Presented to

L. C. Van Vleck

by her affectionate

Uncle

W. H. C. Van Vleck.

STORIES FOR ADELAIDE:

BEING A

SECOND SERIES OF EASY READING LESSONS,

WITH DIVIDED SYLLABLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"*Stories for Emma*," "*Young Americans*,"
"*Mirror*," *&c.*

SIX PLATES.

PHILADELPHIA:

THOMAS T. ASH—CHESNUT STREET.

Adam Waldie, Printer.

TO

ADELAIDE LESLIE,

AGED FIVE YEARS,

THE FOLLOWING LITTLE BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

Philadelphia, September, 1829.

CONTENTS.

THE FAWN.

Ed-mund Or-well and his sis-ter Clara were on a vis-it at their un-cle Hay-don's, who liv-ed in a ve-ry re-mote part of the coun-try, on a large farm. The child-ren (who had nev-er be-fore been at a-ny place so far from the cit-y) were de-light-ed to play in the mea-dows and orch-ard, and to climb the rocks, and to ram-ble through the woods, in com-pany with their cou-sin Phil-ip Hay-don, who was a lit-tle old-er than Ed-mund.

One day they heard their aunt say, that she want-ed some fox grapes to make jel-ly, and they re-col-lect-ed hav-ing seen a great ma-ny in the woods about two miles off. They of-

fer-ed to go and gath-er a large quan-ti-ty for her; and as the bas-kets would be too hea-vy for them to car-ry so far, their un-cle said he would let them take the dear-born when they went for the grapes.

Phil-ip al-low-ed Ed-mund to help him har-ness the horse, and lift-ing Cla-ra in-to the back seat of the dear-born, with a pile of bas-kets be-fore her, the boys pla-ced them-selves on the bench in front, and they set off in high spir-its, Edmund dri-ving while in the o-pen road, and Phil-ip af-ter they got in-to the woods.

They soon came to the place where they had seen the fox grapes so a-bun-dant. It was a sort of o-pen-ing in the fo-rest, where the sur-round-ing trees were com-plete-ly cov-er-ed with vines that as-cend-ed to their high-est branch-es, and al-so ran a-long the ground, so as to form a close thick-et. These

vines were load-ed with large bunch-es of fine ripe pur-ple grapes, in such pro-fu-sion, that bar-rels full might have been gath-er-ed there.

The chil-dren got out of the dear-born, and pro-ceed-ed in-dus-tri-ous-ly to the bu-si-ness of pluck-ing the grapes, and fill-ing the bas-kets with them. It must, how-ev-er, be sup-pos-ed that they ate some as they went on.

They were talk-ing and laugh-ing ve-ry mer-ri-ly, when they saw the vines that were low on the ground be-gin to move. Cla-ra scream-ed out that a pan-ther must be hid-den un-der them; and the boys, to keep her safe, put her in-to the dear-born, till they could dis-cov-er what it real-ly was. Each then arm-ed him-self with a large stick bro-ken from the branch of an old tree that lay on the ground, and ad-vanc-ed to the place where they had seen the sha-king of the vine leaves. Cla-ra was ve-

ry much fright-en-ed, and scream-ed to the boys to let the pan-ther a-lone, and to jump into the dear-born and drive home.

The boys, how-ever, would not lis-ten to her; and pre-sent-ly the in-no-cent head of a lit-tle fawn came out from a-mong the vine leaves.

"There, Cla-ra," ex-claim-ed Phil-ip, "there is the ob-ject of ter-ror. On-ly a pret-ty lit-tle fawn, that I sup-pose has stray-ed a-way from its mo-ther."

Cla-ra im-me-di-ate-ly jump-ed out of the dear-born to look at the fawn, and found it en-tan-gled in the twist-ing vine branch-es.

"Oh! Phil-ip! Oh! Ed-mund!" said she, "do let us take this dear sweet crea-ture home. We shall have no trou-ble in catch-ing it, for the branch-es are hold-ing it fast for us. What a charm-ing play-thing it will be. Oh! how I love it al-rea-dy!"

Ed-mund was de-light-ed at the i-de-a of car-ry-ing the fawn home with them, and wanted to take hold of it. The poor thing was ve-ry much fright-en-ed, and trem-bled all o-ver. Phil-ip then said that he thought it bet-ter to leave the fawn where it was, that the moth-er could not be ve-ry far off, and that the lit-tle an-i-mal would be much hap-pi-er to con-tin-ue to run through the woods at its lib-er-ty. But Cla-ra could not give up the plea-sure of hav-ing so pret-ty a pet, and Ed-mund al-so thought that he should like ve-ry much to play with it. He pro-po-sed that Cla-ra should take the fawn in-to the dear-born, and hold it there while he and Phil-ip fin-ish-ed gath-er-ing the fox grapes. The fawn strug-gled so to get loose, that Cla-ra's strength could not hold out, and Ed-mund then took charge of the poor ter-ri-fi-ed lit-tle an-i-mal, hav-ing first ti-ed its legs to-geth-

er with some long grass, which he twist-ed in strings for the purpose. Cla-ra then quit-ted the dear-born, and took her bro-ther's place at the grape vines.

All the baskets were soon fil-led, and the chil-dren set off to go home; but when they were near-ly in sight of the house, Cla-ra a-gain took the fawn that she might be seen ri-ding up the lane with her new pet in her arms. As soon as they ar-ri-ved at the front gate, Ed-mund and Cla-ra began both to-geth-er to tell of their ad-ven-ture; but Mr. and Mrs. Hay-don said, they a-greed with Phil-ip in think-ing that the fawn had bet-ter have been left in the woods, and allowed to re-main at lib-er-ty. But Ed-mund and Cla-ra were of o-pin-ion that it could not be more hap-py in the woods than they would make it.

Cla-ra car-ri-ed it in-to her cham-ber and got a bowl of milk for it, but the

poor fawn was too fright-en-ed to eat, and hid it-self un-der the bed, where it lay tremb-ling. At din-ner, she ate but two mouth-fuls of her peach-pie, and on her aunt ask-ing her the rea-son, she said she was go-ing to save her piece for the fawn. Mrs. Hay-don prais-ed her lit-tle niece's gen-e-ros-i-ty, but told her the fawn would not eat pie, and that wild an-i-mals on-ly re-lish-ed such food as was na-tu-ral to them. "When-ev-er he is wil-ling to eat pie," con-tin-u-ed Mrs. Hay-don, "I assure you that he shall have as much as he wants with-out your share be-ing sa-ved for him."

The fawn was ve-ry rest-less all day, but to-wards eve-ning be-ing quite hun-gry, he ate some fox grapes and lap-ped some milk, to the great joy of Cla-ra, who was afraid he would starve. She in-sis-ted on hav-ing him to sleep in her room that night, and she made him up

a lit-tle bed out of her clothes-bag and the things that were in it. But the fawn would not stay on the bed, though Cla-ra put him down on it, at least ten times; and he boun-ced a-bout the room, and tried so of-ten to get out of the win-dow that she was kept a-wake by him near-ly all night. When she fell a-sleep a-bout day-light, he rou-sed her by pranc-ing o-ver her bed, but she thought e-ve-ry thing that he did was charm-ing.

In the morn-ing, the boys got some old boards, and made a house for the fawn un-der the shade of a large plumb-tree in the gar-den; and for fear that he should es-cape, they tied him to the tree by a long cord. Ed-mund and Cla-ra were con-tin-u-al-ly feast-ing him with all sorts of dain-ties, most of which he re-ject-ed at first, but learnt to eat at last. Yet the fawn, though he was ve-ry well fed, and very much kiss-

ed and pat-ted, and drest every day with flowers, did not seem hap-py; and Phil-ip often urged his cou-sins to let the poor lit-tle an-i-mal be car-ri-ed back to the place in the woods where they had found him. But Ed-mund and Cla-ra could not think of giv-ing up their pet.

One day Ed-mund came home from the woods car-ry-ing a large green branch fil-led with red ber-ries. "Here Cla-ra," said he, "see what I have brought for the fawn. I found them on a bush a-bout half a mile off. On-ly a few of them are ripe, and I have not ta-sted a sin-gle one, that there may be the more for him." "Neith-er will I taste them," said Cla-ra. "They look beau-ti-ful, and I am sure he will like them; so he shall have them all to him-self."

They then of-fer-ed the branch of berr-ies to the fawn, who turn-ed a-way

in great ap-pa-rent dis-gust. "Why he will not touch them," ex-claim-ed Cla-ra. "Oh!" said Ed-mund, "per-haps that is be-cause he has nev-er eat-en a-ny be-fore. You know how ma-ny things that he dis-liked at first we have taught him to eat quite read-i-ly. Let us see if we can-not get him to taste them. Do not you know that when you were a ve-ry lit-tle girl you would not eat oys-ters, but my fath-er in-sist-ed on your trying to conquer your a-ver-sion to them, and now there is noth-ing you like bet-ter. So, we will make the fawn eat these beau-ti-ful red ber-ries."

Ac-cord-ing-ly, Ed-mund held the fawn, while Cla-ra for-ced the ber-ries into its mouth, and after a-while the fawn swal-low-ed them, though very re-luc-tant-ly.

After they had thus fed their dar-ling, they were cal-led in to tea; and when they went after-wards to car-ry him his

sup-per of milk and su-gar, what was their as-ton-ish-ment to find the poor an-i-mal, ex-tend-ed on the ground, stretch-ed half-way out of his house, and sha-king all o-ver; his eyes rol-ling, his mouth gasp-ing, and ut-ter-ing the most pit-e-ous cries.

Cla-ra scream-ed out, "Oh my fawn —my dear dar-ling fawn—what can ail him?" And Ed-mund said, "I am afraid he is go-ing to die. Let us run and ask my un-cle what had best be done for him."

All the fam-i-ly were soon as-sem-bled be-fore the house of the fawn, and Mr. Hay-don said im-me-di-ate-ly, that the poor fawn had been pois-on-ed. "Oh," ex-claim-ed Cla-ra, "who could have been so wick-ed as to poi-son him? Ed-mund and I nev-er al-low a-ny bo-dy to feed him but our-selves. I am sure he has had noth-ing since his din-ner, but these pret-ty red ber-ries," ta-king up

the branch which lay on the ground. "Ah," said Phil-ip, "that is the very thing. Those ber-ries are a most dead-ly poi-son; and noth-ing now can save him." Just as Phil-ip spoke, the poor fawn stretch-ed him-self out, and died.

Cla-ra cried bit-ter-ly, and Ed-mund al-so. "Oh," said he, "I wish we had nev-er brought a-way the fawn. If we had left him in the woods where we found him, he would have been a-live now, and would have grown up in-to a fine deer."

"Yes," said Mr. Hay-don, "and be-fore you had giv-en him the ber-ries, if you had ta-ken the trou-ble to in-quire what they were, any one in the house could have told you that they were poi-son-ous. I hope nei-ther you nor your sis-ter ta-sted them." "Oh! no, no," cried Cla-ra, "we kept every one for the dear fawn."

"Now," said Ed-mund, I am de-ter-

min-ed when I go to town a-gain, to read as ma-ny books as I can get, upon the na-ture of plants and an-i-mals."

"And I," said Cla-ra, "will al-ways in fu-ture, lis-ten at-ten-tive-ly when I hear grown per-sons talk-ing on those sub-jects."

"You will then learn," said Mr. Hay-don, "that no wild an-i-mals are hap-py when kept in a state of con-fine-ment, and that when left to them-selves they can al-ways judge what food is good, or what is bad for them."

"To be sure," said Cla-ra, sob-bing, "the poor dear fawn was ve-ry un-wil-ling to eat the ber-ries."

"Had he re-main-ed in his na-tive woods," said Mr. Hay-don, "he ne-ver would have touch-ed them, and he might now have been a-live and well. Let this be a les-son for you. Nev-er a-gain, for the plea-sure of hav-ing a pet, de-prive a wild an-i-mal of its

lib-er-ty, and force up-on him food which is con-tra-ry to his taste and hab-its. No mat-ter how care-ful-ly you try to tame them, they still pre-fer do-ing what is most nat-ur-al. If you catch a wood-peck-er and shut him up in a room, he will be con-stant-ly peck-ing at the legs of the ta-bles and the backs of the chairs, just as he peck-ed at the bark of the trees, when he liv-ed in the forest. And a young bea-ver con-fi-ned in a yard has been known to spend the whole night in ta-king down sticks of wood from the pile, and lay-ing them across each oth-er, as they do when build-ing their houses."

After the grief of the chil-dren had be-come a lit-tle more com-po-sed, they pro-ceed-ed to bu-ry the poor fawn un-der a young lo-cust tree in a field be-hind the house. Ed-mund dug the grave ac-cord-ing to the di-rec-tions of Phil-ip, and the dead fawn be-ing put

nel came in, and hav-ing paid his respects to Mrs. Man-ton, he took from his waist-coat pock-et a small pa-per, and put-ting it in-to Ma-ri-a's hand, he said, "There, Ma-ri-a, is an-oth-er smel-ling bot-tle, which I have just bought to re-place the one be-long-ing to your gold chain, which I was so unluck-y as to break last night at blind-man's buff."

Ma-ri-a's face be-came crim-son with shame, and then she turn-ed pale with fright. Her hand trem-bled so that she had to lay the paper on the table, not da-ring to o-pen it, and she was un-a-ble to speak a word.

"Had Ma-ri-a that gold chain on her neck last e-ve-ning?" said Mrs. Man-ton, pointing to the mon-key, who hav-ing ta-ken a piece of toast off the ta-ble sat eat-ing it in a cor-ner. "I believe she did wear that chain," re-plied Mr. Cor-nel; and see-ing that there was

some-thing wrong, he im-me-di-ate-ly took his leave.

Ma-ri-a sat in si-lent con-fu-sion, de-tect-ed in a dou-ble fault; first hav-ing se-cret-ly ta-ken her moth-er's chain, and then false-ly bla-ming it on the mon-key.

Her moth-er was much griev-ed and dis-pleased, and said to her, "Now Ma-ria, I hope you are con-vin-ced that bad ac-tions are al-ways dis-cov-er-ed. I had in-ten-ded giv-ing that chain to you when you were old e-nough to wear it with pro-pri-e-ty; but now you shall nev-er have it. I will send the mon-key to the mu-se-um, that in fu-ture, when you do wrong, you may not have it in your pow-er to lay the blame on him."

Ma-ri-a cri-ed ve-ry much; and for sev-e-ral days was ash-a-med, to look her moth-er in the face.

The mon-key, be-ing of a ver-y cu-

ri-ous sort, was glad-ly re-ceiv-ed at the mu-se-um, where they took ve-ry good care of him.

Ma-ri-a, who was re-al-ly ve-ry pe-ni-tent, con-fess-ed to her moth-er that she had of-ten be-fore done mis-chief, and al-low-ed the mon-key to be bla-med for it. Her moth-er at last for-gave her, and Ma-ri-a nev-er a-gain de-ceiv-ed her, or told an un-truth.

THE SUN-BONNET.

Mr. and Mrs. Lew-son took lodg-ings at a ho-tel on the sea-shore with the in-ten-tion of spend-ing a few weeks there du-ring the warm weath-er. Their lit-tle daugh-ter E-li-za ex-pect-ed to have much plea-sure in walk-ing on the

beach and look-ing at the sea, and in pick-ing up shells and sea-weed which are thrown on shore by the waves that are al-ways dash-ing o-ver the edge of the sand.

Mrs. Lew-son had made E-li-za a ver-y pret-ty sun-bon-net of pink ging-ham, with a wire sew-ed round the front and slips of cane run in the ca-ses to keep it in shape, and a large cape to cov-er her neck and should-ers. E-li-za thought this bon-net, which sha-ded her face and sat stead-y on her head, far more con-ve-nient than her leg-horn hat, which did not keep the sun from her eyes, and which was con-tin-u-al-ly flap-ping up and down in the wind.

The morn-ing af-ter their ar-ri-val at the sea-shore, Mrs. Lew-son and E-liza went to the place where the la-dies bath-ed, and put-ting on their flan-nel gowns and oil-ed silk caps, they went

in-to the wat-er, and en-joy-ed its cool-ness ve-ry much. Then, hav-ing drest them-selves a-gain in their u-su-al clothes, they walk-ed for an hour on the sands, and pick-ed up some very cu-ri-ous shells and bunch-es of sea-weed, which E-li-za put in-to a lit-tle bas-ket she had brought for the pur-pose. They saw sev-e-ral ships pass-ing by, which look-ed beau-ti-ful when the sun shone on their white sails, and they al-so saw a num-ber of schoon-ers, sloops, and fish-ing boats.

There were sev-e-ral other lit-tle girls stay-ing with their pa-rents at the same ho-tel; but none of them had sun-bon-nets like E-li-za Lew-son. Al-most all of them wore leg-horn hats, and one na-med Hel-en Hart-ley had a hat of blue silk, trim-med with white flow-ers and gauze rib-bon. It look-ed just lik a la-dy's hat, and the brim stood out a ound, so that neith-er her face nor nec

were the least sha-ded. This hat was so el-e-gant and cost-ly, that Hel-en was gen-e-ral-ly a-fraid to wear it, lest it should be fa-ded by the sun or bro-ken by the wind. And if the day was the least clou-dy she did not go out at all, fear-ing that it might rain and wet her fine hat be-fore she could get back to the house.

There was a place on the beach where the sea-wat-er ran up in-to the land, and form-ed a sort of pool. The chil-dren de-light-ed to play a-bout this pool, and the boys made lit-tle boats and sail-ed them on it. Sev-e-ral of the girls were one day stand-ing by the pond as they call-ed it, and look-ing down at the lit-tle crabs that were walk-ing a-bout on the hard sand at the bot-tom of the wat-er, which was ver-y clear and smooth, when E-li-za ob-serv-ed the shad-ows of her-self and her com-pan-ions re-flect-ed on the calm

sur-face as in a look-ing glass, and she thought she did not look half so well in her sun-bon-net as they did in their hats.

In the af-ter-noon some of the com-pa-ny were go-ing to a place a-bout a mile from the ho-tel, to see the fish-er-men catch-ing clams. Mrs. Le-wson, hav-ing pre-pa-red her-self for the walk, cal-led E-li-za in-to her room, and was go-ing to put on the lit-tle girl's sun-bon-net as u-su-al; but E-li-za drew back and said, "Moth-er, I do not wish to wear my sun-bon-net; it does not look pret-ty. I would rath-er wear my leg-horn hat, like the oth-er lit-tle girls." "No," said Mrs. Lew-son, "the sun-bon-net is much more con-ve-ni-ent and pleas-ant. The sun is ver-y bright to-day, and there is al-so a breeze. Your sun-bon-net is pret-ty e-nough, and e-ven if it was not, I wish you to wear it, as I

know you will en-joy your walk more than you will if you put on your leg-horn hat."

"But I do not like a sun-bon-net e-ven if it is a pret-ty one," said E-li-za, pout-ing her lips and look-ing naugh-ty, "none of the oth-er lit-tle girls wear them, and I am sure they all look bet-ter in their hats than I do in this bon-net. Hel-en Hart-ley's blue silk hat, with flow-ers and gauze bows, is beau-ti-ful: I wish I had one like it. I *will not* wear my sun-bon-net. I hate it and I des-pise it"—and she be-gan to cry, and stamp with her feet.

"Since you are so naugh-ty," said Mrs. Lew-son, "I shall not per-mit you to go out at all." "I would rath-er stay at home all my life," cried E-li-za, "than wear that hor-rid sun-bon-net." "Then," re-pli-ed Mrs. Lew-son, "I will not al-low you to wear your hat eith-er to-day or a-ny oth-er day as long as we re-main at the

sea-shore; and to pun-ish you for cry-ing and stamp-ing and talk-ing so im-prop-er-ly, you shall stay at home shut up in this room, in-stead of go-ing with us to see the men catch clams."

E-li-za then be-gan to scream loud-ly, but her moth-er si-lent-ly put a-way the sun-bon-net in its band-box, and left the room, lock-ing the door, and ta-king the key with her.

E-li-za went to the win-dow cry-ing bit-ter-ly; and asshe look-ed out, she saw her fath-er and moth-er set out on their walk, with all the chil-dren and sev-e-ral of their pa-rents. She then re-pent-ed of her naugh-ti-ness, and felt now as if she would glad-ly be with them, e-ven if she was ob-li-ged to wear an old rag on her head. She ob-serv-ed that the hats of the lit-tle girls were flap-ping and twist-ing in the wind, so that they could scarce-ly keep them on their heads; that the sun was shi-ning di-rect-

ly in their fa-ces and daz-zling their eyes so that they were full of wat-er; and that those who had par-a-sols were ob-li-ged to put them down, as the breeze al-most blew them out of their hands.

She then saw how much bet-ter it would have been for them to have had sun-bon-nets, and she would now have been very glad to wear hers, if she could ac-com-pa-ny the par-ty. But she was ob-li-ged to re-main all the af-ter-noon a-lone, shut up in the cham-ber; for which she was ver-y sor-ry, and she de-ter-min-ed nev-er to be so naugh-ty a-gain.

Tow-ards eve-ning, the whole par-ty came home; and as soon as Mrs. Lew-son en-ter-ed the room, E-li-za ran to her, and kiss-ing her hand ex-claim-ed, "Oh! my dear moth-er, I am now quite sure that you were right in in-sist-ing on my wear-ing my sun-bon-net. I will nev-er a-gain re-fuse to put it on. I

wish I had not been so fool-ish and so naugh-ty. Do, pray, be so kind as to for-give me." Mrs. Lew-son think-ing E-li-za had been suf-fi-ci-ent-ly pun-ish-ed, now made her hap-py by kiss-ing and par-don-ing her.

She told E-li-za that Hel-en Hart-ley's beau-ti-ful blue silk hat with the flow-ers and gauze rib-bon, had been blown off her head in-to the sea, and that one of the clam-fish-ers had taken it out with his tongs, but that it was to-tal-ly spoil-ed and could nev-er be worn a-gain, and that Hel-en had been o-bli-ged to walk home with her moth-er's pock-et hand-ker-chief tied o-ver her head, car-ry-ing the poor wet, bro-ken hat in her hand. "Now, E-li-za," said Mrs. Lewson, "if your ging-ham sun-bon-net was to meet with such an ac-ci-dent, it could ea-si-ly be ta-ken to pie-ces, wash-ed and i-ron-ed,

and put to-geth-er a-gain; and it would then look as well as ever."

From that time, E-li-za Lew-son al-ways took pleas-ure in wear-ing her sun-bon-net. In the course of a few days sev-e-ral of the oth-er la-dies, find-ing that their chil-dren had be-come freck-led and tan-ned from hav-ing their fa-ces ex-pos-ed by their hats to the sun and wind, made sun-bon-nets for the lit-tle girls. None of these bon-nets, how-ever, were so pret-ty as E-li-za's; and Hel-en Hart-ley, till hers was made, had to wear one pin-ned up out of coarse brown pa-per.

THE

MISCHIEVOUS BOY.

GEORGE GRAF-TON was a boy wh ose great-est de-light was in do-ing mis-chief, and in fright-en-ing and an-noy-ing his three sis-ters, who were so good na-tu-red that they did not com-plain of him to his pa-rents lest he should be pun-ish-ed, and they al-ways hop-ed that when he grew old-er and had more sense, he would leave off his bad ways of his own ac-cord. How-ev-er, their kind-ness to him did not make him kind to them, for when-ev-er he was with his sis-ters, he was all the time tor-ment-ing and vex-ing them; so that they had no pleas-ure in play-ing with him.

There was a fine swing in the gar-den sus-pen-ded to a cat-al-pa tree, and George al-ways swung his sis-ters so high that their feet went up a-mong the bran-ches, and the more they scream-ed the high-er he swung them. He once threw his sis-ter El-ean-or out of the swing, and she fell on her face and knock-ed out one of her front teeth.

They had a see-saw made of a plank or board laid over a log of wood. He some-times per-sua-ded one of his sis-ters to see-saw with him, and then he made the board go up and down so vi-o-lent-ly that the poor lit-tle girl was sure to fall off, and in one of these falls Lou-i-sa's head was so bruis-ed, that a blue lump near-ly as large as a wal-nut a-rose o-ver her eye-brow.

If they play-ed at blind-man's buff, and a-ny of the girls were blind-folded, George would pull their hair, stick their

neck with pins, put ash-es down their backs, seize them by their beads, and haul them back-wards, so that they were near-ly chok-ed; and creep af-ter them on the floor, to catch them by the feet and o-ver-set them.

He pick-ed out the eyes and cut off the no-ses of his sis-ters' dolls; kick-ed o-ver their lit-tle tea-ta-ble when they were ma-king a feast; wi-ped his pen up-on their frocks; tore their best books and daub-ed the pic-tures in them with red paint; and in short he was con-ti-nu-al-ly do-ing some-thing to hurt and teaze them. This he cal-led *fun*, but a *good boy* nev-er thinks it fun-ny to vex and tor-ment girls.

One morn-ing, George hav-ing thought of a new way of fright-en-ing his sis-ters in the eve-ning, went into the cel-lar and car-ri-ed off the lid of a pie, which had been set there to keep cool be-fore it was time to bake it; and lay-ing the

piece of dough on a bro-ken plate, he took it to his room and hid it in the clo-set. The cook could not im-a-gine what had gone with the up-per crust of the pie, and was ob-li-ged to make an-oth-er.

He got a piece of or-ange-peel and cut out a set of large teeth, and in the eve-ning he laid the dough on his face, and pres-sing it down hard with his fin-gers, it stuck fast to all his fea-tures and cov-er-ed them like a mask. He made holes in the dough face, for his eyes, mouth, and nos-trils. Then he fix-ed in his mouth the two rows of or-ange peel teeth which grin-ned hor-ri-bly, and ta-king a sheet from his bed, he wrap-ped him-self in it, and went soft-ly down into the gar-den.

It was a fine moon-light eve-ning, and his three sis-ters were all sit-ting in the back porch,—Ju-lia, the el-dest, tel-ling the oth-ers a fai-ry tale.

George sud-den-ly came out from be-hind a tall clus-ter of li-lac bush-es where he had at first hid him-self, and stood full in front of his sis-ters in the grav-el walk, close to the porch; the long white sheet flow-ing round him, and the or-ange peel teeth grin-ning out of the fright-ful dough face.

The girls all per-ceiv-ed him at the same mo-ment, and could not im-a-gine who he was. The two young-er ones were ve-ry much fright-en-ed, and scream-ed as if they were go-ing in-to fits. But Ju-lia, who had more cou-rage and knew it must be some per-son in dis-guise, went bold-ly up to him, and catch-ing him by the should-er peel-ed off the dough face, and saw that it was her naugh-ty bro-ther George.

Lit-tle Lou-i-sa was so ter-ri-fi-ed that she con-ti-nu-ed to scream for a long time, e-ven af-ter Ju-lia had show-ed her the dough face, and the or-ange

peel teeth in her hand, and poin-ted to George who stood by, hav-ing drop-ped the white sheet on the ground.

When Mr. and Mrs. Graf-ton (who had drank tea out that eve-ning) came home, they found Lou-i-sa look-ing wild and pale, and start-ing and scream-ing out ev-e-ry mo-ment. She had not yet got o-ver her fright, which had af-fect-ed her sen-ses, and she was like a cra-zy per-son all that night and the next day. They were a-fraid she would nev-er come to her-self a-gain. She had to be bled, and was weak and ill for sev-e-ral days.

His pa-rents were ver-y an-gry with George, who said he on-ly tried to fright-en the girls, for fun. How-ev-er, he did ap-pear sor-ry, and for two or three weeks be-ha-ved bet-ter than u-su-al; but he soon got back to his old hab-its.

El-ean-or Graf-ton had a speck-led hen with a beau-ti-ful brood of lit-tle chick-ens. El-ean-or was ve-ry fond of them, and kept the coop di-rect-ly un-der her win-dow, that she might see them when-ev-er she look-ed out.

George was so wick-ed as to think it would be fine fun to blow up with gun-pow-der, the coop, the hen, and the chick-ens; for which pur-pose he took an op-por-tu-ni-ty when no-bo-dy saw him of bor-ing a hole in the ground close to the coop and a lit-tle way un-der it. He in-tend-ed to fill this hole with gun-pow-der. He cut a piece off his sis-ter's jump-ing rope, design-ing at night, when every one was in bed, to light one end of this piece of rope, and to lay it on the ground, so that the oth-er end would touch the gun-pow-der; and when the fire reach-ed the last end, the pow-der would go off with a loud noise, and would blow the coop,

the hen and chick-ens up in-to the air, tear-ing them all in-to a thou-sand pie-ces.

He went in the af-ter-noon to the near-est store and bought some gun-pow-der, pre-tend-ing it was to go shoot-ing with. It was put in a pa-per bag, which he found too large to go in-to his pock-et, so wrap-ping his hand-ker-chief round it he car-ri-ed it in his hand.

As he walk-ed tow-ards home, he was think-ing all the time how he would laugh, when he stood in the porch and saw the fire creeping to the far-thest end of the rope, and how it would di-vert him to see the hen and chick-ens fly to pie-ces and rise up in the air, with the coop splin-ter-ed to chips. His fath-er and moth-er had gone to town and was not ex-pect-ed home till next day, but he thought how fun-ny it would be to hear his sis-ters and the ser-vants jump

out of bed at the noise, and all run in their night caps to the win-dows to see what was the mat-ter.

While his mind was thus oc-cu-pied, he hap-pen-ed, in getting over a fence, to let his bag of pow-der fall in-to a a deep pud-dle of wat-er. This vex-ed him ve-ry much, as wet pow-der will not take fire.

As soon as he reach-ed home, he went into the kitch-en and got a large cha-fing dish, which he fil-led with light-ed char-coal and car-ri-ed in-to the yard; tel-ling the cook that he was go-ing to roast some ground-nuts.

He took a tin pan from the dres-ser, and set-ting it on the cha-fing dish care-ful-ly pour-ed in-to it some of the gun-pow-der, with the in-ten-tion of dry-ing it over the fire. In a short time the pan grew too hot, and the pow-der with a loud noise flash-ed up into George's

face as he was stoop-ing down to watch it.

He thought for a mo-ment that his head was off, and his screams brought all the fam-i-ly in-to the yard. His face was dread-fully scorch-ed, his front hair and his eye-brows were burnt off, his shirt-col-lar was as black as soot, and al-to-geth-er he was a most de-plo-ra-ble sight.

The near-est doc-tor was im-me-di-ate-ly sent for; and when his pa-rents came home next morn-ing they found George in a most shock-ing con-di-tion; and it was a long time be-fore he ceas-ed to suffer with his burns.

His face was dis-fi-gured for life; being fil-led with blue specks caus-ed by the grains of gun-pow-der re-main-ing in it. His eyes were so much in-ju-red, that, af-ter stay-ing in a dark room for sev-e-ral months, he was ob-li-ged al-ways to wear spec-ta-cles.

He could not help own-ing that he was just-ly pun-ish-ed for hav-ing in-tend-ed to de-stroy so cru-el-ly his sis-ter's hen and chick-ens. This sad ac-ci-dent en-tirely cu-red him of all his mis-chie-vous tricks.

THE PET CALF.

No chil-dren could be more ten-der heart-ed than Har-ri-et and Em-i-ly Lov-el. They were board-ing one sum-mer du-ring the hol-i-days, at a farm-house a few miles from town, and they be-came ve-ry fond of a beau-ti-ful lit-tle calf, that du-ring the day was kept ti-ed un-der a tree in a small mead-ow near the house, and at night was put

in-to the sta-ble. The col-our of the calf was brown and white, and noth-ing could be pret-ti-er and clean-er.

It was the chil-dren's great de-light to car-ry wat-er to this calf, and to take it some-times a hand-ful of salt which they laid on a flat stone before it, and the lit-tle an-i-mal lick-ed it up with so much plea-sure, that Em-i-ly said, she was sure the calf li-ked salt as well as she li-ked black-ber-ry jam. They pat-ted its head, strok-ed it, and some-times e-ven kis-sed its clean sweet mouth, as they cal-led it. The calf soon learnt to know the lit-tle girls, and seem-ed de-light-ed when-ev-er it saw them.

How-ev-er, when the cow, whose name was Cher-ry, was brought to it morn-ing and eve-ning, they took care to keep at a dis-tance, as they had been told that cows (who are very fond moth-ers) nev-er al-low a-ny per-son to touch their calves lest they should hurt them.

At these times the calf be-ing un-tied to take ex-er-cise, the lit-tle girls (who look-ed at it through the fence) were de-light-ed to see it pran-cing and gam-bol-ing round its moth-er.

One eve-ning while Har-ri-et and Em-i-ly were eat-ing their sup-per of pie and milk, they were start-led to hear the far-mer, Ja-cob Jenk-ins, say to his wife, "I think, Bec-ky, the calf will be fit to kill in an-oth-er week. It is the fi-nest and fat-test we ev-er had."

The chil-dren turn-ed pale. "But you do not mean this calf," said Har-ri-et; "you sure-ly do not in-tend to have this calf kil-led."

"Why not this as well as a-ny oth-er?" said the far-mer. "We do not want to raise it, and we shall get at least five dol-lars for it."

"Yes," said the wife, "and that five dol-lars will just buy me the new Can-ton

crape shawl I have been want-ing this great while. I hear there are plen-ty of them in the ci-ty at that price, al-most a yard square. All the neigh-bour wom-en have them, and I've set my mind on a pink one."

"Well, Bec-ky," re-plied the farm-er, "when the calf is sold, you shall have a shawl with the mon-ey."

"But," said Em-i-ly, "is it not bet-ter you should do with-out a crape shawl than that the poor calf should be kil-led?"

"Ah," re-plied the farm-er's wife, "you lit-tle town-girls know noth-ing a-bout such things. How should we get the most of our mon-ey, if it was not for sel-ling and kil-ling our calves and pigs and fowls and tur-keys? What do we feed and fat-ten them for, but to make them fit to kill?"

Still, the chil-dren thought with hor-

ror of the kil-ling of the be-lov-ed calf; and they trem-bled when they heard, that on the fol-low-ing Mon-day it was to be sold to a butch-er, who would then be go-ing through the neigh-bour-hood col-lect-ing calves. They un-der-stood that their "dear pet," as they cal-led it, was to be kil-led on Tues-day, and the meat ta-ken to mar-ket on Wed-nes-day.

"I think, Ja-cob," said the farm-er's wife, "you may as well tell the butch-er to save a loin of this veal for us, as we ex-pect some folks to dine with us on Thurs-day. It will be so fat and so fine, and you can bring it when you go to town with the but-ter."

At these words both the lit-tle girls be-gan to scream, ex-claim-ing: "Oh! no, no, we cannot bear to see a piece of the dear lit-tle calf af-ter it is kil-led." "Oh!" said Har-ri-et, "I would not taste a mouth-ful of that calf for the

world. The sweet crea-ture that we have play-ed with and kis-sed so of-ten." "If a mor-sel of that calf is brought in-to the house," cried Em-i-ly, "we will leave it, and go and stay all day in the barn. Oh! I nev-er shall be a-ble to eat veal a-gain, if our sweet lit-tle calf is kil-led."

The farm-er and his wife on-ly smi-led; but at last the wife said, "Well, well, Ja-cob, we will not wor-ry the chil-dren. We will do with-out the veal. On Mon-day we shall have to put Cher-ry in the old field be-hind the woods, for if she is any where near the house, she will bel-low so for the loss of her calf, that there will be no get-ting a wink of sleep that night."

"Oh! poor cow," said Har-ri-et, "how she will grieve when she thinks of the dear lit-tle thing that used to run and play round her. How my moth-er

would scream if Em-i-ly were to be ta-ken a-way and kil-led!"

At bed time the chil-dren went sor-row-ful-ly to their room, and Em-i-ly said, "What a wick-ed wo-man Mrs. Jen-kins must be to have the dar-ling calf kil-led just that she may get a Can-ton crape shawl. How I shall dis-like to see her wear it." "She is not wick-ed," re-pli-ed Har-ri-et, "for she is ac-cus-tom-ed, as she told us, to sel-ling and kil-ling calves and pigs and poul-try; and she thinks it prop-er and right. But I wish there was a-ny way of giving her a Can-ton crape shawl, and then per-haps she would be sat-is-fied and let the calf live. Oh! what shall we do when we see the butch-er lead it a-way with him!" "I will not see it," said Em-i-ly, "for I will shut my-self up in a back room and nev-er once look out of the win-dow."

Just then Mol-ly, an I-rish ser-vant girl, that liv-ed at farm-er Jen-kins's, came up to put the lit-tle girls to bed, and while she was un-dres-sing them, they were still la-ment-ing the pro-ba-ble fate of the lit-tle calf.

"I tell you what, dears," said Mol-ly, "if you are so sor-ry a-bout that calf, I'll put you in a way to save its life. I've just been paid my wa-ges, and I am go-ing to town to-mor-row in the stage to buy my-self a new gown, and some oth-er things; and if you will give me the mon-ey, I'll get a pink Can-ton crape shawl for Mrs. Jenk-ins, and you can make her a pres-ent of it, if she'll pro-mise to let the lit-tle calf live."

The chil-dren thought this an ex-cel-lent plan, but they found they had not mon-ey e-nough, Har-ri-et's whole stock a-mount-ing to half a dol-lar, and Em-i-ly's to a quar-ter of a dol-lar and ten cents. How did they now re-gret what

they had spent at the store for su-gar-can-dy and at the old gin-ger-bread wo-man's.

"Oh," said Har-ri-et, "the shawl will cost five dol-lars, and we have noth-ing like that much."

"I'll tell you what will do," said Mol-ly, "you can give me those cor-al neck-la-ces with the large gold lock-ets that you wore round your necks when you first came here, and that you've left off since the weath-er has been so hot. I'll take them to a jew-el-ler's and sell them, and then buy the shawl with the mon-ey, and then when I come back, (which will be on Sa-tur-day,) I will bring it with me, and you can give it to Mrs Jen-kins; and so the calf's life will be sa-ved be-fore the butch-er comes for it.

"Yes," said Har-ri-et, "but how can we send our neck-la-ces to be sold with-out the con-sent of our pa-rents? You

know ev-e-ry thing we have in the world, was bought for us by them, and with their mon-ey. To be sure we have no way of ask-ing their con-sent now, when they are a-way at Sa-ra-to-ga."

"And they are so good and kind," said Em-i-ly, "that I am sure they will not be ve-ry an-gry when they hear that there was no oth-er way of sav-ing the dear calf's life."

The lit-tle girls gave their neck-la-ces to Mol-ly, who prom-is-ed to get as much as she could for them, and to buy with it a beau-ti-ful shawl. Next day she set off in the stage for town, car-ry-ing with her a large bun-dle, which she said con-tain-ed dres-ses that she was go-ing to get al-tered.

Sat-ur-day eve-ning came; the stage pas-sed by; but Mol-ly was not in it. The chil-dren who had been look-ing

out anx-ious-ly for more than an hour, were much dis-ap-point-ed, and they wea-ri-ed them-sel-ves with con-jec-tu-ring why she did not come. They went sad-ly to bed, ho-ping she would ar-rive in the morn-ing.

The next day pass-ed on, and still no Mol-ly ap-pear-ed; and the farm-er said he now was con-vin-ced she did not in-tend re-turn-ing at all. Mrs. Jenk-ins went up to Mol-ly's room, and found that she had taken all her clothes with her in the bun-dle, which pro-ved that the art-ful girl had in-tend-ed not to come back.

When Mrs. Jenk-ins came down and told that Mol-ly had cer-tain-ly gone off to re-turn no more, the lit-tle girls look-ed shock-ed, and Em-i-ly said, "But I am sure she will come back; I am quite sure she will. She can-not be so wick-ed as to stay a-way for-ev-er." "Why, I sup-pose," said Mrs. Jenk-ins, "she is

ti-red of liv-ing out in the coun-try. But she might have told us so. I am sure we would not have tried to keep her; and we shall not trou-ble our-selves to get her back a-gain, for we do not know what part of the town she has gone to, or who are her peo-ple; and we might as well look for a nee-dle in a hay-stack as search for Mol-ly in the city. I am sure she is no loss."

But the children thought their neck-la-ces that she had ta-ken with her, a ve-ry great loss, as on them de-pend-ed the mon-ey that was to buy the shawl They look-ed out at the door and saw the calf play-ing round the cow, who was lick-ing it all o-ver ve-ry af-fection-ate-ly. "Ah! poor lit-tle calf," thought Em-i-ly, "I fear the butch-er will get you at last, for Mol-ly will nev-er come back, and we shall have no crape shawl to save your life with."

Af-ter the lit-tle girls had gone to

bed they lay a-wake for a long time and cried. "Har-ri-et," said Em-i-ly, "how are calves kil-led?" "I be-lieve," replied Har-ri-et, "the butch-er ties the poor things fast, to pre-vent their running a-way, and then cuts their throats with a sharp knife; and af-ter-wards they are skin-ned and cut in-to pieces and sold for veal." Both the chil-dren then burst in-to loud sobs, and at last they cried them-selves to sleep.

They spent near-ly all the next morning in ca-res-sing and la-ment-ing o-ver the calf. A-bout noon the far-mer came in, and his wife said to him, "Ja-cob, there is the butch-er com-ing up the road with his cart. Have you had Cher-ry put in the old field?" "Yes," said the farm-er, "she is far e-nough off. She will not see the calf go." The two lit-tle girls then cov-er-ed their fa-ces with their hands and

burst in-to tears, and Em-i-ly said, "Oh! in-deed we tried all we could to save the poor calf. We gave Mol-ly both our cor-al neck-la-ces to take to town and sell; she was to buy a beau-ti-ful pink Can-ton crape shawl and bring it to Mrs. Jenk-ins to pay for the calf. It was the on-ly thing we could do, for we had ve-ry lit-tle mon-ey." "Oh! that wick-ed Mol-ly," ex-claim-ed Har-ri-et, "to car-ry off our co-ral neck-la-ces, and nev-er come back, when she knew the calf's life de-pen-ded on it."

"I'll tell you what, Bec-ky," said the farm-er to his wife, "since the chil-dren take on so about it, I do not know but I'll let the calf live." "Why," said Mrs. Jenk-ins, "you know the trou-ble and ex-pense of rais-ing a calf, and we are not at all in want of cows; we have plen-ty of them al-rea-dy."

"Well," re-plied the farm-er, "a good

cow nev-er comes a-miss. What sig-ni-fies the five dol-lars I am to get for this lit-tle calf? I say it shall live. I sup-pose I can af-ford the ex-pense of rais-ing it, and you can af-ford the trou-ble; and I sup-pose too I can af-ford to buy a wo-man a shawl with-out let-ting two good lit-tle girls break their hearts a-bout it. Come, chil-dren, wipe your eyes and leave off cry-ing. The butch-er shall not have the calf; and Bec-ky shall have her shawl, and no-bo-dy will be the worse for this whole bu-si-ness ex-cept your two selves, that have lost the red beads and lock-ets that the thief Mol-ly has ran a-way with."

The chil-dren's eyes now spark-led with joy. They dan-ced a-bout the room and kis-sed the farm-er and his wife o-ver and o-ver a-gain. In a few min-utes they had the hap-pi-ness of hear-ing him tell the butch-er at the

gate, that he had chan-ged his mind and in-tend-ed now to raise the calf. The lit-tle girls were glad to see the butch-er's cart drive off, and they watch-ed it till it was fair-ly out of sight. They then ran out to the calf and hug-ged and kis-sed it a thou-sand times, tel-ling it that it had just es-ca-ped from death; and that it was now to live on and grow up a fine cow.

Har-ri-et and Em-i-ly re-turn-ed to the city when their pa-rents came back from the springs, and when their school a-gain o-pen-ed.

Nei-ther Mol-ly nor the neck-la-ces were ev-er heard of more. It was sup-posed she had gone to some oth-er town, and sold them there.

A few years af-ter, Mr. Lov-el, the fath-er of Har-ri-et and Em-i-ly, bought a coun-try house in the neigh-bour-hood of Ja-cob Jenk-ins, and pur-chas-ed of the far-mer a fine brown and white cow,

and his daugh-ters had the pleasure of be-ing sup-plied with milk by the ve-ry an-i-mal whose life they had caus-ed to be sav-ed when it was a lit-tle calf.

THE LISTENER.

Char-lotte Wal-den had a con-stant de-sire to hear what ev-e-ry bo-dy was say-ing, and she was so mean as to listen at doors, and to hide her-self that she might have an op-por-tu-ni-ty of dis-cov-e-ring things that were not in-tend-ed for her to know. Her moth-er of-ten told Char-lotte that a list-en-er is al-most as bad as a thief. A thief steals mon-ey or prop-er-ty that be-longs to other peo-ple, and a list-en-er steals

the se-crets of oth-ers. All per-sons that are in the hab-it of list-en-ing, make them-selves ap-pear mean and con-temp-ti-ble, and de-serve to be des-pi-sed and pun-ish-ed.

When her fath-er and moth-er sent Char-lotte out of the room, when they were go-ing to talk of any thing that they did not wish her to hear, she al-ways re-main-ed list-en-ing at the door with her ear close to the key-hole; and once one of her curls got en-tan-gled in the key, and when her fath-er sud-den-ly open-ed the door she fell for-ward in-to the room, and hurt her nose so that it bled.

When she knew that her moth-er had vis-i-ters in the par-lour, or that her fa-ther had gen-tle-men there with him on bu-si-ness, she would quit her les-sons or her play things, and come soft-ly down stairs and lis-ten at the door; or would slip in-to the gar-den and crouch

down un-der the o-pen win-dow, that she might hear what they were say-ing. Once when she was stoop-ing half dou-ble un-der the par-lour win-dow, her fath-er, not know-ing that she was there, and find-ing that a fly had got in-to a glass of beer that he was go-ing to drink, went to throw out the beer, and emp-ti-ed the tum-bler on Char-lotte's head.

One eve-ning after she had been put to bed, she heard the door-bell ring, and the voi-ces of a gen-tle-man and la-dy in the en-try, who had come to vis-it her fath-er and moth-er. Af-ter a while, her cu-ri-os-i-ty to hear the con-ver-sa-tion be-came so great, that she got up, in-tend-ing to lis-ten at the par-lour door. As she stole down stairs, bare-foot, and in her night-gown, hold-ing by the ban-nis-ters in the dark, she fell o-ver a buck-et of wa-ter which the cham-ber-maid had left on the land-ing

place, while she went to get the pitch-ers to fill them for the night.

The buck-et and Char-lotte rol-led down stairs to-geth-er, and so great was the noise, that ev-e-ry one in the house, e-ven the vis-i-ters, ran in-to the en-try to see what was the mat-ter. She was drench-ed in wat-er and ve-ry much hurt, and had to con-fess that she was com-ing down stairs to lis-ten, when she fell o-ver the buck-et.

Once when she heard her moth-er say, that she ex-pect-ed two la-dies at three o'clock on par-ti-cu-lar bu-si-ness, Char-lotte went in-to the front par-lour be-fore the time of their ar-ri-val, and hid her-self un-der one of the da-mask ot-to-mans, the deep foot-val-ance of which con-ceal-ed her en-tire-ly. Here she lay till the la-dies ar-ri-ved, and her moth-er came down to them. A dog be-long-ing to one of the la-dies ran di-rect-ly to the ot-to-man, and be-gan to

snuff and scratch as if he had found some-thing.

The la-dy said, "I think Car-lo must have scent-ed a cat un-der the ot-to-man." Mrs. Wal-den got up to look, but be-fore she reach-ed the ot-to-man, the dog had lift-ed the val-ance with his nose, and dis-cov-er-ed the naugh-ty girl, who, o-ver-come with shame and con-fu-sion, hid her face with her hands, till her moth-er cal-ling one of the maids, de-si-red her to take Char-lotte and lock her up in a back cham-ber, for the re-main-der of the day.

One eve-ning, af-ter she was old e-nough to put her-self to bed, her lit-tle lamp blew out as she was go-ing up stairs, and she went down to the kitch-en to get it ligh-ted. There when she came near the door, she found that the ser-vants were en-ter-tain-ing some of their ac-quain-tan-ces with an ac-

count of fam-i-lies in which they had for-mer-ly liv-ed.

Be-ing ve-ry de-si-rous of hear-ing all they said, she did not go in-to the kitch-en to light her lamp, but slip-ped in-to the cel-lar which had two doors, one o-pen-ing in-to a lit-tle en-try, and one in-to the kitch-en it-self. Lean-ing her head a-gainst this door (which had a ve-ry wide crack) she seat-ed her-self on a large log of wood, and lis-ten-ed for a while with great at-ten-tion till she grad-u-al-ly be-gan to doze, and at last fell fast a-sleep.

When the ser-vants were go-ing to-bed, they bolt-ed both the cel-lar doors (not know-ing that a-ny per-son was there) and went up stairs, leav-ing Char-lotte in a deep sleep.

Some-time in the mid-dle of the night she a-woke by fal-ling off the log back-wards, up-on a heap of Le-high coal. The back of her neck and head were

ve-ry much hurt, and be-gan to bleed. When she first a-woke, she did not know where she was, or what had hap-pen-ed to her; but when she found her-self a-lone at mid-night in the dark cel-lar, and felt the pain of the brui-ses and cuts in her head and neck, and knew that the blood was trick-ling from them, she be-gan to scream vi-o-lent-ly.

The loud-ness of the noise a-woke her fath-er and moth-er; and Mr. Wal-den, put-ting on his flan-nel gown and ta-king the night-lamp ran up in-to Char-lotte's room, know-ing the voice to be hers. To his great sur-prise, he found she was not there, and that there was no ap-pear-ance of her hav-ing been in bed that night.

The screams grew loud-er and loud-er, and Mr. Wal-den found that they came from the cel-lar. By this time, ev-e-ry one in the house was up; and the wom-en stood at the head of the

stairs, while the ser-vant man fol-low-ed Mr. Wal-den.

When they came to the cel-lar, they found Char-lotte stretch-ed on a bed of coals, her white frock black-en-ed by the coal dust, and stain-ed with blood, her face dead-ly pale, and her-self al-to-geth-er in a de-plo-ra-ble con-di-tion.

Her fath-er took her in his arms, and it was some time be-fore she could speak to tell how she came in-to the cel-lar. He car-ri-ed her to her moth-er, who was much shock-ed to see her in such a wretch-ed state.

Char-lotte's soil-ed and blood-y clothes were ta-ken off, and she was wash-ed and a clean night-gown put on her. The wounds in her head and neck were dres-sed and bound with ban-da-ges, and she was car-ri-ed to bed ex-haus-ted with cry-ing, and faint with the loss of blood. She had a high fe-ver, and

could not sleep, and her moth-er sat by her bed-side all the re-main-der of the night.

By the time Char-lotte Wal-den got well of her hurts, she was en-tire-ly cured of her in-cli-na-tion for lis-ten-ing, and nev-er a-gain show-ed a de-sire to over-hear what peo-ple were talk-ing a-bout, or to pry in-to se-crets.

THE

FOUR LITTLE DOGS.

Charles Im-lay and his broth-er Edwin were ve-ry cle-ver at work-ing in wood, and they made all their own play things. They spent the most of their

lei-sure time in the woods be-yond their fath-er's peach or-chard; these woods be-ing sel-dom vis-it-ed by any but themselves. Here in a large hole in one of the rocks they kept their work-ing tools, and a store of peach-es from the orchard to eat while they were bu-sy.

Charles made a lit-tle wa-ter mill, and Ed-ward a forge with a tilt hammer. When these ma-chines were finish-ed, they car-ri-ed them down to the creek, and fix-ed them in a cool shady place just be-low a fall made by the wat-er tumb-ling and foam-ing o-ver a low ledge of rocks. The force of the wat-er turn-ed the wheels of Charles' mill, and set in mo-tion the tilt-hammer of Ed-win's forge. The wheel went round quite as well as that of a real mill, and the loud ham-mer-ing of Ed-win's lit-tle forge could be heard a quar-ter of a mile off.

Af-ter Charles and Ed-win had stood

for some time ad-mi-ring the suc-cess of their ma-chines, they per-ceiv-ed a coun-try boy sit-ting un-der the wil-lows a lit-tle be-low them, and bu-si-ly en-ga-ged at some-thing they could not un-der-stand. They drew near-er, and pla-cing them-selves on a low rock be-hind him, they soon dis-cov-er-ed his em-ploy-ment.

In the re-mains of an old bro-ken bas-ket he had four ve-ry pret-ty lit-tle pup-pies of the span-i-el kind. He was ty-ing strings round their necks, to which were fast-en-ed bits of rag, in-clo-sing stones.

"What are you go-ing to do with those pups?" said Charles. "I am go-ing to drown them in the creek," re-pli-ed the boy. "That is ve-ry cru-el," said Ed-win.

"I am not cru-el at all," an-swer-ed the boy. "These pups be-long-ed to our dog Romp, who died the oth-er day;

and my moth-er won't let me raise them, for she says there are too ma-ny dogs al-read-y a-bout the house; for we've old Prince and young Prince, and big Prince and lit-tle Prince; and so she has made me bring them to the creek to drown them; and I *must* say it goes ve-ry much a-gainst me to do it."

"Would none of your neigh-bours take these pups?" ask-ed Charles. "No," re-pli-ed the boy, "they say they have all got dogs e-nough, and too ma-ny. But I don't want to drown the things, now that their eyes are o-pen. If it *must* be done, I on-ly wish it had been done be-fore."

Charles and Ed-win con-sult-ed to-geth-er for a few min-utes in a low voice, and each took all his mon-ey out of his pock-et. Charles ad-van-cing to-wards the boy, held out the mon-ey to him, say-ing, "If, in-stead of drown-ing these poor pups you will sell them to us, my

broth-er and I will give you all the mon-ey we have." "No, no," said the boy, "I will not sell the pups, I am no dog-sel-ler." "What," ex-claim-ed Ed-win, "would you rath-er drown them?" "No," re-pli-ed the boy, "I don't want to drown them, as I told you be-fore, but I will give them to you for noth-ing. I am not so mean as to take mon-ey for a few pups."

Charles and Ed-win were ve-ry glad, and shook hands with the boy, who im-me-di-ate-ly took the stones from the necks of the dogs, and laid all the pup-pies in the old bas-ket which he gave to the broth-ers, and went home with a light heart sing-ing all the way.

Charles and Ed-win were now some-what at a loss what to do with the four lit-tle dogs. Their moth-er did not like dogs, hav-ing nev-er been ac-cus-tom-ed to them, and they had of-ten heard

her say that she would on no ac-count have one a-bout the house. The boys at last con-clu-ded to take the pup-pies in-to their fa-vour-ite woods back of the peach or-chard, and build a hut for them to live in, as Ed-win said, "in se-cret re-tire-ment." This they ac-com-plish-ed in the course of an hour, by col-lect-ing the fal-len bran-ches of trees, which they notch-ed with their hatch-ets, and laid one up-on an-oth-er as log-hou-ses are built; fil-ling in with earth the spa-ces be-tween the sticks. The roof they made of brush-wood, and for a door they pla-ced a large stone, which reach-ed al-most to the top of the en-trance.

As soon as the house was fin-ish-ed, they put the dogs in-to, and thought they look-ed beau-ti-ful-ly in their new dwel-ling. The boys col-lect-ed leaves to make a bed for them, but next day they got some straw from the barn.

When Charles and Ed-win went home, they were ob-li-ged to let the cook in-to the se-cret, and they ob-tain-ed from her an old sau-cer, and a jug of milk which they stop-ped with a cork and wrap-ped in a hand-ker-chief when they car-ri-ed it to the dog-house. Some of the milk be-ing pour-ed in-to the sau-cer, the pup-pies lap-ped it with great de-light; and the boys knew they could get as much as they want-ed, for milk was so a-bun-dant in their fath-er's house, that a large tub full was giv-en ev-e-ry day to the pigs, and there was al-so plen-ty of cold meat to be had, as soon as the dogs were old e-nough to eat it.

The boys now spent the great-est part of their lei-sure time with the four lit-tle dogs, to whom they gave the names of Co-lum-bus, Frank-lin, Wash-ing-ton, and Jef-fer-son; which they ve-ry soon short-en-ed in-to Lum, Frank, Wash,

and Jeff. They took great de-light in feed-ing them, wash-ing them in a brook which ran close by, and watch-ing them at their play, which was ve-ry a-mu-sing.

When they left them, they al-ways put them in-to the house, and pla-ced the stone be-fore the door that the dogs might be safe in their ab-sence; and when they let them out, the grate-ful lit-tle an-i-mals jump-ed and pran-ced round them, lick-ing the boys' hands, and show-ing their joy in a hun-dred dif-fe-rent ways.

One af-ter-noon when Charles and Ed-win went as u-su-al to car-ry the dogs their din-ner, each with a pa-per of cold meat in his hand-ker-chief, they found on the stone at the door, a large rat-tle-snake coil-ed up, with his head thrust in-to the lit-tle space be-tween the top of the stone and the roof, and ga-zing at the pup-pies; who, crouch-ed

in a cor-ner, were trem-bling and how-ling with ter-ror.

At an-oth-er time, per-haps, the boys would have run a-way from the rat-tle-snake, but the i-de-a of the dogs be-ing in dan-ger, rous-ed their cour-age, and Ed-win im-me-di-ate-ly threw a stone at him. It did not hit; and the snake turn-ing his head at the noise, shook the rat-tles on his tail and his-sed fright-ful-ly, then dart-ing out his fork-ed tongue, he sprung at Ed-win and bit him on the back of the hand. "Now," ex-claim-ed Ed-win, "I am bit-ten by a rat-tle-snake, and I ex-pect to die."

Charles snatch-ing up a large stick, struck the rep-tile on the head so that he fell, and the gal-lant boy kil-led him by re-peat-ing the blow. Ed-win, for-get-ting for a mo-ment his wound, push-ed the stone from the door of the dog-house, and joy-ful-ly cal-ling to the pup-

pies, told them that the snake was dead, and they all came run-ning out.

"Now, Ed-win," said Charles, "we must go home as fast as pos-si-ble and see what can be done for your hand. The bite of a rat-tle-snake must be at-tend-ed to im-me-diate-ly."

The boys walk-ed home as fast as they could, Ed-win (whose hand was al-read-y swel-led and dis-col-our-ed, and who be-gan to be ve-ry sick) lean-ing on Charles's arm for sup-port, and all the dogs fol-low-ing them.

They met at the door their fath-er, (who was a doc-tor,) and told him what had hap-pen-ed. He was much shock-ed, and their moth-er al-most fran-tic. Dr. Im-lay, how-ev-er, pro-ceed-ed im-me-di-ate-ly to ap-ply rem-e-dies which he had known to be suc-cess-ful.

Ed-win's arm was now swel-led up

to the should-er, and his fath-er rub-bed it o-ver, as well as the wound, with mer-cu-rial oint-ment, and made the poor boy take large and fre-quent do-ses of o-live oil. In two hours he grew bet-ter, the pains be-gan to les-sen, the swel-ling to go down, and in two days he was quite well; and du-ring this time the four lit-tle dogs (scarce-ly no-ti-ced in the gen-e-ral a-larm and un-eas-i-ness of the fam-i-ly) had es-ta-blish-ed them-selves in the house.

When Dr. Im-lay ask-ed his sons why they had made a se-cret of the pup-pies, and they re-pli-ed that it was for fear their moth-er would ob-ject to the dogs be-ing brought home, he made them un-der-stand that chil-dren should do noth-ing that they are a-fraid to tell their pa-rents; and that all such plans and plots gen-e-ral-ly end bad-ly, and are al-ways dis-cov-er-ed at last.

"It is true," said Mrs. Im-lay to the boys, "that I do not like to have dogs a-bout the house; but as you have sav-ed the lives of these pup-pies, (which ap-pear to be ve-ry fine ones,) I would, had I been told of it, have consent-ed to their be-ing kept in the old wood-house at the end of the yard, as we do not now make use of it; and there you might have fed them and play-ed with them o-pen-ly. Ed-win's life would not then have been en-dan-ger-ed by at-tack-ing the rat-tle-snake in their be-half. And you will al-ways find the truth of what yonr fath-er has just told you, that when-ev-er chil-dren have se-crets from their parents, some-thing bad is sure to be the con-se-quence.

Charles and Ed-win saw that their fath-er and moth-er were right. They were ve-ry much ob-li-ged to their pa-rents for per-mit-ting them to keep the

four dogs, who were put at night and in bad weath-er in-to the old wood-house, and al-low-ed to range a-bout du-ring the day, up-on con-di-tion that they were kept out of doors.

THE

YOUNG CHEAT.

Ro-sa-bel Rad-ford nev-er could do any thing in a fair and hon-est man-ner, but was al-ways plan-ning tricks, and try-ing to de-ceive.

When she was sew-ing, and her moth-er stuck a pin in her work to mark her task, Ro-sa-bel of-ten mov-ed the pin near-er to make the task short-er; and when this was dis-cov-er-ed, and

she was told to sew a whole seam as a pun-ish-ment, she was so art-ful and so per-verse that she did not thread her nee-dle, but sat for an hour as if she was ve-ry bu-sy at work, when all the time she was stick-ing in her nee-dle and draw-ing it out with-out a-ny thread in it.

When a book was giv-en her to read, she mere-ly look-ed at a few words in each page, and then de-cla-red that she had read the whole; and at first ev-e-ry one was sur-pri-sed at her read-ing so fast, for she pre-tend-ed she could get through a large book in an hour. But when ques-tion-ed, she could not re-late a-ny thing that she had read.

When she was sent down in-to the par-lour to prac-tise her piece on the pi-an-o, she would play noth-ing while she was a-lone but lit-tle ea-sy songs for her own a-muse-ment, un-less she heard a-ny bo-dy com-ing; and

then she would re-sume her les-son as if she had been play-ing it all the time.

When she was draw-ing, in-stead of keep-ing the mod-el or pat-tern be-fore her, and look-ing at it ev-e-ry mo-ment, she used to lay it under her pa-per to trace the out-line.

She hap-pen-ed to find an old writ-ing book, in which her eld-er sis-ter had sev-e-ral years be-fore writ-ten her French ex-er-ci-ses, and which had all been cor-rect-ed by her master. Ro-sa-bel, who was now learn-ing French, co-pi-ed se-cret-ly all her ex-er-ci-ses out of this book, and her teach-er (who did not at first find out the trick) was sur-pri-sed at their be-ing so good.

Of course, these things were al-ways dis-cov-er-ed at last, and she was al-ways pun-ish-ed; but Ro-sa-bel was so bad a girl that she still con-tin-ued the same prac-ti-ces.

If she play-ed "blind man's buff," she

al-ways slip-ped up the hand-ker-chief so that she could see the whole time she was blind-fold-ed. If the play was "hot but-ter-ed beans," when she went out of the room with the oth-er child-ren that the ball might be hid-den, Ro-sa-bel of-ten peep-ed through the key-hole to see where it was put.

In play-ing "how do you like it," when-ev-er she was sent in-to the en-try to wait till a word was fix-ed on for her to guess, she stood and lis-ten-ed all the time with her ear close to the crack of the door.

Ro-sa-bel and her eld-er sis-ter Cath-e-rine had each a little gar-den. Cath-e-rine took great care of hers, but Ro-sa-bel's was ne-glect-ed. Cath-e-rine spent most of her pock-et-mo-ney in buy-ing seeds, and roots of cu-ri-ous flow-ers for her gar-den. Ro-sa-bel oft-en dug up some of these seeds and roots, and plant-ed them in her own

gar-den; and when they came up, she in-sist-ed that they must have fal-len there by ac-ci-dent.

One day her moth-er hav-ing some nice queen cakes in the house, gave Ro-sa-bel one for her-self, and two oth-ers for her two young-er sis-ters, who were up stairs in the play-room. In-stead of do-ing so, Ro-sa-bel-la wrap-ped the queen cakes up in her hand-ker-chief, and put them all in one of the pock-ets of her a-pron. Then she went to the clos-et in the eat-ing room, and got two crack-ers which she took up to her sis-ters, say-ing that they were sent by her moth-er. The chil-dren sup-po-sing it to be true, ate the crack-ers ve-ry qui-et-ly. Ro-sa-bel be-ing ob-li-ged to go back to her moth-er's room, ate one of the queen cakes there, and kept the oth-ers in her pock-et to feast on in se-cret, when she

was a-lone. They had a lit-tle dog that was ve-ry fond of cakes. He sat down be-fore her, and look-ed up wish-ful-ly in her face, ho-ping ev-e-ry mo-ment she would give him a piece of the one she was eat-ing. But as she did not do it, and he smelt those that were in her pock-et, he jump-ed up-on her, and seiz-ing the corn-er of her hand-ker-chief in his mouth, he drag-ged it out, and dis-play-ed the two cakes that she had con-ceal-ed there, which she ought to have giv-en to her sis-ters. Her moth-er did not give Ro-sa-bel an-oth-er cake for a month.

One Sun-day when the chil-dren were all pre-pa-ring to go to church, Ro-sa-bel ob-ser-ved as their bon-nets lay on the bed, that the strings of her sis-ter Mar-ga-ret's bon-net were much clean-er than her own. Be-ing a-lone, she took off and chan-ged the strings, all the

bon-nets be-ing trim-med with the same rib-bon. She put her sis-ter's clean strings on her own bon-net; and her own dir-ty strings on Mar-ga-ret's; and she had not can-dour e-nough to con-fess the truth, when she heard her moth-er re-prove Mar-ga-ret for hav-ing made her bon-net strings so ve-ry dir-ty.

Ha-ving pin-ned on the strings in great haste, one of the pins stuck in-to Ro-sa-bel's head after she had got to church, and prick-ed her so se-vere-ly all the time that she could scarce-ly keep from cry-ing; and she was a-fraid to take off the bon-net and fix it bet-ter, lest her moth-er (who sat be-side her) should find out the truth; for bad chil-dren are al-ways in con-stant dread of dis-cov-e-ry.

So she had to bear the pin stick-ing in her head the whole church-time, till the end of the last pray-er; and then in

her wrig-gling a-bout with the pain, the string came off, and her moth-er pinned it on a-gain; but in so do-ing she per-ceiv-ed a place where the rib-bon had been join-ed to make it lon-ger.

"Why, Ro-sa-bel," said Mrs. Rad-ford as they walk-ed home, "those are not your bon-net strings; they are Mar-ga-ret's. I re-mem-ber her bon-net be-ing the last I trim-med, and that I join-ed the rib-bon to length-en it at the place that went un-der the chin. I see now how the strings on Mar-ga-ret's bon-net hap-pen to be so dir-ty. They are in re-al-i-ty yours, and you have been at your old tricks and chan-ged them. Now I must tell you that I in-tend-ed next week get-ting new trim-ming for all your bonnets; but as a pun-ish-ment you shall wear the old rib-bon on yours the re-main-der of the summer."

One eve-ning when Ro-sa-bel was at

a chil-dren's tea-par-ty, she sat next to a little girl na-med Ma-ri-anne Var-land, whose pa-rents al-ways drest her like a wo-man, and who had a pair of white kid gloves on her hands. When tea was hand-ed round, Ma-ri-anne took off her gloves and laid them on the chair be-hind her. Ro-sa-bel had of-ten been de-si-rous of wear-ing white kid gloves, but her moth-er al-ways re-fu-sed to get her a-ny, say-ing that it was fool-ish to put them on the hands of chil-dren. How-ev-er, when Ro-sa-bel saw Ma-ri-anne Var-land with white gloves, she felt a great-er de-sire than ev-er to wear the same. Ac-cord-ing-ly she slip-ped them from be-hind Ma-ri-anne (who was help-ing her-self to her tea) and sli-ly put them on her own hands, and then she sat eat-ing muf-fin and plum-cake with them as bold-ly as if they were her own.

Ma-ri-anne ob-serv-ed the but-ter

run-ning down Ro-sa-bel's fing-ers, and she won-der-ed she chose to eat with white kid gloves on; but sup-po-sed it was be-cause she had seen la-dies do so.

When tea was o-ver, Ma-ri-anne turn-ed to take up her gloves, but did not find them, and look-ed all a-bout in vain. She could not im-a-gine what had be-come of them, as she had only laid them on the chair be-hind her; and when she ask-ed Ro-sa-bel if she had seen them, the naugh-ty girl said "no," and help-ed her to look for them; pre-tend-ing to won-der where they could be. Ma-ri-anne nev-er for a mo-ment sus-pect-ed that her gloves were all the time on Ro-sa-bel's hands.

Ro-sa-bel wore Ma-ri-anne's gloves the whole eve-ning, eat-ing fruit, cakes, su-gar-plumbs, and ev-e-ry thing else with-out ta-king them off, so that they were too much soil-ed ev-er to be worn

a-gain. When a lit-tle girl re-mark-ed to her that she was spoil-ing her gloves, Ro-sa-bel gave her head a toss and said, "when those were soil-ed her moth-er could af-ford to buy her an-oth-er pair."

When the par-ty was o-ver, Ro-sa-bel con-tri-ved, ve-ry cun-ning-ly, to slip the dir-ty gloves in Ma-ri-anne Var-land's ret-i-cule, (which she had laid for a few min-utes on the bed in the room where they had left their bon-nets and shawls,) sat-is-fied with the plea-sure of hav-ing worn them all the eve-ning; and know-ing that they were now too much soil-ed ev-er to be worn a-gain.

When Ma-ri-anne went home, she was sur-pri-sed to find the gloves in her bag, and to see them in such a dir-ty con-di-tion, when she knew that she had not worn them her-self, ex-cept for a few min-utes at the be-gin-ning of the eve-ning. While she

was look-ing at them, some-thing dropped out of one of the gloves and fell on the floor. On ta-king it up it was found to be a ring with a ci-pher and hair in it, which Ma-ri-anne's sis-ter re-col-lect-ed hav-ing seen the day before when it was shown to her at school by Ro-sa-bel, who told her that it was the hair and ci-pher of her aunt, af-ter whom she was nam-ed, and who had just giv-en it to her as a new year's pre-sent. This ring Ro-sa-bel had, with-out know-ing it, drawn off with the gloves, and it pro-ved that she was the per-son who had worn and spoil-ed them.

Next morn-ing Ma-ri-anne en-clo-sed the ring in a pa-per with the dir-ty gloves, and sent them to Ro-sa-bel with a note, say-ing, "that she made her a pre-sent of the gloves that she had worn and spoil-ed the night be-fore, and that

she re-turn-ed a ring which had dropped from one of the fin-gers.

That morn-ing at break-fast Ro-sa-bel's moth-er not see-ing the new ring on her fin-ger (and which she had pro-mis-ed her aunt to wear al-ways) ask-ed her where it was. Ro-sa-bel gues-sed how she had lost it, but be-ing a-fraid to ex-plain, said that it was safe in her draw-er up stairs. She then went to school; and soon af-ter, the par-cel ar-rived with Ma-ri-anne Var-land's note. Mrs. Rad-ford o-pen-ed them and was much sur-pri-sed.

When Ro-sa-bel came home, her moth-er show-ed her the gloves and ring, and made her con-fess the whole.

Mrs. Rad-ford's chil-dren had all been in-vi-ted to a lit-tle dance which was to take place next week at the house of a la-dy in the neigh-bour-hood, but she now told Ro-sa-bel that as a pun-ish-ment for ta-king and wear-ing

Ma-ri-anne's gloves, she would not permit her to ac-com-pany her sis-ters. Ro-sa-bel cried very much at be-ing ob-li-ged to stay at home by her-self, and her moth-er ho-ped that this lesson would cure her of cheat-ing and de-ceiv-ing.

But it was all in vain. Ro-sa-bel never left off these faults, and at last ev-e-ry bo-dy was con-tin-u-al-ly watch-ing her lest she should play some trick; and no-bo-dy would be-lieve a word she said. All her young friends gave her up, their pa-rents fear-ing that they would be in-ju-red by the ex-am-ple of so bad a girl.

THE

CRANBERRY TARTS.

Lit-tle Fan-ny Cas-sin was ex-treme-ly fond of pies and pud-dings, as al-most

all chil-dren are, and at her fath-er's house they had some-thing of the kind ev-e-ry day on the din-ner ta-ble. Mr. and Mrs. Cas-sin liv-ed a few miles from the cit-y, and Fan-ny was once in-vi-ted by Mrs. Den-ham, a friend of the fam-i-ly, to spend a week with her at her house in town.

Mrs. Den-ham had no daugh-ter. Her on-ly child was a son cal-led Har-ry, who was a ve-ry good qui-et boy, and not at all rough or bois-te-rous with lit-tle girls; so he and Fan-ny Cas-sin play-ed ve-ry well to-geth-er. He had a great ma-ny lit-tle books, and while he was at school Fan-ny had suf-fi-cient a-muse-ment in read-ing them, and in play-ing with her doll, which she had brought with her.

The first day at din-ner, Har-ry, to the sur-prise of Fan-ny, left the ta-ble as soon as he was done eat-ing his meat and po-ta-toes, but she sup-po-sed he was in a hur-ry to go to school. Mrs.

Den-ham said to her, "Fan-ny, why do you still sit?" Fan-ny ve-ry in-no-cent-ly re-plied, "I am wait-ing for the pie." "Oh!" said Mrs. Den-ham, "we have no pie to-day." "Per-haps then you have pud-ding," said lit-tle Fan-ny, who was on-ly five years old. "No," an-swer-ed Mrs. Den-ham, "nei-ther pie nor pud-ding. We sel-dom have these things."

Fan-ny was sor-ry to hear this; but she had an ex-cel-lent dis-po-si-tion, and bore her dis-ap-point-ment ve-ry well; good hu-mour-ed-ly leav-ing the ta-ble and go-ing in-to the front par-lour, where she found Har-ry, with whom she play-ed a lit-tle be-fore he went to school.

The next day, and the next, Fan-ny had still some hope of pie; but it was not re-al-i-sed, as nei-ther pie nor pud-ding ap-pear-ed.

On the sixth day of her vis-it, she was de-light-ed to hear Mrs. Den-ham tell

the cook to stew some cran-ber-ries, as she was go-ing her-self to make a few tarts. This was ve-ry good news to Fan-ny, who, when she saw Mrs. Den-ham come out of the store-room, ask-ed her with a smi-ling face, if she might see her make the tarts.

To this Mrs. Den-ham as-sent-ed, and Fan-ny ac-com-pa-ni-ed her to the kitch-en, where she stood by the ta-ble with at-ten-tive looks, while Mrs. Den-ham sift-ed the flour, rol-led in the but-ter, and made the paste, which was to be ba-ked in tin pat-ty-pans of the ve-ry smal-lest size. Fan-ny was per-mit-ted to but-ter these pans to pre-vent the paste from stick-ing to the tin; and this she did ve-ry nice-ly.

Then the bowl of stew-ed cran-ber-ries was brought from the cel-lar where it had been set to cool, and Mrs. Den-ham put the fruit in-to the crust, sprink-ling the top with su-gar. "How

ve-ry nice these tarts will be," said Fan-ny."

She was glad when she was cal-led to din-ner. "Now," thought she, "we shall at last have a des-sert." She did not eat as much meat as u-su-al, that she might have the bet-ter rel-ish for the cran-ber-ry tarts af-ter-wards, and she saw the dish of roast lamb ta-ken a-way with great joy. But on look-ing to-wards the side-board, she still per-ceiv-ed no ap-pear-ance of des-sert plates.

"I sup-pose, Fan-ny," said Mrs. Den-ham, "you are ex-pect-ing the tarts you saw me make this morn-ing?" "Yes, mad-am," an-swer-ed Fan-ny. "Why," re-su-med Mrs. Den-ham, "I ex-pect some friends to a lit-tle sup-per this eve-ning, and we are then go-ing to have the tarts. It was for that pur-pose I made them."

Poor Fan-ny look-ed much dis-ap-point-ed.

"But," said Mrs. Den-ham, "an En-glish gen-tle-man is to bring his son here, a boy a-bout fif-teen, who is won-der-ful-ly clev-er at per-form-ing dif-fe-rent cha-rac-ters and sing-ing a-mu-sing songs. We have in-vi-ted some of our most in-ti-mate friends to hear him; and as Har-ry is to sit up on the oc-ca-sion, you may do the same."

"And shall I have any sup-per?" ask-ed Fan-ny. "Yes," re-plied Mr. Den-ham, "I prom-ise you that you shall."

"And Har-ry too?" said Fan-ny.

"Yes, Har-ry too," an-swer-ed Mr. Denham.

Eve-ning came; Mrs. Den-ham's par-lours were light-ed up, and the fold-ing doors clo-sed be-tween them. A-bout a do-zen se-lect friends ar-ri-ved, and last came the En-glish gen-tle-man and his son, a ve-ry hand-some and un-com-mon-ly smart boy. Ear-ly in the eve-ning, they had sent a box of dres-ses

which was car-ried in-to the back par-lour, the large door of which was kept shut.

The En-glish boy re-ti-red to the back par-lour to change his clothes, and soon af-ter threw o-pen the fold-ing doors, and ap-pear-ed in the dress of a Span-ish goat-herd with a guit-ar in his hand, to which he sung and dan-ced ve-ry fine-ly. Next he re-pre-sent-ed a Scotch bag-pi-per, and sung an ex-cel-lent Scotch song. Af-ter this, he per-form-ed an old French dan-cing mas-ter with a fid-dle, and fin-ish-ed by com-ing out in the dress of a sail-or, in which he sung sev-e-ral of the best sea-songs, and dan-ced a horn-pipe with a rat-tan in his hand.

All the com-pa-ny were high-ly pleas-ed, and Fan-ny and Har-ry were so much a-mu-sed, that they kept a-wake all the eve-ning, sit-ting side by side on two lit-tle stools in one of the cor-ners.

The vis-it-ers were all gone at ten o'-clock, ex-cept two la-dies and two gen-tle-men, who had been in-vi-ted with the En-glish-man and his son to stay to sup-per.

The sup-per ta-ble was set out in the par-lour with cold ham and chick-en sal-lad, and a dish of cran-berry tarts, which Fan-ny at last wel-com-ed with long-ing eyes; for be-sides her fond-ness for such things, she was real-ly hun-gry.

"We will not give Fan-ny and Har-ry a-ny ham or chick-en sal-lad," said Mrs. Den-ham, "as meat or poul-try may not a-gree with them at this late hour; but they shall each have a crack-er and a tart." Fan-ny now felt ve-ry hap-py, for hav-ing been near a week with-out pie or pud-ding, she thought the tart would taste dou-bly nice.

Her bis-cuit was soon eat-en, and then Mrs. Den-ham put a tart on Fan-

ny's plate; when Mrs. Ben-son, a la-dy who hap-pen-ed to be seat-ed be-tween the two chil-dren, said, "I should think half a tart quite suf-fi-cient for a lit-tle girl or boy at ten o'clock at night; so if you please, Mrs. Den-ham, I will di-vide this be-tween Miss Fan-ny and Mas-ter Har-ry." Mrs. Ben-son cut the tart in half, and put one part on Fan-ny's plate and the oth-er on Har-ry's. Har-ry, who was a year old-er than Fan-ny, and not quite so fond of pas-try, ate his morsel with-out feel-ing much dis-ap-point-ed, though he thought Mrs. Ben-son a ve-ry im-per-ti-nent wom-an for ta-king such a li-ber-ty at an-oth-er per-son's ta-ble; and so she cer-tain-ly was; and he did not like her a-ny the bet-ter when she con-tin-u-ed talk-ing a-bout the im-pro-pri-e-ty of al-low-ing chil-dren to eat pies and pud-ding, de-cla-ring that she nev-er suf-fer-ed hers to taste a mouth-ful of ei-ther.

Poor lit-tle Fan-ny was so dis-ap-point-ed at get-ting on-ly the half of a ve-ry small tart, af-ter all her ex-pec-ta-tion, that she felt a chok-ing in her throat, while her lips trem-bled and the tears came in-to her eyes, and for a mo-ment she was al-most cer-tain that her heart was break-ing. But she was a ve-ry good girl, and she tried so hard to keep from cry-ing be-fore the com-pany, that she suc-ceed-ed.

Mr. Den-ham ob-serv-ed her, and felt much pit-y for the poor lit-tle girl, to whom the loss of half a tart seem-ed of as much con-se-quence as the loss of a hun-dred dol-lars would be to a grown per-son; and he de-ter-min-ed to re-ward her for her self-com-mand in re-strain-ing her-self from cry-ing.

She ate her half tart, and on be-ing told that it was time for her to go to-bed she smooth-ed her face with her hands, and went ve-ry pleas-ant-ly to kiss Mr.

and Mrs. Den-ham, and to bid them good night. When she came to Mr. Den-ham he kis-sed her, and put in-to her hand a whole tart from the dish, say-ing, "Fan-ny, as you have borne the loss of half your first tart so well, you shall now have a whole one, and so shall Har-ry. Take them up stairs with you, and eat them there."

Fan-ny was ve-ry thank-ful to Mr. Den-ham, and hav-ing eat-en her tart she went to-bed quite hap-py.

Next day, the time of her vis-it hav-ing ex-pi-red, her fath-er came to town for her and took her home; and when the hol-i-days ar-ri-ved, he in-sist-ed on Har-ry spend-ing them at his house.

THE END.