

## SOMETHING HAPPENED

"Well," said Mr. Packlepoose, half aloud, "this looks like my last chance. I can either burn up, be eaten, or drown."

The fire got hotter and hotter. The animals screamed and roared and crowded forward, snapping and snarling among themselves. Mr. Packlepoose ran out on the bow-sprit and was safe for a minute. Then a black-maned lion and his mate began to crawl out on the bowsprit.

Mr. Packlepoose gave a last look and dropped into the water. The shore seemed a long way off, but the one thing Mr. Packlepoose could do best was to swim. The lions dropped in, too, and followed Mr. Packlepoose. It was a close race, but Mr. Packlepoose touched bottom first and scrambled pantingly through the shallow water toward the beach. On his right, the black-maned lion scrambled out. On his left, the lioness was only a few seconds behind.

Out on the lake the burning boat had attracted the life-saving service, the fire-boat