

Our Basket.

JEWELS.

"Hold the Fort for prohibition!"
Freedom signals still;
Answer back to her petition,
"By our votes we will!"

"Better be mum
And always dumb,
Than pray with some—
Thy Kingdom come!
Then vote for rum."

Vote as you pray,
And haste the day
When whiskey's sway
Shall, as it may,
Be done away.

How often one dead joy appears
The platform of some better hope!
And, let us own, the sharpest smart
Which human patience may endure
Pays light for that which leaves the heart
More generous, dignified and pure.

If a young man begins at the age of twenty years to drink but one glass of beer a day, at five cents a glass, by the time he is forty years of age, he will have spent \$1,222.75.

Reflection is an angel that points out the errors of the past, and gives us courage to avoid them in the future.

It is hard to act a part long, for, where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or another.

It does not follow that you must do a mean thing to a man who has done a mean thing to you. The old proverb runs, "Because the cur has bitten me, shall I bite the cur?"

Good luck is good sense and good courage with industry, inspired by noble impulses, guided by intelligence and fore-thought. Bad luck is laziness, stupidity, carelessness, recklessness. It is but another name for the penalty for bad management.

The Bishop of Manchester said: Anything more frightful than that which anyone may see in the streets of Manchester, where public-houses and spirit vaults most abound, it was impossible to conceive. *He would as soon keep a brothel as a spirit house.*

That able exponent of prohibition, the Toledo Blade, recently called to its aid the oldest and most reputable physicians of the city of Toledo, in its efforts to "pulverize the rum power." They are unanimous in agreeing that the effects of beer upon the system are injurious, and one goes so far as to say that 49 out of 50 cases of Bright's disease are brought about by the use of beer.

BITS OF TINSEL.

Teacher—"Can you tell me which is the olfactory organ?"
Pupil—"No, sir." Teacher—"Correct." Pupil goes off in a brown study.

Speaking of feats of strength reminds us that we saw a Fort Wayne man knock down a horse and two cows the other day. He was an auctioneer.

"Money does everything for a man," said an old gentleman, pompously. "Yes," replied the other one, "but money won't do as much for a man as some men will do for money."

A little boy was asked by his mother to go to the store and get some eggs. He went, and on his return he dropped them. His mother asked him if he had broken any of them. He replied: "No; but the shells came off of some."

Scarcely a week passes without the record of some wonderful surgical operation. Sally Brown was recently taken in hand, had a broken knee and dislocated rib taken out and new ones put in, and she is now as good as ever. It may not injure the story much to add that the Sally is a canal boat.

The servant of a Prussian officer one day met a crony, who inquired of him how he got along with his fiery master. "Oh, excellently," answered the servant; "we live on very friendly terms; every morning we beat each other's coats, the only difference is he takes his off to be beaten, and I keep mine on."

A little boy, hearing some one remark that nothing was quicker than thought, said: "I know something that is quicker than thought." "What is it, Johnny?" asked his pa. "Whistling," said Johnny. "When I was at school, yesterday, I whistled before I thought."

An old time clergyman of Eastern Connecticut was very quick at repartee. Once, when on an exchange, he was annoyed to find the room so dark, and beckoning to a person near the pulpit he asked him to open the blinds and let in more light. "We expect light from you," exclaimed the gentleman. "But I must get it from Heaven first," was the quick rejoinder.

It is said that a certain party recently stepped into a saloon and called for a glass of beer. A lady followed the would-be imbiber and, as he was about to take the glass, tapped him gently on the shoulder and requested him to go with her. He complied, and as the two marched toward the door the saloon keeper recovered sufficiently from his amazement to ejaculate: "That beats the devil!" The lady turned and put the clincher on by reporting. "Yes, sir, it was my intention to 'beat the devil!'"

At the close of prayer meeting in a Connecticut church, a deacon gave notice that a church business meeting would immediately be held, and he would be glad if all the brethren would remain and attend it. All of a sudden it occurred to him that perhaps the ladies who were present would not desire to go home without their customary male escort. So, in a nervous and fluttering way, he announced, "There is no objection to the female brethren remaining." The "female brethren" and the male brethren too, heartily joined in a titter of laughter at the expense of the embarrassed deacon.

For Girls and Boys.

AN EVENING'S AMUSEMENT.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

In this country home Frank Merriam had been regarded as a boy; but in the large town to which he had come to seek his fortune he was recognized as a young man. There he began at the very foot of the ladder, determined to work his way up.

"How far up?" asked one who had known him from childhood, and to whom he had expressed this determination:

"So far up that I can look level into the eyes of men who now look down upon me," he replied.

"That is not a bad ambition; but there is a better. Go so far up that by the edge of faith you can look forward confidently to the reward awaiting all those who choose the good and avoid the evil."

It was easy to begin at the foot of the ladder, but as he worked on, day after day, a stranger in a strange place, he longed for the sight of familiar faces and the sound of familiar voices.

Anything like comradeship offered strong attractions to him, and, strangely, most of those who sought his acquaintance were the very ones he should have avoided. At last, when especially weary with the monotony of this work, he was urged by some young men boarding in the same house with himself to join them and a party of friends for an evening's amusement.

He was quite sure the amusement was not such as his mother would approve, but he was in too reckless a mood to allow that to influence him. He must have some recreation, and he was old enough to decide for himself.

While waiting for his companions he turned carelessly the leaves of an old scrap-book lying on the table. It had belonged to his sister, now dead, and for that reason he counted it among his choicest treasures. The very sight of it was a silent plea against wrong-doing; but as he turned the leaves he found one still stronger:

"To every one there comes a moment to decide for the good or evil side. This may be the decisive moment with you who read this, and God grant you may decide wisely."

"I cannot go with you," said Frank Merriam when his name was called.

"Why not?" was asked in a tone of surprise.

"Because it would not be right for me to do so. It would be a new departure for me, and I have decided not to take it. I have never played a game of cards or tasted a drop of liquor in my life, and I should be foolish to begin now. Don't you think so?"