



ONLY A CAT.

BY LILLIAN M. DOWSE.

Only a pussy cat, soft, warm, and gray !
And I hear some one ask, What of that ?
She gave me such comfort on many a day,
And a sweet little puss she was, so they say,
What of that ? What of that ?
She was only a cat.

Only a pussy cat sat by my side,
And I hear you again, What of that ?
She was always my friend whatever be-
tide,
And many's the trouble to her I confide.
She is only a cat;
But I say, What of that ? What of that ?

Only a pussy cat's soft little purr !
And you ask, What of that ?
A bundle of coziness done up in fur;
But she loves me, and I love her;
Though she's only a cat.
What of that ? What of that ?

IT WILL HOLD MORE.

"That measure's full up!" said Rob, holding the wooden measure even, and noticing the rounded top as his father poured the stream of yellow grain from the meal bag.

"Not quite," said the farmer; "it will hold a little more if you shake it down well."

"Does, doesn't it?" answered Rob thoughtfully, as a gentle shake left a half inch of the sides of the measure visible. "Now it's full, though."

"It will hold a little more," repeated his father steadily. "Set it down hard, once—there! A pint more will go in easily. Things look full long before they really are so. Some folks round up their time that way. Day's packed full. Can't get in another chore if they tried to. No time to do an errand, dreadfully busy. Worst of it is, they think so, and 'tisn't all hypocrisy and excuses. What they need is a good shaking up and setting down hard. Never was a day so full it couldn't hold a little more. Hold that a

minute, will ye, while I go and lead old Billy out?"

"I believe father heard me telling mother I was so busy I hadn't a minute to go to the store for her!" mused Rob, standing stock-still holding the measure; "and I thought I was. I'm pretty close on time with that physics exam, coming to-morrow, but I might have done the errand. I could have studied all the way over and back if I'd wanted to. I believe I'll shake up my days a little. They'll hold a little more, if they do look full."—*Wellspring.*

TREATMENT OF ENEMIES.

A little girl one day went to her mother to show some fruit that had been given her. "Your friend," said the mother, "has been very kind."

"Yes," said the child; "she gave me more than these, but I have given some away."

The mother inquired to whom she had given them, when she answered: "I have given them to a girl who pushes me off the path and makes faces at me." On being asked why she gave them to her, she replied: "Because I thought it would make her know that I wish to be kind to her, and she will not, perhaps, be rude and unkind to me again."—*Foster.*

A TRUE STORY.

Rover was a big dog; Tabby was only a little kitten. Somebody left her in our yard one frosty night. In the morning we found her in the wet grass. She was shivering with the cold. We made her a warm bed and fed her with new milk.

Rover was not very good to Tabby. He growled crossly whenever he saw her. Poor pussy! It was not her fault she had come to our house.

When Tabby grew bigger Rover stopped teasing her. Perhaps he knew that she wore sharp claws in her soft paws. Anyway, he did not even look at her. So she, like a well-bred cat, did not go near him.

One soft summer day Rover lay on the door mat sunning himself. Tabby sat winking and dreaming away at the other end. I suppose that some of us must have left the gate open. Suddenly a big yellow dog ran into the yard. Seeing kitty, he began to bark. She arched her back and looked cross. He did not mind that. He caught her in his big, ugly

mouth and shook her. The next thing was a surprise to the yellow dog. Rover, at a jump, seized the visitor and whipped him soundly. Away ran the cur, limping and yelping home. Rover walked back to finish his nap. Tabby meowed pitifully, for she was hurt. She would not go to grandpa, who called her. But you can't guess what she did. She walked over to Rover and lay down between his fore paws. He did not bite her. He did not even growl. Instead he licked Tabby's lame neck to make it well. She felt that he was her protector, and this was her way of thanking him. This happened a long time ago, but Rover and Tabby are still fast friends.

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

A boy can make the world more pure
By kindly word and deed;
As blossoms call for nature's light,
So hearts love's sunshine need.

A boy can make the world more pure
By lips kept ever clean;
Silence can influence shed as sure
As speech, oft more doth mean.

A boy can make the world more true
By an exalted aim;
Let one a given end pursue,
Others will seek the same.

Full simple things indeed these three,
Thus stated in my rhyme;
Yet what, dear lad, could greater be,
What grander, more sublime!



SELLING ICE CREAM IN CHINA.