



## The Family Circle.

### KATIE'S TREASURES.

BY LYNDE PALMER.

In the soft October sunshine,  
'Neath the forest's golden eaves,  
Roamed a merry band of maidens,  
In a crimson rain of leaves.  
And 'mid ringing bursts of laughter,  
Fluttering through the misty air,  
All their young hearts' cherished treasures  
Each with other did compare.

"I dwell in a lordly mansion,"  
Cried a pair of scarlet lips.  
"In the carpets' tufted roses,  
Deep my lightest footfall dips.  
Oh! the curtains and the pictures!  
But more beautiful than all,  
You should see the western sunlight  
Creep along the painted wall."

"Listen," quickly cried another,  
"Listen, now, I pray, to me;  
Years ago, there was a necklace  
Borne across the deep blue sea;  
In its velvet-cushioned casket,  
Stars could not so brightly shine.  
But this chain of prisoned rainbows  
By-and-by will all be mine."

"I have not such wondrous jewels,"  
Proudly spoke another voice,  
"But I'd rather have my father,  
If I had to take my choice.  
He has grown so very famous—  
People almost kiss his hand,  
And in time, I'm very certain,  
He'll be ruler of the land."

Thus ran on the eager voices,  
As they gayly had begun,  
Till some tale of wondrous treasure,  
Every child had told, save one.  
"She will not have much to tell us,"  
Whispered they, "poor little thing!"  
But with smiles said blue-eyed Katie,  
"I'm the daughter of a King!"

Then they laughed: "O princess, tell us  
Where the king, your father, dwells;  
Do your mighty palace portals  
Swing at touch of golden bells?"  
Meekly answered gentle Katie,  
Pushing back a floating curl,  
"All the shining wall is golden  
Every gate a single pearl."

"And more glorious than the sunrise  
Through the purple morning mist,  
Brightly glow the brave foundations,  
Jasper, sapphire, amethyst.  
And within—such wondrous treasures!  
Oh, what happiness to see!  
But when home my Father calls me,  
He will give them all to me."

Then the little maids grew thoughtful,  
And they looked with tender eyes  
On the sweet-faced little Katie,  
Gazing upward to the skies.  
And they said, "O happy princess!  
List'ning for the Great King's call,  
You have found the greatest treasure,  
You are richest of us all."

—Christian Weekly.

### ROLF'S LEAP.

"You've got fine red cheeks, boys," said Uncle Dick, "and two pairs of sturdy legs. Rolf and I would like to be able to jump about like you,—but our jumping days are over. Not but that Rolf took a finer leap once than either of you lads have ever done yet," said Uncle Dick, after a moment or two, and stooped down to pat his favorite's great head. "A noble leap, wasn't it, my old dog?" he said; and Rolf looked up with his gentle eyes, and, being too sleepy to say much, but yet, no doubt, understanding the question quite well, just gave a little assenting flap with his tail.

The boys had sat down to rest; and so Will said, "Tell us what sort of a leap Rolf took, Uncle Dick."

"We were both of us younger than we are now," he said, "when Rolf and I first came together. Rolf was a puppy for his part, and I rather think I was a puppy too. At any rate, I had fifteen fewer years upon my shoulders than I have to-day, and fifteen years' less wisdom. It was just when I was going out to Africa that some one gave Rolf to me. 'He comes of a fine stock, and if he proves as good a dog as his father, you won't part with him at the end of a year for a trifle,' my friend

said; and I soon found that he was right, for I tell you, boys, by the year's end I wouldn't have parted with him, not if I had parted with my last shilling, and I'd been asked to sell him for a thousand pounds. I'd sooner have sold myself, if I must have sold one or the other of us.

"I went out with my regiment to Africa, to the Cape of Good Hope, and before I had been there for six months I fell ill with fever, and had it so badly that I thought—and others besides me thought, too—that I should never see old England again; and I don't believe I ever should if I hadn't had the kindest black servant to nurse me,—the best nurse a man ever had—and this poor old fellow here to help to keep up my spirits, and to show me that, at any rate, there was one creature in the world who couldn't afford to let me die. Night or day he never left my room. They couldn't get the faithful beast away. I knew little enough about his being near me, part of the time, but that made no difference to him; he stuck by me all the same, and when I began to get better, and to know him and notice him again—well," said Uncle Dick, abruptly, "I think it was a thing to touch a man's heart if he had any heart in him. Upon my word, boys, I didn't believe there had been anything alive that would be so glad to see me living as Rolf was. When he threw himself upon me the first time I called him by his name and held out my hand to him, you would think me an old fool if I were to tell you what the sight of his joy made me do. I was very weak, remember; I was just as weak at that time as a child, you know.

"Well, I got all right again after a while; and let me tell you, in passing, that, after this one illness, I never had better health in my life than during the rest of the time I spent in Africa. We weren't very hard worked out there, and many a pleasant expedition did I have of a few days up country or along the coast, sometimes with a companion, sometimes alone, with only my horse and old Rolf. I shall never forget some of those little excursions. I shall never, at any rate, forget one of them, for it was in the course of one of them that Rolf took his leap.

"I had been riding for five or six miles one pleasant afternoon. It wasn't very hot, but it was just hot enough to make the thought of a swim delicious; so after I had been riding leisurely along for some little time, shooting a bird or two as I went—for I wanted some bright feathers to send home to a little cousin that I had in England,—I alighted from my horse, and, letting him loose to graze, lay down for a quarter of an hour to cool myself, and then began to make ready for my plunge.

"I was standing on a little ledge of cliff, some six or seven feet above the sea. It was high tide, and the water at my feet was about a fathom deep. 'I shall have a delightful swim,' I thought to myself, as I threw off my coat; and as just at that moment Rolf in a very excited way flung himself upon me, evidently understanding the meaning of the proceeding, and, as I thought, anxious to show his sympathy with it, I repeated the remark aloud. 'Yes, we'll have a delightful swim, you and I together,' I said. 'A grand swim, my old lad;' and I clapped his back as I spoke, and encouraged him, as I was in the habit of doing, to express his feelings without reserve. But, rather to my surprise, instead of wagging his tail, and wrinkling his nose, and performing any of his usual antics, the creature only lifted up his face and began to whine. He had lain, for the quarter of an hour while I had been resting, at the edge of the little cliff, with his head dropped over it; but whether he had been taking a sleep in that position, or had been amusing himself by watching the waves, was more than I knew.

"What's the matter, old fellow?" I said to him, when he set up this dismal howl. 'Don't you want to have a swim? Well, you needn't unless you like, only I mean to have one; so down with you, and let me get my clothes off.' But, instead of getting down, the creature began to conduct himself in the most incomprehensible way, first seizing me by the trousers with his teeth, and pulling me to the edge of the rock, as if he wanted me to plunge in dressed as I was; then catching me again and dragging me back, much as though I was a big rat that he was trying to worry; and this pantomime, I declare, he went through three separate times, barking and whining all the while, till I began to think he was going out of his mind.

"Well, God forgive me! but at last I got into a passion with the beast. I couldn't conceive what he meant. For two or three minutes I tried to pacify him, and as long as I took no more steps to get my clothes off he was willing to be pacified; but the instant I fell to undressing myself again he was on me once more, pulling me this way and that, hanging on my arms, slobbering over me, howling with his mouth up in the air. And so at last I lost my temper, and I snatched up my gun and struck him with the butt-end of it. My poor Rolf!" said Uncle Dick, all at

once, with a falter in his voice; and he stopped abruptly, and stooped down and laid his hand on the great black head.

'He was quieter after I had struck him,' said Uncle Dick, after a little pause. "For a few moments he lay quite still at my feet, and I had begun to think that his crazy fit was over, and that he was going to give me no more trouble, when all at once, just as I had got ready to jump into the water, the creature sprang to his feet and flung himself upon me again. He threw himself with all his might upon my breast and drove me backwards, howling so wildly that many a time since, boys, I have thought I must have been no better than a blind, perverse fool, not to have guessed what the trouble was; but the fact is I was a conceited young fellow (as most young fellows are), and because I imagined the poor beast was trying for some reason of his own to get his own way, I thought it was my business to teach him that he was not to get his own way, but that I was to get mine; and so I beat him down somehow—I don't like to think of it now; I struck him again three or four times with the end of my gun, till at last I got myself freed from him.

"He gave a cry when he fell back. I call it a cry, for it was more like something human than a dog's howl,—something so wild and pathetic that, angry as I was, it startled me, and I almost think, if time enough had been given me, I would have made some last attempt then to understand what the creature meant; but I had no time after that. I was standing a few feet from the water, and as soon as I had shaken him off he went to the edge of the cliff, and stood there for a moment till I came up to him, and then—just as in another second I should have jumped into the sea—my brave dog, my noble dog, gave one last whine and one look into my face, and took the leap before me. And then, boys, in another instant I saw what he had meant. He had scarcely touched the water when I saw a crocodile slip like lightning from a sunny ledge of the cliff, and gripe him by the hinder legs.

"You know that I had my gun close at hand, and in the whole course of my life I never was so glad to have my gun beside me. It was loaded, too, and a revolver. I caught it up, and fired into the water. I fired three times, and two of the shots went into the brute's head. One missed him, and the first seemed not to harm him much, but the third hit him in some vital place, I hope,—some sensitive place, at any rate, for the hideous jaws started wide. Then, with my gun in my hand still, I began with all my might to shout out, 'Rolf!' I couldn't leave my post, for the brute, though he had let Rolf go, and had dived for a moment, might make another spring, and I didn't dare to take my eyes off the spot where he had gone down; but I called to my wounded beast with all my might, and when he had struggled through the water and gained a moment's hold upon the rock, I jumped down and caught him, and somehow—I don't know how—half carried and half dragged him up the little bit of steep ascent, till we were safe on top,—on the dry land again. And then,—upon my word, I don't know what I did next, only I think, as I looked at my darling's poor crushed limbs, with the blood oozing from them, and heard his choking gasps for breath—I—I forgot for a moment or two that I was a man at all, and burst out crying like a child.

"Boys, you don't know what it is to feel that a living creature has tried to give up his life for you, even though the creature is only a soulless dog. Do you think I had another friend in the world who would have done what Rolf had done for me? If I had I did not know it. And then when I thought that it was while he had been trying to save my life that I had taken up my gun and struck him! There are some things, my lads, that a man does without meaning any harm by them, which yet, when he sees them by the light of after events, he can never bear to look back upon without a sort of agony; and those blows I gave to Rolf are of that sort. He forgave them,—my noble dog; but I have never forgiven myself for them to this hour. When I saw him lying before me, with his blood trickling out upon the sand, I think I would have given my right hand to save his life. And well I might too, for he had done ten times more than that to save mine.

"When I had come to my senses a little, I had to try to get my poor Rolf moved. We were a long way from any house, and the creature couldn't walk a step. I tore up my shirt, and bound his wounds as well as I could, and then I got my clothes on, and called to my horse, and in some way, as gently as I could,—though it was no easy thing to do it,—I got him and myself together upon the horse's back and we began our ride. There was a village about four or five miles off, and I made for that. It was a long, hard jolt for a poor fellow with both his hind-legs broken, but he bore it as patiently as if he had been a Christian. I never spoke to him but, panting as he was, he was ready to lick my hands and look

lovingly up into my face. I've wondered since, many a time, what he could have thought about it all; the only thing I am sure of is that he never thought much of the thing that he himself had done. That seemed, I know, all natural and simple to him; I don't believe that he has ever understood to this day what anybody wondered at in it, or made a hero of him for. For the noblest people are the people who are noble without knowing it; and the same rule, I fancy, holds good, too, for dogs.

"I got him into a resting-place at last, after a weary ride, and then I had his wounds dressed; but it was weeks before he could stand upon his feet again, and when at last he began to walk he limped, and he has gone on limping ever since. The bone of one leg was so crushed that it couldn't be set properly, and so that limb is shorter than the other three. He doesn't mind it much, I daresay—I don't think he ever did,—but it has been a pathetic lameness to me, boys. It's all an old story now, you know," said Uncle Dick, abruptly, "but it's one of those things that a man doesn't forget, and that it would be a shame to him if he ever could forget as long as his life lasts."

Uncle Dick stooped down again as he ceased to speak, and Rolf, disturbed by the silence, raised his head to look about him. Uncle Dick laid his hand upon it, and the bushy tail began to wag. It had wagged at the touch of that hand for many a long day.

"We've been together for fifteen years. He's getting old now," said Uncle Dick.—*Georgiana M. Craik, in Our Young Folks.*

### THE QUAKER CITY.

A STORY OF BETTER DAYS.

"I am very sorry to have it to say, gentlemen, but the truth might as well come out at first as at last."

So said Mr. Browning to a number of merchants who were assembled in the counting-room of Woods Bros. & Co. in the Quaker City some forty years ago.

The speaker was a merchant from Kentucky. He was a little past the prime of life, and gray hairs were sprinkled through his heavy black locks. There was no little dejection in his mien, yet underneath there was an air of unconquerable determination; something that we feel but cannot describe; an inarticulate language of the soul.

"You see," he continued, "there has been a panic in all our business circles. Some of my customers have become bankrupt. Men whose names a year ago would have been considered good for \$50,000 are to-day worth nothing. Others, I am ashamed to say, have smuggled away their property so that I cannot reach it. Hence I occupy the extremely mortifying position of a man who cannot pay his just debts. You, as brother merchants, can perhaps appreciate my condition. I have maintained a merchant's honor for the past twenty-five years; but now—" His voice faltered, and a tear rose to his eye. One of the gentlemen present felt that his own eyes were becoming strangely dimmed. He too had passed through a similar crisis.

After a momentary pause the speaker resumed.

"I see only two courses open before me; either to give up business and sink down into hopeless bankruptcy, or else to ask you to trust me with a stock of goods on credit, assuring you that I will use my utmost endeavors to make up my losses and pay off all my obligations. I throw out this last alternative merely as a suggestion. I cannot ask it as a favor to myself individually, but it would be a great satisfaction to have an opportunity of making a manly effort to pay you, you who have always dealt so kindly and so honorably with me. That you may consult together without embarrassment, I will withdraw, and you can communicate the result of your deliberations this evening."

So saying, he took up his hat to go out.

"No! no! stay! don't go!" cried several voices, the loudest of all proceeding from the gentleman before mentioned, who now became spokesman.

"Mr. Browning, none of us are above the reach of adversity. We have long known you as a just and honorable merchant. My own faith in you is undiminished. Come to my business house and select what goods you need in my line, and give me your acceptance at four or six months, as hitherto. If you can't meet it in full when it falls due, pay what you can, and I will give you a renewal on the balance."

And all the rest said likewise. Mr. Browning shook them every one by the hand, and said: "Gentlemen, by the blessing of God on my efforts, you shall never repent your confidence in me."

Five years later.

A man of twenty-five years is sitting in the counting-room of the good creditor in the old Quaker City. Beside him there lies on the floor a pair of old-fashioned saddle-bags.

"We always believed Mr. Browning to be a high-toned Christian gentleman, and we are