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our friends in Montana are
invited to call there.

I. O. O. F.

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R. S.—A. D. McPherson. C.—Ben. F. Bisel.
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Poetry.

The Hand That Rocks the World.

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Angels guard her strength and grace,
In the cottage; palace, hovel,
Oh, no matter where the place!
Would that never storms assailed it;
Rainbows ever gently curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain;
Power may with beauty flow;
Mothers first to guide the streamlet,
From them souls unresting grow.
Grow on for the good or evil,
Sun-shine streamed o'er darkness hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Woman, how divine your mission
Here upon our natal sod,
Keep, oh keep the young heart open
Always to the breach of God!
All true trophies of the Ages
Are from Mother Love impearled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Fathers, sons and daughters cry,
And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship in the sky—
Mingles where no tempest darkens,
Rainbows evermore are curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

A Contrast.

To the Liquor Sellers of Sioux City these lines are respectfully dedicated.

A kingly mind, a kindly heart,
An open, generous hand,
A man who proudly stood the peer
Of any in the land.
Whose truth and honor, plainly set
Their signet on his brow,
This my husband, in days gone by—
Rumseller, what is he now?

A shattered mind, a callous heart,
Bleared eyes, a bloated face,
A trembling step, and form bereft
Of every manly grace.
A brow that bears the fiery stamp
Of the drunkard's awful woe—
This my husband, as he is to-day—
Rumseller, who made him so?

And when at times, the darkened soul
Still struggles to break the chain
That binds him down, with a thousand snares,
You rivet them on again.
But over against your sires and wiles,
My tears and prayers are set;
With Heaven's help, and a righteous law,
Rum-seller, I'll conquer yet.

—Mrs. L. Williams in Sioux City Journal.

Samples of Feminine Reasoning.

[Woman's Journal.]

1. Who rejected and crucified the Saviour?
Answer—Men.
2. Who conducted the "ten persecutions of the Christians?"
Answer—Men.
3. Who stretched men and women on the rack, and after torturing, murdered those who looked at the same articles of faith in a different light from themselves?
Answer—Men.
4. Who founded authority on muscular "might instead of moral right?"
Answer—Men.
5. Who alone have built up a system of jurisprudence to which every wise and honest person is afraid to appeal, all confessing that law and equity are wide asunder?
Answer—Men.
6. Who have so managed our political life that it is a "hissing and a reproach?"
Answer—Men.
7. Who are responsible for the financial policy, which, with no excuse of pestilence, war or famine, so cruelly presses on our material prosperity?
Answer—Men.
8. Who settle great questions by fighting them out?
Answer—Men.
9. Who profess regard for representative government, and withhold liberty from the majority?
Answer—Men.
10. Who make the claim that they are the lords of creation, and that wisdom will die with them, while all the public offices belong to them alone?
Answer—Men.
11. Who scold and sneer at women's fashions and yet refuse courtesy to those who are dressed sensibly?
Answer—Men.
12. Who refuse to their own mothers the rights they claim for themselves, and make flattery take the place of respect?
Answer—Men.
13. Who teach reverence for women, while despising their counsel and refusing to hear their voices?
Answer—Clergymen.
14. Who inculcate purity of heart, and yet are so confined to the sentiment of sex that they decide from the shape of the body, instead of the attributes of the soul, in admitting candidates for the ministry?
Answer—Clergymen.
15. Who are so obstinate in their self-conceit, and so fond of doing all the talking, that they will not allow a word from any representative of the majority in the church?
Answer—Clergymen.
16. Who require women to promise obedience to the marriage service?
Answer—Clergymen (except among the Methodists)
17. Who point the way of humility, courtesy and self-denial to women, but refuse to lead the march?
Answer—Clergymen.
18. Who love the uppermost seats in every place?
Answer—Clergymen.

How to Please.

It is hard to say just how a man or woman may be thoroughly pleasing to others. There are a thousand engaging ways which every person may put on without running the risk of being deemed either affected or foppish. The sweet smile; the quiet, cordial bow; the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially a stranger who may be recommended to us; the graceful attention which is so captivating when these are united with self-possession, these will ensure the good regard of all.

Our Selected Story.

THE LAST SIXPENCE.

It was a chill, bleak morning in November that Charles Aubrey emerged from an old shed where he had passed the last part of the night under a pile of sheep skins.

As young Aubrey stood there now, his lips were parched, and his limbs shook as though with the palsy. He mechanically placed his hand in his pocket and took therefrom a sixpence. He searched further—felt in every pocket—but he could find no more. That single sixpence was the last of his fortune.

"Ah, Charley, Charley," he murmured to himself, "You've run your race. Where now are the friends who have so long hung about you! One poor sixpence! It will buy me one glass of grog to allay my burning thirst! Oh, would to God it would buy me one true friend!"

He raised his eyes, and beheld an old woman with bended back, who came tottering on slowly and tremblingly. Her garments were torn and tattered, and the thin gray hair hung matted and uncombed. She stopped when she came to where the youth stood, and leaned heavily upon her staff.

"Charity, good sir," she uttered in hoarse, tremulous tones. "Give me wherewith to purchase a single meal, and I'll ask God to bless thee."

"By my life, good woman, you are the very one I have been wishing for. Here, it is all I have—it is my last sixpence! Take it. I have only wished that it could buy me one true friend."

"But what good would come of that while you continue to curse yourself?"

The youth started, but he spoke not.

"If you would have me for a friend, will you listen to me as a friend?"

"Listen? Yes."

"Then let this be your lowest vale of life," said the woman with startling solemnity. "Turn now and go up hill. Go up, up, until you have reached the sunshine once more. I knew your mother, Charles Aubrey, and I remember well how kind she was. Oh, did she ever think that her well-beloved son would sink so low."

"Stop, stop," groaned the unhappy youth. "Oh, who shall give me the first lift to regain all I have lost."

"I will."

"You? Who are you? You say you knew my mother. Who are you?"

"Never mind. Suffice it for you to know that I suffered as deeply as you ever did. I know what it is to suffer. I say I can give you the first lift. I mean by that I can show you the way. Follow my counsel, and you may yet recover all that you have lost."

"No, no, not all. Oh, there is one loss I can never make up!" and as he spoke he bowed his head and covered his face with his hands.

"Let not such feelings be with you now. First resolve that you will turn from the evil which has brought you down. You know what it is as well as I do. Can you do this?"

"Aye, I had done it ere you came up."

"Then take the next step. Go and make a friend who can help you further. Go to Amos Williams and—"

"No, no, not there. Oh, not there," interrupted Charles.

"Go to his store and freely confess to him all your faults," resumed the woman, without seeming to notice the interruption. "Tell him all, and then ask him to trust you once more."

"No, no, I dare not go to him."

"But listen. I heard Mr. Williams say with his own lips that he would help you if he could; that he would give you his hand if you would only help yourself."

"Did he say that?" uttered Charles, eagerly.

"He did. And now, Charles Aubrey, be assured that you have not lost everything. Let people know that you mean to arise and be a man, and all whose friendship is worth having will give you their hands. Go to Amos Williams first!"

"I will go."

"Then give me the sixpence."

Amos Williams stood at the great desk in his counting-room and he was alone. While he thus stood, casting up a column of figures upon a page of one of the ledgers, the door was opened, and Charles Aubrey entered. He was yet pale and haggard, and looked as he did when we saw him two hours ago. The merchant started back with an utterance of pain and surprise as he recognized in the miserable form before him the once happy and beloved youth whom he had delighted to honor.

"Charles!" he uttered, as soon as he could command his speech, "Why have you come here?"

"Mr. Williams," spoke the youth in a choking voice, "I have come to—to—tell you that my course of wickedness is run, and from this moment I am—"

Here he stopped. He hesitated a moment, and then his feelings overcame him and bowing his head he burst into tears, and sobs, loud and deep, broke from his lips. The merchant was deeply affected, and with the warm tears gathering quickly in his own eyes, he started forward and placed his hand upon the youth's head.

"Charles," he uttered in a tremulous, eager voice, "have you resolved to be a man?"

"With God's help I will be a man again!" was the youth's reply.

"Is your money all gone?"

"Yes, sir. This morning I had one solitary sixpence left, and that I gave to a poor old woman who bade me come here."

"Aye, I know her. She is an unfortunate creature, and has suffered much. I bade her if she saw you, and you were cast down and repentant, to send you here, for I heard yesterday that you were at the foot of the precipice. Now if you are determined, you shall not want for help."

In eager, broken, sobbing sentences, Charles poured out his thanks and stated the resolution he had taken.

"And now," said Mr. Williams, after the matter had been talked over, "we must find a place where you can recruit your strength a little before you try to work. There is my brother who owns a farm at M—. He would be glad to have you come there and stop awhile; and when you wholly recover your wasted strength you shall have a place here."

At first the youth refused to accept so much, for he knew his unworthiness; but the merchant simply answered:

"You can pay me for all this if you choose, so you need not be delicate about it; and as for your unworthiness—when the lost ones of earth are not worth redeeming, then some other standard of worth must be regarded than that simple one which Jesus of Nazareth gave to His followers."

So it was settled that Charles should go out into the country and remain a while. He found Mr. Williams, the brother, ready and happy to receive him, and there he soon began to regain his health and spirits. In two weeks he was as strong as ever, and at the end of a month the marks of dissipation had all left his face. Then he returned to town and entered the store. Amos Williams gave him a lucrative station, and bade him remember nothing of the past save the one great lesson he had learned.

"Charles," he said, "you know the widow Swan."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I have engaged board for you there. I hope the arrangement will suit you."

"Yes, sir," returned the youth, with emotion.

From that time Charles Aubrey went on nobly and truly in the path he had marked out.

Little did Charles Aubrey know how closely he had been watched. Mr. Williams knew his every movement, even to his prayers which he poured forth in the privacy of his own apartment. Thus passed away three months, and at the end of that time Mr. Williams called the young man into the counting-room one evening, after the rest of the people had gone.

"Well, Charles," the merchant commenced, "how would you like to change your boarding-place?"

There was something in the look and tone of the man as he spoke these words that made the youth start. The blood rushed to his face and anon he turned pale.

"If you would like," the merchant resumed in the same low, strange tone, "you may come and board with me. I will not deceive you, Charles. Until I could know that your would entirely reform, I dared not carry you to my house. But I am satisfied now. I have not doubted you, but I would prove you. And now, if you please, you may inform Mrs. Swan that you will board with her no more. She will not be disappointed, for I have spoken with her on the subject."

With these words Mr. Williams left the store, and as soon as Charles could recover from the strange emotions that had almost overpowered him, he called for the porter to come and lock up; and then having locked up the great safe, he took his departure.

On the next morning he came to the store, and when his employer came, he informed him that he had given his notice to Mrs. Swan.

"Very well," returned the merchant. "This evening, then, you will go home with me."

Evening came, and Charles Aubrey accompanied his old friend home. Tea was ready, the rest of the family having eaten an hour before. After tea Charles was conducted to the sitting-room where lamps were burning, and where Mrs. Williams informed him he could amuse himself by reading.

Charles sat down there, and his employer went out, but he could not read. Thus he sat, when the door was slowly opened, and a female appeared within the apartment. With a quick step he sprang forward, and without a word he caught the fair girl to his bosom.

"Mary," he uttered, as he gazed into the sparkling eyes of the fair being who still clung fondly to him, "you still love me—you forgive me all—and trust me once more?"

"Yes," she murmured; and ere she could speak further her father entered the room.

"A-ha—so you have found him, have you, Mary?" he cried, in a happy, joyous tone.

"Mr. Williams," uttered Charles, still holding Mary by the hand and speaking with difficulty, "I hope I'm not deceived. O, you have not brought me here to kill me! You cannot have passed this cup to my lips only to dash it away again!"

"Of course not," returned the merchant. "But you must now know the whole truth, and for fear my child may not tell you all, I'll tell you myself. This noble girl has never ceased to love you, and when you were the lowest down, she loved the most. She came to me and asked me if she might save you if she could. I could not tell her nay, and she went at the work. She has suffered much, and, Charles, it remains with you to decide whether her future shall be one of happiness or not. She knew that you were down, that your money was all gone and that your false friends had forsaken you. Then her love for you grew bold and strong. She wondered if you would repulse her. She knew not what might be your feelings, and to save herself the pain of a direct repulse from you, she assumed a disguise, so that she might approach you without being known, and yet gain some idea of your feelings and save you if she could. I think she has done well. At any rate she has regained you to herself, and it must now be your own fault if the silken tie is loosed again."

With these words the father left the apartment.

"You Mary? you in disguise?" He queried, as soon as he could speak.

"Ay, dear Charles; and you know why I did it. Here—do you not remember it?" and as she spoke she drew from her bosom a small silken purse and took therefrom a sixpence.

The youth recognized it in an instant.

"Oh!" he cried, as he strained the noble girl to his bosom, "What I say? Mary—Mary—my own heart's truest love—let my life in the years to come tell my gratitude. O, my all of life is yours, and my last breath shall bear your name in gratitude to God!"

And Charles Aubrey never forgot his promise. With this noble companion by his side he traveled up the hill, and in his path the flowers of life grew thick and fragrant.

Upon the wall of his sitting-room hangs a picture. It is a splendid painting of the Prodigal Son's Return. Upon the face of a heavy gilt frame visitors notice a small blemish, but which upon closer examination, proves to be a small silver coin. Our readers need not be told why that bit of metal is thus carefully preserved.

How to Fish for Trout.

BY DOUGLAS FRAZER.

Always, if possible, fish down a stream. There are many reasons for this; among others the following: In fishing up stream the bait is continually coming home to one's feet after every cast, and the nearer it approaches the person, the less chance of a bite. The contrary is the case in fishing down stream; the bait is carried by the current away from the fisherman, and his chances of capture are each moment increased.

If the brook is large enough—and even in very small ones—if practicable, it is always best to wade in the bed of the stream as by this means one can keep the bait in the water for long distances without making a cast, which, in the localities I am speaking of, almost always, unless skillfully done, ends in seeing one's tackle fast to some overhanging bough or bush overlapping the stream.

Again, in fishing up stream, it is impossible to keep the bait stationary in any spot one may desire to cast in, unless by standing upon the bank, and the chances of capture are thus greatly decreased; while, in fishing down stream, one can not only hold the bait in any one spot, but by the motion of the arm conduct it in any given direction—sink it to the bottom, draw it up stream, to the right or left—to tempt the hidden trout, the motion of the running water upon the bait giving one complete control of it by the slight motion of the arm. To be successful in this sport, first give up all idea of using artificial flies; there is usually no chance to cast them, and very few fish will raise to them, and then only, usually, at early morn or sunset. Use a light but very short jointed pole, not over twelve feet in length, with fine delicate running gear, and small compact reel; small hooks, gauged upon silk-worm gut, of any make that one prefers, there being great diversity of opinion on this matter among fishermen. The Limerick hook has nearly gone out of date, and how it was endured so long is a mystery. The Kirby and Aberdeen have taken its place. Put no lead upon your line at any time; it kills the artistic and natural notion of your bait. Use, as the most killing bait yet discovered, angle-worms; and these may be much improved by being kept a few days upon clean moss in an uncovered, large-mouthed bottle, that they may scour themselves. In baiting, do not pay the slightest attention to whether the point of your hook is covered or not; it is of small consequence, or rather it is more deadly and better not to be covered than otherwise. The trout does not *nibble*, he *darts*; he takes, as a rule, the bait at once, or leaves it severely alone. You will find no more taking bait the year round than angle-worms, though grasshoppers at certain seasons are very killing. In baiting, take worm by the middle and pierce the hook through a small portion, say, half an inch; then put on another in the same way, at the same time. If the fish are very small, half a worm treated in this manner will do; but a trout has a large mouth, and a large bait no doubt attracts.

The dangling ends of the worms placed as above upon the hook have a peculiar and natural motion of their own in the water, which a hungry trout is unable to resist; while one may, on the other hand, cover the whole hook and part of the gut with a worm stiffly strung on without motion, and the same trout will let it be carried past him by the current without winking.

There is great science in baiting, and it chiefly rests in the skill of having the worms lively, with the extremities left dangling. The bait is often carried over a little fall into a smooth, deep pool; allow it to sink, and while it is doing so, these four ends of the two worms are moving about in the clear water in a much too enticing way for any chance trout to resist.

When you have a bite, do not pull at all, but strike your fish, as it is called. This is done by a motion of the wrist, sharp, short, abrupt; not a jerk—a motion which is commenced sharply, but ends almost instantly and abruptly. I can liken it only to a quick movement of the hand in bringing a foil, in fencing, from *tierce* to *carte*. It is done by bringing the finger-nails, which are downward, holding the rod, suddenly to the left and upward, moving the end of the pole upward and to the left one or two feet. Having struck thus, you will, in most cases, have captured your fish. Be in no hurry to land him. That is a simple thing to do. You can do it at your leisure, stepping back to a sure foundation, should you be in an uncomfortable position in reaching to make the cast, or make any other disposition that you may desire before raising your fish gently from the water, thence to your reel.

The great mistake often made by those who do not understand this sport is to pull the moment they have a bite; the result usually is to see the trout wind himself around about some limb overhead, or if he fail to be hooked, which is often the case in pulling, to see the bait and hook in the same position, causing a loss of time, patience, and too often temper, especially when you feel confident that there are other trout in the pool ahead, and become aware of the fact that you have got to make a splash and a dash and complete exposure of yourself to get at your dangling line, so that you may fish in vain in the same pool afterward. Remember that trout are very shy, and once having disturbed them, it is useless to fish for them longer.

Man's Better-Half.

—In France widows are not permitted by society to friz their hair.

—Mrs. Partington remarks that few persons now-a-days suffer from suggestions of the brain.

—Bustles ain't worn any more, and a man stands some chance of finding the morning paper after 9 o'clock.

—We often hear of a man "being in advance of his age," but whoever heard of a woman being in such a predicament?

—He:—"I always forget whether you or your sister, Miss Laura, is the eldest." She:—"Oh, I'm older than she, but only three months."

—A woman at the Centennial, who had only one eye, demanded admission at half-price on the ground that she could see only half as much as other people.

—"Oh, George, I'm ashamed of you,—rubbing your lips like that, after that dear little French girl has given you a kiss!" "I'm not rubbing it out, mammy!—I'm rubbing it in."—*Punch.*

—An old maid suggests that when men break their hearts, it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouts very soon, and grows in its place.

—The moon looked through a rift in the clouds. "Not just yet, John," sighed she. A cloud passed over the moon. "Now, John," and a smack reverberated from hill to hill, and finally died away in the labyrinth of a cow shed.

—A butcher of some eminence was lately in company with several ladies, at a game of whist, when, having lost two or three rubbers, one of the ladies, addressing him, asked, "Pray, sir, what are the stakes now?" "Madam, the best rump I cannot sell lower than twenty cents a pound."

—A woman in Omaha recently swallowed a gaiter button and was choked nearly to death. "We have said a thousand times," says the Burlington *Hawkeye*, "That some serious trouble would yet come of this custom of Omaha women unbuttoning their shoes with their teeth."

—A lady reared in affluence, an excellent linguist, applied to the Superintendent of the Government Printing Office at Washington for work—any sort of work—scrubbing floors even, so long as thereby she could earn a salary sufficient to enable her to live decently and honestly.

—A young lady, in charge of a Mission school in New York, has devised a plan for instructing the young children who attend it, in household duties, such as table-setting, dish-washing, etc. A whole volume of songs have been prepared, in which the rules for spreading the table, clearing it, disposing of the dishes, sweeping, and so on, are set forth. These are sung, and are accompanied by the actual operations referred to, sets of all the furniture of the table, brooms, brushes, etc., being placed in the hands of the children for the purpose. Lessons are instilled and actions are rendered familiar, which enable them to perform such duties in an attractive manner to themselves, and by its frequent repetition, and the pleasant instructions accompanying the various duties are fixed in the mind in such a manner, it is intended, as shall enable them to perform such services acceptably in families who may wish their aid as they grow up.

How to Make Boys Good Farmers.

Induce them to take an interest in the farm, in the implements, in the stock; tell them your plans, your successes and failures; give them a history of your life, and what you did and how you lived when a boy; but do not harp too much on the degenerate character of the young men of the present age; praise them when you can, and encourage them to do better. Let them dress up for the evening instead of sitting down in their dirty clothes in a dingy room. Provide plenty of light—thanks to kerosene, our country houses can be as brilliantly and cheaply lighted as the gas-lit houses in the city. Encourage the neighbors to drop in evenings. Talk agriculture; speak more of the importance of large crops, of good stock, of liberal feeding, and of the advantages of making animals comfortable, rather than of the hard times, low prices and high wages. In our own case, we owe our love of farming principally to the fact that our father talked to us everything that was doing on the farm; answering all our questions and encouraging rather than refusing our child-like desire of helping him to hold the plow, to chop, to let off water and fire the brush heap.

Debt and Dishonesty.

One who is anxious to discover the causes and remedies for the prevailing lack of honesty traces the matter to the credit system as well as the financial calamities now upon us. A thousand honest men are put at the mercy of a single dishonest man to pay his debts. If the one pockets his money and refuses to pay, he deprives a thousand who are anxious to do so. The best way to get capital is to work for it. Work for wages till you have money of your own. To use another's capital, if you lose it you must replace it. When a man finds he owes more than he can pay, he begins to inquire how he can get rid of his debts. If all he has will not pay all he owes, then less than all, he thinks, will pay a part, and he hides a portion or all from creditors. Learn to make money a year before you spend it, then you will buy less and buy cheaper. Other things being equal, dishonesty prevails in proportion to the facilities for escaping obligations. The wise man has said that the "borrower is servant to the lender," and he ought to be till he returns what he has borrowed. When one has had the benefit of another's labor, property, person, skill and all are bound for the equivalent. The ancient Roman and Jewish codes held that a man's life and labor should be bound for his debts. This may appear, and sometimes is, severe, but strict justice says, "What doth the Lord thy God require of thee but to do justly!" "Owe no man anything," if you can help it; but if you do, place what you have at the disposal of your creditor till all is paid.

Educational---Religious

—A New York hotel prints the Lord's prayer on its bill of fare.

—There are one hundred and eighty-five Presbyterian Churches in the city of Edinburgh, Scotland.

—We have received an exchange called, *The Christian at Work*. Ah, ha! Gone back to the old prices, we presume?

—RECTOR—"Those pigs of yours are in fine condition, Jarvis." JARVIS—"Yes, sur, they be. Ah, sur, if we was all of us only as fit to die as them are, we'd do well!"

—An old Scotch woman recommended a preacher, who arrived at the kirk wet to the skin, to get at once into the pulpit—"Ye'll be dry enough there."

—A philosopher has extracted the following reply from a school boy to the query: "How is the earth divided, my lad?" "By earthquakes, sir."

—A Church debt of $1500 on the M. E. Church at Boise City, Rev. Mr. Simpson pastor, was provided for at the session of the Rocky Mountain Conference lately held there.

—The Philadelphia *Ledger* speaks of "methodized election frauds." This is too much. We don't believe that even Dr. Newman would sanction an election fraud.

—"I am surprised, deacon," said the pastor, "to learn that you, of all men, should be seen at a wicked theatrical performance." "Well, you see, sir, I got a dead-head ticket, and I thought it my duty to go and keep somebody else out of a seat, who might have been harmed by the exhibition.

—The Pacific Coast Methodists make considerable complaint because no one of the Bishops will reside among them, as ordered by the General Conference. None of the present Bishops are willing to make the sacrifice, but at the next General Conference a Pacific Coast man might be chosen as Bishop, and the difficulty obviated in this way.

—A sick man, slightly convalescent, was asked by a pious friend, who his physician was. He replied: "Doctor Jones brought me through." "No—no," said his friend; "God brought you out of your illness, not the doctor." "Well, maybe He did, but you can bet the doctor will charge for it."

—The number of women studying medicine in Russia during a few years past has been 430; of these 72 were Jews, 19 Polish Protestants, the rest all belonged to the orthodox Greek church. They came from all parts of the empire, and with but very few exceptions were between twenty and twenty-five years of age. There are now 78 married women pursuing the study.

"Adam's Ale."

Does it not seem incredible that men will vitiate taste and stupefy brain by the use of alcoholic beverages when Nature freely supplies the drink of drinks—pure water? Not even the mildest of any of the California wines will prove as useful. Wine is no more healthful than alcohol diluted in water. Suppose a wine contains seven per cent. of alcohol—said that surely would be light enough—it is no more healthful than water with seven per cent. of alcohol in it. The wine is practically just that, with a little coloring matter added. Often, very often, there is an addition of poisonous, adulterating stuff. There is no doubt that wine is better than lager beer, however. This is wretched swill, puffing a man out and making his brain stupid. The best drink when you are sick or well, when you are hot or cold, indeed, under all possible circumstances, is water.

A Business Man's Habits.

A sacred regard for the principles of justice, forms the basis of every transaction, and regulates the conduct of every upright man of business.

He is strict in keeping his engagements.

Does nothing carelessly or in a hurry.

Employs nobody to do what he can easily do himself.

Keeps everything in its proper place.

Leaves nothing undone that ought to be done, and which circumstances permit him to do.

Keeps his designs and business from the views of others.

Is prompt and decisive in his dealings, and does not overtrade his capital.

Prefers short credits to long ones, and cash to credit at all times, either in buying or selling; and small profits in cases with little risk, to the chance of better gains with more hazard.

He is clear and explicit in all his bargains.

Leaves nothing of consequence to memory which he can and ought to commit to writing.

Keeps copies of all his important letters, invoices and business documents, put away in an orderly manner, so that on occasions they may easily be referred to.

Is always at the head of his business, well knowing that if he leaves it, it will leave him.

Holds as a maxim "that he whose credit is suspected is not to be trusted."

Is constantly examining his books, and transmits all his accounts-current to his customers, both at home and abroad.

Avoids, as much as possible, all sorts of accommodation in money matters and law suits, where there is the least hazard.

He is economical in his expenditures, always living within his income.

Keeps his memorandum book in his pocket, in which he notes every particular, relative to appointments, addresses, and petty cash matters.

Is cautious how he becomes security for any person, and is generous, when urged by motives of humanity.

Let a man act strictly on these habits. When once begun, they will be easy to continue in, and success will attend his efforts.

Take pleasure in your business, and it will become your recreation.

Hope for the best, think for the worst, and manfully bear whatever happens.

Wit and Humor.

—An occasional article on noses—A wart.

—An unpopular club—The policeman's.

—The heaviest crop this year will be the fall elections.

—Advice to young men about to settle *down*. Settle *up* first.

—When diphtheria is about, all babies should kick against being kissed.

—What lovers swear—To be true until death. What husbands swear—Unfit for publication.

—The Cincinnatti *Enquirer* asks if Adam was an Irishman. He was an Erin man, without doubt.

—"Corn bread," said the Irish waiter, "we haven't got it; and isn't it corn bafe ye mane?"

—Italians prefer snails to oysters. Perhaps because the lazy-roni people can catch them easier.

—Nature seldom makes a fool: she simply furnishes the raw material, and lets the fellow finish the job to suit himself.

—There ought to be peas and good w'll on the Danube, for the Russians are reported as shelling Marrfatz. Soup-pearior gunnery.

—"He's grown to be a polished gentleman, anyhow!" said an old lady, gazing fondly, as she spoke, at the shining bald head of her son, just returned after a long absence.

—The principal topic now discussed in Brown's house is, whether his wife can accept the excuse that he was only taking the glycerine from the pretty maid's chapped lips direct to his own, and that he was not kissing her.

—A portly gentleman crowded himself into a horse car next to a young man, who said: "Perhaps you would not crowd in here if you knew I had just had the small-pox!" "Oh, that's nothing!" was the reply: "for this is the first time I've been out since I had it myself!" The young man left.

—An agent soliciting subscriptions for a book, showed the prospectus to a man, who, after reading, "One dollar in boards, and one dollar and twenty-five cents in sheep," declined subscribing, as he might not have boards or sheep on hand when called upon for payment.

—It was a case of contempt of court. He was courting her, and tried to steal a kiss; it lodged on her nose. She was mad, and gouged his eye with a thirty-two carat amethyst ring, and his optic now looks like a keg of printer's ink dumped into a telescope. The road to marriage is as hard to some men as a day's work.

—First British Subject—"Hi told you so. W'at do them bignorant Hamericans know about government?"

Second British Subject—"Hi've said the same thing. W'y, they're destroying their hown property, and the harmy doesn't seem to know hanything about it. We should send 'em hour hAlbert; 'e'd be the boy for 'em."

—The bakers of Glasgow, Scotland, rebel at the new law which requires them to stamp their loaves with their names and the weight of the loaf. This shows that they are not as the American bakers are, as the latter would hail with delight any such requirement, and would stamp not only their names but the numbers of their places of business, together with other interesting particulars in connection with their trade, and probably they would rent out the remaining space on each loaf to other advertisers, and also make gigantic statements concerning the daily circulation of the loaves. These Glasgow people seem to have no idea of the benefits that follow extensive advertising.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Resist the Beginning.

The Arabs have a fable of a miller who was one day startled by a camel's nose thrust in the window of the room where he was sleeping.

"It is very cold outside," said the camel; "I only want to get my nose in."

The nose was let in, and then the neck, and finally the whole body. Presently the miller began to be extremely inconvenienced by the ungainly companion he had obtained, in a room certainly not large enough for both.

"If you are inconvenienced you may leave," said the camel; "as for myself, I shall stay where I am."

The moral of this fable concerns us all. When temptation occurs, we must not yield to it. We must not allow so much as its "nose" to come in. Everything like sin is to be turned away from. He who yields even in the smallest degree will soon be entirely overcome; and the last state of that man was worse than the first.

Alphabet of Good Counsel.

Attend carefully to the details of your business.
Be prompt in all things.
Consider well and then decide positively.
Dare to do right; fear to do wrong.
Endure your trials patiently.
Fight life's battles bravely and manfully.
Go not into the society of the vicious.
Hold your moral integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation or business.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep your mind from evil thoughts.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make few acquaintances.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe the Sabbath day.
Pay your honest debts promptly.
Question not the virtue of a friend.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch not, taste not intoxicating drinks.
Use your leisure time for improvement.
Venture not on the threshold of sin.
Watch carefully over your passions.
Xtend to every one a kindly salutation.
Yield not to discouragements.
Zealously labor for the right.
& success and happiness will crown all your days.