

appear too stunted should be removed for a short time to a little warmer situation, on the chimney-piece,—for instance, in the sitting-room; but not for too long a period, or they will be weak and pale. Observation is the best guide in all these matters.”

It is found that, in the majority of cases, the flower-stem requires artificial supports, although we confess we believe that superior cultivation will obviate such an application. A hyacinth in the open border will not require it, and from such we must infer that artificial treatment alone renders such necessary.

Of the treatment of the bulbs after flowering, so as to render them creditable, “if not equal to the first season” of flowering, the following is given: “Many bulbs are rendered worthless by careless treatment after they have done blooming; whereas fine blooms, if not equal to the first season, may be relied upon if treated in the following manner:—The moment the flowers begin to decay, remove them from the glasses, and plant them in good rich compost, consisting of three parts of good decayed turf, and one each of well-rotted cow-dung and sand. Let the flowers and leaves die off before taking up the bulbs; and do not on any account cut them off when green, as this greatly impoverishes the bulb.”

In the pot-culture of hyacinths, as well as in that of glasses, a thorough root-action must be procured before the stimulants to growth in the leaves and flowers are applied, or failure will assuredly follow. Of the “properties” of the flowers, we say nothing; the present remarks have been penned for those who love a flower for its beauty, and not for the shape of the petals, or the length of its footstalk.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

DO NOT PROCRASTINATE.—There is no moment like the present; not only so, but, moreover, there is no other moment at all; that is, no instant force and energy but in the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him can have no hope from them afterwards; they will be dissipated, lost, and perish in the hurry skurry of the world, or sunk in the slough of indolence.

STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

MY PETS.

I. HECTOR, THE GREYHOUND.

HECTOR was the favourite hound of my brother Rufus, who was extremely fond of him, for he was one of the most beautiful creatures ever seen, had an amiable disposition, and was very intelligent. You would scarcely believe me, should I tell you all his accomplishments and cunning tricks. If one gave him a piece of money, he would take it in his mouth and run at once to the baker or butcher for his dinner. He was evidently fond of music, and even seemed to have an ear for it; and he would dance away merrily whenever he saw dancing. He was large and strong, and in the winter, I remember, we used to harness him to a little sleigh, on which he drew my youngest brother to school. As Hector was as fleet as the wind, this sort of riding was rare sport. At night we had but to start him off, and he would go directly to the school-house for his little master. Ah, Hector was a wonderful dog!

A few miles from our house, there was a pond, or small lake, very deep and dark, and surrounded by a swampy wood. Here my brothers used to go duck-shooting; though it was rather dangerous sport, as most of the shore of the pond was a soft bog, but thinly grown over with grass and weeds. It was said that cattle had been known to sink in it, and disappear in a short time.

One night during the hunting season, one of my elder brothers brought a friend home with him,—a fine, handsome young fellow, named Charles Ashley. It was arranged that they should shoot ducks about the pond the next day. So in the morning they all set out in high spirits. In the forenoon they had not much luck, as they kept too much together; but in the afternoon they separated, my brothers giving their friend warning to beware of getting into the bogs. But Ashley was a wild, imprudent young man, and once, having shot a fine large duck, which fell into the pond near the shore, and Hector, who was with him, refusing to go into the water for it, he ran down

himself. Before he reached the edge of the water, he was over his ankles in mire; then, turning to go back, he sunk to his knees, and in another moment he was waist-high in the bog, and quite unable to help himself. He laid his gun down, and fortunately could rest one end of it on a little knoll of firmer earth; but he still sunk slowly, till he was in up to his arm-pits. Of course, he called and shouted for help as loud as possible, but my brothers were at such a distance that they did not hear him so as to know his voice. But Hector, after looking at him in his sad fix a moment, started off on a swift run, which soon brought him to his master. My brother said that the dog then began to whine, and run back and forth in a most extraordinary manner, until he set out to follow him to the scene of the accident. Hector dashed on through the thick bushes, as though he were half-distracted, every few moments turning back with wild cries to hurry on his master. When my brother came up to where his friend was fixed in the mire, he could see nothing of him at first. Then he heard a faint voice calling him, and, looking down near the water, he saw a pale face looking up at him from the midst of the black bog. He has often said that it was the strangest sight that he ever saw. Poor Ashley's arms, and the fowling-piece he held, were now beginning to disappear, and in a very short time he would have sunk out of sight for ever. Only to think of such an awful death! My brother, who had always a great presence of mind, lost no time in bending down a young tree from the bank where he stood, so that Ashley could grasp it, and in that way be drawn up; for, as you see, it would not have been safe for him to go down to where his friend sunk. When Ashley had taken a firm hold of the sapling, my brother let go of it, and it sprung back, pulling up the young man without much exertion on his own part. Ashley was, however, greatly exhausted with fright and struggling, and lay for some moments on the bank, feeling quite unable to walk. As soon as he was strong enough, he set out for home with my brother, stopping very often to rest and shake off the thick mud, which actually weighed heavily upon him. I never shall

forget how he looked when he came into the yard about sunset. O, what a rueful and ridiculous figure he cut! We could none of us keep from laughing, though we were frightened at first, and sorry for our guest's misfortune. But after he was dressed in a dry suit of my brother's, he looked funnier than ever, for he was a tall, rather large person, and the dress was too small for him every way. Yet he laughed as heartily as any of us, for he was very good-natured and merry. It seems to me I can see him now, as he walked about with pantaloons half-way up to his knees, coat-sleeves coming a little below the elbows, and vest that wouldn't meet at all, and told us queer, entertaining stories, and sung songs, and jested and laughed all the evening. But once, I remember, I saw him go out on to the door-step, where Hector was lying, kneel down beside the faithful dog, and actually hug him to his breast.

When not hunting with his master, Hector went with Albert and me in all our rambles, berrying and nutting. We could hardly be seen without him, and we loved him almost as we loved one another.

One afternoon in early spring, we had been into the woods for wild-flowers. I remember that I had my apron filled with the sweet claytonias, and the gay trilliums and the pretty white flowers of the sanguinaria, or "blood-root," and hosts and handfuls of the wild violets, yellow and blue. My brother had taken off his cap and filled it with beautiful green mosses, and lit up with the bright red squawberry. We had just entered the long, shady lane which ran down to the house, and were talking and laughing very merrily, when we saw a crowd of men and boys running toward us and shouting as they ran. Before them was a large, brown bull-dog, that, as he came near, we saw was foaming at the mouth. Then we heard what the men were crying. It was, "*Mad dog!*"

My brother and I stopped and clung to each other in great trouble. Hector stood before us and growled. The dog was already so near that we saw we could not escape; he came right at us, with his dreadful frothy mouth wide open. He was just upon us, when Hector caught him by the throat, and the two rolled on

the ground, biting and struggling. But presently one of the men came up and struck the mad dog on the head with a large club; so stunned him, and finally killed him. But Hector, poor Hector, was badly bitten in the neck and breast and all the men said that he must die too, or he would go mad. One of the neighbours went home with us, and told my father and elder brothers all about it. They were greatly troubled, but promised that, for the safety of the neighbourhood, Hector should be shot in the morning. I remember how, while they were talking, Hector lay on the door-step licking his wounds, every now and then looking round, as if he thought that there was some trouble which he ought to understand.

I shall never, never forget how I grieved that night! I heard the clock strike ten, eleven, and twelve, as I lay awake weeping for my dear playfellow and noble preserver, who was to die in the morning. Hector was sleeping in the next room, and once I got up and stole out to see him, as he lay on the hearth-rug in the clear moonlight, resting unquietly, for his wounds pained him. I went and stood so near that my tears fell on his beautiful head; but I was careful not to wake him, for I somehow felt guilty toward him.

That night the weather changed, and the next morning came up chilly and windy, with no sunshine at all, as though it would not have been a gloomy day enough anyhow. After breakfast—ah! I remember well how little breakfast was eaten by any of us that morning—Hector was led into the yard, and fastened to a stake. He had never before, in all his life, been tied, and he now looked troubled and ashamed. But my mother spoke pleasantly to him, and patted him, and he held up his head and looked proud again. My mother was greatly grieved that the poor fellow should have to die for defending her children, and when she turned from him, and went into the house, I saw she was in tears; so I cried louder than ever. One after another, we all went up and took leave of our dear and faithful friend. My youngest brother clung about him longest, crying and sobbing as though his heart would break. It seemed that we should never get the child away. My brother Rufus said that no one should

shoot his dog but himself, and while we children were bidding farewell, he stood at a little distance loading his rifle. But finally he also came up to take leave. He laid his hand tenderly on Hector's head, but did not speak to him or look into his eyes,—those sad eyes, which seemed to be asking what all this crying meant. He then stepped quickly back to his place, and raised the rifle to his shoulder. Then poor Hector appeared to understand it all, and to know that he must die, for he gave a loud, mournful cry, trembled all over, and crouched toward the ground. My brother dropped the gun, and leaned upon it, pale and distressed. Then came the strangest thing of all. Hector seemed to have strength given him to submit to his hard fate; he stood up bravely again, but turned away his head and closed his eyes. My brother raised the rifle. I covered my face with my hands. Then came a loud, sharp report. I looked round and saw Hector stretched at full-length, with a great stream of blood spouting from his white breast, and reddening all the grass about him. He was not quite dead, and as we gathered around him, he looked up into our faces and moaned. The ball which pierced him had cut the cord in two that bound him to the stake, and he was free at the last. My brother, who had thrown down his rifle, drew near also, but dared not come close, because, he said, he feared the poor dog would look reproachfully at him. But Hector caught sight of his beloved master, and, raising all his strength, dragged himself to his feet. Rufus bent over him, and called him by name. Hector looked up lovingly and forgivingly into his face, licked his hand, and died! Then my brother, who had kept a firm, manly face all the while, burst into tears.

My brother William, who was always master of ceremonies on such occasions, made a neat coffin for Hector, and laid him in it very gently and solemnly. I flung in all the wild-flowers which Albert and I had gathered on the afternoon of our last walk with our noble friend, and so we buried him. His grave was very near the spot where he had so bravely defended us from the mad dog, by the side of the way, in the long, pleasant lane, where the elm-trees grow.