

night everybody had heard who had gone from each room, and the room sending the greatest number was proud of itself.

The notes were not bestowed only on those who had a high standing in their studies; if they had been, some pupils would have gone to the office every day, while others would never had got there.

Those pupils whom Principal Thompson wanted to see were the girls and boys who had done the very best they could.

For instance when Dennis Deckerman, who was so full of fun that he couldn't seem to sit still five minutes, and so full of fun that he was laughing most of the time—when this lively young man was quiet and orderly for a whole day, he got one of the little white notes the next morning. Then Principal Thompson was so pleased that he clapped Dennis on the shoulder and said, 'Good for you Deckerman!' just as if Dennis had been a grown-up man.

That same morning, Gertrude Dodge, who had such a hard time learning to spell, was commended for having written correctly every one of the ten words in yesterday's lesson.

And when Charley Brooks, who hated to get out of bed in the morning, wasn't tardy for a week, he received a note to take up to the principal's office.

Finally, Roy Gilman thought there was a chance for every one but himself. Roy was average 'good' in everything. Spelling wasn't hard for him, no one was surprised at his behaving well in school, and his mother always saw that he started from home early enough. It was almost time for the summer vacation to begin, and he had not received the desired invitation to Principal Thompson's morning reception.

When the honor did come to Roy Gilman, some time in June, it was entirely unexpected.

The first week in June had been unusually warm; and, when a brisk thunder shower came up Thursday morning, every one was relieved. It washed the heat right out of the air, and the children who had been lounging listlessly in their seats sat up straight and drank in the cool

freshness. At recess the rain was still coming down briskly, and the pupils gathered at one of the windows.

'I'm glad the rain came on account of the dogs,' said Roy.

'On account of the dogs?' repeated Dennis Deckerman. 'What are you talking about, Roy Gilman?'

'My uncle Tom told me about it last night,' explained Roy. 'He says that dogs need lots of water to drink, and that sometimes in the summer they can't find any at all—dogs that haven't a regular home, you know. He said that yesterday he was going along the street near his office when he heard some one call, 'Mad dog!' and everybody just ran. Then the next minute a poor little yellow dog came tearing along, and his tongue was hanging out, and he looked dreadful. It wasn't any wonder that people were frightened, Uncle Tom said. But Uncle Tom knows about dogs, and he hurried into his office as fast as he could, and came out with a basin of water, and whistled. That dog came running, and 'most tumbled into the basin, he wanted the water so badly. The people all said, 'Why, he wasn't mad after all!' and Uncle Tom said, 'No, he wasn't mad at all: he was just crazy for water.' You see it had been hot all day, and there wasn't a place, not a single place where a dog could get a drink down in that quarter of the town.'

The children looked sober over this story. Many of them had pets of their own, and they all loved dogs.

Roy went on; 'Uncle Tom says he is going to keep a bucket of water outside his office all summer, somewhere where people won't stumble over it, and then the poor dogs won't get chased and have stones thrown at them when all they want is a drink of water. I was wondering if we couldn't keep some in our yards for the dogs up town.'

'I will for one,' declared Dennis Deckerman. 'There isn't a fountain anywhere near my house where a dog could get a drink.'

'And I'll keep a low dish of water out by our back gate so the cats can get at it, for they need

water just as much as dogs do,' said Gertrude Dodge.

Then the gong sounded and recess was over.

By the time the children went home that night every boy and girl in the room had promised Dennis and Roy to keep a drinking place for the dogs full of fresh water as long as the hot weather lasted.

The next morning, when Miss Fletcher handed out the notes to be carried to the principal, she gave one to Roy.

'I recommend Roy Gilman for commendation because of his especial thoughtfulness of our animal friends,' Miss Fletcher's note ran.

Principal Thompson smiled at the surprised expression on Roy's face.

But the principal seemed to know all about it; for he said, as he shook hands with Roy, 'That was a good thought of yours, Roy; and I can promise you that I'm going to see that the dogs in my neighborhood don't suffer from thirst.'—Mary Alden Hopkins, in 'Little Folks.'

Pigeons Out Walking.

(By Josephine Preston Peabody, in 'Harper's Magazine'.)

They never seem to hurry, no
Even for the crowd.

They dip, and coo, and move so slow,
All so soft and proud!
You can see the wavy specks
Of bubble color on their necks,
—Little, little cloud.

Cloud that goes the very way
All the bubbles do:

Blue and green, and green and gray,
Gold, and rosy too.
And they talk as bubbles could,
If they only ever would
Talk and call and coo!

—Till you try to catch one so,
Just to make it stay
While the colors turn: but oh,
Then they fly away!

All at once—two, three, four, five—
Like a snow-storm all alive.

Gray and white and gray!

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