VIEWS OF MR. DOOLEY ON THE MODEL SALOON

"I see," said Mr. Dooley, "a Bishop down in New York has opened a saloon."

"Glory be!" said Mr. Hennessy. "Not our kind iv Bishop?"

"No," said Dooley. "Wan iv th' near-our-kind. He didn't ra-aly open it th' way ye think. He didn't own th' jint. He on'y backs it with his moral influoence, like a brewery. Ye see, it was this way: Wan day this Bishop dhropped into his club. I don't know why it is we always say a man dhrops into a club. He's more likely to dhrop out if he ain't supported. But, annyhow, th' Bishop dhropped into his club and hurlin' himself into a sumchuous ar-rm chair, opened his breevery an' settled down to wait f'r th' avenin' papers. As he sat there with his feet cocked up or a chair, reading' his devotional book an' occasionally divin' into th' milk punch, he says to himself: 'This is rale comfort. A club is a gran' place.' Suddenly th' thought shruck him. 'What,' says he 'am I doin' f'r th' poor? Here am I loungin' in comfort in me club. Has th' poor wurrukin' man a club? Not at all. He has no club but the wan th' polisman carries. Thin where does he spind his time between 4 in th' afternoon and 8 o'clock dinner? In th' saloon. Th' saloons I r-read about where th' poor wur-rukin' man buys a shell iv beer, ates four dollars' worth iv free lunch an' goes home an' beats his wife or vicy versy as th' case may be, is no place f'r him. I will start a model dive where me humble mechanic frinds iv th' slums can take their karosine amid comfortable surroundin's, chat with their fellow-jugglers on th' issues iv th' day an' go home illvated in evry sense iv th' wurrud,' he says.

"An' he done it. Fr'm what I can make out about this model saloon it ain't much diff'rent fr'm th' peaceable hell that I've been conductin' f'r thirty years. Th' main ingreejent iv anny rest cure is there on th' shelves. They'se a bar f'r thim horny-handed sons iv tile who can sleep standin' an' chairs an' tables f'r th' less hardy ruffians that prefer to coal up in a settin' posture. Th' bartinders are aff'ble an' sober men, but that's thrue iv all bartinders. They ar-re supposed, Hinnessy, to give th' consumers a brief moral chat while pushin' out th' paint. Afther th' third basin' it may be nicissary f'r them to have an illvinth commandment handy in th' shape of an ice-pick. In a corner in th' inpooryum is a sody wather fountain so that th' poor wurrukin' man don't have to dhrink th' desthroyer if he don't want to, but can go over an' inflate himself at th' gas wurruks. Whin a customer at th' adjoinin' counther begins to cry over th' Maybrick case th' prelate in command there steers him to th' liquid air department, where he does th' rist iv his shoppin', charges himsilf with a pan iv carbonic acid an' floats home. This is to help his hiccup so that his wife'll know he has not been idle. I undherstand this branch iv th' plant hasn't had to hire anny extra help. Th' principal customers is mimbers iv good govermint clubs disguised as poor wurrukinmen in ol' tennis clothes. Wan iv thim was heerd to say that he didn't care whether th' bar-boy made it egg phospate or a vanilla strawberry mixed, as he did not intind to go home till th' followin' day, annyhow. Th' more permanent poor wurrukinmen, th' athletes in outing clothes iv blue canvas, has thus far not invistigated th' model saloon beyond th' beer pump. An' now I come to think iv it, I can't raymimber iver seein' a poor, wurrukin' man sprintin' f'r th' Dutchman's pause in front iv a dhrug store as if in doubt. It may have happened but I didn't notice it.

"Th' saloon was opened in person by th' Bishop. I r-read his speech. It was fine. He recognized that dhrink was an evil, havin' met it. But it was a nicissry evil. On th' whole, he was inclined to think it was more nicissry thin evil. Takin' it all in all or half an' half or annyway ye liked, it was a good thing. He took his dhrink at th' club, an' why shud his more humble but akelly droughty frinds among th' wurrukin' classes not have their souse as well? They shud. He wud advise modhration, howiver. A man, be he rich or poor, shud niver take on more thin was good f'r him. (Th' manager iv th' saloon: 'Or thin he's good f'r.') He accipted the corrriction. If he was a savin' mechanic in this bright land if opporchunity, he ought to be good f'r what was good f'r him, or more. When a poor wurrukin' man felt th' insijous march iv th' branigan he shud say: 'So, boys:, no more f'r me. I must go home to th' lil' wans. If I need more I can sind thim out f'r it.' A poor wurrukin' man shud niver f'rget his fam-'ly while on a carouse. No amount iv sobbin' on th' neck iv a bartender while tellin' what a comfort wife and' childher was to th' inebryated artisan wud make anny diff'rence. He mus' get home some time durin' th' night or he is no thrue upholdher iv th' Christyan saloon an' its refinin' influoence. His parcel shud be no more thin that iv anny gintleman at the club, lest he be as th' beasts iv th' field, who don't dhrink. Boys, it's on me.

"An', so, Hinissy, th' model saloon was opened. Th' archdeacon tamped a frish keg, th' vicar-gin'ral tossed together a model Christyan gin-fizz an' th' Bishop smiled binivolently as th' hardy vistrymen quaffed th' nicissry evil. An' whin th' dice box was passed, did th' hand iv th' potter shake? I don't know, Hinnissy, but I do know th' model saloon is goin' to be a gr-reat moral influoence in that neighborhood. Whin th' poor wurrukin' man goes home an' thries to wind th' clock wid th' for tarryer, th' good woman turns to th' little wans an' says, 'Childher, see what a lovely bun father has got fr'm the Bishop.' An' whin th 'tired tiler wants refrishment at night, he calls, 'Mary Ann, take the pitcher an' go down to th' cathedral f'r a quart.' I'd give something to have what Hogan calls an impreematur over me dure.

"Do I think it will be a success? Well, Hinnissy, it wudden't become me to speak iv a rival in me own line iv business. Bishop Potter an' me ar-re both mimbers iv th' same flock, th' Liquor Dealers' Protective Assocyation, an' in that fellowship an injury to wan is th' consarn iv all. I don't know whether he has th' qualifications f'r a succissful saloonkeeper. Not that th' two lines is altogether apart. Both a Bishop an' a saloonkeeper has a flock to take care iv to a certain extent, Hinnissy. We ar-re each iv us thryin' to'keep our flock out f'with'other's hands. It ain't ivry man that can be a saloonkeeper. A saloonkeeper must be sober, he must be honest, he must be clean, an', if he's th' pastor iv a flock iv poor wurrukin' men, he must know about ivrything that's goin' on in th' wurruld or iver whit on. I on'y discuss th' light topics iv th' day with ye, Hinnissy, because ye're a frivolous charackter, but ye'd be surprised to know what an incyclopedia a man gets to be in this profissyon.

"Ivry man that comes in here an' has three pans iv nicissry evil tells me, with tears, th' secrets iv his thrade an' offers to fight me if I don't look inthrested. I know injyneerin', pammistry, plumbin', Christyan Science, midicine, horse-shoein', asthronomy, th' care iv th' hair, an' th' laws iv exchange, an' th' knowledge I have iv how to subjoo the afflictions iv th' ladies wud cause manny a pang. I tell ye, we ar-re a fine body iv min. Bishops comin' into th' saloon business? In behaif iv th' Liquor Dealers' Lithry Club iv th' Sixth Wa-ard, I hereby challenge th' College iv Bishops to a spell down.

"Not that I'm proud iv me profissyon, or, shud I say, me art? It's wan way iv makin' a livin'. I suppose it was me vocation. I got into it first because I didn't like to dhrive an express wagon, an' I stayed in it because they was nawthin' else that seemed worth while. I am not a hard dhrinker. I find if I dhrink too much I can't meet—an' do—th' intellechool joynts that swarms in here afther a meedin' at th' rowlin' mills. On Saturdah nights, I am convivyal. On New-ear's Eve, I thry to make th' ol' year just as sorry it's leavin' me as I can. But I have no more pleasure in shovin' over to ye that liquid sunstroke thin I wud if I had to dole out collars, hair dye, books, hard-biled eggs, money or annything else that wudden't be good f'r ye. Liquor is not a nicissry evil. Hogan says it's wan way iv ra-alizin' th' ideel. Th' nex' day ye're ashamed iv ye'er ideel. Th' throuble about it is that whin ye take it ye want more. But that's th' throuble with ivrything ye take. If we get power, we want more power; if we get money, we want more money. Our vices r-run on f'river. Our varchues, Hinnissy, is what me frind, Doc Casey, calls self-limiting.

"But I must get back fr'm me labrtory to Bishop Potter's. Will me frind succeed? I hope he will. We can't get too manny dacint men into our profissyon. They'se wan thing I wud call me neighbor's attention to. Th' unbeknighted American wurrukin' man likes his dhrink, as who does not? But he wants to take it in peace. His varchues has been wrote about. But let him injye his few simple vices in his own way, says I. He goes to th' saloon an' ye go to th' club mostly fr'm th' same reason. He don't want to go home. He don't need annywan to push him into a bar. He'll go there because that's a place where wan man's betther thin another an' nobody is ra-aly on but th' bartinder. There ought to be wan place where th' poor wurrukin'man can escape bein' patted on th' back. He ain't so bad, ye'er grace, as ye think. Wurrukin' men don't dhrink to excess. Dhrunkenness is a vice of th' idle. Did ye iver see a la-ad sprintin' across a joist two hundhred feet in th' air? D'ye think he cud do that if he was a free dhrinker? Th' on'y wurrink'men who dhrink too much ar're thruckmen, an' that's because they have so much time on their hands. While they ar're waitin' f'r a load they get wan. Aven some iv thim ar're sober. Ye can tell them be their hats.

"Somehow or another, Hinnissy, it don't seem jus' right that there shud be a union iv church an' saloon. These two gr-reat institutions ar-re best kept apart. They kind iv offset each other like th' Supreem Coort and Congress. Dhrink is a nicissry evil, nicissry to th' clargy. If they iver admit its nicissry to th' consumers they might as well close up th' churches. Ye'll niver find Father Kelly openin' a saloon. He hates me business, but he likes me. He says dhrink is an evil, but I'm a nicissity. If I moved out a worse man might come in me place."

"Ye ra-aly do think dhrink is a nicissry evil?" said Mr. Hinnissy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "if it's an evil to a man, it's not nicissry, an' if it's nicissry it's an evil."—Cincinnati Inquirer.

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A MEDICINE FOR THE MINER'S PACK.—Prospectors and others going into the mining regions where doctors are few and drug stores not at all, should provide themselves with a supply of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It will offset the effects of exposure, reduce sprains, and when taken internally will prevent and cure colds and sore throat, and as a lubricant will keep the muscles in good condition.

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In 1881 an incessantly and heaviiy-traveled bit of street at the entrance to Euston station in London was experimentally paved with India rubber, vulcanized for the purpose. A concrete foundation, finished with cement to make it smooth, was covered with two inches of this preparation, and, when ready, the wheels of traffic were turned upon it. They continued to roll over it without interruption until May, 1902, a period of 21 years, and in all that time the rubber had not worn through at any spot.

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—Cleveland Leader.

PLAYING THE WAR SLOT-MACHINE.

WHEN A MAN IS BASHFUL

BY OTHO B. SENGA.

Mr. William Stevenson, in the small side seat at the end of the car, waited for the girl. She came in at the next station. He feigned absorption in his newspaper, but really lost no movement of the graceful figure, and managed to get a glimpse of the fresh color in her cheek and the pretty waves of her dark hair.

"She grows prettier every day," he remarked to the advertising column, "and I'm a goner."

He looked down the aisle and encountered the gaze of the girl. Her quickly averted eyes and heightened color were balm to his soul.

"Allah be praised!" he whispered, seemingly scanning the paper again. "That's the first indication that my lady is aware of my existence and I've sat in this same seat and watched for her every morning for exactly 185 days. Hang the conventions! I'd like to walk up to her and say, "Madam, would you be kind enough to give me your address? I intend to call upon you to win your love and eventually to marry you.' I wonder what she'd say."

"What do you ride sideways for?" cried a voice at his elbow. "Why don't you sit over here?"

Billy made a quick resolve. Bob Tennessee knew almost every one in Boston and was as white souled and honorable as if his profession were preaching the gospel instead of detecting criminals.

"Bob, go out and speak to the brakeman. When you come back look at the lady in the fifth seat from the rear, on the left side of the car. See if you know her."

Bob complied unquestioningly, but when he re-entered the car and looked toward the seat indicated he hurried past the astonished Billy and took the seat beside the girl, who greeted him warmly.

When the train drew in at the South station Bob looked up and waved a farewell to Stevenson, who stalked grimly out to the street.

"Bob Tennessee is a blatherskite," he muttered savagely. "I'd like to punch his head!"

He was still chafing under his wrongs when Bob sauntered into his office.

"You did me a good turn this morning, old boy," said Bob blithely.

"Go away," growled Billy; "I'm too busy."

"Stop writing a minute," whispered Bob. "I want to tell you about her."

The pen went busily scratching on, and Billy made no reply.

"Her name is Murdock—Grace Murdock."

Mr. Stevenson .s serenely unconscious.

"She is assistant editor on Brinsley's Magazine," pursued Bob. "I've known her since she was a child. At one time I was terribly sweet on her older sister, but," sighing, "she preferred Tom Trevors."

"Showed her good taste," interposed Billy vengefully.

"'Let dogs delight to bark an' bite,'" quoted Bob soothingly. "Only that I'm a second John Rogers I'd never tell you that I'm to be on that same train tomorrow morning, and she says I may introduce you."

"Oh, don't trouble," loftily. "I may take an earlier train tomorrow morning."

"That's gratitude for you!" wailed Bob.

"It doesn't at all matter," indifferently, "and if it did I might find some way to attract her attention."

"Oh, of course, you might," retorted Bob witheringly. "You might forge a kit and fall at her feet, frothing at the mouth! That would undoubtedly 'attract her attention.'"

But Stevenson was impregnable to his sarcasm, and Bob departed.

Billy was of many minds that day. He half resolved to take a different train and in some way to make the acquaintance of the girl without Bob's assistance. Then, remembering the dignity of her bearing, he shivered at his own audacious thought. Diffidence was his one weakness. How he longed to possess Bob Tennessee's ready ease and absolute assurance. The self conflict ended in his taking the usual train, weakly relying upon Bob's promised introducion.

When the girl came in, looking prettier than ever, he waited feverishly for Bob. A wave of indignation swept over him when no Bob appeared. His anger overcame his diffidence. Bob had taken unfair advantage of the situation. Even now he might be somewhere on the train, enjoying his friend's disappointment and discomfiture. This thought spurred him on. Taking his cardcase from his pocket, he wrote on a card: "Our friend Bob promised to introduce me this morning. In his absence, may I not come and speak with you?"

A half dollar and a whispered insruction to the train boy, and the thing was done. Billy suffered agonies in a brief minute. His heart thumped against his ribs, and his No. 16 collar seemed four sizes too small. The girl read the pleading line, looked deliberately down the aisle and nodded brightly. He made his way to her side, feeling like a man just rescued from drowning.

"Isn't this a delightful morning, Mr. Stevenson?" as if they were old friends.

"You are very kind, indeed," irrelevantly. "I particularly wanted to meet you today, for I am going away tomorrow, and I want permission to write to you."

He took the plunge like a hero—not the slightest trace of the timidity that had given him the title of Bashful Billy among his college mates.

The girl caught her breath, but answered demurely, "I read all manuscripts that are sent to me."

"Yes, I know, but these will not be offered for publication, and I want something more than a printed slip in reply."

"And Bob calls this man bashful," thought the girl, but she only said, "I will consider the matter."

There was time for little else. The train came to a standstill, and Miss Murdock hurried away. Still, Billy felt that he had made good progress for a bashful man.

Late that afternoon Bob came hurrying into his office with apologies and protestations of regret.

"I had no chance to send a line to either you or Grace," he said, "and somehow, old fellow, you've made a good impression on her. She really wants to meet you."

"Never mind, Bob," answered Stevenson kindly. "I leave tomorrow for a three months' trip abroad. It will do just as well when I return."

"Oh, better, much better," returned Bob in a relieved tone. "She would forget all about you in that time. When you come back, I'll give you an introduction and a recommendation besides"

"You might put in the recommendations while I'm gone," poking his head into a closet, pretending to look for something, "and I say, Bob, make 'em strong. Tell all the good you know; the bad keep to yourself."

"No one could say anything but good of you, Billy," said Bob, with wondering earnestness, "and if you weren't so confoundedly bashful you'd say it for yourself."

Billy had a very positive convinction that Miss Murdock would not mention the circumstances of the morning to Bob, and subsequent events proved the conviction well founded.

From London and Edinburgh, from Paris and Berlin, came long, bright letters over which Miss Murdock laughed and cried by turns as the writer touched upon the varying phases of life seen from the viewpoint of a keen understanding and a quick sympathy with humanity.

Her brief replies were not encouraging, but Billy's bashfulness was exceeded by his tenacity, and a foothold once gained he kept. He was in Berlin when he received a note that electrified him. "My vacation begins just as yours draws to a close. I leave Boston on the Commonwealth. We will likely pass each other in midocean."

"Indeed we won't," exclaimed Billy. "I hereby vote myself an exension of time. I'll cable to the firm, and when the Commonwealth reaches Liverpool Billy will be on the dock."

And he was.

She saw him, towering above the crowd, and waved her hand.

He had no intention of doing anything so precipitate, but when he saw the earnest face turned so joyfully toward him something sprang up in his heart and jumped into his throat, and, making a hurried dash through the crowd, he caught her in his arms and kissed her.

"I couldn't help it, Grace," he whispered. "I love you, you know."

For a single second she faltered, aghast at the man's passionate utterance and at the publicity of her position. Then, womanlike, she rose to the occasion. "Have you a carriage waiting?" she asked calmly. "Let us get out of the crowd."

Seated in the carriage, she held him back from her with both hands pressing against his breast and gazed long and earnestly into his eyes. He knew his cause was won and remained silent. She dropped her hands into his and smiled tenderly, "For a bashful man, Billy you certainly are"—But he gave her no opportunity to finish the sentence.

Billy cabled the news of his engagement to Bob Tennesssee, who spent days in fruitless conjecture.

"I give it up," he said finally, "but for unparalled nerve Billy the Bashful may 'go up head.'"

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COUNT LEO TOLSTOI

THE ARTIST AND THE INSPIRED DREAMER.

Mr. Sharper Knowlson is the author of a critical study of Leo Tolstoi (Warne), which has an interest for the general public because it is not the work of an enthusiast and a disciple. Long ago it was claimed for Tolstoi by an English reviewer that he was one of the three living people to whom Europe would listen without boredom. It might be urged that Europe has been sorely tried in the maze of contradictions through which this Russian has led her. The answer to this is that Tolstoi—whether in a psychological study of passion or in a religious exhortation to duty—whether in the analysis of war or in the interpretation of art—is alike, as man and artist, profoundly interesting because he is profoundly sincere. That is how he appears to Plato's plain man, who may or may not agree with the latest tenets of his philosophy. Tolstoi means something to him, because Tolstoi means something to himself. The plain man, ignoring alike the crescendo of the fanatical disciple and the subtle enmity of such critics as Dmitri Merejkowski, reads Tolstoi because, no matter what h's subject may be, he flashes into it the inspiration of life. Opposed to this vivifying power of the creative artist, there is obviously a searching after central truths; and it is this rather than any specific change of outlook, that has often puzled English readers.

I believe that in reality there has been no line of demarcation between Tolstoi the artist and Tolstoi the inspired dreamer. I believe that from his earliest sketches to the most finished products of his genius—from "Sebastopol" to "War and Peace"; from "My Husband and I," to "Anna Karenina"; from "The Three Deaths" to "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch"; from "The Cossacks" to "The Resurrection"—there has been at work one single process of mental development. Merejkowski, in his "Tolstoi as Man and Artist," is anything but sympathetic to the great Russian; but I think that he comes very near to the kernel of his character when he lays stress upon the pagan side of this Christian. He quotes from Tolstoi one of those passages which vibrate with the delight of a vividly remembered pleasure:

"I spring from the britchka and eagerly drink in the freshened fragrant air. Everything is moist and sparkles in the sun, as if covered with varnish.

"On all hands crested larks rise, singing gaily, or drop swiftly down; amongst the moist bushes are heard young birds pattering, and from the middle of the copse comes the clear note of a cuckoo. So bewitching is this wondrous perfume of the woods after the spring storm, the savour of birch, of violets, dried leaves, and rock-cherries, that, springing from the step of the britchka, I rush to the bushes, and, in spite of a shower of raindrops, tear down one of the wet boughs of the cherry, beat the blossoms in my face, and revel in their delicate perfume. My boots are drowned in mire, and stockings long since wet through, I wade through the dirt and run to the carriage window.

"'Liubochka! Katenka!' I cry, handing in several boughs of cherry. 'Look how nice.'

"The girls scream in dismay at the drops, and sigh, and Nini calls me to come away, or I shall certainly get a whipping.

"'Just smell how sweet it is!' I cry."

How often in his later work does this pagan joy in physical well-being flash out in the midst of somber speculation! Merejkowski's stinging comment is preferable to the random eulogies that one hears of the "new" Tolstoi:

"Will this recollection of his childhood flash before him in his last hours? Will he drink once more that intoxicating perfume, and feel the fresh touch, like a child's kiss, of the boughs against his face? Will he at last become aware that in this endless earthly delight and love for the things of earth lay for him the germ of the more than earthly? Will he understand that his indomitable inhumanity, his animal and yet divine love for the body, which he has struggled vainly all his life to suppress, was in truth for his all his life as wholly innocent as when he rolled in self-admiration in his tub as a naked child?"

Certainly it is true that, in dealing with the great questions—the questions of war and sex, of the death of the body and the life of the spirit, Tolstoi never wholly loses this pagan attribute of enjoyment which Merejkowski detects in the description of all his characters. But he has turned his back utterly upon the pagan conception of life. The contradiction seems to be insurmountable; but, as I said before, one receives more than a hint of it through all his work. On each of the questions I have mentioned, the thought of the Russian seems to pass through three distinct phases of development. In "Sebastopol" one finds Tolstoi, an acute and observant young officer, with his eye fixed resolutely on the concrete facts of the siege; but already the habit of introspection has come to him—already he has commenced, subconsciously, as it were, to grope after the meaning of this holocaust of war. In "War and Peace" he arrives, if not at a fixed conclusion, at all events, at a definite conception of human conduct in a state of life in which war is a disturber, and hence an anomaly. He passes onward from this point to the gospel of non-resistance. Again, in that sketch of the earlier Tolstoi "My Husband and I," we meet with a study of married life in which the illusion of romantic love gives place to the reality of calm affection. In "Anna Karenina" this attitude has passed into a mordant analysis of human passion in its futile conflict with the moral law. From this point Tolstoi passes on to the theory of celibacy. In "The Three Deaths" we are given pictures of the grim ending of life from the standpoint of one who has observed closely the phenomena of nature. In "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch" this method has passed into a terrible and concentrated study of the meaning of death to the dying. From this stage Tolstoi advanced to the acceptance of death from the standpoint of the pessimist. In "The Cossack" we are introduced to a young soldier who turns away from the delights of St. Petersburg and tries to live a natural life in the Caucasus. In "Resurrection" a Russian nobleman gives up everything that he may be at peace with his own soul. Finally, in his book on "Art," Tolstoi rejects categorically every manifestation of human intelligence that would place a barrier between the individual and the great mass of his fellow-beings.

Now, the results of Tolstoi's reasoning on these great, permanent questions may not appeal to everyone as convincing. They are sincere, however, and they betray one unifying principle—the effort after simplicity. In each case Tolstoi has resolutely put away from him all side issues.

In each case he has been faithful to what he believes to be the "golden branch among the shadows." As an artist it was natural for him to search for a temperament, brilliant and exotic, through whose vivid personality there might flash forth the unerring triumph of life. But he forsook these themes. He came down willingly from the exalted to the infinitely humble. He abandoned philosophy that he might learn from the lips of peasants. It is part of a man's nature that his message is one of flesh and blood rather than the anaemic utterance of abstraction. He is not a preacher; he is a creator of masterpieces in which even to this day there lingers something of the old pagan joy in the present and actual. Think of this lonely figure surviving in the midst of the denial of every doctrine to which he clings, surviving amidst the national calamities of his race. Life lies behind him, with its vistas of memory, and from stage to stage he can claim something of exemption, something of pardon, for he has unswervingly sought for the truth of things. Russia is on her trial before the world, but the message of Tolstoi is independent of the bitter chances of war.—T. P.'s Weekly.

Had Bleeding, Itching Piles

And Suffered for a Year Before He Heard of Dr. Chase's Ointment—This Treatment Made a Complete Cure.

Mr. Will Sadler, Forest, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with bleeding, itching piles for about one year, and could not obtain any relief from my suffering until I procured Dr. Chase's Ointment. I was reading in a book one day about a man who had been completely cured by this treatment, so I bought a box of it and was entirely cured before I had used the whole box. Though I have never had any return of piles we always keep Dr. Chase's Ointment in the house, to be used for any kind of pimples or skin eruptions, and I feel as though I cannot speak too highly of this ointment."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

Edinburgh In 18th Century.

For nearly half a century the cloud of poverty and abandonment hung heavily over Edinburgh. There was no commerce and little trade. The nobles and gentry, who had been wont to spend their holidays and guineas in Edinburgh, flourished in London or pined at their country seats, according as their politics were Whig or Tory. The university was housed in a group of shabby buildings where a handful of students gathered to hear a set of "useless, needless, headless, and defective" professors prelecting on pseudo-science and medieval metaphysics. Alone of Scottish institutions there remained unbroken the fierce and intolerant national church, which, no longer finding a counterpoise in the power of parliament, exercised a in that way.—Rochester Democrat and rigorous and unchallenged domination over the minds and manners of men. Its seizers and compurgators arrested the godless wretches who appeared upon the streets "during sermons" on the Sabbath. Its obedient magistrates closed the doors of Allen Ramsey's little theater, and pried into his bookshop in search of "villainous, profane and obscene books and plays." Not even the privacies of family life were hidden from the ever watchful eye of the kirk session. From the strict inquisition of the kirk non-professors fled to the club for refuge, and the very names of some of the more noted clubs in Edinburgh were ominous of rebellion against the rule of the saints. The Sulphur Club, the Hell-Fire Club and the Pandemonium rang with the lampoons on the clergy, the loose sories, and the ribald songs that marked the reaction in Scottish society against the severity of church discipline. Between the crushing tyranny of the kirk on the one hand, and the reckless license of the ungodly on the other, Edinburgh in the first half of the eighteenth century must have been as unpleasant a place of residence as ever 30,000 souls were gathered in.—Booklovers' Magazine.

Picnic Day In New York.

It is early morning in New York, and a certain section of the west side is agog with a pleasant enthusiasm, the more pleasant, perhaps, because it is only annual. Brownstone folk in the process of their continuous revel wax haggard and weary and lose capacity for anticipation and surprise, but with this particular contingent living between westward avenues the riot of s nse is bigger because bottled all days in the year save one.

We hear of joy in heaven without surprise, but here is joy on earth. Heed, ye editors, and make a leader of it.

It is picnic day. Upon its comnig whole families feed for months, and at its near approach the four flights seem to lessen to three and the erysipelas loses some of its smart.

Who wouldn't go to Sunday school a whole year for a day like this? And who's afraid of the boss, anyway? Suppose he does scrowl when struck for a day off and talk about docked wages—is any one going to let that squelch or sting him when the skirts hang white on the hempen lines and the three-piece band, all fat and florid, is waddling dockward with black boxes full of eager melody? Where are the red shoes and the white vizor cap with Olympia on the ribbon—and the gum? Who wore that dollar diamond last? And what has become of the skipping-rope?—Richard Wightman, in the Metropolitan Magazine.

What We Breathe.

In the morning when a broad beam of sunshine pours through the window of your sleeping apartment you see countless tiny particles floating along the path of the sunlight; but the air of the remainder of the room seems entirely clear and pure. Is it? Not at all. There is just as much dust in the air outside that stream of light as there is in it, but it is not visible. So the disease germs in the form of impalpable dust are floating about us often when we are unconscious of their presence. Our vitality may be strong enough to render them innocuous, or it may not. If it is we retain our health. If it is not we are attacked with typhoid or diphtheria, or some other malady communicated in that way.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

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