

Tales and Sketches.

A LIQUOR DEALER'S VIEWS.

Say, Mr. Legislature,
You make an awful fuss,
An' do a heap o' talkin'
Just on account of us;
You sometimes pass a liquor law
To please the temp'rance crew,
But allus leave a loop-hole
'T'r let us sellers' thro'.

You know we've got a host of votes,
An' know we've got the cash;
We've kind o' got you in our power—
Yer daren't be too rash.
Yer listen to them wimmen folks
An' meet 'em with a smile,
But the've no votes for yer to gain—
Yer know it all the while.

At times yer pass some pesky law,
But soon 'tis done away,
For sich as bear too hard on us
We allus disobey;
'Twould save a heap o' trouble
If our advice were asked,
An' whether we'd obey sich laws,
Before yer had 'em passed.

We've only jest two things ter do,
Then rest our happy souls.
The first ter keep the wimmen folks
From votin' at the polls;
We'll let 'em talk jest as they please
On every public walk—
In politics the humblest vote
Outweighs the biggest talk.

The other thing we've got ter do
Now, jest 'twixt you an' I,
Is ter keep the two old parties up,
Nor let old issues die.
An' thus divide the temp'rance vote
An' make 'em work again
Each other, while we hold the power
An' make our own men win.

—Christian at Work.

WHO IS THE CRIMINAL?

A ragged and shivering little boy was brought before a magistrate for stealing a loaf of bread from a grocer's window. The grocer himself was the informer. The judge was about to pass sentence on the little wretch when a kind lawyer offered the following considerations, in mitigation of his offence: The child, he said, was the eldest of a poor miserable group. Their mother is an incorrigable sot; their father lies low in the drunkard's grave. This morning, says the lawyer, when the act was committed, the mother lay drunk upon the floor, and her children were crying around for bread. The elder boy, unable to bear such misery any longer, rushed from the hovel, resolving to obey that paramount law of nature, which teaches us the principle of self preservation, even in disregard of the law of the land. He seized the penny loaf from the grocer's window and returned to that wretched home, spread the unexpected morsel before his hungry brothers, and bade them "eat and live." He did not eat, himself. No; a consciousness of the crime, and fear of detection, furnished a more engrossing feeling than that of hunger. The last morsel was scarcely swallowed, before the officer of justice entered the door. The little thief was pointed out by the grocer, and he was conducted before the tribunal.

In the midst of such misery as this, says the kind-hearted lawyer, with the motive of the little criminal before us, there is something to soften the heart of man, though I deny not that the act is a penal offence. But the tale is by no means told. This little circle, now utterly fallen and forlorn, is a wreck of a family once prosperous, temperate, frugal, industrious and happy. The father, as strange as it may appear, was once a professor of religion. The very first drop of that accursed tincture of destruction, which conducted him through the path of corruption to the grave, was handed to him by this very grocer, who now pursues the starving child of his former victim, for stealing a penny loaf. The farm became encum-

bered; the community turned its back upon the miserable victim of intemperance; the church expelled him from their communion; the wife sought in the same tremendous remedy for all distracting care, an oblivion of her domestic troubles. Home became a hell, whose only outlet was the grave.

All this aggregate of human wretchedness, says the lawyer, was produced by this very grocer. He has murdered the father; he has brutalized the mother; he has beggared the children; he has taken possession of the farm, and now prosecutes the child for stealing a loaf to keep his brothers from starving!

But all this is lawful and right; that is, it is according to law. He has stood upon his license. The theft of a penny loaf by a starving boy, where his father laid down his last farthing for rum, is a penal offence.—*Selected.*

For Girls and Boys.

MONKEYS AT THEIR TOILET.

In India, where the monkeys live among men, and are the playmates of their children, the Hindoos have grown fond of them, and the four-in-hand folk participate in all their simple household rites. In the early morning, when the peasant goes out to yoke his oxen, and the cow wakes up, and the dog stretches himself and shakes off the dust in which he has slept last night, the monkey creeps down the peepul tree, only half awake, and yawns and looks about him, puts a straw in his mouth, and scratches himself contentedly. Then one by one the whole family come slipping down the tree trunk, and they all yawn and look about and scratch. But they are sleepy and peevish, and the youngsters get cuffed for nothing, and begin to think life dull. Yet the toilet has to be performed, and whether they like it or not the young ones are sternly pulled up, one by one, to their mother, to undergo the process.

The youngsters know their turn quite well. As each feels the moment arrive it throws itself on its stomach as if overwhelmed with apprehension, the others meanwhile stifling their satisfaction at the, "so and so is doing it," and the instant the maternal paw is extended to grasp the tail, the subject of the next experiment utters a piercing shriek, and, throwing its arms forward in the onset, allows itself to be dragged along a limp and helpless carcass, winking all the time, no doubt, at its brothers and sisters at the way it is imposing on the old lady. But the old lady will stand no nonsense, and, turning the child right side up, proceeds to put it to rights, takes the kinks out of its tail and knots out of its fur, pokes its fingers into its ears and looks at each of its toes, the irrepressible brat all the time wearing on his face an absurd expression of hopelessness and incurable grief, those who have been already cleansed looking on with delight at the screaming face, and those who are waiting wearing a becoming aspect of enormous gravity.

The old lady, however, has her joke, which is to cuff each youngster before she lets it go, and nimble as her offsprings are, she generally, to her credit be it said, manages to "fetch them one on the ears" before they are out of reach. The father, meanwhile, sits gravely with his back to all these domestic matters, waiting for breakfast. Presently the mats before the hut doors are pushed down, and women, with brass vessels in their hands, come out, and while they scour the pots with dust, exchange between songs the compliments of the morning. The monkeys by this time have come closer to the preparations for food and sit solemnly, household by household, watching every movement. Hindoos do not hurry themselves in anything they do, but the monkey has plenty of patience, and the end, when the crowd has stolen a little, and the dog has had his morsel, and the children are all satisfied, the fragments of the meal are thrown out on the ground for the "blunder organ," the monkey people, and it is soon discussed, the mother feeding the baby before she herself eats.—*London Telegraph.*

THE WICKED, CRUEL SPIDER.

I know a dingy corner, where a wicked spider clings;
Where he spins his web round bottles, glasses, jugs, and other things;
And I listened in the shadow as one day I passed along,
And I heard the wicked spider, as he sung his cruel song.

"Will you take a little cider? Will you call while passing by?"
Said the wicked, crafty spider, to the buzzing little fly.
"Will you take a little lager? Surely you will not decline
Just to take a drink for friendship; say, just sip a little wine."