

"If you don't settle for that suit of clothes you have on I shall begin a suit against you at once," said Snip, the tailor, to a delinquent customer. "Don't do it," answered the d. c. "This suit is good enough for me. One suit at a time is enough, I am no hog."—*Peck's Sun.*

The obliging visitor, to show that he really is fond of children; and that the dear little one is not annoying him in the least, treats the kid to a ride upon his knee. "Trot! trot! trot! How do you like that, my boy? Is that nice?" "Yes, sir," replied the child; "but not so nice as on the real donkey—the one with four legs."

Little Jack's aunt had not been quite pleasant toward him for a day or two because he was very noisy. At tea the other night he said all at once, "I wish we lived in England." "Well, what put that into your head?" inquired his father with curiosity. "Because, if we lived in England you couldn't marry Aunt Fanny when mother dies." Great astonishment of the family at the precocity of the child.

Sheridan once succeeded admirably in entrapping a noisy member who was in the habit of interrupting every speaker with cries of "Hear! hear!" Richard Brinsley took an opportunity to allude to a well-known political character of the time, whom he represented as a person who wished to play the rogue, but had only sense enough to play the fool. "Where," exclaimed Sheridan, in continuation, and with great emphasis—"Where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than this?" "Hear! hear!" was instantly bellowed from the accustomed bench. The wicked wit bowed, thanked the gentleman for his ready reply to the question, and sat down, amid convulsions of laughter from all but their unfortunate subject.

STALE JOKES.—On seeing a farm-laborer astride a gate, never say that he rides with a good style. Never call a turnpike-keeper the Colossus of roads. Never refer to a hedge as one who has a stiff stake in the bank, nor call a belfry a court of a peal. Never speak of hedge-carpenters pulling up pailings as two fellows fencing in a field. Never, in speaking of trees, joke about making a bough, or turning over a new leaf. A love of racing is not to be described as a thing of course, nor an angler as one who deserves the rod for taking such a line. Never allude to a man on a bridge as taking a place among his peers. Such jokes are considered somewhat antiquated.

For Girls and Boys.

OBEYING ORDERS.

A young man who was solicited to go to a drinking and gambling saloon answered his companions, "No, boys, I cannot do it. I have positive orders not to go there—orders that I dare not disobey."

"Oh! come along! Don't be so womanish; come along like a man," shouted the youths.

"No, boys, I can't do it. I must obey orders."

"What special orders have you got? Come, show them, if you can," shouted the crowd.

He took a neat little book from his pocket and read: "'Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away. For they sleep not except they have done mischief, and their sleep is taken away unless they cause some to fall.' Don't you see," he continued, "these are God's orders? and shall I dare disobey him?"

Oh, if all our young men would obey God's Word, they would be truly kept from temptation, and "delivered from evil."—*Morning and Day of Reform.*

MUST DRINK OR DIE.

One wintry afternoon a trembling man entered a tavern in New Hampshire, carrying a small package of clothing. Going to the bar, he said:

"Landlord, I am burning. Give me a good glass of gin."

The landlord pointed to a line of chalk marks, and said:

"John, you see the old score; not another drop till that is paid." The poor wretch glared fiercely at the man behind the bar.

"Landlord, you don't mean that. You have got my farm, you have got my horses, you have got my tools. All I have got in the world is this little bundle of clothes. Please, landlord, give me for them just one glass of gin."

"I don't want your old clothes," calmly answered the man.

"Pay the old score first."

The drunkard staggered back. A gentleman then said:

"What will you give me for enough to buy two glasses of gin? I see you have a good pair of boots on your feet. Will you give me your boots for ten cents?"

The miserable wretch hesitated for a moment, then said:

"Stranger, if I give you the boots, I must go out into the snow bare-footed. If I give you the boots, I must freeze to death; if I don't give them to you, I shall burn to death. Stranger, it is harder to burn to death than to freeze to death. Give me the gin, you may have the boots."

He sat down, and began to draw them off. The gentleman did not, however, intend to take them, but he was testing the strength of the terrible appetite. Other were looking on, and they said the man should have his gin. They supplied him liberally, and he drank all he could, and took the rest away. When night came he drank the last drop, and went to sleep in a barn. The frost king came, and the next morning the poor man was found in the barn frozen to death.—*Youth's Companion.*

DON'T SELL TO THEM.

One day a young man entered the bar room of a village tavern and called for a drink. "No," said the landlord, "you have had the delirium tremens once, and I cannot sell you any more."

He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited on them very politely. The other stood by silent and sullen, and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord and addressed him as follows.

"Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men are now. I was a man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few more glasses, and your work will be done. I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they can be saved. Do not sell it to them. Sell it to me, and let me die, and let the world be rid of me; but for heaven's sake, sell no more to them."—*Temperance Banner.*

A CAT'S GOOD EXAMPLE.

We all know about pussy and her playful, prankish little family; and many stories are told of the wisdom of the cat.

We can tell you a story about a very sensible cat which we are well acquainted with. She had one kitten left, and she had her home in a small room, or closet, where her kitten stayed. It was a snug, cosy place, but she did not like her quarters very well.

A stranger came to stop at the house who used to go into this little room every day and smoke. This pussy did not like, as she was a well-bred cat. One day her kitten seemed stupid, and puss seemed to think something must be done at once. So she took her kitten by the neck, and carried it upstairs to a nice, large, airy bed-room.

The people who lived there thought that was no place for the kitten, and carried it back. But puss thought differently, and pretty soon the kitten was in the bed-room again. He was carried back repeatedly, but the wise old cat had no thought of having her kitten learn to smoke; she was a minister's cat, and was too well brought up to have a smoker in her family, and so she carried that kitten up stairs by the neck five times in one day, and she finally conquered, and they let her put her kitten where she pleased.

So the little chap is growing and climbing, and frolicking about the house; and when the man who smoked heard about it, and found how offensive tobacco smoke was to the cat and all the rest of the family, he stopped smoking. So you see a cat's good example may be useful even to a man who has been in college for years.—*Little Christain.*

JUST AS WE MAKE IT.

We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe gold ears,
Until we have first been sowers,
And watered the ground with tears.

It is not just as we take it—
This mystical world of ours;
Life's field returns as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers.—*Temperance Record.*