

**Sales and Sketches.**

**The Last Glass.**

BY EMMA LYNDON.

A merry crowd, a careless throng,  
Where foaming glasses, jest and song  
Filled up the hours.  
There gather'd rough and bearded men,  
And fair-faced boys, within that den  
Of Satan's powers

One came as often as the rest,  
To share the flowing wine and jest,  
With reckless air  
As if pursued by fiends within  
He sought the place where drink and din  
Soon banished care

One night the usual glass was poured,  
Amid the revel songs encored  
By those who heard.  
The poison almost finds his lips—  
When from his hands the goblet slips,  
Without a word.

A muttered oath—a dogged air—  
A sudden lull—a general stare—  
Then loud and clear  
He spoke: "Fill me another glass,  
My nerves are shaky—let it pass—  
Here's to all here."

He lifted up the glass again,  
But sat it down and faced the men  
Who sat around.

"Boys," and his voice was hoarse with  
dread,  
"I cannot drink that glass," he said  
A sudden sound.

Like a smothered laugh—then his face  
All stern and white, subdued the place,  
All silence fell.

"I cannot drink it, for there lies  
Within its depths a pair of eyes,  
Like heaven in hell.

"I cannot drink it, for there swims  
A face above the foam that brims—  
The face of one  
Whose heart would ache to see me here;  
Whose heart would break, I am so dear:  
Boys, I am done."

"Done with the poison here's my  
hand;  
With God's help I mean to stand  
By all I say:  
And stand by her whose dear face lies  
Between me and the revelries  
I leave to-day."

**Forging His Own Chain.**

"Tim, in his smithy, was forging a chain,  
Link into link,  
Link into link,  
Between the red showers of molten rain  
He took a drink,  
He took a drink!

What was it Tim drank, I should like  
to know,  
Water may be?  
Water may be?  
Water! The rivers and streams never  
flow  
For such as he,  
For such as he.

Was it lovely milk, with its crest of  
foam?  
New milk for him?  
New milk for him?  
Milk wouldn't give a poor man such a  
home  
As drink did Tim,  
As drink did Tim.

His wife and children were starved and  
wan,  
Quite thin and pale,  
Quite thin and pale.

Tim drank until all his money was  
gone—  
The old sad tale,  
The old sad tale.

I'll tell you what happened that you  
may know  
His drink was bad,  
His drink was bad.  
It put out the fire, and his anvil's glow,  
And drove him mad,  
And drove him mad

He emptied his pitcher, and left one  
chain  
To forge another,  
To forge another,  
Which went link by link quite round  
his brain  
Sense to smother,  
Sense to smother.

It went round his heart, like a serpent's  
coil,  
And bound him fast,  
And bound him fast,  
Never more will his hands be used for  
toil  
They're still at last,  
They're still at last!

Now, George, can you guess what it was  
Tim drank  
To forge the chain!  
To forge the chain!  
Which gives the sure sound of the  
Devil's clank

**On all his slain,  
On all his slain.**

Who fill twice thirty thousand yawning  
GRAVES  
In every year,  
In every year,  
Blighted, destroyed by drink which  
never saves,  
Just think, my dear,  
Just think, my dear.

"Now, mother, I know, it was Burton  
ale,  
Brandy and gin,  
Brandy and gin  
And he drank so much that it couldn't  
fall  
To kill poor Tim,  
To kill poor Tim.

But, mother, tho' tempted are they the  
worst  
Who take the drink,  
Who take the drink?  
"My boy, they are far more heavily  
cursed  
Who make the drink,  
Who make the drink.

The Bible says to those who give strong  
drink,  
Woe be to you,  
Woe be to you.  
A crown for those who on temptation's  
brink  
Stand firm and true,  
Stand firm and true

Cold water can never help on to link  
The drunkard's chain,  
The drunkard's chain:  
And to be quite safe from the drunk-  
ard's drink  
We must abstain,  
We must abstain.

—Mary G. Wadman, in *Temp. Record.*

**Worse for Drink.**

BY REV. THOMAS KEYWORTH.

**I.**

"Birds of a feather flock together,"  
said Police-constable Bradley, as he  
approached the fire, by the side of  
which Ned Townson was seated.

Gyp, Ned's dog, was always suspicious  
of policemen, and he rose from his  
recumbent position, and had a good  
look at the officer, as if to satisfy him-  
self whether further steps were needed  
or not. In Gyp's opinion, barking  
was not so much a necessity as a  
luxury, and he was not one of those  
dogs which make an uproar first, and  
then begin to investigate a case. He  
knew constable Bradley by sight, and  
satisfied himself by keeping alert.

"Good Gyp," said Bradley, who  
was a pleasant fellow.  
But Gyp neither wagged his tail nor  
left his place by the fire.  
Warburton Street was being paved  
with wood blocks, instead of the old  
stone sets, and it was Ned Townson's  
duty to see that the fires were kept  
burning during the night, so that no  
accidents might occur, through belated  
drivers or foot passengers running  
against the barriers, or into the holes.  
He was watchman for the United  
Wood-paving Company. Sheltered  
behind the canvas screen, which protect-  
ed him from the wind, and warmed by  
the fire, he spent the hours of darkness  
in the company of his good friend Gyp,  
and was never sorry to have a chat  
with a passing acquaintance.

It was Bradley's practice to accost  
Ned each night with what sounded to  
him like an original remark or a striking  
quotation. If Ned did not appear to  
see the point at once, Bradley pro-  
ceeded to explain it.

"Birds of a feather flock together,"  
the policeman repeated; and then, he  
added, "We are both watchmen, you  
know."

Ned Townson had a reputation  
among his friends for not being in a  
hurry to say either "Yes," or "No."  
It was said that he liked to talk round  
a subject before he entered it, and  
this gave him time to prepare himself  
cautiously. But there was not much  
room for doubt in what Bradley said,  
and with wonderful readiness Ned  
agreed to the proposition.

The policeman leaned on the wooden  
barrier which divided the footpath  
from the roadway, and began to make  
a few commonplace remarks about the  
weather. It needed a more stirring  
topic than that, however, to arouse  
Ned, who, like many people whose oc-  
cupation is out of doors, did not care  
to spend much of his time in talking  
about the absence of wind and rain,  
those were the only kinds of weather  
he recognized; if the night were fine  
and pleasant, he did not call that weath-  
er.

"I thought that cobby was going to  
run into you," said Bradley, intro-  
ducing a topic which he knew would  
prove more exciting. "I was at the  
other end of the street, and I saw the  
cab going helter-skelter, and I said to  
myself, 'What is the fellow thinking  
about? Is he going to carry all be-

fore him? He will be in trouble be-  
fore he is much older, if he does not  
mind what he is doing.' I could see  
the fire plain enough, and then I  
heard Gyp barking. You had to stir  
yourself too, hadn't you?"

"If that horse had been as drunk as  
the driver," said Ned, "there would  
have been a smash, as sure as I am  
here. The silly fellow was whipping  
away at the poor creature, and pulling  
his head straight for the barrier. The  
horse knew better, and wanted to turn  
on Lawton Street there; but the man  
would have his own way, till I shouted  
to him, then he stopped."

"Drunk, was he?" the policeman  
asked, meditatively. "It is as well  
for him that I was at the other end of  
the street. Who was in the cab?"  
"There seemed to be nobody in  
but a woman," replied Ned, "and if  
she was not as drunk as the cobby,  
then I am drunk; that is all I have to  
say. It is twenty-two years since I  
tasted drink, and I ought to be sober  
by this time; but if that woman was  
not drunk, I am."

This seemed pretty conclusive, as  
far as Ned's condition was concerned,  
though perhaps it did not prove the  
truth of his assertion about the wo-  
man. Bradley was a man of experi-  
ence, as he sometimes declared, and  
he held the opinion that it requires a  
policeman to know exactly what is  
the result of drink, and what is the  
result of fright or strong emotion of  
any kind.

"I have sometimes thought," said  
Bradley, "that you teetotallers are  
just a bit inclined to think people are  
worse for drink when they are nothing  
of the kind. I don't say but what it's  
natural, mind you, with hearing so  
much about it, and all that."

"When do you consider that a man  
is worse for drink?" Ned asked, carry-  
ing the war into the enemy's country.  
"Some cases are clear enough," was  
the reply. "Drunk and incapable, we  
know what that means; drunk and  
disorderly, too, is pretty plain; but  
sometimes it's that doubtful, we say  
one thing, and the inspector says an-  
other. My rule always is, if there's  
any doubt about it, there's no doubt  
about it."

Even Gyp pricked up his ears at  
that, or perhaps it was a coincidence,  
but he certainly seemed to have been  
startled by the paradox. Ned asked—  
"What do you mean? Keep your  
riddles till Christmas."

"I mean this," replied the policeman  
with a smile, "if you are not sure a  
man's drunk, he isn't. Worse for  
drink he may be, but not drunk."

"That's not the point," Ned exclaim-  
ed, "I asked you when you consider a  
man is worse for drink."

"When he is not better for it," said  
the policeman at a venture.  
"That will hardly do," replied Ned.  
"I am not better for drink, and yet  
you would hardly say I am worse for  
it."

"Teetotallers excepted."  
"You are not better for drink, and  
you are not a teetotaller. Are you  
worse for it?"  
"I am better for it,"  
"Why, you said last night you were  
not," was Ned's reply.

There was no alternative but for the  
policeman to laugh and declare that  
he must be careful not to make any  
admissions in future, as Ned brought  
them forward at inconvenient moments.  
"Well, about that woman," Ned re-  
sumed; "she put her head out of the  
window, and said, 'I told you I wanted  
to go to No. 16, Wilton Street.' The  
cobby turned on Lawton Street, as I  
dare say you saw. I heard the woman  
say she lived at 16, Wilton Street."

"Wilton Street was pulled down for  
the railway six months ago," said the  
policeman.  
"That's just it," replied Ned. "If  
a woman thinks she lives where there  
are no houses, and she talks as if she  
had been refreshing herself, isn't she  
worse for drink?"

Gyp barked, as if he wished to ex-  
press his opinion in the affirmative.  
The policeman turned round, and saw  
a woman passing. She walked slowly,  
but still she walked on without stag-  
gering. When she had turned the  
corner of Formby Street, Ned said—  
"Why, that's the very identical wo-  
man."

**II.**

Mrs. Hasledene was fast becoming a  
tippler, and without knowing it. Her  
husband was away a good deal on  
business, as also was Mr. Webster, the  
husband of her old friend and school-  
fellow, Marion. What so natural as  
that she and Marion should visit each  
other frequently, and should talk over  
old times, and cheer themselves with  
what seemed to them, nature's pro-  
vision for the deponent and disap-  
pointed? They did not like their  
husbands being away so much, and  
they took such pains to console them-  
selves that Mrs. Hasledene was falling  
into habits which threatened to bind  
her in the slavery of intemperance.

She had promised to spend a long  
evening with Marion Webster, and  
had ordered a cab for "about eleven,"  
but it was nearly twelve when the cab  
arrived; and the driver was "not too  
sober," as he himself would have ac-  
knowledged. The proper address was  
given, but the cabman became confus-  
ed, and stopped to ask again where he  
was to drive to.

"16, Wilton Street." Mrs. Has-  
ledene said, though she knew quite well,  
under ordinary circumstances, that the  
houses in Wilton Street were pulled  
down, and she ought to have said,  
"16 Roland Street." The fright when  
Ned Townson called out confused her  
more, and she repeated the wrong ad-  
dress. But when the cab stopped near  
the place where she had formerly re-  
sided, she was glad to leave the dan-  
gerous vehicle and walk to her destina-  
tion. She knew, though she scarcely  
acknowledged it to herself, that Mar-  
ion Webster's hospitality had taken  
hold of her, and that she could reach  
home only by walking very carefully;  
Her nearest way was along Warburton  
Street, where the fire was burning,  
and where Ned Townson and police-  
man Bradley were discussing her case.  
She was terrified lest she should be  
recognized as the person who had been  
in the cab, for Ned's words fell upon  
her ears distinctly. "If a woman  
thinks she lives where there are no  
houses, and she talks as if she had been  
refreshing herself, isn't she worse for  
drink?"

When she turned the corner, and  
was out of the men's sight, she hurried  
as fast as she could, and soon reached  
her home in a breathless condition.  
The servant opened the door in answer  
to the bell, and looked both surprised  
and amused when she saw her mistress.

As soon as Mrs. Hasledene had  
entered the house she fainted away.  
"I know what that means," said  
Abigail, "and what I have been ex-  
pecting for some time. However, it's  
not for me to say nothing. Brandy is  
the stuff, I reckon, to bring em' round."

Abigail procured the brandy, and  
mixing some with water, she attempt-  
ed to pour it into the mouth of her  
mistress. But Mrs. Hasledene recover-  
ed consciousness and thrust the glass  
away from her, saying—  
"Never again."

Abigail was sceptical on that point;  
she soon had reason, however, to know  
that her mistress meant it. From that  
night Mrs. Hasledene never tasted in-  
toxicating drink again. The iron had  
entered her soul, and the condition into  
which she was sinking had been re-  
vealed to her by hearing Ned Townson  
mention her to Policeman Bradley as  
an example of one who was worse for  
DRINK.—*British Workman.*

**Domestic Department.**

**Poisonous Clams.**

ACCORDING to recent researches, it  
appears that clams or mussels, are not  
a very safe kind of diet. Reports are  
often made of severe and extensive  
sickness due to the eating of mussels,  
and investigations which have been  
made, show that the poisonous part of  
the mussel is its liver. The clam, as  
well as its relative, the oyster, is a  
scavenger. This is probably why  
nature has given it its enormous liver,  
to enable it to live on its gross and  
unwholesome diet.

The liver of the clam, like the  
human liver, is a self-sacrificing organ,  
and gathers the poison of the clam's  
filthy food into itself, thus protecting  
the rest of the creature's body. The  
experiments made, show that if rabbits,  
or other small animals, were inoculated  
with the liver of the poisonous mussels,  
they died in one or two minutes. A  
German doctor, who has been engaged  
in this investigation, advises that shell  
fish should be discarded as an article of  
diet, as it is impossible to tell poison-  
ous fish from healthy ones in any other  
way than by trial. It certainly seems  
as though there were plenty of good  
foods among the great number of fruits  
grains and vegetables, with which  
nature has bountifully supplied us,  
without ransacking the bed of the  
ocean for these slimy scavengers.—  
*Good Health.*

**MUTTON BROTH.—Ingredients.**

Three pounds of the scrag end of the  
neck of mutton, two ounces of pearl  
barley or rice, a teaspoonful of salt, one  
turnip, one onion, one carrot, two leeks,  
one teaspoonful of chopped parsley.  
Cut the mutton up into small joints  
and put it in a saucepan with three  
quarts of cold water, a teaspoonful of  
salt, and put it on the fire to boil;  
draw the saucepan to the side of the  
fire and let it simmer for one hour and  
a half, skimming it well. Now add  
all the vegetables cut up into dice, and  
the rice, and let it simmer gently half  
an hour till the vegetables are done.  
Just before serving, add the chopped  
parsley.

**VEGETABLE SOUP.—Ingredients.**—  
Four carrots, one large cabbage, one  
large turnip, one dozen moderate-sized  
potatoes, eight or ten leeks, or four  
middling-sized onions, one handful of  
parsley, one teaspoonful of pearl barley,  
two teaspoonfuls of thyme, three salt-  
spoonfuls of salt, one of pepper, one  
ounce of butter, half a pound of pea or  
lentil flour, and three quarts of water.  
Steep the barley over night. Put it  
and the onions, sliced, in the water  
three hours before required say at 10  
a.m. At 11 put in the carrots, part  
sliced and part grated, the turnips  
sliced, and parsley and cabbage cut  
fine. Be careful to have the soup boil-  
ing when the latter is put in. At 12  
add the potatoes, sliced, batter, and  
seasoning. Twenty minutes before  
needed mix up the pea or lentil flour  
into a smooth paste with cold water,  
and add to the soup. Stir up occa-  
sionally to prevent burning.

**NECK OF MUTTON.**—Boil the neck  
very gently until it is done enough,  
then, half an hour or twenty minutes  
before serving, cover it thickly with  
bread crumbs and sweet herbs chopped,  
with a little drawn butter, or the yolk  
of an egg, and put it into a dutch oven  
before the fire. By this process the  
meat will taste much better than if  
merely roasted or boiled, the dryness  
attendant upon roasting will be re-  
moved, and the disagreeable greasiness  
which boiled meat, mutton especially,  
exhibits will utterly disappear. Too  
much cannot be said of this method  
of dressing neck and breast of mutton,  
for the liquor they have been boiled in  
will make very good soup. The latter,  
the breast, after being boiled, may be  
boned, covered with forcemeat, rolled  
round and then roasted. The best end  
of a neck of mutton makes a good roast,  
but even the scrag may be sent to table  
when cooked according to the above  
directions.—*Temperance Caterer.*

**BITS OF TINSEL.**

**Old Sayings.**

As poor as a church mouse,  
As thin as a rail;  
As fat as a porpoise,  
As rough as a gale;  
As brave as a lion,  
As spry as a cat;  
As bright as a sixpence,  
As weak as a rat.

As proud as a peacock,  
As sly as a fox;  
As mad as a March hare,  
As strong as an ox;  
As fair as a lily,  
As empty as air;  
As rich as a croesus,  
As cross as a bear.

As pure as an angel,  
As neat as a pin;  
As smart as a steel trap,  
As ugly as sin;  
As dead as a door-nail,  
As white as a sheet;  
As flat as a pancake,  
As red as a beet.

As round as an apple,  
As black as your hat;  
As brown as a berry,  
As blind as a bat,  
As mean as a miser,  
As full as a tick;  
As plump as a partridge,  
As sharp as a stick.

As clean as a penny,  
As dark as a pall;  
As hard as a millstone,  
As bitter as gall;  
As fine as a fiddle,  
As clear as a bell;  
As dry as a herring,  
As deep as a well.

As light as a feather,  
As firm as a rock;  
As stiff as a poker,  
As calm as a clock;  
As green as a goaling,  
As brisk as a bee;  
And now let me stop,  
Lest you weary of me.

—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

He was the proud father of four  
growing daughters, and he was accus-  
tomed to keep them and their mother  
in a proper state of humility by say-  
ing, "Feminine mind!" whenever their  
insight outran his logic, or whenever  
their own logic was weak. It was un-  
answerable and it fulfilled its purpose  
very well, especially in the case of the  
smallest girl, who sometimes seemed  
almost appalled by the severity of the  
remark. But alas! the other day he  
said something which appeared un-  
reasonable to her, and what did the  
little maid! She looked at him with  
intense and withering scorn and hissed  
out, "Feminine mind!" Has anybody  
a good phrase of rebuke to offer to  
replace his now useless watch word—  
something warranted to wear well and  
not liable to misappropriation!—*Boston  
Tribune.*