

PHUSSANDPHRET.

HAVE you heard of the land of Phussandphret,

Where the people live upon woes and regret?

Its climate is bad, I've heard folks say,
There's seldom, if ever, a pleasant day;

'Tis either too gloomy from clouded skies,
Or so bright the sunshine dazzles one's eyes;

'Tis either so cold one is all of a chill,
Or else 'tis so warm it makes one ill.

The season is either too damp or too dry,
And mildew or drought is always nigh,
For nothing that ever happened yet
Was just as it should be in Phussandphret.

And the children—it really makes me sad
To think they never look happy and glad.
It is "Oh, dear me!" until school is done,
And 'tis then, "There never is time for fun!"

Their teachers are cross, they all declare,
And examinations are never fair.
Each little duty they're apt to shirk
Because they're tired or 'tis too hard work.

Every one is as grave as an owl,
And has pouting lips or a gloomy scowl;
The voices whine and the eyes are wet
In this doleful country of Phussandphret.

Now, if ever you find your feet are set
On the down-hill road into Phussandphret,
Turn and travel the other way,
Or you never will know a happy day.

Follow some cheerful face—'twill guide
To the land of Look-at-the-Pleasant-Side.
Then something bright you will always see,
No matter how dark the day may be.

You'll smile at your tasks and laugh in
your dreams,
And learn that no ill is so bad as it seems.
So lose no time, but haste to get
As far as you can from Phussandphret.

HOW A GOOD PENNY RETURNED.

BY MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

THERE is an old saying that a bad penny always returns. But I would like to tell you the story of the return of a good penny. This Penny was a dog; the very cleverest dog I ever knew, and I have been acquainted with a large number from first to last. The family that owned the dog lived in two places; or perhaps I should say that two families owned him. There was "Father Jim" and "young Jim" and Father Jim's wife, who was g . . . , of course, and

young Jim's wife and three children. Father Jim lived in the city of Athens, six miles from Grayton, where he and young Jim did business together and where young Jim lived with his especial belongings. But they were all back and forth in each other's house so often that it really didn't seem as if they were so much two families as one family in two houses.

As for Penny, he was in one place and the other place as frequently as the most of them, and fat and good-natured and fond of the children. If you came right down to ownership, Penny really belonged to the Athens folks, but I doubt whether anybody realized this.

Father Jim usually went down to Grayton saw-mill and lumber-yard on a way freight train which left at half past seven in the morning, and he returned at a little before five in the afternoon, except when Grandma was there to stay a few days. Penny always went too, riding in the caboose, sitting on a seat like the dignified, educated dog he was; all the train-men used to shake his paw as he went in and out.

I did not make a mistake when I said an educated dog. Did you ever hear a dog say his letters? Neither did I—except Penny. But if his various masters and mistresses should say, "Penny, say your letters now," he would sit up and look at them wisely. "Come," they would say; "ready!—A." And Penny would yelp one yelp that sounded remarkably like "A." "B"—another yelp. "C"—a third yelp, and so on, until the entertainment was brought to a close, because Penny made so much noise. For, laughably enough, he yelped every letter a little louder than the one before it, and the effect was quite deafening before he had gone far.

It fell out, once on a time, that Father Jim had a bad cold, and the doctor said he must not go to Grayton for ten days at least. So he obediently stayed at home, and Penny stayed also. That is, he stayed for three days. But early one morning he disappeared and did not return until night. The next day he did the same, and one of the men employed on Father Jim's train, who lived in the city, called on his way home to say that Penny had presented himself at the station for two days, entered the caboose and got off at Grayton, returning in the same manner. This was highly amusing to Father Jim, and as the trainman offered to look out for Penny's entrances and alightings, nothing was done to prevent the dog's daily trip.

But alas! after five successive trips Penny did not return at night, and though great

effort was made to find him he had utterly disappeared. The train man had put him off the car at night, and had seen him start for home, but no further traces of him were found, and at last he was given up for good and all.

A little over a year later Father Jim went to Connell's market to buy some meat. As he stood waiting for it the door opened and a countryman came in, followed by a fat dog. The dog at once sprang upon Father Jim, and by whining, rolling, and licking his shoes tried to show how much delighted he felt. The dog was Penny!

"Where did you get this dog?" asked Father Jim of the countryman, and the countryman with an honest face told how he had bought him of a boy more than a year before.

"Well," said Father Jim, "this is my dog, and he was stolen from me. I want him back again, and am willing to give what you paid for him."

But the countryman was a little slow about accepting this offer, and said perhaps it was not Father Jim's lost dog. All the men standing near became much interested about how it would end.

"Well," said Father Jim, "this is my dog and I can prove it. If you will not then give him up I shall see what law can do."

The countryman, who had no desire to go to law, said:

"Of course, if you can prove property, you can have your dog. I don't want to keep a stolen dog."

Then Father Jim turned to Penny:

"Penny," said he, "come, sir, and say your letters!"

Instantly Penny sat upright, alert and eager.

"Ready, now!" said his master, "A!"

Penny immediately gave one exciting cry. "B!" and Penny said "B," as well as he had done of old time. "C" followed, and "D" and so on until the voice of the dog was heard far down the street. Father John paused to see if the listeners were convinced.

"You may have your dog," said the astonished countryman, "and you needn't pay for him either!"

But Father Jim insisted.

"You have taken good care of him," said he, "and I am too glad to get him back to find fault about paying charges."

If you should come to see me any day, I can take you around the corner and show you Penny, and he will say his letters, as he did for my little girls the other night.

To have sweet sleep, let the conscience be pure.