

The Reward of a Good Action.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY J. H. COFFÉ, ST. PAUL.

A good old man, feeling his end draw near, Monest his three sons he would divide...

All now take their several ways, Then hasten to return, on the appointed day; So each the father's wish obeys...

The youngest of the brothers three Then spoke with blushing modesty: "I had a mortal enemy; Some days ago as on the beach I chanced to be..."

"Father, I have no more to say," "Son, to my heart let me press thee, For thou hast borne the prize away. To do good to thy enemy Exhibits true nobility."

JOHN HUDSON.

TWO SCARS.

Have another shy, sir? Three shies a penny! Won't have any more shies, sir, becoss cokenuts disagrees with yer? Werry good...

It all come about along o' this pitch. Now, maybe yer don't know that in the three-shies-a-penny now-a-yer-chance-knock-em-off profession a great deal depends on the pitch...

Consequently, we 'as to pick our ground according. Now, this 'ere is a model pitch. It's a good level bit of grass as looks easy shying...

It looks nice and private, this 'ere model pitch does, the 'igh palin's there shuttin' off the grounds of the Colonel's manshing; and there's the 'igh road where all the wans runs to Hepping Forest.

It's about five years ago now that me and 'Arry first went into partnership together. We was a-doin' the Punch-and-Judy lay, and me and 'im and the dawg was passing along 'ere one day...

"Well, mate," I says, "I suppose he'd ha' liked to have drownded of 'em, as is only natural; but we can't drownd the Punch-and-Judy, and what else can we do with 'em?" I says.

Sure enough, soon after that we got a chance of disposing of the legit'met drammy in the shape of Punch, Judy, and the dawg, and then we started in the cokenut line. Our first pitch was this werry spot, and we done a good trade. Customers was plentiful and bad shots.

wall, a salutin' of the lady, the old girl says: "I believe," she says, "I have some sort of right over this plot of ground as the owner of the manshing and the park; but so long as you behave yourselves and reads the tracks I shall never disturb you," she says.

"Thank yer, yer ladyship," I replies. "Three shies a penny, marm," I says, "is our reg'lar price, which 'Arry will tell you the same; but any time, marm, as your ladyship would like a nut, come and have a shy for nothink, marm!"

"The place ain't the same," says the chap as was telling us, "since he came into it. Cayenne pepper is mild alongside of the Colonel, and ginger ain't in it with 'im. As sure as you're alive," he says, "he'll march you two off this pitch in years before no time. He's death, he says 'issel', on all wabagones, tramps, and wermains."

"What's 'is name?" I says. "Colonel Rufus Popperton." I see a run look come in 'Arry's face, and I says, "Do yer know 'im, 'Arry?" "Yes," he answers, and I knowed it was no use askin' 'im any more just then, becoss 'Arry werry seldom says more than one word a hour at the outside.

The next mornin' was Saturday, and me and 'Arry got the cokenuts up in good time. We 'ad several young gents a-throwin' wery early that mornin', and after they had gone away 'Arry ran up to the cokenut end of the pitch for to throw me up the sticks at the other end to hadd to the 'eap so as to be all ready and 'andy for the next customer, when he sees for the first time the Hangerlow Hinjin. He comes rushing out of the park gates like a wild bull, shakin' 'is fist, and 'is eyes flashin' in 'is yeller old face.

"Soon as ever he come on the ground I see 'Arry draw 'issel' up and begin salutin'; but the Colonel didn't see 'im, for he was coming straight on towards me at the other end. Soon he reached me, and then he made a few remarks. "You thieves, scamps wabagones, tramps, rascals, knaves."

"I begs yer pardon, sir," I says, "but are yer alludin' to me or to 'Arry?" I says. "To both of you," he hollers, quite loud. "Clear out of it!" he says. "Clear out sharp, or I'll shoot the two of you like dogs. This is my ground, and off you go!"

"I told 'im all about the old lady what was there afore 'im, and how she never interfered with us, and gave us tracks; but I'd better have held my tongue. "Tracks!" he shouts, "you won't get any tracks from me. What you'll have to do now I've come here is to make tracks! Be off, you lazy thieves!"

Now 'Arry 'ad 'eerd all he said, and I see 'is face gettin' blacker and blacker. Just as the Colonel paused, 'Arry stood straight up with a nice knobby stick in 'is 'and, and a look in 'is face I'd never see'd there afore, all the time I'd knowed 'im.

"Colonel," he shouts out in a clear, loud ringin' sort of voice, "Colonel, I'm going to throw these sticks up to my mate. Please march out of the line of fire. Once!" "How dare you," began the Colonel, not stirrin'.

"Twice," sings 'Arry. "You adacious villain!" "Three times!" and swift and straight come the nice knobby stick. 'Arry 'ad said true; the Colonel was in the line of fire, and the nice knobby stick 'it 'im on the cokenut. Off rolled 'is 'at and down fell Col. Rufus Popperton.

"Carry off the wounded," calls 'Arry, preparin' to throw up the other sticks; but the next moment the Colonel was on 'is legs and makin' straight for 'Arry. The gander and two or three men come rushing out of the park at the same time, and 'eld the Colonel back, while one of 'em went and fetched the perleece.

That evenin' me and 'Arry were in jail, and the last words of the perleecceman, as he locked the doors, was these, with a pleasing smile: "This is six months' 'ard; that's what it is!" 'Ere's a tarblow for yer, sir. Me and 'Arry afore the beaks. Three Justices on the bench. Perleecceman in bloo. Court crowded. Old Col. Popperton, lookin' savager and more yeller than ever, with a nasty bit of a scar where the nice knobby stick 'it 'is cokenut. Me and my mate in the dock. The evidence was all give, and I was discharged with a warnin' never to be guilty no more. I didn't leave the court but stood as close as I could to the dock, where my poor old mate was standin'.

alongside of 'im, as is sittin' there, it makes a wery pretty pictur'." The three judges put their 'eads together, and the old gent as carried the bloo nose about says to 'Arry wery solemn: "Have you got anything to say for yourself?"

"He's never a goin' to 'ang 'im?" I says to the perleecceman; and then I ups and says to the Judge: "Please your honor's worship, my lord," I says, "the reg'lar charge is only three shies a penny." I says, "as no doubt your majesty have often 'ad a go at the nuts yerself at that price, as is not extravagant. Three shies a penny is the reg'lar price, my lord, and 'Arry only 'ad one shy. Let 'im off easy, my lord!" I says, winkin' wery respectful.

"Prisoner, have you anything to say for yourself?" 'Arry pulls 'issel' straight up, puts 'is 'and to 'is 'ead, salutin', and says wery short: "Yes!" "What, pray?" says the proprietor of the bloo beak.

"This," says 'Arry, and I wouldn't have believed as ten million 'orses could ha' drawn such a speech from 'im: "There stands the Colonel," 'Arry says, "and 'ere I stand. The Colonel is 'ere to send me to jail, and I am 'ere to go to jail. You sit there to sentence me to jail, and all the crowd of people 'ere are waiting to hear me sentenced. There is the Colonel, and 'ere am I, face to face. Face to face, close, for the second time in our lives. Now, I'm just going to tell about the first time, and then let the Colonel send me to quod."

"Prisoner," says the bloo nose, "as was undigestion, "this is all beside the point." "Sir Frederick," says the Colonel, "let the man go on, I beg of you," and on 'Arry went to scene the first, just like a theyatre.

"The place is a burnin' plain in India, and the time is the Mutiny. An officer has fainted, and lies white and 'elless on the earth, with the colors of the regiment clutched close and tight in both hands. He lies apart from the torn and battered ranks he's been tryin' to hold together. A few rebels make a wild rush at the flag. The flag—the flag—is wrenched from the fingers, and they ride away. Then the officer comes to, and he groans, "The colors! The colors! For mercy's sake, bring me back the colors!"

"He tries to stagger on foot, but falls back again, too sorely wounded to rise; and again he sobs out: 'For mercy's sake, bring me back the colors!' "A stragglin' soldier of another British regiment, cut off from the rest, hurries by. Look! he hears the cry, gives one look at the officer and one at the flyin' rebels who carry the captured flag. He springs on a riderless charger, gives rein, and goes for death or the flag!"

"The minutes pass on, and at last the soldier rides back with the colors wrapped round 'is 'eart, and as he puts them once more into the officer's white fingers, they are dyed a deeper red by the blood which is flowin' from a wound in the soldier's breast. "Colonel, where is the scar I gave you because you treated me and my mate like thieves, and refused a fair warning?"

Like a man in a dream the Colonel 'eld 'is finger to the scar on 'is forehead. Off 'Arry flings 'is coat, tears open 'is shirt, and 'olds 'is finger to a big, jagged scar near 'is noble 'eart. "And 'ere," he says, "is the scar of the wound which that common soldier bore for you!"

I never knowed properly what 'appened after that. But I remember gettin' on a form and yellin' "Ooray!" till I were again chucked out. I remember the Colonel springin' into the dock, shakin' 'Arry's 'and and callin' 'im "Comrade." Then I remember 'im turnin' to the three noses on the bench and sayin': "This gallant fellow's story is true. I tried in vain to find 'im after the day he's been tellin' of, but the fortune of war parted us."

Then the Hangerlow Hinjin turned and too 'Arry's 'and again, and says: "Comrade, I am ashamed of myself. But it isn't because of a bad 'eart that I am the crusty, ferocious fire-eater you have seen me, but because I have no liver!"

I don't know 'ow they squared it, but I know 'Arry was discharged in triumph, and ever since then I've kept the nice, knobby stick that 'it Col. Rufus Popperton on the cokenut.

He wanted to pension us both off, and do all sorts of things for us; but 'Arry wouldn't take nothing except the free grant of this 'ere pitch whenever we want it. But I believe the Colonel is a-doin' somethink with the Government for 'Arry and me, too, unbeknown to 'Arry; and the roarin' trade we do, sir, whenever we visit this 'ere pitch makes me believe as the Colonel bribes everybody about the place for to come and throw.

YOUNG FOLKS.

HOW THE KING OF SPAIN GOES OUT TO DRIVE.

The king of Spain is a remarkable sovereign. He alone might boast of never speaking a word to be recalled, of never making a political mistake, yet for all that he is the most absolute despot in the world, and his every wish is law. This monarch lives in a great marble and granite palace in Madrid. From his windows he may look down on that unique river the Manzanares—a river which lacks nothing but water—and across the barren, rolling country to where high mountains lift their snowy peaks against the bright-blue background of the sky.

If ever a little pea rattled round in a big pod it is this mite of royalty in his huge palace. The regal infant is treated with as much respect as though he were a gallant, handsome young king instead of a very round, red baby, not in any sense a pretty child, but like a promissory note, worth taking good care of against the time it comes due. If Spain does not change her political character, this particular note is more than likely to go to protest, or, to leave our commercial figure, the baby is chiefly interesting as a child that might rule, rather than one that will reign.

The other day I happened by chance to get a glimpse of his infant highness as he was taking his nurse out for a drive. In the case of any other baby we would state the fact a little differently, but it is obvious that this is the only appropriate mode of expression for such an occasion. I suppose this nurse kneels before her master and says: "Will your majesty deign to draw a little sustenance from this lacteal reservoir?" or "Does the presence of this pin I have just inserted annoy your majesty?" and so on through all the operations of the toilet. But speculation as to what goes on within the palace must give place to what I observed outside its doors.

As I was strolling along in front of the royal residence, nursing my wrath against the Spanish government for excluding a Canadian citizen from the national armory, my attention was attracted by a crowd of grooms and horsemen about the arcade which leads from the street to the grand inner court of the palace. I stopped and watched to see what would happen. Officials in gold-laced coats, cocked hats, and white stockings walked in and out with majestic strut, and bowed gracefully to gentlemen who were continuously arriving and departing. I noticed among those passing the guards and entering the court men who, I thought, did not look any more official than myself. So, emboldened by this fact and a little piqued at missing the armory, I resolved to try the royal residence. Getting behind a particularly disreputable-looking Spaniard, I made the attempt and triumphantly entered the court, which I found to be a public passage from one side of the palace to the other.

My chagrin was soon forgotten at the sight of four carriages surrounded by a crowd of stablemen, footmen, and lackeys in royal livery. To one landau were harnessed four grays, to another four bays, and to a third four mules. The fourth carriage was a closed coupe drawn by a handsome pair of bay horses. It was at once evident that the royal party were going for a drive. I had not long to wait.

A gold-laced chamberlain appeared and clapped his hands. The covers were snatched from the four gray horses, which, prancing and curvetting, drew the carriage to the doorway in the narrow passage I had just taken by force. I rushed with the crowd and, like them, took off my hat. I stood on tiptoe and saw a very red-cheeked baby with a high white cap and long white cloak, carried in the arms of a "royal peasant woman," a nurse gay in colored dress and bright head-kerchief. Two other women attended the king. All four got into the carriage. The little princess and her governess entered the second equipage, and a duke and duchess took positions in the mule train.

With a great clattering of hoofs the procession moved away, and I put on my hat, having seen the king and laid the foundations of a cold. Fifteen minutes after the others had gone the young queen, in deep mourning, came out to her coupe, and in company with a maid of honor went for a quiet drive. The supply of carriages and royalty being exhausted, I turned away to pursue my lowly existence and to nurse the cold to which I had added in her majesty's honor.

As I crossed to the square opposite the palace, a far different scene met my gaze. An old woman was leading a donkey attached to a gaudy chariot, in which children were permitted to ride on the payment of a few centimos. The present occupant of this conveyance was a little baby who tossed its arms about excitedly and cooed with delight. The mother, a peasant woman, walked at one side, the baby's joy reflected in her shining face. What greater contrast could there be than that between the royal infant in his luxurious carriage drawn by blooded Arabians, and this peasant child in the tawdry car reluctantly moved by that worn, scarred, discouraged little donkey? Yet who shall say that the one is happier than the other?

THE CLOTHES-PIN GARDEN.

One, two, three, four broken clothes pin?

in the midst of the dead flowers and leaves in Benny Blake's garden. "How come they there?" I asked. But Benny looked very sober, and, digging the toe of his little boot into the carpet, he said, in a low voice, "I put them there, auntie."

"What for, dear?" "Cause," said Benny. "But it is a very great secret with mamma and me," he added. "A nice one, I hope, dear?" "Not—a—very—nice one," replied Benny. "I've had lots and lots nicer."

When he said this his voice was sober as well as his dear little face. Of course I did not try to find out "the secret." I heard nothing more about the clothes-pin until this summer, when we were at the seashore together. One day Benny made a sand-garden, with shells and stones for a wall. In it he put some wild flowers he had gathered that morning.

When the garden was in full bloom he led mamma to his face, with a very happy smile on his face. "These flowers are ever so much nicer than old cloths-pins, ain't they,—the flowers are?" The tears came into mamma's eyes as she kissed the dear face. Her voice trembled when she answered, "So much nicer, darling."

The next day I was told the secret. Benny had one dreadful fault,—sometimes he would tell a lie. So every time he told an untruth mamma had him put a broken clothes-pin next to the choicest blossom in his own garden.

All summer he had seen them, and when the winter snow came there was one, two, three, four little white mounds which he could see from the window. Monuments to four lies!

Now you can understand why he was so happy with the flowers in his sand-garden, and why the tears of joy came into mamma's eyes.

WIT OF THE WEEK.

Woman first invented sin, and she is responsible for most of the improvements since. No prima donna was ever known to be incapacitated by sickness from singing on her "benefit" night.

Truth lies at the bottom of a well, but if you want falsehood in any quantity you must go to the tombstones.

"Well, Algernon, she greeted you with a smile, did she?" "Yes," said Algernon. "A benign one?" "Oh, a seven-by-nine one."

A certain grocer got a new pair of scales and drew large crowds to his store by putting out a sign reading: "Pretty girls given a weigh."

Moralists have said a great deal lately about elevating the stage, and we think they will do it quicker than they will lower the woman's tall hats at the theater.

"How are collections, doctor?" he asked of a young physician. "Slow." "What's the trouble?—money tight?" "No; the trouble is, nobody owes me anything."

"And what was the disposition of the remains?" was asked of a man who recently lost his mother-in-law. "The disposition of the remains," he replied with real feeling, "was quiet and peaceful."

"I am not accustomed to drinking," he said timidly to his butler, "but I am feeling quite thick, and I would like to atk you if you have any wery old whittker?" "Rare old whisky!" repeated the butler indulgently, "I should say so! I can give it to you raw if you want it."

"He—My dear, those pies I ate at your mother's house to-night were horrible. She—Now, don't talk that way. My mother could make pies before you were born. He—Ah, I see. Well, it must have been one of those that I ate."

"Molly, what shall I get you for your birthday—a doll or some candy?" asked a Guelph mother of her pet. Molly was silent for a few moments, and then a happy thought struck her. "Get me a doll—one of those candy dolls that I can suck."

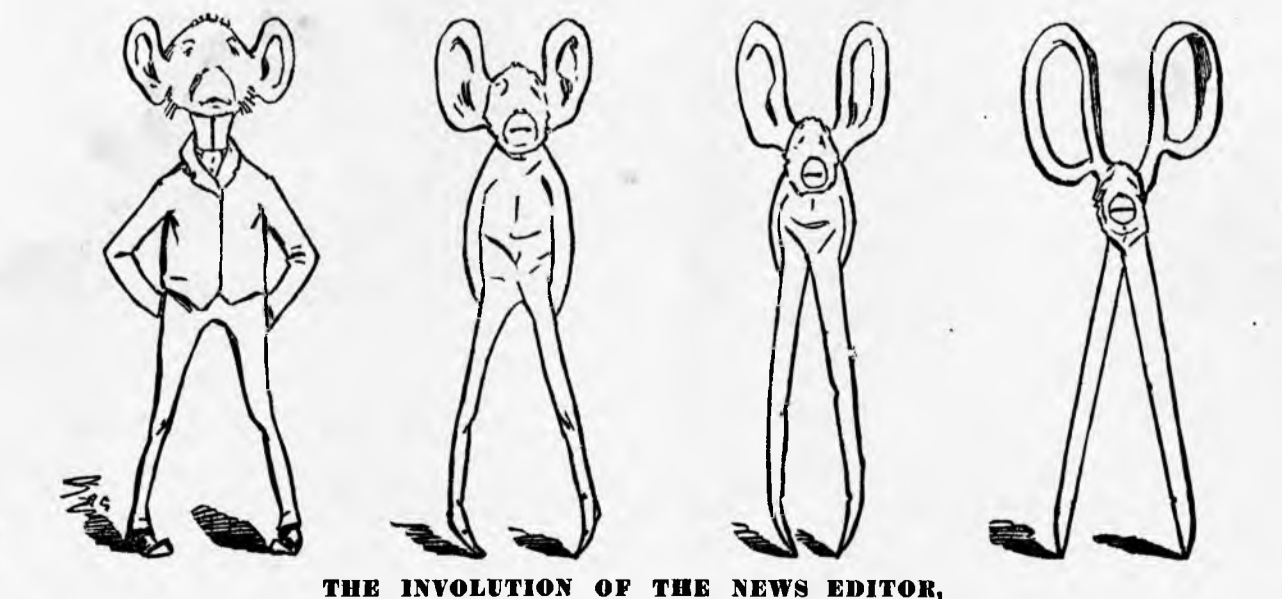
Lawyer—"Now, Uncle Zeke, you heard these two expl-stions: was one right after the other?" Uncle Zeke—"Yes, sah." Lawyer—"Now, you will swear that one didn't occur before the other?" Uncle Zeke—"Yes, sah; 'dced I will; I were dar an' herd 'em."

"It's a shame that that man drinks so much," said a man in a barroom, indicating a very much intoxicated individual. "Never min' ole fel," responded the latter, who overheard the remark, "Needn't be bit 'fraid. You'll get 'em—all you need."

Young Swift—"Ahem! I—a—that is, Uncle John, I—a—the truth is I am in a bad way." Uncle John (who won't understand)—"Bad way, eh? I knew it. Not enough exercise—too late hours—shortness of breath—hectic flushes." Young Swift desperately—"No! Shortness of money—bottail flushes."

"Gentlemen of the jury," once said an old-time judge. "The lawyers have been here two whole days discussing the constitutionality of the law under which this suit was brought. You have nothing to do with that. All you have to ascertain is whether the man got the money. If he did he ought to pay it. Take the case."

Mr. Levy, head of an extensive firm at Seattle, W. T., arrived in Winnipeg recently on his way to Chicago and Eastern cities. His motive for remaining over in Winnipeg was to interview the C. P. R. freight officials on the question of rates. He informed a reporter that he had been successful, and that a special rate had been obtained for his lines, salmon and baled hops, to be applied on shipments to St. Paul and other American markets from Seattle direct.



THE INVOLUTION OF THE NEWS EDITOR.