

Little Folks.

What the Dog Churned.

By Marcia Purdy.

Charlie, with Nero beside him, was digging worms from the flower bed near the cellar window and heard grandma say to Aunt Sue, 'I should like a blackberry pudding to-day, but you cannot go for the berries, and when the churning is done the sun will be too hot for me, as I have a headache.'

'Why not let Charlie go?' asked Aunt Sue; and grandma replied, 'He went so unwillingly yesterday that I do not care to ask him again; I want his vacation to be as pleasant as possible.'

Charlie's face grew red. Yes, he had gone unwillingly; he was so anxious to see the reaper at work that he was not willing to give grandma the few minutes it took to pick a few berries, although he afterwards ate his share of the pie with much enjoyment.

To-day he was going fishing with Ned Parker, and ought to start at once or Ned would be waiting for him, so he had not a minute to spare for berrying. Of course grandma had not asked him to go, and did not even know that he was near when she spoke, still he wished he had not heard her, for it spoiled his pleasure.

In a few minutes he heard the cellar door close and then the heavy splash of the cream as it was poured into the churn. At this sound Nero left Charlie and sprang upon the dog churn, ready to begin his work.

'What a good dog Nero is!' said Charlie to himself; 'he never waits to be told to churn, but is always ready before the cream is.'

This made him think of the boy who was not willing to pick a few berries, and his face grew red again.

He heard grandma throw off the brake, and then came the steady 'herchug! herchug!' of the dasher as Nero began his tiresome trot upon the wheel. By and by this changed to 'selfish boy! selfish boy!' and although Charlie dug faster than before he could not help hearing it.

At last he threw down his trowel and, shaking his fist at Nero, said, 'I don't mean to let a dog get ahead of me;' then picked up his basket and, climbing over the stone wall, went to the berry field.

When he returned, grandma was gathering the butter; he held up

the basket of berries, saying, 'Nero churned something beside butter this morning, grandma,' and told her the story.

Her loving kiss more than paid him for his trouble, and he ran to join Ned with a light heart.—The Mayflower.

The End of a Dog's Quarrel.

One day a fine Newfoundland dog and a mastiff had a sharp discussion over a bone, and warred away as angrily as two boys. They were fighting on a bridge, and before they knew it, over they went into the water. The banks were so high that they were forced to swim some distance before they came to a landing-place. It was very easy for the

everything being done that can keep them healthy and happy.

There are dogs there of almost every breed, and when the Queen is staying at the castle she goes very often to visit her pets.

When a Royal dog dies it is laid in a grave, which is marked by a stone that tells its name.

One tombstone is for 'Maurice,' a dog of the Mont St. Bernard breed, which belonged to Prince Albert, and died in the year 1864.

Another is the grave of 'Prince,' who died in 1865; he was a Scotch terrier that came from the Queen's Castle of Balmoral in the Highlands.

Of all dogs, Her Majesty prefers collies. Princess Beatrice is more



HE TOWED HIM SAFELY INTO PORT.

Newfoundland; he was as much at home in the water as a seal. But not so poor Bruce. He struggled and tried to swim, but made little headway.

The Newfoundland dog quickly reached the land, and then turned to look at his old enemy. He saw plainly that his strength was fast failing, and that he was likely to drown. So what should the noble fellow do but plunge in, seize him gently by the collar, and, keeping his nose above the water, tow him safely into port.

It was funny to see these two dogs look at each other as they shook their wet coats. Their glance said as plainly as words, 'We'll never quarrel any more.'

Our good Queen Victoria has always been fond of dogs.

The kennels at Windsor are well kept, and the animals are shown the greatest care and kindness,

fond of fox-terriers, and she has a goodly number of them.

—'The Child's Companion.'

A Very Good Little Girl.

She never sighs,

She never grumbles,

She never cries

When down she tumbles,

She never soils her pretty dresses,

She never spoils her silken tresses,

She never quarrels at her play,

She's glad and cheerful all the day.

I love to hold her in my arms

And kiss and kiss her for her charms.

O she's the sweetest little girl;

And precious as a costly pearl.

What is her name? It's just plain

Polly,

And she's my dearest, dearest dolly.—'Adviser.'