

"We must not let this terrible business go on here in our midst," sed she. "It'll be easier to get rid of it now than after it has gained a footin'. We all know how it works in other places; we are members of temperance societies; we know of the power of the saloon; we believe in moral suasion; we have tried it, but it has not kept the saloon away. The power of the ballot is strong, and yet, in spite of that, the saloon is here, while we know the majority of the people who elected the excise commissioners didn't want it. If we vote it out, we must wait till next spring. God only knows what evil may be accomplished before then. There has never been a human power found stronger than the saloon. Why did he not prevent its coming? Because his people did not work with him. The only way to get his strength is to link ourselves with him. Then no power on earth can resist his power."

So, with that feelin' we knelt in prayer. Frank Webb's folks, Cousin Peleg, who was really waked up to the situation, Ephraim and I, and the minister and his wife, and Squire Dodson, and some of the folks were present.

How Phoebe Esther prayed! I never felt that God was so real or near before.

And Frank Webb made a full consecration of all he had, if God wanted it, to bring about the result. He sed:

"Oh, Lord, take every cent of my money, if need be, to bring about the overthrow of this business."

And Squire Dodson, who is very well fixed, sed, "Amen! and mine, too, if you need it."

At last we rose from our knees. The room was very still. Outside the low rumble of thunder broke the quietness, and an occasional flash of lightning lit up the room, though half an hour before the sky was clear. We stood and sang:

"Oh! for a faith that will not shrink
On the brink of any earthly woe."

Just then there came a blindin' flash of lightning and a terrible crash of thunder, but we sang on. The rain came dashing against the windows, and a light, not from any flash of lightning, lit up the room. We turned to the window. The flames were shootin' up from Miller's saloon. Dark objects were runnin' to and fro. Our men rushed out to see if anyone was hurt. As it happened, there was no one seriously injured, although the boy that lived at Sister Blevins' was badly shocked, and Cousin Peleg's youngest boy was somewhat hurt. There was a good stock of liquor on hand, and the buildin' went like powder, for the bolt of lightning run right into the cellar where the supply was, and they never saved a drop. "It looks like it was a torch of God's own lightning," said Aunt Hannah Jane Bethel. "Poor Clem. I hope he ain't injured, though, for he was such a dear little boy. I took care of him for six months after his own mother died."

Well, there was great excitement at the settlement next day. We hoped, as Clem Miller had no insurance, he wouldn't build up again. But we heard that Carson Sloan had promised to back him, and he began to look around for a place to open up temporarily. There was the old storeroom belongin' to Rant Gale. Clem went and made him an offer for that for six months. We heard of it and Frank Webb and Squire Dodson and Cousin Peleg and Milt Lakin went to see him. They told him it would be a sin to rent it for that

purpose and against the rules of the church. But Rant is in a backslidin' state anyway, and he argered that the room was standin' idle and no one else would pay like a saloon-keeper would, and, of course, there wouldn't be likely to be another store start up in the settlement.

Finally, Squire Dodson sed: "You may tell Miller you have rented the building for \$2.00 a month more than he offered."

"What do you mean?" sed Rant.

"I mean I will lease it for a year at them figures and fix up the writin's before we leave the house to-day." So they did it, and Milt Lakin, who had just been appointed postmaster, moved his office into the front part of the room, and they parted off the rear end with screens and fixed it up pretty as a parlor, and had the new library in there and some little tables for games. Then Milt's daughter had a little bakery store in front, with candy and bread and cake to sell. Squire Dodson's cripple son tended the library, and it was all agoin' inside of a week.

"Well, we knew Miller had lost a sight of money; he had his license all quick as the saloon business. So we didn't expect we had downed him. Still folks were afraid to rent to him for fear something would happen to their buildin's."

Finally, we heard he had hired a part of Jim Ashcraft's new barn, till he could put up a buildin' of his own. He didn't want to use the old site, bein' it was so near Phoebe Esther's.

Well, we had prayed, and committed the matter to God; but we expected to work as he led and watch and pray, and we certainly watched.

After all, it came about in such a quiet way, God usin' one of his humblest instruments to work out his will.

Aunt Hannah Jane Bethel somehow never gets on the defensive side in such a decided way that every lady don't claim her as a friend. She ain't got much active fight in her, yet she is as firm as the everlastin' hills. She was born a Quaker. She went over to stay to Clem Miller's a few days, Mis' Miller not bein' well. I got the particulars from Mis' Miller, who overheard the conversation from her bedroom. Clem came in at night just about bedtime, and set down by the kitchen stove, where Aunt Hannah Jane set mendin' his socks. They got to talkin' about the old times and Clem's mother. Aunt Hannah Jane sez:

"A sweeter, kinder woman never lived. Do you mind, Clem, that night after the funeral, when you set in my lap with your little curly head on my shoulder, and I told you of the beautiful country where she had gone?"

Aunt Hannah Jane hitched her chair up a little closer, and laid her hand on Clem's knee. "And you sed, 'I tell you, I'm goin' to be good all my life, so's I can go there when I die.'"

Clem's voice trembled. "I never cease to miss her, Aunt Hannah Jane. I never shall get that lonesome feelin' out of my heart."

"Till we meet her over there and are all together again, dear," sed Aunt Hannah Jane, gently.

"Well, I know folks think I'm bad, but a fellow's got to live, some way."

"Yes," sez Aunt Hannah Jane. "Didn't the farm pay pretty well?"

"Yes, but it's a dog's life, though to be sure, folks want howlin' round as they do now."

"You lost a sight of money in the fire, Clem."

"Yes; but Sloan will advance money when I set up again."

"What security will be asked?"

"Oh, a mortgage on the farm, but I can soon clear it off."

"I remember how glad you were when you got it clear before. Why don't you just let it go this time? You see, if the curse of God is on the business, and people are against it here, it may not succeed, and then you might lose the farm."

"But I've paid all my license and it's good for a year."

"I never see a license," said Aunt Hannah Jane. "I wish you would show it to me."

Clem brought it along. Aunt Hannah looked it over carefully and inquired the price. Then she took a roll of bills from her pocket, and spreading them on her knee, said:

"Now, Clem, I have a little money here I've saved to put into some good work. Sell me the license. Of course I can't do business on it, without some legal arrangements, but I want to pay you for it. You have lost heavily in the fire, but this will help a little."

I didn't know how it come about, but time run on and the saloon didn't open up. And after our folks saw it was not likely to, Phlambert and Frank Webb went to Clem with a purse of money they had made up for him to help lift the mortgage he'd put on his stock and team to help raise the money to start the saloon, and he is back in church again after bein' out for years.

The other day Aunt Hannah Jane took out a little box, and opening it, she unfolded a piece of paper, sayin', "I don't mind showin' you this, if you don't say anything, Sister Burdick. It was Clem's license."

"And you was so quiet we never thought you cared about the saloon as we did," sez I.

"I never had any idea Clem Miller would keep saloon long, if I could help it," said Aunt Hannah Jane. "Still it was God's way of answerin' the prayer of faith."

It wain't strange he took the humble, faithful instrument he did to work out his own divine will.—*The Ram's Horn.*

A SOLOMON IN BLUE.

A policeman who evidently believes in the virtue of silence recently settled a disturbance in front of a Mott street tenement in New York. Two women were saying hard things at each other. A small crowd stood about them. From the block above a policeman, with enough stripes on his sleeves to show that he was a veteran on the force, sauntered up to the scene. The *New York Mail and Express* gives his words of wisdom to the combatants.

Both women tried to tell him all about it at once.

"I ought to lock you both up," he said, when he had listened a moment.

"Here you are, causing a crowd to collect and disturbing the peace."

Each of the women accused the other of having started the trouble, and insisted that the tranquility of life in that particular tenement would not have been disturbed if the other had not called her names.

Then you don't want to fight, but want to go along nice and quiet and peaceable, eh?" asked the policeman, solemnly. "You want to keep the peace, but each of you thinks the other's no lady. Is that it?"

"Yes, that's right," responded the women, promptly.

"And do you want to have anything to do with each other?" he went on.

"Never!" responded both, fiercely.

"Well, then," said the old policeman, as he held up his club further to impress them, "I'll tell you how you can do it. Don't you speak to her; and you," indicating the second woman, "don't you speak to her. Will you promise if I don't lock you up?" They both agreed to follow his suggestion.

"Because it's this way," he added. "If each of you think the other isn't worth speaking to, and you don't speak to each other, you ought to be satisfied on that point. If you don't speak to each other, you can't quarrel, that's certain; if you don't quarrel, there will be no trouble."

The crowd dispersed, the women went into the house, and the blue-coated Solomon strolled away down the street.

DESPONDENT WOMEN.

Find New Health in the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

A few years ago Mrs. James R. Stuart, of Thorold, Ont., who is well known to most of the residents of that town, found her health severely shattered as the result of an attack of anemia. As told, practically in her own words, Mrs. Stuart says: "My blood was turned almost to water; I suffered from nerve-racking headaches, and the least exertion would cause my heart to palpitate so violently as to render me almost breathless. I wasted away in flesh and often was so weak that I could not walk about. I was under the care of a good doctor; but as I was not getting better, I grew melancholy and despondent, and felt I was becoming a hopeless invalid. At this stage I was advised to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I began taking them, thinking it would be a miracle if they ever helped me. To my great gratification, when I had been using the pills less than a month I found my health improving. I used about a dozen boxes in all and found myself enjoying once more the blessing of good health. I had been reduced to almost a skeleton in appearance, and while taking the pills gained over twenty pounds in weight. I gratefully recommend the pills to other ailing women."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest blood builder and nerve tonic known to medical science. Through their use pale cheeks are made rosy, dull eyes made bright, and thin, wasted figures made plump. Every dose makes new, rich red blood that drives out disease and strengthens every organ in the body. You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine, or by mail, post-paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Here's a farmer's receipt for ridding his premises of rats and mice: If you will sprinkle sulphur on your barn floor and through your corn as you gather, there will not be a rat or mouse bother. I have done this several years and have never been bothered with rats or mice. I have some old corn in crib at present and not a rat or mouse is to be found. In stacking hay or oats sprinkle on the ground and a little through each load, and, my word for it, rats or mice can't stay there. A pound of sulphur will be sufficient to preserve a large barn of corn, and it is good for the stock, and it will not hurt the corn for bread.