

at the pond which skirted the highway, said: "Oh, how I would like to lave my heated head in those cooling waters!" An Irishman, overhearing the exclamation, immediately replied: "Bedad, you might lave it there, and it wouldn't sink."

A lady on the wharf asked a sailor why a ship was called "she." The son of Neptune ungallantly replied that it was "because the rigging cost so much."

"O gaze upon the driving cloud,
Rushing o'er hills and plains,"
"But why call that a *driving* cloud?"
"Because it holds the rains."

An Irish absentee landlord is said to have sent this comforting message to his agent: "Tell the tenants that threats to shoot you will not terrify me in the least."

A notice hung in a Glasgow warehouse read as follows:—"No credit given here, except to those who pay money down."

"I didn't denounce you," said a saucy young fellow to an editor: "but only your subordinates; I merely had a fling at your staff." "Then sir," replied the editor, suiting the action to the word, "My staff shall have a fling at you."

A party hearing of an engraving of a dog after Landseer, wanted to know what he was after him for.

"You will grow up ugly, Ada, if you make faces." "Did you make faces when you were a little girl, Auntie?"

A very conceited old maid recently told us that the mirrors now-a-days are not nearly so good as those she used a few years ago.

For Girls and Boys.

PATTY'S DOOR-MARK.

BY MRS. JULIA P. BALLARD.

"They're just as pretty as they can be now, grandma, but I'd rather do it," said Elsie, stroking down the pink barege dress of her favorite Susie.

"And so would I," said the demure Fanny. "I'm *almost* too big for dolls anyhow, though I *should* keep this because you dressed it so nicely for me. But if you just knew how forlorn Patty and Rachel are."

Patty and Rachel were the children of a poor gardener who lived near their home. Their mother was a cherry, neat little woman, and took pride in her bright girls and in keeping her little three-roomed house as "neat as wax," as she said. Her children went to school, and although they had very plain clothes and very few playthings, a *whole* frock and *clean* apron, and an apple or a nosegay, made them happier than any children are with flounces and laces and elegant toys. They were "sunny inside," their mother said. But now there had come a day when they were very "cloudy" inside. A great cloud had settled over the little house, and its chill made them all very wretched. Their father was in jail. He was a kind man, and loved and petted Patty and Rachel even more than their mother did; only when he had taken a glass too much, then I cannot tell you what a different man he was. But this did not happen very often. This was the worst thing that had ever happened. Patty's father had struck a neighbor in his anger when his head was hot with beer or whisky, and the man had died. Five years in prison! Patty's mother knew he never would have done if he had "been himself," and the poor man knew it too well. But there was no help for it. And nobody thought how much harder it was for his innocent wife and children to struggle on five years alone than for *him*, hard as it was to be in prison. Yes, Elsie and Fanny thought of it. They went in and found Patty crying bitterly. She was standing against the door, and Rachel's finger was pressed against a mark to show how high Patty's head came. Just below was a mark showing where Rachel's head came. Their father had marked them, and would take them there to "see how they grew." It had just come into their little minds that when five years were gone they would be so high above that mark that their father could never pet them again. They would be "most women." It was too much for Patty; but Rachel was trying to comfort her. "I don't expect we'll be so very big. You know it makes people little not to have enough to eat; and *we sha'n't*, for I heard mother say so. She said if she could only work hard

enough to keep us alive she would be thankful. This was poor comfort for Rachel, but instead of crying all the harder she wiped away her tears and said: "Then no matter whether we grow or not, we've got to *help* mother take care of us." "Yes," said Patty, and stop going to school, and ever so many other things." Just then Elsie and Fanny came in, and Patty's mother told them all about it. "They'll have *food*, grandma, I'm *sure*; but the dolls will help make them keep little, and make them oh! so happy, at least for a little while."

"Take them over," said grandma, "and I will get a basket of food ready and go in and see them myself."

"Five years! Five years!" mused grandma after the little girl started. It's *twenty* years of trouble; four for every one of them. And who was most to blame for it all? Had no one anything to do with it but the man who drank the glass? It seems to me some very happy-looking men, brisk in business and earnest in politics, with elegant homes and joyous, frolicsome children, might take a lesson from Patty's door measure.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

EMPTYING OUT THE WHISKY.

We know of a dear, beautiful little boy in Pennsylvania, who signed the temperance pledge, at one of the temperance meetings held for children. A short time afterward his mother was busy in her kitchen, preparing cakes and pies. "Davy," she said, "go up to the closet and bring down the whisky jug. I want some for these mince pies."

Davy, as was his habit, instantly obeyed. But, as he went dancing up stairs, the thought came to him, "Can I, a temperance boy, carry a whisky-jug?" He stopped right there on the stairs and decided the question. Then hurrying back to the kitchen he said:

"Oh, mamma! I can't carry a whisky jug—I've signed the pledge—but I'll stir the batter while you go."

Without a word, the mother gave into his little hands the spoon with which she was stirring the batter, and went herself to bring the jug. She felt a strange, choking sensation in her throat, but she walked up those steps with a firm tread, and seized the jug. When she came down the dear little fellow was beating away at the dough with all his might. His eyes followed her as she went to the sink and began to empty out the contents of the jug.

"What are you doing, mamma?"

"I'm emptying out the whisky. We'll not have any more in our mince pies."

"Oh, mamma! do you mean it?"

"Yes, I mean to use lemons instead."

"Goody, goody! I'm glad—then I can eat them, too, can't I mamma?"

"Yes, my dear; and mamma will never make anything again that her dear little boy cannot eat."

"Goody, goody! we're going to have temperance pies."

And Davy fairly danced up and down in the kitchen, as the whisky gurgled in the sink.

Don't you think Davy is a real good temperance boy? Then follow his example.

Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing, and you will not be defiled.—*Everybody's Paper.*

A LITTLE BOYS TEMPERANCE SPEECH.

Some people laugh and wonder
What little boys can do
To help this Temp'rance thunder
Roll all the big world through;
I'd have them look behind them,
When *they* were small, and then
I'd like just to remind them
That little boys make men!

The bud becomes a flower,
The acorn grows a tree,
The minutes make the hour—
'Tis just the same with me.
I'm small, but I am growing
As quickly as I can;
And a Temperance boy like me is bound
To make a TEMPERANCE MAN.

—Selected.