

Lemna rose.

"Come, children," she said. "I feared I might not see you before I went to sleep, but now I am glad. Let us give one last look at Pondland together."

There was a stillness in the Pond City which they had not noticed before. Here and there the young newts, now no longer tadpoles, swam silently towards the bank.

"How pretty they are!" said Vi. "And how tiny!"

"Yes," replied Lemna; "they are now leaving their home for winter quarters; but they will grow. Each year will add an inch or more to their size, until they return as full-grown newts."

Jackie suddenly remembered something.

"Oh, Lemna!" he cried; "what about the old newt that had his leg bitten off by the ogre? Did he die?"

"No," replied Lemna. "Why should he?"

"I think I should, if a tiger had bitten off my leg," said Jackie.

A dark shadow here approached from the forest; it was Mr. Newt himself.

"Here he comes," said Vi. "I do so want to see how he manages on three legs."

Mr. Newt, always lazy, circled around them as he sought the air.

"It's not him," said Jackie; "it's another. This one's got four legs."

"You are not right, Jackie," said Lemna. "This is your old friend the warty newt, only he has been busy while you were away; he has grown himself a new leg."

"What!" cried Jackie. "Can he get a new leg whenever he loses one?"

"Yes," replied Lemna.

"What a lark!" said Jackie. "But it's jolly clever of him, all the same. I wish we were like that, because