THE STORY OF A PIN.

(Continued.) Take the trouble to sit down, sir, said Dame Blanchemain. I believe we will have a storm. But it cannot do any harm here; it is good for the vines, and there is great need of a plentiful year. I have a little garden on the side of Marceil, which will be superb, and the wine is not

bad. It is not a high wine, but it can still be drank with water. It is a wine which bears water very well. Would the gentleman like to re fresh himself? George made a deprecatory gesture, and she

proceeded without interruption. . Well, now-you will be satisfied with the work of those ladies, whether it is for sale, or for lessons, or both. Here we always say those ladies; it is a custom; but it should be those young ladies. Ah, yes, and so wise, and sensible, and all that, and always contented, and with what? nothing. Well, now-they have a perfect right to be contented, the poor angels! for they are contented with themselves. But it is not necessary to say anything; there, they are coming down. I will tell you now-but do you want much of their work? for they have plenty on hand. They are always at work, but the sales are not very rapid in this season. And such pretty flowers as that little Jeanne paints. She is so skilful? But you are about to see

them all now; say nothing.3 And how could George say anything, since Dame Blanchemain talked all this time?

The two sisters re-entered with their portfolios, and made a display of their merchandize .-Madame Blanchemain kept her seat near the window; Jeanne stood before a large table covered with her studies, and George was seated on the other side, like a purchaser.

But Jeanne had perhaps over-boasted in saying that she was so able to carry on business, and there followed an unusual scene in trading.

Anna,' said Jeanne to her sister, with a vexed air, why did you bring down this painting? You know that I am not satisfied with it. It is not fit to be shown.

George, on the contrary, looked the portfolio through, and found all very pleasing.

What freshness of coloring?' he exclaimed. 'It is as if one were walking in a rich flowergarden.'

They are only rough sketches,' said Jeanne. I shall begin over again that garland or roses, which is not rounded enough.'

Do not begin it over again,' said George;-

'it could not be done better.'

It seems to me that you have changed your parts,' said Anna. 'The gentleman is purchaser -it is he who should find fault, and you-you should praise your merchandize.' 'It is true, said Jeanne; let us begin again.'

And with a lurking smile, she said with apparently great seriousness: Sir, here are some very pretty pictures; we impatience.

have here a complete assortment. Does the gentleman desire to select some of them? Then, turning toward her sister, she said:

· It seems to me that that is the way.'

Not bad,' said Anna.

George, imitating her seriousness, replied : · Since you have nothing better just now, I will select this bouquet of daisies, and this cluster of blue-bottles and wild poppies, if you can suit me in price.'

Sir,' eaid Jeanne, with her hand upon her heart, I cannot let you have them for less than-She turned very embarrassed toward Anna, who said:

Proceed; it is very well; you have the ap-

pearance of a true merchant. 'Ah, well,' said Jeanne, 'it is impossible to let you have them for less than twenty-five francs apiece; fifty francs for the two; but you must come and see us again.'

'How she understands business!' exclaimed Madame Blanchemain, scenting a prize, 'she sells them as well as she makes them. She understands everything about it.'

"Twenty-five francs!' said George, with an air of disappointment; 'it is quite impossible to

pay that price for such paintingsgs! 'Well, now-' said Madame Blanchemain, mixing in the conversation, 'now one who is a good judge of those things, would not beat down the price. They are well worth it. The poor girls! they must not be troubled about twentyfive francs. If you only knew at what an early bour they arise to work; but you will never know it perhaps. Why? Because you are still abed in Paris when they are already tired out with their work. Well now, when one does not know-'

tly taking the old lady by the arm, said to her : out her permission-My good Madame Blanchemain, let the gen-

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to pay for bouquets like these less than fifty francs apiece, or one hundred trancs for the pair. In ordering a dozen of you, you will perhaps let me have them at that price.'

ATHOLIC

'But, sir, you are mistaken,' said Jeanne, after a moment of reflection, 'you offer twice as much as I ask vou.'

'It is the price fixed by the one for whom 1 am executing this commission,' said George, ' and I am not at liberty to change it. This bargain may, perhaps, lead to others, so I shall prevail apon you to accept it.'

Here is a way to do business!' Madam Blanchemain again joined in. Well, now-I am reconciled to the gentleman: for he took such pains to make me think that he was trying to get a reduction on the sale. But now I see that he is a connoisseur; it was all in the way of a joke. But it is not too much. They are worth at least a hundred francs, such pictures as these. If the gentleman would refresh himself. Do you see, Monsieur -- ?'

She racked her memory for the name, and, for a good reason, did not find it; then she con-

'These young people, they would give everyhing for nothing; they are so disinterested !-Now that the bargain is concluded, it must be said that they do not know even how to defend their rights; and if there were not some bonest people like you, they would give everything for

' Monsieur,' said Anna, who had taken in the little household the part of a mother, ' we shall consider seriously all that you have said to my sister, since you recommend yourself with so honorable a name. But we have not the honor of knowing you.'

' Mademoiselle,' said George, anticipating the question; ' here is the commission of my correspondent. I hope that it will be followed by others. You see that the price agreed upon does not permit me to pay less than that which I have offered to you. If you really desire it, I will deposit with Madame, the price of the two pictures which are in my possession.'

And he counted five pieces of gold into the hand of Madame Blanchemain, who was delight ed to receive them. It would have been perhaps embarrassing to place them in Jeanne's

' Yes, yes,' said Madame Blanchemain, 'give t to me. It will had good use in the household,

George interrupted her, comprehending that there was no other way of gaining an opportunity

'As for the ten other subjects, I leave their choice and arrangement entirely to you, provided that they shall be of the same size, and all from nature. Here, madame, is my name' and the address of the banking-house that will pay for the ten paintings, which will be waited for with

And he gave a note to Madame Blanche-

'But,' said Jeanne, glancing at her sister, 'it will be long before the ten bouqets can be finished. I must find and select some beautiful flowers, and I do not believe I can paint more | ready seen him. than one a week. Would not the gentleman sometimes like to see my work? for I might make mistakes, and good advice would come very convenient.

Anna said nothing; there was a moment of

'If you permit it,' said George, 'I will come occasionally to visit this beautiful neighborhood. and to learn how you are progressing.

'Monsieur George,' said Jeanne, 'I would like, on my own account, to ask something fur- all your money in Paris to learn the art, you and she was justly proud of the integrity and ther of you.'

George bowed in permission.

'I would really like to know, if it is not improper to ask it, from where you obtained that sketch, which might be almost taken for my

' Sit down, then,' said Madame Blanchemain, and tell us about it. Well, now-Jeanne is like that peasant of Fourguex, do you rememwalking there, and these ladies must always be busy. We had seated ourselves under some anple trees. There was Mademoiselle Anna with an album, who set herself to sketching an ugly ruin, with a pigeon-house and ivy, you know; all hand. which amounts to nothing. There was a mad woman, who came from I know not where, and told us about it. And then she would punish us The two sisters had vainly attempted to inter- laughed; is it not true, Anna? Well, nowrupt this flow of words. Finally, Jeanne, gen- perhaps no one can take Jeanne's portrait with-

George thought it not improper to interrupt tleman beat us down; he will give us what pleases her again. Boldness comes so readily at his age. for her kind friendship, and went up to their He recounted in a few words the history of his chambers more contented and encouraged.

"Mademoiselle," said George, it is impossible life, and said simply, that, under certain circumstances, he had met the picture at Munich.-Jeanne appeared thoughtful. Anna was fearful of her sister's becoming interested in some new story. Madame Blanchemam bore all the burden of the conversation.

George, seeing the reserve maintained by the young ladies, comprehended that it was time to depart.

'Mademoiselle,' said he to Anna, 'we have made a bargain.'

And he offered her his hand. Anna cautiously extended her own. ' Ah, well, for myself,' said Madame Blanche-

main, 'I will not give you my white hand, (this was one of her pleasantries) but I must embrace you; for it is God who sent you here: and, well, now-it was time." George bravely embraced Madame Blanche-

main, and took his leave. His last look encountered Jeanne's calm and penetrating regard, and the glance of either was hastily withdrawn.

The day was beautiful. George was in no baste to return. He wished to wander into the depths of the forest, to collect his thoughts and to review the occurrences of the morning.

All appeared to him wise, interesting and becoming. The naive familiarity of Madame Blanchemain did not seem ridiculous, for he perceived that this good body was a triend, a confidant, a guardian, almost a mother to these orphans. He understood that Jeanne had put herself under the protection of God, before touching his hand in the portico of the church.

He took into account the prudence with which Jeanne had questioned him while they were on the road home, before giving him access to her house; and he divined all the apprehensions of her sister.

He approved their reserve in not having introduced bim, on the first visit, into their own room, but placing themselves instead under the protection of Madame Blanchemain. Neither had it escaped him, from the indiscretions of the good lady, that they were in need, and that the assistance he brought them could not have arrived more seasonably.

Finally, if he was satisfied with the excellent studies which had been shown to him, he was still more charmed with the naturalness and simplicity of Jeanne, and with the air of goodness of her sister, who watched over her like the most tender mother.

It was, then, a happy day; and, after having is it not so, my young ladies? Short accounts wandered in the shady woods, reposed upon tuftmake long friends. Well, now—' ed and fragrant grasses, and filled his lungs with ed and tragrant grasses, and filled his lungs with the intoxicating perlume distilled from the sap of the mighty oaks, he returned to Paris, after giving a last look at the broad horizon.

mained seated in the little hall on the lower floor.

'Ah, well, Jeanne,' said Anna, ' see where we are. What did we promise to our poor mother? the friends that she has left us. And it is you mories.' who have spoken to him of returning, if I understood you.7

Fear nothing, my good sister,' said Jeanne; you see that I know very well how to talk with him. We know him now. And then I had al-

'You have not told me about it,' replied Anna, rather sharply.

Jeanne slightly blushed, and recounted, as a trivial affair, the history of the pin, which she had promised to keep.

Well, now, my children, said Madame Blanchemain, 'it is very well to be prudent, and thank Heaven you have nothing to blame yourselves for on that score, nor any other. But if cannot shut your doors to customers. You must knowledge of ner son. be reasonable, my little Anna. Is it that I am not here to protect you, that you should still put | thoughtful, (a mother divines everything,) she yourselves out to nurse? And there is one said to him:thing , which you always forget, my poor chilvery well.'

And with the back of one of her great hands ber, young ladies? Picture to yourself, we were she rubbed one of her eyes, which always wept more readily than the other.

'Ah! well! here is some money which is really yours, for you have nobly earned it.' And she rattled the five gold pieces in her

' Keep them, housewife,' said she to Anna ;take them from me. You are not making too going to set my little table, and they may be would love to see her with a talent or accomspoiled.'

The young ladies embraced her, thanking her

XVII-.A MOTHER.

George did not delay longer at Paris. He hastened to take advantage of the few days good mother, from whom he had been separated in your life, because I have been instructed with for some years.

She lived in a little town in Normandy, and passed in quiet and prayer the last years of a life full of struggles and crossed by the rudest

After having provided, by her unaided energy, for the establishment of her numerous family, she had felt the need of retirement to collect her thoughts. Her daughters, married and established in a nighboring town, frequently came to keep her company in the summer, and an unexnected inheritance had brought to her old age that ease and prosperity which she had never knowu before.

George found her alone. He had left the paternal house while still very young, and since then he had but rarely visited it. Necessity, that wise counsellor, had given him a precocious maturity, and it was a man who now re entered under the maternal roof. The old servant who had nursed him was still there, was most happy to announce his return.

The house was cheerful and finely situated.-All within and around it breathed calmness, order, method and simplicity. He found his mother kneeling in her oratory; he aided her to arise, for she was feeble and old. But in this advanced age, her features had preserved the dignity and nobleness which were the expression of her soul. She received him warmly.

'I was thinking of you, my dear son, and I was thanking God for having blessed my old age in giving me such consolations after the troubles of my life. Left to your own guidance, you have committed no errors; your religious sentiments and filial piety have led you in the right, path. I have sometimes regretted that I cannot pass my last years near you. But I feel that I am too old to lay plans; my destiny is to remain here, where your sisters surround me with every know not yet either them or their history, or and aid me still to live. Monsieur Wolff has bimself written to me how fortunate he is at having you with him. Therefore, blessings upon days of your mother.'

Dear mother,' said George, 'it is a cruel law of nature which so scatters families. It is no illusion of the imagination. There is a prayer with you that I ought always to remain, that I might recompense you by my love and reverence for all the solicitudes, attentions, anxieties, sufferings and sacrifices of your past life. You still remember that table round which all the whom you wish to devote your life; but, above family used to sit, great and small. With what all, be prudent, observe your dignity and your in-Jeanne, Anna and Madaine Blanchemain re- respect and affection we listened to your kind and wise words. All are now gone! Some still of the same mind, then take for a wife, and have already left the world; others are established at a distance; and, to-day, there will be That we would never permit a stranger to enter | but us two at the great family table, and, when our house, without being recommended to us by I go away, you will be alone with your me-

'The memories of a life well-spent have nothing painful in them, my dear child. You will know it some day. I am like a wearied traveler who, having nearly reached the end of his journev, stops to rest himself, and re-call the dangers of the route, before entering the city which will be his reluge. But to-day I will think only of the happiness of seeing and conversing with you. Now, of the things which you have to relate to me-your travels and your plans!

The sweetest intercourse was thus held between this pious mother, who awaited only the will of God, and this son, who entered, in his turn, in the career of life with faith and courage. She leaned affectionately upon his arm; attemptyou wish to sell your paintings, if you have spent | ed some short walks in the surrounding country;

One day, when she found him unusually

George, you have told me of the past, but of portrait, if it were not that I am not always dren, that you have need of money. You never your projects for the future you have said no-as sad.' thing. You labor hard; you care but little for very well how you live; come, come, I know it the world; your position is honorable; you have even laid by something, thanks to the liberality in his arms, and set out full of joy and hope. of Monsieur Wolff, who, I am certain, wishes to attach you entirely to him. You must some day have a good wife; prous, that the blessing of Heaven may rest upon your house; modest and simple, that you may find happiness within your this vacation in satisfying the sweetest inclinahome and not without: and brave, also, that she | tions of his heart; he had found an aim for his may be prepared for days of trial. I do not ask that she should be beautiful, but I desire that she should be agreeable, that there should be no com- mother. Is he going now to meet his benefacmuch profit, for Providence is concerned in this parison disadvantageous to her in your mind. I tor, and to resume with renewed ardor, before for having copied her house, under the pretext affair; and, besides, there is still coming to you do not desire that she should be wise, but I wish the time appointed, a labor which would hencethat we were English. Good heavens! how we live times as much. Now, embrace me, and that she should have taste for the good and beau- forth have a new stimulant? We thought so at carry away all those pictures, because I am tiful. I do not wish her to be wealthy, but I first.

ed, why is it that each word which comes from be seen the little white house with its vine-

rity, and a resource in adversity.

plishment which would be a relaxation in prospe-

your lips seems to come directly from my heart Why is it that the wife which you wish for me is also the same which I dream of as a worthy companion of my days? It is because I have lived you to love the good, the beautiful and the true. I consider wealth as something which can bring a certain degree of happiness; but I prefer that it should be my own labor of which I should demand these blessings, and not to the one whose supporter and protector I should wish to become. You must have read my mind, as you could do so well when I was a child, when you looked upon my forehead, my most secret thoughts; yes, you have spoken truly. To-day your life is quiet, you have no more need of my assistance. My instincts lead me to devote myself, to help, to be useful. I sometimes ask myself to what avail is all my labor if it benefits no one who relies upon this assistance? Of what use are my watchings, if they do not serve to guard the sleep of those who repose? Of what account is my life, if I live only for myself?"

'Dear son, when we delight in these reflections, which are not always free from danger, we have almost found the one whom Providence has reserved for us, and perhaps even we have already met that one.2

'Am I then still your little child, my good mother, and have you read upon my forehead the secret of which I would have no other confidant than the heart of my mother?'

George, said the mother after having listened to the account of his accidental meeting, and of his visit to Saint Germain, 'my son, you have in many things the reason and experience of a man. Your reason gives you perfect freedom; but your good heart, your devotedness, your desire for sacrifices, might perhaps lead you away away into actions that you would regret. What you have told me of the home of these two young erris, is certainly interesting and honorable.-You have also the recommendation of a person who knows them indirectly; but for yourself, you attention. Your letters do me so much good, their family, or the cause of their misfortune. Consider well that I do not say this in opposition my dear son; you will not go hence without having my consent and my blessing for yourself and you, my son, for having gladdened the closing for the one whom you prefer, for her whose image was graven in your mind before her person was even known to you; but take care that it is which still remains for me to make to you yourself sometime in a wise reserve; promise nothing; be attentive in observing; guard your secret in your heart; be useful to the one to dependence; and if, after a year of trial, you are you will have fulfilled all my wishes. Here is. nevertheless, my consent, my dear son; it was ready, for I would not wish that an accident or an illness should delay your plans.'

And from a desk she took an envelope, which contained a blank. He found within it also some notes amounting to a thousand francs.

'They are yours, really yours, my dear son .-They are the savings which you have sent to me in times of difficulty. Fortune, becoming less. adverse, has permitted me to reserve them for VOIL?

'I beg you-' said George, 'it was with hanpiness that I consecrated to you my first labors. as a feeble compensation for all which you have done to raise us, dear mother; do not deprive me of this good remembrance.

'Ab, well,' said the mother, 'I will retain these devoted savings, but I will give them to you dear Jeanne, to set up her household. You shall be her treasurer. Now I have it. You see, I do not give it to you as a dowry but as a motherly counsel. And remember, however, that if circumstances should require it, you can marry to-morrow, and that, presented by you, your wife will be received here as my child.

George promised his mother to act with the nrudence which she had recommended to him, passed a few days with her and with his sisters, who came to rejoin him, pressed them for a last time

The eight days of grace accorded by Mousieur Wolff were not passed. George had employed life. He had not wished to keep a new thought for a day, without confessing it at the feet of his

But then why do we meet him, the next day wandering at random at the entrance of the forest of Saint German, in those first beautiful 'My dear mother,' said George, much affect- groups of trees and hawthorn, from where may