

HORN, FARM AND GARDEN.

When horses are compelled to remain exposed to storms at this season the use of a rubber blanket, with flannel lining, will be of valuable assistance in the prevention of colds and lung diseases.—*Troy Times.*

The *Poultry Monthly* is of the opinion that Dominiques breed more true to color than any other breed of fowls. They are very hardy, mature early, splendid layers, sitters and mothers, and good table fowls.

Quinces can be grown in most localities where apples thrive. The secret of success with this somewhat difficult fruit is mulching in winter and heavy manuring in summer. Wood ashes, leached or unleached, are highly beneficial. The quince borer must be dug out with a knife in the fall. Dead twigs impair the vitality of the trees and must be removed.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Apple Roly-Poly: Peel, quarter and core sour apples; make rich biscuit dough with baking powder or raised biscuit dough, roll up, put in a pudding bag, and then into a kettle of boiling water with an earthen plate in the bottom. Boil an hour and a-half constantly. Before using the pudding bag wring it from hot water, and flour the inside well. Any kind of nice sauce is good with apple roly-poly.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

There is no quicker or better way of getting a mired cow out of a ditch than attaching a chain to her head wound around the horns and hitching a pair of steers, or oxen, at the end of it, and when the chain is taut and in a direct line with her and the ring in the yoke gently tap the team and pull gently in the direction indicated, and on the least pull the cow will begin to help herself, and before she is half aware of it will be safely landed on the ditch bank, probably plunging and bellowing with fright, but not hurt nevertheless.—*N. Y. Post.*

Diseases of the Horse's Teeth.

The diseases of the horse's teeth, as well as the proper treatment of them, differ considerably from those of man. Feverishness, loss of appetite, diarrhoea, and a number of other and widely dissimilar affections, either arising wholly from difficulty in dentition, or more or less severely aggravated by it, are so frequent in young horses, that, whenever any of them occur, and are found on examination of the mouth to be accompanied with prominence and pushing of the tushes, a crucial incision ought to be made upon the gums. The grinders of horses more advanced in age are apt to become roughened in the edges from irregular growth or from irregular wearing of the enamel, and may in this state give rise to bad ulcers in the mouth, and ought to be rasped smooth. Part or whole of a back tooth or other grinder sometimes grows to a higher level than the rest of the teeth, and penetrates the bars above it, causing serious ulceration, or interferes so constantly and ruinously with mastication as to occasion a general pining for want of due food; and whenever any such over-growth is detected, it ought to be reduced to the level of the other teeth. A general irregularity in the surface of the grinders, though not marked by any very observable prominence in any one part, is sometimes so great as to occasion quidding, and to constitute great and almost incurable unsoundness.

Caries, or rotting of the substance of the teeth, occurs more or less in all animals, but is peculiarly frequent and virulent in man, and especially so in those members of the human family who think themselves most highly civilized. One cause of this disease in man is the want of a due degree of dental action, occasioned by the luxuriantness or soft forms of food; another is the rapid and mighty whirl of chemical forces acting on the teeth from the great diversity and rapid succession and piquant nature of the articles of diet; and a third and chief is the adherence in their teeth or their interstices of small particles of easily decomposable substances, such as flesh meat or animal sauces, or almost any of the mixtures of the most relished dishes. Decomposition of the particles is rapidly effected under the combined action of the heat and moisture of the mouth, and the oxygen of the atmosphere; and an acid results which immediately attacks the phosphate of lime in the teeth, and after awhile so far accomplishes its decomposition as to let the teeth perfectly decay. A little hole appears which henceforth constantly lets in the atmospheric air, the salivary secretions and the decomposing particles of adhering food; and unless this hole is promptly stopped with some proper composition, a rapid decay of the entire tooth, or its destruction, is inevitable. Caries, though incomparably rarer to the horse than in man, yet sometimes occurs with such violence as not only to destroy one tooth, but to communicate the rotting to neighboring teeth, and even to the jaw. When a carious tooth is found in the horse's mouth, it should be extracted.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Cost of Fences.

We have always supposed that the farmers of the United States were more extravagant in the way of fences than those of any other country; and while we still think so, there appears to be more money spent on building fences than is actually necessary in other parts of the world. Prof. Scott, in his recent book on "Farm Fences" in Great Britain, estimates that for every acre of inclosed land in the United Kingdom there are over five dollars invested in fences, and that the annual maintenance of these fences costs something like seventy-five cents per acre. Taking these figures in the aggregate, as applied to the 45,000,000 acres of inclosed land in the United Kingdom, he shows the capital invested in fences to be nearly \$250,000,000, and the annual maintenance and repair of these fences to cost at least \$85,750,000. He thinks that the existing fences might be dispensed with, but don't tell how it is to be done, or what can be used in their stead. The fence question is a very important one in this country; and while more fences are probably built than is actually necessary, we really do not see how we could get along without any kind of fence.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Fertilizers and Cow Feed.

In a talk on dairy farming recently given by Dr. Voelcker to the students of the Royal Agricultural College, he said of the management of pasture land, that while in some places steamed bone meal produces excellent results, in others it produces no effect at all, even when applied in very large quantities. This little item of experience, within the comparatively narrow boundaries of England, besides suggesting caution in the use of this fertilizer, also shows the folly of some writers for our agricultural papers, who, because they see no good effects of nitrogenous manures in their own immediate neighborhood, proceed to advise everybody else all over this great expanse of country not only to lay out no money for the costly nitrogenous commercial fertilizers, but also to pay no heed to waste of nitrogen in their own stable manure, by overhauling in the pile, or by leaching out in the yard—most pernicious advice.

But Dr. Voelcker also expresses his very decided opinion that the use of artificial manures generally, and especially of guano or nitrate of soda, does not pay on permanent pasture. He affirms that his own numerous experiments have taught him this lesson, and also that those which Lawes and Gilbert have been trying for so many years teach the same lesson. But something must be done to replace what is carried off from the pasture in the milk and meat sold, or it will surely run out, sooner or later; hence his sound advice to feed oil-cake to the pastured stock, and for this he particularly recommends the cake so easily had in this country—decorticated cotton-seed cake, given at the rate of two and a-half pounds per day an animal, if both pasture and cows are to be kept in good condition. At certain seasons of the year, as in the spring, when the first grass is eaten, he would give undecorticated cake, three pounds a day; its husks are preventive against scour, he would also use this cake if Indian meal is fed.

For feeding dairy stock in the barn he quotes the use of bean meal and oat meal, one or both as the case may be, by a very successful Scotch dairyman, who supplies a round of customers that want very rich milk. Voelcker himself finds five pounds a day, a head, of a mixture in equal parts of decorticated cotton-seed cake, bran, bean meal and oat meal to be as good or better than bean meal or oat meal alone. Another dairyman, every one of whose Short-horn cows makes not less than one hundred dollars a year for him, gives one bushel of brewer's grains, two and one-half pounds of bean meal, two and one-half pounds of Indian meal and forty pounds of hay to each animal; and in the summer, when the animals are in pasture, he gives two and one-half pounds of decorticated cotton-seed cake. Thus it is seen that cotton-seed cake enters largely into the milk ration in English dairy husbandry.

Occasionally complaint is made in the papers that the cotton-seed gives a taint to the milk; but every such assertion always calls out so many experiences to the contrary, from those who have used it freely, and whose milk and butter are in many cases disposed of to fastidious customers, that there can be no doubt that if the cake meal is clean and good, and is properly used, from two to four pounds a day may be given to each animal, with good results. Doubtless the larger the natural yield of the cow the more liberally she may be fed with concentrated fodder, as a general rule; but the careful farmer will always keep a watchful eye on both cow and milk-pail, especially when giving this high feed; even if the health of the animal is kept in prime condition, and allowing that the richer the fodder the richer the manure, it will depend upon the profit with which the rich manure can be used, on crops that bring good prices, whether very rich feeding pays, unless it pays in the milk.

Of the use of oat meal for cows mention is not often made in this country; but when spoken of it is always with praise. That it is better than corn meal there can be no doubt; it is richer in both albuminoids and fat; and the usefulness of these two nutrients, and especially the former, for making milk is shown not only by the results of numerous careful experiments, but by the acknowledged usefulness of oat-cake meal. Where this meal is used freely there would be less use for oat meal; but under some circumstances it might be advantageously substituted for the bran in the favorite mixture for cows of Indian meal and bran.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

An Agricultural Creed.

The following is the creed adopted by a recent agricultural convention in Canada:

We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation; we believe that the soil lives to eat, as well as the owner and ought, therefore, to be well manured; we believe in going to the bottom of things, and, therefore, deep plowing, and enough of it—all the better if it be a subsoil plow; we believe in large crops which leave the land better than they found it, making both the farm and the farmer rich at once; we believe every farm should own a good farmer; we believe that the fertilizer of any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise, intelligence—without these lime, gypsum and guano would be of little use; we believe in good fences, good farm-houses, good orchards, and good children enough to gather the fruit; we believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a clean cupboard, a clean dairy, and a clean conscience; we believe to ask a man's advice is not stooping, but of much benefit; we believe that to keep a piece for everything and everything in its place saves many a step, and is pretty sure to lead to good tools and kindness to stock; we believe that kindness to stock, like good shelter, is saving of fodder; we believe that it is a good thing to keep an eye on experiments, and note all, good and bad; we believe it is a good rule to sell grain when it is ready; we believe in producing the best butter and cheese, and marketing them when ready.

The *American Gardener* says that in its natural state the strawberry is generally found growing in deep, rich and moist ground, yet free from standing water, and these are just the conditions of soil that we endeavor to provide for its most successful cultivation.

THE DAIRY.

Feed the cow all she will eat and digest.

In Dundee, Scotland, a dairyman was recently fined £5 for selling milk which had been kept in a room in which his son was confined by scarlet fever. Seventeen persons who used the milk were attacked by scarlet fever and four died.

The butter crop of Vermont is estimated at 27,000,000 pounds—half a pound for each man, woman and child in the United States. The butter crop of Iowa is estimated at 100,000,000 pounds, or nearly two pounds for each individual in the country. Vermont is one of the old dairy States. For years her products have had a National—and indeed, a European—reputation. The dairy interest of Iowa has grown up within about a dozen years. In 1881 her herds numbered 1,000,000.

But Dr. Voelcker also expresses his very decided opinion that the use of artificial manures generally, and especially of guano or nitrate of soda, does not pay on permanent pasture. He affirms that his own numerous experiments have taught him this lesson, and also that those which Lawes and Gilbert have been trying for so many years teach the same lesson. But something must be done to replace what is carried off from the pasture in the milk and meat sold, or it will surely run out, sooner or later; hence his sound advice to feed oil-cake to the pastured stock, and for this he particularly recommends the cake so easily had in this country—decorticated cotton-seed cake, given at the rate of two and a-half pounds per day an animal, if both pasture and cows are to be kept in good condition. At certain seasons of the year, as in the spring, when the first grass is eaten, he would give undecorticated cake, three pounds a day; its husks are preventive against scour, he would also use this cake if Indian meal is fed.

Butterine and Boards of Trade.

Yes, they laugh at us at the West when we say, on good authority that the Boards of Trade out there are manipulated by the owners of butterine factories; but we were told this by a man who has eyes to see with when he travels, and he had just returned from Elgin, and he pronounced the whole business of public sales on these boards a farce, and the chances are just about ninety-nine in a hundred that he told the truth. The *American Cultivator*, that generally knows what it is talking about, backs us up in this statement as follows: "The butterine and oleomargarine men are again advancing the price of fancy grades of creamery butter in the West. These manipulators of lard and tallow and grease need quite a percentage of choice butter in their mixture to lend flavor and aroma to the mass. Again, the higher they bid up genuine butter in small lots, the more they can obtain for the counterfeits by the ton. Now let the farmers who are not in the secrets of this little game, and who belong to these boards, institute inquiries and they will find that most of the highest priced goods, or rather the best flavored goods, are used for flavoring the very article that cuts the market from under them. To be sure, if your butter sells at top figures you get a slice of this profit and it may be asking too much of your human nature to look after the interest of the trade at large, but the great mass of farmers are not in the swim, and they are the ones to take this matter up and sit it to the bottom. If energetically done you will probably find that these butterine people have got their men out concluding arrangements either with the makers or handlers of the best goods by which they are to have absolute control of all the best butter that is offered for sale, to the entire exclusion of all outside buyers. This is often accomplished, not merely by paying more for it than the market will warrant, which they sometimes will do by private agreements the cash character of the sale is turned into time, delays of payment or shipment are made, or in some way they get favored not accorded to others. These oleo people are the sharpest and most unscrupulous men in the market, and like railroad manipulators they work together, and all the time with the one sole object in view of accumulating money by sharp practice and at the expense of the innocent and hard working farmer. We say combine and contribute money to ferret them out.—*The American Dairyman.*

The Treatment of Dairy Cows.

Mr. J. A. Smith, a western dairyman, writing of the importance of the feed and proper treatment of dairy cows, gives some excellent suggestions on this topic. He says that dairymen are often surprised at the light weight of their milk the next morning after a cold rainstorm, through which their cows have suffered, and it is only a natural result of such treatment. The cow does not eat as much, for one thing; and another is, part of what she does eat goes to repair the waste of her system in withstanding the effects of the storm, and that keeps a percentage out of the milk pail, until she has recovered from the effects of such exposure. It is also true that a cow, affected by short feed or painful exposure, not only loses in the quantity of her yield of milk, but in the amount of fatty matter it contains. In a word, nature has so organized the cow that she revenges herself on her owner's pocket, for cruel neglect and short feed; and a farmer might just as well try to dodge taxes and death as to risk the unwise treatment of a cow. In point of fact, when thus treated, she takes the first and gives the owner what skim milk she cannot assimilate. The only way to get a profit out of her is to fill her so full that she runs over, and take the surplus for your gold mine.—*Midland Farmer.*

The best bedding yet discovered is sawdust.

Carlotta.

According to Belgian papers the health of ex-Empress Carlotta, widow of Maximilian, has so much improved within the last five months that her physicians entertain hopes of her recovery. The ex-Empress is now in her forty-third year, but looks much older, her hair being very gray. She has become thin and wrinkled, but her eyes still retain their old animated expression. The King and Queen of the Belgians often visit her at the castle of Bouchoute, where she resides.

The ex-Empress can not afford to recover. She is happy as she is, and a restoration of her memory would bring her the keenest regret. She is still, in her own eyes, the wife of the fair young man who was shot to death by Mexicans shortly previous to the termination of our civil war, and still the Empress of Mexico. She went to Paris to Louis Napoleon, who was the son of Maximilian in the effort to restore Mexico into an Empire, to save her husband and the Empire, so-called; his Majesty had just received word from Mr. Seward to the effect that he had got out of Mexico, and he felt must leave the well-meaning and virtuous young Austrian to his fate. Carlotta was refused an audience, and that was the last act of intelligence that ever came from her weary brain. She never knew how her husband was shot.

She does not know to-day that the Mexican Empire was a failure. The grandeur over which she presided faded away, but she thinks herself such an Empress as she was when it existed. The court which recognized its Queen has been scattered to four winds, and most of the men whom she composed it are dead; the Queen is the Queen still, with King, her companions, and her attendants about her. She reaches out her hands to grasp that of her imaginary husband, which is palpable, and the fingers fold themselves on the rose leaves within the palm; but she knows not the difference and she knows neither disappointment nor grief. It is a charmed life, and it would be a pity to awake it to the bitterness which it has so happily escaped; to the knowledge that the King is dead, the paper house has been in ruins a quarter of a century, the French Empire has followed the fate of the one that existed for a few days in Mexico, and the Emperor who wrought the ruin has himself passed on, leaving a childless widow more forlorn than herself.

"Poor Carlotta!" exclaimed Maximilian as he faced the soldiers who a second thereafter shot him. His sympathy was wasted, for she has been happier during all these years than perhaps any of the brilliant court that came up so suddenly and so suddenly passed away.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

History of an Oak-Table.

A handsome oak-table, elegantly carved, stands in the parlor of an uptown house. "How did it come into my possession?" said a gentleman who was writing at it to a reporter of the *Sun*. "Oh, oddly enough. It was given to me by a convict just released from the Connecticut State Prison at Wethersfield."

"He made it himself?" asked the visitor.

"Made it! Not he. But he stole the money that bought it. O, no, I am not a receiver of stolen goods. I will tell you the story. "About thirteen years ago I rented a house from Warden Willard of the Connecticut State Prison, who was afterward murdered by the convict Wilson. The prisoners used to be hired out to farmers, and brought back to their cells at night, and many of them worked on the roads. Among the latter was a large, powerful, full-blooded negro, who was serving a ten years' term for robbery. I made his acquaintance, and often prevailed on the keeper to allow him to pass an hour in my house, where both I and my family grew to regard him as a quiet, inoffensive fellow, who had gone astray once, but would probably lead an honest life after his liberation. At last he took me into his confidence in the most astonishing way. He said the money he had stolen had never been recovered by the owners. He had turned it all into cash and buried it. He assured me that it amounted to fifteen thousand dollars, and he offered to share it equally with me if I would dig it up and keep it until he came out of prison. Of course I refused, and urged him to give up the money or tell me where it was buried. He declined to do either, and thereafter he lost no opportunity to renew his proposal. At last he was liberated, and left the prison a few days after Warden Willard was murdered. Three months later a negro who attracted the attention of half Wethersfield by the splendor of his dress called at my house. It was my old friend the convict.

"So you have dug up the plunder?" I said.

"His face assumed a vacant expression. 'What plunder you 'lude to sab?' he asked.

"Why, the money you stole and buried."

"Case of 'staken 'dentity, sab,' he said, with dignity. 'I never stole no money. Never buried none. A lyn' verdict, sab, sent me to prison.' 'I never saw him again; but a week later an express wagon stopped at the door, and the driver delivered this table and a small parcel containing a handsome set of jewelry for each of my daughters. With them was an envelope containing a sheet of paper, on which were the words: 'Well, yes, boss. Dug 'em all up.'—*N. Y. Sun.*

It is proposed by some of the friends and admirers of the late William Cullen Bryant to erect a statue to his memory in Central Park, New York. As Mr. Bryant was President of the Century Club at the time of his death, the preliminary arrangements for this tribute have been placed under the direction of that body.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

There is a "club" for working girls in London. Two nights in the week are devoted to singing, needlework and "cutting out," and five nights to a school, a drill and instruction in the Bible.

Temperance Reading.

THE RUM-SELLER'S REMORSE.

AN ECHE FROM CRUSADE TIMES. "I have come home to you, mother. Father, your wayward son Has come to himself, at last, and knows the harm he has done. I have bleached your hair out, father, more than the frosts of years. I've dimmed your kind eyes, mother, by many bitter tears.

Since I left you, father, to work the farm alone, And bought a stock of liquors with what I've earned, I've not ashamed to see you, I knew it broke you down. To think you had brought up a boy to harm his native town.

I've given it all up, mother; I'll never sell it more. I've smashed the casks and barrels, I've shut up and locked the door. I've signed the Temperance pledge, while the women stood and sang; The clergymen gave three hearty cheers, and both the church bells rang.

But one thing seemed to haunt me, as I came home to you; Of all the wrongs that I have done not one can I undo. There's old Judge White just dropping into a drunkard's grave. I've pushed him down with every glass of whiskey that I gave.

And there is young Tom Elliott. He was a trusty lad, I made him drink the first hot glass of rum he ever had. And now he drinks little after night, and acts a ruffian's part. He has maimed his little sister, and broken his mother's heart.

Then, there is Harry Warner, who married Bessie Hyde. He struck and killed their baby, when it was sick and cried. And I poured out the poison that made him strike the blow; And Bessie raved and cursed me. She is crazy now, you know.

I tried to act indifferent, when I saw the women come. There was Ryan's wife, whose children shiver and starve at home. He had paid me, that same morning, his last ten cents for drink; When I saw her poor pale face, it made me start and shrink.

There was Tom Elliott's mother, wrapped in her widow's veil. And the wife of Brown, the merchant, my whiskey made him fail. And my old playmate, Mary, she stood among the band. Her white cheek bore a livid mark, made by her husband's hand.

It all just overcame me! I yielded, then and there. And Elder Thorp, he raised his hand, and offered up a prayer. I knew that he forgave me, and yet I had to think Of his own boy, his only son, whom I had taught to drink.

So I have come back, father, to the home that gave me birth. And will show, and at once, and reap the gifts of mother earth. Yet, if I prove a good son now, and worthy of you two, My heart is heavy with the wrongs I never can undo.

—Mrs. J. G. McLean.

A Modern Moloch.

Two speaking diagrams have recently been put in circulation. They are maps of certain parts of Boston, designating, by black blocks, the liquor saloons in the districts. They are hardly more than a huge blot. In a district near the Albany depot, about six hundred fifty feet square, eighty-two saloons flourish. In a little larger district, near the Lowell and Eastern depots, one hundred and seventy-five saloons are seen. These little diagrams show more plainly than words can do what a grasp the liquor interest has upon our city; a grasp that no ordinary effort can shake off. If one wishes to have his eyes more thoroughly convinced, he has but to take a stroll down Merrimac street or Kneeland street after seven o'clock of an evening.

It seems hardly out of place to ask for whose benefit is this enormous traffic? Few, if any, kinds of legitimate business exist that can not give a reason for being, that can not justify their existence by supplying some necessary demand, or ministering to the harmless pleasure of their patrons. Directly, or indirectly, all legitimate business benefits a community. If R. H. White & Co., or James R. Osgood, did not directly benefit our city by answering a need among the people they would yet indirectly benefit it by the enormous tax on their unskillful capital, which they turn into the treasury. The liquor traffic confers no such benefits. It answers a demand, but a demand of the lowest and basest appetite of which man is possessed. The saloon-keeper pays any tax besides the license. In spite of this license, high license as it is sometimes called, the saloon-keeper pays the smallest tax in proportion to the business done of any business man. On the contrary, the whole community, even those conscientiously opposed to the business, are heavily taxed in support of the results of the traffic.

It seems incredible that the people of a great city can be so patient and long-suffering. That they will consent to pay taxes for the support of panthers, made paupers by the liquor traffic; that they will consent to pay taxes to build jails and prisons to guard criminals urged to crime through the liquor traffic; that they will consent to pay the bills of Judges and juries and police officials, whose time is consumed caring for the anomalies of human nature. Wars have been fought to lift burdens of oppressed peoples. Revolutions have been successfully carried out to effect a less change than the shifting load of taxation where it belongs. The French people were hardly more taxed to support the luxury of the nobles, in which they had no part, than are the Temperance people taxed to put money into the hands of a few brewers, distillers and dealers.

These are significant facts: Vineland, N. J., has a population of 12,000. It has no saloons or drinking places, its police force consists of one man, to whom it pays \$75 a year. It has no Police Court. Its bill for the support of paupers is \$400 yearly. Yonkers, N. Y., has 15,000 inhabitants and 215 licensed and unlicensed dram shops. It costs \$37,000 each year to keep public order. Its Police Court is maintained at a cost of \$4,800, and its bill for the support of its poor is over \$15,000. Yonkers, with its one saloon to every seventy-five inhabitants, pays ninety times as much for the support of its City Government as Vineland with no saloons. Vineland is a remarkably pure city, but it is not an liquor could be bought in Boston the expenses of the City Government would not be one-quarter what they now are.

By a recent law in Missouri licenses are granted, but a high price is demanded for them. The money thus raised is added to the school fund, and, as a result, commodious school-houses are being erected, and the cause of education has received an onward impetus. If licenses are to be granted the income derived from them should be sufficiently large to cover all the expenses accruing from the liquor traffic. In other words, the money derived from licenses should be enough to build and maintain nine-tenths of the almshouses, prisons and jails; three-fourths of the lunatic asylums; one-quarter of the hospitals, besides paying five-sixths of the bills for police officers and police courts. Otherwise the business is a burdensome tax upon the sober and industrious elements in the community, and should be resisted as an unwarrantable encroachment upon the rights of the citizens at large.—*Golden Rule.*

Liquor in Elections.

The liquor sellers in this city are organizing to control the elections. The *Herald* says: About fifty met last week to effect an organization to assist them in securing a more lenient Excise Law. John Cavanaugh was elected President, and M. P. Gillmore, Secretary. Mr. Cavanaugh stated at length his views on the subject and the course that should be taken by the dealers. He claimed that each liquor dealer in this city controlled from five to ten votes, and if the dealers wanted to put a stop to the police raids they must unite their patronage and support. "If the 11,000 licensed liquor dealers in this city, controlling, as we do, 100,000 votes, would work together for the election of a Mayor and a District Attorney," said Mr. Cavanaugh, "there isn't money enough in New York to defray any big brewer, if we should nominate him for Mayor. I don't care what the party is we join or whether we start one of our own. I am a Democrat, but I'll vote for the blackest Republican if he will say he is in favor of a fair Excise law." Mr. Cavanaugh then went on to say that the licensed dealers ought to be considered as honorable as other merchants, but the public would not discriminate between them and the unlicensed dealers who encourage vice. "This ring under which we suffer originated at Police Headquarters," said he, "and has gradually worked down the District Attorney's office."

A committee was appointed to perfect the organization and secure the cooperation of the dealers in the other wards.

Mr. Corragin thought that by closing the saloons on Sunday while those in Brooklyn, Jersey City and the suburbs were kept open, the bread and butter were being taken from his mouth. He was in favor of closing during church hours, but keeping open for a stipulated time during the day. Mr. Pipet wished no action taken on that subject. "We don't wish to advertise ourselves as law-breakers," said he, "though everybody knows we are. For there is probably not an hour in the day that we don't violate the law. The law says we shall not sell liquor to children. Yet I am afraid some of us do." The meeting then adjourned.

The above shows what a powerful foe is to be met by good citizens. In the last State election the liquor dealers demonstrated their power. Now they are preparing to take this city in their own hands. They can do it, and they will unless the friends of order and good morals are vigilant and faithful.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Where Is the Right of It?

Some time ago I saw it proclaimed in the press, by authority of a prominent and influential clergyman, that he did not favor abstinence from alcoholic drinks, but, on the contrary, that he approved their habitual use. It seems to me there must be a right and wrong as to this matter, and it ought not to be difficult to find.

Some time ago a stranger to me and I were the only occupants of a carriage on an English railway. The gentleman knew me: he was a rector of the English Church. He commenced a conversation brusquely by asking: "Mr. Dow, do you (Temperance people) hold that to drink a glass of wine is a sin for us?"

"We say nothing of that, but this is our view. An intelligent man must know something of the sin, shame, crime, horror, which in this country come from intemperance. He must know, also, that these are upheld and perpetuated by the example and influence of the better classes of the people. For a man who knows all this to lend the influence of his example to uphold the customs whence all this mischief comes, is a mortal sin. We hold it to be a primary Christian duty so to live that if all the world should follow our example no harm could come from it. If our example of total abstinence should be adopted by all the world, the sin, shame, crime and infinite misery coming from intemperance would cease in a day, and the world would be relieved of nine-tenths of the wretchedness by which it is now cursed."

The rector made no reply.—*Howland Dow, in N. Y. Independent.*

Temperance Items.

HON. THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN said: "If men will engage in this disastrous traffic, if they will stoop to degrade their reason and reap the wages of iniquity, let them no longer have the law book as a pillar, nor quiet conscience with the opiate of a court license."

SENATOR GARLAND, of Arkansas, never drinks. "I was passing by the cemetery near my home one day," said he, "and I saw the graves of a dozen brilliant men who began life with me, every one of them hastened to his end by whisky. I made up my mind that I had drunk my share, and stopped."

FASHION no longer demands that wines be offered callers on New Year's day. Temperance must be popular when it can break down a custom of such long standing as this. One of our Nob Hill ladies last year steadfastly refused to offer wine to guests; since then several large receptions have been held without the introduction of liquors of any kind.—*San Francisco Rescue.*