

JACK THE CONQUEROR; Or, Difficulties Overcome.

BY MRS. C. E. BOWEN.

(From Children's Friend.)

CHAP. X.—(Continued.)

"I will give you five shillings and sixpence," said she. "You shall have good pay for this one to encourage you to go on."

Jack's eyes sparkled. Mrs. Sutton knew why; though he did not tell her what he intended to do with the money, which had so far exceeded his expectations.

His well-patched clothes were not lost on her. She desired her maid to search for a suit outgrown by her own boy, and these she gave him to take home. She also gave him an order for some more baskets, telling him he might be as long as he liked making them: for she was aware his time would be much more fully employed than hitherto, when he began to go to school.

Jack left the hall a very happy boy. He was wholly unconscious of the favorable impression he had made on his new friends, and of the value they might be to him hereafter. But he was charmed with his new suit, which would enable him to appear as well dressed as any boy in the village, and would prevent the necessity of his lying in bed again whilst some fresh repairs, meditated by Jenny, were effected on his old ones. There was now no hindrance to his going to school at once. The money Mrs. Sutton had given for the cage would pay for some time; he could not rest contented without knowing for how long. But this was a work of some difficulty to a boy who had never learnt his multiplication or pence-table. Still, even here he would not be overcome for want of trying. He collected together a heap of stones by the roadside, and then divided and subdivided them into imaginary shillings and pence. He knew that twelve pennies make one shilling, and this piece of knowledge enabled him to form an ingenious calculation by the help of his stones, which showed that he had sufficient money to pay his schooling for six months, by the end of which time he would have plenty more, probably.

Before he went home he paid a visit to old Jenny, and gave her his five shillings and sixpence to add to the fifteenpence she already had for him. The good woman had greatly rejoiced over the success of his interview with the Squire.

"Honesty is always the best policy," said she. "Had you taken them willows you would never have dared ask the lady to buy your baskets, lest you should be found out; and now you've got not only willows, but orders as well. Thank God, Jack, that He

has helped you to be an honest lad."

CHAPTER XI.

Bushgrove was but a hamlet attached to the larger village of Repton, about half a mile distant. Here there was an excellent National school, with a superior master; one who had the well-doing of the children greatly at heart, but to whom it was a constant disappointment that, as soon as the boys were beginning to feel an interest in their own advancement, they were taken from him to work in the quarries. It was seldom he could keep them beyond the age of twelve years at the furthest, and a strong, well-grown boy would be taken away sooner.

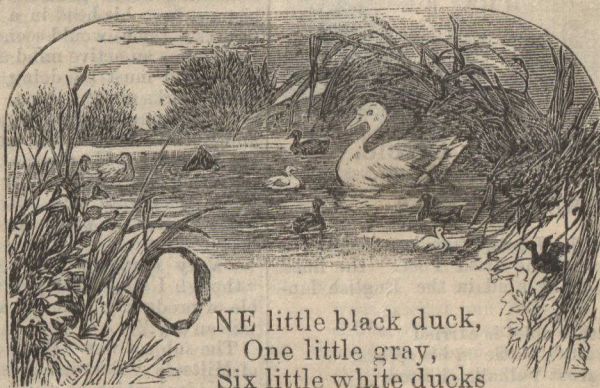
Two days after Jack's visit to the Hall, as Mr. Hartley, the school-master, was looking over some copy-books in the empty school-room, after the dismissal of the children, he heard a tap at the door, and in walked our friend Jack, dressed in his new suit, and with a smile on his face. Jenny had made a few alterations in it, so that it fitted him well, and his general appearance was that of great respectability. His aunt had not kept her promise of buying him a new hat; but Mrs. Naylor had a great harvest of apples this year, and had sold them so well last market-day, that she resolved Jack should reap some of the benefit. So she went to a shop and bought him a nice black-cloth cap. Mary had some white collars in anticipation of his going to school, and also a neat little necktie. She was beginning to feel proud of her pupil, whose progress in reading did both her and himself credit. She was very anxious that his appearance should be equal to that of the other boys.

Dressed as he was to-day, he was not only equal but superior, for Jack's habits of thought, and his natural intelligence of mind, had given an expression almost of refinement to his features.

Mr. Hartley looked at him with no small interest, as the boy explained that he wished to begin and come to school; and taking six shillings from his pocket, he laid it on the table, and said that was payment for six months in advance. This was altogether a most unusual mode of proceeding. It was customary for parents, not children, to come to him to transact this part of the business on their first entering the school; and although it was a rule that they should pay a week before-hand, longer than this was never thought of. But here was a novel state of affairs, and one that he had never to deal with before—a boy come to ask to be taken to school who stood in the light of both parent and purse-keeper to himself!

(To be Continued.)

TEN LITTLE DUCKS.

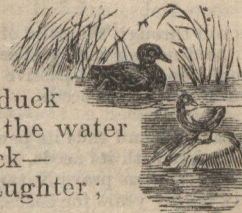


NE little black duck,
One little gray,
Six little white ducks

Running out to play;
One white lady-duck, motherly and trim,
Eight little baby-ducks bound for a swim.



One little white duck
Running from the water
One very fat duck—
Pretty little daughter;



One very grave duck swimming off alone,
One little white duck standing on a stone.



One little white duck
Holding up its wings,
One little bobbing duck
Making water-rings;
One little black duck
Turning round its head.



One big black duck—guess he's gone to bed.



One little white duck
Walking by its mother,
Look among the water-reeds,
Maybe there's another;
Not another anywhere?
Surely you are blind,
Push away the grass, dear,
Ducks are hard to find.

Bright little brown eyes,
O'er the picture linger;
Point me all the ducks out,
Chubby little finger;
Make the picture musical,
Merry little shout!
Now, where's that other duck?
What is he about?



I think the other duck
Is the nicest duck of all;
He hasn't any feathers,
And his mouth is sweet and small;
He runs with a light step,
And jumps upon my knee;
And though he cannot swim, he is very dear to me.

One little lady-duck, motherly and trim;
Eight little baby-ducks bound for a swim;
One lazy black duck taking quite a nap;
One precious duck, here on mamma's lap.

—Our Baby.