HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—An old dress or cloak, of silk or any other material, if ripped and regularly washed in a few cents' worth of Spanish silk bark diluted with water, will look like new again.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—One great advantage of an early vegetable garden is that two crops may be grown in one season. If an abundance of manure be used the drain upon the soil should not be great.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Don't throw away the young beets you have thinned out. Instead of throwing them on the ground to wilt throw them into a pan of cold water, and afterward boil them, roots and tops, for greens. They are delicious.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—An appetizing way to warm over potatoes is to heat them in a sauce-pan containing a coffee-cupful of beef-stock, well seasoned with salt, pepper, and a little parsley which has first been browned in butter; cut the potatoes in thin slices and let them cook slowly until they are saturated with the gravy or liquor.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Digestible Biscuits: Take one pound of brown flour, then put it in a basin; add a pinch of salt; put two ounces of butter in a saucepan; add to it half a pint of water and make it boil; mix it with the flour, and beat it up until it is quite stiff; then roll it out with pastry-cutters, and bake ten minutes.—*Boston Globe.*

—A vicious heifer can be cured of kicking by using a simple fastening around the legs, which is called a spancel. It is a loop of small, soft rope, about sixteen inches long; one end is noosed around one leg; the other is passed around the other leg and fastened by putting a wooden pin so as to hold it. The legs are left with about four inches of play. It should be put on before milking.—*Chicago Times.*

—Deep working of growing corn, says the *Kansas Farmer*, is not good. It tears away roots that are needed to hurry the growth of the corn. And it tends to hasten evaporation. If ground is well prepared for planting the shallowest working which will keep the surface loose and destroy weeds is the best. It is a mistake to run the teeth or shovels away down where the roots ought to be enjoying absolute freedom.

—It was found by careful trial at the garden of the New York experiment station that the old and expensive method of growing celery in deep trenches, and with repeated "earthing up" as the plants grew, was in no way superior to the level culture method, with a single earthing to blanch the stems after they complete their growth. This is in accord with the common practice of our best gardeners at the present time, but it is contrary to the teaching of the older writers on the subject.—*Troy Times.*

Kindness on the Farm.

Have my brother farmers ever noticed or realized the great benefit to be derived from the daily practice of kindness on the farm? If they have not, it is full time they were giving it their earnest attention.

Kindness! it is so light, so easily carried about, always at hand to bestow on man or beast; and it is a real pleasure to bestow it. It leaves such a lasting impression for good; the recipient always meets you with a pleasant welcome, and is ever ready to return the favor with compound interest. My own experience with this article of barter is so pleasant, so grand, that I would not exchange it for mines of gold.

In the morning when I go out, the first to greet me is the dog. He comes for his 'good-morning, Spot," and a few pats on the head then he is my companion on my stroll about the farm. The next to meet me are the chickens; they hold a regular jubilee, and we form a procession and march to the barn. At the gate I find the cows with their kindly "ba'a." They, too, march with the crowd, and when the crib is reached a nubbin and a handful of corn pays them for their greeting. A few kind words to "Blossom" or "Pink" attract the attention of "Billy," who is eating his breakfast in the stable; and his loud, cheerful "nicker" tells that he has heard my voice, and there is no eating until I go up to him and rub his nose and speak a few kind words; then he seems content and goes on with his breakfast. So it is with all the stock; even to the timid sheep and the stupid pig seem to appreciate kindness. What do these dumb brutes give in return? All they have got. My dog is so watchful of my interests that he would sacrifice his life in my defense. My horse seems to know every word I speak to him. When I dismount, however distant from home, I leave him untied, and no matter how long I am out of sight, he waits patiently for my return.

When I come home at evening I meet the children at the gate, waiting for me with eager expectation, and on the porch I am greeted by the tidy person and smiling features of my wife. This reception dispels all trouble and care, repaying a thousand-fold my confidence and kindness. But the profits do not stop here. I am no sooner announced than willing hands are ready to relieve me from further care and labor. From the youngest to the oldest, whether my own family or the help, each tries to excel the other in kind offices, knowing that their interest and zeal will be rewarded by kind and encouraging words.

The benefits from kindness are not confined to one's own home. They extend to the every-day walks of life, to business and social relations. In my daily intercourse with the numerous tenants, composed of all classes, I find kindness and patience accomplish much. My presence is no sooner discovered than all are anxious to serve me. My horse is watered and fed, and I am feasted with the best the house affords. In exchange for this hospitality I enter into all their little personal affairs, giving a timely word of advice here, a warning there, and encouragement where it is deserved.

Then, I say, practice kindness on the farm. Let all share in its pleasures, and many a gloomy hour will be dispelled, disagreeable tasks will become pleasant, and home will be as God intended it, the brightest spot on earth. —*Alex. Ross, in Prairie Farmer.*

Sheep for Mutton.

Wool is more important in this country than mutton, and with the claim that the wool interests are not fostered by the Government, the breeders of sheep, instead of using their animals for all the purposes to which they were adapted, confine themselves to a single production only, and complain that sheep are not profitable except under circumstances that permit only of unlimited range over free pastures. But wool, while seemingly more important than mutton, is really not as valuable if we take into consideration the facts pertaining to the breeding of sheep for wool and sheep for mutton.

Our country is so large, and some sections so distant from market, that breeders find it easier to clip and transport wool than mutton, and they therefore direct their attention to those breeds that excel in wool production, the consequence being that no people in the world have such inferior mutton as we have. It is impossible to find a dozen first-class sheep in a hundred that arrive in market that may be classed as excellent. Such sheep have been neglected in order to produce wool. It is easy to estimate the difference in cost between the production of wool and mutton, for, allowing that wool is worth fifty cents a pound, the value of fleece is not a large sum; but if breeders will endeavor to breed sheep that possess desirable carcasses, with something else besides ribs and legs, not only would the increased weight be a source of greater profit, but we venture to say that the extra quality of mutton that is produced expressly for market would of itself add an additional item to the receipts, thereby increasing the profits. On some railroads sheep are transported to market at so much each, and the large sheep are therefore the cheapest, as they sell by the pound when they arrive at their destination, and, although wool is easily baled and shipped, there is still considerable labor in shearing and preparing the wool for shipment.

There is a proportion of profit also from the best mutton breeds in the shape of wool, even though it may be inferior, but it is enough to pay the expense. The profit from sheep should be made as large as possible, and the addition of a few more pounds of wool to the clip will not compensate for lack of size and quality in the carcass. In England they find the profit in mutton so great as to make sheep a necessary adunct to the farm, which would not be the case if they bred for wool. With the increase of population of this country comes a greater demand for good mutton, for we have but little of it, and that demand is sure to increase. As it increases, the field for breeding sheep is also widened, and if we are to compete with Australia and demand a tariff to protect us we will at least be safe and secure against foreign competition in the mutton supply. Of course we find mutton in our markets, but such meat could not be easily sold in England. The usual flocks that come to our markets are very inferior. The people are anxious for mutton—good mutton—and it will be profitable to the one who sends it to market—*Farm Field and Fireside.*

Judicious Feeding.

That we overfeed in some cases, and underfeed in others, as a rule, when the reverse would answer the purpose better, is clear. We underfeed when we grow our young stock, doubtless, in the majority of cases, take the country through; and the exceptional cases which occur have often the wrong kind of food given them—an undue proportion of fat-forming elements, as when corn is made the principle feed. We thus get puny stock, lacking the growth of which it is capable. This is true of all kinds of stock; and there is no remedy when the growing period is past. With only a little change in the food, substituting a more nitrogenous diet, this might have been avoided, with no increase of cost. Plenty of early cut clover hay, with some timothy or orchard grass for variety where desired, will make a sufficient food for calves, colts and lambs; or failing to secure a full growth, a little corn and oil-meal will supply the deficiency. In all cases the feed should be regular, and what is equally important, given with sufficient space between the rations to afford rest to the organs employed in disposing of it. How little this last is considered! We act as though our animals were not subject to the same laws regarding digestion that we are. They are to be treated in this respect, "brute" though they be, much as human beings are treated, having greater capacity it is true, and requiring more to satisfy that capacity. What goes beyond this is to that extent harmful. Not only should the feeding be regular, but oftener given during the twenty-four hours, beginning early in the day, the first at six o'clock, or sooner; the last at nine in the evening, with intermediate feeding. In this way more will be eaten and better disposed of, with greater comfort to the animal. This with comfortable quarters to protect them from the cold of winter and the cold rains of autumn and spring, with ready access to good water, will increase the profit on the feed and improve the health and vigor of the stock.—*Country Gentleman.*

In His Wife's Pocket.

A fire broke out in a dwelling-house the other night, and after the man and his wife had safely reached the street the latter said that there was fifty dollars in the pocket of her dress, which was hanging in a second story back room.

"I'll go for it," said the husband, and he plunged into the burning building.

The flames raged furiously, and the man did not return. At the expiration of an hour the fire was extinguished and the back building caved. Firemen groped their way up the rear stairs through water and blinding smoke, and found the man in the closet still fumbling at his wife's dress, looking for the money.

He was nearly suffocated with smoke, but had strength enough to say that he thought he would have found the pocket inside of two hours. It never occurred to him to seize the dress and rush out with that. Some men get so excited and nervous in time of fire.—*Norristown Herald.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Rev. William B. Afflec, described on the bills as "The Mark Twain of England," is lecturing on temperance.

—The real name of Henry Greville, the French novelist who has written such striking scenes of Russian life, is Mme. Alice Durand.

—A daughter of Senator Dawes is writing a series of articles on "The Modern Jew; His Present and Future," for the *American Hebrew.*

—Dr. Tanner, the persevering faster, is fifty years old and hasn't a false tooth in his head. He evidently knew what he was about when he rested his teeth for so many weeks.—*Boston Herald.*

—Mrs. Elizabeth A. Thornton, of Hackensack, N. J., recently celebrated her one hundredth birthday. She distinctly recalls the visit of Lafayette to Camden to lay the corner-stone of the DeKalb monument.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—George Augustus Sala gets $10,000 a year from the London *Illustrated News* for writing a page a week and occasional dramatic criticisms. He gets another $10,000 from the *Daily Telegraph* for an editorial of a column long now and then.

—Washington was childless; Adams' favorite boy died by suicide; Monroe had no son; Madison had no child; Van Buren's son went to an asylum; Pierce's only child was killed on the railway; Polk had no child, and Johnson's only son was self-destroyed.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Julian Hawthorne says that his father, the novelist, wrote a number of tales having witches for their subject matter, but they were burned by their author "because they embodied no moral truth; they were mere imaginative narratives, founded on history and tradition, and had not the spiritual balance and proportion of art."

—Mrs. Ivy Grace Hughes, the remarkably beautiful woman who died recently in New York, was well-known in Montreal. She lived in luxurious style with her first husband, named Cande. She was a native of Melbourne, Australia, and was received in the best society. Her second husband, whom she left in England, is an elderly man and very wealthy. Her husband gave her an ample income.

HUMOROUS.

—The husband: "Well, my dear, did you see some beautiful things on your mountain excursion?" The wife: "The guide told me to look where I walked; all I was able to see was my boots!"

—A rooster has been born with only one wing in Dooly County, Ga., in order to give a paragraphist an opportunity to say that it resembles some chimneys—i. e., it has a defective flew. —*Norristown Herald.*

—A Chicago reporter, in giving an account of a murder spent three hours in hunting up the caliber of the pistol that did the shooting. He forgot to tell who was shot or why, but he found out the caliber.—*Detroit Post*

—A gentleman with a large mouth and a proclivity to smile was only brought to a complete rest by being asked by the photographer to please "try and smile within the limits of the camera only."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—Dumley wanted to stand his landlady off for a couple of weeks' board, and so at the breakfast table he said in a loud tone of voice: "Ah, Mrs. Hendricks?" "Yes, Mr. Dumley." "Ah, will you be kind enough to pour a little cold water in my coffee? It is too strong and hot." After breakfast she said: "Certainly, Mr Dumley, I will accommodate you willingly."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Deacon Dewgood's son returned home very late the other night from a pressing engagement with his pretty sweetheart. "Where have you been?" growled the old man as the youth came sneaking up stairs in his stocking feet. "Dear father," he replied, "I can not tell a lie; I've been to a protracted meeting." And the good old man upbraided himself for having treated his son so harshly.—*Detroit Post.*

—Edith: You want a recipe for making pie. Well, here it is: Take one compositor from the country, one case of agate, and one composing stick—mix well. This has never known to fail in making pie. How shall you keep your pug from having fleas? Purchase at some drug store a small quantity of paris green, and mix with the dog's food; then bury the dog. If these directions are observed carefully the fleas will leave him.—*Albany Journal.*

—"Yes, I do want a collector," said the millinery man, "but I don't think a lady would suit me." "Why not?" asked the female applicant, "I could not only do your collecting but also assist in the store, for I am well versed in this business." "That may be, but there is another great objection." "What is it?" "Well, I don't think a woman could make a first-class collector." "Give me your reasons." "Because," answered the merchant, as he grinned a raise-the-plumes-fifty-cents-a-piece smile, "because women's work is never *dun* you know."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Had Something Left.

Two or three years ago one of the appropriations in the River and Harbor bill was the sum of $15,000 for improving Goose Creek, Habana. The Government engineer for that district succeeded in finding the said creek the other day, after a search of twenty-six months. He found a rivulet three miles long, and six inches deep and three feet wide, and on the banks he found a solitary settler.

"The Government has appropriated $15,000 to improve this creek," observed the engineer.

"I know it, and I've been waiting," was the reply.

"I don't see what improvement is needed or can be made."

"Reckon not, being as you are a stranger, but that 'ere cash was appropriated to shovel down this 'ere bank so that my old mule could git down to water without breaking his internal back."

The improvement of Goose Creek was made at a cost of three dollars, and the engineer will either have to turn the current up stream or send the rest of the appropriation back to the Treasury.—*Wall Street News.*

The Science of "Privilege" which Unhorsed Keene.

As a majority of people do not know what sort of things stock privileges are, it may not be out of place to say a few words on this subject. A stock privilege is a paper signed by some well-known person, and entitling the bearer to put to, or call from, that person a given amount of a given stock at a given price within a given time. These privileges are paid for according to their speculative value, their duration and the amount of stock they are issued for. They are practically insurance tickets against losses in stock gambling. A man who buys a privilege can not lose more than the amount he pays for it. If he buys a stock and it goes down, he can put it to the signer of the privilege. If he sells it short and it goes up, he can call it and cover his contract. The so-called puts and calls go only one way, and the bearer can only either put to or call from the signer the stock concerned. The spreads and straddles work both ways: the holder can either put to or call from the signer the stock concerned. The sellers of privileges work upon the same plan as bookmakers do at the races. They sell stocks short against their puts, and buy them against their calls. As a rule they make a great deal of money, for the figures of the privileges are usually far away from the market, and the premium paid for the privilege forms in most cases a clear profit. The largest dealers in privileges are Messrs. Russell Sage, J. R. Keene, M. O. Bogart and S. V. White. Old Sage has made a million or two by selling privileges. Being a director in many corporations, he always knows which way a given stock is likely to go, and sells his puts and calls accordingly. Besides, he has a large following, and can always make rich people buy or sell a certain stock, and thus protect his paper.

Mr. Keene had the disadvantage of not being connected with any large corporation, and of having no following to speak of. But he had a perfect passion for selling privileges. A crisp thousand-dollar bill exhibited by a curbstone privilege broker was to him like piece of red cloth to a bull. He could not resist the temptation to go for it. If he had confined himself to the dealing in privileges he would probably have come out ahead. But, being a large speculator, besides, he was all the time crippled in his movement by the puts and calls he had out. He was probably the most consistent and intelligent bear for the last two or three years, yet he did not dare to let the market go down too far out of fear that an avalanche of stock would come down on him. The consequence was that he had to sustain the market by buying stocks, and, as prices went down notwithstanding his efforts, he had a mass of stocks put to him besides. That game was going on for a long time, and he was a big loser at all the while. His best friends implored him long ago to give up the privilege business, and he has repeatedly promised them to do so, but the fatal passion was there, and he could not get rid of it. The collapse had to come, and it came. There can be no doubt that he will make all his outstanding contracts good, though it will probably take him some time to do so, but the nervous tension to which he must be subjected at the present moment must be terrible, and there is not a man in Wall street who knows him well who does not deeply sympathize with him. He was always the most open-hearted and least tricky of the great Wall street men. Besides, he fought all his battles single-handed, and some of them were mighty big battles, too. His pluck and endurance are subjects of admiration, even on the part of his enemies.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Old Printer.

And so the old printer was dead. Of course, when a man has been sticking type until his head is whiter than rag paper, and he counts the years of his work by the boxes in the lower case, you expect him to turn his rule almost any day. And yet the empty case at the old man's window looked terribly lonesome next day. A great many times that day the boys, who were unusually quiet, looked over at his case, and wondered if the old man wouldn't miss it, and the high stool, and his old stick and the big solemn looking spectacles he used to wear. Of course he'd get along, but for so many years those things had been his daily companions, the boys wondered if the old man might not miss them just a little bit, at first. I think indeed, that Slug Seven said: "We'd ought to of sent them with him; we could of buried them with the old man, anyhow," he said. You see, Slug Seven was a good printer and a good man, but he used to work on a sage brush and alkali paper down in New Mexico and out in Arizona, and he had a whole brain full of heathenish Indian ideas. He wanted the boys to put on suits that night, so the regulars could go out to the cemetery—"bone-yard," Slug Seven called it—and burn the stool, case, and the old shoes that served for the old man's private hell-box, on the old printer's grave.

The old man had been on the paper longer than any of us. He used to shake his head when the boys stopped at the stone to jeff before they went down stairs. "'Twun't do, fellows," he would say; "I've been there, and I know. Night of the 27th of November, 1844, I came into this town a bilin' not a cent in my pocket, and enough tamarack in my head to get me a night's lodgin', and I slept in the cellar that night with my legs on the ground, my back on a bundle of paper and my head on an ink-keg. And the next day I caught on to this very case, and I says: "How long can I keep this job, boss?" And the old man looked at me, and he was lookin' at the raggedest, ornariest tramp-printer that ever struck him for grub-stake, and he said "Long as you stay sober, young fellow." And he kept his word, and here I've been ever since, and where's all the boys that started even with me and away ahead of me? It don't pay, young fellows. There's beer down-stairs and there's ice-water in the pail in the corner. One costs money and tother's free; one makes tramp-printers and 'tother saves 'em. Stick to the saloon in the cool corner, fellows, drink at the sign of the tin dipper, and you'll have eyes and nerves to stick type when you're seventy."

Somehow the boys always enjoyed the old man's homely little temperance lectures, and in the forty years he stood at that case and preached, if he wasn't quite so eloquent as Gough, every now and then he coaxed some typo away from the sign of the glass mug to the sign of the tin dipper. And sometimes, the old man used to stumble a little himself, but that was long ago. He would be gone a day or two, and come back very quietly, very penitent, and very oblivious to the occasional remarks of a mysterious character who would drift up and down the alleys. But this didn't often happen, because the boys always liked the old man and felt sorry for him, and they respected his penitence, and finally only the new men or the subs ever said a word about these annual disappearances. All the old man would ever say about them was that he had "been up in the country to bury his uncle." His uncle died hard, but he did die at last, and the old man for many years stood like a conqueror at his time-worn old case with his enemy under his feet.—*Burdette, in Burlington Hawkeye.*

He Wouldn't Swap After All.

There is an old ballad of the farmer who boasted that he did as much work in a day as his wife could do in seven. She answered his challenge by proposing he should stay at home and she would go into the field. After giving him careful directions for his work next morning, she left the house and did not come until night. She found the old man with his head tied up where the cow had kicked him blind; the milk all soaking in the ground; the hens strayed away and all their eggs laid where the old man could not find them; the calf missing and everything gone wrong, everything topsy-turvey. The old farmer took it all back and agreed that it was his wife who could do more work in a day than *he* could do in seven.

A New York young fellow, hauled up last week before a magistrate for laziness and refusal to support his wife, had very much the same notion of woman's work as the old farmer in the ballad. In answer to the Judge's questions he grumbled that he was sick and tired of standing behind a counter all day, and therefore took a much-needed rest. "But the baby and I starve in the meantime," remonstrated the wife. He said he loved her too well for that, but she couldn't expect a fellow to kill himself, could she? She naturally thought there was very little danger of that.

Then a sudden thought struck him. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Nellie," said he. "You take my place in the store and I will attend to the household duties." His wife expressed a good deal of amusement at the idea, but he repeated his offer. "You must have a nice time," said he, "your work is awfully easy." The wife answered she would be only too glad of the change, and agreed to "swap" occupations. "Now," said she, "you must get up in the morning and make the fire, prepare the breakfast, mind the baby—" The husband stopped her right there, and gave her to understand that she would have to take the baby to the store with her. "Not a bit of it," was her answer. "You are taking care of the household and that's a part of it." He protested that, as she knew, the baby's crying made him almost crazy, but she insisted that if he took her place he must look to her duties. She told the magistrate she was willing to take her husband's place in the store, and that official was about to arrange the affair on that basis. Just here her husband was very skeptical about her being able to stand it, thought she had better attend to the household and he would go back to the store. The Justice remarked that "the baby settled him," which was a much wiser observation than some of the more elaborate and longer decisions which come from the bench.

As a matter of fact a man is not well-fitted to endure the petty annoyances and has no patience with the petty cares which make up a large part of women's domestic work. If women have no business tact or capacity, men, on the other hand, have little of the infinite painstaking in the dull routine of house service that women attend to every day in their lives. The affair seems to have been pretty well arranged by Providence. The backs and the burdens of the sexes seem mutually and respectively adjusted to one another, and so the world wobbles on after its fashion of the last several thousand years, and is not likely, in this respect at least, to fly the track for a good many years to come.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Dialogue a la Saison.

"Are you going to help me put down the carpets, John?"

"S'pose so; where's tack hammer?"

"It's in the barrel of dishes—no, it isn't—yes, it is—oh, I know now I put it in the band-box with your new Sunday hat."

"Just like a woman; never knows where anything is; hat ruined, like enough; where's the handle of the hammer?"

"Oh, I packed that up with a china set; you'll find it, dear, at the bottom of the box."

"Now, who's going to stretch this carpet, hey?"

"Me, dear."

"Well, stand there. Gracious, I can't pull a hundred pounds of dry-goods along with the carpet. Oh, dear, I'm going to have a fit I believe."

"I'll make you a cup of tea, dear. You can drink it out of your shaving-mug. It'll be just like a picnic."

But when she got back with the tea, John was missing.

"Poor fellow! It was too much for him; he's gone to get the air. He looked pale."

John at a counter covered with eatables, salads and things: "Two nips of old crow, and a dash of bitters to begin with. I'm nearly starved! A hot beefsteak will help me out. I tell you, boys, moving is tough work."

Life has its compensations. John's wife sits on a roll of carpet and drinks her tea. "Poor boy! I wish he could have waited for it; it's *so* refreshing. He'll be half starved by supper time! I know he will."

Not much, little woman.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Temperance Reading.

INTEMPERANCE IN ENGLAND.

Oakey Hall, in a London letter to the Brooklyn *Eagle*, says: "No place so much needs the Temperance movement as London. Almost every corner building is a public, and as one walks the streets, whether at mid-day past the crowded Poultry Lane or at night in the suburbs, he hears everywhere the clink of glasses alternating with church chimes, which everywhere ring the quarter hours, making the heedless take note of time by its tone. 'A drop of summut' is eternally in every English mouth, from the aristocratic Pall Mall club room to the denizens of Fox Court and Saffron Hill, made so famous by Dickens. Apropos of drink, J. E. Murphy, who returned to-day to America, had a grand send off last Thursday at Mission Hall, Waterloo street, St. Helen's in the East, where a thousand people, under the joint patronage of the Vicar and Congregational preacher of the parish said good-bye. Mr. Murphy's native and characteristic eloquence has made great impression, and clearly his field of usefulness is here, where quarterns of gin and brandy on the top of cheap beer muddle brains and inspire crime, rather than in the States, where bourbon, that honeycombs the kidneys, can be left to the medical faculty. Even Sir Charles Dilke has taken up the Temperance question, and, in a recent speech in the Commons on the dwellings and public house question, he charged that the local rulers, as in New York City, were directly interested in the tenement house and drink evil. He charged that a member of the District Board in Holborn owned in Portpool lane ten suspicious houses; that in St. Pancras a place condemned by surveyors belonged to a member of the vestry whose father and grandfather were also members of it, and that in Clerkenwell two joint dictators—if Sir Charles had been in Brooklyn he would have used the word bosses—who controlled the leading committees of the vestry, were the largest owners of doubtful property in Clerkenwell. Observe that in England the words parish and vestry are words in civil government, and not, as in America, of exclusive ecclesiastical signification. As a consequence, Sir Wilfred Lawson's movement for local option is making much headway; but it would seem that the brewing and house proprietary interest will be too strong for years against the proposition. However, as the lamented Lincoln said: "Reformers must peg away until the hard pan crumbles."

"Meanwhile this advertisement appears in several London papers: 'The want of a good Temperance drink which shall take the place of the cheap intoxicating liquors to which the public are a customed has long been felt, and, none of the many drinks hitherto in use having achieved more than a temporary popularity, two prizes—the first of £700, and the second of £300—are now offered for the two best Temperance drinks under conditions a copy of which may be obtained upon forwarding to the secretary a stamped envelope bearing the name and address of the applicant intending to compete. By order of the committee. W. Hodges, secretary March, 1884. Victoria Chambers, 55 and 56 Chancery lane, London."

"I believe this offer is not geographically bounded. The prizes $3,500 and $1,500 are open to Brooklynites."

The Danger of Moderate Drinking.

The following from a Texas paper makes out a strong case:

"The veriest drunkard on earth, in his lucid moments, will freely confess that drunkenness is brutalizing, debasing and ruinous to both body and mind. All sots commenced as moderate and occasional drinkers, and hooted at the forebodings of their friends that they would wind up as drunkards. They would meet the warnings of sincere friends with the remark that they had resolution sufficient to control themselves and that they could stop at any moment. And feel this degree of confidence in the strength of their own resolutions at the outset. The occasional drinker may gradually become the regular drinker, the moderate may insensibly drift into the immoderate drinker. 'The appetite,' as Shakspeare says, 'grows by what it feeds upon:' the craving for stimulants increases; habit ripens into second nature, it takes an increased quanity to keep off depression, and the end of is is that the moderate drinker often becomes the absolute and helpless slave to alcoholism and neglects his business as well as brutalizes his nature and intellect. He may go so far as to lose his self-respect and feel no shame in being drunk in public. Moderate drinkers should be careful. They may, before they are aware of it, go too far.

"It is said there are in the United States 200,000 incorrigible drunkards, and that 90,000 drunkards die annually, mere wrecks, bodily and mentaly. Alcoholism helps fill our poor houses, jails, penitentiaries and asylums as well as our graveyards. It also transmits to posterity various diseases, physical and mental.

"There is hardly a town that is without half a dozen miserable wrecks, the victims of alcoholism, who were once worthy and promising men. It is a melancholy and deplorable state of things, yet drunkenness is upon the increase. Temperance societies are palliatives. Drunkards can only be cured by medical skill, by relieving the abnormal morbity of the stomach, superinduced by alcohol. This the best scientific skill of the world is now agreed upon."

A GREAT preacher in London was defending his wine-drinking to me. I said: "Suppose J. B. Gough were a poor inebriate in London, and were to be converted, which church would it be better for him to join, yours, where his taste would be recalled and he placed in danger, or Mr. Spurgeon's, where you find total abstainers at the communion table?" That argument touched him, although he was invulnerable to every other. That is the argument we are to apply to every man or woman who would belong to the rescue section of religious society.—*Joseph Cook.*

THOMAS F. DURANT, once a most prosperous business man of New York, has been sent to an asylum as a common drunkard.