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### DECADENCE OF THE BANG.

A while away and back today  
From woods with that northward lay,  
In a quietude and want some light  
Upon the dear girl's latest night.

For Maud and May, who yesterday  
Peeped out from 'neath a blond array,  
And Belle and Pat, whose bluish jet  
Are matched in my vest pocket yet;

And Madam, 'er, who smiled serene  
In front of a greenish green,  
And in a trace 'tis 'rats and mice,  
And fragrant descends in price.

Each cork screw and 'Montague,'  
And 'Bardone' no longer use,  
Nor 'Saratoga,' long in vogue as  
Fascinator, or hair to do.

For building houses without a breeze  
And all the latest craze of fads,  
And for a red neck and a red coat  
Are ceased to take a backward stroll.

With no disguise above the eyes,  
With warts and spots and pimples,  
Twist two-dime-dum and two-dime-dee,  
And a red neck and a red coat.

Nor scap close slips nor shaven lips,  
Nor six night's size with poker chips,  
Can after so long a time be seen,  
As these dear girls I used to know.

I jess, alas! my best girl yet,  
Nor note the lightning in her eye,  
My sister, too, I hardly knew,  
With so much more than I used to see.

Yet, 'twas 'twas, 'twas 'twas, 'twas 'twas,  
When girls commence to 'show their  
Sides,' 'twas 'twas, 'twas 'twas, 'twas 'twas,  
When girls commence to 'show their  
Sides,' 'twas 'twas, 'twas 'twas, 'twas 'twas,

Eyes blue or jet can't be equaled  
So easily—can they, my pet?  
So red as mine, then my despair,  
As underneath a hair.

So men will smile, inhuman while  
The fat apple of the eye,  
Now takes the road with a smug such code  
As 'twas in a smile, 'twas in a code.

### PRINCESS BARNABAS.

#### Why She Changed Her Mind and Did Not Commit Suicide.

The Princess Barnabas was in a state of the most profound perplexity. She could not for the dainty little life of her make up her mind on the important question as to whether she should or should not commit suicide at the close of the season. It was not very easy for the Princess' many admirers to understand why she should perturb her mind with such a problem at all, but perturb it she did with that very problem, whether wisely or unwisely.

The Princess Barnabas was a very remarkable young woman, who had proved the puzzle, the pride and the passion of London society for three whole sensational seasons. She was not yet four and twenty. She bore the title of a great Russian Prince who had married her just before the coming of age, at a time when her father was not rich enough to be her grandfather, and who had considered dead within two years of the ceremony, leaving her the absolute mistress of his fortune and his territories, as she had been during life the absolute mistress of his heart for the short time in which he swayed it. She was sad to be fetteringly married, but her jewels were the wonder of the world, and she delighted in wearing them in season and out of season, with a semi-barbaric enjoyment of their glitter and splendor which was like everything else about her, partly Oriental and partly childish. Six months after her husband's death she came to Paris and got tired of it, and then she crossed the Channel and conquered London. During one resplendent season little else was talked about but the Princess Barnabas. Society journals raved about her delicate beauty, which seemed to belong to the canvases of the last century, which ought to have been immortalized on *pate tendre* and hymned in madrigals. Men aforesaid. Women envied her marvelous dress and her matchless jewels. The dying ashes of a season's scandal flared up into marvelous activity around her pretty personality. She was enormously "the thing." Enormously "the thing," she remained during a second season, after an interval of absolute disappearance into the dominions of the East. Enormously "the thing," she still appeared to be now in her third season, in spite of the rival attractions of an American actress who did not marry an English duke, and an American girl with whom had married the blood of the oldest name in Europe. It would have been absurd for any one to contest the point that the Princess Barnabas was the very most interesting figure of that phantasmal London of shadows which is called London society.

Nevertheless, the Princess Barnabas was weary, positively bored. If she had been less of a success, life might not have appeared so desolate. There would have been a piquancy in the possibility of rivalry which would have lent a new interest to the tasteless feast. As it was, however, London life at the height of its maddest activity appeared to her as drear and gray as these vast stretches of steppe which lay like a great sea around one of the Russian castles of the late Prince Barnabas. It was during this fit of depression when the Princess Barnabas was graciously pleased to agree with the author of "Beche's Asides," that life was vanity, that it occurred to her that in all her strange experiences she had never yet committed suicide. She immediately gave up her mind to the important problem, whether she should gain this ultimate experience at once, or postpone it indefinitely.

It was in this frame of mind that the Princess went to the great ball at the Russian Embassy. As she nestled among her furs in the dim, luxurious warmth of her carriage, her mind was running entirely upon the various forms of self-destruction which had been made famous by celebrated persons at different stages of the world's history, and she could find none that were sufficiently attractive or remarkable to please her. "Good heavens!" she thought to herself, with a little shudder which even the warmth of her surroundings could not repress, "is it impossible to be a *bana'ud* in that way?" and she gave a little groan as she stepped out of her carriage and up the Embassy steps. The thought was still on her mind, and tracing the least suggestion of a frown upon her exquisite girlish face as she entered the great room and took the hand of the Ambassador. The thrill of interest, of excitement, of admiration, which as a matter of course attended upon her arrival, did not give her any alleviation of gratification. She appeared to listen with the most gracious attention to the compliments

of the Ambassador. She answered with the daintiest little air of infantile coyness the Old World courtesy of a white-haired Minister who would have been as much at home as she herself in a salon of the Regent of Orleans. She condescended to enter into a network of familiarity, a particularly obdurate and impassive Secretary of State. She patronized a Prince of the blood royal and was exceedingly frank and friendly with the young painter Lepell, who knew exactly how much her family meant, but was at once amused and delighted by it, and amused in others, lighted by the envy it aroused in others. Yet all the while the Princess Barnabas was not devoting a single serious thought to one of her admirers. Every idea in that vain and foolish head was centered upon the one query: "Shall I commit suicide next week, and if so, how?"

It was while in this frame of mind, looking to twenty people and thinking of none of them, that her bright eyes, wandering lightly over the crowded room, chanced to fall upon a young man who was standing, somewhat removed from the press of the throng, in a window recess, which was at least comparatively quiet—a tall, grave, self-possessed young man, sufficiently good-looking to be called handsome by an enthusiastic friend. When the Princess Barnabas looked at him, his eyes, which were bright, clever eyes, were fixed on her with a look of half-humorous contemplation. The moment, however, their eyes met he turned his head slightly, and resumed a conversation with a gray-haired old man with a red ribbon at his button, whom she knew to be a foreign diplomatist. The young man's gaze had expressed an interest in the Princess, but it seemed to be just as interested in the pale wrinkled face of his companion. The Princess Barnabas seemed piqued. "Who is that young man?" she asked, half-fretfully, of the Secretary of State.

"Which young man?" The Secretary of State's stolid face gazed vaguely into the dense crowd of dress coats and white shoulders, of orders and stars and diamonds. "The young man in the window talking to the gray-haired man."

The Secretary put up his eye-glasses and considered the young man in question thoughtfully. He was never known to hurry at his judgments or his replies in Parliament, and he did not hurry now, though it was the Princess Barnabas who was interrogating him, and not a member of the Opposition. Then he answered her, weighing his words with more than judicial deliberation: "He is a young fellow named Sinclair. He is going out to the East, or something. Why do you ask?"

"His face interests me," replied the Princess. "I should like to know him. Bring him to me; or stay, give me your arm, we will go to him."

She rose and dispensed her little knot of disconsolate courtiers. Taking the Secretary's arm, she moved slowly toward the window where Sinclair was still standing. The Secretary touched him on the arm. "Mr. Sinclair, the Princess Barnabas has expressed a desire to make your acquaintance. Allow me, Princess, to introduce you to Mr. Julian Sinclair."

The young man bowed. He seemed a little surprised, but not in the least embarrassed. The Princess smiled brightly at him, and her eyes were brighter than her smile. "Thank you," she said to the Secretary of State with a pleasant little smile, which was meant to convey, and which did convey, that she had had enough of him. He promptly disappeared in the crowd with resigned good humor, bearing away with him the white and elderly red-tibboned diplomatist.

Princess Barnabas and Julian Sinclair were left alone. She sat down on the couch in the recess of the window, and slightly motioned to him with her hand to take his place by her side. He obeyed silently. The recess of the window was deep. For the moment they were almost entirely isolated from the shifting, glittering throng that swirled and drifted around them. Sinclair kept quite silent, looking into the face of the Princess with an air of half-amused inquiry. There were a few seconds of silence, and then the woman spoke, beginning, womanlike, with a question:

"Have you forgotten me, Mr. Sinclair?"

The young man shook his head gravely. "No, I have not forgotten you, Princess." Her eyes were fixed on his face, but he returned her look to the dominions of the East.

"Yet it must be two years since we met," she replied; "and two years is a long time."

but her lips were firmly, almost sternly, set. Still she said nothing, and he went on: "I knew it was folly when I first found that I loved you over there, in St. Petersburg. I was a poor English gentleman, and you were the Princess Barnabas, and you were fallen in love with a star. So I came away." He said the words simply, with quiet conviction, and held out his hand. "Good-bye, Princess, and forgive my folly."

She rose and faced him. Any one of the hundred eyes in the great room beyond who chanced to look at the couple half hidden by the curtains of the deep window would only have seen a man and a woman talking lightly of light things, and "And you have not forgotten me yet?" she said.

"I never shall forget you," he answered, sadly. "I can not love more than once, and I love you with all my soul. I have kept it ever since." He drew together in the Nova Perceptive, how you stooped to give some money to an old beggar? I envied the beggar in getting a gift from you, and you in just dropping a coin into my outstretched hand." He took out his watch-chain and showed her the tiny gold coin with the Russian eagle on it.

"I have kept it ever since," he said. "It is the only thing I care for in the world. I have lived and shall live so much in the East that I am somewhat superstitious, and I think it is my talisman. Good-bye." He held out his hand again. She took it.

"Will you come and see me before you leave?" she asked, almost appealingly.

"He shook his head. "Better not," he said. "For a moment she was silent; she seemed to be reflecting. Then she said, with a sudden vehemence: "Promise me that if I write and ask you to come you will obey me. Promise me that for the sake of our old friendship."

"I bowed his head. "I promise," he said. "And now give me your arm and take me to my carriage," said the Princess Barnabas. "I want to go home to bed."

The next day Julian heard nothing from the Princess. "Of course not," he said to himself, shrugging his shoulders at the fantastic hopes which had besieged his brain since that strange meeting, and he doggedly faced his approaching exile. But on the afternoon of the second day after the meeting at the Embassy, Julian Sinclair, coming to his hotel, saw a ray of light in a lady's preparations for departure, found a note awaiting him. It was from the Princess, and had only these words: "Come this evening, I shall be alone."

This was part of a conversation which Princess Barnabas chanced to overhear at a reception at the Foreign Office, on the eve of her departure for the East. The speakers were Sir Harry Kingscourt and Ferdinand Lepell. Said the painter: "Have you heard the news about the Princess Barnabas? She is going to marry a young man named Sinclair, and is going to live in the East—Persia, or some place of the kind. The fellow hasn't a penny in the world and won't have from her, for I believe that by her husband's will she loses almost all her fortune if she marries below her own rank."

"How very romantic," yawned Kingscourt. "Romantic!" replied Lepell. "It is absurd. Have you not heard?—the woman has committed suicide." And the speakers moved away.

"Suicide," said the Princess to herself, smiling. "No, no, I was going to commit suicide once, but I have learnt what life is worth, and I have changed my mind."—*Whitcomb Review.*

A valuable and costly adjunct to the Perfumers' Art.

### FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

#### THE ILL-NATURED BRIER.

Little Miss Brier came out of the ground; she got her thorns and scratched everybody.

"I'll just try," said she.  
At pricking and scratching there's few can match me.

Little Miss Brier was handsome and bright. Her leaves were dark green and her flowers were pure white.

But all who came nigh her  
Were sorely vexed.  
They'd go out of their way to keep clear of the Brier.

Little Miss Brier was looking one day  
At her neighbor, the Violet, just over the way.  
"I wonder," said she,  
"That no one picks me."

While all seem so glad to be seen,  
I hear the Violet say,  
"I never shall forget you,"  
"That no one picks me."

A sober old Linnet, who sat on a tree,  
Heard the words of the Brier, and thus answered her.  
"Is not that what's fair,  
'Tis not that what's fair."

In beauty with even Miss Violet there,  
"But Violet is always so pleasant and kind,  
So gentle in manner, so humble in mind,  
So gentle in manner, so humble in mind."

And to bid her to be buttery always is sweet.  
The gardeners wife just then the pathway came down,  
And she chided the Brier, and thus answered her.  
"What's the matter, what's the matter?"

My gown's spoiled, I declare;  
That troublesome Brier has no business there;  
Here she comes and takes my flowers,  
And that's the end of the matter.

—Mrs. Anna Bache, in Little Christian.

#### SAVING THE SPOONS.

Two Remarkable Bronze Dogs and a Boy Who Was a Sort of a Hero.

"Yes," Philip Howard was saying, "I'll tell it to you ten times more, if you say so. It is as true as preaching. Every time those bronze dogs on Uncle James Monroe's steps hear the Fourth Ward fire-alarm they jump down and bark."

"Bark!" said Ernest Weston. "I don't believe it. Bronze dogs can't bark."

"I didn't say they could," replied Philip. "I only know these do every time they hear that bell."

"I don't understand it. Of course I know well enough that it's a trick, but I can't see through it," said Richard Monroe. "Say the whole thing over once more, slowly, won't you, Philip?"

Philip spoke with great distinctness: "You know, I presume, the house on Enclav avenue, where Mr. James Monroe, who has the honor of being my uncle, lives?"

"I ought to," said Richard, doubtfully. "For I live there myself, if he is the Mr. James Monroe who has the honor of being my father."

"Exactly the same," replied Philip. "Well, you are aware then that beside the dogs there that house is tenanted by a family. Along a lane and off have you and I played circus upon their lawns, and now you pretend not to understand me when I say that every time they hear the Fourth Ward fire-alarm they jump down and bark."

### TEMPERANCE READING.

#### PLAIN COLD WATER.

Eminent English Theorist Singing the Praises of Temperance.

At an annual dinner of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, instead of such songs as "The Glass is Not on the Board," or "While There's a Loaf," the following ditty was sung:

—Mrs. Anne Bache, in Little Christian.

Oh! the days are gone when Charles bright inspired my strain,  
When I sang on every festive night  
About the virtues of plain cold water,  
Prime "Thirty-four"  
In books may point,  
And glasses gain a safer to drink  
As plain cold water.

Though the bard may make a greater noise  
Over his wine,  
With each other bacchanalian boys  
He chooses to dine,  
With a health,  
And with what a matter,  
He says the most and safest to drink  
As plain cold water.

There's Dr. Hazzell, he proclaims  
That water's full  
Of curious humors with curious names  
In every pore,  
Now you will see  
That this must be  
A most important matter,  
For it's clear there's meat as well as drink  
In plain cold water.

Professor Clark of Aberdeen  
Says the chink is there when Charles bright  
Inspired my strain,  
When I sang on every festive night  
About the virtues of plain cold water,  
Prime "Thirty-four"  
In books may point,  
And glasses gain a safer to drink  
As plain cold water.

So if your health you would keep good,  
With wine have done,  
At a dinner, with your wine,  
Drink water alone,  
Without a drop,  
And with the rest,  
And every day grows fatter,  
Which shows the most and safest to drink  
As plain cold water.

#### TEMPERATE DRINKING.

A Woman's Testimony What She Had Seen, and Known, and Felt—A Dramatic Incident.

At a certain town meeting in Pennsylvania, the question came up whether any persons should be licensed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon, the physician, stranger, it may now appear, all favored it. One man only spoke against it, because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when there arose from one corner of the room a miserable woman. She was thin and old, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal error was almost closed. After a moment's silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her arms out to the front of the hall, and then her long arms to her great chest, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called to all to look upon her.

"You!" she said, "look upon me, and then hear me. All that the last speaker said relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of drunkenness, is true. All that he said of experience, declares its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poison, as a beverage in health, is excess. Look upon me! You all know me, or once did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in the town; you all know, too, I had one of the best of the most devoted of husbands. You all know I had a most noble-hearted, industrious boy. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know, you all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder churchyard; all every one of them filling the drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe, that excess alone ought to be avoided, and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you (pointing with her shroud of a finger to the minister, deacon and doctor as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers.

But I saw the gradual change coming over my family, and its progress with dismay and horror. I felt we were to be overwhelmed in one common ruin. I tried to ward off the blow. I tried to break the spell, the delusive spell, in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons. I begged, I prayed, I entreated. I said that excess alone was destroying my husband and boys, and was a good estate of God; the deacon who sits under the pulpit there, and took our farm to pay his rum bills, sold them the poison; the doctor said a little was good, and the excess only ought to be avoided. My poor husband and my dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape, and one after another, were conveyed to the sorrowful grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again. You probably see me for the last time. My sands have almost run. I have dragged me a wretched frame from my present home, your poor-house, to warn you, all, to warn you, deacon, to warn you, false teacher of God's Word! With her arms flung high and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch, she exclaimed: "I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God! I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a witness against you all!"

The miserable woman vanished! A dead silence pervaded the assembly; the minister, the deacon and physician hung their heads; and when the President of the meeting proposed that one hundred licenses be granted for the sale of spirituous liquors, the unanimous response was: "No!"—*Memorandum of George N. Briggs, late ex-Governor of Massachusetts.*

#### NOT HIS PROPERTY.

The Explanation That Prevented a Disturbance on a Texas Railroad.

"Will you be kind enough to take that grip-sack off that seat," said a countryman, who got on a train at Lubbock, Tex.

"No, sir, I don't propose to do anything of the sort," replied the drummer, who was sitting on the other side of the seat.

"Do you say that you are going to let that grip-sack stay right there?"

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these bombs, and the rock and-ree drops which are permeated with the same vitriol compound. Brooklyn was flooded to such an extent with similar candy, that the Board of Health stopped its manufacture. Papers of New York are calling attention to the matter. It is an evil that, unchecked, will spread into all our cities and towns, and parents and teachers must be on the alert for the foe that hides himself in sweet disguise.—*National R. C. T. B. Bulletin.*

#### No Climate Favorable to Strong Drink.

No climate exactly suits the constitution of the drinking man. In the hot climate he falls an easy victim to cholera and kindred epidemics; in the cold climate he is the first to freeze to death when a cold wave sweeps down from the Northwest. With every severe storm of the past winter the daily papers have made mention of poor bodied drunkards laid frozen to death in country fields or city alleys, where they have stupidly lain down to sleep. On the other hand, temperate habits are known to bring added power of endurance against extremes of heat and cold.

It was said at the time that the survivors of Lieutenant Greely's exploring party were men who had not injured their constitutions by even the use of tobacco. And now attention is called to the fact that the comparatively slight amount of sickness among General Wolcott's troops in the Sudan, considering the climate and the circumstances, is owing to the sparing use of stimulants by the soldiers. The dispatches state that no liquor can be purchased south of Wady Halfa, and that General Wolcott sternly punishes any native chief selling a drop to one of his men. Ten thousand gallons of rum were shipped to the Commissioner of Department in November, but little of it has thus far been used.—*S. S. Times.*

#### TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

One more drink has made a thousand drunkards.—*Brooklyn Free Press.*

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America is only fourteen years old, and numbers over forty thousand members.

NEVADA HAS NOW AN ANTI-TRAIT LAW, with penalties and provisions that all fines shall go to the State School fund, which now supplies the State of Nevada with teachers, as well as the three R's.—*Hall Gazette.*

The suggestive name printed in large letters on the side of one of the largest beer manufactories in New York City. Even signs sometimes tell a great truth.—*N. Y. Observer.*

It looks as though there could be but little doubt as to the ultimate acceptance of prohibition in Canada. So far during this year, Ontario and Kentucky, Louisiana, Missouri, Arkansas and Carolina counties have added their voices to the long roll of constituencies which have spoken in its favor. But by bit in this manner will at length do the work.—*Christian Register.*

The Maine Temperance Education law of Maine goes into effect on July 4. It will be the children's Independence Day. How fortunate for the temperance cause were exceedingly fortunate during the successful campaign in having the aid of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction and so secured just such a law with just such provisions as will best serve the interests of Temperance in the schools.—*Union Signal.*

The first woman's benefit society under temperance auspices ever organized is known in London as the Independent Total Abstinence Sisters of Progress. It has not been over progressive, however, during the twenty-four years of its existence, having but \$1,000 to its credit in bank at present. It begins, however, to show tokens of a advance, and branches are to be formed outside the metropolis.—*Union Signal.*

It is no use in vain, C. E. P. for more scientific Temperance instruction in the schools, and received, not a stone for its cry, but "half a loaf." Instead of enacting the law, the Legislature inserted the word "Temperance" in that section of the School law which enforces the principles to be impressed by the State upon the minds of school-boys and girls, the Temperance reform.—*Union Signal.*

PROF. A. B. PALMER, in *Wide Awake*, discussing the action of alcohol upon the lungs, declares there are no statistics—no recorded observations and comparison of numbers of cases, which afford the slightest indications that the use of alcohol in any form of quality prevents consumption. It grows more and more difficult to find really unsalable excuses for liquor-drinking. The consumption cure theory has had a long service, and now that it has been annihilated it will be hard for the tapers to devise one as useful.

A WARREN in the *Daily Mail Gazette* says that "intemperance is exceedingly common among the Russians, and that the great number of holidays contribute much to this state of affairs. The people become frightfully drunk, and remain so until their money is entirely exhausted. They have a custom there called *Priglasenie*, a commemorative service forty days after a person's death. One day a year they visit family graves. They often accompany by debauchery. And our own holidays are extending in the same direction. We saw more men drunk on the streets last Christmas day and evening than we have seen all the rest of the year."

A prominent citizen of Iowa, visiting Chicago last week, reported the marvelous change already wrought in that State and the spirit of the liquor-dealers in rebellion against the State, by the recent Supreme Court decision. Among other successes of prohibition he intimated the slip of Cedar Rapids where there is a single open saloon, and where a detestation of the law is being enforced by the Law Enforcement League, could not stand a single drop of liquor on sale within the corporate limits. The draft upon public and private benevolence has never been so infinitesimal as during the past season, which also marks the extinction of the municipal liquor traffic.—*Union Signal.*

TEMPERANCE WORK by the young and among the young has recently received a strong impetus in Wisconsin. The Sunday-school workers of that State have perfected a plan for organizing the Wisconsin Sunday-school children the Wisconsin Temperance Army, and those of each township forming a regiment and those of each county a division. A gentleman from each county is named to have offered a cent for every child enrolled in the largest of four classes in this total abstinence law. The Wisconsin Sunday-school leaders are also urged the importance of putting more emphasis upon Temperance instruction in the religious training of the young.—*S. S. Times.*