

A city marshal was shot dead in Dakota last month by a liquor dealer resisting an attempt to close his place at midnight. Lawlessness and recklessness are becoming more and more prominent characteristics of the liquor traffic and this is a good sign in a bad situation. The decent men got out of the traffic some time ago. The semi-decent people followed them. The class remaining in the business can not have many friends, and will be disposed of by and by as a nuisance.—*The Chautauquan*.

Already the liquor-dealers are claiming that prohibition doesn't prohibit in Iowa, and yet they are so dissatisfied with this non-prohibiting prohibitory law, that they are doing their utmost to have it declared unconstitutional. Oh, Consistency! Thy name is not saloon-keeper.—*Ex.*

Greeley, Colo., founded under strict temperance principles, has been a success from the hour of its planting. No liquor can be obtained in the town, unless sold by a druggist on a physician's certificate. Should any land holder violate the provisions of the clause contained in the deed; it works a forfeiture to his ownership. With a population of 2,500 the town has no paupers, city jail, police magistrate or poor house, but they do have three newspapers, six churches and a school house which cost over \$30,000.—*Morning and day of Reform*.

Iowa.—The general freight agents of railroads in Iowa have issued a general order to agents not to receive any liquors for transport to any place in the State, unless the import is authorized by certificate of the board of supervisors at its destination. The druggists of Marshall County have organized and unanimously decided not to sell any liquors even on a physician's prescription. Those are respectable druggists and gentlemen; their decision will be a boon to the patients of the doctors who prescribe such deadly blood-poison.—*Patriot*.

Georgia has 55 counties where the sale of liquor is entirely prohibited either by the vote of the people, by act of the legislature, by a prohibitive license of \$5,000 or \$10,000 or by the refusal of the authorities to grant license. 32 counties are under prohibition in a portion of their townships. In 11 counties a license vote has gained the day, and in 39 more there has been no attempt at legislation so far. Generally the people of the liberated counties are pleased with their freedom from the curse.

Let there be an entire abstinence from intoxicating drinks throughout the country during the period of a single generation, and a mob would be as impossible as combustion without oxygen.—*Horace Mann*.

But a few years ago there was no temperance organization in China. Now a temperance hotel is advertised in Hong Kong, and at Shangai there is a lodge of Good Templars, and a good able temperance paper, published weekly, called the *Temperance Union*.

Call me what you will, I hate alcohol, and I pray God to give me an everlasting-increasing capacity to hate with burning hatred any agency under heaven that can enslave, inebriate, and take away the best part of a man's life, and give him nothing but an awful, black, and fearful recollection to pay for it.—*Gough*.

DANGER.—A new peril for beer-drinkers has been discovered. The New York Times reports that Dr. Cyrus Edson, Chief of the Second Division of the Board of Health of this city, recently made an examination of a brass beer-faucet which he had seized for sanitary investigation. Upon bisecting it longitudinally, he found that "it was literally coated inside with verdigris—*enough to kill a dozen men!*" It is expected, says the Times, that the Board of Health will "take action upon it, and, if necessary, prohibit the sale of beer through such faucets." The alcohol in the beer is, however, quite as dangerous a poison as the verdigris. An effective and wise safeguard against both the alcohol and the verdigris would be to prohibit the sale of beer through any kind of a faucet.—*National Temperance Advocate*.

YOUR HOME MAY BE NEXT.—A mother with an infant in her arms came to the second story window of her home to see if her

husband was coming. A policeman, whose brain was crazed with rum, was passing on the opposite side of the street. He drew his revolver and fired it carelessly. The mother fell dead, and in falling crushed to death the child. The husband returned to his home and found his wife and child dead, and his two other children deprived of a mother's care. A pint of rum did it. That which happened in Washington might happen any day in any of the towns in New Hampshire where there is a drink house. No one knows who will be the next victim of a rum-crazed man. You had better help us close the drink-houses.—*Ex.*

MEN WANTED.—The great want of this age is men. Men who are not for sale. Men who are honest; sound from centre to circumference, true to the heart's core. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe; in themselves as well as others. Men whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole. Men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels. Men who can tell the truth and look the world and the devil right in the eye. Men that neither brag nor run. Men that neither flag nor flinch. Men who can have courage without shouting to it. Men in whom the courage of everlasting life runs still, deep, and strong. Men too large for sectarian bonds. Men who do not cry nor cause their voices to be heard on the streets, but who will not fail nor be discouraged till judgment be set in the earth. Men who know their message and tell it. Men who know their places and fill them. Men who mind their own business. Men who will not lie. Men who are not too lazy to work, nor too proud to be poor. Men who are willing to eat what they have earned, and wear what they have paid for.—*Southern Home Journal*.

A PRIZE FIGHTER.—Probably as good a temperance lecture as was ever delivered was that spoken by Sullivan, the prize-fighter, to an audience in New York the other night. He did not say much, and what he did say was with flushed face, unsteady step, and thick tongue. What he said in words was little, and was merely that he was "dead sick," and could not spar. What he said by his action was this: "Here I am, the most perfect physical specimen of my race. I am so strong that I can knock anybody insensible with one blow, and I am not afraid when in my right condition to stand before

A SAMARITAN.—A certain man journeyed from the cradle to the grave; he fell among saloon-keepers, who took his money, ruined his name, destroyed his reason, and then turned him into the street. A moderate drinker passed by, looked on him and said, "Served him right; he is a fool to get drunk." A politician voter also passing, looking on him and said, "The brute! He is not fit to live; he is a disgrace to his family." But a fanatic, so-called, seeing him, had compassion, raised him up, assisted him to his home, administered to the wants of himself and family, got him to sign the pledge, pointed him to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," and left him in comfort and happiness. Who, think you, was the greater friend of humanity, the saloon-keeper, the moderate drinker, the politician, or the fanatic?—*Broudaxe*.

THE SCHOOL HOUSE AND THE SALOON.—In the campaign in Iowa, when the people there were working for a constitutional amendment which should for ever prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, they adopted for their watch-word or war-cry the words of Lieut. nant-Governor Manning:—"A school-house on every hill-top and no saloon in the valley." Both are educators—the school teachers, the boys and girls, what they should know and fits them to become wise men and women. The saloon educates also, but in a far different way. It teaches vice only; no lessons are learned there which will make a boy grow up industrious, wise, pure, and peaceable. We all know that is not the object of the saloon. It debases, and does not lift up. God speed the day when schools shall take the place of the numerous saloons!

"When we've a school on every hill  
No dram-shops in the valleys,  
Our streets shall then with commerce thrill,  
No murderers haunt our alleys,  
The home at night shall dim the light,  
All fear of danger scorning,  
For there shall be no drunken tramp  
To burn it ere the morning."

—*The Banner*.