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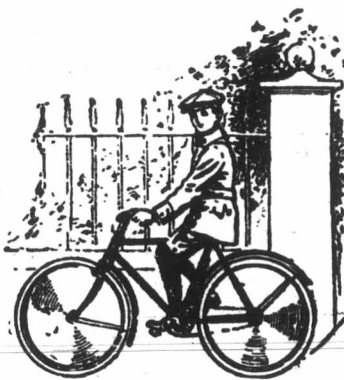
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They each found a good solid resting place on a big bough, and at last ventured to take a good look around.

The nest claimed their first attention. They were surprised to find how large it was; but then, of course, it had to be, for the birds were more than a foot and a half long. In the strong cradle of sticks and twigs there were five beautiful green eggs. Not much wonder the two birds were as proud as peacocks!

Mrs. Jack hopped off for just half a minute to show her treasures, then she went back to her place and spread her dusky wings over the eggs to keep them warm.

"Do you have to sit on them all the time till they are hatched?" asked Dimple.

"Yes, all the time," Mrs. Jack replied. "I have to get a drink once in a while, and then Jack takes my place, and he brings my meals to me too."

"Oh! He's a pretty kind Jack, isn't he?" said Boy Blue.

"Yes," she assented, "I've nothing to complain of; but then, he's just as proud and glad as I am."

When the nest and the green eggs had been sufficiently admired and praised the children began to look around them. They had never been so high up in the world before, and it gave them such a proud and happy feeling that they could hardly find words to express their delight. Up here in the tree-tops with just the birds and the winds for company, the blue sky with its fleecy white flocks of clouds leaning so near, it was the next best thing to being in Heaven—so Dimple said.

"I think you birds must have the happiest times of anything living," said Boy Blue. "I wish we were birds, don't you, Dimple?"

"No," answered Dimple slowly and thoughtfully, "because then we'd never get the chance of being angels, and I guess the angels are happier and beautifuller even than birds."

"What are angels?" asked Jack.

"People who live in Heaven," Dimple explained. "Heaven is a lovelier country than anybody can ever imagine; it's where good people go when they die."

"Aren't there any birds there?" asked Jack.

Dimple hesitated. "Why, there must be," she decided after a moment. "It would be a funny country without any birds. What do you think, Boy Blue?"

"I'm sure there's birds in Heaven," he answered quite decidedly. "We know there's flowers, and why shouldn't there be birds too? You remember what the hymn says—

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."

"Sing that hymn for us, won't you?" begged Mrs. Jack.

"Yes, do sing it," Jack urged.

The children consented readily. "When we've sung it, won't you please tell us about your adventures on the far-away island?" Boy Blue asked.

"All right," Jack agreed, and they began at once to sing.

Never had that sweet hymn of the heavenly springtime seemed so lovely, and afterwards whenever the children sang or heard it they recalled the scene. The soft West Wind, which had been listening around the corner all the time, swayed their tree-top gently to and fro; beneath them, sparkling through the green boughs, the silver river rippled and murmured its own low song; the golden sun shone warmly down upon their wind-blown curls; and they could see all down the green valley and count the bilberry and cherry trees all white with fragrant bloom.

No sooner had the first sweet notes rippled out across the valley than there was a rustling sound of wings all around, and by the time they had

come to the last line a whole company of birds had assembled in the tree-tops near by. All their friends, old and new, seemed to be there, and several whose names they had not yet learned.

The bird audience and the children were equally delighted with each other. But as soon as he could make himself heard, Jack asked rather severely: "Who invited all you birds over here?"

"The West Wind! the West Wind!" they cried all together.

"Oh, indeed!" was the reply.

Now Jack himself was very fond of the West Wind, so he couldn't very well be cross. He knew quite well they were all eager to hear the children sing, and he knew too that they wanted to hear his story, for he had teased them with hints and boastsings many a time. He had always meant some day to gratify their curiosity and his own vanity, and now was as good a time as any. So, perched on the tip-top of the cedar tree, he began his story.

A TRAGEDY OF THE ZOO.

The shaggy old Tibetan yak at the Boston "Zoo" died some while ago and a new yak occupied his shed and enclosure.

Recently a visitor stood watching the yak munching at a truss of hay in his manger. He called the yak and it took no notice. Then, having read Hooker's "Himalayan Journals," he remembered the calls of the Tibetan maidens when they bring the yak home at sunset.

The visitor uttered the call. The yak dropped a mouthful of hay, gave a deep grunt, and came shambling to the bars of its stable. The visitor patted and fondled it and grunted yak language, and it licked his hand, and when he left the yak house it ran out of its shed and followed him round its large barred enclosure.

He returned later and found the yak still restless. It had deserted its meal; it paced the enclosure and made plaintive noises. The visitor gave the Tibetan girl's call again, and again the yak ran to him. "Good heavens!" cried a stranger, "how do you tame 'Zoo' animals like that?" He was told the secret.

"Poor old yak, poor old fellow," said the stranger. "How can we guess what chords you have touched—what memories of snow and ice, and praying-wheel sand idols, of Tibetan girls with turquoise ornaments in their braided hair? Look how troubled the old yak is—it isn't fair to give homesickness to prisoners at the 'Zoo!'—The Daily Mail.

AN IRISH COOK.

A ship was lying in the harbor at a town in the north of England, when an Irish emigrant went on board and thus addressed the cook, who was also Irish: "Are you the cook?"

"No," said the cook; "but Oi'm the man as boils the mate."

MISTAKES.

When a plumber makes a mistake, he charges twice for it.

When a lawyer makes a mistake, it is just what he wanted, because he has a chance to try the case all over again.

When a carpenter makes a mistake, it's just what he expected.

When a doctor makes a mistake, he buries it.

When a judge makes a mistake, it becomes the law of the land.

But when an editor makes a mistake—Good-night!—Exchange.