

with you until some of the folks came, but—" He stopped and did not finish the sentence. "Come, we will gather up the money, and put it away. You must not spread it out that way again. Then you must go into the house, and fasten the door, and stay in until they come. Will you do that, for me?" and he smiled coaxingly into the blue eyes that were raised to his trustingly.

"Yes," she promised. "But you must not go. Wait to see my father and mother, and Katie—" but he shook his head decidedly, and she paused.

"No, I cannot. Good-bye, little one." She had not even told him her name. "Be sure to stay in until some one comes to take care of you," and he turned away.

"Wait—you have left your bag," she called after him, with a sudden thought. He turned and paused, half-way down the path. The dark eyes did not look tired now, in spite of the encounter of a few minutes before. There was a curious light in them—an uplifted look that puzzled the child.

"No, I did not forget it. Tell your father that it is for him—that I left it for him—for the sake of the mortgage and the little daughter who was so good to me," he said, steadily. "Can you remember, and tell him just that way? Let me hear you say it after me."

She repeated the message correctly. Then a troubled look came into her eyes. "I don't want you to go," she said, with a hint of tears in her voice. He looked across the fields, and saw a figure hurrying toward the house—the girl who ought not to have left it. Then he turned to the child.

"Come here," he said, and she obeyed. Stooping, he put his arm about her once more, and kissed her once lightly on the forehead.

"Katie is coming, Run and meet her, and tell her all about the man who was taking your money," he said. The little trick served its purpose. Her attention diverted, she let him go, and scampered away to meet the girl at the pasture bars, while he strode rapidly away in the opposite direction from the village and the departed tramp.

An hour later the father and mother made their appearance. But there was no joy in their home-coming. Madeline was not old enough to understand the white despair in the face of the man and woman who came in and sat heavily down. It was Katie who heard the story with open-eyed wonder.

"It was an old safe—I suppose the combination was an easy one, for he did not even blow the doors open. And every cent of the bank's funds is gone, and not a sign of a clue to the robbers," he said, unemotionally. What good would emotion do? It could not bring back the long-boarded dollars which he had lost. He rose to go out to his evening duties—duties that seemed a mockery of his lang, wasted industry, now that the toilsome fruits were swept away in a night. His eyes caught the bag, that still sat by the door. Madeline had sturdily refused to let Katie even touch it, much as she would have liked to peer into its mysterious depths. His question brought the story which the child had scarcely finished telling the girl; the story which she waited with impatience to tell to him.

"Well, well, I don't know who he could have been, or what he means by this, I'm sure," he said, in a puzzled tone. But he knew when he opened the bag. It held the missing bank funds.

And for the sake of the "mortgage" and the child who had been so innocently trusting and friendly—for the sake of the smile she had given him, and the light of undimmed faith in the goodness of men in the blue eyes that had looked so fearlessly into his own—for the sake of the atom of good that she had made to stir in his heart—a man, far away on the road had turned his back

upon the life of evil that had held him in its clutches, and, with set face and steady dark eyes, had made his vow to God that he would walk the earth as honest a man as a child had thought him.

CONDESCENSION.

Gwendolen Jones was chubby and sweet. And her age was half-past three: And she lived in a house on Wellington Street, In the yard with the walnut tree.

Harold Percival Marmaduke Smith Was almost half-past four; And he said, when they gave him a base ball and bat, That he'd "play with the girls no more."

Gwendolen Jones she gazed through the fence; At an end were all life's joys. As she saw the friend of her youth depart "To play with the great big boys."

Harold Percival Marmaduke Smith Up to the field marched he; But his eye was blacked, and his head was whacked, And his ball no more did he see.

And the boys called him "Baby" because he cried, Did Teddy and Willie and Tim; And they chased him away when he threatened to tell, And said they'd "no use for him."

Gwendolen Jones came down to the fence, And her face wore a joyful smile When Harold Percival Marmaduke said He'd play with her "once in a while." —St. Nicholas.

THE PRICE OF A DOG.

A German newspaper recently published an account of a London dog show and mentioned the prices at which some of the prize specimens were held by their owners. "Lady Holland's little Japanese spaniel," said the correspondent, "could not be purchased for 200,000 marks, and no one could put a price on Queen Alexandra's prize greyhound. There are, in fact, hundreds of animals on view, any one of which is worth a fortune." A few days after the article was published a peasant went to the newspaper office with a large, shaggy mongrel and asked to see the man who wrote about the dogs. "He is in England," the man was told. "Well," he said, "possibly you can tell me what this animal is worth. My wife wants me to keep him, but if dogs are so valuable I am willing to part with Hans." The publisher smiled and told the man that his dog was not of the valuable kind. "Not? Not valuable? Two years ago, when my wife and I were both in the fields, our hired woman left the children alone, and while she was gone the house took fire. This dog ran in and carried down the little one and chased the others out. He saved them all, and you say he's not valuable. What has the 200,000 mark dog done?" "Probably nothing," was the answer, "but he is perfectly bred and beautiful." "Now I understand," said the peasant, "great family and fine clothes—just like our nobles. Come Hans!"

Central Presbyterian: The best thing we can wish for and ask for is the kingdom of God, in ourselves, among our fellow-men and in all the world. It is the perfect submission to God's will, and the absolute reign of God's holy will among men. And that is the blessing beyond which we can imagine nothing.

If you want your good resolutions to last put some backbone into them.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS, A SMILE IN EVERY DOSE

The mother who, in her gratitude for what Baby's Own Tablets have done for her child, said that "There's a smile in every dose" coined a very happy and very true phrase. The tablets cure all the minor ailments of babies and young children, and make bright, smiling, happy little ones. Mrs. John Young, Auburn, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for more than a year and I think they are the best medicine that can be given a baby. They are splendid at teething time, and for stomach and bowel troubles. You don't need a doctor if you keep Baby's Own Tablets in the house." That's about the highest praise a mother can give and it's true, every word of it. You can get the Tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

IN THE LAND OF MANDALAY.

Elephants dearly love a joke," says a keeper of these unwieldy creatures. "When engaged in the timber trade in Burma, I observed some queer pranks played by them. I saw a calf play a most ludicrous trick on its mother. The older animal was hauling a log, which fifty coolies could not have moved, from a river to the saw-mill, quite unsuspecting of any guile in the beam of her offspring. The youngster took a turn with his trunk round one of the chain traces and pulled back with all his might. This additional weight caused the mother to stop and look behind her; but, discovering the cause, she gravely shook her head and prepared to resume her task of drawing the log to the mill.

This was just what the little imp expected, and before the strain was put on again, he kicked out the iron hook which fastened the long chain to the log. As the mother again began to pull, he held back with all his strength on the chain until her muscles were in full play, and then suddenly let go. The effect was disastrous in the extreme. Down went the old elephant on her knees, and the driver described a most graceful and prolonged curve before he landed on the ground. But like a cat, he struck on his feet, and, blurring out some heavy Burmese exclamations of wrath, he whispered a few words in the ear of the amazed victim of this unfeeling practical joke. She seemed to understand him at once, and there ensued one of the most exciting chases it has ever been my good fortune to witness.

The calf scented danger and fled, pursued by the mother. The youngster was quicker in turning, but at last he was cornered. The maternal trunk smote him on his loins. He gave a shriek; at a second stroke he dropped on his knees and took his punishment bravely and patiently. A few minutes later he walked past us to the shed; but his trunk was drooping, and the great tears were coursing silently down his India-rubber cheeks. I was sorry for the poor little fellow, and I noticed that at dinner time his mother was gently rubbing him down with her trunk and manifesting many signs of affection." —Popular Magazine.

The hand that carries a basket of food to the poor is serving the Lord as truly as the hand that rules empires.

The fellow who prates about righteousness and gives 14 ounces to the pound needs readjustment at both ends.

By resisting the storms the fiber is strengthened; by yielding to them the end of life is at hand.

Liberality is too often a tree that little men climb for the purpose of looking over their neighbors' fences.