POSTPONED.

[Anyone at all familiar with farm life knows that when the old dog becomes blind, toothless and helpless, it is the sad but humane duty of the farmer to put an end to his sufferings; it is generally done by taking him off to the woods and shooting him. Although the new dog quickly wins his place in our affections, the old is not soon forgotten, and more than one story begins: "You remember how old Fide."]

Come along, old chap, yer time's 'bout up,
We got another brindle pup;
I'lows its tough an' mighty hard,
But a toothless dog's no good on guard,
So trot along right after me,
An' I'll put yeh out o' yer misery.

Now, quit yer waggin' that stumpy tail— We sin't a-goin' fer rabbit er quali! 'Sides, you couldn't pint a bird no more, Yer old an' blind an' stiff an' sore, An' that's why I loaded the gun today— Yer a-gittin' cross an' in the way.

I been thinkin' it over; 'tain't no fun.
I don't like to do it, but it's got to be done;
Got sort of a notion, you know, too,
The kind of a job we're goin' to do,
Else why would yeh hang back that-a-way?
Yeh ain't ez young ez yeh once wuz, hey!

Frisky dog in them days, I note,
When yeh nailed the sneak thief by the
throat;
Can't do that now, an' there ain't no
need
A-keepin' a dog that don't earn his feed.
So yeh got to make way for the brindle pup; Come along, old chap, yer time's 'bout up.

We'll travel along at an easy for—
Course, you don't know, bein' only a dog;
But I can mind when you wuz sprier,
'Wakin' us up when the barn caught fire—
It don't seem possible, yet I know
That wuz close onto fifteen year ago.

My, but yer hair wuz long and thick When yeh pulled little Sally out o' the crick, An' it came in handy that night in the storm, We coddled to keep each other warm. Purty good dog, I'll admit-but, say, What's the use o' talkin', yeh had yer day.

I'm hopin' the children won't hear the crack, Er what'll I say when I git back? They'd be askin' questions, I know their talk, An' I'd have to lie 'bout a chicken hawk; But the sound won't carry beyond this hill; All done in a minute—don't bark, stand still.

There, that'll do; steady, quit lickin' my hand. What's wrong with this gun, I can't understand;
I'm jest ez shaky ez I can be—
Must be the agey's the matter with me.
An' that stitch in the back—what! gitten' old, too? The-dinner-bell's-ringin' -fer-me-an

-Charles E. Baer, in Philadelphia Press.

HER FIRST ASSIGNMENT.

Tragic-Comic Experience of a Woman Reporter.

She had just come—"out of the back woods"—they told her when she mentioned the place. Of course she did not call it "the back woods." She spoke of it reverently by the tender spoke of it reverently by the tender sname of "home," and usually there were tears in her eyes when she mentioned it. But no metter, it was not be a superficiency in the state of th tioned it. But no matter; it was not by in a great rash.

New York, therefore it was "the back woods," they told her when she asked she said, and then raced her to the el-

for work.
"What can you do?" asked the first to look up or to stop the pencil that was scrawling over the paper in front

"Anything you would give a woman do," she answered. "Nothing," he said.

"Nothing," he said.
"Good morning," she said.
"Good morning," he said, surprised into looking up by her prompt departure, but she was gone.
"Bring any stuff?" asked the next

one. He was too busy to waste words. She handed him the little flat manuscript silently.

He fingered it a second. "I don't want it," he said.

"Thank you. Good afternoon," she

'G'd afternoon," he said. For the next she had to mount to the eleventh story, and she looked dubiously at the sign in the little ante room: "We do not undertake to

preserve or return unsolicited manuscript. But when the editor came out he

But when the effect came out he looked at her really as if he saw her.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "but just now there isn't a thing in sight.

Let me have your address, and if I hear of anything I'll be glad to give it he saw her. e said, "but

to you."
Of course she knew what that meant, but still she was grateful for the courtesy. In her part of "the back woods" people had time to be courteous, and this man left a pleasant memory that made her almost hopeful of the next. "What you want to do," the next

He smiled, too, very pleasantly, but still he did not quite like her correcting his grammar. The next chanced to be rosy and round and bald. He but she followed the girl to the rear Ing his grammar. The next chanced to be rosy and round and bald. He was reading a note when she went in, and he held it in his hand while she talked. Presently it works a large of the rear platform and called to her as she jumped off: Presently it reminded him of

something.
"Why, the very thing," he said, briskly. "Here's a note from my wife. Just reading it when you came of course, I couldn't do that, you know." He looked up over his glasses as if he needed confirmation, doubtless because he was defying his wifely instructions, so she mildly said:

"Of course not," he went on, having taken heart of grace from her approv-al. "Of course I can't send anybody out of the office for that, but my wife

evated station till both were fairly out "What can you do?" asked the first of breath. They regained it, however, editor, and he did not take the trouble on the way down to Christopher street and started on a fresh race to the ferry. The gate was closed, so the literary lady walked up and down impatiently and finally bought a paper at the newsstand just as the gate opened. When they had found seats on the boat she unfolded the paper and turned to the woman's page. The first thing that caught her eye was

her own name.
"I see I'm to lecture before the Ultras," Ultras," she said, smiling. "Go gracious!" she broke off suddenly. "What is it?" "Good

"What is it?"
"Why, gracious me," said the literary lady, "the notice says there will be a reception after the lecture, and look at this gown! That's what they meant when they kept telling me to dress up! A recention in this thing! dress up! A reception in this thing!'

It was only a plain tailor gown.
"Gracious! I wonder if they told
me and I forgot?"

me and I forgot?"

The young woman felt quite sure she had forgot, but she didn't dare say

"What would you do?" asked the

literary lady.
"What can you do?" asked the girl.

"What can you do?" asked the girl.
"Nothing," said the literary lady.
"Then I'd try not to care," said the
girl, philosophically.
The literary lady evidently tried not
to care, but she failed, and her face
bore a careworn look. When they
were seated on the train the girl were seated on the train the girl thought she had forgotten, but she had not.

"I'll tell you," said the literary one said, and he was very nice about it, "is to get a place on a magazine; I wouldn't advise you to go in for newspaper work. What you want is a magazine."

"I'll tell you," said the literary lady, grabbing her arm, "I am sorry to trouble you, but I'll have to get you newspaper work. What you want is a magazine."

I know I forgot. But you must go agazine."

'What I want, yes," she said, smil, "but probably not what I can not she have a later train over, the next if you can. My satin skirt is in the bottom bureau drawer; the waist

"My room is second to the left on the third floor."

The girl was almost convulsed with laughter at the humor of the situation. She caught the ferryboat back, but had wife. Just reading it when you came in. Quite a coincidence, surely. You see, my wife has a friend who's a—er—literary lady, gives talks, lectures, to or some such things. Now, this—er—literary lady is going over into Jersey, to Orange, in fact, to give a talk swer. Moments were precious. Final-large and the large state of the large s before a club there, the Ultra Matrons, ly some ladies opened the door and you know, and my wife wants me to send somebody over to report it. But, in sight. She went upstairs and to the second room on the left, third floor. She knocked dubiously, not knowing whom or what she should find. No response. She opened the door and entered. Books and papers everywhere; evidently this was the literary lady's room.

She found the satin skirt in the

out of the office for that, but my wife drawer without any trouble, but had says—," he hesitated a moment, then broke off with: "Now, how would you like to run over and do this lecture for us? Not much in it for you, of which. Suddenly it occurred to her for us? Not much in it for you, of course; we couldn't use more than a stick at the outside; but better start at that than at nothing. It's the opening wedge you want, you know. What do you say? Let's see; round trip ticket to Orange would cost you 50 cents; both ways on the elevated, ten; that's 60. Not much in it for you. What say? Will you do it, or not?"

"I'll do it, thank you," she said. "Thank's good," he said, folding up the note in a relieved sort of way. "See here," he said, as she was leaving, "better take this card and leal for the literary lady in the mornleaving, "better take this card and call for the literary lady in the morning and go down with her. She'll put you through."

She thought he looked like a cherub; she lived to learn he was a prophet. She took the card, had herself awakened early the next morning and called for the literary lady at the hour ap-

suddenly came to her that she might be mistaken either for a laundress or a sewing woman, and in that hope she opened the door, but in spite of herself she could not keep from feeling guilty and trying to steal out noiselessly. When she got to the door it seemed as if she could not get it open, and when the outer one slammed to noisily behind her she thought surely discovery was at hand, and she could not restrain herself from running down the steps and indeed, to the elevated station at the corner. If a voice had by any chance cried "Stop, thief," she would have collapsed. She even glanced furtively around at the people glanced furtively around at the people on the car. What if that harmless-looking little man in the corner should turn out to be a detective? Really she could not compose herself. For one thing her bundle was too big, and for another she feared she would miss her train. When she got off the ele-vated she looked behind to see if the little man in the corner was following her. She bought a ticket to cross the ferry and asked the time of the next

ferry and asked the time of the next train to Orange.
"Do you want a ticket to Orange?" the man at the window asked.
"No, I have one," she said.
"Then why don't you cross the ferry on it?" he asked. She felt that he suspected her and snatched her bundle and ran.
When at last she was seated on the train with the hig hundle in her land.

train, with the big bundle in her lap, feeling fairly comfortable for the first time, her eyes fell to scanning the newspaper that inclosed the precious gown. Suddenly they were caught by the notice of the lecture. Heavens! It was to be at 2.30, and she was then on the 1.30 train. She had never been to Orange before; she knew no one; she had no idea where the liter-ary lady was to be fourl. If she was not at the station to meet her, all was

She looked out engerly when the conductor called her station, but the literary lady was not to be seen. She struggled across the platform with her

"Drive me to-the club," she said desperately to the cabman who came

desperately to the cabman who came to her assistance.

"What club?" he asked.

"The Ultras," she said.

"Oh, the hall," he aswered, and she thought she was saved.

She pictured vaguely the consternation she would create by bursting into the hall in the midst of the lecture possibly, but by this time she were possibly, but by this time she were possibly, but by this time she was physically exhausted and mentally blank. She paid the cabman intuitively and had started up the stairway before which he had stopped when she thought she heard voices calling and a heavy step running toward her. At last she was pursued. But save the gown she must and would. Springing up the stairway she burst open the door into the hall. The platform was empty, but there was a noisy hum of expectancy running through the crowd. At first she heard nothing distinctly. Then a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder, and a voice behind her said:

hind her said:

"Give me your bundle, miss."

She looked up at the blue coated policeman, who had come up behind, and fell in a faint at his feet. When she revived she was lying on a rug in a little white plastered room. The a little white plastered room. The window was open, the cold snow-laden air from without was blowing on her, and a sweet-faced, gentle woman was bending over her, holding a bottle of

smelling salts to her nose.
"Are you the matron?" she asked,

"The what?" asked the woman.

"The matron?"

She waited a moment. "Then were you put in, too?" she said.
"In what?" the woman asked.
"In prison," she said, shuddering.
"Why, this isn't a prison, child,"
the woman said with a smile. "Why

did you think you were in prison, pray?"
"For stealing that gown," said the

girl.
"Why, you didn't steal the gown, did you?" And the woman burst out

laughing.
"No, but I thought they thought I "No, but I thought they included in an arrested me."
"How very funny," the woman said, still laughing. "Why, he was only getting the gown to take to the literary lady, who was waiting at the mil-

cross the way

after you. But how very funny."
"But where's the gown now?" the girl asked.
"Why, the lady has it on and

She saw you come and got him to run

o put it on.

"Then for heaven's sake let me get out and report her," said the girl, struggling to her feet.
"Not before you've had this cup of chocolate and a sandwich," the woman

said, putting them before her.
"I am hungry," she said.
"Of course you are; that's why you

fainted."

When she went out by and by and saw the literary lady in all her glory "arrayed like one of these," she felt repaid for her excitement over the

That night when she got back to town she took in her "stick" to the office, and credit for that amount was duly given her on the books. But somehow one of the men in the office had gotten hold of the adventure, so he made a full column story about it, with a picture of her with her big bundle just as she fell at the policeman's feet. So, to put it mildly, her fortune was made.—Philadelphia

What, suppose you, will come upon such business establishments? And there are hundreds of them in the cities. They may boast of fabulous sales, and they may have an unprecedented run of buyers, and the name of the house may be a terror to all rivals, and from this thrifty root there may spring up branch houses in other cities, and all the partners of the firm may move into their mansions and drive their full blooded span, and the families may sweep the street with the most elegant apparel that human art ever wove or earthly magnificence ever with the most elegant apparel that human art ever wove or earthly magnificence ever caused. "There the wicked cease forever cansed. It is the first annual report of the Christian and the families and sweep the street with the most elegant apparel that human art ever wove or earthly magnificence ever cansed. "There the wicked cease forever ceased. "The toils of business life the first annual report of the Christian and Missionary Alliance shows the receipt to be \$147,320.55. The Alliance has 26 missionaries working in China, India Japan, Africa, Arabia, South America and West Indies.

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DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON. will clutch their gold to take it along with them, but it will be snatched from their grasp, and a voice will sound through their soul, "Not a farthing, thou beggared strength of the print of

SUNNE DOWNE

SINE TO WINE

STATE OF THE NOTED DOWNERS IN THE STATE OF THE STATE OF

Doing Work in Many Lands.
The first annual report of the Christian
and Missionary Alliance shows the receipt
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West Indies.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

American Surgeon Observed His Pledge Under Extraordinary Circums stances—A Toast Drunk in Water.

You have heard of "The man behind the

You have heard of The hand of the hand "Gun,"
And "The man behind the plow."
One gets his work from the Captain's bridge—
The other is working now.

But one who works both night and day Man's happiness to mar— The deadliest foe our land can know, Is "The man behind the Bar."

-Ram's Horn.

"Dare to Be a Daniel."

Is "The man behind the Bar."

"Dare to Be a Daniel."

The son of a president of one of our oldest and most prominent Eastern colleges was about leaving his native town for Paris to enter upon a special course in surgery. He had just attained his majority, and the simplicity and freshness of his boyhood still lay upon his soul. Many of his comrades had gathered at the depot to wish him bon voyage, among whom was his sweetheart. The last good-bys had been uttered when, obeying an impulse, she agrang to his side upon the platform and, bidding him hold his ear to her lip, whispered: "Charley, dare to be a Daniel!"

"Only that old saw," said he, while a look of disappointment shadowed his face.

"That only, Charley, but it may mean much to you," was her answer.

The bearer of a letter of introduction to a distinguished nobleman and scientist in Paris, the young American was soon received with marked kindliness.

In a few days he was the recipient of an invitation to a small banquet at the count's residence, at which were present some of the savants of the great city. Unaccustomed to the table etiquette of the cultured Parisians, and "the cynosure of all syes" when seated at the right hand of his host, Charles was mentally disturbed. He soon noticed that before each plate were grouped four wine glasses, the colors of which were, respectively, ruby, purple, pale amber, and white. In various decanters were wines of a corresponding hue, of which each guest indicated to the waiters his or her choice by simply tonching a glass. The white ones, alone, and those before Charles were left undisturbed.

During the progress of the feast the host, filling his ruby-tinted glass (an example which his guests followed), proposed a toast, "To the wives, daughters and sweethearts of America," to which he invited a response from his youthful guest, motioning a servant meanwhile to fill his glass with the red wine.

What followed can best be told in the young man's own words: "Mother!" (he worte, "Jora a moment! was ha an agony of repid

as well as I could for the great lump in my throat:

"I beg leave to say that to the typical wile, daughter and sweetheart of America the purity of this, nature's own beverage, illustrates the lives they aim to lead and the dangers which they seek to avoid. Permit me to use it in their dear name.'

"Following the example of Count-B——, every white glass was instantly raised and the toast drunk."—New York Voice.

Your Girl or the Saloon Keeper's Girl-Which?

Which?

"Papa, will you please give me fifty cents for my vacation hat? Most all the academy girls have theirs."

"No, May: I can't spare the money."

The request was persuasively made by a sixteen-year-old maiden as she was preparing for school one fine morning. The refusal came from the parent in a curt, indifferent tone. The disappointed girl went to school. The father started for his place of business. On his way thither he met a friend, and, being half fellow well met, he invited him into Mac's for a frink.

As usual, there were others there, and the man that could not spare his daughter fifty cents for a hat treated the crowd. When about to leave he laid a half-dollar on the counter, which just paid for the drinks. Just then the saloon-keeper's daughter entered, and, going behind the bar, said: "Papa, I want fifty cents for my hat." "All right." said the dealer, and, taking the half-dollar from the counter, he handed it to the girl, who departed smiling.

May's father seemed dazed, walked out alone, and said to himself: "I had to bring my fifty cents here for the rum-seller's daughter to buy a bat with, after refusing it to my own daughter. I'll neve, drink another drop."

This is a specimen of the wholesale robbery of the home which the saloon is practicing everywhere. And there are thousands of men whom such an object lesson as this man saw that day would not influence to give up the habit of drink. And it is not only hats, but winter clothes, shawls, shoes and stockings, and daily bread, and fire to warm the family hearth, that the saloon is stealing from three million families in this land.

Wages and Whisky.

Wages and Whisky.

The young man who thinks he can afford o take two or three glasses of beer or whisky ench day and never miss the sum he spends would do well to reckon up how nuch these drinks would amount to in the tourse of a year.

nuch these drinks would amount to in the rourse of a year.

Some years ago three young men in Jolumbus, Ohlo, carpenters by trade, engaged to work for a builder, promising to stay with him until a certain piece of work was completed. They were to, receive the same wages, and were to draw them as they chose. The work lasted from spring nntil Christmas. On the shall settlement, one of the young men, who frequented the tavern, and was a pretty hard drinker, found a balance to his credit of \$2.50. The second, who was a somewhat more moderate drinker, had \$11; the third, who was a tectotaler, had \$11; the third, who was a tectotaler, had \$150. The first and second wore very seedy clothes, and were in debt. Surely total abstinence pays!

The Crusade in Brief. If the liquor traffic is not wrong, then nothing is wrong.

American women selling American drinks at an American bar in a charity bazar is one of the sights London has re-sently been treated to.

In last month's plebiscite on the semlach, or local option, in the Norwegian capital, Curistianla, women cast two-thirds of the votes against the sale of drink.

Carroll D. Wright says: "Ten thousand people starve to death each year in Greater New York, while nearly \$400,000 a day passes over the saloon bars of that city for liquor."

It is contended that eight-tenths of the drunkards of to-day began to drink when they were young.

If we church members worked as hard or God as the saloon keepers do for Satan more results might be seen.

One of the protests addressed to President McKinley against the Griggs mullification of the anti-canteen law comes from the missionaries of the American Board in Turkey.

Purkey.

The Temperance Cause is responsible for the statement that "the crew of the new Columbia are from Deer Island, Me., a nome of prohibition which is never impeached by the press, and every man if a total abstatlet."