



### The Licensed Dog.

A man had a dog that was vicious and vile,  
He was ugly and black as could be;  
He bit every creature that came in his way,  
And he grew big and fat on the blood of his  
prey,  
Till people were frightened, but what could  
they say?  
The man kept the law, don't you see!

He paid his dog tax with so honest an air,  
You'd think him a saint in disguise;  
The people looked on and said: 'I declare,  
The life of that dog we must surely spare,  
We need all the taxes or else we'd despair'  
(And here they all groaned and looked wise).

'We must pay up the doctor and funeral bills—  
They've been very heavy of late;  
So many were bitten, so many have died,  
We need all the taxes,' those wiseacres cried;  
'We'll make them still higher, we'll not be  
denied;  
The man's love for his dog is so great.'

The owner consented with radiant smiles,  
And the dog, with permission given,  
Went on with his work of destruction and woe;  
And owner and dog the bolder did grow,  
Till the streets with the blood of the victims  
did flow,  
While their wailing ascended to heaven.

Then the people opened their eyes at last;  
'We've made a mistake,' they cry;  
'We must kill that dog, or our fate is sealed,  
We'll have that odious law repealed;  
The taxes haven't the matter healed;  
That blood-thirsty dog must die.'

So they went to work with a right good will  
(For the people's word was law),  
And that dog soon slept his last long sleep,  
And they buried him in a grave so deep  
That the thunder of ages might over him sweep  
But he never would move a paw.  
—'Waif.'

### Do Something to Stop It.

At the national meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Philadelphia, one of the members told the story of an unhappy mother, a wealthy woman, who wished to send a message to her son in prison. Said the speaker:

'She handed me a picture, and told me to show it to him.

'I said, "This is not your picture!"

'"Yes," she said, "that is mine before he went to prison; and here is one taken after I had had five years of waiting for Charley."

'I went with those two pictures to the prison. I called at an inopportune time. He was in the dark cell. The keeper said he had been in there twenty-four hours; but, in answer to my pleadings, he went down into that dark cell and announced a lady from his mother. There was no reply.

'"Let me step in," I said.

'There was just a single plank from one end to the other, and that was all the furniture; and there the boy from Yale College sat.

'Said I, "Charley I am a stranger to you, but I have come from your mother, and I shall have to go back and tell her that you did not want to hear from her."

'"Don't mention my mother's name here," he said. "I will do anything if you will go." As he walked along the cell, I noticed that he reeled.

'Said I, "What is the matter?"

'He said he hadn't eaten anything in twenty-four hours.

'They brought him something, and I sat down by him and held the tin plate on which was some coarse brown bread without any butter, and, I think, a tin cup of coffee. By and by, as we talked, I pressed into his hand his own mother's picture, and he looked at it and said:

"That is my mother. I always said she was the handsomest woman in the world."

'He pressed it and held it in his hands, and I slipped the other picture over it.

'"Who is that?" he asked.

'"That is your mother."

'"That my mother?"

'"Yes; that is the mother of the boy I found in a dark cell, after she had been waiting for five years to see him."

'"O God!" he cried, "I have done it! No, it is the liquor traffic that has done it! Why don't you do something to stop it?"—'Christian Mirror.'

### Little Kathleen's Problem.

(Evelyn M. Wood Lovejoy, in the 'Union Signal'.)

Kathleen Donahoe was twelve years old. Judging by her height, you would have really thought her to be not more than ten, but after a glimpse of her face with its look of care and anxiety, you would have said that she was already a woman; for even a little girl becomes a woman when she is set to solving a hard life-problem.

Kathleen's brother James was her problem. She had been his housekeeper for the past year, ever since their mother died. The neighbors said that James ought to put the little girl in some home where she could be properly cared for. She ought not to work so hard, they said, and that James was too fond of liquor, sometimes coming home in a dreadful condition. Kathleen told her brother the neighbors' talk.

'Shall you do it, Jimmie?' she asked, catching hold of his arm in her anxiety. For answer he took her on his knee.

'You do work too hard, Kathleen,' he said tenderly.

'No, I don't, Jimmie. I love to work. All the forenoon, I'm thinking how nice it'll be when you come home to dinner, and in the afternoon I have lots of time to rest. The evenings are the hardest, brother,' she half sobbed as she timidly patted his cheek.

'Yes, you're too much alone, Kathleen, but you know evenings is the only time I have to get a bit of enjoyment with my friends.'

'I know, Jimmie, but it isn't being alone, it's the—the fear—'

'The fear that I'll come home drunk. I know, Kathleen. The neighbors are right. I'm a brute, and not fit to take care of you. You must grow up a good girl, for mother's sake.' The tears filled her eyes.

'I'm trying, Jimmie, but don't you think you ought to be a good man for mother's sake? You are good, Jimmie—all but the drink,' she added, nestling against him, 'and I don't want to leave you. You won't bind me out, will you, dear Jimmie?' she piteously begged.

'No,' answered he, strong with a new resolve. 'Kathleen, I'm going to try to be a good brother to you—and let rum alone. It'll be a tough fight, but you must help me, little sister, won't you?'

'I will! I will!' she promised eagerly, 'and I'll ask God to help you, too, Jimmie.'

She fulfilled her promise. For two or three days James contentedly remained at home in the evening, and seemed to enjoy himself with reading and games, then he became restless, and Kathleen tried in every way to interest him and keep him from the saloon. She invited young people to play games, and she gave them lemonade or some other refreshment. Occasionally she went with him to a neighbor's to spend the evening, still he grew more and more gloomy, and finally he took to walking nervously about the room after his supper. Poor Kathleen! how she prayed, talking to God as she would talk to her mother, and begging him to tell her how she could save her brother.

Two weeks went by, and the time came when the drink craze was at its maddening height. James had eaten no supper. His eyes were glittering, and his hands shook from the strain of the battle. He snatched up his hat.

'I'm going out for a minute,' he said hoarsely, moving toward the door.

Kathleen hurriedly brought him a cup of strong coffee from the table.

'Drink this first, Jimmie, dear,' she pleaded.

With a shamed face he gulped it down, and sank into a chair, where he sat for some minutes with his face in his hands. Kathleen crept up to him, and putting one arm round his

neck, began to stroke his hair. For a half hour he was quiet, then he suddenly jumped to his feet, and without waiting for his hat he darted out of the door.

With a low cry Kathleen ran after him. She must save him! She must! The good God would let her save him somehow. James was running straight for the one saloon which the place held. Could she catch him? She must—she must! Panting for breath, sobbing and praying, on she ran. She heard not the shouts in the street—her eyes were on her brother, getting nearer and nearer that awful saloon. He was too frenzied to heed the shouts, but a girl's piercing cry of agony and despair made him halt and turn about. The next moment he was beside the unconscious form of little Kathleen, who had been knocked down by a runaway horse.

Back to their home he bore her, and laid her on her own little bed, nor would he let any one touch her except the surgeon, although many sympathetic neighbors came to help.

'How is it, doctor?' asked James huskily. There was no reply for a moment, while the surgeon took up his medicine case and opened it.

'The head escaped miraculously, and no bones are broken except the leg. We might manage that, if it were not for these wounds and the shock. A collapse is probable, but I cannot positively tell until she recovers consciousness.'

When the eyelids at last unclosed and she saw James bending over her, she smiled, although shaken with pain.

'Did you go into the saloon, Jimmie?' she whispered.

'Oh, Kathleen! Kathleen!' he groaned.

'Did you, Jimmie?' she persisted in a weaker whisper.

'No, little sister,' he answered, and saw a heavenly smile light up the pinched face at his assuring words.

'God did let me—save you, dear Jimmie,' she murmured with prophetic joy. Then she drew his hand to her lips and kissed it.

A few minutes later the tearful watchers heard her faintly ask as her eyes again opened: 'What shall I tell—mother, Jimmie?'

'Tell her,' he said, choking back the sobs, 'that with God's help I'll never touch another drop of liquor.'

Those who heard him, and knew his after life, believe that in that supreme moment a new manhood was born within James Donahoe.

'With—God's—help,' the smiling lips tried to repeat. A joy not of earth transfigured her face, and little Kathleen had gone to her new home.

### Heart Beats.

Dr. N. B. Richardson, of London, the noted physician, says he was recently able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar by a simple experiment. The scholar was singing the praise of the 'ruddy bumper,' and saying he could not get through the day without it, when Dr. Richardson said to him:

'Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?' He did so. I said, 'Count it carefully; what does it say?' 'Your pulse says seventy-four.' I then sat down in a chair and asked him to count it again. He did so and said: 'Your pulse has gone down to seventy.' I then laid down on the lounge and said: 'Will you take it again?' He replied, 'Why, it is only sixty-four; what an extraordinary thing!' I then said: 'When you lie down at night that is the way nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent; if you reckon it up it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by sixty and it is 600; multiply it by eight hours and, within a fraction, it is 5,000 strokes difference; and as the heart is throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of 30,000 ounces of lifting during the night.'

'When I lie down at night without any alcohol that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take your wine or grog you do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting this rest you put on something like 15,000 extra strokes, and the result is you rise the next day very seedy and unfit for the next day's work till you have taken a little more of the "ruddy bumper," which you say is the soul of man below.'