



Five Little Pigs



This little Pig went to market
This little Pig staid at home
This little Pig had a bit of bread
and butter
This little Pig had none
This little Pig said 'Wee wee wee!
I can't find my home'



REED MASON'S RIDE.

It was nine o'clock and Reed Mason was busy setting things to rights before closing up for the night.

'Mighty nigh it, Mr. Parker,' said Reed. 'But a miss is as good as a mile. Let me take your jug.'

Reed needed no light, for he was familiar with every foot of the premises. He passed out at the rear door and on to the large shed in which was kept much of their stock.

The molasses was slow in running, for the night was cool and frosty. While waiting, Reed leaned his shoulder against the side of the shed. As he did so his ear came opposite a knot-hole, and he was surprised to hear the low, rasping whispers of persons on the outside.

'You see the no-license people are too confident,' Jake was saying, in a noisy whisper. 'They won't come out and vote. They didn't last year—or only 'bout a hundred an' fifty of 'em. An' if we git out our full vote we'll beat 'em. There is two hundred in this town that'll vote for whiskey ever' time there's a chance to win.'

'There wasn't fifty that voted for whiskey last year,' interrupted the other.

'Of course not, 'cause they thought there was no chance to win. But you see there is. These other fellers won't vote any stronger this year 'an they did last, if so strong. An' all we've got to do is to keep mum an'

see that ever' man what's on our side votes, don't ye see? I've got men all over the township workin' for it, makin' a still hunt, ye know. An' if Fairfield don't go "wet" to-morrow Jake Starke will eat his head!

Reed Mason heard it all, and a great fear came over him. It was only since Fairfield had been a prohibition town that his father had been able to live a sober life. And now if the town was to go back to the saloon, his father would soon fall into his old dissolute ways.

He saw his father come reeling home; he heard the harsh, unnatural words spoken to his mother and sisters; and felt the cruel abuse which only a drunken man can heap upon his family. Again there were hard and pinching times.

Reed Mason had gone to work in his thirteenth year to help to support a neglected family. He was now in his sixteenth year. By careful savings he had lately been able to buy a handsome bicycle.

Out in the cool, starlit night he tried to think what he should do. The temperance people must be roused and notified of the danger. There was no time to lose; in ten hours the polls would open and the voting begin. Springing upon his wheel he sped silently and swiftly down the south road in the direction of Hanover. There was no need of stopping at any house in the village, for there would be plenty of time to tell them of the danger in the morning.

Farmer Weston's was the first place at which he halted. They had all gone to bed, but Reed knocked loud and long, determined to waste no more time than was absolutely necessary. An upper window was thrown open, and a projected head demanded, 'Who's there, and what's wanted?' 'It's Reed Mason, and I came to tell you the whiskey people are going to try and carry the election to-

morrow. They reckon on taking the temperance people off their guard. His voice trembled with excitement as he continued; and this added to the pathos of his concluding words: 'Won't you, Mr. Weston, come out and vote against them?'

'Why, bless you, yes. But I didn't know's there was any danger but what the temperance people would beat anyway.'

'There is; lots of it,' he added, springing upon his machine. 'I've got to hurry, because I've got to rouse everybody in the township.'

On Reed flew to the next house, and then to the next and the next. Waking the people at each place, he told them of the danger that threatened, and received from them a promise to turn out and vote on the morrow. On and on he sped, up hills and down hills; woods were now on his right, now on his left, and now on both sides, dark, lonesome and silent.

At last from the summit of a hill he saw the first signs of the coming day; and felt that his night's work was done. He had ridden over thirty miles, and stopped at nearly a hundred houses; only one corner of the township remained unvisited. But that would have to go; he was too tired to do more.

The voting began promptly at seven o'clock, and proceeded slowly; but as the day advanced the interest steadily increased.

At noon it was generally agreed that the 'wets' were about fifty ahead. Reed heard this on his way to dinner, and his heart sank within him. Was his night's work to be of no avail? Was the saloon to come back to town again?

The 'wets' had polled their full strength at noon, and there were no more to come. On the other hand, the no-license people continued to come, now two and sometimes three, from the most distant parts of the township. The vote was steadily growing closer and closer. By-and-by it was agreed that the temperance people led, and a great shout went up from those gathered about the polling place. Every new arrival now helped to increase this lead and the crowd greeted the voters as they came with cheer after cheer.

The sun had gone down back of Long Hill; everywhere was the soft evening glow which lights up all things and still casts no shadows. Suddenly from the window where the voting had been done, a voice, which reached every ear, cried: 'For license, 201; against license, 325.'

There was a second's silence, as if for comprehension, and then a great shout went into the air, followed by hats and caps and coats, and the wild waving of hands.

Mr. Wilson, the mayor of the village, caught sight of Reed, and, stepping upon the spout of the town pump, he steadied himself with one hand, while with the other he waved his hat above his head, and, as soon as he could be heard, shouted: 'Gentlemen, I propose three cheers for Reed Mason. Except for him our town would have lost its fair name.'

The cheers were given, and that, too, with lungs accustomed to outdoor shouting. Hardly had they ended when two stout fellows picked Reed up, and placing him on their shoulders, started down the street. The crowd fell in line, shouting and yelling.

Altogether it was a glorious day, as the 'Fairfield Flower' stated in its issue that week. In the glowing account which it published, the editor capped his climax by comparing Reed Mason's ride to the ride of Paul Revere, and paraphrased Longfellow's famous lines:

'Through the gloom and the light, The faith of our Fairfield was riding that night.'

—'The Union Signal.'

LETTER TO THE GIRLS.

MONEY.

Dear Girls,—You may be surprised to get a letter on this subject, but I regard the right use of money as one of the most important lessons a girl can learn. I can fancy the different

thoughts which will come to you as you read that sentence. Perhaps a few of you can say truthfully, 'I wish I had any money to use'; the majority will think they would gladly have more; and a few others will toss their heads gayly as they remember that they have only to ask in order to get any reasonable sum that they wish. I feel more solicitude for this last class than for the first, because they are in such danger of growing up hard and selfish, with no sympathy for the privations and wants they have never experienced. They will be too apt to throw away money just for personal gratification, forgetting that it is lent of God, and that some time He will ask how it has been used.

I don't forget that money with young girls is a very variable quantity, depending largely upon the indulgence or caprice of others. I believe if those parents who like so well to gratify you, could know what a pleasure it would be, they would grant you each an allowance. Some girls could be trusted to buy everything they need from clothing to candy; and every one of you would be the better for having an allowance of spending money, if it was not more than five cents a week; but your very own, to do with exactly as you please, and account to your own conscience for it. I think, girls, I should do a little coaxing, a little special pleading to accomplish this, if I were you. Some of you know the pleasure of earning what you have; a real pleasure it often is.

But however it comes, the first thing in a practical way is to keep a cash account. It is very simple; your father or brother will teach you how, and the time comes too quickly to most of us when such a habit is of great importance. Balance the account at least once a month, and know where all the pennies go. Where shall they go? Well, I cannot say just what proportion shall be spent, for trinkets, and gifts, and candy, and books, and concerts, and all the numberless things which a girl wants. But I can give you a truth to start upon which will prove a safe rule; whether you have little or much, it is not yours, but God's, and you ought not to use any of it without asking him, and some definite part should always be used for him. There is a plain direction given us to 'lay by in store as God has prospered.' That is not only for the girl who has, say, five dollars a week to spend, it is as well for one who has only five cents a week.

You see, girls, I wish you to grow up not only to use money wisely and prudently for yourselves, but to have the joy of dispensing blessings with it to others. And this joy the poorest of you may have. Do you know why the great causes of benevolence and religion do not get on faster? Well, I can tell you what I see, and what our great religious papers say. They say it is not because the American people are penurious; they are the most free-handed in the world, but it is because they spend so much on themselves. As fast as they grow rich their wants increase, and many of them gratify themselves first, leaving what they give away to a haphazard impulse. The trouble is they didn't begin right; it was self first, and God's cause last, when it ought to be the reverse.

I know one family (and there are many such—more and more every year, thank God!) who used the one-tenth plan. They were by no means rich. The mother, a widow, kept a cash account, one page headed 'The Lord's Money,' the opposite page, 'Expenditures.' No matter how small the sum that came to her, the tenth was taken from it; if only a dollar, ten cents went down to the Lord's money. You see it made giving very easy. When any call came she had only to run up the account to see if there was money in readiness.

I know of no better suggestion than this: to lay by a certain proportion. I do not say what it shall be for you, but for myself, if I had only ten cents a month, I think twelve cents a year should go to help some one else. Sincerely, H. A. H., in N. Y. 'Observer.'