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Ayer's Sarsaparilla

THE CYNIC ON WEDDINGS. HE REPORTS A CONVERSATION THAT TOOK PLACE IN THE PACKER FAMILY.

Chicago Tribune. "Not going out to-night," queried Mr. Packer, as he drew his chair up to the open grate fire and lit a cigar.

"No, not to-night," replied Mrs. Packer languidly as she leaned back in her comfortable chair and shielded her face from the fire with her hand.

"Why, John," said Mrs. Packer, almost forgetting to be languid in her manner, "I suppose he's got some money saved up."

"O, he has," vouchsafed Miss Maude. "And we needn't entertain after we're married."

"I'm," acquiesced Mrs. Packer. "Maude understands that Mr. Wilkins is not rich, and has determined to settle down after marriage."

"Think of your position, John." "O, yes, I had forgotten that."

"Our only daughter must be married in a manner befitting our station." Mr. Packer relapsed into silence.

"Mary, I have a proposition to make, and there's a good deal of good common sense about it. Let Maude be married in the church. Let her invite her friends to the ceremony, but do away with all the trimmings. Give up the receptions at the house, the wedding breakfast, and all that. In fact let her have a quiet common sense marriage and I'll make her a wedding present of \$3,000."

"I'd rather give it to her than the caterer, the florist and all the other Mr. Packer has been so slow straightening herself up, and now she sat bolt upright in her chair."

"John, are you crazy?" she asked. "Do you want me to be married like a common girl of no position?" asked Miss Maude.

"O, well, if you prefer to have the display," said Mr. Packer. "Display, John!" cried Mrs. Packer, actually excited. It is no display. It is simply the elegance that our position demands. What would people say if our daughter were married in that slipshod way? I could hold up my head. I wouldn't dare meet Mrs. Brown on the street. I'd be mortified to death."

"Very well, my dear, very well. Go ahead and get up your wedding. I don't know much anyway outside the business."

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, at the corner of Third-fourth street and Third avenue, a delivery wagon, loaded down with roofing papers and drawn by a galloping horse, dashed up to the sidewalk and stopped. In a moment it was surrounded with a shouting, struggling crowd of newsboys, as thick as a swarm of flies around a sugar barrel.

Every one of the youngsters tried to get his papers on the instant, for the sooner he got them the more he could sell, and every moment they meant the loss of so many pennies.

Passers by stopped and looked on, amused at the struggles of the boys, and some quite stretched before them, came through Third-fourth street, passed on the Third avenue curbstone. He evidently wanted to cross the street, but feared to undertake it alone, for horse cars, trucks, beer wagons and other dangerous vehicles were passing in a constant procession.

At that moment a newsboy dashed diagonally across the avenue in the direction of the new wagon. He was a bright eyed, wide awake little fellow, and one of his rosy cheeks was almost as bright as the sun. The blind man, behind him, had nearly reached the wagon when he happened to look back and saw the laughing little fellow, and, without a moment's hesitation, and without a word, he started back. He reached the blind man's side, took him by the arm, and said cheerily, "Come along, pop."

He had scooped him safely across the street, and he had brought his "Tallyho" after nearly all the other boys had received theirs.

The promptness with which he took in the situation, and the instant relief of the blind man, letting his own interest go when time was money to him, and the matter of course air with which the thing was done, were simply astonishing. One would have thought he had been waiting for the blind man, and that the whole affair had been pre-arranged.

Utterly unconscious of having done anything in the least degree remarkable, this little fellow, who was hurrying away with his bundle of papers, and making up for lost time when I hailed him. I bought two copies of every newspaper he had, gave him a quarter and told him to keep the change.

"What for?" he demanded in surprise, and looking at me suspiciously. "For helping that blind man."

"Who?" he inquired with a puzzled air. The young fellow had actually almost forgotten his "Tallyho" that day! Oh, that's the way. 'Spos I'd take money for dat!"

And his lips curled contemptuously, and I felt it done a mean thing that he had failed to count someone's pennies changed into my hand.

But he was only a newsboy, and a ragged and dirty one at that.

Deacon Berry's Protest. Deacon Berry went into the commissioner's office, where licenses for selling liquor are sold. He was off in one corner, reading Bishop McMillan's tract on "High License." Being a little hard of hearing he failed to note correctly what the next applicant for license said, but he thought he heard the following:

"Mr. Commissioner, I want a license to get drunk for a year, and make myself dangerous to my neighbors. I'll commit, and I want to pay for it in advance. What's the bill?"

"The honor of \$100," was the reply. "The max took the license and deacon Berry was paralyzed with horror. Coming up to the desk he said: "Is it really possible that you let a man commit a crime by paying his fine in advance? With a state of morals we have reached it seems to me the avenging hand of justice must be seen, Shame! Everlasting shame and contempt on such laws!"

"You don't understand," said the clerk. "The man does not want a license to do wrong; he simply wants a license to make other people commit crime. He himself is a very moral man. My license I just received is needed to pay damages arising from—"

"From what?" shrieked the deacon. "From the liquor he sells," said the clerk. "In fact," continued the clerk, "out of every \$17 damage from liquor, we make the dealers pay one by the way of a tax—some pay it license."

"And the penalty?" said the deacon. "Pay the \$10," was the calm reply. The deacon put the tract in the stove and started deep-sighing, saying, "Lead me not into temptation, and if the will of Thy Kingdom demands that I should refuse to lead others into it, I should my party lose a vote, yet I say, True and righteous are thy ways altogether. O Lord."

The bravest battle that ever was fought, Shall I tell you where and when? On the map of the world you'll find it; 'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with the cannon or battle shot, Nay, not with sword or noble pen; From mouth of wonderful men.

But it up in the walled up woman's heart— Of woman that would not yield— Lo! there is the battlefield.

No marauding troop, no bivouac tent, No banner to gleam amid waves; But O, these battles! they last so long— From babyhood to the grave.

Nine hundred persons in Kingston have signed a petition asking for a reduction in the number of licenses issued. Since it started 23 years ago, the National Temperance Society has paid out \$20,000 to women for writing temperance literature.

Intemperance is an implacable and fierce foe of the human race. He can keep it from the war, pestilence, famine and disease combined.

It is high time for the State and the Church to rise in determined and united opposition to this horrid, cruel and destructive monster.

The Grand Council of the Royal Templars of Temperance in convention at Winnipeg, have protested against the introduction of the license system into the Northwest Territory.

A beer saloon near the landing of the Deer Island boat and the East Boston ferry has been metamorphosed into a coffee and reading room under the auspices of the Boston Y. W. C. T. U.

Shakespeare never hit more surely home with a shaft of truth than when he made one of his characters exclaim, "O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hadst no devil to be known by, let us nail thee to the cross!"

The W. C. T. U. and Ministerial Association of Bellville, Canada, are laying their heads together with a view to securing the election of a Temperance City Council for next year. The practical end that it is hoped to attain is a substantial reduction in the number of licenses.

A writ has been served on Mr. Herber, Commissioner of the Northwest Mounted Police, charging him with importing into the Northwest Territories and having in his barracks near Regina a thousand gallons of beer without permission of the Lieutenant-Governor.

A very strong petition in favor of total prohibition has been received from the Council of the County of Ontario. It has been signed by 1,000 persons, and having in its ranks men of position and of a large number of people, and is bringing misery to many homes.

As a liquor is used in any form as a beverage, it constitutes a danger to the health of the community, and will result in injury and misery that result from drink. The municipal council of Lambton petitioned in similar terms. Three petitions from municipal councils in favor of prohibition have now reached Parliament.

At Tatamagouche, the capital of Madagascar, Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, the W. C. T. U. "round the world" missionary, recently addressed an audience of 1,500 natives, the lecture being translated by an interpreter. The Tamative paper gives a verbatim account in several columns, and thanks God for the arrival of "that grand woman, Madam Mary Clement Leavitt of the United States."

"In describing a later address at Malaga, the reporter says a word which he says that the question, 'How many would join the total abstinence movement?' was asked. We also told that in response to this question a forest of sturdy arms darkened the air."

A rainy night, and Twenty-third street was almost deserted. A young woman was hastening upon her way, when she saw before her on the muddy walk a bright circle of gold, a ring. She stopped to pick it up; a man coming from the opposite direction saw it also, and at the same moment leaped forward to reach it. The lady gave way; the man, upon rising, politely said: "Here is your ring, madam."

"No, no, it is not mine," said the lady. "Then it is your find," replied the man. "If I think it is yours," returned the lady. "Well, I don't want it," said he. "No, I," said she. "So, it does not fit me at all; it is a lady's ring," he said.

"Perhaps your wife might like it," said she. "My wife is dead," said he. "Can't you give it to some one else," said she. "No, madam, I don't care for it. You keep it. Just give me a quarter to buy a couple of cigars, and it will be all right."

The lady hesitated for only a moment—a cheap ring, surely, it will sell for \$2, at least; and that will buy—and a vision of gloves, jewelry and tidies "dipped through her brain." "Ah, yes, here is your quarter," said she, as she suddenly withdrew her hand, and slipping the ring upon her finger to keep it safe, hurried away.

"How happy you look," said her husband, as she was removing her wraps. "Do I? Well, I'm in luck."

"I've found something very valuable," said she, drawing off the ring and handing it to him, "and have had a very interesting experience." While his brows were drawn together in critical examination of the treasure she related the episode as it occurred, not even leaving out the extra ten cent piece.

He threw back his head with a hearty laugh and said: "The thing is brass. That was a fraud elegantly played." "Oh, it can't be," said she, faintly. "But it is, my dear."

"Then I shall write to the papers, and other unsuspecting women shall be warned."

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