

way through the branches, they grow so closely. Perhaps we may get on as fast as he!"

All this time Harry was dragging Laura along, and running himself into the thickest part of the plantation; but it was very difficult to make any progress, as she had become quite faint and bewildered with fright.

"Oh, Harry!" cried she, trembling all over, "you must get on alone! I am so weak with terror, it is impossible to run a step farther."

"Do not waste your breath with talking," answered Harry, still pushing on at full speed. "How can you suppose I would be so shabby as to make my escape without you? No! no! We must either both be caught or both get off!"

Laura felt so grateful to Harry when he said this that she seemed for a moment almost to forget the bull, which was still coming furiously on behind, while she now made a desperate exertion to run faster than she had been able to do before, clearing the ground almost as rapidly as Harry could have done, though he still held her firmly by the hand to encourage her.

The trampling noise continued, the breaking of branches, and the frightful bellowing of this dreadful animal, when at last Harry caught sight of a wooden paling, which he silently pointed out to Laura, being quite unable now to speak. Having rushed forward to it with almost frantic haste, Harry threw himself over the top, after which he helped Laura to squeeze herself underneath, when

they proceeded rather more leisurely onwards.

"That fence will puzzle Mr. Bull," said Harry triumphantly, yet gasping for breath. "We can push through places where his great hoof could scarcely be thrust! I saw him coming along, with his heels high in the air and his head down, like an enormous wheelbarrow."

Scarcely had Harry spoken, before the infuriated animal advanced at full gallop towards the fence, and after running along the side a little way, he suddenly tore up the paling with his horns as if it had been made of paper, and rushed forward more rapidly than ever.

Harry now began to fear that indeed all was over, for his strength had become nearly exhausted, when, to his great joy, he espied a large, rough stone wall not very far off, which was as welcome a sight as land to a shipwrecked sailor.

"Run for your life, Laura!" he cried, pointing it out, to encourage her. "There is safety if we reach it."

On they both flew faster than the wind, and Harry, having scrambled up the wall like a grasshopper, pulled Laura up beside him, and there they both stood at last, encamped quite beyond the reach of danger, though the enemy arrived a few minutes afterwards, pawing the air and foaming and bellowing with disappointment.

It was long past five before Harry and Laura reached Holiday House, where Lord Rockville met them at the drawing-room door, looking taller, and

grander, and graver than ever, while Lady Rockville rose from her sofa, and came up to them, saying, in a tone of gentle reproach, "My dear children! you ought to return home before the dinner hour, and not keep his Lordship waiting!"

The very idea of Lord Rockville waiting dinner was too dreadful ever to have entered their heads till this minute; but Harry and Laura immediately explained how exceedingly sorry they were for what had occurred, and to show that it was their misfortune rather than their fault, they told the whole frightful story of the mad bull, to which Lady Rockville listened, as if her very wig was standing upon end, to hear of such doings. She even turned up her eyes with astonishment to think of what a wonderful escape they had made, but his Lordship frowned through his spectacles, and leaned his chin upon his stick, looking, as Harry thought, very like a bear upon a pole.

"Pshaw!—nonsense!" exclaimed Lord Rockville impatiently. "The bull would have done you no harm! He is a most respectable, quiet, well-disposed animal, and brought an excellent character from his last place! I never heard a complaint of him before!"

"It is curious," observed Laura, "that all bulls are reckoned perfectly peaceable and tame, till they have tossed two or three people, and killed them!"

"I thought," added Lord Rockville, looking very grand and contemptuous, "that Harry was grown more a man than to be so easily put to

flight. When a bull, another time, threatens to toss you, my boy, seize hold of his tail—or toss him!—or, in short, do anything rather than run away the first time an animal looks at you. This is a mere cock-and-bull story, to excuse your keeping me waiting almost a quarter of an hour for dinner! You should be made a guard of a mail-train for a month, to teach you punctuality, Master Graham."

Lord Rockville gravely looked at his watch, while Harry luckily considered how often his grandmamma had recommended him to make no answer when he was scolded; so he nearly bit off the tip of his tongue to keep it quiet, while he could not but wish, in his own mind, that my Lord himself had seen how very fierce the bull looked.

Laura felt more vexed on Harry's account than her own, and the dinner went on as uncomfortably as possible; for even if a French cook has dressed it, if ill-humour be the sauce, any dish becomes unpalatable. Nothing was to be seen reflected on the surface of many fine silver covers, but very cross, or very melancholy faces; while Lady Rockville tried to make her own countenance look both cheerful and good-natured. She told Harry and Laura, to divert them, that old Mrs. Bouverie had once been pursued by a furious milch-cow, along a lane flanked on both sides by such very high walls that escape seemed impossible, so the good lady, who was fat and breathless, became so desperate, that