

DEAN'S
Illustrated Farthing Books.

**THE BOY
AND THE RAINBOW.**



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THE BOY AND THE RAINBOW.

“At the foot of the rainbow lies a pot of gold.”



SOME rather unscrupulous wag had told Johnny Payson so; and one afternoon, when a beautiful shower marched off to the east with a splendid rainbow on its back, like the gay sash of a militia officer across his shoulders, Johnny looked sharp for the exact location of one foot of that

bright "bow of promise," and saw precisely where it rested—in the corner of his father's great garden.

He snatched a hoe, and slipped around behind the shed, and ran for the charmed spot—without being observed, he fondly fancied; and on climbing the last wall which intercepted his vision, what was his disappointment to find that he was mistaken in the locality, that the foot of the rainbow was a quarter of a mile beyond, in a little valley in the pasture. "Never mind," thought Johnny; "I can run there directly, and it is not more than digging in the garden after all."

Boy-like, he ran at full speed for the valley, scarcely looking at the object of his search till on the brow of a hill overlooking the golden valley, when, to his great grief, he saw that the glittering promise was away on the opposite hill. A tangled swamp lay in his path; but the rainbow-gold lay beyond. Torn clothes, torn feet, and bleeding hands, were drawbacks to the enjoyment, to be sure, but a pot of gold would not only repay all

damages, but also serve to purchase a much-coveted bat and ball, upon which young Johnny had set his affections.



But the most serious drawback to the enjoyment was the final discovery, on emerging from the brambles, that the

rainbow was "nowhere," and that the setting sun had left but a small legacy of light to the weeping earth, for the benefit of our Johnny in his homeward march over a long mile of swamp, and hill, and valley. His father and mother spared him that night, judging that meditation was the best sauce for such a dish as he had made for himself.

In the morning, his mother brought him his wet and torn clothes, nicely dried and mended, and with a smile and a kiss, told him his father wished to see him.

For what could it be? Nothing bad, surely; for his mother would not betray with a kiss. He hurried up, and went to his breakfast, with a look which inquired what was meant, but afraid to ask, after all. Breakfast over, his father said, kindly,

"Johnny, you want some money, do you?"

Johnny looked down, and the rainbow began to shine in his face as well as his thoughts, for he blushed warmly.

"And so you thought you would chase

the rainbow, last night—led off by Billy Wilson's joke. It was no use to slip behind the woodhouse; I saw you and guessed your errand."

The rainbow grew all red on Johnny's face, but he was mute, and hardly peeped out from under his hat to see what was coming next.

"You saw the foot of the rainbow in the garden, did you?"

"Yes, father," Johnny said, timidly, and looked up a little.

"Well, so did I," added Mr. Payson; "and now get your hoe, and come with me; we will dig there, and you shall have half the money." Johnny looked up full and fair, with a world of wonder and delight in his great eyes.

"Why, father, I thought you would call it all nonsense! you said Billy was joking."

"Oh! well, we will see if there is any gold there."

They went off to the great garden—Johnny in a wonderment at every motion, and prompt to do whatever his father

directed. Mr. Payson turned up the ground with a spade, and Johnny raked it all over; and, by direction of his father, was very careful to pick up every pebble



and stick which might interfere with the charm that was to be wrought. They furrowed the land into little squares, like a checker-board, and Johnny wondered and wondered; till directly Mr. Payson

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produced a bag of some small matter, in which the boy began to look. "Why, father, that is *carrot seed*! You are planting carrots! I thought we were going to dig gold!"

His face fell considerably at the discovery.

"Not digging gold to-day, my son, but getting ready. In the autumn, when the carrots are grown, we will dig their beautiful gold, and you shall have more money to purchase what you desire than if you were chasing rainbows all the year."

Johnny was not quite satisfied, for the gold fever was on him high at that time; but when the harvest came, he learned a very pleasant and permanent lesson—that industry, in regular productive channels, is worth much more than the golden roots of all the rainbows since Noah's flood.

