

THE LITTLE FOLK.

That Five Dollar Gold Piece.

"I have given my five-dollar gold piece in the place of one of those new cents I had," exclaimed Ralph Kersey as he took some change out of his pocket.

"You know, I told you, Ralph, to put that five dollar gold piece away in some safe place when your Uncle Alexander gave it to you."

"Yes, mother, I know you did, and I wish I had taken your advice, but I did like to take it out and show it to the boys, you know. Now my pride has suffered a great fall, I can tell you. I would not have lost it for anything, because uncle gave it to me, and on my birthday, too!"

"Well, my son, we all have a great many lessons to learn, and one that you seem particularly adverse to getting is that of taking your mother's advice on many matters pertaining to your welfare. You think you know it all yourself, and nobody can tell you anything. That is your failing, you are so self-opinionated and self-sufficient. What did you buy this afternoon?"

"I bought five cents' worth of peanuts at the stand on the corner, and I believe I gave it to that boy; I paid him in pennies; then I got an orange at a stand down-town, and I paid the car conductor with pennies."

"A hopeless find, I should say at once," said Ralph's eldest brother, who had just come in and heard his mother repeat the story of the loss. "You don't suppose any of those fellows are going to admit for a moment that your five-dollar gold piece was taken by mistake for a new cent?"

"They might be more honest than you make them out to be," rejoined Ralph. "I think now that it is more likely to be that man I got the orange from who has it, for two of the cents I gave him I remember were new, bright ones. The conductor, I know, did not have any new cents among the five I gave him."

"So he is out of the scrape," rejoined the brother. "How about the peanut boy?"

"I am not so positive about giving him new cents as I am the orange man. Still, I think I did pay him in new cents too."

"If you had not such a mania for turning your nickels and dimes all into cents to make more of a jingle in your pockets, you would not have lost your five dollar piece, Ralph. However, I am right sorry for you, for it really is quite a loss. There are so many things you might have bought with that five-dollar piece."

Ralph hardly waited to hear the last of his brother's talk. He was hurrying off to see the orange man.

"No," the orange man said, "you did not give me any five-dollar gold piece, young man, and to prove the truth of his assertion he took a small bag out of his pocket and turned the contents on the stand."

Ralph did not feel quite sure, however, that that was indisputable proof that he had not taken it, for of course it was easy enough to put that gold piece away by itself in some other pocket.

When Ralph got to the corner where the peanut boy usually stood, he had gone away. Ralph felt quite discouraged after he got home, especially as his father and elder brother did not give him the slightest encouragement about ever recovering his property.

A week from that day Ralph said it seemed strange that the peanut boy had not been at his old stand since the day the five-dollar gold piece disappeared. All the family thought the coincidence was proof that he had taken the piece, and for that reason had not come back to his old haunts. But that very afternoon, as Ralph was coming home from school, he saw the peanut boy at his old place again. Before he could speak of his loss, the boy said: "Did you lose anything, boss?"

"Yes, a five-dollar gold piece," exclaimed Ralph.

Then the peanut boy said: "I thought you was the fellow that gave that gold piece to me for a new cent." Then he took a parcel out of his pocket, unrolled wrapper after wrapper until he came to the gold piece. "You see them's alippery thins, and might get away from me," he said, as he handed Ralph the money. "I was afraid you'd be thinking 't was gone or sure, but I've been sick ever since and couldn't come out."

The peanut boy would take no reward for his honesty. "It belongs to you, boss, it belongs to you, 'taint none of mine."

When Ralph went home and showed his gold piece and told how he had recovered it the family all felt that they had done the

poor boy much injustice by presuming that he was dishonest. But Ralph and his mother became fast friends of the peanut boy and found many ways to show their appreciation of his honest principles during that winter, when he and his mother were ill and suffering.

The peanut boy had a good, honest mother, who although they were in great need, counselled him to find the owner of the gold piece as soon as possible. We find true honesty and a high sense of honour oftentimes where we least expect it, and thus should be very careful not to be unjust to any one, even in thought.

Telephoning a Dog.

Jack is a coach-dog who found his master by telephone. In some way Jack got lost, and fortunately was found by one of his master's friends, who went to his office, and asked by telephone whether the gentleman had lost his dog.

"Yes; where is he?" was the reply.

"He is here. Suppose you call him through the telephone."

The dog's ear was placed over the ear-piece, and the master said:

"Jack, Jack! How are you Jack?"

Jack instantly recognized the voice, and began to yelp. He licked the telephone fondly, seeming to think that his master was inside the machine. At the other end of the line the gentleman recognized the familiar barks, and shortly afterwards he reached his friend's office to claim his property.

When Catherina Gabrielli went to St. Petersburg in the latter half of the last century, she demanded twenty thousand roubles' salary. "Twenty thousand roubles!" cried Katharine the Second; "for that I could support two field-marshal." "Very well," answered the singer; "your majesty may then have them to sing for you."

