

Temperance.

THE HERBERT OF THE STILL.

The mother was sitting there with her bare breast to which still hung the drops of milk her babe had drawn in seeking scanty nourishment, but who was now covering in her arms, clinging to her naked breast with his little helpless hands and screaming, oh so pitifully! the little girl, shivering and crying as if her heart would break, was standing at the back of her chair with her arms tightly clasped around her mother's neck as if she—poor child—could protect her, and the mother—O my God, can I ever forget the look of fearful agony and amazed horror in her upturned face, as with head thrown back and one arm clasping her screaming baby the other was lifted in piteous appeal to heaven, while he who presumed to call himself a man, and who had sworn before God to love cherish and protect his wife, stood over her with glaring eyes, the fiend gloating all over his bloated face, and with uplifted arm and drawn knife in his hand, threatening to plunge it into his wife's soft white breast to which his baby boy was still clinging and screaming with convulsive fight.

This is the picture just as I saw it. It was painted by the liquor sellers, wholesale and retail, of Atlanta, Georgia with beer and whisky for the colors, licensed bar-rooms the brush with which the colors were laid on, and we all know who supplied the brush to do the horrible work. That picture will haunt me to my dying day, and it froze the blood in my veins, burned itself into my heart right here in our fair city of Atlanta, in the midst of an aristocratic locality, in the midst of humanity, morality, refinement, good government and Christian civilization! And this is only one of scores and hundreds all over this country where men have license (not liberty) to break the heart of a woman, and shed the innocent blood of her who has called God's last best gift to man.

I have always heard that men are the divinely ordained and legally appointed domestic, social and political protectors of women, whether money is made by it or not. If this be true, does not every man who refuses to save helpless women and children from what I have endeavored to portray, forfeit his right to the possession of the sympathetic humanity, the chivalrous courage and honor, and the nobility of principle which are constituent parts of that true manhood to which women appeal, and which she delights to honor in her heart and her life!—AMIE, in Atlanta Constitution.

A Thrilling Incident.

When at the first prohibition mass meeting in Atlanta, I saw a circular containing an account of the most pathetic condition of a young wife and her little children on Clifford street, which condition was caused by whisky.

It was sad enough in conscience, and there are other cases as bad in our community, but the most heart-rending sight I ever witnessed produced by this fiendish drink also occurred in our fair city of Atlanta several years ago when bar-rooms were in full swing and turning out raving maniacs to prey upon the blood of innocent women and children.

I was spending the evening with a friend of mine, a lady with a refined education and with some of the bluest blood of Virginia and Georgia flowing in her veins. She had been the petted darling of a devoted Christian mother, and previous to her ill-starred marriage had never known want nor real sorrow. Her husband's family were also prominent people in his native State. They had two very pretty and unusually intelligent children, a little girl nine or ten years of age, and a baby boy perhaps eighteen months old.

The evening I was there, the husband came home about dark, and as his poor trembling wife feared, drunk enough to have all the demon in the poisoned whisky he had taken, fully aroused in his manly breast. In spite of every exhortatory effort, he found fault with everything, raved and cursed, and severely whipped the little girl because he had nearly frightened her out of her senses, until I also trembling with fright and horror, begged him to desist. His wife was sitting in the other room (they now had but three small apartments) nursing her baby at her breast. The little girl had run to her mother for protection, and because that almost broken-hearted mother feebly remonstrated with the drunken father about whipping her child for nothing, he turned upon her, I heard her scream, and running into the room, this is what I saw:

The mother was sitting there with her bare breast to which still hung the drops of milk her babe had drawn in seeking scanty nourishment, but who was now covering in her arms, clinging to her naked breast with his little helpless hands and screaming, oh so pitifully! the little girl, shivering and crying as if her heart would break, was standing at the back of her chair with her arms tightly clasped around her mother's neck as if she—poor child—could protect her, and the mother—O my God, can I ever forget the look of fearful agony and amazed horror in her upturned face, as with head thrown back and one arm clasping her screaming baby the other was lifted in piteous appeal to heaven, while he who presumed to call himself a man, and who had sworn before God to love cherish and protect his wife, stood over her with glaring eyes, the fiend gloating all over his bloated face, and with uplifted arm and drawn knife in his hand, threatening to plunge it into his wife's soft white breast to which his baby boy was still clinging and screaming with convulsive fight.

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Beware of Cigarettes.

We have read a great deal about the evil effects of cigarette smoking but never saw a case of the sort until recently. A good young man in our employ, notwithstanding frequent warnings, persisted in smoking cigarettes until he was incapacitated for work and came near having congestion of the brain. He went to bed, and a Physician warned him of the danger he was in. Why not enforce prohibition on the deadly cigarette as well as on whiskey?—Charlotte Democrat.

Philadelphia, Dec. 29—John North went home drunk last night and found his wife nursing their baby. He quarrelled with her and struck at her with his fist but she turned her head to avoid the blow and it fell upon the child's head, crushing the skull and causing instant death. The tragedy sobered North so that he quietly submitted to arrest.

And now bad habits come to grief,
As we turn again the leaf
That's new;
And for ten or fifteen days
We bid our former ways
Adieu!
—Wilkesbarre Newsdealer.

A colored woman in Wadesboro had a son who had contracted the habit of stealing money. After vainly attempting to reform him she came to the conclusion that there was no remedy left but to remove the temptation. So she bound him to an Editor.

Wilmington had sixteen Christmas prisoners in jail Dec. 28.

HOW DO WE DIG OUR GRAVES?

We must eat or we cannot live. This we all know. But do we all know that we die by eating? It is said we dig our graves with our teeth. How foolish this sounds. Yet it is fearfully true. We are terrified at the approach of the cholera and yellow fever, yet there is a disease constantly at our doors and in our houses far more dangerous and destructive. Most people live in their own stomachs a poison more slow, but quite as fatal as the germs of those maladies which sweep men into eternity by thousands without warning in the times of great epidemics. But it is a mercy that, if we are watchful, we can tell when we are threatened. The following are among the symptoms, yet they do not always necessarily appear in the same order, nor are they always the same in different cases. There is a dull and sleepy feeling; a bad taste in the mouth, especially in the morning; the appetite is changeable, sometimes poor and again it seems as though the patient could not eat enough, and occasionally no appetite at all; dullness and sluggishness of the mind; no ambition to study or work; more or less headache and heaviness in the head; dizziness on rising to the feet or moving suddenly; furred and coated tongue; a sense of a lead on the stomach that nothing removes; hot and dry skin at times; yellow tinge in the eyes; scanty and high-colored urine; sour taste in the mouth, frequently attended by palpitation of the heart; impaired vision, with spots that seem to be swimming in the air before the eyes; a cough, with a greenish-colored expectoration; poor night's rest; a sticky slime about the teeth and gums; hands and feet cold and clammy; irritable temper and bowels bound up and costive. This disease has puzzled the physicians and still puzzles them. It is the commonest of ailments and yet the most complicated and mysterious. Sometimes it is treated as consumption, sometimes as liver complaint, and then again as malaria and even heart disease. But its real nature is that of constipation and dyspepsia. It arises in the digestive organs and soon affects all the others through the corrupted and poisoned blood. Often the whole body—including the nervous system—is literally starved, even when there is no emaciation to tell the sad story.

Experience has shown that there is put one remedy that can certainly cure this disease in all its stages, namely, Shaker Extract of Roots or Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. It never fails but, nevertheless, no time should be lost in trying other so-called remedies, for they will do no good. Get this great vegetable preparation, (discovered by a venerable nurse whose name is a household word in Germany) and be sure to get the genuine article.

GIVEN UP BY SEVEN DOCTORS.
Shaker Extract of Roots or Seigel's Syrup has raised me to good health after seven doctors had given me up to die with consumption.—So writes R. F. Grace, Kirkmanville, Todd Co., Ky.

HE HEARD OF IT JUST IN TIME.
"I had been about given up to die with dyspepsia when I first saw the advertisement of Shaker Extract of Roots or Seigel's Syrup. After using four bottles I was able to attend to my business as well as ever. I know of several cases of chills and fever that have been cured by it."—So writes Mr. Thos. Pallum, of Taylor, Geneva Co., Ala.

WORTH TEN DOLLARS A BOTTLE.
Mr. Thomas P. Evans, of the firm of Evans & Bro., Merchants, Hometown, Accomack Co., Va., writes that he had been sick with digestive disorders for many years and had tried many physicians and medicines without benefit. He began to use Shaker Extract of Roots or Seigel's Syrup about the 1st of Jan. 1887, and was so much better in three weeks that he considered himself practically a well man. He adds: "I have at this time one bottle on hand, and if I could not get any more I would not take a ten dollar bill for it."
All druggists, or Address A. J. White, Limited, 54 Warren St. N. Y.

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