

a sleeping dog. "Ahi! Poor Bibi Bear! Brave Bibi Bear!"

His back bled and hurt. But he jerked the pain away with a shrug of his massive shoulder. The English *hakim* would have two patients instead of one, he told himself, and, dizzy, a little depressed, he turned to resume his walk across the plateau.

But something seemed to float down upon his consciousness, imperceptibly, like the shadow of a leaf through summer dusk, and he stopped and returned to the fir-tree. Standing on his toes, he reached up and caught the toddling,

fluffy cub which was trying hard to back up, to regain the security of the higher branches.

"Come, little Sheik Bear!" he crooned as he might to a frightened child. "Come! There is room for thee in the house of Mortazu Khan! Room and food and water—and soon, if Allah be willing and the *hakim's* medicine strong, a little man-child to play with thee!"

And, the cub nuzzling his heaving chest with a little grunt of satisfaction, Mortazu Khan walked toward the flat roofs of Ghuzni, leaving behind him a thin trail of blood, but hurrying, hurrying.

## From Leaf to Leaf

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

I HELD my grief when the leaves fell  
Close, close to my beating breast;  
"Sharp pain," I said, "great sorrow,  
To me God gives no rest!"  
The fierce thorns pierced my bosom,  
And burning drops of red  
Sprang with each anguished heart-throb,  
"But bring no peace," I said.

My low and bitter sobbing  
Wearied both night and day;  
I cried in the heavy darkness,  
"Must it be thus alway?"  
Comes there no light with daybreak,  
No rest when the sun is set?  
Must I for aye remember?  
God! can I ne'er forget?

I held my grief when the leaves bud  
Close—close to my silent heart;  
"Sharp pain," I cried, "great sorrow,  
Where is thine olden smart?"  
I crushed the thorns 'gainst my bosom,  
But there flowed no crimson tide,  
Soft and slow were my heart-beats;  
"Something is lost," I cried.

Then wild and fierce my sobbing  
Broke on the fair spring day,  
And I wailed with bitter passion,  
"Must it be thus alway?"  
What agony is like to this,  
Oh, tears that fall so hot!  
Not that I so remembered,  
But that I so forgot!