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THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unassuming rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"
"Work—work—work!"
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work!
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It is to be a slave,
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!
"Work—work—work!"
Till the brain begins to swim!
"Work—work—work!"
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Band, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till the husband is dead and dead,
And sew them on in my dream!
"Oh! men with sisters dear!
Oh! men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Sew—sew—sew!"
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at night, with a double thread,
A shirt for as well as a shirt!
"But why do I talk of death,
This phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the life I keep.
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!"
"Work—work—work!"
My labor never flags!
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and this naked floor—
A shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!
"Work—work—work!"
Of the weary child to chime;
Work—work—work!
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till the heart sickens and the brain bren'd,
As well as the weary hand!
"Work—work—work!"
In the dull December light;
Work—work—work!
While the weather is warm and bright;
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows chirp,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring!
"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cord and the prison sweet;
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet:
For only one short hour
I feel as I am free and free,
Before I know the voice of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!"
"Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure, love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart—
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"
With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unassuming rags,
Plying her needle and thread;
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that it were one could reach the rich—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"
THOMAS HOOD.

"ACELDAMA."

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached
Sunday Morning, Nov. 7th.

"Aceldama, that is to say, the field of blood."
The money that Judas gave for
surrendering Christ was used to pur-
chase a graveyard. As the money
was blood money, the ground bought
by it was called in the Syrian tongue
Aceldama, meaning the field of
blood. Well, there is every word
everywhere where wages are staked,
and every poolroom, and every gambling
saloon, and every table, public or
private, where men and women bet
for sums of money, large or small,
and that is a word incarnated with
the life of innumerable victims—
Aceldama. The gambling spirit,
which is at all times a stupendous
evil, ever and anon sweeps over the
country like an epidemic, prostrat-
ing uncounted thousands. There
has never been so great an attack than
that from which all the villages,
towns and cities are now suffering.
The forces recently enacted in our
Brooklyn courtroom, by which it
was proven that in the city of
churches, there is

NOT ENOUGH MORAL FORCE

to put into the penitentiary the
gambling jockeys who belong there,
is only a specimen of the power
gained by this abomination, which is
brazen, sanguinary, transcendent
and fatal hemispheric.
While among my hearers are those
who have passed on into the after-
noon of life, and the shadows are
lengthening, and the sky crimson
with the glow of the setting sun,
a large number of them are in early
life, and the morning is coming down
out of the clear sky upon them, and
the bright air is redolent with spring
blossoms, and the stream of life,
gleaming and glancing, rushes on
between flowery banks, making na-
vies in mercantile concerns, as
workers and bookkeepers, and your
whole life is to be passed in the ex-
citing world of traffic. The sound
of busy life stirs you as the drum
stirs the fiery warhorse. Others are
in the mechanical arts, to hammer
and chisel your way through life,
and success awaits you. Some are
preparing for professional life, and
grand opportunities are before you;
many, some of you already have
buckled on the armor.
But whatever your age or calling,
the subject of gambling, about which
I speak to-day, is pertinent. Some
years ago, when an association for
the

interest in such an organization. I
am in nowise affected by that evil.
At that very time his son, who was
his partner in business, was one of
the heaviest players in Herve's fa-
mous gambling establishment. An-
other refused his patronage on the
same ground, not knowing that his
first bookkeeper, though receiving a
salary of only one thousand dollars,
was losing from fifty to one hundred
dollars per night. The president of
a railroad company refused to patro-
nize the institution, saying: "That
society is good for the defense of mer-
chants, but we railroad people are
not injured by this evil." Not know-
ing that at that time two of his con-
ductors were spending three nights
of each week at faro tables in New
York. Directly or indirectly this
evil strikes at the whole world.

Gambling is the risk of some-
thing more or less valuable, in the
hope of winning more than you haz-
ard. The instruments of gaming
may differ, but the principle is the
same. The shuffling and dealing of
cards, however full of temptation, is
not gambling unless stakes are put
up; while, on the other hand,
gambling may be carried on without
cards, or dice, or billiards, or tennis
alley. The man who bets on horses,
on elections, on battles—the man
who deals in "fancy" stocks, or con-
ducts a business which hazards extra
capital, or goes into transactions
without foundation, but dependent
on what men call "luck," is a gambler.
It is estimated that one-fourth of
the business in London is done dis-
honestly. Whatever you expect to
get from your neighbor without offer-
ing an equivalent in money, or time,
or skill, is either the product of
or gaming. Lottery tickets and lot-
tery policies come into the same cat-
egory. Fairs for the founding of
hospitals, schools and churches, con-
ducted

ON THE RAFFLING SYSTEM.

come under the same denomination.
Do not, therefore, associate gambling
necessarily with any instrument, or
game, or time, or place, or think the
principle depends upon whether you
play for a glass of wine or one
hundred shares of railroad stock.
Whether you patronize "auction
pools," "French mutuels," or "book-
making," whether you employ faro or
billiards, rondo and keno, cards or
bagatelle, the very idea of the thing
is dishonest, for it professes to be-
stow upon you a good for which you
give no equivalent.
This crime is a new born sprite,
but a haggard transgression that
comes staggering down under a
mantle of curses through many cen-
turies. All nations, barbarous and
civilized, have been addicted to it.
Before 1828 the French government
received revenue from gaming houses.
In 1567 England, for the improve-
ment of her harbors, instituted a lot-
tery to be held at the front door of
St. Paul's cathedral. Four hundred
thousand tickets were sold at ten
shillings each. The British museum
and Westminster bridge were par-
tially built by similar procedures.
The ancient Germans would some-
times put up themselves and families
as prizes, and suffer themselves to
be bound, though stronger than the
persons who won them.

But now the laws of the whole
civilized world denounce the system.
Enactments have been passed, but
only partially enforced, and at times
not enforced at all. The men inter-
ested in gaming houses and jockey
clubs, wield such influence by their
numbers and affluence, that the
judge, the justice, the police officer,
must be bold indeed, to would
array themselves against these in-
famous establishments. The House of
Commons, of England, actually

ADOCKERS ON DERRY DAY

to go out and bet on the races; and
in the best of society in this coun-
try to-day, are many hundreds of
professedly respectable men who
are acknowledged gamblers.
Hundreds of thousands of dollars
in this land are every day being lost
and won through sheer gambling.
Says a traveller through the west:
"I have traveled one thousand miles
at a time upon the western waters,
and seen gambling at every waking
moment, from the commencement
to the termination of the journey."
The southwest of this country reeks
with this sin. In some of those cities
every third or fourth house, in many
of the streets, is a gaming place, and
it may be truthfully averred that
each of our cities is cursed with this
evil.

In themselves, most of the games
employed in gambling are without
harm. Billiard tables are as harm-
less as tea tables, and a pack of cards
as a pack of letter envelopes, unless
stakes be put up. But by their use
for gambling purposes they have be-
come significant of an infinity of
wretchedness.

SIX HUNDRED

gambling saloons in New York when
last counted.
Men wishing to gamble will find
places just suited to their capacity,
not only in the underground oyster
cellar, or at the table back of the
curtain, covered with greasy cards,
or in the steamboat smoking cabin,
where the bloated wretch, with rings
in his ears, deals out his pack, and
winks in the unsuspecting traveler,
providing free drinks all around—
but in gilded parlors and amid gor-
geous surroundings.

This sin works ruin, first, by un-
healthful stimulants.

EXCITEMENT IS PLEASURABLE.

Under every sky and in every age
men have sought it. The Chinaman
gets it by smoking his opium, the
Persian by chewing hashish, the
trapper in a buffalo hunt, the sailor
in a squall, the mebrute in the bottle
and the avocatus at the gaming
table. We must at times have ex-

citement. A thousand voices in our
nature demand it. It is right. It is
healthful. It is inspiring. It is a
desire God-given. But anything
that first gratifies the appetite and
hurls it back in a terrific reaction is
deplorable and wicked. Look out
for the agitation that like a rough
musician, in bringing out the tune,
plays so hard he breaks down the
instrument! God never made man
strong enough to endure the wear
and tear of gambling excitement.
No wonder if, after having failed in
the game, men have begun to sweep
off imaginary gold from the side of
the table. The man was sharp
enough when he started at the game,
but a mania at the close. At every
gaming table sit on one side Ecstasy,
Enthusiasm, Romance—the frenzy
of joy, and the other side, Fierce-
ness, Rage and Tumult. The
social gambster schools himself
into apparent quietness. The keep-
ers of gambling rooms are generally
fat, rollicking and obese; but thor-
ough and professional gamblers, in
nine cases out of ten, are pale, thin,
wheezing, tremulous and exhausted.

A young man having suddenly in-
herited a large property, sits at the
hazard tables, and takes up in a dice
box the estate won by a

FATHER'S LIFETIME'S SWEAT.

and shakes it, and tosses it away.
Intemperance soon stigmatizes its
victim—kicking him out, a slaving
fool, into the ditch, or sending him,
with the drunkard's live-long, stag-
gering up the street where his family
lives. But gambling does not in that
way expose its victims. The gam-
bler may be beaten up by the gambler's
passion, yet you only discover it by
the greed in his eyes, the hardness
of his features, the nervous rest-
lessness, the threadbare coat and his
embarrassed business. Yet he is on
the point to sell, or to pawn, or to
voice, or startling warning, or wife's
entreaty, can make him stay for a
moment his headlong career. The
infernal spell is on him; a giant is
aroused within; and though you
bind him with cables, they would part
like thread; and though you
fasten him seven times around with
chains, they would snap like rusted
wire; and though you piled up in
his path, heaven-high, Bibles, tracts
and sermons, and on the top should
set the cross of the Son of God, over-
them all the gambler would leap like
a roe over the rocks, on his way to
perdition.

"ACELDAMA, THE FIELD OF BLOOD."

Again, the sin works ruin by kill-
ing industry. A man used to reap-
ing scores or hundreds of dollars
from the gaming table will not be
content with slow work. He will say:
"What is the use of trying to
make these fifty dollars in my store,
when I can get five times that down
at Billy's?" You never knew a con-
firmed gambler who was industrious.
There is no depth of the sea, or
them all the gambler would leap like
a roe over the rocks, on his way to
perdition.

FIRST IDEA IN GAMING

is at war with the industries of so-
ciety. Any trade or occupation that
is of use is ennobling. The street
sweeper advances the interests of so-
ciety by the cleanliness effected. The
cat pays for the fragments it eats by
clearing the house of vermin. The
devil takes the sweetness from the
dregs of the cup compensates by pu-
rifying the air and keeping back the
pestilence. But the gambler gives
nothing for that which he takes.
I recall that sentence. He does make
a return; but it is disgrace to the
man that he fleeces, despair to his
heart, ruin to his business, anguish
to his wife, shame to his children
and eternal wailing away his soul.
He pays in tears, in blood, and agony,
and darkness and woe.

What dull work is plowing to the
farmer, when in the village saloon in
one night, he makes and loses the
value of a summer harvest! Who will
want to sell tape and measure nan-
keen and cut garments and weigh
sugars, when in a night's game he
makes and loses, and makes again
and loses again

THE PROFITS OF A SEASON?

John Bonack was sent as mercantile
agent from Bremen to England and
this country. After two years his
employers mistrusted that all was
not right. He was a defaulter for
eighty-seven thousand dollars. It
was found that he had lost in Lon-
don street, London, \$29,000; in Ful-
ham street, New York, \$10,000, and
in New Orleans \$3,000. He was im-
prisoned, but afterwards escaped,
and went into the gambling profes-
sion. He died in a lunatic asylum.
This crime is getting its lever under
many a mercantile house in our
cities, and before long down will
come the great establishment, crush-
ing reputation, home comfort and
material souls. How it diverts and
sinks capital may be inferred by some
authentic statement before us. The
ten gaming houses that once were
authorized in Paris, passed through
the banks annually three hundred
and twenty-five million francs.

Where does all the money come
from? The whole world is robbed!
What is most sad, there is no con-
solation for the loss and suffering en-
tailed by gaming. If men fail in law-
ful business, God pities and society
commiserates; but, where in the Bible
or in society, is there any consol-
ation for the gambler? From what
tree of the forest oozes there a balm
that can soothe the gambler's heart?
In that bottle where God keeps the
tears of his children, are there any
tears of the gambler? Do the winds

that come to kiss the faded cheek of
sickness, and to cool the heated brow
of the laborer, whisper hope and
cheer to the emaciated victim of the
game of hazard? When an honest
man is in trouble he has sympathy,
"Poor fellow!" they say. But do

GAMBLERS COME TO WEEP

at the agonies of the gambler? In
Northumberland was one of the finest
estates in England. Mr. Porter owned
it, and in a year gambled it all away.
Having lost the last acre of the estate,
he came down from the saloon and
"got into his carriage, went back, put
his horses and carriage and town
house and played. He threw and
lost. He started home, and on a side
alley met a friend, from whom he bor-
rowed ten guineas, went back to the
saloon, and before a great while he was
down \$20,000. He died at last a beg-
gar at St. Giles. How many gamblers
felt sorry for Mr. Porter? Who con-
soled him on the loss of his estate?
What gambler subscribed to put a
stone over the poor man's grave?

DEALING OF THE CARDS!

The opponent's hand is oftentimes
found out by fraud. Cards are
marked so that they may be desig-
nated from the back. Expert gam-
blers have their accomplices, and
one wink may decide the game.
The dice have been found loaded
with platinum, so that doublets come
up every time. These dice are in-
troduced by the gamblers who are
by the honest men who have come
into the play, and this accounts for
the fact that 99 out of 100 who gam-
ble, however wealthy when they be-
gan, at the end are found to be poor,
miserable, haggard wretches who
would not now be allowed to sit on
the doorstep of the house that they
once owned. In a gaming house in
San Francisco a young man having
just come from the mines deposited
a large sum upon the ace, and won
\$22,000. But the tide turned. In-
tense anxiety comes upon the coun-
tenances of all.

SLOWLY THE CARD WENT FORTH.

Every eye is fixed. Not a sound is
heard until the ace is revealed favor-
able to the bank. There are shouts
of "Foul! foul!" but the keepers of
the table produce their pistols, and
the uproar is silenced, and the bank
has won \$95,000. Do you call this
a game of chance? There is no
chance about it.

But these dishonesties in the cur-
rent on of the game are nothing
when compared with the frauds that
are committed in order to get money
to go on with the nefarious work.
Gambling, with its greedy hand, has
snatched away the widow's mite and
the portions of the orphans; has
sold the daughter's virtue to get the
means to continue the game; has
written the counterfeit signature,
emptied the banker's money vault
and wielded the assassin's dagger.
There is no depth of the sea, or
them all the gambler would leap like
a roe over the rocks, on his way to
perdition.

WARNING OF GOD

that it will not dare. Merciless, un-
appeasable, fierce and wild, it
blinds, it hounds, it rends, it slays,
it crushes, it damns. It has peopled
our prisons and lunatic asylums.

How many railroad agents, and
cashiers, and trustees of funds has it
driven to disgrace, incarceration and
suicide? Witness years ago a cashier
of the Central Railroad and Banking
Company of Georgia, who stole
\$103,000 to carry on his gaming
practices. Witness the \$400,000 stolen
from a Brooklyn bank within the
memory of many of you, and the
\$180,000 taken from a Wall street
insurance company for the same
purpose. These are only illustra-
tions on a large scale of the robberies
committed for the purpose of carry-
ing out the designs of gamblers.
Hundreds of thousands of dollars
every year leak out without observa-
tion from the merchant's till into

THE GAMBLING HELL.

A man in London keeping one of
these gambling houses boasted that
he had ruined a nobleman a day;
but if all the saloons of this land
were to speak out, they might utter
a more infamous boast, for they have
destroyed a thousand nobleman a
year.

Notice also the effect of this crime
upon domestic happiness. It has
sent its ruthless plowshare through
hundreds of families, until the wife
sat in rags, and the daughter's
was disgraced, and the sons grew up
to the same infamous practices, or took
a short cut to destruction across the
murderer's scaffold.

Home has lost all charms for the
gambler. How tame are the chil-
dren's carresses and a wife's devotion
to the gambler! How drearily the
fire burns on the domestic hearth!
There must be louder laughter, and
something to win, and something to
lose; an excitement to drive the
heart faster, fill the blood and fire
the imagination. No home, how-
ever bright, can keep back the gam-
bler. The sweet call of love bounds
back from his iron soul, and all en-
dearments are

CONSUMED IN THE FIRE

of his passion. The family Bible
will go after all other treasures are
lost, and if his crown in heaven were
put into his hand he would cry:
"Here goes my more game, my
boys." On this one throw I stake my
crown of heaven."

A young man in London, on com-
ing of age, received a fortune of
\$120,000, and through gambling, in
three years, was thrown on his
mother for support.
An only son went to New Orleans.

He was rich, intellectual and elegant
in manners. His parents gave him
on his departure from home their
last blessing. The sharpers got hold
of him. They flattered him. They
lured him to the gaming table and
let him win almost every time for a
good while, and patted him from the
back and said, "First-rate player." But
fully in their grasp they fleeced him,
and his \$30,000 were lost. Last of
all, he put up his watch and lost
that. Then he began to think of
his home, and of his old father and
mother, and wrote thus:
"My Beloved Parents—You will
doubtless feel a momentary joy at
the reception of this letter from the
child of your bosom, on whom you
have lavished all the favors of your
declining years. But should a feel-
ing of joy for a moment spring up
in your hearts when you should
have received this from me, cherish
it not. I have

FALLEN DEEP, NEVER TO RISE.

Those gray hairs that I should have
honored and protected, I shall bring
down in sorrow to the grave. I will
not curse my destroyer, but, oh, may
God avenge the wrongs and imposi-
tions practiced upon the unwary in
a way that shall best please Him!
This, my dear parents, is the last
letter you will ever receive from me.
I humbly pray your forgiveness. It
is my dying prayer. Long before
you will have received this from me
the cold grave will have closed upon
me forever. Life to me is insupport-
able. I cannot say, I will not, but
for the shame of having ruined you.
Forget and forgive is the dying prayer
of your unfortunate son."

The old father came to the post-
office, got the letter and fell to the
floor. They thought he was dead
at first, but they brushed back the
white hair from his brow and fan-
ned him. He had only fainted. If
he had been dead, for what is life
worth to a father after his son is
destroyed? "Aceldama, the field of
blood!"

When things go wrong at a gam-
ing table they shout: "Foul! foul!"
Over all the gaming tables of the
world I cry out: "Foul! foul! in-
finitely foul!"

"Gift-stores" are abundant through-
out the country. With a book, or
knife, or sewing machine, or coat, or
carriage there goes a prize. These
stores people get something thrown
in with their purchase. It may be
a gold watch, or a set of silver, a
ring, or a farm. Sharp way to get
off unsalable goods. It has filled
the land with fictitious articles, and
covered up our population with brass
finger rings and despoiled the moral
sense of the community, and is fast
making us

A NATION OF GAMBLERS.

The church of God has not seemed
willing to allow the world to have
all the advantage of these games of
chance. A church fair opens, and
toward the close it is found that some
of the more valuable articles are un-
salable. Forthwith the conductors
of the enterprise conclude that they
will raffle for some of the valuable
articles; and, under pretense of anx-
iety to make their minister a pres-
ent, or please some popular member
of the church, fascinating persons
are dispatched through the room,
pencil in hand, to "solicit shares," or
perhaps each draws for his own ad-
vantage, and scores of people go
home with their trophies, thinking
that all right for Christian ladies
did the embroidery, and Christian
men did the raffling, and the pro-
ceeds went towards a new commu-
nity. But you may depend on it,
that as far as morality is concerned,
you might as well have won by the
crack of the billiard ball or the turn
of the dice box.

Do you wonder that churches
built, lighted or upholstered by such
proceeds are not sanctuaries of spiri-
tual and spiritual decadence? The
devil says: "I helped to build that
house of worship, and I have as
much right there as you have," and
for once the devil is right.

LOTTERY FOR BUILDING THE CHURCH

at Corinth or at Antioch, or for get-
ting into an embroidered surplice for
St. Paul.

All this I style ecclesiastical gam-
bling. More than one man who is
destroyed can say, that his first step
on the wrong road was when he won
something at a church fair.

The gambling industry has not
stopped for any industry. There
transpired in Maryland a lottery, in
which people drew for lots in a bury-
ing ground! The modern habit of
betting about everything is produc-
tive of immense mischief. The most
beautiful and innocent amusements
of yachting and baseball playing,
have been the occasion of putting up
excited and extravagant wagers.
That which to many has been be-
neficial to body and mind, has been
to others the means of financial
and moral loss. The custom is per-
nicious in the extreme, where scores
of men in respectable life, give them-
selves up to betting now on this boat,
now on that; now on this ball club,
now on that.

Betting, that once was chiefly the
accompaniment of the racecourse, is
fast becoming a national habit, and in
some circles any opinion advanced
on finance or politics, is accosted
with the interrogation: "How much
will you bet on that, sir?"

This custom may make no appeal
to slow, lethargic temperaments, but
there are in the country tens of thou-
sands of quick, nervous, sanguine,
excitable temperaments ready to be
acted upon, and their feet will soon
take hold on death. For some months,
and perhaps for years, they will linger
in the more polite and

ELBANT CIRCLE OF GAMBLERS.

but, after awhile, their pathway will
come to the fatal plunge. Finding

themselves in the rapids, they will
try to back out, and, hurled over the
brink, they will clutch the side of
the boat, until their finger nails,
blood-thirsty, will pierce the wood,
and then, with white cheek and ag-
onized stare, and the horrors of the
lost soul lifting the very hair from
the scalp, they will plunge down
where no grappling hooks can drag
them out.

Young man! stand back from all
styles of gambling. The end thereof
is death. The tenpin alley affords
the best of physical exercise, and
many an hour I have passed in some
such place getting physical invigora-
tion; but many of the tenpin alleys
are now given up to gambling prac-
tices. Husbands, brothers, fathers,
enroll. Put down your one thousand
dollars all in gold! Let the boy set
up the pins at the other end of the
alley! Stand back and give the
gamster full sweep! Roll the ball
there! it strikes! and down goes
his respectability! Try it again.
Roll the second—there! it strikes!
and down goes the last feeling of hu-
manity! Try it again. Roll the third—
there! it strikes! and down goes
his soul forever! It was not so
much the pins that fell as the soul!
the soul!

FATAL TEN-STRIKE

for eternity! "Aceldama, the field
of blood!"

Shall I sketch the history of the
gambler? Lured by bad company,
he finds way into a place where hon-
est men ought never to go. He sits
down at his first game, but only for
putting and the desire of being
tobacco as a means of avoiding the
reduction of the tariff. He asks:
"Why not tax cabbage and oats as
well as compel American citizens to
pay \$40,000,000 for the privilege of
smoking and chewing American-
grown tobacco?" The plain answer
is that cabbage and oatmeal, like
silk, rice, coal, blankets, flannels and
many other articles that are taxed,
their lower and eyes flash, while
the whiskey and tobacco are not. The
taxes which the consumer pays for
his drink and smoke are voluntary;
the taxes on clothing, salt, coal are
compulsory, for these are articles
with which the family cannot dis-
pense. Judge Kelly falsely assumes
that the tobacco tax is paid by the
producer, and he fervently thanks
the producer that he is again able to
raise his voice against the "iniquity."
The producer of tobacco no more pays
the tax than does the distiller of
whiskey. The distiller and tobacco-
grower merely collect the taxes from
consumers as involuntary agents of
the government.

A Southern Brigadier's Words

Find Echo.

[New York Star.]

Governor Gordon, in his inaugural
address at Augusta, gave fitting ex-
pression to the universal sentiment
of the South, regarding the renewed
and perpetuated unity of the States
of the republic. No voice will be
raised anywhere in the Federal
union to dissent from his eloquent
declaration that, wherever in this
republic there are either disloyal cit-
izens or disloyal sentiments. But
everywhere all hearts, voices and
arms are ready for the preservation
of the general government in all its
constitutional vigor, as the pledge of
our peace and safety.

Truly, the Democratic party has
reason to congratulate itself on this
happy result of its constitutional and
fraternal policy. As soon as the
Southern States were relieved from
the curse of Republican carpetbag
rule, prosperity revived, loyalty was
renewed, and the world witnessed a
realization of the glory of "a union
of hearts, a union of hands, a union
that might ever can sever."

THE NEWS OBSERVER'S SENSIBLE

View of the Position of the
"New Element" in Politics.

Whether it will always throw its
weight, as it has done this time,
against the best interests of all the
people of the district, it must, of
course, itself determine. It is to be
hoped that it will realize before it
goes too far, that its own welfare is
bound up with that of the rest of the
people, and that it will thus take a
more rational view of general poli-
tics. Once let any class in this
country undertake to run candidates
of its own for office regardless of
party lines, and dire trouble will
begin immediately for that class as
well as for