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TERMS, $1.00 a Year in Advance

As showing what difficulties lie in the way of aiding the poor to better their condition, there comes a story from New York city. A fund is provided to take thousands of poor children to the country to spend a week among green fields and pure air, and everybody supposes that the children of the slums are delighted with their outing, but there is reason to doubt it. In the hottest week in August, a party of 12 boys were sent to a farmhouse, where the fare was bountiful and the surroundings charming. At the end of the third day, ten of the boys ran away and made their way back to their miserable homes in the city, and when interrogated explained that the country was too slow for them, and they preferred the city, where there was "plenty of life." What can be done to benefit that class of people.

One of the big trans-Atlantic steamship companies has installed a telephone service on its dock at Hoboken. This is connected with the steamers lying there, so that the passenger leaving for Europe may from his stateroom transact business up to the minute of sailing.

Inventors who have been studying the problem of time-saving in newspaper offices are perfecting machinery which, it is expected, will develop three times the speed of present methods and reduce the number of operators. The first is an automatic telegraph typewriter, by which the message records itself by perforating tape without the assistance of a human receiver. By means of the second device the perforated tape is made to operate the typesetting machine, thus doing the work of the compositor. The third step is an invention for automatic stereotyping which performs in 15 seconds the work which now occupies three men one minute. The reporter's typewriter, like that of the telegraph operator, will produce both the perforated tape and the printed copy, so that matter written in the Progress in Press Work.

JASPER DEPARTMENT.

MISS MAAEL WENTWORTH MANAGER.

Personal Notes.

When have we had such a beautiful autumn?

Eat dinner with the Maccabees election day.

O. O. Laine of Canisteo has purchased the Mrs. Elsie Wilson house and lot, and will make it his future home here. We shall be pleased to have Mr. L. for a townsman.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Anna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Levy Whiting, to James Corbett of Canisteo, to take place Nov. 7th.

Mrs. M. L. Drake, who has been quite ill, is slowly recovering.

Rev. Geo. Sherer and wife visited in Bath last week.

Geo. Dennis and family were in Addison the last of the week.

Dr. N. Huntington and mother spent Thursday in Greenwood.

Walter Ostrander and wife of Bennett's Creek were guests of friends in town last week.

Rev. A. R. Crawford and wife returned home Thursday, after an extended visit in Ithaca

A. W. Hutchinson transacted business in Hornellsville Friday and Saturday.

A. B. Craig and P. Williams were in Woodhull Friday.

Asa Smith of Woodhull was in town Tuesday.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Baptist Church met with Mrs. Wm. June Thursday. About forty were present.

Shirley Snyder, one of Uncle Sam's brave boys, leaves to day, after a two months furlough.

It Happened in a Drug Store.

"One day last winter a lady came to my drug store and asked for a brand of cough medicine that I did not have in stock," says C. R. Grandin, the popular druggist of Oshawa, Ont. "She was disappointed and wanted to know what cough preparation I could recommend. I said to her that I could freely recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and that she could take a bottle of the remedy and afterglving it, a fair trial if she did not find it worth the money to bring back the bottle and I would refund the price paid. In the course of a day or two the lady came back in company with a friend in need of a cough medicine and advised her to buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I consider that a very good recommendation for the remedy." It is for sale by Benedict & Van Nor, Andover, and N. E. Coston, Greenwood.

The Only Possibility.

He—Nothing could ever come between us, could it dear?

She—I can't think of a single thing, unless I should happen to become engaged to some other man.—Harper's Bazar.

He Went Up.

Teacher—Johnny, tell me the name of the tropical belt north of the equator.

Johnny—Can't, sir.

"Correct. That will do."—Yale Record.

Anxious to Start.

His Father—You ought to be more economical.

The Spendthrift—I know but, just now, father, I haven't a cent to be economical with!—Puck.

Uniform Examinations—1900.

SECOND AND THIRD GRADES.

November 8th and 9th. Friendship Teachers desiring to be ready to teach at the next school year, whose certificates expire July 31st, 1900, should take the first examination of the year. O. M. BURDICK, Com.

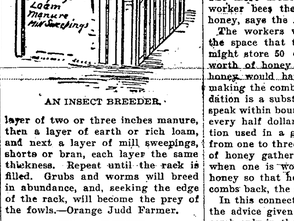
The Cure that Cures
Coughs, Colds, Grippe,
WHOOPING COUGH, ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS AND INCIPIENT
CONSUMPTION IS
OTTO'S CURE
Sold by all druggists 25 & 50cts

POULTRY & BEES

AN INSECT BREEDER.

A Useful Contrivance Where Chickens Have to Be Kept Constantly in Small Quarters.

Here is a grub and worm-breeder for chickens in small quarters. Build a rack four feet square, as in illustration, the sides being made of narrow slats nailed to the frame, six or eight inches apart. In this frame place a



AN INSECT BREEDER.

layer of two or three inches manure, then a layer of earth or rich loam, and next a layer of mill sweepings, shorts or bran, each layer the same thickness. Repeat until the rack is filled. Grubs and worms will breed in abundance, and, seeking the edge of the rack, will become the prey of the fowls.—Orange Judd Farmer.

IS EASILY CURED.

Feather-Eating Hens Are Not Vicious But Victims of a Disease That Yields to Simple Treatment.

The New York Experiment station recently published a bulletin on "feather eating" among fowls. The report makes a number of observations on this habit, suggesting that it is the result of lack of nitrogenous matter in the feed and citing experiments where fresh cut bone, lean meat, etc., were fed. "The vice," the report says, "is very uncommon among fowls that have exercise and a variety of food, and it is most economical to prevent its appearance by careful feeding, but as the spread is rapid even under a ration which does not ordinarily seem to encourage its development the vicious habit should be stamped out by the death or removal of the first offender."

The editor of the Farm and Dairy, New South Wales, calls attention to the fact of the failure to mention the true cause of "feather eating." "It is now a well-known fact," says the editor, "that feather eating is due to a minute parasite (sarcoptis laevis) which feeds at the roots of the feathers, thus irritating the bird and causing them to pluck out their own feathers. Where feathers are pulled out by other birds, it is due to the presence of lice, for which they are searching."

The prevention and remedy, says the editor, are simple, as the mite disease is contagious. Isolation of the affected bird is the first step, especially if it be a cock. The mites yield readily to treatment of one part of creosote to 20 parts of lard or vaseline, well rubbed into the affected parts.

HOW A HEN FEEDS.

In Her Natural State She Delights in Consuming Hours in Obtaining a Full Meal.

Observe how the hen feeds when out on the range. It is first a blade of grass or leaf of clover, then a short chase for a grasshopper or cricket, says Wallaces' Farmer. She now discovers a soft spot in the soil which she believes worth investigating, and sets to work with the mining tools which nature has given her with a view of finding out if it is "pay dirt." A fuzzy weed head is in her path and she stops to shatter down a few of the ripened seeds. She is drawn away from this repast by another grasshopper, which springs down in front of her and jumps away again just in time to save himself from the dash which she has made at him. In place of the grasshopper which she didn't get, she nips another clover leaf or blade of grass. Thus the hen feeds a little at a time and consuming hours in obtaining a full meal. It seems that people who see this every day might know that throwing down a measure of shelled corn on a bare spot is not the proper way to feed the hens. And those who do this will receive conclusive proof that there is something wrong with their feeding during the time of year when the hen has no choice of food, but must live on what is given her by the owner.

Big Success with Sheep.

Every little while we come across accounts of men, who, in a small way, have made splendid money out of sheep. One of the latest is that of an Iowa man bought some Cotswold ewes two years ago at $3 per head. He kept them until they raised two crops of lambs for him and sold them for $4.25 apiece. The first year their fleece averaged 11½ pounds, the second year 12. One crop of lambs brought $5.60 per pound, the other $5.50. All the owner did to fatten them was to give them corn husks and timothy hay and let them run in the yard where he was fattening cattle. They picked up corn enough for themselves around the troughs.

SENSIBLE BEE TALK.

When Properly Managed the Apiary Pays as Fair a Profit as Any Other Farm Industry.

It costs some 40 to 50 cents apiece to use full sheets of foundation in all the frames, and about the same for each super in the section boxes. What is the gain? There will be little or no drone comb. The useless drones in a hive will consume more than 50 cents' worth of sugar in a season. The more drones reared, the less worker bees there will be to store honey, says the American Cultivator.

The workers which would occupy the space that the drone comb fills might store 50 cents' worth of a dollar's worth of honey in a season. Much honey would have been used up in making the comb for which the foundation is a substitute. We think we speak within bounds when we say that every half dollar's worth of foundation used in a good colony will add from one to three dollars to the value of honey gathered in a season, and we are interesting for extracted honey so that he can put the empty combs back, the gain may be more.

In this connection we would repeat the advice given before—allow drone comb only in the best colonies, those that are gentle and good honey gatherers, that these qualities may be transmitted through the male parent of the workers as well as through the queen. There has been little attention paid to this by even the best beekeepers, but we think it is important, and if it has not been proven so, it is time some one did prove it. Do not allow the bees to be crowded for room to work in and store their honey. When a super is from one-half to two-thirds full, raise it up and put another under it that they may work in both. By the time the top one is capped over, it will be time to put a third one underneath it. With plenty of room there will be less tendency to late swarming.

A MOVABLE HENHOUSE.

An Excellent Thing for Farmers Who Believe That a Penny Saved Is a Penny Earned.

On stubble fields there is often a great deal of food wasted which could be utilized if the fowls could be induced to forage for it. In some places, the young and growing fowls are housed in small, lightly constructed buildings placed on wheels which are

MOVING THE POULTRY HOUSE.

large enough to accommodate 50 to 75 chickens. The birds are put in the house and drawn to the field, then fed once or twice to accustom them to it. They are supplied with plenty of fresh water and changed to new ground as often as they have picked up all the fallen grain.—Farm and Home.

BUZZINGS FROM BEEDOM.

Good results in queen-rearing are to be expected only when the colony is strong enough to swarm, and when honey comes in freely from the fields every day, or when the keeper feeds his bees freely.

Bees do not use older larvae if younger be present.

Sometimes a swarm will enter a wrong hive and be received all right, but this seldom happens. Generally the intruders are killed by the possessors of the invaded hive. Starvation swarms, which enter inhabited hives, are usually killed promptly.

Bees prefer to build a long deep comb. They build downward in preference to sidewise.

Experts estimate that an acre of buckwheat in bloom will yield 25 pounds of honey a day.

French apiarists use "glossometers," or tongue measures, of several patterns for measuring the length of the tongues of their bees, in order to decide what flowers they can work on most successfully.

Bees crossed once with the Caucasians are reported to work red clover perfectly. If this be true, it is important, for it will add a new source of fine honey to the list.

Catarrh
poisons the blood, irritates the nerve-cells and causes aches and pains in the temples, eyes, brain and spinal cord. Headache, neuralgia, impaired appetite, indigestion, sleeplessness, nervous exhaustion and despondency all point to the weakened nerves that are crying aloud for renewed strength and health.

"My trouble was nervousness, pain in head, neuralgia, twitching of muscles and sleeplessness. Two bottles of Dr. Miles' Nervine completely cured me." MRS. JULIA HOFALING, Lysander, N. Y.

Dr. Miles' Nervine
soothes the nervous irritation, stimulates digestion and builds up health and strength. Begin to-day.
Sold by druggists on guarantee.
Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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Notice . . .
From this date until farther notice, all paid in advance orders will receive 15 photographs for the price of one dozen at
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DON'T GO
out of town to buy your Furniture when you can save from ten to twenty-five per cent. by dealing with us right here at home. We can save you money. Remember we have no high rents or high taxes to settle, thereby having to demand large profits. Come in and see for yourself.
F. D. WATKINS,
Greenwood, N. Y.

When a woman doesn't take any interest in her housework—
When the least exertion tires her—
When her back aches constantly—
her head troubles her—limbs pain, and she feels generally miserable, it's a pretty sure indication that her kidneys are not doing their duty.
That backache is simply kidney ache—
To poison the kidneys should take out of the blood is left in and is breeding all sorts of dire diseases—
But you can stop it—

Doan's Kidney Pills
Act directly on the kidneys—strengthen them, help them to do their duty
Read what one grateful woman has to say about it.
Miss Carrie A. Miller, of 23 Clinton street, Seneca Falls, says:
"In 1895 I made this statement about Doan's Kidney Pills: At first when I noticed pain in my back the attacks occurred at intervals, but as time went by it became constant; very distressing when lying down, and painful to stoop, straighten up or lift anything. I was uneasy when caused from jolting. As I judged from the symptoms it was rheumatism. Reading about Doan's Kidney Pills interested me, and thinking they might help me I got a box at a drug store. The first box did me so much good that I got more. They relieved the backache and convinced me that as a kidney remedy Doan's Kidney Pills are unrivalled. As a proof that my estimate of Doan's Kidney Pills was correct, I positively assert that I have kept them in the house for the last four years, and if I felt the slightest need of them I took one without delay. They always do their work."
Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all dealers for 50 cents a box, sent by mail on receipt of price. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute.

CURSE
—OF—
DRINK
CURED
—BY—
White Ribbon Remedy,
Tasteless, Odorless,
Can be given in Glass of Water, Tea or Coffee, Without Patient's Knowledge.
Dr. Brown's White Ribbon Remedy is the only reliable, safe, quick and permanent cure for intemperance that can be given to the patient without their knowledge. It is PURE, CLEAR, ODORLESS, TASTELESS.
A little Ribbon Remedy will cure, or destroy the diseased appetite for alcoholic stimulants. Whether the patient is a confirmed inebriate or a "tippler," a social drinker or a drunkard, White Ribbon Remedy will cure. *It is impossible for any one to use alcoholic liquors after using this remedy.* By mail, $1.00. Trial package free.
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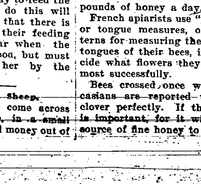
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Major's Cement
Remember MAJOR'S RUBBER CEMENT, MAJOR'S LEATHER CEMENT.

THE MAN WITH A SOUL.

Behold him stand with heaven's light yet kindled in his face,
Ans on his thoughtful brow the stamp of master's hallowed grace,
Though (oil his lot, and bent his back with heavy burdens great,
The hope that speaks of higher things is throbbing in his breast.

Within his soul there lives a spark dropped from eternal day,
Whose fervid light turns dross to gold, refines the common clay.
He hears his the call God gave to have command o'er land and sea,
And thrills to know that life unfolds into eternity.

To fight, to rise, to meet defeat, to win the glorious strife,
Ennobles every form of toil, gives dignity to life.
The king that sits upon the throne may pomp and power know,
And lack the royal, manly worth of him who wields the hoe.

The ox that plods and beats his hoofs into the yielding clay,
And eats and drinks, content, the same repeating day by day,
Knows not the yearnings of the soul of him who does his part,
Ox-like, perchance, but hidden bears God's image in his heart.

The masters and the lords that lead and rule the world to-day
Were mould, stunted, "with shape profaned," a century away.
The call that spake within the soul was God's unlocking key,
That stirred to life the flickering flame of immortality.

It is the man within the man, like jewel in the frame,
The shell responds to hoe and spade, the soul to fire and flame.
Uprising ever, leaping on, like flames leap to the sun,
The soul of man cries out to God, and longs to hear: "Well done."

The moving centuries have shown man is not born a clod,
And nations sweeping into line look up to find their God.
And He who breathed the living breath into the lifeless clay,
And made man tiller of the soil, saw well the coming day—

A dream unfold that was no dream, a prophecy come true.
A glorious fulfillment when all things shall be new,
When man, renewed, uplifted, shall see God face to face,
And the ages bring their harvest home, a world redeemed by grace.
—Jennie L. Lyall, in Christian Work.

THE RUSSIAN CIGARETTES

THE visit of Prince Sergius Meneleff to these shores is still a matter of recent history; to most people but a proof of the safety enjoyed by all nations, without discrimination, under the shadow of the British flag; to others, but a few others, an anxious nightmare in which we prevented as if by a miracle the attacks of the nihilists on the august person of his imperial highness.

On the afternoon of April 25 I sat in my chambers putting the final touches to a draft of the route which was to be taken by the royal visitor. The prince was to arrive at Portsmouth in his yacht in the early morning of the 26th, to land incognito, and to entrain at once in the "special" that would be awaiting to convey him to London. On the journey the train was to halt at Grayford, a small rural station, for an hour while the prince breakfasted in the open air, this being his usual custom while traveling in Russia. He was then to proceed to Waterloo, being met there by several members of the English royal family. Such was the programme arranged by the foreign office, and I was the official intrusted with the supervision of the arrangements and held responsible for Prince Sergius' safety, a post that promised to be little of a sinecure.

I had finished annotating the draft, and was stretching out my hand for a cigarette, when the page entered and said that a lady was waiting below and insisted on seeing me.

In my capacity of chief in the secret service I have many unconventional visitors, but on this occasion I felt some annoyance for I was very busy.

"Can's she call again?" I began, when the lady herself appeared in the doorway and dissipated the text of my remonstrance.

She was a stylish, well-dressed girl of 19, with clustering curls of dark brown hair peeping out from beneath her picture hat, and radiant violet eyes, which looked pleadingly towards me.

My chagrin vanished with the pathetic little smile on her face, and I found myself shutting the door and placing a chair for the fair stranger.

She sat down and played nervously with her gold muff-chain while musing up courage to speak. "You will forgive me for interrupting you, when I tell you that my errand is very closely connected with the safety of his imperial highness, Prince Sergius Mendeleje**ff**," she said, after a few minutes had elapsed.

It is part of my profession not to betray surprise at anything. I therefore remained outwardly calm before my dead and nodded my head.

"Indeed," I remarked.

"My name is Muriel Clough—you know Capt. Clough, I suppose?" she continued.

"The officer who has been appointed to the prince's suite during his visit to England?"

I signified my assent.

"He is my step-brother. It is for his sake that I have come here to-day—for his sake and that of the family honor. I know nothing definite, you understand, but I fear the danger all the more for its obscurity.

"He has fallen under the spell of Princess Olga Skobeneff, a nihilist refugee in London, who is as beautiful as she is cruel and unscrupulous. My brother is merely wax in her hands, and from certain hints that he evidently let fall I feel convinced that she is urging him to attempt, or, at all events, connive at, the murder of Prince Sergius during his visit to England, a crime for which his appointment offers such fatal facilities. Oh, sir—"

She rose from her chair and stretched out her hands appealingly.

"I beseech you to frustrate the princess' schemes, and to save Rupert from the consequences of his fatal fascination."

"You may rest assured that I shall do my best, Miss Clough, both for the prince's sake and your own," I replied. "It would be dangerous to have your brother removed from the position to which he was gazetted last night. Such a step would probably precipitate some horrible outrage on the part of the nihilists. I think I may promise though, without boasting, that Capt. Clough will have little opportunity for injuring his imperial highness with the circumspect watch that our detectives and I will keep over him."

"Thank you, thank you, a thousand times," she said, gratefully. "That is just what I wanted."

"The obligation is on our side," I answered, smiling, as I ushered her to the door.

I stood watching her drive off in a smart hansom to Victoria, and then began to laugh at myself for the sentimental day-dreams that were weaving in my matter-of-fact brain.

But the laugh died out on my lips as I thought of the serious news that Miss Clough had brought me. Her impressions of Princess Olga Skobeneff closely tallied with my own experience, as I knew that for years the princess had been the terror and bugbear of the Russian police.

I knew the princess in society, and a sudden idea came into my mind that I would call on her and see as much as possible how the land lay.

I found her in her blue and silver boudoir smoking Russian cigarettes. She was surprised, and I fancied for a moment alarmed, at my entrance.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Sir George," she said, smiling; "you have not been to see me for ages."

"Business, my dear princess, business," I responded, taking the cup of coffee that she had poured out for me. "I am worked to death on account of your compatriot's visit. I only hope that you nihilists will refrain from troubling the poor chap while he is over here."

The princess arched her dark eye brows in well-affected surprise.

"Nihilists!" she repeated. "Oh, I am only nihilist so far as it furnishes a fashionable excuse for living in England. You know quite well that I would not hurt a fly, much less a prince of my own nation."

I thought this pretty good from a woman who had stabbed with her own hand the chief of the Ninth Section in her palace at St. Petersburg However, I only smiled and took out my cigarette-case.

"Won't you try some of these? I got them from Moscow this morning," interrupted the princess, handing me her own case.

I took a gold-tipped cigarette and lighted it. It proved a delicious smoke.

"You like them?" said she, watching me intently.

"They are fit for the gods, princess." "Give me your case and I will fill it for you."

I handed over my silver case and submitted myself to her generosity.

"Where is your gold case?" she asked, when the other was filled. "This one you keep for great occasions."

"No, no, princess, you have been quite liberal enough," I replied.

"Not at all," she said. "You may have the chance of presenting it to the prince, and I am sure he will appreciate these cigarettes."

And while I drank some more coffee, she filled the gold case also. We chatted on indifferent topics for some time and then I took my leave, having just said enough to Princess Olga to show that I was on my guard against her.

After leaving Princess Olga's house I had just time for dinner and to take a hansom to Waterloo. Here I joined the company who were to proceed by special train to meet Prince Sergius. They included the Russian ambassador, with several of his attaches, 15 detectives and officials of the secret service, and several English officers, among whom was, Capt. Rupert Clough.

During our journey down I took an opportunity of rallying Clough on his evidently low spirits.

"My word, Fraser," he replied, bitterly, "I have enough to make me miserable. I see no alternative between crime and dishonor and blowing my brains out. The latter appears the more enviable course to pursue."

He gave a hollow laugh and stared moodily out of the window of the saloon.

"Come, come," I said, "don't let yourself get into this morbid state of mind. If you tell me your troubles perhaps I can see a way out of them."

But he only shook his head, so I smoked on in silence until our arrival at Portsmouth.

Prince Sergius Mendeleje**ff** landed at the pier at 6:30 on the following morning, where we were waiting to receive him.

His imperial highness is of middle height, dark complexioned, with clear, well-cut features, and a heavy black beard and mustache. On this occasion he wore a blue uniform, and he seemed much pleased with his informal reception. I was included in the presentations that were made to him, and had the honor of leading the way to the "special," which began to move from the platform as soon as the last of the party had entered the train. The railway arrangements were perfectly carried out, and we reached our one stopping-place without a hitch. Grayford is very picturesque; the little railway station with its wooden shed, is one of the most unassuming of rural stations, and the stolid villagers betrayed no inquisitive interest in the arrival of the royal train. Lord Selven's park is just opposite the railway station; here, under the spreading oak trees, his lordship's servants had prepared a sumptuous breakfast for the prince and company, to which we all did justice, with appetites whetted by the fresh morning air.

When the prince had finished eating the company rose and, dispersing into groups, strolled about on the green sward, chatting gayly.

I was speaking to Capt. Clough when Prince Sergius, accompanied by the Russian ambassador, approached us. "Talk without smoke, gentlemen, is like a service without music—unsatisfactory," he remarked. "Will you have a cigarette?"

He opened his case to hand it to me and then burst out laughing. It was empty.

"I could have sworn Paul filled it for me this morning; however, I must be abstemious for a little," he said.

Immediately the ambassador and I presented our cases.

His imperial highness chose a cigarette from each. "I will smoke the ambassador's first, and then yours, Sir George;" and bowling his thanks, he sauntered off with his companion.

"Have a cigarette, and act up to the prince's maxim," said Clough. I helped myself from his case, and recipro cated by giving him one from the gold case that Princess Olga had filled for me.

We walked along in silence for a few minutes, when Clough suddenly surprised me by saying: "I have noticed the careful watch that you and the detectives have kept on my movements ever since the prince landed, and have drawn my own conclusions as to what you know or guess. You need not be afraid of me, though, Fraser; I told Olga yesterday that I refused to be a party to assassination; she wanted me to offer cigarettes, containing a powerful explosive, to the prince."

Fortunately a small stream runs through Lord Selven's grounds. Without stopping to explain, I snatched the half-smoked cigarette from Clough's mouth and flung it into the water. Then I turn off to where I had left the prince, cursing my folly as I ran.

Until Clough's speech, the bare possibility of such an atrocious and cowardly method of assassination had never occurred to me. Now, I did not doubt that the cigarettes in my gold case (as was afterwards proved) contained an explosive substance calculated to cause instant death to the smoker as soon as the burning ash touched it. Princess Olga's cunning in placing harmless cigarettes in my silver case, well knowing that I would smoke these first, had duped me completely, and her plot would have been only too successful if Capt. Clough had not been induced to confess to me the secret under which he labored.

I shall never forget that two minutes' race along the turf of Selven park. The life of Prince Sergius and the honor of Great Britain depended on my speed, while a sickening horror clutched at my heart telling me that, perhaps, I was already too late; at that moment the prince might be lying dead under the oak trees, killed, unwittingly, by the hand of him who had been appointed his guardian and protector.

How that fiend of a woman must have chuckled when she made me the unconscious instrument of her wicked design.

These thoughts lent wings to my feet, and I arrived, panting and breathless, before his imperial highness just as he was putting a match to the paper tube of death.

"Stop, your highness, stop!" I cried, and, relieved at the prevention of the catastrophe, I stammered out an explanation of my seeming impertinence.

"You came just in time, Sir Graham," smiled Prince Sergius, patting me affectionately on the back as I concluded. "Another three minutes and I should have smoked Princess Olga's cigarette."

Both the Russian and the English secret service authorities maintain a discreet silence as to the whereabouts of the beautiful Olga Skobeneff. I have heard of a story which tells of a nihilist princess being immured at Cronstadt, who was made every day to smoke from a box containing 99 ordinary cigarettes and one fulminate, placed, on a former occasion, in my gold case. A day came on which she chose this particular cigarette, and the memory of the chief of the Ninth section was avenged. I am sometimes blamed for my imprudence I was rewarded far beyond my deserts. Prince Sergius gave me the Order of St. Andrew and Capt. Clough a greater gift still.

For his sister Muriel, after thanking me for rescuing her brother, consented to be my wife. Need I say more to tell you of my happiness?—Tit-Bits.

Mushroom Sauce.

Stew some mushrooms in veal gravy with salt, pepper and butter. Rub together a tablespoonful each of flour and cream. Add this to the mushrooms, and when thickened it is ready to serve hot. If a brown mushroom sauce is desired have the flour browned before using.—Washington Star.

To Sterilize Milk.

This is quite simple. Put the milk in a clean bottle, with a new cork putting the cork in loosely. Now stand the bottle in a saucepan of cold water and heat slowly until it boils. Let boil for one hour, and then cool rapidly by immersion in a cold place.—Detroit Free Press.

MODERATE DRINKING.

Rev. John H. Barrows, D. D., Presents a Two-Fold Argument Against the Custom.

The argument against moderate drinking is strengthening every year, more appreciated by wise and benevolent minds. It is in the first place, an appeal to wisdom, to far seeing prudence. Is it safe to continue a habit which confessedly does no good, except in a few and those temporary cases, and may make you a slave and possibly at last a victim? In what are called the best circles of every great city are hundreds of men and women who are drunkards—occasional or well confirmed. Stories have been told to my ear that would soften a harder heart than Nero's. The language of Shakespearean tragedy is not too strong and intense to describe the sorrows which drunkenness has brought into Christian homes in our cities. Not one of these drunkard became such at a bound.

A man would not take a letter ago in which he [illegible] moderate tippling [illegible] ing, gradually unfitting [illegible] thinking in his business [illegible] tudes do not question [illegible] to their tendencies! The [illegible] thrown with a disposition [illegible] ing life, a broken family, a [illegible] is such that wisdom says: [illegible] begin walking in that way, [illegible] leads in thousands of cases to direful ends."

It should be remembered that the which are accompanying [illegible] Europe are found not to be [illegible] the dry, exciting, electrical [illegible] America. But why should I [illegible] the habits of the continent of Europe as in any measure safe? Has not the prophecy of the last French king, that the vine would prove the great curse of France been already realized? Even the French government has become alarmed by the direful increase of drunkenness. The light wines have prepared the way for stronger drinks, and there are few cities of the world where these drinks are more generally used than in Paris. The French have a way of covering drunkenness and other vices from general knowledge, but government reports tell us the awful facts.

Secondly, the argument against moderate drinking is an appeal to benevolence. Is it becoming in you, as one well disposed toward your fellow-men, to continue the habit which strengthens the drinking customs of society and thus indirectly binds the fetters of drunkenness on weaker men? It should not be forgotten that there is a solidarity in human society, and that social customs work downward, and indeed in all directions. Do you not appreciate the Biblical—the Pauline teaching—which insists that the right of each man to decide for himself, plainly points out the Christian principle of renouncing what may be permissible to you for the sake of injuring others. Paul says, the brother for whom Christ died? If you push your appeal with the moderate drinker beyond this, and pound him with hard words, you forsake the New Testament grounds and play the part of bigot and Pharisee. It has been the folly of our temperance speaking that it has heaped maledictions upon the moderate drinkers, instead of appealing steadily and lovingly to the noblest instincts of human nature, and asking them to make a sacrifice of what they deem a liberty for the sake of others. It may be members of their own families. I know of a rich man in Providence whose only son had been brought home to him intoxicated, and he exclaimed, sobbing, "I have done everything for you." "Yes," said the son, "and you taught me to drink wine." And he struck his father to the earth.

Listen to the appeal of the late Dr. John Hall: "Fathers, do without it for the sake of your young men if for no other reason. How can you tell but that their swift feet may trip to that destruction on this side of which your slower feet have seen and bewaited?" The Christian principle should persuade you to leave off drinking for the sake of the weakest and lowliest, and certainly for the sake of those in your own household. Let the young men of your families do as you may think it right for you to do, and what fearful probabilities loom up before you! Dr. Nott used to remark how those young men who at college persisted in the use of intoxicating drinks soon sank into obscurity and often into drunkards' graves.

It is hazardous, then, to form habits which are so frequently fatal, and it is becoming in all Christian and well disposed people to exercise by their example a commendable, salutary, and sustaining influence over men generally. These are the principles which made the early temperance reformation so mighty. These are the principles which have swept the use of intoxicating drinks out of three-fourths of the prosperous, respectable and intelligent families of America.—Rev. John H. Barrows, D. D., in Christian Work.

It Is Not a Stimulant.

Alcohol is not a stimulant; it is a narcotic, a soother of irritable nerves, or it may act as an irritant to cerebral nerve cells. By giving alcohol we put out the danger signal which nature is showing us; we lull our patients and their friends into a dangerous lethargy, and give them hopes that the patient is recovering, while in reality the disease is rapidly advancing.—The late Dr. Carpenter (the greatest medical scientist of his times).

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