

a peculiar cry. They pass on until they come to a good place of business, or until some face at a window intimates that a performance would be desirable. The bearer deposits his burden, the other climbs up into his box. The curtain rises, or rather the upper front of the box falls inwards and forms a stage, and in a moment a gentleman appears dancing like mad. It is impossible to see the wires, and the puppets are worked with (to use the correct expression) a skill 'worthy of a better cause.' The gentleman disappears, and a lady takes his place: a milk-maid with two cans slung over her shoulders, by a bar, milk-maid fashion. She dances tossing about her cans very naturally, when suddenly *they* seem to be alive too, and from each of them pops out a little dutch-built gentleman, who also dances as if his life were at stake upon his getting into a perspiration. There is also a fight between a man and a donkey; and a skeleton dances a hornpipe, and in the middle of it, falls to pieces—head one way, arms and legs scattered in every direction. In the twinkling of an eye he is up again, flinging about his old bones lustily. It is amusing enough to a spectator, once or twice, but what a life for the exhibitor!

THE STRAGGLER OF THE BEACH.

Translated for 'The Provincial,' from the French of EMILE SOUVASTRE.

SOME days after the visit of Goron to the Isle of Mets, his Niette was occupied in spinning flax near a door which opened into the little garden situated behind their cottage. Her father had just quitted her to rejoin Lubert at the Sign of the Silver Pilchard. As soon as he was out of sight, Marzou, who had been watching for his departure, cautiously scaled the fence which surrounded the garden. At sight of him the young girl made a movement of surprise but her joy was too apparent not to be understood.

'Jesus, you have frightened me,' she said with a smile which contradicted her words. Is this the way to come into people's houses? and what would the neighbours say if they were to see you?

'You know very well, Niette, that the neighbours are in the fields,' replied Marzou, 'and besides, you have never yet forbidden me to *enter by the gap*.'

The young girl not being able to reply to this, appeared very attentive in disentangling her thread, which she began to bite with her small pearly teeth. Marzou profited by this silence to seat himself upon a small stool placed at her feet, and remained some moments in contemplation. Niette appeared embarrassed by his silence, and in order to interrupt it asked him where his little