

The lady hesitated a moment.

'Well, that will do,' she said. 'Send them to my house as early as possible.' So saying, she left the shop.

Then Mrs. Tomkins turned to Jenny. 'If that's the way you're going to serve my customers,' she said, 'you won't do for me. Why didn't you say the strawberries were picked this morning?'

'But I knew they weren't,' said Jenny. 'How could I tell her what wasn't true?'

'Weren't they good and fresh strawberries?' retorted the woman. 'What more did the lady want? If she liked to think they had been picked to-day, you should have let her think it. That's the way to do business and the sooner you learn it the better.'

Just then another customer came in, and Mrs. Tomkins could say no more. Jenny was much troubled. She had just succeeded in getting a place in Mrs. Tomkins's shop, and had been overjoyed, for now she could be with her sick mother at nights, and be earning a little to help to get what she needed. But now, on her first day, she had offended her employer. And yet she could not feel sorry for she knew it was right to speak the truth at all costs. As soon as the customer had gone, Mrs. Tomkins returned to the charge.

'Don't let me hear any more of that nonsense,' said she. 'That lady's a new customer. She's only just come to one of them large houses on the hill, and I won't have it said that she can't get what she wants here. Do you hear, Jenny Gond?'

'Yes,' answered the girl; and she would not trust herself to say more just then.

Next morning Mrs. Tomkins brought a large basket full of strawberries into the shop. 'Take these up to Mrs. Vane,' she said to Jenny, 'and tell her they're just fresh picked. Hurry, now!'

Just as Jenny was entering the gates of Mrs. Vane's house, the lady herself came down the drive. 'Ah! you have brought the strawberries!' said she. 'I suppose they have been picked this morning?'

It would have been quite easy to say 'Yes,' but somehow Jenny could not.

'I don't know, ma'am,' she said, looking at her questioner.

Mrs. Vane noticed the little flush on the girl's sweet face, and wondered a little what caused it; but she only said, 'Well, they look all right. Take them to the back door, please.' And so she passed on, leaving with Jenny the remembrance of a gracious presence and a kind smile.

Things went smoothly enough in the shop that day, and Jenny was not obliged to answer any awkward questions.

But towards the end of the week, when market-day came round, Mrs. Tomkins was very much disturbed that her usual supply of butter had not arrived. She sent Jenny to the market to get the necessary supply from one of the countrywomen's stalls. Part of this Mrs. Tomkins put in a corner of the counter with the label "Devonshire Butter" in full view. She was attending to another customer when Mrs. Vane came in.

'I want you to send me three pounds of your Devonshire butter to-day,' she said, glancing at the label, and addressing Jenny.

'We haven't any Devonshire butter, to-day, ma'am,' said Jenny. 'I think this is quite as good, though.'

The lady looked at her. 'Maybe,' she said; 'but I prefer the Devonshire. What is this, then?'

'It came from one of the country farms,' said Jenny; 'we were disappointed of our supply this morning.'

Mrs. Vane left the shop without buying

anything, and then poor Jenny had to face Mrs. Tomkins.

'Look here, Jenny Gond,' said she, red with anger, 'the next time I hear you spoiling my custom you'll go for good, and that's certain! Who are you, to turn good customers away? I tell you, girl, you'll never get on if you don't alter your ways!'

'I'll not tell lies,' said Jenny firmly. 'If I'm asked, I'll speak the truth.'

'Then you can find another place,' said Mrs. Tomkins, 'and leave here in a week.'

The blow fell on poor Jenny with crushing force. She knew it was not so easy to find another place. And what would she do if she had to leave her mother?

Sleep did not come to her that night and it was a pale and sad face, that fronted Mrs. Tomkins's customers the next day; among the customers was Mrs. Vane.

'I have just called,' she said to Mrs. Tomkins, 'to say that I have decided to deal with you. I will give you a list of things that I require weekly, and you can send them regularly.'

After a little more conversation with the pleased shopkeeper, Mrs. Vane, looking at Jenny, added, 'The chief reason I want to deal here is that I find I can be sure of getting a perfectly truthful answer to any question I may ask. Truth and honesty are the best recommendations, Mrs. Tomkins.'

After she had gone, Mrs. Tomkins turned to Jenny. 'I'd like you to stay, Jenny,' she said. 'You've got me a first-class customer, and I do believe after all it's best to speak the truth.'

Courtesy--One Road to Success.

A member of a tourist party travelling abroad was always complaining of the uniform lack of courtesy in the people he met. He was forever being snubbed and insulted.

Another member of the same party finally told him he would accompany him through the streets of London, and would address strangers of all ranks in life whom they met, and assured him that they would receive, in every instance, nothing but courtesy and kind treatment. They started on their tour. The one who proposed the experiment would often stop persons on the street, and ask them all sorts of questions as to where they could find this or that place of interest, and how to get to it, etc. He would detain boys who were hurrying to perform errands; merchants who were occupied with business concerns; women, gentlemen, noblemen, and people of all classes; and, in every case, the two were treated with the utmost courtesy. Nearly every one accosted seemed interested in their inquiries, and was only too glad to assist them if possible. The secret was in the kindly tone and courteous manner in which the people were approached. Action and reaction are equal. We receive what we give. The world is a whispering gallery, and will return a harsh or a pleasant tone, according to that which we give out.

The world is a mirror, and will reflect faithfully the faces we present to it. If we smile at it, it will smile back at us. If we look at it with a contemptuous expression, we shall get a reflection in kind.

A kindly, courteous manner has been to thousands the secret of their rise to positions of honor, wealth and power.

A young lawyer left his home in the country and went to a large city to practice law. He was entirely unknown, without friends or influence. He did not have a college education or a broad culture. He had not been in cultivated society. He lacked polish and was awkward. He did not

even have a thorough professional training, but he possessed a certain dignity of bearing, delicacy of tact, and a large-hearted courtesy, with a cordial manner and a ready smile, and a pleasant word for all. These things rapidly gained him friends and clients, and he became a wealthy and influential man.

Courtesy is not a substitute for a college education, nor is it a fitness for occupation, but it is a powerful aid to success in life.—'Success.'

Never Say Fail.

Keep pushing—'tis wiser,
Than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing,
And waiting the tide.
In life's earnest battle,
They only prevail,
Who daily march onward,
And never say fail.

In life's rosy morning,
In manhood's firm pride,
Let this be your motto
Your footsteps to guide;
In storm and in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer,
And never say fail.

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