

CASIOPIA.

men come in and click their cut glass and drink to the announcement of flattering sentiments. But the young man cannot always find that kind of a place, yet he has a thirst, and it must be gratified. The down grade is steeper now, and he is almost at the bottom. Here they sit in an oyster cellar, around a card-table, wheezing, bloated, and bloodshot; with cards so greasy, you can hardly tell who has the best hand. But never mind, they are only playing for drink; shuffle

have got to pull them in! Let it be your cheerful place, the brightest room in your house. Do not wear your children's knees out with long prayers. Have the whole exercise spirited. If you have a melodeon, or an organ, or a piano in the house, have it open. There lead in prayers. If you cannot make a prayer of your own take "The Lord's Prayer," "Hear ye Prayers," or "the Episcopal Prayer-book,"—none better than that. Kneel down with your little ones morning and night, and commend them to

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Get out the Roget-book containing
roll of bills and large number of
checks and securities. Finder can
keep money if he will return paper.
Get out! You don't see a roll of bills
or a check once a year.
No but Bertha Bullion's father
takes the paper I advertised the loan
in, and he'll see that advertisement
soon.
Humph! Where did you get that
money to pay for that big ad?
Bertha loaned it to me, bless that
darling.

ready fought two duels.

WORSE THAN SERMONS.

Remember, said the good man, if there are sermons in stones.

Not in those that you run against with your bike, retorted the cynic, at the argument, was necessarily, at least, at hand.

He—Oh Miss Ethel, how can I ever tell you my love? She, wearily—You might try the long-distance telephone.

mights well quit school, papa, (the boy. - Why, my son? On, then, ain't any use going, except to be to help my little boy when I grow and if they have changed the way doing things since you were a tot and that you can't help me now, it's his I'm just wasting my time gettin ready to help my little boy. He the help he wanted, but it was a thing he didn't have what his father had to say about newfangled schools, looks after he had gone to bed.

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