

## MORE 'AN HE WANTED.

"**W**HAT would you like to be, Tommy, when you grow up?" asked Mr. Miggs, turning to his son.

Tommy opened one eye, looked smilingly up into his father's face, and replied, "A cow-boy."

"You shall be a cow-boy," said Mr. Miggs, rubbing his hands; "but you are not large enough and old enough to be one just yet. It would be too sudden a change to lift you from the nurse's lap on to the back of a mustang. I am going to send you out to Benlow's dairy farm, where we spent a month last summer."

"When can I go?" asked Tommy eagerly.

"Just as soon as we can get you ready."

"I haven't a bowie-knife," pleaded Tommy.

"Never mind that," replied Mr. Miggs; "wait until you have reached that stage. Besides there are no dangerous characters around Benlow's; but if you want a knife just for the sake of appearances, Mr. Benlow will be happy to lend you his sickle to carry around, as he has no use for it when the ground is covered with snow."

That night Tommy Miggs dreamed himself a cattle king, walking haughtily around in a red shirt, top boots, sombrero, long hair, and a portable nickel-plated armoury madly shining under his coat tail. He dreamed of flying across the prairie like the wind on an impassioned steed, and being looked upon as dangerous, and avoided by the stranger. Next day he was proud, would have nothing to say to his companions, and it is only fair to say that they envied him, and regarded him as born under a lucky star. A day or so later he started for the farm with a light heart. It was not a great distance from the city, and Mr. Benlow was on the lookout for him, as he had received a letter from Mr. Miggs, instructing him to create in Tommy's breast such a hatred of cows that he would never after care for roast beef.

So when Tommy Miggs arrived, Mr. Benlow was at the station with a sleigh to meet him and drive him out to the farm, which was several miles distant. After they had gone a little way, Tommy said, "I've come out here to learn to be a cow-boy."

"We'll make a cow-boy of you before long," replied Mr. Benlow, "do you know anything about cows?"

"Nothing," said Tommy, humbly.

"Well, we'll open your eyes on cows," said Mr. Benlow.

In a short time the sleigh drew up before the Benlow mansion, an old-fashioned farm house, and Tommy was ushered into the parlour, dining room, and kitchen, at once, for these three rooms were in one at Mr. Benlow's.

That night Tommy Miggs' supper was of salt pork, a glass of milk, some potatoes, and a piece of pie. Although he was not exactly satisfied with it, he had the good sense to appreciate the fact that it would harden him for the rigours of cow-boy life, if he could only outlive it. At eight o'clock he went to bed in a large unplastered room, with no carpet on the floor, and lumps like cobble-stones in the mattress, and the windows rattling a perfect tattoo in the fierce winter wind that shrieked without. For a moment he thought of his little sister at home, asleep under a handsome crazy quilt, and a roof that didn't leak, with her doll on her pillow beside her, and the nice nursery fire. But he banished this thought instantly, and went to sleep with a thought of gratitude at his rare good fortune.

He was awakened at four in the morning by Mr. Benlow's big boots, as that gentleman came in with a candle, and told him it was time to get up to do the milking and get the cans ready for the train. "We'll make a cow-boy

of you soon," remarked the farmer, cheerfully, as Tommy rubbed his eyes.

Tommy rose rather reluctantly, for the bed was as warm as the room was cold, dressed for the day, and used the paper curtain for a towel. He had to blow on his fingers to keep them warm, and when he got out to the barn he was shivering.

"Just give each of the cows some hay," said Mr. Benlow.

Tommy did as he was told, being under the impression that he would next be told to go out and lasso a bull. But he was made sick at heart when he learned that lassoes were not used, for the simple reason that every animal in the place would come when called, like a dog.

As soon as the milk was canned and sent to the train, the Benlows sat down to breakfast, which consisted of buckwheat cakes and coffee that seemed of the strength of hot water. The Graham rolls and mutton chops of his home would have been more palatable, but he didn't grumble. When he was eating on in silence, Mr. Benlow said, "How is Carlo to-day?"

"Very sick," replied Mrs. Benlow, "and I don't see how we are going to work the tread-mill for the churning."

"Why," said Mr. Benlow, "we'll let Tommy run eight or ten miles on it. It will do him good and improve his wind."

So after breakfast, Tommy walked on the tread-mill until he thought he would drop.

"We'll make a cow-boy of you before long," said Mr. Benlow, as he entered with a smile to see how the butter was progressing; "so cheer up, and don't feel homesick, for I have something for you to do that you may enjoy."

"What is it?" asked Tommy.

"It is to break a pair of yearlings to the yoke. We will yoke them and hitch them to a sled, and you can drive as fast as you like."

"That will be fine," said Tommy.

So after dinner the steers were brought forth, and yoked and hitched to the sled, upon which Tommy stood as a circus-rider stands on a horse, and started them.

"We'll make a cow-boy of you yet," rang out on his ears as the yearlings went off at full speed. First they darted in one direction, then in another. First Tommy was in the snow, and then back on the sled, for the yearlings jerked it in every direction, and pranced on their hind legs, and whisked his hat off with their tails, and tried to jump fences and drag the sled after them. Tommy thought there was more snow inside his clothing than on the ground, and when he was completely upset, in more ways than one, by the yearlings, he sat down on the snow and cried, while the yearlings seemed to melt out of sight over the rim of the horizon.

The Benlow boys, who followed, caught the runaways, and drove them home.

At four next morning Tommy Miggs was altogether too sore to rise at milk time. He was also too sore to go down to his breakfast. That night, to make a long story short, he was back home, and has not been away since. It makes him very angry, when called "Texas Bill," because he has given up his dreams of cow-boy life. Tommy is now studying book-keeping, with a view to entering his father's store. He wouldn't be a cow-boy if he could; and now the wax-doll goes unscalped, the toy babies unmurdered, and the cats and dogs in the vicinity unlassoed.

At the horticultural show—"This is a tobacco plant, my dear." "Indeed! how very interesting! But I don't see any cigars on it."