

Ham sat up, and looked about him sullenly. 'You saved my life, Clayton. Why didn't you wait for me? I wouldn't have gotten into this scrape.'

'You ask that question!' cried Clayton scornfully, backing away from Ham as he rose to his feet. 'What are you going to do now?'

Ward shivered, a picture of misery. 'I'm going home. I've lost my gun.'

With relief Clayton burst into laughter. 'Here, take my overcoat. You'd better strip and wring your outers before you put it on. You won't freeze if you skate on the gait you've shown this afternoon.'

He flung his coat towards Ham, keeping a safe distance.

'Mind you keep it out of sight till I call for it, or tell folks you borrowed it after a ducking. I shall tell nothing. Good-by!'

He stooped to test the firmness of his skates, then bent himself to cover the five miles that lay before him. Ward wrung out his coat, squeezed the wet trousers that bagged his limbs, and with Clayton's warm garment buttoned about him urged his stiffened body homeward. It was the coldest shock he had ever met in a cold world. Either it braced and nerved him into activity, or he feared Clayton might be tempted to spoil his reputation for honesty. At least, for some reason never publicly understood, he began next day at common labor in the Deep River mills, removed his family thither within a month, and lives there now, earning the respect that naturally follows industry, and sharing the payments that never since have been transported by way of the lake.

On Trial.

(Pansy, in 'Junior Golden Rule.')

'I've got the place!' called Nannie, triumph in her voice. 'She said she liked my looks, and believed I would be just the one. I'm to be there at eight, and stay until six; and I am to have my dinner and supper there, and be paid a dollar a week, just for playing with that cunning little Laurie. Won't it be fun? He is just as sweet and as pretty as he can be; and he has ever so many things that I should like to play with myself. And only think—a dollar a week just for playing. By the time vacation is over I shall have my bicycle! Because I have ten already, and mother will manage to get the other two somehow. I know she will.'

Lizzie Potter looked at her friend wistfully, and with a shade of annoyance as well as disappointment in her brown eyes. She wondered why it was that Nannie seemed always to get just a little ahead of her. It was only yesterday that she had heard that Mrs. Prescott was looking for a little girl to come and play with and watch over her three-year-old son Laurie, and would be willing to pay something in return.

Lizzie had talked it over with her mother in the evening. If she could make, in that way, a few dollars towards buying the cow, how splendid it would be! But behold! Nannie had heard of the opportunity, and while Lizzie was doing her morning work had rushed off and secured the place.

By the next evening, Nannie was less delighted with her chance. 'It's awful hard work,' she complained to Lizzie, 'to play all the time, whether you want to or not. That little Laurie is a regular tyrant; he must be read to or played with or watched every single minute. And he can't play anything but the silliest plays. If it were not for his taking long naps, I couldn't stand it. I had a good time then; I read the loveliest book! Mrs. Hollister hinted that I might play with her two little girls if I choose; but I can tell you I was hired to play with Laurie, and that's enough for me.'

'Who is Mrs. Hollister?' asked Lizzie. 'Why, she is Mrs. Prescott's sister and has two 'wins, bothering little girls, dressed exactly alike.'

On the morning of her fifth day of work Nannie came to her friend with eager tongue.

The girls at the Moreman house, right next to them, were going nutting, and had invited her to go along, and that meant Mrs. Prescott wouldn't let her off for a single day, unless she could get some one to take her place. Wouldn't Lizzie do it for her? Then she could read that lovely book.

'There's lots of time to read,' confessed Nannie, 'even when Laurie is awake. Some-

The Fox Shot.

(J. F. C., in 'Chatterbox.')

It is a custom in some countries to hang on trees in the woods traps for birds, of a triangular shape, like those seen in the picture. These traps have a noose, in which the poor bird, when it lifts up its beak to pluck berries, is caught by the neck and hung.

In the scene drawn in the picture several birds have been caught in this manner; but it is not the fate of their comrades only which is causing such a twittering, and mak-

near. It is none other than our friend Reynard, the greatest thief of the forest, always full of murderous designs on everything that creeps or flies—from the roe to the mouse, from the farmyard-hen to the little wren, from the fish and crab in the water and the frog in the marsh, to the grasshopper in the meadow and the butterfly on the flower.

Now he has perceived the birds in the trap above him. He is delighted; his brush moves



ing so much stir among the feathered inhabitants of that forest. Some strange visitor is evidently about to appear, and if we wait a few moments we shall see him come creeping along among the ferns and bushes.

There he is! his sharp nose high in the air, his green eyes sparkling with cunning and thirst for blood, the muscles of every limb stretched with eager expectation, his ears pricked up lest any danger to him should be

about like a snake; his nose works upwards; he elevates his head and back, and now the fore-part of his body rests upon the nearest tree. The thief opens his mouth and we see a splendid row of ivory teeth. He is just going to make a spring at the bird, which is still warm, when 'Wait, rogue!' are the words he hears. Immediately there is a sharp report, and Master Reynard's roving life is at an end.

times his mother takes him into the parlor to see callers, or she has something to show him or tell him, and at such times I whip out my book and read like lightning.'

Oh, yes, Lizzie would go, and on the way to Mrs. Prescott's she busied herself with cal-

culating just how much she should earn, provided Nannie paid her for the day's work.

It was certainly a busy day. By night she was tired. Still, it had been a pleasant day. Laurie had been as good as gold, and his mother had told her that he had done less