

good deal. I have brought some fings to pay for it," he added, confidently; and opening the big bundle with great pride, he displayed to the astonished official a hobby-horse, a drum (nearly new), a set of building-blocks and a paint box.

"It's a *very* good hobby-horse," he said proudly. "It has real hair, and he will go *just* as fast as—as you can make him go."

Here the cashier turned red in the face and coughed, and disappeared. "Perhaps he is having a fit like the yellow kitten," said Jack to himself, calmly; and he waited with cheerful patience till he should get his money.

In a few moments the cashier returned, and taking him by the hand, led him kindly into a back room, where three gentlemen were sitting. They all had gray hair, and two of them wore gold-bowed spectacles; but they looked very kind, and one of them beckoned Jack to come to him.

"What is all this, my little lad?" he asked. "Did any one send you here to get money?"

Jack shook his head stoutly. "No," he said, I cumed myself; but I am not little. I stopped being little when I had trousers."

"I see!" said the gentleman. "Of course. But what made you think you could get money here?"

The blue eyes opened wide.

"Mamma said that papa got his money here; and I asked her if this was a money shop, and she said it was the only money shop she knowed of. So I cumed."

"Just so," said the kind gentleman, stroking the curly head before him. "And you brought these things to pay for the money."

"Yes," said Jack cheerfully. "'Cause you buy fings with money, you see, so I s'pose you buy money with fings."

"And what did you mean to do with a thousand dollars?" asked the gentleman.

"Buy candy, eh?"

Then Jack looked up into the gentle gray eyes, and told his little story about

the poor woman whom he had seen the day before. "She was so poor!" he said, "her little boy could not have any Christmas *at all*, only an apple and some bread, and I'm sure *that* isn't Christmas. And she hadn't *any* money, not any at all. So I fought I would buy her some, and then she could get *everything* she wanted."

Bythistime the two other old gentlemen had their hands in their pockets; but the first one motioned them to wait, and taking the little boy on his knee, he told him in a few simple words what a bank really was, and why one could not buy money there.

"But you see, dear," he added, seeing the disappointment in the child's face, "you have here in your hands the very things that poor woman would like to buy for her little boy. Give her the fine hobby-horse and the drum and the paint-box, too, if you like, and she can give him the finest Christmas that ever the poor boy had."

Jack's face lighted up again, and a smile flashed through the tears that stood in his sweet blue eyes. "I never fought of that!" he cried joyfully.

"And," continued the old gentleman, drawing the gold piece from his pocket and putting it in the little chubby hand, "you may give that to the poor woman to buy a turkey with."

"And that," cried the second old gentleman, putting another gold piece on the top of it, to buy mince pies with."

"And that," cried the third old gentleman, while a third gold piece clinked on the other two, to buy a plum-pudding with."

"And God bless you, my dear little boy!" said the first gentleman, "and may you always keep your loving heart, and never want a piece of money to make Christmas for the poor."

Little Jack looked from one to the other with radiant eyes. "You are *very* good shopkeepers," he said, "I love you all *very* much. I should like to kiss you all please."

And none of these three old gentlemen had ever had so sweet a kiss in his life.

— *Youth's Companion.*