

THE COMING MAN.

He is coming in his manhood, he is coming in his might,  
 He is coming forth to reason, he is coming not to fight;  
 He is coming in his glory, with virtue in his heart,  
 He is coming, he is coming to give the world a start.  
 He is coming to resist all wrongs, to advocate the right,  
 He's emerging from the darkness, he's come to spread the light;  
 He's coming without whisky, nor is bloated out with beer;  
 He is coming, he is coming devoid of moral fear.  
 He is coming pure in morals, in intellect and fame;  
 He is coming in strong manhood, unsullied by a shame;  
 He is coming forth to glorify and elevate mankind,  
 He is coming in the interests of intellect and mind.  
 The children of the future will be worthy of their sire;  
 They will share their parents' virtue, intellect and fire;  
 Then the world will blossom like a garden in full bloom,  
 The race will be improving, mankind be on a boom.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

They had no use for him. Judge—Officer, this witness says that you stood by and saw the whole affair and never once made an effort to quell the disturbance. Why was that?  
 Officer—May it please your Honor, they never once called for the police.  
 When quite young at school, Daniel Webster was one day guilty of a violation of the rules. He was detected in the act and called up by the teacher for punishment. This was to be the old-fashioned furling of the hand. His hand happened to be very dirty. Knowing this, on his way to the teacher's desk he spat upon the palm of his right hand, wiping it off on the side of his pantaloons. Give me your hand, sir, said the teacher, very sternly. Out went the right hand, partly cleaned. The teacher looked at it a moment, and said: Daniel, if you will find another hand in this school-room as filthy as that I will let you off this time. Instantly from behind his back came the left hand. Here it is, sir, was the ready reply. That will do this time, said the teacher, you can take your seat, sir.

A Novelty For The Little Girl.

Among the many interesting incidents connected with the closing of the saloons in Kittanning, Pa., a leading merchant tells the following:—  
 A woman came into his store timidly. She was evidently unaccustomed to trading.  
 What can I do for you? inquired the merchant.  
 I want a pair of shoes for a little girl she answered.  
 What number?  
 She is twelve years old.  
 But what number does she wear.  
 I do not know.  
 But what number did you buy when you bought the last pair for her?  
 She never had a pair in her life. You see, sir, her father used to drink when we had saloons; but now that they are closed he doesn't drink any more, and this morning he said to me: Mother, I want you to go to town to-day and get Sissy a pair of shoes, for she never had a pair in her life. I thought, sir, if I told you how old she was you would know what size to give me.

Childish Innocence.

The head master of a large London school, to his utter astonishment, accidentally found out that during prayers several of his lower standard children innocently converted that clause of the Lord's Prayer, "Lead us not into temptation, into "Lead us not into Thames Station!" The master could scarcely believe his ears, and in order to test whether the lads really understood the words in the inapposite sense in which they certainly repeated them, he asked one of them:  
 Where do we ask God not to lead us to my boy?  
 Into Thames Station, sir.  
 The master stroked his chin and pretended to fumble threateningly for his cane as he incisively interrogated:  
 What station, my boy, do you say?  
 Please, sir, Thames Station, sir, persisted the boy in quite an injured tone, or as if piqued at the master's distrust of his word.  
 The schoolmaster gave it up.  
 Yes, beyond a doubt, the lad thought that Thames Station was some horrible hell, where furious locomotives rushed whistling about at their own sweet will, waiting for the coming of unprayerful little boys and girls.

THE STORY OF AN UNSOLD BONNET.

It was evening in Oxford street just before the hour of lamp lighting. The daylight colors had faded, and the twilight softness had not yet begun, so that the street picture was printed in unsoftened black and white. Gas was beginning to twinkle, however, in some of the shop windows; and upstairs in the millinery show room of Mr. X—a boy had just come in with a taper, and had left a bright illumination behind him. The light fell upon two figures, a customer, doubtful and dissatisfied, and a young woman in black who stood before her, displaying bonnet after bonnet.  
 "These are quite new, ma'am; the very last things from Paris."  
 "Yes," said the customer, hesitatingly.  
 "Would you not try this on, ma'am? I am sure it would suit you."  
 "I don't like a straw."  
 "We could make you one in velvet, ma'am."  
 "Velvet spoils so with the rain. Are you quite sure those are all the felts you have, that you showed me?"  
 "All in brown, ma'am. We could get you one made any shape you like to order."  
 "Oh, no; I could not order one without seeing it," said the lady. Then she took up one which she had looked at already, poised and examined it, and finally tried it on and decided for the second time that it would not do. "It really is very extraordinary that you should not have one in brown," she said, in a tone of annoyance.  
 For a moment the girl did not answer; she had grown paler, and her eyebrows were drawn together with an expression of anxiety and apprehension. Mr. X—, walking up and down his range of show-rooms, had again come into sight and had paused, looking in. "We'd get you one, ma'am, I am sure in two or three days."  
 Now it was the customer who did not answer. She began turning over the pile of untrimmed bonnets, while her pale attendant hovered about her, throwing in propitiatory words. Mr. X— stood and looked in from the wide doorway. She could see the scowl on his face. At last the customer, finally refusing to take any other in place of the bonnet which she really wanted, departed dissatisfied. The girl began tremblingly to put together the bonnets. Tears came to her eyes. She had tried her best to sell, and she dreaded the wrath of her master. He had been in a bad temper all day; why, oh, why, must this thing have happened just to-day? Mr. X— moved away; she saw him go to the cashier's desk in the next room. He came back with a paper and a few shillings, which he threw down angrily.  
 "You'll just sign that if you please, Miss."

It was an account of the wages due to her. She looked up at him in mute appeal; the angry and overbearing face was answer enough. She put her name to the paper and a tear fell on it.  
 "Now you can just pack up your things and go this minute," said he, roughly.  
 "I've no place for a young lady that can't sell a bonnet."  
 She gathered up the money and went, meekly. She was a timid girl, with no gift either for complaints or excuses; and for girls of that kind the tyrants of this world have no mercy. She went upstairs to the bedroom which she shared with two others.  
 It was bare, clean, depressing; about as home-like as a prison cell. She looked round it, half blinded by her tears, and wrung her hands. "What shall I do? Where shall I go?"

The room was quite brightly lighted now by the glare of the many lamps in the street. She wiped away her tears and began packing and arranging her few properties in her box. When this was done she must go forth into the evening and find herself a shelter for the night and for the morrow. To-morrow would begin again the familiar heart-breaking search for work, to continue who could guess how long? And who could tell what character Mr. X— would give of her? And she had thirty shillings with which to face the world. Her tears began to fall again as she locked her trunk and rose from her knees. She was glad to hide her face with her veil, and to steal away secretly, fearing to meet anyone lest the farewell should break down her courage.  
 So she passed out into the evening and on to Oxford street, the stony-hearted step-mother.

Mr. X—, meanwhile, was going home, serene of conscience, to his wife and daughters at Brixton, giving no second thought to the incident of the afternoon.  
 It is a story that happens every day. The stones of London, if they could speak, the pavements of Piccadilly, the balustrades of the bridges, could tell you how it ends.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

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