For the NEWS of the Moment Read the Gazette.

THE APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE.

Neal Dow, Whose Name Is Known and Honored In All Countries.

Neal Dow is the "grand old man" of temperance reform and sobriety. Many years ago he made the attempt to capture the "worm of the still" and extract its poison fangs. He sought to prohibit alcohol, the single cause of inebriety, by statute. In a great measure he was successful. No matter how great may be the craving for alcohol, if no alcohol can be made, bought, sold or drank, the craving of inebriety must live and die in its own longings and pains.

Neal Dow's logic was stern and accurate. His remedy was effectual if people would accept it. What logic is clearer than the suggestion that if alcohol is the only cause of inebriety the cessation of inebriety must follow the destruction of alcohol? All men can readily understand such a principle. The mind and thought of the world agreed with Dow, but the depravity of taste and the heart of man weighed against the verdict of thought and reason, and as yet prohibition is too limited in scope to save the world. But this grand old man was the pioneer—the forerunner of the gospel of temperance. He baptized the blood of his converts in pure water, which washed away the sins of alcohol.

The sentiment of temperance was a child of the human mind, born in a manger, but was adopted, nurtured, cradled, clothed and educated by Neal Dow. The sentiment of temperance is yet a youth, but has already answered the wise critics and has driven the money changers from the temple. The people who drown the young sentiment and hope of sobriety in strong drink crucify reason and the divine destiny of humanity.

They who crown with thorns this savior from poison and from disease, and from the degradation of human life imposed by alcohol, may bury for a time the thought of the human mind that alcohol must be banished from the world, but when the stone is rolled away from the sepulcher the resurrected life will appear and go forth to conquer the world in the name of Neal Dow.

The man who bears this honored name—a name already born into immortality—is the type of that perfect manhood given by sobriety. He is 90 years old, and yet he is young. According to tradition and the dictates of heredity, Dow is sitting by the covered fires in the grate in the late evening, only waiting for the morning and the resurrection of the flame and heat of the new life. By years he is indeed sitting there, but in strength and thought he is not the trembling victim of age, but the giant taking a rest, whose warm blood yet stirs his consciousness with the memories of old victories and sunlit shadows of victories yet to come.

Neal Dow can remember when alcohol drinking was almost one of the virtues. Standing among his many years, under the halo of good works, he can see by prophetic vision the last inebriate cured and the fires dying out under the furnace of the still. He can see the brand of alcohol burned into the human brain healed like a wound and can know that the sentiment of temperance is for the healing of the nations.—Dr. Keeley in Banner of Gold.

Protecting the Rumseller.

American temperance agitators would not enjoy themselves in Austria. A native of a small village, after a long catalepsy trance a year ago, declared that he had been to heaven and had been commissioned by the Almighty to return and teach the peasants the wickedness of drinking spirits. Soon the entire village took an oath of total abstinence. The district governor committed the man to the madhouse, where the doctors kept him for six months and then declared him sane.

He resumed his agitation, and in a short time seven villages had taken vows of abstinence. The result was that a number of liquor dealers to whom the government had granted licenses refused to keep their contracts. The district judge gave orders that the dangerous agitator be arrested if caught preaching abstinence. The man has not left his house for weeks. Deputations come to him from far and wide to hear his words and to repeat them when they return home. The authorities are consoling the dealers by declaring that the peasants must soon drink again.—New York Sun.

Anecdote of Lincoln.

Among the many interesting reminiscences of Lincoln brought out at the celebration of the last anniversary of his birthday the following is of special interest to temperance workers. Captain Fitch narrates that soon after the Lincoln-Douglas campaign, in 1859, Mr. Lincoln was invited to Kansas, where he delivered a speech at Leavenworth. In the evening a reception was given in his honor. Wine was, of course, included in the refreshments, but while almost if not quite every one else partook of it Mr. Lincoln did not touch it. The next morning at his departure Mr. Lincoln bade each one of his friends goodby, and when he came to Captain Fitch, then a young man of 22, he took the young man's hand in both his, and looking down into his eyes with a sad, kindly look said, "My young friend, do not put an enemy in your mouth to steal away your brains."—World's White Ribbon.

Father Mathew's Noble Work.

"In five years 5,000,000 people in Ireland alone enrolled in Father Mathew's temperance society, a movement comparable only with the conversion of Ireland by St. Patrick. In America 500,000 joined the movement during his stay of one year and a half.

In many a large city the liquor power controls the elections to the shame of the country and of our civilization. The situation is nearly as bad as at the time of Father Mathew. It is the duty of every good Christian and good citizen to fight against the evil. There are two things to do: First, appeal to individuals by teaching them how to control their appetite, and, second, restriction of the liquor trade.—Bishop Keane.

He Got His Rifle Back.

A good story is told of a young recruit who enlisted in a regiment of foot. The young fellow joined the army while the country was threatening war with Egypt, and he intended to make a good soldier. One day he was on guard duty and was slowly stepping along when an officer approached.

After the usual salute the officer said, "Let me see your rifle."

The raw recruit handed over his rifle, and a pleased expression stole over his face. As the officer received the weapon he said in a tone of the deepest disgust:

"You're a fine soldier. You've given up your rifle, and now what are you going to do?" The young fellow turned pale, and putting his hand in his pocket drew a big knife, and preparing for business said in a voice that could not be misunderstood:

"Gi' me that rifle, or I'll bore a hole through you in a minute."

The officer instantly decided not to play any further with the raw recruit, and the rifle was promptly surrendered. —London Tit-Bits.

Scarce.

Miss Gotham—I do so want to see this book on the morals of Chicago.

Mr. Knickerbocker—I should think there would be about as much in it as in a book on snakes in Ireland.

THEY FLY BY SIGHT.

CARRIER PIGEONS ARE NOT GUIDED BY MYSTERIOUS SENSES.

Professor Hodge Has Made a Close Study of This Subject and Presents Some Interesting Conclusions—Some of the Birds Are Chumps, and All Have to Learn.

Professor C. F. Hodge of Clark university, at Worcester, Mass., has been experimenting to ascertain how carrier pigeons find their way home, and the result of his work is given in The Popular Science Monthly. It entirely dissipates the popular notion that carrier pigeons are guided by some "direction sense," or blind instinct, or, as the French have put it, that they follow certain electrical currents, which their delicate senses apprehend.

The result of Professor Hodge's work is to demonstrate that carrier pigeons are guided by sight alone. He says that no carrier pigeon can find his way over strange country, that he is likely to get lost in a fog, and that until he learns from experience he is often fooled by colors or objects which appear to be familiar. Thus with some young pigeons with which the professor experimented they flew to the nearest red barn when let out of a closed cage, supposing it to be the red barn near their home loft, and for a time they would fly to any red barn that came in sight.

Another curious fact was noticed about these young pigeons. The moment they were liberated from their home loft they flew to the top of the nearest chimney and began to look about and take mental notes. Thirty-five minutes were thus occupied in noting every detail of their surroundings, looking eagerly this way and that and covering all the points of the compass. Having learned the "lay of the land," they were ready to be taken off a quarter of a mile or so, when, flying up to a great height, they saw some familiar object to which they would fly at once and quickly find their way to the loft.

It was noticed by the professor, however, that some of these pigeons were fools and others very sagacious. The fools got lost easily, did not proceed upon any rational basis and allowed themselves to be deceived by trees and hills which took them in the wrong direction. The more sagacious pigeons when liberated in a strange place would fly to a great height in a constantly widening circle. In a very few minutes they would sweep a territory 50 miles extent of vision. Even when the home loft was less than a mile away some of the carrier pigeons wasted immense effort and time in trying to find it.

One of them made four circles and rose high in the air. To the south and west were lakes and woods, with but few farmhouses. Toward the north was the village of South Madison, Wis., near which the experiments were held. The pigeon rushed off in the wrong direction to inspect a red barn, which he thought looked like that near the loft, but he came back to the starting point and from there started off to the state capital. He reached the city, but found nothing familiar and spent some time circling over it, having covered a distance of 10 miles in less than eight minutes. He was liberated at 4 o'clock and returned to the loft at 5, having flown, it was estimated, at the rate of a mile a minute.

A week later this same pigeon flew home from the same hill in less than a minute. The first flights of the carrier pigeons were very crooked and tortuous, but after they had been once or twice over the ground they flew almost in a straight line and with incredible speed. Liberated from a boat on a lake, it was noticed the birds always flew to the nearest land. One of them, a "fool" pigeon, looked over the same ground again and again, with no apparent confidence in his own ability, and then flew back to the boat in the lake.

One of his companions, a clever bird, kept increasing his circles over the land until some familiar object caught his eye, and from there he quickly found his way home. The former was subsequently lost when liberated with 11 others, all of whom found their way to the home loft. This also goes to show that carrier pigeons do not fly in flocks and render no assistance to each other, each apparently desiring to paddle his own canoe.

The birds, it seems, can always find their way back to the point from which they start, and failing to learn the way to their home will often return there. When they proceed by making constantly widening circles, however, there is no use of their returning for a fresh start. Some of the carrier pigeons, especially the younger ones, started off in a zigzag course when liberated and missed familiar objects at a short distance.

The spiral, says Professor Hodge, is the ideal way to cover every inch of the ground. He says that carrier pigeons do not circle about in the air for sport or exercise, but that it is part of their searching instinct, always on the alert to see their way and note the landscape. In searching for a lost tennis ball he noticed that the natural instinct of dogs and men seemed to be the spiral widening out from the center, but that some boys searched by a series of straight lines. Professor Hodge estimates that the distance at which a prominent landmark is visible is three miles.

The best time made in the first flight of a bird was 26 miles in 5 hours and 9 minutes. Taking three miles as the limit of vision over broken country, Professor Hodge estimates that the least length of the involute of a circle which would bring a bird from a distance of 26 miles to within a sight of the loft is 219 miles, and he says that in five hours it is not likely that the pigeon flew less than 250 miles.

What becomes of the lost carrier pigeons? That is a question suggested by the numerous disappearances of trained birds within the experience of every pigeon fancier. It has been supposed that they united with others of their breed, but it is a rare thing for strange pigeons to fly into the loft. To be "lost" is supposed to cause the carrier pigeon the utmost distress of mind. Its whole life and all its instincts appear to be directed to finding its way back to its home. But then even carrier pigeons come to love a new home even better than an old one, and they can pick up a living wherever they may happen to be. —New York World.

Good Advice.

"I need a new umbrella, and I'm going to buy one," declared Mrs. McBride.

"Let me give you a piece of advice about buying umbrellas," added her husband. "Never buy on a rainy day."

"I'd like to know why not?"

"Because they are always up then."—Detroit Free Press.

Even.

Miss Fitz—Very well, I shall sue you for breach of promise.

Jack Inabox—Go ahead. I shall sue you for slander for saying I proposed to you. —London Punch.

A Floral Mystery.

The Chinese, Japanese and Siamese are peculiarly skillful at botanical feats. One of their wonderful achievements is known as the "changeable rose." This bloom is white in the shade and red in the sunlight. After night or in a dark room the curiosity of the rose family is a pure, waxy white blossom. When transferred to the open air, the transformation immediately steps in, the time of the entire change of the flower from white to the most sanguine of sanguine hues depending on the degree of sunlight and warmth. First the petals take on a kind of washed or faded blue color and rapidly change to a faint blush of pink. The pink gradually deepens in hue until you find that your lily white rose of an hour before is as red as the reddest peony that ever bloomed.—Philadelphia Times.

Lady Vere de Vere.

Aubrey de Vere, the poet, and his family were for long years intimate friends with Tennyson, who borrowed the whole of his famous Lady Clara's name from them—for one of them was actually a Vere de Vere. Lady de Vere, it is said, did not quite like the association of her name and of a little something like hers with the character of the hard hearted and haughty Clara. "Why should Lady de Vere be aggrieved?" was Tennyson's reply. "I have not given her name to an ugly woman nor to an old woman—only to a wicked one."—Chicago Herald.

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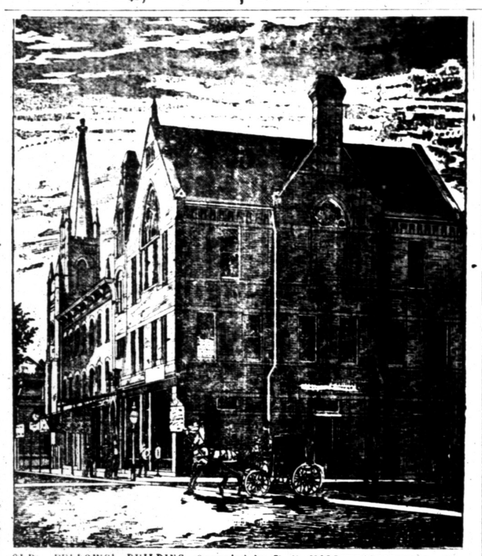
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THE EARL AND THE SERVING MAID.

She Would Carry No Coal and Got Round Damages From Clancarty.

Wednesday at the Brompton county court Captain Head claimed £15 odd from the Earl of Clancarty for breach of agreement in the hiring of a furnished house, 40 Lowndes square. The defendant signed an agreement to take the house in question from Sept. 23 last to Nov. 18 at the rent of £100 6s. This document contained a clause to the effect that his lordship should retain on the premises the landlord's housemaid named White, the former paying her 3 shillings per week for washing and beer and half her wages (£22 per annum), besides providing her with board. Shortly after his lordship and his servants took up their abode at 40 Lowndes square the Earl of Clancarty sent the butler to the housemaid with an order to make a fire in Lady Clancarty's room.

White replied that it was not her place to carry coal while an ablebodied footman was in the house. Eventually, however, she did light the fire, but expressed her opinion that it was not her duty to carry coal. His lordship, on being informed of this, wrote her a note reproving her for what he termed "impertinence" and telling her to pack up and leave the house. Later on Lord Clancarty offered her a month's wages in lieu of notice, but the plaintiff declined to accept it or to leave the house. She stated that she was turned out at 9:30 p. m. by the aid of a policeman. One of the neighbors sheltered her until the morning, when she took a train to her parents' home in Taunton. Defendant, who was stated to be unable at present to leave his residence at Ballinasloe, Ireland, was represented by counsel, who stated the defense to be that the girl on refusing to carry coal behaved impertinently and defendant was legally within his right in discharging her.

His honor said that clearly Lord Clancarty had no authority to dismiss this servant. He (the learned judge) did not think that in a nobleman's family a housemaid should be asked to carry coal, and he was of opinion that the girl had treated his lordship with the greatest respect possible. He found for the plaintiff for £13, but disallowed £2 railway fare and expenses to Taunton. Judgment was entered accordingly, with costs.—Westminster Gazette.

WIND AND WHISKERS.

Startling Proof From Kansas of Their Mysterious Affinity.

"They ain't no doubt but Kansas is a great state for whiskers," said the man with the ginger beard, "an, what's more, this here connection between wind an whiskers ain't the funny joke some folks thinks it is."

"Fer instance," said the grocer, "I low, now, that ef you was to shave them"—here the grocer gave an imitation of the bleating of a goat—"that you wouldn't be able to tell them windy yarns, eh?"

The man with the ginger beard was so busy picking the tail and fins off a dried herring in such manner as to lose none of the meat that the grocer's sarcasm missed its mark. After the herring had been disposed of and washed down with a drink of water, the man with the ginger beard continued:

"As I was sayin, the connection between wind an whiskers was showed to me out in Kansas in a durn funny way. You see they was a old fellow out there that could 'a' started out on the reputation of his whiskers. Well, one day this ole feller goes out on his farm an runs right square up agin one of the finest sample of cyclone that Kansas had put up for many a day. One of the hands over in the field, about a quarter of a mile away, sees the cyclone hit the old man an started on a dead run for the house to git the wagon to haul in his mangled remains, though he 'lowed he might have to go to the next county to find 'em. Now, what do you think? He gets up to the field where he last sees the old man, an 'stead of findin ary remains he finds him standin there live as ever an lookin puzzled. 'Didn't I see a twister comin your way?' asked the hired man. 'I guess you did,' says the old feller, 'an that's what's puzzlin me. The thing come along an run right into me, an then the next thing I knowed it was gone. Didn't go up in the air or nothin else. Near as I can figure it out it must 'a' been a mysterious dispensation.'

"The old fellow was stuck on a schoolma'am that had come from back east an that very night he ast er to marry him, which she said she would if he would take off them whiskers. It nigh broke his heart, but he knuckled under. So the next day he goes to a barber shop in town near by an tells the barber to cut 'em loose. Well, the barber turns loose on them whiskers, an in the next minute that there barber shop was scattered all over the county, half the town was blowed down an the other half was shook out of shape. It was the queerest thing any one ever heerd of, an I don't suppose it would ever been explained if a feller who came along with a show an was sellin patent medicine hadn't explained it. He said that the fact was that the cyclone had got tangled up in old Abner's whiskers when it disappeared so sudden an had been ticklin there until the barber cut the whiskers off an gave it a chance to escape."

There was a crash and a smothered exclamation, and the grocer at first had a wild shape that the man with the ginger beard had been struck by lightning, but an investigation showed that it was only the man from Potato creek, who had fallen from his seat on the counter into the tub of eggs.—Indianapolis Journal.

Disguised Misers.

"I have a friend," said an out of town coal operator, "who is worth nearly $500,000, and yet is the most penurious man I ever saw. The other night we were going on to Chicago on business. We went into the sleeper together, and as I was quite tired I suggested going to bed. 'Where's your berth?' I asked. 'Berth?' repeated my friend. 'Why, I'm not going to take a berth. I shall sit up in the day coach.' When I told him there was nothing but sleepers on the train, his face fell, and he seemed worried. I knew what the trouble was. He was thinking of the few dollars he would have to spend for a bed, so I said, 'I guess you'll have to hand over tonight.' He appeared much distressed and suggested that we double up and both sleep in one berth, 'for,' he said, 'it will be cheaper for both.' I laughed at the idea and informed him that I did not care to make myself uncomfortable for the sake of a few dollars. Well, he resigned himself to his fate, and I noticed when a berth was assigned him he was without a handbag of any sort. As he was going to stay in Chicago but a day, I said: 'Where's your bag. Surely you didn't bring a trunk for one day?' He then sat closer to me, and crossing his legs began in a most earnest manner: 'That's just where you fellows make a mistake. You carry a bag with you as a sign that you are a good subject to beat. Now, I carry nothing—not even so much as a package for my nightshirt, for I have that on now under my other shirt—and you see that I dress shabbily. Why, if I carried a bag, hotels, hackmen, porters and everybody would charge me double what they do now. I've got too much common sense to lay myself open to high prices.' He seemed satisfied with himself after he had given me this oration. As I crawled into my berth I wondered for what object some people with $500,000 lived anyhow."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

What is supposed to be a relic of voodooism has just been unearthed at Elkton, Cecil county, Md. It is a bottle containing coal oil, needles, hair and a quantity of roots. It was dug up in a garden, where it had been buried doubtless by the advice of a negro conjurer.

COYOTES AND CANINES

USING THE DOGS TO CAPTURE THE PESTS AND SECURE BOUNTY.

Jim Kelley and Tom Went at It, For All There Was In It, but According to Mrs. Tom They Never Got a Scalp—The Women Were Skeptical All the Time.

Does your husband love dogs—that is does he have a hankering after every prepossessing pup that he sees? And when a man has the dog mania every pup looks prepossessing from the mangiest little poodle to the offspring of the big devil-dog that is good for nothing but to tork and aid in the consumption of home products.

When we lived on a farm in Nebraska, my husband never had but one attack, and that did not last long, but it was severe while it did last. You see, it was that hard winter. The men didn't have much to do, for they didn't raise any crops to take care of. They were obliged to sell off the stock until they had very little to feed and very little to feed them with.

Money, too, was scarce, and my Tom and Jim Kelley conceived the idea of hunting coyotes to pass away the time and replenish their purses with the bounty money. But as the coyotes did not walk up and tender their scalps the men concluded that they would have to go and fetch them. The most important factor in the fetching business was dogs. We already had one—a surly old fellow called Watch. Jim Kelley had four, but there was nothing remarkable about any of them except old Spring. She could really catch a coyote if she wanted to, but she didn't always want to, and it didn't seem to worry the coyote at all when she did catch him. She needed assistance, that was certain.

Our Watch had the staying qualities, if dogs enough could be obtained to interest the intended victim until he got there. Tom found one dog down town that looked as if he could run and enticed him home. Then he ran across a superannuated old greyhound, an almost exact counterpart of Kelley's Spring. To be sure, she was too old to run and had to be kept on the house in bad weather. Her teeth were poor, and she must be fed on soft food, but Tom was certain she would raise pups that would pick up coyotes like a bird does bugs, so I babied old Dolly with a pretty good grace for his sake. "Dealing in futures" didn't fill the bill for the present, so Tom cast about again and procured two nearly grown hounds, and he and Jim Kelley, who had been equally successful, started out with a force of 10 dogs.

The coyotes were making nights hideous with their howls and getting fat off our poultry, but some way they didn't seem so plenty in the daytime. Surely the dogs could catch one if they saw it and kill it after it was caught, but several days passed, and not a coyote was sighted. Evidently something was lacking. After much deliberation the men concluded it was trail hounds.

A week later and two more dogs had been added to the force. One was young and undeveloped—that is, nothing had developed but her voice. A pack of coyotes was nowhere where noise was concerned. The other was a genuine, mature trailer. Tom and Jim expected some rare sport when they again set forth. The old hound soon struck a trail, and off he went, bellowing enough to scare every coyote out of the country. Dogs and horsemen followed.

"Isn't it grand?"

"That's good work."

"He's getting it down fine now."

"Just hear him! He must be close onto it."

Such were the frequent exclamations of the enthusiastic hunters.

From the noise they could tell that the chase was circling, and soon they came in sight—pursued and pursuer, the dog was some 50 rods behind—a big jack rabbit.

They tried to call him off and then ran in ahead of him. Confused by their interference, he turned back on the trail and loped, baying, away.

"Confound that dog!" said Kelley. "He'll run himself to death and follow that track back to where he started." They spurred up their horses and intercepted him again, but he only went off in some other direction. Then they set the other dogs on him and ran their brag trailer down, roped him and thoroughly disgusted started for home.

The winter wore away with frequent repetitions of that day's chase. The men couldn't see what was lacking, unless it was dogs, and whenever they found a new one they took it in. There were gray hounds and yellow hounds and spotted hounds and black hounds and dogs that were not hounds at all, and there were old dogs, young dogs and little pups and big pups and pups at all ages.

One couldn't open the door, but they came in the house—couldn't go out of doors after night but he fell over one or two. If one barked, they all barked, especially the trailers. If they were let loose, they fought; so they had to be tied, some with ropes, some with chains and one with the clothesline. If it snowed, they were put in the barn, in the henhouse or in the house.

It was slightly inconvenient, and things were becoming uncomfortable. The atmosphere in the house grew warm occasionally, and when Tom came home and, as usual, told me of another fine pup that he could get I quietly suggested that it would be conducive to that pup's health to stay on its native heath.

Mrs. Kelley felt very much as I did on the dog question, and Jim and Tom considered themselves much abused men to be deprived of a legitimate and profitable sport just for the lack of dogs. It would have taken the entire produce of a good sized ranch to have kept those dogs had not fate favored them. Many cattle died around the neighborhood, and as "what was fun for the boy was death for the frogs" so what was death to the stock was fun for the dogs. They grew sleek and fat, and so did the coyotes.

I grew more and more disgusted as the henhouse grew less crowded every week, and when the hounds began to gather what few eggs the hens did lay I spoke a little piece that I had been preparing for some time. Tom listened meekly, and the dogs soon began to disappear. The men were forced to own that they had never chased but one coyote, and that got away from them, but they would not admit that it was the fault of those "ornery" dogs. They blamed themselves, the horses, the weather and even the coyotes, but we women were skeptical, and steadily the canine force diminished. —Philadelphia Times.

New Zealand Trout.

The classic ground of New Zealand fishing is in the South island, chiefly in the rivers which come tearing down to the east coast from the great central range of the southern Alps—those terrible snow waters which have given to drowning the name of "New Zealand death," today a mere thread in a wide desert of shingle, tomorrow a fast and furious torrent lapping over a mile of trestle bridge. It is in these rivers above all that the trout grow to be monsters.

It was in one of them that one rod in a single night took 10 fish, weighing 91 pounds. It was in a lake at the head of one of them that there was netted a trout of 35 pounds. But these huge fish have contracted the despicable habit of refusing to take a fly and must be entrapped with minnow or live bait, and that, too, at night. In the lakes the monsters refuse to look at any lure offered them by man.

We have seen them cruising about of an evening picking up white moths, but we never yet heard that any man had succeeded in capturing one with a rod, and having ourselves failed disastrously in the attempt we are, of course, the foremost to maintain the feat to be impossible. But in the smaller tributaries the trout will take the artificial fly, and these are the streams preferred by the enthusiast.—Macmillan's Magazine.

'Don't say the world is growing worse when you are doing nothing to make it better.