THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW WAY

The train was swiftly flying on,
And curled up on a seat
I saw a lovely little one,
Now wrapped in slumber sweet.
Her round cheek on her dimpled hand
Glowed like a sweet spring rose,
Her small face, framed with golden curls,
A picture of repose.
The conductor passing on his way
With wonder viewed the child,
For no one there had claimed the waif.
So he said in accents mild,
As he roused the pretty sleeper,
"Baby, who brought you here?
Where are you going? Come, tell me.
Now don't be frightened, dear.
Where is your ticket, little one?
Wake up and pay your fare;
Or is this all the gold you own?"
Touching her silken hair.
"My fare? O, yes, 'twas paid, you know,
By Jesus when he died
Upon the cross long, long ago,
When he was crucified.
And no one brought me here, sir,
But, you see, I wish to go
To the Celestial City,
Where mamma has gone, you know.
This road was straight and narrow,
So I knew 'twould take me there;
Then I saw your pretty carriage,
And I climbed the little stair.
Here I waited all alone, sir,
But, O, I didn't mind it.
I said, 'Yes, narrow is the way,
And few there be that find it.'
When all these people crowded in
I feared 'twas not the way,
But ere I could get out again
Your big horse ran away;
And he's been running ever since—
I hope he's going right.
Does your road lead to heaven, sir,
Where there is no more night?'
Here the conductor bowed his head,
And vainly tried to speak,
And quickly brushed away the tear
That sparkled on his cheek,
While the childish voice continued:
"Why, sir, when we get there
We shall never know a sorrow
And never have a care;
When we reach the New Jerusalem
I'll find my dear mamma.
Is there some one also that you love
Who's waiting for you there?"
"Yes, yes, dear child," he answered,
"And with God's help, I say,
My train shall run hereafter
The straight and narrow way."
"Then when you reach the city
Whose gates are made of pearl,
Will you call me if I'm sleeping?"
Questioned the little girl.
"You'll know it by its streets of gold,
Its shining jasper wall,
The river flowing from God's throne,
The tree of life so tall.
And then the gates are never shut,
Because 'tis always day;
O, I'm so glad I've found at last
The straight and narrow way!"
Now here the tired, tiny form
Sank on the cushioned seat.
And soon her eyes again were sealed
In slumber calm and sweet.
As the conductor read the name—
Alice Eugenia Hale—
On the small handkerchief she dropped,
His face grew very pale.
"The Judge's only child," he said,
"Is this dear little waif;
I'll send a telegram at once
To tell him she is safe.
Surely a guardian angel
Was sent to me this day
By the fond mother who once taught
My infant lips to pray.
And when my final run I've made,
And all life's stations past,
O, may God's holy city be
My terminus at last."

—*Southern Churchman.*

Private and Public Schools.

In writing this article, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I am now, and have always been favorable to a good public school system. While in many cases public schools have been advantageous, helpful and beneficial, they have also been often a hindrance to genuine, thorough and advanced learning.

There are hundreds and thousands who have, perhaps, learned the rudiments of English, while at the same time there are quite as many from the nature of the schools and the circumstances surrounding them, who have been compelled to be satisfied with little, or no education, because it was impossible to do more.

In the inception of the public school system, the idea was to make them helpful to the academies of learning, by condensing their work with that of the private schools. But unfortunately for our people, those who became the beneficiaries, officers and teachers in the schools, instead of working toward such a desirable end, sought to exalt the public schools, unduly to a position which they did not merit.

They have sedulously cultivated the idea and have striven to instill it into the minds of the people till it now is next akin to an impossibility for a private school to exist, even in the best neighborhoods.

It is quite an easy matter for a man to be persuaded a certain course is right, when it will cost him less money. Besides this, intelligent superintendents of public instruction, as a general rule, have been quite active in their efforts to destroy sentiment favorable to the establishment or maintenance of a private academy within their jurisdiction; notwithstanding the law directs them to co-operate with private schools whenever and wherever practicable. I say the law makes their duty—that it does so in some States.

There will be no necessity for a union of the two, nor even for the existence of the private school, whenever the State, county or district, shall levy a sufficient tax to establish a good public school of academic grade, having a sufficient number of capable teachers to give the necessary instruction, for at least nine or ten months in the year.

But a tax levy, in a district containing from one hundred to one hundred and fifty children, which yields only a sufficient amount to employ a competent teacher five months at a salary of $75 or $100 per month, or an incompetent one at a salary of $35 to $50 per month for ten months, can never answer the ends of good education. While such a school may be instrumental in satisfying the conscience of those who [illegible] their education of their children, still it will fall of that degree [illegible] in the development [illegible].

No [illegible] whatever may be the attainments of his abilities, can take care fifty children and accomplish a tithe with them which might be done by having more teachers with whom to divide the work.

How much better for all concerned would it be for the school commissioners of every neighborhood also [illegible] to make the school tax an auxiliary of a number [illegible] good private or subscription school.

But you say it would cost more. True, but you do not [illegible] or you should not expect, the most valuable things which man could [illegible] to [illegible] of a mere trifle.

The value of keeping and the ability to give the best [illegible] are scarcely estimated by dollars and cents. There are a few [illegible] who appreciate this [illegible] feeling that they do not h[illegible] academic festi[illegible] home, send [illegible] to some [illegible] facilities and [illegible].

The effect of the present system, [illegible] as all intelligent men will admit, and positively inadequate to the demands of the present advanced stage of science and art, for the proper education of the masses, is simply to offer a stone where the children demand bread.

The effect has been to lower the standard of education, because under it there is no possibility of raising the masses to a high standard.

The mountain cannot come to Mahomet, then Mahomet must come to the mountain.

The city public schools are generally better than the country schools, because they are graded and have a teacher for each grade. But every critical observer who is competent to give judgment knows that the work of the best graded city schools, while, perhaps, not inferior in those grades to that of the best private schools, must be of necessity much slower. This ought not to be so, and if there were intelligent and wise management it would not be so.

There ought to be some means for a good, studious, quick pupil to pass away from one grade to a higher one. Instead of the long steps from one grade to another, there ought to be, and there could be, some half steps. There could be established, where necessary, an intermediate grade or an advanced class of any grade, in which the pupil might have the opportunity of passing up to the next, if found competent. Good private schools have these advantages.

Establish, then, in the country, in connection with the public schools, private schools of a higher grade than the public schools, and maintain them, and soon you will see quite a difference in the standard of education.

If you will not do that, then levy a sufficient tax to support a public school of high grade and employ a sufficient number of competent teachers to give the necessary instruction.

In either case, though it will have cost much money, the investment will pay more largely than stocks, bonds, farms or mortgages.—*J. E. S., in Progressive Age*

Ripening Bananas.

The banana is a fruit that is fast gaining favor, and is now one of the most popular in the market. Few people, however, know how those sold from small handcarts are ripened. This business is almost exclusively in the hands of Italians, who buy the bunches when they are green, as they are cheaper when in that condition than after they have been ripened by time. The purchaser then proceeds to apply the forcing process. The bananas are cut from the central stem and laid in layers on the mattress. A blanket is then thrown over them, and the owner makes this his couch.

A man with a large and corpulent family has a distinct advantage over his rivals in trade, as he can hatch out many more ripe bananas from the green fruit than one who has only himself to depend on. The process is much more rapid than the usual method of allowing the fruit to hang until it is in a proper condition. When sales are brisk I have known Italians to keep their families in bed all day, and ripening their stock in trade. Some experts are able to tell by the odor whether fruit has been ripened by Italians but this has always appeared to me to be without adequate proof.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

She Resigned.

"You see how it is, my dear," he said taking her soft hand which had never done very hard work, and patting it reassuringly, "I'm poor—only a thousand a year, dear—and we shall have a struggle to get along at first"—

"I don't mind that in the least," she interrupted, stoutly.

"And," he pursued, graciously having allowed her interruption, "we shall have to come down to strict economy. But if you only manage as my mother does, we shall pull through nicely."

"And how does your mother manage, dear?" she asked, smiling, but very happy at the notion of the mother-in-law cropping out already.

"I don't know," replied the lover, radiantly, "but she manages to have everything neat and cheerful, and something delicious to eat—and she does it all herself, you know! So we always get along beautifully, and make both ends meet, and father and I have plenty of spending money. You see when a woman is always hiring her laundry work done, and her gowns and bonnets made, and her scrubbing and stove-blacking done, and all that sort of thing—why, it just walks into a man's income and takes his breath away."

The young woman looked for a moment as if her breath was also inclined for a vacation; but she wisely concealed her dismay, and, being one of the stout-hearted of the earth, she determined to learn a few things of John's mother, so she went to her house for a long visit the very next day. Upon the termination of this visit, one fine morning John received—to his blank amazement, a package containing his engagement ring, accompanied by the following letter:

"I have learned how your mother 'manages,' and I am going to explain it to you since you confessed you don't know. I find she is a wife, a mother, a housekeeper, a business manager, a hired girl, a laundress, a seamstress, a mender and patcher, a dairy maid, a cook, a nurse, a kitchen gardener, and a general slave for a family of five. She works from five in the morning until ten at night; and I almost wept when I kissed her hand—it was so hard and wrinkled and corded and unkissed! When I saw her polishing the stove carrying big buckets of water and great armfuls of wood, often splitting the latter, I asked her why John didn't do such things for her. 'Why—John'—she said in a trembling, bewildered way—'he works in the office from nine until four, you know, and when he comes home he is very tired; or else—or else—he goes down town.' Now, I have become strongly imbued with the conviction that I do not care to be so good a 'manager' as your mother.

"If the wife must do all sorts of drudgery, so must the husband; if she must cook, he must carry the wood; if she must scrub, he must carry the water; if she must make butter, he must milk the cows. You have allowed your mother to do everything, and all that you have to say of her is that she is an 'excellent manager.' I do not care for such a reputation, unless my husband earns the name also; and judging from your lack of consideration for your mother, I am quite sure you are not the man I thought you were, or one whom I would care to marry. 'As the son is, the husband is,' is the safe and happy rule to follow."

The letter closed, and John pondered—and he is pondering yet.—*Selected.*

For the Mothers.

As boys grow up, make companions of them; then they will not seek companionship elsewhere.

Let the children make a mess sometimes; their happiness is as important as your nerves.

Respect their little secrets, if they have concealments; worrying them will never make them tell, and patience will probably [illegible] they grow older to have secrets of their own; make them individuals, and not mere echoes.

Remember that without physical health mental attainment is worthless, let them lead free, healthy lives; habits will [illegible] on both mind and body.

Bear in mind that you are largely responsible for your child's inherited character, and have patience with faults and failings.

Talk hopefully to your children of life and its possibilities; you have no right to depress them because you have suffered.

Teach boys and girls the actual facts of life as soon as they are old enough to understand them, and give them the sense of responsibility without saddening them.

Find out what their special tastes are, and develop them, instead of spending time, money and patience in forcing them into studies which are repugnant to them.

As long as it is possible, kiss them good-night after they are in bed; they do like it so, and it keeps them very close.

If you have lost a child, remember that for the one that is gone there is no more to do; for those remaining, everything; hide your grief for their sakes.

Impress upon them from early infancy that actions have results, and they cannot escape consequences even by being sorry when they have acted wrongly.

As your daughters grow up, teach them at least the true merits of housekeeping and cookery; they will thank you for it in later life a great deal more than for accomplishments.

Try and sympathize with girlish flights of fancy, even if they seem absurd to you; by so doing you will retain your influence over your daughters, and not teach them to seek sympathy elsewhere.

Remember that although they are all your children, each one has an individual character, and that tastes and qualities vary indefinitely.

Cultivate them separately, and not as if you were turning them out by machinery.

Encourage them to take good walking exercise. Young ladies in this country are rarely walkers. They can dance all night, but tired out if they walk a mile. Girls ought to be able to walk as easily as boys. Half the nervous diseases which afflict young ladies would disappear if the habit of regular exercise were encouraged.

Keep up a high standard of principles; your children will be your keenest judges in the future. Do be honest with them in small things as well as in great. If you can not tell what they wish to know, say so rather than to deceive them.

Reprove your children for tale-bearing; a child taught to carry reports from the kitchen to the parlor is detestable.

Send the youngest to bed early; decide upon the proper time, and adhere to it.

Remember that visitors praise the children as much to please you as because they deserve it and that their presence is oftener an affliction than not.—*Selected.*

A Bullet.

I was molded in the middle of last century, in England. I lay amoung a lot of my fellows, for a long time, and then one day I was weighed with thousands of my companions, and shipped to India. My companions and I parted company there. They went into the pouches of English soldiers; I into a Colonel's pistol. One night in the Colonel's club, a dispute arose over cards. The lie was given by a young man named Clive, to one of the officers. The lie was followed up by the word "cheat" from the same bitter lips. The Colonel's pistols were brought. Clive had mine. He was nervous, fired before the word and missed. I lodged in the wall. When the house was torn down, I was found by a man with a hobby. That hobby was "curiosities." With him I went to England again. He gave me to Colonel Tarleton, telling him that the then famous Clive had used it. With Tarleton I came to the colonies. With him I went through many of the battles of the Revolution. One day, in one of his black moods, he sent me into the brain of a negro slave who had refused to give information as to the whereabouts of Gen. Francis Marion, the Swamp Fox. The negro was buried. For seventy years I was buried with him. Then the ground was broken up by the plough. A little boy heard me rattling in the negro's skull, and took me to his father. When the boy grew to manhood he went to Louisiana and the devil. I was in his pistol, but he never had occasion to use me, as a bowie answered to every call he had. When the Civil War broke out, he became a "Louisiana Tiger." Going down the Baltimore turnpike, the second day of July, 1863, he fired me at random, out of pure recklessness, and I went whistling through the air, and into the room until I fell, with a little splash, into the little heart of the only woman that was killed at the awful battle of Gettysburg.—*Echoes of the Week.*

A French Woman at Home.

She helps to cook the dinner which she has bought—for servants are wasteful with the charcoal, and she knows to an inch how little she can use. In that marvelous place, a French kitchen, where two or three little holes in a stove cook such delicate dishes, and perform such culinary feats as our great roaring coal fires have no conception of, she flits about like a fairy, creating magical messes out of raw material of the most ordinary description. Yes, though a lady born and bred, refined, elegant and agreeable in society, a belle in her way, yet she does not think it beneath her dignity to lighten the household expenses by practical economy and activity.

The dinner of a French family is cheap and simple. There is always a soup, the meat of the stew-pan—sometimes, if not strict in expenditure, another plate of meat—generally two vegetables, dressed and eaten seperately; and sometimes, not always, a sweet dish; if not that, a little fruit, such as may be the cheapest and in the ripest season.

But there is very little of each thing, and it is rather in arrangment than in material that they appear rich. The idea that the French are gourmands in private life is incorrect. They spend little in eating, and they eat inferior things; though their cookery is rather a science than a mere accident of civilization. At home the great aim of the French is to save; and any self-sacrifice that will lead to this result is cheerfully undertaken, more especially in eating than in the mere luxury of mere idleness. No French woman will spend a cent to save herself trouble. She would rather work like a dray-horse to buy an extra yard of ribbon or a new pair of gloves, than lie on the softest sofa in the world in placid fine-ladyism, with crumpled gauze or bare hands.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Making a Home.

It seems a pity that the young woman who is about to establish a home and has a sum of money to spend for its garnishing cannot be persuded from laying it out all at once. She robs herself of so much future enjoyment. The spick and the span sets of furniture which are carelessly ordered from an upholsterer, and carried home and stood around her parlors by his men, will never afford her half the satisfaction she can get in a room for which today she buys a chair, and next week, seeing there must be a table to accompany the chair, she starts on a fresh shopping excursion, and find a table which is exactly what she is looking for; and in another month, discovering the need of a bookcase or a screen, she has again the delight of the hunt, and the gratification of obtaining the prettiest screen and bookcase in the city.

Such a room is a growth, a gathering together, of household treasures little by little, and piece by piece. Each article, bought only when the need arises, or when something is happily found to just meet the need, will have a family history which makes it an entertaining as well as a valuable possession. Each couch and footstool is an achievement; each rug and curtain represents a triumph. Such a home, built up gradually, with careful planning in each part, with thought and loving consideration in all its details, acquires a meaning far deeper than could be purchased by the longest purse from the most fashionable cabinet maker.—*Harper's Bazar.*

It's The Liquor They Drink.—Miss Fligh—"I should think those Western highwaymen must have very strong stomachs." Mr. Sligh—"Why?" Fligh—"Not to have any qualms when people all around them are throwing up their hands."

Piquant Pickings.

Men who work on morning newspapers are all Nights of Labor men.

A prize fighter has rights which everyboov respects, and also a left.

When a person declares that his "brain is on fire," is it etiquette to blow it out.

There is nothing conservative about a frog. When he gets mad, for instance, he gets hoppin mad.

A great big writer says "dress does not make the woman." Certainly not; the woman makes the dress.

"It is a great comfort to be left alone," said an Irish lover, "especially when your sweetheart is wid ye."

Sidney Smith compares the whistle of a locomotive to the scream of an attorney when Saten gets hold of him.

An old gentleman of great experience says he is never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless he has it from her own mouth.

"When I grow up I'll be a man, won't I?" "Yes, my son: and if you want to be a man you must be industrious." "Why, mamma, do the lazy boys turn out to be women when they grow up?"

A stranger in a printing office asked the youngest apprentice what was his rule for punctuation, who replied, "I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then put in a comma; when I gape, I insert a semicolon, and when I want a chaw of tobbacco, I make a paragraph."

Tobacco-Chewing Waning.

Says a tobacconist in the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette: 'For a long time the old American habit of tobacco chewing has been on the decline. Nearly half the men used to chew years ago, but very few do it now. The calls for a plug of chewing tobacco lasted all day long, but you will wait an hour now before you hear such a call. It was not only the working men who indulged in the habit but also the swells and business people. The Southerners were nearly all chewers, and so were the Westerners, but the quid has gone out of fashion here."

Betting Illegal in France.

The French government has passed a law making all betting illegal. The people of Paris are intensely excited over the business, and it is asserted that the government's action will evenuate in the death of horse racing and inflict the most serious injury on the industry of horse breeding, an injury that will ere long be seriously felt by the cavalry. It is also said that a worse evil will follow—secret betting.—*Exchange.*

The Farmers' Alliance.

Whoever makes two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before deserves better of mankind and does more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians together.—*Dean Swift.*

It is really refreshing to the soul of the thinker to contemplate the few movements of the prudent, industrious, landed yeomanry of our country. And what does it mean? Yes, and what does it mean? There is an innate manhood in the tiller of soil. Since the fall of the man Adam and the blushing Eve, and the pontaneous blossoms of the fruits of Eden under the blandishments of the footed boa, whose curse was to crawl on his belly till the end of time, and who still carries as the only species among the many formed snake family his rudimentary legs (as the scientists call them), under his gaudy and slimy skin—since the fall, man has launched on to the great world farm, a full-fledged monarch of the entire globe, a rounded-up being, knowing good from evil; and as a worker, a finishing master of this prolific footstool of the Mighty Creator of the innumbered golden pattins of the boundless universe.

And what ought this decorator, this adorner, this mighty master of the world to do while developing this great round farm? He ought to be the dignified statesman; the steering pilot of the ship of State; the chivalrous Hercules, to regulate the laggards of the field and the drones of the live and to say to them and the coming crowds that roam amid the trees of the forest and rob the fruitful delis of their labor, "He that will not work, neither shall he eat."

As it is, our civilization would not have been known but for the Cincinnatian recruits who took their hands from the plow, and wielded, amid the terrible dangers of the new dawn unsheathed swords of patriotism, and shaped, like a Pitt, the mighty edicts for the preservation of the State! And this is their destiny; not only as the impoverished saviors of the nation, but as their chosen fashions, their executive servants, their honored civil captains.

And why should they become thus? It is because their ears are close to the heart of nature, and listen with the deepest questionings to its everlasting inspirations and declare to the world its instructions and wonderful revelations! Be ye wise as the serpent ob, children of nature, so that sophistries of unproducing idlers shall no longer charm your ears or sway your experienced judgments, and as harmless as the dove that shall pleadingly sing the nations home to the peaceful fields of labor, of love of eternal improvement in the dominion of national life, free from the festering curses of corruption and idleness and bleer-eyed and rotten passions, that have reduced the nations into the filthy styes of swinish debauchery and crime.

And what good shall this change be to the nation? It shall say to the pampered officials of the nation and the kings and princes of trusts and combinations: "Come down from your lofty mountains of superiority and artificial lives; be content with the comforts, the necessities and the unassuming virtues and moral dignities of human life; leave your banquetings and extravagances to the moribund houses of the passing away princedoms, and stand as the worthy representatives of the men of labor, the surfeits of luxury may remain for the struggling strivers of suffering industry, to lift them up into the happy home band of human equality in physical wants and the spiritual and mental aspirations that proclaim men one in purpose in achievments, in fruitions and in the inspiring, ennobling and everlasting destiny.

What mental heights of contemplation and observation should be occupied by the men of horticulture, and embedded, embosomed and embowered in the fragrant, glooming and undisturbed solitudes, especially in this, our bluee grass Kentucky, where the feathered songsters fly and trip from bough to bough, where the trembling leaves of springtime are as green as emerald and the roses bloom and breath their fragrant incense and smile in beauty adown the years, and the green carpets of lawns and fields and meadows remind one of the land of the blessed. What lives, what manhood, what womanly intelligence and chastities and usefulness of industries, and beauties of form and face and soul, should spring up here to bless the advancing souls or men!

Behind here the alma mater and the embroidered cradle of the advancing race, whose star of empire is in the highest empyrean amid the galaxies of the new discoveries! If to the eye can scarcely open its fringed curtains but it beholds the glory of the day, and the beauty, and the air like wine, invigorates the weary form of labor, and the evening zephyrs sing their restful lullaby! Observe the contrast: Cities built up of granite and gold; climbing flats and pent-up tenement houses; costly palaces, basement dungeons; banqueting halls, pest houses; great temples of worship and lazar houses of weeping and despair; places of princely pride and arrogance and vile ambition and oppression, and throngs of weeping poor, who know no hope, who weep through the long hours of the weary nights and fear the coming day.

A Few Days in the Land of Roses.

We left Des Moines on the evening of the 14th of Jan., over the Wabash to Kansas City, and from there we rode 30 hours over the Great Santa Fe Route, landing us at Houston about midnight. The next forenoon we boarded the Southern Pacific and landed at Lake Charles about 11 a. m. We walked up town about a mile, inquiring for THE AMERICAN office, and at last found this newspaper plant, which is used in booming the South. Remaining there a few minutes, finding out all we could about the south, we went to secure a place to lodge and eat. We "took in" the city, which has about 4,000 inhabitants, then went to Welsh, and north of that place about 30 miles where Messrs. Newhouse, Tice, Sutherland, and Mills are located. The gentlemen treated us most kindly, showing us the advantages of the South over the North. These advantages are 1st. The climate cannot be beaten in the world. The sources of this most excellent climate are, the coldest weather is a slight frost, and the warmest weather is very seldom above 100 degrees, thus making on an average a very even temperature. We will here answer the question asked us a hundred times, "Do they have the fever and ague." In answer to this will say, that we investigated this as far as we could and the answer they gave us was, "that if we take care of ourselves as you people in the North do, we never have this trouble that the North say we have all the time." Another source of health is, that they drink cistern water, which is the purest water. We never drank purer and better water than while at Lake Charles. Another great source and predominate source is the salty breeze from the gulf, laden with qualities that rejuvenate and strengthen life. We have slightly touched upon the sources that produce good health.

2nd. The productions and their prices are as follows: Rice, the main product, is king of Southern La. at the present time. It yields from six to fifteen sack per acre. Thus the rice raiser realizes from $25 to $60 from each acre: and the expense of raising rice, is but a trifle more than raising wheat. Not much cane is raised in that district, because they have no refineries at present, but Lake Charles will soon be blessed with a refinery and one can realize as much from cane as from rice.

Cotton is a staple product also there, but not much is cultivated, because more can be realized from rice.

Sweet potatoes that grow to weigh 10 pounds, are a great product. The settlers feed many of the above to their stock, and they are the corn that fatten swine.

Corn is not a success unless you fertilize, then you can raise good corn, but not the corn that Iowa raises.

The fruits are quite many. The principal ones are, peaches, fine ones. They told us that one could have a good peach orchard in two years. Figs are a staple fruit in that section, plentiful as here, of course you must plant the trees and cultivate them. Oranges are a success in that locality, but do better about 20 miles south of Lake Charles and Welsh. We saw a number of trees at Lake Charles, that were yellow with the much craved fruit. Blackberries are in untold quanties, growing wild. The dewberry is prolific also.

3d. Garden vegetables are as numerous as in the North. We saw beautiful gardens growing there in the winter time. In summer they are most excellent.

4th. Lumber the most beautiful we ever saw. The hard pine tree grows 50 and 75 feet, straight as can be, without a limb. The best lumber can be bought for $8 $12.

5th. Many sheep are raised there. Wool brings as much there as here, and you can buy the best mutton sheep for $1.50. The Southern cattle are many and become rolling fat in the summer, but when the frost comes they become as 'Job's turkey.' Northern cattle, full grown are almost sure to die there, but you may take calves and colts from here to there and they are a success. Mr. Nets Tice has two Jersey calves that he took from Dallas Co. and they look fine. Mr. Newhouse also has some young stock that are doing well.

Will stop for fear you are worried with this. Any further questions about the South you may drop in the news box. Will give a column of locals on the South next week.—*John Watts and C. W. Smith, in Dexter (Iowa) Sentinel.*

Temperance Notes

Where there was one drunken home, there are now ten drunken homes.

Ohio W. C. T. U. this year has six hundred local unions, including one hundred new ones, and ten thousand paying members. The convention which met recently was one of the best ever held.

—The Sanitary Board of Vienna, Austria, has declared against the establishment of asylums for inebriates, and in favor of all drunkards being as public dangers, sentenced to periods of hard labor.

Is drunkenness a State or national evil? Does it belong to the North or does it belong to the South? Does it belong to the West? Ah! there is not an American river into which its tears have not fallen and into which its suicides have not plunged.

—The order of Rechabites, a large temperance society of England, rejoices in the returns given at its late annual conference, showing an increase of 10,610 members during the year 1890. This is all the more encouraging as it is a benefit club as well as a total abstinence society.

Take sides before your sons are sacrificed and the new home of your daughter goes down under the alcoholism of an embruted husband. Take sides while your voice, your pen, your prayer, your vote may have any influence in arresting the despoliation of this nation.

Says the London Christian World, referring to England: 'Temperance is becoming not only respectable, but popular. Never before has the cause found such support from a lord mayor of London. The lord mayor of York is a total abstainer of thirty years' standing. The mayor of Birmingham is a life abstainer, as also the mayor of Ripon. The mayor of Stafford has a teetotal experience of fifty-three and the mayor of Sheffield forty-nine years.'

The man who, warned by his thoughts in time, found that by saving the $10 per annum he was accustomed to smoke away, he could become in five years the owner of a good flock of sheep, had a parallel eye opening experience with one to whom it occured that in a few months he had tossed down his throat a field of deep and fertile soil at the rate of half a rod of ground in fee simple for every drink and he mustered sense and resolution enough to prefer the land thereafter.—*N. Y. Weekly Tribune.*

Many a father has made a will of this sort: "In the name of God, amen. I bequeath to my children my houses and lands and estates; share and share shall they alike. Hereto I affix my hand and seal in the presence of witnesses." And yet perhaps that very man has made another will that the people have never read, and that has not been proved in the courts. That will put in writing would read something like this: "In the name of disease and appetite and death, amen. I bequeath to my children my evil habits; my tankards shall be theirs, my wine cup shall be theirs. Share and share alike shall they in the infamy. Hereto I affix my hand and seal in the presence of all the applauding harpies of hell."

In Favor of Women.

OPENING OF THE JOHNS HOPKINS MEDICAL SCHOOL TO WOMEN.

I do not hesitate to say, with due deference to the judgment of others, that in my opinion, it is important to the well-being of society that the study of medicine by Christian women should be continued and extended.

The prejudice that allows women to enter the profession of nursing and excludes them from the profession of medicine cannot be too strongly censured and its existence can be explained only by the force of habit. It has been urged that women do not as a rule possess the intellectual powers of men, but their ability to pursue the usual medical studies has been sufficiently demonstrated; and it is admitted, even by those who concede to men a higher order of intellect and greater powers of ratiocination, that what women lack in that direction seems to be supplied by that logical instinct with which they have been endowed by God. It is evident also that if female nurses may with propriety attend men as well as women, that privilege cannot reasonably be withheld from the female physican; indeed the position of nurse might be regarded as open to much graver objections, inasmuch as the physican makes but a transient visit to the patient, while the nurse occupies the sick room day and night. The attendance of female physicians upon women is often of incalculable benefit. Much serious and continued suffering is undergone by women, and many beginnings of grave illness are neglected because of the sense of delicacy which prevents them from submitting to the professional services of men. There is also an infinite number of cases, known to all who have been concerned in charitable or reformatory work, in which no influence or assistance can be so effectual as that of a physician who is also a woman and a Christian.

The alleviation of suffering, for women of all classes, which would result from the presence among us of an adequate number of well trained female physicians cannot but be evident to all, but I wish to emphasize as strongly as possible the moral influence of such a body, than which there could be no more potent factor in the moral regeneration of society.—*Cardinal Gibbons in Century.*

A Girl's Composition on Boys.

Boys is men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls is young women who will be young ladies by and by. Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam he said to himself, "Well, I guess I can do better than that if I try again," and then he made Eve. God liked Eve so much more than he did Adam that there has been more women in the world ever since than men. Boys are a trouble; they are very wearing on everything but soap. If I could have my way half the boys in the world would be little girls and the other half would be dolls. My papa is so nice that I guess he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy.—*Chicago News.*

There is a Western paper which has a glimmering of the truth, for it says that this continuing to teach girls to thump on the piano and boys to be bookkeepers will result at last in potatoes being $4 a bushel.

A Man's Opinion of Woman.

A man's opinion about a woman is always curious, so I asked one the other day if a woman in front of me, whom I had been admiring for an entire block, was not what I called a pretty woman?

He said "No," and when I asked him why, he answered me thus:

'She is not pretty because her hair is in disorder, and a man likes a woman's hair to look smooth when on the street.

"She is not pretty because there is a line of black under her eyes to enlarge them, and a man likes a woman to have a clean face.

'She is not pretty, because she is conscious that she is [illegible] attention to be so ladylike on the street that she passes by unnoticed.

"She is not pretty, because her lips are an exaggeration, her hips are padded, and because a man likes a woman to be real and strongly objects to bizarre head gear.

'She is not pretty, because she does not walk well, she minces one moment and then trots the next, and a man likes to see a woman a little slow and dignified in her movements.

"She is not pretty, because her mouth is too big, and a man had rather have a woman with no mouth at all than one with one that seems adapted solely for electioneering purposes.

"She is not pretty, because she is bad form, and if you were a man you would have seen that at once and would have passed her by as undesirable." So much for the opinion of men.

Again I render thanks that I am a woman.—*Cor. Sunday Call.*

It ought not to be hard for a railroad man to keep track of this business.

Cincinnati Wants Such "Rule."

It has been charged by defenders of the liquor traffic that prohibition would not only ruin any State adopting it but that, in fact, it had already ruined Kansas. Now here comes the United Stated census of 1890 to tell the story of the ruin. In 1880 the total assessed valuation of the State was, in round numbes, $160,000,000, but now—1890—it is $860,000,000. The present value of church property is over six million, in 1880 less then three million. It must be confessed, however, that there has been a very great decrease in the number of inmates in prisons and penitentiaries, and in the demands for eligible corner stores for saloons. It appears to us this kind of a ruin is very disirable. We would like to see it in Ohio.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

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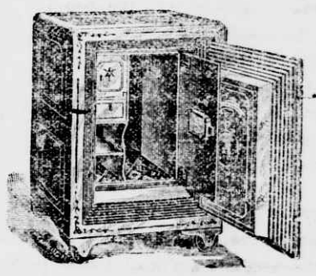

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