

## BITS OF TINSEL

Died in the Wool—Mary's famous little lamb.

The latest thing in evening dress—a night-dress.

*Inquisitive boy*: "Been fishin,' eh; did you catch anything?"

*Second boy*: "Not until I got home."

"We're very proud of our ancestry, you know." "Yes; but how would your ancestry feel about you!"

A French lady, on her arrival to this country, was careful to eat only such dishes as she was acquainted with; and being pressed to partake of a dish new to her, she politely replied, "No, thank you; I can eat only my acquaintances."

It is wrong to laugh at the crooked legs of the young man in tight trousers, but it is perfectly proper to laugh at the tight trousers upon the man with crooked legs.

A little Scotch boy, about four or five years old, was ill of fever, and the doctor ordered his head to be shaved. The little fellow was unconscious at the time, and knew nothing of it. A few days after, when he was convalescent, he happened to put his hand to his head, and after an amazed silence, shrieked out, "Mither! mither! my head's barefoot!"

Theodore Hook, after having been frightfully crammed at an Aldermanic feed, being asked to be helped again, replied, "No, thank you, I don't want any more, but I will take the rest in money, if you please."

## A BRAVE BOY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I like to read of heroes. I like to see men who have done heroic deeds. I feel strengthened by thinking of what they have done. It acts as a tonic to one's moral nature.

Not long since I saw a hero. I was a witness of his brave deed, and I felt a warm glow at my heart a hundred times since at the thought of it. But the deed of bravery was one the papers said nothing about. They would not have considered it worth mentioning, I suppose; but I do, and I am going to write it down to help others who may be tempted as this boy was. For my hero was only a boy; but there is the making of a strong man in him.

It happened in this way: I was walking down the street and stopped in front of a saloon to talk with a friend. As we stood there two boys came along.

"Come in and have something to drink," said one of them.

"Thank you," was the reply, "but I never drink."

"Oh! temperance, are you?" said the other, that had a suspicion of a sneer in it.

"Yes," answered the boy bravely. "I don't believe in drinking liquor."

"Well, you needn't drink liquor if you don't want to," said his companion. "Take some lemonade."

"Not in a saloon," was the other's reply.

"Why not?" asked his friend. "It won't make you drunk because they sell whisky over the same bar, will it?"

"I don't suppose it would," was the reply. "But saloons are bad places, and I don't believe in patronizing them."

"What a moral young fellow you are!" said his friend, with contempt in his words. "Do you intend to preach when you get to be a man?"

"No, I don't expect to," was the reply. "But I intend to make a man of myself; and I never knew a fellow to amount to much who got into the habit of frequenting saloons."

"I haven't asked you to hang about saloons, have I?" demanded his friend angrily. "One would think from what you say that I asked you to get drunk."

"You didn't ask me to get drunk," was the reply, "but you *have* asked me to take the first step in that direction. If I drank now, I would probably drink again. How long would it be before I got the habit formed of drinking liquor?"

Some other young fellows had come up by this time, and the one who had invited his friend to drink, turned to them and said:

"You've come just in time to hear a temperance lecture. Go on, Bob; maybe you can convert these chaps." Then they laughed.

But Bob did not get angry. He looked them bravely in the face and said:

"I suppose you think I am 'soft' because I won't drink. I know *you* think it foolish because I refused to go into the saloon and have a glass of lemonade" (to his friend); "but I don't, and I am not afraid to stand up for what I think is right. If you want to drink, you will do it, I suppose, in spite of anything I could say against it, but you can't coax or laugh me into doing it. I want to have my own respect, and I shouldn't have it if I drank, for I don't believe it is right to drink whisky. *You* think, I suppose, that I am a coward in not drinking, but *I* think I should prove myself a coward in doing it."

Wasn't I glad to hear the boy say that? I couldn't help going to him and telling him so.

"Thank you," said he, looking pleased at what I said. "I mean to be a man, and I know I shouldn't be if I got to drinking."

He was right. God bless the young hero! I wish there were thousands more like him.—*Youth's Temperance Banner*.

## WHY HE DID IT?

At the age of seventy-two years, Mr. P. T. Barnum is as active as a young man, and carries on a peculiarly difficult business, involving an expenditure of a million dollars per annum.

Thirty-five years ago he was in danger of dying prematurely and shamefully. He was a hard drinker. Not that he became intoxicated. He merely drank, as other men than drank, a great deal of strong liquor every day.

He told an interviewer lately that he had probably used as a beverage more intoxicating liquor in his lifetime than any other man in Bridgeport, although for the past twenty years he has been a strict teetotaler.

About the year 1847, when his show business had become large, and he had opportunity to observe a good deal of human nature, he began first to notice the curious effect of alcoholic drink upon the judgment of persons who used it. He saw business men commit ruinous mistakes when only slightly under its influence.

He noticed that one glass of liquor often made men say *Yes*, when they could only escape failure by saying *No*. Alcohol in the brain can make a prudent man sanguine, and a confident man timid. No brain can be trusted when it is under its influence.

The acute Yankee saw this, and he was well aware that in the show business, a single mistake might bring ruin upon the best enterprise. He began to check his propensity, and after some time stopped drinking strong liquor altogether, and took merely a little wine at dinner.

In 1853, he invited the late Dr. Chapin to lecture upon temperance at Bridgeport, when the orator made so convincing an argument for total abstinence that Mr. Barnum could not get away from it.

He tossed all night upon his pillow thinking of the subject. The next day he threw away all the wine he had in the house, and signed the pledge, which he has kept ever since.

"And now," said he, "there is not in the country a healthier youth than I."—*Youth's Companion*.

## HEART'S EASE.

"Now, which would you be, my darling,  
Of all the flowers that blow?  
A rose, or a waxen lily,  
With petals as pure as snow?"

"A pansy, a cheerful daisy,  
A pink-and-white sweet-pea,  
Or a turf of fragrant clover—  
If you might, which would you be?"

She paused—it was only a moment—  
Her brows knitted tight in thought,  
While she inwardly conned the lessons—  
The winds and the flowers had taught.

Then she spoke in her own quaint fashion,  
And her words so true were these:  
"Why, just what *I am*, dear mother,  
Your own little bright heart's-ease."

—Selected.