

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS

Lisa's Reward.

By Maude Walker.

Lisa couldn't remember when she was taken to live with old Madame Blanchard. Sometimes in her dreams she beheld a sweet-faced woman, whose eyes were blue and tender, Lisa felt quite sure it was her mother, who had died when she was a baby. But what little she knew of that dear mother was learned from a little girl who lived in the same big, dirty tenement-house with her. This little girl, Pearl Anderson, was the child of a Swede taller, who, with his wife, did piecework for a great wholesale clothing house. The Andersons lived across the hall from old Madame Blanchard, and Pearl often whispered the fact to Lisa that "her papa and mamma did not like the madame, saying she was not honest."

As the Blanchards and the Andersons had lived for five years in this tenement, the families had good opportunity to know a great deal about each other's affairs. Little Pearl often told Lisa during their stolen minutes of play in the dark hall that she had heard her mamma tell one night long ago, when old Madame Blanchard had come in with a two-year-old baby girl, saying it was her dead son's orphan, and that she was going to raise it. Pearl would also confide to Lisa that her mamma said the baby was not a Blanchard, but a fair little thing with golden hair, very unlike the old hag who posed as her grandmother. And Pearl would then say: "An' you're the same little baby girl, Lisa. The bad ole woman is not your gran'ma at all. She's a wicked woman."



"Beg of that gentleman that's coming," the old hag whispered

Lisa believed every word that Pearl told her, for the Andersons, though woefully poor, were good, industrious and honest folk, doing what they could to educate and rear their little daughter Pearl in the right way. Besides this proof of the story, old Madame Blanchard's cruel treatment of Lisa made the child feel that there was no blood link between them. How could an own grandmother treat her so?

Lisa was a veritable little beast of burden, carrying coal in a bucket up two flights of stairs and the ashes it made, down in the same way. She washed the dishes and helped to prepare the meals for the old woman, besides waiting on her at all hours of the night if she should be called from her pallet bed in the corner to do so.

But now, in her seventh year, her grandmother had begun a certain course with her which made the child recoil in horror. Each evening she was taken by the old woman to one of the busiest streets of the city and told to beg in pleading and tearful voice for money of pedestrians. At first Lisa, ashamed to play the beggar, held back, and the old woman, catching her arm, pinched it till the child cried out with pain. "Beg of that fine gentleman

that's coming—the tall one, with the shiner on his head," the old hag whispered hoarsely, pushing Lisa forward.

"Please, sir, give me a penny to buy some bread," said Lisa, in a pitiful little voice, full of coming tears, while her face was covered with a blush of shame. The "fine gentleman" paused, looked the child over and took a coin from his pocket, which he dropped into the cold little palm extended to receive it.

The instant the gentleman had passed on with the crowd old Madame Blanchard came from the dark doorway where she had hidden herself and jerked the money from the child's hand. "A quarter," she said, gloatingly, slipping the coin into her pocket. "Ah, it takes me to spot the givers and you to get it, my pretty little daughter. Now, there comes a gay young couple. Quick!—the man! See them that's laughing and the girl with the white furs on? Quick!" And again Madame Blanchard withdrew within the shadow of the doorway, pushing Lisa forward.

"Please, sir, give me a penny—"

But the young couple did not hear the plaintive child's voice at their elbow nor see the pitiful face that looked up at them. Before Lisa's request for alms was finished they had passed on with the crowd, laughing and gay, knowing nothing but their own happiness.

"You little imp," cried Madame Blanchard, jerking Lisa by the shoulder. "Why didn't you run along beside them and pluck at the lady's skirt? You lazy, worthless thing!"

better you will sleep tonight and eat tomorrow. Do you mind?"

Lisa went to the corner where she usually stood, for nearby was a dark and deep doorway, where old Madame Blanchard could secrete herself as Lisa begged. As the rain was coming down steadily and Lisa was thinly clad, with only an old cape about her head and shoulders, she shivered with the cold and dampness. Few people except the poor laboring class were on the street tonight and vainly did Lisa extend her trembling hand for alms. A few took pity on the woe-begone little creature and now and then a penny was dropped into her outstretched palm. But when a great clock near the corner struck nine, Lisa, cold and exhausted, counted her money and found she had just 10 cents. Ninety cents to get yet! Lisa shuddered, for she knew it would be impossible to beg that much on a night like this. Indeed, it was very seldom that she got more than 50 cents of an evening, and rarely so much as a dollar. What should she do? She was cold, hungry and sick. The people on the street were getting fewer and fewer, all going to their homes as fast as they could. Pretty soon she would be alone except for the big policeman—whom she was taught to hide from by running round the corner—and an occasional pedestrian. If she went home without the sum required by old Madame Blanchard she would be beaten unmercifully. Then there was the cold cellar, where the tenants kept their coal and old rags, a cellar overrun with rats. In there she would have to go, too, if she failed to take home a dollar.

Sobs shook Lisa's poor, shivering little frame as she crept into the doorway to get shelter from the downpour. She was too young to know what to do. Running away from old Madame Blanchard had never occurred to her. She obeyed the old hag, who passed as her grandmother to the letter.

Once seated in the deepest and darkest corner of the doorway, Lisa closed her eyes from weariness. Frequent coughing fits overcame her, and she smothered the sound with her hands for fear the policeman, coming on his beat, might hear her and "run her in," as old Madame Blanchard had always told her he would do in the event of his catching her begging.

After a little while she felt more comfortable, huddled there in the corner, which began to feel warm. Her fits of coughing ceased and she felt quite happy. As she was smiling to herself, having forgotten old Madame Blanchard, she was conscious of someone near her. Looking up she beheld a beautiful woman with a sweet face full of tenderest love bending over her. Then warm arms embraced her and she found her golden head pillowed on a warm breast. Looking into the beautiful woman's eyes her heart fluttered, for they were the gentle blue eyes she always saw whenever she dreamed of her mother.

"Are you my mother?" Lisa whispered.

"Yes, dear," came the loving answer. "I've come to take you away from that wicked old woman to a beautiful home, where we shall forever be together, you and I. Now, my little one, rest on my breast and sleep, sleep, for we shall soon start on our journey. When you awake you will be at home, where all is happiness. Rest, my baby, rest."

The mother voice was whispered soft and soothingly into Lisa's ears. With her own little arms, blue with the bruises from old Madame Blanchard's beatings, around the dear mother's neck, her cheek nestled against the dear mother's breast, Lisa fell asleep.

When she awoke it was in Paradise. The slave-child of old Madame Blanchard was freed at last. She had come into her reward.

A Riddle.

Riddle come riddle, come see:
What is it that is covered with eyes,
But which can never see?
(A street full of people).

HERO MEETS HERO.

THE CAT.



"I'm a fire-spitting Tom Cat;
So don't you come near me!
Don't think that I'm afraid of you,
Or that I'll climb a tree.

"I've seen a great, great many dogs
(To which you're just a candle
As compared to the great sun),
And each one I could handle.

"I'm known as that Great Fighting Tom,
So, I will say, take care
And do not come too close to me—
Or beware! beware! beware!"

THE DOG.



"You poor and frightened silly cat!
You'd better climb a tree,
Or I will let my temper loose
And then a sight you'll be.

"There's not a cat in all this town
Who doesn't fear my bark.
And when they know that I'm around
They keep themselves quite dark.

"I'm called the Big Cat Killer,
And there's blood within my eye.
So, if you'd live to catch a mouse,
Me you'd better not come nigh."
Maud Walker.



NONSENSE RHYME.

Once there was a little boylet
Who had got a brand new toylet.
But it was so mean and poor
Boylet threw it on the floor,
Saying, 'You I will destroylet!'

The largest and heaviest single block of granite ever sent into Canada from the United States has just been shipped from a Barre, Vermont, quarry to Cote des Neiges, P. Q., a suburb of Montreal. The stone is three and a quarter feet square and thirty-two feet long, and weighs thirty-two tons. It was consigned to J. Brunet, the sculptor, by whom it will be fashioned into a memorial monument to be erected in honor of the late Raymond Profontaine, who was Canadian minister of marine and fisheries.

POLLY AND TOM.



Polly eight and Tommy ten,
Sister and brother, they
Go to school the whole week through,
Excepting Saturday.

On Saturday they help mamma
About the house, you know.
Tommy sweeps the steps and walks,
While Polly kneads the dough.

But soon as it is afternoon
And the dinner work is done
They go to visit some young friends
And have the mostest fun!

They play and play till almost dark,
Then home they go to tea,
With toys in their little arms
As happy as can be.



Would Be Too Much.

Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme court comes from Kansas. After he married the present charming Mrs. Brewer they went for a visit to his old home. In Washington a justice of the Supreme court is always spoken of as "Mr. Justice" and that was the title Mrs. Brewer had always heard. When they reached this city on their way home the "Mr." was dropped and the jurist was referred to as Justice Brewer. At Omaha some old friends called him "David J." and when they crossed the Kansas line some former neighbors referred to him as "Dave." "Let's go home," suggested Mrs. Brewer. "Why?" asked the justice. "Because, dear," Mrs. Brewer replied. "I am afraid if we go any farther they will be calling you Davie."

Saved by a Song.

A boy was amusing himself by watching the birds that were flying around him. At length a beautiful bobolink perched on a rough bough of an apple tree near by.

The boy picked up a stone, and got ready to throw it at the bird. The bird's throat swelled, and forth came the song: "A-link, a-link, a-link, bobolink, bobolink, a-no-sweet, a-no-sweet I know it, I know it, a-link, a-link; don't throw it, throw it, throw it."

And the boy did not throw the stone, but dropped it on the ground. "Why didn't you stone him, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home."

The little fellow looked up and replied, "Couldn't 'oos he sang so."—Puck.