

The Family Circle

TWO SIDES OF IT

There was a girl who always said
Her fate was very hard,
For from the thing she wanted most
She always was debarred.
There somehow was a cloudy spot
Always within her sky;
Nothing was ever just aright,
She used to say, and sigh.

And yet her sister, strange to say,
Whose lot was just the same,
Found something pleasant for herself
In every day that came.
Of course, things went awry sometimes,
For just a little while;
But "nothing ever stayed wrong,"
She used to say, and smile.

So one girl sighed, the other smiled
Through all their lives together;
It did not come from luck or fate,
From clear or cloudy weather—
The reason lay within their hearts,
And colored all outside;
For one would hope and one would mope,
And so they smiled and sighed.

—Exchange.

THE LONESOME DOG

A good, kind dog found himself all alone in the world. He was hungry and thirsty and lonesome, and thought he would see if he could improve his fortunes.

As he trotted along through the streets of a town he smelled a fine smell.

'That means something for me at last,' he thought, and traced the smell to a meat shop. The door was shut, but he waited patiently until someone went in, and he followed close behind.

A most excellent smell! He nosed along up close to the counter. With grateful heart he waited for his share. It fell, and he snapped it up. No sooner had he done so than the butcher saw him, and the butcher's boy and two customers, and they all shouted at him and jumped at him and hustled him out of the shop, bereft of his meat and ashamed.

'My sakes!' he said to himself, as he ran down the street, tail between his legs; 'I have learned one lesson—never to go into a place that smells as good as that again!'

When he could run no more, panting with the heat, and with his tongue hanging out of his mouth, he looked for a place to rest. He had reached a house with green grass, and with vines on the porch, and with a soft, damp-looking flower bed, full of bright flowers, in front of the vines. There was no fence.

'It is quite free,' thought the tired dog, 'and I am glad of a place to rest.' So he went over to the flower bed, turned around and around on the cool soil until he had crowded out for himself a comfortable resting place among the plants.

'Oh, how good this is,' he thought, as he panted for breath. 'How kind these people must be!'

He was just dozing off, when he heard a scream above him. 'Peter! quick! quick! an awful dog! right in the flower bed! Drive him away!'

Move as quick as he could, the dog could not get away before he had been pelted with all sorts of things and had been called all sorts of names, which hurt him almost as much as the missiles.

He ran as far as he could without stopping, but he was so intolerably thirsty he kept looking for a place to drink. There seemed to be no water in all that town. As he lagged slowly along one street he reached a latticed kitchen porch. The porch door stood open. He knew there was water on that porch. The open door invited him. 'These people know how it feels to perish of thirst,' he thought; 'they have left their door open.'

Up the stairs he crept; he could see the pail of fresh water; he was just about to bury his nose in the pail and drink his fill, when the kitchen door slammed back and a broom descended on

his head, and he was ordered off in no uncertain tones. With his head aching from the blow, and thirstier than ever, he ran slowly along.

'There is no place for me,' he thought, wearily, 'nor any food, nor any drink. I do not understand it.'

He ran by more houses with vines, and flower beds, and green lawns, and no fences, but he did not venture in. A pretty child sat on some steps and called: 'Here, doggie; here, doggie!'

How he would like to be called that way! He turned his head imploringly.

'Here, doggie—good, pretty, kind doggie! Come to Roxie.'

The dog hesitated; could the child mean him? Was it a boy? Some children were boys and some were girls. But he couldn't tell this one. Some boys were named John and Tom and David, and some girls were named Daisy and Lulu and Sally, but he didn't know Roxie.

'Come, doggie,' urged Roxie; 'come. I'll give you a drink—a nice, long, cool drink,' and Roxie led the way encouragingly to the shady side of the house. There was a large crock. 'This is for the birds,' explained Roxie, 'and now I'll fill it up for you,' and Roxie turned in a stream from the hose.

The thirsty dog drank and drank; never did water taste so good. He raised his grateful eyes and wagged his tail.

'Oh, you good dog,' smiled Roxie; 'be my dog. I'll bring you something to eat in a minute. I'll be awful fast. Now stay right—there'—impressively.

The dog scarcely knew what to do, but while he was still undecided Roxie came back with a pan of scraps.

'These are my very own bones,' said Roxie. 'I've been praying for a dog for two days, and I've saved all my bones and scraps; now eat 'em!'

The dog ate in a half-famished way—such good scraps!

'What are you doing, Roxie?' called a voice from an upper room.

'Feedin' my dog. Pretty good dog, too.'

Roxie's mother hurried down, afraid she would find a mangy, sore-eyed dog; but instead she found a gentle creature, with a silky coat and beautiful eyes.

'Very well, Roxie,' was the relieved answer. 'We may as well settle this thing right now. If we find the dog belongs to anyone else we can give it back.'

'He doesn't,' was the positive reply.

'Well, we'll play that way. We'll put the rest of the afternoon on the dog. We will scrub him and comb him and brush him and fix him a sleeping place, and we will telephone right down to papa to bring up a collar. What name do you want?'

'Theodore,' promptly.

'Why, Roxie! Theodore isn't a dog's name!'

'It's this dog's name,' in a final tone.

And the lonesome dog wagged his tail happily.

WHAT MAKES HAPPINESS

A little thought will show you how vastly your own happiness depends on how other people bear themselves towards you. The looks and tones at your breakfast table, the conduct of your fellow-workers or employers, the faithful or unreliable men you deal with, what people say to you on the street, the way your cook and housemaid do their work, the letters you get, the friends or foes you meet, these things make up very much of the pleasure or misery of your day. Turn the idea around and remember that just so much are you adding to the pleasure or misery of other people's days. And this is the half of the matter which you can control. Whether any particular day shall bring to you more of happiness or of suffering is largely beyond your power to determine. Whether each day of your life shall give happiness or suffering to others rests with yourself.

THE ORIGINAL ASS

One of the last stopping-places of the London and Weymouth coach was at a Dorset village (writes a correspondent of 'P.T.O.'), whose principal hostelry was known as 'The Ass's Head.' So good were the refreshments, so obliging the host, and so reasonable the charges, that the inn did a thriving trade, and was well spoken of throughout the district. In one of George III.'s visits to Weymouth the Royal party stayed at this inn and had lunch. This was very gratifying to the loyal host, who immediately took down the original signboard and erected a full-length painting of the King in its place. Henceforth the inn should be known as