

## For Girls and Boys.

## WHAT IT COSTS.

A gentleman was walking in Regent's Park, in London, and he met a man whose only home was in the poorhouse. He had come out to take the air, and excited the gentleman's interested attention.

"Well, my friend," said the gentleman, getting into conversation, "it is a pity that a man like you should be situated where you are. Now may I ask how old you are?"

The man said he was eighty years of age.

"Had you any trade before you became penniless?"

"Yes, I was a carpenter."

"Did you use intoxicating drink?"

"No, oh, no, I only took my beer; never anything stronger; nothing but my beer."

"How much did your beer come to a day?"

"Oh, a sixpence a day, I suppose."

"For how long a time?"

"Well, I suppose for sixty years."

The gentleman had taken out his note-book, and continued figuring with his pencil while he went on talking with the man.

"Now, let me tell you," said he as he finished his calculations, "how much that beer cost you, my man. You can go over the figures yourself." And the gentleman demonstrated that the money, at six-pence a day for sixty years, expended in beer, would, if it had been saved and placed at interest, have yielded him nearly eight hundred dollars a year, or an income of fifteen dollars per week for self-support.

"Let me tell you how much a gallon of whiskey cost," said a judge after trying a case. "One gallon of whiskey made two men murderers; it made two wives widows, and made eight children orphans."

"Oh! it's a costly thing."—*Dr. Richard Newton.*

## A SNAKE IN THE GLASS.

BY JOHN G. SANE.

Come, listen a while to me, my lad;  
Come, listen to me a spell;  
Let that terrible drum  
For a moment be dumb,  
For your uncle is going to tell  
What befel  
A youth that loved liquor too well.

A clever young man was he, my lad,  
And with beauty uncommonly blessed,  
Ere with brandy and wine  
He began to decline,  
And behave like a person possessed.  
I protest,  
The temperance plan is the best.

One evening he went to the tavern my lad—  
He went to the tavern one night,—  
And, drinking too much  
Rum, brandy and such,  
The chap got exceedingly "tight,"  
And was quite  
What your aunt would entitle a "fright."

The fellow fell into a snooze, my lad;  
'Tis a horrible slumber he takes:  
He trembles with fear  
And acts very queer.  
My eyes! how he shivers and shakes  
When he wakes  
And raves about great horrid snakes!

'Tis warning to you and me, my lad,  
A particular caution to all,  
Though no one can see  
The viper but he,  
To hear the poor lunatic howl,  
"How they crawl  
All over the floor and the wall!"

The next morning he took to his bed, my lad—  
Next morning he took to his bed—  
And he never got up  
To dine or to sup,  
Though properly physicked and bled,  
And I read,  
Next day, the poor fellow was dead.

You have heard of the snake in the grass, my lad,  
Of the viper concealed in the grass,  
But you must know  
Man's deadliest foe  
Is a snake of a different class;  
Alas!  
'Tis the viper that lurks in the glass.

## Our Casket.

## BITS OF TINSEL.

A disappointed young man says he wishes he was a rumor, because a rumor soon gains currency, which he has never been able to do.

"Have you," asked the Judge of a recently convicted man, "anything to offer the Court before sentence is passed?" "No, your honor," replied the prisoner, "my lawyer took my last cent."

Mr. Haven Tenney was called as a witness in a Delaware court, and when the judge asked him his name and he answered: "Haven Tenney," the judge remarked that every man has a name, the witness was trying to insult the court, and was therefore fined \$10.

At an evening party one of the guests preserved a strict silence, no matter what might be the subject of conversation. Theodore Hook at last advanced to him and said: "If you are a fool you are a wise man; if you are a wise man you are a fool."

Little Florence was besieging her father to take her to visit her grandmother, who lived some miles distant. To get rid of her importuning he said: "It costs \$10 every time we go to see grandmother, Florence, and \$10 don't grow on every bush." "Neither do grandmas grow on every bush," answered the little girl promptly, and her logic was convincing. They went.

"What is the price of axle grease?" asked a new clerk of a grocery dealer; "There is no mark on it." "It depends on your customer. If he asks for axle-grease charge him fifteen cents a pound, but if he wants butter, make it thirty-eight cents."

Mlle. Lillie, seeing a certain friend of the family arrive for dinner, showed her joy by all sorts of affectionate caresses.

"You are glad when I come to dinner?" said the invited guest.

"Oh, yes!" replied the little girl.

"You love me a great deal, then?"

"Oh, it isn't for that. Only when you come we always have chocolate creams!"

"What is you doin' to be, Tommy, when you dit a man?"

"I dun know. What is you doin' to be?"

"Why, I'm doin' to be a liver'-stable man, so I kin ride in a horse and buggy every day."

"Oh, I know what I'm doin' to be! I's doin' to be preacher, so I can dit chickens to eat all the time, and poun' cake too."

The following which we find in the *National American* is to the point:—

Deacon—"My son, I have told you repeatedly that you must not use profane language." "I know it, governor, but prohibition doesn't prohibit. Here's a dollar for a month's permission to cuss. We will try 'regulation.'"

Deacon—"All right, son, but don't cuss after midnight nor on Sunday, and be very careful to keep a good moral character."