

## The Family Circle

### MY DOG.

Whenever I start to go to school  
Rags tags behind me, and 'tis cruel  
The way I have to shake my head  
And tell him, 'Now go home to bed!'

As I look back, he's sitting there  
With such a sad and doleful air;  
His ears are down—his tail is, too—  
How can I leave a friend so true?

When I return from school, why he  
Is happy as a dog can be!  
He's standing up—his eyes so bright  
Just twinkle as I come in sight.

It's hard for Rags, 'cause don't you see,  
He don't love no one else but me;  
He only wags his tail to some—  
He wags his whole self when I come.

### A GRENADIER OF FRANCE.

'How warm you are, brother,' said a charming little princess to the companion of her lessons and her play. 'I know that you have been playing ninepins with the old grenadier.'

'You are right,' replied the boy. 'And I have won three games.'

'Oh, he gave them to you! He would not beat you, he is so kind.'

'Yes, he is kind; but what I like best about him is his big moustache, and the three sabre slashes across his forehead. They are superb!'

'How nice it is to have him to play with, brother! Every day when he is off duty, it is delightful to be wheeled about the terrace as he does it, so gently and carefully.'

'Yes, that is all right, sister; but not half so fine as the carbine exercises we have together—he and I. And he talks to me and commands me as though I were a regular soldier. That is what I like.'

'But he is very proud, brother. The other day I offered him a pretty little purse containing two pieces of gold. He would not take it. His voice even frightened me a little when he said, looking directly into my face: "No, no, Mademoiselle, I serve you for pleasure and the honor, not for pay."'

'Oh, how I love him and all the grenadiers,' said the boy. 'Uncle said yesterday that a prince could have no better friends.'

'And don't you remember he said also: "They are faithful until death"? What did he mean?'

'That they would give their lives for us. And, sister, I believe it.'

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The conversation took place in the garden of a country residence where the royal children were sojourning in the warm weather, far from the restraints of the French Court.

Walking slowly towards the house, hand in hand, they continued their praises of the grenadier who was so kind to them and so careful of them. After they had gone the old man appeared from the open space where, on the lawn as smooth and green as velvet, he had been playing with the boy. He had been on sentry duty the night before, and had had no rest as yet; for he never failed to spend at least one hour of the morning with the young prince and princess. At 65 years of age, after half the night on duty, a man has some excuse for being fatigued.

When the brother and sister had disappeared, the grenadier threw himself upon a bench beneath the shade of a large tree, thinking to smoke a pipe before turning in, the August heat was so oppressive. Very soon the cool shade lured him to drowsiness. Removing

his enormous hat, he laid it on the bench beside him, abandoning himself to the most profound sleep.

When luncheon was over, the children hastened back to the garden with a book, prepared to enjoy it under the group of lindens which always afforded a delicious shade. But in a moment they caught sight of their friend, the old grenadier, seated on a bench at the end of the avenue, and at once ran to join him.

As soon as they saw that he had fallen asleep, they began to move on tip-toe, whispering softly. The rays of the afternoon sun were beginning to penetrate the light foliage, and stream on the head of the old man.

'See how he is perspiring!' muttered the boy.

'And his face is so red!' rejoined the girl. 'He ought not to be without his hat in this hot sun.'

'What if it should make him ill?'

'Shall we wake him?'

'Oh, no, we must not do that. He needs sleep. He was on duty half the night, walking up and down in front of our windows when we were fast asleep.'

'Let us pull down those branches, and try to twine them more closely, so that the sun cannot reach him.'

'We could not do that. Besides it might wake him.'

'What shall we do? See the drops of perspiration running down his face!'

'Let us put his hat on his head.'

'Very well. Come gently behind the bench, and we will try.'

Moving on tiptoe, the two children lifted the immense shako, stiff with gold embroidery and heavy with plumes, and with great gentleness succeeded in placing it on the head of their sleeping friend. For an instant he stirred uneasily—an instant of suspense for the anxious brother and sister, who stood clasping hands and regarding him. But presently he was once more fast asleep.

They drew a breath of relief. The old grenadier could now enjoy his slumbers without danger of sunstroke.

They stole away as quietly as they had come, unconscious that they had been observed by the corporal on duty, whose beat lay within sight of the long alley of lindens.

When the grenadier awoke, bathed in perspiration, he found his hat on his head.

'Maraille!' he cried to the sentry. 'I thank you for putting my hat on, otherwise I might have had a stroke. Heavy as it is, the sun beating down on my uncovered head would have been far worse. I must have been asleep a long time.'

'You were,' said Maraille. 'But it was not I who saved you from sunstroke.'

'Who was it, then?'

'The little prince and princess.'

That night, at mess, the corporal related all that had occurred; the gentle solicitude of the children, their effectual efforts to save their friend from the heat of the sun, the silence with which they had vanished so as not to waken him. All the soldiers were charmed with the recital.

'I'll tell you! I am thinking of something,' said the old grenadier. 'Comrades, let us confer together.'

One and all they agreed with his plan, and soon coins began to drop into the out-stretched hand of the old grenadier.

Several days passed, and the word went forth that the service of the grenadiers at the palace had terminated for the present, and that another company would take their place. The exchange being always attended with some ceremony, the prince, already well informed and deeply interested in military discipline, was ordered by his mother, in the absence of his father, the King, to review the companies.

At the appointed hour, the children assembled, with their mother, their governess, and the members of the household. The two companies of grenadiers marched and counter-marched before them—the newly arrived saluting, and the departing members making their farewell bows. After all was over, the first took

**YOUR BOY IS AWAY I I**

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