

BOYS AND GIRLS

a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

THE MUSIC LESSON.

Ply away, dearie, ply away; The little black notes some day Will answer what you please To your fingers on the keys, When you ask them what they've got to say.

IT DOESN'T PAY.

My young friend, there are many things in this world that it doesn't pay to do. It doesn't pay to try to pass yourself off for more than you are worth, it tends to depress your market quotation.

TOO YOUNG FOR THE PLEDGE.

A little boy was induced to sign the pledge. One night a saloon-keeper called on his father. In the course of the conversation it came

out that the little boy was a teetotaler. "What!" said the saloon-keeper, with a sneer, "a mere boy like that a teetotaler?" "Yes, sir," said the boy. "I am one."

TO BE TRUSTED.

(From the New Century Path.) A crowded electric car was stopped suddenly the other day, and the passengers were surprised to see the motorman jump off and bend down to pick something from the track.

KING PENGUIN LAND.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"Then the first thing to do will be to explore," said Molly, whose round face was beaming with enjoyment. "People always explore a desert island when they first land, don't they?"

they come up on land, and are they fierce like real lions?" "Fierce? I should think so!" said Gordon, "and they come up on the beach with the lady seals, you know, every morning and evening, and roar—you should hear them roar!"

"Well, then, my dear Lady Hilda," said Gordon pompously, "let me assure your ladyship that such a thing as a sea-lion in this harbor hasn't been known in the memory of any colonist living in Stanley at the present time, or before, that I ever heard of; and further, that very few ever come to this side of the Islands at all, seeing that they prefer the southern coast, which is nearer to their beloved icebergs and the Antarctic regions generally. You're not likely to see one, therefore, if you live in this settlement for a dozen years; and as to wanting father here to take care of you, if you don't think me clever enough to do that much—"

"Well, shipwrecked father," put in Kattie saucily, "I don't think you are at all clever in pretending, anyhow; because if you've only just been wrecked here you can't know any more than Lady Hilda what the animals in the place do; and desert islands haven't got any colonists in them to tell you, and—" but Gordon was not going to be "cheeked," as he called it, by a girl; so he told her imperiously to "shut up," and gave orders to march on.

They had left the beach by now, and were following the course of a little stream, which, beginning in a wide marshy valley, formed by a break between the hills, and dotted over with innumerable wild fowl, which made their nests between the reeds and sedges, had found a path for itself to the sea. It was a bright, cheerful little stream which danced merrily over the pebbles in its bed, and sparkled in the sunshine

CHAPTER VII.—CHASED BY A SEA-LION.—THE EXPLORING PARTY CONTINUED. It was a tremendous big lion, with a grand furry mane; and as father knew that these fellows (though they can't get on a bit among grass or bushes on dry land) can scuttle over a beach as fast or faster than a man, he thought it was about time to cut and run! Just behind the rock, however, on which he was sitting there were about twenty yards of pretty steep beach to cross, consisting of nothing but large loose shingles, which slipped and rolled down under his feet at every step, and before he had gone three yards he caught one of his spurs in it and came down headlong. He wasn't hurt, and of course he was up again in an instant, but only just in time for the lion was close behind and

almost touching him. He sprang on desperately, stumbled again, and then, in the hope of checking the fierce beast and getting a moment's start (for he hadn't even time, you know, to pull off his spurs or load the pistol he had got with him) he stooped, picked up a great lump of rock, and hurled it full at the pursuer's head. The lion's mouth happened to be just opened at that instant for another roar, and the stone went right into it, so that you'd have thought it must almost have choked him, or smashed his jaw at any rate. No such thing! Why, what do you think? The brute just shut his mouth over the stone, gave one crunch, and the next minute spluttered it all out again, broken up into a hundred little bits just as if it had been a nut that you'd flung him to crack! Still it had stung him for the moment, and that gave father a start of a dozen yards, and directly the beast began to get on again dad gave him another stone on the nose which made him roar with pain, and so on till he got far enough ahead to be able to pull out his pistol and load it.

"He was almost at the top of the bank, where his horse was tethered, by then, and could have mounted easily and rode off if he had liked, but he wasn't going to have a run for his life from a sea-lion for nothing, and besides, he wanted to get its fur if possible; so he stopped, took steady aim at the beast, which was still coming straight on, and fired. The bullet hit the animal full in the middle of the forehead, and, instead of piercing it, or even staggering him, fell to the ground again, flattened as if it had been hammered on an anvil. It hadn't so much as hurt him or checked him for a moment, and though the second shot did pierce the muscles of his shoulder, and made him roar angrily, he came on faster than before. Father had just time to load again, and the third ball struck the animal on the side of the jaw, and wedged itself between his teeth. It did seem to hurt him, however, for he turned his head aside and shook it fiercely; and in the same moment dad fired the second barrel, and shot him clean through the eye and rolled him over. The ball had pierced his brain, and he was stone dead when father went down to him."

"Cousin Gordon," said Hilda, in a rather trembling voice, "shall we have to go back to the beach when we've finished exploring, because if a sea-lion were to come up out of the water I should be dreadfully afraid—and—uncle isn't here to take care of us or kill it!"

"Gordon burst out laughing," he began, but checked himself immediately. "I beg your pardon, I forgot I oughtn't to call you that, as you're only an invalid passenger, you know, and I'm not your father. What am I to call you, by the way?"

"Call her Lady Hilda. We can pretend she's a nobleman's daughter who has been ordered a voyage for her health," suggested Meta, and Hilda blushed and said— "Oh, yes, I think that would be a very nice name," and felt more pleased with her new friend than ever.

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which played among the shrubs and flowers on its sides. There were not very many flowers, certainly, and they mostly grew close to the ground and were white in color; which, however, is the case in most countries near the Poles. No sooner do you begin to get away from the sun, which, of course, is at its very hottest and brightest in the countries round the equator, than all the hot bright colors in the flowers and foliage there begin to fade away and very gradually disappear and die out. First the crimson and scarlet say "good-bye" and go; then the orange, then the blue, then the purple, then the yellow, then the white; and then there are no flowers at all! Even the grass, instead of being a bright beautiful green, fades into a greyish yellow which looks almost white too; and at last there is no grass—nothing but moss and lichens, and the eternal snow and ice of the Arctic and Antarctic circles.

Now the Falklands are not quite as bad as that, but all the red and blue and purple wild flowers have disappeared long before they reach them; so the children in these islands have to be content with white and a few yellow ones.

The ground near the brook had begun to get rather wet and boggy, and Charlie urged that they should take off their shoes and stockings and walk up the bed of the stream as far as it would let them, as the water was only deep enough to cover their ankles, and it was so nice to feel it gurgling past them; but though Gordon would secretly have liked it too, and Kattie was loud in her entreaties for the same thing, he objected, saying gravely that "the Lady Hilda," being such an invalid, might catch cold from walking barefoot, and that, strong as he was, he was afraid his strength wasn't equal to carrying her all the way.

Indeed, though he had his faults of course, and was rather too quick in his temper and fond of being looked up to by other people, Gordon was a thoroughly manly, kind-hearted boy, and instead of thinking it a bore and beneath him to share his amusements with his sisters and look after them, as some big boys think it fine to affect to do, he was not only proud of being entrusted by his parents with the entire charge of them on such distant excursions as these; but would often give up his own pleasure rather than fail in doing so honestly and thoroughly. It was for this reason that, though Molly was his favorite companion, he put Hilda next to him, and invented the pretense of her being an invalid passenger so as to give him an excuse for helping or lifting her over the rocks or boggy places which they came to in their way; and she felt grateful to him accordingly.

They left the stream before very long, however, and began to ascend a pretty steep hill-side where the ground was dry and hard and covered with a close scrubby bush very like the Scottish crow-berry, but which the little Burnetts told Hilda was called "diddle-dee," and was covered later in the summer with bright red berries, "most awfully juicy and good to eat." Great masses of granite rocks all crusted with grey and gold colored lichens and glittering with bright flakes of mica which shone like pieces of looking-glass in the sunshine, jutted out of the hillsides and were piled together in fantastic shapes near the summit, where they towered into the blue sky and threw a broad, pleasant shadow over the beds of ferns and diddle-dee at their feet. All agreed that a more delightful spot for the feast could not be found; and while the boys departed to cut enough diddle-dee to make a fire for their cooking, and Mollie and Kattie to hunt for "Malvina tea" (a pretty little sort of creeping myrtle which grows in the Falklands, and the leaves of which can be used for tea; not as good as the tea we drink, but not at all bad) Hilda was glad to be allowed to rest among the soft waving fern fronds under the shade of the rocks with Meta for a companion.

Poor Molly was the only one not quite happy at the moment. Usually in their excursions she and Meta walked together with arms linked, and found so much to say to each other that the way seemed always too short to them; but to-day her position as "shipwrecked mother" had left her all alone in the rear, and made her walk a rather dull one; though she was much too unselfish to say so, or to upset an arrangement to which Meta had submitted, and which she could guess was the pleasantest for Hilda. "We shall have our turn when we get to the top of the hill," she said to herself by way of consolation, and therefore she was the more surprised when, on arriving at their destination, her friend made no effort to join her, or even seemed to see her. Her first glance when she proposed to go in search of the Malvina tea plant was that they might treat Hilda, to

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some "real Falkland tea," where the plant they wanted was growing; and they were on their knees and busily engaged in gathering it when a piercing scream coming from the spot they had left startled them from their work, and springing to their feet they were just in time to see Hilda lying down the hill-side with outstretched arms at such a rate that, before they could even take a step toward her she had caught her foot in something and fallen headlong to the ground. (To be continued.)