

eddi and gurgled. His whole life depended on that little sharp piece of steel set in the horn handle. The cake was cut half-through; a few more strokes would do the work.

Again that slight snapping sound! The brittle blade had broken like the other!

With a mighty effort Duncan flung both arms powerfully down on the tongue that still held to the slab by its half-severed end, preventing his escape; but the firm mass showed no sign of yielding. Again, and still again, with the strength of despair he dashed his elbows against the unfeeling ice, bruising them cruelly. But his second and third attempts proved as fruitless as the first.

"You never can do it! You never can do it!" a voice seemed to keep saying over and over in his ear.

"I will do it!" he shouted. And for the fourth time, his muscles hard as steel and his energies doubled and trebled by the deadly peril, he hurled his tense forearm upon the mass that held him down.

Crack! The cake split off, and lay loosely across his chest.

He had succeeded at last, but not a moment too soon, for the water was

Lost Neighbors

"Are you sure you know the way, Jeannette?" said mother, cheerily.

"Why, of course I do, mamma! I go right down this street, and down the next street and turn the corner, and then I'm there."

Mamma kissed her and said: All right. One loaf rye bread, remember."

Jeannette really did know the way to the bakery, or would have if she had not happened to be looking at a dear little pony cart just when she ought to have turned the first corner. So she went on to the next street, and that carried her into a strange neighborhood. When she got to where the bakery ought to be, it was not there at all. Where was she? She looked around in sudden terror. Nothing was as she remembered, tearfully. There was an open lot on the corner, with a dog in it. She was afraid of dogs. She ran on down the street. Perhaps she had not gone far enough to reach the bakery. She heard a little wailing cry, and looked across to the opposite sidewalk.

There was a little girl just as big as she, and this little girl was crying, too; she began to wonder what could be the matter.

"She feels bad, and hasn't got anybody to comfort her," Jeannette thought. She



30,000 lb. catch of Halibut, Prince Rupert

lapping his cheeks. With a final endeavor he pushed the severed cake aside, and putting his arms behind him, lifted his stiffened frame to an upright position. The long chilling pressure had almost numbed his body, and he was weak as a reed from the struggle he had won.

A few minutes more, and the rising tide floated the slab sufficiently to allow him to draw his legs from under it, and he crept slowly up out of the water.

It was hard work to climb the ladder at the head of the dock; but grit and resolution conquered, and Duncan found himself at last on the moldering timbers of the wharf. It would not do to remain there, however; so, slowly and painfully, he started to drag himself homeward.

The effort he was obliged to make, hard though it seemed, was of the greatest benefit to him, for it gradually set the blood circulating once more through his benumbed body. By the time he had gone two hundred yards he was able to rise to his feet, and begin a slow, hobbling walk. On reaching home he said nothing of his adventure, although he felt its effects for weeks afterward.

Duncan is now captain of a three-masted schooner, well-known in the coasting trade. In one of the drawers of the desk in his cabin is a horn-handled jack-knife with both blades broken. This he preserves as carefully as a veteran of a war might treasure some object that had stopped the bullet aimed at his heart.

The hog house should be well ventilated and it should have an abundance of sunshine. These two things are very important but they have been overlooked in many of the buildings that have been put up in the past.

looked around. "There isn't anybody but me. I guess I must go," she ran over.

"Hullo! Don't cry—I'm here! I won't let anybody hurt you," and Jeannette put her arm around the other little girl.

"I want—my mamma!" she sobbed. I can't find my house!"

"That's funny," she said. "You're lost, and I'm lost, and you found me and I found you! But I want my mamma!"

"Don't cry! I'll find your mamma," promised Jeannette. "There's a man coming out of that house. Let's ask him!"

"No, you won't be 'fraid with me! Come He'll be gone!"

When the grocer's clerk saw the two little girls coming toward him he waited.

"Will you find her mamma, please?" asked Jeannette.

"I'm Charlotte Cashen. I'm four years old. I live at 55 Summer street," spoke up Charlotte.

"Oh, Mrs. Cashen's little girl, are you? Why, yes, I'm going right past there." He put her on the wagon seat. "You want to ride, too?" he asked Jeannette, looking down kindly at her. She cried eagerly: "Oh, please, I'm lost, too! I want the bakers' shop, and I can't find it. I only found Charlotte!"

"Well, well, two lost kids!" chuckled the boy. "Jump in, then," and he swung her up beside Charlotte. "We'll stop at the bakery as we go along. Where do you live?"

"On Summer street—that big, white house right on the corner. I'm Jeannette Jacobs."

"Oh, ho, ho!" laughed the grocer's boy, shaking his broad shoulders. "And you two children never knew each other before—living only a stone's throw apart?"

"No, we never did," they declared.

"Well," he said, you'd better go shopping together after this, so when you get lost you'll have company."—"Michigan Christian Advocate."

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The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG, MAN.

In the Other Pocket

"I can't quite make your change," said the country storekeeper, painfully recounting the pile of pennies in his hand. "It's a cent out of the way." "Oh, never mind," returned the munificent summer boarder. "But it's my cent," was the moving rejoinder.

Sometimes it does happen to make a difference if we know who owns the cent. The New York Press tells this story of a man who, early on Monday morning, came to the assistant treasurer of a church.

"I attended a service yesterday," said he, "and I made a mistake when you took up the collection. I had a penny

and a five-dollar gold piece in my pocket. I think—"

Here he stopped to take breath, and the other man interrupted him with some impatience. He had heard just that complaint before. Somebody was always hunting a five-dollar gold piece.

"I think you are mistaken," said he. "We had no five-dollar gold pieces in Sunday's collection."

"That's just what I am trying to get at," said the old gentleman. "You ought to have had one. I meant to put mine in the basket, but I made a mistake and dropped in the penny instead. Here is the gold piece."