

next summer, perhaps, you might manage it. Mother would be so delighted to see you."

"Thanks, Spot; I should really like it. We'll talk of it later on. Now put your money away, and pay me when you can. Three days after convenience!"

"It will be as pleasant to pay as it is to borrow," I said.

"All right, Spot. Good night, and good dreams."

The following morning I was off by an early train in the dim light of a winter dawn. How delicious to be speeding, thirty miles an hour, towards home, even in a third-class carriage, with the keen wind whistling through the chinks! How delightful to see the familiar fields and roads and churches as we draw near our station! But, above all, how delightful to see the dear faces at home, and to watch their bright and happy looks as they surveyed me after eight months' absence.

Between the attractions of home and the visiting of old friends, the preparations for Christmas, the skating and riding, my time was fully occupied, and I had not a moment to think of Harry Beech or of the office, both of which seemed more like dreams than anything else now that I was at home again.

I was not allowed to remain long ignorant of them, however, for they were both brought to my notice in a very unexpected way two days before Christmas. We were at tea when the boy from the village post-office brought up a telegram addressed to me. I could hardly believe my eyes when on opening it I read, "From Barron and Co., London, to Clement Spottiswood, Dene-worth. Come up without fail early to-morrow; your presence is urgently required."

"What makes you look so troubled, Clement?" asked my mother; "there is nothing wrong, I hope?"

"I hardly know. Read that!"

Then I told her the whole history of Harry Beech's friendship, and how I had an undefined fear that something had gone wrong with his money matters.

Neither of us slept much that night; she was too anxious, I was too miserable. The early and cheap train left our station at seven o'clock next morning, and by it, all shivering and guilty-stricken, I returned to London.

(To be Continued.)

## HISTORY OF A TADPOLE.

FROM LADY ABERDEEN'S "WILLIE WINKIE."

I am at Bonsel with Dr. Holme. We have a pond of tadpoles. Yesterday Miss Matthew took me down; we took a cup and caught one tadpole in it. We noticed that it had two little legs sticking out as well as a tail. Then I was told that Dr. Holme was down at the pond catching more. He came up and showed them to me, and after dinner we went down and caught all varieties. When the tadpole is very young it looks all head with a long tail.

It goes swimming about, and lives always in the water like a fish. It has a little round mouth underneath, and does not breathe air like a real frog, but like a fish. When the tadpole is a little older, little buds are seen sticking out at the back; they gradually grow and become legs like a fish with two legs.

At this time the tadpole has a head and a tail and two legs. Then two little buds are seen in front, and these gradually become legs, so that the tadpole has a head, four legs, and a tail; but now the funny thing is that the head, instead of growing bigger is growing smaller. Then the poor little thing begins to lose its tail, and its head grows more like a frog. Until the tail becomes very small and hardly seen, it lives in the water like a fish. As its tail disappears, little lungs begin to grow inside it, and it can now breathe air.

At the pool we saw hundreds of these little frogs, with little bits of tails, sitting on the banks breathing air, and when we came near them they all plunged into the water and swam away.

Now they have no tails at all, and are little frogs. Next year I expect to see them grown into big frogs.

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OUR GOOD FRIEND, MR. LEMOINE,

is going to give us a book with all his wonderful knowledge about our Canadian Birds. Any one who has heard him "talk" about birds will know how delightful his book must be. Please be quick, Mr. LeMoine, as we are much in need of it.

## WITH THE REAR GUARD OF THE EMIN RELIEF EXPEDITION.

BY CAPTAIN W. G. STAIRS, R. E.

### PART V.

Far away in the very heart of Africa, deep neath the shades of the mighty forests of the Congo Region and

#### EIGHT MONTHS MARCH

from either the Indian or Atlantic Ocean, lies the district of Ibwiri. In the centre of this district, in a most important and commanding position, was built, by the Emin Pasha relief expedition in the beginning of the year 1888, the station of Fort Bodo or Fort Peace. Two hundred and ten English miles to the west of this, at the station of Ugarrowa, an Arab slave raider, the expedition had been compelled, some four months previously, to leave its first detachment of sick men, who were weary and worn out with the forest marches from Yambuya towards the Albert Nyanza.

It was decided on the 14th February 1888 to bring these sick men from Ugarrowa's to Fort Bodo, trusting, of course, that many would have become strong again and able to resume their duties. I was ordered by the

leader of the expedition to take this job in hand, to find my way to Ugarrowa's, to forward letters to Major Barttelot in charge at Yembuys, and to bring on those left at Ugarrowa's to the Fort.

On Friday, 16th February 1888, having organized and equipped a little force of twenty-seven picked men, strong in wind and limb, we started out of the Fort into

#### THE ETERNAL GLOOM OF THE FOREST

on our long journey. Ere we should once more march through the gates of the Fort again, we should have traversed over four hundred miles of trackless primeval forest, every inch of which had to be carefully picked out. Five minutes from the Fort and we had said our last goodbye. Seventy days later we returned with our object completed.

I think, reader, it must be difficult for any one who has never been in the centre of an immense tropical forest