

nary manner and his every day thoughts, for at the moment in which he had met the poor man's funeral, he was going to a joyous meeting with friends and comrades, who were to feast with him on the produce of the sale of his first picture.

Amédée C..... was a painter, and after having long fought against the difficulties of his art, the rivalry in his business, and the hardness of life, he had just completed his first success. His picture was sold, the minister had given him an order and his friends wished to drink success to his future triumphs. He was then hastening forwards, when he felt something touch his leg. He looked, and it was the little black dog who caressed him.

"Get away," said he to it, "you do not know that I have on my best suit and you will dirty me." The poor dog looked at him, but did not stir.

Amédée moved on. Hardly had he made some few steps when he felt anew the head of the black dog, who grazed his legs, and worse than his legs, his fine black trousers! "Go away," cried he, again. "Go home."

The dog fixed on him a suppliant eye. "Look at the fellow; one would think that he wanted me to follow him! Let's see what is going to happen;" and ceding to the eloquence of this look, Amédée followed the dog, who had turned and entered a narrow street, leading to a poor quarter. Amédée followed closely: the dog at length stopped before a miserable looking house, and entered a narrow and dark passage, and ascended a long and black stair, till he got to a door on the fifth landing. There he gently scratched. Amédée was behind him.

A young girl, poorly clad, her eyes red with weeping, came to open it. The dog jumped on her, and licked her hands. "Miss," said the young man, very much embarrassed, "I have brought back your dog," (though, by the way, it was just the reverse.)

The young girl with difficulty replied, "Thank you, sir," (drowned in tears). Amédée became a little bolder, and said gently, "You have lost some one. I met this dog following a coffin."

"Helas! sir, it was the coffin of my father!"— This word broke the ice. Amédée entered the room. It was in a sad state, with bare walls and a dead hearth. In one corner, on a straw bed, lay an aged woman, whose countenance bore traces of sickness and great grief. She turned towards her visitor with an anxious and sad glance, and in a feeble voice said to her daughter, "Augustine, who is this gentleman?"

Amédée advanced to the bed, and with much respect said, "Madame, I have followed the body of your husband to the grave, and have brought back your dog."