

A Winter Gale at Boon Island.

BY GEORGE S. WASSON.

and to bow themselves down to them and serve them by leading the rum seller to sell himself for gold. Some liquor men are naturally pretty decent fellows. Some of the liquor dealers of this city are connected with some of the best religious families of the community. And here are these men, the children of many privileges, down and serving a graven image, being led to do it by the liquor traffic. And what is the image? It is the image that was graven on the die that stamps out the golden eagle.

The liquor traffic leads men to sell damnation to their neighbor's children; to become themselves social outcasts; to engage in a calling that brings the blush of shame to their wives, their children, their sisters, their mothers and their friends, whenever it is mentioned, because they can make money by it.

You merchants, who are trying to make an honest living selling honest goods, who fall in line on election day and follow the saloon keeper up to city hall and vote for license you won't believe me, but I tell you as I would tell my best friends, as I would tell my brothers, that you are being hood-winked! You are being blind-folded! You let them take a few dollars worth of trade and wrap it around your eyes, and then let them intercept the ready cash that would otherwise flow into your pockets! There would be liquor sold under no license, but the amount would be easily cut in two, and I tell you again, the present enormous and increasing drain is greater than you, and our little town, can stand.

Yes, the liquor man worships the golden image; and that's all he does worship; and he bows down so low, and he serves his god so thoroughly that the golden image, and the silver image, and the nickle image, congregate in his till.

"But the Lord thy God is a jealous God visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation!" Let those who worship the golden image beware! They must reckon with God one day and the average saloon keeper's life is short!"

3. Because profanity and obscenity and perjury go hand in hand, and dance and howl with the liquor traffic every where, I charge it with breaking the third commandment, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

4. Because the liquor traffic violates the Sabbath laws not only of men, but of God, the laws of the Bible and the laws of the city, here and else where, I charge the liquor traffic with violating the fourth commandment: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

5. Because it is well known that the liquor traffic causes sons to disobey their father's commands, to trample on their mother's hearts, and to bring down the parent's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, I charge the liquor traffic with violating the 5th command: "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

6. Because a large proportion of the increasing number of murders that are being committed, year by year, in our country are traceable directly to the influence of intoxication, I charge the liquor traffic with the violation of the sixth commandment, "Thou shalt not kill."

7. Because the house of ill fame in the great cities, and the lustful disposition everywhere, go with the saloon, I charge the liquor traffic with the violation of the 7th commandment, "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

8. Because the saloons are notoriously the nesting places of burglars and thieves; because the saloon keeper frequently robs the man who becomes too drunk to know enough to count his change; because gambling is held by the law to be a species of stealing, and because I am informed that even in our saloons gambling and gambling devices are working the same under the new administration as under the old; I charge that the liquor traffic is guilty of the violation of the eight command, "Thou shalt not steal."

9. Because whatever attempts are made to bring the liquor traffic to court to answer for its crimes, it succeeds by bribery, by intimidation and by personal friendship, in teaching men to swear falsely I charge the liquor traffic with the violation of the ninth commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

10. Because in in some places, saloons have fitted up play rooms with rocking-horses, toys and pictures for the children to play in, that they may get them under their control; because it is a fact that saloon-keepers have had candy drops made containing alcohol and peddled them out to little children for the express purpose of giving them the taste for liquor; because not long ago, in a saloon-keeper's convention a member arose and said "My friends, the old drunkards are dying off; we must begin with the boys. Be generous with them; invite them in, give them free drinks, when they will take them; cultivate the taste, cents given out in this way will bring you dollars by and bye; because a saloonkeeper in this city told me when I asked him to sign a petition for a public reading room that he wouldn't do it because it would only keep the boys out of his saloon; I charge that the liquor traffic breaks the tenth commandment for it "covets" not only the neighbors house, farm, ox and ass, but it covets his precious boy and would for the sake of a graven image, damn him in a drunkard's grave.

Muscataine, Ia.

Lying low in the water and directly in the track of coastwise vessels, Boon Island has been the scene of many wrecks, and no doubt will be the scene of many more, in spite of its lofty light-tower and warning bell. It is but nine miles from Cape Nedrick, the nearest bit of mainland; but Kittery Point, twelve miles away, lying at the mouth of the Piscataqua River, which here separates Maine from New Hampshire, is commonly the point of embarkation for Boon Island, because it has a good harbor.

Little lapstreak boats, carrying two spritsails, and so light that they can be immediately hauled out of water and secured on reaching the island, constitute a line of packets in which it behooves the mariner to watch his chances sharply, and the Boon Island mail is, in the winter especially, decidedly irregular.

Besides the light-tower, there are the keeper's dwelling a storehouse and an oil-house, all built of massive granite blocks. On the oil-house is a belfry of heavy timber, which supports the fog-bell, and between them all extend thick plank walks, bridging the hollows among the rocks, to which they are bolted as securely as possible. Stout lines of Manila rope afford further aid to passage about the place in darkness and storm.

Each spring boxes of earth are brought in the boats from the mainland, and tiny flower-beds are arranged in convenient crevices about the house, only to be regularly swept away by the seas of the winter gales which often sweep away also the plank walks and the fish-flakes and lobster-pots of the keepers.

At low tide Boon Island may perhaps cover an area of three acres, but at high water, even at common neap tides, the ocean overflows a great part of the island. At spring-tides and in severe storms the water extends over the whole territory up to the very foundations of the tower and buildings. On one memorable night old Neptune knocked upon the front door of the keeper's dwelling with such vigor that it gave way before him, and the whole lower floor was flooded as the great seas made a complete breach over the island. In anticipation of another such visit, the door was replaced by a much more substantial one.

But against the most uncanny and dangerous feature of great storms it seems impossible to guard. Immense boulders many tons in weight are often rolled up from the ocean's depth by the onrushing seas, and although sometimes broken, are frequently hus'ed clear across the island, or left lodged in some gully among the rocks. There they remain, it may be, for years as monuments to the power of the waves, but sooner or later they are sure to be again seized by some more powerful sea, and thrown skipping over the ledges into the water. During the progress of this titanic game of marbles the concussion are at times terrible, and the paths of the hurried boulders are easily to be traced by scarred and splintered ledges.

A short time previous to the gale of January 31, 1898, the assistant keeper of the light took to himself a young wife from an inland town, and having stowed his effects on a tugboat at Kittery Point, awaited a favorable chance for moving out and setting up house-keeping on the desolate bunch of low-lying rocks. The first attempt at landing was futile, on account of undertow breaking round the island; but after a few days of waiting, the young couple and their goods were safely deposited on the salt-encrusted ledges of their new home.

Scarcely were they comfortably "settled down," however, before the wind backed into the northeast, and with thick snow the now famous storm began. All day it steadily increased in fury, till, as night shut in, every cubic foot was quivering under the portentous blows of the sea. Urged down the coast by the furious nor'easter, the flood-tide quickly rose; and each great comber rushed with deafening roar a foot or two higher among the rocks than its predecessors. The tower and buildings were thickly incased in ice from the flying spray. Sharp, crackling reports and a peculiar jarring of the house gave warning that the terrible play of the boulders had begun in good earnest yet early in the night, sounds which, although familiar enough to the veteran keeper and his assistants, were appallingly strange to the plucky little bride.

Heavier and heavier grew the concussions as the ever-increasing seas tumbled upon the jagged shore; nearer and nearer came that close-following rush of roaring waters as their crests were hurled yet higher among the rocks, until, round the tightly fitting, barricaded door of the house, little by little, the icy brine began to work in, and to creep steadily in long, glistening rivulets across the floors.

Soon amid the din was heard the splintering crash of breaking timbers for the first section of the heavy plank walk had been reached by the breakers, and torn from its bolting among the rocks. Meantime the ice upon the buildings was increasing much more rapidly than the inmates knew. Mopping up and sweeping away the constantly increasing streams of water which now squirted round and under the door at every thud of the sea against it, and looking after the safety of such household articles as might be most injured in case it gave way, as the old one had done, they suddenly became aware of an overpowering smell of gas from the stoves. Investigation

soon convinced them that the ice coating outside had actually risen to the chimneys of the house, and that all three were effectually frozen up. It was necessary to put out the fires at once, and so to this night's misery and fear was added the hardship of a cold house filled with gas.

As the tide receded, the sea gradually ceased dashing against the building. Daylight revealed an astonishing scene. The light-tower, from its base to the lantern, one hundred and thirty-three feet above the sea-level was entirely covered with ice, as were also the other buildings to the depth of sixteen inches on their most exposed sides, excepting a fringe some three feet in width round the base of each, where the rushing waters had prevented ice forming.

Scattered about the island in all directions lay a fresh crop of boulders, both great and small, and almost against the oil-house were the fragment of a twenty-ton fellow that had, since his appearance from the sea eight years before, never been budged.

In the oil-house belfry, twenty feet above the ground, was the great fog-bell turned upside down, and filled with ice. Moreover, the whole belfry was so clogged with the frozen brine that several hours' work was necessary to get the bell again in ringing order.

In the keeper's house no fires were possible until noon. Those on duty in the lighthouse reported that at times its oscillations were most alarming, and that a lantern suspended in their little "sky parlor" swung to and fro continually.

Taken altogether, it is safe to surmise that heavy gales furnish excitement enough to offset many weeks of the ordinarily monotonous life at Boon Island.—Youth's Companion.

The Duty of Sleep.

The sleeping-room is nature's repair shop, the place of recuperation and renovation. There are persons who sometimes tell us that some great man, such as Napoleon Bonaparte, only slept four or five hours in twenty-four. But Napoleon Bonaparte is a very poor example to follow. His restless spirit kept the world in an uproar, a good share of his life, he was broken in health some time previous to his defeat in battle, and finally, fretted and chafed in his captivity, he died, aged fifty-three, before he had reached the allotted age of man.

If a woman would last, she must rest. If she would make her life calm and strong, glad and useful, she should have abundant sleep, and to obtain it she should avoid late hours and especially stimulants. The woman who takes anything to keep herself awake is making a great mistake, and preparing herself for future troubles. A woman who keeps awake with stimulants now will be trying to put herself to sleep with chloral by and by.

One of the great hindrances to sleep is a restless anxiety about things to come. There is so much to be done that some mothers feel they can hardly take time to sleep; but six, seven, or eight hours of good, solid sleep, begun at ten or eleven o'clock at night, is much better preparation for a hard day's work than any amount of midnight toil or restless tossing upon the bed in the watches of the night. Be sure of this, that unless nature's method of recuperation for wasted energies and exhausted nerves is regularly followed, the penalty exacted will be terrible. It is next to impossible for a mother of even a small family, with all its demands on mind and body to do her duty faithfully without a due share of calm, refreshing sleep.

It is a matter of duty for persons who fear God and serve him to see to it that they have their sleep. They must not be cheated out of it, they must not be harnessed until sleep forsakes their eyes; they must rather bid their cares depart, and commit soul and body, mind and estate, friends and foes, to the care of a loving Father. They must make it their business to sleep.

There is nothing more favorable to beautiful slumber than the peace of God which passeth understanding. With that peace we can lay ourselves down and sleep, and awake because the Lord sustains it. And we can prove how vain it is for people to rise up early and sit up late, and eat the bread of sorrows, and strive and struggle to gain those things which God is willing to give, and which he gives to his beloved while they are asleep. Our heavenly Father is able to do exceedingly abundantly above our utmost thought, our utmost desire; and it is for us, knowing his love and care and tenderness, to resign ourselves into his kind hands, committing the keeping of our souls unto him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator, fearing no evil.—The Family Friend.

Referring to the provision for separate schools in the If God gave you gaiety and cheer of spirits, lift up the care worn by it. Wherever you go shine and sing. In every household there is drudgery. In every household there is sorrow. If you come as a prince, with a cheerful buoyant nature, in the name of God, do not lay aside those royal robes of yours. Let humor bedew duty.—Beecher.

Prayer will cause a man to cease from sinning even as sin will cause a man to cease from praying.—Frances E. Willard.