

Fates and Fates.

A Glorious Battle Won.

He stood with a foot on the threshold And a cloud on his boyish face, While his city comrade urged him To enter the gorgeous place. "There's nothing to fear, old fellow! It isn't a lion's den; Here waits a royal welcome From lips of bravest men." 'Twas the old, old voice of the tempter That sought in the old, old way, To lure with a lying promise The innocent feet astray. "You'd think it was Blue Beard's closet, To see how you stare and shrink! I tell you there's nought to harm you— It's only a game and a drink!" He heard the words with a shudder— It's only a game and a drink! And his lips made bold to answer: "But what would my mother think?" The name that his heart held dearest Had started a secret spring, And forth from the wily tempter He fled like a hunted thing. Away! till the glare of the city And its gilded halls of sin Are shut from his sense and vision, The shadows of night within. Away! till his feet have bounded O'er fields where his childhood trod; Away! in the name of virtue, And the strength of his mother's God. What though he was branded "coward" In the blazoned halls of vice, And banned by his baffled tempter, Who sullenly tossed the dice, On the page where the angel keepeth The record of deeds well done, That night was the story written Of a glorious battle won. And he stood by his home in the starlight— As guiltless of sword and shield— A braver and nobler victor Than the hero of bloodiest field! —M. A. Matland in N. Y. Observer.

The Blue Ribbon.

"Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a Ribband of Blue."—Num. xv. 38. SEE! streaming forth a multitude intent, Gladness and awe upon their faces blent, Bright robed, in gorgeous skirts, deep fringed anew, While from each border hangs a Ribbon Blue. Sage priests, whose grey hairs form their crown of glory, Stern warriors hardened by their battles gory, Young men and maids—low whispering—not a few, And from each flutters down the Ribbon Blue. The tramp of many feet, the ceaseless hum Of Israel's desert children, as they come Up to the Ark of God, to bring in view The sign He had enjoined—a Ribbon Blue. God's sign that they might never more forget His statutes, love, forgiveness, or the debt Of love they owed Him, but be strong and true Whene'er they looked upon the Ribbon Blue. Be just and good to others, lacking not Sweet self-denial for those of sadder lot; Nor seeking self, but bravely dare and do, All the Lord symbolized by Ribbon Blue. Again a multitude are marching forth To highways and to byways, south and north; And in their hands they carry unto you A simple message, with a Ribbon Blue. Not now, as in the days of ancient story, Will it be heralded from peaks of glory; God does not lift His voice, that heard by you You are compelled to don the Ribbon Blue.

This comes in still small whispers to the heart, Go forth! think naught of self, but do thy part; Among thy fallen brothers drop love's dew, And now, wear thou for them a Ribbon Blue

Will you not pity them in their hard strait? Help them to face temptation, nor too late Hear the sad moan, "I were not lost had you But strengthened me to take the Ribbon Blue!" —The Gospel Temperance Monthly

The Echo and the Toper.

A TOPER once returning from potatoes, Imbibed with freedom at the Dog and Gun— Where jovial comrades on the laws of nations Allowed their thirsty tongues to glibly run— Was passing through a valley where 'twas said, Though he had never put it to the test, That he answered when o'rquestioned. Quoth he, "I'll see whether 'tis true or jest." He paused a moment, hiccupped, scratched his head, His trembling fingers pass across his vest To feel that he was there and not in bed, And then and there the echo thus addressed:—"The place we left, say, Echo dost thou know?" Echo—"No." "The public house where folks like thee don't go." Echo—"Don't go." "'Tis after ten, my mates still at their glasses." Echo—"Asee." "The drink they love before all else is wine." Echo—"Swine." "Good liquor I enjoy in any shape." Echo—"Ape." "I wonder what's the end of all this brewing." Echo—"Ruin." "Would'at have me take the pledge, all drink resign?" Echo—"Sign." "Methinks I could not live without such stuff." Echo—"Such stuff." "You may be right, at any rate I'll try it." Echo—"Try it." He signed the pledge, and very soon he found That, like the eagle, he'd renewed his youth; He keeps it still, and furthermore has owned That what the Echo said was but the truth. —Alliance Record.

Dime Novels.

"Ralph, did you bring that package from the office?" "Yes, sir," said the boy, clinging with one hand to Rover's collar, which he was trying to fasten, while with the other he drew a package from his pocket. "Ah!" said Mr. Clark, "what have you here?" Ralph turned and saw in his father's hand a book he had not intended to submit to his approval. "The Horse-Thief of the Pines, or Red Handed Jim," read Mr. Clark. "Is this yours, Ralph?" "Yes, sir," stammered the boy; "I bought it this afternoon." "I think I will read it," said the father, examining critically a coarse wood-cut representing four masked men carrying the apparently lifeless body of another. "Mary," said he, "glancing significantly at his wife, "suppose we have this read aloud?" "Certainly," was the reply. "I have heard of those books; they are said to be intensely interesting." "Very well," said Mr. Clark. "Ralph shall read to us. You may choose your own audience, my boy; shall it include Bertie and Ethel?" "Oh, no!" replied Ralph; "they wouldn't enjoy it." "Taste not cultivated, you think! We will listen to it in the evening, then." It was not unusual for Ralph to read to his parents; so the situation was not in itself embarrassing. After the children retired the story was begun. Both father and mother listened attentively without comment, but Ralph and his book were treated with respect. The second evening passed like the first. Mrs. Clark, noticing signs of weariness in the boy's voice, offered to relieve him. Taking the book she gravely

read: "The girl's arrival was announced by a piercing shriek. She rushed at the man in the awfulest way, saying: 'Stop, you beast!' In an instant she had seized the great mallet and struck him a blow upon the head. We could hear the skull crack. It was awful!"

This language seemed so unbecomingly to his mother's gentle voice that Ralph was glad when his father, who evidently shared the boy's feeling, offered to continue the reading. "Jim knew not which to admire most, the glorious eyes, coral lips, golden hair and buxom form of this enchanting fairy, or the dark, spirituelle, statuesque, marble-like maiden by her side. He was, in fact, deeply in love with both," read Mr. Clark in earnest, dignified tones, which seemed to poor Ralph to make the story unnecessarily absurd.

The third evening Ralph wished to join his schoolmates in a skating party, but as both parents seemed desirous to listen to the reading the story was continued. Soon his father rose to greet some one, and looking up Ralph saw Mr. Rice, his pastor, entering the room. To his surprise, for he knew nothing of the significant pressure of the hand which the minister received, his father said: "Mr. Rice, if you will excuse us just one moment, please; Ralph is reading and you will find us in the most thrilling scene of the story. Just finish the paragraph, will you, Ralph?" and Ralph, coloring with embarrassment, read: "She heard another terrific crash, and six men wearing the blackest of black masks, decorated with the well-known skull and cross-bones, entered the room silently, one by one. She fell fainting to the floor." "Very vivid," remarked the pastor. "What is the book?" And Ralph repeated: "The Horse Thief of the Pines, or Red Handed Jim."

The next evening, as Mrs. Clark was making arrangements for the reading, Ralph suddenly laid down the book, saying, "Father, I don't want to read any more of this. I know what you and another mean. When I've read such books alone they haven't seemed so bad because I've skipped so much. I only cared to see how it came out. I see now how foolish it is. Just excuse me from the rest and I promise never to read another of its kind."

"Thank you, my son," said Mr. Clark, tenderly; "the time we have spent upon the book has not been wasted, since a double lesson has been learned. I trust you, my boy."

Ralph, trying to swallow the big lump that would rise in his throat, turned to leave the room. As he passed his mother he saw her smiling through her tears, as she watched the flames in the grate curl about the "Horse Thief of the Pines." Ralph understood the sudden interest manifested by his father and mother in the reading of the younger members of the family. Busy as his life is, Mr. Clark finds time to talk with the children of their favorite books, and no opportunity is lost to interest them in those of a graver character. All are allowed to assist in selecting the volumes which are frequently added to the library, and so successful are they in cultivating right habits and tastes that they have no fear of a recurrence of the experience that taught the double lesson.—Congregationalist.

A Sad Story.

It doesn't seem right to tell you any thing that will cloud your faces, yet it is, perhaps, best after all, that you should know what sorrow and trouble our old enemy, King Alcohol, brings into the lives of people who are not strongly fortified against him.

Not many months ago I was visiting a friend in a large Western city, and one day she took me in her carriage for a drive, out in the suburbs, where there were many beautiful homes. Bright-eyed, sunny-faced children were playing on the lovely lawns about these homes; children playing croquet; children tossing each other up among the leafy boughs in swings; children in hammocks reading story-books; children digging in the dirt; girls playing "lady," boys on bicycles; all of them having good times, and so happy it made me happy, too, just to look at them.

After a while we passed by one of the loveliest homes we had seen yet; roses in bloom everywhere, fountains playing, birds singing, every thing in nature seeming joyous and glad; but there were no children anywhere to be seen, and the house looked shut-up and lonely.

Then my friend told me one of the saddest stories I ever heard. Years before there had been a boy in that home, too; a dear little innocent boy, who was the joy and delight of his papa and mamma and the good grandmother who lived with them. But the

papa and mamma thought there was no harm in having wine at their fine dinners, and they let Charlie have a little, too. So he grew to love it, stealing it off the side-board, and thus, before they realized it, and long before he was a man, Charlie became a drunkard. He lost his bright, manly looks and his frank, loving ways, and gave those who loved him many a heartache. He spent all the money he could get in drunken carousals, and one evening after he had lost all he had playing cards, and while he was half-mad with drink, he went home to get more money.

But his father and mother both refused to give him any. Then he went to his grandmother. He felt sure she would give him some, because she always had done so before, but this time she could not, as she had spent all she had at home that day, and it was too late to get any out of the bank.

This made Charlie very angry, and he told her she must give him the costly diamond ring she had on her finger. She did not want to do that, of course, because it was her wedding ring.

Then Charlie cursed her—just think how dreadful that was—and tried to take the ring from her by force. Somehow—how never could tell how it happened—in trying to get the ring, he threw the poor old lady on the floor, and the shock and the fright killed her.

Yes, there she lay, the dear old grandmother who he had always loved, and who loved him so fondly, who had often held him in her arms as he slept, his little brown head cuddled up on her bosom. How often she had sat by his little bed and told him stories, when he was almost a baby, or knelt beside him and prayed for God's richest blessings upon him. Now she lay there still and cold in death, and Charlie was her murderer.

So that bright day when I saw the lovely home all shut up and silent, he was away off in the penitentiary, behind iron bars, shut up from the sweet, fresh air and sunshine, his heart filled with vain and bitter remorse for the crime he had committed in his drunken madness, while his mother, who had died of a broken heart, slept quietly in her grave beside her murdered mother.

When I heard this sad story my heart ached for Charlie, and for other Charlies all over the land who are taking their first drinks, and so I want every young Temperance crusader to fight more bravely than ever against the demon that destroyed the happiness of that lovely home, and above all things never give him a chance to creep into your lips and darken and blight your lives.—Laura J. Rittenhouse, in Union Signal.

Domestic Department.

The Medical Value of Oysters.

The Christian at Work is responsible for the following enthusiastic recommendation of oysters as a remedy for indigestion and sundry other ailments:

"It is not generally understood, as it should be, that oysters have medicinal qualities of a high order. They are not only nutritious but wholesome, especially in cases of indigestion. It is said, 'There is no other alimentary substance, not even excepting bread, that does not produce indigestion under certain circumstances; but oysters, never.' Oyster juice promotes digestion. By taking oysters daily, indigestion, supposed to be almost incurable, has been cured; in fact, they are to be regarded as one of the most healthful articles of food known to man. Invalids who have found all other kinds of food to disagree with them, frequently discover in the oyster the required aliment. Raw oysters are highly recommended for hoarseness. Many of the leading vocalists use them regularly before concerts and operas, but their strongest recommendation is the remarkably wholesome influence exerted upon the digestive organs."

It is evident that the writer of the above paragraph has taken to spinning medical theories out of the scanty medical knowledge of his own brain, rather than from the facts demonstrated by experience. For some years, the notion prevailed among people, and to some extent in the medical profession, that oysters, if taken raw, possessed the ability not only to digest themselves, but to aid in the digestion of other food. There seemed to be good grounds for this idea, for it might be considered a very natural supposition that a digestive apparatus capable of digesting such a loathsome diet as this scavenger bivalve subsists upon, would be capable of digesting anything likely to get into

one's stomach, oysters included. Some three or four years ago, however, an inquisitive doctor tried the experiment of chipping up some raw oysters, and keeping them in an artificial digestive apparatus, the temperature and other conditions being as nearly as possible identical with those found in the stomach. Contrary to his expectations, however, the oysters failed to digest, showing at once the fallacy of the theory which has induced so many chronic dyspeptics to swallow the bivalves by the dozen, alive and squirming from the shell.

A microscopic examination of oyster soup would doubtless convince the writer of the above paragraph of his error in supposing that "oyster juice" promotes digestion. The truth is that oyster juice is simply alive with germs, or bacteria, of many sorts. Not long since, a Frenchman who discovered this fact, suggested that raw oysters ought to be disinfected before they are eaten; and he even went so far as to undertake an elaborate series of experiments for the purpose of discovering some substance which would kill the germs in the oyster juice, and at the same time would not kill the eater. The results, however, were not satisfactory.

It is true that the oyster is easy of digestion, and the same is true of earth-worms, birds' nest pudding, and a variety of other substances, which are not only quite as digestible, but certainly in every way as wholesome as the oyster.

A writer says that the man who first ate a raw oyster must have been "brave as well as hungry." We can readily admit the hunger, but the quality of courage exhibited in the act of devouring a live animal seems to us to be akin to the sort of courage which leads the natives of the Cannibal Islands to show a decided preference for the flesh of their enemies. We quite agree with the sentiment expressed by an anonymous poet:—

"That man must have had a palate cover'd o'er With brass or steel, who, on the rocky shore, First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat, And risked the living morsel down his throat."

—Good Health.

Hints About Screws.

Where screws are driven into soft wood and subjected to considerable strain, they are very likely to work loose, and it is often difficult to make them hold. In such cases the use of glue is profitable. Prepare the glue thick; immerse a stick about one-half the size of the screw and put it into the hole, then immerse the screw and drive it home as quickly as possible. When there is an article of furniture to be hastily repaired, and no glue is at hand, bore a hole, insert the stick, fill the rest of the cavity with pulverized resin, then heat the screw sufficiently to melt the resin as it is driven in. Where screws are driven into wood for temporary purposes, they can be more easily removed by dipping them in oil before inserting. When buying screws notice that the heads are round and well cut, that there are no flaws in the body or thread part, and gimlet points. A screw of good make will drive into oak as easily as others into pine, and will endure having twice the force brought against it.

Chicken Loaf.

Take two chickens, boil them in as little water as possible until the meat will drop from the bones; cut it with a knife and fork, then put it back in the kettle, put in plenty of butter, pepper and salt; heat it thoroughly; boil an egg hard and slice it, and place it in the bottom of a dish; pour it in hot, place a weight upon it, and put it away to cool; it will come out in form.

Beef Loaf.

Three and a half pounds of veal or beef, minced very fine, and uncooked; four large crackers, crushed very fine; one egg, one cup of milk, butter size of an egg, one tablespoonful of salt, one of pepper; mix in shape of a loaf, and bake in a slow oven two hours and a half, basting often; to be eaten cold; very nice for tea or lunch.

Veal Cutlets a la Fried Oysters.

Cut the veal in small pieces three or four inches square; dry with a towel; season to taste; have ready a beaten egg and crackers rolled fine, each on separate dishes; dip each piece of cutlet in the egg, then in the rolled cracker; have enough lard or butter hot in your spider so that it will nearly cover the cutlets when you put them in. A rich gravy can be made after the meat is done by adding a little boiling water.—Mother's Magazine.