

that she would not have hidden herself for mischief. The farmer and his wife were very anxious about her. There was a pond at the bottom of the field, and we thought that poor Damsel might have fallen in, but when we looked we saw nothing of her amongst the mud and reeds. We searched the plantation and the stackyards and the orchard and the garden and the pastures all over, but no Damsel was to be found anywhere. Then we were afraid some one must have stolen her, or that she had wandered away. So the farmer saddled his horse and trotted down the road to see if she had strayed there, and the labourer went in another direction, and little Tommy Tubbs was sent to the next farm to inquire if anything had been seen of a strange calf there. We were all very sorry, for she was such a pretty little thing. Bell and Miss Smith had their supper as usual and went to bed. Damsel's disappearance did not seem to trouble them much. Perhaps they knew all the time where she was, and would not tell us. The farmer and the labourer and Tommy came back after a while to say that they could not find her, and we made up our minds that we should never see her again.

Just before supper, Lucy and I set off to look at a