

**The Best Drinking Place.**

BY MARY L. WYATT.

On a pleasant day in the early fall  
A stranger rode into the town,  
And stopping his horse in the public square  
Glanced this way and that with a frown,  
For the place that he sought he could not  
find  
(Saloons had been banished that year),  
So he called to a lad who passed that way,  
And said to him: "Sonny, come here.

"Here's a nickel for you to show the way  
To the best drinking-place you know."  
"All right!" he answered—a quick-witted  
youth,  
"Just turn up that street, sir, and go  
Till you come to another upon your right,  
Then turn into that, and keep on  
Till you come to another, turn right again,  
And you'll see it quite plainly," said John.

So, thanking the lad, the stranger rode off,  
And John gave a hop, skip, and a jump,  
For back came the stranger, within a trice,  
Brought up—at the old town pump!  
"Here you are, sir!" said John, with a  
smile,  
"The best 'drinking-place' to be found,  
Take a good drink, sir, it's free, and you're  
welcome, too!  
It's good for your health, I'll be bound!"

He took the glass in a good-natured way,  
And drank of the water clear,  
Then said: "Tis an excellent drink, I'm  
sure—  
The best I've had for a year."  
So saying, he tossed the lad a coin:  
"The lesson is worth that to me;  
Keep on playing your temperance joke—  
'Twill make the world better," said he.

**A LITTLE WAY DOWN STREET.**

BY ROBERT BURDETTE.

My boy, you came in rather late last  
night, and this morning, when your mother  
asked where you were, you said, "Down  
street." Then when she wanted to know  
whereabouts down street, you said, "Oh,  
just a little ways."

Now, I don't think you intended to lie to  
your mother. As a rule you are a truthful  
boy, and your mother can believe you.  
But I wonder if you know how far down  
street you were last night? You were  
right when you said you were "down  
street." Whenever a boy comes home late  
at night and is afraid or ashamed to tell  
just where he has been and what he has  
been doing, I know as well as he does, and  
his mother knows, and everybody who  
knows anything about it, says that he has  
been down street. And more than that,  
my boy, I know that he has been a long  
way down street. A long, long way.

Have you a map of your route last even-  
ing? No! Well, never mind; you know  
you were down street, and we can make a  
map in a minute or two. Sit down here,  
and we'll see how far a boy travels when he  
leaves home after supper, and goes down  
street a little way, and doesn't get back  
until ten o'clock or later.

Here is your home, this bright little spot  
like a star on the map. The sweetest,  
purest, safest place this side of heaven;  
the home where, from father to baby, they  
love you better than all the rest of the  
people in all the big, wide world. Now,  
when you start from here and go down  
street, somehow the street always has a  
down-grade from home when you sneak  
out at night. See how far you get from  
respectability and self-respect when you  
reach this corner, "just a little way  
down," where you loafed—eh? Well, call  
it loitered if you prefer it—where you  
loitered last night. Here are the fellows  
with whom you loitered. You had to meet  
them here because you can never meet  
them in your home, for two reasons. In  
the first place your father wouldn't permit  
one of them to come into his house, and in  
the second place, you would be ashamed to  
invite them there whether your father for-  
bade it or not. Sweet gang for your  
father's son to loiter with, isn't it? It is a  
long ways from your respectable home,  
from your mother's friends and your  
father's guests to this corner down street,  
isn't it.

Then—look at the map, my boy—see  
how far it is from manliness and decency.  
Two ladies hurried past this corner, friends  
of your mother, possibly they had been  
spending the evening at your home.  
Thank heaven they could not see you as

you slunk back into the dark doorway,  
feeling like the sneak that you were; and  
as they passed by one of the loafers with  
whom you were loitering shouted an insult-  
ing remark after them. Your cheeks  
burned in the dark at that.

See, too, how far you were from purity.  
Some of the boys told some stories; do  
you think that you could repeat them to  
your sister? Don't you wish this morning  
that you could forget them forever? Don't  
you know that your mind will never be as  
pure and innocent as it was before you  
went just a little way "down the street"  
last night? While you were listening to  
these stories, punctuated by profanity, the  
dear ones at home gathered in the sitting  
room, your father opened the Bible and  
read. They knelt at the family altar and  
commended themselves to the keeping of  
the Heavenly Father, and tenderly remem-  
bered the boy who was "just a little way  
down the street." Then the lights went  
out one by one, the house was still,  
and only the loving mother waited anx-  
iously and sleeplessly for the boy who was  
down street. It was more than ten million  
miles away from the sweet old chapter  
that your father read, down to the stories  
that you heard, my boy. And what a  
steep grade, all the way down!

And it was a long way from the truth.  
When you evaded your mother's question  
and said you were only "a little way down  
street" the lie in your false heart looked  
guiltily out of your eyes as it rose to your  
cowardly lips.

Just see where you were; you, ordinarily  
a brave, manly, truthful boy, turned into a  
liar and coward? You would fight, I know,  
if any boy called you such names; but just  
tell yourself the truth; don't lie to your-  
self. Were you not ashamed to tell your  
mother where you were? Yes, Well,  
doesn't that make you a sneak? And  
weren't you afraid to tell your father?  
Yes, well, what does that make you? And  
did you tell the honest truth when your  
mother asked where you were? No, Well,  
what are you then? And let me tell you  
that the "half truth" and "half lie" you  
told your mother is like all half-breeds, it  
has all the worst traits of the vilest race  
and none of the virtues of the best.

"But," you say, "a boy doesn't have to go  
with toughs and riff-raff when he goes down  
street; there are some mighty nice boys go  
down street at night." My boy, I know it;  
there are some "mighty nice boys" go out  
of nights, but they are not so nice when  
they come back. You can't select your  
company on the street. The corner is free  
to everybody. There is no exclusiveness  
in street company. There is no safe "cor-  
ner" for you after night except the chim-  
ney corner. And when you leave that and  
spend your evening on the street, and can  
give no account of your doings on your  
return, beyond the bald statement that  
were "just down the street a little ways,"  
we know with pain and sorrow that our  
boy has locked up in his mind and heart  
shameful, guilty things that he dare not tell  
in his home. Keep off the street after  
night, my boy.

**THE FALLS OF NIAGARA RAN DRY.**

THOSE who have seen this tremendous  
cataract will consider that it is an absurd  
fable to talk of the Falls running dry, and  
only worthy to be recorded in Baron  
Munchausen's wonderful adventures. Still,  
strange and incredible as it may appear,  
the truth in this case is stranger than  
fiction.

Such an event actually occurred about  
forty-five years since and there is not the  
faintest trace of a tradition that it ever  
occurred before, and most certainly it never  
happened since. I have frequently heard  
the particulars from the late bishop of  
Niagara, and also from his brother-in-law  
Mr. Thomas C. Street. Indeed, some  
years since Bishop Fuller gave an account  
of the wonderful phenomenon over his own  
name in a Hamilton paper, from which the  
greater part of the following statement is  
taken. It occurred on the morning of the  
31st of March, 1848. Mr. Thomas C.  
Street lived at that time in the beautiful  
homestead over the islands, to which he  
and his sisters and friends had access by a  
suspension bridge he had erected. There  
was a mill at the edge of the rapids that  
belonged to the Street family. On the

morning in question his miller knocked at  
his bedroom door about five o'clock in the  
morning and told him to get up quickly, as  
there was no water in the mill-race nor in  
the great river outside. He said he was  
startled at the intelligence, and hurried  
out as soon as he could dress himself.  
There before him he saw the river channel,  
on whose banks he had been born thirty-  
four years previous, almost entirely dry.

After a hurried breakfast, Mr. Street  
and his youngest sister went down about  
three-quarters of a mile to the precipice  
itself, over which there was so little water  
running that, having provided himself  
with a strong pole, they started from  
Table Rock and walked near the edge of  
the precipice about one-third of the way  
toward Goat Island on the American shore.

On a mass of rock where human foot  
never before trod, Miss Street having tied  
her handkerchief on the end of the pole,  
they set it up firmly among the rocks.

Mr. Street said that he turned his view  
toward the river below the Falls and saw  
the water so shallow that immense jagged  
rocks stood up in such a frightful and  
picturesque manner that he shuddered  
when he thought of having frequently  
passed over them in the little steamer  
*Maid of the Mist*.

He then returned home and drove along  
the Canada shore about half a mile above  
Goat Island.

Various relics of the war of 1812, flung  
into the river after the battle of Lundy's  
Lane, rusty muskets, bayonets, etc., were  
found among the rocks that were laid bare.

Dr. Fuller did not get there until after  
the breaking down of the ice dam; but he  
found every one in the neighbourhood  
greatly excited at the wonderful event.

Mr. Street's theory to account for the  
recession of the waters was this: That  
the winds had been blowing down Lake  
Erie, which is only about eighty feet deep,  
and had been rushing a great deal of water  
from it over the Falls, then, suddenly  
changing, the wind blew violently up the  
river to the western portion of the lake.  
At this juncture, the ice on Lake Erie,  
which had been broken up by these high  
winds, got jammed in the river between  
Buffalo and the Canada side and formed a  
dam which kept back the waters of Lake  
Erie a whole day.

**"YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION."**

BY ALBERT LIGGETT.

"I SAY, Willie," said Jack Young,  
"there's to be a fight at the shed behind  
the 'Red Lion,' to-night at seven o'clock.  
Mr. Marston, the landlord, told me this  
morning that I could see it if I helped old  
Bob to carry out the pewters. Will you  
come with me and help me?"

"I dare not," said Willie. "My father  
would be very angry if he knew I was to  
visit such places, and Mr. Clark, our Band  
of Hope Superintendent, would be very  
distressed to know that one of his boys  
had turned a helper in the horrible drink  
trade."

"So you're one of that lot, are you, and  
can't see an evening's enjoyment for no-  
thing? I'll tell you what I'll do if you'll  
come. You can get half of what I get from  
them. I shall get about three shillings.  
There will be the squire, Mr. House, the  
baker, and many others present."

"What time did you say the fight  
started?"

"Seven!" exclaimed Jack.

"Why, that is the time I am to go to  
father's club at Dorminster, and if I forget  
that, father will be fined, and I shall have  
to pay it, besides getting a good beating."

"How much will you have to pay?"  
said Jack.

"Sixpence."

"Why, you can pay that for him, and  
have some pocket-money besides!" an-  
swered Jack.

"But he would scold me, and when I  
offer to pay the money he will ask me  
where I got the money from."

"Tell him you found it," said Jack.

"No, I should not tell him a lie! But  
suppose you get nothing, then what should  
I do?" exclaimed Willie.

"But I am sure to get something, be-  
sides a glass or two."

"What, Jack! would you drink a glass  
of beer?"

"I don't see that it hurts me."

"Do you know, Jack, that it is drink

chiefly that helps to fill up all our prisons,  
lunatic asylums, etc."

"Don't talk to me about that," said  
Jack.

Just then the church bell struck the  
quarter-to-seven o'clock.

"I must be going now. Good-bye!"  
said Willie. Willie then ran home.

"Well, he is a stupid. I'd better be off,  
too, or I shall be late," said Jack.

Just as he was entering Marston's gate,  
old Bob ran up to him, telling him to open  
the shed door, as the gentlemen were just  
coming across the bridge. The door was  
opened, the visitors seated, the fight  
started, the first part fought, when Mr.  
Marston ordered Jack to get the liquor.

After he had brought it, he was ordered to  
get more, more, more, till all the company  
were intoxicated. As Jack was coming out  
of the shed, P. C. 21 saw what was going  
on, went to the town police station, brought  
constables, and arrested all but Mr. Mar-  
ston, who escaped during the struggle,

closely followed by one of the constables.  
When Mr. Marston found the policeman was  
gaining on him, he threw himself into the  
river close by. The next day all but Mr.  
Marston, whose dead body was found the  
following morning, were brought before the  
town magistrate, the men sent to various  
periods of imprisonment, and Jack for a  
short time, besides a good birching.

Time flew on, and Jack has just come  
out of prison, and as he was passing  
through the village he met Willie. When  
they met, Jack patted Willie on the back,  
saying:

"Well, what you told me about drink is  
right. There's old Marston gone and  
drowned himself. I hate the drink! This  
very minute I will go with you to Mr.  
Clark's house and sign the pledge.—*The  
Scottish League Journal*.

**HOW A POOR BOY SUCCEEDED.**

Boys sometimes think they cannot afford  
to be manly and faithful to the little things.  
A story is told of a boy of the right stamp,  
and what came of his faithfulness.

A few years ago a large drug firm in  
New York city advertised for a boy. Next  
day the store was thronged with applicants,  
among them a queer-looking little fellow,  
accompanied by a woman who proved to be  
his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by  
whom he had been abandoned. Looking  
at this waif, the advertiser said: "Can't  
take him; places all full; besides he is too  
small."

"I know he is small," said the woman,  
"but he is willing and faithful."

There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes  
which made the merchant look again. A  
partner of the firm volunteered the remark  
that he "did not see what they wanted  
with such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a  
pint of cider." But after consultation the  
boy was set to work.

A few days later a call was made on the  
boys in the store for some one to stay all  
night. The prompt response of the little  
fellow contrasted well with the reluctance  
of others. In the middle of the night the  
merchant looked in to see if all was right  
in the store, and presently discovered his  
youthful protegee busy scissoring labels.

"What are you doing?" said he. "I  
did not tell you to work nights."

"I know you did not tell me so, but I  
thought I might as well be doing some-  
thing." In the morning the cashier got  
orders to "double that boy's wages, for he  
is willing."

Only a few weeks elapsed before a show  
of wild beasts passed through the streets,  
and very naturally all hands in the store  
rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief  
saw his opportunity, and entered at the  
rear door to seize something, but in a  
twinkling found himself clutched by the  
diminutive clerk aforesaid, and, after a  
struggle, was captured. Not only was a  
robbery prevented, but valuable articles  
taken from other stores were recovered.  
When asked why he stayed behind to  
watch when all others quit their work, he  
replied:

"You told me never to leave the store  
when others were absent, and I thought I'd  
stay."

Orders were immediately given, once  
more: "Double that boy's wages; he is  
willing and faithful."

To-day that boy is a member of the firm.  
—*Presbyterian Banner*.