

# Temperance and Prohibition.

## TO-DAY'S FURROW.

Show the shining seeds of service  
 In the furrows of each day,  
 Plant each one with serious purpose,  
 In a hopeful, tender way.  
 Neyer lose one seed, or cast it  
 Wrongly with an hurried hand;  
 Take full time to lay it wisely  
 Where and how thy God hath planned.

Thus the blessed way of sharing  
 With another soul your gains,  
 Which, though losing life, you find it  
 Yielding fruit on golden plains;  
 For the soul which shows its blessings,  
 Great or small, in word or smile,  
 Gathers as the Master promised,  
 Either here or afterwhile.

Sow this day the seed of service  
 In some life, as you can spare,  
 Bend above the soul you strengthen  
 For a moment's silent prayer.  
 Trust that somehow God will nurture  
 Deeds which love and faith afford,  
 Till the angel hands shall reap them  
 For the garner's of the Lord.

—Presbyterian Journal.

## THE SALOON AT THE SETTLEMENT.

BY FLORENCE TWICHEL.

### CHAPTER I.

Burdick Settlement has never bin a growin' place, as you might say, bein' off the railroad. It is situated in New Berlin township, Greenville County, which is a pros'prous farmin' district, specially in the line of dairyin'.

Yet, as I sed, we never seemed to have any special boom to make us grow. Of course, our church prospered and we had our seasons of spiritual refreshin'.

We had a fine, new, brick school-house, with two rooms, and paid first-class wages to our teachers. Three years ago, she that was Cornelia Simms, old Squire Simms' daughter, who married a wealthy man in Buffalo, sent us a library of five hundred volumes.

"But it is a dead town. Nothing a-doin'," sed young Ned Burdick and Luther Sprague every time I saw them. "There ought to be a saloon at The Corners, and it would pick up a little," sed Luther, winkin' slyly at Ned. "Don't you think it would improve business, Aunt Philena?"

"Some kinds of business, yes," sez I. Well, two unexpected things happened.

The fishin' has grown to be uncommon good over to Sprague's pond, now known as Echo Lake, nestled down among the hills and just below the Ledges, which is, if I do say it, a very picturesque spot. Some fellows from Greenville put up a cottage there two years ago. Si leased them the ground for ninety-nine years. It brought a lot of people from Greenville and Si declared he would put up an hotel, and sure enough it did prove a success. He got some city boarders and then he converted the sulphur spring on the hillside, just above, into a sort of sanitarium, claimin' it had wonderful medicinal qualities.

Well, it was the talk of the town. Si's folks allus was a little worldly, and they had their dance hall and drewed in lots of young folks.

Next thing that happened to boom

the town was a big cannin' factory that was put up right across the road from Phlambert's house.

You see, Carson Sloan fell heir to the old Meeker farm. He had been in the cannin' business, and so he came and built a large factory, and converted the fifty acres of good creek bottomland into a garden, and advertised he would buy all the stuff our townspeople could raise besides. He employed about a hundred people in the garden and factory, and that made work for everyone around who needed it, and he had to import several hands. They had to have houses to live in, or boardin' places. That made work for carpenters, a sale for lumber and a chance to keep boarders for our women folks.

Sloan was a great man at the settlement. Everybody looked up to him. He was a great politician and manager. He attended church and paid well. Why, he often dropped a dollar and sometimes a "V" in the plate! He came to all the socials at the church and et dish after dish of ice cream at ten cents a dish.

I went up to the city to stay with Philander a few weeks in case of sickness, and when I got back, what do you think they'd done? Well, that old cheese factory beyond the cannin' factory, not forty yards from Phlambert's, had been converted into a saloon, and Clem Miller had taken out the first license issued in New Berlin township in twenty-five years.

I sot down in my spare room, with my bonnet still on, and covered my face with my hands and groaned, as it were, with mortal agony.

Finally, raisin' my head, I cried, "Ephraim Burdick! how did it happen?"

"Well, mother," sez he, "nobody hardly knows. You see, we have got so much goin' on in our town now, there seemed to be a demand for it. If there is a saloon here, it will draw folks into town, instead of their runnin' off to London or Greenville to spend their money. It puts money into circulation in our town."

"It puts money into a different set of hands, to be sure. It puts honest money into Clem Miller's hands and it passes from him to the wholesale dealers, to be sure, but where is the good in that?"

"Well, you see, they arger," sez Ephraim, "that the people will come to town, attracted by the saloon, and leave more or less money in the stores and business places. Otherwise, they would go to some other town."

"Do you suppose," sez I, "that the amount they will spend in business places will be as much as our own folks round the settlement would waste in the saloon? Why, Ephraim Burdick! you ought to be on your knees prayin' that retribution would fall on this accursed business."

Phoebe Esther was terribly wrought up. She did not say much, but her face was set in that determined way, and you knew she would never give up.

"Ain't it terrible?" I sez, and it was all I could say.

"It is the same old accursed business," sez Phoebe Esther, "that has blighted and blasted homes and human lives, that has coiled itself around the

post and pillars of our legislative halls and bought the honour and manhood of our so-called statesmen, till purity and honesty and Christian manhood can no longer vie with its mighty political power. Yes, Mother Burdick, it is terrible, but no more terrible because it has settled itself on a little spot in our town. But it shall not stay! God helping me."

From Phoebe Esther's kitchen window she could see the saloon and she took notice who went in, and many a boy not of age she seen cross the threshold in the first few weeks.

Well, she called the mothers together and they went in a body and forbid Clem Miller a-sellin' to their boys. He laughed and sed, "If you can't govern your boys and keep them at home, you needn't expect me to do it for you."

Elnathan, Phoebe Esther's second son, who is now a lad of sixteen, allus was different from the rest of the children, and since the cigarette episode I told you about one time, his parents have watched him pretty closely. Some one sed he was hangin' around Miller's a good deal, gettin' dismissed from school at half-past two in the afternoon on the plea of helpin' his pa.

So, Phoebe Esther watched, and about that time she and her daughter Mandy went over, and Mandy went to the front door and Phoebe Esther to the back door. Elnathan seen her and made a dive for the back door and run right into his mother's arms. She took him by the arm and marshaled him back, and facin' Clem Miller, she sed:

"Now, Elnathan, I want you to tell me how you got to comin' in here. Did Mr. Miller invite you?"

Elnathan hung his head. Phoebe gave him a good shake.

"He—he sed if I'd come in here every afternoon and help, and slip out after my folks thought I was in bed an hour or two, he'd give me two dollars a week," stammered Elnathan.

"It's a lie," sed Miller. "He struck me for a job."

"Well, you told Bill Chapin to hunt you up a boy, anyhow," sed Elnathan. "We'll go home now," said Phoebe Esther.

"Ha! before I'd be bossed round by my old woman," sneered a fellow at the card-table.

"Dry up," sed Elnathan. With all his faults he respects his mother.

"Don't you think the boy is gettin' too old to be dictated to about goin' out?" sed Miller.

"Mr. Miller," sed Phoebe Esther, "I don't believe in bringin' up children with so much pains and care and just at the time when they need control most, lettin' them go off and lettin' them get an idea they are too big to mind. Come on, Elnathan," and they went home.

Well, of course, we all knowed Clem Miller was sellin' to minors right along, but how was you goin' to prove it, and if you did, how would you get justice done? It has been tried over and over again. You have read it in your temperance stories; you have heard it in temperance lectures. The same power that gives a man a saloon protects his business.

"So, it won't be any use to go through all that," said Phoebe Esther, and our minister, who had seen it all tried in other places, sed the same.

Phoebe Esther and Phlambert put a watch over Elnathan night and day, and exhorted other folks to do the same.

"I'll lock the boy up till he is of age, if necessary," sed Phoebe Esther, "before he shall enter a saloon again."

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How about the moral suasion? She gave him that in small doses, you may be sure, but this was a time for action. But there was lots of folks at the settlement who couldn't control their boys; and women who were in mortal fear of their husbands drinkin'. What could be done? A day was appointed for fastin' and prayer. The minister gave it out in church. At the close of the day, the people who felt the burden of the matter were invited to meet for prayer and conference.

### CHAPTER II.

Phoebe Esther seemed to be the rulin' spirit in the agitation over the settlement saloon, and when we gathered at her house at the close of our day of fastin' and prayer, she spoke with an earnestness and faith that seemed to thrill us all.

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