

WEARYIN' FOR YOU.

Jes' a-wearyin' for you— All the time a feelin' blue; Wishin' for you—wonderin' when You'll be comin' home again, You'll be comin' home Restless—don't know what to do— Jes' a-wearyin' for you!

Room's so lonesome with your chair, Empty by the fireplace there; Jes' can't stand the sight of it! You do doors an' room a bit; But the words is lonesome, too— Jes' a-wearyin' for you!

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Business Arrangement.

There was a dead silence as the lawyer's clear official tones ceased and he glanced round at the company assembled in the spacious library—an ominous silence, the calm before the storm; and in another moment the storm burst.

"It is abominable!" cried Lady Adeline Carruthers, with a fierce energy that accorded ill with her handsome mourning robes. "The will must be contested; Lord Mountathol was certainly mad when he made it."

"You would find it impossible to prove that assertion, Lady Adeline," said the lawyer coldly. "We will grant that the late Lord Mountathol was eccentric, but he was as sane as you or I; and as there is no direct heir, he had a perfect right to leave his personal property as he wished."

"And he has left it to his secretary and his typewriter, on a condition that was doubtless arranged beforehand. A pretty state of affairs!" cried Lady Adeline furiously.

A girl neatly but plainly dressed in black, who had been sitting in a distant corner, listening with a pale, distressed face while the curious will was read, started up at these words and confronted the irate matron. She was a very pretty girl, evidently a lady. The color had fled from her cheeks and lips, and her big gray eyes were full of tears; but she held her slight figure proudly erect and spoke distinctly, though her voice was tremulous with indignation.

"You are wrong, Lady Adeline! The condition was not arranged beforehand, and it will never be fulfilled!"

"Indeed!" sneered Lady Adeline, with a glance of withering contempt. "And pray, what does the other interested person say? Is Mr.—er—Trevelyan also willing to let this superb legacy lapse to the crown?"

Everyone except the poor agitated girl turned expectantly toward the secretary, Ralph Trevelyan, who stood near Mr. Denton, but his fine face wore an inscrutable expression.

"The terms of the will have surprised me as much as anyone, but I think it will be better to discuss the matter in private," he said, calmly. "Do you agree with me, Mr. Denton?"

"Certainly, certainly," answered the lawyer. "There is no hurry; you have six months in which to make up your minds."

"Mine is made up," murmured Eva Withers, who was making brave efforts to restrain her tears. "Mr. Denton, I don't think my presence is required here any longer."

Bowing slightly to the lawyer, and ignoring Lady Adeline, Eva walked to the door. Ralph Trevelyan sprang forward to open it, and looked at her eagerly, earnestly; but she passed him with averted face.

A minute or two afterward Lady Adeline and the others departed, the former tossing her head indignantly and enunciating disjointed remarks concerning "scheming upstarts" and "doting old fools," while the rest of the company discussed in subdued tones the strange freak that had led the late Lord Mountathol to leave ten thousand a year to his secretary, Ralph Trevelyan, and his typewriter, Eva Withers, on the sole condition that they become man and wife within six months of the testator's decease.

Mr. Denton had a brief consultation with Ralph Trevelyan, and then he sent a message by a servant asking Miss Withers if she was able to see him. She received him in the pretty sitting room that had been hers since she entered the service of her late employer.

"Dear Mr. Denton, this is terrible," Eva said, as she rose to meet the lawyer. "Lord Mountathol was always like a father to me. I'm sure he loved me as a daughter! What could have induced him to lay this—this humiliation on me?"

"I don't quite see where the humiliation comes in, my dear young lady," responded the lawyer, with a kindly twinkle in his eyes. "If Lord Mountathol loved you as a daughter—and he did—he loved Ralph Trevelyan as a son. Latterly it was the dearest wish of his life that you two might be married. Now come, my dear Miss Withers, think it over quietly. I have known Ralph Trevelyan since he was a boy, and know him for a true gentleman in every sense of the word, a worthy descendant of an ancient and honorable line, a husband any woman might be proud of; while, on the other hand—well, I can only say that if I had been Ralph's age I should have envied his good fortune—the personal, not the financial, part of it," he concluded with a gallant little bow.

The ghost of a smile flitted over Eva's face.

"Ah, you would have been different, Mr. Denton," she said graciously. "But my mind is made up; I will have nothing to do with this scheme—it is hateful to me."

"Well, well," rejoined Denton good-humoredly, "I'm not going to try to influence you in any way; after all, it rests between the two of you. But I think you ought to give Mr. Trevelyan an opportunity of—shall we say, stating his view of the case?"

Eva hesitated for a moment and then answered, "You are right, I

will see him now, if you will send him to me. The sooner it is over the better."

Left alone, Eva paced the room restlessly.

"I will not be bought and sold like a bale of goods," she murmured passionately. "If he had cared for me it would have been so different—but now—"

She paused by the window and stood looking out with affected nonchalance as Ralph Trevelyan entered the room. He advanced as far as the table and then stopped, looking at the slight figure standing so haughtily aloof, and the defiant poise of the shapely head.

"This is a very ridiculous and embarrassing affair," Eva said coldly, finding that she was expected to speak first; but she did not turn her head, and the remark really might have been addressed to the birds outside.

"Embarrassing? Yes," he assented lamely.

"You heard my decision in the library just now?" Eva continued, still addressing herself to the windowpane. "It is impossible that the condition can be fulfilled."

A spasm of pain crossed his handsome face, but his voice was calm and steady as he replied:

"Yes, it seems rather impossible, but is it not a pity that Lord Mountathol's generous intention should be frustrated—that practically no one should benefit by this magnificent bequest?"

Eva turned at last and faced him with flashing eyes.

"What do you mean?" she demanded haughtily.

He drew a step nearer to her and spoke earnestly and impressively.

"Miss Withers, you, like myself, know what poverty is. You have told me what your life was before you obtained the position our late benefactor offered you. Are you willing to return to that life? To sit at a desk all day and go home at night to a lonely, cheerless room?—perhaps to want work and not know where your next meal was to come from? Pardon me if I speak plainly; you know I speak truth."

"Yes, I know, but I say again I would rather—a thousand times rather—go back to that wretched life. I would rather starve than fulfil the conditions of this hateful will!"

"But you forget," he persisted. "You are not the only person concerned. I am equally interested in the matter."

"You!"

Most men would have winced under the scorn, the utter contempt conveyed in the monosyllable, but Ralph Trevelyan met her glance steadily. His face was pale and sad, but it expressed no shame.

"I propose that we should fulfill the terms of the will—no, pray hear me out—as a mere business arrangement. If you will honor me by going through the marriage ceremony with me I swear to relieve you of my hateful presence that hour. Instead of earning a precarious pound a week you will be absolute mistress of five thousand a year. Think what that means, Miss Withers, ere you give your decision. Think of the good you can do to others with such means at your disposal before you come to a hasty decision."

He had touched the right spot. During the last minute or so Eva had been sweeping up and down the room with the mien of an outraged queen, endeavoring to master her almost uncontrollable indignation.

She paused again at her former post at the window and remained for a minute in silence.

"Very well," she said at last in a hard, constrained voice. "I accept your terms, Mr. Trevelyan. The details can be arranged at leisure, I presume?—I—I need not detain you any longer."

She bent that haughty little head ever so slightly, and taking this as a sign of dismissal, he went sadly away, whereupon Eva sank down on the window seat and cried as though her heart would break.

The business arrangement was concluded in due course at a registrar's office, for both bride and bridegroom tacitly shrank from the mockery of a religious ceremony.

Eva maintained her attitude of proud reserve, and parted from her husband—in name only—without betraying the slightest emotion. Soon afterward she went abroad under the chaperonage of a widowed gentleman, a friend of her early poverty-stricken days. They traveled on the continent for some time; then, as winter came on, they drifted to Madeira, and from thence Eva decided to take a trip to the Cape.

"And I shall assume my own name," she said to her complacent companion, to whom her word was law. "If I have to be Mrs. Trevelyan in Europe I shall be Eva Withers in Africa."

Of Ralph Trevelyan she had seen nothing since the morning when they parted at the registrar's office.

On one delicious evening in November she sat on the veranda of the Grand hotel at Port Elizabeth, gazing wistfully out over the sea. She was alone, for Mrs. Mathison, a enjoy-

ing a post-prandial nap in the drawing room.

She did not perceive a tall figure approaching her in the moonlight, and started when the newcomer, Colonel Lennox, a recent arrival at the hotel, had halted beside her chair and spoke to her.

"A delightful night, isn't it, Miss Withers? I don't know who would win in England when they could come out here to this sort of thing."

Eva murmured something polite and innocent, for the colonel was a grizzled old veteran, and did not interest her particularly.

"There's no accounting for tastes," continued the colonel cheerfully. "Now, I know a fellow who might have come out with me, but who prefers to work himself to death in London. Ralph Trevelyan always was an obstinate young dog."

"Ralph Trevelyan?" gasped Eva.

"Yes, do you know him?"

"I know his name," she murmured.

"Ah, possibly you have heard the story about him; most ladies love a bit of romance. No? Well, Ralph Trevelyan—may I smoke? Thanks!—as I was saying, Trevelyan—he's the son of my best friend, God bless him; he was shot down by my side at—"

"Yes, yes," Eva interrupted urgently; "but what about—oh, you said he was working himself to death."

"Ralph? Well, yes, something like it. You see, after he took his degree at Oxford he became secretary to an eccentric old nobleman, who died and left him a pot of money on condition he married a little typewriting girl and shared the spoil with her."

"Well?" breathed Eva.

"The girl hated him, though he's a decent lad enough; but lad—well, well, we won't go into that—anyhow, Ralph persuaded her to go through a form of marriage, promising to take himself off immediately afterward. So the girl went gayly off with her fine income, but Ralph refused to touch a penny of his. He is now living in wretched rooms in a poky street off the Strand, 48 Strand Street, top floor, poor beggar, trying to keep body and soul together by doing literary work. You see, he acted entirely in the girl's interest throughout, and this is where the romantic part comes in—he was in love with her all the time, and is breaking his heart about it. Good heavens! are you ill, Miss Withers?"

"No, no, only I—I must go in. It's—it's getting cold."

"Well, shall I see you in the morning to arrange the picnic to Emerald Hill?"

"No, I—I'm afraid I shan't be able to go. We—we start for England tomorrow. Good night, Colonel Lennox."

And the agitated girl went in, while the colonel chuckled audibly as he lighted a fresh cigar.

"That's the girl, right enough; I felt sure of it. Now I hope the young fools will leave off playing at cross purposes, and take the goods the gods provide."

"Fog and frost—ugh! the regular London Christmas," murmured Ralph Trevelyan with a shiver as he looked at the window, obscured from without as with a murky yellow curtain, and then, turning to the table, drew a manuscript wearily toward him.

"Come in," he cried, in response to a timid knock. "Well, what is it?"

He turned his head and then started up with a cry.

"Eva! No, it cannot be!"

"Yes, yes indeed," murmured the girl, who came toward him with outstretched hands. "It is I, Ralph, dear Ralph, I have been so unhappy. I never knew—I never dreamed until Colonel Lennox told me, and then I came to find you. Ralph, is it true? Do you—do you love me?"

He took the beseeching hands in his and drew her to him.

"I have loved you all the time," he said hoarsely. "And you—"

"And I've loved you," she sobbed; "only I thought you didn't care, and I was so angry, so ashamed—"

But Ralph stopped the confession in an eminently satisfactory manner.

"And we'll go back to the Cape for our honeymoon, and find the dear old colonel; I'll tell him all about it, won't we, Ralph?" said Eva some half hour afterward.

"So we will, darling; but what about my publisher?"

"Oh, bother your publisher; you'll have to disappoint him. After all, there's nothing between you but—well, just a business arrangement!"

Collateral for Car Fare.

An amusing incident happened on an Indiana-avenue street car recently. The car was going south, attached to the Cottage Grove cable. At Van Buren street a big, portly woman got aboard. On her arm she carried a large market basket that apparently was filled with "bargain" purchases from some department store. Three minutes after she had sat down and deposited the basket between her feet on the floor, the conductor came along with the usual cry: "Fare, please!"

The old lady opened her purse and began rummaging through its various pockets for a nickel. Again and again she went through it, but no change was to be found. Then she turned to the conductor and said:

"I was sure I had saved car fare, but I cannot find it. I live at the end of your line, and will pay you then."

"That won't do; must have your fare now," said the fare collector.

"Well, I haven't the money."

"Well, give me something the value of a nickel and you can redeem it at the end of the line."

The old lady hesitated a moment, then put her hand down into the basket and drew out a bar of laundry soap and handed it to him.

Everybody in the car laughed, but the conductor took the soap and rang up her fare.—Chicago News.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: Cradle of Christ—Shadows and Sunshine on That Lowly Bed—The Story of the Incarnation Told in a New Way—Uses of the Festival.

(Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1891.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The story of the incarnation is here told by Dr. Talmage in a new way, and practical use is made of these days of festivity; text, Matthew, I, 17, "So all the generations from Abraham to David are fourteen generations, and from David until the carrying away into Babylon are fourteen generations, and from the carrying away into Babylon unto Christ are fourteen generations."

From what many consider the dull and most unimportant chapter of the New Testament I take my text and find it full of practical starting points for the earnest. The chapter is the front door of the New Testament, through which all the splendors of evangelism and apostolicity enter. Three times fourteen generations are spoken of—the first is, forty-two generations—reaching down to Christ. They all had relation to Him, and at least forty-two generations past affect us. If they were good, we feel the result of the goodness; if they were bad, we feel the result of their wickedness. It is an interesting influence that puts its mighty hand upon us. And as we feel the effect of at least forty-two generations past we will return influence at least forty-two generations to come, if the world shall last a thousand years. So you see, the cradle is more important than the grave.

I propose to show you some of the shadows upon the Christ's cradle of Bethlehem and the sunshine that no light can be on the pillow of straw. Notice among the shadows on that infant's bed that there was here and there a specimen of dissolute ancestry. Beautiful Ruth His ancestress? Or honest men and good women? Oh, yes! Honest Joseph His forefather? Oh, yes! Holy Mary His Mother? Oh, yes! But in that genealogical table were idolatrous and cruel Ammon and oppressive Reboham and some man whose abominable and gloomy Christ forefathers were. One of the most consecrated men I ever knew was the son of a man who lived and died a blasphemer. In the line of an oppressive Reboham came a gracious and merciful and glorious Christ. Great encouragement for those who had in the forty-two generations that preceded them, however close by or however far back, some instances of pernicious and baleful ancestry.

To my amazement, I found in those parts of Australia to which many years ago felons were transported from England that the percentage of crime was less than in those parts of Australia originally settled by convicts. Herod was a man of law who are now on judicial benches in Australia, and in high governmental positions, and in learned and useful professions, and leaders in social life, are the grandsons and great-grandsons of men and women who were exiled from Great Britain to Australia for arson and theft and assault and fraud and murder. So you see it is possible for the descendants of those who do wrong to do right.

Herod was a man of law, and he carefully your family records. The old place for the family record in the Bible, between the Old and New Testaments, is a most appropriate place. That record, put in such impressive surroundings of chapter, bounded on one side by the prophet of the law, and on the other side by the Gospel of Matthew, will receive stress and sanctity from its position. That record is appropriately bound up with the eternities. Do not simply say in your family record, "Born to me on the Christmas of such a time," but if there has been among your ancestors some man or woman especially consecrated and useful make a note of it for the encouragement of the following generation.

The regular London Christmas," murmured Ralph Trevelyan with a shiver as he looked at the window, obscured from without as with a murky yellow curtain, and then, turning to the table, drew a manuscript wearily toward him. "Come in," he cried, in response to a timid knock. "Well, what is it?" He turned his head and then started up with a cry. "Eva! No, it cannot be!" "Yes, yes indeed," murmured the girl, who came toward him with outstretched hands. "It is I, Ralph, dear Ralph, I have been so unhappy. I never knew—I never dreamed until Colonel Lennox told me, and then I came to find you. Ralph, is it true? Do you—do you love me?" He took the beseeching hands in his and drew her to him. "I have loved you all the time," he said hoarsely. "And you—"

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His self-sacrifices and divine charity that all round the earth the village of Bethlehem has its name woven in garlands and chanted in "Te Deums" and built in houses of prayer.

But it is time we see some of the sunshine breaking through the shadows of that cradle. For we must have jubilation dominate the Christmas festival. Thus Walter Scott's opinion would in "Marion" he wrote.

A Christmas gambol ought would cheer A poor man's heart through half the year

It was while the peasant and his wife were on their way to the manger that Jesus was born. The Bible translator got the wrong word when they said that Joseph and Mary had gone to Bethlehem to be "taxed." People went no farther than to get taxed than they do now. The effort of most people always has been to escape taxation. Besides that, these two humble folk had nothing to tax. The man's turban that protected his head from the sun was not worth taxing; the woman's sandals which kept her feet from being cut on the limestone rock, of which Bethlehem is mostly made up, were not worth taxing. No; the fact is that a proclamation had been made by the emperor that all the people between Great Britain and the Nile of those lands included should go to some appointed place and give their names to be registered and announce their loyalty to the Roman empire.

They had walked eighty miles over a rocky road to give their names and take the oath of allegiance. Would we walk eighty miles to announce our allegiance to our king, one Jesus? Caesar Augustus wanted to know by the record on which that man and they wanted to write their names or had them written, just how many people in his empire he could depend on in case of exigency. How many men would unsheathe the sword for the Roman eagle and how many women could be depended on to take care of the wounded on the battlefield? The trouble is that in the kingdom of Christ we do not know how many can be depended on. There are so many men and women who never give in their names. They serve the Lord with good will, but do not announce their allegiance to the king who, in the battles to come, will want all His troops. In all our churches there are so many half and half disciples, so many one-third responders. They rather think the Bible is true, and say parts of it, and they hope that somehow Christianity will disenthral the nations. They stay away from church on communion days and hope when they have left as long as they can get away, and can somehow sneak into heaven. Oh, give in your names! Be registered on the church record down here and in the Lamb's Book of Life up there. Let all the world know where you stand, if you have to go as far as Joseph and Mary went to give your names, go eighty miles before you find the right form of worship and just the right creed.

Another gleam of sunshine striking through the shadows above that Christ's cradle was the fact of a special divine protection. Herod was a man of law who are now on judicial benches in Australia, and in high governmental positions, and in learned and useful professions, and leaders in social life, are the grandsons and great-grandsons of men and women who were exiled from Great Britain to Australia for arson and theft and assault and fraud and murder. So you see it is possible for the descendants of those who do wrong to do right.

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THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Oh! For a Washington—Theatres to Help Stop Drunkenness—Awe-Inspiring Plays—Horrible Scenes of Drunkards' Deeds to Teach Temperance.

Oh! for the patriot's spirit now To battle for the right; Oh! for a Washington to lead Our nation in the fight;

Oh! for a victory over wrong; Oh! for the time to come When we shall celebrate the day Our nation conquered run.

Novel Means to Combat Rum. Intoxication is so alarmingly on the increase in Belgium that the authorities are at their wits' end to discover some method of checking its growth. It is asserted that in Brussels and in the rural places every other man is a drunkard. In Antwerp alcoholism is not so prevalent, but it is not enough even there. It is feared that the national life is in danger, and the Government is thoroughly aroused because of the seriousness of the situation.

The prohibition element, which is very small, is doing all that can be done to help, but is not especially successful in its labors. The latest order of the Government in the matter directs that in Antwerp, Brussels and in the rural towns the professional and amateur theatrical talent are to devote one night a week to plays that teach temperance.

All of the theatres are ordered to reserve one night for preaching from the stage through the medium of a play, and many of the leading playwrights of the country have been asked to prepare dramas depicting the fearful course brought upon the people through alcohol.

It is suggested that in the plays produced on "Alcohol Nights" there shall be scenes illustrating the degradation and misery resulting from drink; showing homes, where father or mother, or both are drunkards, and little children are suffering from their drunken fury and their neglect; delineating the horrors of delirium tremens, and murders in the frenzy of intoxication, and to be especially particular to make prominent the offensive and awful side of the use of intoxicants by women and girls.

The matter has been taken up with energy in Brussels, and here the walls and every possible place where a poster can be placed is adorned with pictures of scenes of horror from the "alcohol" plays. Warnings in big prints and placards of various kinds are seen everywhere.

Of course, the unsympathetic scoff at this parental effort of the Government of Belgium to uplift the people and save the nation from degeneration. It is too early now to say how successful the nation. The authorities are sanguine that a great work will be done.

Drunkenness, Drunkenness Everywhere. In Princeton, N. J., a young man got drunk and groped about his house for a bottle. He overturned a lamp and was burned to death.

John Kane, after swearing solemnly that he would never again touch liquor, drank himself into a frenzy, and then strapping to a cot in Bellevue, with wife and three children waiting about him.

Mrs. Emily Bigelow, wearing diamonds enough to fit out a showcase, and with a bank-book showing a balance of \$30,000, tried to spend it all in one evening. She was found drunk in the street, crying, "Give me a drink or I shall go crazy."

Drunkenness, drunkenness, drunkenness everywhere, on all sides. The police stations before they are closed, drunkards are swamped with it, the country is filled with it. It seems to be a national failing without a national cause.

We are prosperous. Therefore it cannot appear hopeless for a starter. We are a hard working and a wealthy nation. Therefore poverty cannot be the general incentive. Our Puritan ancestors were not drunkards. But the strain of drunkenness exists, and, strange to say, it is regarded by drinkers themselves not as a habit, but a recreation.—New York Journal.

Effects of Social Drinking. People do not need to become drunkards to do great harm in this field. After a quarter of a century of industry the family discovers more and more of the dangers of them, because the father, indulged in a few glasses of beer. But for such practices, how much more widespread would be the uses and delights of education? The children have been forced to leave school before they are old enough to have to go to work before they are able to appreciate good literature and thus its ennobling influences are wholly lost to them. Their minds remain weak and unstable and they seek pleasure in light and trifling amusements. The effect of this arresting development of strength of character can not be doubted. We see traces of it every day in the faces of hundreds who have never themselves been addicted to the use of alcohol. This is one of the most awful charges against intemperance, and it is due more to what are often called temperate habits than to drunkenness. How much of joy