IN A MOUNTAIN FIRE.

A Thrilling Episode of California Life.

BY ADA E. FERRIS.

A mountain fire at night—that was the sight which Louise Eltham, a visi-tor from the prairie states to her uncle's home in California, was regard-

ing with awe and admiration.

"Let's ride up and take a nearer view," said her cousin Phil. "You will never see anything like this in Illinois—nor very often here, for that matter. There isn't a bit of danger. Prince goes easy and isn't skittish, and we'll just go up on one of the foothills where we can see it all. Get your thickest cloak, though, for it's chilly, and you don't want to freeze on one side while you roast on the other."

Nothing loath, Louise ran for her wraps, and very soon they were gal-loping toward the blazing mountains. How light it was! 'It is like my pic-ture of 'The Last Days of Pompeii,'' Louise panted, 'only this isn't doing any harm."

A wagon came clattering toward them, and Phil drew up suddenly as he recognized the lady who drove. "Good evening, Mrs. Hastings! Why,

you are not burned out, surely?"

Mrs. Hastings laughed hysterically.

"The house was all right when I left, but I don't suppose I shall ever see it. but I don't suppose I shall ever see it again. The sparks were falling in showers, then. Mr. Hastings and his brother insisted on my coming out with the colts before the road was blocked by the fire. They said they could go over the eastern ridge by the cattle-trail and out by Wilson's road, if they were delayed too long. Our pretty home.—"

pretty home—"
She choked, but almost instantly recovered herself, and asking hurriedly,
"Is your mother at home? I think
I'll drop in her until the matter is

ttled," she drove on.
"Por Mrs. Hastings!" Louise sighed.

A fire starting in one of these gulches or canyons rushes up it as flames rush up a chimney, but the steep rock walls on either side often contine it. Though the cleft just westward of the Hastings place roared westward of the Hastings place roared like a fiery furnace, their ravine was still dark and unharmed. Phil looked up it longingly, but dared not take his consin in. Yet he was aching to go to Mr. Hastings' assistance. "Here's just the place, Louise. Come on," he cried, turning up a cattle path to the top of a partially etached knoll to eastward. "You can see it all from here and yet be perfect-

tached knoll to eastward. "You can see it all from here and yet be perfect-ly safe. If Prince gets lestive, throw your handkerchief over his eyes. Don't go any neaver. I'll be back presently, but I want to run up to the Hastingses. You don't mind, do you?" Louise did mind, but would not say so, knowing how much the Hastingses

needed help, so a moment later she was alone on the stony knob. Almost in the next moment, it seemed, she found herself listening to the distant barking of a dog. Louise loved dogs, and recognized this at once as the voice of a large one, frightened, angry and appealing. It was up the canyon eastward of the Hastings ravine. She had been up that trail once with Phil

and Mina.

There she had seen a small, rough shanty, and two little toddlers playing with a great dog, half-hound, half-bulldog, which Phil informed her was the terror of the neighbors and the devoted slave and guardian of the child dren. Was he now afraid of the fire dren. Was he now atraid of the fire?
He had feason. If it swept up Hastings' canyon it could hardly fail to
take Wilson's also.

Then Louise felt her blood run
chilly. Only that morning she had
seen Wilson and his invalid wife drive

by on their way to town, 12 mile away. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, but no but no away. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, but not the children! Mina had told her that the children! Mina had told her that when the Wilsons went to town they le't the children locked up in the house. No wonder poor Bose was barking frantically! He scented danger in the air, and his beloved little ones were unable to escape!

"Phil Phil" Louise screamed, in-

hearing, and already there was a dull smolder of fire in the dead leaves beside the road, where a spark had

"Prince, we've got to try it!" Lou "Prince, we've got to try it!" Lou-ise sobbed, springing back into the saddle and turning him to the east-ward. "Phil said 'Don't go nearer,' but we can't stay here and let those babies burn alive. I know they are shrieking for help, and nobody to hear but poor, faithful, helpless Bose. Now keep cool, Prince! We simply must smash that door in and get the cull-dren back here before this canyon is a dren back here before this canyon is a furnace, and that may be in less than ten minutes. Quick, Prince, quick! It's a race for life, now. Fly, boy,

Prince snorted as if he understood. and plunged down a steep cattle path to the narrow trail that wound up the canyon. Half a mile of this cave-like gloom, the crooked trail so narrow that her outstretched arms might touch the branches on either side, and now, indeed, Louise felt that she had rushed into the jaws of death. A few moments' delay would make return impossible, and she knew no other way

Now the canyon widened. She was under the firelit sky again, with Bose bounding toward her, barking imploringly. "Yes, Bose, yes, good doggie, we'll save the babies, never fear," she called, breathlessly, extending her hand toward him, for she understood the dog's tone. One sniff assured him that Louise was a friend, and he

ran before her barking loudly and flung himself against the shanty door. Louise sprang from her panting horse. Sparks were flying in clouds overhead, and the air was filled with the muffled roar of fire. Hastings' canyon was all ablaze. There wasn't a moment to loose. She rattled the

rough door fiercely.

A frightened little face showed itself at the window. "Please'm, we can't open the door. We're locked in, and papa and mamma haven't come et. Ain't it time?''

Louise looked desperately around

Louise looked desperately around for an axe to force the door, She could see clearly—it was too light, indeed, with all that ruddy glow from the smoke-clouds above. The great dog was watching her suspiciously. "Now don't be angry, boy," she coaxed, a little nervously. "We've got to open the door, you know, to get the babies out, or we shall all burn up together."

Bose barked and again flung his

Bose barked and again flung his Bose barked and again flung his whole weight against the flimsy door just as Louise found a light hatchet. She attacked the door furiously. A strong man would have made short work of it, but the girl was neither strong nor skilful, and though it shivered and splintered it held fast for what seemed a terribly long time. At last as she and Bose together threw themselves against it, it crashed in, and the dog bounded across the room to the dog bounded across the room to where a little girl about six years old was trying to hush the screams of a brother of three.

The shanty consisted of but one room, with neither floor nor ceiling, and the furniture was of the rudest description. A few relics of better days "back east" contrasted oddly with the home-made stools and bedstead. Louise gave one glance at a fine, inlaid stand and a handsome fam-ily Bible, but with that terrible halfmile of overarched wood road to traverse, it was impossible to think of saving anything but the children.

She caught up the chubby youngster.

'Come,' she said cheerily, 'let's go and meet mother.'

But the child screamed and fought

But the child screamed and fought her vigorously. While she strove to soothe him, the little girl ran to the door, but one look brought her back to cluch Louise's dress. "The mountain's all afire! We shall

"The mountain's all afire! We shall be burned up!" screamed the little girl, clinging tighter, while the boy kicked and pulled Louise's hair with all his small might. Fairly desperate now, Louise shook him into momentary quiet, and said, sharply: "Gracie, be stil!! I'll save you both if you'll be quiet and mind me. If you don't I can't, and we shall all burn up together!"

The little maid gulped, down her

The little maid gulped down her cries, and even unclasped one small hand. "I'll—be-good," she gasped, obediently. "Don't let me be burned up.

But the spoiled baby only shricked and kicked.

His little sister, trembling like a leaf, made a piteous appeal. "Please don't mind him. He don't know any better, he's so little. O Johnny! please better, he's so little. O Johnny; please be stil, please! I'll give you my dollie, anything—but if you don't keep still—O Johnny, do listen to sister— we shall be burned up!" But Johnny was deaf to argument, and

Louise had to carry him out, and exert all her strength to lift him on the horse. "Hold on tight," she said; but before she could lift Gracie also, the perverse little fellow rolled shriek-

ing to the ground. Louise had to spring and catch the bridle or Prince would have been off.

Master Johnny scurried back into the house and under the bed in spite of his sister's frantic appeals, for he had never been required to obey her had never been required to obey her or anybody else. Gracie ran after him, sobbing and tugging frantically to get him out. Louise had to tie Prince before she dared follow, sick at heart with fear. The spoiled baby's wifulness might cost all their lives.

by main force she dragged hi his retreat, enveloped him in blankets and bore him out, but on the door-step she paused.

A barrel of water stood under the nearest tree. Into this Louise hast-ily plunged bedding and pieces of carpet, then, scrambling on an old box, with the help of the broom she spread them as well as possible over the flimsy roof.

Suddenly she sprang down. "The pool below the falls under the big bay tree! We may be safe there, and there isn't a moment to lose. Come, Johnny,

we're going to the falls."

Once more shejerked the child from under the bed and carried him out. Now the air was close, and the canyon walls echoed to the crackling of the flames. Fortunately it was not far to flames. Fortunately it was not far to the little poo', for it took all the girl's strength to lead the terrified horse and

the struggling boy.

"Black man under falls — bogy man!" Johnny screamed, pulling back with all his might, and Gracie added, trembling, "Mamma says there is a black man there that eats little children; but you won't let him eat us will you?'

"If there ever was a black man there," said Louise, with composure, "of course he's not there now—he's

run away from the fire."
The "falls" were a mer were a mere dribble of water down an a'most perpendicular rock; the pool was not over three feet deep, and green slime lay along its edges, but it was water, and it lay in a hollow, with rock walls on three

sides, while over it spread the green

sides, while over it spread the green luxuriance of a great bay tree. Louise drew a long breath of thankfulness when she reached the stream. "Here, Gracie, hold this youngster a moment. Now, Prince, come and be tied to this tree. Poor old horsie, you are nearly scared to death with all this heat and rushing and roaring and crackling round you. But you are safe here. Rocks and water can't burn, nor this green stuff, either. Oh, you little scamp!"

you little scamp!"
She was just in time to catch Johnny as he broke away from Gracie. This time she tore a strip from his apron, tied the restless ankles together, and set him down beside the pool, screaming, but unable to make more trou-

"There, now! Don't cry, Gracie; I "There, now! Don't cry, Gracie; I didn't hurt him, and we are safe here. Step close under the tree. Look at Bose lying in the pool. He knows how to make himself comfortable."

how to make himself consfortable."

The canyon was now a sea of fire.
Great flames seemed to reach and
eclipse the pale stars overhead. The
heat was intense, and the showers of
sparks hissed in the water and scorched
the ferns. Louise could see the thick
foliage of the green bay shrivelling in
the hot wind.

"But rocks and water can't burn,"
she reneated desperately. "And this

she repeated, desperately. "And this heat can't last long." She dipped Gracie's wrap and her

She dipped Gracie's wrap and her own into the pool, but Johnny held his so tightly and screamed so loud that she had to let that go.

A frightened rabbit dashed past them up the canyon, and a sna'ce glided away among the rocks. Louise wondered if they would escape. She dashed water over Prince's saddle and back, over herself and the children. The heat was terrible. It seemed impossible to live except by lying flat. She tried to force Prince down, but he was too terrified to understand or obey, and she had to drop down herself.

The flames seemed to shoot up both sides of the canyon now, netting a fiery bower against the sky. The rain of sparks made little Gracie, looking into the mirror of the pool, scream in terror. "The water's afire, too!" in terror. she cried.

Louise tried to reassure her, but she found herself glancing up apprehen-sively at the shrivelling leaves of the They would soon cease to tection. "Lie flat, Gracie," be any protection. she said, and once more dashed water over the children and horse. But scarcely a minute passed before

Gracie exclaimed, "The fire's going out, and our house isn't burned. It's just

and our house isn't burned. It's just going to, though!'
Louise sat up. The dry grass and leaves had burned out, the canyon was comparatively dark, and the shanty was but just smoldering into a blaze. The wet blankets and rugs had protected it to reaf. tected its roof, the great clump of callas and vines, its sides; but these had been dried out completely, and had been dried out completely, and the last shower of sparks had accumulated. In an instant Louise was speeding toward it. There was a little water in the barrel. A few minutes' work with her saturated cloak sufficed to beat out the fire.

"It's better than no shelter," Louise remarked, grimly, as she dropped on the doorstep, utterly exhausted.

on the doorstep, utterly exhausted. "And their bedding isn't all burned up, though I wouldn't give much for the things on the roof, and I don't think I shall wear this cloak to church again. I wish I was safe at home in bed; but thank God the children are

There came a patter of small feet and a shrill, wrathful voice. Johnny had succeeded in freeing himself, and returned in great indignation. "Pil tell my mamma on you," he declared, loudly. "You b'oke door in, and you dwag me off and you tie me up in de

fire. I'll tell my mamma!"
"You're welcome," Lo Louise said, dryly.

"You b'oke windows and burn

house. I'll tell my mamma," Johnny reiterated angrily. Very cautiously Louise removed the blinding coat from her hors 's head. She patted and soothed him, and was about to climb wearily into the saddle when there came a flare of torches and lanterns over the western ridge. She heard a woman sobbing wildly and declaring she must and would go on to her poor children, while men seemed to be dissuading her.

of distress, "She would have been perfectly safe where I left her, and Prince wouldn't run away. Whatever Prince wouldn't run away. Whatever possessed her to go wandering off? Ben, won't you go and see if she has gone home? I can't face them if she isn't there."

isn't there. "Oh, Phil!" the girl called, "I'm here all right. Is that Mrs. Wilson crying? Tell her the children are all right and the house is standing. Bose Down, sir! Don't you know your friends?" for the dog had bristled and

growled angrily at Phil's headlong rush down the hill. "Why in the world didn't you stay where I left you? Hastings thought sure you had tried to follow me and been caught in the fire. Next time I

won't bring you out."
"You needn't. I never want to see "You needn't. I never want to see a mountain fire again. All the same, I'm glad I came this time. You are, too, aren't you, Bose? You didn't hear him calling for help, did you. Phil? His barking brought me, and if Johnny had been half as sensible as his dog I could have hal the childrer out before the fire caught us. Don't be angry, Phil. I couldn't stay there and let them burn up without trying to save them."

to save them."
"Who's sail anything angry? Only l "Who's sai anything angry? Only ididn't know you set up for a heroine."
"It wasn't heroic." Louise an swered, simply. "It was the only thing to do."

But somehow she never could make the Wilsons agree with her, or Phil either.—Youth's Companion.

DR. TALMAGES SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED

Subject The Fiag of Truce—Interests of Capital and Labor Are Ideatical, and When They Cease to Antagonize Each Other Strife Will Cease.

Naminatoro, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage suggests how the everlasting war Letween capital and labor may be brought to a happy end. The text is I Corinthians xiit., 21. "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee."

Fifty thousand workmen in Olicago ceasing work in on deep service of the control of t

their lives to the study of the labor question, believed in co-operative institutions.
"But," says some one, "haven't these institutions sometimes been a failure?" Yes. Every great movement has been a failure at some time. Application of the steam power a failure, electro telegraphy a failure, railroading a failure, but now the chief successes of the world.

nt some time. Application of the steam power a failure, electro telegraphy a failure, ralirocading a failure, but now the chief successes of the world.

"But," says some one, "why talk of surplus being put by laborers into co-operative associations when the vast multitude of toilers of this country are struggling for their daily bread and have no surplus?" I reply, put into my hand the money spent by the laboring classes of America for rum and tobacco. and I will establish co-operative associations in all parts of this land, some of them mightler than any financial institutions of the country. We spend in this country over \$100,000,000 every year for tobacco. We spend over \$1,500,000,000 directly or indirectly for rum. The laboring classes spend their share of this money. Now, suppose the laboring man who has been expending his money in those directions should just add up how much he has expended during these past few years, and then suppose that that money was put into a co-operative association, and then suppose should have all his friends in toil, who had made the same kind of expenditure, do the same king, and that should be added up and put into a co-operative association. And then take all that money expended for overdress and overstyle and overliving on the part of toiling people in order that they may appear as well as persons who have more income—gather that a'l up and you could have co-operative association. And then take all that money expended for overdress and overstyle and overliving on the part of toiling people in order that they may appear as well as persons who have more income—gather that a'l up and you could have co-operative associations all over this land.

I am not saying anything now about trades unions. You want to know what I think of trades unions. I think they are most beneficial in some directions, and they have a specific object, and anthis day, when t

band together in press clubs? Do not ministers of religion band together in conferences and associations? There is not in all the land a city where clergymen do not come together, many of them once a week, to talk over affairs. For these reasons you should not blame labor guilds. When they are doing their legitimate work, they are most admirable, but when they come around with dram and life and fing from their seaffoldings, from their factories, then they are nihilistic, then they are communistic, then they are harbaric, then they are accurate and are accordingly are a curse. If a man wants to stop work let him stop work, but he cannot stop me from work.

munistic, then they are barbaric, then they are a curse. If a man wants to stop work let him stop work, but he cannot stop me from work.

But now suppose that all the laboring classes banded together for beneficent purposes in co-operative fassociation, under whatever name they put their means together. Suppose they take the money that they waste in rum and tobacco and use it for the elevation of their families, for the education of their children, for their moral, intellectual and religious improvement, what a different state of things we would have in this country and they man the help which they get from strong drink, borne down as they are with many anxieties and exhausting work?" I would deny them nothing that is good for them. I would deny them strong drink, ii I had the power, because it is damaging to them. My father said: "I became a temperance man in early life because I found that in the harvest field, while I was naturally weaker than the other men, I could hold out longer than any of them. They took stimulant and I took none."

Everybody knows they cannot endure great fatigue—men who indulge in stimulants. All our young men understand that. When they are preparing for the regatta, or the ball club, or the athletic wrestling, they abstain from strong drink. Now, suppose all this money that is wasted were gathered together and put into qo-operative institutions. Oh, we would have a very different state of things from what we have now.

I remark again, the laboring classes of this country are to find great relief when they learn, all of them learn, forcast and

wasted were gathered together and put in to co-operative institutions. Oh, we would have a very different state of things from what we have now.

I remark again, the laboring classes of this country are to find great relief when they learn, all of them learn, forecast and providence. Vast numbers of them put down their expenses, and if the income meets the expenses that is all that is necessary. I know laboring men who are in a perfect fidget until they have spent their last dollar. They fly around everywhere until they get it spent. A case came under my observation where a lyoung man was receiving \$700 a year and earned it by very hard work. The marriage day came. The bride had received \$500 as an inheritance from her grandfather. She put the \$500 in wedding ruipment. Then the twain hired two rooms on the third story. Then this man, who had most arduous employment, just as much as he could possibly endure, got evening employment almost extinguished his oyesight. Why did he take this extra evening employment was to laboring the sound of the sound of the sum of the story. The state of the would not be a pauper? No! It was for the one purpose of getting his wife a \$150 sealskin sacque. I am just giving you a fact I know. The sister of this woman, although shois a very poor girl, was not to be eclipsed, and so she went to work day and night and toiled and toiled and toiled animost into the grave until she got a \$150 sealskin sacque. Well, the news went abroad all through the street. Most of the people on that street were laboring, hard working people, and they were not to be outshone in this way, and they all went to work in the same direction and practically said, though not literally: "Though the heavens fall, we must have a sealskin sacque!" He have a sealskin sacque! Well, the news went abroad all through the street. Most of the people on that street were laboring, hard working people, and they were not to be outshone in this way, and they all went to work in the same direction and practically said, though not

sacque!"

A clergyman in Iowa told me that his church and the entire neighborhood had been ruined by the fact that the people mortgaged their farms in order to go down to the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. First, one family would go, then another family, and finally it was not respectable not to go to the Centennial at Philadelphia, and they mortgaged their farms. The clurch and the neighborhood ruined in that way. Now, between such fools and pauperism there is only a very short step. In time of peace prepare for war. In time of prosperity prepare for adversity. Yet how many there are who drive on the verge of the precipice, and at the least touch of accident or sickness over they go. Ah, my friends, it is not right, it is not honest! He that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own household, is worse than an infidel. A man has no right to live in luxury and have all comforts and all brightness around him, taking his family with him at that rate—everything bright and beautiful and luxurious until he stumbles against a tombstone and falls in, and they all go to the poorhouse. That is not common honesty, I am no advocate of skinflint saving. I avhor it. But I plead for Christian providence.

Some of the older persons remember

abhor it. But I plead for Christian providence.

Some of the older persons remember very well Abraham Van Nest, of Now York, one of its Christian merchants. He was often called mean because he calculated so closely. Why did he calculate closely? That he might have the more to give. There was not a Bible society or a tract society or a reformatory institution in the city of New York but he had his hand in supporting it. He denied himself many luxuries that he might give to others the necessities. He has been many years reaping his reward in heaven, but I shall never forget the day when I, a green country lad, came to his house and spent the evening, and at the close of the evening, as I was departing, he accompanied me to the door, accompanied me to the steps, came down off the steps and said: "Here, De Witt, is \$40 for books. Don't say anything about it." It is mean or it is magnificent to save, according as you save for a good or bad object.

nilicent to savo, according as you save for a good or bad object.

I know there are many prople who have much to say against savings banks and life insurances. I have to tell you that the vast majority of the homesteads in this country have been the result of such institutions, and I have to tell you also that the vast majority of homesteads of the future for the laboring classes will be the result of such institutions. It will be a great day for the working classes of England and the United States when the workingman can buy a barrel of flour instead of flour by the small sack; when he can buy a barrel of sugar instead of sugar by the pound; when he can pay cash for coats and hats and shoes rather than pay an additional amount for the reason that he has to get it a' charged.

I know a gentleman very well who has

been expending his money in those directions should just add up how much he has expended during these past few years, and then suppose that that money was put into a co-operative association, and then uppose he should have all his friends in toil, who had made the same kind of expenditure, do the same thing, and that should be added up and put into a co-operative association. And then take all that money expended for overdress and overstyle and overliving on the part of toiling people in order that they may appear as well as persons who have more income—gather that alup and you could have co-operative associations all over this land.

I am not saying anything now about trades unions. You want to know what I think of trades unions. I think they are most beneficial in some directions, and they have a specific object, and in this day, when there are vast monopolies—a thousand monopoles concentrating the wealth of the people into the possession of a few men—unless the laboring men of this country and all countries band together they will go under. There is a lawful use of a trade union. If it means finding work for people when they are out of work, if it means the improvement of the financial, the moral or the religious condition of the laboring classes, that is all right. Do not artists band together in an art union? Do not singers band together in an art union? Do not singers band together in All and Hadyn societies? Do not newspaper men

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

e of Reuben Wright-Dangers in the Use of Alcohol Which Professor Atwater Failed to Emphasize—False and Injudicious to Call It Food.

Now, Reuben was a friend of mine, And stauncher could not be, A man of heart—of muscle—mind, A maniler man one scarce could find Nor sure could wish to see.

His farm was like a garden plat,
Tilled with such watchful care;
His barns were filled from bay to roof
dis granaries held more than enough,
Aud large his store and share.

His good wife, all a wife could be, his childer fair and bright.

His home was like an Eden spot, and happy truly seemed the lot

Of reighbor Reuben Wright.

fhe tempter came—I know not who—A foe in friend's disguise?
A drink perhaps for old times' sake?
An idle thought a thirst to slake?
A flend in paradise? know not now who tempted him, Or what, cr why, or where; It may have been a thou thtless draugh, For joke or friendship idly quaffed, Or cruel, hellish snare.

But 'twas a drink-one drink too much! O, for the gift to tell in time the ruin of one drink! O, for the sight to see the brink Above a drunkard's hell!

One drink, and yet another one—
The flood gates open wide,
And hope and love, and good and truth,
Brave manhood's aims, the dreams of youth, Drift out upon the tide.

fo-day we buried Reuben Wright,
The once true, faithful friend;
& wreck of life—a blighed name—
A memory shrouded with a shame—
And this the drunkard's end!

Tis only just a common case,
This one of Reuben Wright—
So common that we pass it by,
Some with a tear, some laughingly—
Forgotten in a night.

'Twas but a drink—one thoughtless drink.
O, for the gift to tell
In time the ruin of one drink—
O, for the sight to see the brink
That bounds a drunkard's hell.
—S. B. MeManus, in Ram's Horn.

Alcohol Not a Food.

Alcohol Not a Food.

The recent experiments of Professor Atwater are of great interest to physiologists and chemists since they throw much light appn one of the doubtful questions of physiological chemistry or pharmachology, that of the metabolism of alcohol in the body, writes H. F. Hewes, M. D., to the New York Times.

It is a mistake, however, to think, as some people apparently do, that the result of these experiments should change the teaching in the schools in regard to the use of alcohol from a hygienic point of view. The schools teach that the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage is not justifiable under the laws of hygiene. The results of Professor Atwater's experiments do not contradict this teaching.

These experiments merely show that the hody can derive some energy from alcohol. This does not in itself entitle alcohol to be placed among the food substances in the hygienic sense of the term, which is the sense in which the schools and the people in general use the term food. If it did, such a violent poison as muscarine, the active principal of the poisonous plants of the mushroom family, would have to be classed with the foods, since it also is oxidized in the body with liberation of its contained energy.

To class a substance among the foods we

che mushroom family, would have to be classed with the foods, since it also is oxidired in the body with liberation of its contained energy.

To class a substance among the foods we must know that the sum total effects of its use are beneficial to the body. Muscarine is not a food because its poisonous effects offset the benefit of the energy which it liberates. Alcohol has poisonous effects as Professor Atwater it can be considered as food depends upon whether its beneficial effects are greater than its poisonous effects are greater than its poisonous effects. Professor Atwater's experiments do not prove this. Until this is proved the burden of the proof is against those who would include alcohol in the list of food substances. For scientific experiment so far, experiments upon large bodies of men in the ordinary conditions and vicisitudes of life, in the armies, and in exploring expeditions where labor and exposure have to be endured, indicate that when the regular 'moderation' quantity of alcohol is taken the harmful effects offset the beneficial ones, and that the drinker is made less it rather than more fit to work.

And stronger still is the reason against speaking as Professor Atwater does of alcohol as food in the same sense as sugar. For people generally will interpret this to mean that it is a food equally to be recommended with sugar and hygienic foods. And this, as Professor Atwater will agree, is an entirely faise idea and one calculated to do much harm. For while we get our energy from sugar without risk of poisoning, to get energy from alcohol we run great risk of poisoning, and to get any amount such as would be necessary to support life in ordinary conditions, we must take enough alcohol to poison ourselves seriously. (By poisoning is meant some harmful effect upon the functions of the body).

The above dangers in the use of alcohol alcohol habit, make its use as a beverage unjustifiable even if there were no other

also the possibility of the formation of the alcohol habit, make its use as a beverage unjustifiable even if there were no other arguments against it.

It is unfortunate that the alcohol question has been brought up on this technical ground. The question of the bygienic status of the use of alcohol does not depend upon the technical question of the definitions of a food and of a poison. The controversy upon this point has produced statements upon both sides which have given rise in the public mind to great misconception of the truth.

given rise in the public mind to great misconception of the truth.
Both sides in this technical controversy
will agree in regard to the main question,
that children should be taught to look upon alcoholic liquors as dangerous substances, to be avoided from considerations
of health and general welfare.

And in the present light of our experience and of scientific investigation, the
school books must continue to exclude alcohol from the list of substances desirable
as foods, and to teach the avoidance of this
substance as a good hygienic rule.

Lecture in a Nutshell. Lecture in a Numell.

"I figured out years ago," said a prosperous farmer, "that with very moderate drinking, I'd drink an aere of good land every year. So I quit." Here is a temperance lecture done up in a small parcel convenient for handling.

The Crusade in Brief.

If the saloon exists in your city, it is too close to your home. close to your home. In Germany drink leads to 1600 cases of suicide a year, and supplies the insane asy-lums with 3000 victims.

lums with 3000 victims.

No nation of barbarians in all the annals of time ever had a law or custom as iniquitous as the liquor revenue system of the United States.

A drunken debauch and an overturred lamp caused a conflagration in Dawson, the Klondike capital, destroying millions of dollars' worth of property. This is the second time within a low weeks that drunken frolic has laid in ashes this city.