

tried to move about, but I dared not go far for fear of the precipices which I knew abounded in certain places on the Fells.

Now and then I stood still and shouted again; but my voice was getting choked, as I thought of the desolate, helpless death I was to die, and how my poor father would grieve for me; it would surely kill him—it would break his heart, poor old man!

Aunt Fanny, too—was this to be the end of all her cares for me? I began to review my life in a strange kind of vivid dream, in which the various scenes of my few boyish years passed before me like visions.

In a pang of agony, caused by such remembrance of my short life, I gathered up my strength and called out once more—a long, despairing, wailing cry—to which I had no hope of obtaining any answer, save from the echoes around, dulled as the sound might be by the thickened air.

To my surprise, I heard a cry—almost as long and wild as mine—so wild that it seemed unearthly, and I almost thought it must be the voice of some of the mocking spirits of the Fells, about whom I had heard so many tales. My heart suddenly began to beat fast and loud. I could not reply for a minute or two. I nearly fancied I had lost the power of utterance.

Just at this moment a dog barked. Was it Lassie's bark—my brother's collie?—an ugly enough brute, with a white, ill-looking face, that my father always kicked whenever he saw it, partly for its own demerits, partly because it belonged to my brother.

Yes! there again! It was Lassie's bark! Now or never! I lifted up my voice and shouted 'Lassie! Lassie! For God's sake, Lassie!' Another moment, and the great white-faced Lassie was curvetting and gamboling with delight round my feet and legs, looking however, up in my face with her intelligent, apprehensive eyes, as if fearing lest I might greet her with a blow, as I had done oftentimes before. But I cried with gladness, as I stooped down and patted her. My mind was sharing in my body's weakness, and I could not reason, but I knew that help was at hand. A grey figure came more and more distinctly out of the thick, close-pressing darkness. It was Gregory wrapped in his shepherd's coat.

'O Gregory!' said I, and I fell upon his neck unable to speak another word. He made me no answer for some little time. Then he told me we must move, we must walk for the dear life—we must find our road home, if possible; but we must move, or we should be frozen to death.

'Don't you know the way home?' I asked.

'I thought I did when I set out, but I am doubtful now. The snow blinds me, and I am afraid that in moving about just now I have lost the right gait homeward.'

He had his shepherd's staff with him, and by dint of plunging it before us at every step we took—clinging close to each other—we went on safely enough, as far as not falling down any of the steep rocks, but it was slow, dreary work. My brother, I saw, was more guided by Lassie and the way she took than anything else, trusting to her instinct. It was too dark to see far before us; but he called her back continually, and noted from what quarter she returned, and shaped our slow steps accordingly. But the tedious motion scarcely kept my very blood from freezing. Every bone, every fibre in my body seemed first to ache, and then to swell, and then to turn numb with the intense cold. My brother bore it better than I, from having been more out upon the hills. I strove to be brave, and not complain; but now I felt the deadly fatigue stealing over me.

'I can go no farther,' I said, in a drowsy tone. I remember I suddenly became dogged and resolved. Sleep I would, were it only for five minutes. If death were to be the consequence, sleep I would. Gregory stood still.

'It is of no use,' said he, as if to himself. 'We are no nearer home than we were when we started, as far as I can tell. Our only chance is in Lassie. Here! roll thee in my cloak, lad, and lay thee down on the sheltered side of this bit of rock. Creep close under it, and I'll lie by thee, and strive to keep the warmth in us. Stay! has gotten aught about thee they'll know at home?'

I felt him unkind thus to keep me from slumber, but on his repeating the question I pulled out my pocket-handkerchief, of some

showy pattern, which Aunt Fanny had hemmed for me; Gregory took it and tied it round Lassie's neck.

'Hie thee, Lassie, hie thee home!' And the white-faced, ill-favored brute was off like a shot in the darkness. Now I might lie down—now I might sleep. In my drowsy stupor I felt that I was being tenderly covered up by my brother; but what with I neither knew nor cared; I was too dull, too selfish, too numb to think and reason, or I might have known that in that bleak bare place there was naught to wrap me in save what was taken off another. I was glad enough when he ceased his cares and lay down by me. I took his hand.

'Thou canst not remember, lad, how we lay together thus by our dying mother. She put thy small, wee hand in mine—I reckon she sees us now; and belike we shall soon be with her. Anyhow, God's will be done.'

'Dear Gregory,' I muttered, and crept nearer to him for warmth. He was talking still, and again about our mother, when I fell asleep. In an instant—or so it seemed—there were many voices about me—many faces hovering round me—the sweet luxury of warmth was stealing into every part of me. I was in my own bed at home. I am thankful to say, my first word was 'Gregory.'

A look passed from one to another—my father's stern old face strove in vain to keep its sternness; his mouth quivered, his eyes filled slowly with unwonted tears. Then I knew the terrible truth: Gregory had given his life for mine.

When convalescent Aunt Fanny told me all. How, on that fatal night, my father, anxious at my prolonged absence, had been fierce and imperious even beyond his wont to Gregory; had upbraided him with his stupidity, which made his services good for nothing—for so, in spite of the old shepherd, my father always chose to consider them.

At last, Gregory had risen up and whistled Lassie out with him—poor Lassie, crouching underneath his chair for fear of a kick or blow.

Three hours afterwards, when all were running about in wild alarm, not knowing whither to go in search of me—not even missing Gregory, or heeding his absence, poor fellow—poor, poor fellow!—Lassie came home with my handkerchief tied round her neck.

They knew and understood, and the whole strength of the farm was turned out to follow her, with wraps, and blankets, and brandy, and every thing that could be thought of. I lay in chilly sleep, but still alive, beneath the rock that Lassie guided them to. I was covered over with my brother's plaid, and his thick shepherd's coat was carefully wrapped round my feet. He was in his shirt-sleeves—his arm thrown over me—a quiet smile (he had hardly ever smiled in life) upon his still, cold face.

What Our Dog, Dream, Likes.

There is an intelligent fox terrier in the city of Philadelphia whose name is Dream.

Dream is about eighteen months old, and she does everything but talk. One of her stanch companions is a young cat which came to the house some time ago. Dream and the cat have a great time together. They play until they are tired, when they huddle up close together and take a nap.

Dream has her greatest fun with a rubber doll, and carries it with her everywhere she goes. When a stranger comes into the house, the first thing Dream does is to hunt her doll and bring it to the visitor.

Sometimes she handles the rubber doll pretty roughly. The moment there is a hole in it Dream will have no more to do with it, and it does not take her very long to tear it into many pieces. Then she will cry until a new doll is procured.

The moment Mr. Focht enters the home with a new doll in his pocket, Dream knows it, and she jumps up at his pocket and tries to get it. At night she refuses to go to sleep unless she has her rubber doll by her side. If it is hidden, Dream cries until the toy is given to her.

One of her greatest feats is ball-playing. Standing fully sixty or seventy feet away, Mr. Focht throws a tennis ball up into the air. Dream makes a pretty stand, and, running,

catches it with her mouth. She seldom misses.

Dream can be sent to any part of the house to get a handkerchief, hat, slippers, or shoes. The four can be placed side by side, and, if told to bring the hat, she is sure to return with it. She rarely makes a mistake.

When told to cry, Dream sets up a pitiful wail. She sits up, walks on her hind legs, and can dance on all fours. She learned to dance in an odd way. Frequently Mrs. Focht would take the dog out for a walk in City Park. While there, Dream would get tangled up in the high grass and go through all kinds of manoeuvres, similar to waltzing. Her mistress would command her to dance, and instantly she would dart into the grass and dance.

Dream doesn't like herself when she is dirty. She gets a bath once a week. After taking a bath, a pretty red girdle is placed about her neck, and she is then the proudest dog in the city. When on the streets with her girdle, she positively takes no notice of any other dogs. When she is dirty and has her leather collar on she will run up to any dog.

She has a fondness for anything sour. She likes pickles, lemons, pepper, cabbage, and in fact eats almost anything. She drinks a quart of milk a day. Dream is known by nearly every child in the neighborhood and is very fond of children. Several girls in the vicinity frequently went to a near-by store for ice cream and brought some back in a paper for Dream. The latter is very fond of it, and nearly every day would wait at the front door for the children to pass and feed her cream.

Dream has also an ear for music. Mr. Focht is the owner of a fine graphophone. Whenever he plays a piece that is old, the dog fails to notice it; but, the moment he places a new record on the machine, Dream knows it, and, jumping upon a chair, throws her head to one side and peers into the mouth of the big horn.—'Our Four-Footed Friends.'

Mary's Composition.

The district schoolteacher looked up pleasantly at her four long lines of pupils standing beside their desks awaiting dismissal and smiled.

'One week from Friday, in the afternoon,' she said, 'there will be no studying and no recitations of lessons. That afternoon will be devoted to literary exercises. Every boy will be expected to give us some kind of a declamation and every girl a composition. I want you all to do your best, for I shall invite your parents and other relatives. Now, you may go.'

As the pupils filed out, they looked at each other in blank dismay. Not that but under other teachers they had 'spoken pieces' and read little essays on spring and other seasons, but no one had been obliged to do it. The effort had been wholly voluntary. Little Mary Johnson was, especially, very much wrought up.

'Why, I never wrote a composition in my life!' she exclaimed, indignantly. 'And I know I can't. I can't think of anything to write—not the first thing that would be interesting!'

'Well, I wouldn't worry about it, Mary,' said Carrie Cook, her nearest neighbor. 'Can't you come in and stay awhile at our house and play?'

'No, indeed, I just guess I can't, then,' replied Mary. 'Mamma always leaves the dinner dishes for me to wash, and they are such a mess! The table is always just full, and it looks like I never get through. But I have to do them all the same.' And saying good-night to her little friend, Mary toiled slowly up the hill and down the long lane, at the end of which nestled a little white house. That was Mary's home.

Mary's mother was a very busy woman. She had a house full of little children to cook and sew and wash and iron for, and it was quite necessary for her to leave many a little task for her little daughter to accomplish out of school hours.

As Mary entered the house she wore a very much beclouded face. The kitchen did not present a very inviting appearance, with its big table of dirty dishes, the stovehearth lined with greasy pots and pans, and worst