☞ Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or otherwise, is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the [illegible].

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them unclaimed for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

THE EGGS THAT NEVER HATCH.

There's a young man [illegible] the corner,
Filled with [illegible] length and hope;
Looking far [illegible] present.
With the whole wo[illegible] in his scope.
He is grasping at to[illegible] row,
That phantom [illegible] can catch;
To-day is lost. He's [illegible]iting
For the eggs that [illegible] hatch.

There's an old man [illegible] yonder,
With a worn and [illegible] face,
With searching, an[illegible] features,
And weak unce[illegible] pace.
He is living in the [illegible]re,
With no desire to [illegible]
The golden Now. H[illegible] waiting
For the eggs that [illegible]er hatch.

There's a world of [illegible] and women,
With their life's [illegible] yet undone,
Who are sitting, s[illegible] moving
Beneath the sun[illegible] sun:
Ever eager for the [illegible]re,
But not content to [illegible]atch
The Present. The[illegible] waiting
For the eggs that [illegible]er hatch.

—*Merchant Traveler.*

MONEY FOR LOVE.

How May Ha[illegible] Married for One and Ga[illegible] the Other.

"Of course I have not married him because I was [illegible]ove with him," said May Harriott, [illegible]h a light laugh.

She was sit[illegible] in a gold-and-dun colored boud[illegible] hung with silken, fluted draperie[illegible] and carpeted in pale gray Ambusso[illegible] ordered with scarlet. The windows [illegible]re full of flowering plants, an exq[illegible]te statue of Hebe occupied a marb[illegible] pedestal in the middle of the room, [illegible] the panels of the walls, filled i[illegible]th mirrors, reflected the young bri[illegible] every motion a score of times.

Flora Field, [illegible]r old school-mate, sat opposite her, [illegible]ecretly envious of all this splendor [illegible] wondering that May Haven, who [illegible] taught in the same district schoo[illegible] herself, was not more elated at this [illegible]den promotion.

"Well, the[illegible] said she, "why did you marry hi[illegible]"

"Because [illegible]as poor and he was rich. Becaus[illegible] was tired of teaching and he offere[illegible]e all this!"

And May [illegible]ced around upon the luxuries that [illegible]rounded her.

"Nobody [illegible]d be foolish enough to suppose it [illegible] a love-match," said she. "He'[illegible]r so much older than I am, and n[illegible] all my ideal! But I couldn't drug[illegible] on forever at my profession, and [illegible]ink I've made a lucky exchange."

"May, y[illegible]re a heartless coquette," cried out Flo[illegible] Field.

"No, I am[illegible]t," said May, with a shake of the l[illegible]ly golden curls. "You would do ju[illegible]e same thing yourself, Flora Field, [illegible] you had a chance; you know you w[illegible]d."

And as M[illegible]aughed out a sweet, defiant chime[illegible] did not know that her silly words [illegible]d had another auditor than Flora F[illegible]d—that the door leading into the rich[illegible]anker's study was ajar, and that h[illegible]d heard every syllable she spoke.

It was q[illegible]true that Frederick Harriott was [illegible] young man. He had passed the [illegible]icon of middle age before he ha[illegible]lowed himself to fall in love and m[illegible]y—and the flame burned all the dee[illegible] and more tender, in that the wood [illegible] mellowed by age! He had looke[illegible]on May Haven as little less than a [illegible]ngel and now——

"I shou[illegible]ave known this before," he said to [illegible]self, with ashen-pale face and tremb[illegible] limbs. "I should have divined that [illegible]pring and autumn were unsuited. [illegible]—she married me for my money!"

"May, [illegible] said that evening, "I have ticke[illegible] for the opera to-night. Would yo[illegible]ke to go?"

"No, M[illegible]'t think I care about it," said May, [illegible]dlessly.

"Then [illegible] will remain at home, and I will rea[illegible]u that new poem," suggested he[illegible]sband.

"I am i[illegible]d of poetry," pettishly retorted M[illegible] "I do wish you would leave me[illegible]njoy myself in my own way onc[illegible]a while!"

"Do I [illegible]e you, May?" Frederick Harriott a[illegible]ed, with an inexplicable quiver i[illegible] voice.

"Awf[illegible] I'm just in the midst of this deli[illegible]ul story and I can't bear to be inter[illegible]ed."

"Ver[illegible]ll. The offense shall not be repe[illegible]" said Mr. Harriott, quietly.

After [illegible]t a subtle and sudden change ca[illegible]e over his whole life. He was as c[illegible]teous and attentive to his young wi[illegible]as ever, but May felt that all the l[illegible]t and soul were gone out of the li[illegible] courtesies, the scrupulously rendere[illegible]tentions.

For a [illegible]e she rather liked it. It was a r[illegible] to feel that his eye was not always o[illegible]her, his thoughts following her. Sh[illegible]ould go where she pleased now a[illegible]e asked no questions. She could t[illegible]oy her time to suit herself and he m[illegible] neither criticism nor comment t[illegible]er. But gradually she began to [illegible]ize that she had lost something wh[illegible]h was not easily to be replaced.

May [illegible]riott had regarded her husband's [illegible] as one of the fixed polar facts of [illegible] existence, and a cold chill crept [illegible] her heart when she fully perceived [illegible]t it was somehow slipping away [illegible] her.

"Fr[illegible]ick," she said, one evening, sitting [illegible]posite to her husband, "have I offe[illegible] you?"

He [illegible]ced carelessly up from his book.

"Ote[illegible]ed me, May? Why, what a ridicu[illegible] idea! Of course you haven't offenc[illegible]me."

"I—I [illegible]thought your manner was some[illegible] different of late," faltered the [illegible]g wife, bending her head close[illegible]er her embroidery.

"Oh [illegible]an't keep on the honeymoon gloss [illegible]ever," said the banker, indifferent[illegible]

Lif[illegible] full of antitheses, and love is the [illegible]ngest complexity in life. For, as M[illegible] Harriott grew strengthened in the i[illegible] that her husband was ceasing to ad[illegible] her after the old idolatrous fash[illegible] she began to fall in love with he[illegible] she had married for money.

"Fr[illegible]rick Harriott was not young, [illegible] was in the prime of middle age. [illegible] not boyishly handsome, like the w[illegible] heads May had seen in the [illegible] show-windows, but he had the [illegible]mien of a prince. All women [illegible]e to hero worship, and our little [illegible] was no exception to the ordinar[illegible]le. For the first time in her [illegible] was falling in love—and with her [illegible]n husband.

A[illegible]w weeks only had elapsed when [illegible] in the banking business had [illegible]ed it imperatively necessary that [illegible]arriott should go to Vienna for [illegible] three months. Poor May looked [illegible] as her husband mentioned his [illegible] to her in the same cool, matter-of-fact way in which he might have criticised the weather.

"Going to Vienna!" she gasped. "Oh, Frederick!"

"My dear child, it is but a mere bagatelle of a journey! One doesn't mind travel nowadays. I shall not be later than November in returning."

"But—I may go with you?"

"You? My dear, don't think of it. My travel will necessarily be too rapid to think of encumbering myself with a lady companion. I must go and come with the greatest speed."

May said nothing more, but there was a blur before her eyes, a sickening sensation of despair at her heart. He cared no more for the society which had been dear to him once. Oh, what had she done to forfeit the love that had once been poured out so fondly on her life?

It was a rainy June twilight when the banker, wrapped in a dreadnaught coat and with his traveling cap pulled down over his eyes paced up and down the deck of the steamer Galatea, heedless of all the tumult of weighing anchor. Through the misty dusk he tried vainly to catch the ghostly outlines of the city spires—the city that held his young wife.

"She will be happy enough without me," he told himself, bitterly. "She has her mother and sister with her. She bade me adieu without a tear, and it may be that my continued absence will teach her to think less coldly of me. Dear little May—sweet spring blossom—my prayers may reach you, if my love can not."

And as the steamer plowed her way onward and the darkness deepened Frederick Harriott went below.

To his infinite surprise the stateroom he had engaged for his own behalf and use was not empty. A lady sat there with veiled face and drooping head. Frederick Harriott paused in surprise—the figure rose up, and throwing aside its veil revealed the blue, starry eyes and pale cheek of May herself.

"Oh, Frederick, pardon me!" she sobbed, throwing herself into his arms, "but I could not let you go alone! I love you, Frederick; I can not live without you. When I thought of you being alone, perhaps ill, in a strange land I thought I should lose my senses. Dear husband, tell me that you are not angry with me!"

And she burst into a flood of tears.

"My own May—my wife—my love. Close, close to my heart for evermore!"

And that was all he said.

May Haven had married for money: May Harriott had learned the secret of love!—*Chicago Mail.*

BIRMINGHAM.

The Founding and Development of the Magic City of the South.

Birmingham, the magic city of the South, was incorporated December 19, 1871, and is beautifully situated in Jones' Valley, Jones County, Ala., and is the county seat at present. The former capital town of Jefferson County was Elyton, distant about two miles, now a suburb of the city, containing a number of fine residences. James R. Powell, John T. Miller and Samuel Tait were the original promoters and founders of the new city. They saw their chance to make a fortune, and had the nerve and means to go in and win by buying up the lands about the time the South & North Alabama & Chattanooga Roads were being built through this then wild and comparatively unknown section, for, until then, little if anything was known of the vast mineral wealth here deposited.

The gentlemen previously named, after a careful survey of the lands, for the purpose of ascertaining beyond doubt the extent, quality, etc., of the coal, iron and limestone, were fully assured of the almost inexhaustible quantity and of the superior quality of the same. Immediately they set about forming a company or syndicate for the purpose of developing the lands and bringing into market these rich deposits that had lain hidden for unknown ages. A location for a city was carefully and judiciously selected, surveyed, and, as our friend, "Boss" Shepherd would say, laid out in a comprehensive plan, with the eye of faith to the future greatness of the embryo city. The reports at first were doubtfully received, so incredible they seemed. It was hard for the staid old iron masters of Pennsylvania and other mineral regions to believe that such vast deposits of minerals could exist in the South, and that it could remain here or elsewhere for so long a time undiscovered. Shrewd and enterprising iron men and capitalists of New Castle, Pa., and Wheeling, W. Va., came on to see for themselves, and were convinced of the truthfulness of the statements made. They purchased lands and erected furnaces, mills, etc. The result has been marvelous. The taxable property of the city of Birmingham was in 1883, $2,682,909, and in 1884 had increased to $3,302,136. The city is lighted with a superior gas manufactured from coal procured in the immediate vicinity. Water of a good quality is furnished from a clear stream that flows near by. A paid fire department is maintained, while the police and sanitary are all that could be expected. The city boasts of a pretty opera-house, capable of seating 1,260 persons, one of the best arranged places of amusement in the South.—*Birmingham (Ala.) Cor. Washington Star.*

An Odd Character.

An odd old character recently died in Cavendish, Vt. His name was David Ordway, and he and his ancestors ran an ancient grist-mill on the "twenty-mile stream." David had a costly coffin made and fitted to himself years before his death, and kept it in his front parlor to cheer his guests. He paid a Universalist minister one hundred dollars to have his funeral sermon preached some years ago, and was borne with dirges dire in sad array down the aisle of the crowded church, laid out in his coffin. It was the sensation of the year where he lived. One of his mill-stones now forms the base of a simple monument that tells in quaint, illiterate phrase that "tho I am dead yet speaketh, for there is rest upon this mill-stone top I set this noble block to let the world know what I had done." One of the things that he did was to fix upon a certain day when he was to harvest a big piece of grain. When the day came he saw that it was going to rain, and setting a firebrand, he rushed into the field and burned up his harvest.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

—"I'll join you presently," as the minister remarked to the young couple just as he started for the boy to the church door.—*Boston Telegram.*

—"Take one bushel of green tomatoes," begins a recipe. I ought to commence: "And throw them in the wash."—*Danville Breeze.*

MANY MONEYS.

Some of the Peculiarities of the Paper Currency of Different Countries.

At a steamship agency a reporter was shown specimens of currency of nearly every European country. The money is kept there for the purpose of supplying foreigners about to return to Europe who wish to exchange American money for that of their own country. Ordinarily the agency keeps up its supply by exchanging United States currency with the immigrants of various nationalities who reach here with money of their own country in their possession. But in the spring, when there is a rush of returning immigrants going home for a visit, etc., the supply sometimes runs short, and foreign banks have to be drawn upon.

The Bank of England note is printed on Irish linen water-lined paper, plain white and with ragged edges. The paper lacks the smooth, oily feeling of our own currency, and the plainness of the lettering and the entire absence of any coloring excepting black and white makes the bill in appearance easy to counterfeit. The bills are five inches by eight in dimensions. They are never reissued from the bank, but burned as soon as taken in. In sending money from one part of the country to another the note is generally cut in two parts and the pieces sent in separate envelopes. The Bank of Ireland note is in appearance and size much the same, with the addition of more scroll-work in the engraving. German and Austrian currency bear upon each bill a warning against counterfeiters, threatening penitentiary confinement to any one who shall make, sell or have in their possession any counterfeit or fac-simile of any of the bills. The German bills are printed in green and black upon paper lighter than our gold certificates, and are about an inch wider. They are in denominations from 5 marks, or $1.25, to 1,000 marks, or $250. The currency of Austria is printed in two languages, German on one side and Hungarian on the other, in order to accommodate his Majesty's, Francis Joseph's, Magyar subjects. The engraving is profuse with artistic angel heads and rather elaborate scroll-work. The bill is printed on a light-colored, thick paper, but with none of the silk-fiber marks nor geometric lines used on our own currency as a protection against counterfeiting. Some of the more recently-issued German bills, however, are printed on paper very similar to that used for United States Treasury notes. The smallest denomination in Austrian currency is 1 florin, about 40 cents in our money. The denominations are from 1 florin to 1,000 florins. A noticeable peculiarity is the fact that in exchanging, Austrians or Hungarians prefer the paper money of their own country to coin, while German, Swiss or French people invariably want coin in preference to currency. The reason for this is not known, unless it is because the smallest bill in Austrian currency is much smaller than the smallest bill in currency of any other country, and the common people become more used to handling currency there than in the others.

Banque de Franc notes look like small show-bills, with their blue and black lettering on white paper, ornamented with numerous mythological pictures. The lowest denomination is the 20-franc note and the largest is 1,000 francs. Italian currency is issued in a great variety of sizes and colors. The smaller bills, 5 and 10 lire notes, equivalent to $1 and $2 bills, are about the same size as our old "shinplaster" fractional currency, and printed in pink, blue and carmine, on white paper. The latest issues are ornamented with a finely-engraved vignette of King Humbert. The larger notes are elaborately engraved and of artistic design. The most striking bills are those of Russia. The 100-ruble bill is an elaborate affair, four by ten inches in size, and barred from top to bottom with every color of the rainbow, blended as they are when thrown through a prism. The center is ornamented with a large, finely-engraved vignette of Catherine I. The colors used in printing are dark and light brown and black. The engraving is not elaborate, and the whole thing looks like a circus poster. The 25 and 50 ruble notes are much smaller and not so gorgeously colored. The smallest denomination in Russian currency is 5 rubles, about $2.50 in United States currency.

I. E. [illegible]ch, an attache of the agency, has made a collection of a number of currency curiosities. Among these is one of the first bills ever issued by the United States. This is a $4 bill issued in 1779, with these words printed in four different kinds of type on one side: "The bearer is entitled to receive four Spanish milled dollars, or an equal amount in gold or silver, according to a resolution of Congress of January, 1779." The reverse, in addition to some elegantly-engraved scroll-work, bears the inscription: "Printed by Hall & Sellers. Four Dollars, 1779. Four Dollars."

Another bill is one of the notes issued by Louis Kossuth in 1852, when he was working to achieve Hungarian independence. The bills were issued from New York when Kossuth came to this country for the purpose of raising a fund. They are payable on demand, the first year of the establishment of the independence of Hungary.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

FEMALE CUSTOMS INSPECTORS.

Something Concerning This Work in the Protection of Fraud.

Mr[illegible] a lady employed in the custom-house, I asked her to give me an [illegible] of her pay and duties, to which she consented. She said: "It is g[illegible] supposed that the pay of a lady i[illegible] custom-house is so large as to [illegible] her to retire wealthy in the [illegible] of a few years, but, the truth [illegible]e receive about seventeen dollars [illegible]eek, upon which we must ma[illegible]urselves and families. Husbands? [illegible]h, no, there are no husbands allowed [illegible]s. No married woman could [illegible] in a situation in the custom-house, and a single woman would be [illegible]d if she were to marry while [illegible] the service of the Government. We are obliged to pay our own cars, although when we are required late at night, or in very bad weather, a carriage is frequently [illegible]s. We are often on duty far [illegible] from home at meal times, and on [illegible] occasions are compelled to patronize the restaurants, which makes them in our expenses.

[illegible]re given a percentage upon contraband goods seized by us. [illegible]akes these Government positions [illegible]much in demand is the absolute [illegible]ainty of the pay and the almost certainty that the employment once obtained, will be permanent. There are eight only of us lady inspectors in New York, and among us we divide the work of inspecting every vessel arriving on this coast, so you may believe none of us are idle.

"It would be dangerous for a woman to go alone at one or two o'clock in the morning to some of the docks we have to go to, therefore a man is always sent to take us to the vessel and accompany us home again if we go back before daylight. The most irksome part of the duty of a lady inspector is that she has never an hour that she may call her own. She never dare make an appointment to go out over an hour, or go to a matinee, or even to church, for fear that a dispatch may arrive in her absence telling her to be at such a dock to inspect a (named) vessel. In thirty-five minutes after receiving the telegram she must be at the place indicated.

"We are rowed out to the vessel, and as in winter the weather is cold and often stormy, the exposure is trying to the health, and a disagreeable task even to the most robust. Nevertheless, once a lady gets into a berth in the custom-house—a most difficult thing to accomplish—she stays. There are no resignations and very rarely a death, so that it may be said that there are never any vacancies.

"A woman must be a born detective to make a good inspector. She should know almost the first time she lays eyes upon a lady whether or not she has any smuggled goods in her possession. Then, when it comes to searching a woman, it requires a great deal of tact and delicacy to carry your point and yet give no just cause for complaint. The firmness! dear me! Some of them beg so hard not to be entirely denuded that it would melt a heart of stone.

"What are usually secreted in a lady's dress? Oh, diamonds and other precious stones. They conceal these everywhere—in the hair and in the paddings of the dress; in the seams of the clothing and in the shoes. They have shoes made as if for large bunions, which they fill with precious stones. The Italians are natural born smugglers, and smuggle coral chiefly. First and second-cabin passengers smuggle by proxy now more generally than in person.

"Steerage passengers are not required to declare their goods, so that many people who want to smuggle light but valuable goods like lace and diamonds pay the passage over of a steerage passenger on condition of his or her getting through certain contraband articles. It is rather risky, because the trusted person may walk off with the goods, and the owner can not recover them, or if he does, it is only to have them nabbed by the custom-house officers, but there is less risk of detection in the steerage than in the cabin.

"I remember an amusing incident: A gentleman returning from Europe brought back half a dozen gold watches as presents to his family. How to escape paying duty on them tormented his mind until he was nearing his native land. Having become well acquainted during the voyage with six gentlemen who had no watches, he asked each one to wear a watch until he got ashore. They all consented. Four of them brought the watches ashore unchallenged by the officers, but the other two vamosed with the watches, leaving the gentleman to make the best of his loss.

"Had he made any row or arrested the thieves he would have betrayed that he himself was trying to defraud the Government.

"Among the other accomplishments of a lady inspector must be a knowledge of languages, unless she wishes to be put to great inconvenience and considerable expense in feeing interpreters. Immigrants arrive here from every place under the sun. A lady searcher has got to converse with them all. Among the steerage passengers a knowledge of the various *patois* of a language is as necessary as of the pure tongue itself."—*N. Y. World.*

BISCUIT-BAKING.

How a Professional Cook Attracts Fashionable Ladies.

"Move on, ladies, move on; don't blockade the sidewalk," exclaimed a policeman in stentorian tones yesterday afternoon as he pushed his way through a large crowd of ladies standing on the sidewalk at a busy point on Pennsylvania avenue. The ladies were of the most reputable and fashionable in the city. Among them was a member of a Cabinet officer's family; two more were wives of Senators, while others were the wives and daughters of Representatives to Congress, department officials and wealthy residents.

The ladies were all craning their dear necks towards a show window that opened out on the sidewalk in a new restaurant and confectionery. In the window stood a large gas-stove and oven, and a white male cook at work—all open to the fullest view. Words and facial expressions of delight were heard from the lady spectators and seen on every hand. The cook was baking biscuits. His oven consisted of a steel plate, perfectly smooth and level, and about one and a half by three feet in size. Under it, at distances of two or three inches, were small flames of gaslight.

"See the biscuits raise!" exclaimed a dozen feminine voices. "And they don't burn!"

Soon the biscuits—large, flaky ones, with slightly browned sides—were taken off, and flanned or battercakes poured on. Meanwhile, there were other kitchen maneuvers on the part of the cook, and every move was watched by the concourse of aristocracy on the sidewalk. The policemen kept open a passageway. In the other window a confectioner was making bonbons, and caramels and other fancy candy. He was also watched by many, but the kitchen-work, the cooking, seemed to be the attraction.

An old lady of aristocratic air, tired with the tension of on-looking, said as she turned away:

"Well, what a little thing attracts our first ladies! People would be surprised, though, to know how limited is their information of cookery."

Quite a number of firms have failed within a few years at this location. The introduction, by a new man, of his kitchen in the front window, has created almost a sensation and made his business a success in a fortnight. Proof of cleanliness has done it more than anything else, though.—*Washington Critic.*

—Baked Bread Pudding: Soak pieces of dry bread in milk; when soft mash them, and add four eggs, butter, sugar and spice, cinnamon or nutmeg, and rasins if preferred. Bake one hour and a half.—*The Cook.*

—A mean sneak stole one of the only two cigars we won on the election. If the one he stole made him as tired as the remaining one made us we had a terrible revenge.—*Fall River Advance.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

A DRUNKARD'S DEATH.

A Story Told to a Child.

Long years will pass and tears will flow
And my young heart grow old,
But I shall near forget the tale
The neighbors came and told
'Twas round the fire they told the tale,
They spoke with trembling breath—
I seem to hear their voices now—
"He died a drunkard's death."

"In sin he lived, in sin he died,
And cast his soul away;
And he will stand before God's throne
Upon the judgment day.
This is the tale they told; and now
I lay awake at night,
And think I see God judging him,
And tremble with affright.

And then there rises in my mind
The story of his life:
The empty, squalid, cheerless room,
The scene of drunken strife
His starving wife and children left
At home to weep and die,
While half-stupefied he staggered with drink,
Heeds not their dying cry.

And was he once a child like me—
A simple, loving child?
And like the infant Jesus, too,
So pure, and meek, and mild?
And was a guardian angel there
To watch him as he lolled
And if so fell, and others fall,
May I not fall as well?

O God, have mercy on his soul,
And save him from his sin;
And when the strivings come for me,
O help me then to win.
Let long years pass, and let tears flow,
And let our hearts grow cold,
But never let that tale of woe
Of you and me be told.

—*Irish World.*

A SUCCESSFUL PLAN.

How May and I Got Ned to Sign the Temperance Pledge.

We just had a dreadful time at our house that morning. Papa looked so stern and yet so sorry, and mamma was sick, and Cousin Clare's eyes were all pink with crying.

May and I didn't know what it all meant, only we guessed that Brother Ned had been doing something very, very naughty; for he didn't come to breakfast till we were most through; and then, papa was so angry with him, though he didn't say much.

Ned just drank a cup of coffee for his breakfast, and as soon as he could get away, he went off for a ride.

After awhile, Cousin Clare told us to put on our things and we would take a walk together. She wasn't a bit like herself that day, for she walked along so quiet and solemn, and only said "yes" and "no" to what May and I said. Pretty soon Ned rode up behind us, and he got off his horse and walked along beside Cousin Clare.

May didn't pay much tention; she's a little thing—only six and a half. I'm eight, and I listened to what they were saying, and I tell you 'twas awful! I heard Ned say:

"I want to know just how it was; I want to get at the bottom of this thing."

She just bit her lips as if she were trying to keep from crying, but she kept still till he said:

"Let me feel that I know the very worst."

Then she spoke up real firm, though her voice trembled:

"Aunt and I were sitting up when we heard a noise of stumbling and shuffling; and then the bell rang. When the door was opened, you were held up by two or three men, all of them tipsy; and when you got inside, you fell down—"

"Say it out," said Ned, real excited. "I was dead drunk, or beastly drunk—whatever you call it."

Clare kept still, though the big tears kept dropping to the ground.

"And—how—did—mother—take—it?" as if every word hurt him.

"She thought at first you were hurt or sick, but when she found it was—worse, she clasped her hands and looked as if she wanted to die."

"Well," he said, "I hadn't any idea that I was taking more than usual, but I suppose I did, and made a fool of myself."

That's just what he said, truly. My! but I did feel badly! I told May when we got home, and we just cried and cried. Then we went to Cousin Clare, and had a long talk with her about it. She told us then that the wrong was in taking it at all. May and I was surprised at that, for didn't papa have his glass of sherry every day after dinner? But Clare said that if no one tasted it, no one would be a drunkard.

We both said we'd never, never touch it, and she wrote out a pledge, and we put our names down, and so did she. I like Cousin Clare; I'm going to be a young lady just like her when I grow up.

All at once, May looked at me, and I looked at her. We both thought the same thing.

Why couldn't we try to get papa and Ned to put their names down, too?

We took the paper to mamma's room, and she kissed us, and said we might try. But, before we went, she had us kneel down with her, and she prayed that God would save her boy and help us all to do right.

I tell you we felt solemn! We 'most wanted to give up—that is, I did, but May said she was going to go, anyhow, and I felt 'shamed to have a little thing like that beat me; so we waited till after dinner, and went to the dining-room when every one was gone and papa was alone with his bottle and glass of sherry. He looked 'stonished when we walked in and laid the paper and pen and ink before him, and then we thought he was angry, he looked so for a minute; I wanted to run, but I said——

"It's to save brother Ned, papa."

Then he put his head down on the table and cried, and said, so dreadful-like, just as if his heart was breaking——

"Oh, my son, my son! would to God I had died for thee!"

We would have gone away, but he hadn't signed yet. May kept her arm over his neck and stroked his hair and petted him lots—she's the lovingest little thing!

By and by, when papa raised his head and put his arm around us, I said again:

"Papa, please, and then we can ask Ned."

He took the paper and read it all over again, and then he put us down and walked up and down the room for the longest time; and there was the glass of sherry he hadn't tasted yet.

At last he went to the table, took up the glass—and we felt so disappointed, for we thought he was going to drink it; but he took it and threw it—smash! right into the grate, and the bottle after it.

"There," he said, "I'll see if you'll stand between me and saving my boy!" and he reached for the pen and wrote "Herbert Standish," in those great letters of his.

We didn't stay long, only to hug and kiss him, and then we skipped up stairs where mamma and Clare were sitting so white and anxious. They could hardly believe it, but there it was—papa's name.

We heard him practicing the violin in his room, but when we knocked hard, he said:

"Come in."

Well, we were even more scared than when we went to papa; but he took the paper and read it, and when he saw papa's name, he whistled right out.

"Wh-e-w!"

Then his face began to work, just like May's does when she is going to cry, and he walked to the window and blew his nose hard. May, she took the pen and paper to him, and said:

"Please, brother Ned, won't you write your name here?" And then she told him, so sweetly, about papa's feeling so bad and throwing the wine into the grate. He trembled some, but he said:

"Yes, I will. I'll keep it, too, God helping me. It future care, I can."

And that's how we got Ned to sign, and we are all so happy now.—*Jennie M. Hayes, in Iowa Homes.*

RUM AND BUSINESS.

The Liquor Traffic as Viewed from a Dollar-and-Cent Standpoint.

There is a business side as well as a moral side to the rum traffic, which is well enough to think of, although it is the least important consideration. The pocket nerve is, however, a very sensitive one, and should be touched in its turn.

It is perfectly safe to say that every penny spent in intoxicants—that much taken from the other trades, and it is worse than wasted, for it does the purchaser harm instead of good. It is not only a dead waste of what is spent but it incapacitates the man from earning. No drunkard is a good or reliable workman. A drunkard can not perform as good or as much labor as a sober man.

Does any one know of a regular drunkard living in a decent house? Does any one know of a confirmed drunkard who owns his own house or who pays rent regularly for the apology of a house that he lives in? What stands in the way of his either owning a house, or paying rent promptly for a decent one? Rum, nothing else.

The lumber merchant, the hardware dealer and the builders are all defrauded of their just expectations by rum. The beer-shop, with the merciless of a devil-fish, absorbs what legitimately belongs to them, and what the drunkard's well-being demands that he should pay to them.

Did any one ever see a beer-drunkard's family decently and healthfully fed? Never. The wives and children of the victim of the beer habit do not consume a quarter of what they should, for they can't get it. They are compelled to live upon just enough to sustain life, and that of the cheapest and coarsest. They do not live—they exist. The butcher and baker are robbed by the beer-shops.

Does any one know of a drunkard or his family with decent clothing? Was there ever a drunkard's family sufficiently clothed? Never. Rum absorbs all that should be paid to the dealers in dry goods, boots and shoes and dress goods.

As for the manufacturers and dealers in what may be called luxuries, that is, articles not absolutely necessary to the sustaining of life, but which in a state of civilization are really necessities—books, musical instruments, newspapers, pictures, sewing machines and the like—what drunkard's family ever has them? Not one. His earnings all go for stimulants, and if his family get enough of the poorest food to exist upon they may consider themselves fortunate.

To illustrate. In Toledo are 800 whisky and beer shops. These pest-holes draw from the laboring men of the city something over $3,000,000 each year. This enormous sum of money would be spent among the business men of the city were there no whisky or beer shops. This enormous sum would be added to the legitimate trade of the city instead of being sunk in this infernalism. And this is not all. The 800 beer shops destroy as much more, in the capacity to produce. The drunkard can not do a day's work when he works at all, and he can not put in half his time at labor. He becomes incapable of labor, and will only work when the rum appetite can be satisfied in no other way.

And, finally, add to this wholesale robbery of the community the entire cost of the crime and pauperism which is to be directly charged to this curse, all of which is borne by honest labor, and the sum total is something incredible.

We have not referred in this to the moral effects of the traffic. We have not referred to the misery it occasions, to the ruin it spreads, to the manhood and womanhood it destroys. It is not necessary.

If the son of a drunkard becomes a good man it is because he has either a very strong mental and moral organization, or because accidental or providential influences have put him outside the influence of the father. If the daughter of a drunkard becomes a good woman, it is for the same reason. The chances are fearfully against both. If there is a drunkard's wife who is happy, or whose life is not one round of misery, misery so constant and acute as to make death welcome, we have never seen her. It is the one brutalizing influence on earth, the one which has nothing in it to relieve or mitigate. There are humanitarian reasons for killing the traffic, but from a dollar-and-cent stand-point the business man, above all others, is the one who should do the most to pulverize the rum power.—*Toledo Blade.*

At the recent opening of a new addition to the London Temperance Hospital—an establishment started to test the question as to the value of alcohol in the treatment of disease—it was stated that in only three out of upward of three thousand cases last year had alcohol been used. In these three cases no sensible benefit had resulted, while the average mortality in the hospital since 1873 had been but five per cent. The number of patients treated since the commencement was 22,000.

It is coming to pass that the man who uses intoxicating liquors is not regarded in as high estimation as otherwise he would be held, and it makes no difference whether he is rich or poor. Neither the drunkard, the moderate drinker nor the liquor-dealer want their sons to acquire the habit of tippling, and this signifies that they realize the danger it involves.—*South Boston Inquirer.*

Out of revenge for the opening of suits for violation of the Scott law in Orangeville, Can., early in October, an attempt was made by liquor men to blow up the residences of the police magistrate and provincial constable.

PERSONAL AND

—Senor Quesada, the new Argentine Minister at Washington, is an editor.

—The eldest daughter of the late Charles Dickens has written a biography of her father.

—Alphonse Daudet says he takes a year for each novel. Each book is written out three times. There is only one man in the world who can read Daudet's manuscript, and that is his private secretary.

—Nat Goodwin, the actor, once received a West Point cadetship from John Morrissey and remained at the institution about five weeks. Four weeks of that time, he says, he spent in the guard-house. Then he left.

—The daughter of King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, the heiress to the throne of Hawaii, is called by the charming name "Victoria-Kawekiu-Kaiulani-Lunalilo-Kalanianaole-Akaimoku-Pauahi-Liliuokalani," which being interpreted signifies "The Heavenest Babe."

—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been translated into the Armenian, Bohemian, Danish, Dutch, Finnish, Flemish, French, German, Hungarian, Italian, Illyrian, Polish, Portuguese, Roumanic, Russian, Servian, Spanish, Swedish, Wallachian and Welsh languages.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—People read so much in these days of mutilated presses that they are in great danger of losing the literary instinct entirely, the sense of style becomes dulled to a degree which makes it impossible of discerning what is literature and what is mere reading matter, good for the moment perhaps, but good for the moment only.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

—Mr. William Patton, of Ohio, has visited Washington since every year since 1861, and always occupied the same room in a boarding-house since Millard's death. In commenting upon this fact last evening he displayed the board bill presented at the close of his first visit. It was written on a sheet of letter paper, and states his indebtedness at $8.00 to the "Mansion Hotel" for five days board and lodging, ending March 8, 1869. The extras charged are candles and cigars.—*Washington Critic.*

—The first money Henry W. Shaw ("Josh Billings") ever earned by literary work was $1.50, which was paid him by a Boston newspaper for his "Essay on the Mule." After his genius was recognized and his quaint style became celebrated he received from a New York weekly journal $100 a week for a half column of matter and was offered $1,000 a night to lecture in Great Britain and Ireland. Few lives illustrated more fully than his the ease with which a success once won may be indefinitely prolonged.—*Boston Journal.*

—One evening recently a lady admired the plain gold ring which ex-President Hayes always wears, and he said, good-naturedly, observing the direction of her glance, though she had not spoken: "Yes, that ring has a history. Mrs. Hayes secured me that. We were bridesmaid and groomsman together at a wedding, and when the cake was cut that ring was in my slice, and when I found it, of course I gave it to my bridesmaid, Miss Lucy Webb. When, after a time, she promised to marry me, she gave me back the ring, and I have always worn it since."—*Cleveland Leader.*

HUMOROUS.

—The only real traveling incognito is when one gets up in an elevator.—*Lowell Courier.*

—A famous tenor has injured his voice by having a toothpick lodge in his throat. He probably swallowed the toothpick to give his voice more timbre.

—Prisoner (desirous of flattering the Court)—I think there is a fine expression in Your Honor's face. Judge (irritably)—So there is, and the fine is ten dollars and costs.—*Boston Courier.*

—Spoodle was saying that when he was abroad he was presented at court. "The dickens you were!" exclaimed Fogg. "How did it happen? How much did they fine you?"—*Boston Transcript.*

—A medical writer says nature never intended women to wear rings in their ears. If this man thinks the fair sex will drop rings and wear codfish balls he is very much mistaken.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

—"This French cooking is a great art, isn't it?" "How so?" "Why they disguise the dishes so nobody can tell what the ingredients are." "Yes, we have that at our boarding-house—we call it hash."—*The Rambler.*

—Ethel—"Papa, I am getting up a subscription to buy a lovely dollar I saw in a window yesterday." Papa—"Well, my child, is your subscription nearly made up?" Ethel—"Only one, papa." Almost. All I need from you is a bare ninety-eight cents."—*Puck.*

—De Guy—"Dearest Amelia—" "Sir!" "What is the matter?" "You have your arm around my waist." "I am aware of it, my dear." "I am surprised, and I ought to be, papa, I know. Now, sir, I will give you just thirty minutes to remove your arm."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—We have just learned that the Post-office Department at Washington has over $2,000,000 taken from registered letters, and we desire to suggest to our delinquent subscribers that our complimentary remarks will hereafter be made concerning them. We thought it was a little strange that the money hadn't been received, that was all.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—Partial Loss. All the [illegible] eaten their supper, a good [illegible] of bread and milk. All [illegible] who was shut up in the [illegible] been a very bad boy. [illegible] were in bed his mother thought she was too full to say a word, and [illegible] was her naughty little son. When she went and the other boys said: "Johnny lost his supper to-night," he could restrain himself no longer and exclaimed: "Yes, but the slide in the pantry was open and I ate a whole cranberry pie." And the other boys can not understand the prosperity of the wicked.—*Boston Post.*

Valuable Arkansas Hay.

A man while passing the house of an honest farmer saw a number of boys breaking a lot of switches from the trees. The man was at a loss to know what the boys wanted with the switches, and was about to make inquiry of a passer-by, when the honest farmer came up to the fence.

"My friend," said the traveler, "why do you have those switches growing?"

"Because they are valuable," the honest farmer replied.

"What, to be used for kindling wood?"

"Oh, no."

"Then, what do you [illegible] them to Little Rock and sell [illegible]?"—*Arkansas Traveler.*