

PLAY THE GAME.

Boys, whatever you may do, play the game. Though your triumph may be few...

LAOCOON.

Three years was the term of Ludvig Lessart's scientific exile along the GURUPU in Brazil and the wild country that lay north and south of its banks.

It chanced one morning as he sat alone in his camp, his two native helpers being at a distance—it chanced that a rustling in the brakes attracted his attention.

It was one of the rarest of the species of the boa; it was the very same prophetic serpent once worshipped by the ancient peoples of Central America.

Lessart's hand fell on his pistol. He turned and raised for his three-louped tariat which he had learned to throw with wonderful skill.

At last the forest thinned into a clearing of low shrubs and grass. Toward this serpent glided swiftly.

"Here," said the man to himself—"here I must master divinology—or else good-by to him!"

Lessart heard a peculiar call as he rushed forth between the trees of the jungle. In the centre of the clearing there stood a tall young native.

"It is well," said the German, smiling very pleasantly. "He is a very beautiful snake. I long to own him. I will not harm him, but keep him alive."

jewels that will make you even more beautiful than you are now. Ovada, they will make you as beautiful as a queen."

"I am the daughter of a chief and a princess," said the young Indian, proudly. "I have no need of aught that may be given to me."

"So be it then," said the white man, bowing gravely. "Yet I have come very far, and I am very thirsty."

The woman turned, with the great reptile still coiled about her lithe body, its blunt tail trailing behind her through the grass, and so vanished into a close circle of trees.

He entered the jungle again and bent his steps toward the camp. But he had not remarked the way of his coming, for his eyes had been bent upon the thin trail of the great serpent.

The broken plots of sky between the jungle fronds grew dark and brought forth their stars. Then, picking his way between the deeper and the lesser shadows, between tree-trunks, intertwined tendrils and damp and thorny brush, he went slowly on.

He gazed about him in silence for a moment, then called her name. He called it in a voice that surprised himself. Even so he had been wont to call another woman's name in a quaint Old World garden.

It was the name of the snake. She was in the cave, in the dark, in the dark, thinking less of his plight than of them.

"I am lost, Ovada," said he. "I have wandered in a ring. May I find food and shelter here for the night?"

She smiled and replied, "Ovada is glad to serve."

She led the way toward her hut, half-hidden in its enclosure of trees. She lit a splint of dry wood at the embers of a fire which lay curved within stones. She spread a mat upon the ground and bade him sit down.

He refused it straightly, saying he would sleep under the stars by the fire. But this seemed to displease her, so he gave way and went into the hut to lie down upon a low settle covered with a soft and aromatic grass.

Wonder and mystery invested this twain. She was like some wild Lilith, he said to himself, or like some maiden Eve dwelling in her secluded Paradise with the great primal enemy.

Little he slept that night. In the morning Ovada led him to a small stream in the woods, where she left him to bathe. When he returned a savory meal awaited him. She sat before him as he ate and then she began to speak.

spoke the while her fingers stroked the head of the sluggish Xingu, his solid and scaly spirals rolled close in his basket of wicker-ware.

"It is in truth very pleasant here, Ovada," said Lessart, looking about him, "but it is very lonely and also full of danger. I am a man and have two men with me, and yet there is a great loneliness in my camp."

"But I have Xingu," said Ovada. "Then suddenly her eyes fell, the while a flush arose in the tawny cheeks, driven there by something in the bright blue orbs of this white, noble-featured stranger."

"White man, you likewise must be of the blood of chiefs in your own land." He bent toward her, smiling, and said, "Why do you say that, Ovada?"

Then the German, shaking off his perilous and insidious emotion, rose and prepared to depart. Ovada walked by his side for a long way to show him the proper path back to his camp.

At a certain distance he turned and saw her watching him from between the trees. For a moment he paused, then went on, slowly pondering, dragging at every step some invisible chain that tugged at his feet like the prickly vines that lay upon the ground.

Ludwig Lessart's heart was torn within him; it was like a combat between the two halves of him, between opposed hemispheres, between passion and compassion, between two long-sundered fragments.

He turned and hurried back to the place where Ovada made her home. He thought of her loveliness, and her wild, yet regal, womanhood. It was very pleasant in her little bower, with its air of sylvan peace and Edenic domesticity.

He was very pleasant in her little bower, with its air of sylvan peace and Edenic domesticity. Fair was Ovada, and young; she was savage, but nobly savage; her cooking and ministrations were good.

He was very pleasant in her little bower, with its air of sylvan peace and Edenic domesticity. Fair was Ovada, and young; she was savage, but nobly savage; her cooking and ministrations were good.

He was very pleasant in her little bower, with its air of sylvan peace and Edenic domesticity. Fair was Ovada, and young; she was savage, but nobly savage; her cooking and ministrations were good.

He was very pleasant in her little bower, with its air of sylvan peace and Edenic domesticity. Fair was Ovada, and young; she was savage, but nobly savage; her cooking and ministrations were good.

He was very pleasant in her little bower, with its air of sylvan peace and Edenic domesticity. Fair was Ovada, and young; she was savage, but nobly savage; her cooking and ministrations were good.

He was very pleasant in her little bower, with its air of sylvan peace and Edenic domesticity. Fair was Ovada, and young; she was savage, but nobly savage; her cooking and ministrations were good.

He was very pleasant in her little bower, with its air of sylvan peace and Edenic domesticity. Fair was Ovada, and young; she was savage, but nobly savage; her cooking and ministrations were good.

He was very pleasant in her little bower, with its air of sylvan peace and Edenic domesticity. Fair was Ovada, and young; she was savage, but nobly savage; her cooking and ministrations were good.

He was very pleasant in her little bower, with its air of sylvan peace and Edenic domesticity. Fair was Ovada, and young; she was savage, but nobly savage; her cooking and ministrations were good.

his dead-tree perch, or coiled in the sun. When Ovada and the brown-bearded doctor lavished endearments upon each other, the titanic reptile would sway his head rhythmically to and fro, until his whole body lashed and trembled and doubled like whip that scourged itself.

"He is jealous of my lord, laughed his mistress, who seemed to find a strange, feine delight in the animal's distress, 'but have no fear, for I shall not let Xingu harm you.'"

A change came over Ovada, a sweetness richer, more complex and benign, a mild, majestic grace touched with a pathos quite divine—Nature's gift to woman in maternity. Then a child was born, a man-child, golden of skin and in feature perfect as its parent.

When he came creeping to her as she sat on her high stool, he drove him off. The glittering eyes, the wide jaws, and long snout frightened the child when Xingu drew silently near and peered into the baby's face as if to do it homage.

The reptile brooded, and Lessart was aware that even under the wrinkled lids the round green eyes blazed with a quenchless hate of him. His commission for the director of the Royal Zoological Institute at Hamburg was almost fulfilled.

When he came creeping to her as she sat on her high stool, he drove him off. The glittering eyes, the wide jaws, and long snout frightened the child when Xingu drew silently near and peered into the baby's face as if to do it homage.

When he came creeping to her as she sat on her high stool, he drove him off. The glittering eyes, the wide jaws, and long snout frightened the child when Xingu drew silently near and peered into the baby's face as if to do it homage.

When he came creeping to her as she sat on her high stool, he drove him off. The glittering eyes, the wide jaws, and long snout frightened the child when Xingu drew silently near and peered into the baby's face as if to do it homage.

When he came creeping to her as she sat on her high stool, he drove him off. The glittering eyes, the wide jaws, and long snout frightened the child when Xingu drew silently near and peered into the baby's face as if to do it homage.

When he came creeping to her as she sat on her high stool, he drove him off. The glittering eyes, the wide jaws, and long snout frightened the child when Xingu drew silently near and peered into the baby's face as if to do it homage.

When he came creeping to her as she sat on her high stool, he drove him off. The glittering eyes, the wide jaws, and long snout frightened the child when Xingu drew silently near and peered into the baby's face as if to do it homage.

When he came creeping to her as she sat on her high stool, he drove him off. The glittering eyes, the wide jaws, and long snout frightened the child when Xingu drew silently near and peered into the baby's face as if to do it homage.

When he came creeping to her as she sat on her high stool, he drove him off. The glittering eyes, the wide jaws, and long snout frightened the child when Xingu drew silently near and peered into the baby's face as if to do it homage.

When he came creeping to her as she sat on her high stool, he drove him off. The glittering eyes, the wide jaws, and long snout frightened the child when Xingu drew silently near and peered into the baby's face as if to do it homage.

When he came creeping to her as she sat on her high stool, he drove him off. The glittering eyes, the wide jaws, and long snout frightened the child when Xingu drew silently near and peered into the baby's face as if to do it homage.

When he came creeping to her as she sat on her high stool, he drove him off. The glittering eyes, the wide jaws, and long snout frightened the child when Xingu drew silently near and peered into the baby's face as if to do it homage.

When he came creeping to her as she sat on her high stool, he drove him off. The glittering eyes, the wide jaws, and long snout frightened the child when Xingu drew silently near and peered into the baby's face as if to do it homage.

the shadow of the storehouse. In sheer, unbridled joy he sang the tenderest German ballads of his youth, drinking-songs of his student days; he chanted sword-songs of the Nibelungen. She, the ivory-palmed gentlewoman who dwelt in the half-ruined house that stood in the ancient garden, must share this mood!

Then weariness overcame him, and the growing heat as the storehouse lost its shadow. Naked as Adam he walked up the slope of the white beach to the fringe of trees that bordered it and lay down again in their shade. He fell asleep at once, heavily, with the weight of his three days' travel upon him.

In the leaves above him a light breeze began to stir. But there was also something else that stirred the leaves. Soon the whole tree began to quiver and tremble. Then from the lowest branches emerged a shape, long and glistening, with a pointed head, in which gleamed two radiant, greenish eyes.

It was Xingu. He stretched forth his own arms as if to embrace some one, and slightly raised his body from the ground. Xingu, with his depressed head ambushed in his coils, had followed every breath of the sleeping man.

A smile passed over Lessart's face. He was dreaming. He stood beneath the moss-covered statue of Laocoon in the weedy, neglected garden of an ancient German baronial house.

He bowed before her and grovelled on the ground, awaiting the old, forgotten fondling of his hand. Then Ovada cried every word she uttered in like a carol, in an awful and unutterable rage.

He bowed before her and grovelled on the ground, awaiting the old, forgotten fondling of his hand. Then Ovada cried every word she uttered in like a carol, in an awful and unutterable rage.

He bowed before her and grovelled on the ground, awaiting the old, forgotten fondling of his hand. Then Ovada cried every word she uttered in like a carol, in an awful and unutterable rage.

He bowed before her and grovelled on the ground, awaiting the old, forgotten fondling of his hand. Then Ovada cried every word she uttered in like a carol, in an awful and unutterable rage.

He bowed before her and grovelled on the ground, awaiting the old, forgotten fondling of his hand. Then Ovada cried every word she uttered in like a carol, in an awful and unutterable rage.

He bowed before her and grovelled on the ground, awaiting the old, forgotten fondling of his hand. Then Ovada cried every word she uttered in like a carol, in an awful and unutterable rage.

He bowed before her and grovelled on the ground, awaiting the old, forgotten fondling of his hand. Then Ovada cried every word she uttered in like a carol, in an awful and unutterable rage.

He bowed before her and grovelled on the ground, awaiting the old, forgotten fondling of his hand. Then Ovada cried every word she uttered in like a carol, in an awful and unutterable rage.

He bowed before her and grovelled on the ground, awaiting the old, forgotten fondling of his hand. Then Ovada cried every word she uttered in like a carol, in an awful and unutterable rage.

He bowed before her and grovelled on the ground, awaiting the old, forgotten fondling of his hand. Then Ovada cried every word she uttered in like a carol, in an awful and unutterable rage.

He bowed before her and grovelled on the ground, awaiting the old, forgotten fondling of his hand. Then Ovada cried every word she uttered in like a carol, in an awful and unutterable rage.

He bowed before her and grovelled on the ground, awaiting the old, forgotten fondling of his hand. Then Ovada cried every word she uttered in like a carol, in an awful and unutterable rage.

The Homes of Wild Creatures.

There is a peculiar charm and interest in the study of the homes of wild creatures. Their efforts and the results in building these, even if crude, appeal to our sympathies.

We have admired, and, to some extent, have investigated the nests of the more familiar birds; we have seen the squirrel make his home in some dead tree or hollow limb; we have, perhaps, studied the muskrat and his peculiar, dome-shaped house.

Among birds, the home of the bald eagle is perhaps the most striking, possibly because of the majesty of the bird itself. It appeals to the imagination. Built of huge sticks loosely interwoven, and situated on some lofty and inaccessible ledge, with the bones of the eagle's victims scattered round about, it gives a proper setting to the stern and savage character of its builder.

Far in the still, white North, where winter reigns supreme, is the home of the polar bear. When the long arctic night approaches the bear retires to some sheltered spot, such as the cliff of a rock or the foot of some precipitous bank. In a very short time he is effectually concealed by the heavy snowdrifts. Some times he will wait until after a heavy fall of snow, and then dig out the cavern of the requisite form and size. Such is his home for six long months.

Our common little cottontail, or so-called rabbit, does not live in a burrow as does the English rabbit, but makes a slight depression in the ground, in which he lies so flatly pressed against the ground as to be scarcely distinguishable from the dried herbage in which her abode is situated. The rabbit is strongly attracted to its home wherever it may be placed, and, even if driven to a great distance from it, contrives to find its little domicile at the earliest opportunity.

One of the most grotesque among animal homes is the wolf's den. This is simply a hole dug in the side of a bank or a small natural cave, generally situated on the sunny side of a ridge, and almost hidden by bushes and loose boulders. Here the wolf lies snug; in and about his doorway lie the remains of past feasts, which, coupled with his own odor, makes the wolf's den a not very inviting place. Nevertheless there is something so dread and mysterious about this soft-footed marauder that it even lends a fascination to his home.

A "fly-by-night" sort of home is that of our friend the bob-white, yet it seems to serve the purpose very well. Under the broad, low bough of a small pine or cedar, the bird picks a little to one side, he made himself a cushion of his coils and went to sleep.

The winter home of the American red deer is very interesting. When the snow begins to fly, the leader of the herd guides them to some sheltered spot where grass is plentiful. Here, as the snow falls, they pack it down to form a considerable space, while about them the snow mounds higher and higher until they cannot get out if they would. From the main opening, or "yard," as it is called, tramped-out paths lead to the nearby snow-covered shrubs, which supply them with food. In this way they manage to pass the winter in comparative peace and safety.

One could go on enumerating bird and animal homes by the score, and they would all be of interest. The present paper, however, is merely a beginning, and will describe some of the more curious of the homes, as well as those presenting the widest contrast.—St. Nicholas.

The Outdoor School.

The outdoor school for sickly children is becoming a feature of many cities. New York has authorized the opening of twenty such schools, two of which are already in operation. There are open-air schools for tubercular children, some in tents, some on boats, some on roofs, in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Rochester, Cambridge, Hartford, and Providence, besides some of the smaller cities, and the movement is becoming general throughout the country.

Boston's school is on the roof of an old refractory in a park; Providence tore out part of the southern end of an abandoned school-house; in Rochester, the school first held in a tent, is now in a portable building; the schools in Chicago and Hartford are both held in army tents, one on a roof the other in the grounds of an old estate.

Among the most interesting of open-air schools are those aboard condemned ferry-boats. One of these is that held on the boat moored at the Bellevue Hospital pier, New York, and at Gouverneur Slip. These are not part of the public-school system, but are supported by the hospital boards, the Board of Education supplying the teachers, books, and desks.

In all open-air schools the programme for the day is alike. Food is supplied, and, in winter, the children are fitted with mittens, felt caps, flannels, and overcoats, while all the surroundings, from school-room to play-yard are kept as scrupulously clean as circumstances permit.

From the success of these experiments it is expected to be but a step to the correcting of conditions in schools generally, where—notably in New York—it is estimated that but one child in three thousand gets fresh air in study hours.

Our Fishermen.

One out of every 400 persons in the United States is engaged in the task of catching enough fish to satisfy the appetite of the remaining 399. In other words, there are nearly a quarter of a million men who catch fish not because they like the fun of it, but because they are paid for it. They catch approximately 1,000,000,000 pounds of fish a year, and this is worth, all told, upward of \$50,000,000, or, say, two-thirds of the total capital invested in the industry. A considerable part of the capital, over \$20,000,000, is tied up in vessels, of which a recent enumeration showed 85,115.

Maryland has by far the largest number of professional fishermen. Its figures are 42,812, as against the 29,379 of Virginia. Maine with 16,945 and Massachusetts with 14,363 follow, and then comes Alaska with 13,106. Other States with more than 10,000 are North Carolina, 12,045; New Jersey 12,030, and New York 11,360.

It is Virginia, however, that catches the most fish. Its showing is 378,183,358 pounds, as against New York's 228,092,285 and Alaska's 165,326,990. But Alaska's catch is worth the most in the market—\$10,000,000, or more than twice as much as the next two, New Jersey and Virginia. Alaska also has the most money invested in fishing boats, something above \$3,000,000. Massachusetts is a trifle under the same figure. New York and Maryland have invested about \$2,000,000, and Virginia, California and Maine all more than \$1,000,000. Virginia has the most fishing vessels, 13,268 in number. Maryland's number 11,496, New Jersey's 7,084, Maine's 6,238, and New York's 5,289.

Bilious people have a sorry time. Their lives are practically divided into three periods: The time when they are coming down with biliousness, the time when they are getting over the attack. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness, and sick and bilious headaches. They cure to stay, and do not make victims of the pill habit.

"Yes; my daughter eloped." "I suppose you will forgive the young couple?" "Not until they have located a place to board."

—Visitor—Have you men of varied bent here? Jailer—Well, most of 'em's crooks. —Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.