

bird's-nest in the orchard, and as we were going through the yard where the stacks were, I thought I saw something moving under a heap of straw. By-and-by a little white nose came poking out, and then a little brown head, and then a pair of brown legs, and, when we pushed the rest of the straw away, there was Damsel rubbing the sleep out of her eyes as innocently as possible. At least she would have been rubbing the sleep out of her eyes if her fingers had not been all hoofs. The poor little thing had felt rather tired, I daresay, with capering about so much, and so she had crept under the straw-stack to rest, and the wind had blown the loose straw over her until she was quite covered up. Mrs. Tubbs gave each of us a glass of new milk for bringing Damsel safe to the stable-door, and she did not even scold her, for she was so glad to see her back again.

The farmer's wife had a great many things to look after. I don't wonder she was rather sharp-tempered sometimes. Besides the calves and the pigs and the chickens and the cows and the guinea-fowls and the turkeys and the geese, there were six-and-twenty little ducklings, who were old enough to leave their papas and mammas, but not quite wise enough to take