

Temperance Department.

Licensed to Ruin.

It was a quiet little village, and you would have thought, when passing through it, that none of its inhabitants ever had a thought of care or sorrow; but right in the heart of that village a sad tragedy was once enacted. The life of two good women was cursed out. Once riches were theirs; the husband and father had been one of the foremost in that little village; he had held all the public offices that the people could give him, and commanded the greatest part of the patronage of the neighborhood in his business as a merchant. His name was honored and he was looked up to by every one who knew him. Children played around his knee, and the happy mother ruled the household with a loving hand and a happy heart. Peace and prosperity were theirs until the demon *drink*, like a wily serpent, set its fangs deep in the soul of the husband, and he would not rid himself of it. He saw his business pass out of his hands without one sign of emotion. Their little children were growing fast, and soon they were able to go out to earn their own living. One daughter alone remained, and she and her mother tried to brave it all; and what little they could save from going to the grog-shop they made do for their living. The husband did nothing but abuse his wife and daughter with foul language, and at last resorted to blows and in a drunken fit struck his daughter a blow on the forehead which felled her to the floor, and from which she never fully recovered, but in a few years died—from nothing but her father's brutal treatment of her soul and body.

The poor heart-broken wife thought the death of their only daughter might work a reform in her husband; but no, he drank as badly as ever. She found that she could not live with him unless there was some change. She talked to him patiently and quietly in his sober moments, but the free use of liquors had made a brute of him, so he laughed at her pleadings. She then bethought herself of asking for mercy from the different men who kept the grog-shops, praying them not to let her husband have any more intoxicating liquors. The more deceitful ones promised to do as she wished, but said so with a low chuckle and a wicked gleam in their eyes, while

the more outspoken one said, "Mad am, we have a *license* to sell liquor, and we can't promise anything of the kind." Then her bursting heart broke forth and she said: "*License for what? License to take the bread from the wife and children's mouth! License to fit our souls for hell! License to make beasts of God's noblest work! License to drag a whole family down to the grave! Oh, you cowards, remember there is a day of reckoning coming, when your licenses shall be turned into fetters.*" But she soon found that nothing could turn their stony hearts; so lonely, heartsick, and tired of her weary life, she went home, to be met by the drunken husband with worse abuse than ever; for he had learned of her business abroad.

That night she lay down on her bed never to get up again. In the morning she was dead; a black ring was around her neck; some one said she must have been choked to death. The husband was arrested, tried, and found *not guilty*. The proprietors of the different grog shops were his principal witnesses, and they swore that he was in one of their saloons all night.

If we could have looked behind the scenes, and visited that little village a short time afterwards, we would have understood why the home of the once happy family had passed under the hammer, and why the escaped criminal was so poor while the landlords were so much better off. Yes, the landlords' testimony had been brought; they bought their licenses to make thieves and liars of good men, so they felt no conscience pangs in lying for money themselves.

Oh, the *curse* of drink! Will men continue to grow rich out of their fellow men's sin, and the law not stretch out a hand to save? Good men sign bad men's licenses. Are not the good men helpers towards this great crime?—AUNT HOPE, in *Church and Home*.

A Good Reply.

Passing up Washington street the other day, I was attracted by a large concourse of people before a show window, in which was displayed a motley collection of cruel weapons consisting of clubs, sharp-pointed sticks, knotted robes, an old frying pan—in fact almost every instrument of petty torture a cruel mind could invent. Over these articles was a placard something like this: "The articles ex-

hibited below were captured by the 'Society for the Prevention of cruelty to Children,' from inhuman parents, and were actually used by them to inflict torture on their helpless children." Underneath were a dozen or more photographs of the "little innocents" who had been rescued by the society from their unnatural protectors, with a short printed history of each case of cruelty. But the strangest (?) part of it was that they all read nearly alike, something like this: "Maggie Burns, aged eleven years, scarred with a hot poker by her drunken mother. John Edwards, aged nine years, ribs crushed by an inhuman father jumping on him while in a beastly state of intoxication." And so on through the whole series—"drunken father or drunken mother."

"How atrocious!" sighed a lady in the crowd. "How-ible!" lisped a dandy. "Cannot something be done to stop such cruelty?" asked a venerable old gentleman. A good-natured, verdant-looking individual who had been quietly gazing in at the window, eyed the old man from head to foot, and finally answered:

"That reminds me of an old cat I used to have at home. Every few months she would bring into the house a litter of kittens (pretty kittens), and then I would have to take them down to the river and drown them. It got to be monotonous—a nuisance. My children called me cruel; my wife said I was inhuman. But I could better afford to have a kitten aquarium than a cat hospital. One time while going on my regular tour to the river I met a neighbor, who inquired what I was doing. Upon telling him, and also my frequent troubles that way, he asked: 'Why don't you drown the old cat?' I went home, captured the old beast, and putting a stone around her neck, soon put a quietus on all further worry. Strange I did not think of that way before. So it is with this trouble. You can't drown the worthless parents, but you can drown out those corner groceries where they buy the vile poison that takes away their very nature and causes all the misery. This society is a grand institution, conducted by kind-hearted men and women, but they can't stop this evil by providing comfortable homes for the helpless children any more than they can stop the flow of the mighty Mississippi by putting a Virginia fence-rail across the mouth! They

must drown the old cat, then they will not have to take care of the kittens."

The old gentleman sadly shook his head and hurried away to take a South-End car. He owned a block of stores and let one of them for a corner rum-hole.—*Ec.*

A Whisky Panic.

There is some well founded alarm among the liquor manufacturers over the prospects of a whisky panic. Since the temperance victory in Iowa, these fellows have not been so insolent in their boasts, nor so certain of the permanence of their grasp upon the American purse strings. They have tried to laugh down prohibition as a failure, to no effect. They have claimed agitation as a source of profit as long as they can consistently. They have squandered large sums of money in the conflicts that have been waged, and met only with defeat. The manufacture of their wares is increasing, the demand is weakening, and now some of the wiser ones of them are beginning to tremble at the probability of a whisky panic.

A leading distiller in this State has published a letter on the decline of the whisky traffic which is very suggestive, and coming from that side of the question it certainly does not over-estimate the achievements of the temperance movement. He has seen the hand writing on the wall and read its interpretation. There are one hundred and fifty million gallons of surplus whisky in the United States now. Treating of the cause of this, he says: "It is a hard and stubborn fact that less whisky is drunk or consumed in the United States in 1882, with 50,000,000 of people than there was thirty years ago, with only 25,000,000 of people. There are two causes for the decrease of consumption of whisky. The first is, that beer is coming to be universally drunk by imbibers. Beer is the worst enemy whisky has to face in the United States today. The second cause is that the class of people who used to consume the most whisky now consumes the least. I mean the farmers. Thirty years ago a farmer could buy a barrel of whisky for less money than town people now pay for a barrel of cider. Thirty years ago had the question of prohibition been submitted to them, nine farmers out of ten would have voted against it. Now, nine farmers in ten will vote