& WILLIAMS.

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SHEET IRONWARE,
R WILLOW-WARE
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AND SPOUTING
in the best style.

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GOODS of every description,
WINTER WEAR.
MISSES' DRESS SHOES.
BOYS' BOOTS AND SHOES,
MEN'S HALF HOSE
MISSES' WOOL HOSE.
D UNBLEACHED MUSLIN,
AMS AND HEAVY DRILLINGS.
Sewed, Heeled Bootees at $1.50@1.75
..... 1.37@1.50
..... 2.75@3.50
very low.
ROCERIES.
Sugar, Rio Coffee, Syrups, Teas, &c.
usually kept in a Dry Goods Store,
spect. J. A. SPRANKLE.

DYE COLORS.
October 13th, 1863.

Dark Green.
Light Green.
Magenta.
Mulse.
Maroon.
Orange
Pink.
Purple.
Royal Purple.
Salmon.
Scarlet.
Slate.
Saferina.
Violet.
Yellow.

ben and Shawl Goods, Shawls, Scarfs,
Gloves, Bonnets, Hats, Feathers,
Children's Clothing, and all
ld Wearing Apparel.
OF 50 PER CENT.
a color as many goods as would oth-
that sum. Yarns and shades can be
me dye. The process is simple and
be with perfect success. Directions
nd German, in side of each package.
tion in 10 days, and giving a perfect
ure direct adapted to the over oth-
ible recipes) purchase Howe & Ste-
g and Coloring. Sent by mail on
ipt. Manufactured by
HOWE & STEVENS,
250 BROADWAY, BOSTON.
and dealers generally.

OVES,
HEET-IRON WARE.
RSIGNED WOULD RE-

A large supply will always be
OON WARE, in great variety,
& SPOUTING
a copper-smithing room to his
upon hand an assortment of cop-
promptly attended to.
STEPHEN WINTERS.
d Sheet Iron Ware.
TING, &C.
LD RESPECT-
citizens of Altoona
constantly on hand a
Shop, Parlor, Office and
e and size, to suit the
will sell at low prices, on reason-
a large stock of Tin and Sheet-
all articles for culinary purposes—
the right of sale in Blair county
AUSAGE STUFFER,
only to be seen to be appreci-
by every farmer, butcher or those
to paid to putting up SPOUTING
Spouting painted and put up
me. [apr#l 14, 1864-1y
SOCIATION,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Seminal, Urinary and Sexual
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N—sent by mail in sealed letter
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[Jan. 20 '64-1y.
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and for sale low by
FRITCHEY.
T GOOD COFFEE,
chocolate, Syrups and Sugars,
FRITCHEY'S.
CKERS! A fresh sup-
crackers just received and for
FRITCHEY'S
REAM CHEESE AT
FRITCHEY'S.
CARPETING AND
and a LAUGHMAN'S

The Altoona Tribune.

McCRUM & DERN, [INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.] EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 9. ALTOONA, PA., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1864. NO. 35.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

E. B. McCRUM, - - - H. C. DERN.
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Six lines or less	$ 1 50	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
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Choice Poetry.

THE WORLD TO COME.

If all our hopes and all our fears,
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound;
If travelers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better land beyond,
Oh! what could check the rising sigh?
What earthly thing could pleasure give?
Oh! who would venture, then, to die—
Or who would venture then—to live?

Were life a dark and desert moor,
Where mists and clouds eternal spread
Their gloomy veil behind, before,
And tempests thunder over head;
Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,
And not a flower smiles beneath,
Who would exist in such a tomb—
Who dwell in darkness and in death?

And such were life without the ray
Of our divine religion given?
'Tis this that makes our darkness day,
'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven;
Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom,
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from the world to come.

Select Miscellany.

THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE CAMELLIA.

I was going one morning from Southampton to London. I had the carriage to myself as far as Kingston; here a little man got in who at once attracted my attention by the peculiarity of his dress, appearance, and manner. He was in evening dress, everything about him, from the silk-faced dress-coat to the patent leather boots, being bran new—a fact of which he was far from being unconscious. Each of his garments, in its turn, attracted his notice and approving smile.

The only thing about him that violated evening etiquette was his necktie, a blue one, negligently arranged *a la* Byron, under a rolling collar.

From this I argued that he was a poet, for turn-down collars were by no means so common then as now; the fashion prescribing terrific gills, which, in short-necked men, endangered the safety of their whiskers and ears. My surmise was confirmed by his long hair, its natural tendency to curl being combated by the copious exhibition of grease, and probably by assiduous brushing.

His face, however, was somewhat against my theory: instead of being thin and pale, with eyes "in fine frenzy rolling," it was round, dumpling-like, and rosy; his little eyes deeply set in tunnels of fat, which, as he chuckled from time to time, were half closed by his rising cheeks, and presented to view a mere slit: his nose short, turned up, and garnished at the tip with six or seven curly hairs; his mouth expansive, and his teeth very good: fortunately, as he showed them all, not even concealing the wisdom teeth, which were not quite come down.

He was well made, what there was of him; he was not much above five feet high, rather disposed to *embonpoint*.

In his button-hole he wore a magnificent white camellia, which, I regret to say, I saw, admired, coveted, and determined to possess, by fair means if possible, if not, by foul.

This flower, too, attracted much of his attention; he bestowed frequent glances upon it, muttering what I conceived, to be poetry, inspired by the purity and delicacy of the flower.

I was considering how I might best commence a conversation which would acquire me the good graces of this gentleman, and ultimately make me the possessor of the camellia, when he saved me the trouble of breaking the ice by saying:

"Candidly, sir, what do you think of my tailor?"

I replied that I had not the advantage of knowing him, a circumstance which I regretted the more, as his work showed him to be a man of no common ability; I added, that he was fortunate in having a client whose figure and air would set off garments, even though fabricated, with less consummate skill.

He tried to look modestly unconscious, and said,—

"And who, sir, may this client be with the *distingue* figure and air? As you say that you do not know my tailor, I might almost fancy that your truly flattering observations were addressed to me; but my figure, though not deformed, is small, that is to say, rather below than above the average size; and as for my air, though I flatter myself that I possess some of that *je ne sais quoi* which distinguishes men like you and me from the vulgar herd, still neither my figure nor air is worthy of the very glowing eulogium which you have bestowed upon them. No, sir, really; no indeed, sir, really;" and he chuckled, blinked his eyes, and cast glances on his little round limbs of more than parental fondness. I perceived that he was not inaccessible to flattery, and did not despair of obtaining the camellia by fair means.

"I should apologize," said I, "for so personal a remark; it slipped from me unconsciously; but you must have heard it frequently from the lips and seen it in the eyes of the gentle sex. You are not insensible to their witcheries: I see that in your eye; nay, that camellia in your button-hole proves you to be the happy bondman of some black-eyed Houri."

"How did you find that out? You must know something about me; you might have guessed that I was in love: but how did you find out the color of her eyes?"

"Well, I did not know positively. I thought it likely, most in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, that you, who have blue eyes, should be enslaved by black ones. Was I right?"

"Well, I can hardly tell you; I trust you may be right, but the fact is, I have never seen the lady's eyes."

"Never seen her eyes! Ah, I see: a mysterious courtship, truly poetic, veiled lady, gentle voice, white hand, one raven lock just peeping from its concealment, fairy form, taper ankles, little tiddly-iddly feet."

"Sir," said he, grasping my hand, "we are kindred spirits—you have felt the divine afflatus—you have struck the wild harp, and burst into the inspiring melody of song. We are poets, sir, brother poets. Were it not a breach of the confidence she has reposed in me, I would tell you the history of our loves, our hopes, and our sorrows."

"You forget that, so long as you conceal the lady's name, there can be no breach of confidence. She is the unknown quantity; letter X represents her."

"Not X; I shall have to repeat her name often in the course of my narrative: she would then become double, treble, or even quadruple X, and she is not stout."

"Well, then, let Y represent her; it is a slender and graceful letter."

"Good, let Y, for the moment, represent, unworthily, the name of my adored charmer. I am a poet, sir, as you have already perceived, and not altogether unknown to the public; in the 'Poets' corner' of the Trottingbury Mercury *exegi monumentum ære perennius!* You may have seen some of my contributions to that journal signed 'Beta.' I will just repeat you my 'Ode to the morning.'"

"Pray don't take the trouble; I know the poem by heart, and recited it only last week to D—— at the Athenæum Club. Just now I am burning with impatience to hear your story."

"You have read my poem then: I had scarcely ventured to hope that the weak breathings of my muse had penetrated so far as London."

"Why, my dear sir, there are six copies of the Trottington Mercury on the table of the Athenæum Club, and it is difficult to get hold of one of them; yet no one reads any part of it but the 'Poets' Corner.'"

"Not Trottington, Trottingbury Mercury. Well, I'll go on with my story. One evening, I had just finished my 'Imitations of Anacreon,' and had taken them to the office of the Trottingbury Mercury. The last feeble flicker of twilight was about to give way to the solemn darkness of night. There was a holy stillness, a quiet calm about the hour, that seemed to soften the heart, to prepare it for gentle impressions. In front of the office of the Trottingbury Mercury is a garden. There, roses should vie with geraniums, the graceful woodbine should twine round the trellis-work, and the stately lily should be there in the pride of her virgin purity; but I regret to say it is planted with potatoes. In this garden there are two gates. I was going down the path which leads to one of them, and repeating a beautiful stanza of my own composition. (I never read the works of other people, it destroys originality of thought.) As I was going down this path, I chanced to look towards the other gate: a fairy form was passing through it. I will not attempt to describe the beauties of that glorious vision. I rushed straight across the garden in chase; but the potato stalks tripped me up, and I fell, sprained my ankle, and was incapacitated for further pursuit. I limped back to the office, and asked the clerk—

"'Who is that divine creature, who has just left your office?'

"'That,' said he, grinning, 'is a contributor to our "Poets' Corner."'

"'She is a poetess, then—I knew it must be so. What is her name?'

"Won't do,' said the clerk, with his tongue in his cheek, 'she wishes to remain *incog.*'

"Baffled in my inquiries, I returned to my couch, but not to sleep. That vision still haunted me; I thought of the white hand, the raven locks, the taper ankle, the tiddly-iddly feet. Evening after evening did I lie in wait before the office, in hopes of again meeting her, but in vain. Things went on so for a month, and every day I feel deeper in love, my appetite diminished, and I lost nearly two pounds in weight. At length a happy inspiration came upon me. I would pour out my soul in poetry, I would tell my love in the 'Poets' Corner' of the Trottingbury Mercury. She was a poetess, she would read it: the sympathy which exists between kindred minds would tell her that she was the object addressed. I wrote the lines entitled 'A Glorious Twilight Vision' Never in my most inspired moments had I so successfully portrayed the inward workings of the tender passion; for I then only imagined them, now I felt them. I will just repeat you those lines."

"Pray don't sir: I remember them well."

"I felt sure that she to whom they were addressed would read them, and reply: and I was not deceived. The next time I went to the office the clerk said: 'There is a letter here, meant for you, I suppose.' It was directed: '——— Beetroot, Esq., contributor to the "Poets' Corner" of the Trottingbury Mercury.' The dear girl evidently did not understand Greek, and by the similarity of sound was led into this very pardonable mistake. It showed she wasn't a blue-stocking, and I rejoiced at it.

"To make a long story short, we commenced a correspondence, but have never met; but this day she has given me a rendezvous at Pursell's, the pastry-cook, in Cornhill. It is in honor of this occasion that I wear for the first time those garments, the fitting of which you so justly admire."

"And the camellia, I suggested, "don't you think that a budding rose would be more emblematic of your rising hopes? If so, I think I could manage to get you one."

"By no means: I should have told you that is our signal for recognition: we are each to wear a white camellia over the heart."

How truly has it been said that the first step in crime is the only difficult one! *Facilest est descensus Averni.* I had begun by coveting the one camellia, and resolving to obtain it by fair means, if possible. I now resolved to resort to the foulest means, if necessary, for its capture, and to use it as a decoy to obtain the other white camellia now in the possession of the poetess of Trottingbury. To what a precipice was my passion for white camellias hurrying me!

As it was essential to prove his identity in the coming rendezvous, it was evidently useless to try to persuade him to give it to me; my only chance was to steal it, or take it by force.

Calling his attention to some objects on the roadside, I dexterously severed the stalk with a tap from my cane, and slipped the flower into my pocket, unperceived.

I then said that, though I had read and learned by heart the contents of the "Poets' Corner" in the Trottingbury Mercury, it would still be a treat to hear some of these *chefs d'œuvre* repeated by the author.

He needed no pressing. Without once thinking of his camellia, he favored me with an uninterrupted stream of poetry till our arrival at Waterloo Station. I then took a hurried leave of him, jumped into a cab, and, transferring the camellia from my pocket to my button-hole, drove to Pursell's to complete my conquest.

We soon arrived there. Being in a capital humor, I was about to give the cabman a double fare. But what!—how is that? I tried my pockets one after another; no purse; the cabman began to eye me suspiciously.

"My good man," said I, "I find that I have lost my purse, but my portmanteau is a sufficient guarantee for the payment of your fare. Drive me to Lincoln's Inn Fields, I have a friend there who will lend me some money. The cabman saw the justice of my remark, and drove me to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where my friend received me with open arms, and placed his purse at my disposal."

The journey was rather an expensive one for me, for not only was my purse gone, but my watch and a valuable gold snuff-box. It appeared that the poet and I had been intent on similar designs; but while my ambition extended no further than white camellias, he had a weakness for articles of value and current coin of the realm.

It is needless to add, that I did not return to Pursell's to complete my conquest, nor have I ever again met my friend the poet.

☞ A Courtly negro recently sent a reply to an invitation, in which he regretted "that circumstances repuguant to the acquiesce would prevent his acceptance to the invite."

HOW THE FARMER SOLD THE COCKNEY.

In most of what are called "market towns," in England, it was customary to have an "ordinary," or what is called the market dinner, given at most of the principal inns of the place, where farmers as well as others who had come to attend the market, came to partake of a plain but substantial dinner; and these would afterward sit and enjoy their pipe and pot of beer, or glass of punch, before they betook themselves to the road on their homeward drive.

After such a dinner, there had congregated around a table filled with bright silver beer cans and brighter glasses, the usual miscellaneous assemblage of guests. Among these was a commercial traveller, bagman or packman, as they are termed, whose chief aim seemed to be to surprise the country pumpkins, as he considered them, with the vast extent of his acquirements and cockney wisdom. It so happened that he was seated next to a portly old farmer, of a most benignant aspect, who had the appearance of being, what indeed he was, well gifted with this world's goods; and to him our traveller expatiated on the delights of a farmer's life, disclosing in many instances his profound ignorance of matters that he so glibly and knowingly spoke about, to the great internal amusement of his listeners; and finally he declared if he could get a farm to suit him he should like to turn to farming for an occupation.

"If that be your desire," said the old farmer, "I am just the man that can suit you; I am, as you see, no longer young. I have made money enough without doing another day's work; and as I see you are a smart young man, who knows a great deal and deserves encouragement, I will sell out to you on terms that may be considered favorable, and they are these: I hold a lease on my farm for a yet unexpired term of many years; I have between 30 and 40 fine beef cattle; I have 20 fine cows, none better in the country; 18 good horses as ever drew a plough, besides a flock of between 300 and 400 sheep, of course with the usual amount of poultry, and in fact, all the profitable live stock belonging to such a farm. Now what I propose to do for you is, that I will transfer the lease of my farm over to you, for which you shall not pay a penny, except the lawyer's fees for the transfer. As for the farming utensils, they shall go as part of the farm, and all I will ask for the live stock, is one shilling per head, all round (our readers should understand that in England a pigeon would cost a shilling.)

The astonishment of those who had been till then somewhat amused listeners at this offer, was hardly less than of the eager traveller, who readily accepted the offer of our farmer; but fearful there should be a purpose to hoax him into a fruitless journey to the farm, when perhaps he might be laughed at for his credulity, our London friend told him what he should propose would not offend the farmer, but in all business engagements it was best to have a good understanding, therefore they should at once proceed to a notary to have the deed attested, with a fine of £50 sterling to be paid by either party who refused to ratify the proposed transaction.

"Certainly, I agree to your request, and I can see in it nothing to offend me; on the contrary, I am pleased to see a young man so business-like in his ways."

As there were no lack of witnesses, they at once proceeded to the office of a notary, had the agreement made out, the day duly appointed for its consummation, subject to the fine of fifty pounds sterling on either party who should withdraw from the bargain.

Now as time brings all things about, time also brought the appointed day for selling the live-stock and making a transfer of the farm, and if our Londoner was before pleased with his bargain, how much more was he pleased with the trim and well cultivated fields he saw, which were part of the farm that he came to possess.

The first place he was taken to was a sheep walk, where there were 360 sheep. These were at once put down at a shilling a head; next there was seen in a meadow 36 fine beeves; there were also in another field 20 fine milch cows; in short, everything corresponded with the description heretofore given by the farmer. In fact the poultry would have averaged more than two shillings a head from any dealer in that article. When they were through taking the cattle and all the poultry, the farmer asked to have the sum added up, and seemed to be surprised that the amount did not reach over about eighty pounds.

"Well," said he, "this is a better bargain than I intended you should have; however, a bargain is a bargain, be it good or bad, and so we will finish with what remains."

Imagine the happy and elate step of our Londoner, as he followed his friend back to the substantial looking farm house, which henceforth he should proudly call his own. Still he wondered within himself what the farmer meant by "what remains," already debating within himself whether he would allow cats or dogs to be entered on the schedule as profitable live stock, but all such thoughts were dissipated when he was led into a handsomely enclosed flower garden, where a profusion of flowers scented the air around. Now did our cockney admire the scene, and make inward promises of enjoyment in the future. When near the end of the garden walk they came to an excellently arranged apiary.

"Here, my friend," said the farmer, "is the remainder of my live stock, and they yield an excellent profit, as the honey they produce is allowed to be the best in our county. There be, if you will count them, 40 hives containing say on an average 15,000 bees in each hive, or if you doubt the number you may count these also, but you may take my word for it that the number are not over stated, so this will give us 600,000 bees, which at a shilling a head, will make the bargain not look so bad as at first appeared to me."

Imagine the aghast look of our bagman; instead of possessing a farm almost at a gift, here was a small item, 30,000 pounds, added, three times the value of the farm, and a sum much beyond his power to raise. In fact, he could sooner have raised the d——l, and to look at him he was half inclined to do so, but that the witnesses present, who seemed to enjoy the thing very much, were all stalwart men, to whom, or in whose presence, it was prudent to keep civil; so he owned up that instead of buying he was sold, and was ready to pay down his $50.

"Well," said the farmer, who now for the first time enjoyed a hearty laugh, in which all, with the exception of the Londoner, joined, "I am glad you take the thing so coolly; but as for money, I do not want it myself, but you shall be my almoner—and your first act shall be to send two pounds to Dick Hopkins, the wagoner, who has lain six weeks in bed with both legs broken, and has a wife and five children to maintain;—and for the remainder of the money, just give some when you see occasion and can spare it, to any deserving poor fellow who may want it more than either of us. And now, lads, dinner is on the table, so let's in, and perhaps I can find you as good a glass of port as you will find in the county."

The dinner was excellent, having apparently been prepared for the occasion. Many a joke was passed about the sharpness of Londoners, and the simplicity of country people, but having got off minus only two pounds instead of fifty, and an excellent dinner with good wine, made our traveller joke and laugh with the rest. Nor did the friends he then and there made, render the adventure in the end an unprofitable one.

A PARISIAN ROMANCE.

In a quiet street of the Marais—which is the Sleepy hollow of Paris—lives a retired tradesman who has accumulated a respectable competency of fortune, say $60,000, by selling sugar-moulds. He had one child, a daughter, who had grown up to the eve of womanhood. On the same floor with him and his family lived a handsome young fellow of five-and-twenty, with dainty black moustaches, and a pair of blue eyes such as an artist would endow innocence or hope withal. He dressed well, too. The two neighbors met every day on the staircase. By-and-by they bowed when they met. One day a little incident occurred which led to conversation, this superinduced something else, which in turn brought something else still, until the concatenation of circumstances ended in seeing the young man introduced into the drawing-room of the retired sugar-mould dealer. Acquaintance gradually ripened into a sort of intimacy around the table where draughts and chess and backgammon were played, especially as the young man (though passionately fond of all these innocent games) contrived never to win a cent, but left some of his money in the hands of his hosts. The heiress of the house, accustomed to see no other young man, soon became touched by her young neighbor, and the parents were not averse from a marriage between them. Nevertheless the subject had never been broached, until one evening the young man forgot behind him several letters, which seemed to have slipped from his pocket. The family read these letters. You may judge the contents of them all by one of them:

TOULON, June 18, 1864.

"*My Dear Nephew:*—I did not send you to Paris for you to be guilty of nonsense. Your last letters are filled with the details of a petty romance, which I dare say boarding-school girls would deem very touching, you have begun to read with a little girl named Celeste. I am no boarding-school girl, and I do not fancy nonsense. I have not laid up $200,000 by Indian voyages these twenty years gone to see my nephew and only heir with his aristocratic appearance and name marry a Mdlle. Celeste, the daughter of a dealer in sugar-moulds. Do not mention that girl's name to me again, or I shall be very angry with you. Remember that I am to you just what my poor brother that is you just what my poor brother that is dead and gone was—your father, and he, as you well know, would never have allowed you to be guilty of any such stupid proceeding.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"GEORGE DE R——."

The next morning the young fellow (his name was Ernest) returned, apparently very uneasy. He said he had left some letters behind him, he believed, there, and inquired if they had seen them. The sugar-mould dealer confessed his indiscretion, and bade Ernest break relations with them, as it was evident from these letters that he could never marry Celeste. This summons seemed to throw the young man into deep despair. He replied: "Wait a little longer, and I will endeavor to change my uncle's resolution, for I feel that if I do not I shall die." The sugar-moulds dealer said: "I will wait;" for the truth was, he desired to marry his daughter to the young man, who seemed to possess every quality that a reasonable father-in-law could ask for in a son. Several weeks passed away, when one morning Ernest ran joyously into his neighbor's drawing-room, holding in his hand a letter post-marked Toulon, and from the uncle who came so near shipwrecking his happiness. The letter ran:

"MY DEAR NEPHEW—As far as your marriage is concerned, do as you please. I only wished to test your affection and to be sure that your sentiments for Mdlle. Celeste was no caprice but real love. Time has proved your affection to be sincere. Marry her. I do not know whether my gout will allow me to go up to Paris for your wedding; but at all events I shall engage one of my friends to give you everything necessary to enable you to marry yourself decently. If I am unable to go up to Paris to your wedding, you must spend your honeymoon here. To see you happy will rejuvenate me."

This letter satisfied Celeste's father, and the wedding day was fixed. Ernest refused to have a marriage-contract; he wanted everything he had to belong to his wife. Celeste's father-in-law went several times with Eugene to the notary who had the money sent up by the Toulon uncle, but he was discreet enough to remain at the door outside while his future son-in-law was transacting business. At last all the "papers" required by the French law were received; the certificate of birth bore an honorable name. The banns were published at the mayor's office and church, and the wedding-feast ordered. Everything was ready—but the uncle wrote that he had such a violent attack of the gout that it was utterly impossible for him to leave his chamber. It became necessary to dispense with the uncle's presence. Misfortune never comes alone! On the wedding-day Ernest experienced additional ill-luck; his two groomsmen and his tailor disappointed him; but as the tailor was one of the great tailors of Paris, who are always overwhelmed with work, and of course cannot be expected to be punctual—besides have not all tailors a charter which enables them to accompany all of their promises with a mental reservation? At the last moment the clothes came; the absent groomsmen's places were taken by kinsmen of the bride. They went to the mayor's office and to the church; the civil and ecclesiastic were uttered by both parties; MME ASYLUM priest proclaimed them man [illegible] Then the marriage-feast was [illegible] restaurant on the boulevard, which was followed by a ball. Although it was midnight when the bridal pair retired, the husband was such an active, industrious fellow that by six o'clock in the morning he was dressed and out "Attending to important business for his uncle at Toulon." At nine o'clock the mantua-maker called to present her bill for the wedding-clothes. Celeste's mother went to the drawer where she had laid the money for all the wedding expenses—not a cent could she find there. She asked her husband to go into the bridal-chamber across the landing to get Ernest to lend her the money, to avoid making the mantua-maker return. He found Ernest had gone out, and poor Celeste over head and ears in bills sent in by the tradesmen from whom Ernest had bought the wedding-presents, and among them was one bill of which she could make nothing; it was a bill from an old clothes-dealer for the "loan of a wedding-suit." As Ernest could not be gone long, all inquiries were postponed for the present; but twelve o'clock came without bringing Ernest. One o'clock—no Ernest. Two o'clock—no Ernest. You may imagine how Celeste wept! Three o'clock—no Ernest; but it brought an old friend of the family who had just discovered—unfortunately twenty-seven hours too late—that Ernest was a ticket-of-leave man, who had been sent to the hulks for forgery and swindling; that he had that morning drawn all his wife's money, and had taken the Havre steamship for New York! It was he who had robbed his father-in-law's house before the family were up. He carried off some $25,000 or $30,000 in gold with him. Suit has been brought by the family to annul the marriage, and in the course of the trial all the above facts came out in evidence. The uncle at Toulon was a ticket-of-leave man, who, for $1,000 had played a part in the comedy.