upon it. He went to a friend of his, a banker, and obtained an advance of money, and the loan of a service of plate.

The next day he invited his sons-in-law to dinner. They were astonished to find a service of plate on the table, and still more so when the servant brought the old man a letter, and he exclaimed:

"What! let my old friend be embarrassed for ten thousand florins?"

And he went and got that sum from his strong box, saying—

"There, take that sum to your master!—You see," said he, "I am still rich."

The sons-in-law were confounded; and each, with great earnestness, immediately pressed the old man to go and live with him promising that he should receive every attention, and everything he could possibly wish for. But the old man laid down his conditions—that he should have his own apartments and domestics, and a carriage and a certain sum of money placed at his disposal. To this his sons-in-law eagerly consented.

For some time the old man lived comfortably enough, and wherever he went he took the precaution to carry with him his strong box, which was very heavy. A little while ago he fell ill. His sons-in-law pressed him to make his will, but he said his intention was to divide the contents of his strong box equally between them and a friend, and that he and his executor should have the key.

Not long since he died. By a writing which he left behind him, he directed that the box should not be opened until five days after his interment—that he should be buried with the greatest pomp, and that each poor man in the town should receive a new suit of clothes and a florin.

At last the day for opening the strong box arrived. The sons-in-law, to their mortification found, not as they expected, money and securities to a large amount, but lead and stone.

Popping the Question.

Mehitable Merit, a young lady of thirty-nine, who never had a chance to change the illiterative character of her name, was seated over the fire in her little room, when a knock was heard, and who should make his appearance but Solomon Periwinkle.

"Goodness, gracious!" thought she, "I wonder what he's come for—can it be—"

But we won't divulge the thought that passed through the old maid's mind.

"How do you do Miss Merit?" said Solomon.

"Pretty well, thank you, Mr. Periwinkle. Not but I feel a little lonely now and then."

"You see as I was coming by, I thought I'd step in and ask you a question about—"

"I suppose," thought Mehitable, he means about the state of my heart."

"The fact is," said Solomon, who was rather bashful, "I feel a little delicate about asking but I hope you won't think it strange?"

"O no," simpered Mehitable, "I don't think it at all strange, and in fact, I've been expecting it."

"Oh," said Solomon, rather surprised, "I believe you have in your possession something of mine."

"His heart, he means," said Mehitable, aside, "Well, sir," she continued aloud, "it may afford you pleasure to learn that you have mine in return. It is fully and entirely your own."

"What I got your umbrella?" exclaimed Solomon in amazement. "I think you must be mistaken, and I don't think I'd like to exchange mine for it, for mine was given to me."

"I beg your pardon," said the discomfited old maid, "but I made a mistake. I quite forgot your umbrella, which I borrowed some time ago. Here it is. I was thinking of something else."

"If," said Solomon, there is anything of yours that have forgot, I shall be happy to return it—"

"Well, no, it's no matter," stammered Mehitable, coloring. "Good morning."

An Indian in Detroit visited an ice-cream saloon.

"The first taste set all his teeth jumping and the next one satisfied him that some one had put up a job on him. He handed it to the boy with instruction to warm it up. The boy melted it on the stove, and the Indian seized the dish and drank the sweet milk at one gulp, and then licked the dish."

SUNDAY READING.

A Running Religion.

One cold winter evening, as I was returning to the temple in which I lived in Japan, I saw a man running by me with a paper lantern in one hand, and a small bell in the other, which he tinkled briskly, and though the night was bitter cold, he had nothing upon his body but a loose garment about his waist. His bare feet pattered against the sharp, rough stones as he passed by.

I pitied the poor fellow, and asked the guard what it all meant. He laughed, and replied that it was "only his religion;" that he did and suffered all this to gain the good-will of his god.

Oh! how sad is this compared with the true gospel of love, which teaches us that the blessings of religion are the free gift of God! We do not need to ring bells or expose our bodies to cold winter winds, in order to attract the attention of our heavenly Father, he is ever ready to hear us when we pray. But millions of poor heathen do not know this. And will not some boy or girl come out, to tell those who are running over stony roads that there is a "better way" unto everlasting life?—*Child's Paper.*

True Greatness.

Mere decision of character, taken in a worldly sense, is insufficient to produce true greatness of character. What is further needed is a clear, commanding view of duty as one and unalterable, to be the polar-star in the heavens. It is, therefore, hard to overrate the importance of cultivating this distinct and unclouded apprehension of right and wrong as a permanent mental habit. In order to attain this, we must be often thinking of moral questions, and settling principles before the hour of trial. In this, likewise, men widely differ. Happy is the youth that begins early to meditate on such subjects, and to clear his notions as to what he ought to do in given emergencies. He will find the braucing influence of such views in moments when all are shaking around him. Looking only at principles of eternal right, he will go serenely forward, even in the face of adverse popular opinion. While weaker minds are halting to collect the votes of the masses, he will bare his bosom to the shower of darts, and march up to the requisitions of conscience, in spite of the ignored tyrant, or, what is often more formidable, of the turbulent populace.

Thy Kingdom Come.

A poor wounded boy was dying in a hospital. He was a soldier, but a mere boy for all that. The lady who watched by his bedside saw that death was coming fast, and placing her hand upon his head, she said to him: "My dear boy, if this should be death that is coming upon you, are you ready to meet your God?"

The large dark eyes opened slowly, and a smile passed over the young soldier's face, as he answered, "I am ready, dear lady, for this has long been His kingdom;" and as he spoke he placed his hand upon his heart.

"Do you mean," questioned the lady, gently, "that God rules and reigns in your heart?"

"Yes," he answered; but his voice sounded far off, sweet and low, as if it came from a soul already well on its way through the "dark valley and shadow of death."

And still he lay there with his hand above his heart, even after that heart had ceased to beat, and the soldier-boy's soul had gone up to its God.

Harmony at Home.

1. We may be quite sure that our will is likely to be crossed during the day; so let us prepare for it.

2. Every person in the house has an evil nature, as well as ourselves, and therefore we are not to expect too much.

3. Look upon each member of the family as one for whom Christ died.

4. When inclined to give an angry answer, let us lift up the heart in prayer.

5. If from sickness, pain or infirmity we feel irritable, let us keep a very strict watch over ourselves.

6. Observe when others are suffering and drop a word of kindness.

7. Watch for little opportunities of pleasing, and put little annoyances out of the way.

8. Take a cheerful view of everything, and encourage hope.

9. Speak kindly to dependants and servants, praise them when you can.

10. In all little pleasures which may occur, put self last.

11. Try for the soft answer that turneth away wrath.

Hearers of the word are, according to Boston, of four kinds. There are some like sponges that suck up everything; some like hour-glasses, through which the sand runs, leaving nothing behind; some like a strainer, letting all the good through and keeping the dregs; some like a sieve, which keeps all the good grain and lets all the dust fall through. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

"The soul is the life of the body. Faith is the life of the soul. Christ is the life of faith."

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