

✻ This and That ✻

BENNY ON CORN.

Corn is a very useful vegetable. If it were not for corn there would be no corn cakes with butter and molasses. Corn grows in large fields, and you plow it with a horse. There was a man who had a corn-field, and he had no horse, but he had a large and faithful wife, who took care of it, accompanied by a trusty dog, while he wrote poetry for the papers. We ought to be thankful if we have a good wife, which is much better than hanging around saloons and wasting your time in idleness. Corn is also useful to feed hogs with, and corn can be made into cob pipes, which will make you sick if you are not accustomed to it. Let us firmly resolve that we will reform and lead a better life. Benny.—Tribune.

'KEEP SWEET AND KEEP MOVIN'

Hard to be sweet when the throng is dense
When the elbows jostle and shoulders crowd;
Easy to give and to take offence
When the touch is rough and the voice is loud;
'Keep to the right' in the city's throng;
Divide the road on the broad highway;
There's one way right when everything's wrong.
Easy and fair goes far in a day;
Just
'Keep sweet and keep movin'.
The quick tongue answers the hasty word—
The lifetime chance for a 'bump' is missed;
The muddest pool is a fountain stirred;
A kind hand clinched makes an ugly fist.
When the nerves are tense and the mind is vexed,
The spark lies close to the magazine;
Whisper a hope to the soul perplexed—
Banish the fear with a smile serene—
Just
'Keep sweet and keep movin'.
—Robert J. Burdette.

THE RAW MATERIAL OF THE SALOON.

The greatest curse of the saloon is not that men purchase liquor over its bar until they become intoxicated and insane. If liquor would make all men who drink it drunkards and penniless tramps, one generation would see its overthrow. The lowest, sin-cursed drinking-den hell promotes no sentiment in favor of an open saloon. The habit-bound, debased, and debauched being that goes staggering down the streets adds no influence to the saloon crowd. The murdered wife, the black-bruised children give no popularity to the gilded rum palace.

The soiled white souls of purity and virtue, the stifled cry of a fallen daughter, the blinded eye of innocence give no added charms to the summer beer-gardens and midnight dance-halls. The ragged child, barefoot and cold, with shivering form carrying the broken pitcher of beer to the dilapidated home, receives but jeers and scorn from playmates, and pity from those who think. The appearance and methods of the saloon keeper adds no grace to the business.

These all, and millions of tears, and valleys of shame, and Niagaras of vice, and deserts of starvation, and graveyards of love, and seas of sorrow, and hells of crime, and oceans of blood would sink the whole soul-wrecking business into an abyss deeper than the highest mountain-peak, and blacker than the sum of all the crimes it sponsors. But still it thrives.

What is the cause? Where lies the blame?

The moderate drinker! The respectable tippler! The popular table-malt wagon in front of Christian Jones' house! The friendships and associations, of the church member with the well-to-do, well-thought-of, moral citizen who drinks when he feels like it! The minister, and bum, the deacon and the saloon-keeper, the Christian and scoffer, all voting for the same whiskey-nominated representative.

These the boy sees. He is the raw material. "If well-dressed, prosperous Mr. Smith can, I can."

The drunkard is forgotten. Mr. Jones is remembered.

Boys are raw material.
Give more attention to the raw material to be used in the machine, rather than the finished product, if you would make the machine useless.

Make the bar-room unpopular, make the drinker a "scab" in the business of respectability, and the boys will not follow.

Let the liquor crowd lose the boys, and we will lose the bar-room.

Unless we can array the boys against the liquor traffic, it will rule forever.

Boys not only make men, but they make the future public sentiment.

In twenty years shall the bar-room be here?

Ask the boys!—Willis Brown in The Ram's Horn.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.

No, said the lion tamer to Patsy Flannigan, "you can't have a job to look after the animals, but our pet lion died last week, and we have its skin, so I'll give you two pounds a week to dress up as a lion."

"Two pounds!" echoed Flannigan. "Good gracious, is there so much gold in the world?"

So Patsy dressed himself in the lion's skin and lay down in the cage. The menagerie doors were opened and the performance commenced.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the keeper to show the wonderful docility of the animals we will now place the lion in the cage with the tiger."

"Man are you mad?" said Patsy. "Think of my wife and child."

"Get in," replied the keeper, "or I'll run this pitchfork through you."

Patsy thought that he might as well die one way as the other, so he crawled into the tiger's cage. And when he saw the animal's big ferocious eyes fixed on him he uttered a doleful wail and commenced praying in Irish. The tiger walked over to him. "What's the matter wid ye?" said he. "Shure, an ye needn't be afraid. I'm Irish meself."—Michigan Christian Advocate.

IT WILL EAT HOLES IN YOU.

"Will it eat the lining out of my stomach?" said a young man, jocularly, to a barkeeper, as he held up a glass of gin the barkeeper had just poured out for him.

"Yes," said the barkeeper, "and it will eat the coat off your back if you drink enough of it."—Exchange.

BIER, NOT BEER.

I once knew a promising candidate who was giving charge of a funeral in the absence of the pastor of the church. He knew it was customary for the minister to announce after the sermon that those who wished should step up to view the remains, but he thought this was too hackneyed a phrase, and he said instead, "The congregation will now pass around the bier."—Dr. Lorimer.

A GOOD THING TO WRITE.

"What shall I write on my slate?" said Harry to himself. He could not write very well, but he sat down and wrote, "A Good Boy." Then he took it and showed it to his mother.

"That is a good thing to write," she said. "I hope you will write it on your life as well as on your slate."

How can I write it on my life, mother?" said Harry.

"By being a good boy every day and hour of your life. Then you will write it on your face, too, for the face of a good boy always tells its own sweet story. It looks bright and happy."—Olive Plants.

GRANDMOTHER'S WEATHER BUREAU.

When the baby's eyes are stormy,
With a pucker in between,
Grandma shakes her head and murmurs,
She's afraid it's going to rain.

When the baby's eyes are dancing,
Shining like two stars with fun,
Grandma smiles, and says she's certain
We shall have a spell of sun.

—Ex.

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BYARD McMULLIN.

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MRS. W. W. JOHNSON.

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GRANDMA'S HOUSE.

Strap up the trunks, the satchels lock
The train goes north at seven o'clock,
And then we're off—a jolly flock—
For grandma's house in the country.

There's milk to skim and cream to churn,
There's hay to cut and rake and turn
And brown our hands and faces burn
At grandma's house in the country.

There's water bubbling clear and cool,
And speckled trout in the shady pool,
And not one thought of books or school,
At grandma's house in the country.

And when it rains and skies are gray,
There's a big old attic made for play,
There are cookies, crisp with caraway,
At grandma's house in the country.

Each day is just brimful of joys;
When grandma says, "Tut, tut, less noise!"
Why grandma smiles: "Boys will be boys
At grandma's house in the country."

If you will go just once with me,
I'm sure you'll ever one agree
'Tis the only place in the world to be—
At grandma's house in the country."
—Alice E. Allen, in Good Housekeeping.



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Diarrhoea,
Dysentery,
Colic,
Cholera
Morbus,

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and all kinds of Summer Com-
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