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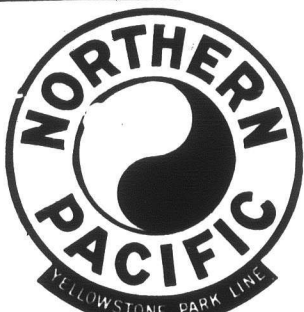
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Temperance Talk.

Who Slew General Custer?

There are those living today who can remember how the American people were horror-stricken when the press of the country published the news that the brave General Custer with his whole company of soldiers had been massacred in the Big Horn Massacre, and they can remember how loud were the calls for revenge upon the Sioux Indians, and how the demand for a war of extermination was urged.

The battle that General Custer and his brave men fought with so much desperation was a battle having for its object the subjection of the red man to the civilizing influences of a Christian nation. And how was the battle lost? Not until a book entitled "Indian Fights and Indian Fighters," by Brady, was published, was the true cause known. Drink! that is what caused the death of General Custer and the battle to be lost.

In that book the author makes the statement that Major Reno, who had a corps of soldiers under his command within reach of General Custer, and who had received orders to come to his relief, was too drunk on that day to lead his soldiers. His drunkenness was not only his shame, and the disgrace of the American army, but was the cause of the destruction of Custer and his entire command.

This story was published about four years ago in the Northwestern Advocate by Mr. Thompson. General Reno confessed all that is here above stated to his friend, Arthur Edwards, and from him the confession was given to Mr. Thompson, who published it in the paper. If the extermination of an army was caused by a man who had lost control of himself through strong drink, fresh emphasis is laid upon the contention of the temperance forces that the army saloon should not only remain in banishment from the army posts but the territory adjacent to all barracks of our soldiers should be cleared of saloons for miles about. No one can predict with safety that a similar event might not overtake some portion of our army in future warfare if men who have the lives of their own men and that of their fellow commanders at their disposal drink. Total abstinence for the men who command as well as for the men who obey, ought to be the rule for the army. God hasten the day when the liberty-loving people shall demand that their flag shall be protected by sober soldiers commanded by sober officers.—National Advocate.

Saloonkeeper's Warning.

We have recently seen a letter written by a Georgia saloonkeeper to a man who had written to him offering to buy his business. The man who wanted to buy his business had a wife and four children. He did not wish to take his family to live in the place where the saloon was located, nor did he wish his mother or other relatives to know about his going into business. To this man the saloonkeeper wrote advising him not to go into "the degrading position of whiskey dealer." He said:

"I do not blame you for not wanting your relatives to know that you intend to deal in whiskey, and if you have one iota of self-respect left, I beg of you, for the sake of your wife and children and aged mother, please do not degrade yourself by going to selling rum, but assist them in this world to be elevated, instead of being inducers of vice and sin. You may be surprised at these words coming from one who sells booze. However, fate, and that only, has thrown me into this damnable vocation.

"I hope that it is not too late for you to mend your ways, that your present intentions can be changed upon the advice of one who is in the business, a better giving you, free of charge, a book which I hope you will read. It tells of the pleasure of a temperate life, and I hope that you may find it as good as I find it."

information, and in your hours of devotion, offer up a silent prayer for one who is suffering through the misguidance of human fate.

A Whole Land for Prohibition.

Iceland, about half the size of Missouri, has no jail, no penitentiary; there is no court and only one policeman. Not a drop of alcoholic liquor is made on the island and its 78,000 people are total abstainers since they will not permit any liquor to be imported.

There is not an illiterate on the island, and not a child ten years old unable to read, the system of public schools being practically perfect. There are special seminaries and colleges, several good newspapers, and a printing establishment, which every year publishes a number of excellent books on various lines.

Such is the report brought by Northern travellers of this incomparable and ideal land. It speaks with a mighty voice for Prohibition.—The Vanguard.

The Saloon Has No Inherent Right.

The right to sell intoxicating liquor is neither a natural nor constitutional right. The state may absolutely forbid or may license such sale. The license when granted is not a contract or vested right but mere permission which may be revoked at any time. The manner in which such permission may be recalled and the consequences attending thereon are mere limitations upon the privilege.

The statute confers a privilege which the citizen is at liberty to accept by becoming a licensee, or not, as he pleases. Having accepted the privilege he can not object to any conditions which have been attached thereto by a grantor with power to entirely withhold the privilege.—Justice Young, of Supreme Court of New Hampshire.

What the Leaders Say.

The English collegian thus sums up the matter in respect to drink:

Grace says, "I abstain from alcoholic drinks because I would excel as a cricketer."

As a walker, Weston says, "Abstain."

As an oarsman, Hanlan says, "Abstain."

As a swimmer, Webb says, "Abstain."

As a missionary, Livingston says, "Abstain."

As a doctor, Clark says, "Abstain."

As a preacher, Farrar says, "Abstain."

Asylums, prisons and workhouses repeat the cry of "Abstain."

Burdette on the Saloon.

If the saloon men insist on quoting me on this topic, let them commit this to memory, that they may repeat it as they need it: I do not know one good thing about the saloon. It is an evil thing that has not one redeeming thing in all its history to commend it to good men. It breaks the laws of God and man. It desecrates the Sabbath, it profanes the name of religion; it defiles public order; it tramples under foot the tenderest feelings of humanity; it is a moral pestilence that blights the very atmosphere of town and country; it is a strain upon honesty; a blur upon purity; a God upon progress; a check upon the noble impulses; it is an incentive to lascivious, deceit and crime.

Search through the history of this wicked thing and read one page over which some wicked man can bow her head and say, "God for all that." There is no good thing in its history. It is a blot upon the face of the world, with its history of crime, and its history of crime.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.



Now, kindly mark me well, my friends, in what I have to say
Anent the coffee of this morn and that of yesterday.
That coffee served us yesterday was sixty-gray and flat,
And I who know the coffee plant know what is meant by that.
The berry grew indifferent from out impoverished soil,
Nor had the richness at its roots from which to draw the oil.
Or, if a bit of oil were stored, the roasting was not well,
And being charred the oil escaped from out each tiny cell.
And so 'twas tasteless, flat and tame, and I put in my kick;
And I am pleased that Mrs. Brown has changed her brand so quick.
This coffee has a brilliant brown, its body, too, you'll note;
Those little bubbles mark the oil—observe them where they float.
That means the berry had the best that sun and soil can lend—
'Tis CHASE & SANBORN'S growth, you know—a firm that's proud to spend its time and money on its plants. Care, curing, roasting, too,
Are just the best that expert hands, experienced long, can do.
And when this richness is unlocked by Nature's charm of heat,
You have the best that Nature gives—a draught of cheer, complete
In every coffee attribute. Thus speaks your Autocrat,
And he, you know, was never caught a-talking through his hat.

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