

"We have but one shawl left, madame," he said, after she seemed to have satisfied herself with her scrutiny, and with that peculiar blandness you well know, "but I never show it to any one, because nobody likes it—it is so odd. I thought this morning of giving it to my wife. We have had it since 1805; it comes from the Empress Josephine."

"Let me see it, sir."

"Go and get it," said the chief to one of us; "it is at my house."

"I should like to see it very much."

This remark sounded like a triumph, for we had all thought she was going away. The shawl came, mysteriously imprisoned in the above-mentioned cedar box.

"This shawl cost sixty thousand francs in Turkey, madame," said our master.

"Oh!"

"It is one of the seven shawls sent by Selim before his rupture with Napoleon. The Empress Josephine, a creole, as milady knows, was very capricious, and exchanged it against one of those that were brought by the Turkish ambassador, and which my predecessor had bought. I have never been able to get its real price, for in France the ladies are not rich enough to buy such costly articles; it is different in England. This shawl is worth seven thousand francs; adding the interest which has accrued, the sum would amount to fourteen or fifteen thousand."

"How has interest accrued?"

The patron was a little startled by her sharp query, but continued with the same assurance:

"Here, madame," and with precautions which the demonstrators of the Grün-Gewölbe of Dresden would have admired, he opened, with a diminutive key, a square cedar box, the form and simplicity of which seemed to make a profound impression upon the English lady. From this box, lined with black satin, issued a shawl worth about fifteen hundred francs, of a bright yellow with black designs, whose brilliancy was only surpassed by the oddities of Indian inventions.

"Splendid," exclaimed the lady. "Truly beautiful."

"The Emperor Napoleon," continued the

patron, taking every possible advantage of the position, "admired it very much himself and—"

"Indeed." She took the shawl, draped it around her, examined herself, and returned it to the patron, who in his turn took it up, held it to the light, tumbled it, in fine made it go through all the shawl gymnastics. He knows how to play with shawls as Thalberg plays on the piano.

"Very fine—very!"

We all thought the shawl was sold.

"Well, madame," remarked the chief, as he saw the lady absorbed in a rather prolonged meditation.

"Really, I think I prefer buying a carriage."

An electric shock would not have startled us more than this unexpected announcement.

"I have a very fine one," observed our master, quite composedly. "I got it from a Russian princess, the Princess Narzikoff, who left it to me in payment of some goods. If madame would like to see it, I am sure she would be much pleased. It is a very handsome carriage; quite new; has not been in the street ten times; there is not one like it in Paris."

Our stupefaction was only equalled by our profound admiration for our chief.

"Well, let us have it."

"Madame, be pleased to keep the shawl on," said he, "and you will be able to judge what its effect is in the carriage." He took his hat and gloves, handed the lady into the carriage, one which we keep always in attendance, and they drove off. We all wondered how the matter would end. Twenty minutes later the chief returned. "Take this bill to the hotel Lawson," he said to our errand man, "and wait for the payment; there are six thousand francs to be paid."

"You sold the shawl then," we all cried.

"Sold the shawl! Milady was so pleased with the notice it attracted, that she determined to buy it. 'You can keep your carriage,' she said, 'and I will take the shawl.'"

So we ordered at once a new cedar box, and elected from among our oldest shawls the one best calculated to play the part of the Selim Shawl.

BOOK REVIEWS.

HOW THE WORLD WAS PEOPLED. Ethnological Lectures by Rev. Edward Fontaine, Professor of Theology and Natural Science, &c., &c. Appleton & Co. New York. 1872.

Few things are more acceptable in the present day than to find an intelligent, thoroughly-informed theologian, of liberal and well-cultured mind, undertak-

ing to deal with the truths of science as fairly and impartially as with any other revelations of truth. But whether the modern theologian become the patron or the contemner of science, one essential pre-requisite would seem to be that he shall have mastered the subject of which he treats. To hear a good man denouncing from the pulpit the "godless