

The Family Circle

RING TRUE.

Say boys! can you tell when a counterfeit coin
Is tossed on the counter to you?
Of course you can tell, for you know every time
That it strikes it doesn't ring true.

And boys! do you know that counterfeit life
That's a regular sham through and through
Is as simply detected in every-day strife
As the coin? for it doesn't ring true.

Ah, boys! if you want to be manly men,
To be honored in all that you do,
Just make up your mind that ten times out of ten
You will always be found to ring true.

And, boys, if you know how your country respects
A genuine man, then you, too,
Would endeavor to live a life that reflects
God's image—and always ring true.

Ring true in your contests and games on the field,
In your homes, with a crowd or a few;
Though others may try their shortcomings to shield,
Yet, boys, just remember, ring true!

ANECDOTES OF SWEDISH ROYALTIES.

Among the royal families, it is said, the Swedish sovereigns, descendants of Jean Bernadotte, most strongly insist upon the high duty which the king owes to his rank. Noblesse oblige was taught to all the sons of Oscar I. by their father as the chief rule of their lives.

One day (says a Swedish writer) the king was driving with his son Charles when a poor boy attracted the attention of the prince.

'Let me throw a franc to that fellow, father,' he pleaded.

'You may hand him a franc; you must not throw it to him. He, too, may be a prince some day.'

Prince Charles was anxiously trained by his mother, the Princess Josephine, in the highest code of good manners. One day she found him loitering at full length on the sofa.

'That is not a becoming way of taking your ease,' she said.

The boy's eyes twinkled. 'But, mamma,' he said, 'I learned this attitude from Herr Bostroem,' his tutor.

The princess was silenced for a moment. Then she said: 'When you are as learned and good a man as Herr Bostroem you may do as he does, but not before.'

One day the sentry on duty barred the way to the prince into a courtyard which was absolutely interdicted to the royal children.

'Do you know who I am?' he demanded, in a fury.

'You are Prince Charles, but I cannot let you pass,' said the man firmly.

'Then you make sure of your twenty five, according to law!' And the boy ran to his father, demanding that the man should have twenty-five lashes, the usual punishment for insulting a member of the royal family.

'Here,' said the king, 'are as many riksdalers. Give them to him for doing his duty.'

Prince Charles carried them to the sentry. 'Here are the twenty-five, as I promised you,' he said. The soldier bowed low, but there was a twinkle in his eye and in that of the prince which showed that they both understood.

Another writer contributes a new anecdote to the recollections of the late King Oscar of Sweden. It goes back more than fifty years, to a time when Oscar,

then Crown Prince, was travelling about seeing the world.

One day he boarded a passenger steamer at Marseilles for a trip to North Africa. He was in civilian's dress and unattended. The captain, who did not know who he was, accosted him.

'It seems to me I saw you at the naval review yesterday,' he said.

'Very likely you did,' said Prince Oscar.

'And it seems to me you were wearing an admiral's uniform.'

'I rather think I was.'

'You must be a remarkable seaman to have reached that rank at your age; you can't be over twenty-five.'

'Oh, a little older than that, but I'm no seaman at all. I wear an admiral's uniform in right of my name.'

'Which is—'

'Bernadotte.'

'Ah, some relation of the old Marshal?'

'Merely his grandson. I am Prince Oscar of Sweden, brother of the king.'

'Then maybe your Highness would like to meet a cousin.'

'I shouldn't object. I know there are some, but I have never seen one yet.'

The captain stepped to the speaking tube and shouted to the engine room: 'Send up Bernadotte.'

In a minute or two a grimy stoker, naked to the waist, appeared.

'This is your cousin,' said the captain, who was an extreme republican, with a bow in which the irony was only latent.

But if the captain hoped to embarrass or annoy the Prince, he was disappointed. Oscar put out his hand. He asked him about the relationship; about other cousins near Pan, where the Marshal was born, and about his own life and work. Then he made the other Bernadotte a present worthy of a prince and took his name and address with a view to future benefits.

THE WISDOM OF THE BEE.

The latest observer of the bees credits them with ability to judge the time of day. His studies were involuntary at the outset. He lives in a villa not far from Paris, and in summer it is the habit of his family to take their meals outdoors on a terrace.

At 7 o'clock in the morning the table was habitually set for the light French breakfast. A great dish of preserved fruit was always a feature of this meal. At noon came the 'grand déjeuner,' or luncheon, when there was no fruit. At 4 o'clock something like the English tea was served, and then again preserves made their appearance, remaining on the table for half to three-quarters of an hour.

The bees had their colony about a hundred yards from the terrace, but until last June they never gave the slightest trouble. Then the cook put a basin of cherries preserved in syrup to cool in a window near the table. There were some flowers in the window. A bee visiting these discovered the cherries and soon came back with the whole swarm to enjoy them. When they came back later and found the cherries gone they went foraging, and presently discovered the preserves on the breakfast table.

'We are lost,' said the proprietor; 'we will have to give up eating here.'

At first the bees busied over the terrace all day from dawn to dusk. Then they began to disappear in the middle of the day. They made early breakfast and afternoon tea impossible, but they were totally absent at the dinner hour. About the middle of July the family gave up using the terrace for the bee infested meals, but by way of experiment the table was set one morning as usual. Promptly at 7 a.m. the bees began to arrive, and at 10 o'clock, when the table was cleared as usual, they ceased coming. Not a trace of a bee was seen again until 4. The luncheon was eaten without the presence of a single one.