

Birds of the Merry Forest

By LILLIAN LEVERIDGE
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CHAPTER XXVII.

Lost—A Temper.

It was a perfectly lovely day—outdoors; but within, the sky seemed somewhat overclouded. Dimple was cross—decidedly so; and even Boy Blue looked rather glum.

They were over at Mrs. West's, leaning on the garden gate and looking moodily up the road.

The trouble was that Mr. and Mrs. Marlowe, Mr. West, and Jimmie had gone off on a berry-picking excursion over at Gull Lake, and left the twins, much against their will, in the care of Mrs. West. Daddy said it was too far for them to go. Dimple might have stood it, but it had taken Boy Blue several days to get rested after his moonlight adventure with the owls, and it would be safest not to risk an all-day jaunt so soon.

There was only a cow path to the lake, and over the last little stretch, no path at all. On the lake shore the raspberries grew more abundantly than in any other place within reach. Mrs. West and Mrs. Marlowe wanted berries for preserving, and as Mr. West had a lot of hay cut which needed a day's sunshine, the men had consented to give them a day.

Usually it was Dimple's pride to "take care of Boy Blue"; it gave her such a feeling of importance; but today the charm failed to work. She wanted so much to go to Gull Lake, and to be kept at home on her brother's account was a little too much.

Suddenly Boy Blue laughed out. "Dimple," he said, "do you know what those Song Sparrows up there are saying?"

"No," snapped Dimple, "and I don't care."

The boy's merriment was too keen to be easily quelled. "They're reading the morning paper," he went on; "I guess it is printed on maple leaves. They were reading a 'Lost' advertisement—'Lost—a temper—by a little girl in a pink dress and brown eyes. If it is returned to the owner the finder will be rewarded by a smile as big as a sunflower.'"

Dimple laughed in spite of herself, and only by a considerable effort summoned back the frown. "That's silly," she declared. "I can't smile as big as that."

She hadn't heard the Song Sparrows reading, but she did hear the English Sparrows giggling. Mrs. West would have called it "twittering," but she, poor soul, was hopelessly ignorant of bird language. They were giggling all right enough, no mistake about that, and Dimple was quite vexed to hear them. A little temper, you know, is like a dash of vinegar, in turns everything sour.

"It isn't fair," she said to herself, "to have to stay home and then be laughed at. I've a notion to go anyway."

At first she didn't really mean what she said, but the more she thought of it the more she did mean it. At last she seized a chance to steal away unseen, ran home and got a small tin pail, then in a spirit of daring set off to find her way alone to Gull Lake. She had never been there, but felt sure she should not miss it.

Of course she knew, down in her heart, that she was behaving badly, and that the time was surely coming when she would be sorry. But to that little warning voice she quite refused to listen a moment. She was

living only in the present, and the daring, the spice of danger, the very naughtiness, were all an adventure, in which for one brief hour she took a wild enjoyment.

The greater part of the way lay along the path to Lonely Lake, and she knew where the trail branched off for the last mile and a half. The woods were cool and beautiful, she was not tired, and there was little chance of being lost.

There was that last trackless stretch, however. The path ended on a grassy hillside, and Dimple failed to discover the trail taken by the party

in advance. She plunged down the hillside into the undergrowth, for there seemed little choice of a path. Every way she turned she met with nothing but a dense, dark mass of saplings and tangled vines.

"It doesn't matter," she said to herself. "I'm just about sure this is the right direction, and soon I'll hear their voices."

She came soon to a steep, rocky chasm bridged by the trunk of a fallen tree. "If I can cross over on that," she said to herself, "it will save me quite a climb."

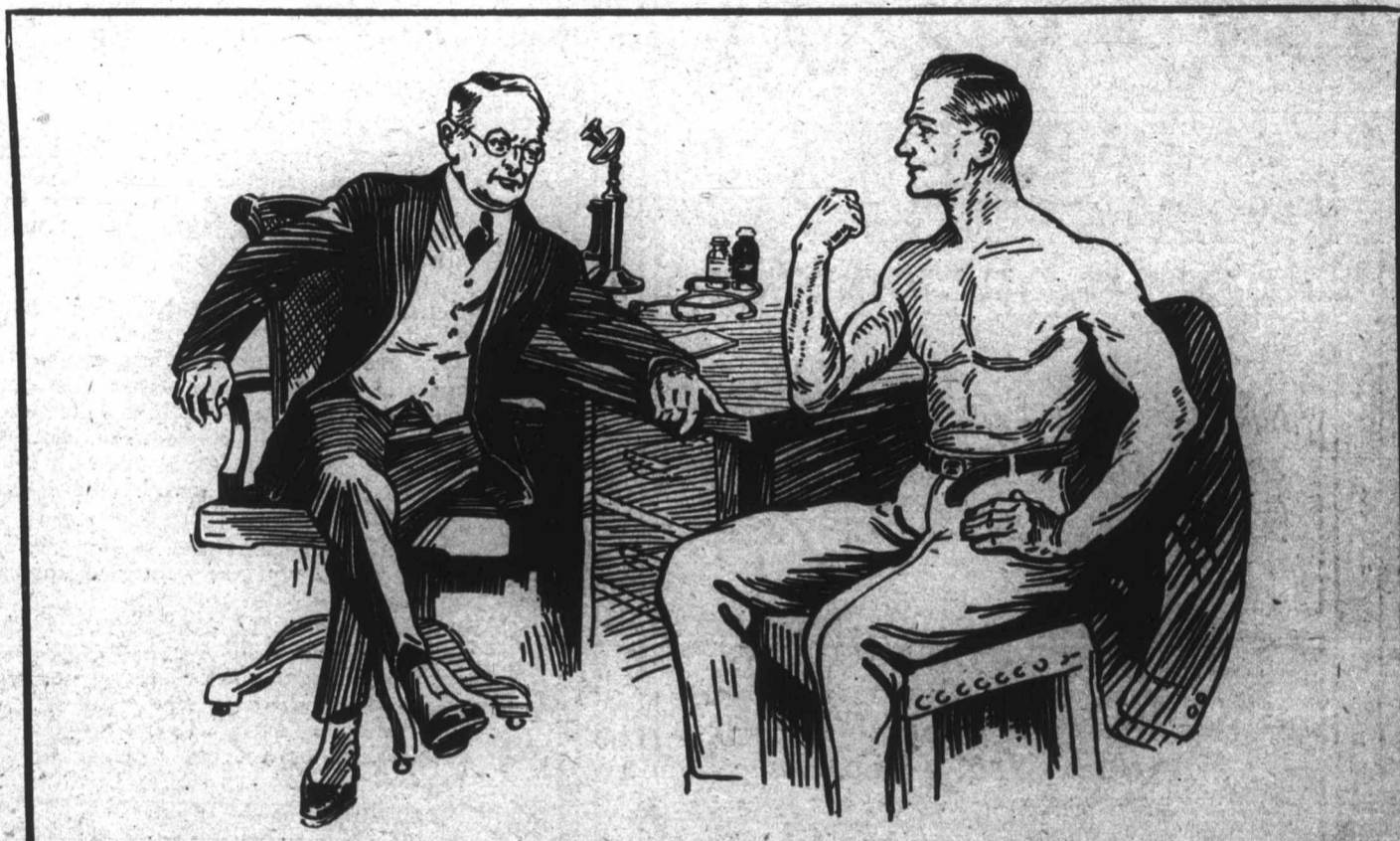
She had just reached the middle of

this natural bridge when suddenly she lost her balance. Her feet slipped, she flung out her hands wildly, clutching only empty air, and with a little terrified cry, fell to the cruel rocks below.

For a few moments the light went out, but when she opened her eyes and tried to rise a sharp pain in her left arm caused her to fall back again, sick and dizzy.

"Oh! I've broken my arm!" she cried. "Whatever shall I do all alone here in this dreadful place? O Daddy! Daddy!"

(To be continued.)



"But I Am Not Nervous, Doctor, See How Strong I Am"

"YES, you are strong, all right, and I find after a careful examination that there is no indication of organic disease."

"Then what does seem to be the trouble?"

"It is your nerves, the internal nerves which control the action of the vital organs such as the heart, the stomach, the liver, the kidneys, etc. This is called the sympathetic nervous system. It is not at all uncommon for strong, healthy-looking people to suffer from this form of nervous trouble."

"I never thought I was nervous."

"How do you act in the dentist's chair?"

"Well, I generally keel over in a faint."

"That is just it. Your sympathetic nervous system is affected by the thought that you are going to be hurt. Your digestive troubles are due to the run-down condition of your nerves."

"I never thought of that."

"No, and not many people realize the all-important part played by the nerves in the digestion of the food and the functioning of the vital organs. The flow of the digestive fluids in the stomach, the filtering of bile from the blood by the liver,

the purifying of the blood by the kidneys—all these functions and many more are controlled by the sympathetic nervous system. Consequently when the nervous energy runs low all these processes are slowed up and you suffer accordingly.

"While examination shows that there is no organic disease, the action of these organs is weak because of the exhausted condition of the nerves. You need a good nerve tonic."

"What about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food?"

"There is nothing better that I know of. I find evidence everywhere I go of the exceptional restorative power of this popular treatment. But do not expect to get well in a day. It takes time to bring back strength and vigor to an exhausted nervous system."

"How long will I need to use the Nerve Food?"

"That is hard to say. Perhaps two or three months. But you will soon feel the benefit of this treatment and then keep right on using it until you are fully restored."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. Look for portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., on the box you buy.