and the night would say in its ghostly way "Y000000000 ! Yeooooooo! Y00000000 !"

My mother told me long ago (When I was a little tad) that when the wind went walling so, somebody had been bad : and then, when I was snug in bed, Whither I had been sent, with the blankets drawn up round my head, cathink of what my mother said And wonder what boy she meant

And "Who s been bad to-day? ' I'd ask Of the wind that hoarsely blew, And that voice would say in its awful way "Y000000000 ! Yooooooo!

Y000000000 !"

That this was true I must allow-You'll not believe it, though Yes, though I'm quite a model now, I was not niways so. And if you doubt what things I say,

Suppose you make the test : Suppose when you've been bad some day, And up to bed are sent away, From mother and the rest-Suppose you ask, "Who has been had?"

And then you'll hear what's true . For the wind will moan in its ruefulest tone "Yocooooo! Y00000000

Y00000000 !" -Eugene Field, in Chicago Record.

"TWO OLD FOOLS."

UY PRANCIS C. WILLIAMS.



OLONEL BEE-BE'S hat lay on the piazza-floor, and Colonel Beebe himself, his long, thin legs hanging from the hammock, was enjoying indolently his Henry Clay

while he debated whether he should go over to see the Major now, or wait nntil it was cooler. He had just decided in favor of waiting, when he heard a trampling from the side of the house.

For a moment he gave it little attention. Then the long-drawn bay of a hound came to his ears. The Colonel's feet dropped to the floor and his head was raised. Another howl from the invisible hound, and he pulled himself to his feet, picked up his hat and turned down the low stone steps in the direction of the sound.

As he came around the corner of the house, there was a sudden crunching of the gravel on the driveway, a bellow of mingled fear and anger, and the Colonel was knocked flat by a yearling heifer which, snorting its surprise, trailed across the grass-plot. hotly pursued by the Colonel's hound.

The Colonel quickly scrambled to his feet and looked about for the cause of his downfall. He saw the heifer glade?" and the hound. The pursued was making at top speed for a gap in the stake-and-rider fence, where the crushed rails showed that its head and feet had been at work. As his eye fell upon the broken fence, he indulged in some highly flavored remarks, and followed them with an encouraging yell to the hound. Inspired by this, the dog promptly bit the heifer in the flank, nearly tumbling it over in the gap of the fence and drawing from it a bawling cry of distress. The Colonel dashed forward to urge on the hound, but just as reached the fence, there was a shot from the bushes, and the hound came scurrying back, its tail between its Colonel. "Do you hear me?" as israel legs. At almost the same instant a long-legged man emerged from behind stricken face. a tree trunk a little way off and ran forward, all the while endeavoring to pour powder and shot into the barrel

of the gun which he carried. At the fence-gap he confronted Colonel Beebe. There was a mutual start thunderous tones brought him to as the men recognized each other. Then the Colonel recovered himself. "Major Hawkins!" he broke out; "I believe you have shot my hound?'

"I have done that very thing! returned the Major with decision. "And task, turned to the Major. let me add, that I shall repeat the performance every time that brute of yours chases my cattle!"

The Major and he were old cronies and, though both were hot-blooded, they had never had a serious fallingout, and the Colonel tried hard to restrain his temper. But this was the third time that the Major's heifer had broken down the fence separating the properties and made havoe with the agreement in words. Colonel's garden. The latter felt that patience well nigh had ceased to be a virtue, particular yow in view of the Major's threats.

placed his hat over them. The Major "Major Hawkins!" he began, and there was significance in his use of the title: "I have no wish to foment back, and then moved away five paces any trouble; but most positively I back, and then moved away five paces shall not allow that 'cattle' of yours and wheeled about so as to face each on my place again. See that she is other. kept off, please! As to shooting my ilsrael, said the country and, if I spology from you can recompense me am killed, see that I am decently for, and I trust you will render me buried!"

one immediately?" "I will do nothing of the kind! The best thing you can do is to shoot was as calm and his face as impassive your whelp and save me the trouble of as ever. Both men raised their pistol-doing so!" and the Major tapped arms, and, strange to say, there was at

his gun suggestively.

"Then all I can say," came slowly and a nervous twitching of the lips as from the Colonel's lips, "is that you they looked into each other's eyes.

"One!" counted Israel. The pistols the lips as the counted Israel.

The Major started as if he had been

stung. For the instant he did not re- breasts of the men.

"Two!" Israel pronounced the word alize the import of the words. Then distinctly, so that it cut sharply on a dull flush crept into his cheeks, usually very sallow, and he said concisethe sense of hearing. "You are a liar !"

The two faced each other in silence for

a moment. Each was so taken aback

Then the Colonel drew himself up

The sooner this is settled, the better?'

and the other turned and called:

The Major inclined his head a trifle,

There was no reply, and again be

raised his voice. This time there was

"D'yo call, Marse Kunn'l?"

while he fingered a battered straw hat.

know those pistols of mine in my dressing-case! Fetch them to me!"

in turn. He noted the attitude of each

"Yo' ain't goin' t' fight, Marse?" he

"That's none of your business, you

An instant the colored man stood,

The two men did not look at each

the leaves from a twig he broke from

a bush. . Each had his back toward the

other. The minutes went by. But at

last there was a slow step and Israel

came up. He came reluctantly, as if he hoped that time would cause

them to change their minds. He

and the Major appeared as coolly de-

termined as could be, though the

Israel could not prevent a deep sigh

of despair, which the Colonel heard.

"Shut up!" he muttered savagely.

"Give me those pistols!" "Will the

grove suit you?" he asked, turning to-

"Perfectly!" said the latter and the

color had gone from their cheeks.

Colonel halted and faced about.

"Yes!" said the Major simply.

"Will this do?" he asked.

ward the Major.

"None!"

ing the last words.

picking up the weapons mechanically.

He moved over to a near-by stump,

and for a minute sat motionless with

the pistols in his lap. The Colonel's

movement. He glanced at the two

men standing stiffly at some distance

from each other. Then sudden'y he

began to load the pistols. The Col-

onel, seeing him proceeding with the

The Major nodded, an the other was

-but he went on. "We will put the

irritated more than ever by his silence

pieces under Israel's hat. Then we

will draw them! Are you agreed?"

He clipped off his words as he con-

tinued, "Israel will count. On the

This time the Major vouchsafed

A minute more and Israel came for-

ward slowly with the pistols, one in

either hand. At the Colonel's order,

he iaid them on a fallen tree-trunk and

drew one; his opponent took the other.

The two men took position back to

The Major winced perceptibly at

this last order; but the next instant

steadied and came into line with the

"Ten paces?" he asked.

'three,' we will fire?"

nervously playing with his hat-brim.

Then he turned and moved away,

rascal!" thundered the Colonel.

ventured anxiously, not moving.

old colored man came into view.

"Yo' dewelin pistils?"

and the look in their faces.

'Go!"

in speech.

of bows.

and said icily :

only one thing?"

"Israel! Israel!"

An instant's pause, then : "Threa!" The fatal words were spoken. The pistols cracked together, and a cloud of blue smoke curtained the men The color leaped into the Colonel's face, and the Major's and then drifted lazily before the slight draft of air. flush grew deeper while his eyes returned the flash in those of the other.

The Colonel, as erect as ever, quickly bent to one side and peered past the smoke at his opponent. His eyes that for the instant the insult of the fell upon the Major, apparently untouched also. For a moment neither other could find no adequate return spoke; but there was a flash of joy in the face of each, as quickly succeeded by one of seeming mortification. The Major stepped forward. "You can understand that this means

"That was an inexcusable miss of The Major replied with the slightest yours, Colonel Beebe!" he exclaimed. "No worse than yours, Major Haw-"I have a pair of pistols at my house," continued the Colonel. "With kins!" retorted the Colonel. paces and a good light. You should have hit to a certainty!" your permission I will send for them.

"The trigger of this confounded pistol pulled too hard!" explained the Major, with haste.

"And Israel startled me by jumping just as we fired," returned the Colonel. The Colonel thought he heard a an answering call and a shuffling of smothered laugh at this. He turned feet, which gradually became more like a flash upon Israel, a sudden sus-

distant. A little later a white-haired pleion coming to him. "Israel!" he fairly shouted; "what was the matter with the loading of those pistols? There was something asked, stopping at the edge of the

wrong! Confess it, you rascal!" bushes and scraping with one foot "Ob, Marse Kunn'l, don't be killing dis po' man; but I didn't put no balls "Yes," said the Colonel. "You dose pistils! I didn't want de Major and yo' a killin' each oder !" "I've a good mind to horsewhip you

"Yes. Be quicking."
The colored man looked at the men within an inch of your life-!" began the Colonel. "But you won't!" broke in the Major.

Then the Colonel looked at the Major, and the Major at the Colonel. A smile appeared on the former's lips, and the latter returned it. A moment more, and the Colonel extended his hand impulsively. The Major advanced and grasped it firmly.

They stood there, holding each other's hands for an instant, and then other. Somehow they disliked to, the Major observed slowly and em phatically, as if he were stating an in-The Major stood his gun against the disputable fact which he had just disfence, and took a long time to arrange it to his liking. The Colonel stripped covered: Beebe, I think we are a couple of

old fools! "I quite agree with you, Hawkins!" returned the Colonel quite as posi-

tively, and, as if by one impulse, the two locked arms and walked off. Israel stood watching them for a minute. Then he picked up the pislooked hopefully at them; but saw no tols, and remarked sagely, but with encouragement. Both the Colonel just the slightest of quivers in his voice: "A coupl' o' ole fools!"-Ro-

> An Engineer's Jumps for Life. "Did you ever jump from your cab while the train was going at full speed?" I asked of a locomotive engineer the other day.

> "Yes. three or four times," he answered.

three took up their way, the Colonel "What's the sensation?" leading, the Major next and, Israel, at "That's according to how you land. his master's command, bringing up the One night three years ago the trainrear and dragging his feet as though despatcher got two of us headed for they were weighted. A few minutes each other on a single track at a gait of walking, and they came to a small open space surrounded by trees. The of forty miles an hour. The first thing I saw was the headlight of the other locomotive rounding a curve thirty rods away. I shut 'er off, threw over the lever and set the air-brakes, "There is no advantage in position, and then made a jump. I'd no time to I believe. The sun shines across the pick for a spot, and as I jumped I realized that I'd have a bad time of it, as I knew every foot of the ground. It "But we had better toss for positions anyhow," said the Colonel, and was on a level covered with a thistle patch. There was a strip of them he deftly flipped a coin into the air. forty rods long growing up like corn-The Major called "heads;" and "heads" stalks. I expect they broke my fall "I will take the southern end," he somewhat, but I don't know that I ever hit the ground, until I fetched up said. The Colonel bowed acquiesfor good. It seemed to me that I just swept through that patch about knee-"I presume you will be satisfied if high from the ground, and when there Israel attends to the loading?" the were no more thistles to knock down I Colonel remarked. "He has done it landed 'kerchug!' against an old stump before!"-with the slightest of smiles. and uprooted it. I broke a leg and an "Quite!" returned the Major, ignorarm, but that wasn't the worst of it. The doctor estimated the number of Then, Israel, load those pistols, thistle-points sticking into my body at and do it carefully!" commanded the one billion. My wife and I have been picking 'em out ever since they got me stood gaping at him with a terrorhome, and we've only finished one side "Yes, Marse!" mumbled Israel, of me.

"Landing in a mud puddle would be

a soft thing," I suggested. "I've been there," he replied, with fleeting smile. "While I was running freight they built a side track to a gravel-pit at a certain point. In excavating at the main line they dug a hole about twenty feet long by ten wide and four deep. As a rule this hole was always full of water, and as it was on my side of the engine and always came under my eye, I got to thinking what a snap I'd have if I had

to make a jump right here. "There was a little station just a mile above this hole, and it was a sharp up grade. One day, while we were humping along to make the station, a dozen cars broke loose from a freight side-tracking at that station, and down they came. By the time I had whistled for brakes and reversed my engine, it was time to jump, and bless my soul! if I wasn't just where wanted to be-right at the pond. I waited to pass the mile-post and then shut my eyes and took a header, feeling sorry at the same instant for my fireman, who'd got to jump among the stumps. Well, I struck.

"In the water?" I asked, as he paused and worked a finger in his ear. "Oh, no! There had been a long spell of hot, dry weather, and every pint of water had evaporated out of that pond. The mud was left behind, though. There was three feet of it waiting to eatch some unfortunate, and it caught me. I went head first to the bottom. Then I rolled over and floundered around for five minutes, and could never have pulled myself out unassisted. I didn't break any but-ugh!"-Detroit Free

Naval salutes to the flag are as old as the time of Alfred the Great.

CHOKED BY MASKED MEN. THREE RORSERS SECTABLY TREAT A 70-YEAR-

OLD MAN. Entr.-Burthelemew Crowley, a farmer O years old, living four miles east of Krie, was choked to insensibility by three masked nen, because he refused to reveal the hiding place of money supposed to be in his possession. His daughter, Mrs. Carey, was first brutally treated, but the robbers left her in a barred room while they poured oil on Crowley, threatening to burn him alive and continued to search the house.

Mrs. Carey jumped from a second story window to the ground, sustaining serious -pinal injuries, but reached the house of neighbors to give the alarm. The house of Mrs. John Crowley, nearby, was ransacked and no one being there, the furniture ruined with an ax, but the thieves secured only \$2.50 in cash. Three suspects arrested by the Erie police have been released.

BIG FIRE AT PARKER.

SEVERAL BUSINESS HOUSES DESTROYED AND

\$30,000 DAMAGE BONE. PARKER-Fire started in Clint Elder's bil ard hall and before it was subdued it had destroyed T. J. Blair's stationery store, Mrs. Wilkin's millinery store, Durbin Mobley's gents' furnishing store. Knight's barber shop, the postoffice and Mrs. White's reslaurant. The property owners sustaining losses are: Henry Bohem, Mrs. Wilkins, Mrs. Featherston, Mrs. Elder, Henry Surk. Mrs. Wallrobinstein and Mrs. E.M. Parker, The loss is about \$30,000, with \$12,000 insurance.

PHILADELPHIA B NKS.

PHILADELPHIA - The weekly statement of the banks in this city for the past week show an increase in the reserve of \$123,000 due from other banks an increase of \$107, 000: due to other banks a decrease of \$232. 900. The deposits increase \$314,000: the circulation increase, \$28 000 and the loans and discounts show a decrease of \$97,000.

AWARDED \$2,250 DAMAGES.

BEAVER-The cass of Lawrence Dilworth et al. vs. the l'itteburg & Lake Erie Railroad Company resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff for \$2,250 When the company changed its roadbed it shut off the water supply of the plaintiffs, who were operating the paper mill factory at Beaver Falls.

DOGS DESTROYING SHEEP.

Hollidaysbeno. - Blair county farmers are troubled by the onslaughts made upon their stock by roaming dogs. Farmer R. L. Walker, of Duncansville lost 23 sheepslaughtered by a pack of dogs.

AT Hazelton while Albert Sponeburg, sylvania track, they were struck by a freight engine Mrs. Sponeburg was instantly killed and the husband badly injured. The child escaped without a scratch

THERE hunters discovered a band of counterfeiters in a cave in the Laurel Hill mountains, near Greensburg. The counterfetters got away, but the hunters contiscated their tools. A bunt for the counterfeiters is being made.

Super evening hile Mrs. Wil-lie ell, of West Derry, were a lking their house was set on fire and descroyed by one of their five little children upsetting a lamp. Neighbors rescued the children GEORGE FRAUGER, a wealthy farmer living

near Pleasant Unity, was swindled out of \$5,000 by the farm buying and tin box game by two unknown buncoers. A DISEASE that is puzzling the veterinary

surgeons has broken out among the horses in the vicinity of Mt. Pleasant and many animals have died. MICHARL MILLER, employed in the mines near Avonmore, was instantly killed by a fall of slate. He was about 30 years old

and unmarried. THE \$1,709 raised a year ago by employes to help start the Witherow iron plant at New Castle wilt be returned with 5 per cent

MACK BAISINGER was fatally crushed by a fall of limestone near McCletlandtown while mining under the face of the stone

EMMA BLOOM, a domestic employed at the Kromer House Scottdale, fell from a second-story window and was fatally injured.

J. M. BECKWITH, a New York jewelry salesman, was robbed of \$1,000 worth of diamonds at Eric Saturday.

SHIPMENTS of anthracite coal through Philadelphia up to date show an increase of 982,133 tons oves last year.

BURGLARS robbed the hardware store S. W. Bortz at Greensburg Sunday night of a lot of valuable goods At Meadow Lands Sunday night Mrs. John Edwards drove a burglar from the house with a hot poker.

DAVID G. DONORUE, Associate Judge of Adams county died suddenly Sunday night. He was 45 years old.

RALPH RHODES of Uniontown, aged 13, has died of lockjaw, induced by a blow with a stone on the jaw. GEORGE SHELTON, aged 16.of Connellsville.

was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun.

THE soldiers' home at Erie has its full quota of inmates, 400, at present, Ar Dunbar 150 coke ovens were fired.

When Mussulman and Hindoo Fight. The odd feature in these riots is their immediate cause. This is always reported to be "cow killing." but Mussulmans kill oxen all the year round for food and so do the Europeans. The grievance is not that, but a display of the old feeling

of ascendancy on the part of the Mussulmans, who, on the day of their festival, kill a cow close to a temple in token of high religious deflance. Then the Hindoos, who do not mind about the killings during the rest of the year, turn out armed, and there is a battle royal, which, but for the English, would in twenty-four hours, develop into a religious war. The English, however, tell the police to fire impartially on both sects, and the police, though they are themvelves Mussulmans and Hindoos, do with delight, and there is peace and good feeling for the ensuing

If this is not a state of affairs to puzzle Englishmen there is no such state; but Irishmen would understand it at once. The armed police in Ireland in a "religious" row plays just the part it plays in India, only, being English in discipline and armament, it takes fewer lives. - The Spectator.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS. | RELIGIOUS READING.

NOTHING LOST BY PRAYER.

We know not the secret history of the world's mightlest transactions and its proud-est monuments; but from the little that we know, we can affirm that the men who have prospered best are the men who have taken time to pray. It was to prayer that Heary IV. of France ascribed his crown, and Gus-tavus owed his victories. The father of the modern fine arts was wont, before he began any new composition, to invoke his inspiraany new composition, to invoke his inspira-tion; who in other days taught Aholiab, and the Gollath of English literature felt that he had studied successfully when he had prayed carnestly. And what Michael Angelo and Milton and Johnson found so hopeful to their mighty genius cannot hinder us. You have read in our own history of that hero, who, when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit, and all his followers were urging him to rapid flight, cooly dismounted in order to repair a flaw in his horse's harness. While busied with the broken buckle, distant cloud swept down in nearer thunder distant cloud swept down in nearer thunder; but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were ready to dash down on him, the flaw was mended, the clasp was fastened, the steed was mounted, and like a swooping faicon he had vanished from their view. The broken buckle would have left him on the fleld a dismounted and inglorious prisoner. The timely delay sent him safety back to his himmating commutes. There is in daily life the gaing contrades. There is in daily life the same luckless precipitancy and the same profitable delay. The man who, from his prayerless waking, bounces off into the busims of the day, however good his talents and great his diligence, is only galloping on a steed harnessed with a broken buckle, and must not marvel if, in his hottest haste or most hazardous leap, he he left inglorious in the dust; and though it may occasion some little delay beforehand, his neighbor is wiser who sets all in order before the macca begins-| Hamilton.

PRAYERS HAD IN BEHEMBRANCE

My grandfather had been dead more than twenty years. He was one of the early settwenty years. He was one of the early set-tiers in that part of Vermont; a devoted man, who walked in the commidments and ordi-nances of the Lord blameless. Of course then, he was regular in the observance of family worship, and having no ambition to be original in this service, he was content to pray oftentimes as Christ did thrice "using the same words." His prayers were remembered, in that most of his children became hopefully pions. They are remembered in another pious. They are remembered in another sense. Not long since, I heard one of his children repeat from beginning to end, the form of prayer which he generally used at evening worship, and which he could not have heard, except very occasionally for more han fifty years.

How tenacious of religious influence is a child's memory! (An incidental benefit of family worship this, but a very important one.) And every time that prayer passes through the mind that remembers it, is it not, as it were, offered again? Where can a Christian raise such a memorial of his piety, as in the memory of a child: and who would not, when he dies, have some such prayers to remain, not merely a memorial of himself, but also as a golden vial full of odors' before the throne?

Heaven is a blessed place and condition,

but it lacks the blessedness which is experi er ed on earth in fervent prayer. It doe notadmit of doing good to others by means of prayer. Is it not therefore, desirable that every Christian when called hence, should leave behind some one who will pray in his

Will it not heighten heaven's blessedness to know that prayers offered on earth, are still had in remembrance on Earth, as well as in Heaven? - From the Puritan and Recorder.

But then the great difficulty with many of the young, even favorably impressed with re pect t.t a inion, is, that if they must becom decidedty pions, they must abandon many sweet enjoyments, and commence a life of uninterrupted self-denial. It is supposed that religion is dull, ensocial) a destroyer human joy, a morese intruder upon har in pleasure. But is this really the ni. re of repleasure. But is this really the m. re of re-ligion? True, indeed, it condemns intemperance, and or fatity, and impurity, and dat and selfshness, and excess of every but it lays no ley band on the true joys of life There is no source of innocent enjoyment and recreation which religion condemns. God made us for society, and he would not retain the flow of friendly feeling. He gave as constitutions, every organ of which he de-signed to be an instrument of pleasure, and he would not deny us any reasonable means of preserving their healthful exercise He implanted in the mind a taste for th beautiful and sublime, and he would not shut our eyes on the objects fitted to awaken these emotions. He endowed us with high intellectual powers, and he would shut our eyes on the objects fitted to awaker these emotions. He endowed us with high intellectual powers, and he would not deprive us of the means of their cultivation Tell me of any one source of enjoyment be oming our nature and destiny, and then point me, if you can, to the command of God which forbids you having recourse to it. O. how grossly they misrepresent the religion of the Bible, who speak of it as a gloomy thing What can there be in the belief of the gospel and the love ofGod, and the hope of heaven to make the mind unhappy? (Rev. W. Ried.

CAUGHT IN A FOU

At one of the services at the Union Mission Hall, Toronto, the following story was related, which came with power and sweetness to my own heart, and contains a thought that if realized, would enable every Christian to est in peace, even when surrounded by dark ess or perplexity, and unaits to clearly terstand God's dealings with them; peaker said: "Some years ago, when Capt Dutton was commander of the S. S. Sarma ian, we had entered the river St. Lawrence on our homeward voyage, when suddenly a heavy fog arose, which hid the shore and all objects from view; the ship, which was go-ing at full speed, continued on her course without relaxing in the least; the passenger became rather frightened, and considered to extremely reckless on the part of the captain; dually one of them went and remonstrated with the first mate, telling aim of the fears of the passengers. He listened, and then replied with a smile. "Oh, do not allow them to be frightened, they need not be the least uneasy; the fog only extends a certain height, and the cap ain "is up above the fog," and it is he that a running the yessel. When this was resorted to the passengers, the change on their countenances, from fear and uneasiness to puiet satisfaction, was wonderful. Oh, what theer and comfort it would bring to our searts on our voyage of life, if, when sur counded by the mists of doubt or sorrow, and mable to see our way, we could always renember that our Captain 'is up above 'og,' that he is guiding our way, and will oring us at last, if we only wait and trust iim in safety to the haven where we would

My God, I have never thanked thee for my thorn. I have thanked thee a thousand times for my roses, but not once for my thorn. I have been looking forward to a world where I shall get compensation for my ross, but I have noter thought of my cross us itself a present glory. Thou divine love, whose human heart has been perfected through sufferings, teach me the glory of my ross, teach me the value of my thorn. Show me that I have climbed to thee the path of pain. Show me that my tears have made my rainbow. Reveal to me that my strength was the product of that hour when I wrestled until the breaking of the day. Then shall I know that my thorn was blessed by thee, then shall I know that my cross was a gift from thee, and I shall raise a monument to the hour of my sorrow, and the words which I shall write upon it will be these: "It was good for me to have been afflicted."—[Rev. De Garan Mathamas Dr. George Matheson.

TEMPERANCE.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO-DAY? ! I saw a farmer when the day was done. setting sun had sought its crimson

And the mild stars came forward one by one; I saw the sturdy farmer and I said: "What have you done to-day? O farmer, say?"

I've sown the wheat in yonder And pruned my orehard to increase the yield.

And turned the furrow for a patch of

This have I done since early morn." I saw the blacksmith in his smithy door, When the day had vanished and the West grew red.

And all the weary noise and strife were o'er:

I saw the kindly blacksmith, and I said "What have you done to-day?

O blacksmith, say?"

Ob, I have made two plowshares all complete, And nailed the shoes on many a horse's

feet, And ob, my friend, I cannot tell you The man of muscle answered with a

I saw a miller when the day was gone, And all the sunlight from the hills had

fled. And tender shadows had crept across the lawn ; I saw the dusty miller, and I said.

What have you done to-day? O miller gray?"

Oh, I have watched my mill from mora Did you ever see flour so snowy and

And many are the mouths to-day I've

The merry miller laughed as this he said. saw another when the night drew nigh, And turned each daily toiler from his task: When gold and crimson cloudlets decked the

A drink seller and of him I asked

"What have you done to-day? Drink seller, say?" But the drink seller turned with drooping

And not a single word in answer said. What had he done? His work, he knew

Was daily plunging souls in deepest hell!

THE GREEDY BOTTLE.

A poor, under-sized boy named Tim, sit-ling by a bottle, and looking in, said, "I wonder if there can be a pair of shoes in it?" He wanted to go to a Sunday-school piente, but he had no shoes. His mother had nended his clothes, but said his shoes were so had he must go barefoot. Then he took a brick and broke the bottle, but there and broke the bottle, but there no shoes in it, and he was frightbrest, for it was his father's bottle. Tim sat act hear a step beside him, until a voice said : Well! what's all this?"

He sprang up in great alarm; it was his 'Who broke my bottle?" he asked.

"I did," said Tim, catching his breath, half in terror and half between his sobs.

"Why did you?"

Tim looked up. The voice did not sound to terrible as he had expected. The truth was his father had been touched at the aight of the forlorn figure, so very small and so sorrowful, which had bent over the broken

"Why," he said, "I was looking for a pair of new shoes; I want a pair of shoes awful bad to wear to the pienie—alithe other chaps "How came you to think you'd find shoes

a bottle?" the ather asked.
Why mother and so: I asked to new shoes and she said they ha

.. I gone mo it, too conts an. . gread and meats and things; and I aght if I broke it I'd find 'em all, and re ain't a thing in it I' And Tim sat down again and cried barder than ever. His father seated himself on a box in the disorderly yard and remained quiet for so long a time that Tim at last looked cautiously up.

'I'm real sorry I broke your bottle, father No, I guess you won't," he said, laying a hand on the rough little head as he away, leaving Tim overcome with astonish ment that father had not been angry with Two days afterward, on the

ing before the picate, he handed Tim a partelling him to open it.

New shoes! new shoes!" he shouted, "O,

father, dld you get a new bottle? And were 'No, my boy, there isn't going to be a new

bottle. Your mother was right - the things all went into the bottle, but you see gerting out is no easy matter , me, I am going to keep them out after this

A STABILING GERSTION.

Everybody knows that a large proportion of crime estatisticians claim three-fourths) is the direct result of alcoholism. But now omes a scientific writer in an esteemed contemporary and asks the startling question Will our descendants be criminals?" shows that the pathological conditions con-ducive of crime are produced or aggravated by the habitual use of liquors. Drinking degenerates nerve tissue, and in particular of the delicale structure of the brain. Hence there is a relation of cause and effect be-tween draking and epilepsy, and insanity, and morbid nervous conditions generally

It cannot be said that erime is the expression of disease that would destroy moral re-sponsibility. But it is certainly true that morbid nervous conditions intensify the bifficulty of self-control, and re-cuforce temptation. -St. Louis Republic.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES, Whoever takes a stand against rum takes a

stand against the devil. What is alcohol: A poison—a brain poison—a soul poison—a poison of virtue, of morals and religion—the cause of more sin than all other causes combined. - Dr. Wm. Beid, D. D.

In the manufacturing town of Bassbrook, Ireland, and in a district containing sixty-two square miles in County Tyrone, there has been prohibition for more than thirty

It costs \$5 a head to run this Government. The annual cost of spirits, wine and beer to consumers is now \$15 per head, or three times the expenses of the National Governmest. - Edward Atkinson. It is said 80,000 persons die prematurely in

Great Britain every year by the direct influ-once of intexicating drinks, from destitution, accident, violence or disease, and that 40,000 are killed annually by the direct influence of intemperance.

Workmen must stand up against the evil of intemperance. The manufacture of intoxi-cating liquor represents but little of productive labor, and its consumption does nothing but clog the wheels of commerce and pro-gress. Remove the curse of drink and the workman and all the people are raised to a higher level in which all men are thinkens and workers. - John Jarrett.

Attitle stir and all is over! Behold you brave old oak in the mendows; of what goodby stature! how strong and lasting! how in-dispensable to the landscape! How it down and how compty the sky. Yet in a few days, the eye growing accustomed to the changed aspect of the field, the oak is not missed the landscape is as perfect as before. Thus the proud one of the world passeth; the little gap that his late presence filled closeth forev-er; and his mans becometh a memory. Dear God! and is this all of life?—[J. T. Trow-

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