



### Temperance Department.

FRED AND HUGH; OR, RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

BY REV. C. M. LIVINGSTON.

"And so you've begun to reform, I hear," said Fred to his friend Hugh, as they took their seats in the car.

Fred was about drawing forth his cigar to retreat in to the smoking car.

"Well," he continued, "if a fellow can't control himself he ought to stop. I despise excess in anything. Four good cigars a day is my allowance."

"But I was satisfied with three," answered Hugh.

"Maybe, then, you preferred to use your money in some better way. As for me, however, I want to enjoy myself; and what's better than a good cigar for that purpose? However, I suppose one can lay up something by denying himself every luxury. How much have you saved already, Hugh, by cigar abstinence?"

"Five dollars," was the prompt reply.

"Whew!" came from the other. "Well," he added, "some can forego every pleasure for the sake of this making a little money."

"As for the 'little money,'" came from Hugh, "you can calculate it yourself," handing him a pencil and card at the same time.

And Fred with a sort of contemptuous air, began to figure up the cost of three good cigars daily, with now and then an extra, for five years, ten, twenty, forty, concluding with another "Whew!" Finding, to his surprise that the average smoker smokes up a snug home in time.

"However," he slowly commented, "it is a mere question, after all, of when one shall enjoy himself. I have it daily; you defer it. Isn't that the great difference?"

Slowly, calmly, earnestly came these words from Hugh:

"No true, thoughtful gentleman can find any pleasure in smoking. It was not to make money that I am an abstainer, though I'm satisfied I shall realize hundreds of dollars one way and another by it, but I was unwilling to be a nuisance one more day. Why I did not discover before how harmful my smoking habit was, I can't tell, unless my selfish indulgence, or the very intoxication of the weed, or the cloud of smoke around me benumbed my sense of the rights of others, or blunted my perception of the discomfort I was certainly giving them."

"Why you talk as if smokers were a small minority; whereas, who does not like his cigar now-a-days?"

"A multitude of children, to whom tobacco is sickening and a positive injury. And yet what gentlemanly (?) smoker ever asked a child the permission to 'puff' into his face."

"Children!" was the sneering reply, while the speaker bit nervously the end of his cigar. "As if one can't enjoy himself without asking the babies' permission."

"And you were never a baby, Fred, nor all the rest of us? But what if half the adults hate smoke, and would hail its extermination as an unspeakable blessing? The ladies, with rare exceptions, inwardly detest the smoke business, but they endure it often by force of politeness, declaring that they even enjoy it. I'm persuaded that mother and sisters have been most patient martyrs for years, because somehow they took it for granted that men must find their chief joy in this way, and it would have been fanatical and selfish in them to say us nay."

"This is not the smoking car," quietly observed a gentleman, at the same time touching Fred from behind, who had at length become so absorbed in the debate as to forget where he was, and actually light his cigar and begin to "enjoy himself."

"Beg pardon; please excuse me," hurried out Fred, blushing and nervously lifting the window and throwing his cigar out. "How could I have been so forgetful," stammered Fred; "never did such a thing before in my life."

"I should think you have," said the other, "repeatedly. I have. All smokers do. They may not do it on the railway train, as

you have done it, but what better is it if your smoke comes pouring in here from the smoking car, as it often does? Or through the street car, from your cigar, as you stand on the platform? Or on the steamboat deck? Or by these aside where so many resort for pure air? Or on the streets, or in the parks, and in a multitude of places where the non-smoker has quite as good a right as the smoker?"

"But you wouldn't allow a fellow to smoke at all," interrupted Fred, twitching another cigar out of his vest pocket and biting fiercely at one end and then the other; "I should call that fanaticism; just running the thing into the ground. I'm willing to listen to reason. If one don't want to smoke, let him stop: 'tis a free country; but no man shall interfere with my rights." And he turned a triumphant look upon Hugh, who quietly said:

"But you may interfere with the rights of thousands of children and ladies and gentlemen!"

"What on earth can you mean? Be reasonable, Hugh; what possible right does my cigar assail?" Whereat he suddenly lighted his cigar and gave one great puff at it, in a moment, however, to be reminded by the gentleman sitting behind him.

"My rights, sir, my rights and the rights of my family around me, who loathe tobacco in every form; and the rights of that sick lady, who is this moment suffering from a violent headache on account of the foul air pouring in here when the door opens, from the smoking car. I declare to you, young man," the speaker went on, "this whole smoke business is a nuisance, yes, a nuisance; an outrage upon the rights of the masses; the right to enjoy honest, fresh air. If you must smoke the filthy poison, go down to the pit, but do not try to rob men and women and children of their sacred right to breathe heaven's fresh air."

Poor Fred, now thoroughly ashamed of himself for lighting his cigar a second time in that car, though he was not conscious hardly what he was about, and stunned by the sudden and fierce onset of the gentleman behind him, tried to stammer out something about the world's being large enough for people who don't like tobacco to get off by themselves.

"Indeed," was the quick response, "and what if we should lay in a stock of—say, Limberger cheese, or mosquitos, or snuff, and for our amusement open them under your nose and say, 'If you don't like these good creatures you'd better retire. The world is large?'"

By this time Fred had sidled toward the door, and the car coming to a halt at a station, he slipped out of sight and disappeared within the cloud of tobacco smoke and throng in the next car.

"Thank you, young man," began the strange gentleman, as soon as the train was in motion. "We all owe you many thanks for your bold stand against this tobacco nuisance. Many a time I've just endured this offence because I've feared to say anything against it. But I know hundreds who suffer on rather than speak to so-called gentlemen who puff out their vile fumes, not seeming to care into whose faces they go. It's one of the seven mysteries to me how a true man can do this abominable thing in decent surroundings. I'm most heartily glad that one young man feels as I do about this filthy offence."

But the more the gentleman went on berating the smoke nuisance the more Hugh colored and was silent, remembering that the difference between Fred and himself was but a matter of a few months, previous to which he did the very same thing of which Fred was now guilty.

"It's seldom one gives up his cigar," resumed the stranger. "I'm told that the appetite is quite as strong as for liquor. Can't speak from experience; never had but a loathing for both. I suppose you had a fierce struggle before you gained the victory?"

"I guess I was shamed into a victory," almost whispered Hugh. "You see I was urged to teach a class of young girls in the Sabbath school, and so took my seat in their midst; but as there was considerable noise near, I was compelled to talk almost in the very faces of the girls. Well, we seemed to be getting on nicely, though I noticed that some of the scholars averted their faces when I made any very direct address, while others covered their noses. I thought it very singular that the superintendent never asked me to teach that class again; but it

leaked out that the whole class afterward came to him, begging that I be not sent to them again as they could not stand my tobacco breath. Then I was assigned to a class of boys. They soon found out my habit, and one of the brightest fellows among them appeared on the street with a cigarette in his mouth, quoting my example. In spite of it all I thought I could not give up my cigar. One day my pastor met me and we conversed for an hour in one of the public places. People were passing and repassing. I was smoking as usual and the fumes were rising in clouds about our heads. As we waxed warmer and warmer, I smoked the harder, frequently pouring a very tempest of smoke into his face, though I did not realize the outrage of it all till afterward, when I resolved never to smoke in public again, a resolve soon to be broken.

"One day I stood at the entrance of our city arcade. Multitudes were passing in and out; among them some of my Sunday-school class. I was smoking when whom should I see coming in the distance but my pastor, I had determined that he should never again see a cigar in my mouth. Unwilling to throw it away, I hid it in my pocket, thinking he would soon pass by and I could resume my favorite occupation. But he came straight up to me. He seemed to feel deeply for me that day, he had so much to say, when in the midst of a sentence he suddenly stopped and exclaimed:

"Why, Hugh, you are on fire!" Sure enough, my coat pocket was all ablaze from that cigar. A valuable coat was nearly ruined, and my pastor's hands were seriously burned before the flame was put out. You can hardly imagine my shame, however it seemed to be the climax of my disgrace. I prayed right there in my heart for deliverance. It came, thank God. He has helped me so far and—"

"He'll carry you through," almost shouted the now excited stranger, who had listened with the closest attention to Hugh's story.

"Take your appetite right to Him, young brother, it may come back with great power upon you. But remember his grace is sufficient; don't ever forget that, young brother; cast all your care upon him. I know what I say. Now, good-by, and God bless you and keep you."

And the train stopped; the stranger stepping off, was soon lost among the crowd, though not until he had turned a searching look upon a young man who stood on the platform with the stub of a cigar in his mouth. That was Fred.—*Church and Home.*

### ONE IN THREE.

It happened to me in early life to be in company, in the island of St. Vincent, West Indies, with a gentleman from Tobago, an island which had an evil notoriety for unhealthiness. I learned that it was the ordinary habit of the young men who constituted its principal white population to begin with drinking gangaree (madeira and water) in the morning; to proceed to madeira at lunch time; to take brandy and water in the afternoon; and to finish off with neat brandy at night. It did not surprise me to learn that on this system one in every three died annually; and that if a party met to dine (and drink) together, it was often summoned a few days afterward to meet at the funeral of one of the number. On the other hand, my late friend, Dr. Edmund Parkes—a man held in the highest esteem among us for the services he rendered to the hygiene of our army—informed me that having served in early life as Assistant Surgeon in India in a European regiment, of which about one-half were total abstainers and the other half very temperate men, this regiment enjoyed a remarkable immunity from cholera and fever when marching through a very pestilential country; whilst the regiment they were on their way to replace, while marching through the same country in the opposite direction, had a large number of men struck down. I was so impressed with this fact, that I traced out the medical reports of Dr. Parkes' regiment for several consecutive years; and found that its average of sickness and mortality was only about half of that of the other regiments in the Madras command, which was at that time the lowest of the three presidencies. (A great reduction has since been made in the mortality of the Bombay and Calcutta European troops, by the abolition of the allowance of arrack.)

The mode in which the habitual "moder-

ate" use of alcoholics exerts its injurious effects, I believe to be by obstructing the removal of the effete matter of the tissues; so that they tend, in advancing life, to become the subjects of fatty "degeneration." This is especially the case in the heart, liver, kidneys, and walls of the arteries; and the foundation is thus laid of a variety of diseases that are well known to be those specially of "advanced life."—*Dr. Carpenter.*

### THE BLUE RIBBON.

The Rev. Charles Garrett, President of the British Wesleyan Conference, says of the Blue Ribbon movement in England: "It is making marvellous progress. I can but wonder whereunto this thing will grow. Many of the foremost men in all the churches are wearing the ribbon. I meet it everywhere." William Noble, who is the founder of the Gospel Temperance work in England, indicated by this "ribbon of blue," and Francis Murphy who first tied it on ragged, dirty coats in America, are reaping rich harvests for God and home and native land. A Blue Ribbon Army has been formed in Switzerland to oppose the rapid increase of brandy-drinking. This habit has spread to an alarming extent of late years, and at the recent Health Congress at Geneva, a melancholy picture was drawn of the evil effects on the population. Owing to the scanty food the Swiss peasantry have recourse more and more to cheap and common brandy to supply the lack of strengthening nourishment, and where formerly bread and milk were the staple diet, potatoes and a weak solution of chickory, styled by courtesy coffee, are now consumed, and washed down by potato brandy. Many laborers take their brandy-flasks into the field, and the habit is gradually adopted even by the young children, who fade and grow weary-looking through constant use of the stimulant.

### BOYS AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. READE.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON VIII.—ALCOHOL AND THE HUMAN STOMACH.—*Continued.*

What is the color of the stomach in its natural condition?

The color of the stomach in its natural condition is like that of the blush on the cheek of a person in perfect health.

What constitutes the inner coating of the stomach?

The inner coating of the stomach is a delicate and highly sensitive membrane.

What gives it its sensitiveness and color? Its sensitiveness and color are caused by the presence of innumerable nerves and minute blood-vessels, which penetrate and interlace it completely.

How does the frequent use of a small quantity of alcohol affect the color and character of the stomach?

The frequent use of a small quantity of alcohol irritates the nerves, and causes the minute blood-vessels to become more distended and distinct.

Suppose the amount taken into the stomach is increased, what then is the effect?

Usually inflammation follows irritation, the stomach turns to a dark-red color, the blood-vessels are greatly enlarged; and there are both soreness and pain, with other sensations that cannot be described.

Suppose the drinking habit becomes fixed, and alcohol in considerable quantities is always found in the stomach, what is its condition?

The color of the stomach becomes a dark red; its surface is roughened; and ulceration is frequently caused.

Why is the stomach thus roughened or wrinkled?

Because alcohol has much the effect upon it that tanning has on animal skins.

And what is the end?

The poison thus unfits the membrane for its digestive work, and, ceasing entirely to perform its office, death ensues.

FRANCIS MURPHY, the temperance talker, is now in Scotland, and writes home that "the work goes on grandly" there. He expects to return to this country soon—possibly next month, certainly not later than May.