

board at Prissy's. He came over to where we were and began to frolic with us, and we talked and laughed, and had just the gayest time! I didn't think how late it was getting and none of us did, until just as we were going out. Dick—that is the young man—asked us to wait a minute; that he had a package he wanted Prissy to take to her brother. We stood in the door and waited, and we were laughing then over some of the funny things Dick had said; but we heard a man in the back part of the store say: "Who are those girls?" His voice sounded real gruff. I turned around and looked at him, but I did not know him. The clerk answered:

"Oh, they are some of our townspeople."

"Well, they must have queer mothers?" This was what the gruff voice said next, and I tell you we girls were still enough. We looked at one another, and wondered if he could possibly mean us, and we didn't speak a word.

He did though. "I have been watching them," he said; "I never saw properly brought up girls act so badly on the street. They have been in the postoffice, talking loud and shouting with laughter, and romping with a young fellow there; and now they are doing the same thing here. It isn't possible that they have been properly taught, or they would not behave like that on the street. If they have respectable mothers they ought to know that their daughters are disgracing them."

Only think of it! O, Journal, if you could think, sometimes it would be a great comfort to me! We stood still and looked at one another. Our cheeks were as red as blush roses; mine burned like fire, away out to my ears. Dick hadn't come back yet, so we couldn't rush out as we felt like doing.

"He can't mean us?" Prissy whispered, and her teeth chattered.

"Yes, he does mean us," said Nannie. "Mean old fellow that he is. Our mothers, indeed! Only think of it!"

Someway that seemed to make every one of us think of the verse that we had decided was so easy. I looked at Ruth and she looked at me. "Honor thy father and"—I said, and then stopped.

"Yes," exclaimed Ruth, "I should think as much!"

Then she walked right across that drug store like a queen and marched up to the man.

"I want to tell you, sir," she said, "that you are mistaken. We have good mothers, who have taught us how to act. We just got into a frolic and forgot; but you need not blame them, sir, not one bit, for they would be as sorry as you are."

Then she walked away before that astonished man could say a word.

We all marched out the next minute, and we all talked at once when we reached the street. We said that was a horrid old man, and he ought to be ashamed of himself, and we were glad Ruth told him the truth. But at last Ruth said:

"Girls, he told the truth, too; we did disgrace our mothers. They wouldn't have liked the way we have acted ever since we started out."

Well, we went home every one of us. And we all told our mothers every bit about it. We said we would. Mine cried a little, and said she was shocked and sorry. But she kissed me and said she was glad I had told her. And she promised to expect me to honor her after this. I guess I shall be more careful than I have been. I don't believe there is a verse in the Bible but what fits us girls.—*The Pansy.*

MISS FRET AND MISS LAUGH.

Cries little Miss Fret,
In a very great pet,

"I hate this warm weather; it's horrid to tan,
It scorches my nose
And it blisters my toes,
And wherever I go I must carry a fan."

Chirps little Miss Laugh:

"Why, I couldn't tell half
The fun I am having this bright summer day.
I sing through the hours,
I cull pretty flowers,
And ride like a queen on the sweet-smelling hay."

—*Selected.*

Our Casket.

JEWELS.

The noblest purpose wins at last,
The wrong fails in the end;
If thou wilt by truth stand fast,
'Twill prove thy firmest friend.

—*From the German.*

Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon such one of us may write
His word or two—and then comes night:
Though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime;
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

—*F. R. Lowell.*

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Wear a cheerful countenance. If your mirror won't smile on you, how can you expect anybody will?

He who seldom speaks, and with one calm, well-timed word can strike dumb the loquacious, is a genius or a hero.

Never speak evil of another while you are under the influence of envy and malevolence, but wait till your spirits are cooled down, and you may better judge whether to utter or suppress the matter.

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts, therefore guard accordingly, and take care that you entertain no notions unstable to virtue and reasonable nature.—*Marcus Antoninus.*

BITS OF TINSEL.

"Why is an old lawyer always fat?" asked Atom. "Because," replied Molecule, "they feed him so much."

A Boston girl never speaks of the "naked truth." She refers to it as "truth divested of apparel."

A Teutonic friend ran a foot race and lost it, but ran again and won. He said: "I'm first at last if I was behind before."

Irish driver—"Shure, that's the Custom House, sorr. But it's only the rare av it you'll be seeing this side, sorr. The front's behind."

"Mary, be careful, my child when going out. Have a will of your own." "Oh, I've got a Will of my own mother, but he can't be with me all the time."

"Ever had a cyclone here?" asked a Kansas man who was visiting a country aunt in the east. "A cyclone? O, yes," said his aunt; "Deacon Brown's son brought one from Boston a spell ago; but, law! he couldn't ride it. Tumbled off every time he tried it."

"Ah! Pat, I understand you were bitten by a dog yesterday. Do you know if he was mad?" "Mad, is it? Faith what right had he to be mad? Shure, 'twas meself that was mad intirely!"

Little Dot's mamma had been ill with a severe attack of neuralgia. A visitor called, and while waiting in the parlor, asked Dot how her mother was. She replied, "she is sick, she's got the morality."

A colored man went into a Galveston newspaper office and wanted to subscribe for the paper. "How long do you want it?" asked the clerk. "Jes as long as it is, boss; if it don't fit de shelves, I kin t'ar a piece myself."

At a school at Wallsend, near Newcastle: the master asked a class of boys the meaning of the word appetite: and after a brief pause, one little boy said, "I know, sir: when I'm eatin' I'm 'appy and when I'm done I'm tight."

A great big dog was roaming about the yard muzzled, when a little girl rushed into the house in terror. Her sister, younger but more valiant, coolly surveyed the situation and reassured her by remarking, "He can't bite: he's got on his bustle."

"What is the heaviest thing in the world?" asked young Sharply of Mrs. Badger, his landlady, as he poised a biscuit in his hand. "I should say it was money." "Ah?" inquired the young man. "Yes, because you never seem strong enough to raise sufficient to pay your board when it is due." Mr. Sharpley eats his biscuits now without asking any conundrums.