

went to bed. But that night, after his mother had kissed him and turned the light low, and had gone softly out of the room, he again heard the strange sounds in the corner where the stove was. "Mother thought that was 'magination," he said as he raised himself on his elbow and peered across the room. "But I know it's a really sound." For a few minutes he listened quickly; and then, with a little air of determination, he rose from his bed and walked gravely out of the room and downstairs. Mrs. Bright and her brother were reading, and did not hear the small, bare feet on the thick carpet. "Do my eyes deceive me? or is it really our John Everett a-walking in his sleep?" exclaimed Uncle Dick when he saw the little figure of his nephew beside his arm chair. "I'm not asleep and there's a funny noise in my room that keeps me 'wake. Uncle Dick, I want you to come and find it, 'cause mother thinks I dreamed it; but I didn't, for it's really a noise." Uncle Dick picked John Everett up in his arms and, turning to his sister, said: "Come, let's see what's bothering the little chap!" They all went to the nursery, and just as they entered the room, John Everett's quick ears caught the sound again. "Don't you hear it?" he whispered. "Why, there is some odd noise!" exclaimed Mrs. Bright. "Of course there is!" said Uncle Dick, "and it's in or near the stove." He put John Everett on the bed, and then began to examine the stove. "Well, I declare! the noise is in the stovepipe. Some poor thing is caught there and is trying to get out." John Everett sat straight up and watched his uncle with wide-open eyes as he removed one joint of the stovepipe. And when a fluttering young bluejay came out, he clapped his hands with delight. But the bird was too exhausted to enjoy his freedom; and his wings, which had been flapping against his prison walls, were, bruised and sore, and he sank helplessly to the floor. "O, mother! may I have him for a pet?" "I hope he will get strong enough to fly and be happy in his own way." Mrs. Bright took the bird tenderly in her hands, but John Everett looked much disappointed. "We will take care of him, dear, while these poor wings are getting well; and maybe he will like to stay with us." "Wasn't it funny that he got in the pipe?" said John Everett. "You see, it was a really noise." "Indeed it was," laughed Uncle Dick; "and we'll put the really noise in the woodshed, where there are no chimneys for him to hide in." This is the story of how Bentwing came to be a member of the Bright family that summer; for the bluejay did not go away, but hopped about the lawn and was very tame and friendly with John Everett. One wing was slightly bent; but he could fly very well, and Mrs. Bright, who named him Bentwing, said, when he disappeared in the autumn, that she thought he had flown South for his health, which, perhaps, had never quite recovered from his visit in the nursery stovepipe. —Kilbourne Cowles, in the Churchman.

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