Joseph Fielding Smith, president of the Twelve Apostles, becomes the next president of the Mormon church. He is in his 63d year, and in 1866 was ordained as an apostle by President Brigham Young, and set apart as one of the Twelve Apostles on Oct. 8, 1867. The new president has three wives.

Roosevelt makes the fifth in the line of vice-presidents to be elevated to the chief magistracy of the nation through the death of a president. Those preceding him were John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, Andrew Johnson and Chester A. Arthur. Two of them, like himself, succeeded to office through assassination.

The experiments in Germany in the running of electric cars at the rate of 100 miles in an hour have not been successful. They could not keep up so tremendous a pace. Why seek to go faster than threescore and 10? What reasonable human being longs for swifter motion except in an emergency of life or death?

"How unreal!" said the casual critics of the drama when an interrupted marriage scene in a church was featured in a recent stage success. "How dramatic!" cried everybody when the daily papers told the story of a real wife who stopped the remarriage of her husband at the very altar in a New York church.

France has launched a new floating citadel at a total outlay of nearly 30,-000,000 francs, almost \$6,000,000. Who can suggest a limit to the expense of fighting, when a single ship entails a larger expenditure than that required for a great public building? The victories of peace are not invariably cheap, but when the fortresses of the waves cost a half dozen million each. is it not time to take in sail?

With thirty-seven submarine torpedo boats completed and forty in course of construction, France easily takes the lead in that style of craft. France always has one eye on England, if the phrase may be used, in the prosecution of her naval programs, and so in building submarine boats the intent is to match battleships and cruisers. It is to be hoped, however, this generation will not witness a test of the respective merits of the large and small boats in actual warfare.

The republic of Mexico is offering just now a decidedly good market for American products necessary to the development of the electric interests of that country. During the 12 months ending July 1 the exportation of telegraph, telephone and electric instruments and apparatus to Mexico from the United States reached \$400,000, or \$25,000 more than to France, and \$30,-000 more than to Germany. These exportations to Mexico were exclusive of the exports of perfected electrical machinery from this country.

According to an article in Success Professor Marshall, the noted English economist, estimates that \$500,000,000 is spent annually by the English working classes for things that do nothing to make their lives nobler or truly hapier. At the last meeting of the British Association, the president in an address to the economic section. epressed his belief that the simple item of food waste alone would justify the above-mentioned estimate. One potent cause of waste, to day, is that very many of the women, having been practically brought up in factories, do not know how to buy economically, and are neither passable cooks nor good housekeepers. It has been estimated that in the United States the waste from bad cooking alone is over a thousand million dollars a year!

A New York physician who had spent years of toil upon a learned treatrse fell asleep just after he had written the final word of his precious manuscript. He was smoking a pipe when his eyelids closed. Stray sparks set fire to the paper, and the records of his arduous labors vanished in flame and smoke. Every one remembers the patience of Sir Isaac Newton, whose Little dog Diamond destroyed manuscript which contained the results of a long term of profoundest studies. The great philosopher mildly reproached the inconsiderate cur then forgave him and rewrote his work. This is a moral that runs at large, as Dr. Holmes suggested in his verses on "The One-Hoss Shay," "Take it. You're welcome. No extra charge." The moral is that dogs and pipes are out of place when great men complete great tasks. Edward Gibbon gave to the world an account of his reflections when he penned the last sentence of the most renowned of histories in the English language. No pipes and no pets disturbed the meditations of that memorable hour.

# THE ADOPTION OF ROSY.

By Rose Willis Johnson.

attitude on the crumbling stone wall which separated his land from the parsonage. His shotgun rested carelessly between his knees. He was not a hunter—he never hunted; but when he sunned himself on the wall it was not prudent for a rabbit to rise on its haunches and look at him. He never fired at birds. They seemed to know this, and hopped fearlessly above him among the branches.

Today they were holding carnival nere; the sunshine lay warm on the wall, the scent of clover made the air sweet. There was the road, a winding dusty ribbon; beside it the pinkcapped sea of clover, and beyond, a of blue where the Ohio turned from the town.

Why did he love the gap, the dusty country road, the crumbling wall with its patches of ivy? Perhaps because these things limited his desires. Through the gap, years ago, a pretty young bride had walked with him. Soon she had died and he had been "Glum" Halleck ever since. He was a hardworking man, as the village admitted; but he had his days of indifference, when he sat at the gap. made whistles, shot at marks, and sul-lenly refused to recognize chance passers-by.

Today his solitude was broken. The rattling of a detached bit of masonry caused him to turn and behold a small girl laboriously clambering to a seat beside him, dragging after her a large meek cat. She was bareheaded, barefcoted, clad in sober brown. Settling herself demurely, she drew up the dangling pussy, and slouched over in imitation of Halleck's comical

"Hello!" he said, "Who are you?"

Not a word answered the intruder. She hugged her cat and stared into space. Looking more closely, he saw undried tears on the brown cheeks an occasional tremor of the set mouth He spoke more gently: "What do you

want, sissy?"

Still she did not reply. Halleck shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, well!" he growled. "Cat got your tongue? You bother me—better run home!"

But she did not run home. She sat there; they sat there together, and ignored each other. By and by Halleck got down crossly, and went tow ard the house. Then the child got down and followed him, half dragging.

alf carrying the cat.
"Look here!" he demanded, fierce ly. "What do you want?"

Terror loosed her tongue. "Noth

ing!" she gasped, strring at him help-lessly. "Don't whip me! I'm—Rosy."

He began to understand, It was Art well's Rosy, the village problem. They had buried Artwell, and were now dis cussing the disposal of his orphan ba by. The minister had held out finger to her after the funeral. "I afraid I can't keep her for good," ne You know what up-hill work it is for me. But she is so little and helpless, surely some of you can save her from the poorhouse—some of you childless ones! Think it over and see what you can do. In the meantime I'll give her her bowl of porridge."

But Rosy did not take kindly to the porridge or to the parsonage. There were children there who stared at her and teased her cat. From the gate she could see Halleck on the wall, and in her childish way she had

gone to sit beside him. "So you are Rosy!" he said. "What are you aiming to do with yourself way? What business had you to be born, without a dollar ahead to grow up on? The parson don't want you, and the big ones don't want you and I don't want you! aiming to do with yourself?"

Rosy looked down. The sparkle in here eyes suggested intelligence, de-

spite the slow-moving tongue.
"The old lady has supper about ready," he added. "Did you want to Without a moment's hesitation, the

plump, brown fingers clasped his. So in solemn silence they entered the kitchen.

There the religion of cleanliness made itself felt. Rosy sat down contentedly in the chair that Halleck had used as a small boy, the pride of his mother's heart. It had never been mother's heart. It had never be removed from its favored corner.

Now as his mother turned from the ove, her tired face paled. "Why:" she faltered. "Why, who is this

He tried to frown. "It's that bit of a youngster-the Artwell kid. She has-sort of adopted me.

A moment Mrs. Halleck hesitated then she stooped to the taciturn ba 'Poor thing!" she said, impulsive-"Poor little thing!

Supper was eaten in the usual silence—cheerful conversation had per-ished with that young life that failed. Artwell's Rosy ate her bread and butter in the old high chair by his moth er's side, s blue mug and painted plate before her. It was on his lips to ask for what reason these relies were resurrected, but he held his Still he looked at them curiously, something tugging at his heart; and at times it was a chubby, flaxen-haired boy he saw in place of the

stoical baby. After supper the quiet little guest played on the floor, while Mrs. Hal-leck "tidied up." The child gathered about her sundry little odds and ends and constructed a playhouse. Then she began to whisper to herself, and

once she laughed—a natural, sponta-neous, quickly suppressed outburst. When the lingering sun had quite

...... "Glum" Halleck sat in his usual | and the frogs began to croak in the marshes, Halleck raised his head.
"Here, you!" he said, surlily. "Get
your cat and start!"

Rosy got up, dismayed. The bits of broken crockery tumbled from her lap, and in the darkening brown eyes

silent tears gathered,
"O, Davy," Mrs. Halleck remon-"O, Davy," Mrs. Halleck remonstrated, "don't frighten her! It is getting dark now. Come, mother will go a piece with you. Get your kitty.

She obeyed silently, pulling the cat from under the stove by the tail. The cat offered no resistance, but pressed its big head close to her cheek and purred affectionately. Halleck watched the three-his mother, the dangling cat, the brown baby-disappear hind the dogwood thicket; and the old ache of bereavement ate fiercely at his heart. "If Min had lived-" he thought, and hid his face in his hands.

Mrs. Halleck and Artwell's Rosy went lingeringly through the soft twilight. It was so pleasant in the out-door world! Mrs. Halleck liked to hear the frog chorus, watch the fire-flies, feel the cool air upon her face.

"Let me carry pussy," she sug ested. "He won't scratch, will he He looks so gentle-such a nice kitty: What do you call him?"

he won't scratch. He's my cat-father gave him to me, so he did. He's Puff. You can hold him a while. Don't you wish he was your cat?"

"Certainly. He is a nice cat-a pretty cat.

As he was transferred Puff showed no concern further than to cease his purring.

your father, and miss him very much. So you love Puff, and pet him a good deal. He is a fine cat. Are they going to keep you at Br. Willett's?"
Rosy shook her head. "I love you,"
she said. succinctly. "I love him.

I'm goin' to stay."

"But I can't take you, dear! My boy won't let you stay. You mustn't come back any more. He won't like it if you do."

She was certain the child under-stood, and apprehensive of no further trouble, kissed her kindly at the parrising late-it was Sunday-she saw, on opening the door, Rosy and her cat sitting on the wall. The self-invited guest trudged into the kitchen.

"Well, I'll be blessed.' withdrew his head from the towel and stared. "You little imp, what did you come back for? Get out, One-two-three-quick! One

But the little chair in the corner was occupied, the cat under the stove, and the man's brawny arm dropped helplessly. "I'll be-blessed!" he reiterated, and resumed his toilet.

The child ate her breakfast as she had done her supper, in Halleck's high chair from the painted plate. And Puff had his saucer of milk under

Then Rosy elaborated her playhouse in the corner, while Mrs. Halleck went about her work in perplexed silence. When she had finished, she put on her bonnet and clean apron.

"Come!" she called, holding out her "Come, you must go back over hand. there. I can't possibly let you stay, dear. Get your kitty and come. You mustn't run away any more. I dare say Mrs. Willett is very uneasy about

Mrs. Willett was not uneasy: she had not missed the child. She had seven children of her own, and manifold duties to perform. Taking truant in charge, she chid her. Taking the

"You mustn't run off, Rosy!" she "You might get lost; something dreadful might happen to you." turning to Mrs. Halleck, she added, "Mr. Willett will have to turn her over to the town. I don't think any one here wants her. He should have done so in the first place-but there! You know Mr. Willett! I should think—" and the minister's wife looked wistful-"you might find her

company!' tered. "It's——it's quite out of the question! And I must beg you not to let her bother him any more

Mrs. Willett sighed. I'll watch her. And something shall be done for her at once. I suppose she can be put in the poorhouse-but it is too bad!'

"Yes, it is too bad," Mrs. Halleck admitted. In her heart she knew it was very bad. She was desperately lonely sometimes. The gruff, harsh,, selfish man, who seldom spoke save to give commands, was not the son of whom she had dreamed.

"I declare!" she said, rising hurriedly. "I shall be late at meeting, and I'm detaining you. Good-by. I hope you'll-do something for the lit-Good-by, Rosy. You mustn't come back to my house any more mind!

After the service Mrs. Halleck started home by way of the gap. There she came upon her son and Rosy and the cat.

"Well," said Halleck, angrily, "she's come back! I haven't spoke to her. You can. You can tell her to light

Rosy got down obediently at a motion from her friend. Her little face shouldn't she sit on the wall with the man and watch the crows? Why should he be angry and stamp his foot at her? She laid hold of Mrs. Halshould he be angry and stamp his foot at her? She laid hold of Mrs. Halleck's dress, and kept close to her on the way to the house.

Halleck paused in the doorway. Not at your house? I started her back an nour sgo!"
"She didn't come." dropped behind he parsonage hill the way to the house.

"I told you not to come back," Mrs. Halleck said, when they were alone. "Didn't I, Rosy?"

The perplexity of the small face changed to sorrow.
"You are a troublesome baby. And

if you don't mind what is said, they will send you off to the poorhouse." Without warning, down went Rosy

on the grass, and the wails of broken-hearted childhood rent the air. Mrs. Halleck stood above her, per

'Rosy!" she said, presently; "Rosy!" "Yes, ma'am," sobbed the stricken child.

"What do you want of us?"
"I want to love you," came the an-

Mrs. Halleck sat down on the grass, took the child in her lap and rocked silently to and fro. Just then her son passed, unnoticed. Something in the sight checked his irritated steps; something in the droop of the thin arms, the faded cheek against the round.tinted tear-stained one. A world of helpless loneliness expressed itself in the posture.

"Why, she's old!" he thought, "And she's coddling the child; she wants

to keep it!'

He walked on to the clump of lilacs near the door. His brows were knit, his hands shut tightly. Then the pow er within, the spirit of darkness which prompts the cruel word, the brutal deed, turned him short about and brought him back to the woman and the child, still on the grass in a close embrace.

she was old, and she wanted the child, but it did not matter. took the little one fiercely by the shoulder in a grasp that swung her clear of the protecting arms; and shaking her, he set her down.

"Now you clear out!" he command-

ed. "If I ever catch you this side the

The threat left all possibilities open. The little seeker of love fled from be-fore his face.

At a little distance Puff stood on

the defensive, with tail erect and waying. Halleck flung a clod which nar rowly missed its mark; then he turned to his mother. She stood in a deject-ed attitude, the slow tears running

down her cheeks.
"There!" he said, gruffly. that will settle Willett's little game. If he aims to foist his beautiful plan of benevolence on to my shoulders l guess he'll change his mind! I shall report this pauper at headquarters in the morning, and see if the community has to be pestered any longer. And-Willett needn't apply to me when the church needs money!

Mrs. Halleck did not answer. Long submission had made revolt impossible. She went silently to the kitchen and set out the food prepared the day before. Then she and her son ate together-still in silence.

was always thus, but today a new element entered in. Each was subdued by a discovery. The woman had learned that her Davy was coarse and brutal, and the man had learned that his mother was old and in need

Furtively he studied her face and figure line by line. The cheeks had faded, the brown eyes had lost their laughter, the worn hands

His glance rested on the little chain in the corner. He remembered a day when she had brought in a manikin molded of butter and set it on the table, pretending to be indifferent, but delighting in his delight. Then, laughing, she had picked out the clove eyes and given them to him, because she knew his fondness for cloves.

"You shall have the top of his head. too!" she had cried, buttering a slice of bread. And then the two had laughed, so foolishly and happily, just because they were all the world to each other!

Now Halleck drew his shirt-sleeve roughly across his face. "It's mortal hot!" he grumbled. "There's storm in the air. I don't believe I'd go to Sunday-school, mother if I were you. You might get caught. You ain't as spry as you was the day—you first put them little buff linen breeches on me, and we went to meetin', and raced the storm, and beat."

looked up amazed. "I-I remember the breeches," she faltered.
"I sat up the night before to make
them for you. You looked so sweet! Mrs. Halleck flushed painfully. You were always a pretty child, Davy. 'Davy doesn't like children," she fal. Folks don't dress little boys that way now, but I think they used to look natural and wholesome-like

"You made the stuff yourself," he "I watched you. You've worked pretty hard in your day, I guess. You don't feel any too limber these times, either. If Min had lived-

He stopped, and she looked blindly into her plate, trembling. When life is almost done, all one asks is that its service be remembered. He was remembering! Out of sorrow and loneliness sprang a sudden joy. The faded cheeks blossomed anew, the sacred fire rekindled in her eyes.

"Don't hurry your dinner." How gently he spoke! "I'll just step out and see that things are snug. going to have a regular pour-down We'll—why, good evenin', Mis' Wi Come in! The storm is on us! lett! Little Mrs. Willett fluttered in, as if blown by the gale. Her face was

troubled and anxious.
"Well, the land!" Mrs. Halleck
pushed her neighbor into a chair. "Who'd have thought of seein' you in the teeth of a storm?"

"I was so uneasy I had to come." said the visitor. "It's that dreadful baby! She isn't at the parsonage, and I suposed she had run away again but I wasn't sure. If anything were to happen to the little thing—"

A curious pallor crept ever the man's tace. He snut his tips toget "I'll look after her," he said. "Shere with mother, Mis' Willett." "Stay

He went headlong down the path looking right and left as he ran. the first time since his wife's d he found himself praying: "My God,

help me find the baby!" At the parsonage the children were scouring the premises unsuccessfully, their father's absence adding to the general dismay. Back Halleck hur-ried, still praying: "Help me, my God, help me!

Turning his face to the wind, he started for the cemetery. Perhaps tne little outcast had remembered her father's burial. Breathlessly he fol lowed his heart's leading, until he stumbled over an object at his wife's grave—stumbled and fell to his knees.

The object got up, holding desper ately to a frightened cat that clawed and struggled.

"Don't whip me!" the object plead-

ed. "I'm Rosy!"

"I won't," said Halleck, taking her and the cat in his arms and soothing them as the storm burst. "Don't be afraid, either of you. I'll be good, Minnie—I'll be like you! Don't cry. Rosy! Put your arms tight around father's neck—that way. Be still, kit-

ty! There—close, it will be over soon. Father will take care of you." In the clearing shower they came dripping into the immaculate kitchen.
"Hello!" called Halleck, cheerily,

depositing his burden on the table "Here she is, all right, and the cat's done swearing. Not hurt a bit. Haven't you got some of my old duds to put on her, mother? Teil Mr. Willet he weak!" lett he needn't' bother any more; I've decided to keep the youngster. She's yours, mother; coddle her all you want to. And," he laughed, as he shut the door, "I guess the cat can stay, too!"—Youth's Companion.

### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Horses, mules and donkeys go loaded to market in Turkey, but the road is strewn with grain leaking from the old sacks, and thousands of turkeys, which may be bought at 12 cents apiece, feed on the dropping grain.

In Dublin bay the little fishes are aving a hard life, owing to numerous sharks. One, a "bottle-nose" gentlesharks. man, has been caught and it measured five and one-half feet long. Another, measuring eight feet, proved too strong for the line, which had to be cut.

The chafing dish is among the most ancient adjuncts to the culinary department of all nations. It was in great demand at the grand feasts given by the wealthy citizens in ancient, Rome. Some of these dishes have re-cently been found among the ruins of Pompeii. They are of exquisite workmanship.

A Holyoke (Mass.) man rides a strange hobby. Though 73 years old and wealthy, he devotes all his spare time to the making of stone coffins. During the past 25 years he has made and disposed of over 100 of these, claiming that they keep the body in an excellent state of preservation long af ter burial.

The two oldest secret trade processes now in existence are considered to be the manufacture of Chinese red, or vermilion and that method of inlaying the hardest steel with gold and silver, which seems to have been practised at Damascus ages ago, and is known only to the Syrian smiths and their pupils even to this day.

The Rue Trouchet, Paris, which has been paved with a new glass process invented by M. Garchey, has just been opened to the public. Contrary to the expectation of many it forms an excellent foothold, and promises to be without dust and not to absorb waste. By the process the inventor has been enabled to utilize all kinds of glass debris.

The earliest known lens is one made of rock crystal, unearthed by Layard This lens, the age of at Ninevah. which is to be measured by thousands of years, now lies in the British Museum, with its surface as bright as when it left the maker's hands. By the side of it are very recent speci-mens of lens which have been ruined by exposure to London's fogs and

The Americanizing of one part of Lancashire, namely, Trafford Park Estate. Manchester, is now proceeding About 1000 houses, mostly of the cottage type, have been erected there and are being rapidly tenanted by artisans who are employed expect to be employed at one or other of the works which ar being opened in Trafford Park. The laying out of this miniature town, which has sprung being in a phenomenally time, is being vigorously pushed for-Streets are being the American system, and instead of being named after the English fashion are being numbered consecutively as in the states. They are lighted by electricity, as are also the dwellings com prising this new Manchester colony. Shops retailing all kinds of goods are springing into existence here and there. Among the industrial concerns in Trafford Park are lard refin eries, dynamo works, brick and tile works, electric light and power supply stations, timber yards, warehouses for cotton, etc.—Westminster Gazette.

Wigg-what is the first step to be come a successful bookkeeper? Wagg-to be a successful book borrower.-Philadelphia Record.

## THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Your Neighbor's Child as Well as Your Own—A Rude Sebering Machine That Did Wonders For Temperance.

If I and mine are safe at home,
It matters not if wolves go by,
Nor that my neighbor's children roam,
Nor that I hear them loudly cry,
Pleading for help.

If mine are safe and undefiled,
It matters not what woe betide,
Nor who beguided my neighbor's child,
Nor that by ruthless hand it dies,
Calling for help.

Alas, my child has climbed the wall,
Is out among the wolves so fierce.
(I dreamed no harm could him befall),
But now their fangs his flesh will pie
Oh, God, send help.

Think not the Lord will spare thy child,
If thou hast seen the wolves go by.
Nor warned thy neighbor's son beguiled
To pitfalls where he sure must die,
For want of help.

Or here or there the Lord will mete,
To thee the measure of thy deeds,
Works make the prayer of faith complete,
Helping thy neighbor in his needs,
And pleasing God.

-A. H. U., in the National Advocate.

### The Sobering Machine.

The Sobering Machine.

The "Tattler" recently met a quaint and amusing old gentleman, who said: "A portion of my life was spent in a sleepy Pennsylvania town, which has grown little in the course of a half a century, and still preserves many of the quaint customs of its earliest days. You will find in this idyllic retreat counterparts of all the celebrities who figure so delightfully in Miss Mitford's 'Our Village.' In my boyhood it had an institution which distinguished it from all sister villages—an institution quite unknown to modern communities. It was called the sobering machine. This consisted of a rude, springless two-wheeled vehicle, with a board body, drawn by a motley assembly of bummers and roysterers, old and young, who can always be summoned in a country place on the slightest signal when anything exciting is in the wind. When one of the rather numerous town drunkards was discovered in a favorable position, the sobering machine was slyly backed up to the curb, the victim was quickly pushed into the cart and then pulled through the streets over every possible obstacle by the jeering mothat manned the ropes. The victim, but was assumed, was jolted, jerked and thumped into semi-sobriety by this rough riding. At any rate, few of the town loafers who had tested the tonic virtues of the sobering machine vearned for a second dose. Many of the noisy, ragged crowd who helped to drag the sobering machine over its devious route had themselves taken similar trips.

"The rude apparatus. I suspect," continued the old gentleman, according to the Philadelphia Ledger, "did more for the cause of temperance in its day than the more gentle and respectable methods of promotting the reform. The appliance was carefully housed and all the bloods in town knew where it was to be found. Sometimes it figured in parades, and, when bedecked and bedizened with flowers, flags and ribbons, it attracted almost as much notice as the little, sputtering hand engine, which was supposed to do duty on haystack fires."

The Serpent in the

The Serpent in the Cup.

I was never more impressed with the terrible nature of the serpent which lies coiled in the cup than in learning the following story. A Christian physician had told a lady a sad story of woman's degration, and in closing said: "But I can show you something vastly worse." He took her to one of the hospital wards and brought her to a little crib, where, bound head and foot, that it might not dash itself to pieces, lay a babe of seventeen months of age in the agonies of delirium tremens. After reaching home this lady dare not tell the story until in black and white the facts were before her. So she wrote to the doctor (who gives so much of his time and strength to the benevolent institutions of a certain city). She received from an inmate of his dwelling this reply: "It is not an uncommon thing for children, from one year and upward, to be brought to this hospital in delirium tremens. Mothers begin to give their children intoxicating drinks at a very early age, which they increase, as the desire to go out for debauch or work, and so the little ones come to the hospital in this condition. The babe of whom you ask has probably lost its sight, but not its hearing, and the passion is ruling in death, for it opens its mouth to receive the alcoholic stimulant, as the bird in the nest to receive the food from its mother."—Brethree Evangelist. The Serpent in the Cup.

What is in a Glass of Beer?

A writer in a German newspaper, says the Pharmaceutical Record, has had the temerity to jet down the ingredients which go to make up a glass of beer in Germany. The pharmacopeia of the beer barrel this scientific man sets forth in alphabetical order. We give the German nomenclature for fear of spoiling the brew. "It consists," says the writer, "of alcohol, althopfenol, aloe, belladonna, biercouleur, bilsenkraut, bitterklee, buchenspane, caraghenmoos, coloquinten, enzian, fichtennoneln, gogel, gelatine, glycerine, haselmuszspane, housenblase, herbstzeitlose, hopfenaroma, hophenbittersaure Ignatinsbohne, ingwer, kamille, kartoffel zucher, kardobendictenkraut, kokelskorn er, koriander, lakriezensaft, laugensalz malzextract, mettallsalze, mohn, moussir pulver, natron, pieszwurz, nux vomica pikrinsaure, pottasche, quassia, reis salicy saure, schafgarbe, Spanischer, pfeffer soda, strakezucker, starkemehl, strychnir syrup, tannin, tausendguldenkraut, tisch lerleim, wachholder, waldmeister, weider schalen, wermuth, zuckercoulor, etc."
Well, the Germans can put all these at ticles into a glass of beer, but they canne put the beer into my stomach when it is brewed. To stand such a dose a ma should have a stomach copper bottome and porcelain lined. Down with the bet business!

How the Law is Enforced.

## How the Law is Enforced.

How the Law is Enforced.

Recently some druggists and hotel me of Burlington, Vt., were taught the lesse which many such violators of the law other places need to learn. They we fined from \$100 to \$750 each and se tenced to imprisonment for six months fivolation of prohibitory laws. In Kans a Topeka jointist was fined \$7500, se tenced to 1350 days in jail and placed u der bond of \$10,000 for violation of phibitory law. A few instances like ti would have a salutary effect on matwould-be liquor sellers.—Baptist Argus

### The Crusade in Brief.

Seventy of the ninety-six counties of t tate are now dry.

State are now dry.

One hundred cases of liouor, confiscat from "blind tigers," was destroyed by der of the court at Newport, Ark.

John Cahill, of Evanston, Ill., has befined \$300 for keeping a "blind pig." I fine is the heaviest ever imposed for a loffense.

offense.

Saloonists are objecting to the extens of the rural free delivery system. Tak the farmer's mail to his door daily obvir the necessity of his coming to town so ten and hence, of course, "enjoying priyilege" of visiting the booze dispense