

CAMILLE.

The Chevalier des Arcis was a cavalry officer, having quitted the service in 1760, while still young, retired to a country house near Mans. Shortly after, he married the daughter of a retired merchant who lived in the neighborhood, and this marriage appeared for a time to be an exceedingly happy one.

By and by a lovely little girl was born to the Chevalier and Cecile, and great at first was the jubilation of the parents. But a very painful shock was in store for them. Their little Camille was dead, and consequently also dumb.

The mother's first thought was of cure, but this hope was reluctantly abandoned; no cure could be found. At the time of which we are writing, there existed a pitiful man asked the coachman's aid in keeping it away from the weir.

She began to cry with great care. Less prejudice against those poor creatures whom we style deaf mutes. A few noble spirits, it is true, had shown that this century was the first to devise means of teaching the dumb to speak without words—a thing until then deemed impossible.

The mother spent her child by signs, and she alone could make herself understood. Every other inmate of the house, even her father, was a stranger to Camille. The mother of Camille, despite all the efforts prompted by his kind heart, could not overcome the repugnance with which her affliction affected him.

For a moment the deaf parents were cheered by Uncle Giraud's bright talk. But the cloud soon descended upon them. In course of time the little girl grew big and strong. Nature completed successfully, but faithfully, her task.

When Camille's young friends were of an age to receive the first instructions of grammar, the parents grew to look at the difference between herself and others. The child of a neighbor had a severe governess. Camille, who was present one day at a spelling lesson, saw her little cousin with surprise, following her with her eyes, seeking, as it were, to aid her, and crying when she was scolded.

Camille was, with a white skin, and long black hair, and graceful movements. She was swift to understand her mother's wishes, prompt to obey them. So much grace and beauty, joined to so much misfortune, were most disturbing to the Chevalier. He would frequently embrace the girl in an ecstatic manner, exclaiming aloud: "I am not yet a wicked man!"

At the same time, the coachman's aid in keeping it away from the weir. For there was no far off of a mill with a weir, where the violence of the water had formed a sort of cascade. It was clear that if the boat drifted to this spot there would be a terrible accident.

The coachman descended from his seat, and worked with a will. But he had only a pole to work with, the sight was dark, a fine rain blinded the men, and soon the noise of the wind announced the most imminent danger. Madame des Arcis, who had remained in the carriage, opened the window in alarm.

The ferryman could swim, but not the coachman. There was no time to lose. "Here George," said Madame to the ferryman, calling him by his name, "can you save my daughter and myself?"

Madame understood his true motive only too easily. The Chevalier was far from contemplating the desertion of his wife, yet felt an irresistible desire, a compelling need of temporary isolation. In almost all true sorrow, man has his craving for solitude.

His wife raised no objection to his project, but fresh grief wrung her heart. Complaining of weariness, she sank upon a seat. There she remained for a long time, in a sort of reverie. She rose at length, put her arm into that of her husband, and they returned together to the house.

When the ferryman had deposited Camille safely on terra firma, the coachman, who had been rescued by a peasant, helped him to search for the body of Madame des Arcis. It was found on the following morning, near the bank.

Camille's grief at her mother's loss was terrible to witness. She ran hither and thither, uttering wild, inarticulate cries, tearing her hair, and beating the walls. An unnatural calm succeeded these violent emotions; reason itself seemed well nigh gone.

She intended to return in a short time, he believed that he should act more wisely in leaving a letter than by making a verbal farewell. There was some truth in his statement of that business affair calling him away, although business was not his first consideration.

Camille soon wearied of the opera. All actors, musicians, audience—seemed to say to her: "We speak, and you cannot hear; we laugh, sing, rejoice. You rejoice in nothing, hear nothing. You are only a statue, the simulacrum of a being, a mere looker-on at life."

Another mite!" cried he. Camille raised her son to her arms; without hearing she had understood. Gently holding the child toward the Chevalier, she placed her fingers on his forehead, striking them a little, as if coaxing them to speak. In a few moments he pronounced distinctly the words which his mother had ceased him to be taught.

LATE NEWS IN BRIEF. The Dublin Nation newspaper is dead. Heavy hailstones have devastated Bavaria. Mexican Minister Romero has called for Europe.

The agents selling tableware and lamp chimneys at the Monongahela House expect to do a good business. The tableware men expect things to be quiet to lower the cost of manufacture about 10 per cent.

The jobs report their stocks as very low and they must have new goods. This week there were 1200 orders at the Monongahela House who left large orders. The Eastern men have not commenced to come in.

WELSH TOPICS—A letter by T. E. Roberts from Carnarvon, Wales, will interest Welsh readers of THE DISPATCH to-morrow. B. AND O. SHORT OF CARS.

Agents of Western Bonds Complaining of Very Dull Traffic. The Baltimore and Ohio road is beginning to feel the shortage in grain cars. Western lines are drawing in all the cars they can get.

ALL COUNTY FUNDS LOCKED UP. The Result of the Failure of a Prominent Missouri Bank. NEVADA, Mo., July 10.—The Citizens' Bank of Nevada closed its doors this morning.

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At 100-100 pieces handsome, fine, pretty outing dress blouses to-day—10c. B. & B. Boys' and men's outing shirts, traveling bags, parasols and silk umbrellas to-day—Read in another column.

UNLUCKY THIRTEEN. Just a Baker's Dozen Companies in the Tableware Trust. MEETINGS HELD UNDER COVER. EXPENSES TO BE GREATLY CURTAILED.

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DRUNKENNESS. Or the Liqueur Habit Positively Cured by Administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific. It is manufactured as a powder, which can be given in a glass of beer, or in a glass of water, without the knowledge of the patient.

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