

all about this mystery." So they left the Fort, hiked down to the village of Silvermine and the Leather Man went to Paul's, which had been selected as the meeting place, while the other boys scurried off to round up their respective fathers.

For a long while the elder members of the party were closeted, while the boys waited outside, and when at last

they were called in it was to see the Leather Man surrounded by a group of happy men, eagerly inspecting a small stone which he held in his hand. The boys looked at each other and gasped. "Tricked again," said Paul, and he picked up the stone. But the expression of his face changed to one of wonder as he examined it. "Cricky!" he cried; "where'd you get this?"

Winnie the Wonder Child Reforms a Fretful Porcupine

By L. S. HASBROUCK

WIN'S Rabbit came running, his face deathly pale, what looked like a thorn sticking right through his tail. "Oh, mistress," he quaked, in a terrible stir, "a creature is out there with such funny fur! He can throw it around whenever he will; and they hurt you indeed, do his horrid old quills!" Now Winnie, as soon as she heard him repine, was sure he had met with a real Porcupine. She hurried at once to the scene of the fray to ask the intruder to please go away. She begged of that Porky, as safely she stood (some distance away) that he'd please be more good. "Too hasty you are, my rash Porky," she cried. "The following method I wish you had tried. First stop and count ten—then shoot, if you will. I'll venture to say that you'll lose not a quill!" The Porcupine's bristles began to lie flat. "It may be," he said, "there is something to that. There's only one reason your counsel to spurn. To count I have never just happened to learn." "Oh, don't let that stop you," cried Winnie, with zeal. "To learn would be easy, I certainly feel. Let's start right away. First one and then two—and then all the rest I will soon teach to you." She did as she promised, and only stopped when she was practically sure he could count up to ten. The Porky was proud of his knowledge so new and said he would try if her wisdom were true. Thereafter, when strangers came crossing his path, he started to count before showing his wrath. "Two and one," he would say, "what comes next? Is it six? Oh, dear, but my memory plays me such tricks! Call it seven or eight; I can't think—oh, please wait—

does four happen early or does it come late? Three goes after five, but, I think, before ten. Won't somebody tell me?" But long before then the stranger had vanished, and Porcupine found not one of his quills had been left on the ground. And he felt vastly better than ever before, when he'd lost both his temper and quills by the score! While the animals thought him so much more polite, they seldom or never attempted to bite. Thus his conduct improved and he seemed quite in heaven, though he never could think just what came after seven!



The porcupine counts ten before shooting