

the great quantities of cold water he drank, I thought it best to leave him in his sheltered pen and off I sped on Christmas duties bound.

That night at a friend's house, as we stood awaiting Santa Claus' appearance in front of a well-laden Christmas tree, I mentioned to Fritz that "Nimmy" was not well. The jollity of the scene made my words fall almost unheeded. Now entered old Father Christmas, the loving remembrances were distributed with many a laugh and jest and pleasant word. The night sped apace and soon Fritz and I, laden with our gifts, started homewards. The night was cold and clear. No snow, except on the tops of the distant Olympics, told that it was winter, even the ground was soft, unfrozen. As we entered the alder woods and came out on our own wee bit clearing, where the moon made all things bright and distinct, I said to Fritz, "We had better go and see how 'Nimmy' is; remember I told you he was ill this morning." I walked ahead, entered the yard, undid the pen door, and threw the light from the lantern inside. "Nimmy" lay close to the door with his legs stretched out—one glance told me all. "He's dead!" I whispered. Then, laying the lantern down, I lifted the body—there was life in him yet, as the great, black eyes looked up at me. I laid it on the dry, clean bed. With a cry so loud and despairing that it rings in my ears yet of "Nimmy" dead, my "Nimmy" dead! the lad pushed past me and fell on his knees beside the body and embraced it and fondled it, softly crying—"He's not dead; he's warm. Oh, my dear Nimmy; you're not going to die!" So heartbreaking were the lad's cries and lamentations, that I begged him, and finally persuaded him, to step out of the pen. Then I gently smoothed down the body, cast a glance at the fast glazing eyes—my own were wet with tears—and left the pen.

"Ar'n't you going to put up the door?" said Fritz. To oblige him I did, although I knew full well "Nimmy" would never pass through it again of his own motion.

"Never mind hanging up my stocking!" sobbed the lad, as he crept into bed. "I don't want Santa Claus to come to-night." But I did hang it up, as this sweet season comes but once a year, and alas! the boy will soon be too old to so innocently appreciate it.

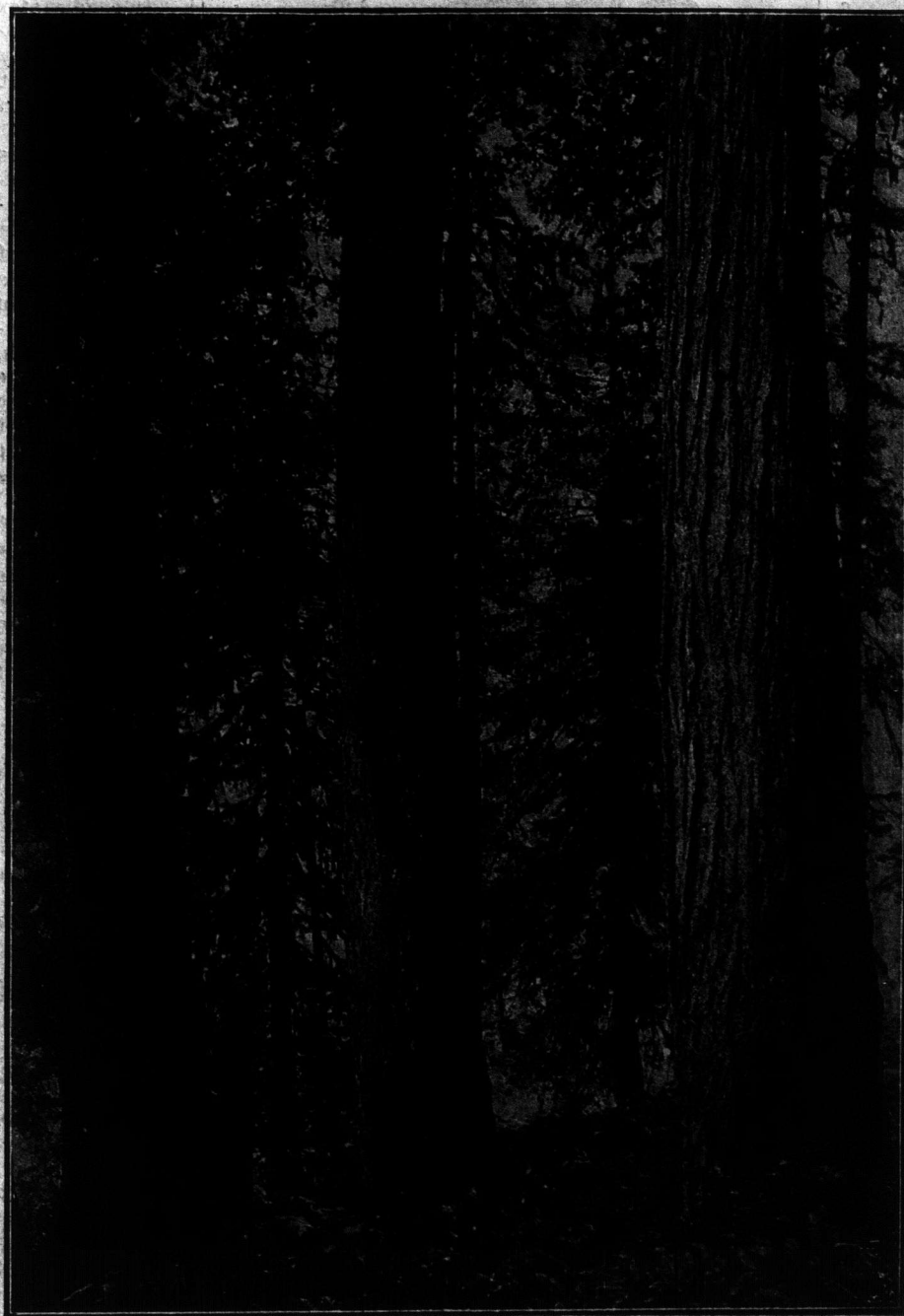
Early on Christmas morning Fritz went, as was his custom, and opened the door of the deer pen. Nimrod lay with glassy eyes. I called to the lad, "Is he alive yet?" Unused to the dread presence, think only of the open eyes of his pet, he answered, "Yes!" Then he entered the pen. Again came that heart-wringing cry—"He's dead! Oh! he's dead!" and the sobbing lad came back to me.

Three days later I got a friend of mine to take the body in his boat. When he was well out in the inlet, I called Fritz, and together we stood and watched the course of the craft. At last, when it was three parts way across, we saw the rower stand erect, stop, lift a dark burden—then came the splash, the ever widening rings—and we knew we had seen the last of our pet deer Nimrod.

All About Ants.

The brother of a scientist went to a bookshop to buy a present. He told the assistant that he wanted a volume dealing with natural history to give to his brother, a zoologist. Could he recommend one? The assistant glanced over the shelves with a knowing air. At length he took down a book. "This would interest him," he remarked. "It is by one of our best authors." "Let me see it," said the purchaser. The assistant handed it to him. On the back, in large letters, was the word "Anthology." "All about ants!" commented the assistant.

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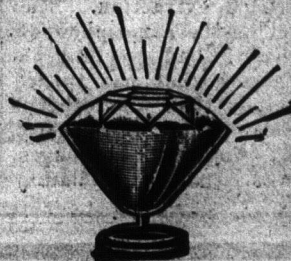
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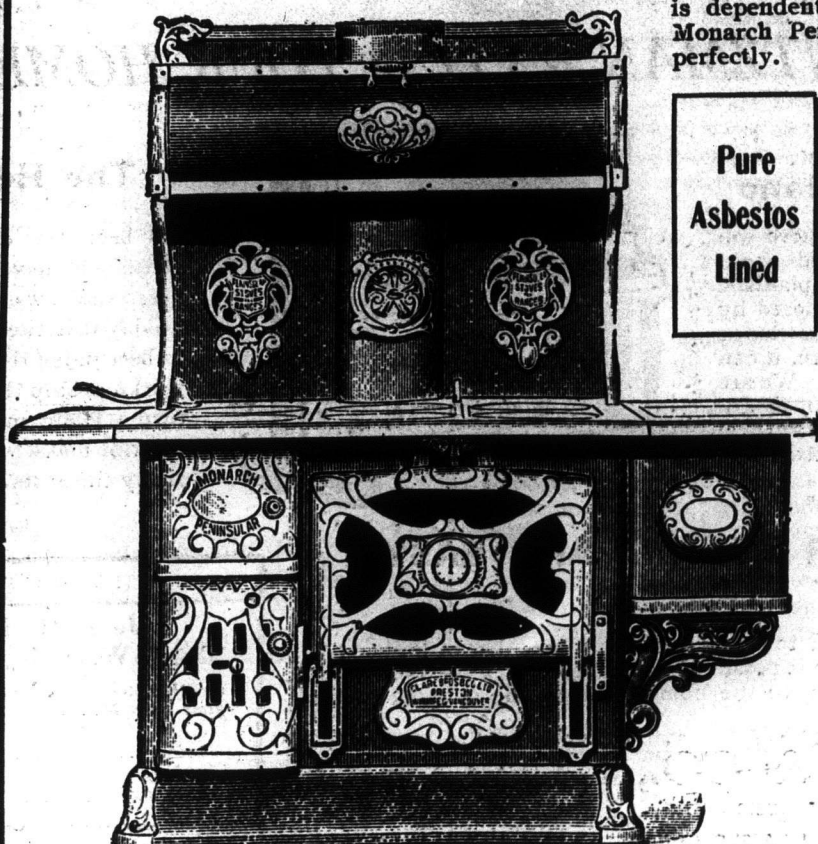


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