OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE PRICE OF A DRINK. BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"Five cents a glass!" Does any one think That that is really the price of a drink? Five cen's a glass," I hear you say. "Why, that isn't very much to pay. Ah, no, indeed; 'tis a very small suin You are passing over 'twixt finger and

And if that were all that you gave away, It wouldn't be very much to par.

The price of a drink? Let him decide Who has lost his courage and lost his pride, And lies a grovelling heap of clay, Not far removed from a beast, to-day.

The price of a drink! Let that one tell Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell, And feels within him the fires of hell. Honor and virtue, love and truth, All the glory and pride of youth, Hopes of manhood, the wreath of fame, High endeavor and noble aim, These are the treasures thrown away As the price of a drink, from day to day.

Efive cents a glass!" How Satan laughed As over the bar the young man quaffed The beaded liquor; for the demon knew The terrible work that drink would do; And ere the morning the victim lay With his life-blood swiftly ebbing away; And that was the price he paid, alas!
For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

The price of a drink! If you want to know What some are willing to pay fer it, so
Through that wretched tenement over there
With dingy windows and broken stair,
Where foul disease, like a vampire, crawls With outstretched wings o'er the mouldy

There poverty dwells with her hungry breed, Wild-eyed as deer ons for lack of food; There shame in the corner crouches low; There violence deals its cruel blow; And innocent ones are thus accursed To pay the price of another's thirst.

"Five cents a glass!" Oh, if that were all, The sacrifice would, indeed, be small! But the money's worth is the least amount We pay; and wnoever will keep account Will learn the terrible waste and blight That follows the ruinous appetite.

"Five cents a glass!" Does any one think?

That that is really the price of a drink?

—N. O. Christian Advocate.

SAMUEL TUCKER'S SEC-OND WOOING.

Although Farmer Tucker had long dreamed of a visit to Chautauqua, when he actually found himself at that Mecca of devout excursionists, early last August, the brawny man was tempted to doubt his own identity. The holiday surroundings were wholly unlike anything to which he was accustomed in his prosy New England home; the rich, crowded first entered the auditorium, and saw that rustic amphitheatre crowded with thousands of people listening breathlessly to the full, sweet tones of the grand organ, his cramped, selfish heart was strangely touched and expanded. For an instant the wish crept in that he had asked Jane if she would like to come too. But there was not much time for his own thoughts, for as the music ceased a white-haired speaker arose and was introduced to the audience as Mr. John B. Gough.

At this announcement Samuel Tucker's satisfaction was too great to be kept to himself, and he said half aloud to his next neighbor: "Well now, I am beat to think I'm going to hear the man I've wanted to see for more'n gave an amused little laugh, but it fell unheeded upon the unsophisticated speaker whose attention was already caught by the

Mr. Gough commenced his brief descriptions. The story was of a man who applied for a divorce, and was advised by his eminent lawyer to try the effect of making love to his wife as he had done before marrying her, instead of resorting to the measure he had proposed. It included also an account of a later visit when the happy husband withdrew his aplike a charm, "that "Sally had become as amiable and affectionate a wife as a man could ask to have."

Mr. Gough's representation of the scene drew forth prolonged applause; but Samuel Tucker's interest was of too serious a nature to permit of his joining in the laughter. As if unconscious, for the moment of the multitude about him, he said in an undertone: "I'd be willing to take my oath that wouldn't work with Jane. All I bave to say is, that mine; I'd as soon think of feeding care so much about it!" surrup to a mummy as to begin

sparking again with her. of reasoning did not wholly discare enough about me to come. ain't no better made boots in Albaye nraved for my law often ways looks glot whom he made no reply and soon. have prayed for my law often ways looks glot whom he made no reply and soon.

listening to a concert or gazing I've made an awful botch of our petition we sent up about the with throngs upon the illumination married life; if you're a mind to bank; I thought they were just But how thankful was I that But Tommy's mother always ed fleet, the far-away husband was forgive me, I'll see if I can treat the meanest, awkwardest, cheap- from one whom I knew he loved says, "Oh, no! he's a very good rejentlessly followed by a vision you from to-day as a woman est looking things a man ever and revered such words had come boy;" and she wonders how her of hard-worked Jane, looking ought to be treated." At length he quieted his conforthe weeping wife, and she ans you see, and it didn't take well. words that he could read, as evi- Chinaman's kitchen. science with the determination to prove that his estimate of his wife bit more to blame than I am; I've out at the sides an' up at the toes I'll see they won't have no more effect on her than they would on broken, and that afternoon Farmmind to it."

On reaching home the resolution was not easily carried out. When Mr. Tucker planned some gallantry towards his wife, the very thought made him feel so unnatural and foolish that postponement resulted; but the Sabbath offered an opportunity so convenient that he improved it.

The farm was nearly a mile from church, yet Samuel Tucker had for years been in the habit of driving back alone after the forenoon service, leaving his wife to attend the Sabbath-school, and then walk home as best she could through mud or dust. Great was Mrs. Tucker's astonishment, therefore, on the Sabbath after her husband's return, to find him waiting for her at the close of the Bible service. The faintest suspicion that he had driven back to the church for her did not cross the good woman's mind; she supposed he had business with some of the brethren, and was hesitating whether to walk on as usual or to suggest waiting for him, when the farmer called out, "It's jest as cheap to ride as walk." Silently the wife took her seat in the buggy, and silently they drove home, much to the husband's satisfaction, for it seemed to him a proof of the woman's dull, unappreciative nature. "She didn't act pleased, but was only dazed like as I knew she would be," he muttered as he went about his midday "chores."

At the same time Mr. Tucker was conscious of having performed a most praiseworthy act, and and commendable days of Mrs. programme was in striking con- felt so comfortable that he resolv. Hayes at the White House. The trast to the dull monotony of ed to repeat the experiment. So correspondent says: "Overeatfarm life. When this son of toil on the following Sabbath, Jane ing and overdrinking at recepaudible "thank you," and to ask long. To which Mr. Tucker rechurch, and didn't know but he might find she had started on foot. had really returned for the sole her chilled heart glowed with a warmth unknown for years. She longed to tell her husband how much she appreciated his trouble, but imagined it would sound "so foolish," that she kept her pleasure to herself.

The third Sabbath was rainy, and as she washed the breakfast twenty years." The young lady dishes Mrs. Tucker kept thinking, "I wonder if Samuel means to come for me this noon; it would be such a help in the rain; I'm half a mind to ask him." resolution was soon stifled, however, with the reasoning which lecture with one of his inimitable | had silenced many similar resolves in the past ten years; "No. I won't ask no favors; if he don't think enough of me to come, why he needn't." Although proud ly unwilling to seek any atter.tions. Jane longed for some demonstration of her husband's love and care; she had walked home in the rain too often greatly to dread such exposure; but a week plication; and, fairly dancing before, the wife had tasted the with his wife, "to get used to the folds would scarcely hang towith glee, assured the lawyer joy of being considered, and long- the ways of the world 'arly. It gether. The longer one had been boy. He has long, narrow eyes that his experiment had worked ed for some new and further proof comes awkward to a man after he of her companion's affection.

> the tears flowed so fast that fur- going to get on in the world." ther words were impossible.

"I wouldn't mind the walk."

train of thoughts and possibilities away a tear from his own cheek good work, every stitch on't. And have railed by without witnessing train of thoughts and possibilities away a tear from his own cheek good work, every stitch on't. And have railed by without witnessing train of thoughts and possibilities away a tear from his own cheek good work, every stitch on't. And have railed by without witnessing train of thoughts are good work, every stitch on't. suggested by the lecturer's story. now: his tenderer, better nature they're all right for church his consecration to the Master by no good plate black (break), other meaning and from In every treat of the following was mastering the hard, selfish at Skendoah meettn'-house, too. his consecration to the Master, boy no good, play, bleak (break) to ther amusements as well, that

was correct. "When I go back," been proud and obstinate; but I an' were run over at the heel till impress on his life. Oh, if teach- a very pleasant playmate he he said to himself, "I'll show the tell you what it is, we'll begin all I thought every one in the room ers and friends would do this makes, too.

the old bay mare. Jane's bound to be sullen and obstinate, and I sup- talk over the past and the future. governor, jest as homely a man be bern into the kingdom? come back to earth. Tong and pose I may as well make up my And in the evening when they meeting to be held in the neigh- biggern' mine, great, long, flat sion and are soon forgotten. But, form of a bird. It had gold eyes, boring school-house, the renewed husband stopped and kiss- saw except Harry Clay's-I shall penciled lines from one loved and It was done on Friday, and on ed his wife, saying: "Jane, I've never forget his. As I say, the respected are carefully treasured, been a-thinking that married life ain't so very different from farming or any other occupation. Now I ain't such a fool as to think a field will keep a yielding if I only a patch on the toe of one of 'em, enrich it once and plant it once; I have to go over the same round every season; and here I supposed you was a going to always do as you did when we were a courting, without doing my part at all."

"If I hadn't changed any, maybe you would always have been as tender as you used to be,'

pleaded the happy wife. "Perhaps so, and perhaps not; but I don't mean to leave you to try no such plan. I tell you what it, is, Jane, I feel as if we hadn't | Only a robin singing, never been really married till today. It most seems as if we ought to take a wedding tower."

"I'm afraid we'll have to wait till next summer for that," was the smiling response.

"I suppose we shall, but we'll take it then, certain; and I'll tell you where we'll go, wife-that's to Chautauquy!"—Congregration-

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

It would appear from a recent Washington letter to the Pittsburgh Despatch that a marked change has come over Washington society since the memorable again found her husband in wait- tions and parties are among the ing, and as she mounted the high most common torms of dil-breedbuggy, ventured to utter a half ing, and the way in which some 'swell' people gorge themselves Samuel if he had been waiting at the supper-table would make a cannibal blush." Among the ilplied that he had just reached the | lustrations cited the writer mentions a recent instance of one of these society "swells" who, while itive assurance that her husband | lady whose escort he was for "another ice and some more winepurpose of taking her home; and | jelly," himself "went over to the side board and swallowed in succession six glasses of wine which had been poured out for somebody else!" It was a noteworthy fact that, so potent was the restraining influence of Mrs. Hayes, as the wife of the President of the United States, not only did society leadors in Washington in many instances omit wine altogether. from their entertainments, or greatly limit its quantity, but the liquor-dealers themselves complained of a marked falling off in their sales. With the return of wines, and the introduction of New York club life to the White House, the disgraceful social customs chronicled in the letter from which we quote again become conspicuous in the nation's capi-

CULTURE.

squire, talking over the proposal gets grown up and has reached Mrs. Tucker's heart leaned for the top of the ladder the Lord joy, when, at noon, she saw the has set afore him to climb, to be old mare's head from the lecture- brought into company with those room window. Indeed, her hun- that were born somewhere about gering heart suddenly became the top rungs. It must take a accept Jesus as his Saviour, to to wash dishes, and kelp her about In the first place my mother quite unmanageable, and entering deal of trouble to get used to serthe carriage, poor, melted Jane vants and forms and ceremonies ner of the cross. And in closing old, and so small that he has to of my doing it, and that would sobbed out: "I'm sure it's very then. But they're the very things she commended him most earnest stand up on a box to reach the hurt me. Then," she added (and good of you Samuel, to come back a man's got to know—and not on- ly to the loving care of his dish-pan; but he is very quick it cost her a good deal to say this).

" Marty is a well-behaved boy," Completely taken by surprise, said the mother, half resenting Mr. Tucker exclaimed: "I de- the idea that any training could | man's wife was different from clare! I hadn't no idee you'd be better than that of Paradise

Bay. responded the wife, "but—Sam- good stuff in him, too. But he's barrier to all interchange of man, that he eatis his cousin. It would seem that this course uet-I'm so happy to have you - like my Sunday boots. There thought on religious subjects? This cousin comes to see him

model of the Holy Land, when choking, he said: "Jane, I see governor's house to present that tongue has refused to articulate a little Tong trembles in his woodwore. I had them blacked at the to him! Yet more thankful that own Tommy would get along upon him with reproachful eyes. This confession was all too much hotel, but they warn't used to it, they had been written words— washing dishes in some rich

must be lockin' at them, and when oftener-would embody their He once made a wonderful kite as ever looked over a stump fence, Spoken words, however earnest, Tommy were in despair. with feet as much as three sizes oftentimes make little impresmud-splashers, the biggest I ever governor sat there among all them great ladies and gentlemen with jest the commonest kind of boots not more'n half-blacked and but I tell you, Martha, they looked as if they'd just grown there. They were used to it, you seeused to it. That makes the difference and just about all the difference, Martha, whether its with men or boots."—Our Continent.

ONLY A LITTLE SUNBEAM. Only a little, sunbeam. But it fell on an op'ning rose

Only a tiny rain-drop, But it helped a green leaf unclose But the song reache Only a lovely blossom,

But its mission was one of love Only a gentle hand clasp, But it made grateful tear-drops start; Only a look of pity, But it fell on an aching heart.

Only a kind word spoken,
But it reached a poor outcast one,
Only a word that told her Of the dear loving Father's Son;

Only the crv, "Forgive me!" But the Saviour approving smiled, Only an outcast praying, But the Father calls her his child.

IN MY BOYS POCKET.

home from college for his holiday vacation, he brought me his coat, pointing significantly to certain palling as an earthquake shock pieces and stick of braid in my yet lost!" lap, equipped for the renewing process; quietly happy, too, in the house.

hours, mentally commenting the ultimate success of the voyage is the middle of it she plunged, and while on the improved appearance assured. of my boy, and wondering if other eyes than those of his mother would note the change. Then, as I turned the coat over to see if anything more was needed in the way of repairs, two letters fell out of the breast pocket. The envelopes were soiled and worn through on the edges, but the face still showed Fred's name in the delicate tracery of a woman's hand. Of course I read the letters-what mother would not?then, with tears of gratitude I thanked God for having given my boy such a friend. They were notes Fred had received before leaving home from one who for three years previous had been his Sunday school teacher, and he "It's a good thing," said the had carried them with him, and had read them over and over mil written shortly before he had left and a round face. His hair is for college, and was brimming shaved off his head, except on the with affectionate solicitude in crown, where it grows long, and view of the temptations that is braided with red silk into a would beset him in his new life. queue. Tenderly she pleaded with him to was just such a letter as I, his anything.

-that so often between parent to go back and see her. and child, even the most tenderly Nobody seems to care for him "Of course he is," and he's got attached, there grows up such a except a tall, cross-looking ('bina-

many times re-read, and often produce the happiest results.

solved to say nothing to Fred or hour. to any one else about the matter, but anticipating with a sort of satisfaction the warm grasp of my. the hand with which I should greet Miss B., when next we met, because of her interest in my boy. -Christian Union.

" ALMOST BUT LOST."

How important it is to sail on ship which has the Master on board. Some years ago a minister, now preaching in New York city, was preaching in Liverpool. England. It became there his duty one evening to bring a message of sadness to the wife of the first mate of a steamer, the Royal Charter. The ship had gone round the world in safety, and had reach- underneath. ed Queenstown, where its arrival was telegraphed to Liverpool. When two or three hours out of Liverpool the ship was ovewhelmed with sudden calamity, and over four hundred persons perished. Among them was the unfortunate officer. The minister, who brought the dreadful intelligence to the wife, found her sitting in her parlor, with the table spread, The morning after Fred came and all things in preparation for the anxiously expected return of her husband. The news was aprents in the lining and to the worn and the woman, with a look of binding on sleeves and front. The inexpressible grief on her face,

boy, whose three months' absence Many a soul is stranded in the when the newsboy came in. This reply seemed to Jane a post obeying the request of a young as well as upon everything else in gains the heavenly port. Jesus once said to a man : "Thou art Fred, meantime, had donned his not far from the kingdom of God." best suit, given me a good-by kiss, and yet we do not learn that the and sauntered out to greet "the man ever entered in. Be sure that you are on a vessel that has | made the book the boy left in her Busily I stitched away for two Jesus aboard, and the safety and seat look very attractive. Into

GUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE "WHINES." There was a little boy, We'll call him Norman Guines, He had a very strange complaint, His dector called it whines.

His mother had him treated In many different ways, But still the fearful malady Lasted through the Winter days,

And then there came the Spring-time, So bright, so warm, and gav : Just like the little birds and bees, This boy went out to play. Just haw it came about.

We never quite could tell. But while the birds were singing This little boy got well.

TONG WING.

Tong Wing is a little Chinese

heavenly Father. In short, it and handy, and hardly ever breaks

away off in China, and he hopes

recture, in the museum or by the him, and with some coughing and them boots when I went into the speak to him of these things, my And then he scowts until poor tion.—Young Reader.

It m

abro:

of th

grea Heb

them The

diale

those

Gie

the

it.of

nen

W.18

11.

112.4

Con

plan

t1-11

OWA

lirat

Onr.

that

come

the P

at one

amon

Even

one c

ness (

firm:

differ

in the

shown

gree o

tian p

far as

ence o

ment

make

far as

ed nat

concil

waive

the ca

acted

The c

selves

bably

perfor

they

and

was o

laritie

they a

tindi

affairs

thems

III) II 18

o'her

ITL: D 8

en by

ers.

confi

Churc

rathe

Carte

111 13 0

bave

Cau

tant

Bylle

VILLE

place

of the

as p 15

to that

be well

Too

the A

should

way h

Cudist

to be

pulath

41.5:4

likelyt

BHILLIAM

12 To

tilost.

be since

By dir

they m

med.

Curist

fallsa

its spi

ing on

and

CITCHI

Severe

trons

are S

L. L.

ti Had

11:00

1 -

CL

In. tits

der st

at

Utit

Tong made a new one, in the with the young especially, a few and red, blue, and yellow feathers. Saturday morning the wind was just right. Tong wanted to go right out for the wind might go Replacing the letters in the down but he had his dishes to pocket, I hung the coat away, re- wash, and it would take him an

> " Leave 'em on the table. Tongy; ma won't care!" said Tom-

But Tong shook his head, and looked sad.

"You go up stairs; me do 'em welly (very) quick," he said. And when Tommy had gone, he piled them up in the closet, on the floor, and covered them over with the tig clothes basket. Then he coiled his queue around his head, called Tommy, and off they skipped, holding the kite between

them. When Tommy's mother came down stairs to see about lunch. she saw the basket in that unusual place. She was very much surprised to find the dirty dishes

Tong stayed out longer than he intended, and when he came in he was frightened to find the basket gone and the dishes wash-

His round face was very long, as he said to Tommy's mother, " You tell my cousin?"

"No," said his kind mistress, ' but you must not do that again, Tong.

And Tong never has been naughty since. - Our Little Ones.

THE RIGHT KIND.

It was an express train with demand was not an unexpected with an anguish too deep for coly half a dozen stops for the one, and I was soon seated in the tears, could but seize the minis- day. Elsie Lee had a ticket for little sewing chair, with a work ters hands with both of hers and the last stopping place. It was basket on one side, and a roll of exclaim :- "O, so near home, and rather tiresome for the young girl, riding hour after hour with no one Have you ever thought how to speak to. The country was near one may reach the harbor of lovely, to be sure, but Elsie was having semething to do for my heaven, and yet be forever lost? lonely for all that, and was glad

Nothing but "dailies!" She cared for none of these. Then he came with a pile of books. Perhaps here was something to wear away the monotony of the ride. Pretty covers and engravings not until he came back and twice asked for it did Elsie realize that she was absorbed in the very class of book her mother had never allowed her to read. She closed it quickly, vexed to think she had read it for one moment when she found what it was.

"Good morning, Miss Elsie!" sounded at that moment a familiar voice. "Why Walter! How came you

here?" Elsie exclaimed. "Have been in the other car until now, never dreamed I had a friend so near. I thought you were going to buy a book as I came

in. Didn't it suit you ?" "No," said Elsie. "It was one of those wonderful stories that we know could never happen-quite unlike real life, that mother says profit no one, and she does not like me to read."

"And you think reading one would hurt you?" "Yes."

Walter laughed a little incredulous laugh.

Elsie was pained, but she said Tommay's mother keeps Tong bravely, "I'll tell you Walter. "If I had got excited over, that book-as I am sure I should if I mother, had longed to write him He says he has a dear mother had read it through-my hour of devotion in my closet to-night Why is it—can any one tell? to save enough money some time would have been sadly broken up. If I read exciting things I want to read the right kind-those that

miss from the farmer's mind a The strong man was brushing bany than them—good stock and with agonizing cries as the years. I do not wonder for he always and many and dys—at sacred service or popular spirit which had long possessed But you just ought to have seen sneak to him of these things my And than he seems until next time. I which had long possessed but you just ought to have seen sneak to him of these things my And than he seems until next time.

excite me to better thoughts and