



A Dandelion.

TWO years ago my parent seed lay quietly sleeping in "A Big Brown House." It lay there for quite a time, with a hard brown coat on. Inside this coat there was a little green vest, and inside that was the little white seed. Soon "Jack Frost" froze the ground and made it all very cold. Then kind "Mother Nature" covered it up with a white, fleecy blanket. Then the seed slept harder than ever, all through the long, cold winter.

Soon the rain-drops knocked at the "Big Brown House," calling it to come out and play with them; but the days were yet too cold. It stayed indoors for a long time, and then it unbuttoned its brown vest and sent up little green shoots to look at the "big sun." Soon the shoots opened into green leaves, and grew very large; then a little bud grew and grew, till a beautiful little golden flower blossomed into a big world, that looked so beautiful on that June morning. As it grew larger it lifted its pretty head and looked about it at the little children playing in the field, and saw lots of fences and hedges. But it now began to grow old, and its head turned white. On its head were little seeds with wings on them. Soon they began to fall off. I was the last one to be blown off.

I lay on the ground for a long time. Then the wind tossed me up in the air. I had a lovely frolic; the wind blew me about, and then carried me over the meadow, and over the fence. I saw some little children, and they stopped in their play and tried to catch me, but I went too fast. The wind carried me across the road, right into a