black boy, had succeeded in tracing my whereabouts. The water had fallen as quickly as it had previously risen, and now the base of the tree, on the top of which I was perched, stood in the midst of a black sea of deposited silt.

I remember in a hazy sort of way the gradual ascent of Quirindi up that straight stem, rendered doubly difficult of climbing by the flood's deposit of slime, as he cut notches with his tomahawk on one side and the other for his toes—the method of climbing adopted by the black tribes of Queensland—the compassionate placing of a stout rope round my chest, and then no more.

I awoke to find myself lying in bed in the cool and sheltered loggia, pervaded by an ineffable sense of mixed peace and weariness, with the faithful Quirindi waving his cabbage-tree hat over my face to keep off the flies.

Animal Chums.

In the New York Hippodrome a short time ago, a remarkable friendship existed between a baby elephant and a large boar-hound, both belonging to Mr. George Power. The dog was in the habit of going regularly every morning to a butcher's shop close by the Hippodrome, where the butcher would give him a goodly parcel of bones and scraps of meat wrapped in brown paper. The dog would go straight home to the Hippodrome, lay the parcel down in front of the little elephant, and wait patiently until the young animal had turned out the contents on the floor. Not caring for meat, he would blow at it with his little trunk, and then take no further notice of it.

This was the moment when the boar-hound would come forward and take it all up again—bone by bone and scrap by scrap—carry it over to his own kennel, and then make a good breakfast at his ease. But he was never once known to attempt to eat it without first offering it to his little friend.

Also, when he had cake or biscuit, the dog would offer it first to the young elephant. But this was a different matter. Not a bite or scrap did the little elephant give back to his faithful friend. Once or twice, when watching them, I was amused to see that the dog, after waiting patiently and watching the other's enjoyment, would very cautiously put one paw forward as though to take a little bit of the dainty. But at the least sign of such an action, the little elephant would lift up his trunk and his voice, and trumpet his loudest, vastly indignant that the dog should try to get any. And then the funniest thing was to watch the dog's expression!

A most peculiar friendship has existed for several years between one of the giraffes and a bantam rooster at the Barnum and Bailey circus. The little rooster, self-satisfied and conceited as all bantams are, always stays just outside the giraffe's enclosure, sometimes strutting along the ground, or else sitting on the railing, crowing at all sorts of times, by day and night. The giraffe will look down on him, watch him crowing, and once in a while try to reach him with his long, black tongue. At other times, the rooster will fly up and sit on the giraffe's back or sloping neck, and crow there! As a general rule, giraffes are terribly nervous, sensitive creatures, and some would be terrified at the unusualness of such a thing, but this giraffe takes it all quietly, turns his head and looks at the bantam with his large, beautiful eyes, puts out his tongue, which the rooster dodges most skilfully, and takes no further notice, no matter how many times he crows, or how many times he tumbles off the giraffe's sloping neck and flies up again—all in the noisy, fussy manner that all bantams have.

The cubs of wild animals rarely become friendly with one another. As a rule, they fight so fiercely and vindictively that, unless separated, one or the other is eventually killed. But in the Dublin Zoological Gardens in Ireland, two little lion cubs and two little tiger cubs are on the most friendly terms, and play together as though they were all of one family. This same sort of thing was found in the Amsterdam Zoological Gardens a short time ago. A tiger cub and a puma cub lived together in the most perfect harmony for months. But when, with increasing age, their natural, fierce instincts asserted themselves, and they showed signs of quarrelling, to prevent any chance of an accident, they were separated before they had an actual fight.—Miss Helen Velvin, in the "St. Nicholas Magazine."

Canada's Timber.

There are probably about five hundred million acres of forest land in Canada, one-half of which may be covered with merchantable timber, is the statement of Mr. R. H. Campbell, Dominion Director of Forestry. An estimate of the stand is only guesswork, as none of the Governments concerned in the administration, except Nova Scotia, has made a complete survey to ascertain the timber resources. The quantity may be, at present standing suitable for manufacture into lumber, 500 to 700 billion feet, and the quantity suitable for pulp-wood is indefinitely large. The forest products of Canada annually are worth 166,000,000 dollars, and this volume of trade, second only to that in agricultural products, adds a large sum to the annual wealth of the Dominion and feeds the trade demands which produce the federal revenues.