

Temperance.

From the *Mercury*, 1887.
The Alcohol Muddle.
NUMBER 3.

Having shown in my last article that the preponderance of medical evidence is against alcohol, I shall, after a few remarks on the nature of that evidence, wholly dismiss Dr. Peterson's pamphlet. I shall apply the legal rule concerning *inter alia* witnesses. It is denied by none that the drink habit in excess begets disease and in a thousand ways furnishes business for the physician. So the total abolition of alcohol would damage their occupation. There can be no *interest* then save that of humanity in the testimony against the traffic.

Again, the general character of the prohibitionists is better than that of the dram-drinkers. So the testimony against it is more credible than that of its favor. Surely then with the evidence adduced, with the concurrent opinion of the ablest medical men of all nations against alcohol, we ought to find the safe side in entire abstinence. I had intended in this article to discuss the social necessity for the suppression of the liquor traffic; but my pen hesitates to enter on a theme so hackneyed and to make an asseveration which none dispute. Human pity has long ago wept all her tears and exhausted her grief over the ruin of homes wrought by this fiendish foe. For dreary centuries, the cries of helpless women have shivered to the silver stars in vain appeals for help to fight this *devil* from their off spring. Its litany of bitter woe is not unfamiliar in any land nor in any home.

A truth undisputed is a truth unprogressive. Men admit the evil but the reason they do not rise and stamp it out, is because there is not sufficient opposition to evoke their action. It makes pretensions to cleanliness. It kennels in obscure, obscene resorts, and only begs to be let alone. It is humble. It is insidious. It lies in wait behind painted screens, and under cover of the night it debauches manhood and prostitutes womanhood. It tacitly admits criminality; but generously offers to pay for it with hush money.

It is this fawning that has kept the heel of our manhood from its damnable neck. Only let men know that with all its *neekness*, it is the same devil, and that it is reaching and wrapping its scaly coils about the columns of our government, and there will be born an irresistible indignation that will sweep it "to the dog-star and the devil." I assert without hesitation, that the licensing of this incarnate fiend for money, to prey upon the bodies and souls of its citizens, is an irredeemable disgrace to our State—a disgrace of which every subject should feel his share. It is a blistering shame to our civilization that a nation should lend her holy sanction to *making criminals*, in order to fatten on their punishment. So long as the coffers of our "free government" are filled with the price of debauchery and prostitution; so long as she is a willing partner to the seduction of her own citizens, her flag will ripple over anarchy and misrule. Oh! if I should call the roll of Rum's victims even in my own county, what brilliant forms would rise from that dark channel to condemn it. Oh! for the one thousand sons of Carolina who go down to death under its sable banner every year. Will men never wake up? Every year we laurel the graves of our fathers and brothers who fell in the fore-front of battle. But, oh! for the graves of those who go down in infancy! Colonel Harry Clay, son of the peerless Kentucky orator, fell in the front of that gallant charge at Buena Vista. His father almost at the same moment, speaking in New Orleans, said: "If our children are to battle our grand

they fall on their country's threshold." What would he have said if his prophetic ken could have looked to a scene in a Kentucky bar-room a few years ago. Last year I stood by the spot in Louisville, where young Harry Clay, brave and brilliant as his grandfathers, fell, a drunkard, by the hand of the very man who had ruined him.

The time is ripe for action. Our boasted chivalry has lain dormant and dead far too long in the presence of this great wrong. I have been charged with political aspiration, and have been warned that silence on this question is very judicious. But I solemnly declare I would rather drive the last nail into the coffin of the whiskey demon, than be President of the United States.

W. E. ABERNETHY.

Driven to Desperation.

A lurid temperance lecture was administered to a drunken father of Bowmanstown, Pa., last week. He staggered home and found his daughter giving a music lesson to two girls. With much profanity he ordered both teacher and pupils out of the house. This was not their first experience of the kind, and the daughter, a sensible girl who had been much depressed for months by overhearing remarks as to her father's habits, went straightway to her room, wrote pathetic letters to her father and mother, in which she declared that no possible punishment after death could be much worse than the suffering she had already endured from her father's conduct, robbed herself for the grave, and drank a fatal potion of laudanum.—Chicago Times.

Bill Nye's Advice to Girls.

Bill Nye gives the following advice to girls, which is sensible as well as witty: "Try to get acquainted with the man whom you propose to wed. As you get more thoroughly acquainted, try to get a whiff of his breath. See that he is temperate. If you find that he loves the flowing bowl, and that his hot breath as it comes through his clenched teeth scorches the cotton in your ears, draw yourself up to your full height, crack your heels together twice in rapid succession and go away."

Ingalls for Prohibition.

Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, means it. He intends to push the bills to provide for Prohibition in the District of Columbia to a direct vote. He says: "There is great need for a shaking up among those Senators who preach Prohibition all day, and drink champagne all night. I pledge you my word that they shall either fish or cut bait. I'm going to make them prove their sincerity." More power to the Senator's elbow!

Prohibition in Kansas.

Senator Ingalls seems to think that Prohibition is a good thing, judging by his observation of it out in Kansas. "The Prohibition people," he says, "have the Prohibition law—that's what they wanted—and the whisky drinkers have all the whisky they want." Possibly the people of the District of Columbia would be satisfied with such a solution of the question—possibly not.—Washington Critic.

An Edict Against the Weed.

A citizen of Mt. Holly reports that something of a stir was occasioned at the Mt. Island Mills at that place last Tuesday, in consequence of an order issued by the superintendent prohibiting the use of snuff and tobacco in the mills. It is said that rather than give up their dip and chew, some of the operatives quit work.—Charlotte Chronicle.

Functional derangement of the female system is quickly cured by the use of Dr. R. V. Paine's "Favorite Prescription." It removes pain and restores health.

Prohibition in Missouri.

The Supreme Court of Missouri has decided that the local option law of that State is constitutional. This establishes prohibition in thirty-four of the fifty-one counties, and eleven of the sixteen towns and cities that have voted on the question.

\$500 Reward.

The former proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for years made a standing public offer in all American newspapers of \$500 reward for a case of catarrh that he could not cure. The present proprietors have renewed this offer. All the druggists sell this Remedy, together with the "Douche" and all other appliances advised to be used in connection with it. No catarrh patient is longer able to say "I cannot be cured." You get \$500 in case of failure.

The New York Herald says Senator Cullom is a far-seeing statesman. Does the Senator's foresight extend to 1892, and if so, whom does he see with the Republican national nomination stuck in his coat-tail pocket?—Critic.

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Administrator's Notice.

Having obtained letters of administration on the estate of Robert H. Lanier, deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment of same to me in said county, and all persons having claims against said estate are notified to present them for payment within the time prescribed by law, or this notice will be filed in bar of their recovery. JAMES B. LANIER, Administrator. January 20, 1888.—No. 1, St.



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