

utes, and, as he came near, Mr. Duncan held out a dime, saying: "

"I would like two more bags of your popcorn, for it's fresh, just as you said it was"; then, for the first time glancing into Jimmie's basket, exclaimed: "Why, boy, what have you done with all that corn?"

"I've sold it, sir, every bagful. I'm sorry I haven't some more for you, but I never have any left after I go through the train the first time."

"How does that happen?" inquired Mr. Duncan.

"Well, you see, sir, I've been selling on these trains now for over a year, and folks have found out that my popcorn is always fresh, just as I say, and that's why I never have any left," answered Jimmie, proudly.

"I see you have learned that 'honesty is the best policy,'" said Mr. Duncan. "Won't you tell me how you learned it?"

"I don't like to talk about it, sir, but I guess I'll tell you—for—now, don't think I'm putting on you when I tell you that you make me think of my pa, for he was a real gentleman, if he was poor, and I mean to be just like him."

Deeply touched at the compliment, Mr. Duncan laid his hand on the boy's arm, saying:

"I'm listening; tell me in a few words."

"Well," said Jimmie, in a low tone, "the summer pa died we lived in a little house in the suburbs, and just back of the house was a cherry tree; the cherries were fine, too, most of them, and we wanted money so bad we put 'em in boxes and sold 'em. Pa 'most always put 'em in the boxes while I picked 'em; but one day he was too sick, so I did it. When I got done I took 'em to show him, saying, 'Don't they look lovely?'

"Pa looked at 'em a moment, and said, 'Yes, they do look lovely on the top; how about the bottom?'

"I couldn't lie, so I said, 'Nobody'll see the bottom till after they're sold.'"

Here Jimmie's face became very red, but he kept bravely on. "Then pa turned over a box and looked dreadful sorry as he saw the wormy, green cherries I had put there.

But the conductor is shouting 'All aboard,' sir, and I have just time to tell you that pa told me never to forget that God would see all my naughty tricks, and that I must never cheat again, and—and it's Him I'm thinking of when I sell popcorn and everything."—*Laura E. Hutchinson, in Sunday Afternoon.*

GRANDFATHER'S INVENTORY.

"Run away, Dick! I'm taking an inventory. I can't be bothered now."

When Grandfather Morris used a certain tone, people were apt to obey him, but this time his small namesake only came nearer.

"What is an 'inventory,' Grandpa?" asked the boy.

"Every year, before the first of January, I go over my books, the record of the store, my bank stock, rents and all. I have the capital and profit on one side, and the expense and loss on the other. Then I balance my accounts, and know just what I am worth," answered the old gentleman.

"Oh, I believe I'll do that, too," said his small grandson, who tried to imitate his grandfather in every possible way.

"Very well," said Mr. Morris.

"Here's a little book. What can you enter on the credit page?"

"I have four dollars in the bank, and my pony and dog," answered Dick. "Yes, and grandma and little sister and papa and mamma. You, I'll put in big letters."

"Very good," said the old gentleman, much pleased. "Anything more?"

"Yes, I'll write down my eyes and ears and my legs, anyway."

"Yes, they are to your credit," said Mr. Morris, eyeing his small grandson with satisfaction.

"But, grandpa, don't we have to invest on the credit side?"

"Yes, sir. Mine brings me seven per cent., and more. Your bank money draws interest, and your belongings pay you in comfort. Now run away, my boy."

"One thing more, grandpa," said the little fellow, laying his head against the old gentleman's shoulder; "what are you going to do with your money?"

Mr. Morris looked at the boy

sharply from under his heavy eyebrows, but the questioner was evidently innocent of any personal designs.

"Well, my boy, I'll tell you. After making my family comfortable, I'm going to leave the rest to charity—that is, for poor people, or to a school, or to the church."

"Oh, grandpa; I'm so glad! Then you won't mind helping Steve Bartlow, even if you are not dead. That's why I came. Mary said you wasn't to be disturbed, but I told her I had particular business which couldn't wait. He's in trouble. You see he's in college, but even the preps and the primes in our room make fun of him, and call him 'Old Patchy.' The patches on his pants are awful plain. His coat is too short to hide them, you know. Well, some of the boys thought they would play a trick on him, so they went to his room, and took his stove down and put it on the shed roof. Then they found they had all their work for nothing, for he hadn't had a fire this winter, and it's been awful cold. We all went to the chapel, even us primes, and I heard Doctor Williams tell about it. Steve was at work. He said some good man ought to put up a building for poor boys, so they could have warm, comfortable rooms and plenty to eat without it costing so much. So I thought I'd ask you right away, 'cause Steve is so good to us little fellows."

"You seem to think grandpa is made of money," said the old gentleman, much amused.

"Oh, grandpa, do take some of the money you're going to leave when you're dead," begged Dick. "I'd afraid Steve and lots of nice boys will freeze, waiting for you to die. Why, he only has mush he makes on a little oil stove, and molasses is what he eats on it. If you'd build a home for boys you could see all about it yourself, and you'd have more folks to love you. Grandpa, could you look down from heaven, and see whether folks used your dead money as you wanted?"

"I'll see about it, my son. Now run away; I must get this work done before day after to-morrow."

Dick turned away much disappointed, not quite sure his grand-