Sweet is True Love.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

His father had died when the boy was still in his infancy, and the mother, dying some few years later, had confided the child on her death-bed to her only brother, Archibald Blount, together with a few hundred pounds, and an earnest prayer that he would do the best he could for her little one. This prayer Mr. Blount attended to as carefully as it was in his indolent, selfish nature to attend to anything unconnected with his own personal interests, sending his nephew to school, and from school to college, with the money intrusted to his care, until the lad had finished his education, and had come home at last, only to fall madly in love with his beautiful cousin. Then it is hard to say what would have become of the handsome, restless fellow, had not a brother of his father's come forward and obtained for him a commission in a Line regiment, a profession very much suited to the young man's own tastes and inclinations

This same relative, dying soon after, left his nephew two hundred a year—whereas, he might quite as easily have left him two thousand — upon which, and his pay as lieutenant, Blackwood Craven found it excessively difficult to get through his days and live respectably without incurring too numerous liabilities.

His attachment to Katherine Blount was the one ruling passion of his life. She was part of his existence. He worshiped the girl with blind idolatry, pouring out on her a generous wealth of love of which she was scarcely worthy. In his eyes, however, she was perfection, no flaw ever appearing to his stricken sight powerful enough to dim the faultlessness of his idol, while he ever dreamed fondly, unceasingly, of the time when this woman, who was to him a very goddess, should be his wife.

His poverty was an insurmountable barrier in the present, it was true; but in time, if she would only consent to wait a little—and something whispered to him that he was surely more to her than all the other men who thronged around her and basked in her sweet smiles—he would conquer fortune bravely, and claim her honorably for his own. So he argued; and not all Katherine's chilling speeches or hasty frowns could entirely check the mad longing of his heart.

At times, indeed, the utter hopelessness of his project would strike himself, crumbling to atoms all his pleasant castles in the air, when he would make up his mind to fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and so escape the fascinations of her presence — all which intentions were very wise and laudable so long as they lasted, which was precisely until Miss Blount's irresistible, piquant, brilliant face smiled on him once more, when he would again fling to the winds all his settled dreams of flight, and, hugging closely the bright, deceptive present, refuse to look forward into the bitter future.

Such scenes as that just described had become of late very frequent between them—a warfare in which sometimes one, sometimes the other, came off victorious. To-day, indeed, the game was in Miss Blount's small hands, however it might be to-morrow; and yet, somehow, in spite of her triumph, the girl felt a certain heavy weight lying coldly upon her heart, as she closed the library door and walked forward into the hall.

"What can be the matten with me'?' she asked herself, impatiently, pushing back her hair wearily from her forehead. "Blackwood's face is haunting me, and I seem to have lost all longing for this ball I was so ready to cry about not five minutes ago. I want air, I suppose, to dispel my fancies, so I shall just order my horse and go over to Harry Charteris to see if she cannot rouse me from this depression," having come to which decision, she gave her orders to a passing servant, and went slowly and listlessly up the stairs to exchange her morning dress for her habit.

CHAPTER II.

Harriet Charteris was Miss Blount's only woman friend and adviser; and naturally she was as unlike Miss Blount both in disposition and appearance as it was possible for her to be. She was fair, of middle stature, lived about three miles from Blount Manor, and was possessed of considerable attractions, a handsome house, a husband, two charming sons, and as many admirers as any woman need care to count; she was "fast" she talked a little slang, she was adored by her husband, and by at least a dozen of his male acquaintances, and she flirted a good deal, besides all which, as might have been expected, she hunted.

Yes, she actually hunted, not like most girls, who go to the meet simply to see the hounds throw off, and then ride innocently home again, but straight over hedges and ditches, at the very heels of the men, in the most disgracefully masculine manner imaginable. Why, it was only the other day, that she actually got a fall jumping over a high wall, tore her habit to pieces, and had every man in the field about her in less than two minutes, when, instead of being heartily ashamed of herself, and going home directly to her poor little neglected babies, she must needs mount her horse again and come in second at the "finish."

Indeed, the feeling among her own sex had been strengthening day by day against pretty, lighthearted Mrs. Charteris ever since her husband had first brought her home to his handsome residence, and matters might have come to a decisive climax had not the all-powerful Duchess of Alwyn been so struck by her prowess in the hunting field as to demand an introduction immediately, taking particular care to be civil to her ever afterward both at home and abroad.

Lady Florence followed in her mother's footsteps, and declared her to be "of all women the most charming don't you know," while the duke himself, who was rather a "rough customer," and devoted to "pluck" of all kinds, gave it as his own private opinion that the woman who could take "that last fence" so gallantly "must be a trump, sir, begad! and game to no end," with various other recommendations to the same effect, more forcible, perhaps, than elegant.

This aristocratic intervention slightly turned the tide in Mrs. Charteris' favor as far as knowing her went though it only heightened private hatred and resentment. Not that she ever did anything to cause this unrelenting animosity, beyond dressing better and looking lovelier and gaining more admiration in a day than her neighbors could ever hope to receive in their lives; but then what woman can ever forgive any of these three things? Certainly Mrs. Charteris' neighbors were unfriendly to the last degree, which was perhaps the primary cause of the great friendship subsisting between her and Katherine Blount.

Charlie Charteris, her husband, was a confirmed bookworm—a naturalist—and spent most of his time in a little "den" of his own, littered pretty nearly from floor to ceiling with dried ferns, wingless insects, obnoxious reptiles and torn, tattered parchments. Here he spent the greater part of his day, and here his wife — whose favorite resort it was, and who had admission at all hours — seated on the top of some of his choicest papers, seemed to shed beauty and warmth around the silent, preoccupied man to whom she was as a bright sunbeam, and who possessed, whole and entire, the deep affection of her warm, pure heart.

Such was Katherine Blount's chosen friend, and to Castle Park it was that she wended her way, riding slowly and meditatively through the green lanes and under the branching trees, which shed soft showers of faded leaves upon her head, until she arrived at her destination, where she made the slightly disconcerting discovery that, in spite of her determination not to do so when leaving, she had thought of nothing but Blackwood Craven's dark, dejected face the entire way.

"Tita, my dearest, is it really you!" cried Mrs. Charteris, running merrily down the broad stone steps of the entrance, to Miss Katherine, as the latter flung herself impatiently out of the saddle without a moment's warning. "I am so awfully glad to see you. Come in and spend the day with me—do. Charlie has just got some new insect with forty legs, and wings to correspond, so he is lost to me for goodness knows how long, and it will be quite charitable of you to take pity on me. But what is the matter with you, darling? Are you vexed about anything?"

"No, it is only the heat," Miss Blount declared. "On the contrary. I have good news. Papa — after I had abused him heartily in my inmost soul for about an hour — relented and gave me money to buy a new dress for the Tauntons' ball; so I am perhaps just a little bit put out, you see, at having wronged him in my thoughts so much."

"Nonsense!" cried Harry, leading her visitor into an exquisitely-furnished little boudoir—"you don't say so! Well, I am astonished at his amiability, and a wee bit disappointed, perhaps as I had ordered a dress for you myself. There! You need not get so indignantly crimson—you are quite independent of my impertinent interference now. But tell me when it was your father became conscious of his iniquity?"

"More than an hour ago," Miss Blount answered — "just after Captain Barrington arrived about some partridges for next month's shooting. I saw him pass the garden on his way to the square field, where papa was."

Mrs. Charteris laughed.

"I don't want to destroy the admiration you are cherishing for your father's unprecedented conduct," she said, "but I almost think I can guess what changed his mind. Did you not hear that Sir Mark Warrenne returned to the hall the evening before last? And cannot you fancy how eager the Tauntons will be to have him at their ball—and what a desirable match the wealthy baronet will be for Mr. Blount's beautiful daughter? Now do not look so savage, Tita—it is horribly unbecoming to your style; and do not make up your mind—as I see you are doing—to revenge all this on the poor young man himself. He is totally unconscious of the whole concern, you know, and you owe him a debt of gratitude, as, but for his providential arrival at this particular time, you would in all probability never have danced at the Tauntons' ball."

"If I believed what you said to be really the case," Miss Blount began, angrily, "I should——"

"No; you would not, my dear, depend upon it," interrupted Mrs. Charteris, provokingly, "as he is one of the nicest fellows I ever met. I know him extremely well, you know, having been introduced to him last year in Switzerland, when he took the greatest fancy to me, and traveled about with us afterward for at least two mouths. I liked him extremely, and have kept up a correspondence with him ever since; besides, he has fourteen thousand a year, and a delightful place — quite enough to make Pluto himself lovely in these degenerate days — and is just the very man for you."

"And is old and ugly, I think you forgot to add," Miss Blount put in, languidly, without the faintest suspicion of interest in her voice.

"No, he isn't," Harriet answered, gayly; "he is everything your fancy could possibly paint him—'lovely' as Apollo, but, thank Heaven, by no means 'divine.' And, if you are a very good little girl, and play your cards properly, I will put in such a telling word for you that in the long run he will infallibly be 'thine.'"

"I do think, Harry, that at times you have not a particle of sense," Miss Blount exclaimed, amused at the other's absurdity in spite of herself; whereupon the two friends broke into merry laughter, and went up stairs together to inspect Harry's dress for the coming ball, and decide on the color most becoming to Katherine Blount.

Having at length, after a somewhat stormy debate, arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that Miss Blount would make a very presentable appearance in white and amber, the two began to meditate a descent on Charlie's sanctum, for the express purpose of carrying off its occupant forcibly to luncheon from among his beloved beetles, when a horse's hoofs ringing on the hard gravel arrested their steps. Mrs. Charteris's bedroom, being in front of the house, overlooked a great part of the avenue, so, running hastily to the window to ascertain who the newcomer might be, she was both startled and delighted to perceive that is was no less a person than Sir Mark Warrenne himself.

"Tita," she said, "who do you think it is? The veritable knight we have been discussing. How fortunate that he came just now—you always look so delicious in your riding costume! Come down, my dear, at once. I have set my heart upon this match. "Tita"—with a sudden start—"what on earth is the matter with you, child?"—gazing anxiously at Miss Blount, who was standing nervously, irresolutely, in the centre of the apartment, her cheek flushed and her fine eyes full of tears. A new idea struck her friend. "Katherine," she whispered, "tell me—is there anything between you and—your cousin?"

"Nonsense!" Katherine, answered, almost angrily, "how can you talk such utter folly? Do you not know that Blackwood and I have been brother and sister ever since I can remember? Come," changing her whole bearing with a visible effort, "we are only wasting valuable time here, when we might be—according to your showing—so much better employed; so take me down stairs, Harry, and introduce me to your handsome hero.'"

And as she finished speaking she held out her hand to Mrs. Charteris with a pretty, wilful grace and a sudden assumption of good spirits that only partially imposed on her quick-witted, watchful friend.

However, she made no further remark just then, but took the girl's proffered hand fondly in her own, and led her down stairs into the tasteful, sunny drawing-room, where Sir Mark Warrenne was introduced to Katherine Blount, and where Miss Blount made herself as disagreeable as she very well could to that exceedingly inoffensive young man.

Mrs. Charteris was provoked beyond measure—how could Katherine show herself in such an unfavorable light? and set herself with laudable perseverance to turn the conversation into a more congenial channel, finally suggesting luncheon as a last resource. This was always a pleasant meal at Castle Park, servants being strictly excluded, and a general air of unconventionality pervading the whole atmosphere; so Harriet fondly hoped that Katherine might thaw if exposed to its influence.

"I hope that you have come home for good this time, Sir Mark," she began, presently, smiling in her pretty friendly manner at the baronet.

"I cannot say whether it will be for good exactly," he answered, pleasantly, "but I have at last made up my mind to give the old country a fair trial.

Sweet is True Love.

You see, after you left, Mrs. Charteris, I found traveling about by myself just the slightest degree in the world slow, so I threw it up after a few months' longer wandering. A fellow does feel the want of friends at some time or other during his life, I suppose, and my turn has come now."

"I am afraid, for all that, you will miss the warm Italian skies and the beautiful Italian faces more than you fancy possible, after awhile," Mrs. Charteris went on, "and we shall be losing you again in a few months or so."

"I hardly think that," he answered, "My tastes are not altogether so foreign as you seem to imagine; indeed, to please me, I have seen more real beauty since my return to the old place than I ever saw abroad."

And involuntarily as he spoke his eyes fell on the exquisite downcast face of Miss Blount, who was sturdily demolishing her cold fowl in the most provokingly practical manner conceivable.

"There! what a compliment to our dear old England!" Harriet exclaimed. "I feel quite proud when I recollect you are just fresh from the 'Land of Beauty.' Tita, will you not acknowledge that it was a pretty speech?"

"Very," Miss Blount replied, with abominable coolness, and without deigning to raise her eyes—"quite the prettiest thing I ever heard, and so original. But unfortunately, it has rather lost its charm for me, as I am quite tired of being told how extremely lovely I am."

Mrs. Charteris was aghast. She had never seen Katherine in such a wayward mood before, and could have shaken her heartily had they been alone. But Sir Mark was inexpressibly amused at the novelty of her impertience, and laughed.

To be Continued.

WHERE IT COMES FROM.

People who wear false hair will be interested in the announcement of a strange discovery made at Antwerp. In that city, a bale of human hair, weighing 172 pounds, was stolen from a railroad station. It was afterward learned that the hair had been clipped from the heads of lunatics and convicts in public asylums and prisons.

USE OF ACETYLENE GAS.

BROUGHT TO PERFECTION BY THOS. L. WILSON, A CANADIAN.

It Is Dangerous to Liquefy It—Many Disastrous Explosions Occurred While Attempts Were Being Made to Compress It.

It was discovered by a German chemist in 1861, that if a mixture of lime and carbon were heated to an enormous temperature the two fused together and produced what is now known as calcium carbide. Nothing further of note was accomplished with this new substance until 1894, when Moissan invented an electric furnace and found that by placing carbon and lime directly in the electric arc an enormously high temperature was available at comparatively little expense, and the resulting calcium carbide possessed the property of generating a new gas very rapidly when brought into contact with water. Moissan did not pursue his experiments much further because the proper and economical construction of electric furnaces was then very little known.

As usual in such cases, the invention of Moissan was perfected in America. Thomas L. Wilson, of St. Catharines, Ont., was a poor boy assisting his mother in the management of a boarding house. When twenty-nine years old he crossed the border to the United States, where his talent was soon recognized, and soon afterward he built a very large electric furnace, for the purpose of experimenting in the production of alloys of different metals.

While doing so he found that the spattering of the molten metal in the furnace frequently produced a conducting path between the carbons of his arc lamp, so much so as to seriously interfere with and sometimes extinguish the arc. To overcome this he placed in the furnace a mixture of coke and lime, which he found to his astonishment immediately combined under the great heat and produced beautiful, clear calcium carbide at a comparatively low cost.

EXPLOSIVE AT FIRST.

Capital was at once interested in Mr. Wilson's discovery, and it was not long before companies were organized in every State to control the Wilson patents, but it was also only a short time when it was discovered that acetylene gas, under certain circumstances, was of a highly explosive nature.

Contrary to the advice of Mr. Wilson, many of the companies undertook to place the gas upon the market in a liquid form. In order to do this it was compressed until it became liquid, almost in the same manner as liquid air is produced. It was found, however that during compression the explosive qualities of the gas increased rapidly until when, in a liquid state, it was extremely dangerous.

In using the gas in this manner many disastrous explosions occurred, and the public quickly denounced the gas, but further experiments soon proved that if the pure gas were used without being compressed there was only one way of causing an explosion, and that was by exploding in the gas tank a small quantity of fulminade of mercury or some other violent explosive. It was also found quite possible to burn the electric arc within a tank of pure gas with perfect safety.

It was decided that the gas would have to be used without being compressed, and this action was quickly indorsed by insurance underwriters, who will not now permit the use of acetylene gas under pressure.

PRODUCED AT SLIGHT COST.

Calcium carbide was first sold at a very high price on account of the fact that it required the use of about five hundred horse power for twenty-four hours to produce a single ton, but there are now works at Niagara Falls where great quantities are turned out daily by the use of the inexpensive water power there. The use of the carbide, however, has become so general that these works will soon be doubled, and even then it is expected that it will be almost impossible to supply the rapidly growing demand.

The flame of acetylene is entirely different from ordinary gas, and is much brighter and richer than the incandescent lamp. It is a solid flame of twenty-five candle power, about one inch in height and one inch in width, and is controlled by a specially designed burner, which only consumes about one-quarter foot of gas an hour.

At first glance it would seem from this that the new light is very much less expensive than the old, but while the acetylene burner consumes such a very small quantity of gas the cost of the carbide is still so high that it is found that acetylene is very little cheaper than ordinary gas.

HIS RESEMBLANCE TO IRVING.

Amateur Actor, to Friend: What did you think of my Hamlet, Charley?

Dear Friend. Immense! In one part of the play you are equal to Irving.

Amateur Actor. In what part was that, Charley?

Dear Friend. Where Polonius gives his parting advice to Laertes.

Amateur Actor. I was behind the scenes then.

Dear Friend. So is Irving.

NO CASE ON RECORD.

Brooks, asked Rivers, do you know what will cure a wart?

I never heard of a wart being sick, said Brooks, without looking up from his writing.

WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighborly Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Mirth Gathered from His Daily Record.

An automobile gun carriage is being constructed at Peoria, Ill.

It is a noteworthy fact that in Utah there is not one Irish Mormon.

It is expected that the cotton crop this year will be the best ever known.

New York District Attorney wants $30,000 more next year to run his office.

Farm labour commands higher wages in Nebraska this year than ever before.

A syndicate is being formed to control the next United States cotton crop.

Hailstones destroyed nearly 2,000,000 bushels of growing wheat in North Dakota.

Russell Sage, according to the New York Times, has a fortune of from $20,000,000 to $50,000,000.

California reports an unusually fine prune crop, the size and abundance of the fruit exceeding those of last year.

Miss Ellen C. Witter, of Denver, is the only woman authorized to practise before the United States Land Office.

The trusts which have been formed in the United States since the first of the year have a capitalization of $370,783,383.

Surgeon Eugene Wasdin, of the United States Medical Corps, has been detailed to attend the medical conference to be held in Brussels in September.

Rear Admiral Bartlett J. Cromwell had the honour of being the first naval cadet appointed from Nebraska. He was graduated as a midshipman on June 1, 1861.

Congressman-elect Gordon, of Ohio, who succeeds Mr. Marshall, of that State, has the unique distinction of coming from a district that never sent a Republican to Congress.

Governor Joseph D. Sayers, of Texas, owns the first Federal flag captured by the Confederates in the war of the rebellion. He intends presenting it to the State Historical Society.

The French have laid claim to Admiral Dewey on the ground that he descends from a Huguenot family named De Huoy, and the Belgians have put in a plea for him as De Wey.

Out in the "bad lands" of Dakota a man from Maine has just been hanged for being colour blind on cattle brands, and this emphasizes the adage, "You must go away from home to get the noose."

The assassin of President Heureaux of San Domingo, received his education in the United States and married an American heiress. He was a graduate of the Rensalaer Polytechnic Institute, of Troy.

The United States Treasury Department is making active preparations for the fall demand for currency for crop moving purposes. Shortage of currency, if it should develop, will be met with $5 gold pieces.

Miles B. McSweeney, Governor of South Carolina, won a scholarship in Washington and Lee University at the age of 16, but could not complete his course because he was at that time alone in the world, and unable to pay his remaining college expenses.

Russell Sage, at 83, says he can look back on a business life of 68 years and that his has been an absolutely successful life. "Everything I have tried for I have got," he says. "All my ideals I have realized. Of course, now I have to improve things, to work right on and carry on my work. But I am satisfied."

The medal to be presented by the city of Baltimore to Capt. N. Mayo Dyer, of the cruiser Baltimore, bears a likeness of the captain, and is suspended by ribbons of black and yellow, the Maryland colours, from a bar in which is set a bit of sail from the Reina Christina.

Despatches from twenty localities in Kansas, covering two-thirds of the State, say that there will be a decrease in the shipment of cattle because of the prospects of a big corn crop. Stockmen of the south-west believe that corn will not be worth more than 15 cents per bushel, and that it will not pay to send two-year-olds to the market now.

Dr. Max Breuer, a former surgeon of the German army, now practising in Buffalo, has just been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour for saving the life of a French seaman. While on a German vessel the doctor heard that the Frenchman was ill on a British ship which had no surgeon on board, attended the man and restored him to health.

Ex-Governor Hogg, of Texas, is clean shaven now, but once had a beard from which he could not be induced to part. While on a visit to New York he wanted to have this beard trimmed, but the French barber knew no English, and shaved him clean. The Governor was angry, but came to like the effect, and decided to go no more hair on his face.

An Adventure In The Jungle.

An Adventure in the Jungle

"Tigers very plenty here, Sahibs," said Pandu; "all sleep now. When dark they creep out."

"That's a pleasant prospect," Lucius muttered to me. "The fellow is right, though. This is where the Rajah bags most of his big game. I didn't think we had come so far. We must get clear of the jungle before sunset."

We relieved Pandu of our heavy-bore rifles, and started briskly back. Then we emerged on the brink of a glassy pool of water.

As we instinctively halted, we heard a low, furious growl. Glancing to the left, we saw a sight that chilled the blood with horrow. Twenty feet down the shore of the pool, in the shade of a rock and overhanging reeds, crouched a monstrous tigress. Beside her was a playful, six-month-old cub. The beast had seen us, and was making ready to spring. Up went my rifle, and with a hasty aim I pulled the trigger. Perhaps my arm trembled a little—anyway, the ball hit the cub in the breast and stretched it lifeless beside its mother. The rage of the tigress was fearful to see. Her eyes grew like living coals, and she roared like a fury. The next instant she launched herself forward—straight toward me. I was actually fascinated by the sight. My limbs seemed to have lost the power of motion. As though in a dream I heard Lucius cry:

"Down! down! Jump to one side!"

I think I moved a few inches, and that unconscious act saved my life. The long, tawny body of the tigress struck me sideways and pitched me head foremost into the muddy pool.

As I staggered to my feet, covered with filth and water, I heard the roar of a rifle. Then I saw the tigress quivering in her death agonies on the ground. She was quite dead before I reached the spot. Lucius stood over her with a smoking rifle in his hand. His face shone with triumph through its pallor.

"That was a splendid shot!" I exclaimed.

"It was a deuced lucky one," he replied. "You had a close shave of it. Jove! I thought you were never going to get out of the way. Where is your rifle?"

I remembered that it lay at the bottom of the pool.

"I'll soon get it," I said, and started back to the water.

My legs were a little shaky, and my back felt bruised. I waded out knee deep and bent over to grope for the weapon. But just then a low cry from Pandu brought me stiffly erect. I heard a threshing noise in the dry reeds. It was yet at some distance. I hastily rejoined Lucius, and we looked in the direction of the sound. A second later a deep, awful roar echoed through the jungle. It fairly stood our hair on end. Pandu's mahogany face turned livid.

"The tiger, Sahib!" he gasped. "It is coming to avenge its mate and cub."

His teeth chattered with every word.

"There, Pandu," exclaimed Lucius, "give me your rifle—quick! It has a longer range."

He handed his own gun to the shikaree, but before he could take the other in exchange, the angry roar rang out again, and we had a glimpse of the tiger as it bounded toward us over the reeds. It was less than thirty yards distant.

The sight was too much for Pandu, old hunter though he was. He had never been considered a coward, but in the twinkling of an eye he turned and fled down the shore of the pool, taking both rifles with him.

"Come back, you rascal!" roared Lucius.

Pandu never faltered. With a gun swinging from each hand he bounded into the tall reeds and vanished. We unconsciously dashed at the pool, and floundered across, side by side. The water came only to our knees. Without looking back we plunged up into the reeds. After a few steps the marshy ground gave way to firm footing, and we were again in the fastnesses of the jungle. A dismal roar from the rear, full of blended grief and rage, spurred us to greater speed. A furious roar woke the jungle echoes. It seemed at our very backs. "God help us!" cried Lucius. I shivered and nearly fell. He took my arm and dragged me along. Again an awful roar that made the ground tremble.

But just when a horrible death seemed imminent we staggered into a bit of cleared space amid the jungle, and there the scant light revealed the proportions of an iron cage, about eight feet square! We gained the strange object by a dizzy rush, and Lucius jerked open the sliding door. I remember falling inside in a heap and hearing the clang of iron as the door shut fast. And then came a moment of agony.

With a stupendous roar, a great tiger launched himself against the cage, and raged in madness at the bars until they rattled and creaked. Again and again the huge paws dabbed at us. Lucius had dragged me to the very centre of the cage. There we crouched and shivered while the beast spat and hissed and roared.

Finally, he drew back and prowled around the cage, peering in at us every few steps.

We plucked up courage and examined our shelter. The result was not