THE GRENADA GAZETTE.

W. H. LADD, Editor and Manager,

GRENADA, . - MISS

MY RIVAL

On each occasion when I've tr To pay Maud my addresses, I've found a rival at her side Receiving her carcesses. He manifests mean discontent At once on my appearance, And yet I can not well resent His hateful interference.

He is not fair to outward view; His intellect is hazy; He's fat and duil and stupid, too, And indolent and lazy; And yet sie heeds his ev'ry whim Fantastic and capricious. Her sweet smiles she wastes on him My rival vain and vicious.

He can not play or dance or sing Her tender heart to soften; He never asys funny thing, Whereas I do quite often. His beauty never has enthralled Fair maids to love confessing, While I have frequently been called Extremely prepossessing.

Now what am I to do about This aggravating fellow? Fou see I can not call him To chivairous duello, Because, in her good graces anug And surely situated, Is this exasperating pug That is my rival hated.

A DETECTIVE CAT.

Though Quite Innocent, She Played Her Part Well.

On the morning of Jannuary 19, 1877, the police of Paris were in a state of commotion over a crime perpetrated during the night just past. The safe in the bank of Briux Brothers, on the Rue du Quatre Septembre, had been opened, and over \$20,000 francs removed. There was absolutely no clew to the thieves. The doors and locks were intact, and not a mark indicated that any violence had been used. Moreover, the Brothers Briux lived over the bank. One of them, Charles, was absent in London, and the other, Henry, had remained in the bank long after the clerks left. He had seen that every thing was properly left for the night, and had then retired to his apartments by a private stairway, carefully locking the double door between the counting-rooms and the dwelling above. At this time it was nine o'clock, and, leaving his attendant, Gobert, an old and faulful servant, in charge, he visited the house of his friend, Monsieur Gourgaud, on the Rue Lafitte. There he remained until ten minutes past twelve, when he returned home. Mons. Henry Briux was subjected by the anthorities to a very rigid examination, but he was unshaken in his statement that the money was safe in the metallic stronghold when he retired to his apartments. The last thing he did was to see to that very thing. When the clerks left he fastened all the doors after them, when he retired to his private room where the safe was. All his affairs were in excellent order. His business was squared up to a dollar, and the firm's assets were two millions over its liabilities.

Here was a puzzle for the very astutest of the astute detective force of Paris. What could they do? Where was there the faintest clew to the crime? Not a mark, not a scratch—"nothing with two ends," as one of the officers said—was to be found about the place that ought not to be found there, or that was not there the previous day. The chief of police and his aids came and saw, and went away conquered.

In what direction must the authorities look for something to guide them in their inquiries? O

later in the day. When he locked up the counting-room on the evening of January 19, he left his favorite cat in January 12, he left his favorite cat in his private room. The next day it was gone and no one knew any thing about it. The inference was that it had followed the thief or thieves out and perhaps been lost in the street or killed.

perhaps been lost in the street or killed.
Monsieur Paul Briux, the father of
Henry and Charles, was born and
reared in the scaport of Brest. He was
a worker in wire, and made fancy cages
for birds, squirrels, white mice and
other animals, upon which men, women
and children are fond of practising the
crucity of kindness. Not far from him

resided Monsieur Gourgaud, who was a taxidermist, and to whom Monsieur Briux recommended his customers who might desire to have their dead favorites preserved by the taxidermist's art. A friendship existed between the two men, though Monsieur Gourgaud was much the older. Monsieur Briux was fond of his pipe and his glass, and, after the death of his careful wife, became a great spendthrift. One day he put 3,500 tranes into the hands of Monsieur Gourgaud and said:

"I have paid all my debts and have this sum over. Take eare of it for my boys. If I have the chance I shall spend it."

Pled it so," she said; "it is a bold game."

"It is," he answered; "but it is for form the death of his careful wife, became a great spendthrift.

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"I have paid all my debts and have this sum over. Take care of it for my boys. If I have the chance I shall spend it."

Monsieur Gourgaud accepted the trust, and in less than a year Monsieur Briux died, leaving his two boys, aged respectively fourteen and fifteen. Monsieur Gourgaud sold out the wire-workers's business and added a thousand france to the small fund already in his hands for Charles and Henry Briux. Moreover, he took the lads into his house and educated and cared for them with the affection of a father. His own-children were in the world and provided for, and he took pleasure in watching over the interests of his new charge. When the boys reached manhood he put the 3,500 francs, with its accumulated interest, into their hands, and they went to Paris to seek their fortune, and found it. When Monsieur Gourgaud's business began to fall, they brought him to Paris and set him up in business on the Rue Lafitte, where he managed to make a living. A grand-daughter and her husband, Monsieur Pajol, lived with him, the one attending to his household affairs, and the other being engaged in a large tailoring establishment in the city.

Henry Briux, a bachelor like his brother, was susceptible to the influence of woman, and Madam Pajol was handsome, vivacious and attractive. While her husband did not seem to care much

some, vivacious and attractive. While her husband did not seem to care much for her, Monsieur Henry admired her greatly. No matter how much he or ner. Monseur Fenry ammred ner greatly. No matter how much he might have felt indebted to Monsieur Gourgaud for the eare he took of him in his boyhood, it is very certain Henry Briux would not have been so indefatigable in his visits to the old taxiderfatigable in his visits to the old taxider-mist if it had not been for the charms of his granddaughter. She herself was nothing loth to receive the attentions of the rich bachelor, but how far she allowed these to go is not to any pur-pose so far as this narrative is con-cerned.

poses of far as this narrative is concerned.

On the evening of January 19, Monsieur Henry Briux went to the house of Monsieur Gourgaud, on the Rue Lafitte. It was only a few minute's walk from the bank and he proposed to return soon. He sat in the parlor smcking a cigar and listening to the masic made by Madam Pajol. His overcoat lay on the couch behind him, and Monsieur Gourgaud sat near by within the pleasant warmth of the fire. Monsieur Pajol came in, greeted Monsieur Briux pleasantly and joined the two friends in a glass of hot punch and a cigar. Atter he had finished his cigar, he arose and went to the couch, where he had thrown an evening newspaper. As he was getting the paper his hand came in contact with something hard in the pocket of Monsieur Briux's overcoat. It felt like a jewel case.

"The old fool is going to make my wife a present," he said; "I should like to know what it is."

Thereupon he put his hand into the coat-pocket and brought out a leather case, with which he quitted the room. On examining the case, he found that it contained six bright keys, each occupying a separate compartment. The blood rushed to his head, and he trembled all over.

ing a separate compartment. The blood rushed to his head, and he trem-

blood cluster.

"These," said he, "are the keys of the bank. This large one is for the front door, evidently, and this is for the safe."

He stood for a moment, irresolute. He looked at the keys and then off into

the distance.
"This is the chance of my life," he said to himself.

Then he walked quietly into the room,

and said to his wife "Marie, I want to speak to you a mo-

She quit the room. When they were

She quit the room. When they were alone he said:

"See! Here are the keys of Monsieur Briux's bank. I took them from his coat-pocket as it lay on the couch. In half an hour we may be rich and no one be any the wiser."

Marie was very pale, and her eyes were fixed on her husband.

"If you will promise to occupy Monsieur Briux's attent'on for an hour, or even two, if I shouldn't return before," said Pajol, "I will venture to say that we shall be amply provided for life, and you shall have a fair half to do what you please with."

"He may discover that the keys are

my approach."

"Be it so," she said; "it is a bold

fortune."
Then he quitted the house and Madam Pajol returned to the parlor and sent her grandfather off to bed.
"My husband is called away for all hour or two," she said to Monsieus Brius; "do you mind keeping me company until his return?"
Of course he dal not.
Monsieus Pajol, with the keys in hu

Briux; "do you mind keeping me company until his return?"
Of course he dall not.
Monsieur Pajol, with the keys in his pocket, walked to the bank. It took him only a few minutes. All was still, and selecting the key which he supposed, rightly, was that to the main entrance, he opened the door. Once inside, he carefully closed and locked the door. Then he moved along cautiously and found another door. He fitted a key to that, and found himself behind the counter of the bank. Turning to the rear, he came to the entrance of the private room. The key to the door was readily found, and he was within the precincts of wealth.

The place was dark, though the fire in a low grate still burned. A cat lay in front of it. She rose, looked up, yawned and lay down again. He opened the safe—no trouble about it; for it was an old-fashioned one without any ridiculous combinations. He looked around. The window-shutters of iron were tightly closed. He struck a match and examined the sate. Then he boldly lighted the gas and searched the safe at his leisure. He came across piles of stocks and bonds. He refused and rejected them all, for they were dangerous. Then he drew open a large drawer in the rear, and there was what he wanted—a thick package of notes of large name, well tied together. He lifted out the package and slid it into his pocket. Then he replaced the articles in the safe as he had found them, locked it and quitted the bank, leaving every thing as he had found it, except the safe—it was worth less by 850,000 francs than when Monsieur Briux last visited it.

When Monsieur Pajol reached home he gave ample warning to his wife, as

B50,000 francs than when Monsieur Briux last visited it.

When Monsieur Pajol reached home he gave ample warning to his wife, as he had promised; so that when he entered the parlor he found her seated on one side of the table and Monsieur Briux on the other with his back to the couch, playing dominoes. Monsieur Pajol quietly, and without being observed even by his wife, replaced the keys in the pocket of Monsieur Briux's overcoat. Then Monsieur Pajol proposed, and Madame Pajol conceted, more punch. More cigars were smoked, and it was past midnight when Monsieur Briux bade a tender good-bye to Madame Pajol at the front door. In order not to break up the interesting narrative, a trifling episode in Monsieur Pajol's journey home was omitted. So, if the reader please, the writer will go back a little way and give the particulars thereof. lars thereof.

As Monsicur Pajol turned from the Rue du Quatre Septembre, on which the bank was situated, into the Rue de Govbank was situated, into the Rue de Gov-ernment, he observed a cat trotting along at his side, then rubbing herself against his boots, and then going on a little ahead. He crossed the Boulevard des Italiens into the Rue Lafitte, and soon reached Monsieur Gourgand's residence. As he was about to enter ne found the cat at his feet once more.

found the cat at his feet once more.

"Curses on the beast!" he exclaimed, and, giving it a savage kick, he sent the poor animal flying into the street.

Monsieur Gourgaud rose early next morning, as he had been sent early to bed, and when he opened his shop he sawlying in the gutter the dead body of a cat. He walked to the curb and looked at it. It had been a very beautiful creature. Monsieur Gourgaud thought its skin and tur so lovely that he picked the dead thing up and carried it into his store. Later on he eviscerated it, and in due time the animal stood upon his shelf, artistically stuffed, and as and in due time the animal stood upon his shelf, artistically stuffed, and as splendid a specimen of the feline race as his eyes had ever gazed upon. He showed it with pride to his grand-daughter and her husband, and, when daughter and her husban they had admired it, said:

I was opening the door. I gave her a kick and sent her flying."

"You furnished me with a fine specimen of her race." the old man said.
Pajol divided the plunder of the bank with his wife, and they hid it away. In a week's time they began to suggest to the old man that he should give up business and return with them to Brest.

"How about the means of living?" he asked.

"Oh, I will provide that," said his

asked.

"Oh, I will provide that," said his grand-daughter.

He opened his eyes in surprise and said nothing. Three weeks later the subject was again mentioned to him.

"I am willing." he replied meekly.

The same day he sent a message to Henry Briux to come and see him immediately. Monsieur Bruix was around in half an hour. Then the old man told him that his grand-daughter and her husband insisted on him giving up business and returning to Brest. Monsieur Bruix expressed great surprise.

"Years ago." said he, "you might have retired, for I was ready and Charles was ready to settle a handsome annuity upon you, whom we regard as our father. But how can your grand-daughter support you?"

"That is more than I can say," was the answer.

"That is more than I can say," was the answer.
"Where did you get that cat?" suddenly asked Monsieur Briux, in a tone and with an abruptness which made Monsieur Gourgaud start, at the same time pointing to the cat, which had been gathered in from the gutter and stuffed.

stuffed.
"That cat?" replied the old taxidermist; "why, I found it in the gutter."
"Found it in the gutter! Where—
now!" Monsieur Briux exclaimed.
Here the taxidermist told the story.

"You remember the last night you were here? Well, Pajol had to go ou were here? Well, rajol had to go out on business—don't you; remember? When he returned this cat followed him and came right up to the door with him. This annoyed him, and he gave her a kick which hurled her into the gutter, where I found her dead next morning. Her fur was so exquisitely lovely that I preserved it."

morning. Her fur was so exquisitely lovely that I preserved it."

Monsieur Briux clenched his teeth and compressed his lips. Then in a quiet tone, he said:

"So your daughter and her husband wish you to go back to Brest, and they will support you? Very well; don't say that you have consulted me. Don't give any positive answer to them until you hear from me."

Monsieur Briux returned to the bank; thence he went to the prefecture of police and saw the chief. To him he related his connection with Monsieur Gourgaud, his visit to his house on the night of the robbery, the quitting of the house by Pajol; Monsieur Gourgaud's stap anddaughter's husband; the incident of the cat, and his identifying the stuffed eat in Gourgaud's shop as his favorite cat, which had been missing from the bank since the time of the robbery. Then he told how Monsieur and Madame Pajol had, since the robbery, urged Monsieur Gourgaud to quit Paris and return to Brest, saying that they would support him.

"Well," said the chief, "you suspect support him.

support him.

"Well," said the chief, "you suspect
that Pajol is the burglar.

"That is it, exactly," replied Mon-

"That is it, exactly," replied Monsieur Briux.

"And how did he get into the bank?" the chief asked.

"I carried my case containing the keys in my overcoat pocket," replied Briux. "My overcoat was laid upon the couch in Monsieur Gourgaud's parlor. Pajol must have abstracted the case and, when he was absent from the house, he was occupied in entering the bank. My cat evidently followed him out, and, feeling lonely, accompanied him to the door of Monsieur Gourgaud's dwelling."

"IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE CAT!"

"IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE CAT!" When Pajol was arrested, Madame Pajol produced the stolen money in-

Pajol produced the stolen money in-tact.

"I never intended that he should use a centime of it," she said.

Pajol cursed her, and swore that, if he lived to get out of prison, he would be the death of her. After he was sen-tenced to penal servitude for six years, he related with apparent satisfaction how he had managed the robbery.

"If it hady's hoen for that recursed."

"If it hadn't been for that accursed cat," said he, "all would have been well, and I should have been a rich man."

man."
The authorities refused to procagainst Madame Pajol. Monsieur Brhad influence, and his wish in matter was regarded.—Translation fr the French, in Cincinnati Enquirer.

were fixed on her husband.

"If you will promise to occupy Monsieur Brivs had admired it, said:

"If you will promise to occupy Monsieur Brivs had admired it, said:

"If picked it out of the gutter the other morning. You remember you sent me early to bed the night Monsieur Brivs was here. Well, if you hadn't I shouldn't neture to say that we shall be amply provided for life, awas here. Well, if you hadn't I shouldn't have awaked so carly the next morning, and then I might have missed that beautiful eat."

"He may discover that the keys are missing," she said; "and then—what then?"

"My God!" exclaimed Pajol. Monsieur Briux had influence, and his wish in the matter was regarded.—Translation from the French, in Cincinnati Enquirer.

The author of two popular novels declares that he has made less than eighteen hundred dollars in two years, by his writings. Since incantiously making the statement, he has been delaged with begging letters from the rest of the guild.—Puck.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

—Strong unbleached muslin is a sellent in place of glass for postsyrouses or chicken runs, and is me ess expensive.—N. Y. Telegram.

—Many people complain that sellins of apples are very thick and togs this year. It is likely that the dry sellins of apples are very thick and togs this year. It is likely that the dry sellins year.

—A prolific tree of salable apple brings much more money from is ground it occupies than it would wit most farm crops.

—Study what your soil and the crop you grow need, and then, as best you grow need, and then, as best you grow need, and then, as best you.

—Study what your soil and the crop you grow need, and then as the special manure to meet the demand.—Western Rura.

—Save all worthless heads of cabage and the waste leaves for the con. They will appreciate and cat then greedily and materially increase ther flow of milk as a result of the cun feed.—N. E. Farmer.

—If it pays well-to-do farmers to be gother the worthly with the work the server.

—If it pays well-to-do farmers to be nothing but the very best implement it necessarily follows that the post the farmer is the less able he is to a poor tools. —Montreal Witness.

poor tools.—Montreal Witness.

—Dr. Goessmann says that apple pomace is worth more to feed to see than the same weight of whole apple. It is the dry part of the apple who furnishes the nutrition.

It is the dry part of the apple who furnishes the nutrition.

—The most healthful food hurrish, eaten and immediately followed heart and immediately followed heart and the season of the season and warm food to the mileh course have made and warm food to the mileh course have season and warm food to the mileh course have been and warm food to the mileh course have been and warm food to the mileh course have been and warm food to the mileh course have he was to consist of chaffed by der, roots, pea, bean, or linseed mey rye, barley, maize or wheaten flour file howing their prices. A cow can am be fed on fourteen cents daily, and is rations are free to be always analysed at the contractor's expense.—Our castry Home.

—Some varieties of sweet apples and

-Some varieties of sweet apple such abundant bearers that the worth keeping if the fruit ca used for feed. There is a go

worth keeping if the fruit can only used for feed. There is a good deaig nutriment in sweet apples, and they are lished by every kind of stock. Gan in moderation and with other feed say are good for every thing. It is been cows, if allowed their run in an order will gorge and thus injure themsels, that apples have the reputation of sping up cow's milk,—Pratric Farme.

—Poultry supplies a good proports of the meat on most farmers that the stands supply more. We have be discussing breeds, crosses and grades deattle and sheep, why not discuss me poultry? What breed or what come gives the best meat, and is there is same difference between scrub poulty and thoroughbred poultry as there is tween scrub beef and thoroughbred beef? People who have looked into any there is. If this is so, it will any any farmer to look into it.—Rural Sar Yorker.

EGG-EATING HENS.

Nest Boxes Which Seriously Interferent

It seems that too much can not a said or done to prevent this worst devils a hen can fall heir to. It is very asid or done to prevent this worst a wils a hen can fall heir to. It is red disgusting to any poulterer, or even any person who keeps poultry. When built my hennery I put in just a fenest boxes for the time being until. had time to get more, and would ye believe, it only took two or three dan to learn the habit of "egg-cating". They would quarrel over the nest ab break the eggs, then all would run bave a piece, until at last my two largest pens were full of good-looking, egg thirsty hens; and were, I thought, et riely ruined, for when I did give the more boxes, they would piek a hole it the shell quite leisurely and eat heest entis. What was to be done we more than I could think of te awhile; then I devised a plan which I thought would break some, it least, of the habit. I made nest bews as follows: Eight feet long, fourtest inches deep, and eleven inches with then divided it into eight nests, will one side of the box six inches high, as that when it was covered they had eight inches left to enter the nest; the set them one foot from the wall as one foot from the floor, so that the could enter the nest, yet not be able unter the nest from thoor. In that it was dark, the space covered, a life over the box to remove the eggs. It his seeluded spot they would depat their eggs, and only one hen could occupy each nest, and she hadn't roos or light enough to do much damag. This was six weeks ago, and to-day! don't think I have a hen that will an egg. If some poulterer who it troubled in like manner will give this! an egg. If some poulterer who is troubled in like manner will give this trial, I am confident he will be amply repaid.—Cor. Poultry Journal.