

### Drunkards Cured Secretly

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## TEMPERANCE TALK



### Mr. Mullins Warns the Moderate Drinker.

"I want to a Liquor Dealers' Conviction the other day, Dan, and ye ought to be laughin' at th' timprance people."

"What were they laughin' about?" "They didn't laugh at the real timprance folks—they're mad at thim—but at th' make-believe, composed of nine-tenths of the choorchmembers, yerself among th' noomers. The liquor dealers don't fear anything as long as th' choorch recognizes thim, an' nine-tenths of th' members around an' do nothin' but sigh an' roll up their eyes at th' terrible, necessary evil."

"All evils is necessary, Dan, as long as yer makin' somethin' out of thim, or if ye're afraid ye'll lose a little trade if ye come out strong agin thim." "There ye go again, Michael, hittin' at the choorchmembers."

"An' why shouldn't I? Haven't they th' power any day to sweep away th' liquor bizness entirely, entirely, if they wud all rise up together as wan mon? Ay coorse, they have; an' whin they don't do it, ut shows that they don't want to do it. Ut wud make a dog laugh, Dan!"

"Nearly every churchmember sets his face agin liquor, Mike Mullins, an' ye know it," retorted Mr. Stingly. "Too many set their mouths agin ut, Dan, an' turn their backs, whin ut comes to workin' agin th' biznis. Th' choorch 'ud settle ut in tin minutes if they wud all give a big kick—all together at wan toime."

"What makes you think th' church isn't doin' its best agin th' bizness?" "Why, joost look around here in this town," answered Mullins. "There's old Deacon Goldouger, th' banker; he says rutherin' because a lot of liquor min deposit in his bank. Old Seivedge, th' dry-goods mon, doesn't dare to open his mouth for fear he'll lose some trade. Th' newspapers, all run by pious choorchmembers, kape mum, not wishin' to lose th' advertisin'. An' so on, right down th' list."

"Why, even Deacon Buryall, th' undertaker, whin asked th' other day to sign a paper agin th' biznis, hermed an' hawed an' said to wait till next wake as Mister Highball, th' rich distiller, was lyin' at th' point of death, he wanted to get th' job of buryin' him."

"If it is legitimate, why isn't it all roight for th' liquor min to create an appetite for their goods? Th' old soaks are dyin' on ivery day, an' soon there'd be no biznis for th' saloonkaper at all, at all, if he didn't drum up new customers by teachin' th' risin' generation how to get drunk?"

"Th' saloonkaper thinks he's got to live, too, Dan, an' whin it come to constancy he's got th' choorchmembers skinned to death."

"No, Dan, nearly iverybody makes somethin', directly or indirectly, out of th' liquor biznis, an' so they're a little shy about stoppin' it."

"If everybody," said Mr. Stingly, anxious to change the line of argument, "would only drink moderately, like me, it wouldn't hurt 'em."

"Loike ye?" exclaimed Mullins. "Ha, ha! Excuse me fitters. Why, yer nose is pink already, an' in a year or two ye'll have a strawberry on th' end of ut. Trot wud win prizes at th' county fairs. Maybe ye don't relize ut, Dan, but ye're takin' twice as many drinks as ye used to, an' they're twice as big wans, too. I've been after noticin'. Ye have chronic alcoholism now, an' wan of these days all yer organs will give out to want and it'll be you to th' clim'ry."

"Do you really think so?" asked Mr. Stingly, in a tone of alarm. "Sure thing," answered Mullins. "Ut's th' stiddy, moderate drinker, not gets hurt th' worst. Ask anny docthor."

"I believe I'll quit for a year or so," said Mr. Stingly, earnestly. "Ye couldn't quit now fer three days, I'll bet tin dollars; an' wudn't lose annythin' if I lost—I'm makin' nothin' on yer big drinks, Dan!"

## BILIOUSNESS

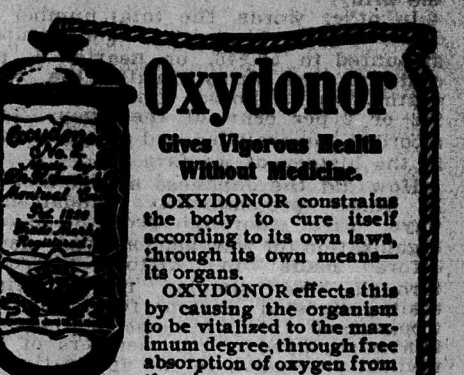
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