

TEMPERANCE CORNER.

NOTES OF INTEREST TO THE ANTI-LIQUOR LEAGUES.

Who Will Work Today?—Whisky Rules a Whole Town—Sad Tale Told by a Missouri Monument—The First Glass—Some Temperance Topics.



SOULS in drunken garments many. Vainly seeking for relief. Hearts are broken, many dying. Who will save these souls from grief?

Now the time is far too precious.

We must up and work today; Gather in these outcast drunkards, Save their souls while yet we may.

Time is short and moments precious. Ye christian voters, haste this way! Up and at it and suppress it—Crush this evil of the day!

Homes are blighted, souls are ruined. Men are fighting, quarrels brewing O'er this traffic of the day. And our drunkards' graves renewing; Will our church vote as they pray? Michigan City, Ind.

Whisky Its Ruin.

Elgin, Ill. Special.—Clintonville is in ruins. The determination of an incendiary working for ten years has finally been accomplished. Not a mill, factory, public building or a store is left in the village. There remain only a cedar still and a church and the homes of a few families who sit up nights guarding their property and hoping for vengeance on their destroyer. The struggling families which have not fled from the scourge are living in terror and preparing to leave. To-day there was a posted sign on the black walls of the town that \$1,000 will be paid in cash for the apprehension of the person who set out a half score of years ago to wipe the town off the map.

It is insisted by the two or three old men left in the ashes that the scourge comes as a visitation in return for treachery which characterized the first sale of property. Truman Gilbert started out to make the place a temperance town. The lots were sold upon that promise. The first sale was to a young man who held his lot until all the others were taken and parted with it to a man who wanted to open a saloon. The saloon grew into a distillery and this distillery brewed other distilleries, and some years ago Clintonville made much of the whisky used in northern Illinois. Cooper shops grew with the distilleries. Many other mills came to the place, with abundance of free water power. A great flour mill, a wall paper factory, steel mill, and a fork factory and stores sprang up. This prosperity was short lived.

The incendiary started ten years ago and has worked with a persistency which has made it impossible in recent years to get insurance in Clintonville, save at rates which were prohibitory. He started with the distilleries. One burned one month and another the next. The third went the same year. The steel mill followed. The iron works and fork factory went to ashes. The wall paper establishment went the same way. One store followed another and all the cooper factories felt the touch of the flames. The work last year consisted of a butter factory and two attempts at the flour mill. The work so far this year has been the feed mill of E. C. Hawley, the last block of stores and a house. Not an industry is left. The river bank is lined with crumbling walls and the houses standing are deserted because people are afraid to live in the town. It is one of the curiosities along the line of the Northwestern. The good people say the ruin has come as a curse upon the whisky traffic out of which the town prospered.

Story of a Monument.

The Kansas City Times says: Out in Oak Hill cemetery, the fashionable burying ground of Atchison, a marble shaft towers far above its neighbors. It is colonial in size, white as the driven snow, delicate in proportions, exquisite in design, airy and graceful as a spire of the Cathedral of Milan when viewed from far away. It is the observed of all those who visit the beautiful cemetery and who tread its flower-lined and shadowy avenues, and they linger at the granite base to admire the delicate carving and ponder upon the strange and suggestive inscription chiseled upon its polished surface:

"At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.—Prov. 23: 22."

This unusual and unique monument marks the grave of a once prominent citizen. He was prominent in business, prominent in politics, prominent in social affairs. He was the personification of business integrity, a leader in public enterprises, the exemplar of the young men of the community.

By and by, even as some insidious disease takes possession of the human body, an appetite for strong drink took possession of this business man, this

political leader, this social lion, this model for young men. It came about like this: First, the glad New Year's happy greeting; then the convivial cup at the campfire and the club; then the public reception and the cordial entertainments of the city's honored guest. His history is simply the old, old story. He fell from his lofty pedestal, from his high estate, from heaven to hell.

Prosperity, political standing, social influence, everything was swept into the great vortex wherein sooner or later are engulfed all that has been or is of him who looketh upon the wine when it is red. He died and was buried. The people, a great multitude, stood uncovered by the side of his open grave and listened, reverently, to the words of the preacher, who recounted the many good things the man, now dead, had said and done when living. Though some marveled much at his neglect to "adorn a tale and point a moral." And long lines of civil societies, with their plumes nodding in the breeze and their rich regalia, a picture of beauty, threw over the rich casket "the broad mantle of charity," and cast into the open grave the emblems of immortality.

The man had lived and was dead and buried, and the great world, forgetting his faults and frailties, remembered only his excellences. But the widow! She remembered—even if she did not remember the virtues of her husband—the cursed cause of ruin. And one day, by her orders, the imposing monument above the grave was erected, and around it, from apex to granite base, the sculptor had chiseled from the inanimate marble a snake of many coils, whose forked tongue, ever protruding and stony eyes, never closing, are a constant warning to all who look upon the polished surface of the granite base, that "at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

The First Glass.

"The first glass of beer I ever drank was like taking a dose of medicine," said a young man who bore the nose and fleshmarks of a regular old toper. "But it is no dose now," continued he, with a chuckle.

"May I ask," said I, since beer was so distasteful to you at first, why did you persist in cultivating a taste for it?"

"Oh, just to keep with the gang," was the laconic reply.

"Just to keep with the gang," that was all. And yet what a terrible penalty—a physical wreck, a moral leper, manhood sapped, fond hopes blasted, mother's heart bleeding, friends disappointed, despair and death, eternal death approaching. But that is just the way most drunkards are made. Eliminate the saloons of their social features, and you have crippled them of boys. Few men, I fancy, ever took their first drink of liquor when alone. Without congenial and sympathizing companions, there is little fascination in the cup for the beginner.

Do these lines catch the eye of one who prefers the society of the set that hangs around saloons and billiard rooms to that of honest, true-hearted, sober boys? Beware lest one day you, in company with your besotted gang, may find yourselves in the chain-gang. Perhaps you may escape that, but you will be chained by the drink habit with fetters more unrelenting than those of steel.

"Shall I be ostracized by my friends or join the procession, which?" That depends upon which way the procession is going. If towards the saloon, drunkenness, debauchery, crime, misery, shame, eternal ruin, then stand aside and let it pass. You are made of fibre too fine, through your vein courses blood too noble, you are called with a calling too high for such a destiny. Hear then, the admonition of one who loves purity of life and nobility of soul: Boys, beware of the gang.—W. M. Gilmore, in Western Recorder.

Wretched Testotators.

One of the best known stories in connection with the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson's advocacy of temperance tells how he had been on a visit to one of the three or four small towns in England which have no public houses. Although there were 4,000 people there, the doctor was nearly starving. One day a young medical man came to Sir Benjamin for advice as to taking the practice, and Sir Benjamin, placing his hands on the young doctor's shoulders, said: "Take my advice and don't. Those wretched testotators not only shirk accidents, but, when wounded, heal so fast that there is neither pleasure nor profit after the first dressing."—Westminster Gazette.

Temperance Notes.

Temperance is the modest use of all things helpful and total abstinence from all things harmful.

There can be no sin in abstinence; there may be great evil done by indulgence.—Dr. Newman Hall, D.D.

I hardly know any more potent cause of disease than alcohol, leaving out of view the fact that it is a frequent source of crime of all descriptions.—Sir W. Gull.

That the drinking customs of society are the great tap root from which a large portion of the nation's misery springs, I most firmly believe.—Rev. Marne-Juke Miller.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

GOOD READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Elephant's Photograph—Some Games for Home Amusement—The Boy King of Spain Would Like to Change Places With His Little Subjects.



SAW two dusty little shoes A-standing by the bed; They suddenly began to talk. And this is what they said:

"We're just as tired as we can be, We've been most everywhere; And now our little master rests—It really is not fair."

"He's had his bath, and sweetly sleeps 'Twixt sheets both cool and clean. While we are left to stand outside: Now don't you think it mean?"

"We've carried him from morn till night; He's quite forgot, that's plain; While here we watch, and wait, and wait, Till morning comes again."

"And then he'll tramp, and tramp, and tramp, The livelong summer day. Now this is what we'd like to do—Just carry him away."

"Where he could never go to bed, But stay up all the night, Unwashed, and covered o'er with dust. Indeed! 'twould serve him right."

The Elephant's Photograph.

The Elephant came in looking very important.

"I'm going to be photographed," he remarked.

Nobody spoke for some time, but presently the Owl blinked at him with an appearance of some interest. "Will it hurt much?" he inquired.

"Will what hurt?" asked the astonished Elephant.

"Being photographed."

"Well, of all the ignorant Owls—"

"Don't you call me an ignorant owl, sir," croaked the Owl stuffing up his feathers in a fine tantrum.

"I said 'Ignorant Owl,'" explained the Elephant. "Do you think I would hurt the feelings of a bird of your position by calling him a fowl? No, not for twenty trunks."

The Owl accepted the apology in the handsomest manner. "Of course if you didn't say it it's all right," he said; "but, really, when it comes to fowls—"

"Of course, of course," hastily assented the Elephant. "I quite understand your feelings."

"Well," stammered Miss Opossum, "I dare say I am very stupid, but I must confess I do not know what being photographed means."

And, it appeared, neither did any of the others, so they appealed to the Elephant.

To tell the truth, he had very little idea himself, but of course he could not acknowledge that after his rude remark to the Owl, so he tried to explain. "It's what royalties and people of importance have done to them—" he began.

"Anything like vaccination?" said the Owl.

The Elephant looked at him with withering contempt. "Not in the least like it," he said, shortly. "Think anybody would go and have that done for fun?"

"Who's going to do it?" asked Miss Opossum.

"The Monkey."

"What with?"

"Oh, he's got the proper thing, I assure you," said the Elephant, "and he knows all about it. You see, it's like this—an artist man came here a little while ago with a box on three long legs, and he used to tie his head up in a cloth and look through a hole in the box."

"What did he do that for?" asked the Owl.

"He couldn't see anything if his head was tied up in a cloth," remarked Master Parrot.

"Clever boy," said his father, approvingly.

"Well, I don't quite know what it was for," said the Elephant, thoughtfully, "but he always did it; and one day he got his head in the cloth and couldn't see where he was going, so he tumbled into the river, and the Rhinoceros had him for lunch—said he was very nasty, too, tasted of chemicals, and made him ill."

"What became of the box?" asked the Owl.

"The Monkey took it home," said the Elephant. "He knows all about it, because he saw the man do it lots of times."

"What do you have to do when you go?" inquired the Owl, after a pause. "Oh, it's very simple. You just sit down in front of the box and the man ties his head up, and looks at you through the hole."

"Is that all?" said the Owl, very disappointed.

"Oh, no! he takes you on glass then."

"Where does he take you?" asked the Owl.

"He wouldn't take you very far on glass," said Master Parrot, and his father gave him a peppermint drop for being so sharp.

"He puts the glass in a little dark cupboard," went on the Elephant, taking no notice of Master Parrot's remark.

"With you on it?" asked the Owl. "Of course not," said the Elephant, who began to get quite irritable; "you don't understand. He doesn't take me on glass—only my face, you know."

"What does he do with your body, then?" said Master Parrot.

"It's my opinion that it's a pack of nonsense," decided the Owl. "First he says they take him on glass—which is absurd, you know, for a person of his size—and then he says they only take his face. If so, what becomes of the rest of him? He can't take his head off any more than the rest of us can. I don't believe a word of it."

"Neither do I," cried all the others, and then they went home.

The Elephant thought for a long time.

"Well, of all the ignorant Fowls—" he said at last.—Grace Hartmans, in Little Folks.

The Boy King of Spain.

The words of the old poet, "Born to command, trained up in sovereignty," describe Alfonso XIII, the 10-year-old King of Spain, who at his birth succeeded to the throne. Yet authority has its disadvantages, and there are times, no doubt, when the youngest sovereign in Europe envies his boy subjects. A writer in the English Illustrated Magazine pictures Alfonso as a pale, thin and delicate-looking little fellow.

It was during his daily drive that I first saw him. With his fair hair inclined to be curly, his blue eye, and his face gentle in its expression of languor, the little king reminded me of that Philip IV., made famous by the pencil of Velasquez. The thin lips were almost bloodless, the features seemed too fatigued to possess any definite expression except for the far-off look of dreaming and patience in the eyes.

He smiled, nevertheless, continuously and rather drowsily, and looked unmistakably bored. He seemed to be going through his afternoon's drive as he would go through any other of his innumerable royal duties, obediently but mechanically. He was dressed in a sailor costume, his head bare—a small head, moreover, giving no promise of intellect; and the little boy, looking like one in the first days of convalescence from some almost fatal fever, still smiled mechanically as the carriage rolled slowly on. Alfonso XIII. has an English governess among other instructors, but his education is under the direct and personal supervision of his mother. His exalted rank prevents his indulging in the usual sports of boyhood, and one of the stories related of him has a pathetic side in this respect. He was seen one day gazing with uncommon interest out of one of the windows of the royal palace in the direction of the Manzanares. He was asked what he was looking at, and he pointed out a couple of urchins who were busy and happy making mud pies, and Alfonso XIII. begged, even with tears in his eyes, to be allowed to go and make mud pies with them. He was little consoled by the information that etiquette forbade kings to indulge in pastimes so unexalted. At other times Alfonso takes his monarchy more seriously, and frequently clinches an argument by announcing autocratically, "I am the king."

GAMES FOR EVENINGS.

Acting Proverbs.

In this game each player fixes upon a proverb which he tells by actions instead of by words. The first player, for instance, might come into the room holding a cup in his hand; then, by way of acting his proverb, he might repeatedly make an appearance of attempting to drink out of the cup, but of being prevented each time by the cup slipping out of his hands, thus in dumb show illustrating the proverb, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." The second might come into the room rolling a stone or something to represent it. After rolling it about for some time he takes it up and examines it with astonishment, as if something were wanting that he expected to find on it; thus making it clear that his proverb is: "A Rolling Stone Gathers No Moss."

If really good acting is done this game may be made exceedingly interesting.

Acting Rhymes.

A word is chosen by the company which is likely to have a good many other words rhyming with it.

The first player then begins by silently acting some word that will rhyme with the one chosen; for instance should the selected word be flow, the first actor might imitate an archer, and pretend to be shooting with a bow and arrow, thus representing the word "bow" or he might with an imaginary scythe cut the long grass (mow); and make use of an imaginary boat (row). As each word is acted it should be guessed by the spectators before the next one is attempted.

At a moderate estimate something like nineteen-twentieths of the crimes that have to be tried in the courts are due to drink.—Lord Coleridge.

A Bad Case Quickly Cured.

From the Commercial, Bangor, Me. We publish the letter of Mr. H. J. Crandemire, in full, just as it came in, as it is interesting.

Dear Sirs:—I send this solely that others may know what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me and my kidneys, and to make it of more effect I send it in affidavit form:

STATE OF MAINE.

COUNTY OF WASHINGTON, ss.

H. J. Crandemire, of Vanceboro, Maine, being duly sworn deposes and says:

"Two years or more ago I was attacked with kidney trouble which gave me violent pain, and necessitated my urinating every few minutes. Then I had times of no control over my water, and this made things unbearable. The pain at these times was indescribable, and nothing gave me any relief until I was led to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The first box helped me, and by the time I had taken my second I was absolutely and completely cured. This was two years ago, and since then I have had no return of the trouble, and I have no hesitation or doubt in expressing that I owe my recovery to Pink Pills."

(Signed) "H. J. CRANDEMIRE."

Personally appeared before me this 15th day of August, 1898, H. J. Crandemire, and made oath that the above statement was true.

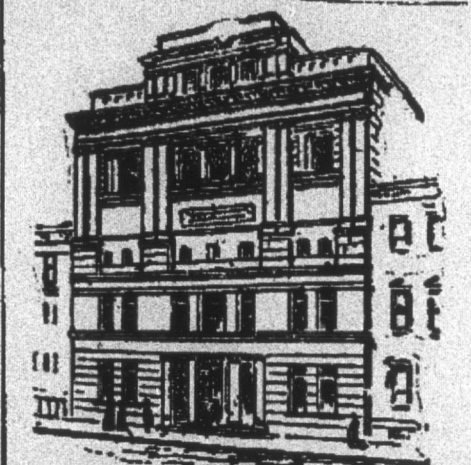
ELMIRA T. HOLMAN, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppression, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they affect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

LAWYERS' CLUB HOUSE.

Handsome Structure Erected by the Bar Association of New York City.

The Bar Association of New York has built itself a new home in that city. It is very proud of its new home, and pardonably so, for it is not only useful, but very pretty, too. All the big lawyers in New York participated in



HOME FOR THE BAR ASSOCIATION.

the formal opening of the building. The new building is located at 42 West 44th street and runs right through the block to 43d street. The first floor is taken up with a long marble corridor, with reading-rooms, courtrooms and offices on either side. On the second floor is the assembly-room, decorated in white and red. On this floor, too, is a large reception-room. The library and reference-room is on the third floor. The interior of the building is richly decorated.

Medicine and Law at Yale. The faculties of the Yale Law and Medical Schools are arranging for a formal interchange of courses. They have decided that certain subjects in each department shall be open to seniors of the other. A course in medical jurisprudence in the law school will be open to the medical students.

The Menotherm.

A simple apparatus, called the "Menotherm," has been devised, for applying steady and continuous heat to any part of the surface of the body, where it is required for medical purposes. It consists of a flat rubber and connected to a small copper cylinder or heater by two rubber tubes, the whole being filled with water, and hermetically sealed. In use, the cylinder is placed in a can of water over a lamp. The water in the cylinder is thus heated and caused to circulate through the pad, the temperature being regulated by the height of the lamp flame.

He—Well, your sister is married. Now it's your turn. She—Oh, George! ask papa.—New York Journal.

Cotton.

With careful rotation of crops and liberal fertilizations, cotton lands will improve. The application of a proper fertilizer containing sufficient Potash often makes the difference between a profitable crop and failure. Use fertilizers containing not less than 3 to 4%

Actual Potash.

Kainit is a complete specific against "Rust."

All about Potash—the results of its use by actual experiment on the best farms in the United States—is told in a little book which we publish and will gladly mail free to any farmer in America who will write for it.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 95 Nassau St., New York.