

She returned home, and never again left her home alive; her sorrow turned to melancholy, then to depressed languor, then came illness, doctors, and lastly death. She lived in her love—that dead, she died too. Que coulez-vous? But she had not forgotten her promises. Carou received secretly a large sum of money; the servant, independent for life, now lives at Villeverde on property of her own; nor was I overlooked—this splendid diamond was my reward, and I would not part with it for millions—no, not ten of millions—it is riveted to my finger.

The Count left Paris, and, after years of travel in all parts of the world, he retired to Dalmatia, where he had large estates, and settled at last in Trieste. Lonely, melancholy visiting no one, he had only one pleasure—the opera; music alone seemed to have the power of lightening the burden of sorrow he bore with him wherever he went.

One evening he heard his wife's name mentioned by a French tourist, who was in the adjoining box; the gentleman was describing to his companions the extraordinary likeness between the prima donna and the Countess of B—, a lady formerly well-known in Paris, who, suspected by her husband of being faithless, was poisoned by him, although it was given out that that she had died of consumption. He further entered into other details of the most painful description to the Count, who at the end of the act knocked at the door of the adjoining loge, formally handed his card to the talkative tourist, and, bowing low, returned to his own place where he quietly remained till the end of the opera. On the card both time and place were fixed for the morrow, swords being the weapons chosen by the Count, whose reputation as a fencer was known both far and wide.

After wounding his adversary slightly and disarming him two or three times, the Count suddenly threw himself, perfectly uncovered, on his opponent's sword, which transfixed his heart. He had wished to commit suicide by another man's hand.

After a slight pause, Balzac spoke: "I do not like that finish; it is not equal to the rest; there is something wanting. I should have desired—in fact, if the Count knew nothing of the death of M. de Karls, in his house, on his sofa, at the feet of his wife, and he could not know that unless the Prefet, you, or Honorine had been indiscreet enough to—"

"No, no," protested Vidocq interrupting; no one has spoken a word—no one. I tell you to-day because I have a right to do so, since the only person who could complain are both dead."

"Then," continued Balzac, "this duel, this suicide by the hand of another, as you call it, is not sufficiently justified. Were I to take this domestic drama as a ground-work, and relate it after my own fashion, I would seek, invent, imagine a better conclusion—one more logical and complete.—Not that I disagree with the kind of death chosen by the Count, which is not only possible, but true—may, very true in its originality; but still I come back again to the old fault—the Count knew too little to justify his great despair. So you see, after all, that your story is not complete, as you thought it wants something and something very important."

"Dame!" answered Vidocq, somewhat staggered by Balzac's triumphant manner, "if it is not complete it is not far from it. I did not intend it as a lesson of literature for you; no, my idea was a more modest one than that, and originated in this manner: on my way here I took a cab, and, as I was stepping in, I recognized in the coachman the cabman of the Pont Neuf."

"Strange?" "Not at all; cabmen don't generally get promoted to colonelcies—they die cabmen. The sight of him called forth the old recollections, and I determined to amuse myself by telling you this portion of my life, thinking that perhaps you would be able to turn it to account."

"You say this cabman brought you here?" asked Balzac, who had not heard a single word of Vidocq's explanation; "did you take his number?"

"Why should I?"

"You—you great—"

"Great what?"

"Anything you like."

"But why should I take his number? He's at your door waiting for me."

The man was sent for immediately, and Balzac, in great glee, filled all the glasses within reach. Soon the clatter of sabots was heard on the stairs, and in another moment the cabman entered. When he had tossed off the drink prepared for him, with the remark that he could not refuse as the day was so thirsty, Vidocq commenced:

"If I'm not mistaken, I engaged you the other evening on the Pont Neuf?"

"What other evening?"

"Don't you remember? There were three of us singing."

"Ah! I take up so many of that kind. When was it?"

"About ten or twelve years ago," answered Vidocq.

"You call that the other evening?"

"Well, more or less—we were just opposite the statue of Henry IV., about four o'clock in the morning. Can you remember now?"

"No, that does not tell me anything; that has happened to me a hundred thousand times."

"I gave you five francs for your fare."

"Ah! that doesn't happen so often. Still, I can't think—ten years ago!"

"The person who got in went to Rue St. Florentine."

The man started. "Rue St. Florentine!" he cried.

"Yes, continued Vidocq; a large house—and when you got there you had a surprise. What did you find?"

"A dead man! said the driver," with another start; "is that what you wanted me to say? But was it you that made me that present?"

Vidocq laughed, and the cabman getting angry quieted him with one of those looks that Martine used to quell his lions with.

"Then," said the coachman, "if it was you, you owe me two francs."

"How's that? I gave you five extra."

"I don't deny it, but look at the trouble. Besides, it took me more than an hour, and I was engaged by the distance, not by the hour."

"But why did you not get your money at the house," asked Vidocq.

"Ah! servants are such thieves; they would not give me a farthing. However, I went to Rue Bellechasse."

"Rue Bellechasse!" cried the astonished listeners, whose turn it now was to be startled.

"Yes, to a Countess or Duchess of—confound it, I forget the name."

"And why did you go there! Who told you?"

"Well, you see, I found a little pocket-book in my cab next morning, and it could only have belonged to the dead man."

Vidocq and Balzac exchanged a meaning glance at this revelation.

"What did you find in the pocket-book?" asked Balzac, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

"A letter addressed to the Countess, or Duchess, Rue Bellechasse—that was all. Oh! no bank notes, no, no! or I should have returned them. But I wanted my two francs, as I told you so I went to the hotel and gave the letter to a gentleman and lady who was just getting into the carriage. "Two francs," I said. The gentleman with white hair, whose breast was covered with crosses and orders, took the letter and read it. He turned as white as the paper itself, but told the footman to pay me, and so I got the two francs."

"There," cried Balzac, triumphantly, "the history is complete now. The letter tells the husband all—that M. de Karls was the wife's lover. The scene in the theatre at Trieste proved to him that the world knew it also, and then he determined to kill himself. Yes, the history is complete now."

An Anecdote of Rich.

Of Rich, the manager and famous harlequin, a story is told probably the original of several almost similar ones, with the advantage of being true. One night returning from the Portugal Street Theatre in a hackney-coach, he ordered the man to drive to the Sun Tavern, Clare Market. Passing one of the parlor windows that was invitingly open, Rich sprang out of the coach into the room. The coachman just then halting and finding the vehicle empty, slammed the steps, cursed the cheat who had balked him, and mounted the box to drive off. At this moment Rich jumped back, and, putting out his head, told the man to turn the coach and set him down. After he got out Rich swore at the stupid fellow, and offered him his fare. Jarvey declined. He did not like the looks of things, and said stoutly his master told him not to take any money at all that night. Rich replied: "Your master is a fool! Here is a shilling for yourself." But the man was resolved, regained his box, and, as he drove off, shouted: "No, no, Mr. Devil, I know you in spite of your shoes; and so you're made a fool of for once." This story is usually told of an actor who, on being set down at his destination in the dark, kept getting out at one door of the vehicle and going in at the other, till the coachman, astonished at such an endless procession, fled in terror.

"I'm his Man."

The death of the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge reminds us of an amusing incident in his life, which we believe has never been printed. Some member of a presbytery—a county brother—complained that the city clergymen dressed too well, and thus made an undue distinction between them and their country brethren. Dr. Breckinridge, always ready for debate, straightened his tall, lithe form up, and indignantly denied the charge. In a burst of eloquent anger he declared that he was ready to clothes with any brother on that floor.—In an instant a short, fat brother—as broad as he was long, dressed in clothes considerably worse for the wear—waddled into the aisle and called out weazily: "Moderator, I'm his man!" The vision of Dr. Breckinridge's arms and legs protruding from the baggy clothes of the other, upset the dignity of the presbytery and spoiled the eloquence of the orator.

Effects of an Earthquake.

THE details of the California earthquake, writes a correspondent, seems to have little variation. They are all sickening and horrifying. I wish I had never talked with one of these "eye-witnesses." A young husband had been sitting at his fireside with his wife. He intended to depart in the morning for this city, and the two were making the most of the last time they could be together for several months; the candle had burned out and they were both seated close to the open fireplace; the wife holding in her arms a child of a few months. After the shock the husband was found lying on his face dead, and a beam across his neck, which in falling, had nearly severed the neck from the trunk; and the mother was so frightfully burned by the firebrands that she could not have lived many minutes, and the infant was discovered lifeless nearly a rod distant. A family of seven persons on the outskirts of Visalia who were sound asleep, were sunk, some two or three feet below the surface of the earth. All were rescued, however, alive, except a baby which was burned to death by coming in contact with a stove. A mother was nursing a sick child, a girl of 14 or 15, who had been taken with chills and fever. After the shock neither could be found, the ruins of the house itself even being swallowed up in the enormous fissure which had been made in the earth. This fissure ran across the ground of a farmer, who feeling some presentiment of disaster, in what form he knew not, went out about one o'clock to see his stock. An unruly colt had broken loose from his tether, and the owner was chasing him about the lot when the shock came. The colt disappeared, but the farmer has a first-class drain across his forty-acre farm. These incidents of the catastrophe are but a few examples to many others. Had the district been densely populated they would have been multiplied by hundreds. As it is there is enough of them. To hear those who witnessed them relate their experience is like reading a romance, but they are facts, but such facts are rarely met with. The rumors of volcanic eruptions have proved groundless, all of them. The people throughout the districts so violently convulsed have most of them relatives or intimate acquaintances here, and the desolation that has visited the country is indicated by the grief stamped on many faces when any question in relation to the subject is asked them or any allusion made to the subject.—San Francisco Paper.

An Astronomical Fact.

Two persons were born at the same place, at the same moment of time. After an age of fifty years they both died, also at the same place and at the same instant, yet one had lived one hundred days more than the other. How was this possible? Not to keep our friends in suspense, the solution turns on a curious, but with a little reflection, a very obvious point in circumnavigation. A person going around the world toward the west loses a day, and toward the east, he gains one. Supposing, then, two persons born together at the Cape of Good Hope, whence a voyage round the world may be performed in a year; if one performs this constantly towards the west, in fifty years he will be fifty days behind the stationary inhabitants, and if the other sail equally toward the east he will be fifty days in advance of them. One, therefore, will have seen one hundred days more than the other, though they were born and died in the same place and at the same moment, and even lived continually in the same latitude, and reckoned time by the same calendar.

A gentleman from Illinois, who thought himself peculiarly fitted to represent the country abroad, followed Mr. Lincoln with great pertinacity, button-holing him at all times and in every place without the slightest mercy. Finally the President with a pleasant smile, asked if he could speak Spanish. "No," "Well, learn Spanish, and I'll tell you of a good thing you can get." After three months of hard study the would-be diplomat returned to the charge reminding the President of his promise, and assuring him that he had thoroughly mastered the Spanish language. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I promised to tell you of a good thing you could get. Get Don Quixote and read it; and it will make you laugh."

During one of the wars of India, many Frenchmen had an opportunity of observing one of the elephants that had received a flesh wound from a cannon ball. After being once or twice conducted to the hospital, where he extended himself to be dressed, he afterward went alone. The surgeon did what he thought was necessary, applying even fire to the wound, and though the pain made the animal utter the most plaintive groans, he never expressed any other token than that of gratitude to this person who, by momentary torments, endeavored to relieve him, and in the end effected the cure.

Happiness is less frequently found in conspicuous than humble stations.—When David said, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest," he was a king of Israel and Juda not a shepherd in Bethlehem.

SUNDAY READING.

Continent Covered with Ice.

Prof. Agassiz comes to the conclusion that the continent of North America was once covered with ice for a mile in thickness thereby agreeing with Prof. Hitchcock and other eminent geological writers concerning the glacial period. In proof of this conclusion, he says that the slopes of the Alleghany range of mountains are glacier-worn to the very top, except a few points which were above the level of the icy mass. Mount Washington, for instance, is over six thousand feet high, and the rough, unpolished surface of its summit, covered with loose fragments, just below the level of which glacier-marks come to an end, tells that it lifted its head alone above the desolate waste of ice and snow.

In this region, then, the thickness of the ice cannot have been much less than six thousand feet, and this is in keeping with the same kind of evidence in other parts of the country; for when the mountains are much below six thousand feet, the ice seems to have passed directly over them, while the few peaks rising to that height are left untouched. The glacier, he argues, was God's great plough and when the ice vanished from the face of the land, it left it prepared for the hand of the husbandman.

The hard surface of the rocks were ground to powder, the elements of the soil were mingled in fair proportions, granite was carried into lime regions, lime was mingled with the more arid and unproductive granite district, and a soil was prepared fit for the agricultural uses of man. There are evidences all over the polar regions to show that at one period the heat of the tropics extended all over the globe.

The ice period is supposed to be long subsequent to this and next to the last before the advent of man.

God very often afflicts good men for this reason, that they may the more trust Him; that they may see the vanity of all earthly things, and exercise a more lively faith and dependence upon His Providence; which being so it cannot be doubted but that this is a certain means to get their afflictions removed; for, take away the cause, and the effect ceases. If their not trusting in God was the cause of their affliction their hearty affiance in Him will be the means to set them free from it. It is true, indeed, the deliverances that God works for His children are not always such as they desire or pray for; He is often not pleased to remove His hand in that instance they wish He would. But still, He doth deliver them. If He does not answer their prayers in kind, yet, if He gives them grace and strength to undergo what He lays upon them, is not this as great mercy to them? O, therefore whatever the event be, whatever flesh and blood suggests to us, let us fix this principle in our hearts, that to trust in God, and depend on Him, in constant adherence to our duty, is the most effectual course we can take, both to support us under affliction and to deliver us from it.—Archbishop Sharpe.

A Godless House.

A little boy three years old, whose father was irreligious, spent many months in a dwelling of a good family, where he was taught the simple elements of Divine truth.

The good seed fell into good and tender soil, and the child learned to see a difference between a prayerless and a Christian dwelling. One day, as some one was conversing with the little fellow about the great God, the boy said: "We haven't got any God at my papa's house." Alas how many such houses there are in our world and even houses where there is no prayer or praise, no worship, no God! And what homes are they for children, aye, and for men and women, too! How much better is the pure atmosphere of Christian love, than the cold selfish worldliness of a Godless home?"

Hold On.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear or speak harshly, or use any improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike or do any wrong.

Hold on to your feet when you are on the point of kicking, or running away from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon, or others angry about you.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is much more valuable to you than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Act Well Your Part.

Mr. Spurgeon, the well-known English theologian, says:

"There is not a spider hanging on the king's wall but hath its errand; there is not a nettle growing in the corner of the churchyard, but hath its purpose; there is not an insect fluttering in the breeze, but accomplishes some divine decree; and I never will have it that God created any man, especially any Christian man, to be a blank and be nothing. He made you for an end. Find out what that end is: find out your niche, and fill it. If it be ever so little, if it is only to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, to do something in this great battle of God and truth."

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