

The open secret of good health and enduring vigor is simply to "keep in condition."

The fact that the telephone was laughed at as an impracticability will probably be used all next century as an argument with reluctant investors by people who have chimerical schemes to float.

In one week just before his death Cornelius Vanderbilt received 1500 begging letters. The total amount asked for was \$500,000, and the least wanted by any of the supplicants was \$25. Ah, what a terrible hardship it is to be rich—if one has a tender heart.

The Manufacturers' Record shows that since 1880 the capital invested in southern cotton mills has increased from \$21,900,000 to \$125,000,000, while the sum invested in all southern manufactures has grown from \$257,200,000 to \$1,000,000,000, and the value of southern manufactured products from \$457,400,000 to \$1,500,000,000.

One reason for the scandalous verdict of the court-martial at Rennes—the most shamelessly unjust ever rendered in a civilized country—doubtless is that a military court presided over by "my colonel" and composed of other subordinate officers dare not convict of lying, fraud, forgery and conspiracy a cabal of their generals, though these were shown to be guilty by their own testimony and by unimpeachable evidence, says the New York World.

We in the United States have been born and reared in a land of plenty, and we seem to feel that nothing is fit for the human stomach which has not cost human effort to raise or procure. We feel that we are mortifying the flesh if we do not eat meat at least once a day. The result is that we have become known as a nation of dyspeptics. Experience, however, is forcing on the American people the value of light and simple diet, and a marked change in American habits in this respect is likely to be seen in the future.

Bicycle riding in some portions of the world is considered incomplete in joys until a patented tow rope has been added to the rider's outfit by means of which the woman rider may make a sure and tireless journey up hillsides at the expense of the man of the party. That dropping out of a line for her to cling to is an old idea but the line is perfect now with springs and coils and all that sort of thing. No wonder that bicycle riding is losing its popularity. It is getting to be a rather one-sided sort of proposition.

By careful computation the Financial Chronicle finds that the cotton crop for the year ending Sept. 1, 1893, amounted to no less than 11,235,383 bales. At average present prices this means a wealth of \$337,061,490 taken from the soil in the form of a single crop which is grown only in a part of the country. We are becoming a great manufacturing nation. We are especially multiplying and extending our cotton mills. Yet of our 11,235,383 bales of cotton we have manufactured only 3,647,118 bales, while we have sent abroad 7,362,788 bales for the workmen of other countries to convert into cloths. Obviously our cotton-spinning and cotton-weaving industries are still in their infancy. Think of the millions in wages that will be paid to American workmen when we come to manufacture all our cotton!

One of the most astonishing changes which has come in the latter half of the 19th century appears in the new moral attitude of all classes in relation to possessions of all kinds, observes the Chartered Register. Fifty years ago it was considered an admirable thing for a man to fill himself with stores of wisdom which he kept for his own use. Now a learned man is despised if he does not let his light shine. Fifty years ago it was considered desirable to cultivate all manner of gifts and graces for the adornment of the mind and the increase of personal pleasure. Now one who hoards the blessings of culture without imparting them to those who are less fortunate is considered selfish and unlovely. Fifty years ago it was considered honorable to regard great possessions as the perquisites of the fortunate individual who controlled them. Now no rich man has honor who does not make his wealth a blessing to the community in which he lives. It is now accepted as a rule of conduct that privilege always implies obligation, and ownership always carries with it the idea of indebtedness to the community which has made ownership possible.

The Boston Transcript wants to have reading cars substituted for smokers on the railroads as being more civilized.

If the increasing fondness for the automobile continues we shall find the horse show with a dangerous rival the first thing we know, and it will be "beauty and the machine," instead of "beauty and the beast."

England's queen has given another illustration of her good heart and common sense. A few weeks ago she set a practical example to the landed proprietors of the United Kingdom by having her herds tested for tuberculosis and ordering all infected animals to be slaughtered.

According to the Canadian Engineer, the last relic of the first epoch of railway engineering in Canada is passing away in the form of the tubular bridge which spans the Ottawa river, near its junction with the St. Lawrence, and a truss bridge is to be erected in its place. The old bridge is not only the last of the tubular bridges in Canada, but is also the last on this continent, so that its removal is really a historical event.

The Massachusetts statistical bureau reports that there is a steady increase in the amount of work done on Sunday. This is not strange. It is due largely to the action of working people, especially in cities, in converting Sunday into a secular holiday. They use this day to visit neighboring pleasure resorts or to make excursions by rail or water, and this creates a demand for the services of car conductors and motormen, steamboat hands, waiters, bartenders and a great variety of employes.

Within the last few months Nantasket beach has been added to the park system of Boston, a system already so extended and well organized as to excite the admiration of the rest of the country. It has already cost the commonwealth some six million dollars. The late Mr. Charles Eliot, son of President Eliot of Harvard, has been largely responsible for the broad-minded and enlightened policy pursued, states Harper's Weekly. The beach at Nantasket is two hundred feet wide at low tide, is broad and hard, and within only a short ride of Boston.

Tree planting by farmers is being encouraged in a practical way by the division of forestry of the United States department of agriculture. A circular has recently been issued stating that the division is prepared, as far as a limited appropriation will permit, to render practical and personal assistance to farmers and others by co-operating with them to establish forest plantations, wood lots, shelter belts and wind breaks. An expert tree planter has been placed in charge of a section of the division which has been organized for this work, and he will be assisted by collaborators in the different states who are familiar with local conditions.

Massachusetts now has two associations for providing annuities for retired public school teachers—one for Boston teachers only, the other and the youngest for the teachers in the cities and towns. The last is believed to be the only guild organized by the union of small cities and towns. Though scarcely six years old, the Teachers' Annuity guild has a permanent fund of over \$51,000 and an annuity fund exceeding \$10,000. It is provided that annuities shall be 60 per cent. of the annual salary at the time of retirement, with a limit of \$600. The present assessment is one per cent. of annual salary, with a limit of \$25 per annum, which it is proposed to reduce to \$10. A similar plan has been adopted in a number of large cities in the country.

Careful estimates made during the year 1896 indicated that no less than 120,000 horses were required for the propulsion of the street cars in actual use in the various cities in the United States. Recent estimates indicate that about 15,000 horses are all that are requisite today for the horse-car service throughout the entire United States. This surely is a remarkable evidence of the emancipation of the street car horse. Thirteen years ago it was estimated that over 20,000 of these patient and noble servants of man were rendered useless from the excessive strain and overwork to which they were subjected. So soon does the public mind adapt itself to changed conditions that comparatively few people appreciate fully the beneficial effects which the elimination of the street car horse from our public thoroughfares and the adoption of the cable and electric systems has secured.

Waiting.
Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.
I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.
Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me.
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

Waiting.
What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall rest where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.
The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flow the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.
The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.
—John Burroughs.

BROTHER TO NECESSITY.

BY HELEN HICKS.

Alec McPherson's mother was never tired of showing little Alec the picture in the album of Auntie Morse, whose son had become a millionaire in New York, or of talking of her cousin, who was a senator at Ottawa, and her sister-in-law's brother, who had been appointed lieutenant-governor of a province once, but who had died inadvertently before he was sworn in. Little Alec looked upon these distinctions, and he saw that they were good. He saw that the men who got respect and consideration when they came to his father's house were not farmers like his father, but the doctor in the black coat, who ordered somebody to hold his horses and asked apprehensively if the dog bit, or the minister, who kept the men after a hearty dinner from the hay, while he was praying, and a thunder cloud was gathering overhead. It was for men like these that the silver and the best table napkins were brought out, and the household routine set aside as a thing of small consequence. The boy began to be ashamed of an occupation that compelled a man to wear rough clothes and carry rough hands, and the town made him shy and ill at ease.

Mrs. McPherson's remedy for the disadvantage under which her son had been born was education. She told him what it could do. Education could make him a gentleman, give him money and clothes, and respect and power, and put his heel on the neck of men who otherwise would have their heel on his neck. So it came about that by the time Alec was 24 and his father laid safely to rest under the sod, the boy had taken his bachelor's degree at college, spent a year abroad and was plunging into the study of Blackstone and the civil code.

It was on an evening in early spring that he came home. There was still frost in the air, and night was coming on windy with a moon that was no more than a tilted horn wracked with clouds and insignificant beside the lights beginning to come out in the houses. After 10 miles in a stage over this bare country, sole passenger, huddled into a corner, with a rug wrapped round his knees and his hands thrust deep into his overcoat pockets, the gush of yellow light from his own door was the welcome of sights. The low-ceiled room, the familiar engravings on the walls, his mother's lined face under the gray hair, were furniture of his earliest recollections. "Mother," he said, "my health is broken down. If I don't get help soon—where I'm useless for life!"

He told his story, his nervousness, his sleeplessness, all the long months he had spent trying to work and doing nothing. "Ever since that hot day last summer when I was overcome by the heat, I've never been the same since. When I went back to lectures," he went on, "I couldn't work. There was a doctor I knew, a young fellow. He thought he could fix me up. Bromide, morphia, chloral—I tried them all. Then I went to a specialist, and he told me everything. It was a shock to the brain; I was a victim of neurasthenia. Mother, I may live to be an old man, but I'll never be good for anything, so far as head work is concerned, again."

Mrs. McPherson stood up indignantly. "Alec! With your constitution! A little thing like that can't break you down. Your father was a strong man, and I'm sure there's never been much sickness on my side of the house." "Yes," he said, "that was what the doctor said. He said it was in my favor that I came of country people and hadn't inherited the hysteria and debilitated nerves that are the common curse. He said, mother, that coming back to the farm was my only hope." He sat silent, with his clenched hand holding his head; then looking round him, "I was in a hospital for a while," he said. "Thank God, I'm home!"

One day in the middle of the forenoon Alec came downstairs with the unusual feeling that he was a sluggard. The sun was strong, and just outside the door a turkey cock distended himself in its warmth; the bees were busy in the flowers, the men were haying. He took his hat and went out, walking past the barn and along a lane where beside him lay a field of potatoes, their regularly spaced clumps of green radiating like the spokes of a wheel from whatever point the eye chose as a beginning. An unremarkable man was walking between two rows that ran parallel to the fence. In one hand he held a pail filled with green-tinted water, and in the other a whitewash brush. He dipped his brush in the green water and flounced it over the potato tops on either side, and talked aloud to himself as he walked. "Saul has slain thousands, and David tens of thousands; but I'm slayin' millions of 'em—millions!" "Hello, Henry," Alec called leaning over the fence; "paris-greening the potato bugs?" The man set down his pail and stood erect. "Yes, but

it does mighty little good," he drawled. "This new man Crawford that's just bought the old Garrison place has got a potato patch over there, and his bugs believes in reciprocity. Line fences is no obstruction to them fellers." "Doesn't Crawford believe in paris green?" he asked. "No, nor in hoein', neither, I guess." Alec laughed. "Mr. Crawford doesn't seem to be a thriving farmer." "Well now, Mr. McPherson," Henry said, briskly, as if entering on a topic that interested him, "Mr. Crawford, he thinks himself a gentleman, but he don't own that farm no more nor I do. The company owns it what holds a mortgage on it, and he's really just workin' it for them. His crop ain't his'n; it's got to go to pay the interest, and some says his horses and cattle and implements is all chattered for more'n they're worth."

"That's a lie!" Both looked up. The man they were discussing had risen from beneath a clump of elder bushes and was leaning over the fence with battle in his eyes. He was lank and cadaverous, with a thin, goat's beard, protuberant blue eyes, and wiry yellow hair. The man was plainly not in robust health, and he had the look of having reached that point in his cups when amiability is swallowed up in a growing desire to be quarrelsome. "Well, maybe it is, Mr. Crawford," Henry said, soothingly. "Maybe it is." "And they say you're a reg'lar gentleman," Crawford remarked, turning to Alec and looking him up and down with scornful amusement. "A reg'lar gentleman that never had his nose to the grindstone and keeps roney in the bank all the time. Is that so?" "No, I guess is isn't so," Alec answered, mildly. "With surprising quickness the man got over the fence that separated them. "And you don't think I'm a thrivin' farmer, eh?" he queried, thrusting forward his white, impudent face. "Take that, young upstart!"

And suddenly raising the switch in his hand he laid it smartly across Alec's face. The next instant he had fallen forward with his face in the grass, and his thin hands grasping convulsively before him. They turned him over, but though the muscles of his face moved, his heart was quite still.

The two men looked at each other in consternation. "This is hard on Lyddy," Henry said at last with a great sigh, pointing to the prostrate form. "He's a widower, and Lyddy keeps things together, and there's two little uns." They carried the dead man up to his house, where little Blanche Mary was helping Lyddy get dinner, and Tony, the six-year-old, stood washing himself with legs set very wide apart at a big basin on the outside stoop. They were all thin, elfin creatures with bright hair and radiant eyes of corn-flower blue.

"Well," said Mrs. McPherson, when the funeral was over, "Lyddy Crawford's got a hard row to hoe. She'd like to stay on the farm; it's like home to her now, and they've got to have a roof over their heads somewhere." "But the mortgage," Alec objected. "They can pay the interest, and that's enough just now. And she's going to make real, old-fashioned preserves out of wild raspberries and huckleberries and long blackberries, and sell them on Buxton market. Oh, she may get quite a trade!"

Alec was pleased. Gradually it became his chief interest to watch Lyddy's undertaking. Sometimes he met her in the woods with the children, gathering berries, Tony trailing a long, dead branch as a protection against bears. He never saw Lyddy now without a sharp sense of the beauty of her hair, her small woman's figure, her brown, small hands. It seemed to him that she embodied all sweet, country things—light and breezy days and the fragrance of little underfoot flowers. As for Lyddy, at night, at bedtime, she wrapped a thin, black shawl about her head and shoulders, and slipped out of the house and down the hill to the bridge, to see if the lights were still burning in Alec's windows. She did it every night, and it had assumed for her the sacredness of a rite.

When fall came, Alec was better. He was less thin, his hand had a firm grasp, his skin was a healthy brown, his eyes were steady. He had almost forgotten his languid days and sleepless nights in the buoyant pleasure of rising up early in the autumn dawn to feel himself the director of all the activities of the farm.

It was at supper one night that his mother spoke to him. "Alec, you have been at home close on eight months now," she said, and waited for an answer. "Yes," he said, briefly. "And your health is ever so much better than you ever thought it would be again. You're almost as well as you ever were. Isn't that so?" "Yes," he said again. "When are you going back to the law?" He went on crumbling his biscuit, and did not meet her eye. "I am not going back, mother," he said at last. "I

am determined to stay here." "This is no place for a young man of your education," she expostulated.

"That's what I thought once, mother, but everything seems different now. I can be just as useful here. It's better to be a good farmer than a poor lawyer." "You needn't be a poor lawyer. Besides I'd rather be than that a farmer. I hate the name of farmer. None of my relations were ever that. There isn't any excuse for such low tastes." He was nettled. "Let us take some cases we know of," he said quietly. "There's Walters, the sharpest young lawyer in Buxton, and the best pleader; he was in jail 24 hours for voting twice at an election. There was Barr, who started poor and died rich; he lost his seat in Parliament and was disqualified for open bribery, and there was things in his private life far worse. No profession is going to make a man's life honorable. I'd rather be a man like my father, mother, than be Barr or Walters."

He had the impulse to burst into contemptuous laughter, but something checked him. He leaned forward, instead, and placed his hand on hers. "Mother, I disappoint you, but don't drive me away. This is the dearest place on earth to me. I can understand Horace now! 'Happy is the man who, far from business, like the ancient race of men, works his paternal fields with his own oxen.' I can understand that now." Mrs. McPherson picked up the teapot and set it down with fierce emphasis. "Then I suppose the truth is it's that girl that's keeping you here," she burst out.

"What do you mean?" he asked hotly. "I mean," she said, without quailing before his angry eyes, "that I suppose it's that Crawford girl your hanging after. The dear knows what else keeps you here. You don't seem able to tell. I think you must be pretty soft. To see her eyes following me round like a tame cat would be enough for me if I was a young man. It makes me sick. I should think she'd be the laughing stock of the neighborhood." Her son looked at her in blank amazement. "Oh, she knows which side her bread is buttered on. You'd be a pretty good catch for her, wouldn't you? I'll tell you something, too," she went on, hoarsely. "If you take up with such trash as that, don't come here again. As long as my head is above the sod this house is mine, and if you go against me, keep out of it. God knows I've slaved to give you chances to make yourself somebody! Yes, you've been dearer to me than the apple of my eye, but unless you make up your mind to go back, I will never own you for a son again."

She turned her back upon him and marched away with her usual soldier-like tread, and he heard the key turn in the lock as she closed her bedroom door. He flung out of the house in a passion of opposition. O the shoddy pride, the vulgarity of it all! Some words of Tolstoloi recurred to him, printed without flaw on his memory: "Everything which I used to think bad and low—the rusticity of the peasant, the plainness of lodging, food, clothing, manners—all this has become good and great in my eyes." He leaned against the railing of the little wooden bridge and listened to the hurry of water underneath. There was a watery, intermittent moonlight, and every now and then a snowflake, damp and adhesive, touched his cheek. He looked up and saw Lyddy standing in the road, her startled face peering at him from its framing of black shawl. With an exclamation of joy he went quickly to meet her.—New England Homestead.

Wooling a School Teacher.

"Yes," said a young man, as he threw himself at the feet of the pretty school mistress, "I love you and would go to the world's end for you." "You could not go to the end of the world for me, James. The world, or the earth, as it is called, is round like a ball, slightly flattened at the poles. One of the first lessons in elementary geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when you were a boy."

"Of course I did, but"— "And it is no longer a theory. Circumnavigators have established the fact."

"I know, but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you. Ah, Minerva, if you knew the aching void—" "There is no such thing as a void, James. Nature abhors a vacuum. But, admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be a void if there were an ache in it?" "I meant to say that my life will be lonesome without you; that you are my daily thought and my nightly dream. I would go anywhere to be with you. If you were in Australia or at the north pole, I would fly to you." "Fly! It will be another century before men can fly. Even when the laws of gravitation are successfully overcome, there will still remain, says a late scientific authority, the difficulty of maintaining a balance—" "Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth, "I've got a pretty fair balance in the bank, and I want you to be my wife. There!" "Well, James, since you put it in that light, I—"

Worse Meat Than Goat.

The big packeries are now slaughtering thousands of Texas goats and selling the flesh for mutton. The deception is reprehensible, but the meat is all right. A juicy Tex. angora is about as toothsome to a white man as a rat is to a Chinaman or a baked dog to an Indian. The angora is all right. What we object to is the gutta percha beefsteak and the papier mache sausages.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

Which Shall It Be?—The Wrecking of a Prosperous Business House—A Man to Drink Lost a Sale, But Made a Saving in the Long Run.

Which shall it be, lads? which shall it be? God, or the devil, bond or free? Will you boldly and cheerfully take your stand

With the chosen few, with the noble band, Who are steadfastly doing all they can For God and the right and fallen man? Or will you sink, debased and blind, To herd with the ruck of human kind? God, or the devil, bond or free— Which shall it be, lads? which shall it be? Which shall it be? The home-life sweet, Gay with the patter of tily feet; Or the squalid tap-room, grimy and grim, The drunkard's ousure, or the children's bymn? Wrecked lives, or the strength that never flags Peace and plenty, or ruin and rags? Bible or beer-shop, bond or free— Which shall it be, lads? which shall it be? Which shall it be? Two paths lie here— The right leads upwards, the left, ah! where? Others may give you counsel true, But the choice, dear lads, is for you, for you! And remember now in your boyhood's prime Is the turning point and the seeding time; The sot's bent back, or the saint's bent knee— Which shall it be, lads? which shall it be?

A Drummer's Experience.

For eighteen years I was a drummer. My territory was all of the Southern States, and I traveled through them all. In one of the largest cities in these States I had a good customer to whom I sold many large bills. The buyer of this house was a man who drank regularly and very often. On one trip I went in to this buyer, and he sent the stock clerk to see how many cases of my goods were needed. When told, he ran his arm in mine and walked out of the office and up the street to an alley (talking all the while about his business), and then down the alley to the back door of a barroom. When he struck the alley I saw his object, and said: "If the Lord will help me now, I will not break my rule." Then we got within ten feet of the door of the accused hole, I stopped, and looking at my customer (for he certainly was not my friend), I said: "I don't drink anything; no use my going in there." He looked at me, and said: "Come on and take a drink with me, and I'll give you a drink." "Take a drink with me," "No, I don't go in barrooms at all." He stopped and looked me squarely in the face, and took his arm out of mine, and went in. He soon came out, and we walked on back to his office, but he didn't say a word more. I speak a word to me. When we got into the office again I took out my order book as though nothing had happened, and said politely: "How many cases shall I put down?" "None," said he; "I don't want any." I answered, "I'll stop at the office, and when you want any of our goods we will be pleased to have your order," and he remained good day. This was Saturday. I had him over in the city on Monday. Sunday morning I went to church, as was my habit, and when the collection was taken up who should I see passing the plate my way but this buyer whom I had offended the day before. I don't know whether he was drunk or sober, but he certainly was, and was told that he had been an officer in the church twenty years.

Now for the application. This man of whom I speak was a full partner in the house, which was rated at \$200,000. I lost the custom of that house, and in two years after this for over half a million dollars, but did not get my house for a cent. Since that time this man has gone down the hill, until to-day he is a complete whisky wreck. He is very poor, and has but few of the necessaries of life, and has to work hard to make both ends meet. His head is now white, and his steps feeble and tottering. I never see that man that this incident doesn't come up in my mind. My employer and I, who were both working hard, and retained him in his services for thirteen years. If it had not been for whisky this man would be well off to-day, and have plenty to start all his children and grandchildren in life.—Nashville Advocate.

Alcoholism and Crime.

The alcoholic craving accounts, for many a confirmed criminal. Doubtless the tendency exists in a minor degree as belonging to all humans, who make it a secondary part of their life, testotolers being rarely met with in criminal walks. But there is a large number of hopeless prisoners whose only idea of life is drunkenness at any cost. In such the craving makes the criminal, and as the drink cannot be obtained without money other means are resorted to, such as breaking into public houses, robbing bars, etc., stealing jewelry and bottles from children sent out on such errands, dressing up as blind men, mutilated beggars crawling along the pavement, and other pleasantries so well known to the expert. Obeying a piece of soap and thus forming a ladder to the station of epilepsy is a common fraud, and the profits all go to the publican. The alcoholic aspect is, however, very difficult of concealment, and the experienced observer well knows the pseudo-apoplectic, the aimless, listless cripple, and the unfortunate widow who with five children (all hired) parades the street in lamentation of woes.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Practical Work by Salvationists.

Practical work for temperance has been undertaken by the Salvation Army in Boston, in the establishment of stands where ice-cold lemonade and buttermilk are sold at one cent per glass. At first a variety of drinks were offered, ice-cold tea, coffee, etc., but the most popular was lemonade and buttermilk, and nothing else is served. It is good lemonade, too, a Boston Transcript reporter says, after sampling it, and buttermilk fresh from the farm churn, and the price is a revelation in the privilege. Well-dressed men and women patronize the stands and the small boys find their delight there. The idea is to supply the needs of the thirsty thousands of poor outside the saloons. Seven stands have been established, and it is proposed to double this number at once. As yet the army has not been able to meet expenses in its enterprise, and an appeal has been made to the temperance public to be generous with funds.

Rumblers Organizing.

The saloon keepers of the country are preparing to band themselves together. To do this, a secret society only a short time ago was born in Louisville, Ky., under the name of the Knights of the Royal Arch. The purpose of the society is to protect the interests of saloon men and dealers in whisky. The members wear a button, and have society grips and signs.

A Bishop's Views.

Here is what Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, Ill., says of the drink evil: "The evil wrought by alcoholic drink is now acknowledged and proclaimed by all the organs of public opinion. It undermines health, enfeebles the will, coarsens the mind and inflames animal passions. It separates husbands and wives, divides families, and deprives children of some influence which nothing else can supply. It lowers the standard of morals, fills prisons and insane asylums with its victims, and feeds the germs of corruption in the body politic. In a word, the cause of the occasion of four-fifths of the crime which our national life is disgraced."