

Sue counted up all the people she meant to invite, and there was nearly three hundred of them. You would hardly believe it, but she told me that I must carry around all the invitations and deliver them myself. Of course I couldn't do this without neglecting my studies and losing time, which is always precious, so I thought of a plan which would save Sue the trouble of directing three hundred invitations, and save me from wasting time in delivering them.

I got to work with my printing-press, and printed a dozen splendid big bills about the wedding. When they were printed I cut a lot of small pictures of animals and ladies riding on horses out of some old circus bills, and pasted them on the wedding bills. They were perfectly gorgeous, and you could see them four or five rods off. When they were all done I made some paste in a tin pail, and went out after dark and pasted them in good places all over the village.

The next afternoon father came into the house looking very stern, and carrying one of the wedding bills in his hand. He handed it to Sue and said: "Susan, what does this mean? These bills are pasted all over the village, and there are crowds of people reading them." Sue read the bill, and then she gave an awful shriek, and fainted away, and I hurried down to the post-office to see if the mail had come in. This is what was on the wedding bills, and I am sure it was spelled all right:

Miss Susan Brown announces that she will marry
Mr. James Travers
at the Church next Thursday at half-past seven, sharp.
All the Friends of the Family
With the exception of
the McFadden tribe and old Mr. Wilkinson
are invited.
Come early and bring
Lots of Flowers.

Now what was there to find fault with in that. It was printed beautifully, and every word was spelled right, with the exception of the name of the church, and I didn't put that in because I wasn't sure how to spell it. The bill saved Sue all the trouble of sending out invitations, and it said everything that anybody could want to know about the wedding. Any other girl but Sue would have been pleased, and would have thanked me for all my trouble, but she was as angry as if I had done something real bad. Mr. Travers was almost as angry as Sue, and it was the first time he was ever angry with me. I am afraid now that he won't let me ever come and live with him. He hasn't said a word about my coming since the wedding bills were put up. As for the wedding, it has been put off, and Sue says she will go to New York to be married, for she would perfectly die if she were to have a wedding at home after that boy's dreadful conduct. What is worse, I am to be sent away to boarding-school, and all because I made a mistake in printing the wedding bills without first asking Sue how she would like to have them printed.—*Harpers Young People.*

GETTING A SITUATION.

Mr. Silas Brown had advertised for a clerk. He wanted one to begin in the lowest place in the office; but if found competent he would be advanced. Mr. Silas Brown was sharp, and some said hard, business man. But he was just, and had a really kind heart under his business ways.

Edward Clayton had seen the advertisement, and he wanted to do something to help his widowed mother, he determined to apply for the situation, though he had heard not a little about Mr. Brown's sharp ways. So he presented himself at that gentleman's office and told him why he had come.

"Your name?" said Mr. Brown.

"Edward Clayton," was the response.

"Age?"

"Seventeen."

"Ever been in business?"

"No, Sir."

"What do you know?"

"My teacher, Mr. Gray, of the High School, will tell you that I stood well in my classes."

"Do you smoke, or chew tobacco?"

"No, sir, my mother would not allow that, even if I wanted to."

"So you are not too old to mind your mother," said the merchant.

"No, sir."

"Go to church?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Yes, sir, and to Sabbath School."

"If I employ you, will you do exactly as I tell you?"

"Certainly, sir," said Edward, "so long as you do not tell me to do anything wrong."

"Well, that's cool, I declare," said the merchant. "Who is to be the judge, I should like to know, as to what is right and wrong?"

"So far as I am concerned, Mr. Brown," replied the young man, "I must decide by my own conscience. But I do not believe that you would ask me to do anything that was wrong."

"Have you any recommendations?" persisted Mr. Brown.

"No, sir, I have never been in business, and so have no one to give a recommendation."

"Oh, well," said the merchant, something like a smile coming over his sharp features, "I think you have some very good recommendations. A young man in these days, who does not smoke or chew, who is willing to acknowledge that he is obedient to his mother, who attends church and Sabbath-school and who says that he will be governed by his conscience, is, to my thinking, well recommended."

So Edward got the place and I fancy will be able to keep it, at least until he grows out of it into a better one.

Good principles, boys, are the best foundation you can have for true success in life.—*Chills Paper.*

NOTHING LIKE TRYING.

Life after all is a kindly affair;
Why is it stupid and not worth living?
Striving and getting won't drive away care;
Try giving.

Scowling and growling will make a man old;
Money and fame at the best are beguiling;
Don't be suspicious and selfish and cold;
Try smiling.

Happiness stands like a maid at your gate;
Why should you think you'll find her by roving?
Never was greater mistake than to hate;
Try loving.

—*Temperance Record.*

TEN LITTLE TOES.

Baby is clad in his nightgown white,
Pussy-cat purrs a soft good-night.
And somebody tells, for somebody knows,
The terrible tale of ten little toes.

RIGHT FOOT.

This big toe took a small boy Sam
Into the cupboard after the jam;
This little toe said, "Oh, no! no!"
This little toe was anxious to go;
This little toe said, "Tisn't quite right;"
This little tiny toe curled out of sight.

LEFT FOOT.

This big toe got suddenly stubbed;
This little toe got ruefully rubbed;
This little frightened toe cried out, "Bears!"
This little timid toe, "Run up stairs!"
Down came a jar with a loud slam! slam!
This little tiny toe got all the jam!

—*Our Little Ones.*

Jabesh Snow, Gunning Cove, N. S., writes "I was completely prostrated with the asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I procured a bottle and it done me so much good that I got another, and before it was used I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wild fire, and makes cures wherever it is used."

Mr. Wm. Boyd Hill, Cobourg, writes "Having used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for some years, I have much pleasure in testifying to its efficacy in relieving pains in the back and shoulders. I have also used it in cases of cramp in children and have found it to be all that you claim it to be."