THE FUTURE.

BY COURTLANDT PALMER.

[*the funeral ceremonies of the author.*]

What has the future in store for me,
[illegible] future so dark and deep?
[illegible] meanings inhabit its mystery?
[illegible]at sounds doth its silence keep?

[illegible]ong shall my heart its heart-beats tell?
[illegible] my days my dreams destroy?
[illegible]sons of peace my sorrows quell,
[illegible]l sorrows conquer joy?

[illegible]at of the future, with this life o'er?
[illegible] laugh, or shall I weep?
[illegible] but to open a heavenly door,
[illegible]t eternal sleep?

[illegible]ot answer. In vain I try
[illegible] things of time to foresee;
[illegible] folly, then, to prophesy
[illegible] events of eternity?

[illegible] of one thing, at least, 'midst all I am sure,
[illegible]e one thing that's constant in change,
[illegible]t matter and force must forever endure
[illegible] their limitless, endless range.

[illegible]d further, of this I am certain, too,
That the chiefest thing on earth—
Which shall rule in the race while the true is the rue—
Is the might of human worth.

In the spirit of man lies the spirit of good;
In his soul do the seraphim ring;
In the mind of man lies the masterhood;
Humanity is king.

[illegible] when to a sense of the infinite All
[illegible]e spirit of man is allied
[illegible] noble intent, then, whatever befall,
[illegible] fate to the highest is tied.

LOLA PULASKI;

—OR—

The Victim of Circumstantial Evidence.

[illegible]tory of Nihilistic Plottings and Crimes.

BY LEON EDWARDS.

CHAPTER XI.

A THRILLING MEETING.

[illegible]unt Pulaski was conducted to a [illegible]k in a large gloomy room, where a [illegible]warthy, bearded giant sat with a ponderous book before him, in which he [illegible]ntered the names and records of the [illegible]isoners.

"[illegible]Your name?" said the man, shooting a glance at the Count.

"[illegible]hn Pulaski, Count of Warsaw," [illegible]asie reply, in firm tones.

"[illegible]ow old?"

"Fifty-one," responded the Count.

"Fifty-one!" repeated the swarthy giant, with a skeptical glance at the prisoner.

"That is my age."

"You look older than that," said the man, preparing to write.

"Twenty years in the quarries of Siberia," said the Count, grimly, "would age the youngest if it did not kill him."

"Where were you born?"

"In Warsaw."

"Married or single?"

The Count's voice became husky as he tried to answer, but controlling the feelings called up by the question he said:

"Siberia did not kill me, but it killed the wife I left behind me."

"You are a widower, then?"

"I am."

"What is the charge against John Pulaski?" asked the man at the desk, turning to the officer who had brought the prisoner in.

"I do not know the charges," said the officer. "I was directed to make the arrest by General Paul——"

"And General Paul," said the young soldier, coming forward, and taking off his hat when Count Pulaski's eyes fell on him, "simply carried out the orders of the Czar."

"And you are Prince Paul of Moskeva?" asked the Count, his form straightening up, and a burning light coming into his eyes.

"I am so called," said the General, respectfully.

"And twenty-two years ago your father was Governor of Warsaw?"

"He was," stammered the young General.

"It is fitting," said the old man, with indescribable bitterness, "that the son should strike the last blow at a life which the perjured father cursed!"

"If in my power," said General Paul, with marked humanity and respect, "I would undo the deeds of my father, for they have cursed my life as well as yours."

"This looks like it," said the Count, with a bitter smile.

"I am not to blame. Curse me, if you will, for it is said that the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children, but permit me to show my sincerity by doing all I can to make your stay here comfortable at least."

"Why am I brought here at all?" asked the old man, somewhat softened, for in the young soldier before him he saw a true man, if all his experience of men were not at fault.

"That I do not know."

"Have you no suspicion?"

"None that I can utter here. I have ordered the best apartment in the prison to be prepared for your use. Let us go there, where we can talk further," said the General.

A dirty-looking, low-browed fellow, who had all the appearance of a deputy hangman, appeared at this juncture, and rattling a bunch of keys, that was fastened to his belt, to attract attention to himself, he bowed very low before General Paul, and asked:

"Excellency, the apartment you ordered for the prisoner is ready; shall I conduct him thither?"

General Paul nodded, and the man with the keys, taking up Count Pulaski's sachel which one of the soldiers had brought in from the sleigh, led the way through a great oaken door that was half covered over with rusty iron knobs.

Along gloomy corridors, up cold, massive stone steps, down into hollows made by the feet of dead prisoners, and past cells that looked like death vaults, the turnkey led Count Pulaski and the General.

Near the top and front of the building he opened a door with one of the many keys carried at his belt, and they entered a large, well-furnished apartment, heated by a large stove.

"This, excellency," said the turnkey, waving his hand about the room, with a manner that indicated great admiration for his sumptuous surroundings, "is one of the private rooms of the governor of the prison, and never but once before was it set aside for the use of a prisoner."

"Go outside, and there await me," said the General, motioning to the door.

When they were alone, the General turned to Count Pulaski, and said:

"Under the circumstances, I cannot ask the charity of your judgment. Everything is against me, and yet, God knows, that I would this day make amends for the wrong my father did you, by changing places with you, if in my power."

"You know then of your father's treatment?" said the Count.

"Since I first heard of it, through the father of the present Count Orloff, fifteen years ago, it has never been a day absent from my thoughts. It ill becomes me to say aught of myself, and yet justice to myself demands it." The General hesitated, and placed a chair for the prisoner.

Count Pulaski sat down and motioned for him to proceed.

"When I came into power during the Turkish war and after my uncle's (the Prince of Moskeva's) death, I at once used that power to secure your pardon and freedom. When you returned from Siberia I would have thrown myself at your feet and craved pardon for the son of the man who so wronged you, but I feared you would scorn me, as you may now be doing in your heart."

"I will hear you out," said the Count.

"I worked to have your estates restored, and, failing in my efforts, I was ready to place all my wealth at your disposal, but I feared you might think I was mocking a heart that had already been wounded enough."

The General ceased, but while speaking he shook with emotion, and now discovering his weakness—it really showed his nobler strength—he averted his face to conceal it.

"Paul, Prince of Moskeva," said the old man, solemnly, "I am glad you have taken another name. Your father cursed my life and brought on these gray hairs before their time. In the hope of gratifying his unholy passion for a woman who hated him, he broke up my home, made me a slave and an exile, despoiled me of my wealth, blasted my fair name, made my child a pauper, and sent my loved wife to a grave among strangers in a strange land."

Count Pulaski in the terrible excitement of the moment rose from his chair, and, reaching out his hands, he cried in a voice of agony:

"Oh, God! I thought to curse the son as the father cursed me and mine. But I cannot; I cannot! Leave me! Leave me, before a sense of my wrongs overpowers me, and I forget your words, which my broken heart tells me to believe!"

There was that in the old man's voice and manner that General Paul could not disobey.

He made as if he would extend his hand, or kiss that of the prisoner, but, fearing that he would be scorned, he went quietly out and joined the turnkey, who was pacing back and forth, and jingling his keys in the corridor.

The General hastened down to his sleigh, and, leaping in, said, in response to the driver's inquiry:

"To the palace of Count Linwold."

When near the palace, General Paul saw Colonel Orloff, the Countess Elvira's lover, descending the steps.

The Colonel had never liked General Paul, now he hated him; but he was too well versed in military etiquette to attempt to pass his superior officer without the customary salute.

Touching his cap in return, General Paul, who was as indifferent to Orloff as if he were a servant, bounded up the broad steps and gave his card to the servant who met him at the door.

"I wish to see Count Linwold," he said.

"He is not in, excellency, but the Countess Elvira is," said the servant.

As the General at this moment caught sight of the lady in question at the other end of the grand hall, and as she must have heard the servant, courtesy demanded that he should go in.

"Tell the Countess, if not engaged, that I will pay my respects," he said.

The Countess met General Paul with great affability, and to his surprise, and, it may be added, his confusion, she at once launched into the subject about which all St. Petersburg was talking that day.

"I think, Prince Paul," she said, with an artificial laugh, "that before the Czar and my father announced our engagement to the world, they should have consulted us."

"I think so, too," coughed the General. "It is treating you unfairly."

"Oh!" she replied, with another little laugh that made him feel actually cold; "my life has been one continued round of unquestioning obedience, so no matter what I think of the courtesy due me, I shall go on—doing as I am ordered."

On hearing this the General grew colder, and he looked over her angular form and into her dull gray eyes, and contrasting her on the instant with Lola Pulaski, he mentally asked himself:

"Merciful heaven! would not sudden death be preferable to a long life with this woman?"

"I think," he said, sternly, "that the love that grows from continued intercourse should be the basis of marriage."

"Perhaps so; and yet, as we ascend from the lower walks of life, love vanishes from marriage, and it becomes a matter for cold diplomacy and mutual interest. Even the Czar could not select his own Czarina."

"No," replied the General; "but that did not prevent him from taking a second wife, whom he loves, and about whom all the world knows."

"The Princess Dolgorouki?" laughed Elvira. "Oh, well, we do not expect fidelity in men; that is a peculiarly feminine virtue. But to change the subject; have you seen my father of late?"

"Officially I see him every day."

"And he spoke to you of our matter?"

"Yes, in the presence of the Czar," said the General, rising; "where the speaking is always one-sided."

"What, going so soon? Well, you will call often now. It is only right that I should see as much of you as possible. Parted since we were children, we must learn to know each other now, even if we cannot learn to love," said the Countess, with an icy smile.

The General made no comment, but with a pained face went out to his sleigh.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Big Capture of Wild Ducks.

John Benson, a Rice County (Minn.) farmer, performed a most remarkable feat on a lake two miles north of Faribault the other morning. On looking out of his window he saw a great bevy of wild ducks attempting to extricate themselves from the ice which had frozen about their legs during the night. Seizing a corncutter he rushed to the lake and clipped off the heads of 134 of them. —*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The *Electrical Review* predicts that within five years there will be more than one trunk line in operation in this country carrying through passengers regularly at an average speed of nearly 200 miles an hour.

WOLVES IN RUSSIA.

THE METHODS OF HUNTING THE DREADED PEST.

A Terrific Battle With the Hungry Brutes—What Happens When Hydrophobia Sets in—Pigs for Bait.

HUNGRY and implacable, the wolf is almost as much dreaded in Russia as the Czar. In its milder moments, if it has any, it is unsociable enough; when it becomes a victim of hydrophobia it is especially interesting. The two varieties, forest wolf (lesney volk) and prairie wolf (polevoy volk), differ in size but not in appetite and instinct. This is what happens when hydrophobia, which is very prevalent, sets in:

They rush into the villages and attack the inhabitants. The villagers arm themselves with scythes and bludgeons and knives, but before hydrophobia gives way to death some one has been bitten, and probably in the face, for which the maddened animal displays a mysterious partiality. To villagers and peasants he is a veritable curse. Sheep, goats, cows, horses, and even children suit him equally well. Sometimes small towns are kept in a state of seige, hordes of the hungry animals seeking their food on the outskirts of the nearest settlement. In every phase of Russian life outside the large cities the volk exists as a sort of Nemesis, so that it is easy to undersand why wolf-hunting has developed into something like an institution in Russia. The element of danger in the sport has been greatly exaggerated, but is large enough to fascinate the wealthy who engage in it. To the masses it is anything but pastime. It is a war, and they prosecute it to save their flocks and their children and their homes. The exterminating methods are many and curious. That most commonly resorted to by the peasantry is somewhat similar to the plan adopted in Africa when hunting much larger game. Somewhere near a forest which large numbers of wolves are known to frequent, a space is cleared and a lage hole, eight to ten feet deep and five or six wide, is dug. This is covered with small branches and straw. At one end, or sometimes in the centre, is fixed a pole or tree and tied to this is a young pig (porosionok). The bait has an unpleasant time of it even before the wolves appear—it is so fixed that he is in continual torture, and as a consequence yells, grunts and screams as only a porosionok can. On three sides of the bait is built a high fence, so that to get at the porker it is necessary to cross the pit. One night's setting of the trap frequently lures to the slaughter of next morning as many as a dozen wolves. The work of killing them is very soon over. It does not, however, take the survivors long to learn that there is something suspicious and unprofitable about the affair, and the time soon comes when they cease to be tempted by the screams of the succulent and tempting pig. Hunting proper is conducted in a far different manner.

THE SQUEALING PIG DECOY.

A few years ago I traveled on a sany (sleigh) from St. Petersburg to Archangelisk via Oloneg, a distance of 1104 versts, or about 730 miles. It was in December, and owing to the extremely cold weather, the temperature varying from sixty to seventy below zero, the wolves were peculiarly ravenous. We left the hotel Snamienskaya, St. Petersburg, early in the morning and were soon among the pine forests (sosnovoy less), bowling along at a great speed. We were warmly clad in sheep and reindeer skins—the woolly side in—but the cold was intense, though we found some compensation in the weird beauty of the scenery. We saw numbers of wolves early on our journey, but they did not annoy us, for, unless they are particularly ravenous they will not come near to a sany and horses and ringing sleigh bells. Our Yamshik driver assured us, however, that before the lakes (Ladoga and Onegskoe Osero) were passed we would have our hands full and we were not disappointed. The mail road or trakt over which we traveled is splendidly kept by the government. It leads through forests of giant pines, crossing frozen rivulets and winding over and round through mountains of whose nakedness, barrenness and desolation only inadequate ideas can be conveyed. Away toward the southwest were the lakes, frozen many feet deep. The pine trees and smaller growths glistened with frozen white and bent beneath their burden and the ground in the forest and in the open toward the lakes was carpeted with an immaculate coverlet of nature frozen hard as steel by the icy atmosphere. The croaking of half buried crows and the occasional howls and barking of the wolves were grim accompaniments to the music of the sleigh bells. On the horizon the three hours' sun—so peculiar to this region—glowed with a dull golden light that anything but suggested the brilliant sunshine of the south. There would be daylight for but a few hours, but when night came it would be illuminated by glittering stars and a moon of extraordinary brilliancy and for weeks made more beautiful by the aurora borealis, whose exquisite colors add an almost fairy-like and weird splendor to the scenery. We were nearing the end of one of the lakes when the Yamshik drew my attention toa strange feature of this northern clime. On the sides of the road we could see the crows and woodcocks and small wolves and other little animals buried in the snow with only their heads peeping above it. "The snow is warmer than the atmosphere," said the Yamshik. On we sped over the frozen road, which rings like metal to the motion of the sleigh runners and the striking of the horses' hoofs. It is a curious musical ring that comes from this seven or eight feet of ice-frozen snow, and we are all ears and eyes as we puff our cigarettes. Soon we have passed the lakes and are approaching a sharp bend in the forest road, when a very bedlam of howls and shots and cries and grunts greet our ears.

"It is a hunt," my companion explains. We drew off the road at the turn to watch the sport. Our revolvers and knives were hastily gotten ready and our sleigh bells kept ringing by a string to warn the brutes off. We had hardly turned the corner when there dashed past us a sany of peculiar construction: it was not more than one foot raised from the ground and was unusually broad. The harness, too, was unusual. The inevitable bells were absent, and contrary to the ordinary rule of the smotritels (Government officials), who insist upon there being three horses for a sleigh carrying two persons, four horses for one carrying three, etc., the three hunters on this sleigh had only three spirited animals to pull them along the glassy road. About three yards behind the passengers' sany was a small one, tied to the leader by a rope or chain. On this little sleigh there was a young pig. It screamed and grunted as though its existence depends upon it. And in truth it did, for there were at least forty wolves yelping and barking at it and running pell mell after the flying sleighs, seemingly unconcerned by the fact that the hunters were shooting them down by twos and threes incessantly. But the porosionok has a peculiar charm for the wolf, and, despite the rifle shots and their fallen comrades, they keep up their chase for pig flesh and augment their numbers from time to time by accessions from other parts of the forest as they swept past. Half a mile behind this turn out is another and larger vehicle, which gathers up the fallen wolves. But we were destined to see some more exciting sport than the mere galloping along of the hunters and the shooting of the game.

BAITING THEM TO THEIR DEATH.

From among the newest arrivals to the pack are two or three gaunt wolves, heroes evidently of many a chase and particularly fleet and ravenous. After some desperate running they manage to reach Monsieur Porosionok, in spite of the efforts of the marksmen, and the pig is soon in that bourne from which no porker has ever returned. Then the whole pack with whetted appetites put on double speed, surround the hunters and attack the horses. The bells are put into requisition to warn them off, but their tongues might as well be dumb. The wolves have tasted blood; they have seen it, and they must have more. Our team is well hidden among the pine trees, and prepared for action we watched the conflict. The foremost wolves have succeeded in catching the outside horse at the left side by the nose. He kicks and struggles and the hunters shoot down the aggressors, one by one, but now the speed of the sany is slackened and the entire pack are upon them. Now is the time for us to interfere. Before we can be of any assistance the first horse attacked falls on his side, is cut away from the sleigh and off dash his companions at lightning speed. It is a race for life. Dozens of fresh wolves are on the trail and another horse succumbs. Ere we can reach the spot the men to defend themselves fire shot after shot into the pack and then comes a sudden cessation of the shooting. As we hurry along we see the three men in the road fighting desperately with their bloodthirsty assailants, having now no other weapons than long knives. Already one man is on the ground, when a blow from a musket stock and a quick knife-thrust relieves him of his antagonist, and he is on his feet again, dealing death blows all around. The badly frightened Yamshik urges our team toward the unequal battle on the roadside and then comes our fusilade. Shot after shot of our revolvers told their tale by the increasing heap of lesnoy volks that lay dead or dying around the hunters and their wrecked conveyance.

IN CLOSE QUARTERS.

Instantly the tide of battle is turned and the remaining wolves take to their heels and scamper off. It was a "close call" for those three sportsmen. The entire battle did not occupy ten minutes. Had we not turned up just in the nick of time all three of them would have shared the fate of their horses before their picking up sleigh would have had time to come up. While such hunting scenes are not at all infrequent it rarely happens that a hunter is killed. Wolves are proverbially cowardly and if they are struck across their sensitive nose they are either rendered insensible or skulk painfully toward the forest. In a few moments after the last of our fur-coated companions had taken his departure the second sleigh came along and once more our horses' heads were turned toward Archangelsk. We met many hunting parties, but they were more fortunate, and on the picking-up sleigh of one of them I saw the bodies of at least thirty wolves.—*Washington Star.*

The man who makes an apology in preference to engaging in a fight will never need to tell a lie when asked how he came by that black eye.

Japan's Queen in Parisian Dress.

The Japanese have for some years made great efforts to assimilate their political and social life to Western ideas. On February 14, 1889, a new constitution was introduced, and in a few weeks the first Parliament is to assemble. The Emperor and Empress of Japan promoted the reforms in every possible way by abandoning their former seclusion and mixing freely with their subjects at court fetes, arranged in European style.

THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN, AS SHE LOOKED THE FIRST TIME IN EUROPEAN DRESS.

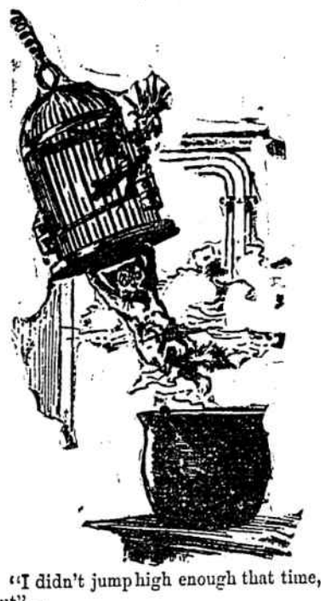
The Empress now wears Parisian dresses, and no lady is received at court in the national costume. To accustom the people at large to this daring innovation, the portrait of the Empress, in primitive Japanese color printing, has been distributed throughout the Empire, and from one of these leaflets our illustration has been engraved. The now greatly ceremonial dress in China and Japan differs from the style adopted by the Empress Haru-Ko may be seen in the second cut, which represents Lady Blossom Tseng, the youngest daughter of the Marquis Tseng, in her bridal robes, worn on the occasion of her marriage, which took place at Pekin in 1888.

LADY TSENG IN HER BRIDAL ROBES.

The Empress Haru-Ko is now thirty-nine years old, and in February, 1869, married Mutsu Hito, the present Emperor of Japan, shortly after he had been crowned in Kioto in October, 1868.

Puss in the Soup.

"There's a tidbit up there. Guess I'll go for it."



"I didn't jump high enough that time, but"—

Polly—"Poor puss is in the soup!"

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

PICTURE SCARFS.

The fancy of hanging a scarf or "throw" over the corner of a picture or an easel to break the angular lines is becoming general, and adds dainty grace and color to many otherwise colorless, sombre, though beautiful prints. Thus an etching of springtime may be enhanced in beauty by a scarf of India silk in pale azure blue figured in pale colors and conventional pattern with apple blossoms, or a picture of autumn may be hung with a scarf of blue and white Chinese crape in a pattern of bamboo or rice branches, with wild flowers and birds, or such material as may be found in Chinese stores. A white crape printed with a graceful flight of water-fowl may serve to drape an easel that holds an inland water scene. The taste of the furnisher will suggest where such drapery will be valuable and where it is superfluous, and simply burden rather than ornament the room.—*New York Tribune.*

APPLE BUTTER.

This old-fashioned and wholesome preserve, or sauce, is still made on some farms and its preparation is a part of the regular farm work in autumn. The first step in its preparation is to evaporate or boil down a quantity of sweet cider; hence it is often called "cider apple sauce." If there is a large cauldron or set kettle, as there is on many farms, that may be used; otherwise, one or more large kettles are provided with proper support, so that a fire may be made under them. There will be much stirring to be done, and long wooden stirrers should be provided. A barrel of cider is boiled down to eight gallons. While the cider is being boiled the apples are prepared. Formerly this was done by "paring-bees," at which the neighbors assisted. Now, there are numerous apple-parers, some of which not only pare, but core and quarter the apples, and do the work very expeditiously. The apples should be sweet ones; of a kind that will cook tender. From two-and-a-half to three bushels are required for each barrel of cider. The cider being first evaporared, the apples are added, and the whole boiled together until it becomes jelly-like. At this time there is danger of scorching, and it must be stirred continually. Some makers, when the sauce is done, add to it cinnamon and allspice, but the majority prefer it without the spices. While still hot, the sauce is transferred to kegs or other wooden vessels, or jars of stoneware are used. When well made, the sauce keeps a long time.—*American Agriculturist.*

RECIPES.

Butter Scotch—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, half cup of butter. Boil until it snaps, then put it into cold water.

Corn Cakes—One cup of flour, half cup corn meal, half teaspoon of salt, half teaspoon soda, one tablespoon of sugar, one tablespoon of melted butter, and one cup of sour milk. Bake in gem pans.

Oysters for the Sick—Remove the hard part and stew in their own liquor, adding pepper and salt, but no milk. Crackers can be added, or it can be poured over a slice of nicely buttered toast. Butter can be added to the stew if the docter permits.

Onion Sauce for Roast Ducks—Boil six onions until very soft; change the water three times while they are cooking; then drain and rub the onions through a seive; add one and a half cupfuls of hot milk, a tablespoonful of butter and salt and pepper to suit taste.

Fried Egg Plant—Pare and cut into slices half an inch thick. Soak in salt water an hour or more; dry and dip first into beaten egg, then in cracker dust or fine bread crumbs, and fry brown in half butter and half lard; season with pepper and cook thoroughly.

Mush Pudding—Take four eggs, one cup cold mush, one large tablespoon of butter, two-thirds of a cup of sugar. Stir well togetherr add one pint of sweet milk to the mixture, pour into a deep pan, grate nutmeg on top and bake till the custard becomes firm.

Chicken Soup—Take all the bones of a chicken, crack them and add the dark meat; cover well with water and stew for three or four hours. Flavor the broth with some thinly cut lemon peel; salt to taste and add a little sage tied in a piece of muslin. All fat must be removed.

Beefsteak Smothered With Onions—Slice onions and lay them in your skillet with pepper, salt and bits of butter. Lay over them a tender beesfeak, then another layer of onions, seasoned. Cover closely and cook very slowly until done; serve very hot and it is a dish fit for a king.

Beef Ball—Three pounds of beef, chopped fine, two well beaten eggs, one large cup of bread crumbs, two onions chopped fine, salt and pepper to the taste; make it into a large ball and put it into a pot with a little water and three large spoonfuls of tomato catsup; simmer slowly until done.

Savory Baked Egg Pudding—Chop two cups of cold ham, or any cold meat or fish, fine. Make a custard of one quart of milk and six eggs, add a teaspoonful of salt (unless ham is used, when less will be needed). Mix meat and custard together, pour into a deep dish, put little bits of butter over the surface and bake.

Potato Pudding—Take one pint of finely mashed, mealy potatoes, one tablespoonful of butter, one cup of sugar, a little salt, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, four eggs (leaving one part of the whites to ice the top); stir well with one pint of rich milk; bake slowly. When done pour over the whites whipped to a froth with four tablespoons of sugar. Let it brown.

Salad Dressing Without Oil—Pound the yelks of two hard boiled eggs until smooth, then add a teaspoonful of mixed mustard, one saltspoonful of salt, half a saltspoonful of pepper, half the quantity of cayenne, one teaspoonful of sugar, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice; mix these all thoroughly, then add sufficient cream and vinegar to make the preparation the consistency of ordinary cream.

A Vienna millionaire died, leaving a request for his only heir to keep the family vault lighted with several Jablochkoff electric lamps for one year. But the authorities having refused the necessary permission, the heir ordered a candle and a box of parlor matches to be placed near the man in his coffin, in case he should wake up from his long sleep.

The Pekin *Gazette* asserts that 100 of its editors have been beheaded. The journal in question claims to have been in existence 1000 years.

TEMPERANCE.

THE WATER.

The water! The water!
The water fresh and sweet,
I saw it bubble in a spring,
Where field and forest meet.
The lilies nodded on the brink,
And the robins come to drink.
The water! The water!
In well, and lake, and sea,
We drink, we swim, we bathe, we row,
And love the water free!
The water, sunshine, and fresh air
With fish and bird, and flower we share.
—*National Temperance Almanac.*

POISON IN BEER.

An advocate of beer drinking, in the *Western Druggist*, complains of the poisonous adulterations of this beverage, now so common, and mentions as one of the most dangerous, picrotoxin, a powerful poison often used because of the great difficulty attending its detection. The writer states that a dose of from five to ten grains will kill a dog, while a tincture of the berries applied to a child's scalp had been known to cause death.

THE FLOURISHING W. C. T. U.

The membership of the W. C. T. U. instead of falling off during the last year, as has been asserted, has been actually increased by more than five thousand paying members. The treasurer's report, the final authority, shows for this year a paid membership of 143,865 as contrasted with 138,517 last year. This does not include unreported unions, members that for any reason have neglected to pay their dues, honorary members of the constantly increasing host of the Loyal Temperance Legion.

MODERATE DRINKING DANGEROUS.

Even moderate drinking operates against a man in getting insurance. Statistics show that among intemperate persons between the ages of twenty and thirty the mortality is five times greater than among temperate persons. From thirty to fifty the mortality is four times greater with the intemperate, and from fifty to sixty it is three times greater, while from sixty to eighty it is twice as great. These are figures that do not lie, and old topers and moderate drinkers should take a hint. In a group of total abstainers, aged twenty, the average of life left is forty-four and two-tenths years, while with moderate drinkers the average would be fifteen and six-tenths years. That is to say, a total abstainer on an average would live to be sixty-four, while the moderete drinker would be cut off at thirty-five. By a moderate drinker is meant a man who drinks continuously or periodically so as to affect his health. A drinker is more liable to accidental death than a sober man is, and in addition to that he is steadily breaking down his constitution.—*National Temperance Almanac.*

SAMPLE-ROOM FLOWERS.

"Sample-Room" was the sign on a small building close by the depot at which the train drew up, just before entering the mountains.

"Sample-room for what in this desolate, out-of-the-way place?" was our mental query.

Seedy-looking duffers, with fiery-looking noses, led the way; spruce-looking young men followed, twirling their canes in a nonchalant way, and slinking into the sample-room door as if ashamed of the act.

"Ah! this is a liquor-shop, and these are the plants going in for refreshment."

These young buds of promise will as surely ripen into the seedy old duffers as night follows day. Sample-room flowers they are who seek, for refreshment, "liquid fire." Now and then middle-aged men, respectably clad, and doubtless men who, at home, would scorn to be seen entering a "sample-room," drop into the ever-open door.

And at last they must all have been refreshed, for the proprietor, with a very red face and a white apron, comes to the door and looks down the platform, like a spider after more silly flies.

But the whistle sounds, the passengers rush for the cars, and we move on for a picture of tall, dark mountains, a lonely railway station, and a gloomy-looking, omnipresent "sample-room" stamped on the walls of memory.—*National Advocate.*

ENGLAND'S TWO GREAT EVILS.

Lord Randolph Churchill is still discussing the drink question in his speeches. In a recent address at Newton, Montgomeryshire, he said:

"I find that the condition of the people is most seriously and dangerously affected by two great evils. The one arises from the excessive consumption of alcoholic liquors by the masses of the people of the country. [Hear, hear.] The unrestricted sale of intoxicating liquors among the masses of the people is shown in the enormously excessive number of establishments for the sale of drink which strike the eye everywhere, no matter where you go, in any part of England or Wales. [Cheers.] The other evil arises from the disgraceful condition of the dwellings which are inhabited by a large portion of our laboring population. The effect of those two evils upon the condition of the people cannot be exaggerated by any one. The effect of those two evils upon the condition of the people is written for all who like to read and study them in the almost innumerable reports of Royal Commissions and Parliamentary Committees, and written in the mass upon mass of evidence which has been adduced before those Commissions and those Committees from persons whose authority cannot be disputed or denied; and those two evils are discovered and are proclaimed by the most authoritative sources to be producing among our people a most exuberant, a most rank, a most noisome crop of poverty, misery, disease and crime." [Hear, hear.]

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

The next convention of the National W. C. T. U. will be held in Atlanta, Georgia.

It is stated that ninety-three per cent. of all children taking the temperance pledge remain faithful to their early vows.

When a young man starts out to get a drink and passes an old drunkard on the way we wonder that he doesn't think of him.

A total of 1374 Young Women's Christian Temperance unions, with 31,657 regular and 6790 honorary members, was reported to the convention.

There are many beverages more than half the bulk of which is alcohol. Irish and Scotch whisky contain nearly fifty-five per cent. Brandy and gin nearly as much. In strong ale there is nearly seven per cent. of alcohol.

Dr. Josiah Strong, author of "Our Country," says: "At no time in all the year and at no place in all the land is there so much of the saving power of the nation gathered together as at the annual convention of the W. C. T. U."

In the first nine months of last year England consumed 11,213,471 gallons of wine, 18,253,251 gallons of spirits, and 18,851,818 gallons of beer. In this year she has consumed 11,505,296 gallons of wine, 18,734,201 gallons of spirits, and 21,920,903 gallons of beer.

Professor William T. Anderson, head of the Brooklyn Normal School for Physical Education, addressed the National Convention at Chicago on his specialty and generously offered to train gratuitously five young women for W. C. T. U., "evangelists of physical culture."

While the number of existing drink-licenses in London has not increased of late years, the dram-shops of Paris have risen from 24,000 in 1880 to nearly 30,000 in the present year. In thirty years the consumption of alcohol in France has trebled, and in ten years it has doubled, the average consumption being twelve quarts for each male adult.

Miss Sallie A. Moore, of Philadelphia, President of St. Malachi's Ladies' Total Abstinence Society—the first Roman Catholic woman to address a public assembly in the presence of a bishop and priests—recently sent the following message to Miss Frances Willard: "No sectarianism in religion, no sectionalism in politics, no sex in citizenship, but each and all of us for God and home and native land."

Have we a Christian civilization? We are told that in the city of New York 150,000 children are day and night, and night and day, under the demoralizing influences of the saloon; we are told by the Citizens' League of Chicago that 30,000 children go day after day into your saloons and drink and bring away drink. We have heard from the platform here of your $70,000,000 for liquor, and $26,000,000 for beer. Do you think the churches pointing heavenward, do you think great societies that meet together and send away their millions to the heathen can atone for that?—*Mrs. Clara Hoffman.*