

COMPENSATION.

BY C. W. S.

The Rummies, fearing they're about
To lose their occupation,
Break forth in a united shout:
"We must have compensation!"

They, having filled the land with gloom,
And strife, and desolation,
With crime, and woe, and death, pre-
To sue for compensation. [some]

When they have wrecked ten thousand
Spread want and devastation, [homes
Turned households into living tombs,
They ask for compensation.

When they've consigned a million slaves
To hopeless degradation,
Or swept them to untimely graves,
They call for compensation.

No poison vendor long shall wait.
For his consideration,
Recurring justice soon, or late,
Will mete out compensation.

Full soon, alas! the time will come,
When Heaven's swift dispensation,
Shall measure to the fiends of rum
Unstinted compensation.

Lord pity them ere they shall sink
To self imposed damnation!
To meet the hosts they've slain by drink,
Where crime reaps compensation.

O, let them pause and meditate
God's stern denunciation
Of those who cause the drunkard's fate,
And merit compensation.

The Judge will sum up every glass,
In fearful augmentation,
And not one proffered dram shall pass
Without full compensation.

Compensation requested is a flag of
truce from the discouraged defenders
of the fortress of rum and ruin begging
for terms of capitulation. Send it back
with the firm demand for uncondi-
tional surrender! Britons never parley
with pirates.

DO SOMETHING TO STOP IT.

Common sense tells us that when we
would arrest an evil, we can do it with
least expenditure of energy by stopping
the stream at its source. The reforma-
tion of one individual is worth any
effort, but all humanity may profit if
we attack, instead, the evil which has
wrought his downfall. At the national
meeting of the Woman's Christian
Union, Philadelphia, one of the mem-
bers told the story of an unhappy
mother, a wealthy woman, who wished
to send a message to her son in prison.
Said the speaker:

She handed me a picture and told me
to show it to him.
I said, "This is not your picture!"
"Yes," she said, "that is mine before
he went to prison; and here is one
taken after I had had five years of
waiting for Charley."
I went with those two pictures to the
prison. I called at an inopportune
time. He was in the dark cell. The
keeper said that he had been in there
twenty-four hours; but, in answer to
pleadings, he went down into that
dark cell, and the man announced a
lady as from his mother. There was
no reply.

"Let me step in," I said, and I did so.
There was just a single plank from
one end to the other, and that was all
the furniture; and there the boy from
Yale College sat.

Said I, "Charley, I am a stranger to
you, but I have come from your mo-
ther, and I shall have to go back and
tell her that you did not want to hear
from her."

"Don't mention my mother's name
here," he said. "I will do anything if
you will go." As he walked along the
cell I noticed that he reeled.

Said I, "What is the matter?"
He said he hadn't eaten anything in
twenty-four hours.

They brought him something, and I
sat down by him and held the tin plate
on which was some coarse brown bread
without any butter, and I think, a tin
cup of coffee. By-and-by, as we talked,
I pressed into his hand his mother's
picture; and he looked at it and said:
"That is my mother. I always said
she was the handsomest woman in the
world."

He pressed it and held it in his hands,
and I slipped the other picture over it.
"Who is that?" he asked.

"That is your mother."
"That my mother?"

"Yes, that is the mother of the boy
I found in a dark cell, after she had
been waiting five years to see him."

"O God," he cried, "I have done it!"
No, it is the liquor traffic that has done
it. "Why don't you do something to
stop it?"—*Christian Mirror.*

STORY OF JO. MORGAN.

A SAD SCENE FROM REAL LIFE

But a few months ago the public
prints recorded the suicide in T—of
poor "Jo Morgan." A short time be-
fore her death she had been arrested
for stealing a solitaire diamond ring,
valued at sixteen hundred dollars. She
sent for me. I visited her in her cell in
prison, and there saw a young and
once beautiful woman, well educated
showing the evidence of former culti-
vation and refinement, and a mind
more than ordinarily intellectual. She
told me her sad story. Married when
very young to the object of her first
love, she lived happily with him for
a number of years. His business pros-
pered and everything seemed to prom-
ise a life of happiness and love. But
in an evil hour the tempter came to
him in the wine cup. The opportunity
for indulgence was ever present in the
licensed saloon and drinking resort so
common in our large cities. He fol-
lowed the footsteps of the tempter.
He trod the path so many had trodden
before. Financial ruin came upon him,
and he became a besotted drunkard,
loathsome and disgusting to all who
knew him. Poor Jo clung to him in his
degradation, and made every effort to
reclaim him. She was an orphan and
had no other home to go to, and was
compelled to live with a drunken and
brutal husband and submit to his cur-
sels and blows, until life became bur-
densome. All this time "hope told a
flattering tale." She thought her
husband might yet reform, until at
last he, her husband, tried to persuade
and even to compel her to live a life
of shame, that he might spend the
wages of her sin in strong drink. Then
she fled from his hated presence a
homeless wanderer, a waif of the sea
of humanity.

For some time she tried to support
herself with her needle, but raised and
educated as she had been in a fash-
ionable boarding-school, she could do
nothing to even supply herself with
bread. She struggled with famine for
a number of months. Then the tempter
came to her. She could exchange want,
penury, and starvation for luxury and
ease—and she fell.

"Fell like the snow-flake, from heaven
to hell,
Fell, to be tramped as the filth of the
street;
Fell, to be scoffed at, to be spit on and
beat.

Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreaming to die,
Selling her soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the
dead—

Merciful God! had she fallen so low!
And yet once she was pure as the
beautiful snow!"

The sequel of her fate is generally
known. Although I succeeded in
obtaining a verdict of acquittal, yet
distracted and heart-broken, she went
from prison to die by her own hand, a
victim of the accursed traffic in rum.
But she died protesting her innocence
of the theft, and now in a lone grave
in a desolate burying-ground in the
country, sleep the remains of poor
Josephine Morgan, although that, I
believe, was not her real name. Let us
be charitable to her memory.

"Think gently of the erring; for ye
know not all the power
With which the dark temptations came
in some unguarded hour;
Ye know not how earnestly she strug-
gled, nor how well
Until the hour of darkness came, and
struggling thus, she fell."

—Selected.

THE GREAT ENEMY TO LABOR.

The labor question is one of the vexed
problems of the hour. Much breath
and much ink has already been ex-
pended upon that subject, and yet the
solution seems as far away as ever.
Capital is not the enemy of labor;
without capital labor could not find
employment. The liquor traffic is the
great enemy to labor. It steals the
workman's brains, robs him of his hard-
earned wages, and keeps him poor and
degraded.

The rum-seller sits behind his bar,
like some great, fat spider in his web,
and draws in the deluded victims of
strong drink. In towns and cities,
where factories most abound, the work-
man must often pass by scores of
drinking places upon his way to labor,
unless he has no tendency to indulge
in drinking habits, he stands but small
chance. If this abominable traffic were
only out of the way, the labor problem

would soon meet with a peaceful solu-
tion. The state should protect labor
from this great foe.

Not only is the rum traffic an enemy
to labor, but to business and to every
honest and honorable pursuit. Yet
this common enemy of mankind we
license, encourage and protect. Like
the Spartan boy, we carry the fox in
our bosom, that is gnawing upon our
very vitals. How long this state of
affairs will continue depends upon our-
selves. It will continue as long as we
elect men to office and keep parties in
power that are in sympathy with the
liquor business. If the workingmen of
our country would only boycott the
saloons and boycott all the politicians
and parties that uphold them, all the
difficulty between capital and labor
would soon be adjusted and a prosper-
ity would come to our country exceed-
ing anything that we have as yet
enjoyed.—*Rev. J. S. Gilbert, A. M., in
The AVIth Amendment.*

STIMULANTS IN OLD AGE.

The question as to the utility of
stimulants in old age present itself for
consideration here. Ought spirituous
liquors to form a part of the dietary
of the aged? Does their use in what is
called moderation tend to prolong life?
While not denying the fact that many
who have employed alcoholic drinks
moderately have attained to great age,
there can be no doubt that many who
have been total abstainers have lived
to a great age also, and the longest
period of human existence is perfectly
compatible with complete abstinence
from intoxicating liquors. The best
beverage is undoubtedly water, and
they who use nothing else are more
likely to attain to a ripe old age than
if they had used alcohol in any of its
various forms. The popular idea that
alcohol is necessary for the aged to
promote heat is one that is perfectly
erroneous, inasmuch as the principal
action of this agent is to lower, not to
raise, the bodily temperature. More-
over, the state of the vascular system
at this period of life must never be for-
gotten, and anything that causes the
heart's work to be increased may be
fraught with danger at this time. It
is impossible to evade the conclusion
that old age will be more likely to be
prolonged, and that health will be
maintained longer in a state of sound-
ness without than with the use of
alcoholic drinks in any form.—*The
Family Doctor.*

HISTORY OF A DISTILLERY.

What if the history of a distillery
could be written out?—so much rum
for medicine of real value, so much for
the arts of real value—that would be
one drop, I suppose, taken out and
shaken from the distillery. Then so
much rum sold to the Indians, to excite
them to scalp one another; so much
sent to the Africans to be changed into
slaves to rot in Cuba and Brazil; so
much sent to the heathens in Asia,
and to the islands of the ocean; and so
much used at home. Then, if the tale
of every drop could be written out,—
so much pain, so much redness of eyes,
so much diminution of productive
power in man; so many houses burned,
ships foundered, and railway trains
dashed to pieces; so many lives lost;
so many widows made—doubly widows,
because their husbands still live; so
many orphans—their fathers yet liv-
ing, lying upon the earth—what
a tale it would be! Imagine that all
the persons who had suffered from tor-
ments engendered on that plague spot
came together, and sat on the ridge
pole and roof, and filled up the large
hall of that distillery, and occupied the
streets and lanes all about it, and there
told tales of drunkenness, robbery, un-
chastity, murder, written on their faces
and foreheads. Would not such a spec-
tacle be stranger than fiction?—*Parker.*

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