A DREADFUL DEVICE.

A DREADFUL DEVICE.

The Philadelphia Record is authority for the statement that "at several bar-rooms in the fashionable part of the city it is now possible to get morphia cocktails" Medical authorities assure us that, dreadful as is the whisty habit, the opium habit is imcomparably worse, both from the greater moral degradation which it entails and from the greater difficulty of breaking the habit. We had thought that the saloon could aardly be worse, but this new device of the devil shortens fearfully the road between the saloon and the bottomless pit.—[Union Signal.

THE ONLY REMEDY.

THE ONLY REMEDY.

Dr. W. S. Rainsford of St. George's Church, New York, remains unconvinced by orticisisms that his plan of reforming the saloon is not wise. He has renewed his advocacy of his seheme in a recent sermon, the gist of which was in this sentence: "We must inoculate the bad saloons with better saloons." This, in a word, is the application of the gold cure to the saloon instead of the patient. But the virus of the saloon is alcohol, and most people who want to reform it are convinced that no method will answer short of taking the alcohol out of it.—[Congregationalist. of it .- [Congregationalist.

A TEMPERANCE DOG.

A lady at Westgate-on-Sea, Kent, Engiand, sends a remarkable anecdote of a dog who was cured of its evil habits of love of aquer. Some mischievous persons had so often given to her tather's great dog bits of bread soaked in beer that "Noptune" grew fond of the artificial dainty. One day, when a large party was returning from a plenic, "Nep." was put up on the back seat beside the driver of the carriage, as he seemed too tired to run home all the way. He must have been treated at the feast in the Gardens, for on the road he fell from the carriage to the ground. No hones were broken, though he must have got a severe shake and a fright in the fall. The result was that "Nep." never once after that could be induced to touch bread thus soaked with liquor, turning from it with 'oathing and contempt, the very smell oeing repulsive. In fact, he became a temperance dog.

DON'T BE CHEATED.

One of our esteemed correspondents recently called us to account, with some severity, because we showed, on the authority of the leading liquor paper of the country, that the law limiting the number of liquor licenses according to population is eminently satisfactory to the liquor trade magnates, and is approved by them. A Chicaga liquor paper, rejoicing in the euphonious saile of Mixed Drinks, says:

says:
"The principal topic which at present is
egitating the liquor dealers of Chicago is
the question how to restrict the steadily
increasing number of saloons, which
threaten the existing liquor stores with a

threaten the existing liquor stores with a ruinous competition."

Once more we warn our readers not to be cheated by deceptive labels. "Temperance legislation" that is satisfactory to the rum shops is practically worse than "free rum." Governments ought to have bigger business than inventing laws for the multiplication of the profits of rum-sellers.—[Boston Traveller.

SLAVERY AND INTEMPERANCE.

SLAVERY AND INTEMPERANCE.

Of our political revolution of 1776 we are justly proud. It has given us a degree of volitical freedom far exceeding that of any ather nation of the earth. In it the world has found a solution of the long-mooted problem as to the capability of man to govern himself. In it was the gern which has regetated, and is still to grow and expand into the universal liberty of mankind.

Turn now to the temperance revolution. In it we shall find a stronger bondage broken, a viler slavery manunitted, a greater tyrant deposed; in it more of want is supplied, more disease healed, more sorrow assuaged. By it no orphan is starving, no widows weeping; by it none wounded in Iseling, none injured in interest—even the dram-maker and the dram-seller will have tilded into other occupations so gradually control of the start of the star

feeling, none injured in interest—even the dram-maker and the dram-seller will have rlided into other occupations so gradually as to have never feit the change, and will stand ready to join all others in the universal song of gladness. And what a noble ally this is to the cause of political freedom! With such an aid its march cannot fail to be on and on, till every sun of earth shall drink in rich fruition the sorrow-quenching draughts of perfect liberty. Happy day, when all appetites controlled, all passions controlled, all matter subjugated; mind, all conquerable mind, shall live and move, the monarch of the world! Glorious consummation! Hail, fall of fury! Reign of reason, all hail!

reason, all hail!

And when the victory shall be complete And when the victory shall be complete—
and there shall be neither a slave nor a
drunkard on the earth—how proud the
title of that land which may truly claim
to be the birthplace and the cradle of both
those revolutions that shall have shade
in that victory! How noby distinguished
that people who have planted and nurtured to maturity both the political and
the moral freedom of the species!—[President Lincoln.

many persons who suppose themselves to be secure. Day after day the curse extends, scattering ruin and devastation in its course, and it is of the utmost importance that Christians set safe examples, warn their children, guard their homes and labor to create such a public sentiment as shall make the use of strong drink as disgraceful in the land as it is sintul in the sight of God.—[The Safeguard.

ALCOHOL AND THE HEART.

ALCOHOL AND THE HEART.
Dr. B. W. Richardson says that he was once enabled to preach an effectual temperance lecture by means of a scientific experiment. An acquaintance was singing the praises of wine, and declared that he could not get through the day without it.
"Will you be good enough to feel my pulse, as I stand here?" asked Dr. Richardson.

on. The man did so. "Count it carefully. What does it

say?"
"Seventy-four."
The physician then went and lay down
on a sofs, and asked the gentleman to

count his pulse again.
"It has gone down to 64," he said in astonishment. What an extraordinary

tonishment. What an extraordinary thing?"

"When you lie down at night," said the physician, "that is the way nature takes to give your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but the organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon the rate, it involves a good deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute.

down the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute.

"Multiply that by 50, and it is 600; multiply it by 8 hours and, within a fraction, there is a difference of 5,000 strokes; and as the heart is throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of 30,000 ounces of life during the night. When I lie down at night without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets.

out any alcohol, that is the rest my hearvests.

"But when I take wine or grog, I do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes. Instead of getting repose, the man who uses alcohol puts on something like 15,000 extra strokes, and he rises quite unfit for the next day's work until he has taken a little more of that 'ruddy bumper,' which he calls 'the soul of man below.'"

A MOTHER'S SAD STORY.
There are sad mothers the world over from one common cause. The following story comes from the office of the chief of police in Montreal, and describes a scene between a woman visitor and the officer in

charge. "Tell me about 1t, said the sergeant kindly, to the distressed little mother, as she halted opposite the dread wicket where the prisoners are searched and their names taken down.
"I don't want my boy arrested; only frightened."

frightened."
"Yes?"
How the button near the throat troubled the little body! Time and again she unbuttoned and buttoned it again. It must have been very tight to have distressed her so! "A year ago," she continued, "my boy took to drinking. He was so sorry the first time he came home drunk. For days after he hardly spoke a word. I didn't scold him; he felt bad enough.
"It was over three months before he came home that way again. I talked with him that time but he only looked sullen." Again the nervous fingers worked at the button.

"Almost every week he came home drunk button.

"Almost every week he came home drunk after this," she went on, pretending to brush back her hair with her handkerchief, which in some unaccountable way touched her eyes. "I am losing all hopes. He was such a good son, and I relied upon him so. Last night he did what he never did before; that is why I am here." Again the handkerchief brushed back the hair, and again perversely hid the tear-stained eyes. "He was completely wild last night and broke half the furniture in our little house."

It was no use. The tears would not be kept back. Covering her face with her hands she wept bitterly. Between the thin fingers the large tears streamed and fell on the wicket.

After this weakness she was too ashamed to look up again.

After this weakness she was too asnamed to look up again.

The sergeant asked her where she lived. She told him. "I will send a policeman and scare that boy nearly to death," exclaimed the sergeant, bringing his fist down heavily on his deak, as the door closed behind the little mother.

If the men who sell liquor to the boy could be scared, the officer's indignation would have greater results.

Strongly Indorsed.

The advertising of Hood's Sarsaparille appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking people, because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by indorsements which in the financial world would be accepted without a moment's hesitation. They tell the story—HOOD'S CURES.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, bil ousness, sick headache, constipation.

Minard's Liniment cares Colds, etc. minard's Liniment cures Coids, etc.

"The Signal Service predicts light snow,"
observed Mrs. Snaggs. "I wonder why it
doesn't predict dark snow for a change?"
asked her husband.

drunkard on the earth—how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both those revolutions and the cradle of both those revolutions and the cradle of both those revolutions. He was also the planted and nurstared to maturiy both the political and its mere and its cradle of both the political and its mere and the moral freedom of the species !—[President Lincoln.]

WOMEN AND STRONG DRINK.

**Any person who has looked in upon the gin palaces of London and has seen it fairly faces of the barinaids there employed in the title political and its faces of the barinaids there employed in the built of the control of

Frank's Experiment.

Frank Allen pulled his hat away from his face after having induiged in what he termed "a fit of the sulks" for nearly an hour. He was laying on his back amid the daisiestand buttercups, under an old elm, and when he uncovered his face, nature met him with a burst of light from the June sky, and with soft, cool touches of the summer wind.

and when he uncovered in stace, and with a burst of light from the June sky, and with soft, cool touches of the summer wind.

"It is useless for me to whine to myself," said the boy slowly. "The farm is already so havily mortgaged that it is impossible for father to saddle another one on it and send me to college as Howard Fulton's father has done; and I shall have to stay at home, now that I have finished the high school course, and help on the farm, as it is our only hold. And it's a poor hold, too. I'll take a look at it, and see if it has any capabilities beyond a miserable existence for the Allen family.

He sprang to his feet and took his look. Billows of white and gold met his eye—a pleasant sight for an artist, but not for a farmer—bounded by fences that needed repairing.

Some distance away he could discern the orchard full of gnarled mossy trees, the fruit of which never met with a customer. Just beyond was the old barn and the weather-beaten farm house.

Frank's ijn closed firmly together. It was a discouraging sight. He hurred aeross the field, now and then catching his feet in a wiry vine that was doing its best to exterminate whatever feeble grasses the daisies and buttercups might spare, and at length reached the pasture fence.

"Well," he said, "there's one thing certain, and that is there is a good chance for a little extra work all over the lot. Now, what is the best way to go about it? Father thinks he is doing the best thing that can be done, and the first thing I know I shall be working in the same old rut."

Frank rested his elbows on the top railing of the shaky old fence and dropped his face into the palms of his hands.

"I think I know what to do. If father will give me a piece of the farm—I don't care how poor it is—I'll just try my best with the piece of land. I'll be careful to ask him for some of his very poorest land. Now among so much that is poor, what is the poorest?"

Frank studied the question for several minutes, Suddenly his face lighted up.

Frank studied the question for several minutes, Suddenly his face lighted up. "I know—that sandy strip across the

"I snow himself lightly over the fence, he took one of the well-trodden cow paths home.

The Allen homestead faced the west. On the worth and south the land generally

he took one of the well-trodden cow paths home.

The Allen homestead faced the west. On the north and south the land generally sloped away into the level meadows; on the east the slope was very abrupt, forming a declivity, at the foot of which ran a winding brook. Over across this brook lay Frank's choice. It was a sandy piece of land on which nothing had succeeded in growing. Bleak and bare, it lay under the June sunshine with nothing to hide its utter forlormness. On the further side of this was a broken-down boundary wall of stone. But notwithstanding the utter unprepossessing look of it all, Frank's eye dwelt fondly on that narrow strip of sand.

After supper, when the chores were all done, Frank made known to his father his desire for a small portion of the farm.

"Not a great deal, father," he said, earnestly, "but just a small piece that I can call my very own."

"I can't call any of it my very own," said Mr. Allen, fretfully, "and I don't see how I can spare any of it on account of a boy's whim."

"Over the brook!" cried his father in amazement. "As worthless a piece of land as ever the sun shone on! Yes, take it. You're perfectly welcome to it. But you may just make up your mind, my lad, that you'll never make a farmer."

"Thank you, father, for the land," said Frank, as heartily as though there had been no scoffing words in the granting of his request. "Are you going to use old Silky tomorrow?"

"No; what do you want now!" said Mr. Allen, grufily.

"I'll use him and the plow then."

"The plow! Frank, what is the matter with you? I don't know what to think. You can the plow the soil that had lain a foot or two underground — Mr.

But the straight, deep furrows were not so bad after all; and aomehow the soil that had lain a foot or two underground — Mr.

get along without the mowing field a little longer. Your plans won't take up all this money, so I think I'll buy another cow."

"Father, listen a minute. Mother has worked very hard for years, and she has peked as many strawberries as you have. Now, instead of buying enother cow, for which we should have to buy extra hay, let us ask mother and the girls what they would like to have."

us ask mother and the gir.'s what they would like to have."
"Well, I don't care," said Mr. Allen.
Frank hunted up paper and pencil and then said, "Now, mother, what do you want?"
"I would like a new lounge for the sitting-room, and a low, willow rocking chair.
Then I do want a photograph album."
"You shall have them, mother. What is uppermost in your mind, Kate?"
The young girl blushed, glanced apprehensively at her father, and then said heaitatingly.

nensvery action in the control of Dickons' works, please, and a volume of Longfellow's poems."
"Now, Annie, it's your turn."
"Oh, I want a doll!" cried little Annie eagerly. "I never had anything but a rag

eagerly. "I never had anything but a reg doly."
The money is not all used up yet, and father can have the balance."
But, Frank, interpnsed Mrs. Allen, "you haven't laid out \$1 on yourseif."
'It's worth more than money to me to know that the work I put in down on that strip of sand has done some good. Are you satisfied, father?"
Mr. Allen looked at the bright, happy face of his son, and then glanced at his wife and girls. Mrs. Allen had drawn Frank's arm lovingly about her neck, while mother love and pride fairly illuminated her weary face. Kate was humming to herself like a happy bee, and Annie was talking cheerfully to the kitten. Something rose in the farmer's throat, and he said hurriedly, "Yes, Frank, I'm satisfied, You'vedone well."—[Connecticut Farmer.

LEGAL QUERIES.

BRYANSTON.—Have hired a man for six months; can I dismiss him at the end of any month by paying him up in full to the end of that month, according to this agreement? ANS.—No; if you dismiss him before the end of the six months you are liable for damages. 2. What is deemed sufficient cause (in law) to dismiss a hired farm hand before the expiration of his term? ANS.—Any gross or willful misconduct or disobedience. Case depends upon its own circumstances.

WEST ZORRA.—A man dies without a will, leaving in the hands of a son money which was to be kept for his father's use. A majority of the heirs want an administrator appointed, but a few of the heirs who do not want a thorough and impartial investigation of the estate made object have a disinterested party appointed. How can we get an administrator? Must there be one appointed? ANS.—The son having the money cannot be compelled to pay it except by an administrator of the estate. Anyone of the next of kin can apply for letters of administration, and whoever is appointed can be compelled to thoroughly investigate. Consult a lawyer.

MICHIGAN.—I am about 50 years old and have lived with my father all my life. It

appointed can be compelled to thoroughly investigate. Consult a lawyer.

Michican.—I am about 50 years old and have lived with my father all my life. It was the understanding between my parents and myself that if I remained at heme until they died I should have their property. My father and mother both died a short time ago, and my father gave me a deed of his farm of his own free will a couple of months before he died. My only brother now threatens proceedings at law to void the deed on the grounds that my father left him nothing when he died. My brother was kept at common and high schools when young and given a first-class education. He left home when about 18 years of age to do for himself, and was never at home an hour since except on a visit. My father gave my brother \$1,000 in 1882. Is the deed under the circumstances stated a good one? If my father had never given my brother anything, would that be sufficient ground on which to void the deed? My brother is older than I am. The farm my father gave me is worth about \$3,000. Ans.—The deed is valid. It is no ground for setting it aside that your brother got nothing from your father, who had a legal right to do as he liked with his property, and might have left it outside of his family had he so desired.

Lebanon.—Under the Municipal Act

You can't raise anything on that land.

"Perhaps not, father; but I am going to try an experiment. It won't cost you a cent, but I am to do as I the with my land."

"All right, Frank. Just goahead the way you've started, and we'll see how you'll sue coed.

But the straight, deep furrows were not so bad after all; and somehow the soil that had less and that had heretofore been surface soil.

All en's furrows were never more than six inches in depth—looked better than the sand that had heretofore been surface soil.

Next, that boundray wall was repaired.

Next, that we will the field across the brook are all other will and the start that the part of the work done, which shall have full power to elabor the work wall will we will a will be a baying field in which an eccentric farmer had used black hay caps in the read of white.

The rich forest mould was mixed with the said of white.

The rich forest mould was mixed with the said of white.

The work and or live were represented to the mixed of white were well and the first that the will be a said of white well will b

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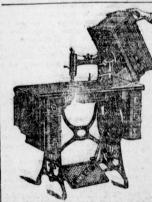
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