

---

held their heads down so, and came so very near us before they were able to satisfy their curiosity. Sometimes they stretched out their long necks and got hold of our frocks in a manner that was very alarming. Mrs. Tubbs said they did not want to hurt us, it was only their way. Perhaps she was right; but still it would have been pleasanter if the ways of the geese, as well as the ways of Mrs. Tubbs herself, had been different.

Close by the field where these geese of such an uncomfortably curious disposition took their daily airing, was a shed where three little calves lived. Their names were Bell, Damsel, and Miss Smith. Bell was all white, Damsel was all brown, and Miss Smith, who appeared to think herself the prettiest of the three, was what they call strawberry colour. All of them had to be fed every morning and every evening with oatmeal and milk. It was great fun to see them take their breakfast and supper. Each one had a pail to herself; but they were fond of drinking out of each other's pails, and Mrs. Tubbs had to give them a sharp tap on the head sometimes, to make them keep to their own portions. Bell in particular was very troublesome at her meals. She would toss up her