

"But he was not used to the water, and the cold went to his heart, I doubt," put in a woman.

"He gave his life for another. He died bravely, doing his duty," Jean Pitou.

"It is the little daughter of the English milord," said one who now came up, from where efforts were being made for the restoration of the half-drowned.

"She is coming to—so is her father and the captain of the yacht."

"These brave men saved them all."

"He saved the child," said the old man, pointing to where lay that which they had called 'Petit Fichu.'

"We didn't see her at all," said another.

Jean Pitou staggered home. He was sober enough, though. He cast himself into a chair and threw his arms upon the table; his head dropped upon them. "I was not there, and he is dead!" he groaned.

His mother put her wrinkled hand softly on his head.

"He is in better keeping than thine, my son," she said.

Then the strong man broke down and wept bitterly.

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There is a little monument, though it is but of wood, hard by the place where Dieudonné lived his short life: the pence of those who had jeered at him while he lived, but now mourned him dead, erected it. The Englishman, whose child he had saved, would gladly have paid for one in marble; but "No," said Jean Pitou, "he would have rather had it so." Roughly-cut letters beneath tell how he lived and died. "Our Dieudonné," as they proudly say who point to the simple record. Often wild flowers lie about it, laid there by the children, and not unfrequently may be seen wending his way thither a big seafaring man, who looks full of sad memories as he gazes on the rough memorial sacred to his boy-friend.

A wiser as well as a sadder man is Jean Pitou. Master Simon gives him no credit now, for he goes no more to the Sword and Buckler.

THE END.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Mother (to her boy Bobby, who has just been caught fighting in the street) - "He hit you first, did he?" Bobby—"Yes, ma." "Well, you shouldn't have struck him back. Don't you remember that the Bible says 'If he smite thee on one cheek turn to him the other also?'" "Yes, ma, but what's a fellow going to do when he gets hit on the nose?"

Very much in the line of Bobby's delicious humour was the question put to a staggered parent by a boy of ten the other day who asked:

"I say, pa, what makes you pray for our daily bread all the time? Isn't it about time to pray for some early vegetables? The season's about on."

"I'm not going to say my prayers any longer, ma." "Why not?" asked the astonished parent. "Well, I don't hear you say your prayers, for one thing, and papa don't say his, I know; and as for me praying for the whole family any longer, I shan't do it."

"My friends," remarked the minister, "the collection to-day will be devoted to my travelling expenses, for I am going away for my health; the more I receive the longer I can stay," and strange to say, the largest collection ever made was then taken up.

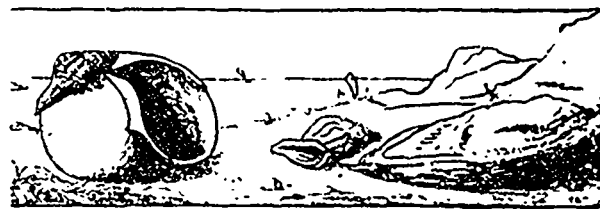
NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

ADAPTED FROM JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

ABOUT MR. DRILL.

He is a small shell-fish. He looks like Mr. Conch, but is not so large. His real size in the sea is not much larger than he is in this picture. His name is Mr. Drill. His colour is dark brown. His shell has ridges on it. The drill does not live alone in a place by himself. A whole host of them live near each other.

The very strangest thing about the drill is his tongue. It is from his tongue that he gets his name. It is like a file. With this fine tongue the drill can cut or saw a hole in a thick shell. The drill is very greedy. He eats many kinds of shell-fish. He likes best of all to eat the



THE LITTLE ROBBER.

oyster. The way he does is this. With his tough foot he gets fast hold of the oyster-shell. He picks out the thin, smooth spot called the eye of the shell. Then he goes to work to file his hole. It will take him a long time.

Some say it will take him two days. But he is not lazy. He keeps fast hold and saws away. At last the hole is made clear through the shell. He puts into the hole a long tube. He can suck with that, and he sucks up the oyster till the poor thing is all gone.

What can the oyster do? Nothing. The poor oyster cannot help himself. Does he hear hour after hour the file of the drill on his shell? Yes. He knows the drill will get in and kill him. But all he can do is to keep still and wait.

The oyster is not the only kind of shell-fish that the drill eats. Those that have no heads, he eats them up with ease. They cannot help themselves. They do not know how to get away from Mr. Drill. It is a bad thing, it seems, to have no head.

But let us see Mr. Drill try a fight with a shell-fish that has a head. Now he meets his match! He goes to the top of the shell. He makes fast, and begins—file, file, file. The fish inside hears him. "O, are you there, Mr. Drill?"

Then what does the shell-fish do? He draws his body out of the way, and builds up a nice little wall! Then, when Mr. Drill gets his hole made, and puts in his tongue—no fish, only a hard wall! Then Mr. Drill also moves along.

He picks out a good place. Once more goes to work—file, file, file. "O, here you are, Mr. Drill!" And the shell-fish with a head once more pulls his body out of the way, and makes a new wall. Sometimes Mr. Drill gets tired of the war and goes off. Now and then, as he too has a head, he finds a spot where there is no room for the wall. Then he makes his hole and sucks out the animal.

For all Mr. Drill has a head, he is not so wise as at first he seemed to be. He will sit down and make a hole in an old dead shell where no fish lives. Now and