

## The Money That Didn't Belong to Him.

The quiet of Franklin Street was broken in upon one day last summer by a raft of noisy boys, who, finding a little stretch of shade thrown by Mr. Foster's tall, new house, took advantage of it for the game they were playing.

I don't know just what the game was, but it kicked up a great deal of dust, and a great deal of noise, and seemed to be very exciting. One thing I could not help seeing from my window that disquieted me. It was that pennies were passing from one pocket to another. When the whirling top reeled and fell on one side of a certain mark made in the dust there would be a whoop among one part of the crowd, and pennies tossed from hand to hand. I didn't like the looks of that.

Presently a rather grim-looking old fellow, with a grey mustache, and a patch over one eye, came along, walking stiffly on a wooden leg. He stopped long enough to see what the boys were doing, and then I heard him call out, in a resonant voice: "George Maxwell!"

"Sir," answered a young voice, promptly, and a handsome, straight little fellow stepped out from the crowd.

"There's a little story I've been wanting to tell you for a great while, and I think this is a good chance."

A look passed among the boys which seemed to say that they didn't agree with him about this being a good chance; but he took advantage of their silence to begin his story:

"When we all surrendered at Appomattox," began the old Confederate, "a friend of mine had several hundred dollars in gold, belonging to the Confederate Government, which had been put in his hands to buy ordnance stores abroad.

"What am I going to do with this gold?" said he.

"Why, Colonel," said I, "come with me; we'll look up what's left of the Confederate Government, and turn it in."

"But almost before we had gotten out of Virginia, Davis had been captured, and the Confederate Government was a thing of the past.

"Now, what am I going to do with this gold?" said the Colonel.

"Well, Colonel," said I, "you are as much the Confederate Government as anybody else now; and I advise you to keep the money, and use it in getting a start somewhere."

"He didn't seem to like this idea; said he wasn't in the habit of using money that didn't belong to him. But everybody he consulted gave him the same advice; and so after a while he gave it to two friends of his, young soldiers who had come out of the War without a cent, and they set up in business in a small way.

"We'll make you partner in the concern, Colonel," they said; and so they used his name, though he never touched a cent of the money, after he turned over to them that Confederate gold. They failed, poor fellows, and lost all the money, and got in debt besides.

Meantime, the Colonel was earning his living by his wits, and going right on to success. I don't mean that he was getting rich, but he was serving his country and her broken fortunes and her discouraged

people, and was everywhere relied upon as a man of men.

"Just before he married the woman he had been waiting for, I saw him and congratulated him upon his good fortune. "That Confederate gold gave you the first start, didn't it, Colonel?" said I.

Then he told me what had happened to it. "But do you know, Major," said he, "I've never felt right about that money; it wasn't mine to give away, nor to lose; and I've made up my mind to take it out of my own pocket, and give it to some State institution."

"Oh, come, now," said I, jeeringly; "the day for Don Quixotes is past."

"I didn't see this old comrade again until a few months before his death. Yes, boys—the old soldier's voice grew husky—he's gone forward; his tent is struck; he's gone into camp with old Stonewall and "Mars Bob," and the rest. "Well, Colonel," said I, "I hope you didn't steal that money from the fine boy I hear you are growing at Fair-oaks;" for I knew he was ready to brag about his baby.

"I'll tell you a curious thing about that boy, Major," said he.

"Oh, I've no doubt you'll want me to believe some hard yarns on him," said I; "he breaks your colts for you, doesn't he; and spends his idle time studying Sanskrit?"

"No," said he; "but I'll tell you what, he's made an honest man of his father."

"A mighty-tough job, truly," I snarled.

"Well," said the Colonel, "when I came to think about the sort of fair and square man I wanted George to be, that old Confederate gold bothered me. I knew, in my secret soul, after the heat of war cooled, that the money belonged to the United States Government; and so a few months ago I spent some hard work finding out the compound interest on it, and I paid it into the United States Treasury, interest, compound interest and all. Money is rather scarce with me now; but if I hadn't but one shirt to my back, I'd enjoy looking that baby squarely in the face, and daring him to touch a cent of money that wasn't honestly his"

"George, did you ever hear that story before?"

"Yes, sir," said the lad, proudly; "that was my father."

"Certainly it was your father, the bravest man, the best friend, and the truest Christian I ever knew. And is it possible that you are putting pennies in your pocket by betting, by gambling? George Maxwell's boy handling dirty money!"

The soldier stumped away, and there was a dead silence out on the shady sidewalk. Then I saw several coins flung down in the dust, and, as the boy sprang after the halting steps, I heard him say:

"Never again, sir, never!"—American Paper.

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## A Twilight Story For Girls.

(Mabel Nelson Thurston, in 'Woman's Journal.')

Outside it was raining heavily. Inside—well, inside the weather was threatening, to say the least. One of the nurses, going to the linen-room with an armful of fresh towels, shook her head.

"I pity ourselves to-day," she said.

"I know—it will be so hard to keep the children bright," the other answered. A nurse was taking the temperatures and marking the charts that hung at the head of each white bed. She stooped a moment, and looked down at one especially listless face.

"Don't you want some of the scrapbooks to look over, Jennie?" she asked.

Jennie's weak voice was utterly uninterested. "No," she answered. The nurse's voice kept its brightness in spite of her discouragement. "Then, don't you want me to bring you one of the puzzles?" You could play with it nicely there."

"No, I don't want any," Jennie answered, wearily.

A hand pulled at the nurse's skirt, and she turned quickly. The thin, pain-sharpened face of the girl in the next bed smiled at her cheerfully.

"Don't bother about Jennie, I guess I can make her do something," she said, in a low voice.

The nurse bent over her with a swift, caressing touch. "Thank you, little assistant," she said tenderly.

Maggie lay thinking for a few minutes. In the room outside, where the patient's clothes are kept in a case full of big pigeon holes, was one bundle shabbier than the others, this was Maggie's. In one of the beds were some queer, cruel-looking weights that meant suffering far greater than the most of the little invalids there could imagine, and they were Maggie's, too. Perhaps, in all the long roomful, she had the fewest things to make her glad; but what of that? God teaches us how to make our happiness, if he will; God and Maggie together made hers.

She opened her eyes when the sharpest pain had passed, and called across to the next bed, "Jennie!"

"What is it?" Jennie asked listlessly.

"Jennie, let's "see things;" we haven't for ever so long. You wanted to the other day, you know."

"Well," Jennie answered doubtfully, "you will have to begin, though."

"Oh, yes, I'll begin. Well, then, I see some great red roses, just as soft and dark as velvet; and they feel all cool when you touch them, and they smell—my, don't they smell sweet?"

"I know something prettier than that," Jennie answered. "It's vi-lets—a lady gave me some once. There isn't anything like 'em, velvet nor nothin' else. I 'most cried when they withered. That's prettier than yours, Maggie Dufin."

"But I see somethin' else," Maggie went on. "It's a great green place, and the grass is all nice and thick under your feet, and it's full of the beautifullest flowers—yellow and white, and all colors, and there isn't no sign to keep off the grass—you kin jest lay and roll in it all day long. And there's birds in the trees, and you never heard nothin' sing like them; and you kin see the sky, jest miles of it, and you kin 'most taste the air, it's so sweet."