

Judge Ritchie, of Frederick, Md., has sixteen beautiful and accomplished daughters, only one of whom is married. This is what the French would call an embarrassment of Ritchies.

"See here, sir, exclaimed a grocer, bristling up with righteous indignation as the milkman made his morning call, "I should just like you to explain how the chalk and white clay that I found in my coffee-cup this morning got there." "Don't know, I'm sure," said the milkman, "unless you sweetened your coffee with the same sugar you sold me yesterday."

"I meant to have told you of that hole," said a gentleman to his friend, who walking in his garden stumbled into a pit of water. "No matter," said the friend, "I have found it."

"The man that runs an auction  
And watches for a nod  
Must either be near-sighted,  
Or else he's very odd.

For when you bid on something,  
He smiles with sweet content,  
And he thinks you nod a dollar  
When you only nod assent."

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### For Girls and Boys.

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#### I DON'T CARE.

"I don't care!" How often we hear young people say this. My young friend, you ought to care—aye, you will care, perhaps, when it is too late. "Don't care" has ruined thousands. It has filled jails and almshouses, and murderers' graves; it has wrung the hearts of parents, and brought deep blushes to a sister's cheeks; it has broken down many a young man who has started out in life with the brightest prospects of success, but has too often said, "I don't care."

Be careful how you allow yourself to utter these words. Some years ago, there was a bright, talented boy, coming out of school. He had been kept in by his teacher for bad conduct. As he stepped into the street, a friend of his—a noble man, and one who always delighted in helping boys—said to him: "I am very sorry to see you coming out of school so late." The boy replied in a careless, ungentlemanly way: "I don't care."

Now, remember, that I was intimately acquainted with this lad. I knew his father and mother. They were excellent people, and denied themselves many things that they might give their son the advantage of a good education. This boy was talented—no one in the school more so. He could stand at the head of his classes whenever he tried to, but he didn't care.

The spirit of "I don't care" grew upon him, and at last his father took him out of school and put him in a store. But he failed there, for he didn't care whether he pleased his employer's customers or not. After remaining in the store a short time, he was dismissed. He didn't care, but father and mother and sister cared, for they shed many tears on account of his failure.

Some years after this, I saw him driving a dirt-cart, in trowsers and shirt, and barefoot, but he didn't care.

For several years, I did not hear anything from him. One day, I ascertained that he had shipped as a common sailor for a foreign port; but, on shipboard, as everywhere else, he didn't care, and, when the vessel reached her harbor, the captain kicked him off the ship. After wandering about a few months, on a foreign shore, he died of fever, and lies buried thousands of miles from home. Upon his tombstone, truthfully might be inscribed these words:

"Here lies a once noble, talented boy, who came to an untimely grave, because he didn't care!"—*W. Hasbrouck, in the Wesleyan.*

#### NOT TRUSTWORTHY.

One afternoon a gentleman was shown into Mr. Lamer's library.

"Mr. Lamer," asked the visitor, "do you know a lad by the name of Gregory Bassett?"

"I guess so," replied Mr. Lamer, with a smile. "That is the young man," he added, nodding toward Gregory.

The latter was a boy aged fourteen. He was drawing a map at a wide table near the window.

"A bright boy, I should judge," commented the visitor, looking

over the top of his glasses. "He applied for a clerkship in my mill, and referred me to you. His letter of application shows that he is a good penman. How is he at figures?"

"Rapid and correct," was the reply.

"That's good! Honest, is he?"

"Oh, yes," answered Mr. Lamer.

"The work is not hard, and he will be rapidly promoted, should he deserve it. Oh! one question more, Mr. Lamer; is the boy trustworthy?"

"I regret to say he is not," was the grave reply.

"Eh!" cried the visitor. "Then I don't want him."

That ended the interview.

"O uncle!" cried Gregory, bursting into tears.

He had set his heart upon obtaining the situation, and was very much disappointed over the result.

"Gregory, I could not deceive the gentleman," Mr. Lamer said, in a low tone, more regretful than stern. "You are *not* trustworthy, and it is a serious failing; nay, a fault, rather. Three instances occurred, within as many weeks, which sorely tired my patience, and cost me loss of time and money."

Mr. Lamer's tone changed into one of reproach, and his face was darkened with displeasure.

"I gave you some money to deposit in the bank," he resumed. "You loitered until the bank was closed, and my note went to protest. One evening I told you to close the gate at the barn. You neglected to do so. The colt got out through the night, fell in the quarry, and broke its leg. I had to shoot the pretty little thing, to put an end to its suffering."

Gregory lifted his hand in a humiliated way.

"Next I gave you a letter to mail. You loitered to watch a man with a tame bear. 'The nine o'clock mail will do,' you thought. But it didn't, being a way mail. On the following day I went fifty miles to keep the appointment I had made. The gentleman was not there to meet me, because he had not received my letter. I lost my time, and missed all the benefit of what would have been to me a very profitable transaction. It is not too late for you to reform; and unless you do reform, your life will prove a failure."

The lesson was not lost upon Gregory. He succeeded in getting rid of his heedless ways, and became prompt, precise, and trustworthy.—*Canadian Band of Hope.*

Baby is very exacting at table. Her mother has, in consequence, been obliged to forbid her to ask for anything. The other day there was a dish of magnificent strawberries upon the table. Baby coveted them with longing eyes. She threw a supplicating glance at her mother, and another at her father, but this characteristic mimicry was unsuccessful. Baby was disconsolate. She uttered a deep sigh, and, leaning over to her father's side, in a way to be well heard, she said: "Papa, tell mamma that I have not asked for any strawberries."

#### A SWEDISH POEM.

It matters little where I was born,  
If my parents were rich or poor;  
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn,  
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;  
But whether I live an honest man,  
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,  
I tell you, my brother, as plain as I am,  
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay  
In a world of sorrow and care;  
Whether in youth I'm called away,  
Or whether my bones and pate are bare;  
But whether I do the best I can  
To soften the weight of adversity's touch  
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,  
It matters much!

It matters little where is my grave,  
On the land or on the sea;  
By purling brook or 'neath stormy wave,  
It matters little or naught to me;  
But whether the angel Death comes down,  
And marks my brow with his loving touch  
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,  
It matters much!

—Selected.