

have individuality, too. Make your effort a work of art. Impress every bit of work with something characteristic of the best that is in you, so that those who are acquainted with you will know the product of your labor at sight and will proclaim your name. This is success.

Keep your mind clean and your conscience clear and you shall enjoy each passing hour. How nice it is to be able to lie down at night to sleep without the sense of mental oppression which follows some mean act to harass us and render our night one of unrest. Always do right and you may rest easy day and night. Do right because it is right.

Earnestness of purpose will accomplish wonders. This combined with enthusiasm will surely win the day in the end. Be strenuous in whatever you do, be it work or play. This is the way to develop character of the highest, without which you are as a rudderless ship upon the stormy sea of life.

AN EDIBLE VARIETY

Mrs. Carns was a young housekeeper and naturally sensitive about her cooking. One evening she put the bread to rise, but with unreasonable perversity it failed to do any such thing. Early in the morning she slipped out into the pasture and dug a hole. She placed the stubborn dough in it, and carefully covered it with earth and dried leaves.

Later in the day, when she glanced from the window, she saw a boy near the spot, peering curiously at the ground. Finally he took a stick and began poking and digging about.

Soon some one else came along and stopped to look. In time quite a little crowd gathered. They all seemed so inter-

ested, and were talking matters over so earnestly, that Mrs. Carns, unable to restrain her curiosity any longer, went out into the lot to see for herself.

What was her surprise to find a high, rounded, puffy mass sprinkled over with earth and dried leaves. She did not stop to wonder, for she recognized her unfortunate loaf, risen at last; but this is the remark she heard one man making to another:

"Oh that's nothing. I have heard of places in the West where mushrooms grow much larger than that."—Ex.

AN UNEXPECTED CHECK

In old Virginia days the planters used very little money but paid all their bills by checks, written on ordinary foolscap and couched fairly in the cordial terms of a personal note to the banker. In his "Recollections" George Cary Eggleston tells this story:

The custom of paying by check so strongly commended itself to a certain unworldly parson, that he resorted to it on one occasion in entire ignorance and innocence of the necessity of having a bank deposit as a preliminary to drawing checks. He went to Richmond and bought a year's supply for his little place—it was too small to be called a plantation—and for each purchase he drew a particularly polite check.

When the banks declined to accept them, on the ground that their author had no account, the poor old parson found the situation a difficult one to understand. He had thought that the very purpose of a bank's being was to cash checks for persons who happened to be short of money.

"Why, if I'd had the money in the bank," he explained, "I shouldn't have written the checks at all. I should have got the money and paid the bills."

Fortunately, the matter came to the knowledge of a well-to-do and generous planter who knew the parson, and who happened to be in Richmond at the time. His indorsement made the checks good, and saved the unworldly minister a deal of trouble.