The German emperor is getting possession of a lot of islands whose language is so peculiar that he cannot tell whether lese majeste is being com-

The attorney general of Wisconsin has rendered an opinion on the antipass law to the effect that state officials cannot ride on free passes outside of the state any more than they can inside.

Dr. Hartland Law of San Francis co. told a New York audience the other day that it is not infrequent for the woman to propose to the man and that presently it will be the regular custom. Day by day it becomes clearer that it is the men and not the women who need the chaperons.

While they are trying to mitigate the "tipping" annoyance abroad, the custom is constantly growing on this side the ocean. The Denver Republican has discovered that the government has to a certain extent endorsed the practice. It seems that the first auditor of the treasury in passing on the accounts of men who travel in government service holds that a tip of a quarter dollar to the porter of a sleeping car is necessary and proper. Many persons consider the acceptance of a tip as destructive of the notion of personal equality essential to the preservation of republican spirit.

England is willing to make considerable sacrifices to retain Gibraltar. A new battery has recently been made on the highest point of the rock, and the shells, weighing four and five hundred pounds, are taken up by a narrow path, on a barrow drawn by a mule and guided by a man. Frequently, it is said, mule and barrow and man have fallen over the side of the cliff; but instead of an outcry against the dangerous practice, the English gravely congratulate themselves that the accidents have not taken a more serious form. "considering that these shells are charged with powerful doses of Lyddite." The whole top of Gibraltar might have been blown off.

Only the other day, in the terrible wreck at Waterloo, Ia., the arm of a traveling man was caught between immovable and relentless beams. The only seeming relief was the loss of the arm, and with that loss were counted 99 chances of death to one of life. He accepted the one chance and died, only whispering with his last breath, "Break it to her tenderly." He was en route to his own wedding. There are heroes and heroes, and it is not always the one who wins the distinction in front of belching cannon, sputtering musketry, flying shrapnel and bursting shells that most deserves

In 1871 Germany lost 143,000 lives by smallpox. In 1874 a law was passed making vaccination obligatory in the first year of life, and compelling its repetition at the tenth year. The result was that the disease almost entirely disappeared. At present the loss of life from it throughout the empire is scarcely one hundred a year. At the time of the Franco-German war the German government had its civil population vaccinated optionally, and its army completely re vaccinated, while the French-population and army - were vaccinated perfunctorily. Both were attacked by smallpox, the French army losing 23,000 men and the German 278. In the face of such facts, all one way, with which statistics of the disease are crowded, it is not easy to see how the anti-vaccinationist is able to give any plausibility to his argument.

Farmers in Oregon and Washington have reason to believe that the horseless age has been postponed. Buyers from Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas have been scouring those states for horses, and paying from \$15 up for animals that two or three years ago were thought fit only for the abat toir. So great is the demand for heavy work-horses and animals suita ble for the cavalry service that it is impossible to meet it with the class of animals required, and buyers are fill ing out orders in some cases with un broken range horses, for which as high as \$10 per head has been paid, Government buyers, who a few years ago were wont to cull very closely and reject everything that did not meet the exact requirements, have been compelled to waive some of the specifica tions, or else fail to secure the fui quota of animals needed. The principal reason for the advance in prices is that many breeders abandoned the business when there was so little profit in it. The work-life of horses is short, and the demand has now evertaken the supply. A minor fac for is the increased government de

During the year 1898 American builders sent 580 locomotives to for eign countries. This record proves that if others will pay the freight the Yankees will show them how to haul

In a search for a name for the "elec trically propelled self-contained vehicle for roads and streets," the Elec trical Review has chosen "Electromo bile" as the best of the thousands suggested.

A thinker of the name of David Morgan has been studying Tennyson He finds that Tennyson "sat like a clam in his shell and growled and grunted." This may not throw any sudden wave of light upon Tennyson but the growling and grunting clam sitting in his shell is a new and interesting figure.

But living in the country does not in itself make us virtuous or wise, says Mrs. Eaglesfield in Self-Culture; we have strayed too far from nature to slip back at once into the habits and instincts of our more fortunate ancestors; we need a teacher, a guide, to open our dull senses and direct us till we can read the secrets ourselves, But when we have cast off the artificialties of city life, and have given ourselves humbly into the care of Mother Nature, then will she reward her child with her infinite treasures of knowledge, health, beauty and virtue,

The petroleum output in Southern California now amounts to about 45,. 000 barrels a day, and it is all consumed apon the Pacific coast. It was discovered about ten years ago, and has been in use for about five years. A tank steamer runs regularly between Santa Barbara and San Francisco carrying refined petroleum to the latter market. The Southern Pacific runs its local trains by oil, and it is also consumed as fuel in several manufacturing establishments in this section. There is no smoke and no cin The locomotive tenders on the Santa Fe road are big tanks, and the engineer feeds the fire with a key.

There is no surer safeguard against all degrees of mental unsoundness than a habit of self-control. As mer of quick blood may fall dead in moments of high excitement, so may lesser disturbances, oft repeated, un settle the rational faculties. Machinerythat is loosely set tends to jar it self to pieces, and the agitations o ungove. ned emotion may gradually produce an "unstable equilibrium" o the nervous system, and predispose the brightest man or woman to be en tirely upset by a sudden crisis of pas sion, alarm, loss, or ecstasy. For joy, like grief, anger, fear or appetite, re quires the gentle restraint of reason The asylums are full of admonitory cases. Wanted, for each individual, good internal government, well admin

The 'literary fellers' to whom the late Hon. Zachariah Chandler applied an epithet suggesting that they were already dead and worse, seem now to be specially appreciated by our gov ernment for public and particularly diplomatic service. In former times Irving, Kawthorne and Motley were regarded as exceptional instances of men of letters deemed fit for consula or diplomatic place. Now the rule seems to run along the lines of the old exception, as is easily seen by reference to the just published mem beeship roll of the Anthors' club of New York city. There are only 152 members of the club. Yet the list includes John Hay, late ambassado to England, and now secretary o state; Horace Porter, ambassador t France; Andrew D. White, ambassa 'c to Germany; Oscar S. Straus, ministe to Turkey, and Arthur Sherburne Har dy, late minister to Persia and nov minister to Greece.

On the subject of homicide in the United States the Springfield Repub lican presents figures furnished by correspondent, as also some of its ow gathering, which go to show that the comparison made between this coun try and others in this particular is not as disparaging in the United States as many persons have thought On the contrary, when comparison i made between the older parts of the United States, where the restraints of law and order are fairly well enforced and England, for instance, the balance is on this side. Massachusetts' re cent record for deaths re ulting from personal violence is 0.5 for ever 100,000 inhabitants, while England' is 0.8, and Scotland's 1.5. Vermont Rhode Island, and Connecticut is 1893 had a record of 0.6 for ever; 100,000. As to the country at large it is claimed that comparisons with older countries are unfair. Here there are many sections where police pro tection exists mainly in name

## An Unexplained Mystery.

THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF AN ENGLISH EXTRAORDINARY.

The secrets of history have a fasci-nation that is all their own to a good many of us, observes a writer in the London Queen. Among the mysteries of life may be reckoned the strange story of Mr. Bathurst's disappearance in 1809, a story that an interval of nearly a century has not cleared up. Let us, for the benefit of those who know very little about it, tell the leading facts of the narrative in a few

Mr. Bathurst, son of the bishop of Mr. Bathurst, son of the bisnop of Norwich and kinsman to the Lord Bathurst of that day, was a man who, though young (he was not 27 when he vanished out of this world's knowledge), was one on whom bright hopes had been formed. He was brilliant, talented and seemed destined to make his mark in the world of politics. Through Lord Bathurst's influence, who was in Lord Castlereagh's ministry and secretary of state for foreign affairs, he was sent to Vienna early in 1809, as envoy extraordinary, on an important secret mission to the court of the Emperor Francis. The posi-tion of Austria was at that time most critical.

She had preserved strict neutrality since the peace of Presburgh, but her relations in regard to France had suddenly become strained. Napoleon was profoundly irritated, and Bathurst believed that the French emperor bore him especial enmity and considered his secret mission as an effort to incite Austria into declaring war with

So strongly had this idea taken possession of Bathurst that, when his mission was accomplished, he was often heard to say that he believed his life to be in danger and that Na-poleon would prevent him ever get-ung back alive to England.

He hesitated long before turning his face homeward and finally decided to make his way to London by Berlin and the north of Germany. He had with him his private secretary and his valet, and to escape observation he assumed the name of Bach, while, in the words of the story written soon after his disappearance, "he had pis-tols about his person and tirearms in the back of the carriage.'

It was the regular old-fashioned chariot, with four horses and postilions, in which all the upper ten of those days made their infrequent journeys, and on November 25,1809, the cortege arrived at Perleberg, a quaint little town on the banks of the Stepuitz, a few miles from where that river flows into the Elbe at Wittenburg, and on the direct road from Berlin to Ham-

It may also be mentioned that Perleberg is only a few miles distant from

Magdeburg, garrisoned at that time by French troops, Close to the post-house, where trav-elers changed horses, was a small inn, the White Swan, and this was close to the gates and high tower of the oncefortified little place.

Mr. Bathurst dined at the White

Swan, giving orders that the horses were not to be put in till he had dined. It is curious to read how a smart young man of 80 years ago dressed when he crossed Europe in that an-tiquated vehicle, a traveling carriage, and it certainly gives more reality to those ghostly figures of the past if we can picture them in "the habit in

which they lived."

Mr. Bathurst wore a light gray coat, heavily braided and frogged, and pantaloons, as they were then called, of the same shade; his long fur (sable) coat was lined throughout with violet velvet, and he had a cap of the same fur. In his scarf—one of those bulging voluninous scarfs that encircled our grandfather's necks—he had a hand-some diamond pin. Hardly was din-ner over than Bathurst, hearing that a s juadron of the Bradenburg Cuirassiers was quartered at Perleberg, under the command of a Captain Blitzging, went to the barracks, asked to see the commanding officer, and telling him that he believed his life to be in the soldiers while he remained in town.

It was noticed that he was profound-ly agitated and that he trembled as he spoke, and this he explained by say-ing that he had that moment received news that had greatly alarmed him.

Blitzging laughed at his fears, but consented to let him have a couple of soldiers during his stay in Perleberg.

Mr. Bathurst returned to the White Swan, saying that he would not start till late, as he considered it would be safer to travel at night, when Napo-leon's spies would be less likely to be on the alert. He remained in his room in the inn writing letters and burning papers till 9 o'clock, when the carriage came around, and he dismissed burning papers till 9 o'cl

the soldiers on guard.

He stood at the door of the White Swan watching his portmanteau being replaced at the back of the carriage. He stepped round to the horses' heads and then—then—just as if the ground had opened under his feet and swallowed him up, closing its if upon him without leaving a trace behind, he disappeared and was never seen again!

It must be borne in mind that the time was the end of November that it

time was the end of November, that it was a remarkably dark night and that an old lantern swinging on a rope that crossed the street from one house to another gave but a feeble glimmer, and so did a horn lantern in the hands

of an ostler.

The landlord, prepared to speed the parting guest, was in the doorway talking to the secretary, who had just paid the bill, but neither of them seemed to have been paying any attention to Bathurst's movements 'The

horses were now in, the postilions had clambered into their clumsy sad-dles and the valet stood at attention

at the open door of the carriage.

They waited and waited, but still
Mr. Bathurst did not appear, and then —the wind being bitterly cold—they must all have grown impatient and scattered right and left to look for the

scattered right and left to look for the missing man.

One of them went into the hotel to see if he had gone in there again, another sped along the road that the carriage would have taken, while the secretary went to the guardhouse to find out if Bathurst could possibly have returned there to ask for an armed escort for the journey, but all to no purpose.

to no purpose.
Suddenly, inexplicably, without a cry, a word, a warning of any kind, he was gone—spirited away—and what really became of him will never be

The officer in command of the Brad-The officer in command of the Bradenburg Cuirassiers acted with the greatest promptitude. The alarm that the missing man had displayed that afternoon had made a deep impression on him, and without loss of time he on him, and without loss of time he put the secretary and valet under arrest, placed a guard over the Swan Inn, took possession of the traveling carriage, and then began an exhaustive search, which lasted for days.

The river was dragged; marshes, woods and ditches were examined for miles around; the houses in the lower part of the town were entered, and there was not a barn, hedge, outhouse or copse that was not searched; while bloodhounds also failed to track him. The English ambassador at Vienna—and through him the English government—was communicated with. A thousand pounds reward was offered by the latter for any authentic information; his own family offered as much, and Prince Frederick of Russia who, for friendship's sake, took the deepest interest in the fate of Bathd'or, either for the discovery of the

to the solution of the mystery.

The only discovery worthy the name was made by two poor women of Perleberg, who, more than a month was made by two poor women of Perleberg, who, more than a month after the disappearance of Bathurst, found in a copse, whither they had gone to pick up sticks, the gray pantaloons that he had worn on the eventful night. Two bullet holes were in the trousers, but no traces of blood, which would have been there had the bullets extends blood, which would have been there had the bullets struck a man wearing them. They were stained on the outside, as if the wearer had been lying on the earth; and in the pocket was a half-finished letter, or rather a few words scratched in pencil, to his young wife, to whom he was tenderly at-tached. In these few words he ex-pressed the certainty he felt that he would never reach England alive, bade her a touching far england entested her a touching farewell and entreated her by the love she bore him never to marry again. There was no ending to the letter, which was barely legible; but though there is no doubt that it was written by Bathurst, or that the pantaloons were his also, no one for a moment believed that they had lain there undiscovered for more than a month. They had been placed there to divert suspicion from the right direction and perhaps to encourage the theory adopted by some, that he had been the victim of a mere ordinary

highway robbery and murder.

It is hardly possible to overestimate the sensation caused by the sudden disappearance of the late envoy extraordinary from the court of England to that of Austria. Reports of all hinds were rife and information that kinds were rife, and information that was never verified was freely circu-

lated.

The Times took the matter up and not obscurely charged the Emperor Napoleon with having made away with Bathurst. The Moniteur, on the other Bathurst. The Moniteur, on the other hand, in a leading article published December, 1809, stated that "Sir Bathurst," on his way from Berlin, had shown signs of insanity and had hood of Perleberg.

According to some he had been murdered in a wood by his servant, who had robbed him and escaped. Others believed that he had been attacked by brigands; while a mysterious story appeared in print suggesting that he had been drowned at sea.

Bathurst himself had always de-

clared that his ruin would be brought about, not by the Emperor Napoleon, but by the Count d'Entraigues, a name well known in the secret history of well known in the secret histo those times as that of a Russian those times as that of a Russian spy, and there is no doubt that the latter had been heard to say that he could prove that Bathurst had been shot in Magdeburg fortress. But as both d'Entraigues and his wife were themselves murdered by an Italian server. selves murdered by an Italian servant (believed in his turn to be a spy) not long after Bathurst's disappearance,

his words were never proved.

The theory that he had been carried off to Magdeburg and there murdered was also held by Mr. Underwood, at that time a prisoner of war in Paris, who, in one of his letters written then, declared that both French and English believed that the crime of his

English believed that the crime of his abduction had been committed by the French government.

On January 23, 1810, there appeared a paragraph in a Hamburg paper, which informed the people of Perleberg who the murdered Bach really was who had so mystariously disappeared. The so mysteriously disappeared. The paragraph was in the form of a letter, dated London, January 6, exactly six weeks after Bathurat's fate had been

sealed one way or another.

It ran thus: "Sir Bathuret, am-

bassador extraordinary of England to the court of Austria, who was be-lieved to have committed suicide in a fit of insanity at Perleberg on November 25 of last year, is well in mind and body. His friends have received a letter from him dated December 13, which, therefore, must have been written after the date of his supposed

Who inserted this paragraph, and for

who inserted this paragraph, and the whot purpose?

It was absolutely untrue, but may have been designed to cause the authorities to relax their efforts to probe the mystery and perhaps to abandon them altogether; or it may have been a plan to throw dust in the eyes of the public, to whom the story of Bathurst was one of absorbing interest.

To those who held Bathurst in af-

fectionate remembrance it was a com-fort—and it was their only one—in after days to think that every con-ceivable effort had been made to find out the meaning of his mysterious disappearance. His young wife, to whom he had been married for four years, was utterly heartbroken, and at a time when wars and rumors of wars dis-tracted Europe, making her task al-most an impossible one, she gave her self up heart and soul to the difficult and dangerous business of finding out a secret that was without doubt a po-

litical one.

She appealed to the Emperor Napoleon himself for information, and he assured her through Cambaceres that on his word of honor he knew nothing of the matter beyond what he had seen in the papers. She demanded a per-sonal interview with him, and there is no doubt that they met, but what she asked the great man and what he answered has never transpired. But she received his permission to advertise for her husband in the Moniteur and all the French papers, but with no result. The poor soul traveled all over Germany, staying for months at Perleberg and the neighborhood, where she offered the most liberal rewards even for the slightest clue to the secret. But, though the sums offered would have made any of the peasants or the dwellers in the somewhat poverty-stricken place rich beyond the dreams of avarice, no one ever claimed them, no one came forward with even a garstatement of facts; never a glimmer of light to dispel the darkness.
Mrs. Bathurst never gave up the

hope of his return to the last hour of her life, and she lived to be a very old woman.

The husband of her youth was to her still a living figure, and she firmly be-lieved that the hour would come when he would come back to her once more, Her life was a sad and troubled one, but that consolation was always hers, though her dream, as we know, was never realized.

Of her three children, the eldest, a on, was killed when riding a steeplechase at Rome; while the sad fate of her daughter, the beautiful Rosa her daughter, the beautiful Rosa Bathurst, is still remembered there, and the place is still shown on the banks of the Tiber where her horse reared with her, and—the river being in flood—fell back and drowned her in the stream. She was riding with the man to whom she was to be married

shortly. She was only 17 and admired and loved by all.

No wonder that her mother's heart was half broken. Still, through all her troubles she was sustained by the belief that her husband would return; but the grave does not give up its dead, and the well-kept secret has never been disclosed.

CURES FOR CRIME.

How Dr. D. R. Brower Would Check Its Spread in America. Dr. Daniel R. Brower of Chicago,

professor of mental diseases in Rush medical college, told the American medical association recently that crime in the United States is increasing in a vastly more rapid ratio than is the population. This, he asserted, is due to criminal parentage and environment. To check the alarming growth, he added, radical changes in

present methods are necessary.

Dr. Brower's theme was "The Medical Aspect of Crime." He contended that the present laws and their present method of execution are a potent factor in the causation of crime. The code of today, he asserted, is the Roman code. In ancient Rome it did man code. In ancient frome it did well because the death penalty was common, but today, with no cutting off of the supply of criminal material, he argued that the law contributes to its increase rather than to its diminu-

"Our laws," said he, "are defective because they are directed not against the criminal, but against crime only. The great question agitating society is the care of the criminal. It baffles society. The habitual criminal is a biologic study rather than a prob-

The doctor recommended that the children of degenerates be taken care of by the courts and placed in favora-ble environment at the age of seven, He further contended that those who are concerned in the sentencing of criminals should know something about their biologic conditions—or, in other words, a judge must also be a physician. A person who has com-mitted his first offence, he maintained, should not be permitted to associate

mitted his first offence, he maintained, should not be permitted to associate with hardened criminals, and trials should be speedy and prompt.

The pardoning power, he added, should be removed from state governors and rest alone in pardoning boards, whose members should be skilled in criminal anthropology. For those who are incapable of reformation there should be penitentiaries for their lifelong incarceration. their lifelong incarceration.

Dr. Brower read statistics showing

that the proportion of criminals to population in this country had in-creased from one in 3442 in 1850 to one in 757 in 1890.

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

Our Population Without Any Return f qf Value—Drink's Relation to Poverty,
The New Voice devotes considerable space to the book "Economic Aspects of the Liquor Problem," recently published by the "Oommittee of Fifty." The book is one of the most valuable contributions to the discussion of the liquor question that has recently been published. It is true that its conclusions with regard to the part played by drink in causing poverty, pauperism, and crime are not as radical as the views usually held by temperance reformers; but, accepting simply the conclusions arrived at by Mr. Koren, who has done the work for the committee, a traffic that in the light of conservative investigation is to be charged with even twenty-live per cent. of all our poverty, thirty-seven per cent. of our gaver crimes, and that sends out into the cold world almost forty-six per cent. of the destitute children of the land, can safely be pronounced a national curse of colossal magnitude, and its abolition by law can most reasonably be demanded.

Still the exhaustive treatment of the subject given by this volume neglects one of the most important economic aspects of the drink question, and one that we believe can not be too frequently or too emphatically called to public attention. One of the most important economic aspects of the drink questions of the drink traffic is the fact that a vast sum of money is every year taken from a large portion of our ountry's population without any return of value,. The sum is known to average about a billion dollars annually, or, to attempt to make so vast an amount more tanglible by comparison, to substantially equal the total gross receipts of all the railroads in the United States. The taking of this money from those who spend it, without valuable return, means for some of them poverty, but, what is a much more important fact, it means that all of them have less money and some of them practically no money at all with which to purchase from others the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of life. We are almo

"over-production," but the thoughtful student of conditions knows that there never has been any real over-production. If the actual, reasonable needs of the whole people were satisfied, there would be no trouble-some surplus in agricultural products or in manufactured commodities. And why are not the people's wants supplied? The saloon can in large measure answer the question.

Illustrate the case simply enough in this way: Suppose a group of citizens A, B, C, and D, who spend a large part of their earnings for drink, which they buy of one E. F would be glad to sell them potatoes; G would be glad to make them shoes; H needs their patronage in stoves and I in turniture; but their trade with E, the saloon-keeper, prevents their trading with F, G, H, and I to any profitable extent, and also in considerable measure deprives these latter of the trade which they would have from each other under more prosperous conditions. The poverty of A, B, C, and D may be readily recognized as due to drink; but when F can't pay his taxes because these men spent for beer the money they ought to have spent for potatoes, and when G loses his job because they buy no shoes, and when H makes an assignment because so many of his neighbor use heaps of scrap-iron in place of decent stoves, few people ever think of tracing the cause back to E's saloon. Yet there the cause often is.

The Mole story of the economic aspects of the liquor traffic will never be told till Mr. Koren or some one else shows us the relation of drink to the poverty of thousands who never drink.

The Greatest Kidnapper.

The Greatest Kidnapper.

The saloon steals children out of mothers' arms, away from fathers' protection, astray from the pure joys of home; the saloon by its foul temptation takes the boys and the girls. One it sends to the seaffold, another to the cell, another to the brothel, and thousands to lives of useless wretchedness and shameful degradation. In the wretched homes of poverty and vice, in the haunts of the slums, and in the social refuge-deposits that we call asylums and prisons there are to-day multitudes whom the saloon found as innocent boys and girls, and stole away from their innocency; and in the homes of the land to day are thousands of boys and girls that the saloon will steal—its stealing for the same dread fate.

These facts are as unimpeachable as the truth that two and two are four; and are the result of the saloon's existence with the same absolute certainty with which larkness follows sundown.

God speed the day when men shall be able to hall each other with the great people who have just been thrilled with one mother's sorrow and joy has at last been aroused in behalf of homes and mothers everywhere, and that the boys and girls are safe from the saloon!

About ten years ago the editor, while de-layed in a New York bank, noticed a young man who was taking gold plees out of his pockets and piling them before him on a shelf. On being asked where the gold zame from, he frankly replied: This is my tobacco and beer money. I never tasted either, But I have many friends who smoke and drink, and fre-quently ask me to join them. It occurred

quently ask me to join them. It occurred to me two or three years ago that if I accepted such invitations I would have to return them, and that it would cost me full as much as the "treats" amounted to. I begun saving the price of a cigar or glass of beer whenever invited to take them. When it amounted to ten dollars I would exchange it for an 'engle' and toss it into a drawer. The other day I got them together and was amazed at the number. There are just fifty. The easiest money I ever handled!"—Christian Ethics.

Are the English People All Going Mad?
In a blue book recently issued by the commissioners of lunacy in that country the statement is made that while in 1852 there was only one lunatic to every 536 persons, the last return shows one to 308. "The proportion having increased at a steady ratio during the forty years." If the increase of lunacy goes on at the same rate during the next fity-three years, at the end of that time one-half of the population of England will be insane. This is an appalling suggestion and should make every thoughtful man pause. To what extent the liquor trade and the drink habit are responsible for this rapidly-increasing insanity it is difficult to say. Directly and indirectly the use of alcohol has much to do with existing and prospective insanity, and if the statistics of this country are examined, we venture to say they will not vary much from England. Are the English People All Going Mad?

The Crusade in Brief.

Never drink, never drunk. Swim in sin, sink in sorrow.

Two glasses of beer are two too many. If America sinks, 'twill be through drink. Drink is the root, drunkenness the fruit. Where temperance reigns crimes wanes. A drunken night makes a cloudy morn-

The Christian who prays for God to sweep intemperance from the land doesn't mean it unless he is willing that God should use him as the broom to do the sweeping with.