

THE COW IN THE TREE.

BY MRS. A. F. RAFFENSPERGER.

"So you think it is too much trouble, Johnny, to go after the cow every evening and take her to the pasture every morning, even though she gives us such sweet rich milk and cream? Well, it is hard case for a strong healthy boy of ten years old, who has nothing else to do! I believe, though, you do not find it any great trouble to drink the milk and cream, do you? I am afraid you are lazy, Johnny. You ought to go and live where the cows always stay in one place."

"Are there any cows that always stay in the same place, mother?"

"Yes, indeed, Johnny."

"But then I think it would be as much trouble to carry their grass and hay to them as it is to drive our cow to the pasture."

"The cows I am telling you about never eat anything at all. And they can go without drinking water for months at a time. That is the very kind of a cow for a lazy boy; don't you think so, Johnny?"

"Are you telling the real sober truth, now, mother?"

"The real sober truth, Johnny. And I have not told you half, either. These cows grow as high as this house or even higher. They live in South America, and they like best the rocky sides of the mountains, quite high up. They have very large green heads."

"Green heads, mother! How funny."

"Yes, green heads, and sometimes their heads are covered with small beautiful flowers!"

"Just think of our old Daisy with her head covered with flowers!"

"If you go to live where these cows are fashionable you will have to get up very early, in the morning to get your milk, and I am afraid that would not suit you so well. They have to be milked a little before sunrise. The people who live in that part of South America I am telling you about are very lazy too, but just before sunrise they all start, men, women, and children, with great wooden bowls in their hands, to get the milk for their breakfast. Up they climb among the rocks till they come to the place where the cows are. Then they make little holes with their knives in the side of the cows, and the milk comes out in streams till they fill all their bowls."

"That is awful mean to treat the poor old cows in such a cruel way."

"Is it any meaner than it is for a little boy to hit poor old Daisy with a great stick because she wanted to stop and eat a few sweet clover heads?"

"But I could not wait all day for Daisy to get to her pasture."

"I have not told you the funniest part of the story. You know how well you like hot rolls and biscuits for breakfast. It is a great deal of trouble for Bridget to make them, and sometimes she does not like to do it, especially on washing days. Now I think when you go to South America to live you had better take Bridget along with you. The cows that grow there have a

I was just reading about these cows the other day, and I thought it would be a good idea to send you and Bridget there, where you would have so little to do. It is the very place for lazy people. The cows are Cow-trees, and the rolls I told you of are the fruit of the tree. The people call it Bread-Fruit. You see they do not need to raise wheat or corn. They do not have to plough the ground or sow the seed. They have no hard work of harvesting, no threshing wheat or shelling corn. The boys do not have to go to mill to get the wheat or corn ground. Bridget would



GETTING THEIR MORNING BOWL OF MILK.

very convenient fashion of never have to worry because keeping rolls or biscuits on their heads. While Bridget is holding the bowls to catch the milk, she has no 'Dooley's Baking Powder.' All a person would need for housekeeping would be one or two Cow-trees. After you had eaten your breakfast you could lie down under the tree and sleep all day, if you wished, and your next day's bread and milk would be ready for you when you woke up the next morning."

"What is the name of the tree?"

"The Palo de Vaca. But it is a pretty hard name for a lazy boy to remember."

"No, Johnny, it is all true."

had two or three Palo de Vacas growing in our yard."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE FIRST TIME.

SAXE HOLM, IN ST. NICHOLAS.

(Continued.)

I usually got home from school, Saturday noons, about half an hour before dinner. My mother was always sitting then in the sitting-room, at her little work-table. I gave her my report as soon as I came in, and, after looking it over, she laid it on the top of her work-basket. While the dessert was being brought in, my father always said:

"Where is my little daughter's report for this week?" and my mother would say:

"Run and bring it, Peggy."

"Oh, how slowly I used to walk back to that dinner-table when I had a very bad report to show! I daresay many a soldier marches up toward the cannon with less fear than I used to go to my father's side, and lay that little piece of paper in his hand. When the report was more than usually good, he smiled, and said sometimes:

"Well done, my daughter! I see you are trying to give your parents pleasure." Oh, how happy I felt then! When it was bad, he only sighed, laid it down by his plate, and without speaking a word to me, went on eating his dinner. Then I used to wish the floor would open and swallow me up; and I used to say in my heart, "I'll never have another bad report as long as I live—never!" I even used to lie awake in the night, and think how pale and unhappy my father had looked at the sight of the report, and resolve that he should never look so again on my account. I remember once that we had the word "parricide" in our spelling lesson, and Miss Caroline told us it meant the murderer of a parent, and the thought haunted me for days that if I grieved my father so that he died I should be a parricide. The name seemed to me the most dreadful word I ever heard.

I am telling you all this so that you can partly understand the strength of the temptation which led me to tell my first lie. It was about one of these reports, the very worst I ever had. I never shall forget the Saturday when that report was put into my hand. I was not wholly unprepared for it. I knew I had played truant three morn-