

MY RIVAL.

On each occasion when I've tried
To pay Maud my addresses,
I've found a rival at her side
Receiving her caresses.

A DETECTIVE CAT.

Though Quite Innocent, She Played
Her Part Well.

On the morning of January 19, 1877,
the police of Paris were in a state
of commotion over a crime perpetrated
during the night just past.

There was a puzzle for the very astute
of the astute detective force of
Paris. What could they do? Where
was there the faintest clew to the crime?

resided Monsieur Gourgau, who was
a taxidermist, and to whom
Monsieur Briux recommended his cus-
tomers who might desire to have their
dead favorites preserved by the taxider-
mist's art.

Monsieur Gourgau accepted the
trust, and in less than a year Monsieur
Briux died, leaving his two boys, aged
respectively fourteen and fifteen.

Henry Briux, a bachelor like his
brother, was susceptible to the influence
of woman, and Madam Pajol was hand-
some, vivacious and attractive.

On the evening of January 19, Mon-
sieur Henry Briux went to the house of
Monsieur Gourgau, on the Rue Laftite.

Thereupon he put his hand into the
coat-pocket and brought out a leather
case, with which he quitted the room.

"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.

Then he walked quietly into the room,
and said to his wife:

"Send the old man off to bed," he re-

plied; "and then—what then? Why,
you will have ways and means
at your command to prevent any dis-
covery and keep Monsieur Briux here
if necessary until daylight."

"I see," she said; "but suppose you
should fail?"

"Then no harm will be done, and the
keys will be returned to the coat-
pocket," he answered. "When I re-
turn I will give you ample warning of
my approach."

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

"It is," he answered; "but it is for
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 an
hour or two," she said to Monsieur
Briux; "do you mind keeping me com-
pany until his return?"

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 sup-
posed, rightly, was that to the main
entrance, he opened the door.

When Monsieur Pajol reached home
he gave ample warning to his wife, as
he had promised; so that when he en-
tered 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.

As Monsieur Pajol turned from the
Rue du Quatre Septembre, on which the
bank was situated, into the Rue de Gouver-
nement, he observed a cat trotting
along at his side, then rubbing herself
against his boots, and then going on a
little ahead.

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

Monsieur Gourgau rose early next
morning, as he had been sent early to
bed, and when he opened his shop he
saw lying in the gutter the dead body of
a cat.

"If it hadn't been for the cat!"
When Pajol was arrested, Madam
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.

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

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

"You furnished me with a fine speci-
men 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 give up the
old man that he should give up busi-
ness and return with them to Brest.

"How about the means of living?" he
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.

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

"Where did you get that cat?" sud-
denly asked Monsieur Briux, in a tone
and with an abruptness which made
Monsieur Gourgau start, at the same
time pointing to the cat, which had
been gathered in from the gutter and
stuffed.

"That cat?" replied the old taxider-
mist; "why, I found it in the gutter."

"Found it in the gutter! Where-
how!" Monsieur Briux exclaimed.

"You remember the last night you
were here? Well, Pajol 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."

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

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

"That is it, exactly," replied Mon-
sieur 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 Gourgau's par-
lor. 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 Gourgau's
dwelling."

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

The authorities refused to proceed
against Madam Pajol. Monsieur Briux
had influence, and his wish in the
matter was regarded.—Translation from
the French, in Cincinnati's Enquirer.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

—Strong unbleached muslin is ex-
cellent in place of glass for poultry-
houses or chicken runs, and is much
less expensive.—N. Y. Telegram.

—Many people complain that the
skins of apples are very thick and tough
this year. It is likely that the dry sea-
son was the cause.—N. Y. Tribune.

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

—Study what your soil and the crops
you grow need, and then, as best you
can, feed so as to make special manure
to meet the demand.—Western Rural.

—Save all worthless heads of cabbage
and the waste leaves for the cows.
They will appreciate and eat them
greedily and materially increase their
flow of milk as a result of the extra
feed.—N. E. Farmer.

—If it pays well-to-do farmers to keep
nothing but the very best implements,
it necessarily follows that the poorer
farmer is the less able he is to use
poor tools.—Montreal Witness.

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

—The most healthful food hurriedly
eaten and immediately followed by
work which engages the entire avail-
able physical and mental forces, is
much worse than a meal of poor food
eaten leisurely and followed by an in-
terval of rest.—Journal of Health.

—A Frenchman supplies prepared
and warm food to the milk cows of
Paris. The feed is delivered twice a
day by vans in covered barrels from
steam vats. It consists of chaffed brot-
der, rouses, pea, bean, or linseed meal,
rye, barley, maize or wheaten flour,
allowing their prices. A cow can thus
be fed on fourteen cents daily, and the
rations are free to be always analyzed
at the contractor's expense.—Our Coun-
try Home.

—Some varieties of sweet apples are
such abundant bearers that the trouble
worth keeping if the fruit can only be
used for feed. There is a good deal of
nutriment in sweet apples, and they are
relished by every kind of stock. Given
in moderation and with other feed they
are good for every thing. It is because
cows, if allowed their run in an orchard,
will gorge and thus injure themselves,
that apples have the reputation of dy-
ing up cow's milk.—Prairie Farmer.

—Poultry supplies a good proportion
of the meat on most farmers' tables.
It should supply more. We have been
discussing breeds, crosses and grades of
cattle and sheep, why not discuss meat
poultry? What breed or what cross
gives the best meat, and is there the
same difference between scrub poultry
and thoroughbred poultry as there is be-
tween scrub beef and thoroughbred
beef? People who have looked into it
say there is. If this is so, it will pay
any farmer to look into it.—Rural New
Yorker.

EGG-EATING HENS.

Nest Boxes Which Seriously Interfere with
Their Costly Appetite.

It seems that too much can not be
said or done to prevent this worst of
evils a hen can fall heir to. It is very
disgusting to any poultryer, or even any
person who keeps poultry. When you
built my henry I put in just a few
nest boxes for the time being, until
I had time to get more, and would you
believe, it only took two or three days
to learn the habit of "egg-eating."
They would quarrel over the nest and
break the eggs, then all would run
have a piece, until at last my two large
est pens were full of good-looking, egg-
thirsty hens; and were, I thought, di-
rectly ruined, for when I did give them
more boxes, they would pick a hole in
the shell quite leisurely and eat the con-
tents. What was to be done was
more than I could think of for a
while; then I devised a plan
which I thought would break some, at
least, of the habit. I made nest boxes
as follows: Eight feet long, fourteen
inches deep, and eleven inches wide,
then divided it into eight nests, with
one side of the box six inches high, so
that when it was covered they had
eight inches left to enter the nest; then
I set them one foot from the wall and
one foot from the floor, so that they
could enter the nest, yet not be able to
enter the nest from the floor. In the
it was dark, the space covered, a
over the box to remove the eggs. In
this secluded spot they would deposit
their eggs, and only one hen could oc-
cupy each nest, and she hadn't room
or light enough to do much damage.
This was six weeks ago, and to-day
I don't think I have a hen that will
eat an egg. If some poultryer who is
troubled in like manner will give this
trial, I am confident he will be amply
repaid.—Cor. Poultry Journal.