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report to Fouché on the way the dispatch-bearing officer employed his evening, and intending surely to include that he ran in the stone gallery.

Fontenay had enough of this fruitless agitation and felt the need of resting and dining. The hour of appointment with George was past, and he certainly would not come, while Vergencey, entangled in fierce play, would have forgotten that he had invited his brother-officer to test Very's cuisine.

All alone the creole entered that fashionable restaurant and had a choice repast served up to recruit him a little after the privations supported in Spain. He even treated himself to a bottle of that famous 1790 Clos Vougeot vaunted by Vergencey, and judged that it merited its reputation. Choice wine temporarily calms great sorrows and inclines to sleep. At table the amorous young man forgot the unpleasant events of the day a little and only thought of repose when he had finished.

The Rue Saint Nicaise was not far, and he took the way thither on leaving the Palais by the Rue Montpensier instead of following the crowded gallery to its end. The throng irritated him, and he sought for solitude. He was suited to his wish, for he met hardly a soul up to the mouth of the narrow street where he dwelt.

There a hand-cart, shoved along by a man, in an overshirt like a working-man's, obliged him to brush the wall to let him pass, but he paid no attention and he was only three or four houses from his own where the street-lamp's light showed a couple of well-dressed men coming toward him from the end of the street. He stepped aside to leave them the side away from the central gutter.

They were speaking together and did not see him, while he saw them very clearly. Both wore round hats and long-skirted coats. He seemed to recognize the smaller one's figure, and looking more steadily, knew him without doubt.

It was the Emperor.

Fontenay knew that Napoleon sometimes walked about the city in the dusk accompanied by the Prince de Neufchatel or Duc de the Palace Grand Marshal. Fouché had told him so, and he was not unduly astonished to see him in this street so near the Tuileries. He thought only of remaining unnoticed, the place was so ill-fitted for his requesting the much desired audience.

The Emperor would certainly have badly received him and perhaps struck him off the list of staff-officers to punish his non-respect for his incognito.

Therefore, Fontenay hid himself as best he could in the recess of a door-way and Napoleon passed by without remarking him.

The young captain was keeping his eyes upon him when he saw once more the man in the smock who was blocking up the way with his cart across it. The idea instantly struck him that the man had evil designs. The cart was loaded with carrots, parsnips and cabbages, and it was not the hour when peddlers of vegetables vend their stock in the thoroughfares.

Fontenay could not longer doubt that the man awaited the Emperor to assassinate him when he saw a dagger blade gleam in his hands by a hanging lamp's rays.

In a few seconds, Napoleon, who walked without looking before him, would be within reach of the villain.

Fontenay took a leap which placed him before the Emperor. Surprised by this intervening form the man recoiled, raising his weapon to strike.

The West Indian flew at him like a jaguar, without taking time to draw his sword and received in his breast the blow that would have pierced Napoleon if the captain had not literally shielded him with his body. But the man, violently struck, had stopped, staggering, and before he recovered his balance, he was assailed from behind.

This assailant was the police-spy who had not ceased to follow Fontenay and who ran to the help of the latter without any too well understanding what was passing. He was ill rewarded for this act of courage. The man buried his knife in his throat and slew him outright, but the poor martyr's death was of some use. The man believed others were coming up to the rescue, to avoid being arrested, he fled full speed, leaving his handcart, and disappeared around the first turning.

All this had happened without much noise and in less time than it takes to describe it. In falling, Fontenay had not even groaned, and Fouché's myrmidon had been silenced before he could summon other agents to his aid, who were not far, as they followed the Emperor from his leaving the Tuileries, by the minister's order. They kept so respectful a distance that the danger was over before they showed themselves.

Napoleon had remained as calm as under fire on days of battle.

"Beyond a doubt," he said, without the faintest emotion, "it is written that I am not to be assassinated in the Rue Saint Nicaise. Twice they have tried it, but I live still!"

"Sire, let me suggest a return to the palace," hurriedly said the companion, no other than Berthier, Prince de Neufchatel. "The villain who sought to stab you was doubtless not alone and his accomplices perhaps lie in wait at the end of the streets—"

"They would have been on us already—but, see! they would find some one to

deal with them! Fouché had me followed."

Four or five policemen in disguise came running up at full speed, called by a whistle of their sergeant.

"Sire, Fouché was not wrong, for—"

"These fellows would not have saved me as they arrived too late. I was saved by the officer who has fallen," there—in front of us—for he is an officer—I caught a glimpse of his uniform under his cloak. Make certain of it. I hope he is not dead."

Berthier rushed forward, bent over the body stretched across the street, and returned to tell the Emperor:

"Sire, it is the dark-faced captain who, in Spain, formed part of your staff. He joined on the morning of the Somo Sierra assault—and at Chamartin I sent him out on a reconnaissance toward the Escorial. I recognize him well enough, but I have forgotten his name."

"Fontenay—an American, recommended to me by the Empress, and I attached him to the Army of Aragon, when I left Spain. How does he come to be in Paris?"

"It seems to me that Marshal Lannes wrote to your majesty that he charged him to conduct General Palafox into France."

"Right! I remember! and the marshal has authorized him to come to Paris to be at my disposal. He is only wounded, I trust?"

"I believe that is all, sire, but I greatly fear it is very severely."

"Have Yvan, my first surgeon brought at once, and let him try to save the brave youth! It was my star which led him here this night. Give these fellows of Fouché's the order not to leave him until Yvan's arrival—and let us get back. This is sad news to tell the Empress."

The policemen had taken good care not to approach Napoleon, and they had even pretended not to recognize him. This was the order given by the Duke d'Ortano; he had forbidden their obeying the Prince de Neufchatel, and they did so with intelligence. Two guarded poor Fontenay, who gave no token of life; two others went to identify their unfortunate comrade, killed on the spot, while the fifth ran for reinforcements at the nearest military guard-house or police station.

The Emperor reversed his course to re-enter the palace with Berthier.

Fouché's men, convinced they were only guarding two dead bodies, exchanged their reflections upon the event in an undertone.

"You see the master will not feel contented," observed an old sleuth-hound, in the force since the Directory. "He wants the Emperor shielded without his perceiving it. How puzzling that is!"

"It would not matter if we had grabbed the beggar who settled our poor Cabasso—a solid fellow, and one of the old hands! but if he is still running at that pace, he is far enough not to be caught."

"I do not know so much about that! the old boy nipped in good time the workers of the infernal machine, with no clew but one of the shoes of the horse that drew it. We have the cart this time and that's enough to leave a track!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

He Didn't Cry.

No sorrow for misdirected action is keener than that which we feel when we have abused an innocent or helpless person. The Arkansas Traveller gives an incident in which a provoked and hasty man whipped a little boy whose misfortune made him unable to hear or to answer him. If the man was a man, his feelings on discovering the truth can be imagined.

"I have told you boys a dozen times to keep away from this door," said a merchant, "and the next boy I catch hanging around here will get a warning that he'll remember!"

The boys went away, frightened at the threat of the angry man. After a while, a little fellow, wearing a ragged jacket, came along and stood on the forbidden ground.

"Move away from there," exclaimed the merchant.

The boy remained standing, looking up and down the street.

"He means to steal something," said the merchant. "I'll fix him!" and taking up a piece of barrel hoop, he rushed out, seized the boy, and began to strike him.

"Oh, you are a stubborn little brute!" he said, when the boy struggled, but made no outcry. "There, now, if you come back you'll get twice as much!"

The little fellow crossed over to the opposite side of the street, and stood rubbing his eyes. He looked so little and ragged, so hungry, that the merchant's heart smote him for his cruelty.

"I'm looking for a little boy," said a woman, stopping in front of the merchant's door. "His father was killed day before yesterday by a railway train, and since then he won't stay in the house. Sometimes he enters the yard, as though forgetful of his loss, but suddenly remembering it, he bursts into tears and runs away."

"His mother has been dead for years, and his father was the only human being he cared for. It is almost impossible to make him understand what death is. Yonder he stands," pointing; "the poor little fellow is deaf and dumb."

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Statement January 1st, 1890—

Cash Capital, - - - - -	\$2,000,000 00
Reserve for Unadjusted Losses, - - - - -	254,523 43
Reserve for Re-insurance, - - - - -	1,749,245 41
NET SURPLUS, - - - - -	1,201,235 39

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References—New York College of Dental Surgery, and University of Pennsylvania.

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NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT!

Robert Gallant, of Buctouche, in the
County of Kent, hotel-keeper and trader,
has assigned all his estate and effects to me
in trust for the benefit of his creditors.
The trust deed lies at the office of H. H.
James, barrister, Buctouche, for inspection
and must be executed within sixty days
from the date hereof by all parties wishing
to participate in the said trust deed.

Dated this 8th day of April, A. D. 1892.

WM. H. IRVING, TRUSTEE
H. H. JAMES, SOLICITOR.

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Arrive Moncton	10:25 a.m.
Leave Moncton	3:30 p.m.
Arrive Buctouche	6:00 a.m.

Trains run by Standard Time.