

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, February 19, 1857.

## Selected Poetry.

FIRST LOVE.

BY LORD BYRON.

—'Tis sweet to hear  
At midnight, o'er the blue and moonlit deep  
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier.  
By distance mellowed, o'er the water's sweep;  
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;  
'Tis sweet to listen, as the night winds creep  
From leaf to leaf: 'tis sweet to view on high  
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.  
'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark  
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;  
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.  
'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,  
Or lulled with falling waters: sweet the hum  
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,  
The lisp of children and their earliest words.  
But sweeter far than this, than these, than all,  
Is first and passionate love; it stands alone,  
Like Adam's recollection of his fall!

## Selected Tale.

### MADAME PERRIN;

OR, THE LADY THAT LOST IN PARIS.

CHAPTER I.

Not long since, there lived in the Rue Richelieu, behind one of those lofty gateways which separate the highly decorated shops of this thoroughfare, one Monsieur Perrin.

Monsieur Perrin occupied one of those sumptuous entresols in which the footstep is never heard; where Severus china, vast mirrors, clocks and bronzes stand dangerously near the visitor's elbow, and where or-molu vies in magnificence with burl and marquetry. Immeasurably behind the door that opened upon the general staircase of the vast hotel of which this entresol formed part was a small room, devoted to Monsieur Perrin's business. Here were no ornaments whatever; a small bronze oil-lamp, capped with a dingy green shade, being the only article upon the mantelpiece.—Three or four cane chairs were against the bare walls; one corner of the room was partitioned off by a high wooden screen, behind the rails of which green curtains were drawn to veil the mysteries which young Monsieur Adolphe Beauvoir conducted on behalf of his employer.

Adolphe was the son of a wealthy Norman family. His father—once a millionaire of France—had been a good friend to Monsieur Perrin at critical seasons; and in fact, had on more than one occasion saved him from bankruptcy. But, at last, troubles came to Monsieur Beauvoir himself; and he was ruined in the railway mania. He fled to Algeria, where he died, the proprietor of a small cafe in Constantine. Adolphe, when his father fled, was left to the care of Monsieur Perrin; who after having given him a slight education, turned him to account in his office.

At first Adolphe was little better than an errand boy, and spent more than half of every day running to and from the Bourse. All his early associations were with the Bourse, therefore, and with Bourse men. He had passed his youth in the midst of the gamblers who fed upon the industry of the poor; upon the honest investments of the small capitalists. He had seen dozens of companies formed under splendid auspices; advertised upon whole pages of the morning journals, sent up to extraordinary premiums, to fall to annihilating discount. He had seen men whom he had met one day in dingy attire, tricked out on the morrow by Hussars, and dangling one of Verdi's moustaches. He had, on the other hand, watched young men of fortune slide from the eminence of a Staliope drawn by a pair of blood-bays to the cab of 22 sous the course. He had brushed past pale-faced men looking desperate; and on the morrow he heard that they lay in the Morgue. He had watched wretched women weeping in the by-streets; and had seen others dart furtively from the folds of their agent-du-change with a roll of notes clutched in their greedy fingers. To him, the Bourse was the world. He grew up to know it alone as the arena where a man might win his way to wealth. Like the people with whom he was in daily contact, he even despised the men whom he saw doing work for low wages. Why starve at a counter when a lucky cast might any day make a bold pauper a millionaire? He had heard that his father had a broken-hearted man, serving out demi-tasses to lazy Arabs; but, all his father's old friends had told him that Monsieur Beauvoir had his head in the excitement of the railway mania, and speculated absurdly. One old man—whom Monsieur Perrin sent him very often to write letters, or bills, or mysterious messages—had favored him with painful details on his father's short-comings as a financier. These communications were, however, offered with so many excuses, that Adolphe grew to like the old story-teller, and to anticipate a gossip with him on Bourse affairs with pleasure.

Poor young fellow! On all sides he was gathering experience; on all sides he sought science. He had resolved at last, one morning—when there was a great rise in the Rentee, and he had met three or four fellows who had traded from ten to twenty thousand francs each—to give notice to Monsieur Perrin that he should leave him within a month. He would show act on his own account; for he saw how much wheel worked within the other in that complicated machine, the Bourse. Besides making fifteen thousand francs a month, he would be, moreover, his own master.

Fall of this resolution, he bent his way to the office of the old man who had told him so much about his father's affairs, just to ask his advice, before giving Monsieur Perrin notice. The old man was from home, and four or five

gentlemen were sitting in his bureau, writing in solemn silence. When Adolphe asked the clerk when he expected his employer back, a sneering laugh appeared upon the face of one of the gentlemen who were waiting. Adolphe thought that the sneerer was an unhappy speculator, who, having come to ask for time, did not believe that the old gentleman was out, and was waiting doggedly to waylay him.—So he went away, saying he would call to-morrow.

Dreaming of his plans, Adolphe wandered off in the afternoon to the Bois de Boulogne. At that time there was no Avenue l'Impératrice; and there was no green turf for grateful feet in summer time. Pedestrians wandered without plan along the straggling walks, under the dense foliage, or through tangled underwood. Adolphe sauntered into the loneliest part of the wood, wondering what his old counselor would say to him, and how he should invest the two thousand francs he had contrived to save in Monsieur Perrin's hard service. He was aroused by a horse galloping past him at full speed, bearing a lady who was pale as death, and who wildly gesticulated to him that there was some horror behind. He hurried forward till he saw a group of men and women surrounding something lying upon the ground under a dark tree. Peeping over the shoulders of one of the group, he saw the features—how ghastly in death!—of his old counselor. A long black kerchief, drawn by the heavy weight it had sustained into a tight thin rope, lay upon the grass at hand, and told the close of the old man's story.

It was Adolphe's first view of death; he was inexpressibly shocked; he was, for a time, tongue-tied. The bystanders, seeing the pallid horror in his face, shook him and questioned him. Did he know the deceased? Presently he was able to tell them. Some gens d'armes came up, a cart was soon at hand, and the speculator's body was carried home. Adolphe, too, got to Monsieur Perrin's house, and was the bearer of the sad news to his placid employer, who merely remarked—

"I thought those Lyons at forty-six were a bad speculation."

Julie Perrin alone wept when she heard of his death. Madame Perrin blanched somewhat, but she was a woman who prided herself upon her philosophy. She shut herself up in the evening, however, and told Adolphe that he would do well to take a walk—he must be strong-minded and meet the accidents of life with calmness. As for Julie, she was a little bird that the first frost would kill. Adolphe obeyed. Julie buried her red eyelids in her pillow, and Monsieur Perrin went to his cafe to learn how the old man stood, and who would be the principal sufferers by the affair.—Adolphe took counsel of himself as he passed the Boulevards. He would remain with his employer, and he went to bed with this resolution.

He was at his duties early on the morrow; for, of late, he had somewhat neglected his master's books. His dreams of sudden wealth had disturbed him; but now that these had vanished, he had resolved to make up for lost time. It was not more than seven o'clock when he took his seat at his desk; the quarter after this hour had not struck, when a gentle tap against the screen behind which he worked, roused him from a very perplexing sum. He called out pettishly—

"Come in."

Julie Perrin wished Adolphe good morning very timidly; then, seating herself not far from him, conjured up courage with a great and evident effort to speak boldly to him.—Adolphe was astonished and dumb. The blood stood in two patches upon her young cheeks, as she spoke rapidly to him in a low whisper.

"You were about to leave us. I know it; to lead the life of your father—of my father—of the poor gentleman who destroyed himself yesterday. It is very bold of a girl like me to advise a man like you; but let me pray of you—let me implore you—to be content here; and if you can, after a year or two, to give yourself a nobler ambition than that of becoming a successful gambler on the Bourse. I have a father who hardly remembers my existence, and a mother who despises me when I pity the sorrows of poor work people, or envy simple country folk. I believe that you, Adolphe, have a nature too noble to succeed on the Bourse. Remain where you are to plan some honest course of life. I have got up early to speak to you, and to make you promise. I have not slept all night for thinking of the poor old gentleman who killed himself yesterday. Promise me."

Adolphe promised heartily; and when the girl retreated hastily from him, full of shame at her own boldness, the figures over which he had been poring only got into a denser tangle as he worked at them. First he counted his balance; then he went over the items; but no, it was no use; he must put it off until another time. Julie's enigmatical arithmetic.

Monsieur Perrin was a trifle sterner than usual as he presently passed through the office on his journey to the Petite Bourse, before the Opera Arcade. He bade Adolphe get his books in order as soon as possible. Monsieur Perrin had hardly touched the corners of the Boulevards, when his wife also darted through the office, and turned down the street in the direction of the Bibliotheque Imperiale. Still Adolphe could not work. He had been in the habit of seeing Julie daily for years past; and her presence had never disturbed his calculations. But to-day that serious little face, with tears beading the eyelids of the tender eyes, thrust itself before every rule of three he ventured to adjust. So he went out to execute his morning commissions, after having listened to his little counselor practising—he thought less briskly than usual—her favorite pieces of music. As he descended the stairs he met Madame Perrin entering the house, and wiping her heated face, as she gave money to a cab-driver. Madame is fond of speed, thought Adolphe, as he noticed small spots of foam upon the flanks of the cab-horse.

Love, in modern times, has been the tailor's centry. Every suitor of the nineteenth century spends more than his spare cash on

personal adornments. A faultless fit, a glistening hat, tight gloves, and tighter boots, proclaim the eminent peril of his position.—Adolphe was hardly in love; he was hardly upon the uttermost circle of the whirlpool.—Yet, had he closely examined the current of his thoughts, he would have found that they were almost imperceptibly falling into the circles. The proof was that it suddenly occurred to him that his hat was shabby and that his gloves were soiled; but he was tempted, in the Rue Vienne, to buy a very showy dressing-gown; that he ordered home some patent leather boots; and, if further proof were wanting, that he bought a fresh stick of sire de mustache. Then he turned towards the Rue Richelieu with a lighter step than usual.

He found Monsieur Perrin at home, and in the bureau. Glancing sternly at the young man's light gloves, he asked him coldly for the keys of the desk. Adolphe, accustomed to the serious moods of his patron, gave him the keys carelessly enough, as he excused himself for his inability to work at his books that day. Monsieur Perrin silently opened the desk, drew out the books, and began to examine them.—Adolphe thought the cool speculator wanted to see exactly the state in which he stood with the suicide of yesterday. The master threw off his hat as he went deeper into the figures; and then turned to Adolphe, telling him to go out into the Rue Tronchet, and there wait till Monsieur Birch—his client—came in. He was to be sure and see him, and tell him that if he chose to sell his dock shares he might realize ten francs at his last quotation. Adolphe departed on his errand, having been told to close the door gently behind him, as Madame was ill.

He had no sooner departed than Monsieur Perrin hastily shut the little gate to the partition, behind which the desk was placed, and went again nervously to the examination. Julie entered the room timidly, to tell her father that her mother seemed to be very ill; but Monsieur Perrin only bade her to leave him. He was engaged. As the afflicted girl closed the door, she started to hear a volley of terrible oaths uttered in a shrieked whisper from behind the partition. What could be the matter? "Scoundrel! thief!" muttered Monsieur Perrin, as he chinked the gold and ruffled the banker paper in the desk. At last he closed the desk with a slam; locked it; buttoned the keys securely in his pocket, as if he feared they might be filched from him, and strode through the saloon to Madame's bedroom. Julie watched him, and trembled. She heard him talk in low, rapid sentences to her mother. In a few moments the door was reopened, and Monsieur Perrin appeared with his coat buttoned up to his chin. It is curious, but no Frenchman takes a strong resolution without buttoning his coat to its highest button-hole.

"Go to your mother," said the broker to his child, waving his hand impatiently, as he walked rapidly through the saloon.

Julie went to her mother's bedroom. To her astonishment she heard that they were both going into the country that night. Julie saw that her mother's eyes were red. Had she been crying? No; years had passed away since Madame Perrin had shed a tear. Julie would have been delighted to feel one dripping from her upon her own cheek.

"Don't stand staring at me child," said the invalid. "Tell Madeline that we go to-night to Tours."

Julie went, sad and confused enough, on her errand. She had to pass through the bureau to reach the kitchen. As she was about to leave it there was a knock. She turned aside, and opened the door. It was Adolphe. He raised his hat to his pretty counselor of the morning. She was looking very doleful. Poor girl, she had felt more than ordinary interest in him for many months. She had regarded him as the only bit of honest nature in the house; and now the thought of being buried in her mother's country home, near Tours, was no pleasant prospect. Adolphe at once questioned her, and in reply, bade a plain description of all that had passed since he left. He heard, too, the news of Julie's departure with vivid regret. A key put in the lock of the door disturbed them. Julie flew on her errand, and Adolphe seated himself at the desk, as Monsieur Perrin entered, telling somebody behind him to wait one minute without. On seeing Adolphe, however, he stepped a pace or two back, and beckoned to his companion. A sergeant-de-ville entered the bureau. Monsieur Perrin pointed out Adolphe, and, saying to the police officer "Do your duty," walked hastily into the saloon, shutting the door firmly behind him.

We pass over the indignation of Adolphe. Julie, who returned into the kitchen while Adolphe was expostulating with the officer, was caught by the arm by her father, who heard her voice and her sobbing. The young man was soon on his way over the Pont Neuf to the Prefecture, pale and speechless with anger. He learned, when he had threaded three or four of the large and gloomy passages of the sombre Conciergerie, that Monsieur Perrin had charged him with robbery. His books were in an unsatisfactory state, money—a large sum—was missing; and that which deepened suspicion against him was that while he alone had access to the desk where his master's money was kept, he had only within the last few days had an idea of leaving his employment. Then he had bought a number of things for personal adornment. Adolphe vehemently asserted his innocence, while the prison officer simply told him, in a coolly polite voice, that he should soon have a fair opportunity of proving it.

Adolphe in due time was tried. It was proved that he alone could have possessed himself of the missing money. Monsieur Perrin's counsel dwelt upon the temptations to youth in a great and fascinating city like Paris. He enlarged upon the confidence that had been placed—alas! with the most lamentable results—in the prisoner; upon his sudden love for dress; and above all, upon his evident idea of going on the Bourse with money filched from his employer. In reply, Adolphe's counsel denied the charge, asserting that the money spent by

his client was a part of his savings, and wound up by telling the jury that the prisoner, whom he had the honor to defend, had transacted business for Monsieur Perrin to the extent of millions, without ever having touched a single centime. The procureur spoke against Adolphe, and the jury convicted him. The poor fellow turned deadly pale as the judge sentenced him to a long term of imprisonment, bidding him lead an honest life on his return to the world.

CHAPTER II.

Julie accompanied her mother to the country house near Tours on the day of Adolphe's arrest. Her mother had shut herself up in her room on her arrival, and handed Julie over to the care of a maiden aunt, who endeavored in vain to solve the problem of the child's melancholy. Every day's journal had been eagerly read; and when Adolphe was convicted, a burst of grief declared to Monsieur Perrin's sister the state of Julie's mind. She loved the thief! Mademoiselle Rollin was one of those ladies to whom love was a monster of hideous mien, and in whose eyes Caliban very fairly represented all men. No prayers would have prevented her from revealing a tender secret to even the harshest of mothers. She rather gloried in the office of informer; and, on the present occasion it was with a step wonderfully elastic, considering Mademoiselle's age and figure, that she went to her sister's bed-room.

Madame Perrin heard all Mademoiselle Rollin had to say with calmness; but then calmness, with Madame, was passion. That lady expressed the most fiendish anger by the most delightful smiles. Her emotions appeared to have been so long at war with her face that there was no relation between them. The most sagacious reader of the human eye could not have read in those of Madame Perrin a true word. She puzzled her sister utterly; and when she heard of her daughter's grief at Adolphe's conviction, she simply answered that "It did not matter, since the young man had been convicted, and marriage or correspondence with him was impossible."

Julie was left to her melancholy thoughts, while Adolphe went through his daily rounds of humiliations in the midst of rogues and vagabonds. At first he was stunned; but there he was, a branded felon—he, who had never harmed a human creature! Then he broke out in imploring prayers to the jailors, who looked knowing, if they did not laugh. For, nearly all the prisoners begin with declarations of innocence; to which the prison authorities listen generally with the most unbelieving of ears. At last, worn out by his strong emotions, the poor fellow became resigned and calmed; and did his work without muttering a word. He swallowed all the bitterness with which he had regarded at first Monsieur Perrin's ruthless nature. He thought no longer of the stern faces that rose up against him in the court, and proved that he was a thief to the satisfaction of a jury, and with the concurrence of the judge—but of Julie, of that last look she gave him, as her father dragged her from the bureau—he could not fail to think that he saw the story of her love. But now what avail could the glorious knowledge be to him?

Monsieur Perrin talked of Adolphe's conviction as a salutary lesson, which, at the cost of his own tender heart, he had presented to the young men of Paris. It was highly necessary that confidential clerks should have such an example before them. It went horribly against his nature to prosecute—but both he and Madame Perrin felt their moral responsibility; and that, to let the thief escape, would have been to imperil a neighbor. Therefore, Monsieur Perrin could boast that he had always been an indigent employer, whose heart bled when he gave his clerk into custody, and was lacerated when he brought him to trial. All this was said over and over again in various cafes near the Bourse, as the share broker took his absintie with a client.

After three or four months spent in the country, Madame Perrin and Julie returned to town. Julie almost burst into tears when, on entering the old familiar bureau, she saw nobody at Adolphe's desk; while his office coat still hung in the corner as of old. Her father kissed her on her forehead and her mother on both cheeks, as they entered the saloon, and then begged them to leave him, as he had business with the tall young man who was seated on the sofa.

Julie's heart was ice; everything was hard and cold; the very air seemed to want, even on that July night, a genial warmth. It was odd to see that the flowers in the window kept their bloom, even for four and twenty hours.

Madame Perrin went out immediately to pay her various visits, leaving Julie at home to fret. Poor girl! the world looked sad enough to her as she went into the bureau, and indiged in the thoughts it brought to her mind.—But, how infinitely was this sadness deepened, when, on the following day, her father and mother told her that the tall young gentleman she had seen on the day of her arrival was destined to be her husband! He was rich; his family good; and all the preliminaries had been arranged. In Paris the custom for parents is to choose husbands for their daughters; it is the custom for daughters to accept suitors, without knowing them or caring for them. Julie had read of refractory children in various romances, but in real life she had seen only obedience. She loved Adolphe even in his convict clothes, and in her soul believed him innocent. Her mother, to whom she confided this belief one day, told her angrily never to express such a belief again, if she valued her life. Adolphe had been fairly tried and fairly convicted; and she begged that his name might never more be mentioned in her presence.

Therefore, how could Julie, in the presence of parents to whom money and family were the guiding stars of life; whose eyes were as cold as winter moonlight when they fell upon her whose words were rigid and meant to be commands; how could she, timid as a bird, venture to go in the face of custom and say she would not marry the husband of their

choice; that she despised money purchased at the cost of every social virtue; that she loved a convict? She bowed her head and wept; and her hand was placed in that of a strange young man, who bowed low and kissed it formally. She was thus betrothed, and went away to her room in mortal horror of the time when the cold lips that pressed her hand would claim the right to chill her cheek.

The marriage once determined on, the preliminaries were pressed forward with great vigor. Julie was in agony; the sight of her future husband disgusted her. She was told that she was too young to know her own mind; that she could learn to love him; that many of her school companions, who had married the husbands of their parents' choice, had lived to acknowledge the parental sagacity. She passed nearly all her time in her room; her father, since Adolphe's conviction, had kept the keys of his bureau himself, and also attended to his own books. He was certain, now, that he could not be swindled. But he told his wife, one evening, in Julie's presence, as he pored over his accounts, that he had been so long accustomed to a clerk that he had almost forgotten how to cast up the simplest sum.—There was a wide margin between the sum he ought to have in hand, according to his books, and the sum he actually possessed.

"Try again," replied Madame Perrin, calmly, as she laid out her embroidery over her knee, to notice the effect of the pattern. "Try again, monsieur, it must be your mistake."

Monsieur Perrin sat up very late that night, poring over figures, and twisting and recasting them, in the hope of obtaining a satisfactory result. Yet there was one or two thousand francs unaccounted for. The keys of the desk had never left his pocket; therefore, this time, he could not have been robbed. However, the sum was not large, and the marriage preparation demanded considerable time, so the rich broker could afford to forget the discrepancy for the moment, promising himself to go into it again at some future time. Madame Perrin, too, begged that Monsieur would not suffer so trivial a matter to interfere with the more important affairs he had in hand. It was small and mean. How could he expect to arrange all his vast affairs in a day or two? Monsieur Perrin saw the force of his wife's observations, and busied himself simply with his balance in hand, which he took remarkable care to keep under lock and key, the key being perpetually in his own pocket. He would not trust it to any person on the face of the earth again, since Adolphe had deceived him. "The young rascal, too, had such an innocent look of his own," remarked Monsieur Perrin, as he twirled the key around his forefinger.

In three days Julie was to be married; in three days the tall young gentleman was to be happy. Madame Perrin was very busy indeed, and very serious. But that was natural in a mother who was about to lose her only child. She was continually out, thinking of trifles for her daughter; and then, when she came in, she invariably went to her own room. Monsieur Perrin was also very busy. In three days all this bustle would be over, and Monsieur and Madame Perrin would be alone.—Madame could not sleep; at least, three nights before the marriage, even at one o'clock in the morning—when, standing in the vast courtyard of the hotel, there was not a light to be seen in the long rows of windows that towered to a sixth story—through the dense red curtains of Madame Perrin's boudoir the close observer might have perceived the faint glow from her lamp. She was still sitting up. The eye that would have peered through the red curtains would have perceived the lady with three or four open letters before her, devouring their contents one after another; then rising, apparently to listen at the door; then walking to and fro uneasily.

The monotony of all this, carried on as it was during two or three hours—till, indeed, the eastern sky was paling before the coming sun, would have driven any outside observer away. Let us, however, watch emotions that leave the lines deep in the calm, wan face.—It wore even a ghastly palor when protruded between the curtains in the blue morning light Madame Perrin seeing the dawn, appeared to gather energy, and set about the object she had evidently held in view throughout her vigil with firmness. From a drawer she took a key, stealthily and quietly. Then holding it to her bosom, as a treasure she feared to lose, she crept to the door, gently opened it, with the candle in one hand, and glided across the saloon towards the bureau.

In a minute she was before the open desk, and rolls of gold and notes lay before her.—There was not a drop of blood in her face, and as her nimble fingers flew about the treasure they looked like the fleshless hands of a skeleton. At every turn she glanced furtively around. Presently she began to count the money; and to select some of it. Unhappy woman! she knew not that two eyes were glaring upon her—were fixed with ferocity upon her hands. Still she knew not that as she moved from the desk and passed to the saloon door in the cold gloom, icy hands would be laid upon her arm, and she would be asked to render up an account of her theft. Foolish woman! how cleverly she re-arranged the money she left in the desk, as she had arranged it before—so that everything looked as orderly as when she had first lifted the lid. Still, in the full confidence of old gold successfully concealed, she remained to fold up the abstracted notes, and to enclose them in a letter which she took from her pocket.

And then! Why then the eyes that had glared upon her all along met hers; the hands that had been clenched in an agony of suppressed rage fell upon her shoulder; and her husband bared out his charge at her more like a mad dog than a man. She fell to the ground and moaned, while Monsieur Perrin, recovering his self-possession as the words flew through his lips, poured out all his wrath. It was she who had stolen his money; who had dared to see Adolphe sent to prison; who had calmly slept while the young man worked in felons' clothes; who had talked trite morals over his fall; who had seen his agony unmoved and had borne witness against him. As this con-

dition of horrors grew to its close, Julie crept to her fainting mother's side, and supported her. When Monsieur Perrin could only pace the room hurriedly, to find new epithets to cast at the fallen woman, Julie, her eyes brimming with tears, forgot even Adolphe in her attention to a mother from whose lips she had rarely heard a tender word.

The letter in which Madame Perrin had enclosed the money, explained all. She had been gambling on the Bourse. She had won at times, and had hoarded up her winnings. She grew miserably as the fascination of the game fastened itself upon her, and she learned to care for neither husband nor child. But in an evil hour she lost all her winnings and was in debt. Her agent, with whom she had stolen interviews, threatened to apply to her husband for payment, unless his account was at once settled. She dared not raise money on her little property near Tours, lest the marriage should come to the knowledge of her husband; there remained but one resource—to rob him.

As the grey dawn grew into a brilliant morning Monsieur Perrin grew less and less passionate. He spoke at longer intervals and in a calmer voice than when he began his chapter of reproaches. He paced the room less hurriedly. Still, now and then, as a new light broke in upon him and showed him another view of his family disgrace, he would burst out once more, and pour out a fresh volley of imprecations. Madame Perrin never spoke a single word. She left her hand clasped in that of Julie; while poor Julie, pale as death, timidly followed the movements of her father, without daring to interpose a syllable. At last Monsieur Perrin halted before the sofa, and assuming great authority, said to Madame: "Leave this by the first train for Tours; and there, Madame, have the goodness to draw up a full and accurate history of this affair.—I shall need it to effect the liberation of the young man you have ruined, together with your husband and your child. Julie may go with you."

It was strange to see the haughty Madame Perrin in the meekly obedient woman who now crawled across the saloon and went to her room. Julie followed, having kissed her father's forehead.

In due time Adolphe was liberated. Monsieur Perrin calmly went through the forms necessary to establish his wife's guilt and Adolphe's innocence. He sought an interview with the prisoner; but Adolphe declined to see him. He remembered too well the stern face that had risen up against him in the court of justice.

The young prisoner was liberated at length, and the day that saw him outside the prison walls also saw him on his way to Havre. It is supposed that he went to America; but, to this hour he has never since been heard of.—All he left behind him was a letter for Julie, which that sad girl keeps warm in her bosom as she follows her mother from room to room in the far off retirement which Monsieur Perrin has consigned them, and which, poor man, he shares with them.

We have here one of the many little tragedies that are played out from day to day on the Place de la Bourse, to the terror of the bystanders, and to the profit of newspaper reporters.

MILD GUNPOWDER.—The Boston Post tells a pleasant anecdote of Mr. G., who, a good many years ago, was a retail merchant in a populous town in Vermont. He was famous as "the very pink of politeness," and was indeed an expert salesman. If he had not got the article that might happen to be called for, he was sure to name something that was sufficiently like it to answer the purpose. Thus when a customer enquired for "winter-strained oil," the merchant told him he hadn't got that kind exactly—but he had some that was "strained very late in the fall!" Disparage one article as you might, he was sure to find something to praise in it—if his tea was not strong, it was well-flavored, &c., &c. On one occasion a customer having called for a sample of gunpowder, rubbed it in his hand to ascertain the proportion of charcoal, and then observed that it lacked strength. "I know," answered the imperturbable tradesman—falling into his old tea formula—"I know the powder is not so strong as some, but you'll find it very mild and agreeable."

YOUNG AMERICA.—Anxious parent, who has just finished whipping a child three years old: "Now, my child, I hope you will be good, so that I shall not have to whip you again." Child.—"If you must whip any one, you'd better whip one of your size."

If you would increase the size and prominence of your eyes—just keep an account of the money spent foolishly, and add it up at the end of the year.

An exchange paper says that the girls in some parts of Pennsylvania are so hard up for husbands, that they sometimes take up with printers and lawyers.

There is one advantage in being a block-head—you are never attacked with low spirits or apoplexy. The moment a man can "worry," he ceases to be a fool.

An English Bishop has undertaken to show that the founder of the Chinese Empire was no other than the patriarch Noah!

Man takes a woman with her dowry, in the same way that he accepts the hamper that brings him a handsome present of game.

"Nothing," says an Indiana editor, "has contributed more to retard investigation in true Agricultural Science, than the ridiculous names which learned fools have given to plants."

The speaker who "took the floor," has been arrested for stealing lumber.