

Tales and Sketches.

"IN A SMOKING CAR."

"I saw a sad sight in a restaurant this morning," remarked the cracked-wheat and oat-meal drummer to the attentive reporter. "A chap came in with an oblong object under his rusty coat which he had laid carefully on one of the lunch tables. He had evidently been on a prolonged debauch, for his eyes were glazed and blood-shot, his lips tremulous and his hands shaking like grape leaves in a gale.

"Waiter," he said, in a piteous tone, 'please bring me a glass of ice water with my pressed corn-beef.'

"The waiter with some hesitation brought the water and placed it beside the package. With many a false and feeble motion the poor fellow finally succeeded in undoing the bundle. It contained nothing but a newly-baked brick!

"You don't call that pressed corn beef?' demanded the waiter; 'why it's nothing but a brick!'

"Probably it dropped from his hat,' suggested a customer.

"Not pressed corn beef?' whimpered the wreck; 'why I picked it up for such. Strange that I should have been so deceived. Here, waiter, won't you kindly take this brick and exchange it for its weight in pressed corn beef?'

"That won't work,' replied the waiter.

"But it's a new brick,' pleaded the inebriate.

"Here waiter," cried a kind-hearted listener, 'give this unfortunate man two glasses of good old ale. Heaven knows he needs it to soothe his tortured nerves.'

"The ale was brought. The wreck tried three times to raise the glass to his lips. Each attempt was a sad failure. Then he drew forth a faded pocket-handkerchief, laid it around his neck with each hand holding an end, seized the glass with one hand, and by the aid of the handkerchief at last got it to his lips! The second glass he accomplished by the employment of both hands. Soon the ale began to calm his bewildered brain, and slowly his head sank to the table. He was asleep, but dreaming, and his murmurings were as follows:—

"O Minnie, my little wife, I am all down with my awful drink again. Forgive me only once more for the sake of our little boy. I mean to let it alone, but I am so weak. Minnie, my dear Minnie, once more forgiveness. Don't give me up until one more trial. I will swear it on the Bible never to drink a drop again. I had rather die without than live with it. Minnie, a kiss and smile from you will lift me back to manhood again."

"A gentleman who had just entered and was brushing back the tangled hair of the dreamer said, 'I knew this man when he used to give champagne suppers and his check was good for twenty-five thousand dollars!'

"And," added the drummer, "when it occurred to me that I had n three social glasses that morning, and when I thought of my Minnie ome, I could not help a shudder."—*Church and Home.*

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

The statutes of New York now require instruction in its public schools concerning alcohol and its effects upon the human body. In some schools this instruction is given effectively by teachers who have a real interest in the subject. That great good is thus being accomplished there is no room for doubt.

A well-to-do wife and mother, who presides over a beautiful home wherein are several lovely children, said to a friend recently: "We have made a change in our household. We have always been accustomed to have wines and other liquors upon our side-board, and we have not thought it wrong. Our little Bessie, who attends the public school, came home a while ago greatly interested, and said her teacher had been telling them about alcohol and how much suffering comes from using it, and how much better it is to let it alone." "And, mamma," she said, "I felt so ashamed when I thought that we have it here on our own side-board, and that papa takes it at his dinner, and sometimes gives it to his friends who call." The lady added that Bessie had been so exercised about it, and had pleaded with them so earnestly, that they had decided to make the change and have no more liquor in the house. The father, an active New York business man, "a hail fellow well met," genial and popular among his companions and friends, had never before given the subject serious thought. Now, however, moved by his lovely little daughter's earnest pleadings, he has signed a temperance pledge and enrolled himself in the ranks of total abstainers. And she received the impulse from the faithful teacher in the public school.

This recent incident of real life will suffice to illustrate the great possibilities for usefulness in the introduction of scientific temperance teaching in all the public schools of the States which have not yet taken action in the premises. The friends of temperance in every such State should at once unite in vigorous and earnest efforts to secure from their respective legislatures enactments requiring scientific temperance instruction in all public and normal schools.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

WHAT'S YOUR BOY WORTH?

I came across a mother in Ohio who loved her boy so that she would not give her husband any rest till he promised to vote for the Second Amendment. Some people thought she was only a humble, ignorant woman, but she was smart enough to know the value of her boy! You, mothers who read this article, answer me this question: What is your boy worth? Make the price high, for he is "bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh." Ask father if he is worth a ballot next election. Put the question to him with tear-drops trickling down your cheeks, backed up with a prayer of faith. If you can do it with all sincerity, the true value of his boy will appear, and all other questions sink into insignificance.

What is your boy worth?

- 1st. He is worth asking to sign the total abstinence pledge.
- 2nd. He is of sufficient value to be sent to a Band of Hope meeting to be instructed as to the effects of alcohol upon the human system.
- 3rd. He is of sufficient importance for you to know where he spends his evenings and who his associates are.
- 4th. He is of more value than many household pets, and is entitled to more of your time and attention.
5. To say nothing of the value of your boy's good character, he has cost you for food, raiment, and education more than the average saloon-keepers pay for his license.

6th. As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." It will be of great importance to you whether your boy is a valuable citizen or a curse to you and the neighborhood in which you reside. If he turns out good, he will be worth his weight in gold, if otherwise, better he had never been born.

7th. *Being immortal he is worth a life's work to prepare him for a happy hereafter.*

No license was ever made high enough to cover the lowest estimate that you can put on your boy, if there's a spark of Christianity or humanity in your heart.

Is it too much to ask the fathers of America to at least, set enough value on their boys to yearly drop into the ballot box a slip of paper that voice the sentiment of this journal—"We demand the prohibition of the liquor traffic." What's your answer?—*New York Witness.*

THEY LEAVE NO STING.

She was only a baby, but she held up her sweet, red lips, tipped back her blessed little head, shut the bright eyes, and went the rounds from one member of the family to the other, repeating the phrase she had just heard from her young mother's lips:—

"Three kisses and one to grow on."

They caught her up, the darling, and kissed and kissed her baby face, pulled the soft curls, squeezed the dimpled shoulders, and followed her every moment with wistful, worshiping eyes, until she came to the sour, disappointed member of the family, whose words were all hollow like dolls stuffed with sawdust. She tiptoed up to the stern, bearded face and put a fat chubby little hand on each unyielding knee.

"Three kisses and one to grow on."

"What does all this tomfoolery mean?" inquired the gruff, grumpy voice.

"Baby is three years old to-day," said the young mother, feeling how hard it is to explain a simple, foolish question which has no particular meaning, "and so we give her a kiss for each year and one to grow on. But you needn't kiss her, Uncle Ben, if you don't want to."

What was it that the old man saw in the limpid eyes lifted to his? A vision of the green fields and still waters of Paradise? or did some present knowledge possess him that he caught her up in his arms as he had never done before, and kissed her again and again?

"Not want to kiss her?" he said in a broken voice. "Why, I should as soon think of refusing to kiss an angel from Heaven. There, pet, there! and there! Now you may grow on this one even to the heights of Heaven—never short of their standard, little one. This is the old man's prayer:—"

Her age I cannot tell,

For they reckon not by months and years

Where she has gone to dwell.

But I often wonder if we would not all reach nearer the gates of Paradise if we had more kisses to grow on.

To the light of the shining angels

The little one has grown.

Oh, great family of humanity, lead all our weary, wandering ones up to the divine heights of kisses. They are stronger than words; they leave no stings like bitter words; they are blessed memories that blossom in our crown of thorns when those whom we have kissed have gone from us a little way beyond tears or kisses; grown on that precious nourishment into the higher life, in the city whose builder and maker is God. *Morning and Day of Reform.*