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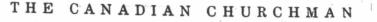
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CHAPTER XX. A Series of Mishaps. (Continued.) Just for a moment Dimple was

Birds of the Merry

Forest

By LILLIAN LEVERIDGE

(CORVRIGHT APPLIED FOR)

startled, but laughed gaily when she saw the owner of the voice was none other than old Jack Crow. "I'm coming, Jack," she called

back, advancing to the spruce tree. "Don't do it, don't do it," a softer, sweeter voice called. "What did

Mother say?" This was the Bluebird, her own Bluebird. At its gentle reminder Dimple remembered that her Mother had said to her that morning, "Don't go climbing trees in that dress, Dimple. It may last a while with care, but it certainly won't stand rough usage."

If Dimple hadn't been still a little cross she might have heeded the Bluebird's advice, but she was in a sort of "don't care" mood just now, and she would like to show those boys that she wasn't a baby nor a coward. So she answered the Blue-bird lightly, "Oh, that doesn't matter. The dress is torn now anyway. I can't wear it any more."

The Bluebird said no more, but Jack Crow called to her encouragingly from time to time as she climbed steadily upward. It wasn't an easy climb, and she was flushed and breathless by the time she had got into the pine tree.

"That's fine! That's splendid! Now just rest a bit," called Jack. So she rested for a few minutes, and then, after tying up her loosened sash into a tight knot, continued the difficult ascent.

She was almost to the top now, but remembering Jack's former caution, had not once looked down.

"Here you are!" cried Jack ap-provingly. "That's what I call pluck. Boy Blue couldn't beat that, nor Jimmie either—not even the Boy Teacher. Come farther out on that bough towards me, where you can see around. The breeze is lovely here, and you'll think you never saw such a view.'

Dimple would really have preferred to remain close to the friendly tree trunk, but after such glowing praise it would never do to show any timidity. So, grasping tightly the branch above her, she stepped cau tiously out. When the bough on which she stood began to bend and sway with her weight she decided that she had gone weight she decided that she had gone far enough. Then for the first time she ventured to look around her. She looked up into the sky that seemed so near, and into the tree-tops that leaned toward her, whisper-ing and singing their wild, sweet songs; she felt the cool breeze kiss her hot face and lift and toss her hair, and she thrilled with the joy of it



547

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lost it. That is, she lost her courage and allowed a sickening fear of fall-ing to take its place. Fear clutched at her heart and made her eyes grow dim and her knees tremble and her hands lose their grip.

(To be Continued.)

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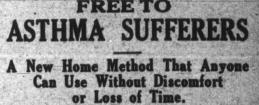
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Then she looked down.

Then she looked down. A sudden little gasp escaped her lips, and a sickening, dizzy feeling came over her, while she clung grimly with trembling hands. She was so much higher up than she had imagin-ed, higher than she had ever. been before. And she was right over the water: not a speck of ground was been before. And she was right over the water; not a speck of ground was visible, and the water looked so dark and gloomy and deep. She knew it was deep there; she remembered that while standing on the rock that rose straight out of the water, and in a big crevice of which the pine had taken root she could not even see the taken root, she could not even see the bottom of the water. If Dimple had kept her head she might have been all right, but she



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