#### Our Young Readers.

THE BOYS AND THE GIRLS.

There is such a crowd of you, boys and girls
You are thronging in every place;
If we did not conquer you now and then
You would fill up all the space.

Cou take the world as if it were your own, You merrily laugh and sing, As if there we not a fading time, And life count be always spring.

We send you out of the way sometimes, in the midst of your mirth and noise, for old heads ache, and old hearts fail, And can not share your joys.

But the world belongs to you, after all, And others aside must stand, That you may be able to do and dare, And be masters in the land.

fou are so busy at school and play
That you have no thought to spare
For the problems that puzzle the grown-up
folks. And make them gray with care.

But you are the people, my happy ones; And all that we do to-day Will be more to you than it is to us, For you will the longest stay.

We are quick to give to you praise and blame; What will you give us, when You weigh, as judges, our words and deeds In the time when you are the men?

What will you think of the laws we make When you read the records through? And the manners and customs of church and

And the cities we build for you? Boys, be generous: girls, be fair!
We are trying to do our best,
We are beginning some good brave work-

"Tis for you to do the rest.

Through misty moorland and fog-filled street,
We are seeking for greater light;
But for you there is breaking above the world
A day that is passing bright.

Coilers are we, who are well content To work for the Nation's need, We have been delving the gold to find, We have been sowing seed Good times to live in we leave to you, And rights that were hard to win;

Be worthy of the better times, and gather our harvests in. rianne Farningham, in London Christian

#### A WONDERFUL RIVER.

With his fingers locked tightly in his crisp, curly hair, Jackman Rolf-Jack, for short-sat resting his elbow on the table, which supported a canvas-covered copy of Horseberg's Sailing Directions, on one of the open pages of which his eyes were steadfastly fixed.

Opposite him, in a similar attitude, was his brother. Sylvester, now in his fourteenth year, was two years younger than Jack. Before Sylvester lay a wellworn Physical Geography, open at the map of South America. He was supposed to be studying his day's lesson. In reality his mind was "far, far at sea." For Jack Rolf, who, as every one declared, was "a born sailor," had just returned from his first voyage with his father, Captain Merrill Rolf. He was full of enthusiasm for his new life. and could talk of little else but the sea and everything connected with it, to all of which Sylvester listened eagerly, particularly as Jack, being a keen ob server, and possessing a good memory, was a most delightful talker.

"I say, Jack." No answer. In fancy Jack was again clinging to the Paul Revere's weather mizzen-rigging, as she scudded at light-ping speed before a terrible cyclone which they had encountered on the return passage. And Jack, aided by the map before him, was mentally comparing the route over which they had sailed, to escape running into the dreaded storm center, with the route there laid

"Jack!" this time rather louder. "Ay, ay, sir!" was the dreamy answer. And then, with a sudden start, Jack came back to his home surroundings- to the old-fashioned furniture. and his dead mother's picture over the mantel, and Sylvester opposite him

wwning over his lesson.
"Well, what is it, Sillybub?" Jack asked. good-naturedly. "I should like to sail up the Amazon,

the biggest river in the world," replied byl. glancing at the map. He didn't really care in the least about the Amagon, but he wanted to make Jack talk.

"Three weeks ago I crossed a bigger and wider river than the Amazon ever pretended to be," said Jack, briskly, s, shutting the cover of his book with a bang, he leaned back in his chair and softly whistled an old sea-song.
"Why, Jack Rolf!" exclaimed Syl-

"Three weeks ago you were at "Yes," replied Jack, calmly, as he fixed his gaze on the fly-studded ceil-

ing. "and it is altogether different from any river that I ever saw or heard of." "How?" questioned Sylvester, curious to get at Jack's meaning.

"Oh, every way." was the somewhat indefinite answer. In the first place," Jack continued, slowly, "it flows in a sort of immense circle-"A river flowing in a circle!" scorn-

fully interrupted Sylvester. "-And there is one part of it," pursued his brother, "that for quite a long distance -some hundreds of miles, I think-flows up-hill."

"Oh, no doubt," was the ironical response. "Anything else?" Sylvester had managed by a great effort to gulp flown-if I may so express it-the cir- extent, but its greatest power is felt tular flow of this wonderful river, but across the ocean. But for the warmth the up-hill movement was rather too it scatters breadcast in its eastern

"Anything else?" repeated Jackoh yes, lots. No matter how cold it is," he went on, gravely, "this river I speak of never freezes, for two reasons: one is, that the water is almost warm: and the other, because it won't stop running long enough for Jack Frost to get his grip on it, for there is always a three or four knot current or tide."

"I don't see how it can run when it's all tied," interrupted Sylvester, with inward delight at being able to remem-

Jack cast a pitying glance at his brother, but made no reply to such an Ill-timed attempt at wit.

"The river of which I speak has no one definite source or outlet, though it branches out in two or three directions Another curious fact is, that while its surface is exactly level with the top of

was thoroughly mystified.
"Neither," his brother replied, grave-

Banks and bottom alike are of oold salt-water." Gulf Stream!" exclaimed Sylvester, Eve as a godder

upon whose mind the truth had sud! denly dawned. "What a goose I was not to have known what you were driv-

ing at long ago!"

Opening the thick canvas-covered book in which he had been reading, Jack called his brother to his side and directed his attention to a diagram of the Eastern and Western continents.

"Away down there, near the South American coast," said Jack, pointing to the spot with his finger, "the big Amazon is all the time pouring an immense volume of water into the sea. which lies sweltering under a tropic sun."

"Don't understand how the sea can swelter," broke in his irrepressible brother.

"That, my boy, is simply a figure of speech," was the unmoved answer. But to continue. This sun-warmed current, following the shore-line at a distance, passes through and carries with it the heated waters from what some scientific person has called the two great caldrons -the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico. It then enters the Florida Straits, where some say that the Gulf Stream proper fairly commences, because here are its first two definite boundaries-Cape Sable on the one hand, and the Island of Cuba with the Bahamas on the other."

"But whereabouts does it begin to run up-hill?"

"Not far from Cape Sable," Jack replied, "though perhaps the expression that I used was rather too strong. What I meant was that the Coast Survey soundings have shown a gradual rise from this point, where the stream is about thirty miles wide, clear up to Cape Hatteras. where it is more than

twice that width." "And why does the Gulf Stream always run to the north and east?"

"Well," replied Jack, slowly, "there are different theories on that point. The daily motion of the earth from east to west has something to do with it. Then, again, it is claimed that the waters of the Gulf Stream and its tributaries are salter than the sea which hems it in. consequently evaporation takes place faster, so that the water is always hurrying in to take the place of that which the thirsty trade-winds are lapping up. And perhaps the tradewinds, blowing steadily from the northeast, help to force this moving body of water in the direction of the Caribbean anybody had tried to get up a Santa

And then, by the aid of diagrams, Jack showed his brother how this wonderful river in the sea, after following our own coast-line for hundreds of miles, splits in sunder above the fortieth parallel of latitude.

"This branch runs up to the northward and eastward," said Jack, pointing out the tiny arrow-heads marking its course, "while the other, tending due east, at last overflows its banks of salt sea, and is spread out over thousands of square miles along the European shores. Then describing a grand sweep which mid-ocean might be called the sleep in the back parlor, and how there middle, it helps form the great equatorial current which in turn is swept toward the Caribbean Sea.

"But, Jack," said his brother, with a puzzled look, "why don't the Gulf Stream water mix with the ocean?"

"Well," Jack slowly replied, "that is pretty hard for me to explain, because I don't fully understand it myself. But as nearly as I do understand it," he continued, "it's something on the same principle as the fact that het and cold water don't unite in a dish till they're, so to speak, stirred up together pretty thoroughly. And then they say that bodies of water of different densities won't mix readily, which is another reason, for the Gulf Stream is considerably salter than the ocean which hems it in. But just see. Syl," Jack went on, warming with his subject-"just see how beautifully the Creator makes everything pull together, so to speak. Now the earth is a conductor of heat, you know."

Sylvester didn't know, but nod led his assent, and Jack went on:

"Well, if the Gulf Stream flowed directly over the bottom of the sea, it would soon loose its temperature. But the Almighty has so arranged it that away up in the Northern regions a polar current is set in motion, and comes sweeping down to meet the Gulf Stream somewhere near the Grand Banks. When it strikes the warm current it sinks to the bottom, and so puts itself between the stream and the bottom of the ocean, so that the water is kept at exactly the proper temperature."

"But what's the use of the Gulf Stream, anyway?" persisted Sylvester.
"Use of it!" echoed Jack; "I guess this would be a pretty uncomfortable country to live in if there was no Gulf Stream. Only for this current to carry away the heated water from the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Sea, the whole region down there would be a parched, sun-baked, dried-up desert, where no one could live nor anything grow. And the same excess of heat that it brings away from the torrid zone is spread out where it is most needed further north. It tempers our own climate to a slight sweep, the British Islands, which are in the same latitude as Labrador, would freeze up solid, and France might have sleighing all the year round, for aught I know. Then, again, vessels bound from Southern to Northern ports get the advantage of its two and three knot current, and in winter, when they are 'iced up' on our own coast, a few hours' sailing brings them into warm water, which melts off the ice and thaws out the sailors. Oh, I can tell you, Syl," said Jack, drawing his lecture to a close, as

ber and bring into active service an old he caught his brother hiding a yawn, newspaper joke. And as Sylvester came to think it all over afterward, he was of the same opinion.—Frank H. Converse, in Harper's Young People.

-It is a very rare occurrence that the number of years of a person's life will exeed the number of pounds he weighs, its banks, it has never been known to but such a case is in existence overflow them during the heaviest rain-in Lawrence County, South Carofalls, or to lower the fraction of an inch lina. Mrs. Sallie Culbertson, who lives "Are its banks mud, or gravel, or rock, or what?" inquired Sylvester, who eighty-five years old, and weighs only seventy pounds.—Chicago Times.

formed in England, worships Mother

#### Playing Santa Claus.

What on earth do you think has hap-

Now that boy distinctly did tell-but we are worse than any body else. Otherwise we should be like the Pharcertain that it was a fib Tom McGinnis' cousin told. But, all the same, the more I thought about it the more 1 got

worried. If there is a Santa Claus-and, of course, there is how could he get up on the top of the house, so he could come down the chimney, unless he carried a big ladder with him; and if he did this, how could be earry presents enough to fill mornahundred stockings? And then how could he help getting the things all over soot from the chimney, and how does he manage when the chimney is all full of smoke and fire. as it always is at Christmas? But then, as the preacher says, he may be supernatural-I had to look that word

up in the dictionary. The story Tom McGinnis' cousin told kept on worrying me, and finally I began to think how perfectly awful it would be if there was any truth in it. How the children would feel! There's going to be no end of children at our and her two small boys are here already. out all safe; and after they found that I heard mother and Aunt Eliza talking be wasn't a bit hurt, instead of thankabout Christmas the other day, and they agreed that all the children should sleep ion cot bedsteads in the back parlor, so that they could open their stockings together, and mother said: "You know, Eliza, there's a big fireplace in that room, and the children eve .- "Jimmy Brown," in Harper's can hang their stockings around the chimney.

Now I know I did wrong, but it was only because I did not want the children to be disappointed. We should always do to others and so on, and I know I should have been grateful if Claus for me in case of the real one being out of repair. Neither do I blame mother, though if she hadn't spoken about the fire-place in the way she did, it would never have happened. But I do think that they ought to have made a little allowance for me, since I was only trying to help make the Christmas busi-

ness successful. It all happened yesterday. Tom Mc-Ginnis had come to see me, and all the folks had gone out to ride except Aunt Eliza's little boy Harry. We were talking about Christmas, and I was telling Tom how all the children were to was a chimney there that was just the thing for Santa Claus. We went and looked at the chimney, and then I said to Tom what fun it would be to dress up and come down the chimney and pretend to be Santa Claus, and how it would amuse the children, and how pleased the grown-up folks would be, for they are always wanting us to amuse

Tom agreed with me that it would be splendid fun, and said we ought to practice coming down the chimney, so that we could do it easily on Christmas eve. He said he thought I ought to do because it was our house; but I said no, he was a visitor, and it would be mean and selfish in me to deprive him of any pleasure. But Tom wouldn't do it. He said that he wasn't feeling very well, and that he didn't like to take liberties with our chimney, and, besides, he was afraid that he was so big that he wouldn't fit the chimney. Then we thought of Harry, and agreed that he was just the right size. Of course Harry said he'd do it when we asked him, for he isn't afraid of anything, and is so proud to be allowed to play with Tom and me that he would do

anything we asked him to do. Well, Harry took off his coat and shoes, and we all went up to the roof, and Tom and I boosted Harry till he got on the top of the chimney and put his legs in it and slid down. He went enough to brace himself the way the chimney-sweeps do. Tom and I hurried down to the back parlor to meet nearly ninety years old. Rogers was him; but he had not arrived yet, though told that the Queen held him in high the fire-place was full of ashes and

We supposed he had stopped on the way to rest; but after awhile we thought we heard a noise, like somebody calling, that was a great way off. We went up on the roof, thinking Harry might have climbed back up the chimney, but he wasn't there. When we got on the top of the chimney we could hear him plain enough. He was crying and yelling for help, for he was stuck written, and if it would be perfectly about half-way down the chimney and couldn't get either up or down.

We talked it over for some time, and decided that the best thing to do was to get a rope and let it down to him and pull him out. So I got the clothes-line and let it down, but Harry's arms were jammed close to his sides, so he couldn't get hold of it. Tom said we ought to erable poet and the Government have make a slippernoose, catch it over never been printed. But they exist in your readers in previous articles. Harry's head, and pull him out that way, but I knew that Harry wasn't very strong, and I was afraid it we did that tiser. he might come apart.

Then I proposed that we should get a long pole and push Harry down the rest of the chimney, but after hunting all over the vard we couldn't find a pole that was long enough, so we had to give that plan up. All this time Harry was crying in the most discontented way, although we were doing all we could for him. That's the way with little boys. They never have any gratitude, and are always discon-

As we couldn't poke Harry down, Tom said let's try to poke him up. So we told Harry to be patient and coasiderate, and we went down stairs again. and took the longest pole we could find and pushed it up the chimney. Bushels or soot came down, and flew everything, but we couldn't reach Harry with the pole. By this time we began to feel discouraged. We were by wrapping them in solid colored calawfully sorry for Harry, because, if we couldn't get him out before the folks came home, Tom and I would be in a dreadful scrape.

#### Then I thought that if we were to build a little fire the draught might draw Harry out. Tom thought it was

McGinnis' house, and he had some but it didn't loosen Harry a bit, and

THE DRINKING - HOUSE OVER

THE WAY. company. He was a big boy, and when we went on the roof to meet him something like a cousin of Tom's. we heard him crying louder than ever, Would you believe it, that fellow said and saying that something was on fire there wasn't any Santa Claus? I was in the chimney, and was choking him. ashamed for him, and I told him at I knew what to do, though Tom didn't, once that he could never have any little and, to tell the truth, he was terribly

frightened. We ran down and got two pails of won't mention it. We should never water and poured them down the chimreveal the wickedness of other people, ney. That put the fire out, but would and ought always to be thankful that you hardly believe it that Harry was more unreasonable than ever, and said we were trying to drown him. There isee, and he was very bad. I knew for is no comfort in wearing yourself out in trying to please little boys. You can't satisfy them, no matter how much trouble you take, and for my part I am tired of trying to please Harry, and shall let him amuse himself the rest of the time he is at our house.

We tried every plan we could think of to get Harry out of the chimney, but none of them succeeded. Tom said that if we were to pour a whole lot of oil down the chimney it would make it so slippery that Harry would slide right down into the back parlor, but I wouldn't do it, because I knew the oil would spoil Harry's clothes, and that a sudden I heard a carriage stop at our gate, and there were the grown folks, who had come earlier than I had supposed they would. Tom said that he would go home before his own folks began to get uneasy about him, so he went out of the back gate, and left me to explain things. They had to send for some men to come and cut a hole house this Christmas, and Aunt Eliza through the wall. But they got Harry ing me for all Tom and I had done for him, they seemed to think that I deserved the worst punishment I ever had. and I got it.

And I shall never make another attempt to amuse children on Christmas Young People.

#### Women's Wages in New York.

The holidays have given great ac tivity to the retail trade, and there has been an increase in the demand for clerks. Many young women from the courtry have come hither, seeking this kind of employment. This is to be regretted, as there are always more of this class here than the demand requires. To be more explicit, I would say that young women are generally paid one-third less than men for the same service. A good saleswoman car earn \$6 a week, and in some instances \$10. There are a few who, being very expert, receive \$12, but such instances are rare. A first-class cashier in a large but this requires great ability and exafter long practice, earn from \$8 to \$10 easily obtained. A few of this class earn \$12, and there is one case mentioned where a woman of extraordinary ability has \$20 a week, but if a man performed those very duties, he would have one-third more. An inquiry made at the Christian Association brought the reply that \$15 per week is the highest pay any woman can hope for, either as teacher or book-keeper. The best pay is earned by a few experienced housekeepers, who are in the service of rich families, and receive \$1,000 a year. with board. Some artificial flower makers earn \$18 per week at this season of the year, but this is rare, and there are hundreds of well-trained women who would be glad to earn from \$8 to \$10 a week, while there are thousands whose earnings are from \$3 to \$6. The holiday activity, of course, helps this class, but there are so many ready for any opening that there is no encouragement for country folks .- N. Y. Cor. Utica Herald.

# Tennyson's Appointment as Laurente.

Baron Tennyson has now been poet laureate for twenty-three years. succeeded Wordsworth, who died in 1850. The circumstances of his appointment were really droll, as showing how much statesmen know of poetry. When Wordsworth died the appoint down like a flash, for he didn't know ment was offered, in a most courteous autograph letter by Frince Albert, to the venerable Samuel Rogers, ther regard, and that the acceptance of the honor implied no necessity of any formai duty. He was, of course, highly gratified, but he declined. He was then consulted by the Government of the day as to the proper person to be named laureate, and he at once suggested Tennyson's name. It is a curious and even amusing fact that a letter | And please, when I'm gone. ask some one to was sent him in reply from the Miniswritten, and if it would be perfectly safe, on moral grounds, to name him. The phrase in the letter is, "We do not know this gentleman," or words to this chance to read "Locksley Hall." The letters which passed between the venone of the most choice autograph collections in England. - Boston Adver-

# Too Late.

It appeared to be a private confab, as the two men sat with their backs to the iron fence of the Trinity Church. "If you was Jay Gould," said one, and I was a Judge on the bench, how much would you give to own me?" "Well, I dunno, "How much would

you take?" "Make me an offer." "Well, I'd chip in with Jim Keene and Russell Sage and Uncle Rufus, and I reckon we'd offer you \$20,000.

"Hoot! toot! man, but you'd get left! While you were getting up the pool President Villard would step in with an offer of \$25,000," Verdict for plaintift.-Wall Street

-Moths can be kept out of garments

News.

-Cows are still used to drag the plow in Central Germany.

# Temperance Reading.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CRUSADE. The room was so cold, so cheerless and bare, With its rickety table, and one broken chair. And its curtainless window with hardly a To keep out the snow, the wind and the rain. cradle stood empty, pushed up to the wall, And somehow that seemed the saddest of all. In the old rusty stove the fire was dead; There was snow on the floor at the foot of the

And there all alone a pale woman was lying; You need not look twice, to see she was dying: Dying of want-of hunger and cold. Shall I tell you her story-the story she told?

No ma'am, I'm no better, my cough is so It's wearing me out, though, and that makes me glad. For it's wear-some living when one's all And Heaven they tell me is just like a home

"Yes, ma'am, I've a husband, he's somewhere about; I hoped he'd come in 'fore the fire went out; But I guess he has gone where he's rikely to I mean to the drinking-house over the way.

It was not so always; I hope you won't Too hard of him, lady, it's only the drink. I know he's kind-hearted, for oh, how he would make Aunt Eliza angry. All of For our poor little baby the morning it died! You see he took sudden, and grew very had, And we had no doctor—my poor little lad! For his father had gone-never meaning to

> 'And when he came back 'twas far in the night. And I was so tired, and sick with the fright Of staying so long with my basy alone, And it cutting my heart with its pitiful moan.

I am sure-to the drinking-house over the

" He was cross with the drink, poor fellow, I It was that, not his baby, that bothered him 80; But he swore at the child, as panting it lay. And went back to the drinking-house over the way.

I heard the gate slam and my heart seemed to freeze Like ice in my bosom, and there on my knees By the side of the cradle, all shivering, I I wanted my mother, I cried and I prayed.

The clock it struck two fore my baby was And my thoughts they went back to the home on the hill. Where my happy girlhood had spent its short Far, far from that drinking-house over the

Could I be that girl? I, the heart-broken There watching alone, while that dear little Was going so fast, that I had to bend low hear if he breathed, 'twas so faint and so slow.

Yes, it was easy his dying, he just grew more white, And his eyes opened wider to look for the As his father came in, 'twas just break of establishment is sometimes paid \$15, Came in from the drinking-house over the ing man and pawned it for drink. It

think. a week, but such situations are not And I know he was sorry for what he had For he set a great store by our first little son. "And straight did be come to the cradle-bed and buy a pair of boots in the morning Our baby lay dead, so pretty and fair: I wondered that I could have wished him to

> When there was a drinking-house over the He stood quiet awnile, did not understand You see, ma'am, till he touched the little cold hand;

Oh, then came the tears, and he shook like And said: "Twas the crinking had made all "The neighbors were kind, and the minister and he talked of my seeing my baby again; And of the bright angeis—I wondered if they Could see into that drinking-house over the

"And I thought when my baby was put in the ground, And the man with the spade was shaping th If sometody only would help me to save My husband, who stood by my side at the

"If only it were not so handy, the drink! The men that make laws, ma'am, sure didn't think of the hearts they would break, of the souls they would slay, When they licensed that drinking-house over the way.

"I've been sick ever since, it can not be long; Be pitiful, lady, to him when I'm gone; He wants to do right, but you never would How weak a man grows when he's fond of

"And it's tempting him here, and it's tempting him there: Four piaces I've counted in this very square Where a man can get whisky by night and by Not to reckon the drinking-house over the

'No drunkard shall enter Heaven.' it said: And he is my husband, and I loved him so, And where I am going, I want he should go.

"Our baby and I will both want him there; Don't you think the dear Jesus will hear For him, at the drinking-house over the way."

-Mrs. Nutting, in Union Signal.

# London Gin Palaces.

More than one-fourth of the earnings of the denizens of the slums goes over import. So deeply concerned were of the denizens of the slums goes over Lord John Russell and his friends in the bars of the public houses and gin the politics of the day that they had no palaces. To study the dark phase of this burning question let us take the districts from which I have drawn the facts and figures I have submitted to

On a Saturday night in the great thoroughfare adjacent there are three corner public houses which take as much money as the whole of the other shops on both sides of the way put together. Butchers, hakers, green-gro-cers, clothiers, furniture dealers, all the aterers for the wants of the populace, are open till a late hour; there are hunfreds of them trading round and about, but the whole lot do not take as much money as three publicans—that is a fact ghastly enough in all conscience. Enter the public houses and you will see them Robinson, of Massachusetts, when a crammed. Here are artisans and la- member of the Special Committee or borers drinking away the wages that the Improvement of the Mississipp ought to clothe their little ones. River, secured a vote at the first meet-Here are the women squandering ing by which the Sergeant-at-Arms was the money that would purchase ordered not to furnish any liquors. For food for the lack of which their once such a trip was made in which children are dying. One group rivets there was no intoxication and no scanthe eye of an observer at once. It con- dal. The cities of Memphis, Helevr. sists of an old gray-haired dame, a Natchez and New Orleans tendered woman of forty, and a girl of about great dinners. At his suggestion they nineteen with a baby in her arms. All were declined, and the time given to these are in a state which is best de- visiting the improvements which the scribed as "maudlin"—they have fin-ished one lot of gin, and the youngest woman is ordering another round. It items speak a brave word for the effect is a great-grandmother, grandmother, of Temperance effort."

and a mother and her baby-four generations together—and they are all disty; and disheveled, and drunk, except the baby, and even the poor little mite may have its first taste of alcohol presently. It is no uncommon sight in these places to see a mother wet a baby's lips with gin and water. The process is called "giving the young'un a taste," and the baby's father will look on sometimes and enjoy the joke immensely.

But the time to see the result of a Saturday night's heavy drinking in a low neighborhood is after the houses are closed. Then you meet dozens of poor wretches reeling home to their miserable dens, some of them rolling across the roadway and falling, cutting themselves till the blood flows. Every penny in some instances has gone in

One dilapidated ragged wretch I met last Saturday night was gnawing a baked potato. By his side stood a thinly-clad woman bearing a baby in her arms, and in hideous language she reproached him for his selfishness. She had fetched him out of a public-house with his last halfpenny in his pocket. With that halfpenny he had bought the potato, which he refused to share with her. At every corner the police are ordering or coaxing men and women to "move on." Between twelve and one it is a long procession of drunken men and women, and the most drunken seem to be those whose outward appearance betokens the most abject poverty.

Turn out of the main thoroughfare and into the dimly-lighted back streetand you come upon scene after scene to the grim, grotesque horror of which only the pencal of a Dore could do justice. Women with hideous distorted faces are rolling from side to side shrieking aloud snatches of ropular songs plentifully interlarded with the vilest expressions. Men as drnnk as themselves meet them, there is a short interchange of ribald jests and foul oaths. than a quarrel and a shower of blows. Down from one dark court rings a cry of murder, and a woman, her face hidcously gashed, makes across the narrow road pursued by a howling madman It is only a drunken husband having a row with his wife.

A friend of mine, who is never tired of trying to urge the people of this district to temperance, not long since found a man sitting up naked on a hear of rags shivering with the death throes on him, and crying for water for his parched throat. His wife, in a mandlir state of intoxication, was staring helplessly at her dying husband. A coal was given to wrap round the poor fellow. At night, when my friend returned, he found the man cold and dead and naked, and the woman in a state of mad intoxication. She had torn the coat from the body of the dythese districts men and women who are perience, and perhaps security. There "Yes, ma'am, he was sober, at least mostly, I starving will get grants of bread, and He often stayed that way to wear off the wrapped in clean paper. Do you know why? That they may sell the loaf to some one for a copper or two, and get drunk with the money. Men will come out of their earnings, and pay sever shillings for them. At night they wil return to the same shop and offer to sel them back for four shill ness. They have started drinking, and want the money to finish the carouse with .- 6. R. Sims, in London Daily News.

# Temperance Items.

Some English insurance companies charge twenty per cent. less premiun to total abstainers than to moderate drinkers. This is the result of an experience with high death rates among the latter class.

THE Wisconsin Central Rallroad Company have sent letters to each and every agent and employe on the line strictly forbidding the use of any alcoholic beverages, wine and beer. Al honor to General Manager Finney, who has promulgated this total-abstinence doctrine so practically .- Union Signal.

GERMANY's appetite for spirits grows apace. In 1872, 3.442,270 hectoliters of spirituous liquors were consume l and only two years later 4, 108, 698 hectoliters The 8,886 whisky distilleries of Prussic used up a whole potato crop in four years and a whole r,e crop in twelve years. Among the lunaties twenty-five per cent. are drinkers, and in one Rus sian institution eighty-six per cent. were

Does everybody known that the Can adian Pacific Railway has a section reaching over the entire broad domain of the Northwest Territory without : single dram shop "on the line?" De people generally know that prohibition prohibits on that railway to the extenthat a red-coated officer in Her Majesty's service enters every train that crosses the border and examines the passengers baggage and remorselessly seizes every drop of liquor that he finds, even to the half-emptied flask of the traveler? Will anybody say this is tyrannical interference? Then so is the Custom's service of every land. Does anybody declare it unwarrantable? Let the peacefu condition of society rebut the charge, and the fact that in this region of savages and savage depredations not : white man has been killed by Indians since the policy was adopted. The rail-way officials also testify to its beneficence in the construction and maintainance of the road .- Union Signal.

A WRITER in the Union Signal says "I don't like to give rumors from the wires, but here are two so good that they ought to be true. One says that Governor Blackburn, of Kentucky. when he was installed in his office, de termined he would not touch alcohol ir any form while in office, and when he had retired said he had kept his determination. The other is that Governor