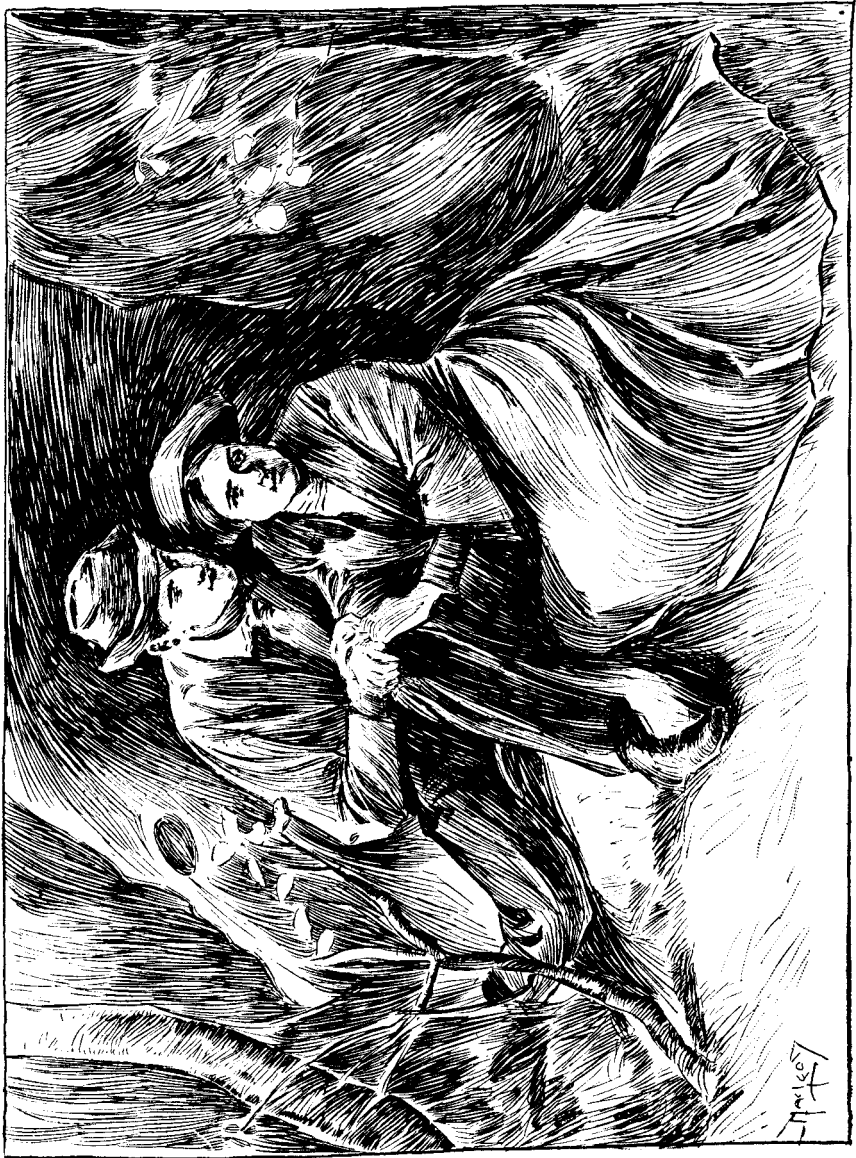


unlikely, whistled and called and coaxed, meanwhile approaching cautiously nearer, ne-ar-er, n-e-a-r-er, till, with a sudden adroit movement, he clapped his wide-brimmed, billy-cock hat

down, in the festooning flight of a canary, but the wings of a bird in captivity are poor carriers for one let loose, and L'Petit fell exhaustedly to the ground. There, almost hidden under wild pea-



"IT WAS 'BABINE' ONCE."

DRAWN BY ALEX. MACLEOD.

on the spot where the bird perched; but only the brim fell where the crown should, and L'Petit wriggled out from beneath and was gaily off.

Away he went, up and down, up and

vines and high, coarse grass—too weak to move or resist—he was soon tenderly secured by the great, rough hands of Evariste and safely carried home again—a burden of yellow preciousness.