I've been 'way from school a week, Don't know when I'll go again; 'Spec 't will be a good long time, Though the doctor says I'll men' Pretty feel and I'm a boy. Pretty fas', cuz I'm a boy—
But I guess 'twill take a sight
More days than he thinks it will,
'Fore I'm feelin' jus' all right.

Teacher sent me roun' some flowers.
Shucks! I wisht that they wuz jell,
Like the tumbler that I ate—
But you mus'n't go an' tell.
An' I'd like some choc' late cake,
An ico cream an' peanut stick—
These things never, never 'd do,
Says the doctor, when I'm sick.

I waz sicket'n anyone.

Jimmy Deane—he thought he wuz
Orful sick; but, pooh! I beat
Him clean out of sikht, becuz
It'll be a munf, at leas',
So ma suys, 'fore they dare let
Me eat stuff—an' then I can't
Go to school all day, I bet!
—Edwin L. Sabin, in Puck.

ODDIE'S WOOL SOCKS.

A Story of a New England Courtship.

ow of the great barn door.

"What's he come up to the house for. Ellejenette, do you know?"

Ellejenette signified that she did

Mrs. Sylvester took her knitting and place I herself upon the kitchen porch, so that she should not fail to see her son when he emerged. was past 70 years old, and a natural propensity toward inquisitiveness, sedulously cultivated through a long life, showed itself in the unlovely form of a thirst for knowing the most trivial things her son did. Ellejenette often wondered at John's patience, and warmly sympathized with his triple

"I don't see what he's after up here, this time o' day! Ellejenette, fetch them peas and shell 'em out here! I want some company."

"I suppose he's through work to-day," Ellejenette ventured.
"Why, no, he isn't, Ellejenette.
What are you thinking about? Don't
you know he said at dinner he
shouldn't be through with the south meadow before tomorrow night?"

She rose, walked across the grassy

yard, and standing in the barn door

called again, "Oddie! Oddie!"

Presently she returned.
"I can't get nothin' out o' that feller except 'All right, pretty soon.' Ellejenette, you go and call him. He

always answers you.' "Th, I don't want to now, Aunt Charlotte! I will when he comes down. Won't that do?"

"Well, yes, s'pose so. Strange left off work this time o' day," a Mrs. Sylvester continued to ring the changes on this theme, till Ellejenette's mind wandered far away, and she took refuge in day dreams from the fretting

nd nagging.
The round, fat peas slipped from their cases rapidly under her deft fin-gers; she did not need to keep her eye on her work, and looked instead out into the lovely summer world. Her home for the first 20 years o' her life had been in a tenement house in city, its surroundings little squalid. Her father was a a large city, hard-working mechanic of small cali-bre, her mother always an invalid; the two died within a few months of each other, and, oh! how gladly had Elle-jenette given up her position as sales-girl in a department store and come, at Mrs. Sylvester's request, to make

her home at the farm.

John came out of the barn. Ellejenette saw that his working clothes were gone and he was dress d in his Sunday best—all except—"
"Oddie! Oddie!" screamed Mrs.
Sylvester. "Where are you going?

Sylvester. "Where are you going: Why didn't you tell me you were going away?"
"I'll be back pretty soon," said

John, rolling out the light wagon, and a mo nent later leading out the driv-

going?" pursued Mrs. S
"What you so secret alou? Sylvester. What you so secret alou? Should think you were going courting." Her gaze reached his feet, and her quer-ulous tones fell to a shocked and dismayed key. "John Sylvester, you've got on your wool boots!"
"Well, mother," replied John, "if

you'll only stop calling me Oldie, I'll keep them on night and day."

"You go take those boots right off!

I know where you're going! I know where you're going! You can't fool me, and you can't make such a show of yourself! You're going to that wedding, you know you be!" screeched the old lady. "I guess Tip Farnham won't like it very well for you to march into church with them wool boots on and all you're Sunday clothes. How you look! Folks won't get through talking for a year! Ellejenette, you speak to him!" Ellejenette shelled peas.

Ellejenette shelled peas.
"I should think you'd be ashamed!
All the Farnhans' city boarders will
be there. Go get your other boots
on! You sha'n't behave so! You

John was in the wagon, rolling smoothly over the grass and out into the dusty road. As he passed Elle jenette an early summer apple spur apple spun across the short, crisp growth and stopped at her feet. As she picked up the gift she saw John's eyes twinkle, and she nodded her thanks.

"I do declare!" Mrs. Sylvester be-n to whimper, coming back to her gan to whimper, coming back to her seat and dealing the kitten, who had been playing cat's cradle with the yarn, a hearty slap. "Seems as if

John Sylvester came up from the field where he had been working and went into the barn chamber which he had occupied since his second cousin, Ellejenette, had come to live with him and his mother in the fiveroomed farm house.

"Oddie! Oddie!" called his mother, as he crossed the path which led to the kitchen porch.

He neither answered nor looked at her, and disappeared within the shadow of the great barn door.

"What's he come up to the house for. Ellejenette, do you know?"
Ellejenette signified that she did suit and them old wool boots! Oh, dear, oh, dear! Old folks might as well die as soon as their children are grown up

as soon as their children are grown up to do as they've a mind to!"
"Aunt Charlotte," said Ellejenette with a now-or-never feeling, for she had long ago resolved to make this remark to her aunt when she had an opportunity, "don't you think John would be more communicative sometimes if you didn't irritate him at first off by calling him that net off by calling him that—that pet name?"

Elle enette considered Oddie an thing but a pet name, but she thought

she would put it this way.

"Land alive, child, I've always called him Oddie. He always was odd; he's odd now,going to a wedding with wool boots on—wool boots!" and the song continued with variations throughout the afternoon, till even patient Ellejenette was delighted when 5 o'clock came and she might make a move toward preparing the evening meal.

John returned, but Ellejenette did not hear him, as she sang and worked in the roomy kitchen. The first she knew of his arrival was when he passed through to the milk room.
"Time to milk before supper?" he

asked, co ning out with the milk pails on his arm. He had resumed his working clothes, and still the wool boots were in evidence.

"I guess so," said Ellejenette, peep-

"I guess so," said Ellejenette, peeping surreptitiously through a crack of the oven door at her johnny cake.
"But hurry up."
Instead of hastening he stood looking at the young girl, and Ellejenette added: "Was the wedding a nice one? Did you have a good time?"
"Wedding! What wedding?" said he. "I haven't heep to any wedding."

one? Did you have a good time? "Wedding! What wedding?" said he. "I haven't been to any wedding," and went out with the milk pails making a little clink, clink as he strode

own the path.

Ellejenette found herself wondering as to his absence, and mentally shook herself for so doing. "I'm getting as bad as Aunt Charlotte," she said to herself. "I'm bound I won't be so herself. "I'm bound I won't be so herself." inquisitive, if it kills me," and she tied on her sun hat and went out to the strawberry bed, picking straw-berries until John came with the milk.

"I've got something nicer than you have," she called to him, showing her rosy treasures.

He pretended to clutch a handful,

and she ran before him into the house. He looked at her with animation as she sped. Ellejenette had a snub sne sped. Ellejenette had a snub nose and a wide mouth, but John did not know it; he saw only a pretty smile and a creamy skin, and thought Ellejenette was a beauty. He loved her because she always called him John. Ellejenette did not know that John had sandy heir and was taken to be shed sandy heir and was taken. John had sandy hair and was too broad for his height; she saw only two bright blue eyes and a candid, heartsome look. She remembered with joy that he sometimes called her Ellie. These two were on the way to becoming engaged, but neither of them yet

Ellejenette flitted blithely about the supper table. First of all she made Mrs. Sylvester comfortable, with her cricket under her feet, her shawl on the back of her chair and her "eating glasses" (in contradistinction to her. "reading glasses") in readiness by the side of her plate. Ellejenette passed

John his cup of tea next. "Did you look in this?" inquired by "Because if you did you need't pass the sugar.'

"No, I was afraid I should turn the milk," said she; and at this truly choice wit both laughed. But not so Mrs. Sylvester; the maid was yet un-born who could make Aunt Charlotte laugh when she was brooding over

"Did you go to the wedding, Oddie?" said she.

said she.

"No, ma'am," said John.

"Well, then, where did you go?"

"Oh—up in town, to the postoffice—and here's a letter for you—I most forgot it."

Mrs. Sylvester took her letter with

rapturous welcome. She seldom re-ceived one. This was a collection of circulars, detailing the miraculous cures wrought by a patent medicine, and containing portra ts and letters of individuals who had used the remedy it entertained Mrs. Sylvester the whole evening, and she went to bed happy, announcing that she would

buy a bottle the first time she went to

buy a bottle the first time she went te the store.

Unwearied as ever, Mrs. Sylvester commenced early in the morning on the undying subject of John's attendance at the Farnham wedding. She asked what pew he sat in; the number and names of the attendants. She begged for the items of the bride's dress and the bridegroom's behavior. She made a requisition for detailed information regarding the wedding supper.

"Why don't you tell her you were not there, John?" said Ellejenette boldly. "Don't tease your mother." John laughed good humoredly, and hostilities we're ended for the moment by the arrival of a neighbor on some by the arrival of a neighbor on some farm business. But Ellie-inette's re-solve not to grow so inquisitive as Aunt Charlotte was put to a severe test. It was so strange, she thought, to see John dressed up in those nice to see John dressed up in those nice clothes of his, which he hardly ever wore to the village to do errands, and yet keeping on those coarse, heavy wool boots, shabby with farm work. She could not put it out of her mind, mainly because Mrs. Sylvester dwelt on it so long and persistently. If John was not at the wedding, where was he? And loyal Ellejenette knew he was not at the wedding, because he said he was not, and John always spoke the truth.

Days passed at the farmhouse, as they do everywhere, filled with the

they do everywhere, filled with the trifles of work and play which make up human existence. Neighbors called and satisfied Mrs. Sylvester's thirst for knowledge concerning the wedding; they assured her John was not present. Ellejenette kept the houseled hymping secettle. not present. Ellejenette kept the household running smoothly. One moonlight evening John, smok-

ing on the porch, spoke through the open window to Ellejenette inside. "Have you seen how this moon-flower vine lights up in the evening?"

"Now, Oddie, don't you call her out there. She'll catch cold," fretted Mrs. Sylvester. But Ellejeuette had already passed through the door. She turned to gc in again. John caught her hand and

gently pushed her into a seat.
"I thought I'd tell you where I was the other day," he said, throwing away his cigar and producing a packet from his pocket. "I only went, to sit from his pocket. "I only went to sit for some pictures. You asked me to, you know. My boots didn't take. I didn't go to the wedding. I shan't go to any wedding until I go to my own, and I shan't go to that one unless you'll go, too. Will you, Ellie?"

His arm slipped about her waist; his rough cheek pressed her soft one; their lins met

their lips met.

"Oddie! Oddie! What are you doing out there?" arose the shrill, tremulous voice of his mother.

John turned and looked through the window. She saw his happy face and the dim outline of Elle enette be-hind him. For once in his life John answered his mother without hesita-

"I am courting Ellie," he said. -Springfield Republican.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

An ingenious person residing at Little Rock, Ark., has patented an in-fla'able boat. One gets into it, sits down, fastens a sheet of rubber about his waist and blows the thing up. This done, nothing can sink it. The craft, moreover, may be adapted for the use of two or more occupants if

A woman handles the mails in the smallest postoffice building in the United States. It is in San Diego county, Cal., between San Diego and Escondido. The structure began its career as a piano box, and is six feet high. There are tive private boxes on one side fastened by Yale locks, and two stages stop daily to take and de-

A strange fatality was noticed among the turkey flocks in Utica township, Indiana, and a post-mortem was had over the body of a fine gobbler which suddenly succumbed. When the fowl's threat was out own, it was not over it. throat was cut open it was found to contain a live bug which resembled the old-fashioned pinching bug. It had caught the gobbler by the windpipe and choked the fowl to death. cause.

A freakish rainstorm was witnessed one afternoon recently by Philadelphiaus. On the west side of Broad street, between Vine and Spring Garden streets, people had their umbrellas up, while on the east side not a den streets, people hat their ambre-las up, while on the east side not a drop of rain fell. The dividing line of the shower was the middle of the street, the mark being as straight as if made with a rule. Had it not been if made with a rule. Had it not been for the city ordinance governing bicycle riders on Broad street, the unfor tunate "bikers" who were caught in the rain could have crossed over and While they ridden on the dry side. While they had to take the wetting the pedestrians who were without umbrellas hurried over to where the rain fell not.

A remarkable pebble, which was picked up somewhere in Egypt, that land of dark mysteries, is in the possession of a well-known lapidist in Philadelphia. The stone is translucent, and at a casual glance looks like cent, and at a casual glance looks like an ordinary seashore pebble. It is about half the size of a walnut and oval in shape. When the stone is held to the light its remarkable peculiarity is beheld. Inside is a drop of water that circles about the interior. How it ever got there is a mystery that nature alone could solve. The surface of the stone is refeat but there nature alone could solve. The surface of the stone is perfect, but there is no doubt of the hollow interior. The pebble is only interesting as a curiosity, but many wealthy institutions have offered good round sums of money for it.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED

Subject: A Heavenly Guard-Mission the Angels—Have Much to Do With the Every-day Affairs of Life—A Guard-ian Angel For Every One. [Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.]

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.]

WASERHETON, D. C.—The brilliant beings supposed by some to be imaginary are by Dr. Talmage in this sermon shown to be real and to have much to do with our every-day life. The text is, Judges xill., 19, "And the angel did wondrously."

Fire built on a rock. Manoah and his wife had there kindled the fames for sacrifice in the praise of God and in honor of a guest whom they supposed to be a man. But as the fame rose higher and higher their stranger guest stepped into the flame and by one red leap ascended into the skies. Then they knew that he was an angel of the Lord. "The angel did wondrously."

Two hundred and forty-eight times does

drously."
Two hundred and forty-eight times does the Bible refer to the angels, yet I never heard or read a sermon on angelology. The whole subject is relegated to the realm mythical, weird, spectral and unknown. Such adjournment is un-Scriptural and wicked. Of their life, their character, their habits, their actions, their velocities, the Bible gives us full length portraits, and why this prolonged and absolute slience concerning them? Angelology is my theme.

the Bible gives us full length portraits, and why this prolonged and absolute silence concerning them? Angelology is my theme.

There are two nations of angels, and they are hostile to each other—the nation of good angels and the nation of bad angels. Of the former I chiefly speak today. Their capital, their headquarters, their grand rendezvous, is heaven, but their empire is the universe. They are a distinct race of creatures. No human being can ever join their confracterity. The little child who in the Sabbath school sings, "I want to be an angel," will never have her wish gratified. They are superhuman, but they are of different grades and ranks, not all on the same level or the same height. They have their superiors and inferiors and equals. I propose no guessing on this subject, but take the Bible for my only authority. Plato, the philosopher, guessed and divided angels into supercelestial, celestial and subcelestial. Dionysius, the Areopagite, guessed and divided them into three classes, the supreme, the middle and the last, and each of these into three other classes, the supreme, the middle and the last, and each of these into three other classes, making nine in all. Philo said that the angels were related to God, as the rays to the sun. Fulgentius said that they were composed of body and spirit. Clement said they were incorporeal. Augustine said that they had been in danger of falling, but now are beyond being tempted. But the only authority on this surject that I respect says they are divided into cherubim, seraphim, thrones, dominations, principalities, powers. Their commander in chief is Michael. Daniel called him Michael. St. John called him Michael. These supernal beings are more thoroughly organized than any army that ever marched. They are swifter than any evolone that ever swept the sea. They are more radiant than any morning that ever came down the sky. They have more to do with your destiny and mine than any being in the universe except God. May the angel of the New Covenant, who is the Lord J

deathlessness, their intelligence, their numbers, their strength, their achievements.

Yes, deathless, They had a cradle, but will never have a grave. The Lord remembers when they were born, but no one shall ever see their eye extinguished or their momentum slow up or their existence terminate. The oldest of them has not a wrinkle or a decrepitude or a hindrance, as young after 6000 years as at the close of their first hour. Christ said of the good in heaven, "Neither can they die any more, for they are equal to the angels." Yes, deathless are these wonderful creatures of whom I speak. They will see world after world go out, but there shall be no fading of their own brilliance. Yea, after the last world has taken its last flight they will be ready for the widest circuit through Immensity, taking a quadrillion of miles in one sweep as ensy as a pigeon circles a dovecot. They are never sick. They are never exhausted. They need no sieep, for they are never tired. At God's command they smote with death in one night 185,000 of Sennacherib's host, but no fatality can smite them. Awake, agile, multipotent, deathless, immortai!

A further characteristic of these radiant folk is intelligence. The woman of Tekoah was right when she pooke to King David of the wisdom of an angel. We mortals take in what little we know through eye and ear and nostril and touch, but those beings have no physical encasement, and hence they are all senses. A wall five feet thick

in what little we know through eye and ear and nostril and fouch, but those beings have no physical encasement, and hence they are all senses. A wall five feet thick is not solid to them. Through it they go without disturbing flake of mortar or crystal of sand. Knowledge! It flashes on them. They take it in at all points. They absorb it. They gather it up without any hinderment. No need of literature for them. The letters of their books are stars. The dashes of their books are meteors. The words of their books are meteors. The paragraphs of their books are galaxies. The pictures of their books are sunrises and sunsets and midnight auroras and the Conqueror on the white horse with the moon under his feet. Their library is an open universe. No need of telescope to see something millions of miles away, for instantly they are there to inspect and explore it. All astronomies, all geologies, all botanies, all philosophies, at their feet. What ca opportunity for intelligence is theirs! What facilities for knowing everything and knowing it right away!

There is only one thing that puts them to their wits' end, and the Bilble says they

what an opportunity for intelligence is theirs! What facilities for knowing everything and knowing it right away!
There is only one thing that puts them to their wits' end, and the Bible says they have to study that. They have been studying it all through the ages, and yet I warrant they have not failty grasped it—the wonders of redemption. These wonders are so high, so deep, so grand, so stupendous, so magnificent, that even the intelligence of angelizod is confounded before it The apostle says. "Which things the angels desire to look into." That is a subject that excites inquisitiveness on their part. That is a theme that strains their faculties to the utmost. That is higher than they can climb, deeper than they can dive. They have a desire for something too big for their comprehension. "Which things the angels desire to look into." But that does not discredit their intelligence. No one but God Himself can fully understand the wonders of redemption. If all heaven should study it for fifty eternities, they would get no further than the L B C of that inexhaustible subject. But nearly all other realms of knowledge they have ransacked and explored and compassed. No one but God can tell them anything they do not know. They have read to the last word of the last line of the last page of the last volume of investigation, and what delights me most is that all their intelligence is to be at our disposal, and, coming into their presence, they will tell us in five minutes more than we can learn by 100 years of earthly surmising.

A further characteristic of these immor-

Instantly have 60,000 angels present if he called for them.

What foot of entelope or wing of albatroes could equal that velocity? Law of gravitation, which grips all things else, has no influence upon angelle momentum. Immensities before them open and shut like a fan. That they are here is no reason why they should not be a quintillion of miles hence the next minute. Our hodies hinder us, but our minds can circle the earth in a minute. Angelle beings are bodiless and have no limitation. God may with his finger point down to some world in trouble on the outmost limits of creation, and instantly an angelle cohort is there to help it, or some celestial may be standing at the farthermost outpost of immensity, and God may say "Gome!" and instantly it is in His bosom. Abraham, Elijah, Hagar, Joshun, Gideon, Manoah, Paul, St. John, could tell of their unbindered locomotion. The red feet of summer lightning are slow compared with their hegiras.

Another remark I have to make concerning these illustrious immortals is that they are multitudinous. The reen-us has never been taken, and no one but God knows how many they are, but all the Bible accounts suggest their immense numbers—companies of them, reglients of them, armies of them, armies of them, armies of them, and the throne as ten thousand times ten thousand in set to thousand. Now according to my calculation, ten thousand times ten thousand are 100,-000,000. But these are only the angels in one place. David counted 20,000 of them rolling down the sky in chariots. When God came away from the riven rocks of Mount Sinai, the Bible says Ho had the companionship of 10,000 angels. I think they are in every battle, in every exigency, at every firth, at every pillow, at every hour, at every moment, the earth full of them, the heavens full of them.

They outnumber the human race in this world. They outnumber ransomed spirits in glory. When Abraham had his knife upilited to slay Isaac, it was an angel that thous of them, and an angel that fed Elijah under the juniper tree. I

them, squadrons of them, host beyond host, rank above rank, millions on millions, and all on our side if we will have them!

This leads me to speak of the offices of these supernals. To defend, to cheer, to rescue, to escort, to give victory to the right and overthrow the wrong—that is their business—just as alert to-day and efficient as when in Bible times they spread wing or unsheathed sword or rocked dowr penitentiaries or filled the mountains with horses of fire hitched to chariots of fire and cirven by reinsmen of fire. They have turned your steps a hundred times, and you know it not. You were on the way to do some wrong thing, and they changed your course. They brought some thought of Christian parentage or of loyalty to your own home, and that arrested you They arranged that some one should mee you at that crisis and propose something honorable and elevating, or they tool from your pocket some ticket to evidence amusement, a ticket that you never found it was an angel of God, and perhaps the very one that guided you to this service and that now waits to report some holy impression to be made upon your soul, tarrying with one foot upor the doorstep of your immortal spirit and the other foot ilited for ascent into the skies. By some prayer detain him until he can tell you of a repentant and ransomed soul! Or you were some time borne down with trouble, be reavement, persecution, bankruptcy, sick ness and all manner of troubles beating their discords in your heart and life. You gave up. You said: "I cannot stand it any longer. I believe I will take my life Where is the rail train or the deep wave of the precipice that will end this torment of earthly existence?" But suddenly you into your heart like oceanic tides. Yot said, "God is on my side, and all these ad versities He can make turn out for my good." Suddenly you felt a peace, a deep peace, the peace of God that passeth all understanding. What made the change! A sweet and mighty comforting angel of the Lord metaphete and heart has given to the Lord metap

against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against the rulers of the darkness of this world against spiritual wickedness in higt places." In that awful flight may God soud us mighty angelie re-enforcement! We want all their wings on our side, all their swords on our side, all their courside. Thank God that those who are for us ar

If all heaven should study it for fifty elemities, they would get no further than the A B C of that inexhaustible subject. But nearly all other realms of knowledge they have ransacked and explored and compassed. No one but God can tell them anything they do not know. They have read to the last word of the last illes of the last yould not compassed. No one but God can tell them anything they do not know. They have read to the last word of the last illes of the last yould not compassed. No one but God can tell them anything they do not know. They have read to the last word of the last illes of the last yould not compassed. No one but God can tell them anything they do not know. They have read to the last word of the last line of the last page of the last volume of investigation, and what delights me most is that I their intelligence is to be a tour disposal, and, coming lato their presence, they will tell us in five minutes more than we can learn by 100 years of earthly surmising.

A further characteristic of these immortals is their velocity. This the Bible puts sometimes under the figure of wings, someti

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Blossom on His Beak—"lesuit of the Policy of Restricting Rum Shops to a Small Section of Minneapolis—An Ex-periment That Promises Well.

He can tell you what the time is at the Sunday Islands when
The clock is striking 9 at Liverpool;
He can give you all the facts concerning
Cortez and his men,
He was always taking medals when at school.

His clothes are old and torn. And his manner is forlorn,
He says that life's a failure at the best;
Once the brightest boy in town,
He is ragged now and down,
And a hopeless heart is beating in his
breast.

He can quote you scenes from Timon, he is full of ancient lore;
He can name the constellations in the sky;
He can tell you just how far it is from here to Singapore,
How all the wars were waged and when and why.

—But—

and why.

—But—
In spite of all he knows
He is full of wants and woes,
He finds the world a cold and cruel place,
And he drags along the street
As if weights were on his feet,
And something more than Time has marred
his face.

He can talk on any subject with a glibness that is fine;
Ask for dates and he will tell them right

Ask for dates and ne whiten them 1.5.2.2

away;
His memory is marvelous, in fact, it is "a mine
Of useful information," so they say.

—But—

His clothes are old and torn,
And his manner is forlorn—
There's a blossom brightly blooming on his beak!
Once the brightest boy in town,
He is ragged now and down,
With a dirty growth of stubbles on his cheek.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald,

Suggestive Experience.

Suggestive Experience.

Fifteen years age Minneapolis adopted the policy of restricting liquor saloons to a small and defined section of the city. This system has worked so well in Minneapolis that other western cities are moving toward its adoption.

In 1884 under the lead of George A. Peabody, then Mayor, an ordinance was adoption.

body, then Mayor, an ordinance was adopted in Minneapolis which confined the saloons to a district in the business quarter equal to one-twelfth the entire area of the city.

At the time this ordinance was adopted Minneapolis had a population of about 50,-000 and 536 saloons, or one to every ninety-five record.

At the time this ordinance was adopted Minneapolis had a population of about 50,000 and 536 saloons, or one to every ninety-five people.

The saloons were scattered all over the city. They paid a license of \$100 each, making the city's income from this source \$55,600.

The Peabody ordinance has worked wonderful changes. The poulation of Minneapolis is now estimated at 240,000, and there are 330 saloons against 535 when the city had only 50,000 population, or one to every 737 people instead of one to every innety-five.

The license has been increased from \$100 to \$1000, and the city receives a revenue of \$330,000 from its saloons instead of the \$56,000 it received under low license.

The area from which the saloons are excluded is patrolled by twenty-eight policemen, whils the saloon district is patrolled by 147 policemen. That is, more than five times as many officers are required for the one-twelfth of the city in which saloons exist as for the remaining eleven-twelfths. Illegitimate selling in the prohibited area takes place to some extent, but the arrests in that area due to liquor do not average above two a week, and the licensed saloon-keepers are interested in suppressing the illegal trade. The general retail business of the city has been edging away from the "open" district, and to-day much of it is carried on in streets beyond the "dead line." Property seems also to have increased in value in certain quarters owing to the disappearance of the saloons, and such localities are preferred for residential purposes.

The experience of Minneapolis is like that of every other city which has made a similar experience, it has been clearly demonstrated that high license and the restriction of saloons to the business quarter of a city are necessary to the proper regulation of the liquor traffic.

Intemperance an Obstac'e.

Mr. William Hopkins of Boston deliv-

Intemperance an Obstac'e.

Intemperance an Obstac'e.

Mr. William Hopkins of Boston delivered an address on "Charity—A Field for Young Men" before the annual convention of the Catholle Voung Men's National Union, held in Newark, N. J., recently, in the course of which he said:

"The evil of intemperance is 5the mest fearful obstacle for charity workers to batten against. Moral sussion is perhaps the most powerful influence upon the unfortunate debauchee; and as I wrote this paper only last week the Massachusetts total abstinence society at its monthly meeting advocated semi-annual parades to impress the youth of our city with the beauty of right living and the wisdom of abstemiousness; but," he added, "iet us be temperate in all things, temperate not only in our food and frink, but tolerant also in our opinion of others and considerate of our neighbor's point of view."

Unloading Drun

Unloading Drunks.

One of the better temperance lessons can be learned at the South Ferry station of the elevated roads late Saturday evening. Between 10 and 11 o'clock the incoming trains are laden with home-going Staten Islanders, and it is one of the unpleasant duties of the station men and guards to remove the "drunks" from the cars. Men in a beastly state of intoxication are pleked up by bead and legs and toted out to be dropped on the platform as if they were so much trash. The employes of the road act with amazing gentieness, their faces usually broadly grinning as one after another sot is delivered f. o. b. But it is a sight to turn a young man from liquor if he has any sort of soul in him.—New York Press.

The American home will be in danger as long as the American saloon is allowed to remain.

As "no drunkard shall enter the king-dom of Heaven," drunkard makers—liquor sellers and license voters—are recruiting agents for the pit.

The daily papers report another riot at Honolulu involving over 100 drunken American soldiers, ashore from a transport bound for Manila.

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During the past year there have been forty-three murders in San Francisco and 158 suicides. This is a fearful record and can largely be traced to the liquor curse.

When a man contempates murder he fortifies himself with liquor.

You may differ as to the methed of abolyishing the saloon, but he sure that the way you vote does not please the Sulconia Derand give him the protection that he asks.

Navar in the history of this or, any other

Never in the history of this or any other republic did an organization of iniquitous greed dely a government of the people as does the American liquor power of to-day. It is not in the United States alone that the question of alcoholism troubles those who think seriously of the welfare, the health and the strength of the young population. Germany has now failen in line, and a leader in the movement against excess is the rector of the University of Bonn, Herr Koester.