

## Their Lottery Ticket

By JAMES HULBERT

Farmer Riley was a plain, hard working man and his wife was a plain, hard working woman. As for Jefferson Riley, usually called "Jeff," he put on more style than the old folks, but the neighbors admitted that he was a horse to work and had sense in his head.

Jeff Riley had been engaged to Farmer Jones' daughter, Sarah, for three months and all parties interested were satisfied with the match when an event happened. The Riley family received a letter from Mrs. Riley's sister in Wisconsin, saying that she was coming on a visit. Her name was Bogie, and as she was 40 years old and had never married, she properly came under the head of a spinster. The sisters had not met for years, but it was understood that Miss Bogie, who had quite an income of her own, put on more or less style.

During the ensuing two weeks the parlor bedroom had its walls and ceiling whitewashed, a new pair of chintz curtains hung at the window and the legs of the stand and bureau glued on. New leather hinges were put on the front gate and the hen-house and pigpen were treated to coats of white. The house was as ready as could be and the family was holding its breath when Sister Bogie finally drove up from the distant railroad station. She had been advised that if she would set a date the farmer would meet her with his ox team and farm wagon, but she had not answered. She had come in a hack instead—the first vehicle of the kind ever seen so far from town. Mrs. Riley had prepared herself for hugging and kissing and "oh, my!" but there was nothing of the sort. Miss Bogie did shake hands, but in a lofty, pompous way and a minute later she announced that she didn't believe she could possibly stand her surroundings over two days at the outside.

For the first time in his life Jeff Riley was ashamed of wearing a blue patch on the broadest part of a pair



"And Jeff, here, has become Jefferson, Jr."

of gray trousers, and although he kept the said patch covered as much as he could he was made to feel that he was a poor and humble worm of the dust. It was two days before the newly-arrived relative thawed out to any extent. Perhaps this was due to dog days, with a hot wave, and she had to thaw. Jeff was also wearing his Sunday trousers to plough corn in and perhaps that helped some. She had learned of his engagement to Miss Jones and she had also seen the young lady. She had not only seen her, but given her such a haughty glare that Sarah went home on the trot and was so agitated that she put pepper instead of cinnamon in a custard pie she baked for supper.

After three or four days had passed the sister called a family council at which Jeff was present. The Riley family were then and there informed that Miss Bogie had had a man in New York hunting up her genealogy and that she had traced the Bogies back to Count D'Bogie, of France. From now on, she should write her name as above given. She had had no search made for the Rileys, but she strongly advised that they write and mail it Rayle after this. She herself had called it that way to the man who drove the hack, and though he had scratched his ear and seemed puzzled, he had not asked any impertinent questions. Then Jeff got it straight in the neck. How could a Rayle, who was a direct descendant of a D'Bogie, mix himself up with such common people as the Jones? He must give Sarah Jones the cold shoulder or become a social outlaw. There must be no more hanging out at the Jones farm. Sarah had freckles. Her nose was unburned. She had the gift of a calf. She didn't know how to retire backwards from a room. She had no soul above chickens and pigs. Such a meanness would cover the D'Bogie family with obloquy and forever disgrace the Rayles.

At this point Jeff spoke up, to his own amazement, and said he had always thought it took money to put on style and uphold a great name as it should be. He was willing enough to be a Rayle and he didn't know but that he could be led to give Sarah Jones the cold green to maintain his position? This brought his maiden aunt to the point. She could be a D'Bogie on her income and she had when the proper steps to see the Rayles provided for. She had bought a lottery ticket a few days before leaving home and the agent had not only assured her that she would draw the capital price of half a million dollars, but she had dreamed for three successive nights that she had done so. There was no such thing as failure and she was willing to divide up. The Rayle family should come out of its obscurity and wear diamonds and ride in carriages. They could not call

themselves the D'Rayles, but they could pass muster and avoid making slips in grammar by sitting up very stiffly and saying little or nothing.

Plain Farmer Riley and his plain wife were glad to hear that their working days were over, though rather doubtful of the swell they would cut, but Jeff was enthusiastic. No more blue patches for him. No using single nails any more in place of buttons. No plowing corn when he could have a negro driving him around the country. He had always prided himself on his plain speaking, and didn't care much for grammar, but he would go at it and fit himself for high society within a month. As for Sarah Jones, he had asked her to marry him, but that was when he was plain Jeff Riley. Now that he had become Jefferson J. Rayle she must see that there was a difference. She would probably stand in awe of him and be glad to let him go. He went over to the Jones farm next morning to see. He made the excuse that he wanted to borrow a hoe, but sat down in the kitchen where Sarah was washing the breakfast dishes while her mother made the beds. Sarah had been piqued and humiliated by the D'Boie's cold glare, and she was ready with a criticism. This opened the subject and gave Jeff an opportunity to announce what was on his mind. As Jeff Riley, working for his father as a hired man at \$15 a month and board, he loved her. As Jefferson J. Rayle, nephew of a D'Boie and soon to be possessed of a fortune, she must see that he could only be a brother to her. As a brother he would bring her the first cucumbers and strawberries of the season, and in case of her marriage he should certainly send her a diamond ring or a set of milk furs. It wasn't his fault that he was no longer to wear that blue patch around and grease his boots with lampblack and pork fat. He was just as humble in spirit as the day before, but he must be guided by the D'Boie family to a certain extent. Sarah continued to wash and to wipe and to listen until he had told his story, and then she went to the stairs door and called to her mother.

"Say, ma, come down here a minute."

"Well, what's wanted?" asked the mother as she descended.

"That wretched old maid over at Jeff's house calls herself D'Boie."

"For the land's sake!"

"And Jeff here has become Jefferson J."

"You don't tell me!"

"And the family has become Rayle instead of Riley."

"Is it possible?"

"And Jeff is going to be a rich man and swell around, and he wants a different wife from me."

"Sarah Jones, am I awake or dreaming?" exclaimed the portly mother as she missed the chair she intended to sit down on and took the floor instead.

"And Jeff is going to be a brother to me after this," announced Sarah as a wind-up.

The mother rose to her feet and went over to the sink and took a dipper of water from the pail. Then she led Jeff by the ear to the door and held him there while she poured the water over his head.

The next two weeks were exciting ones for the D'Boie and the Rayle families. They did little but make plans. The lottery ticket was inspected a hundred times over, and each time it was pronounced a sure winner. Jeff kept clear of the Jones family and wore his full Sunday suit, even to feed the hogs in, and his father and mother got down the Farmer's Almanac and read it over and over again with a view of improving their language. At length the fatal day arrived. The D'Boie had arranged to have the list of the drawing sent her by mail. It arrived and was consulted with feverish haste and beating hearts. It was gone over and over five or six times, but her number failed to appear. When this became evident she burst into tears and retired to her room, while father and mother and Jeff sat and looked at each other. After a long time Jeff counted on his fingers as he said:

"D'Boie is one, dad's two, man's three, and darn my cats I'm four! Four of the Gault-dardest fools in America, and Sarah Jones has already picked up two new beans!"

The biblical way. The Rev. Minot J. Savage, well known in the world of letters, father-in-law of the Rev. Minot O. Simons, pastor of the First Unitarian church, is traveling abroad for his health, but keeps in close touch with his people here by frequent correspondence and occasional cables.

The last cable message received by Dr. Simons, dated Cairo, reads: "Acts 21:15."

For the information of those who have not their Testaments by them, it is well to explain that Acts 21:15 reads: "And after those days we took up our carriages and went to Jerusalem."

Which was a biblical way of indicating Dr. Savage's itinerary.

To the Cemetery. "One sees some queer things on these long Olden tours," said Charles B. Shanks to the Cleveland Leader, "and the queerest one that I remember was in a hamlet in Kansas. There was a post office there; also a blacksmith shop; also a church and also a cemetery. But all of these accessories of a hamlet—except the cemetery—were down in a valley out of sight. The 'burying ground' was up on the side of the highway."

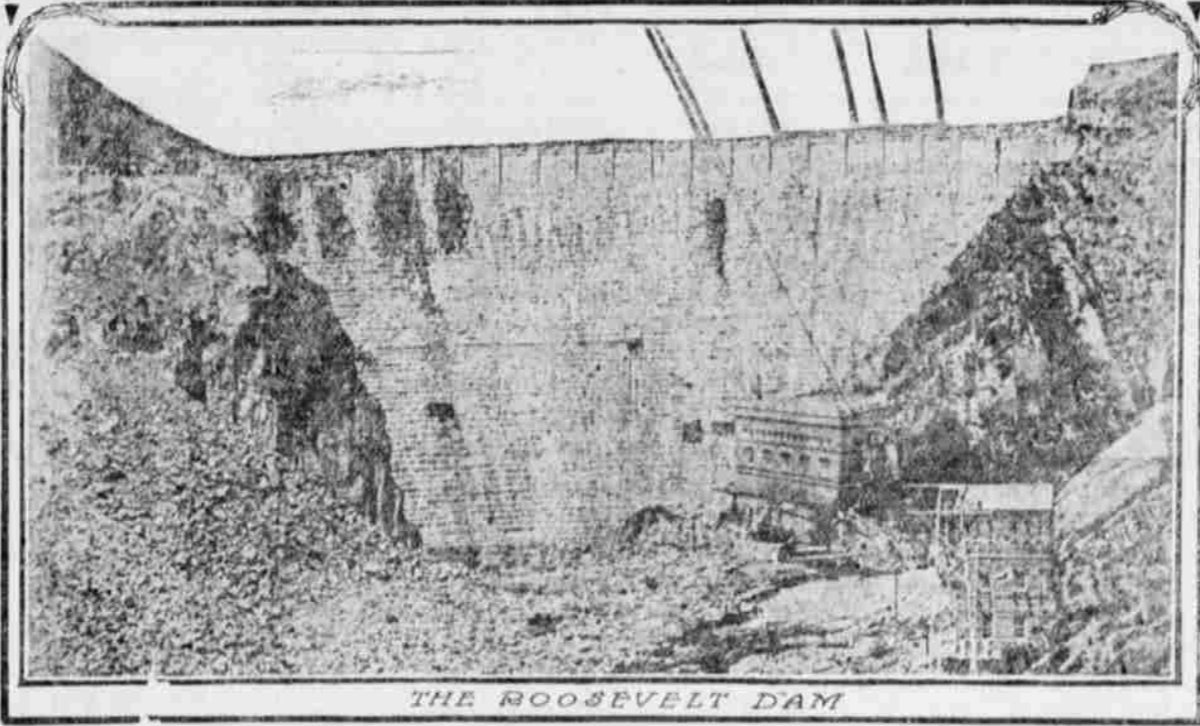
"As we rolled into town over awful roads we looked up into the cemetery and saw a banner stretched between the monuments. And on that banner some village patriot had printed in box car letters the words: 'Welcome Olden Tourists.'"

A Little Mixed. A little girl on Carnegie avenue doesn't know which she adores most—her father or her mother. She imitates each in turn, and sometimes she gets her imitations mixed.

"What is the name of the society to which your mother belongs?" asked a visitor the other day.

"I forget the 'sac' name," frowned the child, "but I think it's 'The Continental Dams.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## GREATEST RECLAMATION PROJECT IN WORLD.



THE ROOSEVELT DAM

ROOSEVELT, Ariz.—The largest dam in the world, the Roosevelt structure across the canyon of the Salt river, was formally opened here when Miss Ethel Roosevelt, under the direction of her father, touched the button that sent the imprisoned waters of the Arizona river rippling through the vast system of canals that will transform a shifting desert of 200,000 acres of sand into a veritable Garden of Eden. Colonel Roosevelt, whose activities in behalf of this great reclamation project led to its commencement during his administration, was the principal speaker at the opening exercises. The first stone of the dam was laid September 29, 1906, and it was completed February 5, 1911. The structure cost approximately \$5,500,000. The reservoir will store twelve times more water than New Croton, Wachuset and Ashokan combined and insures ample supply for irrigating the desert valley of the Salt river.

## GIRL TRADE SCHOOLS

### Practical Arts of Home Are Taught Young Women.

Boston Has in Full Operation Two More Advanced Institutions for Those Who Expect to Enter Industrial Field.

Boston.—In addition to the industrial elementary schools Boston has now in full operation two more advanced schools for girls who sooner or later expect to take up some industrial pursuit. These are known as the Girls' Trade school and the High school for practical arts. The Girls' Trade school is conducted for the purpose of giving a trade training to girls between the ages of 14 and 18 years who are obliged to become wage earners. It does not matter how far a girl has progressed in the elementary schools. The principal in charge selects from the number of applicants those only who are most likely to be able to satisfactorily complete the course.

There are four distinct courses given at this school: Dressmaking, millinery, straw machine operating and clothing machine operating. A girl on being admitted to this school elects one of the courses, which she learns thoroughly. She is also required to take supplementary studies in spelling, reading, business forms, arithmetic, business English, textile color and design, cookery and physical exercise.

In domestic science she takes her part in the preparation of the daily luncheon of the school. She learns the value of simple and nutritious food, the maintenance of health, economy of buying and attractive serving. The care of the body, the necessity of proper food, sleep, exercise, correct standing and sitting, and the need of fresh air are taught.

In this class in design instruction is given in costume sketching, combinations of colors, garment designing and sketches for millinery. This work is immediately and definitely correlated with the shop.

Articles are also manufactured and placed on sale. The standards of the school in every department are the same as found in outside shops and factories. The prices are the same as charged in the better shops, and the quality of workmanship must be as high. Thus in the school the girls meet the same high conditions that they afterward meet outside. The school begins in September, when the other schools begin. It requires about a year for a girl to reach a satisfactory standard of proficiency. Having completed a year at the school the girl is given a certificate of proficiency.

The high school of practical arts has inside of four years outgrown its quarters twice and at present can not meet the demand made by hundreds of girls for admission. This school was started four years ago under discouraging conditions. In the Lyceum hall building, Meetinghouse hill, it had an entering class of 75 members and five instructors. There are now about 700 pupils in the Sarah J. Baker school, Roxbury, and Lyceum hall building, Meetinghouse hill, and the corps of instructors considerably augmented. The school authorities

## LARGE SALES OF ANTIQUES

London Merchants Look Forward to Disposing of \$25,000,000 Worth in Coronation Period.

London.—Dealers in antiques in and around St. James', where ancient articles of fabulous value repose in the shop windows, cabinets and store-rooms, are preparing for a record season on account of the coronation. Representatives of all the dealers are scouring the country for articles of vertu which they think may find a purchaser among the throngs of visitors who will be in London this summer. There is one dealer who is prepared to purchase collections at a figure as high as \$250,000, and he estimates that antiques of a total value of \$25,000,000 will leave England this summer, purchased by Americans, colonialists, Europeans and celebrities.

"In an ordinary season the sales would not amount to more than \$10,000,000," he added, "but this season we expect exceptionally big prices, owing to the huge demand for antiques, and we can afford to offer a higher purchase price."

The articles principally in demand are porcelain and China bearing the imprint of the factories of Chelsea, Worcester, Plymouth, Derby, Bristol, Dresden and Sevres.

The fact that the king's name is George has created a great demand for Georgian antiques. Furniture of the Georgian era is expected to command good prices, for the fashion among collectors inclines toward that period now. With Americans and colonialists English antiques are more popular than the foreign antiques which find their way to the London markets.

Unsweetened lemonade, vichy and Klaxingen are thinning drinks.

## Zoo Folk Banquet Guests

Boa Constrictor, Snakes and Waltzing Mice Behaved Well, but Monkey Acquired a Jag.

New York.—Since Harry Lehr gave society new thrills by having a monkey as a guest at dinner, most dining rooms have been reserved for humans. But Raymond L. Dittmars appears in a banquet room of the Waldorf-Astoria with a collection of wild cases filled with live samples from the Bronx zoo, where he is a curator of reptiles. The hunters known as the Rocky Mountain club had invited Dittmars to eat with them and tell them things about his business. He came prepared for a good object lesson.

In order to avoid surprises he opened the cases upon arrival, and in the progress of the dinner from soup to nuts the 100 club members had the intimate company of a variety of snakes, lizards, tortoises, monkeys, waltzing mice and others of Dittmars' daily associates. They lolled on or scampered over tables, tried various courses and were so pleased with the style of things that they were ready to pose as exhibits when the curate arose to speak.

Dittmars first set out to prove that except for weight a boa constrictor would make a good muffler. He had one 25 feet long, which was heavy to lift, but which snuggled close to the speaker's neck when placed there, and punched no harder than would have

been comfortable in the outer air. A king snake, a gopher, corn and pine snakes, rattlers and innocuous warts through similar performances, and wriggled their delight as the early shudders of the onlookers were succeeded by applause.

There nearly was trouble for Dittmars when he called upon a woolly monkey from Brazil to go through its paces. That animal had made friends at all the tables in the course of the dinner, and had taken a social glass with everybody who offered it. As a result his efforts to respond to the call of his keeper were confused by the vision of several Dittmarses, from whom he had great difficulty in selecting the one to whom he belonged.

When assisted to the right place he tried to join in the discourse concerning himself, and his stumbling utterances and grimaces put him straightway out of the dignity list. He was the favorite of the evening, however, and everybody wrote down his name to remember it for another meeting. It is Don San Paolo y Chamolinas y Mantequilla y Lagotis.

A group of jiji runners, a pigmy kangaroo, waltzing mice from Japan, and a Borneo monkey, who breaks the necks of wolves, and eats them, completed the exhibit, Dittmars telling all their good qualities, and skipping the bad ones if they had any. They all went obediently into their suit cases after the speaking, and Dittmars carried them home to the zoo.

## Raising Trout for Chicago

Interesting and Profitable Industry is Carried on in Beautiful Section of Michigan.

Paw Paw, Mich.—The ideal place for a trout hatchery is what a member of the Michigan fish commission who recently visited it pronounced the Glen Springs hatchery, four miles southeast of here. It is also famous as one of the beauty spots of Van Buren county, on account of its location in a glen on the east bank of the Paw Paw river, almost wholly enclosed by natural embankments forty feet high, covered with a beautiful grove of forest trees.

Aside from its natural beauty, the place is most interesting because of the work carried on there. Just now there are in the ponds about one million trout in all stages of development, from the eggs to the fish large enough for the market. The fish are marketed principally in Chicago when they attain a weight of a fourth of a

pound, and bring high prices all the year round, the demand for them always exceeding the supply.

The eggs are taken from the fish by hand by a process known as stripping, extreme care being taken in the handling of the fish. Each female fish will produce from five hundred to one thousand eggs, which, after being taken from the fish, stick together about forty minutes, during which time a slight jay will destroy them. At the expiration of this time they are washed and counted (by measure) and placed on trays in troughs of running water in the hatchery building. In thirty to forty days the eyes of the embryo fish begin to show through the shell of the egg, and the fully developed fish puts in an appearance after the lapse of sixty to ninety days.

When being prepared for the hatchery the eggs are placed in trays, fifteen thousand eggs in a tray, three trays being placed one upon another. When hatched the fish drop through

the egg tray upon the fish trays. At this stage of life there is a food sack attached to the body of the fish upon which it subsists for about thirty days, during which time it swims very little, but, for the most part, lies quietly on the bottom of the tray.

After the food sack is absorbed the fish are up and doing and ready for artificial feeding. Their food consists of finely ground and sifted liver, which is obtained in large quantities from the Chicago stock yards and which constitutes the only food of the fish during their entire lives. At the end of sixty days the fish are taken from the hatchery building and placed in what are called the rearing ponds.

Brook trout are the worst kind of cannibals, one fish being able to eat another of half its own size. In consequence of this habit the fish have to be carefully and constantly graded, each different grade being kept in a separate pond.

New and Good Word. To designate the handling of a piece of work by machinery the word "mechanipulate" has been coined.

## COMING BY NIGHT

By REV. CITRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

TEXT—Nicodemus, . . . he that came to Jesus by night.—St. John 7:55.

The gospels are marvels of condensation. There is room for no idle words in them; superfluous statements are rigidly excluded. The importance of repetition is therefore apparent. We find in St. John's evangelium a man named Nicodemus three mentioned in connection with Jesus. In the first reference it is noted that he came to Jesus secretly and by night. In the next two, one of which took place before the death of the Nazarene and the other after, the fact of that nocturnal visit is related, so that Nicodemus, the rich, wealthy member of the Sanhedrin, who was only a half-hearted disciple of Jesus, is always and forever identified and referred to as a man who came seeking the truth secretly and by night.

To trace his career is interesting. His condition in life has been stated; timidity was his prevailing characteristic. He had insight to suspect the truth, mentality to acknowledge it, but not courage to live it and proclaim it. It is well that that lacking quality which prevented him from being numbered with the apostles should be brought to the fore, for he is a type of humanity by no means uncommon. He knew what was right, but he did not have courage to shape his life in accordance with his knowledge. His belief was not operative. It was not practical. In politics he would cry loudly for reform and yet vote his party in the final test.

The last scene in his life is tragically typical. When the man in whom he only half believed, whom he had doted faintly, whom he had sought by night, was dead he came with unavailing tears and futile gifts to pay belated tribute, respect and affection. How useless then! It required some courage, doubtless, to do that. He had progressed somewhat from his nocturnal and secret visits. Even his sorry touch of the Master had wrought that much change. Perhaps that was the beginning of a greater change which would eventually make him a bold adherent, standing foursquare for what he thought and believed. We do not know as to that.

How often have we looked at our lead and longed for another opportunity to show them the affection and consideration which we withheld in life and which the great termination has brought into our being as an illumination. "Oh!" said the wife of a deceased clergyman to a body of men who were passing resolutions after the death of their friend and telling what he had been to them. "Oh, gentlemen, if you thought thus of my husband why didn't you tell him while he was yet alive?" and the gentle reproach was well deserved.

Do not be afraid to stand for what you believe. Do not proclaim your adoration to man and crowd secretly and by night, but in the broad and open light of day. Do not wait until men or issues are dead, and then seek to expiate your cowardice by a tardy, if expensive, recognition—too late. It will only serve to show not what might be, but what ought to have been. In belief and action hold it firmly, live it fearlessly, do it now.

### Soul-Thirst For God.

The soul thirsts after God because nothing else can satisfy. It is a great thing to learn that lesson. Estranged from God through the first transgression, the soul naturally seeks satisfaction in things material and carnal rather than in things spiritual and eternal. Not until brought to an overmastering sense and consciousness of the utter emptiness of all earthly things and their inadequacy to satisfy the higher demands of the soul, will a man give place to the longings of the heart after God. It is a second thirst. Every man's first thirst is after carnal things, and turning from these unto things spiritual and unto unbounded thirst for God, is a most wonderful transition.

No man ever thirsts after God in vain. He is both able and willing to supply every need of all his creatures, and since the redemption of the soul is so precious, why should he withhold any good thing from us?

### Taking Up Our Cross.

The cross is to be met with in little things as well as in great things; in the little details of daily life; in our conduct with our friends; in the daily subjection of our creaturely will; in the turning aside from those attractions which lead us out of the way of duty or the path of privilege; in the continual preference of that which savors of God to that which savors of man; in always putting him will first and our own will second; in never doing a thing merely because it pleases us to do it, nor shrinking from it because it is painful, but in ever endeavoring to be guided by the desire to become conformed unto the nature of him who is our leader. It is in such little things as these that the cross is to be taken up.—Rev. W. M. Hay, Aitken.

### In the Morning.

I desire, O God, this day most earnestly to please thee; to do thy will in each several thing thou shalt give me to do; to bear each thing thou shalt allow to befall me contrary to my will, meekly, humbly, patiently, as a gift from thee, to subdue self-will in me, and to make thy will wholly mine. What I do, make me do simply as thy child; let me be, throughout the day, as a child in his loving father's presence, ever looking up to thee. May I love thee for all thy love. May I thank thee, if not in words, yet in my heart, for each gift of thy love, for each comfort which thou allowest me day by day. Amen.—Dr. E. B. Pusey

### Purity.

You cannot come to God in impurity because he is pure, and you can only reach him through purity.—Rev. J. O. Hayes, True Church, San Jose, Cal.

## Temperance

FIGHTING MEN DECRY DRINK

Lord Kitchener's Views on Total Abstinence Coincide With Those of Lord Walseley and Others.

Immediately on assuming full authority over armies in the field, in the Soudan war of 1898, Field Marshal Kitchener decided that the banning of intoxicants should be a strict law of his command. His knowledge of military history and biography taught him the unquestionable superiority of the non-alcoholic method. Had not the retreat and death of the gallant Sir John Moore at Corunna, been caused by the omission of a soldier, through drunken carelessness, to deliver a message with which he was entrusted? In the Egyptian war of 1882, when Lord Walseley was hindered in his desire for an absolute non-grog regime, was not the purpose of the surprise night march to Tebel Kebil well high frustrated by the yells of an intoxicated British soldier? Kitchener knew that Havelock's renowned march to the relief of Lucknow, Sir Robert Napier's magnificent climb over the altitude of Abyssinia and capture of Magdala, and Walseley's splendid advance by river, lake and cascade to Fort Garry in 1870, were all accomplished upon abstinence principles. In these instances, especially in the latter two, there was no crime, and also practically no illness among the troops as a result of the no-grog system.

Orders were, therefore, given by Kitchener that no intoxicants were to be supplied to the 20,000 men under his command. When, contrary to these regulations, some Greek merchants smuggled consignments of a vile intoxicating compound into Herber, the cases were at once confiscated and the liquor poured upon the sand, and not down the soldiers' throats. For the Egyptian and Soudanese troops in Kitchener's army no total abstinence was necessary, seeing their Mohammedan religious principles required abstinence from stimulants. Sometimes, however, the Soudanese brew a kind of beer called "Merisa," but not a drop of this was utilized in the Soudanese portion of the Sirdar's camp. The British soldiers, of course, at first, according to their privilege, grumbled somewhat, but they soon realized the undoubted advantage the deprivation brought them. To the rule enjoined upon the rank and file the General and the other leading officers also conformed. "From generals to drummer boys, not a single drop of liquor was allowed during the famous march in the Soudan, and still more famous battle of Atbara. Both at officers' mess tables and regimental canteens tea and oatmeal water were the drinks of the day."

Fully satisfactory in every way were the results of this compulsory total abstinence. The men were perfectly happy, there was no crime, they worked better, and were in better health. In such splendid condition were the troops that they were able to traverse thirty miles of sand with empty water, bottles without quenching their thirst from beginning to end of the march. For five continuous hours Gatacre's men on one occasion tramped 15 miles on the desert route manœuvring instead of halting, yet not a single man fell out. "Of one thing I am sure," writes a news correspondent, "the mortality from fever and other diseases during the Atbara campaign would have been infinitely greater than it was if alcoholic liquors had been allowed as a beverage, or even as an occasional ration." Some of the usually unsatisfactory men were so changed with prolonged abstinence and hard work as to be scarcely recognizable. Lord Kitchener, General Gatacre, chaplains, and Lord Cromer all testified as to the unquestionable advantages which had accrued, the last mentioned eminent Pro-Consal declaring the same amount of work could not have been accomplished had been permitted.

To some extent, in South Africa, similar non-alcoholic methods were employed in the grand march northward which Lord Kitchener assisted Lord Roberts to lead. For weeks Modder water was practically the only drink obtainable. Referring to the remarkable absence of crime resultant, a general officer stated: "The campaign has been run entirely on teetotal principles, and the experiment has proved wonderfully successful."

More recently, in times of peace, Lord Kitchener's influence has continued to be used in promotion of temperance among the soldiers. His views coincide with those of the other field marshals—Lord Walseley, Lord Roberts, Sir Geo. White, and Sir Evelyn Wood, and his famous predecessor, Sir Charles Napier, as expressed in Walseley's "Soldier's Pocket Book": "The old superstition that grog is a good thing for men before, during, or after a march has been proved to be a fallacy, and is only still maintained by men who mistake the cravings arising solely from habit for the promptings of nature."

### Holy Cause and Unholy Traffic.

Every sincere follower of Jesus Christ daily prays: "Thy kingdom come." There are two things concerning which all true disciples of the Son of God are a unit. They believe that the cause of Christian missions is a holy cause. They believe that the liquor traffic is a most unholy traffic. From their lips there never drops a word disparaging the cause of Christian missions nor a syllable unboding the liquor traffic. They are convinced that their most earnest efforts should be given for the Christianization of the entire human race and they are thoroughly satisfied that their most determined energies should be employed for the destruction of the foe that "biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—John Lee.