

AN old tin kettle may not point a moral, but we have frequently known it to adorn a jail.

A BOY that was kept after school for bad orthography excused himself to his parents by saying that he was spell-bound.

WHY is a baker a very improvident man? Because he always sells what he needs.

BURKE remarked: "Strip majesty of its exteriors (the first and last letters) and it becomes a jest.

SINGULAR that the word miser, so often expressive of one who is rich, should, in its origin, signify one that is miserable.—*Browne*.

IF a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.—*Franklin*.

A LITTLE GIRL unconsciously and touchingly testified to the excessive drudgery of her mother's life, when on being asked, "Is your mamma's hair grey?" she replied: "I don't know. She's too tall for me to see the top of her head, and she never sits down."

How women can live with men and love them when they are permeated, saturated and soaked with tobacco, I cannot understand. I pity them; it is said cannibals refuse to have anything to do with persons who use tobacco. I do not see why we should not have a little of their daintiness.—*Herald of Industry*.

An aristocratic papa, on being requested by a rich and vulgar young fellow for permission to marry "one of his girls," gave this rather crushing reply: "Certainly, which one would you prefer, the waitress or the cook?"

Up in Chautauqua county one day last week a politician was watching a severe storm from his doorsteps, when a farmer acquaintance turned in hastily from the road and drove under a shed. "What's the matter, Bob?" asked the politician. "Well," said the farmer, "I believe thar's one of them slycoons coming."

VERY PARTICULAR.—"I say, landlord, that's a very dirty towel for a man to wipe on." Landlord, with a look of amazement replied: "Well you're mighty particular; sixty or seventy of my boarders have wiped on that towel this morning, and you're the first man to find fault with it."

A YOUNG WOMAN in Portland tried to be aristocratic, and did not look at the money she gave to the conductor; but he meekly handed back the lozenge on which was printed, "I will never cease to love thee," and said he was an orphan with five little brothers to support, and must be excused.

"GHOUGHPTHTEIGHTTEEAU" may be made to spell the word potato, says a San Francisco professor, and all according to the law of the English language. Here is the proof of his statement: Gh stands for p, as in the word hiccough. Ough stands for o, as in dough. Phth stands for t, as in phthisis. Eigh stands for a, as in neighbor. Tte stands for t, as in gazette, and eau stands for o, as in beau.

A LITTLE GIRL recently went to see her grandfather in the country. She is fond of milk, but firmly refused to drink any while there, without giving any reason. When she returned she was asked, "You had nice milk there to drink, didn't you?" "I guess. I didn't drink any of that milk!" she indignantly replied. "Do you know where grandpa got it? I saw him squeeze it out of an old cow."

A YOUNG BACHELOR, who had been appointed deputy-sheriff, was called upon to serve an attachment against a beautiful young widow. He accordingly called upon her, and said, "Madam, I have an attachment for you." The widow blushed, and said she was happy to inform him his attachment was reciprocated. "You do not understand me; you must proceed to court." "I know it is leap-year, sir, but I prefer you would do the courting." Mrs. P—, this is no time for trifling; the justice is waiting." "The justice! why, I should prefer a parson."

ON a Lake Shore train coming into Detroit the other day, was a newly married couple, the bride appearing to be about twenty-five years old, and the groom being a dapper little chap, a year or two younger. A lady who came aboard at Wyandotte took a seat just ahead, and after a few minutes she heard the pair criticising her bonnet and cloak and general style. Without the least resentment in her countenance, she turned around in her seat and said:—"Madam, will you have your son close the window behind you?" The "son" closed his mouth instead, and the "madam" didn't giggle again for sixteen miles.—*Detroit Free Press*.

## For Girls and Boys.

### CHEMICAL MEDIATION.

MESSRS. Water and Oil  
One day had a broil,  
As down in a glass they were dropping;  
And would not unite,  
But continued to fight,  
Without any prospect of stopping.

Mr. Pearlash o'erheard,  
And quick as a word,  
He jumped in the midst of the clashing;  
When all three agreed,  
And united with speed,  
And Soap came out, ready for washing.

—*Band of Hope Review*.

### GOD BLESS OUR TEMPERANCE BAND.

God bless our temp'rance band!  
Firm may we ever stand  
For truth and right;  
Help us to work and pray;  
Teach us in wisdom's way,  
Our nation's curse to stay  
By Thine own light.

Help us the chains to break  
That drink and drinking make  
Aided by our laws;  
Help us, that we may be  
Champions of liberty;  
Help set the bondmen free  
Thro' our dear cause.

—*Temperance Record*.

### LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"Little by little," the Tempter said,  
As a dark and cunning snare he spread  
For the young and unwary feet.  
"Little by little, and day by day,  
I will tempt the careless soul away,  
Until the ruin is complete."  
Little by little, sure and slow,  
We fashion our future of bliss or woe,  
As the present passes away.  
Our feet are climbing the stairway bright,  
Up to the region of endless light,  
Or gliding downward into the night,  
"Little by little, day by day."

—*Temperance Record*.

IT WILL MAKE YOU WORK.—Those who indulge in the use of intoxicating liquor sometimes apologize for their drinking by asserting that it helps them to do their work. The following dialogue is a good answer to the unfounded assertion.

"I drink to make me work," said a young man. To which an old man replied, "That's right; thee drink, and it will make thee work! Harken to me a moment, and I'll tell thee something that may do thee good. I was once a prosperous farmer.

"I had a good, loving wife and two fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home and lived happily together.

"But we used to drink ale to make us work. Those two lads I have laid in drunkard's graves. My wife died broken-hearted, and she now lies by her two sons. I am seventy-two years of age.

Had it not been for drink, I might now have been an independent gentleman; but I used to drink to make me work, and mark, I am obliged to work now. At seventy years of age it makes me work for my daily bread. Drink! drink! and it will make you work."—*Pacific*.