

MISTAKES.

The shades of the twilight are falling; The darkness is coming apace...

LITTLE DETECTIVE.

BY FRANCIS T. RICHARDSON.

CHAPTER I.

Hardly had the Paris world, or more particularly the world in the neighborhood of Montreux, ceased talking of the frightful murder that had been committed in that quarter on July 28, when another, more frightful if possible, took place in the Quartier Montmartre.

de Joly, begging him to come and pass the remainder of his life with him. This the elder brother had at last decided to do. He had sold his furniture, let his apartment to a friend who was to take possession of it on September 17, on the evening of which day it was the intention of M. de Joly to sail from Havre to New York, as he had an old friend in the latter city whom he was anxious to meet before establishing in New Orleans.

He had a considerable sum of money in the house, though less than might have been expected, for late in the day, acting upon the advice of a friend, he had bought letters of credit for large amounts on New Orleans.

In a vacant lot, on which an old house had lately been demolished, he set his tent, gay with flags and streamers, in the rear of which he had the gaudily painted wagons in which he carried his property from place to place.

This reflection to be, to engage in the search for that name of his existence, the active and voracious flea, he hopped slowly over to the toilet table, and Zizi peered into it and behind it, vainly trying to touch the little animal that so constantly eluded his grasp.

He laughed a little as he found that the little devil, as he called him, had eaten his supper; but his amusement changed to anger when he found the broken mirror and pieces of paper, he apparently satirized with the same scrutiny, which Zizi had taken them; and with dexterity and spryness almost equal to the monkey's, he mended the broken mirror.

It must be confessed that the guests did not strictly observe the rules of etiquette, but displayed intense delight at the prospect of a feast, mingled with anxiety, and directly afterward killed and buried each other; and then came the long-expected moment when M. Valet announced the monkeys.