PLAY THE GAME.

Boys, whatever you may do, Play the game. Though your triumphs may be few, Rather lose than not be true; Though the rules may worry you. Play the game.

Boys, wherever you may go, Play the game. Let your friends and comrades know That to cheat is base and low; Scorn to strike a coward blow-

Play the game. If you win or if you lose, Play the game. Never mind a scratch or bruise Or a tumble, but refuse Sneaking trick or paltry ruse-Play the game.

Football, cricket, bat or ball-Play the game. Though you stand or though you fall, Life has one emphatic call, One great rule surpasses all-

Play the game. So in years of toil and care Play the game. Let your deeds be true and fair. Honest, fearless, straight and square, Never mind a loss, but dare Play the game.

-A. L. Salmon

LAOCOON.

Three years was the term of Ludwig Lessart's scientific exile along the Gurupuy in Brazil and the wild country that lay north and south of its banks. Two years had passed. Many thousands of specimens of birds, reptiles and insects had been sent to his chief—the director of the Zoological Institute at Hamburg. Slowly and gently approached the third year, looming silently, yet fatefully, upon the tropic fastness like some condor dragarms and weapons used against him were finitely subtle and phantasmal-delicate, silken snares for the soul and the instincts. It was a seduction planned by an exquisite, yet ironic, fate.

It chanced one morning as he sat alone ran toward the thickets and there saw a huge boa-constrictor swallowing a small crimson bird. Dr. Lessart's hand flew to his modern repeating-pistol, but the snake, having engaged the hird consolir copy of the great classic masterpiece was left his wallet in Ovada's hut. In this wallet his copy of the great classic masterpiece was left his wallet in Ovada's hut. In this wallet here were things that were very prehaving engorged the bird, merely stretched itself and fixed its bleak and feline eyes upon him. Magnificent lay its length of brownish green, figured with sharp gename. Now Ovada appeared. She came half buried in the neglected garden with the ruinous marble of the Laccoon group, one who had waited very long for him, one who had waited very long for him, bent into the curve of a perfect ogee.

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, the inspired snake that whispered awful mysteries to She let

spot where he had seen the boa, the repsnake would coil about a tree or make for some open spot where he might rope it. Now he tracked it by the eye, now by the ear. Once the snake halted amidst a mass of colossal ferns and lifted its pointed head starred with its baleful sparkling eyes. The two glowered at each other for a moment, then the boa went winding on. The zest of the chase, the price at stake and the enthusiasm of the scientist drove Lessart on. The path of the snake lay almost in a straight line, as though he were making for some goal. Thus for two hours the man pursued the fleeing

At last the forest thinned into a clearing of low shrubs and grass. Toward this the serpent glided swiftly. "Here," said the man to himself-"here

I must master divinologuax-or else goodby to him!" Lessart heard a peculiar call as he rush-

ed forth between the trees of the jungle. In the centre of the clearing there stood a tall young native woman, her black smouldering eyes bent in his direction, a look of alarmed defiance upon her face, her attitude aggressive and alert. The gigantic snake was winding itself about her shapely body like some thick vine about a slender tree. It rested its oblong head upon her bare brown shoulder. The woman stroked it softly and murmured to The look she levelled at the doctor as like frosty crystals, beaming with a pallid fire, waxing and waning. It was as if a myriad needles of light broke from those small eyes. Dr. Lessart had mastered the native tongue. In these words he bespoke the superb and native Diana before him:

"I greet you, maiden. I followed the snake, for I thought it wild. How could I know you were its mistress? It is a beautiful snake and I would buy it for what you may ask."

and graceful. Her shadowy features were regular and fine. A simple stateliness was in her upright carriage, her expression was grave, her voice low and meas-ured—modulated to the note and hush of the forest. The tall and stalwart doctor with his brown curls, tawny beard and clear blue eyes she answered thus, as he stood before her in his garments of white

tribe; my father gave him to me. I have fed him with my own hands. Therefore mal pair.

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. Xingu is my comrade. I love Xingu beyond all living things since my father died. There is nothing I have seen more beautiful than Xingu."

"So be it then," said the white man, owing gravely. "Yet I have come very bowing gravely. "Yet I have come very far," he added, with a smile, "and 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. Thence in a few moments she reappeared, bearing a gourd that brimmed with the clearest water. The snake was no longer with her. The naturalist drained the cup and thanked her. Then he bade her farewell, saying with a gra-

"May peace be with you, Ovada, daugh-

ter of a chief. 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. He shaped his di-rection by the sun, which was soon to set. At times he caught a gleam of his crimson face between the dense hanging drap-eries and snarled leafage of the forest. Many barriers of tangled vegetation arose Many barriers of tangled vegetation arose in his path; here and there lay stretches of water and lagoons forced him to find a way around them. Soon it grew dusky and the greenish light of the jungle darkened with the brief warning of the twilight. At last he stood still, his whole bearing expressed a helpless bewilderbearing expressed a helpless bewilderbearing of his race. The splendid snake in his path; here and there lay stretches of water and lagoons forced him to find a in her cheeks deepened, and when she way around them. Soon it grew dusky and the greenish light of the jungle darkened with the brief warning of the twillight. At last he stood still, his whole bearing expressed a helpless bewilderbearing of his race. The splendid snake in his path; here and there lay stretches of water and lagoons forced him to find a in her cheeks deepened, and when she way around them. Soon it grew dusky and was a factory of the jungle darkened with the brief warning of the twilling and touched her hand and asked her the lings of his race. The splendid snake in his bright, magnificent coils. When he came creeping to her as she sat nursing the babe, and nudged her with his hard, cold head, she drove him off. The glittering eyes, the wide jaws, and long snout frightened the child when Xingun distributions and the greenish light of the jungle darkened with the brief warning of the twill after a heavy fall of snow, and then disp a white cavern long the babe, and nudged her with his hard, cold head, she drove him off. The glittering eyes, the wide jaws, and long the trunk and coiled itself close beside the sleeping man. It was Xingun the greening the path of the wing of the trunk and coiled itself close beside the sleeping man. It was Xingun the greening the path of the wing of the trunk and coiled itself close beside the sleeping man. It was Xingun the greening the path of the wing of the trunk and nudged her with his hard, cold head, she drove him off. The glittering eyes, the wide jaws, and long the path of the path of the ment; he knew he was lost Yet he was disturbed but little, scarcely shaken out of his pensiveness. The face of the hand- was reared a full ward about his long flat head ovada chased the languishing rentile. some native woman was still before him, and the corruscating eyes of her strange consort, Xingu. Lessart stood still in the darkness, thinking less of his plight than

of them. The broken plots of sky between the jungle fronds grew dark and brought forth their stars. Then, picking his way ging an enormous shadow. In that year the hunter became the hunted, but the damp and thorny brush, he drils and damp and thorny brush, he between the deeper and the lesser sha went slowly on. At length he stood once more within the grassy open space in which he had met with Ovada that after-

He gazed about him in silence for a moment, then called her name. He called in his camp, his two native helpers being at a distance—it chanced that a rustling so he had been wont to call another womin the brakes attracted his attention. He an's name in a quaint Old World garden of brownish green, figured with sharp geometrical designs, brilliant lozenges and to meet him; some strange haste in his triangles. The glossy, tapering body was heart forced him to hurry toward her. "I am lost, Ovada," said he. wandered in a ring. May i find food and shelter here for the night?"

She smiled and replied, "Ovada is glad the priests. Dr. Lessart had never seen a live Boa divinoloquax, but he knew its markings well. Ere he had left Germany fire which lay curbed within stones. She lit a splint of dry wood at the embers of a fire which lay curbed within stones. She lit its air of sylvan peace and Edenic domesticity. Fair was Ovada, and young; she markings well. Ere he had left Germany an offer had been made him by a rich private collector of Berlin for just such a boa—five hundred marks for every metre of the snake's length if brought to Germany alive.

Lessart's hand fell from his pistol.

The had left Germany as splint of dry wood at the embers of a fire which lay curbed within stones. She spheres about a splint of dry wood at the embers of a fire which lay curbed within stones. She spheres hetween passion and codenest ticity. Fair was Ovada, and young; she ispheres, between passion and codenest ticity. Fair was Ovada, and young; she steepents about four inches in diameter, It is composed ticity. Fair was Ovada, and young; she spheres, between passion and codenest ticity. Fair was Ovada, and young; she ispheres, between passion and codenest ticity. Fair was Ovada, and young; she stone his body of the body of the beach it was sion, between two long-sundered framewas savage, but nobly savage; her cooks implement to five him to spend in this recking wildernament and the beach it was savage, but nobly savage; her cooks implement to five him to spend in this recking wildernament and the beach it was sion, between two long-sundered frame was savage, but nobly savage; her cooks implement to five him to spend in this recking wildernament and the beach it was sion, between two long-sundered frame was savage, but nobly savage; her cooks implement to five here with a splint of dry wood at the embers of him, between opposed the bedought to form the brow him to spend in the body of the beach it was sion, between two long-sundered frame was savage, but nobly savage; her cooks implement to be beach it was of the body of the beach it was sion, between two long-sundered frame was savage, but nobly savage; her cooks implement to five here with a splint of dry wood at the embers of him, between opposed the bedout the body of the beach it was not here was savage, but nobly savage; her cooks implement to for him to spend in this erection. It is a splint of the body of the

Lessart's hand fell from his pistol. He turned and ran for his three-looped lariat which he had seemed pleased to watch be of great service to him with her knowlwhich he had learned to throw with won- him still his hunger. Out of the shades derful skill. As he again approached the beyond the fire two sharp and shifting spot where he had seen the boa, the repetute of a small dead tree. They were the eyes peered upon them from the crotch thoughts to his brain; here they caught but resolved at last that he must go in an ancient and infinite grief. So she refalls, they pack it down, tramping out a form and fire; they sank again as temptation of a small dead tree. They were the eyes considerable space, while about them the and sinuous curves through the underbrush of the forest. The scientist plunged after it, flanking it on one side, then on the other, whenever an opening offered in the brakes and ferns. He hoped the snake would coil about a tree or make

interwoven thatch. She emerged with a large flat basket of dried grass. Then she dropped at the base of the dead tree, and, lo! the snake descended and coiled itself round upon round within his bed.

He refused it straightly, saying he would sleep under the stars by the fire.
But this seemed to displease her, so he

A glad cry came to

green serpent. Wonder and mystery invested this twain. She was like some wild Lilith, he the great primal enemy. She was also like some forest goddess, a theme for poetry and romance, perchance some witch who had woven her black spells about him and led his feet to err in the mazes he advanced was cold and haughty; she frowned at the lariat he carried in his hand. The eyes of the snake glittered own camp upon the banks of the Gurupuy, nor to the two Brazilians who would find him missing. His scholarly mind, his disciplined soul, became peopled with strange and goblin thoughts, mingled monstrously with what was human and what was bestial. The earth-ball revolved about him. He saw the face of Europe in the moonlight, in particular a weed garden with the mouldy statue of Lao coon, then into the circle of his vision

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. The snake blinked slug-gishly at his mistress, and now, thought Ludwig Lessart as his own eyes sated themselves with gazing on her face, her bond of fellowship with Xingu seemed less strange and repulsive. Since her father, the Chief Caxias, had been slain, said Ovada, and his people conquered by another tribe, she chose to live alone and in exile until her brothers might avenge

"Then, Ovada," said Lessart, with his boyish smile," you will find a husband among the native chiefs and go dwell once more with your people."

"No," was her reply; "though I do not always live here, yet I shall always live Hamburg.

alone—with Xingu—until I die."
"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,

a while she said.

"White man, you likewise must be of the blood of chiefs in your own land." upon her lord. But Xingu was utterly neglected. No longer the smooth hand of He bent toward her, smiling, and said, "Why do you say that, Ovada?"

compact coils.

Then the German, shaking off his perpointed out odd trees or misshapen branches, large stones and other stones "whereby he might know this way again."
Finally she halted; they bade each other farewell once again; he kissed her hand with great ceremony. Then he set his face to the north, she hers to the south. 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. When less than a mile from d her. like the pale princess sleeping in the en-"I have chanted wood. He turned at once toward the south and hurried back to the place where Ovada made her home.

The thought of her loneliness came o serve."

Over him again, of her loveliness likewise, and her wild, yet regal, womanhood. It white, blue-veined patrician dame with long tresses of palest amber awaited him in that hoary German schloss. He recalled how they had plighted their vows—very romantically, indeed—by moonlight un-"Ovada and Xingu will sleep in the open der the marble group of the tortured Laotonight," said she, "and you shall have coon. Quite as romantically he had said in that great and passionate moment, "If ever I forget you, Amalia, may I share

A glad cry came to his ears. He saw gave way and went into the hut to lie down upon a low settle covered with a soft and aromatic grass. Beyond the frayed curtain of the low entrance the fire the red leather wallet he had left behind still spread a glow of sinking red. All him. Her face was bright with a joy that about him the teeming and endless night life of the forest—bird, beast and insect—made itself heard as if from another world. Fitfully, rising and falling, now allow the still bearing the rank jungle foliage, face to face, a million-hearted life—animal and vegeta-block and record and results for five in the foreign and still be foreign. world. Fitfully, rising and falling, now million-hearted life—animal and vegeta-dark and now alight, like fireflies in the ble—teeming about them, all the feverish woods, his thoughts flew about the beautiful brown woman and the ominous of the sun, the imperious will of Nature shackling all, and so looked into each other's eyes. Now they spoke very low. so that not even the leprous orchids and said to himself, or like some maiden Eve dwelling in her secluded Paradise with ed branches heard aught of their speech. At last when the sun stood overhead they went on, with slow, hesitant steps, but not, as before, each a separate way Hand in hand they went back to Ovada's dwelling in the forest. When they reached the grassy open space, the great boa lifted his head at sight of the man and swayed to and fro as if in rage or grief. He opened and shut his wide jaws with their thin and backward-slanting teeth,

Ovada received Lessart as her lord and husband and went through the strange marriage ceremony of her tribe, chanting and dancing about him, kneeling at his feet, stroking his knees and hands and pressing these against her brow. He was deeply moved, and his bass voice grew very soft and tender. He called her his beautiful snake and I would buy it for what you may ask."

Coon, then into the circle of his vision swam the shadowy jumgle-bower with this Indian nymph and her terrible compared the summoned his two native gazelle. He summoned his two native forgotten incidents dressed themselves of collecting went lustily on. The trophies again as memories, ancient ghosts floated through his brain, and vague desires and fears he thought long dead awoke in every nerve and fibre like the tiny and ever. Ovada knew the native haunts of rapacious life of the forest at night.

Never had he felt so close to the majestic and terrifying inwardness of Nature. She seemed to be incarnated in this mystic males and the females. Often she caught woman, this chief's daughter, and in her them unaided with her hands. The doc-"Ovada has known Xingu since he was serpent. He felt himself not only alone tor called her his darling witch, his envery young. My father was chief of our in the forest with her, but alone in the chantress, that had power to lead captive

his dead-tree perch, or coiled in the sun. the shadow of the storehouse. In sheer, When Ovada and the brown-bearded doc-tor lavished endearments upon each other, man ballads of his youth, drinking-songs the titanic reptile would sway his head of his student days; he chanten sword-rhythmically to and fro, until his whole songs of the Nibelungen. She, the ivorybody lashed and trembled and doubled pale gentlewoman who dwelt in the halflike a whip that scourged itself.

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

So the year crept toward its close. At intervals Dr. Lessart sent his men to transport small crates and boxes to the the slope of the white beach to the fringe the opportunity of giving the matter excoast. There, once a month, a tiny freightof trees that bordered it and lay down tended study.

steamer stopped on signal near the mouth again in their shade. He fell asleep at Among birds, the home of the bald eaof the Gurupuy and took them to the nearest port, whence they were laden for

thos quite divine—Nature's gift to woman lay unrolled; behind him stood the sullen scattered round about, it gives a proper in maternity. Then a child was born, a forest. Near the base of a tall, slim mansetting to the atern and savage character man-child, golden of skin and in feature grove Lessart lay extended like some of its builder. Here the eagle reigns su-But I have Xingu," said Ovada. Then suddenly her eyes fell, the while a flush arose in the tawney cheeks, driven there by something in the bright blue orbs of this white, noble-featured stranger. After the suddenly her eyes fell, the while a flush arose in the tawney cheeks, driven there by something in the bright blue orbs of this white, noble-featured stranger. her little son. Now her maddest caresses were his, although she still hung ardently neglected. No longer the smooth hand of his mistress stroked his graceful arching neck, no longer she permitted him to emgu drew silently near and peered into the baby's face as if to do it homage. When Ovada chased the languishing reptile had followed every breath of the sleeping as does the English rabbit, but makes a slight depression in the ground, in which arkened like unsteady lamps. As the she lies so flatly pressed to the earth as to be scarcely distinguishable from the daily berbage in which her abode is sitthe sun like polished figured bronze of brownish green. But his dilating eyes might have lagged behind the invisible were like livid flames, shifting with a rush of that head. In a flash one tense to its home wherever it may be placed, ilous 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. She haggard glare. Now he had two rivals in the love of Ovada-which once he had

held alone. The reptile brooded, and Lessart was aware that even under the wrinkled lids the round green eyes blazed with a quenchthe round green eyes blazed with a quench-less hate of him. His commission for the his one free and powerful hand at the or a small natural cave, generally situated director of the Royal Zoological Institute at Hamburg was almost fulfilled. Soon, if he chose, the period of his exile would be over. But now it was no longer exile.

Lessart felt the shackles upon his heart: be resolved to remain he could not know the properties of the report of 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 he resolved to remain, he could not know for how long a time—perhaps another year. The jungle had made his soul one with its own; the long hair and loving arms of Ovada, the tiny hands of his lit- ed upon his helpless feet and fell to the tle son, were mighty and compelling ground. Xingu did not release him until A "fly-by-night" sort of home is that bonds. One day his two servants, returning from the coast, brought him letters. which was also sculptured in the morselled stone at the entrance of an old, old and went to sleep, garden in which he had often sat. The A smile passed of

edge of the region and her woodcraft? goods and trophies. Then he held anoth-Hidden and lurking instincts sent these er sharp and drastic debate with himself, of sea and shore and sky was broken by the slumbering Xingu and he yielded to his old desire and temptation. What mathis old desire and temptation. What mathis eyes held a light that spoke of joy and triumph, his head danced in an amorous rhythm on his lustrous, erected neck. piece to their pay, and so they took with his body.—By Herman Scheffauer, in the widest contrast.—St. Nicht them the writhing mass in the straining Harper's Weekly.

basket. The next night he himself was ready to follow. Ovada and the child were asleep in the hut. His lantern stood without Fully dressed and equipped with hand-axe and revolver in his belt, his rifle across his shoulder, a supply of food in his game-bag, he entered the hut. Accoutered thus, he was accustomed to go forth to hunt those birds whose habits nocturnal. He knelt down beside the couch and embraced his mate, pressing

his lips upon hers. Then he bent again and took the awakened child in his arms, holding it close for a long time, then kissed it and gave it

When Ovada rose the next morning she knew her lord had left her. His instruments, his books—all were gone. Xingu, too, had vanished, but to this she gave little thought, knowing the habits of Xingu. She nursed the babe; then bound him in a sling upon her back in the man-ner of the women of her tribe. She hung a small, sharp axe in her girdle, took down the photograph he had left with her, put it in her bosom, and so set forth to follow her lord to the sea.

On the morning of the fourth day, with but short pauses for rest, Dr. Lessart reached the coast. Free and unbroken the blue, infinite waters lay unrolled. He who for three years had been imprisoned in the shadowy, poisonous tangles of the jungles, cried aloud as he beheld once more the sublime, immense liberty of the

ocean. He went at once to the little storehous of corrugated iron which stood forth on the white and curving beach. He found the key in the spot where he had bidden his men to hide it. His boxes were safe within, but the basket in which Xingu had been pent was burst open and the boa was gone. There was a small opening near the roof. 'The naturalist cursed the carelessness of his Brazilians, and thought of the three and one-half metres the divinologuax had measured and of the five hundred marks per metre offered by the world, as though he were one of the primal pair.

Therefore he is my comrade and my brother and dwells with me."

Tit is well," said the German, smiling orvada 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 snake. I long to own him. I will not harm him, but keep him alive. He shall be well tended and fed. I will make payment, Ovada, in aught you may wish. I have gold at my camp and the richest cloth, weapons too, and many-colored world, as though he were one of the primal pair.

No longer was the great serpent permitted to spend the night within the hut—now always bedecked with flowers to please Lessart. Xingu had grown sullen and his cat's eyes, when not dulled by the study of the little steamer that was to call here on the morrow. Then he flung off his soiled white linen clothes and rushed gladly into the study flicker with a fury terrible to behold, because, like that of a human thing, it fed on pain. For hours, often for days, he lay immovable, his striped and spotted body hanging from the polished fork of speech and serpentive of movement. She

ruined house that stood in the ancient garden, must share this mood! He tore a leaf from his note-book and filled it with a message to her, rapt and wonderful

lines that were almost poetry.

Then weariness overcame him, and the growing heat as the storehouse lost its muskrat and his peculiar, dome-shaped shadow. Naked as Adam he walked up house. Few people, however, have had once, heavily, with the weight of his three gle is perhaps the most striking, possibly days' travel upon him. The solitude and because of the majesty of the bird itself. 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
thos quite divine—Nature's gift to woman

silence were as of eterinty, the say was
void of a single flock, the sea as unmarness richer, more complex and benign, a
red as the sky. In front of the sleeper
the endless silver stretches of the beach
thos quite divine—Nature's gift to woman
lay unrolled; behind him stood the sullen
scattered round about, it gives a proper

thing else that stirred the leaves. Soon

and heavy coil lay whipped about the and, even if driven to a great distance neck of Lessart, another about his breast, from it, contrives to regain its little fettering his left arm to his side. One domicile at the earliest opportunity. the convulsions of the snake, then sway-

no answer to it save his presence. Another letter was from the Director of the Zoological Institute, offering him an important post.

Was arealists.

The danger.

The home of the elegant little harvest mouse next claims our attention. It is of his lady reached forth to enfold him, and is situated a foot or so from the little harvest mouse next claims our attention. It is and is situated a foot or so from the little harvest mouse next claims our attention. It is and is situated a foot or so from the little harvest mouse next claims our attention.

Our Fishermen.

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 11.560.

have invested about \$2,000,000, and Virginia, California and Maine all more than \$1,000,000. Virginia has the most fishing vessels, 13,260 in number. Maryland's number 11,496, New Jersey's 7,084, Maine's 6,238, and New York's 5,289.

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 achoel room, to play-yard, are kept as

Billious people have a sorry time. school-room to play-yard, are kept as scrupulously clean as circumstances per-three periods: The time when they are mit. down with billiousness, the time when they are down, and the time when they are getting over the attack. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure billiousness, and sick and billious 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 The Homes of Wild Creatures

There is a pecular charm and interest in the study of the homes of wild crea-tures. Their efforts and the results in building these, even if crude, appeal to

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

silence were as of eternity, the sky was It appeals to the imagination. Built of preme, and here year after year he and his mate rear their young. This is the aerie from which he can scan the whole In the leaves above him a light breeze countryside and, like the robber barons of old, levy toll on all who pass his door. Far in the still, white North, where the whole tree began to quiver and trem-ble. Then from the lowest branches the polar bear. When the long arctic emerged a shape, long and glistening, night approaches the bear retires to some with a pointed head, in which gleamed sheltered spot, such as the clift of a rock two radiant, greenish eyes. Slowly, si- or the foot of some precipitous bank. In

strangled cry escaped him ere Xingu One of the most gruesome among ani-closed upon the throat and forced down mal homes is the wolf's den. This is bubbling from his lips, his face turned the wolf's den a not very inviting place. purple and his eyes already swimming in Nevertheless there is something so dread darkness, stood for a moment, lashed in and mysterious about this soft-footed marauder that it even lends a fascination to his home.

the last flutter of life had passed. Then of our friend the bob-white, yet it seems slowly and majestically he unwound his to serve the purpose very well. Under One was written in a beautiful hand he splendid rings, rolling the dead man up-knew well; the envelope bore a crest on his face. Gliding a little to one side, cedar tree the flock take their night's he made himself a cushion of his coils repose. Quail, in retiring, always sit in a circle with their heads outward, and so garden in which he had often sat. The A smile passed over Lessart's face. He letter was a summons; there was to be was dreaming. He stood beneath the eyes and sharper ears against possible

Ludwig Lessart's heart was torn within tightly. never to let him go again into and is situated a foot or so from the him; it was like a combat between the the wild, adventurous world, arms eager ground. In form it is globular and about two halves of him, between opposed hem- as the marble coils of the serpents about four inches in diameter, It is composed

wailed, and the ancient, infinite silence guides them to some sheltered spot where provender is plentiful. Here, as the snow falls, they pack it down, tramping out a

stant menace to that babe. That night he bowed before her and grovelled on while Ovada lay asleep, he caught the snake in a stout basket, lashed it with fondling of her hand. Then Ovado cried on the score, and they would all be of interest. The present He bowed before her and grovelled on One could go on enumerating bird and ropes, and gave it to his men to pack out again, this time not in grief, but in upon the back of a little donkey they had brought with them. The fellows were frightened, but Lessart added a gold blow sundered the head of Xingu from the house of the house as well as those presenting the midest space. The present space, however, will not permit of going further. The writer has, therefore, simply described some of the more curious of the house, as well as those presenting

The Outdoor School.

The outdoor school for sickly children 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 schools for tuberculous children, some in men who catch fish not because they like the fun of it, but because they are paid for it. They catch approximately 1,000, Pittsburg, Rochester, Cambridge, Hart-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 aboved \$5 115. 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 more than 10,000 are North Carolina, 12,-045, New Jersey 12,030, and New York the heat moored at the Polleyne Henrical the boat moored at the Bellevue Hospital 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—standard or more than twice as much standard or more than twice as much standard or more than twice as much standard with a garden in the hospier, New York. and at Gouverneur Slip. These are not part of the public-school sin 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.

Maccockweetts is a trifle under the local services of the other is provided in the other is provided in the class room. 000. Massachusetts is a trifle under the same figure. New York and Maryland have invested about \$2,000,000, and Virginia Colifornia and Maine all more than

From the success of these experiments it is expected to be but a step to the cor-recting of conditions in schools general-ly, where—notably in New York—it is es-timated that but one child in three thousand gets fresh air in study hours.

-Visitor-Have you men of varied bent here? Jailer-Well, most of 'em's crooks

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