

"A Modern Samson."

BY ROBERT BARB.

A little more and Jean Rasteaux would have been a giant. Brittany men are small as a rule, but Jean was an exception. He was a powerful young fellow who, up to the time he was compelled to enter the army, had spent his life in dragging heavy nets over the sides of a boat. He knew the Brittany coast, rugged and indented as it is, as well as he knew the road from the little cafe on the square to the dwelling of his father on the hill-side overlooking the sea. Never before had he been out of sound of the waves. He was a man who, like Herve Riel, might have saved the fleet, but France, with the usual good sense of officialism, sent the man of the coast into the mountains, and Jean Rasteaux became a soldier in the Alpine corps. If he stood on the highest mountain peak, Jean might look over illimitable wastes of snow, but he could catch neither sound nor sight of the sea. Men who mix with mountains become as rough and rugged as the rocks, and the Alpine corps was a wild body, harsh and brutal. Punishment in the ranks was swift and terrible, for the corps was situated far from any of the civilizing things of modern life, and deeds were done which the world knew not of; deeds which would not have been approved if reported at headquarters. The regiment of which Jean became a unit was stationed in a high valley, that had but one outlet, a wild pass down which a mountain river roared and foamed and tossed. The narrow path by the side of this stream was the only way out, or into the valley, for all around, the little plateau was walled in by immense peaks of everlasting snow, dazzling in the sunlight, and luminous even in the still dark nights. From the peaks to the south, Italy might have been seen, but no man had ever dared to climb any of them. The angry little river was fed from a glacier whose blue breast lay sparkling in the sunshine to the south, and the stream circumnavigated the little plateau, as if trying to find an outlet for its tossing waters. Jean was terribly lonely in these dreary and unaccustomed solitudes. The white mountains awed him, and the mad roar of the river seemed but poor compensation for the dignified measured thunder of the waves on the broad sands of the Brittany coast.

But Jean was a good-natured giant, and he strove to do whatever was required of him. He was not quick at repartee, and the men mocked his Breton dialect. He became the butt for all their small and often mean jokes, and from the first he was very miserable, for, added to his yearning for the sea, whose steady roar he heard in his dreams at night, he felt the utter lack of all human sympathy. At first he endeavored, by unflinching good nature and prompt obedience, to win the regard of his fellows, and he became in a measure the slave of the regiment, but the more he tried to please, the more his burden increased, and the greater were the insults he was compelled to bear from both officers and men. It was so easy to bully this giant, whom they nicknamed Samson, that even the smallest men in the regiment felt at liberty to swear at him or cuff him if necessary.

But at last Samson's good nature seemed to be wearing out. His stock was becoming exhausted, and his comrades forgot that the Bretons for hundreds of years have been successful fighters, and that the blood of contention flows in their veins. Although the Alpine corps, as a general thing, contains the largest and strongest men in the French army, yet the average French soldier may be termed undersized when compared with the military of either England or Germany. There were several physically small men in the regiment, and one of these, like a diminutive gnat, was Samson's worst persecutor. As there was no other man in the regiment whom the gnat could bully, Samson received more than even he could be expected to bear. One day the gnat ordered Samson to bring him a pail of water from the stream, and the big man unhesitatingly obeyed. He spilled some of it coming up the bank, and when he delivered it to the little man, the latter abused him for not bringing the pail full, and as several of the larger soldiers who had all in their turn made Samson miserable, were standing about, the little man picked up the pail of water and dashed it into Samson's face. It was such a good opportunity for showing off before the big men, who removed their pipes from their mouths and laughed loudly as Samson with his knuckles tried to take the water out of his eyes. Then Samson did an astonishing thing.

"You miserable little, insignificant rat," he cried. "I would crush you, but you are not worth it. But to show you that I am not afraid of any of you, there, and there!" As he said these two words with emphasis, he struck out from the shoulder, not at the little man, but at the two biggest men in the regiment, and felled them like logs to the ground. A cry of rage went up from their comrades, but Samson glared at them, no one made a move.

The matter was reported to the officer, and Samson was placed under arrest. When the inquiry was held, the officer expressed his astonishment at the fact that Samson hit two men who had nothing to do with the insult he had received, while the real culprit had been allowed to go unpunished. "They deserved it," said Samson, sullenly, "for what they had done before. I could not strike the little man, I should have killed him." "Silence!" cried the officer. "You must not answer me like that." "I shall answer you as I like," said Samson, doggedly. The officer sprang to his feet, with a little rattle cane in his hand, and struck the insubordinate soldier twice across the face, each time raising an angry red mark. Before the guards had time to interfere Samson sprang upon the officer, lifted him like a child around his head, and dashed him with a sickening crash to the ground, where he lay motionless. A cry of horror went up from every one present. "I have had enough," cried Samson turning to go, but he was met by a bristling hedge of steel. He was like a rat in a trap. He stood defiantly there, a man maddened by oppression, and glared around him helplessly. Whatever might have been his punishment for striking his comrades, there was no doubt now about his fate. The guardhouse was a rude hut of logs situated on the banks of the roaring stream. Into this room Samson was flung, bound hand and foot, to await the court-martial next day. The shattered officer, whose sword had broken in pieces under him, slowly revived, and was carried to his quarters. A sentry marched up and down all night before the guard-house. In the morning, when Samson was sent for, the guard-house was found to be empty. The huge Breton had broken his bonds as did Samson of old. He had pushed out a log of wood from the wall, and had squeezed himself through to the bank of the stream. There all trace of him was lost. If he had fallen in, then of course he had sentenced and executed himself, but in the mud near the water were great footprints, which no boot but that of Samson could have made; so if he were in the stream it must have been because he threw himself there. The trend of the footprints, however, indicated that he had climbed on the rocks, and there, of course, it was impossible to trace him. The sentries who guarded the pass maintained that no one had gone through during the night, but to make sure, several men were sent down the path to overtake the runaway. Even if he reached a town or a village far below, so huge a man could not escape notice. The searchers were instructed to telegraph his description and his crime as soon as they reached a telegraph wire. It was impossible to hide in the valley, and a rapid search speedily convinced the officers that the delinquent was not there. As the sun arose higher and higher, until it began to shine on the northward-facing snow fields, a sharp-eyed private reported that he saw a black speck moving high up on the great white slope south of the valley. The officer called for a field-glass, and placing it to his eyes, examined the snow carefully. "Call out a detachment," he said, "that is Samson on the mountain." There was a great stir in the camp when the truth became known. Emisaries were sent after the searchers down the pass, calling them to return. "He thinks to get to Italy," said the officer. "I did not imagine the fool knew so much of geography. We have him now sure enough." The officer who had been flung over Samson's head was now able to hobble about, and he was exceedingly bitter. Shading his eyes and gazing at the snow, he said: "A good marksman ought to be able to bring him down." "There is no need of that," replied his superior. "He cannot escape. We have nothing to do but to wait for him. He will have to come down." All of which was perfectly true. A detachment crossed the stream and stacked its arms at the foot of the mountain which Samson was trying to climb. There was a small level place a few yards wide between the bottom of the hill and the bank of the raging stream. On this bit of level ground the soldiers lay in the sun and smoked, while the officers stood in a group and watched the climbing man going steadily upward. For a short distance up from the plateau there was stunted grass and moss, with dark points of rock protruding from the scant soil. Above that again was a breadth of dirty snow which, now that the sun was strong, sent little trickling streams down to the river. From there to the long ridge of the mountain extended upwards the vast smooth slope of virgin snow, pure and white, sparkling in the strong sunlight as if it had been sprinkled with diamond dust. A black speck against the tremendous field of white, the giant struggled on, and they could see by the glass that he was sinking to the knee in the softening snow. "Now," said the officer, "he is beginning to understand his situation."

Through the glass they saw Samson pause. From below it seemed as if the snow were as smooth as a sleeping roof, but even to the naked eye a shadow crossed it near the top. That shadow was a tremendous ridge of overhanging snow more than a 100 feet deep; and Samson now paused as he realized that it was insurmountable. He looked down and undoubtedly saw a part of the regiment waiting for him below. He turned and plodded slowly under the overhanging ridge until he came to the precipice at his left. It was a 1000 feet sheer down. He retraced his steps and walked to the similar precipice at the right. Then he came again to the middle of the great T which his footmarks had made on that virgin slope. He sat down in the snow. No one will ever know what a moment of despair the Breton must have passed through when he realized the hopelessness of his toil. The officer who was gazing through the glass at him dropped his hand to his side and laughed. "The nature of his situation," he said, "has at last dawned upon him. It took a long time to get an appreciation of it through his thick Breton skull."

"Let me have the glass a moment," said another. "He has made up his mind about something." The officer did not realize the full significance of what he saw through the glass. In spite of their conceit their skulls were thicker than that of the persecuted Breton fisherman. Samson, for a moment, turned his face to the north and raised his hands towards heaven. Whether it was an appeal to saints he believed in, or an invocation to the distant ocean he was never more to look upon, who can tell? After a moment's pause he flung himself headlong down the slope towards the section of the regiment which lounged on the bank of the river. Over and over he rolled, and then in place of the black figure there came downward a white ball, gathering bulk at every bound. It was several seconds before the significance of what they were gazing at burst upon officers and men. It came upon them simultaneously, and with it a wild panic of fear. In the still air a low sullen roar arose. "An avalanche! An avalanche!" they cried. The men and officers were hemmed in by the broiling torrent. Some of them plunged in to get to the other side, but the moment the water laid hold of them their heels were whirled into the air, and they disappeared helplessly down the rapids. Samson was hours going up the mountain, but only seconds coming down. Like an overwhelming wave came the white crest of the avalanche, sweeping officers and men into and over the stream and far across the plateau. There was one mingled shriek which made itself heard through the sullen roar of the snow, then all was silence. The hemmed-in water rose high and soon forced its way through the white barrier.

When the remainder of the regiment dug out from the debris the bodies of their comrades they found a fixed look of the wildest terror on every face except one. Samson, himself, without an unbroken bone in his body, slept as calmly as if he rested under the blue waters on the coast of Brittany.—English Illustrated Magazine.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS. The corn field of a Long Island farmer has produced an oddity of nature in 21 small ears of corn, all intergrown with each other, on a single stalk.

A well-authenticated Shakespearean relic, an earthenware jug, given by him to his sister Joan, is on sale in London. It is shaped like a modern coffee-pot, decorated with heathen mythological figures in bold relief, and topped with a silver cap and edging of engraved silver.

Not long since a remarkable school of fishes was caught in Oregon. For some reason the water in a stream had run dry, leaving millions of fishes on the sands, which later nearly drove some of the inhabitants of the region away. The skeletons of this vast congregation will in time become hardened.

A resident of the City of Mexico recently ordered several suits of clothes from a New Orleans house, sending these helpful suggestions: "I am 42 years old, weigh 120 pounds, dark complexion, notary public." By the way of reply the order clerk told the Mexican that the specifications were very interesting and exhaustive, but as a matter of form the house would be glad to have him fill out and forward one of the firm's regulation measurement blanks.

Dr. Fred Edge of Wolverhampton, England, has the misfortune to possess blood which is peculiarly tempting to fleas. If any of his out-patients bring one into his presence, the discriminating insect at once forsakes its former host for the doctor's blood. But Dr. Edge has found a way of spoiling the brand from the flea point of view. He accomplishes this by simply chewing sulphur lozenges. The fleas then merely run about his skin and tickle him, but are too wary to bite. Perhaps the same prophylactic will disappoint other insects of prey—mosquitoes, for instance.

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SOUTH NEEDS NO CHANGE

FEARS BRYAN'S ELECTION WOULD BRING HARD TIMES.

The Record of Baltimore Obtains the Views of Manufacturers Who Are in Favor of Letting Well Enough Alone—Why Democratic Defeat is Desirable.

The Manufacturers' Record of Baltimore, recently sent a circular letter to manufacturers all over the country, asking their views as to what would be the effect upon the manufacturing interests were Mr. Bryan elected. The Northern manufacturers, as a rule, predict dull times and uncertainty, and some see disaster in Bryan's election. The replies of the Southern manufacturers in part follow:

Hambleton & Co., bankers, Baltimore, Sound-Money Democrats: "We consider the defeat of Mr. Bryan not only desirable, but absolutely essential to the safety of the country and welfare and happiness of the people." Mottu De Witt & Co., Investments, Norfolk, Va.: "Ever since Bryanism has made itself known we find that most of our friends prefer to wait the time when the American people have proved by their vote that they want nothing but the soundest and best kind of money. The possibility of Bryanism is enough to stop the wheels of progress, and the sooner election day is over the better for everybody."

J. J. Anderson, lumber, Spaulding, Va.: "I do not anticipate any material decline between now and election, and after that date if McKinley is re-elected I expect business will be stimulated, wages advanced and higher prices for all kinds of lumber."

W. S. Wyche, George Foundry and Machine Works, Rome, Ga.: "The political part of your letter we prefer not to discuss. We are looking for a good trade during our fall and winter seasons, basing our opinion on ten-cent cotton."

W. M. Given, Birmingham, Ala., consulting engineer: "As regards the election and the influences it would exert upon our local business interests I feel, and I believe that I voice the sentiments of the majority of the representative citizens of our district, that it is a good thing to let well enough alone. The present Administration and the policies pursued by it have seen the greatest prosperity that this district has ever known, and I should dislike very much to see any change. In fact, I feel that the election of Mr. Bryan would simply mean another siege of hard times."

Isaac S. Boyd, President Southern Saw Works, Atlanta, Ga.: "I am one of those 'fellows' who in the last Presidential election could not vote for Mr. Bryan's '16 to 1' nor for Mr. McKinley's 'negro loving' (politically), and I am yet at sea. My candid opinion is that the election of Mr. McKinley will insure us a continuation of prosperous business, while the election of Mr. Bryan would make it doubtful."

Young A. Gresham, Atlanta, Ga.: "The country is in no condition to call for a change. Business would be greatly demoralized and the country thrown into a state of uncertainty in the event of his (Bryan's) election in November."

Perry Andrews & Bro., Atlanta, Ga.: "There is no doubt whatever that the present prosperity of our country is due to the present financial policy of the Administration, and if McKinley is re-elected the prosperous condition of this country will continue to exist, while Bryan's election would undoubtedly work havoc and destruction to all business interests. He is the embodiment of 16 to 1, and money is sensitive."

Hopkins Bros., buggy manufacturers, Waco, Texas: "With regard to the political situation we are satisfied with the present condition of affairs, and not at all anxious to develop untried measures, although we are all good Democrats."

COLONIES AND THEIR TRADE.

Will Provide Additional Employment to Labor and Capital.

Great Britain annually supplies her colonies with thirty-four per cent. of their imports, while to the non-British world she is able to supply only thirteen per cent. of its imports. France supplies her colonies with twenty-two per cent. of their total imports, while the non-French world takes from France but nine per cent. of its imports. The Netherlands supplies to its colonies thirty-one per cent. of their imports, while the non-Netherlands world takes from that country less than six per cent. of its imports. Spain supplied to her colonies eighty-four per cent. of their total imports, while the non-Spanish world takes from that country less than two per cent. of its imports.

Now, lets us apply these facts, taken from the official reports of various countries, with the islands with which we have come into closer relations under the administration of President McKinley. These islands generally import, under normal conditions \$100,000,000 a year in goods, almost exclusively of the class of goods which the people of the United States produce and sell. That we will rapidly absorb the great bulk of trade goods without the saying. When the wage earners and the capitalists see the vast markets in sight, insuring so much more work and employment for capital, the cry of "imperialism" instead of distracting their attention, will become a by-word for laughter and ridicule.

What Bryan's Policy Would Do. The course pursued by the McKinley administration has made the United States the world's banker. Bryan's policy would reverse the situation and make the world's banker out of some other country.

PORTO RICO'S TRADE GROWING.

The Island Becoming Prosperous in Spite of Democratic Walling.

Commerce between the United States and Porto Rico has developed rapidly since the new act went into effect on May 1, 1900. Imports into the United States from that island have increased fifty per cent. over those of one year ago, and are three times as great as the average when Porto Rico was Spanish territory, while exports to the island have increased nearly 150 per cent. over one year ago, and are nearly five times as much as the average when Porto Rico was Spanish territory. During the month of July, whose figures have just been completed by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics, the exports from the United States to the island were \$529,729, against \$206,466 in July, 1899, and \$156,296 in July, 1897. Taking the entire three months in which the new act has been in operation, May, June and July, the exports to the island were \$2,117,207, against \$873,453 in the corresponding months of 1899, \$485,279 in the corresponding months of 1897, and \$393,225 in the corresponding months of 1896. On the import side the figures for July, 1900, were \$640,023, against \$448,267 in July, 1899, \$145,273 in 1897, and \$254,676 in July, 1896.

It is apparent, therefore, from an examination of these figures that imports from Porto Rico in the three months' operation of the new law are fully fifty per cent. in excess of those for the corresponding months of 1899 when the island was under the American flag, but the former tariff relations yet unaffected, while they are nearly three times as much as in the corresponding months of the closing years of Spanish control of the island.

The following shows the commerce between the United States and the island of Porto Rico in May, June and July of each year from 1896 to and including the year 1900, and enables a comparison of the trade of the first three months under the new law with the corresponding months of each year in the term covered. No comparison is made with 1898 owing to the fact that hostilities in existence during June, July and August of that year would make the comparison an unfair one.

| Month | Imports from Porto Rico into U. S. | Exports to Porto Rico from U. S. |
|-------|------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1896 | \$1,252,243 | \$393,225 |
| 1897 | 1,060,529 | 485,279 |
| 1899 | 1,910,249 | 873,453 |
| 1900 | 2,902,147 | 2,117,207 |

Labor Finds Steady Employment.

The prosperity of Chicago at the present time is admirably reflected in the "want advertisement" columns of the newspapers of that city. Of course a relative increase in the number of advertisements for "help wanted" means that there is a tendency for positions to seek men instead of men seeking positions—in other words that the opportunities for employment are more abundant. By looking over the following table of "want" advertisements for September 2, 1900, with September 6, 1896, it will be seen what an interesting change there has been in this ratio of "help wanted" to "situations wanted." All of the advertising columns of the Chicago newspapers tell the same story. The figures are as below:

| Tribune— | Sept. 6, 1896. | Sept. 2, 1900. |
|-------------------------|----------------|----------------|
| Help wanted (male)... | 133 | 370 |
| Help wanted (female)... | 208 | 450 |
| Times-Herald— | | |
| Help wanted (male)... | 43 | 44 |
| Help wanted (female)... | 3 | 20 |
| Record— | | |
| Help wanted (male)... | 78 | 141 |
| Help wanted (female)... | 44 | 40 |
| Total help wanted... | 500 | 1080 |

Just as striking is the record of "situations wanted." These show a diminution, indicating that there is far less difficulty in getting places than before.

Fire in the Rear.

Consul O. F. Williams, of Manila, has made the following statement about the situation in the Philippines. It must be a comfort to Mr. Bryan and his allies who are encouraging rebellion: "I am very sorry to have to say it, but it is a fact that the Filipino politicians believe that if they can keep on making trouble until November and if Bryan is elected they will get some assistance from him. It is the politicians who believe this, and I am in a position to say positively now that so far as the present trouble in the Philippine Islands is concerned there is no opposition to the American Government by a Filipino army. The contention is not between organized forces of Filipinos representing an organized government and American troops, but on the part of the insurgents it is carried on by robber bands. These bands have been active on the islands for over 300 years. They are composed of guerrillas who inherit their desire for warfare from savage forefathers. They opposed the Spaniards and the peaceful Filipinos for three centuries."

Protection a Southern Issue.

A majority of the white vote in the South being, as we believe, in favor of protection, sound money and expansion, will assert itself, and the supremacy of the Democratic party in that entire section of the country will immediately be threatened by division, not on the color line, as in the past, but on the same principles that are dividing the people between the Democratic and Republican parties throughout the rest of the nation. The Democrats manipulating this scheme (disfranchisement) are certainly playing with fire, and everybody knows what happens to people who play with fire.—Henry C. Payne, of Wisconsin.

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Use of Alcoholic Liquors Produces Moral Insanity—Old Age Suffering For the Sins of Youth—The Awful Responsibility of Drinking Parents.

As shadow follows substance so surely does harm follow the use of strong drink, says Dr. T. D. Crothers emphatically. "The central point I wish to emphasize is that moral insanity follows all use of alcohol, and is present in all inebriates to a greater or less degree." "As surely as a hot iron will burn the flesh, so surely will alcoholics injure both body and mind of those who drink it. The boast of the young man, 'Drink does not hurt me,' is false—absolutely false. He does not know himself. He is reckoning without his host. So able a man as Dr. Harlow, superintendent of the Maine Insane Hospital, wrote me a remarkable letter. He states that it is quite a frequent occurrence to have patients brought to us, between the ages of fifty and seventy, who in early life were given to the use of alcoholic drinks, but had reformed and lived temperate lives ten, twenty or thirty years prior to the appearance of their malady showing conclusively, to my mind, that the alcohol taken thus early left a damaged brain doubly susceptible to mental derangement."

I have in mind a man who inherited an excellent constitution, but who in early manhood took to the cup. Later he was morally reformed, and there never was a more abstemious man for the next thirty years, yet as age came on he began to turn in mind back to what he had been in the days of his indulgence. He required the same look on his face, the same motions and actions of body, the same wonderings and hallucinations of mind as when he used to drink. His daughter said it was pitiable to see him in such a painful reminder of his former condition. She once witnessed what she was a little girl.

But worse than all this is the damage done through the drinker upon his offspring. They suffer to a degree beyond his own. Think of a whole large family so-called sons and daughters, every one made a fool of and ruined by drinking. Go up and down the town and observe the idiots, the under-wits, the stunted heads and bodies, the nervous and hysterical and otherwise injured bodies and minds and asks what has done it? And in almost all cases it is through their parents is the proper answer. A school teacher investigated the case of one of his scholars that had the appearance of being drunk. The fact was developed that not the pupil, but his father did the drinking. I personally knew a man past middle life who from a young man had been an unduly step, the broken and hesitating speech and other nervous irregularities characteristic of the appearance of old toppers. I charged him with drinking. He denied it then spoke to some of his friends, and was told to no surprise that he never drank, but that these drunken symptoms were gotten in him by his drunken parentage, running back several generations. No, it is not safe to drink, either directly or indirectly; the mischief will leak out. Consequences must follow, though they may not be expressed until in the third or fourth generation. Can one take fire into his bosom and not be burned? No more can one indulge in strong drink and escape. There is somewhere or at some time an inevitable retribution. Drink and be damned. Shut the door on the devil, get alone and be safe, you and your posterity.—E. Cheney, M. D., in the National Advocate.

Toasting His Health in Potatoes.

George Cruikshank, a well-known artist in his day, did great service for the cause of Teetotalism. His once famous cartoon of "The Bottle" created a sensation which lasted for years after its first appearance. At dinner when the wine went around he turned his glass upside down, or else he adopted another and perhaps better way. He was once famous with Mr. C. R. Leslie, the painter. Although aware that Cruikshank had joined the ranks of the abstainers, Leslie asked if he might have the pleasure of a glass of wine with him, at the same time raising his glass and passing the decanter. "My dear Leslie," said Cruikshank, "I don't drink wine, but I shall be glad to take a potato with you." Saying this, Cruikshank plunged his fork into a potato, nodded to Leslie, bit a piece off, and wished him a very good health. Mr. Story, the artist, was the origin of the story, as an eyewitness of the novel and amusing scene.—Young People's Paper.

Tea-Tea-Total.

About September, 1833, Dickie Turner, the converted weaver, when delivering one of his fervid sermons in the Temperance Hotel, Preston (the cockpit), where the Earls of Derby formerly fought their rocks for three centuries), in favor of the new pledge, declared with emphasis that "nothing but the Tea-Tea-Total pledge would do." Mr. Joseph Livesey, upon hearing this, immediately cried out in great cheering: "That shall be the name." The newly coined word was taken up by the succeeding speakers, and was afterwards used at all the meetings held in the town and neighborhood. It was soon adopted in every part of Lancashire, and was eventually accepted as the true designation of total abstinence, not only in the United Kingdom, but throughout the civilized world. I had the above facts from the lips of Mr. Joseph Livesey.—London Daily News.

Drunk Lawyers and Judges.

A melancholy illustration of the effects of liquor was given in one of the city courts not long since. A lawyer of brilliant parts, formerly Assistant District Attorney in the United States Court, and occupying several other positions, appeared drunk before the Recorder, and attempted to defend a prisoner. The Recorder said to him: "You are not now in a condition to defend the prisoner, who is accused of a serious offence. I adjourn the case until to-morrow, and if you appear before this court in such a condition again I will take other measures in dealing with you." For the same cause a distinguished Judge was recently compelled to leave the bench.

Wants Teetotalers Only.

Some short time ago M. Menier, a Frenchman, bought the Island of Antiposti, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, on which he has established the largest private game preserve in the world. The island is some 140 miles long by twenty-eight miles broad. In addition to the game preserves he is developing its agricultural resources, and has made liberal offers to induce Frenchmen to settle there, but every settler must take the pledge to total abstinence, as he will have none but teetotalers on his island.

The Crusade in Ireland.

Drink is a poison. Alcohol causes indigestion and dyspepsia. Drink causes more dissipated friendships and the breaking up of more family circles than any other cause that is known. The drink business costs the Government fourfold more than that received as revenue, and imposes a fearful burden of taxation upon the people. A new German law places every habitually drunkard under an interdiction involving complete submission to the will of a duly appointed "curator."