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FATHERS AND SONS. I must lock to the sheep in the fold. See the cattle are fed and warm. So Jack, tell your mother to wrapyou well. You may go with me over the farm.

You are not a baby at six years old.

Two feet of snow ou the hill-side lay. But the sky was as blue as June : And father and son came laughing house When dinuer was ready at noou-Knocking the snow from their weary feet, Rosy and hungry and longing to est.

"The show was so deep," the farmer said, "That I found I should scarce get through." The mother turned with a pleasant smile. "Then what could a little lad do?" "I trod tu my father's steje," said Jack ; "Wherever he went, I kept his track."

The mother looked to the father's face, And a scleum thought was there ? The words had gone like a lightning flash To the seat of a nobier care: "If he' treeds'in my steps,' then day by day How carefully I must choose my way!

"For the child will do as the father does. And the track that I leave belief. If it be from and clear, and straight, The feet of my son will did. He will tread in his father's steps, and say, 'I am right, for this was my father's way."

Oh! fathers leading in Life's hard road.

Then the sone you love, when gray-haired Will tread in them still for your sake. When gray baired men to their sons will say, " We treed in our father's steje to-day."

Select Family Heading. rusilla's Adventure.

Drusilla had finished making the gay new dresses for the four Misses Scottbony, red-buired, freekled, young ladies who had no taste whatever in colors, but had been very kind to her, juid her well and promised her plenty of work. And, now, as she came along the road with the pattern for the embroidery on Miss Janet Scott's mantle in her hand which she dad selected from the small stock in the widow Wilkin's store, she was thinking how nice it was to be rich and comfortable, and able to do good to other people, as those ladies did They were very plain, but they had such kind faces, that it was no wonder they were

"I wonder if I shall ever be married said Drusilla to herself, "Oh, dear, suppose not, for I shall never meet the sor of man I like, and I will not marry for the sake of marrying. How nice it would be to be like those Misses Scott, rich and able to do good, and nothing to do but to write a check, if you want ever so much money. I suppose I shall stitch away until I break

lown, and then go to the poorhouse, though know I am not ugly." That was a mild way of putting Drusilla was actually a beauty. She had velvet-brown eyes and golden hair and somehow, in her pretty purple merino, she put one in mind of a punsy. All the hours she had spent learning her trade and working at it had not dimmed her eyes or bent Drusilla.

her shoulders. To be sure, she was very young yet, and this was the first discontented word she it. had uttered in her life. But two weeks at the Scott mausion, where she had a beautiful little room to berself, and the sight of luxury and happiness combined-for it was a very affectionate household, and full of good feeling to all the world-had made her think sadly of the hall bedroom at Mrs. Grimms' which she shared with Sarah Spratt, who was not tidy, and told coarse stories. She longed for refinement and a

read them and pleasant, loving, compan-At ten years of age these were all hers, but her parents died, and she was sent to an orphan-asylum, and afterward to learn her trade. That had seemed very pleasant at first and she liked sewing. But now she gave a great sigh and paused upon the bridge that crossed a pretty river, and looked down into the water, and thought of old Miss Shields who made batton-holes, and whose eyes were going. Oh, how sad to be old and poor, and with me one to love the instant a sudden whiff of wind caught police call in the office, and he touched

the little white sailor-hat with the purple band that she were on her golden head and ! " And I will not be hard with the men. whisked if away up the road. We all know how persistently hats run how shall I thank you?" away from their owners under such circamstances, as though they were sensate creatures and delighted to torment us. This hat bounced off on its edge and rolled like a bicycle along the road, then flopped Mr. Morgan said. "Doddles shall drive

edge, leaving Drusilla in destuir. Suddenly, however, some one passed her limbs, who must have practised in base ball fields. It was the stranger whose appearance on the bridge had startled Drusilla. :He was evidently bent on aiding her in catching that sportive bit of headgear. now skipping like a Highlander in a fling to the bag-pipes, and in a briefer time than he asked on that functionary's return. it takes to tell it, had outrun the hat, head ed it off and came back toward Drusilla smiling, not a bit out of breath, and looking. the little dressmaker thought, handsomer

"Oh, thank you sir," she said "It was so very kind of you." He only answered, "Not at all. I enjoyed conquering the hat." But he stood looking down upon her very approvingly. She was very charming-one to take a man's eye-and he bowed and walked away, and she, with another " Thank you !" turned from the shore road to the wood path which led, though by a longer way, to the we wish to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with R. Stewart, Guelph. know more of each other. In fact, the Scotts' mansion, they were sorry not to took her in to supper, and that when her young man said that if this girl was a Mrs. Scott would keep Drusilla on one preneighbor, he would make her acquaintance; while Drusilla said-to herself (one is very confidential with one's self sometimes;

interesting will ever happen to me." But at this moment Drusilla realized slyly up, and just touched her cheek with It is the most nonsensual, inexcusable Please call and inspect before purchasing that the day was to be one of events, for his lips. here, in the midst of the woods, she heard "I couldn't help it," he said afterward, ity ought to be an indictable offence, with voices, and saw a group of men who, for all fand I think it was Mrs. Scott who managed a penalty of a term in jail for every oath.

she knew, might be tramps, sitting about | that they should be alone in the conservaanimated conversation.

To run away would be dangerous; but | do so while he was chasing that truent hat Drusilla felt shat if she could but get behind a great rock, before they turned their heads, she might pass them without being

Though the snow is deep sud the weather cold. was no egress. Wild and thorny under growth blocked the way. 'All she could do now was to hide herself until their departure. Trembling, she crouched down, hold ing her breath lest it should betray her and will while they two shall live. presence, and listened.

The first words seemed to prove to her they were not tramps, for one of them spoke of the Morgan mills at which they worked together, and such words as th "boss," "the foreman," "the machinery, caught her car before an angry outh start led her, and a rough voice cried :

"Kill him, and he won't bring no me

machinery down here to take the bread out

of our mouths." "He says it will give us more work said another in milder toues. "He don seem to mean harm." "Don't be a fool," said the first. "The

would talk you down in a week. That machinery means so many men out of employment. We'll smash it every time." "Yes, yes; but its the killin' I'm against," said the other.

"What's one man's life to the starvation of fifty ?" said the first. "It's this young Martin Morgan who works these things in The old man would keep on as they have been doing and not bother. I sav, kill him There are men alive yet who are not afraid of blood. I'm one. Well, nine, to-night. then. Nine. Only Martin Morgan and Doddles will be there by that time, and

crape on our faces, boys, mind that." A general marmar of "We'll! be on hand," followed, and the smell of liquor came across the rock as if some one had produced a bottle. Then the men departed one by one, as though they had resolved not to be seen in each other's company; and Drusilla began to wonder what she could do to save Martin Morgan's life. She must not permit murder to be done. The men might be right about the machinery, for all she knew. But that was no reason

for killing any one. I must go to Morgan's mills; if I can get there," she said to herself; "and that at

Meanwhile she hastened to leave the woods, and coming to a laborer's cottage, asked a woman who sat listlessly on the door-step, holding her baby on her knee, the all to be married at the same time that way thither.

"Them red brick buildings youder," said the woman. "Them is Morgan's mills. But if you want work I guest you'll waste your time goin' up. My man says they'll be turnin' off and not takin' on soon, on account of some machines you'd think was alive, they are so curious. - It dont interfere with my man's work, but it will throw my boys out, and I guess all the girls."

That's a pity said Drusilla. "Yes, we think so, you may bet a dollar, aid the woman. Drusilla thanked her and kept on her way. It was a long walk and a lonely walk a firmer curve. The next day one of the and the sun was setting whon she reached the mill-vard. The work people were gone

and an old man was fastening up the doors. "May I em Mr. Martin Morgan ?" asked "Not at this hour," said the man You'd orter hey better sense than to think

" He ain't see'n folks after seven o'clock," said the man. "You kin come back to-"To-morrow will be too late!" cried Dru-Ella. She lifted her voice a little in her

"I must see him," said Drusilla.

"What is that Doddles?" cried a gay voice from within the building. " A woman as will see ve." replied Doddles, "though I keep on a tellin' her it's pretty home, and books to read and time to ourossible."

> Some one came quickly across the resounding floor, and stepped but into the bare vard now lit by the last red ray of

"Ah!" he said, with an air of surprise.

And taking off his hat, added: "You want to see me, madam?" "Alone," said Drueilla. "Alone if you She had recognized the young gentleman who had assisted her to capture her hat or be loved by.: Oh! she was going to cry, but that was a minor matter now. It took and there was a man coming over the few words to tell the story, and the young bridge. She turned to walk, on, and at man's action was prompt. There was a "We shall be prepared now," he said

is only that they do not understand. But "I only did my duty. I feel myself very fortunate to have been able to do so," she "And you have taken such a journey."

over on its crown, turned a somersault, and | you back home. I cannot leave the mills whiskeloffagain, perilously near the water's | now, as you may imagine, or I would go myself, but my gig is here." In a few moments more he had handed at full speed-a tall, young man with long her into the little vehicle, shaken hands warmly, and stood looking after her as she was driven away. "The sweetest girl I ever met," he said "and the very prettiest. I wander who she "Whither did you take her, Doddles!"

" She's a bit of a scamster, the cook told "Martin Morgan!" the Misses Scott cried out when they heard Drusilla's tale. "Our than any one she had ever seen before. cousin Martin! To think that you have spoke. saved his life, you dear thing!" and they all kissed her. "You must stay to the wedding," said Mrs. Scott as she paid Drusilla, "and make yourself this lilac silk to wear. But for you, poor Martin might be lying in his

"To the Scott's mansion," said Doddles

grave, and he is my favorite nephew." And so it came to pass that Drusilla stayed, and that Martin Morgan himself girls were away on their wedding-journeys. text or another, until Christmas came, and then all returned and there was a great party, and Mr. Scott, who was fond of the "There, that is the sort of a man I should | customs of his youth, hung up a bit of | doors, and everywhere else rings the inces-Window and d Door Casing, Corner Blocks like. I know it, and he might like me. mistletoc-holly, and you know if a girl gets sant oath of the habitual swearer. Young But, I shall never see him again, and he is under the hanging holly at Christmas- men just learning to curse appear to think they do so in a respectful manner?' The he thought there would be no harm in a rich gentleman, no doubt, and I a poor time, a young man may kiss her without there is something brave about it; while conductor replied that he guessed so. Well drinking a glass of wine or brandy; and dressmaker, and things never come about offence, and Drusilla, who knew nothing old swearers interlard the commonest re- Artemus went went on, " it occurred to me soon he came to love it more than he loved in real life as they do in novels. Nothing about it, stood directly under it, everybody mark they make with cold blooded blas. it would be well to detach the cow-catcher laughing softly, while Martin Morgan stole phemics and a variety of diabolical curses. from the front of the engine and hitch it to it is fast destroying him.

on logs and stones, evidently holding an tory afterward, when he told Drusilla that he loved her and believed he had begun to

of here up the road. At all events, the whole warm-hearted family declared that if they had searched the world over they never could have found The rock was gained, but; alas! there a nicer wife for cousin Martin than Drusilla. And so it came about that the little dress maker never went back to the cold hall-bedroom at Mrs. Grimm's but is loved than once, I am ashamed to say, with myand cherished by a husband who adores her, self. If you sak him to drink-for he was

> THE BRAKENAN'S NO. BY HENEY C. PEARSON.

A fine young fellow was Tom Jeffreys. atrong, pleasant, and good-looking. H. was but eighteen when he first began "railroading." When his clear deep voice announced the stations, people listened and made no mistake. Old ladies caught the gleam of his pleasant eye, and let him belp them off and on with grateful surprise. Mothers with more children than they could manage, tired women bundle-laden and old men recognized a friend and made use of him. Nor were the railroad officials blind to the young man's helpfulness and popularity, and, although Tom did not dream of it, his was one on the list of names said I.

that meant promotion. nature, however, was a drawback in one drop with me." direction. He disliked to say "No." When the train reached Boston he always had two hours to spare. In that time some one of the boys was sure to say; "Come

Tom, let's go to the barber's." Now this sounded very innocent, but in the barber's back-room was a green door which opened on a stairway leading down into a drinking saloon. Here the men used to gather, a few at a time, and take "s little something."

Tom usually said his good hamored "No that meant a reluctant "Yes," and ended by going. He never felt wholly at case when taking his beer. He would not have gone for it alone. Over and over again he acknowledged to himself that it was the laughter of his chuns that took his courage away, and so things went on. A year slipped by and beer had become almost an every day drick with him, when one afternoon he was summoued from "the barber's

"Jeffreys," said the apperintendent when

he entered, "I have been very much pleas ed with the way in which your duties have been performed on the road in the past, and I find we need another conductor." The gentleman suddenly stopped and the pleasant smile was gone. " Mr. Jeffreys, your breath tells me that you have been dtinking." "Only a little Leer, sir," said poor Tom,

shop " to the office.

flushing crimson.

"I am very sorry," replied the superiatendent, " but that will be all to-day; you may go." The young man left the office, downcast, disheartened. What he had been wishing for, what he had so nearly gained, had been lost through his own misconduct. As he thought of it the good-natured lips took on

boys said, "Comin' over to the barber's ? "No," replied Tom. "Oh I come on, what's struck yer?" "That barber has shaved me all he ever will!" was the acswer. Although Tora's "No" seemed very deter

mined in its sound, there was something wanting in it. He felt it, and when after a few days the real, longing for a glass of liquer began to make itself felt, it seemed as if the "No" would be "Yes" in spite of "No use in lockin' the baru-door now,"

said his chum; " the hoss is stole, the 'super.' knows you have taken a 'smile' now and then, and he'll never forget it. Better be young while you can. Tom still said "No," but the little necsthing it would be "Yes." When this was almost accomplished, spurred by his danger, and remembering his early training in

the right, he went into an empty car and kneeling on the bare floor, prayed for strength to resist. "And now," he said, "I have learned

to speak a 'No' that all the men on the road couldn't turn iuto a 'Yes.'"

A STORY OF THE GOOD OLD STYLE. Abner Dungrass, from away up beyond the White mountains, had penetrated to the Hub. It was Abner's first visit to the city-in fact his first trip away from home. A relative doing business in the metro-

polis, had spent the previous summer with Abner's parents and in return for his many kindness, he had invited his friends of the country farm to visit him in his city home. And thus Abner chanced to be in Boston and was now dining at a hotel with his

At first our countryman hardly knew what to do with himself at the wonderful aden table. His relative, observing his hesitation, whispered to him :

" Don't be backward, Abner, help yourself to just what you like." By and bye, a gentleman sitting opposite directed the waiter to bring him a plate of The cream was brought, and the gentle man set it down before him while he finish-

and was hesitating between surprise and | Him on Calvary. This is believing, and delight, when the gentleman opposite rather abruptly and not very pleasantly "Well, my friend, that's what I should call decidedly cool !"

tasted. I swan tew man ! ef I don't believe it's railly tetched with frost.

"Year," responded Abner, innocently,

when he had swallowed the frigid morsel.

A CONTEMPTIBLE VICE. The meanest, most necless and most contemptible vice that ever grew in the bothouse of the devil is profune swearing. We protest against it as members of society, as decent men. On boate, in cars, in places of business, on the open streets, at concert

TRICKS IN ALL TRADES BUT OURS. "Yes, I know the taste of the stuff, but !

have not touched a glass of liquor for five

I looked in astonishment at the speaker, who was the proprietor of two large saldons in the city and making money hand over fist as the saying is. I could have sworn that I had seen him drink many times with costomers - more

ing behind his own bar-he would smile and reach for a bottle and pour himself out a generous portion. I could not understand what he meant, but it was late at night, he was in a genial mood, and I felt sure that he would elucidate the mystery "When I was in Ireland - God bless her." said Mr. Flinch, I used to drink my drop along with the rest of the boys. But when I come to this country and went to keepin' bar I looked about me a bit. And says to myself, says I, 'Pat, if you're going to succeed at this business, and indede at any

one of those men who are not above stand-

And I made a pledge which I have steadily kept to, and I think you will say that I have not altogether failed." "Bat I bete teen you drink lots of times,"

other, you must let your own poison alone

. Ob, you have, have you?" said Mr The young brakeman's easy-going good Flinch, laughing softly. "Well have a He palled out a bottle which looked as if t contained ordinary liquor. It was the

one he always drank from. I poured out a finger or so and drank i down. Whew! Molesses and water Regular stage liquor. As harmless as

I thought Mr. Flicch would die of laugh. ter, and I laughed with him. "Don't give me away," he said. "No," said I. But after I left bis piace that night it occurred to me that this liquor dealer had been preaching a pretty power-

And jet there are hubdreds of men in

the same business who " never drink their own poisce," as he pleasantly put it -New York Herall.

fal temperance sermon.

ANIMAL SACACITY. The following well authenticated story came originally from San Diego, Cal :- "A Mr. Foss, who lived near the beach, heard a young seal barking, or crying rather, as in distress. He walted down to the place from which the cry seemed to proceed and discovered a young seal which had lost its mother and was running to and fro tas well as a seal can on dry land, and looking all about as if searching for its lost parent. Mr. Foss picked it up in his arms, carried it to his boose, and filling a long-necked bottle with milk, placed the neck of the bottle in the seal's mouth and gave it a

drink. He kept it in a tank for some time. giving it milk morning and evening. One day it escaped, and running down to the water plauged once more in the Pacific. r was gone for two days. On the morning of the third day Mr. Foss heard a barking at his door, at which apon opening the same, he discovered the seal, which seemed glad to see him, and when Mr. Fossbrought out the bottle the seal could hardly contain himself for joy. Every morning and even-

ing thereafter the seal came regularly for his toddy, and was especially delighted when the children-with whom it played -would hold the bottle. You will be surprised when I tell you that I have seen the seal draw the cork from the bottle-the latter being held by Mr. Fors-and the seal taking the cork between its jaws. This is a story out of the ordinary run, but I

rough for this with my own word .- Er.

A TEMPERANCE TALE. A mouse fell into a beer vat, poor thing, and a cat passing by saw the struggling tive grew weaker and weaker; the next little creature. The mouse said to the

> "If I do I shall eat you," said the cat. "Very well," remied the moose; "I would rather be eaten by a decent cat than drown in such a horrible mess of stuff as

Help me out of my difficulty."

It was a sensible cat, and said : " I ceriainly thall est you, and you most promise me on your word of honor that I may do " Very well, I will give you the promisc." So the cat fished the mouse out, and, trusting to the promise, she dropped it for | The timber is not cut into boards but all,

away and crept into a Loie in the corner where the cat could not get him. "But didn't you promise me I might est you ?" said pass. "Yes. I did," replied the mouse; but

promise I was in liquor !" And how many promises made in liquor ave been broken !- Erchange.

A SAILOR'S EXPLANATION OF

FAITH. other things he said. "Mark you, it isn't and are then carried out and laid upon the breaking off swearing and the like, it isn't piles of wood so gently as not to make a reading the Bible, nor praying, nor being | noise. good-it is none of these, for even if they would answer us for-the time to come, there is still the old score, and how are you ed a dish of scallors. Abner looked up and | to get over that ! It is not anything you saw the delicate looking mass in the plate | have done or can do, it is taking hold of . not far away. It was tempting, and he | what Jesus did for you, and expecting the reached forth and took it. He had put a pardon and salvation of your soul because spoonful of the frozen mixture in his mouth | Christ let the waves and billows go over

believing is nothing else. Roader, do you telieve? "He that believeth shall be saved : but he that believeth not shall be damned." "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on t Him should not perish, but have everlast-

'It's abacut the coldest puddin' I ever | ing life." Caricaturing a Slow Train. Some one has fished out from the depths

of an old scrap book a story of Artemus

Ward, which has a rare mirth moving

The road was in a wretched condition, and the trains consequently were run at a phenominally low rate of speed. When the conductor was punching his ticket Artemus remarked: "Does this railroad company allow passengers to give advice, if the rear of the train. For you see we are not liable to overtake a cow, but what's to THE LAUGH OF A LITTLE CHILD.

How many a heart has been freed from care, From sorrowful thoughts beguiled,

And turned anew to a gladsome strain, By the laugh of elittle child! As fresh and sweet as the song of birds, With a sparkle and burst of cheer,

it scatters the spell of londiness" As it falls on the liftening ear. It takes us back to our rhillhood's home, When we were so glad and gay, I'mtexed by the trials and tolls of life

That trouble our hearts to-day :

Where the cheerful sunlight smiled, And the sweetest moste about the house Was the laugh of a little child. We may keen the voice that we had in south And Time, as he passes by.

We look once more on the landscaps fair

May touch us lightly, and leave undimmed The lustre of beaming eye ; But though our lot has been strangely blest, , Though Fortune has kindly smiled. Too soon do we lose the merry heart. And the laugh of a little child.

When dreams are broken and fancies spoiled And the world has ceased to bless. And we seem with a lenely heart to tread . The sands of the wilderness, Away from the baunts of grief we're brought, Away from the desert wild.

And the fountains of hope are stirred afresh By the laug of a little child. Theu let the little ones langh sloud. Nor lightly their murth restrain. For soon, fuil a son is the music lost That cannot be learned again : -

and many a burdened heart has been From sorros ful thoughts beguiled, And the sunshine and peace of home restored lig the laugh of a little child.

-Josephiae F

A HAPPY SABBATH. That is profound philosophy which counsels parents to make Sunday the happiest day of the week: And the chief requisite to this is that they give themselves to their children-at church as well as at home. The Sanday school must, not be allowed to usurpy the place of the church service. The child pestled in the family pew at his mother's side, holding his father's hand, enters paturally from the shelter of warm baman love into the mystery of divine love,

him the gate of heaven. For little children it is a pretty plan to set aside for Sabbath use the most attractive toys, the favorite pictures and stories, the sweetest child songs and bymns, and to join with their more than ever in their ! plays and their quiet moods, until, when they wake Sunday morning, they shall exclaim, with a four year-old of our acquaintance, "Oh, I'm so glad it's Sunday.

and the house of God very early becomes to

Music'is the heritage of the family Sabbath. Not church hymns and Sunday school songs only, but the music of the masters as well, those great/compositions that tell without words the story of human life, and tell it religiously because truly and profoundly ; that speak to the children as plainly as to the elders ; that open beartito heart and intensity in each his own living and longing. Books belong to the family Sabbath. Not that thief of childhood's Bibbath hours, the Sanday school library book, Act sickly

or precocious story papers, nor sordid

secular papers, nor scrappy religious ones,

but real lande, and all the real books,

poetry as well as books of devotion, essays, and biographies, and every other kind of book that sets the heart throbbing with a wish to be stantaling greater and better tiesu we ever have been before. And often some one will read aloud, while the chairs draw together, the reader pausing all the way along for the children's questions, and the con-mentary of the parents, and for reminiscences and hopes abead. Thee, as the family walk abroad, the father assumes his most ancient, most sacred office of high-priest of his household. Tuen all become psalmists, all prophets.

voices of winds and waters they hear the earth spirit in her most secret utterance : Tis thus at the rearing loom of time I ply, And weave for God the garment thou seest Him

The harvest waves the promise of better

tuings than loaves for the table. The

solemn moon: ajus, the deep skies, are more

than backgrounds for landscapes, show-

places for rainboan for underneath the

They who so walk the earth together salt not be separated in heavenly places.

-Harper's Bazar.

ELEPHANTS AT WORK. The Hon. C. H. Harrison gives a curiously interesting account of his visit to the timber yards and saw mills at Rangdon. He was much struck by the wonderful way in which these mills are worked by elephants. an instant. The mouse instantly darted | sawn into logs of a certain size. This done, the elephant goes among the machinery, rejects the refuse, but carries the good timber away, piling it upon the ox-carts waiting for it. A carpenter wanted wood from . particular log, which was under several didn't you know that when I made that others. One monster pushed the upper logs off, and another pulled the right one out, preparatory to taking them to the mills. The way was not clear, and the wood was in danger of being thrown down. The animal saw the danger, and directed his steps with a sugarity almost human. A sailor was heard explaining the nature | Logs about two feet thick and twenty feet of faith to a shipmate of his Among long are lifted bodily upon the great tusks,

THE CHILDLESS HOME. Smith and his wife have every laxury lacking to their happiness. Both are fond of children, but no little voices prattle, no little feet patter in their beautiful bome. "I would give ten years of my life if I could have one healthy, living child of my own." Santh often says to himself. No woman can be the mother of healthy offsbring anless she is herself in good health. If she suffers from female weakness, general debility, bearing down pains, and fonetional derangements, her physical condition is such that she cannot hope to have healthy children. Dr. Pjerce's Favorite Prescription is a sovereign and gnarapteed remedy for all these ailments. See guaran-

ee printed on bottle-wrapper. The artists adien to his picture-" You be hanged !"

What Makes the Drunkard? What is it that makes the drupkard? Would you think that the tile sot who goes

God, and strong drink became his idol, and "A stitch in time saves nihe," and if you

take Hood's Sacasparilla now it may save mouths of future possible sickness.

habit known to humanity. Public profan-

prevent a cow from strolling into this car and biting a passenger?"