Children's Stories

By 11 Sophomores.

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STORIES

FOR CHILDREN

BY

ELEVEN SOPHOMORES

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STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

HARRY.

BROWN curly hair, eyes bright as stars, mouth red as Thompson apples, cheeks like apple blossoms, three feet six inches, fifty-five pounds, seven years, — that's Harry.

And O! what a fellow Harry is! the strangest, most wonderful fellow in the world! He's now a dog, and rushes for you, as though he would eat you up; he's a colt, and races, and prances, and dances round the house; he's a kitten,

with eyes still unopened, and he mews, mew-ews, mew-ew-ews ; he's Mrs. Cat, and the dog-pen-wiper is kitten ; to her he says : —

"O kitten, O kitten, you naughty kitten,
You've lost your mitten ;
Then, you shall have no pie."

"Mew — mew — mew," says the cloth kitten.

"O kitten, O kitten, you good little kitten,
You've found your mitten ;
Then, you shall have some pie."

"Purr — purr — purr," says the cloth kitten.

Harry's a man, too, and keeps store : he drives a thriving trade in wood peanuts, wood candy, paper dolls, dirt pies, and dirt puddings. Pins are his

money. A handsome paper doll brings two pins; a pound of candy, five; a pint of peanuts, four; one nice dirt pie, three; puddings are cheap, and bring only one pin. You'd think he did the biggest business in town; he struts around, talks about his big ships, rattles his coppers, and tries, by extraordinary methods, to get both hands into his one pocket.

Often Harry turns coachman. Tom, Dick, Fred, and Frank, are his horses. Tom and Dick make one span; Fred and Frank, the other: Harry, of course, drives. "Kl! kl! kl!" says the driver; snap goes the whip, and away go they all. The butcher's boy in his

nightgown frightens them, and they kick. "Whoa — whoa — whoa," cries the driver. They meet a wagon, and such a smash-up! A woman with a basket of eggs, in fear for them, screams, "Oh! oh! oh!" A train of cars frightens the horses, and they come home on a gallop, steaming and panting.

Yes, — many are Harry's trades. He's a school-teacher, and shakes his little scholars quite out of their wits: he's a minister, and preaches, to his heart's content: he's a dentist, and operates upon the cat's teeth.

When he has a mind to, Harry can fight. He can "lick" John Nichols,

Sam Stoddard, and all the other little boys on the street. By the by, Harry and Sam had quite a little tussle the other day. It happened thus: —

A poor girl, seven or eight years old, came clattering along in a pair of old, big shoes. Sam cried out, —

"Halloo, big-footed Polly! how do you do? how's your mother?"

The little girl began to cry; but Sam kept on.

"You stop that," said Harry.

"Shan't, 'less I want to; none your business," retorted Sam.

"It is some my business: you stop it."

"I shan't. Halloo, big-footed Polly!"

Then Harry struck Sam, and Sam struck back; then they both struck, and kept striking, till Sam scampered home crying, —

"I'll tell my father of you, and he'll lick you, he will, you old Harry."

Harry came home with a bleeding nose, and with sore eyes, but without a tear in them: he merely said, —

"Well; I've fixed that Sam Stoddard."

Harry is a musical man, and gives out-door concerts for his own amusement, and for that of the neighors. His instrument is a little fiddle, and, while he plays, he sings, —

"Little Bo-peep
Has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them:

Leave them alone,
And they'll come home,
Wagging their tails behind them,
Wagging their tails behind them."

He also sings "Ding, Dong, Bell," and the adventures of Jack and Jill. He likes to sing and play, and is now begging his father for a little hand-organ, promising that he will be just as good a boy as can be, and will play all the time.

Next door to Harry lives little Susie Ray. Susie is a very pretty girl, Harry thinks, and he is fond of her, — very fond of her. Why, the little creatures have been married a dozen times! They

keep house, eat, drink, sleep together, and tend the baby in a box in the back-yard. When the baby is good, Harry tends her; but, as soon as she begins to cry, Harry hands her to his faithful Susie, saying, "My dear, the poor thing wants you now."

This is Harry, — Harry, the boy; but the boy with ever so much of the man in him; and sometime he's going to be a man, he says.

This is Harry; and these are stories such as Harry likes.

THE BEAR.

ABE and Ulysses had no business to go up the mountain that summer afternoon; but they seized the opportunity, while their father and mother were in Manchester on a visit, to do what they had long wanted to do, — to go trout-fishing. The boys lived halfway up one of the Green Mountains, and three miles from the village in the valley. Their father, Mr. Waite, was a farmer, and he had no children except Abe and Ulysses, who were twins.

Away up on the top of the mountain was a lake, out of which ran the brook that flowed by Mr. Waite's house, and finally joined with several brooks from the mountain across the valley to form Otter Creek. On this brook stood a saw-mill, where every autumn Mr. Waite sawed the logs he had cut on the mountain the winter before.

Twenty or thirty years ago, the mountain was covered with large trees; and the man who built the saw-mill built, at the same time, out of great logs, a gutter, or "shoot," in which to send his timber down from the top of the mountain to the mill. The shoot

was of the shape of a wine butt, cut open lengthwise; it was two miles long, and so steep that it didn't take a log more than five minutes to go down. Think of that, boys!

Abe and Ulysses, as I told you, had no business to go up the mountain; but near the house the brook had been pretty well fished, and they wanted to follow it up, to stay all night at the log-house that had been built for the wood-cutters, and, in the morning, to fish around the edge of the pond.

They told Patrick, the hired man, where they were going; and, taking some of mother's "goodies" from the pantry, they started up the brook. Af-

ter they had gone a little way, Abe called out,—

"Lyss, suppose we should meet that bear that Ben Bennett saw up here, last winter?"

"Ho," said Lyss, "I don't believe that he saw any bear; besides, if we *should* meet one, I know what I'd do."

"What?" said Abe.

"Why, stand still; and, when he came near, and opened his mouth to bite, I'd push the butt-end of my fish-pole down his throat, and that would kill him: and then, if he didn't die soon enough, I'd cut his throat with my jack-knife."

"I should be scared," said Abe; "I

hope we shan't see him. I should run, if he came after me."

The boys were now at the bottom of the shoot, and, since it was easier to fish standing in it, they got in, and began to walk up. They carried their basket of food by turns; they fished in every little pool, for a few minutes; and they had caught two large strings of trout, before they reached the cabin.

The boys put their fish into the brook to keep fresh, and then gathered some leaves and twigs for a fire. Before long a fire was burning brightly, and five or six trout were roasting on forked sticks over it. With these as a relish, they ate their bread and butter

on the step of the cabin door, and planned how to spend the money they knew they could get for the trout from the city boarders in the village.

After supper they put out their fire, and climbed up the ladder into the loft, where the wood-cutters slept in winter. After brushing a clean place on the floor, they carried up a lot of grass to lie upon; then they went down and shut the door, and put a chopping-block against it, — "to keep out the bear," Abe said. This done, they went upstairs to bed, and, tired out with their walk, were soon asleep.

Next morning, the boys woke up early. After eating their breakfast, they

took their fish out of the brook, and started for the lake, which could not, they knew, be far off. As they went, they began to think of what Ben Bennett had told them, — how, when Ben was going up the brook alone, the bear suddenly came out of a thicket upon him, and chased him so far that he ran all the way down the mountain, in great fright, vowing never to go up again alone.

"Shouldn't you really be afraid," said Abe, "if he should jump at us out of that bush?"

"Poh! no!" answered Lyss. "It never seemed to me that David was so very brave, because he killed the lion and the bear."

Lyss, nevertheless, looked, as he said this, pretty hard at the bush; and jumped when, a minute later, a partridge that they had started up flew off with a loud whirr. All at once, Abe called out, —

"There he is!"

"Where?" said Lyss, quickly.

"Over there!"

Sure enough, out of the bushes, something, some animal, was coming slowly towards them. Lyss didn't wait to make a closer acquaintance, but turned around, and ran, as fast as he could, towards the shoot, tumbling down, and losing his fish, on the way.

As Abe started to follow his brother, he heard a great crackling of bushes behind; the animal was following him,

at a run. The noise came nearer and nearer, in spite of all Abe's efforts to escape. He looked around and saw — Farmer Benson's calf, which had strayed away, and, glad to see a human being again, was galloping down the path.

Abe stopped, picked up Lyss's fish, and, driving the calf before him, went through the woods home, where he found his father and Patrick just starting in search of him.

Lyss was heartily ashamed of his cowardice; and, when he saw Mr. Benson pay Abe half a dollar for bringing the calf home, he determined that he would try to be a little more courageous the next time he saw a bear.

ROSE BUD'S STORY.

"GOOD-MORNING, Rose Bud."

"Good-morning, Robin," answered Rose Bud, with a pretty bow to Robin, as he lighted upon the rose-bush.

"What a pity it is," said Robin, "that you have to stay in this garden all the time, and can never see the lakes, the tall pines, and the oaks, as I do."

"Oh!" replied Rose Bud, "I have seen more things, perhaps, than you have. I have been all over the world, and have lived in very many places.

Once I was an acorn, and lived in the woods."

"Why, Rose Bud! Do you mean to say that you were once an acorn?"

"Yes; and if you will listen, I will tell you all about it.

"When I was an acorn, I remember how I hid under the leaves upon the ground, and how glad I was to escape the notice of boys who were hunting after acorns. Getting tired of hiding, and thinking that I should like to be an oak-tree, I put forth little roots, began to grow, and kept on growing until I became a great, tall oak.

"One day, in winter, some men came into the woods; and one of them,

pointing to me, exclaimed: 'What splendid ship-timber that oak will make! Let us cut it down, and sell it to a ship-builder.'

"So, with their axes, they cut me down, trimmed my branches, carried me to a ship-yard, and sold me. The ship-carpenters kept cutting and hewing me until I became a strong beam, and was put into the ship they were building. For many years I was a beam in that ship. I went all over the world, and saw many wonderful things.

"One dark night there came a terrible storm. The rain poured, the waves roared, the wind blew, and the ship rocked so fearfully that even the sailors

were frightened; but the captain told them that the ship was made of strong timber, and that there was no danger, unless she struck a rock. Soon after he said this, the ship did strike a rock, and was completely wrecked. I, with the other beams, floated upon the water; but the poor sailors, not being able to float, were all drowned except one, who clung to me, knowing that so large a beam would bear him up, and that the waves would carry us both safely to the shore, not far distant. When we reached the shore, he went away, very thankful to have been saved.

"The next day a farmer, coming down to the shore, espied me, and said, —

"'Here is a stick of timber that has been washed ashore. It is just what I want for fire-wood.'

"Putting me in his wagon, he carried me to his house in the country. There he sawed me, and split me into small sticks, and put me into the fire; but I was not afraid, for I knew that I should not die, but should only be changed into something else, just as I was changed from an acorn into an oak-tree. I was right, for I was changed into ashes.

"While in the form of ashes, I heard the lady of the house say that her rose-bush did not grow at all; that there were no buds on it; that it must be

hungry, and that she must give it something to eat. Then I heard her say that ashes were good food for the rose-bush, and that she would give it some ashes to eat, so that it might grow faster, and make her some rose-buds.

"Then she took me from the stove, and, carrying me into the garden, put me in the ground under this rose-bush. Pretty soon, the roots of the rose-bush found me, and pulled me up into the bush, telling me not to be afraid, as they would not kill me, but would only change me into a beautiful rose-bud.

"So you see, dear Robin, that I was first an acorn, then an oak, then ashes,

and have just been changed into the rose-bud you see. Just as you were once a little egg, and were changed into a robin. It is exactly the same with every thing, Robin: not a single thing is destroyed, or lost; not one that is not changed into another thing."

Robin, who had been listening all this time to the story of Rose Bud, was greatly delighted to learn so much; and, after singing Rose Bud a song, said good-by to her and flew away, a wiser, if not a better, bird.

JAMIE'S MICE.

JAMIE lived in a crowded street in the city of S——. He had never been into the country for any length of time, until he reached his eighth year. In that year he made a long visit at the house of his uncle Seth. There he became very fond of the pleasant country scenes that met his eye, — the green fields, the woods, and the pretty brooks that ran among the hills and through the valleys of the farm; but he was most delighted with the "live-stock," as the farmers call the

horses, cattle, and other animals that they raise. He liked nothing better than to ride to mill on horseback, with his cousin Jonas; to help Harry, the hired man, drive the oxen; or to take a basin of corn, and scatter it for the hens and chickens, who used to come running up from every direction, cackling, and chattering, and making such a racket that you would think that every one was scolding, because the others were eating so much as not to leave him enough.

"I wish I had some animal for a pet," said Jamie to his mother, not long after his return from the farm.

"What should you like?" asked his

mother, who was glad to please her children in all reasonable requests.

"I like a kitten best; but you won't let me have one."

"No," said she; "your kittens always have fits, or run away, or make me a great deal of trouble by getting into the pantry and stealing all they can lay their paws upon; but if you can think of a pet that will not make trouble, and that you can take care of easily, I'll let you have it, perhaps."

Nothing more was said then: but Jamie thought, and thought, all day; and, as he lay in bed that night, he almost wished that he could always live on a farm, so as to have all the

pets he wanted. Just as he was dropping asleep, he heard a noise in the wall.

"That's it," said Jamie, aloud to himself. "I'll have some mice. I'll get a cage with the wires so close together that they can't get out, if they try ever so hard."

So he settled the matter in his mind; and, after deciding to set a trap the very next morning, closed his eyes, and went to sleep.

Next morning Jamie was up with the sun, and lost no time in telling his plan to his mother, whose consent was readily given. The next thing was to get a trap; and Jamie remembered that he

had seen one on a high shelf in the attic one day when he was helping his father hunt up some papers.

Upstairs he started, and soon came down, trap in hand. Quickly baiting it with toasted cheese, he set it in the wood-shed, where the mice often ran about.

When Jamie paid his last visit to the trap, before going to bed, he found the cheese still untouched. Either the mice suspected danger, or they had enough food in their nests for the rest of the day.

The next morning early, he went, in hot haste, to the wood-shed, and,— "Hurrah! I've caught 'em," he shouted.

Sure enough, in the trap were two mice, — cunning little fellows, with soft, brown coats of fur, and bright, black eyes. When they saw Jamie, they ran into some little cubby-holes in the trap, and hid all of themselves but their backs and tails, — thinking, perhaps, after the fashion of ostriches, that, since they could'nt see Jamie, Jamie could'nt see them.

"See, father! I've caught two mice, and they're just as pretty as can be," exclaimed Jamie, as he rushed into the kitchen, where his father was building a fire for breakfast.

"So you have," said his father, looking into the trap. "They will make

very pretty pets; and I'll give you some money to buy them a cage. I am willing you should keep them, — but on one condition, — you must take good care of them. Remember that they can feel pain just as you can, and that every day they will be hungry, just as you are. When you eat your own dinner, be sure that they don't go hungry; and never be too sleepy to give them their supper."

So Mr. Smith gave his son money enough to buy a good mouse-cage; for, though he was afraid that the mice might do mischief, he wished Jamie, who would one day be a man, and, perhaps, own horses and cattle, to learn,

while he was young, to take care of animals, and be kind to them.

After breakfast, Jamie lost no time in going to a hardware store in the neighborhood. There he found such a cage as he wanted. It was made of tin, and painted green. Attached to one side was a small wheel, which was so large, and whirled so easily, that one mouse could keep it moving.

When the mice had been taken from the trap and put into the cage, they felt less at home than before, and ran from one side of the cage to another, in search of a place to get out. Soon one of them found his way into the wheel, and, jumping up against the

side, set it going. Pleased with this kind of exercise, or thinking that, if he kept moving long enough, he should get out, the little fellow, to Jamie's great delight, worked for a long time in his tread-mill.

When Jamie became tired of watching him, he put some crumbs in the trap, and set it away in a quiet place where the mice could take a nap; for mice, like rats, bats, and owls, sleep during the day, and spend the night in running about and hunting for food.

Jamie set his trap again that evening, and the next. At last, when he had six mice in the cage, he put the trap away, thinking that six were as many

as the cage could well hold; but the number was increased, some weeks afterwards, in a way that he did not expect.

On going to the cage, one morning, what was his surprise to find, in a warm corner of the nest, four tiny mice! Queer little things they were! Their bodies were as bald and white as a baby's head: they hadn't any eyes at all; but underneath the skin of each head were two little black spots, and Jamie's mother said that these would some day be a pair of as good eyes as ever kept sharp lookout for Pussy. Jamie was, of course, highly pleased, and took care that the nest should be

warmly lined with cotton, for the benefit of these new members of the family.

In time, the mice became quite tame, and would eat bread from Jamie's fingers. They seemed to be fond of music, for they listened while he played on the piano. The young mice grew up, became as large as the old ones, and looked so much like them that nobody but Jamie could tell them apart.

It was now the last of June, and Jamie was going, in July, on a long journey with his father and mother and his sister Hattie. What was to be done with the mice? Though unwilling to part with them, Jamie, at last, made up his mind to give them to one of his play-

mates to keep; but his father would not consent to this, and hit upon another plan. Jamie, who had long wanted to celebrate the Fourth of July with fireworks, as the big boys did, now seemed old enough to be trusted with these dangerous playthings: so his father, after telling him how the noble men who lived in this country years ago became free on Independence Day, promised that if Jamie would, on the Fourth that was coming, open the mouse-cage and let the little prisoners go, he should have several bunches of fire-crackers, and two boxes of torpedoes.

Jamie was sorry to give up his pets;

but, having a great desire for the fire-works, he agreed to his father's plan.

The Fourth of July came; and Jamie, after making a farewell speech to the mice, — for he loved them like old friends, — took the cage into the middle of the back-yard, and opened the door. At first, the little fellows didn't know what to make of it. They went to the door, peeped out, and then ran back, as if afraid of the new and strange objects they saw outside. At length, an old one had the courage to run out a little way; and, seeming to relish his newly found liberty, started for a fence just outside the gate, — an example which the others were not long in following.

When all were gone, Jamie picked up his cage and put it away. Then he began to burn his fire-crackers and to snap his torpedoes, all the more merrily because he believed that his mice must be happier than they were in the cage.

SANTA CLAUS' DEER.

By James Crow, Esq.

"I'm a crow, as black as any crow can be;
I live on an island in the deep, blue sea."

"HOW the wind blows, mother!" said bright-eyed Susie. "Santa Claus can't come to-night, can he?"

"He comes wherever there is a warm hearth and a merry heart. Kiss me good-night now, darling, and go to bed."

"Can't I wait for Ralph and father? There, I hear them coming."

"I pity the poor sheep, this cold

night," said the father, as he came in, shaking the snow from his feet. The father of this happy family, let me tell you, kept ever so many sheep on the island. He was called a wool-grower.

"Susie," said Ralph, "I thought you were going to bed *so* early."

"I want you to go, too; for Santa Claus never comes while little children are awake. Come;" and she gave her brother a tug.

"There's Jim Crow," said Ralph; "Santa Claus brought him to me last year; I wonder what he will bring me this time. You won't look, if you stay here, will you, Jim?"

"Caw! Caw!" cried I.

"He says 'I won't,'" said Susie.

After kissing their father and mother, Ralph and Susie trotted off to bed.

"This will be a poor Christmas, I fear, for the children," said the father.

"Let us hope for the best, and try to make the best of it," replied the mother, cheerfully.

Then followed a long conversation in an undertone, so low that I could not make out any thing that was said, except, — "Ralph," "Susie," "pumpkin-pies," "doughnuts."

The wind continued to blow furiously: it howled, it barked, it whistled, it made all sorts of queer noises. How glad I was that I had a roof over my

head, and was so much better off than other crows!

"So Santa Claus brought me," I said to myself. "I cannot imagine what sort of a man he is; but I guess, from what these two 'chickabiddies,' Ralph and Susie, have been saying for the last three weeks, that he's a great, big, fat fellow, as broad as he is long, all covered with fur, — with tiny eyes, just big enough to see all good boys and girls, but too small to see the bad ones. I should like to get a look at him."

In such thoughts I forgot myself, till I was aroused by the words: "Hush! Patty dear, don't make such a noise; you will wake up the children."

All was still as a mouse.

"This must be Santa Claus and his deer, Patty," I thought. I was tempted to open my eyes; but I had said that I should not look, and even a crow must keep his promise.

Presently, something went "Baa! Baa!" very much like a real sheep; and then something went "Bow-wow!" very much like a dog.

"Be still," commanded Santa Claus; "it is not time to make a noise yet."

Such a hard time as Santa Claus had in trying to stop that "Baa! Baa!" and that "Bow-wow!" I was almost obliged by fright to cry out: but Patty, the deer, laughed. It was a sweeter laugh than

that of Santa Claus. I never heard a deer laugh before; but Santa Claus' deer is a wonderful creature, in more ways than one. Sometimes it mounts the roof of a house, and rests there, while Santa Claus goes down the chimney. How it ever got over the rough sea to the lonely place where we lived was always a puzzle to me; but Santa Claus could do any thing, Susie said.

"Come, Patty, is there any thing more?" said Santa Claus.

"One more doughnut in this stocking," said Patty, in a sweet voice. Yes, Santa Claus' deer talked.

"That's enough," said its master, and away they went.

I could resist no longer. I opened my eyes just in time to see — what do you suppose? — the tail of Santa Claus' deer.

A little light was beginning to peep through the window, when I heard a noise overhead.

"Get up, Ralph," cried a voice, which I knew to be Susie's. "It's daylight, at last. I've been watching for it ever so long. I heard Santa Claus downstairs."

"What are you talking about?" I could just hear Ralph say.

"Merry Christmas! It's time to get up," was the answer.

To describe what followed is almost

impossible for a matter-of-fact crow. The children, coming into the room, stood, for a moment, just inside the door, with eyes so wide open! Then came "Oh!" "Oh!" "Oh!" "how grand!" "how pretty!"

There, on a table, stood a small cedar-tree, trimmed with doughnuts, gingerbread men and women, apples, and red berries. At the top of the tree was a paper angel, with silver wings, and around the trunk was a lot of sea-moss, with some shells. In one corner of the room was a lambkin, with a blue ribbon around its neck; and in another corner, a dog, just big enough to walk.

"I see what Santa Claus brought

me," cried Susie. "You dear little thing, I love you ever so much."

"That dog is for me," said Ralph. "Shan't we have lots of fun out on the rocks, when the winter goes away?"

"Baa! Baa!" cried the lamb.

"Bow-wow!" barked the dog.

"Caw! Caw!" shouted I, as much from joy as from fright.

"Santa Claus is ever so good. So many things as he brings me," said Susie. "I knew he would come."

"Come, Susie," said Ralph, beckoning. "You know."

"I almost forgot," replied Susie.

They went out of the room; and, in a minute, came back again with a large

clam-shell, in which different little shells were prettily arranged with sea-moss.

"Ralph and I made this, all by ourselves," said Susie. "We thought it a shame that Santa Claus should bring us every thing, and forget all about mother and father."

"It is beautiful," said the mother, as she hugged her dear child.

"I never saw any thing like it," said the father. "Patty," he added aside to his wife, "did you ever see such children?"

"Patty!" said I to myself. "Patty? Where have I heard that name before? Strange! Why, that was the name of Santa Claus' deer."

MAGGIE'S WALK.

IT was on a summer's afternoon that, looking up from my work, I saw Maggie standing before me, — the image of weariness, — too miserable for words, and almost too miserable for tears. Her stock of enjoyment had long been exhausted. Her indulgent parents had showered upon her all the gifts that money or pains could procure, but she had lost her interest in them all.

The spot in which our little cottage stood was one of the loveliest in New England. On one side rose high moun-

tains, down the rugged sides of which trickled silvery brooks; and, when from the rocky summits the sun, at setting, cast long shadows, one might often see strange forms in relief,— sometimes a broken sleigh, deserted by both horse and driver, or with the driver in his seat, and the horse ready to start. On two other sides of the landscape were deep pine woods, the more inviting from their denseness. On the fourth side stretched an almost endless expanse of meadow-land, the monotony of which was here and there relieved by a narrow, winding stream, knotted in places with small, irregularly shaped ponds.

Exerting all my influence over Maggie to draw her troubled thoughts into a pleasant channel, I told her that, in the depths of the woods near us, lived little beings, of whom she had never even dreamed; — of whom some had their frolics in the tree-tops, and some swam the brooks, and then dried their emerald skins in the sun.

By little and little, the child's eyes grew brighter, the tears ceased to flow, and she became eager to see the wonders of the woods. So we went, hand in hand, and soon reached the opening of a dark path, which we entered, leaving behind us the old world, of which my little companion was so weary.

Basket in hand, we went, prepared to bring away from the wood something beside pleasant recollections. We had not gone far, when across our path glided a creature new to Maggie. It moved as if it were making the initial letter of its own name; and, as it climbed a grassy mound, which formed a sort of lawn before its dwelling, it displayed to us a scarlet ribbon, which, contrasted with the dark brown upon its back, made it a beautiful little creature. Seeing it, after passing between two hedges of trumpet-moss, enter its house, we felt curious to look in. So we gently removed some old battlements of bark from

one side, and saw, lying warm and snug beneath their mother's coils, a family of fifteen tiny red and brown beings, whose only greeting was a charge of little forked tongues, which they thrust out and drew in with such quickness that it was hard to make out their shape. Restoring the battlements, which we had taken care not to demolish, we left the happy family, unmolested.

Maggie was next reminded of an old friend by seeing the letter W, written over and over again in silken threads that stretched between the branches of a low bush, and were supported by the most delicate framework. We knew that here, too, must be an owner and

an occupant; and we did not have to wait long for his appearance. He was dressed — as never knight or prince was dressed — all in black velvet and gold. After casting what seemed an indignant look at us, he examined his castle, repaired some injuries made by time, strengthened the weakest parts, and withdrew.

It seemed as if wonders would never cease in this enchanted wood. Maggie's eyes had now acquired a peculiar keenness, and soon they spied what mine had not discovered, — a fierce fellow, terrible for his size, who carried, not in his hands, but fastened to his tail, a giant spear, at least three times

his length. This spear had a sheath, which parted in halves, when the weapon was in use. With it the monster was busily at work upon a half-fallen tree, flapping his ugly wings, now and then, as if to challenge us to a closer acquaintance.

Leaving the fellow at work, we followed the course of a stony brook till we came to a place where it emptied into a grassy morass; and here we saw things almost beyond description. I will tell you about some of them only, — about a settlement of little imps of every size, and of several different shapes. Some had long tails, which they used, now as rudders, now

as paddles, their odd bodies having neither legs, nor arms, nor fins; others had shorter tails and a pair of very powerful hind legs, but only two curious openings where the front legs should have been. Presently happened what you won't believe, I fear. We had been watching one of the two-legged imps for some time, when, suddenly, from one of the holes near the head shot forth a leg, whereupon his impship became dizzy and lost his balance; but soon, a leg sprouting on the other side, he recovered himself.

The last of the many wonders we found in this fairy wood made upon Maggie's mind a stronger impression

than any thing else; and, perhaps, it may interest you, too. We were sitting upon a large, mossy rock, close to a spreading walnut-tree, and wishing that the nuts were ripe, when Maggie's quick eyes again espied a movement among some leaves near us. On parting the thick cluster, we found a long, light-green creature, which you would hardly call a fairy, or an imp: its movements were too slow for either imp or fairy; yet it had marks of beauty, which, in a creature of different form, would have excited admiration. It moved upon a double row of feet, eight on each side; and only moved in order to gain a

position more convenient for devouring another leaf.

It being clear that we must stay many days in the wood to learn all the ways of our new friend, we decided to gather a supply of leaves, and to take him home. It was now growing dark; even Maggie's eyes could no longer detect new marvels, and her little feet were beginning to weary; so we turned our steps homeward, and reached the house long after Maggie's mother had begun to feel alarmed by her little girl's absence.

We had not filled our baskets; but we felt that we had close at hand better Zoological Gardens than London can

boast; and we did bring home our treasure, the green glutton from the walnut-tree. I call him a glutton, because he proved himself worthy of the name. For three weeks, we supplied him daily with fresh leaves, which he seemed to be constantly devouring, night and day.

One morning Maggie came running to me, and, with tears in her eyes, told me that her dear green glutton was going to die, for he would take no food. Hastening to see what the matter was, I found that the glutton had, in truth, turned saint, and was fasting. This was not all. He had turned his energies to a useful pursuit, — he was

weaving; yes, he was weaving, in the corner of his cage, some silken threads, which gradually took the shape of an egg. With the greatest industry, he had in two days enclosed himself in a cell so strong that you could not tear it, and so firmly woven that the winds of winter could not injure it. In this cell the reformed glutton remained, fasting as never saint or hermit fasted.

When we returned to our city home, at the close of the summer, we carried with us our monk, cell and all. He passed the entire winter in concealment, not even leaving his retreat at the season when other monks, all the

world over, are merry, — not even joining in the Christmas festival.

Not till spring was deepening into summer, and our thoughts were again wandering in green fields and enchanted woods, did a change come over him. Looking one day at the hermitage, we found a breach in the hitherto impervious walls, and a broad entrance-way wide open. On a pink rose, that exhaled its fragrance near by, sat enthroned a creature that I think you would have called a fairy. Its wings were like green gauze, and were adorned with transparent eye-spots; and upon its body seemed to blush with pride a down, softer than

ever princess, human or fairy, reposed her head upon.

Is Maggie weary of life now, and can her friends devise no pleasures for her? Come and see.

CHICKEN'S MISTAKE.

"MY dear," said Mrs. Hen to Chicken Plump, her son, "I fear you're eating too much."

"Oh no!" returned the saucy chick; "I know how much my crop will hold."

"Cluck! Cluck! my son, you forget how young you are. Why, you began to peep only four months ago. Now you are quite a chicken, to be sure; but don't think, because your comb is beginning to sprout, that you know more than your elders. We, who have

picked and scratched for years, have picked up wisdom; and chickens like you should heed what we say."

"Oh dear!" grumbled chick: "I never can do any thing right. When I pecked Coquet this morning for getting all the oats, you pounced upon me like a hawk, and nearly pecked my head off. I can never get on the barn-yard gate to flap my wings and crow, without your cackling, 'That's father's place; you'd better keep where you belong.' And now you say I'm growing too fat. What's the use — please tell me — of keeping as thin as a feather, when there's so much nice grain scattered about?"

"You forget," answered Mrs. Hen, "that that's the farmer's way to fatten you for next Thanksgiving. That dreadful day isn't far off; and if you will be a glutton, you will certainly lose your head. Look at me! For six years I've governed my appetite, and here I am. They call me the tough old speckled hen; but what of that? I'd rather be tough and alive, than tender and roasted. Take your mother's advice: remember that moderate eating and a long life are better than gluttony and a hot oven!"

Impatient of so much wisdom, Chicken ran off to the sty, where he found his friend Neb, the pig.

"Ha, Neb," cried he, "you lazy thing! Why don't you bestir yourself, instead of dozing here all day, with such a dirty face?"

"Stir myself!" exclaimed Neb; "that's not easily done. Somehow, my legs are getting too small for me."

"I might give you a little advice, but that's not in my line: you'd better talk with my mother, Mrs. Hen. She'd tell you to stop eating, if you don't want to be stuffed and roasted next Thanksgiving day: that's the way she talks to me."

"Stuffed!" repeated Neb, with an angry twinkle in his little gray eyes. "Such stuff will do for half-fledged

chickens; but for me, — why, I'm worth my weight in corn, yes, fifty times as much. Don't you see how the farmer fills my trough, every day, with good things? and how pleased he is when I eat well? Don't that prove that he's not going to kill me?"

"Of course," said Chicken, gayly. "Guess we know what's what: but there's the farmer. Hope you'll have a good dinner."

So Chicken and Neb went on eating and enjoying themselves till, one dark morning, Chicken was aroused by a terrible squeal. He flew from his perch, and ran into the yard. There was poor Neb, lying dead, —

the butcher standing near him, with a great knife in his hand.

Chicken, terribly frightened at the sight, ran to hide under a rock.

"What if I should be mistaken?" thought he. "I wish"—

Can you guess, little folks, what he wished?

Whatever it was, it came too late: he was roasted for the next Thanksgiving dinner.

ABOUT THE STARS.

ONE night when Corinne and myself were taking a walk, the stars shone so brightly as to attract my little friend's attention. She stopped walking, and, turning her face upward, gazed at them a long time. As we went on, she did not say a word, but seemed to be puzzling her head with some difficult question.

"Uncle John," at last she burst out, "who lights up the stars every night?"

While I was thinking what answer to make, Corinne said,—

"Oh, I know! God goes around just as soon as it gets dark, and lights them all up. He has to go pretty fast, doesn't he?"

Another little girl thought that there were holes in the sky, and that the light shone through. She always prayed most earnestly when the stars were out, feeling sure that her prayers would get through some of the holes.

Now, my little friends, I am going to try to answer a few of the questions that chase one another up and down your busy brains. What does make the stars shine? and why do they shine only at night?

We will talk about the last question

first. Some day, when the sun shines, ask your mother to light a lamp and put it in the middle of the room: then run out of doors, and you will find that the windows of the lighted room look just like the other windows of the house. In the evening, look again at the windows, and you will see some of them dark and others light. In the daytime, the sun puts out the light of the lamp. In the same way, the stars are put out in the daytime, and shine at night. All day long they are in their places; but you can't see them, because the sunlight is so much brighter.

Now, what makes the stars shine?

They are on fire, — most of them. They are many times larger than the earth we live on, and yet they are all on fire. Don't you think you could see this earth a long way off, if it were burning? Perhaps some wise little head wonders why the stars are not brighter, if they are so much larger than this earth, and are burning: but how far off do you think they are?

It will be difficult for me to give you an idea of the distance; and you must watch every word I say.

If there were any people away off where the farthest stars are, they could see, after dark, our sun as a speck in the sky, looking like one of the stars

you will see to-night; and, if we were as near Sirius (one of the stars) as we are to the sun, Sirius would give us just as much light: instead of twinkling faintly, he would be so bright that we could not look at him steadily any more than we can at the sun.

Shall we make a journey to the sun? Suppose we go by rail, and start to-morrow. We will ask the engineer to run his train as fast as he can, and not to stop till he arrives. Summer and winter have come and gone; one whole year we have been riding; and yet the sun seems as far off as ever. We keep on riding; and the years go by. You little folks have become grown men

and women; and still the train does not stop. You are all gray-headed now, and yet the engineer says that our journey is but just begun. If it takes many more years, we shall all die, and never reach the sun at all. But suppose we live as long as we wish to: on, on, on, we ride till we are one hundred and fifty years old, two hundred, three hundred and fifty. At last, our journey is ended. We have been travelling nearly three hundred and fifty years, five times as long as any of you, my little friends, are likely to live; and yet we have only reached our sun, — the nearest star.

BERTIE'S DREAM.

BERTIE was lying in a hammock on the piazza, thinking of the stories that his sister had been reading to him. He had tried to study; but, the day being hot and sultry, he had thrown aside his book, and gone out on the piazza. As he swung in his hammock, his sister read to him about a beautiful part of the world, called Switzerland. In that country there are a great many mountains so high that they rise far up out of the heat to where it is windy and cold, — so cold

that no plants grow, and that the only animals to be seen are deer of a kind which the cold does not harm. As it keeps snowing and freezing, the ice grows deeper and deeper until it begins to slide down the side of the mountain in shining streams, called glaciers, which, when melted in the warm country below, change to brooks and rivers. These ice-streams are very beautiful and wonderful; and the book Bertie's sister had been reading was full of stories about bold travellers and hunters who had gone up on the high rocks and among the dangerous fields of snow.

Still swinging in his hammock, Ber-

tie looked across the country, dry and dusty in the heat, to a pretty hill which rose up from among the woods, and thought: "I wish I could go away from here up to some place where it is cool and snowy. I wonder if that hill is very high. I have been up there, but it is not very cold, and there is no snow. I wish it was as high as the hills Elsie read about."

Next morning, Bertie looked out, as usual, to see the beautiful, waving woods, with the morning sunlight upon them. He could always see a little of the hill above the trees; but this morning he saw more of it than ever before. "Perhaps the trees have

grown shorter in the night," thought he.

Strangely enough, the hill rose higher every day, and farther above the trees; and Bertie clapped his hands for joy one morning, as he thought, —

"Perhaps the hill is really growing higher! I will wait until it is as high as one of the Alps; and then, some hot day, I'll go up into the cold!"

The hill, still rising and rising, grew sharper and steeper; and the trees on the summit changed from green to red, and from red to brown. One night, the sky was red, and the air was thick with smoke; and, next day, the hill was black and bare. Steep, gray rocks

soon grew through the round hill-top; and one cool morning, after a thunder-storm, the top was all white with snow.

After this snow came, Bertie, whenever he was troubled by the heat and dust and work of the day, used to comfort himself with thinking that he would soon go up and rest in the clean, soft snow; but, feeling rather lazy in the warm weather, he never quite got ready to start.

One day, Bertie went down to take a bath in the stream which flowed through the woods just beyond the lawn. Plunging in from a rock, as usual, he was surprised at finding the water as cold as ice. It chilled him so

thoroughly that he could neither stand nor swim, and was carried, struggling, down the stream; at the same time, the water filled his ears, and he seemed to hear little voices saying, —

"He wished the hill to grow, and was not satisfied: now it is high, and he sleeps at home. Let us chill him. Let us scrape him on this rock. He would not seek us above: let us toss him down this fall; let us spin him around; and now let us leave him —"

Bewildered, Bertie found himself lying on a bed of rushes on the bank. He hastily put on his clothes, and, being afraid to stay any longer with the brook, ran home. All day he

thought of what the voices in the brook had said to him; and he resolved that he would really go up the mountain in the morning.

Before breakfast, accordingly, Bertie stole softly out of the house, and walked on through the woods, wondering, as he went, whether the two shining, white stripes that he had seen running down the side of the mountain could really be glaciers, like those his sister had read of.

The woods were cool and dark so early in the morning, and he found no difficulty in walking fast. Coming to the foot of the hill, he stopped to eat blueberries, and rested for a while by

the side of a pretty waterfall; but soon a cold jet of water falling on his neck warned him to hasten, while the brook ran on, rippling as though it enjoyed the joke.

After clambering for some time over old, fallen trunks of trees, Bertie left the forest, and came out on the bare side of the hill, now become a mountain; and here what a wonderful sight he saw! Far above him, the mountain was white with snow; and from the great drifts a long stream of ice reached down, — light green on the crests of the jagged and curving waves, deep blue between, and all glittering in the sunlight.

At this long-wished-for sight, Bertie uttered a cry of joy, and ran eagerly on till he reached the edge of the ice, where boiled up several springs, which sent their foaming waters down the rocks. Here Bertie would willingly have rested; but something in the murmur of the water seemed to forbid this, and he began to climb over the ice.

He struggled on manfully for a long time, although, on all sides, yawned terribly deep caverns between the waves of ice. At length, he came to a long field of snow, up which he plodded laboriously, sinking to his knees at every step, until he saw a great cliff

before him that seemed to rise directly out of the snow. Looking at its frowning face, he felt certain that he could never climb to the top; looking back towards his home, he saw, to his surprise, nothing but a huge, white cloud, which was slowly moving up the mountain, and hiding rock after rock. A chill pierced his very bones; he turned, and was hastening down the mountain, when he was thrown over by a blast of wind, — a roaring, freezing wind, that seemed to hold him on the ground, while flakes of snow stung his flesh, like red-hot needles. He struggled to his feet, and took a few more steps in the darkness. Presently, he thought

he heard the rushing of a brook; he tried to crawl towards it, but suddenly sank in the snow, and seemed to fall.

Bertie remembered nothing more until he found himself lying in a cavern with walls of ice, through which glimmered a faint, blue light. Above him on a throne of rock was sitting one of the queerest old men you can imagine. He was nearly bald, and what little hair he had was snow-white; his eyes were very large, and, on looking into them, you seemed to see a wide country with forests, hills, and rivers. His shoulders were clothed in a mantle of white, through which appeared, here and there, a gray under-garment; and

the lower part of his body was covered with a variegated robe of green and brown. His arms were bare, and very hard and white near the shoulders; lower down, they were continually changing their form; and the hands seemed to mingle with a stream of water that was flowing along the floor of the cavern.

"Bertie," said the old man, "you let your mountain grow too high. If you had left off sleeping that day, when you were so hot and tired, you might, with little trouble, have reached the top. Remember never to dream about what you desire; but try to deserve it by work. Laziness wishes too much,

and makes its wishes excuses for doing nothing.

"I am the Spirit of the Mountain. Formerly, I was mighty; and many proud rivers owned me as their lord; but my glaciers dwindled away long ago, and my only remaining servant is your friend, the brook. I am bent with age. For a thousand years, I had not seen my former friends, nor signalled them the rising of the sun; but, once in a thousand years, we regain our former beauty and strength. This is my day. It is nearly done: farewell."

The voice rumbled through the cavern, growing fainter and fainter, until it sounded like the pattering of rain-drops

on the piazza; and Bertie awoke, with a start, to hear his sister say, —

"Come, Bertie; you haven't learned your Sunday-school lesson, have you?"

BUMBLE'S FIRST DAY AT WORK.

BUMBLE was a fine young bee. He lived next to a large field of clover, in a nest under a stone wall, and he wore an elegant suit of black and yellow, of which he was very proud indeed. He was about a month old, when, one morning, much to his surprise, he was summoned to the presence of the queen.

He went immediately to the queen's chamber, where she sat in great splendor, surrounded by her ministers and public servants, — all very grave per-

sons, — who took no notice of Bumble. Bumble knew that they were the wisest and the most celebrated bees in the queendom: but, nevertheless, he did not feel at all afraid of them; for, being one of the queen's own subjects, he knew that he had as good a right to be there as they had. So he waited till the queen's notice was attracted to him; and then, bowing very low before the throne, awaited the royal commands.

At a signal from the queen, the prime minister proceeded to read to Bumble a long paper, full of hard words. Of these he understood enough to make out that he was now, accord-

ing to the ancient custom of the realm, old enough to enter into the service of the queen; that he was, that very day, to sally forth to gather honey and wax; and that he should, thenceforth, bear the high and noble title, *Q. H. G.*, which means "Queen's Honey Gatherer."

"I will not waste my time on that old clover," thought the silly, conceited bee. "I will go to the garden I passed yesterday, and will nip the largest and gayest flowers that grow. In this way I shall get more honey than the others will, I'm sure, and shall win myself a great reputation."

So saying, he started quite in the opposite direction from the other bees,

who went soberly and industriously to the clover-field.

It being quite late when he arrived at the garden, Bumble resolved to make up for lost time by immediately choosing the brightest flowers to be seen. So he buzzed around among the red and the yellow dahlias, the great double roses, and the showy blossoms of the snow-ball tree, but found them all dry and tasteless.

After spending several hours in this way, Bumble stopped to rest under the cool shade of a sorrel leaf, while he tried to determine what to do next,— his honey-bag hanging empty, though the sun was high in the heavens.

"O dear! what can be the matter?" thought Bumble. "I'm sure I've worked hard all the morning, and I'm just as tired as can be. I mean to ask that butterfly over there."

"Hallo! Butterfly, what's the luck? How much honey have you got? Where *is* all the honey in this garden?"

"I don't know any thing about such things; I'm a gentleman of leisure," replied the butterfly, "and my name is *Mr.* Butterfly, if you please."

"Don't put on airs," retorted Bumble, thrusting out his sting; "I won't stand it."

"What will you do about it, vul-

gar creature?" exclaimed the butterfly. "Come on; I'm ready for you."

No sooner were these words said than they rushed at each other with such fury that Bumble fell to the ground at the first shock. Recovering himself, he went at the butterfly again, this time with more caution: but though he found it easy to dodge the butterfly, who could not easily turn his large wings, it was more difficult to attack him with success. After several skirmishes, the combatants grappled for the second time, and Bumble lost one of his legs.

His strength now began to give out; and, as the butterfly kept on chas-

ing him without mercy, he became alarmed.

"If I lose one of my wings," thought he, "I am lost."

While making these reflections, he flew more slowly; but, before he could turn to fly under the butterfly, as he tried to do, his right wing was firmly grasped by the mouth of his terrible pursuer.

"All is lost!" thought Bumble, in despair, when — just in the nick of time — he heard footsteps and a child's voice crying out, —

"O Laura, Laura, come and see this beautiful butterfly! I'll catch him under my hat."

The butterfly instantly dropped the wing of his victim, and fled; and Bumble was only too glad to escape in the opposite direction.

As he was faint with hunger and fatigue, and as the stump of his leg gave him great pain, Bumble was forced to give up all thoughts of further work that day, and to start for home. He could hardly bring himself to appear before his fellow-bees in such a plight, but there was no help for it; besides, he could not have reached the clover without passing the nest. So he made the best of his way home.

Poor Bumble! You can imagine how ashamed he felt, and how severely

he was punished for his wilfulness and conceit. He was only too glad to crawl off to his cell, and thus to escape the laughter that greeted his crest-fallen appearance. It was long before the wits of the hive gave up cracking jokes and telling stories about "Bumble's first day at work."

BRONCO.

WHEN Arthur Murray was nine years old, he was living in the country, about twenty miles from a large city. His home was up among the hills; and every morning he rode down to the village school on his Shetland pony.

On Arthur's ninth birthday, his father said that he was growing so fast that he would, in three years, be too heavy for the pony. So his father made Arthur a present of a colt, only a few days old, that was running in the

field with its mother. The little fellow, with his thin legs and bushy tail, looked so weak, by the side of his big mother, that Arthur thought he would never be strong enough to carry anybody on his back; but Arthur's father told him that, before he had had three more birthdays, the colt would be able to carry Uncle John and Arthur too.

Arthur was very happy with his new present. The first thing he did was to see Uncle John and ask him to break in the colt as soon as he was old enough. Uncle John promised to do this, but said that Arthur must make the colt as gentle as possible, so that afterwards he might be more obedient.

Arthur tried very hard to do what his uncle desired. He went into the field every morning before school, and every afternoon as soon as school was out, and coaxed the colt's mother with lumps of sugar; but every time he tried to put his arms around the little fellow's neck, the old mother pushed him away with her nose, as much as to say: "I know you are going to take my baby by and by, but, until he is big enough to carry you, you must let me have him to love, all by myself." The little colt, too, soon knew what his mother meant, and, whenever Arthur entered the field, became so lively, jumping about and kicking up his

heels with such vigor, that Arthur couldn't get near him.

Arthur was, however, so patient, and gave the mother so many lumps of sugar, that, at last, one morning, he actually succeeded in patting the colt. When he started to go home that day, they both followed him to the fence, and, as they looked over it, seemed to tell him that henceforth they would be his good friends, and that he could come and see them as often as he pleased.

During the next six months Arthur spent all his spare time with his new pet, which he called Bronco, — a name that the Spaniards give to a horse

which is wild and frisky. He made a pretty little bridle of cloth for Bronco to wear in the field; and soon Bronco consented to carry, every night and every morning, a light saddle which Arthur's father had given him.

Bronco had now become so used to Arthur that he would let him do almost any thing, would wait for him at the fence, morning and evening, and would follow him across the field back to the fence, as if to bid him good-by. Indeed, Arthur and Bronco became so fond of each other, that Arthur often cut short his games at school, and ran home to play with his dear colt. Bronco would lift up one foot after another to shake

hands with Arthur: Arthur would run against Bronco, and try to push him over, or would throw his arms around his neck, and try to pull him to the ground. Sometimes, they played tag: Bronco ran after Arthur and seized his arm in his mouth; or Arthur chased Bronco and caught him by the tail, or, if he couldn't do that, lay on the ground, pretending to be asleep, and jumped up when Bronco came to see what was the matter, and caught him.

When Bronco was two years old, he had lost his rough skin, and was of a dark chestnut color, with black mane and tail. He was like a prince among the other horses; and they all followed

him, as their leader. Sometimes he would run with them to the top of a hill at one end of the field, and stand, with his mane and tail streaming in the wind, pawing the ground and sniffing the fresh air. Then, suddenly, he would gallop down the hill and to the other end of the field, nearly half a mile away, — all the other horses following him, — then back to the hill again; and often he would repeat this half a dozen times.

There was not a ditch nor a fence on the whole farm that he did not jump with the greatest ease. If he found, after jumping a fence, that the other horses could not follow him, and that

he would have to enjoy the new pastures alone, he jumped back again, kicking off the top board as he jumped, so as to make the fence low enough for the others; or, if it was a picket fence, he would rear on his hind legs, and knock off the tops of the pickets with his fore feet.

It was not until Bronco was nearly three years old that Arthur's Uncle John began to break him to the saddle. He had very little trouble, as Bronco had become used to being handled by Arthur; and, as soon as Bronco got accustomed to feeling some one on his back, he cared very little for the weight.

On his twelfth birthday, Arthur rode Bronco for the first time; and, after galloping all over the farm, put him in the stable and gave him a double supply of oats, as he intended next day to ride him to the city, there to spend a few days at his uncle's house.

The next morning Arthur started for the city. Bronco, who had never been away from the farm, seemed very uneasy, as he went down the lane towards the main road. Arthur got off at the gate, opened it, and led Bronco into the road, shutting the gate after him; but no sooner was his leg over Bronco's back, than he was carried over the gate and up the lane as fast as Bronco

could go. With some trouble he led Bronco into the road again, walked with him about fifty feet from the gate, and then got on once more; but Bronco, being apparently determined not to go away from the farm, took the bit in his teeth, jumped over the gate, and carried Arthur home before he could stop him.

The gardener now came to help Arthur, tied a handkerchief across the eyes of the disobedient horse, and led him for a mile along the road. After that, he behaved better. Before noon Arthur safely arrived at his uncle's house with Bronco, who, though greatly excited by the strange sights

and sounds of the city, was perfectly manageable.

For the rest of the day, Bronco was kept in the stable. The next morning Arthur turned him loose in the stable-yard; but, when he looked for him at noon, Bronco was gone. Arthur could not understand his disappearance; for the gate was locked, and the fence was more than five feet high. He took the first train that afternoon, hurrying home to consult his father. Think how surprised he must have been, when he came to the field where the horses were, to see among them Bronco. He had found his way out of a crowded city, in which he had never been be-

fore, and had jumped over six fences, without touching them. This was not all: the keeper of the toll-gate, spying him on the road, tried to stop him; but Bronco went over the gate like a flash.

If I had time, I could tell you many more stories about Bronco: how he and Arthur camped out together; how he swam with Arthur in the surf on the ocean beach; how he raced with all the horses of Arthur's school-mates, and beat them; how, one night, he carried Arthur's uncle ninety miles in eleven hours, bringing important papers which helped to win a suit in court; and how he did a great many

things that showed his love for Arthur.

When Arthur was fifteen, he went away from home to travel in Europe with his father and mother. In two years he returned, reaching the farm in the spring, not a week before Bronco's eighth birthday. As he walked up the lane towards his home, he thought of his first meeting with Bronco and of all the gay times they had had together. Suddenly he caught sight of Bronco, who was standing near a high picket fence that he had jumped over, time and again. Arthur called; Bronco turned, and, at the sight of Arthur, gave a loud neigh of joy, and tried to

go to him; but, in his haste, forgetting how near he was to the fence, he fell heavily on the pickets. Arthur rushed forward to help him; but, before he had gone half-way, Bronco cleared the fence, and, running to Arthur, fell dead at his feet, — a picket sticking deep in his side.

The next day, all the horses of the farm that had been Bronco's friends and playfellows, all the horses of Arthur's school-mates that had gone with him on many a hunt, all the horses that had raced with him and tried in vain to beat him, came to take a last look at Bronco.

His grave was under the tree by the

fence, where Arthur had first patted him on the back. There he was buried with his saddle and bridle and the blanket that Arthur had brought all the way from England for him. He lay upon a bed of bay leaves; and bay leaves protected him from the earth above. If, at any time that night, you had passed by the spot, you would have seen, — as Arthur saw, when he went there next morning, as he had gone, years before, to meet his dear Bronco, — you would have seen Bronco's poor old mother, standing with her head over the iron railing that surrounded the grave.

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SPEAKING LIKENESSES.

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CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

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