



The Publican's Odd Bits.

There is a man in Hertfordshire who patronizes a certain public-house, and the publican sent him some scraps of meat, so he went to thank him for them. Uncle Edward thinks this is worth recording in verse. So here goes:—

Thanks—many thanks, O Landlord kind,
For those nice bits of bacon rind
And mutton bones, to stew.
I know not how to show my thanks
For such a plate of mutton shanks—
What can I do for you?

I'll come and drink, day after day;
I'll leave my work—yes, that's the way
To show how glad I am;
For when my children had the croup
You sent them lovely ham-bone soup,
With flavor of the ham.

And now you've sent them all these scraps—
They're easier digested p'raps
Than your great ribs of beef—
Your kindness is beyond all praise,
You are so thoughtful in your ways
In granting us relief.

I never saw so kind a man,
I'll struggle for you all I can
To help you to pay your rent.
Last week I earned a pound or more,
And that I add to your store,
And felt it nobly spent.

Next week I'll go to work again,
And labour on with might and main
To earn another lot,
And you shall have it every bit,
For none at home are needing it—
They certainly are not.

They have no boots; but never mind,
Their feet are shoes and socks combined,
The sort that Adam wore.
And when the landlord calls for rent,
He just is told, 'The money's spent,'
And then he finds the door.

Such trifling things as wood and coals,
And little garments full of holes,
They are not worth a thought;
I only feel a thrill of joy
To serve you well, you dear old boy,
And so indeed I ought.

For what you've done, I will be bound,
You'll do for others all around,
Who find you legs of mutton;
So let teetotal go its way,
Don't mention it to me, I say—
It isn't worth a button.

Its canting songs and feeble hymns,
And all its foolish little whims,
They have no charm for me;
But just a glimpse of your dear face,
A benefactor of your race,
I always long to see.

So 'Here's your health for all you've done.'—
I toast the company every one
Who use the 'Pig and Whistle.'
If near my house you chance to be,
Do call upon my wife and me,
And help us to eat the gristle.

—Irish League Journal.

When the overworked man of business having been on his legs all day, and feeling fit to drop, with a sensation of 'all-goneness' about the region of the stomach, rouses himself with whatever he is in the habit of taking, be it whiskey, champagne, or even tea or coffee, he does not add one atom of force to his stock of energy, although he fancies he does, but having put to sleep his sense of weariness, simply appropriates some of his reserve for the present necessity. He has accepted a bill at short date to which a ruinous rate of interest

is attached, and his resources will not allow him to make many repetitions of the experiment. His account at the bank of life will soon be withdrawn. Alcohol cannot add one iota to his reserve of nervous energy, but it may delude him into exhausting it. The busy man should once for all rid himself of this fancy that he can create by artificial means an abnormal store of brain power. He cannot enlarge the limits which nature has set up.—Dr. Henschell, of London, in his recent work on 'Health Troubles of City Life.'

He was Converted Through a Daughter's Love.

(The Rev. H. J. Coker, D.D., Emporia, Kan.)

From observation, I can never forget a case in my earlier ministry. He was a son, a husband, and a father, but had forgotten the loving responsibilities of these sacred relationships. Poor man! Liquor had done its awful work all too well. Through it he had cost his father a fortune, and had caused the death of his mother and wife. All that was left him was a beautiful, flaxen-haired, seven-year-old daughter—lovely child—whom everybody pitied. Yet Lulu was to be the means of his conversion. It was on this wise: One day, looking through the window, she saw her father coming home, staggering drunk. This was not unusual, yet an unusual feeling came to her. Instead of hiding away in fear, she went to meet her drunken father. He was broken-hearted. Blinded with her tears, she came up to him, paused a moment, then leaped upon him, threw her arms around his neck, and while crying as though her little heart would burst, she sobbed out: 'Papa! I will give my little life for you if you will only stop drinking.' The man was dazed by this startling, though loving attack. It sobered him. A few nights after (a Methodist revival being in progress) his little daughter led him triumphantly to the altar (may we ever use it) and, amid the gladsome heartbursts of a multitude of friends, he was saved.

Red Rum.

(By Henry Irving Dodge, in the 'National Advocate'.)

We were standing at the counter of one of the sumptuous bar-rooms of San Antonio.

Barclay had a ranch to sell, and the two Englishmen with us had offered him a very handsome price for it. I was the broker in the transaction.

We met at 'Dan's place' by appointment, and I hoped to conclude the deal at once, as a fat commission stared me in the face. It was twelve o'clock outside—but in 'Dan's place' no account was ever kept of time.

The Englishmen were a couple of sturdy, red-faced, high-booted fellows, with a good deal of the 'sport' in their natures. They were thoroughly Texanized, and could gamble or drink with the best or worst plainmen. Our friends had just made some very profitable trades, and were by no means inclined to omit the function usually described as 'celebrating.'

'Dan' put out glasses for four, and a bottle of old rye, in a very proper anticipation of our order. The Englishmen and myself turned out a good 'three fingers' into our glasses, but Barclay hesitated. I shoved the bottle along to him. 'I think I'll take sarsaparilla,' he said, quietly.

The Englishmen glanced at each other significantly. 'We're not buying soft drinks today, partner,' said Todd.

I looked at Barclay. He was evidently agitated, and I began to feel very nervous.

'Come, old chap,' exclaimed Todd, slapping him on the back, 'this is a big transaction, and deserves christening in something better than stained water.'

I nudged Barclay. 'For goodness' sake, old man, don't let a drink of whiskey stand in the way.' I was trembling, lest some foolish slip in the deal should happen. The Englishmen had paused with half lifted glasses, and were looking impatiently at Barclay. Suddenly he straightened himself up to his full height. His face was full of a new determination. His left hand reached out and grasped

the bottle; and, pouring out a good stiff drink, he raised it to his lips and turned with a smile to the Englishmen. They nodded their approval of his action. A strange thing then occurred. Barclay took off his hat and looked into the crown of it for a moment; he turned very pale. Then he set the untouched liquor upon the bar again. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'you'll have to pardon any seeming unsociability, but I cannot drink liquor.'

We were all astonished at Barclay's action. Todd, who by this time was a little the worse for wear, swore a mighty oath and cried: 'If you can't drink with us, you can't trade with us—that's all'; and he banged his fist down on the table to emphasize what he had said.

Barclay turned to him; he was perfectly calm, but his face was very white. He saw the chance of recouping his fortunes slipping through his fingers—but he said, very slowly:

'Then the deal is off, gentlemen.'

To think that he would let a stupid, fanatical prejudice obstruct the opportunity, was too harrowing for words. I ground my teeth in silent rage. I felt my heart sink within me. In my impatience at the absurdity of his course, I could scarcely restrain a sudden impulse to grasp him roughly by the arm.

An embarrassed silence followed. I was secretly furious. Presently Barclay spoke. Addressing us all, he said:

'You are all reasonable men and will hear what I have to say. I'll admit I would like to trade with you, gentlemen, but the trade may go to the devil if I have to drink whiskey in order to make it. What annoys me most, however is that you may consider me an unsociable boor. I want you to listen—we'll take seats at one of these tables, and I'll tell you why I won't drink whiskey or any other alcoholic product.'

The independence of Barclay's sentiments, and the earnestness of his tone, compelled respect, and we took seats at the table indicated, and composed ourselves to listen.

He began: 'This is a story I have never told to a soul in Texas, and I don't believe any one in this State knows it. I would not tell it now, but Mr. — (meaning me) has worked very hard in my interest, and I consider him entitled to my reasons for acting as I have in this matter. You may think it took courage to refuse the drink,—I tell you it would have taken a good deal more courage to have accepted it!' Then he stopped and fumbled in his pockets for a moment, saying: 'I have a few picturesque exhibits which go with the story. The first is this.' He drew from his inner waistcoat pocket a great leather pocketbook, and from one of its many compartments extracted a newspaper clipping, and, holding it up by one corner, allowed it to unfold itself, and then put it on the table before us. 'That's "Exhibit One,"' he remarked, eying us curiously, to see how we took it. For a moment, we stared in wild-eyed amazement at the great black words whose heavy lines covered the top of the column like a mourning band:

'GUILTY!'

That was the word.

The sub-caption ran on in the 'sky-rockety' style of the small western town: 'John Barclay, convicted of murder in the first degree.' And then, oh, horror! 'A most spectacular aerial performance anticipated. Sentence postponed through respect for the prisoner's aged mother, who dropped dead in the courtroom upon hearing the verdict.'

'That's nice stuff for a man to read about himself,' said Barclay, with a groan.

He folded the slip, put it back where it belonged, and produced another.

'Exhibit No. 2,' he said, in a matter-of-fact way; 'that looks more like business.' It read: 'Barclay to be hanged on the twenty-first instant.' It was dated 'the fourteenth,' many years ago.

'Things were getting pretty warm,' observed Barclay, with anything but enthusiasm. We all shrugged our shoulders, and he proceeded: 'Gentlemen, the immediate cause of those two most unflattering notices was murder. The prime cause was—well, what is "murder" spelled backward.' Without waiting for an answer, he traced the letters of the word with his pencil in the order suggested:

'RED RUM!'

(To be continued.)