

The Family Circle

HIS FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

She led him slowly to the garden gate,
 But mother's heart was heavier than his own,
 As on his arm she laid his book and slate.
 It seemed as if her little bird had flown
 Away forever from her outstretched arms,
 That she would never know his love again.
 But, O! he must not know of her alarms,
 So mother struggled to conceal her pain.

She saw the teardrop in his bright blue eye,
 Beheld the quiver in his baby face,
 While manfully he strove to check the sigh,
 As though it might her loving kiss efface.
 She must not know, he thought, that he was sad,
 Although his cheek felt strangely white and cold;
 For he must try to be a manly lad—
 He had forgotten—he was six years old!

And as she watched him wander down the lane,
 Tears dimmed the disappearing little form;
 Strange mother-tears, commingled joy and pain,
 Lest from her arms too soon he might be torn.
 And so she dashed away the falling tears,
 And tried in vain her flushing cheek to cool,
 The while recalling that life's cares and fears
 Began for him to-day—his first at school!
 —Amelia Fisher.

THE LOST ROSARY.

Many years ago at the military school of Saint Cyr, in France, a cadet one day found a rosary lying in the dust. He picked it up and said nothing about it at the time.

It was during the period of examinations, which were conducted by an old French marshal. Among the pupils who distinguished themselves by the brilliancy of their replies the marshal especially noticed a serious, intelligent looking young man, with gentle, modest manners.

The examination over, the boys passed in review before the old soldier. As soon as the ranks were broken the one who had found the rosary shouted—

"Who lost this rosary? Who is the imbecile, the ignoramus who still tells his beads?"

The gentle-mannered student referred to came forward and said—

"That rosary is mine; please give it to me. It is a present from my mother. I promised her to guard it carefully and to make use of it every day of my life."

The marshal, who was told of the incident, approached the young man and said—

"My friend, I congratulate you. In the matter of the rosary you showed a courage equal to the scholarship you exhibited in your examination. Always be as brave in the discharge of your duties and you will win the esteem of all good people."

BEING LADYLIKE.

One often hears it said that a business office is not a parlor, and that parlor manners cannot be expected; yet the fact remains that where they are practised they are almost invariably appreciated. One of the stenographers in a certain large office was distinguished by her charming manners, which were always those of the drawing room, and by her sweet womanliness and refinement. She sometimes spoke wonderingly of the unfailing and chivalrous courtesy with which she was treated by her associates in the office, seeming scarcely to realise that she received what she gave, and that her attitude called out the best in them. A comment made by the cashier to his assistant indicated the feeling with which she was regarded. The cashier, while usually good-natured and pleasant, had times of irritability, when he lost his temper easily, and was apt to be sarcastic and disagreeable to those about him. Speaking of the stenographer, he said:

"She is the only one in the office that I can't quarrel with." She was so thoroughly the lady that he would no more have thought of quarrelling with her than with the ladies whom he met in his own home or the homes of his friends. With many young women the business experience lasts only a few years, and then they go back into home life, or into a social life where the sweet, lovable, womanly qualities are worth far more to them than the pert smartness which is so easily picked up where one comes into daily contact with all sorts and kinds of people. While free and easy manners may make one seemingly popular with a certain class of people, the admiration that is best and most lasting, because it is founded on respect, is given to the girl who keeps herself quiet, dignified, and lady-like.

SETTLING THE POINT.

"I understand that you called on the plaintiff," cross-examined the youthful counsel. "Is that quite correct?"

"It is, sir," answered the witness; "quite correct."

"And what did he say?" demanded the inquisitor.

The counsel for the defence jumped to his feet. He objected, m'ud, very strongly objected to this conversation being admitted as evidence. Half-an-hour's heated controversy ensued. Then the judge retired to his private room to discuss the point with counsel.

Two hours later they filed back into the courtroom and announced their decision. Yes, the youthful counsel might put his question.

"Well," repeated the inquisitor triumphantly, "and what did the plaintiff say?"

"Nothing," came back the answer, without a tremor. "He wasn't at home."

HIS TEST.

The wife of a great botanist beamed at him across the supper table.

"But these," she exclaimed, pointing to the dish of mushrooms that had been set before her, "are not all for me, Aristotle, are they?"

"Yes, Alice," he nodded. "I gathered them especially for you with my own hands." She beamed upon him gratefully. What a dear, unselfish old husband he was! In five minutes she had demolished the dish. At breakfast the next morning he greeted her anxiously.

"Sleep all right?" he inquired.

"Splendidly!" she smiled.

"Not sick at all? No pains?" he pressed.

"Why, of course not, Aristotle!" she responded.

"Hurrah, then!" he exclaimed. "I have discovered another species of mushroom that isn't poisonous!"

WAS SHE WILLING?

He was a professional conjuror.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, with a wave of the hand, "this is the magic cabinet. I invite any lady in the audience to enter this cabinet. I shall then close the door, and when it will be opened the lady will have disappeared, leaving no trace."

There was an impressive silence, until a little, undersized man in the second row turned to an enormous woman who sat by him and breathed eagerly—

"Maria, dear, won't you oblige the gentleman?"

A PROFITABLE MEAL.

The members of the club were telling yarns, when the quiet man in the corner was asked to contribute.

"Well," said he, "I once entered a restaurant where they weigh you before eating and then after eating, and then charge you by weight. I had a good feed, and was charged ten shillings. The next time I went I took in my pockets bricks, weights, old iron, and such like. I was weighed, and then went upstairs and had a banquet three times as big as the last. I went down and was weighed again, but they couldn't make it out."

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