WHAT HE MISSEC.

Of all the men the world has seen Since Time his rounds began, There's one I pity every day— Earth's first and foremost man; Just think of all he missed By failing to enjoy he dear delights of youthtime, For-he never was a boy.

He never stubbed his naked toe Against a root or stone, He never with a pin-hook fished For minnows all alone.

For minnows all alone. He never sought the bumblebee Among the daisles coy, Nor feit its business end, Because—he never was a boy.

He never hookey played nor tied A bright and shining pail

A bright and shining pail Down in the alley all slone To a trusting poold's tail. And when he home from swimmin' came, His pleasure to destroy No slipper interfered, Because-he never was a boy. And

- He might remeraber spiendid times In Edes.'s bowers yet He never acted Romeo To a six-year Juliet. He never sent a valentine Intended to annoy His good but maiden aunt, Because-he never was a boy.
- Be never cut a kite string, no, Nor hid an Easter egg; Be never spoiled his pantaioons A-playin' mumbley-peg; He never from the attle stole A 'coon hunt to enjoy Nor found the "old man" waiting, For-he never was a boy.
- I pity him, why should I not? I even drop a tear. He never knew how much he missed; He never will, I fear. And always when those dear old days My memories employ, I pity him, Earth's only man, Who-never was a boy. --Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE DREAM RIDE OF A BOY. An Adventure After Meeting Two Indian Jugglers.

20.

wore a cummerbund and sandals, while the young, wiry man's legs and feet were bare. The old man was evidentvere once. The old man was evident-ly instructing the younger and super-vising a lesson far more interesting to Freddie than the worrying intricacies of the reading book and multiplication table. Flish, flash! Flickerty, flick! table. Flish, flash! Flickerty, flick! Up in the air, glancing in the morning's slanting sunbeams, quivered a prodi-gious number of knives. They must sometimes have touched the juggler's hands, but so deftly did the man fin-ger them that the knives darted about his head and body like a swarm of great dragon flies, grazing his ears, soaring above his turban, swooping to his knees, but never by any accident his knees, but never by any accident touching the ground until, with a swift clatter and a clash, they all came together in the juggler's grasp, and he laid them down.

Now, the little boy's eyes and mouth were soon very wide open indeed, and when the feat was over, his uncon-scious legs had borne him, step by step, right up to the jugglers, where his brown hair and pale face and pretty suit of snow-white duck con-trasted strangely with their dusky skins and bright black eyes and cloths of glowing colors. He was immensely interested and rather awed, but by no means a fraid, for he had been born in India and was accustomed to commune in a lordly manner with all sorts of natives. Even traveling jugglers were not unknown to him. So when the swartly men salaamed humbly to the little sahib, the boy acknowledged their salute and said, with the simple directness of one used to being oteyed:

"Do it again." The older man turned to the boy at ouce with an air of having expected him, and smiled and salaamed very low in quite a gratified way. They obeyed him at once, and the young obeyed him at once, and the young native began to perform even more amusing tricks. It was almost terri-fying, but the curious and rather un-nerving thing was that the old juggler never seemed to take his eyes off the boy. The old man gave him a mat to sit on, and smiled into his face with great piercing eyes, and told him to be good and he would see what he would see. The old man then took a would see. The old man then took a mango stone from a basket, and care-fully planted it. Then he covered the spot for an instant with the basket, and there was the young plant already sprouting from the earth. Freddie gasped, and the plant grew and grew right before his eyes. It grew and it grew and it grew, until in a very short time it was a tree. Then it apreed

The shooting party had gone away and left eight-year-old Freddie behind to his great disgust. It was just about snurise, the coolest, nicest time o' day in India, and his mother was not yet up, and the servants were busy else-where, so there was nobody to pre-vent him from wandering to the boundary of the tea plantation. There he observed of a sudden a quite unex-pected and amazing sight. Two brown men, one quite old and the other quite young, were in the standow of the trees. They were stripped to the waist, and the old man wore a cummerbund aud sandals, while the young, wiry man's legs and feet die remembered this government dock-yard, for he had been taken to watch the elephants once before by his father. He was greatly interested and wan-dered about freely. He chatted to the mahonts and others, but it seemed odd they were all very, very busy, for they did not answer, indeed, they did not seem to see the little boy at all. Freddie did not mind that, there was so much to watch.

At last he came to a corner of the yard where a big elephant was stand-ing all by himself, swaying from side to side, chained by one leg. Freddie recognized him by his size as one that he hed widden on in care of the mehe had ridden on in care of the ma-hout when he was here before. Natu-rally, the boy wished to enjoy a ride rally, the boy wished to enjoy a ride again. There was no attendant near to help him up, but somehow he found that the swarthy, turbaned old jug-gler was looking into his eyes again, and the next instant he was tri-umphantly scated atop of the ele-phant. He was tremulously pleased at first, but all of a moment the beast raised his trunk and trumpeted with a savage roar. At the same time he gave savage roar. At the same time he gave his leg a mighty jerk, and the iron chain burst, and the elephant was free. He roared again and tossed his trunk high, and then charged straight through the compound. The black men and the white men scattered in all directions, yelling in fear. "Run! Run! Look out! Look out!

The Rajah's loose! He's mad! Run for your life!"

They all ran so quickly that a clear path was left for the mad elephant, who dashed straight through the yard, shattered the great gates as if they were orange boxes and, frumpeting furiously, galloped wildly into the far-spreading open country. Easily and furiously, galloped wildly into the far-spreading open country. Easily and incomprehensively as Freddie had got up he found he could not now get down, and he was dreadfully afraid, but he seemed fastened to the huge but he seemed instance to the huge beast's neck just behind the greatears. He would have liked to jump off, but he could not; he just stuck and stuck and stuck. He had had no idea be-fore that elephants could run so fast. The Rajab rau like a racehorse. The trees and houses flashed past. They came to a native village, and the in-habitants—fathers and mothers grab-bing babies and howling with fear— dashed and darted and climbed and complete to all imperipulae biding crawled to all imaginable hiding places.

Crish! Crash! through the branches sprouting from the earth. Freddie gasped, and the plant grew and grew right before his eyes. It grew and it grew and it grew, until in a very short time it was a tree. Then it spread and it spread, and had many branches or d laves, and at last little mangoes marvellous manner. At last they came to a spot somewhat familiar to the litto a spot somewhat familiar to the int-tle boy, a strip of jungle with a belt of open, rolling grassland in front. Through an opening in the jungle Freddie saw the dark green brushes of a plantation, and beyond that the of a plantation, and beyond that the roof and upper veranda of a high bungalow. Freddie recognized his own home. He had no time to look twice, however, for suddenly right be-fore the elephant, directly in his path, there stepped out from the jungle two big men with guns, and Freddie saw that they were his father and uncle. For the first time the boy found breath to yell to yell.

it meant death for both men. The hunter gazed steadily through his sights at that spot, and paid not the slightest attention to Master Freddie, The who, in an agony of apprehension, screeched at the top of his voice: "Don't miss, uncle, or you'll hit me!" Seventy yards, fifty yards, thirty yards! Uncle Fred fired. Flame and

yards! Uncle Fred fired. Flame and smoke and roar and crash, and Freddie found himself sitting on the grass alone, and the wonderful Indian jug-glers had both disappeared. He picked himself up at once and ran as fast as he could back to the bungalow. It was past breakfast time, and coverbedy was on the varande

and everybody was on the veranda. Freddie's mother was tying up her husbaud's arm in a sling. Uncle Fred was standing up and talking ex-citedly. Freddie heard him as he rau up.

"The closest shave!" Uncle Fred cried. "By Jove, Dick, though I say it myself, it was a great shot, tool Right on the vital spot, and he went

to his knees with a crash! Halloa!" "Freddie!" cried his mother. "Where have you been? Without a hat! oh! dear, oh! dear? You'll have sunstroke!"

But Freddie leaped to his father's

But Freddie leaped to his lather's breast, sobbing. "I'm so glad," he sobbed. "I didn't know whether you killed the elephant or the elephant killed you, and I was afraid uncle missed and killed me, but I'm not killed, am I, pane". papa?'

All three grown-ups raised their hands, and their faces were pictures

hands, and then faces of bewilderment. "How do you know abont the ele-phant? Where were you?" his father gasped.

"Didn't you see me?" Freddie asked reproachfully. "I was on the top of the elephant, where the mabout rides, the elephant, where the manout rides, you know. The old juggler let me climb the rope, and I went to the dockyard, and got on the Ra'ah's back, and he went mad and ran away, and I thought you were killed and——" "Freddie!" cried his mother, "you

have got sunstroke." She picked the little boy up in her

arms and carried him into a cool room, where he was put to bed with ice on his head, while the doctor was sent for, in spite of his protests, but on the veranda his father and uncle stared at

veranda his father and uncle stared at each other. "Jugglers! Climbing up the rope?" cried his father. "The child must have met a troupe of these traveling conjurors!" "But -- but," said Uncle Fred feebly, "of course all Anglo-Indians know the strange tricks these fellows can perform, which no man-no white man, at any rate -- has ever explained. man, at any rate - has ever explained, but-but-oh, bless my soul-there was an elephant, and you did fall, and was in elephant, and you did min, and there was no boy on the elephant's back, and therefore Freddie couldn't be there, but—but—oh, confound it all, how did he know what happened, before anybody but our two selves and your wife knew any elephant had been shot at all? shot at all?'

Freddie's father jumped up augrily

Freddie's father jumped up angrily in spite of his sore arm. "Tve seen that rope trick done often and the man climb into the clouds. Everybody has seen it, and no one ever explained it, save by hypnotism of the audience. That's it! But the idea of practising their arts upon a little boy! It's too bad! I'll send out, and if they are caught, they will have to hypnotize themselves out of jail!" jail!'

"Of course," said the uncle, still with weak bewilderment, "but-butwas Freddie on the elephant or was he not? Don't you know? Oh, bless

my soul?" So riders were sent out in all direcso riders were sent out in all direc-tions to catch the wonderful jugglers, but it was no use—these had juggled themselves far away. But Freddie's mother was very indignant at his father and Uncle Fred for such suggestions

"You two big sillies!" she said. "The boy went to sleep in the sun and dreamed, and the rest is all coinci-dence. So, there!"

Still, however, men came from the dockyard to trace the dead elephant, and they told of his escape just as Freddie did. So, there!-Sun.

He Was Mistaken

The young man was telling the young lady that he believed there must be some sort of affinity between them. And he went on to say that the other day when he was walking up the street he felt that she was coming up on that next car, nay, he knew that she was in that car. Sure enough, when the car rolled by there she sat, and not only that, but she turned and and not only that, but she turned and saw him walking. A few days after-wards the young man was forced to make a confession to the young lady. He had told her about "feeling" that she was coming, and as the rumbling and roaring of the car grew nearer he was more and more curious to see if his premonition was correct his premonition was correct. "Well,"said he, "that car came right along and I was as sure as could be that the next instant I would turn around and see you." "And then?" she asked.

This giant no doubt in early life gave evidences of what he was to be. It is al-most always so. There were two Napoleons -the boy Napoleon and the man Napoleon -the boy Napoleon and the man Napoleon -the boy Napoleon and the man Napoleon -but both alike; two Howards--tub both alike; two Samsons--the boy Samson and the man Samson--but both alike. This giant was no doubt the here of the play-fround, and nothing could stand before his exhibition of youthful prowess. At teychten years of are how as betrothed to the daughter of a Philistine. Going down hum, and, although this young giant was weaponless, he self the monster by the hong mane and shook him as a hungry hound shukes a March hare and made his bones crack and left him by the wayside the grinding heft of his hed. There he statick, looming up above other men, a mountain of flesh, his arms bunched with muscle that can lift the gate of a city, taking an artitude defant of everything. His hair had never been cut, and if rolled down seven great plaits over his shoul-ders, adding to his buk flerceness and ter-for. The Philistines want to conquer him, and therefore they must find out where the secret of his strength lies. There is an evil woman living in the val-ley of Sorek by tho name of Dellah. They appoint her the agent in the case. The philistines are secreted in the same build-ing, and then Dolla' goes to work and coaxes Sumson to tell what is the secret of his strength. "Well," he says, "if you take seven green withes such as they fasion wild beasts with and put them around me I should be perfectly powerless." So she binds him with the seven green withes. Then she elaps her hands and says, "They come—the Philistines!" and he waiks out as though there were no impediment. She to work them in the seven green withes. They dough the seven so magent, and he says, "Now, if you should take these seven long plaits of hair and by this house is should be just like other men." She ties him with ropes, claps her hands and shouts, "They come—the Philistines!" He wa

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

have used their stronger the day purposes. It is not the small, weak men of the day who do the damage. These small men who go swearing and loafing about your stores and shops and banking houses, assailing Christ and the Bible and the church-they Christ and the Bible and the church the damage. and shops and banking houses, assailing Christ and the Bible and the church-they do not do the damage. They have no in-fluence. They are vermin that you crush with your foot. But it is the giants of the day, the misguided giants, giants in phys-ical power, or giants in mental acumen, or glants in social position, or giants in wealth, who do the damage. The men with sharp pens that stab re-ligion and throw poison all through our literature, the men who use the power of wealth to sanction injuity and bribe justice and make truth and honor bow to their golden scepter. Misguided giants-look out for them! In the middle and lat-ter part of the last century no doubt there were thousands of men in Paris and Edin-burgh and London who hated God and blasphemed the name of the Almighty, but they did but little mischlet-there were small men, insignificant men. Yet there were ginats in those days. Who can cal-culate the soul haveo d a Rousseau, go-ing on with a very enthusiasm of in-fluence. they did but little mischlef-they were small men, insignificant men. Yat there were giants in those days. Who can cal-culate the soul havoe of a Rousseau, go-ing on with a very enthusiasm of in-iquity, with flory imagination seizing upon all the impulsive natures of his day? Or David Hume, who employed his life as a spider employed sits sum-mer, in spinning out sitken webs to trap the unwary? Or Voitaire, the most learned man of his day, marshaling a great host of skeptics and leading them out in the dark land of infidelity? Or Gibbon, who showed an uncontrollable grudge against religion in his history of one of the most fascinat-ing periods of the world's existence-the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Emptre" -a book in which, with all the spleudors of his genius, he magnifed the errors of the reated of the Christian herces of whom the world was not wortby? Oh, men of stout physical health, men of great mental stature, men of high social position, men of great power of any sort. I want you to understand your power and I want you to understand your power and I want you to know that that power devoted is dod will be a crown on earth, to you typical of a crown in heaven, but misguid-ed, bedragdied in sin, administrative of evil, God will bus a rown on earth, to you typical of a crown is a sine with His ignatings. Behold also how a giant may be slain of a woman. Delink started the train of eir-cumstances that pulled down the tample of thousants of giants have gone down to daven about Samon's oars. And tens of thousants of giants have gone down to udern society. Fastidicances and prad-ery sy, "Better not speak; you will rouse up adverse crilieism; you will make worse what you want to make better; better deal in gittering generalities; the subject is too udern society. Fastidicances and prad-ery say, "Better not speak; you will rouse up adverse crilieism; you will make worse what you want to make better; better deal in gittering generalities; the subject is too uodern society. Fastidicances, and the many one

donly she claps her hands and says. "The Philistizes be upon thee, Kamool": He is not thee, Kamool": He is not thee, Kamool": He is not the strategile, but his strength is all goue. He is not the she hands of his can and more y bags and judicial crimeration of the ginat as they goue that he is especial to the strength in the site of the site o

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

w My Boy Went Down-The Use of Liquors is Decreasing Among Men, But It Seems to Be Increasing Among Women-An Alarming Symptom. How

It was not on the field of battle, It was not on the field of pattle, It was not with a slip at sea, But a fate far worse than either That stole him away from me. "Twas the death in the tempting dram That the reason and senses drown; He drank the alluring poison, And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood To the depths of disgrace and sin; Down to a worthless being, From the hope of what might have been. For the brand of a beast besotted He bartered his manhood's crown: Through the gate of a sinful pleasure My poor, weak boy went down.

"Tis only the same old story That mothers so often tell With accents of infinite sadness, Like the tones of a funeral bell; But I never thought, once, when I heard it I should learn all its meaning myself; I thought he'd be true to him sother, I thought he'd be true to himself.

But, alus, for my hopes, "all delusioni Alasi for his youthfai pride! Alasi who are safe when danger Is open on every side? Ob, can nothing destroy this great evil? No bar in its pathway be thrown, To save from the terrible maeistrom The thousands of boys going down?

Women and Wine.

Women and Wine. That the intemperate use of stimulating among men in this country is frequently associed and is sustained by a very good abowing. But now the alarming theory that the abuse of alcoholic liquors is increasing among women is advanced by some medi-cal journals and finds endorsement from some newspapers he our great cities. It is said that there were more women on the streets of Atlanta under the influences of liquor last Saturday night than the po-le had ever observed before in all their experience, and in our exchanges from ownenews. The Chiegon Journal declarses that the

experience, and in our exchanges from other clies we see frequently accounts of women who have been arrested for drunk-onness. The Chleago Journal deelares that the increase of intemperance among women in that city is very noticeable, and adds: "The explanation of this phenomenon is not difficult. As life has become more tense, morestremuous for woman, the need, real or fancied, for stimulants has come upon her as it did upon men. It is the ex-ceptional woman to-day who is not in some sense a business woman, for even the pur-suit of society has become a business. With greater independence, heavier cares, and a livelier intellectual life than her trandmother enjoyed—or suffered—the wentieth century girl may be expected to seek much the same method of securing re-life or stimuluans her brother dos. "Doubliess this will be had for the race. The alcoholic tain inherited from one parent has wrecked enough lives. If the danger be doubled the gravity of the re-futable proposition that if women are com-peled to do an ever-increasing share of man's work, they will ultimately contract a share of man's views, too." The rather free indulgence of women in wine and even stronger drinks at entertain-ments is one of the deplorable events of modern social life, and we fear that it is on the increase. The proprietor of a fashionable New York hotel is quoted as saying that women guests give his bar a very large patronage by orders from their rooms, and that the drink habit among women of the higher as well as the lower chases is growing. I would be pleasant to believe that such statements as we have referred to are olither entirely untrae or grossly exageer-ited, but the frequency and emphasis with which they are made will not permit them obe brushed axild morely because it is punfal to give them credence. What are we going to do about 1t?—At-anta Journal.

Lincoln's Temperance Prophecy.

(Lincoln's Washington's Birthday Speech, Delivered February 22, 1842.)

Delivored February 22, 1842.) Of our political Revolution of 1776 we are justly proud. It has given us a degree of political freedom far exceeding that of any other nation of the earth. In it the world has found a solution of the long mooted problem as to the capability of man to govern himself. In it was the germ which has vegetated and is still to grow and ex-pand into the universal ilberty of man-kind. Turn now to the temperance revolution.

pand fato the universal liberty of man-kind. Turn now to the temperance revolution. In it we shall lind a stronger bondage broken, a viler siavery manumitted, a greater tyrant deposed; in it more of want supplied, more disease healed, more sor-row assuaged; by it no orphan starving, no widows weeping; by it none wounded in feeling, none injured in interest-even the drammaker and dramseller will have gilded into other occupations so gradually as never to have feit the change and will stand ready to join all others in the uni-versal song of gladness. And what a noble on and on, till every son of earth shall draiks in rich truition the sorrow-quenching, all appetites controlled, all passion sub-burg differentiate the mode of political freedom! drafts of perfect liberty. Happy day when, all appetites controlled, all passion sub-dued, all matter subjected to mind-all-conquering mind shall live and move the monarch of the world! Glorious consum-mation! Hail, fall of fury! Reign of reason all hail And when the victory shall be complete -when there shall be neither a slave nor drankard on the earth-how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both that victory! How nobly distinguished that people who shall have planted and unurity to maturity both the political and moral freedom of their species!

and leaves, and at la little mangoe began to appear, and at hast fittle imagoes began to appear, and they grew and ripened in a marvellous way, until the fakir plucked a big juicy one and gave it to the boy, who ate it and found it delicious. Then the juggler waved his hands and—the tree was gone. "Goodness me!" cried Freddie, "I den't can have that man due u."

"Goodness me!" cried Freddie, "I don't see how that was done." The old juggler smiled again and took a coil of rope from the wonderful basket. It was a very ordinary rope, just, in fact, a wash line. But tho fakir threw one end of the coil far up, and the marvelling boy saw that the rope spun slowly out, up and up tow-ard the sky, quite straight as if some-one were hauling at the upper end. It went up and up until the end van-ished altogether.

ished altogether. "Gracious goody!" cried Freddie. "I don't see how that was done!"

The old man clapped his hands,

to yell. "Papa! Uncle Fred! Let me down!" he screamed. "The elephant has run away! He's mad! Stop him! Take me down!"

The old man clapped his hands, and the young man leaged at the rope at once and seized it and began to climb up, hand over hand, at a tre-mendous rate, and he went up and up and up until he also was out of sight. "I never, never did?' cried Freddie, who was now limp with amazement. "Where did he go to?" "Where ver he wished to go," the juggler said. "Does the sahib wish to go anywhere?" "Yes," cried Freddie with a sadden harpy thought. "Where my papa and uncie are hunting." In a moment the juggler placed the rope in his hands. "Climb," said he, and without tak-ing time to think Freddie climbed. It was impossible to believe it, it

"And then?" she asked. "And then," he went on "that rum-bling and roaring and bumping came by and—no you weren't there. It was a freight car full of cabbages.— Detroit Free Press.

spiritual hearing ought to be as good a out physical hearing. Our spiritual tasts onget to be as clear as our torgue. San sons in body, we ought to be giants in moral power. But while you find a great many men who realize that they ought to use their money aright and use their intelligence aright how few men you find aware of the fact that they ought to use their physical or ganism aright! With every thump of the heart there is something. " Work!" And lest we should complain that we have no tools to work with, God gives us our hands and feet, with every knuckle and with every joint and with every whuse is attrage to us." Lay hold and do something." But wo often it is that men with physical or use of the spire of an account for the right use of this physical or ganism. They could not lift is trong it is used in dolug positive damage or in luxurious case, when, with isleres awy to til up and bronzed boson, farlieso the shafts of opposition, it ought to be the shafts of opposition, it ought to be word. The sa most shameful fact that much of

try. iory.

In the British Parliament strenuous ef-forts are being made to secure separate recrafton rooms for total abstalners in the British army, in all camps and bar-

racks. The Kearneys t: II the New York Evening World how they live on \$12 a week, and have the best of food and made-to-order clothes, and spend \$50 for Christmas, and pay \$20 to a doctor for their sick baby, and yet have a soung nest-egg in the savings bank. They don't use mixed ale

Progress of the Cause. In no department of human thought and endeavor has the temperance cause made more notable progress in recent years than in that of medical science. Alcoholic li-quers, instead of being regarded as a panacea for all human ills, as they were years ago, are fast being excluded from medical practice generally. Almost with-out exception, all great London physi-cians, and all great surgeons, are in favor of total abstinence. Some surgeons will not undertake to perform operations upon persons who have been addicted to drink; they value their reputations too highly to risk failure.

Progress of the Cause.

The Crusade in Brief. The saloon is an incubus upon all indus-

The saloon is a legalized drunkard fac-