

TOO LATE.

She lies so still the lily-like day,
She doth not move or speak;
The roses long have died away
Upon her dainty cheek.
I spoke her harshly yesternoon—
Her agonized surprise,
I banish me now—and for my tears
The love light in her eyes.
And now each bitter word I said
Accents my pain—
Each tear I weeps at the dead
Has burnt into my brain.
Who is wiser? I whose feet
Must tread an earthly hell?
Or who who hears that welcome woe:
"Fair spirit, all is well!"
Though God forgive me in His grace,
When I have crossed the bar,
When I shall meet her face to face
Beyond the morning star,
I do not think that even there,
Within the gates of gold,
My soul will show to her as fair
As in the days old.
The dear dead days of long ago,
Whose fate was told above,
When in our hearts we felt the glow,
The rosy dawn of love.
—Public Opinion.

A WONDERFUL BASS.

The Finny Pet of Greystone, and Its Many Tricks.

It Jumps from the Water to Snap Bait from the Hand of Its Owner, and Comes Whenever He Calls.

It is about two years ago that John Forson, the head gardener at Greystone, the summer home of the late Samuel J. Tilden, accompanied by some friends, went over to the Grassy Sprain for a day's fishing. The Grassy Sprain is about a mile from Greystone, and feeds the reservoir which supplies Yonkers and its suburbs with water. It was a hot day. The sun shone straight down from the sky and seemed to scorch everything.

"You had better take a pail along, John," said a companion, "if you want to get your fish home in good shape. The only way to carry them in this sun is in a pail of water. They'll be half baked before you can get them home if you let the sun get at them."

Mr. Forson thought that a good idea, so when they started one carried a two quart tin pail for the fish that they expected to catch. Mr. Forson has never ceased congratulating himself upon that precaution. If it had not been for that pail the wonder of Greystone would have died before he had a chance to exhibit the talents which have made him famous.

The fishing was not good that day. Perhaps the sun's fierce rays penetrated into the limp waters and caused the fish to feel the same languor that makes mankind loath to stir on very hot days. Perhaps the fishermen felt the heat so much that they did not angle with their usual skill. However that may be, when the men lay down under the trees and ate their noon luncheon not a single bite had rewarded their repeated casting under the burning sun.

Continued efforts in the afternoon met with no better success, and they were about to unjoin their poles and go home when Mr. Forson's line straightened out. The fisherman hauled in a black bass less than six inches long but plump and vigorous. The little fellow had been hooked through the nose, and did not appear to be much hurt.

Mr. Forson took him off the hook very gently. Then he filled the pail with water and put the fish into it. He shook himself for a moment and then darted about with great rapidity. Having discovered the boundaries of his prison he took them more easily and moved about gently and lazily.

"I'll keep him," said Mr. Forson, thoughtfully, "and put him with the carp. He ought to get along pretty well with them."

So the bass was carried to Greystone and put into a pool of clear water. A lot of palms and varied subtropical plants grow upon petrified logs piled in artistic confusion over the pool. The basin, which is in one of the greenhouses, is circular and about six feet across. The water in it is usually about two feet deep and is fed by pipes from the same reservoir in which the bass had lived before his capture. The petrified logs, which came from northwestern New York, look like big chunks of brown pumice stone. They have been so arranged that while they throw deep shadows into the water they do not prevent a free circulation of air. The water is hidden by plants in places and only appears in the shape of little pools between the logs.

The greenhouse, in which the bass found a new home, is the center of a number devoted to tropical and subtropical plants. Enormous palms, ferns, cacti and strange flowering plants fill every available space. The rays of the sun, which find their way through the glass roof over the basin, are transformed into many colors before they reach the water, for there are colored panes of glass at that point. On the hottest days the greenhouse is only warm, and on the coldest the temperature is comfortable. There are no such extremes of heat and cold as the bass was accustomed to in his former home, but he has thrived, nevertheless.

When he was first dropped into the basin he found the water occupied by three German carp and a sunfish. The carp lasted only a short time. He must have swallowed them whole, for not even a bone or tail could be found by Mr. Forson when he came to look for the unfortunate. The sunfish survived. His sharp exterior bones have thus far saved him, but the bass leads him a sad life.

For some time after he began his new life the bass was very shy. A mere glimpse of his nose, peeping out of the shadows cast by the logs, was all that could be seen. But Mr. Forson was patient. He had once trained some goldfish to snap worms out of his fingers, and he did not despair of conquering the bass. The latter showed a great deal of intelligence, mixed with a spirit of mischievousness. After his fear of

Mr. Forson wore away he would appear when the latter came around and throw food into the water. He would gulp down the food, all the time keeping his eyes fixed on Mr. Forson. If the sunfish came along and wanted part of the meal the bass would dart at him and drive him all around the pool. Then he would come back again and sail lazily about with his eyes turned up at Mr. Forson.

There is a great deal of expression in the bass' eyes. Mr. Forson thinks, and he is quite convinced that he has a lot of fun in his disposition. That is shown by the way he teases the sunfish. When food is thrown in the bass eats greedily until he has filled his stomach and then lies down at the bottom of the basin and appears to go to sleep. He is utterly motionless, and the unfortunate sunfish, who has been lurking in the shadows, afraid to come out while his savage companion is actively about, is deceived. He comes up swiftly and gulps at a choice tidbit. But before his mouth can close over it up comes the bass, with his big jaws wide open, and gives the poor sunfish a bite that would make him yell with agony if he had the power. Away goes the sunfish as fast as ever he can. Mr. Forson believes that the bass actually laughs on such occasions, for his jaws open and close and the drooldest of expressions linger about his eyes. After awhile he sinks down and tries to fool the sunfish again. He will wait patiently, but the sunfish has learned wisdom by many painful experiences and rarely falls into the trap a second time. How the sunfish manages to get enough to eat to keep alive is a wonder, for the bass is constantly after him.

Nowadays the bass recognizes Mr. Forson's voice. If Mr. Forson calls to him he pops. He will also answer to a whistle or to a peculiar snap of the fingers, which he recognizes as belonging exclusively to Mr. Forson.

A reporter for the New York Sun saw the bass recently. He has grown to be about eight inches long and is very plump. He was not in sight when Mr. Forson and the reporter entered the greenhouse. Mr. Forson stooped down over one of the pools and splashed his hand in the water vigorously, and followed this by a snapping of his fingers. Presently the bass appeared. His head was near the surface of the water, while his tail was about five inches below it. He looked up at Mr. Forson in a very funny way, the whites of his eyes showing very prominently. Mr. Forson held a worm above the water and called:

"Come, come, now."
The bass wriggled his tail for a minute, and then seemed to gather himself for the jump. A moment later he flew out of the water and picked the worm out of Mr. Forson's fingers. He fell back with a splash, and immediately resumed his former perpendicular position. He smacked his jaws several times, showing an enormous mouth, and moved the little fin tipped with a white under his jaws. He watched Mr. Forson attentively all the time and seemed to pay no attention to the reporter.

Mr. Forson held another worm over the water. The bass braced himself again for a jump, but just then he caught sight of the sunfish stealing along as if looking for a morsel that the bass might drop. Like a flash the bass darted at the sunfish, anger apparently being stronger than hunger. Both disappeared for a minute. Then the bass came back alone, took up his former position and waited till Mr. Forson held out the worm again. Up he flew and snapped the worm out of Mr. Forson's fingers. This he repeated a number of times, until the sunfish again peeped out of the shadows, when a second chase ensued.

Mr. Forson walked around to another part of the basin where the water was overcast by heavy shadows. This was out of sight of the pool at which he had been. He whistled in a peculiar manner and the bass came up there. Mr. Forson put his hand in the water and began splashing and the bass came right up to him.

Mr. Forson says the bass will allow him to fondle it and will play with him as long as he wants to. In fact he is very fond of fooling and shows his appreciation of it in many ways. He will jump for worms even when he is not hungry, just for the sport of it, and will drop them in the water. He never fails to keep a sharp lookout for the sunfish, and does not care very much for worms, as a rule, but he is very fond of grasshoppers and crickets. He covets in great place when Mr. Forson comes to him with these tidbits and will do his highest jumping for them.

The fame of his performances has spread all over Yonkers, Hastings, and the neighboring villages and a great many visitors come to see him. Very few of them are prepared for his exhibitions and their surprise at his intelligence has given rise to his title: "The Wonder of Greystone."

HUMAN LIFE IN INDIA.

The Little Value Placed Upon It by Some of the Sensitive Races.

Human life in India was not valued very highly up to the time of British domination. In fact the history of the country is filled with wholesale tragedies in the shape of massacres, pestilences and so forth. Some princes were so fond of killing that they would go hunting for their own subjects in intervals of leisure, destroying them by wholesale simply for amusement. In one respect the doing away with these causes of death has worked unfortunately, inasmuch as it has resulted in an increase of the people beyond the power of the country to sustain them. The population of Bengal has actually trebled in the last century. Inasmuch as very early marriage is a religious obligation binding on every Hindu, quite irrespective of means for supporting a family, the misfortune goes on progressively. It is reckoned that, taking the whole of British India, forty million people go through life continually hungry, not being able to procure two full meals daily.

PIECES OF CARPET.

How a Clever Manager Makes Them Into Durable and Pretty Rugs.

In homes blessed with an attic and a thrifty "house-mother," pieces of carpeting often accumulate—too good to throw away, because new or nearly so, yet apparently too small to be of any use. In Germany, that "land of economy," a clever manager hit upon a plan for utilizing the remnants in her stock, and her experience may afford suggestions equally available in this country. Her material supplied three rugs, each durable and satisfactory.

For the first and handsomest, the best pieces were cut into squares of exactly the same size, six inches. Then, with strong black linen thread they were sewed together on the wrong side, and the seams, after being thoroughly dampened, were pressed smooth with a very hot iron. If this preliminary work is carefully done the piece of carpet will be large. Draw in the center of the rug a smooth bouquet of flowers. This must be something that is easily worked, so that the various blossoms will look as though they were scattered over it, and embroidered in laid-work according to the natural colors of the flowers. Old bits of zephyr wool can be used in this way. The seams are concealed by the flowers made as feather-stitched, the lines running lengthwise with dark red, the cross ones with dark olive. The effect will be pretty to omit the flowers and use only the feather-stitching. The rug should then be again ironed on the wrong side and carefully sewed on a piece of stout sackcloth. The border of the one described was made of a hand five inches wide of black plush.

In the second rug the smaller pieces were cut into the shape of fish-scales one and one-half inches long and two and one-half wide. The remaining portion must be cut into small points or coarsely buttonhole stitched to prevent raveling; sew these with stout thread on a foundation of two oval pieces of sackcloth, twenty-four inches wide and thirty inches long. Commence sewing the scales around the outer edge, letting each succeeding row overlap that the other two-fifths of an inch, and finish the center with a button.

The pieces remaining after the two rugs above described were made were cut into strips five or six inches long and two-fifths of an inch wide; fifty stitches were cast with knitting cotton on a wooden knitting needle of medium size, and a strip of the cloth was knitted between each stitch and two-fifths of an inch. When ten skeins had been used, nearly all the bits of cloth was exhausted, and the rug had reached the size its maker desired. It was lined with sackcloth like the others. Brussels carpeting could be made into the first rug only; the other two would require the use of ingrain unless the workwoman had patience enough to bind each of the pieces of the second around the sides and bottom, overcasting the tops to prevent raveling. The braid bindings add to the beauty of the rug, and the work can be done on the sewing machine.—Mary J. Stafford, in Good House-keeper.

THE SULLEN HAMSTER.

Russians Regard It as an Aerial Animal.

As the squirrel was said by the old Norsemen to bring all the news of the animals to Thor, because he was the merriest and most sociable of beasts, so in the talk of the Russian peasant the hamster is the synonym for all that is sullen, avaricious, solitary and morose. Even in color he is unlike any other animal, being light above and dark below. This gives the hamster somewhat the same incongruous appearance that a pair of black trousers and a light coat lend to a man; in other respects he is like a large, shaggy guinea pig, with very large teeth and puffy cheeks, into which he can cram a vast quantity of rye or beans for transport.

Each hamster lives in a large, roomy burrow all by himself, in defense of which he will fight like a badger against any other hamster who may try to enter. Family life he wholly avoids, never allowing a female inside his burrow, but keeping her at a good distance and making her find her own living for herself and family. The last burden is, however, not a serious one, for by the time the young ones are three weeks old each discovers that family life is a great mistake and sets off to make a bachelor burrow for itself and save up beans for the winter. For, in addition to its other amiable qualities, the hamster has that of avarice in a marked degree, and heaps up treasures of corn, rye, and horse beans far in excess of his own private wants for the winter. His favorite plan is to dig a number of treasure chambers, all communicating with a central guard room, in which the owner enters and grows fat until the hardest frosts begin, when he curls himself up to sleep until the spring.

But this life of leisure does not begin until the harvest has been gathered. While the crops are ripening, the hamsters work incessantly to increase their hoards, and as much as three hundred weight of grain and beans have been taken from a hamster's burrow. After harvest the peasant's often search with probes for the treasure chambers of the robbers, and during the present scarcity in Central Europe they will no doubt exact a heavy tribute from the hamsters' stores.—Spectator.

Anything for Peace.

Greene—I was over to Oldpop's the other night, and the baby began crying for the moon.

Cheeseman—Did they spank the little one?

Greene—Not much, they didn't. Oldpop sent right over to the Steenth Street theater and borrowed a property moon.

Substantial Credit.

Hobbs—I think young Smith deserves a lot of credit for keeping up so fine an establishment on so small an income.

Dobbs—Well, he gets it. He owes pretty nearly everybody around town a jug.

"WILD BEAST" STORIES.

Remors of Mysterious Animals in the Rural Districts.

Country people are as eager to accept any rumor of a strange and dangerous creature in the woods as they are to believe in a ghost-story. They want it to be true; it gives them something to think about and talk about. It is to their minds like strong drink to their palates. It gives a new interest to the woods, as the ghost-story gives a new interest to the old house.

A few years ago the belief became current in our neighborhood that a dangerous wild animal lurked in the woods about, now here, now there. It had been seen in the dusk. Some big dogs had encountered it in the night, and one of them was nearly killed. Then a calf and a sheep were reported killed and partly devoured. Women and children became afraid to go through the woods, and men avoided them after sundown. One day as I passed an Irishman's shanty that stood in an opening in the woods, his wife came out with a pail, and begged leave to accompany me as far as the spring, which lay beside the road some distance into the woods. She was afraid to go alone for water on account of the "wild beast." Then, to cap the climax of wild rumors, a horse was killed. One of my neighbors, an intelligent man and a good observer, went up to see the horse. He reported that a great gash had been eaten in the top of the horse's neck; that its back was bitten and scratched, and that he was convinced it was the work of some wild animal like a panther, which had landed upon the horse's back and fairly devoured it alive. The horse had run up and down the field trying to escape, and finally, in its desperation, had plunged headlong off a high stone wall by the barn and been killed. I was compelled to accept his story, but I pooh-poohed the conclusions. It was impossible that we should have a panther in the midst of us, or, if we had, that it would attack and kill a horse. But how eagerly the people believed it! It tasted good. It tasted good to me, too, but I could not believe it. It soon turned out that the horse was killed by another horse, a vicious beast that had fits of murderous hatred toward its kind. The sheep and calf were probably not killed at all, and the big dogs had had a fight among themselves. The panther legend faded out, and our woods became as tame and humdrum as before. We can not get up anything exciting that will hold, and have to make the most of such small deer as coons, foxes and woodchucks.—John Burroughs, in Century.

COLDNESS OF SPACE.

It is Estimated to be Many Degrees Below the Freezing Point.

We rarely realize, I think, how easily the cold parts with its heat, and how cold space is through which the earth sweeps in its orbit. Nor do we commonly appreciate how relentlessly space sucks away the heat which the earth has garnered from the sunbeams, out into its illimitable depths. "Way out in space is a cold so intense that we fairly fall to grasp its meaning. Perhaps three hundred or four hundred degrees below the freezing-point of water, some philosophers think, are the dark recesses beyond our atmosphere. And night and day, summer and winter, this insatiate space is robbing us of our heat, and fighting with demonic power to reduce our globe to its own bitter chill. So, for all our summer and winter temperatures are only maintained by the residue of the sun's heat which we have been able to store up and keep hold of in spite of the pitiless demands of space. Our margin sometimes gets so reduced on nights in winter that we can readily believe the astronomers and physicists when they tell us that a reduction of the sun's heat by seven per cent, and a slight increase in the number of winter days would suffice to bring again to our hemisphere a new age of ice with its inevitable desolation. The balance is really a nice one between the heat we daily gather from the sun and the share of it which we lose in space.—T. Mitchell Prudden, in Harper's Magazine.

A Spoke in His Wheel.

They had just been introduced. She was a pretty country girl, and he a wheelman, vain of his personal appearance when clad in cycling costume. He assured me there was scarcely a man who does not find the wheel suit most becoming. She (doubtfully)—Indeed! He—As for myself, everybody persists that I look one hundred per cent better in bicycle costume than in an ordinary business suit. She (innocently)—Dear me! How awful you must look in an ordinary business suit!—Once a Week.

Alters the Case.

"Do you think your father would ever forgive us if we married without his consent?"

"Yes, Harold, but I know mamma never would."

"Oh, well, mamma be hanged if the old man—"

"But wait, Harold; poor papa hasn't a penny of his own—it's all in mamma's name!"—Chicago News Record.

"The lynching of the Burgles brothers at Redding, Cal., presents some novel features even to the careful observer of the methods of vigilantes. It is probably the first case on record in which the mob spent an hour and a half in opening the sheriff's safe to get the jail keys. Then, again, this was doubtless the first time on record that men were hoisted into the air by means of a crank. Add to this the silence of the avengers and we get a unique occurrence, such as it is to be hoped will not have a parallel again."

"The British government is building two gunboats for service on Lake Nyassa. The presence of the armed vessels on the lake will be of material assistance in arresting the slave trade at one of its great sources. Gunboats already patrol Lake Tanganyika for the same purpose."

PITH AND POINT.

—It doesn't take a bit of meanness out of a rascal to polish him.—Barn's Horn.

—Man always buries the hatchet where he can get at it readily when he wants it again.—Galveston News.

—As another proof of woman's inability to keep a secret we notice that while a man covers his suspensives a woman wears hers openly.—Yonkers Statesman.

—Waiting—
My name is Ebenezer—
The name I much despise;
And, oh, how quick I'll drop it
When rich Uncle Ebby dies!

—Hospital Cook (to dealer in poultry)—
"Please send me up a dozen setting hens." Dealer—"Why setting hens?" Hospital Cook—"So that they will set on the patients' stomachs, of course."

—Wooden—"You don't seem to smile at my joke. What's the matter, don't you understand it?" Wag—"Yes, I understand it, but I was brought up never to laugh at old age."—Jester.

—All He Wants Now.—"Mr. Henpeck loved the woman he married so much during courtship that he had no peace of mind until he made her his wife." "Has he peace of mind now?" "No; he has a piece of hers every day."—N. Y. Press.

—Visitor—"What is the history of that patient? He looks so happy." "Garden of the Insane Asylum." "He is." "That man, madam, succeeded in getting a white vest that fitted him around the neck, and it made him insane with joy."—Clothing and Furnisher.

—Life's Toilet.
"Powder your face with care,"
So reads a new cosmetic.
Time will do that, never fear.
He has given his word, remember:
He will powder with care, and bleach your hair.
And give you a posie either.

—Detroit Free Press.
—An Accommodating Boy.—"Old Lady (sharply to boy in drug store)—"I've been waiting for some time to be waited on, boy." Boy (meekly)—"Yes; but I'm a two-cent stamp." Old Lady—"I want a two-cent stamp." Boy (anxious to please)—"Yes; yes. Will you have it licked?"

—A little eight-year-old Irish boy in one of our public schools was reproved by his teacher for some mischief. He was about to deny his fault, when she said: "I saw you, Jerry." "Yes," he replied, as quick as a flash, "I tell them there ain't much you don't see. Wid them purty black eyes of yours." That was the soft answer that turned away wrath.

—Domestic Inequality.—"Professional Nurse (who has been met at the door by the housemaid)—"I come from Dr. Wisecore, who said I was needed at the house immediately. Is your mistress very ill?" Housemaid—"Oh, no, indeed, ma'am. Mistress isn't ill at all. It's the cook. If mistress had been sick we'd have sent her to the hospital."—Pharmaceutical Era.

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

A Student Who Swallowed a Red-Hot Idea.

Connected with the men and teachings of every college are its traditions. From class to class come down certain stories of men and customs which illustrate the ideas of different years. In the beginning of the revolution Dr. Witherspoon was president of Princeton college. He was a Scotchman by birth, and a man of strong common sense. It was the fashion of the time to hold the ideal theory—a practical denial of the existence of matter. The ideal philosophy taught that external life, and what we call the material world, are the creatures of fancy. This system of philosophy was even more prevalent at that time than materialism is at the present day. It is said that Dr. Witherspoon, finding it impossible to reason upon this matter logically with people whose minds were on fire with the ideal theory, entered the classroom one morning, and in the course of his remarks said:

"Young gentlemen, if you think there is nothing but ideas in the world, just go out on the campus and butt your heads against the college wall! You will at least get an idea of matter."

On another occasion the students were at supper, at long tables with a tutor presiding at each. There was one student of the class who did not believe in the theory of ideas. They had hot mush and milk for supper; all at once they were disturbed by this student uttering a dreadful cry.

Everybody started up to know what was the matter. The student said: "Mr. Tutor, I ask your pardon. I have just swallowed a red-hot idea."

The tutor bowed, and the apology was received without any evidence of amusement.—Chicago Journal.

MUCH IN A NAME.

But Sometimes It Is Not Altogether Appropriate.

"Come, Monsey," he called from the head of the cabin stairs as the boat landed.

The passengers watched, wondering meanwhile if Monsey were a black-and-tan, or a Skye terrier.

"The boat's nearly there, Birdie," he called again.

Were there two of them? All eyes were strained, but nothing answered to the call. The whistle of the steamer blew, and again the man peered anxiously down the cabin stairs over the heads of the up-rushing crowd.

"Ducky," he called, loudly, "aren't you coming?"

No "Ducky" put in appearance and again he called in a pleading tone: "B-a-b-y; why don't you hurry? We'll be late to get to the boat."

Then a woman weighing at least two hundred and fifty pounds appeared on the stairway carrying a big lunch basket, two camp chairs and several shawls and rugs.

"In coming, hubby," she said placidly, and everybody who saw her got out of the way as they recalled Mr. Shakspeare's pertinent inquiry: "What's in a name?"—Detroit Free Press.

OUR YOUNG READERS.

SING HO FOR CONTRARYLAND.

Sing hey, sing ho for Contraryland,
Who'll sail on a voyage to Contraryland!
The winds are all contrary,
The ship is all contrary,
Who's willing, who's willing,
To set sail for Contraryland?
And whom shall you find there?
They are all of a kind there,
That great famous band in Contraryland,
That all sit in corners, like little Jack Horner,
And wait to be tread into saying they're pleased.

Their mouths all drop down,
Their eyebrows all frown,
They snarl and they pout,
And they whine and they fout,

And they steadily say,
All the day, all the day,
"I won't," and "I can't,"
And "I don't," and "I shan't,"
"It's too high," "it's too low,"
"It's too fast," "it's too slow,"
For a dweller in Contraryland.

Sing hey, sing ho for Contraryland,
Who'll sail on a voyage to Contraryland!
The winds are all contrary,
The ship is all contrary,
Who's willing, who's willing,
To set sail for Contraryland?
—C. R. Tamm, in Youth's Companion.

THE RUNAWAY DOLLAR.

A Lost Coin That Accomplished Two Good Missions.

I must say that it was a clear case of a dollar—a bright, new one at that—running away from its owner. It came bounding down the steps of a great building one sunshiny day, showing its rounded edge to the sunbeams and the date on its face.

"I wonder who lost it!" cried a boy who happened to see the coin in its flight; and then he pounced upon it and held it up as he mentally calculated how much it would purchase.

After awhile he looked up at the building as though he expected to see someone come out in search of the runaway, but no one appeared. He could not see how a dollar could help but be missed, for with him dollars were very scarce. Then he thought of the vast amount of money stored in the house, for it was a bank, and while he looked people came out appearing well pleased and walked rapidly away.

"Please sir, did you lose a dollar just now?" asked the little fellow, addressing one of those who came down the broad steps.

The man with a good-natured face stopped and looked at the coin in the boy's hand.

"No, my boy; it is not mine," said the merchant.

"It came rolling down the steps, anyway."

"Well, you might as well keep it." "But it has an owner; it isn't mine." "Oh, it will not be missed. Why, it's only a dollar!" and the gentleman laughed and passed on.

But the boy stood still, gazing at the runaway dollar, and wondering to whom it could belong.

"It doesn't belong to me, that's certain," said he, firmly. "It ought to go back to its owner." And he went up the steps and entered the bank.

It was the first time his feet had ever pressed the beautiful floor of the banking-room, and he wondered if they would let him remain a moment. At a little window right ahead he saw a man who was looking over a pile of money, and in a moment he stood before him.

"Here's a dollar that ran away awhile ago," he said, laying the coin on the marble in front of the cashier.

"Ran off, did you say?" smiled the banker. "Why, it has no legs."

The boy smiled himself, but explained that he had seen the dollar roll down the steps of the bank and on to the sidewalk, and it was trying to find the owner.

"Maybe Mr. Ballymore lost it," suggested a young man who overheard the conversation.

"Old Bally, eh?" returned the cashier. "You don't know him, do you?"

The banker then said that Mr. Ballymore had an office just around the corner; and when the finder of the runaway dollar replied that he would go and see, he heard a light laugh, and walked out with it ringing in his ears.

He found Mr. Ballymore's office at the top of two flights of stairs—a gruff old fellow who looked to the boy like a bear.

"Not mine," said the old broker, gruffly, looking at the dollar, contentiously; "maybe the bank lost it." And that was all the boy could get out of him.

Nothing was left for the finder of the runaway dollar but to take it home, which he did at last, rather glad, it must be confessed, that he could not restore it to its owner, or rather, that if it had to be lost, glad he was the one to find it.

It made his eyes bright as it lay on the poor table that night with the children clustered around it saying what they would buy with it the next day. How it gleamed in the lamplight, looking brighter than ever, and visions of good things to be purchased accompanied the little ones to bed.

But the next day the dollar was not spent. Instead, the boy made a little "bank" out of a box and dropped it in, concluding that he would wait; some day its owner might come to light.

There were times when food was scarce in the house, and the family thought of the runaway dollar, but the boy would not give his consent to have it taken from the bank.

One day, just when the banks of the great city were closing, he happened to reach the steps down which the dollar had rolled in the sunlight a long time before. As he looked up at the massive building he saw the cashier come out, and to his surprise the man seemed to recognize him, and beckoned to him to stop.

"Do you recollect the dollar that ran away some time ago?" asked the cashier.

The boy smiled at once.

"Indeed I do, sir. It was right here that I found it."

"Did you ever find an owner for it?" "Never, sir."

"Well, I did," was the reply. "I found an owner the same day."

The bright eyes of the boy were wide open with surprise.

"When we came to balance our accounts for the day, we discovered that we were short a dollar. You see we can determine these things when we balance up."

"So you conclude that the dollar belongs to the bank?"

"Yes, but it's no matter now. It's all settled, and you've had the enjoyment of what the runaway dollar brought."

"But I have it still," was the reply; and the banker, who was turning away, stopped and looked at the speaker.

"Then I'll take it," said