

## CARMICHAEL.

A Realistic Picture of Canadian Rural Life—The Story of a Family Feud and What Came of It.

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## CHAPTER I.

In Which Appears the Bird with Golden Wings.



professor looked dazed for a moment, and then replied, "I forgot to ask."

In the United States absent-mindedness has been ascribed to two distinguished professors whose names it would perhaps be unkind to publish in this connection, as they are still alive. One of them, an eminent mathematician, was walking one day in the gutter instead of on the pavement, when his way was blocked by a carriage standing in front of a shop. The polished back of the vehicle suggested a blackboard to his mind, so he took a piece of chalk out of his pocket and began to work out an abstruse problem that was just then occupying his attention. Presently the carriage started off. The mathematician followed, still working at the problem, until the pace became too hot for him. Then he looked about him in a surprised way, pocketed his chalk, and walked home. The other professor, who is an ornament of Yale University, accepted an engagement to lecture in a city some distance away. His train arrived late, so he jumped quickly into a cab, handed the driver two dollars, and shouted, "Drive fast." The horse started with a plunge, and kept going at a rapid rate for half an hour, up one street and down another. Finally, the professor, who was meanwhile concentrating his thoughts on the forthcoming lecture, stuck his head out of the window and enquired, "Are you nearly there, cabby?" "Blest if I know, mister," was the astonishing reply. "Where did you want to go?"—Sel.

## MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN USEFUL.

The Slovo recently asked its readers, "Have you ever noticed that the lady assistants in the general post office at St. Petersburg are almost without exception good-looking?"

Most people might consider this a mere coincidence, but that this is not the case is shown by Miss Petrova, who writes to the newspaper to tell how two friends of hers recently applied for clerkships in the general post office. After a time, the application papers were returned with a formal note to the effect that at present there were no vacancies.

The returned documents, however, revealed marginal notes which had been imperfectly obliterated with India rubber. One read: "She looks to be over 30, is small, plain, and flabby." On the other paper in microscopical characters were the words: "Old maid, tall, bony."

The Slovo asks what might have been the marginal notes on the papers of successful candidates, and who are responsible for them. It adds that the selection of youth and beauty for this branch of the public service has by no means improved the unsatisfactory condition of the general post office.—A St. Petersburg paper.

## G. A. HENTY'S IDEA OF A HERO.

"It is in boyhood that true heroism must be felt, if it is ever to be attained to in riper years. Boys are apt to make heroes of those who are strongest and most skilful in games, and to despise those who are unable, from ill-health or constitutional weakness, to bear their full share in any sports. They do not reflect that the skill and prowess of their champions are largely the result of good health and physique, and that the shrinking, delicate boy may be as true a hero as the captain of their football team. Above all, perhaps, they admire the boy who won't peach. I think that this kind of bravery is often carried to excess. When the fault that has been committed is a disgraceful one, and the boy is asked if he knows who committed it, I think that refusing to answer is not an act of heroism, and that he is more than justified in giving the name of the boy who has brought disgrace on the school. I know very well how strict is the code of honor among boys on such matters, but I think that when carried to an excess it is a mistaken one. To sum up, then: True heroism is largely based upon two qualities—truthfulness and unselfishness; a readiness to put on pleasure aside for that of others, to be courteous to all, kind to those younger than yourself, helpful to your parents, even if that helpfulness demands some slight sacrifice of your own pleasure. You must remember that these two qualities are signs of Christian heroism."



"As closely as might be I followed, my eyes fixed on the golden bird"

clusters that she holds close to herself among the timothy and red-top, is but one of the thousand delights of a whole year!

And then, as we burrowed among the grasses that fair afternoon, looking out above the sea of shimmering green to the blue sky, I saw the bird with the golden wings. It was floating serenely, high in the air, sometimes wheeling somewhat, as though to prolong a buoyant enjoyment of the summer day. Even yet I cannot say what kind of bird it was, but I do know that when I first caught sight of it, there in the blue, and for the space of nigh half an hour afterward, its wings and body shone like burnished gold.

Excitedly I sprang to my feet. "Look, Dick, look! Oh, see the bird!"

Dick, too, was on his feet in an instant. "Hooray! Come Peg!" he shouted, and, catching off his straw hat, as was his habit when starting on a race, he was off on a run through the meadow, crushing the tall grass to right and left with a recklessness that boded trouble for the mower.

As closely as might be I followed, my eyes fixed on the golden bird. Jap, too, glad to know that something of unusual interest was on hand, bounded on ahead with sharp yaps, his black head appearing from time to time above the wriggling mass of green that marked his way through the timothy.

Here was a fence, and, beyond, a green hill, where travelling was easier; and still our bird kept easily in advance of us, flapping its bright wings steadily, as though keeping ahead of two panting children were but play.

Passing over the crest of the hill, Dick slackened speed a bit, and I caught up to him.

"Why, Peg, you're puffing like a grampus," said he, with that inking of ridicule in his voice which a half-grown lad usually assumes toward a younger and weaker companion.

Sometimes I resented this trace of ridicule, for it was not my fault if I could not climb trees and run races with the best of them; but to-day I paid no attention to it. A new and absorbing idea had taken hold of me.

"Dick," I said, in a half-awed whisper, "do you think it is an angel?"

"Angel! Pooh!" said Dick. "It's a bird. Don't you see its wings going it, something like a hawk's?" "Well, angels have wings, haven't they?" I retorted.

"But angels haven't tails, leastways bright angels haven't," returned Dick, triumphantly, "and that one"—mixing his pronouns badly—"has a tail. I can see it, can't you? 'N' sometimes it wiggles. There, I see it wiggling now! Can't you?"

But I saw neither the tail nor the wiggle. Besides, I was getting badly out of breath, and was only fearful of losing the bird, which had now settled down to a more steady sweep toward the great bank of woods that stretched like a rampart along the back of my father's farm, and thence along the "backs" of all the farms along the line.

"Let's run, Dick, or he'll get away on us," I said, and on we went again, down the incline toward the stream that ran through the "beaver" meadow at the edge of the wood.

"I tell you," panted Dick, confidently, "it's a rare bird in these parts—a golden eagle, maybe, 'n' you know it 'ud be worth something to find its nest. There might be eggs in it, or maybe a whole family of little eagles, 'n' if we got them 'n' sold them in Saintsbury we might get a lot o' money. I'd give you half, you know," with praiseworthy magnanimity.

"'N' what 'ud we do with the money, Dick?" panted I in return.

"Why, I'd buy mother a silk dress, 'n' you a silk dress, too, maybe, for not being a cry-baby like Gay Torrance. What 'ud you do with yours, Peg?"