

wholly well and strong never use it at all; neither does it improve the mental faculty.

A moderate use of alcohol is not good for the human system.

The proper use of alcohol is for a preservative and a solvent, and is only necessary in the preparation of medicine, and in the mechanic arts. If taken into a healthy animal body in small quantities, it is a disturbing and evil agent; taken in large quantities it is a deadly poison.—*Western Waver*.

A GOOD LEGISLATION.—The Iowa Legislature, which distinguished itself by the enactment of statutory Prohibition, thrust hard also at other vices. On petition of the W. C. T. U., the code was altered in such a way as to make it a criminal offence to keep or visit one of those houses whose doors open inward upon moral death. The law is made easy of enforcement by the admission of evidence as to the general reputation of such places. Men and women are visited alike with imprisonment in the penitentiary up to a term of five years.—*Union Signal*.

CHOLERA AND PERSONAL LIBERTY.—Hon. J. G. Blaine has made a sentence that will be immortal. "The Liberty of the individual ceases, where the rights of society begin." Just now cholera is alarming all people, and we have an exhibition of the rightful governmental power in the stringent rules and regulations affecting the cities, streets, private homes, etc. A personal surveillance is exercised over each individual during the prevalence of the fear of this scourge. So called personal liberty has ceased, for society has rights. Let anyone now apply this exercise of power to the saloon monster. The saloon destroys more lives, debauches more constitutions, entails more wastes, and depletes more treasuries each year than cholera has done in twenty-five years. Now if the State can thus mightily hedge against the cholera and prohibit it, why cannot the State fight the saloon as well? If all men unite to drive a scourge like the cholera and small-pox out of the city, why not all unite to exclude a scourge a thousand times more deadly? Society has no foe at all comparable for iniquity and destruction to the saloon. Let us drive it out.—*Iowa Prohibitionist*.

Tales and Sketches.

AS CHARLIE SAYS.

BY M. DICKINSON.

"Well, I don't know anything about it except what Charlie tells me, and he says—"

"But Annie, you dear little goose," interrupted her friend; "it sounds very dutiful, and all that, but there is no law against knowing something Charlie did not tell."

"Now you are sarcastic, Mary. You know I was never clever like you, and I never could see much use in all your sidgiting over the heathen and the poor. But I joined your Young Folks' Missionary Association and I have taught in your Sewing School; but when it comes to all your Temperance notions I have to draw the line, for Charlie say—"

"Well, what does Charlie say? since it comes round again to that."

"Well, you needn't laugh. I'm sure what he says sounds sensible in comparison to all that talk about Prohibition at the meeting last Wednesday night."

"But what does he say, little Annie? There is no need of defending Charlie before he has been attacked."

"Well, he says, for one thing, that we couldn't enforce Prohibition if we had it, and that nothing can be right that destroys individual freedom. He said too, that men would give up everything before liberty. He thinks Temperance is a good thing, but he says men that are men don't need such strong restrictions, and men that are half brutes don't heed them; and as for me, I agree with him, every word. I wouldn't marry a man who felt, in order to keep from being a drunkard, that he had to sign the pledge."

"Well, Annie, you are lucky in being engaged to a man who is strong enough to take care of himself. If only all men were like him there would be, as you say, no need of prohibitory laws," and her voice dropped to a sadder tone, which her companion was swift to feel.

"Now, Mary, I am afraid I seem obstinate to you; but really I can't help believing what Charlie says."

"That's all right, dear. Heaven grant you may never know, about all

this sad problem of drink, anything less hopeful than what Charlie says. I know enough, alas! to be sure he is only looking at one side. You remember my brother, Annie?"

"Yes."

The conversation suddenly ended, for Mary could not go on, and Annie would not, for fear of wounding her friend. They were old schoolmates, brought up in the same town, and friends ever since they were little girls. Yet never before since Mary's brother died had his name passed her lips in Annie's hearing. He was a brilliant fellow of unusual promise, and Mary had been teaching in order to help him through college, when, on an excursion with some of his young companions, the boat was overturned and he was drowned. Annie was away at the time, and, though Mary had always spoken to her freely of everything else, she never talked of him.

When their walk was over and they had separated at Mary's door, Annie went straight on to her own, only a few steps further on the same square. In this home Annie Ware was the sunshine of her widowed father's life, and it was all settled that, as he could not spare her from his sight, she was to make no change of residence when she became Mrs. Charles Story. The comfortable old house seemed like home to Charlie already, and Annie was not surprised to find him lounging upon the porch. He came down to the gate to meet her, but she noticed that he carefully laid the cigarette he was rolling upon his chair.

"Ah, Charlie, I have come too soon, I see. You were just going to take a comfortable smoke; you men are so wedded to your cigars."

"That's only because we are kept waiting so long to be wedded to what we like far better," said he, gallantly, placing a chair for her; "but I thought you did not object to a good cigar."

"No, certainly not. Pray enjoy yours. Papa has always smoked, and I was brought up to expect all men to do it."

"But of itself, is it in any way objectionable?"

"No, I cannot say that it is. I have always been inclined to be glad that men have one pleasure more than is allowed to us."

"But this is not denied you," said the young man, proceeding to produce a light. "In some countries it would be your privilege as well as mine."

"Would you like to see me avail myself of it, Charles? Would you like a woman who missed her cigarette, or her glass of wine at dinner?"

"No, indeed; I am the last man—the very last man—to have patience with a mannish kind of a wife. I am afraid I should develop into a domestic tyrant under any such dispensation of Providence as that."

"You needn't frown. You are in no danger," she laughed. "Indeed I think sometimes that I am rather too womanish and weak. Mary Baird thinks so, I am sure."

"Ah, but my little Annie and Mary Baird are two different women. She is a bit strong-minded, I fancy, and given to reforms. She has formed the new Temperance Society, I hear?"

"Yes, and she wanted me to join."

"And you declined, I am sure," he asked, with a little air of superiority which Annie did not see.

"Yes; I told her what you said, and she did not try to answer me back. But when she spoke of her brother she seemed very sad. I didn't like to ask her, but I wondered if he could have been addicted to drink."

"Frightfully!" answered Charlie. "He took to it like a duck to the water. One glass, and he was thoroughly undone. He couldn't stop. Some of the fellows felt sure he inherited the passion for it, for old Squire Baird just ruined himself by drink."

"Poor Mary! Poor Mary! so that accounts for her deep feeling," said Annie, compassionately.

"Yes, I suppose so; and yet, what a pity for a woman to make herself conspicuous and common when it's not a particle of use. The men who choose to drink will drink, and that's the whole story; and nobody has a right to stop it, even if it could be stopped. A man may make a brute of himself if he will."

"And William Baird did it?"

"Yes, and it cost him his life. He would go into the boat intoxicated as he was, and when the accident occurred he could easily have been saved if he had been himself."

"Dreadful! Dreadful!" murmured Annie, "I think, if I had anything to suffer like that I should feel as Mary does, as if I would work in any effort against liquor, even if I knew the effort would be in vain."

"Set your heart at rest, Annie. You will never be driven to take such a stand. But don't let Mary Baird stir you up upon this subject. She's a nice girl, and the way she worked for Will and works now for her old mother is creditable to any one, but it's a pity for any girl to spoil her chances that way. I don't know a man who wants to marry that sort of a girl—a girl with all sorts of 'views.'"

Whether Annie would, according to habit, have acquiesced fully in what Charlie said on this point did not appear, for the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of guests.

It was never renewed, even when Annie and Charles were married, and one of the bridesmaids was Mary Baird. Time moved on, and two little sons came to gladden the old house, from which Grandpa Ware had moved