

RUTH'S DOG, TOWZER.

A very funny thing happened at Ruth's house the other day, and brought her into ill repute with at least one member of the police force.

She is a very serious little girl of five, with great, solemn, truthful eyes. No one would ever dream of her telling what was not exactly true, and she never made a joke in her life.

She was sitting on the bottom step of her stoop on this special morning, when Mr. Smith, the big policeman, came along. He interested Ruth very much by going to the door of every house, a little open book and pencil in his hand. After talking with whoever came to the door for a moment, he turned away, sometimes writing in the little book, but oftener not.

At the minister's door he wrote something, and at Dr. Blake's, Ruth particularly noticed that.

Mr. Smith was a tremendous power in the neighbourhood. Not a boy dared to shout or fling a ball when he was in sight, and, as for the little girls—well, they always breathed freer when Mr. Smith turned the corner.

Ruth watched the big man until he reached her house. Then, with a quaking heart, she saw him mount her steps. Mamma opened the door.

"Do you kape a dog, mum?" asked Mr. Smith.

"No," replied mamma; and to Ruth the dear voice seemed to shake with fear.

Mr. Smith bowed sternly, and turned to come down.

It was perfectly clear to Ruth now. Mr. Smith was putting the

entire neighbourhood under arrest, except those who kept dogs!

The minister had one, and so did Dr. Blake. She meant to save mamma, if she could. So she tremblingly faced Mr. Smith on the bottom step, and said gently: "Mamma forgot Towzer, sir."

Mr. Smith was all attention. "Is this your house?" he questioned.

"Yes, sir," Ruth's great honest eyes gazed frankly into the grim face, looking down.

"And you have a dog, eh?"

"Yes, sir; Towzer is our dog."

Up the steps again went Mr. Smith, and sharply rang the bell.

Mamma replied:

"Where's your dog, mum?"

"I told you we had no dog. We never had a dog," mamma answered.

"Oh! This is an old trick, mum; though we don't meet it often in these neighbourhoods. However, you've got a truthful little girl; and she isn't so sure that ye have no dog. I insist upon seeing him, mum!"

A funny gleam came in mamma's eyes.

"Ruth," she called, "you may as well bring Towzer. The officer insists upon seeing him."

Mr. Smith's face grew very red as Ruth ran upstairs.

Presently she came back. "Here's Towzer, sir," she said, with a quiver. "Here's our dog!"

And she held up to the astonished eyes of the big policeman a dirty Canton flannel dog, one shoe-button eye quite gone, his tail in shreds, and his detached ears pinned to his head with safety-pins!

If Mr. Smith had been wise he would have laughed, but Mr.

Smith was not on the police force because of his wisdom.

Mamma, though, laughed merrily; while Ruth hugged Towzer, and felt that in some round-about way he and she had saved the family from an awful fate.

SOMETHING ABOUT GIVING.

"Aunt Lena, if I were rich, I would give ever so much to the poor!" said Bessie, who had just finished reading about a wealthy lady's charitable act toward the poor.

"And what would you give them, Bessie?" asked her Aunt Lena.

"Oh, food and clothes to make them comfortable; and to please little boys I would give them lots of balls, sleds, and tops; and to the little girls I would give boxes and boxes of dolls," Bessie answered.

"But why don't you give the poor some of these nice things now?" Aunt Lena asked, stroking one of the girl's long curls.

"Why, auntie, you know I have no money!" exclaimed Bessie, widely opening her brown eyes.

"But you have three dolls, any one of which would no doubt make little Mary Flanagan very happy," auntie said.

"But I think ever so much of all my dolls, and I couldn't bear to part with one," said the little girl.

"Then you would like to be rich, so that you could give to the poor only such things as you would not miss out of your great abundance? Is that true charity to the poor, little niece?" and Aunt Lena took the rosy-cheeked face between both hands.

"N-no, auntie," said Bessie, and then jumped up.

"Where are you going, Bessie?"

"I am going to dress Rosamond and Rosalie, my two next best dolls, and give to Mary Flanagan and Kate Humel, and I think I will shine the runners of my sled

both hands.

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and give it to Katie's little brother, Johnnie, for though I dearly love to coast down the hill, I think he

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