

possible to her friends. After making many inquiries, they could find no clue to her history, so it was agreed that they should keep the little girl until something permanent could be decided upon. It was soon arranged that little Annie—for so they called her—should be adopted by her kind protectress, and considered as their own child. Squire B. was kind in his way, but not remarkable for delicacy of perception; he, however, treated the new comer well. It was to her adopted mother, that Annie looked for sympathy and love, and she repaid in full measure all the care that good woman bestowed upon her. Years went by, laden with good to Annie. She was sent to school, and received all the advantages that the village afforded. At last, when Annie was about thirteen years old, a distressing occurrence deprived her of her dear protectress. Mrs. B. was very ill, and her husband went at night to get some medicine: the apothecary carelessly put up poison. The poor lady only lived a short time after taking it. She was faithful to her adopted child to the last; and died commending her to her husband's continued care, who promised to be a father to the orphan. But a change was soon made in Annie's prospects. Hardly had her benefactress grown cold, before Squire B.'s mother—a bustling, harsh woman—gave her to understand, that in future she must work for her living; and ever since, she has treated the young girl with much severity. A change in the Squire's affairs perhaps soured his feelings; at any rate he has been very unkind to Annie, and last night he turned her out of his house. She is a lovely girl, and her friends hope she may soon be better situated."

This tale interested me very much. More than once during the recital I involuntarily thought of the conversation which I had overheard before leaving my room. As soon as possible I hastened back to the hotel, hoping to find my unknown neighbour of the next room to whom I intended to relate the story, judging from what I had accidentally heard, that Annie might be the sister so earnestly sought. What was my surprise, on entering the public parlor, to find a large group gathered round a gentleman and lady, whom I knew at once must be the persons I wished to see. The lady, whose beautiful face was pale with emotion, looked eagerly at the door as I entered, evidently expecting to see some one else. Her husband, almost as much affected as