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I could not think what was the matter with Roland when he clapped his hands together and said, "The very thing!" and I suppose I must have looked very much astonished, for he explained to me what he meant right away, which was kind of him.

"You see, Jock," he said, sitting down on a grapevine branch which was just about the right height, and looped up like a swing, "I've been puzzling my head about a birthday present for Aunt Louise, and could not think of a single thing to make that would be worth giving her; and now here's a valuable suggestion, made by a wild grapevine free of charge! I heard her tell uncle, only the other day, that when Jake had a little time she wanted him to mend the seat under the big oak tree, where she likes so to sit and see the sunset; but, bless you! it's past mending. I was looking at it, to see if I could do it, but the boards are too rotten to hold the nails. But these queer twisted branches would make a beauty, just like one we have in our back yard in Richmond; and I'll bring my tools and make it here, and then Uncle Jake can help me carry it home and set it up the night before Aunt Louise's birthday. Let's see if there's a hollow tree about, where I could keep my tools, and then I needn't carry them back and forth every day."

We started to look for one, and I found one first, but I must confess that it was an accident, and because a field-mouse which I was after happened to bolt into it. Roland didn't see the field-mouse, and he praised me for my cleverness, as he called it, until I felt very much ashamed. But how could I tell him about the