

"Sent?" queried Harry.

"Why, yes; don't you understand? They get them drunk, so that they murder or steal, or do something bad, and then they're taken up and sent to prison."

"Sell liquor and make criminals," remarked Aunt Sue.

"Don't you think it's worse to do that than throw a banana-skin on the pavement?" asked Richard. "I do; I think a wicked man's worse than a lame man or a dead man."

"Of course."

"Then why don't they 'tend to it?"

"See if you can think of any reason."

"I can!" exclaimed Thomas. "They love the old liquor themselves, and so won't meddle with the saloons. And then I s'pose they consider liquor-selling a regular business, and so they can't meddle with it. I heard a man say something like that once. He said: 'Haven't I as good a right to sell liquor as you have to sell shoes?'"

"Who makes the laws, Aunt Sue?" asked Harry.

"The people. They choose men, who go to the capital of the State every year and counsel together and make such laws as they can agree upon."

"Then these men make them, not the people?"

"But the people choose the men who shall go for them and make just such laws as they would if they went themselves."

"Do they tell 'em what to do?"

"They name certain points they wish to have carried out, and choose men who will promise to do it. If the people want the liquor-stores shut up they will send temperance men to attend to it—or they ought to," said Aunt Sue.

"Ought to?" queried Harry. "Well, if they ought to they do don't they?"

"I'm afraid not always."

"Why not?"

"Do you always do as you ought to?"

"I'll say as you said, 'I'm afraid not always,'" answered Harry frankly.

"Another reason: there are not enough people who care to have it done to make choice of such temperance men."

"Why? Does everybody love to drink?"

"No; oh! no. There are a great many temperance men who don't take the trouble to do anything about it, or perhaps they consider other interests more important."

"Well, I should think," exclaimed Richard, "when one store sends two hundred men to State-prison it might be important enough to shut up such places. And such lots of mischief they do beside! Look at old Tom Dix. He fell down on the ice last winter when he was drunk and cracked his head, and has been sick ever since. Wasn't that the man's fault that sold him the liquor, I'd like to know? And look at that McKinny tribe—the father and mother both drunk, and the children all in rags and half starved. If they couldn't buy the liquor, they'd work and get food and take care of their children. Dear me! I could tell a hundred just such stories. I'm sure I wish the drinking-shops were all shut up—every one. Why, a banana-skin might make one person lame—'tisn't likely 'twould hurt more than one—and see how many a liquor-store hurts!"

"I'm glad you've thought this out, boys," said Aunt Sue; "this was just what I wanted. Now, think again; is there anything you can do about it?"

H M

"You just wait till I'm old enough to vote, mamma," cried enthusiastic little Tom; "won't I go in for temperance dodges! Hurrah!"

"I, too!" shouted Richard.

"And I, too!" echoed Harry.

"I'm glad we're boys! Hurrah!" shouted Thomas again.

"True, boys, you have something to do when you're men, and it won't be many years yet. Now get ready for your work beforehand."

"Get ready? How?" asked Harry.

"Think!" said Aunt Sue. "You have been thinking this afternoon, and see what conclusions you have come to; so keep thinking. Notice all that goes on around you. Think what is needed to make people better and happier."

"I'm sure shutting up the liquor-stores will make them better," exclaimed Richard.

"And save lots of broken bones, and—and—" said Thomas.

"Broken lives and broken homes," said Aunt Sue to help him out.

"And broken hearts," added solemn Harry. "And saving means preventing, doesn't it? My mother says 'prevention's better than cure.'"

"Yes, indeed; prevention of evil and sin is the wisest philosophy," replied Aunt Sue. "That's the grand principle of prohibition—to prevent the evil it is so hard to cure."

"That can't be cured, I should say," put in Richard. "If a man kills himself you can't bring him to life again, and if he goes to State-prison for killing somebody else he's spoiled his life, and—"

"And if he kills his wife and his children you can't cure that," added Harry.

"Hurrah for prohibition!" cried Richard again; and "Hurrah! hurrah!" went up from the others.

"The grand doctrine of prohibition—will you all vote for that?" asked Aunt Sue.

"When we're men," said the boys in a breath.

"And we'll talk it and sing it and preach it now wherever we go," pledged Thomas.

"Perhaps we can persuade those who are voters now to go in for it," suggested Harry.

You can at least try. None are too young to help push on the good cause.—*Helen J. Brown, in Youth's Temperance Banner.*

Our Casket.

BITS OF TINSEL.

"As we charged," says a war correspondent, "the bugle blew." It must have been a trumped-up charge.

"Are you fond of tongue, sir?" "I was always fond of tongue, madam, and I like it still."

"Who discovered America?" was asked by a Montreal school teacher. The smart boy immediately answered "Yankee Doodle."

"You may speak," said a fond mother, "about people having strength of mind, but when it comes to strength of don't mind, my son William surpasses everybody I ever knew."

When you are asked to drink, my son, and have half a mind to accept the invitation, remember that if you had a whole mind, you wouldn't.

A gentleman was one day relating to a Quaker a tale of deep distress, and concluded by saying: "I could but feel for him." "Verily, friend," replied the Quaker, "thou didst right in that thou didst feel for thy neighbor, but didst thou feel in the right place—didst thou feel in thy pocket?"

"You have to work pretty hard, don't you," said a good-natured old gentleman to a car-driver. "Well, I should smile; but I have no cause to complain." "Why not?" "Because my boss is so liberal that he gives me nearly eighteen hours to do my day's work in, while you poor bankers have to crowd your work into about four hours."

Some young rascals were annoying an old gentleman by snow-balling his horse. He rushed out and caught a youngster who was standing one side and looking on; and thinking him to be one of the offenders, began to administer a flogging. But to his surprise, the harder he whipped, the harder the boy laughed, until he stopped and sought an explanation. "Well," said the boy, "I'm laughing, because you are awfully sold. I ain't the boy!"

"Am I on the right road to the village?" demanded a traveller of an old darkey, who was working in a field. "Yaas, sah," said the darkey. The traveller pursued his way, but presently returned very mad. "I say," he shouted to the old fellow, "what did you mean by telling me that I was on the right road to the village?" "I tol' yo' de truf, deed I did, boss," replied the darkey, "but yo' tuk de wrong direkshun, sah."

A gentlemen, not 100 miles from Edinburgh, was looking through the gates of his premises down the turnpike road, and, seeing an Irishman pick up a hare, waited until he came up, and said, "Pat, does that hare belong to you?" Pat looked round and says, "Is it me you're talking to, sir?" "Yes, I ask does that hare belong to you?" "What does the fellow mean?" "I mean does that hare belong to you?" "And," says Pat, "why, sir, do you think I wear a wig?"