A Point in Mending Gloves.

An error that is commonly made is that of mending old glove with sewing silk, for the silk cuts the kid and shows the mend more plainly, while fine cotton thread gives a much more satisfactory result. If the gloves are torn, put a piece of silk or corresponding shade under the torn part, paste on the right side, and then draw up the rent with cotton thread.

A Cincinnati clergyman thought he would raise his own pork. So he bought five pigs and fattened them. Now that they are fit to kill, he says they seem so much like his own children that he hasn't the heart to kill them. The pigs are in good luck, but it's rather hard on the children.—Boston Transcript.

Two for a Pound.

The drawing teacher had been giving a lesson on cubes, and some of the pupils had given examples. The teacher wanted more, but no one could think of any. Finally a boy said, "I know a good cube—half a pound of butter." "Why, that is excellent!" echoed the teacher. "Now, who can give me another example, as good as Henry's?" After a long time she saw a hand waving wildly in the back of the room. "Well, Willie, what is it?" "Why, the other half-pound of that butter," said Willie, triumphantly.

THE HUDSON CASE.

IMPALED AND SEVERELY HURT—THE KIDNEYS AFFECTED.

One Box of Dodd's Kidney Pills Worth One Hundred Dollars.

Comphermere, Dec. 16.—Your correspondent stands a case of public interest here in the recovery after years of misery, of Mr. H. E. Hudson, a lumber man who was impaled whilst at his work eight years ago. He said.

"I fell upon a projecting knot, which seemed to have injured my bladder, and afterwards to affect the kidneys.

"Since then, until using Dodd's Kidney Pills I never knew a well day.

"I was weak and sometimes had to lay off work for weeks, and at no time was I able to do a square day's work.

"Every cold, or unusual exertion seemed to get to the weak spot. So I was miserable.

"I had taken only one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, when I got to feeling all right, and ever since I have remained, and am now, as well as ever in my life.

"My brother, Mr. John L. Hudson, was also injured by over-lifting and was cured by one or two boxes.

"In my case one box of pills was worth one hundred dollars."

Better Consult a Barber.

Thunder—What's the matter, old man? Thunder (who came home very late the night before). Why, I can see two of my face in the mirror here, and I don't know which one to shave.

HAVE YOU TASTED

"SALADA" CEYLON TEA

Its Delicious.

Sold Only in Lead Packets.

WANTED

In every town to introduce this paper. Grocery business preferred. Write to-day. We will ship you your winter supply from our warehouse, and you will find it cheaper than you are now paying for your tea. All new goods and at lowest prices. New pictures.

A. H. CANNING, Manager,
37 Front Street East, Toronto.

A Blizzard!
A Hurricane!
A Cyclone!
A Tornado!
Wouldn't be enough to extinguish E. B. Eddy's "Flamers" when lit.

The best "light" for smokers in these high autumn winds

Made only by
The E. B. EDDY Co. LIMITED
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Order Your Supplies of

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from us. We supply four grades, suitable for all classes of machinery. Every foot in these lines at Manufacturers' first cost Prices.

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SHAW & ELLIOTT, Principals.

Ore of Life Found at Last

Vita-Ore is very properly called Ore of Life. It is discovered by Professor Thos. Noel, of Chicago, Geologist.

This ore makes an elixir which is Nature's Great Remedy for the cure of human ills. It will reach the idea of human diseases when drugs and doctors' nostrums fail. It is nature's great restorative, to which nothing is added. Pure, as it comes from natural laboratory.

Sold only on direct orders or through local or general agents. Price $1 a package, or three for $2, or sent to any part of the globe on receipt of price. Send for circulars and full particulars to Vita-Ore Depot, 240 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. J. JOHNSTON, General Agent.

T. N. U. 42

Educate for Business

It matters not whether you are going to work on the farm, in the workshop, or the merchant's or manufacturer's office, you need a thorough Business Education in order to succeed well. Write for the Announcement of the Northern Business College for full particulars. Address C. A. Fleming, Principal, Owen Sound, Ont.

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The House at the Corner

(CONTINUED.)

For some moments, that seemed an age to both, he stood silently confronting her. She hesitated to speak, for her thoughts were bewildered. She was conscious of occupying a false position, but knew not how to rectify it with a due regard for her sister's secret. She awaited his expected interrogation, and strove to prepare answers that might satisfy him and yet evade the unspeakable truth. And Willmore, distracted by the indefiniteness of his attitude towards her, paused to find words that could fitly and yet temperately express his indignation, distress and amazement, and to frame such an indictment against her as he might be justly entitled to make.

And as they stood justly facing each other in the summer-house, soft strains of melody floated forth upon the night air and mingled with the rustling of a wave of wind that rocked the trees and bushes of the garden; and the voice of Muriel O'Connor pealed out like the lure of a siren.

THE VIGIL. "GONE TO BED, MOST LIKE."

"Your friend is in the drawing-room," was all that Laura Kingdon found words to say.

Lord Willmore said nothing, but simply lowering his eyes from her face, turned and left her.

Slowly pacing towards the open window, he lingered without until the music ceased. A dread of the influences about him gathered around his heart, and he felt a strange anxiety to fly from the spell of that song, the oppression of these deepening shadows, the mystery of whispering branches, and, above all, the peril of that unmasked loveliness keeping guard in the bower yonder over the silent witnesses of her shame.

As soon as Willmore had entered the house, Laura Kingdon, with her sister's letters tightly clutched in both her hands, left the arbor, and sped directly to a side door, by which she gained her own room. There she hastily changed her dinner dress for a simple gown and cloak, and threw into a travelling-bag the articles she would require during a short absence. To Lord Willmore she hardly gave a thought. Her mind was absorbed by fears of her sister. Of Ralph Kestrel she no longer had any apprehension. The evidence in her hands went far to show that he had been a neglectful rather than a too ardent lover. The danger lay with Dorothy herself. Morbid with loneliness, her reason distorted by the constant perusal of cheap fiction, that had produced in her a weedy growth of sentimental fancy, there was every probability of her taking some insane and irretrievable leap in the dark. At the best, the peace and joy of honest Ben Dundas was grievously menaced, and the good work of preserving the happiness of Dorothy and her husband eclipsed in its importance and urgency all Laura's personal affairs.

She resolved to confide some part of her apprehensions to Muriel in explanation of her abrupt departure, and was deliberating how she could approach her without again encountering the guests, when she heard the last of them depart and, Muriel herself enter the adjoining room and lock the door. Then came a burst of passion of sobs, audible through the partition-wall, which aroused in Laura a deep sympathy and desire to comfort her friend. Never before had she known Muriel O'Connor to give way to grief like this. What could have happened? Could it possibly be jealousy of Laura and Kestrel? The thought was extravagant, but Laura, as a woman, knew a woman's weaknesses, and she remembered the look upon Muriel's face when Kestrel had been discovered surrendering Dorothy's letters. As we have seen, Laura at once sought an interview with her friend, but, being repulsed and time pressing, she left the house without a true understanding having been arrived at between them.

We have followed her on her journey to her sister's home, and there we must leave her now standing in the deserted riverside street, gazing up in despair at the dark windows, ringing again and again at the echoing bell, knocking ever and anon upon the door, that seemed closed like the gates of a sepulchre against joy and peace and love for ever more.

The house was deserted.

CHAPTER X.

WILFUL MURDER!

When Dorothy Dundas alighted from the train that had brought her from Wapping she stood for a moment gazing anxiously about, as if she had expected to find some one on the platform waiting to receive her; but the train and the passengers passed away, and she remained almost alone.

"Not here," she exclaimed with a little gasp of distress. "Not here! Can I have mistaken the station—or the time?"

She retired into one of the dark alcoves at the end of the platform, where she would be unobserved, and drew a letter from the folds of her dress.

A sharply defined ray of moonlight fell across one third of the alcove, and seating herself upon the bench placed there for the convenience of waiting passengers, she examined yet again the words which were already carved so deeply upon her brain and heart:

"MY DEAR DOLLY.—If you really can, this time meet me at the Marylebone station on the down platform—the westward end, where there are no lamps—at 12.30 to-morrow night. I will try to be there to meet your train, but, if you don't see me, wait there out of sight until I come. Were me if I am to expect you. You dear little rascal! I know you would have to give in at last.—Your loving RALPH."

"Yes, yes," she muttered, as she refolded the letter, "I am right. This is the station—the down platform—the westward end of it; but the time?" She looked again, the 10 was indistinct; what she had mistaken for a naught might be a 1. Yes, it was 11.30 he had meant, and she had over an hour to wait. "O Ralph, my love," she murmured, "do not keep me long. How I suffer, and how wicked I am in my love for you! Your coming must atone for much, for I have known nothing but misery since I first met you. What would Laura say to me now?"

She crouched in the dark corner of the alcove, and scanned with tremulous impatience every person who came within view. But the moments passed, train after train rushed noisily into the station and glided silently out of it, and still no lover came, and Dorothy Dundas, worn out with many a sleepless night, fell unknowingly into a deep slumber. But meantime the truant lover was drawing nearer to his sin, and that sin's nemesis hovered about him like the shadow of a sword.

Chuckling with satisfaction at having diverted suspicion from himself by the surrender of letters that tended to exonerate him by their reproaches for coldness and neglect, he made his way, on leaving Muriel's house, directly to the nearest tavern, where, after further potations, he endeavoured to change Muriel's cheque. But the credit of the house at the corner was not sufficiently established to permit of this accommodation, and after further efforts in the neighbourhood he set off in high dudgeon for the rendezvous with Dorothy Dundas. The alcohol with which he had muddled his wits inflamed him very unreasonably against his late benefactress. What was the use to him of this cursed piece of paper? He wanted money, and she had given him a cheque which no one would cash.

She was a swindler, this Muriel O'Connor. It was plain what people thought of her. And she supposed she could fool him, did she, with her rubbishing cheques? Not if his name was Ralph Kestrel! He'd blow the whole house of cards into the air, and his mode of attack should be through this precious politician whom she had been spooning with at the piano. He would write to Cecil Chester at once while he was in the humour, and tell him a thing or two which would make his next visit to Muriel's house one of a very different order from the last.

He only fully arrived at this determination when the ticket-collector at the gate had allowed him, not without some scruples, on account of his evident intoxication, to stagger on to the station platform. A number of passengers were assembled for the last train, and among these a dark figure moved silently and without attracting attention.

Kestrel had drifted to his rendezvous by a sort of instinct which guides drunken men into the place of reason, but for the moment he forgot what had brought him there, his mind being exclusively occupied with his scheme of revenge against Muriel O'Connor.

He must write that letter—that letter to Cecil Chester. It would be such a lark, and serve out Muriel so jolly well for her infernal meanness.

He gazed about stupidly for writing implements, and it chanced that his eyes fell upon an automatic machine for the delivery of postcards and stationery, with convenience for writing letters on the spot. It seemed as if the devil had answered his need. In a few minutes the denunciation was written and addressed to the Honourable Cecil Chester at the House of Commons, and Kestrel stood gazing about him for a pillar-box or a messenger.

The latter he quickly found. A short, thick set man, muffled in a large scarf, with a rough cap pulled down over his eyes, stood at Kestrel's elbow.

"Here, my fine fell'r, take this to the poserfish, poppetin," said Kestrel huskily; and the man took the letter at once, and replied in an equally husky voice:

"All right, sir!"

"That'll do for her, I think!" muttered Kestrel to himself as he yawed unsteadily up the platform to keep his appointment with Dorothy Dundas, which, now that he had got rid of his mental incubus of revenge, recurred to him forcibly.

The last train thundered into the station. In the confusion Dennis Donovan stepped aside under a lamp, and tore open the letter Kestrel had given him. As he read it his face assumed a fiendish expression, half gloating with a savage joy, half desperate and indignant, wholly bloodthirsty. So preoccupied was he with the perusal of this clumsy scrawl that he for a moment lost sight of his charge, and it was only as the train began to move off that it occurred to him to join it, and follow Ralph Kestrel to his destination. He made a rush for the nearest carriage, but was roughly thrust back by a porter with a peremptory:

"Too late, sir!"

And as he found himself left solitary upon the platform, he gnashed his teeth with fury at the thought that for the moment his prey had escaped him.

But, stay! What was that distant figure staggering in a broad moonbeam that shot down through an opening in the roof of the station? Ralph Kestrel, by all that was propitious! Ralph Kestrel, tarrying for his doom!

At that moment the distant figure disappeared in the shadow, and simultaneously all the station lights were turned out, leaving Donovan in darkness.

The gates were being locked, and one by one the weary porters went home to bed.

Dennis Donovan stood listening until the sounds faded away, and then, with the swift stealthy movement of a panther, crept towards the spot where he had seen Kestrel disappear.

Yes, he was there still, reeling about in the gloomy shadows, and muttering incoherently:

"Where's little sailor-girl? where's th' sailor? Here am I. Where are you? Dorothy, Dorothy, have you cheated me again this time? If you have, I'll serve you, I swo Mury, see if I don't! I'll set you ble hisband at you, sen' him your letters—deuced silly letters. Joll' lark! Where are you, Dolly?"

He roared out the last words so lustily that Dorothy, asleep in the dark corner of the alcove, opened her eyes with a start, but her brain seemed still asleep.

She seemed to see a short fierce struggle between two men in the murky shadow which lay just beyond her. A yellow from flashing steel, and one of them fell headlong at her feet. She looked down in speechless horror, and beheld her lover's face staring up at her with glazing eyes in the path of the moonbeam. While yet she gazed from her dark corner of the alcove, there came creeping ghoul-like towards the body the form of the assassin. Slowly and deliberately he felt for the weapon that he had buried in the heart of Ralph Kestrel. He clutched it, withdrew it from the wound, and carefully wiped it upon the dead man's cape.

Then he rose, and for the first time raised his eyes from the corpse. Ha! He started violently and flung down the knife. There stood in the full flood of the moonlight an accusing angel taking the likeness of Laura Kingdon.

For a single instant superstitious awe overcame him; but remembering the situation which he, Muriel, and Chester had surprised that evening, he quickly concluded that this apparition must be Laura herself, for the likeness between the sisters was so great as to deceive any one in an uncertain light.

As he realised this he darted forward savagely to seize her. There would be a sure silence in her death, as in Kestrel's. But, in his momentary hesitation, she had seized and caught up the dagger that had fallen at her feet, and, shrieking at him wildly, turned and fled like a mad thing along the dark platform towards the exit-gate.

Should he follow her? The gate would surely be closed, and she could not escape him. But those resounding cries, shriek upon shriek, in the silent night, must, if continued, raise the world, and though he might still them, he would assuredly be arrested and condemned for both crimes!

So Dennis Donovan, with furtive glances to right and left, slunk away into the long dark tunnel.

CHAPTER XI.

LAURA'S VIGIL.

With her heart sinking under the most painful misgivings, Laura Kingdon paced to and fro upon the rough stones of the street before the door of her sister's seemingly deserted home. Now and again she would tug desperately at the old bell in the railings, and anxiously listen for the tinkle within. Knocker there was none, and the summons of the bell was so feeble that a sound sleeper might well be undisturbed by it.

Laura clung to the hope that Dorothy might be safe at home and in bed, all unconscious of a visitor. A policeman, having passed her once upon his beat, spoke to her when, returning, he found her still trying to gain admittance.

"Don't they hear you, miss?" said this friendly guardian of the night. "Gone to bed, most like. Didn't expect you, I dare say. No, I ain't seen no one go out. Who is it lives 'ere? Dundas, eh? O, yes, to be sure. I mind her. Widow lady, ain't it? Married, eh? O yes; husband's a sailor—away on a voyage. Yes, I've seed the party; she's a rare pretty 'un, too. And now I looks at you, miss, she's the very image of yourself. I didn't take much notice of you as I was passing before, 'cause I remember thinking if were nothing unnatural to see a young woman just your figure a-goin' into that there house. You see, I thought you was her what lives here. Your sister, is she? Well, if you'll excuse me for saying it, it's a bit late for such as you to be a-hanging about in these parts. It's nigh upon arf-past twelve, that it is. The place is a bit quiet to night, but there's a rough lot as gets about 'ere sometimes. Listen to that, now!"

Upon the stillness of the summer night there suddenly broke the clamour of voices in high dispute, and amidst oaths and bubbling a woman's shriek for help pierced to their ears again and again.

"That's the sort of thing I was just a-speakin' of," said the constable calmly and sagaciously, without moving a step, in response to the appeal. Laura was horrified. The disturbance was close at hand, and the sounds seemed to indicate that some violent outrage was being committed.

"O, can it be my sister?" cried Laura. "O, go to them, go! Hark, a woman is crying 'Murder!' Why do you not go?"

"Tain't my beat, miss," replied the phlegmatic officer; "I've no business to go unless it gets the call from my mate. Lor' bless yer, we gets this sort of thing here a dozen times every night. Never do for us to be a-leaving our beats when folks cry 'Murder!' See, they're quietin' down nicely all by themselves, and no great harm done, I'll be bound. Only makes things wuss, the perlice interfering—too officious like. Yer just gets knocked about for yer pains, and the injector think you're a busybody, and the magistrate grumbles at the long charge-sheet, and wots the good? However, this ain't quite the thing for the likes of you; some of these 'ere sailor chaps a bit screwed will be round this way, and if they see a pretty gal—begging yer pardon, miss—why, they goes for her, and it's natural, the unpleasant, of course, for a lady."

"Can't you help to wake my sister or servant? Mrs. Dundas has a servant living with her here. Knock at the door with your staff, please do! The bell is not loud enough to rouse them."

"Impossible, miss! Mustn't leave the spot. It seemed as if the devil had answered his need. In a few minutes the denunciation was written and addressed to the Honourable Cecil Chester at the House of Commons, and Kestrel stood gazing about him for a pillar-box or a messenger.

The latter he quickly found. A short, thick set man, muffled in a large scarf, with a rough cap pulled down, over his eyes, stood at Kestrel's elbow.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ABOUT THE MOUTH.

Elephants' tusks are not teeth.

Bad teeth mean poor digestion.

Firmly closed lips indicate determination.

An open mouth is an indication of stupidity.

Pale lips indicate low vitality, sometimes actual disease.

The ant-eater has no teeth. Ants do not need to be chewed.

The curve of the upper lip is called by poets "Cupid's bow."

In 1830 there were 100 practising dentists in the United States.

The sturgeon is the only large fish not provided with teeth.

Many kinds of fish are provided with teeth on their tongues.

Dentistry was practised in Egypt at least 2,000 years before Christ.

Many kinds of fish shed their teeth, as fur-bearing animals their fur.

Gold-filled teeth have been found in Egyptian tombs of the tenth century, B.C.

It is said by anatomists to be a fact that people hear better with their mouths open.

The epithelium, or skin of the tongue, is being constantly removed and renewed.

In the herbivorous animals the incisors or cutting teeth, and molars are lost developed.

When the corners of a mouth turn down the indication is of a peevish, jealous disposition.

The filiform papillae of the tongue have a close resemblance to the "nap" or fur of velvet.

John Greenwood, of New York, was the first American dentist. He began business in 1768.

The tongue of the humming bird is a tube through which it draws up the juices of flowers.

Bezoni found in Egyptian tombs artificial teeth made of wood and ivory and set in gold plates.

The mouth of which the corners turn upward is an indication of a good-humored, merry nature.

The human tongue, according to the surgeons, is composed of fibrous, areolar and fatty tissues.

The bill of the woodpecker is said by naturalists to be as hard as the enamel of the human tooth.

In ancient Egypt artificial teeth were held in position by gold wires passing around the natural teeth.

Many kinds of fish are not provided with tongues, or, at most, have these organs in a rudimentary state.

The tortoise and the turtle are not provided with teeth, but can bite as well as though they were.

Herodotus says that in his time dentistry was practised in Egypt as a separate branch of surgical science.

The teeth of fish, like the teeth of most animals, are not fastened to the bone, but are held in sockets.

The treatise of John Hunter in 1771 is considered the foundation of the science of dentistry in England.

Ovid, Martial and Horace all refer in their poems to the use of artificial teeth as common in their time.

The mouth of the leech is a powerful sucker which will sustain many times the weight of the animal.

The tongue of the toad and frog is prehensile. By means of it these animals seize and hold their prey.

A small electric lamp is being used instead of a bell in some telephone exchanges in England. The call for connection lights the lamp.

THE OPENING WINTER

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON AT THE METROPOLITAN.

Beware of the Special Allurements of the Season—Parents Should Make Home Attractive—Arm the Young Against Temptations—Rum's Horrors.

Washington, Dec. 8.—To-day, Dr. Talmage chose as the subject of his sermon "The Opening Winter." Although the cold comes earlier or later, according to the latitude, this sermon is sooner or later as appropriate everywhere as it is in Washington. The text selected will be found in Titus, iii, 12, "I have determined there to winter."

Paul was not independent of the seasons. He sent for his overcoat to Troas on a memorable occasion. And now in the text he is making arrangements for the approaching cold weather and makes an appointment with Titus to meet him at Nicopolis, saying, "I have determined there to winter." Well, this is the 8th day of December, and the second Sabbath of winter. We have had a few shrill, sharp blasts already, forerunners of whole regiments of storms and tempests. No one here needs to be told that we are in the opening gates of the winter. This season is not only a test of one's physical endurance, but in our great cities is a test of moral character. A vast number of people have by one winter of dissipation been destroyed, and forever. Seated in our homes on some stormy night, the winds howling outside, we imagine the shipping helplessly driven on the coast, but any winter night, if our ears were good enough, we could hear the crash of a thousand moral shipwrecks. There are many people who came to the cities on the 1st of September who will be blasted by the 1st of March. At this season of the year temptations are especially rampant. Now that the long winter evenings have come, there are many who will employ them in high pursuits, intelligent socialities, in Christian work, in the strengthening and ennobling of moral character, and this winter to many of you will be the brightest and the best of all your lives. And in anticipation I congratulate you. But to others it may not have such effect, and I charge you, my beloved, look out where you spend your winter nights.

In the first place I have to remark that at this season of the year the evil allurements are especially busy. There is not very much temptation for a man to plunge in on a hot night, amid blazing gaslights and to breathe the fetid air of an assemblage, but in the cold nights satan gathers a great harvest. At such times the casinos are in full blast. At such times the grog shops in one night make more than in four or five nights in summer. At such times the play bills of low places of entertainment seem especially attractive, and the acting is especially impressive and the applause especially bewitching. Many a man who has kept right all the rest of the year will be capsized now, and though last autumn he came from the country, and there was luster in the eye, and there were roses in the cheek and elasticity in the step, by the time the spring hour has come you will pass him in the street and say to your friend: "What's the matter with that man? How differently he looks from what he looked last September!" Slain of one winter's dissipation. At this time of the year there are many entertainments. If we rightly employ them and they are the right sort, they enlarge our socialities, allow us to make important acquaintance, build us up in our morals and help us in a thousand ways. I am scarcely think of anything better than good neighborhood. But there are those entertainments from which others will come besotted in character. There are those who by the springtime will be broken down in health, and, though at the opening of the season their prospects were bright, at the close of the season they will be in the hands of the doctors or sleeping in the cemetery. The certificate of death will be made out, and the physician, to save the feelings of the family, will call the disease by a Latin name. But the doctor knows, and everybody else knows, they died of too many loves. Away with all those wine drinking convivialities. How dare you, the father of a family, tempt the appetites of the young people? Perhaps at the entertainment, to save the feelings of the minister, or some other weak temperance man, you leave the decanter in a side room, and only a few people are invited there to partake, but it is easy enough to know when you come out by the glare of your eye, and the stench of your breath that you have been serving the devil.

Men sometimes excuse themselves and say after late suppers it is necessary to take some sort of stimulant to aid digestion. My plain opinion is that if you have no more self-control than to stuff yourself until your digestive organs refuse their office, you had better not call yourself a man, but class yourself among the beasts that perish. At this season of the year the Young Men's Christian Associations of the land send out circulars asking the pastors to speak a word on this subject, and so I sound in your ear the words the Lord God Almighty, "Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips." Rejoice that you have come to the glad winter months that remind you of the times when in your childhood you were shone on by the face of father, mother, brothers, sisters, some of them, alas! no more to meet you with a "Happy New Year," or a "Merry Christmas!" But again and again have we seen on New Year's day the sons of some of the best families drunk, and young men have excused themselves by the fact, that the wine cup has been offered by the ladies, and again and again it has been found out that a lady's hand has kindled the young man's thirst for strong drink, and long after all the attractions of the holiday have passed that same woman crouches in her rags, and her desolation, and her woe under the uplifted hand of the drunken monster to whom she had passed the fascinating cup on New Year's day. If we want to go to ruin, let us go alone and not take others with us. Can we not sacrifice our feelings if need be? When the good ship London went down the captain was told that he might escape in one of the lifeboats. "No," he replied, "I'll go down with the passengers." All the world applauded his heroism. And can we not sacrifice our tastes and our appetites for the rescue of others? Surely it is not a very great sacrifice. Oh, mix not with the innocent beverage of the holiday the poison of adders! Mix not with the whitebaiting of the cup the sword of Damocles! Are not the clattering of the cutlery of the festal occasion with the clank of a madman's chain!

Pass down the street and look into the pawnbroker's window. Elegant watch, elegant furs, elegant flute, elegant shoes, elegant scarf, elegant books, elegant mementoes. You sometimes see people with pleased countenances looking into such a window. When I look into a pawnbroker's window, it seems to me as if I had looked into the window of hell! To whom did that watch belong? To a drunkard. To whom did those furs belong? To a drunkard's wife. To whom did those shoes belong? To a drunkard's child. I take the three brazen balls at the doorway of a pawnbroker's shop and I clank them together, sounding the knell of the drunkard's soul. A pawnbroker's shop is only one of the eddies in the great torrent of municipal drunkenness. "Oh," says some one, "I don't patronize such things. I have destroyed no young man by such influence. I only take ale, and it will take a great amount of ale to intoxicate." Yes, but I tell you there is not a drunkard in America that did not begin with ale. Three X's—I do not know what they mean. Three X's on the brewer's dray, three X's on the door of the gin shop, three X's on the side of the bottle. Three X's. I asked a man. He could not tell. I asked another what is the meaning of the three X's. He could not tell me. Then I made up my mind that the three X's were an allegory, and that they meant 50 heart breaks, 50 agonies, 50 broken-up households, 50 prospects of a drunkard's grave, 50 ways to perdition. Three X's. If I were going to write a story the first chapter I would call "Three X's," and the last chapter I would call "The Pawnbroker's Shop." Oh, beware of your influence.

The winter season is especially full of temptation, because of the long evenings, allowing such full swing for evil indulgences. You cannot expect a young man to go into his room and sit there from 7 to 11 o'clock in the evening reading. Motley's "Dutch Republic," or John Foster's essays. It would be a very beautiful thing for him to do, but he will not do it. The most of our young men are busy in offices, in factories, in banking houses, in stores, in shops, and when evening comes they want the fresh air, and they want sight-seeing, and they must have it, they will have it, and they ought to have it. Most of the men here assembled will have three or four evenings of leisure on the winter nights. After tea, the man puts on his hat and coat, and he goes out. One form of allurement says, "Come in here." Satan says: "It is best for you to go in. You ought not to be so green." By this time you ought to have seen everything," and the temptation shall be mighty in dull times such as we have had, but which, I believe, are gone, for I hear all over the land the prophecy of great prosperity, and the railroad men and the merchants, they all tell me of the days of prosperity they think are coming, and in many departments they have already come, and they are going to come in all departments, but those dull times through which we have passed have destroyed a great many men. The question of a livelihood is with a vast multitude the great question. There are young men who expected before this to set up their household, but they have been disappointed in the gains they have made. They cannot support themselves—how can they support others? And to the curse of modern society the theory is abroad that a man must not marry until he has achieved a fortune, when the twain ought to start at the foot of the hill and together climb to the top.

That is the old fashioned way and that will be the new fashioned way if society is ever redeemed. But during the hard times, so many men were discouraged, so many men had nothing to do—they could get nothing to do—a pirate bore down on the ship when the sails were down and the vessel was making no headway. People say they want more time to think, but if our merchants had not had their minds diverted many of them would long before this have been within the four walls of an insane asylum. These long winter evenings, be careful where you spend them. This winter will decide the temporal and eternal destiny of hundreds of men in this audience.

Then the winter has especial temptations in the fact that many homes are peculiarly inviting at this season. In the summer months the young man can sit out on the steps, or he can have a bouquet in the vase on the mantel, or, the evenings being so short, soon after gaslight he wants to retire anyhow. But there are many parents who do not understand how to make the long winter evenings attractive to their children. It is amazing to me that so many old people do not understand young people. To hear some of these parents talk you would think they had never themselves been young and had been born with spectacles on. Oh, it is dolorous for young people to sit in the house from 7 to 11 o'clock at night and to hear purports groan about their ailments and the nightmare of this world. The nothingness of this world! How dare you talk such blasphemy? It took God six days to make this world, and he has allowed it 6,000 years to hang upon his holy heart, and this world has shone on you and blessed you and caressed you for these 50 or 70 years, and yet you dare talk about the nothingness of this world. It is a magnificent world. I do not believe in the whole universe there is a world equal to it except it be heaven. You cannot expect your children to stay in the house these long winter evenings to hear you denounce this star lighted sun warmed, shower baptized, flower strewn angel watched, God inhabited planet.

Oh, make your home bright! Bring in the violin or the picture. It does not require a great salary, or a big house or chased silver, or gorgeous upholstery to make a happy home. All that is wanted is a father's heart, a mother's heart, in sympathy with young folks. I have known a man with $700 salary, and he had no other income, but he had a home so happy and bright that, though the sons have gone out and won large fortunes, and the daughters have gone out into splendid spheres and become princesses of society they can never think of that early home without tears of emotion. It was to them the vestibule of heaven, and all their mansions now, and all their palaces now, cannot make them forget that early place. Make your home happy. You go around your house growling about your rheumatisms and acting the lugubrious, and your sons will go into the world and plunge into dissipation. They will have their own rheumatisms after a while. Do not forestall their miserabilities. You were young once and had your bright and joyous times. Now let the young folks have a good time. I stood in front of a house and I said to the owner of the house, "This is a splendid tree." He said in a whining tone, "Yes, but it will fade." I walked around his garden and said, "This is a glorious garden you have." "Yes," he said, "but it will perish." Then he said to my little child whom I was leading along, "Come and kiss me." The child protested and turned away. He said "Oh, the perversity of human nature!" Who would want to kiss him? I was not surprised to find out that his only son had become a vagabond. You may groan people out of decency, but you can never groan them into it, and I declare in the presence of these men and women of common sense that it is a most important thing for you to make your homes bright if you want your sons and daughters to turn out well.

Alas, that old people so much misunderstand young folks! There was a great Sunday school anniversary, and there were thousands of children present. Indeed all the Sunday schools of the town were in the building, and it was very uproarious and full of disturbance, and the presiding officer on the occasion came forward and in a very loud tone shouted, "Silence!" and the more noise the presiding officer made the more noise the children made. Some one else rose on the platform and came forward and with more stentorian voice shouted, "Silence!" and the uproar rose to greater height, and it did seem as if there would be almost a riot and the police have to be called in, when old Dr. Beaman, his hair white as the driven snow, said, "Let me try my hand." So he came forward with a slow step to the front of the platform, and when the children saw the venerable man and the white hair they thought they would hush up that instant and hear what the old man had to say. He said: "Boys, I want to make a bargain with you. If you will be still now while I speak, when you get to be as old as I am I will be as still as a mouse." There was not another whisper that afternoon. Oh, in these approaching holidays let us turn back our natures to what they were years ago and be boys again and girls again and make all our homes happy. God will hold you responsible for the influence you now exert, and it will be very bright and very pleasant if some winter night when we are sleeping under the blankets of snow our children shall ride along in the merry party, and hushing a moment in solemnity look off and say, "There sleep the best father and mother that ever made a happy new year." Arm yourself against these temptations of December, January and February. Temptations will come to you in the form of an angel of light.

I know that the poets represent satan as horned and hoofed. If I were a poet and I were going to picture satan, I would represent him as a human being, with manners polished to the last perfection, hair falling in graceful ringlets, eyes a little bloodshot, but floating in bewitching languor, hand soft and diamonded, foot exquisitely shaped, voice mellow as a flute, breath perfumed as though nothing had ever touched the lips but balm of a thousand flowers, conversation facile, carefully toned and Frenchy. But I would have the heart incased with the shapes of a monster, and have it stuffed with all pride and beastliness of desire and hypocrisy and death, and then I would have it touched with the rod of disenchantment until the eye became the cold orbs of the adder, and to the lips should come the foam of raging intoxication, and to the foot the spring of the panther, and to the sort hand the charge that would make it the clammy hand of the wasted skeleton, and then I would suddenly have the heart break out in unquenchable flames, and the affected limp of the tongue become the hiss of the worm that never dies. But until disenchanted, ringleted and diamonded and flute voiced, and conversation facile, carefully toned and Frenchy.

Oh, what a beautiful thing it is to see a young man standing up amid these temptations of city life incorrupt while hundreds are falling. I will tell your history. You will move in respectable circles all your days, and some day a friend of your father will meet you and say: "Good morning, Gind to see you. You seem to be prospering. You look like your father for all the world. I thought you would turn out well when I used to hold you on my knee. If you ever want any help or any advice, come to me. As long as I remember your father I'll remember you. Good morning." That will be the history of hundreds of these young men. How do I know it? I know it by the way you start. But here's a young man who has gone the opposite route. Voices of sin charm him away. He reads bad books, mingles in bad society. The glow has gone from his cheek, and the sparkle from his eye and the purity from his soul. Down he goes, little by little. The people who saw him when he came to town while yet hovered over his head the blessing of a pure mother's prayers, and there was on his lips the dew of a pure sister's kiss, now as they see him pass cry, "What an awful wreck!" Cheek bruised in grog shop fight. Eye bleared with dissipation. Lip swollen with indulgences. Be careful what you say to him; for a trifle he would take your life.

Lower down, lower down, until, outcast of God and man he lies in the asylum, a blotch of loathsomeness and pain. One moment he calls for God, and then he calls for rum. He prays; he curses; he laughs as a fiend laughs then bites his nails into the quick,