

In a couple weeks the young mule-milker managed to crawl down stairs, and went straight to the looking glass. His head was bandaged in a towel, and his face covered with strips of sticking plaster. His features seemed to be slightly mixed up, his nose slanting one way, his chin canting another way, while his eyebrows looked as though they were trying to crawl over the top of his head. As he gazed at his awful reflection in the glass, he turned to his honored parent and said: "Father, do you think I shall ever be as good looking as I used to be?"

"Well, no," answered the old man, "I don't think you will, but Sammy, *you'll know a good deal more.*"

The old man was right. Sammy has learned by sad personal experience that it don't pay to milk a mule—especially in the dark. And the man who undertakes to milk a rum-shop will make as big a mistake as Sammy did. And when he has spoiled his good looks, lost his friends, squandered his money, he will know by experience that liquor shops do not give the kind of milk that men should drink.

SETH AND HIS POUND OF BUTTER.

ONE winter's evening a country storekeeper in the Green Mountain State was about closing up for the night, and while standing in the snow outside putting up the window shutters, saw through the glass a lounging, worthless fellow within, grab a pound of fresh butter from the shelf and conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon. "I say, Seth," said the storekeeper, coming in, and closing the door after him, slapping his hands over his shoulders and stamping the snow off his feet.

Seth had his hand on the door, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"I say, Seth, sit down; I reckon, now, on such a cold night as this, a little something warm would not hurt a fellow."

Seth felt very uncertain: he had the butter, and was