

LITTLE FOLKS

The Pocket Knife.

'I say, May.'

'Well, Jack?'

'Come here and look at this pocket-knife. Now, is not it a jolly good one? The price is only half a crown, too! I do wish I could have it; but I can't buy it, for I have only a sixpence—the sixpence that Aunt Margaret gave me a day or two ago.'

'You can save up your pocket-money until you have half a crown.'

'But before that time the knife will perhaps be sold. You know I don't get much pocket-money, May.'

'If I had not spent my sixpence I would have given it you to help you.'

The above conversation took place between Jack Howitt and his sister May. It was a cold day towards the end of November, and Jack and May were standing at the window of a toy-shop, looking at the bright goods displayed therein. The knife which attracted the boy's attention was a large one, with two or three blades, a cork-screw, etc. There were many other knives in the window besides, but it was this particular one, and no other, which Jack thought he should like to possess.

'Come along, May, let's go home now.'

'All right, Jack.'

The two children proceeded along the snowy streets, when suddenly Jack's eyes lighted on something lying in the snow.

'Look what I have found! It is a purse!' said he.

Jack opened it, and saw that it contained two bright shillings.

'You can buy the pocket-knife now, Jack,' cried May. 'Your sixpence and those two shillings make half a crown, you know.'

'What luck!' cried Jack. 'Let's go and buy the knife at once.'

But he suddenly stopped, and his bright face became grave.

'May,' he said, 'I must not take this money; it would be wrong for me to do so. To all appearance the purse belongs to some poor person, for it is old and shabby; anyhow, it is not mine though I did find it. I would be stealing if I kept it, but I'd scorn to be a thief, I would.'

'Jack, you are right,' said his sister. 'Let's go home and tell

The wide straw hat, with its daisy wreath,
Shelters a bright little face beneath,
With big brown eyes, and a sunny smile
That might the saddest soul beguile.

A frolicsome wind is out to-day,
Tossing and blowing each leaf and spray,
And it blows the little maid about,
And ruffles her curls in its merry rout.

mother about it. But look at that poor boy here, he is crying.'

Jack looked, and saw at a short distance from where they stood a little ragged boy who was crying bitterly, and who seemed to be looking for something.

'Perhaps it is he who lost the purse, and he has just come to look for it. I'll ask him what is the matter.'

'What is the matter with you—why are you crying?' they asked.

'I've lost a purse and two shillings,' he sobbed.

Curlylocks makes a little stand,
Clasping the hat with each dimpled hand,
And as she catches a sobbing breath
The brown eyes fill, and a soft voice saith:

'O wind, dear wind, don't blow me so;
I'm only a little girl, you know.'
On goes the breeze with a parting puff.
To such trust and faith what could be rough?
—'Youth's Companion.'

'Oh, you need not cry any more, then,' said Jack; 'here is your purse—I found it. The two shillings are there all safe.'

'Oh, thank you!' said the poor boy, as he eagerly grasped the shabby old purse which Jack handed to him. 'I was so sorry to lose it, because I wanted to get some food and medicine for mother. Mother's awful bad, and what's in this purse is all the money we have. I earned it this forenoon by carrying parcels and running errands. As I was going to buy something for mother I

