

### JUDGE NO MAN BY HIS DRESS.



FEW years ago there lived in Nantucket a most excellent old gentleman, who by manly prudence and other attributes of character had amassed much wealth. No man was more respected by all who knew him, but he had one eccentricity—an utter carelessness about his dress. His clothes were always of the most common kind, though clean; and a stranger would never have supposed him to have been worth a dollar. One day there arrived at Nantucket a lumber packet laden with boards, the master being a young man a little proud of his new distinction. The vessel had arrived at the wharf and the master was walking fore and aft over the lumber, ready for a customer, when the poorly-dressed old man above mentioned approached and asked the price of the boards. "Don't retail, sir," was the reply; "I only sell by the whole sale."

"Well, what is the price of your whole cargo?"

"Twelve dollars per thousand feet"—(the price was named without thought or care); "I will take the whole," said the old man, "unload them at once." "You will, will you," said the captain, "you take the whole—you miserable, ragged old character! I'll throw this billet of wood at your back if you aint off at once! You, without a cent in your pocket, to think to impose upon me."

The old man walked off without uttering a word. The captain, turning to a person who came near at the moment, told him the story, pointing to the old man, who turned and looked at them, and continued his way.

"Do you know that old man?" asked the person to whom the captain now spoke. "No, sir." "Well, discharge your cargo. I rather guess he can pay for it." The captain soon felt his error, and in due time the lumber was landed at the wharf. The next morning the old man was there again. "Young man," he said mildly, "you concluded to accept my offer?" The captain, humbly approaching the old man, said, "Sir, I did not know you—please excuse—sir—sir—I—sir."

The old man was too busy examining the lumber to notice the stuttering apology, and merely heard enough to know for what it was intended. "Give me the surveyor's certificate," said he. It was given to him. "Your bill, sir." It was also given. "This is correct, and there's a check for the amount." "Sir," interposed the captain, feeling anxious to atone for his error. "Young man," interrupted the purchaser, and he emphasized "young" with a peculiar tone of voice—"all is settled; if you will allow me one word of advice, NEVER AGAIN JUDGE A MAN BY HIS COAT. Farewell!"

The check was duly paid, and had the captain but observed the circumstance, he might have seen that the name of the giver of the check and that of the President upon the bills received for it belonged to the same person.—*Ex.*

### NO COUNTERFEIT INFIDELS.

"Did you ever see a counterfeit bank note?"

"Yes."

"Why was it counterfeited?"

"Because the genuine note was worth counterfeiting."

"Did you ever see a scrap of brown paper counterfeited?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because it was not worth counterfeiting."

"Did you ever see a counterfeit Christian?"

"Yes."

"Why was he counterfeited?"

"Because it was worth counterfeiting him."

"Was he to blame for the counterfeit?"

"Of course not."

"Did you ever see a counterfeit infidel?"

"Never."

"Why not?"

"Ahem!"

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