

BOYS' AND GIRLS' PAGE

Four-Footed Mountain Guide

WHAT DO YOU SAY, BY W. W. PENN. How did I first meet my old friend? Well, rather strangely, but it's a long story. You would like to hear it? Ah, I dare say, but if I tell it to you I must leave off painting for a while. I can't attend to my work and Carnedd at the same time. Leave off for a bit, and tell you about him? Well, I will—I don't mind to oblige you.

"Some ten Summers ago I and my wife, with two young women friends of boys, were staying at a small place called Aber, on the coast of Wales—much as we are staying here, you know, now. I was sketching all day, and the ladies used to amuse themselves after their fashion. Sometimes, I dare say, they got a little bored, and so, to vary their amusements, I agreed to give up a day, and go with them on an excursion up Carnedd Llewellin, one of the highest mountains about in the neighborhood.

"Starting early, therefore, on a glorious morning, we rolled on up the slopes for an hour or two, the way becoming more and more difficult the higher we went. After some hard work, however, we reached the summit, but we had not been allowed to enjoy the magnificent view very long before there came on rather suddenly a thick, drizzling mist, which grew every minute until we found ourselves in a dense fog through which you could not see five yards away.

"We started to return, but in a short while we had lost all idea of our whereabouts. The cold was intense, and, to add to our discomforts, we found ourselves in some boggy ground in which, at almost every step, we sank ankle-deep below the treacherous surface.

"After wandering about for a long time things began to look very gloomy. The girls were quite exhausted, and, although I tried to put the best face on the matter, I was secretly very anxious on their account in the event of our being unable to find our way down the mountain before nightfall.

"Tired and dispirited, we at last sat down on the leeward side of a rock to finish the remainder of our sandwiches, of which we had by that time but a very small supply, about one each.

"While we were engaged in finishing our sandwiches, I saw, looming up through the mist, what at first appeared to be a huge animal as big as an elephant, but which, as it came closer, proved to be only a collie dog. He came up within a yard or two of us, and for a minute or so regarded us with great attention. I offered him half my sandwich which he accepted, and we immediately became friends.

"And is that the dog, sir?" interrupted the boy, pointing at the animal asleep under the hedge.

"Yes, that's my friend, Carnedd," answered the artist.

"The animal raised his head, blinked affectionately at his master, and giving one or two thumps upon the grass with his tail, speedily resigned himself to repose again.

"Well, to proceed," resumed the artist, "after a short time I noticed that the dog went away a few yards, and then stopped and looked back at us. I immediately began doing this repeatedly several times, it struck me he did this purposely to induce us to follow him. Thinking he might lead us to his master, who might be somewhere on the mountain, I proposed to the ladies that we should follow the dog as the only chance that offered of our escaping from our unpleasant and dangerous situation.

"The suggestion was acted upon at once

and the collie went before us, apparently well pleased to be our guide. I am certain he was quite aware of the service he was doing us, because, if occasionally he went out of sight in the thick mist, he invariably came back to us to see if we were following him.

"For more than an hour we plodded wearily on, walking principally along nar-

"On reaching the public road the dog left us. One of the ladies fainted with exhaustion as we entered the village of Aber, but the next day no one was much the worse for our mountain experience.

"I found the dog belonged to a farmer in the neighborhood. We purchased him giving him the name of Carnedd Llewellin in remembrance of his opportune service.



We emerged from the mist into bright sunlight again

row sheep tracks, until, at last, quite suddenly, we emerged from the mist into what you will be surprised to hear—bright sunshine again, and found ourselves just above the Aber waterfall. I should tell you, my boy, that immediately before doing this we discovered that we had passed along the narrow path on the face of the rock, with a precipice on the near side—so narrow that no person could pass another. But the mist here was of some service, for had the danger been seen, none of the party would have held on to venture on this dangerous track.

We had spent altogether three months at Aber, and a few days after I had bought the dog, left Wales and returned to my home in Connecticut, bringing Carnedd with us.

"There, that's his story. Now, my young friend, you be off, and let me go on with my work," said the painter, rising and knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "If you come and see me again tomorrow, I'll be glad to tell you another story or two of Carnedd's intelligence. But for the present, goodbye." (Copyright, 1908, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

have been in this valley a week, and I am sure no one was ahead of us."

"Don't call us liars," said the other stranger, who answered to the name of Sam. "We came in here and staked out these two claims, and we propose to hold them. We don't want any trouble with any one, but we must have our own. You can't keep what you've got, and if you want to go back to Big Camp we'll buy your outfit. There's nothing mean about us. You are a couple of honest-looking boys, and we want to be fair with you. Talk it over between yourselves."

"The men walked away a distance of 100 feet and sat down, and after the boys had looked at each other for a moment Roy said: "Burt, we've got to fight. We have found the richest spot in the Black Hills, and we must not let those fellows drive us away. They have never been in this valley before. I don't believe they'd let us go if we agreed to let them keep us prisoners here so that we couldn't tell outsiders of the find. They might even kill us."

"Have we got to shoot them?" asked Burt in a whisper, as his face turned white.

"Yes, if they try to drive us out."

"But I—"

"Now, don't tell me that you are going to play the booby. You are going to help me defend this camp. If those fellows get shot in trying to rob us, that will be their lookout. If we don't fight we shall never live to get out of this valley. They are coming now, and I'm going to tell them what we have decided on."

"Well, boys, have you decided to pack up and go?"

"No, sir, we haven't," replied Roy. "We found this place first and staked out our claims, and we won't be driven out."

"You won't, eh? Well, I think you'd go or be buried right here! We are not the men to put up with any foolishness. Get a move on you right away, or you'll find bullets behind a bowlder and fired five or six shots in return, but they did no damage. While he was shooting, the other man was rolling around on the ground and cursing in an awful manner. He finally got to his feet and went staggering off down the valley, and directly his partner followed him, turning and shouting at the boys as he went.

"If you fire one shot at us you are dead boys!" shouted Sam, as he started forward at a slow pace, and at the same time drawing his revolver from his holster.

"Stop where you are or we'll shoot!" replied Roy; and as the men came on the reports of the two rifles rang out together.

One can't blame Burt for being frightened and not taking good aim. Roy was aiming, and he hit the bull's-eye. He fired in the right arm and whirled him around and sent him to the ground. The one fired by Burt sang by the ear of the other man, and made him jump aside. He sought cover behind a bowlder and fired five or six shots in return, but they did no damage. While he was shooting, the other man was rolling around on the ground and cursing in an awful manner. He finally got to his feet and went staggering off down the valley, and directly his partner followed him, turning and shouting at the boys as he went.

"Don't think we are going away! We will have our lives for this!"

"And what will they do?" asked the white-faced Burt, as the boys stood up to watch the rascals go.

"They won't leave the valley—you may be sure of that," replied Roy. "They will go into camp somewhere down there and we must be on the watch all the time. The one hit will keep pretty quiet, but we must look out for the other."

No more dleging was done that afternoon. The time was spent in rolling up more bowlders and getting a good defense ready against any attack that might be made that night or on the morrow. When night came the boys took turns at standing guard, and though ready for any move nothing occurred to alarm them.

When morning came Roy made a scout half a mile down the valley and located a brush house for shelter and now sat in front of it cooking breakfast. The other could not be seen, but his voice could be heard growling and cursing. It was evident that he was pretty severely wounded. On his return to camp Roy said to Burt:

"I shall begin to dig again, and you will stand guard and give the alarm in case the men come this way. I think my bullet will do some good."

"What in the world does it say?" asked Tom.

Fred scanned it as closely as he could, and the fading light.

"It's hard to tell," he said. "Part of it is Latin and part German, but it's badly spelled and there is some of it that must be Dutch. As near as I can make out, it reads like this:

"In the year 1284, on the day of St. John and St. Paul, which was the 25th of June—this very day, Tom—a piper with parti-colored clothes led 130 children born in Hameln by the Koppenberg to Calvary. That means to their death, I suppose."

Tom nodded, and for a minute the boys looked at one another without speaking.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked Tom at length.

"There's nothing to be done about it," he said. "I don't think I had better tell anybody but you."

Tom deliberated a minute.

"No, I don't think you had," he said. "It happened six hundred and twenty-four years ago. There aren't any of their relatives alive, and nobody would believe you, anyhow. Besides, they seemed to be having a good time, didn't they?"

Fred's gaze turned down the street toward the mountain, where so many years ago the little feet had pattered to their grave.

But was it their grave? He wondered if instead of dying they had not lived all the time, and whether any one else had ever seen them besides himself. He was so absorbed, indeed, that he did not hear Tom's question until it was repeated.

"Oh, did you speak?" he asked. "Yes, I suppose they were. She said so."

(The End.)

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Winning a Way in the West

ROY and Burt expected an attack from the two strangers at once, but it did not come. Instead of that, the fellows looked around them for several minutes, and then the one called Bill quietly said:

"Well, boys, you have struck it rich here and must have taken out a good bit of gold. We don't want what you have taken out, but you will have to move on."

"And why?" asked Roy.

"Because this is our claim. We took it up a week or more ago, but had to go out after provisions. You can see our stakes from where you stand. Can't be no claim-jumping here, you know. You wouldn't have dug here, only you are boys and don't know the mining laws. You'll have to move on and take up claims somewhere else."

"But those are our own stakes. We

let out all the light out of one of them, but we must look out for the other."

"Well, what is it?" asked Roy.

"My partner is in a bad way. Have you got any rags I can use for bandages? I also want a little whiskey, if you have some. I'm sorry we had any trouble. We will go away as soon as we are able."

"We have nothing for you," was answered, "and if you come a step nearer you will get a bullet."

Both boys had seen the man sneaking nearer as he talked.

(To be concluded next week.)

A Truthful Story of a Ghost

(By Dr. Arthur Stradling.)
WE don't aspire to the possession of a ghost in my family, but we have a ghost story—one of the modern kind, too, with all the latest improvements. Let me tell it to you, beginning at the beginning.

An uncle of mine, who lived down in

held an important official position on the Great Western Railway, was at Reading Station, about to return to his home, in Wiltshire. There was no train due for nearly three hours to start on the branch line, so that he must travel to his destination; but all forms and varieties of rolling stock were available to him by virtue of his office, and he was, there-

fore, pushing his way along the platform to take the seat with which he was accommodated on a "milk train," devoted to the conveyance of the returned empty cans to the station, and, as my uncle was pushing along the platform, because a down express had just come in, and he had to make his way against a stream of folks who had disembarked temporarily therefrom, with a view to spending the five minutes' stop in the refreshment room.

What he was thinking about, as he stemmed the crowd hurrying in the opposite direction, I can't exactly tell you; but he assured me that his mind was so entirely preoccupied with business matters that he scarcely noticed the pressure of the throng, and that certainly nothing was further from his thoughts than ghostly apparitions or

their counterparts of flesh and blood. Yet, no sooner was he seated in the solitude of his reserved compartment than the image of his lost friend rushed upon him with such force and intensity, and the conviction of his unseen presence, there in the growing darkness was so real, and yet so intangible, that my uncle, though a prosaic, hard-headed, practical man, was irresistibly impressed with the idea that he was the subject of a supernatural visitation. And this impression grew upon him rather than diminished during the journey, reason- ing himself on the absurdity of allowing such thoughts to master his judgment as he would. Did it portend an accident to the train, or what was it? He pinched himself to make sure that he was awake. No, he was not dreaming, all unreal as the experience seemed.

As I have intimated, he was a practical man, and the last person in the world to give way to any foolish fancies about hob-goblins or their kind; but at the same time he had the courage to recognize the fact that here was something worthy of investigation, lest the laugh who would. So he determined to follow the strange incident up, as far as he could, in quest of an explanation. Therefore, as soon as he got home, he sat down and wrote off a letter to the secretary of the Society for the Furtherance of Psychological Research, detailing all the circumstances while they were still vividly impressed upon his mind.

Noticing his already long-delayed dinner, my uncle went out to post the letter with his own hand. The whole affair seemed so important that he was not willing to trust even so small a matter as his in connection with it to a servant. There was a letter box close to the house, but it was too late for collection there, and he had to go to the general post-office in the market place.

He had just dropped it in the box, and was in the act of turning to wind his key home, when he saw, or thought he saw—unless his eyes were playing him false—there, on the opposite side of the market place, on the edge of the dark shadow of the old Guildhall—there, with the full glare of the gas lamp streaming upon him, standing, the friend of his youth.

It was almost too much for his overwrought nerves, and how he crossed the now silent and deserted street, he did not remember; but anyhow he found himself on the other side a moment later, clutching the lamp post, and confronting the apparition face to face.

"They looked in each other's eyes for the space of a minute or so, mute and breathless. Then the specter died him a most unghostly dig in the ribs.

"Why, you old rascal!" he cried in a very earthy voice, "then it was you at Reading just now!"

There you have it. It had been a case of what they call nowadays "unconscious cerebration" with my uncle—something the same sort of thing that occurs with us when anybody asks us a question while we are reading a deeply interesting book. We hear the question, answer mechanically, but we look up presently and say, "What is it? Oh, yes, so and so"—as the full meaning of the question which we have received dawns gradually upon us.

My uncle had seen his friend and looked straight at him while treading his way through the crowd on the platform, but, with his mind preoccupied with other and very different matters, the mental photograph had not developed as it were until he reached the railway carriage, and then he could not properly locate it.

How the truth helped to devour my uncle's dinner when they got home, with appetite sharpened by his long detention at Reading Station, what a lot he had to tell and ask and explain, and how they drifted into uproarious reminiscences of their bachelor days laughing until they woke the children up, and sitting up so late that my aunt got quite annoyed, and how they spent the evening for yourselves.

But their merriment did not reach its climax till my uncle put a bold face upon it and told the recent ghostly trial which he had undergone, and, as you may suppose, would be a joke against him for evermore. It's my belief that if he hadn't told it then he would never have told it at all, and that's a very interesting thing, isn't it?

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They looked full in each other's eyes

Wiltshire, England, had a very great friend, their intimacy dating from their schoolboy days. They had grown up together in close companionship; but when both had reached middle life, circumstances separated them. My uncle married, and his friend went abroad, settling somewhere in the Rocky Mountains, where, after corresponding regularly for a time, he lapsed into unaccountable silence. No one knew whether he was dead or alive.

Well, one evening, after some years had gone by without a word from the wanderer, and when (as would naturally happen) he was much less frequently in the thoughts of those whom he left behind him, they having long since given up all hope or expectation of ever seeing him again, one evening my uncle, who

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Hunting Big Game in British India

IT was in connection with elephant hunting two years ago that I was fortunate enough to shoot the third largest elephant ever killed in India, writes Edward Pinches in Forest and Stream. It measured 10 feet 4 inches in height from the shoulder and the circumference of foot was 62 inches; it was 10 feet 6 inches in length and it has been getting considerable trouble fighting our keonkies, and I applied to the government for permission to shoot the brute. One night the elephant arrived by breaking down the servants' tent and nearly killed two men.

I had a small camp and several friends were staying with me to see the wild elephants taken out of the stockade. We were all admiring them, when one of my elephant hunters rushed up and said that the goonda was going for the keonkies. This was most serious, as some of the wild elephants were at that very moment roped to tame ones and being tied up to trees. If the goonda got among them some elephant would probably be killed, and certainly some of the drivers.

There was only one thing to do. The goonda must be stopped at all costs. Getting my rifle, a .450 bore high velocity, I ran into the forest to cut him off. I had not gone more than 20 yards in the forest before I saw the huge brute, but what was more to the point, he also saw me. There was just one moment of hesitation, when he seemed undecided whether to go for the keonkies or to come for me. He decided on the latter course, and with a shrill trumpet, charged straight down on me, the very incarnation of rage. It was a glorious sight, one of those moments which make life worth living. I let him get within 10 yards, then shot him clear through the brain. He dropped stone dead to the one shot, shaking the earth as he fell, and one more trophy was added to my collection.

Hunting big game is one of the most exciting and interesting of sports. Assam is but little known outside of India, and yet in its dense jungles roam the elephant, rhinoceros, buffalo, tiger, bear, etc.

Even in the present day there are huge tracts of virgin forest teeming with game of all descriptions. Perhaps for the true lover of sport the most interesting is the catching of wild elephants. These roam the hills of Assam in large numbers; frequently as many as a hundred have been captured in a single drive.

Of course there are several ways of catching elephants. In Assam it is generally done by driving them into a stockade, or else by what is called "meia ching." In the case of the latter only one elephant can be caught at a time and not over about 6 feet 6 inches in

height. The method is as follows: Two tame elephants are roped to each other, and on the back of each elephant is a driver and one other to help with the ropes. The elephants are taken into the forest where wild elephants are known to be.

Forest is then made for fresh tracks of a herd. When these are found the herd is followed up till the tame elephants get in among the wild ones. The one to be hunted is then selected and the tame ones gradually edge up close to it, stopping when it does and feeding alongside it. A young female is generally chosen. As soon as each tame elephant has closed in on the wild one, a rope is thrown over the neck of the latter by the driver of each tame elephant. As soon as he feels the rope the wild one bolts, and the tame elephants have to chase till he is finally roped, which is generally done in about one hour.

The elephant drivers have to be very careful, as they are liable to be knocked down by branches of trees or overhanging creepers. This kind of hunting calls for great endurance and is only done by natives.

The best way to hunt elephants is by driving. Usually about the end of October the elephants come down from the hills to the salt licks. These are dotted about all the foot of the hills. Every year in Assam the right to catch elephants is put up at auction by the government officials and knocked down to the highest bidder. Whoever has purchased what is called the "meia" has the sole right to catch elephants and proceeding to the hunting districts and near one of the salt licks much frequented by elephants, erects a stockade.

A large number of coolies are employed. These cut down the trees in the forest into posts and drive them firmly into the ground. They are bound together and long posts are braced against them for support. Inside the stockade a big ditch, generally about 4 feet deep and 5 feet wide, is made around the stockade. This is done to prevent the elephants from using their great strength against the stockade.

Along both sides leading to the enclosure trees are felled and a guiding fence is placed right to the salt lick and left open at the side the elephants usually enter the salt lick. A huge gate is made and this is closed by a rope. Big pieces of timber are used for barricading it from the outside. The inside of the stockade is left as near like nature as possible and around the enclosure men are placed on platforms among the trees, watching night and day, as there is no telling when the elephants will visit the salt licks. Along the tops of the trees

leading to a string which runs along past the salt licks, so that when the string is pulled they make a great noise.

At the end of the fence men are hidden with guns. As soon as the elephants enter the salt licks—men have been watching ever move from the tops of the trees, and it is thought that all the herd are through the salt licks, the men at the end fire off their guns and the clackers are pulled, making a tremendous noise. The elephants at once stampede and naturally make for where there is no noise, for near the stockade everything is quiet.

Men follow behind the elephants till they make frantic efforts to get out, charging at every side of the stockade. The men gathered around wave lighted torches in the elephants' faces, and when they get to the end of the stockade, they are charged at every side of the stockade. The men gathered around wave lighted torches in the elephants' faces, and when they get to the end of the stockade, they are charged at every side of the stockade. The men gathered around wave lighted torches in the elephants' faces, and when they get to the end of the stockade, they are charged at every side of the stockade.

It is a most interesting and picturesque sight seeing the keonkies first enter the stockade. They now advance toward the wild elephants and endeavor to separate the one to be caught from the rest. As soon as this is done two keonkies range up, one on each side. The wild one bolts around the stockade, pursued by the keonkies, until at last one of the drivers is able to slip a noose over the head of the wild elephant.

In the majority of cases the wild ones are taken straight out of the stockade as soon as roped to the keonkies, but in the case of big tuskers they are usually tied up to trees in the stockade and left for two or three days without food, to weaken them. The wild elephants, after being taken out of the stockade, are as soon as possible removed to the training ground, where would-be purchasers can inspect them. Sometimes we have a good deal of excitement in the stockade when a newly-roped wild elephant drags the tame ones clear off their feet, and accidents frequently occur.

Little Children of the Koppenberg

BY ELIOT M'CORMICK.

TOM OSBOOD, meanwhile, had trudged his weary way along the road around the foot of the mountain, and about 7 o'clock he reached the city gates. Just before reaching it he stopped for a moment and looked down into the river that flowed swiftly below the city walls. The slight struck a chord of recollection.

"What is it I used to read about this place?" he asked himself vainly. "Seems to me it was in a piece I spoke once at school."

To his surprise, when he reached the hotel where they had agreed to meet, Fred was not there nor had anything been heard of him. His wait, however, did not last long. In fifteen minutes the door opened and Fred came in.

There was a strange look of excitement on Fred's face, and his step was more active. Tom thought, than a boy's ought to be who had just walked over the Koppenberg.

"Feel my pulse, won't you, Tom?" he cried nervously, "and see if I've got a fever. Did I seem out of my head when I left you? Did I talk wild? Tom? Did you ever hear of insanity in my family? Really and truly, Tom, I don't know whether I'm crazy or not."

Tom was gazing at his friend in speechless amazement.

"What in the world's got into you?" he asked.

"I didn't get into me. I got into it, and it was a lunatic asylum as near as I could make out. Only the keeper looked like a clown in a circus and the rest were all children. I tried to get one of them away. Tom? Fred's voice broke a little—"but just then the whole thing vanished, just like people do in a dream, you know. I don't know where she went. I could see the spot, where she stood, but she wasn't there."

"Are you sure you weren't dreaming?" interrupted Tom.

"Dreaming! Do I generally dream in daylight? Would I stop to dream when I was in such a hurry to get here ahead of you? And, besides, Tom, I can whistle the march that was played. Just listen."

Fred was a good whistler. Now his excitement lent strength and clearness to his notes, so that the porter was drawn by them from his desk, the Ober-kennner from the dining-room, the director from the office and most of the guests from the reading and smoking-rooms. In fact, before Fred was through he had quite an audience, most of whom, he noticed, had a puzzled look on their faces as though something about the whistle or the tune were out of the way. What the look meant he did not have long to wait to find out.

"You whistle very well, sir," the director remarked, almost before Fred was fairly through, but perhaps you were not aware that that tune is forbidden in Hameln."

Fred was surprised. "I only learned it today."

The director shook his head angrily. "It is not