

griffs, chimeras, and dragons, whose awful aspects were meant to scare all vampires, ghouls, gnomes, jinns, and hobgoblins whatsoever, who might have designs upon the peace and happiness of the family.

But there is always another way of looking at things, for there are two sides to every street, and the opposite neighbor's hens were not laying eggs as well-regulated hens should be.

The reason of this unreasonable conduct appeared to the wise woman who was consulted, to be that the hens did not enjoy the peace of mind which they had once enjoyed. They were anxious lest the crakens, hippogriffs, chimeras, and dragons should swallow up the eggs.

With all haste, therefore, pots were procured and placed on the heads of the monsters. Being intentionally several sizes too large, these potatoes sank down and covered their faces as completely as your grandfather's chimney-pot would cover your face, my little boy.

Brownie felt sorry for the poor folks who knew no better than worship a brownie. They are heathen, he thought, I will come and teach them some day so they will worship God. These were pious thoughts, but being a brownie another thought occurred to him: "I will give them pot-luck," said he, and with that he flung the pot right into their midst.

He was careful, however, to avoid the bald pates of the old men, or the tender little skulls of the children, so it lit on the kerbing of the well, and split into a few hundred pieces.

At this new mishap, the crowd speedily took to its heels, scattering to their homes and barring the front doors after them for safety sake. Thus, Brownie was left alone to view the situation, and take new measures for his own and the public safety.

The streets were very narrow, how could the carriages pass each other? He thought he would like to buy some taffy, but couldn't see any candy shop. The houses too were shouldering and hustling one another, like the crowd that had just gone, there did not seem to be quite room enough for them all.

The roofs were made of tiles in rows. What a fine country to play Anti-Over in, the ball would run straight down one of the grooves of the tiles, for these tiles are not flat but grooved, and the roof looks like the waves of the sea that you draw when you first try, up and down quite too regular for the "many twinkling smile of ocean."

By-and-bye, the folks got over their fright and

opened their doors again. When the crowd ran away, the dogs also were thrown into a high state of excitement, and seeing no beggar about at whom to bark, they barked away on general principles.

Finally, it occurred to some of them that they might settle up a few old scores with the other dogs which had offended them. Several battles were fought, but challenge and threats to chew each other up more often ended in terrific growls, but no bloodshed.

But, as was usual in the case of their masters, these coldnesses were of short duration, and in a little while each dog was reposing on his own midden in the happy consciousness of having done his duty to the community.

Outside on the street was a donkey turning a stone, poor, patient, little mouse-colored fellow, why must they blindfold you as you walk round and round? In that respect you resemble Samson, whose eyes the Philistines put out and then he turned the mill for them! You will not be tempted at any rate to turn your head and take a mouthful of the meal which is being ground by your efforts.

Brownie came down from his perch and walked in by the front gate like a young gentleman. Of course, no one saw him but the old idol in the wall, and he winked, as much as to say: "Go in little boy, don't be afraid."

The old fellow is still sitting there, but is getting much the worse for wear. In fact, the folks don't worship him now, for they know he is an old fraud. I think they have since taken him out of his niche and buried him. The family now know that an idol is nothing at all, and that there is only one true God, whom we ought to worship.

Inside, everything and everybody looked as if they needed a bath and a scrubbing. Oh, the dirt! They have never heard that cleanliness is next to godliness. In fact, they have neither godliness nor its next door neighbor.

But what Brownie saw there when he went in will be told you in the next CHILDREN'S RECORD.

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It is a wholesome thing for a young man to feel, what is undoubtedly the truth, that his future depends, not on somebody to open the way for him and back him up and help him to success, but more than anything else it depends upon what he is going to be himself. Nothing can stand in the way of a genuine man's steady perseverance and clean-hearted earnestness into the battle.—Dr. Louis Albert Banks.