

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

(COMMON STYLE.)

Between the dark and the daylight,
When Aurora's just leaving her tower,
Comes a break in the night's quiet slumbers
That is known as the children's hour.

At four-thirty on summer mornings,
At six in the winter cold,
I hear from the chambers adjacent
The cries of our tyrants bold.

First, Billy calls for a cracker,
Then Lucy a "dew" demands;
And nobody will satisfy Charley
But his blocks direct from my hands.

I turn out of bed with a shiver,
I yawn and stumble and grope,
And when their demands are complied with
For forty winks more I hope.

I'm just on the verge of oblivion,
And crossing the borders of Noa
When bang goes the door of the nursery,
And in comes an army odd.

They banish sleep in an instant,
They storm every protest down;
If I try to escape they quell me—
Farewell to somnolence town.

If you wish a cure for insomnia,
Infallible, certain as Fate,
Just spend six months with three children
Whose ages are three, five and eight.

But, oh! for a land beastie!
I wish I could tell you the name,
Where old Sol never shines till six-thirty,
But children abound just the same!
—Longfellow Jones, in Puck.

THE CASE OF MR. MASON.

Mr. Mason seemed to all of us who knew him at Burkville a perfectly inoffensive man. He also seemed a good business man to those who had opportunities of judging. Certainly he was methodical, and that quality is generally supposed to go far toward making a good business man.

He had come to Burkville from somewhere. The fact that he talked little or not at all about his own previous history may have somewhat prejudiced him in the estimation of our citizens, for Burkville people, there is no denying, are inquisitive—like to know all about newcomers.

In a business way, however, he was all that could be desired. He had a good, round sum to his credit in the First National bank. He brought excellent introductions from several directors of high-standing corporations in two different cities. In a purely business sense Everett K. Mason was impeccable. It was socially, and only socially, that his personality was a little overcast by his never alluding to any other place where he may have resided before he came to hang out in the thriving and growing town of Burkville the sign, "Everett K. Mason, Real Estate."

As anyone may remark, this was a very notable exception to the rule that silence is golden. Mr. Mason, it seemed, could smile on the just and unjust, the high and the low alike, though nobody ever saw him hilarious. But it seemed that he had made it to himself an inflexible rule to talk only of indifferent and impersonal matters when he was not talking business.

Nevertheless, his fate came to him at last, for all his not talking.

It was a deal in Burkville real estate that brought him into friendly relations with Deacon Sturge, the father of Lydia Sturge.

"Well, now," said the deacon, coming home in a good humor one afternoon, "about this Mason. What's the matter with Mason? That's what I want to know."

"He's all right!" young Bobby yelled, thinking of last election.

"Keep still, Bobby," said Mrs. Sturge. "What do you mean, pa? Who said anything against this Mr. Mason? I'm sure he comes to church regularly, and you ought to know if he puts anything in the plate. What about him?"

"Well, just this about him—he strikes me as a good, square, up-and-down business man, and I think this community ought to be glad to have him."

True, to be sure, some women—church members, too—tried to make as believe that Mrs. Sturge was trying to get a substantial, reliable son-in-law when she became hospitable to this Mr. Mason. But, then, there is no end to the small malice of some women who are church members.

It can hardly be said that Mr. Mason showed any great enthusiasm in his way of accepting the Sturge invitation. He came with what you may call polite alacrity—just pleased to show his consideration for the Sturge family. When he came he smiled on everybody and on the supper, which was a good supper. Lydia did not take any marked dislike to him. He made himself agreeable to Mrs. Sturge. He talked cheerily with the deacon about the outlook for Burkville real estate. As for me—I happened to be one of the party—it struck me that the poor Mason was not nearly so delighted with the entertainment as his set smile would have indicated, and I know that he once stole a sly look at the clock when it was not yet quite half an hour to the right going-home time.

But before Mr. Mason could properly bring this visit to a close something happened.

It all came of Bobby's inordinate fondness for dried prunes. Bobby would run back for the second time since leaving the supper table to the dining room to get more prunes. He sat on the floor in a corner, between the grand piano and the fender, and worked his jaws and flicked prune stones into the grate, unobserved by his parents, until suddenly he passed, looked alarmed and gave a hiccough, strangled cough.

"He's choked," Mrs. Sturge cried aloud. "It's those prunes, I know it!"

Lydia got up from the piano seat, caught her younger brother by the arms, jerked him to his feet and began thumping his back.

"If you will allow me," said Mr. Mason in exactly the same even, unexcited tones in which he had just been unfolding a plan for the expansion of Burkville in one particular direction, "I think I see what is wrong."

Then he quietly, but firmly, took Bobby from Lydia's violent hands, set him in a straight-backed chair and seized a Japanese or Chinese whalebone back-scratcher which helped to ornament one end of the mantelpiece.

"Just let me hold your head back as

far as you can, Bobby," said Mr. Mason, placing his left hand on Bobby's red and perspiring brow and with his right adroitly concealing the back-scratcher.

Bobby, half exhausted already, did as he was told, while his mouth fell open automatically. Then Mr. Mason, with the swiftness and precision of a juggler, it seemed to me, sent the butt end of the whalebone straight down Bobby's gullet. A turn of Mr. Mason's wrist and up came the whalebone again. Mr. Mason smiled it seemed rather sheepishly, as he let Bobby escape, and turned to Mrs. Sturge with, "No cause for alarm, I assure you—none whatever."

It took some time to convince Mrs. Sturge that the prunestone, which had stuck crosswise in Bobby's throat, had been pushed into a proper end-on-position which, Mr. Mason said, "made its deglutition easy." Bobby himself would not believe it for twelve hours after. But the profuse gratitude showered on Mr. Mason and all the confusion following the incident gave him an opportunity to run away, which, I thought, he was evidently glad to seize.

"Now, what do you think of that man and his 'deglutition,'" Lydia said to me after he had left. "Do you think he learned to perform surgical operations just to go into the real estate business?"

"Hardly," I said. "I wonder who Mr. Mason is?" she mused.

"Just Mr. Mason," I said. Lydia shook her head with conviction.

"That man has had a past life," she said, "because he is over 30. He never talks about that past life. There must be a reason why he never talks about that past life. That reason must be discovered. The Fehmgericht must take a hand here."

Now, I know what Lydia's Fehmgericht was. It was a half-jocose club, with a membership of five girls and two young matrons of Burkville. It never held formal meetings that anybody knew of, had no badges that anybody ever saw, and yet the "society" boys and girls of the place were, somehow, more than half afraid of the Fehmgericht. For myself, I had never believed very seriously in the terrors of this secret organization; and yet when Lydia mentioned it in connection with Mr. Mason I could not help half expecting, half wishing, that something might come of her threat.

That winter passed away, and the spring followed it and the summer. I met Lydia Sturge at the county fair in the fall. She had been away at the seaside.

"You are particularly welcome," she said, in answer to my greeting. "You are just the man."

"Oh," I said, "have you found that out at last?"

"It only took me one minute to make up my mind," she said. "You see, you were there when I resolved to enter seriously into this matter."

"What matter—garden truck or quilts?"

"You were there when I said it was a subject for the Fehmgericht," she went on, ignoring my facetiousness. "You don't mean about Mason? Have you remembered that all this time?"

"Well, in spite of your sneers, it seems you have remembered it," she retorted. "No, we have not forgotten. The affair has been brought to a conclusion, I believe, or nearly. We want the help of some man tonight."

"If there is any slaughter in it," I said, "I beg to decline."

"I think you will do very well," Lydia went on. "The west-bound limited reaches the Union depot at 10.37 p. m. It will bring a young but rather emaciated woman, dressed in mourning. You must be there to meet her. Ask for Mrs. Cook, carry her valise for her, board the street car and bring her to our house."

As this mission entailed no bloodshed I undertook it. Before I left the fair grounds Lydia had warned me that a word of this important matter, breathed to anyone before she should give me permission, would be visited with the displeasure of the Fehmgericht; silence and faithfulness in the execution of my orders would equally merit its good graces.

The young woman dressed in black duly appeared with her valise on the platform of the day coach as the limited drew into the depot that night. She was emaciated, as Lydia had described her, but decidedly good looking, with a chastened and subdued beauty.

"Did Miss Fox ask you to meet me?" she said, timidly.

"No," I said; "Miss Fox, I believe, will not be home for more than a week yet. Miss Sturge it was—"

"Oh, yes, Miss Fox's friend. I knew Miss Fox had gone to the White Mountains after she left me at the seaside."

I knew quite well that Brisey Fox was one of the Fehm, and now I understood that the business had been turned over to her. To be quite candid, I was burning with curiosity to know exactly what the business was. All I knew for certain was that it concerned the identity of Mr. Mason; beyond that I guessed, but my guess seemed so extravagant that I wanted to have facts in its place. More than that it all had to do with Mason, Lydia had refused to tell me, and I thought it wise not to try to pry into the dreadful secrets of the seven.

However, as the car stopped early in the journey and Mason himself got on, with some other men, I thought proper to say to Mrs. Cook:

"Please let down your veil."

The warning was unnecessary. She had seen Mason and recognized him as soon as I. Through the rest of the journey I could feel that Mrs. Cook was trembling and sobbing. But we reached the Sturge residence without further adventure.

I have always thought that, considering my faithfulness and care in the discharge of the duty laid upon me, Lydia ought to have let me be present at the meeting between—

Oh, of course, they were husband and wife.

But this was Lydia's original way of bringing them together. She wrote Mason a note something like the following:

"Dear Mr. Mason, be so kind as to spare one hour from your real estate transactions tomorrow and lunch with me. It will be a three-cornered party. My other guest is a friend of mine who is dying to see you, and I insist upon your coming, even if you have to break another engagement."

She took good care that Mason should not get her note until the morning of the day she wanted him. Nevertheless, I believe he suspected the truth and was terribly frightened.

But he came, and at the close of the lunch there was a little scene—a most interesting one. Bobby, who was not afraid to help himself freely, now, was the only spectator.

"And were they divorced?" I asked Lydia, when she consented to tell me more of the story.

"No," she said. "But they quarreled over some rubbish. He used to practise as a physician, but when they separated by mutual consent three years ago it made a talk in the town where they lived. So he moved away and took to real estate. Then she saw the foolishness of it all and tried to make it up, and he was misled by lies that some divorce shark had told him. His chief aim in life for more than a year had been to escape from his own lawful wife and at the same time escape a divorce trial. Mason is one of those fool men who will go ten miles out of the way to avoid a 'scene,' as they call it. I had to bring him up to time sharp."

"And did the Fehmgericht investigate and dispose of all those—lies?" I asked in awe.

Lydia only smiled and said: "H'm."—Denver Times.

CALIFORNIA'S OLIVE OIL.

An Infant Industry That Adds Greatly to Her Wealth.

The olive oil industry is likely soon to attract attention and add greatly to the wealth of California. It is now in its infancy. The young orchards are just beginning to bear, and as they show large profits many people are going into the business. There are now about 30,000 acres of land devoted to olives, and one-third of it is in bearing.

We import from Italy and Spain about 1,000,000 gallons of olive oil annually. There is a popular belief that much of it is cottonseed oil, sent over from this country for adulteration and brought back in bottles bearing Italian labels. But the rapid development of the olive oil industry in California will soon make this unnecessary. Italy markets 70,000,000 gallons of oil, valued at \$120,000,000, annually, and the product of Spain is not much less. Last year the shipments from California amounted to 50 cars in bulk. This year they will be nearly double, and when all the groves in southern California come into bearing and the superiority and purity of the American oil become known the industry will assume great importance.

But the olive oil growers are meeting with the same prejudice that was formerly felt against California wines. People were persistent in their preference for the adulterated logwood and vinegar concoctions that were imported from France rather than the pure grape juice from California, and even now more California wines are sold in London than in any city in the United States.

The olive was introduced into California by the Franciscan friars, the first tree being planted at the San Diego mission about the middle of the last century. The Californians like the natural or black olives, which they consider as an article of food rather than a relish. When ripe all olives are purple black, but the curing process can fix that color or change it to the familiar shade of green that is borne by imported fruit. The yield of an olive tree varies with its age. When eight years old it will produce about 100 pounds of olives, from which about one and one-half gallons of oil may be extracted.

Losses in Battle.

An old friend sends a clipping relating to Mr. Alexander Sutherland's article in the Nineteenth Century on the question of war being on the decline. The conclusion is that the loss of life in Europe by war during the present century does not exceed one per annum out of every 10,000 of the population, whereas one in 100 would be a low estimate of similar deaths in the Europe of 1000 years ago.—New York Press.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

Coarse Sandy Soils Unprofitable.

Professor King's experiments demonstrate quite conclusively that sandy soils, no matter how rich they may be in plant food, must remain unproductive where the ground water is not near the surface and where good showers do not fall at regular intervals or where irrigation is not practiced.

On Growing Horns.

Horns as head ornaments for bulls are now considered useless and dangerous. The conditions existing in their wild state which required them for weapons of self-defense no longer obtain, hence a smooth poll is preferred, which can be obtained by use of a polled bull, or by use of stick caustic potash applied to the embryo horn when the calf is a few days old by first wetting the button or young horn and then rubbing with potash until burned sufficiently to kill it—that is kill the horn, not the calf.—Homestead.

One Idea of Feeding.

It is pretty well established that the quality of a cow's milk cannot be improved as far as butter fat is concerned by feeding—that is, when the cow is being fed as she should to give the best results as to quality; but there is one thing noticeable, and that is, under the action of the very best of food the cow's posterity will be a decided improvement on the mother, so this proves that good cows, together with good feeding, will gradually and surely make an improvement in the herd, no matter what its present standard is, whether it be high or low. Of course, for such a thing to happen, everything must be favorable to it.—The Weekly Witness.

America's Yellow Poultry.

It is an odd fact that the great American poultry consuming public is greatly prejudiced in favor of the yellow-legged, yellow-fleshed fowl. That it is merely a matter of fashion or fad, is amply proved by the fact that in all other countries the preference is given to the white-meated birds. France is recognized as authority upon the edible qualities of all the foods devoted to the use of man, and in that sunny land the Houdan stands pre-eminent. They have been bred for generations for the express purpose of use as a table delicacy. They are a bird of medium weight and large breast prominence; being small boned and fine fleshed, with a small amount of offal, they are a profitable carcass for the consumer to purchase. In the great Paris markets huge piles of dressed Houdan and La Fleche fowls can be seen at the numerous stalls. These are reared in small flocks by the villagers adjacent to the city, and sold to professional dealers who make the daily or weekly tours.—Inland Poultry.

Two Uncommon Apple Pests.

According to Professor Lowe, there are two insects which are quite similar to the apple-tree tent-caterpillar in appearance or habits and which may do damage in the orchards, though not usually so abundantly as this species. The forest tent-caterpillar ordinarily feeds in the woods upon the maple, but frequently mingles with its relatives in the orchards and is distinguishable from them only by a few minor characteristics. The egg-masses are similarly placed, but are cut off squarely at the ends, instead of being somewhat sloping, as are those of the apple-tree caterpillar. This is caused by the eggs in the end rows of the bunch, as well as those in the centre, being placed upright; while the end rows of the first described masses are inclined. The tents are more delicate and less conspicuous, and are frequently lacking; the caterpillars have a row of diamond-shaped white spots along the back instead of a single white line; and the parallel bands across the wings of the moths are dark rather than white, and the space between the lines is darker.

The fall web worm makes a tent in the fall—not in the spring—which includes the leaves upon which the caterpillars feed; these latter pupate in the fall and pass the winter in the cocoons. The moths which are white or slightly flecked with color, emerge in the spring.

Fruit Beetles and Borers.

Fruit beetles and borers naturally do a great amount of damage in all fruit growing sections. Professor J. M. Stedman in Bulletin 44 of the Missouri experiment station says that the bark beetle is rapidly increasing in Missouri and that it infests plum, cherry, apricot, nectarine, peach, apple, pear and quince trees. The damage is caused by the adult beetles making minute holes through the bark. The eggs are deposited in these and the larvae burrow just beneath the tough bark, destroying the layer of new cells and killing the branches above the injury. Unhealthy trees are attacked first, but even the more vigorous are liable to become infested.

The pest is difficult to control, but may be held in check if attention is given to removing every part of the infested tree and burning at once, keeping the trees in healthy, vigorous condition by cultivation and fertilization, covering the trunk and large limbs with some repellent solution, applying to the smaller limbs by means of a force pump and to the larger by means of a whitewash brush. The best wash is made by dissolving as much common washing soda as possible in six gallons of soft water and then adding one gallon of soft soap, one pint of crude carbolic acid and

mixing thoroughly. Slake two pounds of lime in two gallons water, filter and add the lime water to the above mixture, to all this add one-half pound of paris green and mix thoroughly. The wash may be made thicker by adding lime. The same treatment will answer for borers on any kind of trees. A wash made in this manner is not expensive, is easily applied and very effective.—New England Homestead.

Tillage and Productivity.

There is nothing like good tillage to bring out the full productivity of the soil. This fact should never be lost sight of, although in the discussion of fertilizers all the importance is generally attached to them. No soil, however rich, can do a tithe of its duty unless good, intelligent tillage is given to it each season. Cultivation must begin early and continue late. The more the soil can be turned over and pulvized the more will its productivity be increased. Tillage for the sake of improving the soil should be the motto more than cultivation to keep down the weeds. The latter is often the extent to which many farmers go, for when the weeds are killed they consider their duty done.

A recent examination of the soils showed that there were vast quantities of plant food in them that their owners had never dreamed of. They had been indifferently cultivated for years, and their owners classed them as medium soils, neither very good nor very bad. Some of these soils were remarkably rich in nitrogen and potash, and yet they did not begin to yield the results obtained from soils dressed with these commercial fertilizers. What was the difference? Simply that the potash and nitrogen in the soil were not in an immediate available condition, while in the commercial fertilizers they were. The soil needed good tillage to develop the potash and nitrogen so the plants could immediately take them up.

That is about the case with all of our soils. They need cultivation to bring out their possibilities, and to make the potash and nitrogen immediately available. More than this, good cultivation improves the mechanical conditions of the soil so that it performs its functions much better. Most soils are not in a fit condition naturally for our fine cultivated plants to thrive in, and they need good treatment to prepare them as seed beds. Many are so thick that there is no drainage, and the plants suffocate or drown in them. Good cultivation breaks up the soil, pulverizes it and enables the water to percolate properly through it to the subsoil. This good tillage is essential to successful farming, and is as important to the soil itself as to the plants.—W. E. Farmer, in American Cultivator.

Diseases of Sweet Potatoes.

According to Professor Townsend of the Maryland station all the diseases of the sweet potato are produced by small parasitic plants called fungi. A fungus is composed of two parts, viz., vegetative and reproductive. The vegetative part is composed of thread-like structures which are hollow, and which grow in or on the tissues of the diseased plants. The reproductive part consists of small, round or elongated bodies, called spores, which have the ability under favorable conditions to produce new fungi. The spores are produced in different ways by different fungi, and some of the fungi are able to produce spores in several different ways. Some spores are much more resistant than others and are capable of retaining their vitality for several years if the conditions for germination and growth are not favorable.

Black rot—Both stem and root liable to be attacked by this disease. Causes the diseased part to turn black, as the name signifies. May attack the young sets in the bed or it may not appear until the plants are in the field. The remedy is to discard all diseased sets, spray with Bordeaux mixture if an attack is feared and not plant in the same field where disease appeared last season.

Soil rot—Attack is confined to the roots and tubers, giving the appearance to them of a string of beads of irregular size and shape. Treat the soil with sulphur four hundred pounds to the acre, sowed broadcast and worked in. To the sulphur may be added with advantage the same amount of kainit, also rotate crops.

Soft rot—Attacks tubers, usually after they are stored. Tubers shrivel. Black masses when skin is broken and disagreeable odor. Avoid bruising the tubers, store in dry places at a temperature of about seventy degrees, remove and burn diseased tubers as soon as they begin to decay.

Stem rot—Dark lines appear on the stem just at the ground. Vine turns yellow, then black throughout, unless rooted at some node, beyond which it remains green. Disease extends downward, and causes upper part of tuber to decay. Short shoots from partly decayed tubers. Rotate crops and use only vigorous sets.

White rot—Attacks tubers only, giving them a white, chalky appearance. Rotate crops and use only vigorous sets.

Dry rot—Attacks underground parts only, giving to them a wrinkled, deeply appearance. Interior of diseased tubers becomes dry and powdery. Gather and burn all diseased roots at the time the crop is harvested.

Scurf—Attacks underground portion only, giving to them a rough, brownish, and sometimes a shriveled appearance. Discard all diseased tubers in producing sets and rotate crops.

Leaf Mold—Leaves become sickly, brown spots appear upon their upper surfaces, and white spots upon the under surface. Destroy all reated weeds. Spray with Bordeaux mixture.

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

How My Boy Went Down—What Convinced a Famous Editor That a Clear Mind and Liquor Do Not Go Together—A Terrible Example.

It was not on the field of battle, it was not with a ship at sea, but a fate far worse than either that stole him away from me. 'Twas the death in the tempting dream that the reason and senses drew; He drank the alluring poison, And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood To the depths of disgrace and sin; Down to a worthless thing, From the hope of what might have been, For the brand of a beast besotted He bartered his manhood's crown, Through the gate of a sinful pleasure My poor, weak boy went down.

'Tis only the same old story, That mothers so often tell, With accents of infinite sadness, Like the hope of a mortal hell; But I never thought, once, when I heard it, I should learn all its meaning myself; I thought he'd be true to his mother, I thought he'd be true to himself.

But alas for my hopes, all delusion! Alas for his youthful pride! Alas! who are safe when danger Is open on every side? Oh, can nothing destroy this great evil? No bar in its pathway be thrown, To save from the terrible maelstrom The thousands of boys going down? —National Advocate.

Editors of the Ladies' Home Journal, says: "One thing that led me to make up my mind never to touch liquor was the ruin which I saw it bring to some of the finest minds with which I have ever come into contact. I have seen, even in my own country, the brilliant intellects of the smartest literary men debauched from splendid positions, owing to nothing else but their indulgence in wine. I have known men with salaries of thousands of dollars a year come to beggary from drink."

Only recently I had an opportunity for any position I could offer him one of the most brilliant editorial writers in the newspaper profession—a man who two years ago easily commanded one hundred dollars for a single editorial in his special field. That man became so unreliable that I had to dismiss him. I am now afraid of his articles, and although he can to-day write as forcible editorials as at any time during his life, he sits in a cellar in one of our cities writing newspaper clippings for one dollar per thousand. That is only one instance of several I could recite. I do not hold my friend up as a 'terrible example.' He is but one of a type of men who convince me, and may convince others, that a clear mind and liquor do not go together.

"I know it," when one brings up such an instance as this: 'Oh! well, that man drank to excess. One glass will not hurt anyone.' How do these people know that it will not? One drop of kerosene has been known to start a fire, and an almost hopeless fire, and one glass of liquor may fan into flame a smoldering spark hidden away where we never thought it existed. The spark may be there and it may not be. Why take the risk? Liquor will never do a healthy boy or young man any good. A particle of good in it may do him harm. A man who will willingly tempt a young man whom he knows has a principle against liquor is a man for whom a halter is too good.

"Then, as I looked round and came to know more of people and things, I found the always unanswerable argument in favor of a young man's abstinence; that is, that the most successful men in America to-day are those who never lift a wineglass to their lips. Becoming interested in this fact, I had the curiosity to inquire personally into it; I found that of twenty-eight of the leading business men in the country, whose names I selected at random, twenty-two never touch a drop of wine. I made up my mind that there was some reason for this. If liquor brought safe pleasures, why did these men abstain from it? If, as some say, it is a stimulant to a busy man, why do not these men, directing the largest business interests in this country, resort to it? When I saw that these were the men whose opinions in great business matters were accepted by the leading concerns of the world, I concluded that their judgment in the use of liquor would satisfy me. If their judgment in business matters was sound, their respect and attention of the leaders of trade on both sides of the sea, their decisions as to the use of liquor was not apt to be wrong."

Reformed in a Curious Way.

Reforms are wrought in many and curious ways, but seldom in a stranger manner than that in which a certain drunkard was sobered.

This man had wandered at midnight into a low saloon. He gave his order, and then leaned against the bar for support. A man standing near by took from one pocket an addressed envelope, and from another a stamp, which he moistened with his tongue. Instead of adhering to the envelope, as the man intended, the stamp slipped from his fingers and fluttered to the floor.

The tippler saw it fall, and staggered forward to pick it up. Just as he was about to grasp it, the stamp darted in a zigzag course toward the side wall, like a scared thing. Filled with astonishment, the drinker drew back and intently watched the bit of paper, which, upon reaching the wall, began to ascend.

As it ascended, the tippler's face grew more intent, his body more rigid. He saw nothing but the mysterious moving thing. His mind was soggy from years of ceaseless drinking. He thought that the animated stamp was a warning.

At the top of the wainscoting the stamp stopped, squatted as if for a moment's rest before ascending higher, and then made a dart toward the tippler's haggard face. The trembling set saw it stop, saw it hesitate, and leap.

He was unquestionably doomed if he continued longer to drink to the extent the stamp had given him to warn him. So it seemed to him. With a pitiful yell of fear and determination, he rushed from the saloon. From that eventful night until he died, in prosperous circumstances, recently, the man never swallowed a drop of liquor. The moistened stamp had fallen upon a cockroach's back, and stuck there.—Kansas City Star.

The Battle in Ohio.

The Anti-Saloon League is making itself strongly felt in Ohio. Last year it distributed large quantities of temperance literature, held thousands of temperance agitation meetings, and was instrumental in closing the saloons in forty-four townships and towns. Moreover, through its influence there are many towns in which the liquor laws are better enforced than ever before.

Notes of the Crusade.

Saloons are veritable post houses, whose presence is a menace to all progress and civilization.

In Navajo County, Arizona, covering an area of 10,000 square miles, there are only nine saloons.

Good coffee will gradually destroy a liking for alcohol. In Brazil, where coffee is grown extensively, and the inhabitants drink it many times a day, intoxication is rarely seen.

So long as the licensed saloons are permitted to sell spirits to anyone, so long will crime, disease and pauperism exist. It is cause and effect as clearly as any operation of nature.