

of a sleeve. Then he consulted the glass once more. The effect was satisfactory, and Scruggles was not yet sufficiently fastidious to note the dark rim about the roots of his hair. In fact, it was a noble first effort. Beauty plainly signified his approval—an approval which did not extend to the unpalatable food which was the best Scruggles was able to afford him—but he ate with zest, and then showed a disposition to play and be played with, and the astonished Scruggles actually exerted himself for the most of the evening by associating with a dumb animal on terms of amity, after which, completing the day on the street, he was obliged to whip three boys who made fun of him for having a clean face.

The 'liberal reward' had now no charms for Scruggles. Beauty was 'is, 'to have and to hold,' and no wealthy invalid should have him again. 'I ain't sick,' he argued to himself, 'an' I kin give him a better time than he'd have shut up in a house, an' then bein' dragged out in a Park in a carriage an' bein' lost. Why didn't he hold on ter his dog? Ain't that so, Beauty?'

Beauty wagged his tail vehemently and he barked intelligently. Being a thoroughbred, he was not charmed with his surroundings, and for the same reason he made the best of them. Also, he was undoubtedly grateful, and possibly diplomatic.

At the end of the week, leaving Beauty safe in the seclusion of the dingy little room, Scruggles went on an exploring expedition to Madison avenue and Seventy-second street, and reconnoitred. Fortune favored him. A gust of wind blew the evening paper out of the hand of a maid at the basement steps to the servants' entrance, and Scruggles gallantly chased it across the street, captured it and brought it back to the woman, taking off his cap and bowing profoundly as he did so. The servant was not impervious to the chivalry of the matter, and Scruggles being clean and having persuaded his sister to mend his clothes, was not unrepresentable; bright twinkling hazel eyes and a freckled nose lending individuality to his face. Conversation naturally ensued, and when in a few moments a summer storm broke in a sudden fury of driving rain and cracking thunder, the maid hustled Scruggles down into the servants' quarters, where, amid what was for him luxury, he sat down and was made much of, and surrounded by pie, cheese, the remnants of a shrimp salad and a maron glacé—not that he knew by name aught but the pie and cheese—Scruggles fed himself and elated his hearers with tales of the East Side. Incidentally he learned all he wanted to know about Beauty's former master, and the old debate of returning the dog came up in his mind as he trudged back to Second avenue for they had told him that Mr. Mason grieved constantly after his pet, and his rest was so broken that the doctors had to place him under the influence of opiates to get him to sleep.

Before he got back he decided that he would return Beauty. Then as the dog crept over the floor by him in the darkness and cuddled his soft, silken little body against Scruggles' bare breast, he felt the warm breath on his cheek and the little tongue licking his forehead, ears and chin, and something gave way within Scruggles and in the gloom a thing happened that had never happened to Scruggles in all his brief life—tears flowed silently down his cheeks, and, quietly weeping, he fell asleep.

The struggle that now tore him kept him in distress for three days. Beauty was pining. He resented the confinement and the

close air. He missed his baths and the food did not agree with him. In dog fashion he entreated Scruggles, and on the afternoon of the third day, Scruggles borrowed a basket with a lid, put Beauty into it and started up town. This time he went to the front of the big brown stone mansion, and as he came in front of the steps a man, plainly a doctor, came out and was about to enter the waiting carriage when Scruggles stepped up and taking his cap quite off and bowing very low, said, 'How is Mr. Mason?'

The doctor turned in amazement, and regarded Scruggles for a moment before he said: 'Why do you ask after Mr. Mason, my boy?'

'I—I've got something for him,' said Scruggles. Beauty had succeeded in pushing the lid of the basket partly off, and poking out his alert little head, recognized the doctor, and gave shrill, sharp yelps of joy. The physician gave a start and grabbed Scruggles by the arm.

'Come in, quick,' he said, and almost dragged him up the steps. Through a sumptuous entrance hall, past a splendid library, past open doors that revealed every evidence of wealth, they hurried until they reached a bright, sunny room, the windows open, flowers on every hand, and on a luxurious couch near one of the windows an emaciated figure, lying white and languid on the pillow.

'Randolph!' shouted the doctor, 'look here. He pushed Scruggles forward. Beauty, now wild with excitement, leaped out of the basket and rushed to the sick man, barking as dog never barked before. The invalid sprang up, embraced the dog, and with tears rushing down his face, uttered tender words of endearment, while Beauty, almost frantic, barked, yelped, and then, to Scruggles' envy and despair, began to lick his master's face. This was too much. Scruggles turned his head away, feeling such jealousy and blighted hope as falls to the lot of one deserted by a sweetheart.

'Come here, my lad,' said the sick man, and Scruggles went, and Beauty stood on his hind legs and looked from one to the other, with a look that plainly said: 'I love you both, and you must be friends.'

The doctor busied himself by writing on a little paper, and then said: 'You won't need this digitalis to-night, Randolph.'

'No, and I won't need it again,' replied the invalid. 'I'll get well now. What is your name, my good boy? Tell me all about it. John, bring a chair.'

Scruggles sat down on a chair so soft that it frightened him, and told the sick man all about it, listened to with great attention by the invalid, the doctor and all of the servants who could conveniently pass the door.

It was late when Scruggles left the big brown stone house and when he did he rode with the doctor in his carriage to Second avenue and Twelfth street, and there held brief converse with Scruggles' mother, who really meant well in her way.

To-day Scruggles is the trusted messenger in a Wall Street banking firm. They call him Edward now, and he is the support of his mother and sister, for the father disappeared after thirty days on the Island, and perhaps it was just as well, for now they are living comfortably in a modest, up-to-date apartment house, the latest result of the tenement house reform.

Mr. Mason is no longer an invalid, and Beauty is impartially devoted to both, at which you would not be surprised if you had the pleasure of knowing Beauty as well as I do.—'Christian Union.'

Why Not?

If fretting would help, when it's wet
To dry up the puddles, I'd fret,
And if sighing would help, when it's dry
To moisten the pastures, I'd sigh.

If scolding would help, when I'm cold,
To make the sun shine, I would scold;
If mourning would help the forlorn
To have joy and good fortune, I'd mourn.

If grieving would ever relieve
Their burdens who slave, I would grieve;
If weeping would shorten the steep
Way up to success, I would weep.

But to frown or to scold or to fret
Serves only to lengthen regret;
Why not give up grieving a while
And try the brave heart and the smile?

—S. E. Kiser, in 'Record-Herald.'

Think.

A little girl entered the study of Mezeral, the great historian, and asked him for a coal of fire.

'But you haven't brought a shovel,' he said. 'I don't need any,' was the reply.

And then, very much to his astonishment, she filled her hand with ashes and put the live coal on top. No doubt the learned man knew that ashes were a bad conductor of heat, but he had never seen the fact verified in such a practical manner.

Two boys of my acquaintance one morning took a walk with a naturalist.

'Do you notice anything peculiar in the movement of those wasps?' he asked, as he pointed to a puddle in the road.

'Nothing, except that they seem to come and go,' replied one of the boys.

The other was less prompt in his reply, but he had observed to some purpose.

'I notice that they fly away in pairs,' he said. 'One has a little pellet of mud, the other nothing. Are there drones among wasps, as among bees?'

'Both were alike busy, and each went away with a burden,' replied the naturalist. 'The one you thought a "do-nothing" had a mouthful of water. They reach their nest together, the one deposits his pellet of mud, and the other ejects the water upon it, which makes it of the consistency of mortar. Then they paddle it upon the nest, and fly away for more material.'—'Exchange.'

When the Carpet Rags Were Sewed.

(Alice Miller Weeks, in the 'Wellspring.')

Nettie stopped at the foot of the stairs in the wide hallway, and eyed with disapproval a heaped-up basket of carpet rags. She wrapped herself snugly in her long blue 'circular,' tied the salmon-colored ribbons of her best blue knit hood under her chin, and bent over the basket, lifting the gayly-colored lengths with both hands.

'All these for one afternoon!' she mourned. 'I b'lieve they're all hit-and-miss, too! They will make a pretty stripe, of course; but, oh, how I do hate to sew carpet rags!'

The bell of the front door jangled loudly, and Nettie jumped. 'Goodness, how that did frighten me!' she exclaimed to herself. 'I wonder who it can be, on a day like this!'

She threw the door open and admitted another girl, rosy and dishevelled from her struggle with the snowstorm raging outside.

'What—going away?' the visitor gasped, loosening the fur at her throat. 'I didn't dream anyone but me would venture out in