

## TEMPERANCE CORNER.

### NOTES OF INTEREST TO THE ANTI-LIQUOR LEAGUES.

"Clinging to Earth"—Alcohol and Disease—The Ex-Keeper of the Capitol Bar Says That Our Law-Makers Are Not As Wicked as They Are Paisted.



H, DO not let me die! the earth is bright, And I am earthly, so I love it well; Though heaven is holier, and all full of light, Yet I am frail, and with frail things would dwell.

I can not die! the flowers of earthly love Shed their rich fragrance on a kindred heart; There may be purer, brighter flowers above, Yet with these ones 't would be too hard to part.

I dream of heaven, and well I love these dreams, They scatter sunlight on my varying way; But 'mid the clouds of earth are priceless gleams Of brightness, and on earth oh let me stay.

It is not that my lot is void of gloom, That sadness never circles round my heart; Nor that I fear the darkness of the tomb, That I would never from the earth depart.

'Tis that I love the world—its cares, its sorrows, Its bounding hopes, its feelings fresh and warm, Each cloud it wears, and every light it borrows— Loves, wishes, fears, the sunshine and the storm.

I love them all; but closer still the loving Twice with my being's cords and make my life; And while within this sunlight I am moving, I will can bide the storms of worldly strife.

Then do not let me die! for earth is bright, And I am earthly, so I love it well; Heaven is a land of holiness and light, But I am frail, and with the frail would dwell.

**Little Drinking in Congress.**  
From the New York Sun: "Even though the Morse bill prohibiting the sale of liquor in the national capitol should become a law," said Thomas J. Murray, formerly manager of the restaurant in the house of representatives in Washington, "very little hardship would be experienced by the members of Congress. As a matter of fact the only sufferers would be a very few bibulous officials, the visitors, and the loungers in or members of the third house. The perennial agitation of the Congressional liquor question and the many false reports about the closing scenes in Congress have caused a great many people to imagine that the average national statesman is a hard drinker. My four years in the capitol, as proprietor of the restaurant in the house of representatives, gave me excellent opportunities for studying the social and convivial side of Congressional life, and I can truthfully state that all the stories about congressmen being hard drinkers are absolutely false. It stands to reason that among a body of 356 men from all over the Union there should be a few who drink to excess. It is likely to surprise most readers of daily papers to learn, however, that the hard drinkers never numbered more than five during my four years' observations. This is the more remarkable when we take into consideration the many invitations and the temptations to drink to which congressmen are subjected. The number of steady drinkers who indulged in from two to four drinks a day and never showed the effects of what they drank numbered rarely more than fifty. When there were night sessions, or prolonged exciting debates, a much larger number of members would on such occasions use stimulants, but they did not make a daily practice of doing so. Notwithstanding that the Morse bill passed the house by a vote of 104 to 7, I believe there will always be liquor sold at the capitol, and the care with which the average congressman looks after his reputation will always hold in check any tipping proclivities he may bring to Congress with him. The closing hours of the Fifty-third Congress have been pictured by a number of space writers as being a most debasing scene—in fact, a saturnalia. Notwithstanding the intense excitement, and the long night and day session, there were only two members of Congress who could be classed under the head of drunk, and they did not get their liquor in the restaurant, but in committee rooms.

Thinking that the restaurant would be closed on that memorable Sunday, March 3, 1895, parties interested in various pet measures stocked certain committee rooms with liquor and food. These being free, the hangers-on proceeded to load up quite extensively, the result being that there were a number of people seen at the capitol under the influence of liquor. These people were not allowed in the restaurant by the police stationed at the doors, but they kicked up a great deal of noise and one or two rows, causing strangers to imagine they were of some importance and might be congressmen. A lived-up-to rule preventing strangers from the privileges of the restaurant unless accompanied by members would quickly put an end to all these stories about bibulous congressmen. Mr. Morse cannot be blamed very much for introducing the bill prohibiting the sale of liquor in the capitol, for he has suffered personally from the Bacchanalian habits of one member. Mr. Morse went to Speaker Reed and bitterly complained that he was unable to get his committee to meet or act owing to the condition of the chairman. The speaker told him that, should the committee be again called together for a business meeting and the chairman fail to appear he (Morse) should take the chair, call the committee to order and continue as chairman of the committee."

**Alcohol and Disease.**  
A man was recently brought into one of the public hospitals of a large city suffering from a bruise. He had fallen backward across a narrow obstruction of some kind, and upon examination it was found that he had fractured one of the bones of the spine. The back was not what is commonly called broken, but one of the bones was cracked in such a way that unless an operation was performed and the pressure of the fragment upon the spinal cord relieved, paralysis and probably collapse would follow. The operation, though comparatively rare, is not excessively difficult, and the man's chance for recovery would have been at least an even one, but when the surgeons ordered him to be prepared for the operation it was noticed that he bore marks of being addicted to drink. The operation was immediately abandoned, and the man died within a week. To the casual reader it might seem a case of professional heartlessness. But the doctor knew—from sufficient experience in just such cases—how powerless the man would be, worn out as he was by indulgence, to withstand the shock of an operation. And since cases of a similar sort are of frequent occurrence in all our large public and private hospitals, it is worth while to inquire into the cause of such a state of affairs and to draw from it a lesson and perhaps a moral. The downward course of a person who becomes enslaved to stimulants follows a natural law. Beginning with a sufficient quantity of alcohol to produce a certain pleasurable sensation, he finds himself, quite as a matter of course, gradually increasing his daily allowance. Alcohol stimulates the various organs of the body to increased work. By this increase of exercise the organ grows, and the larger organ makes larger demands. These demands the tippler interprets as a call for more alcohol, and so the round is continued. Under excessive stimulation the substance of the body begins to change its character. Food which cannot be used is stored up in the form of fat. Watery instead of solid substances appear. Eventually the organs themselves change their appearance and begin to break down and decay. Then comes a crisis—through accident or some acute disturbance—and the unfortunate victim is unable to call on nature to help him against the shock—and death follows.

**Temperance Notes.**  
Miss Francis M. Willard, president of the World's Women's Christian Temperance union, has announced that the annual convention of the national and dominion unions will be held on Oct. 31 and Nov. 1, 1897, in the order of mention, the national in probably either Buffalo or Detroit and the dominion in Toronto.  
Prohibition goes into effect in the Transvaal this month.  
Judicial statistics of Scotland for last year show that over 100,000 persons were arrested for drunkenness—nearly one-fifth in Glasgow.  
Miss Frances E. Willard, in her annual address at the opening of the National Women's Christian Temperance union convention, gave notice that the National Woman's Christian Temperance union would call upon all temperance and philanthropic societies throughout the world to set apart March 20, the birthday of Neal Dow, as Prohibition day.  
**Utah's Natural Gas.**  
Another natural gas well has been completed at Lake Shore, Utah, which registers a pressure of 258 pounds, and 150,000 feet of gas from the new spouter is now being turned into the mains of Salt Lake City daily.  
**Miss Burns Twelve Years.**  
A coal mine at New Straitsville, O., was set afire by strikers twelve years ago, and was afterwards abandoned. It is still burning.

## CHILDREN'S CORNER.

### TIMELY TOPICS FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"My Lady's Tippet"—A Plea for Childhood—The Youthful Days of Jesus Christ—A Large Sum of Money Lost Through Impulsiveness.



MY LADY'S tippet is of gray, And gray her eyes and gray her muff— A mouseie sprite with winning way, She peeps from o'er a velvet ruff.

My Lady Tippet has a grace— No queen could copy if she tried, While eyes of gray ne'er looked from face So charming and so beautified.

Her laugh is like a silver bell That tinkles in the frosty air; Her smile is like a fairy's well, Reflecting all the witchcraft there.

Her step is soft, her touch is light— As soft and light as elderdown— And sweet her ways, which make me knight, And bid me for her win renown.

My Lady Tippet loves me true— She tells me so in tender wise Whene'er she gives the kisses due To prove the love that underlies.

And me? Ah me! no cloud I need, Since she brings sunshine every day; But life would be a blank indeed Without the child in tippet gray.

**A Plea for Childhood.**  
You do not know—you cannot tell What magic lies in each caress From baby's hands; for childhood's spell

Finds not all men; and so, unless You love a child, you cannot tell.

You do not know—you do not dream How potent is that childish laugh; For ears must understand the theme The treble bears. It tells not half To those whose hearts unconscious seem.

You do not know—you do not think How near to heaven these wee ones are; They stand upon a sun-clad brink— Sweet treasures sent us from afar Each little hand a tender link.

**The Boyhood of Jesus Christ.**  
(By Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D.)  
About Christ as a village lad in and about Nazareth we have nothing in the canonical books, and yet it is as a boy that we must consider him. There is, for the most part, a silence more than eighteen centuries long about Christ between infancy and manhood. What kind of a boy was he? Was he a genuine boy at all, or did there settle upon him from the very start all the intensities of martyrdom? We have on this subject only a little guessing, a few surmises, and here and there an unimportant "perhaps." Yet, by three conjoined evidences, I think we can come to an accurate idea of what Christ was as a boy as we can of what Christ was as a man. First, we have the brief Bible account, then we have the prolonged account of what Christ was at thirty-three years of age. Now you have only to minify that account somewhat, and you find what he was at ten years of age. Temperament never changes. A sanguine temperament never becomes a phlegmatic temperament. A nervous temperament never becomes a lymphatic temperament. Religion changes one's affections and ambitions, but it is the same old temperament acting in a different direction. As Christ had no religious change, he was as a lad what he was as a man, only on not so large a scale. When all tradition and all art and all history represent him as a blond with golden hair, I know he was in boyhood a blond. His boyhood was passed among grand scenery, as most all the great natures have passed early life, among the mountains. They may live now on the flats, but they passed the receptive days of ladhood among the hills. Our Lord's boyhood was passed in a neighborhood twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea, and surrounded by mountains five or six hundred feet still higher. Before it could shine on the village where this boy slept the sun had to climb far enough up to look over the hills that held their heads far aloft. From yonder height his eye at once scope took in the mighty sweep of the valleys, and with another sweep took in the Mediterranean Sea, and you hear the grandeur of the cliffs and the surge of the great waters in his matchless sermonology. One day I see that divine boy, the wind flurrying his hair over his sun-browned forehead; standing on a hilltop, looking off upon Lake Tiberias, on which at one time, according to profane history, were four thousand ships. Authors have taken pains to say that Christ was not affected by these surroundings, and

that he from within lived outward and independent of circumstances. So far from that being true, he was the most sensitive being that ever walked the earth, and if a pale invalid's finger could not touch his robe without strength going out of him these mountains and seas could not have touched his eye without irradiating his entire nature with their magnificence. I warrant that he had mounted and explored all the fifteen hills around Nazareth, among them Hermon, with its crystal coronet of perpetual snow, and Carmel and Tabor, and Gilboa, and they all had their sublime echo in after time from the Olivetic pulpit. Many have cried out in admiration of Christ, "Ecce homo!" ("Behold the man!"), "Ecce Deus!" ("Behold the God!"), and I close this paragraph by writing "Ecce adolescens!" ("Behold the boy!").

**Story of a Man-Eating Tiger.**  
Of all the animals that walk the earth the man-eating tiger of the far east is the most terrible and ferocious. Mr. Claes Ericsson, who went to Sumatra to collect orchids, tells some stories of the daring of tigers.

"We had taken possession of a small hut," he writes, "standing a couple of feet from the ground, on the slope of a mountain. As it would not hold all my men, about half of them were obliged to sleep outside. Shortly before daybreak I was aroused by shouts and a loud knocking at the door."

"Tuan—Tuan! Riman! (Sir—Sir! Tiger!) Let us in!"  
"Springing out of my clambo (mosquito curtains), I reached and unbarred the door before the Malays who shared the hut were on their feet. I was only just in time. As the last of the terrified fellows rushed past me the tiger struck the door a violent blow. Had a Malay been holding it the brute would certainly have been among us, but I pushed with all my might, shouting for my Winchester. Half a dozen of the coolies came to my assistance, and between us we got the bamboo which served as a bar into position.

"Finding that he could not break in there, the tiger walked around the hut, sniffing at every crevice, and striking the bamboos until they shook again. Getting hold of my rifle I tried for a shot, but the hovel was packed with men. However, when they had recovered from their panic, I persuaded them to follow, and we dashed out, yelling at the top of our voices. The tiger made off, but a Malay caught sight of the brute in the tall Alang-Alang grass below, and drew my attention. I fired, but the light was too bad. Anyway, I missed."

**\$3,000 Lost Through Bad Manners.**

Alfred Louis Velpen, the most distinguished French surgeon of his time, was a man of rough and disagreeable manners. His bad manners lost him two thousand francs once upon a time. A mother, whose daughter's life he had saved from a severe case of croup, went to him brimming over with gratitude. "I have come to thank you for what you have done for us and to offer you this as a token of our obligation," she said, placing a beautifully embroidered purse on Velpen's table. Velpen scarcely took the trouble to look at it. "I accept, madame," he remarked, in his ungracious way. "but, of course, this is without prejudice to my honorarium, which comes to three thousand francs." Thereupon the lady took up her present. "I am afraid I made a mistake, then," she laughed, "there are five notes of a thousand francs each in there. This makes us right, then, monsieur." And, pocketing two out of the five slips of blue paper, she bowed, "I have the honor to wish you good morning."

**He Flowed to the Mark.**

Pat was new at the business, and the first attempt was anything but successful. "Look here," said the farmer, "that kind of thing won't do. The corn will be daisy that grows in a furrow so crooked as that. Fix your eye on something across the field and head straight for it. That cow there by the gate is right opposite us. Aim at her and you'll do pretty well."

"All right, sir," said Pat, and just then the farmer was called away to the barn.

Ten minutes later he returned and was horrified to see that the plow had been wandering in a zig-zag course all over the field.

"Hold on there!" he shouted. "Hold on! What are you up to?"

"And sure, sir," said Pat, "I did what you told me. I worked straight for the cow, but the crature wouldn't kape still."

**Advantages of Wheeling.**

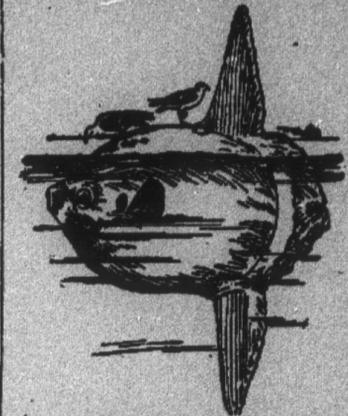
First Motorman—I believe I will buy a bicycle and learn to ride it. Second Motorman—Nonsense. You will not be able to run into wagons on a bike. First Motorman—I know that, but people who are walking will not be able to get out of my way by getting off the track.—New York World.

**French Authors and Artists.**  
France has 2,150 female authors and journalists and about 700 female artists.

## BIRDS ROOST ON ITS BACK.

The Gigantic Sunfish of the Pacific Ocean.

Around the southern islands of the Santa Barbara group, where the tides come up and down in fitful measure, is a famous feeding ground for the



SUNFISH OF THE PACIFIC.

sunfish of the Pacific, *Mola mola*. This extraordinary member of the family, though standing high in the list of fishes, is very unfishlike in appearance, resembling some Japanese monstrosity. The fish is more or less oval, covered with a hard skin that is enveloped with a thick mucus. The dorsal fin is large and high, and directly below it extends the anal fin, which resembles it in size and shape. Tail the mola has none, the body apparently being chopped off, a mere ridge, controlled by powerful muscles, taking its place and being entirely useless in the sense of a tail.

Thus equipped the sunfish would naturally be a slow swimmer, and as lethargic is it that the writer has often approached it in a boat. On one occasion a boat hook was hooked into the gills of a large sunfish, which was caught with little or no resistance.

One of the largest specimens observed by the writer grounded on the bar of the St. John's River and attracted so much attention that it was caught and carried ashore where it was provided with red eyes and exhibited as a "sea monster." The fish was ten feet high, or that measurement between the tips of the upper and lower fins. A much larger specimen, eleven feet high, was observed in California waters.

Off the islands of the Santa Barbara Channel these fishes are very common in midsummer, lying at the surface in the choppy sea and apparently exposing their sides to the hot semitropic sun. When lying in this position, the sea washing over them, they resemble a piece of wreckage, and are, without doubt, so considered by numbers of birds, especially the shear, which, when weary from long flight and preferring a dry roost, alight on them and retain their position without alarming the fish. Several birds have been observed resting on a single sunfish, and some of the fishermen assume that the fish, being infested with parasites, take this position either to allow the sun to destroy them or thinking that the birds will devour them. In all probability the matter of parasites does not enter into the question as an explanation. The fish enjoys floating at the surface where the water is warm and the birds alight upon it simply as a rest, just as they would upon any floating object.

Sunfish could be caught in numbers off the islands mentioned, but no use having been discovered for them, they have no market value. Their muscles are so hard and elastic that when cut into small pieces and thrown upon the ground they rebound. In one small specimen the writer found that the elastic tissue was used by the fishermen's boys in the manufacture of baseballs.

The young of sunfish is a singular looking little creature, hatching from eggs deposited on the high sea, floating at the surface. They were supposed for many years to be a different species, so unlike were they in general appearance to the adult sunfish.

**Projects of a Queer Genius.**

Colonel D. W. Hughes is a queer genius who lives in Audrain County, Missouri. He has invented many contrivances of one sort or another in the course of his wandering career, the most important of which is a corn-planting machine. Out of this he made considerable money, but his hopes of a fortune are now founded on an instrument which, by means of X rays, perhaps, will not only reveal the ordinary value of eggs, but also the gender of their embryonic occupants. Both these things, the colonel says, his invention will do with speed and certainty, and he expects to sell one of the new machines to every raiser of poultry and every dealer in eggs in the country.

**Cost of War.**

According to the estimates of German and French statisticians the wars of the last forty years have cost the Nations engaged in them, in money alone, the almost inconceivable sum of \$13,000,000,000. Of this amount France has paid nearly \$3,000,000,000 as the cost of her war with Prussia.