

For the Little Folk.**Just A Common Dog.**

The first time Evelyn saw him was on the great steamer when she and her brother Charlie and mamma and papa were all going on a summer holiday. He sat on a box in a corner of the main deck, a cord tied round his neck, his tail drooping mournfully, his eyes longingly glancing about for release. Evelyn patted his head while the purser told her the story of Dandy.

He was just a tramp dog, and stole passage on the boat in the boldest way. But this was his last trip. A despoiled lunch basket, some hidden chicken bones, and Dandy's look of bland, disinterested content had told the whole shameful story.

Evelyn looked ruefully at the stubby yellow coat. "If he were a prettier dog, I'd like him myself; but he is awfully homely. His nose is like a pug's, his ears like a water spaniel's, his coat like a collie's and terrier's mixed, and his tail like a setter's. He's a terribly mixed-up dog. But I like his eyes."

So it was to his big, honest eyes that Dandy owed his nice new home; but once given the chance, he won the love of his little mistress for the whole "mixed-up" dog. Together they romped the beach at Ottawa Park, dashing over the bluffs and through the glens on wonderful tramps of adventure; and at night in the little cottage a yellow figure lay on guard just at the foot of Evelyn's cot.

"You cannot take that dog home with you, dear," was mamma's verdict. "I won't have such a queer looking animal about the house." Dandy knew all about it, and he licked his faithful little mistress's face lovingly when her tears fell on his ugly head out in the woods.

It was their last day together, and Evelyn meant to make the most of it by visiting all the old haunts. Over the hills they ran, until all the cottages were passed. Over the edge to the cliff was a narrow path, and down this Evelyn tripped until she saw the place where she wanted to rest. Then breathlessly she tugged, slipped, and floundered through the warm sand until it was reached. It was a fine lookout point, a cave that some boys had dug in the hillside and then deserted.

"I wish you were a girl and I were a dog, Dandy," said Evelyn wistfully, "so we could be chums. I've seen ever so much uglier dogs than you, dearest; but mamma—"

There was a queer sliding, crushing sound, a hail of pebbles and sand, a great heavy thud, and then darkness.

"Dandy," gasped Evelyn as she rolled to the far end of the cave away from the deluge, "we're just corked in, O dear me!" The tears tumbled in a riotous toboggan slide down the pink cheeks, and the brown curls were bent to the dust in sorrow.

Dandy fully appreciated the danger of the situation, but he did not cry. He licked the bowed head and he sniffed carefully on all sides, then went straight to business. Pretty soon all that the spiders and ants heard was Evelyn's sobs and a soft, quick scratch, scratch, scratch, scratch, as Dandy's big paws dug steadily at the sand.

The sun lay like a great ruby on the water, when a black nose poked itself out of the mass of sand that had loosened and fallen in an avalanche before the cave, the dirty paws followed, and the owner darted off headlong for Evelyn's cottage.

"Dandy alone!" cried Mr. Chester when the staunch little dog bounded to the hammock and barked. "Something's wrong, I'm afraid, mother." Dandy tried to tell with his tail how true a guess it was, and before the ruby sun had dipped into the western waves he was guiding papa and brother Charlie to the cave.

It was a tedious work digging with sticks, hands, anything at the sand; but Dandy pawed and barked cheerfully, and the work went on until finally brother Charlie crawled through and handed out a frightened, dirty, tearful little girl to papa's arms.

"Dan—Dandy left me, papa," she sobbed. "Well, Dandy never shall leave you again, daughter," said Mr. Chester, patting the dog's rough yellow head. He's a hero, and even I had to learn the lesson from a dog that a rough coat does not make a cur."

Evelyn's eyes opened wide. "Why, papa! How did you know where I was?"

"Dandy did it all," said papa earnestly. But the hero never blushed; he merely wagged his tail. Perhaps it meant just as much.

A Seeming Contradiction.

"It's queer, I admit," said Harold to May,
 "But I'm telling you what I have seen,
 Ask the gardener. William—a minute, I say!
 Aren't blackberries red when they're green?"

—G. M. L. Brown, in *St. Nicholas*.