

An Awkward Blunder.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"Miss Mildred Brewster requests the pleasure of your presence at a small musicale at her house Wednesday evening, June 5th."

The girl to whom the note was addressed read it with flushing cheeks and a cry of delight.

She started to her feet, dropping Miss Floy Parmenter's wedding-dress in a billowy heap on the floor, and ran to the door of the fitting room of the dressmaking establishment.

But her mother was busy trying a dress on Mrs. Commodore Skreene and could not be hurried, and the girl turned back, impatient to announce the news.

She whirled about in a little dance before the cheval-glass in the privacy of the inner room. Catching up Miss Parmenter's wedding-dress, she held the shimmering folds before her.

"How shall I look in an evening gown?" she wondered, ecstatically.

"Oh, I suppose I am too silly, but I have been so hungry for good times of my own kind! They are my own kind, those girls of Mildred Brewster's set, though I didn't suppose they'd ever acknowledge it. They never took the least notice of me when I went—so frightfully shabby!—to the high school with them. And Mildred Brewster seemed especially proud—although she was kind to get us the naval people for patrons. A musicale, too! I wonder how she knew I should like that. It may be that her brother Stanley has heard me singing in the garden when he has been canoeing on the river."

"O mother, dearest!" and she turned to her mother, who had finally got through with Mrs. Commodore Skreene and now stood in the doorway. "An invitation for me from Mildred Brewster to a musicale! When I opened the envelope I thought, of course, she had only written about the chiffon for her pink waist."

"I don't know why she shouldn't invite you," said the little worn woman, her seamy cheeks growing red with pleasure.

"They are very aristocratic—very proud of their old family. They live in a colonial house a hundred years old, with family portraits and old silver and things; and you and I, mother, dear, are nobodies. I trim Mildred's pretty gowns and she sends us her father's checks. Those are the only relations that are to be expected between her and me."

"She hasn't seemed to think so," said her mother, quietly, but with a thrill in her voice. Mentally she vowed that, whether money were plenty or scarce, Betty should go to the musicale in a lovely gown. For she knew all about the hunger for good times and girls, although never a word had been said. Mother eyes are sharp.

Meanwhile the postman had left a missive in Miss Mildred Brewster's handwriting at one of the old colonial houses, "with family portraits and old silver things." It was addressed to Miss Frances Penhallow, and that young lady, who was Mildred's dearest friend, said she knew without opening it that it was an invitation to Mildred's musicale. She opened it, nevertheless, and drew her brow into a frown as she read:

"Dear Miss Martin: Will you be so kind as to take the very greatest pains in matching the pink chiffon to my waist? I am sure I can trust your exquisite taste, but I should feel it to be such a calamity if that delicate shade of pink silk were to be spoiled by a deeper shade of trimming."

"Hastily," "Mildred Brewster."

"Just like Mildred! She has 'mixed those children up!' exclaimed Miss Penhallow. "This note was meant for Betty Martin, the dressmaker's daughter. And she has probably got my invitation! I'll drive round there and carry this note, so that Mildred's waist may be sure to be all right. She has more faith in those people than she has in Madame Fontenelle. I think I'll get mamma to try them. I remember that the girl looked poor and forlorn when she went to school, but she is really effective now, she wears such good gowns. And there is something quaint about her, with her high forehead and her little peaked chin and her corn-flower-blue eyes. If she could manage to make me look as she does—"

Frances critically surveyed the image of the descendant of the Penhallows in the long mirror, and deliberately "made up a face" at it. It is true that the figure was stocky and the nose thick, and those discouraging points struck the owner of the figure more forcibly than did the honest clearness of the gray eyes, or the sympathetic sweetness of the mouth.

It was Betty herself who opened the door of the reception-room, and her "quaint" face lighted up at the sight of the visitor. A friend of Mildred Brewster's bore with her a "charmed atmosphere."

Frances, smiling a little in response to the shy radiance of the girl's face, said: "I remember you at the high school, and I think you have such lovely taste!" She felt that Betty's attitude demanded something more kindly than an immediate plunge into business. "I have seen all the pretty things that you have made for Miss Brewster."

"Miss Brewster has been so very kind to me!" said Betty, with a thrill

in her voice. "She has sent me an invitation to a musicale at her house!" She displayed the card with childish simplicity. "I think some one must have told her that I love music," she added, with a doubtful, questioning glance at her visitor's face.

For a shadow had fallen upon the honest-eyed face, as Frances understood, in a flash, that it would be difficult to explain the mistake.

Difficult! It was impossible, she said to herself, as she caught a quiver of the chin that was cleft at its peaked tip by a childish dimple. There was a suspicion of mistiness about the corn-flower-blue eyes. She did not suspect the blunder. How should she?

"I—I want to ask you about your disengaged time," faltered Frances. "I have been trying to bring my mother here for a long time."

Betty became businesslike at once and brought her mother, who, on consulting a thick engagement-book, found that she should have a few days to spare in the course of the month.

"Of course, I might have given the message about the pink waist," reflected Frances, as she flicked a fly off her fat pony's back, "but I was afraid she would suspect how things were. She was so pleased! To keep her from knowing that it was a mistake seemed the one important thing."

The pony was forced to go at a pace which shook his fat sides and caused him to turn a questioning and reproachful eye upon his young mistress, whose views of life generally coincided very satisfactorily with his own.

Out on Paradise road, just where the air begins to be sweet with the locust-trees, Frances met Mildred setting out with her brother Stanley and his friend, Lester Wyman. Mildred sent the young men on ahead, in obedience to an imperative private gesture from Frances, and then heard the story of the dreadful blunder.

"It was stupid of me," said Mildred, with a pucker of her serene brow. "But I don't see how she could have thought I meant to invite her! How awkward for you to have to explain!"

"Awkward! I simply didn't explain. She was so pleased about the invitation! She thought you must have heard how fond she was of music. And I don't think that good times have ever come much in her way. I didn't say a word about your pink chiffon. I thought you would rather leave it to Providence than to run the risk of hurting her."

"Why of course, anything would be better than to hurt her," said Mildred, slowly. "So far as the pink waist goes, I could write to her about it now. She is perfectly presentable, but I wish it could have happened some other time, if I had got to make such a blunder. I did want Lester Wyman, who is a diplomat's son and accustomed to meet the nicest people everywhere, to meet the very cream of Old Harbor society!"

"She's the very creamiest thing in the town, so far as looks go, and he need never know that a dressmaking sign hangs out over her door! Give the girl a good time, and don't take it so hard," said Frances, sagely, as she touched the fat pony with the whip. "Hey, Betty Martin, tiptoe line!"

The little hard-worked mother gave her girl a playful push toward the long mirror, and the mirror reflected the prettiest gown that its experience had known. It was of pale blue silk muslin over pale blue silk, and to its girlish simplicity was added the indefinable quality known as "style." The slip of a girl, her blue eyes wide with half-incredulous delight, looked like a princess—or rather as a princess ought to look and is no more likely to look than any one else.

But as Betty turned away from the mirror—away, also from her mother's eyes—the delight faded suddenly, as a candle is blown out by the wind, and the sensitive little peaked chin quivered with a haunting recollection of the expression on Frances Penhallow's face and the forced tone of her congratulations. There had been a mistake made, somehow! It was not likely that Miss Brewster had meant to invite her.

She said that to herself at one moment, and tried to think the next that she had grown morbid and fanciful by much brooding over Frances Penhallow's look of surprise—a look of surprise, that was all. She had not known of the invitation. Betty had not breathed a hint of her suspicion to her mother, whose delight had been even greater than her own.

"I would go, for her sake, over red-hot plow-shares!" Betty said to herself, giving a little kick to her beautiful, shimmering, light blue train.

That train was gracefully carried on the night of the musicale, and so was the small, ash-colored head—only a trifle too high. And "a red and a restless spark" burned on Betty's cheek. But when she found, among all the throng of young people, no state of surprise, or anything but the friendliest courtesy, she gradually put away even the suspicion that their minds had been prepared, and was gay with the rest.

Her heart grew warm toward Mildred Brewster and Frances Penhallow, who, without singling her out in any embarrassing way, constantly took pains that she should not feel herself a stranger. It grew so warm that when Mildred showed her chagrin that Madame D'Almati, the charming singer

of English ballads, had failed to appear, she threw her shyness to the winds and said, with evidently a simple eagerness to be of service: "Oh, I can sing ballads—if you think anyone would care to hear me! I have not a large voice, but it has been trained. I have an uncle who is a musician."

"If—if you will be so good," faltered Mildred, polite, but as she afterward confessed to Frances Penhallow, feeling "an awful dread."

But the "awful dread" was quite unnecessary. Betty had not, as she said, a large voice, but it had the thrilling, pathetic quality, the "wild, weird sweetness" found seldom except in an Irish voice, and most effective of all in simple ballads.

Betty made a success. Before she went home, in a carriage from the livery-stable that was only a few doors from the dressmaking establishment, she had promised to sing at another musicale in another of the old colonial houses.

"Now we shall know what to do for her!" said Mildred, joyfully, to Frances, whom she had kept for a private confab. "Every one will take her up! She can give parlor concerts, and she can get pupils by the score! We can get her to give up the dressmaking."

But when the plans were matured and laid before Betty Martin, she was grateful, but unenthusiastic.

"I couldn't teach, it isn't in me!" she explained. "Mother tried it before she married, and had a dreadful struggle. And father was a lawyer, when he ought to have stayed on the farm. We think, mother and I, that when we are born our work is born with us. We're like the old milkwoman—you've seen her—who took her husband's route when he died. She says it's the work she was born for, whether it's proper work for a woman or not. She says she is like the kings and queens—a milkwoman by the grace of God. That's the way mother and I are dressmakers. I want her to put 'Dressmaker, Dei Gratia,' on the sign. If I had the voice for a great career, I don't know, it might be different. But as it is, I like to earn my living by the commonplace work that I know I can always do thoroughly well."

"There is another little reason—" Betty hesitated and drew a quick breath—"which I'm afraid you will think fantastic and foolish. My little singing gift seems sacred because it is my father's only solace from pain in his long illness; it was our one cheer in the dark days. I can't bear to take it to market!"

"It's a little disappointing," said Mildred to Frances, when they were alone, "but I am not sure that she isn't right. There are so many struggling artists of every kind, and never enough good dressmakers! My pink waist is a dream! Betty Martin, dressmaker, by the grace of God! I really believe she is."—Youth's Companion.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Elephants have only eight teeth—two below and two above on each side. All an elephant's baby teeth fall out when the animal is about fourteen years old, and a new set grows.

Cinders from the forest fires on Cape Cod were carried by the wind as far as Boston, a distance of almost 50 miles, falling in the streets and in the waters of the harbor in considerable showers.

A pet Maltese cat belonging to an English woman has been successfully provided with spectacles to counteract failing eyesight. A picture of a mouse was used by the oculist to test the cat's eyes.

In bread-making an expensive scale less than a third of the time is now taken. One thousand pounds of dough for biscuits is rolled, cut and prepared for baking in three hours and 54 minutes, as against 54 hours by hand.

At a gathering of old folk in the town of Claremont, Mass., the other day the chairman called upon all present who were over 70 years of age to arise, and 72 responded. He then asked all those who were over 80 to stand up, and there were only 11. All over that limit. A similar call was made over the age of 90 brought forth 11 members of the gathering to their feet.

Perhaps the busiest time of the year in old Colonial days was November, called "killing time." When the chosen day arrived, oxen, cows and swine which had been fattened for the winter's stock were slaughtered early in the morning, that the meat might be hard and cold before being put in the pickle. Sausages, rolliches and head cheese were made, lard tried out and tallow saved.

The Hebrew child in the age of the captivity in Egypt wore only caps. The Spartan boy wore a little coat, and other Grecian lads wore simple slips, much like their elders. Then, during the long intervals that elapsed, customs changed, and in the middle ages far more care was devoted to the clothing of the little girls and boys. There was a constant approach from that time on to the garb of the grown folks, until with the adoption of the rococo style, the boy was as elaborately dressed as his father, in wig and silks and satins.

Quoth the Tramp.

"Why don't you go out and hunt for work like other men?" "I never was a good sportsman."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

PULLS ITSELF UPSTREAM

AN INGENUOUS BOAT DEvised BY OREGON STONE WORKERS.

Compelling the Forces of Nature to Do Work That Would Otherwise Require a Good Deal of Hard Labor—A Craft Which Works Its Own Passage.

In the St. Nicholas Francis Ellington Leupp describes an ingenious device by which certain Oregon stone-workers save themselves a deal of unnecessary labor.

Doubtless nearly every boy with a taste for out-of-door sports, he says, has made a boat which the wind or the current would cause to float over the surface of a pond. I have seen some lads rig up rafts on which they could themselves ride down a swift-flowing creek; and I knew one, even, who was clever enough to build a complete little steamboat. He could light a lamp under the little boiler, and the steam would form, and the piston would revolve, and the wheels would revolve, just as in a big vessel that carries passengers and freight. The trouble with all these toy boats, however, is that they will go only one way. Having made their trip, they have to be toilsomely dragged back by hand to be started again in the same direction.

While traveling in Oregon, some time ago, I discovered a boat which seemed to me the most ingenious thing of its kind I had ever seen. It was built by some stoneworkers to convey their stone from the quarry well up toward the head of a small river, down to the mouth. The stream is everywhere so shallow that it can be forded without danger; but it is broken at intervals by stretches of rapids, or "riffles," as they are called in that neighborhood, often extending as far as 150 feet. The men built a flat-bottomed boat, which they loaded with stone, and it carried its cargo down the stream admirably. But then arose the problem, how to get it back when it had been emptied. It was too heavy to haul up the stream by hand. Where the water was comparatively smooth there was no trouble, because one man could ride on the scow and make his way along with a paddle and a pole; but the difficulty was to get up the rapids. The best of boatmen could not hope to propel it against so powerful a current, and up-bill at that.

How do you suppose they accomplished the task, finally? By making the boat first work its own passage.

They made two large paddle-wheels, which they placed one on each side of the scow, and joined them by a thin but strong piece of wood, in the shape of a cylinder. This turned with the wheels, and served the double purpose of an axle and a windlass. Each end of the cylinder, near where it joined the wheels, played in a socket somewhat like the row-lock used with an oar, only stationary, and mounted on the top of a triangular truss. To the cylinder was fastened a rope about two hundred feet long. When the boat reached the bottom of a rapid, it would be made fast to the shore. Then the man in charge of the boat would ford the stream and mount the opposite bank, taking with him the rope in a coil, and paying it gradually out as he walked, so as to keep it always taut. At the head of the rapid, or a trifle beyond, he would fasten the further end of the rope to a tree. The moorings of the boat would be loosed, and the current left to do the rest without assistance. The paddlewheels, unable to resist the force of the water flowing against their sunken blades, would revolve, and, of course, every revolution of the wheels would cause the rope to wind itself around the axle. With each turn of the rope the boat would necessarily be drawn forward and up the stream; so, by the effect of the continued winding, it would gradually rise and rise till it reached the place where the current ceased to exert so much power. There it would be made fast again, until the rope could be disengaged from the cylinder and coiled, ready for use when needed. Then the man would cut loose, seize his paddle or pole, and work away till the next rapid was reached, when he would start off with his rope and repeat the operation described above.

This process is wearisome with a heavy stone-boat, but it struck me, as I watched it, that a bright boy could adapt it to a toy scow and get a great deal of amusement out of it. If the experiment did nothing more, it would at least be a lesson in the art which every mechanic must learn—of making the forces of nature his servants, and compelling them to do for him what would otherwise require a good deal of labor at his hands.

Truth Well Rewarded.

Before his appointment as minister at Pekin, Sir Claude Macdonald served for over 20 years in the Seaforth Highlanders. He was for some years attached on special service to the agency at Carlo, and it fell to his lot to try many of the prisoners who had taken part in the Arabi rebellion. On one occasion in the military court over which he was presiding, man after man was brought up to be interrogated, and each of them told the same tale of having joined the Arabi under compulsion. At last one man stood proudly forward and said: "I fought with Arabi because I hate the English, and I would fight them again if I got the chance." The major rose from his seat and shook the man by the hand, and, telling him he was the only man who had had the courage to speak the truth, ordered him to be at once discharged.

STRANGE CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM

Victim Wondered How He Got His Feet Soled.

"All hotels have more or less experience with somnambulists," said the clerk of one of the New Orleans houses, "but we had a case here recently that is certainly entitled to first prize, for originality. Just a week ago today a gentleman registered with us from—well, I guess it would hardly be fair to give his address—it was a town in an adjoining state, and I assigned him myself to a room on the second floor. At about 1 o'clock the first night he was here he walked downstairs and disappeared through the front door. In an hour or thereabouts he came back, and as he was passing through the lobby some guests who happened to be standing there talking noticed that he was barefooted. Of course, they were greatly startled, but he paid no attention to them and walked straight on upstairs. Naturally, they concluded that he was either drunk or crazy, and when they told the clerk on duty about it he thought they were joking. Nevertheless, he mentioned the matter to me, and I told him to keep an eye open for the gentleman the next night."

"I saw him several times during the day, and he appeared to be all right, but at about the same hour as before he came downstairs again, and, sure enough, he was in his bare feet. Otherwise he was fully dressed; he had his hat on his head and he wore the expression of a man in a brown study. As on the first occasion, he spoke to nobody, and one of the employes of the house slipped out behind him. He went straight up the street, walking very slowly and looking neither to the right nor the left. After going eight or nine blocks, he stopped, and then strolled back. When he entered the hotel he passed under a strong light, and it was plain from the appearance of his eyes that he was sound asleep. He went upstairs, entered his room, which he had left open, and that was the last seen of him for the night."

"Next morning I took him aside and told him what had occurred. He was perfectly dumbfounded, yet he said that he had arisen both mornings with a vague recollection of having taken a midnight walk, which he supposed was merely a dream. He had also been puzzled to note that his feet were soiled and bruised. He stayed with us one more night, but did not repeat the performance. The man is a well-to-do merchant and assured me that he had not walked in his sleep before—at least, not to his knowledge—since he was a child."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Indoor Bulb Garden.

In growing any plant under unnatural conditions we must, if we would grow it successfully, imitate the methods of Nature as nearly as possible. Now Nature in her management of bulbs sets them to producing roots in fall, by which the work of spring is supported and carried forward to satisfactory development. This root-growth is all the growth made by the bulb during the fall season. The leaves and flower-buds remain dormant to a great extent, waiting for spring. When that season comes, they are ready to grow; and they do grow, because there are strong and vigorous roots to help growth along. But if we were to plant these bulbs in spring, they would have to make root-growth and top-growth at the same time, and the result would be highly unsatisfactory, because each phase of growth would be made at the expense of the other. The natural consequence would be few flowers, and these inferior ones, or none at all.

Now when the amateur potted her bulbs in fall for winter flowering, and places the pots in the window as soon as the bulbs are in them, she is making precisely the same mistake that we would if we were to plant our bulbs in the open ground in spring. The action of moisture, light, and warmth will excite the bulb in such a manner that it will make the effort to produce roots and develop flowers at the same time; and this is just what it should not do.—Eben E. Rexford, in Harper's Bazar.

Lunatics and Relatives.

Referring to the case recently where a medical man was arraigned for alleged cruelty to his lunatic brother, the London Lancet makes the following remarks:

The well-known of lunatic patients as a new generally admitted, is most surely guaranteed when they are committed to the care of strangers.

Experience has abundantly proved that the influence of a relative, however well-intentioned, is not only salutary, but is even prejudicial. There is a tendency on the part of relatives to be either too kind or too severe.

Moreover, we must take into account the reliance which most invalids place on those with whom they are familiar. This reliance constantly opposes by its mere inertia that awakening of the curative power of will which it is the object of all mental treatment to encourage.

The English Soldier's Metamorphosis.

What our soldiers will look like in the future is a question which few care to contemplate. The pipeclayed belt is said to be doomed, the scarlet tunic cannot survive, the helmet is to go the way of the tunic and the belt, the valise—most absurd of all a soldier's many encumbrances—is no longer to accompany him, and, finally, the great coat rolled around his chest to prevent his breathing properly is likewise regarded as done away with.—The Scotsman.

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Gun and the Man—When Mrs. Hayes Was Mistress of the White House Wine Was Banned—Force of Her Example—A Hint to Girls.

They talk of the man behind the gun, and the deadly work that he has done; but much more deadly work, by far, is done by the fellow behind the bar. They talk of the man behind the gun—Yet only in battle his work is done; But never cease, in peace or war, The work of the man behind the bar.

Temperance Work For Girls.

J. G. Holland wrote in Mrs. Hayes's album these words, "Women only can make wine-drinking unfashionable, and heal the nation of this curse."

What did Dr. Ho., and mean by "women only?" Is it true that only women can make wine-drinking unfashionable and heal the nation of this curse? You and I need to know this first; because if only women can do this thing, why it is an awful responsibility upon us, each one of us. And if some one else can do it, we like all others would like to give that somebody else the job. Mrs. Hayes was the mistress of the White House, and it was for her to say what the social atmosphere should be which surrounded her guests, and how they should be entertained at her house. Well, she did an unheard-of thing. She banished wine from all her entertainments, with just one exception, Secretary Evarts made a fuss. He was mortified. He could not endure to have Lord and Lady English, Count and Countess French, Baron and Baroness German come to the White House dinners and have nothing fit for them to drink—not a drop of poison. It was too utterly queer! So Mrs. Hayes made one exception in favor of those great foreign dignitaries, and only for once. Her conscience—high-souled woman that she was—smote her for that one little cowardly compromise with wrong. She could better endure to have Secretary Evarts and the Smiths ashamed of her than to be ashamed of herself. So she quietly and forever after prohibited wine from her table, and cheerfully endured the little snubs and shrugged shoulders of the diplomat British, French, Russian, all, and the little short-lived hiss of "fashionable" society until that hiss turned to a cheer, and fashionable society turned round, like the spaniel it is, and trotted on behind its mistress. It became unfashionable to serve wine and to offer wine in fashionable society while Mrs. Hayes was in the White House.

What Mrs. Hayes did in the White House every woman can do in her own home if she will. If the girls who read these words will each of them, altogether, use their influence on the side of temperance they can make temperance fashionable where they are. Will you do it?

General Grant did a manly thing in refusing to drink wine everywhere and in all society. It is only a strong man who can keep his wine glass upside down in this case right side up, too—while all the grand people around him are sipping champagne and toasting each other in sparkling drinks. No one can tell how "far this little candle sheds its light." But no man can do for a fashion in society what a woman can. It is women only who can do this.

I wish some strong, bright angel stood before you just now while you read, girls, to flash before you, as no words of mine can, the power you possess to help or to hinder the cause of temperance; to make you feel your responsibility, because you are girls, in this matter; to shoulder the weight, and to never cease trying to fulfill it! Doubtless you have heard a great deal about the value of your smiles, but do you know the value of your frowns?

I wish I could make you feel the value of your frowns and the importance of frowning just what to frown upon. What a man must do by a blow, a woman can do by a frown. When the time comes that the young man who now shares his time in your society and the saloon, who jokes about temperance in your presence and takes a glass of wine and then, when it is made to feel that these things cannot be if you are to be his companion at party, ride or church; that good society cannot tolerate these things in its members; in short, that this kind of a man is unfashionable and unpopular, then alcohol will tremble on its throne, and the humor traffic will hide its cancerous face.—Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, in Presbyterian Banner.

Drink Makes Lunatics.

There are now 21,393 lunatics and imbeciles in London, or chargeable to the London unions.

The sexes are in the proportion of four women to three men, the actual numbers being 12,082 females, 9311 males.

Drink, as usual, was the main cause of insanity. The medical experts are uniform on this point.

"There has been a high percentage of insanity from alcohol," says Dr. Jones, "and more than double the number of women than men have been admitted suffering from mania a potu. Drink was positively ascertained to be the cause of fifteen per cent. of the total admissions, probably it is much higher. Alcoholic cases, uncomplicated with polyneuritis or other marked structural organic changes, tend to get well, possibly by the use of the slightest amount of the poison, and the fact that (excluding exceptional cases) alcohol is entirely withdrawn from them during treatment.

"Women relapse from alcohol and are readmitted with far greater frequency than men. Their weakened inhibition appears to be unable to withstand the slightest temptation in spite of clear, earnest and apparently sincere protestations to the sub-committee upon their discharge. Nothing seems to be a sufficiently strong motive to resist giving way, and the proper and best treatment is that of long detention in inebriate homes, which naturally cannot apply to asylums where patients are discharged when mentally fit."

Awful Sights in English Saloons.

The most terrible feature of the saloon in Great Britain is that there seem to be almost as many women as men, behind the counter at the bar, and the drinking out of the drinks as rapidly as the men, and often the bartenders are boys of fourteen or fifteen years. Lined up in front, elbow to elbow with the men, are women of all ages and conditions, tossing down their glass of whisky, gin or beer. Many hand over bottles and pitchers to be filled. Some are old and tottering and already half drunk. Young mothers lead in their children and give them a portion of their own glass. Mothers sit at the little tables with a baby at the breast, drinking a tumbler of gin or whisky. It is just as common for a young fellow and his sweetheart to stand up at the bar in a saloon and take their beer or whisky as it is in the United States for them to go in to a soda fountain, which is unknown in England.

The Crusade in Brief.

The saloon is the devil's bank. Whisky is a deadly thing to the Indians, and they are perishing in Alaska very rapidly.

In 1898 there were 177,000 drink shops in Belgium, or one for every thirty-five inhabitants.

Judas sold his Master for silver, the State sells the well-being of thousands of its citizens for a paltry license fee.

Joaquin Miller, the poet, who has spent some time in Alaska, says: "To use intoxicants in Alaska is fatal. No one can use stimulants without serious results."