

FIFTY-FIVE IN ALL.

- 1 little Monkey making cherry pies;
- 2 little Turtles running for a prize;
- 3 little Peacocks driving out in state;
- 4 little Goslings learning how to skate;
- 5 little Katydid's going to a ball;
- 6 little Tadpoles rowing in a yawl;
- 7 little Owlets looking at the moon;
- 8 little Fireflies up in a balloon;
- 9 little White Mice living in a shoe;
- 10 little Butterflies with not a thing to do.

55

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Pictures by
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GRANDMA'S STORY.

(By Maria Spalding.)

'Grandma, tell us a story!' clamored some half-dozen childish voices as I stepped into the playroom one rainy day, to see what the little ones were about.

'Nonsense!' said I, 'go on with your play, do not bother grandma.'

'Grandma is never bovered!' exclaimed little five-year-old Nellie.

I was immediately escorted by the six to the easiest chair in the room. Nellie and Robbie perched themselves each on an arm of the chair, and twining their little fat arms about my neck, begged me with winning words, 'Begin!'

When my loving heart had been made full to the brim with sweet words and caresses, I was ready to fulfil my part and tell them a story. I have thought if I were to relate the story that I told in the play-room that dreary day, that in these days of prohibition, when all classes are getting deeper and deeper into the great and important question, that some who are not my grandchildren might see that none are too young to aid in the noble cause.

When I was a little girl, my father was one of the leading merchants in the State of Vermont. Like all store-keepers of those days, he sold liquors. My home was in one of the largest and most prominent towns in the state, and no one had things nicer than we had. I was about eleven years old when the Rev. Mr. Burchard caused in proportion as much excitement in my childish heart, as he did in the heart of the great Republican party of 1884.

One evening my mother permitted me to go with some of the older Academy girls to hear him on temperance. I thought there was to be some fun. Soon, however, I discovered that it was a very serious time and place, and so I cuddled myself up in the corner for a

nap. Excepting a few extremely sad stories related, I did not hear much that was said, until the speaker in thundering tone exclaimed, 'The rum-seller is worse than the drunkard himself—he is lost, for in God's eye he is a murderer!'

Those fierce, denunciatory words set my childish heart to thumping wildly; I was sufficiently old to realize the meaning of every word uttered, and that my much-loved parent came under that curse. That God could call my father a murderer, excited me fearfully. How or when I reached home I scarcely know, but as I saw the sitting-room door ajar, I peeped in, and there before the glowing fire on the hearth, warming his feet, sat the one being I loved best on earth, looking anything but a murderer. I stood a second on the threshold, drinking in the quiet peaceful scene, then, with a convulsive sob, I bounded into the arms stretched out towards me. For a few minutes I lay sobbing out my intense excitement on his shoulder. When by his gentle caresses I was quieted, I told him what had occurred, and began pleading with him. He tried to reason with me, but it was of no avail. So, fearing a return of my excitement, I suppose, he said it was such a big thing for him to do that he would have to think of it, and with a few more caresses he carried me in his strong arms up-stairs to bed. Twice after he had left the room I called him to me, and pulling his dear face down to mine I kissed his lips, and looking into his loving eyes, said: 'Remember, father, you must do this thing for me.'

After asking God to bless my father in his decision, I laid my head on the pillow, but it was long after midnight ere my sorrow was drowned in sleep. The next morning my heavy eyes told the story to my parents, but the all-important subject was not referred to, even my brothers and sisters having been warned to keep silent. My father

usually walked as far as the store with his daughters on their way to school. On that particular morning, I let go of his hand and drew back, so he would kiss my sister first, then, when my turn came, I had the chance to whisper, 'Don't forget to think!'

All day at school the words of the preacher haunted me, and in fact for three days I could not be diverted from the one absorbing idea that my dear father must not buy and sell liquor. At last, father, fearing I should become sick from the worry, thought he had devised a plan by which he hoped I might be diverted.

The store was a large brick structure standing about twenty rods from the river. In spring I was accustomed to sit on its bank and fish by the hour. But at this time it was a solid sheet of ice from bank to bank, with here and there water holes where horses and cattle were brought to drink.

Now, one night as I sat upon my knee my father made this proposition: I was to empty every hogshead of its contents with a pint measure; each cupful was to be turned into the river, and when this task was accomplished, he promised me that the hogsheads should never be refilled. His word was gold. I did not imagine that this would be an easy task; but I was too young to see that my good father thought he had the best of the bargain. So after a moment's deliberation, when I declared, 'I'll do it if it takes me a year,' I saw tears spring to father's eyes; but he exclaimed, well, go ahead, my energetic little daughter!

My uncle Charley, who was but a lad at that time, was making us a visit. When he heard my declaration, he said: 'I must see the end of this thing, and will keep the path open for you, Rachel!' This was cheering news to my unsophisticated heart; for the snow was very deep between the back door of the store and the river much of the winter.

The following morning I hurried through my breakfast, and without waiting for anyone, ran to the store, and had carried the pint cup to the river twice before school-time. I did not know then that the dear father had reached the store very nearly as soon as I, and unseen by me had watched me with the little cup go singing down the path. The busy events of the day, however, had almost obliterated the scene of the morning from his mind. For, when after school I appeared again, and was passing through the front store to the liquor room, father called out from some distant corner, 'What now, little daughter?'

I laughingly shook my head in reply, and was soon at the river with another cup of the horrid stuff. It was a bitter cold night, and I quickly dashed the liquid into the water-hole, and ran back up the walk as fast as I could, to keep warm. When I reached the door again, I saw father standing bareheaded, while the cutting wind played havoc with his hair, watching me all the while. He eagerly caught me in his arms, and with tears coursing down his cheeks, he covered my face with kisses, and before he set me on my feet again, he had promised that in less than twenty-four hours, every drop of liquor in his store should be flowing with the river to Lake Champlain.

From that day on, through many, many years, that promise given to a mere child was considered sacred, and the influence growing out of it widened and broadened over that village until it was not only disreputable to sell the stuff, but it could not be done openly without a license. The love and affection of the daughter, soon caused the intelligent father to look deeper into 'cause and effect,' and so as 'mighty oaks do from acorns grow,' a mighty temperance reform was started from that small beginning that no amount of persecution has ever been able to trample down. 'Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,' little ones!—'Presbyterian Observer.'

SUCCESSFUL OFFICE BOYS.

An editor of a great city daily was speaking a few days ago about the services of his office boy.

'I don't believe there is a person in the building who has anything against the

boy,' said he. 'Arthur is always on time, always ready, and quiet, and thoroughly reliable.'

Someone who stood by took the occasion to ask a question.

'Is it really true that a boy who is responsible and willing, is always noticed?'

'Oh! yes!' said the editor. 'Noticed almost at once, and all over the office.'

'But what are his chances about being promoted? In a large office I should think there would be really little chance, yet one continually sees it stated that reliable boys are sure to be promoted.'

The editor answered with decision:

'The chances are almost certain. I should say they were certain. A boy who is reliable, and willing to work, and who shows a disposition to do his best, is sure to be promoted as fast as he deserves to be. Of course, in our office we have all sorts of boys—boys who are shiftless, and have no interest in their work, who stay a short time and drift away. That sort of boy doesn't count. But now, Arthur has been with us two years. In all that time he has been keen and business-like, ready to do anything, always pleasant, and prompt, and capable. The boy before Arthur was much the same sort of boy. He grew interested in the typewriter. He stayed after hours and practiced on it till he became thoroughly skilful with it. That boy is now the business manager's stenographer.—'American Paper.'

A LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

MRS. MARGARET SANGSTER.

The days are short and the nights are long,

And the wind is nipping cold;

The tasks are hard and the sums are wrong,

And the teachers often scold.

But Johnny McCree,

Oh, what cares he,

As he whistles along the way?

'It will all come right

By to-morrow night,'

Says Johnny McCree to-day.

The plums are few and the cakes are plain,

The shoes are out at the toe;

For money, you look in your purse in vain—

It was all spent long ago.

But Johnny McCree,

Oh, what cares he,

As he whistles along the street?

Would you have the blues

For a pair of shoes

While you have a pair of feet?

The snow is deep, there are paths to break,

But the little arm is strong,

And work is play if you'll only take

Your work with a little song.

And Johnny McCree,

Oh, what cares he,

As he whistles along the road?

He will do his best,

And leave the rest

To the care of his Father, God.

The mother's face is often sad,

She scarce knows what to do;

But at Johnny's kiss she is bright and glad;

She loves him, and wouldn't you?

For Johnny McCree,

Oh, what cares he,

As he whistles along the way?

The trouble will go,

And 'I told you so.'

Our brave little John will say.

A MAN IN OUR TOWN.

MARY L. WYATT.

(Recitation for a small boy.)

There was a man in our town,

Who thought himself quite wise.

He jumped into a bramble bush,

And scratched out both his eyes.

This bramble bush High License was;

It took his sight away,

And so he couldn't see the wrong

In alcohol's free sway.

But when he saw his eyes were out,

With all his might and main

He jumped into a temp'rance bush,

And scratched them in again.

And now he votes 'No License,'

And lauds it to the skies.

And so this man in our town

Is really wondrous wise.

—West Medford, Mass.