



## Stories for Little People

### GOING WITH THE STREAM.

**I**T certainly was provoking. Why should Aunt Jane get one of her attacks just at the beginning of the holidays? And what *could* make it necessary for mamma to go and see her that very day, when they all wanted to have a nice long drive?

Kathleen, or, as she was called, Kitty Moore, looked very pouting and disagreeable as she leant against the side of the large dining-room window, and looked sulkily out over a lawn gay with July flowers at the sparkling river, bearing its crowd of pleasure-boats.

The door opened and her sister Nora entered, bearing the pleasant news that their friends Frank and Maggie Leyton were just coming in at the front gate. Kitty's blue eyes brightened, and she tossed back her long fair hair and hastened with Nora to greet their young visitors in the hall.

"Mrs. Moore called as she went by to day, and asked mamma to let us come and spend the afternoon with you. We can stay till half-past six," announced Maggie, and then went with her young friends to take off her hat.

Frank, meanwhile, wandered out to the garden, until he should be joined by somebody who might think it worth while to entertain him. He was twelve, and Kitty was about his own age, while Maggie and Nora were about two years younger, and great chums. The two latter went, at Maggie's request, to examine the never-ending variety of the large doll's house in the schoolroom; but Kitty thought the garden looked more inviting, so tied on her hat and wandered down to the waterside, where she found Frank sitting in the punt that was chained to the landing-place.

"I say, Kitty, what a day for the river! Let's go for a row."

Kitty hesitated. The river *did* look most tempting. It was about three o'clock, and numbers of picnic parties passed by, the sound of their merry laughter infecting the boy and girl, who watched them with an intense desire to share the pleasures of the sparkling water.

"Papa's in Ireland just now, you see, Frank," said Kitty, in a wavering sort of way—and this way, as could be clearly seen by the expression of her fair, soft face, was natural to her—"and we haven't had the boat out since he went. He has never allowed us out without him."

Now when Frank wished anything he was by no means particular as to how he gained his object, so that it *was* gained, and he knew Kitty's weaknesses very well.

"Of course not, for you haven't anyone to go with. If you'd had a brother now, it would have been different.

Suppose you and I go for a quiet turn while the little ones are playing?"

It always gratified Kitty to find herself distinguished from "the little ones," and she now persuaded herself that just an *hour* on the water could do no harm; no one had forbidden it actually, and as Nora was not by to say, in her downright fashion and with a straight look of her dark grey eyes, "Nobody's been asked yet," Kitty yielded to her own wishes and Frank's persuasions.

The key of the boat-house was in a book-case in the dining-room, and it was easily obtained. The school-room, where the others were playing, and the servants' offices were not at the river side of the house, so no one observed the boat being taken out, and merry with a sense of pleasure which a determination *not* to listen to the warning whisper of conscience enabled them to enjoy, off went Frank and Kitty, he sculling and she steering. They went down stream, and to children nothing could be more enchanting than this swift and easy gliding past trees and lawns and beautiful houses, and they did not particularly observe that the ease and speed with which their boat glided on was caused by a very swift and strong current of water. So, with merry chat and plans for holiday amusements they went on till they heard persons in other boats shouting "Lock!" and then Kitty exclaimed, "Oh, Frank, we're close to the lock! We can't get through alone, can we?"

Frank turned his head, and found that they were gliding in amongst a number of pleasure-boats; and his foolish pride made him think people would be laughing at him if he turned back now. So he answered Kitty promptly:

"Of course we can. Why not?"

And half afraid, but much delighted, Kitty steered carefully, and Frank, with great show of manliness, stood up in the boat, and warded off any chance knocks against the heavy wooden gates of the lock. And then they found themselves inside amongst a number of other boats, and Frank took hold of one of the heavy chains that hung from the big stone sides of the lock, and held fast while the gates closed and the water went down. Then the lock-keeper came round to collect the money for there is a charge for each boat passing through—and it suddenly flashed across the two children that they had never thought of this.

"Have you anything?" asked Frank, eagerly.

"Not a penny!" said Kitty. "What shall we do?"

Then the man came to them, and stared hard when Frank said they'd forgotten to bring any money.

"What do you come in for if you aint got none?"

"I tell you we forgot it," repeated Frank, much flushed, and trying to speak with the bluster he thought most likely to succeed. "And this is the boat from Rose Bank. We'll send you the money."

"Mr. Moore's boat? Ah! and this young lady's his little girl? Never see'd her in the lock alone like this before!"

A gentleman who had his own little girl with him in