Companions. When I set sail on Life's young voyage, Twas upon a stormy sea; But to cheer me night and day, Through the perils of the way, With me went companions three-Three companions kind and faithful, True as friend and dear as bride; Heedless of the stormy weather, Hand in hand they came together, Ever smiling at my side.

one was Health, my lusty comrade, Cherry-cheeked and stout of limb; Though my board was scant of cheer, And my drink but water clear, I was thankful, blessed with him. one was mild-eyed Peace of Spirit, Who, though storms the welkin swept, Waking gave me calm reliance, And though tempests howled defiance. Smooth'd my pillow when I slept.

one was Hope, my dearest comrade, Never absent from my breast, Brightest in the darkest days, Kindest in the roughest ways, Dearer far than all the rest. and though neither Wealth nor Station Journeyed with me o'er the sea, Stout of heart, all danger scorning, Naught cared I in Life's young morning For their lordly company.

But, alast ere night has darkened, Thave lost companions twain; and the third, with tearful eyes, Worn and wasted often flies, But a soft returns again. And instead of those departed, Spectres twain around me flit: Painting each with shadowy finger, Nightly at my couch they linger, Daily at my board they sit.

Oh, that I so blindly followed In the hot pursuit of Wealth! Though I've gained the prize of gold, Eves are dim and blood is cold-I have lost my comrade Health. Wee is me that Fame allared me-She so false, and I so blind! Sweet her smiles, but in the chase I have lost the happy face Of my comrade Peace of Mind!

last of all my dear companions, Hope, sweet Hope! befriend me yet Do not from my side depart, Do not leave my lonely heart All to darkness and regret. Short and sad is now my voyage O'er a gloom-encompassed sea, But not cheerless altogether. Whatsoe'er the wind and weather, Will it seem, if blessed with thee.

The Widow's Daughter.

BY SERGT. BADGER.

In the winter of 1864, while a portion f my regiment, the New York Twentyith Cavalry, was at Pleasant Valley, Ml., to obtain a remount, word was received by the post commander that a Confederate scout named Wm. Baxter but who was known to us as Billy Bowlegs" was on a visit to his mother who lived between the Potomae at that point and a village in Virginia called Uniontown. There were a number of Col. Kane's "Bucktails" scouring for the Federals and making Plesant Valley their headquarters, and shad been detailed on several occasizes for scont service, and had made a good record I was instructed to select fremen and cross the river and secure "Billy" dead or alive. The fact that he was at home was fully established, and the location of the farm house was known to two of the men who accompanied me. We were ferried across the Potomac one evening at dusk just where the long highway bridge had been burned and then we had a walk of about | France even smugglers possess wit. eleven miles to make.

Although "Billy Bowlegs" was a fearless man and a handy shot, we didn't figure that it needed five men to capture him. The country between the river and Uniontown was then overrun

hall any show to fight, and therefore as Englously wondering how we should get would be alarmed and have time to arm probably should find him in bed. It was scout in case he dropped from a secondtory window supposed to be in his bed-⁹⁹ We crept softly up, and at a ignal both doors were burst -- . No, they weren't! Neither of them gave an nch under the pressure, and vi response to the efforts we made a woman's voice

"Who is it, and what's wanted?" "Open the door or we'll break it

"Wait one minute!"

She struck a light, and we heard her moving about, and in a couple of minutes the front door opened and a grayhaired woman of 45 stood there with a candle in her hand.

"Union soldiers, eh? Come right in," the said smiling as if glad to see us. I posted three of the men around the house and entered with the other, and s soon as I was inside, I said:

"Madam, we have come for your son. We know he is here. We shall take him dead or alive."

"Oh, you have come for Billy, have you!" exclaimed a girl about 18 years of age who came running down stairs at that moment. "Excuse me, gentlemen, for not being fully dressed, but you see you didn't send us any word."

She laughed in a merry way, while the mother smiled good-naturedly. She had on a neat fitting calico dress, a ribbon at her throat, and except that her hair looked "tumbled" she looked as well prepared as if she expected our coming.

"Yes, Jennie, they want Billy," said the mother as she placed the candle on

"And we are bound to take him, dead or alive!" I added in a loud voice, suspecting the scout was within hearing.

"Oh, how sorry!" laughed the girl. "If brother Billy had only known you were coming! But he didn't, you see, and so he went away at dark. He'll never forgive himself-never."

"We must search the house." I said. "Oh, certainly. Mammy, you light another candle and I'll show the gentlemen around. Perhaps the sight of Billy's old clothes will do 'em good.

Well, sir, we hunted that house from attic to cellar, and all we found was an old suit of Billy's clothes. The scout had skipped, and the bist I could do was to apologize to mother and daughter, accept a midnight luncheon at the hands of the latter, and take the back track for the river. I'll own up, too, that I was "dead gone" on Jennie before I left, and that I said to her, as I squeezed her hand at parting:

"When the war is over I'm coming to ask you to be my wife."

"And-and-I'll say-say y-e-s." she whispered in my ear.

We got back to the ferry soon after daylight and there met a Union farmer living neighbor to the widow. When he heard what we had been up to he asked: "Was the widder all alone?"

"No; her daughter Jennie was there." "Daughter Jennie! Describe her."

"Good looking girl of medium height, black eyes and hair, and a sweet talker. I'm going back to marry her after the war is over."

"Bet you a farm you don't! That ar' gal Jennie was nobody else but that ar' scout, Billy Bowlegs! He jist jumped into some of his mammy's clothes, and

you pig heads couldn't see through it!" He was right. I met Billy in Harper's Ferry after the war and he wanted to know if I had taken out the marriage license yet. - [Detroit Free Press.

Queer Smuggling Devices.

In Paris there exists an interesting museum. Since the existence of the octroi dues which are levied upon a great variety of articles, a good many people who in other regards are probably honest enough, are induced to endeavor to defraud the revenue. In this museum are kept some scores of the most clever devices of professional or literature is poisoned by this scum of the publishing houses, Every book in which sin triumphs over virture, or in which a glamor amateur smugglers which have from time to time been seized at the barriers of the city or at the custom houses throughout the country. Most of them are exceedingly ingenious, and some are, indeed, of a nature to suggest that in

What appears at a casual glance to be a block of Carrara marble is really a painted sheet iron box. It arrived at the frontier in a train from Italy, along with five similar ones. A curious depression on one of the blocks aroused with bu-hwhackers and guerrillas, and the suspicions of a custom house official that he would not be taken alive if he to be hollow metal tubes, covered with the bark of trees, and filled with dutiawe approached the house about mid- ble liquors. But the most amusing arlight from across a field we were ticle in the collection is a tin footman, who formerly graced the box of a styat him. If we knocked at the door he lish equipage which passed through the gates every afternoon, bearing the emihimself. If we broke it in we might and nently respectable and gentlemanly owner on his daily drive. For a while a still, clear night, rather cold, and we the customs officers went through the about for half an hour before adopt- form of searching the carriage or asking ing a plan. Then we decided to break for dutiable wares, but when it became the doors. Two of us went to the apparent that the owner was simply a ront and two to the back door, while gentleman out for an airing with a he fifth man stood ready to receive the stately coachman and an impassive, stupid footman, they took to touching their caps and allowing the turn-out to pass unquestioned. One day, after several months of this friendly capping, a jolt threw the footman to the ground before the eyes of the officers, who hastened, in honor, to stay the fast-flowing blood of the unfortunate lackey. The blood turned out to be champagne and the injured footman a tin case, in and the injured footman a tin case, in day I picked up a book called "The which the master of the carriage had Beauties of Ruskin." It was only a book of been smuggling for months.

> Mattie persisted in running off to a neighbor's, and her mother said: "If you go out of that gate again, Mattie, I'll

whip you." In a short time Mattie was discovered on forbidden ground, and was led home.

"Now, Mattie, what did I tell you?" "Mamma, I didn't go out of the gate. I climbed over the fence."-[Epoch.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

SERMON.

Subject: "Forbidden Honey."

TEXT: "I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in my hand, and lo! I must die."-I Samuel xiv., 43.

The honey bee is a most ingenious architect, a Christopher Wren among insects, a geometer drawing hexagons and pentagons, a freebooter robbing the fields of pollen and aroma, a wondrous creature of God, whose biography, written by Huber and Swammerdam, is an enchantment for any lover of nature. Virgil celebrated the bee in his fable of Aristæus, and Moses, and Samuel, and David, and Solomon, and Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, and St. John used the delicacies of bee manufacture as a Bible symbol. A miracle of formation is the bee: five eyes, two tongues, the outer having a sheath of protection, hair on all sides of its tiny body to brush up the particles of flowers; its flight so straight that all the world knows of the bee line. The honeycomb is a palace such as no one but God could plan and the honey bee construct; its cells sometimes a dormitory, sometimes a storehouse, and sometimes a cemetery. These winged toilers first make eight strips of wax, and by their antenna, which are to plumb line, fashion them for use. Two and two, these workers shape the wall. If an accident happen they put up buttresses or extra beams to remedy the damage. When about the year 1776 an insect, before unknown, in the night time attacked the beehives all over Europe, and the men who owned them were in vain trying to plan something to keep out the invader that was the terror of the beehives of the continent, it was found that everywhere the bees had arranged for their own protection, and built before their honeycombs an especial wall of wax, with port-holes through which the bees might go to and fro, but not large enough to admit the winged combatant, called the

Do you know that the swarming of the bees is divinely directed? The mother bee starts for a new home, and because of this the other bees of the hive get into an excitement which raises the heat of the hive some four degrees, and they must die unless they leave their heated apartments, and they follow the mother bee and alight on the branch of a tree, and cling to each other and hold on until a committee of two or three have explored the region and found the hollow of a tree or rock not far off from a stream of shade, and his immortal destiny in the shade. water, and they here set up a new colony, and ply their aromatic industries, and give themselves to the manufacture of the saccharine edibie. But who can tell the chemistry of that mixture of sweetness, part of it the very life of the bee and part of it the life of

Plenty of the luscious product was hang-ing in the woods of Beth-aven during the time of Saul and Jonathan. Their army was in pursuit of an enemy that by God's command must be exterminated. The soldiery were positively forbidden to stop to eat anything until the work was done. If they diso-beyed they were accursed. Coming through the woods they found a place where the bees had been busy, a great honey manufactory. Honey gathered in the hollow of the trees until it had overflowed upon the ground in great profusion of sweetness. All the army obeyed orders and touched it not save Jonathan, and he not knowing the military order about abstinence, dipped the end of a stick he had in his hand into the candie I liquid, and as, yellow and brown, and tempting, it glowed on the end of the stick he put it to his mouth and ate the honey. Judgment fell upon him, and but for special intervention he would have been slain. In my text Jonathan an-nounces his awful mistake: "I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in my hand, and, lo, I must die." Alas, what multitudes of people in all ages have been damaged by forbidden honey, by which I mean temptation, delicious and attractive, but damaging and destructive.

Corrupt literature, fascinating but deathful. comes in this category. Where one good, healthful book is read now there are one hundred made up of rhetorical trash consumed with avidity. When the boy in the cars comes through with a pile of publications look over the titles and notice that nine out of every ten of the books are depleting and injurious. All the way from New York to Chicago or New Orleans notice that objectionable books dominate. Taste for pure is thrown over dissipation, or which leaves you at its last line with lass respect for the marriage institution and less abhorrence

for the paramour, is a depression of your own moral character. The book bindery may be attractive, and the plot dramatic and startling, and the style of writing sweet as the honey that Jonathan dipped up with his rod, but your best interests forbid it, your moral safety forbids it, your God forbids it, and one taste of it may lead to such bad results that you may have to say at the close of the experiment, or at the close of a misimproved lifetime: "I did but taste a little honey with the rod that was in my hand, and, lo, I must die!"

* Corrupt literature is doing more to-day for postodice windows, clandestine meetings in while they please. The devil does not own all the honey. There is a wealth of good books coming forth from our publishing houses that leaves no excuse for the choice of that which is debauching to body, mind and soul. Go to some intelligent man or woman and ask for a list of books that will be strengthening to your mental and moral condition. Life is so short and your time for improvement so abbreviated that you can-not afford to fill up with husks and cinders and debris. In the interstices of business that young man is reading that which will prepare him to be a merchant prince, and hat young woman is filling her mind with an intelligence that will yet either make her the chief attraction of a good man's home or give her an independence of character that will qualify her to build her own home and maintain it in a happiness that requires no augmentation from any of our rougher sex. That young man or young woman can by the right literary and moral improvement of the spare ten minutes here or there in every day, rise head and shoulders in prosperity and character and influence above the loungers who read nothing, or read that which bedwarfs. See all the forests of good American litera-ture dripping with honey. Why pick up the honeycombs that have in them the flery bees which will sting you with an eternal poison while you taste it! One book may for you or me decide everything for this world and the next. It was a turning point with me when in Wynkoop's boolstore. Syracuse, one extracts, but it was all pure honey, and I was not satisfied until I had purchased all his works, at that time expensive beyond an easy capacity to own them, and what a heaven I went through in reading his "Seven Lamps of Architecture" and his "Stones of Venice" it is impossible for me to describe, except by saying that it gave me a rapture for good books and an everlasting disgust for decrepit or immoral books that will last me while my immortal soul lasts. All around

the church and the world to-day there are busy hives of intelligence occupied by authors

and authoresses, from whose pen drip a dis-

Stimulating liquids also come into the category of temptations delicious but deathful You say: "I cannot bear the taste of intoxicating liquor, and how any man can like it is to me an amazement." Well, then, it is no THF BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY credit to you that you do not taste it. Do not brag about your total abstinence, because it is not from any principal that you reject alcoholism, but for the same reason that you reject certain styles of food-you simply don't like the taste of them. But multitudes of people have a natural fondness for all kinds of intoxicant. They like it so much that it makes them smack their lips to look at it. They are dyspeptic, and they take it to aid digestion, or they are annoyed by insomnia, and they take it to produce sleep, or they are troubled, and they take it to make them oblivious, or they feel good, and they must celebrate their hilarity. They begin with mint julep sucked through two straws on the Long Branch piazza and end in the ditch taking from a jug a liquid half kerosene and half whisky. They not only like it, but it is an all consuming passion of body, mind and soul, and after a while have it they will, though one wine glass cost the temporal and eternal destruction of themselves, and all their families, and the whole human race. They would say: "I am sorry it is going to cost me, and my family, and all the world's population sc very much, but here it goes to my lips, and now let it roll over my parched tongue and down my heated throat, the sweetest, the most inspiring, the most rapturous thing that ever thrilled mortal or immortal. To cure the habit before it comes to them hammer and chisel, and square and is last stages, various plans were tried in the books: When a man wanted to reform he put shot or bullets into the cup or glass of strong drink-one additional shot or bullet each day, that displaces so much liquor. Bullet after bullet, added day by day, of course the liquor became less and less until the bullets would entirely fill up the glass and there was no room for the liquid, and by that time it was said the inebriate would be cured. Whether any one was ever cured in that way know not, but by long experiment it is found that the only way is to stop short off, and when a man does that he needs God to help him. And there have been more cases than you can count when God has so helped the man that he quit forever, and I could

count a score of them here to day, some of them pillars in the house of God. One would suppose that men would take warning from some of the ominous names | the cross I dip it up for all your souls. given to the intoxicants, and stand off from the devastating influence. You have noticed for instance, that some of the restaurants are called "The Shades," typical of the fact that it puts a man's reputation in the shade, and his morals in the shade, and his prosperity in the shade, and his wife and children in the Now, I find on some of the liquor signs in all our cities the words: "Old Crow, mightily suggestive of a carcass, and the who take a different course the honey will

ther glazed eyes, and pecking at their bloated cheek, and pecking at their destroyed manhood and womanhood, thrusting beak and clew into the mortal remains of what once was gloriously align beak and to ask for Rowland Hill's Surrey chapel that was gloriously alive but now morally dead. "Old Crow!" But alas, how many take no warning. They make me think of Cæsar on his way to assassination, fearing nothing; though his statue in the hall crashed into fragments at his feet, and a scroll containing the names of the conspirators was struck the water. A gentleman standing on thrust into his hands, yet walking right on to shore through a glass saw many boats tossed meet the dagger that was to take his life. This infatuation of strong drink is so mighty in many a man that, though his fortunes are crashing, and his health is crashing, and his domestic interests are crashing, and we hand him a long scroll containing the names of perils that await him, he goes straight on to physical, and mental, and moral assassination. In proportion as any style of alcoholism is pleasant to your taste, and stimulating to your nerves, and for a time delightful to all your physical and mental constitution, is the peril awful. Remember Jonathan and the forbidden loney in the woods of Beth-

Furthermore, the gamester's indulgence must be put to the list of t mptations delicious but destructive. I have crossed the ocean eight times, and always one of the best rooms has, from morning till late at night. been given up to gambling practices. I heard of men who went on board with enough money for European excursions who landed without enough money to get their bazgage up to the hotel or railroad station. To many there is a complete fascination in games of hazard or the risking of money on possibili-ties. It seems as natural for them to bet as to eat. Indeed, the hunger for food is often overpowered with the hunger for wagers, as in the case of Lord Sandwich, a persistent gambler, who, not being willing to leave the dice table long enough for the taking of food, invented a preparation of food that he could take without stopping the game—namely, a slice of beef between two slices of bread, which was named after Lord Sandwich. It is absurd for those of us who have never felt the fascination of the wager to speak slightingly of the temptation. It has sain a multitude of intellectual and moral grants, men and women stronger than you or I. Down under its power went glorious Oliver Goldsmith, and Gibbon, the historian, and Charles Fox, the statesman, and in olden times fa-mous Senators of the United States, who used to be as regularly at the gambling house all night as they were in the halls of legislation Corrupt literature is doing more to-day for the disruption of domestic life than any other cause. Elopements, marital intrigues, sly correspondence, fictitious names given at the suicide's pistol at Monte Carlo. They played with the square pieces of bone with black marks on them, not knowing that Satan was playing for their bones at the same with bushwhackers and guerrillas, and we anticipated more or less trouble with them.

The scout had been twice captured by the Felerals, and he was described to usas of slender build, medium height, the felerals are fireward with the same of the story so exquisite, and all the characters of the story so exquisite, and all the characters of the story so exquisite, and all the characters of the story so exquisite, and all the characters of the suspicions of a custom house official parks, and at ferry gates, and in hotel parks, and at ferry gates, and at ferry gates, and in hotel parks, and at ferry gates, and in hotel parks, and at ferry gates, and at ferry gates, and at ferry gates, and in hotel parks, and at ferry gates, and at ferry ga The complexion and dark eyes. Enough known about his nerve to know burned in Paris, were found was known about his nerve to know burned in Paris, were found which the story so exquisite, and all the characters and this fall are borrowing from the money tills of their employers or arranging by means of false entries to adjust be informed, so that they will never repeat literature just as charming that will elevate and purify and ennoble, and Christianize voted for the Ives pool bill has on his hands and forehead the blood of these souls. But in this connection some young converts say to me: "Is it right to play cards! Is there any harm in a game of whist or euchre?"

Vell, I know good men who play whist and euchre and other styles of game without any wagers. I had a friend who played cards with his wife and children, and then at the close said: "Come, now, let us have prayers." I will not judge other men's consciences, but I tell you that cards are, in my mind, so associated with the temporal and eternal damnation of splendid young men, that I should no sooner say to my family: "Come, let us have a game of cards," than I would go into menagerie and say: "Come let us have a game of rattlesnakes," or into a cemetery, and sitting down by a marble slab, say to the gravediggers: "Come, let us have a game of skulls." Conscientious young ladies are silently saying to me while I speak: "Do you

think card playing will do us any harm?" Perhaps not, but how will you feel if in the great day of eternity, when we are asked to give an account of our influence, some man shall say to you: "I was introduced to games of chance in the year 1887, in Brooklyn, at your house, and I went on from that sport to something more exciting, and went on down until I lost my business, and lost my morals, and lost my soul, and these chains that you see on my wrists and feet are the chains of a gamester's doom, and I am on my way to a gambler's hell." Honey at the start, eternal catastrophe at the last. Stock gambling comes into the same cata

logue. It must be very exhilarating to gc into Wall street, New York, or State street, Beston, or Third street, Philadelphia, and depositing a small sum of money, run the risk of taking out a fortunc. Many men are do ing an honest and safe business in the stock market, and you are an ignoramus if you do not know that it is just as legitimate to deal in stocks as to deal in coffee, or sugar, or flour. But nearly all the outsiders who go there on a little financial excursion lose all. The old spiders eat up the unsuspecting flies. I had a friend who put his hand on his hip pocket and said to me in substance: "I have there the value of a hundred and and why will you thrust your rod of inquisi-tiveness into the deathful saccharine of per-penniless. What was the matter! Wall Thirty thousand people in attendance upon the lowa State Fair, and not a drunken persacet. Of the vast majority who are victim

ized you hear not one word. One great stock firm goes down, and whole columns of newspapers discuss their fraud, or their disaster, and we are presented with their features and their biography. But where one such famous firm sinks five hundred unknown men sink with them. The great steamer goes down and all the little boats are swallowed in the same engulfment. Gambling is gambling, whether in stocks, or breadstuffs, or dice or race-track betting. Exhilaration at the start, and a raving brain and a shattered nervous system and a sacrificed property and a destroyed soul at the last. Young man, buy no lottery tickets purchase no prize packages, bet on no base ball games or yacht racing, have no faith ir. luck, answer no mysterious circulars proposing great income for small investment; shoo away the buzzards that hover around our hotels trying to entrap strangers. Go out and make an honest living. Have God on your side and be a candidate for heaven. Remember all the paths of sin are banked with flowers at the start, and there are plenty of helpful hands to fetch the gay charger to your door and hold the stirrup while you mount. Put further on the horse plunges to the bit in a slough inextricable. The best honey is not like that which Jonathan took on the end of the rod and brought to his lip, but that which God puts on the banqueting table of Morcy, at which we are all invited to sit. I was reading of a boy among the mountains of Switzerland ascending a dangerous place with his father and the guides. The boy stopped on the edge of the cliff and said: 'There is a flower I mean to "Come away from here," said the olden fimes. This plan was recommended in father, "you will fall off." "No," said he, "I must get that beautiful flower." and the guides rushed toward him to pull him back, when they heard him say: "I almost have it," as he fell 2,000 feet. Birds of prey were seen a few days after circling through the air and lowering gradually to the place where the corpse lay. Why seek flowers on the edge of a precipice when you may walk knee deep amid the full blooms of the very Paradise of God? When a man may sit at a king's banquet, why will he go down the steps and contend for the gristle and

> "Sweeter than honey and the honeycomb," says David, "is the truth of God." "With honey out of the rock would I have satisfied thee," says God to the recreant. Here is honey gathered from the blossoms of trees of life, and with a rod made out of the wood of The poet Hesiod tells of an ambrosia and a nectar the drinking of

bones of a hound's kennel?

which would make men live forever, and one sip of this honey from the Eternal Rock will give you immortal life with God. Come off of the malarial levels of a sinful life. Come and live on the uplands of grace where the vineyards sun themselves. taste and see that the Lord is gracious. Be happy now and happy forever. For those filthy raven that swoops upon it. "Old Crow!" turn to gall. For many things I have admired Percy Shelley, the great English poet, rum but unburied, and this evil is pecking at but I deplore the fact that it was a great he might denounce the Christian religion. He was in great glee against God and the truth. But he visited Italy, and one day on the Mediterranean with two friends in a boat which was twenty-four feet long, he was coming toward shore when an hour's squall in this squall, but all outrode the terror except one, that in which Shelley, the infidel poet, and his two friends were sailing. That never came ashore, but the bodies of two of the occupants were washed upon the beach, one of them the poet. A funeral pyre was built on the sea shore by some classic friends and the two bodies were consumed. Poor Shelley! He would have no God while he lived and he probably had no God when he died. "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish." Bewere of the forbidden honey!

> The Anti-Liquor Crusade. In contradiction to other reports concerning Maine, Neal Dow's latest utterance is as

"Many years ago the people of Maine con-"Many years ago the people of Maine consumed more strong drink than any other State in the Union. Mr. Blaine, writing on the subject, said that at one time no people in the country used such enormous quantities of liquor as did the people of this State. Today we can say that no State in the Union uses so little. Mr. Blaine has also said that no State has prospered so remarkably during the last twenty years as Maine. There is a the last twenty years as Maine. There is a cause for all this change. Temptation for strong drink has been put out of the way. Years ago there were great industries carried on here. The lumber trade employed a large number of our men, and the fishing industries a great many more. These products were nearly all exported to the West Indies and other southern countries, and bartered for rum and molasses. The owners of the saw mills and the fishermen never made the State one dollar richer, and the only results of their industry were a population of topers, dilap-idated school houses, shiftless farmers and

decaying farm buildings. When Blaine said that Maine is the most prosperous State in the Union he spoke the truth. The dilapidated buildings are being repaired or replaced by new ones, handsome in architecture and substantial in structure, and the almost hopeless poverty is giving away to vigorous industry, intelligence and wealth. By careful estimates, this State now saves, directly and indirectly, the sum of \$24,000,000 yearly. In face of these facts it is a great wrong for Dr. Crosby to say that the Maine law is a failure. All other public such statements as that of the clargyman !

The fact that the larger proportion of in temperance has been banished; the fact that of the seventy open grog shops that flourished in the city of Portland twenty-five years ago not one remains; the fact that no liquor is now imported from the West Indies, and the barrels of rum that once occupied acres of land at the Portland wharves after the unloading of cargoes are abolished—do not all these facts signify a progress in one direction or the other? Were not three-fourths of the jails empty six months after the law was passed! But people say they do not understand why the grog shops in the larger cities are allowed to exist. That is the key to the situation. After our thirty years' of trying to work out the great problem, people point to a few of the larger cities and say, "Look at Maine." It is easily seen why the putting out of the way of such obstacles to the cause as this is of the utmost importance. Most of the saloon-keepers, except those of Bangor, dispose of their rum on the sly."

An Effective Argument.

A very effective temperance argument was that used by William Duncan in a colony of hristianized Indians in British Columbia. A keg of whisky was obtained and scattered over the grass in the presence of the young recple. It destroyed all the herbage. The Indian President of the village council then told the young folks that just as it burned the grass it would burn them if they drank it. This festival now takes place every year. It was inaugurated wholly by the Indians, and there has been very little trouble with the liquor question since. Whenever any liquor is smuggled into the settlement it is seized and used to burn the grass in the illustrated

Temperance News and Notes. Ex-Governor St. John is talking prohibition in California. He has now become a pub-

The Pioneer Press says that under the \$1,000 high-license law of Minneapolis the police court business for August was the heaviest in the history of the court.

son amongst them.

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Perferated Bottom Oak Chairs, Cane Eottom Stool Chairs, Cane lottom Rockers,

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Reed and I attan Rockers.

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