

the goat's beard, and poking him in the ribs, This Boy made his goat seem very frisky, because he saw that Janet was fond of a bit of fun. If she had been a quiet little girl, he would have taken good care not to plague his poor beast, whilst *she* was in the chaise.

As soon as they had got out of the town, Janet wanted a gallop. So the boy gave her the reins, and ran along by the side of the goat, "stirring him up with the long pole," as he called it. Janet was very pleased to think that she had chosen such a funny boy. When they got up on the Downs, mamma and Sister Bessie sat down to rest, whilst Janet took little scampers east, west, north, and south. It was a beautiful day—there was a pleasant little breeze up there—the shallow little chalk-pools were pale blue—the sky was bright blue—and the sunny sea was deep blue. As the goat-chaise rattled, rocking, up and down the short-grassed chalk hills—making the sheep scamper off too with their mouths full of thyme—Janet *was* pleased that she had got away from the "stupid sands."

"You wanted me to have that other boy, Bessie," she said, when the panting goat pulled up for a minute or two before the little heap of flints against which her mamma and sister were leaning; "but I'm sure he wouldn't have given me half the fun that this boy does."

"You mustn't drive your poor goat too hard, my boy," said mamma.

"Oh no, mum—bless ye, he likes it!" and then off Janet went for another rocking rattle.

The goat *didn't* like it, however; he had long been tired of what was such fun to Janet, and presently, to escape from any more "funny" pokes in the ribs, he went off at a wild gallop right down towards the edge of the cliff. Janet turned as white as the chalk, dropped the reins, and clutched the sides of the reeling chaise. Mamma and

Bessie, when they saw what had happened, rushed after her screaming, but they were too far off to do any good. Janet's boy tried to stop the goat, but, as it drew near the cliff, he grew sick with fear, and, though the trailing reins were quite within his reach, he made such a trembling grab when he stooped to snatch them, that they slipped from his fingers.

Over Janet must have gone, if it had not been for That Boy.

*He* was not afraid. "She'll stand quiet, Miss," he said to the nursemaid who had hired *his* goat to bring her little charge on to the downs, when he saw the other goat run away; and then he rushed to the rescue. Part of the way he had to run right along the edge of the cliff—shouting and flourishing his stick. A great lump of chalk, with a poppy on it, gave way under his foot, and rattled down to the beach.

He was not able to scare Janet's goat back, but he got up just in time to keep goat and chaise and Janet from going over. He flung himself on the goat, and slewed him round with such a wrench that the chaise was capsized, and Janet got a black bump like a budding goat's horn on her temples. But what was a bump, when but for That Boy she might have been lying on the beach a lifeless bundle of bruises and broken bones?

Janet's opinion of "funny boys" was considerably altered when she had been picked up and smoothed down, and saw That Boy looking so brave, and *her* boy looking so sulkily sheepish.

"You see, mum," said That Boy to mamma, when he was about to depart, highly pleased, to resume the charge of his own chaise, "I never worret my Nan; there she stands like a statty. Goats is just like menfolk. Treat 'em kind and they'll behave—but plague 'em, an' they'll give it ye back somehow."

CHARLES CAMDEN.

