

opposite, rushed across to the corner where stood his highness, swelled to twice his usual size in the pride of his achievement, and chattering volubly.

'Let me catch him, Aunt Sophy!' Eddy boldly threw himself into the breach.

'Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!' shouted the Prince, 'Two can play at that game, game, game!' and, with ear-splitting screeches the White Prince suddenly charged at the little boy, chasing him down the long room, and out on to the staircase, pecking all the way at his short legs.

'Oh, the poor child! He will be devoured!' Aunt Sophy's loud cries summoned the household. But Eddy and the prince knew better. They were only having a fine game up and down the wide staircase. It was the

Eddy had peremptory Indian ways of giving orders strange to English ears.

'My dear!' Miss Scrope's small be-ringed hands were uplifted. 'You don't understand. We never know our neighbors in a London street—not even their names.'

'Then how can you love your neighbor as yourself, Aunt Sophy?' innocently asked Eddy.

'Oh, child, we can do that though we are not on speaking terms in many ways; by never slandering them, for instance. To think the best we can of a person is one way of loving them. With regard to our neighbor over the way, it so happens that, he being a distinguished scientific man, I do know his name to be Dr. Clavering. But we are not personally acquainted, and who

paper borders on the walls. It was queer that Susan, the housemaid, had not come to call him, thought Eddy. It must be quite late, for there was a great talking going on in the street below. Jumping up, he ran to the iron-barred window to find there was quite a beautiful red light outside by which he could see crowds of upturned white faces. Eddy was puzzled; the street was usually, so dull, save for a passing carriage or the postman by day, and the lamplighter at dusk. The rain was nothing new. It never seemed to do anything but rain in England. But this rain, funny enough, that pattered against the house came from below, out of long tubes too.

'Hilloa; here you are!'

Eddy gave a great start at the hoarse shouts as the nursery door was flung open. 'It's war!' thought the boy with a beating heart; 'the soldiers are out!' But the shining helmeted giant who strode over to catch up the little boy in the scarlet pyjamas, was no soldier.

'Just in time, little master! We've got the lady out safe, and all the wimmen-folk. Come along!'

'No. I shan't!' Eddy stood square and straight. He wasn't going to surrender to the enemy, not he!

'Why, don't 'ee know as it's a fire? If so be as you don't, come along o' me, you'll be burnt! Be there any more on you, little shaver?' angrily shouted the fireman.

A fire! Aunt Sophy and the women saved! Eddy comprehended instantly.

'There's the White Prince downstairs. He's my cockatoo—'

'Why—a,' roared the impatient giant, 'who cares for a bird?'

'God does!' Eddy's face might be Indian bleached, but his heart was stout. 'At least, he cares if a sparrow falls, Bible says so, an' a cockatoo's much bigger!' Then, with an unexpected dive, Eddy darted between the huge fireman's legs, and tore out of the nursery. The smoke rolling up the staircase did not daunt the boy, who rushed on at break-neck speed, the fireman tramping clumsily after him.

The long drawing-room was lighted up by fitful red flares from the strong reflection on the houses opposite, and Eddy could dimly see the ghostly form of the White Prince motionless in his corner.

'Oh dear, oh dear! Time's up, my boy!' In ear-piercing screams the cockatoo greeted Eddy, with extraordinary aptness.

'Oh!' sobbed Eddy, fumbling at the chain, 'you shan't be left to burn, my dear, old prince!' But burning would certainly have been his fate, if the prince had not already bitten through his last new chain, and Eddy dragged the bird off as the fireman dashed up the room.

'Whatever—' began the man, but the smoke choked his words, and he seized both Eddy and the prince in his strong grasp.

'Where's your manners?' screeched the prince, furious at such a liberty.

Smashing out the window-panes with his powerful shoulder, the fireman and his double burden came in view of the great, silent crowd below, who held their breath at the strange trio. The big strong fireman in his glittering helmet; the scarlet-robed, fair-haired boy; the indignantly shrieking cockatoo all white feathers and black eyes. Quick to comprehend that the boy had refused to desert his bird, and that the fireman had risked his life for both, the crowd broke out into a wildly sympathetic cheer. The next moment it was abruptly checked, to watch the rapid adjusting of the fire-escape and the descent of the three. Once they reached the pavement the cheering had its way, the White Prince joining in with vocif-



'TIS THE LITTLE BOY OPPOSITE, SIR.'

happiest day Eddy had know in grey, sad-colored England.

The little boy was secretly delighted whenever the prince's strong beak bit through every new chain Miss Scrope provided. Still, even games of romps did not quite fill up the hours, and school was not thought of just yet for the Indian-born child. So, if it had not been for glimpses of the little girl in the house opposite, Eddy would hardly have known how to get through the rainy days. He and Dody had become distant friends; distant only in the sense of the breadth of the street. Eddy had introduced the White Prince, and his highness had bowed across with cheerful vehemence, to the delight of Dody. Perhaps the cockatoo took the yellow-haired, white-pinafores figure for a lemon-crested, white-plumed brother bird. That's as may be.

'Aunt Sophy, I want that little white girl opposite to play with me! Send for her!'

that child is bowing across to you all day I haven't a notion.'

'What's personally 'quainted?' demanded Eddy gloomily. He was not accustomed to have his wishes brushed aside thus.

'Oh, paying calls, and dinner-parties and that!' said Aunt Sophy vaguely. She was thinking how pleasant it would be to pay calls, and exchange little dinners with the great man opposite.

'I wish we was personally 'quainted then!' Eddy's sigh was an echo of Aunt Sophy's own.

Patter, patter! Crack, crack! A long succession of fizzing noises. These sounds awoke Eddy Scrope just before the dawn stole up in the east. There was a nice bright light shining, and he could plainly see all his animal pictures framed in brown