

## GOING TO MARKET IN BELGIUM.

We put harness on the horse, and he is so docile and obedient we can guide him whichever way we choose. The Esquimaux fasten their dogs to their sledges, and over the hard frozen snow they gallop with them at their master's will. The South Americans can teach their llamas to bear burdens for them up and down the mountains in the same way.

But what is this Belgian woman doing with her team of pigs so neatly harnessed? Can they be trained to be useful? Are they leading her to market? No; we are able to do a great many clever things no doubt, but we have not yet learnt to conquer pigs. At least we can only be a match for them in one way, and that is what our friend in the picture is doing, or going to do.

She never wears a bonnet or a hat; she just ties a handkerchief over the thick white cap, which is her usual head-dress, and she is ready. In some mysterious womanly way she puts the cords round the pigs, and off she starts with them to market. Her husband is sitting at home smoking; or he may be away at the wars. Whichever it is, he is in the habit of leaving all these matters to his wife. Most likely he has a little cornfield; she sows it, reaps it, and cultivates it. Perhaps he has a little farm; she yokes the horses, takes them to water, and milks the cows. So, of course, the pigs are her charge too; she knows all about them, and this is why she is now sallying forth to sell them.

But we must return to the question, How is she persuading the pigs to go to market? Why she can only do it by pulling them back as hard as she

can, whereupon the pigs make a point of starting forward! If they think you want them to go one way, they resolve instantly to go the other. I have often watched a Welsh pig with a piece of string tied to its hind leg or tail, and with a vast deal of tugging backwards the pig would get to market at last. The Belgian pigs seem to have more comfortable-looking harness, but the process is the same. It is very discreditable to the pigs no doubt to be treated this way. If they only knew how they were imposed on one would think

for very shame they would mend their evil tempers. But, after all, I have seen things almost as bad elsewhere, have not you?

I have been in a nursery, and heard nurse say, "I can't do anything with Miss Lucy to-day, she is so contrary" (she always lays the stress on the last syllable to make it more emphatic). I have been in a school, and sometimes thought that being told not to do a thing seemed just to put it into a boy's head to go and do it. I am afraid you will be shocked at the comparison, but is not this very like the pig which when

## A LITTLE STORY ABOUT A DRAKE.

"Mr. Drake."

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"One-and-sixpence, sir."

These words were exchanged between a bank clerk and a shock-headed little lad, the tips of whose ears only reached just above the counter, at which he was standing, in the Finsbury Savings Bank.

And he was Mr. Drake then? Of course he was, or rather Master A. Drake, and the one-and-sixpence was his. And

they had any pence to spend; money would somehow always burn holes in their pockets, and invariably find its way to Mrs. Stickey's toffee-shop on the other side of the street, or to the fruiterer's, to be exchanged for something suckable, eatable or wasteable. Well, "once upon a time," as the fairy tales say, it chanced that as Arthur was making his way to Mrs. Stickey's with a half-penny some one had given to him, intent upon the purchase of a mixture called sugar-stick—at least, that is what Arthur called it, he had to wait for some carts to pass before he could get across the road, when some large bills on a wall behind him attracted his attention, and he stopped a few minutes to amuse himself by reading them.

"Hey O!" cried he, "a house to be sold for three hundred pounds; is that cheap, I wonder? But what's the use of a house to me, and a half-penny won't buy one; if it would mother should have one to-day. Wouldn't it be fine, though, to have a house all to one's self, without a lodger in it like Frank Large's father has. No Mrs. Squibbles to call us a pack of nuisances, as she did when we upset a bucket of water over her clean stairs by accident, nor a fidgety Miss Finnick to tell me I keep her cat out when he wants to come in; if I do it don't do him any harm, cats want fresh air as well we do, and then she threatens me with a something about prevention of cruelty to animals, when I would not hurt a hair of the old fellow's tail. Then again, there's Mrs. Sparkles, our landlady, dear, dear, such a disagreeable old woman sure never was; we children can never do right for her; still, whatever she is, Will Bates had no right

to call her names, and she served him well right when she boxed his ears for it; it's wicked of children to make game. So after all there is nothing like having a house to one's self."

Arthur looked again at the three hundred pounds and then at his halfpenny.

"Well," he reflected, "a half-penny is something towards that big sum, and halfpennies enough would make it, and take away only one halfpenny and it would not be three hundred pounds any longer but two hundred



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pulled one way, directly goes the other? Well, we see how ugly it is to have such a perverse and crooked spirit, and we must wage war against it. We must ask One who is very strong and mighty to fight for us, because it is more than we can do ourselves. He can make us like to do what we are told to do. He can take away from us that stubborn thing, our own will, and lead us gently after Him—the loving Shepherd—of whom it is said, "He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him."—*Child's Companion.*

small bird though he was, he received his bank book with an air of far more importance than did the depositor whose name was next called, as she quietly replied to the question, "How much?" "Two pounds ten shillings and fivepence," a payment in cheque.

As regards Arthur Drake's one-and-sixpence, thereon hangs a tale; not a very long one, so don't be afraid it will tire you. Arthur was one of several Drakes, brothers and sisters, who were all, himself included, sad little spendthrifts when