

tion chiefly, to perceive clearly what was passing around her, when once aroused she had eyes, and she neither liked the manner of Delamere, nor the heightened color of the usually calm Mabel as she replied. Not that she would at all mind Delamere's justifying her prophecy, made often in his childhood, that "his father would have trouble with him," but, under her roof it was not desirable, lest she should incur the blame, not merely of her husband, but of Lady Burnish, of whom the whole household stood in awe. Besides, there was a feminine kind of annoyance (Your pardon, ladies!)—that Miss Alterton, or any other person whom she looked on as a subordinate, if not an inferior, should mount to her own level.

Mr. Shafton Keen called at noon, and reported that the child was still living, but insensible, and could not recover, and that the mother was with it. "I wish, Miss Alterton," said he, "that I had your sex's gift of soothing words to utter to that poor woman."

"Would it be well to see her?" said Mabel.

"Oh! do," exclaimed Mrs. Burnish. "Go from me, Miss Alterton: it is incumbent on us. No one even accidentally injured, where we, however innocently, are concerned, should be for a moment neglected."

A curious smile passed over Shafton Keen's face as he said, "You propose a wide sphere for your benevolence, dear aunt."

"I should be sorry," retorted the lady, appreciating the remark as a compliment, "that the sphere was ever narrowed by me, Shafton."

It was agreed on the instant, that the young surgeon should be Mabel's guide to the hospital, which was only an easy walking distance.

(To be continued.)

Girls and Boys.

THE BRAVE DRUMMER-BOY.

A little drummer-boy, who had become a great favorite with the officers, was asked by the captain to drink a glass of rum. But he declined, saying, "I am a Cadet of Temperance, and do not taste strong drink."

"But you must take some now," said the captain. "You have been on duty all day, beating the drum and marching, and now you must not refuse. I insist upon it."

But still the boy stood firm, and he'd fast to his integrity.

The captain then turned to the major, and said, "Our little drummer-boy is afraid to drink. He will never make a soldier."

"How is this?" said the major in a playful manner. "Do you refuse to obey the orders of your captain?"

"Sir," said the boy. "I have never refused to obey the captain's orders, and have tried to do my duty as a soldier faithfully; but I must refuse to drink rum, because I know it will do me an injury."

"Then," said the major in a stern tone of voice, in order to test his sincerity, "I command you to take a drink; and you know it is death to disobey orders!"

The little hero, fixing his clear blue eyes on the face of the officer, said, "Sir, my father died a drunkard; and when I entered the army I promised my dear mother that I would not taste a drop of rum, and I mean to keep that promise. I am sorry to disobey orders, sir, but I had rather suffer anything than disgrace my mother and break my temperance pledge."

The officers approved the conduct of the noble boy, and told him that so long as he kept that pledge, and performed his duties faithfully as a soldier, he might expect from them protection and regard.

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

—The Wesleyan.

LITTLE CHIPPY.

Chippy is a dog—a very little dog—who lives in a fine house in Albany. Although so small, he is supposed to be worth a large sum of money. Why? Not because he is useful. He is not a ratter or a hunter, and would not prove a very powerful protector against burglars.

But Chippy is a thoroughbred. He is a rare dog. He is also cunning and intelligent. When Amy is expected home from school he watches for her and appears to know every word she says to him. To every one who notices him he is friendly, and seems to want to talk to those he knows.

The chief thing however, that attracted my attention to Chippy was the fact, that he is a teetotaler.

The family in which this little dog has found a home which many a child might envy is composed of good temperance people. But one of the daughters was an invalid, and her physicians had ordered her to take a glass of sherry wine occasionally. One day when taking this medicine she poured a little of it in her hand and offered it to Chippy.

Very innocently he put his nose to it, but that was all. Not a drop did he swallow; so if he was a member of any Band of Hope he did not break his pledge. At once he turned away in disgust. He rubbed his nose against the carpet and tried his best to get rid of the moisture and the odor of the wine.

Chippy is a temperance dog; no wine for him. He is no invalid, and if he was I don't believe he would like to take such stuff even for medicine. Probably he would find a better and a safer remedy. He has no appetite for it, and as long as he is determined not to taste it he is not likely to have an appetite for it.

He knows too much to put his nose into it again. Hurrah for Chippy, the teetotaler!

—Peter Stryker, D.D., in *Temperance Banner*.

Our Casket.

BITS OF TINSEL.

A wife should be like roast lamb, tender and nicely dressed. No sauce required.

Visitor: "Sally, what time do your folks dine?" Sally: "Soon as you go away—that's missus's orders."

Thackeray tells of an Irishwoman begging alms of him who, when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, cried out, "May the blessing of God follow you all the days of your life," but when he only took out his snuff-box she immediately added, "and never overtake you."

A very good-tempered gentleman with a very long nose, was one day walking down a narrow street of East Boston; two or three very quizzical ladies, with very ill grace, paused in their way, and looked steadfastly at the gentleman's nose, when he, good humoredly, placed his finger on its tip, and pressing it to one side, said, laughingly, "Now, ladies, you have room to pass."

A negro witness, on a horse trial in a New Jersey court, was asked to explain the difference between a box stall and a common stall. Straightening himself up, he pointed to the square enclosure in which the judge was seated, and said, "Dat are's what I calls a box stall dere whar dat ole hoss is a sittin'!" It took a great many raps of the judge's gavel to restore order in that court.

"The country," said an Irish orator, "is overrun by absentee landlords;" and as if this was not enough to put his audience in good humor, he added, after a magnificent peroration, "I tell you, the cup of Old Ireland's misery is overflowing; aye, and it's not full yet."

A farmer who had engaged the services of a son of the Emerald Isle sent him out one morning to harrow a piece of ground. He had not worked long before nearly all the teeth came out of the harrow. Presently the farmer went out into the field to take note of the man's progress, and asked him how he liked the work. "Oh!" he replied, "it goes a peg smoother since the pegs have come out!"

Don't marry a man to mend him and reform him, such attempts are generally as vain and powerless as attempts to turn back the flowing tide with a wisp of straw, or outroar a hurricane with a whistle.

An Irish agricultural journal advertises a new washing machine under the heading, "Every man his own washerwoman," and in its culinary department says that "potatoes should always be boiled in cold water."

Hot water is now the cure-all for dyspepsia. Some wit think he has discovered in this the reason why married men are seldom troubled with that complaint.

Not long since an elderly lady entered a railway car, and disturbed the passengers a good deal with complaints about a "mos dreadful rheumatiz" that she was troubled with. A gentleman present, who had himself been a severe sufferer with the same complaint, said to her, "Did you ever try electricity, madam? I tried it and in the course of a short time it cured me." "Electricity?" exclaimed the old lady; "yes, I've tried it to my satisfaction. I wa struck by lightning about a year ago, but it didn't do me a single mossel o' good."