



Why I Became a Prohibitionist.

(Founded on fact.)

My father was a staunch partisan, believing that 'his' party was devoted to the best interests of his country. Is it a wonder, then, that I, his eldest son, should grow up in the same faith, especially as I honored and revered my noble father more than any other man living?

I was just a little over twenty when the Civil War broke out. In our quiet country home we from time to time heard mutterings of the distant thunder that was soon to startle the whole land with its loud call to battle.

My young blood was all on fire with patriotic zeal. I was proud to be the first young man in the county to volunteer. My father, too, would fight, and my brother, next in age, not yet eighteen, joined us also. While my heart and that of my brother beat proudly at the thought of the trophies to be won, dear mother, bravely, nobly as she gave her best beloved in defence of her country, yet wished there had been a better and more peaceful way of settling difficulties than by the sword. The sweet smile that ever greeted husband and children came more seldom as the time of our departure drew near, and we noticed that there was more silver amid the golden brown hair than of yore.

As my story has more to do with myself and my son than of war and its issues, I will say in few words that my father and young brother lost their lives in battle, and I alone of the three who went forth strong and brave returned to the sorrowing mother.

Soon after, I married a good, sweet girl who became a loving daughter to my mother and a true helpmeet to me for many years. We had always been a very temperate family. We could boast that none of our ancestry had the taint of drunkenness in their blood. I had seen enough of the evils of strong drink in the army, and in the cities where saloons tempted the young. But when my boy was growing up to manhood I did not think it necessary to warn him against such places of temptation. My wife and mother had both been taken home to the 'Glory-land' when my son, now a young man of twenty-one, determined to go to Colorado to push his fortune. He was my only boy, and I had hoped to keep him with me, but since he was determined I could not say him nay.

For two or three years after he left home letters came regularly, telling of his promotion in the large store where he had obtained employment soon after going West. The very fact that he remained with the same master and had been promoted was sufficient guarantee for good conduct.

Alas! that in a moment my fond dreams should be shattered. . . . It was nearing the day of election for President. I had attended a large partisan gathering, and had spoken with all the enthusiasm of a soldier. Before returning home I called at the post-office for mail. Instead of a letter from my son there was one addressed in a strange hand. Some intuition caused me to tremble as I took it and put it in my pocket. When alone riding homeward I read as follows:—

'Dear Sir:—It is my painful duty to inform you that your son, after having par-

taken of brandy in a saloon, quarrelled with a companion and drawing a revolver, fatally wounded him. Your son fled to the mountains, and so far there is no clue to his hiding place.'

The letter concluded with words of sympathy and cuttings from newspapers confirming what he said.

I was dazed with grief, dumb with surprise that my boy should frequent saloons, and filled with remorse that I had never warned him of the dangers lurking in such places. My sorrow was too deep for tears. Long hours I sat thinking, my only comfort that my wife was spared this cruel blow.

One thing was clear to me even in my dazed condition. I could never, never again vote for a saloon party, for had it not robbed me of all that life holds dear?

I try to live for two reasons, first, hoping that ere I go down to the grave I may hear of my boy's repentance, the other that I may see the overthrow of the liquor traffic.—'Union Signal.'

Declining a Treat.

The following conversation was heard between two collegians, who were discussing a class dinner:

'Of course,' said one (with a consequential touch of self-complacency and patronage which students call 'fresh,' and which only length of days can cure), 'if a fellow hasn't wit enough to know when to stop, he'd better be careful at first. Some heads are built weak, you know.'

'Careful in what?' interpolated I, and both laughed.

'Why, drinking, of course,' said the first speaker. 'A fellow has to take his seasoning sooner or later. Some can stand it. Some cannot, at least for a while.'

He was, as I have intimated, a freshman. His friend, a bearded senior, the only son of a rich man, slapped him good-humoredly on the shoulder.

'When I was your age, old fellow, my father said to me, "if I had my life to live over, I would never take a glass of wine or smoke a cigar." I answered, "It would be foolish not to profit by what such a sensible man says. I have never tasted wine or touched tobacco, and I am glad of it—gladder every day I live. I might have been "built" with a strong head—and then, again, I might not.'

'What do you say when you are offered a "treat"?' . . .

'I say, "No, thank you, I never take it." Generally that settles the matter quietly.'

'And if they poke fun at you?'

'I let them "poke," and then stand ready to put them to bed when their heads give out.'

There are—for the comfort of mothers be it said—many 'fellows' strong enough to maintain this stand and sensible enough to see that the risks are not worth taking.—'Home-Maker.'

A Temperance Tale.

A mouse fell into a beer vat, poor thing, and a cat passing by saw the struggling little creature. The mouse said to the cat:

'Help me out of my difficulty.'

'If I do I shall eat you,' said the cat.

'Very well,' replied the mouse. 'I would rather be eaten by a decent cat than drowned in such a horrible mess of stuff as this.'

It was a sensible cat, and said:—'I certainly shall eat you, and you must promise me on your word and honor that I may do so.'

'Very well; I will give you the promise.'

So the cat fished the mouse out, and, trusting to the promise, she dropped it for an instant. The mouse darted away and crept

into a hole in the corner where the cat could not get him.

'But didn't you promise me I might eat you?' said puss.

'Yes, I did,' replied the mouse; 'but didn't you know that when I made that promise I was in liquor?'

And how many promises made in liquor have been broken!—Unknown.

Tobacco-Poisoning in Infants.

A medical journal calls attention to the danger that the infants of the poor are often poisoned by having to inhale an atmosphere saturated with tobacco smoke. It is suggested that with the limited accommodation at their disposal it is quite conceivable that men, after coming home from work and in the early morning, poison the air of the room in which the family live. A correspondent of the 'Medical Press and Circular' goes so far as to say that he has met with many such cases, the correctness of his diagnosis being proved by the recovery of the infants when the cause was removed. Infants a few days old, the writer adds, are naturally very sensitive to the effects of a pollution which would inconvenience even grown-up persons, and, although there is a tendency for intolerance to be established, it can only be at the expense of health. The symptoms are loss of appetite, sunken eyes, listless ways and restless nights, with nausea and vomiting. Nor is this danger to health and life itself confined by any means to the young children of the very poor. We have heard the late Dr. Willard Parker of this city say that he had been cognizant in his practice of cases not a few in which thoughtless smoking by fathers, of the well-to-do class, had undoubtedly sacrificed the lives of their sick and enfeebled little ones. They were unable to withstand the insidious and overpowering tobacco poison.

Signing a Pledge to Drink Moderately.

Mr. Allison observes: 'A gentleman of a very amiable and sociable disposition was unfortunately given to indulging in intoxicating liquors to an inordinate extent. Frequently he had disgraced himself in company by yielding to this appetite, till at last his friends asked him if he would sign a pledge to drink intoxicants only "moderately." He thought it was a good plan, and as he was a man who held his word as sacred, his friends congratulated themselves that they had done a good deed. A day or two after signing the pledge he was at a banquet, and, to the surprise of his household, he was brought home helplessly drunk. The next morning his friends and relations expostulated with him for having broken his pledge, when he replied, "It was no use. I made up my mind that I would only partake "moderately," but as soon as I had taken the first glass I could not stop. If the pledge had been to abstain entirely, I could have managed it, but I cannot drink moderately." He took the only plan that was open to him—signed a pledge to abstain entirely from all intoxicants, and with the help of God he has since kept that pledge.'

When every ninth day's wages of the laborers of the United States are handed over to the liquor dealers, putting about \$900,000,000 annually into their coffers, we need not be surprised at the power of millionaire brewers and distillers, and the influence of whiskey men and lobbyists over immoral politicians and feeble-minded legislators. To shorten or lengthen their lease of power is with the people.