

HIS DOWNWARD CAREER CHECKED.

Instead of Becoming a Thief He Became a Hero.

The old detective stood at the corner of Broad and Wall streets talking with a friend, when a dignified looking old man came along. The old detective touched his hand to his hat as the elderly man passed, and the latter returned the salutation. The old detective watched him disappear around the corner of Nassau street with a curious smile on his face. He didn't stop smiling until the man was out of sight. Then he turned to his friend and remarked:

"There never was a better illustration of the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction than the history of that man. There is a man who is highly respected by all who know him. He is a model of honesty and integrity, and if any man intimated that he had ever done anything dishonest he would be laughed at. Yet the basis of that man's fortune was an act that would have sent him to prison for 20 years if it had ever been known. I know the story from the only other man in the world who ever knew the truth of the affair, and in all my life I never heard of anything to equal it. Do you happen to know that man?"

"Never saw him in my life, and wouldn't know him if I met him five minutes from now," remarked the old detective's friend, who was wise in his day and generation.

"Good," said the old detective. "Then I'll tell you the story. I won't mention the time, the place or the real names, for I would not want you to identify those who played a part in this affair. I'll call the old gentleman who just passed Lavery, because that isn't his name, and is about as far from it as any I can think of just now. Well, 20 years ago Lavery worked in a bank in Kings. Kings isn't on the map so far as I know, but the place where Lavery worked was, and is. Nevertheless, we'll call the place Kings. Lavery was a product of Kings. His father was a poor but much respected clergyman. He was a pretty fine preacher, and I believe had a lot of high-salaried calls from time to time, but he was one of those fellows who thought his field of labor was right where he was, and for whom money had little attraction. Lavery was brought up in Kings, and his father made a good job of it. He was the model young man of the town. He was no nabby-pabby boy, and any one who tried to come to it over him found himself up against a stiff proposition when he went too far. Lavery was the best swimmer, the best boxer and the best all-round athlete in Kings, yet, withal, he was a church boy, never smoking or drinking, gambling or using bad language, and always attending Sunday school and prayer meetings. He was pointed to as the coming man of Kings, and the town was proud of him.

"There was nothing remarkable in the fact that when a vacancy occurred in the First National bank of Kings, Lavery was called to the place. Right here his career began. Nobody in town was jealous of his good fortune, no one thought of being, for the whole town sort of regarded it as Lavery's right to get the first good thing that came along. Now the job that Lavery took was not very remunerative. He only got \$3 a week, and his work was of the most menial kind, running errands and doing office work, from early morning until quite late in the evening sometimes. I say it wasn't the job, so much as the opportunity that it gave Lavery to rise, that made it a good thing for him. Well, Lavery boned in like a good fellow. He was just the sort of a fellow to dig in and get on to things. He fairly thirsted for knowledge and I verily believe that he would have made a good out of a peanut stand, if his father had started him in that line.

"Careers in banks are not of the meteoric order, but Lavery certainly established a precedent in this regard. He didn't have to wait for people over him to die, in order to get ahead. He crowded the men over him out, and when he was only 30 years old was cashier of the National bank of Kings at a salary of \$5000 a year, which was quite a good deal, even for a bank official, in a small town like Kings. Lavery had married the sweetest little girl in the town, in the meantime, and had duplicated her with another little girl, who was his pride and joy. He was the happiest man in that town, and with his home, his wife and his baby, he had every reason to be. He had a little money saved up and a fine fat place that no man living could get away from him, as long as he behaved himself.

"Now, I've had a great deal of experience with crooks, and I have studied their ways and the motives that lead them to live lives of crime with great care, but this man Lavery was a mystery that I never could solve. Here was a man who had never done a dishonest act in his life, who had nothing to gain, and everything to lose by dishonesty, and yet carefully planned out a robbery of the bank with which he had been connected since early childhood, and the officers of which trusted him implicitly. Don't ask me why he did it. I do not know, and no one else knows. He had never speculated or gambled, had a good home all paid for, a loving wife, a baby and a fat surplus at the bank. If you want to know my real opinion of the matter, I will tell you that I think Lavery was crazy, clean crazy, and yet in possession of all the faculties that enable a man to plan and carry out some great enterprise.

"Lavery didn't juggle his books or monkey with any other man's ac-

counts. If he had I wouldn't have had this story to tell. He would then have been an ordinary, every day felon, and would be wearing a number in some prison. No, that was not Lavery's game. With all the cunning of an experienced thief, he planned to rob the bank of all the money in the vaults, and then just drop out of sight. What might have been the stiffest kind of a job for a band of experienced cracksmen, would be easy for Lavery, because he and the president were the only ones who had the secret of the great locks to the vault, and they were the only ones who ever stayed at their desks alone late into the night.

"It was nothing unusual for Lavery to stay late at the bank. He was the kind of a man to work constantly, and the old watchman knew him so well that nothing he might do would have roused the slightest suspicion in his mind. Lavery knew this and he laid his plans accordingly. He made arrangements to get out of town on an early morning train, and had a most elaborate plan for his wife to follow him at a later date. He did not take his wife into his confidence. If he had, the thing would never have come off. She would have brought him to his senses with a round turn. As it was, Lavery went on dreaming of a South Sea island home, far from the clutches of the law, with every luxury that nature could provide. It was the dream of a crazy man, but as I said a while ago, I am convinced that Lavery was crazy. Well, there was a lot of interesting detail, which I'll omit just now, so as to get down to the meat of the story. The night came when Lavery made up his mind that the best chance possible offered for the plundering of the bank. In the great vaults were some \$200,000, every dollar of which was within easy reach of the trusted hand of Lavery. Of this amount over a half was in such shape that the man could carry it off with ease.

"Lavery spent that day at his desk working about as usual. After banking hours he got the clerks around him and straightened things out. Then he closed his desk, walked into the office of the president, announced that he was going out for some luncheon, but would be back and would remain at the bank late. The president told the cashier that he was working too hard, but Lavery only smiled and went out. He came back at 8 o'clock that night and the watchman let him in. He had a large black valise with him, which he put alongside his desk, and then from 8 until 12 o'clock, he worked away over the papers on his desk. The most remarkable thing about it all was that Lavery was not playing for time as he worked. His labor was genuine—I know that because I saw his books afterward. The old watchman came to the counting room at 11 o'clock, and again at midnight, and spoke to Lavery. He answered cheerfully and once told the old man that he might be around until early in the morning.

"It was about 1 o'clock when Lavery rose from his desk, picked up his valise and started down into one of the vaults, the one where the large sums of money were kept. He didn't look to the right or the left. Never was man more confident of the successful operation of his plans. A slight noise as he passed through the dark passageway failed to make him even start. He passed on to the vault and when he stood in front of the great steel doors, put his valise down on the floor and after a few seconds' work, succeeded in swinging back the doors. Again there was a slight noise and this time Lavery looked around. A shadow flitted up toward him and then disappeared in a niche in the wall.

"Is that you, John?" asked Lavery coolly, thinking it must be the watchman. There was no answer. Lavery was disturbed, but not frightened. He turned to the vault and with some haste began to pull out great packets of bills. One or two packets he laid on the ground, the rest he placed in the valise. His only light was the flickering gas jet at the end of the passage, but not an inch of that vault was unknown to Lavery, and he could have done his work without any light at all.

"Suddenly this flickering gas jet went out. Now Lavery was no fool. He didn't delude himself with any false ideas. He knew that there was something behind the gas going out except a draught. He put two and two together, and concluded that he had been followed into the vault by some one, who didn't care to be seen. He tried to think what he might have done or said to betray himself or his plans. He could think of nothing. The fact remained, however, that he was at the end of a blind passage with a valise full of the bank's money. Whoever turned out the light knew the truth. Lavery put his hand in his pocket and slipped out the revolver which he always carried when he had been connected since early childhood, and the officers of which trusted him implicitly. Don't ask me why he did it. I do not know, and no one else knows. He had never speculated or gambled, had a good home all paid for, a loving wife, a baby and a fat surplus at the bank. If you want to know my real opinion of the matter, I will tell you that I think Lavery was crazy, clean crazy, and yet in possession of all the faculties that enable a man to plan and carry out some great enterprise.

"Lavery didn't juggle his books or monkey with any other man's ac-

tion, aimed his revolver in that direction and fired three shots in rapid succession. There was a most terrific outcry. Lavery plunged ahead again, but before he had gone three steps something struck him on the back of the head. As he fell he turned quickly and fired the two remaining shots from his pistol. Then he went slowly out of the world with yells of pain and shouts of alarm from somewhere in the distance ringing in his ears as his mind gradually passed away.

"Lavery saw the light of the world again two weeks from that night. He came to in his own home and with his wife bending over the bed. For a moment he couldn't recall anything. Then like a flash it all came back to him. 'I must get away,' he cried to his wife. 'I must get away. Quick, give me my clothes. Oh, my God, my God!'"

"Lavery went off into delirium, and the doctor shook his head and looked serious when he saw him and heard what he had said. The next time Lavery's wandering senses came back to him there was a strong man alongside of his bed and when he tried to jump again he found himself pinned down.

"You may have guessed the situation by this time, but remember that Lavery had not. When these two days of utter despair had passed, there was a call on the sick man, which caused him to bury his face in his hands and weep the first tears that he had shed since that eventful night. It was the old president of the bank, who came in, the old man who had been Lavery's friend since childhood, and who had always idolized the boy. The tears were streaming down his face as he entered and when Lavery saw that kind old face, his cup of bitterness ran over. He couldn't look in those eyes.

"He's nervous," said the nurse.

"Poor boy," said the president, he's had a hard time of it. Well, he must be saved for his reward. (Lavery's heart almost burst at this.) 'Lavery,' said the president, leaning over the bed, 'don't you feel well enough to speak to me? I have waited two weeks to do my duty in this matter, and the doctor tells me you are well enough to talk a little. Lavery, your courage saved the bank \$200,000. Of course, nothing that I can say now will give you any idea of the gratitude of the officers and directors. I want to tell you that you must hurry and get well, so that we can show our appreciation of your conduct.'

"Then the president went out, and Lavery, almost stunned by those last few words, rolled over on his face and struggled to think. For hours he lay there silent, but thinking. His wife came in for the first time and from her lips came the story. For a month two famous burglars from New York had been tunnelling into the passage leading into the vaults. They had worked from the cellar of an office building adjoining, one of the men having secured permission to use an old coal bin there as a dark room for some photographic work.

"And dearie," said his wife, 'if it hadn't been for you, they would have got away with all that money. John, the watchman, says that the first idea he had that anything was wrong was when he heard your pistol. He ran down toward the passage, and as he ran he heard shrieks of pain and more pistol shots. Suddenly everything was quiet, and when John lighted the gas he saw two men trying to drag themselves along toward a big opening in the wall. The blood was streaming from their wounds. They were the burglars. You shot one of them three times and the other twice. John found you unconscious on the floor with your head all crushed in. John got help and that's all there is to it, except that they're only waiting for you to get well to try those two men. Oh, dearie, those men almost got the money. They had a big black bag with them, and there was over \$50,000 in it when it was found. There were thousands more scattered around the floor of the vault. How you must have surprised them. And dearie, the doctor says that you must go away for a long time, and the directors of the bank have voted to send us all to Europe for six months. Beside that they have voted you \$10,000 reward, and your place will be held for you until you get back.'

"Lavery's wife went out and Lavery tried to think. He found it easier than before. The truth came to him like an electric shock, but he was strong enough to listen to it without betraying himself. He got well last after that, and that's all there is to tell you about the matter. You saw Lavery pass a few minutes ago. He never did a crooked thing again in his life, and I verily believe that he never thought a crooked thought again. He is a New York bank president now, and I guess he is a director of about 20 others, including the National of Kings.

"Now you're going to ask me how I know all this. Does seem strange, doesn't it? Well, I got my first hint of it from the head crook of the two who did the job. He told me in jail that it was a moral certainty that the cashier was robbing the bank when he and his pal happened in. If it wasn't for the fact that they were making a hero out of the cashier, he said, he would go on the stand and tell the facts as they really were. He was a cute duck, though, and told me that they had made such a popular idol out of the cashier that the jury would probably soak him harder if he cast any aspersions on the savior of the bank. The rest of the story I got from the only other man in the world who knows it and he told me the whole thing when I threw at him the facts that I had got from the burglar and the result of my examination of the watchman. It was years after the affair, and so there is no harm in letting me in. Who he was, I leave you to guess."—New York Sun.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN

Little Bird, Don't Cry.
There, little bird, don't cry!
They'll eat off your head, I know,
An' the strutting ways
Of your barnyard days
Will be things of long ago;
But the cook will stuff you by and by—
There, little bird, don't cry!

There, little bird, don't cry!
They'll eat you—you bet I know!—
And the drumstick fat
And the like of that
Will be things of long ago;
But your overfed foes will groan and sigh—
There, little bird, don't cry!
—Chicago Record.

Eight Thousand Eyes for One Fly.
"Whoever thinks the male superior animal finds no rest for the sole of his foot in the contemplation of what we, in the sublimity of our self-conceit, call 'the lower animals,'" says a writer in *Ainslee's Magazine*. "In our general ignorance of the house-fly we do not know just how foolish and no-account the male is, but we may reasonably infer that he is as markedly deficient as usual, seeing that his eyes are so close together that they touch each other. That's always a bad sign. If you see anybody with eyes close together you are entitled to think little of his intelligence.

"The fly has two sorts of eyes, the big compound one, 4000 in a bunch on each side of the head, for knocking about in daylight, and three simple eyes on the top of the head for use in a poor light, sewing and fine print. Before going into ecstasies of admiration over the creature that has 4000 eyes on each side of its head it might be well to remember that they are not of much account. In case of old flies kept over winter the compound eyes cave in and get broken, yet the fly seems to get along and find food. One kind gentleman varnished over the simple eyes and plucked off the wings of some flies. He found that he might hold a candle close enough to burn the compound eyes of the fly before it had a suspicion that anything out of the common was going on. In daylight he took a knitting needle and brought it up in front of the fly close enough to touch its antennae before it dodged. If the knitting needle was brought up on one side Mr. Fly pecked up his sticking plaster feet quite lively.

The Kangaroos.
In the continent of Australia, where there are so many queer plants and animals, lives the numerous and droll-looking family of the kangaroos.

There are several varieties of this family, but all have the same general characteristics; a very large tail, very long hind legs, and very short fore legs.

Kangaroos can out-jump the very best jumpers you ever saw, or heard of. They use their long hind legs something in the grasshopper style; and their tails are not only big, but strong, and are of great assistance to them in their leaps.

Their flesh is good to eat, and so they are hunted a great deal. Instead of running from their pursuers like the swift-footed hares and antelopes, they jump away from them, and in this manner they get over a great extent of country in a very short time. Running would be impossible to creatures with such ridiculously short front legs; but leaping answers the same purpose, and, as this is their natural mode of progression, they do not get tired any sooner than other animals do by running.

The kangaroos are by no means ugly animals, and, though they look awkward when standing on all fours (which they very seldom do) they are very graceful while making their leaps.

One of the prettiest species of the kangaroo family is called the antelope kangaroo. Its head and ears are similar to those of the antelope in appearance.

Kangaroos are common enough in menageries, and the next time you visit such a place look for one. It seems a pity to shut them up in cages, where they have no room to take even the smallest jump. But, then, if they were not caged there is no knowing where they would jump to. Some of the old kangaroos are rough customers when brought to bay. A big fellow will sometimes seize a dog in his short fore legs and with one of his great hind feet give him a scrape that will make him wish he had never seen a kangaroo.

Just as you have seen a quiet, peaceable boy when he had been annoyed by a teasing and quarrelsome fellow, suddenly blaze up and astonish the young rascal by giving him a good thrashing.—The Weekly Boquet.

Life-Saving Extraordinary.
In St. Nicholas, Lieutenant Worth G. Ross, U. S. Revenue Cutter Service, tells of an extraordinary rescue on the shore of Lake Superior. A schooner and steam barge were stranded at Marquette, and after making heroic efforts all day long to succor the survivors, the would-be rescuers telegraphed to a regular life-saving crew. Some one proposed this as a last resort. It seemed like a forlorn hope, for the nearest station was then at Ship Canal, a hundred and ten miles distant! However, the chances, meager as it looked, was considered worth taking, and arrangements were at once begun to bring the life-boat and its crew. A telegram, which had to be carried six miles by a tug, was sent to the keeper of the station telling of the peril of the sailors. The

managers of the railroad offered a special train to bring the surfmen and their apparatus to Marquette. As soon as the keeper received the message, he and his men, with the life-boat, wreck-gun, and all necessary apparatus, were taken on the tug, which steamed as fast as she could to Houghton, where was waiting a train consisting of an engine, a passenger-coach, and two flat-cars. It took the life-savers but a short time, with the helpers who volunteered, to put the apparatus on board the cars and secure it, after which the train sped swiftly out into the night on her merciful errand, followed by the resounding cheers of the crowd of persons who had come upon the scene.

Perhaps no life-saving crew had ever before started out on a journey so exceptional. They were stirred to the noblest impulses by its intense significance, and had determined among themselves to do or die in the perilous task before them. Although the track was heavy with snow, the powerful locomotive raced on at high speed through the driving tempest, at times almost reaching the rate of a mile a minute. The coating of snow made the engine and cars look strangely grotesque as the train pulled into the railway station at Marquette, after a run (with its necessary stoppages) that had never been matched under the circumstances. It was nearly midnight when the crowd of expectant and cheering men helped the life-savers and their appliances from the cars. Wagons and sleighs had been provided to take them to the lake, and also a plentiful supply of food for the half-starved sailors when they should be brought ashore.

After a hard trip along the dark beach, in the wash of the surf, which was thick with driftwood, the station-crew finally arrived abreast of the vessels. A throng of people were there before them, anxiously awaiting their arrival. The bonfires which had been kept burning gave needed light to the workers, and, in view of the great seas that were tumbling in, it was thought best to attempt first a rescue by means of lines. One was fired over the steam-barge amidships, but it appears that the sailors were prevented from getting it by the rush of breakers across the decks. The keepers now decided to use the boat. There were two reefs to pass, over which the waves were dashing with frightful fury. The lifeboat crossed the first one, shipping three seas on the way; but, the rudder becoming disabled, the men were obliged to return. While repairs were being made another shot was fired over the vessel, but no one reached the line.

At daybreak the boat was again launched, and by strenuous and undaunted exertions the oarsmen held to their work, succeeded in crossing the reefs, alive with foaming breakers, and got alongside the large. By this time the lifeboat was sheathed with ice, the seas having frozen on the planking and being thus weighed down, it was considered prudent to take in only nine of the vessel's crew. With these a start was made for the shore, which was regained after another valiant and perilous passage.

Two more trips were made to the wrecks by the life-savers, their boat at times being flooded and partially beaten back, and once nearly thrown over end on the reef. The men themselves were drenched with icy water, which made their work much harder to endure.

Their heroic and indomitable efforts were crowned with full success, every one on the two vessels, 24 in all, being saved. Many of these were almost frozen and nearly starved, and were immediately taken by the citizens to the fires on the beach where there was food.

I cannot do better here than to quote from the report of the general superintendent of the Life-Saving Service touching this memorable achievement of the Ship Canal crew: "To have come rushing through the night and tempest over so many snowy leagues to the rescue of a group of despairing sailors, and then, with hearts greater than danger, to have gone out again and again through the dreadful breakers and brought every man ashore, was a feat so boldly adventurous that the current accounts of it in the public journals roused, at the time, the whole lake region to intense enthusiasm, and sent thrills of sympathy and admiration through the country."

A "Two-Story" Street.

At the suggestion of Sir Frederick Bramwell a new scheme of street building is being considered in connection with the new boulevard which is to be built through London, from north to south. The idea is to make a second footway, or pavement, on a level with the second floor, thus doubling the number of shop windows and considerably increasing the business capacity as well as the rental value of the adjoining property. This footway would be 12 or 14 feet wide, and may be either built out over the lower pavement or the second story of the building set back sufficiently to allow such a walk to be made over the projecting roof of the lower story. Numerous crossways (as well as stairways and possibly elevators) would be made to the corresponding walk on the other side, so that the result would be practically a two-story street. There are a number of obvious minor disadvantages which would have to be overcome, among them the certainty that the street boy would consider such a structure as a combination of speedway and gymnasium, constructed for his especial use, and also the extra care which would be required to keep such an overhead passageway clean and sanitary.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Pass the Brandy—Satire on the Way One Man Spent His Whole Life in Erecting a Monument to His Worst Enemy—Broke His Wife's Heart by Doing It.

Devil, devil! You're a youth,
Tricked with gay convention's smile
Budding horns on head, forsooth!
Are they hid beneath your tie?
They maligned you!—Tail in coil—
Hoofed in patent leather tights—
Never a tender soul could soil
From such affable delights.

Devil, devil! Smooth of chin!
Manners polished like a pin!
Devil, devil! Pray don't cavil!
(Open the door and let him in!)

Devil, devil! How you've grown!
Pardon me—eh?—if I observe
Those horns. What! These your own?
These, these little shiny knobs?
Ah, your horns and tail are bare!
"Handier that way?" Well, I guess!
Always liked you! Take a chair,
Join me in a B. and S.

Devil, devil! Where've you been?
Brawn and smug and all a-grin!
Devil, devil! Imv of evil!
(Open the door and let him in!)

Devil, devil! You are old,
So am I, too, ha, ha!—said!
Once I thought you only hold—
I was young then. Why, you're bad!
Where's my child-look that you stole?
This is where the bargain ends.
Pass the brandy—rot your soul!
What's a joke between two friends?

Devil, devil! Satan's kin!
Biv and bad and black as sin!
Devil, devil! Own my love!
(Open the door and let him in!)
—Post Wheeler, in New York Press.

Jonathan Rigdon's Monument.
"Jonathan Rigdon died very poor, didn't he, Deacon?" said the Deacon.
"Yes, they buried him in a pauper's grave. Poor Rigdon! And he had a big heart," said the Deacon. "He spent his whole life and a big fortune building a monument to another man."

"Was the monument ever finished, Deacon?"

"Yes, and Jonathan did it."

"How?"

"Well," said the Deacon, sadly, "Jonathan commenced it early. He commenced putting money into the monument at seventeen and finished it at fifty."

"And he gave his whole time to it?"

"Yes, he worked night and day, often all night long, and on the Sabbath. He seemed to be in a hurry to get it done. He put all the money he earned upon it—some say \$500,000. Then he borrowed all he could, and when no one would lend him any more he would take his wife's dresses and bedclothes and many other valuable things in his home and sell them to get more money to finish the monument."

"How self-sacrificing!"

"Yes, Jonathan sacrificed everything for this monument," said the Deacon. "He came home one day and was about to take the blanket that lay over his sleeping baby, and his wife tried to stop him, but he drew his fist and knocked her down, and then away with the blankets and never brought them back, and the poor baby sickened and died from the exposure. At last there was nothing left in the house. The poor heartbroken wife soon followed the baby to the grave. Yet Jonathan kept working all the more at the monument, until such time when he was about fifty years old. The monument was nearly done, but he had worked so at it that I hardly knew him, he was so worn; his clothes were all in tatters, his face and nose were terribly swollen. And the wretched man had been so little in good society all the while that he was building that he had almost forgotten how to use the English language; his tongue had some way become very thick, and when he tried to speak out would come an oath."

"But the good man did finally accomplish the work?" I said.

"Yes, he finished it," said the Deacon, his eyes moistening with tears.

"Oh, I should like to see it," I said.

"Come with me," said my informant, sadly, "and I will show it to you. It stands in a beautiful part of the city where five streets meet. Most men put such things in a cemetery. But John had his own way, and put in one of the finest lots to be found."

"Does it look like Grant's monument?"

"Yes, it's a good deal like Grant's monument. It is a grand house. There it is—look at it!" said the Deacon, pointing to a beautiful mansion. "See! it is high and large, with great walls and fire-places, and such velvet carpets, and, oh, what mirrors! Isn't it rich and grand?"

"And who lives in it, Deacon?"

"Why, the man who sold Jonathan Rigdon nearly all the whisky he drank. He lives there with his family, and they wear the richest, finest clothes, and—"

"And poor Jonathan?"

"Why, he's in the pauper's graveyard. Alas!" sighed the Deacon. "The world is full of such monuments built by poor drunkards who broke the hearts of devoted wives, and starved sweet children to do it."—The New Voice.

A Judge on Liquor.

In opening the Superior Court, in Charlotte, the other day, the presiding judge said in his charge to the jury: "Gentlemen of the jury, if any of you are in the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors, I hope you will desist from the habit this week. A man is not fit for the discharge of any duty when he is under the influence of whisky. It is not only a contempt of court, but it is a misdemeanor, or for a juror to become intoxicated. I wish, also, to impress the fact on the minds of the suitors, the witnesses and the officers of the court, that you cannot properly discharge your duty when under the influence of liquor."

Undoubtedly this testimony is true. Whisky does incapacitate men for business. No one wants to trade with an intoxicated merchant, or entrust his interests to an intoxicated lawyer or have an intoxicated physician prescribe for him, or an intoxicated jury to decide a case in court for him. Yet men will drink it, and many who do not drink will vote for it, and keep the evil in the reach of those who are addicted to the habit. We do not see how such persons can hope to justify their conduct in the sight of God, when they help to keep a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in their brother's way.—Our Young People.

The Crusade in Brief.

Beware of the wine-seller's grape shot. Grief banished by wine will come again. Nothing is so treacherous as light wines. Alcohol is a consummate liar and receiver.

Public safety demands the closing of the saloons.

Where the devil can't drink he sends strong drink.

There's more bitterness in beer than comes from hops.

To conquer evil—don't dream of entering a saloon; to be conquered by evil is no right in.