

carried to Mrs. Graves that night. But in the early gray of the wintry morning after he, with Sam's help, quietly unloaded in the back yard of the parsonage, a firkin of butter, the same of lard, and six barrels of his best apples, packed for market.

"A good forty-five dollars worth if I'd carted it a half a mile further," he said to his wife with a face which shone as he sat down to breakfast.

"And not a soul heard us," said Sam, rubbing his hands in great glee. "Wish't I could see 'em when they find out!"

"Now I'm even," said the farmer. "And I'm blamed if it wasn't the best day's work I ever did when I give away that coat by mistake."  
—*Sydney Dayre.*

### SPEAKING TO THE POINT.

An addition having been made to the jail in Paterson, New Jersey, at a cost of \$30,000, the county officers and contractor celebrated the event by a banquet in the building. There were liquors in great abundance. After a number of toasts had been drunk, the gentleman presiding, a judge proposed "the temperance cause." It was probably done because they were getting pretty drunk. Mr. Bantram, a temperance man, was called on to respond, and did so in the following stinging speech:

"I thank you for this invitation, and I recognize its fitness. You have assembled to celebrate the enlargement of this jail, *rendered necessary by the use of strong drink*, in which you are so freely indulging this day. Down stairs the cells and corridors are crowded with criminals who have but changed places. A few years ago they were respected citizens, some of them occupying as responsible positions as those now occupied by yourselves; but they commenced *as you have commenced*, and they continued as many of *you are continuing*, and to-day they are reaping the harvest in a career of crime, and paying the penalty with a period of punishment. I hear the popping of corks. I listen to the merry voices, and the praises you are singing to the infernal spirit of wine; but there comes to me the refrain from the prisoner's cell, where a man is shedding penitential tears over his folly, accompanied by the still sadder wail of anguish uttered by the broken-hearted wife, worse than widowed through the traffic in strong drink, which, as a judge in your courts said, 'is the great promoter of crime,' a traffic licensed by your votes, and sustained by the patronage you are this day giving it. It is with inexpressible sadness that I discover that there can be found in Passaic county so many men with hearts so hardened, feelings so calloused, sensibilities so blunted, that in a place like this, under circumstances like these, they dare raise to their lips that which depraves the citizen, and endangers the state. Thanking you, gentlemen, for this unexpected privilege, I take my seat, fully conscious that you will never again call on me under similar circumstances."—*Ex.*

### WHY HE REFORMED.

There was a drunkard in an Arkansas town who became a sober man through a kind providence granting him what Burns longed for:

"Oh, wad som power the giftie gie us,  
To see ourselves as ithers see us!"

One day several acquaintances, on asking him to drink, were surprised to hear him say, "You must excuse me, gentlemen, for I can't drink anything." To their question, "what is the matter with you?" he said:

"I'll tell you. The other day I met a party of friends. When I left them I was about half drunk. I would not have stopped at this, but my friends had to hurry away to catch a train.

"To a man of my temperament, to be half drunk is in a miserable condition, for the desire for more is so strong that he forgets his self-interest in his efforts to get more to drink.

"Failing at the saloons, I remembered that there was a half-pint of whisky at home, which had been purchased for medical purposes.

"Just before reaching the gate I heard voices in the garden, and looking over the fence I saw my little son and daughter playing. 'No, you be ma,' said the boy, 'and I'll be pa.' Now you sit here an' I'll come in drunk. Wait, now, till I fill my bottle.

"He took a bottle, ran away, and filled it with water. Pretty soon he returned, and entering the play-house nodded idiotically at his little girl and sat down without saying anything. Then the girl looked up from her work and said—

"James, why will you do this way?"

"Whizzer way?" he replied.

"Getting drunk."

"Who's drunk?"

"You are, an' you promised when the baby died that you wouldn't drink any more. The children are almost ragged an' we haven't anything to eat hardly, but you still throw your money away. Don't you know you are breakin' my heart?"

"I hurried away. The acting was two life-like. I could think of nothing all day but those little children playing in the garden, and I vowed that I would never take another drink, and I will not, so help me God!"—*Arkansas Traveler.*

### For Girls and Boys.

#### BE IN TIME.

Be in time for every call;  
If you can, be first of all;

Be in time.

If your teachers only find  
You are never once behind,  
But are like the dial, true,  
They will always trust to you;  
Be in time.

Never linger ere you start,  
Set out with a willing heart;  
Be in time.

In the morning up and on,  
First to work, and soonest done;  
This is how the goal's attained;  
This is how the prize is gained;  
Be in time.

Those who aim at something great  
Never yet were found too late;

Be in time.

Life with all is but a school;  
We must work by plan and rule,  
Ever steady, earnest, true,  
Whatsoever you may do,  
Be in time.

—*Exchange.*

### ETHEL'S BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE.

Once on a time, a friend wrote me that he had had more children at his house than he could "shake a stick at." Now, I had not had so many as that; for, although the house was pretty full some days, I could shake a stick at them all if I wished. And I did it occasionally, when they were very noisy in bed; only I was in fun, and they all knew it, and therefore did not stop. At last I said one day, "Do keep quiet, children, and let me hear myself think."

"Oh, yes," said Charlie, "if you will only think aloud, and let us hear you, too."

And his sister Gertie added, "Yes, and please think of the Ethel that you used to tell us stories about."

"Little Ethel, indeed!" replied I. "Why, she is seventeen years old, and being a High School senior, will not thank you for calling her little. However, if you will keep quiet, I will let you hear me think aloud about Ethel's Book of Remembrance."

And this is the story I told them:

"When Ethel was about twelve years old, she used to run into our house quite often and tell us about her schoolmates. But, somehow, she got to telling the unpleasant things which they would not like to have repeated; and we began to hear who had missed, who had been punished, or who had been cross, stupid, mean and hateful, until I said at last, 'Suppose you turn to the next chapter and tell me just as many good things about these boys and girls.'

"I don't remember those half so well," she answered quickly.

"If that is the case," I replied, "you have a very poor memory, and the next time I go to Boston I'll buy you a new one."

"And a day or two after that conversation, I bought a blank book with red covers, on the outside of which I got somebody to print in gilt letters, 'Ethel's Book of Remembrance'; and this, together with two bottles of ink, I gave to the young girl. 'There's your new memory,' said I. 'Fill it up with stories about your classmates, if you wish.'

"But what's the use of two bottles of ink?" "Oh, I want you to write the good things they say or do in red ink, and the other things in blue ink; and be as careful to put down all the good as well as the bad."

"She promised; and to my surprise, the new book came back in the course of the week, with simply these words on the wrapper,