



MY VERY STRANGE RESCUE.

A SHOUT of laughter rang through the kitchen and went echoing up the great chimney when, much more in fun than in earnest, I hinted that if they could not manage to kill the bear themselves I would have to do it for them.

Now it was no new thing for me to be laughed at. My big brothers were only too fond of that amusement, and I had got pretty well used to it; but this time I detected a particularly derisive tone in their hilarity, which touched me to the quirk, and springing to my feet, with eyes flashing and cheeks burning, I burst out hotly,—

“I don’t care how much you laugh. As sure as I’m standing here, I’ll put a bullet in that bear before this time to-morrow night!”

At this they only laughed the louder, and filled the room with sarcastic shouts of,—

“Hurrah for the Bantam!”—“I’ll bet on the bear”—
“What will you take for his skin, Bantam?” until father