

The Worthy's Department.

THE SAUVAGEUR BOY AND HIS SISTER.

(Continued from our last.)

This, however, our hero always steadfastly refused to do, treating her offers of money with the contempt they merited, and avoiding her, as a dangerous mischief-monger.

There was, however, another lodger, towards whom Seppi, on the other hand, felt great respect and regard. This was Monsieur Dumencil, who lived a story higher than Madame Rivage, and, although his appearance was needy and care-worn, still, in his countenance there reposed that calm resolution and resignation, seeming to control every adversity, that the heart of Seppi felt greatly influenced thereby. Monsieur Dumencil was always very retired in his manners, and merely pronounced the "good day" to any one he met with belonging to the house. The confectioner thought rather meanly of him, because he never came into his shop and patronised his pastry. If perchance the conversation turned upon him, he would say, "Ay, ay, that lean, half-starved looking being never comes in here; and I am quite sure, as he cannot pay his rent, the landlord of the house will soon eject him. Why, you can see poverty and misery staring him in the face when you look at him! Shame upon such a creature!"

Remarks of this kind always cut Seppi to the heart, for he but too well remembered that his father had been a poor man too; and he never forgot the many beautiful things the clergyman had said about him at his grave. Therefore, our little hero, when his master was once launching out very severely against Monsieur Dumencil, plucked up a spirit, and said: "But, sir, I have once heard our minister at home tell me, that rich and poor are quite equal before God, and I remember, too, that there was a man in our village who had a great deal of money, and yet people did not like him, because he had got it in a bad way, and they had good reason to think."

When he heard this, the confectioner became quite pale with rage, for he felt how he himself had earned, and was still earning, his own money, when he had made his pies of rabbits' flesh, and did other things of the same kind. "Hold your tongue, you poor silly fool," he returned, "what is your minister and your village to me! What do you know about rich and poor! We are here in Paris, not in your wretched hamlet: don't open your mouth until you are asked."

A rather singular, but, happily, not fatal accident occurred about this time to make Seppi still more intimately acquainted with Monsieur Dumencil. The latter was very much in the habit of passing his evenings from home, a circumstance that caused Madame Rivage, whose eye nothing very easily escaped, to form various conjectures of an ominous, implicating nature. The staircase of the house was very steep and intricate; and being very dark, it chanced that Monsieur Dumencil, one evening, made a false step in descending, and fell down a whole flight of stairs. Just at that moment Seppi returned home, and, rushing forward, tried, as well as his little strength would allow, to assist the good man up again. But he found that the severe fall had sprained, and, as he feared, even broken his leg. Poor Monsieur Dumencil felt great pain, and was quite unable to move. "If," said he faintly, leaning upon the stairs, "there were but a doctor in the neighbourhood!" "Oh, I know one, Monsieur Dumencil," exclaimed the compassionate Savoyard, "I'll fetch him directly!" and he at once darted off. The doctor dwelt two or three streets off, and our humane messenger ran as hard as he could. But, as ill-luck would have it, the doctor was out—gone to the coffee-house; where, in fact, as the servant told Seppi, he did not like to be disturbed. This, however, did not prevent Seppi from going to him; for, not losing a mo-

ment, he ran as swiftly as possible to the place mentioned, and sure enough found the healing man absorbed in the perusal of a newspaper. The French are enthusiastic readers of the news of the day, and of course Monsieur Perrot was not an exception. Twice and three times was our anxious messenger forced to make his application, because it was attended to, when the doctor at length, throwing down the paper, vouchsafed to give him a hearing.

"Oh, pray sir, do make haste," exclaimed Seppi, "a gentleman has just had a sad accident, and I much fear he has broken his leg. Now do, good Monsieur Perrot, have the kindness to come with me directly."

"Well, well, I will come," said the doctor, as he cast a longing look at the paper, and taking up his hat and cane, he at last withdrew with the boy. The slowness of the doctor's pace was finely contrasted with that of his more humane guide, who, every now and then, was forced to come back in order to urge him to give relief to the suffering man. They arrived at length, and found him still in the same state in which Seppi had left him; he leaned on the surgeon's arm, and with his and Seppi's aid he was assisted up stairs.

The reception which poor Seppi met with this time, when he returned, on the part of the confectioner, was certainly not of the most pleasing kind.

"Why, you good-for-nothing lout," he exclaimed, "where have you been stopping so long?—Now mind, you rascal, for this you shall go to bed hungry, not a morsel shall you have this night!"

"Why, sir, poor Monsieur Dumencil, has fallen down stairs, and I have only been to fetch a doctor for him," appended the poor boy in excuse.

This only served to enrage his savage master the more. "Now only hear that," he exclaimed, "so Monsieur Lamerol has tumbled down stairs, and you pretend you have been to fetch a doctor for him! Pray, in whose service are you then? who clothes you? who gives you food? and what does that poor, half-starved wretch concern you? He may fall up and down stairs too for what I care; nay, break his neck in the bargain!"

The fact is, that this humane confectioner thought he had very good reason to express his particular indignation at Seppi's absence just at this moment, inasmuch as this was the evening when the club to which he belonged met together; and as he was one of its most zealous members, he was sadly annoyed at being half an hour beyond his time—for the supper. In return for this however, he had his revenge upon poor Seppi, for the poor boy was forced to go to bed without a morsel. But, hungry as he was, his feeling heart turned towards the suffering Monsieur Dumencil, and his anxiety lest that poor man had actually broken his leg, made him quite forget his own deserted state. But on the following morning his fears were at an end, for Monsieur Dumencil's servant came down stairs to order some pies for her master. "What!" exclaimed the confectioner; "do you really mean to say you want pies for Monsieur Dumencil? Why you surely make a mistake, my good woman!"

"Is there anything so wonderful, pray, in the order?" she asked "why, I am not deaf; and those were the instructions he gave me—and mind, you are to send them up by Seppi."

"Well, now, only think of that!" grumbled the pastrycook, who was not at all satisfied with his new customer. "Well, here, Seppi, take them up; but, mind, if the question be about the money to-morrow, the cakes to-day—understand me—that goes for nothing. For, once for all, I give no credit; here you have the goods, but here must also be the cash. Now, be off!"

It need not be said with what haste our good Seppi bustled up stairs, and how little attention he paid to the questions of the anxious Madame Rivage, who met him on the way, as to what he was carrying up to Monsieur Dumencil. He paused not a moment until he reached the room, where he found the patient reclining upon a sofa. When in reply to his anxious inquiries, he found that Monsieur Dumencil had not broken his leg, in the joy of his heart he wept tears of sincere gratitude.

This affectionate feeling of the kind lady was not lost upon the worthy man, who now, contrary to his usual habits, entered upon a little conversation with the boy. He asked him about his birth-place, and how long he had been in Paris, &c. Seppi told him his simple tale, and how he had lost his dear sister Marie. "Ah, dear sir!" said he, "would we had never come to this place, and yet we are forced to come, for we could not, all of us together, have managed well at home, and Marie and I would have been too much for our poor mother. What could we do? We were wretched, and so we followed the advice of old Thomas, who said—'Children, if you love your mother, which I know you do, you must go to Paris—There you will earn money, I know, for I have been there myself, when I was your age; and if you are active, and early and late at work, you will succeed in procuring for your dear mother an easy old age.' So we made up our minds, Marie and I; but our poor mother wept bitterly when she heard of it, and would on no account part with us; however, at length she gave way to our persuasions, and consented.

(To be continued.)

ANSWER TO THE ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

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A—y.

What multiplier will from the same factor, given above, make a product of threes? and what is the general rule for the working of these questions.

No. 3, BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of fourteen letters.
My 4, 5, 7, 13 was he who perfected the Steam Engine.
My 14, 5, 10, 1, 19 was a celebrated Italian poet.
My 11, 5, 8, 10, 5, 9 was a Roman emperor.
My 1, 7, 12, 4 wrote a "survay of London."
My 6, 8, 4, 3, 1 was a novelist of the beginning of this century.
My 3, 12, 10, 11, 12, 8 was a celebrated biographer.
My 12, 1, 11, 5, 9 is king of a European state.
My 4, 5, 13, 14, 10 wrote a well-known collection of hymns.
My 6, 8, 8 wrote the "Canterbury Tales."
My 6, 8, 1, 6, 2, 8 was a celebrated Scotch mathematician.
My 10, 5, 6, 8 was a general in the Afghan war.
My whole was the name of a celebrated Scotch Poet and Novelist.

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