



"Frederick sat staring up into the wild man's face, speechless."

D

CHINNA.

By Mrs. HOBART-HAMPDEN,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

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THE three children stared back at the man, a good deal alarmed. There was something fierce and threatening in his attitude. He looked as if he might attack them on the smallest provocation. They waited anxiously for what should happen next, and were still waiting when, all at once, the cliff edge gave way beneath Frederick, and he slid, much to his dismay, almost to the wild man's feet, and sat staring up into his face, speechless.

As quickly as they could Nancy and Brian followed. But, before they could reach the bottom of the ravine, the little man began to smile. And all the fierceness went from his face, and he looked so completely good-tempered instead, it was impossible to be afraid of him any longer. And he began to talk so quickly that it was difficult to understand what he said. But here and there the children captured a word, and gathered that he was asking them to whom they belonged, and from whence they had come.

'We came down the big river,' said Nancy, and pointed in the direction in which she thought the river must lie. 'We were carried away by a flood, and we don't know how to get home again. We belong to the white people.'

'The white people,' the little man repeated doubtfully. 'I have heard that such there be; but, in truth, I had thought it a tale merely.'

'It isn't a tale. There really are white people, and they are very great and powerful,' said Brian, wishing to make an impression. But in this he was not successful.

'It may be so,' said the little man, indifferently. 'In their own country, perchance. But here it is I, Chinna, who have power.' And he beamed upon them all, and proceeded promptly to chant his own praises, unabashed.

'A great hunter am I,' he said. 'And Chinna is my name. I sell the flesh of the beasts that I kill to the people of the villages near. And I weave spells so that the spirits of the forest shall do them no harm. Always have I and my people served the forest spirits, and therefore do those great ones listen when we call.'

He paused for breath, and Nancy seized the opportunity to ask for help. If this little man believed himself so powerful, he would surely be willing to assist them. 'We want to get home again as quickly as possible,' she began. 'Would you, please, help us? Or would you tell one of the villagers to go with us, if you haven't time? If we haven't a guide, we might lose our way again.'

She waited for an answer, but, to her surprise, it was a long while before it came. Chinna looked very perplexed, and stood on one leg and scratched the calf of it with the toes of the other. And at last he said slowly, 'I do not like strange places, nor strange people. We forest folk go seldom far from our home. Come with me now to my house, and we will consider the matter later. And to ask the villagers for help would not be good, for they are a treacherous folk.'

He stooped to pick up the bow and arrows; and, as he did so, the goat, which had been browsing on the scrubby bushes, peered over the edge of the ravine. And Chinna, at sight of her, called joyfully, 'And have ye brought this goat with you? Indeed, this is good.

We will all drink of her milk before we take the homeward way. Without doubt ye are bringers of good, fortune whom my spirits have lent to me because of the faithful service I have rendered.'

He climbed up the side of the ravine, caught the goat by the ear, and led her downwards, and milked her into a small brass bowl which lay beside the fire. There was enough milk to fill it several times over, and the children and Chinna drank in turn. And then the small man produced some parched grain from a corner of his waist-cloth, and divided it amongst the whole party. And, finally, he scattered sand over the still smouldering fire until it was extinguished.

'Tis not well to leave a fire burning lest a wind should arise, and the fire catch the grass and the bushes, and follow in pursuit,' said Chinna, with a wise shake of his head. 'Now I will take you to my home.'

And he began to trot across the ravine, and to climb its further side with the children and the goat after him.

CHAPTER III.

ON Chinna trotted. He did not go very fast, but at so steady and unvarying a pace that it was difficult for the children to keep up with him. He soon noticed, however, that they lagged behind, and at once suited his speed to theirs.

Across the country behind the ravine they went, straight towards the dark mass on the horizon, which now showed plainly as a dense forest. Chinna was apparently following a path which led thither, and which was quite clear to his eyes though the children could not perceive it. Once he stopped, signing to them to keep very still, while he crept behind a big bush, moving most silently. And then there came the sharp twang of a bow-string—a squawk and a flutter; and Chinna returned in triumph, carrying a peahen he had shot with an arrow. And he slung it over his shoulder, and on he trotted.

(Continued on page 47.)

THE PROTECTING CAT.

MRS. BOWDITCH, the mother of the celebrated African traveller, had two pets. One was a cat, the other a canary. The lady used to allow the bird to fly about in her bedroom, but the cat was always shut out. One morning, however, the cat somehow got in, and Mrs. Bowditch, looking up from her work was horrified to see the canary perched on the cat's body, but soon found that there was no call for alarm. Pussy was purring loudly, and the canary seemed fearless, comfortable and happy. After this, the cat was admitted to the bedroom; she and the little bird became great friends.

But one day Mrs. Bowditch had another fright. Hearing a low growl, she looked round, and saw her canary in the cat's mouth! The cat was in a state of great excitement, with glaring eyes, swollen tail, and hair standing on end. The reason of her anger was not far to seek. Accidentally, the door had been left open, and a strange cat had entered the room. It was to *protect* the canary that pussy had taken it into her mouth. The stranger having been driven away, the good cat released her little friend, quite unharmed.

LITTLE DEEDS ARE LITTLE SEEDS.

A CHILD one day an acorn found,
 And straightway sowed it in the ground,
 And by the time that child had grown
 To middle age, the seed he'd sown
 (When but a child so young and small)
 Had grown into an oak-tree tall,
 With widespread boughs, beneath whose shade
 His little sons and daughters played!

* * * *

A lesson here is writ for you,
 Dear boys and girls: for all you do,
 Your thoughts and words and daily deeds,
 Are like that acorn—tiny seeds
 That soon will grow, or right or wrong,
 Into a tree of Habit strong.
 Then take good heed what seeds you sow,
 Remembering whereunto they'll grow.

KATHERINE E. SHERRIFF.

BAGHDAD.

The Fairy City of the 'Arabian Nights.'

(Concluded from page 31.)

II.

WHEN dusty and battle-stained the British troops in 1916 entered Baghdad (which they did in the early morning), its inhabitants crowded out to meet them. The road by which the city is approached runs between palm groves and orange gardens; down this they came—women in their holiday dresses, children dancing and singing in front. The people lined not only the streets, but also the roofs and balconies, and the air resounded with the clapping of hands and hurrahs.

Rather unusual surely, such great rejoicing by a captured city! Why was it, think you? It was because the people knew that the victorious army had come as liberators—to set them free from the hated Turkish yoke. They had confidence that at the hands of the British they would have justice, and that this confidence was not misplaced all the world could tell when they read in their papers the 'Proclamation to the People of Baghdad.' The able commander who had led his troops to victory, also worded this State document in language so beautiful and so appropriate to the Eastern people he was addressing, that it has been well described as 'a last chapter added to the enchantments of the Arabian Nights.' He began by saying that our armies had not come into their cities and lands as 'conquerors or enemies, but as liberators.' After sympathising with what they had suffered and how, since the days of Hulaku, they had been 'subject to the tyranny of strangers,' he goes on to assure them in the name of his King, and the great nations with whom England is allied, that it is the wish of all that Baghdad should flourish once more as in the past; that their land should again be fertile, and that the Arab race should rise to 'greatness and renown among the peoples of the earth.' Perhaps most beautiful of all is the concluding sentence, which begins, 'O people of Baghdad,' and goes on to say how the writer is commanded to invite the Arabs, through their nobles and elders, to unite with 'the

political representatives of Great Britain who accompany the British Army, so that you may be united with your kinsmen in north, east, south, and west in realising the aspirations of your race.' A noble document indeed, and all Britons may well be proud to have had a hand in its making.

In addition to freeing the Arabs from Turkish rule, several other objects have been attained by the British with the capture of Baghdad—one is that they have made themselves masters of the rich Persian petroleum fields; another, and even more important one, is the re-establishment of British military prestige, or reputation, in the East, which, in simpler words, means that this great success wiped out the remembrance of the unfortunate loss of the city of Kut, lower down the river.

Yet a third object attained is that we have dealt our chief enemy in the Great War a crushing blow. It has shattered a dream he had been dreaming for over twenty years—conquest in the East. His route there is now blocked, for the terminus of the famous Baghdad Railway (whose farther end was—in this German dream—to be Berlin) is in our hands, and a very valuable possession it is. Included in the booty taken at Baghdad were five German locomotives intended for use on the famous railway, so you see the 'dream' was evidently expected soon to become a reality.

Having already given some idea of the city as it was in the days of its ancient prosperity, let us take a look at the Baghdad of to-day.

Well, although the palace of the caliphs and other such magnificent structures have long since disappeared, the gates and towers still exist. Of the four gates, the finest is the one known as 'The Gate that is Never Opened,' which bears the date 1220 and has been closed since 1638.

The town is defended by high brick walls, flanked at intervals with large round towers, and is surrounded by a fosse, or ditch. A bridge of boats connects the two parts of the city, the suburbs of which extend for miles along the banks of the Tigris.

Upon approaching it from a distance it presents a very striking appearance, for, through the luxuriant forest of date- and palm-trees which encircle and divide it, one may catch the gleam of the domes and minarets of its numerous mosques. On closer inspection, however, everything is seen to be very ruined and neglected. The streets are found to be not only narrow and crooked but unpaved and very dirty, being, furthermore, strewn with refuse, which is chiefly removed by the only dustmen of the East—the dogs.

The houses for the most part present a somewhat mean appearance. Those of the richer class are built round a court, ugly to look at from outside, as they have no windows to the street. All the magnificence is kept for within, where the gorgeous decorations, vaulted ceilings, inlaying and gilding, recall to mind our old friend Haroun. The roofs, which are all flat, are surrounded by a parapet of a sufficient height to protect from the observation of the next-door neighbour. In the summer the inhabitants use these flat roofs as an extra floor, both sleeping and dining entirely upon them.

Formerly the city of Baghdad itself, like the surrounding country, was well watered, being crossed and re-crossed by numberless canals and aqueducts, which carried the waters of the two great rivers through the



The Bridge of Boats
Baghdad

Bab-el-Khadem Gate
and Mosque of Ahmet Kiaia

streets and actually into the houses. But all this has long since vanished; now only one aqueduct remains, and that carries water straight to a shrine! The inhabitants have to draw their water direct from the river, and it is dealt out to the city in goatskins, these being carried on the backs of either men or asses. There are, of course, no sewers, so anything which is not consumed by the dog-scavengers is washed down into the Tigris at the same spot from which the drinking-water is drawn. We are hardly surprised to hear that, as a consequence, the death-rate is very high.

Although Baghdad is no longer, as in former days, the chief trading centre of merchandise between the surrounding countries, yet it still carries on various

manufactures, among the most important being the red and yellow leather, for which they have always been noted, and a rich plush used by the Turks for covering sofas and cushions. Nor must we forget that it is world-famed for carpets—in fact it may be called the 'Land of carpets.'

There are the bazaars, too, as the shops of the East are called. Sometimes these are what we naturally expect they would be, while more often than not they are little more than covered alcoves. But under the brilliant sunshine of the East they present a perfectly different scene to our streets and shops—the slow-moving turbaned Arab, just in from the desert; the veiled women; the heavily-laden donkeys; the gorgeous materials; the piles of melons and oranges and the beautiful carpets, &c., all go to make up a wonderful and brilliant picture. The seller of sherbet calls attention to his wares by the clinking of saucers, while nowhere can better coffee be found than in Baghdad.

And what of the Baghdadis themselves—of whom do these consist? Though the greater number of its people are of Arab blood, there are many thousands belonging to other nations, and the crowds who came out to meet the troops upon their entry were very representative ones, comprising (in addition to Arabs) Persians, Jews, Armenians, Chaldeans, and Christians.

But although in the Baghdad of to-day little remains of the splendour which once marked the city of Haroun Al-Raschid, yet nothing can destroy the glamour of its fame, and even with the British flag floating above it and British troops marching through its streets, it will always remain—to young and old alike—the fairy city of the *Arabian Nights*.

C. M. FOOT.

THE HOME TOY-SHOP.

II.—SOME USEFUL TOYS.

A COLLECTION of comical animals can be quite easily made with odd pieces of cardboard, the method of making being shown in the illustrations.

The head, front legs, and long body, A, are cut out of two similar-shaped pieces of stiff cardboard, which are glued together with the exception of the hooves; these being turned outward to form a support. Two coloured beads act as eyes. A length of stout thread doubled, and knotted at one end, is passed through a bead. Then with a large needle the thread is taken through the

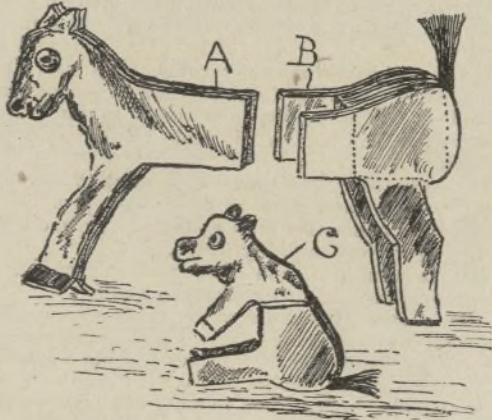


Fig. 1.—A Home-made Horse.

animal's head, another bead is pushed on, and the thread is again knotted, so that the beads cannot possibly slip away (see fig. 1).

The hind legs and back portion of the animal also consist of two similar-shaped pieces, but between these two there must be fixed two smaller pieces of the same

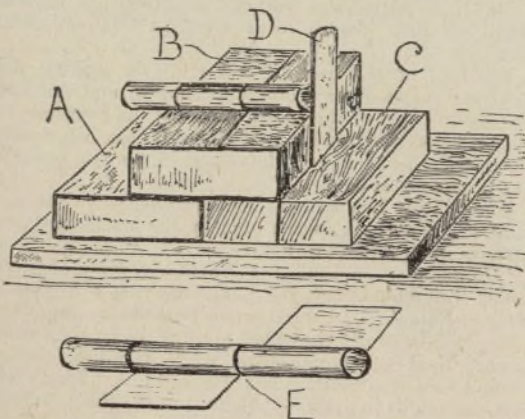


Fig. 2.—A Toy Cannon.

cardboard, an opening being left at B, the legs also being free and apart, not gummed as in the fore part. Dotted lines show the extent of the two small pieces. Before fixing together the four pieces which make up the hind

portion of the animal, it would be as well to lessen the thickness of the two small inside pieces, either with a piece of glass-paper, or by scraping with a knife-blade. This will reduce the width of the opening at B, and

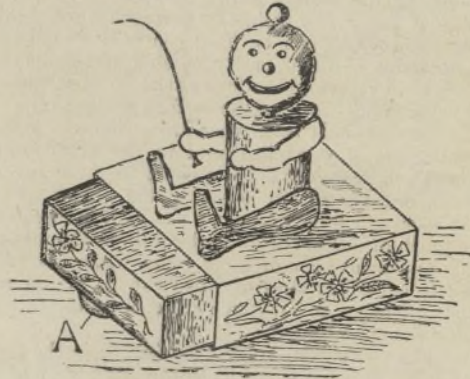


Fig. 3.—A Rolling Toy.

when the double thickness A is inserted, the two parts of the animal will fit neatly. A bent pin or wire through the join (through all four thicknesses at A and B) keeps the two halves together. A bushy tail of untwisted string and a few markings on the body complete the animal.

The two parts being movable some strange positions can be obtained, the extra width of the hind part allowing the animal to be seated, as shown at C. Improvements will of course suggest themselves to the makers—

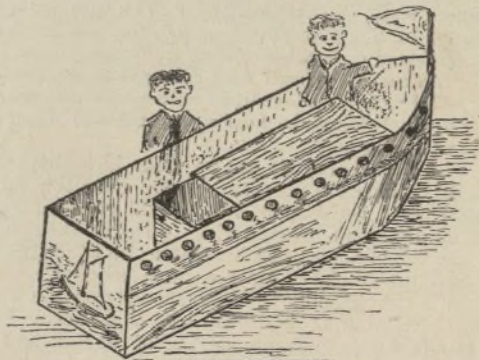


Fig. 4.—A Toy Boat.

for instance, strips of paper to hide the rough edges, a touch of enamel, and quaint markings on the body.

It is quite easy to make a useful cannon for toy soldiers (see fig. 2). A piece of thin wood, like that used for making cigar boxes, about four inches long, three inches wide, forms the base. A match-box is fixed near one end, as at A. Half-way over on top of A is fixed another box, B. Beneath the overhanging portion of B, a piece of wood of exactly the same thickness as the box A is fixed by means of nails or screws from the under side of the base. A second block, C, of the same shape is also fixed to the base, close alongside the block covered by the overhanging portion of the box B. Between these two blocks

a short length of stout clock spring, D, is tightly wedged, pressing on the side of the box B. A cardboard tube about the length of a match is formed by twisting a piece of paper several times round a lead pencil, pasting or gumming the surface during the process of winding. A piece of paper five inches by two inches will make a strong tube, which can be fixed centrally on the box B by two strips of paper partly twisted and fastened on the barrel in reverse directions as shown at E, the loose ends being stuck down on the surface of the box B.

The spring is bent back when firing begins. A match or similar slip of wood is placed in the barrel, so that the back end peeps out a little way; then the spring is released, and the match is sent flying. Although the toy in its rough state gives just the same amusement, a little touch of enamel or other decoration will make the simple apparatus seem of more value, while a collection of nicely smoothed slips of wood can be placed ready in the match-box trays, which are exactly the thing for holding the ammunition.

To make an amusing rolling toy (fig. 3), in the tray of a match-box at one end, on the bottom, fix a strip of very thick cardboard, or thin wood, about one inch wide, and long enough to reach from side to side of the box. Now when a marble that goes easily within the box in the ordinary way is placed on this step portion, and the tray is closed until the marble prevents it going further, the marble will come beyond the top edge of the tray, and consequently when the box is turned over that portion of the marble comes below the level of the box, as shown at A in the illustration.

The over-turned box is placed on a piece of board, which is then tilted to set the box in motion, as it will travel along the board according to the direction of the slope. On the surface of the box fix a conical figure with cork body, movable head of cork or wood attached by means of a large-headed pin put through from the top, and fasten on cardboard arms and legs as shown.

The box can be covered with coloured paper, covered with small pictures, enamelled, or otherwise ornamented, while the marble can be kept inside the box when the toy is not being used.

A fleet of boats (fig. 4) can be made in a short time with only some odd pieces of cardboard and a few empty match-boxes. Cut a strip of cardboard fourteen inches long, an inch and a quarter wide. Bend at the middle, and also one and a half inches (the width of the match-box used) from each end, and glue these end-flaps together to form a strong double square-shaped stern; the whole is then rather like a thinnish flat-iron, or fat cigar. Push the match-box up to the doubled end of the card, and the bow of the boat will be formed. The box must be fixed to the cardboard sides so that it rests on the table at the bottom edging of the boat. The tray can be pushed out towards the square stern, and can be used for containing cardboard sailors. The outside provides a good even surface for decorating with scraps or for enamel.

J. C. NELSON.

THE DRAWING COMPETITION.

I SAY, Bob, here's a chance for you!' Bob looked up from the floor, where he was lying face downwards trying to learn some history for the next day. He was licking a stump of a pencil, and on the margins of his book were endless little drawings of kings and queens and knights in armour. It may be

that he found these drawings an aid to learning, but I am inclined to doubt it.

'You really must go in for this,' continued Hugh, breathlessly. 'This magazine offers a prize of a guinea for the best drawing of something which happened in the War—it doesn't matter where, so long as it's a true anecdote.'

'Let's look,' said Bob, tossing his history aside. 'H'm! There's no time to lose—they want all contributions in by the twenty-eighth. A guinea, Hugh! Just think what we'd do with it!'

'You could get that guinea paint-box,' suggested Hugh.

'Not I!' said Bob, firmly. 'If by any chance I got the prize we'd go shares—ten-and-six each, my boy. Still, we mustn't count our chickens before they're hatched.'

'Why, I should think you're safe to get it,' said Hugh. 'You're far and away the best chap at school, and I should say you draw animals as well as any one. Don't forget what the Old Man said about you being a second Landseer.'

Bob grunted. 'The question is what to draw,' he said; 'and I shall have to bring some men in, you know, and I'm not very good at them. We must look at the papers very carefully, Hugh.'

His twin nodded, and then said, 'There's Aunt Eleanor calling—I wonder what she wants.'

'Boys,' said Miss Emery, when her two nephews appeared in the drawing-room, 'I sent to tell you—oh, Robert, what dusty boots!—I have received a summons from an old friend of mine who is ill. And as Martha is away on her holiday, and I do not feel I can summon her back before her time, I have arranged with Mr. Everard for you to board at school during my absence. I do trust that you will be good and obedient, and that you will give no trouble. And do not forget to brush your teeth at night as well as in the morning.'

The old lady paused for breath, and Hugh asked, 'When are we going, Aunt Eleanor?'

'To-morrow; have you prepared your lessons?'

'I haven't quite finished,' said Bob.

'Well, be as quick as you can, and then join me and Hugh upstairs. I want to pack what clothes you will need.'

The rest of the evening was spent in packing and receiving instructions from Miss Emery; and Bob had no time to think of the competition till the next day, in school, when Hugh poked him from his desk behind and whispered, 'I have found the very thing for you to draw—wait for me at one.'

Accordingly Bob waited for his brother when the bell rang, it being Hugh's week to clean the blackboard and perform other trifling duties.

'Here you are, old man! I saw in this scrap of paper which Tait chucked at me in algebra that a dispatch-rider in East Africa barged into a lion on his motor-bike—the man was on the bike, not the lion. The chap pitched over the handle-bars, while the lion turned round to see what animal had attacked him. That's the part you ought to draw—you could make the lion look all surprised and angry.'

'Yes, the lion would be all right,' agreed Bob, but a motor-bike's rather a big order, and the soldier's uniform will have to be correct.'

'Oh, they don't wear anything very elaborate out there,' said Hugh; 'let's ask Barlow major to let us have another squint at that snapshot of his pater which

was taken out there. I think he had a sun-helmet on and no tunic—just a shirt and breeches. As for the motor-bike, you can study the build of the Old Man's. Hullo, there's the dinner-bell—it seems funny us staying, doesn't it?"

"Yes; the only thing is, I hope I shall get time to draw it. The other chaps seem to play cricket most of their free time, and there's always some one in charge in prep., so I shan't get much chance then. And the latest it can be posted is four o'clock on Saturday."

"Great Scott! And this is Thursday. You'll have to look sharp, old man!"

"I know," said Bob; and he meant to. But things were against him that day, for when he came into afternoon school after cricket, his neighbour informed him, *sotto voce*, that they were to have 'prep.' directly after tea, instead of their usual free hour, 'because some old boy is coming to give us a dull old lecture about something.'

The lecture was by no means dull, but it meant that Bob could do no drawing that day. When tea was over on Friday, however, Bob felt that his chance had come, and before he could be snapped up for cricket, he stole away in search of the Head's motor-cycle. He went very cautiously, fearing detection, for the private side was strictly out of bounds; but on gaining the house-door, he saw, to his joy, that the machine was in the drive. Hurriedly Bob sketched an outline, then, thrusting his note-book into his pocket, he glanced anxiously at the windows around. There was no one in sight. If only he dared get astride that saddle and throw himself forward as if he were falling, it would be such a help. He would be able to see how his arms and legs went, at any rate. Was that some one at the window?—no, it was his own reflection.

"H'm," mused Bob, "that's rather a dodge; if I get on and throw myself forward, I can see what it looks like in the window." And he suited his action to his words.

Thus it was that the Head, emerging from his front door, perceived a small boy astride his motor-cycle, and evidently, from the way in which he was bending forward, trying to start the machine. As for Bob, he was considerably startled when an angry voice inquired what he was doing; and he could give no explanation, while he had to admit that he knew the private side to be out of bounds.

"I will give you something to keep you out of mischief," said the Head, generously, and Bob followed him with a sinking heart, and was forced to spend the rest of his free time in writing out some lines from *Cæsar*.

When the bell rang for evening preparation, and Bob gave up his imposition to the Head, he felt almost desperate. How was he to get that picture drawn? He might do some of it in prep., but he must read through to-morrow's lessons, at any rate—it would never do to get his half-holiday cancelled for a returned lesson. So Bob settled down quietly enough at first, though several of the others were proceeding to test the power of endurance of a new master, one Mr. Lyon, who was taking Preparation for the first time.

Mr. Lyon took little notice at first, except for an occasional 'Less noise, there!' but a rising titter made him glance in Bob's direction. That young gentleman was diligently practising the head of his lion, and the boys in the desks around were following the results with keen interest, most of them thinking that a fancy portrait of the master in charge was intended.

This was Mr. Lyon's opinion, too, when Bob, at his request, brought the drawing up to him.

"An excellent study, Wilmot," he said quietly; "but this is the time, you know, to devote to preparation. Suppose you return to that now—you can bring your books to the front row—and to-morrow afternoon, if you come here to me directly after dinner, I can promise you a couple of hours for your innocent pastime."

Bob's jaw dropped, but he took his place in the front row without a word, and bent over his books, reflecting gloomily that there was now no chance of his entering the competition.

But as they trooped in to prayers, Hugh whispered to him, "Cheer up, man, I have thought of a way out. I'll take your place to-morrow!"

Bob gasped. There was no time to say more then, but before they went to bed Hugh propounded his plan in full. . . . The twins were absurdly alike, and were often mistaken for one another, particularly by strangers. Their flannel suits were exactly the same, too, so they resorted to wearing ties of a different colour. It was, however, an easy matter to 'swop' ties in moments of stress, and it answered very well with people who had not discovered that Hugh had three freckles on his right cheek, forming a triangle. . . . Now, Mr. Lyon, as has been said before, was new that term, so the risk seemed worth taking.

"But it seems such a shame to do you out of a half-holiday," said Bob; "weren't you going to play cricket?"

"Oh, I can do it after tea; but look here, old man, don't let Lyon spot you drawing, or the cat will be out of the bag. You had better go to the gym., I should think, and get some chap to keep *cave*."

"Well, mind you let me take your place the next time you get detention."

"Oh, rubbish! Considering you're going to give me half the prize. . . . But I say, Bob, suppose old Lyon really makes me draw by way of an impot. He won't get anything very grand! . . . There's the bell! We'll settle it, then, that we swop ties at one o'clock."

"All right—only I jolly well shall take your next detention!"

The next afternoon Bob, having polished off his drawing, and got it off in good time for the four o'clock post, made his way back to school to see how his twin was faring. As he approached his Form-room he heard Mr. Lyon's voice raised in considerable wrath.

"Absolute obstinacy!" he was saying. "I tell you to draw what you did last night, and you produce a scribble like this! I consider it a gross impertinence—just as much as if I had given you some *Cæsar* to write out and you had produced a quotation from *Punch*. I think the Head had better see this."

All this Bob heard as he came down the corridor; and without any hesitation he marched into the room and explained things to the astonished master. He quite expected to be taken to the Head, but to the twins' astonishment Mr. Lyon laughed heartily, asked why Bob hadn't asked to have his detention postponed—whereat Bob gasped—mentioned that he had corrected an exercise of Hugh's and had meant to return it, so that Bob could wipe off his score after tea, if he liked, and finally sent the twins off with a parting request that he might know the result of the competition.

And he seemed as delighted as any one when Bob really did win the guinea prize.

N. M. LA TOUCHE.



"The lion turned round to see what animal had attacked him."