Subject: "Woman and Her Sacrifices?"

Text: "To bring Vashti the queen before the king with the crown royal to show the people and the princes her beauty, for she was fair to look on. But the queen Vashti refused to come at the king's commandments by his chamberlains; therefore was the king very wroth, and his anger burned him."—Esther i., 11, 12.

We stand amid the palaces of Shusham. The pinnacles are aflame with the morning light. The columns rise festooned and wreathed, the wealth of empires flashing from the grooves, the ceilings adorned with images of bird and beast and scenes of powers and conquest. The walls are hung with shields and emblazoned until it seems that the whole round of splendors is exhausted. Each arch is a mighty leap of architectural achievement. Golden stars shining down on glowing arabesque. Hangings of embroidered work in which mingle the blueness of the sky, the greenness of the grass and the whiteness of the sea foam. Tapestries hung on silver rings, wedding to-gether the pillars of marble. Pavilions reaching out in every direction. These for repose, filled with luxuriant couches, into which weary limbs sink until all fatigue is submerged. These for carousal, where kings drink down a kingdom at one swallow. Amazing spectacle! Light of silver dripping down over stairs of tvory on shields of gold.

Floors of stained marole, sunset red and night black and inlaid with gleaming pearl.

Why, it seems as if a heavenly vision of amethyst and jacinth and topaz and chrysoprasus had descended and alighted upon Shushan. It seems as if a billow of celestial glory had dashed clear over heaven's battlements upon this metropolis of Persia.

In connection with this palace there is a garden where the mighty men of foreign lands are seated at a banquet. Under the spread of oak and linden and acacia the tables are arranged. The breath of honeysuckle and frankincense fills the air. Foun-tains leap up into the light, the spray struck through with rainbows falling in crystalline baptism upon flowery shrubs, then rolling down through channels of marble and widening out here and there into pools swirling with the finny tribes of foreign aquariums, bordered with scarlet annemomes, hypericums and many colored ranunculus. Meats of rarest pird and beast smoking up amid wreathes of aromatics The vases filled with apricots and almonds. The baskets piled up with apricots and dates and figs and oranges and pomegranates. Melons tastefully twined with leaves of acacia. The bright waters of Eulæus filling the urns and sweating outside the rim in flashing beads amid the traceries. Wine from the royal vats of Ispahan and Shiraz. in bottles of tinged shell, and lily shaped cups of silver and flagons and tankards of solid gold. The music rises higher, and the revelry breaks out into wilder transport and the wine has flushed the cheek and touched the brain, and louder than all other voices are the hiccough of the ine-briates, the gabble of fools and the song of

the drunkards.

In another part of the palace Queen Vashti is entertaining the princesses of Persia at a banquet. Drunken Ahasuerus says to his servants, "You go out and fetch Vashti from that banquet with the women, and bring her to this banquet with the men, and let me display her beauty." The servants immediately start to obey the king's command, but there was a rule in oriental society that no woman might appear in public without having her face veiled. Yet here was a mandate, and no one dare dispute, dewas a mandate, and no one dare dispute, de-manding that Vashti come in unveiled be-fore the multitude. However, there was in Vashti's soul a principle more regal than Ahasuerus, more brilliant than the gold of Shushan, of more wealth than the realm of Persia, which commanded her to disober this order of the king, and so all the right eousness and holiness and modesty of her oature rises up into one sublime refusal. She says, "I will not go into the banquet un-veiled." Of course Ahasuerus was infuriate, and Vashti, robbed of her position and her estate, is driven forth in poverty and ruin to suffer the scorn of a nation and yet to re-ceive the applause of after generations who shall rise up to admire this martyr to kingly insolence. Well, the last vestige of that feast is gone; the last garland has faded: the last arch has fallen; the last tankard has been destroyed, and Shushan is a ruin. But as long as the world stands there will be multitudes of men and women, familiar ture gallery of God and admire the divine portrait of Vashti the queen, Vashti the veiled, Vashti the sacrifice, Vashti the

In the first place, I want you to look upon Vashti the queen. A blue ribbon, rayed with white, drawn around her forehead, indieated her queenly position. It was no small honor to be que n in such a realm as that. Hark to the rustle of her robes! See the blaze of her jewels! And ye, my friends, it is not necessary to have palace and regal robe in order to be queenly. When I see a woman with strong faith in God putting her foot upon all meanness and selfishness and godless display, going right forward to serve Christ and the race by a grand and glorious service, I say, "That woman is a queen," and the ranks of heaven look over the batshe come up from the shanty on the commons or the mansion of the fashionable square, I greet her with the shout: "All hail! Queen Vashti." What glory was there on the brow of Mary of Scotland, or Elizabeth of England, or Margaret of France or Catherine of Russia, compared with the worth of some of our Christian mothers, many of them gone into glory-or of that woman mentioned in the Scriptures, who put all Jephthan's daughter, who made a dem-onstration of unselfish patriotism—or of Abigail, who rescued the herds and flocks of her husband-or of Ruth, who toiled under a tropical sun for poor old, helpless Naomi—or of Florence Nightingale, who went at midnight to stanch the battle wounds of the Crimea—or of Mrs. Adoniram Judson, who kindled the lights of salvation amid the darkness of Burmah-or of Mrs. Hemans, who poured out her holy soul in words which will forever be associated with hunter's horn and captive's chain and bridal hour and lute's throb and curiew's knell at the dying day-and scores and hundreds of women unknown on earth who have given water to the thirsty and brend to the hungry and medicine to the sick and smiles to the disouraged—their footsteps heard along dark ane and in government hospital and in Imshouse corridor and by prison gate; There may be no royal robe-there may be o palatial surroundings. She does not need them, for all charitable men will unite with the crackling lips of fever struck hospital and plague blotched lazaretto in greeting her as she passes: "Hail! Hail! Queen Vashti."

Again, I want you to consider Vashti the veiled. Had she appeared before Ahasuerus and his court on that day with her face un-covered she would have shocked all the delicacies of oriental society, and the very men who in their intoxication demanded that she me in their sober moments would have despised her. As some flowers seem to thrive est in the dark lane and in the shadow and where the sun does not seem to reach them, God appoints to most womanly natures a retiring and unobtrusive spirit. God once in a while does call an Isabella to a throne, a Miriam to strike the timbrel at the front of a host, or a Marie Antoinette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the ont of an armed battalion, crying out This is the day in which the Lord vill deliver Sisera into thine hand. when women are called to such outdoor work and to such heroic positions God prepares them for it, and they have iron in ir souls and lightning in their eye, and whirlwinds in their breath, and the bo trength of the Lord Omnipotent in their right arm. They walk through furnaces as though they were hedges of wild flowers and cross seas as though they were shimmering apphire, and all the harpies of hell down to eir dungeon at the stamp of her woman! indignation. But these are the exceptions, senerally Dorcas would rather make a garment for the poor boy. Rebecca would ather fill the trough for the camels. Hanather in the trough for the camers. Had-ah would rather make a coat for Samuel. The Hebrew maid would rather give a prethe Hebrew maid would rather give a pre-pription for Naman's leprosy. The women f Sarepta would rather gather a few sticks cook a meal for famished Elijab. Phœbe could rather carry a letter for the inspired

duty, with cheerful dignity presiding at the table, with kind and gentle but firm discipline presiding in the nursery, going out into the world without any blast of trumpets, following in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good, I say, "This is Vashti with a veil on." But when I see a woman of unbushing bulless loud-voiced, with a duty, with cheerful dignity presiding at the boult doing to the view of the street with a bushing bollness, loud-voiced, with a tongue of infinite clitter clatter, with arrogant look, passing through the streets with the step of a walking beam, gayly arrayed in a very hurricane of millinery. I cry out, which is the step of a walking beam, and the street with the step of a walking beam, gayly arrayed in a very hurricane of millinery. I cry out, a very hurricane of millinery. I see a woman of the street walking beam, gayly arrayed in a very hurricane of millinery. I cry out, and the street walking the st "Vashii has lost her veil!" When 1 see a woman of comely features, and of adroitness of intellect, and endowed will all that the schools can do for one, and of high social position, yet moving in society with superciliousness and hauteur, as though she would have people know their place, and an unde-fined combination of giggle and strut and rhodomontade, endowed with allopathic quantities of talk, but only homeopathic in-finitesimals of sense, the terror of dry goods elerks and railroad conductors, discoverer of significant meanings in plain conversa-tion, prodigles of badinage and innuendo. I say: "Look, look! Vashti has lost her vei!!"

say: "Look, look! Vashti has lost her veil!"
Aga'n, I want you to consider Vashti the sacrifice. Who is this I see coming out of that palace gate of Shushan? It seems to me that I have seen her before. She comes homeless, houseless, friendless, trudging along with a broken heart. Who is she? It is Vashti the sacrifice. Oh, what a change it was from regal position to a wayfarer's crust! A little while ago approved and sought for; now none so poor as to acknowlsought for: now none so poor as to acknowledge her acquaintanceship. Vashti the sacrifice! Ah, you and I have seen it many a Here is a home empalaced with beauty.

Ali that refinement and books and wealth can do for that home has been done, but Ahasuerus, the husband and father, is taking hold on paths of sin. He is gradually going down. After awhile he will flounder and struggle like a wild beast in the hunter's net farther away from God, farther away from the right. Soon the bright apparel children will turn to rags; soon the house-hold song will become the sobbing of a broken heart. The old story over again. Brutal centaurs breaking up the mar-riage feast of Lapithae. The house full riage feast of Lapithae. The house full of outrage and cruelty and abomination, while trudging forth from the palace gate are Vashti and her children. There are homes that are in danger of such a breaking up. Oh, Ahasuerus, that you should stand in a home, by a dissipated life destroy the peace and comfort of that home. God forbid that your children should ever have to wring their hands and have need the standard of the standard have need to wring their hands and have need to wring their hands and have need the standard have need to wring their hands and have need to wring their hands and have need the standard have need to wring their hands and have need to wring their hands and have need the standard ever have to wring their hands and have peoever have to wring their hands and have peo-ple point their finger at them as they pass down the street and say, "There goes a drunkard's child." God forbid that the little feet should ever have to trudge the path of poverty and wretchedness. God forbid that any evil spirit born of the wine cup or the brandy glass should come forth and uproot that garden, and with a lasting blistering, all consuming curse shut forever the palace gate against Vashti and the children.

During the war I went to Hagerstown to look at the army, and I stood in the night on a hilltop and looked down upon them. I saw the campfires all through the valleys and all over the hills. It was a weird spectacle, those campfires, and I stood and watched them, and the soldiers who were gathering around them were, no doubt, talking of their homes and of the long march they had taken and of the battles they were to fight. But after awhile I saw these camp fires begin to lower, and they continued to lower until they were all gone out and the army slept. It was imposing when I saw the campfires; it was imposing in the dark-ness when I thought of that great host

Well. God looks down from heaven, and He sees the firesides of Christendom and the loved ones gathered around these firesides. These are the campfires where we warm ourselves at the close of the day and talk over the battles of life we have fought and the battles that are yet to come. God grant that when at last these fires begin to go out and continue to lower, until finally they are ex-tinguished and the ashes of consumed hopes strew the hearth of the old homestead, it may be because we have

Gone to sleep that last long sleep From which none ever wake to weep. Now we are an army on the march of life. Then we will be an army bivouncked in the

tent of the grave.
Once more I want you to look at Vashti the silent. You do not hear any outcry from this woman as she goes forth from the palace gate. From the very dignity of her nature, you know there will be no vociferation. Sometimes in life it is necessary to make a retort; sometimes in life it is necessary to resist, but there are cries when the most triumphant thing to do is to keep stlence. The philosopher, confident in his newly discovered principle, waiting for the coming of more intelligent generations, willing that men should laugh at the lightning rod and cotton gin and steamboat-waiting for long years through the scoffing of philosophical schools, in grand and magnificent silence. Galilei, condemned by mathematicians and scientists, caricatured everywhere, yet wait-ing and watching with his telescope to see the coming up of stellar re-enforcements. when the stars in their courses would fight for the Copernican system, then sitting down in complete blindness and deafness to wait for the coming on of the generations who

would build his monument and bow at his grave The reformer, execrated by his contem poraries, fastened in a pillory, the slow fir of public contempt burning under him ground under the cylinders of the printing press, yet calmly waiting for the day whe purity of soul and heroism of character wil get the sanction of earth and the plaudits of heaven. Affliction, enduring without any complaint the sharpness of the pang and the violence of the storm, and the beft of the chain and of the darknesss of night. Wait ing until a divine hand shall be put forth to soothe the pang and hush the storm and re lease the captive. A wife, abused, persecuted and a perpetual exile from every earth! and a perpetual exite from every carting comfort—waiting, waiting, until the Lord shall gather all His dear children in a heaven ly home, and no poor Vashti will ever be thrust out from the palace gate. Jesus, it silence and answering not a word, drinking the gall, bearing the cross, in prospect of the raptuous consummation when raptuous consummation when

Angels thronged His chariot wheel Ther swept their golden harps and sung The glorious work is done.

Oh, woman! Does not this story of Vasht: the queen, Vashti the veiled, Vashti the sac-rifice, Vashti the silent, move your soul? My sermon converges into the one absorbing hope that none of you may be shut out of the palace gate of heaven. You can endure the hardships, and the privations, and the cruelties, and the misfortunes of this life it you can only gain admission there. Through the blood of the everlasting covenant you go hrough these gates or never go at all. forbid that you should at last be banished rom the society of angels and banished from the companionship of your glorifled kindred and banished forever. Through the rich grace of our Lord, Jesus Christ, may you be enabled to imitate the example of Rachel and Hannah, and Ablgail, and Deborah, and Mary, and Esther, and Vashti. Amen.

DEVASTATION BY ARMY WORMS. Havoc Wrought in Iowa by Swarms of Greedy Insects.

Army worms have eaten up a pasture for L. L. Burchett, northeast of Bloomfield, Iowa. They are not regular army worms, but there are armies of them just the same. They are by no means confined to Mr. Burchett's place, but are found in various places in almost all parts of the county. They have much the appearance of cut worms, except that they are hardly so dark and are very active. They appear so far to be confined to blue grass pastures where the grass was not eaten off last fall, and they confine their work almost exclusively to blue grass, passing by the clover and timothy spois in the pasture and eating and timothy spots in the pasture and eating the blue grass. A reporter made a visit to James McGowen's pasture, where they were at work, and found them covering the ground almost as closely as chinch bugs asually are found, and the grass after they

had left it looked very much like it does when burned up by drought. They are short-lived, and in many places already they are dying off. While they are doing great damage to pastures, having eaten over hundreds of acres for K. T. Hotchkiss, S. S. Standley, Harvey Wray, John Wallace and others, it is not thought that they will do much damage in any other way or to other crops, yet it is too soon to be able to judge, as they have only been at work about ten days. It seems difficult to stop them, although some success has been accomplished by ditching the ground, the same as is some imes done for chinch bugs.

ostle. Mother Lois would rather educate mothy in the Scriptures.
When I see a woman going about her daily

RELIGIOUS READING.

THE HAND OF PROVIDENCE.

The hand of Providence in our successes, our accomplishments, our deliverances is easily recognized by our quickened or grateful perceptions, but less easily and readily as a rule, do we acknowledge the same kind and wise hand in our mistakes. Yet in most lives the latter equal, if not exceed, the former in the experiences of the passing years. Our motives are so curiously mixed, our foresight is so short, and our limitations are necessarily so many that we are constantly blundering, now turning in this or that direction when another would be the better one to take, now remaining in a place when we ought to leave it and changing a place when we ought to remain is it, until, as we draw near the sunset, we are fain to bewail our lack of judgment and wish in vain that we had our lives to live over again. After the event it is often quite plain to us that we should have acted in another way, and we see clearly where we were wrong and what would have been the wiser course of action. But at the time our eyes were hold-en, and we did not perceive the indications plainly. Especially when our mistakes affect the lives of others as when parents by a certain decision modify or entirely change the cir-cumstances and future position of children, or as when, at a turn in the road, our stepping to this side or that arrests our fortunes and gives us the downward push instead of the upward, we are apt to cast the blame wholly on our fatuity and to leave Provi-dence quite outside the reckoning. And taking this view, it is not strange if we grow cynical and morbid and eat our bread in bitterness and look with envious wonder on the comrade who has outstripped us in the If, however, we accept the sweet and com-

forting doctrine that our whole lives, from the beginning to the ending, are under God's sovereign control, that while we are free to choose still, for reasons infinitely kind and far-reaching as eternity, the love that out-lasts time and sense permits our errors, we shall escape the danger of compliant or weak chagrin. True, we did on some occa-sions act on impulse and with childish precipitancy, and again, on another, we suf-fered meretricious reasoning to mislead us, but all the while we were God's dear children and he had not let us go, and there was some need in our nature which even he could not have supplied unless the discipline of life had made us aware of it. There are characters which cannot be developed except by contact with pain and disap-pointment. There are strong and noble souls which arrive at their full estate only by wrestling against wind and tide. There are exceptional temperaments which would never find God unless driven to his arms by stress of sorrow and desolation of defeat. Again it often happens that the last re-Again it often happens that the last result of an apparent mistake is happiness for the very persons who seemed most disastrously influenced by it at first. Wealth flies and luxuries are abridged, but the sons and daughters, bravely facing poverty, are better equipped for the struggles before them than they would have been had the path been altogether smooth. By a certain decision, regretted and lamented in solitude and silence, we have closed, at (n: or another period, a door of our lives which we can never open again. When we locked that can never open again. When we locked that door we lost the combination, and never in all our immortality can we discover the for-

feited secret.

And yet, where for us there would have been, perhaps, joy and ease, there has been instead blessing and the ability to bless, a instead blessing and the ability to bless, a wider field of influence, a surer sense of power and the going on to a firmer and higher vantage ground. In our mistakes, and, being finite and sinful, we are always making them, let us not be utterly disheartened, since back of them and back of us is the guiding hand of One whose love and wisdom never err.

Beyone the smiling and the weeping, Beyond the sowing and the reaping, as Bonar's lovely hymn puts it, we shall be soon. But even more consolatory is the re-flection that beyond these varied experiences, while we stay here, are God's tender care over us, God's purpose for our bene-flt, God's clear sight for our blurred vision and God's never-slumbering providential

THE MAIN WORK OF LIFE. The main work of our life may be variously phrased, but one way of expressing it would be as follows: To take the natural elements of our character, and by bringing them into close, permanent contact with Jesus, get them so purified and mellowed, so ennobled and sublimated, that the grossness and dross chall depart, while the excellence remains. The great thing is to put ourselves where we can have brought to bear upon us the tre-mendous educative influence which comes from the warm, close, personal friendship of a truly great and good man. There is nothing more precious or powerful. When we stand continually where we see the workings of his mind, watch the nobility of his impulses, feel the great sweep of his wide-reaching af-fections, everything small or base within us fections, everything small or base within us is rebuked, and we put on, without fully knowing it, similar habits of soul. It was precisely in this way that the Apostle John became so wonderfully transformed, so radically changed. He was in the beginning a son of thunder, vehement and violent, ready to call down fire from heaven to consume his enemies, bent on securing the first place as the right hand of power. But first his prolonged intercourse with Jesus. after his prolonged intercourse with Jesus, his zeal became chastened, his ambition turned into worthler channels. He grew in-to likeness with Him whom he loved so truly, and became the disciple whom Jesus especially loved. It seems clear that he was the most receptive of all the Twelve the one in whom the love of Christ had freest course, and hence there was less difficulty in at ecting the transformation. He remained to some extent John, not James or Peter or Paul. The lines of his being were not obliterated or blotted out, but they were wonderfully touched up and toned down and added to, until a very different picture was formed upon them—a picture of rarest beauty and marvelous completeness. What occurred in the case of the son of Zebedee may occur in the case of any other son un-der the wide heavens. We may get into, and stay in, the very presence of the Son of Man, and so become altogether like Him-Man, and so become altogether like Him-each one like Him, yet each one somewhat different. It is a glorious work that may well absorb and tarill us.

SHIFTING TOUR CARE. "Cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." Sometimes like a wild deluge, sweeping all before it, and sometimes like the continual dropping of water—so does care mar our peace. That we shall some day fall by the hand of Saul: that we shall be left to starve or pine away our days in a respectable workhouse; that we shall never be able to get through the difficulties of the coming days or weeks; household cares, family cares, business cares, cares about servants, children, money; crushing cares, and cares that buzz around the soul like a swarm of gnats on a support day what rest can there he for summer's day—what rest can there be for a soul thus beset? But when we once learn to live by faith, believeing that our Father loves us, and will not forget or forsake us, but is pledged to supply all our needs; when we acquire the holy habit of talking to Him about all, and handing over all to Him, at the moment that the tiniest shadow is cast upon the soul; when we accept insult and annoyance and interruption, cor us from whatever quarter, as being His per-mission, and, therefore, as part of His dear will for us -th n we have learned the secret of the Gospei of Rest .- Rev. F. B. Meyer.

O God of truth, make me one with the in eternal love. Oft am I weary, reading, listening, but all I wish and long for is in thee. Thee silent be all teachers, speak thou to me alone. -Thomas a Kempis.

LI IN BRONZE NEAR ESSEN.

Statue of the Famous Chinese Viceroy Unveiled in His Presence.

The honors heaped on Li Hung Chang in Germany culminated in the unveiling of a statue of the famous Chinese Viceroy in his presence in the park of Herr Krupp's villa,

Li continues to be dined and feted, with the object of making him disgorge orders, but he is disappointing his scheming enter-tainers, for instead of giving them the orders they so earnestly, yet diplomatically, seek, he is rewarding them with decorations. All the heads of departments have been included in his wholesale distribution of

TEMPERANCE.

SALOON ADVERTISEMENT.

I will sell you, kind neighbors, if you will but call,
A drink that will poison and ruin you all;
The goods I shall deal in will take away life,
Deprive some of reason; fill the country with strife: Make widows and orphans, of fathers make fiends: The loud wail of thousands my business at-

I will see that the youths in ignorance are këpt; Their morals corrupt, nor shall I forget Of natural affection the parent to rob. I'll inspire insurrection and stirup the mob. I will uproof religion, the soul I'll destroy: For none of my votaries shall heaven enjoy.

Though spirits are priceless I'll send them to Compel them forever in torment to dwell. Should any one ask me my reason to give.
My answer is, Money, and money I'll have.
By trading in spirits I can it obtain, And if I keep trading no one should com-

plain; Legislators sustain me, my business support, And then I have license directly from Court. Judges assure me my business is just, Though it ruins my neighbor and grinds him

A WARNING TO YOUTH. Charles Lamb, than whom England never produced a more lovable, witty, brilliant humorist, having been seduced and brought to the verge of an untimely grave by strong drink, raised this note of warning:

The waters have gone over me; yet out of their depths, could 1 be heard, I would cry aloud to those who have set foot in the perlicus flood. Could the youth to whom the first flavor of sin is delicious look into my degradation and see what a fearful thing it is to feel one's self going over a precipice yet with open eyes and passive will to look valmly on his own destruction, yet feel it all emanating from himself; could he but look into my eye, feverish with last night's drink-ing, and feverish looking forward to tonight's repetition of that folly: could he but feel all godliness depart out of him, yet not forget the time when it was otherwise; could he but feel this body of death, out of which I cry hourly for deliverance, yet with feebler

cry hourly for deliverance, yet with feebler and feebler outcry: it were enough to make him dash the sparkling cup to earth in all the mantling pride of its temptation."

The Religious Telescope, after quoting this in an address to youth, says:

"Why did not Mr. Lamb quit and reform? Because he could not. Ere he was aware he had bound himself with the steel wires of nabit and sold himself a slave to an all-consuming, flery appetite for strong drink. He did not quit and reform, for the very reason that you will not quit and reform ten years that you will not quit and reform ten years hence if you form the habit of drinking and arouse the flery appetite by tampering with

strong drink now.

"And, young men and boys, why not heed
the admonition of the inspired Word? You do not want to be ruined by strong drink. You do not wish to become that most loathsome of all things, a drunkard. But to avoid this terrible fate you must turn your face like a flint against the saloon and the winecup. It is the only safe way. We speak from experience, and we know what we say."

NATURAL DRINK.

The Welsh miners who, some years ago were locked up for many days without access were located up for many days without access to solid food, were sustained because, for-tunately, near to them and within their reach was a little stream which supplied them with water. And, in the absurd feats of men livwater. And, in the abstrat leads of men iv-ing without food, we find they all take water; when sometimes, for even forty days, they survive. many call this starvation, but it is really not so. The water acts as food—not, after all, a surprising fact when we consider that the human body, including even the teeth and the skeleton, is made up pretty nearly of sixty-five parts per cent. of water alone. The greatest fact, however, derived from natural history is the magnificent one that all animals except man, and all plants, demand as a drink nothing but water. Life, strength, activity, intelligence, are sustained on this fluid alone. Nay, if we take man, we discover that it is not all men, women and children who use this thing alcohol. Millions and millions never touch it, and yet, as our modern experience shows us, they live just as well, just as industriously, just as activoly as do they who induige in alcohol. Most convincing is it, too, that men who take alcohol take it with water. Brandy contains half water, and it has to be diluted with more before it can be tolerated; our beers and ales contain over ninety per cent. of water, our wines over eighty: so that even the alcoholic populations are largely water-drinking communities. The only drink, in a natural sense, is water, without which we could not live, but which many poison with this foreign substance, giving no credit to the water that is their mainstay and deluded in supposing that it is the alcohol, or spirit, they have put into the water that renders he vital service. -Sir B. W. Richardson. GENERAL SCOTT ON INTEMPERANCE.

General Scott was in command at Rock Island when the cholera broke out there, and, after various injunctions in his order as o sobriety and cleanliness, he added this curious paragraph, which was recently printed in the Magazine of American History: surgeon present recommends the use of flannel underclothing and woolen stockings; but the Commanding General, who has seen much of disease, knows that it is intemperance which, in the present state of atmosphere, generates and spreads the calamity, and that, when once spread, good and temperate men are likely to take infecand temperate men are likely to take infec-tion. He therefore peremptorily commands that every soldier or ranger who shall be found drunk or sensibly intoxicated after the publication of this order be compelled, as soon as his strength will permit, to dig a grave at a suitable burying place, large enough for his own reception, as such grave cannot fall soon to be wanted for the drunken man himself or some drunken companion. This order is given as well to serve for the punishment of drunkenness as to spare good and temperate men the labor of digging graves for their worthless companions."

THEY ARE KILLING MEN. The liquor selling establishments of the land are killing men for gain, as certainly and steadily as if they were absolute retail-ers of the plague, or of pestilential disease. They know that they are killing men. Every glance at the resul's of their traffic demon strates, terribly, the destruction they are making of their neighbors. For what is murder? According to Blackstone, eminent au-thority, it is "the sacrifice of human life from mere sordid love of gain, supreme selfishness, reckiessness, or any wicked state of the heart." Think you, does not the drunkard maker's occupation come within the compass of the definition? Let the graves of the victims and the sad faces of living survivors answer.—National Temperance Advo-

BICYCLES AND THE SALOON.

The liquor dealers also complain that the bicycle hurts their business. Young men who formerly loafed about the saloon now are out on the road. Money formerly spent for drink is now spent for the bicycle. The good rider has found out that strength and speed on a wheel are impossible for the drinker of intoxicants. Many young fellows are ambitious to be fast riders, and hence they quit the strong drink.—Rev. Charles B. Mitchell.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES. Bridget starts her fire with coal oil. The devil uses alcohol. There is no sin that a man inflamed with

drink may not commit. The sparkle in the wine is made by one of the devil's sharpest teeth.

If you would teach children to hate drink, give them the first lesson before they leave the cradle. Rather than sign the license of a liquor-

lealer. Dr. J. W. Watts, Mayor of Lafayette, Wis., has resigned. According to Temperance Cause, ninety per cent. of the criminal cases in our courts due directly or indirectly to the drink

habit. Holland proposes introducing into its schools a line of instruction intended to fortify the minds of the pupils against the evils of drink.

The Catholic Telegraph remarks that if the capital invested in the destructive liquor traffic were put into some useful business the same wages could be paid, fewer drunk-ards, criminals, paupers, and insane would be made, and the State could afford to get less taxes and still be benefited in many DROWNED BY CLOUDBURSTS.

Life and Property Destroyed in West Virginia and Ohio.

Near Parkersburg, W. Va., a rainstorm was attended by one of the most devastating cloudbursts that ever occurred in the vicinity. At Littleton, W. Va., there stands scarcely a house to mark the scene of a once pretty village. Houses were sweet away by the water, and their occupants, seeking shelter from the desiroying elements, were caught in the flood and carried along. The bodies of James Berry and his wife and child, living on Wegee Creek, near Littleton, have been found. A number of houses, borne away from their foundations, lodged some distance down the stream, and the occupants were rescued. The loss of property cannot be estimated. The courses of the streams are marked with masses of debris. All the other small towns in the vicinity of Littleton suffered considerably from the loss of property and destruction of farming lands.

The two Baltimore and Ohio railway bridges across Wheeling Creek at Wheeling. W. Va., were badly damaged. The creek throughout its length is out of its banks, and buildings and crops have been washed away. An estimate of the damage exceeds \$200,000. A portion of the Baltimore and Ohio nassenger station was swept away by the flood in Wheeling Creek.

A cloudburst occurred in the vicinity of Bellaire, Ohio, doing great damage to prop-erty. Sheep, horses and cattle were drowned; trestle-work and bridges, seven houses, with their contents, and the large canning and preserving works of McMillen Brothers were swept away by the heavy water in Wegee Creek.

GOVERNMENT FINANCES.

Condition of the Treasury at the Close of the Fiscal Year.

The United States Treasury statement issued July 1. shows the public debt, less cash in the Treasury, at the close of the fiscal year to have been \$955,279,254, an in-

crease for the month of \$1,820,854.
The debt is classified as follows: Interest-bearing debt, \$847,363,890; debt on which interest has ceased since maturity. \$1,636,890; debt bearing no interest, \$373,728,570; total, \$1,222,729,350, which does not include \$547,110,973 in certificates and Treasury potes offset by a causal mount of cash in notes offset by an equal amount of cash in

the Treasury.

The Treesury cash is classified as follows: Gold. \$144,020,863; silver, \$518,398,713; paper. \$176,871,621; bonds, disbursing officers' balances, etc., \$18,114,936. Total, \$853,905,635; demand liabilities, \$586,473,539, leaving a cash balance of \$267,432,096.

The records of the Treasury Department show that the excess of expenditures over receipts since January 1, 1893, aggregate State of the same and the total silver coinage during the year,

\$11,440,641. The expenditures on account of pensions for the year just ended amounted to \$130,-434,046, being a decrease of \$1,961,182 over the year ended June 30, 1895.

TWO SEA SERPENTS CAPTURED. Puget Sound Fishermen Have the Goods

to Prove Their Story.

Tacoma, Wash., is greatly interested in the capture at Hood's Canal, Puget Sound, of two sea serpents, ten and eight feet long, which have been taken there for exhibition. When caught on hooks they fought ferociously, fishermen having to pound them with cars. One closed his jaws down on a steel gaff hook and bit it off. The male died from injuries, but has been kept on ice. The female is doing well in a large tank of salt water. Probably she will be taken East. Scientists on the Government Fish Commission steamer Albatross and at the State Unision steamer Albatross and at the State University have been unable to classify the monsters. They undoubtedly belong to the order of sea serpents occasionally reported by marine men. The neck of the dead serpent is the size of a man's thigh, the body being ten feet long and tapering to a point at the tail. It has the body of a snake, a head like a buildog and fangs like a tiger. The body is striped and spotted like a restlesnake. It has a dorsal fin the entire length of the vertebrae, and a similar one underof the vertebrae, and a similar one under-neath, extending from the stomach to the tail. Behind the gills are small side fins. It possesses many heavy molar teeth, besides long, sharp incisors, partly curved like a tiger's. In the stomach of the dead one was found a small quantity of kelp, indicating that the monsters are partly The live one is fed on shellfish, halibut and herring.

TRAGEDY IN A CEMETERY.

Irs. Johns Lay in Ambush for McCallum,

and He Shot Her Dead.

Mrs. Lem Johns was killed at Kuttawa Ky., by Marshal McCallum. The tragedy grew out of a feud. Eight months ago Mc-Callium arrested Mrs. Berryman, mother of Airs. Joins, for resisting him in the dis-charge of his duties, and she fell dead in jail from heart disease as a result of excitement. McCallum was acquitted on trial for contributing to her death.

Mrs. Johns hid herself in the cemetery and sent word by her child to McCallum that a man wanted to see him. When he came she rose from behind a gravestone with a pistol levelled at him. McCallum quickly drew his pistol and fired, killing the woman instantly.

THROWN BY CATERPILLARS. New Source of Danger to Cyclists Discovered in Brooklyn.

Caterpillars are the latest known source of danger to cyclists. On Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, between DeKalb and Willoughby, numbers of these pests were washed off the trees by the rain upon the smooth asphalt road. They were crushed beneath the wheels of bicycles and other vehicles, and soon the road was rendered so slippery that not a cyclist could pass it without being

Many minor accidents occurred, and the matter was investigated. The then discovered, sand was thrown policemen stationed at the ends of the block warned cyclists of the danger.

General P. M. B. Young Dead. General Pierce Morgan Butler Young, En-

voy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary for the United States to Guatemala and Honduras, died at the Presbyterian Hospital, New York City, of a complication of diseases. His death was due mainly to heart disease. with which he had been afflicted for severa years, and was very sudden, as it was thought at the hospital that he was improving. General Young was born in Spartan-burg, S. C., in 1837.

Record-Breaking Speedy Justice. At West Liberty, Ky., Fate Brooks was found guilty of the murder of Gus Mc-Kinzle and sentenced to be hanged. The murder occurred the day before. It was the result of a quarrel between drunken men. McKinzle was the son of the County Judge. Brooks would have been lynched but for the

Observing the Fourth.

promise of a speedy trial.

Parades, picnics and cycling jaunts were features of the Fourth, which was more gen_ orally observed throughout the United States than in recent years.

Chicago has 309 labor organizations. Plasterers are deserting Buffalo, N. Y. Boston is credited with 85,000 unionists. Buffalo has a Polish freight handlers'

Erie (Penn.) painters want nine hours and 82. At Berlin 12,500 cabinetmakers won ad-

St. Paul (Minn.) bricklayers get forty Female harbers have been admitted to the

A second conference on the tin plate wage scale was held at Pittsburg without result.

THE FOURTH IN EUROPE

Celebrations of the Glorious Day in London and Elsewhere.

In London the American Society gave a Fourth of July banquet in the Great Hail of the Criterion Theatre, Ambassador Bayard presiding. A statue of Liberty behind the Chairman was draped with the American colors. Two hundred and twenty-one persons attended. After a toast to the Queen had been proposed by Ambassador Bayard, Sir Richard Webster proposed a toast to the President of the United States. The toast was drunk standing, with three cheers for the President. Ambassador Bayard then pro-posed a toast to "The Day We Celebrate." Ambassador Bayard referred to 1776, thank ing God for July 4, of that year. Enthusi astic cheers followed, flags were waved, and the band played "Hail Columbia" and other American songs. Mr. Greer, of New York, proposed a toast to "The Community of English Speaking People." James Bryce, M. P., replying, ing People." James Bryce, M. P., replying, referred to the heroes common to both people. The Rev. M. D. Hoge then proposed a toast to "The American Society." which was greeted with loud cheers. Eight hundred persons attended the reception United States Ambassador Bayard gave at his residence, in Eaton Square, in honor of the Fourth of July. Mr. and Mrs. Bayard received the guests at the top of the staircase, and the Ambassador and

top of the staircase, and the Ambassador and all the members of his staff wore the National colors at their buttonholes.

The Fourth of July celebrations were more general in Germany this year than heretofore. In addition to the official celebrations by Ambassador Uhl and Consul-General DeKay, there was a grand fostival at the Zoological Garden. Fifty Americans had dinner, with an accompaniment of fireworks, flags and music. The Uncle Sam Club gave a commers and Mrs. Willard held a reception. Mrs. Uhl's luncheon to the Consular ladies was elaborate. The reception which followed was in ate. The reception which followed was in the nature of a house-warming. It was attended by the whole American colony. Many houses in Berlin displayed American flags in honor of the day.

In Paris the United States Consulate and the houses of the Americans hoisted the United States flag. Ambassador Eustis be-ing away, a reception was held by Consul Morss. The leading Americans, many English people and Italians and the American Consuls were at the American Chamber of Commerce banquet. M. Lebon, Minister for the Colonies, proposed an alliance between France and America in the cause of liberty.

FORTY-FIVE STARS NOW. Our New Flag Thus Recognizes the Admission of Utah.

The forty-fifth star, representing the entrance into the Union of the State of Utah, was added to the flag on the Fourth of July, but very few of the Nation's standards which floated in the breeze displayed the new brill-



FLAG SHOWING UTAH'S STAR.

It is understood, however, that a few army posts and naval vessels flew the new flag and that both the army and navy have a stock of them on hand ready for distribution as soon

as requisitions are made by army posts and commanders of vessels. Under the regulations flags must be used until worn out, so that the flags now in use will have to be flown until condemned, when new flags containing the additional star will be supplied.

RIOT AT A PICNIC. Desperate Fight Between Armed Russians and a Posse.

The Independent Order of Late Russian Soldiers of New York City gave a picnic on the Fourth of July at William Suhr's Flushing Avenue Park, Maspeth, Long Island. The picnic had been under way for a short time when a fight took place over the eject-ment of an intoxicated member of the Russian Hussar Association, which was represented at the affair by a number of

members in uniform.

The fight developed into a riot that necessitated the summoning of Sheriff Henry Dubt and a posse of deputies. They were assisted by nearly every male resident of Maspeth. There was a bloody battle between 350 armed and uniformed picknickers and a band of deputy sheriffs and constables. Eight men were badly injured, two probably fatally. Thirty more had broken heads, cut faces or

blackened eyes.
Sabres and rifles were used by the pic Sabres and files were used by the pro-nickers, pistols and clubs by the officers. The picnickers were subdued after a pitched battle, and fifty-eight of them were placed under arrest and held by a justice of the peace on a charge of rioting and of assault

WARREN'S STATUE UNVEILED. It Occupies a Site in Prospect Plaza, Brooklyn.

The unveiling and dedication of the statue of Major-General Gouverneur Kemble Warran, erected on the Prospect Park Plaza, in Brooklyn, was the most noteworthy feature of the celebration of the Fourth in the city Mrs. B. L. Parker, who first started the fund to erect the statue, was present on the platform with twenty-five of her associates, but she did not make any statement.

The G. K. Warren Post conducted the ser-

vices. A. Sidney Warren, son of General Warren, uncovered the statue. Light Battery K, U. S. A., in command of Captain John W. Dilleabeck, fired a salute. The statue was presented to the city of Brooklyn by Henry Foster, of the Warren Post, G. A. was accepted by Henry M. Palmer, Deputy Commissioner of Parks.

Sickness in Spanish Army in Cuba.

There are 6810 men in the military hospitals of the island of Cuba. Of this number 695 are down with yellow fever at Colon. 115 at Matanzas, 84 at Santa Clara and 90 in Havana. Surgeon-General Losada thinks that not over 13,000 soldiers will be sick during the summer. The mortality is 1.89 per cent., and there has been a decrease of 30 per cent, in the cases of yellow fever.

Colorado Populists. The Colorado State Convention of the People's party at Denver selected a delegation to the St. Louis Convention that will favor a union of all silver forces while main taining the party organization and platform. They will work to secure an endorse the Democratic party nominee in Chicago.

Altaro Wins a Battle. General Alfaro, Provisional President of Ecuador, defeated the rebel forces under General Vega. The rout of the insurgents is reported to have been complete. The bat-tle took place in the mountains between Quimaz and Chimba.

Prominent People.

The Russian Czarina is the seventh woman to be appointed to a coloneley in the Prus-ian army.

Empress Frederick, Dowager of Germany, draws \$40,000 a year from the British Treas-ury as an English Princess. William Black, the novel writer, is also a

portrait painter, an enthusiastic botanist and an ali-round sportsman. Gladstone has written such a vast number of letters during his life that his autographs bring only twelve cents in the English mar-

Colonel Charles King, the military novelist, is a handsome, soldierly man of about fifty, with gray hair and mustache, and the bronzed complexion of the frontiersman.



"I love you, mother," said little Joe, And he gave her a hug and a kiss or so. But the wood-box was empty

And baby cried While Joe ran off to have a good ride. I love you, mother," said little Sue, "I love you so much—you know I do."
And the empty wood-box she filled with wood, And played with the baby till he was good, And the mother thought—ah, surely you've

One Country!

Which of the children loved her the hest.

—Florence A. Hayes-

After all, One country, brethren! We must rise or fall With the supreme republic; we must be The makers of her immortality—

Her freedom—fame: Her glory, or her shame: Liegemen to God and fathers of the free! After all-

Hark! from the heights the clear, strong clarion-call
And the command imperious:
Stand forth, Bons of the South and brothers of the Norths Stand forth, and be As one on soil and sea.—
Your country's honor more than empired

After all, Tis Freedom wears the loveliest coronal: Her brow is to the Morning: in the sod She breathes the breath of patriots; every clod

And rises like a wall
Against the foes of Liberty and God!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitutions

Behind the Hill. I think I know a path
We two might go together;
It turns not up the strath,
Nor crosses by the heather.

It bends not to the north. Where burns the beacon star; It leads not sunward forth Where the rose and swallow are.

No winds of March discover The early violet there; The pewit and the plover Stir not the darkling air.

For it lies behind the hill Where nopnday is as night, Where the loudest bird is still And the reddest rose is white. Not here for us. I know.

Again the golden weather; But there, I think we'll go In the dreamless dusk together. -Margaret Armour, in Black and White. The Sleeping of the Wind.

The great red moon was swinging Alow in the purple east: The robins had ceased from singing, The noise of the day had ceased; The golden sunset islands Had faded into the sky, And warm from the sea of silence A wind of sleep came by.

It came so balmly and resting That the treetop breathed a kiss, And a drowsy wood-bird, nesting Chirped a wee note of bliss: It stole over fragrant thickets As off as an owl could fly.

And whispered to tiny crickets
The words of a lullaby.

Then slowly the purple darkened, The whispering trees were still, And the hush of the woodland harkened To a crying whip-poor will; And the moon grew whiter, and by it The shadows lay dark and deep;

The shadows lay dark and deep; But the fields were empty and quiet, For the wind had fallen asleep. tharles B. Going, in Ladies' Home Journal A Song of Summer. Skies of deepest blue o'ernead. Green grass springing from its bed; Bursting buds and opening flowers

Fill with perfume woodland bowers. Drowsy murmurs fill the air. Butterflies flit here and there; List! the locust's high keyed droning Wingles with the dore's soft mouning Whip-poor will, with plaintive cry, Calls to black bat fluttering by: Crickets chirp, we pause and listen; All around bright fire-flies glisten.

Bright the sunshine, warm the breeze Birds are twittering in the trees; Bumble-bee is gaily humming. "Don't you know that summer's com

Fain we'd linger by the way, But dim night fast follows day: Twilight's mystic shades enfold us, Far-off, glittering stars behold us.

Sights we see and sounds we hear Charm alike the eye and ear. Birds and insects, flowers up-springing, Tis fair summer ye are bringing.

Eva L. Barnes, in Sunbeams.

A Wild Goose's Strange Nest.

The Revelstroke (Oregon) Mail state that one day, as Anton Burgosen was going to his work at Allen's brewery, he saw a flock of wild geese flying overhead. The better to look at them, he took off his hat, holding it outstretched, and then, to his astonishment, saw one goose drop in the air toward him. His vision being keenhe had not reached the brewery yet; indeed, had he, this would not be related as a fact, for Allen's beer is good -he saw something drop from the goose like a shot, straight for his hat, and fall safely therein. The some-

thing was an egg! A real egg! The goose evidently saw the opportunity to deposit its egg in a safe place, and gauged it to a hair. Burgosen could not believe his eyes; yet there was the egg, sure enough, and, save for a slight bruise at the upper end, perfectly uninjured. The egg and Anton are now at Allen's brewery, and will verify this story, It is a most astonishing thing, not heard of more than once in a life-time.

A Barrel of Brock Trout.

One of the wickedest sights we have seen in a long while, says the Lewiston (Me.) Journal, was witnessed this week when a man went through the streets of this city offering for sale a barrel of brook trout. The man claimed to have bought them in Canada, and to have brought them here for sale. All of the trout were frozen solidly into the barrel, and among them were some not over four inches long. These little fellows should have been at home with their mammas for the next two years. Canada should look to ber fish laws.

A Flowing Well.

The largest artesian well in New Mexico was completed the other day on the ranch of Captain F. H. Lea. The stream shoots up a column twelve inches high, through a pipe three feet high and five inches in diameter. Accurate measurements have shown a flow of 220 gallons per minute.