The country's just as smiling from the It's great to just be living in a world so near mountains to the sea
As the Lord, whose leve is over it, would ever have it be.

The gardens rich with roses, and the meadows and the plains
And all the greening pastures just a-tinkle with the rains!

Lis great to just be living in a world so near the bius, you can feel the benediction of the rains become you!

You can feel the benediction of the rain-bews over you!

The gardens rich with roses, and the meadows and the plains

And all the greening pastures just a-tinkle

With the rains!

And Love o'er life's victorious, and we're singing on the way!

F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

## The Despised Pink Frock.

\*\*\*\*\*

STORY OF GRADUATION DAY.

BY CATHERINE JEWETT.

with my pupils and accustomed to my duties, I acquired the faculty of ad-

enthusiastic supporters, believing that its coveted successes would not only stimulate ambition and reward indus try, but would also tend toward the establishment of a much-needed free high school. Yet I now realized, with pain, that it bade fair to be a culmina-tion of jealousy, unkind emulation and

held her own against all opposition, until the subject of dress was

In her case the important gown was to be adainty creation of white lace and surah, therefore she decreed that her classmates should likewise drape

ugliness.

"It won't make any difference on the stage," said Muriel, with careless urkindness.

After this experimental tilt, as further opposition was hazarded, the

further opposition was hazarded, the white-dress rule was supposed to be imperative. That evening Dolly Kenpton came to me, her pretty face clouded, her young arms loaded.

Poor Dolly; I divined her trouble before she voiced it. She was a delicate little creature, studious and refined, yet not exactly popular among her mates. She was poor, undisguisedly and undeniably so. She lived with her widowed mother and an aged woman known as Aunt Marty, a queer, irresponsible old body, who with the slightest possible claim had burdened irresponsible old body, who with the slightest possible claim had burdened them for years. With pauperism staring her in the face she had fled for select the Mrs. Months who make the control of the con to Mrs. Kempton, who was herself in straitened circumstances. The connection between them was of the slightest, and entailed neither legal nor moral obligation; yet she cared for the poor soul kindly, so stretched her meagre income that it covered the bare necessities of life for the three—her-self, her daughter and their perennial

hardly prepared for the solution which bardly prepared for the solution which Dolly's tig bundle contained. She opened it, spreading before my astonished eyes a garment quaintly beautiful in tint and texture, but grotesque

When the crowd had nearly distinct the strength of the country of t in figure and design. An ancient caded with huge garlands of pinl

I looked at her in astonishment.

"Mother wants me to wear it," she went on, "and indeed I want to, after a fashion; yet all the same my soul abhors those ancient roses. You see, it was Aunt Marty's wedding gown, and in her eyes as fine and valuable as ever. Through all the shifts and changes of her most unhappy life she has clung to this sole relie of happier days. I fancy that after her husband's able dress, instead of the girl's per-"Mother wants me to wear it," she went on, "and indeed I want to, after changes of her most unhappy life she has clung to this sole relic of happier days. I fancy that after her husband's

the science of mathematics. Even as a little child I "did my sums" without any conscious effort. Indeed, it was my well-known "knack at figgerin" that induced Deacon Dudley, the supervisor, to bestow upon me the much coveted Centre school. It was the largest in town, the hardest and the best paid. I was only 18 at the time, but family misfortunes, followed by the sickness and death of my father, made the necessity for employment urgent and imperative.

Heavily handicapped by youth and inexperience, my first term was a succession of disappointments and disillusions. From my youth I took naturally to | family moved east, it ceased altogether. Heavily handicapped by youth and mexperience, my first term was a succession of disappointments and discussions.

Gradually, as I became acquainted rith my pupils and accustomed to my suities, I acquired the faculty of adversaling myself to my surroundings, fter which my work became much assier and more satisfactory. Term for the my most became for the selectmen. Before the my passed, until I felt my pofore she sent the letter, however, she duties, I acquired the faculty of adjusting myself to my surroundings, after which my work became much easier and more satisfactory. Term after term passed, until I felt my position to be assured. For six years I held it, ciphering annually through the higher algebra, to the wonder of my pupils and the satisfaction of their parents. Being a district school, there could be no real graduation, but gradually the day had taken upon itself the dignity and importance of an annual celebration.

At first I had been one of its most ever can?"
The roses were dreadful. I almost

doubted Mrs. Kempton's skill in their behalf, and I pitied the girl, shrinking with all her heart from a mortifying ordeal, but I knew there was only one

high school. Yet I now realized, with pain, that it bade fair to be a culmination of jealousy, unkind emulation and unnecessary extravagance.

The leader in every extravagant device was, naturally enough, Muriel Mason, only daughter of the richest man in town. Born to command, she held her own against all opposition the discomfort of an hour is not to be compared to the remorse of a life

> "Just what mother told me," said Dolly, bundling up her unwelcome possession.

I did not see the dress again, but I themselves in white.

"That is not fair," protested Laura Haley, who delighted in gay fabrics and vivid coloring. "I am sure I matters, but Dolly positively forbade anything of the kind, and so her flow-don't want to accentuate my natural ered gown was regarded by some as a necessary concession to poverty, by others as a sign of open insubordina

tion against the white-dress rule.
Graduation day dawned bright and clear. The church was crowded. The expected governor arrived in excellent season, bringing with him a visiting senator, and everything seemed harmonious with the exception of one rosy-looking dress among a half-dozen white ones.

The exercises passed off with what might be termed "great eclat." The young ladies were graceful and winning, their parts well prepared, their enunciation clear and distinct. The young gentlemen were less awkward than usual under such circum stances. The pink dress was so modernized that it could not be called conspicuous; still I saw the consciousness of its vivid roses stamped on the flushed cheeks of its wearer when she

stepped forward to read her essay.

It was a very unambitious effort, simply a prose version of the story of Evangeline. Yet I saw with surprise that Senator Borden, a scholar as well as politician, gave the short reading the prostrict of the story of ing the most profound and marked at-

After the exercises the eminent visi-Knowing the circumstances, I could well understand what a perplexing question graduating expenses must be in that pinched household; but I was all petitioners. Dolly, however, took She tivity, but, anxious to divest herself of her obnoxious finery, hurried at anti-once from the church.

When the crowd had nearly dis-

when the crowd had hearly dis-persed Senator Borden surprised me by asking, with an expression of real interest, for the young lady in pink. I told him her name and volunteered the information that she had gone di-

dress of white silk tissue, gayly brocaded with huge garlands of pink roses and green leaves. The fabric itself was exquisitely fine and delicate, the groundwork time-yellowed into the softest ivory tint; but, alas, the passing years had wroughtno such refining change upon the overblown roses and overgrown leaves running riotously over the scant skirt and low bodice of this impossible gown.

"Dear Miss Deacon," said Dolly, with a little nervous laugh that had in it a hint of tears, "do you think any circumstances could make it one's duty to wear that for a graduating dress?"

"Jansonry," said he. "I wanted to meet her. Her face, her voice, her gestures, all seemed wonderfully familiar. I cannot place the resemblance, but it moved me atrangely. Her face, her dress, some trick of voice or manner, took me back half a century. Ah!" with a sudden start. "I have it now; it was my sister she recalled. She wore just such a rosy gown the last time I ever saw her. Poor Marty! Pardon me, Miss Deacon, but do you Pardon me, Miss Deacon, but do you know anything of her family history

gave her, and while he lived I never heard her name mentioned. Since his death I have searched for her long and

"I think your search is ended," said I, "and that you will find her living with Mrs. Kempton in this village."

"Is it far from here? Would you show me the way?" questioned he, eagerly; and the next moment we were hurrying down the broal e.m-shaded

As we neared the Kempton cottage I saw Mrs. Paget sitting on the tiny, vine-wreathed piazza. Her soft, white hair shone in the sunlight; her pain-distorted hands lay idly on her lap; her cotton gown and stiffly-starched apron were clean and speckless; but her face, sorrow-seamed and time-defaced, bore no trace of bloom or faced, bore no trace of bloom or

beauty.

"And yet," said my companion, seeming to divine my thoughts, "it is Marty herself; the very image of our mother as I saw her last." He went swiftly up the little graveled path, his face growing visibly paler as he walked.

Just in front of her he stopped, and between them. Then the woman arose, her worn face working, her faded eyes brightening, her hands appropriate the state of the state of

pealingly extended,
"Father," she cried, "father, for-

"Father died years ago," answered mator Borden, gently, "and ever Senator Borden, gently, "and ever since I have been searching for you, my sister!"
"Bennie! Bennie!" she screamed,

"Bennie! Bennie!" she screamed, finging herself toward him. The scene that followed was too sacred for stranger eyes to look upon, and so I quietly withdrew, going back to my delayed duties.

That afternoon I was "a personage" in the village. Over and over again

in the village. Over and over again I told the story, fairly revelling in the first bit of romance that had ever

of course there were a few ill-natured souls who declared that Mrs. Kempton had known all along which side her bread was buttered on, but as this idea seemed to be confined exclusively to those who had beforetimes pronounced her quixotic and improvi-dent, and it did not greatly affect public sentiment.

Senator Borden made immediate arrangements to remove his sister to his own home. But she, poor soul, in abject fear of her august sister-in-law, clung to the dear second cousin who had so brightened the years of her ad-

A compromise was at last effected, Mrs. Kempton selling her little home and removing to Anderson, where Mr. Borden lived, and where the famous Anderson seminary was located. To attend this school had long been Dolly's highest ambition-an ambition which a grateful brother's liberality made it perfectly possible to gratify. In a few days the little ripple of ex-

citement that attended their departure died away, leaving in its place only a

memory.

I missed Dolly sadly, feeling sure that the duties and pleasures of her new life would soon blot out all interest in her older and less favored

I realized my mistake when, weeks afterward, I received a letter from her which wrought in my life a delightful change.
"One of our teachers," she wrote,

"has resigned, and Senator Borden has resigned, and Senator Borden has secured the position for you. He knows how you helped and encouraged me through the pink-dress ordeal, and he is very glad of this opportunity to show his appreciation of your good sense and kindness."

A for or two lates this delightful

A day or two later this delightful officially confirmed, and I at once set about my modest preparations for departure. Just before I left I called upon old Deacon Dudley and found him not only sympathetic but fairly jubilant over my improved pros-

"I gave you your first chance," said he, 'and I presume to say I helped you to your second one. I talked quite a spell with the senator when he was here, and I gave you a first-class 'recommend.' 'She is young,' said I, 'and no great things to look at, but she is a master hand at figgerin.' "
I thauked the old gentleman for his

doubtful compliment with becoming I have pained his kindly heart by the knowledge that anything so frivolous as a pink frock had far more to do with my good fortune than his unique and well-meant "recommend."-Chi-

The Army in the Field,

The laymen cannot easily realize the vast amount of material as to food and ammunition demanded by an army in the field. A few facts and army in the field. A lew facts and figures as to this may aid to make it more tangible. Each man requires, at a minimum, three pounds and a half of food per day. Each animal half of food per day. Each animal should have at least 20 pounds of food in countries where grazing is not abundant. If we take, for purposes of estimate, only 15 pounds required to supply each animal, leaving five pounds to be gathered from the coun-try, by grazing and otherwise, we assume a quantity that may be considered a minimum. An army of 150,-000 men would require about 50,000 animais for transportation of artillery, camp equipment, ammunition, food, hospital and medical equipment. There should not be less than 30,000 cavalry. There should not be less than 10,000 animals available at all times to supply losses. This means times to supply losses. This makes a total of 90,000 animals to be fad. With this as a basis, we see that the daily demands would be for the men days. I fancy that after her husband's death his people made much of her for a time. Her father was wealthy, and there was always the chance of his relenting; but as one by one her overtures were ignored and her letters returned unopened this possibility grew less and less, until, after the

## DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED

Subject: The Victor's Shout—The Joy of Overcoming Difficulties—The Satisfaction Expressed by Christ on the Outcome of His Earthly Labors. [Copyright 1800.]

Washington, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Taimage shows in an unusual way the autagonisms that Christ overcame and inds a balsam for all wounded hearts; text, John xvii., 4, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do."

There is a profound satisfaction in the completion of anything we have undertaken. We lift the capstone with exultation, while, on the other hand, there is nothing more disappointing than, after having toiled in a certain direction, to find that our time is wasted and our investment profitless. Christ came to throw up a highway on which the whole world might, if it chose, mount into heaven. He did it. The foul mouthed crew who attempted to tread on Him could not extinguish the sublime satisfaction which He expressed wher. He said: "I have inished the work which Thou gavest Me do."

Alexander the Great was wounded, and

inished the work which Thou gavest Me do."

Alexander the Great was wounded, and the doctors could not medicate his wounds, and he seemed to be dying, and in his dream the sick man saw a plant with a peculiar flower, and he dreamed that that plant was put upon bis wound and that immediately it was cured. And Alexander, waking from his dream, told this to the physician, and the physician, wandered out until be found just the kind of plant which he sick man had described, brought if to him, and the wound was beaied. Well, the human race had been hurt with the ghast-liest of all wounds—that of sin. It was the business of Christ to bring a baim for that wound—the baim of divine restoration. In carrying this business to a successful issue the difficulties were stupendous.

In many of our plans we have curfriends.

ous.

In many of our plans we have cur friends to help us; some to draw a sketch of the plan, others to help us in the execution. But Christ fought every inch of His way against bitter hostility and amid circumstances all calculated to depress and de-

against bitter hostility and amid circumstances all calculated to depress and defeat.

In the first place, His worldly occupbtion was against Him. I find that He earned His livelihood by the carpenter's trade, an occupation always to be highly regarded and respected. But you know as well as I do that in order to succeed in any employment one must give his entire time to it, and I have to declare that the fatigues of carpentry were unfavorable to the execution of a mission which required all mental and physical faculties. Through high hard, dry, fusky, insensate Judaism to hew a way for a new and glorious dispensation was a stupendous undertaking that was enough to demand all the concentrated energies even of Christ. We have a great many romantic stories about what men with physical toil have accomplished in intellectual departments, but you know that after a man has been tolling all day with adz and saw and hammer, plane and ax, about all he can do is to rest. A weary body is an unfavorable adjunct to a toiling mind. You, whose life in purely mechanical, if you were called to the upbuilding of a kingdom, or the proclamation of a new code of morals, or the starting of a revolution which should upturn all nations, could get some idea of the incoherence of Christ's occupation with His heavenly mission.

In His father's shop no more intercourse

could get some idea of the incoherence of Christ's occupation with His heavenly mission.

In His father's shop no more intercourse was necessary than is ordinarily necessary in bargaining with men that have work to do, yet Christ, with hands hard from use of tools of trade, was called forth to become a public speaker, to preach in the face of mobs, while some went, and some shook their fists, and some gnashed upon Him with their teeth, and many wanted Him out of the way. To address orderly and respectful assemblages is not so easy as it may seem, but if requires more energy and more force and more concentration to address an exasperated mob. The villagers of Nazareth heard the pounding of His hammer, but all the wide reaches of eternity were to hear the stroke of His spiritual up-building.

So also His havits of dress and diet were against Him. The mighty men of Christ's time did not appear in apparel without trinkets and adornments. None of the Caesars would have appeared in citizen's apparel. Yet here was a man, here was a professed king, who always wore the same coat. Indeed it was far from shabby, for after He-had worn it a long while the gamblers thought it worth raffling about, but still it was far from being an imperial robe. It was a coat that any ordinary man might have worn on an ordinary occasion.

Neither was there any pretension in His did.

man might have worn on an ordinary occasion.

Neither was there any pretension in His diet. No cupbearer with golden chalice brought Him wine to drink. On the seasions He at each of the seasions have to drink. On the seasions have to drink, but, bending over the well in Samaria, He begged a drink. He sat at only one banquet, and that not at all sumptuous, for to relieve the awkwardness of the host one of the guests had to prepare wine for the company.

Other kings ride in a chariot; He walked. Other kings, as they advance, have heralds ahead and applauding subjects behind; Christ's retinue was made up of sunburned fishermen. Other kings sleep under embroidered canopy; this one on a shelterless hill, riding but once, as far as I now remember, on a coit, and that borrowed.

His poverty was against Him. It re-

no epaulets, who brandished no sword. He had probable never seen a prince or shaken hands with a nobleman.

The only extraordinary person we know of as being in His company was His own mother, and she was so poor that, in the most delicate and solenn hour that comes to a woman's soul, she was obliged to lie down among drivers grooming the beasts of burden.

to a woman's soul, she was obliged to lie down among drivers grooming the beasts of burden.

Again, I remark, there was no organization in His behalf, and that was against Him. When men propose any great work, they band together, they write letters of agreement, they take oaths of fealty, and the more and complete the organization the more and complete the organization the more and complete the success. Here was one who went forth without any organization and alone. If men had a mind to join in His company, all relit, if they had a mind not to join in His company, all well. If they came, they were greeted with no loud salutation; if they went away, they were sent with no bitter anathema. Peter departed, and Christ turned and looked at him; that was all.

All this was against Him. Did any one ever undertake such an enterprise amid such infinite embarrassments and by such modes? And yet I am here to say it ended in a complete triumph. Notwithstanding His worldly occupation, His poverty, His piain face, His unpretending garb, the fact that He was schooliess, the fact that He had a brief life, the fact that He was not accompanied by any visible organization—notwithstanding all that, in an exhibitation which shall be prolonged in everlasting chorals, He declared, "I have fluished the work which Thou gavest Me to do."

everlasting chorals, He declared, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do."

In the eye infirmary now many diseases of that delicate organ have been cured? But Jesus says to one tilind, "Be open!" and the light of heaven rushes through gates that have never before been opened. The frost of an ax may kill a tree, but Jesus smites one dead with a word. Chemistry may do many wonderful things, but what chemist at a wedding, when the wine gave out, could change a pail of water into a cask of wine? What human voice could command a school of fish? Yet here is a voice that marshals the scally tribos until, in a place where they had let down the net and pulled it up with no fish in it, they let it down again, and the disciples lay hold and began to pull, when, by reason of the multitude of fish, the net broke. Nature is His servant. The flowers—He twisted them into His sermons; the winds—they were His lullaby when He slept in the boat; the rain it hung glittering on the thick foliage of the parables; the star of Bethlehem—it sang a Christmas carol over His tirth; the rocks—they beat a dirge at His death. Behold His victory over the grave! The hinges of the family vault become very rusty because they are never opened except to take another in. There is a knob on the outside of the door of the sepulcher, but none on the inside. Here comes the Conqueror of Death. He enters that realm and says, "Daughter of Jairus, sit up!" and she sits up. To Lazarus, "Come forth!" and he came forth. To the widow's on He said, "Get up from that bler!" and he goes home with his mother. Then Jesus snatched up the keys of death and hung them to His glidle and cried until all the graveyards of the earth heard Him: "O death, I will be thy plague! O grave, I will be thy plague! O grave, I will be thy described, you say, without the come of the control of the care of the care of the control of the care of the care of the care o

be thy destruction!"

No man could go through all the obstacles I have described, you say, without having a nature supernatural. In that arm, amid its muscles and nerves and bones, were intertwisted the energies of omulpotence. In the syllables of that voice there was the emphasis of the eternal God. That foot that walked the deck of the ship in Gennesaere shall stamp kingdoms of darkness into demolition. This poverty struck Christ owned Augustus, owned all the castles on its beach and all the skies that looked down into its water—owned all the earth and all the heavens. To Him of the plain coat beloaged the robes of celestial royalty. He who walked the road to Emmans the lightthe skies that looked down into its water—
owned all the earth and all the heavens.
To Him of the plain coat beloaged the
robes of celestial royalty. He who
walked the road to Emmaus the lightnings were the fire shod steeds of His
charlot. Yet there are those who look
on and see Christ run water into wine,
and they say. "It was sleight of hand!"
And they see Christ raise the dead to life,
and they say: "Ensily "xplained; not
really dead; playing dead!" And they see
Christ glving sight to the blind man, and
they say, "Clairvoyant doctor!" Oh, what
shall they do on the day when Christ rises
up in judgment and the hills shall rock
and the trumpets shall call, peal on peal?
In the time o'Theodosius the Great there
was a great assault made upon the divinity of Jesus Christ, and during that time
Theodosius the Great called his own son to
sit on the throne with him and be a copartner in the government of the empire, and
one day the old bishop came and bowed
down before Theodosius, the emperor, and
passed out of the room, and the emperor
was offended, saying to the old bishop,
"Why didn't you pay the same honor
to my son, who shares with me in the govennment?" Then the old bishop turned to
the young man and said, "The Lord bless
thee, my young man," but still paid him no
such honor as be had paid to the Emperor.
And the Emperor was still offended and
displeased when the old bishop turned to
Theodosius the Great and said to him,
"You are offended with me because I don't
puy the same honor I pay to you,
and yet you encourage multitudes of people in your reaim to deny the Son of God
equal authority, equal power, with God the
Father."

My subject also reassures us of the fact
that in all our struggies we have a sympa-

christ's retinue was made up of sunburned fishermen. Other kings sleep under embroidered canopy; this one on a shelterless hill, riding but once, as far as I now remember, on a coit, and that borrowed.

The coverty was against Him, It requires money to build great enterprises. Men of means are afraid of a penniless projector lest a loan be demanded. It requires money to build great enterprises. Men of means are afraid of a penniless projector lest a loan be demanded. It requires money to print books, to build institutions, to pay instructors. No wonder the wise men of Christ's time laughed at this penniless Christ's "Why." they said, "who is to pay for this new religion will be stongly the stongly will be seen the state of the teachers? Shall wealthy, established religion be discomfied by a penniless Christ?"

The consequence was that most of the people that followed Christ had nothing to loss. Affuent Joseph of Arimathea burled Chose. Affuent Joseph of Arimathea burled Chose, affuent, and the state of the people that followed Christ had nothing to loss. Affuent Joseph of Arimathea burled Chose, affuent, and the state of the people that followed Christ had nothing to loss. Affuent Joseph of Arimathea burled Chose, affuent, and the state of the people that followed Christ had nothing to loss. Affuent, and the state of the people that followed Christ had nothing to loss. Affuent of the people that followed Christ had nothing to loss. Affuent of the people that followed Christ had nothing to loss. Affuent of the people that followed Christ had nothing to loss the people that to loss the state of the people that followed Christ had nothing to loss the people that to loss the people tha

## THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE

It Holds an Adder's Sting—A Touching Incident Which Shows the Power of Song to Reclaim the Drunkard—The Rescue of a Rum-Sodden Wretch.

Rescue of a Ruin-Soutes
To earth the cup be hurled,
That holds an adder's sting;
And let us pledge the world
With nectar from the spring.
That hence, like Rechab's ancient line,
Though prophets urge, we drink no wine
—L. M. Sargent.

Inted one day by Mr. Sankey at Mr. Moody's Gospel Temperance meeling, Boston, well illustrates the power of song to reclaim the inebriate, and its influence and importance in the evangelistic work:

"Many have wondered that I sang here alone in this way, but it is because I thought I might preach some little truth from the Word of God in these simple hymns. And I thank God that He has blessed His message as sung. For instance, here is this hymn: 'What Shall the Harvest Be?' There is no praise in that. Not long since in a meeting we were holding a man came staggering through the door, and was directed into the gallery, and he staggered down the alsie and got a seat near one of the large posts that held the building up, and his testimony afterward was that while he was sitting there ward was that while he was sitting there was deeper and he had been a seat near one of the large posts that held the building up, and his testimony afterward was that while he was sitting there ward was that while he was sitting there ward was that while he was sitting there was deeper and the large posts that held in the building up, and his testimony afterward was that while he was sitting there was considered in off the street, a poor, lost man, lost in drink—he leaned his head against the post, and when the people came in with their happy faces, he said: This is no place for me, I'll go; I have no friends, no happy home to go to; and he attempted to raise himself up and go out, and just then the little hymn 'What Shall the Harvest Be?' was given out from the pulpit, and the first strain of that hymn caught the attempted to raise which says:

'Sowing the seed of a tarnished name, Sowing the seed of eternal shame.'

Sowing the seed of eternal shame.'

He said those lines went as a dagger through his heart, and he said to himself:

'That's what I've been doing.

My name is gone, and I'm sowing the seed of eternal

Which Road Will You Take?

You may have heard the story of the man who, being obliged to be driven over a dangerous mountain pass, tested the conchmen in this way: He asked three drivers how near they could go to a certain precipice and not overturn the carriage. One said he could drive within so many inches; another, a few inches lessiout a third said he should keep just as fai away from the dangerous edge as he could get. That coachman was engaged. There was no need of going near the precipice, for near by there was another road—safe and sure—for it hugged the inland rocks.

We are all travelers—are all taking a journey. There are two roads before us. On one road there are, daily, many accidents, men and women going over the precipice. It is called Saloon Highway, Moderate drinkers take this road because it is exciting and gives pleasure for a time. They are not afraid of dauger, but many fall over the precipice of intemperance into the gnleh of drunkenness and ruin.

The other road is broad and safe, called Temperance Road—secure from dauger-for it hugs the solid rock of Total Abstinence.

Which road will you take?

Which road will you take?

The Drink Death-Rate.

The Drink Death-Rate.

Some years ago a statement was made that 60,000 drunkards died every year in the United Kingdom. Dr. Norman Kerr, who is President of the Society for the Study of Inebrlety, did not believe that this terrible statement was true, and he set to work to try and prove that it was untrue. It is very remarkable to note what was the end of his inquiry. As soon as he began to find out the real facts he learned that, so far from the number given being too high, it was much low. Not only did he find out his mistake, but he had the honesty and the courage to acknowledge it, and at the great meeting of the Social Science Congress he publicly declared that in his opinion not 60,000 but 120,000 persons lost their lives in a year through excessive indulgence in drink.—Cassell's Temperance Reader.

Beer Makes Wife Beaters.

Beer Makes Wife Beaters.

A woman in Trenton, N. J., confesses that she has been in the habit of putting laudanum into her husband's beer in order to make him sleep, and thus to save her from the beatings he would otherwise be sure to inflict upon her. Some of her neighbors corroborate her story and admit that they do the same thing, while their neighborhood druggist says he has been doing a rushing trade in laudanum for that purpose.

A Sad Pre-Eminence.

The French have an unenviable preeminence in alcoholic intemperance. They
consume eight times as much wine as the
three other nations combined, and nearly
fifty times as much per head. The consumption of spirits in France is also so
high as to fill serious observers with alarm
as to its effect upon the character and
future of the nation.

The Crusade in Brief.

A neighborhood is poor in direct proportion to the number of saloons in has to support.

The oldest teetotaler in Great Britain is said to be Mts. Sampson, aged ninety-seven. She was born at King's Lynn, and signed the pledge in January, 1820. She had ten daughters, and the eight still living are teetotalers.

"The Cubans are a temperate people," says a recent writer. "It might perhaps be impossible to find a total abstainer on the island, but drunkenness is practically unknown."

The number of saloons in New York is 13,064, a reduction of nearly 2200 in three years. The New York Sun says "That the smaller the number of saloons the less drinking there is, is an axiom which experience shows to be irrefutable."

Total abstinence societies degenerate in-to mere clubs for sociability only if there is not continuous discussion of the tem-perance question, and constant striving on the part of the members to understand the logic of the temperance movement.