

BACK AGAIN.

One of Boston's Runaways Returns. (New York Sun Jan. 23.)

Among the passengers of the Pacific Mail steamship *Acapulco*, which arrived at this port from *Aspinwall* yesterday, was little *Charlie F. Barrett*, Boston's infantile wanderer, who mysteriously disappeared from his home last fall. He was traced to *Albany*, and in December last he was found in *San Francisco*. His widowed mother, wearied and broken-hearted, died in October last. By her death \$25,000 was left to *Charlie* and his two brothers. The moment the little fellow stepped ashore from the steamship he was taken in charge by *Mr. Edward Cahalan*, an officer of the *New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children*, who will care for the child until *Daniel Carter*, his guardian, arrives from *Boston*.

The boy was dressed in a comfortable suit of dark gray clothes. He has light flaxen hair, blue eyes, and a face beaming with health. He is only thirteen years of age, and of small stature. When questioned in regard to his wanderings he became interested at once, and related in an artless manner the story of his adventures. He said: "I left home on the 5th of last September, and went to the ticket office of the *Boston and Albany Railroad*, where I bought a ticket for *San Francisco*, and paid \$1.30 for it, too. After getting my ticket I got on board the train and went to *Chicago*, and from there I went to *San Francisco*. I had read of the big trees, the gold, and the Indians so much that I wanted to see them myself, and as I hadn't the money why I took \$1.75 from mamma's money box while she was at church on Sunday, and lit out. When I got in *San Francisco* I had only \$1.50 left; but I stopped at the *Morton House* and had a good time. When my money was gone I looked around for work, as I was bound to make a living. Finally the *Young Men's Christian Association* helped me, but I was not stout enough for the work, and gave it up. Three weeks after I got to *San Francisco* I got tired and managed to get back to *Ogden*, where I put up at the *Chamberlain House*; but I didn't like it, and went back to *San Francisco*. Here I got work with *Mr. Stuart*, and afterwards I was sent to the *Industrial School*, where I was kept two months."

The immediate cause of his being sent to the school was for purloining his employer's watch. Through the efforts of *Mr. Charles Sonntag* of the *California Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children* he was released. Shortly afterwards, while passing the *Police Headquarters* of *San Francisco*, *Chief of Police Ellis* recognized him from a photograph. The boy's answers to questions were plain and direct concerning *Boston*, and the *Chief of Police* of *Boston* wrote to *Chief Ellis* to hold the boy. The society in *Boston* wrote that if the boy could be released and sent to them he would be properly taken care of and sent to school, and his property interests looked after. On the 30th of December he sailed for home.

Charlie's father was a clerk in the office of the *Boston and Albany Railroad*, and at one time had a high position in the office of the *Cunard steamship line* in *Boston*. Before his death, in May last, he owned two houses in *Lexington street*, between *Brooks* and *Marion streets*, *Boston*.

The boy left for *Boston*, in the 10 o'clock train last evening, under charge of an officer of the *New York society*. He said that he was glad to get home, but when his mother was spoken of his eyes filled with tears, and he remained silent.

"SHE WEARS A PERUKE."—In a letter from *Rome* *Anno Brewster* describes the ex-Empress *Eugenie*, as she saw her recently on a visit to the *Vatican*: "There was an undignified bustle about her, as if she were hurrying herself to get through some necessary but uninteresting business and she had a light, trifling, coquettish way and movement. Not only her manner but her appearance was a terrible shock to me. I have not seen the Empress of *France* for over twenty years. She was then in the full brilliancy of her beauty, a young wife, a young mother, a young Empress! Through all these intervening years of her grandeur and vicissitudes, I have never lost the memory of her rare beauty. Whenever I have thought of her during these last years, I have pictured her as a quiet, handsome, melancholy widow, dignified and elegant. But no such agreeable personage appeared the other day. She was dressed quietly enough in a very simple, ugly English black cloth costume. The skirt was extremely short, without flounce or any other trimming, except a broad black braid. This costume had a long, loose jacket, and she wore a simple English hat of felt. Her feet were trim, and she minced about on her toes and high heels. But she was painted red and white and black. Her eyes were darkened, and also her eyebrows and eyelashes, and you could see the paint on her lips. Then upon her head was a reddish-blond wig. 'Why she wears a peruke!' was the whisper among the hidden observers. There was no mistake about it. You could see the peruke form in the front hair. This false hair was waved over the forehead, and arranged in long tresses at the back. Her head looked like a well-made up barber's block. In her hand she carried a large yellow cane of the style of the coquettish *marquis* canes of the days of *Louis Quatorze*. She carried it as a caprice, not as a support; for she played and toyed with it, pointed at the pictures and twirled it about in her hand."