# TEMPERANCE TOPICS.

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

Whisky and Japanese Workmen—One Good Effect of the Law Wage Scale of That Country—Liquor Gives Pleasure to None.

### The Old Oaken Bucket.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollection presents them to view,
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!
The wide-spreading pond, the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken sucket, the iron-bound bucket
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
How often at noon when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield,
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing
And dropping with coolness it rose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy rim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips;
Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hung in the well.

—Samuel Woodworth.

### Whisky and Japanese Workmen.

A Japanese writer makes the statement that too rapid civilization has reduced great numbers of workmen in Japan to a condition in which "wretchedness, misery, squalor, poverty and hunger, premature decay, bent and dwarfed forms, pinched cheeks, sunken eyes and early death are the rewards." Commenting on this, the Tribune says:

"This mode of expressing it is only a delicate way of saying Japanese workmen have adopted the European and American practice of fuddling their brains with the fumes of whisky, squandering their earnings in getting drunk and accumulating all the ill effects and consequences which result from placing themselves, bodies and souls, in the grasp of the monster alcohol."

We do not believe the Japanese writer ever intended to imply what the Tribune imputes to his words. First: The Japanese character, habits and customs are contradictory to the use of whisky or kindred drinks. Second: The wages paid to a Japanese workman in his own country are not sufficient to buy enough whisky to get him drunk.

Of all the so-called civilized countries, and Japan must be included in the list, there is none in which there is so little drunkenness as in Japan. Saki, the native drink of Japan, is drunk as tea is drunk in this country, and it is not much more intoxicating than some tea to be found on supper tables of the tee-totalers. It is supped hot from a small cup the size of an ordinary after-dinner coffee cup. Men, women and children drink it daily. There are, of course, instances of a Jap drinking saki till he is drunk, but unless the strength of the saki of today has been materially increased during the last few years the Jap must have the capacity of a barrel.

Whisky in Japan sells over the bars frequently by sailors for 10 silver cents a glass and it is bad whisky, too. In hotels, clubs and other places habited by naval officers and other foreigners of good position or of means, whisky costs from 15 to 25 and 50 cents a glass. Neither class of resorts is frequented by natives, except they be officials or having to do socially or commercially with foreigners. So far as we know there is not a native saloon from Hakodate to Nagasaki where whisky is sold.

Wages in Japan are not enough to enable a workman to get one drink of whisky a day unless he go without food, raiment and house. Where, then, is he to get enough to bring on all the horrors which the Tribune attributes to his wholly unnatural and unheard of habit? In time the Jap may have the jimjams, but they will not be brought about by whisky.—Chicago Record.

### Gives Pleasure to None.

That the drink trade gives pleasure no one denies. Viewed with a partial eye it glows with beauty and brilliance. To many it is unhappily more delightful than home or wife or child, than religion or honor. It stretches across the dullness of civilization as a band of crimson across the gray of a cloudy sky. When nothing else can lift them from the slough of despond, the trade can lift them into rapture—shouting, singing, cursing rapture. See how it is invested in light—how the liquors shine! There are radiant mirrors and gilded chambers and merry barmaids. How the ruby and golden rays flash from the brimming wine-cups upon the snowy banqueting-table. How, too, it quickens human nature! Men drink, and wit begins to flow. Women drink, and become vivacious. The barriers of repression are burst with a laugh, and the scene is flooded with life. And yet—and yet! The beauty is but a mask; behind it grins the death's head. Devils peer from the rosy vintages. Behind the gay wit is the foul wantonness that burns the soul as molten lava burns the flesh. Flowers of speech cannot beautify the horrible profanity that is flung out with them. Lust leers through the drink-brightened faces. The brewer is pleased, but he treads his way to fortune through the blood of souls. The publican smiles as his bar fills, but he smiles upon wrecks and wrecking. The drinker sips and jokes and laughs, but as he laughs he draws on to the drunkard's hell.—Rev. James Dunk.

### Flourishes on Ruin.

"A trade which flourishes upon the ruin of its supporters; which derives its revenues from the plunder of homes,, from the defrauding of helpless childhood and from the degradation of manhood; which requires for its prosperity the injury of the community; which ministers to every vile and vicious passion and propensity which makes drunkards and thieves and embezzlers and gamblers, and wife beaters and murderers; which brutalizes and degrades all who are brought in contact with it; cannot claim the respect, and assuredly ought not to be able to claim the encouragement of the community.—New York Tribune.

### A Good "Ad."

The following "ad" of a grocery firm of Kirksville, Mo., is a very good temperance sermon. "Any man who drinks two drachms of whiskey per day for a year, and pays ten cents a drink for it, can have at our store 30 sacks of flour, 220 pounds of granulated sugar, and 72 pounds of good green coffee for the same money, and get $2.50 premium for making the change in his expenditures."

### Said by Total Abstainers.

How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are too much engrossed in the story of the present to think of the characters and anecdotes that give interest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of today pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection, and will in turn be supplanted by his successor of tomorrow.—Washington Irving.

The noblest thing in the universe is honest labor. It is the preservative principle of the world. Labor raises cities, adorns the earth, and beautifies with works of art; whitens the sea with wings of commerce; binds continents together by means of the telegraph; extinguishes barbarism and plants civilization upon its ruins. Thank God for a nation of workingmen.—Rev. G. O. Bacchus.

Do not look on the trials of life only with the eyes of the world. Reflect how poor and minute a segment is the vast circle of eternity, existence is at the best. Its sorrow and its shame are but moments. Always in my brightest and youngest hours I have wrapped my heart in the contemplation of an august futurity.—Lytton.

We make for ourselves our own spiritual world, our own monsters, chimeras, angels. All is marvelous for the poet, all is divine for the saint, all is great for the hero, all is wretched, miserable, ugly, and bad for the base and sordid soul. We are all visionaries and what we see is our soul in things. —Amiel.

We often distress ourselves greatly in the apprehension of misfortune which, after all, never happens at all. We should do our best, and wait calmly the result. We often hear of people breaking down from overwork; but in nine cases out of ten they are really suffering from worry or anxiety.—Sir John Lubbock.

The mind is largely dependent for its strength and clearness of vision on the purity of the life. It is true that the man should know what is right in order to do right; but it is also true that he must be in the habit of doing right in order to make such knowledge of any practical value.—Henryson.

The study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home, unobtrusive abroad, deserts us not by day or by night, in journeying nor in retirement.—Cicero.

Imprudence, silly talk, foolish vanity, and vain curiosity are closely allied; they are children of one family.—La Fontaine.

The heart, and not the laurel, makes the hero.

Sympathy is an open sesame to all treasures.

Duty is a nobler master than delight.

## LEFT UNDONE.

It isn't the thing you do, dear;
It's the thing you've left undone
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts tonight.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time or thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late;
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.

## The Brakeman and the Squaw.

BY CY. WARMAN.

Here's the story of the building of a branch line on a mountain railroad. Conductor McGuire, being a new man, was in charge of the construction train, with Engineer Westcott in charge of the engine.

N. C. Creede, afterwards famous as the founder of Creede camp, had located the Madonna mine at Monarch camp, and created a necessity for the branch road. They had rushed the work, but the first snow caught them still three miles from the booming silver camp. A wandering band of Indians, hearing of the excitement, and not understanding it, had strayed into the Monarch county, and down the gulch as far as Maysville, then a wild and thriving village at the edge of the Arkansas valley. One day, when it was storming, an old squaw came to McGuire, and wanted a ride up the hill. It was a cruel day, and the kind-hearted conductor carried the Indian to the end of the track.

It was a month later when one of McGuire's brakemen, named Bowen, who had been hunting in the hills, rushed into the caboose with the startling announcement that his partner, the head brakeman, had been captured by the Indians.

"Look here, Jack," said McGuire, "are you lying?"

"Honest Injun," said Jack, "if there's one there's a million; and they've got Mickey tied to a stake. We had become separated. I was standing on a precipice, looking for Mickey, when I saw the Indians surround him."

Now, Jack Bowen had lied so frequently and luminously to the conductor that the latter was slow to believe this wild tale; but finally he was persuaded that it was true. Returning to Maysville with the engine, he gave the alarm, and the sheriff of Chaffee county made up a posse and set out in search of the brakeman.

The sun was going down behind the range when the engine and the caboose full of amateur Indian fighters returned to the end of the track. Taking Bowen as guide, the sheriff scoured the hills, but found no trace of the missing man. The storm increased with the darkness, and the sheriff's posse was forced to return to camp. It were useless to put out again in the face of such a storm, and the sheriff was about to return to Maysville, when the old squaw, whom McGuire had helped up the hill, put her head in at the door of the way car and signaled McGuire to come out. She could scarcely speak a word of English, but, pulling at the conductor's sleeve, she started as though she would lead him into the hills. As often as McGuire would stop the squaw would stop. He tried to persuade her into the car, but she would not. Now the sheriff came out, and when he saw the signals of the squaw he guessed that she would lead them to the captive, and when McGuire had told how he had helped this Indian on her way up the hill in a storm, he knew that the Indian was trying to repay the conductor for his kindness. The unfortunate brakeman, McGuire explained, had given the Indian tobacco and whiskey; therefore, she would not see him die without making an effort to save him.

The sheriff called his deputies, and taking a half-dozen volunteers from Garfield camp, made sign to the Indian and followed her away into the wilderness of snow-hung pine and cedar. Now and then the squaw would pause to get her bearings. The snow had ceased falling and the stars were out. After tramping for an hour or more, the Indian signed to the sheriff to stay, and then disappeared into a cedar grove. Presently she returned and led them to the edge of a precipice. Just below them, in a little basin, they could see a pine fire burning and Indians dancing in the light of it. Sitting upon the snow hard by, they saw the brakeman with his fettered hands over his knees and his head bent forward like a man nodding in a pew. The sheriff asked the Indian to lead them on and she made sign that they must go far around for the bluff was steep, and they followed her. They had been a half hour out of sight of the Indian camp, but always going down and down, so they knew now they must be near. When they had gone within 100 yards of the Indians who had not heard them walking upon the muffled earth, they stopped to discuss the work that was before them. The Indian, putting her hand on the sheriff's rifle pushed it to the ground and shook her head, meaning that she would not have them kill the Indians, whom they outnumbered two to one. The sheriff was at a loss to understand how he was to capture this band without firing, for he had no doubt the Indians would fire upon him the moment they caught sight of him. But the squaw was equal to the emergency. She began to form the men in two lines. Taking hold of their coats she would place a man on the right flank and another on the left, until she had divided the sheriff's posse. She then placed the sheriff at the head of one column and the conductor, whom she regarded as a sort of captain, at the other, and then made sign to them to go forward, one half to the right and the other to the left. Then she made it plain to them that she would have them surround the Indians. She brought her two bony hands together slowly, with the fingers spread out, and when they were quite together she closed her fists. So the sheriff made out she would have them steal upon the Indians and disarm them or awe them into surrendering at the muzzles of their guns, and he gave instructions to the men accordingly. Of course each individual must now use his judgment, and so the little band surrounded the Indians.

In the meantime the squaw stole into the camp and squatted near the fire. As the sheriff's men closed in upon the Indians the squaw leaped to her feet and put out a hand as a signal for the band to be still. The Indians listened, but the sheriffs men seeing it all, stood still in the snow. Now the squaw spoke to the Indians, saying that she had seen a great many soldiers coming down the hill that evening and giving it as her opinion that the camp would be surrounded and that if the Indians resisted they would all be killed. When she had succeeded in persuading them that it would be best to surrender in case the soldiers should come, she sat down again. This, the sheriff concluded, was a signal for the men to advance, and the posse moved forward. When they were quite near, the Indians were made aware of their presence by the snapping of a dry cedar bough, and the sheriff, knowing that delay would be dangerous, shouted to his posse to advance. At the sound of his voice the Indians sprang for their rifles, but when they had got them and got to their feet again, the sheriff's posse, coming out of the woods from every direction, held the glittering steel barrels of their rifles in the glare of the campfire and the Indians laid down their arms.

The brakeman, who had concluded that he was to be butchered or roasted, was almost wild with joy. When asked by the sheriff why they held the brakeman, the leader said the white man was lost, they found him and were only waiting for daylight, when they would take him back to his people and get "heap rum." The sheriff pointed to the white man's fettered hands and asked the Indian to explain, and the Indian said that the man was "heap mad," and they were afraid that if they left his hands loose he would take their guns and kill them while they slept, and if they left his feet unfettered he would wander away in the storm and be lost.

After consulting the conductor and the more important members of the posse, the sheriff concluded, as it was manifest that the Indians were only holding the brakeman for ransom, that he would allow them to go their way, after exacting a promise that they would return at once to their reservation on the other side of the range.

### The Busy Bee.

Dr. Watts was right. The bee is really a very busy insect in spite of recent attacks made upon its character. A plodding statistician has found out that each pound of honey secreted involves the necessity of the bee visiting 218,750 flowers. This in itself is no mean labor. That the bee is not gluttonous and does not consume more than it earns is proved by the fact that 164,000,000 pounds of honey are annually sold throughout the world for the enjoyment of the human race. The United States stands at the head of the list of honey producers with 61,000,000 pounds, and Germany comes next with 40,000,000 pounds. England's production is so small that the statistician has not taken any notice of it, but somehow or other the best from all other countries finds its way to the London market.

It was long supposed that bees collected the wax direct from the flowers. Now it is known that if they are kept from plants and fed on sugar only they will form wax.—Atlanta Journal.

### His Helpmate.

Neighbor—What's the matter. Where yer going?

Jinks—Burglars! Going for a policeman.

Neighbor—Did yer leave your wife alone?

Jinks—No, she's holding the burglar.—Harper's Weekly.

Asphalt pavement is slippery only when it is not kept clean.

## SHE TURNED THE TABLES.

The Husband's Impressive Lesson for His Wife Was Lost.

It seemed to him an excellent time to impress the lesson upon her, so as he started for his hat he said to her:

"Suppose you had wanted me to spend the evening with you before we were married and I had planned to do something else."

"Suppose I had," she returned.

"What of it?"

"You wouldn't have sulked, would you?" he asked.

"No-o, I suppose not," she replied hesitatingly.

"You wouldn't have got cross and been disagreeable about it, would you?"

"Probably not."

"You would have been just as nice and sweet and clever as you possibly could be," he asserted. "You would have been both lovable and loving and would have tried to coax me to give up my other places. Isn't that so?"

"Perhaps it is," she faltered, "but"——

"Never mind the 'buts'" he interrupted, feeling that he was gaining his point. "What I am trying to impress upon you is that a woman doesn't seem to think it worth while to try the same arts on a husband that she does on a lover. That's where you're both foolish and unjust. Now, you admit that before marriage"——

"Before marriage," she broke in, "if you had spoken of going anywhere and I had pouted just the least little bit what would you have done?"

"Um—ah—well, I suppose"——

"If you had noticed what seemed to be even the merest trace of a tear what would have happened?"

"Why, my dear, I"——

"If I had merely looked at you pleadingly what would have happened to that other engagement?"

"Really, you don't give me time to answer. I must confess that in all probability I would have"——

"Given it up, of course," she prompted. "Isn't it worth while to make the same sacrifices for a wife that you do for a sweetheart?"

Somehow he couldn't help feeling that his little lesson was lost on her, but it is worthy of note that he told a business associate the next day that any man who went on the theory that a woman can't reason as clearly as a man was laying up a large store of trouble for himself.—Chicago Post.

### Adulterations of the Products of Flour.

With the products of flour, such as bread, buns, cake, macaroni, vermicelli, etc., the adulteration, while more frequent, is likewise not very pronounced. Bread is said to be adulterated with alum, sulphate of copper, ammonia, flours other than wheat, and inferior grade of flour. It is questionable if these adulterations are practiced to any extent in the United States. In England and on the Continent a number of cases are on record in which the above adulterations were found, and the offenders prosecuted.

Where coloring principles are a desideratum, the adulteration of bread, cake, etc., while not frequent has been very marked. Possibly all of my hearers may remember the flagrant adulteration of buns and noodles with chrome yellow, which was brought so prominently to the notice of the Philadelphia community several years ago. Dr. Henry Leffmann at that time found eight grains of lead chromate in a pound of a sample of soup noodles, placed there to give an imitation egg color, and two grains of the same poison in each of the tea buns tested by him. Seventy-eight cases of lead poisoning were reported by Dr. Stewart from eating chrome yellow pound buns, sixty-four of which were directly traced to the use of chrome yellow by two bakers, in the family of one of whom six deaths occurred, and he himself was made seriously ill. Besides this coloring, macaroni has been found to contain saffron, turmeric (which is considered injurious to health,) and Martin's pipe clay and kaolin have been found as adulterating constituents.—The Sanitarian.

### Longest Fence in the World.

The longest fence in the world is probably that which has just been finished by the Erie Cattle company along the Mexican border. It is 75 miles in length and separates exactly, for its entire distance, the two republics of North America. The fence was built to keep the cattle from running across the border and falling easy prey to the Mexican cow punchers. Although it cost a great deal of money, it is estimated that cattle enough will be saved in one year to pay for it. It is a barbed wire fence, with mesquite and cottonwood poles, and for the entire length of it runs as straight as a crow flies.

### British Warship.

The new British warship Canopus, is so armed that in five minutes' consecutive fire she is able to pour forth nine tons' weight of projectiles ahead or astern, without exposing her broadside. But the great feature of the vessel is her ram bow, which is placed much higher than in any other ship, being only seven or eight feet below the surface of the water. It is sheathed with a two-inch thickness of nickel-steel armor over the ordinary ironclad skin.