For the Boys and Girls

IN TREE-TOP LAND

BY MARTIN BRETHERTON.

Dorothy was a little girl of seven. She was a very small little girl, which is perhaps why she had this adventure. She was walking through her grandmother's field when it came to rain, and before she had time to wonder if she should run and shelter under one of the big oaks at the end of the field, a most extraordinary thing happened.

One of the oak trees began bending down and down. It was not like an oak tree any longer, at least, it was not like a tree with a trunk whose branches waved in the breeze. It was still a tree, but it was a living tree. It was a gnarled, handsome-looking old man in a green knickerbocker suit, wearing a green hat.

"You'll get wet," he told Dorothy, as he stooped down to pick her up. When he stooped he reached right down to the ground, but when he stood up again with Dorothy in his arms he found herself in a tree right among the branches. It was not in the least like being in a tree as Dorothy remembered it from those she had climbed before. It was more like a palace. Here and there among the branches ran little pages dressed in green carrying beautifully carved acorn-cups filled with dew, all ready to do the oak-tree's bidding. It was absurd to think of him as an oak tree any longer.

"Who are you, please?" Dorothy said. "Are you an oak tree or a man?"

QUERCUS THE FOURTH.

"I am a King," the little figure said with great dignity. "I am King of the Tree Tops. I am Quercus the Fourth. You must please speak to me as Your Majesty. And who are you? I know you are a little girl, of course, but I mean, Dorothy, what is your Majesty's name?"

"My name is Dorothy," the little girl said. "I don't think I'd rather be a King, I think I'd like to be a man."

"Why?" said the King, with great surprise.

"Because," said Dorothy, "a man can do anything he wants to, but a little girl can't."

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