

Girls and Boys.

A HERO.

Boys sometimes think a hero's
A man of giant might;
A warrior of armor—
A champion for the right,
Who through the world goes boasting,
That wrong shall be no more;
The story of whose exploits
Is sung from shore to shore.

In olden times, a hero
Was such a man, I know;
He went to battle, aided
By javelin and bow.
You all have heard of Ajax,
Of Priam's valiant son,
And of the giant Achilles,
Who many battles won.

But now, to be a hero
Is quite another thing;
And he who earns the title
Is nobler than a king.
'Tis he who follows duty,
Who scorns to be untrue;
Who's guided by his conscience,
Not by what others do.

And you may be a hero,
By doing all you can
To free the world from error,
And aid your brother man.
And though no blast of trumpet
Your greatness may proclaim,
With heartfelt benedictions
Mankind will breathe your name.

—Selected.

WILLING TO SHOVEL.

To be willing to begin at the bottom is the open secret of being able to come out at the top. A few years ago a young man came to this country to take a position in a new enterprise in the South-west. He was well bred, well educated, and he had the tastes of his birth and education. He reached the scene of his proposed labors, and found to his dismay, that the enterprise was already bankrupt, and that he was penniless, homeless, and friendless in a strange land. He worked his way back to New York, and in mid-winter found himself, without money or friends, in a great, busy metropolis. He did not stop to measure the obstacles in his path; he simply set out to find work. He would have preferred the pen, but he was willing to take the shovel; and the shovel it was to be.

Passing down Fourth Avenue on a snowy morning, he found a crowd of men at work shovelling snow from the sidewalk about a well known locality, he applied for a position in their ranks, got it, and went to work with a hearty good-will, as if shovelling were his vocation. Not long after, one of the owners of the property, a many-millionaire, passed along the street, saw the young man's face, was struck by its intelligence, and wondered what had brought him to such a pass. A day or two later, his business took him to the same locality again, and brought him face to face with the same man, still shovelling snow. He stopped, spoke to him, received a prompt and courteous answer, talked a few minutes for the sake of getting a few facts about his history, and then asked the young man to call at his office. That night the shovel era ended, and the next day, at the appointed time, the young man was closeted with the millionaire. In one of the latter's many enterprises there was a vacant place, and the young man who was willing to shovel got it. It was a small place, at a small salary, but he more than filled it, he filled it so well indeed, that in a few months he was promoted, and at the end of three years he was at the head of the enterprise, at a large

salary. He is here to-day with the certainty that if he lives he will eventually fill a position second in importance to none in the field in which he is working. The story is all told in three words: willing to shovel.—*Union Signal*.

OH! WHAT FUN.

The cottage had no cistern, and the well-water was not soft. The mother said she must have a barrel at the corner to catch the rain shed by the roof. There was much shouting among the "three all of a size," as the neighbors call them, when that hogshhead was set in place. It was a huge affair, and, O joy! it had been filled with molasses once, and the sweet stuff was all crystallized and thickened along the edges. Such sticky faces, fingers, aprons no one ever saw. But the mother let them have their fun, for as soon as one rain had filled the cask that play would be ended. The worst of it was that Sandy, in his eagerness for more "sweets," fell straight in on his head, and when the father pulled him out all Sandy's top row of curls was stuck full of molasses. Then the mother scrubbed him at the pump, and those same top curls stood straight up like a row of horns.

"How can folks use such lots of molasses?" said Sandy, looking meditatively into the depths whence he had been drawn.

"On dere bread," said Andy.

"In cake," said Debby.

"They make cake of it, too," said Sandy.

The father overheard them and said to the mother: "Pity all the molasses don't go to such innocent use. But there's a vast deal of it does worse. In Alaska, I read, the way it goes is, much molasses, much drunk."

"How can people get drunk on molasses?"

"They make a terrible kind of rum called hoochinoo of it. An Alaskan Indian with an old copper tea-kettle, a fire, a bottle or tin can or two, can make up a barrel of molasses into hoochinoo and set a whole tribe drunk and fighting mad. They say there the order is: 'Molasses, hoochinoo, whiskey, murder.'"

"I wouldn't let them do it," said the mother. "The government should stop them."

"They are trying to. They break up the stills; and some of the traders will not sell molasses, it is made the cause of so much mischief."

"And yet the molasses is a useful, healthful luxury."

"That's the way sinful humans pervert the gifts of God. The grain, the fruits, the sugar are turned into poison and death. There is only one way of checking the worse than waste, our minister says, and that is, we must get prohibition."—*Mrs. J. McNair Wright in Youth's Temperance Banner*.

Our Caskel.

BITS OF TINSEL.

What relation is the door mat to the door? St. p father.

An oil well driller is always running his business into the ground.

It is a foolish butcher who adopts the meat-trick system.

The fellow who slept under cover of night says he came near freezing for want of clothes.

A large portion of the English army are now Nileists, yet they do not advocate dyin'-a-nite.

'Pa,' said a little boy, 'a horse is worth a great deal more, isn't it, after it's broke?' 'Yes, my son. Why do you ask such a question?' 'Because I broke the new rocking-horse you gave me this morning.'

Some one was telling the story of the reply of the little boy who, when asked what made the ocean salt, said, 'Because cod-fish live in it.' "Pah!" said little Geraldine; "what a stupid boy to get things so mixed up! I always knew that the cod-fish were salt 'cause they lived in the ocean."

"I like the Americans immensely," said an Englishman who had been hospitably entertained in America. "I like them immensely, but I miss something." "What is that?" asked his Yankee host. "I miss the aristocracy," replied the Englishman. "What are they?" "The aristocracy!" said the nobleman surprised. "Why, they are people who do nothing, you know; whose fathers did nothing, you know, whose grandfathers did nothing, you know—in fact, the aristocracy." "Oh," said the American, smiling, "we've plenty of them over here; but we don't call them aristocracy—we call them tramps."