

BOYS AND GIRLS

Dividing the House.

(The Safeguard.)

Many years ago, when the temperance agitation began to interfere with the freedom of the rum traffic, it was extremely difficult to induce many of the people to declare themselves on this subject. The friends, relatives, and associates of the rum-seller, the men who were profited by his custom, his favor, or his pew-rents, were loth to quarrel with their own bread and butter, by interfering with his methods of making a living. Hence, on the question of license in the 'town meeting' it was hard to get the real convictions of the people.

Among the staunch and earnest advocates of temperance a generation ago was King S. Hastings, of Blandford, Mass., the father of

a century, used to relate an anecdote of a business rival who was a famous liquor dealer in the days when 'everybody kept it.' The temperance agitation of 1844 had changed the notions of many people in Maine as to the propriety of selling liquors, and at length the matter of for or against the traffic came up for a vote in the town meeting.

The seller alluded to was very strenuous in his opposition to all restraint in his business, and labored heartily with the voters to resist the encroachment on their 'rights.' But in the course of the vote it became necessary to have a division of the house. All for the traffic went to one side of the room, all opposed to the other. The common use of alcoholic drinks had left its marks on the faces of the victims, and the crowd that assembled on one side of the

to twitter and sing, and finally to test their young wings, though with the trial the charms of the home nest must fade away. Were they wisely unselfish or only anxious to shake off parental responsibilities? There was no little girl in the gray house to question and to wonder, and Mrs. Peck, and her one red-cheeked servant had other things to think about.

It was a hot summer morning. Here and there a dandelion shone like burnished gold in the grass, rejoicing in the sunshine, but the morning-glories by the piazza were beginning to close their pink and white purple funnels—trying to roll them up as tightly as the striped and twisted buds that would take their place to glorify the morrow. Perhaps they hoped for a second waking, but their little lifetime had gone with the passing of the morning.

Two little girls came timidly along the walk and up on the piazza.

'Ting-a-ling' rang out the door-bell, so cheerfully that a robin in the treetop felt himself called upon to answer, and set his soft little throat a-quiver.

'May we see Mrs. Peck a minute?' said Esther to the stout servant who opened the door.

The little girls were ushered into the parlor. It was a pleasant relief after the hot walk, but the shutters were so tightly closed to keep out the sunshine that the girls' eyes could just distinguish the outlines of the old-fashioned haircloth sofa. They made their way toward it together, that they might sit side by side, for they felt a little shy of Mrs. Peck. They sat quiet for a minute, till the different objects of the room came out with more and more distinctness.

'There they are!' whispered Lillian, looking toward the palms in the window. 'I wondered why they weren't on the porch. Do you suppose she'll lend them?'

'I don't know. I should think she would. She belongs to our church, you know, if she doesn't get out very often. I guess she'll let us take them.'

'You must ask her,' said Lillian, 'you ought to, you know; you are older than I am.'

A rustle in the hall, and Mrs. Peck appeared. She was not in the most favorable of humors, for preserving strawberries was not the pleasantest occupation with the mercury in such an exalted mood, and besides, one of her new-filled cans had just sprung a leak, and what could be more exasperating to a housekeeper's heart?

'Good morning,' she said, shortly. 'Maria says you want to speak to me. What is it? I've got my hands full this morning.'

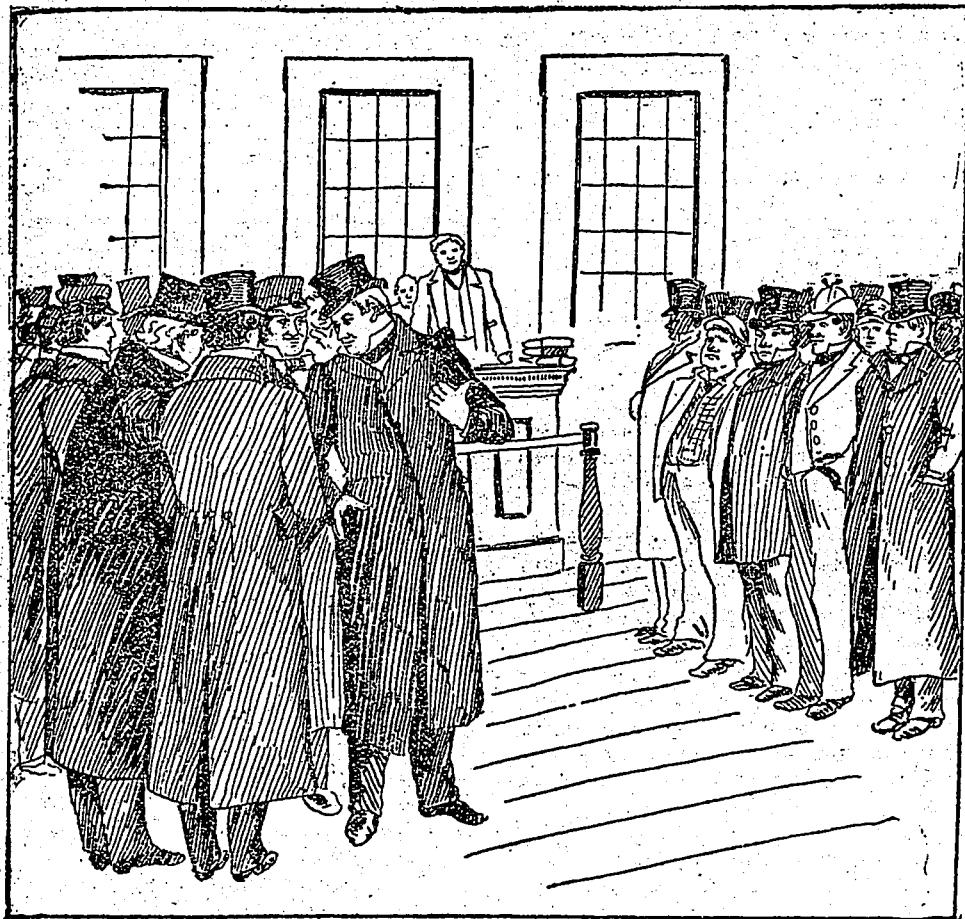
'Yes'm,' said Esther, her little speech quickly becoming complicated, 'we want some—you know next Sunday is going to be anniversary Sunday at our church, I mean its the Sunday-school's anniversary, and we want some flowers and palms and birds, you know. I mean the Sunday-school does, because we're to have the charge of it. I mean we're to be on the platform.'

'For pity's sake, child,' ejaculated Mrs. Peck, 'if you've got anything to say, say it. I've got something to do besides sitting here all day.'

The sensitive little face flushed, but the parlor was so dark Mrs. Peck may not have noticed it.

'We wanted'—Esther began with an appealing look at Lillian who kept her eyes resolutely in another direction, 'we wanted to know if you would let us take your palms, they'd look so nice on the platform, and we would be very careful of them.'

'Lend my palms!' ejaculated Mrs. Peck,



the Rev. H. L. Hastings, of Boston; and he, with a few of his friends, planned to bring matters to a head.

The town meeting was held, and when the question came up, 'Shall licenses be granted to sell intoxicating liquors,' one of the company shouted,

'I move that we divide the house on that question.'

'Second the motion!' 'Second the motion!' said his friends, and it was put to vote and instantly carried.

Then came the division. The Town Hall had raised seats on each side, and a vacant space in the middle. The temperance men took one side—strong, sturdy and clear-eyed. The rummies took the other side,—red-nosed, blear-eyed, seedy, and wretched,—looking like 'the sheep on the right hand, but the goats on the left.'

But what about the time-servers? They durst not stand with the temperance men, and they would not be counted with the rummies, and so they shot out doors, and left the temperance men masters of the field.

The Lewiston Journal relates a similar instance:

'An old gentleman who was in trade in a Kennebec village for more than a quarter of

town hall to insist upon their customary toddy was not so pretty as it might have been. To the surprise of everyone, the famous old seller, after a moment's hesitation, deliberately went to the temperance side.

'What are you over here for?' the astonished people began to question. 'You don't belong over here. That's your side over there.'

The old man looked around with disgust, and retorted:

'You don't suppose I'm going over there in that crowd of red noses, do you?'

'Curiously enough, a look at the uncanny assemblage of his customers had appalled him.'

Palms and Daisies.

(By Bertha Gerneaux Davis, in 'The Standard'.)

It was a pretty gray house, with a wide piazza extending all along the front. Large trees grew on either side of the walk leading to the door—their branches so gnarled and crooked as to form a hundred cozy corners for the feathered creatures that each summer built their little brown homes and reared their small duplicates, teaching them