

But puss could not tell him. She only cuddled down under the policeman's warm cape, glad to be out of that dreadful snow. He could not leave his beat, so he walked up and down for the next two hours with the cat in his arms. Then he took her to his own home, and gave her a warm mat to lie on all night.

Next morning he heard that a gentleman had been to the police-station to ask if any one had seen a cat, as his little daughter had lost hers, and had been crying all night for her favourite. So puss was restored to her rightful owner, who received her with rapturous kisses, while her papa rewarded the kind policeman who had so tenderly cared for the pet during that stormy night.

**An Act of Charity.**

All the people in the house said that Mox was selfish. All, that is, except his mistress and me. We contended that he would be kind and neighbourly if there ever should arise any need for it; but, as he had always been the only dog in a large household, and had all the attention solely for himself, there was no chance for us to settle his character by actual proof.

Even dear Aunt Mary, who loves him as much as I do, said, once, when he was frisking around us, in answer to my remark, "Isn't he cute?"

"Ah, yes; he is smart, I think, as a dog can be; but he is very selfish."

I must say that did hurt my feelings a little. For I thought, as good as Aunt Mary was herself, she might read character better than that.

Last spring, a little Newfoundland puppy came to divide the honours with Mox.

He slept in the yard, however, and never came into the house. When about five months old, this puppy seemed to have some queer trouble with his feet, and a dog doctor came, from the stables back, to prescribe.

While in this condition, the poor little scamp could only sit at the door of his house in the yard, and have his meals served by his mistress.

Mox went often and sat with him, and, I presume, told him all the news. As I remarked on this once, at the table, one of his detractors said:

"Oh, that is only to find out what is going on, and what is the matter with Pico! Mox is the most curious rascal going."

So, finally, I gave up trying to give my pet a reputation for unselfishness, and as Mox himself didn't seem to care what people said about him, I concluded that I need not worry over it, either.

Yesterday, I was resting on the lounge after lunch, when a tap came at my door. In answer to my "come in!" both Mox and his mistress appeared. He jumped on my lounge at once, and cuddled down at my feet. His mistress said:

"I felt that I must come and tell you what he did just now. The cook gave him a nice bone out of the soup. He looked at it for a minute in the most longing way, then took it up and trotted out to Pico's house. There he laid it down with a little sigh, as if to say, 'I did want it myself; but you can't walk, so I give it up to you.' Now, wasn't it cute of him?"

"Cute?" I answered. "It was beautiful—thoroughly unselfish. How many of us 'humans' would have done as well?"

The dear little scamp finished his afternoon nap snuggled up by my

feet, then had a lump of sugar and departed.

At dinner, that evening, the incident was related, and Mox was the hero of the table. All praised his act, and took back the old character they had given him.

All but one—Pico's mistress—said: "Ah, yes! but it was a very small bone. Mox saw it had nothing on it before he made a present of it."

Some folks are made so, aren't they? Must always throw cold water on the praises of a hero, in some fashion or other. C. M.

**All-Time Toys.**

Perhaps you think, when you push your jumping-jack before somebody and make him say "Oh!" and jump, that the little children who lived ages and ages ago, so long ago that we scarcely know anything about them, did not have such a toy. If you do think so, you are mistaken. It has been found that the children in Egypt had such a toy. And another discovery is that the little girls in Egypt, in the long, long ago, had dolls—queer, misshapen dolls, but dolls that they loved, and for whom they were little mothers.

**Nell and Bertha.**

"It was mean of the girls to decide that we must all wear flowers at the Juniors' reception," grumbled Bertha.

"Why, we are part of 'the girls,' and so we helped to decide," laughed Nell; "we didn't say anything against it."

"What could we say? They would have been sure the only reason was because we couldn't afford it, and so I wouldn't say anything. It's all very well for Eva Myers and those girls to plan such things, but it isn't so nice for us. I had a dollar saved to buy mother a pair of gloves for a birthday present—she needs them too—but now most of it will have to go for a few roses."

"Mine won't," said little Nell, stoutly. "I'll get my flowers by going down through the meadow, pulling off my shoes and stockings, and wading across the brook. That's all it will cost me to get plenty of lovely violets."

"Just wild flowers!" said her cousin, disdainfully. "Everybody will think you wear them because you hadn't money enough to buy anything else."

"Well, I haven't," answered Nell, honestly, "but I don't see why they should think anything about it; I'm sure the violets are beautiful."

She was sure of it the next day, when, with basket well filled, she sat down on the mossy bank to rest. Still, she could not help thinking of Bertha's scornful assertion that they would "look cheap," and that she "would rather never go anywhere than not go as other people did."

"But, then, I'm not 'other people'; I'm just myself," mused Nell, with her gaze wandering from the blue blossoms to the blue sky. "If I try to be like girls that have plenty of money, it will just be pretending; it won't be real, and it won't be honest."

So little Nell wore her violets, and Bertha grudgingly bought roses. "And I might as well have done as you did," the latter said, discontentedly, a day or two later, "for nearly everybody wore roses, so they were common—only, of course, mine were not so fine as some of the others. But I heard two or three admire your violets."

Does any one suppose Bertha grew

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