

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1888.

The Young Folks.

A FARMER'S VIEW OF PREACHING.

Well, sir, I can't seem to me, like the other preachers, seem to me, they're easy, sort of things, but don't do much good. They take up lots of ground. An' when they're done with the pews, they've got to go back to the pews. That's not a good track.

Teach us to do what we know, as "Learn to do a thing, As teach us to do it well." He ought to be well off; when he's half at the end, An' go his team increased, the devil's hard to see the taxes. A groan. The school.

Then, when you're home, As scientific preachers too, But, run to a school for the work. It's not the best work. You've got to let the trumpet. An' when the girls sing, Then, but, when you're home, that's right, And we're here.

—Ghosts.

HUMBLE THE AND POOR-MAN'S SOUP.

IT MAY BE QUITE CHEAP.—Hello, Bob Westgate! So you are to eat humble pie the remainder of your life, are you?

No reply was made to this sneering remark until the speaker, Eustace Clare, called loudly enough to be heard by every boy on the playground.

"Bob Westgate, have you turned deaf all of a sudden?"

"Were you speaking to me?" asked a bright-eyed lad in response to this question.

"I should think I was. Your name is Bob Westgate, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir; that is my name every time, and I never mean to do anything to make myself ashamed of it."

"I should be ashamed to eat humble pie and poor-man's soup; but some people never seem to be ashamed of anything."

"Of whom do you count me out?"

"Yet if you have started in the track intend to follow, I have signed old Willowdale's pledge, haven't you?"

"I have signed the pledge. Mr. Dale is circulating it, and it will fit him out to sign it."

"It would hurt my reputation. I don't intend to give up all the good things in life quite yet."

"In signing Mr. Dale's pledge you would not give up a single good thing. His pledge is against bad things. Have you seen it?"

"No, and I don't want to."

"Tell me about it, Bob," said another schoolmate who was standing near.

"I can tell you," responded Eustace Clare, without waiting for anyone else to speak. "Old Willowdale's pledge is a promise not to do a dozen different things every boy or man of spirit wants to do."

"So that is your version of it," remarked Bob Westgate. "Mr. Dale's pledge is against profane language, tobacco, or interesting liquors of any kind. That is all there is to it, and according to my idea that is just what every boy of the right spirit will be willing to promise."

"Does that include enteritis and cataracts?"

"Cataracts, although some cataracts have very little to do with them."

"Well, I smoke cigarettes, and drink beer and beer too, and it is none of old Willowdale's business. He is nobody. Wouldn't have got over his head if it wasn't for somebody's charity."

"He would have a better job over his head without charity if all belonging to him had kept him a place as I have signed," said Bob Westgate. "Father says he was a splendid scholar, but he wasn't always a strong youngster as he is now, and his children went wrong before he realized their danger. Now he is trying to save other people's children, and I am going to help him, if I do eat humble pie and poor-man's soup, you may all know where to find me on the semperance question."

"A temperance lecture, free gratis, for nothing!" exclaimed Eustace Clare as the last speaker hurried from the play-ground. Now let's go down to old Willowdale's tonight and have some fun."

"What kind of fun?" was asked.

"Oh! pretend we want to sign the pledge, and then tell him we were only fooling."

"I wouldn't do so many things that was the quick response, elicited by a chorus of voices."

Eustace Clare found himself in a minority, and, although he still talked of humble pie and poor-man's soup, he was more civil in his manners. At length he was asked to describe this pie and soup, when he answered:

"The soup is mostly clear, cold water, and the pie is made of poor trash, without seasoning—like mincepie without brandy."

"If it is nothing worse than that, I can eat it with a relish," said Bob. "My mother makes tippy-top pie without a drop of brandy, and cold water is the best drink in the world. So why can't you take your trashy pie, with beer and tobacco, if you will, but I advise you, as a friend, to take Mr. Dale's advice."

"Now I know myself. I am going to take the best I can get, and make the most of it."

Their opinions differed as to what the best might be, but each went his own way, and at the end of ten years no one could doubt which had chosen most wisely.

Eustace Clare was small and weak, with a pale, wincing face, and in every way inferior to his old schoolmate, who was a large, grand-looking fellow, able to help himself and others. Clare would then gladly have exchanged his lot for that of Bob, to whom no good seemed denied while he lived on the two-and-a-half-dollar wages earned in a low-drinking saloon.

Yet he clung to tobacco, beer, and whisky, eating with those the lambasteet of pie and the poorest of soups, until he did so, that he was sinking lower and lower in poverty and watchfulness. He might not have known that he was salved of his position, but the care with which he avoided his former companions betrayed his sense of degradation. —Yester's Temperance Blower.

Cures and Remedies.

Many persons wonder at the tired, worn and weary feeling that accompanies them without any apparent cause. It may be poverty of the blood or a disordered stomach; or in either case, the stomach, blood and liver are not performing their regular functions and, with many persons, they will follow a dull, heavy headache, nausea, and many other symptoms that prove a well developed case of dyspepsia, which puts a stop to the torments of dyspepsia, removes incontinence of the bowels and liver, relieved incontinence of the rectum, etc., and builds up a failing health and strength, gives purity to the blood, and tone to the whole system.

THIS AND THAT.

The man who does everything "on his own hook" is likely to get caught some of those days.

Advice to a dressmaker.—Be sure you're right, then go ahead.

When a man sits down and reflects, it does not always prove that he is brilliant.

The rooster would be a much more popular bird if he could be induced to feel that there is no vital necessity for its reporting whereabouts at about 3 a.m.

Talk about your cigarette smoking! Here's a man over in Connecticut who has just died, that smoked over two thousand cigarettes a day. It was his business.

Wife (carelessly)—"What's the fire alarm ringing for?" Husband (easily)—"For a fire."

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"Yes sketch with a free hand, Miss Macbeth," remarked the professor, who had been critically examining her portfolio.

"Entirely free," said the Boston young lady, as she cast down her eyes in soft confusion and waited for the professor to follow the opening.

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