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Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

MOON AND MORNING STARS

This is a quaint game played by little Spanish children. One of the players is the moon and takes up her stand in the shadow cast by a building or a large tree. The remaining players are the Morning Stars who dance about in the sunlight.

Now as the moon belongs to the night time and shadow she cannot go out into the sunlight, so she stands in the shade and says over and over again:

"O the Moon and the Morning Stars,
O the Moon and the Morning Stars!
Who dares to tread—oh,
Within the shadow?"

Bye and bye, of course, a saucy little Morning Star dances into the shadow and another and another, and the Moon tries very hard to tag them before they dance out again.

DIXIE PATTON.

THE FOREST GIRL

White Wing, the great bald-headed eagle, lay quite still. The great trees towered overhead, casting fantastic shadows. There was no sound except the low hum of insects and the twitter of birds. A snake glided out from the shadow of a tree and lay coiled ready to strike.

Suddenly something sped thru the woods and knelt at the bird's side. It was a young girl dressed in pure white. Her glorious hair fell in heavy waves nearly to her feet.

"Poor old fellow," she said softly, laying her hand on his breast. His heart still beat very faintly. She picked him up in her arms, big and all as he was, and carried him thru the woods to a big cave which stood facing a pretty little lake. Back of it the mountains rose high into the clouds.

A canoe was pulled up on the beach. A great bear rose from the mouth of the cave and came towards the girl, growling as he came.

"Go and lie down, Bruin," she said, stamping her foot at him. With a sulky growl he went and lay down by the canoe, and she entered the cave. Inside, the walls were overgrown with moss. A brick stove occupied the centre of the room. In one corner lay a pile of leaves with a fur rug thrown over them. Rugs were thrown here and there over the floor with a careless disregard for order. On one of these rugs the girl laid the bird. Going to a cavity in the wall she brought out a soft towel and a gourd. The latter she filled with water from the lake, then proceeded to wash White Wing's wound. It was only a bullet wound, so the girl judged. Evidently the bullet had only grazed the skin, but it was just at the wing. Getting another gourd filled with some kind of paste she gently worked it into the wound until the bird opened his eyes. He struggled to his feet and flapped one wing. Luckily the cave was wide for he was a huge bird and his wing was a good length when open. Bruin stood in the doorway ready to enter without further notice, but the girl stood between him and his enemy. She held a small switch in her hand at sight of which he growled at her feet.

"Get up," she ordered and he rose to his feet.

"Now listen to me, Bruin, don't you dare come into this cave until White Wing leaves it or I'll switch you soundly."

Bruin knew enough to understand what she meant, so he returned to the canoe.

Once long ago Bruin had been meandering thru the woods when he came upon a hive of honey. Now he happened to be blessed with a very sweet tooth and honey was something he did not get every day, for that matter he did not get any that day either, for the bees gave him fair warning which he did not heed, so they made use of their weapons of defence, to good effect, too, for the bear charged thru the woods howling murder. Into the cave he rushed, making sad work of everything. At last the girl managed to rope him and throw him. When she had him securely tied she brought a gourd of salve and dressed his wounds. Ever since then he had been her bounden slave. For that matter so was every other bird and beast in the forest, even snakes seemed to know her. It was

nearly two weeks before the eagle was able to use his wings. Then one morning he soared up and away, rejoicing in his recovered freedom and the use of his wings.

* * *

The only son of Sir Andrew and Lady Keene lay in his luxurious room at the court dying, at least the most prominent physicians of the country declared that he could not live another twenty-four hours. His mother was nearly distracted. Every thing was tried to save him and all to no avail.

The girl stood by the young lad's bedside. She placed her hand on his damp brow, then felt of his pulse. Opening a bark case she carried she gave the boy a long drink from a bottle. The doctors and nurses stood too stupified to move for the moment, then one of them sprang forward.

"She's giving him poison!" he gasped, and made as tho to take her by the arm.

"Step back," she blazed at him. "Not one of you knew what to give him to save his life."

She kept vigil over her patient until his brow cooled and he fell into a quiet sleep. And when the doctors and nurses were bending over him in wondering surprise she slipped silently away. They never saw her again, but they heard enough of her.

* * *

It was terribly hard times in town that year. Besides business being slack the snow lay piled in great drifts over everything.

Christmas eve that year was more like a quiet Sunday evening than one of the jolliest, happiest nights in the whole year. In a small cottage on the outskirts of the town a mother watched her children hang up their stockings, talking excitedly of the goods things Saint Nicholas would surely bring them. She sat by the fire long after the children were asleep. There was very little food or coal in the house and still less money. The fire burned lower and lower and the mother's head began to nod. The door opened and a man stepped into the room. Evidently he knew his way about for he crept stealthily towards the inner room. Hearing a slight noise behind him he whirled and gazed down the barrel of a Colt. The girl eyed him coolly, then threatening him with her gun she motioned him towards the door. Arrived there he was handed over to a blue-coat and hustled away into the darkness. Then the girl went about her work. When that was finished she left as silently as she came.

The next morning many a youngster danced about town clothed warmly and hugging some new possession to her heart. Thus it went on year after year. No one knew whence she came or how she received her money with which she helped so many of the poor.

One day Bruin wandered down the mountain side until he came to the cave. There was no one there to welcome him and he wandered on. White Wing soared over the lake, calling, calling, calling. A flock of birds flew low and entered the cave. The moss had fallen from the walls, the fur rugs were torn into pieces. Altogether the place had a desolate air about it.

Where had the girl gone? Perhaps the wind which blew soft and balmy over the still waters of the lake knew. The little children in the town watched for her coming, but in vain. Bruin came day after day, but he never found her, for she had gone never to return, and the forest's inmates knew her no more.

MARJORIE PAULD.

This is a fairly good little story, Marjorie, but there are some mistakes. You see a burglar never breaks into a house where food and coal are at ebb tide. In the second place a policeman is never at the door when he's wanted. Also a young girl living in a cave with fur rugs for a floor covering and moss for the wall decoration would have some difficulty in dressing in pure white.

The disappearance of the girl was a good touch, in fact the whole end of the story was promising. Try writing a story about the real people you know.

D. P.

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