

Our Casket.

JEWELS.

We never deceive for a good purpose. Knavery adds malice to falsehood.

What is defeat? Nothing but education; nothing but the first step to something better.

De chap dat am stoopin' ober hoein' out his tater patch air't ap' to see all de lettle failin's ob his nabur's.

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it it may soon run itself out of breath.

When you fret and fume at the petty ills of life, remember that the wheels which go around without creaking last longest.

A wise and good man will turn examples of all sorts to his own advantage. The good he will make his patterns and strive to equal or excel them. The bad he will by all means avoid.

The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

BITS OF TINSEL.

"Hurry, mamma," said the little innocent with his cut finger, "it's leaking."

A young lady has written a book called "My Lovers." It begins, of course, at Chap. I.

"I shall give you ten days or ten dollars," said the Judge. "All right," said the prisoner, "I'll take the ten dollars."

Church music is sold by the choir. Drum music, and much of the piano kind, comes by the pound.

There are some marriages which remind us of the poor fellow who said: "She couldn't get any husband and I couldn't get any wife; so we got married."

Little Trot who was taking an observation the other day while her mother was making some old-fashioned crullers. "Pears to me," she exclaimed, "they'd go down easier if you didn't tangle 'em up in such awful knots."

A gentleman entered a hotel in Glasgow, and, finding that the person who appeared to act as waiter could not give him certain information which he wanted, put the question: "Do you belong to the establishment?" James replied: "No, sir, I belong to the Free Kirk."

A bookbinder said to his wife at the wedding: "It seems that now we are bound together two volumes in one, with clasps." "Yes," observed one of the guests. "One side highly ornamental Turkey morocco, and the other plain calf."

Little Gertie climbed upon her uncle's knee and rubbed her chubby cheek against his face. "Why, mamma," she exclaimed, surprised, "Uncle Will's cheek is all splinters."

Butcher: "I can't accept that trade dollar, madam; it is not a legal tender." Customer: "Oh, you needn't put on any airs about that trade dollar! It is as near legal tender as your beef is."

"What are you going to do when you grow up if you don't know how to cipher?" asked the teacher of a slow boy. "I'm going to be a school-teacher and make the boys do the ciphering," was the reply.

William, an honest, square sort of a Pittsburg lover, is a lawyer. It was, therefore, a touching tribute when his fiancée softly murmured, "Why am I like the grand jury?" "Why, indeed?" "Because I have found a true Bill."

When little Katie was five years old she heard her mother talking with a friend about the death of a very dear relative. "Mamma," said Katie, during a lull in the conversation, "I suppose auntie is a sheep in heaven now, isn't she?"

"Why, no, my child! What put such an idea into your head?"

"Why, because when I die Jesus will take me to be one of his little lambs, and I supposed auntie would be a sheep!"

Katie's mother explained the matter to her more clearly, and she sat for some time in meditative silence. At length she broke out with the remark, "Well, I'm glad of it, for I didn't want to have so many legs and a tail."

For Girls and Boys.

"NO DANGER."

"My dear boy," said a father to his only son, you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play cards, and visit theaters. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society."

"You needn't be afraid of me, father," replied the boy, laughing. "I guess I know a thing or two; I know how far to go and when to stop."

The lad left his father's house twirling his cane in his fingers and laughing at the "old man's notions."

A few years later, and the lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court, before a jury which had just brought in a verdict of guilty against him for some crime in which he had been concerned. Before he was sentenced he addressed the court, and said among other things: "My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much of the world as my father did, and I spurned his advice; but as soon as I turned my back on home, temptation came upon me like a drove of hyenas, and hurried me to ruin."

Mark that confession, ye boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents! Mark it, and learn that disobedience is the first step on the road of ruin. Don't take it—*Selected.*

JACK'S PIGS.

BY J. MCNAIR WRIGHT.

"Oh! but they are 'cute," cries Jack. "I never thought little pigs could be so nice; they are just as white, and their noses are pink, and you can most see through their pink ears. It's a shame they have to grow up great, greedy, dirty, noisy hogs like those in the next pen! I wish when little pigs grow up they could turn into rabbits."

"But they don't," said Nora; "little pigs grow up into big pigs. Little pigs don't grow into rabbits, any more than little boys can grow into elephants or camels. Once a pig always a pig, and that makes me think—"

"What? Tell me! I like your thinks, Nora!"

"It makes me think—bad boy, bad man. If you see a bad man you may be sure there was a bad boy behind him on the way he came. Drunken man—greedy boy that thought more of what he put in his mouth than of what he put into his brains."

"Drunkards am awful," said Jack. "I wouldn't be a drunkard for all the money in the world."

"Ho! This morning saw you sucking the cork of the brandy-bottle," said Nora. Jack looked at the pigs.

"Heard you tease grandma for some drops of brandy on sugar." "That pig's tail curls awful tight," observed Jack.

"Once you were older you'd take the drops on sugar without asking grandma. A few years more and you'd buy some at the hotel. So it goes—little pig, big pig. Heard you asking Martin if there was any brandy-balls in his candy."

"Isn't it all grandma's fault? Why do she put it in the pies?"

"That won't help you any," said Nora. "Last night I heard that pig with a curly tail talking through that knot-hole to his mother. He said: 'Why are you a pig? When I grow up I'd rather be a horse.'"

"O Nora! you never."

"May be I didn't," said Nora coolly.

Jack looked first in one pen and then in the other, then all at once he set out for the house at full run, and almost fell over grandma, who was knitting in the front doorway. Then Jack shouted: "Grandma! it is little pig, big pig; all your fault you know. If I like the brandy now I'm a little pig, I'll like it all the more when I'm a big, drunk man, and when the little boys hoot me for falling in the gutter I'll say, 'Grandma put it in the pies.' Grandma, it will be dressful, won't it, to be a big pig, or drunk man."

"Why, children!" cried grandma, "what do you mean?"

"Why, the little pig won't grow up a rabbit, and he can't be a colt, either, all on 'count of his mother."

"I don't know but you're crazy," said grandma; "but I've got a glint of light. Nora, you get that brandy-bottle I keep for cooking and break it on yon stone-heap. I'll not have that boy growing up into a drunkard on my account."—*National Temperance Almanac.*