

"Nurse, I know what they are," said lady Mary; "last year I was playing in the green meadow, and I found a piece of granite with several of these little satin cases; I called them silk-pies, for they looked like tiny mince-pies. I tried to pick one off, but it stuck so hard that I could not, so I asked the gardener to lend me his knife, and then I raised the crust, it had a little rim under the top, and I slipped the knife in, and what do you think I saw? The pie was full of tiny black shining spiders, and they ran out, such a number of them, I could not count them, they ran so fast. I was sorry I opened the crust, for it was a cold, cold day, and the little spiders must have been frozen coming out of their warm house, that was glued down so tight."

"They are able to bear a great deal of cold, all insects are; and even when frozen hard, so that they will break to bits if any one tries to bend them, yet when spring comes again to warm them, they revive and are as full of life as ever. Caterpillars thus frozen will become butterflies in due time. Spiders, and many other creatures, lie torpid during the winter, and then revive in the same way that dormice, bears and marmots do."

"Nurse, please will you tell me something about tortoise," said lady Mary, "and porcupines;" but Mrs. Frazer was obliged to attend to other things, so lady Mary could not hear any more that day.



THE ORIGIN OF "PAUL PRY."—The origin of Mr. Poole's comedy of *Paul Pry* is not perhaps generally known. Its construction was suggested to the author in the following manner. An old lady, living in a narrow street, had passed so much of her time in watching the affairs of her neighbours, that she acquired the power of distinguishing the sound of every knocker within hearing. She fell ill and was confined to her bed. Unable to observe in person what was going on without, she stationed her maid at the window as a substitute for the performance of that duty.—"Betty, what are you thinking about? Don't you hear a double knock at No. 9? who is it?"—"The first-floor lodger, ma'am."—"Betty, Betty, I declare I must give you warning; why don't you tell me what that knock is at No. 54?"—"Why, Lor ma'am, it is only the baker with pies."—"Pies, Betty, what can they want with pies at 54? they had pies yesterday."