

Bank, had the fastest horse in the country, and ought to be able to make up at least ten minutes in ten miles. For a while there was quiet outside. The men were evidently working at the shafts, and only the tramping of horses' feet gave any signs of life. Jennie began to get nervous, and to listen more intently for the pursuers' approach. By this time they could not be far off. Finally, unable to sit still any longer, she crept up stairs, and sitting down on the floor by the open window of the attic, ventured to look out. The white horse was quite distinctly visible as it stood by the gate, but the men bending over the wagon, were hardly more than an outline. Presently they seemed to have finished and backing the horse around, proceeded to hitch him in the shafts. Would the others never come? The gate was not yet opened, but Jennie began to fear that burglars would not find that a serious difficulty. Suddenly through the woods came the sound of horses' hoofs galloping as if for life. Did the men hear it, too?

Apparently they did.

"Open the gate," she heard one of them say.

His companion went to it and vainly tried to pull it open.

"It's padlocked," he exclaimed, after a minute, "The other uttered an oath. 'Pick it!' he cried. They've put up a job on us here. I knew we didn't cut the wire quick enough."

It was a minute before the burglar could pick the lock, and by this time the pursuing wagon was dangerously near.

"Open the gate!" shouted the first man, pulling back his horse to escape its sweep.

The other pushed, and the great bar swung slowly back. But before it had opened wide enough to let them through the other wagon had dashed upon the scene.

"Stand where you are," Jennie heard Mr. Allen's voice call out, "or I'll shoot you down."

What immediately followed Jennie did not see, for leaving the window she rushed down stairs, lit the lantern, rolled back the bureau, unlocked the door, and went out. When she had gained the road the two burglars, captured and tied, were being guarded by the constables, while Mr. Allen was investigating the contents of the wagon, and making sure, as far as he could in the darkness, that all was right. At Jennie's approach he looked up.

"Ah!" he said. "Are you the toll-gate keeper's daughter? Just ask your father to step out here, won't you?"

Jennie smiled. "Father isn't at home, sir," she said.

"Oh, your mother, then, or any one who keeps the gate."

"Mother isn't at home, either, sir; I am keeping the gate."

The gentleman looked at her in surprise.

"You!" he exclaimed. "What made those fellows stop here?"

"They broke their wagon, sir."

"How did they happen to do that?"

"The horse ran into the gate, sir."

"Was the gate shut?"

"Yes, sir."

"You don't usually shut the gate at night?"

"No, sir, but I did to-night."

He looked at her for a further explanation, and Jennie, who never liked to tell of her exploits, was obliged to go on.

"They telephoned me about it from Leicester, sir," she said, briefly.

"Did they tell you to shut the gate?"

"No, sir; the telephone stopped before they got as far as that; these men cut the wire, and I had to think for myself what I should do."

"And you thought of that?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, modestly.

"Well," he said, "you are a thoughtful little girl. You've saved me a great deal of money to-night, and I'll never forget it."

And he never did. The directors of the bank passed a vote of thanks, at their next meeting, to Miss Jennie Bartlett "for her prompt and efficient services in arresting the burglars who feloniously entered the bank building, and abstracted the valuable contents of its vault;" and more than that, sent her a purse of money, with which she was able that winter to carry out her long-cherished plan of going to school. It was a disagreeable experience to go through, but Jennie will always date whatever success she has in the world from that night at the Barrington toll-gate.

## OUR GEM CASKET.

"But words are things, and a small drop of ink  
Falling like dew upon a thought produces  
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

That you may be beloved, be amiable.—*Ovid*.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.

A man's conversation is a sure index to his mental capacity.

The truer we become, the more unerringly we know the ring of truth.

False modesty is the last refinement of vanity. It is a lie.—*Bruyere*.

Perfection is attained by slow degrees; she requires the hand of time.—*Voltaire*.

Whenever we pass judgment upon ourselves, the prisoner is sure to be defended.

Good breeding shows itself most, where to an ordinary eye it appears the least.—*Addison*.

All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not honesty and good nature.—*Montaigne*.

There is nothing so strong or safe in any emergency of life as the simple truth.—*Dickens*.

A boy can pull four times more weight in boys on a sled than he can in coal from the back yard.

Humanity is a virtue all preach, none practice, and yet everybody is content to hear.—*John Selden*.

What is sadder in our reflection, and yet what more frequent than our unconscious farewells!—*George Eliot*.

If Ever a blind man feels happy over his affliction it is when a sight draft is presented to him for payment.

The modest young woman "who turned all colors" has given up the business owing to the multiplicity of new shades.

Men are sometimes accused of pride merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their place.—*Shenstone*.

A debating society will tackle the question: "Which is the most fun—to see a man try to thread a needle, or a woman try to drive a nail?"

To the young, love is what the sunlight is to the flowers, they may live without it, but they will not thrive nor bloom into beauty and sturdy health.—*Edith Paterson*.

"I never complained or my condition but once," said an old man, "when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met with a man without feet, and I became content."

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.—*George D. Boardman*.

Great thoughts are always hopeful. They give a noble tone to the spirit, exalt the mind, and stimulate to worthy deeds. Those who cultivate such thoughts arrive at the best experience, and achieve the happiest lives.

It not unfrequently happens, in this world of mistakes and thoughtlessness, that a man, even the best of men, may once or twice during a long otherwise faultless life, kiss his hired girl by mistake for his wife. But no man, of ages past or of to-day, was ever known to kiss his wife under the erroneous impression that she was the hired girl.

The jealous wife of a Cincinnati shoe-maker admitted that it was necessary for him to put on women the new shoes that they bought, but she objected to his performing that service in the case of old and consequently easy shoes. A young woman went into his shop to have her shoes mended while she waited. When it was finished she placed her foot in his lap to have it put on and buttoned. While he was absorbed in this his wife came to the door, and the scene aroused her jealousy. She went out and got a clothes line, doubled it to convenient length came back and remarked that she had been married to him fifteen years, and he had never offered to put on her shoes. She gave him a lashing with the rope in the presence of the innocent customer.