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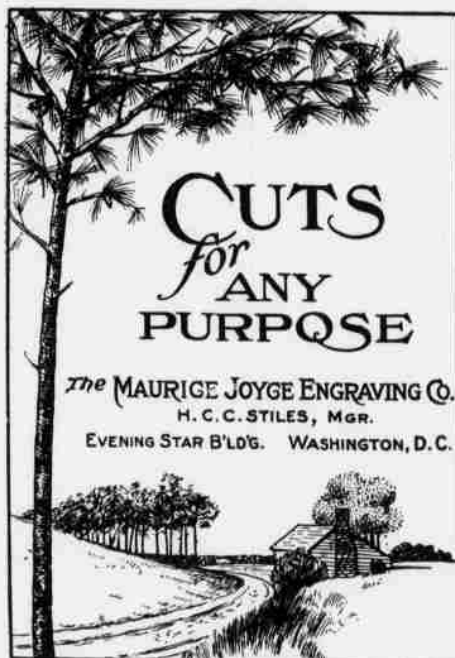
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FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

How Dil Khush Remembered and What He Did for His Protector



DICK lived in India. His home was a long, white-washed bungalow with a thatched roof and green rails to the veranda and all about the bungalow flowers bloomed all the year round, great fiery hibiscus flowers, and starry jasmine, and beautiful red flame-of-the-forest, and the drooping, golden sprays of the amultas-tree. Dick was quite a little boy, and he lived with his father and mother miles and miles away from any other English people. He had no brothers and sisters, so he was rather lonely, but he was a happy little boy, and all the Indian servants loved "Dicky Sahib," as they called him, because he was so

round them, and even Dick helped a little, for he took all the money out of his red savings-box and gave it to the poor villagers.

One day Dick got up very early in the morning to go out for a ride on his pony Dapple. His bearer helped him to dress and mother gave him his bread and milk; then Jagoo the Syce (or groom) brought Dapple to the veranda steps, and Dick rode away, with Toby, the little fox terrier, running after him.

"Be a good boy, Dick," called mother, "and come in before the sun gets hot."

They went down the dusty road, Dick and Dapple and Jagoo, and Toby, and presently they came to a big grove of mango trees. The leaves were all dry and dusty, and no delicious mango fruit hung on the trees, for the hot winds had killed all the sweet-scented blossoms. It was very still and quiet under the trees,



FIND MISTRESS MARY'S BROTHER

cheerful and good-tempered and they did their best to amuse him and please him.

Now, when Dicky was eight years old, a sad thing happened. For when the seed was sown in the field, and the time came for the rain to fall, and make the crops grow, no rain came, only dry, hot winds which burnt up the young crops. Day after day the poor people gazed up to the bright blue sky; but not a cloud floated across it, only the fiery sun shone down upon them till the earth was hot and dry under their feet.

And then food became very dear, and the people had little to eat, and there was misery in the land. The cows and oxen died for want of food, for all the green grass was parched; the little children were so thin that they looked like skin and bone. Dick's father and mother did all they could to help the people

only the silvery call of the bright yellow mango bird sounded up among the branches, or a little hungry, grey mon-goose crept among the rustling leaves below. Suddenly there rose through the stillness, the cry of a little baby. Dick stopped his pony and looked about him. "Where is the child that cried?" he asked Jagoo the Syce. Jagoo looked all round too. "I do not know, Sahib," he replied, "I see no child." But Toby, the terrier, was running here and there, whining and searching. Presently he stopped at a heap of dry leaves and began to bark, and from under the leaves they heard again the wailing cry of a baby. Then Dick jumped off his pony and helped Jagoo to brush away the leaves, and there in a basket lay a tiny brown baby with a very thin little face and great black eyes.

"Oh, poor, poor little baby," cried