A CHILD OF THE SLUMS.

::::: BY B. L. FARJEON. :::::

CHAPTER III. Continued.

"Git up," said he; "you're wanted." This was so judicial a summons that little Make-Believe looked around for he policeman who had come to seize er for some unknown crime. Seeing sfficer of the law, her head sank pon her breast again.

"Don't yer hear?" cried Dot-andarry-one. "You're wanted."

"What for?" asked Little Make-Be-

teve, in a listless tone. "We're going to play one of your ames," replied Dot and carry-one.

We're going to pretend." Little Make-Believe shook her head. the had no heart for games, not even or the game which had become almost

second nature to her. "Let me alone," she said. Some unaccustomed note of suffer-

ng in her voice caused Dot-and-carryme to stoop and lower his face to the evel with hers. "What's the matter with yer?" he inpuired, less from compassion than

rom curiosity. "I'm almost starving," she said, "and saranne's waiting at home for grub

an't play no games, 'cause I ain't got trength to crawl." "If yer'll play this game," said Dotind-carry-one, "yer'll git lots of grub

for the pair on yer. I ain't gammonng.
"What sort o' grub?" asked Little Make-Believe, increduliusly.

"Pies." With a glad cry little Make-Believe

numbed to her feet. The mention of pies and the prospect of possessing them were like Heaven

A pie was the very thing Saranne expected her to bring home.

For a moment or two she throbbed with ecstacy; then came a revulsion. Had not Dot-and-carry-one said they he doubt in her face.

"Don't be a little fool," he said. "We are going to pretend to fight the saveges. The chief one of 'em is Mike, the Pieman, and we'll tackle him fust. He's waiting for us to play the game, and the Government's going to pay him for the pies."

This last statement was perhaps the · Dot-and-carry-one had ever made. In his way, the lad was a genius, and ransaction was in view.

and, accepting the flag handed her by Dot-and-carry-one, took her allotted place at the head of the ragged regi-

neve was a great favorite with them.

CHAPTER IV.

What Occurred to the Expedition Commanded by Little Make-Believo

Against Mike the Pieman. Mike the Pleman was a little shriveled-up old man, who had been in the pie business for more years than anyone in the neighborhood could remem-

His stand was on the curb outside the principal entrance of The Maiden's Blush, and he drove a roaring trade, seldom going home without his entire stock being cleared out.

He made only one sort of pie. What sort of pie that pie was no man knew except himself, and no one inquired. The cnly thing of which a buyer

could be sure of was, that the pies were very hot in temperature and seasoning.

There was a legend that Mike the Pleman was very rich. That is scarcely probable, for a fortune is not to be made out of one pie can; it is likely, however, that he was well-to-do, for te was a close-fisted old fellow, who was never known to give away a pic or to sell one under price.

"Halt!" cried Dot-and-carry-one, and his ragged regiment came to a standstill within a few yards of The Maidea's Blush,

"There he is," said the young scamp. "There's the chief of the savages. He's got a extra hot lot o' pies running over with gravy, which he made especially for us. I can taste 'em afore-

hand, can't you?" The sight of all those hungry mouths working would have been a sight to remember.

"He knows we're here," continued Dot-and-carry-one, "but he musn't take co notice of us till we goes up to him, or the Government wouldn't pay him for the pies he's made for us. If yer knew the juicy stuff he's put, in them pies yer mouth'd water to that extent that yer wouldn't be able to speak. Now, this is what you've got to do. When I saw forward!-which I shan't cry loud, in case he should hear usyou'll all on yer foller Little Make-Believe straight to old Mike. Then-let me see; who's the strongest boy in this

here crowd?" "I am!" and "I am!" and "I am!" vociferated every one of the boys.

"I should say," said Dot-and-carryone, "that Jimmy Tyler is." "I'll fight any two on 'em," said

Jimmy Tyler, with defiant looks; "one down, the other come up!" "And I'll back yer," said Dot-andcarry-one, secretly exulting in the progress he was making. "Well, you,

Jimmy Tyler, you'll jump on old Mike's back the moment yer git to him. He'll like that, will Jimmy, 'cause he can stick it on the Government. I dessay the pair yer'll tumble into the road; it's jest what he wants done to him, cause he can git what they calls compensation. If yer hurt him a bit, all the better. Then all on yer jump on him and tumble him about. He wont mind-he'll enjoy it! And I shouldn't taken by Little Make-Believe.

--=-*=-*=-*=-* 2 | wonder, if yer do it well, that you'll all get medals from the Queen. Did yer hear what that man said what was standing by Mr. Dexter's shop? 'Give it 'em hot,' he said, 'for the glory of Old England.' That's what he said, and that's what the Queen likes, and that's what we're going in for. Are

> "Yes," they cried. "But what am I to do?" asked Little

Make-Believe.

yer ready?"

"You!" exclaimed Dot-and-carry-one, somewhat puzzled. "Oh, you'll open yer mouth and shut yer eyes and see what Gawd'll send yer!"

After which direction Dot-and-carryone looked warily around, to see that no policeman was nigh to spoil his little game, and then said softly:

"Forward!" The Charge of the Light Brigade pales in comparison. Before Mike the Pieman knew where he was, Jimmy Tyler had jumped on his back and pulled him down into the road, where he lay struggling with the six or seven young ruffians bent on carrying out the orders of Dot-and-carry-one.

This young gentleman took no part and I ain's got none to give her. I in the scuffle. Directly Mike was down he opened the can, took off his cap, and swept into it at least a dozen pies, steaming hot, with which he ran off as fast as his legs could carry him.

It was the work of a moment. The great Napoleon himself could not have executed a strategic movement more

And almost before one could say "Jack Robinson" the pies were gone and the jaws of Dot-and-carry-one were devouring them.

Meantime, Little Make-Believe did exactly as she was told.

She opened her mouth and shut her eyes and waited for what God would send her. The only movement she made for

which she could claim originality was were only going to pretend? He saw to put her fingers in her ears, to shut out the din of the battle.

The paper flag in her hand was thus elevated above her head, and seemed to stick out of it like a feather.

The cries which Mike uttered as he struggled with his foes seemed to her scarcely real; her senses were almost If I had a penny to spare I'd give it entirely absorbed in eager expectation her, but it's not in my power. She's of being able, through the intervention off to Paradise Buildings, where she most daring and original declaration of Providence, to satisfy Saranne's wish of a pie for supper.

The battle did not last long. Dotluick in device when a questionable and-carry-one's proceedings had not been unnoticed by two or three of his shoulders. Little Make-Believe did not pause to followers, and he had scarcely disaptonsider; she thought only of Saranne peared round the corner before other unlawful hands were laid upon Mike's succulent store.

All the rest of the regiment followed suit, helping themselves without com-The children sat up a cheer when punction; and one, less selfish than his ney saw her there. Little Make-Be- comrades, seeing Little Make-Believe standing stock still, with her mouth wide open, popped a pie into it as he raced past her.

The pic was too large and the mouth too small to be disposed of in one bite, and would have fallen to the ground had not Little Make-Believe hastily caught it.

She had tasted it, however, and nature was strong within her; nothing in the shape of food had entered her mouth during the long, weary day until that moment; her eyes, open now, cilated with gladness; greedily she sucked her lips with the gravy on them, and in a moment of thoughtlessness was about to take another bite when the figure of Saranne rose before

It was enough. Choking back her hunger, she ran toward her home, holding the precious pie close to her breast.

This was the sight which Mike the Pieman beheld as he rose to his feet, flushed and filled with anger.

peared: only Little Make-Believe was barrows along quite naturally. All the other children had disapn sight, and in her hand food unlawfully begotten. After her he hobbled, furious for revenge.

Luckily or unluckily for Little Make-Believe, his capacity for pursuit was not of a high order.

He suffered from periodical attacks of lumbago, and this was one of his bad days."

Little Make-Believe would have got clear off had not Mike restored to another expedient in the cause of justice. He called, or rather gasped:

"Stop thief!" This cry would have been uttered the moment he had extricated himself about their models. It is asserted that fold, press edges together and bake from the clutches of his foes had he the Germans and Americans have been not been proverbially short of breath, getting hold of all the newest Parisian add water to juice to make required an infirmity which, aggravated by rage, had for the time deprived him of bringing them out by means of chear the power of speech.

But his compulsorily slow gait, as he hobbled after Little Make-Believe, enormous amount of the profit which brought back his wind, and with it, in a weak state, his voice.

Twice did the summons to law-abiding citizens escape him, and he was about to utter it for the third time when a violent spasm in his back doubled him up, and he was compelled to cling to a lamp-post for support. Coming toward him as he was in

this position was the man who had addressed the children as they marched past Thomas Dexter's shop. In his progress this man had brushed

by Little Make-Believe, and had taken notice of the pie she was hugging to her breast. With keen insight he saw immediate-

ly how the matter stood, and decided how to act. I nenced by a feeling of compas-

sion, he addressed a policeman who change, and when he went home told had been attracted by Mike's sum-

vagabond's been stealing Mike's pies." he said, "and the old fellow's run after him."

"Which way has he gone?" "That way," replied the man, pointing in an opposite direction to that

The policeman slowly sauntered toward the indicated thoroughfare, and the man, inwardly rejoicing at the sus cess of his maneuvre, turned his back upon lumbago-stricken Mike and more swiftly pursued Little Make-Believe.

She hearing burried steps behind her, quickened her own, but she was no match for her pursuer, who overtook her and laid his hand upon her shoulder just as she reached the door of Thomas Dexter's shop. Then came a mattress which is continually slept suddenly upon her the full and true consciousness of her act.

In fancy she saw the heimet, the truncheon, the dock, the magistrate, the lockup.

The strength with which exaltation of spirit had inspired her weak form deserted her at the touch of this hand upon her shoulder, and overpowered with terror she cowered down at Thomas Dexter's feet.

"What's the matter?" inquired Thomas Dexter, gazing on the crouching form,

Little Make-Believe did not stir. Quick of fancy, she was realizing the horror of her position.

It harrowed her vicarously. What would Saranne do? How could she get food-when her sister, her childmother, could no longer provide for

her? "There's nothing to be frightened at," said the man, raising Little Make-Believe from the ground. "I sent the policeman off on a wrong scent. So you've been despoiling the Egyptians? But do you want to be taken redhanded? Why don't you eat your pie? They couldn't cut you open to prove

the larceny." "It's for my sister, Saranne," murmured Little Make-Believe, by no means sure whether kindness or treachery was intended.

"For your sister Saranne?" said the "But yourself, little 'up-you man. look hungry enough to eat a brick." "I am," sighed Little Make-Believe. "When did you have your last

meal?" "I had two potatoes last night." "And since then?"

"Nothink." "Come, come," said the man, "eat the pie. Never mind your sister Sa-

ranne." "Let me go-let me go." cried Little Make-Believe, and she twisted berself from his kindly grasp. "You're a

wicked, wicked beast!" And before the man could recover from his astonishment she had disap-

peared. "What do you think of that for heroism?" asked the man of Thomas Dex-"Could a princess show higher ter. qualities than that ragged morsel of humanity? She can forget her own hunger-with savory food at her very lips-can withstand the temptationbecause she has a little sister at home to whom she plays the part of mother. and her sister live, to complete her act

of self-sacrifice. Good-night, guv'nor." "Good-night," said Thomas Dexter, and entered his shop, shrugging his

CHAPTER V.

Thomas Dexter Has Strange Dreams. On the following day Thomas Dexter attended the sale of old curiosities in an auction room, in Leicester Square, which had once been Sir Joshua Reynolds' studio.

He had marked down half-a-dozen lots which he was anxious to buyenamels of no particular value in themselves, but likely to suit a customer who had a craze for them.

Having secured the enamels at a price which he knew he could double in the selling, he made his way back to Clare Market.

Never in his life had he had a day's illness, and no signs had warned him that sickness was near, but when he was within a quarter of a mile of his shop a sudden vertigo caused everything to swim before his eyes-pictur€ shops, costermongers' barrows, flaunt ing women, newspaper boys, bits of pavement, gutter and sky, all jumbled enne pepper and salt to taste. This up and going round together.

He caught hold of some railings to steady himself, and presently the sky went up into its proper place, and the gutter came down, and the pavement flattened itself out, and the flaunting women passed him with bold looks, and the costermongers wheeled their

Except that there was a strange air of newness about everything, the moving life around him had undergone no change.

(To be Continued.)

Protecting Parisian Modes. There is some news over from Paris that is rather epoch-making, observes the Westminster Gazette. All the important Parisian houses-Paquin, Doucet, Collot, Doeuillet, Laferriere, Raudnitz, Redfern. Rouff, Seer, etc.,-have decided to club together to stop the horrible piracy that has been going on ideas quite early in the season and productions at very low prices, thus cheating these Parisian artists of ar is their due, as with them alone must rest the credit of the original ideas that

make a model of value. This piracy has become a crying nuisance. Why should not the sartorial artist reserve the right of repro duction, just as an artist or an author or a dramatist would have? They have made up their minds that they are go ing to get proper protection for their works of art, and so from henceforth will be delivered before a certain date tomers, only to the professional buyers. | dish.

She Never Forgot the Lost Five. An Atchison man, says the Giobe, of

that Kansas town, lost \$5 in making his wife about it. This happened six years ago, and she has never forgotten it, often telling him what luxuries they could afford if he hadn't lost the money. Last week their son dropped \$2000 in a poor investment. "Don't say a word to him about it," she said to her husband. "Poor boy, he feels bad mough as it is."

Lousehold **Matters**

To Store Blankets. One of the best places to store blankets which are not being used is under upon, as here they are kept comparatively well aired, and need little ex-

tra exposure to the fire before using.

Things Worth Knowing. That a piece of charcaol thrown into the pot in which onions, cabbage, etc., are boiled will absorb the unpleasant

odor. That salt is not to be added to oatmeal until it has boiled about fifteen

That a lump of butter dropped into

boiling molasses or maple candy will prevent it from running over. That a piece of lace or thin muslin, starched and put over the holes or worn places in lace curtains will show very little and improve the looks of

the curtains. That a handful of salt, thrown into the tepid water with which straw matting is wiped up, will make it look extra fresh and clean.

First Aids to Housecleaning. To know how to clean wood work without scrubbing, how to freshen carpets without taking up, how to do over blankets without ruining them, how to render a house hygienically clean without terrible smelling antiseptics is to approach housecleaning season without fear and without reproach.

First take down all the curtains and portieres and take up all the floor coverings that are to be put away. Have them thoroughly cleaned, done up. marked and stored away on shelf or in a chest for the summer. The more things you can pack away early in the season the less work you will have in warm weather. Your home will look cooler and will be healthier.

Do up your curtains as soon as you

decide to houseclean. Have them well shaken, and then if very dusty rinsed before regularly washing. Put them into lukewarm water and let them soak for twenty minutes or half an hour. During this time have heated a boilerful of water, to each gallon of which a tablespoonful of borax and half a bar of white soap, shaved fine. Squeeze the curtains out of the cold water. Lay them in a tub and pour on the boiling suds. Within another half hour they will be white and lovely. Rinse in two waters, and then add a little bluing to the third. If the curtains are cream colored, a little coffee in the last water will keep the creamy tint. When borax is used there is absolutely no need of rubbing. To rub curtains on a board is to destroy them utterly. To attach them to frames is ofttimes equally disastrous. The best way is to squeeze

curtains, make the starch thin. Have your portieres and rugs also well shaken, then beaten and fold away in borax powder to save them from the moths.-Mary Annable Fan-

them gently and pin on a sheet laid

on a large rug. If you starch your



Curried Fowl-Cut a fowl in pieces; shred an onion small and fry it brown in butter. Dredge thickly with curry powder and fine salt and put all into a stewpan with one pint of good stock. Stew slowly till all is cooked and-serve with a dish of well boiled rice.

Mock Crab-Half a pound of mellow cheese, salad oil, vinegar, made mustard, pepper and salt, quarter pound of canned shrimps. Take the cheese and pound it well in a mortar with made mustard, salad oil, vinegar, cayshould be mixed to the consistency of thick cream. Add to this the shrimps. Serve in crab shell or any ornamental fancy dish and garnish with sliced

lemon. Baked Marmalade Pudding-Three ounces of flour, three ounces of butter, two ounces of sugar, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of marmalade and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat well together the eggs and the sugar, add the flour, melt the butter and nour it in: then add the marmalade and the baking powder. Pour into a pie dish and bake for twenty minutes in a brisk oven. Warm two tablespoonfuls of marmalade and pour over the

pudding on removing it from the oven. Apricot Dumplings-Make a good rich baking powder dough; roll out, cut into rounds with a large cookie cutter; have ready some stewed apricots; drain juice from same; place two halves within each round of dough; in moderately quick oven. For sauce, quantity of sauce; add generous lump of butter; take flour in proportion to amount of sauce, with sufficient sugar to make flour mix 'smoothly; boil and add a half cup of chopped apricots.

Pocotaligo Fish-First take all skin and bones from some boiled fish. dredge thickly with flour and over all put sufficient milk to cover. Season with cayenne and salt and a little chopped parsley. Let this heat gently while some eggs are being poached. Turn the fish on a dish and arrange the peached eggs on it. Dissolve two ounces of butter in a small saucepan. add a heaped teaspoorful of chopped no models bought by Continental houses parsley, a little cayenne and salt. Pour this sauce slowly over the eggs Of course, these new regulations apply and serve hot. A garnish of crescents in no sense to their firms' private cus. of fine bread is an addition to this

Charge as He Remembered It.

court.

Judge Brady had a colored man before him in Police Court and he asked him when he had been arrested before. The fellow scratched his head, thought a moment and then said: "An think it was about a year ago. Jedge." "What was the charge?" asked the

After thinking awhile, the prisoner looked up and said: "Ah'm not quite Bernard Solkil, aged ninety, of Dunlo. shuah, but ah t'ink it was t'ree dollaks, yer honor." He was discharged .- Albany Journal.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR APRIL 9.

Subject: The Raising of Lazarus, John xi., 32-45-Golden Text, John xi., 25-Memory Verses, 33-36-Commentar

on the Day's Lesson. I. The meeting of Jesus and Mary (v. 32). 32. "When Mary was come." Martha first heard that Jesus was coming, and, without notifying Mary, she went to meet Jesus just outside the village. She greeted Him with those words of sorrowful despair-"Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died." But even then there was a dawn of hope in her heart, from her experience of the power of Jesus. Jesus replied with the assurance that He was "the resurrection and the life," and prepared her for the great work He was about to do. "If Thou hadst been here." These words express the very essence of soul torture at such times. In our affliction we continually echo the if of these sisters, saying to ourselves, if we had not done this, or if we had not done that, or if it had not been for our blunder, or that of our friends, or that of our physician, our beloved would not have died. But read verse 4 of this chapter. Christ's compassion (vs. 33-37). 33. "Groaned in the spirit." This is a strange term and is better rendered by

the margin of the Revised Versionwas moved with indignation in the spirit." Jesus was indignant at the hypocritical and sentimental lamentations of His enemies, the Jews, mingling with the heartfelt sorrow of His loving friend Mary. These self-right-eous Jews, now weeping and groaning in professional sorrow with Mary were men who would soon be plotting to kill, not only Jesus, but the restored Lazarus (compare chap. 12:10). "Was troubled." "Troubled Himself."— Marg., R. V. Probably the pleaning is that He allowed His deep emotion to become evident to bystanders. 34. "Where—laid him." A question addressed to and answered by the sisters. 35. "Jesus wept." Here the blessed Jesus shows Himself to be truly man; and a man, too, who, notwithstanding His amazing dignity and excellence, did not feel it beneath Him to sympathize with the distressed and to weep with those who wept. After this example of our Lord shall we say that it is weakness, folly and sin to weep for the loss of relatives? 36. "How He loved him." A spontaneous testimony from those Jews of the ten-

derness of the Son of God. 37. "Could not this man." The miracle of the blind man was referred to because it was of recent occurrence, and in the immediate neighborhood while the two previous miracles of raising the dead (Luke 7:11-17; 8:41-56) were performed in distant Galilee, about one year and a half before. See eral leading commentators think that these Jews were unbelieving and now refer to the healing of the blind man in a deriding manner, suggesting that if He could have done that, then He could have kept Lazarus alive, and real love would have prompted Him to do it if He had power.

III. Words of comfort (vs. 38-40). 38. "Again groaning." Because of the unbelief of the Jews. We never find Him in as much grief over His own sufferings as over the sins of men. "Cometh to the grave." Lazarus was, as became his station, not laid in a cemetery, but in his own private tomb in a cave. 39. "Take ye away the stone." That which could be done by human

That which could be done by human hand she orders to be done. He would lift the saloons were wiped out, seventyhave the bystanders see that Laza; was actually dead. "He sinketh." Seeming to forget what Jesus had said to her when she met Him, Martha now thinks only of the condition of her brother's body and objects. The idea of an immediate resurrection does not seem to have occurred to her.

40. "If thou wouldst believe." we see that if these sisters had not possessed hearts of faith, a willingness to believe and obey Christ, this miracle could not have taken place. If faith holds Him as the resurrection and the life, then why doubt when He is near? "Glory of God." revelation of God's power as shall disclose His glory.

IV. Lazarus raised to life (vs. 41-45). "Took away the stone." Martha's faith must have rallied and she gave way to Jesus' request. They had ac-complished all in their power when the stone was removed. began His part. "Lifted up His eyes." An outward expression of the elevation of His mind and to show them who stood by from whence He derived His power. He lifted up His eyes as looking beyond the grave and overlooking the difficulties that arose

thence.
42. "Thou hast sent Me." Not to destroy men's lives, but to save them. Moses, to show that God sent him, made the earth open and swallow men up (Num. 16:29, 30), for the law was a dispensation of terror; but Christ proves His mission by raising to life one that was dead. 43. "Loud voice." He did not whisper nor mutter as did the magicians. It was the type of that voice like the sound of many waters (Rev. 1:15), at which all who are in their graves shall come forth (John 5:28; 1 Thess. 4:16). He that wept as a man now spoke as a God. "Lazarus." He calls him by name as we call those by their names whom we would wake out of sleep. This intimates that the same individual person that died shall rise again at he last day. 44. "Bound hand and foot." Probably each limb was separately bound, as was the Egyptian custom. "Loose him." was a healthy, strong man and no longer needed the bandages and winding sheet. 45. "Many believed." The miracle was convincing.

The first of the power lifeboats built for the United States Lifesaving Service will be assigned to the station at Fire Island. The craft adopted for this work is thirty-four feet in length and self-righting and self-bailing, and propelled by a twenty horse-power engine using gasoline for fuel. Owing to its

weight and the consequent inability

to launch the craft from the beach, i

will be kept in the bay and brought

around through the inlet when there is

any demand for its services.

Power Boat at Fire Island.

Swallowed Sixty Nails. Luther Sharp, forty-five years old, a wealthy Bourbon County (Ky.) farmer, has committed suicide. He left a note requesting that an autopsy be performed on his body, which was done, and which disclosed the presence in his stomach of sixty nails of various sizes, several screws and brass pins. Sharp wrote that he had been swallowing these articles for a month. He was subject to fits of melancholia, and had

Bowls at Ninety.

made several attempt to kill himself.

Pa., challenges any person of his age in the State for a bowling contest for \$500 a side.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARILING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Interesting Figures in Answer to the Question, "Does It Pay to Banish the Saloon From a Community ?"-Pros-

perity of Towns That Are Dry. The Fishkill (N. Y.) Weekly Times has a correspondent in California who has been investigating from a business standpoint the liquor problem as affecting the cities and towns of that State. In his letter to the Times this correspondent (Mr. L. C. Wood) gives some interesting figures in answer to the question, "Does it pay to banish the

saloon from a community?" After naming a large number of the cities and towns in Southern California that voted "dry," and thus banished the saloon, he says that all these show a prosperous growth and some of them phenomenally so. He then instances some, "Long Beach, for example." 1 spent three months at this place the past summer, and have seen 25,000 people drop down there in one day on pleasure bent brought in and carried out by the steamer and electric roads, all without accidents, with no drunks and no arrests. Long Beach was a saloon town a few years ago, and when its better citizens were wrestling with the problem of no saloons, all the saloon sympathizers in Southern California predicted that it would kill the place. During the last few years it has spent \$36,000 for sidewalks, as much more in extending its sewer system, put up 629 new buildings, spent \$106,000 in new school houses and in the enlargement of others, built a new dock pier at a cost of \$100,000. Improved its streets all over the city at a large expense, also its park. Besides, the Pacific Electric Railway Company has spent in new lines and buildings in the city limits \$750,000, which shows a confidence of money men in a town that a few years ago was going to die. Pasadena, another dry and dead city, has spent during the past year about \$1,000,000 in new buildings, and has now a population of 25,000 to 30,000 and an assessed valuation of over \$15,000,000. Ocean Park has added 2000 to its population in two years. Whittier has added 1000 to its population in two years, and spent for new buildings in the past year \$200,000. Monrovia has increased its population by 800 the past year. Hollywood has doubled its population in eighteen months. Santa Anna voted the saloon out two years ago, and is now growing faster than ever before:

in twelve months; it voted dry the last election. geles and San Pedro are the only ones that are prosperous in the list. The Government is spending a vast amount of money improving the harbor at San Pedro, which gives it a boom. Chepo was a dry town, but voted wet some six years ago; it has had three murders since, two of which were in saloons, and it has cost this county thousands of dollars to prosecute the cases. Los Angeles has 200 saloons and 145 churches. It will have spent in new buildings by January 1, 1905, for one year, about \$14,000,000. Its population s about 150,000. Its per capita growth will not equal Pasadena or Long Beach, but it is making wonderful strides. Its criminal costs are very large. In an address, a short time since by a criminal attorney (Mr. Rogers), before the Men's League, he stated that seventyfive per cent. of the crime in the city

it is the county seat of Orange County.

Wilmington has doubled its population

fire per cent. of costs would not be .ere; he further stated that of forty murder cases he had been engaged in, in the past four years, all but four were caused by liquor. "One murder," said Mr. Rogers, "was over a keg of beer, worth \$1.25, and it cost Los Angeles County \$32,000 to prosecute the case." There is a tremendous strong sentiment against the saloon in Los Angeles city, and the wise ones predict it will be a dry city in five years.

Reader, does it pay?

A Sermon For Women The chief matron of the Chicago police department preaches a powerful total abstinence sermon when she says: "Of all the ten or twelve thousand unfortunate girls and wrecked women arrested every year in Chicago, among those who tell their woes to me, ninety-nine out of every hundred attribute their downfall to the first glass of wine or champagne, taken generally with a male companion, always for good fellowship's sake. The first gass is the beginning of the end and here you see what the end is. When a woman once begins to drink even in a social way. her future is threatened with either

moral weakness or utter ruin." Saloons in Cities. New York has a population of 3,437 .-000 people, and has 10,832 saloons; Chicago, 1.698,000 people, with 6460 saloons; Philadelphia, 1,294,000 people and 1709 saloons; St. Louis, 575,000 people and 2000 saloons; Boston, with 561,000 people, has 799 saloons; Baltimore, 508,000 people to 1988 saloons; Cleveland, 381,000, 1888 saloons, and San Francisco, 343,000 people, 3007 saloons; Washington, 279,000 people and 513 saloons; Manila, 229,000 people and

129 saloons.

Whose Boys? Our boys, as well as their fathers and mothers, may well give serious thought to the question asked on a placard posted among the advertisements in street cars of some of our large cities. The placard reads as follows: "A saloon can no more be run without using up boys than a flouringmill without wheat or a sawmill without logs. The only question is: 'Whose boys? yours or mine? Our boys or our neighbors'?' "

Temperance Notes.

In the Southern States whole tiers of counties are as ary as a bone, so far as the public sale or liquor is concerned. William Hargraves, M. D., after a thorough research, gives the annual expenditure for strong drink in the United States as \$1,464,887,598.

A. H. Berg, Past Grand Chief Templar of Sweden, is said to have deliv ered 10,960 lectures on the subject of temperance-distancing any competitor for number of speeches save John B. Gough.

Mr. Dunn, secretary of the National Temperance Society, estimates the indirect cost of rum. from crime, pauperism, loss of labor and of life as \$1.678,504,964. At a special election held lately under

the Beal local option law at Irondale, Ohio, the "drys" won by a majority of sixteen. With Irondale "dry," al towns on the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad have abolished the saloon. The steady and substantial growth of temperance sentiment in England is shown by statistics relative to the Congregational clergymen there. TwenThe Junday Breakfast Lable

Admirable Suggestions. In an article about "Fishing Fo Men," by Rev. J. H. Jowett, in the Baptist Commonwealth, we find som admirable suggestions. He says: "A notable angler, writing recently in on of our daily papers, summed up all his advice in what he proclaims a golder maxim: "Let the trout see the angler and the angler will catch no trout and the angler will catch no trout. Now this is a first essential in the ar of man-fishing, the suppression and eclipse of the preacher. How easily we become obtrusive! How easily ware tempted into self-aggressive prominence! How prone we are to push our selves to the front of our work in ques of fame and praise and glory! The temptation comes in a hundred differ ent ways. It steals upon us in the study and spoils our secret labor. I destroys the efficacy even of the bai that we prepare. It comes upon us in the pulpit and perverts our workman ship even when we are in the very midst of our work. The devil secretly whispers to us in most unctuous flat

ery: That was a fine point you made. And we readily respond to the suggestion. And so the insidious destruc tion is wrought. We don't stand aside If I may vary my figure, let me ear that our function is to draw aside the curtain and hide ourselves somewhere in its robes. Let us remember that as soon as our people see the preache they will not take his bait." We have before called attention to the remark made by a Western expressman corwhich he was a member. Deploris past failures, he accounted for ther by saying that they had always en couraged the minister to make much of his own personality. "Now," he said, "what we need is not a minister to make the said, "what we need is not a minister than the said, "what we need is not a minister than the said, "what we need is not a minister than the said, "what we need is not a minister than the said, "what we need is not a minister than the said, "what we need is not a minister than the said, "what we need is not a minister than the said that they had always en couraged the minister to make much said." who stands before his work, but or who wil stand behind his work and let that speak for him."

How a Judge Was Led to Christ, A well-known judge in one of the Southern States, says the Religious Intelligencer, when, speaking of his younger days, says that about fifty years ago he became skeptical, and that Mr. H-, a noble, whole-souled man, whom he revered almost as father, but who was a confirmed deist though he had a Christian wife, so found him out, and endeavored to in still in his mind his own deistical no tions. "But he charged me," said the judge, "not to let his wife know that he was a deist, or that he was skepti-

"I asked him why, to which he replied that if he were to marry a hundred times, he would marry only a plous woman. 'Because,' he said, 'if she is a Christian, it makes her a better wife, a better mother, a better mistress, and a better neighbor. If she is poor, it enables her to bear adversity with patience and fortitude. If she is rich and prosperous, it lessens her desire for mere show. And when the comes to die, if she is in error, she is as well off as you and I; and if we are in error she is a thousand times better off than

"I asked him whether he knew of any other error, or system of errors, attended with so many advantages. His reply was evasive. But what he said led me to examine the subject for myself, and I often look back to that conversation as one of the most important incidents in my life, and to it I trace my determination to study the Bible carefully, and to examine subject for myself, the result of which has led me to a full and living faith

in Jesus Christ, my Saviour."

Stand-Fast Folk. Visiting a large Northwestern city during a public celebration period, my notice was attracted to a negro, who seemed of leadership build. Politics were at white heat. Pictured candidate buttons adorned other coat lapels. The negro wore, instead, a small look-

ing-glass. He was the reputed master mind among his people. His political hero-had not yet been selected, and the mirror button signified that he wore the face of the man who stood before him, and changed as often as did his company.

"How sadly this illustrates some young people!" writes Rev. Chris. F. Reisner, in the Epworth Herald. "With a crowd of Christians, Gospel songs, clean anecdotes, and uplifting acts characterize them. With a company of careless funmakers, they forget former

"Paul included all his success in 'I have kept the faith.' Anyone knows he had to 'fight a good fight' to do that. His pertinent slogan was: 'Watch ye, stand fast in the faith.' We need stand-fast folk. There never were more of this sort, but to-morrow it must be better. The surely coming great revival will need very many dauntless workers."

The Music of Our Lives. Ruskin, writing of some of the en-

forced pauses in our lives, says: "In our whole life-melody the music is broken off here and there by 'rests,' and we foolishly think we have come to the end of the tune. God sends a time of forced leisure, a time of sickness and disappointed plans, and makes a sudden pause in the choral hymn of our lives, and we lament that our voices must be silent and our part missing in the music which ever goes up to the ear of the Creator. Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the tune and not be dismayed at the 'rests.' If we look up, God will

An Intolerant Religion. And so down to this present day Christianity is the most intolerant religion on the face of the earth. The other religions will accept toleration, compromise: but Christianity will ac-cept no compromise-one God and Father of us all; one Saviour, one faith, ne hope of our calling .- Sermon in

Hurled Into Basket of Eggs.

A Gigantic Umbrella. An umbrella big enough to cover a dozen persons belongs to the Church of St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich, Eng-

beat the time for us."

Weekly Witness. Life is a Service. The great fact is that life is a service; the only question is, "Whom will we serve?"-Faher.

Sitting in the rear of a big sled on which there was a bushel basket filled with eggs, John Hiskey, a thrifty Lehigh County (Pa.) farmer, was enjoying his ride immensely. Going down Haas' Hill at a sharp trot, one of the runners of the sled struck a hidden rock, and Hiskey was pitched head

ty five years ago only 78 out of 2000 clergymen were total abstainers; to-day 2500 out of 3000 are.

foremost into the basket of eggs.