



Farmer Brown's Wonderful Adventures In the Moon

BY MORDUE

(Continued from No. 143.)

CHAPTER V.

THE ARMY ON THE MARCH AND THE ASCENT OF THE ICE MOUNTAIN.

Shortly after the departure of the scouts the camp was struck and the vast army in motion. There being no artillery and the roads being good it made rapid progress. From time to time some of the scouts would return with news of the enemy. A little before noon Flying Jack was seen approaching.

"He must bring important tidings, for he never leaves his post unless something out of the way has occurred." And his Majesty ordered a halt. The news proved to be serious indeed. It seemed that Queen Venus' army had taken up its position at an almost impregnable pass, from which to dislodge it would be well nigh impossible.

A council was immediately called and it was finally decided to abandon their present tactics and attack the enemy in the rear. "To do this," said the Man-in-the-Moon, turning to Farmer Brown, "We will have to scale the Ice Mountain; it will be somewhat toilsome, but when once the top is gained the slide down on the other side is magnificent. I dare say now that you are quite fond of sliding; the people below seem to go in for a good deal of that sort of thing."

"Indeed, Your Majesty, I am not much of a hand at steering, in fact, I have never attempted it since the time I upset Molly, and—but perhaps I am tiring you with my conversation. Molly says when I get going I never know when to stop."

"Not at all, pray continue; your conversation is truly delightful."

"Well then," said Farmer Brown, quite pleased at such a compliment, "one fine, bright night Molly and I started to go sliding, and as the hill was crowded she said she hoped I would steer straight and not go and make a donkey of myself, which I sincerely hoped I wouldn't, as Jim Brown was there with a splendid new turnout, and Molly and he used to be rather fond of each other, and of course I was anxious to show her that I could steer as well as he. The first three slides went splendidly; but at the next, when I got to the middle of the hill didn't I steer straight into another s'edge, and such a commotion we made, bumping into one another and rolling apart, only to meet again with a harder knock, and so we kept at it till we reached the bottom of the hill. I scrambled up as quickly as I could, half blinded with the snow in my eyes, rushed to help, as I thought, Molly, half buried in a bank of snow. Just as I was pulling her up, somebody grabbed me by my coat-collar and sent me flying down the path, saying at the same time: 'You had better go and look after your own young lady, and leave mine alone.' I did go, Your Majesty, but couldn't see her anywhere, and somebody told me she had gone home". being that mad with me. I hurried home after her as fast as I could, but she wouldn't see me. Nearly a week passed, and I got no sleep with trying to think how I could make it up. At last, one night as I lay a-thinking I remembered having heard her say how she liked to listen to the

banjo, and especially if she were out of sorts. That's the very thing, thought I; so away I went the next morning and bought a banjo, and so soon as evening came started for her home. I was not much of a player, but I just stood beneath her window and played one or two simple tunes, somewhat of the melancholy kind, to let her see how badly I was feeling, and then in a very slow and sad voice I sang this little song:

Oh Molly, dear Molly
The stars are shining,
So pray to your window come;
For your own true love is waiting,
So tarry no longer but come.



"Bravo! bravo! Why, Farmer Brown, you should have been a poet," cried His Majesty in great glee.

"I think the song kind of touched her as well as the banjo playing, for we made it up that night. But, oh, Your Majesty, what is that shining yonder?"—*To be continued.*

The Cost of Fame.

In a large poultry yard there lived an old rooster. He was a very conceited old rooster with a good reason, for he could fly farther than any other rooster, old or young, within ten miles of the poultry yard. All the hens and chickens of his acquaintance looked up at him with awe and pride and all the roosters looked at him (they would not condescend to say up) with envy. One day when this old rooster, we will call him Mr. Dandles, was in the prime of all his glory, and when everybody bowed to him when he passed, a skittish young guinea-fowl made him a visit from another poultry yard ten and a half miles away, and offered to "fly" him.

Mr. Dandles looked at the younger rooster with contempt and then said, "If you choose to make a fool of yourself, young sir, you may come to the top of the barn door to-night at half-past nine, if the moon is up."

"Of course the moon will be up," said the guinea-fowl, looking knowingly at the sky as he walked away.

"The mischief," thought Mr. Dandles, "if that youngster is so clever about the weather, perhaps he is just as clever about flying," and so thinking, Mr. Dandles strutted off.

When nine o'clock came the moon was well up in the sky, and at half-past nine the poultry yard was as light as day and there on the top of the barn door sat the guinea-fowl. Mr. Dandles

strutted to the bottom of the door and then flew up beside his antagonist.

Mrs. Dandles and the other ladies perched on a number of empty lime barrels that lay in one corner of the yard, and the umpire stood on a cedar block some distance from the door. Suddenly the umpire crowed and with much flapping of wings the two roosters flew off the door.

For about twenty yards they went abreast, but no further—for here Mr. Dandles began to flutter his wings feebly and dropped to the ground. The guinea-fowl flew on as if he had not noticed his antagonist's fall and lit gracefully on the cedar block alongside of the umpire.

Mr. Dandles went home immediately with a sick headache, and for five days sat mournfully in the darkest corner of the hen house.

When the sixth day came he sneaked out through a hole in the fence into the garden to take a little air and a little corn, for no one, not even a rooster, can live long on disgrace.

Just as he looked up from the midst of a great ripe sunflower head, he noticed a football at the top of the verandah stairs waiting for the boys to come and kick it.

"Now," said Mr. Dandles, "if I can only get into me what the boys put into that football, I will be able to fly from one end of the yard to the other," and as he spoke he ran up the steps to the ball. After a little meditation he bent down and untied the tape with his cunning bill, then grasped the end of the tube in his mouth.

"Jimminy pelter," thought Mr. Dandles, "it is like eating a snow storm, but a sensible fellow like me would do anything for fame."

Gradually the football got smaller and Mr. Dandles bigger.

He could just contain himself until everybody got looking at him, and then with a feeble squawk he jumped into the air. Bang—and the poultry yard was startled by a loud explosion, and with much crowing and cheering they ran forward to congratulate Mr. Dandles, but where was he? In the distance they all saw a small blue cloud. The young hens thought it was his spirit, but the old dames knew it was what the boys put into the football.

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