

SUCCESS OF THE TIDY GIRL.

Tidy neatness in girls is an attraction quite equal to a pretty face: and it is a better recommendation.

A lady wanted a trusty little maid to help her to take charge of a baby. Nobody could recommend one, and she hardly knew where to look for the right kind of girl. One day she was passing a by-lane, and saw a little girl with a clean apron holding a baby in the door-way of a small house.

"That is the maid for me," said the lady. She stopped and asked the girl for her mother.

"Mother has gone out to work," was the reply. "Father is dead, and now mother has to do everything."

"Should you like to come and live with me," asked the lady.

"I should like to help mother somehow."

The lady, more pleased than ever with the tidy looks of the girl, called to see her mother; and the end of it was, she took the maid to live with her, and found—what indeed she expected to find—that the neat appearance of her person showed the neat and orderly bent of her mind. She had no careless habits, she was no friend to dirt; but everything she had to do with was folded up and put away, and kept carefully. The lady finds great comfort in her, and helps her mother, whose lot is not now so hard as it was. She smiles when she says, "Sally's recommendation was a clean apron."

A BOY'S EVENINGS.

Joseph Clark was as fine-looking and healthy a lad as ever left the country to go into a city store. His cheek was red with health, his arm strong, and his step quick. His master liked his looks, and said that boy would make something. He had been clerk about six months, when

Mr. Abbott observed a change in Joseph. His cheek grew pale, his eye hollow, and he always seemed sleepy. Mr. Abbott said nothing for a while. At length, finding Joseph alone in the counting-room one day, he asked him if he was well.

"Pretty well, sir," said Joseph.

"You look sick of late," said Mr. Abbott.

"Have a headache sometimes," the young man said.

"What gives you the headache?" said the merchant.

"I do not know as I know, sir."

"Do you go to bed in good season?"

Joseph blushed. "As early as most of the boarders," he said.

"How do you spend your evenings, Joseph?"

"Oh, sir, not as my pious mother, would approve," answered the young man, tears starting in his eyes.

"Joseph," said the old merchant, "your character, and all your future usefulness and prosperity depend upon the way you pass your evenings. Take my word for it, it is a young man's evenings that make him or break him."

THE INVENTOR OF THE WHEELBARROW.

It takes a great man to do a little thing sometimes.

Who do you think invented that very simple thing called a wheelbarrow?

Why, no less a man than Leonardo da Vinci.

And who was he?

He was a musician, poet, painter, architect, sculptor, physiologist, engineer, natural historian, botanist, and inventor, all in one. He wasn't a "Jack at all trades and master of none," either. He was a real master of many arts, and a practical worker besides.