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The paper is published every Friday morning at the following rates: One Year, in advance, \$2.00 (not paid within six months, \$2.50) (not paid within the year, \$3.00)

The Bedford Inquirer

A Local and General Newspaper, Devoted to Politics, Education, Literature and Morals. BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, NOV. 27, 1898. VOL. 41 NO. 45

Inquirer Column.

TO ADVERTISERS:

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Poetry.

LUKE LATHER.

AFTER HOOD.

Luke Lather was a barber, sirs, And lived at Islington;

He used to soap his customers, And laid it thickly on.

And yet he was no dufferer, For often he would carp

At such they said, as being blunt, He took them off quite sharp.

'Twas very strange a man so pert Could so expertly shave;

But though no one could better scrape, He never learned to save.

His circumstances being strait, All things with him went wry;

His funds were low, no doubt because He held his head so high.

For it was found by all who crossed, The threshold of his door,

The more he took their heads away, He hoarded them the more.

And so his customers fell off, Because his tongue ran on,

And since no folks came in his shop, He found his income gone.

He tried to borrow, but his friends Had so unfriendly grown,

They left him to himself, and yet He could not get a loan.

He thought: "How cold this cruel world!" On his wide waist he laid

His coat, and pulled his shirt, for he Was put to such a shuff.

He pensive grew, through lack of pence, And getting quiet eyes,

Committed suicide. And so he passed, a childless man,

The victim of despair, (For though his hair he often dyed, He died without an heir.)

And having nothing else to spend, Against his latest foe,

And all who once had known him said It was a barbershop.

THE LAST BALLAD.

"I will not ask to press that check," Without a guarantee

That Nature spread the pearl and red Which there I always see;

Those lustre lips I will not touch, Unless you promptly say

That their bright hue is fast and true And will not wash away.

Those brilliant eyes may owe their charm To belladonna's use,

Complexion spots, I've heard dark hints, Are changed by sunset juices;

And if I ask the dearest girl, For whom alone I live,

For one long tear to kiss and bless, It mayn't be her to give.

The pencil brow, the raven lash, Are open to a doubt,

And some might say they're not just, The shape I rave about;

So in this dubious state of things, And as the weather's warm,

I will not seek to press that check, Or ask to clasp that form. —Dunck.

Miscellaneous.

WILL THE COMING MAN DRINK WINE?

Most unique among temperance documents is one, under the above title, written by James Parton, and published in the August number of the Atlantic Monthly.

Leaving the moral and religious aspects of the temperance question to the consideration of others, Mr. Parton discusses it on purely physical grounds. Assuming as true no doubtful or disputed positions, presuming to settle no point on which doctors of Divinity or Medicine disagree, resting his argument entirely upon phenomena patent to all whose habits of observation and study are such as to entitle them to the possession of opinions on the subject, he makes out a case, against even the moderate use of spirituous and intoxicating liquors, which we believe to be unanswerable, and which cannot be without beneficial influences upon very many young men who are hopefully looking forward to a life of successful activity.

Mr. Parton's Utopian age is that in which man shall thoroughly understand the laws of his physical being, and his "coming man" is he who, with an intelligent knowledge of these laws, shall strive, in obedience to them, to attain the highest type of physical and intellectual manhood. He believes that reasoning men, when asked to relinquish a pleasure, or what they believe to be a pleasure, need only to be convinced that it is best they should. "By and by," he says, "we shall all comprehend that when a person means to reform his life, the very first thing for him to do—the thing preliminary and most indispensable—is to cease violating physical laws." When this time comes, people will not submit to be poisoned with vitiated air in public assembly-rooms, they will wear up the benches, if necessary, they will knock a hole in the wall; they will force the means of breathing, or perish in the streets; they will not allow their children to be killed off by thousands by the "diseases of childhood" (so-called) which arise from lung poison; and they will not indulge in wine or strong drink.

We all know that excess is hurtful, but each man expects to moderate. We all know that adulterated liquors are injurious, but each flatters himself that he obtains the pure article. "Is the thing itself pernicious?"—pure wine taken in moderation? good beer? genuine old Bourbon? This question Mr. Parton undertakes to answer. He cannot follow him through his very able and lucid argument and illustration; but will briefly state a few of his conclusions:

"Alcoholic liquors cannot be nourishment, in the ordinary acceptance of that word, because the quantity of nutritive matter in them is so small. If, therefore, these beverages do us good, it is by not supplying the body with nourishment."

"Nor can they aid digestion by assisting to decompose food. Several experiments have been made with a view to ascertain whether mixing alcohol with the gastric juice increases or lessens its power to decompose food, and the results of all of them point to the conclusion that the alcohol retards the process of decomposition. A little alcohol retards it a little, and a great deal retards it much. It has been proved by repeated experiment, that any portion of alcohol, however small, diminishes the power of the gastric juice to decompose."

"Nor is it a heat-producing fluid. On the contrary, it appears, in all cases, to diminish the efficiency of the heat-producing process. Most of us, who live here in the North, and who are occasionally subjected to extreme cold for hours at a time, know this by personal experience; and all the Arctic voyagers attest it."

A woman of miscellaneous affections says she would rather have six husbands than one child.

NASBY.

The Presidential Election—The Next Remedy Kentucky—The X Roads in Missouri.

POST-SCRIPTS, CONFIDENTIAL X-ROADS (Wish in the State) by Kentucky, Nov. 5, 1898.

—Bad news travels fast. We have heard from one of the States to know that the butcher-trader—himself a wretched fellow—has been elected President, and that Seymour and Blair, so glorious standard-bearers, lay defeated indignantly.

This is it! This finishes it! There is no longer hope for Democracy. Our star is set in gloom. Never shall I forget the ghastly appearance of Deakin Program's face, as the fatal noose was told him. A single tear rolled from his left eye, down his furrowed cheek—it glittered for a brief moment of the tip of his lily-white nose, and plunged off into space! How like our hopes! Never a word said, but sadly checked no to follow. Sadly he walked to the door, mournfully pulled down the Coleridge flag which he waved from the pole of the X-roads, tenderly he folded it and placed it under the bar of whisky in the bar. "Tear let it rest," he said in a husky tone, "it will never kiss the breeze no more." And overcame with emotion, the good old man burst into a flood of tears, which saved his life. The drain of moisture from his system made it necessary for him to take snuff to fill his pipe, and that snuff was strengthening too.

And Ben Butler is elected. That excellent conservative, Richard H. Dana, who has forgotten that ruffled shirts were the vogue of 29 years ago, and who will read the National Intelligencer opinion to be a Whip party, is defeated, and Butler, who would long a Democrat in New Orleans, and who would do that same every morn to give him an appetite, is fastened onto this her wretched happy but now distracted county for two years more.

Grasshoppers send the yaller fever to the Corners now, and finish us up to wunt.

I won't say a word to the cause of this terrible defeat. Somewhere would make speeches, but he would be fatal to President-elect aspirants, and Blair would write terrible letters, which is just as bad. Besides, Blair fairly represents us, with drive off all the decent people, and Seymour rather prides himself on being a gentleman, which chilled the ardor of our own party. The non-masses were unforfeited, but don't reproach it's fate.

—Tish, Deakin Program sighs, and the rest of our snuff wood sigh, only they haven't returned from England, where they've gone to vote in the interest of the Constitution, and to aid in the maintenance of the laws.

Sigh! He reasons to sigh. For Pollock will get the Post Office after all. His hands are contaminated by being taken into the hands of niggers—his hands with handkerchiefs and dress washes, and are consequently degraded by certain his own firm—his hands will pass out to Deakin Program the paper which the Corners take! The Deakin, as he thought up this, bust into tears again. "The shapers that paper," he says, "and the Corners shuf back into the darkness of ignorance. I shall never again give a letter—nor will I ever have one written for me to anybody. When a Abolition fax is at the general delivery, I shall stop patrolling the Post Office!"

Will the new Administration deprive a whole community of a paper merely to give one of its supporters a position? We shall see.

But I would like the loss of my position for a principle I don't look matters square in the face—but I see other and more terrible results follow in the catastrophe.

Wat up the niggers? Wat up us? We shall hear at our poles, all at the black crosses to live between here and Garrettsown, a vintage regler ez though they wuz white men. We shall hear em define the sacred ballot-box ez they wuz not us a cussed race. I see dark lines afore our poor State. They will hereafter hold the land which they bought, and they will increase and multiply. Pollock will buy their produce and they will work and get money. This money they will lend us—for we must live it to sustain life—and they will take mortgages onto our land. (When I say our, I mean Deakin Program and sich.) Ez we never work ourselves, and will not, under the present arrangement, the means of compelling the labor necessary to our support, we can never pay, and the result will be, it is his beautiful land, and we will be, deeply indebted, will pass out of the hands of a weaker and better race into the control of a stronger and better race into the control of a weaker and less powerful people.

The Deakin was remarking nothing to this effect, when the Bigler, whom he had met, said the Deakin had better throw himself into the sympathy of his sons.

"Why, then, can't you any more than I kin," said the Deakin.

"I don't mean your poor white sons!" said the merble Bigler. "They ain't no no account. But in the nigger settlement at Garrettsown, on her more than twenty who wood—"

The poor Deakin rushed out of the room while Bigler left his most feeblest laff.

The people will be deprived of their innocent amusements. This Grant will send on armed hordes, clothed in ojus blue, with muskets and sich, who will prevent our shooting niggers, and who will perterce on their farms and in their shops the ojus Northerners who have settled in our midst. We shall see the gellous Southern system decline still, and the showery. The whirring posts will rot, and the stars will decay—the help up dogs will no more be heard, and the cheerful crack of the pistol and the shock of the man what has got his gun, will no more be heard in all the land. Broad, after he hez the few farms still un-mortgaged in the vicinity, will close and go to Louisville, and embark into a wholesale grocery trade and jine the church, and give up to Sandy skools; his grocery will fall into decay and the sine will hang by one hinge. We shall see churches and skool houses, factories and vilages everywhere. We shall see churches and skool houses, factories and vilages everywhere. We shall see churches and skool houses, factories and vilages everywhere. We shall see churches and skool houses, factories and vilages everywhere.

At the present time we find that colored men vote absolutely in Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Missouri, Arkansas and West Virginia, nineteen States. In New York and New Jersey colored men are now allowed to vote under certain property qualifications. In Texas, Mississippi and Virginia when admitted, they must vote by the terms of the reconstruction acts.

One after the other the States of the Union are adopting universal suffrage, until at the present time we find that colored men vote absolutely in Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Missouri, Arkansas and West Virginia, nineteen States. In New York and New Jersey colored men are now allowed to vote under certain property qualifications. In Texas, Mississippi and Virginia when admitted, they must vote by the terms of the reconstruction acts.

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made at the Corners. Penitentiary's distillery will be turned into a cheese factory, and weak wigs will run wber now the generous high wines flash along the troughs. There will be no rectifying at the Corners—the hog pens will be abolished, and in their stead will be skool houses. And methinks I see in my mind's eye, Horatio, the spirit, the ghost of the departed Program (for he wunt survive it long), a hoverer over the scene, ez Hamlet's father did. The blessed shade will look in vain for his home—on the spot where it stood will be an academy. He will turn to Bascom's, but ther he will find a deestrick skule. "To Penitentiary's!" he will gasp in a spirit whizzer, and with a spiritual smack, or his spiritual lips he will hover over it, but the smell of cheese in the place will the strengthen odors in which he delites, will send a spiritual shudder thro him. A gost up a tear will run down his spiritual nose, linger for a minute at the tip like a dew drop on the rose, and fall! Then will the dissatisfied gost demand to be taken back to purgatory, a place less tryin to his nerves.

Deakin Program hez only bronied up wunt.

A thot flashed over his mind wich gave him comfort for a minute. "Isn't ther a Booth for Grant ez ther wuz for Linkin?" asks he.

"Ah!" said I in alarm, "wood you kill Grant (ez hez Colfax in his place)? We mite drink a little, you know, Alans! spon they're elect Sumner and President wuz the Scum. Kill Sumner? Good Lord, no! They'd then elect Butler Speaker wuz the house, and he can't be killed. No! No! We had better bear the ills we hev than to fly to them we know not of. In gone. All up with me and us. I sh stay in Kentucky for the present, tho wat may become uv me the Lord only knows."

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M. (Which is Postmaster.)

ART AT THE CAPITAL.

NATIONAL PICTURES AND STATUES.

Mr. G. A. Townsend, in his last letter to the Cleveland Leader, gives the following art gossip: Leuzie is the author of the most ambitious picture in the country, the "Washington in the snow." It was not overpaid for at \$20,000, and it expresses tolerably well a representative episode of emigration toward the Pacific. Wagons in train are laboring up the mountains, with pioneers tugging ahead, and from the crest of a pass they gaze on the ocean, when the sunset glows the air and the peaks, and dogs, and babies and sick women sitting upon their baggage, thrill with the strong and exquisite beauty of nature and the nearness of a home.

It is much easier to discourage the art we have than to make a better one. We have not passed much beyond mathematics and chemistry in historical art; but this piece by Leuzie for general national effect is well calculated and good enough. It is better than any of the panels in Westminister Palace and not much worse than a good deal of the military truck at Versailles. It is too Teuton.

But the cheerful patriot, coming to see it, exclaims that this is indeed a great work, and wants to entertain the artist for a week at his home.

Brumidi, who has painted a large picture in the eye of the dome, of unequal power but still effective, received \$40,000 for it. He was at work only eleven months, but there is nobody in America who can do this sort of gigantic painting under a horizontal surface. He worked with great white wash brushes and with great rapidity. The picture is about as effective as any dome design, not much worse than that within the dome at Florence, brilliant enough for our domestic patriotism, and naked enough for an Italian's understanding of art. Brumidi has property here and does very well for a grandiose Bohemian, but Leuzie worked irregularly, and was, I think, poor. As to the men, the last was a soldier, friend, and fellow citizen. Brumidi is a naturalized citizen, striking pot pots pell mell. Clark, the architect, wants the latter to paint a frieze half way up the walls of the dome. The Signor wants \$70,000 for it! He had better be well done, once for all.

The new bronze doors of the Senate side of the Capitol are undergoing casting. I have heard, at Ames' factory in Massachusetts; those of the House side, so much admired, were cast in Munich; they weigh twenty thousand pounds apiece and cost together \$60,000. In the House door, Rogers, the artist, himself as Bartholomew Columbus and his wife as Beatrix de Bobadilla. This is a pleasing private freak of the artist, quite in place because he was unable to find portraits of the originals, and altogether as good as compared with a foreign artist here, who is said to have painted his mistress, his wife and Washington into the same composition, after the manner of the socialists who set a cyprus behind the altar of a church as the Goddess of Reason.

The great sitting figure of Washington, in the park, by Grenough, was brought across the water in a special government ship, merchant vessels being unwilling to take it. It cost \$25,000. This and the huge group called "Civilization," are the chief pieces of the unfortunate artist, who was sensitive enough to have had genius. He was extremely anxious and conscientious, but one may have both of these without power. Altogether this Washington is a fine study, outraged by the nation which has set it in the rain, whereas it was meant to stand under the dome where it ought to be now.

The most admired objects in the Capitol are among the oldest. Among these is Franzoni's clock, where History in a chariot, looking down on Congress, writes, and the chariot wheel is an actual clock. There is a picture of Winfield Scott here, on one of the stairways, that is not Government property, and another of Washington, by Rembrandt Peale, both of which have been here long enough to have lost their title. Powers received twenty thousand dollars for his respective statues of Jefferson and Franklin here, and Stone fourteen thousand for his Hancock and Hamilton. Walker was paid six thousand for a painting of the storming of Chapultepec. The statuary here, altogether, cost not much above \$300,000.

A WESTERN editor, in response to a subscriber, who grumbles that his morning paper was intolerably damp, says, "that it is because there is so much dew on it."

A WESTERN editor, when in durance for libelling a justice of the peace, was requested by the jailor to give the prison a favorable notice.

THE SODA DISTRICT OF MEXICO.

This singular region contains 720 square miles of territory, the soda or "tequisquite," as it is generally called in that country, being chiefly deposited on the lowlands by the lake of Tezcuco, about six miles from the city of Mexico, and which sometimes overflows up to its gates. It appears that the mud of this lake contains four per cent. of soda, and the water itself gives the following results at one degree Beazme, with a density of 1.0069: Water, 98.850; chloride of soda, 0.970; carbonate of soda, 0.486, and sulphate of soda, 0.054. The efflorescence soda deposited upon the lands referred to is to be found in much more considerable quantities during the winter or dry season in Mexico than during the summer, when the diurnal rains wash much of it away, nor can it be collected during the latter season as the water soaks in the soil, but upon the return of the dry weather, the rays of the sun evaporating the moisture upon the surface, that left below gradually rises; and by this natural process the salt is consolidated, forming a crust, generally about one centimetre thick. Sometimes, also, the efflorescence may be produced by ploughing up and afterwards watering the soil. The efflorescence begins to be observable at the end of autumn, its white and crumbling flakes concentrating themselves by the action of the winter frosts into the crust above referred to, and which is composed of two descriptions of soda, called by the natives of the districts around "casarillo" and "polvillo," and which are scraped up and deposited in cellars for immediate sale or for putrefaction on the spot.

The soda which is obtained from the waters of the lake themselves is generally not perceptible until a considerable evaporation of them has taken place, when it appears upon the surface of them in the form of a frothy substance, for the obtaining of which the waters of the lake are dammed up into pools, as soon as they begin to retire, by heaping up mounds of earth around them.

The simple mode of proceeding hitherto pursued by the natives of the country for the separation of the soda and the common salt from the other substances, and which is still pursued in the most remote sitituous lands of the country, has been replaced in other places by other means for attaining the same ends suggested by chemical sciences and modern discoveries. The old system consists in diluting and filtering the silicious earth reserved to, and which is placed in large pans formed of the earth from which the "tequisquite" has been already extracted, and in which branches of trees are placed crossways and entwined with rushes or "petate," a kind of grass used for matting, so as to stop the earthy particles and sulphate of soda from going through, the pan being pierced at the bottom so as to admit of the passing through of the water, which being conducted by means of a hollow reed or of a magay into tanks, evaporation is effected by the action of the air and sun, or by means of artificial heat when the water is conducted into boilers.

The salterns who conduct the salt works convey the water to the height of twelve inches into troughs of masonry, the time consumed in the process of crystallization naturally depends upon the temperature of the atmosphere or other meteorological causes; but it is calculated that the solution being at 18 degrees to 20 degrees Beazme, and the water being from two and a half to three inches in depth, crystallization takes place in four days in summer and eight in winter. The earthy particles contained in the water are cleared out of the trough as soon as they appear, the chloride of sodium then crystallizes, and forms a "crust" of about a centimetre thick, and adheres to the bottom of the trough; the saline particles then forming themselves into small heaps as the water dries up, being finally spread out to dry and harden in the sun.

THE POWER OF RELIGION.

There is no duty, no study, no pleasure, no society, no attachment, from which the principles and sentiments of true religion should be excluded. Our ordinary labors, public, or private, official, professional, handicraft; our studying in every department; innocent, genial, and gladsome pursuit, tempered by reason, all our attachments and affections to family, friends and country will be the better, the purer, and the happier for the presence and the influence of true and happy piety. They do not know aright the mind or the heart of the man who would trust to either, apart from the influences of religion. They know not what the Christian religion is, who imagine that she comes into mind or heart to quench any noble aspiration, any generous feeling, any devoted duty, any sweet and tender family or friendly affection. She comes to quicken, to deepen, to elevate them all to give new life to everything within us that is worthy of living. As, therefore, there is no real and sound religion which is not illustrated by brotherly love and Christian fellowship, so let us also remember that there is no pure, or safe, or happy fellowship which does not rest or more on Christian principle. That there may be true fellowship with God and with his Son, Jesus Christ. The work of his grace is not to discharge or extract, but to renew and sanctify the humanity that is within us, and to restore us to that image of God in which, as men, we were created. While we are in this world we must work, and feel, and live as men. But the Christian knows and feels that, of religion—or rather of Him whom religion teaches us to love and trust—is the peculiar office to hallow and purify all the best of what is human by the presence and power of what is divine. If we thus pass on through the course of our pilgrimage, trusting, working, loving, in such fellowship as this, we may be enabled to say—

So shall no part of day or night, From sacredness be free. And all my work, at every step, Will be fellowship with thee. —Lord Armitage, Scotland.

"KATE!" cried a girl, looking down from the upper story of a grocery, addressing another girl who was trying to enter at the front door, "we've all been to camp meeting and been converted, so when you want anything on Sunday, you'll have to come round to the kitchen door."

"MARRY, is your master at home?" "No, sir, he's out." "I don't believe it." "Well, then, he'll come down and tell you himself. Perhaps you will believe him."

"Caught in her own net," as the man said when he saw one of the fair sex latched in her crinoline.

PLEASANT HOMES.

Parents, strive to make your home pleasant and attractive! If you would have your children grow up pure, healthy and beautiful, attempt not to destroy their love for beautiful things, and for healthy recreation. Do not labor with such cold rigid, self-denying economy to hoard up money, to bestow upon them at your death, father devote a portion of your surplus income to embellishing and beautifying your dwellings and to furnish your girls and boys with the means of home enjoyment. Introduce into your family circle innocent amusements, and above all, yourselves join and assist the young in their recreations. Plan for social diversion. Teach them that most beautiful and soul inspiring accomplishment—music; allow them to mingle in the graceful and health-giving dance, to romp, laugh and be merry.

Many parents will crush with a frown every attempt at hilarity on the part of their children; they will banish all amusement and gaiety from the family circle, and cause a shade of gloom to settle over their homes. What is the course of the children of such parents? To escape from the oppressive atmosphere of home becomes the governing motive of all their actions. When away from the immediate care of their parents they will secretly go to places which they have been forbidden to visit, and mingle with children with whom they have been told not to associate; then they will immediately become more hardened, and plunge deeper and deeper into the sea of forbidden pleasures, and resort to falsehood to shield themselves from detection; and after they have taken this step their downward course is straight and rapid. They frequent drinking shops, smoke and swear, associate with fast young men, soon become "fast" themselves, and at last cause the heavy heads of their parents to bow in sorrow.

Are not such parents in a measure, responsible for the sins of their children? The young will have enjoyment, and if they cannot find it at home they will seek it elsewhere in doubtful places and in doubtful company. They are full of vitality and gaiety; they have an ungovernable desire for amusement and social intercourse, and that desire must be gratified, legitimately it may be, or illicitly. Attempt to suppress it, and you will ruin your children; direct it in the proper channel, and you will cause them to grow up happy and contented into the best and noblest of men and women.

One half of the depraved and abandoned men and women of this country have been made what they are by their parents. Through ignorance and superstition they have been driven from their homes, which to them should be the most attractive places on earth, to seek the street "by the forbidden paths," for that recreation which is essential to their very existence.

You who have children to train up, think of this! Devote a portion of your time and money to gratifying their love for social amusement. If you do not, you are quite as liable, if you perchance do not die as a fanatical, what matters it? You will be compensated a hundred fold for the pecuniary loss by the joy and pleasure you will experience by seeing your children grow up noble