

few words as possible, teased a big fly he had caught, munched a withered apple he had found in his desk, and presently got to the end of his half-hour, and tore away home.

'Hello! Aleck, wait for me,' he shouted the next morning, on his way to school, as he caught sight of his comrade's old brown cap, a square ahead. Rob had been in a surprising hurry to get away from buckwheats and maple syrup that morning, his appetite being keen for what Aleck had to tell of his 'fixing the snob.' And, as good luck would have it, here was the hero of the engagement himself, only a square away.

'Well, did you do it? Did you fix him?' panted Rob, pulling up alongside.

'Do what?' said Aleck, rather gruffly.

'You know about Walter Lindsay; what did you do to him?'

'Nothing,' answered Aleck, briefly.

Rob felt 'ery flat, but Aleck was cross, and would give him no satisfaction. Later in the day, under the thawing influence of Rob's lunch basket, Aleck's tongue was loosened.

'I say, Rob,' he began suddenly, and with confidential disregard of good English, 'that there boy has the making of a gentleman in him.'

But Rob had forgotten: 'What boy?' he asked.

'Oh, puddin' head, I mean Walter Lindsay. Yesterday I was sneaking along behind him, like I said, and just before we got to Dunlap's grocery, who should be out in the middle of the street but Mrs. Dorsey's little idiot boy, Mac. There he was, waggon driving this way and that way, men shouting at him to get out of the way, and Mac not paying any attention, but just moving out there like a calf. There were a lot of us fellows, and maybe some of us would have seen what to do presently, but just as Bachman's big dray came tearing along, out springs Walter Lindsay, right through all that nasty water I was thinking about pushing him into, most up to his knees, too, and seizes Mac around the waist.

'The little idiot struggled and fought him, and knocked off his cap, but Walter showed

pluck, I tell you, and waded back with him, and actually coaxed him along home.

'You've got your feet awfully wet and dirty,' says I.

'Oh, never mind,' says he, 'they'll dry off all right;' and he took no more account of those fine tasse's than if he didn't have 'em.'

'And what did you do?' asked Rob, with the instinct of a true listener, feeling that the story was not done.

'I? Oh, I just waded in and got his cap for him,' answered Aleck, shamefacedly; 'but I tell you what, Rob, that fellow can wear tassels hung round him like a table-cover if he pleases, he's got the making of a gentleman, like I told you.—*Phil. Pres.*

### THE FAITHFUL GUARDIAN.

A gentleman bought a collie, which, when taken home, after the fashion of his kind, soon made himself one of the family, and assumed special responsibilities in connection with the youngest child, a girl three years of age.

It happened, one day in November, that the father was returning from a drive, and as he neared his house he noticed the dog in a pasture which was separated by a stone wall from the road. From behind this wall the collie would spring up, bark, and then jump down again, constantly repeating it.

Leaving his horse and going to the spot, he found his little girl seated on a stone, with the collie wagging his tail and keeping guard beside her.

In the light snow their path could be plainly seen, and as he traced it back he saw where the little one had walked several times around an open well in the pasture. Very close to the brink were prints of the baby shoes, but still closer on the edge of the well were the tracks of the collie, who had evidently kept between her and the well.

We need not tell you the feelings of the father as he saw the fidelity of the dumb creature, walking between the child and what might otherwise have been a terrible death.—*Ex.*