

"But we can't eat that!" is the disgusted chorus, for which Tommy is not unthankful.

"No, but he'll make a fine playmate," is the reply, "just as soon as we can grow wings on him"—and Tommy glances curiously over either shoulder to see if the wings have begun to sprout.

"He'll make a fine playmate, eh?" chuckles old mother eagle as if immensely pleased, and Tommy, looking far down from the cliff to the cloud bank below, wishes he were once more safe within the farmhouse, and determines never, never to torment a living thing again.

Then a roar breaks above the stillness which he immediately recognizes as coming from a lion, for Tommy is dreadfully afraid of lions, and wolves and bears. Nearer and nearer it comes; mother eagle with startled eyes, listening attentively. Once more the sound is heard; this time very close. Turning quickly to her young the eagle prepares for flight, the little ones jumping on her back as she does so, and with a rush of wind they are gone, leaving Tommy alone on the dizzy height. Once more the roar rings out, just behind a near-by boulder, accompanied by the soft thud of padded feet and the rattle of loose stones.

Suddenly Tommy remembers the trick that 'possums play, sinks down upon the rocks and lies perfectly still, hoping the lion will pass him by unnoticed. There is a moment of suspense during which Tommy's heartbeats are so loud he is sure the lion must hear them. Then there is an awful roar in his very ears, he feels hot breath upon his face and is conscious of a shaggy presence. * * *

What is the beast doing? Why does he not either attack or move on? * * *

Tommy can stand the suspense no longer. He will grasp the beast by the throat and strangle it. He opens his eyes cautiously, gradually. A gladsome sound greets him.

What is this! Only old Benny, Uncle John's Newfoundland dog standing over him. Benny must have frightened the lion away!

But how did Benny get up the mountain so quickly? Tommy looks about, but there are no rocks beside him, no clouds below. How strange it all seems!

He jumps to his feet quickly and there is Uncle John standing, smiling, only a few feet away. At his feet is the little pool, with the chips on the shore and daddy longlegs and the ants gone; overhead the trees casting their cool shade.

"We missed you," said Uncle John, "and so Benny and I set out to find you, and find you we did; sound asleep."

"And I'm glad you found me only asleep," said Tommy gratefully, as he mentally resolved, as he had done on the ragged cliff, never to torment anything again.

The Rooster's Advice.

Tommy was in trouble. Tommy was also in bed, for his trouble was a broken wrist, brought on by hitting the ground too hard when he fell out of the apple tree. He was lying on his white pillow and dreaming of the good times the boys were having outside when the door opened, and to his great amusement in walked Jack, the old rooster. He was

carrying a big book under his wing, and he came straight for the bed. Tommy felt like crying out with mingled fear and surprise as he saw Jack hop up on the table beside him, but his voice seemed to be stuck somewhere down in his stomach. Jack said nothing, but pulled a big pair of spectacles from beneath his left wing and opened a large book of notes. Tommy's eyes bulged.

"What are you going to do?" he asked timidly.

"Going to read you a few helpful rules for climbing trees. Some from my own valuable experience," said Jack, winking one eye and turning the pages with his claws. "If you will climb trees, you should know how to do it."

"This certainly is queer," thought Tommy. "The idea of a rooster teaching me!"

"Let us see," said the rooster, reading. "'Birds of a feather flock'—no, that's not it."

"'In cases of pip be sure to'—"

"Ah! Here it is—'Trees; flying up into.'"

Jack looked so wise that Tommy couldn't keep back a smile.

"Rule 1—Squat firmly on both claws."

"But I have no claws," interrupted Tom.

"That's so," Jack assented. "We'll try again."

"Rule 2—Then spread your wings out wide."

"But I have no wings," said Tommy.

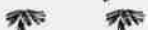
"That's very true," said Jack, putting his head first on one side and then on the other. "I hadn't thought of that."

Jack scratched his comb and thought for a moment. "I have it!" he cried.

"Rule 999—Boys that have no claws or wings should never climb trees."

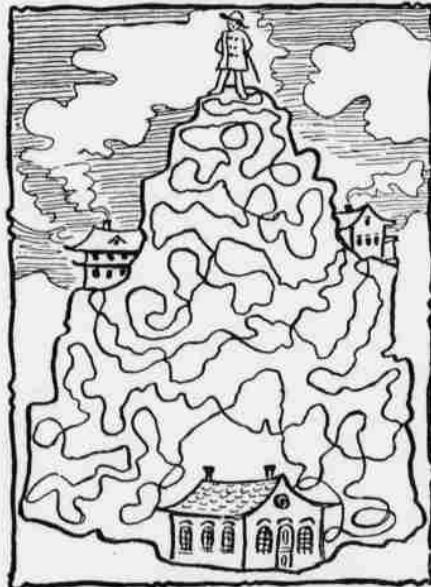
"That meets your case, Tommy. Take my advice and don't," saying which he jumped to the floor and vanished.

Tommy rubbed his eyes.



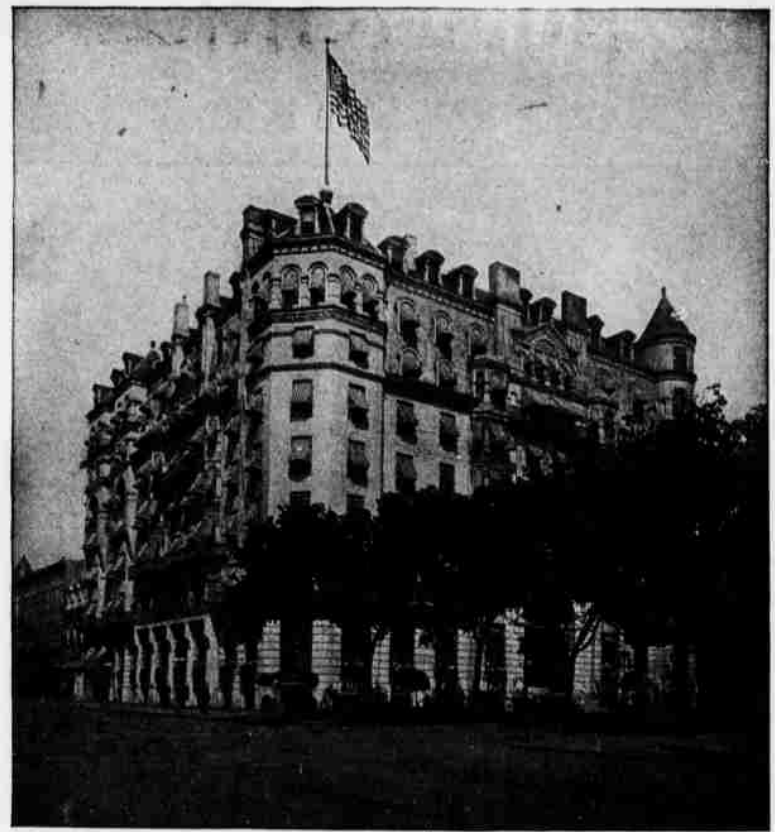
Anagram.

I'm a curious creature, however you look;
First I'm an animal down by the brook,
But turn me around as I'm ready to drink
And then I'm a plant that grows on the brink.



LABYRINTH PUZZLE.

The man at the top of the peak had a long and tedious climb. Can you discover from which of the three houses he started? He crossed his own path several times while making the journey. The crooked path he made is marked by the black line, and if followed closely will lead to the top of the peak. Prize for first correct solution.



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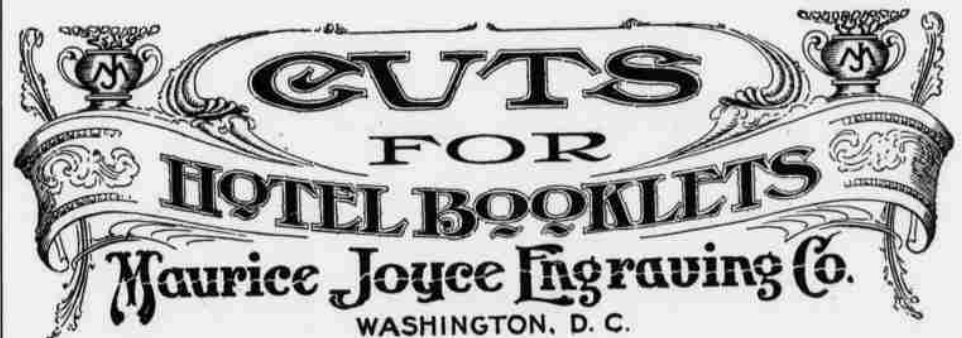
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