

gun, but she leapt and bore him to the ground before he could pull the trigger.

Instantly a shot rang out from Uncle's gun, and she rolled over on the ground and gave a growl of pain. The native rose to his feet and we noticed a nasty scratch on his arm, but luckily it was not a deep wound.

After we had attended to the native, we walked over to the cubs, which were huddled together with fright. They were small and very tame and playful. We picked them up in our arms and carried them to the boat. When we arrived home we presented them to the Zoo.

—J. SPODE.

THE RUSTIC BRIDGE.

Through a wood ran a little creek across which was built a rustic bridge. Once it had been sturdy and reliable and had carried people safely across the stream, but now it was crumbling into decay.

Through the split planks the waters, sparkling with sunshine, can be seen rippling over the stones below. Graceful, slender trees grow on the banks of the little creek, and at eventide cast their long shadows on the waters.

There is an air of peace and tranquility about this old bridge, and the silence is broken only by the sound of water rippling over the stones and the call of the birds in the distance.

—I. TULLOCH.

A BRAVE ST. BERNARD.

One night a fire suddenly broke out in a large apartment house in London. The firemen hastened to the scene and began to fight the roaring flames, in vain endeavour to prevent their spreading to the upper storey.

All the people in the building were rescued except one tiny girl, who lay asleep in an upper storey, heedless of the raging fire.

Suddenly a gallant St. Bernard rushed through the crowd. Instinct had warned him that his little mistress was in danger, and he dashed towards her room. Half choked with smoke and scorched by the flames, he at last reached her door. It was closed. He barked and barked, but it was of no use; so, reaching up to the door handle he gave it a twist, then he pushed against the door until it flew open. He bounded madly into the room, not a