Down the clove among the trees Moves the ghostly wandering breeze.

With the first stars on the crest And the pale light in the west,

He comes up the dark ravine Where no traveler is seen.

Yet his coming makes a stir In the house of Ash and Fir:

"Master, is't in our abode You will tarry on the road?"

"Nay, I like your roof-tree well,"
But with you I may not dwell."

Birches whisper at their sill, As he passes up the hill: "Stranger, underneath our boughs

"Friends, I have another quest Than your cool abiding rest."

And the fluttering Aspen knows Whose step by her doorway goes "Honor, lord, thy silver tree And the chamber laid for thee." "Nay, I must be faring on, For tonight I seek my own. "Breath of the red dust is he And a wayfarer like me; "Here a moment, and then lost On a trail confused and crossed.

"And I gently would surprise Recognition in his eyes; "Touch his hand and talk with him When the forest light is dim, "Taking counsel with the lor\_ Of the utterable word."

Hark, did you hear some one to The west window furtively, And then move among the leaves In the shadow of the eaves?

The reed curtain at the door Rustled; there's my visitor

Who comes searching for his kin:
"Enter, brother; I'm within."
—Bliss Carman, in Scribner's.

The young man jumped up, red with anger, but calmed himself, and sat down again quietly, saying:
"You would have paid dearly for
that remark if it were not that of a

"That of a fool!" cried the Spaniard,

"That of a tool?" cried the Spaniard, jumping up in his turn. "Well, then," added he, slapping his fist on the table and throwing down a big leathern purse. "Here are 30 quadruples (about \$216) which I offer to lose if

within an hour I do not make you see, you who are so positive, the face of one of your friends that you will name, let him be dead for ten years,

and if, after having recognized him, you dare to permit his mouth to kiss

in saying these words that we all started. My neighbor alone preserved

his laughing, mocking manner and

"You will do this—you?"
"Yes," replied the Spaniard, "and I
will lose 30 quadruples if I do not do
it, on condition that you will lose an
equal amount if I keep my promise and

equal amount if I keep my promise and you acknowledge it."

The young man was silent a moment, then he said, gayly:

"Thirty quadruples! My worthy sorcerer, this is more than a student of 'onlouse ever possessed; but if you will keep you word for the five quadruples which are here, I am your man."

The Spaniard took his purse again,

and said, scornfully:

"Ah, you back out, my little gentle-

"I back out!" cr'ed the young man.
"Ah, if I had the 20 quadruples, you would see if I backed out."

"Here are four," cried I, "which I add to your stake."

I had no sooner made this proposi-

I had no sconer made this proposi-tion than five or six persons, attracted like myself by the singularity of this challenge, effered to take part in it, and in less than no time the Spaniard's amount was covered. This man seemed so sure of his work that he

confided the stake to the young stu-dent, and we got ready for the demon-

To that end we selected a small pavilion, perfectly isolated, in the garden, so that there could be no de-

cention. We searched it minutely:

we assured ourselves that there were no other opening than a window, se-curely fastened, and a door, which was closed in the same manner, and at which we all stood after we had left

the young man alone in the pavilion. We had placed writing materials on the table and took away all the lights.

We were eagerly interested in the issue of the scene, and were all keeping a profound silence, when the Scening who had remained among

sad voice a song, which may be ren-

"Noiselessly cracking, the coffin has broken in the half-opened tomb, And the white phantom's black foot is rest-ing on the grass, bold and green."

At the first verse he raised his voice

solemnly, and said:
"You have asked to see your friend,
Francois Violot, who was drowned

three years ago in crossing the Pen-

in a strong voice.
"I am not afraid," replied the stu-

dent, in a voice no less confident.

We scarcely breathed. The Spaniard was silent for a moment, then he

began all at once to sing again, but in

"And the white phantom, whose face has been withered by the surge of the waves, Wipes with his shroud the water from his garments and hair."

The song finished, the Spaniard

turned again toward the door, and, in

"You, who wished to pry into the mysteries of the tomb, what do you

student replied, in a calm voice, but like a man who is describing a thing as it happens:

an accent more and more solemn,

We listened with anxiety.

a higher and more sombre voice:

"I see," replied the young man, pale light which has risen near window, but it has no form, and is only an indistinct mist."
"Are you afraid?" said the Spaniard,

What do you see?

commened to sing in a sweet and

who had rem

dered as follows:

sagnoles ferry

said:

'You will do this-you?"

The Spaniard had an air so terrible

## \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* THE SAINT-GABELLE INN.

fool.

replied:

man.

man?

stration.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

AN ODD WAGER.

You would have been very fortu-nate, my children, if you had known my Uncle Bayle, because he alone knew more stories than you have ever read. My uncle did not live in ever read. My uncle did not live in our little city of Mirepeix—he lived at Foix; and almost every Saturday we would see him coming on his horse, and our joyous cries hailed him at a distance. The servant, my old Jeannette, came immediately to salute our livele Rayle who, carefully informed Uncle Bayle, who carefully informed himself as to the supper. Then after having added or changed something in the bill of fare, he seated himself in a large chair of carved wood, which we dragged up to the fire; and without delay we all began to cry, "A story! a story!" On this evening the cry was less boisterous, because we had was less boisterous, because we had formed a little conspiracy, and no one dared to speak first. Finally, my pretty cousin, Dorothee, the most talkative little girl of the house, and now the grave superior of a convent now the grave superior of a convent of the Sisters of Charity, ventured a cry, "A ghost story!" and we replied, ali gether, "Yes, a ghost story!"
My uncle frowned, and looked tow-

and Jeannette, who was very much confused and wished to appear absorbed in peppering her chicken potpie. It was she, in fact, who had urged us to make this demand.

There are only fools or rogues who There are only looks or regues who believe, or pretend to believe, in ghosts," said my uncle, in a severe tone. We all waited in silence, so much authority was there in his words; but a moment of reflection seemed to calm him. We saw him smile, as if to himself, and he added, in the tree full of sweatness. "You in a tone full of sweetness: "You want a ghost story, my children? Very well; I will relat one to you which happened to me, so that it cannot be doubted.

We gathered around him closer than usual; the lamp hung by a chain attached to the mautel-piece, and there our uncle told his story.

One autumn evening-it must have been forty years ago, because I was scarcely 20 years old at the time—I was returning from Toulouse. I had arrived almost in front of the Bolbonne monastery, beyond the beautiful woods of Lecourien, when a sudden and frightful storm, like those that come down from our mountains, broke forth. My horse, frightened at the flashes of lightning and noise of thunder, darted into a little by-path, and carried me with him, in spite of and carried me with nim, in spite of all my efforts to the contrary. Notwithstanding his rapidity, I soon resognized that he had taken the road to Saint Gabelle and that he was leading me there all right; and he gallope? until he stopped of his own accord, as he had started, and I perceived that I was at the door of an inn. I entered. The guests were numerous—a mixed crowd of Spanish merchants and young sportsmen of the vicinity overtaken, like myself, by the storm. After drying ourselves at the fire—composed of a dozen vine-branches which had been thrown in the fireplace—supper was announced, and we all sat down to the table. At first the conversation turned on the frightful weather. One had been thrown from his horse: another himself and cart out of a pool of mud. Finally someone exclaimed: "It is an infernal night, just the time for a meeting of witches." This remark, meeting of witches." This remark, which was very simple, gave place to a singular observation, made in a tone

still more singular.
"Sorcerers and ghosts prefer for their meeting a beautiful moonlight night to a night so unpleasant as this.

We all gazed at the man who said we all gazed at the man who said this, and saw that it was one of the Spanish merchants. You have often seen them, my children, with their leggings and short breeches open at the knee and showing their naked, hairy legs. You know what a ming. He who pride and misery they have. He who had spoken had, more than any you have seen, that savage bearing which is the mail. None of us had thought of replying, when my neighbor, a young man with a frank and open manner, burst out laughing

"It appears that this gentleman knows the habits of ghosts, and that they have told him that they do not

to get wet or dirty."
e had not finished his sentence when the Spaniard threw on him a terrible look as he said:

"Young man, do not speak so light-

"I see this vapor, which grows larger a d larger and takes the form of a phantom; this phantom has the head covered with a veil."
"Are you afraid?" asked the Spaniard, in an insulting voice.
The voice of the young man replied: "I am not afraid."
We dared not look at each other, so

We dared not look at each other, so great was our surprise, so occupied were we in following the singular movements of the Spaniard, who began to raise his arms above his head, while invoking three times a name horrible to pronounce; after which he chanted third verse of his infernal song, but in a voice singularly triumphant "And the phantom said, in leaving the tomb,
'In order that he may recognize me,
I will go toward my friend, proud, smilling
and beautiful as in my youth.'"

The Spaniard finished his verse and repeated his question: "What do you see?"

"I see," replied the student, "the phantom advance—it raises its veil—it is Francois Violot—he approaches the table—he writs—he has written; it is his signature!"

"Are you afraid?" cried the Spaniord fraintel."

iard, furiously.

There was a moment of silence, and

the student replied with more strength

than assurance: "I am not!"

Immediately, as if seized with a fit of madness, the Spaniard sung, with a strange howl, this last horrible And the phantom said to the mocking man,

'Come, then, that I may touch you;
Put your hand in my hand, press your heart to
my heart, your mouth to my mouth.'"

"Do you think you can make me believe there are ghosts?" replied my neighbor, disdainfully.
"Perhaps," replied the Spaniard, "if you had the courage to look at them."

my heart, your mouth to my mouth."

"What do you see?" cried the Spaniard, in a voice of thunder.

"It comes—it appproaches—it pursues me—it extends its arms—it w.ll seize me. Help! help!"

"Are you afraid?" cried the Spaniard, with ferocious joy.

A piercing cry, then a smothered groan, was the only answer to this terrible question.

"Help that imprudent young man!" said the Spaniard to us, in a cruel

said the Spaniard to us, in a cruel voise. "I have, I think, won the wager; but it is enough for me to have given him a lesson. Let him keep the money and be more prudent in the future.

He went away rapidly after these words. We opened the door and found the student in horrible convulsions. The paper, signed with the name of Francois Violot, was on the table. Scarcely had the student recovered when he demanded to know who was the infamous sorcerer who had subjected him to this horrible profanation; he wished to kill him. He searched for him all through the inn, and darted off like a madman in pursuit of him. And that is the story, my children.

We were all trembling with fright, huddling close about our Uncle Bayle, not daring to look around. No one had the courage to speak; then I gathered strength enough to say to my uncle: "And how is it, after this, you do not believe in ghosts?"
"Because," said my uncle, "neither the young man nor the sorcerer were

ever seen afterward, nor the beautiful quadruples which the other travelers and myself had furnished to cover the wager proposed by the pretended Spaniard; and because these two ogues carried them away, after having played under our eyes a comedy which we believed in like a pack of simpletons, and which I found very expensive, but which will not have cost too much if it enables me to fully persuade you that none but imbeciles rogues believe or pretend to be-ve in ghosts."—Translated from lieve the French of Frederick Loulie.

## THE HORSE IN BATTLE.

After Six Months in Service He Knows Every Bugle Call.

A veteran cavalry horse partakes of the hopes and fears of battle just the same as his rider. As the column swings into line and waits, the horse swings into line and waits, the horse grows nervous over the waiting. If the wait is spun out he will tremble and sweat and grow apprehensive, says a writer in Collier's Weekly.

If he has been six months in service he knows every bugle call. As the call comes to advance the rider

can feel him working at the bit with his tongue to get it between his teeth. As he moves out he will either seek to go on taster than he should or bolt. He cannot bolt, however The lines will carry him forward, and after a minute he will grip, lar back his ears, and one can feel his sudden resolve to brave the worst and have done with it

as soon as possible.

A man seldom cries out when hit in the turmoil of battle. It is the same with a horse. Five troopers out of six when struck by a bullet are out of their saddles within a minute. If hit in the breast or shoulder, up go their hands and they get a heavy fall; if in the leg or foot or arm, they fall forward and roll off. Even with a foot cut off by a jagged piece of shell a horse will not drop. It is only when shot through the head or heart that he comes down. He may be fatally wounded, but hobbles out of the fight to right or left and stands with dro

him down. The horse that loses his rider and is unhurt himself will continue to run with his set of fours until some movement throws him out. Then he goes galloping here and there, neighing with fear and alarm, but he will not leave the field.

"Think! Think! Ob, if you could only think!" The proud girl in the large-checked skirt turned a calcium glare of scorn on the chrysanthemum decked youth. Then she continued decked youth. Then she continued.
"But every time you try to think you foozle!" And yet they say the golf dialect serves no purpose.—Baltimore American.

## DR. TALMAGES SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.] WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage takes the opportunity of offering some very practical and useful suggestions; text, Psaims xc., 9, "We spend our years as a tale that is told."

The Isvalities

some very practical and useful suggestions; text, Psains xo., 9. "We spend our years as a tale that is told."

The Israelites were forty years in the wilderness, and during thirty-eight years of the forty nothing is recorded of them, and, I suppose, no other emigrants had a dulier or more uninteresting time than they had. So they got to telling stories—stories concerning themselves or concerning others; stories about the brick kilns of Egypt, where they had toiled in slavery; stories about how the waters of the Red Sea piled up into palisades at their crossing; story of the lantern hung in the heavens to guide them by night; story of thiese destroying the reptiles of the wilderness; stories of personal encounter. It must have been an awful thing to have had nothing to do for thirty-eight years except to get lost every time they tried to escape from the wilderness. So they whiled away the time in story telling. Indeed, there were persons whose one business was to narrate stories, and they were paid by such trifles as they could pick up from the surrounding listeners. To such instances our text refers when it says, "We spend our years as a tale that is told."

At this tremendous passage from the year 1899 to the year 1900 it will do us all good to consider that our whole life is a story told—a good story or a bad story, a tragic story or a mirthful story, a wise story or a foolish story, a clean story or a filtly story, a story of success or a story of failure. "We spend our years as a tale that is told."

In the first place, I remark that every person's life is a very interesting story. My text does not depreciate "a tale that is told."

We have all of us been entertained by the story teller when show bound in the rail train, or in the group a winter's night.

My text does not depreciate "a tale that is told." We have all of us been entertained by the story teller when snow bound in the rail train, or in the group a winter's night in the farmhouse, or gathered around a blazing hearth with some hunters at the mountain inn. Indeed, it is a praiseworthy art to impersonate a good story well. If you doubt the practical and healthful and inspiring use of such a story, take down from the library Washington Irving's "Tales of a Traveler" or Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales." But as interesting as any of these would be the story of many an obscure life if the tale were as well told. Why do we all like biographies and autoblographies? Because they are stories of eminent human lives. But the story of the life of a backwoodsman, of a man who looks stupid, of one about whom you never heard a word, must be just as thrilling on a small scale as on a large scale is a life of a Cyrus, or a Cesar, or a Pizarro, or a Mark Antony, or a Charlemagne.

If you get the confidence of that very plain man just come out of the backwoods and can induce him to give the stirring ex-

Cesar, or a Pizarro, or a Mark Antony, or a Charlemagne.

If you get the confidence of that very plain man just come out of the backwoods and can induce him to give the stirring experiences of his life, he will teil you that which will make your blood curdle and your hair stand on end; that night when a panther disputed his pathway on the way home; that iandslide, when the mountains seemed about to come down on his cabin; that accident to his household and no surgeon within fifteen miles; that long storm that shut them in and the food was exhausted; that contest at his doorway with bandits, who thought there might be within something worth taking; that deathbed, with no one but himself to count the fluttering pulses.

Oh, yes, while "we spend our years as a tale that is told," it is an interesting story. It is the story of an immortal, and that makes it interesting. He is launched on an ocean of eternal years, in a voyage that will never terminate. He is striking the keynote of an anthem or a dirge that will never come to its last bar. That is what makes the devotional meetings of modern times so much more interesting than they used to be. They are filled not with discourses by laymen on the subject of justification and sanctification, which lay discourses administer more to the facetious than to the edifying, but with stories of what God has done for the soul—how everything suddenly changed; how the promises became balsamic in times of laceration; how he was personally helped out and helped up and helped on. Nothing can stand before such a story of personal rescue, personal transformation, personal illumination. The nightiest and most skillful argument against Christianity collapses under the ungrammatical but sincere statement. The atheistic professor of natural philosophy goes down under the story of that backwoodsman's conversion. All that elaborate persuasion of the old folks of the folly of giving up active life too soon means nothing as compared with the simple incident you may relate to them of the face

wis toverior of remissions and a signification of the superior of age although his eyesight had been destroyed through being compelled by his enemies to look into a polished metal basin under the full blaze of the sun until totally blind, yet this sightless nonagenarian leading an army to the successful besiegement of Constantinople! When an old man hears of such incidents, he puts aside his staff and ear trumpet and starts anew.

The New Testament suggests the power of the "tale that is told." Christ was the most effective story teller of all the ages. The parables are only tales well told. Matchless stories: That of the traveler cut up by the thieves and the Samaritan paying his board bill at the tavers; that of the big dinner, to which the invited guests

State at the close of the last century thirtysix profane men formed themselves into a
club, calling themselves "Society of the
Druids." They met regularly to deride
and damage Obristianity. One night in
their awful meeting they burned a Bible
and administered the sacrament to a dog.
Two of them died that night. Within three
days three were drowned. In five years all
the thirty-six came to a bad end. Before
justices of the peace it was sworn that two
were starved to death, seven were drowned,
eight were shot, five committed suicide,
seven died on the gallows, one was frozen
to death and three died accidentally. Incidents like that, sworn to, would balk any
proposed irreverent and blasphemous behavior.

havior.

In what way could the fact that infidelity will not help any one die well be so powerfully presented as by the incident concerning a man falling ill in Paris just a ter the death of Voltaire, when a professional nurse was called in, and she asked, "Is the gentleman a Christian?" "Why do you ask that?" said the messenger. The nurse replied, "I am the nurse who attended Voltaire in his last filness, and for all the wealth of Europe I would never see another infidel die." What discourse in its moral and spiritual effect could equal a tale like that?

You might argue upon the fact that those

moral and spiritual effect could equal a tale like that?

You might argue upon the fact that those fallen are our brothers and sisters, but could we impress any one with such a truth so well as by the scene near Victoria Park, London, where men were digging a deep drain, and the shoring gave way and a great pile of earth fell upon the workmen. A man, stood there with his hands in his pockets, looking at those who were trying to shovel away the earth from those who were burled, but when some one said to the spectator, "Bill, your brother is down there," then the spectator threw off his coat and went to work with an agony of earnestness to fetch up his brother. What course of argument could so well as that incident set forth that when we toil for the salvation of a soul it is a brother whom we are trying to save?

A second reading of my teat remnes me

course of argument could so well as that Incident set forth that when we toil for the salvation of a soul it is a brother whom we are trying to save?

A second reading of my text reminds me that life is not only a story told, but that it is a brief story. A long narrative stretched out indefinitely loses its interest. It is generally the story that takes only a minute or half a minute to rehearse that arrests the attention. And that gives additional interest to the story of our life. It is a short story. Subtract from our life all the hours of necessary sleep, all the hours of incapacity through fatigue or illness, all the hours of childhood and youth before we get fairly to work, and you have abbreviated the story of life so much that you can appreciate the psalmist's remark when he says, "Thou hast made my days as a hand's breadth," and can appreciate the apostle James' expression when he compares life to "a vapor that appeareth for a little season and then vanishes away."

It does not take long to tell all the vicissitudes of life—the gladness and the griefs, the arrivals and the departures, the successes and the failures, the victories and the defeats, the ups and the downs. The longer we live the shorter the years. We hardly get over the bewildering fatigue of selecting glifts for children and friends and see that the presents get off in time to arrive on the appropriate day than we see another advancing group of holidays. Autumnal fruit so sharpiy chases the summer harvest, and the snow of the white blossoms of spring-time come too soon after the snows of winter. It is a remark so often made that it fails to make any impression and then ceases. Geologists and theologians go into elaborations of guesses as to how long before the volcanic forces will explode it, or metoric stroke demolish it, or the cold of a long winter freeze out its population, or the frees of a last conflagration burn it. That is all very well, but so far as the present population of the earth is concerned the world will last but a litt

ly told and laughed at and gone and displaced by another story as a "tale that is told."

We talk about public life and private life, but there is no private life. The story of our life, however insignificant it may seem to be, will win the applause or hiss of a great multitude that no man can number. As a "tale that is told" among admirers or antagonists, celestials or pandemoniacs, the universe is full of listening ears as well as of gleaming eyes. If we say or do the wrong thing, that is known. If we say or do the wrong thing, that is known. If we say or do the wrong thing, that is known. I suppose the population of the intelligences in the air is more numerous than the population of intelligences on the earth. Oh, that the story of our life might be fit for such an audience in such an auditorium! God grant that wisdom and idelity and carnestness and truth may characterize the "tale that is told."

Through medical science the world's longevity may be greatly improved in the fature, as it has been in the past, but it would not be well forthe people to live too long. Some of them would, through their skill at acquisitiveness, gather too much and some multimillionaires would become would after awhile pocket a hemisphere. No. Death is useful in its financial limitations, and then all have enough sorrows and annoyances and sufferings by the time they become nonagenarians or centenarians to make it desirable to quit. Besides that, it would not be fair so long to keep so many good old people out of heaven. So it is well arranged that those who stand by the deathbed of the nineteenth century.

Oh, crowd this last year with prayers, with hosannas, with kind words, with help-fulness. Make the prevention of the second and the prevention of the second content of the prevention of the second contents.

The parables are only tales well told, markichless stories: That of the traveler out up by the thieves and the Samaritan paying his board bill at the taver; it did not be the property of the latter of the Posts being dimer, to the stories of the latter of the Posts being dimer, to make the property of the latter of the Posts been and all the rural neighbors that night helping him celebrate the fact that it was safe in the baruyard; that of the band boy, reduced to the swines' trough, creeted home with such banqueting and jewelry that it cturfed the older son with jealousy and disgruntles ment; that of the Pharises full of broggadocio and the publican smitting his breast with a stroke that brought down the heavens in commiseration; stories about leprosey, about ophthalmia—stories that Hose well told that they have rolled down to the present and will roll down through the entire future.

I heard Daniel Baker, the wonderful evangelist of his time, preach what I supposed was a great sermon, but I remember nothing of it exert a story that he told, and that, I judge from the seeming effect, may that afternoon have housing office, may that afternoon have housing office, may that afternoon have housing the heart of the world. On all the hilliest there be Elijabs praying for "a great rain," and on every contexted field Joshunas to see that final victory is gained before the world. On all the hilliest the world on the way of the deathbed of the nineteenth tose who stand by the deathbed of the nineteenth century, with hosannas, with kind words, with helping the deathbed of the nineteenth century will not be called to stand by the deathbed of the nineteenth century. Oh, or owd this last year with hosannas, with kind words, with helping the death bed of the nineteenth century. Oh, over the last by the deathbed of the nineteenth century will not be called to stand by the deathbed of the nineteenth century will not be called to stand by the deathbed of the nineteenth century will not be called to stand by the deathbed the fir

## THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Sier in the Beer-Common Sense is the Greatest Crusader For Sobrlety of Modern Times-Only the Small Fry Depend on "Whisky Courage."

Within the glass destruction rides, And in its depths does ruin swim; Around its foam perdition glides, And death is dancing on the brim,

Why the Dram Habit Decreases.

The main cause of the decrease in intemperance has been the spread of knowledge, inrgely obtained by experience, that it is against common sense and too costly in its injurious effects, declares the New York Sun in an editorial. Since undue alcoholic stimulation affects first the judgment, weakening it seriously, it is known to be responsible for a great part of the business failures. The really notable financiers of Wall street do not belong to the "cocktail brigade," clearness of head and soundness of judgment being too indispensable to them. Only the small fry depend on "whisky courage." In the social intercourse of private life, too, the consumption of liquor has decreased greatly. Dinners are no longer drinking bouts and the time spent on them has been diminished greatly. Dunkenness has beeome disreputable, or is pitied as the manifestation of a deplorable disease. In all callings in life, from the highest to the lowest, sobriety is more and more at a premium and intemperance is more and more distrusted.

The temperance agitation which has been most effectual, therefore, has been scientific rather than purely moral and religious. For the old-fashioned "temperance pledge" of the days of Gough, the specific medical treatment of dipsomania as a disease has been substituted, and men are temperate from intelligent regard for the preservation of their sanity. Moreover, the increasing ferceness of modern competition is warning men of the necessity of keeping their wits about them if they are to make head against it. Along with the strong tendency to the consolidation of business at this time comes a demand for special and eminent individual ability to satisfy its requirements greater than ever before in history. Never in the past was first-class a ministrative ability so sure of rich and distinguished rewardas it is now. Great captains of affairs are needed. Every weak point in a man is discovered under the stress of such a trial. Wall street is filled with the stock and honds of vast consolidated industrial ente

himself constantly in figuring trim loss to contest.

All society, therefore, has become a ten perance "league," and harrowing pictur of drunkenness deemed effective in the ottime are not now necessary to warn men a danger of whose reality they are ke conscious by their daily experien Drunkenness has gone out of vogue be as a fashionable and as a popular amument. It is a habit in which only the whose health and life are valueless themselves and to everybody else can ford to indulge.

Love of Liquer Not Hereditary.

Love of Liquor Not Hereditary.
Professor Sims Woodhead, speaking other day before the Society for the Stof Inebriety in Englard, came to these clusions: He held most strongly the direct transmission of the taste for all never occurred. Of course, he accevery fully the fact that certain nervous cases and degenerations involving centered and weakened inhibitory pare transmitted from generation togetion. These, however, did not alwassume the same form, the manifestat the effect often taking on very different cannot be successful to the same form, the manifestat the effect often taking on very different generations whatever character they assumed, the same form, the manifestat same, and until far more evidence brought forward than had yet bee sented, he should strongly maintal what was so often spoken of as an intaste for alcohol was an inherited ness and lessened self-restraint a many other things besides drink, a direct transmission of the taste thol from parents to children, in a tution otherwise healthy, did not As with tuberculosis, the disease transmitted, but only the weakly balanced condition of the tissu Hospital of London.

Whipping For Drunkard Love of Liquor Not Hereditary.

Whipping For Drunkar Whipping For Drunkard
The whipping-post for drunk
advocated by the Rev. Henry
pastor of the Fourth Cong
Church, Hartford, Conn., in a
before the Hartford Central A
composed of the Congregationa
of the country.

He said there were over 20
every year for drunkenness is
cut. The present law is not ef
the punishment should incluping-post or hard labor. Now
done except to keep the drunk

ping-post or hard labor. Now done except to keep the drunk of sight for a while. It is a mocking comment of that it pays as much to hous as it would cost to establish a

Anstria's Metho Austria's Method Austria proposes to deal wi drunkards by treating them incapable, and detaining the retreats for a term of two may go in of their own accorpulsion, but cannot leave their term has expired, exceases on probation. In all ebriate must belegally tried the courts being bound to the courts being bound to including the drankard him the doctors, more especia mental diseases.

Alcohol a P ol longevity, of go

The Free Church ance Society has re with a membershi ministers, sixty-colonial ministers.