

Pat says that if men could only hear their own funeral sermons and read their own head-stones, there would be no living in the world with them at all.—*Boston Courier*.

A two-foot rule was given to a laborer in a Clyde boat-yard to measure an iron plate. The laborer, after much time, returned. "Noo, Mick," asked the plater, "what size is the plate?" "Well," replied Mick, with a grin of satisfaction, "it's the length of your rule and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick, and the breadth of my hand, and my arm from here to here, bar a finger."

Two Irishmen came to a guidepost on a wide and desolate plain. It was getting dusk, and the unfenced trails were scarcely distinguishable. "Five miles to Glenairlie," read one of them, putting his face close to the board. "But which av them goes to Glenairlie, shure?" asked his companion, looking dubiously at the two trails. After a few moments' meditative silence, the first Irishman replied, "We can try one av them and then the other." "But how will we find the way back, av we get lost?" "Shure, we will take the board along wid us," replied the first. And so the two pilgrims lighted their pipes, and marched cheerfully away with the guideboard between them.—*Burlington Free Press*.

BITS OF TINSEL.

"Mamma, what does M. D. mean when it comes after the doctor's name?" "It means 'money down,' my darling."

"Mrs. Sage, I should like to know whose ferry-boats those are that I stumbled over in the hall." "Ferry-boats, indeed, sir! Those are my shoes. Very polite of you to call them ferry-boats!" "I didn't say ferry-boats, Mrs. Sage; you misunderstood me—fairy boots, I said, my dear."

"Why," exclaimed a tourist, "a donkey couldn't climb the hill;" and then he added, "and I'm not going to try it."

A Justice of the Peace married a couple recently, and the groom asked him his terms after the knot was tied. "Well," said the justice, "the law allows me two dollars." "Then," said the young man, "here is one dollar, that will make you three."

"Did you get any orders?" asked the boss of the drummer, who had just returned from his first trip. "Any orders?" echoed the tyro; "that's all I did get. I was ordered out of every shop I went into before I could sell a thing."

An old colored preacher in Atlanta, Georgia, was lecturing a youth of his fold about the sin of dancing, when the latter protested that the Bible plainly said: "There is a time to dance." "Yes, dar am a time to dance," said the dark divine, "and it's when a boy gets a whippin' for gein' to a ball."

A sober Philadelphia omnibus came near upsetting, and the possible victims, with one exception, threw up hands of protesting leverage. The exception sat motionless. "How could you be so calm?" "My dear, my gloves are a misfit."

Enthusiastic Professor of Physics, discussing the organic and inorganic kingdom: "Now, if I should shut my eyes—so—and drop my head—so—and should not move, you would say I was a clod! But I move, I leap, I run; then what do you call me?" Voice from the rear, "A clod-hopper!" Class is dismissed.

If you want to find out how great a man is, let him tell it himself.

"If it were customary in this country to confer titles upon individuals of rank in literature," asked a shallow but conceited journalist of another, "what should I be?" "Barren of ideas, my boy." was the response.

A Galveston school teacher had a good deal of trouble making a boy understand his lesson. Finally, however, he succeeded, and, drawing a long breath, he remarked to the boy: "If it wasn't for me you would be the biggest donkey on Galveston Island."

Judge D., Col. C., and Major T. are prominent lawyers of — County, Missouri, and the three were candidates before a recent primary election for the Democratic nomination for the office of prosecuting attorney. Judge D. was the successful candidate; and, subsequently, became engaged in prosecuting a case in which it was attempted, through the introduction of Col. C., to break down, by impeachment, the effect of the testimony of Major T., who happened to be the prosecuting witness. Col. C. declared, upon the stand, that Major T. had a very decidedly bad reputation for truth and veracity in his immediate neighborhood. Whereupon Judge D. exclaimed: "Colonel, is it not true that you are on very un-

friendly terms with Major T.?" "No," replied Col. C.; "not at all, Judge. I even voted for him at the last primary election—but I would not believe him on oath, all the same." "What," declaimed Judge D., "have you the effrontery to tell this jury that you voted for a man—for prosecuting attorney, too—whom you would not believe on oath?" To which, when the little stir in the court-room had subsided, Col. C. replied: Well, Judge, I confess it was a bitter pill; but then, you know, the man I voted for was the *best of the three!*"

The above anecdote is literally true.

For Girls and Boys.

A BOY'S RESOLUTION.

BY MRS. J. E. MCCONAUGHY.

A little lad of seven stood one day and looked upon a man struggling in the grasp of delirium tremens. As he watched his contorted face and saw his hands wildly clutching after the fiends which were about to tear his flesh with red-hot pincers, he grew pale and heart-sick. As he turned away he made a solemn resolution never to touch strong drink.

He carried the vow with him all the way up into his manhood. There were temptations enough as he went along. A young man cannot live in society, as the world goes, without meeting them. Especially in the medical college did he find many merry associates who would gladly have laughed him out of his temperance principles. Oh! how many have been laughed into a drunkard's grave—but they could never be laughed out again.

Step by step the young man rose in his profession, securing the confidence and warm attachment of all to whom he ministered. No one could lay to his charge that the beginning of his downward career began with the glass his physician ordered.

A few weeks since this honored physician, Dr. Edson, addressed the students at the Medical College in Indianapolis. Though ninety-one years old, he is as straight as an arrow, with sight and hearing unimpaired, and a mind clear and vigorous still. The students listened with profound respect to the story of his medical career, and perhaps some will take from it the lesson he always so strongly impresses, that a doctor can be a temperance man. For nearly seventy years he has practised medicine in the Genesee valley, being the oldest practitioner in the State. To his strict temperance habits he largely attributes his hale old age.

So much for a boy's resolution before he was eight years old. Who will say that a Band of Hope pledge is of no use? that children do not know what they are doing when they sign it? Can you find a child old enough to write his name who does not know what his pledge means? I have never seen one.—*Youth's Temperance Banner*.

DON'T DRINK!

Don't drink, boys, don't!
There is nothing of happiness, pleasure, or cheer
In brandy, in whisky, in rum, ale, or beer;
If they cheer you when drank, you are certain to pay,
In headaches and crossness, the following day.
Don't drink, boys, don't!

Boys, let it alone!
Turn your back on your deadliest enemy, Drink!
An assassin disguised; nor for one moment think,
As some rashly say, that true women admire
The man who can boast that he's playing with fire.
Boys, let it alone!

No, boys, don't drink!
If the habit's begun, stop now! stop to-day!
Ere the spirit of thirst leads you on and away
Into vice, shame, and drunkenness. This is the goal
Where the spirit of thirst leads the slave of the bowl.
No, boys, don't drink. *Ella Wheeler.*

WAS HE A COWARD?

BY FRANK H. STOFFER.

A group of boys had stopped upon the sidewalk. To the left of them were extensive grounds, laid out in walks, and thickly dotted with shrub-