

FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL

How Mr. Fox Fished; Hunted

By E. Boyd Smith

couraged, dear; you are so clever that you will surely find some way of getting us a dinner.' This so encouraged Mr. Fox that he twirled his bushy tail, and assured her that he had a few tricks left yet. 'So off he started, after telling the little ones to be good and not to worry their poor mother. As he trotted along he reflected, 'Now it won't pay me to go near the barn-yard again to-day. They will surely be on the lookout for me. And I'm not ashamed to say that I'm afraid of the gun, for I can't dodge shot, no matter how fast I scamper.' Just here he came to the river, and stopped to look at his own reflection in the water. 'I'm quite a good-looking fellow,' he thought. Then his attention was attracted

soon he got a bite. One of the crawfish had caught his tail with its claws. Up, with a swish, he jerked it out of the water. With a good nip he made it let go. Then he sat down and quietly ate it, smiling all over. The trick struck him as such a good one that he threw back his head and silently laughed, till he nearly fell into the water. 'He recovered himself, and said seriously, 'I must catch some more for the children,' and again dropped his line into the stream. The crawfish nipped him every time, and every time he landed them successfully. When he thought he had as many as he could carry, he took them up in his mouth and started for home. Mrs. Fox welcomed him and the fish with sparkling eyes. 'I hope the children will like them!' she exclaimed.

yet fearful. As the fox had disappeared, they became bolder. The first bird dropped upon the prize. Quick as a flash, out sprang Mr. Fox and seized him by the neck. There was a short, sharp struggle, and then the fox was again in his hiding-place, his prey still and silent beside him. Back came the other birds. Another descended warily, and was in a like manner captured by the nimble fox. And yet others were his victims, so that before the afternoon was over he had caught four.

"Off he started for home, dragging his crows after him.

"Won't the good wife rejoice?" he thought. "And she really did. For now the whole family dined well, and still something was left for the morning's breakfast.

"The two foxes laughed loudly over the trick. "You really are the wisest fox I ever knew," said Mrs. Fox, admiringly.

W ON'T you please tell us another story, Uncle Henri?" asked Victor one evening as they sat around the supper table.

"Another story? Dear me!" cried the good man, as though quite embarrassed by their eager demands. "I'm afraid I have n't one about me to-day. But wait a minute. I'll tell you about Mr. Fox.

"A great scamp, the fox," he went on, "but an interesting one. Bright as a dollar. And sly! I tell you, one must get up early in the morning to steal a march on him. Farmers think him a thief, too, and he has more tricks at the ends of his fingers than a dozen.

"He is a pretty little fellow, with his sharp nose, bright eyes, and long, bushy tail. And he is a good papa to his little ones. He digs them a warm hole in the ground, and goes out foraging to get them something to eat. Then he becomes quite brave and takes all sorts of risks.

"This fox about which I am going to tell you, and his mate, had two young ones. And as they were always hungry, like most healthy children, he was out hunting from morning till night, and often through the night, too, trying to get them enough to eat. But sometimes luck was against him, and now and then Mrs. Fox complained that he was letting the children starve.

"I do the best I can," he said, mournfully, 'but everything has gone wrong to-day. I hung about the barn-yard for nearly two hours in the cold, trying to catch the black hen. But she always kept too near the barn, out of my way. At last I got desperate and made up my mind to brave every danger. So when



"HE THREW A BIG ONE AT ME"

poor husband again. "Of course I scrambled over the fence as fast as I could go, and just had time to get to the trees when the dog got after me. I hate that dog; he is so

by some crawfish swimming along the bottom. A bright idea struck him. 'I wonder if I can't catch some,' he thought. He tried hard to reach them with his paw, but they always dodged the stroke,



SOMETHING FOR THE CHILDREN

"I think perhaps I am up with the times," answered Mr. Fox, in a very self-satisfied tone.

"Papa tell us about it again, won't you?" asked the little ones, already anxious to learn their trade. "But the old fox was tired. 'Be good and go to sleep; when you're bigger I'll teach you everything,' he told them.

"And, the day's work and the good dinner finished, the family cuddled up comfortably in their den and slept, and dreamed of crows and clever tricks; while the north wind blew keenly outside, and other hungry foxes, less clever, still hunted here and there for their dinner."



MR. FOX TAKES TO FISHING

the farmer's back was turned I nimbly hopped over the fence and dashed at her. But just as I seized her she set up a terrible screaming. The farmer turned to see what was the matter. He was putting turnips in a bag, and when he saw what was happening, quickly threw a big one at me. I did n't have time to dodge, and it struck me squarely. Over I rolled. I thought my back was broken! And I've been feeling stiff ever since. It was lucky for me that he did n't throw the pitchfork; you'd never have seen your



MR. FOX'S TRAP FOR THE CROWS

brutal! Some day I must play a trick on him to get even."

"You must be more careful next time," said Mrs. Fox, anxiously, 'for I would never get on alone with these two children on my hands. But don't be dis-

"Still he wouldn't give up. 'I've seen boys fishing with lines,' he meditated. 'Why can't I try to fish with my tail?' It's quite long.' So, very quietly and cautiously, he dropped his tail into the water, just above the fish. 'Rather cold work,' he thought. But



"I THINK PERHAPS I AM UP WITH THE TIMES," ANSWERED MR. FOX

RHYMEINATE.

BY J. C. C. PATERSON

WHAT do you think the sailor ate?
Why, nothing more nor less than bait,
Which some one left in an old crate
Of very long-forgotten date.
Then with his head and heart elate,
He cried, "I mind not any fate,"
And firmly walked out past the gate,
But a Turkish Khan, with ardent hate,
At this saying grew irate,
And said, "He shall not jubilate
While I am Khan of this Khanate;
Though it mean it now may be too late,
On board my yacht I'll make him mate;

And should he there his lies narrate,
Or to my crew try to orate,
With a capstan-bar I'll break his pate,
And hang him up on a board quadrate;
And then to my subjects I'll relate,
In an address on affairs of state,
That this man had one serious trait,
Which would tend to underrate
The nation's honor, and make vibrate
The lives of all, so I couldn't wait
So long as the life of a Xerobate
To throw him down from the minaret yate,
Or give him a dose of zirconate.

The Professor's Mysterious Recital

BY TUDOR JENKS.

IT was a very hot day. Even on the piazzas, under the broad roof and awnings, there was hardly air enough to move the leaves of the honeysuckle-vines. Out in the pasture, the cattle gathered in the shadows and did not move except to lash lazily at the flies.

The children had come in from the lawn, and were sitting still. Their mother and father were in the city, and the only grown person at home was their visitor, an old friend of the family, a professor, who had come to stay over Sunday. He had been reading, but had now put down his book, and sat listening to the children's talk.

At length one of the little girls looked up and caught the Professor's kind glance. He smiled at her, and she had a happy thought.

"Professor, won't you tell us a story?" she asked. "Oh, yes—do!" said another little girl, and then one of the brothers drew his chair closer, and the other brother put down his book to listen.

"Why, Daisy," the Professor said, a little uneasily, "I never told a story in my life. I hardly imagine I am capable of the feat."

"Please do," said the second little girl, whose name was Violet.

"Do; that's a good fellow," said Hal. "If you insist, I'll try to accommodate myself to circumstances," the Professor said, after a moment. "But I am more accustomed to delivering lectures than to

the narration of fiction. What shall I tell you about?" "Oh, anything," said Stephen. "But make it lively." "Did you ever hear the story of Havelock the Dane?" asked the Professor, looking severely at his young audience.

"No," came a chorus; "tell us that." "Very well," said the Professor, "I'll tell you about him."

The children settled themselves very comfortably, and the Professor began:

"In a remote period of antiquity, when much of our history partook of the nature of fabulous tradition, the reigning sovereign of Denmark died, leaving an only son. As the royal consort had previously died also, this son was an orphan, and his bringing-up devolved upon—"

"What does devolved upon mean?" asked Daisy, when a pause came. "Devolved upon means fell to—that is, became the duty of," answered the Professor.

"Oh," said Daisy. "Go on, please."

"His bringing-up fell upon certain high officials of the court. The boy's name was Havelock, and the officials at length came to regard the little prince as an obstacle in the way of their own ambition. So they resolved to sacrifice the lad to their own advancement."

"They were going to kill him!" asked Hal. "Not just that. Though far inferior to more modern peoples, they yet seem to have recognized the sanctity

of human life, and consequently determined to rid themselves of him. Constructing, therefore, a rude raft, they set the orphan prince adrift, confiding him to the uncertain mercy of the winds and waves."

"They put him on a raft, and then let the raft go, did n't they?" Stephen said.

"Precisely," answered the Professor. "But the elements proved less unfeeling than his human guardians. Havelock upon his clumsy vessel accomplished a voyage that is hardly credible, for he is reported finally to have stranded upon the coast of Lincolnshire—an eastern county of England. Here the helpless infant was fortunately discovered by a fisherman whom tradition accords the name of Grim; and Grim not only succeeded the founding, but carefully tended his youthful years until the young man bade fair to do credit to his foster-parent."

"To his what?" asked Hal.

"Foster-parent. One who stands in loco parentis is so called—that is," the Professor explained, "one acting as a father to a child, though not a father really—or a mother, either—is known as a foster father or mother. Foster, you know, is to cherish or care for; and a foster-parent is one who—"

"Please go on, Professor," said Violet; "I see what you mean. It is one who takes care of a child like a parent."

"Yes," the Professor agreed. "Such was this benevolent Grim to Havelock, the wail whom chance or an overruling Providence had intrusted to his charge. Now, when the young Dane, dispossessed of his patrimony, and an exile in a foreign land, was, in spite of his humble station, grown to be a man in years and bearing, it happened that political events in England had caused a beautiful princess also to be left heirless to an extended dominion."

"Oh, I'm glad there's a princess!" said Daisy, clapping her hands. "I believe it's going to be a fairy story, after all!"

"Not just that," said the Professor, smiling indulgently; "but, at all events, a story that is not without

its romantic features—though probably fabulous to some extent."

"Please go on about the princess," said Violet. "Was she beautiful?"

"Doubtless she was so reported, as the narrative was woven into troubadour's ballad," said the Professor. "We are at liberty to assume that she was a paragon of personal attractions."

"Does that mean handsome?" asked Stephen.

"Yes," said the Professor. "Where was I? Oh, I remember. Being thus in a situation very similar to that occupied by Havelock before his expatriation—"

"What is expa—" Daisy began.

"It means before he was sent out on the raft," said Hal. "Don't interrupt, please. Go on, Professor."

"She, too, was in the way of some powerful aristocrats who desired to usurp the throne. And in order to guard against her ever becoming the wife of one willing and able to espouse her cause, these nobles came to the conclusion that they would wed her to some occupant of a humble station."

"And did they?" asked Stephen.

"Yes," the Professor went on. "And by a remarkable combination of events it came about that the supposed humble groom selected was none other than Havelock, the reputed son of Grim, the fisherman."

"And what did they do?" asked Violet.

"They married the princess to Havelock, making merry over the nuptials of the wronged heiress and him they regarded as the fisher-lad of Lincolnshire. But it happened that Grim had preserved some of the garments in which the boy Havelock was dressed at the time he was despatched from the Danish coast. And these furnished a clue to the young seafarer's national-ity. This clue gave a starting-point for Havelock's inquiring spirit, and by patient analysis and persistent inquiry the young Danish prince at length succeeded in establishing his identity."

"What was that?" asked Stephen.

"He found out who he was—he found out he was a Danish prince and the missing heir to the throne. Ap-

pealing to some of the adherents to his dynasty, Havelock established his claim to sovereignty, and after some controversy attained supremacy."

"Did he get to be a king?" Hal inquired.

"Yes; and then being King of Denmark, he found himself in a position successfully to enforce the claim of the princess to her own usurped dominions."

"So she got back her throne, too?" asked Hal.

"Yes; and so Havelock the Dane came to be king not only of what was his inheritance, but also of the realm in Albion over which his wife's title brought him sovereignty."

"Is that all?" asked Violet, as the Professor paused.

"Yes," answered the Professor; "but the legend, if authentic, certainly furnishes a noteworthy example of poetic justice."

"Yes, sir," said Stephen. "And we are very much obliged to you."

"Quite welcome, I'm sure," said the Professor, picking up his book and going indoors.

"Wake up, Daisy!" said Hal, shaking his sister gently by the shoulder. "It is n't polite to go to sleep like that."

"Is the story over?" asked Daisy, rubbing her eyes.

"Yes," said Violet.

"What was it about—the last part of it?" Daisy asked drowsily.

"I don't know quite," said Hal. "I feel sure Havelock married the princess, anyway. But it was n't a fairy story."

"What kind of a story was it?" Violet asked.

"A kind of a dictionary story, I guess," said Stephen. "It must be nice to go to college and learn what big words mean. The Professor must—why, I'm in the Fifth Reader, and I could n't tell what he was talking about."

"Nor I either," said Hal. "But I'm going to study the story when I'm grown up and have been through college!"