

to the child, for papa was away the whole day, that he had extracted a promise from his mother to always wake him should it happen that he overslept, before his father left the house, and when he woke his first eager question was, 'Has papa gone?'

This morning greetings were followed by eager questionings from the sick one: 'Was the grass nice and green out in the country yesterday? and down in the little park by the bridge? Oh, papa, I can just feel how soft and nice it is. I wonder when I can go out to see it, and roll on it, and are there any flowers in those beds by the big houses on the avenue? Oh, I wish I could go out. Do tell me all about them.'

Then papa told him how the grass was beginning to grow, for spring was in the air, though it had been a long time coming, or so it seemed, even to well people; how a few flowers had crowded up into sight, yellow and white ones; how a big tree under which the car rolled—for papa was a conductor on a street car—was just the day before covered with bright red, tiny to be sure, but red leaves. They were most too small for leaves but they looked very pretty, and the child concluded they must be flowers of some sort.

Last of all was the beautiful flower market on the street close by the car track; roses, pinks, daisies, in great bunches and plies; such heaps of sweet posies. So they chatted of the outside world as fast as their tongues could go, for the time was short. The father must be prompt at his station and the runs were so long and so fast, and much of the day the car was so filled with passengers that small time remained the conductor to gaze at the fields in his countryward trips or the blossoms in city gardens or crowded markets.

Still as he counted the fares and rang the bell, he seldom forgot the little tired body at home. There were others there but they could skip about in the sunshine. He almost forgot them at times. On this particular morning, their talk ended, as the father was hastening to button his coat and depart, a stifled sigh from the bedroom caught his ear: 'If I only had one of those flowers! If I only had!'

It echoed and re-echoed within him as he hurried along. Throughout the day he wished he might feel right in buying one rose. It would cost five cents only, but there were so many needs in his home that even five cents must not be parted with unnecessarily.

But he could not help longing for one sweet flower as he rode up and down. A woman with a dozen got on his car. He could hardly keep his eyes off the bouquet. At least he could carry a picture of it to his boy.

The day wore away. About four o'clock in the afternoon on a down town trip a young woman mounted the steps. She had several books, two or more small bundles, and above all one rose, one beautiful sweet-scented rose. It was just the time of day when few passengers were in the car going down town. Shoppers and business people were turning homewards, so the conductor could not fail to notice the two or three occupants of his car.

The young lady settled herself, her books and bundles, last of all picking up the flower which had slipped down beside her. Rather indifferently she held it, but its odor seemed to fill the whole place.

After a little, as she rose to leave the car it fell into the seat she vacated. The conductor saw it, instantly thought, 'She has forgotten it; now I shall have a rose,' but only for a second. Dropping his hand from the bell-rope he hastily picked it up and called after the girl. 'Lady, your rose!' holding it towards her.

She looked back. 'Oh, well, never mind!' said she, 'I have too many things to carry now. I can't bother with it,' and with a look which said, 'You are welcome to it,' she hurried across the street.

This was his last trip for the day. On the return he would be excused. How slow this car moved. Everything seemed to be in the way, but at last the turn at the bridge was made and the loaded car started homewards. More than one passenger glanced up from his paper or woke from his day dream at the sound of the conductor's voice, and

## The Captain's Faithful Dog.

In the 'Biographical Sketches and Authentic Anecdotes of Dogs' collected by the late Captain Thomas Brown is the following anecdote of a Newfoundland dog.

During a severe storm in the year 1789 a ship belonging to Newcastle was wrecked on the banks near Yarmouth, and every human being on board perished. The only living

sagacious animal, as if sensible of the importance of his charge, which had in all probability been delivered to him by his master in the hour of death and when he saw all hope was gone, at length, after surveying the countenances of those assembled on the beach, leaped fawningly upon the breast of a man who had attracted his notice among the crowd, and delivered the pocket-book to



THE DOG THAT SAVED THE CAPTAIN'S POCKET-BOOK.

thing which escaped was a large dog of the Newfoundland breed, the property of the captain, which swam ashore, bringing in his mouth his master's pocket-book. He landed on the beach, whither he was driven by the heavy surges, amongst a number of spectators, several of whom endeavored to take the pocket-book from him, but in vain. The

him. The dog immediately after depositing the rescued treasure into what he considered safe keeping, returned to the place where he had landed, and watched with great attention for everything that was drifted shorewards by the billows for the wrecked vessel, seizing it and endeavoring to bring it to land.—'Autumn Leaves.'

looking up saw a tired, dusty man with a bright light in his eyes and a fine rose securely pinned to the left side of his coat.

Reaching his home he hastened at once to the sick boy and placed in his hands the carefully cherished rose. The little hands grasped the strong, straight stem which bore the proud blossom, and the little face was buried in its sweet depths, while every atom of the worn frame expressed joy and delight. At this moment the mother entered, and noting what was going on, said with a bit of reproach in her voice, 'I hope, John, you did not spend money for that,' for even she could see that it was no ordinary five-center, but might be worth five times that sum.

'No,' said the father. 'No.'

'Well, where then did you get it?' the tone now being one of surprise.

With a bit of hesitation the answer came, as the husband, still watching the boy, fur-

tively brushed something from his cheek, 'My dear old mother up in Vermont would say, "The Lord sent it."'

## Leaf-cutting Bees.

Perhaps some of my readers may have noticed on their rose-bushes a number of leaves in which neat round or oblong holes were cut. This is the work of the leaf-cutting bee, a pretty little insect looking much like the common honey bee, but with stout orange-red legs and metallic-green reflections about the head. Although the mutilated leaves are all too common, the nest for which they are sacrificed is seldom seen; for this little bee is a carpenter as well as a leaf-cutter, and hides her home away deep in the heart of some old post or board. The hole is much like that of her busy relative, the carpenter bee, but smaller, and, instead