

The Family Circle

THE DOG.

I've never known a dog to wag
His tail in glee he didn't feel,
Nor quit his old-time friend to tag
At some more influential heel;
The yellowest cur I ever knew
Was, to the boy who loved him, true.

I've never known a dog to show
Half-way devotion to his friend,
To seek a kinder man to know
Or richer, but unto the end
The humblest dog I ever knew
Was, to the man that loved him, true.

I've never known a dog to fake
Affection for a present gain,
A false display of love to make,
Some little favor to attain.
I've never known a Prince or Spot
That seemed to be what he was not.

But I have known a dog to fight
With all his strength to shield a friend.
And, whether wrong or whether right,
To stick with him until the end.
And I have known a dog to lick
The hand of him that men would kick.

And I have known a dog to bear
Starvation's pangs from day to day
With him who had been glad to share
His bread and meat along the way.
No dog, however mean or rude,
Is guilty of ingratitude.

The dog is listed with the dumb,
No voice has lie to speak his creed,
His messages to humans come
By faithful conduct and by deed,
He shows, as seldoms mortals do,
A high ideal of being true.

AN OLD FABLE.

Once a poor crane was caught in a net and could not get out. She fluttered and flapped her wings, but it was of no use; she was held fast.

'Oh' she cried. 'What will become of me if I can not break this net? The hunter will come and kill me, or else I shall die of hunger, and if I die who will care for my little ones in the nest? They must perish also if I do not come back to feed them.'

Now Trusty, the sheep-dog, was in the next field and heard the poor crane's cries. He jumped over the fence, and, seizing the net in his teeth, quickly tore it in pieces. 'There,' he said. 'Now fly back to your young ones, ma'am, and good luck to you all.'

The crane thanked him a thousand times. 'I wish all dogs were like you,' she said. 'And I wish I could do something to help you as you have helped me.'

'Who knows?' said Trusty. 'Some day I may need help in return, and then you may remember me. My poor mother used to say to me:

"To do a kind deed wherever we can
Is good for bird and beast and man."'

Then Trusty went back to mind his master's sheep, and Mrs. Crane flew to her nest, and fed and tended her crane babies.

Some time after this she was flying homeward and stopped at a clear pool to drink. As she did so she heard a sad, moaning sound, and, looking about, whom should she see but Trusty, lying on the ground, almost at the point of death. She flew to him. 'Oh, my good, kind friend,' she cried, 'what has happened to you?'

'A bone has stuck in my throat,' said the dog, 'and I am choking.'

'Now, how thankful I am for my long bill!' said Mrs. Crane. 'Open your mouth, good friend, and let me see what I can do.'

Trusty opened his mouth wide; the crane darted in her long, slender bill, and with a few good tugs loosened the bone and finally got it out.

'Oh, you kind, friendly bird!' cried the dog, as he sprang to his feet and capered joyfully about. 'How shall I ever reward you for saving my life?'

'Did you not save mine first?' said Mrs. Crane. 'Friend Trusty, I have only learned your mother's lesson, which you taught me, that

"To do a kind deed wherever we can
Is good for bird and beast and man."'

WHY MINNIE COULDN'T SLEEP.

She sat up in bed. The curtain was drawn up, and she saw the moon, and it looked as if it were laughing at her.

'You need not look at me, Moon,' she said. 'You don't know about it; you can't see in the daytime. Besides, I am going to sleep.'

She lay down and tried to go to sleep. Her clock on the mantel went 'tick-tock, tick-tock.' She generally liked to hear it; and to-night it sounded just as if it said, 'I know, I know, I know.'

'You don't know, either,' said Minnie, opening her eyes wide. 'You weren't there, you old thing; you were up-stairs.'

Her loud voice awoke the parrot. He took his head from under his wing, and cried out: 'Polly did.'

'That's a wicked story, you naughty bird,' said Minnie. 'You were in grandma's room, so now!'

Then Minnie tried to go to sleep again. She lay down and counted white sheep, just as grandma said she did when she couldn't sleep. But there was a big lump in her throat. 'Oh, I wish I hadn't.'

Pretty soon there came a very soft patter of four little feet, and her pussy jumped up on the bed, kissed Minnie's cheek, and then began to 'pur-r-r, pur-r-r.' It was very queer; but that, too, sounded as if pussy said: 'I know, I know.'

'Yes, you do know, kitty,' said Minnie; and then she threw her arms around Kitty's neck, and cried bitterly. 'And—I guess—I want—to—see—my—mamma!'

Mamma opened her arms when she saw the little weeping girl coming, then Minnie told her miserable story.

'I was awfully naughty, mamma, but I did want the custard pie so bad, and so I ate it up, 'most a whole pie: and then—I—oh—I don't want to tell, but I s'pect I must,—I shut kitty in the pantry to make you think she did it. But I'm sorry, mamma.'

Then mamma told Minnie that she had known all about it. But she had hoped that the little daughter would be brave enough to tell her all about it herself.

'But, mamma,' she asked, 'how did you know it wasn't kitty?'

WOMEN NOT AFRAID OF BIG THINGS.

A young navy lieutenant was detailed as third in command in a perilous cruise. He was timid, his brother officers despised him as lacking in courage, and his admiral thought seriously of asking him to resign from the service, but men were scarce and he was sent (says 'Looker-on' in the *Boston Pilot*).

The object of the expedition was the capture of a smuggling vessel. After they had been a short time at sea, cholera broke out on board. The crew threatened to mutiny unless set on shore. The captain and first officer went down with the scourge. Then the timid youngster's mettle showed itself. He took charge, drove the men to their posts at the point of a gun, found the smuggler, captured it, brought it back and then collapsed. He might have left the service branded by