

well again. I have never, never felt so ill in all my life."

"Lie down, sir, and I'll cover you up with this rug," said the Skipper kindly,—"you'll be better presently."

"Don't tell the others," gasped the bird faintly.

"All right, sir," was the reply, and the Skipper went on deck again.

The breeze was quite fresh still, and the children had climbed up into the "look-out," and were pointing eagerly into the distance.

"Land! over there!" shouted Dick, when he saw the Skipper.

"Oh! Ah! It's an island," said the Skipper. "I've been there before; the Archæopteryx lives there."

"The what?" cried the children.

"The Archæopteryx," repeated the Skipper. "It's an awful name, isn't it?"

"What is he?" demanded Dick.

"A kind of lizardish bird, or birdish lizard, whichever you like," was the reply; "he's a great swell, I can tell you, and fancies himself immensely."

The children were all eagerness to see this



"CHARMED TO MEET YOU," SAID THE ARCHÆOPTERYX.

strange creature, and could scarcely wait until the ship reached the land.

The Skipper went down and told the Dodo, who, directly he heard that they would meet the Archæopteryx, made a great effort to pull himself together again.

"I mustn't let him see me in this state," he declared. "He is a distant relative of mine and a person of great consequence. Do you think," he continued, addressing the Skipper, "that you could clean up my gloves a little with some bread-crumbs, they have become slightly soiled; and would you kindly rearrange my necktie?"

These necessary preparations completed the Dodo staggered up on deck, just as the *Argosy* reached the shore.

The Archæopteryx was waiting for them on the beach, and recognised the Dodo immediately.

"Charmed to meet you," he said, hurrying forward to meet them, and raising his hat, with a polite bow. "Pray introduce me to your friends."

[To be continued.]

SOMETHING TO LOVE.

A FRENCH convict, under sentence for life, was a troublesome prisoner. At times he was very violent, and in the intervals of his violence he became so sullen that the warders were always on the look-out for trouble.

One day they saw a change in the man's face. Its sullenness had disappeared. The prisoner looked almost happy. His eye now and again turned downward, and it became evident that something was hidden in his breast.

The warders were uneasy. Had he some weapon concealed beneath his clothing with which he would seek to surprise them and regain his liberty?

They watched their opportunity, and suddenly fell upon him from behind. Then they found that for which they sought but it was not a knife nor other dangerous weapon. It was nothing more harmful than a large rat.

When it was discovered, the distress of the prisoner was intense. He broke down, fell upon his knees, and in an agony of fear and desperation cried, "Don't kill him! Beat me if you like, chain me; but if I may not keep him, let my poor rat go free."

The guards were moved to pity. They had never seen this man subdued before. Instead of hurting the rat, they let it drop to the floor and disappear. Then the man rose and went to his work. The light had all gone from his face. His pet was lost to him.

A few days passed, and then, while the convicts were at work in the yard, moving wood, the prisoner José felt something tickle his cheek. He turned quickly, and uttered a cry of joy. There, on his

shoulder, was the only friend he had in the world, his rat.

With eager hands he put it in his breast, and turning to the head jailer, said, "Sir, if you will only let me keep this rat, I promise to submit to you in every way, and never to disobey you again."

The permission was given, and from that day the dreaded convict was a new being. He became the best-conducted man in the prison, and his great strength and energy were used to help the governor.

The rat was seldom away from him; it shared his meals and slept in his bed, and the man's spare time was spent in making little toys of bone which he sold in order to buy dainties, such as sugar and gingerbread, for his pet.

USE makes heavy things light; the weight of our clothes, when fitted to us and worn daily by us, is hardly felt; whereas the same weight carried on our shoulders would be a great burden.