

"I wish you would vote for him," retorted Mrs. Lambert as she went into the pantry after some flour, "that he wouldn't have any saloon to go to."

This was taken at once by Jimmie as his mother's permission to do the voting, forthwith, and slipping out of the door he was soon on his way to the town hall, carefully leading Mamie by the hand.

The usual question of license or no license was before the people, and as the contest was expected to be very close the excitement ran high. Each side had computed its forces, and was seeing their last man was brought in. The large room was full of men looking on, passing tickets, keeping tally of the voters, or discussing the situation in loud tones. Jimmie, still holding Mamie's hand timidly twitched a man's coat, and looked up in his face.

"I want to vote for my pa," he said.

"You are too small, my little man, to—"

"Who is it?" cried a second.

"Sam Lambert's children," responded some one.

"Lobbying for a new candidate!"

"Give him a vote!"

"Give the boy a chance!"

So ran the exclamations around the room.

"Give us a speech," said a brawny gunsmith. "What office does your pa want?" and so saying he stood the children side by side up on the judges' table.

All were hushed for a moment, in expectation of something to cause fresh merriment. Some who had just come in stood with their ballots in their hands, enjoying the diversion with the rest.

"Poor little things!" said one in a sympathising whisper, as if to suggest that the play had gone far enough. Jimmie's lips trembled, but he managed to say:

"I want to vote for my pa."

"Shimmie's doin' to fote for our pa," repeated Mamie, in a prompt, clear voice, "so 'e won't do to s'loon!"

The merriment was over. An almost painful awe crept over that assembly of men, as if in the voice of helpless childhood they had heard the voice of God.

"Won't none of yez help these babies?" cried an Irishman. "Sure, and I've a moind to help 'em meself."

"Give them some tickets!" shouted a voice. It was a happy thought, and no sooner said than done.

"I'll count for yez, me little man," continued the Irishman, and he took a ballot from Jimmie's hand, folded and voted it. Then what a wild hurrah went up from that crowd! An officer rapped for order.

"The boy has voted; now, who'll vote for the little girl?" cried the gunsmith.

"That's me!"

"I'm another!"

"I'm your man, little one!" And three hands were outstretched for ballots, drawing them from Mamie's closed fist.

Another cheer went up!

"You must remove the children, gentlemen, and stand back a little," commanded one of the judges, rising. As they were being lifted down another cheer arose, with cries of "Good!" "That's it!" and all eyes were turned to the cornet band teacher's blackboard, on which a local artist was sketching, in outline, the two children, with an inscription over and under, like this:

VOTERS, ATTENTION:

"PLEASE VOTE FOR OUR PA, SO'E WON'T GO T' S'LOONS!"

In vain did the other side try to dampen the enthusiasm. The children triumphed, and the prohibition board was elected by thirty-one majority. And so Jimmie did vote for his pa, and won!—*Church Banner.*

Our Casket.

JEWELS.

If I can put one touch of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God.—*George MacDonald.*

Christian charity is a calm, wise thing. It will sometimes appear to the superficial observer a very hard thing—for it has the courage to refuse.

If you had the abilities of all the great men, past and present, you could do nothing well, without sincerely meaning it, and setting about it.—*Bleak House.*

Death does not destroy, but catches, crystalizes, and makes permanent the character of a good man, leaving it a priceless bequest to society.—*Bishop Dagget.*

To grow old is quite natural; being natural it is beautiful; and if we grumble at it we miss the lesson, and lose all the beauty.—*Friewell.*

Every copy of a good newspaper put into a household is practical help toward the suppression of the bad. The people will read—give them good reading.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

Writes Gough:—"The children of this land are beyond all comparison the forces that should be first and last considered in all national, patriotic, municipal, family and individual aspirations and plans?"

BITS OF TINSEL.

The cook is the only man one will take sauce from.

Why is a colt like an egg? Because it's of no use till it's broken.

How does Pat propose to get over single blessedness? Why, he proposes to Bridge-it, of course.

When is a Chinese the most like a vegetable? Why, when a queue cumbars his head, of course.

MISTRESS: "Well, Bridget, is there a fire in my room?" Bridget (a new importation): "Sure, mim, yis, there's a fire—but it's out."

"Herr Meyers, I suppose you understood that every one was to bring along something to the picnic. What have you brought?" Herr Meyers: "My leetle twins, Hans and Jacob."

"Pat, you shot both barrels into a regular jam of ducks, but I don't believe you killed many," said the hunter's companion. "Oi didn't, didn't Oi?" exclaimed Pat. "Jus' look in the wather there, will yez? It's fairly alive wid dead wans?"

"May I have the pleasure of seeing you home?" he bashfully asked. Certainly, she graciously replied. "There is a high hill just in front of the house, or, if you prefer it, you can climb a big tree in the cow lot. Go anywhere where you can get a good view."

"Mamma, the weather is red hot," said a bright little boy. "It's pretty warm, sonny, but I don't think it is red hot." "Yes, it is. It says in the paper that the thermometer is at blood heat, and you know blood is red."

At an Indiana wedding the choir sang, "Come, ye disconsolate." The officiating clergyman, feeling awkward about it, attempted to mend matters by giving out a hymn, but unluckily struck into the one beginning, "Mistaken souls that dream of bliss."

"Now, then, Patrick," said the merchant to his new office boy, "suppose you go for the mail." "Yis, sor; an' what kind of male wud ye be wanting, Indian male or oat male?"

"My dear, look down below," said a grandioso as he stood on Brooklyn bridge with his wife, and gazed at a tug hauling a long line of barges. "Such is life—the tug is like a man, working and toiling, while the barges, like women, are—" "I know," interrupted Mrs. G., acridly, "the tug does all the blowing, and the barges bear all the burden."

"Does your head ever swim, Mr. Snifkins?" asked little Tom Popinjay of his sister's beau. "Yes, Tommy. I suffer occasionally from dizziness," replied the slim. "I thought so," said Tommy. "Pa said he would pitch you into the horse pond, only your head would keep you from sinking."

A story about a bishop. The Bishop of Limerick being in failing health, his physician recently told him it would be necessary for him to seek rest and change of air at Nice. The Bishop positively declined to do so. Then said the doctor, plainly: "My Lord, I tell you candidly that your case is a most serious one, and if you do not go to Nice you must very soon go to Heaven." "Oh, well, in that case," replied the Bishop, dismally, "I'll go to Nice."

A backwoodsman promised to send the minister fifty pounds of maple sugar for marrying him. Time passed on, and no maple sugar arrived to sweeten the minister's household. Some months later he saw the newly-married husband in town and ventured to remind him: "My friend, you did not send the maple sugar promised." With a saddened countenance the man looked up and replied, "To tell you the truth, governor, she ain't worth it."—*Quiz.*