



inn Bru'in
pōst tōuched
hūn'grȳ yōūn'gest
ēld'est eōr'ner
kitch'en gār'ret
bārn'yārd stūmp
mouth'ful strōke

BRUIN.

I am going to tell about something that once happened in a little country town on the other side of the sea.

The sun had been down for more than an hour, and the moon was shining high over the tree tops. Down in the kitchen of the inn sat a man who was going about the country with a pet bear. He was eating his supper.

Bruin, poor fellow, who never did any harm, had been left in the barnyard. He was tied to a post behind a pile of wood. He was very hungry, and yet his master had not given him a mouthful to eat.

Up in the garret of the inn, three little children were playing. The eldest might be six years old, the youngest not more than two. They were very happy, and they often



looked up at the moon and laughed as it looked in upon them through the window.

"Stump! stump!" it was some one coming upstairs. Who could it be? "Stump! stump! stump!" the heavy steps came up,

up, up, toward the garret door. Who could it be?

The door flew open; it was Bruin, — great, black, hungry Bruin! He had got tired of standing in the barnyard. He had untied himself, and had now found his way upstairs.

The children were much frightened when they saw the big bear. Each ran into a corner to hide; but Bruin found them all, and touched each one with his big cold nose, and did not try to harm them in any way.

"This is nothing but a big dog," said the children. "See how gentle and kind he is." Then, one by one, they came out of their dark corners and began to stroke the rough old bear.

dōg'gīe bēat seek mārched
out dōne' hīnd sōl'dier shāg'gī
shout'ed sēe'ond ēn joyed' brōom'stīck

BRUIN AND THE CHILDREN.

Bruin laid himself down on the floor; and the youngest boy lay down by him and hid

his head with its golden curls in the bear's long black fur. "Good doggie," said the little fellow, "come and play hide and seek with me."

Then the eldest boy took his drum and beat upon it till the room was full of the noise. The bear rose up on his hind legs and began to dance. All the children were delighted, and the youngest shouted with joy.

Next, each boy took his toy gun, and Bruin, not to be outdone, seized the broomstick. "What a fine soldier he is, and how well he holds his gun!" shouted the second boy.

Then they marched — "left, left, left, right, left," — up and down the long room. It was fine fun, and shaggy old Bruin enjoyed it as much as any of the children.

In a little while some one came up the stairs and opened the door. It was the mother of the three boys. You should have seen her. You should have seen what a great fright she was in. Her face was as