



A County With a Good Character.

Edwards county, commonly known as 'Little Britain,' because it is one of the oldest counties in the State, and which was originally peopled with Englishmen to a large extent, is proud of the fact that it has \$11,000 in its treasury. A few years ago a fine new court house was built, and within ten minutes after the contractor turned over the keys the full amount of the contract price was handed to him. The county is also noted for the number of substantial bridges, all of iron, as the public will not allow the construction of wood. There is not a single prisoner confined in the county jail, nor has there been for several years. The jail is used exclusively as a shelter for tramps during the winter season. The county almshouse is without a single inmate. The circuit court in that model county seldom lasts over two days, owing to the remarkable absence of litigation. In the past two years there has not been a single criminal case tried there, and but one jury trial in all that time, and that was brought by a man who sued his mother-in-law for alienating his wife's affections. The county has not sent a prisoner to the penitentiary in thirty years, a record perhaps unequalled. In thirty years there has been but one saloon in the county, and that was operated but a single year. All of the enviable system of improvements has been achieved without the ordinary sources of revenue enjoyed by other counties. It is the envy of all neighboring counties and is doubtless unique in the United States. —Kansas City Leader.

Strong Drink and The Home

The 'Cleveland Press,' in a late issue, prints a story of Mrs. E. Stafford, who came as complaining witness against her husband, whose weakness, if we may charitably call it that, was for strong drink. On the stand she cried bitterly, and when her husband approached her, she drew back, crying, 'No, no, Ed, I have lost my faith in you, I am afraid of you.' 'My heart is breaking, Ed,' she said, looking at him once, and then turning away her eyes. 'Judge,' she continued, 'he does not know what he is doing when he's in drink. Before the policeman came he seized me by the throat and said that he would kill me. I broke away and screamed. He spends all his money for drink, while I work out to support our little girl. This week he even took two dollars from me for liquor. I had earned that money by hard work, and my daughter and I needed it. But that made no difference to him. A week after our last baby was born, we knew it could not live. Yet, as I lay in bed, he struck me in the face. You see, nothing made any difference to him when he was drunk. Baby died a week later.'

We do not select this instance as having anything particularly remarkable about it. In every city, and about every day, the newspapers will furnish half a dozen such records, and no one who attends the sessions of the police courts can fail to discover that such tragedies are the order of the hour there. Almost any morning one can read of brutes in human form who dole out five cents or a dime a day to supply wife and children with bread, in many instances denying them even that, and leaving them to absolute starvation. Not content with starving them, they treat those who should be their loved ones,—the children who ought to receive a father's care, and the wives whom they promised before God to love and to

cherish for evermore,—with fiendish cruelty. The matter is not all on one side, either. Just this morning we read, as we came to our office, the account of two applications for divorce,—men who proved that their wives, through constant intoxication, made life unendurable to them. These women had attacked their husbands like furies, abused them, and driven them from their houses, while neglecting their home duties.

It will be asked why we make mention of such well-known and somewhat trite matters as these. They are commonplace enough, Heaven knows, and the danger is that because they are so frequent we shall lose sight of the daily terror and the awful horror all around us. One's blood just boils when one stops to think of such daily happenings. It is a little difficult to see how so-called 'good citizens' and legislators, in view of such atrocities, can calmly sit and debate about personal liberty, sumptuary legislation, paternalism in government, and the innocence of moderation in drink. There are more tragedies going on in countless homes than were ever written by Euripides or Shakespeare. No one who has human feelings as a man can look at this destruction of domestic happiness, this breaking of human hearts, this diabolizing of men's natural affections, this abuse of womanhood and childhood, this perversion of wifely love, without being roused to a hot and enduring wrath against such a destroyer as is the deadly poison of the stills.—The 'Western Christian Advocate.'

A Chapter From Life.

Mr. Depew once said, in an address to railway men: 'It has been a study with me to mark the course of the boys, in every grade of life, who started with myself—to see what has become of them. I counseled them over, and the lesson was most instructive. Some of them became clerks, some merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, or doctors. It is remarkable that every one of them that had drinking habits is now dead—not a single one of my age now living. Except a few who were taken off by sickness, every one has proved a wreck, and has wrecked his family, and did it from rum and whiskey and no other cause. Of those who were church-going people, who were steady, industrious and hard-working men, and frugal and thrifty, every one, without exception, owns the house in which he lives, and has something laid by, the interest on which, with his house, would carry him through many a rainy day. When a man becomes debased with gambling, rum, or drink, he seems to care for nothing; all his finer feelings are stifled, and ruin only is the end.'

Even men who themselves drink will give this sort of advice to others; and when they have to employ others, will prefer, without hesitation, the man who is known to abstain. Such a man is more trusted because he can trust himself. He has acquired the habit of self-control, and no temptation can allure him.—'Well-spring.'

The Temperance Harvest.

We have lingered by the flowers and loitered all too long,
There is work for hands like ours—hands that are young and strong.
There is need of muscles steady—and of willing hearts and true,
For the harvest fields are ready, and the laborers are few.

Let us drop our wreaths and roses—let us leave this useless life;
When another morn uncloses, let us seek the field of strife.
We will reap upon the meadows—we will gather in the sheaves—
We will show, as evening shadows, better things than withered leaves.

Hark! The hungry worm defies us, gnawing in the golden grain!

If we let this day go by us, it will never come again.

Forward then, each son and daughter, for the harvest battlefield,
With your sickles of cold water, reap and bind and never yield.

I can hear the roll of thunder, in the distance far away;
Onward to the ripe fields yonder—there is work for us to-day.

We must unite together in a grand and mighty one;

Reap and bind, defying weather, till the setting of the sun.

Bring your sickles—faster, faster; gather in the sheaves from harm!

Know you not the gracious Master waits to take them to His arm?

Workers, do you know your wages? 'tis for each a starry crown!

You shall wear it through all ages when the light of heaven shines down.

Let the whole free air be ringing, let the echoes rise and fall

With the echoes we are singing—songs of 'Down with Alcohol.'

Onward, then, be firm and steady, there is work for all to do,

For the harvest fields are ready, and the laborers are few.

—Ella Wheeler Willcox.

Is It Courageous?

Many young men drink because it seems to them a brave thing to do. They feel a manly independence in it. As a matter of fact, it is not courage, but cowardice, that leads many of them to it. Some one invites them to take a drink, and they are afraid to refuse, or there is a crowd about them, and they do not want to seem timid. They think that to retain the respect of the crowd they must do as the crowd is doing. But probably the whole crowd is just following one or two leaders, and the real heart of the leaders may be only a coward's heart. These are the very times when principles are worth something, and when the man who says, 'I will not,' will stand out as the man of true courage.

A Philanthropic Policeman.

A certain Belfast policeman, when in the neighborhood of a saloon, and often asked 'What will you have to drink?' was wont to draw out a collecting-card and say, 'I want nothing to drink, but instead of that just give me a shilling for the Church Missionary Society.' One day he met with one of the many who say, 'Oh, I don't believe in foreign missions; I never give anything to them.' 'You are just the man I've been looking for,' said the policeman; and pulling out another card said, 'Then you won't mind contributing to the Mission for Seamen?' In this way that man collected \$220 from over 300 people.—'Missionary Review.'

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