

The boy cooked the rabbit, and turning to the Wolf, asked what part he preferred, and after giving his friend the parts he liked best, ate the remainder himself and lay down to rest.

Next morning the two started again on their journey, and the skin taken from the rabbit on the night before served to keep the little fellow's feet from freezing.

They lost no time, and the Wolf traveled so swiftly that at nightfall he had overtaken the camp. He carried the boy straight to his father's tepee and set him on the ground. With a glad little cry, the child ran in. His father and mother were mourning his loss, for they had no reason to doubt that the little fellow had fallen into a stream when trying to cross, as the old woman had said, and that he had drowned before she could reach him.

"How did you come to us again?" they cried.

"My friend the Wolf brought me," said the child, "and he is outside now!"

"Go at once and bring him into the tepee," said the father. So the little lad ran out and persuaded his friend the Wolf to come into the tepee and be thanked and get warm.

You can imagine how the old woman felt, for the mother and father believed the tale the Wolf told of her cruelty. They were furiously angry when they knew what the old woman had done, and after thanking the Wolf they gave him a great store of provisions for the coming winter. They told him to come to them whenever he felt the need of food, and that they would always find some way to help him, although they themselves were not at all rich.

Then he trotted off in the darkness with the sound of their goodby in his ears, and when he turned about to look back at them he saw the happy family silhouetted against the campfire.

As for the wicked old woman, she received a well-deserved punishment; for next day, when the camp started again to move toward home, the little red boy went with his mother, and the cruel old woman was left to freeze and starve, just as she had hoped the baby boy would do.—Ex.

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Two or three years back Japan sent to Chicago for 5000 cats to roughen up the path of life for the Japanese rats. The order is to be duplicated this Winter, according to a news report from the land of harikari Rabbit stew will again disappear from the menus of Chicago restaurants of the baser sort.—Ex.