



OLD MARTELLO TOWER, ST. JOHN, N.B.  
HISTORIC CANADA, VIII.



## Farmer Brown's Wonderful Adventures In the Moon.

### CHAPTER I.

O, Hop-and-Go-One, where have you gone!

"Dear me, wife, I can't make out what the matter is with our geese! such a cackling as they have kept up all day in the barn yard, and you should have seen the queer way they were wagging their heads at each other, just as though they were busily discussing something very important."

"Really, John, I am astonished at you! As though they were a bit different from other folks'; I suppose the next thing you will tell me, is, that they can speak."

"Well, well, wife, I don't say as they can do that; but you know well enough that in all the country round there is no finer flock than mine." And back to the barn-yard went Farmer Brown in high dudgeon with his wife.

"It is no use telling Molly anything about them, she won't see how clever they are; ah, they have settled down! guess they got tired of making so much noise, but I don't see Hop-and-Go-One. Where can he be?"

No sooner had Farmer Brown uttered these words than the geese began to cackle as hard as ever.

"Well, now, tell me they don't understand what one is saying. Look here, what's all this noise about, and what have you done with Hop-and-Go-One?"

Then up starts old Billy Gray, the leader of the flock, and slowly waddling up to Farmer Brown closes one eye, and, gazing knowingly at him, winked. Overcome with amazement Farmer Brown toppled over into the pig-sty, much to the pigs' consternation.

"Bless my heart! Well, I never! Oh, if Molly could only see that wink!"

"John, John, where are you? Why don't you come to dinner?"

"Come to dinner, indeed!" muttered Farmer Brown, as he lay in the pig-sty, while the pigs, with their inquisitive nature, poked their cold snouts into his face, as much as to say, 'what are you doing here?' "I am sure I am too overcome with all these doings to want any dinner."

"Now, I wouldn't wonder if John has gone to the pond with those geese. I declare I am tired of all this fuss; I have a great mind to—yes, I'll do it to-night; but I wonder what the pigs are grunting about," and again ran Molly to see.

"Oh, deary me, John, what ever is the matter? have you got a sunstroke? Alack-a-day, am I to be left a widow with all these pigs and geese on my hands?" Loud cackled the geese, and still louder grunted the pigs, while Molly's shrill voice rose above the clamour, as she endeavoured to rouse Farmer Brown. At last he gently opened his eyes, and in a faint voice said, "Molly, where am I?"

"Where are you?" indignantly answered Molly. "You are in the pig-sty, that's where you are; and I'll have you to know, John Brown, that I will not put up with this work any longer; think of you choosing the pig-sty to go to sleep in, and frightening me half to death with thinking you had a sun-stroke."

"Hush, Molly, a most wonderful thing happened; I assure you that we have the—"

"I don't want to hear anything more about wonderful things, I suppose it is these geese again."

Daylight faded gently into twilight, and then came the moon flooding the whole place with her bright light, and peeping through the half-closed blinds of Farmer Brown's bedroom, shone on his face as he lay in peaceful slumber. The old clock on the stairs struck twelve, as Molly stole quietly down and looked out; not a sound was to be heard, everything slumbered, save the crickets, whose cheery

whirr, whirr sounded in the fields, and from the pond near by where the frogs were holding high carnival.

Molly softly closed the door and made her way to the barn, muttering, as she went, "Yes, I'll wring their necks; every one of them."

"No, you wont," shrieked a chorus of shrill voices.

Round turned Mrs. Farmer Brown in great fright at these words, and what do you think she saw? Why, a number of queer little creatures, tumbling and dancing about in high glee.

"No, you wont," they shrieked again, making all sorts of horrible grimaces at her. Just then some of them opened the barn-door, and out waddled the geese, cackling at a great rate.

"Fall into rank," shouted one of the little sprites, and immediately the flock formed into rank. "To geese, to geese," was the next order, and jumping on the backs of the geese the whole flock rose into the air with their strange riders.

Then away ran Mrs. Farmer Brown, screaming, to the house, "John, John, the geese have gone!"

Up jumped Farmer Brown and popped his head out of the window, and the first thing he saw was his beloved geese floating upwards.

"Oh, where are you going?" he shrieked in terror.

"To the moon, Farmer Brown," answered the little creatures, "and when we get there we'll find Hop-and-Go-One."

Farmer Brown and Molly continued to gaze till they were lost to view. And then, with many tears, his wife told him about the dreadful deed she had intended to do and how it had been frustrated by the little creatures. But he, poor man, was too overcome at the loss of his geese to pay much attention to her, and merely said: "You see now what wonderful geese they are. The only hope I have is that they may come back, for they must have been to the moon before, if Hop-and-Go-One is already there."

(To be Continued.)