Maury County Directory.

LAWYERS.

A. E. McGUIRE, Attorney at Law, Columbia, Tenn. Will attend all Courts to be holden for Maury and adjoining counties. Office: Whithorne block. [Feb 26, '71.

CHARLES CLEAR, Attorney at Law, Columbia, Tenn. Special attention given to the collection of claims.

G. P. FRIERSON, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Columbia, Tenn. Will practice in the several Courts of Maury and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts at Nashville. Prompt attention given to collections. Office in Lawyer's Block, West Market Street, same formerly occupied by Frierson & Fleming. [Jan. 1, '72.

HILL & FIGUERS, Attorneys at Law & Solicitors in Chancery, Columbia, Tenn. Will practice in the Courts of Maury and adjoining counties. Office in the Whithorne block. [mch 15-'71.

J. E. L. COCHRAN, Attorney at Law, And General Collecting Agent, Columbia, Tenn.

JOHN B. BOND, Attorney at Law, Columbia, Tenn. Prompt attention given to collections.

ROBT. McKAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbia, Tenn. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. Office: Whithorne Block. [June 21-ly.

DAVID C. SHELTON, ALBERT W. STOCKELL. STOCKELL & SHELTON, Attorneys at Law, Columbia, Tenn. Will practice in Maury and the adjoining counties. Collections promptly attended to. OFFICE—Front room (up stairs) over J. H. James' Jewelry Store. Feb 2 '72.

JOHN V. WRIGHT. W. J. WEBSTER. WRIGHT & WEBSTER, Attorneys at Law, Columbia, Tenn.

WM. H. TIMMONS, Attorney at Law, Columbia, Tenn. Special attention given to all business entrusted to him. [mar. 29—1y.

DENTISTS.

Dr. J. P. Herndon, SURGEON DENTIST, Columbia, Tenn. Office: Photograph Gallery.

Dr. Samuel Bicknell, DENTIST, Columbia, Tenn. Office: Whithorne Block. [June 14, '70.

HOTELS.

To Travellers.

THE NELSON HOUSE, Columbia, Tennessee, H. EDSALL, Proprietor. Keeps good tables, clean and comfortable beds and rooms, and the best of servants, all at moderate prices. [nov. 18, '71.

Guest House, COLUMBIA, TENN. Having refitted and taken charge of this Hotel, I solicit a share of public patronage. My table shall be supplied with the best the market affords. Lodgings clean and comfortable. Prices to suit the times. Jan. 1, '72.—tf. JAS. L. GUEST.

STATIONERY.

Books! Books!! Books!!! PERIODICALS, STATIONERY, WALL PAPER, Window Shades, News, Notions, &c., at W. H. ENGLE'S, West Side Public Square, Columbia, Tenn.

BERKSHIRE SWINE.

E. W. BUFORD, Breeder of Thoroughbred Berkshire Swine. Satisfaction guaranteed to all purchasers. Spring Hill, Tenn.

W. E. GREENLAW, Breeder of Thoroughbred Berkshire Swine, Spring Hill, Tenn.

P. F. LEDBETTER, Breeder and Importer of Pure Berkshire Hogs; near Columbia, Tenn.

HENRY JONES has Berkshire Pigs for sale at $100; each, Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.

L. H. ESTES, Breeder and Importer of Pure Blooded Berkshires, Columbia.

DURHAM CATTLE.

GEO. W. POLK, Importer and Breeder of Thoroughbred Durham Cattle, Columbia, Tenn.

NASHVILLE DIRECTORY.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

PAUL & TAVEL, Booksellers, Stationers, Printers, and Bookbinders, No. 4, Union street, Nashville, Tenn.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

E. WIGGERS, Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler, No. 3, North Cherry street, Nashville, Tenn. Goods sent C. O. D. for examination, also watches, etc. for repairs received and returned by Express.

HOTELS.

BATTLE HOUSE, Gen. Joel A. Battle Proprietor, Church street, Nashville.

MAXWELL HOUSE, Nashville, Tenn. FULLTON & CO., Proprietors.

BOOTS, SHOES, &c.

COOKE, SETTLE & CO. Jobbers of Boots and Shoes, 36 Public Square, Nashville, Tenn. Watson M. Cooke, Joel W. Settle, Russell M. Kinnard. JAMES FORGEY, Salesman.

T. K. WINSTEAD & CO. Dealers in Boots, Shoes, Satchels, Valises, and Trunks, No. 7 Cherry street, opposite Maxwell House, Nashville, Tenn.

LIQUOR DEALERS.

CHEATHAM & WOODS, Nos. 1 and 3 South College st, corner of Church, Nashville, Tenn.

LIPSCOMB BROTHERS, GROCERS, COMMISSION MERCHANTS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS, COLUMBIA, TENN., Keep on hand all kinds Field Seed at very low prices. Everything New—Everything bought low for Cash and everything sold low FOR CASH. Oct, 27, 1871-1y.

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY.

Cash Assets Oct. 1, '71 ..... 4,723,206 53
Losses at Chicago will not exceed 2,000,000 00
Leaving Cash Assets, Oct. 12, 1871 ..... $2,723,206 53

All losses will be promptly paid, and Policies issued as usual.

CHARLES J. MARTIN, President.
J. H. WASHBURN, Secretary.
New York, October, 1871.

The Board of Directors have unanimously resolved to increase the capital of the "Home" by Capital Assets about $4,000,000 (four million dollars) after paying all losses at Chicago. Policies issued by W. J. DALE, AGENT. Columbia, Nov. 10.

THE GEORGIA HOME INSURANCE CO, Of Columbus, Georgia.

Incorporated 1859
Capital and Assets $494,959 55

Untouched by the Chicago and other disasters, continues to furnish indemnity against loss by fire on all insurable property, at adequate rates.

J. RHODES BROWNE, Pres't.
D. F. WILCOX, Sec'y.

Applications received and policies issued by W. J. DALE, AGENT. Nov. 10.

NOTICE TO HUNTERS AND TRESPASSERS.

All persons hunting or trespassing on our lands will be prosecuted to the extent of the law.

Elizabeth Dowell, J. W. Wisener, L. B. Forgey, Solomon Haywood, Mrs. M. J. West, J. E. West, Stephen Williams, S. C. Wisener, M. Hall, B. Haywood, W. C. West, Mrs. J. Scott, J. W. Thomas, W. J. Bates, David R. Dortch.

Dec. 4, '71-1y.

COLUMBIA HERALD.

BY HORSLEY BROS. & FIGUERS. COLUMBIA, TENN., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1872. VOL. XVIII. NO. 13.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

From the French of Gaslan.

About half-past seven in the evening, toward the fall of the year 1844, two men were seated at table—Balzac the host, Vidocq the guest.

Said the latter: "M. de Balzac, why do you tax your imagination for fiction when you can get reality, before your eyes, close to your ears, under your hand?"

"You believe in reality? I'm delighted. I did not imagine you so innocent. 'Tis only novelists who create reality and make it visible. Whenever any one comes to me with 'Monsieur de Balzac, I've got a splendid subject for you,' I know before hearing it that it's worthless. If the subject is good there are no details; if the details are excellent there is no subject. No reality—only half a fact."

"But I can give you one."

"Complete?"

"Complete."

"Ah?"

And Vidocq commenced: "On the 15th of December, 1834 or '35, a fearfully cold night, I was on duty at the prefecture de police. The room in which my colleagues and myself were stationed opened on the staircase leading to the offices of Monsieur le Prefet. The glass on the upper part on the door was rendered almost opaque by the condensed moisture which had settled on it; but about one o'clock I noticed two shadows flit past, and opening the door I saw two women, a lady and her servant, the former dressed in full evening costume. This puzzled me. What could a lady want, one hour after midnight, with the prefect of police? Strangely dressed too; the flowers in her hair put in at haphazard; her hair hardly even looked as if it had been combed, and beneath her rouge (for she had used some, although she was young and marvelously beautiful) her face was ghastly pale. But what struck me as being the most extraordinary in this strange toilette was that, while on the one foot she wore a black boot, the other was protected by a white satin slipper.

"On my asking what brought her there, the lady, without even stopping or looking round, answered curtly that she wanted to speak to Monsieur le Prefet, and before I was able to reply that he could not be seen at such an hour of the night, the door of the magistrate's apartment opened and the lady entered; it was closed again immediately, and the servant, thus left alone on the staircase, accepted my invitation to come into the room I had just left. Although her dress was not as strange as that of her mistress, she was equally excited, and in the few words she spoke in answer to me I noticed a nervous trembling which was not caused by cold alone. In our profession we are obliged to study and examine well all signs of emotion that we may not mistake fear for remorse; for if I ever saw fear it was shown by that woman. A dismay so terrible I had never seen before in any one except her mistress; and yet, as the woman was strong-minded, energetic and resolute, it must be a case of the most urgent importance that could effect her in so startling a manner. Her mind was preoccupied, so troubled and uneasy that she could not remain quiet for two consecutive moments. She started up every few seconds, wiped with her gloved hands a small space clear on the fogged windows, and looked out intently into the street; and then I noticed that her gloves had been drawn on carelessly, as though in a great hurry. I followed her to see what the object of her anxiety was; a private carriage—not a hired one or common cab; no doubt the one in which she and her mistress had come, for it was driven up close to the door of the prefecture. Why was she so anxious? Was she afraid the coachman might drive off? or was there some one in it waiting the result of this nocturnal visit to the chief of police? I could not make it out, and the puzzle became more complicated and interesting when the woman, her eyes intently fixed on the driver, and not knowing how close I was to her, let fall, in a strange and undefinable tone of voice, the exclamation, 'Asleep!' with a convulsive movement of the lip that betokened not only joy, but dismay—a sense of security, yet also a feeling of danger.

"But let us see what was taking place in the perfet's apartments. After an exceptionally heavy and fatiguing day's work he had gone to bed at midnight, giving orders that he was not to be awakened till eight o'clock on any pretext whatever; and such orders were never to be disobeyed. The hulssier, astonished that both the sentinel and the porter had allowed the two women to enter, desired to know the object of the lady's visit.

"'To see Monsieur le Prefet.'

"'Impossible.'

"'The lady stormed, entreated, threatened; but all in vain, till at last, tearing off her pearl necklace and diamond bracelets, she thrust them excitedly into Pere Caron's hand, crying:

"'Ten thousand francs—twenty thousand—I don't know, more or less. But now, go!"

"He went; how could he resist? Timorously he set about his task, and at last succeeded; while the magistrate, irritated and savage at being thus disturbed, sprang out of bed with a sudken bound.

"'Scamp, scoundrel!' he stormed. "What were your orders?"

"'A—a—a lady, sir,' stammered the unfortunate huissier.

"'Well, even then?'

"'Most urgent and important reasons, sir.'

"'A lady—at this hour and in such weather! Let her go to the devil!'

"'The lady knows Monsieur Le Prefet?'

"'Of course—who doesn't? But sufficient; I want to sleep; and the next time you disobey my orders you march. Now go.'

"The hussier retired crestfallen; but the lady was not to be discouraged. 'He must not be allowed to fall asleep again,' she urged. 'Run back at once'——

"'No, madame,' interrupted Pere Caron. 'I shall lose my place, and I have a wife and children to support.'

"'Is that all?' cried the lady. 'If you lose your place through me I promise on my honor that you shall have an annuity of two, three, four thousand francs settled on you and your family. Take these, as earnest;' and handing him two thousand francs in notes, she continued, 'Tell Monsieur le Prefet that to-morrow, at the Tuileries, Louis Philippe, King of France, will thank him for what he does for me to-night.'

"The words 'King,' 'Tuileries,' 'four thousand francs annuity,' whirled through Caron's head as he again confronted his master, whose rage this time was almost uncontrollable.

"'What is the woman's name?'

"'She has not told me Monsieur.'

"'Fool that you are! go and ask at once; and if this business be not finished in three minutes you pass the rest of the night in the cells.'

"The lady, however, would not disclose her name, and the *huissier* gave himself up as lost; but the Prefet, struck by the strange persistence of the nameless lady, who dared to promise the king's gratitude, felt that the case must be an extraordinary one, and at last decided to give way.

"'If the lady won't give her name, ask her then to send it under seal,' was the result of his deliberations.

"With a deep drawn sigh of relief the strange visitor acceded to this request, and enclosed her card in a sealed envelope. The Prefet started up in astonishment when he saw her name, and after a second glance to assure himself that he had read aright he turned to Caron:—

"'Show the lady into my private office—quick! and with the greatest deference.'

"It was the Countess Helene de B——, one of the most remarkable women of Louis Philippe's reign, distinguished by her beauty and elevation of mind; one of those women who, rightly or wrongly, were considered to carry in the folds of their dresses the fate of ministries—nay, even war or peace.

"The Prefet, on joining the countess, attempted to excuse himself, but the lady gave him no time for explanation, for her case was too pressing to allow of formalities. Her voice broken and quivering, she thus addressed him:—

"'Sir, I have come to you because—because a dreadful misfortune has happened to me, such as no other woman has ever known—so dreadful you can form no idea. Monsieur, save me! You can—you must,' she gasped with a despairing cry. 'You know my husband left for Bordeaux a week ago?'

"The magistrate inclined his head, and the lady, after making a great effort to subdue the involuntary terror in her voice continued her story: During his absence she had been visited by a person—a young man—whom she became acquainted with at the Austrian embassy. Her husband, whose passions would sometimes border on delirious frenzy, had noticed the attentions of this Hungarian officer, who, although she did not encourage him, would continue his visits during her husband's absence, sometimes even late—very late—in the evening. That very night M. de Karls (such was the officer's name) would insist on seeing her home, much against her will, for her husband's return was expected every hour; and then occurred that fatal *event*. This word let loose the flood of sorrow so long pent up, and the countess, losing all control over her feelings, buried her face in her hands and sobbed forth passionately:—

"'He is my lover—my love; yes, for six months I had been his mistress.'

"This confession placed the magistrate more at ease. He knew now what was wanted—saw exactly what had happened—at least he thought so: unexpected arrival of the husband, surprise of the lovers, duel already fought or to be fought, and the lady flying to him for assistance in order to thwart her husband's revenge—or at least to prevent the scandal from becoming known. But he was wrong. Her husband had not even come back, asserted the countess.

"'Then what is this dreadful misfortune?' asked the Prefet ironically. 'No one wounded—no one killed?'

"'Neither killed nor wounded, do you say, Monsieur le Prefet? Wounded there is none yet? but dead there are two—first, myself (for I shall never survive this,) and then he, who is in my carriage.

"'In your carriage?'

"'Yes—M. de Karls; he died two hours ago in my house, and his corpse is now below in my carriage."

"'At your house?—assassinated?—a corpse?'

"'No, no; not murder, thank God! He died from a sudden rush of blood to his head while he was with me—with me! Oh! it is horrible, terrible, that I should have to think of my reputation—my honor, my worldly name, of that world that will soon know all, of my husband's honor—when I would be alone with my sorrow, my tears, and the dear one who is dead! But no, that cannot be; and to you I have come for help. You can—you must assist me.'

"'How, madame, how? My resources are not infinite. A case so unparalled—what can I do?'

"'You must!' cried the countess, rising, and speaking with the authority partly of a powerful and influential woman, partly of one who implores, 'till you have designed some means I do not leave this place. Surely—you of the secret police'——

"'It is impossible, madame, impossible!"

"'In three hours my husband will be here?'

The Prefet rose and rang the bell. 'There is but one man in Paris, nay, I might say, in the world, who can save you, and I have called him. Will you confide in him?—tell him all?'

"'You answer for his secresy?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then let him come.'

"As soon as I entered the room the Prefet addressed me brusquely: 'Vidocq, a great personage died suddenly a few hours ago, at madame's house.'

"'Very well, Mr. le Prefet, we will say he died a sudden death.'

"'Madame's husband is away, but returns to-night.'

"'At what hour?'

"'Any moment.'

"'Then we may as well say he has returned.'

"'Just as well. The body of the young man is below in madame's carriage,' continued the Prefet.'

"'I waited, listening.

"'Vidocq?'

"'M. le Prefet.'

"'You must get rid of this man for us.'

"'Which one? Husband or lover?'

"'The dead man,' said the Prefet, curtly.

"'I understood well enough, but the joke was too much for me. 'Then,' I said that will be a more difficult affair. It's easy enough to get rid of a living man, but a dead one, ah! But let me see; you wish me to spirit away, before daylight, the corpse in Madame la Countesse de B.'s carriage?'

"'The lady started. 'You know me?'

"'I have that honor, madame. Now there is one way of getting rid of this corpse.'

"'And that is?'

"'What do you say madame, to the body being found in the streets, this morning, about three or four o'clock, pierced with several dagger wounds?'

"'Assassinated?'

"'Yes, madame. Three stabs in the stomach and one in the heart; it shall be well done. The body if found; nothing on it, not even watch or rings—murdered by thieves. Great excitement for twenty-four hours; inquest, which will end in nothing, and in a week the whole affair forgotten.'

"'Murdered!'

"'But since he is dead, madame, where is the crime or wrong to stab him?'

"'Enough!' cried the countess, her face buried in her hands; enough, monsieur, enough. Horrible, horrible—it can never be—never!'

"'I could not understand her; but some people are delicate, you see. What can one do?

"'Then what do you say, madame, to the body disappearing suddenly from the face of the earth, so that even the most rigorous search should fail to recover it? It shall never be found.'

"'Never?'

"'Never.'

"'Then there would be no burial?'

"'Burial, madame, burial? Ah! if madame desires the luxury of a burial, my plan is useless.'

"'But how would you hide it?'

"'That is my business'

"'Oh! no—I must know.'

"'Believe me madame, you had better not. Does the surgeon show his saw to the patient whose limb he is going to amputate? Nay, madame, do not seek to control my actions, let me choose my own expedients; what can it matter so long as you are set free? and therefore, madame, tell me if my second offer is accepted."

"'No.'

"On receiving this sharp and decided answer I took my hat and moved toward the door; but, on seeing this, the countess gave a quick, sudden cry of pain, that made me turn round involuntarily, and in doing so I caught the prefet's eye. He signed to me to remain.

"'Oh, monsieur!' exclaimed the countess, 'imagine some other means, I conjure you. My life and my honor are in your hands.'

"Had it not been for the respect of my chief, I should have disregarded the lady's scruples altogether, and have caused the body to be thrown into the Seine, with a hundred weight of stones fastened to it. As it was I saw that I was master of the position, and thus addressed the countess:

"'Madame, if I am to do anything for you, tell me everything that took place to-night or else I can promise nothing. When the disease is mortal you must hide nothing from the surgeon.'

"'Then—if it must be * * * M. Marls wrung from my weakness yester-evening, permission to stay a few instants with me after the opera.'

"'For the first time since the absence of your husband?' I asked.

"'The first time, monsieur; but why that question?'

"'Because your people will suspect nothing; they will only be astonished.'

"The countess continued; 'The drawing-room was so warm that I was obliged to make Honorine, my maid, open the door of my bed-room so as to equalize the temperature a little. To open the windows was out of the question, for you know how cold it is to-night. What with the heat, the tea, and the conversation, M. Karls became so troubled and excited that he at last asked permission, either to retire or to be allowed to lay aside his coat, for he felt as though he was choking and short of breath. I allowed him to take off his coat, and having done so, he sat down again on the sofa, and began to relate, with greater animation than hour; and then occurred that fatal *event*. This word let loose the flood of sorrow so long pent up, and the countess, losing all control over her feelings, buried her face in her hands and sobbed forth passionately:—

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although I had foreseen and dreaded it.

"A man was singing a well-known and popular air. Could it be the the coachman? In that case what should we do? The officer proposed to creep up behind the driver, garrote him, and, after pulling him down from the box, pretend to rob him, while the ladies helped me to get the corpse out of the way. He would then take to his heels, and the coachman would mount the box again without knowing the trick played upon him. But I would not consent to this plan of campaign.

"'Then what will you do?' asked the agent.

"'How can I tell?' I answered; 'first let us see the true state of affairs;' and, moving cautiously forward, glanced round the corner. The driver was fast asleep; the singer being a stranger, who was fast disappearing in the direction of Pont St. Michel.

"While the officer ran back to tell the ladies they might advance, I opened the carriage door, got out the dead body, and placed him at full length in the shadow of the parapet which runs along the Quai des Orlevres, wedging him firmly with a couple of stones, for the pavement was sloping. He was a magnificent man, six feet, or six feet one, at least, fair, elegant—and such clothes, such linen! All this was done in the twinkling of an eye. The two ladies had now arrived, but they could hardly crawl along; they were worn out, and more like shadows than human beings, and could not even get into the carriage without assistance. Such fright, such terror in their downward looks, as they took their places without uttering a sound!

"'Monsieur,' said the countess to me, seizing my arm with a force that left the imprints of her finger nails; 'you promise me that the body shall not be outraged?'

"'I swore, madame, that in a quarter of an hour M. de Karls should be in his own bed; he will be there.'

"And, bowing to the ladies, I closed the door with a terrific bang, and then jumping upon the wheel, I woke the coachman.

"'You sleepy scoundrel,' I cried, can't you hear the ladies? They've been calling out to you to start for more than a quarter of an hour.'

"'All right, all right,' he muttered, gathering up the reins. 'Where to? where to?'

"'Home, of course, you idiot—Rue Bellechasse.'

"The carriage dashed off at full speed, the horses' feet striking fire from the stones in their mad gallop; a few minutes later, and all was quiet.

"Without loss of time I led the inspector to the place where I had put the dead man, and raising him up, we placed his arms within our own, and carried him away as though he was dead drunk; but, although we were both strong men, it was with the greatest difficulty that we could keep from slipping as we made our way to Pont Neuf. My idea was this. Pont Neuf is a vast thoroughfare, into which all the principal streets empty themselves, and where it is impossible for any one to say with certainty from which part of Paris the wayfarer may have come. From the city—from the Faubourg St. Germain—from the Greve—or from the Faubourg St. Jacques—he cannot say. I further intended to throw off the scent any ulterior search as to where M. de Karls had passed the night; hence my choice of the Pont Neuf. As soon as we arrived opposite the Place Dauphine, I decided to stop and wait for the first passing cab; and any one who knows Paris can easily imagine that we had not to wait long. As soon as we heard the sound of wheels, I told the inspector to imitate the singing of a drunken man, and do so as well as he could in a German jargon. I had hardly given the order, when he burst forth in splendid style with an Alsatian drinking song, in which I joined heartily as one could wish, and in such a manner that the approaching cabman could not fail to think us both intoxicated. As soon as the cab came within a few yards of us I cried out, 'Here, my man, can you take this gentleman home; we've neither time, nor are we sober enough, to do it ourselves.' Without waiting for an answer, I opened the door and thrust in the dead body, not being very particular, you may imagine, whether he was seated comfortably or not, and banging the door to, gave the driver five francs for his journey, and told him the address: 'Rue St. Florentin, first large house on the right; and look alive.' And he did, whilst we struck up our song again, as two drunken men will when they part from a companion.

"The trick was done.

"When the cabman got to his journey's end he was not at all astonished to find his fare fast asleep; but experiencing very great difficulty in awakening him, he began to think something was wrong, and rang the bell fiercely. The door was opened; the porter and his wife came out, recognized M. de Karls at once, although his face was still more drawn and disfigured, and in a few moments the whole household was up, in a dreadful state of dismay and consternation. The driver, examined by M. de Karls' valet, told all he knew—the gentleman was completely drunk when he was put into the cab on Pont Neuf by two other gentlemen hardly less intoxicated, who went off singing as soon as they had put him in; and that was all—everything.

"The dead man was carried up stairs to his room and laid on his bed—so that I kept my word to the countess; while the next day the papers mentioned the unfortunate death of M. de Karls, a young man of noble family, who was seized with apoplexy while going home in a cab. What took place on the countess's return home I cannot tell you, for I never heard; but a few days after she was obliged to attend the funeral service in the Madeleine, owing to the count's official relation with the Austrian embassy. What a torture it must have been to her? Obliged to appear calm and indifferent, not daring to weep or to pray, while her whole soul went out in sorrow to the beloved dead.

'She returned home, and never again left her house alive; her sorrow turned to melancholy, then to depressed languor, then came illness, doctors, and lastly death. She lived in her love—that dead, she died too. Que voulez-vous? But she had not forgotten her promises. Caron received secretly a large sum of money; the servant, independent for life, now lives at Villevorde on property of her own; nor was I overlooked—this beautiful diamond was my reward, and I would not part with it for millions—no, nor for tens of millions—it is rivetet to my finger.

"The count left Paris, and, after years of travel in all parts of the world, he retired to Dalmatia, where he had large estates, and settled at last in Trieste. Lonely, melancholy, visiting no one, he had only one pleasure—the opera; music alone seemed to have the power of lightening the burden of sorrow he bore with him wherever he went.

"One evening he heard his wife's name mentioned by a French tourist, who was in the adjoining box; the gentleman was describing to his companions the extraordinary likeness between the prima donna and the countess B——, a lady formerly well-known in Paris, who, suspected by her husband of being faithless, was poisoned by him, although it was given out that she died of consumption. He further entered into other details of the most painful description to the count, who at the end of the act knocked at the door of the adjoining loge, formally handed his card to the talkative tourist, and bowing to the ladies, returned to his own place, where he quietly remained

till the end of the opera. On the card both time and place were fixed for the morrow, swords being the weapons chosen by the count, whose reputation as a fencer was known both far and wide.

"After wounding his adversary slightly and disarming him two or three times, the count suddenly threw himself, perfectly uncovered, on his opponent's sword, which transfixed his heart. He had wished to commit suicide by another man's hand; and thus my story ends."

After a slight pause, Balzac spoke: "I do not like that finish; it is not equal to the rest; there is something wanted. I should have desired—in fact, if the count knew nothing of the death of M. de Karls, in his house, on his sofa, at the feet of his wife, and he could not know that unless the prefet, you, or Honorine, had been indiscreet enough to"—

"No, no," protested Vidocq, interruping; "no one has spoken a word, no one. I tell you to-day because I have a right to do so, since the only persons who could explain are both dead."

"Then," continued Balzac, "this duel, this suicide by the hand of another, as you call it, is not sufficiently justified. Were I to take this domestic drama as the groundwork, and relate it after my own fashion, I would seek, invent, imagine a better conclusion—one more logical and complete. Not that I disagree with the kind of death chosen by the count, which is not only possible, but true, nay very true in its originality; but still—and I came back again to the old fault—the count knew too little to justify his great despair. So you see, after all, that your story is not complete as you thought—it wants something—and something very important."

"*Dame!*" answered Vidocq, somewhat staggered by Balzac's triumphant manner, "if it is not complete it is not far from it. I did not intend it as a lesson in literature for you; no, my idea was a more modest one than that, and originated in this manner: on my way here I took a cab, and as I was stepping in I recognized in the coachman the cabman of the Pont Neuf."

"Strange!"

"Not at all; cabmen don't generally get promoted to colonelcies—they die cabmen. The sight of him called forth the old recollections, and I determined to amuse myself by telling you this portion of my life, thinking that perhaps you might be able to turn it to account."

"You say this cabman brought you here?" asked Balzac, who had not heard a single word of Vidocq's explanation, "did you take his number?"

"Why should I?"

"You—you great?——

"Great what!"

"Anything you like."

"But why should I take his number? He's at your door waiting for me."

The man was sent for immediately, and Balzac, in great glee, filled all the glasses within reach. Soon, the clatter of sabots was heard on the stairs, and in another moment the cabman entered. When he had tossed off the drink prepared for him, with the remark that he could not refuse as the day was so thirsty, Vidocq commenced:

"If I am not mistaken, I engaged you the other evening on the Pont Neuf?"

"What other evening?"

"Don't you remember? There were three of us singing."

"Ah! I take up so many of that kind. When was it?"

"About ten or twelve year ago," answered Vidocq.

"You call the other evening?"

"Well, more or less—we were just opposite the statue of Henry the Fourth about four o'clock in the morning. Can you remember now?"

"No, that does not tell me anything; that has happened to me a hundred thousand times.,,

"I gave you five francs for your fare."

"Ah! that doesn't happen so often, till I can't think—ten years ago!"

"The person who got in went to Rue St. Florentin!" he cried.

The man started. "Rue St. Florentin!" he cried.

"Yes," continued Vidocq, "a large house—and when you got there you had a surprise; what did you find?"

"A dead man!" said the driver, with another start; "is that what you wanted me to say. But was it you who made me that present?"

Vidocq laughed, and the cabman getting angry he quieted him with one of those looks that Martin used to quell his lions with.

"Then," said the coachman, "if it was you, you owe me two francs."

"How's that? I gave you five."

"I don't deny it; but look at the trouble. Besides, it took me more than an hour, ask I was engaged by the distance, and not by the hour."

"But why did you not get your money at the house?" asked Vidocq.

"Ah! servant are such thieves; they wouldn't give me a farthing. However, I went to Rue Bellechasse."

"Rue Bellechasse!" cried the astonished listener, whose turn is now was to be startled.

"Yes, to Countess or Duchess of—confound it, I forget the name."

"And why did you go there? Who told you?"

"Well, you see, I found a little pocket-book in my cab next morning, and it could only have belonged to the dead man."

Vidocq and Balzac exchanged a meaning glance at this revelation.

"What did you find in the pocket-book?" asked Balzac, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

"A letter addressed to the Countess or Duchess, Rue Bellechasse—that was all. Oh! no bank notes, no, no! or I should have returned them. But I wanted my two francs, as I told you, so I went to the hotel, and gave the letter to a gentleman and lady, who were just getting into their carriage. 'five francs,' I said. The gentleman with white hair, whose breast was covered with crosses and orders, took the letter and read it. He turned as white as the paper itself, but told the footman to pay me, and so I got the two francs."

"There," cried Balzac triumphantly "the history is complete now. The letter tells the husband all—that M de Karls was the wife's lover. The scene in the theatre at Trieste proved to him that the world knew it also, and then he determined to kill himself. Yes, the history is complete now."

"No, no, not at all," cried not coachman; "I went three times afterward to Rue Bellechasse to get my money."

"But you had been paid already."

"Ay! but the two franc piece was a bad one."—*Temple Bar.*

Arsenic in Dyspepsia.

Dr. J. C. Thorowgood, in the Practitioner, speaks highly of the action arsenic in many diseases of the stomach. He has found that one-drop doses of Fowler's solution in half an ounce of infusion of Columbis had the effect, in a case he treated, of allaying the pain, stopping the vomiting of food, and enabling the patient to eat and digest small quantities of mutton. He states that the small irritable tongue, with projecting papillæ and yellow or gray fur, indicates arsenic. The more purely local the gastric symptoms, the better is the chance of arsenic doing good. When there is much general exhaustion of the system, with disordered urine or hepatic congestion, it does not promise much.

—*The Cincinnati Times* refers to a farmer who fired his rifle at rats under the barn. "The fire engine did not arrive in time to subdue the flames. Loss, $3,000. No insurance.

The Burdens of the Day.

Who shall rise and cast away
First the burdens of the day;
Who assert his place, and (each
Lighter labor, nobler speech—
Standing firm, erect, and strong,
Proud as freedom, free as song?

Lo! we groan beneath the weight
Our own weaknesses create;
Crook the knee, and shut the lip,
All for tamer fellowship;
Load our slack, compliant clay
With the burden of the day.

Higher paths there are to tread,
Fresher fields around us spread;
Other flames of sun and star,
Flash at hand, and lure afar;
Larger manhood might we share,
Surer fortune, did we dare.

In our mills of common thought,
By the pattern all is wrought;
In our school of life, the man
Drills to suit the public plan,
And, through labor, love, and play,
Shifts the labors of the day.

Power of all its right of home,
Right hath each beneath the sun
To the breadth and liberal space
Of the independent race—
To the chariot and the steed;
To the will, desire, and deed.

Ah! the gods of wood and stone
Can a single saint dethrone;
But the people who shall aid
'Gainst the puppets they have made?
First they teach, and then obey;
'Tis the burden of the day.

Thunder shall we never hear
In this ordered atmosphere;
Never this monotony feel
Shattered by a trumpet's peal;
Never airs, that burst and blow
From eternal summits, know?

Though no man resent his wrong,
Still is free the poet's song;
Still, a stag, his thoughts may leap
O'er the herded swine and sheep,
And in pastures far away
Loose the burden of the day.

Bayard Taylor.

The Dress of Civilized Woman.

I do declare that I think it would be better to die and get out of torment at once than to have to rise every morning for some forty or fifty years and box one's body up in a sort of compressive armor, hang weights to one's hips and more weight upon one's head—which last are supported by the roots of the hair; put one's feet into shoes a number too small, and not of the right shape, and with heels like stilts; and then set about doing the whole duty of woman with a cheerful face and spry air, for from fifteen to seventeen mortal hours out of the twenty four! That there are so many women who are not frightened into a decline at such a prospect, and that they bravely undertake to do it—nay more, that they even dream that under such disadvantages they can work side by side with unshackled man, and that they can die in trying to do it, certainly says much for their courage, but very little for their common sense.

A man's dress to a great extent is fashioned for comfort. He has contrivances for suspending the weight of his clothing from his shoulders. If the east wind blows he can turn up his coat collar, button himself up snugly, slough his hat over his eyes, thrust his hands into his pockets and brave the weather. But imagine a woman removing her hat or bonnet from the angle at which fashion says she must wear it on account of the weather, or turning any of her "fixtures" up to protect her neck and throat, or buttoning up anything that was unbuttoned before, or sticking her hands into her pockets! She would be taken for an improper character out on a mild spree, or for an escaped inmate of a lunatic asylum, should she endeavor by any impromptu arrangment of her habiliment to save her health.—*Science of Health.*

MEDICAL AND SCIENCE.

WO

It has commonly been imagined that the action of curare, when applied to a wound, is to cause death without any visible struggle, and without pain. Dr. Claud Bernard has, however, shown this notion to be utterly erroneous. He states that the paralysis creeps gradually on from limb to limb, depriving the subject of motion, and y