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OLD SCHOOL BOOKS.

What pleasant memories cluster round those
volumes old and worn,
With covers smirched, and bindings creased,
and pages thumbed and torn:
These are the books we used to con, I and
poor Brother Will,
When we were boys together, in the school-
house on the hill,
Well I recall the night at home, when side by
side we sat
Before the fire, and o'er those books indulged
in whispered chat,
And, how, when father chided us for idling
time away,
Our eyes bent to the task as though they'd
never been astray.

The old time proverbs scribbled here, the caution
to beware
("Steal not this book, my honest friend")
scrawled roughly here and there,
The blurs the blots, the luncheon spots, the
numberless dog's ears,
The faded names, the pictures, and, alas! the
stains of tears,
All take me back in mind to days when cloud-
less was the sky,
When grief was so short-lived I smiled before
my tears were dry!
When next to father's angry frown, I feared the
awful nod
That doomed me, trembling, to advance and
humbly kiss the rod.

How bright those days! Our little cares, our
momentary fears,
And even our pains, vanished with a burst of
sobs and tears,
And every joy seemed great enough to balance
all our woes.
What pity that when griefs are real they can't
be balanced so!
The school-house stands in ruins now, the boys
have scattered wide,
A few are old and gray like me, but nearly all
have died;
And Brother Will is one of these, his curly head
was laid
Down by the brook, at father's side, beneath
the willow's shade.

These books, so quaint and queer to you, to me
are living things:
Each tells a story of the past, and each a
message brings,
Whenever I sit at eventide, and turn their pages
o'er,
They seem to speak in tones that thrilled my
heart in days of yore,
The school-boy of to-day would laugh and
throw these old books by:
But, think you, neighbor, could his heart consent
if he were I?

LITERATURE.

THE LOST POCKET BOOK.

A pleasant, cozy room into which the
April sunshine looked and laughed to
see how it brightened up everything, a
room so exquisitely neat and tasteful in
its appointments that the idea of poverty
would never have been suggested by it.
Yet the close observer might have seen
that the carpet was worn and faded, the
furniture old and rather shabby, and the
bright effect of the room was due to the
few gay rugs and the expensive Japanese
decorations which were scattered about.
The only handsome ornament there was
consisted of a silent useless French clock
that adorned the mantle piece, a dainty
thing of blue and gold, surmounted by a
porcelain horse and knight in armor.
They had been a handsome pair in their
day, but that day had long since gone
by—for the gallant horseman had lost an
arm, and the horse a leg or two.

Mrs. Cameron did not like to keep the
horse upon the clock, as it was detach-
able but Miss Annette insisted that it

gave an air of elegance to the room, and
since she was the ruling spirit in the
small household, the horse maintained
his position.

Miss Annette's face was not in har-
mony with the brightness of the room,
as she waited for the landlord. She
knew he would come, for the hour that
the rent was due he presented himself.
As she counted out the twenty-five dol-
lars, she begrudged it. She and her
mother had moved to the country town
of Graham the preceding summer, and
the house had been rented for them by a
friend, who had been too careless and
unpractical; at any rate, he had made a
poor bargain, and Mrs. Cameron found
herself obliged to pay an enormous rent
with very few advantages. The con-
sciousness that they were being cheated
was not calculated to put Miss Annette
in very enviable frame of mind, and
the thought of how much pinching and
economy this money represented was
not pleasant.

She had not long to wait; very soon
she heard a shuffling step and an un-
certain knock, and being her own maid,
she opened the door and admitted her
landlord with all the grandeur of a
duchess.

Mr. Craig was not a handsome man at
any time, and he never looked less so
than he did now, as he sat fidgeting and
twisting about in an embarrassed man-
ner. Mean he certainly was, and mean
he looked. Miss Annette said he was
capable of any base action. He was
always abashed before this woman;
whether he felt that she read him
through, or because she had the grand
air of a lady born, that his plebeian soul
was bound to respect, he could not tell.

She waited for him to open the con-
versation.

Miss Cameron, can I see your mother?
No, mamma has one of her bad colds.
Can not I attend to your wishes?

Well, I am needing a little money,
and I thought I would ask you if you
could pay the month's rent. It would
be a very great accommodation to me.

Certainly, said Miss Cameron, quietly,
it is very convenient for me to do so,
but I do not quite understand why you
ask us to pay monthly when the rule in
this place is to pay quarterly, and you
have always had the rent paid so before.

Mr. Craig's face flushed.
Well, I am in a different kind of
business now, and I need more ready
money.

He was really afraid, knowing his
tenants were none too rich, that by
some chance he might not be paid.

Miss Annette counted out the money.
After profuse thanks, he said,—

Here is a little matter I want to
speak of. I have been thinking that
you ought to pay the water tax. It
amounts to twelve dollars a year, and I
get no good from the water used here.

Miss Annette looked surprised.

Mr. Craig, I must decline doing any-
thing of the kind. We rented this house
with the understanding that you were
going to put the house in thorough re-
pair, and when it was too late for us to
get another house you declined doing so.

I put two hundred dollars' worth of
repairs on the house, said Mr. Craig.

Yes, and you raised the rent in order
to make your new tenants pay for the
damage your former tenants had done.

Miss Annette showed a knowledge
that was surprising, and as all she said
was too true, he said, hastily,—

Well, I did not know who my ten-
ants would be.

Yes, but you knew they would be
women. No, I will not pay you any
water tax; we already pay you twice
as much as the house is worth.

Will you pay half the tax?

No, not a penny.

Well, well, we will say nothing more
about it. I am sorry I mentioned it.
I will make some other arrangement
before another year. Good-morning,
Miss Cameron.

Miss Annette waited until he reached
the door.

Pardon me, Mr. Craig, you have
forgotten to give me a receipt for the
rent.

Oh, certainly, I had forgotten it.

He sat down and wrote nervously she,
watching him. She took it, read it
over, then slowly folded it, and put it
in a curious old-fashioned pocket-book.
Then she rose as a sign of dismissal, and
a second time he bowed himself out.

Miss Annette was not left much time
to reflect upon the meanness of her
landlord, for the sound of happy voices
and the indescribable hum of an arrival
announced the presence of her sister,
Mrs. Hartwell, and her dainty daughter
Daisy aged four, who was at once Miss
Annette's delight and torment.

The vexations of life were at once

forgotten in the pleasure of the moment,
and the travellers were soon made com-
fortable. Miss Annette could not,
however, escape entirely from sublimary
cares; for the butcher's boy made his
appearance just then for his order and
as she never went in debt if she could
avoid it, she felt in her pocket for her
purse, but it was not there. Then began
a most diligent search.

Did you see it, Daisy?
No, Aunt Nett, I never did see
anything of your pretty purse. I will
look.

She looked and they all looked, and
all the day she kept up a pretty little
lamentation about the lost pocket-book.
Miss Annette concluded that in the ex-
citement of her sister's arrival she had
misaid it somewhere.

Did it contain much money? asked
Mrs. Hartwell.

No, the money was the least part. I
had my rent receipts in it. I shall not
let my landlord know, for he would
make me pay them over again. I have
no confidence in him.

Oh, I do not think he is as bad as
that. I hope not at any rate.

That evening the landlord came in to
make some trifling repairs about the
hydrant; he liked to save money by
being his own plumber; and Daisy, with
the curiosity of her sex, went out to
watch and entertain him. After
talking in her lisping way, she suddenly
broke out with the topic which had
been agitating her little brain.

Did you know my auntie has lost her
pretty lalla (she meant yellow) pocket
book? It had all her receipts in it, and
she sinks it fell into the fire.

Miss Annette overheard her, and she
felt a vague fear as to the effect it might
have upon her landlord, then she dis-
missed the thought.

The week went by, and still the
pocket book was not found. Another
rent day came and Mr. Craig presented
himself; this time an insolent bearing
mingled with his usual cringing demean-
or.

Miss Annette had her money ready
as usual. After she had paid him, he
said,—

Miss Cameron, I was wondering if
you could pay me the arrears that you
owe me. I am in great need of money
just now.

I do not understand you Mr. Craig.
I owe you nothing.

Yes, you owe me for three months
rent.

Mr. Craig, I owe you nothing, and
you are perfectly well aware that I have
paid you every penny of the rent. I am
surprised, I confess that I did not have
the highest opinion of your honesty, but
I did not think you were quite so un-
principled as this.

Miss Cameron, I always give receipts
when I take money. Can you show
them? If you can I will withdraw my
claim.

Mr. Craig, I shall see you again upon
this matter, but I assure you, you will
find it difficult to make me pay money a
second time.

Well, Miss Cameron, I will give you
until the next pay day to make up your
mind; after that I shall put the matter
in the hands of a lawyer.

In spite of her brave talk, she felt
wretchedly. She consulted friends, who
gave her but little hope. Mr. Craig
was a hard man, and she had no receipts
to show and no witnesses. The house
was ransacked from garret to cellar, but
nothing was found; the pocket book was
gone, and the worst of it was that Miss
Annette could not recall anything about
putting it away. Her mother had been
ill all these weeks, and her sister and
herself had borne the trouble alone.

As the days grew near the final settle-
ment, she was in despair. She must
raise the money in some way, she thought
of every expedient. The only valuable
article she possessed was a handsome
ring, the gift of a dear friend long since
dead, and she sorrowfully decided that
she must part with that. She had been
offered seventy five dollars for it by a
friend. She took the bracelet out of its
case, and after admiring it—for she
loved it—she determined to keep it until
the last minute. So she slipped it on
her finger.

Daisy had been unusually trying that
day; her mother was sick with a head-
ache, and Miss Annette was obliged to
amuse her. When she saw the pretty
ring upon her aunt's finger, she demand-
ed it.

No, Daisy, auntie can not give it to
you; you might lose it, and then what
would she do? said Miss Annette, cross-
ly.

The little lips trembled.

Auntie never gives me anything to
play with; I wish my mamma was well.

Then the sobs broke out, and Miss
Annette, ashamed of her impatience,
caressed and petted her.

Darling, you can have anything else
you wish. What would you rather
have?

The child's tearful eyes roamed around
the room, and lighted on the china
horse.

I would like to wash the horsie.
Miss Annette laughed, satisfied to
pacify her on such easy terms, and ran
to get the horse. As she lifted it off the
clock, there in the hollow, comfortably
hidden away, lay the long lost pocket-
book.

She remembered that in her haste she
had that morning hidden it away.

For the first time her fortitude gave
way, and she broke into a passion of
tears, to which Daisy added her little
voice and cried with her, until Miss
Annette laughed and fell to comforting
her sympathetic niece.

The next day, with a firm, assured
air, Mr. Craig made his appearance.
Miss Annette and Mrs. Hartwell were
waiting to receive him.

Well, Miss Cameron, I have come to
give you one more chance to pay me.
Are you ready? If you are not, remem-
ber, I will see a lawyer.

Mr. Craig, are you quite sure that I
never paid you?

Perfectly sure.

Would you swear to it?

Most certainly, he replied, unblush-
ingly.

You certainly have a very short
memory. I was fortunate enough to
find my lost receipts yesterday, and I
find they account for all the rent.

Mr. Craig turned white, then red,
then his face assumed a look of terror.
Miss Cameron proceeded.

I have a very good mind to prosecute
you for trying to get money under false
pretences. I could have you severely
punished.

Have mercy! gasped the man.
Remember my family, my standing in
the community.

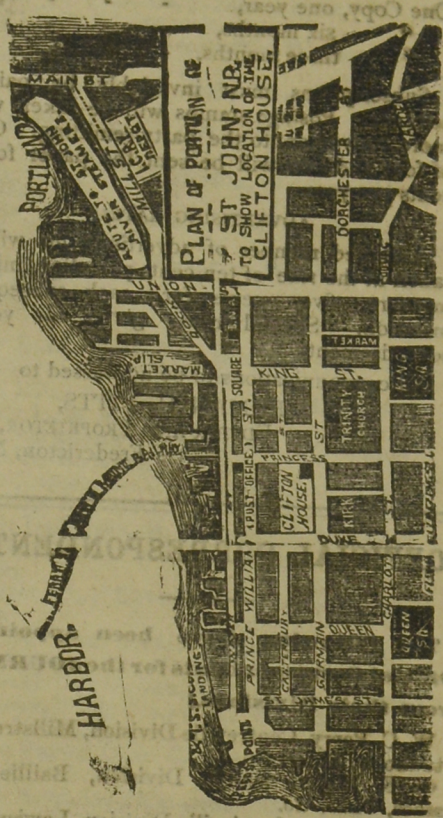
Had you mercy? Had you any pity
for me? I will not take any action in
this matter, on one condition. You
must reduce the rent of this house to
its proper value—one half, and make
the repairs you promised.

It is needless to remark that he accept-
ed the terms.

But the story of his baseness soon
leaked out, and he was deposed from his
high position in the church, and made
to appear in his true character. He so
lost the confidence of the people that
they stopped dealing with him, and
finally he was obliged to sell his property
much below its cost or value, and seek
a home elsewhere.

Miss Annette's troubles raised up
many friends for her, and a few years
later she had made enough by her own
exertions to support her mother and
herself in comfort.

A MILITARY ROMANCE.—A young troop-
er in the 4th Hussars, now stationed at
Piershill Barracks, near Edinburgh, died
a few days ago, after a somewhat strange
though short career. It seems that the
man, who was very good looking, enlisted
in the regiment about five weeks ago as a
trooper. In the messroom, however,
among his comrades, he behaved in a way
superior to the average soldier, being free
with his money, of which he seemed to
have plenty, and talking and conducting
himself as became a man of education
and good birth. At last he informed
them that he was the son of the Earl of
Devon. No one doubted his account of
himself, and many were sorry for the
youth when he was attacked with
jaundice and became an inmate of the
hospital. His condition gradually became
more serious, and he died at the begin-
ning of this week. A telegram which was
sent to the Earl of Devon about the
death has brought out another tale which
outrivals that told by the trooper himself.
It is said that for some time the family
of the Earl Devon had been annoyed by
communications respecting a civilian who
represented himself as a cadet of the
house, and that, on receipt of the mes-
sage, his Lordship concluded that this
must be the man and accordingly infor-
med the police at Scotland Yard. A de-
tective was despatched to Piershill, and
it is said, recognized in the deceased an
individual who had been "wanted" by
the police for a number of years, and
who had recently married a young lady,
a ward in chancery, 15 years of age. The
sham nobleman's wife, a good-looking
girl, in widow's weeds, was a witness of
the obsequies.



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