

The Inglenook.

Rob Roy.

He had a registered pedigree, but I never knew of his doing anything particularly heroic. He was only an intelligent, good-tempered, polite dog, and his strong points were his size, his perfect figure, and his beautiful, glossy coat.

His master was very careful about his food, and rarely allowed him anything besides dog-biscuit. But he dearly loved a bone; for the dear delight of a bone he would forget that he was a dog of high degree, and stoop to nosing about the litter-barrels in the back yard, where he found a great many savory morsels, which injured his figure as well as his fine glossy coat.

At length his master was obliged to muzzle him. At this he rebelled fiercely, pawing and scratching, and shaking his handsome head persistently, until he found that it was impossible for him to remove the objectionable straps; then he stretched himself at full length, with his nose on his paws, and sulked for some time, refusing to notice anyone who spoke to him.

After a while, growing tired of his own company, he went first to his mistress, who was very gentle to him, and leaning his beautiful head against her knee, looked into her face with his great limpid eyes, imploring her as earnestly as though he spoke in words to release his mouth from its bondage. His kind-hearted mistress was extremely sorry for him, but felt that she could not interfere with his master's discipline.

Then he tried by every roguish blandishment to influence Jack, the ten-year-old boy. But Jack could do nothing. His father carried the key of the muzzle, and he alone could unlock it.

When Rob Roy learned that neither entreaty nor blandishments could prevail, he sat for some time in serious thought. Then he arose, and looked defiantly at the helpless Jack, trotted off toward the garden with an air of resolution.

He was absent for some time, and his mistress had just decided to look him up when he came bounding across the lawn, wildly exultant, his head in the air, and every movement expressing insolent triumph. The muzzle was gone, and the most careful search failed to discover it.

While his mistress, Jack and the servants were busily looking in every hole and corner, Rob Roy capered around them impudently, his eyes and wide mouth full of mirth and boundless satisfaction.

But alas! his triumph was short-lived, for the very next day his master brought a new muzzle, stronger, heavier and tighter than the other, and fastened it securely around his powerful jaws. These were evil days for poor Rob Roy. Although he resorted to every means to rid himself of his torment, he was unable to do so. Several times he disappeared as he had on the first occasion; but he always returned with a hopeless, discouraged air, still wearing his muzzle.

For several days he moped sullenly, then he grew restless. The tight bands chafed and worried him. The new muzzle was not as light and easy as the first. At times he sighed heavily, with an air of hopeless resignation, or he would look reproachfully with wet, sad eyes at those around him, as though

he would say: "How can you be so cruel when I love you so much?"

At last it seemed that Rob Roy could endure his discomfort no longer. One day he took a sudden resolution. He stood for some moments looking into his master's face with a keenly reproachful expression. Then he turned away and walked dejectedly across the lawn toward the garden.

"How strangely he acts!" said his mistress, watching him. "I am afraid he will leave us one of these days and never come back." "It is not as bad as that, I hope," returned his master, laughing, "but he had thought of something. Let us follow him and see what he intends doing."

Very cautiously they crossed the lawn in Rob Roy's wake, and saw him hurry to a clump of bushes in a distant corner of the garden, where he began scratching the earth vigorously.

"He must not know that we are watching him," said his master. "Let us go back to our chairs, and wait for him to come to us."

Shortly after, they saw him crossing the lawn very leisurely, his ears and tail drooping in a spiritless way, while he carried, as well as he could in his muzzled mouth, a much-bedraggled object.

Without noticing his mistress or the curious Jack, he went straight to his master, and very humbly and gently laid at his feet the old muzzle, covered with dirt and mold, while his eyes full of piteous entreaty, seemed to say: "I hate to wear a muzzle, but if I must I prefer to wear the old one; the new one hurts me. I struggled until I pulled the old one off; I buried it, and now I have dug it up. Please put it on in place of the new one, and I will never try to pull it off again."

Of course his master complied with his request, and when the old muzzle was cleaned and replaced Rob Roy lay down with a sigh of satisfaction. I need only add that he was not obliged to endure his punishment long. As he grew older he became more fastidious in his tastes and more aristocratic in his habits, scorning alike the back yard and the litter-barrels; and for his good behaviour he was rewarded with occasional bones, as well as with freedom of his jaws.

"What Shall it Profit,"

If I lay waste and wither up with doubt
The blessed fields of heaven where once my
faith
Possessed itself serenely safe from death;
If I deny the things past finding out;
Or if I orphan my own soul of One
That seemed a Father, and make void the
place
Within me where he dwelt in power and
grace,
What do I gain, that am myself undone?
—William Dean Howells.

"What is an anecdote, Johnny?" asked the teacher. "A short, funny tale," answered the little fellow. "That's right," said the teacher. "Now, Johnny, you may write a sentence on the blackboard containing the word." Johnny hesitated a moment, and then wrote this: "A rabbit has four legs and one anecdote."

The Real Eloquence of the Negro.

The Rev. John Jasper represented the highest type of ignorant eloquence. Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for July contains an interesting account of the famous old preacher.

There were many other discourses, says the author, just as good as the "Sun-dog move" sermon, though not so well known. In every one he wrought himself up into a pitch that was astonishing. In preaching one Sunday on the final triumph of Christ's kingdom he soared aloft in his imagery. The audience, white and black, were wrought up to the highest pitch.

"An' Death," he said, "whar will Death be den? Chained—tied fas' to de golden chariot o' de Lawd. He will be groanin' an' stumblin' an' fallin'!" And taking up one foot in his hand, with the suppleness and the activity of a trapeze dancer, he hopped and hobbled and sprawled and fell around the pulpit until the congregation, run wild with the perfection of the acting, almost thought they were in the very presence of the chained Death, and the women shrieked and shouted and the men rose in their seats and shouted like wild.

In his speech John Jasper was denunciatory and as sarcastic as a man could be. He roasted his enemies alive. His strong point was his ability to ridicule his opponents. He could say more in a cynical grunt or a laugh or a wave of his long arm than most men can say in a paragraph.

Jasper could argue all day, if necessary, and none could beat him. He knew nothing of syllogisms, of their premises and their conclusions, but he proved what he said by staking upon it his own character.

"Et tain' so, frien's, go into de highways an' de by-ways an' de streets an' de hedges an' tell ev'ybody you meet dat John Jasper is a liar!"

Small Courtesies.

One evening last week I entered a room where several young people, with books and work, were sitting around the lamp. The young man with the lexicon and the grammar on the table before him was the busiest of the group; and he instantly arose and remained standing until I had taken my seat. The little action was automatic. The habit of this family is to practice small courtesies, and the boys have been trained from childhood to pay deference to women.

Equally charming are the manners of the girls in the home. I speak of—gentle, soft-spoken, appreciative, considerate and reverential. To old people they are tender, to children kind, to each other lovely.

One cannot too sedulously look after the small courtesies in one's conduct, and, if one be charged with the management of a household, in the accustomed ways of the family. Habits count for everything here, and example is better than precept.

Good Advice to Girls Who Travel.

The young girl who is travelling by herself should seek information from the train people rather than from her companions on the train. No girl in traveling should make confidants of strangers of either sex, disclose her name, her destination or her family affairs, or make acquaintances on the road. She may, however, show kind attention to a mother traveling with little children, amuse a wearied little one, and politely thank any one who does her an unobtrusive kindness. —Margaret E. Sangster, in the Ladies' Home Journal.