



## CAUSE AND EFFECT.

**ACQUAINTANCE TO CONSTABLE.**—Why, Simpson, old man, you're getting uncommonly thin. What's the matter? You used to be as plump as a partridge: Not in love, are you?  
**POLICEMAN.**—Well, no; it's not exactly that as is the cause of it, Bill, but the fact is my young 'oman's changed her situation and is cookin' for a Scotch family now.

—S.

## COLD AS CHARITY.

LAUDABLE OBJECTS MUST BE ENCOURAGED.

## SCENE I.

*Place:* Boston. *Persons:* Wealthy citizen and clergyman.

**CLERGYMAN.**—Good morning, sir: I have called on you, knowing your benevolent disposition and feeling that you would blame me if I failed to apply to you, to inform you of a sad case of poverty and misfortune in my parish. A brother clergyman with whom you were acquainted has died and left his family in almost destitute circumstances: He was a most exemplary Christian and impoverished himself by his many acts of generosity and charity, and now, having been suddenly called away by death, he has left his family, a wife and six small children, dependent on the kindness of those who may be willing to help them.

**WEALTHY CITIZEN.**—Hm! ha; very imprudent conduct of Mr.—Mr.

**CLERGYMAN.**—Freemaine—

**W. C.**—Yes, Mr. Freemaine: very injudicious of him to help others and neglect his own family: highly imprudent. He's dead you say?

**CLERG.**—Yes: he died ten days ago, and I—  
**W. C.**—Most imprudent to die with a family so illy provided for. He was a good man, I believe?

**CLERG.**—An excellent man.

**W. C.**—Well, what do you wish me to do?

**CLERG.**—Any pecuniary aid to relieve the immediate necessities of the widow—a refined lady—and orphans, will be most thankfully accepted. I—

**W. C.**—Tut, tut, tut: It is just such promiscuous charity as Mr. Freemaine practised that is the cause of so much distress. Why should I be called upon to assist a family because a gentleman has been so—so imprudent and so—yes, so injudicious as to die at such an inconvenient time? Why should I be expected to relieve their wants; eh? tell me that, sir.

**CLERG.**—Your wealth, sir, and your—

**W. C.**—Pooh pooh! That is my affair. Well: I'll see what I can do; I may probably use my influence to obtain some employment

for Mrs. Freemaine; she is educated, you tell me?

**CLERG.**—Highly educated and a most refined and cultured lady.

**W. C.**—Hm! Yes: well I'll see about it. Possibly my cook may be leaving at the end of next month, and if, on enquiry, I find the lady all you have said she is, I may, I say I may possibly offer her the vacant situation.

**CLERG.**—You cannot mean it: I am sure she could not accept so menial a position.

**W. C.**—Nonsense: stuff. Beggars musn't be choosers. Good-morning, sir. Here are some tickets for the soup kitchen for the children. They may be hungry. Good morning, sir, good morning.

*The visitor is shown out.]*

## SCENE II.

*Place.* The same as in Scene 1. *Persons:* Same wealthy citizen and visitor.

**VISITOR.**—Ha, Mr. Lucre, glad I found you in. We are getting up a subscription for a new School of Art which will add to Boston's already enviable reputation as the home of Culture and Refinement. We look to you for assistance, sir. Think of it; a magnificent building, at once an ornament and a credit to our city.

**W. C.**—Yes, a most laudable concern. Boston may well be proud of the name she has gained—

**VISITOR.**—Yes, and of the munificence of her citizens, of her wealthy inhabitants, sir, who, like yourself, do so much to enable her to sustain her reputation. How much may I put you down for, sir?

**W. C.**—Well, let me see. Yes, say five dollars.

**VISITOR.**—Five dollars! Surely sir, you are joking—

**W. C.**—Five dollars is ample, Good morning, sir.

*[Bows him out]*

## SCENE III.

*Place:* Same as in 1 and 2. *Persons:* Same wealthy citizen and deputation of other citizens more or less wealthy.

**SPOKESMAN.**—I'm sure you will see the propriety of what we are doing, Mr. Lucre: A most praiseworthy scheme, I feel it to be.

**W. C.**—Ha! what may it be?

**SPOKES.**—We are raising funds for a grand banquet to be tendered to Mr. John Lawrence Sullivan on his return from his glorious tour: Mr. Sullivan, sir, our own John: our pet, our pride.

**W. C.**—Indeed! You will not find me behindhand in assisting to further so laudable a design. Mr. Sullivan must be encouraged: he is an honor to Boston. Certainly, certainly, I am with you: You may command me.

**SPOKES.**—We purpose in addition to banqueting him and his friends, Messrs. Slado, Mace, Sheriff, and the rest, to present him with some substantial token of our respect, and this we have decided shall take the shape of a magnificent jewelled trophy for his bar-room—

**W. C.**—By all means; proceed.

**SPOKES.**—And at the same time we wish to make up a purse for each one of the victorious baseball nine, the present holders of the Championship of America; the Bostons, sir: we feel that we should testify our sense of the honor they have done us in—by—in fact—in being Bostonians.

**W. C.**—Most decidedly. Put me down for \$5000 for Mr. Sullivan's banquet, and \$300 towards the base ballists' purse.

**THE WHOLE DEPUTATION.**—Magnanimous! Generosity itself! Thank you, sir, thank you, Heaven will reward you. Good morning, good morning.

*(Exeunt)*

Swiz.

## THE POISONED CHALICE.

A TRUE TEMPERANCE STORY.

Some score and a half of the members of the Pick-Me-Up Temperance Organization were assembled in their room one evening awaiting the opening of the usual weekly exercises when a young, tall, finely-built, intellectual-looking man entered the chamber and took a seat near those already present. At the moment of his entrance, Brother Budge, the financial secretary, was holding forth on the evils of strong drink and the danger of giving way to temptation, he urged his hearers never to take the first drop as therein lay the downfall of so many weak "humming beings," as the worthy brother called them.

"You are right, sir," said the new arrival, rising and addressing the speaker, "It is the first glass that does it."

"Ha: welcome, brother, welcome," exclaimed Brother Budge, grasping the other's hand. "do you join our order to-night?"

"I do. I feel that therein alone is safety," was the reply.

"Ours is a strictly temperit organization," said Bro. Budge, "we don't allow nothink to be drunk; not even cider."

"Ha! why cider is as bad as rum; aye, as bad as the red, red rum," exclaimed the young man, his eyes flashing. "Cider was what I first drank."

"Look not on the cider," sniffed a sister in a Mother Hubbard cloak, "beware the cider: it stingeth like an adder."

"Aye, indeed, Sister Smooch," cried Bro. Budge, "and biteth like a sarpint. So cider caused you to fall, eh, brother?" turning to the new comer.

"Listen. I will tell you all," and drawing himself up to his full magnificent stature and glancing proudly round on the brethren who drew near to hear him, the young man began: "Till I attained the age of eighteen years no liquor of any kind had passed my lips; not even cider: ha! they might tell me that it would not hurt an infant and was but the juice of apples, but I knew that the demon linked within the poisoned chalice."

"Hear, hear," grunted the chaplain, the expression "poisoned chalice" going straight to where it did the most good. "True, brother, true. King Alkyhole dwelleth in the cider cup; yea verily," and he blew his nose sonorously.

"Aye, that does it," continued the speaker; "As I said, eighteen years had passed ere the tempter crossed my path."

Groans from a group of sisters, and "Retro, Sathanas," from the latest neophyte, a classical medical student, whose employer a homoeopathic physician, had found the alcohol used in his business cbbing faster in the bottle than circumstances seemed to call for, and who had persuaded his assistant to join the P. M. U. T. O.

"When I was eighteen years and four months old, the tempter tempted me and—I fell."

Sobs from the sisters and "be of good cheer, brother," from the chaplain.

"He came to me in the guise of a deacon; a worthy deacon of the church, carrying a tin pail of cider fresh from the press: he offered me a drink from his pail—"

"Ah! brother, why didst thou not cry aloud for strength?" groaned the chaplain.

"I did," was the reply, "thrice I resisted his offer but he pressed me to quaff from the insidious bowl; in other words, from the tin pail. I was thirsty—"

"Pore young man; pore young man," murmured an elderly sister who was eating peppermint drops, and who had an eye to the eminent vice-herald's chair, "pore young man."

"I was thirsty," went on the speaker, "and I drank; drank deeply. The deacon laughed at my scruples and again pressed the tin pail