

THE GOLD SEEKERS.

The panting steamer slowly drops
Away from the crowded pier;
The blackened decks recede from view
And leave me musing here.

Away where the gold so warm and red,
Lies hid in the dark earth's breast;
Little they seek of danger and cold,
Aglow with the golden quest.

The rosy youth with kindling eye,
In his manhood's early dawn,
The pale man with the student's stoop,
The stalwart man of brown.

All, each and all, with fevered gaze
Fixed on the fields of gold;
Ah, well-a-day! for a faith that's firm
And a heart that is brave and bold.

For those there be who will come again,
All broken and worn and wan,
While others left in the Arctic snows
Will slumber forever on.

And some will empty-handed come,
Who have missed the golden goal,
And some with gold too dear, alas!
The price of a sinless soul.

And those at home will sit at night—
And the wind sweeps where it wills—
With hearts away in a shambling shack
In the wild Alaskan hills.

'Tis thus I muse on the lonely quay,
Whence the hurrying crowd is gone—
While far away for the frozen north
A flag of smoke trails on.

—Carrie Shaw Rice, in Overland Monthly.

THE COMING OF THE WHITE OWL.

BY MARY SPRAGUE.

The soft whir of a spinning wheel came through an open window, mingling pleasantly with the singing of birds and the hum of bees. Within the room a slim, round figure stepped gracefully to and fro. Without, watching the pretty scene with a smile of admiration, not unmixed with mischief, on his handsome, ruddy face, stood a tall young continental soldier, cocked hat in hand.

His horse was close beside him, nibbling, unrebuked, the clover which grew in abundance near the weather-beaten house. Presently the crunching of his strong white teeth on the luscious mouthful caught the maiden's ear. Like a flash she turned and saw the silent onlooker.

"Well done, William Foskitt!" she cried, tartly. "'Tis the act of a brave man, no doubt, to spy upon his neighbors! Is it from the redcoats you have learned such ways? Methinks they have apt pupils!"

A vivid flush mounted to the young man's forehead. After an instant's hesitation he vaulted over the window sill and approached the fair spinner, whose look of pretended indignation changed to one of great demureness and whose cheeks grew rosy red.

"We've scarcely seen the redcoats smother yet to learn anything from them, sweetheart, but the chance is near at hand. General Washington is determined to lie idle behind his trenches no longer. Within a few days—"

"Oh, William!"

Her voice was trembling now and as loving as he could wish. Her winsome blue eyes were full of tears. The thread, no longer truly held, broke with a snap.

"Nay, now, sweetheart," he said, jarring the sunny hair which lay against his shoulder, "calm these foolish fears. Likely enough we shall stay these next three months as the last. Let us not borrow trouble. See! I am come with a message to you from Anna Stedman. Here it is. Come out under the trees and read it. I know already something of its contents, I doubt not."

He drew a scrap of paper from his big-flapped pocket and led the way to a bench under an old elm in the dooryard.

"Dear Polly—My brother and some other young men who are at home from camp on two or three days' leave are going to give a ball here, at my father's tavern, next Thursday night. 'Twill be quite a grand affair."

"I wish you to come over Wednesday and spend the night. Bring your finest gown. I shall wear my pink gauze and the gold beads Aunt Mercy gave me."

"Milly Brewster and Priscilla Nickerson will be here. Milly left Boston just before the siege began, and she knows the latest styles of dressing hair. She learned it from an English lady her aunt knows. Nothing like it has ever been seen in this neighborhood. 'Twill be most becoming to your pretty head."

"William Foskitt stopped here on an errand, and I make use of him to bring this to you. I have no fear that his coming will anger you."

"Your true friend,
"ANNA STEDMAN."

The blue eyes and the gray ones met in a smile of perfect understanding as the last words were reached.

The next Wednesday afternoon Polly set forth on horseback for Stedman's tavern, accompanied by her younger brother, a lad of 15. Tied to their saddles were several large bundles containing her ball costume.

They met few travelers on the three miles of their ride until within a short distance of their destination, when half a dozen horsemen were seen approaching at a rapid pace.

"Be not afraid, Polly," said Daniel, with an air of protection. "We will rein our horses to one side till they pass."

"But who can they be, Dan?" whispered Polly.

"Very likely one of the expresses General Washington sends all through the colonies to carry and bring tidings. I have heard my father say they ride swiftly and in small companies."

There was time for no further exchange of words. The galloping riders were close by. The lad took off his cap, and Polly, blushing involuntarily bowed in response as every man of the company raised his cocked hat, and one of them, the youngest and handsomest, spoke a word of respectful greeting. Daniel turned in his saddle to look after them. His hazel eyes were glowing.

"I wish I was a man!" he cried. "'Till be a soldier the minute father thinks I'm big enough!"

"'Tis a brave life indeed," answered his sister.

The silence seemed deeper than ever after the sound of quick hoof-beats died away, but soon they began to ascend the long hill leading to Sted-

man's tavern. As they approached the great rambling gray house with its protecting row of elms three girls ran out to meet them, laughing and chiding Polly for her late coming.

"We thought some accident had befallen," said Anna, the tallest and most buxom of the group. She mounted the broad horse-block and assisted Polly in untying the parcels.

"Here, girls, do you take these inside. Daniel, you can help. Timothy will see to the horses. What! You can't stay, Daniel?"

"No, Anna. My father said he would need me in the field tomorrow."

"Be sure you come tomorrow night with your brothers, then. 'Twill be a merrymaking long to be remembered. What do you think of this, Polly? Two officers from General Washington's own colony, who lately came on to join the continental army, are staying at Isaac Merrick's and have promised my brother to be here. They say that open war will soon begin, and we'd better make the most of this ball. There! the last knot is untied! Come right in! Supper is all ready. You, too, Daniel. 'Tis moonlight now, and the road will be all the lighter an hour hence."

So, well laden with Polly's finery, they disappeared within the hospitable tavern.

Two hours later, Daniel being well on his homeward way and the household tasks disposed of, the four maidens bade the family good night and repaired to the large double bedded chamber where they were to sleep.

Several candles were lighted and placed on the high, narrow mantelpiece, whence they threw fantastic shadows over the spindle-legged furniture and the opposite wall.

"Now, Milly," began Anna in her brisk fashion, "you do my hair, and let Polly and Priscilla see how we do ours. 'Tis all with rolls and cushions, which we made today, and with puffs and curls wonderful to behold. I've a full supply of powder, too."

So saying she brought forth from a cupboard a large paper bandbox piled with numerous articles ready for use, at which the girls looked with sparkling eyes. Anna soon had her beautiful dark hair unbound, and when she had seated herself in a low chair, with an apron tied around her plump shoulders, Milly began operations. Very deftly her slender fingers flew like white birds in and out among the long, shining tresses, smoothing, parting, weaving, rolling, curling, powdering, until a tall, elaborate structure, truly marvellous to the sight, arose in stately grace upon Anna's head. She sat quite patiently during the protracted ordeal, encouraged now and then by glimpses of her growing adornment in a bit of broken looking glass held before her eyes by one or the other of the admiring girls.

"I'm sure I can never do that in the world," sighed Polly, envious of Milly's skillful touch. "How did you ever learn, Milly?"

Milly's thin, dark face glowed with satisfaction.

"Oh, 'tis not so hard when once you have tried it!" she responded, assuming an air of indifference. "My Aunt Bethia has a dear friend in Mistress Alice Montford, wife to an English merchant. Her maid taught me how to do Aunt Bethia's hair. There! Is that not truly becoming to our Anna's face? Rise, fair maid, and view thy charms!"

Laughing, they led her to the long, narrow mirror hanging against the wall, in which, by dint of turning this way and that, she was able to see her mass of white puffs and curls.

"Now, Polly, it is your turn next," said Milly.

"Why, I thought—" began Polly.

"Oh, I'd just as lieve do them all as not, interrupted Milly, good naturedly. "I love to see what new ways I can discover."

Polly took her place in the chintz-covered chair without further ado. Her golden locks received a different treatment from Anna's dark ones, but in due time she, too, emerged from Milly's hands with a triumph of architecture nicely balanced on her pretty head.

"How shall we ever be able to go to bed?" she suddenly asked, while craning her neck to view her newly acquired possession. "I feel as though this would all fall off if I don't keep very straight and stiff."

"You'll soon get used to that," replied Anna, with a confidence born of experience. "But, of course, as for going to bed, that is not to be thought of. Come, Prissy!"

Blank astonishment looked from Polly's blue eyes.

"Not go to bed! Who ever heard of such a thing?" she cried in wonder. "How will we look tomorrow night if we don't get any sleep?"

"Oh, that is another thing! We can sleep well enough sitting up and leaning back in our chairs. Ladies of

fashion often do that. I'll show you how my Aunt Bethia does."

Polly made no answer. Her neck was already aching from her continued efforts to balance her "tower" properly. For a few minutes she wished she had not come, but very soon her naturally sweet temper reassured itself, and she made the best of an uncomfortable prospect.

"We might have waited until tomorrow afternoon," said Anna, "but there'll be so many things to do. We can manage to sleep somehow."

By the time Priscilla's Auburn hair was dressed she had tardy qualms of conscience.

"What think you, girls?" she inquired, with an anxious wrinkle in her white forehead. "Is it altogether seemly for us to ape the fashions of our country's enemies? How will our continental soldiers like to see us thus?"

"Have done with such foolish notions, Priscilla Nickerson!" commanded Milly with more than her usual decision. "You will learn, some of these days, that men know nothing of fashion. If we only look to their pleasing that is all they care. And I'll warrant there'll be no finer appearing girls at the ball than we four. There's small connection, to my thinking, between the way we do our hair and this unchristian war. So put away your silly fears, Prissy, and be sensible."

Milly was older than the others. She lived in Boston. Her sharp, positive way and words had a great deal of weight with her companions. So Prissy dropped the matter and was soon engrossed in trying on her new blue satin slippers.

Not so Polly.

"What will William Foskitt think?" she kept asking herself over and over again, until her heart grew so heavy that but for the shame of self-betrayal she would have torn the mass of rolls and ribbons from her head and braided her soft hair in its accustomed bands.

At last each head was dressed. Then the girls sought comfortable chairs against whose high backs they could lean propped up with cushions and pillows. The candles were extinguished. Wrapped in blankets they established themselves and for a time talked of the morrow's gaieties. But finally wearied nature claimed her due. The moon peeping in through the open window at the mid August midnight saw four sleeping beauties.

High in an elm tree opposite this same window sat a great white owl. For a long while he had been keenly observant of all that was going on within the chamber. What he thought of the proceedings can never be known, but true it is that he slowly descended from his perch and with noiseless movements stepped inside the window. Gravelly scanning each bedded top knot he selected Polly's as the most to his liking. With a fluttering whir of his big wings he made swift and sudden descent upon it, diving his strong claws sharply within it and, after careful balancing, settling down into a steady position.

And poor little Polly! Alas! her light slumber, already disturbed by uneasy thoughts of possible disloyalty to her lover, had a rude awakening. A confused sense came over her of being carried off by the top of her head; a stab, a pain; a startled consciousness of the near presence of some awful thing, some heavy weight. Then she gave piercing shrieks which brought the terrified girls to their feet, the household to the room.

Candles being hastily lighted revealed to the incredulous eyes of all the huge white owl sitting on Polly's head, blinking wisely and evidently in no mind to leave his dainty resting place.

Muscular hands carefully dislodged him. Polly's golden hair was soon combed smoothly out and laid in a long, glistening braid over the pillow on the bed to which they carried her. For hours she suffered severely from the nervous shock, and it was several days before she was able to go to her home.

She did not feel entirely herself again until she had told the whole story to William Foskitt and had heard him say that he forgave her.

"I will say the words to please you, sweetheart, but I do not consider that you did grievous wrong," the stalwart young continental replied to his insistent petitioner. "'Twas only a trifling matter. You charge yourself too heavily, my Polly."

"No, William," she made answer, smiling up at him with happy eyes. "'Tis the part of a woman to be true even in very little things."—Waverley Magazine.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

There is at Werda in Dahomey a temple in which 1000 snakes are fed by the priests.

Squatters who have recently penetrated the interior of New Zealand report the discovery of a tribe of aboriginal dwarfs.

Florida housewives use oranges in stead of soap in scrubbing floors. They cut the fruit in two and rub the pulp on the floor. It is found to be very cleansing.

Far away from civilization gesture language is still extant in Australia. Some of the tribes possess such an excellent code that it is almost as efficient as the spoken language.

A queer exhibition was recently held in Berlin, Germany—that of the Vegetarian society—in which sixty children were shown who have never touched other nutriment than vegetables.

A man who was convicted of seven highway robberies in Cotania, Sicily, was lucky enough to be tried before a tender-hearted judge, who thought a life sentence too severe. He therefore was easy with him, letting him off with only 180 years' imprisonment.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

Keeping up Fertility.

To keep up the fertility of a farm while cultivating is something that comes about as near to agricultural science as anything of which there is knowledge, and the farmers that understand this the best and practice it the closest are the most successful and prosperous, for the proper manuring and enriching of the soil is the foundation of successful farming—no matter what branch of farming it may be—and it is a matter that demands the farmer's most careful and earnest attention.

Important Points in Potato Culture.

Potato rot and blight have been effectively treated at the Michigan station, by the use of a spray of bordeaux mixture. The crop was successfully carried through a severe drought by continuous cultivation of the surface soil. The corrosive sublimate treatment of the seed controlled the potato scab. It was found that potatoes deteriorate rapidly from year to year unless well selected and carefully grown. Selected seed increased the size and appearance of the tubers of several varieties. The potatoes which were stored in a potato basement lost 11-12 per cent. in weight from September to May. Potatoes which had sprouted yielded less than sound seed.

Starting a Sitter.

To get the best results, have a separate house for the sitters. Let them get fully determined to incubate, then prepare a fresh, clean nest and remove them carefully after night. Put nest eggs (or the small gourd which every poultryman should raise) under them until they are reconciled to the change.

A lath coop, one foot wide, two feet long and fifteen inches high, is set before the nest and the hen eats, drinks and dusts in this coop until accustomed to go back to her nest. A house for the sitters with the south side made to open, the opening screened with two-inch mesh chicken wire, is a fine place on sunny days to open up and let the sitters come out to sun and dust themselves. At other times it has been found that three weeks' confinement in the small coops often caused diarrhea and weakness which this freedom of the henhouse every few days obviated. Do not forget to see them back to their proper nests with the coops in front and the house shut up, for a hen needs seclusion when sitting.

Fowls for Confinement.

Probably more mistakes are made in selecting the breeds of poultry to be kept than in any other part of the work. The large, heavy breeds like Brahmas, Cochins and Plymouth Rocks, have been bred for generations to confinement and rarely make an effort to escape from small yards, while the lighter, more nervous breeds like Leghorns and Minorcas, resent being deprived of their liberty. In the selection of a breed care must be taken in this direction as well as in the proper selection to meet the demands of the market. It does not follow, however, that Leghorns cannot be kept in small yards, but simply that if such is the case they must be kept busy at all times. Never permit them when confined in small yards to have more than one meal a day that they do not earn by hard scratching. Like humans, the busy hen is the contented one, and if not kept busy they are apt to get into mischief. In the case of the hen this mischief consists in feather pulling and egg eating, both almost impossible to break off. If one is not so situated that fowls kept in small yards can be kept busy at all times, then the heavier breeds should by all means be selected.—Atlanta Journal.

Corn Cobs for Stock Lots.

Every stock raiser knows how muddy it becomes around feed troughs at certain times in the year, especially if the ground is a rich, black soil. It may be impossible to put stone around the troughs, or if not, the expense of doing so may be too great. One of the cheapest and best methods of protecting against mud is to throw corn cobs around the troughs. The cobs which are left in the troughs, if the corn is fed in the ear, will not be sufficient.

The cobs should be spread on the ground to a depth of six inches. They should not be thrown on the mud, but on dry or frozen ground. The cobs will rot, but they will become pretty well packed into the ground. Before the rotting cobs can become a slush, a fresh supply should be spread on. If this is well done, there need be no complaint because of the mud around the troughs. It will not be necessary to move the troughs to avoid the mud, which must be done if there is nothing to prevent it. The farmer will do well if he fills up with corn cobs all of the mud holes which he may find on his farm. The cobs make good paths across muddy lots, and are useful wherever the mud becomes deep and disagreeable. Of course, most of them rot finally, but they serve an excellent purpose while they last.—New England Homestead.

Stop the Waste of Fruit.

In the fruit industry the waste often consumes the profits. An inopportune rain or wind at the time when the fruit is just ripening often ruins the hopes and anticipations of a whole year. The failure to use the right kind of a package and to make the fruit look its best in it often degrades the quality in the estimation of the buyer from first to second class with the corresponding reduction of price.

The crowded market of Saturday often leaves on hand of the grower a few crates of berries which are worthless when the market opens the following week. The insects somehow find their way to the fruit and just at the time when it should ripen we find that it is ruined. Nine cases out of ten of failure in the fruit business comes through loss due to waste.

The successful fruit grower must learn early in his career that his products are at all times tender and quickly perishable. He must, so far as he is able, prevent the contact of any agent that destroys or reduces the value of his fruit. This is not something that is beyond his power. By a vigilant warfare against insects he can greatly increase the quantity and improve the quality of the crop which he is to receive.

Cold storage affords one of the most practical means of preventing waste in the fruit crop that we have. Apples that fall from the tree when almost ripe, and are lost, are frequently ripe enough to be picked and placed in cold storage. The fact that apples for cold storage should be picked while solid is valuable information to those who realize that their fruit is dropping badly while in that state. An ice and cold storage house on the fruit farm is of immense value in preventing the waste in summer fruit that comes naturally through rapid decay. Berries, cherries, plums and peaches can be kept a number of days, even weeks, and there is thus afforded ample opportunity for using or disposing of them. Let the farmer and fruit grower be as painstaking to prevent waste in their products as the packers and the manufacturers are to prevent waste in their large commercial establishments.—W. L. Hall in Farm, Field and Fireside.

Choosing the Right Breed.

Many dairymen who grasp the correct idea that improved methods of breeding benefit their milk herds feel disappointed at results. This is because they do not acquire the breed best adapted to their needs and location.

As a truthful illustration of what I mean, I wish to cite an instance of which I was personally cognizant some little time ago. A New York dairyman bred into Holsteins under the supposition that because of their copious milk-yielding qualities, they were the best cows for him. Two-thirds of this man's farm was low-lying land, and the pastureage necessarily of a watery nature; that is, the luxuriant grass growing from a proverbially moist soil contained far more water than does highland herbage.

Now, Holstein cows are known to lean toward the production of watery milk, and in this instance, stimulated by the character of their feed, they held good their reputation to the extent of yielding milk that did not contain the legal per cent. of solids.

The man was disappointed with the breed without recognizing the fact that his inferior pasture had more to do with the failure than anything else. Besides this, I know of a number of other prominent dairymen living on river-bottom land, who, with Holstein cows, find it difficult to produce milk possessing a legal standard. In some cases they have supplemented grain rations to help them out, and in others gradually introduced other breeds of cows.

Do not infer from this that I am saying anything against Holsteins, for in their proper place I am a great admirer of the breed, but a breed must be adapted to its surroundings and the requirements of the dairyman. If a dairyman is not quite sure what kind of milk stock will meet his best needs, he had better go experimentally before acquiring a whole herd of new bloods. Also always take into account the quality of your soil and pastureage, and the adaptability of the prospective breed of cows for the conditions you have under control.

To new breeders, grades, I think, will prove more generally satisfactory than full bloods. By judiciously selecting the dams—cows or heifers of naturally good milk strain—and using a thoroughbred bull, first-class grades can be secured at a nominal price.

This looks easy enough, but yet it requires skill and careful study on the part of the breeder to breed successfully. It can be said as a general rule a successful dairyman will make a good breeder. One must be an accurate judge of the points of a good milk cow, and of the sire that is to be father of her calf. This is the main essential, and the side issues are sure to be taken care of by one who has the right principles at heart.—George E. Newell in American Cultivator.

Poultry Notes.

Feed liberally, but feed right; and you will have no overfat hens.

Have a curtain of oiled muslin to shut off the run in stormy weather.

A healthy hen will lay and consume a great deal of food without getting fat.

Many fail with poultry because they try not to get their hens too fat—they starve them.

Open the doors and windows of the poultry house on all clear days and you will not be troubled with damp walls.

It has been demonstrated that standard bred fowls can be made to lay from 150 to 200 eggs per year under proper treatment and care.

The gizzard is made to grind the food in. It cannot grind food that is already ground, thus, in order to keep it in normal condition it must perform the work nature intended it to.

Some of the expert pickers of poultry can take the feathers off a fowl so quickly as to astonish one who does not understand the operation. It is done by dipping each carcass in cold water and allowing it to drip.

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

The Drunkard—Liquor Shops Are Not the Poor Man's Club—Are a Surry Make-shift When Recreation is the Object—Drunkness is a Disease.

On feeble and unsteady legs He walks as if he trod on eggs.

When'er he has to give or take His hands, as with the palsy, shake.

To meet your gaze he vainly tries With dull and bleared and bloodshot eyes.

Compelled to bear the sign, he shows A swollen, coarse and crimson nose.

His plumped, blue and bloated face Of manliness has not a trace.

All people near him shun like death His perneating, sickening breath.

With ruined health and shattered nerves He suffers tortures he deserves.

Sad children and heart-broken wife Through him endure a wretched life.

Abhorred and shunned by friends once known He wanders through the world alone.

Soon losing self respect, he goes In seedy, torn and dirty clothes.

With raging, hot, increasing thirst Which can't be quenched he's ever cursed.

In vain he takes the pledge to stop; With all power gone he has no prop.

Down, down he sinks, until in time He in the gutter reeks with slime.

From borrowing he begs until For drink he'd steal or even kill.

Delirium tremens' horrid signs He sees. With lumps and snakes he fights.

At last with tramps his doom is sealed, And then he goes to Potter's Field.

And after that? Alas, who knows Where any slave of liquor goes?

Saloons Not a Social Necessity.

The argument that liquor saloons are a "social necessity" to the country, or, indeed, to any one, is too specious to hold water. At any rate, in this country there is but little of the "poor man's club" pertaining to them. At its best the liquor saloon is but a sorry makeshift when recreation is the object, and the instruction a workman is likely to gain in it is scarcely calculated to elevate or improve his mind. So long as he has money and will spend it with alacrity his company is welcome, but when his pockets are empty his society is no longer regarded with favor by the proprietor. The saloon keeper is not a man of sentiment, but invariably keeps his eye on the main chance. This being so, the question must be faced as it really is and not judged from an optimistic and imaginative point of view. The truth is that the liquor saloon in America is not a "poor man's club," a place in which he can give his "recreative instincts" fair play, but simply and solely a house for the sale of strong drinks at a large profit to the proprietor.

If the liquor saloon does satisfy the workman's "recreative instinct," all we can say is that if he does not possess the blubious instinct we are sorry for the intelligence of the workman. The great majority of medical men nowadays are quite agreed that alcohol does no good to a healthy man, and, taking into consideration the incalculable amount of harm that has been wrought by its use, it is better that the matter should be judged on its merits, and that the ignorant and careless should be warned of their danger. It is right and just that the workman should be afforded the opportunities of mixing in congenial society with his relatives and friends, but he must not look for in the liquor saloon.

From a consideration of the social side of the saloon question to that of the abuse of drink is but a step. Where, then, is the remedy to be sought in order to abate or counteract an evil which is acknowledged on all sides to be widespread and extremely pernicious? The view that habitual drunkenness is a disease and should be treated as such is the one most generally held in these days. Dr. Noxon, the best known British authority on the matter, says: "Deal with the inebriate as you have successfully dealt with the maniac. Frown not on him as a hardened criminal. Remember that he is a human being, and a physical agency which has crushed to earth some of the noblest and most gifted. Treat him as a patient laboring under a baffling and inveterate disease and amid many discouragements. Such a measure of success will follow as the rule in the treatment of will gladden your hearts as men, while it will attend your skill as physicians."

An Intellectual Poison.

Alcohol is an intellectual poison. Nor could it be otherwise, for the brain, which is the seat of memory, of thought, and of all the intellectual faculties, is affected by alcohol, and by reason of the extreme sensitiveness of its tissue is even particularly sensitive to it. Hence it soon becomes subject to change under the influence of liquor, and quickly deteriorates. The power of thinking is affected, the intellectual faculties are obscured, judgment disappears and the final result is that many alcoholic subjects develop madness.

For that matter, drunkenness itself—that temporary poisoning—is really an ephemeral madness which, by force of repetition, becomes converted into complete madness. It is a statistical fact which shows at a glance how alcohol affects the mind, that the increase of madness is in direct proportion to the consumption. Intoxicating liquors in the different countries.

Bad For Our Soldiers.

The whisky and beer manufacturers and dealers who are trying to make the people believe that nothing will preserve our soldiers' health and increase their strength so much as the product of their breweries and distilleries, are well answered by the experience of the great explorer, Paul du Chailu, who, in a letter written to a young soldier, said:

"I will tell you my experience while traveling in warm countries. I abstained from strong drinks because I found they did not help me—on the contrary, I felt weaker half an hour after, so I gave them up."

Notes About The Drink Evil.

While the saloon exists your own son is never safe.

A champagne trust with capital of \$50,000,000 is reported.

The House of the Utah Legislature defeated by a vote of 20 to 19 a bill to provide local option on the liquor question.

The man who deliberately destroys his health and shortens his life by drinking commits suicide as surely as if he blew out his brains or took poison.

If you have got the love and taste of drink in your nature, it is better that you should have it through life, and your only safety is, renounce drink altogether.

The House of Keys of the Isle of Man shelved a bill designed to open the saloons on Sundays. Sunday closing has been the law of that little island for forty years.

The Legislature of South Dakota has adjourned without enacting legislation to carry out the will of the people expressed by their vote for the dispensary system at the last election.