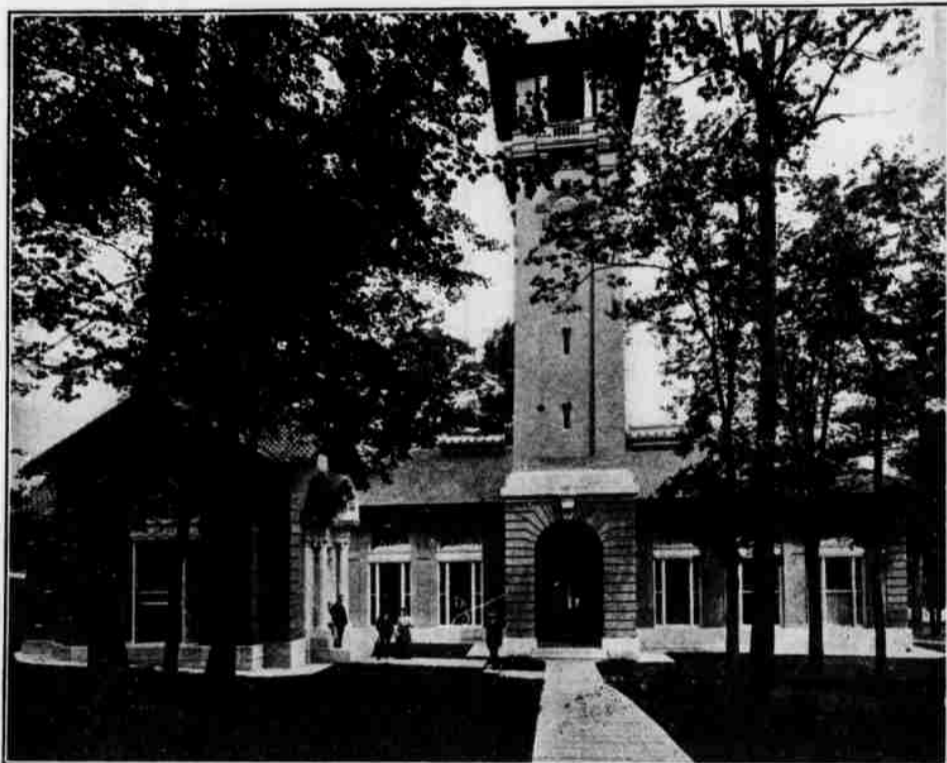


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## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

### Tormenting Tommy.

**T**OMMY was spending a fortnight at Uncle John's farm, glad to get away from the hot city, but feeling a bit uncomfortable because of overindulgence in mince pie.

Beside a tiny pool he lies beneath great trees, in the long grass and cool shade, amusing himself by playing chips of wood were ships and setting them afloat on the little pool, which he calls a lake.

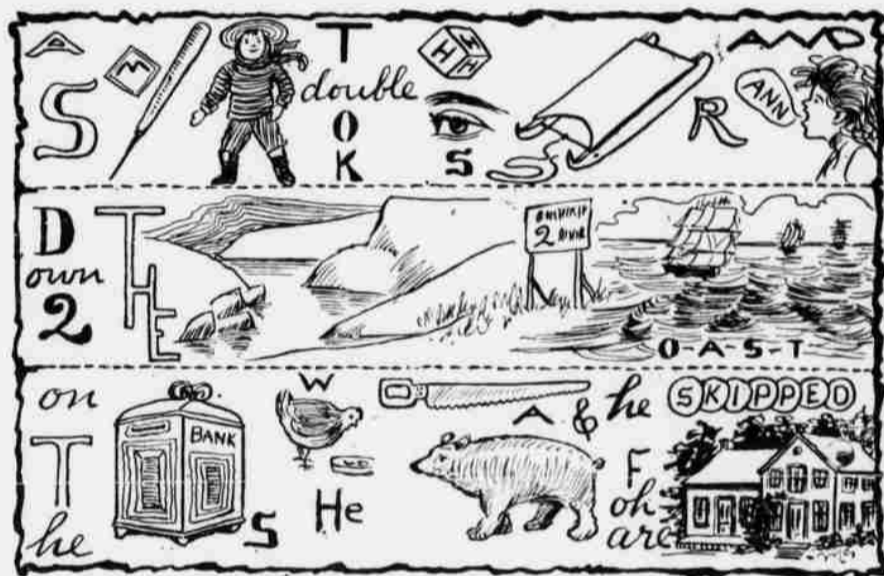
Presently a granddaddy longlegs appears, is pounced on and set adrift on a chip and then small ants are made to people the little boats, Tommy idly keeping them afloat with a long twig, as he lies drowsily in the grass. Round and round the chips the ants dash frantically while daddy longlegs reaches out vainly in every direction. Tommy rather enjoys this tormenting of innocent things, vaguely wondering how he would like to

The wind blows harder, the waves rise higher, the trees are bending low and the air is filled with flying leaves and dust. One after another the struggling ants are engulfed and disappear.

Then a whizzing, whistling sound rises above the storm, coming nearer and nearer, and before Tommy can comprehend what it means, a huge eagle swoops down, fastens talons in his jacket, and rises quickly skyward through the tree tops; horrified, Tommy looks down upon the flitting panorama below.

A moment later they are passing over the farmhouse, then the barn and the field from which Uncle John and the men are hurrying for shelter. He tries to call to them, but his voice is only a murmur in the angry winds.

Then the eagle pinions upward, upward, upward! The landscape becomes only a carpet of dull color, and finally disappears altogether as they rise into a dark cloud. Lightning is chasing here



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be pounced upon by some great, strange creature and set aimlessly adrift. He is rather glad that there is not much possibility of it; but that's very different, of course. \* \* \*

Gracious how sleepy he is getting, but still he keeps his fleet in motion, poking first this chip and that as it nears the shore; enjoying the anxiety of daddy and the ants. \* \* \*

Gradually Tommy is conscious that the lake is growing larger and larger, the chips and ants bigger and bigger, but still he keeps poking them away from the shore, tantalizing them.

Then the sunshine disappears, the sky darkens, the water leadens and the wind begins to send tiny waves across the lake, rocking the chips dangerously, but still Tommy keeps poking them back from the shore. \* \* \*

Then very suddenly there comes a great gust which capsizes the whole fleet, way out in the middle of the lake, which now seems very black and very wide. How the ants struggle to reach the shore or to gain a foothold on the chips, and old granddaddy longlegs is nowhere to be seen; but Tommy, a bit guiltily, thinks it is rather amusing, makes no move to offer aid.

and there like minnows at play in a mill race, and every breath of air is moisture laden, and cold, very cold; cold and damp!

Terror stricken, Tommy shuts his eyes, but still is conscious of the vivid lightning flashes. On, on; up, up the eagle flies. Suddenly there is a consciousness of sunshine and Tommy opens his eyes to find the dark cloud far below, a mantle of deep purple shutting off the earth, with glorious sunshine all about.

How much nearer the sun seems, how peculiar the air, how numerous the birds which have risen above the storm which still flashes and thunders below!

On, on, they go. Presently Tommy is conscious of rapid approach toward a distant mountain peak which changes rapidly from gray to purple, and purple to brown, and next to a huge pile of rocks upon which the eagle alights carefully.

A chorus of eager cries ring out a strange welcome, as four queer eaglets—all eyes and hair and beak—rise from a nest of mud and twigs, regarding Tommy curiously.

"See what I have brought you?" says the eagle in a strange language which Tommy, somehow, understands.