

“Oh, you darling, darling baby! Go 'way, Bingo, you awful beast. At last, at last we've found a baby. It's fallen out of some stork's nest,” glancing up at the tall pines. “Look around, Brother dear, there may be more of them in the grass.”

“Don't cry, baby dear, we'll be good to you; we won't hurt you. We are not robbers or gypsies, even if we do seem so big to you. And this is our little dog; he's just a silly pup, and he doesn't know any better than to bark,” added Brother, as he helped Sister, who was trying to get the baby upon its fat little legs. Then catching sight of grandfather, whose wagon had just reached the brow of the hill, he made a trumpet of his hands and shouted through it:

“We—found—a—ba—by. We—think — it — fell — out — of — a — stork's — nest.”

Now the aunties and mamma reached them, and together and by turns all tried