"ROUGHING IT IN

CHAPTER VII. (CONTINUED.)

I felt for the demiste old creature—the tears rushed to my eyes; but there was no moisture in hers. No rain from the heart could filter through that iron soil.

"Be assured, Mrs. R-," said Mcodie, "that the dead will be held sacred; the place will never be disturbed by me."

"Perhaps not; but it is not long that you will remain here. I have seen a good deal in my time : but I never saw a gentleman from the old country make a good Canadian farmer. The work is rough and and leave it to their hired helps, and then bottle, and that fixes them. I tell you with a sneering laugh, exclaimed, what it is, mister-I give you just three years to spend your money and ruin yourself; and then you will become a confirmed drunkard, like the rest."

The first part of her prophecy was only sit all day like a lady !" too true. Thank God! the last has never been fulfilled, and never can be.

Perceiving that the old woman was not a little elated with her bargain, Mr. urged upon her the propriety of barring the dower. At first, she was outrageous, and very abusive, and rejected all his proposals

the land speculator. "If you will sign the nor you." papers before the authorities, the next time that your son drives you to C-

will give you a silk gown." you will need it before I want a silk gown," was the ungracious reply.

"Consider, woman; a black silk of the best quality.

of the farm."

"Twelve yards," continued Mr. ----, leave the house. without noticing her rejoinder, "at a dollar a yard. Think what a nice church going gown it will make." church.'

what will satisfy you?" the old woman, rocking herself to and fro in floors.' her chair; her eyes twinkling, and her grasped the money so dear to her soul. Agreed," said the land speculator. should be so gratuitously spiteful.

"When will you be in town?" ber, I'll not sign till I have my hand on the an Italian iron. I was just getting my baby money."

quitted the house; then, turning to me, he told the girl to take it. She did so, but added, with a peculiar smile, "That's a stood beside me, holding it carelessly in her devilish smart woman. She would have hand, and staring at the baby, who had just made a clever lawyer."

Monday came, and with it all the bustle of moving, and, as is generally the case on her relaxed grasp, giving me a severe blow day. I left old Satan's hut without regret, the child's head that it drew from me a cry glad, at any rate, to be in a place of my own, of terror. however humble. Our new habitation, though small, had a decided advantage over | child," quoth Miss Amanda, with the greatthe one we were leaving. It stood on a gentle est coolness, and without making the least slope; and a narrow but lovely stream, full apology. Master Ammon burst into a loud of speckled trout, ran murmuring under the laugh. "If it had, Mandy, I guess we'd little window; the house, also, was surrounded by fine fruit-trees.

that tinkling brook, forever rolling by, filled | had they injured the child, it would not my heart with a strange melancholy, which have caused them the least regret. for many nights deprived me of rest. I loved it, too. The voice of waters, in the the door, my husband was greatly amused stillness of night, always, had an extraordin- by seeing fat Uncle Joe chasing the rebellious ary effect upon my mind. Their ceaseless Ammon over the meadow in front of the motion and perpetual sound convey to me the idea of life-eternal life; and looking puffing like a steam-engine, and his face upon them, glancing and flashing on, now flushed to deep red with excitement and in sunshine, now in shade, now hoarsely passion. "You --- young scoundrel!" chiding with the opposing rock, now leaping | he cried, half choked with fury, "if I catch triumphantly over it,-creates within me a up to you, I'll take the skin off you !" feeling of mysterious awe of which I never could wholly divest myself.

wailings and fretful sighs, I fancied myself | menacing manner at his father. lamenting for the land I had left forever; "That boy is growing too bad," and its restless impetuous rushings against Uncle Joe, coming up to us out of breath, the stones which choked its passage, were perspiration streaming down his face. against the strange destiny which hemmed | master of us all." me in. Through the day the stream moaned and travelled on,—but engaged in my novel and distasteful occupations, I heard it not; but whenever my winged thoughts flew homeward, then the voice of the brook harmonious music.

In a few hours I had my new abode more comfortably arranged than the old one, al- "and, wicked as it is in the mouth of a though its dimensions were much smaller. The location was beautiful, and I was greatly consoled by this circumstance. The aspect of Nature ever did, and I hope ever will continue,

"To shoot marvellous strength into my heart." As long as we remain true to the Divine Mother, so long will she remain faithful to her suffering children.

feeling very nearly allied to that which the condemned criminal entertains for his cellhis only hope of escape being through the portals of the grave.

At that period my love for Canada was

The fall rains had commenced. In a few days the cold wintry showers swept all the gorgeous crimson from the trees; and a bleak and desolate waste presented itself to the shuddering spectator. But, in spite of wind and rain, my little tenement was never free from the intrusion of Uncle Joe's wife and children. Their house stood about a stone's-throw from the hut we occupied, in the same meadow, and they seemed to look upon it still as their own, although we had literally paid for it twice over. Fine strapping girls they were, from five years old to fourteen, but rude and unnurtured as so many bears. They would come in without the least ceremony, and, young as they were, ask me a thousand impertinent questions; and when I civilly requested them to leave the room, they would range them a sleigh whither we pleased, right over the selves upon the door-step, watching my motions, with their black eyes gleaming upon | wide white level plain; it was a year me through their tangled, uncombed locks. Their company was a great annoyance, for it obliged me to put a painful restraint upon the thoughtfulness in which it was so delightful to me to indulge. Their visits were

my awkward attempts at Canadian house-For a week I was alone, my good Scotch girl having left me to whit her father. Some small haby-articles were needed to be washed, and after making a great preparation, determined to try my unskilled hand upon

the operation. The fact is, I knew nothing about the task I had imposed upon myself, and in a few minutes rubbed the skin off my wrists without getting the clothes clean. The door was open, as it generally was

even during the coldest winter days, in or der to let in more light and let out the hard, and they get out of humour with it, smoke, which otherwise would have envel oped us like a cloud. I was so busy that all goes wrong. They are cheated on all did not perceive that I was watched by the sides and in despair take to the whiskey | cold, heavy, dark eyes of Mrs. Joe, who

"Well! I am glad to see you brought to work at last. I hope you may have work as hard as I have. I don't see, not why you, who are no better than me, should

"R ---," said I, not a little annoyed at her presence, "what concern is it of yours whether I work or sit still? I never interfere with you. If you took it into your head to lie in bed all day, I should never trouble myself about it."

"Ah, I guess you don't look upon us a with contempt; vowing that she would fellow critters, you are so proud and grand. meet him in a certain place below. before I s'pose you Britishers are not made of flesh she would sign away her right to the pro- and blood, like us. You don't choose to sit down at meat with your helps. Now, I Listen to reason, Mrs. R .-- ," said calculate, we think them a great deal better

"Of course," said I, "they are more suitable to you than we are; they are uneducated, and so are you. This is no fault "Pshaw! Buy a shroud for yourself; in either; but it might teach you to pay a little more respect to those who are possessed of superior advantages. But, R --my helps, as you call them, are civil and obliging, and never make unprovoked and "To mourn in for my sins, or for the loss | malicious speeches. If they could so far forget themselves, I should order them to

"Oh I see what you are up to," replied the insolent dame; " you mean to say that if I were your help, you would turn me out "To the devil with you! I never go to of your house; but I'm a free-born American, and I won't go at your bidding. Don't "I thought as much," said Mr ----, think I came here out of regard to you. No winking to us. "Well, my dear madam, I hate you all; and I rejoice to see you at the wash-tub, and I wish that you may be "I'll do it for twenty dollars," returned brought down upon your knees to scrub the

This speech only caused a smile, and yet hands moving convulsively, as if she already I felt hurt and astonished that a woman whom I had never done anything to offend

In the evening she sent two of her brood "On Tuesday, if I be alive. But, remem- over to borrow my "long iron" as she called to sleep, sitting upon a low stool by the fire. "Never fear," said Mr. ____, as we I pointed to the iron upon the shelf, and sunk into sleep upon my lap.

The next moment the heavy iron fell from such occasions, it turned out a very wet upon my knee and foot; and glanced so near

"I guess that was nigh braining the have cotched it." Provoked at their insolence, I told them to leave the house. I know not how it was, but the sound of | tears were in my eyes, for I felt certain that

The next day, as we were standing at house. Joe was out of breath, panting and

"You - scoundrel, you may have my skin if you can get at me," retorted the A portion of my own spirit seemed to precocious child as he jumped up upon the pass into that little stream. In its deep top of a high fence, and doubled his fist in a

mournful types of my own mental struggles is time to break him in, or he'll get the

"You should have begun that before," said Moodie. "He seems a hopeful pupil. "Oh, as to that, a little swearing is manly," returned the father; "I swear myself, I know, and as the old cock crows, so crows spoke deeply and sadly to my heart, and my the young one. It is not his swearing that tears flowed unchecked to its plaintive and I care a pin for, but he will not do a thing I tell him to.

"Swearing is a dreadful vice," said I, grown-up person, it is perfectly shocking in a child; it painfully tells he has been brought up without the fear of God."

"Pooh! pooh! that's all cant; there is no harm in a few oaths, and I cannot drive the horses without swearing. I daresay you can swear, too, when you are riled, but you are too cunning to let us hear you." I could not he p laughing outright at this

supposition, but replied very quietly, Those who practise such iniquities never take any pains to conceal them. The concealment would infer a feeling of shame and when people are conscious of their guilt, they are in the road to improvement." The man walked whistling away, and the wicked child returned unpunished to his home

The next minute the old woman came in. And hails the light at the open door "I guess you can give me a piece of silk for | That tells his toilsome journey's o'er. a hood" said she, "the weather is growing | The merry sleigh-bells! My fond heart considerable cold."

"Surely it cannot well be colder than it is at present," said I, giving her the rocking-chair by the fire.

"Wait a while: you know nothing of a Canadian winter. This is only November; after the Christmas thaw, you'll know something about cold. It is seven and thirty years ago since I and my man left the U-ni-ted States. It was called the year of the great winter. I tell you, woman, that the snow lay so deep on the earth, that it blocked up all the roads, and we could drive anake fences. All the cleared land was one scarcity, and we were half starved; but the From the cedar swamp the gaunt wolve severe cold was far worse nor the want of provisions. A long and bitter journey we From the oak loud whoops the felon owl; had of it; but I was young then, and pretty | The snowstorm sweeps in thunder past, well used to trouble and fatigue; my man | The forest cracks beneath the blast;

my neart was with the true cause. their father was Raglish and says he, Shed gladness on the evening hour. 'Pli live and die under their flag.' dragged me from my comfortable fireside to Trouble! I guess you think you have your troubles; but what are they to mine?" pensed took a pinch of sauff, offered me the box, sighed painfully, pushed the red handkerchief from her high, narrow wrinkled brow, and continued :- Joe was a baby then, and I had another belnless critter in my lap-an adopted child. My sister had died from it, and I was pursing it at the same breast with my boy. Well, we had to perform a journey of four hundred miles in an ox cart, which carried, besides me and the children, all our household stuff. Our way lay chiefly through the forest, and we made but slow progress. Oh! What a bitter cold night it was when we reached the swampy woods where the city of Rochester now stands. The oxen were covered with icicles, and their breath sent up clouds of steam. 'Nathan,' says I to my man, 'you must stop and kindle a fire; I am dead with cold, and I fear the babes will be frozen.' We began looking about for a good spot to camp in, when I spied a light through the trees. It was a lone shanty, occupied by two French lumberers. The men were kind; they rubbed our frezen limbs with snow, and shared with us their supper and buffalo skins. On that very spot where we camped that night, where we heard nothing but the wind soughing among the trees, and | and that the fantastic, unmoral, spritelike the rushing of the river, now stands the character of dreams is, in some way, traceable great city of Rochester. I went there two | to that fact. The practical inference then

starve here." I was so much interested in the old woman's narrative- she was really possessed of no ordinary capacity, and, though rude and uneducated, might have been a very superior person under different circumstances—that I rummaged among my stores, and seen found a piece of black silk, which I gave her for the hood she required.

seemed to me like a dream. Where we fod-

husband left this fine growing country to

The old woman examined it carefully over, smiled to herself, but, like all her people, was too proud to return a word of thanks. One gift to the family always involved another.

"Have you any cotton-batting, or black sewing silk, to give me, to quilt it with ?" "Humph!" returned the old dame, in a tone which seemed to contradict my asser

tion. She then settled herself in her chair. and, after shaking her foot awhile, and fixing her pierceing eyes upon me for some minutes, she commenced the following list of interrogatories :-

"Is your father alive?" "No; he died many years ago, when I was a young girl."

"Is your mother alive?"

"What is her name?" I satisfied her on this point.

" Did she ever marry again ?" "She might have done so, but she loved her husband too well, and preferred living | terrible that I make no apology for offersingle."

"Humph! We have no such notions harmless remedy to obviate them. F. P. C. here. What was your father?" "A gentlemen who lived upon his own estate.

"Did he die rich?" "He lost the greater part of his property

from being surety for another." "That's a foolish business. My man burnt his fingers with that. And what brought you out to this poor country-you who are no more fit for it than I am to be fine lady ?"

"The promise of a large grant of land, and the false statements we heard regarding

"Do you like the country?"

"No; and I fear I never shall." "I thought not; for the drop is always on your cheek, the children tell me; and those young ones have keen eyes. Now, take my advice: return while your money lasts; the longer you remain Canada the less you will like it; and when your money is all spent, you will be like a bird in a cage you may beat your wings against the bars but you can't get out." There was a long pause. I hoped that my guest had sufficiently gratified her curiosity, when she again commenced :-

"How do you get your money? Do you draw it from the old country or have you it with you in cash?"

"Provoked by her pertinacity, and seeing no end to her cross-questioning, I replied, very impatiently, "Mrs. R __ is it the custom in your country to catechise strangers whenever you meet with them?" "What do you mean?" she said, coloring,

I believe, for the first time in her life. "I mean," quoth I, " an evil habit of asking impertinent questions." The old woman got up and left the house

without speaking another word.

THE SLEIGH BELLS. 'Tis merry to hear, at evening time, By the blazing hearth the sleigh-bells chime: To know the bounding steeds bring near The loved one to our bosoms dear. Ah, lightly we spring the fire to raise, Till the rafters glow with the ruddy blaze Those merry sleigh-bells, our hearts keep

Responsive to their fairy-chime. Ding-dong, ding-dong, o'er vale and hill, Their welcome notes are trembling still.

'Tis he, and blithely the gay bells sound, As his sleigh glides over the frozen ground Hark! he has pass'd the dark pine wood, He crosses now the ice-bound flood,

And throbs to hear the welcome bells: Ding-dong, ding-dong, o'er ice and snow. A voice of gladness, on they go.

Our hut is small, and rude our cheer. But love has spread the banquet here: And childhood springs to be caresa'd By our beloved and welcome guest. With a smiling brow his tale he tells. The urchins ring the merry sleigh-bells: The merry sleigh-bells, with shout and

They drag the noisy string along ; Ding-dong, ding-dong, the fathers come The gay bells ring his welcome home.

not visits of love, but of mere idle curiosity, stuck to the British government. More No more I list with boding feer,

The sleigh-bells' distant chime to hear. But The merry sleigh-bells with southing power Ding-dong, ding-dong, what rapture swells The music of those joyous bells

"Many versions have been given of this song, and the original copy, written whilst leaning on the open door of my shanty, and watching for the return of mybusband.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Cure For Sleeplessness.

The terrible evil of incomnia has so many different sources, that the utmost we can hope from any single artifice is to afford relief; from it under one special form. venture to think I have hit upon a plan which thus remedies a very common) not an aggravated) kind of sleeplessness; and, with your permission, will endeavor to make your readers who may be fellow-sufferers sharers in my discovery.

It is now, I believe, generally accepted that our conscious daylight thinking processes are carried on in the sinister half of onr brains-i. e., in the right lobe which controls the action of the right arm and leg. Pondering on the use of the dexter half of the brain-possibly in all unconscious cerebration, and in whatsoever may be genvine of the mysteries of planchette and spiritrapping-1 came to the conclusion (shared no doubt by many other better qualified inquirers) that we dream with this lobe. years ago, to the funeral of a brother. It struck me : to bring back sleep when lost we must quiet the conscious, thinking, dered our beauts by the shanty fire, now | sinister side of our brains, and bring into stands the largest hotel in the city; and my activity only the dream side, the dexter lobe. To do this, the only plan I could devise was to compel myself to put aside every waking thought, even soothing and pleasant ones, and every effort of daylight memory, such as counting numbers or the repetition of easy-flowing verses, the latter having been my not wholly unsuccessful practice for many years. Instead of all this, I saw I must think of a dream, the more recent the better, and go over and over the scene it presented.

Armed with this idea, the next time I found myself awakening at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, instead of merely trying to banish painful thoughts and repeating, as was my habit, that recommen lable soporific, "Paradise and the Peri." I reverted at once to the dream from which I had awakened, and tried to go on with it. In a mo ment I was asleep! And from that time the experiment, often repeated, has scarcely ever failed. Not seldom the result is sud den as the fall of a curtain, and seems like a charm. A friend to whom I have confided my little discovery tells me that, with out any preliminary theorizing about the lobes of the brain, she had hit upon the same plan to produce sleep, and had found

it efficacious. I should be very glad to hear if other sufferers can obtain the precious boon in the same way. The evils of prolonged wakefulness and of the drug-taking to which its victims are too often driven are alike so ing my humble contribution of one more

The Lizard Lost His Tail.

Many observers have noticed that some of the pretty house lizards of tropical countries have parted with a whole or part of their tails, which appendage is, however, said to grow again. The following incident is cited by Colonel Cookson, and is suggested as an explanation of this loss

As I sat reading at a little table in front of one of the windows of my bungalow in India, my attention was attracted to a violent fight taking place between two house lizards upon the curtain. These creatures are about the size of newts. They live upon the walls and windows of houses. They find shelter in cracks and crevices, feeding upon flies, which they stealthily approach, and then suddenly pounce upon.

The two lizards took up their positions about a yard apart. They then suddenly scampered forward at the same moment like knights in a tournament of old, had a severe tussle when they met, and then separated to the same distance apart as before, usually changing sides after each round.

Again and again they rushed forward and closed, when at last in the struggle one seiz ed the other by the tail, snapped a piece off, and scampered back in triumph to his corner, with the portion of his mutilated adversary in his mouth.

think I shall never forget how disma the defeated lizard looked with his stump from which the tail had been broken, as he Prop., 122 Yonge Street. Terms on application. sat looking on, while his cannibal of an opponent positively ate the fragment up before his eyes !

From Rags to Wealth.

The other day a leading solicitor received instructions from London to hunt up a young man who had quitted England ten years previously and a draft for £300 was enclosed to pay his passage home. After a course of advertising a member of a charitable society called in and directed the solicitor to s certain hovel in Lower Alexander, Sydney

The solicitor, knowing the "lay" of the country judiciously sent his clerk down to caten the fever instead of doing it in person. Thet well dressed young man explored the barbarous region, do iging through back lanes and over mud piles and among broken fences that hung wearily and lopsidedly amid abysses of mud, and at last he arrived at a hut which boasted a box and a pile of rags and straw for its sole furniture. A weary woman, who had once been handsome and who under happier auspices would be handsome again, begged that they should not be turned out of their dismal abode until her husband was better, and a hollow-eyed invalid stretched on a pile of rags in the corner echoed the petition. And these two were the heirs to a fortune of \$150,000.

Chinese Druge.

The Assistant Examiner of the Chinese Customs Service has sent to the United States Tressury Department a printed list of Chinese medicines exported from Yangtee ports. Among the remedies are tigers' bonce, ground blood, bears' gall, orabe, fossil teeth, fowls' gizzanie, "insects of nine smells," Job's tears, cow hair, glass, rhinoceres horns, cow's knee, puff balls, dragens' teeth, straw, hedgehog skins, dried silkworms, make skins, crabs eyes, horse tails, and santipades.

The opium habit, dependent nervous prostration caned diaged who are broken down from oil and

Summer's heat debilitates both nerves and body, and Head. ache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, and u "all-played-out" sensation prove that PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND should be used now. This medicine restores health to Nerves, Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels, and imparts life and energy to the heat prostrated system Vacations or no vacations, PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is the medicine for this season. It is a scienific combination of the best tonics, and those who use it begin the hot summer days with clear heads, strong nerves, and general good health. PAINE's CELERY COMPOUND is sold by all druggists, \$1 a bottle. Six for \$5. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop.

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YOUNG FO

CONCLUDED. New the Princess of that o prettiest that ever you saw, a

that she also was waking j time, and looking out of her not the stable-boy, h with skin as white and pun gold, bathing his face a tern in the court yard. (T be did not have the tow wig

But how she did look stare and look, to be sure, fo sen the like of the Prince h born days. By-and bye she called one and hade her go down-stairs lad that stood bathing at th

court-yard; and down wer But when she came there sh but the lean, tattered, pale the prince had heard her co clapped his hat upon his man, as no one else was in the woman took the lad up as she had been bidden to de But the Princess did not in his wig of tow. "Why this fellow to me ?" said she "Because ' said the wom ne one else in the court- jar Then the Princess began that together. "Why do

should I wear it ?" said he. Then the Princess snatch wig, and before the Prince was about, she had it off his hestood the handsomest her "Tell me who you are," sai "That I cannot do yet," so give me my tow wig aga go to my stables and pig-sty Thereupon the Princess g

azly tow wig?" said she to

To keep my wits warm

and he clapped it upon his down stairs and away, and t the saw of him for some tim Now in that country w dragon that wasted the lan folk at such a rate that all three leagues about was not ing naked desert.

So at lest the King ca councillors together to see wits could not show him a the pest. "Let it be proclaimed th the dragon shall have the

wife, and half the country said the oldest and the w " and then a hero will not ing himself." So it was done as the wis vised, and the proclamation all the church doors in the t what a hurly-burly there

talked of anything but the one would have liked to ha for his wife, but not a soul fiery dragon. "I would like to go and said the tattery, pale-faced Maybe it was five mini who heard what he said co

for the fit of laughing that "Very well," said they may take the old lame hor yonder on the stony hil that was the best that the So off he rode, and all turned and looked after hi

But little he cared for t ged, hoppety-clep, until the great dark forest. Th into the air, and there stoo man as quick as wink. "And what is it that yo

" I should ilke," said th another horse and suit of may kill the great fiery dra That was what he said what he wanted-a beau and a suit of shining silver hest part of the business fire nor sword could harm

that armor. So up the Prince leaped white horse, and off he

dragon. Never mind; I only wi have seen the fight betwi the dragon, for it was be at a fair to look at. But came, and there lay the the Prince cut off its hea home again.

When he came to the t King and all his people walked the Prince, and he was. Down he flung without saying A or Izza and nobody to stop him fo Away he rode to the the black hairy man wa off he rode on his old lam In the town everybody the hero who had killed t

er mind," said the sta only been there in time much sayself." Dear ! dear ! how they at the foolish lad's word half dead with their me little breath left in their But the King was per the attange knight could he called all of his cour talk the business over. shall do," said the very

all—he who had advised ing the dragon-" you s ghas, and on the top the with a golden apple and hand. Whoever rides u the one and the other f man who killed the fier And so again it was councillor said. A hill and on the top the Prin the golden apple and th the world was given to

could ride up the hill a one and the other migh grow the King. So every young man borrow a bit of horsefles of to the glass hill, big and olds great and small " I abbeld like to go

Oh yes," said the o for laughing, "y treedy that no doubt the hill and bri the allver pe to for going, your