



NOW, OPEN YOUR MOUTH, FIDO.

A LITTLE GIRL'S KIND ACT.

It was a crowded Detroit street-car. At the corner of Duane Street an infirm old lady signalled the driver to stop. Reluctantly he put on his brake, and would have passed by had he half an excuse for so doing. The conductor rather roughly and hurriedly helped the octogenarian in the car. When the knight of the punch called for her fare she felt in the corner of her mitten for a nickel. By the expression on her face everybody in the car knew the money was gone. Men immediately became intensely interested in newspapers, and women were looking every way but at the embarrassed old lady,

whose kind and good face evinced pain. The conductor was about to speak when a bright school-girl, probably fourteen years old, walked from the end of the car, and laying a five-cent piece in the conductor's dirty hand, said: "If my mother should ever be placed in the same position as this old lady, I hope some one will be just kind enough to do what I am doing." The remark was a womanly one, and Joan of Arc couldn't have said braver words. The blush of shame mantled the cheeks of every male in the car, and most of them lived or had occasion to get off at the next crossing. The old lady did not thank the little woman verbally for her kindness, as her heart and eyes were too full to speak.

She simply pressed the girl's hand and gave her a look of gratitude that spoke more forcibly than words ever could.

If it would cost anything to go to church, people would run round like wild men for free passes.

A Western girl visited a music store, and asked for "The heart bowed down with grease and care," and "When I swallowed home-made pies." The clerk at once recognized what she wanted: "The heart bowed down with grief and care," "When the swallows homeward fly."