sand.

Moist breezes steal from over seas to flit The very sun is glad to shine above her by her;

by her;
he seems the queenliest girl in all the land,
And I, a Heaven-blest mortal just to sit by
her.
ut, though the sun drops kisses from above
to her,
when must not be rash, you know.

She lets that fellow lead her by her little
hand
When wading in the surf, although I love
her so,
Of course, it's true! she really doesn't know

her.
But, though the sun drops kisses from above to her.
A man must not be rash, you know;
One simply can't refrain from making love to her; But, then, she has no cash, you know!

She seems a Naiad dripping from her dipping there.

A Naiad with kind eyes of pictured charities—
That smile at one from out the gleaming seawet hair—

If I were big I'd give her everything I had—
A thousand marbles, balls and tops—and marry her;
I'd work for her all day and try to make her

ties.

And then her laugh! The laugh of my I'd fight for her, and be a soldier, too, for

divinity
Is like the wave's soft plash, you know;
at to propose would be an assininity,
Because she has no cash, you know!

THE MAN.

THE BOY.

She dries her golden hair upon the golden She dries her golden hair upon the golden

her so.
Of course, it's true! she really goesa.
it yet—
Is pose I'll have to wait, you know,
As I'm not big enough to show it yet—
Because I'm only eight, you know.

wet hair—
And golden hair with golden heart are rariAnd over muddy places I should carry

her.
And everything that's great, you know.
I'd love her, then, forever, and be true for her—
But, oh! I'm only eight, you know!
— O'Neill Latham, in Puck.

## A · CONNECTICUT PRISCILLA.

\*

How She Rebuked Her John Alden.

If anyone had hinted to pretty Mattie Woolston that she would ever fig are as a heroine in a story she would have opened her brown eyes wide in amazement. She was the only child of good old Dr. Woolston of Greyport, a thriving village in Connecticut and only the warm friendship of years of a thriving village in Connecticut, and in the circle of village society was con-sidered at once a belle and an heiress. sidered at once a belie and an heiress. Hair and eyes the color of a chestnut when first the burr uncloses, a complexion as soft as satin and white as milk, with the prettiest rose tint of color on the round cheeks; white, even teeth set in a pretty, smiling mouth, and a figure tall, slight and graceful, were the attractions in appearance of

the village beauty.

But those who knew Mattie Woolston well were wont to say that her pretty face and figure were the least of her charms. She had a low, musical voice, a manner graceful and easy, high-bred by intuition of what was dignified and maidenly; she was the neatest housekeeper in Greyport, and all her tasteful dresses and hats were the work of her own deft fingers. She had read intelligently and could con-

So it is no matter for wonder that Mattie had many lovers; but foremost upon the list, to all appearance, was handsome Ned Gordon, who was "colege taught" and whose father shared the aristocratic honors of Greyport with the doctor and minister, being ne only lawyer in the village.

The minister was a bache or of near-

ly 40 years of age, who had come but recently to Greyport to preside over the church where the Woolstons and the Gordons had each a pew. He was a grave, reserved man, whose face a grave, reserved man, whose face bore the impress of sorrows and cares conquered, and succeeded by the se rene peace that is far above the care less content that has never known interruption. He was not a handsome man, but had large, tender eyes under a broad white brow, and these would irradiate his comely face with a light almost divine when he preached with an eloquence and simplicity rarely combined. His earnest simplicity was the deepest, highest eloquence, and men went from his church slowly thoughtfully, pondering upon as that were but homely, everytruths that were day facts, but suddenly had been illuminated by earnest eloquence into God-ordained paths to salvation or

one of these men, young, wealthy and full of talent, was Ned Gordon, Mattie's ardeut admirer from boyhood. He had left her in sobbing pain of love to go to boarding school, had felt his heart torn when college took him again from Mattie and had become again from Mattle and had become more devoted than ever when he came home "for good," to find her grown to womanhood, fairer than ever.

The minister had been wont to say of Ned Gordon when he maidead

of Ned Gordon, when he considered the subject at all, that he "was not a bad fellow, as fellows go," being sim-ply an idle hanger-on to his father's wealth, a desultory student of musty purpose, is law books when the mood seized him, floating carelessly down life's stream, his cause. doing no especial harm by the way, but assuredly doing no good, either. Of his personal responsibility in the scheme of creation he had never thought until Harvey Stillman came Greyport, where Ned's fine tenor was quite a feature in the choir. It must be confessed that, under the dull, prosy teaching of Harvey Stillman's predecessor, the choir seat had been the happiness of earthering place for which flitted in the happiness of convergence of the seat that the seat that the happiness of the seat that the seat the seat that the seat that the seat a gathering place for much flirtation and mischief making among the belles and beaux of the village, and Ned's chief magnet was the certainty of sit-ting near Mattie and hearing her clear,

sweet soprano join his own voice.
But before Harvey Stillman had been a month at Greyport Ned was un-easily conscious that many of his words were as dagger thrusts at his own aimless life, and, waking to this consciousness, he also wakened to another disagreeable fact, namely, that Mattie was also realizing that life was a more earnest, real thing than she had before pictured it to herself.

She had never been a drone in the hive, but she had become more active-

Ned loved her more than ever for the goutle self-denials she practised so quietly that only those who were benefitted knew of them; but, to his great to plead the cause of another to her!

only the warm friendship of years of brotherly and sisterly intercourse, where he had given the first and only love of his life. She seemed drifting from him, absorbed in her new duties and leaving him but little margin of time for the recreations they had shared for years. He was appalled by the fear of losing her, and yet she kept him from telling her either his hopes or his fears.

"She thinks I am an idle, good-forthing follow."

nothing fellow," he thought, "and I never got any chance to tell her how I mean to buckle on my armor, too, and do my share of work. I am studying hard, and father will give me a start in my profession that can be made a comfort to the afflicted and a light to the down-trodden. I mean to be all even Mattie can wish me to be, but I can't Mattie can wish me to be, but I can't get a word with her now. Last evening she was with that poor, dying child of Crossman's, and today she is trying to comfort his mother. The last time I called she was at the Dorcas, and when I do see her she is not the careless, merry-hearted Mattie of old. She thinks I am the same, though, and despises me for an idle good-fornothing.

Some such pondering was in Ned's mind when, driving up the main street of the village, he overtook Harvey Stillman, going in the same direction. He reined up at once.

"It you are going my way, Mr. Stillman," he said, "would you let me drive you to your destination?"
"I am afraid I am going too far for you," was the reply. "I am on my

you," was the reply. "I am on my way to Hawson's place."
"How fortunate I met you. It is fully five miles. Get in and Black Prince will soon carry us there."

"My time is yours. Do not refuse me.'

The minister accepted the invitation, and before he fully realized what he was saying Ned was making him a confident of all his perplexities and resolutions, till even his love story came out in earnest words. Led on by the quietly expressed sympathy in his resolves to enter upon a noble and more useful life, impetuous Ned, by a

sudden inspiration, said:
"If only Mattie could know flow "If only Mattie could know flow much it would help me to feel sure of her love! I cannot say if she ever cared for me as I care for her, but if I could believe she would be my wife when I deserved her it would stimulate me as no other hope on earth could do."

"You think she loves you?" Harvey Stillman's very lips were white as he asked the question.

"I did think so once. Now I would give all I own to be sure of it." There was much more to the same purpose, ti 1 Ned, with a sudden gleam of hope, asked the minister to plead

"No one has as much influence as one has as much influence as you have. She looks up to you as to a father," said Ned, never seeing how his listener winced at the comparison; "and if you were to tell her how her love would aid me she might believe I do not always mean to be the idler

"I will see her," was the grave re-"I will see her," was the grave re-ply. "If she loves you she shall have the happiness of giving you the en-couragement you desire." But when the drive was over and the

But when the drive was over and the minister entered his study the quiet gravity of his face broke up into an expression of keenest suffering. He had borne many sorrows in his life. Death had taken his nearest and dearest; poverty had laid her heavy hand upon him; temptations had assailed him, only driven back by prayerful struggles. He had hoped to find in Greyport rest, after a long battle in life. His salary promised him an easy competence and some leisure for studies he loved, without neglect of his higher duties. But before he had been in his new home many weeks Mattie Woolston's sweet, earnest face, her goodness, her unobtrusive, sincere ly useful outside of her little home world, visiting, in a quiet, unostentations way, amongst the poorest of her father's patients, doing good in an humble spirit, but with a sincere desire to help, as far as possible, those who needed her gentle ministrations.

Need level her more than ever for him to the consciousness of what his her goodness, her unobtrusive, sincere piety had awakened in his heart an emotion he had never hoped to experience. Love had been a far-off possibility for happier lives, and he had not

Thought became such torture that he resolved to have the dreaded interview over, to know the worst at once. He found Mattie in the parlor of her tather's handsome house, and, fearing for his own strength, told his errand

The girl looked at him with white cheeks and a startled expression, as if she had received a sudden, unexpected blow where she had looked for kindness. Her great brown eyes had a hunted, piteous look that it went to his heart to see. She struggled for composure before she trusted her voice to speak, and it was low and tremulous when she said:

"Since you are Mr. Gordon's ambassador, tell him from me that he has my most sincere good wishes for his success in his new life. He has no warmer triand. my most sincere good wishes for his success in his new life. He has no warmer friend, no more earnest well-wi-her than myself. But I can never be his wife. I do not love him. We have been like brother and sister from childhood, and I can give him my sis-terly affection, nothing more."

"I think he is sincere in his resolu-

tion to make his life more earnest and useful than it has ever been," Harvey Stillman said, his own pain urging him

still to plead Ned's cause.

"I hope he will persevere in his resolve. He may make a noble man."

"But his love—""
"I can never return," she said, resolutely. "Piay leave me now. I—I am not well."

He left her. Only a few feet from the door he turned and retraced his steps. He had satisfied his conscience; had pleaded the cause of the younger, handsomer man, whose pleasure money probably doubled and trebled money probably doubled and trebled his own entire income. Faithfully he had placed before Mattie all Ned's pleadings, all her influence might do for him, and he had won only a steady refusal of the suit he urged.

Now he would risk his own fate. But at the door he paused, for Mattie had thrown herself in a deep armchair, and with her face hidden was sobbing with a perfect passion of grief.

Was it for Ned? Did she already repent her decision? Irresolute

was it for Ned? Did she already repent her decision? Irresolute whether to retreat or advance, Harvey stood in the doorway till Mattie, neither seeing nor hearing him, felt she was not aione and looked up. In a moment she was on her feet, and for the first time the minister saw her

eyes flash with anger.
"Why do you come back?" she said.
"Have you not sufficiently humiliated

"I?" he cried. "I humiliate you!" "What else is it to come to me to plead Ned Gordon's love! Is he an idiot that he cannot speak himself, but

must make my name a byword by prat-ing of his love to every stranger?"
"Miss Woolston, you misjudge him and me—me most of all, if you imagine I desire to humiliate you—I, who honor you above all other women—I,

honor you above all other women—I, who came, tearing my own heart, to plead against it for your happiness. Do not judge me harshly, Mattie, for my love's sake!"

She had so visibly brightened as he spoke, such soft, dewy happiness rested in the brown eyes, such tremulous smiles gathered around the small mouth that Harvey Stillman felt his mouth that Harvey Stillman felt his own heart swell with rapture.
"Mattie," he cried, "I am poor,

many years older than you are, and yet I love you with all the strength of

my heart!"
"And I love you!"
Simply as a child she told the truth
of her own heart. He was not a man
for any outburst of rapture. Tenderly he folded her in his arms, saying

"Thank God, darling!" Nobody but Mattie and her betrothed knew why Ned Gordon resolved to continue his studies in New York in-stead of remaining with his father at Greyport; but years later, when he came back to the little village to take his father's practice, Harvey Stillman felt, with grateful emotion, that the good resolutions had not faltered, but had emobiled and provided the had ennobled and purified the entire life of his old rival, while Mattie gave a co-dial welcome to the pretty blue-eyed wife who had won and kept the heart of her old lover.

The Reward of Prayer.

The Reward of Prayer.

Banker H. H. Pitcher of Livermore,
Cal., wanted four inches of rain. It
would mean the saving to him of thousands of dollars in an agricultural
way. He jokingly mentioned the
matter to Mrs. A. L. Fuller, an ardent
worker in the Methodist church.

"Why don't you pray for it?" she
asked.

"Do you think it would do any good?" inquired the banker.

good?" inquired the banker.
"Certainly," she said.
"If you will give me four inches of rain I will pay the debt on the Methodist church," said the banker.
Mrs. Fuller at once went home and commenced to pray. She told other members of the church about the matter, and they prayed. The whole town of 1500 people became intertown of 1500 people became interested. Two days later it commenced to rain. Steadily down it came—one inch, two inches, three and three-quarters! At last, while the town held its breath, the gauge filled up to

four inches, and the crops of Alameda county were saved. Then Mrs. Fuller reminded Banker Pitcher of his promise. He was still inclined to treat the matter as a joke, but he toed the scratch manfully and paid the church debt of \$300.

Then came the complications. Mr. Pitcher is a trustee of the Presbyterian church of Livermore, and the members thought he ought to help his own church instead of the Methodist. Sche compromised the matter by paying for extensive repairs on the Presbyterian

church property.

Opinion is divided as to whether the rain came in answer to the prayers of Mrs. Fuller et al., but both the church people and Banker Pitcher are satisfied with the result.—St. Louis Post-Dis-

bubject: Advice For the Vacation-Take the Bible Along—Pleasure Seekers Ad-monished Not to Leave Religion Be-hind—Temptations at Watering Places.

hind—Temptations at Watering Places. [Copyright, Louis Riopsch, 1889.]
Washindron, D. C.—At this senson of the year, when all who can get a vacation are taking it, this discourse of Dr. Talmage is suggestive and appropriate. The text is John v., 2, 3: "A pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, hait, withered, waiting for the moving of the water."

Outside the city of Jerusalem there was a sanative watering place, the popular resort for invalids. To this day there is a dry basin of rock which shows that there may have been a pool there 566 feet long, 130 feet wide and seventy-five feet deep. This pool was surrounded by five plazzas, or porches, or bathing houses, where the patients tarried until the time when they were to step into the water. So far as relavigoration was concerned it must have been a Saratoga and a Long Branch or a small scale, a Leamington and a Brighton combined—medical and therapeutic. Tradition says that at a certain season of the year there was an officer of the government who would go down to that water and pour in it some healing quality, and after that the people would come and get the medication, but I prefer the plain statement of Soripture that at a certain season an angel came down and stirred up or troubled the water, and then the people came and got the healing. That angel of God that stirred up the Judaean watering place had his counterpart in the angel of healing who in our day steps into the mineral waters of Congress, or Staron, or Sulphur Bprings, or into the salt sea at Cape May and Nahant, where multitudes who are afflicted with rheumatic, neuralgic and splenctic diseases, go and are cured by the thousands. These blessed Bethesdas are scattered all up and down our country.

We are at a season of the year when rail trains are laden with passengers and baggage on their way to the mountains and the lakes and the season of the year when rail trains are laden with passengers and baggage on their way to the mountains and the lakes and the season of the year when rail trains are laden with passengers and begin of the barrown gobles, and the scale of the race ourse are of the frout make fatal snap at the hook of adroit sportsmen, who tost their spotted brilliance into the game basket. The baton of the orchestral leader taps the music stand on the hotel green, and there with rand the patient. Let physician, or the church's dis

and the prospect of the departure of many of you for the country I must utter a warning, plain, earnest and unmistakable.

The first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction is to leave your plety at home. You will send the dog and cat and canary bird to be well cared for somewhere else; but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the door bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug gtark dead. There is no surplus of plety at the watering places. I never knew any one to grow very rapidly in grace at the Catskill Mountain House, or Sharon Springs, or the Falls of Montmorency. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks and Sunday rides and Sunday vicles in Sunday rides and Sunday vicles in Sunday index on them at Niagara Falls or the White Mountains, take a day to themselves. If they go to the church, it is apt to be a sacred parade, and the discourse, instead of being a plain taik about the soul, is apt to be what is called a crack sermon—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration, and in those churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you know that they are not so much impressed with the heat as with the picturesqueness of half disclosed features. Four muny souls stand in the

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON. under these deceptive titles are the same cheating, and the same betting, and the same betting, and the same of the same drunkenness, and the same vagabondage, and the same abomitation that were to be found under the old horse racing system.

Long ago the English government got through looking to the turf for the dragoon and the light cavarly horse. They found out that the turf depreciates the stock, and it is worse yet for men. Thomas Hughes, the member of parliament and the author known all the world over, hearing that a new turf enterprise was being started in this country, wrote a letter in which he said, "Heavon help you, then, for of all the cankers of our old civilization there is nothing in this country approaching in unbushing meanness, in rascality holding its head high, to this belauded institution of the British turf." Another famous sportsman writes, "How many fine domains have been shared among these hosts of rapacions shared at the lights tof Spain and the bear baitings of the pit may the Lord God annihilate the hullights tof Spain and the bear baitings of the pit may the Lord God annihilate the linfamous and accursed horse racing of England and Americal Another temptation hovering around the watering place is the formation of hasty and lifelong alliances. The watering places are responsible for more of the domestic infelicities of this country than nearly all other things combined. Society is so artificial there that no sure judgment of character can be formed. They who form companionships amid such circumstances go into a lottery where there are twenty blanks to one prize. In the severe tug of life you want more than gilter and spissh. Life is not a ballroom, where the music decides the step and bow and prance and graceful swips of long train can make up for strong common sense. You might as well go among the light spray of the summer watering place to find character that can stand the test of the great struggle of human life. In the battle of life is so heavy that in order to draw it you want a team stronger than that made up of "a submer light of the summer test of the great struggle of human life in fight on hotel pla

cite admiration, and in those churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you know that they are not so much impressed with the heat as with the pictures of the pressed with the heat as with the pictures of the pressed with the heat as with the pictures of the pressed with the heat as with the pictures of the pressed with the heat as with the pictures of the pressed with the heat as with the pictures of the pressed with the heat as with the pictures of the pressed with the propose of the propose

## A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

The Old, Old Story—The Liquor Traffic is the Greatest Curse in the Army—
The Views of an Army Officer—The Canteen Denounced.

The old, old story told once more—
The heartaches and the cries—
The drunkard's grave—the blighted years—
The heart-breaks and the bitter tears—
The shame that never dies.

one foolish act—one thoughtless deed Itself so small a thing; And yet it changed the world to him, And heralded the requiem In dismal minist'ring.

O. God of justice, on Thy throne, When shall this blood-red crime Intemperance, cease to blast and bilght?
When shall it hide itself from sight
Beyond the gates of time? -Ram's Horn

The Curse of All.

The liquor traffic in the army as else-where is the curse of all; the prolific cause of ruin, crime, lack of order and misery, writes a United States officer in the Tem-perance Advocate.

writes a United States officer in the Temperance Advocate.

How best to deal with it is the question, and a big one it is, too.

The saloon of the post exchange is just like the saloon in civil life, better in some respects and worse in other respects. The fact that it is co-operative or our institution by which the table of all of the solder is improved, also the fact of the cheapness of the drink (supposed to be sold at cost) and its easy access induce many to drink who would not otherwise do so. This is one of the very worst features of the canteen.

This is one of the very worst features of the canteen.

I have known some to be run in an orderly manner, others are perfect hells. Earth has no viler places.

The argument that the men will go out after it if not allowed to have it (drink) in the garrison, so often and earnestly urged, I do not think amounts to much, for the men do, even with the canteen, go out after it, and it is a question whether they do not go out more with the canteen than without it.

Now most of these arguments used proand con are not based upon facts, but bias or opinion.

and con are not based upon lasts, but observed and con applican.

The canteen has never been abolished, hence we can not say with certainty what would or would not be if it were abolished.

I would like to see it tried in real good earnest, and see what the army would be

and do without it.

Now here is a point I have longingly worked and hoped for, viz.: to get the officers of the army arrayed on our side against the army saloon. This I think possible, and if their co-operation could be had the canteen would very soon dis-

be had the canteen would very soon disappear.

My hope of this is builded on this: Good order and discipline among the soldiers is the great ambition of officers, and if we can convince them (which I think could be done in time by wise effort) that the army saloon was an agent of disorder, that without it the discipline of the army would be enhanced, these officers would be the first to fight against it.

When Congress passed the law in question I knew there would be a hard fight before the canteen died—it is so firmly fixed in the military life.

No man of sense honestly doubts but that Congress intended to abolish in toto the army saloon.

Novel Temperance Move

Army saloon.

Novel Temperance Move.

Temperance saloons are to be opened in Chicago this fall, but their distinctive beverage is to be coffee and not tea, as in New York. The work is to be undertaken by the Young People's Temperance Federation, which was organized last Febr. ary, largely as a result of Countess Schimmelmann's efforts in the city, and which has aiready acquired a very large membership. Its aim is practical and business-like methods in the temperance propaganda, and it is having the support of many moneyed men in Chicago. Ten saloons are to be established next month, and its hoped to double that number soon thereafter. There is to be nothing of the charitable quality about the saloons, and no suggestion of ministerial oversight in their management. They will be like other saloons, save in the absence of intoxicating drinks and profamity. They are to have a bar of the critiodox type, with a good free lunch, and will dispense coffee, tea, lemonade, and other temperance drinks. The customers will be privileged to loiter so long as they are orderly, and may read or play games, and in the cold weather they may remain all night if they are homeless. It is not the saloons directly itself. It will arrange so that it has the ultimate control of the way the places are conducted, and it will guarantee the saloon keepers against loss in the first months of their business, but apart from that e.e. place will be in private hands. In most cases the proprietors will the profits. In their relations with the federation to return for the guarantee against loss they will agree to sell their places to the federation or to whom it selects whenever that organization thinks the places are improperly conducted.

"My Papa Dets Drunk.

"My Papa Dets Drunk."

My friend was walking up State street, late one afternoon, when he encountered a short sermon on temperance. The air was keen aud coid, with "symptoms of snow." He had pulled his cap down over his ears as far as possible, and buttoned up his overcoat close to keep out the stinging lake wind, and was hurrying along at a pace that might rival Weston's, when he nearly wind, and was hurrying along at a pace that might rival Weston's, when he nearly ran over a child not more than four years oid, who had fallen on the sidewalk near him.

"Heigho, sis!" he exclaimed, lifting her safely to her feet again.

The little ragamuffin put up a grieved lip, and was going to cry, but stopped when he spoke to her.

"Whew! ourefooted, and such a day as this!"—with a low whistle—"why don't you run home, sis, and put on your shoes and stockings before you freeze your toes?"

"Don't dot any shoes and stotin's."

"Don't got any, eh? How does that happen? Don't your father buy you any shoes and stockings?"

"Oh, no," she answered, with a tone that meant "of course not," and a manner indicating that she considered the reason quite sufficient; "no, my papa dets drunk",

—Young People's Paper.

Consumption of Beer.

Consumption of Beer.

It is estimated that the consumption of beer in the entire world amounts to \$1,-080,000,000 per annum. This seems to be an almost incredible figure, but it does not appears o strange when it is considered that the beer which is consumed throughout the world in a single year would make a lake three and three-quarter miles iong, a mile wide, and six feet deep.—Scientific American.

Attitude Toward Intemperate Men.

Excessive drinking is being slowly stamped out by other agencies than legislation. Society does part of the work, the church another, but among the more potent new factors is the attitude of large employers toward imtemperate men. Railroad companies will no longer have them, and that means more than a million men compelled to abstain from intemperance. Large manufacturers are failing in line and the siege is being tightened about the toper. He will soon have disappeared from honorable and profitable employments and his departure will cause no regret.—Winneapolis Times