

gested to her that if she presented her case to the Good Man who owned the Estate he would Shoot the Bear, and thus end her Trouble, but this Plan she rejected as Impracticable. "I know a better Scheme than that," said she. "I have solved the difficulty! My Nest, heretofore, has been too low. A High Nest is the thing to do it!" So she built her Nest on the limb of a neighboring Tree, high above the Ground. "Ah there!" she cried out to the Bear, when next she saw him prowling about, "I guess you might as well remove Young Lark from your Menu. I think I've rather got you now, my Friend!" But her Brood was devoured as before. She had forgotten that Bears can climb.

MORAL.—High License does not protect Society from the ravages of the Liquor Traffic.