F. CLIFTON BINGHAM

# COUSIN CHARLIE'S VISIT

"I have a surprise for you, dears," said mother, coming into the nursery one morning, followed by a bright-looking boy about ten years of age. "Here is your Cousin Charlie come to spend the day with you."

Dolly and May were delighted, and Mother said they might stay out all the morning. For the first hour they were very happy—there were so many new things to show Charlie; but he was one of those restless boys who get tired of everything very quickly.

"What shall we do next?" he kept saying. They tried hunting for eggs in the barn, but he soon called that "slow."

"Let's go and pick blackberries in the upper field," said little May.

So they started off and had only picked a very little while when Charlie suddenly asked: "Whose orchard is that just across the next field?"

"It's Farmer Giles's," said Dolly.

"Let's climb over and get some apples," was his next idea.

Dolly and May opened their eyes very wide. "That would be stealing," they cried, both together.

"Nonsense," said Charlie. "That's just like girls—always afraid to do anything. I mean to get a pocketful, so you can wait till I come back."

They waited and waited such a long time, but he never came, so they went slowly home. It was nearly tea-time when nurse came and said: "Farmer Giles has brought Cousin Charlie back." And a very miserable-looking boy he was.

When he had filled his pockets and meant to come down, he saw Rover, the savage farm dog, waiting for him below; so he had to stay in the tree, and might have had to remain all night, only the farmer happened to ride by and heard the dog barking.

Dolly and May were very sorry for him, and their mother did not scold him as she meant to do, because, she said, "the fright had been punishment enough."