ECLECTIC SCHOOL READINGS

A BOY ON A FARM

NEW YORK · CINCINNATI · CHICAGO
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

A BOY ON A FARM

AT WORK AND AT PLAY

BY

JACOB ABBOTT

EDITED BY

CLIFTON JOHNSON

With an Introduction
by
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Boy on Farm
W. P. I

PREFACE

FEW books are remembered with greater affection by persons who were children in the middle of the last century than those written by Jacob Abbott. No American writer for young people of that time approached him in influence and popularity. His stories were very quiet; there was never anything of the wild and adventurous about them; they were the simple happenings of ordinary, everyday life. This was humble fare, perhaps, from the modern standpoint, yet the narratives held the interest of the unspoiled reader by reason of their truthfulness to the average experience, the attractiveness of the characters portrayed, and because of the gentle humor which brightened the author's pages.

The educational effect of Jacob Abbott's stories, both mental and moral, was very great. They taught industry, honesty, and all the manly virtues, and they had a distinctly refining and elevating effect on those into whose hands they fell. The insistence, however, with which these virtues were

proclaimed and emphasized, constitutes a weakness in the books as we view them now. The moralizings are too intrusive and too long drawn out, and they seem hardly necessary; for the stories convey their own easily perceived lessons. These ethical discussions and explanations are for the most part eliminated in the present edition, and it is believed, as thus revised, the stories will hold the interest of young readers and continue to do excellent work in training youthful instincts naturally and healthfully.

Two of Jacob Abbott's books are here included—"Rollo at Work" and "Rollo at Play." The author in his preface to the original volumes states that while they are intended primarily for entertainment he hopes they will aid "in cultivating the thinking powers, in promoting progress in reading, and in cultivating the amiable and gentle qualities of the heart."

I think they have marked capacity for all these things and it is with this thought in mind that I have edited them.

CLIFTON JOHNSON.

INTRODUCTION

ALL good men love children, but my father not only loved, he respected them. This respect which he had for children was, I think, the secret of his power over them, which was quite as remarkable as his literary success in writing for them. In a true sense it might be said that he treated children as his equals, not through any device or from any scheme, but spontaneously and naturally.

He never deceived children, never tricked them with cunning devices, never lied to them. This may seem small praise, yet men—and for that matter women—who never lie to children are, I am afraid, a rather small minority. A promise to a child was quite as sacred in his eyes as a promise to a grown person. He would as soon have thought of defaulting on a promissory note as defaulting on a promise to a child. He trusted the judgment of children, took counsel with them, not in a false pretence but in reality, and in all the matters which concerned them and their world was largely governed by their judgments. He threw responsibility upon them, great responsibility, and

they knew it. The audacity of his confidence surprises me even now as I look back upon it. I entered college before I was fourteen. My father not only let me choose the college for myself, but made me decide for myself whether I would go to college. When the time for entrance examination approached, he called me to him, told me that if I went into business as an errand boy he would lay up for me every year what the college life would cost him, so that at eighteen I should have a capital of two thousand dollars and interest. Thus I not only had to decide that I would go to college, but also had to decide that I was willing to give up two thousand dollars for a college education, and two thousand dollars was a large sum to my boyish mind. But, as a result, I took college life with great seriousness, quite resolved to get the two thousand dollars' value out of the education. This act was quite characteristic of my father. Though he was my wisest counselor, I cannot remember that he ever gave me a definite and specific piece of advice; he put questions before me with great clearness, summed up the *pros* and *cons* like a judge upon the bench, and then left me to be the final arbiter.

This respect which he showed to children inspired them with respect for themselves and for one another. It gave dignity to the children who came under his influence. That influence was a masterful one. I should misrepresent him if I gave the impression that he exercised no authority. On the contrary, his authority was supreme and final; he gave few commands, but he required prompt, implicit and unquestioning obedience to those which he did give. I have known children to disobey him, but I never knew one to rebel against him. I do not know what would have happened in case of a rebellion. I think no child ever thought of it as possible. I never knew him to strike a blow. I do not recall that he ever sent a child to his room, or supperless to bed, or set him to write in his copy book, or to learn tasks, or resorted to any other of the similar expedients, necessary perhaps in school, and frequent in most families. In general he simply administered natural penalties. If a child lied or broke his promises, he was distrusted. If he was careless or negligent, the things which were given to other children to play with were withheld from him. If he quarreled, he was taken away from his playmates, but

made as happy as he could be made in solitude. The children were themselves encouraged to inflict a kind of child penalty. In the yard at Fewacres, his country home, which was a favorite playground for invited children from the village, as well as for his own grandchildren, he had a square stone set up. Then he said, "If any child gets cross and sulky and cries, he can go and sit on the 'crying stone' just as long as he wants to and cry it out." Whenever any child did grow sulky and cross, all the rest of the children clamored, "To the crying stone, to the crying stone," and it is needless to say that it was rarely the case that a child took advantage of the prerogative thus afforded him. This little incident I recall simply because it is significant of my father's methods with children. He distinguished sharply, and the children quickly learned to distinguish between advice and law. When he gave advice the child was perfectly at liberty to regard it or disregard it as he pleased, and after disregarding it fell into no disrepute or disfavor of any kind. But law, when it was issued, which was not often, must be at once obeyed without hesitation, and without question. He approved and encouraged independence and self-

confidence in children but he required prompt and unhesitating obedience.

This spirit of respect which my father had for children interprets his literary method. He never condescended to children, never talked down to them or wrote down to them. He believed they could understand large truths if they were simply and clearly stated. So in "Science for the Young" he dealt with some of the most interesting scientific phenomena; in his Red Histories he used biography to make clear the great historical epochs; in his "Young Christian" he interpreted the profound phases of spiritual experience. This spirit of confidence determined his style. He never sought for short and easy words, but selected what he thought the best word to express his meaning. The child, he said, will get the meaning of the word from the context, or if he does not, he will ask his mother what the word means, and so he will be learning language. He did not write books about children for grown people to read. He wrote books for children because he shared their life with them. Perhaps it is a son's prejudice, but his books still seem to me to be among the best of true children's books.

I have been often asked which one of his four sons was Rollo. The answer is, None of them. So far as I know, my father never painted a portrait, never took a single child out of real life and set him in a story. So far as I know, he never made a study of character in one of his books, never undertook to work out through fiction the development of a character first philosophically conceived. He wrote his stories as he might have told them. If shorthand writers had been in vogue in his time, and one could have taken down any story of my father's as he might have told it to a group of children gathered about his chair, it would have been essentially the story as it is published from his pen. He did not form a plot beforehand. Each incident led on to the next incident; it might almost be said that each paragraph led on to the next paragraph; and when the allotted number of pages was finished, the story came to its end much as the story-telling would come to an end when the clock hand pointed at nine and it was time for the children to go to bed. This method accounts for the artlessness of his narratives. They are natural portrayals of child life to children. The only approximation to por-

trait painting is in "Jonas," "Beechnut" and "Rainbow." These characters in his stories used the devices, employed the methods, manifested the spirit which were characteristic of his dealing with children. To this extent and to this only can they be called portraits, for in every other respect they are unlike one another and quite unlike him.

I am glad to give this personal introduction of my father to the readers of this new edition of the Rollo books, though it cannot give them—and nothing that I could write could give them—that commingled sense of affection, reverence, confidence and fellowship which my father inspired in all children with whom he ever had anything to do.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

Cornwall on the Hudson, N. Y.

LIST OF STORIES

ROLLO AT WORK

ROLLO AT PLAY

ROLLO AT WORK

Rollo and Frisky

I

FRISKY THE COLT

ONE day when Rollo was about five years old, he was planting beans on the farther side of the garden near the fence. He had planted corn there two days before and had been watching impa-

tiently for it to come up ever since. But now he had concluded the corn was not going to grow, and he thought he would plant the spot again.

He was stooping down digging holes for the beans, when he heard a sudden noise. He jumped up and saw a colt that his father owned looking at him over the garden fence. Rollo was startled and he ran as fast as he could towards the house.

It happened that Jonas was in the yard cutting wood. Jonas worked for Rollo's father. He was sixteen years old, and, as he was very faithful and trustworthy, it was a part of his business to take care of Rollo. "What is the matter?" he called out when he saw Rollo running in such haste.

Rollo looked behind him. The colt had remained where it was, and Rollo was now a little ashamed of his fears and did not answer.

"I think the colt wants to see us," said Jonas, and he took Rollo by the hand and returned with him to the garden.

As they approached, the colt drew back his head, and by the time they reached the fence, he was trotting away. The colt was in a green field with scattered trees growing here and there, and thick woods beyond.

"There comes father," said Rollo, pointing towards the woods.

Jonas looked and saw Rollo's father coming out from among the trees leading a horse. The colt and the horse had been feeding together in the field, and Rollo's father had caught the horse, for he wanted to take a ride. He had a little basket in his hand, and when he saw the colt coming he held it up and called, "Frisky, Frisky, Frisky."

Frisky walked up to the basket and put in his nose. He found there were oats in it, and Rollo's father poured them out on the grass, and stood by patting Frisky's head and neck while he ate them. Then Rollo's father led the horse across the field into a green lane which passed along the side of the garden to the house. Rollo said he would go to meet him; so he climbed over the fence, while Jonas returned to his work.

Rollo hastened along until he met his father, who was leading the horse with a rope around its neck.

"Father," said Rollo, "could you put me on?"

His father smiled and lifted Rollo on the horse's back. Then he walked slowly on in the direction of the house.

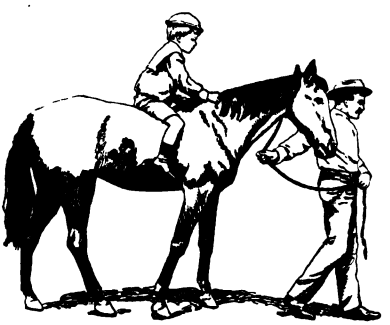
"Are you going away?" asked Rollo.

"Yes," his father replied, "I am going to ride in the wagon."

"Why did not you catch Frisky and let him draw you?"

"Frisky? Oh, Frisky is not old enough to work."

"Not old enough to work!" said Rollo. "Why, he is almost as big as the horse. I should think he could draw you."



Rollo on horseback

"Perhaps he is strong enough, but Frisky has never learned to work."

"Never learned!" said Rollo. "Do horses have to *learn* to work? Why, they have nothing to do but to pull."

"Suppose that he should dart off at once as soon as he is harnessed," said his father, "and pull with all his strength and furiously?"

"Oh, he must not do so."

"Well, suppose he pulls gently a minute, and then stops and looks around, and I tell him to go

on, and he pulls a minute, and then stops and looks around again?"

"He must not do like that," said Rollo, laughing; "he must keep pulling steadily all the time."

"Yes; so you see he has something more to do than merely to pull. He needs to learn to pull right. Besides, he must learn to understand and obey the commands of his driver. Why, a horse needs to be taught to work as much as a boy."

"But, father, I can work, and I have never been taught."

"Oh, no," said his father, "you cannot work."

"I can plant beans," said Rollo.

Just then, Rollo, who was all this time riding on the horse, looked down from his high seat and saw a bird's nest in a bush close by, and he said, "Oh, father, please take me down. I want to see that bird's nest."

His father knew that he would not hurt the bird's nest, so he took him off the horse and went on. Rollo climbed up on a log that lay by the side of the bush and parted the branches and looked in. Four tiny, unfledged birds lifted up their heads and opened their mouths wide. "Ah, you little

dickeys," said Rollo; "hungry are you? I haven't anything for you to eat."

After a short time Rollo went on up the lane saying to himself, "*They* are not big enough to work, at any rate, but I am, I know, and I do not believe but that Frisky is."

II

ROLLO GETS READY TO WORK

When Rollo reached the yard, his father was getting into the wagon to go away. Jonas stood by, holding the horse's head. "Father," said Rollo, "you thought I could not work, but I can. I am going to work to-day while you are gone."

"Are you?" said his father. "Very well, I should be glad to have you."

"What would you like to have me do?" asked Rollo.

"You may pick up chips, or you may pile that short wood in the shed. But stand back from the wheel, for I am ready to start now."

So Rollo stood back and his father took the

reins which Jonas handed him and drove on out of the yard. Rollo ran along behind the wagon as far as the gate, and watched his father until he disappeared at a turn in the road.

Rollo now returned to the yard and sat down on a block by the side of Jonas who was mending the wheelbarrow. He sat there singing to himself for some time, and then he said, "Jonas, father thinks I am not big enough to work. Don't you think I am?"

"I don't know," said Jonas, hesitating, "you do not seem to be very industrious just now."

"I am resting now," said Rollo. "I am going to work pretty soon."

"What are you resting from?" asked Jonas.

"Oh, I am resting because I am tired."

"What are you tired of? What have you been doing?"

Rollo had no answer at hand. The truth was it was pleasanter for him to sit on the block and sing, and see Jonas mend the wheelbarrow, than to go to work himself, and he mistook that feeling for being tired.

Rollo finding that he had no excuse for sitting there any longer, presently got up, and sauntered

along toward the house, saying that he was now going to pick up chips. The chips that Rollo was to pick up covered a considerable space in one corner of the yard. He knew that his father wished to have them put into a bin in the shed called the chip bin. So he went into the house for a basket. His mother told him the chip basket was in its place in the shed and he might go and get it.

Rollo and his mother

"But," said Rollo, "that is too large. I cannot lift that great basket full of chips."

"You need not fill it full then," said his mother. "Put in just as many as you can easily carry."

Rollo still objected, saying that he wanted her very much to find him a smaller basket. He could not work without a smaller one. He then told her that his father wished him to work, and he related to

her all the conversation they had had. His mother was very busy, but, to give Rollo a good start in his new undertaking, she left her work and hunted up a basket which he said was just big enough.

III

A BAD BEGINNING.

Rollo sat down on the chips and began picking them up all around him and throwing them into his basket. He soon filled it and then lugged it into the shed, emptied it and returned to fill it again. But when he got it about half full the second time, he came on some very large chips which were so square and flat that he thought they would be good to build houses with. He concluded that he would try them a little and commenced to set them up. He found, however, that, although the chips were large and square, the edges were so sharp that they would not stand up.

Some time was spent in trying experiments with them in various ways, but he could not succeed in

making them stay upright; so he began again to put the chips in his basket.

When he got the basket nearly full, he thought it would be a good plan to take a rest and go to see Jonas a little while.

Jonas had finished mending the wheelbarrow and had put it in its place, and was just going away into the field. "Well, Rollo," said he, "how do you get along with your work?"

"Oh, very well," replied Rollo; "I have been picking up chips all the time since I went away from you."

Rollo did not mean to tell a falsehood; but he was not aware how much of his time he had idled away.

"And how many have you got in?" asked Jonas.

"Guess," said Rollo.

"Six basketfuls," said Jonas.

"No," said Rollo.

"Eight?"

"No, not so many."

"How many then?" said Jonas.

"Two; that is, I have got one in, and the other is almost full."

"Only two!" said Jonas. "Then you cannot

have worked very steadily. Come, and I will show you how to work."

Jonas walked along to the chips and asked Rollo to finish filling the basket and empty it. So Rollo filled the basket, carried it to the bin and came back very soon. Jonas told him to fill it again. "There," said he, when it was full, "I should say you had been less than two minutes in doing that. We will call it two minutes. Two minutes for each basketful would make thirty basketfuls in an hour, and I think there are not more than thirty basketfuls in all; so in an hour, if you worked steadily, you would get them all in."

"In an hour?" said Rollo. "Could I get them all in in an hour?"

"Yes," said Jonas," I have no doubt you could."

IV

TROUBLES

Jonas now went to the field. Rollo thought it would be a fine thing to get the chips all in before his father came home, and after he had emptied

the basket he went busily to work filling it for the fourth time.

"I can do it quicker than I did it before," said he to himself. "I can fill the basket a great deal faster than that. I will have all these chips in the shed in half an hour."

He began to throw the chips into the basket as fast as possible, taking up the very large ones and tossing them in any way. The basket was small and it was quickly filled, but the chips Rollo had selected were so large that they did not pack well. They apparently filled the basket quite full; yet as they lay up in every direction there were great empty spaces between them. For this reason, when Rollo took up the basket to carry it, it felt very light; but he ran along with it thinking it felt light because he was so strong.

When he reached the chip bin the chips would not come out easily. They were so large that they had got wedged between the sides of the basket, and he had to pull and tug at them with his hands. It took him several minutes to finish unloading. This fretted him and cooled his ardor somewhat, and he walked back across the yard rather slowly.

Rollo went to work once more filling the basket, but had hardly put a dozen chips in it when he happened to think that the wheelbarrow would be a better thing to get them in with. They would not stick in that as they did in the basket. So he turned the chips out and went after the wheelbarrow. After he had spent some time in looking to see how Jonas had mended it, he started to wheel it across the yard. It was quite heavy, but he contrived to get it along to the place where the chips were and then he began to fill it.

He found that the chips would go into the wheelbarrow beautifully, and he was much pleased with his own ingenuity in thinking of it. He was a long time filling it, for the wheelbarrow was large and he stopped frequently to rest. When at length he had finished he took hold of the handles to trundle it along, but he had put on so big a load that he could scarcely stir it. He lifted one side more than the other and it began to tip, as wheelbarrows are very apt to do that are too heavily loaded for the workman. Rollo exerted all his strength in vain to save it. Over it went, and about half of the chips were poured out on the ground.

"Oh, dear me!" said Rollo, "I wish this wheelbarrow was not so heavy."

Rollo and the wheelbarrow

He sat down beside it for a time in despair and had a great mind to give up work for that day. He thought he had done enough; he was tired. But then, when he reflected that he had only got in four small baskets of chips, and that his father would see it was really true that he could not work, he felt a little ashamed to stop.

So he tipped the wheelbarrow back, which he could easily do now that the chips were half out, and thought he would wheel those that remained in it to the shed and take the others next time. By great exertion he managed to stagger a short way with his load, but the wheel presently went into a little hollow in the path and he could not move it any farther. This worried and troubled him. He tried unsuccessfully to draw the wheelbarrow back, and then he went round to the wheel and pulled on that, but it kept to the hollow, immovable.

Rollo wished he had not touched the wheelbarrow but he was not willing to leave it and begin taking the chips in with the basket again, and he now went to the house to ask his mother to help him. "Mother," said he, as he opened the door, "could you not come out and help me get my wheelbarrow along?"

"What are you doing with the wheelbarrow?" questioned his mother.

"I am wheeling chips in it," Rollo replied.

"I thought you were picking up chips in the basket I got for you."

"Yes, mother, I did for a while; but I thought I could get them along faster with the wheelbarrow."

"And instead of that it seems you cannot get them along at all."

"But it is only one little place, mother. The wheel is in a hole. If I could get it out of that hole it would go all right."

"Well," said his mother, "I will help this time; but if you get into difficulty again you must get out of it yourself."

They went out together, and she took hold of the wheelbarrow, pushed it along a few steps and then returned to the house.

Rollo went on with the load slowly and with great difficulty. He succeeded, however, in working it along until he reached the platform which was before the shed door. Here he came to a stand-still, as he could not get the wheel up such a high step; and he sat down on the edge of the platform, not knowing what to do next. On the whole he concluded he would not pick up chips any more; he would pile the wood—for his father had told him he might do either; and the latter, he thought, would be much the easier.

"I shall not have anything to carry or to wheel," said he to himself, "and so I shall not have any of these troubles."

V

PILING WOOD

Rollo left his wheelbarrow where it was at the edge of the platform, intending to ask Jonas to get it up for him when he came home. Then he went into the shed and began to pile up the wood. It was some short, small stove wood, and he knew his

father wanted to have it piled back against the side of the shed, near where the wood was lying. Jonas had thrown it down there in a heap as he had sawed and split it.

Rollo laid the wood regularly on the ground where the pile was to be, and for a few minutes went on very prosperously. Then he heard a great trampling in the street and ran out to see what it was. He found that a herd of cows and large and small calves was passing. They filled the whole road, and Rollo climbed on the fence near the gate to look at them. Some stopped to eat by the roadside, some tried to run off down the lane, but were driven back by boys with long whips. Others would stand still in the middle of the road and bellow; and here and there two or three would be seen pushing one another with their horns.

Rollo had only been looking on a few moments when he heard a new commotion in the herd at a little distance, and looking that way he saw Jonas in among the creatures with a stick, driving them about and shouting, "Hirrup! Hirrup!"

At first Rollo could not think what Jonas was doing, but when he looked more closely he saw

that one of their own cows had got into the herd and Jonas was trying to get her out.

Some of the men who were driving the cattle helped him, and they succeeded, at length, in get-

Rollo opening the gate

ting her to the side of the road by herself. The rest of the cattle moved on, and when they were fairly past, Jonas called out to Rollo to open the gate. This Rollo did, and the cow walked in with Jonas after her. "How came our cow in among all those?" asked Rollo.

"She got out of the pasture somehow," Jonas

replied, "and I must drive her back. How do you progress with your chips?"

"Oh, not very well. I want you to help me get the wheelbarrow up on the platform."

"The wheelbarrow!" said Jonas, "Are you carrying the chips in with the wheelbarrow?"

"I picked up one load in it," Rollo acknowledged; "but I am not picking up chips now at all. I am piling wood."

In the meantime the cow went on through the yard and out of the rear gate into the field. Jonas was in haste to follow her, but he stopped long enough to look in at the shed door and see if Rollo was piling the wood right. "That will do first-rate," said he, "only you must put the big ends of the sticks outwards, or the pile will tumble down." Then he ran on after the cow, intending to get her into the pasture and put up the fence where she had broken out. Rollo stood for some time looking at Jonas as he drove the cow across the field, wishing that he was going too; but at last he went back to his wood pile.

He piled a little more, and as he piled he wondered what Jonas meant by telling him to put the large ends outwards. He took up a stick which

had a knot on one end making that end much the larger, and laid it on both ways, first with the knot back against the side of the shed, and then with the knot in front towards himself. He did not see but that the stick lay as well in one position as in the other.

"Jonas was mistaken," said he. "It is a great deal better to put the big ends back. Then they are out of sight, all the old knots are hidden and the pile looks handsomer in front."

After that he piled the sticks with the big ends back against the shed. By this means the rear side of the pile soon began to be the highest, and the wood slanted forward, until, when the pile was nearly as high as his head, it was quite unsteady. Rollo could not imagine what made it act so. He thought he would put on one stick more and then leave it. But as he was putting on this stick he shook the pile a

Rollo and the wood pile

little and it started to fall. He sprang away; but he did not get clear, for he tumbled over the wood which was lying on the ground and fell backwards, and a large part of the pile came down on him.

The wood was so small and light that it did not hurt him much, but he bruised himself in falling, and he screamed with fright and pain.

Rollo stopped crying pretty soon and went into the house; and that evening he said to his father, "You were right, after all. I don't know how to work any better than Frisky."

VI

THE MAJOR'S SHOP

Rollo often rode out with his father and mother. When he was quite a small boy he used to keep talking a great deal and interrupting them; and if he was tired, he would complain and ask them again and again when they would get home. In consequence of this, when they wanted a quiet, pleasant ride they had to leave Rollo behind.

But now that he was older he had improved and

was not nearly so troublesome. His father and mother liked very much to have him sitting between them and began to think they could not have a pleasant ride themselves unless Rollo went too.

The carriage seat was rather narrow for three persons and a small stool was usually put in on the carriage bottom for Rollo. This was not very convenient and one day Rollo's father said that he would have a little seat made on purpose for him. "I will take the carriage down to the Major's to-night," said he, "and see if he can do the job for me."

"And may I go with you?" asked Rollo.

"Yes," his father replied, "you may."

Rollo was always much pleased when his father let him go to the Major's. The Major was an old soldier who had been disabled in the wars so that he could not go out to do any hard work; but he was very ingenious in making and mending things, and he had a little shop down by the mill.

Rollo often went there with Jonas to carry a chair to be mended, or to get a lock or latch put in order; and sometimes to buy a basket, or a rake, or some other simple thing the Major knew how to make.

On the evening of the day when Rollo's father spoke about having a little seat made, he took Rollo with him in the carriage and set off for the Major's. It was not very far. They drove past some pleasant farmhouses, then went down the hill, and just before they came to the bridge turned off among the trees into a secluded road which led along the bank of the stream. After going a short distance they came out into an opening where there was a mill; and across the road under the trees was the Major's little shop.

Behind the shop was a high, rocky hill almost covered with forest. The road passed on between the shop and the mill and wound along still farther up the stream until it was lost in the woods.

As soon as Rollo came in sight of the shop he saw a little wheelbarrow standing by the side of the door, and he called out for his father to look at it.

"I wish you would buy it for me," said Rollo. "How much do you suppose the Major asks for it?"

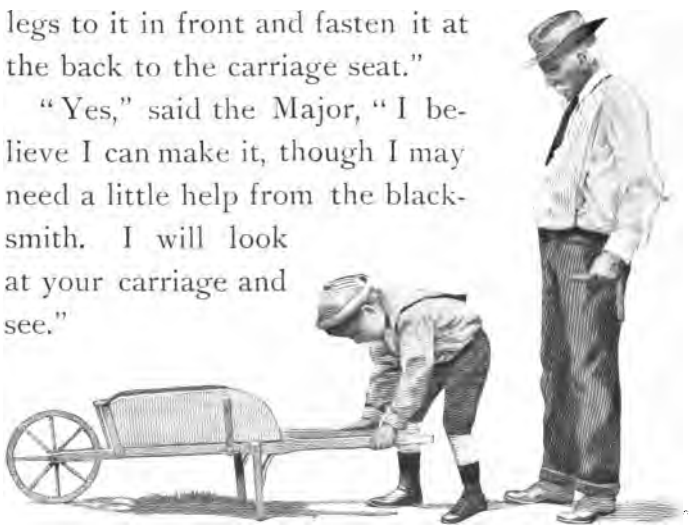
"We will talk with him about it," replied his father.

So saying, he drove up to the side of the road near the mill and hitched the horse to a post.

Then Rollo clambered down out of the carriage, and they walked across into the shop.

They found the Major busily at work and Rollo stood by while his father explained that he wanted a small seat made for the carriage. "I do not know whether you can do it or not," said he, "but I thought you might make a little seat with two legs to it in front and fasten it at the back to the carriage seat."

"Yes," said the Major, "I believe I can make it, though I may need a little help from the blacksmith. I will look at your carriage and see."



Rollo and the Major's wheelbarrow

As they went out they passed by the wheelbarrow at the door and Rollo asked the price.

"That is not for sale," replied the Major. "That is engaged. But I can make another. I ask three quarters of a dollar for them."

Rollo looked at it very wistfully and the Major told him he might try it if he chose. So Rollo trundled the wheelbarrow up and down the road. It was light and it moved easily. If he had such a one he was sure it would not tip over like the great heavy one at home, and he thought he could wheel it even if it was full of stones. He ran down with it to the shore of the stream, but just then his father called him, and he returned with the wheelbarrow to the shop.

As they were going home his father spoke of the wheelbarrow and said he thought it was a very pretty one.

"Yes, it was beautiful, father. I wish I had one like it."

"But I think it would give you more pleasure at some future time than it will now."

"When do you mean?"

"When you have learned to work."

"But I want the wheelbarrow to *play* with."

"I know you do, but you would take a great deal more satisfaction in such a thing if you were to do some useful work with it.

"When shall I learn to work?" asked Rollo.

"I have been thinking it is full time now.

"I wish you would teach me," said Rollo. "What could I do first?"

"The first lesson would be to teach you to do some common, easy work *steadily*.

"Why! but I can do that now without being taught."

"Well, I will try you to-morrow," said his father.

VII

OLD NAILS

The next morning after breakfast Rollo's father told him he was ready for him to go to his work and he led Rollo out into the barn. Then he got a box full of old nails from a storeroom in a corner of the barn and set it down on the barn floor.

"Why, father," said Rollo, "what am I going to do with those old nails?"

"You are going to sort them. I want them picked over and those that are alike put by themselves. I will tell you exactly how to do it."

Rollo, while his father was speaking, picked up some of the nails and looked them over; but his father told him to put them down. "You must

listen to the directions now," he said, "for I cannot tell you twice."

Then he brushed a clean place on the barn floor with a wisp of straw and poured out the nails. He took up a handful of them and placed them on the floor in little heaps, each size by itself.

"Now, Rollo," said he, "I want you to go to work and sort these nails until they are done. There are not more than three or four kinds, and you can do them pretty fast if you work steadily and do not get to playing with them. If you find pieces of iron or anything else you do not know what to do with, lay them aside, and go on with the nails. Do you understand it all?"

Rollo said he did, and his father left him and went into the house. Rollo sat down on the clean barn floor and began his task.

"I don't think this is any great thing," said he. "I can do this easily enough," and he began to arrange the nails as his father had directed.

It was indeed very easy to see what nails were large, and what were small, and what were of middle size, and to put them in their proper heaps. There was nothing very hard in that. The difficulty was that after sorting a few it became tedious

and tiresome working all alone in the barn, picking out old nails with nobody to help and nobody to talk to and nothing to see!

Rollo sorted out a few and then he thought it would be a good plan for him to ask his father to let him go and get his Cousin James, who lived not far away, to come and help him.

He accordingly laid down the nails he had in his hand, and went into the house, where he found his father writing at a table.

"What is the matter, now?" said his father.

"Why," said Rollo, "I thought I would like to have James come and help me if you are willing. We could get the nails sorted so much quicker if there were two of us."

"But it is not my object to get them done very quickly. What I want is to teach you patient industry."

Rollo was disappointed, but he went back to the barn and sorted two or three handfuls more. He found there was no pleasure in the task and began to be sorry his father had set him at such an undertaking. He made very slow progress and looked at the heap of nails yet unsorted and sighed to think how large it was. He could not sort all those,

possibly, he said. He knew he could not. It would take him forever.

Still, he could think of no excuse for leaving his work again until, after a little while, he came to a couple of screws. "And now what shall I do with these?" said he.

He laid the screws side by side to measure them and see which was the larger. Then he rolled them about and played with them, meanwhile, of course, entirely neglecting his work. Finally, he concluded he would go and ask his father what he was to do with the screws, and he started for the house, stopping to look at the grasshoppers and butterflies by the way.

When he at length appeared at his father's table and wanted to know what was to be done with the screws, his father said, "You ought not to have left your work to come and ask that question."

"But, father," said Rollo, "I do not know what to do with them. You did not say anything about screws when you told me to sort the nails."

"Then why did you leave your work to ask me about them?"

"Why, because——" said Rollo, hesitating. He did not know what to say.

"Your work is to sort the *nails*," said his father, and Rollo went slowly out of the room and back to the barn. He put the screws aside and went on with the nails, but he did very little.

Thus an hour or two of the forenoon passed away, and when at last Rollo's father came out to see what he had done it was very plain that he had been idling away his time. His father then told him he might leave his work and come in.

They walked along together and his father said, "I gave you work to do which was very easy and plain, but you have not been industrious. You have wasted your morning entirely and have neither done work nor enjoyed play. Now, after this, I am going to give you one hour's work every forenoon. I shall give you such things to do as will afford you no amusement, for I want you to learn to work, not play; and yet I think, when you really do learn, you will find a great deal of solid happiness in being able to accomplish something useful."

VIII

REAL WORK

The next day Rollo's father directed him to begin at ten o'clock and work till eleven gathering beans in the garden. His father went out with him and waited to see how long it took him to gather half a pint, and then calculated how many he could gather in an hour, if he was industrious. Rollo knew that if he failed now he would be punished in some way, although his father did not say anything about punishment. When he was set at work the day before sorting the nails, it was only as an experiment, but now he knew that he was under orders and must obey.

Rollo showing the beans

So he worked very diligently, and when his father came into the garden at the end of the hour he found that Rollo had gathered rather more beans than he had expected. Rollo was much gratified to see his father pleased, and he trotted away very happily to the house to show the basket full of beans to his mother.

The following morning his father said to him, "You did very well, yesterday, Rollo; but I can hardly expect you will succeed as well every day."

Rollo, however, was quite sure he would. His work this time was to pick up all the loose stones in the road near the house and carry them in a basket to a great heap of stones behind the barn. But he stopped to play several times and was not quite faithful.

Yet, on the whole, as the days went on and he became used to having regular work, he did better and better. He began at last to feel a considerable degree of satisfaction in his labor, and he discovered too that his play gave him greater pleasure after he had been working than before. For instance, when he had picked up the loose stones in front of the house he had a delightful time rolling his hoop about there; and he enjoyed the neat and

tidy appearance of the road much more than he would have if Jonas had cleared it. Thus, in the course of a month, Rollo became quite a faithful and efficient little workman.

IX

TWO LITTLE WHEELBARROWS

"Now we will go and talk with the Major about a wheelbarrow," said Rollo's father to him one day after he had been doing a fine job of wood piling; "or do you think you could find the way yourself?" Rollo said he believed he could.

"Very well, you may go. I believe I shall let you have a wheelbarrow now, and you can ask him how soon he can get it done."

Rollo clapped his hands and asked his father how long he thought it would take the Major to make it.

"Oh you will learn that when you talk with him," was the reply.

"Do you think it will be a week?"

"I think it probable that he could make one in less than a week."

"Well, how soon?" said Rollo.

"Wait till you get to the shop," said his father, "and you will find out there."

It was in the middle of the afternoon that Rollo set off to see about his wheelbarrow. His mother told him he might ask his Cousin James to go with him if he chose. So he called at the house of his Uncle George, who was James's father, and got permission for James to go with him. James was not quite as old as Rollo, and, as they walked along together, Rollo told him about his learning to work, and about his having seen a little wheelbarrow at the Major's, and how the Major had let him wheel it.

"I should like to see it, too," said James. "I suppose I can when we get to the Major's shop."

"No," replied Rollo, "he said that wheelbarrow was engaged, and I think it must have been taken away by this time."

But now the Major's shop came into view and James called out, "Yes, yes, there it is! I see it standing by the side of the door."

"That's not it," said Rollo. "That is a blue one."

"What color was the wheelbarrow you saw?" asked James.

"It was not any color. It was not painted. I wonder whose wheelbarrow this blue one can be?"

The boys presently came to the shop and opened the door. They went in, but nobody was there. Various articles sent in to be mended were scattered about the room, and everywhere were pieces of boards and iron, and the floor was littered with chips and shavings. At one side was a lathe—a curious machine that the Major used a great deal in doing some of his nicest work. On another side of the shop was a long bench with tools of all kinds lying about on it, and there were many more tools on the shelves over the bench.

The boys looked about the room until Rollo spied a second little wheelbarrow on a shelf. It was very much like the one at the door, only it was painted green.

Rollo said it looked exactly like the wheelbarrow he trundled when he was there before, except for the color.

"Perhaps the Major has painted it since," said James. "Let us go to the door and look at the other one and see which is the bigger."

So they went to the door and found that the blue one was a little the bigger of the two. But now they saw the Major coming across the road with a hatchet in his hand. He had been to grind it at the mill where there was a grindstone that was turned by water power.

"Ah, boys," said he, "how do you do? Have you come for your wheelbarrow, Rollo?"

"Yes, sir," Rollo replied; "how soon can you get it done?"

"Done? It is done now," said the Major. "There it is;" and he took the blue wheelbarrow which was at the door and set it down in the path.

"That is not mine, is it?" said Rollo.

"Yes, your father spoke for it a week ago."

Rollo began to wheel it along. He liked it very much.

James said he wished he could have one too; and while Rollo was talking with the Major he could not help looking through the door at the green one on the shelf which he thought was just about as big as he would like.

The Major asked him if he wanted to see that one, and they all went into the shop. The Major lifted down the wheelbarrow and James took hold

of the handles and tried it a little back and forth on the floor. "Who is this for?" he asked.

Before the Major could reply, who should come in the door but James's father.

"Why, James," said he, "have you got your wheelbarrow already?"

"*My* wheelbarrow!" James exclaimed. "Is this mine?"

"Yes," replied his father, "I had it made to give to you. But when I found that Rollo was having one made, I waited for his to be done so that you might have them both together. So trundle them home."

"The boys set off on a run"

Then the boys set off on a run with their wheelbarrows down the road.

X

THE SAND-MEN

Rollo and his Cousin James were very fond of going to a certain place by the side of the brook, not far from Rollo's house, to play in the sand, which was very plentiful just there. A good many pebbles were mixed with it, and with these they made walls and stoned up the little wells they dug. One afternoon they built a sand city by the brook, and, after amusing themselves with it for some time, they knocked down the houses and trampled the sand all about again. James then said he meant to go to the barn and get his horse-cart and haul a load of sand to market.

Behind a large rock, near by, was a place which the boys called their barn; and now they went to it and pulled out their two little wheelbarrows, which they called their horse-carts. They wheeled them down to the edge of the water and began to take up the sand in double handfuls and put it in their carts.

When the carts were loaded they trundled them around to the trees and stones and bushes, saying, "Who'll buy my sand?" "Who'll buy my sand?"

But they did not seem to find any purchasers; and at last Rollo said, "Let us take our sand up to the house and show it to mother."

"All right," was James's response, and they set off with their loads up the pathway among the trees.

Presently they stopped to rest, and pick some flowers, which they found growing near by. These they stuck up in the sand so that their loads made a very gay appearance.

They were going to start on again when Rollo said, "But, James, how are we going to get through the quagmire?"

"Oh," said James, "we can step along on the bank by the side of the path."

"No," said Rollo; "for we cannot get our wheelbarrows along there."

"Why, yes—we did when we came down."

"But they were empty and light then.'

"So they were; but I think we can get along. The quagmire is not very bad now."

What the boys called the quagmire was a low place in the pathway that was nearly always muddy. The pathway was made by the cows going up and down to drink, and it was dry and hard

in all places but one. This spot was very wet and miry in the spring of the year, and was seldom perfectly dry, even in summer. To get by it the boys usually went around on one side in among the bushes.

The quagmire was dryer than common just at that time so they contrived to get through with their loads of sand and soon were at the house. Rollo's mother heard their voices as they came into the yard and she looked from a window and called out, "Who's there?"

"Some sand-men with sand to sell," Rollo answered.

His mother did not care to buy, but she had quite a talk with them about their sand, and finally suggested that they should carry it to a corner of the yard where the chips used to be, and spread it there and stick their flowers up in it for a garden.

The boys liked this plan very much. "We can make walks and beds beautifully in the sand," said Rollo. "But, mother, do you think the flowers will grow?"

"No, but it is rather a shady place, and you can water them occasionally and they will keep green

and bright a good while; and then, you know, when they wither you can get some more."

So the boys wheeled the sand to the corner of the yard, took the flowers out carefully and tipped the sand down and spread it about. They tried to make walks and beds, but they found they had not as much sand as they wanted and concluded to go back and get more. They thought the best plan was to draw enough to cover the whole corner and make a large place for their sand-garden. Then, when they were tired of it for a garden, they could build cities there instead of having to go way down to the brook.

They went on wheeling their loads of sand for an hour or two. James had not learned to work as well as Rollo had, and he was constantly wanting to stop and run into the woods, or play in the water; but Rollo told him it would be better to draw all the sand up first. They at last had quite a great heap and got a rake and a hoe from the shed with which they leveled it down smooth.

Leveling the sand

Thus the afternoon passed away; and when it was nearly supper time they brushed the loose sand from their clothes and went into the house and washed their hands and faces.

XI

A BARGAIN

While they waited for supper to be made ready Rollo and James sat down on the front door steps, and there Rollo's father found them. "Well, boys," said he, "what have you been doing all this afternoon?"

"Oh," said Rollo, "we have been hard at work."

"And what kind of work has it been?"

Rollo explained to his father that they had been making a sand-garden in a corner of the yard, and they both asked him to go with them and see it. They all three accordingly walked back towards the farther end of the yard.

"How came your feet to be so muddy," asked Rollo's father, as they went along.

"They got muddy in the quagmire," James replied.

The boys then told how it was not possible to go around the quagmire with their loaded carts and they had to pick a way through it; but they said they were as careful as they could be.

When they came to the sand-garden Rollo's father smiled to see the beds and walks and the rows of flowers stuck up in the sand.

"Do you not think that is a pretty good garden?" said Rollo

"Why, yes," said his father, "pretty good."

"Don't you think we must have worked hard?"

"I should call that play, not work."

"Not work!" said Rollo. "Is it not work to wheel up such heavy loads of sand? You don't know how heavy they were."

"I dare say it was hard; and yet boys play hard sometimes as well as work hard."

"But I should think ours, this afternoon, was work," said Rollo.

"Work," replied his father, "is when you are doing a thing in order to produce some useful result. Now how would you like to do some useful work for me? I will hire you."

"Oh, we would like that," said James. "And how much would you pay us?"

"That depends on how much work you do. I would pay you what the work was fairly worth—as much as I would have to pay a man to do it."

"What do you want us to do?" asked Rollo.

"You might fill up the quagmire."

"Fill up the quagmire!" said Rollo, "How could we do that?"

"You might fill it up with stones. You can find plenty of small stones lying around near it which you can pick up in your wheelbarrows and tip over into the mud. When you have filled the hollow up with stones you can cover them with gravel and that will make a good causeway."

"Causeway?" said Rollo.

"Yes," said his father, "such a hard, dry road built across a muddy place is called a causeway."

Rollo's father said he would pay them a cent for every two loads of stones or gravel which they should wheel. They were going to ask more questions, but he told them to talk with Jonas about their causeway after supper.

XII

A TALK WITH JONAS

Rollo and James went out in the yard after they had eaten supper. Jonas was over beyond the fence walking along the lane, and Rollo called out, "Jonas! Jonas! where are you going?"

"I am going after the cows."

"We want you," shouted Rollo.

"What for?" asked Jonas.

Just then Rollo's mother, who had heard the hallooing, looked out of the door and told the boys they could go along with Jonas if they wished. So they ran and soon came to where Jonas was waiting for them.

They walked along together and the boys explained to Jonas about the quagmire. Jonas said he would be very glad to have it filled up, but he was afraid it would not do any good for him to give them any directions.

"Why?" said James.

"Because little boys will never follow directions. They always want to do the work their own way."

"Oh, but we will obey the directions," said Rollo.

"Do you remember about the wood pile?" said Jonas.

Rollo looked a little ashamed.

"What was it about the wood pile?" asked James.

"Rollo was piling wood," Jonas replied, "and I told him that he ought to pile it with the big ends in front; but he thought it was better to have the big ends back, out of sight, and that made the pile lean forward and it all fell over on him."

"Did it?" said James. "Did it hurt you much, Rollo?"

"No, not much. But we will follow the directions now, Jonas, if you will tell us what to do."

"Very well," said Jonas, "I will try you. In the first place, you must get a few old pieces of boards and lay them along the quagmire to step on. Then pick up a load of stones in each wheelbarrow; but you must not tip them down at the beginning of the muddy place, for they would be in the way when you came with the next loads. You must keep on along the boards and tip off the loads at the farther end. Then face the other way and draw your wheelbarrows out."

"Draw them out?" said James, "What for?"

"Because it would not be easy to turn your wheelbarrows around there in the midst of the mud and stones. After you have wheeled one load apiece, each of you get another and wheel it in as far as you can. Keep bringing more, and cover the quagmire with stones all over. You can lay your boards on top of the stones then and go on wheeling until the low part of the pathway is entirely filled. It will be ready for the gravel after that."

By this time they came to the pasture bars and went in and began to look for the cows. They did not see them, and Jonas told the boys they might stay where they were and pick blackberries while he went on farther. He thought the cows must be feeding near the boiling spring.

This boiling spring, as they called it, was a beautiful spring of pure, cool water which was always boiling up out of the sand. It was in a narrow glen, shaded by trees, and a brook ran down from it into a little meadow and kept the grass green there even in very dry times, so that the cows were very fond of this spot.

James and Rollo remained near the bars, and had a fine time gathering blackberries. Presently

they saw the cows coming along the path and Jonas following them.

"It was lucky you did not come with me," said Jonas as he drove the cows out into the lane.

"Why?" Rollo inquired.

Gathering blackberries

"Oh, some hornets have built an enormous nest right over the path and you would very likely have been stung."

"Where is the nest?" said James.

"Just this side of the spring."

The boys said they were sorry to hear that, for now they could not go to the spring any more; but Jonas told them that he intended to destroy the nest.

"But how can you?" asked Rollo.

"I shall burn it. I shall tie a bunch of hay to the end of a long pole and set the hay on fire and stand it up directly under the nest."

The boys continued talking about the hornet's nest all the way home, and forgot to say anything more about the causeway until just as they were going into the yard. Then it was sundown and time for James to go home; but he promised to come the next morning if his mother would let him.

XIII

KEEPING TALLY

Rollo and James began their work the day following, about the middle of the forenoon, determined to obey Jonas's directions exactly, and to work

industriously. They carried along a number of short pieces of board on their wheelbarrows and had just laid them in a line across the muddy place in the pathway when Jonas came down to see them begin.

He watched them wheel a few loads and told them he thought they were doing very well.

"We get a cent for every two loads," said Rollo "and I have earned one cent already."

"You ought to keep tally," said Jonas.

"Tally!" said Rollo. "What is tally?"

"Tally is the reckoning. How are you going to remember how many loads you wheel in?"

"Oh, we can remember easily enough," said Rollo. "We will count them as we go along."

"That will never do," said Jonas. "You must mark them down with a piece of chalk on your wheelbarrows."

So saying Jonas fumbled in his pockets and drew out a small, well-worn piece of chalk, and then tipping up Rollo's wheelbarrow asked, "How many loads do you say you have carried already?"

"Two," replied Rollo.

Jonas made two white marks with his chalk on the side of the wheelbarrow. "There!" said he.

"Mark mine," said James. "I have wheeled two loads."

Jonas did as James requested and then laid the chalk down on a flat stone by the side of the path, and told the boys they must stop after every load and make a mark, and that would keep the reckoning exact.

Jonas now left them, and the boys went on with their work. They wheeled ten loads of stones apiece and by that time had the wet place in the path covered. Then they laid the boards on top of the stones and began to wheel again.

At length they heard a bell ringing. This was to call them home. Rollo and Jonas were often away too far from the house to be called by voice, and a bell was used to signal to them. There were two ways of ringing it—one way for Jonas, and another for Rollo.

The bell was rung now for Rollo and he and James at once left their work and started toward the house. When they were nearly there they saw Rollo's father standing at the back door with a basket in his hand. He called out to them to bring their wheelbarrows.

So the boys went back for their wheelbarrows.

When they came up a second time rolling their wheelbarrows before them he asked how they got on with their work.

"Oh, finely," replied Rollo. "Here is the tally," he added, turning up the side of the wheelbarrow toward his father, so that he could see all the marks.

"Have you wheeled as many loads as that?" said his father.

"Yes, sir," said Rollo, "and James just as many, too."

"And were they all good loads?"

"Yes, all good, full loads,"

"Well, count them and see how many there are."

The boys counted and found they each had wheeled fifteen loads. Rollo's father took out his purse and gave the boys seven cents apiece. "Now," said he, "I have paid you for fourteen loads and you have wheeled in fifteen; so you each have one mark left for a new tally. You can go into the shed and find a cloth to wipe out your marks clean, and then each make one mark again and have it there for to-morrow."

"But we are going right back now," said Rollo.

"No," said his father, "you have worked long enough at the causeway for to-day. Here is a luncheon for you in this basket. You may go and eat it where you please."

Eating luncheon

The boys took the basket and after they had rubbed out the tally, they went and sat down by their sand-garden and ate very happily together. When they finished, they got a watering pot and watered the plants they had set out in the sand.

XIV

FINISHING THE CAUSEWAY

The boys went on with their causeway the next day and built it up as high as it needed to be with stones. Then they leveled the stones off and began to wheel on the gravel. Jonas made each of them a little shovel out of a shingle, and as the gravel was lying loose under a high bank, they could shovel it up easily and fill their wheel-

barrows. The third day they covered the stones entirely with gravel which they smoothed over with a rake ; and when the causeway had become well trodden it was beautiful and hard, so there was a firm and dry road all the way from the house to the watering-place at the brook.

On counting up the loads which it had taken to make the causeway Rollo's father found that he owed Rollo twenty-three cents, and James twenty-one. The reason why Rollo had earned more than his cousin was because once when James thought he must rest Rollo went on wheeling.

James seemed rather sorry that he did not get as many cents as Rollo.

" Well," said Rollo, " I will give you two of my cents, and then I shall have only twenty-one like you."

" Shall we be alike then ? "

" Yes, for you see two cents taken away from twenty-three leaves twenty-one, which is just as many as you have."

" But then I shall have more. If you give me two I shall have twenty-three."

" So you will," said Rollo ; " I did not think of that."

The boys paused at this unexpected difficulty. At last Rollo said he might give his two cents back to his father and then they would both have the same amount.

Just then Rollo's mother called to him. He looked up and saw her at the chamber window. She was sitting there at work and had heard their conversation. "You might give James one cent of yours and then you will each have twenty-two," she said.

They liked this plan and wondered why they had not thought of it before. A few days afterwards they decided to buy two little shovels with their money, one for each, so that they might shovel sand and gravel easier than with the shingles Jonas had whittled for them.

XV

GARDEN PLANS

One warm morning, early in the spring, Rollo and his father went for a walk. The snow had melted off not long before, but they found the

ground by the side of the road dry enough so that they could get along very comfortably. At length they came to a fine-looking farm that was owned by a Mr. Cranston. The house on this farm was not very large, but there were great sheds and barns and a spacious yard, and high wood piles; and there were flocks of geese and hens and turkeys, and some cattle and sheep, sunning themselves around the buildings.

Rollo and his father turned into the yard and knocked at the side door of the house.

"Is Mr. Cranston at home?" said Rollo's father to the young woman who opened the door.

"Yes sir," she replied, "he is out in the long barn, I believe."

"Shall we go there and look for him?"

"If you please, sir."

So Rollo and his father went to the barn. Rollo thought he had never seen so large a building. On each side was a long range of stalls for cattle, facing towards the middle, and overhead were great scaffolds partly filled with hay and bundles of straw.

When they got to the other end of the barn, they found a door leading out into a shed; and in

this shed was Farmer Cranston with one of his men, and a boy, getting out some plows.

"Good morning, Mr. Cranston," said Rollo's father, "are you going to begin plowing?"

"We shall get at it very soon," the farmer replied. "I think we shall have an early season."

"Yes, I find my garden is almost settled, and I want to talk with you about some garden seeds."

Rollo's father was accustomed to come every spring to buy garden seeds at this farm; and after a few minutes Farmer Cranston led the way to the house where he kept his seeds in a large closet. This closet had shelves all around it and he called it the seed-room.

Rollo's father selected the seeds he wanted and Mr. Cranston put them up in papers. Then he turned to Rollo, saying, "Well, my little boy, perhaps you would like some seeds too. Have you a garden?"

"No sir," said Rollo, "but maybe I could plant the seeds in my father's garden."

"I will give you a few anyway," said the farmer; and he opened a drawer and took out some and wrapped them in a piece of paper. From another drawer he took more seeds and wrapped those also,

and in all he made up four little papers and handed them to Rollo.

Rollo thanked him, and he and his father started

Rollo and Farmer Cranston

towards home. On the way, Rollo said he wished he had a garden of his own to plant his seeds in.

"And if you had such a garden, would you make work or play of it?" asked his father.

"Why, I suppose I would have to make work of it, if I had a real garden."

"No, you might make play of it, if you chose."

"How?" Rollo inquired.

"You could take a hoe, and hoe about in the ground as long as it amused you to hoe; and then you could plant your seeds and water and weed them as long as you found any fun in it. Then you could take up other play and neglect your garden a long time, and let the weeds grow, and not come and pull them up until you happened to feel like it."

"I should not think that would be a very good plan," said Rollo.

"It is a good plan enough—that is, for play," replied his father. "It is right for you to play sometimes; and I do not know why you should not play with a piece of ground and seeds as well as with anything else."

"Well, father, how should I manage my ground if I were going to make work of it?"

"Oh, then you would consider what you could raise to best advantage, and lay out your garden so as to get the most produce from it."

"And wouldn't I have any crops if I made play of my garden?"

"Yes, I think you might have a few flowers, and perhaps a few beans and peas."

Rollo hesitated which plan he should adopt. He had worked enough to know that it was often very tiresome to keep on with his work when he wanted to play. That afternoon he went out into the garden to consider what he should do, and found his father raking up some rubbish.

"Father," said Rollo, "where would my garden be?"

"If you are going to make play of it," his father responded, "I must give you ground in a back corner where the irregularity and the weeds would be out of sight. But if you conclude to have a real garden and to work in it a little while every day, I would give you ground in the best part of the garden, there, just beyond the pear tree."

Rollo looked at the two places, but he could not make up his mind. In the evening he spoke to Jonas about it and Jonas said, "Perhaps you might have both. Then you could work in your real garden as long as there was any necessary work to be done, and at other times you could go and do as you pleased in your play garden."

Rollo repeated what Jonas had said to his father, who liked the new proposal very well.

The next morning when his father came in to breakfast he had a paper in his hand, and he told Rollo he had concluded to let him have the two gardens on certain conditions, which he had written down. He opened the paper and read as follows:—

Rollo hears the conditions

Conditions on which I let Rollo have two pieces of land to cultivate; the one to be called his working-garden, and the other his playing-garden.

1. In cultivating his working-garden he is to take Jonas's advice, and to follow it faithfully in every respect.

2. He is not to work in his playing-garden when any work ought to be done in his working-garden.

3. If he lets his working-garden get out of order and I give him notice of it, and it is not put perfectly in order within three days, he is to forfeit the garden and all that is growing in it.

4. Whatever he raises he may sell to me at fair prices.

XVI

PLANTING

Rollo's father staked out the two pieces of ground for him that day. The piece for the working-garden was much the larger. Near it was a row of currant bushes and his father said he might consider all those opposite his piece of ground as included in it and belonging to him.

Rollo asked Jonas what he had better do first. Jonas replied that to begin with he must dig his ground over, and offered to show him how. So Jonas took a spade and dug all along one side of Rollo's ground.

"Keep on digging just like that," he said, "across and across, until you finish the whole plot; and be

careful to throw every spadeful well forward so that a trench will be kept open between the earth you have turned over and that you have not, or it will be pretty hard digging. You will probably find that the job will keep you busy for three or four days."

Rollo went to work very patiently, and persevered for an hour. Then he left his digging for that day. When the regular time which he had allotted to his work arrived on the following morning he found he had not much inclination to return to it. He asked his father whether it would not be a good plan to plant what he had already dug before he dug any more.

"What does Jonas advise?" asked his father.

"Why, he told me I had better dig it all up first; but I thought if I planted part of it now the things I planted would be growing while I was digging up the rest of my ground."

"But you must do as Jonas advises, you know."

Rollo remembered very well that this was among the conditions his father had written out when he gave him the garden, and he returned to his work, ready to go on, even if it was tiresome. In a few days the digging was all done and he was

much pleased to see the whole garden ready for him to decide what he should plant in it.

Jonas helped plan the garden, and at his suggestion Rollo put double rows of peas and pole beans around the borders, so that when they grew up they would inclose his garden like a fence or hedge. Then he had a row of corn, a bed of beets and several hills of muskmelons, and in one corner he put in some flower seeds that he might have flowers to put in his mother's vases. Rollo took great interest in all this, and in watching the little plants that presently began to sprout up from the earth.

He enjoyed, too, his playing-garden where he planted and dug and set out just as he chanced to fancy. Sometimes he would go out in the woods with his little wheelbarrow, and dig up flowers and small trees and bring them to his playing-garden and set them out. But he did not proceed regularly with this ground. He never formed any plan for laying it out or caring for it; and it soon became very disorderly. He would want to make a path one day where he had perhaps set out a little tree a few days before; and it often happened that when he was digging a trench to sow one kind of

seeds, out came a whole parcel of others that he had put in before and forgotten.

One evening, just before sundown, Rollo brought his father and mother out to look at his two gardens. The difference between them was very great; and Rollo, as he ran along before his father, said he thought the working plan of making a garden was a great deal better than the playing plan.

"That depends on what your object is," was his father's comment.

"How so?" asked Rollo.

"Why, which of the two do you think you have had the more amusement from, thus far?"

"I suppose I have had more fun in the little garden in the corner."

"Yes," said his father, "but the other has a much finer appearance and will produce altogether more in the end."

XVII

THE TRYING TIME

The trying time came in June and July. Rollo found it far from easy to take care of his garden

then. He had time enough, but he became interested in other things; and when Jonas reminded him that the weeds were growing, he would hoe for a few minutes in the garden and then go away to play.

At last his father gave him notice that his garden was being neglected, and unless it was entirely put in order within three days it must be forfeited.

Rollo was not much alarmed, for he thought he had ample time to do all the necessary work before the three days were gone.

It was just at nightfall that Rollo received his notice. He worked a little the next day; but he left off before he had made much progress. The weeds were well rooted and strong and it was much harder to get them up than he had expected. The morning following he worked a little more, and then went off to spend the rest of the day in ways more to his liking. That evening Jonas saw him running about the yard and asked him if his work was all done.

"No" said he, "but I have done a good deal and I can finish it easily to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" said Jonas. "To-morrow is Sunday, and you cannot work then."

"I forgot to-morrow was Sunday," said Rollo. "What shall I do? Do you think my father will count Sunday?"

"I should suppose so," Jonas replied. "He said three days without mentioning anything about Sunday."

Rollo ran for his hoe. He had become much attached to his ground, and was very unwilling to lose it; but he knew that his father would insist on his forfeiting it, if he failed to keep the conditions, and he went to work as hard as he could.

It was then almost sundown. He hoed away and pulled up the weeds as industriously as possible until it was so dark he could not see any longer. There was still considerable to be done and he sat down on his little wheelbarrow and burst into tears.

Rollo in tears

He knew, however, that it would do no good to cry, and after a time he dried his eyes and went into the house. "If I could only have Monday," said he to himself, "it would be all right."

He wanted to talk with his father, but his father

was away and would not be home until late. Then he begged his mother to let him sit up that he might see his father when he came, and she saw he was so anxious and unhappy that she consented. Rollo sat at the window for a long time, watching, and as soon as he heard wheels entering the yard he ran out; and, while his father was alighting from the carriage, he said to him in a faltering voice, "Father, do you count Sunday as one of my three days."

"No," said his father.

Rollo clapped his hands and ran back into the house to tell his mother the news and that he was now ready to go to bed.

He went to his room, undressed himself, and was just dropping off to sleep when his father came into the chamber to take away the light.

"Father, "said Rollo," I am much obliged to you for not counting Sunday."

"But I had no right to count it," was his father's reply.

"No right, father? Why you said three days."

"Yes, but in such agreements as that, three working days are meant. Otherwise I should have felt obliged to count Sunday."

"Why, father?"

"Because I want you to be bound by your agreements. Men will hold you to your agreements when you grow up and I want you to be accustomed to holding to them while you are a boy. So I must take your land unless you get it in good order before the time is out."

"But, father, I shall, for there will be plenty of time on Monday."

"True, unless some accident prevents your working. Suppose you should be sick."

"If I was sick would you count it.?"

"Yes, for you ought not to let your garden get out of order; and, if you do, you run the risk of all accidents that may prevent your working during the three days."

Rollo went to sleep thinking what a narrow escape he had had. He saw not the least danger of his being sick on Monday and felt sure now that he would save his garden.

XVIII

A STORM

Monday morning came, and, as soon as Rollo awoke, he jumped out of bed exclaiming, "Well, I am not sick, am I?"

But he had scarcely spoken the words before his ears caught the sound of rain, and looking out of the window, he saw, to his utter consternation, that it was pouring steadily down. Then, too, the clouds were uniformly gray, and there was every appearance of a settled storm.

"What shall I do?" said Rollo. "What shall I do? Why did I not finish my work on Saturday?"

He dressed himself, went downstairs, and looked out again. He could see no prospect of anything but rain. After breakfast he looked once more. Rain, still. He studied and recited his morning lessons and then again looked out. Rain, rain. If it would only clear up he would have a chance to save his garden; but the downpour continued so steadily, there seemed little chance of his being able to do anything that day. He knew from what his father had said that he could not expect to have an-

other day allowed, and that all would depend on his being able to get the work done before night.

At last about the middle of the afternoon the storm slackened a little and Rollo went into the room where his father and mother were sitting. He told them that it was not raining as hard as it had been earlier, and asked if he might go out and finish his weeding—he did not care if he did get wet.

"But your getting wet will spoil your clothes," his father replied.

"Besides you will take cold," said his mother.

"Perhaps you would not take cold, if you were to put on dry clothes as soon as you left working," said his father. "Still, wetting your clothes would put your mother to a good deal of trouble. No, on the whole, you had better not go."

Rollo turned away with tears in his eyes. Jonas was working in the shed and Rollo went out and sat down on a bench near him. Jonas pitied him and would gladly have done the work for him, but he knew that would not be allowed. Rollo repeated what his parents had said, and Jonas, after thinking a minute asked, "But why couldn't you put on some old clothes from the garret which it would not hurt to get wet?"

Rollo jumped up, and said, "Let us go and see what there is there that would do."

They climbed the stairs and found quite a quantity of old clothes, and among the rest some of their own. They selected the worst of these and carried them down to the shed. Then Rollo called his mother, and wanted to know if it would hurt those old clothes to get them wet. She laughed and said "No"; and told him she would ask his father to let him wear them out in the rain.

She returned in a few minutes with his father's consent, but said that he must put on the old clothes himself and when he came back, he must rub himself dry with a towel and put on his common clothes and hang the wet ones somewhere in the shed to dry; and when they were dry he must take them all back to their places.

Rollo in his rain coat

Rollo ran up to his room, and rigged himself out as well as he could, putting on, last of all, one of Jonas's heavy coats and an old broad-brimmed straw hat. Then he took his hoe and sallied forth in the rain.

At first he thought it was good fun, but in the course of half an hour he began to be tired, and to feel very uncomfortable. The rain spattered in his face, and leaked down the back of his neck; and the ground was wet and slippery. Once or twice he almost gave up in despair.

He persevered, however, and before dark the job was done. His father would later look at his work, and, to make it as perfect as he could, he raked off all the weeds and smoothed the ground over carefully. Then he went in and took off his wet things, rubbed himself dry, dressed, and sat down by the kitchen fire.

His father came into the kitchen a few minutes afterwards and said, "Well, Rollo, have you finished?"

"Yes sir," Rollo replied.

"I am very glad of it," said his father. "I was afraid you would lose your garden."

"So was I," said Rollo, "and I think I shall be careful not to come so near losing it again."

He at least remembered the experience for the rest of that summer, and ran no more risks. He kept his ground very neat, his crops grew finely and his flowers for many weeks helped ornament

the house. There was profit, too, as well as pleasure, in the garden; for the green peas and the beans and the muskmelons and the other vegetables which his father took brought Rollo nearly three dollars.

ROLLO AT PLAY

Rollo and Jonas

XIX

STARTING FOR THE WOODS

THE year before Rollo had his garden he was sitting on the back piazza of his father's house one pleasant autumn morning when Jonas crossed the yard with a wheelbarrow. Jonas trundled the wheelbarrow along until he came opposite the barn door, and there he put it down. Then he went into the barn and brought out an ax and an iron crowbar, and laid them on the wheelbarrow.

"Jonas! Jonas!" Rollo now called out, "Where are you going?"

"I am going down into the woods beyond the brook."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to clear up some ground."

"May I go with you?"

"I am willing, but it is not for me to say."

Rollo knew by this that he must ask his mother. He went in and told her what he wished to do, and she asked him if he had read his lesson that morning. He said he had not—he had forgotten it.

"Then," said she, "you must first go and read for a quarter of an hour."

Rollo was sadly disappointed and displeased. He turned away and began to cry.

"Come here," said his mother.

Rollo went to her and she said to him kindly, "You have done wrong twice this morning; you have neglected your reading, and you have cried because I asked you to attend to it. So I must say, that, instead of a quarter of an hour, you will have to wait half an hour before you go out with Jonas."

Rollo stood silent a minute—he knew that he

had done wrong. Then he asked his mother what he should do for the half hour. She said he must read a quarter of an hour, and the rest of the time he might do as he pleased.

Rollo took his book, and went out and sat down on the piazza and began to read aloud. When he had finished two pages, which usually took a quarter of an hour, he went in to ask his mother what time it was. She looked at the clock and told him he had been reading seventeen minutes.

Rollo reading

"Is seventeen minutes more than a quarter of an hour, or not so much?" asked Rollo.

"It is more—*fifteen* minutes is a quarter of an hour. Now you may do what you please."

Rollo decided he would go on reading, and the rest of the half hour passed away very quickly. In fact his mother came out before he got up from his book, to tell him it was time for him to go.

She brought out with her his little hatchet for him to take, and, besides, something wrapped up in a paper. "Keep this package," she said, "till you get tired of play, and then sit down on a log and open it."

Rollo wondered what it was. He took it gladly, and was starting off when he happened to think that he did not know just where Jonas was.

"How shall I find Jonas?" said he turning round to his mother.

"What is he doing?" she questioned.

"He said he was going to clear up some land."

"Then you will hear his ax. Go down to the edge of the woods and listen, and when you hear the sound of his chopping call him."

XX

BUILDING A WIGWAM

Rollo entered the green lane that led along next to the garden, and kept on down it till he came to a turnstile. He passed through this into a field and followed a winding path to the edge of the trees. There he stopped to listen.

He heard the brook gurgling along over the stones and that was all, at first; but after a minute or two he began to hear the strokes of an ax and he called out as loud as he could "Jonas! Jonas!"

But Jonas was too far away and Rollo received no answer.

He now walked along the edge of the woods to get nearer the place where he had heard the sound of the ax. Presently he found a little opening among the trees and bushes, so that he could look into the forest, and beyond the brook he saw Jonas cutting down a small tree.

Rollo kept on until he came to the brook. It was pretty wide and deep and he asked Jonas how he should get over.

Jonas replied that if Rollo would wait a few minutes, he would build him a bridge.

"*You* cannot build a bridge," said Rollo.

"Wait a little and see."

So Rollo sat down on a mossy bank, and Jonas, having cut down the small tree, began to work on a larger one that stood near the brook.

When he had chopped a little while, Rollo asked him why he did not begin the bridge.

"I *am* beginning it," said he.

Rollo laughed at this, but soon Jonas called to him to stand back, away from the bank; and after a few strokes more, the top of the tree began to bend slowly over, and then it fell faster and faster, until it came down with a great crash, directly across the brook.

"There," said Jonas, "there is your bridge."

Rollo looked at it with astonishment and pleasure.

"Now," said Jonas, "I will come and help you over."

"No," said Rollo, "I can go over myself. I can take hold of the branches for a railing."

Rollo then began to climb along the trunk of the tree, holding on carefully by the branches. When he reached the middle of the stream, he stopped to look down into the water.

"This is a fine bridge of yours, Jonas," said he. "How pretty the water is! Oh, I see a little fish swimming! Now he is standing perfectly still! Oh, Jonas, come and see him!"

"No," replied Jonas, "I must mind my work."

After a little Rollo went carefully on over the bridge, and sat down on the bank of the brook.

But he did not have with him the parcel his mother gave him. He had left that on the other side.

He watched the fishes and threw pebblestones into the brook for some time. Then he began to be tired, and he asked Jonas what he had better do.

"I think you had better build a wigwam."

"A wigwam? What is a wigwam?" said Rollo.

"It is a little house made of bushes such as the Indians used to live in."

"Oh, I could not make a house!" exclaimed Rollo.

"I think you could if I should tell you how and help you a little."

"Shall I need my hatchet?" Rollo asked; and then he remembered that he had left his hatchet on the other side of the brook, together with the parcel his mother had given him. He was going over to get them, when Jonas told him he would trim up the bridge a little, and then he could go over more easily.

So Jonas went on the bridge and began to cut away the branches that were in the way, leaving enough on each side for Rollo to take hold of and keep himself from falling in. When this was done

Rollo crossed and got his hatchet and then went over again and brought his parcel.

Jonas now told him to find a good place for his wigwam where the ground was level and Rollo, after looking about, chose a smooth spot under a great oak tree, which Jonas said he was not going to cut down. It was near a beautiful turn in the brook, where the water was very deep.

Then Jonas came to Rollo's wigwam ground, and with a stick scratched a circle on the ground, about as large as a cart wheel. Next he took the crowbar, and made deep holes all around on this circle so far apart that Rollo could just step from one to the other. But Rollo could not understand how a house could be made in this way.

"I will tell you," said Jonas. "You must now go and get some large branches of trees, and trim off the twigs from their lower ends, and stick them down in these holes. I will show you how."

So Jonas took a large bough, and trimmed the large end, and sharpened it a little, and lastly he fixed it down in one of the holes in such a manner that the top of it bent over towards the middle of the circle. Then he went back to his work, leaving Rollo to go on with the wigwam.

XXI

A VISITOR

Rollo put down two or three branches very well, and he was feeling much delighted with his progress, when he heard some one at a distance calling, "Rollo, Rol-lo!"

Rollo building his wigwam

He dropped his hatchet, and looked in the direction from which the sound came, and shouted as loud as he could, "What?"

"Where—are—you?" he heard in reply.

Rollo answered, "Here!" and immediately clambered over the bridge and ran through the woods until he came out into the

open field; and then he saw a small boy approaching.

It was his Cousin James who had come to Rollo's house that day to play, and Rollo's mothe had directed him down towards the woods.

James now began to run toward Rollo holding up something round and bright in each hand.

"What is that in your hands?" said Rollo.

"Half dollars," said James as he came up.

"Where did you get them?" asked Rollo.

"One is for you, and one is for me," James replied. "My father gave them to us."

"What a beautiful little eagle!" said Rollo, as he looked at one side of his half dollar; "I wish I could get it off and keep it separate."

"Oh, no," said James, "that would spoil your half dollar."

"Why, but the letters would show it was a half dollar. What a pretty eagle! How do you suppose they fasten it on so strong?"

James said he thought he could get it off, and they went to a log that was on the ground near by and laid Rollo's half dollar on it. Then Rollo took a pin, and tried to drive the point of it under the eagle's head with a small stone. But the eagle

would not move. The pin only made some little marks and scratches on the silver.

"Never mind," said Rollo, "I will keep it as it is."

So he took his half dollar, and they walked along and crossed the brook. They showed their money to Jonas and told him they had tried to get the eagle off. He smiled at that. The boys soon went back to the wigwam and James said he would help Rollo finish it. While they were at work they put their money on a large flat stone on the bank of the brook. They fixed a great many boughs into their wigwam, weaving them in all around except in front where they left a place for a door. Thus they made a very pleasant little house. When they were tired they went and opened Rollo's package, and found a nice luncheon in it of bread and butter and pie which they ate together, sitting on little hemlock branches in the wigwam.

XXII

A QUARREL

After their luncheon, the boys began to talk about the best place to make a window for the wigwam.

"I think we will have it on *this* side, towards the brook," said James, "and then we can look out to the water."

"No," said Rollo, "it will be better to have it *here*, towards where Jonas is working, and then we can look out and see him."

"No," said James, "that is not a good plan; I do not want to see Jonas."

"And I do not want to see the water," replied Rollo. "It is *my* wigwam, and I mean to have the window *here*."

So saying, he went to the side towards Jonas, and began to take away a bough. James followed him and said angrily, "The wigwam is mine as much as it is yours, for I helped make it, and I will not have a window there."

He took hold of the branch Rollo had hold of and both looked fiercely at each other and began to pull.

"Rollo," said James, "let go."

"James," said Rollo, "you let my wigwam alone."

"It is not your wigwam."

"I tell you it is."

Just then they heard a noise. They looked around and saw Jonas coming towards them.

The quarrel

"Boys," said Jonas, "you have got into a foolish quarrel. I have heard it all and you may let me settle it, or we will go home to Rollos mother, and I will tell her about it, and let her settle it."

The boys both preferred to leave the matter to Jonas and they promised to do whatever he might decide was best.

"Now," said James, "I will tell you all about it and you shall say who was to blame."

"No," replied Jonas, "I heard it all, and I know who was to blame. You, James, came here to see

Rollo, and found him building a wigwam. It was *his* wigwam, not *yours*. He began it without you, and was going on without you, and you ought to have let him do as he wished with his own wigwam. You were unjust."

Here Rollo began to look pleased and triumphant.

"But," continued Jonas, "you, Rollo, were playing here alone. Your little cousin came to see you and you were very glad to have him come. He helped you build, and when he wanted to have the window in a particular way, you ought to have let him. To quarrel with a visitor for such a cause as that was unkind. So you see you were both to blame."

"Well," said Rollo, "but on which side shall we make the window?"

"I think you ought not to make any window, since you cannot agree about it."

Jonas now returned to his work, and the boys stood by the side of the brook, not knowing exactly what to do. Pretty soon they began to pick up little stones and throw them into the water. Then Rollo spoke of the window again. "Jonas thought you were most to blame, I know," said he.

"No, he did not," replied James. "He blamed you the most. He said you were unkind."

"I don't care," said Rollo. "You do not know how to build a wigwam. You cannot reach high enough to make a window."

"I *can* reach high," said James. "I can reach as high as that," and he stretched up his hand above his head.

"And I can reach as high as *that*," said Rollo, stretching up his hand higher than James did, for he was a little taller.

James was determined not to be outdone, and he took a stick, and put it up as high as he could, saying, "And I can reach as high as that."

Then Rollo picked up a stone, and tossed it into the air. "And I can reach as high as *that*," he said.

When boys throw stones they ought to consider where they will come down; but Rollo did not in this case, and the stone fell directly on James's head. It was, however, a small stone, and James's cap prevented it from hurting him much; but he was already vexed and out of humor, and he began to cry.

Rollo was frightened a little, for he was afraid

he had hurt his cousin a good deal, and then, too, he expected that Jonas would come. But Jonas went on with his work. He knew by the tone of James's crying that it was vexation rather than pain that caused it.

XXIII

THE LOST MONEY

James, finding that his crying did no good, gradually became still. In a few minutes, as he happened to look around, his eyes rested on the rock where they had put their half dollars, and he saw that only one of them was there.

"Oh, Rollo," said he, "one of our half dollars is gone."

They went to the stone, and, true enough, one was gone and was nowhere to be found. Rollo said he believed James had taken it, and James charged Rollo with taking it. Then there was a dispute as to who should have the one that was left. James knew it was his; he said he remembered exactly how his looked; and Rollo knew it was his, for his was very bright, and so was this.

James, however, had the half dollar, and would not give it up; and Rollo went to Jonas, and told him that James had his money.

Jonas came and heard the whole story from both of the boys. James said he *knew* the one that was left was his, for he remembered exactly how it looked, and he also remembered the very spot on the stone where he put it down.

Jonas looked at both sides of the half dollar very attentively. "From which half dollar did you try to get off the eagle?" he asked.

"Mine," said Rollo.

Jonas held down the half dollar, and showed Rollo and James that on it were the marks and scratches they had made with the pin, proving that it was Rollo's.

James stood still a minute, thinking. Presently he said, "Well, Rollo, I suppose my half dollar is lost, but I am glad yours is safe."

"I am sorry yours is lost," said Rollo, "and I will give you half of what I buy with mine."

"Where did you put the half dollars?" Jonas inquired.

"On that rock," replied Rollo, pointing to it.

The rock was by the edge of the water, and

Jonas thought that as they had been dragging boughs of trees along near it some little branch might have brushed off one of the pieces of money into the brook. He went to the bank of the stream and looked over.

In a minute or two he pointed down, and the boys looked and saw something bright and glittering on the bottom.

"Is that it?" asked James.

"I believe it is," said Jonas.

Jonas then took off his jacket, rolled up the shirt sleeve on his right arm, lay down on the rock, and reached down into the water; but the water was a little too deep. "I cannot get it so," he said.

"What shall we do?" said James.

"We can go home and get a long pair of tongs and lift it with them," replied Jonas.

"Oh, yes," said Rollo, "I will go and get them," and he ran off towards the bridge.

"Wait," said Jonas, "I will try one plan more."

So he cut a long straight stem of a bush and trimmed off the top and branches. Next he went to a spruce tree near on which he found some soft gum. This he scraped off and pressed with his knife on the larger end of the stick. Then he re-

turned to the rock, reached the gummed end of the stick carefully down into the water, and pressed it hard against the half dollar. It crowded the coin into the sand, out of sight.

"There, you have lost it," said James.

"I don't know," said Jonas; and he began slowly to draw up the stick.

Jonas rescues the half dollar

When the end of the stick came up out of the sand, the boys saw that the half dollar was sticking fast to it. They clapped their hands and capered about, while Jonas gently drew up the half dollar and put it, all wet and dripping, into James's hands.

The boys thanked Jonas, and then they asked him to keep both pieces for them until they went home. Now they began to think of the wigwam again.

"We will make the window as you want it, James," said Rollo; "I am willing."

"No," James responded, "I was just going to say we would make it your way. I rather think it would be better to make it towards the land."

"Why can you not have two windows?" asked Jonas.

"So we can," said both the boys; and they went to work collecting branches and weaving them in, leaving a space for one window towards the brook and another towards the land. Their quarrelsome feelings were all gone, and they talked very pleasantly at their task until it was time for them to go home to dinner.

XXIV

CATCHING A SQUIRREL

The afternoon of the day when Rollo and his Cousin James made the wigwam in the woods by the brook, they were at work there again finishing their hut when Jonas, who was chopping at a little distance, heard them both calling to him.

"Oh, Jonas, Jonas, come here quick—quick!"

Jonas dropped his ax and ran. When he got near

them, they pointed toward a log and there sat a little squirrel.

"Let us catch him," said Rollo very eagerly. "Do let us catch him. I will go and get our box trap."

The boys see the squirrel

"What would we do with him if we did catch him?" asked Jonas.

"We would put him in a little cage," Rollo replied.

"But you haven't any cage."

"We can get one," said James. "We can buy one with our half dollars."

"Well," said Jonas, "the squirrel would be away before you could get back with the trap. But I will come down to-night and set it and perhaps we will catch him, though I am not very anxious to do so."

"Why?" said the boys.

"Because he will not like to be shut up," answered Jonas. "He had rather run about here. Besides, you would soon get tired of him if you had him in a cage."

"Oh, I should not get tired of him," Rollo declared.

"Did you ever have any plaything that you were not tired of before long?"

"Why—no," said Rollo; "but a real live squirrel is a different thing, and you know if I get tired of him I need not play with him."

"No, but he would have to be fed every day and *that* you would find a great trouble. You would sometimes forget, and the poor fellow would be half starved. However, we will try to catch him; though I cannot promise that I shall let you keep him long."

That night Jonas brought down the box trap and set it on the end of the log where they had

seen the squirrel. The trap was baited with part of an ear of corn fixed on a spindle, and this spindle was so arranged, that, if the squirrel went inside the trap and began to nibble the corn, the cover would come down and shut him in.

Early the next morning, James came over to Rollo's house to learn whether they had caught the squirrel; and he and Rollo wanted Jonas to go down to the woods with them and see. Jonas said he could not go then very well, but if Rollo would ask his father to lend him his spyglass he could tell without going.

Rollo ran to the house and soon returned with the spyglass, and they all three climbed up into the barn chamber.

Jonas opened the glass, and held it up to his eye and the boys stood by looking on. At length Jonas said, "Yes, I can see the trap, but we have not caught anything."

"How do you know?" the boys asked.

"The trap is not sprung; it is open, and, of course, the squirrel is not there."

"Oh, he may be in just nibbling the corn," said Rollo. "Do let us go and see."

"No," said Jonas, "I cannot go now, but I

will look through the spyglass again towards noon."

When the time came he and the boys once more ascended to the barn chamber, and Jonas adjusted the glass and held it up to his eye. "Yes, the trap is sprung," he said, after looking for some moments in silence. "It is certainly sprung."

The boys looking in the trap

"Oh, then we have caught him," shouted the boys.

"Perhaps we have, and perhaps we haven't," Jonas responded. "Sometimes the trap gets sprung accidentally. But Rollo may go and ask his father if he thinks it worth while for me to leave my work long enough to go down and find out."

Rollo came back with the permission granted, and they all set off, the boys running on before.

When they came to the trap Jonas took it up, and tipped it one way and the other, and listened. He heard something moving in it, but did not

know whether it was anything more than the corn-cob of the bait, and he said he would open the trap a very little, and let Rollo peep in.

He did so, but Rollo said it looked all dark. Then Jonas opened it a little farther, and Rollo saw two small shining eyes, and presently a nose smelling along at the crack.

"Yes, here he is, here he is!" exclaimed Rollo. "Look at him, James, look at him; see, see!"

They all peeped at him, and then Jonas took the box under his arm, and they returned home.

XXV

BUNNY GETS AWAY

Jonas told the boys he was not willing to keep the squirrel a prisoner very long, but he would contrive some way by which they might look at him. From the shed he now brought a piece of coarse wire netting and a small box, and carried them and the trap into the barn. He laid the box down on the barn floor with the open side towards the trap, and moved the trap close up to it. After that he carefully lifted up the cover of the trap and

made a rattling in the back part of it with the spindle. This drove the squirrel out into the box. Next Jonas slid the wire netting down very cautiously between the trap and the box, and fastened it over the open side of the box, thus making a rude cage.

There was the little Nutcracker fairly exposed to view, and yet safely imprisoned, as Jonas and the boys thought. At first, he crept along the far end of the cage with his tail curled over his back, and looked at the strange faces which surrounded him.

"Let us give him a little corn," said Rollo. "Perhaps he is hungry," and Rollo was just slipping some kernels into the box when Bunny sprang forward, forced his slender body through a place in the netting where the wires happened to be bent apart, and ran along the barn floor, then up a post, and out on a beam.

"Oh, catch him, catch him!" the boys exclaimed the moment he escaped, and were going to run after him; but Jonas said that it would do no good to chase him, and they had better stand still and see what he would do.

From the beam the squirrel climbed to the

scaffold and made his way towards an open window, jumped up to the window sill and disappeared. The boys hurried outside, and were just in time to get a glimpse of Bunny, running along on the top of the fence, down towards the woods.

"Well," said Jonas, "the only thing to do is to set our trap again. I meant to let him go, but not so soon, and I'm not going to have him slip through our fingers like that."

Evening came and Jonas set the trap; but it remained unsprung for several days, and the boys began to think that they would never see the squirrel again. At last, however, one day when Rollo and James were playing in the yard, they saw Jonas coming up out of the woods with the trap under his arm. They ran to meet him, and were rejoiced to find that he had caught the squirrel.

Jonas had made the cage secure by weaving some extra wires into the netting on the front, and when Bunny had been transferred to it from the trap, the boys were so pleased with his graceful form and beautiful colors, especially the elegant stripes on his back, that they begged hard to keep him. But Jonas would only agree that he should stay in the cage a little while, after which they

would carry him back to the woods. "You might give him a name," said Jonas, "and you can call him yours, and take corn down there now and then to feed him with."

XXVI

THE SQUIRREL IS MARKED AND NAMED

James and Rollo were not exactly suited with this plan, but when they considered how much better the squirrel himself would like it, they thought it was best, after all. Rollo proposed that they should tie a string around Bunny's neck for a collar, so they might know him again. "I can get mother to let me have a little pink ribbon," said he.

"It would be a good idea to mark him in some way," said Jonas, "but he might gnaw off the ribbon."

"Oh, no," said James, "he could not gnaw off anything on his own neck."

"Perhaps he might tear it off with his claws," said Jonas.

"Or he might get another squirrel to gnaw it off for him," suggested James.

"Yes," said Jonas, "and he might be jumping from one tree to another, and catch his collar on some little twig, and so get hung."

"What can we do then?" asked Rollo.

"I think," Jonas replied, "that the best plan would be to dye the end of his tail black. That would not hurt him any, and yet it would mark him so we would know him."

"Black would not be a very pretty color," said Rollo, "but it would do."

"I have some black dye all made," said Jonas, "and I don't know but I have a little blue."

"Oh, blue would be beautiful," said James.

Then Jonas went upstairs in the barn and walked along to the farthest corner. On a beam in this corner were several small bottles, all in a row. Jonas took one in his hand and shook it and said that was the blue. He brought it down to the cage, and Rollo got from the house an earthenware bowl into which Jonas poured the dye. Lastly Jonas hunted up a pair of thick old gloves. He said he would need to put these on to keep from getting bitten when he picked up the squirrel to do the dyeing.

Now that everything was ready, it was decided

to carry the whole apparatus down to the edge of the woods and perform the operation there. On the way, Rollo proposed that Jonas should dip in the squirrel's ears as well as his tail; "Because," said he, "we may sometimes see him half hidden in the bushes, and only his head in sight."

"And it will make him more beautiful," said James, "if his ears and tail are both blue."

"I'm not sure whether blue ears would improve his looks or not," said Jonas; "but we will try it and see."

Presently they reached the woods and found a little opening where the ground was smooth and the grass green, which seemed exactly the place they wanted. Here they set down the cage and bowl of dye, and Jonas put on his gloves. Then he unfastened the wire netting from a corner of the box so that he could get his hand in. Rollo and James stood by silently, and somewhat anxiously, waiting the result.

Jonas dyeing the squirrel

When the squirrel saw Jonas's hand intruding

itself into the box, he retreated as far as he could. Jonas followed him with his hand, saying, in a soothing tone, "Bunny, Bunny, poor little Bunny."

Now he put his hand very gently over the squirrel and slowly and cautiously drew him out. Rollo and James looked at one another and at Jonas with great delight. But the squirrel did not like the situation at all; and just as his ears were about to be dipped into the dye, he twisted his head around, and planted his little fore teeth directly on Jonas's thumb. As might have been supposed, teeth which were sharp and powerful enough to gnaw through a walnut shell, would not be likely to be stopped by a leather glove; and Jonas, startled by the sudden bite, let go of the squirrel and twitched away his hand. Bunny dropped onto the edge of the bowl which he grasped with his paws, and as he leaped out the bowl tipped over and spattered him from head to tail with the blue dye.

The boys looked aghast for a moment; but when they saw the squirrel racing off as fast as possible, and running up a neighboring tree, they could not help laughing.

"We have spotted him, at any rate," said Jonas. "We will call him Leopard."

The boys then asked Jonas to take off his glove and see his bite. It proved not to be a very serious one and he was a little ashamed at having let go for so small a wound.

As they were walking home, James said that the squirrel's back looked *wet*, where the dye went on him, but he did not think it looked very *blue*.

"No," said Jonas, "the dye does not generally look blue at first, but it grows blue afterwards. The color will be bright enough before you see the squirrel again."

They presently reached the house and the bowl was returned to the kitchen and the box to the shed. The boys resumed their play and Jonas his work. Jonas forgot in a day or two that he had been bitten, and the squirrel, as soon as his back was dry, thought no more of the whole affair, but turned his attention entirely to the business of digging a hole to store his nuts in for the coming winter.

XXVII

FIRES IN THE WOODS

All the large trees that Jonas had felled beyond the brook, he cut into short lengths and hauled up to the yard, and made a great wood pile of them higher than his head; but the small branches and the bushes lay about the ground in confusion, with the green leaves still on them. Rollo asked Jonas what he was going to do with all this brush. Jonas said that after it was dry he would burn it, and that it would make a splendid bonfire.

It lay there drying a good many weeks. The leaves turned yellow and brown, and the little twigs and sticks became gradually dry and brittle. Rollo often walked down to see how the drying went on, and sometimes he would bring up a few of the bushes and put them in the kitchen stove to see whether they were dry enough to burn.

At last, one cool afternoon late in the autumn, Jonas asked Rollo to go with him and help pile up the brush in heaps, for he was going to burn it that evening. Rollo wanted his cousins, James and Lucy, to see the fires, and his mother told him

he might run over to their house and invite them to come to supper and go out with him in the evening to the burning. Rollo went, and it was arranged that Lucy, who was a very pleasant little girl, two or three years older than Rollo, should come just before supper, while James returned with Rollo to help pile up the brush.

Jonas said that the boys might make one pile of their own, if they wished, only they must make it where it would not burn any of the trees he had left standing.

Rollo and James decided to have their pile near the brook, between the bridge which Jonas had made of a tree, and the old wigwam they had built of boughs some time before. To make sure that the heap of brush they now began to gather would burn well, they put into it a great deal of bark which they stripped off from an old decayed birch tree lying on the ground close by. After they had made their pile as high as they could reach, Rollo clambered to the top of it, and James handed the long branches up to him so that they made a very large pile. When they had finished they assisted Jonas until all the brush had been thrown into heaps, and then they went home.

At the house they found Lucy, and soon they sat down to supper; but they were all so eager to go to the bonfires that they did not eat much. Rollo's father told them, as they had so little appetite, they had better carry some potatoes and apples to the woods, and roast them by the fires. They thought this an excellent plan and ran to get them. Rollo's mother put the potatoes and apples in a basket and she also put in a little salt folded up in a paper to use on the potatoes after they were roasted.

Then Jonas and the three children started. Rollo carried the basket, and James a lantern, and Jonas took out his knife and whittled some flat wooden spoons to eat their potatoes with, as he walked along.

When they reached the woods they played around a few minutes while the twilight was coming on, and then they saw Rollo's father and mother approaching through the trees on the other side of the brook. Rollo's mother did not like to come across the bridge and she and his father stopped on that side.

Jonas now took a large piece of birch bark and touched the corner of it to the flame in the lantern,

and when it was well on fire, he laid it carefully on the ground. The bark blazed up very brightly and the light shone on the grass and sticks around.

"There," said Jonas, "that will burn some time, and you can light your torches from it."

"Torches!" said Rollo, "we haven't any torches."

"Oh, well, I will make you some," said Jonas.

So he opened his jackknife, and selected three long slender stems of bushes and cut off the tops and twigs. Then, in the small end of each stick, he made a little slit and slipped in a piece of birch bark. "There are your torches," said he, handing one to each of the children; "now you can light your fires without burning your fingers."

They took the torches and held them over the flame of Jonas's piece of birch bark and got all of them in a blaze. Then they carried them along, waving them in the air, and lighting pile after pile, until the whole forest seemed to be burning.

This done, the children stood still a few moments gazing on the fires. Flashing and crackling flames rose high from every brush heap and shed a strong but unsteady light on the trees, the ground and the banks of the brook, and penetrated deep into the

forest. There were red reflections in the water, and volumes of glowing smoke and sparks were ascending to the sky. Rollo called on James and Lucy to look at his father and mother who were across the brook. They stood under the trees almost invisible before, but now the brilliant light shining on their faces and forms brought them very clearly into view against the darkness beyond.

XXVIII

BURNING THE WIGWAM

In a little while most of the brush had burned, but there remained great glowing heaps of embers and logs of wood still flaming. To make these burn brighter, and to see the sparks go up, the boys began to poke about with long poles Jonas cut for them. Presently they heard Rollo's father calling to them. "We are going home," he said; "but you children may stay with Jonas, only you must not sit down."

So Rollo's father and mother turned away and walked back towards the house, the light shining

more and more faintly on them until they were lost to sight.

"Why do you suppose we must not sit down?" asked Lucy.

"They are afraid you might take cold," said Jonas. "As long as you run and play around the fires you keep warm."

"Oh, then, we will run about and play fast enough," said James.

"I will tell you what we will do!" exclaimed Rollo. "We will go and set our wigwam on fire!"

Rollo pointed to it and James and Lucy saw that the sun had dried and browned it until it was no longer good for anything as a wigwam, but would make a splendid bonfire. James proposed that they should make believe they were savages, going to set fire to a town. The wigwam was to be the town. They would take their torches and all go and set it on fire in several places.

"But then I could not help," said Lucy, "for women do not go to war."

"Oh, yes they do, if they are savages," James replied. "We play we are savages, you see."

So it was agreed. They lighted their torches, and waved them about as they marched along,

until they came to the wigwam, and then they danced around it, singing and shouting and set it on fire in many places on all sides. The flames spread rapidly, and soon nothing was left of the poor wigwam but a few smoking and blackened sticks lying on the ground.

Now they began to think of roasting their apples and potatoes, which they did very successfully over the remains of the fires; and when they had finished eating they crept along over the bridge and went home. There were still great beds of burning embers left and, in some places portions of logs and stumps were blazing brightly; and that night after Rollo had gone to bed he could see from his window the light still shining among the trees, and the smoke slowly rising from the fires and floating away through the air.

The wigwam dance

XXIX

ROLLO PREPARES FOR BLUEBERRIES AND BEARS

About six miles from the house where Rollo lived was a mountain which was famous for bears and blueberries. The blueberries were plentiful, but there were no bears. The reason why the mountain was so famous for bears, when, in fact, none existed, was because the boys and girls that went to the mountain after blueberries every year used to see black logs and stumps among the trees and bushes, and they would run away very hastily and insist, when they got down the mountain, that they had seen a bear.

In the month of August of the year following that in which the children went to the fires in the woods, Rollo's father and mother and Uncle George formed a plan for going up this mountain after blueberries. Rollo and his cousin Lucy were to go with them. It was arranged that Uncle George and Cousin Lucy should come in a carriage to Rollo's house immediately after breakfast, and take in Rollo; and his father and mother were to ride in another carriage.

Rollo made ready the night before. He hunted

up a little basket to pick berries in, and tied a string to it, intending to hang his basket from his neck and have both hands at liberty for picking. He also thought he would take all the heavy things out of his pockets so that he might be able to run faster if he should see any bears. He put these things from his pockets on a window sill in the shed. They were a knife, a piece of chalk, two white pebblestones and a pencil. When he got them all out he asked Jonas, who was splitting wood in the shed, if he would take care of them for him till he came back from the mountain.

"Why, yes," said Jonas, "I will take care of them if you wish; but what are you going to leave them for?"

"Oh, so that I can run faster," Rollo replied.

"Run faster? I think you will find the mountain too rough and steep for much running."

Rollo did not explain what he meant; for he thought that Jonas would laugh at him, if he told him he was afraid of the bears.

That evening, shortly after Rollo went to bed, his father came into his chamber, and Rollo called to him, "Oh, father, look out of the window and see what a beautiful ring there is around the moon."

"So there is," said his father. "That is a sign of bad weather to-morrow."

"Bad weather? Oh, no, father; it is a kind of rainbow. It is a round rainbow. I am sure it will be pleasant to-morrow."

"We shall see in the morning," replied his father as he took the light and bade Rollo good night.

Rollo's eyes caught another view of the moon just then and he said, "Oh, father, look at the moon once more. That *is* a rainbow! I see the colors. I expect it will grow into a large one such as we see in the daytime. I will watch it."

So Rollo laid his face on the pillow in such a way that he could see the moon through the window; but before the bright circle around it grew any bigger he was fast asleep.

The next morning Rollo awoke early, and he was very much pleased, as soon as he opened his eyes to see that the sun was shining in at the windows. He began to dress himself and was preparing to hasten down to his father to tell him it was going to be a pleasant day when he was surprised to observe that the bright sunlight on the wall was fading away. At length it wholly disappeared.

Rollo looked out the window to see what was the cause and found a broad expanse of dark cloud covering all the eastern sky, except a narrow strip, low down, near the horizon. When the sun first rose, it shone brightly from this bit of clear

Rollo looking out of the window

sky; but now it had ascended a little higher, and gone behind the cloud.

"Never mind," said Rollo to himself, "the sun will come out pretty soon."

XXX

AN UNHAPPY MORNING

After Rollo had come downstairs, he was so anxious about the weather that he went out into the yard every two or three minutes to look at the sky. The cloud seemed to be growing and the sun did not come from behind it as he expected. His father thought it was going to rain and that it was very doubtful whether Uncle George would come. However, as they were rising from the breakfast table, a carriage drove up to the door and out jumped Uncle George and Cousin Lucy.

"I suppose we shall have to give up our expedition to-day," Uncle George said to Rollo's father. "I am in hopes we are going to have rain."

"In *hopes!*" thought Rollo. "That is very strange when we want to go blueberrying."

Rollo's father and mother and his uncle looked at the clouds all around. They concluded that there was every appearance of a storm and that it would be best to postpone their excursion. Then they went into the house. Rollo was confident it

would not rain, and he was very eager to have them start. He asked Lucy if she did not think it was going to be pleasant, but Lucy said she did not know.

Rollo began now to be considerably out of humor. He said he knew it was not going to rain, and he did not see why they might not go. He did not believe it would rain a drop all day.

Lucy just then pointed down to a little dark spot on the stone step of the door, where a drop of rain had at that moment fallen and asked Rollo what he called that; "And that, and that, and that?" said she, pointing to several other drops.

Rollo at first insisted these were only some little dark spots in the stone.

Then Lucy reached out her hand and said, "Hold out your hand so, Rollo, and you will feel the drops coming down out of the sky."

Rollo held out his hand a moment, but immediately withdrew it, saying, impatiently, that he did not care; it was not rain; at any rate, it was only a little sprinkling.

"Well, if it does rain," said Lucy, "I will ask my father to let me stay and play with you, and we can have a fine time."

"No, we cannot," Rollo declared, "and, besides, he will not let you stay."

But when they went indoors and Lucy asked her father, he gave his permission. Soon afterwards he returned home. Lucy now tried to engage Rollo in some amusement. She proposed building with blocks, or going up into his little room and drawing pictures on his slate, or getting his storybooks out and reading stories, and various other things; but Rollo would not be pleased. He had sat down in the large back entry of the house and was looking out of the door and saying a great many ill-natured things about the weather, and about giving up the ride just for a little sprinkling of rain that would not last half an hour. Besides, he said it was a shame

Rollo and Lucy

for it to rain that day, just because he was going to ride.

"Rollo," interrupted his father from the next room, "did you not know that the ground was very dry and that without this rain the crops would suffer very much?"

"No, sir," replied Rollo.

"It is so," his father went on, "and this rain, which you are so unwilling to have, is going down into the ground all over the country and into the roots of the plants growing in the fields. In a few days there will be thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of fruit and food more than there would have been without this rain; and yet you are displeased because it prevents your getting a few blueberries. The rest of us are disposed to try to have a happy day at home, and we cannot have it spoiled by your complaining. So you may go away until you feel willing to be pleasanter."

In Rollo's house, over the kitchen, was a garret with one small window in it overlooking the garden. This garret had not been used until recently, when Rollo's father had put a little rocking-chair in it and hung some old maps on the walls to make it as cheerful a place as he could; and there he

was in the habit of sending Rollo when he had done anything very wrong or when he was sullen and ill-natured, so that he might think alone, and either return a good boy or else stay where his bad feelings would not trouble others.

Rollo knew that when his father told him to go away by himself he meant for him to go to this garret. As he passed up the stairs the kitten came frisking around him, but he had no heart to play with her and walked on. He entered the garret and sat down in the little rocking-chair. The rain was beating against the windows, and pattering on the roof which was just over his head. He looked out of the window, and the ground and all the trees and garden vegetables seemed to be drinking in the rain with delight. That made him think of the vast amount of good the rain was doing and he was ashamed of his own selfishness.

XXXI

RAINY-DAY PLEASURES INDOORS

When Rollo at length left the garret he was determined to be very different from what he had

been earlier. Lucy now was in his mother's room and there Rollo found her looking over a little picture book.

"This is one of your books," she said. "Will you lend it to me to carry home?"

Rollo said he would, and then they began to talk about what they should do. Finally they turned to Rollo's mother, and asked her what they had better do.

The reading lesson

"If I were you," she replied, "I should sit down and have a good reading lesson."

Rollo and Lucy hesitated a little, but they concluded to take the advice, and went to Rollo's library and chose a book. Then they carried it down to the back entry, and sat there on a long stool and began to read.

At first, it was rather hard to do this, for it did not seem very pleasant to either of them to sit and read just at the time when they expected to be

gathering blueberries on the mountain. Rollo said, as they were opening the book and finding the place, that, if they had gone, they should by this time have about arrived at the foot of the mountain.

"Yes," said Lucy, "but see how it rains. It would be a fine time now to go up a mountain, wouldn't it?"

Rollo looked out of the open door and saw the rain pouring down into the yard. "How fast the water runs from the spout at the corner of the barn," he said; "and see that little pond out by the garden gate. It is all full of little bubbles! It will be a beautiful pond for me to sail boats on when the rain is over. I can make paper boats and pea boats."

"Pea boats?" said Lucy. "What are pea boats?"

"Oh, they are little boats that Jonas showed me how to make. We take a pea pod,—a good, large, full pea pod, and shave off the top from one end to the other, and then take out the peas and it makes a beautiful little boat."

"Let us make some when we are through reading," said Lucy, "and sail them; only that pond will go away when the rain is over."

"Oh, no," said Rollo, "I will put some dirt all around it and then the water cannot run away."

"Yes, but it will soak down into the ground."

"Will it? Well we can sail our boats on it a little while before it is gone."

"But it is so wet," said Lucy, "we cannot go out to get any pea pods."

"Perhaps Jonas could get some for us with an umbrella," Rollo suggested.

"I could go with an umbrella just as well as not," said Lucy.

The children saw an umbrella behind the door, and they thought they would both go out together; but first Rollo ran to ask leave of his mother. She said however, that Lucy's clothes were too thin for her to go out in the wet, but that when the rain slackened Rollo might take off his shoes and stockings and go out alone.

"But, mother," said he, "why cannot I go out now with the umbrella?"

"Because," she replied, "when it rains so hard, some of the water spatters through the umbrella and some will be driven against you by the wind."

"Well, I will wait," said Rollo, and he went back and told Lucy what his mother had said, and

then they began to read. Rollo read a little way and then Lucy read a little way, and thus they continued until they heard Rollo's mother calling, "See, it has nearly stopped raining" she said. "You can go and get your pea pods."

Away went the children out into the shed, where Rollo took off his shoes and stockings and sallied forth into the yard holding an umbrella over his head, as a few drops of rain were still falling. He waded into the little pond at the garden gate, and turned round to look at Lucy and laugh. Then he started to caper about in the water, but Lucy told him to take care, or he would fall down. So he went carefully on into the garden. There he gathered as many peas as he wanted and was returning when Jonas saw him from the barn and called out to ask what he had got.

"I have been to get some pea pods," he replied, "to make boats with."

"Where are you going to sail them?"

"In this little pond here in the yard, when it stops raining."

"But you could have a little pond *now* in the shed."

"How?" asked Rollo.

"You might have it in a milk pan."

"So we could. Can you come and get the pan for us?"

"Yes, in a few minutes—by the time you get your boats ready."

Rollo now went into the shed. He soon had the boats made and Jonas brought the milk pan pond. Then the two children sat down, one on each side of it, and sailed their boats a long time. Rollo cut small pieces of an apple for cargo and he stood up the stem of the apple in one of the boats and said it was the boat's captain. So they played very pleasantly until dinner was ready. Then they noticed that it was raining very hard again.

Sailing boats

XXXII

CLEARING UP

"Father," said Rollo at the dinner table, "do you think it will rain all the afternoon?"

"It looks like it," replied his father, "but why? Do you not enjoy yourselves in the house?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Rollo; "but Lucy and I thought that, if it did not rain this afternoon, we might go out in the garden a little while."

"It may clear up towards night; but if it does I think it would be better to go down to the brook and see the freshet, than to go into the garden."

"The freshet? Will there be a freshet, do you think?"

"Yes, if it keeps on raining as fast as it does now the brook will be quite high."

Rollo was much pleased to hear this, for he always liked to see the brook when its banks were brimming full, and the water poured along in a great torrent, foaming and dashing against the rocks.

"We can carry down our little boats," Rollo said to Lucy, "and set them a-sailing. How they will whirl and plunge along down the stream!"

Lucy liked the idea of seeing the freshet, too; though she said she was afraid it would be too wet for her to go. Rollo told her never to fear, for his father would find some way to get her down there safely, and they both went to the back entry door again, looking out and wishing now that it would rain faster and faster.

"But," said Lucy, "what if it should not stop raining at all to-night?"

"Oh, it will," replied Rollo, "I know it will. Besides, if it should not, we can go down to-morrow morning, and then there will be a bigger freshet. Oh, how full the brook will be by to-morrow morning!" and Rollo clapped his hands with delight.

"Yes," said Lucy soberly, "but I must go home to-night."

"Must you?" said Rollo. "So you must, I forgot about that. But I think it will certainly clear up this afternoon. I will go and ask father if he does not think so, too."

They both went together to ask the question.

"I can not tell whether it will or not," replied Rollo's father. "I see no indications, one way or the other. I think you had better forget all about

it by doing something else beside watching the weather; for if you spend all the afternoon in trying to guess whether it will clear up or not, you can not enjoy yourselves and may be disappointed at last."

"Why, we can not help thinking of it," said Rollo.

"No, not if you stand there at the back door doing nothing else."

"What had we better do?" asked Lucy.

"I think you, Rollo, had better go up and put your room and desk in order, and Lucy can help you."

"But, father, I have put it in order a great many times, and it always gets out of order again very soon, and I can not keep it neat."

"That is partly because you do not put it in order right. You do not understand the principles of order."

"What are the principles of order?" Rollo asked.

"There are a good many. One is to have the things that are oftenest used in the most accessible places so that they can be taken out and returned easily. Then you must arrange your things

systematically, putting those of the same nature together. Once I looked into your desk after you had put it in order, and I found that in the back part of it you had piled up books and white paper and pictures and a slate and other things all together. You thought they were in order because they were in a pile. The articles ought to have been separated and arranged so that you could get out any one without disturbing the others."

Putting things in order

"Well, come, Rollo," said Lucy, "let us go and see your things and try to put them in order, right."

The two went up to Rollo's room, and, true enough, they found not a little confusion there. But they went to work and soon became very much interested. A great many of the things were new to Lucy, and as they went on arranging them they often stopped to talk and play. In this way several hours passed, and when at last they had

nearly finished and Rollo happened to go to the window he exclaimed, "Oh, Lucy, Lucy, come here quick!"

Lucy ran. Rollo pointed out to the western horizon and said, "See there!"

A broad band of bright golden sky, clear and beautiful, extended each way as far as they could see. Dark clouds reached low down from overhead, but the dazzling rays of the sun were just peeping under them. The rain had ceased.

Rollo and Lucy gazed a moment, and then ran down stairs as fast as they could go, calling out, "It is clearing away! It is clearing away! We can go and see the freshet."

They went out on the steps. A few drops of rain were still falling, but the tract of clear sky in the west was growing larger, the air was calm and the golden rays of the sun shone on the fields and glittered on the water drops that hung from the leaves and branches of the trees.

XXXIII

THE FRESHET

Soon the two children ran back into the house and Rollo urged his father to go with them down to the brook at once, but his father replied that they must wait until after supper. "It is too wet to go now," said he.

"But father," said Rollo, "I do not think it will be any dryer after supper. The ground cannot dry in half an hour."

"No," was his father's response, "but the water will run off of the paths a great deal, so that we can get along much better."

"Well, but then it will run off from the brook a great deal too, and the freshet will not be so high."

"It is different with the brook," replied his father, "for that is very long, and the water comes a great way. While we are eating, the water will be running into the brook back among the hills faster than it will run away here, so that it will grow higher and higher for some hours."

Rollo had no more to say, but he was impatient to go. He and Lucy went out and stood on the

steps again. The clouds were breaking up and flying away in all directions, and large patches of clear blue sky appeared everywhere, giving promise of a beautiful evening.

"Hark!" said Rollo, "what is that?"

Lucy listened. It was a sort of roaring sound down in the woods. "Do you think it is a bear?" asked Rollo with a look of some concern.

"A bear! No," laughed Lucy. "That is not the way a bear growls. It is the freshet."

Rollo perceived then that it was the sound of rushing water, and he jumped with pleasure at thinking how fine a sight it must be.

At the supper table Rollo's father said it was rather a difficult thing to go and see a freshet without getting wet, especially for a girl. He and Rollo could put on their boots, but Lucy had no foot wear suitable for such a walk.

"What shall we do then?" asked Rollo.

"I believe I shall let Jonas go down and draw Lucy in his wagon. How would you like that, Lucy?"

Lucy said she would like it very well, and after supper they went out in the yard and found Jonas with his wagon all ready. This wagon was one

Jonas had made to draw Rollo in. It was very simple and plain, but it was convenient and perfectly safe. They helped Lucy into it and she sat down on the seat. Rollo with his boots on pushed, and Jonas drew, while Rollo's father walked behind.

They moved along carefully through the yard and entered a field, keeping to a path that led them by the garden fence for some distance. But after a little they came to a broad pool of water covering the whole path. On either side were high banks so that the wagon could not turn out.

On the way to the brook.

"I can go right through it," said Jonas. "The water is not deep."

"And we can go along on the bank by the side," said Rollo.

"Very well," said his father. "Jonas can draw you through the pool, Lucy, if you are not afraid."

Lucy did feel a little afraid at first, but she knew that if her uncle was willing she should go, it

was perfectly safe, so she made no objection. Besides, she knew that as Jonas was to walk along ahead of her she could see how deep it was, and there could not be any dangerous places without his finding them out before the wagon went into them.

Jonas was barefoot, and did not mind wetting his feet; so he waded in, drawing the wagon after him. The water was about up to his ankles all the way.

Presently they entered the woods, and Rollo suddenly stopped, and said, "Why, it is raining."

They all stopped then and listened. They could hear the drops of rain falling all around them. and yet they saw that the sky was almost perfectly clear. Evidently the drops were falling from the leaves of the trees.

Rollo said he meant to find out if this was so, and he ran out of the path and took hold of a slender tree with a large top of branches and leaves, and, looking up to see if any drops would fall, he gave it a good shake. At once, down came a perfect shower of drops all into his face and eyes. He was astonished at such an unexpected shower bath, but he concluded, on the whole, to laugh and not cry about it; and he returned wiping his face and looking comical enough.

In a few minutes more the party came in sight of the foaming brook. The banks were overflowed in some places, and the current swept along furiously, dashing against the rocks, and whirling around the projecting points.

They stopped and gazed on the scene for awhile, and then Rollo said he was going to sail the boats which he had brought in his pocket.

Just then Jonas saw a plank in the water close by the shore, a little up the stream. It had been placed across the brook some distance above for a bridge, but the freshet had brought it away, and it had drifted down to where it then was.

Jonas drew the plank up on the bank, and so placed it that Lucy and Rollo could stand on it safely and launch their pea-pod boats. These boats were soon all borne rapidly down the stream out of sight; and after this the children threw in sticks and chips, and watched them as they danced over the waves and whirled around in the eddies, or were caught in the swift current of the rapids. Thus they amused themselves for a long time, and then slowly returned home.

XXXIV

OLD TRUMPETER

On account of the storm the blueberrying had been put off, but it had been agreed to go the next day if the weather allowed. Rollo rose early, and was happy to see, when he looked out the window, that the sun was shining from a clear sky. At breakfast he told his father that he had prepared his basket and was all ready to start, and he wished Jonas could go, too.

"I do not think he can very well," said Rollo's father. "There is no room for him. Both carriages will be full."

"But could he not ride on Old Trumpeter?' asked Rollo.

Old Trumpeter was a white horse that had served the family a long time and was now rather old and not a very good traveler.

Rollo's father hesitated a moment and then said that perhaps he might. "You may step out and tell him that we are going and that if he thinks Old Trumpeter will do to carry him, he may go with us."

Rollo ran to tell Jonas, and Jonas was glad to go. So he gave Old Trumpeter some oats, and got a saddle and bridle ready and he put into the carriage a hatchet, a dipper, a box of matches, some rope, and several other articles of the sort which he thought might be of use on such an excursion.

After breakfast, Lucy and her father drove up to the door, and in a short time the party started. The carriage in which Rollo's father and mother rode went on ahead. Then came Uncle George and Rollo and Lucy in the other carriage and lastly Jonas on Old Trumpeter behind.

After riding for a mile or two, they turned off of the main road into the woods, and went on by a winding and beautiful road until they came in sight of the mountain. About this time Jonas trotted up to the side of the carriage which Uncle George drove, and the children saw that he had a bush in his hand. It was a large blueberry bush covered with fine, ripe blueberries. He gave it to Rollo who at first was going to divide the berries between Lucy and himself; but he concluded, however, on second thought, to send them forward to his mother. Jonas rode on to carry the blueberry bush to the other carriage, but presently he returned

bringing the bush with him except a small sprig which Rollo's mother had taken off. The rest she had sent back to the children.

"Well, Jonas," said Uncle George, "I do not see but that Old Trumpeter is strong enough to carry you yet."

"Yes, sir," Jonas replied, "he is strong enough to carry half a dozen like me."

Rollo climbing on Trumpeter's back

"Oh, Uncle George," said Rollo, "let him carry me too with Jonas. I can ride behind."

"Very well, if you want to ride with him a little while you may, if Jonas is willing."

Jonas was willing and Rollo got out and climbed on a stump by the side of the road. Jonas rode up to the stump and Rollo clambered on behind him with a switch in his hand.

"Now Jonas," said he, "whenever you want Old Trumpeter to go faster you speak to me and I will touch him up with my switch."

"All right," said Jonas, and they jogged along behind the carriage. Lucy knelt on the cushion, and looked out at the back talking with Rollo.

They went on very quietly for some time, and then Jonas told Rollo that not far ahead was a footpath which turned aside from the road and crossed a ravine and came into the road again near a mill. The distance by the path was much less than by the road, and he proposed that they should go this short way. They spoke to Uncle George about it and he replied that Rollo must ask his father.

"Well, touch up Old Trumpeter, then," said Jonas.

So Rollo applied his switch, and the horse began to trot. Rollo had hard work to hold on, but he clasped his arms tight about Jonas's waist and kept his seat.

"How do you like riding double, Rollo?" his father inquired when Old Trumpeter overtook the carriage.

"Very much," replied Rollo, "and we want you to let Jonas and me cut across by the path through the valley, and wait for you at the mill."

"Is there a path across here, Jonas?"

"Yes, sir," said Jonas.

"Is it a good path?"

"It is rather rough through the woods and bushes, but it is pretty good."

"Well, you may go then."

XXXV

HARD TRAVELING

The two carriages drove on and Jonas and Rollo turned off by the path into the forest. Just as they did so Rollo saw Lucy waving her handkerchief to him, as the carriage which she was in disappeared around a turn of the road.

The path was rough and slippery. Rollo clung tight to Jonas and after a little asked him whether the path was as bad as that all the way.

"As bad as this!" said Jonas, "I call this very good. I will show you the bad part pretty soon. It seems worse than common to-day—I suppose on account of the heavy rain we have had; and, I declare, I don't know but we shall find the brook up."

"The brook up!" said Rollo.

"Yes—why did not I think of that before? But there is no danger, only we may have to wade rather deeper than we would like."

The path had now become so muddy and Old Trumpeter's legs sank so far down into the mire that Rollo was greatly alarmed and heartily wished they had never left the road.

Things grew worse rather than better as they went on, and finally Jonas said he thought they had better go out on one side; and he made the horse step over a log and go in among the trees and bushes. The branches brushed and scratched the two riders severely though they bent down and leaned over to this side and that, continually, to escape them. Rollo asked Jonas why the path had not dried as well as the main road; and Jonas told him that the tall trees protected it from the sun and wind so that the moss and roots and earth held the water for a long time.

Presently they arrived at the margin of the brook; and it *was* up as Jonas had feared. Where the path descended to cross it, a deep cut had been worn in the two opposite banks and this cut was filled with water, while above and below the cut the stream rushed on in a torrent. Jonas hesitated a moment

and then asked Rollo if he could hold on while they were riding through. Rollo replied that he was afraid the water was so deep it would drown them. Jonas then said Rollo might get off and stand on a rock by the side of the path while he rode through to see how deep it was.

So Rollo got off in fear and trembling and stood on the rock, and Jonas urged the horse into the water. Old Trumpeter did not much like this kind of traveling, but Jonas half persuaded and half compelled him to keep on. In the middle of the stream the water came up so high that Jonas was obliged to lift his feet to keep them from getting wet. It became more shoal beyond, and at last the horse fairly reached the dry ground, and stood dripping on the bank.

Rollo was glad to see that the water was no deeper, but he was still afraid. He told Jonas he *could not* go over, and that Jonas must go back with him.

"No," said Jonas, "if we go back now, the others will get to the mill before us, and they will be very anxious and unhappy thinking that something has happened to us. The plan to come by the path was ours, and we ought not to make other

people suffer for it. We would go back if there was any real danger, but there is none."

So saying he came back slowly through the water. After some further persuasion Rollo got on behind Jonas and they rode down into the stream. Old Trumpeter staggered along, but not very unsteadily on the whole, until he got a little past the middle, when he blundered over a stone in the bed of the stream which he could not see, and fell on his knees.

Jonas and Rollo hastily drew their feet up and grasped the saddle and managed to hold on while the horse regained his footing, Then they went on and soon reached the shore in safety.

"Good fellow, Old Trumpeter," said Jonas, "you have done pretty well for you, and you have got the mud washed off your legs, too."

Jonas turned and looked back toward the stream. "Rollo, what is that?" said he pointing to something floating round and round in a small eddy, made by a turn of the brook, just above where they had crossed.

"It is a bird's nest," said Rollo, "and I believe there is a little bird in it."

XXXVI

THE FLOATING BIRD'S NEST

Jonas jumped off the horse, handed the bridle to Rollo, and took up a long stick that was lying on the ground and very gently and cautiously drew the nest to the shore. He took it up with great care, and brought it to Rollo.

Jonas showing Rollo the nest

Sure enough, there was a little bird in it, scarcely fledged. Jonas said the nest must have been washed off from its place on some bush beside the brook. The little bird kept opening its mouth wide as if it thought Jonas and Rollo were the parent birds come to give it something to eat.

"What shall we do with him?" asked Rollo.

"He will die if we leave him here," Jonas answered, "for he has lost his mother, now. I think we had better take him home, if we can, and feed him till he is old enough to fly."

They concluded to carry both the nest and the bird to the mill to show to the rest of the party. But how to do this was the difficulty. At last Jonas took off his cap and placed it bottom upwards on the saddle before him, and in that put the nest with the bird in it, and then they rode carefully along. The road was much smoother and better on this side of the brook, and it was not far to the mill.

They had been detained so long that the carriages reached the mill first, and Rollo's father and mother and the others were looking expectantly down the path.

"There they come," said Lucy, as she saw a movement among the bushes and caught a glimpse of Old Trumpeter's white head.

"Yes," said Rollo's mother, when the boys emerged from the bushes, "but they have met with some accident. Jonas has lost his cap."

"What is the matter?" called Rollo's father.

"We have found this little bird," Rollo called back.

"What bird?" said they all.

Now Old Trumpeter came up near the carriage and Jonas lifted the bird's nest out of his cap and

held it so they all could see it, while Rollo told the story. When Rollo finished speaking he looked at the bird and saw that it kept opening its mouth. He wished he had something to give it to eat.

"Father," said he, "what shall we feed him with? Do you think we had better give him a grasshopper?"

"Oh, no," said Lucy, "a grasshopper would not be good to eat. It has so many elbows sticking out. Let us give him some blueberries."

"That would be just the thing," said Rollo, and he slid down off from Old Trumpeter's back and ran to the side of the road to hunt for some berries.

He brought a few in his hand presently, and his father took them and when the bird opened its mouth he fed it with the soft pulp of two or three of them, and threw away the skins. Then he gave the nest with the bird in it to Lucy to hold in her lap, and the party prepared to go on.

They rode about a mile farther, and came to the place where they must leave the carriages and ascend the mountain on foot. They unharnessed the horses so they would stand more quietly, and fastened them to trees by the side of the road; and

while the horses were being cared for, Rollo and Lucy stood with Rollo's mother looking at the bird.

"What are you going to do with him, Rollo?" asked his mother.

"I should like to carry him home and keep him, if you are willing."

"I am willing, but you must keep him in a cage with the door always open, so that as soon as he is old enough to fly away, he may go, if he chooses. Have you thought of a name for him?"

Looking at the bird

Rollo had not, and his mother suggested that they might call him Noah, as, like Noah, he was saved from a flood by floating in a sort of ark.

"I think he was more like Moses than Noah," said Lucy.

"Why?" Rollo inquired.

"Because Moses was a little thing when they found him, and the ark of bulrushes his mother made for him was something like a bird's nest. I think you had better name him Moses."

Rollo said he thought the bird was a good deal like Moses, but he did not think Moses was a very pretty name for a bird.

"You might alter it a little," said his mother. "Call him Mosette, if you think that would be any better for a bird's name."

Rollo and Lucy repeated the name Mosette to themselves several times, and decided that they would like it very much. By this time the horses were attended to, and Jonas advised that Mosette should be hidden somewhere until the party returned from the mountain; for it would be troublesome to them, and somewhat dangerous to the bird, to carry it up and down.

The children agreed to this plan, though they were rather unwilling to part with the bird at all. They found a very secret place in the bushes by the corner of a large rock, where the shrubs and wild flowers grew thick, and there they hid the nest entirely out of sight.

XXXVII

CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN

Just before they started up the mountain, Jonas fastened around his waist a broad leather belt he had made. He always wore the belt when he went picnicking. On the right side it had loops in which were a hatchet and a large knife, and on the left side was hung a sort of bag or pocket containing matches, a little cup, and some other small articles. Besides his belt Jonas carried two large covered baskets.

He and Rollo and Lucy went on slightly in advance of the rest. At first they kept to a cart path, which though too steep and rough for a carriage, was hard and dry and pretty comfortable for walking. After slowly ascending for some time they came out of the woods into an opening of rocky ground where grew numerous patches of blueberry bushes. Here they saw, at a distance, three or four boys sitting on a rock with pails and baskets in their hands, and they noticed that the boys were talking rather loudly and roughly. Presently one of the group shouted, " Hello ! come

this way, and we will show you where the blueberries are."

Rollo turned to his father who was close behind and said, "Those boys say they will show us the blueberries out that way. Shall we go?"

"No," said his father, "keep off to the right."

So they went on until they had passed around some rocks and were out of the boys' sight.

"Father," said Rollo, "why would you not let us go with those boys? They said the berries were thickest where they were."

"Because I am afraid they are not good boys. I heard them using bad language and I wish you to have nothing to do with them."

They had now found a good place to begin gathering berries. It was a beautiful spot of open ground, with the thick woods rising round about. All fell to picking except Uncle George and Jonas who went on farther until they disappeared from view. Uncle George soon returned, but Jonas was not with him and when Rollo asked where Jonas had gone his uncle told him that was a secret at present. Then they began to hear the strokes of Jonas's hatchet in the woods, but neither Rollo nor Lucy could imagine what he could be doing.

The blueberries were very thick and large, and the bottoms of the baskets were soon covered with them. Each person picked where he or she found the berries most plentiful, and Rollo and Lucy who kept pretty near together, strayed some distance from the rest of the party. After a little while, Rollo looked up and saw, quite near by, the three boys who had shouted to them when they first came up the mountain. As soon as Lucy saw the boys so close she moved away, but Rollo remained where he was, and it was not long before one of the boys spoke to him. "Why did you not come up where we were?" said he. "The berries were thicker there."

"My father would not let me," Rollo replied.

"Oh, come along," said the boy. "He will not care. Besides, he will not know you have gone. He is busy picking by himself."

The boy who did the most talking was the biggest of the three and was called by his comrades "Jim." He was very ragged and dirty, and Rollo thought he did not speak exactly as a good boy would, but he wanted very much to see the place where the berries were so thick. "How far is it?" he inquired.

"Only a little way—just around that clump of rocks you see behind us," Jim replied.

XXXVIII

ROUGH COMPANIONS

Rollo continued to fill his basket, and as he did so he gradually moved off farther and farther from his parents. He took great pains with the berries he picked. He chose the largest and ripest, and was very careful not to get in any sticks and leaves. His basket was small, and he intended as soon as he filled it to carry it to his mother and pour his berries into her large basket. He was succeeding finely, but he had strayed so far from his party that he was now entirely out of their sight.

At length Jim, who had sat down on a log near Rollo, saw a little bird alight on the branch of a black stump near. "Hush!" said he; "there is a bird. See how I will fix him," and he picked up a stone and was going to throw it.

Rollo begged him not to kill that pretty little bird; but he paid no attention to what Rollo said and threw the stone with all his force. Fortunately

it did not hit the bird. It struck the branch the bird was perched on however, and shivered it to fragments, and the bird flew away terrified.

"Now, what did you do that for?" said Rollo. "You might have hit him."

"Hit him!" said the boy, "I meant to hit him, to be sure."

"But what good does it do to kill little birds?

Stoning the bird

I found one this morning and I would not kill him for anything."

"Where did you find him?" asked Jim.

Rollo then told the boys all about his finding a little bird floating in its nest in the brook, and about naming it Mosette.

"If I had found him," said Jim, "I would have put him on a fence for a mark to fire stones at. I would have made him peep, I tell you!"

Rollo declared that he would not have his bird killed on any account. He was going to carry him home and feed him, and tame him.

"But where is he now?" Jim inquired.

"Oh, we hid him behind a stone down at the foot of the mountain where our horses are tied."

"And how can you find him again?"

"Why," said Rollo, "we know; it was just inside the bushes close by the horses."

Jim winked at the other boys when Rollo said this. "Do you know what I would do if I had your bird?" he said. "I would set him up for a mark. I wish I had been there when you found him; I would have taken him away from you."

"No, you would not have taken him away," Rollo declared. "Jonas would not have let you."

"Jonas! Who is Jonas? and what do you think I care for Jonas?" said Jim getting up from the log. He now walked over to where Rollo was at work and looked into his basket. He saw that it was nearly full of large ripe blueberries. "I be-

lieve you have stolen some of the berries out of my pail while I have been sitting here," he said.

"I have not," said Rollo. "I have not touched your pail."

"You have," Jim asserted fiercely, "and I will have my berries back again."

He took hold of Rollo's basket and tried to pull it away from him. Rollo began to cry. He struggled as well as he could, but Jim was too strong for him. Jim got possession of the basket and poured a part of the berries into his pail. The rest were spilled. Then, angry at Rollo's screams and cries, he trampled the berries that were on the ground into the dirt and started to run away. Rollo however, caught hold of the skirt of Jim's coat and Jim turned around and struck Rollo with his fist. That knocked Rollo down and Jim and his companions set off as fast as they could go.

The struggle for the basket

Just as they disappeared, Rollo's father and

Uncle George came hastening to his aid. They raised Rollo up and his father took him in his arms, and Rollo laid his head down on his father's shoulder and sobbed bitterly.

Rollo's father carried him back to where his mother and Lucy were, and presently all the party but Rollo were picking berries again. He sat on a stone for some time after the others had resumed work, with his empty basket by his side, mourning over his sorrows. At length Lucy came to him and tried to console him; and she poured out half her own berries into his basket and told him he could soon fill it if he would come with her to a good thick place she had found. Rollo was persuaded to go and they worked away very industriously and he gradually recovered his spirits.

XXXIX

THE BOWER

"I wonder what Jonas can be doing all this time?" said Rollo presently.

"So do I," said Lucy. "He has been busy over among the trees ever since we came up the

mountain. Your father knows what he is doing, and my father knows; but they told me I must not go to see."

While Rollo and Lucy were talking about this mystery they saw Jonas coming out from the woods. He went and spoke to Rollo's father who then called to all the company and told them it was time to stop gathering berries, and they might take up their baskets and follow him.

This they did, and he led them through a little thicket keeping to a narrow path that brought them out into an opening on the brow of the mountain. Thence they could look down on a vast extent of country with its forests, rivers, villages and farms. Behind them a rocky precipice rose to a considerable height, and close by was a brook that came foaming down the cliff and after tumbling along over the stones a little way took another wild leap down the mountain and was lost among the trees below.

The party all stepped carefully over the brook, and then followed up its opposite bank until they came to the precipice. Here they were surprised and pleased to see a large bower in front of a little cavern or recess in the rock. This was what

had kept Jonas so long. He had built the bower of bushes and limbs of trees which he had adjusted against the rock in such a manner as to inclose a large space within. Next to the rock an opening was left and they all went in—Rollo first, then Lucy, then the others. They found smooth and clean logs and stones arranged around the sides of the bower, and in the middle of it, on a carpet of leaves, was spread a rustic dinner.

Berry picking

There was bread and butter, and ham, and gingerbread and pie, and glasses for water from the brook. Rollo and Lucy wondered how all those things could have got up the mountain until they recollected that, when they were coming up, Jonas carried two covered baskets; and they thought at the time that they seemed to be heavy.

After they had finished lunching and had rested and enjoyed the cool shelter of the bower they

returned to their berry picking, This was continued until about the middle of the afternoon when they gathered together to make arrangements for going down the mountain. They put their baskets, filled beautifully with blueberries, in a group on the grass and sat on the stones around while Rollo's father gave directions.

Jonas was to go first with two large baskets of of berries. Next came Lucy, with her little basket about two thirds full, and with leaves and pretty pieces of moss she had found put in on the top. Then came Rollo's mother and uncle and finally Rollo and his father, and every one of them had a basket of berries, except Rollo's mother.

XL

THE RESCUE OF LITTLE MOSETTE

The party walked along down the steep path until they came to a rough place over which Lucy had to have help. She spilled some of her berries and Rollo was going to help her pick them up, but Jonas said they had better just pick up the leaves

and moss that had fallen out and let the birds have the berries.

"So we will, Lucy," said Rollo, "and I rather think Mosette is hungry by this time."

"Yes," said Jonas, "I think he is."

"Well, he won't have long to wait now," said Rollo. "Only think, Jonas, *Jim* said, if he had found him he would have set him up on the fence for a mark to fire stones at!"

"Jim said so?" Jonas responded, "How did Jim know anything about your bird?"

"Why—er—why—I told him."

"What did you tell him for?"

"Oh, because we were talking, and I told him."

"I hope you did not tell him where we hid Mosette behind the rock."

"Why—yes," said Rollo, "I believe I did."

"Then I am afraid you will never see poor Mosette again," said Jonas.

"You don't think that Jim would go and get him?" said Rollo.

"I don't know," said Jonas, "but I should not have wanted to tell such a boy anything about him."

Rollo began to be alarmed. He asked his father to let him and Jonas go on before the rest to see if their bird was safe. His father told him they might, and he said they could leave their baskets of berries for the others in the party to carry.

Jonas and Rollo at once started off on a run and soon disappeared among the trees. Rollo found it hard to keep up, but Jonas took his hand and they went on running and walking alternately, until they came out of the woods in sight of the place where the horses were tied.

They were none too soon, for it happened that Jim, and the boys with him, had come down the mountain by another road shortly before and they were now looking around among the bushes and stones after Mosette.

"There they are," said Jonas, and he let go of Rollo's hand and ran with all his might.

Jim and his boys did not see Jonas coming and they kept on searching. Then the smallest boy stepped forth from the bushes with something in his hand and Rollo heard him calling out, "Here's the bird, Jim."

At that moment Jonas came running in among

the boys shouting, " Let that bird alone! Let that bird alone!"

The boy who had the nest dropped it and dodged back into the bushes, while his comrades took to their heels in the other direction, all greatly terrified by Jonas's unexpected onset. Little Mosette had fluttered out on the ground; but Jonas took him carefully up and put him back in the nest. Then, with the nest in his hands, he walked up the hill to meet Rollo, who was coming down as fast as he could run.

Jonas with Mosette

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