



A CHINESE BEGGAR.

down the flapping sails. Sam was hauling in a rope when the wind veered round and caught the sail to which it was fastened; the rope whirled out with mighty force, caught Sam's arm, and in a moment he was struggling in the water.

"Man overboard!" shouted Tom, who saw him go; and he dashed into a dory and cut the rope that held it to the schooner. It was a rash act, for, pull as he would, the sea was stronger than he, and the schooner had been whirled far from him. But Tom set his teeth and pulled at the oars; was not a brother's life in his hands? And soon he saw Sam lifted by a great wave that seemed to fling him into the dory. There he lay in the bottom, like a log, and Tom pulled for them both, making his slow way back to the schooner.

But although Sam lay like a log, he did not feel like one. He was thinking, thinking of the Lord's bank that had been robbed; of those good men who were toiling in distant lands, bearing all kinds of hardships that they might save souls, of his base act in putting worthless shells into the pyramid in place of the needed money. "If I get aboard safe," he said, through his chattering teeth, "I'll confess all."

But when he was safely pulled aboard, and warmed and dosed with hot drinks, he put off the telling; and when the storm had passed, and they were all sitting cosily round the cabin stove, he still put it off, and he tried never to turn his eyes toward the shelf over the table where the small yellow box raised itself like a warning finger.

The men wondered what made Sam so silent as the days passed, and why he flew into such rages over little things, while all the rest were jolly over the good fishing. They wondered why he cast such queer looks at Tom, and writhed about, and opened his mouth as if he were going to speak. But at last Sam himself explained his strange behavior.

"I can't stand it any longer," said he. "I put back every cent long ago, but, all the same, I feel as if I was cheating ye. You think I'm moderate good, like the rest, but I ain't; I'm a regular sneak, I am. I took every cent of money out o' that there box, and would ha' carried it off and let ye send clam-shells to the heathen, if Tom there hadn't risked his life and saved mine. The money's back, but I can't make myself over, so you may do what you like to me."

"You have made yourself over, lad," cried the captain, holding out his hand. "You've cleared your soul of a lie, and run up your true colors, fair and free, and shame to him who wont help you make a fair start."

"Thank ye, sir," said Sam. "Now I can look that there box in the face once more."

And the next week, they hailed a schooner going home, and by it the mite box was safely carried to New York to do its work.

### BEGGARS IN CHINA.

**B**EGGING, in China, where everything is upside down, is a regular trade. And the beggars themselves are very troublesome.

"Who is that making such a noise at the front gate?" Listen! "Lao Yeh! Lao Yeh! tio lien wo. Chin ming, ah!" which being interpreted means, "Venerable gentleman! Venerable gentleman! Have pity on me. Save life. Oh, do." Such is the loud cry which has been echoing in our ears for the last half hour. Shall we go out and see what is the matter? At the gate we find a bundle of rags, which we scarcely recognize as belonging to a human form until their owner rises, and, suddenly falling on his face and knocking his forehead on the ground, cries out the cry we heard. As we do not show any disposition to respond to his cry, he nimbly turns himself around and thrusts out his foot, green with disease. Ugh! We throw him two cash (worth about the fifth of a cent) and hurry away. Well satisfied, the poor wretch limps off to torment somebody else, while we walk on up the street, carefully selecting the driest spots in the muddy road, for there is no such thing as a sidewalk. We have not, however, gone more than