few words of advice, my lively young (Perhaps they are needed by you): Down a terrible path your footsteps not

For whisky will beat the best fellow, depend, And the dream of to-day life s to-morrow may end; Believe me, 'tis fearfully true, my young Believe me, 'tis fearfully true.

I know how the tempter assails you, dear Alas, none knows better than I! But the gold of the wine cup turns sor

And wee follows quick in the footprints For the pain of to-morrow will rack an The tempter's best vow is a lie, my dear boy, Believe me, each vow is a lie.

I know that the boys whom you meet, my Are hale, good companions, each one, With many an impulse that's not of the bad, And they join in the mirth with an ecstasy But the bright sun of hope (O 'tis terribly Often sets ere the day is begun, my dear lad Often sets ere the day is begun.

I have known several "boys" in my time, dear And royal good fellows were they.
With brains which God meant, in His infinite

plan, For the noblest of deeds; but they fell as the ran. And the hopes which we cherished, no longer But fond hearts will mourn as they may, dear young man. Fond hearts are breaking to-day.

Ah! then, for the sake of the mother, dear Who loves you as mothers will do. Forswear, while you may, the wine cup's al

Do naught that fond beart to disturb and an Encircle her face with the halo of joy. And life will be fairer for you, my dear boy, And I fe will be fairer for you.

-A. J. Waterhouse, in Toledo Blade.

#### ---AN OLD FRIEND.

The Sad Condition to Which He Was Brought by the Demon Drink-His First Piedge.

suggestive of spring or flowers, save return. the boys and girls in merry glee hanging their May baskets sparse of flowers-jerking the bells with such gusto that some were seriously maimed their rushing "te-he-ing" under the even laugh; but the laugh seemed to the yard, screamed: covert of post or tree to watch the choke him and the smile turned into a recipient open the door and obtain the shadow as he realized his uncouth ap- going?"

Jack and I had waited upon the door by turns all the evening with fair suc- now found himself in the presence of hope you'll get your pails full. Blue- she did not like meeting strangers. cess. But alas! when the basket gave old friends clad in an old colored shirt berrying! Ha! ha! ha! out, the bell kept ringing, and Jack's with collar of the same, faded coat two temper began to get frayed and give sizes too small, thin pants two sizes too zie. "I know where they used to be

temper over." I said, soothingly, after ing-nothing but the silk hat, which he had made two unsuccessful trips to had miraculously escaped, was left of the door, only to receive a volley of his former handsome and complete laughter from the boys and g rls h d wardrobe! behind a lilac bush. "We will pay no further attention to the door, and the L- could be very entertaining, we fun will cease."

So it proved. We retired at a seasonable hour, leaving a light in the sitting-room. Presently we were awakened from a said. sound sleep by another ring of the bell, just as the clock was striking ten.

"Those rascals!" cried Jack. "I don't believe it is the boys," aid. "It didn't sound like them-it was too jaint and timid. There! don't you see!" as there followed another ring.

"Yes. I see! but they can't fool me again with such a trick!" was the obstinate reply as he turned over for a nap. The remainder of the night, however, was undisturbed save as I was occasionally awakened by the continual tramp, tramp, back and forth in front

of our house; but supposing it the boys we soon ceased to be annoved by it. In the cold gray of the following morning I was awakened by hearing my husband in earnest conversation with a strange voice in the kitchen-I could not make it out, neither the subject that engro-sed them. Presently Jack

stepped to the bedroom door, saying: "I have started the fire, Aurelia, and will be back soon!" And he was gone before I could ask a question to satisfy my curiosity, which was at its height when a moment later I saw my husband going down the walk in close conversation with a tall.

well-built stranger wearing a silk hat. These were all the points I had time to note before they turned the corner and were out of sight. In the course of two hours Jack returned, but alone. "Who was your mysterious morning

caller?" I asked, with ill-concealed curiosity, as we sat down to the savory breakfast. "An old school friend!" was the

somewhat short reply. Noticing his desire to conceal something, I was, of course, bristling with interrogation points.

"It's no use, I see," said Jack, breaking into a sunny laugh at my many questions, "and perhaps I ought to tell you though the poor fellow begged I would not mention it to you. "His name is Burt Latimer-we were

schoolmates at Hilton Academy twenty years ago. He was a bright, generous fellow-his father was wealthy, and Burt always had lots of money. It seems that he is married and living in New York, and travels for a large sionally had a 'spree.'

hour for the train, a fellow bummer in- ly expected in the near future. vited him to one of our first-class hotels to pass the time. They got to drinking. and after the fellow had helped Burt spend a generous sum of money he left lock up your jails, for there would be him here in a strange place, penniless almost an end to the woe the crime and dead drunk. "That was two weeks ago, and ever

since he has been on a terrible spree. He pawned and re-pawned his clothes until he was almost naked, and had absolutely nothing with which to purchase liquor or lodgings, and for a week he has walked the streets nights, and gradually got sober enough to realize what has happened."

"Out-doors in these drenching night rains?" I cried, the tears filling my eyes. "Yes; and he has scarcely tasted food In all this time. He began his debauch drink in the truths presented to them at the stylish bar of Hotel De Levier, but concerning temperance. A little boy ment from grade to grade, until he took six years old, while playing Sunday. his last drink at the lowest groggery in school with his sister, overed this prayer: Thieves' Alley." "Oh! isn't it terrible! But how did

e happen to find us?"
"Well, as he came to himself he tried to think how he could get some decent drink water and eat healthy food. clothes and get home. George! 'twas a dark outlook! Finally, he said, he recalled the fact that I lived here when men that if they had kept the \$600,000,rung the beli at ten o'clock last night-"

"There, what clid I tell you!" ing, watching to catch me when I first is the over consumption of whisky that got up. I tell you the poor fellow was blue with cold and dreached with rain, clothing in this land of liberty and and glad enough to see a fire!"

to breakfast?" "I did, of course, but I couldn't persuade him, he is so used up over looking so.

"But what can we do for him?" I asked, seriously realizing that we now belonged to that class "who had seen better days."

"Not much, I fear, but he says if he can get to L--- he has a cousin there who can help him to clothes and money. I think I can get some of the boys to pass him as far as L .- . He will be around soon and I am going with him to see.

Presently Mr. Latimer turned down our street and I don't think I ever beheld a more singular or pitiable sight. As I have said, Mr. L. was tall and well proportioned-his features were fine and almost classical and he would have been observed in any crowd and pronounced a gentleman. But to see such a person as this clad in the thin, scanty, shabby habiliments of a drunkard was pitiable in the extreme!

My husband met him at the gate, but before they could get away I slipped out under pretense of an errand and rendered an introduction necessary, though Mr. L. tried hard to prevent such a catastrophe.

Oh, how gracefully he touched the once fine silk hat, now so roughened by the night rains! and how his face flushed and paled as he made a wretched attempt to lengthen his coat and hide

his coarse shoes. Though I addressed him as a gentleman and a former friend of my husband, he of course saw through my attempt to ignore his misfortune and was covered with humiliation. I was deeply distressed for him, and said with all the warmth of my being (and this was my real errand); "I shall expect you back to dinner with my husband, Mr.

Latimer! "Thank you, Mrs. Carl," was the graceful, gentlemanly reply, "but 1 have been unfortunate and am in no condition to accept your kind hospitali-It was a cold, sour eve with nothing ty." But I persisted and he agreed to mention the name of the town, but

That evening (for we induced him to remain until the train left for L-Jack got to talking about old times at early May. When they reached Fred Pansy's hesitation. She frankly told the Academy. He would smile and Starke's house, Fred, who was out in me that, in the first place, she was pearance and the unfortunate cause. And what wonder!

Fond and proud of his toilette, he large, coarse cowhide shoes minus "Oh, it is not worth losing your stockings-no vest and no undercloth-

In the course of conversation, and Mr. saw, he spoke of marrying his wife at

"Indeed, what was her name? That was my home eighteen years ago," J

" Edith Daily." "Edith Daily!" I said, with a strange mixture of surprise and sorrow, "1 knew her! at that time we were very intimate. She was one of the sweetest

girls I ever met!" "And you would find her just the same now!" he replied, warmly, though his features quivered with pain at some recollection.

Before I left I was alone with him a little while. He seemed very anxious to unburden his heart to me and talked freely of his past life. "This is my worst and last debauch, Mrs. Carl," he said, solemnly and

earnestly. "I hope so, Mr. Latimer, for dear Edith's sake-it must crush her." At the mention of her name the tears ran down his face like rain, and he cried out in pitiful agony of despair "Oh, Mrs. Carl, help me! for God'

sake, help me!" "I wish I might," I said, earnestly. handing him a handkerchief to dry his tears, "but what can I do?"

"Won't you write a pledge? I never signed one because I thought I could look out for myself-but it may help Most cheerfully I drew up a simple

pledge and he signed it in a clear business-like hand

When he left us, my husband not be ing able to get him "passed," I nanded him two dollars for his fare to L-This was all the money we had and we really needed it. I told him this that he might not squander it in further debauch I confess I felt a little uneasy until we received a letter returning it and telling of his safe arrival home.

This event, that impressed me se deeply, took place four years ago. 1 hope the pledge has been sacredly kept and our friend saved, but I do not know. But of this I am certain: could you have seen him as I did that May Day, stripped by the Demon Drink of almost every vestige of manliness and erving for help, we would all put more heart and purpose into the Temperance Cause. - Estelle Mendelle, in Christian

## TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

at Work.

SINCE the organization of the W. C. wholesale firm there-has for a number T. U. at Shreveport, La., two years time of all then, when Lizzie exclaimed: to stay all n git at the roadside. At of years. He confesses he has drank ago, there has been a great falling off in moderately for some time and occa- the sale of liquor. One of the druggists See! there's one. Let's try." says he sold fifty barrels less last year "It seems that while waiting here an | than ever before. Victory is confident | Hannah.

> on the wall of every house in New York, against the running water, and, sure asked. and you may disband your policemen, enough, she caught a little one that was almost an end to the woe, the crime, the horror and the ine pient damnation to fry for dinner!" she cried. of this vast city. - Rev. Dr. Cuyler.

THE Baptist Total Abstinence Association of England numbers in its ranks 1,171 ministers, 2,688 church officers, and 212 students, making a total 4,071, having an increase of 355 over last year. The total abstainers among the pastors of churches are in a majority of 145 over non-abstainers.

A LITTLE story has just come to band illustrative of the fact that children "Dear God we thank Thee for all our nice things and our beautiful times and ask Thee to keep us not to drink beer or wine or any such things, but may we

at school—that my father was wealthy, 000 they spend every year for strong and that I was a good, generous fellow. drink in their pockets for the past five to use his words. So he got a directory years of good times, the present temness activity would find many of them better able to bear it without being "And patrolled the street until morn- pinched for the necessaries of life. It

"But why didn't you ask him to stay FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

A SWEET LITTLE MAIDEN.

There's a sweet little maiden with dark eyes of And soft shiny tresses of hair; Her iips are like resebude by angels thrown From the gardene that bloom in the air-

Her teeth are like pearls that are found in the Where the shells and the green mosses grow; Her breath is as sweet as the breeze on the

The tilies in kissing her dear little cheek Left it smooth, and so soft and so fair. Where the two roguish dimples oft play hide-With the sunlight that lives in ber hair.

And she romps all the day, does this dear little And she flits here and you like a bird; She says pretty things, and she sings happy

As sweetly as car ever heard.

Her clear ringing laughter resounds through And she comes up the stair with a bound: Her dear little heart throbs with love for us And she scatters the sunshine around.

At night when she sleeps the bright angels And they smooth out her brown And they watch by her side till the soft rosy Lifts us banner of light in the air.

bright, Strewn with roses and violets blue; May your dear little heart always throb with May it ever be loving and true.

—Jessie Howard Bell, in Watchman.

O Sue! Little Sue! may your pathway be

#### ----BERRYING AND FISHING.

The Laughing Time Which Excited the Wonder of Two Little Girls. Two little girls, with checked sun bonnets on their heads and tin pails in their hands, were walking along the sidewalk of a certain town in Maine. One was named Lizzie Pulsifer, and the other Hannah Cooke. Lizzie was eight years old; so was Hannah. I would they are both women now, with little girls of their own, and they might not ike to be laughed at. Did I tell you it which was the following day.) he and was a spring morning? Well, it was in

"Good moraing, girls! where are you "We're going blueberrying," said Hannah.

"Well, I think we shall," replied Liz-

very thick." "You do!" said Fred. "I hope they will be thick now. You'd better go fishing. That's what I'm going to do.' And he turned away, still laughing heartily.

When they left Fred the girls walked along quietly again until they reached the railroad. "We shall have to walk along on the

track a little ways," said Hannah; "but we can watch for trains." They walked some time, stepping from sleeper to sleeper, until Lizzie saw smoke in the distance. Hannah said it was a train coming, and that t ev must burry off the track as fast as they could. So, long before the train strived, they had climbed a fence and were in a pretty

pasture on the edge of the woods. They looked around for blueberries. They found plenty of lovely pink-andwhite aroutus (or, as they called them, May-flowers), and great bunches of purple violets, and white houstonias with their yellow eyes, and ground nut blossoms; and on bushes which looked, Hannah said, very much like blueberry bushes, they found pretty white bellshaped flowers, just tinted with pink, but they couldn't find any blueberries. They picked the young checkerberry leaves which were just peeping out of the ground; and at last, getting bolder, they straved a little way into the woods and gathered some lovely ferns. But not a blueberry was to be seen.

"It's queer," sa'd Hannah. "I wonder where the blue berries are I know this is the place where they used to be so thick, 'cause that's the very stump mother climbed over. She couldn't climb the fence anywhere else, you know, cause twas so high. But we'll keep on searching."

Just then the town-clock, in the dis-

tance, struck. "Oh, it's eleven o'clock," exclaimed Hannah, who had counted each stroke aloud, "and mother told us to be home at twelve. We shall have to start, horse was not very steady. and we haven't got a single blueberry. Nhat do you s pose made your Aunt Sarah laugh so, when I asked her if we could stay till we got our pails

"I don't know," said Lizzie, thoughtfully; "and Fred laughed, too, when we What was he laughing at?"

"Oh! I don't know, I'm sure," said Hannah: "he's always laughing. But I don't care. We've had a good time, any way.

They climbed the fence again, and the side of the railroad. The spring rains had filled it with water. They

"Weil, we might hold our pails and and came to him. LET me put a total abstinence pledge catch some;" and Lizzie held hers coming down with the current. 'Oh. Hannie! perhaps we can get enough

> She put her fish up on the bank in a safe place, and then she and Hannah for he said: "Get into my wagon, and I went to fishing in good earnest. It was rather slow work after that: but, when Hannah had caught three and Lizzie three, they heard the clock he should drive Ned to his home with-

striking twelve. So, with their bunches of flowers. and spattered with muddy water, and they carried their shoes in their hands. They did not dare to take time to put for dinner.

"How many blueberries have you picked?" shouted Fred, who was on the ockout for them. "We couldn't find the place," said Hannah; "so we thought we'd go fish-

caught three and I caught three." him to peep in.

the blue-berries von didn't get. Oh, over the walls - Boston Jeurne

dear! that's too rich! Hurry home, girls, or you can't get 'em fried for din-

The girls went on, wondering what pleased Fred so much. As Lizzie went up the hill to her uncle's house she thought shesheard a loud laugh from Hannah's father. As she went in at the back door, she met her Uncle James, who was just coming out.

"I never saw such a laughing time as this is!" said Hannah to him, with a Forty-second street, where several hunrather resentful pout. "But I don't dred hands, mostly girls, are employed care. We've caught some trout for -and where, by the co-operation of dinner. There are three one for you, one for Aunt Sarah and a little one for me. It won't take long to fry 'em. tures-to very humble workshops; but will it?" "No. I guess not," said Uncle James.

"Let's see," and he opened the pail. Then he laughed boisterously. "Here, Sarah," said he, as soon as be could speak, "put on the frying-pan-

Lizzie's been fishing." Aunt Sarah took the pail and looked "Polliwogs!" said she, contemptuous-

"Polliwogs?" said Lizzie, inquir-"POLLIWOGS!" said Uncle James, emphatically. - Lizzie Chase Decring, in St. Nicholas.

### PANSY'S REASON.

Aunt Marjorie's Precepts"-Three Rules

for Having a Good Time. Pansy was asked to a party the other day, and was quite undecided whether to accept the invitation or to stay at home. I happened to know that the lady who was to give the party was a very kind and lovable woman, and a charming hostess. Young people always erson increased its silk product until it enjoyed themselves in her house; besides, she had been a schoolmate of Pansy's mother, and it was hardly courteous for Pansy to slight her invitation unless she had a very good reason. You see, children, your Aunt Marjorie is rather old-fashioned, and she thinks that when people are good enough to want you, you should, as a

rule, gratify them if you can. I tried to ascertain the reason for afraid her dress was too pisin; in the second place, she was very shy and timid in company, and always felt as though everybody were gazing at ber, and in the third place, most of the "Ha! ha! ha!" was Fred's reply. "I guests would be strangers to her, and

> Three reasons: No. 1, dress too plain; to strangers. Pansy is not the only girl whose good times are spoiled by just such absurd

reasons as the three above. Now let me give her and all of you my three rules: for a young girl. The granddaughters of buxon matron do not fall in, nor do rain-storm?—N. Y. Mail. estly and plainly dressed, and it is quite evident that they bestow very little thought upon their gowns and hats, which are what their beautiful, sensible mother thinks fit for them. A pair of bright eyes, hair in nice order, and rosy

cheeks, will set off the simplest attire. No. 2. Never mind your shyness. As soon as you have paid your respects to your hostess, look around for somebody shyer than yourself, somebody who is not being pleasantly entertained, and take upon you the duty of making the next half-hour pass delightfully for that person. You will forget all about your own shyness.

do not suffer other people to seem to you like strangers. Wherever you go is often absolute, but it is based upon attack. I can cheerfully you will find wonderfully attractive per- soft manners, good sense, elevated testify as to the immediate sons; and if you fare in the world as Aunt Marjorie does, you will always be finding new acquaintances who will be sex are never so happy as when they worth a great deal to you. Look upon are being humbugged by the fair sexevery stranger as a possible new friend. a reason why benevolence should "Aunt Marjorie," in Harper's Young prompt the latter to throw, now and

## NED'S LESSON.

How He Was Cured of the Bad Habit of Crying. When Ned could not have what he wanted he would cry and scream. He was nearly seven years old, quite old enough to know better. One summer evening his father took him to drive. He was very good until, on the way home, he wanted to drive. His father

"Do let me," teased Ned. "Not to-night," said his father.

Ned began to whimper, then cry, then roar. His father tried to stop him, but he only roared the louder. They drove some distance, Ned scream ng all the way. His father said nothing, but sudtold him we were going blueberrying. denly he stopped the horse, litted Ned out, put him on the side of the road, jumped back into the carriage, and drove away.

Ned's surprise was so great that he stopped crying. Did his father really mean to leave bim there? He would found themselves close to the ditch by surely come back; but he did not. Poor Ned wished he had not cried. He wanted to go home, but did not know the way. could not resist the temptation to take It began to grow dark. Up in the sky off their shoes and stockings and wade he saw a little star shining. He feit in it. They were having the best of lonely and frightened. He did not want "Hannie, we might catch some fish, last he heard the noise of wheels. Perhaps his father was coming back. No. "We haven't any hooks," objected it was another man, in a wagon. He CATTLE-Shipping steers... \$5.20 @ 5.50

Native cows........... 175 @ 4.00 stopped when he saw Ned, jumped out,

"What are you doing there?" "Nothing," said Ned.

"Why don't you go home?" added At this Ned burst into tears, and told him all about it. He was a nice man. will give you a lift." Ned climbed in and took a seat beside

the man. It was a little strange that out asking where he lived. It was POTATOES-Peachblows. strange, too, that when 'he wagon So, with their bunches of flowers, strange, to, that which open the CATTLE-Shipping Steers ferns and checkerberry leaves, and stopted, Ned's father should open the CATTLE-Shipping Steers. their pails of tsh, they started for door, as if he expected him, and say: home. Their dresses were draggled "Thank you, Mr. Smith." But it was not strange that Ned learned a lesson. that night, which he never forgot. Ned gid not know until he was a big them on, lest the fish could not be fried boy that his father had sent the man to bring him home. - Anna M. Talcott, in BUTTER-Crean

-From a research into some oa. deenments it is learned that before the reving, and we've had good luck. Lizzie she lifted her pail-cover cautiously for the clergy were paid in tobacco. In him to peep in. 1775 Congress issued \$500,000 paper Fred was well acquainted with the currency, and eventually \$50,000,000 of different kinds of fish in the neighbor- war money was put in circulation—all ing streams, but, when he saw Han- of which sank to almost nothing, though mah's three, he gave a roar of laughter. years afterwards it was redeemed. A "Oh, my!" he screened. "Trout! barter shop in Philadelphia was orna-What beauties! They'll do to go with mented with Continental money pasted

Little Ones

United States. The greatest center of the silk indus

try in Ameri a is the city of Paterson,

N. J. New York, indeed, had at the census of 1880 the largest number of factories (one hundred and twenty- 'x). ranging from one great factory in its annual product, \$7,500,000, was exceeded by the \$10,000,000 of Patersonwith its eighty-two factories, Philadelphia ranking third with \$2,600,000 product from forty-seven factories. Paterson, in fact, then centered a third of the entire silk manufacture of the ported silk goods, silk weaving has become a chief feature of this industrial The Passaic Falls are falls no longer: their picturesque basin seldom catches so much as a drop from the sheer precipice above, and is filled only by the back-water from below the race; but instead the water from dams up stream and the reservoirs on the hill-tops rushes through the open race-way along Mill street, turning thousands of spindles and of looms, as it finds its way again to the lower river. The city built about this water power relies, nevertheless, largely upon steam. Far from the river as well as near are the huge brick factories which are the hives of industry. After the census of 1880 Patreached nearly half the total of silk goods manufactured in this country. but within a year or two past it has trial depression.

Magazine.

## FAT AND LEAN WOMEN.

Wherein the Former Have Some Advantage Over the Latter. liver, nor permanently attractive withsome great advantages over a fat one. She can always find ready-made clothes | fi No. 2, shy in company; No. 3, dislike to fit her, can walk far and fast without fatigue, and is not so much in the way in the pit or balcony of a theater. But her stout sister is not bound to pedestal will be raised. Of course it will invents. Indeed, she must go in for simplicity of nature. Her flesh, to a pedestal?" great degree, clothes her. Also, when not wrinkled parchment, and as her face is ready to break out in dimples. she can smile without revealing that the art of the dentist has stepped in to down her throat being visible, and is never so hungry as if she were lean. Nobody plays such a capital knife and fork as a Skinnybonia. It is a mistake to suppose that any woman approach- ery often travels incog. -Oil City Derrick ing fifty, whether fat or lean, or halfway between both, can inspire the kind of passion which the sight of beauty. in its fresh bloom, calls forth. She may from periodical returns of be just as "dear," but it is idle for her Hay Ferer. At the sug-No. S. Don't feel like a stranger, and to hope that she may be as "darling." The empire of the middle-aged woman and used it during a severe

#### don Truth. Fishy Superstition.

then, dust in the former's eyes, -Lon-

An immense shoal of fish lately went ashore on the sandy beach of Kona, Hawaii. The children regarded them as a kind of godsend, and began to eagerly gather them up for home consumption. The gray-headed native veterans however shook their heads in superstitious horror, and ordered the children to desist, remembering a tradition of earlier times, before Captain was afraid to let him do so, because the James Cook entered the harbor with the Resolution. The tradition was to the effect that the landing of a shoal of fish portended the death of an Alii. or native Chief.

The inhabitants, on hearing of the event, declared plainly that religious scruples ought not to interfere with a man geting all he can. Whether a Chief died or not, there was no use wasting fresh fish. They might be the messengers of evil fortune, but they were, nevertheless, good to eat. Thereupon everybody filled his basket full and left the old men to mourn over the degeneracy of the times. It takes a good deal of religion in the Sandwich Islands and elsewhere to keep a man from laving his hands on anything within reach .- N. Y. Hergld,

## THE GENERAL MARKETS. KANSAS CITY, June St.

Hogs-Good to choice heavy 3 70 6 3 26 FLOUR-Fancy, per CHEESE-Full cream. PORK-Ham SHEEP-Fair to choice COTTON-Middling

CHICAGO. olution the professors at Harvard Col- WHEAT-No. 2 red "Yes, I think so," said Hansah, as could meet tuition bills. In Virginia OATS—No. 2. NEW YORK HEAT-No. 2 red. ORN-No. 2. OATS-Western mit

BARTHOLDI'S BIG GIRL

Projudices Met By a Canv Pedrotal Fund. The Bartholdi pedestal fund is nearly soon New York harbor will be graced

by the most magnificent datne the world has ever o" Liberty Enlightening the What a priceless blessing personal liberty is. It is the shrine at which people, ground under the heel of tyranny in the older worlds, worship with a fervency that Americans can scarcely realize; it is a principle for which Nibilists willingly die and where, by the co-operation of the death of dogs; and fit and proper it is some interested ladies, a reading-room that at the very entrance of the Bay of and other comforts are interesting feaflash a welcome to the world.

The press is entitled to the credit of this achievement. Mr. Philip Beers, who has been making a circuit of the country on behalf of the Pedestai fund, says that the fund will certainly be raised, as the World

does not know the word fail. Mr. Beers says that he has found the most pronounced generosity among those of foreign birth. They seem more appreci-United States. Since the stimulus of ative of liberty than do our native born. the war and its high duties upon im- Moreover, among some a strange prejudice

seems to exist. "Prejudice! In what particular!" "I have ever found that however meritocity, making it the Lyons of America. rious a thing may be, thousands of people will inevitably be prejudiced against it. I have spent most of my lite on the road and I know the American people 'like a book, In 1879 a personal misfortune illustrated this prevailing prejudice. I was very with beadache, fickle appetite, dreadful back ache, cramps, bot head, cold hands and feet and a general break down of the system. I dragged myself back to New York, seeking the best professional treatment. It so happens that among my relatives is a distinguished physician who upbraided me roundly for preaching so much about my own case. Finally, with some spirit, I remarked to him: "'Sir, you know that much of your professional wisdom is pretense. You are controlled by prejudice. You can not reach a case like mine and you know it,

can you?" and he finally conceded the point, for it was bright's disease of the kidneys which had prostrated me, and the suffered both from the removal of many of the simpler processes to country factories and from the general indussafe cure, which accomplished this result, was really a wonderful preparation. Had Outside the great cities the largest President Rutter, of the Central Hudson, silk factories of the country are at used it, I am certain that he would be alive South Manchester, Conn. - Harper's to-day, for he could not have been in a worse condition than I was."

"I have found similar prejudices among all classes concerning even so laudable a scheme as this pedestal fund." Mr. Beers's experience and the recent death of President Rutter, of the Central-Hudson railroad, of an extreme kidney Nobody can be gay with a martyred disorder, proves that the physicians have no real power over such diseases, and indicates the only course one should pursue out genuine gavety. A lean woman has is, as the late Dr. Willard Parker says, beadache, sickness of the stomach, dropsical swellings, back ache, dark and offensive fluids, prematurely impaired eyesight, loss of strength and energy occur, for they un-

mistakably indicate a fatal result, if not promptly arrested.
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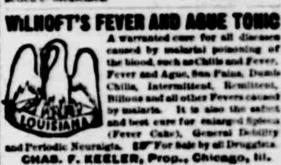
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