

NEVER TELL A LIE.

Two lads came at an early hour to a country market town, and, spreading out their little stands, they sat down to wait for customers. One sold melons and other fruits, the other dealt in oysters and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little dealer saw with pleasure his stores steadily decreasing, while the money was filling their pockets. The last melon lay out Harry's stand; when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it, said, "What a fine large melon! I think I must buy it. What do you ask for it my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot on the other side," said the boy turning it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it. But," he added, looking into the boy's face, "is it very business-like to point out the defects of your fruits to customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest, sir," said the boy modestly.

"You are right my boy; always remember to speak the truth, and you will find favor with God and man also. You have nothing else I wish for this morning, but I shall not forget your little stand in future. Are those oysters fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben Wilson's stand.

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning," was the reply; and a purchase being made, the gentleman went his way.

"Harry, what a fool you was to show the gentleman that spot in the melon! Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those oysters? Sold them at the same price I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I will not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

And so it proved; for the next day the gentleman bought quite a supply of fruit of Harry, but never spent another penny at the stand of Ben. Thus the season passed: the gentleman, finding he could always get a good article of Harry, always bought of him, and sometimes talked a few minutes with him about his future hopes and prospects. To become a tradesman was his great ambition; and when the winter came on, the gentleman, wanting a trusty boy for his shop, decided on

giving the place to Harry. Steadily and surely he advanced in the confidence of his employer, until he became at length an honored partner in the firm.

PLEASANT TO TOBACCO CHEWERS.

Some itinerant has lately been in Virginia, inspecting the tobacco factories. From Potorsburgh he writes the following description of the manner of preparing chewing tobacco—"Commence on the upper floor which is as dirty as a cow stable. In the corners are large heaps of tobacco. At one end is a large cauldron, into which is put liquorice, rum and tongue-bean. On one side of the room is a large room like a mortar bed, into which is put the weed, to be sprinkled with the above decoction. Two or three darkies are stirring tobacco up with their feet, so that all portions may become equally saturated. After this operation it is dried upon bales overhead, until it is fit for working in the room below. On the second story the leaf is divested of its stem by numerous black women and children. It is then, in a supple state, made into rolls an inch or two in diameter and of any required length. On the ground floor, the rolls are squeezed into plugs, and carefully packed for the tobacco-loving people of the North. Some people may think this description highly colored, but it is literally a true account of what I saw more than once, and if what I hear be true, the drugs and filth are hardly half portrayed. It might be supposed these people do not chew, but this is not so; almost everybody does—but they chew the clear leaf. And it is worthy of remark that the hands engaged in these factories make no account of throwing their cuds into a heap for a second mastication."

Professor Johnson of Middletown University was one day lecturing before the students on mineralogy. He had before him quite a number of specimens of various sorts to illustrate the subject. A roguish student for sport ality slipped a piece of brick among the stones. The Professor was taking up the stones one after another, and naming them. "This," said he "is a piece of granite; this is a piece of field-spar," etc. Presently he came to the brickbat. Without betraying any kind of surprise, or even changing his tone of voice, "This," said he, holding it up, "is a piece of impudence!"

HOW YOU MAY KNOW GOOD FATHERS.—It is a good sign and true when you see amid a group of boys one dart from the rest, and, tossing his arms above his head, shout—"There's my father!" as he runs to meet him. You may be sure, no matter what business soever, that man may have, that there is a spot in his heart still fresh and green, which the cares of the world have no power to blight. "There's my father." With what a pretty pride the little fellow shouts this. He must indeed be a brute, whose fatherly heart does not swell with love, whose eyes do not glisten, who does not at such a moment feel amply repaid for that day's toil, no matter how wearisome. After all, LOVE is the only thing worth having in this world. They who stand over the new-made grave tell us so. Fame, money, and ambition dwindle into nothing, beside the white, calm brow of death, thou God knows it may be the youngling of the flock whose lips have never even learned to syllable our names.

A GOOD ILLUSTRATION.—In a time of much religious excitement and consequent discussion, an honest Dutch farmer on the Mohawk was asked his opinion as to which denomination of Christians were on the right way to Heaven. "Vell, den," said he, "ven we ride our wheat to Albany, some say this road is the best, and some say dat—but it don't make much difference which road we take, for ven we get dare dey never ask us vich way we come—and it's none of their bisness—if our wheat is good!"

MISTAKE IN EDUCATION.—One great mistake in our present school system consists in the number and variety of studies required of the children. A few things thoroughly learned and fixed for life, are much more useful than a mass of facts hastily committed to memory, never properly digested, and soon so far forgotten as to leave only indistinct impressions.

SO THEY SAY.—"They" will say anything. "They" has said everything mean and despicable. "They" say things that break up families, crush hearts, blight hopes, and smother worthy aspirations. Whenever a man circulates a slander and gives "they" as his authority, turn your back upon him. He means no good.

A writer asks if any one can inform a poor man the best way to start a little nursery?—Certainly!—Get "nursery!"