

"A leak in the tank!" "a leak in the tank!" See here and there a little crack from which the oil is oozing!

It is trickling, gurgling, still pouring faster and faster! Yonder is the headlight of the engine! It bears on the train to certain destruction unless we can stop the supply of oil.

Fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, there are faces that we all recognize as we peer anxiously at the occupants of that doomed car.

Come one and all to the rescue! God helping us, our hands, though weak, may stop some little leak, and our loved ones be snatched from eternal death.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

For Girls and Boys.

A DEADLY SERPENT.

Some time ago a party of sailors visited the Zoological Garden. One of them, excited by the liquor he had taken, and as an act of bravado to his companions, took hold of a deadly serpent. He held it up, having seized it by the nape of the neck in such a manner that it did not turn round to sting.

As he held it, the snake, unobserved by him, coiled itself around his arm, and at last it got a firm grip, and wound tighter and tighter, so that he was unable to detach it. As the pressure of the snake increased the danger grew, and at length the sailor was unable to maintain his hold on the venomous reptile, and was compelled to loose it. What did the snake then do? It turned around and stung him, and he died.

So it is with the appetite of strong drink. We can control it at first, but in a little while it controls us. We can hold its influence in our grasp for awhile, so that it shall be powerless, but afterwards "it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."—*Exchange.*

GROWN-UP LAND.

ANNIE M. LIBBY.

Good-morrow, fair maid, with lashes brown,
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?"

Oh, this way and that way—never a stop,
'Tis picking up stitches grandma will drop,
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away,
'Tis learning that cross words never will pay,
'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents,
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the cents,
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown,
Oh, that is the way to Womanhood Town.

Just wait, my brave lad—one moment, I pray,
Manhood Town lies where—can you tell the way?"

Oh, by toiling and trying we reach that land—
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand—
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill, Work,
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street, Shirk,
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,
'Tis by giving mother a happy heart,
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down,
Oh, that is the way to Manhood Town.

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand
To their fair estates in Grown-up Land.

—*Lever.*

A HANDSOME SOUL.

One day a boy who was taking his first lesson in the art of sliding down hill, found his feet in too close contact with a lady's silk dress. Mortified and confused, he sprang from his sled, and, cap in hand, commenced an apology.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; I am very sorry."

"Never mind that," exclaimed the lady, "there is no great harm done, and you feel worse about it than I do."

"But your dress is ruined. I thought you would be angry with me for being so careless."

"Oh, no," she replied, "better to have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper!"

"Oh, isn't she a beauty?" exclaimed the lad as the lady passed on. "Who, that lady?" returned his comrade. "If you call her a beauty, you shan't choose for me. Why, she is more than thirty years old, and her face is wrinkled."

"I don't care if her face is wrinkled," replied the hero, "her soul is handsome, any how."

A shout of laughter followed from which he was glad to escape. Relating the incident to his mother, he remarked: "Oh mother, that lady did me good. I shall never forget it; and when I am tempted to indulge in angry passions I will think of what she said, 'better to have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper.'"—*S. W. Christian Advocate.*

Our Casket.

BITS OF TINSEL.

Passenger: "Any fear of my disturbing the magnetic currents, captain, by going near the compass?" *Captain:* "Oh, no, sir. Brass has no effect on it, whatever, sir!"

"Dear sir," said an amateur farmer, just from the city, writing to the chairman of an agricultural society, "put me down on your list of cattle for a calf."

"A bachelor is a man who has lost the opportunity of making a woman miserable;" says Lillie Devereaux Blake.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Podsnap, energetically, "I don't believe in the extension of woman's suffrage at all. She suffers enough now."

It has been found that "regular piano practice has a good effect in lunatic asylums." The lunatics, we suppose, make superhuman efforts to regain their reason in order to get away.

"I suppose that it just means that he hired 'em out," was the reply of a Sunday-school child when asked what was meant by the expression, "And the king rent his clothes."

"Do you know what the board over that cow's face is for?" asked the Colonel. "No," responded the Major, "unless it is to keep her blushes from being seen when the milkman works the pump-handle."

Indignation will fill the breast of every artist when we state that two men were arrested in a lumber yard the other day because they were suspected of a design on wood.

Scene: City restaurant—*First Client* (in a hurry): "Waiter, fried sole!" *Second ditto* (ditto): "Waiter, fried sole: fresh, mind." *Waiter*, (equal to the occasion, shouting down tube): "Two fried soles, one of 'em fresh!"

A bald-headed man fainted the other day and was very indignant when he was coming to. At hearing a cockney exclaim, "Give him hair, give him hair!"

A woman who read the statement of a scientist that man is changed once in seven years, said she wished the seven years were up, for any change in her husband would be for the better.

"How long have you been married, Mrs. Slowboy?" "Five years." "Five years! Why, you ought to have a wooden wedding." "Have," replied Mrs. Slowboy, glancing across at the meek figure of a man trying to hide behind a newspaper, "had that when I was married."

"My dear madam," said the doctor, "if your little fellow can't sleep, I shall prescribe a soporific." "Thanks, doctor," replied the fond mother, "I do hope he'll take it, but I'm afraid not. I never could get that boy to take kindly to soap in any form."

"What do you want to set such a tough chicken before me for?" indignantly exclaimed a fair damsel in a restaurant the other day. "Age before beauty, always, you know, ma'am," replied the polite attendant, who well knew how to serve his employer and a tough chicken at the same time.

At a late term of the Court of Sessions a man was brought up by a farmer, accused of stealing ducks. "How do you know they are your ducks?" asked the defendant's counsel. "O, I should know them *anywhere*," replied the farmer, and went on to describe their different peculiarities. "Why," said the prisoner's counsel, "those ducks can't be of a rare breed; I have some very like them in my own yard." "That's not unlikely, sir," replied the farmer: "they are not the *only* ducks I have had stolen lately!" "Call the next witness!"