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THE

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A STORY OF CRIME.

About twenty years ago, the health of Mr. Edward L——, an English clergyman, being in a precarious condition, a moral and physical languor—that grave English malady which comes we know not how or why—he decided to cross the Channel and seek under a milder sky the pure air and sunshine which he needed.

One fine day he embarked for France. He stopped some days at Rouen. Every morning he made a little trip in the suburbs, carrying under his arm a volume of Dante. One afternoon he climbed Mount Saint Catharine, and seating himself on the grass, began to run over some pages of the Divina Comedia. At this moment, a stranger, who had also climbed the hill, approached him and asked of him in English, with the greatest courtesy, permission to converse with him a moment.

"I wish to perfect myself in your language," said he, smilingly, "and I seize the opportunity to talk every time I meet an Englishman."

They talked a little about everything—the weather, Dante, religion and politics. The Frenchman was well instructed and very amiable. He informed Mr. L—— that he was one of the physicians of Rouen. Learning this, the young minister related his case to him and asked his advice.

The doctor examined him carefully and wrote him a prescription. They descended together to Rouen, where they separated, one to go and pay his visits to his patients, the other to enter an apothecary shop.

Next day Mr. Edward found himself better; the doctor's prescription had done him much good. He had gained more strength in one hour than during a month of previous treatment.

He wished to thank the doctor, and reproached himself besides with having offered him nothing in return for his consultation. He went again instinctively to Mount Saint Catharine. A moment after he was rejoined by the Frenchman. They both burst out in joyous laughter, and pressed each other's hands as though they were old acquaintances.

"You have saved my life, doctor," said Mr. Edward, warmly.

Then he touched timidly the question of money. The doctor closed his mouth at the first word; declaring himself amply remunerated by the success of his prescription and the joy of his patient.

"Doctor," said Mr. Edward, "I am an Englishman, and consequently I do not like the weight of an obligation; can I not be of use to you in some way? I start to morrow at one o'clock in the morning, for Paris, and I am at your service."

After a moment's reflection, the doctor said:

"No—it would be an abuse of your good nature."

The Englishman pressed him so perseveringly that the doctor finally said:

"I have many patients under treatment at my house. Among them is a very rich demoiselle, whose ideas are a little deranged. I think I shall succeed in saving her. Unfortunately, since about a month she has taken it into her head to return to Paris. I have employed all means to dissuade her, but without success. I see that there will be neither truce nor repose until her caprice is satisfied. I have put off the journey with her from day to day, because I have many patients in the city which it is difficult, impossible, even, for me to leave, were it only for a single day."

Edward L—— saw that he had been a little too fast. But how could he draw back now?

"Diable," said he a demoiselle, and crazy in the bargain."

"Never mind that," said the doctor, smiling; "this demoiselle is in her forty-sixth spring, and furthermore your word crazy is perhaps a little exaggerated. In any case her madness, if madness it is, is of the mildest form. I give you my word of honor that in this respect she will give you no trouble."

"Well, so be it! So at one o'clock in the morning?"

"Perhaps yes, perhaps no; the hour is a little material. I am not sure that the demoiselle will be ready."

While they were talking thus they reached the gates of the city. Before separating, the doctor handed his card to Edward L——.

"And now au revoir till to-morrow morning, or perhaps adieu; it is quite possible that we shall not see each other again."

Mr. S—— watched the departing doctor with an embarrased air. The idea of taking a mad woman to Paris was not a very smiling one. He glanced at the card and read: Doctor de La Belle, rue Antoine, No. 12.

Mr. L—— happened to be close to this very street, and curiosity led him to it. No. 12 was a fine house, with a brilliant door-plate, on which could be read: Doctor de La Belle.

Arrived at his hotel, he asked the waiter if he knew M. de La Belle.

"I think I do, Monsieur; he is the best physician in Rouen."

At one o'clock in the morning, Mr. L—— was promenading anxiously in the waiting room of the depot. M. de La Belle did not appear. The English minister was rubbing his hands with a great sigh of satisfaction, when he felt himself touched on the shoulder; it was the doctor. A lady dressed in black was seated on the bench, with a thick veil over her face. Mr. L—— kept up a good heart against his ill luck.

"I have taken a whole coupe," said the doctor to him, "so that you will not be incommoded by other travelers. Here is Mademoiselle's purse; perhaps she may need something; here is her ticket, also, which you will have the goodness to show to the employee. I telegraphed to Paris, last evening, to the relatives of Mademoiselle, begging them to send a carriage to the train when it arrived. I have told you that she is as gentle as a dove; if she should have a moment of weakness, you have only to give her a lump of sugar moistened with two drops of this syrup."

And he handed him a little phial, with the purse and ticket. During this time he had lifted the demoiselle somewhat roughly into the car. He remained there till the last moment, warmly thanking Mr. L——. Finally the bell rang, the minister entered the coupe, coming out again soon, and exclaiming—

"What a strong odor there is in there!"

"It is nothing," said the doctor; "it is a bottle of Eau de Cologne, which I broke in helping Mademoiselle enter the car."

The train started; Mr. L—— placed himself at the back end, where he was separated from the demoiselle in black by a box of flowers. He tried to open conversation, but seeing that she did not reply, he arranged himself for a nap. He awoke several times; the demoiselle, always with her veil down over her face, remained motionless. At last they reached Paris.

"Mademoiselle," said the clergyman, "be good enough to wait a moment; I will go and call the coachman who is waiting for you."

He looked a long while, but in vain. He could find no one who had come for a demoiselle from Rouen. He returned, much vexed, to the demoiselle, when to his great stupefaction, he saw an anxious crowd surrounding his car. He advanced.

"Is it you who came in this coupe?" demanded a policeman.

"Yes."

"Do you know that the lady is dead? It is more than four hours since she ceased to live. You have poisoned her with prussic acid!"

The clergyman was horror struck. He sought to exculpate himself with all the energy of an honest man, but his story sounded like a tale, it was so improbable. They searched him, and found upon him the lady's purse, and the phial, which contained prussic acid!

Mr. Edward L——, crushed down, half mad, allowed himself to be led to prison without offering the slightest resistance.

"Take me to Rouen," said the prisoner, "I will unmask the wretch. He will not dare to deny it before me."

Two policemen in citizens' dress and some other employees of the department took a car with him, and they arrived at Rouen. Mr. L—— was sure that the assassin would tremble at the sight of him alone.

When they entered Dr. La Belle's house he was out, but would soon return. An hour after he entered the room where they were waiting for him.

Mr L—— trembled from head to foot. It was not the man he had met on Mount Saint Catherine!

"It was not Dr. La Belle!" cried he, seeing an abyss open before him, the depths of which he could not sound. "It was a lie! The man was not Dr. La Belle!"

Alas! they must give in to the evidence. The clergyman had been the victim of the most diabolical trap imaginable.

They returned to Paris.

Some weeks passed. The agent of the police who had particular charge of him soon satisfied himself that he was innocent. Mr. L—— was then removed to a house—he never knew what one or where—but where he could read and write.

The day after his new incarceration a man entered his chamber, made him put on a suit of black, and begged him to follow him. At the door was an open caleche, and they took the direction of the Champs Elysees.

"Look well at everybody," said his mysterious companion.

Mr. L—— looked with all his eyes, but he saw nothing but promenaders on foot and in carriages. The next day, when he entered the caleche, he was surprised to see a large white dog crouching on the mat at the driver's feet. He did not understand the mystery at first, but it was explained to him afterwards. At the time the crime was committed, between Rouen and Paris, a white dog, without an owner, had been found by some one in the former city. The police sent him to Paris at once. On the day of which we are speaking two lost dogs were advertised on the fourth page of the journals, one at Vangirard, the other at Passy. It was to these places that Mr. L—— went with the officer.

But it was in vain. Days passed away thus; nothing was discovered.

One evening the agent of the police told him to accompany him to a ball, and gave him a costume of an officer of Spahees (Turkish horse soldiers). The clergyman made some objections, but was obliged to yield. The carriage deposited them at the foot of a staircase of a very fine hotel, where they were received by footmen. There was a grand ball that night, and the saloon was filled with persons who appeared to Mr. L——to belong to the best society of Paris; for that matter he might be convinced on hearing the names of the guests as announced by the valets.

He was presented to the mistress of the house, Madame la Comtesse de F——, who received him very graciously. He conversed a great part of the evening with son, and retired at an advanced hour without having discovered anything.

Another week passed.

The following Saturday he went to the ball again at the same house. M. de F——, the son of the mistress of the house, came at once to converse with him, and drew him behind the large curtains of a window of the saloon.

Mr. L—— soon heard the voice of the agent of Police—who was in citizen's dress—in conversation with another person. They talked of the chase. After some minutes conversation, during which Count F—— kept his eyes fixed on Mr. L——, who remained impassable, the couple went away. A moment after he heard the sound of the agent's voice again.

"Ah! here you are at last, M. de Bo——," said he; "it's a long time since we have seen you!"

The person addressed had no sooner pronounced the first word of his phrase than Mr.—— bounded in his place behind the curtain.

"It is him! it is him! it is the unknown of Rouen!" he exclaimed.

"Be still!" said M. de F——, "or your imprudence will spoil all."

An instant afterward they were joined by the agent of the police.

"Well?" said he.

Mr. L—— trembled in all his members. "I have heard him," said he, shivering—"it is him—I recognized his voice."

"It may be a mistake; you will remain here without stirring until all of the guests enter the dining saloon. You see that door by the side of those curtains; through that door each one will come with a lady on his arm. Scrutenize each countenance attentively, and above all make no movement."

One o'clock in the morning struck at last. Mr. L—— parted the curtain a little, and his eye of fire was fixed upon the door of the dining saloon. His whole body trembled as if traversed by an electric shock. All at once his crisped hand directed itself involuntarily toward a man who was conversing with a young lady; it was indeed the stranger of Rouen. The agent of police was obliged to seize L—— around the body. He wished to unmask the assassin.

The next morning the agent came early to find him.

"You must call on Mr. de Bo——."

"Let us go on the instant."

"I will conduct you to the door, and you will go up alone. It is necessary for you to speak to him tete-a-tete."

M. de Bo——lived in the rue Saint Honore. When the clergyman, pale as death, rang at the door, M. de Bo——, who was putting on his gloves and preparing to go out, came to open it himself.

He turned pale in spite of himself on seeing the English minister. But he recovered himself at once.

"Pardon, Monsieur, what is the object of your visit!"

"You ask me that, wretch!" cried Mr. L——, furiously

"You are mad!" said M. de Bo——, shrugging his shoulders, and drawing his interlocutor into his study.

"Now what do you want? said he, looking at him fixedly.

Mr. L—— then allowed his indignation to speak; he assured him that he should attach himself to his person until the police recognized his crime.

"I shall succeed in unmasking you," said he at the end.

"You are deceived, my brave man," said M. de Bo——, taking a pistol from the table, and placing the muzzle against the forehead of the clergyman. He fired, and the minister fell backward.

But he was only stunned. When he opened his eyes again he saw M. de Bo—— between two policemen. The police had bribed the servants of M. de Bo——, taking the balls from his pistols, and were concealed in the apartment when Mr. L—— presented himself. M. de Bo——, whom they could not pursue as the assassin of the demoiselle, was now guilty of an attempt at assassination. He was condemned to twenty years hard labor.

One should hear this extraordinary story from Mr. Edward L—— himself. I remember to have shivered often at the recollection of it, and the image of the dead woman in the car pursued me a long time like a horrible nightmare.

CHEESE.

Those who have been educated to believe, or taken the idea into their heads without being educated at all, that cheese is an unwholesome diet, are much in error. It is likely enough that a surfeit on cheese will sometimes kill, or come uncomfortably near it. So will beef a la-mode, oysters, or chicken pot-pie. But eaten regularly and in moderation at every meal, cheese is not only a wholesome diet as a promoter of digestion, but at twenty-five cents per pound even is more economical than meats. This has been satisfactorily proved by experiment and chemical analysis of the two materials, but more satisfactorily by the experience and every-day practice of the mechanic and field laborer in England, Scotland and Wales, and among the same classes in Holland and Belgium.

Bread, cheese, and beer constitute the dinner of the artisan, mechanic, and ordinary laborer in all these countries. Cheese, bread, and beer make the breakfasts of themselves and families, and beer, cheese, and bread make in the main the suppers of the majority of the working classes in all these countries, and where else shall we find working men and women and children more hardy, healthful and vigorous? Certainly not in our own country of universal meat-eaters.

We know from other than Bible authority that "man shall not live by meat alone," and that beer, though it may be wholesome, is not food *per se*, the conclusion is that the strength, endurance and robust health of these habitual cheese eaters comes in a considerable degree from the consumption of that material.

There is another cheese error that a very great many—perhaps the majority of all American farmers have fallen into, and do not seem inclined to fall out of without a great deal of persuasion—*i. e.* the belief that cheese cannot be made so as to be profitable or good cheese during the winter, or without keeping ten or twelve cows at least. Let us see how some of our foreign cheese-makers manage that, taking first the

THURINGIA CHEESE.

In Saxony they manufacture very palatable cheese from the milk of a single cow and a patch of potatoes in this way:—The potatoes are boiled until perfectly cooked through; then mashed, and to four pounds of potatoes add one quart of thick, sour milk with salt enough to season, and knead the mass thoroughly as you would a batch of bread dough. Let it stand in bulk four days. Then give it another vigorous kneading, divide it into balls of three to five pounds weight, press these with the hand as compact as possible into small baskets, and dry in summer in the shade; in winter by the stove or fire. When thoroughly dry put the cheese into tin cans or any of the improved fruit cans, seal up, and set by for use in a cool, dry place, and they will keep in capital condition five years. Let us have a look next at

SKIM MILK CHEESE.

In all tropical countries cheese made of skim milk, and of small size, keep far better, and are always more in demand than the great new or whole milk monsters of from fifty to one hundred pounds that the hot weather melts into mush, and very few people care to purchase. Skim milk cheese, made small and thin, weighing from ten to twenty pounds may be profitably manufactured by all our butter dairymen and women the year round, and as they require none of the bandaging and fussing over to keep them where and what they ought to be, it will pay largely those who conduct butter dairies either large or small to turn their skim milk into cheese. It will sell readily and rapidly, paying far better than "smear-kase."

EDAM CHEESE.

Thus far the Netherlanders have maintained the "call" of the market, supplying the civilized, and a good deal of the uncivilized world, too, with what is popularly known as "pine-apple" cheese. Very excellent cheese it is, too—this Dutch pine apple, keeping in all climates capitally, and always commanding ready sale at good prices. This is the Hollander's formula for making Edam cheese. It is simple enough, and the Holland "pine apples" may just as easily be made in the United States, wherever four or five cows are kept, as it is in the Netherlands:

The fresh sweet milk is curdled with muriatic acid or spirits of salt, and the curd cut and chopped and manipulated in the most thorough manner in order to expel every particle of whey. The curd is then soaked in a brine of sufficient strength to float an egg for an hour. The brine is then worked out, and the curd subjected to a heavy pressure in iron moulds that give the pine apple form to the cheese. After from four to five hours' pressing, the cheese is taken from the form and annointed with soft butter, having as much fine salt worked into it as it will hold. Thus finished up they set singly in rows on shelves in a cool, airy place, and with a month's curing are in a fit condition to send abroad, and will keep for years in any climate.

The largest of these Dutch cheese never exceed four and a half pounds in weight, to make one of which requires about six gallons of milk. So at any farm-house, where three or four cows only are kept, an Edam cheese may be made every day without interfering with other duties, and the aggregate for a year would make a respectable increase of income.

PARMESAN CHEESE.

This cheese, celebrated for its delicious flavor and beautiful, elastic texture, is made in that Italian territory called the Lodesan district lying between Lodi and Cremona, and comprising the richest grazing portion of the Milanese department. The cows from which the Parmesan cheese is made are always kept closely guarded and fed all the year round with green food. As the weight of these Italian cream cheeses range from 150 to 200 pounds, of course there are no individual dairies that afford sufficient milk to make one, and so a whole community of Parmese farmers club together—putting in their milk and making a cheese first for one and then another, until every member of the company is supplied with a cheese weighing from 150 to 200 pounds, according to the quantity of milk contributed.

This Parmese cheese combination is most likely the parent of our combination cheese companies in the United States. There are similar confederacies in two or three of the provinces of France, and two at least in Switzerland at which the famous cheese of Neufchatel and Gruyere is manufactured.

CORIANDER FOR COWS.

It has been found that coriander seed is an excellent, and it is believed an infallible alterative of milk. Sometimes it happens that the very finest appearing animal in the herd, and most generous milker, gives milk that will neither afford good butter by itself, and mixed with other milk always makes with difficulty. To correct this give coriander seed as follows:

Grind the seed in a coffee mill, mix two table-spoonsful thoroughly with a pint of good sound cider, then stir the whole into a dish of corn meal, bran, or any fine food, and feed the cow every morning before she has eaten anything else. From three to six doses will effect a change that will most likely prove satisfactory, and in all cases permanent.

A Boy in Trouble.

Trifling circumstances often teach us most important lessons. The following is a good illustration: An inquisitive boy came into our Office one day while we were adjusting an electro-magnetic apparatus, and was disposed to be rather meddlesome. We admonished him to "keep hands off," but he persisted in having hands on. So we quietly connected a pair of handles, and arranged them to suit our purpose. Soon Paul Pry had them in his hands. In an instant we sent a powerful current of electricity through him. It was so strong that it drew his hands to his breast and held them as though they had been tied with a bed cord. He began to bellow and dance and twist about in a manner most gratifying to ourself. "Take it off! Take it off! Take it off!" he cried. We were not in a hurry. Take what off?" we coolly inquired. "Oh you know! that thing! Oh take it off! Take it off!"—When we thought he had enough we asked "will you leave things be if I do?" "Yes—yes—only take it off!" We broke the current, and dismissed him with a short lecture on the importance of minding his own business.

How many disasters and troubles are the result of this same propensity to pry into other people's affairs. How much better society would be if each member were at all times just where duty or business called him. "Mind your own business" is a golden rule. When men (and women too) conscientiously follow it in all the details of life; and each one leaves his neighbor to attend to his own private matters, then all strife and discord will cease.

FRANKLIN'S WATCH.—A Lancaster dispatch to the *Press*, says:—A watch has been left for repairs at one of the jewelry stores in this city which was owned and for a number of years carried by Benjamin Franklin. The watch now belongs to Levi W. Groff, distiller, of West Earl township, this county, and came into his possession several years ago. Mr. G has satisfactory evidence to show that this watch really belonged to Franklin. The time piece is the old English pattern, generally known as the "bull-eye." The case is of heavy silver, and the movement is still in good running order. Independent of its interest as having been the property of old Benj. Franklin, it is quite a curiosity in the way of a time-piece. Mr. Groff has been offered a large price for this relic by several associations, among which is the Massachusetts Historical Society, which has tendered him $3,000.

A young lady of Schuylkill county offers herself as a prize to any young gentleman who will get up the largest club, over fifty subscribers, for the *Tremont Union*.—Cheap girls down there.

A man in Mobile committed suicide to escape the annoyance of mosquitoes.