



Which?

I passed to-night in the uptown row
A first-class saloon with its trappings and
show;

Pictures and hangings in the gaslight aglow—
A most fashionable place in the uptown row.

And I thought as I gazed, good neighbor mine,
Ah! which shall it be, my son, or thine,
To be lured by the music and poisoned with
wine?

Canst answer me not, good neighbor mine?

We voted for license, you and I,
But to-night, I feel troubled, I can't say why.
As I thought on the boys I breathed a deep
sigh—

But we voted for license, you and I.

Which shall it be in the years to come,
Shall be ragged and wretched and ruined with
rum.

Body diseased and brain power numb
Oh, which shall it be in the years to come?

You smile and say, 'Neither.' O neighbor, so
kind,

'Tis the reckless young fellow of unstable
mind,

With no kind of home training, in there that
you'll find.

Yes, and I'm glad you say 'Neither,' oh neigh-
bor, so kind.

And yet, I am thinking, he's somebody's son,
Some mother'll be wretched before it is done
By the course this same reckless young fel-
low's begun.

Yes, neighbor, I tell you, he's somebody's son.

To-night I'm so bothered I can't settle it so;
Do just what I will, I feel we don't know
Which one of our boys will be snared by the
show

Of that elegant place in the uptown row.

Neighbor, I say, you can't settle it so.

Talk as you please, you must feel you don't
know

Which boys in this town the down path may
go.

It seems most a pity we didn't say 'No.'
—Bessie O. Cushing in 'National Advocate.'

Man'el Hodge's Courtship.

A Professor and His Pupil.

(Mark Guy Pearse, in the 'Methodist Times'.)

Man'el Hodge—he was christened Emmanuel—was now forty years of age, and began to think that it was time to get settled in life, which meant that to his other worldly possessions he should add a wife. It took him at least a year to come to any well-defined opinion on the subject.

It was Tamson Gundry who first suggested it, and she had half-a-dozen marriagable daughters of her own at home.

Man'el was coming slowly along the field-path near to his house when Mrs. Gundry overtook him.

'Good mornin', Mrs. Gundry,' said Man'el, turning towards her.

'Which way are you a-going, then?' she asked, thinking she would walk that way too.

'I ben't going nowhere,' replied Man'el.

'But you must be going somewhere, Man'el,' laughed Mrs. Gundry, who was a quick-witted woman, as all the parish knew.

'No,' said Man'el, in his slow and melancholy way, 'I'm comin' back from where I been to.'

There was a pause. Then Mrs. Gundry began again:

'Man'el, you got a tidy little place of it here.'

'Iss, Mrs. Gundry; might be worse to be sure.'

'A good house and pretty garden.'

'Well, if you do come to think about it, I

suppose it is.' And Man'el looked as if it had never occurred to him before.

'And your own and all—no rent nor nothing.'

'Iss, 'tis my own, I believe.' Man'el never seemed to be quite sure of anything.

'And these here three meadows—you'm quite a landowner.'

'Well, iss, I s'pose, so far as it goes—might be more of it, though,' said Man'el, scratching his head.

'And so good a flock of sheep as anybody could wish for to see.'

'Well, iss—but there might be more of they, too, and no harm done.'

There was another pause. Then Mrs. Gundry turned from leaning on the gate and looked him full in the face.

'And you're a tidy man, Man'el, when you mind to—Sunday and berrin's and fair days—when you're dressed up.'

'Well, iss, I s'pose there's better and I s'pose there's worse,' and a ghost of a smile flickered about his lips.

'Well, Man'el, I tell 'ee, there's one thing you do want for to set 'ee up.'

'What's that, then, Mrs. Gundry?'

'Why, a wife.'

'To be sure!' said Man'el, and he scratched his head again. It helped him to collect his wits. 'But I never thought about it—dear, dear—a wife!'

'Well, good mornin, Man'el.'

'Good morning, Mrs. Gundry.'

Mrs. Gundry had gone some fifty yards when she turned and called back, 'You think about it, Man'el.'

'Iss, I will; good morning.'

One has seen beside the shore of a lake a birch tree bending down to find itself reflected in the still waters below, yet rooted in the cleft of a rock where seemed no soil, no nourishment, no possibility of life. Such was the unpromising ground into which Tamson Gundry's suggestion had fallen, yet there, too, had come the unfolding of the seed and its growth, until Man'el could see but one thing whichever way he looked. All that he had was undone for want of a wife. House and land and flock of sheep and Sunday attire seemed less than nothing without a wife.

But it was one thing to come to the starting point of a great decision and quite another to begin to act upon it.

'Take a wife!' mused Man'el. 'Tis aggravatin' talk, terrible aggravatin'—like as if they grow'd upon the hedge like blackberries to be had for the pickin'! 'Tis the terriblest job I ever come for to think about.' And Man'el perspired at the thought of so tremendous an undertaking.

Then it was that he turned in his perplexity to old Zacchy Tregeare, a man of experience in these things, whose three wives lay amicably together in the same grave, their names duly inscribed on the same tombstone. And Zacchy had observed with some satisfaction that there was room on the stone for yet another name in addition to his own; not seriously observed it, but it had occurred to him while standing at a neighbor's funeral.

It was one evening when the day's work was done that the pupil made his way to the professor.

'Zacchy,' began Man'el, 'I've a-come for to see 'ee.'

'Glad to see 'ee, Man'el,' puffed Zacchy, as he lit his pipe; 'sit down, will 'ee?'

'Tis serious, Zacchy,' said Man'el, poking his stick into the turf on the hearth.

'To be sure, grunted Zacchy, seating himself in the chair and leaning back in the attitude of a lawyer for whose opinion a client waits.

'Tis about a woman.'

'Aw—who is it, then?' And Zacchy put his head on one side and half closed his eyes.

'You see, you've a-had experience.'

'Buried three of 'em,' grunted Zacchy.

'However did 'ee manage it?' said Man'el, lifting his eyes to the master whose art he so admired.

'Manage it! Well, it don't want no managin' when they're dead, poor dears.'

'No, no—I mean to the beginning.'

'Aw—to the beginning. Well, you've a-got to marry 'em first of all—one to a time, of course.'

'Iss, of course; but before marryin'?'

'Why, you've got for to court 'em.'

'That's terrible hard work, I s'pose,' sighed Man'el.

'Not if you do understand it.'

'But if you don't?'

'Well, then, you can't, I s'pose; 'tis a thing that do want understanding, to be sure.'

'Could 'ee teach anybody, Zacchy, seeing you've a-had so much experience?'

'Well, maybe I might try, Man'el; iss, I might try.'

'De 'ee, then.' And Man'el poked his stick into the turf again.

Then Zacchy sat up and leaned on the arms of the chair as if ready for business.

'Have 'ee got anybody in your mind?'

'No, not particular,' said Man'el.

'Dear, dear,' puffed Zacchy; 'you'm a terrible long way off yet.'

'Women folks be like a passle o' sheep to me,' said Man'el. 'I can't never tell one from another.'

'To be sure! Well, well'—Zacchy's tone was one of amusement, 'why, there never was any two of 'em alike if you only got the understandin'—no two of 'em alike.' And Zacchy's thoughts wandered over the years of his experience.

'There's Tamson Gundry's daughters—they might be one, iss, the whole lot of 'em might be one and the same maid for all I can see,' and Man'el sighed. 'If I spoke to one this evening I should not know which one of 'em it was to-morrow.'

'Aw, dear,' said Zacchy, while a smile circled his lips but did not betray itself in his tone, 'that would be a terrible job to go courtin' six maids to once and thinkin' all the time it was only one.'

'Terrible,' groaned Man'el, proddin the turf more vigorously.

'Well, there's a cure for that, I reckon, said Zacchy, drawing the stem of his churchwarden from his mouth and puffing a cloud of smoke.

'Do 'ee think so, Zacchy?'

'The moral of it, so to speak, is this here—go where there is only one—and then you can't mistake.'

'Iss,' said Man'el, as if that did not avail him much unless the one could be found.

'Can't 'ee think of one all by herself, Man'el, just one for to begin with? Come now, do 'ee try.'

'They'm all alike to me,' sighed Man'el, 'zactly alike.'

Here was a deadlock and the lesson seemed ended, when Man'el began again.

'I've set my heart 'pon it, Zacchy; can't 'ee think of nothing?'

'Tis melancholy,' said Zacchy, thinking how easily he could have managed it.

'Iss, and a comfortable little place of my own and all,' said Man'el; 'you would think there might be one woman somewhere, wouldn't 'ee?'

(To be continued.)

A Great Surgeon's Motto.

Dr. Lorenz is pre-eminent among the surgeons of Europe. It is of interest, therefore, to note that on the occasion of his second visit to America during the past year, where his remarkable operations have attracted much attention, he emphatically declares the danger of alcoholic drinks. A banquet was given in his honor in New York City, and wine was served. The eminent guest declined it, and politely requested the waiter to bring him a cup of tea. This caused him to be asked if he were a total abstainer from the use of wines and other liquors. His answer was as follows:—'I cannot say that I am a temperance agitator, but I am a surgeon. My success depends upon my brain being clear, my muscles firm, and my nerves steady. No one can take alcoholic liquors without blunting these physical powers which I must keep always on edge. As a surgeon I must not drink.'

Rome Objects to Barmaids.

Because barmaids have been introduced into several hotels in Rome complaints are made that the city is being modernized and Anglicized. The barmaid, says an Italian paper, is the advance agent of the Prince of Darkness.

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