

"Well, hark a moment! I have found these and emptied them, and in the morning you must take them away. I hope your father will think he lost them on the way home. But if he remembers them he will ask if I saw them."

"Well, you haven't seen them," said Tuck.

"No, I felt them as I was hanging up his coat in the dark, yet, Tucker, to say I had not seen them would be deceiving your father, and you know whatever comes I must not lie."

"But," said Bib, "if he asks you where the bottles are, mother, you can say you do not know, for I will take care of them early, and you must not know where."

"Well, let us hope he will not ask," said the mother. "for if the purpose to deceive makes a lie, then that, too, would be untrue," and she left the bottles in Bib's hands and quietly slipped away down stairs.

And Bib tucked the empty bottles under his pillow, and full of good purposes to fight like a soldier against the habit of drink, he fell asleep.

In the morning, after the excitement of the previous evening, both boys overslept. Neither were ready when their mother called them for breakfast.

"What shall we do with the bottles?" asked Tucker. "Do you dare to leave them here?"

"No, not I," answered Bib, who had recovered from his fright and felt very manly and important. "Up here would be the first place anybody 'd look."

"It's too late to bury them now, till after father goes to the mill."

"Yes, and we musn't carry them down."

"No, nor we musn't leave them up here."

"Well then, what can we do?" asked Tucker, who was impatient for his breakfast.

"I d'know—unless we put 'em in our trousers legs."

Tucker laughed in spite of the sad necessity, and immediately began to try.

"Tell you what, if I only had a string I could fix it," said Bib.

"Well, there's the fish line, that's strong, cut that."

And they did cut it and tied a piece double around each bottle's neck and put the string over their own necks, and let the bottle lay just under their jackets inside the waistband of their trousers. To their great delight they found they could sit down, and stand and walk and that it did not show enough to be detected, especially after they got their napkins on.

"Come boys, why are you so late? Come at once to breakfast."

"All ready, mother," said Bib, hitching at his trousers, "except our napkins. Isn't this the day for clean ones?"

"Yes, go to the linen chest and get them, and be quick about it."

To put them on and come down was quickly done, and they gave their father good morning just as usual. He was pale and looked tired, and his usually kind face was very cross.

"Late are you. Running about the woods last night, long after you ought to have been in bed. Come along to your breakfast, and then go up the town road and pick up some things I let fall last night."

"What things," asked Bib, blushing.

"Well, the only things I care about was a bottle or two of medicine. I feel sick. My head aches. I ought to have taken it the first thing this morning, and I must have it. I'll give a shilling to the boy that finds one first." Then, glaring angrily at his wife, he broke forth, "Why do you stand there staring at me instead of giving me my breakfast? I'll see if I'm to be kept waiting for two boys. Come here Bib, come here I say. I must wait till you are ready, must I. It's time for clean napkins is it, for you? Where's mine? I'd like to know. No matter if there's no napkin at all for me: Come here and give me yours," stretching a threatening hand toward Bib.

"But, father, I can't, and it isn't your kind. It's got strings. I'll get you one," said he, backing himself toward the door.

"You won't come, will you? I'll see whether I'll be minded or not," and he started after the boy; but Bib's courage was fast coming to the rescue, and before his mother could interfere, he was beating his angry father off with both his little fists in full play.

"Stop! Stop!" said his mother. "Bib, give your father the napkin."

"I can't, mother, and— and— and I won't," said Bib, ducking under his father's arm, and running out of the house and away to the woods as fast as his nine-year-old legs would scamper. Before his father could follow, little Tuck stood before him holding up his own napkin. "Here's mine, Papa Stokes. here's mine!" he said. But his father gave him a push that sent him against a chair and shivered the bottle into fragments, while a stream of blood, instead of whiskey, flowed down swiftly to the floor.

"There now, I'm cut," said Tucker, looking reproachfully at his father. "I'm cut by your wicked old bottle that makes papas horrid and drunk."

"What? What? Betsey, what does this mean?" said the thoroughly frightened man, lifting the wounded boy to his knee, while his mother hurriedly drew away the clothing from his breast.

It was not a deep cut, but ragged, and bleeding profusely, and seemed far more frightful than it really was.

"What shall I do, Bess? What has done this? What hurt him?" said the half-distracted man.

"Do! call Bib back and hurry as fast as you can for the doctor. I don't think it's a bad cut, but I am afraid I cannot stop the bleeding. If I cannot—well, Barney, if I cannot, it will be a dear price to pay for the drink."

"Oh Betsey, was it—was it?"

"It was your bottles which the boys were going to hide. Bib had one too, I suppose, which was the reason he would not give up his napkin. O Barney, I thought you would never take to drink again. For the boy's sake, if not for mine, I thought you never would."

"And I never will! So help me God, I never will!" he answered fervently as he left the house.

Away into the woods calling, "Bib, Bib!" and Bib, whose adventure had given him courage, lifted himself from a little grave, where he had just buried the bottle and ran toward his father, pulling off his napkin as he went.

"Here, 'tis! Papa! I wanted you to have it, but you know—I—well, I couldn't, I couldn't." But his father had him in his arms and gave him such a hug and a kiss as startled him more than a blow would have done.

And Barney saddled the horse and away he went for the doctor; and Betsey, meantime succeeded in staunching the cut, and when the doctor came he said it would soon heal, and that Master Tucker would not suffer much beyond a little weakness from loss of blood. He lay very quiet for a few days, but they were most happy days in the cottage in the wood.

Barney Stokes seemed bent on showing them how tender a father he could be, and Bib saw such a hope in his mother's eyes and made him almost sure her work was done, and that he would not need to help her fight the dreadful foe. And as the years passed on time proved that he was right. He never had to take another bottle to his bosom or to dig for another a grave.—*American Reformer.*

Our Casket.

BITS OF TINSEL.

"Will you take pie or pudding Johnnie?" "Pie, ma!" "Pie what, Johnny?" "Pie first."

An Irishman having been told that the price of bread had been lowered, exclaimed, "That is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend!"

A boy at school, on being asked to describe a kitten, said: "A kitten is remarkable for rushing like mad at nothing whatever, and stopping before it gets there."

A minister, in a country church in Scotland, stopped in the course of his sermon to ask a member, who was deaf, "Are you hearing, John?" "Oh ay," was the response, "I am hearing, but to verra little purpose."

"How did Noah keep the butterflies from flying about the ark?" said a small boy. "God willed they should keep still," his mother answered. To which the child rejoined, "I s'pect Noah stuck a pin in them."

Lady—"Why did you leave your last place?" *Servant*—"Well, you see, mum, I had to pay for all my breakages, and as they came to more than my wages, yer see, mum, it was a kind of imposition that I couldn't stand."

An Irishman, lately landed, was taken to see the cathedral. As he entered the magnificent building, bewildered by its beauty, he turned to his companion and said: "Phew! Monke, it 'ates the devil." "That's the intintion, Pat."

A patient complained to his physician that he was pursued by a ghost the night before, as he was going home from the tavern. "What shape was it?" asked the doctor. "In the shape of an ass," replied the man. "Go home," said the doctor, "and keep sober. You were tipsy last night, and frightened by your own shadow!"

A little boy, whilst playing about one day, trod on his grandfather's afflicted foot. On being rebuked for his roughness, and told to remember that his grandfather was a martyr to gout, he naively remarked, "He's not a martyr—a martyr is a person who suffers for a good cause."

A Mormon editor of Salt Lake City had the following in a recent number: "The unknown woman who was killed at this place about three months ago by the cars proves to be one of the wives of the editor of this paper."

Beggars are well known to have very fertile imaginations in the descriptions of their real or imaginary ills. The following, however, has the merit of downright honesty. An old woman came shuffling into a merchant's store recently, and with a piteous whine solicited help "for a puir auld body wha had spine in the back."

Lord Kimberley in an election contest was approached by a bully at the head of a gang of roughs who declared fiercely that he would "sooner vote for the devil than for him." "I have not the slightest doubt of it, my good fellow," replied his lordship, calmly, "but in the event of your friend not coming forward may I count upon your vote?"

Bostonian, inspecting the country on Fast Day: "Can you tell me of any nice farm-house hereabouts where I can get board for the summer?" Farmer: "Nice farm-house?" "Yes." Farmer: "Wal I s'pose you want a nice cheerful place where you can be accommodated with tolerable goodsized rooms?" "Yes, sir." Farmer: "And where they keep a keiridge?" "Exactly." Farmer: "And whar you can get plenty of fresh eggs and milk, and chickens, and vege tables, and sitch like?" "Precisely." Farmer: "And whar they charge pooty moderate?" "The very thing I want." Farmer: "Wal, there ain't no sitch places round here."