

and the time came when, free of debt, the young couple looked happily into each other's eyes.

"We can live a little nicer now, Sally," said Tom, "but we must remember our experience."

And so they did, and being really good and honest folk, they prospered.

"I wouldn't ask her while we lived so plain," said Sally one day, "but now we're nice again I mean to ask Martha Decker to come and see me. She's a good old friend, though I was carried away by Mrs. Schaeffer's fine airs and by the politeness of people who only courted me because they thought me prospering."

"That's right," said Tom. "We've got something by our experience, anyhow."—*Ledger.*

A Race.

Daniel Webster's first appearance in public was when he was carried into the old meeting-house to be christened. The Rev. Jonathan Searle performed the ceremony. Though kind and courteous, his manners were pompous, and he exacted due homage from his people. A tri-cornered cocked hat, powdered wig, knee-breeches, black silk stockings, knee and shoe buckles set off his dignified person, which, when in the pulpit, was also arrayed in bands and gown. After the christening the pompous clergyman became the victim of a ludicrous accident, which Mr. Webster used to relate, it having been told him by a person who saw it.

A Mrs. Clay was present. She was a dressy woman, and wore a large bonnet, with a long veil, and trimmed with numerous ribbons and feathers. She was walking across the church green, by the side of the stately pastor, when a flaw of wind whirled her bonnet from her, and carried it down the hill.

"My dear sir," she exclaimed to the pompous pastor, "won't you pick up my bonnet?"

The courteous minister walked after the whirling bonnet as fast his dignity would permit. But his gait was not rapid enough to allay the lady's anxiety.

"Reverend sir," she said, appealingly, "do stop my bonnet; it will be ruined!"

The parson accelerated his strides so as to clutch at the bonnet as it hung on a twig. But a fresh gust snatched it away, and a louder appeal bade him hasten to its rescue.

"O, reverend sir, what shall I do? Be so good as to hasten, or I shall lose my bonnet."

The minister still continuing to walk, though with rapid gait, the nervous woman lost both her temper and her respect.

"Searle, Searle, you lazy goose," she shouted, "why don't you run?" She may have used a stronger expression, but this will look better on paper.

The disturbed clergyman, spurred on by a woman's temper, ran for the bonnet, his gown streaming in the wind. The hat took advantage of its liberty, for it whisked and whirled and evaded the poor man as if bent on prolonging the ludicrous sight. He beat in the race, however, and restored the bonnet, somewhat the worse for its flight; but the frantic woman found some compensation in the fact that the clergyman's pompousness was quite as much demoralized as the bonnet.

Suggestive to Fault-Finders.

"Now, deacon, I've just one word to say. I can't bear your preaching! I get no good. There's so much in it I don't want, that I grow lean on it. I lose my time and pains."

"Mr. Bunnell, come in here. There's my cow, Thankful—she can teach you theology."

"A cow teach theology! What do you mean?"

"Now see, I have just thrown her a forkful of hay. Just watch her. There now! She has just found a stick—you know sticks will get into the hay—and see how she tosses it to one side, and leaves it, and goes on to eat what is good. There again! She has found a burdock, and she throws it to one side and goes on eating. And there! She does not relish that bunch of daisies, and leaves them, and goes on eating. Before morning she will clear the manger of all, save a few sticks and weeds, and she will give milk. There's milk in that hay, and she knows how to get it out, albeit there may be now and then a stick or weed which she leaves.

But if she refused to eat, and spent the time in scolding about the fodder, she, too, would grow lean, and the milk would dry up. Just so with our preaching. Let the old cow teach you. Get all the good you can out of it, and leave the rest. You will find a great deal of nourishment in it."

Mr. Bunnell stood quiet for a moment and then turned away, saying, "Neighbor, that old cow is no fool, at any rate."—*Anon.*

Tell Your Mother.

I wonder how many girls tell their mothers everything. Not those "young ladies," who going to and from school, smile, bow, and exchange notes and pictures with young men who make fun of them and their pictures, speaking in a way that would make their cheeks burn with shame if they heard it. All this, most credulous young ladies, they will do, although they will gaze at your fresh young faces admiringly, and send or give you charming verses or bouquets. No matter what "other girls do," don't you do it. School-girl flirtation may end disastrously as many a foolish, young girl could tell you. Your yearning for some one to love is a great need of every woman's heart. But there is a time for everything. Don't let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtations. Render yourself truly intelligent. And above all, tell your mother everything. Never be ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and *confidante*, all you think and feel. It is strange that many young girls will tell every person before "mother" that which it is most important that she should know. It is sad that indifferent persons should know more about her fair young daughters than she does herself.—*Fanny Fern.*

THE ALABASTER BOX.—Do not keep the alabaster box of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them. The things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a bare coffin without a flower, and a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindnesses do not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days.

I BEG YOUR PARDON.—A civil word is the cheapest thing in the world and yet it is a thing which the young and happy rarely give to their inferiors. See the effect of civility on a rough little street boy. The other evening, a lady abruptly turned the corner, and very rudely ran against a boy who was small and ragged and freckled. Stopping as soon as she could she turned to him and said: "I beg your pardon, indeed I am very sorry." The small, ragged and freckled boy looked up in blank amazement for an instant, then, taking off about three-quarters of a cap, he bowed very low, smiled until his face became lost in the smile, and answered: "You can hev my parding, and welcome, miss; and yer may run agin me and knock me clean down an' I won't say a word." After the young lady passed on, he turned to a comrade and said, half apologetically: "I never had any one to ask my parding, and it kind o' took me off my feet."

She Would Earn Her Living.

The story is told in good company, with the assurance of its truthfulness, says the Gazette, that a carefully nurtured and educated miss, of one of Boston's best families on Commonwealth Avenue, disagreeing with her mother about a small article of dress, recently, resolved to earn her own living, and at once put her resolve into practice. Donning the plain garb of a domestic, she stole forth, from the parental roof to the house of an advertiser for help. The place being already filled, she was so informed, but a happening caller being in want of a cook, the fugitive accepted an offer, and