

PEG LEG TO THE RESCUE.

he knew his last hour had come and he could no longer hold out against the Wind. For hours his old enemy had been pressing him cruelly. He had made his last stand, and had fought well and bravely, but in this final tussle his strength gave out, and with that one awful "Crack"—that loud and ominous report—he gave up the struggle. It was his cry of doom.

The Wind drew off for another onslaught, then came back with a rush and a roar, but met with no resistance this time.

The Rotten Tree—so old, so very old—tumbled down helplessly.

There was a great swishing sound as he fell through the air, then a fearful crash—and Mammy Rachel's shanty was flattened to the ground.

"After all, it's good to lie down and rest after one has stood up straight for many hundred years," thought the old Rotten Tree. "Ah, but I'm glad I was able to hold out against the Wind till the old woman and the little red-haired girl from the farm were safe away from the shanty! Now I can rest in peace, and there's nothing left to grieve over."

So the Rotten Tree's thoughts were peaceful.

Old Mammy Rachel was consoled for the loss of her home when her new friends begged her to come back with them to the farm, where they promised to give her a little hut to live in. There she stayed for the remaining years of her life, and went in and out as she pleased, and there the children loved to come and visit her and play with Peg Leg, whose famous discovery of Paul in the Hollow Stump they were never tired of recounting, and whose wonderful antics continued to be a source of entertainment as long as he lived.