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### A TORPEDO IN FEATHERS.

(Continued from last week.)

For a few minutes the two great birds  
 swam slowly round each other, uttering sev-  
 eral times their weird cry. As they floated  
 at their ease, unalarmed they sat high in the  
 water, showing something of the clean pearly  
 whiteness of their breasts and under parts.  
 Their sturdy, trimly modeled bodies were  
 about three feet in length, from the tips of  
 their straight, formidable green beaks to the  
 ends of their short, stiff tails. Their heads,  
 as we have seen, were of an intense and ir-  
 ridescent black; their necks encircled by col-  
 lars of black and white; their backs, should-  
 ers and wings dull black, with white spots  
 and bars. Their feet very large, broadly  
 webbed, and set extraordinarily far back, al-  
 most like those of a penguin, glimmered  
 black as they fanned back and forth in the  
 clear amber water.

Suddenly some movement among the bush-  
 es along the near shore, perhaps two hun-  
 dred yards away, caught their watchful eyes.

In an instant, by some mysterious process,  
 they had sunk their bodies completely below  
 the surface, leaving only their snakey heads  
 and necks exposed to view. This peculiar  
 submerged position they held, it seemed with-  
 out difficulty. But whatever it was that al-  
 armed them, it was not repeated and after  
 perhaps five minutes of cautious watchfull-  
 ness they slowly re-emerged and floated on  
 the surface. Presently the female swam  
 back again behind the islet, laboriously  
 scrambled out upon the shore, waddled to  
 her nest and settled herself once more to the  
 task of brooding her two big grey-green,  
 brown-blotched eggs. It was the first week  
 of June and the eggs were near hatching.

The pair of loons were restless and annoy-  
 ed. Their lake, set in a lonely valley which  
 was drained by a branch of the Upper Qua-  
 dric, had hitherto seemed to them the per-  
 fection of solitude and remoteness. For  
 three years now they had been coming to it  
 every spring with the first of the northern  
 flight. But this spring their solitude had  
 been invaded. A pioneer, a squatter with a  
 buxom wife and several noisy children had  
 come and built a cabin on the shore of the  
 lake. To be sure, the lake was large enough  
 to overlook and forget such a small invasion;  
 but for the loons it was a great matter. That  
 cabin, those voices, and laughter, and axe  
 strokes and sometimes gunshots, though al-  
 most a mile away from their nesting place,  
 were a detestable and unpardonable intrusion.

The loon was just about to resume his fish-  
 ing—a business which, on account of his  
 phenomenal appetite took up most of his  
 time,—when once more a movement in the  
 bushes caught his vigilant eye. At the same  
 instant a flash of white fire jetted through  
 the leafy screen, a vicious report rang out,  
 and a shower of shot cut the water into spurt-  
 ing streaks all about him. But he was not  
 there. Inconceivably swift, he had dived at  
 the flash itself. The lead that would have  
 riddled him struck the empty swirl where he  
 had vanished. A lanky youth with a gun  
 stepped out from behind the bushes, stared  
 in sulky disappointment, and presently strol-  
 led off down the shore to look for less elusive  
 game.

The shattered calm of the lake surface had  
 time to rebuild itself before the loon re-ap-  
 peared. A hundred yards away from the  
 spot where he had dived, his head thrust it-  
 self above the water, a tiny black speck on  
 the silvery sheen. It disappeared instantly,  
 when it once more came to the surface it was  
 so far from shore that its owner felt safe. Af-  
 ter a few moments devoted to inspection of  
 the hunter's retreating form, the loon rose  
 completely and sent a long derisive peal of

his wild laughter echoing hown the lake. The  
 lanky youth turned and shook his fist at him  
 as if threatening to settle the score at a later  
 day.

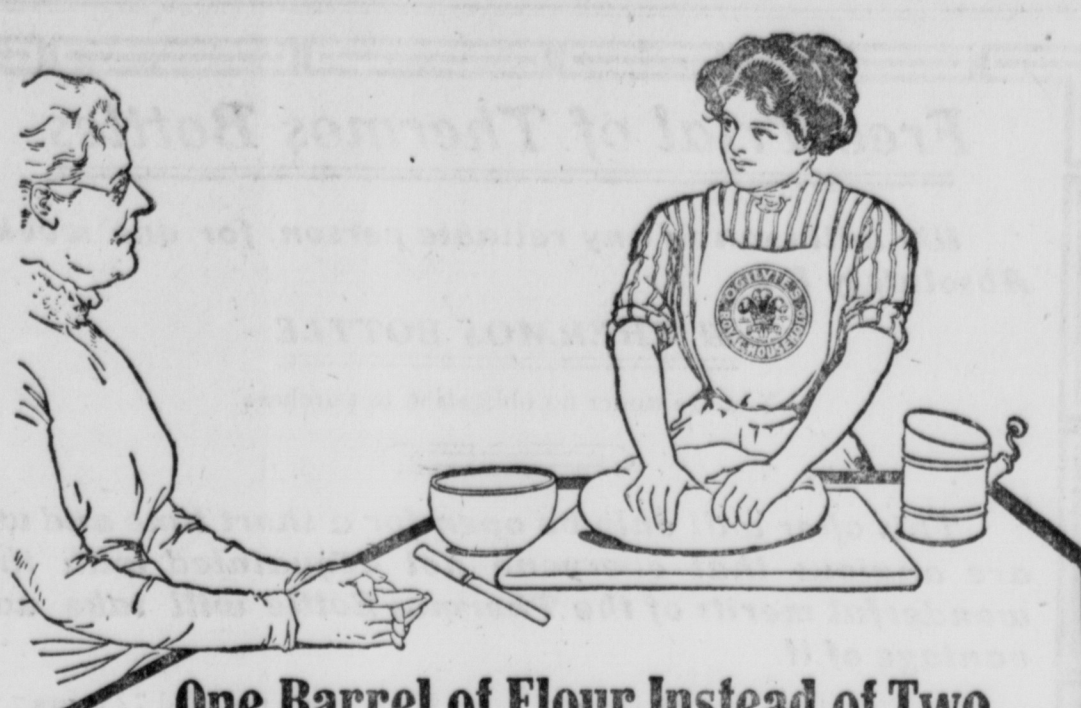
The loon had come by this time to a part  
 of the lake where the depth was not more  
 than six or seven feet, and the bottom was  
 of rich, firm mud, covered with rank growths.  
 Here and there a solitary lily plant, a stray  
 from the creamy blossomed, nectar breathing  
 colony over in the nearby cove, lifted to the  
 surface its long pipe-like stems and flat slid-  
 ing disks of leaves. It was a favorite resort  
 this, of almost every kind of fish that inhab-  
 ited the lake—except, of course, of the min-  
 nows and other little fry, which would have  
 been promptly made to serve as food for  
 their bigger kinsmen, had they ventured into  
 so fatal a neighborhood.

Floating tranquilly the loon caught sight  
 of the silvery sides of a fat chub, balancing  
 just above the bottom beside one of the slen-  
 der pipes of lily stock. The fish was lazily  
 opening and closing its crimson gills, indif-  
 ferent and with a well fed air. It hung at a  
 depth of perhaps six feet and a distance of  
 perhaps sixteen or twenty. So smoothly as  
 scarcely to leave a swirl on the surface, the  
 loon dived straight down, then darted for  
 the fish at a terrific pace. His powerful feet  
 folding up and opening out at each lightning  
 swift stroke, propelled him like a torpedo just  
 shot from its tube, and tiny bubbles, formed  
 by the air caught under his feathers, flicked  
 upward along his entire course.

The chub caught sight of this shape of  
 doom rushing upon him through the golden  
 tremor of the water. He shot off in a panic,  
 seeking some deep crevice or some weed  
 thick enough to hide him. But the loon was  
 almost at his tail. There was no crevice to  
 be found and the weed thickets were too  
 sparse and open to conceal him. This way and  
 that he darted, doubling and twisting franti-  
 cally round every stalk or stone, but in spite  
 of his bulk, the loon followed at each turn  
 with the agility of an eel. The loosened silt  
 boiled up in wreathes behind his violent  
 passage, and the weeds sway ed in the wake  
 of the thrusting webs.

In less than a minute, the chase—the tur-  
 moil of which drove every other fish, large  
 or small, in terror from the feeding ground—  
 came suddenly to an end. Rising abruptly  
 with the fish gripped in his great beak, the  
 loon burst on the surface, sending shoreward  
 a succession of circling ripples. Without  
 ceremony he gulped his meal. Then, swim-  
 ming rather low in the water and with head  
 thrust out before him he hurried to his nest-  
 ing place on the islet, as if he thought he  
 had been too long away from his domestic  
 duties.

The spot on the islet where the loons had  
 their nest was almost concealed. It was in a  
 grassy cup within four or five feet of the wa-  
 ter's edge, and sheltered only by a thin  
 screen of bushes on the landward side. To-  
 ward the sky it was quite open. There had  
 seemed to be little need of concealment be-  
 fore the intruder, man, came to the lake. The  
 islet was too far from the main shore to be  
 in danger from the visits of foxes or bears,  
 fishers or racoons. And as for the sky—well  
 the loon had little fear of anything that flew.



### One Barrel of Flour Instead of Two

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 there was one kind  
 of flour for bread  
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 afford to skimp on health. And you  
 do skimp on health  
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 HOUSEHOLD". 25



Because of this lack of apprehension from  
 skyward, even his color was not very protec-  
 tive, his glossy back, barred and mottled  
 with pure white, being fairly conspicuous  
 among the greys and greens and browns that  
 surrounded the nest.

(Continued next week.)

### A POINT OF RESEMBLANCE.

(Washington Post.)

There's an old dinky barber down in the  
 house shop that has a gift of blarney that  
 would put Bourke Cockran to the blush. One  
 of the new representatives blew into the  
 new barber shop. He looked a little frowzy,  
 and one would assume that he had dined  
 heavily and slept lightly.

The barber turned on the blarney faucet  
 at once. 'Mistuh, yo' is a congressman,

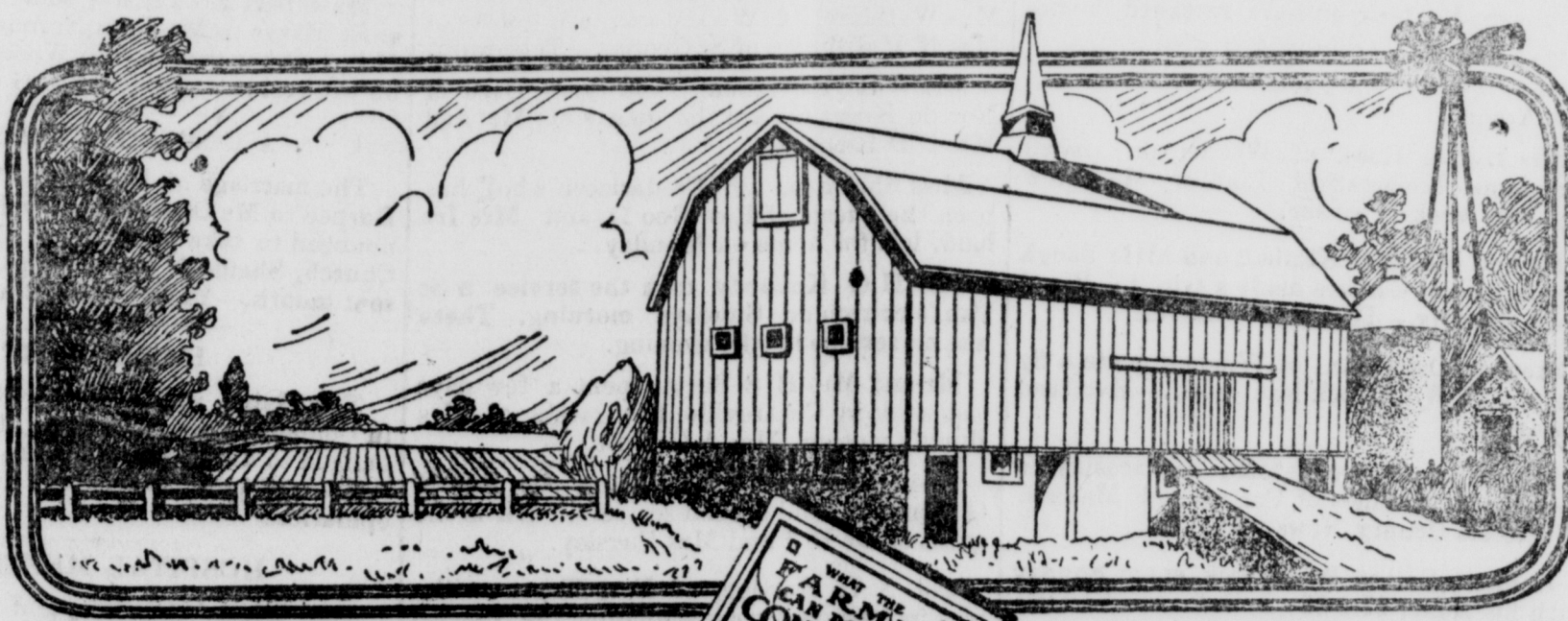
ain't yo' he asked.

'I am,' was the reply. 'Why do you ask?'  
 'Oh, I jes' couldn't mistake it. I knows a  
 statesman when I sees one. You reminded  
 me of mah ole fren' Senator Thurman, of  
 Ohio, jes' as soon as yo' set down in mah  
 chair.'

'In what way do I suggest that noble  
 gentleman?' asked the new statesman.  
 'Yo' breff, sah.'

### CANADIAN BISON

The last of the Pablo herd of buffaloes from  
 Montana has been shipped to Wainwright,  
 Alta. They are magnificent animals, the very  
 pick of the herd. Canada in a very few years  
 should have thousands of fine buffalo. The  
 beaver, which, like the buffalo, was threat-  
 ened with extinction, has so thrived in Ont-  
 ario's Provincial park preserves as to have  
 become something of a nuisance. The buffalo  
 will hardly reach that stage for a few years.  
 —Toronto Globe



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 ean flannel.