BURIED THOUGHTS.

How often does the chopper of some While toiling at his task of heave and

shock,
Find in the heart-space of a severed rock
The impress of some fern that once had grown,
Full of aspiring life and color-tone,
Deep in the forest where the shadows

Deep in the forest where the shadows flock,
Till, caught within the adamantine block,
It lay for ages hidden and unknown!
So many a beautious thought blooms in the mind,
But, unexpressed, droops down into the soul
And lies unuttered in the silence there.

soul
And lies unuttered in the silence there
Until some opener of the soul shall find
That fern-like, fossiled dream, complete
and whole,

And marvel at its beauty past compare!

—Alfred S. Donaldson in the Outlook.

---A---LOYER'S QUARREL.

By Mabel Quiller-Couch.

*************** Bob Jamieson stamped around his room, dropped his favorite pipe, said something untranslatable, and picked up his cap.

He paused for want of breath, his

eyes flashing, his nostrils dilating-with calm contempt, it is to be sup-

"No, my dear Dolly, I daresay you will be expecting me to come and apologize, and implore you to come out on the river with me, but you'll have to send for me first."

With which noble display of independence Robert Jamieson flung out of his room and down to the river, metaphorically patting himself on the way, and all the time dreading the blank in his life which he would feel as soon as his rage should cool down.

Dolly Parsons put on her prettiest white frock and a picturesque sun hat. "If Mr. Jamieson calls, tell him I am out," she said to the maid. "I am going on the river.

She told herself this last piece of information was for the benefit of the servant, in case she required to know.

When he comes and finds me gone he will be furious. I will take my ca-noe and stay out till quite late. I'd love to frighten him thoroughly."

Miss Parsons' bright brown eyes flashed a little. A faint flush appeared on her pretty cheeks—it was a flush of anger, but it was eminently becoming. She looked maddeningly pret-ty as she sat in her canoe and paddled away up stream. It was a glorious af-ternoon, and the river was looking its best; but Dolly Parsons' eyes were not filled with appreciation of the beauty around her. She repeated to herself again and again the horrid things Bob had said.

"No, she would not forgive him for a long time; it would not do; the circumstances were too aggravated. He would be coming back expecting her to forgive everything—some girls might be so silly, but he would find she was made of different stuff."

And all the time she knew that she dared not let her anger cool, for a horrid, absorbing pain would fill her heart at once, and a wretched feeling of loneliness and depression, and she

hated to be unhappy.

She paddled on and on, until the other boats were all left behind. She was very tired, but she would not stop. Her mind was made up on one point; she would frighten Bob Jamieson into a:

appreciation of her worth.

It was almost twilight when she turned to go home; the river seemed to her to have suddenly become lonely and depressing; the sun had gone down and a chill wind had sprung up. Dolly paddled fast and splashed the water over her pretty frock, and grew cross and miserable. She had quite expected Bob would have followed her to "make it up"; she had decided how long she would keep him in suspense

and how, at last, to forgive him.

A clock in the distance struck 7. Dolly paddled faster and faster, though she was so tired she hardly knew how to go on. She looked anxiously along, just cleared shot another boat, close in her wake. It came so swiftly it was almost on her before the sound of the oars made her glance up; it came s close that her cry to "look ahead! came too late.

She screamed with alarm and missed looked around with annoyance written on every feature, and then, before could back water, the impetus of his last stroke brought the nose of his boat with a crash into the stern of her

canoe, which filled and sank instantly "Bob! Bob! Bob! Help!" But before the cry was past her lips Dolly had

"Great Scott! It's Dolly!"

In a second Bob had sprung into the water after her. A stupefied face rose above the surface and two hands strug gling wildly to clutch something; then she sank again. In desperation Bob made a wild plunge at the spot where she had gone down, and this time caught a bit of her sleeve. It was barely enough to support her by, bat having got a hold he made the most of managed to keep her up until he could grasp her firmly, then by de grees he drew her to the bank, and in time managed to lift her into his boat, which fortunately had drifted to the bank. She was conscious again by that time, and he laid her in the boat and wrapped his coat about her. She was not really hurt, only overcome with the bow while Bob pulled as quickly as he could to the boathouse. In spite though, of her plight, her spoiled clothes and general discomfort, she did not feel as depressed as she had done before the plunge, nor did the world

seem so utterly devoid of happiness.
"Bob," she said, after silently
watching him for some moments, "Bob—why were you up the river so late?"

"Why were you?" answered Bob, not without embarrassment.

"Will you tell me if I tell you?" "Yes," he said, his color heighten-

ing.
"Well, I was angry with you, and I wanted to—frighten you.".
"You carried your scheme to perfec-

tion, dear."
"But Bob, I didn't—oh, Bob," in a

great state of consternation, "you can't think I fell in on purpose?" "No, dear; I am quite convinced of

Dolly looked at him thoughtfully for

a moment.
"Bob," she said severely, "what do

"Well," he answered with conviction, "young women don't put on their prettiest dress when they contemplate a dive.

Dolly had the grace to blush. "My poor dress!" she said dolefully; "and I was looking so nice when I started," she added regretfully. "I must be a fearful fright now, though," with sudden consciousness. "Am I, Bob? Do I look very dreadful?"

"I have seen you looking better, darling."

Dolly's brow puckered again.

'Now tell me why you were up here so late."

Bob did not answer; he seemed deeply intereseted in something on the bank .- American Queen.

THE TIME-HONORED BUCKWHEAT.

Passing of the Favorite Cake by Reason of Adulterated Flour.

"The time-honored and historic buckwheat cake is not what it used to be, and each year the demand for the cake of our daddies is growing less," said the manager of one of Washington's busy lunch rooms to a

"Most of the orders we receive for cakes are for wheat cakes. Once upon a time it was the buckwheat cake that had the call ten to one. Now the expressive order of 'one up' means three circular layers of wheat batter on the griddle. If the batter is to come out of the buckwheat pitcher

"And it's going out of family use, too, very extensively. Why? Because of the discovery by unscrupulous mill-ers that bran and the by-products of the mill, which are practically com-mercially worthless as compared with the genuine flour make a good 'filler' and are rapid money makers to the dealers who practice the deception.

"The result is that there is comparatively little genuine buckwheat flour sold! that is, absolutely pure, because it is so very easy to adulterate without detection. The public, how-ever, after years of submission, found that there was something wrong with buckwheat cakes as to and, once the discovery was made, the flour was gradually discarded as a product of regular use. The demand falling off, the farmer lessened his acreage, the miller increased his pro-portion of bran and the man who used to eat buckwheat cakes every morning for breakfast spread his maple syrup upon the baked surface of some other kind of flour.

"My observations on the adultera-

"My observations on the advertion of buckwheat flour are called up by reason of the fight The Star has made in Washington for pure foods and breadstuffs. The public, in paying full price demanded by producers, critical to purphase practicely what is entitled to purchase precisely what it asks for. Of course, all dealers are not dishonest, but in the case in point if one miller in 10 adulterates his flour

all of his patrons are the sufferers.
"It is but equitable that stringent laws be passed for the preservation of the purity of what we eat, and these acts should be as strictly enforced and the guilty made to make amer There was a time when nearly every farmer had his patch of buckwheat out one rarely sees now fields of the beautiful white blossoms which this wheat produces when in flower. Pure buckwheat flour made into cakes has peculiar and attractive flavor, which destroyed by the addition of cheap, non-nutritive, tasteless bran "

The 1st Chinese regiment is doing well at Wei-Hai-Wei under Colonel Bower. There are now some 350 re-cruits with the colors, and their progress in drill and discipline is emi-

nently satisfactory.

They had their first sham fight a week or two ago against marines and bluejackets, and surprised everybody

by their steadiness. The chief difficulties hitherto have een those of desertion and language. The pay is remarkably liberal for China—\$8 a month—and as every cent is paid punctually without abatement (an unheard of thing in the Chinese mili-tary service) recruits have been so abundant that the officers were able to exercise rigid selection. The phy-sique of the battalion is consequently

Chiefly Useful to Impress the Neighbors. She-Have you any strawberries? Dealer-Yes'm. Here they are, \$1.50

She-Goodness! They're miserable

not really hurt, only overcome with the shock and weariness; but sho looked a very piteous and forlorn little creature as she lay shivering in harm.—Philadelphia Press.

NINETEENTH CENTURY EPITOMIZED.

What the Last Hundred Years Received

We received the horse and ox; we bequeath the locomotive, the automobile and the bicycle.

We received the goose quill; we be queath the fountain pen and type writer. We received the scythe; we be-

we received the scytne; we be queath the mowing machine. We received the sickle; we be queath the harvester. We received the sewing and knit

ting needle; we bequeath the sewing and knitting machines.

We received the hand printing press; we bequeath the cyclinder

we received the typesetter; we be-

we received the typesetter, we be quath the linotype. We received the sledge; we be queath the steam drill and hammer. We received the flintlock musket; we bequeath automatic Maxims.

we bequeath automatic Maxims.
We received the sail ship, six weeks
to Europe; we bequeath the steamship, six days to Europe.
We received gunpowder: we be-

queath nitro-glycerin. We received the hand loom; we bequeath the cotton gin and woolen

We received the leather fire bucket; we bequeath the steam fire engine. We received wood and stone struc-tures; we bequeath 20-storied steel structures.

We received Johnson's dictionary with 20,000 words; we bequeath the modern dictionary with 240,000 words. We received the staircase; we be-

queath the elevator.
We received 22,000,000 speaking the English language; we bequeath 116, 000,000. We received the painter's brush and

easel; we bequeath lithography and photography.

We received the lodestone; we be

queath the electro-magnet.

We received the glass electric ma-

we bequeath the dynamo.

We received the tallow dip; we bequeath the arc light and the incandes-

We received the four-inch achromatic telescope; we bequeath the four-foot lens.

We received two dozen members

of the solar system; we bequeath 500. We received a million stars; we bequeath 100,000,000.

We received the tinder box; we be-

queath the friction match. We received ordinary light; we be queath Roentgen rays.

We received the beacon signal fires: we bequeath the telegraphy.

phone and wireless telegraphy.

unan

We received the weather unan-nounced; we bequeath the weather

bureau. We received less than 20 known elements; we bequeath 80.

We received the products of distant countries as rarities; we bequeath them as bountiful as home

We received history as events remembered and recorded; we bequeath the kinetoscope.

We received the past as silent; w

bequeath the phonograph, and voices of the dead may again We received pain as an allotment to

man; we bequeath ether, chloroform and cocaine. We received gangrene: we be

queath antiseptic surgery.

We received the old oaken bucket; we bequeath the driven well and the

water tower.

We received decomposition helpless ly; we bequeath cold storage.

We received foods for immediate consumption; we bequeath the can-

ning industry. We received butter solely from milk; we bequeath oleogargarine.

We received the pontoon; we be-

queath the Brooklyn bridge.

We received the hedgerow and the rail fence; we bequeath the barbed

We received cement steel; we be-

queath Bessemer steel.

We received unlimited dependence upon muscles; we bequeath automatic

Success of the German Chemist One reason why German manufac-

mechanism.

turers are doing so well nowadays is their thorough knowledge of chemis-

ters in Baden, has a staff of 80 chem-ists. Each works alone in a little cell. He does not know what his day's work will be until he reaches the of On his desk he finds a written order from the chief chemist, and a sample of the substance to be analyzed. A

night he turns in his report. He does not know what use is to be made of his work, what firm has asked for it, where it will be applied. There are 37 chemical dye factories in Germany that do original experimental work We buy over \$10,000,000 worth of Ger man chemical dyes every year.

Didn't Show Off Properly.

There is a man who fancies he is the head of his house. This particular man has several st. all children and it pleases him to discourse a great deal on the training of children. A few days ago he had friends visiting him. His two little boys began to play about noisily. It is one of his theories that children should obey implicitly. wanted to let his friends see how he carried it out in the training of his own children. "Johnny," he said sternly, "stop that noise instantly." Johnny looked up in surprise, then grinned a little. "Oh, Freddie," he said to his brother as they went on with the noise, "just hear papa try-ing to talk like mamma."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

DR. TALMAGES SERMON

BUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: Welfare of the Body-Simple Life Conduces to Longevity - Religion the Great Renewer - Worry Hastens the Advance of Age.

[Copyright 1901.]

the Advance of Age.

[Copyright 1901.]

Washington, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how any one can conquer the effect of years and grow younger in spirit; text, Pasims ciii, 5, "So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."

There flies out from my text the most majestic of all the feathered creation—an eagle. Other birds have more beauty of plume and more sweetness of voice, but none of them has such power of heak, such clutch of claw, such expansion of wing, such height of soaring, such wideness of dominion. Its appetite rejects the carrion that invites the vulture, and in most cases its food is fresh and clean. Leveling its neck for flight. in spiral curve, it swings itself toward the noonday sun. It has been known to live a hundred years. What concentration of all that is sublime in the golden eagle, the martial eagle, the imperial eagle, the creasted eagle, the imperial eagle, the martial eagle. Blanc eagle! But after awhile in its life comes the molting process, and it looks ragged and worn and unattractive, and feels like moping in its nest on the high crags. But weeks go by and the old feathers are gone and new ornithological attire is put on, and its beak, which was overgrown, has the surplus of bone beaten off against the rocks, and it gets back its old capacity for food, and again it mounts the heavens in unchallenged and boundless kingdoms of air and light. David, the author of the text, had watched these monarchs of the sky, and knew their habits, and one day, exulting in his own physical and spiritual rejuvenescence, he says to his own soul: "You are getting younger all the time. You make me think of an eagle which I saw yesterday, just after its molting season, swinging through the valley of Jehoshanbat and then circling around the head of Mount Olivet. O my soul, 'thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."

The fact is that people get old too fast. They allow the years to run away with them. "The fact is that people get old too fast.

around the head of Mount Olivet. O my soul, 'thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.'"

The fact is that people get old too fast. They allow the years to run away with them. The almanac and the family record discourage them. Some of you are older than you have any business to be. You ought to realize that as the body gets older the soul ought to get younger. Coming on toward old age you are only in the molting season, and after that you will have better wings, take higher flight and reign in clearer atmosphere. Our religion bids us to look after the welfare of the body as well as of the soul, and the first part as well as the latter part of my subject is appropriate for the pulpit.

Many might turn the years backward and get younger by changing their physical habits. The simpler life one lives the longer he lives. Thomas Parr, of Shropshire, England, was a plain man and worked on a farm for a livelihood. At 120 years of age he was at his daily toil. He lived under nine kings of England. When 152 years of age he was heard of in London. The king desired to see him, and ordered him to the palace, where he was sorichly and royally treated that it destroyed his health, and he died at 152 years and nine months of age.

When Dr. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, made post mortem examination of Thomas Parr, he declared there were no signs of senile decay in the body. The man must have renewed his youth, like the eagle, again and again.

All occupations and professions have

again.

All occupations and professions have afforded illustrations of rejuvenescence. Lianocrates the father of medicine, lived 109 years, and among those eminent in the medical profession who became septuagenarians were Darwin, Gall, Boerhaave, Jener and Ruysch, observing themselves the laws of health that they taught their patients.

ner and Ruysch, observing themselves the laws of health that they taught their patients.

In art and literature and science among those who lived into the eighties were Plato and Franklin and Carlyle and Goethe and Buffon and Halley. Sophocles reached the nineties.

You cannot tell how old a man is from the number of years he has lived. I have known people actually boyish in their dispositions at eighty years of age, while Louis II., King of Hungary, died of old age at twenty.

Haydn's oratoria, "The Creation," was composed at seventy years of age. Humboldt wrote his immortal work, "The Cosmos," at seventy-five. William Cullen Bryant, at eighty-two years of age, in my house, read without spectacles "Thanatopsis," which he had composed when eighten years of age. Is soverates did illustrious work at ninety-four.

Liontinus Gorgias was busy when death came to him at 107 years of age. Herschel at eighty years of age was hard at work in stellar exploration. Masinissa, king of Numidia, at ninety years of age, led a victorious cavalry charge against the Carthagenians.

Titian was engaged on his greatest

Numidia, at ninety years of age, led a victorious cavalry charge against the Carthagenians.

Titian was engaged on his greatest painting when he died in his one hundredth year. How often they must have renewed their yout!

But the average longevity of those in private life, and with less mental strain and no conspicuous success, is much larger than the average longevity of the renowned. There are hundreds of thousands of men and women now renewing their youth like the eagle's, so that the possibility of such a turning back of the years is all around us being demonstrated. Bismarck, the greatest of German statesmen, a long while before his decease, passed his eightieth milestone. When Gladstone was eighty-three years of age, I ran with him up and down the hills of Hawarden. We started for a walk, but it got to be a run. All those men again and again renewed their youth.

Some one writes me, "Is not threescore and ten the bound of human life, according to the Bible?" My reply is that Moses (not David), who wrote that psalm, was giving a statistic of his own day.

Through better understanding of the laws of health and advancement of medical science the statistics of longevity have mightily changed since the time of Moses, and the day is coming when a nonagenarian will no longer be a wonder. Phlebotomy shortened the life of whole generations, and the lancet that bled for everything is now rarely taken from the doctor's pocket.

Dentstry has given power of healthy mastication to the human race, and thus added greatly to the prolongation of life. Electric lights have improved human sight, which used to be strained by the dim tallow candle. The dire diseases which under other names did their fatal work, and were considered almost incurable now in a majority of cases are conquered.

ble now in a majority of cases are conquered.

Vaccination, which has saved millions of lives and balked the greatest securge of nations, and surgery, which has advanced more than can be told for the prolongation of human life.

The X-ray has turned the human body, which was opaque into a lighted castle. It is easier in this age to renew one's youth than in any other age.

But the body is the smallest and least important part of you. It is your soul that most needs rejuvenation, but that will also help bodily ividication. In order to do this I advise you to banish as far as possible all iretuiness out of your life. The doing of that will make you ten years younger. I know many good, Christian people who are worrying themselves out in managing the affairs of the universe. They have undertaken too big a job. They are trying to drive too long and flery a team. They have all the affairs of church

and state on hand, and they fret about this and fret about that and fret about the other thing. They fear that China will be divided up among the nations and there will be an entanglement causing wars such as we have never heard of. They fear that Edward VII. will not be as wise a king as his mother was a queen. They are appalled at the accumulated national debt. They fear society is going to pieces by reason of immoralities. They apprehend that America will be overcrowded with foreigners. They say the newspapers are getting so bad that this country is going to be utterly demoralized. They are all the time apprehensive of social and religious and political calamities, and it is telling on their mental health, depressing their physical health, and, instead of renewing their youth like the eagle's, they are imitating the eagle who would sit in his nest of sticks lined with grass on the rock, mourning about the woes of the ornithological world, the loneliness of the ornithological world, the loneliness of the albatross. Would that improve things? No. It would be a molting process for that eagle which would never close, and it would only get thinner and more gloomy and less able to gain food for its young and less able to enjoy a land-scape as it appears under a twenty-mile flight on a summer morning under the blue heavens.

I do not advise you to be indifferent to these great questions that pertain to

acape as it appears under a twenty-milo flight on a summer morning under the blue heavens.

I do not advise you to be indifferent to these great questions that pertain to church and state and nations, but not to free about them. Realize that it is not an anarchy that has charge of affairs in this world, but a divine government. At the head of this universe is a King whose eye is omniscience and whose heart is infinite love. His government is not going to be a failure. He cannot be defeated. Better trust Him in the management of this world and of all worlds. All you and I have to do is to accomblish the work that is put in our hands. That is all we have to be responsible for. In a well managed orchestra the players upon stringed and wind instruments do not watch each other. The cornetist does not look to see how the violinist is drawing the bow over the strings, nor does the flute player scrutinize the drum. They all watch the baton of the leader. And we are all carrying our part, however insignificant it may be, in the great harmony.

My text suggests that heaven is an eternal youth. A cycle of years will not leave any mark upon the immortal nature. Eternity will not work upon the soul in heaven any change unless it be more radiance and more wisdom and more rap ture. A rolling on from glory to glory! In anticipation of that some of the happiest people on earth are aged Christians. The mightiest testimonies have been given by the veterans in the gospel army. While some of the aged have allowed themselves to become morose and cynical and imnatient with youth and pessimistic about the world and have been plad to step aside that others may have a chance and are hopeful about the world expecting its redemption instead of its demolition, and they are inspiration and comfort and helpfulness to the household and to the neighborhood and to the churca. The children hail the good old man as he comes down the road. His smile, his words, his manner, his whole life, make the world think better of religion.

What a good thing

smile, his words, his manner, his whole life, make the world think better of religion.

What a good thing it is, all ye aged Christians, that you can soon get rid of dulled ear and sight that requires strong eyeglasses and infirmities which make you hold on to the banister, leaving you panting at the head of the stairs, and enter a land of eternal health, where the most rubicund cheek of robust life on earth would be emaciation compared with the vigor of the immortals. What a good thing to get beyond being misunderstood and blamed for what you could not help, and picked at by a hard world, and then pass into a keavenly society where all think well of each other, and friendships are eternal, depreciation and slander and backbiting unknown, for the gate of heaven was shut against them in the statement, "Without are dogs." What a good thing to have satisfying and glorious explanation of things that puzzled you twenty or forty or eighty years, to have the interrogation point abolished and all mystery solved and God's government vindicated, and you will see why He allowed sin and sorrow to come into the world, and why the bad were permitted to live so long and the good were cut off in the time of their greatest usefulness, and why so many of the consecrated find life a struggle, while many of the infamous ride prosperously, princes afoot and beggars a-horseback, and the last houset question shall have been answered.

Gibbon in his history says that Mohammed had a dream in which le thought

shall have been answered.

Gibbon in his history says that Mohammed had a dream in which he thought that, mounted on the horse Borak, he ascended the seven heavens and approached within two bow shots of the throne and felt a cold that pierced him to the heart when his shoulder was touched by the hand of God. That might do for Mohammed's heaven, but not for a Christian heaven. No cold hand put upon your shoulder there, no cold hand of repulse or doubt, but the warm hand of welcome, the warm hand of God.

I congratulate all Caristians who are in

doubt, but the warm hand of welcome, the warm hand of God.

I congratulate all Christians who are in the eventide. Good cheer to all of you. Your best days are yet to come. You are yet to hear the best songs, see the grandest sights, take the most delightful journeys, form the most elevating friendships, and after 10,000 years of transport you will be no nearer the last rapture than when you were thrilled with the first.

In heaven you will have what most pleases you. Archbishop Leighton's desire for heaven was a desire for Christ and purity and love, and he has found there what he wanted. John Foster rejoiced at the thought of heaven, because there he could study the secrets of the universe without restraint, and he has been regaling himself in that search. Southey thought of heaven as a place where he would meet with the learned and the great—Chaucer and Dante and Shakespeare. He no doubt has found that style of communion. That great and good Dr. Dick was fond of mathematics, and he said he thought much of the time in heaven would be given to that study, and I have no doubt that since ascension he has made advancement in that science. The "twelve manner of fruits" spoken of in Revelation means all kinds of enjoyment as there will be an many kinds of enjoyment as there will be inhabitants.

You will have in heaven just what you want. Are you tired? Then heaven will

kinds of enjoyment as there will be inhabitants.

You will have in heaven just what you want. Are you tired? Then heaven will be rest. Are you passionately fend of sweet sounds? Then it will be music. Are you stirred by pictures? There will be all the colors on the new heavens, on the jasper sea, and the walls imbedded with what splendors! Are you fond of great architecture? There you will find the temple of God and the Lamb and the uplifted thrones. Are you longing to get back to your loved ones who have ascended? Then it will be reunion. Are you a home body? Then it will be home. Here and there in this world you will find some one who mow lives where he was born, and three or four generations may have dwelt in the same house, but most people have had several homes—the home of childhood, the home they built or rented for their early manhood, the home of riper and more prosperous years. But all homes put together, precious as they are in remembrance, or from present occupancy, cannot equal the heavenly home in the house of many mansions. No sickness will ever come there, for it is promised "there shall be no more pain" No parting at the front door, no last look at faces never to be seen again, but home with God, home with each other, home, forever.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

hat Can a Boy Do? — The Economic Side of the Drink Question Shown in a Way to Convince the Most Skeptical of Its Evil Influence. Oh, think, what can a boy do?
What use am I at all?
A noisy boy from morn till night!
Yet even I can help the right,
And make some other pathway bright,
Although I'm only small.

Oh, think, what can a boy do?
Well, now, I'll try to tell—
If but a humble task be mine,
In household labor to combine,
The boots and shoes to black and shine,
I'll clean them, oh, so well!

Oh, think, what can a boy do?
Now don't despise a boy,
He'll clean the knives and windows, too,
Your errands he will run for you,
With willing feet and spirit true,
He's mother's pride and joy!

Oh, think, what can a boy do?
Here in the temperance band,
To help the free to fight the foe,
To lay the cruel tyrant low,
And Freedom's banner far to show,
A soldier he can stand!

Oh, think, what can a boy do?
When tempted, even I,
By Heaven's help, can still refuse
The drons of fire and woe to use,
And sparkling water I can choose
With purpose brave and high. Ob, think, what can a boy do?
Life's battle he can win;
For Jesus, once a boy below,
Will help us one and all we know,
The powers of wrong to overthrow,
And conquer self and sin.
—M. S. H., in the Temperance Banner.

In a Nutshell.

Suppose four farmers came into town, each with \$30 in his pocket. One goes to a dry goods store, one to a hardware store, one to a boot and shoe store, and the other to a saloon, and each spends his money in the place he visits.

After two weeks I come to you and say: "Let us go and see those producers; see what they have received for the money they gave those non-producers." We drive to the home of the man who spent his money at the dry goods store. "What did you get?" "Do you see that dress which Neilie is wearing and the coat that Tom has on? Well, I gave the merchant \$30, and he gave me in exchange these things. He is better off; we are better off." Exchange of value; both are benefited.

We go to the man who traded at the

\$30, and he gave me in exchange these things. He is better off; we are better off." Exchange of value; both are benefited.

We go to the man who traded at the hardware store, and we say: "What did you receive?" "Do you see the stove, and the axe, and those kettles?" "Yes." "Well, I gave him \$30, he gave me these. We are better off; he is better off." We go to the man who spent his money at the boot and shoe store. "What did you receive for the money you paid?" "You see these boots which I am wearing and the shoes Nellie has on, and the boots that Will, Dick and Harry and the rest are wearing? I gave that merchant \$36 for them. We needed the money, so we traded." An exchange of value; both are benefited.

Now we go to the man who spent the \$30 in the saloon and say to him: "Sir you paid that non-producer \$30. What did you get back". "Come here and I will show you." Will he say that? No; he will hang his head and say: "I got this flaming nose, these bleared eyes, and have been sick ever since."

"My farmer friend, would you not have been better off if you had put the \$30 in the fire and burned it, and never had gone to the drinking place at all? Yes, because you would have had a clear head, hard muscles, and could have gone to work at once and produced more wealth to take the place of that destroyed. The liquod dealers took your money and unfitted your brain and muscles for the production of more wealth."

William Penn's keen understanding was often directed toward drunkenness. "Al, excess is ill," he wrote, "but drunkenness is of the worst sort. In fine, he that is drunk is not a man, because he is so long void of reason, that distinguishes a man from a beast."

But if Penn was the living spirit of aphorism he also knew when and how to apply his maxims. Given a drunkard, he could treat his case in a characteristic yet plain andereasonable way.

He was once advising a man to leave off his habit of drinking intoxicating liquors.
"Can you tell me how to do it?" said the slave of the appetite.
"Yes," answered Penn. "It is just as easy as to open thy hand, friend."
"Convince me of that, and I will promise upon my honor to do as you tell me."
"Well, my friend," said the great Quaker, "when thou findest any vessel of in toxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that grasps it before it reaches thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again."—Short Stories. How to Stop Drinking.

Self-Control.

Self-Control.

A man who lately came over from America told the writer that on board the steamer one of the passengers went up to another in the smoking room and asked him to have a drink with him. The man thus invited continued reading a newspaper and made no reply. The other man again asked him to drink with him. No answer again. A third invitation was then given in these words: "Sir, I have asked you in as friendly a way as possible to drink with me, and each time you went on with your reading, and had not the civility to answer me. Now I ask you for the third time if you will drink wine, whisky or anything cles with me!" The man then put aside his paper and answered very quietly: "Do you see that glass, sir? Well, if I were to take even a quarter of it, I could not leave off until I had drunk all the liquor on board. This is why I would not drink with you." All present admired the man's self-control, and learned a striking lesson on the danger of putting temptation in a brother's way.—The Quiver.

A Successful Experiment.

The good condition and good behavior of the troops in South Africa is recognized as largely due to the fact that they have had no strong drink. General Kelly, L. A. G., said lately to a newspaper correspondent: "This campaign has been run entirely on teetotal principles, and the experiment has proved wonderfully successful."

The Crusade in Brief.

Corkscrews have sunk more people than ork jackets will ever save.

There never was a surer way to get behind the bars than to stand too much in front of them.

Legislation against drunkenness in Bel-cium dates from 1887. It deals with the trunk and onsorderly, supplying liquor to a drunken person or to a child under six-icen.

cen.

Honolulu is soon to be the scene of an active temperance crusade led by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The advance guard of crusaders has just urrived.