

merchant \$30 for them. We needed the boots and shoes, he needed the money, and we traded.' An exchange of value; both are benefited.

Now we go to the man who spent the \$30 in the saloon and say to him: 'Sir, you paid that non-producer \$30. What did you get back?' 'Come here and I will show you.' Will he say that? No; he will hang his head and say: 'I got this flaming nose, these bleared eyes, and have been sick ever since.'

'My farmer friend, would you not have been better off if you had put the \$30 in the fire and burned it, and never had gone to the drinking-place at all? Yes; because you would have gone to work to once and produced more wealth to take the place of that destroyed. The liquor dealer took your money and unfitted your brain and muscles for the production of more wealth.'

The Voice of Science.

Recent investigation has shown clearly enough that alcohol is easily and abundantly oxidizable in the human body, but the mere proof that a substance is consumed in this way does not entitle it to rank as a food, and still less can this supposition be entertained if in addition it at the same time causes decomposition and destruction of living protoplasm. That alcohol does this is not doubted in view of the present knowledge of metabolic processes, and this granted, it is evident that a substance capable of destroying body tissue can not also at the same time serve to build up and replace damaged parts. Therefore the position that alcohol may play the double role of food and poison is untenable, and the sooner it is dropped from the list of drugs for internal administration, the better it will be for physician and patient. 'Medical Record.'

Boys of Drinking Parents.

A son of a drinking man or woman has less chance of health and active mental faculties than of total abstinence parents. Statistics show alarming facts in this particular. Parents, give the boys a chance by being total abstainers yourselves and setting them an example in practice and a start without the hereditary peril. An eminent doctor in New York city found that over seventy percent of the children of drinking parents in a large number examined, were afflicted with organic or nervous diseases.—'National Advocate.'

Alcohol is Bad in Everything.

It does not build up the body.

It reduces muscular force.

It lessens and lowers the warmth of the body, although at first it seems to raise the temperature.

It acts as a spur on the nervous system, but in the end it weakens and destroys nervous force.

If our drinking habits were rooted out, immense sums of money now spent in preserving order and restoring health would be saved and be made reproductive.

As a race, if we left off using strong drink, our physical, mental, and moral powers would be improved.

People who do great feats of strength, skill, or endurance, do not use strong drinks. Great cricketers, brilliant oarsmen, smart runners, great fighters, and the hardest workers in all fields do not use intoxicants, but purposely abstain from them.

The clearest heads, the strongest nerves, the stoutest hearts, are all to be had without the use of alcohol.—Selected.

France's Worst Foes.

Dr. Lowenthal, who is a member of the commission which investigated the cause of the decrease of population in France, writes in a Paris journal that the real evil is not so much the diminution in the birth rate as the terrible increase of the death rate. He says that 'Alcoholism alone is killing France,' while tuberculosis, which of all diseases is most easily avoided, is raging in France with more violence than any other country in the world.—'Leicester Daily Post.'

Drink and Woman.

In a hospital ward a woman lay
Painfully gasping her life away;
So bruised and beaten you scarce could trace
Womanhood's semblance in form or face.
Yet the hair that over the pillow rolled
In a tangled mass was like threads of gold;
And never a sculptor in any land
Molded a daintier foot or hand.

Said they who ministered to her need:
'None but a coward could do this deed;
And what bitter hate could have nerved the arm

That a helpless creature like this could harm?'
Then the dim eyes, hazy with death's eclipse,
Slowly unclose, and the swollen lips

Murmured faintly: 'He loves me well—
My husband—'twas drink—be sure and tell
When he comes to himself—that I forgive;
Poor fellow—for him I would like to live.'
A shudder, a moan, as the words were said,
And a drunkard's wife on the couch lay dead.

O fathers, who your daughters rear,
Somebody's daughter is lying here!
O brothers of sisters, come and see
What the fate of your precious one may be!
O man! however you love your home,
Be it palace, or cottage, 'neath heaven's blue dome,

This demon of drink can enter in;
For law strikes hands and bargains with sin.

You have legalized crime, you have the gold,
Now hand them over the sons you sold—
Keep pushing them forward. Drink, boys,
drink!

Your father's are paid for your souls, they think;

And in the great mart where mammon strives,
Cheapest of all things are human lives.

—Chicago 'Inter-Ocean.'

Action of Alcohol on the Liver.—In the 'Centralblatt für innere Medizin,' Oct. 20, 1900, Dr. George Rosenfeld gives an account of his experiments to determine the effects of alcohol on the liver. Depriving dogs of all other food, he gave them from 3½ to 4 c.c. of absolute alcohol largely diluted with water, from two to four times a day, it being equal to 3 to 4 c.c. per kilo, the weight of the animals. They were killed before spontaneous death would occur from the poisonous effects of the alcohol, and on examination the liver was found to contain an increased amount of fat, in many cases more than double the natural quantity, and the glycogen was much diminished. This appears to constitute a positive demonstration that alcohol taken in doses no larger than used by a majority of beer drinkers is capable of producing a fatty liver with diminished glycogenic function.

Among the Sick.

'Every nurse knows that most wards in her hospital would have a very empty look if all the victims of alcohol in some form or other were weeded out. And in the houses of the well-to-do, in spite of "three-bottle men" having departed with the change in national habits, the private nurse sees that many of her patients are suffering, directly or indirectly, from alcoholism.'—'The Hospital.'

A Happy Rebuke.

Archdeacon Eyre has been telling a Sheffield audience that he once sat opposite a drunken man in a tramcar. He put himself on familiar terms with the Archdeacon, thrusting a bunch of flowers in front of him, and seeking to draw an appreciative comment on their beauty. The reply of the Archdeacon, with the eyes of all others in the car upon him, was apposite and effective. 'Sir,' he said, 'do you know why those flowers are so sweet and nice? It is because they drink nothing but water.' The owner of the flowers was sufficiently sober to see the point.—'Alliance News.'

In answer to a query, Berry, formerly the English executioner, states that not one of the 500 persons whom he hanged was a total abstainer.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Home-made Rug.

There's a beautiful rug in a little room of a certain house I know,
Where I sometimes call of an afternoon, on a friend of long ago.

It is not a costly Persian rug, by merchants bought and sold,
Or an Indian pattern of colors rare, inlaid with threads of gold.

It was not made for a monarch's throne, or harem of Turkish Bey;
It was not woven in any loom by the geni of to-day.

Its beauty is not in its patterned grace, or figures of studied art,
But all through its lustrous texture glows the love of a human heart.

A mother, borne down by low estate, shut out from superfluous things,
Sits down with a basket of rags at her side, and patiently sews and sings.

She sings as she thinks of her finished work, how beautiful it will be
To cover some spot on the faded floor where once was tapestry.

Her husband will smile his old-time smile, her children will dance with pride
On the new-made rug, though the floor be bare, and no other rug beside,

And her own eyes will feast on it for many—and many a day,
And the love she wrought in that home-made rug will linger there alway.

—'Christian Herald.'

A Letter to the Middlings.

(By Helen F. Boyden, in the 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

For those who tread the busy walks of life, unencumbered by physical ills, I have no word, and only the memory of an experience. To those who pass the weary months, seasons and years, prisoners to their couch, I am not fully competent to speak. In my fifteen years of crippled life I have been a 'middling,' like the old colored auntie, 'Sometimes up, and sometimes down.'

My first head is, Don't be proud. You remember, in the 'Window in Thrums,' that crippled Mysie overlooked the neighborhood from her window, and when the neighbors came in to gossip with her each one was given a mental position to correspond with the number of deaths or amount of sickness her family had had. Those most favored with afflictions tried hard to be humble. So when we meet those 'less favored' let us also study humility.

Second. Take a look around. Study the face of a harassed business man; listen to the querulous tone of the housewife; note the pucker on the school girl's brow; hear the break in the laughter of the happy child. Does strength and vigor and power to do and be seem to make the many happier than you? Besides, their pin pricks and headaches are just as hard for them to bear as your hours of agony. In the adjustment of life they were given their burdens and cares and pain, as well as you. A friend teaches his little boy to bear life's hardness in a unique manner. When a finger is cut, or the head is bumped, he says: 'That's a joke!' and burst out laughing; and the little boy surprised, laughs, too. This may seem a cold philosophy for all pain, but let's laugh.

Third. Protect your individuality. It may seem a sore point to invalids who have to do and be so much under the will of others to learn that their own wills are apt to become so weak as to need a prop. 'What can't be cured, must be endured.' But if we cannot walk, or eat, or sleep as we choose we can at least do our own thinking. Let us know our own mind. As an old lady says, 'The mind's the man.' Within our kingdom let us reign, 'not tossed about by every wind of doctrine.' Don't let a Christian Science friend to-day turn your mind inside out, nor a patent medicine dealer to-morrow empty your pocket-book; search till you find your own convictions, and then abide by them.

Fourth. Grow. Because your physical life