

No sooner had he decided the question for himself, than he began to long for the right side to win. He had friends in the town, and influence. He would help the temperance men to win the fight.

At early dawn he sent for the minister, and after short but fervent prayer, they started out to canvass the village. They were early at the polls, where they talked and prayed with weak men, and told them the story: 'Nellie has never had a pair of shoes.' They swayed the villagers to their side, and, thank God, they triumphed.

The little Berkshire village went prohibition that day, and has been prohibition ever since.

The town has blossomed with peace and prosperity. No more startling placards disfigure the grand old trees before election time, and there is food and clothing in every home. McMahon's big saloon building is now used for a boy's school, and Mr. Dean does a thriving shoe business.

### Treasure Hill—Nevada Banished Gold.

Virginia City, Nev., once claiming a population of 30,000, in a short time dwindled to a few hundreds. In the 'Chautauquan' Mr. Sam Davis gives this vivid description of the rise and fall of Treasure Hill, Nevada:

Thirty years ago the place was in the heyday of its prosperity; now it lies in the moldy winding-sheet that the seasons have woven about it since the breath of its inhabitance has departed. In its flush days no town in the West could boast of so much wealth per capita. A hundred tunnels ran into the hill, and gold poured out of every one. The claim owners were accumulating money a great deal faster than they could possibly spend it, even in those days of reckless extravagance, the memory of which seems imperishable.

Nothing could ever convince these people that their mineral bonanza might fail, and so the revel of extravagance went on, with the throb of lascivious music and flow of forbidden wine, until, like a flash from a clear sky, came the first intimation of the end. The words 'pinched out' were to the inhabitants of the fated city what the writing on the wall was to the feasters with Belshazzar. The workings were abandoned, the exodus began, and in a few months the Hill was a deserted village.

A few years ago, while on a political canvass with General Kittrell, an attorney whose eloquence had often roused the echoes in the old courthouse of the Hill in the years gone by, we reached the desolate place just at sundown. As we approached the scene, which no doubt brought to his mind a flood of varied recollection, he expressed a desire to make a detour, but the mountainous contour of the country prevented this, and we drove straight ahead. I shall never forget the look, first of surprise and then of seriousness, that came over his face as he drew up the horses a few hundred yards from the outskirts and contemplated the crumbling walls of the weather-beaten buildings, which seemed huddled together in the north wind like animals seeking warmth.

To the left was the famous hill from which so much wealth had been extracted, and at its foot a graveyard. A few marble tombstones stood out white and cold in the paling rays of the setting sun, but most of the graves were marked merely with wooden headboards which had been gnawed with the sharp tooth of the sandstorm, while many showed nothing but little knolls of earth which the elements had not quite

levelled. A gray coyote gliding in and out among the mounds paused in his retreat to face us with his defiant bark. The arrangements of the tunnel and excavations which had poured so much wealth upon the world gave the mountain a pronounced facial aspect, and it was silhouetted against the opal sky like the desert Sphinx.

As we drove through the main street we saw through the windows of the principal hotel a bar and billiard-room. The balls and cues were lying upon the tables, and indicated that upon one the last game played was pin-ball and upon the other French carom. Empty glasses and bottles stood upon the bar, as they had been left nearly a quarter of a century before by the last of the convivial inhabitants, or else some waggish barkeeper had arranged them there to keep green in the mind of the passing traveller the bibulous memories of other days.

Even the horses cast uneasy glances at the empty, creaking buildings, and seemed anxious to move on, while every spasm of the wind caused a shiver to pass through the shacks as the town took on an undulating motion, something akin to the movement of a field of grain when touched by the breath of a summer's breeze.

Threading our way through a litter of prostrate signs, telegraph poles and the debris of municipal decay, we pulled out of Treasure Hill just as the night was coming on. As we passed the graveyard, which was growing more ghastly in the twilight, my companion remarked that most of its occupants had died violent deaths. Of those who had amassed wealth in the days of the Hill's teeming prosperity, not one in a hundred could he recall who had saved a dollar. Most of them had been ruined by the rapid pace set by prosperity, and contracted habits of living that had carried them to untimely graves. The lives of most of them seemed to have gone out, as it were, with the demise of the town, and the original discoverer, long since dead, was not even accorded a place in the cemetery.

### How the Burden Became Light.

(By Helen Somerville, in 'Christian Witness'.)

'Miss Evangel, I like to look into your face! It makes me think of rest and heaven!'

Hattie had been spending the day at the home of Mrs. Harris, and as evening was coming on, she gently tapped at the invalid's door.

Miss Evangel was lying back in her wheelchair, and the light from the fire was reflected on her countenance. Hattie, child though she was, was impressed by the peaceful expression.

'Your mother said I might come up here while she gets supper, if it doesn't disturb you, Miss Evangel.'

'I am glad to have you, my dear. Shall we have a light or sit in the twilight?'

'Oh, let us have nothing, but the light from the fire,' said the little girl, seating herself on a hassock, and taking hold of one of the invalid's hands.

'Have you had a happy day, dear?'

'Yes, indeed! I've been swinging in the barn, and played with the new puppies, and helped Julia make cookies, and hunted eggs,—well, what else? Oh yes, I stoned raisins for the pudding this morning. It's been such a pleasant day. But I'm glad to come up here for a quiet talk. I like to look into your face. It somehow makes me think of rest and heaven!'

Miss Evangel stroked the child's head with her delicate white hand, and said, gently, 'Shall I tell you how I came by a face that makes you "think of rest and heaven"? If that look is there, our heavenly Father gave it to me.'

'I know it's there because you're good, dear Miss Evangel.'

'We'll have time before supper, for me to tell you a little of my life history, Hattie. It may help you.' The sweet voice paused a few moments, then the young lady continued. 'My dear, have you any idea how you would have felt, when a very little child, to have become conscious of the fact that you were not like other children,—that instead of being strong, healthy, and physically perfect, you were weak and diseased, and would be obliged to carry through life a hideous burden between your shoulders, so that people would turn from you in disgust, because you were deformed, and dear little children would be afraid of you and cry out at sight of such as you?'

The little girl shuddered, but taking the invalid's hand in hers she imprinted a kiss upon it.

Miss Harris continued, 'I cannot tell you my child, of the horror that seized me, when I realized all this. Young as I was, I rebelled with all the strength of my childish nature, at what I considered an injustice from God, who would place such a burden upon me. I was naturally sensitive, and became more so. I grew sullen and ugly, and was repulsive, not only in appearance, but in disposition also.'

'It seemed as if I had no friend left on earth but my dear mother. Father had died when I was a baby. They had given me the name Evangeline, and when I was old enough, I read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Reading was my only pleasure, but this book made me more unhappy, for that Evangeline, or Eva in that book, was lovely in appearance and character, and was beloved by all. I brooded over my misery and was melancholy, sullen, and rebellious. What wonderful patience had my mother with me! Every night she prayed, at my bedside, that the Lord Jesus would come and take possession of my heart.'

'I was deaf to her tender words, and made life very hard for her. When about thirteen, I had a long illness, from which I never expected to recover, and then I realized how unprepared I would be to meet my Maker. In an agony of mind I sought pardon of the Saviour, and felt that my sins were forgiven.'

'Everything grew brighter and better, and, to my surprise, life presented many attractions, even to one so unhappy as I. Slowly I recovered from my illness, so that once more I could go about again. For some time I was quite changed, and dear mother rejoiced to see that I was no longer as melancholy as in former days.'

'But after a while the old, stubborn, sensitive nature began to assert itself, and again I was back in the depressed, dejected condition of the past.'

'What a sad story I am telling, dear! But praises be to our God, this state of affairs did not last. A friend came to visit mother, and although at first I steeled my heart against her advances, little by little she won my love. From her I learned how to obtain the peace which has been mine ever since.'

'I found that the Lord could not only forgive my past sins, but also take every evil thought and desire from my nature. He could give me a perfectly clean heart. But I had first to do my part, and blessed be