

appeared to be, and the stronger the temptation became to pluck it.

5. Now, what right had he to put himself in the way of temptation? The field, as I said before, was covered over with flowers; and that in the hedge was no better than the rest, only it was a forbidden flower, and when any thing is forbidden it becomes, on that very account, a greater temptation to a disobedient heart.

6. Jarvis had gathered a whole handful of flowers before he saw the one growing in the hedge; but he threw all these away, so much was his mind set on getting the one which he wanted.

7. Unluckily for him, on getting down the bank his foot slipped, and down he rolled into a bed of stinging nettles, at the bottom of the ditch, which fortunately happened to have in it but little water.

8. Jarvis screamed out with might and main, as he lay on his back; for, whichever way he turned, his cheeks and his fingers brushed against the nettles.

9. His cries soon brought his companions around him; but, as they were all young, they knew not how to render him assistance, on account of the stinging nettles, and the depth of the ditch.

10. I ran to the spot, and pulled up Master Jarvis in a pretty state, his jacket and trowsers plastered with mud, and his hands and face covered with blotches. Here was the fruit of disobedience! And as it was with Jarvis, so will it be with every one who acts disobediently.

11. Whenever you feel a temptation to disobey God; to disobey his holy word; to disobey the admonitions¹ of your own conscience; to disobey your parents, your teachers, or any in authority over you, be sure that a punishment awaits you, if you do not resist it.

CHILD'S COMPANION.

¹ Ad mo'n' tions, cautions; directions.

40. TRUE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

"OH, I am so tired! I wish I had something to do!" said Jane Thompson to her mother, one day. "Then why don't you read?" asked her mother. "You have books."

2. "I'm tired of reading, and I'm tired of every thing." "You are a very unhappy girl, Jane," said her mother.

3. "If I am, I can't help it," replied Jane. "But I am sure you could help it, if you would try, my daughter."

4. "How can I help it, mother? I am sure I should like very much to know." "By trying to be useful to others, my daughter."

5. "So you have said before. But I can't see any thing so very pleasant in working for others. Nobody thinks of being useful to me."

6. "That is a very selfish thought, Jane," her mother replied in a serious tone, "and the feeling that prompted¹ that thought is the cause of all your unhappiness. You must cease to think only of yourself, and have some kind of regard for others, or you will never be happy."

7. Jane did not understand her mother, and therefore could see no force in what she said. And her mother perceived this, and so said no more then upon the subject. About an hour afterward she came into the room, where Jane sat idle and moping,² and said: "Come, Jane, I want you to walk out with me."

8. "I don't care much about going, mother," Jane replied; "and, if you are willing, I would rather stay at home." "But I wish you to go with me, Jane; so come, dress yourself as quickly as you can, for you know it never takes me long to get ready."

9. Jane reluctantly³ obeyed, and, when dressed, went out with her mother. She felt listless⁴ and unhappy,

¹ Prompt' ed, suggested or caused.—² Mop' ing, in a half sleepy state.—

³ Re luct' ant ly, unwillingly.—⁴ List' less, inattentive.

for her mind was not employed upon any subject of interest. After walking for some ten or fifteen minutes, her mother stopped at a low frame building, and knocked at the door.

10. "What are you going in there for?" Jane asked in surprise. "I want to see a poor, sick woman, who lives here," said her mother, in a quiet tone.

11. "Oh, I wish I had stayed at home!" But before Jane could say any more, the knock was answered by a little girl about ten years old, whose uncombed head, soiled clothes and skin, showed that she needed the care of a mother's willing heart and ready hand.

41. TRUE SECRET OF HAPPINESS—CONCLUDED.

THE little girl conducted them into a back room, in which were a few scanty pieces of furniture, and a bed, upon which was propped up with pillows a sick woman, engaged in sewing.¹ Her face was pale and thin, and her eyes, bright and glistening, were sunk far into her head. The work dropped from her hand as her unexpected visitors entered, and then she looked up earnestly into the face of the elder of the two.

2. "You do not seem able to work, ma'am," said Jane's mother, advancing² to the bedside, and taking the small, thin hand that was offered her. "I am not very able, ma'am," she replied in a feeble tone. "But I have to do something."

3. "Is there no one to provide any thing for you in your feeble state?" asked her visitor. "No one, ma'am," was the simple, and, to Jane's mother, affecting response.³

4. "And how many hours through the day do you have to sit up in bed and sew?" "All day, when I can,

¹ Sew ing (sô' ing).—² Ad vânc' ing, going forward.—³ Re spon'se', answer.

ma'am. And sometimes a good many hours at night. But I wouldn't care so much for that, if I was able to go about the room a little, and attend more to my child, who is, indeed, sadly neglected." And the tears came into the mother's eyes, as she cast a look of tenderness upon her little girl.

5. Jane saw that look, and noted the sad expression of the poor woman's voice, and both touched her heart. "Can not we do something for them?" she whispered. "We must try," was the low response.

6. "I heard of your being ill this morning," Jane's mother said, "and have come over to see if I can do any thing for you. You must be relieved from your constant labor, for it is too much for your feeble frame. As soon as I return home, I will send you over as much food as you and your little girl will require for several days, and my daughter here will be willing, I think, to come in to see you now and then, and give you such little assistance as you may require. Will you not, Jane?"

7. "Oh yes, mother. I will come most cheerfully." And the tone of her voice and the expression of her face showed that she was in earnest. The poor woman could not find words to speak out her true feelings, but she looked her gratitude.

8. After Jane and her mother had left this miserable tenement,¹ the former said: "O mother, it makes my heart ache to think of that poor woman and her child! How can she possibly get bread to eat, by the work of her own hands, and she almost dying?"

9. The sympathy² thus expressed pleased her mother very much, and she encouraged the good impression. After she had returned home, she prepared a number of articles of food, such as she thought were required, and also a few delicacies³ that she knew would be grate-

¹ Tën'e ment, house, or place to live in.—² Sym' pa thy, partaking the feelings of another.—³ Dêl' i ca cics, things which delight the taste.

ful to the sick woman. These she dispatched¹ by a servant.

10. About half an hour after, Jane, with a small bundle in her hand, went out alone, and turned her steps toward the cheerless hovel² she had but a short time before visited. In this bundle was a change of clothing for the invalid, which Jane assisted her to put on. And then she made up her bed for her, and beat up the pillows, and fixed her as comfortably as possible.

11. Then she took the little girl, and washed her, and combed her hair, and put on a clean frock that her mother told her she would find in the closet. After this she arranged every thing in the room in order, and swept up the floor. And still further, went to work and got a nice cup of tea for the sick woman.

12. It would have done the heart of any one good to have seen how full of delight and gratitude³ was the countenance of the sick woman. Jane had never felt so happy in her life. When she came home her mother remarked her light step and cheerful air.

13. "You have at last learned how to be happy, Jane," said she. "The secret lies in our endeavoring⁴ to be useful to others. All our unhappiness springs from some indulgence of selfishness, and all our true feelings of happiness from that benevolence which prompts us to regard others."

14. Jane saw and felt the force of her mother's remark, and never forgot it. The sick woman, in whom she had become interested, afforded ample scope⁵ for the exercise of her newly awakened feelings of benevolence, and thus they gained strength and grew into principles of action. May every one who reads this little story find the true secret of happiness!

T. S. ARTHUR.

¹ Dis patched', sent.—² Hōv' el, a poor or mean dwelling.—³ Grāt' itude, thankfulness.—⁴ En dēav' or ing, trying.—⁵ Scōpe, space, or opportunity.

42. THE CROP OF ACORNS.

1. **T**HERE came a man in days of old,
To hire a piece of land for gold,
And urged his suit in accents meek,
"One crop alone is all I seek;
The harvest o'er, my claim I yield,
And to its lord resign the field."
2. The owner some misgivings felt,
And coldly with the stranger dealt;
But found his last objection fail,
And honeyed eloquence prevail;
So took the proffered price in hand,
And, for "one crop," leased out the land.
3. The wily¹ tenant sneered with pride,
And sowed the spot with acorns wide;
At first like tiny shoots they grew,
Then broad and wide their branches threw;
But long before those oaks sublime,
Aspiring reached their forest prime,
The cheated landlord moldering lay,
Forgotten, with his kindred clay.
4. O ye, whose years, unfolding fair,
Are fresh with youth and free from care.
Should vice or indolence² desire,
The garden of your souls to hire,
No parley³ hold—reject the suit,
Nor let one seed the soil pollute.⁴
5. My child, the first approach beware;
With firmness break the insidious⁵ snare.
Lest, as the acorns grew and throve
Into a sun-excluding grove,
Thy sins, a dark o'ershadowing tree,
Shut out the light of Heaven from thee.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

¹ Wily, crafty; deceitful.—² In dolence, idleness.—³ Par' ley, conversation.—⁴ Pol lute', to soil; make impure.—⁵ In sid' i ous, deceitful.

43. THE COW.

THE different beasts and birds are supposed to have met together, at a certain time, to converse and amuse themselves, by relating their different histories, and telling what they had seen and heard in the various families in which they had lived. After the horse and some other animals had spoken, the cow began as follows:

2. "As the world goes, I have no great reason to complain of my fate, for I lead a tolerably easy life; but I know I should be much happier, if it was not for the ill-nature of one young man, to whose turn it comes frequently to drive me up, and to milk me.

3. "Very often, whilst I am grazing,¹ or whilst I lie chewing the cud, with my back toward him, the first notice I have that he wants me, is a great blow with a thick stick he has in his hand; and when I get up, instead of quietly turning me the way he wants me to go, he runs before my eyes, extending both his arms, and brandishing² the club-stick, as if he thought I was going to attack him. Then he strikes me across my horns, for no one reason in the world, but because he chooses to do it; quite regardless of the torture³ it puts me to.

4. "After this, he drives me along much faster than I ought to be made to go; beating me as he runs after me, and giving me bruises that I feel for several days. And all this for nothing,⁴ but because it is his cruel method. Had I been guilty of some fault: had I gored⁵ him with my horns, or refused to be milked, there would be some little excuse for his ill-usage; but to be treated in so barbarous a manner for no cause, is very provoking.

5. "At other times he ties my legs together, till he almost rubs off the skin from them, because he says I kick over the milk. That, to be sure, I have done twice

¹ Gráz' ing, eating grass.—² Bránd' ish ing, flourishing; holding as if about to strike.—³ Tort' ure, extreme pain.—⁴ Noth ing (náth' ing).—⁵ Góred, pierced with the point of a horn.

when *he* has been milking me, but there was good reason for my doing so; he pulled and hurt me so I could hardly bear it.

6. "And moreover, he is so accustomed to beat me, and speaks so angrily at me, that I think he is going to strike me with his stick; and when I fear the blow is coming, I can not forbear moving as far as I can on one side, to avoid it, regardless of the pail which stands under me; and by that means, I confess, I have, at those times I mentioned, tumbled it over: upon which he put himself in as great a passion, and beat me in as unmerciful a manner, as if I was the wickedest creature in all the world; when the whole fault was each time entirely his own.

7. "When smarting under such undeserved ill-treatment, I confess I have most heartily wished there was not a *human*¹ creature in the world; and have thought that the universe² would be much more perfect without any such unjust and cruel beings in it.

8. "But then, when my young master has brought me some sweet hay to eat, and so kindly patted and stroked me; when my mistress has milked me so gently, and spoken to me as kindly as if I had been a child of her own; when, I say, I have been used in such a manner, I then think it is wrong to condemn *all* mankind, though some are barbarous and cross."

9. My young readers, what does this lesson teach? It teaches you that the cow, and all other animals, should be treated with kindness; and that cruelty to brute beasts is not less a sin than cruelty to man.

10. The cow ought to be used with peculiar tenderness, for she is, perhaps, more useful to mankind than any other animal. In fact, she has, with great propriety, been called our second mother, because she supplies us with such quantities of milk, from the use of which

¹ Hú man, like a man.—U' ni verse, the whole world; every thing created.

mankind in general, but particularly children, derive the greatest nourishment.

PELHAM.

44. THE BEASTS IN THE TOWER.

1. **W**ITHIN the precincts¹ of this yard,
Each in his narrow confines barred,
Dwells every beast that can be found
On African or Indian ground.
How different was the life they led,
In those wild haunts² where they were bred,
From the tame servitude³ and fear,
To which proud man has doomed⁴ them here!
2. In that uneasy, close recess⁵
Couches⁶ a sleeping lioness:
That next den holds a bear; the next,
A wolf, by hunger ever vexed:
There, fiercer from the keeper's lashes,
His teeth the fell hyena gnashes.
3. That creature, on whose back abound
Black spots upon a yellow ground,
A panther is—the fairest beast
That roameth in the spacious East:
He, underneath a fair outside,
Does cruelty and treachery hide.
4. That cat-like beast, that to and fro,
Restless as fire, does ever go,
As if his courage did resent
His limbs in such confinement pent,⁷
That should their prey in forest take,
And make the Indian jungles⁸ quake,
A tiger is.

¹ Pre' cincts, bounds or limits.—² Haunts, places where one is accustomed to go.—³ Serv' i tude, bondage; slavery.—⁴ Doomed, condemned.—⁵ Re cæss', a retired place.—⁶ Couch' es, lies down.—⁷ Pent, shut up.—⁸ Jun' gle (jüng' gl), in Asia, a thick cluster of small trees or shrubs.

5. Observe how sleek
And glossy smooth his coat; no streak
On satin ever matched the pride
Of that which marks his furry hide.
How strong his muscles!¹ he, with ease,
Upon the tallest man could seize;
In his large mouth away could bear him,
And into thousand pieces tear him:
Yet, cabined so securely here,
The smallest infant need not fear.
6. That lordly creature next to him
A lion is. Survey² each limb;
Observe the texture³ of his claws,
The massy thickness of those jaws;
His mane, that sweeps the ground in length,—
Like Sampson's locks, betokening strength.
7. In force and swiftness he excels
Each beast that in the forest dwells:
The savage tribes him king confess
Throughout the howling wilderness.
Woe to the hapless neighborhood,
When he is pressed by want of food!
8. Of man, or child, or bull, or horse,
He makes his prey, such is his force.
A waste behind him he creates,
Whole villages depopulates;⁴
Yet here, within appointed lines,
How small a grate⁵ his rage confines!
9. This place, methinks, resembleth⁶ well
The world itself in which we dwell.
Perils⁷ and snares on every ground,

¹ Mus' cles, parts of the body by which the hands, legs, &c., are moved.—² Sur vey', examine; look at carefully.—³ Text ure (tèkst' yer), the manner in which a thing is made; the web that is woven.—⁴ De pòp- u lates, lays waste; destroys all the people that dwell there.—⁵ Gràte, an iron bar.—⁶ Re sem bleth (re zém' bleth), is like.—⁷ Pér' ils, dangers.

Like these wild beasts, beset us round ;
 But Providence their rage restrains ;¹
 Our heavenly Keeper sets them chains ;
 His goodness saveth, every hour,
 His darlings from the lion's power.

MRS. LEICESTER.

45. BEAUTY AND DEFORMITY.

A YOUTH, who lived in the country, and who had not acquired, either by reading or conversation, any knowledge of the animals which inhabit foreign regions, came to Manchester, to see an exhibition of wild beasts.

2. The size and figure of the elephant struck him with awe ;² and he viewed the rhinoceros with astonishment. But his attention was soon drawn from these animals, and directed to another, of the most elegant and beautiful form ; and he stood contemplating, with silent admiration, the glossy³ smoothness of his hair, the blackness and regularity of the streaks with which he was marked, the symmetry⁴ of his limbs, and, above all, the placid sweetness of his countenance.

3. "What is the name of this lovely animal," said he to the keeper, "which you have placed near one of the ugliest beasts in your collection, as if you meant to contrast beauty with deformity?" "Beware, young man," replied the intelligent keeper, "of being so easily captivated⁵ with external appearance. The animal which you admire is called a tiger ; and notwithstanding the meekness of his looks, he is fierce and savage beyond description : I can neither terrify him by correction, nor tame him by indulgence.

4. "But the other beast, which you despise, is in the highest degree docile,⁶ affectionate, and useful. For the

¹ Re stráins', checks.—² Awe (á), fear caused by something great.—
³ Glóss'y, shining.—⁴ Sym'me try, having every part of a proper size.—
⁵ Cáp'ti vát ed, charmed.—⁶ Doc ile (dó's'il), easy to be taught.

benefit of man, he traverses the sandy deserts of Arabia, where drink and pasture are seldom to be found ; and will continue six or seven days without sustenance,¹ yet still patient of labor. His hair is manufactured into clothing ; his flesh is deemed wholesome nourishment ; and the milk of the female is much valued by the Arabs.²

5. "The camel, therefore, for such is the name given to this animal, is more worthy of your admiration than the tiger, notwithstanding the inelegance³ of his make and the two bunches upon his back. For mere external beauty is of little estimation ; and deformity, when associated⁴ with amiable dispositions and useful qualities, does not preclude our respect and approbation."

46. THE PILGRIM AND THE RICH KNIGHT.

IN a noble castle,⁵ there once dwelt a very rich knight. He expended much money in adorning and beautifying his dwelling ; but he gave little to the poor.

2. A weary pilgrim came to the castle, and asked for a night's lodging. The knight haughtily⁶ refused him, and said : "This castle is not an inn."

3. The pilgrim replied : "Permit me only to ask you three questions, and I will depart." "Upon this condition, speak," said the knight. "I will readily answer you."

4. The pilgrim then said to him : "Who dwelt in this castle before you?" "My father," replied the knight.

5. The pilgrim asked again : "Who dwelt here before your father?" "My grandfather," answered the knight.

6. "And who will dwell here after you?" still asked the pilgrim. The knight said : "With God's will, my son."

¹ Sús'te nance, food.—² Ar abs (ár' abz), natives of Arabia.—³ In él'e-gance, want of beauty.—⁴ As só'ciat ed, joined.—⁵ Cas tle (kás'sl), a house armed for defense ; the house of a nobleman or knight.—⁶ Háught-i ly, proudly ; with contempt.

7. "Well," said the pilgrim, "if each dwells but his time in the castle, and in turn must depart and make way for another, what are you otherwise here than guests?"

8. "This castle, then, is truly an inn. Why, therefore, expend so much money in adorning¹ a dwelling which you will occupy but for a short season? Do good; be charitable; for 'he that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given, will he pay him again.'"

9. The knight took these words to heart; he gave the pilgrim shelter for the night, and was henceforth more charitable toward the poor.

MRS. ST. SIMON.

47. THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

1. "AND wherefore do the poor complain?"
The rich man asked of me:
"Come, walk abroad with me," I said,
"And I will answer thee."
2. 'Twas evening, and the frozen streets
Were cheerless² to behold;
And we were wrapped and coated well
And yet we were a-cold.
3. We met an old, bareheaded man,
His locks were thin and white;
I asked him what he did abroad
In that cold winter's night.
4. The cold was keen, indeed, he said—
But at home no fire had he;
And therefore he had come abroad
To ask for charity.³

¹ A dorn'ing, ornamenting; dressing with ornaments.—² Chèer' less, without comfort.—³ Châr' i ty, love; kindness; things given to the poor.

5. We met a young barefooted child,
And she begged loud and bold;
I asked her what she did abroad
When the wind it blew so cold.
6. She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick abed;
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.
7. We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest;
She had a baby at her back,
And another at her breast.
8. I asked her why she loitered¹ there,
When the night-wind was so chill;
She turned her head, and bade the child
That screamed behind, be still—
9. Then told us that her husband served,
A soldier, far away;
And therefore to her parish she
Was begging back her way.
10. I turned me to the rich man then,
For silently stood he;
"You ask me why the poor complain;
And these have answered thee!"

SOUTHEY.

48. DEFINITIONS.

WHEN any liquor is poured upon a substance, in order to extract, or draw something from it, it is called an *infusion*. Water is clear, and without color; when poured upon tea-leaves it extracts² from them color and flavor.³ The tea which is *poured out* of the tea-pot

¹ Loi' tered, lingered or stopped idly for no particular purpose.—² Ex-tracts', draws out.—³ Flá' vor, taste and smell.

does not look, or taste, like the water which was poured into the tea-pot. The water, then, has taken color and flavor from the tea. The tea which we drink is an *infusion*.

2. When a substance is put into water, and they are boiled together, the liquor becomes a *decoction*. Meat is put into water: after they have been boiled some time together, the water becomes soup. Soup is a *decoction* of meat.

3. When a substance is put into water, and suffered to remain in it a long time, it is called a *maceration*.¹ Ink-powder is put into cold water: the water draws the black color from the powder, and it becomes ink. The powder is *macerated*.

4. When a solid substance is put into a liquor, and the substance melts, leaving the liquor clear, it is a *solution*. Sugar melts in tea, and the tea remains clear: that is a *solution* of sugar. The sugar is said to have *dissolved*.

5. When a substance is thrown into a liquor, and blends with it without changing its properties, it is called a *mixture*. Cream poured into tea is a *mixture*.

6. What we call steam is sometimes called *vapor*. Look at the tea-pot when the top is off: something like smoke rises out of it; this is vapor. Put a little water on the stove; in a short time it will be all gone. Where is it? It has dried up, or gone away in *vapor*. To dry up, is to *evaporate*. Clothes, that have been washed, are hung up to dry; the water which is in them *evaporates*: it goes into the air and rises into the sky.

7. A great quantity of vapor, from a great many places and a great many things, *collects*, or meets together in the sky, and forms clouds: when the clouds become very heavy, they fall in drops of water: *this* is rain. If the air is cold, the water freezes and makes snow and hail.

8. Hold a knife over the tea-pot when the hot steam

¹ Mac er a tion (mās er ā' shun).

rises from it; the steam will collect in little drops; it will *condense* upon the knife. To *condense*, is to become thick. *Dense*, thick. Things are not all dense, or hard, alike.

9. Molasses is more dense than milk; soap is more dense than molasses; wood is more hard than any of these substances; stones are harder than wood. A beautiful white stone, which looks like glass, which is called the *diamond*, and which is worn in rings and pins, is the hardest substance that is known.

10. Some liquids dry, or evaporate, much sooner than others. Water is *liquid*; oil is liquid. Pour a drop of water upon a piece of paper; pour a drop of oil upon a piece of paper: the drop of water soon evaporates; the drop of oil does not evaporate—it remains, or stays, in the paper.

11. A fluid which dries very quick, is *volatile*. Water is more *volatile* than oil or grease.

12. *Fluid*. The substances which can be poured from one vessel to another without separating the parts, are *fluids*. Water and beer are fluids. Meat and wood are *solids*.

13. Sand and meal can be poured from one vessel to another; but they are not fluids. The particles (that is, the little grains of which they are composed) are separate from one another.

49. THE EVIL ADVISER—A DIALOGUE.

Thomas. What's your hurry, Frank? stop a minute.

Frank. I can't stay! Father sent me with this letter to the railroad depot.¹

Thomas. Well, the depot won't run away.

Frank. But the cars will; there's a gentleman going

¹ De pot (dè pò').

to New York, who promised to carry this letter, and there's money in it for my brother.

Thomas. But don't you see it's but ten minutes past three; and the cars don't start till four, and you have time enough for what I want of you.

Frank. Well, what do you want?

Thomas. Just step in here to see the wild beasts with me: you have never been, have you?

Frank. No: I'll go when I come back from my errand.

Thomas. No, you can't, for then it will be time to go to the writing-master.

Frank. Then I'll go with you to-morrow.

Thomas. No, you can't, for this is the last day of the exhibition.

Frank. Is it? that's bad! I did not know there were any beasts in town till to-day. How many are there?

Thomas. Ever so many; there's a polar bear, and an elephant, and a most beautiful rhinoceros—

Frank. I have seen a rhinoceros, and he is the ugliest creature that ever was; his skin sets as loosely upon him as a sailor's trowsers.

Thomas. Well, there's a royal tiger—

Frank. Is there? I never saw a royal tiger!

Thomas. Oh! he's a beauty—all yellow, and covered with black stripes. Then there are little leopards playing just like kittens; and—there! there! do you hear that? that's the lion roaring!

Frank. Whew! that's a peeler! How long will it take to see them all?

Thomas. Oh! not half an hour; and it won't take you five minutes to run down to the depot afterwards, if you clip it like a good fellow.

Frank. Are there any monkeys?

Thomas. Plenty of them! the funniest monkeys you ever saw; they make all sorts of faces.

Frank. Well—I don't know—what if I should be too late for the cars?

Thomas. No danger of that, I tell you; the town clock up there is too fast; it's all out of order; and, besides, you might see half the beasts while you are standing here thinking about it—looking up the street and down the street.

Frank. Well, come along, then; where's your money?

Thomas. Oh! I don't pay! I got acquainted with the door-keeper after I had been in twice, and now he lets me in for nothing every time I bring a fellow that does pay.

Frank. Oh ho! well, I suppose it's a quarter of a dollar, and I have one somewhere in my pockets. [*Pulling out his handkerchief to search for the money, drops the letter.*] Ah! here it is! Come, Thomas! no time to be lost. Mind you do not let me stay too long.

[*They go into the exhibition booth. Frank's father, passing along, picks up the letter, examines it, looks round for Frank, and passes hastily away.*]

50. THE EVIL ADVISER—CONCLUDED.

[*After some time, the boys come out.*]

Thomas. You did not see half of them, you were in such a hurry and worry.

Frank. I know it. Are you sure that clock is too fast, Thomas?

Thomas. I don't know—I suppose so—the clocks are wrong half the time.

Frank. Why, you told me it was too fast, Thomas! and now I'll bet any thing I shall be too late! I wish I hadn't gone in!

Thomas. Well, why don't you move, then? What are you rummaging after?

Frank. Why, after my letter. I'm sure I put it in this pocket. What, in the name of wonder, has become of it?

Thomas. Look in t'other pocket.

Frank. It isn't there! nor in my hat! What shall I do?

Thomas. Why, you can't have löst it, can you?

Frank. I have löst it; I am as sure as can be I had it in this very pocket just before I met you, and now it's gone!

Thomas. May be somebody stole it in the crowd.

Frank. That's comfort! There was ever so much money in it, for I heard father talking about it at dinner-time.

Thomas. Oh! I'll tell you what's become of it.

Frank. What? what?

Thomas. Why, I guess the elephant took it out of your pocket!

Frank. You ought to be ashamed to stand there laughing, after you have got me into such a scrape! I have a great mind to go in again and look all round.

Thomas. They won't let you in again, unless you pay.

Frank. Oh, Thomas! what will my father say to me? Where shall I look? I wish I had never heard of the beasts; there was no comfort in looking at them, for I was thinking of the cars all the time; and now my letter is lost, and brother Henry's money, and all; and what will father do to me?

Thomas. What's the use of telling him any thing about it? He'll never know whether the letter went or not, if you don't say a word.

Frank. Yes, he will; my brother will write to inquire for the money.

Thomas. Well, and can't you say you gave the letter to the gentleman?

Frank. No, Thomas; I can't do that. I can't tell a lie—and, above all, to my father.

Thomas. The more fool you! But you needn't look so mad about it. There's your father coming now! run and tell him, quick, and get a whipping!

Frank. He will punish me, Thomas; that he will. What shall I do?

Thomas. Take my advice; I'll tell a fib for you, and do you hold to it.

Frank. I never told a lie in my life, Thomas!

Thomas. Then it's high time you did: you'll have to tell a great many before you die.

Frank. I don't believe that.

Thomas. Well, here's your father. Now see how I'll get you out of the scrape. That's right! keep staring up at the hand-bill on the wall.

[*Enter Father; Frank stares at the hand-bill.*]

Father. Why, Frank, you have run yourself out of breath; I trust that letter will go safely, for your brother wants the money very much.

Thomas. Frank was just in time, sir. The cars were just starting.

Father. Oh! you went with him, did you?

Thomas. Yes, sir; and I saw the gentleman put the letter in his pocket-book very carefully. I fancy it will go safe enough.

Father. I fancy it will. What is in that hand-bill, Frank, that interests you so much?

Frank. I don't know, sir.

Father. What's the matter, my boy?

Frank. I can't stand it, father! I can't stand it! I had rather take ten whippings, Thomas, any day, than—

Father. Ho, ho! what is all this?

Thomas. You are a fool, Frank.

Frank. I know I am a fool; but I can't tell a lie. I löst the letter, father; I went to see the wild beasts with Thomas, and löst the letter!

Father. And this precious fellow wanted you to deceive me about it, did he?

Thomas. Why, I thought—

Father. Frank! I would willingly lose a dozen letters,