

at the Theater Francais, the highest temple of the drama in her native land. She felt no trepidation at the approach of this event. She was armed at all points by the instruction she had received. She was protected by consummate art. Every step, every attitude, every gesticulation, and every facial expression were prearranged and strictly rehearsed.

Louis knew that she was to appear that night, and after securing a ticket, before taking his seat in front, he resolved to watch the stage entrance of the theatre to get one glimpse of the well-beloved face. Possibly he might catch her eye, and be gratified by a word of kindly recognition. He waited long and patiently at the rear entrance of the theatre, where he found a score of others, men and women, also desirous to obtain a view of the new debutant as she should alight from her carriage.

She came at last, attended by the viscount, who handed her from the carriage, and slipping her arm within his own, he was walking under the arcade, when there was observed a slight but earnest movement among those surrounding the door. From the midst of them a woman came with uplifted arm and a hand which contained a bright, sharp blade!

She aimed a blow with her dagger at the neck of Adrienne; but Louis had seen her approach, and also the threatening movement. He could not get near enough and in season to seize her arm so as to thus stop that fatal blow, but without a moment's hesitation he threw himself between the infatuated woman and her intended victim, and received the blow within his own breast.

"Saved! saved!" was all he could utter, as Adrienne disappeared within the theatre, and he fell bleeding to the ground.

The police seized the woman instantly and others conveyed Louis to the hospital nearest at hand.

The viscount saw the whole affair, but Adrienne, whose back was turned upon the scene, observed nothing, especially as she was hurried forward by her companion, that she might not know what had happened, and become disconcerted just at the critical moment of her debut.

It may be wondered who could possibly desire to take the life of the young actress, who, never having proved herself a rival upon the boards, could not have incurred the jealousy or hatred of any one attached to the dramatic profession. But it was no mystery to the viscount, who recognized the culprit at the critical moment when Louis received the blow in place of Adrienne.

The would-be assassin was the viscount's mistress. She had sought for months an opportunity to revenge the neglect she had so long experienced upon the person of the new favorite, and but for the self-sacrifice of that loving heart which had laid down its own life to save hers, Adrienne would have died that night. The blade was keen and the arm strong.

While Louis lay bleeding in the hospital, there glided on to the stage of the theatre Francais that lithe, slender form, pale and almost unearthly, yet with a look so inspired, so commanding, so irresistible, that every one of the vast audience felt instantly, and hastened to acknowledge it, that there was a new sovereign upon the tragic throne. And this was Rachael—from that hour forth the foremost queen of tragedy forever.

"What's this bump, doctor?" enquired a chap who had dropped in at a country phrenologist's. "What's this bump here on the right side?" "This! ah!" replied the professor, as he discovered a bump about the size of a hen's egg over the right ear—"this, I should say, indicated a fondness for the transcendental, a love for the sublime, a regard for—" "Hold up, doctor," said the visitor, "hold up. Don't diagnosticate any further. I raised that bump on your sidewalk not five minutes ago."

—[New York Commercial.

#### TRICKS ON AN AMATEUR BAR-TENDER.

Startling Effects of Good Whiskey--One Customer that Didn't Cough.

[From the Nevada Enterprise.]

The Hon. Hugh Carlin Lyon of county was in Virginia City last week. He is naturally good-natured and unsuspecting, but don't presume too far, or he will be sure to drop on your little game. Some time ago Hugh was in Eureka. Not having anything to do when he first arrived in the town, he wore away a good deal of time at a saloon kept by an old acquaintance, whom he happened to find there.

One morning this friend had some business out of town, and got Hugh to take charge of the bar during his absence. Hugh laid aside his hat and took up his position.

Some person who was in the saloon when Hugh thus took command went out among the boss jokers of the town. In pursuance of a plan agreed upon the first customer said, as he marched up to the bar: "Got any real first-rate whiskey?"

"Have I got any good whiskey? Haven't I! You don't find anything else passed over this bar. Never was a finer package of whiskey lugged into Eureka than what is on tap back in the store room!"

The man poured out a big horn, took a light swallow of it and began coughing. He coughed so hard that he was obliged to set down his glass. He then clapped both hands upon his stomach, and coughed himself all about the room—coughed his hat off, and coughed till he was almost black in the face—coughed till the tears streamed down his cheeks—till he seemed not to have breath left to cough more, or to utter a syllable, when he took his handkerchief from his eyes, shook his fist at the astonished deputy bar-keeper, and rushed out of the saloon without a word, leaving his glass of liquor standing on the counter.

Hugh was frightened and bewildered. He took the whiskey bottle, held it up to the light, and carefully examined it, fearing he had made some mistake. Finally, to make sure, he tasted it, and found it to be whiskey, and pretty fair whiskey too.

He had but little more than recovered his usual serenity of mind, when a gentleman came in and said: "Have you got any brandy—real, genuine brandy—no manufactured stuff?"

"What do you take us for?" "There's not a drop of doctored liquor of any kind about this establishment. No such brandy as this was ever before brought to Eureka. It cost \$22 a gallon in San Francisco. It's like oil!"

The customer poured out a liberal allowance, but had no sooner attempted to swallow it than he began coughing, and spat out what he had taken into his mouth. He held both hands to his cheeks and whirled round on one heel like a dancing Dervise, then ran for the water pitcher, and finally began coughing as though he would cough up his lungs.

"Ough, o-ough—hooh! hough!" coughed he. "Call that brandy?" and doubled up like a half-open jackknife, he coughed himself out of the saloon.

Again was Hugh astounded, and again he critically inspected the liquor he had dealt out. He was finally convinced that it was all right, but that the fault was in the people—something wrong with them.

About the time that he had arrived at this conclusion a man came in, and, spreading himself out before the bar to good advantage, said: "Have you got a good article of gin—real good, pure gin?"

"Of course we have—never keep anything else. What do you take us for?" and Hugh reached down the gin bottle from a shelf behind him with his left hand, while with his right he brought up from under the bar a cocked revolver, which he pointed at the head of his customer as he placed the bottle before him, saying, "Now, you cough, d—n you!"

That customer didn't cough.

#### FREDERICTON.

#### SOLILOQUY OF A NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT.

HE BEMOANS HIS SAD FATE,  
AND WANTS A NEW COAT.

A Coat of Tar and Feathers  
would fit too closely for  
comfort.

Well, well, the Club still lives in spite of all my efforts. I feel disappointed, for I thought that I could write it down in a few weeks at most. I begin to feel somewhat shaky about my pay, for I did say to the runsellers I could use it up in a few weeks; although that was no part of the bargain. I was to be paid for writing. But now that some have gone out of the business, and others are soon to follow, while the rest swear they are getting poor since the blue ribbon came in vogue, I fear I will not get my pay. If they refuse, I will turn my pen on them, it will serve them right.

Who could have thought it possible that the organization would live through such a constant fire of literary artillery as I have poured into them. One would have thought it would have silenced any battery; but no, they keep spouting away as furiously as ever.

One ought to be well paid for such lies as I have written for the last five weeks. It will take some money to put a fellow through a purging, when that time arrives. There is something about this matter of the hereafter that I can't exactly understand. The Pope dies; and during his life it was declared by the Church he was infallible; now, he has left us, we are all called upon to pray for his soul. If this is necessary, it will take a pile of money to put me through. I don't know about that. I am of the opinion there is some mistake about these things; if not, I must stop writing lies—that is certain. One of those heretics told me yesterday I would repent of my articles in the *Freeman*. Had he been as well read as I am, or as he should be, he would know there is no such word as "repentance" in our Bible; it is only penance, and that simply means taking a small jab from the priest to work off our sins. In a few hours I could get clear of a pile of sins.

But, apart from this, have I not used those fellows up in good shape? One thing is clear to the public now, I am the smartest writer of the day; and all must have noticed, from my quotations and literary flights, that I possess a great mind. What a fund of money Anglin has got out of it; the *Freeman* sells like hot cakes. I should judge he made as much money out of my efforts as he got out of that post-office printing, especially when he deducts the cost of his last election.

Anglin's talent is nothing to mine, as a writer. I far excel him. He has published some good editorials in his paper, but they were all written either by the Bishop or the priests.

The truth is, I shall look for an offer from Anglin soon to become associate editor with him. I shall need something soon, for the Trustees will not require my services longer than this term, so I understand—not but what I am the best teacher among the whole staff, but from some cause they employed one too many,—and hence don't require my services.

Then, as to the law—it is difficult to find an office for anything like a clever man to study in. So soon as talent is discovered in a student, he is

told very politely that he is not wanted. It is easily understood: they get jealous. This makes it hard for talent to get along. I suppose I will have to find another office, or go out into the country to teach. Now I have done so much for the *Freeman*, have given it such immense circulation, it would be mean in Anglin not to make me a proposal.

If ever I am editor of that paper, I will silence, at once and forever, such papers as are edited by Lugrin, McLeod and Fisher; they would not live six months. However, I must not calculate too strongly, for I thought the Reform Club, and all those who took a prominent part in it, would have been wiped out before this; besides, I have been threatened by some with a ride on a pole. It would be undignified to travel in that style. To go by rail is usual; but by a pole would be rather unseemly for a person of my pretensions. To tell the truth, my greatest fears have been that some day I will be presented with a new coat. I need one bad enough, but I would rather select the material myself; if others select it I fear it would fit too snugly, stick too closely, and then, feathers are not now fashionable. I have been a little shy for fear some of my friends might wish to make me a donation, and of course I could not refuse such a dress if offered. It will be wise for me to keep a little retired for a time. I am resolved to do so.

#### A WILD FAMILY OF THE WOODS.

[From the Jasper County Newsboy.]

There is a family consisting of a man, his wife, and several children, now living in the lower part of this county of Texas, who stay in the woods without any shelter other than that afforded by the forest trees, and subsist upon acorns, nuts, herbs, rats, birds, fish, frogs, and such other food as they can procure by fishing, foraging, and trapping. These people, it is said, came from southeast Texas, though their true origin is unknown. They are of a wild, uncivilized nature, and when carried to the homes of good people and treated kindly, wear an air of discontent, and, after eating in a most gluttonous manner, steal slyly away to the woods.

Grease the Griddle, Birdie Darling—  
Grease it o'er with lambent Lard,  
Pour the Buckwheat Batter on it  
From the Bowl to Brown and Hard.  
And in order that the Buckwheats  
Be not Scorched and Burned and Sere,  
Grease the Griddle in Profusion—  
Grease the Griddle, Birdie, Dear.

Words and music for thirty cents,  
apply to St. Louis Times.

#### MIND READING.

We are requested to announce that Mr. John W. Adam of Toronto, Ontario, (agent to the Phrenological establishment of S. R. Wells, Broadway, New York) is now in this City, and intends to stop here during the summer. He proposes to open classes teaching the various branches of Human Science.

Mr. Adam, after many years of profound research and study in the science of Spiritual and Mental Philosophy, has made some entirely new discoveries in human science.

He brings many years of professional experience to every examination he makes. He scans your every organic condition, and reports results fully and plainly, and conscientiously does his *very best* to improve every applicant. He also directs specifically just what physical functions and mental faculties you require especially to cultivate and restrain; also what profession, sphere or pursuit you are adapted for in life. Also what traits of character you have inherited from either parent. In brief, he reveals your entire mental and physical condition. All this he is enabled to ascertain by a casual glance. Not only this, but is also able to a mathematical certainty to trace out the causes producing deficiency or inability, physical or mental.

Mr. Adam is now engaged writing a work. Among other subjects, it embraces the nature, character and doctrine of the sphere, circle, triangle, line, cross, &c.

The phenomenon of spiritual and mental philosophy, as determined from the motions of the planetary and solar systems, the centrifugal forces of nature, the instincts of plants and animals, external signs, geography, climate, chemical color, &c.

It includes metaphysics, clairvoyance, mesmerism, fascination, and kindred subjects. Letters appointing an interview, may be addressed to the care of this office.