

Pioneer Sugar-Makers of the Forest

There was no further sleep for the children that night. The rain continued to fall, and there was fear in their hearts that another pack of wolves might appear at any time. The fire was kept going, but aside from that Will and Sadie sat in the shanty with weapons in their hands and listened to every suspicious noise around them. It was a big relief to them when daylight finally came stealing through the woods.

Mr. Scott had planned that he would visit the camp and the children twice a week during the sugar-making season. He would come Wednesday and Saturday evenings and bring them fresh provisions and render his assistance. On Saturday evening he would remain all night and all day Sunday. It was on a Monday night that the wolves had come. There was no thought on the part of the children going home next morning to tell of their adventure. Daylight brought new courage, and right away after breakfast Will set to work to skin the wolf he had killed. The fur would not sell for much at this season, but he knew that the county paid a bounty of \$5 on every wolf killed. In those pioneer days, every county thus rewarded the man who killed a dangerous wild animal.

The skin had been removed and stretched on the ground, and Will was preparing his pants to bring in when an Indian walked into camp. There were plenty of red men about at that time, but they were of the peaceful Chippewa tribe, and no one gave them any attention. This Indian was, however, known to both the children as a bad man. He had been arrested in the village several times for drunkenness and fighting, and on one occasion had drawn his knife to stab a man. Whatever stealing was done around the village was laid to him, and there had been tales of his fighting and whipping if he did not clear out. The Indian was called Okemas by the other Indians, but the white folks had given him the name of Sam.

Sam, as we shall call the Indian in this story, came walking into camp as if he belonged to him, and at once demanded that he be furnished with breakfast. The children were not afraid of him, but he was given food. Whenever a man asked for food in those days, he got it, no matter whether he was white or



WILL SKINNED THE SKIN WITH ONE HAND AND HUNG ON TO IT.

black. Sam saw the wolf skin at once, and was told how the wolves came the night before. He had no words of praise for the children's bravery, and no thanks for the meal given him. When he had

finished he coolly picked up the skin and started off. "Here—where are you going with that skin?" demanded Will, as he started to follow.

"Boy no right to skin," growled Sam. "All the wolves in the forest belong to Indian."

"But you shan't walk off with it."

"I take it away and sell it, and boy and girl can do nothing."

He started off again, but Will grabbed for his ax and called to Sadie to bring her club, and in a moment Sam was overtaken. He looked his ugliest and waved his arms about, but Will was not to be daunted. He seized the wolf by one hand and hung onto it, and after seeing that he could not take it away without a fuss, the Indian gave it up.

"That boy and girl are fools," he exclaimed as he let go of the skin. "That wolf skin is mine. All maple sugar is mine. If white folks take them away from me, then let them look out. What is white boy and his ax? What is white girl and her club? Hu! You wait till Sam comes again. Then he get boy, girl, ax, sugar—everything. He get them all once. All white folks afraid of me."

He walked away with that and was soon lost in the woods. During the next three or four hours, the children gathered around and boiling the sap, the children discussed the matter. Sam was known to be a revengeful Indian, and it was quite certain that he would get them if they did not get even. He could do many things to bother and annoy, and it was thought best that Sadie should go home and tell her mother about the matter. Will, but received no response. As she reached the fire she found it almost out. A look into the shanty showed that some one had been there, and the things about the camp called again and again, but no voice answered. Her brother Will had met with an adventure during her absence, and in the morning after I will give you the particulars of it.

(To Be Continued.)

Dave's Letter From the Funny Country



THEN I SAW HIS HEAD SORT OF GO DOWN AND HIS FEET STICK UP

In my last I wrote to you that Dave got drowned, but they woke him up again. He got drowned in a funny way. You wouldn't ever suppose that a fellow could get drowned that way unless you tried it.

You know the water around here where we are now is different every way from the water that you fellows know about. It's all salty and bitter to taste, and first off when Dave and I went down in the water, our mouths to holler and some of it run in, and we swallowed it, it made us sick. And then it ain't like our pond in other ways either. It doesn't ever let still, but keeps bobbing up and down and great big rollers keep tumbling in on the shore all the time, and you can't see anything except water all around.

So Dave and me we got to fooling around in the rollers one day when he got the end of the rope I hollered Heave Ho and pulled like everything. The first thing I knew, Dave stopped swimming, and I thought that he was going to tug on me, so I jerked good and hard, and then I saw his head sort of go down and his feet stick up.

So I thought he was standing on his head, and I stopped pulling and then he went down and didn't come up again. Then I hollered Heave hearty, good lads, Heave hearty, and I ran up the shore with the rope and that way I pulled Dave out.

He didn't get up and he was plastered with seaweed and his eyes were shut and he had a kind of foam on his mouth, so I thought he was fooling when he kept on not moving. I commenced to think that maybe he had fainted or something.

Well, Dave's uncle and an old fisherman came along just then, and they

Dave hollered, "Where away, my brave lads, and I hollered back, in the breakers off your lee bow. But there wasn't any ship really. We just made believe."

So Dave says To the Rescue, and with that he ties the rope around his middle and jumped in and he got kind of knocked out by the rollers, but after a while he swam out and when he got the end of the rope I hollered Heave Ho and pulled like everything. The first thing I knew, Dave stopped swimming, and I thought that he was going to tug on me, so I jerked good and hard, and then I saw his head sort of go down and his feet stick up.

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Well, Dave's uncle and an old fisherman came along just then, and they

made a rush and they laid Dave down on his face and pulled his tongue out and commenced to squeeze him and move his arms up and down as if they were crazy, and the next thing I know Dave commenced to cough and spit, and then they wrapped him up in their coats and carried him home.

They told me that I came near drowning him by pulling him in on the rope that way. That's a good thing for you fellows to know, because I guess that you would mostly be pulling that where there was a rope was the right way. But it ain't.

I guess that me and Dave ain't going to stay much longer by the ocean. What Dave's uncle commenced to fish, and he bought two railroad tickets for us, and told the man where we are boarding to have the wagon ready to drive us to the station early tomorrow morning. So maybe we will be with you fellows before you know it.

Dave's uncle don't seem to feel good ever since yesterday, when we went fishing with him in a big sailboat. There was me and Dave and his uncle and an old fisherman, and we sailed away out to the ocean, and then the old fisherman threw out a big anchor, and there was a whole lot of other boats, and they all hauled in fish like anything, and Dave's uncle commenced to fish, and he was pulling them in, too, when Dave's fish hook caught fast somewhere.

First off we thought it was the biggest fish yet, but after a while we found out that it was the anchor that Dave had hold of. So we didn't want to trouble anybody, and me and Dave went up in the front of the boat, and we pulled up the anchor rope, and Dave's hook was that tangled that it took us an awful long while, and the first we knew everybody was hollering, and when we looked up our boat was floating along as if we were and the wind was blowing that hard that we hit other boats every few minutes and some got tangled up with us and came along, and then the old fisherman threw out a big anchor, and there was a whole lot of other boats, and they all hauled in fish like anything, and Dave's uncle commenced to fish, and he was pulling them in, too, when Dave's fish hook caught fast somewhere.

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The Wonderful Book That Robin Read

I loved it, because his mother had loved it. Robin's mother had gone away a year ago, and his auntie had told him she would never come back to him. He was very lonely without her, for they had been such good friends, and had understood each other so well. But Robin hoped that some day, perhaps when he was a man he might feel her arms around him again.

Meanwhile he treasured her book as his very own, for she had given it to him one day when she lay on the couch, white like the blossoms on the sycamore bush outside the window.

"Robin, dear," she had said, "I want you to have the wonderful Book for your very own to keep always. When you are older you must read all the stories for yourself, and remember the happy days we have had together."

The cover of the book was all rich in blue and gold and brown and inside there were beautiful colored pictures—knights in armor, and lovely ladies; King Arthur, Guinevere, Lancelot, Galahad. There were stories of brave men and women and daring deeds. He had heard them so many times that he knew them all by heart.

But best of all, Robin loved a picture of a fair, tall woman with golden hair and tender eyes, who seemed to smile at him from the page. "E-I-I-I-I-I," he would spell the name beneath her, and then he would read the story about you. You are like my mother, and I shall call you so."

Then he would lay his face on the page and sob.

"Oh, mother, dear, can't you come out of the Book to your little boy? I am so lonesome for you."

Sometimes the tears would fall, but he was careful never to let them blister the beautiful Book.

One day he lay on the rug looking at the picture, and suddenly he started. Surely the lady was alive. He could see her golden hair stirring in the wind, and she raised her white hand and beckoned to him.

Then like a voice out of a cloud he heard her speak:

"Come, little son. Let us walk in the garden together."

How Robin did it he could not tell, but there he was, holding her hand and laughing and pressing her warm fingers to his cheek.

"Oh, my lovely lady! Are you really my mother?"

"Yes, little Robin. I have come back just for this half hour, to let you know that I love you, dear."

Hand in hand they walked together in the loveliest garden he had ever seen, all full of nodding bloom and bird songs.

The farther they went the larger the garden seemed to grow. There were new trees that Robin had never heard of; new flowers, strange, sweet and wonderful. The broad lawns were showered here with red lilies, and there with pale narcissus buds and yellow daffodils.

Now they came to a spot where the trees grew dense and tall, and made an arch over their heads like the ceiling in the church, and the sun drifted

as it did through the stained-glass windows, and Robin's mother seemed to shine with the glory of the light.

"As real as life itself; for they lived on the earth once, and they help us to mold our lives. I want my boy to grow as noble as King Arthur, as knightly as Lancelot, as pure as Galahad."

"How can I be all that, mother? I am so little."

"You will grow, dear one. Walk always on the White Road, and you will find the way to all noble deeds."

"Shall I find you. Will you come back to me, mother-heart?"

"I shall walk over you, little son, when you are an old man, white haired and weary, I will come again, and we will go away together."

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"I shall walk over you, little son, when you are an old man, white haired and weary, I will come again, and we will go away together."

Robin nestled closer to his mother, and she did not let her go. The petals fell in a white shower from the bush. Some blew in at the window and rested on the sleeping boy and some blew out the back of his neck. Robin's auntie came in and found him there.

"How happy he looks!" she said, as she stooped and stroked the tangles of his heavy eyes.

"Bliss the boy! Have you been dreaming?"

"She came out of the Book," said Robin; and Robin knew, for he had held her hand.

Awakening of Billy By Louise Lexington

IT SEEMED very grand to Billy, who had never before been outside of New York, to go to the big Portland Fair, and to spend a long six weeks on the old farm where his father had lived when a boy. The farm had been in their family for three generations, since Billy's grandfather had gone West and taken it up as a homestead, more than a half-century before. And now Billy himself—Billy Wallingford—in care of a friend who went to the Fair, traveled all the long distance from New York to spend his vacation there.

Little did Billy know of the sorrowful letter that had preceded him, which his mother had written to his Aunt Mary about Billy's terrible temper.

"Whippings and scoldings do no good," she had said, "for I have tried both. His father's business, as you know, calls him so much from home that almost the entire training of Billy devolves upon me. But, oh, Mary, if I thought he should have no better control of his temper when grown up, I should die of shame, that my boy should so disgrace the good old name of Wallingford."

That last sentence gave Aunt Mary an idea, and she told it to each member of the household, including Annie, the maid, and Ben, the hired man.

The long, beautiful Summer days were perfect for exploring to the farthest corners of the old farm, and, tanned and barefooted, Billy enjoyed it to the utmost.

The first occasion for a display of his temper occurred when he was refused permission to go fishing with some other boys.

"We have arranged to go on a picnic next Saturday with some neighbors, Billy, and then you will have a chance to try your new rod," said Aunt Mary. "Your grandfather knows where there is the loveliest cool creek with the finest speckled trout in it."

But Billy chose to go then and there, and he argued and stamped his feet in a terrible manner. When this did not avail, he threw himself upon the floor and

kicked in a perfect fury at not being allowed to do as he pleased.

Aunt Mary reached for her kodak, and after taking a snapshot of the angry, little fellow, noiselessly left the room. When Billy grew tired, he opened his eyes and found himself with no audience save Fritz, the house dog, who blinked at him lazily and rapped his tail on the porch where he lay half asleep.

Billy started for the orchard and met Annie, who said disdainfully: "A purty Wallingford ye be; scream'n in a way to raise the dead! Miss Mary is like to send ye pack'n home tomorrow."

Afterward, when he came upon his aunt writing under the trees, he called out to her: "Oh, Auntie, are you writing to mamma? Shall you really send me home?"

"I should be very grieved if compelled to do that," responded Aunt Mary. "However, as you are so angry, Billy, and it hurts to be disgraced in such a way; not one but would fight to keep the name clean. And, besides, oh, Billy, if a boy has no self-control, he can hardly have any self-respect, it seems to me. And what a sorry Wallingford such a boy would make!"

Billy exclaimed, impulsively: "Oh, Auntie, I am so sorry to make you feel badly. I didn't think of it in that way at all."

So Billy was forgiven, and Aunt Mary printed beneath the little snapshot she had made:

"I wonder who this boy can be; a Wallingford? Oh, no, not he."

But she did not paste it in the album she was filling for Billy, because she had a special mission in mind for these unlovely views of the little boy.

On another occasion she came upon Billy just in time to stop him in the act of striking a little girl.

Then how Aunt Mary did talk to him, telling him how unmanly and cowardly it was—how unbecoming and inglorious. She asked him if he had ever seen his father strike a woman, and Billy hung his head, for none knew better than he how cowardly his father was to all women, even the servants.

"Oh, Billy, Billy!" exclaimed Aunt Mary sorrowfully, "if you Wallingford, how can you stoop to do such a thing?"

And Billy answered, choking back the tears:

"If Elsie will have my ticket for tomorrow, she may go to the Fair in my place; I don't care if it is New York day!"

But she did not take it, because she remembered to not make you ashamed of me any more, Aunt Mary. Which was a very heroic thing for Billy to do, but which was not yet exactly the answer Aunt Mary hoped he would make.

Under the latest snapshot she had made, Aunt Mary wrote these lines:

"Ailly in what a sorry light. This little boy appears! And what a coward! Such a sight Dissolves my heart in tears."

That day while Billy in loneliness was doing penance, he thought nothing could ever again tempt him to "fly off the handle, like no gentleman as ever was," as Ben expressed it. But habit is a strong master, and not without repeated failures did Billy overcome in any marked degree his besetting sin.

One day when he threw a chicken clear across the table when he refused a second helping of something his white-haired old grandfather arose and said:

"We Wallingfords have never been accused of lacking in hospitality, and since you are a guest under this roof you shall finish your dinner undisturbed. But you must excuse our leaving you, sir, for we sit at table only with gentlemen," and he strode into the kitchen, followed by Aunt Mary, with her head well in air.

Billy gasped in amazement, and then, as the full consciousness of his act came over him, he burst into tears. His social contact that he was, and called out to them between sobs:

"Oh, gran'pa, ah, auntie, I'm so sorry! You ought to jest make me eat with Fritz, and not let me drive you

away. I jest hate myself. I jest wish my name was Jimmy Smith, the same as Elsie's name, and I jest wish enough to be a Wallingford—it's as hard as to be a King or something."

But he got to be good, for he's got to keep the big name clean. Oh, he forgot again, gran'pa, if only you and auntie will come back! I'll be a really, truly Wallingford, like you an' papa."

And he kept his word, for this is what his father's eye, for this is what his grandfather was waiting so long to hear. Billy had put himself on his honor now, and he knew he would not fail them.

And thus lesson upon lesson, and Billy returned home with a new conception of true manliness, and a reputation in his heart to be a credit to the family.

When Billy grows to be a tall, dark-skinned man—a true Wallingford—he will still treasure beneath the little snapshot which his aunt made of him on his first visit to Wallingford farm. But to most of us, we will retain the pictures of his little face, little face when distorted by angry passion. Aunt Mary let him see them but once before destroying them. She knew they would help him remember.

The Toothbrush Tree.

Chicago Chronicle.

The toothbrush was brown, brown alike in handle and bristles, and its shape was unorthodox.

"It is a homemade article," said its owner. "It grew on a little tree—a toothbrush tree. They have a toothbrush tree in Jamaica. As we go out and pluck a peach or a pear, so the Jamaican goes out and plucks a toothbrush."

"Literally, of course, he doesn't pluck a toothbrush. He cuts off a twig and ravela out one end into bristles. Oh, of course, it is somewhat saponaceous, like slippery elm, and it has an aromatic flavor like dentifrice. It makes a toothbrush of good quality."

"The bark of this singular tree is often ground into toothpowder. Here is a box of the ground bark. It smells good, doesn't it? Though it makes no lather, it keeps the teeth very white."

"Jamaica is undoubtedly the only country in the world where you can go out and pick not only your toothbrush, but your dentifrice, from a tree."

Art and a Bull Fight.

Kobe (Japan) Herald.

This is an adventure of two women art students in Spain. They were walking and had arrived at a little country inn, dusty and very thirsty. As the women could not talk Spanish, and no one in the inn talked any other language, and as they wanted some milk very badly, one of them took pencil and paper and drew a most artistic picture while the other finished nothing. The Spaniards looked at the picture, consulted, and then sent off a boy at full gallop down the road. Half an hour passed, and the boy returned hot and triumphant, with two tickets for a bull-fight.

If It Wasn't.

If it wasn't for collars and combs and soap, a boy could be pretty happy, I hope. But of course when you must take a washbroom and dust yourself, and keep clean, why, hey, CAN'T have fun, because he's never done washing till he feels mean.

From St. Paul.

An inquisitive man of St. Paul said: "It troubles me Winter and Fall, Why all our birds are so fat. Should be full as can be With ants, but no unites at all!"

Solution to Last Sunday's Mysterious Traveler Puzzle.

The great traveler who was the subject of last Sunday's article was Marco Polo.

Abram Tweet's Land-Ship



MR. ABRAM TWEET was a man who had always longed for a life on the sea, but his native village was 20 miles from any body of water, even a pond, and it did not seem likely that his wish would be gratified.

He tried to satisfy himself with an automobile, but it did not fulfill his views at all, although everybody else viewed him as a man who had made a success.

"Alas!" said he one day to old Captain Marlin, who had commanded clipper ships in his time, "alas! although you admire this machine so much, I am sure that it cannot compare with the grand joy that is to be obtained from a sailing vessel."

"I tell you what, mate," said Captain Marlin, who had listened to his speeches more than once. "I've been thinking out a plan that ought to give you a taste of seafaring as nearly as you can get it in this dried-up village. If you will give me your automobile in exchange I will build you a ship on that farm of yours just outside of town."

"That will suit me very well indeed," said Mr. Tweet.

So the next day Captain Marlin drove out to the farm with a great load of lumber and tools. He was not only a handy man, but he had lots of time, and the result was that he had a ship laid out on the ground before the end of the week.

The villagers made many trips to the farm to see and wonder. They could not make head or tail of the captain's work, but they were very interested when they asked him.

But he was more communicative with Mr. Tweet.

"That great circular track," said he of Mr. Tweet, pointing to a huge round track that was at least 50 feet in diameter, "is intended for the foundation. Of course, a ship cannot have foundations like a house. The track would act like the turntable of a locomotive roundhouse. Your ship will sit on rollers, and when your sails are up the vessel will turn. That is the nearest I can get to giving it real motion, and you must admit that it is near enough."

Except for the fact that it was on wheels the land ship looked exactly like a sea ship when it was finished. It had three towering masts, and the captain had arranged springs so that it would heel

over in the wind. It was complete with anchors and lifeboats and portholes and binnacle and everything else that it would have needed had Mr. Tweet been able to take it out to sea. It was a dark night, and when he got on the floor into the lee scupper. Once they rode out a real tornado under bare poles and carried away a topmast. At other times when the wind was variable, the ship would rock as hard as if they really were out on the deep in order to keep her sails trimmed right.

Every night they lit the red and green port and starboard lights just as they would have done had they steered across the Atlantic. The only thing that they did not do at night was to set a watch. Mr. Tweet's crew drew the line at staying up nights. And this led to the curious ending of the great land-ship.

Captain Marlin invited an old friend to see the land-ship, and this man immediately became intensely interested in the automobile because he was a steamship captain and therefore liked engines of all kinds.

He borrowed the machine at once and set off at full speed, while Captain Marlin attended to some business in the village. Mr. Tweet's crew drew the line at staying up nights. And this led to the curious ending of the great land-ship.

Before long he became so interested in the speed that he was making that he quite forgot where he was, and mechanically imagined himself on the bridge of his steamship.

He got off the road, but the bumping and jarring did not startle him a bit. He only muttered "A heavy sea!" and dashed on.

All at once he saw two lights directly ahead of him, one red and one green. Immediately he tooted one short toot, which is the signal that a ship gives at sea when she wants to say: "I am going to turn to the right." As if in response, the red light in front of him disappeared and only the green one remained in sight.

Now out at sea that means that the vessel has steered out of the way. Of course, had Captain Marlin's friend remembered that he was on land and not on the sea, he would have pulled up at the sight of this strange thing. But, as it was, he continued on, steering so as to pass close to the stranger, and the next moment to his horror, both the red and green lights appeared straight in front of him.

You see, the land-ship, not having any way to catch her own light, was turning gently with the wind, which was very variable that evening.

The sea captain madly tooted three times in that moment that he was going backward at full speed. But, as the automobile did not go backward, it drove with tremendous force—at Mr. Abram Tweet's craft and hit it in the side and heeled it over so that the springs broke and the whole business came down in one vast ruin.

The automobile was smashed, too, and

Captain Marlin threatened to sue Mr. Abram Tweet for not having the proper lookout, which is demanded by nautical laws, but the land-lawyers didn't think that he could win such a suit.

So he and Mr. Abram Tweet took it out in disputing with each other every time they met. And they do it to this day.

Molly and the Bubble Man.

"Such booful bubbles!" said Molly, as she watched a big one sail away under the apple tree. "Such booful bubbles an' I makes 'em all myself."

A little wind blew coolly upon her and she closed her eyes for a moment. From the dish of soap and water rose a great green bubble and in it a peaked little face, just like a picture. It grew larger and larger and there was a whole man inside. The beautiful walls of soap went to pieces and he stood with his starchy coat and blue vest and funny red cap, shaking tiny drops of suds from himself.

He stirred the mixture in the dish with the new clay pipe and blew a globe larger than any Molly had ever seen. Reflected in it were the house and stable glowing with wonderful colors. Of course, both were small in the bubble, and so it seemed easy for the Bubble Man to reach quickly in and take them out and set them down beside her.

He blew another, and in it were two apple trees, the shining sun and two benches under the trees. He caught these just as the bubble burst and put them beside the stables, placing the sun above and the two seats under the little trees.

Then he dipped the pipe to make more just as a flock of birds flew overhead. He had to be quick that time, but he caught all but two or three of the bubble-birds and placed them in the trees. Molly was much pleased and said: "It is a nice way to play. I like 'em just because I keep 'em these little things."

"Well," said the Bubble Man, "I did want to take these things over to the dream children at play on the other side of that big white cloud. They do not last long, things like these."

"Nice little dream children," said Molly, "take booful things," and without a single cross look she handed them all to the Bubble Man and he smiled at her.

He blew a small bubble, packed them all away inside and put it in his coat pocket. Then he blew another as big as Molly herself, stepped into it and began to get tummy and in a moment he just fitted the bubble. Smiling all the time he rose into the air, and then in a second he was gone. Mamma came just then and found her little girl looking into the dish of suds and when she said she was looking for another nice little Bubble Man, mother laughed and laughed.



OR, MY LOVELY LADY! ARE YOU REALLY MY MOTHER?



IT LOOKED EXACTLY LIKE A SEA SHIP