THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

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RED CLOUD. - - NEBRASKA.

ROBBIE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Ring the bells on every spire, make the
steeples swing and rock;
Bid the loud-mouthed cannon fire with their
echoing thunder shock!
Make the shrilling bugles sound! Have the
sweetest music play!
While Robbie turns the world around; he's
seven years old to-day!

Tell the President he'll have to wait,
He's only in the way,
And if the King should come in state,
He can't come in to-day.
But they'll have a welcome hearty
If they come to dance and sing
At the Prince's birthday party,
With the children in the ring.

Ha, ha! Jingle, jengle, jingle,
Who is coming, Robbie knows—
How she makes the music tingle
With the bells upon her toes.
And Jack and Jill will tumble
With our sleepy-eyed Boy Blue,
And in a noisy jumble
Come the children from the Shoe.

With his pipe and bowl you'll find him,
Happy, jolly old King Cole,
And his Fiddlers sit behind him,
With a fiddle, every soul!
And with funny Mrs. Jarley
See the gracious Queen draw nigh,
With the pudding made of barley
And the dainty Blackbird Pie.

Hi, hi! Jack, the giant killer,
Hang your sword up on the rack;
Now, you're welcome, Dusty Miller,
With your hand upon the sack.
Ho! with song and shout and clatter,
Come the Little Indians all—
Mercy on us, what's the matter?
Humpty Dumpty's got a fall!

Little elves so bright and airy,
From their home beneath the hill,
Many a dainty, star-crowned fairy,
Laughing nymphs from brook and rill;
Giants, tall as any steeple,
And the Three Bears from the wood,
Come to meet the little people,
For on birthdays they're all good.

How the noise will shake each rafter
In the House Jack built himself,
When with shout and song and laughter,
Giant, Fairy, Bear and Elf,
Dish and Spoon, and Cat and Fiddle,
Cow and Dog and everything;
Dance and sing, Hi diddle diddle!
With the children in the ring.

So his years are crowned with flowers, and the
sun shines all the time,
And with dancing feet the hours tell his days
with song and rhyme,
So with dreams his life is rounded, and old
Time must smile and say:
"Why, another cycle's bounded; Robbie's
seven years old to-day!"
—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

JEANIE'S DIPLOMACY.

A Sketch—with a Moral.

I.

Everything looked grim, massive and out of humor about the hard-featured old homestead, Dark Ridge.

The somber walls, draped heavily, as if in mourning, with the dark, writhing ivy, were certainly grim-looking and massive enough: and, if they were not, in their way, out of humor, it is not in the power of architectural physiognomy to express ill-humor. If the grimness of the exterior was austere, the grimness of the interior was morose. A certain obdurate air of misanthropy clung to everything. The heavy panels of the walls, the smoky moldings of the ceilings, the deep carvings of the massive furniture, seemed to the nervous and imaginative little housekeeper like so many wrinkles of one great implacable frown.

In this lair lived and growled John Eldritch, bachelor and landlord; eccentric, irascible, recluse. "Auld John," his neighbors called him, though he was not old; and yet neither had he ever seemed to be young. "In his earliest boyhood he had been considered a 'maist unco' bairnie." His shock hair did not bristle from the outside of his cranium with less regard to conventional modes than his "shock" of quaint notions bristled on the inside of it. This fact and the rather more weighty one that his manners sat as awkwardly and loosely on him as did his awry garments gave him no little repute as a philosopher. His philosophy was, however, of a very stern mold; "pessimeestic," he termed it.

How John ever came into possession of his universal premise—"whatever is ought not to be," I do not know: but, having once adopted the spectral waif, he clung to it with an heroic obstinacy quite inspiring.

The especial object of John's abhorrence was the weaker sex. His antipathy to anything and everything feminine was fairly ecstatic.

"The feckless, bletherin' corbies," he would vociferate. "They care for naething but daffin and clatterin'. I wanna hae onything tae do wi' them."

[Winna ye, John? 'Bide a wee.]

Auld John was a great rider. He and his shaggy old road mare, "Meg," were known far and wide; and great was the merriment they afforded the keen-witted peasantry on the line of their expeditions, which often were extended for days. For their journeys were but one continued obstinate contest for the mastership. But if there was any doubt as to who was, *de facto*, master (more politely mistress) it did not exist in the minds of Meggy or the lookers on. Whatever it occurred to this erratic animal to do she did, in spite of the railing invectives of her irate but impotent rider. Did a clump of grass on the hillside offer special enticement—

Whoa! whare ye gangin' noo, ye auld farran meere?"

But his mandate was as futile as his irony. Meg's nose was hillward, and if John did not fancy being dragged under the low-sweeping branches, his only successful stratagem was to slip off in the rear and await, with as good (or as ill) grace as possible, the pleasure of his companion. Did a particularly cozy place by the road-side incline Meg to rest, the celerity with which the staid philosopher slipped from his saddle and the turbulent enthusiasm with which he expostulated with his complacent partner, as she lay blinking deprecatingly at her liege lord, occasioned much suppressed laughter among the unsympathetic observers.

II.

Nestling in one of the little glens that creep out from the picturesque and historic valley of the Tweed was the quaint, retired homestead of Glen Nook. Glen Nook was the peaceful home of David Leister, a former merchant of Edinburgh, retired, by ill-health, and his sister, "Jeanie" Leister. "Davie" was a genial, meditative, gentle mannered man of, perhaps, forty-five years. Jeanie was a very small, very bright-witted, very placid, very winning maid of some thirty summers. It seemed always to have been summer with her.

At Glen Nook John and Meggy were neither infrequent nor unwelcome visitors. To the mild-tempered Davie there seemed something quite refreshing in the aimless bluster and acerbity of his friend.

And Jeanie? Yes; she liked him. His treatment of her, indeed, was designed to be a lofty and ungracious reserve, fitted, he thought, to impress her duly with the ardor of his misanthropy. It was not till many years afterward that he learned how vigilant those quiet eyes were; how they had watched him when he sat at meals, smuggling the bits of bread into his sleeve, and when afterward he sauntered, with a grotesque air of unconcern, behind the barn, how quickly they caught the kindling (the moistening, she thought) of the eyes, as he heard the expectant cries of the little nest of motherless robins he had come to feed; and when he sat, one day on the bank of a brook, trying to quiet the sobs of a very dirty and very ragged little urchin, whose foot, torn by a thorn, he had washed and wrapped in his handkerchief, he was startled by the breaking of a twig, he thought it only some frightened hare. The step was very light, indeed.

Thus, all unknown to himself, those calm eyes had pierced through the absurdly rough husk of cynicism, and saw beneath a kernel of manhood so true, so tender, so pure, that, in her heart of hearts, she made a resolve, which, out of consideration for her, I will leave the reader to surmise.

III.

One early autumn noonday, John and Meggy were shambling slowly down the road that led to the orchard gate of Glen Nook.

As they approached a short turn in the road, a tree that came staggering from the ax, and fell with a crash, so startled the drowsy mare that she swung swiftly about, hurling her rider with great violence, to the ground.

The worn and sinewy hands of the woodman were as gentle as women's, as they bore the bruised form into the sunny east chamber of the Leister home.

For days he lay as unconscious beneath the snowy counterpane as if it had been his shroud: but at last the patient watchers were awarded by a twitching of the emaciated face and the slow uplifting of the heavy eyelids.

As the softened, but still keen eyes of the invalid peered through the tangled sage-brush of eye brows, they looked into the quiet, speaking depths of eyes, aglow with at least a passionate, if not a more tender interest.

But, if the eyes gave a suspicion of the heart's secret, the lips did not: for they only said: "puir mon," and this so coolly that John looked again at the dark eyes; but they were speaking no longer.

Now I will not betray the confidence of the little woman by disclosing her resolve, which almost startled herself: but I will tell you her strategic plan of action. It was very simple, "trivial," the reader may say. Merely the subduing of his stubborn will (which she justly impeached as a high-handed tyrant), and this not so much to her own will as to his better and truer nature.

Did she succeed? Let us see.

You will remember, my dear, for charity's sake, that he and she, and the sense of the proprieties of both were naively Scotch.

On the morning after his recovery of consciousness, Jeanie came into his room and, as she arranged the flowers of a fresh bouquet she had gathered, said:

"Ye maun tak' some parritch, noo."

"Maun!" thought John, each separate bristle of his misogyny erect.

"I dinna wush ony parritch," he growled.

"Dinne ye?" thought Jeanie. "I said ye maun." But she would not argue, this little woman. She only said, with the sweetest air of deference: "Will ye hae it warrum or cauld?"

"I winna—"

With a most artless, pre-engaged manner she arose, saying:

"I guess ye had better hae it warrum."

As the door closed softly behind her, John buried his head in the pillow, muttering: "Sic a wee bit saucy bodie."

Soon the door opened and Jeanie appeared, quietly stirring a dainty bowl of "parritch"

Turning to the male attendant—Watty, who did not seem to do much else than to sit on the edge of his chair and bob his weak eyes at the sick man—she said:

"Leeft the mon up gentle."

In a few moments John found himself bolstered upright in bed, with the look of protest on his rugged face shading almost into one of supplication.

"Noo tak' yer parritch, that's a guid mon."

"Jeanie, woman, dinna I tell ye"—

But the bowl was in his lap, the spoon in his hand, and she was humming her way through the hall. What could he do? Only what he did.

When Jeanie returned to take the half-finished bowl to the kitchen John saw, or thought he saw, just the suspicion of a smile stirring in the placid depths of her eyes; and he read, or thought he read, its meaning.

A few days afterward Jeanie sat by the window of the invalid's room, thoughtfully plying her needle.

Through the open windows came a fresh sweet breath of air, cooled by a brief shower, and scented by the perfume caught from the white censers of the apple-blossoms which it had swung in the wide orchard. The breeze kissed gratefully the forehead of the sick man, who lay dreamily gazing at the busy spinster until he was thrown into the greatest discomfiture by Jeanie's folding her hands over her work, and gazing shrewdly and reflectively at him.

"D'ye ken what I wur thinkin' aboot, puir mon?"

An upheaval of the pillow as the shaggy head plunged under it was her only answer.

John designed this rather ill-considered maneuver to be interpreted as meaning that he "didna ken or care." But the tranquil woman was pleased to leave it uninterpreted.

"I wur a-thinkin' how braw ye wad luk in a bonny cap, trimmit wi'—how will ye hae it trimmit?"

"Waes me! sic a daft whigmeleerie," blurted the disconcerted man, the wrinkles of his bronzed face deepening and writhing into something which might have been a grimace or a smile.

It seemed so little at home there that I decidedly incline to the latter belief. I think Jeanie did, too: for, as the heaving of the pillow revealed the furrowed face, a look of serene satisfaction settled on her own.

And John saw that look and read it. His first impulse was to resentment, as open and obstinate as needful: but the quiet air of always seeming to defer to his wishes (although it was evident she never did defer to them), looked so ingenious and so winning that he had not heart to resort to resentment. Of strategy he knew nothing. As near as he could approach to it was to form the policy of neutrality, of non-commitment. But, in the deeper diplomacy of Jeanie, it was indispensable that he should be committed. So she continued:

"Shall we say trimmit wi' cherry-red or wi' blue?"

"Jeanie, woman, hae mercy. I am nae staumrel. I canna put my pow in ony sic bag as that."

Yes: he was committed.

Jeanie busied herself a moment in picking the dried leaves from the window-plants, and then, as she turned toward the door, said:

"I hae it. It maun be blue, tae match your e'en."

The soft closing of the door made the vehement demurrer heard only by the attentive Watty, who merely wiped his eyes and stared the harder at the invalid.

In due time the absurd artifice was carried to a successful issue. Although the neatly-trimmed cap was commonly crumpled under his neck, or, when he grew sleepy, was mashed over his eyes like a surgical compress, he made at least a pretense of wearing it until he was able to leave the bed.

His convalescence was rapid: but not so rapid but that before he could leave his room Jeanie's little hand had silently unwound the matted and unsightly weeds of misanthropy (he thought it such) from his heart, and touched and awakened chords he never knew were there. And the strange, new strings were sweet, very sweet, if not with harmony at least with prophecy.

So it came to pass that, more than once, during their daily drives up the shady valley road, John tried hard to say something, something which Jennie was not at all loth to hear. And though these attempts were usually humiliating failures, he did not despair, nor she.

One sunny afternoon he got so far as to say, after many preliminary grimaces:

"Jennie, woman, are ye nae lanely aftentimes here, syne your brother can gang aboot wi' ye nae mair?"

"Yes, John."

"Ye dinna"—he ventured, slowly rubbing the back of old Meggy with the stump of a whip—"Ye dinna like tae be sae lonesome, Jeanie?"

I think John did not know what else to say.

"Nae, John."

"Jeanie, woman" (John was rubbing old Meggy's back very hard, indeed, and making so numerous and so violent grimaces that that staid animal, looking back in protest, was utterly disconcerted) "Jeanie, woman, hadna we better—you an' I—hadna we"—

But something got into his throat at this crisis. It made his face blush deeply. Jeanie thought to help him.

"Better what, John?"

But it was of no use. That something stuck in his throat until John was compelled to temporize by continuing, with great emphasis: "Hadna we better gang hame?" Before she could have answered, even had she been so disposed, he had turned Meg squarely about and, under the inspiration of the vigorously plied whip, the bewildered mare was soon whirling them fast homeward.

Days passed, and still that something in the throat proved fatal to his (their? Ah! Jeanie, Jeanie!) most sincere endeavors.

Peacefully, almost happily, wore away the long summer days to the convalescent. And still the stirrings in his rugged breast were not stilled, nor could he wish them stilled. Had she conquered? No; he would not say that; and yet he was conquered.

It was the last afternoon before his departure. They (John, Jeanie and Meggy) were returning from their daily drive up the valley. For some miles they had jogged along in silence. Several attempts had John made to say that "something;" but that something else in the throat always forced him to patch out his sentences as gracefully (which was very clumsily) as possible.

The silence was growing painful. Jeanie made a great effort to appear unconcerned, but wretchedly failed. Now and then John would break the silence by such overtures to Meggy as:

"Glang noo!" and "Keep your tail frae aboon the lines, will ye?"

But Meggy knew, as well as Jeanie and John himself, that these were miserable subterfuges, and so paid no heed whatever to them.

At last, where the road crossed the little valley brook, Meggy stopped, under the shade of an overhanging elm, to refresh herself with the cool, clear water.

It was very opportune.

John began rubbing Meggy's back again, which, with the great diversity of prefatory grimaces, Jeanie rightfully interpreted hopefully.

At last:

"Jeanie, for monie a day I hae tried to ask ye something; but ilka time my heart failit me."

"Yes, John."

"Jeanie, woman," (John's face was very red) "Jeanie, will ye, will ye"—Jeanie was dipping a branch of the elm into the brook, whose rippling waters kissed its bright leaves and went laughing on quite coquettishly.

"Will I"—

"Jeanie, woman," (Meggy was shaking her drowsy head in vigorous disapproval of the energy with which she was being scraped) "Jeanie, will ye be"—

"What, John?" The bough cracked, she dipped it so low.

"Will ye—be gang in"—

"Nae, John; it is nae that."

"Jeanie, I loo' ye." [Well done, John, well done.] "I loo' ye. An' noo, will ye be my"—

"Your—?"

"My ain wee"—John thought his Scotch fondness for alliteration would suggest, and her woman's curiosity prompt the completion of his sentence. But no, John; you must do it yourself.

"Wee?" echoed Jeanie.

"Will ye be my ain wee wifie, Jeanie?"

It was done and well done.

"Be your wife? Why, mon, who'd a dreamed of it?" (Ah! Jeanie, who would? Who did?)

"Will ye, Jeanie, woman?" the voice was almost tender.

Jeanie's hand was loosed from the bough, and it sprang up, scattering the spray, as in mute benediction over them.

"Will I? Yes, John. Let us be gangin' hame."

The fire burns brighter on the hearth of Dark Ridge now, and bits of ruddy light play ever among the deep carvings of the mantel.

The fire burns brightly in John's heart now, and bits of life's ruddiest light play ever among the deep carvings of his face.—*W. H. McDougall, in N. Y. Independent.*

A Safe-Blower's Assurance.

He was a tall watchman who wore metal buttons on his coat, a dark lantern on the inner side of his wrist, and a belt with a club in it about the size of a small section of a broom-handle. He stood at the corner of Clark and Jackson streets leaning against the Grand Pacific Hotel while he flashed a blinding streak of light westward along the brown side of the huge hostelry. He chuckled as the red shaft struck an astonished porter in the face at the hotel entrance and sent him staggering backward. Having accomplished this bit of pleasantry the watchman turned and walked northward on Clark street.

The man with the lantern was unusually careful in his examination of a door a long distance down the street from where he started. He chuckled when he had satisfied himself that everything in the place was all right. Then he said to a companion who had accompanied him all the way:

"Three years ago I found a man trying to unlock this door as I came by with my lantern. When the light flashed in his face he looked up a good deal surprised and confused. Then he laughed.

"'Glad you came along,' he said to me. 'I needed a little light. Lock's rusty, and my key don't fit it very well. Hold the lantern steady on the lock a minute or two, if it is not too much trouble. Don't throw it in my face that way; it blinds me and I can't work. I have to post my books to-night, so I came down after supper.'

He was a good looking young fellow, and he was dressed like a clerk. He talked like one, too. So I held the light for him, and after a few trials he opened the door.

"'Much obliged,' he said. 'Come in and sit down awhile.'

"I thanked him, and said I couldn't stop. I moved on after seeing him go to work at a big ledger. I was uneasy, though, and came back to the store in a few minutes. He had turned the lights down and was sinking a steel drill into the lock of the safe. He heard me and bolted, but I caught him as he dived through a back window. Then he began to beg. He said the firm employed him as assistant-cashier on a salary of eight dollars a week. He had an aged father and invalid mother dependent on him. It was his first offense. He shed tears. He begged me to take him before his employer instead of locking him up. But I didn't. He was behind the bars as quick as I could get him there. He proved to be an expert burglar. He got ten years."

"Do you prevent many burglaries?"

"Well a good many, I suppose, by securing fastenings. People are careless, and leave their doors unlocked and their windows open sometimes. One night I found the key of a store sticking outside in the lock. There are plenty of things to look after in the dark, when all the shops are shut up. Good night."—*Chicago News.*

Recalling Salamis

The most important naval battle of the ancient world was the one which took place between the Persian fleet and the allied navies of the Greeks. All of Greece but Sparta had been overrun by the Persians, and Xerxes was so certain of his coming victory that he had a throne erected, from which he could see the annihilation of the Grecian fleet which was hemmed in the straits which lay between the mainland and the island and harbor of Salamis. Had Xerxes been victorious the world would have lost the most splendid page in its history, that of Greek civilization and the models she produced in every department of human activity for after ages to imitate. But the Grecians conquered and so overwhelming was their victory that Xerxes immediately retreated to Asia, and his armies were subsequently defeated by the combined hosts of Greece. A great undertaking is now under way to thoroughly explore the bottom of the straits and bay of Salamis with a view to the discovery and reconstruction of the vessels, which have been imbedded in the sands for over two thousand years. Although minutely described, we have still but a faint idea of an ancient man-of-war. We know they were open boats with three tiers of rowers. Many of them were rams with beaks to destroy the enemy. The soldiers fought on a platform or on a deck near the bowsprit. The combat was hand-to-hand. With sail and oar these vessels were very swift, especially if the wind helped them. The twenty centuries have doubless covered these vessels with layer upon layer of sand and detritus. But still the diving apparatus of modern times is so far perfected that these vessels can be exhumed, and take their place in the museums of the world, to show the kind of ships that saved Grecian civilization from being overwhelmed by Asiatic barbarism.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

—Christine Nilsson says that she never goes on the stage without trepidation, and when she feels weak or has an important part always kneels down and says her prayers.

Temperance Reading.

"ONLY THIS TIME."

"Only this time" is the drunkard's cry,
As he staggers and reels through the bar-room door.
His blood on fire with a strong desire,
"Only this time, and I'll drink no more."

"Only this time," says the tempted youth,
As he enters the gambler's gilded den
With a pallid face. "By God's good grace
I never will do this thing again."

"Only this time, only this time!"
Is the frenzied cry of many a soul
That stands on the brink of a yawning gulf,
Till it loses forever its self-control.

"Only this time," to break God's law:
"Only this time," to tempt high Heaven;
"Only this time," 'neath dust and grime,
To trample the blessings He has given.

"Only this time!" Oh! stop, my friend,
Stop, ere you enter that fatal door,
For he that goes in shall feel the sting
Of the serpent that biteth forevermore.
—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in Irish World.*

WHAT THE PEOPLE PAY FOR LIQUOR.

The cost of liquor, in money, to the consumer, the man who drinks over the bar, is the least of its cost to the country, but is well enough to know what the people of the United States are paying for it, in money, and a comparison of the expenditure for drink with that for other purposes is instructive.

The expenditures for various purposes per annum in the United States are as follows:

Drink	$900,000,000
Missions, Home and Foreign	5,500,000
Bread	505,000,000
Meat	303,000,000
Iron and steel	290,000,000
Woollen goods	237,000,000
Sawed lumber	233,000,000
Cotton goods	210,000,000
Boots and shoes	196,000,000
Sugar and molasses	155,000,000
Educational purposes	85,000,000

Of the entire list of expenditures for living the liquor account amounts to nearly twice as much as any other item. It amounts to nearly twice as much as bread, three times as much as meat, and ten times as much as education. It is more than the combined cost of bread and meat, and as much as the combined items of bread and iron, steel, woolen and cotton goods.

These figures are something so enormous as to invite a doubt as to their correctness. But if any difference, they are far below what they should be. One hundred millions more could properly be put on the top of them and they would still fall below reality.

The internal revenue on distilled spirits in 1883 was $78,364,775; the rate is 90 cents a gallon; and the quantity of liquor taxed is, therefore, 82,631,972 gallons. Some of this, a very small percentage, was used for scientific and mechanical purposes, but the most of it was drank in the murder factories. Sold by the glass it would cost the consumer about $6 a gallon. The whole amount, at this rate, would aggregate $495,791,832. The same year the tax on fermented liquors amounted to $16,900,615, which at $1.00 per barrel; represents an equal number of barrels containing, at 31 gallons per barrel, 523,919,065 gallons. At five cents a glass, and 12 glasses to the gallon, this costs the consumer $314,351,439. The imported liquors, estimated on a similar basis, cost the consumer at least $100,000,000, which brings the total cost up to more than $900,000,000.

In this estimate no account is taken of native wines, nor of liquor, "crooked whisky," and other which escapes taxation; nor the dishonest watering of liquors, all of which the ragged consumer pays for as whisky. But let this go to offset that used in the arts and sciences.

These estimates are all too low. There are in a gallon of whisky, as they average, 100 drinks instead of 60, and 20 glasses of beer to the gallon instead of 12, and the prices average a long way above 10 cents. The price of alcoholic drinks is never below 10 cents, and it runs up all the way to 40. At the bars in all the so-called respectable saloons the price for common varieties of whisky is 15 cents, and extra qualities 20 to 25.

The fact that it is all drawn out of the same barrel makes no difference. It is the label on the bottle that fixes the price.

It is perfectly safe to add another $100,000,000 to the estimate, and to put the actual expenditure of the people of the United States for alcoholic stimulants at *one thousand millions of dollars!*

In this there is no account taken of the direct cost resulting from the use of liquors.

Add to it the loss to the country in the impaired capacity for labor of rum and beer drinkers.

Add to it the cost of ninety per cent. of the courts and police.

Add to it the cost of ever-recurring riots, like that in Cincinnati, which would be impossible without rum.

Add to it the cost of a very large per cent. of the expenditures for insane asylums, poor-houses, penitentiaries, houses of correction and reformatories of all kinds.

Add to it the cost of the trials or murderers and of executions, ninety per cent. of which is to be carried to this already enormous account.

Add to it the cost to the country of the rotten political rings, all of which are based upon rum and topped out by it.

Add to it the cost of maintaining the hordes of gamblers, thieves, outcasts and in fact the entire criminal class who are first brought to vice and criminality by rum, and who afterward depend upon it as their chief stay.

These additions make an array of figures entirely beyond human understanding, and this is only a part of the money account. Vast as is this there are other effects that are far beyond it.

Add to this money loss the blighting, yearly, of the lives of thousands upon thousands of the best men and women of the country.

Add to it the cold hearth stones, the shoeless women, the rags, squalor and misery that are inseparable from rum and beer.

Add to it the desolate homes, the heart-broken women, the children reared in ignorance and vice to swell the account of pauperism in this generation, and criminality in the next.

Add to it everything that is miserable in life, everything that is destructive of all that is good in man, and some idea may be formed of the relation rum bears to the country. The loss in wealth, enormous as it is, is the least item in the account.—*Toledo Blade.*

The Rising Wave.

It is to be hoped that the indications of increasing earnestness among the people concerning the curse of drink mark the advent of a National awakening of conscience on this subject, and that though the movement may at first be slow, it will proceed until the extent and proportions of the evil are so fully realized as to insure effective remedial action. For it is only through the general appreciation of the abuse that a sentiment powerful enough to supress it, and resolute enough to keep it suppressed, can be brought to bear. In the deepening demand for high license can be perceived the growth of such a spirit of active resistance. Not too soon, indeed, for the evil has fairly saturated the body politic, and its elimination must be exceedingly difficult. But who can fail to see that the strenuous efforts of all the better elements of the Nation after higher things in education, in politics, in social and domestic life, are continually checked and aborted by the debasing influence of drink in its myriad manifestations. An ignorant suffrage is bad enough, but it may be mended. But ignorance steeped in whisky is a diabolical prescription for poisoning free government; and education does not defend us against the drink evil. When we have done our best for our boys, and they set out to take a part in the government of their country, they find that the entrance to politics is through the door of the saloon, and that the men who in our great cities wield the largest political influence are those whose connection with the bottle is the closest.

The bar of the saloon is the modern Witenagemot. It is there that the voters meet to consider their course, to receive instructions from their leaders, and to drink away the intelligence that should have showed them the humiliation of their position; and throughout our politics this malign and brutalizing influence is felt. From the caucus to the convention, from the State Legislature to Congress, the power and pressure of drink are manifest. The reform measures which wisdom and patriotism demand must be submitted to the allies and stipendiaries of those whose whole existence is pledged against every civilizing agency, and for whom National purification means extinction and death. Nor is the prospect much better outside of politics. The toiling masses, whose utmost thrift can barely secure modest comfort, are solicited, and too successfully, to squander their hard-earned wages for drink, and are sneered at as effeminate if they refuse. Tribute must be paid to the saloon by the city laborer who seeks municipal employ. The tired artisan who visits the suburbs on Sunday for fresh air and change is beset with temptations to drink. The callow youth who desires to "see life" is taught that intoxication is a necessary concomitant of "fun." The daily and hourly lessons set before us ought to convince the least thoughtful of the need of reform. Drunken mothers reeling through the streets. Drunken fathers beating their wives, or killing themselves in delirium. Everywhere waste and extravagance and sorrow and poverty and degradation and crime traceable to this one evil.

Partial and spasmodic efforts can not rid us of the curse. The whole people must be infuamed with a living enthusiasm for better things before the monstrous evil can be overcome. It is not a question of a short campaign, but of a patient, persistent, determined and prolonged effort. It will have to be made if civilization is to advance, and so much the better if the stir and murmur which come to our ears now from all parts of the country signalize the rising of the wave which when it culminates shall sweep this deep-seated abuse from the face of the earth.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Temperance Legislation in the South.

The intelligent and wealthy States of the North can learn a great deal by studying the methods that have been followed in some of the old Confederate States in dealing with the Temperance problem. In several of them strong Tax laws and License laws have been enacted with little or no discussion, and the liquor traffic has thus been placed under the regulation of the police. The last session of the Mississippi Legislature took up the subject of dealing with habitual drunkards, and, with scarcely any debate, enated a very wise law. It empowers the chancellors of courts to decide who are drunkards, to have them arrested with or without complaint from relatives or friends, to appoint guardians for their estates, or to order them into confinement in an asylum, or reformatory in or out of the State. The action of the chancellors is almost discretionary, but will, it is calculated, depend largely upon the wishes of the relatives and friends of the drunkard. If any one informs the chancellor that a man is abusing or neglecting his family, is wasting his fortune or ruining himself and his business through drinking, such individual at once becomes a subject of judicial attention and steps may be taken to secure his reform before he is too far gone.

This law makes drunkenness a crime, as it should be. Before it has been in operation long its tendency will be to make drunkenness an indelible stain upon a man's character. His arrest will be a disgrace which he can only outlive by years of strict sobriety and good conduct, and it will not be long before every one in the State will seek to avoid such disgrace.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Temperance Items.

"GIVE me," said Samuel Dexter, "the money drawn from the pockets of our citizens for the support of drunken paupers, and I will pay the expenses of the State and National Governments and grow rich on the surplus."

"GREAT HEAVENS!" exclaimed the saloon keeper, "make dealers responsible for damages committed by drunkards! Do they want to ruin the business and bankrupt the whole of us? We never could stand it, not if we were Rothschilds, every one."—*Boston Post.*

A DISTINGUISHED clergyman in one of our Eastern cities was met by a dilapidated-looking individual, with a flask of whisky in his pocket, who inquired: "Sir, is this the nearest road to the alms-house?" "No, sir," replied the clergyman, pointing to the bottle, "but that is."