

"Pho' what a question!" Nannie answered, opening her eyes wide in surprise. "Of course he loves her better than all the world be sides."

"Well, that's good," said Mattie, breathing a sigh of relief. "That's the reason, I guess, that I didn't find any black and blue marks upon her."

"What!" Nannie gasped, "were you looking for black-and-blue marks upon my pretty mamma?"

"Yes, I was," answered Mattie soberly; and then, in a lower voice, while tears came into her soft black eyes, she said, "My mamma is pretty; too; her face is fair and her hair yellow and wavy, but she's got a great black-and-blue mark right on her temple."

"Why, that's too bad!" spoke Nannie pityingly. "Did your mamma fall?"

"No; she was pushed down, and my own papa did it. Wasn't it awful?"

"Awful! I should think it was. What made your papa do such a dreadful thing?"

"That was what I asked mamma, and she said it was because papa drank so much wine. Your papa drinks wine, too, don't he?"

"Yes," confessed Nannie, "he does, and it makes mamma sorry, and sometimes she cries until her eyes are red and heavy; but my papa would never make a black-and-blue mark upon my mamma—I am sure of that."

Mr. Arnold, with heavy eyes and aching head, was sitting on one of the piazza-chairs just outside of the nursery-windows. He had heard all that the children had said. He winced when his own little Nannie said she was sure her papa would never make a black-and-blue mark on her beloved mother.

"Oh, Nannie! Nannie!" he wailed, mentally, "you do not know that a very demon seemed to possess me only last night. You asked your mother where her heavy cut-glass perfume-casket was. You do not know that it was your father who threw it, not at her—oh no, not at her!—but, all the same, it would have hit her had she not dodged just in time to save herself. When the wine is in the wit is out. Oh, Nannie! Nannie! God must have interposed, or your young eyes might have seen something worse than black-and-blue marks—might have seen a cold, still form lying in its last sleep. Oh, Nannie, Mattie? you have been teachers this morning, and I have learned my lesson well. Wonder if Dick Holmes will learn the lesson too? I must run over and talk to him, for somehow my eyes are opened."

In the nursery the conversation changed very soon. Mattie and Nannie were laughing and chatting cheerily. Was it because they felt the bright sunshine that was about to beam upon their lives? Before the day closed the two fathers had had a long, serious talk, the issue was repentance. Both had resolved that no more bitter tears should be shed for them, no no more wakeful hours kept wearily, no more bruised hearts to ache because of their wrong doing, no more black-and-blue marks to be feared, no more anguish to be endured for them. And would their resolutions avail? Yes, because each husband and father reached up and clasped the Hand ever ready to lead upward.—*Morning Star.*

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

In a railroad car a man about sixty years old came to sit beside me. He had heard me lecturing the evening before on temperance. "I am master of a ship," said he, "sailing out of New York, and have just returned from my fiftieth voyage across the Atlantic. About thirty years ago I was a sot, shipped while dead drunk, and was carried on board like a log. When I came to, the captain asked me, 'Do you remember your mother?' I told him she died before I could remember. 'Well,' said he, 'I am a Vermont man. When I was young I was crazy to go to sea. At last my mother consented I should seek my fortune. 'My boy,' she said, 'I don't know anything about towns, and I never saw the sea, but they tell me they make thousands of drunkards. Now, promise me you will never drink a drop of liquor.' He said, 'I laid my hand in hers and promised, as I looked into her eyes for the last time. She died soon after. I've been on every sea, seen the worst kind of life and men. They laughed at me as a milk-sop, and wanted to know if I was a coward. But when they offered me liquor I saw my mother's pleading face, and I never drank a drop. It has been my sheet-anchor; I owe all to that. Would you like to take that pledge?' said he." My companion took it and he added, "It has saved me. I have a fine ship, wife and children at home, and I have helped others." That earnest mother saved two men to virtue and usefulness—how many more He who sees all alone can tell.—*Wendell Phillips.*

HOW DRUNKARDS ARE MADE.

"Now you watch those children. They'll drink half that beer before they get home, and their mother will scold me for not giving a good pint, and I've given near a quart," said the bartender of a downtown saloon yester-

day, referring to two little girls of six and eight, thinly clad, who had come in for a pint of lager.

The reporter did watch the young ones. They had scarcely got outside the saloon door when the one who carried the tin pail lifted it to her lips and took a drink. Then her companion took a few swallows. A little farther on they entered a tenement house hallway, and both again took a sip.

"I have lots of such customers," said the bartender when the reporter returned to the saloon to light his cigar. "Girls and boys and women form half our trade. We call it family trade. It pays our expenses. Our profits come from the drinkers at the bar. But I tell you what, half the children who come here drink. That's how drunkards are made. Their mothers and fathers send 'em for beer. They see the old folks tipples and they begin to taste the liquor themselves."

"Few of the children who come in here for beer or ale carry a full pint home. Sometimes two or three come in together, and if you watch 'em you'll hear one begging the one with the pail for a sip. We must sell it, however, when their parents send for it. We are bound to do so. Business is business. We don't keep a temperance shop.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Our Casket.

BITS OF TINSEL.

Governess. "What is the future of the verb to love, Mary?"—*Pupil* (after a pause): "Please, teacher, to marry."

Can you speak of a young lady as being brow beaten when she has her hair banged?

A little boy came to his mother recently and said: "Mamma, I should think that if I was made of dust I would get muddy inside when I drink."

In reporting a summer night festival last week, a Jersey City editor spoke of a Miss Magee as being 'au fait,' and the next day the paper had it "all feet." And yet Governor Cleveland recently pardoned a proof-reader.

"In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of a quiet-looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," calmly replied the boy.

An old lady having seven marriageable daughters, fed them exclusively on a fish diet, because it is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing for making matches.

We heard of a man, the other day, who was said to be mean enough to steal a coat of paint. But he can't equal the party who tried to steal a dog's pants.

Court (to prosecutor)—"Then you recognize this handkerchief as the one which was stolen from you?" *Prosecutor*—"Yes, Your Honor." *Court*—"And yet it isn't the only handkerchief of the sort in the world. See, one I have in my pocket is exactly like it." *Prosecutor*—"Very likely, Your Honor, I had two stolen."

Little Flaxen Hair: "Papa, it's raining." *Papa* (somewhat annoyed by work in hand): "Well, let it rain." *Little Flaxen Hair* (timidly): "I was going to."

Old lady (to druggist): "I want a box of canine pills." *Druggist*: "What's the matter with the dog?" *Old lady* (indignantly): "I want you to know, sir, that my husband is a gentleman?" *Druggist* puts up some quinine pills in profound silence.

A bright five year-old was listening to the story of the pence taken from the fish's mouth, and delightedly shouted, "I guess them pennies came out of Jonah's pocket-book."

A little girl was trying to tell her mother how beautifully a certain lady could trill in singing, and, said, "O mamma, you ought to hear her gargle! She does it so sweetly."

In an argument with an irascible and not very learned man, Sidney Smith was victor, whereupon the defeated said: "If I had a son who was an idiot, I'd make a parson of him." Mr. Smith calmly replied: "Your father was of a different opinion."

A good story is told of the Bishop of Atlanta, Georgia. He recently addressed a large assembly of Sunday-school children, and wound up by asking in a very paternal and condescending way: "And now, is there a-a-n-y little boy or a-n-y little girl who would like to ask me a question?" After a pause he repeated the question, "Is there a-a-n-y little boy or a-a-n-y little girl who would like to ask me a question?" A little shrill voice called out: "Please, sir, why did the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder when they had wings?" "Oh, ah, yes—I see," said the Bishop; "and now is there a-a-n-y little boy or a-a-n-y little girl who would like to answer little Mary's question?"