

eight cents a pair. The latter—the 'Schopenhauers'—never bring more than four cents. The man who has just left us is the largest dealer in these articles in Paris. I am afraid to repeat the figures he gave me as the annual total amount of money he turns over in the way of trade. You would not credit it. I will, however, tell you that he is worth at least \$600,000—perhaps 800,000. Of course all this money was not made by buying and selling 'philosophers,' no more than Rothschild has made all his money by banking. Nobody makes money in this world; wealth is money saved. As money flowed in (and it came in torrents), he spent as little and invested as much of it as he could. He had a keen eye for investments; he made money out of the Mexican loan, and a fortune in the Turkish funds; he has even had the art to squeeze money out of Spanish railway shares. When he dies he will be worth two millions of dollars!"

How badly distanced is Emerson's apple-tree!

Do you see that somber, uninviting-looking shop with the doors always closed, with the windows curtained, not by muslin or dimity, but by silk dresses, rich cashmere shawls, yards of velvet, embroidered petticoats, with fur muffs, bracelets, watches, and chains on the sill, with pawnbrokers' tickets here and there among them; nothing arranged for effect, as in the show-windows of other trades? It is the shop of a "toilette dealer." If you would know the lowest depths of the mysteries of Paris, be her—no, I won't say friend, for her friendship is dangerous, because the law calls her friends accomplices, and frequently pillories the "toilette dealer" and her accomplices in the dock of the Assizes Court and in the new-fashioned stocks which have abolished those of Tyburn Hill—the press—which is ten times severer punishment, since in the stocks the criminal was anonymous, while in the press his name is published, though his face be hid. The "toilette dealers" are not always old, scrawny, wrinkled and long-fingered. Some of them are young and pretty—pretty as tigar's dappled skin or serpent's gaudy twine and far more dangerous than either, for their fangs poison not only body but soul, not only one's credit, but one's name, not only one's estate, but one's honor. Their business is—what is it

not beyond the precincts of honesty? They carry letters of marque and reprisal, and become pirates when the horizon is unwhitened by a third sail. They will do anything for money—any of the crimes of civilization, be it understood, which escape the law and the law hath a coarse hand which cannot pick up delicate offences. They will not knock a man in the head; they will not brew a deadly cup; but they know everybody of both sexes who wants money and who values money above everything else in the world. They keep up correspondence with all of the ten tribes, and are on intimate terms with all the "little Moseses" of the Ghetto of Paris. They know everybody and everything in Paris. Does a splendid dress in some shop window of Boulevard des Capucines strike your eye? The toilette dealer will buy it for you. Have you an irresistible longing for a lace and cashmere shawl seen in the Rue Richelieu? She will gratify your longing. Would you like to hire a suit of fine clothes, diamonds, watches, bank-notes for a ball, or a wedding, or a funeral, or for the season? She will supply you. She is an usurer, too, and a pawnbroker,—both pursuits forbidden by law,—her "best conscience is, not to leave undone, but to keep unknown." She is youth's banker, youth's providence. She cashes all drafts which Beauty draws on Hope. I do not say her terms will be easy as those of Messrs. Cheeryble Brothers. You must remember she ministers, not to your necessities, but to your craving for life's superfluities, and superfluities are always costly. Superfluities, especially when they are flavored with vice, the costliest spice on earth, are as expensive as strawberries in December.

How is it that old clo' dealers always have so many French horns, those great coiled yellow serpents we see in every brass band? They are favorite instruments in Paris, for all Frenchmen think the essence of amusement is noise. I once lived opposite a family who spent Sunday in screeching songs, accompanied not only by the piano, but also by tumblers and saucepans beaten with forks; the louder the noise the greater the ecstasy of their delight. There is not a forest near Paris whose silence is not broken by the French horn. Altogether, the insensibility of the French to noise is amazing. If you live near a private mansion, you hear