

To dare is better than to doubt,  
For doubt is always grieving;  
'Tis faith that finds the riddles out,  
The prize is for believing.

To do is better than to dream—  
Life has enough of sleepers;  
To be is better than to seem—  
The sowers are the reapers.

And when the Master calls us in,  
Our deeds, and not our feelings,  
Will tell the heaven that each shall win,  
The endless glory sealing.

—  
BITS OF TINSEL.

Spring goods: Rat traps.

A lady, joked about her nose, said: "I had nothing to do with shaping it. It was a birthday present."

"It is the little bits ov things that fret and worry us," says Josh Billings. "We kan dodge an elephant, but we kan't a fly."

*First small girl*: "I know what I'm going to be when I grow up?" *Second ditto*: "What are you going to be when you grow up?" *First small girl*: "A wigger."

A preacher remarked last Sunday that it was said that liberalism is creeping into all the churches. "If that is so," he continued, "I hope it will soon strike the contribution boxes."

Debt is a horse that is always throwing its rider. Fools ride him bareback, and without a bridle.

"How much are these eggs a dozen?" "Dwenty-five cents." "Why how is that? Jones sells them at twenty cents." "Und vy don't you py ov Jones den?" "Because he hasn't any this morning." "Vell, I will sell dem for dwenty cents, too, ven I don't got any."

What is the difference between a tight boot and an oak tree? The one makes acorns, the other makes corns ache.

Why is a hay-seed like a gate-post? Because it is put in the ground to prop-a-gate.

The proficiency attained by the colored gentlemen who have charge of the hat room in large hotels is often surprising, as they pass out hundreds of hats without a single mistake. A young man from Buffalo was so impressed with the performance at a New York hotel the other day that in a tone of respectful admiration he asked the phenomenon how he knew it was his hat. "Well, sah," was the brisk response, "I couldn't swar dat de hat was yourn, sah. I only knows it was de hat you guv me."

*Elderly philanthropist, to small boy who is vainly striving to pull a door-bell above his reach*: "Let me help you, my little man." (*Pulls the bell.*) *Small boy*—"Now you had better run, or we'll both get a licking!"

How much a man is like old shoes!  
For instance: Both a soul may lose;  
Both have been tanned; both are made tight  
By cobblers; both get left and right;  
Both need a mate to be complete,  
And both are made to go on feet.  
They both need heeling, oft are soled,  
And both in time turn all to mould.  
With shoes the last is first; with men  
The first shall be the last; and when  
The shoes wear out they're mended new;  
When men wear out they're men-dead, too.  
They both are trod upon, and both  
Will tread on others, nothing loath.  
Both have their ties and both incline  
When polished in the world to shine:  
And both peg out—and would you choose  
To be a man or be his shoes?

[*Chicago Tribune.*]

**THE SMOKE HOUSE.**—A man who lives in Albany, and whose business is that of a clerk, said that he had lately built a house that cost him three thousand dollars. His friends expressed their wonder that he could afford to build so fine a dwelling.

"Why," said he, "this is my smoke-house."

"Your smoke-house! What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that twenty years ago I left off smoking, and I computed that what I saved, with interest, would amount to three thousand dollars, and I concluded to put the money saved from smoke into my house; hence I call this my smoke-house."

For Girls and Boys.

JIMMY'S LECTURE.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"Jimmy, throw that jug into the pig-pen. Smash it first, and be sure you don't taste a drop of the vile stuff," said an anxious-looking woman as she handed her little son the brown jug which she had just found hidden in the shed.

"Father won't like it," began the boy, eyeing the ugly thing with a look of fear and hate; for it made mother miserable, and father a brute.

"I said I'd make a way with it the next time I found it, and I will! It's full, and I don't feel as if I could live through another dreadful time like the last. If we put it out of sight, maybe father will keep sober for another month. Go quick, before he comes home." And the poor woman pushed the boy to the door as if she could not wait a minute till the curse of her life was destroyed.

Glad to comfort her, and have the fun of smashing anything, Jimmie ran off, and giving the jug a good bang on the post, let the whisky run where it would as he flung the pieces into the pig-pen, and went back to his work.

He was only eleven; but he struggled manfully with the old saw, and the tough apple-tree boughs he had collected for fuel. It was father's work, but he neglected it, and Jimmie wouldn't see mother suffer from cold, so he trimmed the trees, and did his best to keep the fire going. He had to stop often to rest, and in these pauses he talked to himself, having no other company.

Not long after the destruction of the jug he heard a great commotion in the pen, and looking in saw the two pigs capering about in a curious way. They ran up and down, squealed, skipped, and bumped against one another as if they didn't see straight, and had no control of their legs.

Jimmie was much amused for a few minutes, but when one staggered to the trough and began to lap something there, and the other tumbled down and could not get up, he understood the cause of these antics.

"Oh, dear! I let the whisky run into the trough, and those bad pigs are tippy! What shall I do?"

He watched them an instant, and then added in a sober tone, as he shook his head sadly, "That's just the way father does, lively first, then cross, then stupid. They don't look funny to me now, and I'm sorry for 'em. They will be dreadfully ashamed when they get sober. I'm glad there isn't any wife and little son to be scared and mortified and sorry over 'em. I'll talk to 'em and tell 'em what the man said in the temperance lecture we went to last night. Maybe it will do 'em good."

So Jimmy mounted the chopping-block close by, and repeated all he could remember, making a funny jumble, but being very much in earnest, and quite unconscious that he had another hearer beside the pigs:

"My friends, rum is an awful thing. People who drink are slaves. They are worse than dumb beasts who don't drink. (Yes, they do; but that was my fault.) Half the sin and sorrow in the world come from rum. Men waste their money, neglect their families, break their wives' hearts, and set a bad example to their children. People better die than drink; than make brutes of themselves. Lots of money is wasted. Folks kill other folks when they are drunk, and steal, and lie, and do every bad thing. Now, my friends, (I mean you pigs), turn from your evil ways, and drink no more. (I'll smash the jug behind the barn next time, where even the hen's can't find it.) Rise in your manhood, and free yourselves from this awful slavery. (They are both fast asleep, but I'll help 'em up when they wake.) Lead better lives, and don't let those who love you suffer shame and fear and grief for your weakness. (I do love you old fellows, and I am so sorry to see you make such pigs of yourselves.) Here is the pledge; come and sign it. Keep it all your lives, and be good men. (I mean pigs.)"

Here Jimmy smiled, but he meant what he said, and pulling out of his pocket a piece of paper and a pencil, he jumped down to use the block as a desk, saying, as he wrote in big letters, "They shall have a pledge, and they can make a mark as people do who can't write. I'll make it short, so they can understand it, and I know they will keep it, for I shall help them."

So busy was the boy with his work that he never saw a man steal from behind the pen where he had been listening, and laughing at Jimmy's lecture, till something seemed to change the smiles to tears, for, as he peeped over the lad's shoulder, he saw how wor n