

Literature.

(Continued from last issue)

Before his companions had ceased laughing at his remark they were startled by the cry, "Help! Help! Oh God have mercy!"

The saloon was situated near a high bridge that spanned a large stream of water that swept along towards the sea.

Not many moments elapsed before men with lanterns could be seen flitting here and there making search for the unhappy victim, but no trace of him could be found.

The next day his body was found lodged against a large rock in the stream. My friends, I helped to carry that young man to his father's beautiful home.

The agonizing cries of his mother and sisters as they kissed again and again the cold white face of the one they had loved so well is branded upon my memory never to be obliterated while life lasts.

I could fill a volume with scenes of horror, caused by the rum traffic. I will just relate another scene quite as heartrending.

It was a pretty little village, where I was stopping a few days with a friend. It was one of the prettiest places I visited.

But the curse of the licensed saloon had thrown its blight over many homes. Walking with my friend one evening in the out skirts of the village we heard a shriek that sent the chills over us.

It proceeded from a poor looking house near by. We hastened to learn the cause when we reached the door a woman with her hair dishevelled her eyes, I cannot describe them, so full of agony, horrors and fright.

She caught hold on my friend and shrieked out "for God sake look" and pointed toward the fire place and then swooned away.

She had been away all day doing washing for someone. When she returned home there lay her husband. He had in her absence staggered home drunk and fallen with his head into the fire.

It was burned to a crisp and past all recognition and by his side stood a small whiskey jug. It is so in every land I visited, wherever there is a grogshop, it is an agency from the infernal pit doing the devil's work to perfection.

The Son of God came down to earth suffered and died to destroy the works of Satan, and lift the human race up out of sin and degradation and raise them to a higher life.

Shall we insult the Eternal God by starting one of Satan's agencies in one quiet town to ruin our neighbors homes and send there souls to perdition? Our friend Leich says let me try: saloon for one year, I say No; no, a thousand no's.

Better turn fifty rattlesnakes loose upon one street, they would not cause as much misery, for they could only kill the body. But a grog shop is a wholesale slaughter house, where every tender feeling of manhood is slain and his soul prepared for the devil and his angels.

He will keep an orderly house. That means he will give a man drink until he transforms him into a brute, a devil, then turn him out to go home to beat or kill his helpless wife and children.

He says he will be responsible, will take the responsibility upon himself and see that his own son does not become a drunkard and gambler. Will he be responsible for taxation upon the community for crimes committed in his saloon? Will he be responsible to God for the souls that will go down to hell through the influence of his grogshop for one year? Will he be responsible for the peace of homes destroyed, for broken hearted women sent to an early grave, for children sent to the almshouse to be supported by taxation?

In the face of those facts I call upon you my neighbors, my fellowmen and townsmen to arouse yourselves like men and put your heel upon the head of the slimy monster before it coils itself around you and you feel its deadly finger pierce every fibre of your manhood.

He bowed and sat down, amidst a loud applause. Then the chairman called upon Freeman—a small slight young man with a very pretty face and figure and a general favorite in the town, especially among the ladies.

His musical voice made him a welcome guest in social amusements. He stepped to the front of the platform shrugged his shoulders and smilingly swept his eyes over the audience, that broke out into loud cheering, when order was restored he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen it would be of no use for me to try to make a speech like Hamilton, for I was not cut out by that pattern."

Some one in the audience said, "give us a song Frank."

"That is just what I am going to do if you will have a little patience until my nerves get steady for I have listened to Hamilton's description of horrors until I feel shaky. I hope it has had the same effect upon the audience. If so, we are a congregation of shakers (laughter) and I will sing you a song to cheer you."

Never before had his voice been so full of soul stirring paths.

Licensed to make a strong man weak; Licensed to lay a strong man low; Licensed a fond wife's heart to break, And make the children's tears to flow.

Licensed to do thy neighbor harm; Licensed to kindle hate and strife; Licensed to nerve the robbers arm; Licensed to whet the murder's knife.

Licensed thy neighbors purse to drain, And rob him of his very last, Licensed to heat his feverish brain,

Till meadows crown thy work at last.

Licensed like spider for a fly, To spread thy net for men thy prey; To mock his struggles suck him dry, Then eust the worthless hull away.

Licensed where peace and quiet dwell, To bring disease, want and woe; Licensed to make this world a hell, And fit man for a hell below.

When he ceased singing some one called out. Encore! Just then old Bet, as she was called, came slowly up the aisle.

A half demented old woman that had been around the town for a year or more. No one knew where she came from for she was very reclusive about her former life.

Some thought she had been upon the stage, for she had a wonderful imitative voice. She often amused the young people at their social gatherings with her singing.

She could convulse them with laughter or make them weep if she desired. She came slowly up to the platform, deliberately taking off her bonnet and put it down carefully, turned around and faced the audience that had their eyes upon her in wonder what brought her there.

If they had taken a glance at Frank Freeman's face it would have been explained why she was there. Her face was wrinkled and sad, her white curly hair stuck out in frowsy disorder.

She threw her head back and began to sing. Her voice was sad and hopeless and unearthly. More like the moan of some lost spirit.

"At dawn the drunkard drowsy wakes In all his vile attire, And, tottering to the dram shop, hastes To ply the liquid fire.

The landlord smiles to usher in His victim in the morn, And glass by glass his poison deals To this poor wretch forlorn; Poor wretch, poor wretch forlorn.

"At night when gloom and sorrow reigns Within the drunkard's cot,— Where mourns his wife, once bright with smiles Heart broken and forgot,— 'Tis then she hears his bitter oath, On raging tempests born, In gathering cadence seems to float Around her faded form; Her faded form, Her faded, faded form.

Before she finished singing more than half the audience were in tears. She slowly put on her bonnet, walked slowly down the aisle and went out of the door.

The chairman wiped his eyes arose and said: I think the question before us has been pretty well viewed from different stand points. We will now take the vote.

All that is in favor of a saloon will raise their hand. Five went up. Now the nays will raise their hands. Up went the hands all over the audience until they looked like a regiment of soldiers with fixed bayonets ready to charge the enemy.

Hamilton and Freeman sprang upon their feet. "Sing the grand old doxology," shouted Freeman.

Praise God from whom all blessing flow Praise Him all creatures here below, Praise Him above ye Heavenly Host Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Cuban Army to Disband. HAVANA, April 4.—The Cuban military assembly this afternoon voted to disband the army and to dissolve. The voting was 21 in favor against one opposed.

The muster rolls was left in the possession of the executive committee of the assembly, who will facilitate the preparation of copies for Governor General Brooke.

Three Killed. PITTSBURG, Pa., April 4.—Three men were killed today by an explosion at the railroad cap factory at Braddock, Pa.

Their names were: W. P. Schooley, proprietor; Fred Richmond; unknown man. A number of others who were in the factory at the time were injured. It is not known what caused the explosion. The building was completely wrecked. A number of passers-by were struck and injured by flying bricks.

The population of the Sudan is numbered at 3,000,000, nearly all wholly uneducated.

The total pipe line runs of Pennsylvania oil for 1898 were 31,100,369 barrels and for 1897 34,724,684 barrels.

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There is no more important item connected with handling of live stock than providing them with a good, clean, dry bed. "An animal well bedded is half fed," is an old but true saying. Of course this implies that the stock is to be housed. Though they be well housed in a good warm barn, a good roof over them, good racks for hay or fodder, tight troughs for grain, ensilage or roots, and are well fed, without bedding they will not be contented, they will not thrive.

COOK'S NEW BLOOD PILLS.

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Contributed by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Hampstead, N. B.

Rise up ye Women that are at Ease

"Thank God the canteen is dead!" is the glad message from Washington.

ARMY BILL PASSED.

Dear Union Signal.—Sections 17 and 18 of the Army Bill as passed by the Senate February 27, 1899, and concurred by the House, read as follows:

Sec. 17. That no officer or private soldier shall be detailed to sell intoxicating drinks, as a bartender or otherwise, in any post exchange or canteen, nor shall any other person be required or allowed to sell such liquors in any encampment or fort or on any premises used for military purposes by the United States; and the Secretary of War is hereby directed to issue such general order as may be necessary to carry the provisions of this section into full force and effect.

Sec. 18. That all laws or parts of laws which conflict with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

This is indeed a notable victory, for which so many have labored long and arduously. The Senate committee were largely in favor of a continuance of the canteen, Senator Hawley declaring that "beer was a necessity for the troops, and the committee would so report," etc. I therefore determined to make one more earnest effort with the states from which the members of this committee came, special attention being paid to Connecticut, as Senator Hawley was chairman, so last week I sent fifty letters to prominent parties in that state, telling them it would be a crying shame if the canteen amendment failed to pass because of the influence of a Connecticut senator, and urging each one to get one or more voters to write him by return post. One gentleman, a clergyman of the state, wrote me that upon receipt of my letter, he mimeographed a circular letter to one hundred and fifty voters, asking them to write Senator Hawley at once. When Hawley's weak report as a substitute for the Johnson amendment came out, I telegraphed Connecticut, urging voters to telegraph him in return, as the bill was coming up for final consideration the next day. Sewell, of New Jersey, a member of the committee, had said, "I am dead set against that Johnson amendment, and shall so declare at the proper time."

New Jersey had been appealed to in the same manner as Connecticut and with what result? When Senator Hansbrough, of North Dakota, on the floor of the Senate offered the amendment as passed by the House, and with the added direction to the Secretary of War to issue orders to make the law effective, not a man opened his mouth in opposition. The secret of it all lay in the reply Hansbrough gave to Mr. Crafts, who thanked him for his action, "You need not think we did this because of your desire; we have been receiving letters from home about it." That's it! "Hearing from home," if only the call is loud enough, will cause even United States senators to hear and heed.

Secretary Long's reasons for issuing his order closing the canteen in the Navy, viz: "It was done at the solicitation of naval officers themselves. . . . After a careful consideration of the matter these officers reported, a majority of them favoring the absolute prohibition of beer and liquor on board, and the department felt that its duty to the boys and men in the service required such an order" was printed, with the testimonies of one hundred military officers condemning the army canteen, and sent through the mail to each senator, and by the courtesy of Hon. A. M. Todd, of Michigan, who gave directions to the postmaster of the House, they were placed in the box of each representative without the expense of postage.

Blessings upon every man who has placed his signature to a petition, and upon the tireless women who have carried and sent thousands of them for presentation! Numberless interviews with members, accompanied by letters of introduction from parties in their own state, have perhaps helped, as nearly all expressed their willingness to do as their constituency desired.

The Roberts matter has received much careful consideration, and before another session a still more vigorous protest must be made against the seating in our national legislature of this lawbreaking polygamist.

The Senate to-day voted to substitute high licence for the present prohibitory law of Alaska, 11 to 49. Governor Brady has been here for weeks working in its favor, more's the pity; for of course his influence has been great. Hon. W. W. Grout, of Vermont, will present a bill to-morrow in the House, identical with the Ellis bill with the clause concerning the canteen stricken out, and so we gain little by little.

Nothing has been done with anti-cigaret or anti-gambling bills by Congress. Next session we will try again.

MARGARET DYE ELLIS, Nat. Supt. of Legislation, Washington, D. C., March 3, 1899.

Jennie—Herbie, it says here another octogenarian's dead. What an octogenarian?

Herbie—Well, I don't just know what they are, but they must be awfully sickly creatures. You never hear of 'em but they're dying.

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Contributed by the I. O. G. T. INDICTMENT OF THE RUM TRAFFIC.

By Rev. W. W. Hicks.

The questions that disturb us and that demand our immediate attention are home and heart questions and propound themselves to all.

Shall rum rule and ruin? What shall be done—shall anything be done—to regulate and uproot an evil which all acknowledge; which is fearfully on the increase and whose terrible havoc and contributions all dread? The rum traffic is an unmitigated evil, not one honest word can be said in its favor. All other trades have just and honorable foundations; but this is the trade of death. It has no regard for honor. It knows no truce. It hears no cry of remonstrance—no appeal for quarter. It is savage and relentless. It is insidious to the last degree, stealing upon its victims with the subtlety of a serpent; finding its refuge in a licensed bar-room; and under that certificate sallies forth on its dreadful mission, prowling through our land with locks and hands and garments red and dripping with innocent blood. It dogs the step of the husband and father until he falls into its hungry jaws. It patiently tracks the unthinking youth until, by deceit and intrigue, he yields to its charms. It hides in the gorgeous halls of the rich and crouches low in the hovels of the poor, to blind and destroy. It has devastated a larger area than war or famine, or pestilence. It has blasted more homes and broken more hearts than all these combined. It has claimed freedom from regulation and entrenched itself behind decisions of law. It has increased its force, multiplied its attractions and widened its avenues of infamy until they are the unsightly gildings of every street and the blazing attractions of every corner. It has employed all means to entrap and hold fast the youth of our land—by nightly entertainments of music, whose sounds in themselves innocent and inspiring, decoy to death; by arraying temptation in the fair form of woman whose charms and attractions robbed of virtue are prostituted to vice. It has hurled defiance at the God of Heaven, and with impunity insulted a Christian people, by disregarding the sanctity and claims of the holy Sabbath, making greater exertions on that day in its destructive work, and filling our streets with drunkards and brawlers and imposing heavy burdens upon the charities and loyalty of the sober and Christian public. It has raised large sums of money to buy protection from your reckoning and vengeance; to buy shelter from the wrath and curse of mothers whose sons have fallen by its keen blade; from wives whose husbands come to them no more in peace, love and fidelity; from children whose parents have been sent to untimely and dishonored graves, and whose patrimony has been stolen to gild and enrich the palaces of rumsellers, which are indeed vestibules of hell. To buy decisions of law in its favor, hoping to pander successfully to the corruption of the courts by large fees of gold. To buy long and learned legal sophistries on the constitutional rights of men to demonize themselves and scatter "firebrands, arrows and death" abroad through all the land. To buy up ignorant and unscrupulous legislators and secure their election who will barter away the dearest rights of the people for the gold of the rum seller, which has cost the blood of innocent families. It has formed leagues, large and numerous sworn to uphold the usurped and unnatural right to disregard entreaty or threat and go on in its thirst for blood and ruin. These leagues would rule in our courts as well as in our prisons and almshouses. They would fill the judiciary as well as the graveyard with their abettors and victims offering them spoils. They can stand the melting pleas of blasted homes and broken hearts, because they are but pleas—they cannot coerce; they only beg. They can quell these cries, or so harden their hearts as that they shall be as the sighing of the winds through leafless trees mournful but natural. But law they fear. Law they would conciliate. They would gain so much legal place and political power that should they not be able to buy with gold, they might awe into silence, and thereby connive by terrible threats. Where justice cannot be bought they hope to intimidate. When by these plots and deep-laid schemes, these leagues fail (as fail they must) it is their hope to divide our ranks—the ranks of honest men, men of temperance and virtue—by sowing discords and creating contentions among us. This they will do by slandering our motives; by attributing to us political aims in the interest of certain parties or party. They know that politically we sympathize with different parties as regards civil and governmental questions. But let us teach them that while thus differing as to civil and political affairs we are one in the arena of domestic peace and moral virtue. We are one in the triumphs of Temperance and against the traffic of Rum. We can know no party here. Here we are brothers with strong arms to defend and resolute will to persist in defending our homes and firesides against the efforts of its gigantic embodiment of wrong. Let us withhold our suffrage without regard to party politics from any man who solicits our confidence and vote, if he is a friend or abettor of the rum traffic.

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