

furze. Further on, at some distance, rose a steep hill, the summit of which was a bare craggy rock, scarcely accessible to human feet. Capriole ranging at his pleasure, often got upon the common, and was pleased with browsing the short grass and wild herbs which grew there. Still, however, when his mistress came to see him, he would run bounding at her call, and accompany her back to the farm.

One fine summer's day, Sylvia, after having finished the business of the morning, wanted to play with her kid; and missing him, she went to the side of the common and called aloud, Capriole! Capriole! expecting to see him come running to her as usual. No Capriole came. She went on and on, still calling her kid with the most endearing accents, but nothing was to be seen of him. Her heart began to flutter. "What can become of him? Surely somebody must have stolen him,—or perhaps the neighbours' dogs have worried him. Oh my poor Capriole! my dear Capriole! I shall never see you again!"—and Sylvia began to weep.

She still went on, looking wistfully all around, and making the place echo with "Capriole! Capriole! where are you, my Capriole?" till at length she came to the foot of the steep hill. She climbed up its sides to get a better view. No kid was to be seen. She sat down and wept, and wrung her hands. After a while, she fancied she heard a bleating like the well-known voice of her Capriole. She started up, and looked toward the sound, which seemed a great way over head. At length she spied, just on the edge of a steep crag, her