

HIDE AND SEEK.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BY AUNT FANNY.

CARRIE'S eighth birthday had come at last, and more than that, all the little girls who were to help her keep the great day had come too, and were now standing by the shady cedar on the sunny lawn, waiting for her to decide what the next game should be.

"The Birthday Queen must choose," said Winifred.

"Yes, Carrie, you must choose; and choose a nice game," said little Jessie.

Carrie had to think a minute or two: they had already played so many games. They had swung on the swing under the beech-tree, they had run races down the avenue, they had tried to shoot with Carrie's new bow and arrows; and now that they were tired of all these amusements, what could she think of to please her guests?

"Shall we have forfeits?" suggested Carrie.

"No, no: that is such a quiet game," said a little romp whose name was Jenny, but who was far oftener called Jenny, on account of her boyish ways. "Let's have something stirring, please, Carrie dear."

"I know what we will have," said good-natured Carrie; "we will play hide and seek. There are splendid hiding-places among the trees and bushes in the garden, and there is plenty of stirring for you in that game, Jenny."

All the children were pleased with this proposal, and first one hid, and then another till it came at last to Jenny's turn.

Now Jenny had determined her hiding-place should not be easily found, and she had settled some time before where it should be.

In a lonely part of the garden stood a summer-house—a large room, with a room over it in which the gardener kept bulbs, and labels, and anything he wanted out of the way. This room was seldom used even by him, and it could only be reached by a ladder from the outside. The ladder was now standing there, for the gardener had just been to the loft to fetch some nails, and had left the ladder, intending to take it away when he left off work.

This loft Jenny had fixed upon as her hiding-place, and she now skipped up the ladder as lightly as a cat, and reached the loft in safety. She crept into the furthest corner of the room, pulled a hamper in front of her, and covered over her white frock with an old peach-net that lay on the floor. "Now they will never see me if they do come here," she thought.

By-and-by she heard the children running up and down the garden looking for her. They

peeped in the bushes, they gazed up the trees, they hunted every nook and corner of the garden, but no Jenny could they find.

They were quite tired out at last, and seeing the gardener, who was coming to fetch away the ladder, they asked him if he had noticed a little girl hiding anywhere.

No, Giles had seen no one. "She isn't up the ladder, think ye?" said the old man.

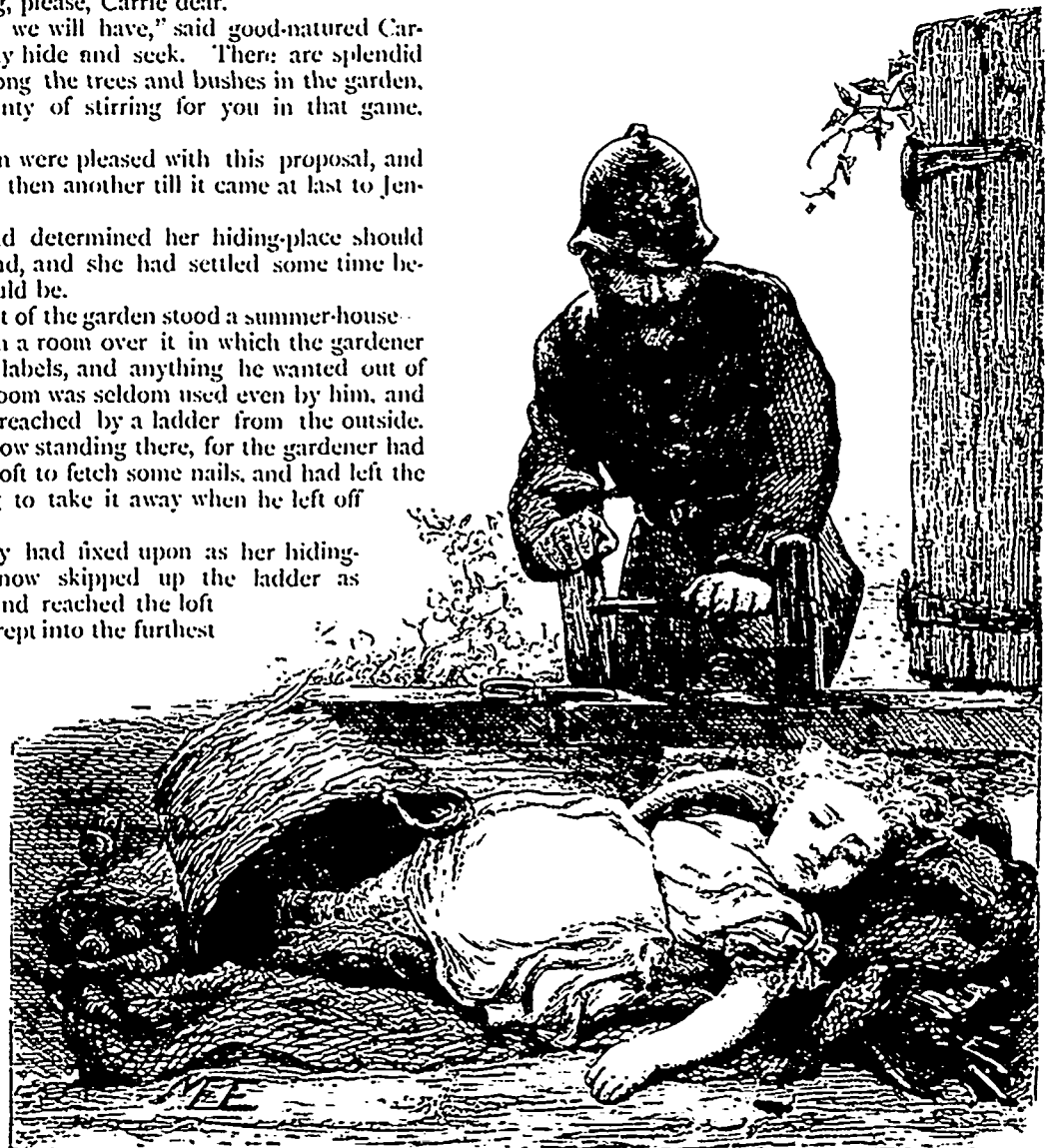
"Oh no! she daren't go up there," said timid Winifred.

"She *dare* go anywhere," said Carrie. "Please, Giles, just go up and see if she is in the loft."

"I'll go for ye, Miss Carrie," said he, "though I hardly think the little missy would get so high."

Up climbed Giles, but Jenny was so well hidden by the peach-net that he thought the room empty. "There's naught here," he called to the expectant children at the foot of the ladder.

Meanwhile, Jenny was shaking with laughter at her cleverness in taking in the old gardener, and was so amused at it that it was some minutes before she remembered he would take away the ladder, as it was his time for leaving off work. So, cautiously raising herself from the floor, and throwing off the thick covering of peach-net she got up. But where was she? what had hap-



JENNY'S HIDING-PLACE.