

"You see now what has happened through not listening to my advice. I will, however, tell you how to find the golden horse. You must go straight on till you come to a castle where the horse stands in his stall. By his side will lie the groom fast asleep. Take away the horse quietly, but be sure to put the old leather saddle on him, and not the golden one close by it."

Then the son sat down on the fox's tail, and away they went. All went right, and the groom lay snoring, with his hand upon the golden saddle. But, when the son looked at the horse, he thought it a great pity to put the leather saddle upon it.

"I will give him the good one," said he ;
"I am sure he deserves it."

As he took up the golden saddle, the groom awoke, and called out so loudly that all the guards ran in and took the young man prisoner. In the morning he was again brought before the Court and sentenced to die. But it was agreed that, if he could bring the third king the beautiful princess, he should live, and have the horse given him.

The Golden Bird in the King's Garden

PART II.

Then he went on his way again very sadly ;
but the old fox came and said :

"Why did you not listen to me ? But I will once more give you advice. Go straight on, and in the evening you will arrive at a castle. At eight o'clock each night the princess walks in the garden ; go up to her, tell her your name, and she will let you lead her away ; but do not allow her to say good-bye to her father."

As they came to the castle, all was as the fox had said. At eight o'clock the young man met the princess and told her his name. She agreed to run away with him, but begged with many tears that he would let her say good-bye to her father. At first he would not let her, yet at last he said she could. But the moment she came to her father's house the guards awoke, and took him prisoner.

Then he was brought before the fourth king, who said, "You shall never have my daughter unless in eight days you dig away the hill in front of my window."

Now this hill was so big that no-one could take it away ; but, when he had worked seven days, and had done very little, the fox came, and said :

"Lie down and go to sleep, and I will work for you."

In the morning the hill was gone.

Then the fourth king had to keep his promise, and away went the young man with the princess.

But the fox came to him and said :

“ We shall have all three—the princess, the horse, and the bird. When you come to the third king, and he asks for the beautiful princess, you must say, ‘ Here she is ! ’ Then you will mount the golden horse that they are to give you, and put out your hand to take leave of them ; but shake hands with the princess last. Then lift her quickly on to the horse and gallop away.”

All went right, and then the fox said :

“ When you come to the castle where the bird is, I shall stay with the princess at the door, and you will ride in and speak to the second king. When he sees it is the right horse, he will bring out the bird ; but you must sit still, and say that you want to look at it ; and when you get it ride away.”

This, too, happened as the fox said. They carried off the bird, the princess mounted again, and they rode on to a wood. Then the fox came and said :

“ Beware of two things : don’t pay money to save anyone from being hanged, and do not sit down by the side of any river.” Then away he went.

The young man rode on with the princess, till at last he came to the village where he had left his two brothers. And there he heard a great noise. When he asked what was the matter, the people said :

“ Two men are going to be hanged.”



As he came nearer, he saw that the two men were his brothers, who had turned robbers ; so he said :

“ Cannot they in any way be saved ? ”

But the people said there was no way to save them unless he would give up all his money. This he did, and they all went on till they came to the wood where the fox first met them. Here it was so cool and pleasant that they all sat down by the side of the river. Then the brothers came

behind and threw him down the bank, and took the princess, the horse, and the bird. They went to the first king, and said : " We have won all this by our labour."

Then there was great rejoicing. But the horse would not eat, the bird would not sing, and the princess wept.

The youngest son fell to the bottom of the river's bed. Luckily it was nearly dry, but the bank was so steep that he could not get out. Then the old fox came once more, and scolded him.

" Yet," said he, " I cannot leave you, so lay hold of my tail and hold fast."

Then he pulled him out and said :

" Your brothers are going to kill you if they find you in the kingdom."

So he dressed himself as a poor man, and came secretly to the first king's court. When he came the horse began to eat, the bird sang, and the princess stopped weeping.

He told the king of his brothers' evil deeds, and they were punished. When the king died, the youngest son and the princess ruled the kingdom.

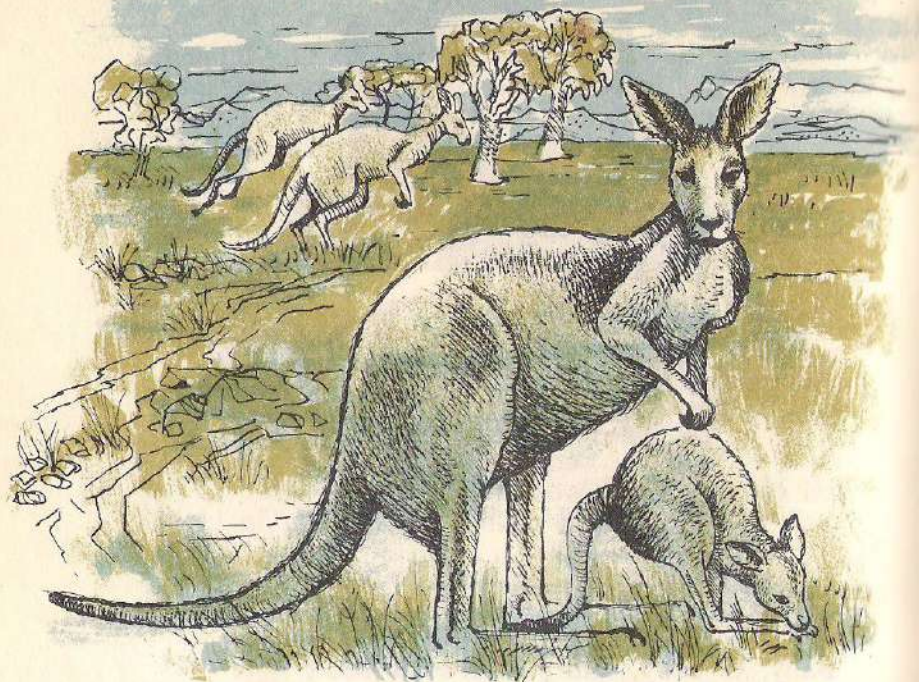
A long while afterwards he met the old fox, who begged him with tears in his eyes to kill him. At last he did so, and in a moment the fox changed into the long-lost brother of the princess.



CRADLE SONG

Baby, O baby, fain you are for bed ;
Magpie to mopoke busy as the bee ;
The little red calf's in the snug cow-shed,
And the little brown bird's in the tree.
Daddy's gone a-shearing down the Castlereagh,
So we're all alone now, only you and me.
All among the wool-O ; keep your wide blades
full-O !
Daddy thinks of baby, wherever he may be.
Baby, my baby, rest your drowsy head ;
The one man that works here, tired you must
be ;
The little red calf's in the snug cow-shed,
And the little brown bird's in the tree.

-LOUIS ESSON.



JOEY

Joey was a very small kangaroo. He had been only an inch long at the time of his birth, but he was bigger than that now. He was as big as a small dog, and could get a very good meal for himself from the green grass.

But he was a lazy little fellow. He would not hop very far. When his mother wanted to take him back to the bush after feeding time she had to carry him. It was the same wherever they went ; she hopped and Joey rode.

Like all mother kangaroos, Joey's mother had a large pouch in front. It was something like the pocket of an apron. Joey had lived in it for weeks after he was born, and it had kept him warm and safe. He still jumped into his old cradle when there was danger. In he would get, head first. Then he would kick and wriggle until he had got himself right way up. If the danger was real, his mother would be off, with her great leaps, before he had done kicking.

One fine morning, Joey and his mother were feeding in the paddock. The sun was not yet up. Strips of mist hung low over the grass. The morning mist made the grass silver, so that when the kangaroos moved they left green tracks.

Joey was like any other baby. He was not very good at eating up his food. He nibbled for a little while, then, all at once, he set off like a run-away train. Round and round his mother he raced—just for fun, while she went on with her breakfast. Joey tried to get her to race with him, but she was hungry. He even tried leaping straight at her and landing like a stone against her ribs. When he did this for the third time she reached round and cuffed his ears with her paw.

If you had been there you would have seen that she was not feeding all the time. Every now and then she stopped, lifted her head, and listened. Joey had no thought of danger, so she had to take care of herself and of him as well. Every sound from the far-off farm made her raise her head for a moment.

All at once she sat up straight. She had heard the thud of horses' hoofs. Even Joey could hear them. His mother bounded toward him, and he made a flying leap and landed in the pouch. As his tail went out of sight, his ears and his nose poked out. His mother stood up and looked at the line of trees half way to the farm. Four or five dogs raced out ; three men on horses came after them. At once she turned and sprang away for the bush.

As she sped over the grass and over logs she heard the men shouting and the dogs barking. They had seen her. The chase was on, and the edge of the bush was a long way off. She could not do her best, for Joey was growing into a big boy and a heavy one. The dogs and the horses gained fast. When she reached the edge of the bush they were close behind.

Yes, Joey was getting heavy. As she bounded at the top of the fence she slipped. Her hind feet struck the rail, and she rolled over and over. In a flash she was up and off again, but the dogs were already at the fence. She thought of Joey and she felt afraid. If the dogs caught her, he would be killed. As she turned among the bushes she reached into her pouch, and with a quick jerk she threw him out. He rolled under a bush and lay still, too scared to move.

Then on went the mother, leading the dogs after her. She went more easily now. Besides, she could make her way through scrub better than the dogs and far better than the horses.

For ten minutes more she bounded on and the hunters followed. She did not try to hide. She wanted the dogs to see her for a while yet. While they were after her there was no chance that they might find Joey. So she bounded high above the bushes and made a great deal of noise.

The dogs, growing tired, barked only once in a while. Now and then one of them yelped as he hit a log. The horses were a long way behind, but the men were shouting, and the mother kangaroo knew they were still coming on.

Then she made for a steep gully. After a few leaps along its side she dived down the hill among the bushes and the ferns. She paddled on all fours up the stream as fast as she could, but quietly. Then she crept in between some rocks and lay still.

The dogs had lost her. She heard the barking and the crashes die away ; but she stayed where she was for two hours. Her breath came back, and her fear left her. Then she went slowly back along the path by which she had come.

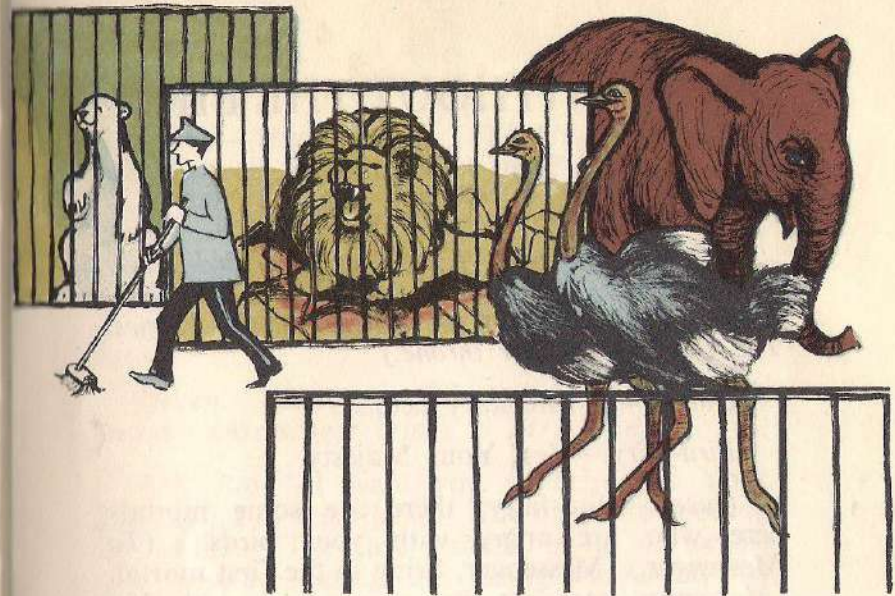
She remembered the right bush and went straight to it. There was Joey, safe and sound but very lonely. As he crept into her pouch she touched him with her cool, wet nose. Then she went easily back toward the deep gullies and the rough hills ; and once more one small nose and two small ears poked out in front.

—W. L. WILLIAMS.



THE ZOO

We went to the zoo ! We did ! We did !
 On Saturday afternoon.
 We went to the zoo, and what did we do,
 On Saturday afternoon ?
 We rode on the elephant grand and grey,
 And nobody dared to get in his way,
 And a silver sixpence we had to pay,
 On Saturday afternoon.
 We went to the zoo ! We did ! We did !
 On Saturday afternoon.
 And we saw the bear while we were there,
 On Saturday afternoon.
 And we gave him a bun as he sat in the sun,
 And feeding the hippo was ever such fun,
 And the ostriches tall, oh, how they could run,
 On Saturday afternoon !



We went to the zoo ! We did ! We did !
 On Saturday afternoon.
 And the zebra was there, not far from the bear,
 On Saturday afternoon.
 And the tiger was glaring at us from his cage ;
 Oh, he seemed to be in a terrible rage.
 And the monkeys performed on a high wooden
 stage,
 On Saturday afternoon.
 We went to the zoo ! We did ! We did !
 On Saturday afternoon.
 We saw the giraffe and he made us laugh,
 On Saturday afternoon.
 The lion was there with long flowing mane,
 And we rode around on a little red train.
 Oh, how I hope that we go there again,
 Next Saturday afternoon !

—EVELINE DARE.

DOING WITHOUT THE BIRDS

SCENE I.

(*Persons : Queen of the Fairies ; Bird-fairy ; other fairies ; Mr. Apple ; Mr. Rose ; Mr. Oats.*
Place : The court of the Queen of the Fairies.
The Queen is on her throne.)

Queen.—Is Bird-fairy here ?

Bird-fairy.—Yes, Your Majesty.

Queen.—Bird-fairy, there are some mortals here who are angry with your birds. (*To Messenger.*) Messenger, bring in the first mortal. (*Messenger goes out and comes back with Mr. Apple.*)

Queen.—Well, what can we do for you ?

Mr. Apple.—It's those birds again, Your Majesty ! They are spoiling all my fruit. You see, I am a fruit-grower.

Queen.—What are they doing ?

Mr. Apple.—What are they doing ? Why, they peck holes in my apples. They eat half my peaches. And as for the cherries !

Bird-fairy.—But surely you don't mind if they have a few cherries when they are hungry !

Mr. Apple.—I do mind ! I won't have it ! Your Majesty, please keep the birds out of my orchard.

Bird-fairy.—But, Your Majesty—

Queen.—Hush, please. (*To Mr. Apple.*) Do you want all the birds kept out ?

Mr. Apple.—Yes, please ; every one !

Queen.—Very well. It shall be done.

Mr. Apple.—Thank you, Your Majesty. (*Goes out.*)

Queen.—Messenger, bring in the next mortal, please. (*Messenger brings in Mr. Rose.*)

Mr. Rose.—I want you to help me, Your Majesty. I'm a gardener. The birds are spoiling my garden. They are scratching out my seeds, and they are eating the young shoots on my plants.

Bird-fairy.—I'm sure my birds don't do much harm in the garden, Your Majesty.

Queen.—Well, Mr. Rose, what do you want me to do ?

Mr. Rose.—Keep those birds out of my garden.

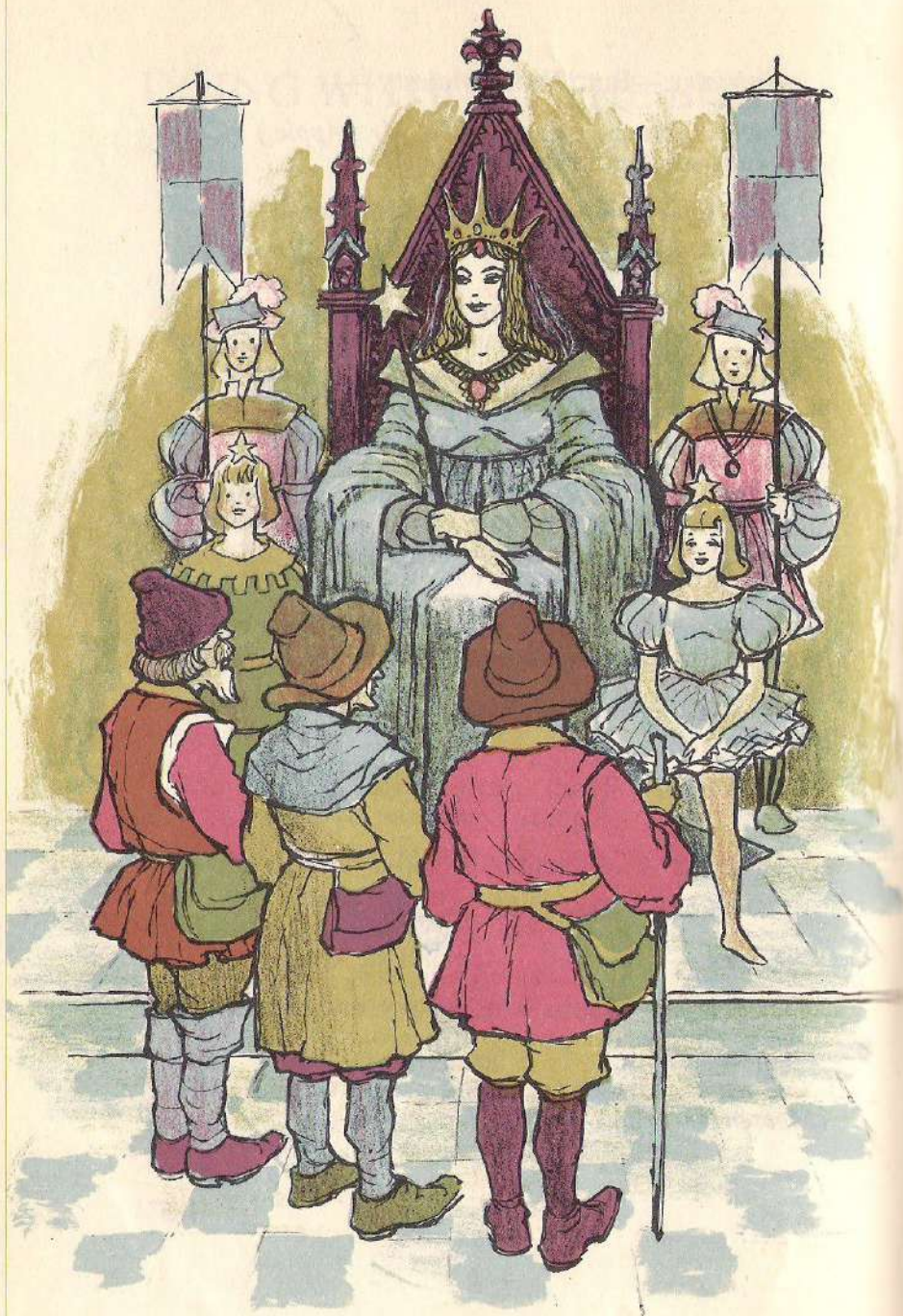
Queen.—Do you mean all birds ?

Mr. Rose.—Yes, I do.

Queen.—Very well. It shall be done.

Mr. Rose.—Thank you. Now my plants will have a chance to grow. (*Goes out.*)

Queen.—Messenger, bring in the next mortal. (*Messenger brings in Mr. Oats.*)



Bird-fairy.—Have my birds harmed you, too ?

Mr. Oats.—Of course they have. I'm a farmer. When my grain is nearly ripe they come and steal it.

Queen.—And do you want us to take the birds away from your farm ?

Mr. Oats.—Yes ; that is why I came to see you.

Queen.—Very well. It shall be done.

Mr. Oats.—Thank you. I'm glad. (*Goes out.*)

SCENE II.

(*The same, a year later. Queen and the fairies are at court. Enter the three mortals in a great hurry.*)

Mr. Apple.—Where's the Queen ?

Mr. Rose.—I want the Queen.

Mr. Oats.—I must speak to the Queen.

Queen.—Ah, Mr. Apple, Mr. Rose, and Mr. Oats ! What can we do for you now ?

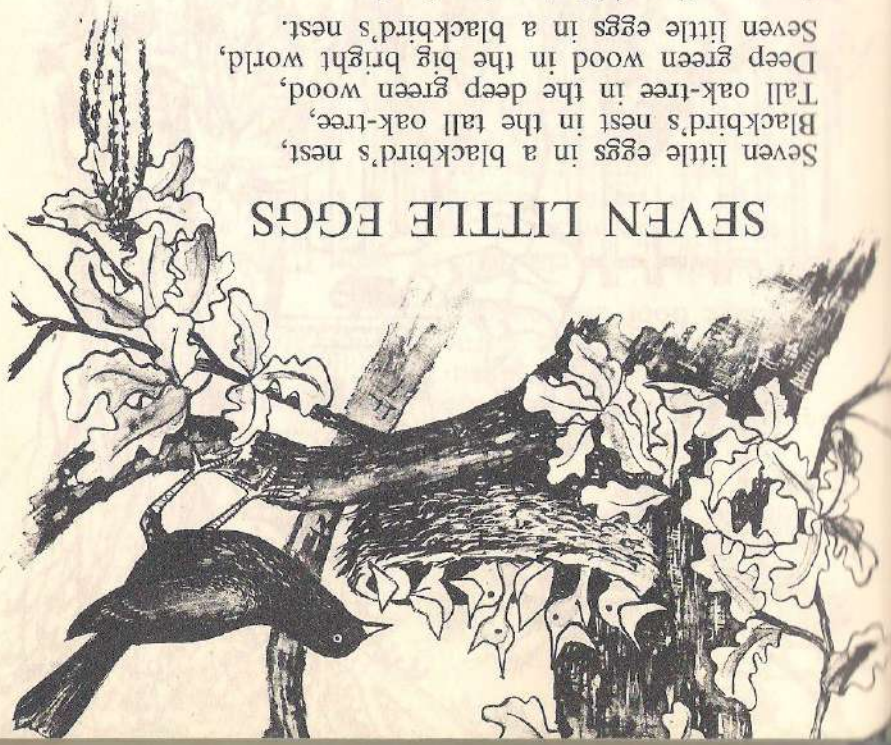
Mr. Apple.—You have put a spell on us. My apples are full of codlin grubs, my peaches are covered with black spots, and my lovely cherry-trees are all being eaten by grubs that bore into the wood !

Mr. Rose.—The slugs have eaten all my poppies, and horrid little green insects are killing my roses.

—IVY O. EASTWICK.

Seven little eggs in a blackbird's nest,
 Blackbird's nest in the tall oak-tree,
 Tall oak-tree in the deep green wood,
 Deep green wood in the big bright world,
 Seven little eggs in a blackbird's nest.
 Seven yellow bills tapping in the eggs,
 Tapping in the eggs in the blackbird's nest,
 Blackbird's nest in the tall oak-tree,
 Tall oak-tree in the deep green wood,
 Deep green wood in the big bright world,
 Seven little songs in the morning air—
 Sweet, sweet, sweet, in the morning air,
 Softly rising from the blackbird's nest,
 Blackbird's nest in the tall oak-tree,
 Tall oak-tree in the deep green wood,
 Deep green wood in the big bright world—
 Seven little songs in the morning air
 Softly rising from the blackbird's nest.

SEVEN LITTLE EGGS



—W. L. WILLIAMS.

(Curtain.)

Queen.—We have put no spell on you.
Bird-fairy.—I can tell you what is the matter.
 (To *Mr. Apple*.) You sent the birds away. They
 used to kill the moths and the borers that are
 harming your fruit-trees. (To *Mr. Rose*.) The
 thrushes would have killed your slugs, and the
 robins would have killed your green insects.
 (To *Mr. Oats*.) You sent away the birds that kept
 the worms out of your wheat.
Mr. Apple.—Is that true, Your Majesty?
Queen.—Yes, I'm afraid it is quite true.
Mr. Rose.—Then please let us have the birds
 back.
Mr. Oats.—Yes, please do. I won't mind if
 they take a few grains of wheat.
Queen (to *Bird-fairy*).—Bird-fairy, will you
 forgive these mortals? Will you let your birds
 go back?
Bird-fairy.—Yes, Your Majesty. Now that
 the mortals know how much good they do, the
 birds will be glad to go back. (Goes out.)
Mr. Apple, Mr. Rose, and Mr. Oats.—Thank
 you, Your Majesty. (They go after *Bird-fairy*.)
Queen.—Foolish mortals! To think they
 could do without the birds!



What Bright-eyes Wanted

Bright-eyes sat in the corner of his cage, looking very sad.

“I don’t know why he should look so sorry,” said Jack, his little owner. “Even though it is cold outside, the sun is shining brightly, and all the world looks like spring.”

“I am afraid that is the reason,” said Mother.

Jack looked rather puzzled. What did Mother mean? He picked up the cage, carried it outside the cottage, and hung it on its hook on the tree. “Now you can see all the other birds, Bright-eyes.”

Jack took away the little seed-trough, filled it up full, and even added a few scraps of meat which mother had given him. But still Bright-eyes stayed in the corner. Jack stood by the cottage door and watched him.

“What ever else can he want?” he said to himself. He was only eight, and had a lot of things to learn. Suddenly a sunbeam, which had been shining on the wall for a long time, reached Bright-eyes’s cage and peeped in. The poor little bird spread his wings, fluttering round and round eagerly.

“I wonder what can be wrong,” thought Jack.

A cheeky little sparrow, who was feeling very cold and hungry, flew to Bright-eyes’s cage, and looked in. Jack listened to see if he could understand bird-talk. He told Mother afterwards that he was sure it ran something like this:

“What a lovely nest you have,” said Mr. Sparrow. “And what a nice lot of food! Can I have a little of it, please?”

Bright-eyes, who was a lovely blackbird, with a yellow bill and beautiful black feathers, looked at the brown visitor, just for a minute, with something like scorn. Then, feeling very lonely, he thought that even a sparrow was better than

no-one to talk to. He fluttered up to his perch, and looked at his visitor again. "It is a beautiful cage," he said slowly. "I suppose you do think it grand. You never saw one just like it, did you?"

"Never," said the sparrow, with his hungry little eye on the seed-box.

"Yes, you may have some," said Bright-eyes, seeing the very hungry look. "I shall scatter some where you can reach it."

"Thanks, it is good!" said the hungry little visitor, as he swallowed grain after grain. "That's better. Now let us talk."

"I have a whole boxful like that every day," said Bright-eyes, "and plenty of scraps as well."

The brown sparrow chirped slowly, "Well—you don't mean it, surely! You are indeed a lucky bird."

"And when the sun shines brightly in the hot summer days, Jack—that's my little master—never forgets to give me plenty of nice, cool water."

"Oh," said the sparrow, "that's the sort of life for me! But I suppose no-one would want a sparrow in a cage."

"And I never have to hide from the hawk when he comes swooping silently along, and hangs up in the sky, looking for someone to kill."

The sparrow sighed. Many of his family had died in that way.

"If Tabby looks at me," said Bright-eyes, "she is smacked and sent away at once, and sometimes has to go to bed without her supper for being so naughty."

"She ate my father when I was quite little," said the visitor, "and we never knew where our mother went. Tabby broke down my nest three times last autumn, and ate all my little ones."

"Ah!" said Bright-eyes, and looked thoughtful.

"There she is!" said Mr. Brown Sparrow in a frightened voice. "I think—I think I'll call again. Good-bye. She can't hurt you; but, if she caught me——"

Tabby sat under the cage, and looked up at the little brown bird, which had fluttered into a tall tree near at hand. Then she looked back at Bright-eyes, not seeing that Jack was watching her.

"I shall have you some day," she said, licking her wicked little lips. "I *will* have you some day, Bright-eyes, and then Jack won't have any other pet, and won't smack me for being jealous. Oh, bother!" she said, as Jack moved out of the shade and tried to smack her.

Brown Sparrow, up in his tall tree, chuckled with delight. As soon as Jack drew back again, he flew to the cage once more, and helped himself through the bars to two or three grains which lay within reach of his beak.

"She's gone again. I say, Mr. Blackbird, don't you ever go out for a fly?"

To Brown Sparrow's surprise, the beautiful blackbird began to beat himself against the cage bars, and cried, in a sad little way, "I want to get out! I want to get out!"

Jack crept indoors, with big tears in his eyes, and told Mother all that he thought he had heard.

"He wants to go," he sobbed. "He doesn't love me a bit."

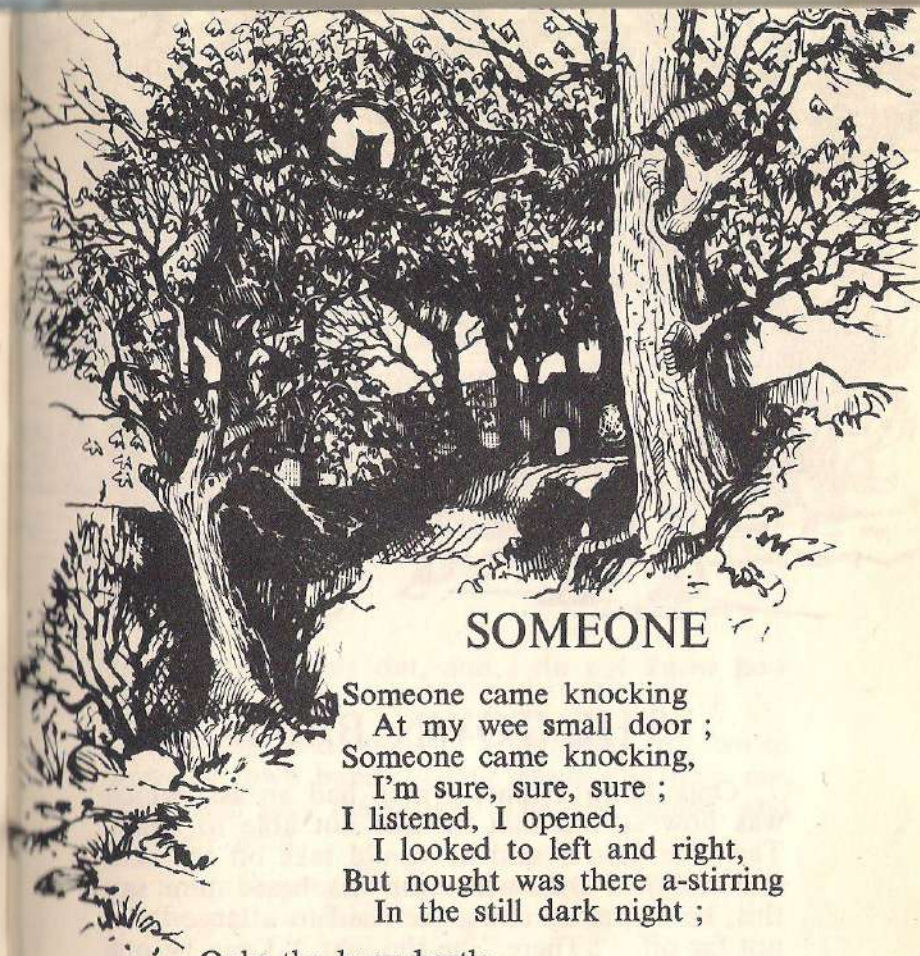
Mother stroked the brown hair. "He doesn't belong to a cage at all," she said softly. "He belongs to the fields, the hedges, and the big trees."

Jack crept out slowly and opened the cage-door. "Good-bye, Bright-eyes!" he said.

Brown Sparrow watched Bright-eyes flutter to the door, look out, and stretch his wings, which had been cramped so long. Then he hurried up to his new friend. "What about being hungry, and thirsty, and frightened?" he said.

Bright-eyes stopped in the middle of the gladdest of glad songs. "I'm free, free, free!" he said.

—R. DE WITT.

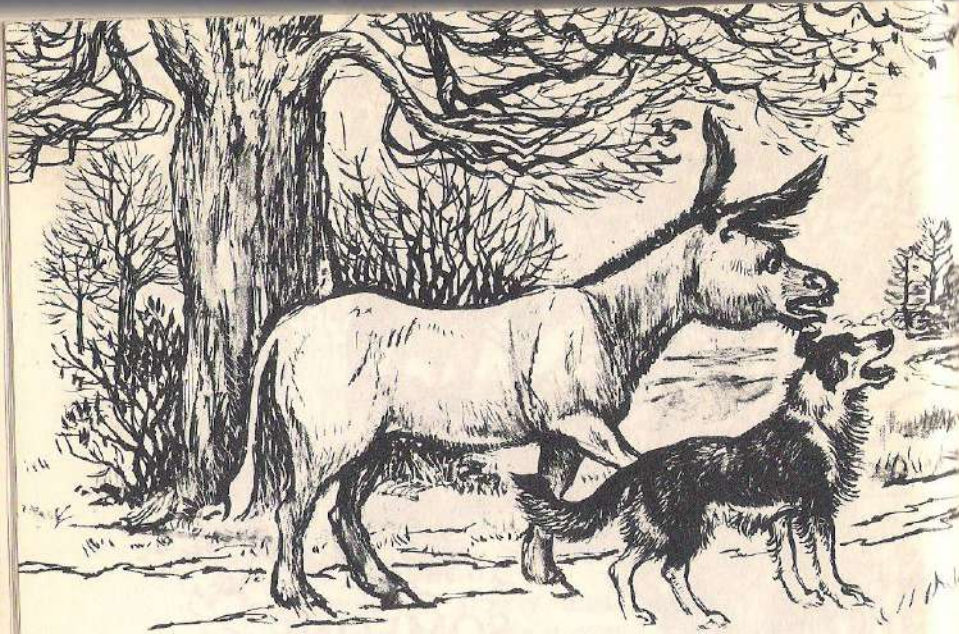


SOMEONE

Someone came knocking
At my wee small door ;
Someone came knocking,
I'm sure, sure, sure ;
I listened, I opened,
I looked to left and right,
But nought was there a-stirring
In the still dark night ;

Only the busy beetle
Tap-tapping in the wall,
Only from the forest
The screech-owl's call,
Only the cricket whistling
While the dew-drops fall,
So I know not who came knocking,
At all, at all, at all.

—WALTER DE LA MARE.



THE TOWN BAND

Once upon a time, a man had an ass, which was now so old that he was not able to work. Then the master said he would take off the skin and sell it. But, when the ass heard him say this, he ran away along the road to a large town not far off. "There," he thought, "I can be one of the town band."

He had not gone far when he saw a dog lying by the side of the road.

"What is the matter with you, old fellow?" said the ass.

"Ah," replied the dog, "every day I grow older and weaker. My master beats me, and now



he has turned me out, and I do not know how to get my living."

"Well," said the ass, "I am going to town to join the town band. Come along and help me. You shall play the drum." The dog agreed, and off they went.

Soon they came to a cat sitting in the middle of the path and looking very unhappy.

"Now, Tom," said the ass, "why do you look so glum?"

"Why? Because I am too old to catch mice, and so my mistress tried to drown me this morning. I ran away, and here I am; but I do not know what to do."

"Come with me to the town. You can make music at night, I know."

The cat agreed ; and the three went on together. Soon they came to a farm-yard ; and there was a rooster sitting on the fence, and crowing with all his might.

"Now, old Red-comb," said the ass, "why do you crow so loudly?"

"To-morrow the cook is going to cut off my head and make broth out of me."

"Is she? You had better come with us. We are going to the town to be in the band and your voice will do very well."

So they all four went on together. But, as they could not reach the town in one day, they went into a wood to pass the night. The ass and the dog lay down under a large tree. The cat climbed up into the branches. The rooster flew right up to the top, so as to be quite safe. But, before he went to sleep, he looked round and saw a light a little way off. He called to the others, and they agreed to go and see what it was.

They found the light came from a cottage. The ass went to the window and peeped in.

"What do you see?" said the rooster.

"What do I see? A table laid out with food and drink, and some men having a good time."

Then the four friends thought of a plan to drive the men away and get their supper. The ass put his feet on the window-ledge. The dog got on his back. The cat climbed upon the dog, and the rooster flew up on the cat's head.

Then the music began. The ass brayed, the dog barked, the cat miaowed, and the rooster crowed. They made such a noise that the men jumped up in fright and ran away into the wood as fast as ever they could.

Then the four friends sat down to the table, and soon ate everything up. When they had finished, they put out the light and got ready to go to sleep. The ass lay down on some straw. The dog lay down behind the back door. The cat lay down by the fire. And the rooster flew up to a high beam.

After a time, one of the men came back to see what was the matter. He went into the kitchen to strike a light. Thinking the cat's eyes were fire, he went close up to him. Tom flew at his face, spitting and scratching. So he turned round and ran to the door. But the dog was there, and bit his leg ; and, as he was limping along, the ass gave him a great kick. The rooster woke up with the noise, flapped his wings, and cried, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Then the man ran back to the others, and said, "Oh dear! Oh dear! There is a horrid witch in the house, and she spat at me, and scratched my face. Before the door is a man with a knife, and he chopped at my leg. In the yard is a black monster, who beat me with a great big club ; and on the roof sits a judge who called out, 'Lock the fool up, do!' So I ran away as fast as I could."

—THE BROTHERS GRIMM.



THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS

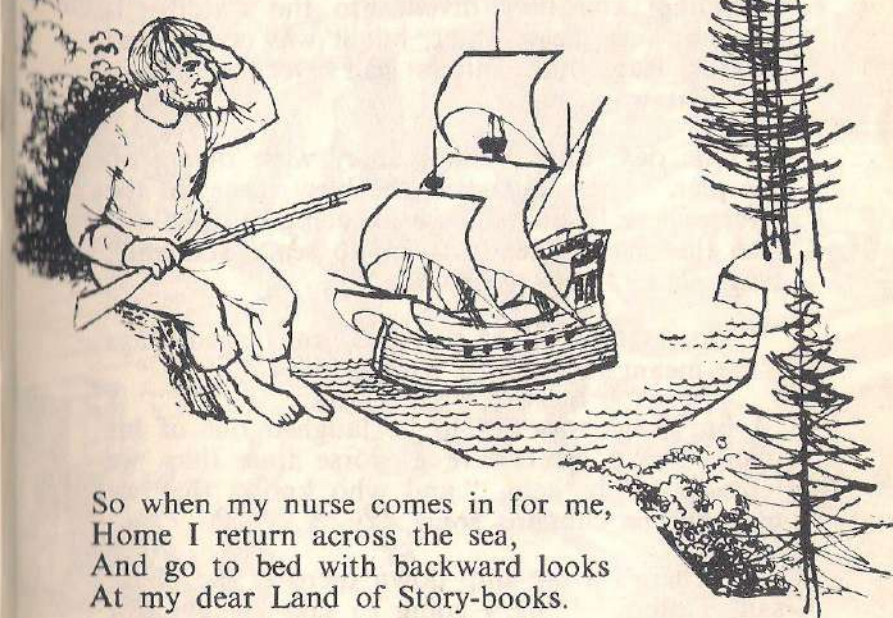
At evening, when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit ;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now with my little gun I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes ;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.



So when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear Land of Story-books.

—R. L. STEVENSON.

RAGS AND TATTERS

The story I tell is about two boys. Rough street-boys they were, with no-one to care for them, always in rags, and always together. They were known as Rags and Tatters. What their real names were, they knew no more than do you or I.

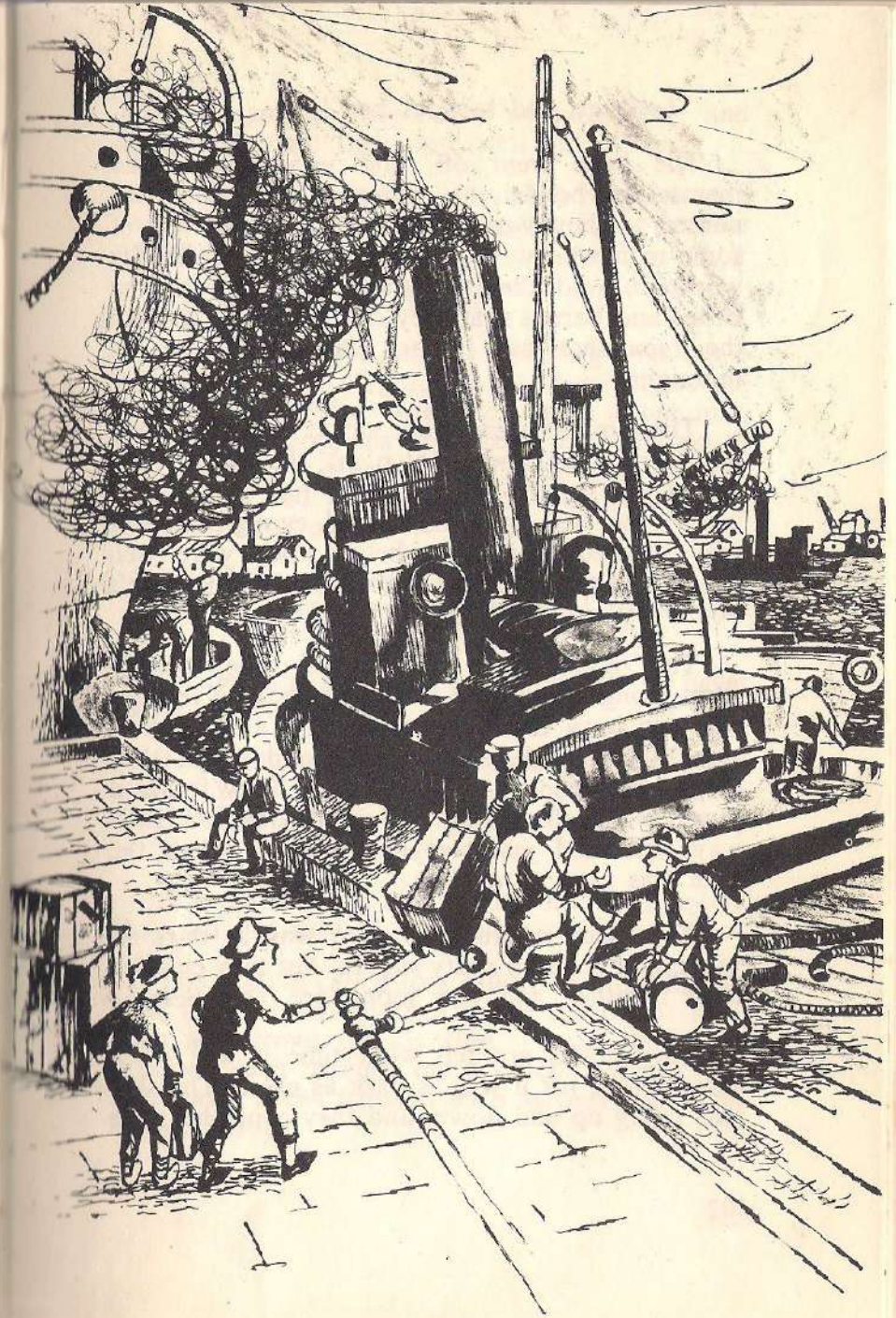
In the mornings and the evenings they sold newspapers, and in the middle of the day, when it was summer and the streets were roasting hot, they went down by the wharfs. When the police were not looking, off went their clothes in a twinkling, and they dived into the water. It was not very clean water, but it was cool ; and neither Rags nor Tatters had ever bathed in any that was cleaner.

One day, after bathing, they were sitting on the pier. They looked at the busy scene on the river, where loaded ships were being dragged out into the channel ready to go to sea. Suddenly, Rags said, "Let's go to sea."

Tatters laughed at the idea, and asked Rags if he meant to go as a passenger.

But Rags was not to be laughed out of his plan. "We can't have a worse time than we have now," he said, "and who knows that we may not be captains some day !"

"There's a big ship down there at the pier," said Tatters. "She's going to sail to-night, for I heard the captain say so."



"Let's go and look at her."

The boys went off, and very soon found themselves beside the *Lion*, as the ship was named. They were very much in the way of some men who were at work loading. A kindly workman told them to stand aside, for all the boxes and barrels that they saw had to be aboard the *Lion* that day. She was going out at midnight.

Their minds were made up at once. Instead of buying newspapers that night, they spent their money on some biscuits. They had a bottle of water, too, for they knew well enough that, if they showed themselves before they were well out at sea, they would be sent back by the pilot's boat.

That night, when it was dark, they quietly crept along and got on the ship's deck. Everyone was too busy to notice them. By and by they came to a black, square hole, and down they crept by a ladder that was in it. They found a lower deck after they had gone down a little way, and had just stepped on to it when the hole was covered over.

The place where they were was as dark as pitch, and it had a nasty smell ; but they cuddled close together, and very soon were fast asleep.

They could not tell what time it was when they awoke, for it was as dark as ever. The ship was going up and down, and they could hear the

sailors singing as they pulled at the ropes ; and so they thought they were well out at sea.

Then they began to wonder how they were to get out ; but, just at that moment, the hatches were taken off.

"Now for it," said Rags.

Up they jumped, and, scrambling over some barrels and bags of grain, made their way to the deck above. Near them, they saw a big man with gold lace on his cap ; and, hurrying up to him, each gave a pull to his front hair by way of a bow, and Rags said, "If you please, sir, we've come aboard."

"So I see, you young rascals," said the man ; "and now, what in the world am I to do with you ?"

"Give us a chance," said Tatters ; "we never had a chance ashore."

The captain, who liked the way Tatters spoke, said, "You shall have a chance ; but it will be long before you see London again, for we may go round the world."

But, as the boys had not a friend in London, they did not care if they never saw it again.

The captain called to a sailor, and told him to find them some clothes, for he could not have such scarecrows on his ship. Soon they were dressed, each having on a thick flannel shirt and warm tweed trousers such as they had never owned before.

The captain said that he would have no such names as Rags and Tatters on his ship. He didn't care what they called themselves, but some decent names they must have. So Rags said he would be "Jack", and Tatters chose "Will"; and, when this had been settled, they were put to work.

They soon found out that there was not much fun in a sailor's life; but, now that they had the chance they had asked for, they did their best, and soon everyone liked them. They had good food, and in the clear air they began to look strong and well.

They saw many strange sights. First, they went to Holland, and were much surprised to find a country with so much water everywhere, and to see the ships sailing through the canals.

After leaving Holland, the *Lion* went to China, where the boys saw queer ships called junks, which amused them very much. Sometimes, they were able to get ashore at some of these strange lands, and saw many wonderful things. But nothing led them to forget their work. When, at the end of three years, the *Lion* sailed into London, no-one would have ever thought that these sturdy boys were the same Rags and Tatters who went aboard as stowaways. Their captain told them that they could sail on his next voyage, for he would be sorry to lose them.

All this was many years ago. Now both boys are men, and each is a captain and sails a ship of his own.



MY LADY WIND

My Lady Wind is very tall,
As tall as she can be;
Her hands can shake the tallest bough
Upon the tallest tree,
And even reach up to the sky,
And twirl the clouds about,
And rattle them for thundering,
And shake the raindrops out.
And yet so light, so light she steps
Upon the flowers and grass,
They only need to bow their heads
To let my lady pass.
You cannot see my Lady Wind,
Though you can hear her plain,
And watch her tread the clovers down
That rise so quick again.

—AUTHOR NOT KNOWN.

THE TAR BABY

Brer Fox was always trying to catch Brer Rabbit. But Brer Rabbit was mighty pert and spry, and he never let Brer Fox catch him. So Brer Fox pretended to be friendly, and asked Brer Rabbit to come to dinner with him. But Brer Rabbit did not go. He knew what was going to be eaten at that dinner. So Brer Fox thought of something else.

He went to work and got some tar and turpentine, and fixed up what he called a Tar Baby. He put it up close to Brer Rabbit's house, and hid in the brier patch near by to see what would happen.

By and by Brer Rabbit came prancing along, lippity, clippity, clippity, lippity, as saucy as could be. When he saw Tar Baby, he sat up on his hind legs and stared and stared.

"Good morning," says Brer Rabbit, very politely and nicely. "Fine morning," says he.

Tar Baby said nothing, and Brer Fox he lay low.

"Are you deaf?" says Brer Rabbit. "I can shout if you are." And he shouted as loudly as he could. But Tar Baby he went on saying nothing, and Brer Fox he winked his eye and lay low.

At last Brer Rabbit raised his fist and hit Tar Baby on the side of the head. There his fist stuck, and he could not pull it away.



"Let me go, or I'll strike you again," says Brer Rabbit, and he hit out with the other hand, and that stuck, too. Then he kicked with his feet, and they got stuck on Tar Baby. Then he butted her with his head, and his head got fixed, too.

"How do you do?" says Brer Fox, coming out of the bushes and looking as harmless as a dickybird. "You seem rather stuck up, Brer Rabbit, this morning." And then Brer Fox rolled about, laughing. "I expect you will come to dinner with me now, Brer Rabbit," says he. "We're going to have a nice roast rabbit. You've been running round here giving sauce to me for a mighty long time, but I think you've come to the end of the row. You've been bouncing round here until you've come to think you're the boss of the whole gang. Who asked you to talk to this Tar Baby? And who stuck you up where you are? Nobody in the round world. You just took and jammed yourself on that Tar Baby without waiting to be asked. And there you are and there you'll stay, till I can get some firewood and make a fire. I'm going to roast you to-day."

Then Brer Rabbit began to talk mighty humble. "I don't care what you do to me, Brer Fox," says he, "so long as you don't fling me into that brier patch. Roast me, Brer Fox, but don't fling me into that brier patch."

"It's too much trouble to light a fire," says Brer Fox; "I'll have to drown you."

"Drown me as deep as you please, Brer Fox, but please don't fling me into that brier patch," says Brer Rabbit.

Brer Fox thought for a while. "There's no water near," he says, "and now I'll have to skin you."

"Skin me, Brer Fox," says Brer Rabbit, "scratch out my eyes, tear out my ears by the roots, and cut off my legs, but don't, please, Brer Fox, don't fling me into that brier patch."

But Brer Fox wanted to hurt Brer Rabbit as much as he could. So he took him by the hind legs, and pulled him off the Tar Baby, and flung him right into the middle of the brier patch. There was a mighty flutter when Brer Rabbit struck the bushes, and Brer Fox waited to see what would happen.

By and by he heard someone calling from the hill—and there he saw Brer Rabbit sitting on a log, combing the tar out of his fur with a chip.

"Bred and born in a brier patch, Brer Fox, bred and born in a brier patch," says Brer Rabbit, with a laugh. And with that he skipped off home lively as a cricket.

—Retold from *Uncle Remus*, by JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.



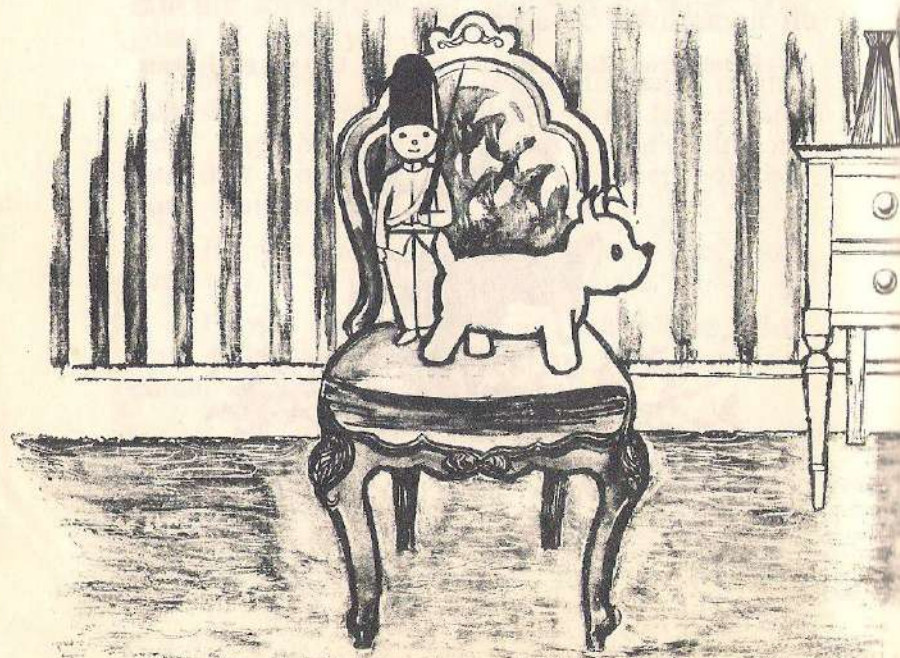
LITTLE BOY BLUE

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands ;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.

Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

" Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
" And don't you make any noise !"
So toddling off to his trundle bed
He dreamed of his pretty toys.

And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue ;
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true !



Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face ;

And they wonder, as waiting these long years
through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

—EUGENE FIELD.

