

looked at it when you gave it me, and it was more than a shilling, and I gave you six coppers change."

"I know you gave me six coppers," she said, holding her hand upon her heart, and still panting with breath; "but missis gave me a sovereign and a guinea—the sovereign for the butcher and the grocer for potatoes; and when I reached the girl's I'd only got the shilling. I gave you the sovereign."

"No, you didn't, indeed, miss," replied Tom, holding his money-bag. "Look here! There isn't a sovereign amongst them, and I put all my money in it. I couldn't have taken it without knowing."

"But you must have it," persisted the girl. "No else can have got it! I came right out of the house with the money, and I'd only that one guinea and one sovereign. You just give it up to me, there's a good lad, and I'll say no more to it."

"I can't give it up if I haven't got it, can I?" Tom, angrily. "I've shown you my money-bag. I can't waste my time here all day. You must have got it."

"I won't," said the girl. "Police, please, you must come here, will you?"

A policeman had come up unseen by Tom, and when he looked round, he quailed with fear. He saw Banner standing beside his donkey-cart. He was too frightened to see that Banner looked more stern than usual, for only the night before he had been the most attentive of his class. The girl told her tale hurriedly; and Tom repeated his oath with an oath, which escaped his lips in the confusion of the moment. Banner frowned, and rested severely upon him.

"Thomas Haslam!" he uttered, in a tone which made Tom tremble from head to foot.

"I haven't got it," he cried, with another oath. "You may look in my money-bag, Mr. Banner. There is no such thing as a sovereign in it."

Tom stood silent for a minute, looking at the girl with a feeling of real sorrow. Such pains he had taken with him, and such an interest he had shown him! He had looked well after him, and had done his duty diligently; thinking he was doing his man work, and was fulfilling his duty as a man. In his own stiff and stern manner he had really felt a friendship for Tom, and pushed forward in his business. And now it was come to this! For that one minute he was full of sorrow and disappointment; the next, he was a policeman and his sole thought was to fulfil his duty as a policeman.

"Thomas Haslam," he said, "I must see what you have in your pockets, as well as your money-bag."

The old days, Tom had had many a narrow escape from the hands of the police. In the confusion and excitement of the moment, former habits had held their hold upon him. The instinct of the donkey-cart to escape from a policeman, which had numbed but was not quite dead, revived. His mind and conscience were paralyzed by sudden death at the certainty of detection. He glanced behind him and saw a passage close at hand leading to a street beyond, and if he could only gain it he would have a good chance of getting off. He gathered up all his strength, he ran at Banner's head, butting against him; and before the girl could recover herself, or the girl lay upon him, he fled down the passage, and was out of sight.

It was at first like a welcome return to the old, lawless life; and, for a few minutes, the only thing Tom had was one of triumphant daring and

clever dodging of his old enemy—a policeman. He darted down many a short cut and narrow alley, till he was safe in the heart of the city; and then he hid himself in the doorway of an untenanted warehouse, to get his breath again after his rapid and successful flight. But he had not time to tarry long, for Banner would be on his track quickly. Then, all at once, like a sudden burst of light which did not pass away in a flash, there came into his mind the utter and complete folly of his sin. True, he had possessed himself of a sovereign—but what had he lost? He had banished himself from Manchester, for he must flee at once, or be arrested as a thief and be imprisoned—for how long he could not tell. He must leave behind him the business he had got together, and his stock-in-trade, and his box containing all his clothes, and, more precious still, his Savings Bank book. At the thought of his Savings Bank book he clenched his teeth, and swore savagely at his own folly and wickedness. He dared not return to his lodgings, lest Banner should be there already. Every policeman would soon be on the look-out for him, and they knew him very well.

There was only one way of escape now open to Tom. He was not far from Victoria Station, and trains were leaving there frequently for Liverpool. He had made himself a vagabond and beggar again by his own foolishness, and he must banish himself from all the old, familiar streets—the only places he had known all his life long. Little Phil, too—but at the thought of little Phil, Tom felt as if his heart would break. How little Phil and Alice would grieve and sorrow over him, and, at first, refuse to believe that he was guilty! But time was too precious for him to waste it in vain regrets. Very cautiously, with many backward glances, lest Banner should be dogging his footsteps, he stole his way to the station, and—paying for his ticket out of the sovereign which had been so great a temptation and curse to him—he got into the train for Liverpool.

(To be continued.)

KEEP A SCRAP-BOOK.

A SCRAP-BOOK is something I advise every boy and girl to keep. If you are ten or fifteen or twenty years old keep a scrap-book. Let me tell you why and how: Hundreds of things you see that you would like to keep; but if you lay them away you will never be able to find them when you want them. When I was a boy I did not have sense enough to keep scrap-books. I began some, but did not keep on long with them.

My memory was good; but I can now remember many things that I can not remember. What that means is this: I remember reading a beautiful piece of poetry, two or three lines of which I can call up; but the whole I can not recollect. In some cases I do not know the name of the writer.

I have seen many fine pictures in magazines and papers that would now be valuable and interesting. Some I cut out, but they are lost. Charming stories, wise remarks, proverbs, directions for doing a great many useful and curious things, are also lost.

So much do I feel sure that I have lost, that I would give fifty dollars apiece for the scrap-books of each and every year that I might have made from the time I was ten till I began to preserve things, only a few years ago.

There is a gentleman who has kept scrap-books since he was eight years old. He is now forty, and has been arranging them in volumes, with an index in the back of each one. You would hardly think that the earlier would be of much use to him,

but they are. He often amuses himself as he reads them; for he sees how little he knew when he was small, and also finds a little that he still thinks valuable. Besides, his children are much interested to see what their father had collected and pasted in books. The older he grows the more useful the books become.

He can go to his books and in a very few minutes get information about everything that has happened in his whole life—told you all about the civil war, the Crimean war, the Italian war, the overthrow of Louis Napoleon, and many other things, just as they were published in the papers at the time the event happened.

His scrap-book often contains many funny things, which provoke a smile and often a merry laugh as he reads them to his family in the long winter evenings. The children would rather hear him read from his scrap-books than from the newest story.

The Old Front Door.

I REMEMBER the time when I used to sit,
A happy and thoughtless boy,
When father came home from his work at last,
And I was tired of my toy;
I remember the time and none more sweet
Shall I know forevermore,
When I sat at the eve by my mother's side,
On the sill of the old front door.

I remember I'd sit till I fell asleep,
And list to their loving talk,
While the crickets chirped and the fireflies bright
Flew over the garden walk;
And often would father tell the tale
Of the time, long years before,
When he led his bride to a happy home,
Over the sill of the old front door.

I remember when grandfather failed and died,
And eighty years old was he,
And well I knew that never again
He would ride me upon his knee;
And though but a gay and thoughtless boy,
I wept, and my heart was sore,
When I saw them bear him slowly out
Over the sill of the old front door.

It is many a weary day since then,
And I, too, am old and gray;
But the tears come crowding into my eyes
When I think of that long-past day;
And I only hope that whatever end
Fate may have for me in store,
I shall pass once more before I die,
Over the sill of the old front door.

A COSTLY GLASS OF WINE.

THE Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of King Louis Philippe, King of France, was the inheritor of whatever rights the royal family could transmit. He was a noble young man, physically and intellectually. One morning he invited in a few of his companions as he was about to leave Paris to join his regiment. In the conviviality of the hour he drank wine. He did not become intoxicated. He was not a dissipated man; his character was lofty and noble. But in that joyous hour he partook of wine.

Bidding his companions adieu, he entered his carriage; but for that glass of wine he would have kept his seat. He leaped from the carriage; but for that glass of wine he might have alighted upon his feet. His head struck the pavement; senseless and bleeding, he was taken into a beer shop, and there died. That glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty, confiscated their property of \$100,000,000, and sent the whole family into exile.

Neither you nor the one whom your example leads astray may be a prince or the heir-apparent to an earthly crown; but you may both be heirs to immortal riches, and a crown that fadeth not away. See to it that your indulgence shall not deprive you or another of such an inheritance.—Sel