

THEIR TRIBUTE.

The world had scorned him: to the wall Had turned his canvas; bent not to the call Of genius speaking clear...

FRUIT TRADE OF CALIFORNIA.

Some Very Interesting Figures—Nuts and Sun-Dried Fruit—Items.

The annual review of the trade in dried fruit and honey of California for 1885 contains many very interesting figures. It appears that the total dried fruit product of the state last year required 110,000,000 pounds of green fruit...

This indicates the rapid advance of what is destined to be a very important industry, and which will keep in the country hundreds of thousands of dollars which now annually go to Spain and other Mediterranean countries.

In 1885 our output was 1,400,000 pounds of French and 150,000 pounds of German prunes, or about the same as 1884. In the line of evaporated fruits less is being done than in sun-dried.

The Proposed Algerian Inland Sea. M. Naudin expresses the opinion concerning the proposed Algerian inland sea, that to fill with salt water the shallow basins of that region would be equivalent to reproducing in Algeria all the evil features of a series of marshes...

An Exhibition of the Races. A project has been started in Berlin to establish an anthropological exhibition, which will do with regard to the races of man what zoological gardens do with regard to animals.

Discovery of a Silver Mine. Once a shepherd, caught out upon the hills by night, built a fire under the lee of a pile of stones that he had tossed together.

Pagan Gods as Evil Demons. The belief that the pagan gods were really existent as evil demons is one which has come down from the very earliest ages of Christianity.

The Live Weight of the World. A mathematician who had a little spare time recently weighed the earth, and found it tipped the scales at exactly 5,855,000,000,000.

The Pueblo, Cal., nail works will use kegs made of compressed paper.

CATISSON COUSSAC.

Ten years ago I left the chassours, and entered the guard at Limoges, where the adjutant one morning informed us we had an important undertaking on hand. An honest, poor man, a master mason, had been assassinated at his own home, Faubourg Montmailler, no one knowing who had committed the crime.

One day when I was at the guard-house a beautiful girl, with black eyes like mulberries, and red lips like strawberries, came toward me, saying: "Have they any news of the assassin? I am the daughter of Leonard Coussac."

"Well, miss, I would risk an arm or a limb to catch the rogue for you." And I spoke the truth; yet it was not perhaps professional duty that made me say it, but those velvet black eyes.

It was one evening in September. Poor, honest Coussac had at his house in Faubourg Montmailler some money which had been entrusted to him by his patron, M. Gabourdy, the contractor, about 10,000 francs, with which he was to settle two bills—one with a plasterer, the other with a lumber merchant.

One day I remember it as though it were yesterday—the 22d of May, a Monday, there was a show at the Place Royale, and Catisson and Mother Coussac were there, distributing the hand-bills and saying: "Enter, ladies and gentlemen."

Everywhere Catisson, with Mother Coussac, traveled over the country, yet it was always toward Vienna that they turned with the most confidence—women often divine things.

Then some laughed, others were almost afraid, but all extended their hands for the touch of Catisson. I was there, and was almost jealous of those people who pressed her soft hand, when suddenly, like a thunder-clap, I saw the electric girl, as pale as death, extending her hand to one who seized it as a dog does a piece of meat.

Of course the closet where Coussac had placed the money was broken open and the bills were stolen. Such a night!

The Faubourg Montmailler will long remember it. They drossed the neighbors and searched the garden, where they found foot-prints, which they measured. They searched everywhere. In the meantime Coussac died, and the old woman was beside herself.

As you can imagine, we made every effort to find the dog who had sent that worthy to Lonyat (the cemetery at Limoges.) Yes, we did all we could, but there was no clew. We had the hand as Catisson had described it to me, but knew of no one possessing such a hand.

One day a butcher-boy from la rue Aigepere came to tell us that he remembered once having a quarrel with a great fellow who, in drawing his Noutron knife, had displayed a very peculiar hand with four even fingers.

"If you can not find him, I will." She had still her grandmother, a true woman, living, who since the assassination had been silent as a stone, yet fierce as a dog ready for attack, and the poor old woman kept repeating: "Will they not, then, conduct to the Monte-A-Regret the villain who killed my son?"

Catisson left her position as seamstress, and applied to the prefect of police for permission to take a place at the fair. This astonished every one, especially when we saw at the fair-grounds at St. Loup or St. Martial or Limoges a great bill posted, with a portrait of Catisson in rose-colored robes, and beneath, in large letters, "The Electric Girl."

Well, the "electric girl" brought spectators. An orchestra was not necessary, or other attractions. They saw her and exclaimed, "What a beautiful girl!" then entered.

One day I entered the fair. She was there upon a little platform, with Mother Coussac, who, as a fortune-teller, watched every one closely. Catisson encouraged me, and, while I stood before her thinking how becoming her costume, she smiled, and said in a droll tone: "Oh, it is you! I do not need to see your hand!"

Then I knew what the brave girl wished; why she went about the country in such disguise. She had ever in mind that frightful hand, and extended her own white little hand, soft as satin, but nervous to every one who came, hoping it might meet that other hand stained with blood.

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Yes, yes, she held him, and, pale as death, said to the gross fellow, suddenly turned as white as herself.

move his arm; he wished to repulse her, and said:

"Are you a fool? Will you unhand me?" As he turned his head, I saw his light eyes, fierce and eager, seeking means of escape.

"Miserable villain!" cried Catisson, forcing him into a chair. It was you who dealt the blow. It was you! And she held that giant, stunned by the suddenness of the affair; but he quickly recovered himself; he disengaged his hand from Catisson, and I saw it, frightful, with the even fingers; he struck her, then turn like a wild animal to the place of egress.

Everybody sought to escape; the crowd were afraid. The man leaped, pushing the people before him, when I planted myself in front of him. He had an ugly look, seeing my kept and white breeches. He perceived in them the evidence of my position. He had his face toward me. I raised my arm and seized him by the blouse.

"In the name of the law, I arrest you." The villain's only reply was a blow, which would, I believe, have sent me ten feet, if I had not had the presence of Catisson to increase my strength. I ridiculed the blow. I held the man; I dragged him; I would not let him go.

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