



Farmer Brown's Wonderful Adventures In the Moon.

BY MORDUE.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER I.

Farmer Brown comes into the house from the barn-yard and says he can't make out why his geese are cackling so. When he returns to the barn-yard he misses Hop-and-Go. One and wonders where he is. The leader, Old Billy Gray, winks at Farmer Brown, which so astonishes him he tumbles into the pig-sty. Mrs. Brown is vexed and makes up her mind to kill the geese. But when she went to do it she saw them soaring away up to the moon.

CHAPTER II.

STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN.

The round, jolly face of the sun was just peeping over the hill when Farmer Brown hurried off to the barn-yard next morning to see if the geese had returned. But alas! there was no sign of them, and he felt very lonely and sad all day, and often looked up into the sky to see if there was any trace of them.

Towards evening, as he was sitting on the fence lost in thought, he suddenly heard a loud cackle. Up he jumped at the welcome sound, and there right before him was Old Billy Gray, with one of the sprites on his back.

"Evening to you, Farmer Brown," he said in a shrill voice. "And so you have been lonely without your geese, have you?"

"Yes, very lonely," answered Farmer Brown, bowing low; "but if you have need of them it is not for me to murmur."

"Ah! ah!" chuckled the little creature. "Well answered, and now you shall be rewarded. Tonight at twelve o'clock come to the barn-yard; but, mind you, come alone, bring not your wife, for she has nearly been the death of our gallant steeds."

So saying, the rider and Old Billy Gray disappeared. As the clock struck twelve, Farmer Brown crept quietly out of the house. Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, went his heart with fear, and if it had not been for the thought of seeing his beloved geese he would have run back to the house. When he reached the barn-yard he saw no signs of them, and began to think that after all nothing would happen. Suddenly he looked up at the moon. And oh, what do you think he saw! Why, a beautiful ladder, which gradually lengthened till it reached the place where he stood. It was made of thick ropes of silk the seven colours of the rainbow. The next thing he saw was a number of the little sprites running helter-skelter down the ladder, and calling out, "Halloo, Farmer Brown, here we are again, and you are to come with us and make the acquaintance of the 'Man in the Moon.'" And with that they surrounded him, and before he

knew where he was had him on the ladder pushing him up as fast as they could. On and on they went till he could just faintly see his home far below.

At last they reached the top of the ladder, and Farmer Brown found himself on the edge of a grassy plain bounded by thick woods.

"Here comes the Man in the Moon to welcome you to his domain," shouted the little creatures in high glee as they capered about Farmer Brown, whose teeth were chattering in his head with fright.

Suddenly there bounded from the woods the queerest little creature; he was somewhat taller than the others, with an immense head, and a mouth so large that when he laughed (which he seemed to be doing all the time) it rounded up at



the ends and nearly met his eyes, which could hardly be seen for his fat cheeks.

"The Man in the Moon! the Man in the Moon!" murmured the sprites, bowing at a great rate.

"Oh, what's going to happen next!" thought Farmer Brown. But, frightened as he was, he did not forget to bow; and, remembering how the dancing master always put one leg behind the other, he did the same and kept bowing away till he bowed himself to the edge of the moon, and in another moment would have bowed himself over had not the Man in the Moon clutched hold of him and dragged him back.

"Very gracefully done, Farmer Brown, but you must remember you are only on the edge of the moon at present, and the distance from the earth is—ah! let me see—. Oh, I never can remember figures; but, no doubt, as you have been to school, you can tell us."

Poor Farmer Brown got very red in the face as he said in a low tone: "Your Majesty must pardon me; I am unable to answer your question, for the day we had that lesson in geography I was sent out of the room for passing nuts to Molly."

"Ha, ha," laughed the sprites till Farmer Brown thought they were never going to stop, and, indeed, he had to join in the laugh, though he felt dreadfully ashamed of himself, for they looked so comical as they twisted their little bodies about. But he got a great fright as he happened to look at the Man in the Moon, for what do you think had occurred? Why, he had suddenly shot up to an immense height, his legs were taller than the tallest trees; in fact, by stretching his neck, he could see over a mountain. No sooner had this taken place than all laughter was hushed and deep silence reigned.

"Oh!" cried Farmer Brown in great fright. Immediately all eyes were turned indignantly upon him, and signs made to keep quiet. One of the little creatures, however, pitying his frightened looks, whispered to him not to be afraid.

"He is only looking over his domain to see that everything is all right, for these are troublesome times; but he will soon come down to his usual size. Is he not grand? look at his magnificent legs!"

"Does he often get like that?"

"No; only when he wants to see how things are going on in distant parts of his domain; but hush, he is coming down." And sure enough, back he came to his usual size. Turning to one of his subjects he said:

"Go-As-The-Wind, you will hasten to the camp with orders to the General to be ready to march by to-morrow. I see Venus' army has nearly reached our domain, so there is no time to be lost." Go-As-The-Wind bowed and quickly vanished through the woods. The Man in the Moon then turned to Farmer Brown and said: "Your rare simplicity and love of truth commends itself to my judgment. I, therefore, have great pleasure in inviting you to be my guest. We will now leave the edge of the moon and go further into the interior, where I will show you my summer residence.

(To be Continued.)

Feet.

A plump little foot, as white as the snow,
Belonging to rollicking, frolicsome Joe,
In a little red sock, with a hole in the toe,
And a hole in the heel as well.

A trim little foot in a trim little shoe,
Belonging to sixteen-year-old Miss Sue,
And looking as if it knew just what to do,
And do it in a way that would tell.

A very large foot in a homely array,
Belonging to Peter who follows the dray,
So big that it sometimes is in its own way,
And moves with the speed of a snail.

Ah! a very big thing is the human foot,
In dainty made shoe or clumsy boot,
So 'tis well there are various tastes to suit,
And that fashion can't always prevail.

The plump little foot, a beautiful sight,
And the trim little foot, so taper and slight,
And the very large foot, though much of a fright,
Are travelling all the same road.

And it matters but little how small or how great,
So they never grow weary of paths that are straight,
And at last walk in at the golden gate
Of the city whose builder is God.

—The Evangelist.