

## Tales and Sketches.

## LIKE CURES LIKE.

"Halloo, Tom!"

"Is that you, Joe! I haven't seen you for a long time." Joe was returning home with his tools hung over his back. Tom was walking towards the town with a clock under his arm. Their paths lay together, so they walked on.

"Where are you going, Tom?"

"On a bit of an errand for my missus."

"What, the timepiece won't go?"

"Well, not exactly that." After a few minutes' silence,

"Tom," said Joe earnestly.

"Well, speak on, man."

"Maybe I shall offend you if I do. But I was going to say, you're not going to 'The Golden Balls' with your clock, are you?"

"What if I am?" said Tom, trying to laugh; "It will make the tenth pledge ticket for my missus to hide up, so careful as she does, on the mantelpiece; and then she says to me, 'Tom,' says she, 'the house gets bare as the pledges do increase, and then there's the interest on 'em too.' But," says I, 'what's a man to do? the wages is low, and the food's dear, and if the two ends won't meet, why they won't, that's all.'"

"Aye, my wife and yours would tell a different story," said Joe. "I pledged something once; my missus did say it was the best thing in the house, too, though I don't know for that, but this I know, she cried for joy when she saw the pledge ticket—and, best of all, there was no interest to pay. Somehow it has paid me interest each week since, so that we've got along quite handsome like."

"Here's fine talk; none of your jokes, Joe."

"It's no joke at all, Tom, but sober earnest, every word, and if you like, I'll explain. I needn't tell you, Tom, that I knew the inside of the 'White Lion' once as well as ever you did."

"That's true, and a fine fellow you were for a song, too: we've missed you this long time."

"It's not been a 'miss' but a 'find' to me," said Joe, laughing—"a silver mine nigh at hand—even in my own pocket. But to explain; I was looking over some old books one day outside Bean's shop, and took up one that seemed to me medical like; 'so,' thinks I, 'I don't care for you,' but just as I was shutting of it up I saw these words, 'Like cures Like.' 'That's odd,' thinks I; 'like do cure like,' whatever do it mean? Well, then, these words stuck to me, and I turned them over and over in my mind, but no meaning like seemed to come out of them. Well, one day in comes our tract distributor—'Oh, Bridge,' says she, 'are you in? I'm so glad to find you at home,' and then talked to me a bit very pleasant like, and presently she remarked a picture over the chimney, and said how pretty it was. 'That belonged to my mother's mother,' said I, 'and I thought never to part with it.'"

"And I hope you never will," says she.

"Says I, 'It's what I shall have to afore night.'"

"Oh I'm so sorry," says she, 'are you obliged to pledge it? Can nothing be done to save it?'

"Not as I know," says I. She looked a bit smiling and said, 'I think I know what would. Some doctors say, 'Like cures like,' and I think there's some truth in it. What will you say if I suggest a pledge for a remedy? The total abstinence for the pawnbroker's pledge.'"

"Well, with that it came down upon me like thunder that there was the meaning of 'Like cures like.' 'I'll try it,' says I, 'that I will,' and with that if I didn't hear my wife whisper, 'Thank God.'"

"Then my remedy will be too late next week," says she.

"Well, it's coming down pretty sharp upon me to do it all of a moment though."

"I don't wish to hurry you," says she, 'only it seems to me your choice will be to-night between whether you will pledge yourself or your picture; on the one pledge you'll be paid interest, namely, the weekly amount of your hard earnings with which you now help to make the publican rich. On the other you must pay.'"

"It's true, as I'm alive," says I, 'and I'd sign this very minute if I could.'"

"You can," says she, laying down the paper before me, with these words—"I hereby promise, by the grace of God, to abstain totally from all intoxicating liquors."

"And with that I took and signed it."

"And now, says she, 'let us kneel down and ask the Lord Jesus Christ to put His seal upon it and strengthen you never to break it.'"

"And," added Joe in a reverent voice, "I bless God, though that was my first prayer it hasn't been my last. When a man has the drink in him he can't pray."

"Joe," said Tom, suddenly standing still and turning round, "I'll go back. I'll not pledge this clock—it's the wrong thing. It's myself I'll pledge and save my clock, that I will."

"Bravo, friend," said Joe, grasping his hand.

"Come along home with me," said Tom; "come and write out for me what you have signed, that I may sign it too, and hear my wife say, 'Thank God.'"

And so she did; and from that day the pledge tickets began to disappear, and the furniture to reappear, and the bare room looked home-like again.

And Joe and Tom, now fast friends, were often seen together talking earnestly to a brother workman, and the burden of their talk was—"Like cures like."—*Temperance Record*.

JOHN B. FINCH.

The following brief but most interesting biographical sketch of Hon. John B. Finch, the newly elected chairman of the National Prohibition Committee, is from the columns of the *Washington Record*. Mr. Finch is personally known by thousands of our readers, as the logical and eloquent advocate of Constitutional Prohibition, and they will doubtless be gratified to know something of his early personal history. He was born in the western part of the State of New York in 1852, and is consequently but a little more than 31 years old—the youngest Templar, according to the *San Francisco Rescue*, ever placed at the head of the Order. His father was an American, his mother French. He received a classical and legal education, and at one time was principal of Union School, Smyrna, N.Y. He was admitted to the bar as attorney and counsellor-at-law at the age of 24. In 1876 he married Miss Frances E. Manchester, of McGrawville, New York, a refined and accomplished young lady. In April, 1877, he visited Buffalo, N.Y., and in three weeks lifted the Reform Club out of debt and added many new members. In the fall of the same year he went to Nebraska, entered the field, leading the red-ribbon movement with the "iron-clad pledge." Over one hundred thousand took the pledge inside of twelve months. In the fall of 1878 he began work in Omaha, lecturing sixty-two nights in succession. Fourteen thousand persons signed the pledge; six Good Templar lodges, three Red Ribbon Clubs, and one Temple of Honor were the grand results of his labors. During his stay in Omaha he addressed the Senate and House of Nebraska by request of a joint resolution of both Houses. He was a delegate to the R.W.G.L. at Minnesota in 1878, and again at Detroit in 1879. He was elected Grand Worthy Counsellor of Nebraska in 1878, and his wife was elected Chief Superintendent of Juvenile Templars at the same time. In 1880 he was elected G.W.C.T. of Nebraska, and in May last head of the R.W.G.L. of the world.—*St. Louis Life*.

## SATURDAY NIGHT IN LONDON.

Saturday night the public houses and gin palaces take in one-fourth of the daily earnings of the denizens of the slums for a week. Enter the public houses and you will see them crammed. Here are artisans and laborers drinking away wages that ought to clothe the little ones. Here are women squandering money that would purchase food, for the lack of which their children are dying. One group rivets the eye of an observer at once. It consists of an old gray-haired dame, a woman of forty and a girl of about nineteen, with a baby in her arms. All these are in a state best described as "maudlin." They have finished one lot of gin, and the youngest woman is ordering another round. It is a great-grandmother, grandmother, and a mother and her baby—four generations together—and they are all dirty, disheveled and drunk, except the baby, and even that poor little mite may have its first taste of alcohol presently. It is no uncommon sight in those places to see a mother wet a baby's lips with gin and water. The process is called "giving the young 'un a taste," and the baby's father will look on sometimes and enjoy the joke immensely. But the time to see the result of a Saturday night's heavy drinking in a low neighborhood is after the houses are closed. Then you meet dozens of poor wretches reeling home to their miserable dens. Some of them roll across the roadway and fall, cutting themselves till the blood flows. Every penny, in some instances, has gone for drink. One dilapidated, ragged wretch I met last Saturday night was gnawing a baked potato. By his side stood a thinly clad woman, bearing a baby in her arms, and in hideous language she reproached him for his selfishness, she had brought him out of a public house with his last halfpenny in his pocket.

With the halfpenny he had bought the potato, which he had refused to share with her. At every corner the police are ordering or coaxing men or women to "move on." Between 12 and 1 it is a long procession of drunken men and women, and the most drunken seem to be those whose outward appearance betokens the most abject poverty. Turn out of the main thoroughfare and into the dimly lighted back streets, and you come upon scene after scene, to the grotesque horrors of which only the pencil of a Dore could do justice. Women, with hideous, distorted faces are rolling from side to side, shrieking aloud snatches of popular songs, plentifully interlarded with the vilest expressions. Men as drunk as themselves meet