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Poetry.

Telling the Bees.

A remarkable custom, brought from the Old Country, formerly prevailed in the rural districts of New England. On the death of a member of the family, the bees were at once informed of the event, and their hives dressed in mourning. This ceremonial was supposed to be necessary to prevent the swarms from leaving their hives and seeking a new home.

Here is the place; right over the hill
Runs the path of the old mill,
And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.
There is the house, with the gate red-barred,
And the poplars tall,
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,
And the white horse tossing above the wall.
There are the beehives ranged in the sun;
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her poor flowers, sweet-odorous,
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.
A year has gone as the tortise goes,
Heavy and slow;
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
And the same brook sings of a year ago.
There's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze;
And the June sun warm
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.
I mind me how with lover's care
From the Sunday coat
I brushed off the bars, and smoothed my hair,
And cooed at the brookside my love and throat
Since we parted a month had passed—
To love a year,
Down through the beeches I looked at last
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.
I can see it all now—the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,
The sundown's blaze on the window-pane,
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.
Just the same as a month before—
The house and the trees,
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door—
Nothing changed but the leaves of bees.
Before then, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went, drowsily singing, the clover-gill smail,
Draping each hive with a shroud of black.
Trembling, I listened: the summer sun
Had the child of dawn,
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps
For the dead to-day,
Happy her blind old grand-uncle sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age away."
But her hair whirled low, on the doorway sill,
The old man came to his chair,
With his cane and the clover-gill smail
Stung to the bees stealing out and in.
And the song she was singing ever since
In my ear sounds ever—
"Stay at home, pretty bees fly not hence!
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"

[Atlantic Monthly.]

Selections.

[From Mrs. Stevens' Magazine.]

The Unlucky Dog's Tale.

Since I am to be the first to tell my story, you shall have it from the beginning. My mother was a pointer bitch, coal black and comely; I never knew my male parent, but I have some notion that he followed the profession of a shepherd's cur.

I had four brothers and sisters of various different sizes, but I was the only one of my family that in the least resembled my mother; and I missonned all my little round, woolly, misshapen companions, and never to any certainty ascertained their fate; only, being a shrewd dog, I conjectured that the master of these puppies, having a decided detestation of hydrophobia, determined on accustoming these animals, early in life, to taking water, and in so doing, drowned them.

My mother being well fed, I was soon in a thriving condition, and grew apace. I have little further recollection of this happy period of my life, than that I was always hungry; that my mouth watered everlastingly; and that I had acquired a habit of gnawing everything that came in my way, even to my mother's tail, who used by an angry growl to resent this unwarrantable liberty from a child to its parent.

My first disgrace was occasioned by my master's man of all work, Joe Banger, having left a pair of leather inexpressibles, which he had most charmingly clean-balled, until they were of a perfect batter-pudding color, on the steps of the stable; he had been employed on them for four hours at least, and master was going out next day with Mr. Conyer's hounds. These leathers looked so inviting that I could not resist ascending the steps, and dragging them down; when I had lugged them into a dark corner of the stable, under a manger, and enjoyed myself by shaking them well, and making a number of holes all over them.

I never had such fun in my life; but I do not think that either Joe Banger or Master enjoyed the joke at all, for when the breeches were missed, there was a great outcry as to where they could have possibly vanished; so I looked up at Joe with a knowing and glistening eye, and barked as loud as I could, and wagged my tail, until at last I had the good fortune to attract his attention to the spot where I had so ingeniously nibbled the leather; whereupon Joe seized me by the ear, and with a whip gave me such a lashing and larrupping, that to this very day I have not forgotten it. I wined; I shrieked; I howled. Even the horses turned their heads from their racks to see what was the matter. The noise I made brought our master into the yard, who, upon hearing the calamity that had befallen him, ordered Joe Banger to re-commence the flogging. Oh! well did he deserve the name of Banger. My mother crept into her kennel shaking with fear, but occasionally peeping out with

some anxiety, whether for the terrible correction of her dear little doggy, or having some remote notion that she was going to be soundly chastised herself.

Then I was tied up by the throat, and not fastening understanding the nature of the fastening, I nearly choked myself forty times in an hour.

This event gave me the character of an unlucky young dog; and the next affair that happened proved that I was one; for one morning early, when the poultry were wandering and picking about the yard, my tender mother made a sudden snatch at a fine old cock, and pulled his tail right out; the cock escaped with the loss of his semicircular plumes, some of which, most unluckily, were blown across the yard to the corner where I was tied up; when, as usual, in my simplicity, I began to play with and nibble them, considering a feather a mere trifle, when Joe, coming down from the loft in which he slept, saw the cock looking like a monstrous fool without his tail, and he also beheld, unlucky me in the act of gnawing a portion of it. Out came the fatal whip again, and Mr. Banger operated on me more lustily than he did before.

This was barely forgot, when my master, who was going to take a walk of some nine miles for the purpose of angling for chub, determined that I should accompany him, that he might see what I was made of.—I shall I forget my delight in having that horrible halter removed from my throat, and being aware that I was about to have a run across the fields.

Notwithstanding the rebuffs and beatings I had endured, I followed my master with sincere pleasure; but being unused to go out with any one, it happened that he was always stumbling over me, treading on my paws, or kicking me out of the way. When we got into the field, I saw for the first time in my life a cow with her calf. I own I was rather frightened at so large an animal as the cow appeared to me; but thinking that the calf was a mild looking little buffer, I went up to have some fun with it; when somehow or other, the cow got her horns under my ribs, and I soon found myself flying in the air like a bird, only I came down at some distance heavily on my back. I got up and shook myself. Turned round to have another look at the calf, I saw the cow coming at a canter again after me, flourishing her tail in all directions; so I prudently wriggled myself under a fence, out of her reach.

I perceived that my master admired my ingenuity, for he smiled. After a couple of hours run, during which I caught a butterfly, and fell into a muddy ditch, we arrived at the stream where the angling was to be commenced, and my master with great patience unpacked his tackle; but nothing could induce me to keep at a sufficient distance from the water but another flogging with the rod.

My master then baited his line with some ox-brains he had brought in a tin pot with him, and started off on his pastime, ever and anon favoring me with a menacing look, if I gave the slightest indication of following him.

A turn in the river took him out of sight, behind a plantation of osiers, when observing that he had left the pot of brains on the bank, and that the flies were beginning to buzz and hover over it, I went to drive them away, and unluckily smelt the bait; in two seconds the whole of it was licked up and swallowed.

Presently I saw my master returning; he had walked nine miles; there was no possibility of procuring more bait; he had no brains, and he had nine miles to go home again; his time and his sport lost, and all through me, accursed, unlucky puppy! He resolved to shoot me.

Sulkily he put up his angling apparatus, and returned towards his domicile by a different route, for the purpose of procuring some bread and cheese and ale.

He accordingly entered a small inn, and called for what he wanted, and was served in a very dilatory manner by a red-haired, bloomy female, who seemed distressed by having too much to do.

I scented something in the house of exquisite savor, which proved to proceed from a dinner of the parish officers of Great Framingham, who had met to arrange their accounts and affairs, and to fix the day for the next feast, as well as to settle a very considerable diminution of the allowance of food and clothing to the paupers, in conjunction with a rise of the poor's rate, to meet the tavern bills. These worthy functionaries had dispatched a substantial repast, at which a turkey from Billingsgate had assisted, and were now taking their wine and punch, while deeply deploring the severity of the times.

I saw my master munching his bread and cheese moodily; he was too savage at my conduct to deign to throw me a crumb; so, finding that he was not communicative, I took the earliest opportunity of wandering out of the room.

In the passage, on a wooden bench, stood a pile of about three dozen dirty plates, placed on each other, that certainly had been very incautiously deposited there: for on the bottom plate but two were the picked iron-stick of a fowl, which put the whole quantity of crockery rather out of proper equilibrium.

I had not partaken of anything since the brains. The leg of the fowl was extended from the plates most temptingly, and I made a snap at it, pulling it away; it was mine,

but what was the consequence? down came the three dozen plates off the bench smash on the tiled floor. I never heard such a clatter in my born days, so I involuntarily dropped my tail between my legs, and scampered off with the bone.

"Whose cursed dog is that?" bawled the red-haired waitress; "Drat the dog, whose is it?" No reply. "There's at least five and thirty shillings' worth of plates broken all to pieces."

At last, it occurred to the landlord to ask the gentleman who had the bread and cheese in the parlor, "if the dog was his?" My master, who had overheard the whole affair, thought it politic to disown me.

Oh! how I enjoyed that fowl's bone—how sweet was the marrow; but, alas! how soon it all vanished; I wished that fowls had as many legs as spiders. But now I perceived my master trudging homewards, so I ran after him; as I reached the public house, the blowsy maid set up an outcry against me; a shower of stones quickly followed me, and a brute of a blacksmith threw his hammer at my carcass so dexterously, that the heavy blow knocked me over and over. I however contrived to huddle home after my master, on three legs.

My master was, I think, delighted upon my fate, whether I was to be hanged, shot, or to take a little Prussic acid, when a letter arrived from a friend who had taken a cottage in one of the numberless colonies on the western outskirts of London, and who asked the assistance of my master to procure him a yard dog.

Thus I was deprived; the size of my honny paws, and the width of my jaws, denoted (for I had not done growing) that I should be a large dog.

So the next morning I was to be tied under the wagon of the Hatfield Broadbuck carrier, and thus to be conducted on my way to my new place. The journey to town under a wagon is extremely irksome; I wanted to run after the birds, but I only knocked my nose against the revolving wheel; the road was very dusty, and I had the advantage of the scrapings of the heavy hoofs of four horses sent constantly into my eyes; if I paused for a moment to avoid it I endured a pull at the neck, which I verily thought would take my head out by the roots. A flock of sheep met the wagon, which was then stopped by the driver, and I had to bear with the affrighted bustle of some hundred and fifty of these woolly creatures, when presently the driver's dog, who had charge of them, sprang upon me, turned me over on my back, and bit me through the ankle.

At length, after a wearisome journey, I was untied from the cart at an inn in Bishopsgate street, and was not a little surprised at the appearance of the vast metropolis; here I found that I was to be received by my new master, who was a sharp-looking little man, suffering from some nervous affection, for he winked his eyes, and gave a sniff with his nose, several times in a minute. He paid the driver for my carriage, such as it was, and humanely gave me a drink of water from a stable pail; he then led me out of the yard with the same chain and strap with which I had been decorated for my travels, and we proceeded together for a short time with mutual regard. Presently I discovered that I was the stronger animal of the two. He looked at me, as much as to say, "You have the advantage of me," which I returned with a glance, "I intend to keep it!" and I shortly put this principle in action; for, passing a butcher's shop, I raised myself on my hind legs, attracted by an agreeable scent; I snapped a veal sweet-bread, and swallowed it almost whole. The butcher came out and demanded the value of the article; and it was not until my master was threatened with an introduction to a "P. No. 148," that he could be induced to pay eighteen pence for my slight repast.

After a fidgety walk, we at length arrived at the villa residence of the family, where I was introduced to the yard; and was almost immediately, through the kindness of the lady of the house, accommodated with some mutton-bone and a lump of outside rind of bacon, full of black bristles.

"This is the place after my own heart," thought I; "it will be my own fault if I am not comfortable."

The name of my new, nervous master was Pennyfeather; both he and his amiable spouse imagined by my appearance, and what I was likely to become, that they had been fortunate in popping on an eligible yard-dog; but *non servavi* as I once heard a French puppy say.

After I had been domiciled for a week, I was voted, not only by every member of the family, but by the neighboring inhabitants, as a thorough nuisance; for whether I fancied I was learning to sing, or whether I proceeded from habit, I howled long, dismally, daily, at daybreak. A gentleman next door, who had invalids in his house, called and remonstrated, that for seven mornings his family had been deprived of sleep, and suggested that it would probably prevent my vocal efforts if I was let loose. Mr. Pennyfeather, who had been equally annoyed, was ready to adopt any plan to keep me quiet; he accordingly released me from my strap and chain, for which I was so grateful that I scratched his velvet waistcoat all to pieces, and tore his eye-glass from his neck. He let me out at the gate into the road, where I amused myself for some time walking behind a policeman, who wondered what I wanted. I then saw three

boys in paper caps, and clothes spotted with colors in distemper; they looked merry fellows, so I thought I would go and have some fun with them, particularly as each of them carried a large slice of bread and butter for breakfast. I soon discovered that they were young artists belonging to a paper-hanging manufactory; they invited me into their atelier, and while one of them tickled my palate with small pieces of bread, the other ingenious artists applied their stencil plates on each of my sides, and down my back, and produced with their sized colors a most elegant drawing-room pattern all over me; white ground, with roses, keeping me near the fire on which their distemper colors were warming. I soon dried into a picturesque appearance; then, painting my four legs a very light green, and covering my ears and tail with a coating of Dutch metal, they turned me out of the manufactory. I must say that I felt my skin sticky and rather tightly drawn, and the Dutch metal on my ears dazzled my eyes, but I resolved to make my way home. On my way I discovered that I attracted considerable notice. A milk-woman with her pails, on seeing me, set off running as fast as she could; I thought it was to entice me to follow her, so I scampered after her. She was a little superstitious Welsh woman, and subsequently owned that she took me for one of the devil's imps; she loosened her yoke and pails as I approached her, and dropped them.—As I always had a predilection for milk, I certainly did not neglect the opportunity of drinking to my heart's content, and over-turning both tin cans. I then went quietly back to Mr. Pennyfeather's, and sat on the steps of the door until the family should arrive.

One of Mr. Pennyfeather's nervous peculiarities was an utter dislike to have anybody staring at his premises. I, thinking that it was growing late, reminded Mr. Pennyfeather of the time of day, uttering a prolonged yell; this brought the heads of the neighbors and their domestics out of windows and doors, and they all seemed wonderfully surprised at my appearance.

A crowd of work-people going to their employment, and a number of gaping idlers, male and female, now stood round Mr. Pennyfeather's door, evidently delighted with the gay fancy pattern with which I was decorated; and indeed I looked as if I was attired in a rich Turkey carpet; but the dog ears and tail were the objects of general remark. Pennyfeather, hearing the buzzing conversation outside, to his horror perceived that some novelty had collected a large number of spectators in front of his house. I became impatient, and standing on my hinder legs, with my forepaws on the door, I by accident touched the knocker with my snout, which gave rise to a double rap.—This feat caused a prodigious roar of laughter from the mob.

The affair was soon luzzed about, and the dairyman who employed the Welch milkmaid called on Mr. Pennyfeather for the sum of seven shillings and eight pence for the milk I had overturned and destroyed.

Pennyfeather called a cabinet council with his better half and family, and they were unanimously agreed that I be got rid of—then was debated how, or when. It was thus decided.

The butcher's boy knew another boy, who was acquainted with a man who was looking out for a yard-dog at Richmond.—This was enough; at 7 o'clock at night the butcher took a half crown in his pocket and me in a strap. I was delivered to the man, a costermonger, who immediately put a valuable five-and-twenty shilling horse to his cart, to the seat of which I was tied, and I had rather a jolting ride to Richmond.

Arriving at the gentleman's house, who was looking out for a yard-dog, there was some demur about taking me in, as it was imagined from my appearance that I had the distemper—and I had it sure enough although I was hearty and healthy.

Well, a bargain having been struck up, I was left by the costermonger, and fastened to a staple in the yard.

Now, I am a dog of steady principles, as all the foregoing facts must abundantly prove; and I did not cease to recollect the kindness of the Pennyfeather family, so I determined to make my way back again.—I set to work diligently to gnaw the strap through, holted over a dwarf wall in the garden, jumped on a spring-gun, which exploded without putting a shot in my locker, though it shattered about forty panes of glass in a newly-erected green-house, I scratched my way safely through a holly hedge, which took off a considerable portion of my paint and gilding, and I was soon again on the high road.

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I no sooner made my way back to Mr. Pennyfeather's door, than I thought it would be proper to announce my return by a long, melodious howl.

moment quite undecided how he should dispose of me, when chance put in his way an advantageous offer. In the High street he overheard a woman, an itinerant purveyor of dogs' and cats' meat, bewailing that somebody had enticed away the dog that had drawn her cart for three years, and that the loss was irreparable to her. She had, however, the harness and muzzle with her, and the butcher, taking the lady aside, exhibited me, when, after much haggling, she agreed to purchase me for eighteen pence. In a trice I was harnessed and muzzled. I felt a piece of cold, rusty iron stretched across my tongue, and strongly fastened to my head gear; this was attached to a strap bridle, and the lady wishing the butcher "good night," lugged me off in triumph.

I passed about three months in this miserable state of bondage, beaten and starved; for upon the principle of the adage, "that the shoemaker's wife is the worst shod," so the cats'-meat dealer's dog was the worst fed. I never had a morsel given to me that could possibly be sold.

There was not the slightest increase of respect or affection between my mistress and myself. At length I was relieved from her tyranny. In the course of her rambles she had formed an acquaintance with a fat hoary old cripple, who at some early period of life had the misfortune to lose both his legs. For many years after that, he obtained a good income by playing on a cracked clarinet, seated in a go-cart drawn by a single dog. This dog could go no longer, seeing that he died; and the cart would not go without the dog. In brief, I was promoted to the cart, *vice* Cesar, deceased. Here, however, began new troubles. For, oh! such a clarinet!

It has been asserted that dogs do not like music, that, at certain notes many will howl. As regards myself, I now had the opportunity of proving the fact.

My present master—oh, what an inexorable slave driver!—I had to drag his heavy trunk, surmounted by a capacious chest, all over the streets and suburbs of London; all day, drag, drag, drag, by the sides of the gutters. The old rascal had two instruments—his cracked clarinet, and a hard-thonged whip. With the one his intention was to amuse the public, with the other to torture me. Whenever he ran down several notes in "Maggie Laidler," I invariably howled, I could not help myself; then out came the other instrument; and the tone and flourishes of that about my ears were distinctly heard, and the music was of such a nature, that it was as distinctly felt.

My master was a musical hypocrite of uncommon tact; he knew the houses well where he was employed, and where he was sure to be paid to go away. He was perfectly aware at what residence the 14th Psalm would be acceptable, or where "Nix my dolly pals, fake away," would be preferred. Oh! how I have execrated the old impostor, when he has turned from a low public house, scathed in gin, where he has been clarioneting "the Black Joke," and going round the corner, where he knew dwelt a serious family, he would plaintively commence the "Evening Hymn." Dog, as I was, I scorned him.

My tale is coming towards an end. I had dragged my old baggage of a master out of Hyde Park end of London; and toiled on, he getting all the pence, and I all the annoyance, until I came to the corner of a well-known lane that recalled my early reminiscences. He was in the middle of blowing "The blue bonnets over the border," when I was seized with an irresistible desire once more to behold the inmates of a house wherein I had passed some felicitous hours.

Without, therefore, caring for my driver (who, by the way, was drunk), I set off at full speed down the lane, dragged the cart and musician behind me, and followed by a number of boys, who had surrounded us out of curiosity.

Some of the little Pennyfeathers seeing this strange sight, ran in to tell their parents: and the old lady and gentleman ventured out to the door, he winking and snuffing as usual. I stopped suddenly before the house, so suddenly that the intoxicated clarinet player fell over and upset the cart, tearing away a portion of the harness, from which I rapidly disengaged myself, and instantly set up my well known and much dreaded howl. I was so altered in my person, that it was with difficulty that I was recognized; the favorite howl, which I repeated, effected that.

Here was a *tableau*! My master's trunk and clarinet prostrate in the gutter; all the Pennyfeathers in mute astonishment, in various attitudes; I, mad for joy at my release, jumping up to lick Mr. Pennyfeather's face; his utter horror thereat; the arrival of the butcher's boy, attracted by the crowd, with a cleaver in his hand; the advent of the two policemen to convey the drunken beggar to the station-house; my determination to be again received as an inmate; Mr. Pennyfeather's decided objection to that measure, expressed by showing the butcher's boy another half-crown; the half crown; the butcher-boy's attempt to seize me; my boundless anger excited; the butcher's cruel grasp revenged by my biting him through the hand; the butcher's upraised cleaver! Oh! oh! it fell, and though intended for my head, cut off two thirds of my tail!

Madbled with pain, I ran I knew not whither, but out of reach of my pursuers—

looked on the world with disgust—and he came a vagrant as you now see me. This is the end of my tale.

A French Will Story.
"Is she dead, then?"
"Yes, madam," replied a little gentleman in brown coat and short breeches.
"And her will?"
"Is going to be opened here immediately by her solicitor."
"Shall we inherit anything?"
"It must be supposed so; we have claims."
"Who is that miserably-dressed personage who intrudes herself here?"
"Oh, she," said the little man, sneering—"she won't have much in the will; she is sister to the deceased."
"What, that Anne, who wedded in 1812 a man of nothing—an officer?"
"Precisely so."
"She must have no small amount of impudence to present herself here, before a respectable family."
"The more so, as Sister Egerie, of noble birth, had never forgiven her that *mesalliance*."

Anne moved at this time across the room in which the family of the deceased were assembled. She was pale, her fine eyes were filled with tears, and face was furrowed by care with precocious wrinkles.

"What do you come here for?" said, with great laughter, Madame de Villebois, the lady who, a moment before, had been interrogating the little man who inherited with her.

"Madam," the poor lady replied, with humility, "I do not come here to claim a part of what does not belong to me: I come solely to see M. Dubois, my poor sister's solicitor, to inquire if she spoke of me in her last hours."

"What do you think people busy themselves about you?" arrogantly observed Madame de Villebois; "the disgrace of a great house—you who wedded a man of nothing, a soldier of Bonaparte's!"
"Madame, my husband, although a child of the people, was a brave soldier, and what is better, an honest man," observed Anne.

At this moment a venerable personage, the notary Dubois, made his appearance.
"Cesar," he said, "to reproach Anne with a union which her sister has forgiven her. Anne loved a generous, brave, and good man, who had no other crime to reproach himself with than his poverty and the obscurity of his name. Nevertheless, had he lived, if his family had known him as I know him, I, his old friend, Annie would be at this time happy and respected."
"But why is this woman here?"
"Because it is her place to be here," said the notary, gravely; "I myself requested her to attend here."
M. Dubois then proceeded to open the will:

"I, being of sound mind and heart, Egerie de Damening, retired as a boarder in the convent of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, dictate the following wishes as the expression of my final desire and principal clause of my testament.
"After my decease there will be found two hundred thousand francs in money at my notary's, besides jewelry, clothes, and furniture, as also a chateau worth two hundred thousand francs.
"In the convent where I have been residing there will only be found my book, 'Heures de la Vierge,' holy volume, which remains as it was when I took it with me at the time of the emigration. I desire that the three objects be divided into three lots.
"The first lot, the two hundred thousand francs in money.
"The second lot, the chateau, furniture and jewels.
"The third lot, my book, 'Heures de la Vierge.'"

"I have pardoned my sister Anne the grief which she has caused to us, and I would have comforted her in her sorrows if I had known sooner of her return to France. I comprise her in my will.
"Madame de Villebois, my much beloved cousin, shall have the first choice.
"M. Vetry, my brother-in-law, shall have the second choice.
"Anne will take the remaining lot."
"Ah! ah!" said Vetry, "Sister Egerie was a good one: that is rather clever on her part!"
"Anne will only have the prayer-book!" exclaimed Madame de Villebois, laughing aloud. The notary interrupted her jocularity.

"Madame," he said, "which lot do you choose?"
"The two hundred thousand francs in money."
"Have you quite made up your mind?"
"Perfectly so."
The man of law, addressing himself then to the good feeling of the lady, said, "Madame, you are rich, and Anne has nothing. Could you not leave her this lot, and take the book of prayers which the eccentricity of the deceased has placed on a par with the other lots."
"You must be joking, M. Dubois, exclaimed Madame de Villebois; "you must really be very dull not to see the intention of Sister Egerie in all this. Our honored cousin foresaw full well that her book of prayer would fall to the lot of Anne, who had the last choice."
"And what do you conclude from that?" inquired the notary.

"I conclude that she meant to intimate to her sister that repentance and prayer were

the only help that she had to expect in this world."

As she finished these words Madame de Villebois made a definite selection of the ready money for her share. Monsieur Vetry, as may be easily imagined, selected the chateau, furniture and jewels, as his lot.

"Monsieur Vetry," said M. Dubois to that gentleman, "even suppose it had been the intention of the deceased to punish her sister, it would be noble on your part, millionaire as you are, to give up at least a portion of your share to Anne, who wants it so much."

"Thanks for your kind advice, dear sir," replied Vetry; "the mansion is situated on the very confines of my woods, and suits me admirably, all the more so that it is ready furnished. As to the jewels of Sister Egerie, they are reminiscences which one ought never to part with."

"Since it is so," said the notary, "my poor Madame Anne, here is the prayer-book that remains to you."

Anne, attended by her son, a handsome boy with blue eyes, took her sister's old prayer-book, and making her son kiss it after her, she said:

"Ictor, kiss the book which belonged to your poor aunt, who is dead, but who would have loved you well had she known you.—When you have learned to read you will pray to Heaven to make you wise and good as your father was, and happier than your unfortunate mother."

The eyes of those who were present were filled with tears, notwithstanding their efforts to preserve an appearance of indifference.

The child embraced the old book with boyish fervor, and opening it afterward: "Oh! mamma," he said, "what pretty pictures!"
"Indeed!" said the mother, happy in the gladness of her boy.

"Yes, the good Virgin in a red dress, holding the infant Jesus in her arms. But why, mamma, has silk paper been put upon the pictures?"
"So that they might not be injured, my dear."
But, mamma, why are there ten silk papers to each engraving?"
The mother looked, and uttering a sudden shriek, she fell into the arms of M. Dubois, the notary, who, addressing those present, said:

"Leave her alone; it won't be much; people don't die of these shocks. As for you, little one," addressing Ictor, "give me that prayer-book; you will tear the engravings."
The inheritors withdrew, making various conjectures as to the cause of Anne's sudden illness, and the interest which the notary took in her. A month afterward they met Anne and her son, exceedingly well, yet not extravagantly dressed, taking an airing in a two horse chariot. This led them to make inquiries, and they learned that Madame Anne had recently purchased a hotel for one hundred and eighty thousand francs, and was giving a first-rate education to her son. The news came like a thunderbolt upon them. Madame de Villebois and M. de Vetry hastened to call upon the notary to ask for explanations. The good Dubois was working at his desk.

"Perhaps we are disturbing you?" said the arrogant old lady.

No matter. I was in the act of settling a purchase in the state funds for Madame Anne."

"What?" exclaimed Vetry, "after purchasing house and equipage, she has still money to invest?"
"Undoubtedly so."
"But where did the money come from?"
"What! did you not see?"
"When?"
"When she shrieked upon seeing what the prayer-book contained which she inherited."

"We observed nothing."
"Oh! I thought that you saw it," said the serene old notary. "That prayer-book contained sixty engravings, and each engraving was covered by ten notes of a thousand francs each."
"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Vetry, thunder-struck.
"If I had only known it," shouted Madame de Villebois.

"You had your choice," added the notary, "and I myself urged you to take the prayer book, but you refused."
"But who could have expected to find a fortune in a breviary?"
The two huffed old egotists withdrew, their hearts swollen with passionate envy.

Madame Anne is still in Paris. If you pass by the Rue La Fayette on a fine summer evening, you will see a charming picture on the first floor, illuminated by the pale reflection of wax lights.

A lady who has joined the two hands of her son, a fair child of six years of age, in prayer before an old book of "Heures de la Vierge," and for which a case in gold has been made.

"Pray for me, child," said the mother.
"And for who else?" inquired the child.
"For your father, your dear father, who perished without knowing you, without being able to love you."
"Must I pray to the saint, my patron?"
"Yes, my little friend; but do not forget a saint who watches us from heaven, and who smiles upon us from above the clouds."
"What is the name of that saint, mamma dear?"
The mother, then watering the fair child's head with her tears, answered:
"Her name is—Sister Egerie."