

thankful when morning gave them a bright sun again and chance to go on.

And that Sabbath among the Adirondacks, in its deep quiet, its purple haze, its majesty of rock and tree—will any of them ever forget it? And every hour of that piny, aromatic air seemed a tonic to the worn father and mother, and sickly Willis, and to Kate herself it brought such a sense of majesty and of inexpressible rest, as gave to her prayer a new and richer meaning.

But all vacations have their end, and Wednesday morning found the Morgan family turned with face homeward. True to the character given her, Roxy encouraged no loitering by the way this time, and before sunset of Friday was meditating over the oats in her own stable.

"I've gained ten pounds, I do believe," Kate heard her father telling a neighbor, "and I feel like a new man."

"I don't believe I have enjoyed getting up in the morning and going into my kitchen in five years before," Mrs. Morgan said, the next morning as she moulded her bread into loaves. "How much good a little change does do one, and I have got such a help, too, on my rag carpet from Aunt Martha—ten balls all cut and sewed. Well, Kate, you have given us all pleasure enough to satisfy any daughter."

And Kate was more than satisfied, even when she wore a plain cashmere for best, all winter.

"You went away after all," her friend Louise said, with a smile.

"Yes, after I had taken your advice and 'looked over mother,' and father too, and counted them both as my best blessings."—*Advantage.*

HOW SMALL EXPENDITURES COUNT.

Five cents each morning. A mere trifle, thirty-five cents per week. Not much, yet it would buy coffee or sugar for a whole family, \$18.25 per year. And this amount invested in a savings bank at the end of each year, and the interest thereon at six per cent computed annually, would in twelve years amount to more than \$670. Enough to buy a good farm in the West.

Five cents before breakfast, dinner, and supper. you'd hardly miss it, yet 'tis fifteen cents a day, \$1.05 per week. Enough to buy wife or daughter a dress. \$54.60 a year. Enough to buy a small library of books. Invest this as before, and in twenty years you would have over \$2000. Quite enough to buy a good house and lot.

Ten cents each morning; hardly worth a second thought; yet with it you can buy a paper of pins or spool of thread. Seventy cents per week; 'twould buy several yards of muslin, \$36.50 in one year. Deposit this amount as before, and you would have \$1340 in twenty years; quite a snug little fortune. Ten cents before each breakfast, dinner, and supper—thirty cents a day. It would buy a book for the children. \$2.10 a week; enough to pay for a year's subscription to a good newspaper. \$109.20 per year. With it you could buy a good melodeon on which your wife or daughter could produce sweet music to pleasantly while the evening hours away. And this amount, invested as before, would, in forty years, produce the desirable amount, \$12,000.

Boys, learn a lesson. If you would be a happy youth, lead a sober life. and if you would be a wealthy and influential man, instead of squandering your extra change, invest in a library or a savings bank.

If you would be a miserable youth, lead a drunken life, abuse your children, grieve your wife, be a wretched and despicable being while you live, and finally go down to a dishonored grave, take your extra change and invest it in a drinking-saloon.—*Tidings.*

Our Casket.

BITS OF TINSEL.

It is not much of a compliment, after all, to say that a man is sound. Some men are nothing but sound.

If you would be wealthy, get upon a mule; you will soon find that you are better off.

"An anxious father" writes to know what he shall do with his daughter, as she is full of electricity. Marry her to a good conductor.

Highland Preacher—First Sabbath I will be preaching in Glenbolich, the next Sabbath I will be in Glenfuaim, and the Sabbath after that I will not be in any place at all!

"An' that's the pillar of Hercules?" she said, adjusting her silver spectacles. "Gracious! what are the rest of his bedclothes like, I wonder."

The Arkansaw Traveller's aged colored person says: "My idea of de better worl is whar dar is a election goin' on all de time; case de white folks is allers perlight."

When a lady, in answer to an importunate alms-taker, answered that she never gave anything at the door, the begger said as to that he had no scruples to going into the parlor.

"Did not the sons of Jacob commit a heinous sin when they sold their brother Joseph?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of the son of an Austin merchant, "Yes, sir." "What sin did they commit?" "They sold him too cheap."

"I preserve my equilibrium under all circumstances," she was heard to say in a pause of the music to the tow-headed youth who was her escort. "Do you?" he answered softly. "Mother cans hers." Then the music resumed.

A rural friend wants to know what is the best thing to feed hogs on. He might feed them on the ground, or, if he wishes, in a trough. We never did approve of fixing up mahogany tables with marble tops for hogs.

Mrs. Fogg visited a second-hand auction the other day and bought a job lot of kitchen furnishing goods. Fogg says every article in the list has a hole in it excepting the pepper-box cover, and that everything leaks but the cullender and milk-strainer.

A Frenchman met an English soldier with a Waterloo medal, and cast reproaches on the English Government for bestowing such a trifle, remarking that it would scarcely cost three francs. "That may be true," replied the hero, "but then it cost the French Government a Napoleon."

When Hattie was five years old, her sister married a farmer who owned a large sugar orchard. Soon after, a generous package of maple sugar was sent home, and the little girl exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, I'm so glad we've married into such a nice family!"

Dr. Bushnell said once to a young pastor: "In your studying, work when you work, and rest when you rest. Take hold sharp, and let go sharp." And Dr. Turnbull applies to this subject the adage, that "men who are fastest asleep when they are asleep are widest awake when they are awake."

An English Nonconformist was once bandying words with a curate about Episcopacy. "I should not care to live subject to a bench of Bishops," he observed. "But is there no authority over you?" asked the curate. "Only a board," was the answer. "Well, what's a board except a bench with no legs to stand upon?"

The prisoner in this case, whose name was Dickey Swivel, *alias* "Stove Pipe Pete," was placed at the bar, and questioned by the judge to the following effect.—Judge. "Bring the prisoner into Court." Pete. "Here I am, bound to blaze, as the spirit of turpentine said when it was all a-fire." "We will take a little fire out of you. How do you live?" "I ain't particular, as the oyster said, when they asked him if he would be roasted or fried." "We don't want to hear what the oyster said, or the spirit of turpentine either. What do you do, fellow?" "Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said, when he ran over a little nigger." "Don't care any thing about the locomotive. What is your business?" "That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chickens off the table." "If I hear any more absurd comparisons I will give you twelve months." "I'm done, as the beefsteak said to the cook." "Now, sir, your punishment shall depend on the shortness of your answers. I suppose you live by going around the docks?" "No, sir, I can't go around the docks without a boat, and I ain't got none." "Answer me, sir. How do you get your bread?" "Sometimes at the baker's, and sometimes I eat taters." "No more of your stupid nonsense. How do you support yourself?" "Sometimes on my legs, and sometimes on a cheer" (chair). "How do you keep yourself alive?" "By breathing, sir." "I order you to answer me this question correctly: How do you do?" "Pretty well, I thank you, Judge. How do you do?" "I shall have to commit you." "Well you've committed yourself first, that's some consolation."