

brought out, and made to dance. "Splendid! splendid!" cried the sultan, quite animated by his delight. "Can you teach any bear to dance as well?" "Oh, yes!" cried Lagingole. "How long would it take?" "About five minutes," said Lagingole, telling another lie. "Admirable," cried the sultan. "Here, Marrico! go forth and bring in my white bear. This fellow shall teach him to dance; and he shall dance a jig with his brown bear, when I have had my siesta. Ho! guards lead away this man's very accomplished bear, and put him in a cage till he is wanted. Bring out the white bear. Quick!" Thereupon, the Sultan went away, leaving Marrico and Lagingole in dreadful perplexity. "O! O! O!" cried the vizier. "Alas! my poor brother-in-law! The sultan's fierce white bear will eat him up. I wish I knew any way to prevent it, and yet save my own head? What will my sister and children say?" thought selfish Lagingole. "O! O! O!" cried out Marrico, tearing his best turban in two halves, and running round the room like one distracted. "What's the matter with you, man?" exclaimed Lagingole, who, as we have seen, was not very full of sympathy towards the troubles of other people. "O! O! O! The white bear died last night," howled Marrico.

"By the beard of the prophet, we are saved!" cried Lagingole. "How?" cried Marrico. "Dress yourself in the white bear's skin," cried Lagingole. "I dare not—your bear would eat me up," exclaimed Marrico. "I'll take care of that. I'll watch him. Trust in me. You shall be safe," said Lagingole; and, after a good deal of persuasion, Marrico was induced to personate the polar bear. Lagingole, having dressed him up, went off, and left him alone. Meantime, poor Tristapatte, tired of being on all-fours in a cage, and finding he could undo the door, made his escape, when the guards were asleep, and, dragging his chain after him, went about the palace, looking for his brother-in-law. He found his way into the room where Marrico was dressed up in the bear's skin. "O! O! O!" he cried, "let me get out of this savage bear's way." "O!" yelled Marrico, "this bear has got loose. Let me run away. Perhaps I can catch him by his chain." "O! O!" cried Trista-

patte, finding the white bear was pursuing him. "Perhaps I can frighten him, if I howl at him. O-o-o-o O!" which means, he howled like a bear.

"Yah-a-a-a-yah!" snarled Marrico. "Oh! he'll eat me!" cried Tristapatte. "Oh! he'll grind my poor old bones," cried Marrico; and, as they were dodging each other round the room, each trying to avoid the other, they knocked up against each other by mistake, and knocked off their bears' heads. Marrico saw Tristapatte, and Tristapatte saw Marrico. There was a dead silence between them. "What's this?" cried Tristapatte. "What does it all mean?" said Marrico. They were just going to explain to each other how it had come to pass, when they heard the noise of drums and bugles, and knew the sultan was coming. Each bear snatched up a head, and put it on. But, alas! in the hurry, the white bear had got the brown head, and the brown bear's head was as white as snow. Lagingole, when he saw them thus, gave up all for lost, and nearly swooned for terror. "What is this?" cried the sultan in a voice of thunder. "Man!" turning to Lagingole, "explain to me what has happened to these creatures." "I . . . I . . . don't know, may it please your highness," said Lagingole. Yet, always ready to say what was not true, he added: "Perhaps the brown bear did not wish to change his master, and his head has turned white with grief." "True," said the sultan, thoughtfully, "but that does not explain what gives a brown head to the white bear." Lagingole was speechless. "Marrico shall tell me," said the sultan. "Marrico!" "May it please your Majesty," said a voice out of the body of a bear. "Which bear spoke?" cried the sultan. Marrico, frightened to death, did not answer, but honest old Tristapatte, plucking off his head, came up to the throne, and begged the sultan's pardon. He looked very funny, half a man and half a bear, and the sultan laughed heartily. Moreover, he took a great fancy to the honest fellow, who, he found out, had been ill-used and ill-paid by the false and selfish Lagingole. So, Lagingole, in disgrace, was glad to sneak out of the sultan's kingdom, and Tristapatte received a heavy purse of gold. After a time, he found means to return to his

own country, where he lives happily with Mrs. Patte, and is very fond of relating to his friends this present story.

THE LOAF.

Once upon a time, during a famine, a rich man invited twenty of the poorest children in town to his house, and said to them, "In this basket there is a loaf of bread for each of you; take it, and come back every day at this hour until God sends us better times." The children pounced upon the basket, wrangled and fought for the bread, and each wished to get the largest; and at last even went away without even thanking him. Francesca alone, a poor but neatly-dressed little girl, stood modestly apart, took the smallest loaf which was left in the basket, gratefully kissed the gentleman's hand, and then went home in a quiet and becoming manner. On the following day the children were equally ill-behaved, and poor Francesca this time received a loaf which was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she came home, and when her sick mother cut the loaf, there fell out of it a number of bright silver pieces. The mother was alarmed, and said, "Take back the money this instant, for it has, no doubt, got into the bread through some mistake." Francesca carried it back, but the benevolent gentleman declined to receive it. "No, no," said he, "it was no mistake. I had the money baked in the smallest loaf simply as a reward for you, my child. Always continue thus contented, peaceable and unassuming. The person who prefers to remain contented with the smallest loaf rather than quarrel with the larger one, will find blessing in his course of action still more valuable than the money which was baked in your loaf."

OCEAN SPLENDORS.

When the sea is perfectly clear and transparent it allows the eye to distinguish objects at a very great depth. Near Mindora, in the Indian Ocean, the spotted corals are plainly visible under twenty-five fathoms of water. The crystalline clearness of the Caribbean Sea excited the admiration of Columbus, who in pursuit of his great discoveries ever retained an open eye for the beauties of nature. "In passing over these splendidly adorned grounds," says Schopf, "where marine life shows itself in an endless variety of forms, the boat, suspended over the purest crystal, seems to float in the air, so that a person unaccustomed to the scene easily becomes giddy. On the clear sandy bottom appear thousands of sea-stars, sea-urchins, molluscs, and fishes of a brilliancy of colour unknown in our temperate seas. Burning red, intense blue, lively green, and golden yellow perpetually vary; the spectator floats over groves of sea-