



AT A FASHIONABLE RESTAURANT.

JACK (who has just treated his friend to the dinner of the establishment): Pretty good dinner for fifty cents, eh?
 HIS FRIEND: First rate. Let's have another.

How a Father Was Cured of Drinking.

One day in a familiar instruction a priest said: "Do you wish to convert a family? Bring in its midst a soul who knows how to suffer."

"Do you wish to bring back to God a soul that is dear to you? Suffer for it."

These words were heard by a little girl who had just made her first communion. How could she comprehend them? God knows the secret of it.

The poor little child had often seen her mother weep and blush with shame, when, almost every evening, her father came home stupefied with wine.

On the day when the efficacy of suffering was revealed to her, she said to her mother, embracing her with an effusive tenderness which thrilled the poor wife: "Mother be happy, father will soon cease to make you weep."

And the next day at the noon meal—the only one which brought the family together—she took some porridge with a piece of bread, and refused anything more.

"Are you sick?" asked the mother with astonishment.

"No, mother."

"Eat, then," said the father.

"Not to-day, father."

They believed it a whim, and thought to punish the child by leaving her pouting unnoticed.

In the evening the father returned as usual intoxicated. The child who had gone to bed, but had not slept, heard him swear and began to cry. It was the first time oaths had made her weep.

The next day, like the preceding, at dinner she refused everything but bread and water.

The mother became uneasy, the father angry.

"I wish that you would eat," he said, angrily.

"No," replied the child firmly, "not as long as you will become intoxicated, swear, and make my mother cry. I have promised the good God, and I wish to suffer that God may not punish you."

The father hung his head. That evening he returned home quietly, and the little one was charmingly bright and winning, and no longer refused to eat.

The habit again overcame the father. The child's fast recommenced.

This time the father could say nothing; a large tear rolled down his cheek, and he ceased to eat. The mother also wept. The child alone remained calm.

Rising from the table he clasped his little daughter in his arms, saying:

"Poor martyr! Will you always do thus?"

"Yes, father; till I die, or you are converted."

"My child, my child! I will never more give your mother cause to weep."

A little boy, six years old, was sent to school last week for the first time, and on his return home asked his papa, "Who taught the first man his letters?"

A lady said to her guests: "Make yourselves comfortable, and do exactly as if you were at home. As I am at home myself, I wish with all my heart that you were, too."

A mediocre painter, who considered himself quite a distinguished artist, wished to fresco the ceiling of his hall. "I will whitewash it first," he said, "and then paint it." One of his hearers remarked, "I think you would do better to paint it first, and then to whitewash it."

Habitant—"I wish to sell my house and lot." Real Estate Agent—"All right, give me a description." Owner (next day)—"I've decided not to sell that place." Agent—"What's up?" Owner—"After reading your advertisement on its advantages, I couldn't think of parting with such property."

Fond Father: "I declare, Aggie, you are a perfect fac simile of your mother when she was your age."

Aggie (just home from boarding-school): "Please call me, Agonies, papa. As you say, I presume I am a fah simmeel of mamma in her younger days."

Fond Father (communing with himself in the woodshed a few moments later): "Papa! Mamma! Agonies! Fah simmeel! Great Scott! Is that what I pay \$150 a term for?"

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