

# The Family Circle

## A GENTLEMAN

I knew him for a gentleman  
By signs that never fail;  
His coat was rough and rather worn,  
His cheeks were thin and pale—  
A lad who had his way to make,  
With little time to play,  
I knew him for a gentleman  
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street,  
Off came his little cap,  
My door was shut, he waited there  
Until I heard his rap.  
He took his bundle from my hand,  
And when I dropped my pen  
He sprang to pick it up for me,  
This little gentleman.

He does not push or crowd along,  
His voice is gently pitched;  
He does not fling his books about  
As if he were bewitched.  
He stands aside to let you pass;  
He always shuts the door;  
He runs on errands willingly,  
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself,  
He serves you if he can.  
For in whatever company,  
The manners make the man.  
At ten and forty 'tis the same,  
The manner tells the tale,  
And I discern the gentleman  
By signs that never fail.

## THE RAINY DAY STORY

'This is such a wet rainy day,' Judy sighed, her nose pressed flat against the sitting-room window. 'I guess the geese are happy to-day,' she added, as a big gander went waddling by with a funny air of importance.

Judy was visiting in the country, and she longed to explore the delights of the orchards and barn, instead of having the rain keep her a prisoner in the house.

Aunt Maria smiled. 'Judy,' she said, 'did you ever hear of the goose that saved the pig?'

Judy shook her head. 'It sounds like a story,' she said wisely, and brought her rocking chair close to her aunt's.

'It is,' Aunt Maria answered. 'I'll tell you about it while I shell peas.' So this is the story she told as the peas went rattling into the big tin pan and the rain splashed and spattered against the window.

'Once, long ago'—Judy sighed delightedly—'my grandmother went with her husband and two little girls to live in a place where there were only woods, and no neighbors for miles around. And grandfather had to work very hard to cut down the trees and make a place to plant his corn and flax, so that he could have food and clothing for his family.

'And grandmother worked hard in the house, baking and sweeping and spinning and teaching her little girls to read and write and sew. She had to teach them because there wasn't any school where they could go.

'And they had a horse and a cow and a pig and some little wee piggies and some geese and a funny, important old gander. And he and the pig were good friends.'

One day, when grandfather was cutting down a tree, it fell before he could get out of the way, and came crashing down across his leg. He had to lie there for hours before he could make grandmother hear him, and come to help. And when she did, I don't know how she and the little girls ever got the tree off his leg; but they did, and somehow they managed to get him into the house.

Then grandmother bound up his leg, and made him as comfortable as she could. While she was doing that, the little girls cooked some supper; for grandmother must ride at once for the doctor to set grandfather's leg, and it was already growing dusk.

She was afraid in the woods, too, when it grew dark; but she was a brave woman, and she knew it had to be done.

'Just before the supper was ready a terrible squawking and hissing began out at the shed, and then stamping and squealing and a dreadful uproar, but above it all she could hear the gander.

'Grandmother snatched up the rifle and hurried to the door to see what was causing the commotion, for quite often wildcats came prowling around. But this was no wildcat, Judy, it was a big bear!' Judy gasped.

'Grandmother screamed, and ran right out. She forgot to be afraid. She was thinking of the poor animals inside the shed, and the little tender pigs nearest the door.

'But as she came closer she saw the strangest sight! There was the old gander defending his friend the pig! He kept just out of reach of the bear's paws, but he hissed and squawked and beat the air with his powerful wings, until the bear didn't know what to do, because no matter which way he turned, there was the gander.

When he heard grandmother, he turned, but just as he took a step toward her, growling with rage, grandmother fired, and down he went, a great furry heap. Grandfather and the little girls were pretty glad when she came running back, and they found she wasn't hurt. And weren't they surprised when she said she had killed a bear!

'In the midst of all their talk and excitement the man who lived beyond them in the woods rode up. He was on his way to the little settlement; and when he heard about grandfather's accident, he rode away fast to bring the doctor. So grandmother didn't have to take the long, lonesome ride through the forest. And when the doctor came he brought a young man to work for grandmother until grandfather's leg got well.'

'And what did they do with the bear?' Judy asked eagerly.

'He made them lots of good meals,' Aunt Maria answered; 'for bear meat is good, you know. And they made a lovely warm rug out of his skin. Don't you think, Judy, that the gander was a brave old fellow to fight so hard for the pig?'

Judy nodded absently, and walked to the window. Absalom, the gander, was still parading in the rain. Judy watched him a moment, then turned quickly.

'But, Auntie,' she said earnestly, 'he saved the horse and cow and the little piggies, too.'

Her auntie nodded.

'And grandfather and grandmother and the two little girls?'

'I shouldn't wonder,' Aunt Maria said.

## THE TEST OF CHARACTER

Beginning a thing is easy. It's the sticking to it that is difficult. The test of character is the ability to go on and finish. It is a rare virtue and an exceedingly valuable one, for whatever you have set yourself to do, there will surely come a time of discouragement, when you doubt if, after all, it is worth while. Look out for that time—the time when you are tempted to turn back. It is there that the danger lies. It doesn't matter what your work is—earning a living or making a home or conquering a besetting sin—discouragement is bound to come. Don't give way to it. Be prepared for it and make up your mind to keep on just the same.

## KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

The gratitude and affection which wild animals will exhibit when kindly treated has been pathetically instanced recently in the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens through the death of a keeper. This man, John Feeney, for thirty years walked the houses and grounds of the gardens from 6 o'clock in the evening until 7 o'clock the following morning. It was said that in all these years he never spoke a harsh word to any animal, and even those which had killed other keepers were most docile with him. To the most ferocious he could give a friendly pat. So jealous were the animals of his kind words that if he remained too long at one cage or failed to appear at the usual time, a long wailing showed the desire for his presence. The day after his death a strange air of quiet pervaded the gardens, broken only by an occasional mournful howl. In some way the poor creatures seemed to understand that they had lost their friend.

## A VERY 'SMALL' ILLNESS

'Oui, madame is ill, but ze doctor haf pronounce it something very trifling, very small,' said the French maid to an inquiring friend.

'Oh, I am relieved, for I was really anxious about her,' replied the friend. 'What does the doctor say, the trouble is?'

'Let me recall. It was something very leetle, answered the French maid. 'Oh, I hav it now! Ze doctor says zat madame has ze smallpox.'