

THE YOUNG MERCHANTS.

Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and, arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own cultivation, and the other supplied with lobsters and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his stores steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver shining in his little money-cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it, said:

"What a fine, large melon! 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 in it," 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 fine open countenance, "is it very business-like to point out the defects of your fruit to the customers?"

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

"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favor with God and man also. I shall remember your little stand in the future."

"Are those lobsters fresh?" he continued turning to Ben, Williams.

"Yes, sir, fresh this morning; I caught them myself," was the reply, and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were 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 lobsters I caught yesterday! Sold them for the same price I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would 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."

The next market day Ben and Harry were on hand again, one with his fruit and vegetables, the other with fish, lobsters, etc.

"Harry," said Ben, "don't be such a fool today as you was last time. Let customers find out the bad spots themselves. You'll never make any money that way."

"I am going to be honest and true, if I never make any money," said Harry. Just then they espied their customer of the preceding day approaching, accompanied by a tall, dignified, benevolent looking man, with gray hair and wearing gold spectacles, and carrying a gold-headed cane.

"These are the boys," said the customer as they drew near the boys' stands.

"Which is the honest one," said the benevolent looking man. "This one?"

"No indeed! I bought some lobsters of him, on his word that they were fresh, and they were not fit to eat. This is the honest boy (pointing to Harry), and he shows it in his face."

The upshot of this affair was that Harry was then and there engaged to be office-boy in the First National Bank, and he made his way by his faithfulness and honesty, from office-boy to cashier, and is now filling that position at a salary of \$4,000 a year.

All boys can not become cashiers of banks, and make lots of money, but they can all grow up to be useful, honored citizens, respected by all, which alone is reward enough.

Ben is a poor, worthless, drunken hanger-on at the market still, and there is no prospect of anything better for him in the future. A man who by lying and cheating, drives away one customer a day, will, in a little while, have very few left, and they will soon find him out and leave him.

THE COQUITA PALM.

The Coquita palm (*Jubaea spectabilis*) is a Chilean species, but is also cultivated in New Granada and other parts of South America. It affords the *Miel-de-Palmo*, or palm honey, so much esteemed and used throughout that country. The beautiful trees are felled in great numbers yearly, and their graceful crowns of feathery leaves lopped away, to catch the sap

small heaps, entirely free from husks, in places where the animals have ruminated.

PRAMATURE WOMEN. — When girls midway in their teens throw off their natural, girlish habits and attire, don long skirts, skoot up their hair, and affect the airs and dress of young women, they would often be surprised to know what their elders really think of the improvements. One such young miss went to the depot



THE COQUITA PALM.

running from the wound. By cutting a thin slice from the end every day the flow is kept up for several months. A good tree will yield 90 gallons. The sap is boiled down to the consistency of treacle, and used instead of sugar. The small nuts which the tree bears are also edible, and are exported in considerable quantities. The Chileans let their cows and oxen do the husking in a peculiar manner, as follows: The cattle are very fond of the green husks, and being allowed to feed upon them, swallow the nuts whole. Afterward, when chewing the cud, they eject the nuts, which are found in

recently to meet an aged friend of the family, and was surprised to find herself not recognized upon greeting the visitor as she stepped from the car. "Don't you know me, auntie?" "Why, this isn't Maria, is it?" "Certainly! don't you think I look better than I did last summer when you were here?" "No," replied the honest soul, looking the girl over, "to tell you the truth, I don't. Go home and let down your hair and be young while you can, for it will not be many years before you will be glad to have people take you for a girl." — *Springfield Republican.*