

*HOW ANDY FOUND COMFORT.*

So he got up and kicked the mouse-trap under a big basket, where it could do nobody any harm.

By and by Andy's aunt unlocked the door, came in, and was surprised to find him looking so bright and happy. "Your mother has just come back from market," said she, "and has been scolding me for shutting you up."

"You did perfectly right, aunty," said Andy; "and I mean to have the pane of glass mended at my own expense. Now, please tell me one thing: When one has made an acquaintance, and broken bread with him, is it not right to keep that acquaintance from running into danger, if one can do so?"

"Of course it is, you queer boy!" said aunty.

"You're sure of that, are you?" asked Andy.

"Of course I am," replied aunty.

"Then I'm all right," said Andy; "for you must know, aunty, I have been dining on bread with two little mice, who entertained me greatly; and so, rather than see them caught, I kicked the mouse-trap under the basket."

"But you've caught me instead of the mice," said aunty, laughing. "O Andy, Andy! What shall we do with you?"

DORA BURNSIDE.

