

LOST IN THE WOODS.

morning last August, father and son were out in the woods, three miles from any house, when they saw something stirring between the trunks of two fallen trees.

“What is that, father?” cried Adolf, who carried a gun, and was on the lookout for game. “Shall I fire?”

“Always look twice before you shoot,” said the old man. “Your eyes ought to be better than mine; but to me it looks as if that thing we see were the head of a boy.”

Adolf crept cautiously forward, and then, with a smile, beckoned to his father, who soon came up to the spot. There lay a fat little fellow, about six years old, fast asleep. He was nicely covered with hemlock-branches and loose bark; and, with his head resting on some leaves for a pillow, he seemed to be having quite a comfortable time of it.

They roused him from his sleep, and then learned that his name was Victor Raymond; that he was the son of a poor widow who lived near the river; and that he had been two days and nights lost in the woods.

“But how have you lived all this time?” asked Adolf.

“Oh! I had some crackers in my pocket; and there are plenty of raspberries in the clearings,” said Victor. “There’s no need of a fellow’s starving in these woods at this time of the year.”

Adolf and his father led the little fellow to their own house, where he had a good breakfast, and was kindly treated by Marie. Then Adolf saddled the old white horse; and Mr. Bernard mounted, and Victor was placed behind him on the horse’s back.

“Good-by!” said Marie and Adolf

“Good-by! I shall never forget you,” cried Victor in reply.

And, after riding six miles, Mr. Bernard stopped the old