

windows, one opening from my dear little Elsie's room. The brandy seemed to burn my brain, and my head ached violently, and I leaned against the casement. "Papa, O my darling papa!" I heard a sweet voice say, and, looking out, I saw Elsie carelessly sitting upon the balcony rail. A moment later her keen eyes spied the bottle, although she did not leave her perch upon the rail. "B-r-a-n-d-y," she spelled. "Oh papa! you never touch that horrible drink, do you?" she asked, her laughing face growing sad. I was maddened by the drought, and mortified and angry that my child had discovered my secret habit, and I reached forward and pushed her savagely. I can not tell of the days that followed, I will only say that we picked up our Elsie, broken and bleeding, from the flower-beds under the balcony, and my wife, after one lingering look at her darling, went into convulsions which soon ended in death.

The man's voice grew husky, and his gaze was thrilling in its intensity. "And now," he added, "I can not say any more, only to beseech of you to come forward and put your signatures upon this blessed pledge, beseeching of the Father to uphold you with his mighty power. Will you come? Boys, boys! I know many of you, yes most of you; alas! that in my wrecked state you do not know me. Will you come, boys, will you come? It is your old friend Herman Hudson who is asking you."

He said no more, but sat down, the perspiration pouring from his whitened hair. But he had said enough. The people came forward like a stream quickly flowing. There were handshakes and tears and sobs and soothing greetings.

"Herman Hudson, Herman Hudson! I can hardly believe my ears," whispered more than one to another. "He was so gifted and promising, and so light-hearted and strong-shouldered, and now—oh!" And the voices stopped here, but the names of the pledge-signers rolled down the pledge-sheet until the grand brotherhood was enriched with two hundred new members.

"Oh ye who have friends on the awful brink That hangs o'er the river of ruin and death! When you see them lift the glass, oh! think Of the jagged rocks beneath."

"Reach out a hand ere the deed is done; Send forth a cry in the dear Lord's name; Oh! stand not aloof while a precious one Speeds down to a grave of shame."

—A. C. Review.

"Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin."

King alcohol sat on his lofty throne  
And boasted a power that was his alone,  
A power to sway the masses of men  
And force them to do his bidding again;  
"See," said he, "what a king am I,  
Seated on golden throne so high;

I speak, and whole nations bow the knee  
And tremblingly fall and worship me.  
My will is law and must be obeyed,  
Nor may my behests be ever delayed;  
For when I denounce, in earnest or mirth,  
A tremor of fear encircles the earth,

I stretch forth my hand, a wail of despair  
In agony rises, mingled with prayer;  
But what care I for the God they plead,  
For who is greater than I, indeed!

A puff of my breath would heatombs fill,  
I laugh at the thought while thousands I kill.  
I fatten on blood and widow's tears,  
I luxuriantly revel in mortal's fears;

I give sorrow for bread to famishing hosts,  
I people the world with hideous ghosts;  
The blessings men get from their God on high,  
I turn into curses, and make them a lie.

So drink to my health, ye servants of mine,  
We'll laugh at that being they call Divine."

So he sat on his throne, haughty and proud,  
And boasted his mightiness long and loud;  
While his nobles and lords, an admiring crew,  
Applauded his boastings, false or true;

And they said, "Our King is a mighty power,  
We pledge our allegiance to him this hour;  
We band ourselves to increase his fame,  
And the LEAGUE OF FREEDOM shall be our name."

Then they drank again to the health of the King,  
And they drank to every lord in the ring;  
They drank success to their noble cause,  
And they drank defiance to statute laws.

Again the King spoke, "Hearken my lords,  
Give closest attention to all of my words:  
There are yet achievements I have not told,  
And purposes too, that are brilliant and bold,

You know how this nation is ruled, I suppose,  
By 'parties' denouncing each other as foes.  
Whenever these 'parties' in caucuses meet  
I make it a point to be there on my feet.

I'm always sure to make my will known,  
Then silently mount the dictatorial throne;  
I never beg, nor petition nor pray;  
I demand, and the 'parties' haste to obey;

For I simply exhibit my thousands of votes,  
And the heart of the candidate flutters and gloats  
Over visions of office and a treasury full  
And then I can trust him to give me a pull.

And now, noble lords, come all of you near,  
For I want to whisper a word in your ear:  
I want you to know it is my full intention  
(But this is a secret you should never mention)

To kill this republic and give in its stead  
What men call Anarchy, for I cannot but dread,  
(And its the only thing I ever did fear)  
The advance of knowledge and liberty here—

Liberty such as in Scripture they read,  
'Whom the Son maketh free is free indeed';  
For where the spirit of God doth abound  
Those, and there only, is liberty found."

This I do dread; and their puritan laws,  
Keeping Sunday, for instance," here roars of applause  
Drowned his Majesty's voice, while shouts of defiance  
To Nation, and State and Christian Alliance,

Mingled with curses, and blasphemies fit  
For lessons instructive to fiends from the pit,  
Were suddenly hushed by a vision sublime;  
A hand was seen writing on the wall of time.

His Majesty's countenance changed as in death,  
His knees smote together, abated his breath,  
His nobles and lords all trembled and shook,  
And gazed on the vision with ghastly look.

At length, when the King could speak again,  
He cried excitedly, "Call the wise men;  
I'll give millions to him who interprets for me  
The meaning of yonder writing I see."

But of all the King's subjects none could be found  
Who could ever reveal such a mystery profound  
It was told him at last that one wise in such lore,  
Who had been a slave in his service before,

Could read the dread vision, its meaning divine,  
And tell him the writings line upon line.  
So Kansas was summoned to quickly appear  
Before the great King, still trembling with fear;

And as the young prophet, with stately tread,  
Came up to the King he pleadingly said:  
"I'll give millions to him who interprets for me  
The meaning of yonder writing I see."

"Thy millions give to another, O King,  
Yet I will tell thee the truth of the thing:  
This is the message that God is imparting,  
'Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.'

The interpretation I plainly will show;  
God hath finished thy Kingdom below,  
He hath numbered thy days and fixed thee a bound,  
Thou art weighed in the balance and wanting art found;

Thy power is divided and scattered abroad,  
And thou art dethroned by the power of God."

And now, noble lords, come all of you near,

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King Alcohol stepped from his lofty throne,  
And boasted no more of a power of his own;  
His nobles and lords now tremblingly wait  
The swift-coming hour of their terrible fate;

For God has pronounced their eternal woe,  
And men are now rising to give the death blow.  
—REV. J. A. McMILLAN in *Rescue*.

O heaven! for one generation of clean and unpolluted men—men whose veins are not fed by fire; men fit to be companions of pure women; men worthy to be the fathers of children; men who do not stumble upon the rock of apoplexy at mid-age or go blindly groping and staggering down into a drunkard's grave, but who sit and look upon the faces of their grandchildren with eyes undimmed and heart uncantered. Such a generation as this is possible in America; and to produce such a generation as this the persistent, conscientious work of the public press is entirely competent as an instrumentality.

Dr. J. G. Holland.

Illinois has 24 counties without a licensed tramp mill or thief factory in them. In the first week of January there were but 13 persons in the county jails of these 24 counties. The other 78 counties had 4012 prisoners in jail or 51 to each county. Is that an item of any account for people to think about? But the secular press, the watchful guardian of the interests of the dear people, dare not publish any such facts as this, lest the grog-shop across the way should stop its 12 cents a week subscription.

A tobacco hater says, "two cigars a day will supply a family with flour." Fogg says he buys half a dozen cigars some days, but he doesn't find it any easier to supply the family with flour, for all that. He thinks there must be a mistake somewhere.

It is estimated that the prohibition amendment to the Iowa constitution has been adopted by 40,000 majority.

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