

## A Concert on Credit.

BY HATTIE LUMMIS.

"I can't come to school this afternoon, Miss Hollister," Dorothy told her teacher at recess. "Mamma hasn't been out of the house since Dale was sick, and that's most seven weeks. But to-day she and papa are going to the concert, and I'm going to take care of Dale."

"That's quite a responsibility," said Miss Hollister, smiling at Dorothy's important air. "Your mamma must be very sure that you are to be trusted."

"Well, you see it makes people very queer to be sick a long time," Dorothy explained, lowering her voice confidentially. "Dale never used to cry, but now he cries about everything that he doesn't like, and then he gets feverish, and mamma's afraid he'll have a relapse. Mamma knows I'll let him beat in all the games, and that's why she dares to leave me to take care of him."

It was not easy to get along with Dale. Dorothy hardly knew her brother, and a dozen times a day she was obliged to comfort herself by remembering mamma's assurance that Dale's temper would improve as his body grew stronger. This afternoon it was worse than usual, for Dale had become so accustomed to his mother's presence that he was inclined to resent her leaving him, even for a few hours. Dorothy tried her hardest to be entertaining, with rather unsatisfactory results. And if he gets to fretting and is worse," she thought, deparingly, "why mamma won't dare to go away again for ever so long."

They were in the midst of a rather uninteresting game of authors when the sound of distant music reached their ears. Dale dropped his cards and looked at Dorothy with brightening eyes. Then he smiled.

"It's a hand organ," he said. "I wish he'd hurry and get to our house. Do you s'pose he'll stop here, Dorothy?"

"Well give him some money, and then he will," replied Dorothy, jumping to her feet and running to her bank. But though she shook it with all her might, not the faintest jingle answered her. Dorothy's bank had a way of being empty, but it had never failed its mistress at quite such a crisis as this.

"Oh I wonder if there isn't a nickel or a penny lying around somewhere," cried Dorothy, darting around the room, distractedly, and looking into all sorts of unlikely places.

"He's coming, Dorothy! Hurry," cried Dale, who had pressed his face against the window-pane.

"But I can't find any money. Maybe Norah's got five cents," and Dorothy flew down to the kitchen, only to meet another disappointment. Norah had just finished explaining how she had sent all her month's wages to her mother in Ireland, when Dale's voice, choked with tears, called over the banister: "He's gone by Dorothy. He isn't going to stop."

"Oh yes he will, Dale!" Dorothy called back cheerfully. "Just wait a minute."

Dale heard the outside door slam. Going back to the window he saw a small girl, with flying curls, running after a little Italian, bent double under the weight of his heavy organ.

The man looked surprised when Dorothy pulled his sleeve, and he broke into her explanations with a gentle murmur in his native tongue. If he did not understand English, how was she ever to explain what she wished. Then all at once she discovered at her side a small boy with big black eyes and gleaming white teeth, who was peering around at her with an air of interest.

Dorothy took a long breath, and told the whole story; how her brother had been sick, and how the least little thing made him cry, he was so nervous, and how when he cried he grew feverish, and was worse again. Then she told how much Dale wanted to hear the music, and how she had looked in her bank for money but in vain.

"And won't you play for us to-day, and trust us for the money till the next time?" cried Dorothy appealingly. "Oh, please, please do!"

The white teeth of the Italian boy flashed in a smile as she ended, and when he had translated Dorothy's speech to his father he smiled too. Without another word the three went back to the corner. The Italian stationed his organ just under the window from which Dale was looking down so eagerly, and still smiling, began to grind out his music.

What a treat it was, even if the organ was a trifle asthmatic, and wheezed sadly over "Listen to the Mocking Bird!" Dale beat time on the window sill, his face wreathed in smiles, and Dorothy sat by, overjoyed to see him happy. The hand-organ man played every tune through twice, and the boy rattled his tambourine vigorously, smiling up at Dale as he did so. And at last the concert was ended, and the musicians waved their caps for good-bye and went slowly down the street.

It was ten days before they came again, and Dorothy worried a little over their non-appearance. "I hope they didn't think I wanted them to play for nothing," she told her mother. "I specially asked them to trust me till the next time, but they don't understand English very well."

But one night at dinner the strains of "Listen to the Mocking-Bird" came wheezing through the window, and Dorothy was on her feet in a minute.

"It's our hand-organ man," she exclaimed. She flew to the window, and a dark-eyed man and a dark-eyed little boy greeted her with a flash of white teeth. "I've got ten cents for them upstairs," Dorothy cried. "Dale and I have been saving up."

"I think I'll have to add a contribution," said her father taking a quarter from his pocket, and brother Tom cried aloud: "Pass the hat Dorothy; we all want to put in something."

"It is a good thing the hand-organ season is nearly over," papa said to mamma when the music ended, which was not for an hour or more. And Dorothy and Dale wondered as they had often wondered before, at the strange notions of grown-up people.  
—Congregationalist.

## One Thing Done Well.

At the immigration station on Ellis Island the officers send back to their own country all paupers who would need to be supported by the government. *Scribner's Magazine* describes an incident occurring there which shows the benefit of being able to do one thing well.

Among others waiting an examination was a tall, young Pole, about twenty years old, who carried a black bag under his arm.

When the young man's turn came to answer the inevitable question, "How much money have you?" he smiled and answered frankly, "None."

"But don't you know you can't come in here if you have no money and no friend to speak for you? Where are you going to?"

"To Fall River first, I have a friend there. Then I shall see the whole country. I shall make money. You will hear of me."

The inspector proceeded rather sharply; "How will you get to Fall River? Where will you eat and sleep to-night?"

"I shall be all right," replied the young fellow, confidently. "With this, tapping the black bag. I can go anywhere."

What is it?"

The Pole laughed, and opened the bag, took out a cornet. It was a fine instrument and gave evidence of loving care.

"Can you play it well?" asked the officer, more kindly.

In answer the young Pole stepped into an open space, and lifting the horn to his lips, began the beautiful intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." At the first note every one in the great building stood still and listened. The long lines of immigrants become motionless. The forlorn waiters in the pit looked up and their faces became tender. Even the meanest among them seemed to feel the charm of the pleading notes.

When the music ceased there was a burst of applause. Shouts of "Bravo!" "Good boy!" "Give us some more!" came from every side. The physicians who had a few minutes before made their hurried and not over-gentle examination, joined in the applause. The officer who had questioned him so sharply slapped him on the back. The commissioner himself had come up from his office at the sound of the horn, and asked for the particulars.

When he had heard them, he turned to the agent of the Fall River boats and said, "Give this fellow a passage, including meals, and charge it to me."

"I will charge it to myself," said the agent, and he took the young Pole by the arm and led him away.

## The "St. Catherine's Well."

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## The Coming of Winter.

Stable's frozen on the hill,  
Water's frozen in the rut;  
Reeds are frozen golden, still,  
Round the tawny muskrat hut.

Furrows in the snow are lost,  
Where the barley brimmed the dale;  
Aster banks are pearled with frost;  
Rime is on the leaning rail.

Breath springs like a spirit light,  
Fades away like wan desire;  
Over every chimney height  
Hangs the pallid sign of fire.

Clouds are crowding cold with snow,  
Where an east and north'ner brews;  
When the fires are old and low,  
Storm will rumble in the flues.

Gather, dearie, gather close,  
Glance and dimple, smile and charm,  
Mock the summer hearted rose—  
Love will keep the winter warm!

Duncan Campbell Scott.