☞ All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures

BY THE GATE OF THE SEA

By David Christie Murray,

AUTHOR OF "A MODEL FATHER," "A LIFE'S ATONEMENT," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

"And you think," he said, after this pause, "that we had better send it to Lorrimer?"

"Certainly. With the stipulation that we depend not upon his judgment, but upon that of Miss Churchill. I have written a good deal for Lorrimer, and I respect his judgment on my own wares. He has a rare palate for a murder, but the flavors of this work are too delicate for him. I shall tell him so."

"If she will but undertake the part," cried the poet, "what a creation she will make of it!"

"She is a great actress," said the other, "and her style grows riper. But have you noticed, Marsh? I meet her here and there on Sunday evenings. She is successful, but she is not satisfied. She is not a happy woman. Her sorrows are not querulous, but resigned."

"I have noticed it," said Marsh. "I only see her upon the stage."

"Do you know," said the writer of melodrama, "I admire her infinitely. Her blameless private life, her charity—she has an ill word for nobody, not even for the fools who pester her because she is an actress. I have felt once or twice an electric sensation in the right foot, indicative, as I believe, of a desire to boot a noble swell or two who hover in her train. But to give way to that desire would only create a scandal, and the snobs must be allowed to flutter until she meets some good fellow who will marry her and take her away from the theater."

"That would be a loss to the theater," said Marsh.

"And a gain to her," returned his companion. "No woman can live in art and be happy. Her place is by the hearth. She must have a man to waste her affections on and children to suffer for before she can really be at peace."

"Shall I send on the play to Lorrimer, or will you?" asked the poet, after a minute's pause.

"I will," said the playwright. "It is so much more your work than mine that I can praise it with the better face."

"And I shall hear the verdict from you?"

"Just so. Are you going? Lorrimer shall have it at once. Good-bye."

"I am going down into Berkshire," said the poet, shaking hands and taking up his sombrero; "but my letters will be forwarded. Good-bye."

William John Smith, being left alone, lit a pipe and took a tumbled heap of papers from a drawer. Then he selected a pen, sat down at the table with the jumbled papers before him and tried to think about work. But the day was languid and he was lazy, and in a minute or two he threw down the pen and resigned himself to his fancies. Ronald Marsh came uppermost.

"William John," said the idler, staring abstractedly out of the window, "you have done that young man a power of good. The sentiments you so eloquently express in conversation and so consistently ignore in private life are telling on him. And he wanted that hiding from the reviewers. It did him good, and helped to drive out of him the most intolerable puppyism with which any man of my time has been afflicted. There are the makings of a good fellow in him, and they will not be wasted."

Unconscious of this criticism, the poet went down to Berkshire, leaving the dusky whirl of London fashion behind him, and awaited (with what patience he could find) Miss Churchill's judgment on the poetical comedy. It fell upon a day that he sat out, long-cloaked, long-haired and sombreroed, for a country walk, and being athirst and weary, stepped into an inviting little roadside inn and asked for sherry and soda. The room in which he sat was comfortably shaded and prettily dappled by a few stray flecks of sunlight. There were roses at the diamonded casement, the window was open, birds twitted about the fields outside, a hostler in the yard to the right made a soothing noise of hissing and splashing as he washed the legs of a farmer's cob, and it was difficult to believe that there were griefs, or heart-burnings, or jealousies, or troubles of any sort upon the surface of a planet which owned so peaceful and quiet a haven of rest as this.

"Hostler!" said a voice outside, "see that there hoddity in the cloak and wideawake goin' in just now?"

"I see him, sir," replied the hostler. "It's my lady's brother-in-law down from London, sir."

"My eye!" said the first speaker, "he's a caution, ain't he? What's he wear his hair that long for? Like a golf's, isn't it?"

"Well, you see, sir," said the hostler, in a philosophic and reflective tone, "there's a sort as would sooner be stared at and laughed at than not stared at all."

"That's a rare good by-word, hostler," said the other. "You shall have a pint for that, anyway."

The poet stealthily arose and closed the window. It was sufficiently unpleasant to have overheard this conversation, and it would have been still more disagreeable to have it known that he had overheard it. He tried to dismiss it from his mind, as a piece of unmeaning insolence, but it would not be dismissed. The hostler's philosophy, as it applied to a class at large, was sound. There were many people in the world—the poet was assured of it—who would much rather be laughed at than left unnoticed. Was he one of them? He thought not; he felt certain he was not. But did he look like one of them? Did he commonly pass for one of them? He had grown so accustomed to his own sartorial eccentricities that he himself had almost ceased to think about them. He had assumed them in the folly of youth as a sort of badge and proclamation—a sign of his office as Vates. It was possible enough, now he came to think of it, that the cloak, the sombrero, and the long hair had something to do with the prodigious roasting he had received at the hands of the reviewers, for he had been a familiar figure about town and in society, and was likely to be known by sight to most of them. When he thought of the sounding of the drums which had gone before the publication of his poems he blushed all over. The hostler's philosophy sank deep, and the poet departed from that wayside inn carrying a hard-earned bit of wisdom with him.

Mr. Ronald Marsh justified Wisdom of her latest birth by discarding the hat and cloak, and by having his hair cut. When he had made these changes he felt absurdly ashamed of himself, and fearful of appearing before people who had known him in his old aspect; but he conquered these sensations in a little while, and was content to go about like an average Christian, and to carry no badge of genius upon him.

Such great events from little causes spring, that the chance overhearing of a hostler's speech made a tender, lifelong friendship possible for our poet, and thereby so purified him and lifted him as to make him at last an exceptionally good man a very tolerable playwright.

Miss Churchill read the poetical comedy, and thought well of it. The practiced writer of melodrama had seen to the situations, and, though he had chosen to be modest about his part of the work, he had enriched its dialogue and motive, until the poet's simile of the work, the rickety child and the beautiful woman was very fairly descriptive of the changes he had wrought in it for the better. But there were still things which the stage instinct of the actress rejected, and news came to the poet that Lorrimer and Miss Churchill desired to meet him and his *collaborateur*, with a view to the removal of certain blemishes in the piece, and then to its early production. This announcement was at once a source of delight and uneasiness. To be played by Miss Churchill was fame and glory enough in itself. To meet Miss Churchill after his encounter with her at Tregarthen was not a pleasant thing. Looking back at that meeting, he felt that he had intruded himself impudently, and he remembered the magnificent snub his insolence had deservedly received. And apart from that—not to pretend disguise about a matter which must be tolerably plain by this time—Ronald Marsh had been falling more and more in love with the actress since the hour when he had discovered her poverty, and he was by this time farther gone than any man can be with safety. He had admired her, and had then had to pity her profoundly, and then to admire her anew, and now he had been thinking of her for months, while he labored at his comedy, with her voice constantly in his ears and her form and face constantly before his eyes.

He had listened anxiously to whatever news of her private life had reached him. Her record was blameless. No reproach came near her.

It was not easy to encounter her again, but he did not see his way to an avoidance of the engagement. William John Smith, "merchant in murder," and Lorrimer were at the house before him, and Mrs. Tregarthen sat talking with them when he arrived. A mild, sad-mannered lady, who acted as Mrs. Tregarthen's companion, and wore a readable proclamation of reduced circumstances, sat at a window knitting.

The poet had long since besought Lorrimer not to remind the actress of his former meeting with her. There was just a chance that she might not recognize him, and that he might escape the consequences of their last meeting. If he had only known what the meeting had led to on her side he would never have had the courage to face her at all. Now, Mrs. Tregarthen would almost beyond a doubt have recognized the picturesque young man who had helped to work such mischief, if she had seen him in his old guise. But the poet shorn of his disorderly halo was a man disguised, and, thanks to the hostler's philosophy, he passed without recognition.

The actress suggested the alterations she desired. Lorrimer and the playwright discussed them with her, and the poet kept very much in the background, thankful to be unobserved. He escaped at last with a feeling of much relief; but he was not nearly so afraid to face Miss Churchill a second time. During the rehearsal of the accepted comedy he met her frequently, and so came more and more within her influence, and fell more and more in love with her. She on her side was prepossessed with the poet, and treated him kindly. He was a gentleman, and cultured; he never pestered her with flatteries; and she, who had a native inclination to worship genius, thought she discovered a touch of that rare quality in him. So the poet was admitted to a sort of intimacy, and, being busy upon a second comedy, was allowed certain half business-like, half friendly conferences about it, and was so lured forward that, after hanging back with all his might, he surrendered suddenly and went all the way.

"The Lady Marguerite Capucine was a woman whose delight it was to know singers, musicians, actors, authors and such curious folk, and she preferred a fashionable actress to any other lioness who roars. The Lady Marguerite had found her way to Miss Churchill, and, being herself a charming woman (apart from the one eccentricity which prompted her to be a trouble to all the intellectual people she could lay her hands on), had at first secured the actress' liking and regard. A little coolness sprang up between them, however, on the ground that Lady Marguerite had asked Miss Churchill to oblige a little circle of her guests one day by the recital of a scene from "As you like it." Miss Churchill took it ill that this request should be made to her, and excused herself courteously but coolly. The hostess took it ill that the actress should decline, and "my dearest" Miss Churchill something more than she need have done for the rest of the evening, and began to dislike her.

This breach the poet set himself to heal, and so far succeeded that his sister-in-law's house again became one of the places in which he could rely upon a meeting with the actress; and now he began to manœuvre for a private interview. One day it came, not as the result of manœuvres, but by pure accident. The poet was strolling in the park at a rather early hour, in a secluded by-way, when he suddenly encountered the object of his dreams, alone. He suffered a curious breast-pang and for a second or two stood irresolute, but being perceived by the lady, who gave him one of her sad little smiles, he perforce plucked up heart of grace and approached her. She received him cordially enough, but with so manner of fact a manner that any hopes he might have felt inclined to nurture were at once frozen. But men of war sometimes charge strongholds which are known to be impregnable, and lovers are not always to be held back from a declaration by the certainty that it must be fruitless.

There was no trace of the poverty which had first moved the poet's heart in the dress of the stately yet gentle creature who now walked beside him, and but little sign in her aspect of the sorrows he knew her to have suffered. There was always a touch of sadness in her face when he saw it in repose, but this only made her rare smile the more charming, and it was never deep enough to awaken anything beyond a pleasing sense of pity.

It was not easy to plunge *in medias res*, and the transition from any other topic bade fair to be difficult and awkward, but he continued to talk about commonplace matters for a little while, and it was only when Mrs. Tregarthen spoke of moving homeward that he made up his desperate mind to the fulfilment of his enterprise.

"Before we part, Miss Churchill," he said, "I have something to say to you—something I *must* say, if only you will do me the honor to listen."

If she had not been a married woman, with a tragedy behind her, she might long since have divined Ronald Marsh's condition. When a maid is fancy free she is free to fancy what she pleases, and though she thinks young men a mighty nuisance, she has a fair idea of the number of her own admirers. But apart from the fact that Mrs. Tregarthen was married, and had buried her whole heart in the past, she was by nature unobservant in this particular. It crossed her mind that the poet might be displeased with something she had done in respect to his comedy—his manner seemed to bespeak displeasure—and she answered, with a propitiatory voice:

"Certainly, Mr. Marsh. I shall listen to anything you have to say to me."

"From the earliest moment of my actual knowledge of you, Miss Churchill," he began, "I have been learning to form an estimate of your character which has continually grown loftier, and now for months past I have had to admit to my own heart that admiration and interest have ripened into love."

She stopped him there with a grave dignity.

"Pray forget that you have ever spoken so to me." He would have been a more insolent wooer than Ronald Marsh was disposed to be who had not found himself arrested by this command. It left him without a single ray of hope, and he saw as much at once. They paced side by side for a few moments in silence, and then she spoke again: "I did not mean to answer you harshly, Mr. Marsh."

"I know that," he answered, coming to a stand-still.

"But," she said, pausing also, "I owe you an apology for an unintentional deceit or you owe one to me for an insult."

"I do not understand," said the poet.

"I have resumed the name by which I was first known upon the stage," she pursued, with a tone of suppressed anger; "but I can scarcely believe that you were unaware of my real name, or that you did not know enough of my history to be sure that you were dishonoring yourself and me when—"

"Dishonor myself and you!" he interrupted.

"Dishonor yourself and me," she repeated. "I shall be glad to know that I have suspected you groundlessly."

"I had known," said Marsh, confusedly, "that you had borne another name. I had even some slight knowledge of your late husband."

"My *late* husband!" There was a look of sudden terror in her face, for it crossed her mind that Arthur and she were so far apart that he might have died and she have been left in ignorance. The poet would have been a dull dog indeed if the emphasis with which she spoke and the fear he read in her face had not guided him to the truth.

"Forgive me any pain I may have given you," he said, earnestly, baring his head before her. "Forgive me any pain I may cause you now. Mr. Tregarthen is alive?"

"Yes," she said, faintly, "I pray so. I believe so."

Marsh offered her his arm with a respect so obvious and profound that she availed herself of its support with no hesitation, and they walked on together for a little until she had recovered from the tremor into which her fear had thrown her.

"Believe me," he said, when he saw this, "that if I had known I could never have spoken as I did. Rely upon my most profound and respectful sympathy. There is nothing in this world to which you may not command me. Forgive me the pain I have caused you, and forget——"

"Let us say good-morning now, Mr. Marsh," she said, withdrawing her hand from his arm, and then extending it toward him. He took it in his own, bowed over it and left her.

CHAPTER X.

Tregarthen's housekeeper brought the child a second time, in accordance with her master's orders. She had done what she could to make him smart and neat, but his velvet clothes were much damaged, and he was too big for them.

"Bring him here," said Tregarthen, who was stronger than he had been on the previous day, though his eyes were still hollow, and his unshaven face looked somewhat ghastly. "What is your name?"

"Phil," said the boy, looking shyly up at him, and dropping his eyes again.

"What else?" asked Tregarthen. He leaned forward from his heaped-up pillows and fondled the child's head with his thin hand. The boy murmured something unintelligible. "What is the other name, Phil? I can't hear you."

"I don't think he knows the other name, sir," said the housekeeper. "I've asked him lots of times since he got better, but he doesn't seem to know it."

"He has been ill?" said Tregarthen, leaning back again. "No wonder!"

"His poor little arm was broke, sir," said the kindly housekeeper, stooping to arrange the child's collar, "and he was so bruised and drowned it was a wonder he lived at all."

"Poor fellow!" said Tregarthen. "Come and sit on the bedside, Phil, and let us have a talk together. Help him up, nurse. Where did you come from in the ship?"

"Bombay," said the child, quite readily.

"And where were you going to?"

"London."

"And who was with you on the ship?"

"Ayah," said Phil, with a small fist at either eye. Then, as by an afterthought: "And mamma."

"It is a curious thing, sir," said the housekeeper, whispering. "The child's been crying many a time for Ayah—who ever she may be—but he never once asked for his mother."

"Is the ship's name known?" Tregarthen asked, his wasted hand still toying kindly with the child's hair.

"She was the Isle of Elba, sir," responded the housekeeper, "from Bombay to Liverpool. A hundred souls aboard, sir," she added, lowering her voice again. Tregarthen looked at the child meaningly, and then from him with a glance of inquiry to the housekeeper. "Not another creature," she said, in answer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TEMPERANCE.

A TELL-TALE PASS-BOOK.

The Proof It Furnishes of the Enormous Tribute Labor Pays to the Cursed Rum Traffic.

A gentleman picked up on one of the streets of Toledo the other day a soiled and worn grocery pass-book, evidently belonging to some laboring man. The cover is so dilapidated that the name of the owner can not be made out, else it would have been returned to him. The finder, on examining the book to seek for some clue to its ownership, was so struck with the moral it teaches that he handed it to the editor of the *Blade*.

It is an ordinary pass-book, such as are common everywhere—one of those given by grocers to customers to whom they give credit, settlements being made every pay-day. The customer brings it with him when he buys any thing, the grocer enters the purchase in the book and also on his own ledger, and the pass-book is returned to the custody of the buyer, it serving as his memorandum, and preventing disputes on settlement. The one in question affords stronger internal proof of the enormous tribute that labor pays to the damnable rum power than any words that we can write. We copy literally the last four pages of the book, the latest page bearing date of February 8. From the way the entries run, we should be inclined to say they cover about two weeks' purchases. Here they are:

Beer		10 Tobacco	.05
Lard		12 Beer	.10
Jelly		05 Lard	.12
Herring		10 Beer	.10
Tobacco		50 Drinks	.10
Beer		10 Whisky	.10
Whisky		25 Whisky	.25
Beer		10 Tobacco	.05
Beer		10 Flour	$ 1.65
Butter		22 Whisky	.25
Eggs		20 Essence	.15
Soap		05 Butter	.20
Sugar		06 Drink	.05
Vinegar		12 Drink	.10
Raisins		10 Tobacco	.15
Whisky		25 Drink	.10
Beer		10 Beer	.10
Herring		05 Jelly	.05
Beer		10 Whisky	.15
Beer		10 Beer	.10
Cheese		10 Syrup	.25
Syrup		25 Tobacco	.15
Lard		10 Butter	.22
Beer		10 Beer	.10
Whisky		10 Beer	.10
Drinks		10 Beer	.24
Tobacco		10 Jelly	.05
Vinegar		12 Beer	.10
Matches		05 Tobacco	1
Butter		10 Beer	.05
Herring		05 Drinks	.10
Jelly		05 Drink	.05
Beer		10 Drink	.10
Lard		12 Barrel	1
Beer		12 Dark beer	$ 1.65
		10	

Of the 69 entries on these four pages 32 are for whisky, beer and "drinks"—almost one-half the number. The total amount of purchases is $10.69, but of this $3.35 is for these infernal poisons. These entries are but a fair sample of the whole book. Any four pages, taken at random, would show similar figures.

That the owner of this book is poor, is evident from the character and the small quantity of his purchases. As there are no entries, save at one or two places in the book, of vegetables purchased, we infer that he raised his own, which were probably stored in the cellar, and afforded part of the subsistence of his family. If they ate any meat except the herrings mentioned, it was probably bought elsewhere. But leaving these items out of the question, what a picture of poor fare and pinched housekeeping do these entries show! That there is at least one child in the family is probable from the item, "doll, seven cents." What chance has that poor starveling little one, think you, to grow to perfect manhood or womanhood, with sound body, with full physical powers, and education enough to battle with the world on terms of equality with the children of men who are free from the domination of the accursed drink habit? None. It is one of the worst of the unnumbered woes that follow the drink habit, that the curse falls heavily upon the children. To grow into a strong adult, capable of bearing life's burdens, a child must have plenty of good, nourishing food, must be warmly clad, must be well cared for physically; and in our modern civilization, an education is as necessary a preparation for the life battle as a strong, healthy body. And the children of drunken parents very rarely have strong, well-balanced minds; they inherit the enfeebled brain of the rum-poisoned parent.

In the two weeks we judge these entries to cover, this man guzzled $1.55 in beer, $2.05 in whisky, and 75 cents in rum and "drinks." In the same time, he and his family purchased $8.26 in flour. Compare $8.35 spent in drunkenness with an expenditure of $8.26 for flour in the same time! Look over the rest of the list of purchases: there is but one thing that can by any stretch of imagination be called a luxury—jelly—and that purchased a few cents' worth at a time, probably to render the bread and oleomargarine butter palatable to the little child!

But why comment longer on this text? The bare facts are enough for any thinking man. He can fill out the painful picture without aid. He can imagine the bare, comfortless home, the careworn wife, the ill-fed child, the coarsely-clad, blotted husband and father. Unfortunately, such cases are all too common. Any one familiar with the life of the poor in cities will recognize this unknown case as but one of thousands and tens of thousands of men going surely down to poverty, misery and death, dragging their wretched wives and innocent children along with them. It is only the common instance of a man upon whom the rum demon has its infernal grasp, that is all; a laboring man, nearly half of whose outlay, the first week in this month of February, was for drink.

Is there any argument for the damnable rum traffic that can stand for a moment in the sight of such a showing—one which is simply representative of uncounted others in all the cities and towns of our land? What is there so sacred in rum that it must be allowed to continue its hellish work of making men insensible to the needs of wife and children, deliberately brutalizing and ruining themselves day by day, steadily sinking deeper into the horrid pit which shall sooner or later engulf them? What is there in this damnable business that rum should be allowed to follow it? The rum-seller is the first lieutenant of the devil. He daily and hourly tempts men to barter their souls for rum. He tempts them to exchange their manhood for the direct and most hopeless form of slavery. He casts over them a spell more terrible than that of Circe; for she only turned men into beasts, but rum turns them into demons. Under its malign influence, a man's duty, a husband's love, a father's care, are all swallowed up in a scorching, burning, God-accursed thirst. To satisfy that red-hot blast from hell, when he feels it, a man will leave his wife to starve and his children to perish. And the rum-seller cares not, so long as his victim has the money to buy the brewery slop and distillery poison which he sells. He has already mortgaged his soul to the devil a thousand fold, and the misery, want and suffering that his accursed trade causes affects him not, if only he can acquire wealth.—*Toledo Blade.*

TEMPTED.

The Sad Result of One Glass of Wine Just "for Old Acquaintance's Sake."

"Dear sir, I have heard that you love young men, and have come to ask if you will take my poor son here, and do something for him. Don't refuse me, for I seem to be passing through the valley and the shadows, and to be forsaken." The speaker was an aged, hard-working woman.

"I have no authority to admit anyone to the Home, but that power belongs to the superintendent."

"Will you ask him?"

"Go right to the house and get that boy," said the superintendent, to whom I presented the case. "I'll give him a good room and keep him as long as you think best and if you need the woman needs coal, or food, or money to pay her rent, I'll help her."

I found him on the verge of delirium tremens, trembling like an aspen leaf, and in that condition in which a person craves for something to cling to, and for the support and control of a stronger nature. I took him to the institution, gave him a warm bath, administered a sedoritic, and put him to bed in a dark room. After sleeping about three hours, he awoke, with a frantic craving for liquor, begging me on his knees to allow him "just one glass to steady his nerves and to taper off with; only one glass, and then he could go to sleep, and would love me as long as he lived," protesting he "should die if he didn't have it." I refused, but gave him strong coffee and some light food, and finally got him into bed, when, after sleeping more than five hours, his rest broken with convulsive starts, he awoke somewhat refreshed, and submitted to my control like a child. I talked with him, took long walks with him in the open country till his strength and appetite returned, and he obtained command of himself and resolved to make another effort to conquer the demon of appetite. He had master under whom he had worked, consented to try him again, saying that, "when sober, he was the best workman he ever employed." He was then able to return home. At the end of three months his mother came to see me; there were tears in her eyes, but they were tears of gratitude and joy.

"Oh!" she said, "we are happy now, more, both of us. My son is himself again; he says he is done forever with liquor and with his old associates. He sits and reads to me in the evenings, while I sew or knit, or plead on his duty; we go out together to church. He seems to feel safe only while he is with me.

This happy state of affairs continued for nearly three years, when I received a summons from Mrs. L. to come immediately, for George was dying. One of his former companions had persuaded him to take ten with him, just to show that the latter intended no hardness, and finally induced him to drink a glass of wine, merely for old acquaintance's sake, nothing more, for he was a sober man now, and could take a glass without injury. The result of this was to wake up the old appetite. He drank again and again, and went home to his mother intoxicated. Despairing now of his ability to resist temptation, he procured some laudanum, and lying down on a bed in the room where his mother was at work, unperceived by her, drank the poison. So long a time had elapsed before his mother discovered his condition and could procure physicians, that the poison had passed into the circulation, and could neither be removed nor neutralized. He soon after died.

Could imagination conceive a more somber picture than is here presented in the hardest lines of naked fact or fiction portray any thing more affecting than the melancholy experience of that mother when compelled to realize that all maternal anxieties, long years of unremitting toil and struggles with poverty, endured for the sake of that son, led resulted in rearing him to die by his own act and fill a drunkard's grave?

We pity him, but the man that tempted him what shall we say of him? Society has too many men like him.—*Rev. Elijah Kellogg, in Youth's Companion.*

What Man Will Do.

No horse, or ox, or sheep, or any other living animal on the face of the earth will drink a drop of water or any other liquid unless thirsty. Not so with man. He will drink whisky and drink beer and drink wine or any thing intoxicating until he becomes "thoroughly drunk." He will "take a drink" when he does not want it, as a "compliment" to a friend, when invited thus to drink he will drink again, "of course," when it is offered to him by a lady, and again and again as toast after toast is offered at a public dinner. He will drink to conciliate a friend, will drink to gain political favor, will drink to keep out the cold, and again to keep out the heat, and again when exposed to a rain-storm. He will drink to warm himself and quiet his nerves when weary, drink again to make him sleep, drink before breakfast and after dinner to give him an appetite, drink to make peace, drink before a fight, drink to ward off sickness, drink because he is sick, drink when in trouble, drink to drown sorrow, drink when luck comes, drink until he is "drunk as a fool," drink when good luck, drink always at a friend's drink always—if he can get it—drink himself to death. He will drink when the pains of death take hold of him, drink in view of a dread eternity, and in the agonies of the dark valley. Yes, he will drink his very life away. Such habits of drinking can not properly be called *beastly*, for infernal, for there is no beast on earth that could be made to do thus disgraceful and killed.—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE NEW YORK *Tribune* in speaking of the death of John B. Gough, thus eulogizes the "drink evil": "Whoever seriously studies any of the problems of the time is speedily confronted by the drink evil. It swallows the savings of operatives. It furnishes the foundation for a political corruption which threatens disaster to the state. It counteracts the labors of the church. It baffles philanthropy. It reinforces socialism and the commune. It keeps the lowest classes brutal and dangerous, and those next in order Philistine and material. In a thousand subtle ways, by direction and indirection, purposely and as of instinct, it acts and reacts against the progress of humanity, everywhere making heavier the burden of the reformer, everywhere rendering more unresponsive the masses whose regeneration is being attempted."

A MORAL PARTY.

The State Democracy Forgets to Kick a Few Monopolists.

The State Democratic Club of Boston celebrated Washington's birthday with a banquet. There were not many bright lights present, for from the President recently appointed to take office as United States Attorney for Massachusetts; Bill Springer, of Illinois, who never misses a chance of eating and talking are to be found and General Stevenson, the present Postmaster-General and chief executioner of cross-roads postmasters, were the most conspicuous representatives of Democracy in Boston, and did the speech-making. It is safe to say of the general character of the speeches had nothing to do with Washington's Birthday. They were a congratulatory of the Republicans for their success, and apologetic for the Democracy at the other.

It is impossible to follow the speeches of the orators in detail, but a few specimens will serve to show themselves as more or less the rest. It seemed to be the prevailing opinion that the Republican party is the representative and agent of railroads and corporations—an idea which it was severely castigated by the virtuous representatives of the monopoly and popular rights. In this connection it did not seem to occur to them that the Democratic party is conspicuously a party of corporations and corrupt monopolies. It was probably due to defective memory that they did not recollect Scott, the Pennsylvania monopolist; Brown and Colquitt, of Georgia, the railroad monopolists; Vanderbilt and his one hundred and fifty thousand dollar check and the influence of the New York Central road, which helped to carry New York for Cleveland; Jay Gould's contributions to both campaign funds and his enthusiastic congratulations which he lost no time in sending to the President; the Standard Oil monopoly, which, with the aid of oil and Pelle, sent Payne to the Senate; the Standard Oil Senator's son-in-law, Whitney, occupying a place in the Cabinet, and just now dodging from place to place for fear that Conkling may catch him in the Broadway railroad scandal, his associate in the Cabinet, Lamar, with Pan-Electric stock in one pocket that keeps the President awake of nights; Gorman, the Baltimore boss, head over ears in corporations, and the most influential adviser of the President in the matter of nominations; Forbes, the president of the Chicago & Burlington Company, who was a lavish contributor to the Cleveland campaign, and Potter, the general manager, who informed the President that "we" put him into office. Last, but by no means least, not one of the speakers remembered that Cleveland himself was a corporation lawyer before he was President. With such facts as these, which are matters of common history, before them, it does not lie in the mouths of Democrats to arraign the Republican party as a friend or advocate of corporations.

It was also the general opinion of the orators of eminent reformers that the Indian service had been purged of Republican corruption, but no mention was made, as the magwump Boston Herald very suggests, of the appointment of Gorman's lineworker, Morris Thomas, as Indian Inspector, or that he had been convicted of ballot-box stuffing and falsifying returns and had been barred out of business exchanges for dishonest practices. It was also their opinion that the navy had been reformed, but they forgot to mention that after packing a political board to condemn the Dolphin, the Secretary of the Navy, who is now lodging Conkling, had to accept her because she fulfilled every specification in the contract. It was also the opinion of Mr. Stearns that Civil-service reform was a noble and beneficial thing and that the President was an apostle, notwithstanding that Mr. Springer was of opinion that the party could not be satisfied until every Republican was turned out of office because he was a Republican, and notwithstanding that he was followed by Stevenson, who has chopped off the heads of ten thousand postmasters and still at work with his ceaseless guillotine, illustrating Cleveland's idea of Civil-service reform.—*Chicago Tribune.*

SERVANT OR KING.

Great Cleveland Posing as an Autocrat Before the United States Senate.

We hope that the Senate will stand firm in its determination to disclose to Mr. Grover Cleveland his real status in the official roster of this Government. There is abundant evidence that Mr. Cleveland stands in conspicuous need of information covering that point, and the entire country will be glad that he is going to get it.

In his capacity as President of the United States, Mr. Cleveland has appointed several thousand Democrats to Federal offices heretofore held by Republicans, not for political reasons—on he himself insists—but for serious reasons" affecting the welfare of the public service and the integrity of the employed officials. He has put upon nearly every Republican so far retired from the service of the Federal Government, excepting the expiration of the term for which he was appointed, the stigma of dishonor, the mark of unfitness to public trust. Now comes the Senate in its capacity as a co-ordinate branch of the general Government of the United States, and says that this infamy shall not proceed; that its own constitutional prerogatives shall not be set-ridden; that reputable citizens and faithful officials shall not be dishonored to gratify partisan malice in politics, and that individual integrity shall not be sacrificed to make political capital for an Administration which has set up at Washington a lying and bogus civ of Civil-Service reform.

And in this determination the Senate is entirely right and patriotic. Mr. Colfax said in 1865, and Mr. Edmunds shows now with equal clearness, that "the power to remove Federal officials without cause is neither in terest, in the Executive Departments, nor vested by the constitution in that department, nor legitimately by precedent. The recognition of the power by Congress of 1869 was intended to be and was restricted to the removal of unfaithful, dishonest and incompetent officials, and did not embrace the indiscriminate removal of those who, on account of their political opinions or party predilections, might become obnoxious to the President. The right of removal for just cause was recognized, the recognition ended there."

Mr. Cleveland is not king here. He is the servant of the people. And we predict that the representatives of the people in the United States Senate will teach him that fact in very peremptory fashion and in extremely short order.—*Detroit Tribune.*

SOLDIERS' WIDOWS.

Ringing Speech of an Iowa Soldier on a Certain Negative Vote.

Extracts are given below from the late speech of David B. Henderson, of Iowa, upon the bill reported from the Appropriations Committee to increase widows' pensions:

Take the negative vote on the bill to increase the pensions of soldiers' widows. The total vote in the negative was 68. The Democratic ayes were 65. The total vote from now were 4. The total vote from the South were 34. The total vote from the North were 3. The vote of the gentleman from New York (Mr. Newton) does not count much, for the gentleman is not a leading authority on any great question. He is not an economic wing horse in the land but has the government as leading authority on both sides of the tariff question. I was little troubled about my friend from Wisconsin (Mr. Bragg), who cast the other Northern negative vote. Still, the gentleman comes to us as a Northern authority, for he says that a man who would vote against a pension at the same time make his leading speech in this Congress to reduce taxes on whiskey and petition Fitz John Porter, is not a high authority anywhere in the land. There is a significant vote, and a great lesson to be learned from it. In the late campaign in North the Republican party had been charged with being the party of aristocracy, the party that waved the cocked hat and epaulet. The men that would ever again make that charge, after that simple vote must shut their eyes to the truth.

I want all members on this floor to understand, I concede their constitutional right to vote as they please. But there is a moral law in one way in observing the moral law, and in trampling it under foot. To-day the moral law is thrown in our face as a shield against an almost solid vote against the increase of Pension bill and yet there is hardly a provision of the United States to be found in that section. I state here and now as a conservative that, if these gentlemen represent the constitution as they say, they would not have control of this chamber. If they represent the constitution instead of ballots they would have and shot guns, they would not have control of the Executive of the Nation. I tell you that in this chamber that there are as grave crimes committed under forms of law and the constitution as there were when Sumter was fired upon. And for one, I propose to keep the moral control of this country with the Republican party absolutely defeated. These are my sentiments, and I say that the gauntlet was thrown down in that vote.

I arraign no gentleman on this floor for his vote but I say there is one section of the country that believes that it is under deeper and more profound obligations to pay every dollar of its share of that debt than the Southern States. Was it a day of pleasure for us when our flags were unfurled and we marched Southward? Was it something we proclaimed and desired when we turned our backs on home and faced toward death? For we fought for the South as well as the North, and that my friend did not do. I had my share of his feet as much as I had to keep a roof over my own head, and now that we can assemble here together—the men who stood in opposed columns against each other for four years—I think that those who cast that negative vote are under as profound a moral obligation to us as we are to pay that debt. If I can follow my record he will find that I have voted with you gentlemen and raised my voice to help you to secure substantially what I have done it in the teeth of opposition sometimes. Never have you appealed to me to stand by the developments of the South and found me shirking. I have not read this speech for the purpose of stirring up bad blood. The time has come when sectional lines should be dropped, and when still four years here of that side of the House sectional twenty dollars was too much to pay a widow the sectional line was lapped and the bloody shirt was waved.

REPUBLICAN ITEMS.

☞ It is the men who are behind Clerk Dalton that the Ohio Legislature should try to reach.—*Philadelphia Times.*

☞ If the executive branch of the Government can withhold from the Senate papers that are on file in the departments, may not the treasury books and all other sources of information be closed? This will never do. If the President must draw a line let him draw it at postal-cards.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

☞ If Sparks is allowed to carry out his present scheme the honest people of the United States might as well give up, for they will lose more than all the stealings, with interest on the amounts. The policy of raining all the honest land applicants in the country on account of suspicions against officers now, is a Sparks discovery, and it is on a par with a good many other Democratic discoveries.—*Kansas City Journal.*

☞ The talk about settling the Pan-Electric scandal by induding Garland to give up his stock is all nonsense. What he ought to give up is not his stock but his office. The value or worthlessness of his shares does not touch the heart of the matter at all. It is simply scandalous that a man who accepted a direction of stock in any company having a public character should occupy a place in the Cabinet of the United States. In fact a man in public life has no business to accept gifts of any kind.—*Cleveland Leader.*

☞ A party hopelessly divided against itself, a party which seems to delight in embarrassing the executive branch of the Government on every possible occasion, a Senate in which Democratic members the President can never confidently look for support, a Cabinet, the members of which view each other with suspicion, these are among the fruits of Mr. Cleveland's first year in office. Who is responsible? With one accord Democratic newspapers.—"The President himself; he is not in sympathy with the majority of his party; he does not understand it and he doesn't care to."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

☞ President Cleveland's message to the Senate is simply a notification that he will not comply with the demands of the Senate. He says with kindness meant to be offensive that he is responsible to the Senate, and that he will not allow that body to sit in judgment on his actions. But his action did not make the President a dictator. He did not make appointments without the advice and consent of the Senate. What he would like to do is not the question. What he must do under the constitution may be inconvenient and unpleasant, but it is not easy to see how he will avoid doing it.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Another Scandal.

From time to time, since the exposition of the Broadway street railroad scandal began, Mr. Whitney's name has been published as a member of the syndicate which, under different titles, has been working to secure the control of this and other profitable street railroad franchises in New York City. It has been asserted that the syndicate of which Mr. Whitney was member, furnished the money that Jacob Sharp and his associates are alleged to have used in buying through the Board of Aldermen the valuable franchise of the Broadway road. It is common talk that the Secretary of the Navy went to the President when the first disclosures of Attorney-General Garland's connection with the Pan-Electric Telephone enterprise were published in Democratic newspapers, and urged that Mr. Garland's resignation be demanded. It is a matter of current rumor also that Mr. Whitney threatened to resign from the Cabinet if Mr. Garland was not expelled, and reasons of a social rather than political nature prevented him from carrying his threat into execution. Should it now transpire that the Secretary of the Navy is involved in a scandal which bids fair to be doubly discount that with which the name of the Attorney-General is identified, it is generally conceded that it would be most disastrous to the Administration.—*Washington Cor. Philadelphia Press.*