

The taste of drink, good people say,  
Is hard in driving out;  
Then, friends, in letting in that taste,  
Why, what are you about?

Out of your house to keep a thief  
You shut your door and lock it,  
And hang the key up on a nail,  
Or put it in your pocket.

So, lest King Rum within you should  
His horrid rule begin, sir,  
Just shut your lips and lock them tight,  
And say, "You can't come in, sir!"

—*Temperance Record.*

### THEIR WORK OF ART.

BY JESSIE E. WRIGHT.

"Georgie Bishop, do you believe that?" And Polly sat bolt upright, consternation and horror written in every line of her face.

Georgie shook her head solemnly. "It's awful, I know, but that gossipy Mrs. Tucker said so, and I guess she knows."

The two little girls sat facing each other, one on a flat stone, the other on a stump.

"You see," said Georgie, weighing every word, "you and I were afraid when he went to college that something would happen to him. You know there never was such a nice boy in this town. And now he has come back for vacation, and that old Mrs. Tucker says he was in trouble in college, went with dreadful boys, and got drunk, and everything; and now, Polly, do you believe it?"

Very grave faces they both wore, and poor Polly never winked, she was so much in earnest.

"I don't believe it? I don't; but O dear! O dear! what shall we do?"

One would certainly have thought the responsibility of Tom's misdeeds lay entirely with our little friends, and they felt as though it did. Polly had heard of pledges, had a vague idea of what they were, and after much discussion they decided that the best thing to do was to offer Tom a pledge.

"We'll make it out and not tell anybody," said Georgie.

So they begged a sheet of foolscap, secreted some red and blue ink in the barn, and went to work on their pledge. Every word was changed several times, and they had some difference of opinion as to the form of it. At the top of the paper they printed in red ink, "This is a Pledge"—So he'll know," said Polly. Then in blue was laboriously written and printed: "Dear Tom:—Please sign this so you will be temperance. Don't do it any more, though we know you didn't. 'Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging.' Georgie Bishop and Polly Pennington made this pledge."

"Their Bible quotation was printed in red ink, as being in some way more impressive. A blue ribbon bought at the store tied up their pledge, and they were all ready for a visit.

So it happened that one afternoon, not long after Tom came home for the vacation, while he was writing in his sanctum at the top of the house, two very small girls with very grave faces and in very clean frocks came knocking at his door.

"Why, halloo!" said Tom, smiling as he opened the door. "How are you? Glad to see you! Here, do sit down in my two best chairs!" And he hurried around to make his little visitors comfortable. They looked so melancholy and so unlike the usual Georgie and Polly that he was surprised. "What makes you two so like a funeral anyway?" he said after a pause.

Georgie gave a gasp. "We heard you got drunk!"

Tom flushed and started. Polly was fairly pale and stammered out: "Oh! we don't believe it—O dear! Georgie, how could you? Tom, we know you didn't; but here is a pledge we made." A momentary look of triumph came over her face at the mention of it. "We do feel awful; but, Tom, don't look so!" Then Georgie explained, and Polly explained some more, Tom explained and till Tom, with a small girl on each knee, was presented with the pledge.

He never smiled at the blue and red ink. "You see," he said earnestly, "most of what Mrs. Tucker said wasn't true. I never did get drunk; but I am much obliged for this pledge. I'll sign it, and

I tell you up and down I'll keep it, and I'm much obliged to you for it."

Georgie and Polly were quite satisfied. Tom was positively nicer than ever they were sure; and as for their pledge, they modestly considered that as something beyond reproach—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

### Our Casket.

#### BITS OF TINSEL.

How to drown a cat—in the water pitch her.

"I'd hate to be in your shoes," said a woman as she was quarrelling with a neighbor. "You could not get into them," sarcastically replied the neighbor."

"This is a suggestion of spring," said the rat, when the trap closed upon him.

A hollow mockery—a mismatched stovepipe.

When trains are "telescoped" the poor passengers see stars.

"I say, Jenkins, can you tell a young, tender chicken from an old, tough one?" "Of course, I can." "Well, how?" "By the teeth." "Chickens don't have teeth." "No, but I have."

"We do not dwell on that point," said the minister when he sat down upon an upturned tack.

A gentleman of Cork ordered his man to call him at six o'clock, but he woke him at four. Being asked the reason, he replied, "I came to tell you that you had two hours to sleep."

Don't forget, my snobbish friend, that you have got to die just the same as the rest of us, and you cannot bury yourself either.

An ill-tempered man in rebuking his son, for misconduct, said: "When I was your age my father would not let me go out at night." "A pretty father you had!" sneered the son. This maddened the irritable old man, and he vociferated: "I had a great deal better father than you have, you young rascal!"

"Are you having much practice now?" asked an old judge to an old lawyer. "Yes, sir, a good deal, thank you." "Ah, I'm glad to hear it. In what line is your practice particularly?" "Well, sir, particularly in economy."

Josh Billings says: "Most men concede that it looks foolish to see a boy dragging a heavy sled uphill for the fleetin' pleasure of ridin' down again, but it appears to me that the boy is a sage beside the young man who works all the week, and drinks up his wages on Saturday night."

"What is it that you like about that girl?" asked one young man of another. "My arm," was the brief reply.

"This is what I call capital punishment," as the boy said when he was shut up in a closet with the cakes and preserves.

A man was earnestly looking into the bunghole of a whiskey-barrel, as if in search of something he could not find. "What are you doing?" asked a bystander. "Why, I'm seeking my reputation in the place I lost it," was the mournful reply.

"Your language is wholly uncalled for," as the publisher told the author whose works failed to sell.

Never kick a man when he is down. It is cowardly. Never kick a man when he is up. It is reckless.

A young poetess says she "told her secret to the sweet wild roses." She was very imprudent. When the sweet wild roses "blow," she will wish she had kept her secret to herself.

"Did yez iver lind an egg to git the size av yer neighbor's moind, mum? Well, I did, thin. Mrs. McCarty kim along an sez she to me, sez she, 'hev yez a bit av an egg that ye'll be afther given me the loan av, till the day afther the morrow?' Ye see I had threy eggs in a bag in the kitchen, two small bits o' wans, an wan that big I tho't there must be two or threy yallers in it! So sez I, 'yis mum, an' wilcom: go right in an help yerself.' Ye see I was that hurried a schrubbin me front door stips I didn't want to be thrupin in. Well, if ye'll belave me, she tuk the big wan. An this blissid mornin she sint that dirty chit o' he:n over wid the least bit of thing. 'Is that an egg ye hev there?' sez I. 'Yes un' sez he.' A real hin's egg? sez I. 'Yis un,' sez he. 'And did she cackie?' sez I. 'Yis un,' sez he, kind o'scart like. 'Thin,' sez I, 'tell yer mither that the hin that laid that egg must hev had a microscope to cackie by.'"