

A French Detective

It is said that since Paris has been given over to the millionaires nothing has been more common than cashiers taking flight, bankers stopping payment or speculators making false calculations. Since money is plentiful, and nothing but money is talked of, it is necessary to have a great deal of it, and to get it, therefore, somehow, is one of the necessities of life. Apropos of money and deficits, there is a curious anecdote, which is circulating just now among the financial worthies, the truth of which cannot be avouched for.

M. P——, one of the authorities on 'change, on looking over his monthly accounts, discovered a deficit of one hundred thousand francs. Now, his cashier was an old school friend of his, and an intimate friend of the family. He could not suspect him. In despair he went to the police.— There one of the detective officers was deputed to attend to his case.

“How old is your cashier?” inquired that official.

“About eight and twenty.”

“Dissipated?”

“No; lives in the house with me; is a friend of my wife’s and myself.”

“How old is your wife?”

“Twenty.”

“Pretty?”

“Very, and devoted to me.”

“Hum!” replied the detective. After a pause: “Won’t you go out of town for a week? I’ll find the money!”

M. P—— obeyed, and the detective began his watch. On the second evening after M. P——’s departure he suddenly towards eleven o’clock in the night, made his appearance in the boudoir of Mme. P——. She was not alone—the cashier was with her.— Great was the consternation.

“Now my little angel,” said the detective, “where’s the money? just fork it over.”

“We have only one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs left.”

“Never mind that will do. Now,” continued the detective, having got hold of the money, “my dear sir, bid this lady good-bye. This gentleman is going to Havre, and thence to America.”

Expostulation was in vain. The lover was escorted to the Havre, generously given ten thousand francs by the detective, and is now, for aught I know, winning the hearts of some of the belles at Cape May, as a distinguished foreigner.

M. P— was astonished and overjoyed at recovering so large a portion of his money. His wife is more devoted to him than ever. He has told her how his cashier deceived him, and all too for some worthless woman, of whom the detective forgot to tell him the name. All Paris knows the adventure. M. P— don't. Where ignorance is bliss, &c.

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