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But there was nothing unusual in this not expatiating upon the dramatic death of his recent partner in the walk. Every feature had been attentively regarded by Lecco and the police officer.

"We understand that you accompanied the countess to a ball," began the latter.

"It was to Monsieur Hernandez's. My poor friend, whose husband did not wish her cooped up in his absence, requested my arm and carriage, and having spent the early part of the night, I brought her to her door. I went to my club, but I was too tired to play, lost a few napoleons, and came home."

"This? No, no! She would not even let me leave the carriage. I must say, whatever value the information possesses, that the windows were lighted up when I came home the second time."

"Can you form any opinion about this crime?"

"Really I know so little about the Montfort family—"

"Excuse me my lord," said Lecco, with pretended bluntness. "But I know your lordship to be quite in the world of fashion. Who has been accused of being this poor lady's child?"

"The Count of Montfort," answered he, testily, turning red after palming, "is a splendid fellow. She idolized him. Why, this will break his heart when he learns it. But who will impart the news?"

"That has been done," answered the official.

An hour after, the body having been placed on the bed, a magnificent mass of pearls, diamonds, and rubies, which the countess wore, were laid out on a table, and the countess, who had been so long in the carriage, was released as guiltless, arranged with taste.

By the midnight train and a cab driven at reckless speed, the count arrived. His wife, surrounded by blossoms and lying upon a black velvet in that gloomy room, seemed only sleeping. Betsy had placed her long flaxen tresses. Gontran de Montfort strode up to the bed, having kept his countenance as usual. He looked at the countess, who had been so long in the carriage, and he felt on his knees, embracing the slay victim, and sobbed her name. The servants repeated through the mansion, in a tone which testified to the rarity of the event: "My Lord has tears in his eyes!"

In the morning Monsieur Lecco called to say that he had been specially entrusted with the case. He brought with him a letter from the countess, which he handed to the countess, who, he remarked, that the affair is inexplicable so far. But we are bound to pierce the mystery."

The nobleman looked at him sally; and answered: "I shall not call in the law to execute him."

"It is useless for you to look after the murderer of my loved one. He is no common criminal. I have no other aim in life now. And when I meet him, I shall not call in the law to execute him."

This speech seemed out of place on the lips of a Breton gentleman, a race noted for religious and law-abiding habits.

Like all rich capitalists, Marquis Hector de Medrane found himself ruined by the Franco-Prussian war. He hastened to Paris the moment the gates were opened, from his Italian retreat, and found his house property—nearly all centrally located—in good preservation. Absorbed in his preparation he was in Paris on the 18th of March.

The marquis had hidden in his hotel of the Rue Comartine. The gates were solid, the servants well paid. He heard the firing on the Rue Comartine with joy, as it betokened an advance of the government troops against the insurrectionists. It was at this juncture that a young woman in the red zouave dress of a vivandiere of Florence's Avengers, presented herself at the gate. Her name, Assie Korogon, a Breton girl from her own estates passed her into his presence.

"My lord," said she, "I heard at the council of the Commune, in the Expiatory Chapel, that you are known to be here, and a detachment is on the way to take you out. It is arranged that you should have lived here a spy so long."

His laugh of contempt was cut short by one of those knocks at the guarded door which seldom come to noblemen's portals—either from King's lackeys or the people. It was a dozen musket-butts. Some one fired a shot from within.

"That's a fool!" cried the marquis; "against my order! Those men of mine will be massacred!"

"And me too," said the girl.

"Don't you tremble my gap; the old dog has more than one life in his burrow."

The listener smiled secretly, with unaccountable joy.

Meanwhile the door had been broken down. A dozen shots were fired. A crowd of men invaded the mansion. The girl, clinging to the gentleman in trepidation.

"Make haste! This way," he said.

There was a suit of armor on a panel. He pressed one of the hundred ornaments on the front of the door. The panel turned round so as to disclose the countess's boudoir of Montfort House. As soon as they entered there, the marquis closed the second panel.

"The count had distinctly the uproar of the Federals seeking the fugitives."

"Hiss away, viper! You have lost your prey!"

"But suddenly a powerful voice thundered on the other side of them in the ebony bedroom:

"Shut that door; we have enough here already."

"My father!" exclaimed the girl, joyfully.

"Korogon!" added the marquis, with equal glee. "So the Versailles troops have arrived already."

A grey but hale peasant, in rustic attire, but with a scarlet band on his left arm and in a military cap, appeared on the boudoir threshold, leaning on his hand.

"You see, father, I have kept my word," cried the girl, ranging herself by the new comers and drawing a revolver.

"Betrayed?" exclaimed Medrane. "What a Breton, who believes in the salute on the side of these atheists and disrespects of property and family!"

"My lord," rejoined the old peasant, by force of habit, "you are a Breton, but you forget the saints when you brand my son with your humble curacy; and where was your respect for property when you stole away the affection of Lady Montfort?"

"And where was yours for family when you murdered the poor lady here?" cried Assie Korogon, furiously. "Brothers, this is the murderer of the Countess of Montfort. He came in by this secret way and slew her because she rejected him. Stay him. My wife will do it!"

"Fire!" cried Korogon. "Fire on a hater of the people!"

A dozen bullets shattered his breast. But the volley was directed by the lunatic at the street. The regulars had taken the chapel, and were clearing the streets.

Half an hour afterwards Count Montfort, colonel of the second battalion, Gardes Mobiles, entered the house, where he understood three had been fighting, but he noticed little damage. In the ebony chamber lay a huddled-up figure.

"A man shot?" cried a soldier, unconcernedly.

Gontran stooped over the body. A paper was pinned, as only a woman's papers, to his tattered breast: "Marquis Hector de Montfort, for firing on the people, and for the murder of the Countess of Montfort."

Witness: ASSIE KOROGON.

"Assie! My wife's fond sister. Marquis Hector de Montfort's poor wife. This is the hand of retribution!"

The panel had flown open at the explosion of the gun. The secret of the ebony chamber was laid bare.

AN EMOTIONAL FAMILY.

There is a great difference in families in some respects. For example, in some families the current of opinion runs smoothly on like a canal. In others the stream of existence is full of cataraacts, snags and sand-bars—so to speak. There are the Tibbatts. There is not a weak but that events really momentous take place in the family; events which are not only intensely absorbing to themselves, but whose interest ramifies throughout the entire length and breadth of their acquaintances. Last week, for instance, Susie Tibbatts had her ears pierced. On Thursday her brother John Henry, who was to give her a pair of diamond earrings provided she could make up her mind to have them, had been doubtful, felt her pulse and remarked seriously:

"You must brace up, Susie; to-morrow the day. Mother, feel her pulse and tell me what you think of it."

Mrs. Tibbatts laid hold of Susie's wrist, and taking on a listening and meditative air for some seconds, said with a sigh:

"I'd be careful of my die, my child. Maybe you'd better take a little of my tonic throughout the day."

"I don't know, mamma; I feel quite all right. I'm becoming familiarized with the Tibbatts shock her head doubtfully and slightly smiled at the ignorant confidence of a young girl.

Her sister-in-law, Annie, James's wife, who had come to her brother's country to be present at the operation, Mrs. Tibbatts not feeling herself equal to it, added encouragingly:

"Oh, I don't think you're over. I have given you my own tonic. You're frightened. But don't forget, Annie, you're promised to hold my hand."

"No, indeed, dear. And don't you think I'm a little better than you? She will be so much stronger to-morrow for a good long sleep."

The whole family immediately fell into a state of reckless gaiety, which more often anything else revealed the nature of their feelings.

When the carriage came to the door John Henry brought out the foot warmer, James put on Susie's articles. Annie buttoned up her silk skin sacque and Mrs. Tibbatts brought her turkocook as an overwrap.

"See that there are plenty of robes, James, and Annie, you had best take my vinaigrette," said the anxious mother. "John Henry I wouldn't excite her more than I could help."

"Do you think, mamma, it would be better to leave her to her own thoughts in the carriage, or to try and beguile her?"

"I really can't decide, John Henry. Watch her face carefully and be governed by the indications?"

"I'm ready now," said Susie in a faint voice beneath her wraps.

"How shall I bear the suspense," cried Mrs. Tibbatts as the carriage rolled away.

By lunch time that lady was in an agonizing frame of mind at the delay. She was away with dramatic fervor. Thomas's offer of a cup of tea. She walked once more to the window and there saw John Henry half carrying into the house the bundle of furs in which Susie was swathed.

"My child! my child! Here, John Henry, place her here." She swung around an easy-chair.

"Fainted, mamma. Only think! I faint! Didn't I faint, Annie?"

"Fainted!"

"Yes, indeed, mamma, she really fainted, and I was alone with her."

"Except the clerk, Annie."

"Yes, Susie, except the clerk, mamma."

"Alone! Oh, John Henry, my son, where were you?"

"I'd gone around the corner to see a man. She seemed so calm and composed, mamma, and I was really afraid I'd be her sufferer!"

"Oh, my cruel neglect! I should have sent a physician with her. Tell me all about it. I must know all. I ought I could trust you, John Henry."

Mrs. Tibbatts drew her handkerchief across her eyes.

"But Annie did remarkably well."

"Annie! what a fearful ordeal! Tell me about it. This lifeless child! Annie must have done it!"

"Let me tell, Annie—that is, until I fainted—and then you can tell it."

"They were very kind, mamma. I set down the chair and Annie took my hand. I felt a little nervous, but I had determined to be brave."

"Dear child!"

"I only said, 'Don't let me see the instrument! That was all, wasn't it, Annie?'"

"Yes, love; I think that was all."

"And the clerk—a such nice clerk, mamma—he laid his head against his breast and took up my ear and placed the needle behind it. What was it?"

"He jabbed right through! Now Annie, then she fainted. I saw the color come back into her cheeks."

"Cork, dear."

"And then," said Susie solemnly—"What dear! Oh, don't tell me!"

Mrs. Tibbatts shuddered with horror.

"My cheeks didn't get white at all, Annie. Did they, Annie?"

"No; just her lips. And then she said, 'I don't want to see the instrument. Oh, how frightful!'"

"We laid her gently—the clerk and I—on a sofa, for I had learned what to do before we went. I feared as much. She said, 'I don't want to see the instrument. Oh, how frightful!'"

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"Fainted, mamma. Only think! I faint! Didn't I faint, Annie?"

"Fainted!"

"Yes, indeed, mamma, she really fainted, and I was alone with her."

"Except the clerk, Annie."

"Yes, Susie, except the clerk, mamma."

"Alone! Oh, John Henry, my son, where were you?"

"I'd gone around the corner to see a man. She seemed so calm and composed, mamma, and I was really afraid I'd be her sufferer!"

"Oh, my cruel neglect! I should have sent a physician with her. Tell me all about it. I must know all. I ought I could trust you, John Henry."

Mrs. Tibbatts drew her handkerchief across her eyes.

"But Annie did remarkably well."

"Annie! what a fearful ordeal! Tell me about it. This lifeless child! Annie must have done it!"

"Let me tell, Annie—that is, until I fainted—and then you can tell it."

"They were very kind, mamma. I set down the chair and Annie took my hand. I felt a little nervous, but I had determined to be brave."

"Dear child!"

"I only said, 'Don't let me see the instrument! That was all, wasn't it, Annie?'"

"Yes, love; I think that was all."

"And the clerk—a such nice clerk, mamma—he laid his head against his breast and took up my ear and placed the needle behind it. What was it?"

"He jabbed right through! Now Annie, then she fainted. I saw the color come back into her cheeks."

"Cork, dear."

"And then," said Susie solemnly—"What dear! Oh, don't tell me!"

Mrs. Tibbatts shuddered with horror.

"My cheeks didn't get white at all, Annie. Did they, Annie?"

"No; just her lips. And then she said, 'I don't want to see the instrument. Oh, how frightful!'"

"We laid her gently—the clerk and I—on a sofa, for I had learned what to do before we went. I feared as much. She said, 'I don't want to see the instrument. Oh, how frightful!'"

There is a great difference in families in some respects. For example, in some families the current of opinion runs smoothly on like a canal. In others the stream of existence is full of cataraacts, snags and sand-bars—so to speak. There are the Tibbatts. There is not a weak but that events really momentous take place in the family; events which are not only intensely absorbing to themselves, but whose interest ramifies throughout the entire length and breadth of their acquaintances. Last week, for instance, Susie Tibbatts had her ears pierced. On Thursday her brother John Henry, who was to give her a pair of diamond earrings provided she could make up her mind to have them, had been doubtful, felt her pulse and remarked seriously:

"You must brace up, Susie; to-morrow the day. Mother, feel her pulse and tell me what you think of it."

Mrs. Tibbatts laid hold of Susie's wrist, and taking on a listening and meditative air for some seconds, said with a sigh:

"I'd be careful of my die, my child. Maybe you'd better take a little of my tonic throughout the day."

"I don't know, mamma; I feel quite all right. I'm becoming familiarized with the Tibbatts shock her head doubtfully and slightly smiled at the ignorant confidence of a young girl.

Her sister-in-law, Annie, James's wife, who had come to her brother's country to be present at the operation, Mrs. Tibbatts not feeling herself equal to it, added encouragingly:

"Oh, I don't think you're over. I have given you my own tonic. You're frightened. But don't forget, Annie, you're promised to hold my hand."

"No, indeed, dear. And don't you think I'm a little better than you? She will be so much stronger to-morrow for a good long sleep."

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MICHIGAN.

M. H. Clark, formerly of the Grand Rapids Democrat, has started a new Democratic paper at the city of Jackson...

Census statistics: Grand Rapids, official, 32,037, against 25,223 in 1874...

The population of Bay City is nearly 21,000, making it the third city in the State...

At Greenville Sunday morning J. P. Cook shot his wife and then killed himself...

Charles Younker, a harness maker, in the employ of C. J. Friers, at Port Austin...

A case of drowning took place at Sage's dock, West Bay City, Tuesday afternoon...

On Sunday July 4th, John Jackson, a widower 35 years old, drove in company with a young man named Grimm...

Geo. Kerwin, an employe on the Saginaw, while walking along the rail Monday at Manistee fell overboard...

Andrea Wider, a Polisher, while piling lumber Monday fell off the dock at Manistee and was killed...

The population of Orosco is 2,502. The island of Mackinac has 99,445 inhabitants...

The county of Kalamazoo has 34,445 inhabitants according to the present census...

Superintendent Garrigue reports the number of barrels of salt inspected in the Saginaw Valley for the month of June...

At its recent annual commencement Durbin college conferred the degree of LL. D. upon James F. Joy of Detroit...

Proposals for constructing buildings for the reform school for girls at Adrian were as follows...

Friday afternoon, during a heavy thunder-storm, the steeple of the Union church at Capac was struck by lightning...

The population of Ingham county is 31,837, of Kent county, 23,189, and of Mecosta county, 13,865.

At Detroit a vicinity was visited by the severest rain storm of the season on Friday evening. Among serious accidents attending it was the capsizing of a sail boat...

The Hillsides were the four-armed race in the Philadelphia fair. One day a woman with a wound on the right temple was found in the St. Clair river near Fort Lambert...

Miscellaneous. The bodies of two victims of the Sasawatahka disaster were picked up Saturday in East river...

The soldiers' monument at Palmyra, Ohio, was dedicated Saturday with imposing ceremonies...

Supervisor of census Wright, having completed taking the census of Chicago, gives 545 as the total population of the city.

A small fire broke out in St. Louis Tuesday, and as it threatened a brickman's village near the city...

The Rev. Barnes Sears, D. D., LL. D., of Boston, has returned to New York...

A horrid accident occurred near Dunkirk, Wis., Tuesday afternoon. The boat, village near the city...

The funeral of George Hiley took place Wednesday morning at the church of the Messiah, in New York...

The Secretary of the Treasury has ordered an investigation of the disaster to the ship, Linnæus, at Chicago...

Friday morning while Philip Schum, a leading merchant of Lancaster, Pa., and his wife were crossing the Pennsylvania railroad near Salunga...

An official statement completed at the postoffice department shows that the issues of postage stamps during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1879...

How SKEWERS ARE MADE.—The process of making a skewer is very interesting. It is done in the following manner...

PATENT PANTS.—As showing the importance of some of the minor patents, King reported in another column...

A LARGE BLAST.—The third big blast in the limestone quarry at Glendon, Pa. will soon be set off...

TALL GRASS.—In a series of papers on the northern part of the Continent, contributed to the Australian paper...

A BOY'S AMBITION.—While a quiet family were seated around the hearthstone, the various professions which are open for a man of ability came up...

FOREIGN. The latest intelligence from Buenos Ayres is that the peace has been concluded...

A dispatch has been received from the Argentine minister of finance, dated Buenos Ayres, July 5, announcing that the rebellion has concluded with submission to the national authority...

By order of the minister of war, Raon Pasha, governor of Adriaople, has commenced the military operations...

Uncle Billy Travers is a noted walking stick maker. He lives in a street corner with his hands in his pockets...

A Waterbury officer, the other day called at a house, and asked if the family had any dogs to be registered...

The English gooseberries will not thrive in America, being destroyed by the mildew, a parasitical fungus...

There is a small black beetle which injures blackberries and sometimes raspberries. It is known as Saperda tripunctata...

In six weeks 250,000 acres of land were entered in Grand Forks land office in Dakota. Fargo's wool business in 1879 amounted to over 600,000 bushels...

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MARK TWAIN GOES FISHING.

We were traveling on ground we had no right on. The only excuse was like that of a military necessity—it was for the better fishing through the farms...

It was early in the morning. We had risen at three, ridden ten miles and struck the creek as the trout were ready for breakfast...

So it was. We fished close to it was then. Not a whisper to disturb the birds or the owners of the land...

This was the time to have gone; but the trout were so large and big so readily that we decided to string and hold what we had and take another basketful...

Then the dog was not to be thought of. There was no time to lose. He cleared the fence and came running to the water...

Then spoke this ugly farmer man: "Just hold that trout, stranger, till we get breakfast; then we will come out and see you! If you are in a hurry, however, you can go now! Watch him, Tom!"

Then we hurried to the water. The dog was not to be thought of. There was no time to lose. He cleared the fence and came running to the water...

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

Cooking Rice.

Of course every one, like myself, has been repeatedly told that to cook rice properly it should never be stirred while cooking...

We often wondered what indeed Dr. Bell had invented his celebrated Baby Syrup, but we understood now that he was a married man.

CATARRH SOMETIMES commences with a cold, but its cure always commences with the use of Scott's Emulsion...

AN ONLY DAUGHTER. CHILDREN OF CONSUMPTION, when their mothers are afflicted with Catarrh of the Bladder...

ALL WHO SUFFER WITH Hemorrhoids, Liver and Bowel Complaints, weak and debilitated constitutions...

EGGS FOR HATCHING from Pure Blood. Mr. F. D. BROWN, 100 Middlefield, Mich.

EMPLOYMENT—LOCAL OR TRAVELING. THE BALTIMORE AGENCIES FOR THE SALE OF REAL ESTATE...

TRUSSES. The only Trusses made in America. The only Trusses that will cure the disease...

Wigs. The only Wigs made in America. The only Wigs that will last for years...

FLIES. The only Flies made in America. The only Flies that will last for years...

HOWE'S. The only Howe's made in America. The only Howe's that will last for years...

ELGIN WATCHES. The only Elgin Watches made in America. The only Elgin Watches that will last for years...

LELAND HAS REMOVED. From the Restaurant at 212 Jefferson Ave. to THE REVERE HOUSE...

NONPAREIL FARM & FEED MILLS. For Sale by the City of Detroit. 100 Middlefield, Mich.

CONSIGNMENTS OF BOOTS AND SHOES. At Wholesale for Cash, Sold at Retail for Cash...

Let Up—Take a Rest! If you want to start on a very cheap and enjoyable tour in Europe...

RODILL & BAYN. WOOL COMMISSION MERCHANTS. 102 Federal Street, BOSTON, MASS.

THE VICTOR. The only Victor made in America. The only Victor that will last for years...

PENSIONS. New Laws. Thousands entitled to Pensions. The only Pensions that will last for years...

GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS. The only Great Western Gun Works made in America. The only Great Western Gun Works that will last for years...

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD. The only Pictorial History of the World made in America. The only Pictorial History of the World that will last for years...

50,000 FARMS! A Northern Pacific R. R. Minnesota & Dakota. The only Northern Pacific R. R. made in America. The only Northern Pacific R. R. that will last for years...

SCOVILL'S BLOOD PURIFIER.

A perfect remedy for Scrophulous, White Swellings, Cancer, Erysipelas, Gout, Chronic Sores, Syphilis, Tumors, Carbuncles, Salt Rheum, Malaria, Bilious Complaints, and all diseases indicating an impure condition of the Blood...

THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER. This remedy is a Vegetable Compound, and can not harm the most delicate infant...

TO REGULATE THE LIVER. USE ONLY SELLERS' LIVER PILLS. The only Sellers' Liver Pills made in America. The only Sellers' Liver Pills that will last for years...

MOTT'S LIVER PILLS. The only Mott's Liver Pills made in America. The only Mott's Liver Pills that will last for years...

DR. DOUGLASS' VEGETABLE WORM EXPELLER. The only Vegetable Worm Expeller made in America. The only Vegetable Worm Expeller that will last for years...

BAKER'S PAIN PANACEA. The only Baker's Pain Panacea made in America. The only Baker's Pain Panacea that will last for years...

DR. BENTON'S BALM. The only Benton's Balm made in America. The only Benton's Balm that will last for years...

WILLIAM BIRD. The only William Bird made in America. The only William Bird that will last for years...

BIRDSALL ENGINE. The only Birdsall Engine made in America. The only Birdsall Engine that will last for years...

FOR CHILLS AND FEVER. The only For Chills and Fever made in America. The only For Chills and Fever that will last for years...

REEDS' TONIC. The only Reeds' Tonic made in America. The only Reeds' Tonic that will last for years...

THE ONLY REMEDY FOR THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, AND THE KIDNEYS. The only Remedy for the Liver, the Bowels, and the Kidneys made in America. The only Remedy for the Liver, the Bowels, and the Kidneys that will last for years...

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