

## A Dog Story.

A Paris paper relates the following story of the sagacity of a dog:

Lately a traveller passed in a carriage along the Avenue de Neuilly; the night was dark; all at once the horse stopped, and the traveller saw that the animal had met an obstacle. At the same moment a man raised himself from before the horse, uttering a cry.

"Why don't you take care?" said the traveller.

"Ah," cried the man, "you would do better, instead of hallooing, to lend me your lantern."

"What for?"

"I had three hundred francs in gold on my person; my pocket has broken, and all is fallen in the street. It is a commission with which my master has intrusted me. If I do not find the money I am a ruined man."

"It is not easy to find the pieces on such a night; have you none left?"

"Yes, I have one."

"Give it to me?"

The man hesitated.

"Give it to me. It is as a means of recovering the others."

The poor man gave him his last coin. The traveller whistled; a magnificent Danish dog began to leap around him.

"Here," said the traveller, putting the coin to the nose of the dog, "look."

The intelligent creature sniffed a moment at the money, and then began to run about the road. Every minute he returned leaping and deposited in the hands of his master a Napoleon. In about twenty minutes the whole sum was recovered. The poor fellow who had got his money back, turned full of thanks towards the traveller who had now got into his carriage.

"Ah, you are my preserver," said he, "tell me at least your name."

"I have done nothing," said the

traveller. "Your preserver is my dog; his name is Babat Joie."

And then, whipping his horse, he disappeared in the darkness.

## A Popular Danish Story.

In the village of Ebberup, in Funen, lived a very wealthy farmer, who had gone one day to Assens with a load of barley; so one of his neighbors, a cottager, asked leave to go along with him for the sake of fetching home goods in the empty cart. The farmer had no objection, so the cottager followed the cart on foot, and as it was a very hot day, he pulled off his worsted stockings and wooden shoes, and stuffed them under the barley in the back of the cart. It happened to be Sunday, and they had to pass close by a church on the roadside. The man got a little way behind the cart, so that he could see that the minister was in the pulpit. It struck him that as the farmer was driving very slow, he might as well turn in and hear a bit of the sermon; he could soon make up to the cart again. He did not like to go so far into the church that the minister could see him, so he stood inside the door. The Gospel for that day was about the rich man and the beggar. Just as the traveller entered the church the minister shouted out, "But what has become of that rich man?" The Ebberup man thought that the minister was speaking to him, so he stepped forward and said, "He drove on to Assens with a load of barley." "No!" thundered the minister, "he went to hell," "Mercy on us!" cried the other, running out of church, "then I must look after my shoes and stockings!"

--It is not the sphere in which we move, but the spirit which moves us, that makes life vulgar or heroic.