



THE YOUNG CAPTAIN AND HIS QUEER CREW

BRAVE LITTLE GRETCHEN.

Baby brother had been sick all summer and the doctor said that nothing but pure country air and plenty of good fresh milk would cure him. The Lunnis had spent their little all in their long trip from Holland to America, but though poor, they loved little Maxie as dearly as if there were an abundance of good things in the home, and out of his small earnings the father managed to send the mother and little ones to the seaside. They rented a tiny cabin, where they lived very frugally, and day after day they went down by the sea, where the mother hoped to coax the color back to baby's face.

There was no milk to be had nearer than the summer hotel, half a mile away, but sturdy little six-year-old Gretchen was sure she could go that distance every day for it.

The first day she set out on her trip in fine spirits, but her heart almost failed her when she came in sight of the beautiful hotel grounds, crowded with children dressed in the daintiest garments, so unlike her own queer little peasant clothing. The odd little figure, with its long shoulder-shawl and close-fitting cap, excited the mirth of the light-hearted boys and girls, and without meaning to be cruel, they laughed at the little Hollander and teased her about her dress, until she ran back to her mother and said she would never go there again.

But baby brother drank the milk so eagerly and was so much better afterwards, that the joy in her heart made her brave for the next day's battle. The rude children tormented her more the second day than they had done the first, and poor,

brave Gretchen's life was made miserable, until at last one morning, at the suggestion of Elsie Gray, half a dozen little girls gave chase, "just to see the funny little Hollander run." Run she did, until tripped up by Elsie, she fell, bruising her arm painfully and spilling every drop of baby brother's precious milk.

The mishap was an accident on Elsie's part and she was really sorry for the pain she had caused.

"I'll buy more milk out of my own spending money," she said, remorsefully, leading the way back to the hotel. She asked her mother to bind up Gretchen's arm, while she went to the kitchen to have the bucket refilled.

"I'll go along past the boys," she confided to Gretchen, as, taking her hand, the two little maidens started off together. At the outside of the hotel grounds they parted, Elsie promising to meet her new friend there in the morning. She did not forget her promise.

But even when little Gretchen was admitted to play with the well-dressed children, she never went if she was needed at home, never.

LESS HASTE, MORE SPEED.

An eminent French surgeon used to say to his students when they were engaged in difficult and delicate operations: "Gentlemen, don't be in a hurry, for there's no time to lose."

The people who do the most work are the calmest, most unhurried people. Those who are nervous and excited may be always busy; but in the end they do far less work than if they wrought calmly.

DOGS THAT WEAR SHOES.

In Alaska even the dogs wear shoes—at least part of the time. It is not on account of cold, for a shaggy Eskimo dog will live and be frisky where a man would freeze to death. The dog does all the work of dragging and carrying which in this country falls to the horses, and in trotting over the rough ice of the mountain passes his feet soon become bruised and sore. Then his driver makes him soft little moccasins out of buckskin or reindeer skin, and ties them on with stout thongs of leather. In this way he will travel easily until his feet are thoroughly healed up; then he bites and tears his shoes with his sharp wolf-like teeth.

Wonderful animals are these dogs of Alaska. Although they are only little fellows—not more than half the size of

a big Newfoundland—they sell for seventy-five dollars to two hundred dollars each, more than an ordinary horse will sell for in this country. They will draw two hundred pounds each on a sled, and they are usually driven in teams of six. They need no lines to guide them, for they readily obey the sound of their master's voice, turning or stopping at a word.

But the Eskimo dogs have their faults. Like many boys, they are overfond of having good things to eat. Consequently they have to be watched closely or they will attack and devour stores left in their way, especially bacon, which must be hung out of their reach. At night, when camp is pitched, the moment a blanket is thrown upon the ground, they will run into it and curl up, and neither cuffs nor kicks suffice to budge them. They lie as close up to the men who own them as possible, and the miner cannot wrap himself so close that they will not get under the blanket with him. They are human too, in their disinclination to get out in the morning.

"Oh, what pretty chickens!" exclaimed Mabel, looking at some whose fluffy feathers had been dyed different colors. "Yes," explained seven-year-old Madge: "they were hatched out of Easter eggs."

I thank the Lord, that all this day
Thou hast my footsteps led;
O, keep me through the night I pray,
In this my small white bed.
And when the day begins to dawn,
And birds and children wake,
O, keep me ever at thy side,
I ask for Jesus sake.