

them; there is a short interchange of ribald jests and foul oaths; then a quarrel and a shower of blows.

Down from one dark court rings a cry of murder, and a woman, her face hideously gashed, makes across the narrow road pursued by a howling madman. It is only a drunken husband having a row with his wife. Far into the small hours such cries will ring out; now that of an injured wife, now that of a drunken fool trapped into a den of infamy to be robbed and hurried into the street by the professional bully who resides on the premises. As you pass the open doors of some of the houses you may hear a heavy thud and a groan, and then stillness. It is only a drunken man who staggering up the stair-case to his attic, has missed his footing and fallen heavily.—*London News*.

A COFFIN BUT NO HEARSE.

Was the heading of a local in the *Baltimore American* of July 10th.

It told the sad story of a dead baby, a broken-hearted mother and a drunken husband and father.

The mother waiting at home by her dead child, the father out borrowing money to pay the funeral expenses.

The father returns with the money, some seventeen dollars, and unmindful of the dead baby, goes out again and spends the money for liquor.

The next morning cursing the mother of his child, he returns to his spree, telling her to get the baby buried as best she could.

Then the mother rode in a wagon with the corpse to Holy Cross Cemetery, where it was consigned to the earth.

These things happen so often that we get used to them.

But just stop a moment and imagine your baby cold and dead, imagine the wonderful power of the devil, who could so tightly shut the door of your heart against the dead baby and fill it only with love for strong drink.

It's a sad picture.

The mother weeping over the coffin.

The father pushing the money over the bar to the liquor-seller.

Who got the price of the baby's funeral.

The bar keeper did not keep all the money; the dead baby was robbed that the government might become rich.

The bar keeper pays well for the privilege of ruining homes.

But does it pay the people to sell him the lives of fathers and mothers and little children.

Some of the money received for that man's license went to pay the expenses of the funeral, for the city buried the baby.

Oh, for the power to bring that broken-hearted mother and that dead baby into the parlor of every Christian man who votes for license, to stand them before him and ask him, "How do you like your work?"

It was a red-handed murderer who asked "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Pile up the surplus in Washington, let the glittering gold pieces make a monument of our golden era of prosperity.

And then as the eye of God looks upon it, let the blood stains upon the blood money stand out clear and distinct.

By the side of the noble monument to the father of our country, let us build in fancy another monument in Washington.

We will lay its foundation stone in blood, we will cement it with tears, in the corner we will put a liquor license, a permit to bury a pauper and some other evidences of our national greatness.

And we will build our monument of human bones, we will not take them from the well kept cemeteries, but the Potter's fields and the lonely graves of the dishonored dead shall be our quarries. A monument of grinning skulls, of bleached bones, and the wind as it whistles by shall awake echoes of dying groans and falling floods of tears.

High above all other monuments it shall rear its head, it shall kiss the clouds and bring down tears from Heaven.

And Presidents, Cabinet Officers, Congressmen, Senators, Governors, Legislators, and the people shall look upon it and say:—

"Behold our work."

And in the day for which all other days are made, the Judge shall say: "Behold your work."—A. W. H. in *Baltimore Weekly*.

For Girls and Boys.

GERTRUDE'S DIARY.

My sin is ever before me.

Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Whoso curseth his father and mother, let him die the death.

So the Lord was entreated for the land, and the plague was stayed from Israel.

Thou has magnified Thy word above all Thy name.

LOCUST SHADE, August, 1884.

Yesterday was my birthday and I had the girls here to tea. We had a great deal of fun, and some things that were improving. For instance, we read over our verses and talked about them. The way we happened to do that, was because Namie said she thought they were easy this time. We asked her what she meant, and she said "Why, they kind of had nothing to do with us girls." We laughed at her a little. Prissy said we must remember that people who gave Namie an easy time were these who had nothing to do with her, but of course she did not mean that. And then we got to talking over the verses, and making Namie prove why they had nothing to do with us.

She said the first one was for dreadfully wicked people—murderers, and thieves, and such. That their conscience troubled them all the time. And the third one was for very wicked people too. Who but a person who was fearfully wicked would think of cursing his father and mother? Then the fourth was about a plague, and we didn't have plagues in this country; and the last one couldn't be practiced, it was just a fact.

Then Ruth said: "Why, you have skipped the one that speaks right to us—'Honor thy father and mother.'"

No, Namie said, she hadn't skipped it; but it was easy enough to do, for girls who had such fathers and mothers as we had. Of course we would honour them. We never thought of doing anything else. For her part, she thought her mother the best woman in the world. But I told her that that couldn't be, for it would not be possible for her to be better than my mother. Then we all got to laughing, and we were real gay over it. I didn't say much, but, after all, I didn't quite agree with Namie about some things. I know my conscience has spoken pretty loudly to me sometimes, and wouldn't let me study or sleep, because I had done something wrong; and I hadn't stolen anything or murdered anybody either, but such things are hard to explain, so I didn't try.

It was after supper that I meant to tell about. We had a real splendid supper. Mother did everything that she could to make the table look lovely.

The girls said how lovely everything was, and Namie spoke of the verses again, and said it was easy enough for us to honor our mothers, she was sure, when they took such trouble for us.

Then we went out for a walk. We were going to the lake for a row, but Ben didn't come in time, so we went down town instead. We walked away out to the long bridge, and rested awhile, until it began to grow dark. When we came down Duane street the lamps were lighted. By that time we were getting pretty tired. I don't know how it is that girls most always get so kind of wild and reckless when they are tired, but we do. Ruth said we better turn to Main street, for the west end of Duane street was always dark, and she did not like to walk there. So we came up Main, laughing and talking. We stopped at the postoffice, for Prissy expected a letter by the last mail. It wasn't quite distributed, and we had to wait. The office was pretty full. I never like to wait there, but Prissy said, "Oh, do! There are four of us." Charlie Porter was there, and he is the worst tease in town. He came over to us and began to bother. He wanted to see the letter in my hand; it was nothing but a circular that I found in my pocket, and might have shown it to him as well as not, only it was no concern of his, and I thought I wouldn't. Then he snatched at it, and I snatched back, and in doing that I accidentally knocked his hat off; then he caught my sleeve and said, "Halloo! bring back that stolen property." I don't know how it was, but we got in a real frolic right there in the crowd. Ruth came to her senses first, and said, "Do come on, girls;" so, after all, we didn't get the mail.

"Mother doesn't like us to wait in the postoffice in the evening," Ruth said, as soon as we were out. "I am sorry we waited at all."

I never heard my mother say anything about it, because I don't go to the office, Ben does that. But I know as well as anything that she wouldn't have liked it.

I should have thought that we would have sobered down after that, but Prissy was in a real frolic.

"Let's have some fun," she said. "Let's go into the drug store here, and get some soda."

She has a cousin who is clerk in the store, and we sometimes go there. Ruth held back, but Prissy coaxed, and said she had twenty cents to spend as she liked, and it was burning a hole in her pocket, and she was dreadfully thirsty. So at last we went. There were a good many people there; among them a young man who used to