From all the telegraphic talk about mules in the campaign one is forced to think that the humble kicker is to the army what coal is to the navy.

In future years many a man who claims to have been where the battle was hottest in the war with Spain will prove it by showing that he stood in front of the bulletin board, the New York Mail and Express predicts.

There is an element of reserve, of thrifty limitation, in British hero-worship. Mr. Gladstone has been easily the most popular man in Great Britain for a generation, yet this did not sell his literary works. Indeed, he had to pay his publisher, Murray, about \$100 loss on one of his books.

Not far from the final resting place of Mr. Gladstone in Westminster Abbev is the tomb of General John Burgoyne, who was defeated by Gates at the battle of Stillwater, and who surrendered to the Americans at Saratoga in 1777. Burgoyne is a picturesque figure in history, but at the best one must conclude Westminster honors were less highly valuable in 1792 than they are now. He was by no means a great general, and his campaign in America ended with such advantage to the patriot arms that Yorktown and independence were assured.

When Daniel Webster was speaking once in Fancuil Hall, it was thronged with men standing so closely together that some were taken of their feet and there was danger of a panic. As the crowd surged to and fro, Webster thundered, "Let every man stand on his own feet." Each one braced up in his own place and the panic was over. "That," said Webster "illustrates the American idea of self-government." The illustration is pertinent to our affairs today. Every man standing on his feet, and all steady together, will make our nation invincible.

Says the London Chronicle: "Admiral Dewey's interruption of the battle of Manila bay to give his crews the opportunity of breaking their fast recalls our own 'glorious 1st of June.' when Earl Howe, before he gave the French such a hammering off Ushant, hove to for an hour before attacking, to permit of his men fortifying themselves for the coming fight with a good meal-a pause which caused much conjecture in the minds of the astonished French. It has ever been the Anglo-Saxon way to fight, if possible, on a full stomach. Wellington once said that if ever he wanted an Irish or a Scotch regiment to reach a particular point by a certain hour all he had to do was to promise the former a drink on getting to its destination, the latter its pay; but that the corresponding bait to an English battalion was a good dinner of roast beef,".

Canada has a population of 5,000, 000 (against 1,000,000 in 1840), with a total trade of \$250,000,000 (against \$25,000,000 in 1840), and with a national revenue of nearly \$40,000,000 (against \$700,000 in 1840), which inhabits a dominion of seven regularly organized provinces and an immense territory now in course of development, stretching from Manitoba and Ontario to British Columbia, whose mountains are washed by the Pacific ocean. This dominion embraces an area of 3.519. 000 square miles, including its water surface, or very little less than the area of the United States with Alaska, or a region measuring 3500 miles from east to west, and 1400 miles from north to south. The magnificent vallev, through which the St. Lawrence river flows from the lakes to the ocean. is now the home of prosperous, energetic and intelligent communities, one of which was founded nearly three centuries ago.

The transportation of merchandise is a feature of the long-distance trolley lines to which little attention has yet been paid, but which has great possibilities comments a writer in Harper's Magazine. These lines offer remark. able opportunities for the development of convenient express and parcels-delivery service between cities and their suburbs, and even far out Freight could also into the country. be cheaply carried in this way from town to town, and a large business might be built up in the transportation of market produce and of milk from the country into the city. Platform cars might be arranged so that heavily loaded wagons could be taken bodily for long distances at a material saving in time and expense. The relief of the highways from heavy traffic might thus be very great; it would also save the community large expenses for re pairs and renewal of roads, for there would be a corresponding reduction in the wear and tear of the way from beavy teaming, and the destructive chopping action of steel borsesboes

The fact that juvenile crime increases by about fifty per cent. in summer-time is a potent argument in favor of vacation schools.

The bicycle is the poor man's horse It is now so cheap as to be within the reach of every person who enjoys regular employment at a decent wage.

The old expression "Hobson's choice" will henceforth have a new meaning. It will be the story in two words of a man who chose to risk his life for his country's sake and thereby gained his country's praise and undying fame.

It is now a matter of established fact in the grain t: a lethat the government bureau, in its final statements. underestimated this country's wheat crop of 1891 by 70,000,000 bushels, its crop of 1892 by 60,000,000, its crop of 1893 by 80,000,000, and its crop of 1894 by more than 100,000,000. On the basis of last year's August estimates, the government's reckoning for the wheat crop of 1897 was something like 460,000,000 bushels. The department's final report, after the harvest, marked up its own figures to 530,000,000; yet the subsequent shipmeats from farms to home and foreign markets have proved that even the maximum estimate of private experts-580,000,000 bushels was below the facts.

Unifed & a s Consul Smith has transmitted from Moscow some interesting facts indicative of social and educational conditions in Finland under Russian administration-interesting because of a general unfamiliarity in this country with the Finns. He shows that thirty-eight per cent. of the population-or six per cent. more than in cultured Spain-can read and write; that while the school age begins at ten, children between seven and ten receive instruction at home from the parish priest; that co-education is most successful; that women share in all industries, including the labor of teaching in the schools, and are treated with the greatest deference. In short, that conditions in Finland, as indicated by the training of the young and the position accorded to women, are far in advance of those existing in more than one monarchy which poses as a power in the concert of Europe.

What may be described as "the business of keeping railroad accounts" has increased so rapidly during the past few years as to justify the organization of the "American Railway Accounting Association." Its tenth annual convention which occurred at Atlantic City, N. J., recently, calls attention to the magnitude of railway way accounts. There are nearly a thousand railroad companies in the United States, having a mileage of nearly 180,000 miles, and taking in from receipts from passengers and mails nearly \$1,000,000 a day, and from freight nearly \$2,000,000. The complicated but perfected system of transfers, rebates, through tickets, stop-overs, "fast" and "slow" freight commutation, and long and short haul. requires an amount of bookkeeping so extensive and so elaborate that it may be said truly, according to the New York Sun, that the operations of the Treasury of the United States itself seem insignificant when compared with the volume of these transactions

The American school teacher is bet-

ter off than any other. In Italy conditions connected with the schools have become such that the better classes have taken the matter up with a determination to reform them. Investigation has brought some deplorable facts to light. For instance, out of 50,000 schoolrooms, 20,000 were reported to be in "tolerable" condition only, while 30,000 "do not deserve to be called places of public education." In thirty-one provinces the teachers are never regularly paid, and large sums are owed to them which they see no prospect of getting; 348 communes owe their 1045 teachers 312,000 lire (\$62,400) arrears of salary. The mass of the people, whose children should go to the schools take no interest in them whatever. Communal and political squabbles absorb them to the exclusion of everything else, and the rising generation is left to rise without the aid of schooling, or, though attendance is nominally compulsory for all children between six and nine years of age, the law is nowhere rigidly enforced, and the people everywhere are nearly as indiffer ent as the Spanish to the modern necessity of knowing how to read and write, and are nearly as illiterate. The proportion of illiterates for northern Italy is 40.85 per cent.; for middle Italy, 64.61; for southern Italy, 70.46, and for the other islands, 80.91.

ON THE MARCH.

Down the canon of the street, Hear the muffled marching feet! Hear the thousand-throated hum, As the soldiers nearer come! Eagerly the people crowd: Faintly now and now more loud, While we listen, breathless, dumb, Comes the droning of the drum; Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika tek tek tel Comes the droning of the druin; Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika tek tek tek, Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika tek tek tek, Rika-tek tek tek, Rika-tek tek tek, Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek.

Rika-tek, rika-tek, rikn-tek tek tek.
Marching down the western light,
Bursts the column on our sight!
Through the myriad golden motes
Splendidly our banner floats!
Then the sudden-swelling cheer,
Voicing all we hold most dear,
Wondrous, welling wave of sound,
Till the whirring drum is drowned!
Still our pulses beat in time
To the rhythmic roll sublime:
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika tek tek tek,
Rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek.

Now the marching men have passed; We have watched them to the last, Till the column disappears In a mist of sudden tears. Loves and hates before unguessed Tremble in the troubled breast: Loves and hates and hopes and fears, Waking from the sleep of years, At our country's calling come, To the rolling of the drum: At our country a caning come, To the rolling of the drum: Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika tek tek tek, Rika-tek rika-tek, rika tek tek tek, Rika-tek tek tek, Rika-tek tek tek, Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek.

So the night comes on apace, Settles on each solemn face; While we pray with hearts of fire, While a wistfal, wild desire Follows where the dangers are, Where the battles blaze after—Till our heroes homeward come, And we hear the victor drum: Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika tek tek tek, Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika tek tek tek, Rika-tek tek tek, Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek. Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek.

***** HOW GRANDPA CAME BY THE MEDAL

BY M. A. A. STILES

tle gums.

"That? Why, it's the medal that the United States government gave me in 1851—before your mother was born," answered grandpa, as he studied the inscription absently.

"Did the government give you that?" cries Kent, surprised that his grandfather had been on such familiar cut above the grandfather had been on such familiar cut above the grandfather had been on such familiar out above the grand to fill the government of the second to fill the grand the grand to fill the grand to fill the grand to fill the grand the grand to fill the grand to fill the grand to fill the grand the grand to fill the grand to fill the grand to fill the grand the grand to fill the grand to fill the grand to fill the grand the grand to fill the grand the grand

grandfather had been on such familiar terms with the government of the United States. "Why, what for?" "So I never told you that story, did I?" says grandpa, with some pride in his voice. "That was for helping to rescue the crew of the brig Zilica, bound for Bay of Fundy and shipwrecked off this coast. And it astonishes me to this day to remember that we did not every one of us lose our lives trying to save them.

'Oh, tell it! tell it! Please tell it!" urged Kent, now fired with interest to

own graudpa.
"That happened in the days before
the United States life-saving service
was organized. That branch of the marine service was not established until the year 1871. Some time before you leave the Cape I will take you to the back shore to visit the life-saving the back snore to visit the life-saving station and show you some of the wonderful appliances they have nowadays for saving life-lifeboats, life buoys, petticoat breeches, mortars for throwing the lines, red fire to burn and all

the numerous traps besides. I think you will find these more interesting than the story, my boy."
"But the story, grandpa; the story!
Tell that now, grandpa," insisted Kent, impatient for grandpa to begin." "How many men were there with you when you rescued the sailors?"
"Let me think! There was Steve,

my brother; Jesse Freeman, Robert Judson—well I think there were six of us all told."

"And did they all have medals like this?

"Yes, every one of us."
"Do tell the story, grandpa."
"Well, it was about dark when we took the last ones off the brig," says grandpa, beginning at the end of the narrative. 'Poor fellows, they had lashed themselves to the rigging, where they had remained all day, hungry they had remained all day, hungry and wet and chilled to the bone. They couldn't have stood it much longer— night a-coming on and the vessel fast

going to pieces.
"Half the men in Wellfleet had been up to the back shore that day to see the wreck and the men. They would just go an I look at the grewsome sight for a little while and then turn about and go home."
"Why did you wait all day before

why day you want an day belove you tried to get them off?"

"Because the wind was blowing a terrific hurricane all day, my boy. The sea was raging like a fury, seeththe sea was raging like a fury, seethothers of us harnessed Isaiah's old horse to a farm cart. 'Get a couple wreck every moment. The breakers were beging on the low.' were booming and crashing on the beach, and nobody wanted to brave their fury. The most experienced of them thought it was foolhardy to risk their lives with the certainty of being drawmed or deplay to the containty of the conta drowned or dashed to death by the

'It was the first day of December, and a smothering snowstorm raged all day. My, how the wind blew that day! "On the way other men, who in the undertakt

I was out of town in the morning and did not hear of the disaster to the Zilica until I came home about 3 in the afternoon," went on grandpa, now would hold out to draw the cart to the the afternoon," went on grandpa, now fairly back at the opening of his story and beginning to stir with awak-

ened memories.
"'Have you heard the news?" your grandma asked, as I came into the house. There's a ship ashore up the back side. Eight men, they say, lashed to her rigging and no hope of saving they cheered, and this served to

"How far?" asked Kent. "Three or four miles. I was young then and didn't mind a little walk as I "Three or four miles. I was young then and didn't mind a little walk as I do now. I ran half the way, I guess.

As I went along I overtook three other or northeast wind blew us down the men, acquaintances of mine. One of them called: "'Hullo, Ben; haven't seen ye be-

fore. Where ye been?'
"'Been to Provincetown,' I answered. 'Just heard about the wreck.' wered. Just heard about the wreck.'
"We've been up once before. But
it's no use trying to do anything.
Going again, because we'd like to
know if the poor fellows are still holding on. Gad, it is an awful sight,
though!'
"It benefit so, the slittle later

"What is this, grandpa?" asked
Kent.

He had picked up from the floor a large silver medal that baby sister had been biting with her teethless little gums.

"That? Why, it's the medal that the United States government gave growing desparately. They soon groaning desperately. They soon sighted us as newcomers and fairly yelled, hoping we had come to help them: 'Save us, save us! We are them: 'Save us, save us! We are freezing to death, freezing to death!' 'Their despairing words shrieked

out above the booming breakers and seemed to fill the air. The wind had abated a good deal by this time, and it had stopped snowing. The sea was still terrific in its violence, thundering and booming and lashing the shore with foaming wrath. Nevertheless, it seemed to me that we ought to attempt something, risky as it might be.

"We men looked at each other with questioning faces, for none of us at the moment could see just what could possibly be done.
"'Poor fellows!" said Tom.

with the ar about a real adventure by his own grandpa.

"That happened in the days before reck'n. We can't do anything without a boat, and we can't with a boat in this sea, even if we had one, and there isn't a boat—likely—within three miles

" 'We couldn't get a boat here in time anyway,' remarked another.

"She'll break up all to pieces in an hour,' said a third.

"Help! Help!' wailed the voices of

the imperiled men.
"Good thunder! said I, I can't stand here and wait and see 'em die like rats—can you, Jess?'
''I shall never have any peace of mind again as long as I live if we do,'

answered Jesse.
"'Boys,' said I, 'let's go down to

the town and get a boat and see what we can do.'
"At that all turned as one man tow-

ard the village, Jess waving his 'sou-wester' as we reached the top of the sand dune, while we all shouted back:
"Hold on, hold on for your lives!"

"On the way, half running now with the impulse that had seized us in common, we made our plans how we would operate for the rescue. We agreed, for one thing, that Jess should be captain of the enterprise, as he had experience with boats rather more than the

others of the party.
"We'll try to get along with anything that Isaiah Hatch happens to have, then, says Jess. 'It won't be so far as the village.'

"When we reache! Hatch's house we found that he had nothing better

than a leaky old dory.

"However, we were not to be discouraged now at anything. Our blood was up, and every man of us stood ready to risk his own life to save the poor wretches on the brig, whose cries seemed to be still historical in our case.

our beards. The storm seemed to be rising again, and we felt that the en-

terprise was desperate.

"On the way we were joined by two other men, who volunteered to assist

in the undertaking.
"We reached the beach at last, though it seemed doubtful if the old end of the journey.
"We saw that the ship had lowered

in the water perceptibly during our absence and might go to pieces any strengthen our resolution. We swered as well as we could, while again into the gale and started to walk up to the beach." we analysis and I, and rushed out as wered as well as we could, while we hauled the boat down to the water's edge and jumped in. It was more or less perilous launching a dory in such shore. But we had made allowance for this in part by launching some dis-tance north of the wreck. Then, with faces set and muscles tense, four of us bent to the oars, while the other two were kept busy bailing the leaky

"I thought so, too, a little later, when we ran down to the heach.

we were borne past them by the treacherous undertow and swept a quarter of a mile down the shore we

could recover ground, and twice we stemmed the tide and wind and strug-gled back again to our course. "Fetch her round this time,' com-

"'Fetch her round this time,' commanded Jess, 'er all's lost.'
"'Our strength was well-nigh spent.
"It's no use,' cried Steve.
"'We'll be swamped if we get a broadside,' said some one clse.
"They say 'fortune favors tae brave,' and I think it may be so, for suddenly our old dory seemed to careen and almost capsize and then, righting itself in spite of the waves, swept down straight toward the vessel. The men on board her watching us as their last or board her, watching us as their last hope of life, began to cheer heartily at this, and in a moment more our boat was in the lee of the great hulk and close under her bows.

"The sailors began to clamber down from the rigging, watching the sense

from the rigging, watching the seas and holding on all the time lest they should be swept away while reaching

"Jess shouted his orders to them as they came in sight, leaning over the rail. By his directions they found they came in sight, leaning over the rail. By his directions they found and brought a coil of rope, one end of which they with some difficulty made fast to the jib-boom, where it would have a good height above the water. "'Now, four of you crawl out and lower yourselves on the rope. Boat won't hold more than four at once,' Jess shouted

Jess shouted.

"Those boys didn't have to be told twice what to do, like some boys I know," said grandpa, looking mean-

ingly at Kent.
"But, grandpa, do tell how you got back to the shore."
"Well, the men carried the coil of the boat, leaving the end fast to the jib-boom, and we rowed away, allowing the coil to unroll as we went. This proved of great service to us in making the second trip after the other four men who were still left

on the wreck. "We landed the half-frozen creawe landed the maintrocen frequency of them to keep moving that they might not sink down and freeze in their exhaustion before we returned. Now they can they expend comwere on terra firma, they seemed com

were on terra firma, they seemed com-pletely unnerved.

"Rowing back, partly held to our course by the rope that we had made fast on shore, we soon reached the wreck the second time. The other four men were soon in the dory, and with a little cheer at our success we

set out again for the shore.

"But I cheered a little too soon for my part. For when we were about half way in I stepped into a coil of rope that was lying in the bottom of the dory and that had somehow become twisted with the line by which we were helping to guide her, which the sailors had brought aboard. I was thrown from my balance and the next instant found myself in the icy bil-

"Ben's overboard - nab him!"

somebody called out.

"Robert Jordan, at the risk of going over himself and of upsetting whole boatload of us, reached over fore I could be swept off and 'nabbed' fore I could be swept off and 'nabbed' me, indeed, as I struggled in the icy water. I was pulled in without upsetting the boat, which was a miracle almost, as she was overloaded, and the sea was like a yeasty tumult of billows. They pulled me over the rail, dripping with brine, with very little everywork.

ceremony.
"'Got a "sousing" that time, didn't ye, Ben? asked Steve, glad enough that it was no worse. 'Give him the oar or he will freeze.''
"Were you much scared?' asked Kent. He had been listening with

breathless interest to ascertain if grandpa really got drowned, forgetting that he was at that moment telling the

"Not so much as your grandma was an hour or two later, when I told her about it, sitting by a hot fire in dry clothes, sipping hot ginger tea," an-

wered grandpa.

"And what did you do with the shipwrecked men, grandpa?"

"An organization for the relief of sea, called the Humane society, took charge of them and gave them new clothes. They were then sent home by land. They lost everything they had, though, on the brig."
"And what became of the brig? Did

she really go to pieces?"
"Well, I guess she did? And we were none too soon making up our minds to attempt to rescue, either. It wasn't 15 minutes after we left her before the ship settled against the sands and parted in the middle. Then the sea soon did the rest. The masts toppled over, and the rigging to men had been clinging went drag-

ging over into the sea."
"Oh, let's put the medal away and keep it then, grandpa," says Kent, quite seriously. "Don't let's give it to baby to play with any more. It might get

"All right. We will put it away. The time may come when you, my boy, will want to take it out and show boy, will want to take it out and show it to your grandchildren, and tell them the story I have told to you—of how Grandpa Newcomb helped to save the crew of the brig Zilica."— New York Ledger.

Dewey Not Heroic in Appearance. "In person Dewey is not the naval hero of popular imagination," says L A. Coolidge in McClure's. "He is slight, of medium height, with finely chiselled face, and hair sprinkled with gray, while his firmly set lips and clear eye would mark himas a gentle-man and a man of the world. While in Washington he was a clubman and fond of society, one of those who rarely appeared after dinner except in even ing dress; just the kind of a fellow, in short, that some have in mind when they inveigh against the 'dudes' of the navy who are pensioned on the government and haunt the drawing rooms of the capital. He is quiet in manner, sparing and incisive in speech, courteous in bearing and decisive in action."

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

The Evil Tide—Alcohol Not Wanted—As-sistant Surgeon Woodson Officially Fa-vors Its Abolition From the Soldiers' Dietary and Medicine Chest.

Dietary and Medicine Chest.
Oh! who will help to stem the tide of misery and woe,
And help to bring about the time when it shall cease to flow?
The tide of evil caused by drink, destroying rich and poor,
And multiplying miseries around us more and more.
We try to do the best we can in faith and love and hope,
But with the evil all around we cannot fully cope,
For streams of misery every day with never-ceasing flow,
Are rushing past on every hand wherever we may go.

Are rushing past on every hand wherever we may go.

We want the help of all our friends, we seek their help to-day,
That this great tide of misery may soon be rolled away.

If all would but at once unite with courage true and strong,
We surely should improvement see, and better days ere long.

The work is yours as well as ours, so let's join hands and strive
To do our very best to make the good cause ever thrive,
And if we do, it may be ours to stem drink's evil flow,
And help to close our gates against this tide of human woe.

—Temperance Banner.

The Army and Alcohol.

The Army and Alcohol.

Captain R. G. Woodson, the Government expert on tropical diseases, who for years has made a study of yellow fever and kindred diseases at Atlanta, Pensacola, Loredo, New Orleans, Savannah and Tampa, has just made a special official report for the guidance of troops, especially those to be sent to Cuba. Dr. Woodson has recently been acting assistant quartermaster, and will be in charge of the ambulance train of the Fitth Army Corps of the army of invasion. In his report, Dr. Woodson has this to say about the use of alcohol in an army campaign in the tropics:

"Yellow fever is certainly the greatest danger that confronts us. It is to be remembered that the mortality of this affection among the troops from Northern climates, who possess absolutely no contra-immunity, will be exceedingly greater should the disease gain access to our midst. Yellow fever, being a disease which attacks essentially the liver and kidneys, will prove particularly fatal to those whose habits of life have reduced the vital resistance of these organs. Especially is this axiom applicable to soldiers with cirrhotic livers and kidneys from alcoholic excesses, and those with lithemia from over-induigence in highly nitrogenous foods. The term lithemia is intended to define that condition of men ordinarily spoken of as 'full habit.'

"So firmly convinced am I of the predisposing influences of alcoholic indulgences

condition of men ordinarily spoken of full habit.

"So firmly convinced am I of the predisposing influences of alcoholic indulgences toward this disease that I would strike all such beverages from the dietary of the soldier and even from the medical supplies of the department.

"In this connection I wish it understood that I am not discussing this question."

"In this connection I wish it understood that I am not discussing this question from a moral standpoint; and to those who insist that the habitual drunkards require, their accustomed stimulant, I would reply that such men should be left behind, or, if carried, should be sent up dally for a hypodermic injection of strychnine or digitaline."

A Victim of "Whiskey Biscuits.

A Victim of "Whiskey Biscuits."

An eight-year-old schoolboy who was taken to Believue Hospital last week to be examined as to his schity and who was suffering from neurasthenia, according to the diagnosis, was a victim of what his mother called "whiskey biscuits," which are sold on the sly insome east side bakeshops. The boy's mother described a whiskey biscuit as a composition of cake, jelly, and alcohol, and she said that the boy had bad dreams during the night after eating it. A man whose work for several years has compelled him to spend most of his time on the lower east side, said yesterday that had heard of whiskey biscuits, but that he had never been able to buy one.

"The people who sell these things to chidren," he said, "know well enough that they are rendering themselves liable to punishment, and an adult can rarely buy them. I don't believe that the practice of selling alcoholic candles and cakes to children is very general, because a normal child does not care for such things. It is an acquired, but very rarely an inherited, taste. The selling of brandy drops was alsoouraged a few months ago, when several of the sellers were arrested. The "whiskey biscuit" is the successor of the 'whiskey biscuit' is the successor of the brandy drop, and if alcohol is used instead of brandy. I don't wonder that its effects are deadly."—New York Sun.

Treachery of the Saloon.

In the city of Minneapolis some years ago a young man of high standing and excellent abilities was trapped and ensared by the saloon. His life was wrecked and dishonored. That accursed institution led him its slave for long and bitter years. The blackness of those years was due to the saloon, was caused by the saloon. The day came when, by the grace of God, that man broke the shackles of his slavery, came out of the saloon prison house, and for ten years has lived a free man, has won for himself honor and the respect of his fellow men, a clear head, a clean heart, and a happy home. And these things have been it spite of the saloon, and constantly opposed by that damnable things have been in spite of the saloon, and constantly opposed by that damnable institution. And now, when the friends of that man propose to do him honor for the service that he has wrought for his fellow men in these ten years, saloon organs are busy repeating the story of the dishonor of those years for which the saloon was responsible. It makes very little difference what the liquor papers say, for very few people outside of the "trade" read them, but their utterance are an exhibition of the spirit of that institution that has in it not one redeeming feature or characteristic—the American saloon.—The Voice.

What Temperance Brings.

We love to see young men with a noble carriage, and with blooming health. We cannot bear to see young men, that have every reason for building up a noble manhood, walking with a discolored face and an unwholesome skin, which are signs of intemperance. Perhaps there is nothing more disreputable than for a young man to present himself a miserable wreck of what he might have been, and a burden to the state and to the age in which he lives; and perhaps there is nothing more creditable to a young man than to present himself to the state and to the age in which he lives a monument of health and vigor and true maniliness. Temperance brings you to this higher and nobler condition of manhood, and intemperance takes you from it. What Temperance Brings.

Temperance News and Notes.

Remorse is linked with rum. The pledge in time saves many a man.

The happiness caused by drink is of very short duration.

snort duration.

People who "brace up" on whiskey are liable to break down on it.

Avoid the occasions of sin. Keep away from drinking companions.

Educate the children in temperauce matters and you begin at the right end.

Two colonels, commanding regiments encamped at Chickamauga, have absolutely prohibited agents of liquor houses from entering the camp and trying to dispose of their wares.