Life's not the worst. We clearly see
The generous features of its schemes.
How dreadful if we had to be
Locked up for what we do in dreams!

Life's just and kind. Both you and I Bask in sweet freedom's golden glean Ah, well, we might take horse and fly If judged for what we say in dreams.

So, take the situation round, We're lucky that it's what it seems. Life's vaguest law is true and soun i Compared with what we live in dreams

# THE TIME SYNDICATE, LIMITED.

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An Allegory for the Over-Strenuous.

By Leonard Boyd.

Andrew Hunter was a very busy man. He was always working.

Andrew Hunter was not poor. His business was a paying concern, but it was one that required it's proprietor's attention, and thus it absorbed more and more of his time, until at last selfom a night passed when he was not busy late in his office.

But Andrew Hunter was not at work now. He was at home and entered the self-the self-

work now. He was at home and enjoying the luxury of a rest.
"If I only had more time," he said

to himself, regretfully. "As it is, it's perfect slavery.

He sat gazing into the fire for some time, until at length he dropped into

When he awoke the fire was out, and was daylight. He looked at his teh. Eight o'clock.

"Time to think about breakfast and going to the city," thought Andrew, getting up; but he instantly sat down again and shivered.
"I do believe," said Andrew Hunter, slowly; "I do be ieve I'm ill. I think

I'll see the doctor before I start for Mammon Court.

"Go to bed and stop there," was the verdict of that gentleman. And, despite Andrew's protests, he would hear of nothing else.

At the end of a fortnight Andrew was once more restored to health and set off briskly, as usual for his office. He reached it in due time and was about to enter, when he no-ticed with surprise that his name had been removed from his office door.
"Curious thing!" thought Andrew,

as he opened the door and entered.
A strange sight met his gaze.

was the same room; but every desk. every stool, everything else belonging to Andrew Hunter & Co. had vanished; and, moreover, every clerk in the employ of Andrew Hunter & Co. had likewise disappeared. Their place was taken by an entirely new staff.

One of the clerks advanced toward him and inquired his business.

Andrew Hunter was staggered. "Is not this Andrew Hunter & Co.'s he stammered at last.

'No. We are the Time Syndicate of Great Britain," answered the clerk; "but this office was lately occupied by Andrew Hunter & Co."

Then it was indeed his own office.
But what had happened? Had his

brain given way? "Is your manager in?" he asked.

No. The manager was not in, but he was expected every minute. Would

Andrew elected to wait and sat down. Presently Mr. Ashmore, the manager of the Time Syndicate, ar-

"Good day, Mr. ——" he said.
"Hunter," volunteered Andrew. "Hunter," volunteered Andrew "Andrew Hunter, of Andrew Hunter

"Oh, yes-Mr. Hunter! Very pleased to see you. What can I do for you?"

for you?"
"Well, perhaps the first thing you can do is to explain your presence in the office," said Andrew, in a tone of

some asperity.

Mr. Ashmore looked at him keenly.

"Ah, you are fond of joking, Mr.
Hunter!"

"Joking? Do I look as if I were joking?"

The manager of the Time Syndicate

But-you say you are Mr. Andrew Hunter—surely you have not forgotten the agreement we entered into for the transference of the office-an agreement which bears your signature?"
"My signature?" echoed Andre

"My signature?" echoed Andrew.
"It is a forgery, then." man before him. He seemed sane

"There seems to be some mistake he said, "and one or both or worse, of us have been victimized. But peror us have been victimized. But perhaps I had better explan to you the state of affairs. About a fortuight ago I was in want of offices into which I could move at once. About the same time I became acquainted with Mr Morgan, your manager. He informed me that you intended to move into offices in another part of this building. As you were unwell, and we were in a hurry to take possession, all the ar-rangements were made through Mr. Morgan and he obtained your signa ture to the agreement. Here it is.' And, unlocking a drawer, he took out a document, which he handed to An-

drew.
"This is not my signature," said
Andrew, decidedly. "But I am utterly amazed at Morgan's behavior."

He spoke the last words in a tone of regret rather than anger. John Mor-gan was the last man he would have suspected of double-dealing. He had trusted him entirely, and had recently been conside ing the advisability of taking him as a partner. In fact, that morning he had decided on this course, and his resolve had been strengthened by the fact that Morgan was a suitor for the hand of his daughter Rose; although that young lady did not look upon him with any favor, Andrew Hunter had firmly decided in his own mind that his daughter should marry Morgan, and had intimated as much

"One moment. You will find your staff installed in rooms on the fifth floor, and Mr. Morgan also, as far as I am aware; for that gentlement has an appointment with me this morning at 11 with regard to the sale of the rest of your life. He said you had re-quested him to dispose of it."

"To dispose of the rest of my life!

"To dispose of the rest of my life! What ever do you mean?" asked Andrew, amazed.
"Is it possible you have not yet heard of the new way of transferring time from one person to another?" queried Ashmore.

Andrew Hunter looked at him in amazement.

"No, I have not," he answered. "That is strange. Most people here are now we'l acquainted with the principle on which we work. It is now possible to sell or purchase time like any other commodity, as a method has been discovered of transferring time from one person to another. Those who wish to get rid of their

time sell, and those who wish for more buy. Our business is that of time dealers. We buy and sell time. The transaction with regard to the remainder of your life belongs to the speculative side of our business. Feeple who are tired of living, instead of killing themselves, now simply sell out the rest of their lives for a consideration.

"But how does the purchased time become incorporated with the rest of the man's day?" asked Andrew, still somewhat mystified.

somewhat mystified.

"Like this. Suppose you buy one hour. You can use that time whenever you will to do so. Now, suppose you have an appointment at 11 o'clock, and that you are detained till 11.50, and prevented from keeping it. You simply will time to fly back in your case for—an hour—10.50. You keep your appointment, and time runs on your appointment, and time runs on as usual; but you have had an extra hour let into your day."
"But what about the person who has sold the hour?"

"He becomes non-existent for an hour. A person in the non-existent state is simply unconscious."
"It is a wonderful invention," re-

marked Andrew; "but it seems scarce

"It is possible, "You can test it if you like.

"That I intend to do if the expense is not too great. I am always in want of time.'

"Ah, it will be just the thing for The charges for time are not at all high, or people would not buy it. It is usually about two cents an h so that even the remainder of a life time like yours does not sell for a great deal. Under the circumstances I am as much surprised as you to account for Mr. Morgan's action. He would hardly, I suppose, run the risk of im-prisonment for \$750 or so."

"I cannot conceive why he should bear malice toward me," said Andrew. "He evidently desires to render me non-existent for the rest of my life, But surely," he continued, "this time transference is a dangerous business if it places a man at the mercy of an enemy in such a way.

"You mistake," replied Ashmore quickly; "it does nothing of the kind; a person cannot be rendered non-existent without his consent. So you were quite safe. Morgan merely represented to me that you intended to dispose of the remainder of your life. He has, as I said, an appointment with me here this morning."

"Ah, he did not expect me to return till a day or two later. But I must confront him."

Mr. Ashmore signified his assent and led Andrew to a seat near the door, where, screened from observation he

could yet see all who entered.

Andrew sat down, and the man of months and minutes returned to his

Presently the office door opened, and a man entered. Andrew Hunter looked up in expectation of seeing Morgan, but he only saw a miserable beggar. Then he expected to hear an appeal for alms, followed by a curt re-

fusal on the part of the Time Syndicate, but he was mistaken again.

"I hear you buy up lives here," said the beggar. "What will you give

Nobody evinced any surprise at this question; but one of the clerks, advancing toward the man, inquired his age and what portion of his existence he wished to be rid of.

"All!" answered the beggar, fiercely; "all except one day - one day to

spend the money in."
"Well, you had better see the doc tor at once, to ascertain your probable duration of life," replied the clerk, un-He even went to the length concernedly.

He ushered the man into the doc 's room, and turned to meet anothe customer who had just entered-

"Can you let me have about five hours for tonight?" inquired the newcomer, in a languid tone. "I have two engagements, both for tonight, which I cannot possibly miss.

"Five hours? Certainly," said the

The languid one departed with his five hours, and another customer entered. This one was going for a holiday, and wished to lengthen it by letting two or three hours into each day. Then there came a scholar, pale from much study, but yet intent on buying more time in which to continue his work; then several business men; then an astronomer—a great sight was to be seen that night in the heavens, and he was determined it should be seen by him, not once, but many times.

Andrew Hunter's brain began to

Andrew Hunter's brain began to reel. All the world seemed to be buying or selling time, and he, busy man as he was, sat there idle. Suddenly a familiar face appeared.

It was no other than Harry Preston. He also had come to buy time; but, un-like most of the other customers, he vouchsafed no reason for his purchase. Was it for extra time for making love to Rose? wondered Andrew Hunter. Or was it, perhaps, for time in which to work that he might win her? As Andrew looked at him he felt sorry

for his stern opposition to his suit.

Harry bought a good quantity of time and departed. He looked rather pale, Andrew thought, and he remarked the same about the other buyers of time. After all, was it a good thing, this time transference? Andrew began to doubt it.

Just then a messenger entered bearing a telegram. Ashmore opened it, and, turning to Andrew Hunter, said:

"Two of the South American states are on the point of war, and I have just received a wire from an agent of the Syndicate there stating that one of them wants to purchase a large quantity of time in which to get its ar-

maments up to date."
"Surely they will want an enormous

amount? answered Andrew. "That is true. They are, no doubt, ap, plying to every large time company in the world, and prices will go up at once The state that proposes to make this large purchase is, I am afraid in a sad way. For years past the inhabitants have been selling out time; but, instead of devoting the money to useful purposes, they have simply lived upon purposes, they have simply lived upon it, so that not only have their defences become out of date, but their commerce has decreased greatly."

"That is a shocking state of affairs," said Andrew. "But what about their opponents?"

"They, on the other hand, have been busily employed for years, past in de-

busily employed for years past in developing their resources. They are fully prepared for emergencies."

"In that case," said Andrew,
"there will be little doubt as to the
result. The country you first mentioned
will go the wall." will go the wall.

"I think so, too," returned Ash.
ore. "But what is that noise?" more. Andrew Hunter listened. It was a

dull, distant roar, like that of an approaching multitude. It was coming nearer. Suddenly a man burst into the room, hatless, hot and breathless. "Quick!" he shoated, "barricade the door!"

Andrew turned to the man who

had just entered.
"Is it a riot?" he asked.

The man looked at him in amaze ment.

"Don't you know that s'nce time transference has been introduced here all the small employers of labor find it cheaper to buy time and do more work themselves than employ others: Thousands of people have been thrown out of work all over the country, and this is the result."

"But why don't they sell part of

their time and live on the proceeds?'
'They won't. They say they want
their whole lives, and not a part hedged in by a living death."

The noise increased. It grew nearer, nearer. Now the rioters had entered the street; now the foremost of them were at the door; now they were ham-mering upon it. Shouts and yells re-

Andrew went to the window and oked down upon the seething The stones fell all around him: they struck him; but there he stood, rooted to the spot, his eyes fixed, as by some strange fascination, on the scene be-low, and as he looked, he saw there down among the wild, howling mob, urging and leading them on, his some-time manager and protege Morgan.

He was filled with He was roused. anger at the sight of him. Seizing a great stone, he flung it at Morgan with a great shout of rage, and-

It was a dream. The gray light of morning was stealing through the window; the fire was out, and Andrew Hunter was feeling very ill. He rose and shivered. It was all as it had been in his dream, and it was the dread king influenza who had given him his fevered vision. him his fevered vision.

For several days Andrew Hunter was a prisoner in his room, but here the resemblance between the reality and dream ended. When he returned to Memnon Court he found time as impossible to purchase as ever. But he did not regret it. He thought of all he had seen in his dream; and besides, Morgan had managed so well in his absence that he trusted him in his absence that he trusted him more than ever, and soon found his trust rewarded by more leisure than he had had for years past. But for all that, and although it is quite settled that Morgan is to be a partner in the firm, Andrew Hunter is not going to insist on Rose marrying Morgan unless she pleases; and, as Rose rays, there is Harry Preston to be reckoned with there. eckoned with there

spoiled by religion.

The industrial classes are divided into

man whose honest business has been despoiled by religion.

The indu-trial classes are divided into three groups—producers, manufacturers, traders. Producers, such as farmers and miners. Manufacturers, such as make profit out of the transfer and exchange of all that which is produced and manufactured. A business man may belong to any one or all of these classes, and not one is independent of any other.

When the prince imperial of France foll on the Zuiu battlefield because the strap fastening the stirrup to the saddle broke as he clung to it, his comrades all escaping, but he falling under the lances of the savages, a great many people blamed the empress for allowing her son to go forth into that battlefield, and others blame it the English Government for recenting the sacrifice, and others blamed the Zuius for their barbarism. The one most to blame was the harness maker who fashioned that strap of the stirrup out of shoddy and imperfect material, as it was found to have been afterward. If the strap had held, the prince independent of a harness maker! High, low, wise, ignorant, you in one occupation, I in another, all bound together. So that there must be one continuous line of sympathy with each other's work. But whatever your vocation, If you have a multiplicity of engagements, if into your life there come losses and annoyances and perturbations as well as percentages and dividends, if you are pursted irom Monday morning until Saturday night and from January to January by inexorable obligation and duty, then you are a business man, or you are a business woman, and my subject is appropriate to your case.

We are under the impression that the moil and tend from pression that the moil and tend from January to January by inexorable obligation and duty, then you are moil and the production of the impression that the moil and tend from January to January by inexorable obligation and duty, then you are a business man, or you are a business man, or you are a prison

business man, or you are a business woman, and my subject is appropriate to your case.

We are under the impression that the moil and tug of business life are a prison into which a man is thrust or that it is an unequal strife where unarmed a man goes forth to contend. I shall show you this morning that business life was intended of God for grand and glorious education and discipline, and if I shall be helped to say what I want to say I shall rub some of the wrinkles of care out of your brow and unstrap some of the burdens from your back. I am not talking of an abstraction. Though never having been in business life. I know all about business men.

In my first parish at Believille, N. J., ten miles from New York, a large portion of my audience was made up of New York merchants. Then I went to Syracuse, a place of immense commercial activity, and then I went to Philadelphia and lived long among the merchants of that city, than whom there are no better men on earth, and for twenty-five years I stood in my Brooklyn pulpit, Sabbath by Sabbath, preaching to audiences the majority of whom were business men and business women. It is not an abstraction of which I speak, but a reality with which I am well acquainted.

In the first place, I remark that business.

In the first place, I remark that business

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE

Subject: Ledgers and Bibles—There is No War Between Religion and Business—Righteousness is a Re-enforcement and Not a Hindrance in Life's Affairs. [Copyright, Louis Klopsch. 1899.]

Washington, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. I Falmage argues that religion may be taken into all the affairs of life and instead of being a hindrance, is many think, is a resinforcement. The text is Romans xii., 11: "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

Industry, devoutness and Christian service—all commended in that short text. What I is it possible that they shall be considered. Oh, yes! There is no war between religion and business, between churches and counting houses. On the contrary, resingtion accelerates business, sharpens men's wits, sweetens accerbity of disposition, fillips the blood of phiegmatics and throws more velocity into the wheels of hard work. It gives better balancing to the judgment, more strength to the will, more muscle to industry and throws into enthusiasm a more consecrated fire. You cannot in all the circle of the world show me a man whose honest business has been despoiled by religion.

The industrial classes are divided into three groups—producers, manufacturers.

damned.

What a school of integrity business life is! If you have ever been tempted to let your integrity cringe before present advantages, if you have ever wakened up in some embarrassment and said: "Now I will step a little aside from the right path, and no one will know it, and I will come all right again. It is only once." That only once has ruined tens of thousands of men for this life and blasted their souls for eternity.

A merchant in Liverpool got a £5 Bank of England note, and, holding it toward the light, he saw some interlineations in what seemed red ink. He finally deciphered the letters and found out that the writing had been made by a slave in Algiers saying in substance, "Whoever gets this bank note will please to inform my brother, John Dean, living near Carlisle, that I am a slave of the bey of Algiers." The merchant sent word, employed Government officers and found who this man was spoken of in this bank note. After awhile the man was rescued, who for eleven years had been a slave of the bey of Algiers. He was immediately emanejpated, but was so worn out by hardship and exposure he soon after died. Oh, if some of the bank bills that come through your hands could tell all the scenes through which they have passed it would be a tragedy eclipsing any drama of Shakespeare, mightier than King Lear or Macbeth!

Plato and Aristotle were so opposed to merchandise that they declared commerce

which they have passed it would be a tragedy eclipsing any drama of Shakespeare, mightier than King Lear or Macbeth!

Plato and Aristotle were so opposed to merchandise that they declared commerce to be the curse of the nations, and they advised that cities be built at least ten miles from the sea coast. But you and I know that there are no more industrious or high minded men than those who move in the world of traffic. Some of them carry burdens heavier than hods of brick, and are exposed to sharper things than the oast wind, and climb mountains higher than the Alps or Himalayas, and if they are faithful Christ will at last say to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things. I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We talk about the martyrs of the Piea mont valley, and the martyrs among the Scotch highlands, and the martyrs of Wall street and State street, martyrs of Fulton street and Broadway, martyrs of Atlantic street and Broadway, martyrs of Atlantic street and Broadway, martyrs of Atlantic street and Chestnut street, going through hotter fires or having their necks under sharper axes. Then it behooves us to banish all fretfulness from our lives, if this subject be true. We look back to the time when we were at school, and we remember the rod, and we remember the hard tasks, and we complained grievously; but now we see it was for the best. Bainess life is a school, and the tasks are hard, and the chastisements sometimes are very grievous; but do not complain. The hotter the fire the better the roding. There are men before the throne of God this day in triumph who on earth were cheated out of everything but their coffin. They were sued, they were imprisoned for debt, they were subject to the roding. The hotter the fire the better the roding. The hotter the fire the better the roding. The hotter the sire the prodict of the series in the same such of which were an anoved by the sharp ringing of the door believes the sire of the

is speak, but a reality with which I am well acquainted.

In the first place, I remark that business life was intended as a school of energy. God gives us a certain amount of raw material out of which we are to how our character. Our faculties are to be reset, rounded and sharpened up. Our young folks having graduated from school orollege need a higher education, that which the rasping and collision of everyday life alone can effect. Energy is wrought out only in the fire. After a man has been in business activity ten, twenty, thirty years, his energy is not to be measured by weight it cannot scale, and there is no obstacle it cannot fathom, and there is no depth it cannot fathom, and there is no obstacle it cannot frathom, and there is no obstacle it cannot frathom, and there is no obstacle it cannot fathom, and there is no depth it cannot fathom fathom fathom fathom fathom fathom fa

days put it forth to the advantage of Christ's kingdom and the bringing of men to the Lerd.

Dr. Duff visited a man who had inherited a great fortune. The man said to him: "I had to be very busy for many years of my life getting my livelihood. After a while this fortune came to me and there has been no necessity that I toli since. There came a time when I said to myself, "Shall I now retire from business, or shall I go on and serve the Lord in my worldly occupation?" He said: "I resolved on the latter, and I have been more industrious in commercial circles than I ever was before, and since that hour i have never kept a farthing for myself. I have thought it to be a great shame if I couldn't toli as hard for the Lord as I had tolled for myself, and hill the products of my factories and my commercial establishments to the last farthing have gone for the building of Christian institutions and supporting the church of God." Would that a thousand men in these creatities who have achieved a fortune could see it their duty now to do all business for Christ and the alleviation of the world's suffering!

Again, I remark that business life is a school of patience. In your everyday life how many things to annoy and to disquiet?

Bargains will rub. Commercial men will sometimes quarrel. Goods ordered for a special emergency will come too late or be damaged in the transportation. People intending no harm will go shopping without any intention of purchase, overturning great stocks of goods and insisting that you break the dozen. More bad debts on the ledger. More counterfeit bills in the drawer. More debta to pay for other people. More meanness on the part of partuers in business grace! Commercial men she when when a chief them when you want to be mere there are times when you want that man's tore and they say? You and there has been more lands. There are times when you want have consented to trade are all very good in their place times there times when you want have been great times the trans world want of you have known ha

## A TEMPERANCE COLUMN

HE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

A Warning to Those Who Take a Drink When Fatigued—Alcohol Cannot Add to the Reserve of Energy — Stimu-lants Never Increase Brain Capacity.

lants Never Increase Brain Capacity.

Dr. George Hershell, of London, has recently written a book entitled, "Health Iroubles of City Life," that is very highly praised by London crities. In one of the shapters devoted to the study of stimulants he says:

"Stimulants never increase the natural sapacity of the brain. They can only abstract for the purposes of work in band some of the energies which are solely needed to repair and to restore a brain which has already been taxed to the furthest limit which is consistent with health. To remove the sense of fatigue caused by overwork by the consumption of alcohol is to close one's ears to the voice of nature. The weariness of the brain is a protest against further exertion until recuperation has been obtained by rest; and if the weary feeling is deadened or destroyed by adventitious means, nature will exact he cenalty.

"When the overworked man of business."

teeing is deadened or destroyed by adventitious means, nature will exact her cenalty.

"When the overworked man of business, having been on his legs all day, and feeling fit to drop, with a sensation of 'all goneness' about the region of his stomach, rouses himself with whatever he is in the habit of taking, be it whisky, champagne, or even tee or coffee, he does not add one atom of force to his stock of energy, although he fancies he does, but having put to sleep his sense of weartness, simply apprepriates some of his reserve for the present necessity. He has accepted a bill at short date to which a ruinous rate of interest is attached, and his resources will not allow him to make many repetitions of he experiment. His account at the bank act allow him to make many repetitions of the experiment. His account at the bank of life will soon be overdrawn. Alcohol annot add one jota to his reserve of nervous energy, but it may delude him into expansing it. The busy man should once for all rid himself of this fancy that he can resate by artificial means an abnormal torse of brain power. He cannot enlarge the limits which nature has set up."

### New Chair For Berea College

New Chair For Berea College.

The will of George F. Clark, of West Accon, Mass., was filed for probate at East Cambridge. It contains a bequest looking joward the founding of a professorship in Berea College for teaching young men and women the dangers of the alcoholic and tobacco habits. The testator says:

"Having for many years been witness of the terrible demoralizing effects and almost endless amount of suffering and wretchedness caused by the use of alcoholic drinks, and having seen the baneful and stupelying influence of tobacco upon the human system, and also because I feel the need of having in every college a professor whose duty it should be to warm young men and women therewith connected of the greatinjury they do their own bodies and to humanity by the use of these poisons, I have for some years been saying what little money I could from my small salary, with the hope that I might some time be instrumental in the province of God of preventing the moral and Intellectual wreck of some able and glitted young man Cr. woman."

Questions For the Thoughtful.

The liquor traffic is really as much a fact in the world, as we know it to-day, as the rise and fall of the tides or the pressure of the atmosphere are, and it must be trented as such. Storming and raging and shricking do not stop the tide from coming in, and they will not stop the sale of liquor so ong as the conditions are as they are to-lay. The problem is one which demands profound study. What are the social conflictions which give the saleon its awful lower over the lower classes? Why have all our methods so far proved inefficient of rive the abominable traffic out of existence? What is the relation between the aleon and politics? What is its exact reation to erime and poverty and disease? And then, how shall such a system of hings be dealt with? These are questions which must be met and investigated with he same precision and penetration which to toward solving the other great problems of the world.—American Friend.

The Temperate Porto Ricans.

The Temperate Porto Ricans

The Temperate Porto Ricans.

Writing from Porto Rico, Mr. Frank G.
Jarpenter, the well-known newspaper corespondent, pays a tribute to the temperate
habits of the Porto Ricans as contrasted
with the Americans. He says, "The chief
sases of intoxication are among our soiliers, and I have, so far, seen ten drunken
Americans to one Porto Rican." It is to
be hoped that contact with our American
ustoms will not cause the natives of Porto
lico to abandon temperance, as the Mexians are doing, according to Mr. Guernsey,
under the influence of American dwellers
n that republic.

Evits of Alcohol.

The German dectors have succeeded in trousing educated people to organize solutions for study of the alcohol problem. Lectures are given and a monthly magazine has been started to oppose the drinking sustoms. There is also a German Total Ubstinence Society of eighty physicians, whose chief work at its last session was to lemand instruction in the public schools thowing the nature and effects of alcohol pon the human system.

Value of Good Habits in Baseball. "I never drink beer, whisky or chew to-acco," said Pitcher Nichols, of the Boston National League Baseball Club, the other lay at Cincinnati, "I scarcely know what ntoxicating liquor tastes like. I have been sitching professional ball about eleven years. I can pitch a game every third day, and in a pinch can pitch every other day. Tes, I attribute my powers of endurance to my habits."

Over 10,000 Saloons in Ohio. A statement, completed by the Auditor of the State of Ohio, shows that there are 10,874 saloons, a gain of 698 since the July statement of last year. The total revenue from the saloons is \$548,116.69 per annum. The beer and whisky license in Ohio costs \$250 a year.

French Drunkards. French Drunkards.

Dr. Laborde, a French physician, in a brochure on the subject, declares that unless measures are taken at once to prevent it the French working class in a few years will become habitual drunkards.

The Crusade in Brief.

An anti-saloon man working for a pro-saloon party will get left. The saloon is the devil's church, and the rum-ruled politicians are his evangelists. Boston congratulates itself on a marke-ecrease in drunkenness during the las

The saloon business of the United States is directly chargeable with a total of 53,436 murders between 1886 and 1896. It is verifably the sum of villainies.

A saloon keeper is never so happy as when his spirits are steadily going down. when his spirits are steadily going down.
If you hate the saloon as you ought to
hate it, people who know you know you do
Scotland has 146 parishes without paupers, poor rates or public houses, the absence of the last, perhaps, accounting for
that of the first two.

In a recent treatise on alcoholism by Trull, it is stated that in England seventy-five per cent. of all cases of pauperism are due to drink, and in Germany, ninety per

The Southorn Pacific Railroad seems to be able to accomplish that which saloon sympathizers say the Government cannot ac, namely—stop liquor selling on its own premises.