

STORY OF A MOCKING-BIRD.

OUR neighbor, Mrs. Dodd, has a mocking-bird, whose name is Charley. Charley has a house as large as four ordinary cages; and in there he jumps and flutters and whistles to his heart's content.

Of course you know, from the name, that these birds are fond of imitating all sorts of noises. When Carrie laughs loudly, Charley hops down from his perch, turns his head one side, and listens attentively; then up he jumps again, and gives Carrie's laugh back to her in fine style.

One night, after everybody had gone to bed, Mrs. Dodd heard the cat in the room. She asked Mr. Dodd to get up and put her out; but he came back to bed without finding any cat, and they were just going to sleep, when they heard a distinct "*Mew, mew, mew!*"

Up got Mr. Dodd again; but he could find no cat, though he made a thorough search. So, thinking it must have been a mistake, he lay down for the third time.

He had hardly closed his eyes, when the sound came again, "*Mew, mew, mew!*" "It cannot be a mistake," said Mrs. Dodd. "*I will find you, Mistress Puss, if it takes me all night to do it.*" So she got up and opened the door, and listened.

Pretty soon she burst into a laugh. "It is no cat at all," said she: "it is that little rascal of a Charley!" And, sure enough, it was the mocking-bird, amusing himself in the middle of the night by giving an imitation of the cat.

But it is not often that Charley practises at such improper hours or annoys anybody with the sound of his voice. His usual notes are the very perfection of melody. His taste is exquisite. He gives, by turns, the sweetest music of all the singing-birds, and far outdoes them all.