

# A BLUESTOCKING; OR, ROMANCE AND REALITY.

BY MISS ANNIE EDWARDS.

## CHAPTER V.

It has been remarked that human nature is best judged of in the home-wives judge of linen or long cloth, "in small samples."

One might add, still in housewife language, that human nature, like most mixed fabrics, requires to be a bit unraveled before we can rightly judge of it at all.

No unraveler like home life; the meeting a man at breakfast and dinner, and at breakfast next morning, in every vicissitude of temper, with his mutton overroast and underroast, in his domestic affections, in his slippers!

"Old heads, my dear Hattie, do not grow on shoulders of six-and-twenty. That a young fellow of Mr. Caester's age should love pleasure is but natural. A man of the world, and a military man, too, must not be criticised by the standard of Pief-de-la-Reine ethics."

All these expurgatory sentiments had Miss Theodora been wont to urge in the days when Aunt Hattie first expressed her doubts as to the character of Daphne's lover. An autumn and winter spent under the same roof, suspicions, little by little dawning to certainties, regarding the nature of his friendship with county families, had sufficed to turn the milk of Miss Theodora's kindness to gall.

Barry Chester was a spendthrift, a man devoid of principle, an impostor. Barry Chester, unless pretty stringent measures were taken by the opposition, would infallibly entangle everybody who had the misfortune to be connected with him in his own ruin.

Accordingly, one Saturday night, when by reason of next morning's associations the prodigal might be expected to return from his haunts at an earlier hour than usual, it was planned that the three Miss Vansittarts should sit up in solemn, inquisitorial state for his reception.

Not a word have I, here or elsewhere, to urge for Mr. Chester; not a plea to advance in extenuation of his guilt. Yet I confess, when I think of that terrible Council of Three, of the first moment in which his fate presented itself to his eyes, I feel that this young man owned a common humanity with myself. I pity him.

It was a rude March midnight; the easterly blasts blowing up sheer from the Cherbourg Straits, and bearing icy destruction to the early bloom in orchards and fruit gardens around Quenee Bay. As Mr. Barry Chester, with head bent low, made his way along the narrow garden path toward the house, his eyes were very keen at this hour of the twenty-four, were too blind to note that shafts of unwonted light pierced through the hinged shutter chinks of the parlor windows. His blissful ignorance, however, was of short duration. While, with unsteady fingers, he was still vainly endeavoring to fit the latchkey into the lock (yes, Barry Chester had actually established a latchkey at Pief-de-la-Reine), the door started open, and an apparition stood before him—an apparition whose import, stupefied though his senses might be, he grasped on the moment! Miss Theodora, dressed in her second best silk, her head be-ribboned and awe-inspiring, a candle—supported by one of the seldom-used, parlor candlesticks—in our—

Barry Chester staggered into the house place, loosened his scarf, took off his greatcoat, then turned suddenly round upon Miss Theodora, who by this time had locked and barred the front door and stood coldly confronting him.

"You have not taken to any of Daphne's tricks of sitting up for me, I hope, ma'am?"

"I have waited up for you once, Mr. Chester," replied Theodora, in a staccato, arctic tone. "I have waited up for you—once! On one Sunday morning—with a purpose! You may be quite sure I shall not lose my rest on your account a second time."

And upon that she turned back into the parlor, with all the majesty that conscious virtue lends. Chester, half defiant, half coward—well he knew the kind of scene that must await him—followed.

He walked up to the hearth rug, held his chilled hands out for a moment before such scanty remains of vernal ash were still smoldering in the grate, then turned around and looked from one to the other of the three old sisters. Miss Isabella, deaf, inexorable, in her easy-chair and spectacles; Theodora, alert, upright, prepared for action; Aunt Hattie, her good face a couple of shades paler than usual, her eyes turned away from him.

"I am in for judgment, I see," he remarked. "Let us get it over without delay. Daphne—where the— is Daphne?" glancing savagely around the room for his wife. "Better have a full court, had we not, before the trial begins?"

"Daphne went to her bed three hours ago," cried Aunt Hattie, looking up quickly. "Daphne knows nothing about our—"

The words died on her lips. Never were lips less fitted for enunciating judicial sentences than Aunt Hattie's. But Miss Theodora took up the cue promptly.

"About our feeling it a duty, Mr. Chester, to expostulate with you as to your conduct. Yes. We have waited now eight months—it is eight months on the 24th since your marriage, and your preparations for Virginia are no more advanced than they were then. We desire to ask explicitly, on behalf of Daphne, and of ourselves, what your intentions about the future are?"

Well, if Chester had flown into a hearty, reasonless passion, it had been better for him, so far as the immediate defense of his position went. Instead of this, he began thickly, slowly, doggedly to argue. A fool who argues can scarce fall to present you with an analysis of the very height, breadth and depth of his own folly. Through Barry Chester's haze incoherence

talk, what were the facts prominently shown? Not, certainly, that all human effort, especially that of gentlemen emigrants in the Southern States of America, must, of hidden necessity, prove fruitless; that a man's destiny is born with him; may just as well be met with folded as with uplifted hands; and that a happy accident, a turn of luck, was as likely to befall one here in the Channel Islands as in Virginia—rather likelier. This was what he sought to prove. The things he laid bare in all their deformity were—the weak, devitalized brain, the faulty associations, the perplexed despondency, born of self-indulgence, alcohol and nicotine, of Mr. Barry Chester.

By the time he finished even Aunt Hattie's cheeks were dyed with a flush of honest shame. Miss Theodora sat more severely upright upon the edge of her chair than ever. Old Isabella Vansittart (primed beforehand with a few of the Tupperian sentiments commonly used as stalking horses in family contentions) uttered the axiom "Conduct is Fate;" opening her eyes as she spoke with the stony blank wideness of ill-suppressed sleep, full upon Barry Chester's face.

"Yes, Conduct! That is the word," said Miss Theodora, preparing to hit closer and harder than before. "Pursue fortune, if you will, or lamented papa used to say to his children, 'but remember that there is something more fortunate than fortune, more successful than success. Conduct.'" To what strange uses are dead men's aphorisms put! Spendthrift, genial, open-handed George Vansittart quoted as a promulgator of copybook morality!

"As for accident, no one but an imbecile," continued Theodora, hotly, "would ever speculate upon the accidents of life. A happy turn of luck! If any turn of luck befall you, Mr. Chester, it will be for the worse. You may rely on that."

He muttered some of the old futilities about horse breeding. "If one could rent a few acres of moorland here on Quenee Common, even—the little Normann horses—a ready market in England—"

But Miss Theodora put him down briskly. "Horse breeding! In an island that you might cover with a Union Jack! A man might as well talk of making a fortune by oyster beds on Salisbury Plain. Have you ever in your life made money by horses? Have you—I ask it honestly, Mr. Chester—have you gained either in reputation or pocket by your connection with the turk—your steeplechases, trotting matches and paper hunts—since you married Daphne?"

It was a poisoned dart. The Miss Vansittarts had a wide acquaintance (Aunt Hattie among the working, Miss Theodora among the ornamental or useless class) in the island. And from every side stories had reached them of Mr. Barry Chester's sporting transactions. Stories of after-dinner bets, repudiated when he was sober; of suspicions of foul play between himself and the other "gentlemen" riders; of ignoble quarrels; of yet more ignoble reconciliations. Ugly stories, all of them!

"I just don't mean to stand this sort of cross-questioning," he exclaimed, with a rising temper. "My money is my own, to do as I choose with, and as regards my debts of honor—"

"Honor!" interrupted Theodora. "Oh, I think, sir, the less we say on that subject the better. When you married Daphne, such money as she possessed was given into your hands." This was true. Daphne's fortune, amounting, poor child, to between two and three hundred pounds, had been made over unreservedly to Mr. Chester, on the condition that it should furnish forth his wife's colonial outfit. "You told us then, on your honor," that it was your intention to settle in Virginia; that your capital—"

"And suppose I have found out that settling in Virginia, that all settling, is a—mistake?" he retorted. "As to my capital—"

Mr. Chester raised his eyebrows, folded his arms, and glancing up at the low-raftered ceiling, gave a suppressed kind of whistle. He had, in truth, reached the stage of recklessness at which a man will faint "let the tow gang w! the bucket." Even the pitiful motive power or selfish enjoyment in life was spent; and he cared not how soon or how absolutely his beggared condition of soul and body became known.

"Your capital, I have no doubt you wish to imply, is moonshine," said poor Miss Theodora—a choking sensation rising in her throat as the full measure of their misfortune began to break upon her. "If it be so, and as it is impossible for us to ask you to prolong your visit at Pief-de-la-Reine (awful was her chill italicizing of the word "visit," the more reason for Daphne's sake, and your own, that you should look out for work of some kind without delay."

"Work! A fellow brought up as I have been?" he answered, giving a glance of saddened jauntiness at his nervous, pale hands. "And what branch of hard labor do you suppose I am best fitted for—a blacksmith, or carpenter?"

"I think you are fitted for no work whatever," exclaimed Theodora Vansittart, with emphasis. "So many posts in this world, however, are filled by men whose only qualification is incapacity, that you need scarcely allow your conscience to be troubled on that point! There are clerkships to be had, I should imagine, small positions under Government and the like? Surely, through the interest of your friends, through the Warwickshire Stammers, for example—"

"Curse the Warwickshire Stammers!" As he uttered this never-to-be-forgotten malediction Mr. Chester brought his hand down upon the mantel shelf with a violence that sent the mortar rolling in an avalanche down the chimney and smashed the heads of

two little wire-strung mandarins, the corner ornaments, to wag well-nigh to dislocation.

Theodora Vansittart answered not a word. She rose, took a bed room candle from the side table, lighted it with stately, deliberate precision, then offered her arm to her elder sister, and, sorrowfully followed by Aunt Hattie, left Mr. Chester alone. Alone with the rain and wind of that harsh midnight (wailing like so many ghosts of his life's wasted hours), the certainty that his pitiful game was up—rue, dinner, pocket money, all forfeited—for companionship.

The succeeding Sunday was murky and chill, a day not yet to be erased from the calendar of Daphne's memory. During the forenoon Mr. Chester kept to his own room, as was his Sunday morning wont. Dinner passed off in grim silence, only broken by generalities, interesting neither to gods nor men, from the lips of Miss Theodora. Afterward, heedless of the sleet and wind still beating up from the sea, Barry Chester went forth into the garden for an hour or more paced up and down the distant orchard terrace, smoking or half smoking through cigar and cigar, his head down bent, his steps irregular, his arms folded across his breast; Daphne, sick at heart, who knew not what new fear, watching him, unseen herself, from the house.

"To this hour there is one window she can never stand at—no, not when summer is at its bravest—without the cold and darkness of that last Sunday, without the miserable, restless figure of Barry Chester coming back before her sight!"

He remained about the place all day; toward nightfall made the abrupt announcement that he should start for London next morning. It was his particular request that no one in the house would get up or go through the form of seeing him off. He had spoken to Jean Marie; the lad would borrow a spring cart and drive him quietly to the steamer soon after daylight. As to Daphne's accompanying him, he begged—using some of our more forcible English abjurations—that he might be spared the very proposal of such folly. Pief-de-la-Reine was, doubtless, still open to her, though not to him. Let her avail herself of its shelter while she could. He was going to London—oh, to look out for employment, then, if he was to be the subject of such strict cross-examination! Anyway, her presence would be an (anathemized) incumbrance to him, an (anathemized) expense, which he had neither means nor inclination to incur. Promise to write? Of course; faithfully, sacredly! Thus, with the flippant callousness of a vulgar nature, he answered, the girl's trembling arm around his neck, her lips touching his cheek. Promise anything so long as he might be spared hysterics and scenes! Let Daphne, in return, pledge herself to be silent about him when he was gone. If trades people or others persisted in asking questions, say that he was absent on business—long, on business likely to detain him long—and that she had no means of forwarding either letters or messages to his address.

All through the night Mrs. Chester lay awake, weeping scalding tears for this sorriest scoundrel upon whom a woman's love was ever wasted. At daybreak came Jean Marie's signal of reveille from the courtyard below. Then, choking back her sobs by force, "lest she should anger poor Barry," Daphne had to nerve herself for the moment of final separation; and in the dim morning her husband stooped, and, kissing her on the forehead, wished her a cold good-by—their last tokens of an uneasy sense of money obligations, doubtful as to what claims might be put in against him at the eleventh hour. Mr. Chester devotedly hoped that in parting from his wife, he had parted forever from the whole Vansittart family. As he passed through the house place, however—a broad tiled passage dividing the front door from the stairs—Aunt Hattie stood before him, red as the eyelids, her whole demeanor giving unmistakable tokens of a night spent otherwise than in sleep.

"Really, Miss Vansittart, this is quite unnecessary," he was beginning.

To be Continued.

A Cereal Story.

The refreshing part of a story which the New York Times recounts is not the stupidity of man in his domestic aspect. The particular man concerned is an actor whose wife—an actress—is an earnest advocate of the theory that food should fit the consumer rather than the reverse. Consequently there are periods when milk flows incessantly through the household menu. Again it is hot water, and at other times nuts, fruit, and grains alone are relied upon to nourish genius to its finest flower.

Once, in the grain age, the wife was called away to a rehearsal that was likely to last well into the afternoon. She told her husband that he would have to get his own luncheon, and he cheerfully consented to do it.

"I had a fine meal on your new cereal," he said, when she returned.

"What do you mean?" she inquired. "I haven't any new cereal in the house."

"Why, that nutty sort of stuff you left on the dining-room table."

The wife sat down suddenly. "You've eaten up my window garden!" she wailed. "All my petunia, nasturtium and pansy seeds!"

How Paris Paper Grew.

Additional proof of the enormous change in French journalism in recent years is seen in the fact that the Petit Parisien now comes out as a twelve-page paper. Ten years ago it was a little four-page sheet. Then it grew to six pages, then to eight, and has now reached twelve. As its circulation is over a million a day, it may now be considered the best newspaper property in France. Thirty years ago M. Dupuy, its proprietor, was a bailiff serving writs in Paris, and three years ago he was Minister of Agriculture. Now he is a multimillionaire.—New York Herald.

"But, you know," persisted the wife who was trying to work her husband for a new outfit, "that all women are slaves to fashion." "True, my dear," replied the heartless husband, "but I'm not the man to give up money for the purpose of encouraging slavery in any form."—Chicago News

## Household Matters

### Guarding Matches.

Always keep matches in boxes well out of reach of little fingers, and many a fearful death and bad burn will then be avoided.

### Chain Bottle Cleaner.

The really ideal bottle cleaner is undoubtedly of chain. By shaking the chain around inside the bottle anything adhering to its sides must be removed. Attached to the chain is a brush to be used in cleaning the stopper.

### A Kitchen Apron.

An excellent kitchen apron is made of unbleached muslin. This is superior to the gingham and seersuckers more generally used, for the reason that it can be thoroughly boiled and thus disinfected of all possible microbes. A few washings give it a snowy whiteness, which adds very much to the daintiness of the cook's appearance.

### Bed Comfortables.

The down and cotton comfortable, which it is wise to keep "handy" for cool nights, should be provided with a slip cover, which can be buttoned or tied together. Made of plain white muslin it looks delightfully cool, and can be washed every week as readily as a sheet. This simplifies the problem of having the comfortable always fresh and sweet without laborious cleaning at home or an expensive visit to the "dry-cleaner's."

### Clean the Refrigerator.

A triple house cleaning every week is none too much for the refrigerator. A wise provision is to arrange it for the days on which the ice is to be renewed. Remove everything, wipe walls and shelves with a damp cloth, then rub with coarse, dry towel. Pour scalding water, in which a bit of washing soda has been dissolved, down the waste pipe. Follow it with a cold stream and permit the refrigerator to stand open and empty a few minutes till thoroughly cooled. Five minutes' work three times a week is all that is required to keep this part of the larder in perfect sanitary condition.

### How to Make Tea.

Tea should be bought in small quantities and kept in an air-tight tea caddy.

The water used for making tea should be freshly boiled, because below the boiling point the stimulating property (theine) is not extracted. Tea should always be infused, and never permitted to boil. Long steeping extracts the bitter principles (tannic acid) destroying entirely the delicate flavor and aroma.

First scald the teapot, dry it, then add the proportions of one level teaspoon of tea to one cup of boiling water; let infuse four or five minutes. If too strong, add more boiling water; if not of sufficient strength, add more tea. Do not attempt to get the strength by longer steeping.—Men and Women.

### Getting Rid of Pests.

Rats and Mice—Peppermint sprigs laid around shelves and places these pests frequent will drive them away. Chloride of lime sprinkled about is also effective.

Ants and Roaches—Powdered borax scattered in their haunts is a "sure cure." One teaspoonful of tartar emetic mixed with one teaspoonful of sugar, and put where ants are troublesome, will drive them away in a day.

Fleas—These may be driven away by scattering either lime or cayenne pepper in the places which they frequent. Oil of pennyroyal is also good.

Moths—These may be prevented by the use of moth-balls, or bags made of crushed lavender and lemon-verbena with clover and other pungent spices. Powdered borax, camphor and cedar dust are all effective.

Flies and Mosquitoes—The best preventive is tight screens and constant vigilance. Mosquitoes dislike lavender and green walnut. Fly paper is made as follows: Take equal parts of melted resin and castor oil, and spread while warm on strong, thick paper. Or use four ounces of quassa chips boiled in one pint of water. When cold strain, then add water to make one pint, and two ounces of alcohol. Sweeten with sugar, and pour in saucer.—Woman's Home Companion.

Stewed Mushrooms—Flood the chafing dish with really good olive oil. Put in a teaspoonful of paprika and a pinch of salt. Drop in the mushrooms after having stalked and peeled them, black part uppermost. Cover up and let stew to the appetizing sizzling for seven minutes. They should then be done to a turn.

Stewed Mutton With Macaroni—Cut a half to one pound of mutton into small pieces. Put a layer of carrots, turnips and celery into a saucepan, then a layer of meat, then seasoning and more vegetables. Add two quarts of water, bring to the boil, then simmer gently for one hour. Put in half a pound of macaroni and simmer till all is tender. Add seasoning to taste and serve in a deep dish.

Savory Rice—A very good dish for supper. Wash three ounces of rice and boil in half a pint of milk till tender, add pepper and salt to taste. Butter a plish, spread half the rice in it, sprinkle one ounce of grated cheese (Parmesan, if possible) on it, add the rest of the rice, scatter over it some more cheese, put butter on the top in small pieces, and brown in a quick oven.

Planked White Fish—Clean, split and season a three-pound fish; have ready an oakplank about an inch thick, and a little longer and wider than the fish; thoroughly heat the plank, lay on the fish, skin side down, brush with melted butter and bake in a hot oven about twenty-five minutes. The fish may also be cooked under the flame in the gas range. When done, brush with melted butter, garnish with parsley and lemon, and send *à la table* on the plank.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR OCTOBER 9.

Subject: The Widow's Oil Increased, II Kings, iv. 1-7—Golden Text, Psalm xxxvii. 3—Memory Verses, 5-7—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

I. A widow in trouble (v. 1). 1. "A certain woman." Joseph says this woman was the widow of Obadiah, Ahab's steward, and that the borrowed money mentioned in the text had been expended for the support of the hundred prophets whom he hid and supported (I Kings 18:5). "Of the wives," etc. It appears from this that the members of the colleges of prophets did not withdraw themselves from common domestic life altogether. "Unto Elisha," Elisha made it his home in Samaria (2 Kings 2:25; 6:22). This appeal shows that he was looked upon as the leader among the prophets. He seems to have made journeys around the country for the purpose of instructing the people. We hear of him in various places. "The creditor." The man here spoken of had evidently been engaged in some transaction for which money had been borrowed and had died before it could be paid off. "To be bounden." The law of Moses provided (Lev. 25:39-41) that in cases of poverty and inability to pay his debts a man and his children were to be sold into bondage until the next year of jubilee. Matthew 18:25 shows that this law was still in force in our Lord's time. This fact, thus incidentally introduced in the history of Elisha, shows that in his day the law of Moses was still in force in the civil proceedings in the kingdom of Israel. The terrible tyranny of debt may fasten upon those who do their best to avoid it. It is more keenly felt in proportion to the desire to do everything in the fear of the Lord. It often brings suffering upon the family. Grace cannot keep us from financial reverses.

II. The woman's poverty (v. 2). 2. "What shall I do?" How shall I relieve you? The sons of the prophets were poor and it would signify little to make a collection for her among them. Elisha was also a poor man. "What shall I do?" The Lord would take the little we have and increase it. He pursued this course in feeding the multitudes with a little bread and fish. If she has a little committed to her management, he need not be afraid of her increasing and increasing that little. "The pot of oil." The only thing she had in the house was a pot of oil. "The word rendered 'pot' is from a root meaning to anoint and the clause is well rendered, 'She had a jar with which she had anointed.' The word may be noticed because it indicates the poverty of the widow. It was not the finest oil, such as would be used for cooking food, that she had, but the more common kind which she used to anoint her head after a bath." Some think that this pot of oil was what this woman had kept for her burial. See Matt. 28:12. Out of this last pot of oil—the sign of her utmost poverty—Elisha furnished the source of her future comfort and happiness.

III. The prophet's advice (vs. 3, 4). 3. "Borrow—empty vessels." But why did not the Lord supply the vessels as he did the oil? Simply because he had the ability to obtain the vessels. Those who think it cripples their faith to help themselves should remember that the exact opposite is the case. What right have I to expect God to undertake my case when I have a few? This method of aid was a test of her faith and an aid to her faith. The assistance was given in a way to benefit her and her sons in character and spiritual life.

4. "Shut the door." So as not to draw a crowd of curious spectators round, or make a vain and needless display of the miracle. Some miracles God works in secret for those who are true and who are to be done quietly without display, and where the moral influences might have their perfect work. It was like praying in secret (Matt. 6:6). It is not in the crowd that God works His wonders. The solitary individual. The one who would see the grander revelations of God must turn his back on the human multitude. "Four hundred men" here were nothing much to pour out.

IV. The supply of oil (vs. 5-7). 5. "So she went." The widow might well have been astonished at such a prodigious amount of oil. The prophet who had been a servant of the Lord she had learned whence help could be sought when every other source had failed. In spite of all the objections which might have been suggested to her she hastened to obey the prophet.

6. "Were full." Out of one small jar was poured out so much oil as by a miraculous multiplication filled all these empty vessels down to the bottom, or at least the bottom that it had to be measured by the brims of all those vessels; could they have held more the oil would not have ceased flowing. Even so, the abundance of the American people's glory according to the capacity of the receiver. Could we hold more, O God, Thou wouldst give more; if there is any defect, it is in our vessels, not in Thy beneficence. "Not a drop of oil" is the emblem of the grace of God. While there is an empty, longing heart, there is a continual overflowing fountain of salvation. If the oil ceases to flow it is because there are no empty vessels there—no souls hungering and thirsting for righteousness. The results were according to her faith. Every vessel she borrowed was filled with the miraculous oil. Then the flow stopped. She had put her limit to the amount she received. "The oil stayed." That is, it ceased to flow longer.

7. "Came and told." Feeling that the disposal of the oil should be made according to the direction of Him who had told her what to do. It would seem to her that the unexpected supply could not be regarded as her own property. "Sell—pay thy debt." How calmly the prophet received the news that he knew would happen. And does not this show a wonderful amount of faith and confidence in God on the part of Elisha? If means are given thee to satisfy thy creditor, let it be thy duty to pay him, before thou carest for thyself. He who can pay his debts and will not takes what does not belong to him, and breaks the eighth commandment. When the Lord gives there is always some duty to be done. He never merely takes away distress; He gives a blessing besides. "Live—of the rest." The oil was all to be sold, and the money that was over, when the debt was paid, would be used to support till the sons might find a way to earn a living. The miracle goes no further than is absolutely necessary. It does not permanently enrich the poor, but provides only for temporary necessity. How strikingly does the incident show that we must be fellow-workers with God throughout, from first to last, in our own deliverance.

Mountains Are Melting.

The intense recent heat, says a Geneva special in the London Express, has had an extraordinary effect on the Alps, which in places becoming bare of snow under the fierce rays of the sun, and are utterly changing their shape and appearance. Great crags and peaks of rock are emerging from the snow, and the glaciers in the memory of living man have been free from snow. Huge masses of ice are continually breaking away and falling with thunderous echoes into the valleys and ravines, and elsewhere the snow has been so numerous or extensive. The overcharged mountain torrents have run wide of their banks, and have formed new and extended channels, while the Swiss lakes are one and all above their normal level owing to the continual rush of snow water from the mountains.

A Single Railroad.

Experiments are now being conducted near Paris, France, with a single rail system. It is proposed that such a railroad be built between Paris and Marseilles, which would only be used for carrying the mails, etc.

To Preserve Elk.

Our Government is preserving Yellowstone Park elk in winter by sowing a large tract with alfalfa.

## THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Subject: The Widow's Oil Increased, II Kings, iv. 1-7—Golden Text, Psalm xxxvii. 3—Memory Verses, 5-7—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

The evidence showing the extraordinary extent to which the drink curse has undermined the social, physical and moral welfare of the people is overwhelming. All in a position to judge are as one in the opinion that the great mass of the people have no conception of the ravages which the consumption of drink—especially the cheap and poisonous kinds—is making upon the physical and moral condition of the people, through the weaker sex. A doctor with a large practice in the suburbs told an Express representative that grocers' licenses are among the greatest curses of the age. "I have traced," he said, "many cases of alcoholism among women to this source. The evil begins with the grocer's license, and in a short time the public house is patronized."

"Another evil is the medicated wine, the trade in which has vastly increased during the last few years. Scores of people who would not touch ordinary wine or spirits ask if they may take a little of somebody's medicated wine. It is nothing but ordinary wine to which a drug has been added. A doctor with a large practice in the suburbs told an Express representative that grocers' licenses are among the greatest curses of the age. "I have traced," he said, "many cases of alcoholism among women to this source. The evil begins with the grocer's license, and in a short time the public house is patronized."

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The No-Bar Liquor Shop.

The worst evil to-day existing in New York City in connection with the liquor trade is the no-bar whisky shop. I have often wondered why, when the license was raised the last time, these dens of iniquity and destruction of physical and moral man got off so lightly.

There is no more pitiable sight than to see the wretches of all ages and both sexes in their tattered garments spending their last pennies for a bottle of so-called whisky. During the night there is almost constantly a set of drunken loafers within and in front of these places.

If any desires to convince himself of the havoc these places work among the respectability of the city, let him visit the streets of New York during the night. Similar conditions exist in many other parts of our city. No beer or light drink is sold here. It is the real poison and nothing else that is dealt out without restriction of any kind.

Temperance Work Among Sailors.

A great Christian temperance work is carried on in England in the Royal Sailors' Rests. No fewer than 9658 pledges were recorded during the year, and of these 2017 were secured by seamen themselves on the recommendation of the British Sailors' Rests as earnest in the cause as those on large vessels. "Miss Wintz, as heretofore, de votes her energies to the duties of administration in the Rests," says the London Christian, "and her labors are being gloriously demonstrated by the fact that 285,000 men were debarred from the use of alcohol during the year; nearly 1,000,000 meals were supplied and the takings amounted to £27,000. The profits were devoted to the maintenance and extension of the general work. Recently an Admiral looked over one of the Rests and asked: 'Is it possible this place is run without whisky?' On being assured that it was, he exclaimed: 'Then such assurance ought to be general.'"

Women Repudiate Beer Bills.

According to Associated Press dispatches from Berlin, the German hotel keeper here his Waterloo when he included in the bill rendered to the American women who were his guests during the International Congress, items for drinks which had not been ordered, much less consumed. De spite his assertion that such charges are included in every bill, regardless of the guest's habits or principles, the American women were indignant, and the bills were modified accordingly. A receipted drink bill will never go down in history bearing the name of the American woman. Mrs. Chapman Catt, Anna Shaw or any other representative American woman. The system of European "graft" has its limitations.—Union Signal.

Personal Responsibility.

Carlyle writes: "Brother, thou hast pos sibility in thee for much, the possibility of writing on the eternal skies the record of an heroic life." Let each individual tota lity of his life be a record of his own importance of personal service, the absolute necessity of personal service, and the splendid sphere of work offered, and there with the determination and perseverance apply his life to this work.

"Drink Did It."

John R. Henning, a prosperous merchant of Brooklyn, N. Y. died recently, leaving as a legacy to his widow and four fatherless children a scrap of paper on which was written the ominous words: "Drink did it. God help me." It is recorded that in the same year he had remitted his bill until the week previous to his death. His cry for help may well find an echo in the heart of every so-called moderate drinker.

The Crusade in Brief.

Americans spend \$1,000,000,000 a year for alcoholic drinks. The Belgium city of Liege, with a population of 150,000, maintains 10,000 drink saloons. In a company of Chicago gentlemen the other week a successful banker and capitalist declared that he had never been so annoyed as to prohibit the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors.

To Legimize the Saloon is moral robbery, intellectual ruin and spiritual suicide. Does your vote help to legalize it? Do you come to the aid of the greatest moral forces in our civilization?



Our Vanished Loved One.  
Still on the lips of all we question,  
The finger of God's silence here,  
Will the lost hands in ours be folded?  
Will the shut eyelids ever rise?  
O friend, no proof beyond this yearning,  
That the outreach of our hearts, we need,  
God will not mock the hope He giveth,  
No love He prompts shall vainly plead,  
Then let us stretch our hands in darkness,  
And call our loved ones o'er and o'er,  
Some day their arms will close about us,  
And the old voices speak once more.  
—Whittier.

Christianity in Burma.  
According to the census of 1901, there are 120