

THE SONG OF THE WORLD.

There's a song that the hammer is singing,
A ringing and wholesome song,
Of the day's bread won,
Of the day's work done,
Of a mold well cast
In the fiery blast—
And never one blow gone wrong.

There's a song that the sails are singing,
A humming and catching song,
Of the prow that braves
The raving waves,
Of storms outlasted,
And of ports safe sailed—
And never the helm gone wrong.

There's a song that the engines are singing,
A deep and echoing song,
Of the whirring wheel
And the burnished steel,
From the lightest spring
To the mightiest swing—
And never a stroke gone wrong.

There's a song that the world is singing,
A resonant, splendid song,
Of its work, work, work,
With never a shriek,
Of its battles won,
Of its labors done—
And of Right that masters Wrong!
—Isabel Bowman Finley, in St. Nicholas.

Maggie--Who Was Blind.

BY BERTHA SEAVEY SAUNIER.

Maggie was 30, and Mercy was 5. Maggie had a down-town business—a fairly paying business, too—to which she attended every day, a business with a movable office and no rent to pay.

Maggie was blind, certainly blind. There was really no mistake and no pretending about it.

Everyone who passed her believed it. For there were truly holes where the eyes ought to be, and the lids were pinched close together—closer than fringed gentians ever tried to be—they looked as if they never would come open, even if you took both hands to make them do it.

Mamma Maggie might have been 13 instead of 30, she was so tiny.

Mercy was made sweet every morning and dropped in at the free kindergarten as Maggie and the Irish neighbor passed on the way to the office.

Maggie carried a big book and Mr. McMooney, the Irish neighbor, carried a low little black chair, and gallantly held Maggie's arm and guided her over crossings and through the busy throngs.

The chair was placed on a sunny corner, if the day was clear, and there Maggie and the Lord kept office all the day. The Lord appealed to the hearts of the people while Maggie made her voice strong and clear as she read from the big book, which had raised letters.

A little worn tin cup always set on the edge of the page.

It was a noisy place. Every moment the cable cars ran past and the elevated trains roared overhead. Numberless heavy truck wheels and hundreds of iron-shod feet kept grinding and crunching on the iron rails and on the cobble stones, and scores of leather-shod feet passed where Mother Maggie sat. The scuff-scuffle of these feet close by was more acute to her sensitive ears than all the other noises. For she knew that they were human feet and above them throbbed human hearts. So she read high and loud, telling with her tongue what words her fingers had traced on the pages on the big book.

The book was large because the letters were raised and very large. It took only a few words to cover quite a space on the thick white pages.

Mrs. Maggie read about the pretty flowers and the green fields and the woods. Those who stopped to listen thought it an old, worn theme, but a wonderfully curious way of reading about it, nevertheless, and in pity dropped their pennies into the cup and passed on.

It had been not always thus with Maggie. Once there had been a husband, John was born blind, but Maggie was so by accident. John was well educated and held a position as teacher in the asylum. But he died. And so came about the movable office and the little old tin cup.

The cup was never full. Deary me!—Maggie knew better than to let it get full. She considered it best always to present an empty cup.

Pennies mostly fell in, and nickels, and rarely a silver bit.

They all vanished into the big pocket that hung in the folds of Maggie's rusty black skirt, and was hidden with the big old-fashioned cape that protected Maggie from the weather.

They kept house alone when the kindergarten was dismissed.

Yes, her eyes were all right—as bright and clear and brown as eyes could be. That is why she was named Mercy when she came. She appreciated her eyes, too, and helped her mother to see whatever was to be seen.

When she was alone she dusted the furniture and talked and waited and talked through hours and hours.

When she stood at the window of the one little "vap" of a room where she lived, the people and the teams away down in the street seemed so far off that she played they were only make-believe. It was all as if in fancy that the horses slipped, and fell and were washed by their drivers, the newsboys scurried and squealed for their shouts were not very loud by the time they reached her window, and the carriages flashed in the sun and carried beautiful ladies. Her window-gazing invariably came after she dusted the furniture. The window sill was paintless and also speckless, because as she gazed and thought and talked she rubbed and scrubbed at it with a tiny wet rag. When the window sill was quite clean—and we might say quite worn out—for the day, Mercy set up her clothes-pin dolls and made them go a-calling. She talked for both of them, and had them drag their dainty calico trails over the window-sill pavement with a swish of style and pride.

Mercy never went down into the halls to play with the other children of the house, nor yet into the street. "Mum Maggie" forbade it.

"These children," she had said, "are not very nice—and then there is

to be the letter." Mercy must watch and listen for the postman to call their names. Everything depended upon that letter. Mum Maggie could give up the movable office when the letter had come. It had been expected for two years—ever since Papa John died. It was going to give Mum Maggie the first place that was vacant among the teachers at the school for the blind where Papa John had taught.

And so when the postman stood at the street door and whistled, Mercy ran to the stairway and listened. Everyone on all the floors did, too, and the rickety old banisters fairly bristled with ragged heads when he called out the names of the fortunate ones. Thus far he had not called "Kimber," and Mercy often pursed her lips and told her clothes-pin dolls that he never would.

A parade was ever a great trial to Mercy. She grew so excited and so eager to be in it or near it that while it was passing she had to stand on the very tip-toe of one foot. One hand held the other foot while another hand held fast to the window sill, and the little solemn face was pressed against a square of glass. Many a time she thought of rushing down the stairs. But she stayed. "Mum Maggie" must be obeyed. Mum was little, but she was mighty. She just had to be obeyed.

"I'll go with you to down town when I'm 6," she used to say; "that'll make me big 'nough, won't it years?"

"Dear, dear," laughed Maggie. "How could I ever get through the crowds and crossings with only a baby of 6 to see for me."

The crowds were thicker than usual one day—it was the day of the grand parade. The president was passing through the city on his way home to Washington, and the people were out to welcome him. The noises roared, and the feet tramped and scuffed. The little tin cup was emptied often, although Mrs. Maggie did not quite understand. She had not heard of the great parade. She read on and on; then she listened and waited. At last the notes of a bugle reached her, then the drum beats and the tramp, tramp of feet. She ceased reading. A faint shout came to her. The people were cheering; and she heard the magic name of the president as the sounds became clearer.

A sudden fright possessed Maggie. Evidently the parade was marching toward her office and she knew that the sidewalks would be jammed with people, and she but a tiny, helpless woman at the mercy of the throng.

Onward marched the feet. First came the shouting boys and a few men, then men, women and children. Mamma Maggie had hardly a chance to catch her breath before she was in the midst of the rush, and actually carried along, inch by inch, on the smooth pavement as she sat in the low little chair.

"The Lord is with me," she thought, as she folded her trembling fingers over the big closed book. "He will not suffer my feet to be moved. She thought it in an agony; then she resolved to say it. She made her voice loud and high—her strong street voice she used, and at the clear words a big man turned and looked down.

"You seem to be moving, though, chair and all," he said. "Here, boys, lend a hand. Lift her up."

Many strong hands laid hold of the chair.

"What shall we do with her?" they asked. "There's no place to set her down."

"Carry her along, then," was the lusty answer.

And so, almost at the head of the crowd, sat "Mum Maggie," marching to the measured tread of feet with the band playing and the president himself following in his carriage. And the people shouted, and the horses champed and pranced and the president did the honors.

"They are going south, and very soon, at this rate, I shall be home," thought Maggie. "I never expected to go home in such state. Please set me down at Peck's place," she called to the big man on her left.

"Live there?" he asked. "What number?"

"Seventeen," she answered, in great relief.

"All right. Boys, turn off at Peck's place, No. 17." The big man lingered when the others had hastened back to the main street. "Seventeen, Peck's place"—he pondered—"Peck's place." Then he took from his vest pocket a little soft covered book and traced its leaves. "Here 'tis," he said, "Peck's place. Do you know a Mrs. Maggie Kimber living at this place?"

"That is my name," fluttered Mother Maggie.

"No! is it? Well, well!" There was a pause. Wonder and surprise kept both the big man and the little woman silent.

"Why did you never—what are you well?" The big man seemed to be

unable to express himself. It was the little woman who straightened him.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"Why, you know, I'm one of the board. I'm president of the board for the home for the blind. Why did you not reply to the letter of the secretary?"

Maggie gasped and fell back against the wall of the passageway. "I never—got the letter—I never had any letter," she said. "Was there a vacancy?"

"Yes, there was a vacancy." The big man actually trembled as he realized what it meant to this helpless little woman. He longed to say something comforting, but there was nothing to say.

"I don't know who is to blame," he was saying, when the sound of the carrier's whistle nearly drowned his words, and in a moment the postman was at the door.

"Here!" demanded the big man. "Do you know about a letter directed to Mrs. Maggie Kimber?"

The postman dropped his whistle at the sudden attack. "Why, yes, I do. And I delivered it, too. I remembered it because it was a new name. I had never had any mail for that party before. Let me see; it must have been three weeks ago."

"Oh," groaned Maggie. "Was it in the morning?"

The postman thought a moment. "Yes, it was, I believe—yes."

"And no one was here to watch for it and someone in the house has kept it!"

The little black chair fell over on its face in the midst of the three.

The big man looked the postman over fiercely. "That's a great way to do business," he said, sternly.

"What was I to do? The woman who took it said her name was Kimber, and I gave her the letter."

"The vixen!" said the big man.

"Oh, oh! don't say that. Perhaps there is another Kimber here. But, tell me, is the vacancy filled?" cried Maggie.

The big man was looking up at the banisters where the bristling heads listened for the postman to call.

"No wonder," he muttered. "A rough-looking lot—no wonder."

"What's the damage?" said the postman. "I'll do what I can to make good my mistake."

"I suppose it's filled by this time. It's in the hands of the committee. I'll find out and let you know. I'll come myself and tell you. Now, which one of those heads did it? Which took the letter?"

"She isn't there—this sort of people never stays long in a place. The woman has gone away by this time."

The postman called out two names, and the big man departed.

Maggie climbed the stairs. The old chair bumped noisily along as she slowly journeyed upward.

Mercy heard her and flew to meet her.

"I didn't go, mum—I wanted to, but I didn't. I stayed to watch for the letter. I fought I'd put it in the bread furkin if it come, but it didn't. Nothing come but the p'rade," she said.

Two days afterward the big man stopped at the movable office.

"It's all right," he said to Maggie. "They had found a teacher, but she has resigned. She is going to be married."

He called a cab and put the little blind woman in it and rode away, leaving the little black chair alone on the pavement. The movable office was deserted. The next time the big man passed the place a bootblack had moved in. But the bootblack never knew what the low chair knew, nor how it and the grand parade had helped to usher in good times for Mum Maggie and for little Mercy.—Chicago Record.

REPAIRING CARRIAGES.

A Trade That Is Being Somewhat Affected by the Automobile.

The horse has been displaced to a limited extent in the city by the automobile. The latter has not yet become popular in the country, though it may do so eventually. Already in New York and other large places it has been found that the character of the repairs called for are different from those formerly needed. There is less work for the blacksmith and more for the machinist. However, the chief factor in the new situation is not self-propulsion, but the rubber tire. A writer in The Hub says:

"People engaged in the making and repairing of carriages were prone to laugh and sneer at the writer when told that vibration of the parts of a vehicle passing over stone pavements was the agent that produced the many fractures of wheeled vehicles in the many parts of wood and iron. The writer also said that not until soft pavements or soft tires came into use would there be any change. The buffer cushioned axle produced a little diversion in favor of reducing noise—its main object. The rubber tire, solid, semi-solid or pneumatic, together with the soft pavement, have hit the economical nail on the head in this town. If the tires are put on properly there is no telling how long the vehicle will go without repairs."

"The rubber tire does not shut off vibration entirely. It reduces it to a minimum; in the end the result is the same. In consequence of this the great number of carriage makers who depend solely on repairs of carriages for a living began to complain. Where there was formerly work for three fire and thirty hands, there is today not enough for one fire to do, while six men make up a full complement for the plant. One of the pet phrases is, 'The man who invented rubber tires ought to be hanged.' And there are many others too positive to mention, but nevertheless the passing of the small carriage repair shop is not hidden very deep in the future."

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

A Brown Whitewash.

It may seem as much of a misnomer to speak of a brown whitewash as of a white blackberry, but the United States uses a wash that gives a brownish white, not so glaring to look upon when new as a lime wash, and it is claimed to be more durable and to resist water much better. Take three parts of good hydraulic cement, not necessarily the highest priced, and one part of clean, fine sand, and mix well with cold water. Wet the surface to be covered, whether wood, stone or brick, and then apply the wash before the surface dries, which will make it adhere better. Keep well stirred while using.

Straw as a Horse Feed.

Some straw can always be fed to horses, the amount varying with the work and the purpose for which the animal is used. Idle horses, having ample time for masticating and digesting their feed, can subsist almost wholly on good, bright straw; hard-worked animals and those required to move rapidly can make use of only a little—the feeder must judge from the conditions how much to supply. It is a notable fact that many horses are fed costly hay for roughage when cheaper straw or fodder would prove equally satisfactory. In relative value for horse feeding, the straw ranks in the following order: oat, barley, wheat, rye—the last named being of slight utility.

Potatoes and Rye.

Potatoes do excellently well upon land where a crop of green rye has been plowed in, being usually very free from scab, fair and smooth. Early potatoes can be taken off in time to sow rye, which will make growth enough to furnish a good fall pasture or a spring pasture for cattle or sheep, and then it may be plowed under in season to plant potatoes again or some other later crop. We do not like the idea of growing two crops of potatoes on the same land for two years in succession, but there are many other crops which would follow well after the rye was plowed in, and nearly all crops can be taken off in time to sow rye after them, which will be large enough to plow under in the spring. But do not trust to the rye alone as a fertilizer, but use it as an addition to the other fertilizer applied.

Rape as a Food Crop.

We have not yet seen a single unfavorable statement about rape from any who have tested it as food for sheep, hogs or poultry, and that is more than we can say for any of the new forage crops, as vetch, sorghum, broom grass, kafir corn or any of the rest. While some praise them very highly, others find some fault, or have failed to induce them to grow well upon their soil. But rape seems to grow anywhere that cabbages or turnips will grow, and to do nearly as well, whether sown in the shade of an orchard as out in the open field, and very nearly as well upon a light soil recently manured as on the most fertile fields of the prairie. We hope our readers will try it this year if they have anything to feed to it. It may not prove as good fodder as the corn crop, but it is worthy of trial.—American Cultivator.

One Way to Plant Peas.

With the wheel hoe furrows were made 3-1-2 feet apart and five or six inches deep by plowing twice in the same furrow. The peas were then drilled in by hand, using one quart of seed to 150 feet of row, and covered by reversing the plows to turn in, running through each furrow and covering the peas two to three inches deep, and walking on the rows behind the plow to firm and compact the soil over the seed. The rows were made 3-1-2 feet apart that early sweet corn could be planted between every other two rows of peas, leaving a clear space between each two rows to facilitate picking.

After covering, a shallow trench was left about three inches deep and eight inches wide. As the peas grew this was gradually filled level by cultivation. Cultivation was begun as soon as the peas were up, by going through the rows with a cultivator and following the cultivator with the rakes at the first cultivation and subsequently once a week thereafter. The crop was cultivated three times a week, until the peas were in full bloom, keeping the soil constantly stirred to a sufficient depth, smooth and free from weeds.—C. P. Byington, in New England Homestead.

Clearing Fields of Stones.

In the first place, when clearing a field of stones, pick up all on top before plowing the field, and when breaking sod have a man with a pickax follow the plow and pick up all that are in sight. If a subsoil plow is used, it would be a good plan to pick after that, too. Throw the stones in small piles and it will be easier to haul them off later.

Our method has been to never plow down any stones if we could possibly find time to haul them off, and by taking one field at a time, cleaning that as much as possible by picking before plowing and after harrowing, once or twice, the farm will soon be clear of all stones. The boulders we dispose of in various ways. One is to dig out a hole at one side of them so deep that they will sink out of the way for the plow, throwing the dirt back over them again. Another is to twitch them out of their hole with the team and haul them away, burying them in the covered drains or using them in stone walls.

On our farm we have found that all boulders stand deepest on the southwest side and shallowest on the opposite side. We dig the soil away on the deepest side enough to get a chain on it and place the team facing the northeast, and out comes the rock when the team starts, unless the chain slips. One day last November with the aid of one horse I took out and hauled away a boulder that must have weighed half a ton or more, but I used my brains more than my hands, and horse, for neither of us is unusually strong.—V. T. Lundvall, in American Agriculturist.

Preparing for the Honey Harvest.

In getting a colony of bees ready for the honey harvest, one should know what plants will furnish pollen and nectar in abundance, and when they usually are ready for the bees to work upon. It usually takes worker bees about 37 days from the egg until they are ready to fly out to gather honey, though they will go out at an earlier age sometimes if the colony is weak and the stores low. This is like the sending of children out to earn their living when very young; it may seem necessary under some circumstances, but it is neither well for the children nor profitable to the parents in the end, if they can sustain life in any other way.

Then the time to begin to feed the bees to stimulate brood raising is best placed at 37 days before the blooming of the flowers, or a little more, that there may be plenty of bees to go to work when the honey is ready for them. If the season is delayed beyond the expected time, keep up the feeding, and if the combs get well filled with brood stores, put on super with frames of empty comb, or full sheets of foundation, and let the queen go up there to start more brood. If one can get a double hive in this way well filled with brood, he may expect not only a strong swarm from it, but more than one or two crates of sections or frames above it well filled with honey. It is in this way and by feeding when the honey flows slackens, and by good care at all times, that some are able to get 100 pounds of honey or more from each colony.

In this way the eight-frame hive can be made practically a 16-frame hive, with bees enough in it, and it will not send out but one swarm or should not be allowed to do so. If more increase is desired allow them to send out a second swarm, which they are likely to do if the colony is strong and queen cells are not destroyed, then hive the new swarm in the upper box with the brood and comb that may be there, and have the lower hive on the old stand with supers to build comb in.—Boston Cultivator.

Food Injuring the Butter.

In the spring and summer cows will often wander into low fields and swamps and eat weeds and wild plants that affect the taste of the butter. There is sometimes a strong odor to it and again a decidedly bitter taste. This is first noticeable in the milk and cream, and the process of churning does not eliminate the trouble. The only sure way to prevent such odors and disagreeable taste in the butter in summer is to root out all weeds and noxious plants from the pasture. If the latter is in a run down condition where weeds thrive and grass dies, it will be pretty hard to make the food of the cows good enough to produce excellent milk and cream. It will pay better in such cases to rent more and better pasture fields, and sow the old one with new seed and fertilize it well. Most tainted and bitter summer butter comes from farms where the cows are pastured on worn out grass fields.

In the winter time, however, the dairymen cannot remedy matters so easily. The trouble comes from the food, but the latter is in the form of hay, which cannot well be separated so that the weeds can be taken out. Where weeds of a disagreeable odor have been harvested with the hay the cows will often produce inferior and bitter butter all winter. In purchasing hay for winter feed the dairymen runs quite a risk in buying weeds that will do more harm than the food will do good.

But it is not always the weeds that taint butter. One may be as careful and particular as possible in harvesting the hay crop, and yet find himself making butter with a decidedly bitter flavor. The cause of this is sometimes quite difficult to ascertain. In my own experience I have found that a large diet of clover hay invariably affects the butter injuriously. No matter how choice the clover hay may be, it will cause the butter to have a bitter taste if fed in any large amount continuously through the winter. If fed in small quantities with other hay and feed and with plenty of pumpkins and roots, there will be no appreciable injury done to the butter. But clover hay is not a good diet for milk cows. It has really little usefulness for the dairyman. It would pay him better if it was all turned under the soil to enrich it. Next to this the feeding of damaged grain is the most fruitful cause of bad body in winter. Some farmers buy up damaged grain because it is cheap, but they cannot afford to feed it to dairy cows. In nine cases out of ten it will prove very costly in the end.—E. P. Smith, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

The New Stampbooks.

Inhabitants and summer visitors of fog-bound and moisture-saturated seashore resorts in summer time will appreciate the paraffine leaves of the postoffice department's new stampbooks. The accommodating postmistress will no longer feel moved to provide her patrons with oiled paper wrappers at her own expense.

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Drones Sell Rum—A Powerful Answer to the Charge That Temperance Advocates Exaggerate—It Is Impossible to Speak Too Strongly on the Subject.

What are our liquor-sellers? The drones of the community; they feed On the Mechanic's sweat, they starve him. For them compels the stubborn globe to yield Its unsharred harvest; and your squallid form Drags out in labor a protracted death To glut their grandeur.

—Shelley.

Exaggeration and the Saloon.

Professor W. O. Atwater, of Wesleyan University, whose experiments are said to have developed the fact that alcohol is a food and not a poison, has been heard from again. This time he says, "The great obstacle in the way of temperance reform is the habit of exaggeration." Now that is refreshing! It has not been thought hitherto that the evils of the saloon could be exaggerated. The same authority adds, "Alcohol supplies fuel to the body." And is it not all well supposed that it applied fuel to the soul? A pure, healthy supply to the body would ultimately consume it with the soul in hell. That is alcohol's reputation in this community.

But Dr. Atwater, who, by the way, is as sincere as he is probably capable, but whose honest opinions are being made exceedingly profitable to the American saloon, says the friends of temperance bludge their cause by "the habit of exaggeration." It would be no more difficult to exaggerate the mendacity of the doctor or the horrors of hell than to speak too vigorously against the evils of intemperance. Amid the melancholy ruins of desolated homes and hearts, and surrounded by the wreckage of lives which but for intoxicating liquors would have been a joy to a pure, healthy soul, no danger that our too-feeble language will make it possible for us to exaggerate. Instead of exaggerating the awful crimes that lie within and without the saloon's green baize door which swings both ways into despair, all the temperance reformers in the world put together can not tell half the terrible truth. Before we can get beyond the ample borders of the facts about the drink vice to where exaggeration might begin to aid the cause, we must know all the hidden secrets of sorrow, pain and lives, and all the life-stories of the hopeless dwellers in hell; and, possessing this knowledge, he would recite it must speak cautiously for the sake of the reformer before he could tell enough of the black history even to be tempted to exaggerate. We have not been exaggerating the poison side of Satan's favorite beverages—we, perhaps, did not know until Dr. Atwater told us that alcohol was a food, or a pure, healthy fuel that it very promptly makes a man's body food for worms and his soul fuel for the eternal burning. Have we not seen it blight a million lives in their bloom, and other millions before their birth? Have we not seen it produce every form of brutishness and manhood to worse than beastliness? Please do not accuse us then of exaggerating what transforms Eden into bedlam, angels into demons, heaven into hell. We resent any accusation that we would, if we could, exaggerate the horrors and wretchedness which strew rags and bleeding hearts and mangled lives along the whole foul track of this death-dealing, disease-breeding, filth-producing, mortality-destroying, reason-detracting serpent of the saloon.

Haunted by no fear that we might ever be able to tell more than the truth, we stand aghast in the presence of the legalized saloon and wish it were possible to tell the American voter every half of the truth about rum and the ruin it is licensed to bring into our land. Surely, surely even half the truth would be enough to shut up these food shops of the devil, these coal yards of hell.

Oh, yes, alcohol is a food and a fuel—Cumberland Presbyterian.

Drunkenness at Manila.

A personal letter recently received from army headquarters in Manila was duly signed by an officer who does not particularly request that his name be kept private, but so many soldiers have been made to suffer for the truth which they have spoken that we will for the present withhold his name. He says: "I have always been an admirer of the Ram's Horn, and I trust that you will continue to fight against the work of the saloon and especially against the legalized liquor traffic, whose iniquity I never fully appreciated until coming to the Philippines. The infamous business thrives here under the energetic manipulation of American saloon-keepers to an extent that the world has never seen. I have read in the home papers exaggerated conditions. I never saw so much drunkenness elsewhere."—Ram's Horn.

World's Temperance Congress.

A notable gathering of this year will be the world's temperance congress, which meets in London next June. More than twenty temperance societies, representing religious, scientific and independent bodies in different countries and the world, will have accounts of their work and its results during the century.

The Continental societies are chiefly composed of clergymen and medical men, and their work will be presented mostly from the moral and scientific points of view. The strictly scientific societies are English and American, one studying alcohol and its effects, the other the disease of inebriety and its cause.

The Bishop of London will preside at the meetings, and the Earl of Rosebery, in the temperance cause, will arrange the programme.

An Unholy Bond.

Liquor selling is universally acknowledged a curse, not a felony. The saloon victim is a social outcast, the saloon keeper and the brewer and distiller are the companions of politicians and pines. And yet civilization is progressing, though with dragging steps, for hanging to her arm is the rum-seller. He claims her company and protection. They are united by bonds of self-interest. They married for money, and though civilization has nothing but loathing contempt for her life companion, there seems as yet no arm brave enough nor strong enough to break the unholy bond which unites them.

A Lecture in Itself.

A young lady, saloon in temperance work asked a certain butcher to donate one dollar toward meeting the expenses of a temperance lecture that she was endeavoring to secure. She did not expect to get it, and was therefore somewhat surprised when he promptly handed her a greenback, saying, "Yes, I will give you a dollar. I can well afford to, for I have sold more meat in this town since it went 'no license' than I used to in a whole week when we had saloons." Was not this a lecture for "no license?"

The Crusade in Brier.

Not one drop of intoxicating liquor is allowed to be sold at any of the military camps of Canada.

The sale of liquor has been almost wholly abolished during the six months trial of prohibition in Lowell, Mass. Under license 100,000 barrels used to be shipped into the city annually.

Dr. Edward Abbott says: "I see more saloons with their doors closed than ever of the great railway stations in Boston, and more drunken 'natives' in a single week between Boston and Cambridge than I saw during a ten months' journey of 40,000 miles by land and sea around the world."