

HOW OSCAR DROVE THE SHEEP.

to reach Pinehill that day. He had yet two miles to go over a lonely road. What should he do?

By the wayside there was an old deserted house, which was looked on as public property; for boys would often go there, and make a fire to cook the fish they caught near by. Here Oscar concluded he would stop and pass the night.

The sight of some old rails and logs that lay under a shed cheered him up with the thought that he should not want for a fire. But how should he strike a light? Oscar's heart beat at the thought; for the cold was now intense.

He hunted on all the shelves and in all the closets, but could not find a match. At last, when he was almost in despair, he saw something in a crack of the floor. Was it a match? Yes, it was.

He first put some logs, chips, shavings, and paper on the hearth; then took some paper in his hand, and, going into a corner where the wind did not blow, drew the match carefully against the wall. It did not flash. Again he drew it, and then a third time. Ah! now it flashes: he puts the paper in the blaze, kindles that on the hearth, and soon has a comfortable fire.

With Merry's help, he then drove the sheep into an adjoining room, where they were well sheltered from cold. Then he sat down on a log, and shared his supper with Merry. He wished he might have had something for the sheep; but he knew it was better they should fast than freeze.

Early the next morning Mr. Norton, who grew very anxious after the cold weather came on, found Oscar and the rest in the old house; and very glad they all were. Not the least glad were the sheep, when they were driven to Pinehill Farm, where they had a good breakfast in a nice large barn.

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