

ROB AND JESSIE.

A TALE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

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 "Twice Rescued," etc., etc.



UP a Devonshire lane, lovely with fern and flower, trudge two children. The soft summer "air brooded in sunshine," and in the blue spaces above them floated the melody of larks.

The boy—the elder of the two—was a handsome little fellow of eight; and the girl was quaintness itself, in a pink cotton sun-bonnet and tippet.

At the head of the lane stood a cob-walled cottage, flanked by tall elms. Into this cottage the children entered, and, opening an inner door, passed into the kitchen, where an old woman sat mending socks. She glanced up as they entered, and said,—

"So you are home again from school, my darlings?"

"Yes, Grannie," returned the boy, taking off his cap and revealing a

thick thatch of yellow hair. "I am dreadfully hungry."

"Your usual complaint, I think," said the old grandmother, laughing.

"What! we haven't got *nasty* old bread-and-milk for supper again?" he cried, seeing two small basins on the table laid for the evening meal; and his young face darkened.

The old woman rolled the socks into neat little balls and then said gently,—

"You must be thankful that you can have bread-and-milk. There are some little children who would be thankful even for a crust."

Rob, as he was called, felt ashamed of himself and hung his yellow head, but was careful, nevertheless, to watch his grandmother out of the corners of his blue eyes as she put the milk on the fire.

His little sister, meantime, had divested herself of her bonnet and tippet, and hung up and put away her own and brother's school-books and slates, and then seated herself in a big elbow chair and waited until supper was ready.

However much Rob objected to bread-and-milk, he managed, when it was set before him, to eat his share and two slices of bread-and-butter as well, and even thought he could dispose of another slice, which, however, his grandmother did not think well to give to him. "Enough was enough," she said.

After supper the old lady told the children that, as she was busy, they could give the pig his supper. This was a privilege they were not often allowed, and they jumped at it.

Behind the cottage was a large, well-kept garden, at the bottom of which was a pig-sty, and, in possession, a good-sized pig. The old grandmother and her grandchildren were very much interested in this pig, the former because she hoped he would be turned into bacon at the end of the year, and the latter because he was such a very nice pig and had such a dear little curly tail!

When the bucket was filled with such stuff as his kind relish, the old woman said to the children,—

"Now, my dears, you must be careful how you put the pail into the sty, and not move away from the door until the pig has finished his supper. You know he is fond of getting out."

"Yes, Grannie, we know, and will be very careful," said Jessie.

And Rob cried, "I won't move away from the pig's-house until the pig has eaten up every bit."