

Our Gasket.

JEWELS.

As stars upon the tranquil sea
 In mimic glory shine,
 So words of kindness in the heart
 Reflect the source divine;
 O then be kind, whoe'er thou art,
 That breathe'st mortal breath,
 And it shall brighten all thy life,
 And sweeten even death.

From the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height.—
Carlyle.

I have lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.—*Adam Clarke.*

He that is choice of his time will also be choice of his company, and choice of his actions.—*Paley.*

Be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.—*Southey.*

It is easy enough to make sacrifices for those we love; but for our enemy we have to struggle and overcome self. Such a victory is noble.

Never seem wiser or more learned than the people you are with. Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket, and do not pull it out merely to show that you have one.

If we examine closely into what appears solely as the result of chance, we shall find in many instances that stern qualities, consciousness of situation, and hard plodding work account for the most of the successful results attained.

Consider how much more you often suffer from your anger and grief than for those very things for which you are angry and grieved.—*Marcus Antonius.*

Lost wealth may be replaced by industry; lost knowledge by study; lost health by temperance or medicine; but lost time is gone forever.—*Samuel Smiles.*

BITS OF TINSEL.

Why is a leaky tub like a poor rule? Because it doesn't hold good.

Positive, wait; comparative, waiter; superlative, go and get it yourself.

What is characteristic of a watch? Modesty, for it keeps its hands before its face and runs down its own works.

"How shall we stop the great evil of lying?" asks a religious weekly. Don't know, give it up. It's a habit you ought never to have fallen into.

Eva, noticing a flock of noisy, chattering blackbirds, said, "*Mamma, I guess they're having a scwing 'ciety!*"

A Quaker's advice to his son on his wedding day: "When thee went a-courting I told thee to keep thine eyes wide open. Now that thee is married I tell thee to keep them half shut."

"I would like scalloped oysters," she remarked. He answered, meaning to be funny, "I don't know how to scallop oysters." "Then bias some," said she.

Johnnie was sent to town for a quarter of a pound of salt-petre. He astonished the store-keeper by asking for a quarter of a mile of salt-petre.

De reason dat we tinks dat our'mudders could beat anybody cookin' is because we kain't carry de boy's appertite inter ole age.

A young man who sat down upon a black piece of iron in a blacksmith shop and unceremoniously sprang seven feet in the air with a wild shriek of despair, says he don't think much of Hot Springs as a health resort.

"A young man having asked a girl if he might go home with her from singing-class and being refused, said: "You're as full of airs as a musical box." "Perhaps so," she retorted; "but if I am, I don't go with a crank."

A boy of eight years was asked by his teacher where the zenith

was. He replied: "The spot in the heavens directly over one's head." To test his knowledge further, the teacher asked: "Can two persons have the same zenith at the same time?" "They can." "How?" "If one stands on the other's head."

A Pennsylvania young lady was kissed against her will and she sued for damages. The jury gave her one cent. That is to say, the jury gave her a cent because she had not herself given assent.

For Girls and Boys.

LOOK OUT YOUNG MAN.

When it is said of a youth that "He drinks," and it can be proven, what store wants him for a clerk? What church wants him for a member? What dying man will appoint him as executor? Letters of recommendation, the backing of business firms, a brilliant ancestry cannot save him. The world shies off. Why? It is whispered all through the community, "He drinks! he drinks!" That blasts him. When a young man loses his reputation for sobriety he might as well be at the bottom of the sea. There are young men who have their good name as their only capital. Your father has started you out to city life. He could only give you an education. He gave you no means. He started you, however, under Christian influence. You are now achieving your own fortune, under God, by your own arm. Now, look out, young man, that there is no doubt of your sobriety. Do not create any suspicions by going in or out of liquor establishments, or by any odor of your breath, or by any glare of your eye, or by any unnatural flush of your cheek. You cannot afford to do it, for your good name is your only capital, and when that is blasted by the reputation of taking strong drink, all is gone forever.—*Exchange.*

PRIZES.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

It was near the close of a warm, bright afternoon in March, when a knot of children gathered about the steps of the Pineboro schoolhouse, all talking at once, and plainly much excited over something that had just been said to them within doors.

"I'm goin' to sit up nights."

"I aint goin' to a single party!"

"What do you s'pose she'll give us?"

"A book, I guess, don't you?" The fact was, Miss Preston, the young school-mistress, had offered a prize for the scholar who should be most punctual for the next three months, and should pass the best examination at the end of that time. She thought it would be an excellent plan to make them more prompt and studious; and she soon found it was succeeding only too well.

About a quarter of the school, principally boys, gave up extra work after the first few days, but the rest were more earnest than ever before. It became plain in the course of a month, that the contest was really between the three best scholars, Joe Keith, Sue Briggs, and little Sallie Pearson. The pale faces and shadowy eyes told of their efforts, and Miss Preston felt it her duty to caution her three pupils more than once not to work so hard. She noticed also with pain that each one of them was very, very anxious for the others to miss or be late, and so lose all chance for the prize.

One day, therefore, she asked Sallie, the youngest, to stop a few moments, after school. When the rest had all gone, she called the little girl to her side and spoke to her kindly.

"Sallie, dear," she said, "why are you working so hard at your arithmetic and geography?"

The child opened her eyes wide. "Why, to get the prize, Miss Preston," she answered. "Is that why you looked so pleased this afternoon, when Susie forgot that river in China?" Sallie hung her head.

"I suppose it was, ma'am."

"Was that kind?"

"But you told us"

"Well?"

"You said we were to—you said—you said"—Here she stopped with a trembling lip. She was so tired and nervous from her long study hours, that she could not bear much. Miss Preston knew this, and knew too, that while most of her other pupils were strong