

neat little garden, and then on a pansy bed. It was now so late in the fall that the pansies were asleep, so I lay down beside them, and was in about a week washed down into the brown earth.

I slept there all winter long, without ever waking up to look about me. When it began to get warm I went up to the top of the earth to take a look out, in my lovely pale green gown. The pansies, too, were waking up, and sending up their pretty green leaves. I don't think they liked to have me in their house, but still I stayed there, and I grew larger, and soon two little buds grew; and at last they opened into pretty golden flowers. In this little garden a pretty house stood, all covered with vines and climbing roses, where lived three little children with their mother and father.

In the garden there was also a summer house, covered over with pretty vines. One morning the mother came to look at her pansy-bed. She saw me, and said: "You naughty dandelion; you must not stay in my pansy-bed."

Then she called the children, and picking me, they all went into the summer-house. Holding up one of my leaves, she told the children to look at my tooth-shaped leaves, saying that is how the dandelion got its name, because it looked like the lion's teeth. Then she showed them how to make rings and chains of my stems, and told how, in the fall, the yellow dresses faded, and the dandelions put on white night gowns, and each blossom made dozens of little seeds for the next year.

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