

Dick, stroking its thin face. "We must take it to the bungalow, Jagoo, and give it some clothes and some food."

So Dick got on his pony again, and Jagoo carried the basket behind him, and Toby, the terrier, ran ahead barking loudly; he was so proud and pleased because it was he who found the baby.

They went back along the dusty road, and came to the garden gate, and there was mother in the garden.

"Oh, mother," cried Dick, "guess what Toby found under the mango trees!"

"What was it, my Dickey-bird?" said mother, "a jackal or a mongoose?"

"You will never guess, mother," said Dick, "it was a real, live baby! Oh, mother, may I keep it for my very own?"

Just then Jagoo came up with the little crying baby in the basket.

"Oh, what a poor, starved little thing," said Dick's kind mother, "how it cries! Come, Dickie, we must go and get some milk for it."

So mother ran indoors and searched in a cupboard, where she found a feeding bottle from which Dick used to drink when he was a baby; and soon the little brown child was sucking away quite happily, while Dick sat and watched it.

When Dick's father came in he sent for the village people, and asked who had put the baby under the leaves, and they soon brought him a poor woman, who cried bitterly, and said she had come from a distant village, where all the people were dying for want of food. Her husband was dead, and so were all her children but this one little creature, and it cried so she could not bear to hear it, for she had no food to give it, so she buried it under the leaves and went away, for she thought that she must lie down and die herself. But it was a happy day for the poor Indian woman when Dick and Toby found her baby, for mother gave her some work to do and fed her, and the baby grew such a fat jolly little boy, and cried and chuckled so that Dick named him Dil Khush, for that means "a joyful heart."

It was not long after this that the rain came at last, and made the crops grow, and then there was no more famine in the land.

When Dick was ten years old, he went home to England to a big school, but he never forgot little Dil Khush and often sent him a small present. And, when little Dick grew to be a big Dick, he came out to India again to fight for his country, and Dil Khush became a sepoy in his regiment. And one day when a fierce man tried to kill Dick, Dil Khush threw himself between, and saved his Captain's life. He killed the fierce man but he was so badly hurt himself that they thought he would die. Dick stood by his bedside with the doctor, and the poor sepoy looked up into his face with a smile. "Ah, Dicky Sahib," he said, "now I am Dil Khush indeed; you saved your servant's life when he was a little baby, and now God has let him save your life."

But Dil Khush did not die, although he lost his arm and could not fight any more. He lived for years, a good faithful servant, and when his Dicky Sahib had little boys and girls of his own they loved Dil Khush, who had saved their father's life.

#### The Duck and the Diamond

Once upon a time a duck in picking around found a beautiful diamond, and he was so proud of it that he became very pompous and gradually tired of the other ducks on the farm, and said:

"I've had enough of this company and in future I intend to associate myself only with well-bred chickens."

And so, with the diamond neatly held in his bill, he flew over into the chicken yard. As the diamond flashed it attracted the attention of the handsomest rooster on the place.

"Why dear me!" cried the rooster. "I'm glad to see you. You must certainly stay over here and join our set. Don't you think you would like to lead the german for us Friday evening?"

The duck was simply overcome with joy, and when he started to say, "How very kind of you; I accept with great pleasure," the diamond fell out of his mouth.

Now, this is exactly what the old rooster had been waiting for, and he picked up the gem and ran with it as fast as he could, leaving the poor old duck to wend his way home in misery and tears.

MORAL—Be sure that your friends admire you for yourself alone.

#### Letter Enigma

My first is in heat, but not in cold;  
My second is in bread, but not in mold;  
My third is in butter, but not in milk;  
My fourth is in robe, but not in silk;  
My fifth is the same as my second, you see;

My sixth is in wood, but not in tree;  
My whole spells the name  
Of a most ancient race,  
And in this great country  
'Tis growing apace.

#### Beheadings

(1) Behead to swindle and leave a kind of temperature. (2) Behead a spook and leave the gentleman at whose house you are a guest. (3) Behead a part of the earth and leave a circle.



#### WHAT IT WAS

Solution of cut-out picture, printed recently which proved such a puzzler.



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