Don't let the song go out of your life; Though it chance sometimes to flow In a minor strain, it will blend again With the major tone, you know.

What though shadows rise to obscure life's skies, And hide for a time the sun; hey sooner will lift and reveal the rift, If you let the melody run.

Don't let the song go out of your life; Though your voice may have lost its Though your voice may nave trill,
Though the tremulous note should die in the throat,
Let it sing in your spirit still.

There is never a pain that hides not some gain, And never a cup of rue to bitter to sup but what in the cup Lurks a measure of sweetness too.

Don't let the song go out of your life; Ah! it never would need to go, If with thought more true and a broader view We looked at this life below.

Oh, why should we mean that life's spring-time has flown, Or sigh for the lair summer time? The autumn bath days filled with peans of

And the winter hath bells that chime.

Don't let the song go out of your life;
Let it ring in the soul while here.
And when you go hence it shall follow you
thence
And sing on in another sphere.

Then do not despond and say that the fond, Sweet songs of your life have flown, For if ever you knew a song that was true, Its music is still your own.

—Kate R. Stiles, in Boston Transcript.

Honora's Hit.

ons, while tall vases, plaster bas re-liefs, bits of odd tapestry, a palm tree or two, a brass tea urn and a luxurious divan with pillows three deep gave the room an air at once artistic and feminine. Five young women were sitting or standing at the easels, some flourishing charcoal sticks, others with paillettes on their thumbs, all intent on mastering the difficulties of perspective "values" or "planes," while a sixth, with her hair unbound and wearing a flowing red robe, represented their idea of a Moorish heroine. Outside the buzz and roar of New York throbbed on the afternoon air, elevated trains shrieked and whizzed by, street calls rose and fell, and a hurdy gurdy on the next corner ground out a once popular tune, but no one noticed these noises any more than the country plowboy notices the wind sighing all day through the pines on the hill. "Time to rest, Nora," announced

Miss Haviland, and while the wor-shippers of art relaxed their tired muscles and exchanged theories, praise and criticism with the frankness of and criticism with the frankness of the cult, Honora also stepped down and took a curious look at the semicircle of more or less realistic likenesses. What she saw was a young, dark haired woman with wistful gray eyes, hands clasped before her and a and almost careworn expression. This Moorish girl was clearly a cap-tive, pining for home, and, uncon-sciously, a flash of her old spirit came back into Honora's face. "Goodness, do I look like that?" she thought, slightly straightening herself. "Dick. dear Dick! What would you say if

"You pose very well; you've done it before, no doubt," observed one of the girls in a tone of serene patronage, but Miss Haviland broke in kindly, before Honora had time to reply:
"Oh, no," she said, "Nora isn't a
regular model. She just came to
oblige us, didn't you, Nora?"
"Pose!" cried Grace Hunt in a

clear, high voice, consulting her watch; the captive's dimple disap-peared; she hastily resumed her station and attitude, and the sorrowful look again crept over her face. The young ladies returned to their stools,

young ladies returned to their stools, and for some moments nothing was heard but the squeaking of charcoal and the scraping of paillette knives.

"The line of the neck is good, but she's distinctly too thin, and her arms are unsatisfactory," declared Mrs. Tremaine, selecting a flat brush and squeezing some raw sieuna out of a tube. She was a young widow, matronized the apartment and spoke extronized the apartment and spoke exactly as if the girl had been a lay figure or a block of wood.

or a block of wood.
'Your nose is too long and you are ill mannered icebergalso," thought Your nose is too long and you are an ill maunered iceberg also," thought Honors, vindictively, with such a rush of blood to her cheeks that severely heightened the tint of their portraits with a touch of rose madder.

Honora went home that night with

\$2 in her pocket and insulted pride in her heart. Home for her now was a more closet under the roof of a neighboring apartment house.
"Who is she, anywar

is she, anyway?" asked pared canvases after the model's de-parture. "She has a stunning head parture. "She has a stunning head of hair. You say she is not a profes-sional?"

Oh, no; she's a girl who has done plain sewing for Mrs. Lawrence, on the fifth floor. I happened to see her there and thought she looked paintable. She needed the money, I guess, by the look of her hollow eyes," answered Miss Haviland, half remorse-

month passed after the pictures were finished, and the fair students of the Iverness did not see Honora— never thought of her. Early one January morning, however, the pri-vate bell rang and Elizabeth went to

the door.
"Why, how do you do-ah-Katy, way, now do you do—an—katy, no, Nora, isn't it?" she said, with her kindly smile. "So you want to pose for us again, do you? But you look thin. Have you been ill?"
"No, thank you; I'm quite well. I would rather not pose, but I thought you might have some sewing for me.

you might have some sewing for me -possibly — one of you ladies," stam-mered Honora.

Well, sit down and I'll speak to "Well, sit down and the cheers," The girl sank into a chair in the dark little corridor, for chair in the dark little corridor, for the chair in the dark little corridor. Miss her limbs trembled under her. Miss Haviland, when she came back, ap-peared somewhat at a loss for the

right word herself. "We don't seem to have much in the way of sewing," she began, but I she began, but I suspect that Providence may have sent you to our relief, after all. You know four of us girls—the four that know four of us girls—the four that you saw—live here with Mrs. Tremaine in a suite of rowns, and we've sations on four successive days with—

hummunummund The strong sunshine which poured through the skylight of the big studio was tempered and diffused by a white muslin screen painted with blue dragdinner at the cafe. But we are all tired of the arrangement, and we've been thinking if we could get some nice"—Miss Haviland hesitated—"refined young woman to cook the meals and keep everything comfortable, it would be a good idea all round. Can you cook?"

"Yes." Honora's tongue really wouldn't say ma'am, so she made it "Miss Haviland" instead.

Miss Haviland" instead.

"Then what do you say to trying it? We put out the laundry work, so it would be easy housekeeping," and the young artist went on to speak of wages and the usual "Saturday after-

The candidate asked for an hour to consider the matter. She walked up to the park and sat down on one of the wooden benches near the Fiftyninth street entrance. Honora thought how she had come to the city only four months ago, fired with the dreams of a larger life, and utterly ignorant of its difficulties, disappointments and perils. She thought of the brave start she had made, her conbrave start sne had made, he fident courage and high hopes, and the succeeding bitter discouragethe succeeding bitter discouragements, repulses and failures. Peliquagamas, Me., was the melodious name of her birthplace; she shut her eyes and saw the prim village street, eyes and saw the prim village street, her old aunt's neat cottage, and herself, a restless, impetuous girl, growing up under the good spinster's wing, like an enterprising hawk under the wing of a well disposed hen.

Six months ago she had offered a tele to a city newspaper and all have

tale to a city newspaper, and all her troubles dated from that day, for it was promptly accepted, and the check which came back seemed to open out a dazzling prospect of wealth, fame and a "career." One or two later wentures proved equally fortunate, and then nothing would do but go to New York and try her fortune. Of course her elders remonstrated, but Honora's strong will and abundant course her elders remonstrated, but Honora's strong will and abundant relish for adventure carried the day. Dick stormed, protested and implored—but what was a six-room cottage, even with Dick, to a girl stage struck for the triumphs of a world theatre?

Of the succeeding months Honora did not like to think—their pittless lessons were still gall to her spirit.

lessons were still gall to her spirit. Enough to say that she had left the expensive boarding house, and, too proud to coufess her straits or ask help from home, taken the poorest of lodgings. Even so, with a needle instead of a pen in her hand, the struggle was too hard, the battle was against her. against her.

At this point in her meditations Honora jumped up and said to herself, resolutely:
"I'll do it! It's better than stary

"I'll do it! It's better than stavving, better than posing and better
than destroying my eyes and ruining
my temper by sewing 14 hours a day.
I'll let them call me Nora and think
it's me Oirish name," she declared,
under her breath, "and I'll give them
some first rate Yankee cooking and go
to the free lectures and conserts. to the free lectures and concerts and to the free fectures and concerts and the museums, so that my time won't be all wasted. I'll take up my de-spised diary again, and when I get home in June I'll make a clean breast to D—ick."

"Nora," said Mrs. Tremaine one May morning, shaking out the folds.

May morning, shaking out the folds of her gown, "I expect a gentleman from Philadelphia to dinner tonight, so lay an additional plate and have something a little extra, will you, and pretty flowers?" for "Elizabeth's propretty flowers?" for "Elizabeth's pro-tegee" was trusted now even to choose the bouquets. "He's the edi-tor of 'Pettingill's,'" she said, turn-ing to Grace. "A remarkable man!" ing to Grace. "A remarkable man!"
Nora's heart gave a little flutter, but

Nora's heart gave a intre nutter, but it died out immediately.

The gentlaman duly arrived, and between the ice and coffee he observed to his hostess: "Cousin Laura, I came to his hostess: "Cousin Laura, I came to town today partly to see one of our contributors. Last winter a manuscript reached the office which struck us all as something quite extraordinary. It was in the form of a diary, purporting to have been found in the purporting to have been found in the room of an unknown girl who lost her reason from sheer starvation in a well-to-do quarter of Gotham. She is a Down East girl, with literary ambitions, and in her loneliness keeps one of those voluminess journals that no one really writes nowadays with wonreason from sheer starvation in our really writes nowadays with won-derful freshness and country wit. It might have been written for her mother's eyes, or a lover's, perhaps; it reveals her follies and her virtnes both with such perfect spontanecus-ness. When literature fails her she both with such perfect spontanecus-ness. When literature fails her she tries sewing, and even posing for art students, and she hits off the fine ladies and sisters of your craft with a most delicious mixture of satire and enviousness. But through it all runs

cut food, after a grand dame fails to pay her for the work she has done, and it breaks off with the first inco-herent ravings of coming insanity. I never read anything more weird or powerful in its way than that last cry for help."

for help."
"Tell us who wrote it, quick!" exclaimed Grace, who felt a light break-

ing in on her.
"That's an odd thing about it.
The sketch was unsigned, and the accompanying slip giving the author's name and address was accidentally lost. We had it put in type and delost. We had it put in type and decided to publish it, thinking that the writer would see and claim it. I have the advance sheets here, but yesterday, by good luck, the missing paper turned up and I determined to run in and explain matters to the presumably irate lady in person. The address, I believe, is in this neigeborhood; the name "—Mr. Phillips took out a memorandum slip and regarded it through his eyeglasses—"Miss it through his eyeglasses — "Miss Honora Graves. Why, what is it? Do you know her.?"

Fortuna ely Nora was in the kitchen during the ensuing conversational

She took her laurels very quietly when they were placed tumultuously on her brow. Sitting among the girls on her brow. Sitting among the girls who welcomed her now as a sister "artist," she told them how the idea of transcribing her diary occurred to her as a last resort in the midst of a starving week, which came near to ending as tragically in reality as on paper.

When no reply was received she gave up all literary projects, and grasped the first opportunity that chance threw in her way — no other than Miss Elizabeth's offer.

But upon being hailed as a promising "lion," with a career opening before her, our Honora very frankly and emphatically disclaimed the idea. "I might have succeed example." he was emphatically discialined the idea. "I might never succeed again," she said. "This wasn't art, but plain truth, which was forced out of me by the pinch of reality, and I don't want to have the second of the large truth. have the screw put on a second time. No: if New York has done nothing else for me, at least it has tamed my ambition and taught me my place."

"But what shall you do? You can't expect to travel incognito and leavel to the incomplete and leavel to the incomplet

laugh at us in your sleeve, now that we know you?"

I shall go home and have it out with dear old Dick,"cried Honora, impulsively, and that brought down the house.—Springfield Republican.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A Duquesne (Iowa) man has a dog which was sent him by express all the way from Manila, Philippine Islands.

On a farm in West Virginia there is an apple tree which is eight feet five inches around. In 1880 85 bushels of apples were gathered from it, and sold at the apple house for \$60. The tree is 75 years old, and is still bearing.

Some of the wooden churches of Norway are fully 700 years old, and are still in an excellent state of preserva-tion. Their timbers have successfully resisted the frosty and almost Arctic winters because they have been re-peatedly coated with tar.

In Belgium organ grinders are compelled by law to play each morning before the police magistrate, who must be satisfied that their instruments are in tune. An organ which is out of tune must be put in order before a license is issued to the player.

The practice of eat ng arsenic is very prevalent among the peasantry of the mountainous districts of Austria, Hungary and France. They declare that this poison enables them to ascend with ease heights which they could only otherwise climb with great distress to the chest. tress to the chest.

People are right or left eyed just as they are right or left handed, and just as the right hand is usually the more powerful, so is the right eye. Only one person in 10 is left sighted. It is one person in 10 is left signed.

very probable that the use of weapons during countless ages has had something to do with the extra power of the right eye.

Two curiosities in American shipbuilding have recently been completed at San Francisco. They are stern-wheel launches for use on the Amoor river, Siberia, and when loaded they draw but six inches of water. They are 35 feet in length, 12 feet in beam, and have a hold 21 inches in depth. They have made seven knots an hour on their trial trips, and the engines are wonderfully light and compact.

It is not a common thing to see a church bell up a tree, yet there is one in the parish of Therfield, Herts, Engparish of Therneia, notae, which occupies this unique po-Rather more than 20 years land, which occupies this unique po-sition. Rather more than 20 years ago the church was rebuilt. There were not, however, sufficient funds to complete the rebuilding, and the upper portion of the tower and church remain unfinished to the present time. As there was no belfry in which to place the bells, one was hung on the branch of a large walnut tree in the rectory close. per portion of the tower and church

Side Views of Life. When a man tires of himself his

case is hopeless.

If a minister sims his remarks at himself he is pretty sure to hit ninetenths of his congregation.

Many a true word is spoken when two women have a quarrel.

Wise is the woman who describe as

Wise is the woman who doesn't ex-ect a man to love her when he is

Description of the property of

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: Lift Up the Fallen—A Plea For Welcome For the Prodigal—Kindness Would Reclaim Many Unfortunates Who Have Dropped by the Way.

[Copyright 1900.]
Washington, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Palmage pleads for a hearty reception to all those who have done wrong and want to get back, while the unsympathetic and self-righteous are excoriated; text, Luke xv., 28, "And he was angry and would not you."

Many times have I been asked to preach a sermon about the elder brother of the parable. I received a letter from Canada saying, "Is the elder son of the parable so unsympatetic and so cold that he is not worthy of secognition." The second that he is not worthy of secognition? The second that he is not worthy of secognition? The second that he is not worthy of secognition? The second that he is not worthy of second the pods for which he was an ususcessful contestant. I confess that it has been difficult for me to train the camera obscura upon the elder son of the parable. I could not get a negative for a photograph. There was not enough light in the gallery, or the colemicals were poor, or the sitter moved in the picture. But now I think I lave bim, not a side face or a three-quarters or the mere bust, but a full ength for the parable of the produgal had nothing to brag of in his two sons. The one was a rake and the others a churl. I find nothing admirable in the dissoluteness of the one, and I find nothing attractive in the acrid sobriety of the other. The one goes down over the starboard side, but they both go down.

From all the windows of the old homestead bursts the minatrelsy. The floor quakes with the feet of the rustics, whose they have gathered together. The house is full of congratulators. I suppose the tables are loaded with luxuries; not only the one kind of meat mentioned, but its concomitants. "Clap!" go the cymbals, "Thrum!" go the harps. "Click!" go the chaliese, up and down go the feet inside, while outside is a most sorry spectacle.

The senior son stands at the corner of the house, a frigid phiegmantic. He had just come in from the fields in very substantial apparel. Seeing some will a killary the stands will a kill. That would have goue into the house and rejoiced and, If he were not conscientiously opposed to dancing, that he would have goue into the stone had a second the condition of the feature of the fine of the second of the feature of the fine of the second of the second of the more of

the rules of common honesty. These men that go about prowling among prayer meetings and in places of business, telling how good they are—look out for them; they your hand on your pocketbook! I have noticed that just in proportion as a man gets good he gets humble. The deep Mississippi does not make as much noise as the brawling mountain rivulet. There has been many a store that had more goods in the show window than inside on the shelves.

This self-righteous man of the text stood at the corner of the house hugging himself in admiration. We hear a great deal in our day about the higher life. Now, there are two kinds of higher-life men. The one is admiratile, and the other is repulsive. The one kind of higher-life man is very lenient in his criticism of others, does not ore prayer meetings to death with long parangues, does not talk a great deal about himself, but much about Christ and meaven, gets kindlier and more gentle and more useful until one day his soul spreads a-wing, and he files away to eternal rest, and everybody mourns his departure. The other higher-life man goes around with a Bible conspicuously under his arm, goes from church to church, a sort of general avangelist, is a nuisance to his own pastor when he is at home and a nuisance to other pastors when he is away from home, runs up to some man who is counting out a roil of bank bills or running up a difficult line of figures and asks him how his soul is, makes religion a does of ipecacuanha; standing in a religious meeting making an address, he has a patronizing way, as though ordinary Christians were clear away down below him, so he had to talk at the top of his voice in order to make them hear, but at the same time encouraging them to hope on that by cilmbing many years they may after a while come up within sight of the place where he now stands. I tell you plainly that a roarfug, roistering, bouncing sinner is not so repulsive to me as that higher life maliormation. The former may repont; the latter never gets over his plarisaism. The younger

Again, the senior brother of my text stands for all those who are faithless about the reformation of the dissipated and the dissolute. In the very tones of his voice you can hear the fact that he has no faith that the reformation of the younger son is gonuine. His entire manner seems to say: "That boy has come back for more money. He got a third of the property. Now he has come back for another third. He will uever be contented to stay on the farm. He will fail away. I would go in, too, and rejoice with the others if I thought this thing was genuine, but it is a sham. That boy is a confirmed inebriate and debauchee." Alas, my friends, for the incredulity in the church of Christ in regard to the reclamation of the recreant! You say am man has been a strong drinker. I say, "Yes, but he has reformed." "Oh, you say, with a lugubrious face, "I hope you are not mistaken." You say, "Don't rejoice too much over his conversion, for soon he will be unconverted, I fear Don't make too big a party for that returned produgal or strike the timbrel too loud, and if you kill a calf kill the one that is on the commons and not the one that has been luxuriating in the paddock, That is the reason why more prodigals of the isteries of the reak infidelity in the church of Gol on this subject.

There is not a house on the streets of heaven that has not in it a prodigal that

and is the reason way more produgals and not come home to their inther's house. It is the rank infidelity in the church of Good on this subject.

There is not a house on the streets of heaven that has not in it a prodigal that returned and staid home. There could be unrolled before you a seroll of 100,000 names—the names of prodigals who came back forever reformed. Who was Johr Bunyan? A returned prodigal. Who was Richard Baxter? A returned prodigal. Who was Richard Baxter? A returned prodigal. Who was George Whitefield, the thunderer! A returned prodigal.

And I could go out in all the aisles of this church to-day and find on either side those who, once far astray for many years, have been faithful, and their eternal salvation is as sure as though they had been teryears in heaven. And yet some of you have not enough faith in their return!

You do not know how to shake hands with a prodigal; you do not know how to pray for him; you do not know how to pray for him; you do not know how to pray for him; you do not know how to pray for him; you do not know how to pray for him; you are the into the warm xulf stream of Christian sympathy. You are the iceberr against which he strikes and shivers. You say he has been a prod igal. I know it, but you are the sour, unresponsive, censorious, saturalne, cranky elder brother, and if you are going it heaven one would think some pecple would be tempted to go to perdition to get away from you.

Plenty of room for elegant sunners, for sinners in velvet or satin and lace, for sinners heaven one would think some pecple would be tempted to go to perdition to get away from you.

Plenty of room for elegant sunners, for sinners heaven one would think some pecple would be tempted to go to perdition to get away from you.

Plenty of room for elegant sunners, for sinners heaven or satin and lace, for sinners heaven one would think some pecple would be tempted to go to perditio

Again I remark that the senior brother of my text stands for the spirit of envy and jealousy. The senior brother thought that all the honor they did to the returned brother was a wrong to him. He said, "I have staid at home, and I ought to have had the ring, and I ought to have had the gar lands."

Alms for this spirit of envy and lealouss.

had the ring, and I ought to have had the gar lands."

Alas, for this spirit of envy and jealousy coming down through the ages! Cain and Abel, Esau and Jacob. Saul and David, Haman and Mordecai, Orthello and Iago Orlando and Angelica, Caligula and Torquatus, Carva and Pompey, Columbus and the Spanish courtiers, Cambyses and the brother he slew because he was a better marksman, Dionysius and Philoxenius, whom he slew because he was a better singer. Jealousy among painters—Clos terman and Geoffrey Kneller, Hudson and Reynolds, Francia, anxious to see a picture of Raphael, Raphael sends thin a picture, Francia, seeing it, falls in a fit of jealousy from which he dies.

Jealousy among authors. How seldom contemporaries speak of each other. Kenophon and Plato living at the same time, but from their writings you never would suppose they heard of sach other.

Religious jealousies. The Mohammedans praying for rain during a drought; no rain coming. Then the Christians begin to pray for rain, and the rain comes. Then the Mohammedans met together to account for this, and they resolved that God was so well pleased with their prayers he kept the drought on so as to keep them praying, but that the Curistians began to pray and the Lord was so disgusted with their prayers that the sent rain right away so He would not hear any more of their supplications. Oh, this accursed spirit of envy and jeal ousy! Let us stamp it out from all outher the could not hear any more of their supplications.

hearts.

A wrestler was so envious of Theogenes, the prince of wrestlers, that he could not be consoled in any way, and after Theogenes died and a statue was lifted to him in a public place his envious autagonist went out every night and wrestled with the statue until one night he threw it, and it fell on him and crushed him to death. So jealousy is not only absurd hat it is jealousy is not only absurd, but it is killing to the body, and it is killing to the

soul.

How seldom it is you find one merchant speaking well of a merchant in the same line of business. How seldom it is you hear a physician speaking well of a physician on the same block.

speaking well of a merchant in the same line of business. How seldom it is you hear a physician speaking well of a physician on the same block.

Oh, my friends, the world is large enough for all of us! Let us rejoice at the success of others. The next best thing to owning a garden ourselves is to look over the fonce and admire the flowers.

The next best thing to riding in fine equipage is to stand on the streets and admire the prancing span. The next best thing to having a banquet given to our selves is having a banquet given to our selves in order that we might better see the radiant and forgiving face of the Father. Contrasts are mighty. The artist in sketching the field of Waterloo years after the battle put a dove in the mouth of the cannon. Raphael in one of his cartoons beside the face of a wretch put the face of a happy and innocent child. And so the sour face of this irascible and disgusted elder brother is brought out in order that in the contrast we might better understand the forgiving and radiant face of God. That is the meaning of it—that God is ready to take back anybody that is sorry, to take him clear back, to take him back forever and forever, to take him back with a loving hug, to put a kiss on his parched lip, a ring on his bloated hand, an ensy shoe on his chafed foot, a garland on his bleeding temples and heaven in his soul. Oh, I fall flat on that mercy! Come, my brother, and let us get down into the dust, resolved never to rise until the Father's forgiving hand shall lift us.

Oh, what a God we have! Bring your doxologies. Come, earth and heaven, and jolu in the worship. Cry aloud. Lift the palm branches. Do you not feel the Father's

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Pitiful Tale of William Brown—Few Countries Show aWorse Record For De-bauchery, Impoverishment and Crimo Resulting From Drink Than Does Caba

He was a man, was neighbor William Brown, That nearly everybody liked, and liked him well. I am safe to say, there was not another man

(And it's the common, barest truth I tell,)
That had as much respect always shown to
him as he,
And it wasn't pushed nor forced, but just
came nach'ely.

Old folks liked him just the same as young, And bables'd cry to have him take them and he had more friends, and good ones too, among The children, and the onlikilest cur, or

pup, Whether man or dog-no odds how low or Mould find him out, like he was their gar-

He never could say "no" when no would Some one feel bad, and "yes" make them feel good, And all kinds of kindest things he'd underne feel bad, and "yes" make them

take;
And it was pretty generally known and understood.
If he was asked, he'd give away his coat.
And hat, lend a man money, or go upon his

He married just the nicest girl around, And best off too—her father kept a store— The folks they all was glad, for no one could

be found
We thought too good for him, and what
was more. was more, She thought the same, and bejust thought that she Could not be perfecter, no odds what she might be.

Now from this on, the heft there is to say, Will not nowise be new nor startling, like some things, He drank a toast upon his wedding day— Strauge what results a seeming trifle brings.

brings;
The bride held up her glass with hand as white as snow
And bade him drink to her, he could not answer "No."

And somehow that one drink changed the whole world to him.

Just seemed like some wild beast was wakened up;
It was known before this time, that from principle or whim,
He had never tasted wine, and this first awful cup

He had never tasted wine, and this first awful cup
Was given him by one who loved him last and best,
And he loved her the same—better than all the rest.

From that big wedding day-(we all had an invite)
Things never went as they had gone be-

He lost in that one glass all sense of good and right, Of rectitude of life, and the things he'd set a store

By when he was William Brown, now
counted, so you'd think,

Far less to him, than one good rousin'
drink.

They both are living yet-she with a broken

heart;
He with the wasted years to haunt him
day and night.
Loyal as love can be, she knows the cruel Loyal as love can be, sac acceptance purt
Unwittingly she played; and with tears to blind her sight
She prays her sobbing 'prayer, a broken hearted wife.
He goes his maudlin way—a wasted rained life.
—S. B. McManus, in Ram's Horn.

Drinking in Havana.

Drinking in Havana.

I do not know how it happens, but a great many American writers, some high in authority, have said they have not observed drunkenness here, writes the Havana correspondent of the Chicago Record. It is difficult for me to understand this, in the face of an almost daily observation of intoxication. Havana is a place of cafes. It is astonishing how large a proportion of the people of this city eat at restaurants. As in Paris, many of these cafes are open—almost on the sidewalk. None of them are behind closed doors, windows or screens. It seems that Havana must have more of them in proportion to france. Most of them have their bar attachment. The bars of Havana are the "bottle-houses" of old countries—not the mirrored bars of the State. All the "green goods" in the place are exposed to view on shelves behind the counter, and very little mixing of drinks. Wines are the common drink of the country, as in Italy, France and some parts of Germany. Most of the wines are pure Spanish bottled goods, though some are bottled here.

France and some parts of Germany. Most of the wines are pure Spanish bottled goods, though some are bottled here.

The patrons of these cafes drink their wines and coffee freely and indiscriminately. They usually eat when they drink, tarrying at the table in conversation a good while at a time, and consequently street drunkenness is not observed in any pair proportion to the amount of drinking street drunkenness is not observed in any fair proportion to the amount of drinking done. This, perhaps, gives some color to the statement regarding the absence of drunkenness. But many do get drunk just the same, often "drunk and down." more often drunk and put in a cab to be taken home to sleep it off. Whisky is not as commonly used as in the States and other colder countries, and the immediate stimulating effects of lighter drinks are not to be compared with those experienced by whisky drinkers. The whisky drinker being more noisy and exuberant, his conduct is likely to attract more attention. But in no wine-drinking country that I have ever visited have I seen as much cafe drunkenness, as much blear-eyedness, and have ever visited have I seen as much cafe drunkenness, as much blear-eyedness, and as much street reeling as right here in non-whisky using Havana. There are Americans now on this island, who are bad enough in drink habits, and who attract a great deal of unfavorable attention when drinking. But I doubt if any other country under the sun, so nearly poverty-stricken as this is, can show a worse record for drinking, debauchery, impoverishment and crime from liquors of one sort and another. The drinkers make up in the quantity they consume what difference there is in quality between whisky and wine.

Temperance Education Bill.

Temperance Education Bill.
The ladies of the W. C. T. U. of Virginia have at last been successful in securing the passage by the Legislature of a bill requiring that the effects of alcohol and other narcotics on the human system be taught in every public school in the State.

The Crusade in Brief. Health is the workingman's capital. In-dulgence in strong drink destroys this cap-ital.

One of the leading daily papers in France, Le Temps, calls for a reduction in the num-ber of saloons in that country. The dozen policemen in South Bethle. hem, Penn., are wearing total abstinence buttons, that being one result of a temper-ance revival in the town.

A New Jersey man won a bet the other day by drinking a quart of whisky without stopping. Unfortunately, however, the amount won was not large enough to pay his funeral expenses.