

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Monkey Tree.

Among the stately and ancient beeches at Burnham, England, may be seen many trees which have grown into curious shapes; some of them are like ghosts, and when seen in the twilight, or by moonlight, they have often

girl. He has gone to Lindon this morning, and will drive round by Judge Kimball's and meet you at two o'clock to sign those papers about the hill meadow.

'All right! As soon as I get home with the load I'll fix up a little and drive over. Two o'clock, you said? Nice morning!'

folks who say, as I heard one say yesterday, "I am a temperance man, and no one living would rejoice more than I to see the liquor traffic blotted out; but it can't be done." If I were that sort of a temperance man I'd get right down on my knees and ask the Lord to give me a little sense! Real good common sense would work wonders for the temperance cause. The new law's no good, and what's more, wasn't meant to be any good. But there is a thin coating of sugar that we might as well scrape off and use to sweeten up our country villages, and if the men who pretend to be opposed to the saloon had voted it out of this town when they had a chance, one might have some faith in them.'

Mr. Grayson laughed uneasily, as he replied, 'But, Lou, child, over in Marsden they voted no saloon license, and now the hotels have sprung up in new places, so that just as much liquor is drunk as ever, and in Nelson they voted no license at all, but liquor is sold just the same on the sly, and no one interferes. What better off would we be, if we had voted no license? It takes more than pieces of paper to rid the country of the curse.'

'That is just it! It will take a great crowd of moral heroes—men! Jelly-fish are no good in this fight—we need a backbone order of creation! Why, yesterday, Sunday, two men went tearing through the streets, whipping their horses, and swearing like pirates. Everybody in the place knew they were intoxicated, but no one had grit enough to arrest them. If we had some sort of an organized force, who would do the little that can be done under existing laws, those men would be in the lock-up this morning!'

'Aren't you a little sharp and bitter?'

'Maybe. But isn't it time some one talked sense? Just look at it—the temperance ticket in this town with sixteen votes last fall.'

'But, Lou, you remember there were important interests at stake last fall.'

'That's an old story. I am only sixteen years old, but as nearly as I can find out there have been important interests at every election, and the points are not settled yet, and never will be until this liquor business is settled; and isn't it strange that the question that affects directly the manhood, the very souls of the people of the nation, should be set aside to wait for matters that do not directly affect the highest interests of men? Put liquor out of the way and the men who make up the government will be sober enough to settle the other questions.'

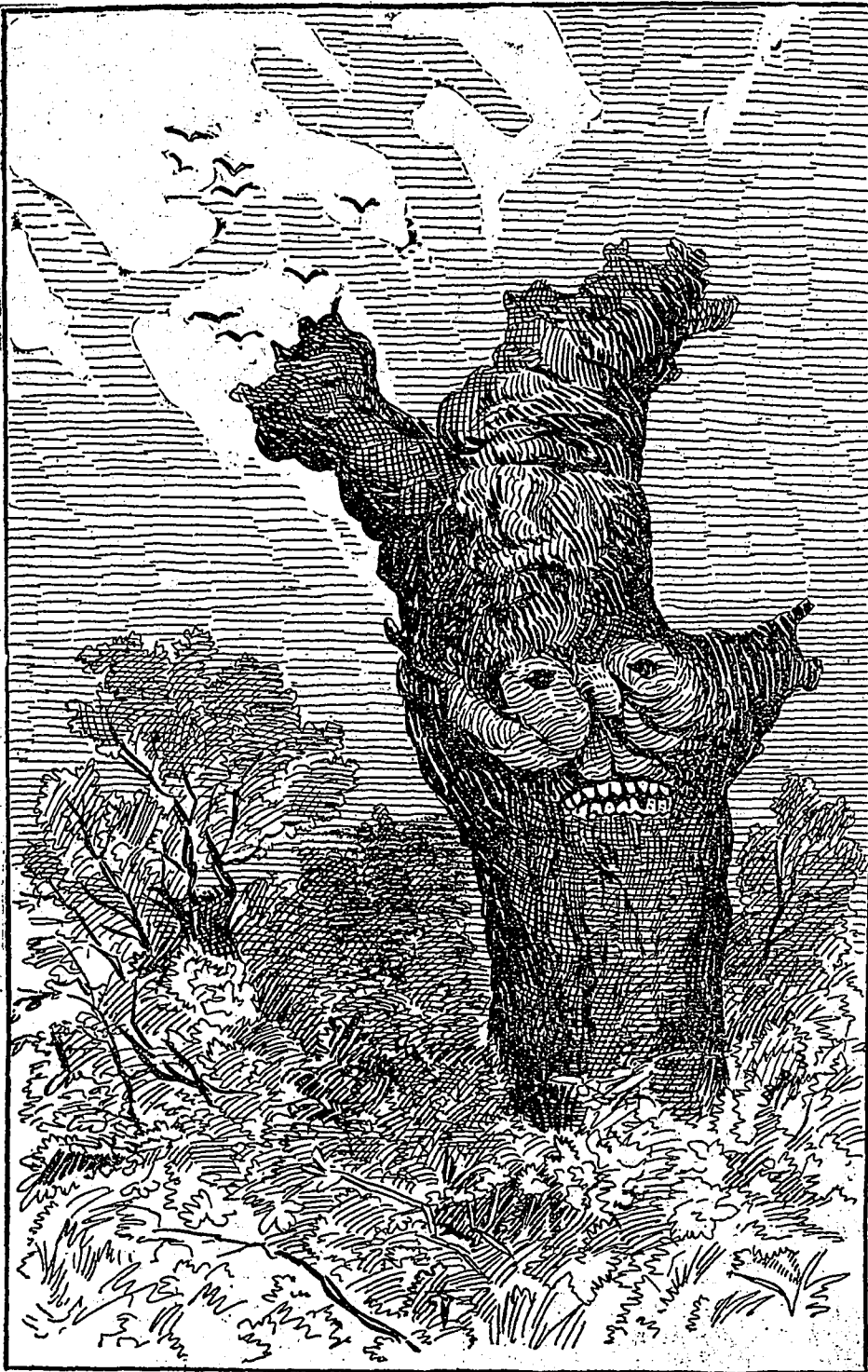
'Seems to me, Lou, that your talk would sound better from a platform than from a fence-post! You must have been doing a lot of thinking!'

'Well, one can't help thinking and getting ideas with things going the way they do in this neighborhood. I don't suppose you know that Jack was at the new saloon last night?'

'Jack! Not my Jack?'

'Yes, your Jack! And, Mr. Grayson, if you had been up when he got home you would have known it without being told; the girl's voice trembled, and her eyes were filled with tears. The Graysons and the Bakers had long been close friends, and Jack had been Lou's playmate always. She added, 'Jack never went over to Lindon nor to the village saloons, but Fred Armsby is a jolly fellow and a favorite with all the boys, so it is easy for him to draw them in. I don't blame the boys—of course any place that their fathers say shall be opened for the good of the public is all right!' Lou jumped down from her perch saying:

'There! I've spoken my mind.'



THE MONKEY-TREE AT BURNHAM.

startled visitors. The tree of which we give a picture, when viewed in a certain position, has a face like a monkey or ape clearly to be seen on the bark; the face seems to have its mouth open, showing a set of teeth. It is called the Monkey-tree.—'The Prize.'

Lou Baker Speaks Her Mind.

(By Faye Huntington.)

Lou Baker, perched upon the broad cap of a fence-post, watched Mr. Grayson's ox-team moving slowly up the road, drawing a heavy load of lumber for Mr. Grayson's new barn. She heard the driver sing out:

'Gee there, Brindle! Haw, now, Buck!' Then, as the entrance of Colonel Baker's grounds was reached, in answer to Lou's signal, a peremptory 'Whoa! whoa, there!' brought the oxen to a halt.

'Papa set me watching for you,' said the

'I suppose so,' said Lou, a little ungraciously. 'It is nice enough so far as the weather goes, but I don't think anything is very nice that is happening nowadays!'

'Why, child, what is the matter?'

'Matter enough! Maybe you don't know that Fred Armsby has opened a saloon at The Corners and that the boys are being trapped there! And you men let it be possible to do it. Last spring you had a chance to say that prohibition should be the law in this town and you let your chance slip, and the saloon has its way!'

'But, Lou, it couldn't have been done; and if the town had voted that way just as much liquor would be sold, only not so openly, and no license fees would have been paid.'

'Mr. Grayson, you a man, and talk such stuff. Ten good men formed into a Law and Order League could enforce prohibition in this whole town. I have no patience with