

taking an observation of which way the wind blew: as when he made his last effort on the tree, he made use of this knowledge to shelter himself from injury at its fall. He then measured the trunk into equal lengths for the height of the house he was to build, and loading his broad tail with wet clay, made a mark at each division. Uttering a peculiar cry, three little beavers appeared at their father's call, and began to gnaw asunder the wood at the places which he had designated. "When I saw this," said the Indian, "I turned away. Could I harm such a creature? No. He was to me as a brother."

MR. NOBODY.

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house.

There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books—
Who leaves our doors ajar;
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar.

That squeaking door will always squeak,
For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.

The finger-marks upon the doors
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.

The ink we never spill; the boots
That lying round you see,
Are not our boots—they all belong
To Mr. Nobody.