

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## The Bottles' Grave Yard.

This is a picture that will appeal to the imagination of the young and to the experience of the old.

A few things make life worth while. Among them friendship, ambition, self-respect, honesty.

All of these and many others are put away in the graves that are dug by drink.

It is hard to reform a man far down the hill.

But it is not hard to fill with hatred and

as if I suffered. I will put up my head and prick up my ears to welcome him.

'Why, see! He has fallen. He is crawling up those steps to that place again. Is he sick? Poor master!

'I am so tired, so hungry and so thirsty. Why must I be punished like this? I have always been a patient, gentle horse. If I could only reach that trough by that pump right there perhaps there is water in it and yonder is a little green grass. How good it would taste! My mouth is so dry and the sun is hot and the saddle on my back makes me sweat.'

The long afternoon wore away. Supper

get some things she left there. She's coming back on the four o'clock train.'

Tom groaned. 'I hoped she had taken her form from off our door permanently. Really, Eva,' he said, 'she'll have a blighting effect upon us all. I can feel even my sweet shiny spirit being gradually crushed out. I am not the same merry youth I was before this thing of evil appeared to us.'

'Oh, Tom,' Eva laughed.

'Well, if I'm to be housekeeper I mustn't idle away any more time here,' Eva said, and started up attic to investigate the leak Olga had reported to her. 'What a forlorn place,' she



fear of drink the young that are still free from it, or those that are only beginning.

Make clear to the young men, and especially to children, the road that leads to this graveyard. Let them know that the road is a steep hill, that gets steeper and steeper as it goes down.

At the top you can stop in safety and look into the dark graveyard at the foot.

A few steps down, and you can still turn around—but it soon becomes too late.

There is hardly a home in the land that has not a member in need of this picture. Use it. —New York American.

## A Patient Sufferer.

'Why don't he come? He never treated me this way before. I am so thirsty and hungry! Why don't he come?'

'Twas only a gray pony which thus mused to itself as it stood tied in front of a nearby saloon in Cottonwood one day last week.

Hour after hour went by.

Higher and higher climbed the hot sun, lower and lower drooped the head of the patient little pony.

'It was only half-past five when my master fed and watered me this morning and I was so proud when he saddled and bridled me, for this is the first time he has ridden me into town. He usually walks as we live so near.'

'I know it must be dinner time. I am hungry and oh, so thirsty, and it is getting too warm here now.

'There is my master. At last he will care for me! Why, what does this mean? This is where people walk. My master never rode me up and down on a sidewalk before. What ails him, I wonder. He doesn't feel right in the saddle and his hand is unsteady on the rein. Can it be he is going to tie me here again? Please, master, give me feed and water, just a little water.

'He has gone in that building again. I can't understand why he stays in there so long.'

Again the patient head sank low. From foot to foot the weight of the body was shifted and time crept on.

'There is my master again! I will not act

time came and went.

'What does this mean? This is not my master. Where am I being led? I don't think I want to go without my master.

'What is that I see? A pump and horses drinking? Hurry and take me there. Water—water at last! It is so good, so good!'

Burying its nose deep in the cool water the poor little animal, which had gone without food or water for nearly fourteen hours, drank its fill. In the livery barn it was fed and passed most of the night before its master came to take it away.

If the Great God heeds the fall of a sparrow, He noted the suffering of this poor dumb brute and will not let the cruelty of the owner go unpunished, for he is a Just God.—Stanley County (S. D.) Register.

## Tom's Graven Image.

(Harriet Winton Davis, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World'.)

The new maid was depressing. Tom said he felt as if he had slain all her nearest of kin every time she spoke to him. What was the use of going around with such a preternaturally long face anyway? Bridget was always so nice and jolly. Eva, too, missed the smiling, freckled countenance. Bridget had been a part of the little household so long that it seemed unnatural to see this solemn stranger in her place, but when the old mother had need of her who would bid her stay?

It did seem a little hard, though, that Aunt Marion should have to go away, too, throwing the cares of housekeeping so suddenly on Eva's unaccustomed shoulders. Her school days had been so happy, and she realized with a little pang that they were over forever; but after all she was glad. It was pleasant to be at home. She had just finished arranging the books she had unpacked, stopping occasionally to dip into one when her brother opened the door.

'Where's that graven image going now, Eva?' he asked, 'I met her headed for the street with her bonnet on?'

'Who—Olga? Oh, she's going to Carmel to

thought, as she opened Olga's door. It was only in the centre of the room that one could stand upright. The one small window admitted little light or air. The uncovered floor was rough, the walls bare, while various discolorations overhead showed that this was not the first time the roof had sprung a leak.

'The poor girl! No wonder she can't smile—with such a room as this, and to think of dear, patient Bridget having it all these years! It's too bad. I shouldn't think Aunt Marion would have allowed things to go so.'

Then Eva fell to wondering as to how they could improve matters. Of course the first thing was to repair the leaky roof, and perhaps the walls could be papered. That would make it a little better. Some of the furniture looked shabby, too. If there was only a decent bureau and a more comfortable chair, and oh, what a looking-glass! Eva thought, as she glanced into the little cracked mirror that hung by a twine string from a nail. 'Poor thing, I pity her if she thinks she looks as she does in that.' Wasn't there anything that could be spared from somewhere else to make this room more attractive? But even then it could not help being stuffy. Suddenly a thought struck her.

If Olga could only have the old playroom downstairs! That was so nice and cool, it's too bad to use it just for a storeroom, and she opened the door and looked in. It was not very large, but the double window was wide and shaded by the spreading branches of the great apple tree. Often, as a child, Eva had stood there and broken off the pink blossoms that fairly tapped on the panes, as if calling attention to their own loveliness. She remembered how Aunt Marion used to warn her that for every one she picked a big apple might be lost, but the roseate clusters were too alluring; there were always so many apples anyway—more than they could eat. Eva gave a little sigh as she thought of the childish days, and then she turned her mind to the business in hand. 'She must have it—it's just the thing,' she said aloud in her eagerness, 'I'll ask papa as soon as he comes in.'

Then she saw Tom on the lawn, teaching the half-grown puppy to jump over a stick.