

MOST WORTHY TREASURER,

JAMES H. ROBERTS.

Gratifying to the Older Members

Letter from Sir Leonard Tilley, Governor of New Brunswick and P. M. W. P.: "Dear Bro. Pitts, I notice you have ci late secured a widely, extensive correspondence for the TEMPERANCE JOURNAL embracing a very considerable portion of this continent. It is of course satisfactory to hear from the numerous Divisions of the S. of T. in our own province but it is most interesting to learn from week to week what is doing in the states of the Union as well as in the other provinces of the Dominion. Especially to the older members, who like myself have made the personal acquaintance of many of the officers and members of the various Grand Divisions, under the jurisdiction of our own National Division.

I trust the energy you have thus displayed may be suitably rewarded Yours Sincerely and Fraternally,

S. L. TILLEY.

Government House, Fredericton.

Will Build up the Order.

Extract from letter of P. G. W. A. McNaughton, Quebec: "I would like to say that the TEMPERANCE Journal is an excellent paper and calculated to do a great amount of good to the temperance cause generally, and specially to build up the Order of the Sons of Temperance. It is very interesting to hear what other Divisions are doing and to know how the cause we love is progressing in other places. I have taken a great many temperance papers in my time, but I must say that the JOURNAL is far ahead of them all. Our members of Bethel Division, No. 5, who take it, speak well of it, and our membership have gradually increased since we commenced to take it. I generally give a reading from it at our meetings. It always gives me great pleasure to say a word for the JOURNAL, published as it is specially in the interests of the Order of the Sons of Temperance and for the total prohibition of the liquor

Fraternally, WM. McNaughton, Ormstown, Quebec.

A Powerful and Important Factor.

Extract from Jas. A. S. Mott, P. G. W. A., New Brunswick: I have been a constant reader of the TEM-PERANCE JOURNAL for many years and feel deeply interested in its success * * * It has become a very powerful and important factor in our work. I should like indeed if its circulation and usefulness could be increased ten-fold. * * * Yours in L., P. and F.,

JAS. A. S. MOTT. St. John, N. B.

Has Urged such a Paper for Years.

L. M. Bradley, P. M. W. P., Baltimore, Md., says: "It is too often the case that individual members of the Order, pay the cost of our temperance papers, while the Order itself gives no pecuniary help. should not be. If a paper is valuable to the Order, it should be supported, and yet it is difficult to make the organizations understand and appreciate this. Your paper should have a good chance of living and prospering * * * The Order is in good condition and public sentiment favorable, etc., etc.

Recommends the Journal to the N. D.

Extract from letter of N. B. Bowers, G. S., Rhode Island: "I heartily approve of the National Di-Division having an international organ and being very well satisfied with the manner in which the JOURNAL is conducted 1 most heartily recommend that paper for the purpose named." * *

Fraternally Yours, N. B. Bowers, G. S. Providence, R. I.

READS IT WITH INTEREST.

The Grand Scribe of G. D. of Deleware writes:-"I have read your paper with much interest, and have given it to others to read. I consider it a valuable acquisition to the temperance literature of the times, and it should find its way into every Subordinate Division of the Sons of Temperance, of America. I hope it will receive encouragement from every Grand Division."**

S. N. Fogg,

G.S.

Wilmington, Del.

A Vigorous, Aggressive, Ably-edited Journal.

Frank J. Brown, Laconia, New Hampshire, writes: I am one of those who believe that the Order of Sons of Temperance, for a long time felt the need of a vigorous, aggressive, ably-edited journal as a medium through which to proclaim its principles, unfold its plans, demand its claims and to give to the world a record of its work. Such a journal would not only be an educator but would encourage, inspire and stimulate the Order, the jurisdiction throughout, and thus advance the cause. The TEMPERANCE Journal came to fill this want. It is a live, interesting, newsy paper, replete with good things, and with the financial help and the loyal support of the Order it would be better able to cope with the powers of hell, and it should receive the assistance it justly merits. May the hearts of the friends of the Order and the cause be led in the right direction and may God prosper the TEMPER-ANCE JOURNAL.

In I., P. and F., FRANK J. BROWN. Laconia, N. H.

Wants More Interest in the Paper.

Mrs. Patrick Haves, G. S. of Maine in Semi-annual report says: "I would like to again draw your attention to the TEMPERANCE JOURNAL, the organ of the S. of T. I have been greatly disappointed in the interest shown in this valuable paper. I supposed that during the past six months that we should hear from every Division in Maine through its columns, but I have seen nothing in regard to any of these excepting Pine Tree, No. 1, Ticonic, No. 13 and my own Division (Soldiers) No. 5. think that every Division that possibly can, should subscribe for the Journal, and have a regular correspondent who would send to it items from time to time, in regard to installation of their officers, and any interesting meeting which they hold. My own Division subscribed last November for ten copies, and appointed a correspondent, and the members look forward every week to either hear something from their own Division, or from some of their neighbors."

THE OLD HOMESTEAD WELL.

You may talk of mint juleps and cream soda, And even of better drinks tell;

They can not compare with the water I drew When a boy from the old homestead well.

No dainty cut glasses like epicures hold Were needed to flavor the sips,
Just the old oaken bucket, moss covered and And dripping, was pressed to my lips.

Which squirrels would use for a path, The field of red clover, the lilac's perfume, The little birds taking a bath. And Rover and Brindle, as eager as we,

Its old-fashioned sweep taking plenty of room,

At the o'er-flowing trough made of stone, Is a picture I still in my memory see When I am athirst and alone.

I've gazed in that well, eighty feet under ground, And seen 'mid the blue of the skies A boy's rosy face, with a ragged hat crowned, Looking up, with a laugh in his eyes.

And I gazed in its depths-not so long, long

And saw-not the face I once knew When I, barefooted, drew up the bucket-al

The sky was as bright and as blue. The waters were pure as before and as cool, As green were the woods and the dell. But something was gone since I, thirsty, from

school,

Drank joy from the old homestead well. -H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.

A CYCLOPEDIA STORY.

the Delivery of Volume Z.

Havin' lived next door to the Hobert place t'r goin' on thirty years, I calc'late that I know jest about ez much about the case as any body else now on airth, exceptin' perhaps it's ol' Jedge Baker, and he's so plaguey old 'nd so powerful feeble that he don't know nothin'.

It seems that in the spring uv '47-the year that Cy Watson's oldest boy wuz drowned in West river—there come along a didn't seem to take no pleasure in his grandbook agent sellin' volyumes 'nd tracks f'r the diffusion uv knowledge, 'nd, havin' got the recommend of the minister 'nd uv the selectmen, he done an all-fired bg business in our part uv the county. His name that book agent to come along with a cyclowuz Lemuel Higgins, 'nd he wuz ez likely a peedy. He didn't want to die till he'd got talker ez I ever heerd, barrın' Lawyer Conkey, 'nd every body allowed that when he wanted to have every thing straightened Conkey wuz 'round he talked so fast that the town pump ud have to be greased every twenty minutes.

Peasley girls, 'nd had moved into the old | homestead on the Plainville road-old Deacon Hobart havin' give up the place to him, the other boys havin' moved out West (like a lot o' darned fools that they wuz!). Leander wuz feelin' his oats jest about this time 'nd nuthin' wuz too good f'r him.

time, 'nd I've half a notion to subscribe f'r Wilson, 'nd Jedge Baker, 'nd most uv the a cyclopeedy. Mr. Higgins here says they're invalerable in a family, and that we orter

Waal, to make a long story short, Leander bargained with Mr. Higgins for a set uv them cyclopeedies, 'nd he signed his name to a long printed paper that showed how he into them eyes 'nd ol' Leander riz up in bed agreed to take a cyclopeedy oncet in so 'nd sez: "It's come." often, which wuz to be ez often ez a new one uv the volumes wuz printed. A cyclopeedy isn't printed all at oncet, because that would! that gets it up has it strung along fur apart, lem. so as to hit folks oncet every year or two, and gin'rally about harvest time. So Le-cyclopeedy-the letter Z-it's comin'!" ander kind uv liked the idee, and he signed the printed paper 'nd made his affidavit to it in walked Higgins-he tottered rather than afore Jedge Warner.

The fust volyume of the cyclopeedy stood his wicked perfession. on a shelf in the old seckertary in the settin'-room about four months before they says Higgins. had any use f'r it. One night 'Squire Turner's son come over to visit Leander'nd Hattle, and they got to talkin' about apples, 'nd the sort of apples that wuz the best. Leander allowed that the Rhode Island greenin' wuz the best, but Hat tie and the Turner boy stuck up f'r the Roxbury russet, until at last a happy idee struck Leander, and sez he: "We'l leave it to the cyclopeedy, b' gosh! Whichever one the cyclopeedy sez is the best will settle it."

"But you can't find out nothin' 'bout Roxbury russets nor Rhode Island greenin's in our cyclopeedy," sez Hattie.

"Why not, I'd like to know?" sez Leander, kind uv indignant like.

"Cause ours hain't got down to the R vet," sez Hattie. "All ours tells about is things beginnin' with A. "Well, ain't we talkin' about apples?"

sez Leander. "You aggervate me terrible, Hattie, by insistin' on knowin' what you don't know nothin' 'bout." Leander went to the seckertary 'nd took

down the cyclopeedy 'nd hunted all through it f'r apples, but all he could find wuz "Apple-See Pomology. "How in thunder kin I see Pomology,"

sez Leander, "when there ain't no Pomology to see? Gol durn a cyclopeedy, anyhow!' And he put the volyume back onto the shelf 'nd never sot eyes into it agin.

"That's the way the thing run f'r years n'd years. Leander would 've gin up the plaguey bargain, but he couldn't; he had signed a printed paper 'nd had swore to it afore a justice of the peace. Higgins would have had the law on him if he had | Why It Is of More Use Than An Unlimthrowed up the trade.

The most aggervatin' feature uv it all wuz that a new one of them cussed cyclopeedies wuz allus sure to show up at the wrong time-when Leander wuz hard up or had jest been afflicted some way or other. His barn burnt down two nights afore the volyume containin' the letter B arrived and Leander needed all his chink to pay f'r lumber, but Higgins sot back on that affidavit and defied the life out uv him. "Never mind, Leander," sez his wife,

soothin' like, "it's a good book to have in the house, anyhow, now that we've got a

begin with B, don't it?"

You see their fust baby had been born; they named him Peasley-Peasley Hobartafter Hattie's folks. So, seein' as how it wuz payin' f'r a book that told about babies, Leander didn't begredge that five dollars so very much, after all. "Leander," sez Hattie one forenoon,

"that B cyclopeedy ain't no account. There

do nothin' at all, f'r the book agent, Lemuel it afterwards. Higgins, had the dead wood on him-the mean, sneakin' critter!

So the years passed on-one uv them cyclopeedies showin' up now 'nd then, sometimes every two years 'nd sometimes every four, but allus at a time when Leander found it pesky hard to give up a fiver. It warn't no use cussin' Higgins; Higgins just laffed when Leander allowed that the cyclopeedy wuz no good 'nd that he wuz bein' robbed. Meantime Leander's family wuz increasin' and growin'. Little Sarey had the hoopin' cough dreadful one winter. but the cyclopeedy didn't help out at all,

bein' as how the W hadn't come vet! Oncet when Hiram wanted to dreen the home pasture he went to the cyclopeedy to find out about it, but all he diskivered wuz: "Drain-See Tile." This was in 1859 and the cyclopeedy had only got down to G.

'cause all it said wuz: "Hoopin' Cough-

See Whoopin' Cough"-and, uv course,

there warn't no Whoopin' Cough to see,

The cow wuz sick with lung fever one spell and Leander laid her dyin' to that cussed cyclopeedy, cause when he went to readin' 'bout cows it told him to "See Zoology.'

But what's the use uv harrowin' up one's feelin's talkin' 'nd thinkin' about these things? Leander got so after awhile that the cyclopeedy didn't worry him at all; he grew to look at it ez one uv the crosses that human critters has to bear without complainin' through this vale uv tears. The only thing that bothered him wuz the fear that mebbe he wouldn't live to see the last volyume-to tell the truth, this kind uv got to be his hobby and I've heern him talk bout it many a time settin' round the stove at the tarvern 'nd squirtin' tobacco juice at the sawdust box. His wife, Hattie, passed away with the yaller janders Pathetic Scene Witnessed Upon the winter W come, and all that seemed to reconcile Leander to survivin' her wuz the prospect uv seein' the last volyume uv that cyclopeedy. Lemuel Higgins, the book agent, had gone to his everlastin' punishment, but his son, Hiram, had succeeded to his father's business'nd continued to visit his folks his old man had roped in. By this time Leander's children had growed up; all on 'em wuz marr'd, and there wuz numeris grandchildren to amuse the ol' gentleman. But Leander wuzn't to be satisfied with the common things uv airth; he children like most men do; his mind wuz allers sot on somethin' else—for hours 'nd hours, yes, all day long, he'd set out on the front stoop lookin' wistfully up the road for

When-oh, how well I recollect it-when Y come along he wuz so overcome that he One uv the first uv our folks that this fell over in a fit uv paralysis, 'nd the old Lemuel Higgins struck wuz Leander Ho- gentleman never got over it. For the next bart. Leander had jest marr'd one uv the three years he drooped 'nd pined, and seemed like he couldn't hold out much longer. Finally he had to take to his bedhe wuz so old 'nd feeble-but he made 'em move the bed up against the winder so he could watch for that last volyume of the

all the cyclopeedies his contract called for;

out before he passed away.

"Hattie," sez he, "I guess I'll have to lay uv '87. His life wuz a-ebbin' powerful fast; The end come one balmy day in the spring in a few books f'r readin' in the winter the minister wuz there, 'nd me, 'nd Dock fam'ly. Lovin' hands smoothed the wrinkled forehead 'nd breshed back the long, scant. white hair, but the eyes of the dyin' man wuz sot upon that piece uv road down which the cyclopeedy man allus come

All at oncet a bright 'nd joyful look come

"What is it, father?" asked his daughter Sarey, sobbin' like.

"Hush," sez the minister, solemnly; "he make it cost too much; consekently the man sees the shinin' gates uv the Noo Jerusa-

"No, no," cried the aged man, "it is the And sure enough! The door opened and walked, f'r he had growed old 'nd feeble in

"Here's the Z cyclopeedy, Mr. Hobart,"

Leander clutched it; he hugged it to his pantin' bosom; then stealin' one pale hand under the piller he drew out a faded bank

note 'nd gave it to Higgins. "I thank Thee for this boon," sez Leander, rollin' his eyes up devoutly; then he gave a deep sigh.

"Hold on," cried Higgins, excitedly. "You've made a mistake—it isn't the last— But Leander didn't hear him-his soul hed fled from its mortal tenement 'nd hed soared rejoicin' to realms uv everlastin'

"He is no more," sez Dock Wilson, metaphorically.

"Then who are his heirs" asked that mean critter Higgins.

"We be," sez the family. "Do you conjointly and severally acknowledge and assume the obligation of deceased to me?" he asked 'em.

"What obligation!" asked Peasley Hobart, stern like.

Deceased died owin' me f'r a cyclopeedy!" sez Higgins.

"That's a lie!" sez Peasley. "We all seen him pay you for the Z!"

"But there's another one to come," sez Higgins.

"Another?" they all asked. "Yes, the index!" sez he.

So there wuz, and I'll be eternally goll durned if he ain't a-suin' the estate in the

probate court now f'r the price uv it!-Chicago News.

A LITTLE FORESIGHT.

ited Quant ty of Afterthought. A little foresight is of more value than much aftersight, says the Sunday-School Times. Foresight is the planner, aftersight is the critic, of our deeds. What painful scenes, embarrassments, regrets, disappointments, self-accusations, the habit of looking ahead and planning to meet and to arrange the future will avoid? Time and money spent in designing a building perfectly, in definitely predetermining principles and rules of action, and marking off limits before embarking in any new project, in mapping out work, in arranging engagebaby."

"That's so," sez Leander, "babies does ments, in avoiding conflicts of duty and the impossible demand to be in two places at one time, are well spent. But the forethought is more difficult than the after-thought. The one requires intense application to systematic consideration and search of the field of the possible; the other suggests itself instantly and naturally. Any body can see that the door is in the wrong place after the house is built, or can say that the speech was a mistake after it had ain't nothin' in it about babies except 'See been delivered and its effect noticed. It is easier to criticise well than to construct "Waal, I'll be gosh durned!" sez Le well; but it is more useful to construct a ander. That wuz all he said and he couldn't plan perfectly beforehand, than to criticise

A DRAMATIC RELIC

Representation of a London Theater in Shakespeare's Time.

An interesting dramatic relic has just

been sent to the British Museum on a loan by the University of Utrecht, says the London Times. It is a representation and description of the Swan Theater in Southwark, in 1596. The picture was discovered in a manuscript work in the Utrecht library. The author was one Van Buchell, who filled this commonplace book with notes on various subjects. Among others is the picture of the Swan, with letter-press on the opposite page. The former is described as drawn ex observatio nibus Londonensibus Johannes De Witt, and a point of doubt in connection with it is whether the picture was actually copied from one drawn by De Witt, or whether it was drawn by Van Buchell from oral descriptions by De Witt. The latter was a Dutch scholar and prebendary of the sixteenth century, who traveled widely in foreign countries (probably because he was a Roman Catholic, for whom Holland would not be comfortable just then), and noted what he saw. The theater is represented as containing three galleries, one above the other, with a tiled roof above the top one, but open to the sky in the center. The stage is supported on wooden posts, painted like marble, "so that," remarks De Witt, "it might deceive the most sagacious." It is believed to have been removable, so that the amphitheater might be free whenever it was wanted for bull or bear baiting. The greenroom is represented as an erection in the space behind the stage and apparently open to the public view. De Witt described it to Van Buchell as built solidly of flints and possessing accommodation for 3,000 persons. It is possible that a large number could stand in the amphitheater on a level with the stage, in no other way can we account for this surprising statement. He says there were four theaters in London which derived their names from various signs and each had performances every day. The two principal ones were on the south side of the river and were called the Rose and the Swan-Shakespeare's Globe did not then exist-and there were two in the north in Bishopsgate street. A fifth was used for bull and bear baiting, and according to De Witt "presents a most deightful spectacle." The best, he says, was the Swan, of which he gives a picture, because of its accommodation and its architecture, which seemed to him to be a survival of the Roman amphitheater, and it is because of this latter circumstance that Van Buchell preserved the picture. In the play in progress on the stage two ladies are n conversation, and some one enters to them, probably a messenger; but it is probable that this is a fancy scene and comes from no Elizabethan drama. The drawing and letter-press were brought to light by Dr. Carl Gaedertz, who has published with Mueller, of Bremen, a fac-simile of both, with a discussion on the subject in a pamphlet entitled, "Zur Kentniss der Altenglischen Buhne," which is intended as a contribution to Shakespearean literature. It has been generously lent by the Utrecht University authorities to the British Museum for the inspection of students of the Elizabethan Theater.

A QUICK COURTSHIP.

How an Eccentric Illinois Farmer Wooed and Won His Wife.

Jacob Strawn, of Jacksonville, Ill., was during his life-time the largest farmer in Illinois, and a very eccentric man. The circumstances of his marriage were as follows: Outside of Jacksonville, a couple of

miles, perhaps, there lived quite a respectable family. This family employed a servant girl. Graceful and neat in the extreme, and possessing a very fair share of intelligence, this girl was a match for whomsoever might take her unto himself. Jacob saw this flower, and determined to possess it. One day he rode up to the door of the residence of the fair maid, alighted from his horse, and knocked with the butt end of his whip. The lady of the house answered his summons, and immediately upon her making her appearance, Jacob asked for the

The servant girl came. Jacob said: "I want a wife and I have picked you out as the most proper person for that position I can possibly find. I've never spoken to you before, but then that makes no difference. I'll give you one week to decide."

The girl blushed and was dumbfounded. Jacob mounted his horse and rode away. The girl inquired into Mr. Strawn's character and standing, and was advised by those with whom she lived to accept the offer of his hand. Punctually, a week later, Jacob rode up to the door and knocked again with his whip and asked:

"Is it no or yes?! Blushingly the girl answered in a low

tone, but quite distinctly: "Well," said Jacob, "let's see; we'll get married the day after to-morrow, Wednesday. Here's some money to buy a wedding outfit," and he threw her a purse contain-

ing a thousand dollars. The couple did get married on Wednesday, and no happier pair, during their lifetime, was to be met with in the State of

Victoria's First Hoop-Skirt.

The following anecdote is told to illustrate the readiness with which Parisian fashions are adopted, even by the most rigidly patriotic of Princesses. At the epoch of the arrival of Queen Victoria in Paris in 1856, on a visit to the Emperor and Empress, the latter had just brought hooped skirts into vogue. The Queen forthwith sent her a messenger to purchase one for her, and on her next approach before her Imperial host and hostess her skirts were expanded into the new and fashionable amplitude. But her Majesty had not comprehended the necessary methods of tying the tapes that held the hoops in place, and her crinoline presented an extraordinary and shapeless aspect. It was the Emperor himself who, with his own imperial hands, set the rebellious petticoats to rights, and gave his royal guest a lesson as to the proper method of donning the new-fashioned adjunct of feminine costume.

Dr. F. Park Lewis spoke recently, says the Buffalo Courier, upon weak eyes and near-sighted people. He stated that while people with near-sighted eyes might show no loss of sight for years, still near-sighted eyes should be tre ated with care. The best light for the eyes was sunlight. A good light must be strong, white and steady. The heat of artificial light was then considered. Sunlight has the least heat rays;

Keep Your Eye-Sight.

electric light came next; kerosene and gas were last and so the worst for the eyes. He closed by stating that in reading the back should be to the light, the eyes should be shaded, and never be used when tired. One

should not read with an uncertain light nor

on the cars.