

The Family Circle

BUSY KATHRYN.

O dear! I am so busy, and work so hard all day,
That I can scarcely find the time for a single bit of
play.
To-day I watched the little drops go pattering down
the pane,
And then a swallow called me that was twittering in
the rain.
I go to meet my papa when he comes home from the
store,
And though I give him loads of kisses, he always
wants some more.
I help my mamma bake and sweep, then we must dust,
you see.
Don't you think I'm pretty busy for a lady only
three?

THE SACRIFICE.

Noel Sanford was determined to get an education. He had gone as far as the Tullyville school could carry him. An omnivorous reader from the time he could put syllables together, his excursions into the realms of history and literature had taught him even at the early age of fourteen that education meant opportunity; that, other things being equal, a man well-equipped mentally had a far better chance of success than one who had not been so trained.

His widowed mother's resources were all too scant to supply their ordinary necessities, yet Noel's future spelled for him only one word, and that was success.

How to attain this goal was his present anxiety; for the nearest high school or academy was fifteen miles away in the city of Burton. He must have money to pay for the daily trolley ride there and back, to pay for books, and for tuition as a non-resident.

He was asking himself how this was to be done as he drew near home and opened the gate, when his dog bounded rapturously toward him.

It was impossible for Noel to pass on without stooping to fondle and caress this almost constant companion of his daily life.

'Gem! Gem! Nice old fellow! Help your friend to solve his knotty problem.' He patted and rubbed the little fellow with affectionate touch.

As if in answer to his appeal, his mother, who stood in the doorway a witness of this scene, spoke hesitatingly: 'Noel, the Warners from Burton motored through here to-day. They stopped to watch and admire Gem; for just at that moment the little fellow was opening the gate for himself—the trick you and I are so proud of—and when Mr. Warner saw him stand up, put his paw on the latch, press it, and then come in, he remarked to the gentleman with him, that he would give fifty dollars to own such a cute little animal.'

'Well, he can't have my dog,' declared the boy with asperity; and gathering his pet to him with sudden jealousy he moved off to the barn.

He busied himself by splitting up an unusual supply of wood for his mother. He tried to whistle vigorously to shut out the obtruding thought of selling Gem, and thus reaching a definite solution of the vexed question.

It was Wednesday night. The schools opened Monday. In vain Noel and his mother schemed over ways for the boy to earn the needed money. They were forced in the end to the conclusion that work in Tullyville and school in Burton were an impossible combination. Then Noel became very quiet. His appetite vanished. Gem was not allowed out of his sight.

At last Saturday morning, he took down his cap, and with slower movement reached for the leading-strap to which Gem's collar was attached.

'It's no use, mother,' he declared in a lifeless, despondent tone, 'Gem must go.' The boy went out hastily accompanied by his pet, who was delighted to anticipate his master's expedition by joyful leaps and caresses.

Partly by walking, partly by a lift from a good-natured farmer, Noel found himself at Mr. Warner's house in Burton three hours later; and soon was concluding his bargain with that gentleman in person.

'Fine little animal!' averred Mr. Warner, complacent over his new possession, as he counted and handed to the boy five ten dollar bills.

With inaudible thanks, Noel crushed the money, the price of his dog, into his pocket, and turned to the door. That sagacious animal stood on his hind legs, placed both paws on the boy's arm, and looked into his face with a long whine. This dumb comforter knew his little master was in trouble.

One great scalding drop stole down the boy's cheek, as he patted Gem's head. Then he went out with hasty step.

He never explained to his mother where he passed the remainder of that day, nor how he accomplished the distance back to Tullyville.

When he opened the door of his home the evening shadows were gathering. He found a cheerful fire crackling on the hearth, the table set for the evening, and incomprehensible marvel, Gem lying by his mother's rocker! Both sprang up in joy at his return.

'Oh, Noel! I am so glad that you have come. I have so much to tell you.'

The boy, speechless and exhausted, dropped into a chair. Gem licked his hands with delight; barking, wagging his tail, and in various ways showing his excess of happiness.

'Why, Noel, after you left his house this morning, Mr. Lyman Warner made all sorts of inquiries about you. The result of his investigation influenced him to return your dog this afternoon. He is a director of the trolley company, and he brought a free scholar's pass for you between Tullyville and Burton. Then it appears that for some time he has had under consideration the founding of a four years' scholarship in the Burton school for the Tullyville boy who reached the highest standing. I believe that his mother used to live here, and the idea interests him on that account. Well, to come to the end of this wonderful tale, having heard about your high percentages he determined to found the "Studley Scholarship" at once, and you are entitled, to it. So on Monday morning you can start your new career.'

Down on the floor sank Noel Sanford, overcome with joy and fatigue. One arm was thrown around Gem. The dog cuddled close to his tired master, and soon sleep embraced them both.

The recumbent figure was unconscious of the watchful care which supplied the needed covering, and of the happy light which beamed from the mother's eyes as she read visions of the future in the embers on the hearth.

ACCORDING TO GUARANTEE.

'Two dollars will procure you four pairs of socks which can never be worn out.'

So ran the advertisement, which caused Jones, bachelor, to spend two dollars on a postal-order. When the socks arrived Jones surveyed them horror-stricken.

'Socks received,' he wrote to the advertiser. 'The patterns are vile. I wouldn't be seen out with them on.'

No reply reaching Jones to this, he sent a further letter threatening proceedings, and then came this answer:—

'What are you making such a fuss about? Didn't we guarantee that you wouldn't wear the socks out?'

QUICK TRAVELLING.

'Mr. Lane called again this morning, sir,' said the new office boy as Mr. Stuart entered the office.

Wm. INGS

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