

Hold on, Sir.

While engaged in work among seamen, along with other friends, distributing slips with prominent headings we noticed a crowd in a liquor saloon. We entered and handed a slip to each person present. At the bar stood a young man waiting to be served. He took the slip and commenced reading it. The prominent heading "Hold on, sir!" followed by "Which way are you going?" "Is the Devil leading you step by step?" "Stop, take warning." "There is a bottomless pit ahead," caused him to hesitate and reflect. He looked at the glass then on the counter, put his hand in his pocket, took out five cents and paid for the drink, which he turned from, deliberately wheeled about and walked out. *Bulletin.*

Medical Drunkards.

Let me say that of all persons that have not yet become drunkards, the most pitiable are they who are drinking liquor under medical advice. Others drink it upon their own responsibility, and therefore with more or less caution. But these drink it upon the highest authority, and therefore with no fear of consequences. Other tipplers restrain their appetite through shame of being seen to indulge in it boldly; these drink under the imperious plea that they are but taking medicine. Other tipplers are open to admonition and reformation. In a word, whilst the one drinking intoxicating liquor without excuse and therefore against conscience—against that voice of God in the soul—may stop ere it be too late; the other drinking it for health, and therefore with an approving conscience, will probably never stop until life stops. Emphatically to the drunkard's grave, as the one who lets his doctor lead him to it. *—Ee.*

Temperance Hotels.

Can they be sustained? Why not? It is certain that the sale of liquor will not add to the cleanliness, the wholesomeness, the quiet or the luxuries of a hotel. Why then should it be considered a necessity? A firstclass table, large, airy, cleanly rooms, with luxurious beds, added to a manifest desire on the part of those about the house to do everything which can be done to add to the comfort of guests and make them feel the restfulness of a home atmosphere, are the conditions

of a first-class Hotel. And why cannot these be secured in a strictly Temperance Hotel as well as in any other?

Whoever has been in any of our best Temperance Hotels, such as the *Forest City House* in Cleveland, will need no further argument to prove that this can be done. It may involve some sacrifice of profits on the part of the proprietors. But they will have the satisfaction of feeling that their profits are legitimate and honorably secured, besides demonstrating that a Hotel can be constantly filled with the best class of people without the questionable adjunct of drunkard-making. *—Ee.*

A \$20 Cigar.

That is too expensive a cigar to smoke. A young lady recently went to arrange for music lessons. Everything appeared satisfactory, competent instructors etc., terms \$20 a quarter if paid in advance. Next day she went to pay the \$20 and take first lesson. The gentleman in charge received and escorted her to the practice room smoking a cigar; she concluded at once that it was not a fit place for lady pupils and left to find a clean and respectable teacher of the anti-tobacco sex. It would afford peculiar pleasure to record 50 similar acts reproving in so practical and effective a manner the growing iniquitous brutality of spitting tobacco smoke into the faces of cleanly people.

Under the Curse.

There is no more generous, devoted philanthropist in all the world than Miss Elizabeth Thompson. She consecrates an immense income, and her own life, to the amelioration of her fellows, and what she says of need, and the causes of need, comes of long personal observation. The following private letter from her was lately printed in the *National View*, Washington:
My heart is so sad over the one most awful curse that broods like a shadow of death over men, women and children, that I must give it expression in words of warning. Would to God I might, by laying down life and fortune, remove it from them forever! That I know will not do it; the reform must come from themselves; it will not end till it reaches the heights of heaven.

I have for years dived into cellars,

and climbed creaking stairways, seeking out the poor, and everywhere, *everywhere* I find linked with it an awful promoter, the curse of drunkenness, and the demonic influence of liquors that are like the burning lake of the Apocalypse.

What shall we do to save these people? Diving into filthy cellars, beyond all the other sordid smells I found the deadly alcoholic stench. I have been in the council chambers of the Capitol, and its sickening reek was there on the hearth of legislators. In God's name, tell me what is to be done for a people so given over to the deadly instincts of suicidal indulgence?

There is but one answer. They must reform themselves; they must be brought face to face with their individual responsibility; they must be forced to know that for every crime, and every hideous death and miasmatic life, for every murdered child and every slaughtered woman, for every man made a hell in himself incarnate, every man and woman in America is responsible. No man lives to himself alone, and the crime against himself is a crime against his neighbor; and these be the days of judgments, the going out of the thunders of the law and mercy and softness must wait to do their office when that law has been fulfilled. Charities, private or public, are not the weapons to use against this evil. Charity is for the afflicted, judgment is for the transgressor, and he who breaks the law must suffer by the law.

In sorrow of heart I speak these words. God knows I had rather soothe a wound than abrade it; but for healing must come first the cleansing, and if that is full of pangs the man will grow strong by their healing efficacy. The going from death to life is always a way of pain, and to him who keepeth not the law the return is set with the thorns he has won in his passage from it; but he must return; there is no other way, and he must return by his own recovered will, to find in each thornpike a renewal of life; or he must return through that black path of baffled soul-warped bodies and a reasonless hell where lurks at every step a demon, and whose waters taste always of death.

I enclose a plain statement, which is not yet one half the truth of even the money side of this accursed-growth. Will you give it a

place and call attention to its hard facts? Would that I could keep all the terrible truth forever before the eyes of the people until it is burned into all hearts and exemplified in the relinquishment of this one most awful agent in the destruction of all that is good and God-like among us.

Her "Plain statement" is as follows:

How many of our voters or people generally, realize that seven hundred million dollars of their hard-earned money is every year consumed in the worse than useless and demoralizing habit of drinking and smoking?

Who can wonder that there is little left to pay for homes, labor or education?

What would be the result if every one would wholly abstain from the use of these articles for one year?

Can any publication, whether magazine, journal or newspaper, do less for the good of our country and the enlightenment of the masses than to keep these facts constantly before the coming generation? How many will give these few lines a prominent place in their columns? Who would not do this much for the enlightenment of the young people, even if they have no hope of old offenders?

We believe that if the sale of liquor of every name could be prevented, from sunset to sunrise, of every day, and for the whole of Sunday, it would be a direct annual saving of a million of dollars to the city treasury; and that crime, from petty theft to deliberate murder, would be prevented, every year, aye, every month! enough to make an angel weep for joy. All honor to the men who are giving their time, their influence, their money, and more than all, their personal labor, to break up the Sunday liquor traffic. It is a nobler effort than to win a battle, or found an empire, for it will be, if successful, the saving of men enough to people an empire every year!

F. N. F. asks in the *Scientific American* how in smoking to prevent the tobacco oil from oozing through the poles of two meersham pipes that "are nicely colored." The best way to do so is to lay them on a flat stone, to reduce the nasty *pizen* things to powder with a hammer and when ground up fine, use them to fertilize a cabbage plant instead of using them to sterilize a cabbage head.