

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

-Dr. Mary Walker is writing a book on the condition of her sex.
-Modjeska differs from many women of the stage. She is forty and looks ten years younger.
-Mrs. Frederick H. Prince, of Boston, received a \$100,000 check among her wedding presents.
-Mrs. Hannah Simon, of Newark, N. J., recently celebrated her ninety-ninth birthday by waiting for ten minutes. -New York Sun.
-Vinnie Ream, who made the model for Lincoln's statue at Washington, has recently modeled a little baby so perfect that visitors imagine they can hear it cry. -Chicago Inter Ocean.
-Mr. Daniel Potter and wife, of Salem, Mass., celebrated the other day the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding, and Judge Lord sent them a bouquet of sixty white and red roses.
-Rev. Ass. Ballard recently celebrated the completion of his fiftieth year of service as Secretary of the Massachusetts (Congregational) Sabbath School and Publishing Society. -Boston Post.
-Matthew Arnold may be disappointed in the Americans as he declares, but the Americans are also disappointed in him. A fair exchange is a characteristic of this country. -Arkansas Traveller.
-The first part of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into the Persian language by Rev. J. L. Potter, missionary of the Foreign Board at Teheran, and a lady in New York has sent him \$500 for its publication.
-William Penn Clarke now occupies the late home of General Garfield at Washington. His large library fills the shelves of the dead President's study. Thirty years ago he was one of the leading men of Iowa, but has long been out of politics, having cast his last vote for Lincoln.
-Mrs. Margaret O'Grady, a centenarian, died in St. Louis recently. She would have been one hundred and three years old had she lived until August 15. She was a remarkable woman, never having had a day's sickness until attacked by the illness which carried her off. -St. Louis Post.
-James Flynn got a judgment against the elevated railroad in New York for \$5,000, it being shown that his leg was fractured through the neglect of the corporation. But the corporation was opposed to paying on general principles, and secured a new trial. The result is that James now recovers \$20,000. -New York News.
HUMOROUS.
-It was once said of a penurious money-lender that he kept the trunk containing his securities near the head of his bed, and lay awake to hear them accumulate interest.
-The vigilantes out in Arizona hanged a man the other day because he was a confirmed liar. Good gracious! If it gets to be the rule to hang liars, none of us—that is to say, there are a great many men who will be in danger. -Texas Siftings.
-"Sir," said a hypochondriacal patient, while describing his symptoms to his family physician, "I feel a terrible pain in my side when I put my hand up to my head." "Then, sir," exclaimed the mild physician, "why the deuce do you put your hand to your head?"
-"Oh, don't propose to me now," shrieked a Philadelphian girl as her lover lay upon his knees and seized her hand. "Don't prop the question now." she screamed; "don't, don't, don't. If I say yes you'll want to kiss me, and I've been eating onions." -Philadelphia Call.
-As a man and his wife were walking home on foot in the country, the husband said: "How the mile-stones along the road cheer the way?" "Yes," responded the tired wife, "but I think it would have been a great improvement if they had put them nearer together."
-"A New York car-driver when he wants to clear the track shouts: 'Hi, there, hi.' A Chicago driver strikes his bell and shouts: 'Shake 'em up there, will you?' A Boston driver says: 'Deviate from the direct line those equine appendages, accelerate, accelerate, exhilaration, lively now.' -Chicago Inter Ocean.
-"If you don't marry me," he exclaimed, "I'll take myself out of this hated world and I'll haunt you as long as you live." Said she: "It will be more respectable than your present haunts. Please stand a little farther off. I never could bear the smell of alcohol so soon after tea." -Boston Transcript.
-"Circumstances alter cases, you know," said a rich old miser to a nephew who had lost his fortune, and consequently his uncle's friendship. "I repeat, sir, that circumstances alter cases." "Yes, I see they do, especially when they are reduced circumstances," mournfully responded the nephew. -N. Y. Ledger.
-As they were trudging along to school, a five-year-old Boston miss said to her companion, a lad of six summers: "Were you ever afflicted at the congenitancy of a rodent?" "Nay, forsooth," he replied, "I fear not the juxtaposition of the creature, but dislike its tendency to an intimate propinquity." -N. Y. Morning Journal.
-A Carlisle girl has a record of having eaten thirty-five griddle cakes on a wager, recently. This, of course, occurred since Matthew Arnold's declaration that the women of America are delicate, spirituelle creatures. It is very doubtful if the apostle of "sweetness and light" himself, with all his intelligence and deep poetic feeling, could put himself outside of thirty-five griddle cakes in one inning. -Norristown Herald.
A Suitable Nickname.
-"Isn't 'Collar Button' rather an odd nickname to give your boy?" asked a gentleman of a friend, who had just addressed his son by that title.
-"Well, I don't know," replied the father, laughingly. "It may sound a little curious, but it suits the boy first rate."
-"Why do you think the nickname 'Collar Button' suits the boy?"
-"Because," was the reply, "when he slips out in the evening I am never able to find him." -Philadelphia Call.
Brother Shinbones Deals.
-"Hi yi! ha! ha!" laughed Shinbones Smith as he entered the humble residence of Peter Maguff about one o'clock this morning.
-"Wha's de matter, Brudder Shinbones?" asked Pete.
-"I ben ter Noo Yawk."
-"And then Shinbones broke down with laughter."
-"Wal, tell us all 'bout the cucus," begged Pete.
-"Jes' yo' hole yo' breff a minnit, chile. I ben ter call on Brudder Squeeze-out Peabody. W'en I got dar I foun' Brudder Wakeup Misery and Brudder Lemuel Potteryburry. Dey war playin' pokah. Did yo' ebber play pokah?"
-"Yes, I ben dar," answered Pete, sadly.
-"Wal, dey axed me fur ter play, an' I tole 'em dat I didn't know nuffin 'bout de game. Dey 'lowed dat 'twas berry easy fur ter learn, an' dey'd show me how ter play. Wal, I tuk a hand in. Dey luk'd at my hand ebbery time, an' tole me jes' how ter bet. De funny part on it war dat ebbery time I bet zackly de way dey tole me I got left."
-"Doggone me, Brudder Shinbones," exclaimed Pete. "Didn't yo' know no bettah dan ter do dat?"
-"Hyar, now, chile, yo' hole yo' breff till dis hyar darky gets frough. Arter we'll done gone played 'bout 'n hour, I sez to Brudder Wakeup, who war settin' nex' ter me, sez I: 'Brudder Wakeup, I reckon I got dis hyar game 'bout learnt now, so 'f yer don't mind I'll try ter play widout yo' 'sistance.'"
-"Yo' m'right welcome, Brudder Shinbones," sez he.
-"Let de procession wiggle," sez I ter he, sez I.
-"So we played de nex' hand, an' I held two small pair an' bet like de duce on 'em. Wal, I los' fifty cents. I didn't say nuffin, 'cause de nex' hand war my deal. De way I shuffled dem dar keards would 'a' made you tired."
-"Don't wear out de pack," sez Brudder Lemuel.
-"No, but I want ter get 'em well shink up," sez I.
-"Wal, I dealed de keards. Brudder Squeeze-out, he put up de ante. Brudder Wakeup he riz it two, an' Brudder Lemuel he doubled it. I seed em an' went 'em four better. Yo' jes' ort ter see dem darkies open deir eyes an' zamine deir hands. Brudder Squeeze-out, sez he ter me, 'I reckon dat I'll have ter see dat raise an' go yo' one better.' Wal, dey went right on round de table raisin' it, an' I stuck right by 'em. Putty soon Brudder Squeeze-out begin to look seart."
-"Brudder Shinbones," sez he 'yo' got putty good hand, ain't yer?"
-"Fair ter middlin'," sez I.
-"Wal, nex' round, Brudder Squeeze-out called me. 'I got a ace high,' sez I. Den dey all looked s'prised, an' Brudder Wakeup, sez he ter me, sez he: 'Yo're larin' putty fast wen yo' know how to bluff.' Den dem blamed fools all showed deir hands. Brudder Squeeze-out had foun' twos, Brudder Wakeup had foun' sixes, an' Brudder Lemuel had foun' nines. He reached for de pot, but I sez: 'Hul on, dar!'"
-"W'a's de matter wid yo'?" sez he; 'yo' got a ace high.'"
-"Yes, sez I; 'but it am de ace of clubs, an' de odder keards am de king, queen, jack an' ten o' de same flush.'"
-"Yo' see, chile, I played that game befoah de wah." -N. Y. Times.
Cut Off His Nose.
Paul Varzeran is a barber employed on the North Side. Theresa Barsaloux, a comely young woman, has long been the idol of the tonorial Paul. But while reciprocating the affections of the young barber, she was fully aware that a few thousand dollars which she possessed in her own right in a measure placed her above a barber's hand. While her feelings were thus nicely balanced, there appeared upon the scene a young man bearing the prosaic cognomen of William Brown. He was a traveling man. His bold methods of wooing were more than a match for the timid advances of Paul Varzeran, and he bid fair to win the maiden and her wealth. Paul saw his many forebodings. One of Brown's attractions was a remarkably handsome nose, which was his most noticeable feature. Without it he would have been nobody. It was of the Grecian style, white as a pillar of marble, and as smooth. Young women have been known to lose their hearts to a pair of eyes, to a handsome head of hair, and in instances of intellectual and spectacular young fellows, to a forehead. But Theresa fell in love with a nose—the nose of William Brown. She confided this fact to Paul Varzeran, and with words every one of which rasped his feelings as he was wont to rasp the beard of his customers, expatiated upon the wonderful influence which this nose exercised over her. When Paul left that evening he had made a fateful resolve.
Two days later Paul Varzeran stood behind a chair in the barber-shop where he had learned William Brown was in the habit of getting shaved. It was on the afternoon of the third day that the ill-fated William Brown entered the shop and seated himself in Paul Varzeran's chair. There was his nose—cold, white, symmetrical and smooth. "Aha! A few short seconds and I shall be avenged," thought Paul, and he ground his teeth as he stropped the razor. The keen blade cut a hair in twain.
"Be careful and don't get any lather on my nose," quoth William Brown; "no bay rum on my face, either."
"Seare! The puppy! how proud he is of his nose. But I must be calm and control myself," thought Paul. He mixed his lather and spread it over the face of his customer, who had closed his eyes, and seemed to be indulging in the luxury of a doze. He shaved one side of William Brown's face and dulled the razor. Paul stropped the razor back to an edge. He then elevated the chin of the unfortunate man and laid across his throat. The eyes did not open. Paul held the razor aloft a second. Then with a skillful swoop it descended and cut off the nose of William Brown, who did not even open his eyes. Paul Varzeran stood for a moment paralyzed. The razor fell from his grasp, his knees gave way beneath him, and he tottered out of the door.
The nose was wax. -Chicago News.
HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.
Two hundred strawberry plants, well cared for, will yield two bushels of berries, as many as a small family will require for home consumption.
-A Vermont dairyman says a young calf should be fed three times a day. Over-feeding at long intervals, and especially with cold food, kills a good many valuable calves.
-Jam Tart: Line a shallow dish with puff paste, put in the jam, roll out some of the paste; wet it lightly with the yolk of an egg beaten with a little sugar and milk, cut in narrow strips, then lay them across the tarts. Bake them in a quick oven. -Boston Globe.
-It is not economy to purchase second-hand or half-worn implements. They are a continual bill of expense, and much precious time is lost in repairing them. They can not be relied on. Rather have fewer tools, but what you do have get brand new. -Farm and Home.
-A pretty cover for the table in your bedroom is made by using one of the large lace ties or pillow-covers that may be bought for a very small sum. It will be improved by lining. It costs less than a nice towel, and will keep clean longer, as the dust may be shaken from it. -Boston Globe.
-As the roots of melons run in the shade of the branches, they should never be moved, else the sun scorches them at once, nor should they be in any way handled or disturbed. Let the cultivation go ahead of the vine and never after. A vine once trodden upon is lost for use. -Cleveland Leader.
-Ginger candy, which may be given to children with colds, is made by boiling one pound of clarified sugar with a very little water until it is brittle; when cool, stir in one teaspoonful of powdered ginger. Or beat the white of an egg very light and add this to the sugar with twenty drops of Jamaica ginger. Pour upon buttered plates and mark before it is too stiff in the form of blocks; when cold you have to chip them apart with a cold, sharp knife. -N. Y. Post.
Some Points in Cookery.
Moderately-sized joints properly roasted in a close chamber are far better than similar joints cooked with the utmost skill in front of a fire. The English prejudice against baked meats and in favor of roasted meat is in reality not founded on the superiority of the latter. The temperature of the oven should at first be above the point which is to be maintained throughout the baking. The object of this is to produce a crust on the surface of the meat that shall partially seal it, and keep in the juices as much as possible. Then the temperature may fall to the average, which should be well kept up, rather raised toward the last. Basting assists in sealing the surface, and diminishes the evaporation of the juices of the meat, the chief difference between well-roasted and ill-roasted meat depending upon this. The smaller the joint the more frequently should it be basted, to prevent desiccation and its accompanying toughness and indigestibility.
When meat is broiled there is no harm done by the flame caused by the combustion of the fat of the meat. Meat may be broiled in its own flame, and though the outside edges may be blackened, the violent expansion of the juices within when so suddenly heated plump up the lean almost to bursting, and the inside yields red meat, though apparently raw, will be fully cooked.
When water boils no amount of heat will raise it in any open vessel above the boiling point. When this point is reached no more fire is needed than simply to maintain the temperature at this point. Water boiling violently and water only simmering cook vegetables equally fast. If this were well understood a great deal of fuel that is now wasted would be saved.
The cooking temperature for animal food is regulated by the coagulation of albumen, which commences at rather below 160 deg., more than 50 deg. below the boiling point of water. The proper mode of boiling eggs is to put say four eggs in a pint of boiling water, remove it from the fire and allow the eggs to remain in the water from ten to fifteen minutes. The cold eggs reduce the temperature from 212 deg. to near the cooking temperature. The temperature of coagulation of the yolk is lower than that of the white, and lest the yolk be cooked too much the egg should not remain in the hot water over fifteen minutes. A pint of boiling water placed on the breakfast table in a bright metal dish well covered will permit one to cook his own eggs and have them just to his liking.
In boiling a joint the best efforts of the cook should be directed to retaining the juices within the meat, and allowing the smallest possible quantity to come out into the water. In stewing, the business is to get as much as possible out of the meat—to separate the juices from the meat and convey them to the water. The cruel murder that is commonly perpetrated on good mutton chops, in preparing Irish stew, is very deplorable. The chops are put into a saucpan of water, and the water is kept at the boiling point, whereby the albumen is at once coagulated, thus hindering the ready exosmosis of the juices. This is continued until both albumen and fibrine are so much hardened that they contract as the white of an egg does when used as a cement.
The French peasant does more with one pound of meat than the English cook with three or four. The little bit of meat and the large supply of vegetables are placed in a pot, and this in another vessel containing water—the bain marie. This stands on the embers of a poor little wood fire, and is left there until dinner-time, under conditions that render boiling impossible, and demand little or no further attention from the cook; consequently the meat, when removed, has parted with its juices to the potage, but it is not curled up by the contraction of the hardened albumen or reduced to stringy fibers. It is tender, eatable and enjoyable—that is, when the proper supply of saline juices of the meat, plus the saline juices of the vegetables, have been taken into the system. That stew should never be boiled, nor placed in a position on the fire where boiling is possible, should be regarded as a primary axiom in cooking where stewing is concerned. -Lecture on Cookery, by Mr. W. M. Williams.
Be in Season.
There is always an advantage gained to farmers by prosecuting the labor necessary to the farm in season. If necessary work is delayed, circumstances are liable to occur that will keep all the work of the year out of its regular season for accomplishment. Last spring was an excellent illustration of this fact. In the very early spring, there was a season of comparatively warm weather, with fine opportunities for the performance of farm labor, which was indulged in by some: others from the fear of frosts, delayed work, and soon came on rains, so that it was impossible to work, and the planting of crops was delayed; being followed by dry weather, the effect was to retard growth, and especially in the case of corn; considerable was caught by an early frost in an unnatural state, whereas a seasonable work would have avoided such a re-sult. There is a world of truth in the saying that it is much better for the farmer to drive his work, rather than be driven by it.
We are not taking as much stock as formerly in the idea that in order to secure a garden of early vegetables it is necessary to plough the soil and commence operations as soon as the frost is fairly out of the ground. We believe it to be an entirely mistaken idea, unless some unusual means are taken to raise the temperature of the soil artificially. It requires a higher degree of faith than we are at present possessed of to believe that seed can be deposited in a soil but little, if any, above the freezing point, with any hope of immediate germination. We have been taught both by precept and by practice, too, that heat and moisture are essential to the germination and growth of plants. Further than that, in case of many seeds, an absence of these conditions means decay. Now, with these facts, it is plain that no advantage can be gained by attempting to save time by a deposit of seed, even though the condition be midway between the two extremes. If the soil is allowed to grow warm by the natural action of the sun, it is plowed and supplied with an abundance of heating manure, the seed placed in it will immediately spring into life and continue its growth without interruption, and many of the tender vegetables will be produced fully as soon, or even earlier than, if planted with the soil cold, so that not only germination is retarded, but the growth of the plant stunted. In the case of early vegetables, it is safe to "make haste slowly." -William H. Yonans, in New England Farmer.
Cause of Clover Sickness.
Among farmers of every class the cause of what is known as clover sickness in the soil has often been extensively discussed without resulting in the deduction of any satisfactory conclusions concerning it. The old theory was that the roots excreted and left in the soil some material inurious to the subsequent growth. This being exploded by later observation and investigations gave rise to other notions with regard to it. One good authority ascribed it to the decay of vegetable matter within the soil, but this did not stand the test of experience. Another attributed it to the attacks of fungus growths; but crops subject to such attacks never present the same appearances as clover sick crops. Kuttelb doubtless comes nearer the truth in the conclusions drawn from the results of his examinations of a district affected with this peculiar malady. He believes that it is due to a deficiency of potash in the soil, and especially in the sub-soil; and this seems altogether reasonable when we consider the demands of the crop as regards this element of mineral nutrition and as compared with other crops. Thus we find that while a crop of, say, two tons of clover hay requires about eighty pounds per acre of potash for its production, a crop of wheat yielding twenty-five bushels per acre consumes only about thirty-six pounds for the same area, while a good crop of oats requires only 13.59 pounds of this constituent. The ordinary plan for curing clover sickness seems to be the rational one—that is, breaking up the land and sowing it to some other crop, thus resorting to rotation for the maintenance of fertility. But if this should prove undesirable at any time, if the hay crop should be the more desirable and important, the difficulty may, doubtless be removed by the application of some good salt of potash to the crop. Such compounds are to be found in the chlorides and sulphates now imported from Germany. The application of a comparatively small quantity, say fifty to one hundred pounds per acre, will serve to restore the soil to its primitive condition of fertility and greatly increase the quantity of hay secured. Application of lime to clover often operates beneficially also, and its more extended use can not be too strongly urged upon the attention of farmers, since it is undoubtedly one of the most important fertilizing agents at our command. -Chicago Tribune.
-A huge Siberian blood-hound, "Tiger," weighing one hundred and ninety pounds belonging to John Morrissey, of West Ansonia, Conn., had a tumor six inches across removed recently by a New Haven veterinary surgeon. The brute was neither chloroformed nor sed, but a muzzle was put on, and at a word from his master he placed himself in position for the operation and lay quietly restrained by nothing but the looks and words of his master. Three efforts were necessary to stanch the subsequent flow of blood. -Hartford Post.
-Buckwheat bran is less digestible than most of the other brans, and it produces less milk. If one were feeding good wheat bran, and were to change suddenly to buckwheat bran, he would find the quantity of milk to diminish somewhat. He then might think that the buckwheat had "died," his cow to one extent. He simply has diminished the quantity of available food. -O. C. W., in Country Gentleman.
-Roll Jelly Cakes: One cup of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half cup of sugar, four eggs. -Exchange.
-A little powdered charcoal will cleanse and sweeten bottles if it is well shaken about in them.
Temperance Reading.
SHE WOULD ONLY WED A TEMPERANCE MAN.
She loved him, but she saw him drunk: Ah! fearful sight for her to see! And when she looked at her heart, she said That married they could never be. And other lovers crowded near To breathe their fond hopes in her ear; It puzzled me to see her smile. On others while she loved him so. For none of them were half so brave, Or handsome, straight and tall as Joe. I think that that was strange. But then they all wore badges blue. Joe went and took the pledge and said 'I'd never stain his honor more; And soon he on his manly breast The badge of his redemption wore. And when his darling heard of that Her faithful heart went pit-a-pat. She asked her lovers all and flew To lay her head against the breast That wore the blessed badge of blue. I think that that was sweet. Don't you? Oh, henny, bonny badge of blue. Were I a girl I wouldn't wed Who'd give the chances all to him Who wore the little badge of blue. And if he wouldn't wear heart, she said Would pin it on and tell him why: 'T would save us both from grief and woe, And every morning cold and black. 'T made another man of Joe. And now he's got the inside track. I think I'm talking sense, don't you? Then wear the bonny badge of blue. -Toronto Truth.
THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD OF EVIL.
Recent exposures of municipal abuses have emphasized the degradation and corruption for which the government of this city has long been notorious. Our citizens smile grimly over cartoons in the comic papers representing our local rulers as a gang of ruffianly rascals, low-browed, heavy-jawed, ignorant, greedy, shameless in rapacity. The influence of the saloon in politics is a theme so familiar as to be trite. Against that influence efforts are being continually made to array the intelligence, public spirit and conscience of the community. Temperance societies struggle courageously with the gigantic evil of drunkenness. Preachers denounce and protest against it. But it shakes off all the elements ranged against it, and continues to poison, debauch, brutalize all who come in contact with it. The truth is that the Nation has not yet taken this tremendous evil with sufficient seriousness. The early advocates of Temperance were looked upon as bigots and fanatics. Now the cause has become respectable, but still popular apathy prevails. Reformers, both political and social, begin as a rule with the secondary, instead of the primary causes of corruption. To remove the abuses which choke healthy progress in all our large cities, it is necessary to do more than change parties or modify governmental methods or shift responsibilities. Municipal corruption, crime, poverty, ignorance, immorality, all flourish rankly because the people tolerate Rum. At the bottom of nineteenth century evils from which modern society suffers, this cause is to be found.
It is not confined to the lowest classes. It weakens the purpose of educated men. It palsies the energies of benevolent men. It breeds allies for the powers of evil in almost unsuspected quarters. It generates a spirit of indifference which is as effective against reform as active friendship for intemperance. The ill effects of drink are known to all, noted by scarcely any. The daily journal presents its perennial records of political abuses, of the franchise marketed, of venal ignorance swamping enlightened patriotism, of plundered treasuries and systematic official chicanery and theft, of private defalcation and bankruptcy, of murders and assaults, of divorce and desertion, of profligacy, destitution, suffering and shame in myriad forms, and behind each and all these calamities and evil deeds may be seen intemperance as the prime cause. It is everywhere. It makes and mars in every relation of life. It pursues thousands from the cradle to the grave. It reinforces every malign influence and agency. It baffles all efforts at better things. Yet the public do not regard it as an enemy to be fought with uncompromising and persistent hostility; they even sometimes seem to think that it is better to let it alone altogether.
But there must be a much deeper and more general realization of the necessity for radical reform in this matter. The popular conscience must be stirred and roused through the popular intelligence. It is but a few days since a body of rum-sellers in this State solemnly and officially declared: "That as citizens and tax-payers we have in common with our fellow-citizens the advancement of the interests of the whole people." These same men further declared their business "to be legitimate and worthy of protection and support." These expressions show to what extent of audacity, toleration and indifference naturally lead. The public are required to "support" the men who are engaged in the most evil and corrupting and degrading occupation the world has ever suffered from, and it is impudently announced that the advancement of the interests of the whole people is sought by these vendors of poison and manufacturers of crime and ruin.
The National conscience, the community conscience, must, indeed, need rousing, when such hardy insolence and brazen defiance of decent public opinion passes almost unnoticed. Some influence stronger and more rapid in its operation than the slow process of evolution is required to set in motion effective reform sentiment. The cause of modern civilization may else become its destroyer before a remedy is applied. Let it be remembered that there can be no true freedom with a venal and degraded franchise; that the best devised governmental institutions are useless when political corruption prevails; that the community that is fit to alternate chambers with saloons, leaving the weakest elements of society at the mercy of the most powerful temptations. -N. Y. Tribune.
REPLYING to a correspondent recently, Mr. Gladstone expressed the hope that those specially interested in English Temperance work would regard the reference to it in the Queen's speech from the throne as an earnest of the wish of Her Majesty's Government to take the matter in hand.
Farrar on the Nation's Curse.
It is not in the thunder, it is by the still small voice of history and experience, that God speaks to the reason and conscience. It is not by the lightning flash that He would have us read His will, but by the quiet light that shows all things in the slow history of their ripening. When He speaks in the thunder and the lightning, He speaks retribution then. And what is retribution but the eternal law of consequences? If you can not see God's warning against drink; if you can not read, in the existing condition of things, His displeasure and our shame; if you can not see it in the marriage-tie broken and dishonored, in sons and daughters ruined, in the peace of families laid waste, in the work of the church hindered, in whole districts brightened, in thousands and tens of thousands souls destroyed; if you can not see it in the records of crime, and murder, and madness, and suicide; the fathers who, in their very mouths, through drink, have slain their sons who, through drink, have slain their fathers, and the mothers, who, for drink, have sacrificed the lives of all their little ones upon the breast—men of England, if these things do not wring your heart and fire your zeal, what do you expect? Can the letters glow more plainly on the palace wall of your power? Are you waiting till there falls on England the same fate which, for their sins, has fallen in turn on Assyria, and Greece, and Rome, and Egypt, and Carthage, and Jerusalem, and Tyre? They perished; sooner or later all guilty nations perish by sudden catastrophe, or by slow decay. "The sword of Heaven is not in haste to smite, nor yet doth linger;" but when it does smite, it is apt to smite once, and smite no more; will you be so complacent over your epigrams, and your vested interests, and your Bible criticisms, when vengeance leaps at last upon the stage, and strikes sore strokes, and pity shall no more avert the blow? You are Christians; yes, but see that you have not been admitted into a holier sanctuary only to commit a deeper sacrilege! Why, had you been Pagans, these very same arguments ought to be irresistible to you! To millions of Pagans they have been so. The sobriety of China was due to Confucius. The sobriety of India and of Burma are due to Buddha. I am horrified to read that in contact with us in the last three years the sale of drink in India has increased thirty-six per cent., in Burma, seventy-four per cent. The sobriety of vast regions of Asia and Africa was due to Mahomet. In the day of judgment, shall not Confucius, shall not Buddha, shall not Mahomedans, rise up in judgment against this generation and condemn it, for they abstained from strong drink at the bidding of Confucius, Buddha and Mahomet and behold a Greater than these is here? Ah, if the voice of all these tempted, suffering, perishing, miserable souls be nothing to you—if the voice of your country be nothing to you—yet, if you be Christians, listen to the voice of Christ, pleading with you in the pathetic accents of myriads of the little ones that it is not His will, that it is utterly against His will, that His cross and passion be thus rendered of no effect for multitudes for the very least of whom Christ died. "If thou forbiest to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those who are ready to be slain: if thou sayest, behold, we know it not" (when now, at any rate, we have no excuse for not knowing it), "sloth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? And He that keepeth thy soul, doth He not know it? And shall not He render to every man according to his work?"
Temperance Steps.
In the half-dozen years of its existence, it is estimated that the Blue Ribbon movement has secured four million adherents in England. The sixth anniversary of the Society's formation in that country has just been celebrated.
Prizes amounting to fifty dollars are offered by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Burlington, Vt., for the best essays, written by pupils in the high and grammar schools of that city, concerning the evil effects of stimulants and narcotics.
A man in Nebraska City is actively promoting starvation by giving away flour to the poor. He distributes it in sacks, one to every purchaser of one hundred dollars' worth of goods; and, under the circumstances, the winners are bound to be losers. -N. Y. Sun.
A certain Western clergyman denounced a saloon-keeper whose whisky, it was thought, took away a poor man's senses and put him in the way of death on the rail. The liquor-seller responded with a vote of thanks for the gratuitous advertising, accompanying his note with a bottle of the stuff that supposedly did the work. Thereupon the minister gave him a little more free advertising. The whisky was sent to a chemist with the following returns as to analysis:
Alcohol..... 25 per cent.
Fat oil..... 10 per cent.
Ferrous deadly poison..... 3 per cent.
Acetic acid (vinegar)..... 10 per cent.
 coloring..... 5 per cent.
Aqua water..... 45 per cent.
Such an exhibit is the best sort of a Temperance lecture. -Chicago Standard.
The Toledo Blade has been leading a crusade on beer, supporting its statements of the harmfulness of the beverage with an array of facts that may well make the stoutest advocate of the Teutonic drink shudder. If any one is competent to judge regarding the effects of beer on the physical system, the skilled physician is the man. Nor can the doctors as a class be accused of being at all fanciful in their opposition to the use of the milder forms of alcohol, at least for semi-medical purposes. Yet in the estimation of a large number of leading physicians, whose opinions have been published in the above-mentioned paper, beer, so far from being a general tonic, in most cases lowers the tone of the system, and makes it far more susceptible to the attacks of disease. Life-insurance companies realize this fact as well; for they are very reluctant to take risks on the lives of those engaged in the manufacture and distribution—and hence almost unavoidably in the consumption—of the so-called "most harmless of drinks." -S. S. Times.