

THE RED CROSS DOLLAR.

Send me, send me, Do not hold me Take and fold me In Red Cross kit To do my bit As they see fit Who shall spend me I'm a Red Cross Dollar.

"LITTLE FELLER."

(Concluded from last issue.)

So, with his rifle in his hand, he crept through the willows fringing the stream, looking for some living thing—anything that could be converted into broth.

he drew his gun, which is the last second a feller kin wait. Then I knowed it was him or me. "Little Feller, it was him. But could I 'a' done anything else? You'd say no yourself if you could talk a little plainer. But Lark was a man of prop'ty, paid taxes and helped elect the shureff. And me—well, I war just Kentucky Harrod. So the shureff placards the county, and the remainin' four Tollivers, sworn in as deputies, goes on a still hunt fer me.

This life, these dreams, he had now put in jeopardy for the sake of this babe. To provide it with milk he had lost precious hours. To ward off its chill of death he had built up a fire which might have emblazoned the level whereabouts for miles across the level plain to a sleepless enemy. And this babe (the idea tapped at his brain over and over) was a son of Anson Tolliver. It would grow up—if it ever grew up—to remember him, not as its savior, but as the slayer of its uncle Larkin.

A chance shot, of course, for he was not exposed; but, deflected by a rock, the bullet had done its work. "The cyards are stacked agin me!" muttered Harrod. "I'm due to lose." In his bones he felt that his end was near. Still he was not afraid—merely vastly puzzled. Though sincoo and blizzard, alkali and whiskey, had given him the appearance of a man past his prime, he was only forty-two. He was young in both body and spirit. In spite of hard knocks, fortune had always smiled upon him.

War Damage in French Forests. Paris, France.—In an interesting article appearing in La Renaissance du Tourisme, M. Georges Caye reviews the damages which the war will have caused to the forests of France. He also considers the after war prospects both of afforestation of the land and of wood supply from abroad.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT Let me live in a house by the side of the road Where the race of men go by— The men who are good and the men who are bad.