

Smith's Experiment.

"Smith," said a well known Chicago merchant to his cashier, "you are going to the devil."

"Sir—" "Now, there's no use denying it. I see it in your face. You were drunk last night and night before last, and you are bracing up on whisky today. It won't do, sir, it won't do. You can't stand it, and if you could—why I can't."

"Well, sir," replied Smith, "I admit I have been going it a little too strong lately."

"A little! Well I should think you had a little. Look here, Smith; you're a good cashier and an honest one, I believe, and I don't want to lose you. Now, tell me, why do you drink?"

"I am sorry to say, sir, that it seems to be a genuine love for liquor. I am always thirsty for liquor."

"That's bad, very bad, but not incurable. I was one of the boys myself once, and I got over it. You try my plan, and I think it will work with you."

"What is your plan, sir?" "I'll tell you. When I was a salesman, about fifteen years ago, I got to running around nights and drinking and carousing until I began to look just as you do now. My employer came to me one day and remonstrated. 'This thing has got to stop,' said he. 'You must either let somebody else do your drinking for you, or have somebody else do your work.' That gave me an idea, and I acted upon it. Stepping into the nearest saloon, I invited all hands up to drink. They responded with alacrity.

I picked out the toughest customer in the lot and asked him what he did for a living. "Nothing," he replied. "How much will you charge a week to do my drinking for me?" "Wot d'ye mean?" he asked. I explained to him that I had a perpetual thirst, and that whisky unfitted me for business, so I wanted him to do my drinking for me. "I'll do it for \$5 a week an' found," he replied. "That is, found in whisky?" "Yes that's it, boss."

"Well, it's a bargain," said I, and we shook hands on it. I took him to the store with me and sat him down in a corner out of sight. When I began to feel thirsty I took him out, and made him drink a good, big glass of whisky. Somehow, I felt better after seeing him drink. Well, I had to take him out several times that day and before night he was pretty full. By bed-time he was helplessly drunk. I had been out with the boys and taken him along. They kicked at first at having such a measly looking tramp along, but when I explained they thought it a good joke. My appetite for drink was too strong for him. I hired another drinker, and he stayed by me three weeks. Then I caught him throwing a glass of whisky over his shoulder, and I discharged him. Well, I used up nine able bodied drunks before I absolutely quenched my thirst; but I quenched it at last. I never think of taking a drink now."

"I believe I'll try your plan," said Smith.

"Do," said the merchant. "I am sure it will work. It may take a long time—a year perhaps—but you stick to it, and you'll down your appetite to a dead certainty. If you find it is costing you more than you can stand I'll increase your salary."

People who are not intimately acquainted with Smith think he is going to the dogs at lightning express speed. They judge so because he is always seen in the company of a drunken bummer of the worst possible description. But Smith's friends know he has not drunk a drop since he had that talk with his employer. He has already used up three drunks, and is looking around for a fourth.

The Church Temporal.

We are not laborers only. Life is more than work and drudgery. The world contains, besides bodies and brains, precious souls, capable of joy, love, peace, sympathy and a sense of the beautiful.

The laws of nature are not, as modern naturalists seem to suppose, iron chains, by which the living God, so to say, is bound hand and foot, but elastic chords rather, which he can lengthen or shorten at his sovereign will.

It is an admitted fact that men who use their brains live longer, other things being equal, than the men who do not.

When you give, take to yourself no credit for generosity unless you have denied yourself something to enable you to bestow the gift.

A man of true moral integrity is uniformly just in things both small and great. He makes it a matter of conscience to attend faithfully to the smallest things, and by cultivating this principle it grows into a habit, so that in things of greater importance, he acts with fidelity. A man who is unfaithful in little things, cannot be trusted in that which is of greater moment. A straw tells which way he wind blows. So the little acts

which a man almost instinctively performs, afford a true index to his character, and reveal the principle which governs his life.

The oldest of the Protestant missions in China dates from the year 1842. Then only six converts could be found in all China. To-day there are 29 missionary societies at work at 91 central stations and 511 out-stations, 250 ordained missionaries and 73 ordained native clergy, 63 unmarried women teachers, 511 licensed preachers, 71 colporteurs, 99 "Bible women," 400 churches, 18,000 enrolled communicants, about 75,000 adherents, 20 theological schools, with 231 students, 30 higher boarding-schools for boys, with 611 scholars, 38 for girls, with 777 scholars, 177 day-schools for boys with 4500 students, 82 for girls with 1300 students, 16 missionary hospitals and 24 dispensaries. At the Mildmay Conference in London, Dr. Legge stated that at the present rate of progress, in forty years more Protestant missions ought to report 36,000,000 communicants and 100,000,000 adherents in the middle kingdom, The (American) Presbyterian Publishing House at Shanghai printed in 1890, 314,000 Bibles and Testaments, 4,673,500 pages of tracts, and 226,763 volumes of miscellaneous books.

PROTESTANT RELICS.—The London Echo speaks thus of relics and relic-mongers: "The left hand of St. James the Apostle is in the market, and can be purchased for a consideration, as the strait-laced brotherhood who compose the committee of the Museum now forming at Reading turn up their pious noses at such 'superstitious abominations' and 'remnants of the scarlet lady'—the quotations are from an old manuscript in the writer's possession, and purchased at the sale of the great Stowe collection, the Abbey of Reading in the reign of Henry II. was much favored by royalty, and its principal attraction was one of the reputed hands of St. James, which had been brought over from Germany by the Empress Matilda, and presented with great state to the Abbey it was increased in solid gold, which Richard the First stole, and gave the Abbey an additional charter in compensation for the theft. At the Reformation the hand was buried in the choir, but in October, 1786, it was found, carefully preserved, by the workmen engaged in excavation. The relic consists of the left hand of a human being, partly closed, and the flesh is dried on the bones. Whether it be the hand of St. James or not, it is certain that from 1100 up to 1500 the coffers of the Abbey received very substantial assistance from its exhibition; and, apart from superstition, it might be carefully preserved as a memento of the past in the museum at the new Town Hall of Reading. We may mention that the committee have already made themselves exceedingly obnoxious; for not only have they issued an edict forbidding the valuable collection of pictures lent by Mr. Harzeaves to be inspected on Sundays, but nearly all of them were against having the exhibition at all, though the expense is being borne by private individuals. How the reputed hand of St. James will fare may be pretty well guessed. We hear much of Holy Russia; Thackeray once left his pen slip, and wrote Holy Reading."

The Detained Juror.

We remember an amusing little circumstance occurring during a protracted trial for felony in one of the midland counties a few years ago. A boy, entering the court, and making his way to the jury-box, handed to the officer in attendance, a note addressed to one of the jury, the officer handed it, as in duty bound, to "his lordship on the bench. The Judge—first asking permission—opened and read the communication. After a solemn pause, he remarked: "I think, sir, I will not hand you this at present. You could not now comply with its suggestion, and it might distract your attention from the very serious case we are trying." The jurymen bowed, and the judge carefully placed the letter between the pages of his notebook. When the case concluded, about eight or nine o'clock at night, the judge said, "There is your note, sir. I am afraid it will give you little pleasure now." The juror opened and read it, smiled, bowed, and hastily left the box, leaving the note behind, which, we trust, we were guilty of no great indiscretion in reading. It was in a female hand:

Dearest Jim:—Mr. and Mrs. Brown have just come, and have brought such a lovely pair of ducks, you can't think! And the onions and things for the stuffing, and we will have the pudding we had left from Christmas. I'll put them down to be ready at one, sharp, because the B's must leave early—by five o'clock train. Do leave that nasty court. Say you are poorly, or anything. Mind, at one! We shan't wait! Yours, KIRRY.

Domestic Economy.

CARE OF POULTRY.—Dressed poultry which is to be kept in cold weather should be thoroughly cleaned, then be wiped dry with a cloth and have flour rubbed all over the inner part; then it should be hung in a cool, dry place.

PUDDING SAUCE.—Take two cups of white sugar, a lump of butter the size of an egg, one well-beaten egg. Stir these together, then add a teaspoonful of boiling water; put it in a saucepan until it thickens; do not let it boil; flavor with lemon or vanilla.

APPLE MINCE PIE.—Two pounds of apples pared and chopped, three-fourths pound of beef suet, one of currants, one half raisins seeded and chopped, one half sultana raisins, one-quarter citron cut in shreds, one tablespoonful allspice, two pounds of brown sugar, half-pint best brandy, a glass of wine, two teaspoonfuls of salt.

CHICKEN SOUP.—In boiling chickens for salads, etc., the broth (water in which they are boiled) may be used or soup. When the chickens are to be served whole, stuff and tie in a cloth. To the broth add a little rice, or add one thinly sliced onion and a quart of tomatoes. Boil twenty minutes, season with salt and pepper and two well-beaten eggs, and serve.

PICKLED CHICKEN.—Boil four chickens till tender enough for meat to fall from bones; put meat in a stone jar and pour over it three pints of cold good olive oil and a pint and a half of the water in which the chickens were boiled; add spices, if preferred, and it will be ready for use in two days. This is a popular Sunday evening dish; it is good for luncheon at any time.

NOODLE SOUP.—Add noodles to beef or any other soup after straining; they will cook in fifteen or twenty minutes, and are prepared in the following manner: To one egg add as much sifted flour as it will absorb, with a little salt; roll out as thin as a wafer, dredge very lightly with flour, roll over and over into a light roll, slice from the ends, shake out the trips loosely and drop into the soup.

CAULIFLOWER SALAD.—Boil one large cauliflower with two quarts of water and one tablespoonful of salt for half an hour. Take up and drain. Arrange on the centre of a dish and garnish with a border of strips of pickled beef. Pour a cupful of mayonnaise dressing over the cauliflower. Arrange a star of the pickled beef in the centre. Serve immediately.

WHITE FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of butter and two cups of white sugar well beaten together; one cup of milk, two and a half cups of flour, the whites of seven eggs, two even spoonfuls of baking powder; heat all well before adding fruit. Take one pound each of raisins, figs, dates and blended almonds, and one-quarter of a pound of citron; cut up fine; stir fruit in last with a sifting of flour over it; bake slowly.

CURRIED CHICKEN.—Cut a chicken in pieces; put the pieces in a stewpan with one onion, in which you put a clove. Add some white broth, sufficient to cover the pieces. The chicken being cooked, make your sauce with the broth. Beat two pinches of curry with two yolks of eggs and a table spoonful of cream, and thicken your sauce. Arrange your chicken on a plate with a border of rice. You can, if you like, mix the rice with the stew. Some people prefer it.

Small Jokes.

Friend—"Madder, what is the matter with your nose?" Madder—"The only chance for an artist now is to paint quickly and cheap. I work with both hands and blend with my nose."

An old bachelor recently gave the following toast: Women—the morning star of infancy, the day star of manhood, the evening star of age. Bless our stars, and may they always be kept at a telescopic distance.

A Denver paper professes to think it marvelous that a man whose brains were knocked out is living. If he were out this way he would not only be living, but would be holding some important office.

Young man, don't pay the minister over \$10. You will need all your currency the first time Belena puts her diaped arms around your neck and tries to trade off two kisses for a spring onion.

An examining magistrate questions a criminal and asks him what excuse he can find for the murder he has committed. "Your honor," says the accused, "my victim has often said to me in confidence that he wished to die a sudden and violent death!"

A practical mendicant one morning missed by one of his regular benefactors. But on drawing near to the poor man's usual stand the benevolent man sees his chair, upon it his hat, and on the hat the following label: "Kind gentlemen and ladies take pity on the poor blind man, who has gone to breakfast."

LIKE THE IVY.

True love is like the ivy hold,
That clings each day with firmer hold;
That grows on through good and ill,
And 'mid the tempest clings still,
What though the wall on which it climbs
Have lost the grace of former times—
Will then the ivy loose its hold,
Forget the sunny days of old?
Nay, rather will it closer cling
With loving clasp, remembering
That it had hardly lived at all.
Without the kindly sheltering wall.
True love is like the ivy hold,
That clings each day with firmer hold;
That grows on through good and ill,
And 'mid the tempest clings still.

True love is like the ivy green,
That ne'er forgetteth what hath been
And so, till life itself be gone,
Until the end it clingeth on.
What though the tree where it may cling
Shall hardly know another spring?
What though its boughs be dead and bare?
The twining ivy climbeth there,
And clasps it with a firmer hold,
With stronger love than that of old,
And lends it grass it never had
When time was young and life was glad.
True love is like the ivy green,
That ne'er forgetteth what hath been,
And so, till life itself be gone,
Until the end it clingeth on.

Sir Christopher and the Carver.

Phillip Wood was a village carpenter who had developed an uncommon skill in wood carving, and had made some striking figures for the adornment of his sweetheart's house, a lass above himself in rank and fortune. In the hope of improving his circumstances, and thus lessening the disparity between them he went to London, where he sought work in vain until his store of money was reduced to a single guinea. The huge dome of St. Paul's was then rising above the smoke of London. Phillip Wood applied to the foreman for work in carving the wood for the interior. Repulsed by him, he haunted the place day after day, and at last he attracted the notice of the great Sir Christopher himself. "What have you been used to carving?" asked the architect. The carpenter, in the extremity of his agitation, could only stammer out: "Troughs, your worship." "Troughs!" said Sir Christopher; "then carve me a specimen of your skill, a sow and pig—and bring it to me this day week." The poor fellow shrank away on the laughter of the workmen, and returned to his lodging in despair. But he had a friend in his landlady who advised him to take Sir Christopher at his word, and carve the best sow and pigs he could in the time alloted. With his guinea he bought a block of pear wood, and by using his utmost diligence finished the work in time, and took it under his apron to the appointed place. The architect was there, and beckoned the trembling carpenter to approach. Upon inspecting the beautiful work Sir Christopher said: "I engage you, young man; attend at my office to-morrow." A few hours after Sir Christopher came to the carver again and said: "Mr. Addison wishes to keep your carving, and requests me to give you ten guineas for it." Then he added: "I fear I did you some injustice; but a great national work is entrusted to me, and it is my solemn duty to mind that no part of the work falls into inefficient hands. Mind and attend me to-morrow." It is a pleasure to know that the young artist did much of the carving of St. Paul's and married the girl of his heart, who could not have been sorry to change such a name as she had.

Simplicity in Food.

How, asks Dr. Nicholls in the Food Reform Magazine, are we to get at the proper quantity of food? There are some good rules for food as to quantity. When our food is simple and natural in kind and quality and mode of preparation, there is little danger of eating too much. There is little danger, for example, of eating too many grapes, apples, pears and bananas. Salt, sugar, spices and luxurious cookery tempt to excess. With men, as with animals, a natural diet is self-limiting, and we are disposed to stop when we have enough. The more artificial the food, the more elaborate and luxurious the feast, the more liability to overload the stomach, overtax the digestive power and overweigh the forces of life. Simplicity of food is a condition of health, and promotes longevity. The quantity of food which enables a man to do his daily work without loss of weight is precisely what he requires. He supplies the daily waste—no more, no less. This quantity may vary a little with each individual, but everyone can easily ascertain his own measure of requirement by reducing the quantity of daily food until he finds a balance of force and weight. It is my opinion that the average quantity of water-free aliment required, say by business and literary men, is twelve ounces. Men of great muscular activity may require sixteen to twenty ounces. I have found myself in very good condition for sedentary work on eight or ten ounces. When anyone is in good condition for his work and keeps his normal weight, he has food enough. Dr. Nicholls' advice is, find this quantity by experiment, and then habitually keep to it.

Recent Legal Decisions.

PROMISSORY NOTE.—An action was brought to recover the value of certain bonds which had been pledged with a banker for the payment of a note, and which the holder of the note had converted to his own use. The maker of the note tendered the principal and interest of the note on the day when, by its expressed terms, it was payable, and demanded the bonds pledged. The holder refused to take the amount and give up the bonds, because he claimed the right to hold the bonds as security for the payment of another claim he had against the maker of the note. In this case—Wyckoff vs. Anthony—the defendant in the action took the ground that the tender of the principal and interest of the note could not be legally made before the note was due, and that, as it carried grace, it did not fall due until three days after the tender was made. The Court of Appeals of New York decided in favor of the plaintiff. The Chief Judge, Andrews, said: "First, The parties having treated the note as due on the day when by its terms it was payable, the right of third persons not having intervened, the days of grace should be considered as waived. Second, A banker or broker has no lien upon securities pledged with him for the payment of a particular debt for a general balance due him, or for the payment of any other claim whatever."

MARRIED WOMAN.—A married woman gave her husband an ordinary promissory note, which he had discounted, and when she was sued upon it by the bank she set up the defense that she was not bound to pay it. The bank claimed that the law would imply that her estate was benefited by the discount. In this case—the Sarago County Bank vs. Pruyn—the Court of Appeals of New York decided in favor of the defendant. Judge Macy, in the opinion, said: "A married woman cannot bind herself by contract unless the obligation is created by her for the benefit of her separate estate or in the transactions of a trade or business carried on by her. If a note is given by her for property purchased she will be bound by it; but no implication, presumption or impression will be raised by the mere making of a promissory note that the money raised for it will benefit her business or estate. To give an ordinary note force and effect against her, evidence outside of it must be given to show that it was made for the benefit of her separate estate or in the course of her separate business."

RAILROADS.—CONTRIBUTORY NEGLIGENCE.—An engine injured a child, 9 years old, as she was crossing a railroad track. She looked to the west for trains, but not to the east, as one of the railroad shops obstructed the view. There was no flagman at the crossing, and no danger alarm was given by the engineer. A suit was brought for damages, and the company relied for its defense on the contributory negligence of the child in not showing due care in crossing the track. In this case—Dowling vs. The New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company—the Court of Appeals of New York decided against the company. Judge Earl, in the opinion, said: "The question of due care by the child is to be determined by the jury; we cannot say, as a matter of law, that she contributed to her injuries. An infant is bound to use that degree of care only which may be reasonably expected from a person of his age, and the jury in considering this must bring in and examine all the circumstances of the casualty."

BILL OF EXCHANGE.—LIABILITY OF DRAWER.—C. was sued upon three drafts which he had made to his own order as "Treas." and which he also signed as "Treas." In the Trial Court he was defeated, but in the First Appellate Court he secured a judgment. The holder carried the case—the Ohio National Bank vs. Cook—to the Supreme Court of Ohio, which reversed the judgment. Judge White, in the opinion said: "The name of the corporation of which Cook is the Treasurer and which he declares is his principal, nowhere appears on the face of the bill as a party to it, and parol evidence is not admissible to add a party to the instrument when there is no notice on its face. Whoever takes negotiable paper enters into a contract with the parties who appear upon the face of the instrument, and no other person can be looked to for payment. The addition of 'Treas.' to Cook's name does not relieve him of personal liability—which is merely descriptive persons."

MINING.—MINE WORKED BY CONTRACTORS.—FALLING OF ROOF.—DEATH OF WORKMAN.—A miner was killed by the falling of the roof of an iron mine, the necessary supports not having been put in place, and his administratrix sued the owner of the property for damages. The mine was worked by contractors under an agreement with the company, by which it was expressly stipulated that in view of the dangers of mining in that vicinity the contractors and not the owners should be liable for any injuries to the workmen.

The mine was in a safe condition when the contractors took possession of it, but they conducted the work negligently in putting up supports for the roof, which fell in consequence. The lease of the mine provided that the owner should send its superintendent, without charge, to supervise, advise and direct the precautions to be taken to make the mine safe for working, but no such supervision was exercised. In the case—Samuelson, Admx., vs. the Cleveland Iron Mining Company—the plaintiff was defeated; and she appealed to the Supreme Court of Michigan, which affirmed the judgment. Judge Cooley, in the opinion, said: "If the mine were in unsafe condition when it was handed over to the contractors, and this unsafe condition was known to the company, and if in consequence of that condition a miner was brought there in ignorance of it, and was killed, the company should be held responsible. Every man who expressly or by implication invites others to come upon his premises assumes to all who accept the invitation the duty to warn them of any danger in coming, which he knows or ought to know of, and of which they are not aware. So long as this mine was worked under the contract all responsibility for the care and safety of the mine was upon the contractor alone. The matter of supervising the cautionary steps, though neglected, worked no injury to the plaintiff. The company owed him no duty, and legal wrongs spring only from the neglect of legal duties."

Earth's Lowest Land.

With a train of five mules and two companions, one of whom was partially familiar with the country, I climbed the summit of Cerro Gordo. At last we stepped upon the lofty ridge of the Telescopos, and beheld below us the fearful valley, which lies 280 feet below the level of the sea and extends for a hundred miles northeast and southwest, with a width of from thirty to forty miles from east to west. Upon no landscape can one look so deeply into the interior of the earth, for it occupies the lowest point of dry land on the continent, and so far as I am informed, of the earth itself. Before us it lies—a long, deep, wide, vast basin, its shining patches disclosing through the distance its beds of soda, salt and borax, which cover thousands of acres, and blaze and shimmer and burn in the steady blaze of light and heat which pours upon them from a cloudless sky. The valley's deep declension grows upon the sense and becomes more marked as the eye is held steadily upon it, and it is emphasized by the swift declivity of the enclosing mountains. Dread and desolate it stretches its full length along in a frame of painted mountains, which define, in strong and mighty lines, its aspects of terror. Though leaving the summit at 3 p. m. and riding steadily down descending trails night settled upon us before we escaped from the canyon and reached the border of the valley. By the brilliant moonlight we were enabled to trace the trail along the rocky washes as we rode on into the night. At last, worn and weary with hours of riding, we reached the center of the valley, known as the "Big Hole," the point of greatest depression.

Though time and exploration have drawn from out the ancient story most of its fearful threads, this is still Death's Valley and is still and will remain a region of dread. Indians familiar with its face from infancy know its treachery and cannot be prevailed on to go into it beyond their time worn trails. To the lost emigrant it was "the valley of the shadow of death." The daring prospector enters it with fear. He knows its terrors and the bleaching bones of many a skeleton warn him to beware. Once lost within its embrace, and a man's doom is written. Without water to cool his fevered frame, the sweltering air drives him to agony and bewilderment. Confused he wanders without aim. Reason, unseated by fantasy, gives imagination rein to play tricks with his judgment. Beholding heaven at last in the mocking waters of the mirage, he sinks to die in the flame of the desert.

Good color for floors can be gained by paint, but being on the surface it quickly wears away. Stain is much better for it sinks into and becomes part of the wood, and when polished with beeswax and turpentine is a protector and disinfectant. If a floor is very unsatisfactory, have the boards planed down one-quarter of an inch, and covered all over with narrow oaken or well-seasoned pine planks of that thickness and three or four inches in width, fitted with extremest nicety.

It was Mike's third appearance in court within thirty days, and in reply to his usual appeal of clemency the magistrate impatiently observed: "It's no use, Mike, your good for nothing." "It's not me shtyle to be braggin'," retorted Mike, "but if your Honneur will borrow a pair of shellshells an' stip outside wid me I'll make it inconvenient for ye to hold that opinion."