

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

A Church of England divine has just published a biography of Judas Iscariot, intended as an apology for the famous traitor.

Henry Wheeler, of Hickory Flat, Ga., has never seen a city, and is ninety-four years old. He has 122 grandchildren and great-grandchildren. He never used rum or tobacco.

Mr. John B. Tolman, a veteran printer of Lynn, Mass., has given the Young Men's Christian Association, of that city, an estate valued at \$30,000, stipulating that the income shall be used in promoting the cause of temperance.

Prof. Gilbert E. Bailey, the well-known geologist, has been reappointed Territorial Geologist of Wyoming Territory. Prof. Bailey is one of the early pioneers, and has done much to develop the mineral resources of the Territory and of the Black Hills of Dakota.

Mrs. Bolton writes in the Independent: Great numbers of post-offices in England are managed by women. I said to one in London: "You manage this as well as a man." "We are said to do it better," she replied, "because people say, we are quicker and more patient."

Miss Constance Bell, a handsome twelve-year-old girl of Boykin, S. C., came home from boarding-school and found Dr. Jasper Benson, an eighty-year-old stranger, sick in her father's house. She nursed the old gentleman, and, at the end of two weeks, as soon as he was able to walk, they were married, the girl's parents giving full consent.

Of the members of the Twenty-seventh Congress it is said the following are the only survivors: John R. Redding, of New Hampshire; Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts; Hiland Hall, of Vermont; Richard W. Thompson, of Indiana; David L. Tulee, of Florida; William M. Gwin, of Mississippi (now of California); Harvey M. Watterson, of Tennessee; Robert M. T. Hunter and Alexander H. H. Stuart, of Virginia.

Ericsson, the inventor, has lived for twenty years or more in the same house in the lower part of New York city. His life is regular and methodical. Rising early, before six, he walks for an hour, and after a light breakfast, goes to work on his inventions; from eleven o'clock until four is spent in reading, during which he also indulges in a luncheon; and after an hour's return to work he ends his day's labor with another walk through the lower part of the city—generally along the wharves.

HUMOROUS.

A dandy, wishing to be witty, recounted an old riddle as follows: "You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?" "Yes; jump! jump!"

A young girl began to sing "Listen to the Mocking Bird," and every body in the room rushed hastily out to find a mocking bird to listen to.—Philadelphia Call.

He—"In what respect does billiards change my usual disposition?" She (naively): "Does it change your disposition?" He—"Yes; in billiards I never kiss when I can help it; whereas, ordinarily—" She—"You never kiss if anybody else can help it."

"Mary," said a mother to her daughter, "has Henry proposed yet?" "Not yet, ma; but I think he will before many days." "What makes you think so?" "Because he asked me if you expected to live with me if I married, and I told him no."—Philadelphia Herald.

The father of five marriagable daughters was in town a few days ago trying to buy some four-leaf clover seed to plant in his back yard. He said he had read that when a young girl finds a four-leaf clover it is a sign that she will be married within a year.—Norristown Herald.

Part of the name of the Queen of Hanover is Alexandrina Maria Theresa Henrietta Louisa Paulina Elizabeth Frederica Georgina. She has more phenomenal handles, but these are all the King uses when he calls her to sew a button on his trousers.—Jersey City Journal.

"It isn't possible that you swim, Mr. Jones?" "Yes, madam, I do. Why do you think it so strange?" "Because, Mr. Jones, the idea of your taking to water is very funny." Jones thinks some widows are entirely too sharp, and now is looking for some one else to love.—Philadelphia Chronicle.

A lunatic captured a butcher shop the other night, and with knife and cleaver held three hundred men at bay. In a moment of weakness, however, he attempted to carve a porter-house steak, cut near the horns, and was a vanquished man in five minutes. That a man should be so foolish when life and liberty were at stake.—Burlington Hawkeye.

A young lady from the lower country, who has been visiting in Alturas, Cal., said just before she left there recently, that the people of Modoc County were the most generous she had ever met. D. ring her short stay there she had been offered a half interest in a saw-mill, a barber-shop, a printing-office, a gentleman horse, and a livery-stable, respectively, to say nothing of the offer of two or three saloons, ranches and bands of cattle.

The Glacial Period.

The term "glacial period," during which large portions of the earth were covered with ice, is especially applied to the close of the tertiary period, when nearly all of Europe experienced an arctic climate, and whole races of men, animals and plants were driven south or destroyed. This cold snap commenced 240,000 years ago and lasted 160,000 years. Science says it was caused by the increased eccentricity of the earth's orbit influencing oceanic currents, and that we have cold spells from the same cause every 50,000 years. Darwin believed it because it enabled him to account for the similarity of plants and animals found in America, Africa, Europe and Australia, and also explained what became of the races of men that inhabited Europe 240,000 years ago, of whom vestiges are traced down to 50,000 years. There have been cold waves occurring at intervals since, but that glacial period was the longest and coldest winter on record.—Indianapolis Sun.

The Next Vice-President's Speech.

At Washington, on the evening of the 21st, the veterans took a hand in the business of ratifying, and called upon John A. Logan, the Republican candidate for Vice-President, to whom they gave a magnificent serenade. In acknowledging the compliment General Logan spoke as follows:

Comrades and fellow-citizens: The warm expressions of confidence and congratulation which you have so graciously bestowed upon me, and which I feel it my duty to tender to my sincerest thanks to each and all of my participants in this grand and noble cause, are to me a source of the greatest pride and honor. Your visit at this time, gentlemen, is interesting to me in a double aspect. As citizens of our common country, tendering tribute to me as a public man, I meet you with genuine pleasure and grateful acknowledgments. Coming, however, as you do, as representatives of the soldiers and sailors of our country, your visit possesses a feature, inseparably leading to a train of the most interesting reflections. (Applaud.) You are here, gentlemen, composed of men who gave up the pursuit of peace, relinquished the comforts of home, traversed the ties of friendship, and left the gentle, loving society of father, mother, sister, brother, and in many instances wife and children, to brave the dangers of the sea and of a hostile land, to run the gauntlet of sickness in climates different from your own, and possibly, or even probably, to yield up life in the service of your country.

Twenty-three years ago, gentlemen, when death raised its wrinkled front through the ranks of many of our gallant and noble ones, you were called upon to stand with me on the portal of manhood, eager for a contest with the world, which promised to bring you honor, riches and fame. You were called upon to stand with me in the society of your own family. But few of you have passed the period of young manhood or advanced to the maturity of life. You are here, gentlemen, however, of your endangered country, you did not hesitate to leave everything for which you were fond, to follow me in the ranks of the Union, without the incentive which has inspired men in other Nations to adopt a military career as a permanent occupation, and to devote their lives to the pursuit of power. (Cheers.) The safety of our country having been assured and its territorial integrity preserved, you standing with me, unfixed the bayonet, laid away the musket, hoisted the cannon, doffed your uniforms, and returned to your homes, and buried hatred toward our brothers of the South, and shook hands in testimony of a mutual resolve to rehabilitate our country, and to restore the Union, until our reunited country should be greater and prouder, and grander than ever before. (Great cheers.) Those years, gentlemen, have passed, and the perspective of the past since you responded to your country's call, and mighty changes in the eventful march of National affairs have taken place. This passing time has laid its gentle lines upon the heads of many of you who shouldered your muskets to follow me, and whose hair has grown white, or whose hair has become thin, or whose hair has become bald. But however heavy it has dealt with you, your soldiers and sailors organizations that have been kept up prove that the heart is unaged, and that your love of your country has been intensified with the advancing years. (Cheers.) Your arms have been strong and your voices as clear in the promotion of peace as when lent to the science of war; and the interest which you take in National affairs prove that your patriotic hearts are as determined to maintain what you fought for and that for which our lost comrades gave up their lives and the benefit of those that survived them. (Applause, long and continued.) During the last twenty years, in which we have been blessed with peace, the Republican party has been continued in the administration of the Government. When the great question of preserving our Union was presented to you, it was the Republican party which affirmed its perpetuation. I open no wound, nor do I resurrect any quarrel, in stating that this is an undeniable fact. When you and I, my friends, and that vast body of men who, having declared in favor of the Union, were called upon to follow me, I resort to the last dread measure—the arbitration of war—we did so under the call of the Republican party. Many of us had been educated by our fathers in the Democratic school of politics, and many of us were members of that party at the time the issue of war was presented to us. For years the Democratic party had wielded the destinies of our Government, and had served its purpose under the leadership of an ideal Republic which then existed. But the matrix of time has developed a new school of progress, which has taken the name of the Republican party. Its birth announced the conception of a broader and grander principle, and a government that had been entertained by our forefathers. But few of us—perhaps none—took in the full dimensions of the contest at that early day. It began to dawn gradually, like the light of the morning sun, as he rises in the misty dawn above the sleepy mountain tops. At length it came to us in full blaze, and for the first time in the history of our Republic we give genuine vitality to the declaration of independence, and entitled to the indelible rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The Republican party, then, was the unquestionable agency which bore these gifts to the waiting age, and it was the Democratic party which dissipated their value, and sent them to the bottom of the sea. It was the Republican party which, at the moment of the perilous crisis of the country, the Republican party, then, was the latest fruit of our Governmental progress, and is destined to survive upon the theory that the strong outlive the weak, until the principles of our Government shall be as firmly established as the march of the ages, or go to the wall as an instrument which has fulfilled its purpose. As long as the Democratic party shall cling either in open or covert manner to the traditions and policy belonging to the past era in our development, just so long will it, Republican party be charged with the administration of our Government. In making this arrangement of the Democracy, my friends, I appeal to no passions, nor resort to self-interest. I but utter the plain, sober words of truth, until every State in this broad and beneficent Union shall give free recognition to the civil and political rights to the humblest of our citizens, whatever his color; until protection to American citizens follow the flag at home and abroad; until the admirable motto of the Government shall be placed beyond the danger of subversion; until American labor and industry shall be protected by wise and equitable laws, and as to the full source to our national wealth shall be general as our civilization; until we shall have established a wise American policy that will not only preserve the Nation, but other Nations, but will cause every American citizen to honor his Government at home and abroad; until the Nation to respect our flag, renewed cheering; until the American people shall permanently establish a thoroughly economic system upon the American ideal, which will preserve and foster their own interests, unobscured by English theories or "Golden Clubs"; and until it is conceded beyond all reasonable vocations that this Government exists upon the basis of a self-sustaining, self-preserving Nation, and the fatal doctrine of "Independent State" sovereignty, upon which the civil war was founded, shall be stamped out as a political heresy, out of which continued revolution is born, and which impede the progress of that idea of a Republic—the Republican party will have much work to do and unfulfilled mission to perform. (At this point the speaker was interrupted for some time by cheers and applause.) The standard-bearer of the Republican party in the ensuing campaign is James G. Blaine (great cheering), known throughout the land as one of the truest and ablest representatives of the people. He has been called to the voice of the people, in recognition of his special fitness for the trust, and in admiration of the surprising combination of brilliancy, courage, faithfulness, persistency, and research that had made him one of the most remarkable figures that appeared upon the forum of statecraft in any period of this country—that such a man should have enemies and detractors is as inexplicable as that our best fruits should be infested with parasites, or that there should exist small and envious minds which seek to belittle that which they can never hope to imitate or equal, and that he shall triumph over these and lead the Republican hosts another victory in November is as certain as the succession of the seasons, or the rolling of the spheres in their courses. Gentlemen, arise in thank you for that great consolation, and extend to you, one and all, my grateful acknowledgments. (Cheers.)

There is a fortune in so small a thing as a device for fastening a necktie. One of the patents in that line has just been sold to a company for \$1,000,000 in cash, and royalties that may amount to as much more.—Chicago Journal.

A Morrilton (Ark.) lady is a widow of eleven husbands.

Exit Tilden.

Since Mr. Seth Pecksniff laid his hand upon his heart and spoke moral platitudes to his daughters and the members of the Chuzzlewit family there has been no such impressive tableau upon any stage as that presented by Mr. Samuel J. Tilden in his final address to the Democratic party. "Mr. Pecksniff," we read, "was a moral man. * * * Perhaps there never was a more moral man than Mr. Pecksniff, especially in his conversation and correspondence." On one occasion, at least, it is recorded that he rose to the true Tilden proportions. "Humble as I am," said he, "I am an honest man, seeking to do my duty in this carnal universe, and setting my face against all vice and treachery. I wept for your depravity, I mourn over your corruption, I pity your voluntary withdrawal from the flowery paths of purity and peace; and therefore 'he struck himself upon his breast, or moral grandeur.'"

Mr. Tilden, not to be outdone by anything Mr. Pecksniff could bring forth, says of his own humble efforts in the past:

For over fifty years as a private citizen, never contemplating an official career, I have devoted at least as much thought and effort to the duty of influencing aright the action of the governmental institutions of my country as to all other objects.

When we remember that of all the men America has produced, there has not been one more notoriously mean, selfish and sordid than this same Pecksniffian gentleman who so freely admitted his own philanthropy; that he has not made record of a political or personal service of any kind in all that half century of his mature years that was not apparently to his own direct advantage; and that with all his wealth, which is supposed to extend into the millions, his name is not connected with a single public enterprise, or with a benevolent or philanthropic movement of any name, sort or dimension whatever, we are led to marvel that he expects an audience, even of his chosen followers, to sit with long faces and listen to his exposition of his own good works. He puts his official labors on the same plane as his private endeavor for the public good, saying:

I have never accepted official service except for a brief period, for a special purpose and only when the occasion seemed to require from me that sacrifice of private preferences to the public welfare. I understood the state administration of New York because it was supposed that in that way only could the executive power be arrayed on the side of the reforms to which, as a private citizen, I had given three years of my life. I accepted the nomination for the Presidency in 1876 because of the general conviction that my candidacy would best present the issue of reform, which the Democratic majority of the people desired to have worked out in the Federal Government as it had been in that of the State of New York.

His own pretensions provoke a reference to the practical comment upon those high professions, made by the disclosures of the cipher dispatches that followed the election of 1876; and the idea that "his candidacy would best present the issue of reform" worthy of the modesty of the Democratic orator. He has shown himself to be an adept at political intrigue, but when he alludes to the reform and purification of politics he is using words which are out of place in his vocabulary. His reference to his exploits in New York City and State shows a similar feebleness of comprehension and strength of vanity.

Three years of experience in the endeavor to reform the Municipal Government of the city of New York and two years of experience in renovating the administration of the State of New York have made me familiar with the requirements of such a work.

Mr. Tilden's services in helping to break up the reign of Boss Tweed are not forgotten, but they hardly take rank with his other achievements. After the death of Boss Tweed he managed to secure the place of Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, and in many conventions the wily Chairman sought Tweed to the front, and he never made a motion toward bringing the rule of the corrupt boss to an end until the press had aroused the citizens and the people were in full pursuit. At the eleventh hour Tilden went with the current he could not withstand and became a reformer within the party of corruption when there was nothing else left for him to do. A public sentiment so general as to result in a mass meeting to appoint a committee of one hundred to proceed against the Tweed gang brought him to the surface as one of the hundred, but while the stealing was successfully going on, not a word came from Reformer Tilden.

In the State administration of two years Mr. Tilden did, indeed, help to smash the causal ring. That combination constituted a political machine that was not a part of the Tilden machine and would not become subject to it. He "undertook the State administration of New York" not at all "because it was supposed that in that way only could the executive power be arrayed on the side of the reformers," but because the panic of 1873 had produced such a feeling of discontent that a shifting of the State administration of New York and some other States from the Republicans to the Democrats was inevitable before a nomination was made, and because Mr. Tilden was such a sly and skillful pipe layer that he got the nomination by a scratch in a convention that had a large majority of delegates who preferred Judge Sanford E. Church. The tidal wave took Tilden and the whole Democratic ticket into office, and both branches of the Legislature to boot. It is sheer impudence for Mr. Tilden to pretend that he "accepted official service" in this case "for a special purpose," or for any purpose other than the purpose which might naturally actuate any shrewd, selfish and ambitious politician.

It is passing strange that this worn-out political hack, who has protected more rascals than he has exposed, grown rich in financial operations which his enemies call wrecking, with a reputation for betraying the confidence of even his best friends—as Cyrus W. Field can testify—when there was anything to be made by doing so, acute and unscrupulous in the small arts of politics and trade, hardly ever engaging in a transaction without being charged with dishonorable and fraudulent conduct before it was over, grasping and greedy in all that he ever did, should make so successful an assumption of "virtue before the American people and finally bow himself out with a sanctimonious smile, as who should say: "Behold the humble reformer who wrested the City of New York from bad Demo-

crats, and then the State, and was willing to rescue the Nation from the wicked Republicans. Lo! if the Lord had only found a man like me instead of Lot, Sodom itself might have been spared."—Detroit Post and Tribune.

Blaine and Victory.

The voice of the Republican people has been heard and heeded. From the pine forests of Maine and the mountains of Pennsylvania, from the region of the great lakes, across the fertile fields of Illinois and the broad prairies of Iowa to the rugged peaks of Colorado and the golden shores of California that voice has been ringing out the name of "Blaine of Maine." The roar which shook the vast hall where the Republican Convention was assembled was but a faint echo of the people's voice. The immense vote which declared James G. Blaine the leader of the Republican hosts in the great struggle of 1884 was but the ratification of the people's choice already made. Not the convention, but the people, made Blaine the nominee. For the convention to have rejected him would have been a defiance of the clearly-expressed wish of the Republican voters. It would have been at once a blunder and a crime.

Wild as was the enthusiasm which swept that great assemblage off its feet at the announcement of the nomination of the people's favorite, it was but a feeble indication of the tremendous wave of enthusiastic energy whose resistless tide will carry all before it this fall, and bear Blaine in triumph into the White House next March. No man who actually received the Presidential nomination since the existence of the United States had, as a candidate, so strong a hold on the affections of the masses of his party as has James G. Blaine at the present moment. Strong in his convictions, courageous in maintaining them; daring in attack and brilliant in strategy he has won the devotion of his followers and the admiration of his enemies. His history as a public man is that of the Republican party, the one that is not dissociated from the other. He is the typical Republican. His history for the same period is largely that of the Nation. He is the typical American.

It would have been impossible to make a nomination that would be better received in Ohio, or that would exercise a stronger influence for good on the fortunes of the Republican party in this State at the coming elections. In Northern Ohio especially Blaine is the popular idol. He had by his course in Congress secured the admiration of the people of the Western Reserve, whose Republicanism is of the staunchest type. His intimate association with Garfield, and the part he bore in the tragic events of the closing months of the martyred President's life, completely won their hearts. He became the natural heir to the affection they bore the deeply loved and cruelly lost Garfield. No man named in connection with the nomination, or who might under any circumstances be connected with that position, could so stir the hearts of the people of Ohio, particularly in the Republican strongholds, and bring out the Republican vote to the last man, as can James G. Blaine, the personal friend, the devoted adherent, the political other self of the martyred President, James A. Garfield. His nomination insures a sweeping victory in October and a crowning triumph in November.

From this day the State which has given four Presidents to the Nation, and has material for as many more, will work with all its might for "the man from Maine," and from the lake to the river it will ring with shouts of "Blaine and Victory."—Cleveland (O.) Herald.

The Chances.

The New Orleans Picayune has not as much faith as a Louisiana Democratic paper should have in a prospective Democratic victory. It says, with extraordinary intelligence:

The following Electoral votes are absolutely certain to be cast for Blaine and Logan in any event whatever, no matter who the Democratic nominees, or what the Democratic platform may be:

Table listing Electoral votes for various states: California (5), Colorado (3), Illinois (11), Iowa (7), Kansas (3), Michigan (11), Minnesota (13), Nebraska (3), Nevada (3), Oregon (3), Rhode Island (4), Vermont (3), Wisconsin (11), Total, 13 States (105).

The following Electoral votes will certainly be cast for Blaine and Logan if the Democratic platform is a tariff for revenue only:

Table listing Electoral votes for various states: Indiana (11), New York (33), Total, 2 States (44).

The following is consequently a recapitulation of the situation:

Table summarizing Electoral votes: Blaine and Logan certain (105), Blaine and Logan probable (44), Blaine and Logan possible (52), Total (201), Necessary to a choice (271).

Our design in setting forth the matter in this form is to show clearly how the Democratic party has it in its power to elect Blaine and Logan."

It might go on and say that if the election was held to-morrow Blaine and Logan would have a certain majority, and the probabilities are that any action the Democratic Convention will take will increase the chances of a Republican victory.—Chicago Tribune.

Carl Schurz, sitting in the Chicago Convention at the time of Blaine's nomination, took his watch from his pocket, and, turning to General Francis C. Barlow, who sat beside him, said: "Let us note the time when the Republican party will be showing a lawnmower over Mr. Schurz's political grave long after the ivy and mosses have obscured the epitaph on his tombstone."—Philadelphia Press.

Temperance Reading.

DRAGGED DOWN BY RUM.

The story of a tramp who once refused a nomination for Congress.—The Times of Wice That Wrecked a Promising Career and Broke Up a Happy Home.

"Get out of here you blank blanked tramp, or I'll pitch you out of the window, blank blank you," said the keeper of a Chatham square saloon to a poor specimen of humanity who was stealthily trying to ease his appetite with some musty cheese and crackers on the free-lunch counter.

The wrathful bar-keeper's face wore a villainous yet sleek expression. The poor, hungry tramp meekly limped toward the door, with his head bowed down, and said nothing. He wore a seedy suit of black, a well-worn slouch hat covered his head, and the heel of his left foot protruded from an excuse for a shoe. There was something in the man's appearance which betrayed the thought to the reporter's mind that the tramp had seen better days. He was certainly a hungry man, and the reporter followed him from the saloon and ventured to address him.

"Would you like a drink?" said the reporter to the man whom he saw a minute later looking the very picture of misery in Oliver street.

"That I would, sir," he replied. "This was furnished him at a neighboring saloon. The poor devil swallowed three fingers of whisky at a gulp, almost, and turned like a famished creature, as he was, to a bowl of pigs' feet, which constituted the solid portion of a free lunch provided in most of the down-town rum shops.

THE CURSE OF RUM.

"Oh, yes," he said, in reply to the reporter's remark, "I've seen better days, sir, and rum has brought me down. It is a disease with me, I fear, which can not be cured this side of eternity. I am now in my fortieth year, yet one foot is in the grave."

"But what's the use," he said, after a pause, "to tell you who I am or what I've been. 'You wouldn't believe me. I've been able to get rum when I couldn't get bread. You see this scar on my jaw, don't you? A bullet from a Confederate sharp-shooter made that at Gettysburg, and came so near cutting my windpipe that I couldn't consider it a joke by any means. This scar on my right hand was made by a saber. I carried a sword then and wore epaulettes on my shoulders. I set up my shingles in a law office in Denver, Col., after the war, graduating under old Prof. Wedwood at the Columbia Night Law School at Washington, paying for law lectures while a \$1,000 clerk in the War Department. I was a hail fellow with met in those days, and had \$20,000 or so."

ALMOST A CONGRESSMAN.

"Well," with a sigh, "I was ambitious, and asked for a foreign consulate, not being satisfied with law, though I had a good practice for a young man. I refused, while Chairman of a Republican Convention, to run for Congress, as I felt a warm friendship for Colonel —, who had been a delegate in the House from Colorado when a Territory, and he promised to get me a foreign post. Tampico, Stettin and other places were too small for me, so I struck for the post of Secretary of Legation to Constantinople. I had been a very temperate fellow until I was twenty-three years of age—in fact, during the carnage of war I had not even tasted anything in the way of rum stronger than cider. I remained about Washington a year and a half, and in the meantime was dazzled with the gayety of the capital. My associates and friends were as numerous as butterflies in a flower-garden, and I began to like champagne. I spent in fifteen months in Washington every dollar I had, and yet received no commission. One day a Senator informed me candidly that the Constantinople place had been promised to a Maryland chap, whose father had made a fortune running the blockade and sympathizing with the rebels during the war. The Secretary of State would not appoint you because on two or three occasions when you called to see him he smelt whisky on your breath," he told.

"I did not feel in the mood to accept a Government clerkship again, so I went West and fell back on the law. But I neglected some of my clients, and rum got the mastery for a year or so. I struggled in the mines of Nevada, doing the law work of some of the claimants there. I fell in love with the daughter of an English miner and—unhappily for her married her. The father idolized the girl, and set us up in life in San Francisco. For four years I lived as happily as a prince, but for the life of me I couldn't give up drink. A beautiful child was given us, and one night in a drunken, maudlin condition, I woke up to find my wife and child gone—led from me forever. I fled to England, but could find no trace of wife, child or father-in-law in the great city of London. Great God, what a hell on earth I've endured since! I worked for a time as a common laborer in Chicago. I tried to reform, time and time again, but I saw most of the professed Christians were only arrant hypocrites. All my friends of former days turned their backs upon me, and most of them would pass by on the other side when they espied me. I couldn't even get a messenger's place in any department at Washington. I resorted to every device to obtain drink, except to steal. A thousand times have I thought of suicide, yet I never had the courage to attempt it. I've slept in hallways and the parks and in cheap lodging houses for two years past; have suffered terribly in snow-storms, yet I live. Sometimes I've put in a ton of coal for a quarter, or swept out a saw-dust of a liquor saloon for a bite to eat and a drink. I am beyond redemption, as you see. But there are thousands just like me. But for the accursed rheumatism, which has laid me up in the hospitals for the past few months, I'd enlist as a private in the army or marine corps—and I once commanded a thousand brave fellows. The noise and confusion of a battlefield would be music to my ears now. Would I had left my bones on Gettysburg's heights!

"Oh, yes, I've often tried to get something to do in this city of late, but a nine cases out of ten I've been rebuffed. I asked for copying or any-

thing to earn a living. Only yesterday I was turned out of half a dozen places where I was looking for work by the janitors.

A MOTHER'S UNHEEDED WARNING.

"You see me as I am. Yet I haven't lost all self-respect. I haven't any chum, and I never yet went on the tomato can racket, as they call it. I shun the main streets, and am ashamed to meet the gaze of a gentleman. The memory of my wife haunts me like a dream, and the affection she once felt for me keeps me from the lowest haunts of vice. All the curse of rum. The first glass of wine I ever took was handed me by the daughter of a justice of the United States Supreme Court who was a Presidential candidate. The lady's husband was Governor and afterwards a United States Senator. After one glass of wine has been my ruin. A sainted mother warned me when I was a child never to touch it. She died of a broken heart for she had felt the curse of rum. I have a brother, a thousand miles from here, who fills the pulpit of a leading church, and they tell me he is one of the most eloquent of men. I have sisters who are all well off, and who are doubtless now thinking of my accursed fate. But I am too proud to let them know the truth. I have asked bread of some whose flesh is akin to mine, and they have given me a stone. The dark river may yet be my refuge, and if the fishes don't eat my flesh possibly from the th' Morgue I'll be taken to a Potter's field.

"Ah, but I'm a coward. I've talked too much. I deserve no sympathy. I ask for none. Goodby."

The reporter forced the man to accept a little chug.

"I thank you, sir, but I would not have asked it," said the tramp. "I feel there is no hope for me in this world or the next; but as you bid me hope, I will try," and he turned aside to brush away a tear.

The miserable drunkard went one way, the reporter another. Did he start directly for a beer saloon? No. The reporter saw the poor fellow enter a ten-cent lodging-house. He had slept on the docks the night before.—N. Y. Herald.

How He Came to "Swear Off."

"No, I won't drink with you to-day, boys," said a drummer to several companions, as they settled down in the smoking-car and passed the bottle. "The fact is, boys, I have quit drinking—I've sworn off." He was greeted with shouts of laughter by the jolly crowd around him; they put the bottle under his nose, and indulged in many jokes at his expense, but he refused to drink, and was rather serious about it. "What's the matter with you, old boy?" sang out one. "If you've quit drinking, something's up; tell us what it is."

"Well, boys, I will, though I know you'll laugh at me. But I'll tell you all the same. I have been a drinking man all my life, ever since I was married. As you all know, I love whisky—it's as sweet in my mouth as sugar—and God only knows how I'll quit it. For seven years not a day has passed over my head that I didn't have at least one drink. But I am done. Yesterday I was in Chicago. I own on South Clark street a customer of mine keeps a pawn shop in connection with his other business. I called on him, and while I was there a young man of not more than twenty-five, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand. Tremblingly he unwrapped it and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying: 'Give me ten cents.' And, boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby shoes, little things with only the buttons a trifle soiled, as if they had been only worn once or twice. 'Where did you get these?' asked the pawnbroker. 'Got 'em at home,' replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his sad condition. 'My wife bought them for 'em—I want a drink.' 'You had better take the shoes back to your wife; the baby will need them,' said the pawnbroker. 'No, s-h-e won't, because she's dead. She's lying at home how—died last night.' As he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the showcase, and cried like a child. 'Boys,' said the drummer, 'you can laugh if you please, but I—I have a baby of my own at home, and I swear I'll never drink another drop.' Then he got up and went into another car. A companion glanced at each other in silence, and laughed; the bottle disappeared, and soon each was sitting in a seat by himself reading a newspaper.—Irish World.

Temperance Items.

Let moderate drinkers know that light wines pave the way for whisky and rum; and moderate drinking to drunkenness, disease and death.

What is my opinion of temperance? It is a fire we kindle in ourselves, without a dollar's worth of insurance on the premises.—Mrs. Brown, in Merchant Traveler.

Governor Robinson, of Massachusetts, denounces "fashionable drinking," and hopes to see the time when it will be abolished at all social entertainments.

A FASHION of speech in some quarters, when referring to the workman who does not appear on a Monday morning is: "He's got the Monday blight." That is the correct term—the blight—and pity of pities is it that so often it is not merely the "Monday blight," but the blight of a whole life. Good friends, what are you doing to dispel this blight? Blight of body, blight of brain, blight of the spirit which is to live forever.—Union Signal.

The New York Retailer, an organ of the whiskey-sellers, gives its idea of the strength of the Temperance army: "We call your attention to the fact that not less than one million votes are arrayed against you in the so-called Temperance societies, and almost the entire force of pulpitrappers of the country. Add to this 153 newspapers and periodicals especially devoted to the cause, to say nothing of the lay dailies and weeklies which truckle more or less to the morbid and bigoted public sentiment that tolerates sumptuary legislation."