

**The Saloon Must Go!**

BY MRS. N. O. ALGER.

From "How to Fight the Drink"  
An Evening's Entertainment by Miss L. Penny.

There is a king, a wicked king,  
Who curses this fair land.  
He spreads disease and death abroad,  
And rules with implous hand.  
Even the smallest boys and girls  
Cannot escape his power;  
Satan and all his hosts seem pledged  
To help him every hour.  
A king who tortures boys and girls,  
Takes from them all they love,  
Leaves them in poverty and vice,  
Robs them of homes above.  
Oh, such a king, who ruins souls  
By thousands every year,  
Ought to be buried down so deep  
He never could appear.  
Now this, we know, can never be,  
Unless the people rise,  
Strong in the strength which God will give,  
And fight him till he dies.  
Mothers and fathers—children, too—  
Must join this holy war,  
Urgent the need—'tis land, and home,  
And heaven we're fighting for.  
Saloons are places where King Rum  
Makes slaves of young and old.  
Then, when they've all their money spent,  
They're turned out in the cold,  
Good people, help us fight this curse,  
Its deadly work you know;  
Oh, say, "No matter what it costs,  
The vile saloon must go!"

**WHAT SAVED HIM.**

BY HELEN SOMERVILLE.

Lucy Fairbanks was going home from school one afternoon, when she heard the voices of two of her school-mates, who were standing inside the fence that surrounded the home of Dr. Mills. Lucy could not help but hear what they said, as they were speaking in quite a high key.

"Oh, Mamie! Did you see Mr. Fairbanks going past a few minutes ago? That was Laura Mills' voice."

"I should think I did!" replied Mamie Lord, emphatically. "Isn't it just awful, Laura, the way he drinks?"

"Yes, indeed! My papa says if he keeps on, he'll become—a sot!"

"Oh, Laura, what's that?" asked Mamie in horrified accents.

"Oh, it's when a man drinks and drinks, till at last he becomes a sot!" said Laura, impressively. "My papa ought to know, because he's a doctor. I don't think I care to 'sociate with Lucy Fairbanks any more, do you?"

"No, indeed," said Mamie, who generally agreed with her friend in everything. Little Lucy, with a heavy heart, hurried home, filled with wondering thoughts. What did her papa drink to make it probable that he would become that mysteriously awful thing, a sot? And why should these two girls, who had always been friendly before, make up their minds not to associate with her on account of her papa's tendency to become a sot? Why did her papa want to drink? Was it because he was so very thirsty, and if he was thirsty, what harm could there be in drinking?

Lucy reached her home, a neat-looking white cottage in a small yard. Opening the door she ran in, bursting into a storm of tears and sobs. Her mother came out of the bed-room, and in surprise inquired the cause of her tears.

Lucy tried to tell her, but the baby awoke and cried, and there was no opportunity just then for the child to unburden her heart.

"You may set the table for supper, Lucy," said her mother, rocking the baby as she spoke. "Your papa is not very well and has gone to bed."

"Is papa very sick, mamma?"

"No, dear, he'll be all right in the morning," said Mrs. Fairbanks, who looked sad and troubled. They had supper, and Lucy tried to study her spelling lesson for the next day, but her heart was so heavy that she could not fix her mind on the words. When bed-time came, she kissed her mother, and going into her little room knelt by the neat little bed and prayed.

"Oh, Lord, bless papa and mamma and baby, and if papa gets thirsty again, keep him from drinking so much. Make me a good girl, for Jesus' sake, amen." Then she went to bed, where she cried herself to sleep.

Mr. Fairbanks appeared at the breakfast-table his usual self, gentle and tender in his words to his wife and children. Lucy watched to see if he seemed ill. "Yes, but he drank only one cup of coffee as usual. After breakfast he went away to business, and Lucy helped her mother with the work till it was time to go to school.

As she entered the school-yard she saw

Laura Mills and Mamie Lord standing together, and with them Lulu Hannon, who was Lucy's special friend. "The two Lu's" they were often called. Lucy smiled, and was about to speak when Laura put her arm around Lulu and drew her away, while Mamie muttered something about "drunkard's children."

Lucy's eyes filled with tears, and she hurried up the steps, and to her seat. She could not study, and failed both in arithmetic and spelling, and was kept in at recess. At noon she heard one of the girls say she was going to have a party, but was not going to invite Lucy. The little girl felt that she was shunned by all the world, and when she tried to eat her lunch, the food seemed to choke her.

As it was Friday, Miss Lee, according to her custom, read the scholars a story. This time it was about a little girl whose father drank whiskey and abused his family, till one night he turned poor little Mary out of doors. Lucy listened to the story with terrified interest, her cheeks scarlet with excitement, her eyes open to their fullest extent. What if her papa became like this unnatural father of little Mary, and should abuse her mamma and baby and herself? The idea took such complete possession of her mind that she could think of nothing else.

She felt afraid to speak of her fears to her mother, and brooded over the matter till the sight of her father threw her into a state of nervous terror. She could not eat nor sleep, and her mother was very anxious about the child.

One evening Mr. Fairbanks came home so much the worse for liquor that he fell over the threshold. When his wife tried to help him he answered her so roughly that Lucy screamed aloud in horror, and ran to her own room, where she threw herself on the floor, moaning and sobbing in her agony. There her mother found her, and put her to bed, where she tossed all night, muttering and crying in her sleep. In the morning she was in a raging fever, and Dr. Mills was sent for.

Even in her delirium Lucy recognized him as Laura's father, and she began to repeat Laura's name and to grow more and more excited.

The sight of her father threw her into paroxysms of fear, and she raved about his "drinking so much, and pleaded with him so excitedly "not to turn her out of doors," that the unhappy man, who dearly loved his child, was obliged to keep out of her sight.

Sometimes Lucy would be begging her schoolmates not to treat her so cruelly, and she mentioned Laura's name so often that the doctor suspected something. Going home, he called his little daughter and said:

"Laura, how have you been treating that little Fairbanks girl?"

Laura looked startled, and stammered: "I don't know, papa. Why?"

"Tell me the truth," he said sternly, and as she began confusedly to tell something of the facts of the case, he said, "I see. Well, my child, you have treated her most cruelly. That little girl, nervous and delicate to a remarkable degree, is lying at death's door, and it is extremely doubtful if she gets well."

Laura was shocked. "Oh, papa, let me go to Lucy, and tell her how sorry I am. I didn't mean anything."

"No, the sight of you would agitate her the more, and hasten the end. She has brain fever. You can do nothing now. Let this be a lesson to you to be careful how you treat others. You may go."

Laura crept away, too miserable to do anything but cry. At last she knelt down and prayed to God to forgive her, and to make Lucy better. Then she went to Mamie and Lulu and told them how sorry she was for her naughty behaviour.

There came a day when Lucy lay helpless and exhausted on her little bed. Dr. Mills said, in answer to Mr. Fairbanks' frantic question, "To-day will decide. There is a possibility of her recovery, but you must be prepared for the worst." The miserable man left the house, and was gone several hours. During that time he had asked God's pardon for his past sins, and resolved to begin a better life. It was late when he returned. The house was very quiet. The baby was asleep, and his wife, tired out, was lying on a couch.

Mr. Fairbanks crept into the sick-room. There lay Lucy, perfectly quiet, all the fever gone from her face. Her eyes were closed; the head, shorn of the pretty hair, was motionless on the pillow. So she was gone! With a cry, her father knelt by the bed, and kissed one of the little hands. "Dear papa!" said a weak voice, and a faint smile parted Lucy's lips.

"My darling!" murmured her father, "the Lord has saved you. Do you love me still, Lucy?"

"I love papa," she whispered. "Thank God for his goodness! Lucy, he has saved me from my sins, and I shall never drink another drop, God helping me!" The setting sun shone on Lucy's happy face, and rested on a beautiful Easter lily sent in by Laura, Mamie and Lulu to their little friend. "Oh, Lord Jesus, I am so glad!" sighed the little girl.—Union Signal.

**THE DEAD SEA OF AMERICA.**

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

Unlike the Dead Sea of Asia, which lies in the deepest known depression of the earth, over one thousand three hundred feet below the surface of the Mediterranean, the Dead Sea of America sparkles in a mountain valley, four thousand two hundred and fifty feet above the ocean level. When man first beheld it, its shores in every direction were desolate stretches of what seemed a desert. Now, as one goes toward it from Salt Lake City, he may see on one side of the cars a garden in which grow potatoes, corn, beans, pumpkins, currants, pears, apples, plums,—everything in fact, and on the other will be the barren plain not yet under the hand of the cultivator, nor irrigated with sweet water. Every year the lines of plum-like Lombardy poplars go a little nearer to it. But it is not probable that they will ever be coaxed to live near enough to it to make one vivid spot of green in the savage loveliness of its landscape.

When I first beheld the sea (for Salt Lake is a sea in all its characteristics), it was high noon, and under that radiant sky it took on hues so resplendent that only the words of St. John the divine, describing his heavenly vision, would describe them:

"And I saw a sea of glass—mingled with fire."

Straight ahead, at one point, the water line met the violet sky. To the right and left were mountainous islands, Antelope and Stansbury, glowing in roseate brown, pink and purples. Behind me rose the bare brown terraces of the Ogulrh Mountains. To the east were the luminous ranges of the Wahsatch. To the west, ethereal as clouds, were the Onaquis. Never before or since have I seen a landscape of such noble lines in such exquisite tints. Sometimes I have found the lake the greenest green, like an emerald. Sometimes I have found it blue as a sapphire. Sometimes I have seen it palest green, while its islands seemed to float in the air. At night I have seen it black with metallic lustres, or silvery under the moon. But always it was delicately transparent, yet massive, as if it were some gem-like substance molten.

Nothing lives in its waters save a minute shrimp. The fish swept into it by its tributaries, the rivers Bear, Weber and Jordan, and several lesser streams, die quickly, and are once snapped up by the great white gulls, always on the watch for them. It has no outlet, and is diminished only by evaporation. It is, too, subject to mysterious risings and fallings. In spring its shores are bright with flowers. Blue lupins, yellow rattleweed, and scarlet-painted cups look out gaily from between the gay green of the sage-brush, then in its fairest dress. But as the season advances and the lake grows warm enough for bathers, everything withers. The rains are few and far between. The vegetation of July and August is but a faint dappling of the alkaline soil with pale pinks, yellows and browns. But it supports insect life, for swallows circle above it. About the lake shore are, at times myriads of gnats, food for the terns, which sit by the waves in rows, and calmly watch the visitors, as do also the gulls, sure of their own safety, since the law imposes a heavy fine for harming even one feather of one prety head.

A bath in this beautiful dead sea is a pleasure never to be forgotten. You may lie upon your back, your arms outspread, in a foot of water or in fifteen. The water sustains you like a warm, soft bed. You cannot sink. Your only difficulty is to keep your feet down. You have only to remember that a drop of that supersaturated, transparent brine in the eyes, nose or ears is extremely painful, and that to swallow even a small quantity is dangerous. You come out in a delightful glow, and even after your shower bath will find salt crystals on the back of your head and over your ears.

Common salt is in the proportion of one pound to every seven pounds of water, and lime carbonate, lime sulphate, Epsom salts, and lime chloride of magnesia, are the solids present. The ocean averages about three per cent. salt, and Salt Lake twenty-two per cent. Some one with a turn for figures has estimated that there are 250,905,600,000 cubic feet of salt in the lake. At the present market value this would be worth \$105,483,296,000,

a very tidy sum. Loaded in box cars, ten tons to the car, you would have a train long enough to reach two hundred times around the earth.

Salt Lake is seventy five miles long, by an average of thirty broad, and covers an area of two thousand one hundred square miles. Thousands of tons of salt are evaporated from it every year, and sent to the cattle ranches of the West, the mines of Silverland, and to the refineries where it is prepared for the table. It seems to me the saltiest salt I ever tasted. A mine of wealth, it is also a mine of health, for the winds that blow over it bear away with them vigour to all the inhabitants of the valley. More than all, it is a spectacle of unique and majestic beauty, matchless, wonderful.

**Legend of the Vio.**

BY MARY LAMBERT.

Satan watched in jealous gloom  
While Noah planted the grape vine tree.  
Stealing out when all was done,  
He cried—"Sweet plant, thou art scarce begun;

Of evil things thou shalt have no scant,  
My own, my charming plant!  
Mine thou art, and mine shall be,  
And I will carefully nurture thee!"

Through a lion, hog and sheep,  
He plunged a dagger both swift and deep;  
Drawing forth the steaming blood,  
He bathed the vine in their gory flood.  
Each attribute to the living beast  
Within the plant increased,  
Christened by this motley tide,  
A mongrel crew in its veins abide.

Hidden 'neath a verdured crest,  
Its beastly baptism is manifest,  
Traces of this foster draught,  
Impregnated with all the vices quaffed.  
Flash out in glints from the ripened plant  
Like evil rays askant.  
Discord floats from out the fruit,  
Like voices hoarse from a strident flute.

He who drinks the garnered wine,  
Imbibes these traits from the deluged vine,  
Drinking light, with gentle thirst,  
Awakes the friendliest nature first.

That babbles forth in a bleating psalm—  
Just like a tethered lamb.  
Deeper draughts the traits will bring  
That make him growl like the forest king.

Deeper still, will bring him down  
Below the jest of the vilest clown.  
Quenchless flames of thirsting fires  
Consumed his soul with their base desires.

He wallows round in the sweeping bog—  
A woeful, filthy hog.  
Reason flies before the vine,  
Whose tendrils drip with the blood of swine!

Charming plant of nectared fire;  
A noble sprout of ignoble sire,  
Paying him most royally  
For all the care he bestowed on thee.  
Evil dreams that Satan weaves  
Deceitful lurk in thy trellised leaves;  
Luring by their vivid tone,  
Through meshy snares that are all his own.

A woman at the Presbyterian hospital at Canton, hearing of Christ, loving him, asked, "How long can I live if I remain in the hospital?" "Four months." "And how long if I go home?" "Two months," replied the doctor. "I am going home," she said. "But," urged the doctor, "you will lose half your life." "Do you not think I would be glad to give half my life for the sake of telling my people of Jesus?" And she went home.—C. E. World.

Mr. Charles E. Tripler, of New York, The Scientific American says, has accomplished the economical liquefaction of air in large quantities. He recently sent two and a half gallons of liquid air to Professor Barker, of the University of Pennsylvania. The latter found that a piece of tin thrust into the intensely cold liquid—311.8 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit—became as brittle as glass, but that copper and platinum were not thus affected. This suggests the proper metals from which vessels intended to contain liquid air should be made. The nitrogen of the air liquefies at a temperature several degrees below the point at which oxygen becomes liquid; consequently when liquid air is allowed to evaporate in an open dish the nitrogen vaporizes first, and what remains is mostly liquid oxygen, which possesses a characteristic blue colour. In Mr. Tripler's apparatus the air, after passing through three coils, each colder than the preceding, finally flows from the end of the last coil in a liquid stream.