



PEEP OF DAY.

## BREAKFAST FOR TWO.

(By Joanna H. Matthews.)

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

But at this moment father appeared upon the scene.

"There's your father, and he'll tell ye just the same thing, that your mamma'll never abide the dog, my darlin's," said Mammy.

"Hallo!" said father, as he drove in the gate, and drew in his horse. "What a distressed looking dog! Where did he come from, little ones?"

"O, papa!" cried Daisy, hurt at this insult to her *protege*, whom she already looked upon with loving eyes.

And, "O, papa, you'll hurt his feelings," said Allie, in her turn.

"We b'lieve God sent him here, for us to take care of," said Daisy, half crying.

"But, my darlings," said father, "you know your mother does not like dogs."

"So I was telling them, Mr. Livingstone," said Mammy, "but their dear hearts are just set on being kind to the poor beast. But it's no use, at all, for the mistress would never suffer him on the place if she knew it."

"But," said Allie, sorrowfully, "I was thinking, she might like to do a little as she'd be done by. If mamma was a starved dog, don't you think she'd like some one to take care of her, papa?"

"And not be sent away to grow starved and starved every day," said Daisy, with deepest reproach in her tone.

Father laughed.

"At least, the poor fellow shall have one good meal, now," he said. "Bring him up to the house, Jim."

"Now, if he was fed up, and made kinder comfortable, he wouldn't be so bad lookin', sir," said Jim, patting the dog's lean sides. "He might come to be as genteel an' respectable like, as me an' Bill is become, all along of Miss Milly. Come, ole feller."

And, whistling to the dog, who followed slowly and suspiciously, as if, not even yet, sure of his welcome, Jim took his way to the back of the house, whither father had preceded him in his dogcart, having taken up the little girls beside him, and where he gave orders that the hungry creature should be fed.

Mary Jane would certainly have objected had not father's appearance in her quarters, and an order from him, been things of such unusual occurrence, that she was surprised and bewildered into a prompt obedience; and when he had seen the dog furnished with a sufficient meal, father left the little girls and Jim to watch him take his repast, and came in, and told the story, repeating Allie's reasoning, at which we were much amused.

Mother went to the dining-room window, and looked out.

There was the dog, eating his fill from the plate of bones and scraps which the cook had set before him, while soft, little white hands patted his ragged coat and poor, thin sides, and sweet, tender young

voices coaxed and soothed him; and Jim, eager and interested, brought water to quench his thirst.

Spite of her dislike to dogs in general, her pity was moved for the forlorn creature. She could not bear to check the kindly feelings of her little ones, or grieve their tender hearts. Should she, who had taught them care and kindness for all dumb creatures, fail to practise her own lessons?

Jim looked up at her, unheeding the brimming dipper he carried, from which he allowed the water to splash over his own feet.

"O, missus, if yer could let us keep him, I wouldn't let him bother yer, no way. There's an old dog's kennel down to the stables, an' I'll fix him down there, an' feed him there—I'll save him a part of my own vittles if the ole cook won't gimme enough for him—an' yer shan't never see him nor hear him. Don't yer go fur to turn him off to starve."

And the little ones pleaded with eyes and voices, while the poor creature's pitiful looks were a powerful appeal in themselves. So mother, as we had known she would, gave way; and Wanderer, so the children named him, soon shortened to "Wand," was allowed to stay; at first, on trial, until it should be seen what manner of dog he should prove. Well washed and combed by Jim, who developed a great pride in his dog's personal appearance, and who strove by every means to curry favor by this, at first, unpromising pet of himself and the children, fed, and comfortably housed, he began to look more respectable as the flesh gathered upon his poor bones, although he never became remarkable in the way of looks.

It was droll, and touching, too, to see his devotion to the children. With Jim he was always friendly, but he evidently considered the little girls his first and best friends; unjustly, perhaps, since Jim had been, as he said "the fust to diskiver him," and to pity his forlorn condition.

He was never allowed to come into the house. Mother could not conquer herself so far as that. There was no need that she should, and his most partial friends could not pretend that "Wand" was calculated for a house pet; but no sooner was the sound of a little footstep heard, or the flutter of a white dress seen, than he was on the alert, ready to follow wherever they led, to guard or to guide, to fetch or to carry; willing, loving, faithful servant and friend. Jim, and Bill—when he was at Oakridge—taught him many droll tricks, which he was very apt at learning; and Allie and Daisy thought him a miracle of wisdom, while even the grown people had to allow that he was a knowing fellow.

CHAPTER V.—BILL'S "SUMMER THANKS-GIVIN'."

The days and weeks sped on rapidly and pleasantly; until the evening of the third of July, which was to bring the two city-bound members of our household, to enjoy their "Fourth," and a short vacation with

us. Their visits had, hitherto, been limited to Saturday evenings, and the succeeding Sundays; as Edward, and with him Bill, had always returned to business at an early hour on Monday morning. Edward had, more than once, offered to spare Bill for a short holiday; but the boy was loyal to his expressed intention of "sticking to the boss and Wall street," so long as his master went daily to his office; and declined all offers of that nature. He apparently thought that the business could not go on without him now.

Brother Edward was the most forgetful of men, in all little everyday matters, and this Bill had learned; and, taking upon himself the task of making good his small negligences, was usually on the watch to remind his master of articles mislaid or left behind.

But whether or no his own excitement was at fault on this occasion, he had been less watchful than usual; and, when Edward—with two or three friends whom he was bringing up to Oakridge with him—and Bill reached the railway depot on the afternoon of the third of July, it was found he had left a satchel, which it was absolutely necessary for him to have.

As he stood considering what it was best for him to do, unwilling to leave his friends to go on alone, or to detain them until a later train, while he returned to make good his forgetfulness, Bill, ever ready and helpful in an emergency, came up to him:

"I could run an' git it, an' be back in time for nex' train, couldn't I, sir?" he said.

"You may," said Edward; "but be sure you are back in time, Bill; the next is the last train; and, if you are left, you will miss all the fun this evening. There is your ticket; take good care of it, and keep your eye upon the satchel on the trip up."

"I know, sir," said Bill, with a broad grin, and shaking his head with a knowing look. "It's got that beautiful shiny thing in it, for Miss Milly. There ain't no one a-goin' to hook that away from me, not while I've got eyes to watch it, or han's to hole enter it."

And he was off like a shot; while Edward, seeing no necessity for waiting his return, as the boy was, by this time, familiar with the road, having been up and down several times in the course of the last few weeks, took this train up with his friends, believing that Bill was sure to follow by the next.

"I'm lots of time for the six o'clock train, bean't I?" said Bill, to the gatekeeper, as he dashed into the depot, an hour and a half later, satchel in hand.

"Yes," growled that official; and, in the same breath, added, "You can't get through, and if I did let you, you'd be put off the train without your ticket. Be off now, and don't be stopping up the way and hindering me."

Bill stared, and was just framing some answer—probably an impertinent one—but the next instant he saw that the words were addressed, not to him, but to a pale-

facéd, wretched-looking girl, about his own age; who, with a baby on one arm, and a large bundle on the other, and tears streaming down her cheeks, was standing at the man's elbow. She said something to the man in answer to his rough address, but it was in so low a tone that Bill did not catch the words.

"You can't come it over me. I don't believe you've lost no ticket, nor got no father a-dyin'," answered the man, more roughly than before, as he turned from her. "Here now, you," to Bill, "Show your ticket, and pass."

But Bill, unheeding what the man said, drew back and followed the girl, who had turned away, sobbing as if her heart would break. Bill put little value on girls or girls' tears; but something in this child's agony of distress touched and interested him. Having placed Baby and bundle upon a settee, she stood, wringing her hands, while several people came up to her, asked a question or two, and then, apparently sharing the doubts of the door-keeper, "passed by on the other side," proffering neither help nor consolation.

Bill went up to her.

"I say," he said, "have yer lost yer ticket? an' is yer father dyin', honest an' fair, or are yer shammin'?"

"He is! he's dyin'!" she answered, in distress that was plainly genuine. "He's dyin' sure, an' I won't get to him. He was awful hurt on this very railway, an' they sent me word to come quick, if I wanted to see him. Oh, it's too awful cruel!"

A few more hurried questions and answers, and Bill learned that the girl's father—her mother was dead—had gone to work on the day before, upon the road near the station next to that to which he himself was bound; that he had given her fifty cents, before leaving, to provide for herself and the baby, and to "make a little Fourth of July;" that, so far as she could learn, he had been crushed while coupling some gravel-trucks together; and that, when word had come that he was dying, and that she must hasten to him, she had spent her little all in buying the ticket which was to carry her to him; that, in some way, burdened with the baby and the bundle, she had lost it; and that the railway officials would not believe her, or suffer her to pass. And she had not a cent left with which to purchase another ticket.

"I'll never see him again, or hear what he has to say to me afore he dies!" she moaned.

Bill held in his hand his own ticket, which he had taken from his pocket to show at the door, according to rule; and he turned it over, looked at it on both sides, as if he might gather counsel therefrom: considered all the pleasure it would bring him, all that he must resign if—if—he gave it up to this girl, and allowed her to go on to her dying father.

The trip up was in itself no small treat to him—although it was by this time no novelty—the "Centennial Fourth of July-in," to begin this very evening, Miss Milly's birthday, and the rejoicings attendant upon that anniversary, in which he considered himself and Jim fully entitled to share, as well he might; and the postponement of bestowing his own present upon her, for it seemed to him the gift he had provided would be "no good" if he did not offer it upon the very day, the whole four days vacation spent in the country, and so long and so eagerly looked forward to by himself and Jim. He had no money, for the dollar bestowed upon him by his master had been spent; one-half for the birth-day gift for Milly, a gorgeous colored lithograph, of whose artistic merits the less said the better, the other in crackers, torpedoes and other abominations of that nature; and, if he gave up this ticket he must remain behind. Yes, and stay in town and subsist as he might until his master's return after the four days' absence, for it never occurred to him that anyone would come from Oakridge to seek him; and our city house was entirely closed for the time, the servant left in charge, and to attend to Edward's wants, having also gone off for her holidays.

"All aboard! Hurry up, youngster, if you're going!" shouted the man at the door, as he held it open for the exit of the last passenger. "Hurry up! Do you hear?" and Bill hesitated no longer.

(To be Continued.)