

A wee one in this place who was being trotted on her grandmother's knee suddenly discovering the wrinkles on the good dame's face, exclaimed: Oh! grandma! I see a lot o' little tucks on oo face!"

Professor to a class in surgery—"The right leg of the patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of this kind?" Bright student—"Limp too."

A maiden lady to her little nephew: "Now, Johnny, you go to bed early, and always do so, and you'll be rosy-cheeked and handsome when you grow up." Johnny, thought over this a few minutes and then observed: "Well, aunty, you must have sat up a good deal when you were young."

A precocious boy was asked which was the greater evil of the two, hurting another's feelings or his finger. He said the former. "Right my dear child," said the gratified questioner. "And why is it worse to hurt the feelings?" "Because you can't tie a rag around them," explained the dear child

The teller of a bank in New York reports the following incident: A German citizen, approaching the window, requested that a cheque payable to the order of Schweitzer case be cashed. Ja, dot's me," he nodded reassuringly, in answer to the teller's look of enquiry. "But I don't know that you are Mr. Schweitzer case. You must get yourself identified," said the teller. "How vas dot?" asked the German citizen, with a puzzled look. "You must get some one to identify you," repeated the bank officer. "I don't know you." "Ah, ja!" cried Hans, much relieved, "Dot's all right. I don't know you, neider."

An American who had a jolly German friend wished to become acquainted with the German's charming wife. "Vell," said the German, "dot vill pe all righdt." After a time the German led him over to where the lady was sitting with a number of friends, "Katrina," said the husband, "you know dot man?" "No," said Katrina, modestly. "Vell, dot's him!"

PLUCK AND PERSEVERANCE.—Less than five years ago we made the acquaintance of Clara S. Foltz. She had just commenced the practice of law, in debt, with a family of five children to support and educate. It looked like a big job. Again we see her in her *bijou* of an office, with an efficient clerk, surrounded by clients, and a man eager to pay her \$10,000 for one little bit of her own land, and we learn indirectly that she holds bonds and mortgages that would make some men-lawyers proud and happy. Every woman on the coast is proud of Clara. She is a model housekeeper in her own home, and has a servant to do her bidding.—*ib.*

For Girls and Boys.

TELLING FORTUNES.

I will tell you two fortunes, my fine little lad,
For you to accept or refuse;
The one of them good, the other one bad;
Now hear them, and say which you choose.

I see by my gifts, within reach of your hand,
A fortune right fair to behold,—
A house and a hundred good acres of land,
With harvest fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard, with boughs hanging down
With apples, green, russet, and red;
I see droves of cattle, some white and some brown,
But all of them sleek and well fed.

I see flocks of swallows about the barn door,
See the fanning-mill whirling so fast;
I see them threshing the wheat on the floor—
And now the bright picture has passed!

And I see, rising dismally up in the place
Of the beautiful house and the land,
A man with a fire-red nose on his face,
And a little brown jug in his hand!

Oh, if you beheld him, my lad, you would wish
That he were less wretched to see;
For his boot-toes they gape like the mouth of a fish,
And his trousers are out at the knee!

In walking he staggers, now this way, now that,
And his eyes they stand out like a bug's;
And he wears an old coat and a battered-in hat,
And I think that the fault is the jug's.

For the text says—the drunkard shall come to be poor,
And that drowsiness clothes men in rags,
And he don't look much like a man, I am sure,
Who has honest hard cash in his bags.

Now, which will you have: to be thrifty and snug,
To be right side up with your dish;
Or go with your eyes like the eyes of a bug,
And your shoes like the mouth of a fish?

—Alice Cary.

NEVER SWEAR.

1. It is mean. A boy of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear.
2. It is vulgar—altogether too low for a decent boy.
3. It is cowardly—implying a fear of not being believed or obeyed.
4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a genteel man—well-bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear than go into the street to throw mud with a chimney-sweep.
5. It is indecent—offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.
6. It is foolish. "Want of decency is want of sense."
7. It is abusive—to the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person at whom it is aimed.
8. It is venomous—showing a boy's heart to be a nest of vipers; and every time he swears one of them sticks out his head.
9. It is contemptible—forsaking the respect of all the wise and good.
10. It is wicked—violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who taketh His name in vain.—*Ex.*

THE FOUR TRIALS.

There was once an old monk who was walking through a forest with a little scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants close at hand. The first was beginning to peep above the ground; the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth; the third was a small shrub; whilst the fourth and last was a full-sized tree. Then the old monk said to his young companion:

"Pull up the first."

The youth easily pulled it up with his fingers.

"Now pull up the second."

The youth obeyed, but not so easily.

"And the third."

But the boy had to put forth all his strength and use both arms before he succeeded in uprooting it.

"And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the fourth."

But lo! the trunk of the tall tree (grasped in the arms of the youth) scarcely shook its leaves; and the little fellow found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth.

Then the wise old monk explained to his scholar the meaning of the four trials.

"This, my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are young and weak, one may, by a little watchfulness over self, and the help of a little self-denial, easily tear them up, but if we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, then no human power can uproot them; the almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out.

"For this reason, my child, watch over the first movement of your soul, and study by acts of virtue to keep your passions well in check."—*Witness.*