

The Family Circle

GRANDPA AND ME.

My grandpa says that he was once
A little boy like me.
I s'pose he was, and yet it does
Seem queer to think that he
Could ever get my jacket on,
Or shoes, or like to play
With games and toys and race with Duke,
As I do every day.

He's come to visit us, you see,
Nurse says I must be good
And mind my manners, as a child
With such a grandpa should.
For grandpa's very straight and tall,
And very dignified;
He knows 'most all there is to know
And other things beside.

So, though my grandpa knows so much,
I thought that maybe boys
Were things he hadn't studied,
They make such awful noise.
But when at dinner I asked for
Another piece of pie,
I thought I saw a twinkle
In the corner of his eye.

So yesterday, when they went out,
And left us two alone,
I was not quite so much surprised
To find how nice he'd grown.
You should have seen us romp and run;
My, now I almost see
That p'r'aps he was, long, long ago,
A little boy like me.

—The Round Table.

DR. ROSEMARY'S FIRST CASE

Rosemary let herself in at the side gate and went happily hop up the garden path to the back porch. The screen door was fastened, so she rattled the knob impatiently and pressed her eager face against the wires.

'Mother,' she said, 'I'm back again.'

'Wait a moment, Rosemary.'

The little girl hopped up and down on one foot until her mother came to open the door.

'What happened, dear? Wasn't Anna at home?'

'Yes, she was at home—but, oh, come and sit down a minute, mother, I've such a lot to tell.'

Rosemary perched herself upon the arm of her mother's chair, drew a deep breath, and began:

'You see, mother, Anna was on her high horse to-day because she was expecting a cousin from Scotland, and she said she didn't feel like playing. I felt dreadfully about it at first, but on the way home, when I was passing the "playhouse" where Miss Milsom lives, I met Uncle Doctor just coming out. I asked him if Miss Milsom was sick, and he said, "A little—a kind of lonesickness because nobody ever goes to see her."

'I felt ashamed when Uncle Doctor said that, because Anna and I always laugh at Miss Milsom and call her crazy. You know every time we pass her house she runs to the window and watches us, so we thought we must be crazy. I asked Uncle Doctor if he thought it would do any good if I went to see her, and what do you think he said?'

'I can't quite guess.'

'Why he said I'd be a better doctor for Miss Milsom than he was, and he'd turn the case over to me! May I go right away now, and take a bottle of grape juice for a tonic, mother, please?'

'Of course you may,' said mother, stooping to kiss the rosy, intense little face.

As mother was putting the bottle of tonic and a small box labelled 'Comfort powders' into a little black bag, a sorrowful wail from Rosemary caused her to look up in alarm.

'Oh, oh, mother, it's pouring rain!'

'But doctors never mind about the weather. Put on Ray's rubber coat and take my umbrella, and you'll be as snug as possible.'

Feeling very important and happy, Dr. Rosemary skipped out into the pelting rain, swinging her little black bag. As she turned the corner close by the playhouse a sudden gust of wind made her lower her umbrella.

'Look out for my eye, I've only got two,' cried a voice. Rosemary peered out from the side of the umbrella and beheld the jolly postman, who was a special friend.

'Where are you sailing to?' he asked. 'It must be an important errand.'

'It is. I'm the doctor's assistant, and I'm going to see Miss Milsom.'

'Good!' said the postman. 'Here's a letter for her, that'll act like a plaster, maybe.'

'Oh, how lovely! Will you please put it in my bag.'

The next moment Rosemary rapped at the playhouse door.

It was a drooping, dejected little lady who opened it, but when she looked out and beheld the rosy, smiling face under the dripping umbrella, her eyes and mouth became one round oh! of surprise.

'I've come to see you,' explained Rosemary; whereupon Miss Milsom opened wide the door and cried:

'Come in! Come in! What is your name?' she questioned. 'I've wanted to know.'

'On other days it's just plain Rosemary, but to-day I'm Doctor Rosemary. I heard that you were sick.'

'Bless you!' exclaimed Miss Milsom; and after the small doctor had been relieved of her wet garments the little old lady said smilingly, 'Will you feel my pulse?'

'It's pretty bad,' said Rosemary, trying to look serious, but failing utterly. 'Here's a tonic for you. Now let me see your tongue. Oh, my! I should say you needed these powders. Take one right away, please, and one every morning.'

Miss Milsom took the small box labelled 'comfort powders' and eagerly opened one of the folded, colored papers, which looked exactly as if they had been prepared at the drug store. Inside, however, was merely a comforting verse.

'Oh, isn't that lovely! I feel better already, Doctor.'

'And now,' quoth the assistant doctor, gaining courage every moment, 'Let me examine your eyes. Ah!' she murmured in a most professional manner, 'they need this plaster.' And she presented her patient with a letter.

'I believe you are a magician,' laughed the little lady. 'It's from my niece,' she said, studying the postmark. 'She lives in Barryville and has five darling children. I've always wanted her to give me one, but she won't hear of it.'

'Open it, open it!' cried Rosemary.

'I must get my glasses,' said the little old lady.

When she returned the glasses were on her nose, and in her hand was a plateful of cakes. While Rosemary munched, Miss Milsom read her letter.

'Oh, dear!' murmured the little girl suddenly, 'is it a sad letter?'

'No, oh no! Don't mind me, my dear,' said Miss Milsom, wiping her eyes. 'I'm just a foolish old woman. My niece wants me to come and visit her, and I'm so happy! It's such a lovely place—Barryville is—and then those children!' 'Tell me about them,' begged Rosemary, but before Miss Milsom could finish her story of these remarkable Barryville children the clock struck five.

'Dear me, I must go,' said the little girl, with a sigh. 'I'm glad it's stopped raining.'

Wm. INGS

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