

I heard of him often. "Poor fellow?" they said, "he drinks to much. He'll make a shipwreck of himself if he isn't careful."

His parents heard of what he was doing, and with sorrowful hearts they sought him out and urged him to go back to his country home with them. But he would not; he could not break away from the spell of the demon.

Last week the end came. Some men found him lying in the street one morning, after a night's debauch. They took him to a saloon, and he called for whisky. The saloon keeper gave it to him. He wanted more. It was given.

He drank glass after glass of the poisonous stuff. "He can have all he wants as long as he has money to pay for it," said the saloon keeper. When the poor fellow was so drunk that he could drink no more they put him in a back room to "sober off." When they went to see how he was getting along, some hours later, he was dead. He had died drunk.

And the end was—a drunkard's grave.—*Selected.*

FOG AND GROG.

Arthur was walking along the beach with his father one fine afternoon. He had been watching the bathers bobbing up and down, their red caps or flapping straw hats shining in the water like shoals of buoys in the ocean. Here and there he picked up a cork or a wine bottle, and at last his father pointed out to him a great hull of a vessel that had recently been wrecked. It had on it an immense load of coal—several hundred tons. You could now look into it and see piles of coal; but no one could get at it, and it would cost more to get it out than it was worth. So at last the coal was sold for \$11. "How did it happen to get wrecked?" asked Arthur. "I asked that question," replied his father, "of a gentleman with whom I walked to the wreck the day after the accident and I said to him, 'I suppose it was caused by fog.' He replied in one word to my question, and that word was, 'grog.' So, upon inquiry I learned that this was true; that the crew had been drinking, and of course with unsteady heads they could not steer the vessel in a straightforward course. Men make mistakes that end in ruin, and they often find that there is more danger in grog than in fog.—*Temperance Banner.*

Our Casket.

JEWELS.

There's no royal road to greatness;
Men must ever climb to fame;
All the miser's hoarded treasures
Could not buy a deathless name.
Is true honor's goal before you?
Would you great achievements dare?
Then at once be up and doing—
You must win if you would wear.

To Adam, Paradise was home. To the good among his descendants home is Paradise.

When a man has no desire but to speak plain truth he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.

Kind looks, kind words, kind acts, and warm hand shakes—these are secondary means of grace when men are in trouble and are fighting their unseen troubles.

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good, without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; for those who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

If it is but a small sacrifice for you to give up drinking wine do it for the sake of others; if it is a great sacrifice do it for your own.

BITS OF TINSEL.

The most afflicted part of the house is the window. It is always full of panes. And who has not seen more than once a window blind.

Why is it that people boot a dog, shoo a hen, and slipper round the corner when they see a creditor approaching?—*Chicago Sun.*

An English journal says that the life of married homes will be happier "when equal intellect and culture are to be found in husband and wife." Hurry up the husbands.

"How do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y?" asked the teacher of the dunce of the class. The boy replied, "It depends a good deal on whether the word refers to a person or a bee."

An old lady from the country goes for the first time to the opera. After a few solos the troupe all sing together. "Ah!" remarked the old lady, "they don't care now that they have got our money. See! all singing together so that they may get through sooner."—*Paris Figaro.*

Little Emma came running into the parlor yesterday evening, where her mother was entertaining young Mr. Duder until Miss Mary would complete her toilet and come down stairs, and cried out:

"Oh, mamma! Johnny is dot Mary's teet and won't give 'em to her."

"Brilliant and impulsive people," said a lecturer on physiognomy, "have black eyes, or, if they don't have 'em, they're apt to get them, if they're too impulsive."

A certain poetess is said to "make good jellies as well as good poetry." It is suggested that she also make a new departure—send her jellies to newspapers offices and can her poems.

An Austin man, who has just got out a book of poems, met Gilhooly, and the following proceedings were had: "Did you read my new book?" "Oh, yes, I read it." "How did you like it?" "My dear, sir, I assure you I laid it aside with a great deal of pleasure."

A young mother travelling with her infant child, writes the following letter to her husband at home. "We are in fine health. The boy can crawl on all fours. Hoping the same may be said of you, I remain, etc, Fanny."

Were you ever caught in a sudden squall?" asked an old yachtman of a worthy citizen. "Well, I guess so," responded the good man. "I have helped to bring up eight babies."

"Is it a sin," asked a fashionable lady of her spiritual director, "for me to feel pleasure when a gentleman says I am handsome?" "It really is, my daughter," he replied gravely; "we should never delight in falsehood."

And Irishman, speaking of a friend he met in the street said:—"He is so much altered that I scarcely know him. I am thin, and ye are thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together."

Campaign Songs.

PROHIBITION.

TUNE—Yankee Doodle—Key of A.

1. Prohibition is the theme,
The Temperance folks delight in;
The weapon that the traffic dreads,
The cause we know we're right in.
If you want to stop a man
From drinking rum and brandy,
Don't give a license to the shop
That always keeps it handy.

Chorus.—Prohibition is the song,
We'll shout it through the nation;
Prohibition to the wrong
Is right through all creation.

2. Prohibition is the law
To stop the crime of murder;
Don't you think it would be well
To go a little further—
Stop the cause and then the crime.
Will never have beginning;
The surest way to stop a sin,
Is just to stop the sinning.

Cho.—Prohibition is the song, etc.

—*Selected.*