

them as plentifully at home as they had everything else. We never thought of such a thing as eating any of them however, but would amuse ourselves by pelting them along the road. But Ogg's great delight was to get "hunted," as she called it, which I think I enjoyed quite as much as herself,—her style of proceeding being to steal slyly into an orchard, and, after she had helped herself to all the apples she wanted, commence to hoot and halloo, until she succeeded in attracting some person's attention about the place, who would of course give her chase, when she would fly for her life—sometimes losing her apples in her mad career; but she generally held on to them through thick and thin, till she got into the cart, when she would belabor the poor old donkey most unmercifully with a ponderous stick she kept for the purpose, and then look back with such a droll look in her funny eye that it made me laugh very much; but I took care not to let her know what I was laughing at.

CAEKY DOWDLE.

BY DATE THORNE.

The arithmetic class had just finished reciting, and were filing to their seats, when Jane Grey stepped up to her teacher, and whispered:

"Please, Miss Murray, there are two new scholars at the door, and I guess they are afraid to come in."

Miss Murray looked towards the half-open door, and there, upon the threshold, stood two little girls, apparently eight and nine years of age. The elder was glancing bashfully around, and blushing at the many strange eyes that were bent upon her, but the other stood making grimaces at a boy, who was sitting near by. Miss Murray stepped up with a pleasant "Good morning, little girls," took off their bonnets and led them up to her desk.

"What is your name, dear?" she asked of the elder, a dark-eyed child, with a not unpleasing face, and a timid air.

"Jane Dowdle, ma'am," was the answer.

"And yours?" she asked of the other.

For reply, the child looked up in her face with a grin, which showed her teeth almost from ear to ear. Miss Murray could

not help thinking, involuntarily, of little Red Riding Hood and the wolf—"Why, Grandma, what a great mouth you've got—what great teeth you've got?" And the wolf answered—"the better to eat you, my dear,"—and as she took in the child's whole appearance, the tanned face and stiff, sunburnt hair, pushed back from the high, retreating forehead, the small, dull, blue eyes, the great mouth, disclosing two whole rows of great teeth; the narrow shoulders, projecting far backward, and the large waist, projecting as far forward, as if to restore the equilibrium, she thought that she had never, in all her life, seen so impish and uncouth a looking child. She asked again:

"Can't you tell me your name? You have one, haven't you?"

Another grin, and the teeth opened and shut like the shell of an oyster, but between the opening and shutting, there came out the words, "Caeky Dowdle."

"Wha-a-t?" asked the teacher, in surprise.

"Caeky Dowdle," with another quick clack of the jaws.

"What is her name?" she asked, turning to Jane.

"Her name's Car'line, but we call her Caeky," was the answer, and Miss Murray sent them to their seats.

In the course of the forenoon, she called for Jane and Caroline Dowdle to come and read. Jane instantly got up, but her sister sat still, with that same elfish grin upon her face, and leer from her eyes.

"Come, Caroline," the teacher called again. Jane took hold of her arm and tried to pull her up, but she drew back with a jerk. Miss Murray went up to her with a picture book in her hand.

"Come, Caroline, I want to show you these pictures, and see how many letters you can tell me."

"My name's Caeky, call me Caeky, and I'll come."

"I would rather call you Caroline, I think it's much prettier than Caeky."

"I don't," was the short answer.

Jane's face, meantime, was hot with blushes, for the whole school were looking, and listening, and laughing. Come, Caeky, come," she whispered anxiously, but the child would not stir. Miss Murray thought it was best to humor the whim, so she said, "Well, Caeky, now come with your sister, and read."

She immediately rose and followed Jane, and stood by her side, looking round and