

**HONESTY IS THE BEST POLIOY.**

A Scotch nobleman, who was very fond of farming, had bought a cow from a gentleman who lived near him. The cow was to be sent home next morning. Early in the morning, as the duke was taking a walk, he saw a boy trying in vain to drive the cow to his house. The cow was very unruly; and the boy could not manage her at all.

The boy, not knowing the duke, bawled out to him: "Hallo, man! come here and help me with this beast."

The duke walked slowly on, not seeming to notice the boy, who still kept calling for help. At last, finding that he could not get on with the cow, he cried out in distress: "Come here, man, and help me, and I'll give you half of what I get."

The duke went and lent a helping hand. "And now," said the duke, as they trudged along after the cow, "How much do you think you will get for the job?"

"I don't know," said the boy, "but I'm sure of something, for the folk up at the big house are good to everybody."

On coming to the lane near the house, the duke slipped away from the boy and reached home by a different road. Calling a servant he put a sovereign into his hand, saying, "Give this to the boy who brought the cow."

He then returned to the end of the lane where he had parted from the boy, so as to meet him on his way back. "Well, how much did you get?" asked the duke.

"A shilling," said the boy; "and there is half of it for you."

"But, surely, you got more than a shilling," said the duke.

"No," said the boy, "that is all I got; and I think it quite enough."

"I do not," said the duke; "There must be something wrong; and as I am a friend of the duke, if you return, I think I'll see that you get more."

They went back. The duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled. "Now," said the duke to the boy, "Point me out the person who gave you the shilling."

"It was that man there," said he, pointing to the butler.

The butler fell on his knees, confessed his fault, and begged to be forgiven; but the duke ordered him to give the boy the sovereign, and quit his service at once. "You have lost," said the duke, "both your place and your character by your deceit. Learn to remember that 'Honesty is the best policy.'"

The boy found out who it was that had helped him to drive the cow, and the duke was so pleased with the manliness and honesty of the boy that he sent him to school, and paid for him out of his own pocket.—A. K.

**WHY CHILDREN SHOULD EAT HONEY.**

Thousands and tens of thousands of children are dying all around us, who, because their ever-developing nature demands sweetness, crave and eagerly demolish the adulterated "candies" and "syrup" of modern times. If these could be fed on honey instead they would develop and grow up into healthy men and women.

Children would rather eat bread and honey than bread and butter. One pound of honey

will reach as far as two pounds of butter, and has besides, the advantage of being far more healthy and pleasant-tasted, and always remains good, while butter soon becomes rancid and often produces cramp in the stomach, eructations, sourness, vomiting and diarrhoea. Pure honey should always be freely used in every family. Honey eaten on wheat bread, is very beneficial to health.

The use of honey instead of sugar in almost every kind of cooking is as pleasant for the palate as it is healthy for the stomach. In preparing blackberry or raspberry short-cake it is infinitely superior.

It is a common expression that honey is a luxury, having nothing to do with the life-giving principle. This is an error—honey is food in one of its most concentrated forms. True, it does not add so much to the growth of muscles as does beefsteak, but it does impart other properties no less necessary to health and vigorous physical and intellectual action. It gives warmth to the system, arouses nervous energy, and gives vigour to all the vital functions. To the labourer it gives strength—to the business man mental force. Its effects are not like ordinary stimulants, such as spirits, etc., but produce a healthy action, the results of which are pleasing and permanent—a sweet disposition and a bright intellect.

**SIOUX PONIES.**

"Unpromising looking! Well, they are not pretty as a rule, though I've seen some dandies," said the cow-boy. "Turn Jay-Eye-See out in a Dakota winter, and give him just what food he rustled for—cotton-wood twigs and bark and scanty buffalo grass mostly—and I don't guess he'd show up in very marvellous shape in the spring. I was at Scully once, just as retreat was sounding off—sundown, you know. An Indian rode up on a pot-bellied, scrawny-skinned, splay-footed, matted-haired calico, and gave a letter from the adjutant at Fort Hall to the Sully adjutant.

"To an interpreter who happened to be standing by, the Indian, a Brule Sioux, remarked that he had ridden a good way that day and his pony was tired. The adjutant noticed that the Hall letter was dated that morning, and his interest being aroused, asked the messenger when he left his post. He replied, just after first sergeants' call (after day-break). Subsequent investigation proved his truth. He had ridden that sorry nag 104 miles in less than thirteen hours, and much of the way the road would have been hard on a bird. I tell you we treated that mangy-looking brute as if he had the bluest blood of all the barbs in his veins."

**SOME PRE-ADAMITE BREVITIES.**

Adam never in a fit of abstraction sat down upon a coil of barbed fence wire.

Adam never lived next door to a man who was trying to learn to play on an accordion.

Adam never fell over a rocking chair while groping around in the dark after the bottle of paregoric.

Adam never had to fasten one of his suspenders with a shingle nail and the other with a hair pin.

Adam never had to rock the cradle while Eve ran across the street to borrow a cup of sugar from a neighbour.

Adam never had to keep the baby while Eve went out with a determined cast of countenance to reform the world.

Adam never had his only pair of gum shoes eaten up by a dog while he was spending an evening with a friend.

Adam never sat up till five o'clock in the morning to get the returns from Ohio, and to at last learn that the other fellows had carried it.

Adam never came home at a very late hour from the lodge to discover that he had left his latch key in a pocket of his other pair of pants.

Adam never had a tight bureau drawer at which he was tugging come out so suddenly and set him down with such vehemence as to knock four square feet of plastering off the ceiling.

Adam never went down town trying to remember an injunction to get a wash-board, a pound of soap, a ball of tape, a bottle of infant food, a spool of garnet sewing silk, a paper of hair pins, two yards of pink mosquito netting and a mouse trap.—*Middletown Transcript*.

**THE SWEETS OF FLATTERY.**

Sharp clerk—"There is a beautiful piece of goods, miss. It will make up very handsome, and I am sure will become either you or your sister."

Lady purchaser, blushing—"Why—ahem so it is. Yes, I think I can trust to your judgment. Suppose you cut me off 20 yards."

As they are leaving the store—"Why, mamma, why didn't you tell him I was your—"

Lady—"Hush. Do be still, Maud. You chatter so continually."

Sharp clerk to man at the lace counter—"Did you see me work her? Twenty per cent. on that. It's that stuff left over from last spring."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

**A KEEN REMINDER.**

"There isn't a button on this shirt," dismally observed the young husband, shaking the garment before his wife's eyes.

"I'm sorry, my love; it might have been remedied if I had had time."

"Why, you've got nothing to do. What do you mean by saying if you had had time?"

"I mean to say that if there had been no occasion for me to trim over a last spring bonnet for this spring's wear I would have had time to look after your clothes." —*Brooklyn Eagle*.

**HE WASN'T THE KID.**

"Boy?" he called, as he snapped his fingers at a post-office bootblack, "are you the lad I handed a dollar bill to yesterday to get changed, and you beat me out of thirteen cents?"

"No, sir."

"Look out! How do you know you ain't?"

"'Cause; do I look like a boy who'd betv you out of a shilling when I could walk off with the dollar? Stranger, you must have got hold of some poor leetle kid who's just begun bizness."—*Detroit Free Press*.