

# The Family Circle

## STORY TELLING.

Most every night when they're in bed,  
And both their little prayers have said,  
They shout for me to come upstairs  
And tell them tales of grizzly bears,  
And Indians and gypsies bold,  
And eagles with claws that hold  
A baby's weight, and fairy sprites  
That roam the woods on starry nights.

And I must illustrate these tales,  
Must imitate the northern gales  
That toss the Indian's canoe,  
And show the way he paddles, too.  
If in the story comes a bear,  
I have to pause and sniff the air  
And show the way he climbs the trees  
To steal the honey from the bees.

And then I buzz like angry bees  
And sting him on his nose and knees,  
And howl in pain, till mother cries:  
'That pair will never shut their eyes  
While all that noise up there you make,  
You're simply keeping them awake.'  
And then they whisper, 'Just one more.'  
And once again I'm forced to roar.

New stories every night they ask,  
And that is not an easy task.  
I have to be so many things:  
The frog that croaks, the lark that sings,  
The cunning fox, the frightened hen;  
But just last night they stumped me, when  
They wanted me to twist and squirm  
And imitate an angleworm.

At last they tumble off to sleep,  
And softly from their room I creep,  
And brush and comb the shock of hair  
I tossed about to be a bear.  
Then mother says: 'Well, I should say  
You're just as much a child as they.'  
But you can bet I'll not resign,  
That story-telling job of mine.

—Exchange.

## HOW A PENNY WAS MADE TO GROW.

Lily had been acting in a very mysterious manner ever since earliest morning. After breakfast she beckoned her brother Ned to follow her into the garden where the rest of the family could not see them.

'Just watch what I am going to do!' she whispered.

Her hand, which was clasping something very tight, opened when they reached their own especial little plot and revealed a bright new penny.

'I'm going to plant this,' she said. 'And perhaps after a week a little bush will spring up so covered with pennies that we can buy anything we want!'

Ned's eyes opened wide at the mere thought, and he at once saw himself the owner of a tiny boat he had longed to have; for he knew Lily could be depended upon to share with him the fruit of the little bush.

'I,' said Lily, softly, 'shall get a doll's tea set that I've wanted a long time.'

The children then carefully planted the penny, and placed a stick to mark the spot. They waited for a whole week, but nothing happened. That penny seemed to take the longest time to sprout! For some reason they felt shy about telling anyone what they had done, but finally they decided to confide in Auntie Belle, and get her opinion. She, they were sure, might be relied upon not to laugh should their question be a foolish one.

Auntie Belle, after they had told their story, remained thoughtful for a moment.

'My dears,' she said at last, 'that penny will never grow, at least not in that way; it wasn't intended that it should. Just think how many lazy people there would be in the world if they could get all the money they needed by merely planting a penny!'

Then, watching the two disappointed faces before her, she went on:

'But with great care and industry the penny can be made to grow in another way.'

The little faces brightened. 'How?' they cried together. 'Can we make it grow?'

'This would be one way, I think,' answered Auntie Belle. 'Give it to Mr. Brown's gardener in exchange for some pansy seed, and plant that instead. Then if you both do just exactly what he tells you, when the summer comes you should have some fine flowers; for your garden gets so much sun. Now you know how I love pansies; for every little bunch you bring me I'll give you a penny; and perhaps before they cease blooming the penny may have grown into ten! I know,' she said, for here Lily interrupted her, 'that you would both let me have them for nothing, but this is what grown-up people would call a business transaction, and I insist on paying for all the flowers this penny produces.'

The children kissed their aunt, and then ran off with their penny to have a talk with Mr. Brown's gardener, who kept a little seed shop. And before the summer was over they had really learned how to make a penny grow—and Ned owned the little boat, and Lily the tea set that she had wanted for her dolls!

## A TRICK WITH DOMINOES.

Do any of our young folks nowadays play dominoes? It used to be a popular indoor pastime when we were young folks ourselves; and, for all we know, it may be so still. In case it is, and that our readers are familiar with it, here is a good trick.

To play the trick, you take a box of dominoes and upset the twenty-eight pieces on a table. Next, you tell some one else to arrange the pieces just as if he were playing the game—that is, by matching the pieces in a line by the corresponding ends,—the three-spot of one piece, for instance, being placed next the three-spot of another. You explain that he may arrange them in any way he pleases, provided he follows that rule of the game; that, while he is doing so, you will go out of the room and will not watch him; and that, all the same, when he has finished placing them, you will tell him from outside what are the terminal numbers,—that is, the number of pips or spots at each end of the line.

When he tries it, and you tell him, without looking, the correct numbers, he is likely to say that you made a lucky guess, but that it was *only* a guess. Then have him try it again, shifting his arrangement, or let him try as often as he likes; and you succeed every time, just as if you could see through the wall.

How you succeed is this way. When you upset the boxful on the table, you keep one piece in your hand—any one you like except a double-piece (double-blank, double-one, etc.). The numbers at the end of the line your friend arranges will invariably be the numbers on the piece that you have kept. Suppose, for instance, that you have kept the six-three; then at one end of his line there will be a six and at the other a three. As no one is likely to count the dominoes, it is a safe trick. When you try it a second time, you change the domino you keep, so as not to excite suspicion.—*Ave Maria.*

## COLLECTING STAMPS.

Few seem to realise how much valuable education is incidentally acquired in the pursuit of stamp-collecting. The boy who has a large stamp collection is sure to be well posted in his geography; this is the

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Photographer, HAMILTON