

### SEEKING HER BOY.

A New York physician relates the following fact:

A few weeks ago he was called to the help of a man who was mortally wounded in one of the low-dance-halls or "dives" of that city. When he had attended his patient the doctor looked curiously about him. The wounded man lay before the bar, against which lounged some drunken old sofs. In the next room a few young men, flushed and bright-eyed, were playing cards, while the gaudily-dressed bar-maids carried about the liquor. But neither the gamblers nor the women nor the drunkards paid any attention to the dying man on the floor. They squabbled and laughed, deaf to his groans. The proprietor of the dive, a burly fellow who had been a prize-fighter in his younger days, having seen the police secure the murderer, had gone back quietly to his work of mixing drinks. Death, apparently, had no interest or terror for these people.

Suddenly a little old woman with white hair, a thin shawl about her, came to the street door. Her appearance produced a startling effect. The besotted old men at the bar put down their glasses and looked uneasy; the card-players hastily shut the door to keep out the sight of her; and the bar-maids huddled together in silence; but the change in the brutal landlord was most striking. He rose hastily and came up to her, an expression of something like terror on his face.

"Is James here?" she asked gently.

"No, no; he is not here. I do not know where he is," he said hurriedly.

She looked around bewildered, and said:

"I was sure he was here. If he comes, will you tell him his mother wants him, sir?"

"Yes, yes," he said—and the man urged her out of the door. The physician soon followed and saw her going into another and another dive and grog-shop along the street. "Who is she?" he asked of a policeman outside. "Is she in no danger?"

The man shook his head significantly. "They will not harm her, sir. They've done their worst to her. She is the widow of a clergyman, and she had one son, a boy of sixteen years. They lived happy and comfortable enough till he took to going to pool rooms, and then to the variety theaters, and at last to these dives here. He was killed in one of them in a fight three months ago, in that very one you was just in now, and was carried home to her, bloated from drink,

covered with blood, and dead. She knows nothing since. She only remembers that he came to these houses, and she goes about them searching for him every day. They are afraid to see her. They think she brings a curse on them. But they won't harm her; they've done their worst to her."

This is a true story. How many sons of loving mothers are going down like this boy into these dark places to-day?—*Youth's Companion*.

### BAD EFFECTS OF BEER-DRINKING.

The patients who exhibit the worst results from accidents in the London hospitals are said to be draymen. Though they are apparent models of health and strength, yet, if one of them receives a serious injury, it is nearly always necessary to amputate the limb, in order to give him the most distant chance of life. The draymen have the unlimited privilege of the brewery cellars, and drink all they please. Sir Ashley Cooper was once called to a drayman, who was a powerful, fresh-colored, healthy-looking man, and had suffered an injury in his finger from a small splinter of a stave. The wound, though trifling, suppurated. He opened the small abscess with his lancet. He found on retiring, he had left his lancet. Returning for it, he found the man in a dying condition. The man died in a short time.

Dr. Gordon says: "The moment beer-drinkers are attacked with acute diseases, they are not able to bear depletion, and die."

Dr. Edwards says of beer-drinkers: "Their diseases are always of a dangerous character; and in case of an accident they never undergo even the most trifling operation with the security of the temperate. They most invariably die under it."

Dr. Buchan says: "Malt liquors render the blood sizy and unfit for circulation. Hence proceeds obstruction and inflammation of the lungs, brought on by glutinous and indigestible nature of ale and porter. . . . These liquors inflame the blood, and tear the tender vessels of the lungs to pieces."

Dr. Maxton says: "Intoxicating drinks, whether taken in the form of fermented or distilled liquors, are very frequent predisposing causes of disease."

The hospitals of New York show an unfavorable record of the intemperate; and private practitioners everywhere have the same experience.—*Sel.*