

## The Family Circle

### WHAT THE KETTLE SINGS.

I love to hear the kettle sing  
In winter when the wind is blowing;  
It somehow makes me think of spring,  
Though it is snowing.

A little sort of chirp comes first,  
And then a gentle drowsy humming,  
That seems to say, 'We're through the worst!  
Yes, spring is coming!'

I know quite well, outside the room,  
What isn't snowy must be icy,  
And yet I dream of fruit and bloom  
In islands spicy—

And little running, laughing streams,  
And dear green woods, with vines and mosses,  
And sunny places full of gleams,  
When the wind tosses

The leafy branches all about  
Make just another sort of singing;  
And little flurry things come out,  
Leaping and springing.

And always, when I get to this,  
And feel a sort of pleasant creepy,  
My mother wakes me with a kiss,  
And 'Oh, how sleepy!'

### AN INTELLIGENT DOG.

The following story of canine intelligence comes from the United States:—

Rax was one of the most intelligent dogs I ever knew.

Now you may wonder what his real name was, and will laugh when I tell you it was 'Borax.' Wasn't that a strange name for a dog?

He was a nice, clean-looking dog, all white, with very expressive brown eyes.

He used to come from Boston, his home, down to the beach every summer with his owner, Mrs. Aldrich. She was very deaf, and 'Rax' used to be 'ears for her,' she said. When anyone went to the cottage to call, Rax would inform his mistress of their presence by barking loudly, and if she didn't go to the door at once he would go where she was and bark louder still, as much as to say, 'Hurry up, they will be tired waiting.'

He seemed to understand that he must look out for her very carefully, and always followed her wherever she went.

At night when he went upstairs to bed it was his custom to go to the bureau where the pocketbook was kept and bark till she gave it to him, then he would take it in his mouth and go upstairs, and lie down with it until his mistress came up to bed. No one could get it away from him but his mistress, either.

One night his mistress sent him upstairs, and, as usual, he had the pocketbook between his teeth. When she was ready to go to bed she went out into the kitchen where the stairs led up to the chambers, and said, in an ordinary tone of voice, 'Rax, bring my pocketbook down here. I want some change for the milkman.' She waited a moment and then said, 'Are you coming?' As she spoke the words she turned around and there was Rax with the pocketbook.

I was a frequent visitor at the cottage, and often did the errands for Mrs. Aldrich at the store. When I went to inquire if I could do anything for her, Rax would jump up and put his paws on the bureau and bark and whine till he had the pocketbook, then he would come to me and ask, as well as a dog could, if he could go to the store with me.

One night Rax was lying on the foot of his mistress's bed as usual, and although apparently asleep, yet was on the alert for any disturbance. Just then there rang out on the air the old bell, clanging wildly the alarm of fire. Rax heard the noise, and rushed downstairs, but was driven back by a cloud of smoke which was pouring up the stairway.

He jumped around wildly and barked trying to arouse his mistress, but she was a heavy sleeper and did not awaken. Then he quickly jumped on to the bed, and gently put his paw on her face. She started up quickly and, realising her danger, hastily threw some wraps on and, opening the window, tried to crawl out on the roof. Rax was there before her, and, jumping down to the ground, ran around the corner of the avenue as quickly as his four paws would carry him. By this time the firemen came rushing along and, guided by the dog's frantic movements and barking, rushed to the room, and in a few minutes had rescued Mrs. Aldrich from the burning cottage.

They soon had the flames extinguished, and found that there was not much damage done to the cottage.

Rax was the hero of the hour, however, and seemed to understand what he had done, as he went to his mistress and lapped her hands and face and looked at her with those expressive eyes. All agreed that if it had not been for his efforts, Mrs. Aldrich would have been burned to death.

### BOYS THAT SUCCEED.

'A new boy came into our office to-day,' said a wholesale grocery merchant to his wife at the supper table. 'He was hired by the firm at the request of the senior member, who thought the boy gave promise of good things. But I feel sure that the boy will be out of the office in less than a week.'

'What makes you think so?' inquired his wife.

'Because the very first thing that he wanted to know was just exactly how much he was expected to do.'

'Perhaps you will yet change your mind about him.'

'Perhaps I shall,' replied the merchant, 'but I do not think so.'

Three days later the business man said to his wife: 'About that boy you remember I mentioned two or three days ago. Well, he is the best boy who ever entered the store.'

'How did you find that out?'

'In the easiest way in the world. The first morning after the boy began to work he performed very faithfully and systematically the exact duties assigned him, which he had been so careful to have explained to him. When he had finished, he came to me and said: "Mr.—, I have finished all the work. Now, what can I do?"'

'I was a little surprised, but I gave him a little job of work, and forgot all about him until he came into my room with the question, "What next?" That settled it for me. He was the first boy that ever entered our office who was willing and volunteered to do more than was assigned him. I predict a successful career for that boy as a business man.'

### DUMAS AS A COOK.

Cooking or the compounding of salads and sauces has the authority of historic precedent as a suitable hobby for French gentlemen of distinction. It was fashionable among the aristocracy in court circles before the Revolution, and became of essential service to more than one noble fugitive from the Terror during his exile. One young gentleman, rather narrowly escaping the guillotine, hid his name under an alias, and served for several months as an assistant in a famous London restaurant, where he was soon given the entire responsibility for the minced meats, entrees, and ragouts. After the partial restoration of his fortunes, he delighted in telling the story of his adventures, always concluding with a phrase that may perhaps best be rendered:

**YOUR BOY IS AWAY!** Wouldn't you like a nice Enlargement from his photograph? Let us do one for you, we never fail to please.

**GAZE & CO.**  
Photographer, HAMILTON