

[Continued from page 13.]

let me have that bright tin to boil them in.'

'Guess I shan't miss, it's just scoured, and chestnuts'll make it black as iron.'

'Well, then, that other one; that's a good Sallie, please do, and I'll scour every knife for you, and run for the wood, and pick up some apples to bake. Say, will you, just to please grandpa?'

'Well, 'spose I must; but don't tease, I hate teasing.'

'Shut that door, I say!' screamed the old gentleman, as Rob and Jim entered, leaving the door open, 'or I'll teach you something.'

'Hurrah for old bones!' said Rob, not minding to shut the door.

Catie ran to shut it, and then finished putting the dishes on the table.

'Jim,' said Rob, 'we'll go a fishing as soon as breakfast is over. I saw some splendid pickerel that came from the pond just now.'

'But father said he'd lick us if we went again,' replied Jim.

'But then you know he won't; he'll only scold, and who cares for that. Besides, he won't know; who'll tell him? and he'll think we are at school. We'll go up the hill that way, and then take a turn round the big rock. You needn't be listening—listeners never hear any good of themselves,' said Robert to Catie, as she came near.

'I was only going to say,' said Catie, 'that you might take my new book to school, you know you wanted one, and if you'll go when I do I'll help you all the way, so Dick shan't get above you again. Will you? and then we'll stop on the hill and gather beechnuts, as we come back!'

'Will you, though, Catie? Well, that's a nice girl. I wanted a new book more than anything.'

'We won't go a fishing to-day, will we, Jim? Let's wait.'

'Breakfast's ready,' called Sallie, 'go and call your father.'

'Go yourself, old one.'

'No, let me go,' said Catie, 'I do so like to run down the hill in the sunshine!'

'Do you, though? Well, I'll go too,' said Rob.

When breakfast was over, Catie put on her chestnuts, and then scoured the knives and ran for Sallie's wood, and was all ready for school long before the boys were.

'Oh dear,' growled grandpa, 'I do believe the wind's getting round North, I kind o' feel it in my bones.'

'Oh, no,' said Catie, 'I see the leaves blowing from the South. Only see them, don't they look like flashes of sunshine? See here, I've fixed your chair in the other room, instead of in the kitchen, and I've put your spectacles on the window seat, and the last papers; and if I'll bring you a nice piece of wood won't you cut me out a handle? I'm going to make Sal something nice to wash dishes with, and don't mind if you strew the pieces on the floor, I'll brush them up when I get home; and then if you only would go out with us at noon and tell us about the apples, which are the sweetest and best.'

'What a child that is,' said the old man to himself, after she had left. 'Really, it makes me feel young, just to hear her speak. It isn't more than half as cold when she's near, and somehow it seems as if the rooms were brighter since she came. I keep going back to the days when I was a boy, as I see her; dear me, how old I am! Wonder what folks grow old for; nobody likes old folks, and old folks like nobody. Now, I'm just going to scold Catie and see what she'll say.'

'What did she put my chair there for? Move it quick, the light will blind me. Shut the door quick; you children are all the time trying to trouble me!'

'Why, grandpa,' said Catie, gently, 'I put your chair there just so you could see the old meeting-house steeple on the hill, and be sure the wind didn't get round North before I got back; and I left the door open to let in the warm air from the kitchen. Only see here what a nice stick I found, and here's the chestnuts all done, and now I'm away to school. Don't forget to eat the chestnuts, every one, so I can get some more.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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