

them tremble. It was surely the snapping of dried twigs under a human foot-step.

"Listen!" cried Dick, holding up a finger for silence.

Again it came, that same unmistakable snapping sound caused by a human tread.

"Let's run!" cried Tony. And suiting the action to his words, he took to his heels and was soon out of sight.

Ellie ran, too, blindly, madly, swiftly. She was panting with terror, when horror! she suddenly felt something barring her path, and, with a little terrified cry she fell bang against a tall figure in a rough tweed suit.

Trembling Ellie glanced up to see a very brown face and a pair of blue eyes that looked rather amused and not at all alarming.

"Oh, please," said Ellie—"please forgive me this once, and don't send me to prison. I know we've been trespassing, but I do love nuts so, and these are such beauties!"

Just at that moment Dick and Tony arrived upon the scene. They were far too good chums to leave Ellie in the lurch.

"I say," said Tony, breathlessly, "don't send her to prison! Let's us go instead. It's all our fault. She didn't want to come at all, but we persuaded her to, and I think Lord Beeton's silly to stick up a trespassers' board. We're really not doing any harm, and we've been here heaps of times before.

A smile broke over the stranger's face at Tony's words. He looked so jolly, that, in spite of the terrible situation, the three little faces looking so anxiously at him smiled too.

"Well, I don't think any one need go to prison this time," he said at last.

"Not go to prison? Oh thank you!" gasped Ellie.

"Three cheers! Three cheers!" cried the boys together. "You're a brick!"

"Are you hungry?" asked the tall stranger, after they had told their names and where they lived.

"I should think we were!" chimed the three in chorus.

"Then what do you say to coming back and having tea with me?" I'm all alone in my glory, and I'd be ever so glad of your company. I've lots of things to show you—Indian daggers and beads, and birds and skins, and—"

"Where do you live?" interrupted Ellie, curiosity getting the better of her manners.

"Oh, over there at the Hall," said the stranger, pointing casually to where a thin line of gray smoke arose amid the trees.

"My!" came in a frightened gasp from the three pairs of lips. "My! you—you—you are Lord Beeton!" cried Tony. "And here you've caught us red-handed, trespassing on your land."

"And we said you were silly to stick up that notice board!" gasped Dick.

"Never mind," smiled Lord Beeton. "I liked trespassing when I was your age, too, and as long as you don't go anywhere near the copse where the birds are I don't mind; but I should advise you not to trespass on any one else's land, for you may not get off so easily next time!"

"Yes, yes, yes!" cried the three

eagerly. "You are a brick," smiled Ellie, in comical echo of her two chums.

The tea at the Hall that afternoon was the jolliest affair imaginable. The house-keeper seemed to know just the sort of cakes and jams the three liked best.

Then, after tea, Lord Beeton actually sent for his head keeper, and told him that his three little friends were to be allowed in any part of the woods whenever they wanted to come. "Except where the birds are, kiddies," he added. "You'll remember that, won't you?" And the three solemnly promised that they would.

#### Truthful Allison.

Three boys at school were called to the platform for whippings. After the teacher flogged two, (one for lying, the other for stealing), he turned to the third boy, saying "Allison, I hardly know how to punish you. You never tell an untruth, you are very honest, usually a good boy, but altogether too mischievous. How many time were you punished last term?"

"More than a hundred times!" came promptly.

Oh! I guess not", said the teacher.

"Well, I was!" was the quick reply.

The teacher turned to the other scholars; "Was Allison punished so many times?"

"No, sir! No, sir!" responded all.

"I guess I know as much about it as they do!" retorted Allison. "Old Jim Moulton was whipping me all the time when he had nothing else to do!"

"You may take your seat," said the master as he turned towards the black-board.

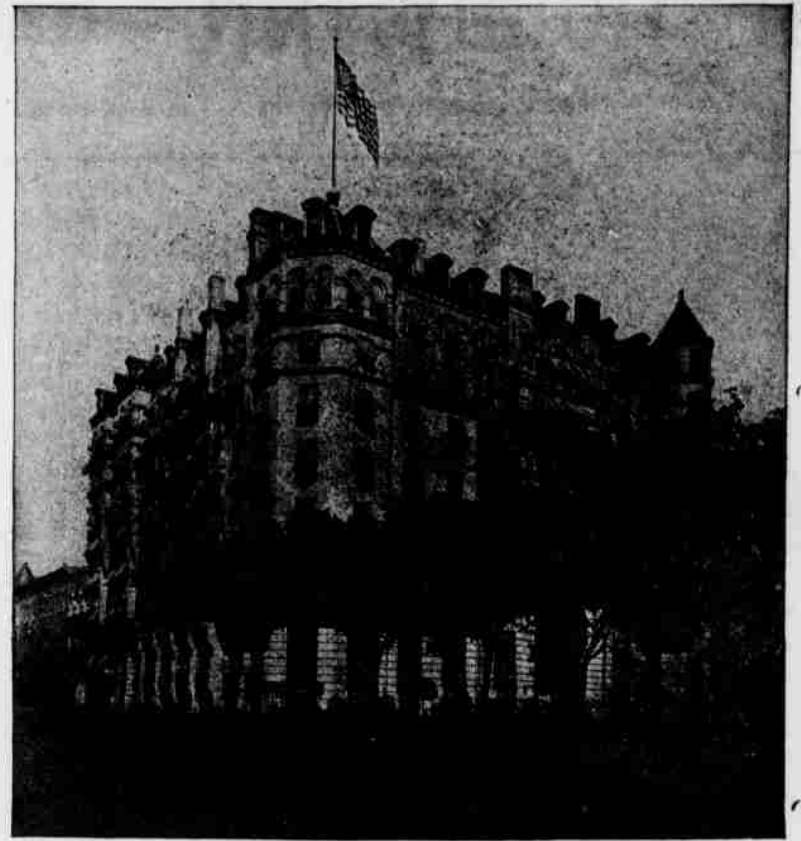
#### Thread and Eggshell.

Some interesting and effective little tricks may be performed with the aid of thread that has previously been soaked in salt water. This renders the ash of the thread, when burned, sufficiently strong to support a light weight, such as an empty eggshell, provided there is no vibration in the article to which the thread is attached.

Having suspended an egg by a prepared thread, a catch can be applied and the thread burnt right through without the egg falling to the ground.



When the rain falls pit-a-patter  
And nurse is away,  
Thus we sometimes sit and chatter  
When 'tis too wet to play!



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