

Driven From Sea to Sea; Or, JUST A CAMPIN'.

BY C. C. POSE. PUBLISHED BY PETERSON & J. E. DOWNEY & CO., PUBLISHERS, OHIO.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"They were such little bits o' tots when I left that I really 'spect they have forgotten how their own father looks. There's Martha, now, she'd recognize me in a minute, I'll venture; six years is a long time, though, and I've had some awful hard knocks during that time; wonder how I am lookin' much the worse?"

"He had at first thought of meeting his family at Sacramento, and had gone down there in the middle of August with the intention of remaining until they arrived; but as the time of their coming was quite uncertain, and might not be for several weeks yet, and as some things remained to be done to the cottage, he had made arrangements with Jo Bronson, who also had friends in the expected company, to see that they were properly directed after being supplied with anything of which they might be in special need, or to attend to any business in case anything had gone wrong with them, and had returned to the ranch to await their return.

For several days after his return he busied himself about the cottage, putting in a shelf here, driving up a nail 'there, going out to look at the garden, the ground for which he had broken early in the spring—almost the first day after he had said his claim and written his family to come—and which now, thanks to his careful tending and the natural adaptability of the soil and climate, was growing in such a healthy and melonous enough for a larger family than the one whose wants they were intended to supply; and remembering that but a few days or weeks intervened before their coming, that even now they might be in sight from the bluffs at the head of the creek, and that the windings of the road followed, that he expected to be coming around the bend at any moment, is it any wonder that he slept but lightly, or that he often raised himself from his blanket, fancying he heard a familiar voice calling to him through the darkness?

Only two days before their arrival a neighboring squatter called at the ranch, and the two men spoke together earnestly and excitedly, and when the neighbor had departed, the squatter mounted his pony and dashed away across the country at break-neck speed, casting anxious glances over his shoulder in the direction from which he expected any day, any hour, to see the canvas-covered wagon in whose occupants every eye of his life centered.

After an absence of a few hours he returned at the same reckless pace, but only to dash off again, after making certain that no one had been at the cottage during his absence.

Just at midnight he came home, fastened instead of turning loose his pony, and cut for him a bundle of the wild oats that grow so lustily upon the rich soil of the Suscol Ranch and surrounding valley.

Then he began to pace back and forth before the porch of the cottage. He did not cook or eat any supper; he even forgot to light his pipe.

All through that night he paced up and down or stood looking into the sky or out toward the distant hills. When morning came he looked and tried to eat his breakfast, but could only swallow with an effort, and when it was over he set the unwashed dishes aside and looked in the bit of glass again.

What he saw there seemed to hurt him in some way. The face that was reflected back appeared older and so good-looking as he had fancied it had when he last saw it; he felt that even Martha would hardly know him, and with the thought, tears, the first he had shed since he kissed wife and babies good-bye away back in the States, almost overtook him, and he laid down the piece of looking-glass as if ashamed even that the image in it should look upon his emotion.

After awhile he lay down upon his blanket, telling himself that he must not look too care-worn at their coming, but his eyes refused to remain closed. Instead, they persisted in wandering about the rooms; lingering for a moment upon each object in which their possessor had felt a special interest as something that would lighten the labors of his wife; some little thing she would not be likely to expect and which would give her more pleasure because of it.

All the day through he was up and down, out and in the cottage, unable or unwilling to work, forgetting his dinner until long past the usual hour, and then permitting it to burn to a crisp upon the fire, and then, when the sun was going down he saw coming around the curve in the road a covered wagon; and although wagons—such wagons—were far from uncommon sights to him, and although it might well be strangers that approached, yet something told him that it was his own loved ones, and with the thought every look of weariness and care went out of his face, and a moment later the woman in a gingham dress and sun-bonnet had no difficulty in recognizing her husband in the man whose eager arms were thrown about her even before she could descend from the wagon.

CHAPTER III.—THE REUNION.

It was true that the girls who were "such little bits o' tots" when he left them did not know how their father looked, and would not have known it was he but for the greeting he gave to his mother and themselves.

It is doubtful, on the other hand, if John Parsons would have known his girls had he met them unexpectedly. They had grown wonderfully, he thought, so much more than he had imagined.

True, he had counted the years that had flown, and had said: "Jennie is almost eleven now, and Lucy past nine," but what did the passage of years signify when memory had all the time pictured the babies just as he had seen them before the years had come and gone.

Estas, he thought, had not changed so much. He was quite a lad when he saw him last, and he was not fully a man now. He had grown, of course, and had a manly air and look, but he was not yet sixteen, and then he always expect boys to grow. He had seen boys on the streets of Sacramento and elsewhere of all ages and sizes, and their forms and faces had somehow mingled with the face of the boy who had helped to obliterate the picture of the lad as he saw him last and form a new and much truer one of the real Estas who now had his new look and held with a grasp that warmed the girl's heart toward him anew.

Let us in the horses stand a bit and come into the barn with me, he said, and the girls, he said, "we will care for them by and by."

But the boy replied that he would rather care for them at once and could easily do it without help, as he was accustomed to do. They were tired, he said, and he would take them to the barn, and he had determined to get through that night, and had broken camp early and driven back.

"Yes, John," interrupted Mrs. Parsons, "it has been a long drive and a hard one, not to-day only, but so many times, and I am glad to see that you are not going to have to hitch up again in the morning; but that our journey is ended at last, and that we are all together again."

"I didn't expect so nice a home," she added, coming close to him and looking up in his eyes with her eyes full of tears. "And I am so glad we have a home of our own once more. I am sure we shall be very, very happy here." And she felt very when her husband roughly turned away and began helping Estas with the animals.

She supposed, however, that he was ashamed, and she felt deeply he was affected at the thought of their all being together, and of the happiness which was sure to be theirs, now that it was so; and she felt very certain that this was the case when a minute later he came back, and putting his arms around her said:

"Come Martha, come babies, let's go in and see the new home from the inside," and led her up the steps to the porch, and then into the main room of the cottage.

"How'll she do?" he said, motioning with his hand toward the room.

His wife noticed that his voice was broken as he said it, but she did not wonder at it, for her own voice was not to be found at all just then, and sinking into a chair she put both hands to her face and gave way to tears that would come in spite of her.

When she could control her voice she said: "Please don't think me foolish, John; I'm so happy I just can't help crying. Indeed, I didn't expect anything half so comfortable and nice, and now that we are all together again in a home of our own, I can't think of nothing else worth asking for."

Going behind her chair her husband took her hands in his own, and stooping down, kissed her twice, and was silent for a time. Then he said, huskily: "I'm glad we are together again, Martha, and I'm glad you shall ever be parted any more. Now you rest while I go and help Estas with the horses," and turning he left the house.

When he came back in company with the boy he found his wife busy preparing their supper, the material for which Jennie and Lucy were bringing from the wagon.

John brought out his own stores to add to those of the travelers, and soon the family were seated about the table, at the first meal eaten together for so many years; indeed, the first meal that the girls could remember to have ever eaten in company with their father.

Then followed questions and answers regarding the friends in the States, and the journey which was just ended so happily, and at a late hour the family retired to rest upon such beds as could be improvised from the stock in the wagon added to that which the husband and father had been able to provide in view of their coming, and soon all were sleeping the blessed sleep that comes from weariness and a feeling of having passed safely through much of danger.

All but John Parsons, who, despite his last night of waking, slept but little, and arose in the morning with a look that showed a wife at once that there was something upon his mind, a knowledge of which he was striving to keep from the family, and instantly she recalled what had been told her by some friendly squatters near whose cabin they had camped the second night out from Sacramento; of a rumor that some settlers, somewhere further down the valley, were likely to lose their claims through some cause, which those who repeated the tale did not properly understand.

It had not occurred to her at the time that it was possible it could be John's claim that was in danger.

It seemed strange now that it did not. But so full was her mind of thoughts of John himself, of their coming reunion, and of the future when they should all be together in the new home, that there was no room for anything else; and so she had scarcely heard the tale at all, or hearing it had dismissed it at once with a single expression of pity for the poor families who were to lose their all—even so she and John had done back in the States—through the greed of those who are not content with what is justly theirs.

But now she understood it.

It was John's claim that was involved, and they had some two thousand miles to go to find a lawyer to sue, only he had been taken to the States, and they had shaken the dust of the long journey from their garments.

It was Erastus that broke the spell at last. He had been the first to rise and had gone out immediately to feed and rub down the horses; and returning had entered just in time to hear Mrs. Parsons speak of the title to the claim. Then he, too, remembered the rumor which he had heard, and knew that it was true, and understood all that it meant to those who had been the only real friends he had ever known, and his young blood grew hot and for a moment he felt that he could kill the men who were the cause of so much suffering, and then there came a great wave of emotion for the friends who had given him all the love he had ever known, and stepping forward, he said, in a tone of voice that gave a weight to his words which his years would have denied him:

"Uncle John, if the land thieves have robbed the place, let us let 'em have it. There must be land somewhere that they don't claim, and if there is we'll find it, and make a home out of it. I'm almost a man now, Uncle John, and I'll help you; so don't give up. I will be a right good boy, and I will find a place to start again, somewhere, and all begin together," said his wife. "I know, dear, how badly you feel. You have built the house for us and have thought so much about welcoming us here that it is harder for you than for us, and I just saw it for the first time last night."

"I never knew it till just the other day," said John, striving to speak in his natural voice; "they told me when I bought the place that it was all straight, and the courts had decided that the title was all right. I don't know what the courts have decided, but I would hold but the settler; but it seems that the rich fellows that claim it raised a heap of money and bribed Congress to reverse the thing. The other squatters got wind of it and had a meetin' to see about it. That was when I was at Sacramento arranged with you for your claim, and I never knew anything about it till Bill Ritchie, who has the next claim east, came over Thursday mornin' to tell me that another meetin' was to be held that afternoon to hear the report of the committee that had been sent out to look into it. I was there, and I saw that the courts had decided that the title was all right, and I helped Bill to notify the neighbors, and we held the meetin' at Bill's house, and the committee was there, and they said we was done for, sure enough; that Congress had decided that the land Suscol Ranch belonged to a few fellows that never struck a blow, and that they had not put up a shanty; and who never paid nobody for doin' it, but claimed it because some Spanish King or other once pretended to give it to some of his cronies before there was any United States or anything else on this continent but buffalo, and bears, and such."

"I was to be proud of my country," he continued, "and was fond of sayin' that everybody stood an equal chance here; but it ain't so. Nobody don't stand any chance except he is a raskal and a coward into the bargain; stealin' and gettin' in front of the law. There ain't no doin' that Congress was bribed. Our fellow squatters have been where and when the money was raised, and some of the Congressmen and Senators who was bought to vote agin us; but we can't prove nothing in court, for everything works agin the poor man, who only want justice, an' in favor of the rich. I don't know what rob him of his earnings; and if it wasn't for the wimin and children, that might be left to off their husbands and fathers was killed, there would be a fight before some of us give up our claims."

"This allusion to possible violence frightened Martha, and she said: 'The squatters should, and John should be killed? The thought almost took away her breath, and she tried in every way to calm her husband whom she had never before seen in so violent and bitter a mood.'

He did not really meditate resistance, however. Experience and observation had taught him that those who could control both the Legislatures and the Courts could bring about to their assistance that made resistance by any force which the squatters could command worse than useless; and after a little while he cooled down and began to talk of what was to be done in the direction of seeking a new home.

"Some of the fellows are talking of goin' up into the foot-hills, above Sacramento, where they say that ain't no claim of any kind on the land, and where it is most as easy to grow grapes and peaches an' apricots and such as it is to raise corn an' hogs back in the States. If they would pay for the work I've done on this place, or even enough to get lumber for another house, we could start agin up there, and do pretty well may be, but they won't. Stealin' is their game, and havin' paid Congress to declare stealin' legal, I s'pose they'll go for everythin' in sight."

Mrs. Parsons professed to be pleased with the idea of raising fruit, which was really the case, for she had already seen evidences since arriving upon the coast of the liberality with which nature dealt with such of her products in this climate, and she felt she could find the right spot and get a claim which would not be wrested from them, she would have it in no small degree contented with the situation. And now she was ready to encourage any scheme that would help to reconcile her husband to the inevitable.

The result of further conversation between the members of the family was that Mr. Parsons again mounted his pony and rode away in the direction of Ritchie's shanty; and that that evening a dozen squatters, many of them accompanied by their wives, met at the cottage, where John and Bill should make a trip to the locality spoken of and see if it was really suitable for homesteading, while others were to go to San Francisco and ascertain beyond possible question if there was any shadow of a claim hanging over it.

"Clara (shyly)—Of all the months of the year, George, dear, will do you think it the happiest time for love's George (of a thirty nature)—May is the happiest because it is the cheapest. Clara—Cheapest? How? George—It is too late in the season for oysters and too early for ice cream.—N. Y. Times.

In one issue of *Utica*, (N. Y.) paper recently was an account of an old man four outsiders, two of which were ascribed to dependency over the loss of wives, and a third to the interference of a young man's family in his love affairs.

The young men of Birmingham, Ala., have a fashionable club and by a large majority have voted to prohibit jay playing and liquor drinking in the club rooms.—N. Y. Post.

Earthquakes in North Japan are more numerous and severe in winter than in summer.

IS THE BODY IN THE CRYPT?

Rev. Dr. Charles Hall Thinks Stewart's Remains Were Never Stolen.

Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall, rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, of Brooklyn, Sunday officiated at the Church of the Holy Incarnation at Garden City, the Stewart Memorial Cathedral. On his return home he met by a World reporter. The reverend gentleman expressed the opinion that the body of A. T. Stewart is securely resting in the crypt of the magnificent edifice built with his money. Furthermore he advanced the marvelous theory that the body had never been stolen. Notwithstanding the fact that Judge Henry Hilton, the trustee of the Stewart estate, has paid out if not hundreds of thousands of dollars to detectives for searching for the body, Dr. Hall believes there never was anything to find. The rector of Holy Trinity does not stand alone in the opinion that A. T. Stewart's body has found a last resting place. The conclusion, however, is generally based on entirely different grounds from the simple deduction of the clerical gentleman.

When it was first announced that Stewart's body had been stolen Mrs. Stewart was reported as having said that the Garden City Cathedral would not be built until her husband's remains were recovered. The edifice had not only been completed, but presented to a corporation and handsomely endowed. The Rev. Dr. Hall was chairman of the committee appointed by the Long Island Protestant Episcopal Diocese that reported favorably on accepting the remains of the body. He has also been stated that Judge Hilton paid \$50,000 to the grave robbers for restoring the body.

Dr. Hall believes that the whole story of the famous grave robbery was manufactured. It is in his opinion a piece of pure fiction. When the body was thought to have been stolen Judge Hilton or Mrs. Stewart would make such an announcement he said:

"There was every reason for its fabrication. Judge Hilton was constantly annoyed by the receipt of anonymous letters, and he was sure that the body was to be stolen. If such a crime was successfully consummated, the expected reward for the recovery of the body would be so great that the thieves would feel themselves justified in making any outcry to secure it. No guard would be placed upon the body that would not be bribed with a sum of money to defend the body of the story of its having been stolen had to be fabricated. Look at all the reports in the papers at that time. You will find that the story is told with too much attention to details, while the question, How did the body get into the crypt? is never mentioned. It is entirely left out of sight. No, sir, the supposed robbery was never committed, and some day, at no distant one either, you will learn the whole story of the supposed robbery. I believe firmly that the body of A. T. Stewart is now in the crypt at the Cathedral of the Incarnation at Garden City."

"How do you account for the fact that the grave was found to have been disturbed and the discovery of the trail over which it was thought the body had been dragged?" asked the reporter.

"That is what I refer to when I say that the story is a piece of pure fiction. It might have been necessary to carry out the original plan and prevent robbery. If the body had been stolen why did not the detectives keep up the search? Why was there not a more sustained effort to find it and gain the reward?"

"But Judge Hilton expended \$100,000 or \$200,000 in searching for the body," suggested the reporter.

"Did he?" interrupted the clergyman. "Has it not also been denied that he ever paid such large sums for such an object? He may have expended a fortune, but if he had he had no money to start with. Now you needn't try to put on enough steam to carry you through to Heaven, but just enough to get on with."—N. Y. Post.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Some one has discovered that the reason why men succeed where they fail is because there is little competition.

And now it is all the rage to paint flowers and landscapes on large, square crackers and render them useless, even for dog food.

A Milwaukee editor committed suicide because he was in debt. It is such an unusual thing for an editor to be in debt that he could not stand it.—Boston Post.

If there is a craze called roller skating raging in the land, as reported, it is very strange that some of the paragraphists don't make a joke about it.—Norristown Herald.

Emma Nevada, the sweet singer of the Sierras, kissed three hundred girls before leaving San Francisco, and complains that it made her very tired. Should her right? Why didn't she hire a cheap young man?—Burlington Hawkeye.

A man never begins to find out how little he knows about domestic matters until his wife asks him to keep his eyes on the baby and to see that a pan of melted butter is kept stirred while she goes into the kitchen to fetch her rag bag.—Cape Ann Advertiser.

A ministerial acquaintance thinks that he alone should decide what hymns are to be sung during service. He thinks that the choir should have no voice in the matter. They haven't in very many churches—that is to say, any voice to speak of.—Christian at Work.

The life of a woman in Italy who was recently buried beneath an avalanche was snuffed by a hen. The account that no one could find this was down but we presume the woman had a corn, and the hen in scratching for it dug her out.—Rockland Courier-Oracle.

Emerson says: "All the world loves a lover." That may be true, but wide observation has taught us that the love of all the world doesn't make the love any more constant so long as one little snip of a seventeen-year-old girl says that she can be his only as a sister.—Somerville Journal.

The other day, a reverend gentleman, addressing his lawyer companion at the fire, said he didn't see why a stable should catch fire in the middle of the day when there was no fire-place or stove in connection with the building. When the lawyer replied: "They may have kept a fiery horse in there."—Chicago Journal.

"So you are a stenographer?" "Yes, sir." "I should think it would be very difficult to take down everything a speaker says." "It's not so hard when you understand it. I was reporting a speech the other day, and I thought I'd give you a sample of what I could do. I don't know how long it will last, but I'll believe it, none of the speakers could follow me!"—Texas Siftings.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The Seventh Day Adventists seem to be gaining in strength in New York. They have recently established missions in New York, Buffalo, Albany and Syracuse.

Bismarck will devote \$12,000 annual interest on his national birthday gift to establishing charitable foundations for students in universities for the study of philology.

During the year there have been three hundred additions to the Baptist Church from the Cherokee Indians, making the total membership 2,000. There are 6,000 members of the denomination in the Indian Territory.—San Francisco Call.

The Christian Advocate says: "A reasonable estimate justifies the opinion that more than 40,000 persons have professed conversion during the past three months and joined, or are intending to join, the Methodist Episcopal Church."

Linear drawing has been introduced, by recent enactment, into all the elementary schools of England. The theory is that a knowledge of this kind of drawing is useful in almost every kind of trade or handicraft.—Chicago Current.

The \$1,500 required to complete the \$25,000 for the Parsonage Building Fund of the American Congregational Church, for comfortable dwellings for home missionaries on the Western frontier, was contributed by the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, after an appeal by Rev. Dr. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle.—N. Y. Times.

At a colored church on the outskirts of the city Sunday afternoon the preaching of the Rev. Dr. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle, was so successful that he must have \$5 before he would preach. The hat was passed round, and when returns were made \$3.50 in the pot, whereupon the preacher said he must have \$1.50 more before he would preach. The hat was passed around the second time and the \$5 made up, when the congregation was treated to one of the best efforts of the pastor's life.—Columbia (S. C.) Register.

The education of the Chinese in San Francisco is a problem that presents manifold difficulties. The board of education of that city have provided a school-room and a teacher, but it is found that the weather Chinese object to having their youngsters associate with the offspring of the rabble, and they are opposed also to the co-education of the sexes. So far but one pupil is promised for the new school, which entails an expense of \$40 a month for rent and \$90 a month for the teacher.

President Eliot says that, without special extravagance or fast living in any way, a Harvard student can easily spend \$800 a year, and some get rid of much more. A calculation of the average expense at twenty-five of the principal colleges, according to the statements of their respective catalogues as to cost of board, tuition and general expenses, shows that it is a trifle over \$500. An average college education, then, costs \$500 a year, or \$2,000. Of course, the thing can be done for less than this. Tuition may be remitted by the gaining of a scholarship, and a young man who is determined to support himself must do so in whole or in part by teaching and other work.—Boston Journal.

Rev. Sam Jones, a Georgia evangelist, has frequently been offered fifty dollars a day for his religious services, but declines to make any contract for his preaching. It is told of him that during a man to become a Christian, he said: "Don't try to take me out of my steam at first. I heard an engineer ask his fireman at the depot yesterday if he had enough steam—not to reach Chattanooga with, for the boiler couldn't have held that much—not to reach Dalton, for that much steam would have burst the boiler—but if he had steam enough to start with. Now you needn't try to put on enough steam to carry you through to Heaven, but just enough to get on with."—N. Y. Post.

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TEMPERANCE READING.

An Economic Destruction in Alcoholic Drinks in the States, as shown by the following Statistics of Over 5,000,000 of People.

The economic aspects of the drink traffic afford more subjects of wonder than any other branch of political economy whatever. While it may not be possible to state with any certainty the actual sum annually expended by the people of the United States for drink, we at least know the number of gallons and pure spirits which are consumed, and are thus able to form an approximate idea of what it costs the consumer. According to the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for 1884, the number of gallons of distilled spirits withdrawn for consumption in that fiscal year was 78,342,474, for which the consumer can hardly have paid less than \$10 a gallon, or \$783,424,740. The beer amounted to 17,575,722 barrels, costing the consumer at least \$18 a barrel, or \$305,211,088. Whatever discount from this estimate we might be called upon to make by reason of a part of the whisky being sold for less than \$10 a gallon, will be more than compensated for by the addition of water and adulterated liquors, as well as native and imported wines, all of which are ignored in the reckoning.

The wastefulness of this enormous expenditure will appear more plainly if we compare it with another important item of property by first showing that in 1884 reached \$109,800,100. In order to come still nearer to an understanding of the evil significance of these vast totals, let us measure them in units of a man's work for a year. Taking all manufacturing establishments of the country as a basis, we find that the total sum of 1880, and dividing the total sum paid for wages by the average number of hands employed, we get \$345 as the average earning of an operative by a year's work. Taking this unit at \$350 for the sake of rounder figures, we find that the chief waste of this country present the aspect shown in the following table:

TABLE OF WASTE.

| Item | Dollars | Men. |
|--|-----------------|-----------|
| Pure losses 1884 (according to the statistics of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue) | \$109,800,100 | 313,714 |
| Spirits @ \$10 per gallon to consumers | 783,424,740 | 2,238,355 |
| Beer @ \$18 a barrel | 305,211,088 | 872,317 |
| Tobacco | 222,850,000 | 639,571 |
| Total | \$1,321,585,928 | 3,964,067 |

This we discover that in drink alone there is an absolute destruction equal to the entire earnings of over three millions of people every year. The destruction is complete. The three millions and at least as many more dependent upon them to be fed and clothed at the expense of their health, intelligence and entire earnings into the bottomless pit of drink. The gravity of the destruction is in no way diminished by dividing it among a greater number. If six millions spend half their earnings for drink there is the same loss of property but more people share it, perhaps.

The first feeling of being confronted by statistics like the above is that there must be a fallacy concealed in them. The evidence of our senses assures us that wealth is steadily increasing and the standard of comfortable and rational living steadily, though perhaps slowly, advancing. It is, however, the involuntary conclusion that it is not possible, we answer. On the contrary there is every reason to suppose it to be real. "But how can the Nation stand it?" asks the incredulous economist. This point also is worth looking into. The secret lies in the continual growth of wealth in spite of this tremendous waste is found in the use of machinery. A machine is an apparatus for enabling man to perform his work by the aid of the energy of nature. The farmer borrows strength from a horse in the use of the soil and the sunlight, and the power of his animals. The manufacturer copies his machinery to the water-fall or to the power lying idle in the coal. Taking a horse-power as being equal to the work of three men, machinery, but very few know it, multiplies the power of the man to the work of more than ten millions of men. This is exclusive of the enormous advantage which all share in the much greater expenditure of force in transportation of material and merchandise upon the railways.

Without this beneficent addition of machinery to our resources the drink waste would reduce this free land to abject poverty within less than a single decade. This any one can see who will observe that the total number engaged in gainful occupations in 1880 was only about eighteen millions. The annual waste, therefore, is more than one-sixth the human resources of the country. The bearing of this fact upon hard times is too large a subject for present undertaking.—Union Signal.

A HEREDITARY CURSE.

The Awful Responsibility of Parents Attended by Temperance.

Dr. Howe in a report on Intemperance to the Legislature of Massachusetts, states that: "The habits of the parents of three hundred of the idiots were learned; and one hundred and forty-five, or nearly one-half, are reported as 'known to be habitual drunkards.' Such parents, it is affirmed, give a weak and lax constitution to their children, who are, consequently, deficient in bodily and vital energy, and predisposed to their very organization to have craving for alcoholic stimulants; many of these children are feeble, and live irregularly. Having a lower vitality, they feel the want of some stimulation. If they pursue the course of their fathers, they have more temptation to follow, and less power to avoid, than the children of temperate parents, and to their hereditary weakness, and to increase the tendency to idleness in their constitution—and this they leave to their children after them. The parents of case No. 62 were drunkards, and had seven idiotic children.

Dr. Howe concludes that three-fourths of all idiots are intemperate parents. The following, among other cases mentioned in his report, presents a painful illustration of these facts: "No. 58. H. C. P., aged thirty-three. His mother was extremely intemperate for several years before his birth. He was born with a broad, open, and muscular vigor is impaired by a singular affection of his nervous system, which gives him the air, gait and appearance of a drunken man. He seems to have inherited from his mother a strong resemblance to her acquired habits. He trips and staggers in his walk."—The Medical Union at Stoke-Newington.

A PLEASANT item to note is the establishment of a Temperance magazine for the blind, printed in raised characters for finger reading. It is formed by the Massachusetts Society of the Young Abolitionists. The magazine is published by the Young Abolitionists' Union at Stoke-Newington.

GENERAL CANBY, in a recent speech in Cheltenham Hall, N. Y., claimed that "the intoxicating beverages of different nations partake of the character of their people. The Americans, who are made up of people from many countries, will take anything and get drunk on anything."

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