

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

It agrees with Mr. Arthur to be President of the United States. He has gained twenty-six pounds in weight since he assumed that office.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Senator Salisbury, of Delaware, is the only member of the United States Senate who has never been married. He is called the Lone Star of that body.—*Boston Post.*

—A volume of table talk, or wit and wisdom, of Frederick the Great, has been discovered in the Prussian State Archives, and will be published early in the ensuing summer.

—A Miss Sheriff, who was practically the first English prima donna to try her fortunes in America, recently died unnoticed in London. It is thirty years since she was in this country.

—R. J. Burdette is forty, Bret Harte is forty-five, Mark Twain is forty-eight, W. D. Howells is forty-six, Thomas Bailey Aldrich is forty-five, Joaquin Miller is forty-two, James Russell Lowell is sixty-four and John G. Saxe is sixty-eight.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—E. D. Winslow, the notorious Boston forger, who almost succeeded in causing a rupture in the diplomatic relations between England and America a few years ago, is now a successful business man in Buenos Ayres, South America. He has taken the name of W. D. Lowe.—*Boston Herald.*

—The Boston Traveller says that President Bruce, of the Massachusetts Senate, and Speaker Marden, of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, were born in the same year, in the same town in New Hampshire, and were graduated in the same class at Dartmouth College.

—The Fresno (Cal.) Republican says: A remarkable matrimonial compact was made at the United States Hotel in this city Monday evening, in which Noah Hickok and Elizabeth Hickok were married for the third time. They have been twice divorced. The bride and groom have reached the mature age of seventy-three and eighty-seven respectively.

—M. Roustan, the new French Minister at Washington, is about forty-eight years of age. He has held many Consular posts, and in 1881 was appointed Ambassador to Tunis. He was a conspicuous actor in the recent events in that country, and the success of French diplomacy in the dealings with the Bey is due almost entirely to his firmness and sagacity.—*Washington Star.*

—Trollope received \$240 for his first production and \$35,000 for one of his last. Captain Marryat received \$100,000 for one of his works, and Lord Lytton \$15,000 for the copyright of the sheep edition of his works by Messrs. Routledge & Sons, in addition to the large amount paid at the time of their publication, while it is well known that Messrs. Longman paid Lord Beaconsfield \$50,000 for "Eudymion."

HUMOROUS.

—“Yes,” said the Idaho man, “it’s dreadful unfortunate that my gal got huggid by that ar’ bar. She’s sort o’ held me in contempt since.”—*Chicago Herald.*

—A party of young ladies attended a church sociable in Elizabethan costume, and when the local paper said that the fair was visited by ruffs nobody caught on to the joke.—*Boston Herald.*

—We started to read a poem by Bartley Campbell the other day. Finally we came to the point where he rhymed “plenty” and “went she.” Then we stopped. We are not tough.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—“Yes,” said Mr. Brickiandler, “my bull dog has wonderful artistic taste. He wouldn’t attack a tramp the other day because the cloth of the man’s trousers wouldn’t harmonize well with the color of his jaws.”—*Boston Post.*

—It was his first attempt on roller skates, and as they brought him to the toilet-room he remarked: “I tell you, boys, that was gorgeous. I must have knocked in the whole dome of heaven, the way those stars flew ‘round. I wonder if there’s any left for the next man.”—*Oil City Derrick.*

—“Take my advice,” said old Skinfint to his clerk, whom he had discovered stamping an envelope from his own private receptacle: “take my advice. If I ever find you taking anything of mine your connections won’t save you. To jail you go.” “Very well, sir,” said the clerk; “perhaps I had better not take your advice, then.”—*The Judge.*

—Not long ago the Atlantic cable man sent over the report that Mary Anderson, actress, was to marry the Duke of Portland, Englishman. Last night the following dispatch was received by the Associated Press from Portland, Ore.: “The engagement of Mary Anderson to Lieutenant Dukes, of this place, is denied. No such person is known to exist.”—*Chicago Tribune.*

—“The top of the morning to ye, Mrs. O’Flaherty.” “The same to ye, Mrs. O’Raherty. An’ did ye see the orphans marchin’ yister?” “I did; God bless every mother’s son of ‘em. But I didn’t see little Johnny O’Hern in the procession.” “An’ sure he’s not an orphan any more. He’s quit the business and has gone to learnin’ a trade, he has.” “Arrah, God bless him for his enterprise.”—*Kentucky State Journal.*

—Why he wasn’t there now: Kosciusko Murphy, who is a book-keeper in a grocery house, met a friend who clerks in a cigar store on Austin avenue and asked him for a cigar. “Ain’t got any,” said his friend. “Ain’t got any!” said Kosciusko. “Why, when I used to work in a cigar store I always had my pockets stuffed with cigars.” “Yes; probably that’s the reason you ain’t in a cigar store now,” was the crushing reply.—*Texas Siftings.*

—“Young Calvin” wants to know if we “believe that the angels have wings, and why we think so?” We think they have, Calvin. We never saw their wings, but we know that whenever a young man becomes perfectly convinced that he has met an angel he spends about all his spare time holding her tight with both arms, as though he feared she would fly away the minute he let her go. And if he had no wings, there would be no cause for this wide-eyed, almost universal fear.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Only the Engineer and Fireman Killed.

A few days since a jovial party were coming West, sitting in the smoking-room of an elegant Wagner sleeping-coach. Among the number were two or three railroad men and a couple of Southern bankers. As the express train came to a stand at Erie a telegraph-boy stepped aboard with a telegram, addressed to the general manager of a leading Western road. The manager tore off the envelope, scanned the message, threw it down on the seat, and remarked: “We had an accident on our road last night.” In answer to the question “Was anybody injured?” he thoughtlessly remarked: “Only the engine and baggage-car left the track—nobody was killed but the engineer and fireman.” adding: “They have had luck this year, several having been killed on our road. We have to run so to make up the time lost by our Eastern connections— it’s all day with the men on the foot-board if their engines leave the track.” To the remark that engineers and firemen should be the best paid men in railroad service, the general manager said: “They are paid well enough on our road. They average to run eight hours of the twenty-four, and get from \$3.75 to \$4 for their work, and for such pay as that they can afford to take some risks. Most of our men are reckless devils, and set little value apparently upon their lives. The best runner,” he said, “we have on our road has been running an engine some twenty-five years; he has been badly stove up in two collisions, yet he is never in a happier frame of mind than when he steps onto the foot-board with an order in his pocket to make up an hour or two in running 200 miles on his schedule time, which is based on thirty-seven miles per hour, stops to come out.” The manager then lighted his fifth cigar smoked that day, and continued the conversation by stating that occasionally men become timid, and not daring to run to make up lost time, would throw up their jobs. “One,” he said, “came into my office the other day. I looked him in the face pleasantly, and asked: ‘Well, what is up, Jim?’ He said: ‘Well, manager— I have run the night express now going on twelve years, and I have decided to turn my run over to some other man. I have had a presentiment that one of these nights 104 will jump the track, and there will be, without a moment’s warning, a widow and four children thrown upon the charities of the cold world, as railroad corporations soon forget the family of one of their men who chances to get killed. If you want me to run one of the day trains I will do it, but I have had enough of this running through the country at a speed of forty-five miles per hour when it is so dark that you can not see two train-lengths ahead.’ I told him I would talk with the master mechanic and arrange for his running a local train for awhile, until he got over his foolish scare.” Another subject was then introduced for a few moments, then the question of salaries of railroad officers was brought up, and in the course of the conversation the general manager remarked that it had been rather a hard time for two or three years past with their road. They had been expending a good deal on road-bed, and he contented himself with \$6,000 a year, but he looked for better pay the coming year, as through new connections their business will largely increase. “I have been on to New York for a few days talking about our affairs, and I left our people feeling pretty good. We have just scooped in another sixty miles of road. Some of our folks bought the stock of two or three of the largest stockholders and have frozen out the little stockholders, and now have the road in their own hands.” After hearing the conversation through, the writer of this article asked himself which of the railroad men spoken of above deserves the larger pay, the manager, who rides over the country in elegant coaches, smoking fifteen-cent cigars and aiding the directors of the road to concoct schemes to freeze out little stockholders, or the man at the throttle, who daily safely runs trains through between two or three principles Western cities, laden with business men and pleasure-seekers?—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—As a test for impure air take a pint bottle full of water into the room to be examined, and pour out the water. The bottle then is, of course, filled with the air of the room. Then put in a spoonful or so of lime-water and shake it. If the lime-water remains clear the air is fit to breathe, but if the lime-water becomes milky there is too much carbonic acid in the air, and you had better hoist the window or ventilate the room in some other way.—*Exchange.*

—Plum Pudding: Chop, if possible, in a mincing-machine half a pound of raisins, half a pound of sultanas, two ounces of candied peel and half a pound of apples; mix with half a pound of beef suet, one pound of bread crumbs, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a little spice and a pinch of salt; put in sufficient new milk to make the mixture stiff, butter a basin, put in the pudding, and boil for six hours. This quantity will make a large pudding.—*Western Bloomer.*

—A nice breakfast for one who is not equal to hearty fare is made of toast and eggs prepared in this way: Put a lump of butter in a saucpan, and then drop three eggs into it, stir briskly, so that the eggs will be smooth and not lumpy. Have two thin slices of buttered toast ready, and when the eggs are done lay them on one piece of the toast and lay the other lightly over it; do not crowd it down and make the egg run over the edge of the toast.—*N. Y. Post.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—An Indiana gardener puts moles among his strawberry vines so that they may catch the grubs.

—Wash to remove scurf from the head: Half a pint of rose water and one ounce of the spirits of wine mixed together. Part the hair as much as possible, and apply the mixture with a piece of flannel.—*Exchange.*

—A very pretty and most easily made lap robe for the small child’s sleigh, is made of a square of honey-comb flannel. Make a border around this with split or single zephyr, about one finger deep, crochet a handsome scallop on the edge. The entire border to be crocheted of course.—*Troy Times.*

—We have had hens which ate the seeds of red-peppers and also pecked at the skins. But in order to have fowls get pepper it is best to put it in their cooked feed. We use both black and red, sometimes in thick milk, which they love, and for which they lay eggs. Put a little salt in chicken feed.—*N. Y. Herald.*

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The Calves.

It either pays to raise calves, or else our live stock business is not as productive of the aggregate profits as we are wont to claim. If a calf can not be raised at a profit—which some claim—then somebody is losing, for somebody must raise the calves. That it is profitable is well enough attested by those who practice it. Men who are close figurers in their business find the raising of calves sufficiently profitable to make it satisfactory. Where an opposite opinion prevails there are two reasons for it; either the milk is esteemed so valuable—a part of the too common short-sighted policy which looks wholly to immediate gains—which the owner of the cow can not even as much as permit the few days during which it is absolutely unfit for human food to pass without using it, or else there is an utter neglect to consider the value of the calf at all. The young animal in either case is considered rather a burden than otherwise, and one that is to be got rid of just as soon as the butcher will buy it. It may be well questioned if it is an established fact that the practice of taking the calf from the cow, even for the purpose of making butter and cheese, is profitable at all. It is certain that there is a steady and remunerative demand for milk cows. Nothing sells more readily than a good milk cow. It would seem to be policy, therefore, to raise them, and the safest way to do so, is upon the mother’s milk. They may be raised by hand, and come out all right, but there are defined dangers to this success. Now one good cow will suckle two calves, if she has good pasture, and weaning the calves at three or four months old, she will not only likely make the raising of the two calves perfectly successful, but she will then have a long time before her during which her milk can be used for other purposes. There is no other food than can perfectly take the place of milk as food for the calf. It contains just what the system needs. Still we do not suppose that anything we might say would induce those who are in the habit of substituting other foods for the milk to change their practice; and we do not wish to say anything to produce such result. We have only called attention to the doubt that may reasonably exist as to the profit of taking the calf away from the cow. Of course we recognize the fact that milk is the most expensive food, and we are free to admit that our opinion is that it is more profitable to raise the calf on artificial food. Our practice is to let the calf run with the cow for about ten days, and then put it upon skimmed milk, which in a short time may be fed alternately with other suitable foods. Crushed or ground oats are the best food next to milk, and if, when feeding the skimmed milk, it be scalded, and some oatmeal added, it will be excellent. And if the calf is taken from the cow at once give it a handful of salt—which acts as a purgative to cleanse the stomach, an ounce which the first milk of the cow performs—repeating the administration of the salt for several days, and prepare its food by boiling a pint of flax-seed in five quarts of water, weakening it with hay-tea until it is pretty nearly as thin as milk. Feed at the temperature of milk when first drawn from the udder. Indian meal, barley, rye and oatmeal can be added as the calves become older. In all artificial feeding the effect upon the bowels should be carefully watched, and any bad effects immediately counteracted. It should be allowed access to good, sweet, short pasture as soon as it will eat it. It is important that in hand-feeding it should have something besides skim milk. Such milk is not perfect, and consequently it is not a complete food; and the calf should not be fed exclusively upon milk even directly from the cow, or milk alone does not properly distend the stomach.—*Western Rural.*

Education for the Farm.

When we consider the immense number that belong to the agricultural class in this country and the fact that three-fourths of all our exports are agricultural products, and that our prosperity as a nation is so intimately connected with its agriculture, it is surprising that no better system has been devised for the education of our great class—the very foundation of our national wealth.

The farmer’s occupation leads to regular habits and steady industry; but unlike those engaged in mechanical and mercantile pursuits, who are mostly located in towns, and are brought into close business and social relations, the farmers are scattered over the country, and have little daily intercourse with each other. They do not have the advantage of the friction of society, in which new ideas are suggested and developed by association. This is, no doubt, the reason why the farming class is so conservative, so prone to follow traditional routine and to resist all innovations.

The inertness of the agricultural class is plainly shown in this, that they seldom or never make any improvement in their processes or modes of culture. Of all the great labor-saving machinery introduced into agriculture during the last forty years, not two per cent. of it has been invented by those raised and engaged upon the farm, but has been invented and adapted to its work by amateur farmers, or by outsiders who have observed the need of such helps in farm operations.

The farmer, therefore, sorely needs some stimulant to cause him to use his brain as well as his hands. He should understand the principles that underlie his practice. He ought to be an accurate observer, and this would make him a discoverer. He should experiment, and carefully note and compare the results. But, instead of this, very few farmers think there are any fixed principles in agriculture. They regard the whole business as quite independent of rules, and in no way to be brought into subjection to order and reasonable discipline. This is why there is so little definitely settled in agricultural practice. Yet we know that agriculture is as capable of being reduced to system and order, and as capable of being taught as other applications of the natural sciences.

All will admit that farmers’ sons should be taught, at least, the rudiments of the sciences that underlie agriculture; but where shall this scientific education begin? There is really but one place where this instruction can be given, and that is in the common schools.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Snow as a Protection.

However disagreeable it may be to have the ground covered with two feet in depth with snow, it is one of the best protectors which the farmer has, considering how little it costs. When the land is covered in the autumn, and it lays all winter, it serves as a great protection to the grass roots and all creeping vines. Strawberry plants that have been covered all winter with snow, come out in the spring fresh and green, even though they have not been mulched.

The snow not only protects the vegetation which it covers up, by sheltering it from the cold winds and sudden changes of weather, but it prevents the frequent freezing and thawing of the ground, which is so destructive to small roots that are near the surface, and which are often lifted entirely out of the ground by the action of the frost. When the land lays open and exposed all winter, it not only injures the grass and small plants, but it injures the land itself, by blowing away the finer particles of decayed vegetation from the surface, and when thus exposed, there is a chance for the frost to enter the ground to a depth of several feet, thus cooling the earth to a great depth, requiring many warm days in the spring to thaw it out, and warm it up sufficient to start vegetation; but when a deep snow covers the land until spring opens, as soon as the snow melts, the ground being free from frost, will soon be in a condition to cultivate, and for plants to grow.

As a rule, the season comes forward earlier when the ground has been covered with snow the entire winter than does when there has been but little snow. In our climate, no doubt, it is best to have plenty of snow, and have it lay on the ground during the period of cold weather. This year we have started with a good covering of snow, should it be replenished as fast as needed to keep the land covered next season for good crops of grass next season, planting farm-crops; keeping this in view we can dig our paths with more cheerfulness, and resort to rubber boots to keep the snow out, with a feeling that there is a bright side to a snow-storm, without resorting to merry sleigh-parties, or mingling with the jolly coasters.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Stumbling Horses.

The Pittsburgh Stockman, in a recent issue, says: “Some good horses are addicted to stumbling while walking or moving in a slow trot. A well-versed veterinarian states that there are two causes that would tend to produce this faulty action: one, a general weakness in the muscular system, such as would be noticed in a tired horse; the other, a weakness of the exterior muscles of the leg, brought about by carrying too much weight on the toe. To effect a cure, he adds, lighten the weight of each front shoe about four ounces; have the toe of the shoe made of steel instead of iron, it will wear longer; have it rounded off about the same as it would be when one-third worn out, in order to prevent tripping; allow one week’s rest; have the legs showered for a few minutes at a time with cold water through a hose, in order to create a spray, then rub dry, briskly, from the chest down to the foot. Give walking exercise daily during this week for about an hour twice a day. When you commence driving again omit the slow jog, either walk or send him along at a sharp trot for a mile or two, then walk away, but do not speed for at least several weeks. By this means the habit of stumbling from either of the above causes will be pretty well overcome.”

A Merchant Used as a Lay Figure.

On one of the leading thoroughfares of this city is a gentlemen’s fashionable furnishing-goods store which does a large business, and the proprietors of which are not only well-known but very popular. One of them had an experience a few days before Christmas which has temporarily so changed his general nature that he now looks upon every smiling greeting of his friends with the fiercest suspicion, while any direct allusion to the subject itself is certain to result in the uncooking of the vials of his wrath. A passing friend, seeing him standing in the door of his store on the afternoon referred to, accosted him with: “Well, how goes it?”

“Oh, don’t ask me. I’m mad; madder than I have been before since I came to the State. I’m all broke up and I’m dryer’n a goat, too, and was just going to get a drink. Come with me and I’ll tell you all about it. You know,” he said, “we’ve got a lot of dressing gowns in the store, elegant ones that we imported from the East just to catch this holiday trade. Well, this afternoon two ladies sailed in, dressed fit to kill. The store was full of customers and the boys were all busy, so I stepped up to them and asked what I could do for ‘em. They said they wanted to look at some dressing sacks—something fine—and you may be sure I didn’t lose any time in getting out the best we had. Well, they liked the first one I showed ‘em, only one of ‘em said she would like first-rate to see how it would look on, and asked me if there wasn’t some way she could see it on a man and then she could tell better how it would look. I wa’n’t going to miss a trick, and so I took off my coat and put it on. They turned me round and round and go off a little way and look at me from top to toe as though I was a piece of statuary. Then they wanted to see another one. So I off with the one I had on and put on the other. That didn’t suit ‘em and I tried on another and that didn’t suit ‘em. I began to get weary of it, especially as there was lots of customers in the store, and I thought I saw a smile here and there, and I finally did catch one of my own boys in a broad grin, though he ducked his head under the counter when he saw me lookin’ at him. I was getting pretty hot about the way they were using me for a lay figure, and I finally brought out the best I had—a sack worth \$75—but it on and buttoned it up. They looked me all over again, liked it first-rate, and I thought I had a sale sure, but may I be hanged if they didn’t say: ‘Well, we’ll look around and if we don’t find anything that suits us any better we’ll come back.’ And the same minute I heard ‘haw, haw, haw,’ all over the store. Mad? I was just fighting mad, and you can guess I was none the sweeter tempered when I found that those creatures had been looking for a smoking-jacket for one of my own clerks.”—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Ida Lewis’ Home.

Within a short mile of the quay at Newport, Lyme Rock rises out of the waters of Narragansett Bay. On this rock stands the old light-house which was tended for many years by the father of Ida Lewis, and of which she now, under the seal of the Government Commission, is keeper. Securing the services of the Captain of a diminutive boat I sailed on the waters blue to her abode for the purpose of paying her respects. As we approached the rock an immense mastiff, with head and paws like a lion and a roar like far-off thunder, came to its extreme verge and disputed our landing. He was entirely successful until the heroine appeared, called him off in the lowest of tones, and locked him up in an outhouse. She then invited me into the little house on the top of which rests the beacon-light which has for so many years warned the navigator of hidden dangers, and at once entered into easy and unrestricted conversation. She said that she had for twenty-five years lived on that rock: that she used to be fond of going into the city once in awhile, but that she cared very little for it now; that she always had a great many visitors in the summer, a few years ago the number reaching thousands in one season. She showed me her medals, received from Congress, the State of Massachusetts, and the city of Newport, and a solid silver teapot from the officers at Fort Adams, all bearing suitable inscriptions in testimonial of her heroism in rescuing so many human beings from watery graves.

Miss Lewis is rather above medium height, of somewhat slender figure, good features and great, earnest eyes, between brown and gray. While she can not be called handsome, her face is one to interest and attract. Her style of conversation is piquant and vivacious, and although not educated she is very intelligent. Everything about her apartments bore the evidence of neatness, care and good taste. Her mother’s hair, was very talkative and discoursed on matters and things, personal and otherwise, at length. She informed me she had the rheumatism in her feet, and Ida insisted that it was because she had dyed her hair for so many years. She communicated the intelligence that her daughter was forty years old, at which Miss Ida evinced a slight tinge of annoyance and remarked: “Mother thinks she must tell every one my age.” But she quickly added: “Well, I don’t care; it don’t make any difference. I don’t object to getting old.”—*Newport Letter.*

—Devil’s Lake, in Northern Dakota, does not in any sense deserve its name, for it is a fine sheet of water in the midst of beautiful scenery, and there are no evil traditions concerning it. The fact is that the Indians called it Spirit Lake, and the white man regarded a spirit as necessarily a devil. Residents talk of changing the name back to the original Minnewakau.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A De Kalb County (Tennessee) man cut a tree until it was ready to fall, and then threw himself under it to commit suicide.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—A Boston paper calls Matthew Arnold “the apostle of molasses and moonlight.”

Temperance Reading.

Political Power of the Liquor Interests.

In an article on the “Rum Power in City Politics,” in a recent number of *The Continent*, Charles J. Thwing says: In general, then, the influence of the liquor interest in several of the largest and most important cities exceeds the influence of any other single interest, and frequently exceeds the influence of all other interests united. “You can’t draw a picture of the curse of liquor domination which exceeds in darkness what we have in Chicago,” says a well-known citizen. “There’s only one fact worth mentioning in connection with the influence of the liquor interest in the municipal politics of Milwaukee, and that is that the saloons practically own the city.” affirms a distinguished clergyman. The *Seaside*, of Milwaukee, of November 1, 1883, under the heading, “They want to run the city,” declares that “we all is to be served personally in a few days upon every saloon-keeper in the city for a mass-meeting to be held within the next two weeks to organize a political power which shall in the future control political legislation.”

The question is a Temperance question; but it is also, and more, a question of good citizenship. It is a question whether a class of men, who are in a large part foreigners, who are ignorant, who pay a small tax, who necessitate the poor-house and the prison, who corrupt character, who destroy rather than increase the productive power of the State, who cause by their traffic four-fifths of all the crimes committed—the question is whether men of this kind shall rule the large cities. It is a question whether the worst elements shall dictate, or whether the higher character and sentiment shall rule. In Brooklyn is one saloon for every two hundred and fifty persons; in New York one for every one hundred and twenty-five; in Milwaukee one for every one hundred and fifteen; in Buffalo one for every ninety-six persons. In nearly every city the drink-shops exceed the food-shops by a large proportion. New York City, with ten thousand saloons, has between seven and eight thousand stores for bread, meat, provisions and groceries. The question is, therefore, pressing for each city to decide whether its saloons shall control all its municipal affairs.

Various signs are manifest, indicating that the saloons are not to continue to govern the cities. What are known as “citizen’s movements” abound. The lines of political parties in municipal politics are not drawn with the former distinctness. Attempts are made to govern cities on business principles. “We can do nothing,” says Dr. Howard Crosby, “for a good government of the city until sectional parties are obliterated in city affairs, and good men unite to put down rum.” This, however, is being done in not a few cities. Buffalo has “Citizens’ Reform Associations,” composed of leading citizens of all parties and representing all religions, who are determined to enforce the laws. A National Law and Order League was formed in Boston in February, 1883, whose purpose is simply to secure a better enforcement of the Liquor laws. The Chicago League has in five years prosecuted no less than sixteen hundred dealers for violating the law, of whom over twelve hundred have been either fined or held to the Criminal Court. The first annual report of the Boston Law and Order League shows that it had entered two hundred and twenty-two prosecutions, and had gained one hundred and fifty-one convictions in the lower courts. Brooklyn has also a similar league. Milwaukee organized one in October, 1883. These movements are not simply Temperance movements; they are also movements along the line of a government of each city of and by and for its people. They include representations of all sides of the Temperance question.

“Legal prohibitionists,” and “constitutional prohibitionists,” supporters of “local option” laws, and of “moral suasion” methods, and even “moderate drinkers” combine to thwart the great power of the liquor interest. Liquor sellers are organizing to protect themselves in their constant violation of the law. All citizens who believe in the enforcement of righteous law, possessing any Temperance principle, are simply doing their duty in organizing in order to enforce law.

Along this same line of the execution of the laws for good order, an interesting experiment is tried in the city of Buffalo. The act under which the Excise Commissioners of New York proceed requires that “no license shall be granted unless the applicant is of good moral character and has sufficient ability to keep an inn.” As to what constitutes a “good moral character” there are various and varying standards; yet it is possible to prove even to the most ethically obtuse that certain men have not such a character. With this fact in view the “Citizens’ Reform Association” of Buffalo is preparing several large volumes which give the private history of the liquor sellers of that city. Already these volumes contain the biographies of five hundred men. The record is so bad that, on its publication, their licenses should be either revoked or renewal refused. This is a potent as well as an original weapon. Its use in every city would reveal the corrupt and the dangerous character of that small body of men who endeavor to manage every department of the municipal government.

Temperance Items.

A DRUNKARD who was locked up in the Tombs at Toronto on New Year’s night stated that it was the custom of drinking on that day which had first started him on the downward path.

NO ONE has the influence over the opposite sex that our young ladies have. If every one would use it for Temperance, we should have no fear but that in less than five years intemperance would be a thing of the past.—*San Francisco Rescue.*

NEW MEXICO has now a State organization of the Woman’s National Christian Temperance Union. It was the last of the forty-eight States and Territories to fall into line; but this new movement there makes the Woman’s Union national in deed, as well as name.