

# Happy Days

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## THE ESCAPED BALLOON.

THE children had gone over to the park with their mamma the other day, and she had bought for each of them a pretty coloured balloon, but all came to sad Willie was carrying his over his shoulder, when suddenly a rude boy pushed against him and broke the balloon and then he was off laughing, leaving poor Willie weeping and baby wanted to know what was in hers.

She put a pin into it to see if it was hard inside and the consequence I need not tell you, but still Nellie had hers good until she got home, when all at once she let go the string and away scampered the balloon to the top of the nearest tree, where it stayed and hovered at poor little Nellie, who could not reach it. I think when mamma takes them to the park again she will buy them something that will not break so easily. That was the end of the little balloons.

## KEEP OUT OF DANGER.

"To go or not to go, that is the question." Farmer Jones' kitchen was not a cheerful place in which to spend one's evenings, with the old man grumbling in



THE ESCAPED BALLOON.

the chimney corner, and his wife grudging a candle for the hired boy to read by. Why not go down to the tavern where there was plenty of light and warmth and company and why not take a glass of beer as the others did?

Sam Hardy leaned against the barn-door, after he had finished his day's work, and pondered the question. A little mouse crept across the floor, not afraid of him

because he was so still, and darted into one of Farmer Jones' old boots and lay there. Sam watched him with idle curiosity, and presently another came; but instead of following his companion into the boot, mouse number two stood warily on the edge, and considered the consequences. The boot was unknown territory. there might be no danger in it, but then again there might. And all at once mouse's nose scented an enemy, and he scampered away for dear life, just as puss made a spring, and thrust her head into the leg of the boot, where the first one had gone.

Poor little mouse number one! He was caught in a trap of his own making; and puss carried him off triumphant to make a supper for her kittens, while Sam Hardy laughed and said to himself—

"There's a lesson for you, young man, as plain as print. Go back to your arithmetic, and keep out of danger, even if Mrs. Jones does grudge the candle."

Which he did, and through his night studies by the stingy tallow candle, he fitted himself for a better place; and he is now a man, well-to-do, sober, and respected, while his companions who did not keep out of danger have most of them gone the broad way to ruin.