THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

J. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA

BABY LOUISE.

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!
With your sleek hair and your soft blue eyes,
And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,
And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the skies—
God's sunshine, Baby Louise!

When you fold your hands, Baby Louise—
Your hands, like a fairy's, so tiny and fair—
With a pretty, innocent, saint-like air,
Are you trying to think of some angel-taught prayer
You learned above, Baby Louise?

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!
Why, you never raise your beautiful head!
Some day, little one, your cheek will grow red
With a flush of delight to hear the words said:
"I love you," Baby Louise.

Do you hear me, Baby Louise?
I have sung your praise for nearly an hour,
And your lashes keep drooping lower and lower,
And you've gone to sleep like a weary flower,
Ungrateful Baby Louise!

—*Margaret Eytinge.*

MADE OR MARRED.

BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL,

Author of "One of Three," "Probation," "The Wellfields," Etc.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"Oh, if Lady Elizabeth is in the question," began Mr. Starkie, benevolently; and then they went out of the office again, after which Philip heard steps along a passage, and presently a single person entered Mr. Day's office, and called his name, a little impatiently.

"Where is he?" murmured Mr. Starkie, finding his call unanswered; and sounding a gong in the hope of conjuring up some reply.

Philip rose from his seat, and went into the office. Mr. Starkie stood there, an open letter in his hand.

"I want Mr. Day," he said.

"Mr. Day has gone, sir. He had an appointment, and he said, as there was nothing much doing this morning, he had better go."

"Why must he choose just to-day to have an appointment?" muttered Mr. Starkie, in vexation.

"Can I be of any use?" asked Philip, thinking of the time which still hung useless on his hands.

"You are not Mr. Day, sir," was the curt reply; to which obvious truth Philip murmured below his breath:

"No, I wish I were;" and then added aloud: "But I know where he lives, and I could go and fetch him, if you like."

At this Mr. Starkie looked more attentively at Philip, and his eyes rested thoughtfully upon the young man's face.

"Your wish to oblige makes you forget that, as Mr. Day has an engagement, it would probably be lost time to go after him," he remarked. "I think, perhaps, you may serve my purpose as well as Mr. Day, or as well as any one but Mr. Day. At any rate I am going to try you. Come with me."

Philip followed his chief to his private room, and there Mr. Starkie read over again the letter he held in his hand.

"You will not mention your errand of to-day to any of your fellow clerks," he remarked.

"Certainly not," replied Philip, steadily meeting the piercing eyes which were fixed upon him.

"We are making a line of railway in China, in a rather out-of-the-way district. Y—— is the port. It was chiefly through the British Consul at Y—— that we undertook the job, and we intrusted the management of it to Bywell. I dare say you remember Bywell—he was only here a week or two before he went out?"

"Yes, I remember him. I never spoke to him, though, or had any acquaintance with him."

"He had to be invested with very considerable powers, having English and Irish navvies under him, as well as natives; and the absolute command of large sums of money. This was an important post for him, as you may judge."

"Certainly, sir."

"Well, I need not go into particulars; but to come to the point, I have strong reasons for wishing to learn something about Bywell. He had the best of references with him from Blake and Robinson. He had been with them for a year, and the reason given for his leaving was that they had to reduce their staff of servants, which as they have failed since, seems likely enough. But I must know more about him, if possible; though Mr. Grey is not suspicious: but then," in a tone of impatience, "he never will be suspicious, or anything reasonable, until he is safely married to Lady Elizabeth Pelton."

Philip smiled involuntarily, and bent his head to hide his smile. Mr. Starkie went on:

"Mr. Blake, one of the partners of the firm Bywell was with, lives out at Edgeton now, in a small way, I fancy. You can go and see him, and find out all you can. If possible you must discover where he came from—the original people who recommended him to Blake, and what sort of character he was. And at the same time, you must not let the cat out of the bag. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly. Do you want me to go this moment?"

"Yes, as soon as ever you can. You must see what a mess we shall be in if we get wrong with these people who are so ticklish to deal with. I want to have the affair settled as soon as possible," said Mr. Starkie, who looked vexed and harassed. "Why do you ask?"

"If it were after five o'clock——" began Philip.

"After five? A loss of hours! Absurd!" said he, testily. "What's to hinder you from going now?"

"I ought to meet my sister—a young girl who has never been here in her life before—at half-past four, that's all. I would not have mentioned it," added Philip, apologetically, "but I can't help it."

In truth, he liked the idea of the expedition, and was vexed to think of missing it, and at the same time surprised to find himself confiding such details to the august chief of the establishment.

"I would do anything to oblige you, but my mother would never forgive me if I left Grace in the lurch—Saturday afternoon, too."

"Quite right," said Mr. Starkie, looking tranquil again. "Make your mind easy; I'll go and meet your sister myself; and do you be off as quickly as you can."

"You, sir?" ejaculated the astonished Philip. "I couldn't think——"

"Pshaw!" was the impatient retort. "Waste no more time. I can't go and look after the fellow myself, it would raise suspicion. If I could have done Grey's errand, I would; but the Lady Elizabeth might not have approved of the substitute. However, as this is your sister, and not your sweetheart, who's to be met, it is managed easily enough. At which station should she arrive, and what is she like?"

"She comes to the Parry Street Station, by the train from York; and she's like—they say she's like me."

"Very good. Half-past four, you say? I'll see to it. And now, lose no more time. Good-day!"

"Must I let you know?"

"Ah, yes. If you get back to-night, I must trouble you to come to my place to-morrow and report to me, any time."

"Yes, sir; I'll do my best," said Philip, at last actually taking his departure.

As he drove to the station to take the train to Elgeton, some six or eight miles out of Irkford, he had time to realize that his mission really must be an important one.

"It must be," he reflected, "for the Governor to hurry me off on the spot, and go and meet Grace himself. I can't get over that."

* * * * * * *

It was almost eleven o'clock of the same night, when Philip's hansom stopped at the gate of his dwelling-place. Grace had come. There was a light behind the green blinds, and—he looked toward the left hand—yes, a light behind those other green blinds, too.

As Philip entered the narrow passage of the house, a face, somewhat dolorous in expression, and, as he had hinted to Mr. Starkie, strikingly resembling his own, was put out of the door of his sitting room, with a dubious, inquiring look, till he had fairly entered, when the door was flung wide open and a tall girl bounded—as much as such a small passage would allow bounding—out of his parlor and threw herself into his arms.

"My dear Phil! At last! How very bad of you! How immensely you are improved! I thought you never were coming!" She dragged him into the sitting-room. "That little mustache, oh, its killing! It is, really! But what *have* you been doing all this time?"

"Did Mr. Starkie meet you all right, you unfortunate child?" asked Philip, holding her at arm's length and looking at her. "Allow me to return the compliment. You, also, are immensely improved."

To view her, one must have said that in any case Grace Massey must have been a pleasant object to look upon. Tall, dark, upright, she was perhaps somewhat amply developed for seventeen; with shoulders that were decidedly broad, and hands by no means small; all was yet so harmoniously formed, and in such fine proportions, as not to appear in the least awkward or ungainly. In every movement was the free, elastic grace which covers, or rather displays, vigor of constitution and strength of limb, given by a healthy, outdoor life. Grace Massey would never be a Hebe, but she might develop into a Juno—a stately, dark-eyed dame—one could easily imagine it. At the present moment she was all girl, all sister.

"Did old Starkie meet you?" repeated Philip.

"'Old Starkie' did meet me, sir. When he came up to me taking off his hat, and saying: 'Miss Massey, I imagine,' I thought that your manners were immensely improved, but that you had aged very much, and——"

"You preposterous goose! I hope you didn't give such a welcome to the *aged* imposter as you did just now to the real brother."

"Oh!" cried Grace, convulsed with laughter, "what a frightful idea! I behaved like—why, like any one ought to. Mr. Starkie saw me safe here, making profuse apologies all the way for having deprived you of 'so great a pleasure,' and all that. *He* appreciated my company, whatever other people may do."

"The old humbug!" said Philip, in much amusement. "Well, thank Heaven you are here at last. What do you think of your quarters? You might begin housekeeping at once if you liked, by seeing after something in the shape of food and drink for me, for I am nearly starved."

Grace rang the bell, remarking:

"I may get accustomed to it in time, but just at first this place gives me the sensation that I am in a pasteboard box, and must step and move gingerly for fear my feet should go through the floor, or my fist through the walls."

"They are rather thin after the Foulhaven ones, I confess," he said. "Ah," he added with a sigh of satisfaction, as he seated himself before the meal which "his widow" had prepared for him; "if you knew, my child, what it is to be perishing with hunger in the midst of plenty——"

"When was your last meal?"

"At a quarter before eight a. m. of the present day."

"But where have you been, and what have you been doing?" she asked, in amaze.

"Scouring the country for proofs of villainy which I have not found."

"Proofs of villainy?"

"Never mind! It's all in the way of business; and in the way of business too, I shall have to leave you to-morrow, till about four o'clock——"

"Oh, Philip!"

"But some nice young ladies whom I know are coming to call upon you, and invite you to their house."

"Have you really business to-morrow?"

"Really I have. I have to go and see Mr. Starkie."

"It must be a most peculiar business that wants transacting on Sunday."

"Just what I expected you to say," said Philip, and he gradually contrived to console her by promising to return in the afternoon in plenty of time to go with her to the Berghauses', and by painting Thekla and Emilie Berghaus in the most attractive colors his imagination could supply, till Grace said, gravely:

"It seems to me this Miss Thekla Berghaus must be a very special friend of yours, Phil."

"Nonsense!" said he, biting his lips, but not smiling either, and rather glad to observe that Grace had begun to yawn.

Despite her drowsiness they sat up late, talking over past doings at their home at Foulhaven, where Philip had not been for the last three years.

"I was twenty-three when last I left it," he said, "a mere lad. I wonder when I shall see it again. It is a fine old place, Grace, and I often feel sorry that none of us followed my father's calling."

"Tillers of the soil!" exclaimed Grace. "Oh, Philip, there is so much more to do in a city life!"

"Much you know about a city life. Go to bed and dream that you have taken your degree."

She laughed, took her candle, and left him.

CHAPTER IV.

MARIELLE IN THE RAIN.

On Monday morning Philip and his sister sat at breakfast. Grace was in high spirits, delighted with Thekla and Emilie Berghaus—with the whole Berghaus family, indeed, and certain that she would be very happy in Irkford.

"I am sure I hope you will," said Philip, absently; for in truth he was thinking of other things, of his interview with Mr. Starkie the day before, and how, on his reporting all the efforts he had made to learn something definite about Bywell, and how they had resulted in nothing but vague rumors that he was a very clever fellow, but some said "wild," others said "rash," and yet another said he was the best fellow in the world, and no man's enemy but his own; his chief had thanked him for his exertions, and expressed himself perfectly satisfied, but had appeared at the same time as if not quite at ease in his own mind on the subject.

Philip had lunched at Mr. Starkie's with him and his family (the first time he had enjoyed that honor), and had returned home to find Grace dressed in her very best, drawing on a pair of lemon-colored kid gloves, and dying with impatience to set off to Carlton Grove, Mr. Berghaus' house. Thekla, Emilie and Hermann had called that morning on their way from church, and she was delighted with them.

"I suppose you will be going directly," she added, on this Monday morning, as she rose from the table and went to the window. "Do you go to town on the top of one of those rattling omnibuses? How funny!"

"Yes, I must be off now," she answered, also rising.

"Oh," continued Grace, still looking out, "there is that sweet-looking girl whom I noticed yesterday morning when I was sitting at the window here, pining to go to church. She came from the next house with her sister. I suppose. The sister is really quite beautiful, though I don't like her face, but the little one looks both pretty and good. Look at her, Phil! Do you know who they are?"

Philip looked over her shoulder and saw the girl of whom he had said to Hermann Berghaus: "That is a school-girl;" the younger of the two ladies who had arrived in a cab on Friday evening. She was a tall, slight, upright-looking girl, apparently about fifteen or sixteen years old.

Philip took stock of her with an interest for which he could hardly account, thinking of her all the time less as an individual than as the sister of that other girl. She was fair, with a bright, handsome, open face; bright hair, bright eyes; everything about her was bright, and there was, besides, an indescribably sweet and good expression in both eyes and mouth. She was dressed in soft, gray stuff, with a little black fichu about her shoulders, and a small, compact, black straw hat crowning her shining locks. She carried several books fastened together with a strap, and she was already equipped, gloved, finished, "ready" in every respect, as she stepped forth from the house and took her way down the street. There was something superior and refined about her appearance—nothing slovenly. All was compact, neat and well arranged.

"Where can she be going at this hour?" asked Grace, following with her eyes the lithe, graceful figure of the girl.

"Probably to school," said Philip, in a tone of indifference.

"School—oh, very likely. There is a great big girl's school near here, isn't there?"

"Yes, in Carlton Road, close by. Lots of girls go—hundreds. One's always seeing them up and down."

"But who is *that* girl? Do you know?"

"I don't. I saw two young ladies arrive in a cab the other night. That's all I know about them. They lodge there, I suppose."

"Very likely. Well—oh, here is your omnibus, isn't it? Good-bye."

In another minute Philip had been carried out of sight by the omnibus, and Grace was left to find her way to the scene of her studies, the Women's College, the classes of which she had prevailed upon a fond father and tender mother to allow her to attend.

Philip, from the top of the omnibus, soon caught sight again of the figure of the school-girl, as he supposed her to be. Yes; she was just turning down the side street which led to the Girls' High School, and he had been right in his conjecture.

"I wonder who on earth they can be?" he speculated. Then an accountance sitting next to him began to speak of other things, and Philip's speculations ceased.

Some days passed. The month of May gradually advanced, and the holiday hours of Whitsuntide seemed forgotten in the roar and bustle of men and work and business.

Grace assured her brother again and again how very happy she was, and Philip found her a pleasant companion. The Yorkshire girl was full of life and spirit, and a bright example of the boasted intelligence of her native country; having an ample fund of strong sense and common sense—a "long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether" on her young shoulders, and a warm generous heart to boot. Honesty was her chief characteristic—honesty of word, deed and purpose on her own part, a love of honesty in others, and a quickness in, as it were, scenting out dishonesty in all its forms, and an intense, uncompromising detestation of it, which, as Philip told her, was, on the whole, rather troublesome than otherwise. But he smiled as he said it, and Grace, with a secret thrill of pleasure, felt that he loved her for that honesty, and that the salient feature of his own character was the same thing; that, whatever he might say, in jest or satire, he was loyal to the backbone—"jannock," to use the expressive vernacular of Lancashire or Yorkshire—that, his word, once seriously pledged, be it by no more ample formula than "yes" or "no," "I will," or "I will not," it would be kept at whatever cost, and kept, not in letter only, but in the very spirit of his promise.

A few days sufficed to make Grace satisfied that Thekla and Emilie Berghaus were *au fond*, like her brother and herself "jannock," and the friendship progressed with the rapid pace incidental to the friendships of honest boys and girls in general. The Berghaus girls were unspoiled at heart, though their training and education, their incessant courses of balls and visits, and their life in a house whose doors were always open, and which was scarcely ever void of some kind of company, had given them a confidence of manner and a somewhat artificial behavior which had at first rather puzzled and almost repelled the country-bred girl. But the genuineness which she soon found beneath the surface quickly won her heart, while it was very pleasant, even to a student at so advanced an academy as the Women's College, occasionally to cast aside her studies and partake of the social amusements to be found at Carlton Grove. Compliments were not altogether despicable, even to one who professed to be interested in Mill's "System of Logic," and the attention which Philip's friends paid to his bright and handsome sister was by no means disagreeable to her.

One morning, when it streamed with rain, somewhat more than a week after Grace's arrival, Philip, a little later than usual, rose from the breakfast-table and prepared to take his way to town. Grace had been discoursing again about their next door neighbors, and Philip had been more interested in the discourse than he would have cared to confess. Whether from that reason or not, he was three minutes late, and when he opened the door and looked out the omnibus was just vanishing round a corner, on its way to town. Buttoning up his mackintosh and raising his umbrella, he decided to walk as far as Carlton Road, and there take another omnibus, or, in default of that, a cab to the office.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sweet Simplicity.

I saw a girl come into a street-car the other day who had, I was ready to bet, made her own dress, and how nice she did look. She was one of those clean, trim girls you see now and then. She was about eighteen years old, and, to begin with, looked well-fed, healthy and strong. She looked as though she had a sensible mother at home. Her face and neck and ears and her hair were clean, absolutely clean. How seldom you see that. There was no powder, no paint on the smooth, rounded cheek or firm, dimpled chin; none on the moist red lips; none on the shell-tinted but not too small ears; none on the handsomely set neck—rather broad behind, perhaps, but running mighty prettily up into the tightly-corded hair. And such hair! It was of a light chestnut brown, and glistened with specks of gold as the sun shone upon it, and there was not a smear of oil or pomatum or cosmetic on it; there was not a speck of it astray and not a pin to be seen in it. As the girl came in and took her seat, she cast an easy, unembarrassed glance around the car from a well-opened gray eye, bright with the inimitable light of "good condition," such as you see in some handsome young athletes who are in good training. There were no tags and ends, fringes, furbelows, or fluttering ribbons about her closely-fitting but easy suit of tweed, and as she drew off one glove to look in her purse for a small coin for fare, I noticed that the gloves were not new, but neither were they old; they were simply well kept, like the owner and the owner's hand, which was a solid hand, with plenty of muscles between the tendons and with strong but supple fingers. It would have looked equally pretty fashioning a pie in a home kitchen or folding a bandage in a hospital. It was a hand that suggested at the same time womanliness and work, and I was sorry when it found a five-cent piece and had been re-gloved. One foot was thrust out a little over the slats of the car floor—a foot in a good walking-boot that might have splashed through a rain-storm without fear of damp stockings—and an eminently sensible boot on a two and one-half foot, with a high instep, a small round heel and a pretty broad tread. The girl was a picture from head to foot, as she sat erect, disdaining the support of the back of the seat and devoid of all appearance of stiffness. Perhaps the whole outfit to be seen, from hat to boots, did not cost forty dollars, but I have seen plenty of outfits costing more than ten times, or even twenty times that which did not look one-tenth or one-twentieth as well. If our girls only knew the beauty of mere simplicity, cleanliness and health, and their fascination!—*San Francisco Examiner.*

—A rich young chap of Natick, Mass., went to a livery stable pretty drunk and ordered a team. While they were harnessing the horse he climbed into the carriage and went to sleep. They let him sleep a couple of hours when he awoke and, declaring that he had taken a good, quiet ride, called attention to the fact that he hadn't abused the horse, but on the contrary had given him an oat bait at the Newton Falls Hotel, paid three dollars for the tour and went off satisfied.—*Boston Post.*

—There is said to be three cents worth of gold in every ton of sea water.

Temperance Reading.

"FOR GOD'S SAKE, SAVE THE BOYS!"

A hard drinker of many years said, as he signed the pledge: "I won't do any good; I can't reform; it's too late; but, for God's sake, save the boys!"—*Miss Nelly Bradley.*

Like Dives in the deeps of hell,
I can not break this fearful spell,
Nor quench the fires I've madly nursed,
Nor cool this dreadful razing thirst.
Take back your pledge, ye come too late:
Ye cannot save me from my fate,
Nor bring me back departed joys,
But ye can try to save the boys.

Ye bid me break my fiery chain,
Arise, and be a man again,
When every street with snares is spread,
And nets of sin where'er I tread.
No, I must reap as I did sow,
The seeds of sin bring crops of woe;
But with my latest breath I'll crave
That ye will try the boys to save.

These bloodshot eyes were once so bright,
This sin-crushed heart was glad and light;
But by the wine-cup's ruddy glow
I traced a path to shame and woe.
A captive to my galling chain,
I've tried to rise, but tried in vain;
The cup allures, and then destroys,
Oh, from its thraldom save the boys!

Take from your streets those traps of hell
Into whose gilded snares I fell.
Oh! freemen, from those foul decoys,
Arise and vote to save the boys.
And ye who license men to trade
In draughts that charm and then degrade,
Before ye hear the cry: "Too late!"
Oh! save the boys from my sad fate!

—*Frances E. W. Harper, in Union Signal.*

WHO HAS AN INTEREST IN RUM?

There are those who consider the rum question as one affecting only the man who drinks and the man who sells. There never was a greater mistake. Every person in a community has an interest, a direct, vital interest in every man who drinks and every man who sells the drink. It is everybody's business whether liquor is drank or not. The use of intoxicants by any one concerns the entire community.

Turn a mad-dog loose in the streets and the entire community hastens to destroy it, because its very existence is a menace to the community. A rum-seller in a community, so far as power for damage goes, is worse than a dozen mad-dogs. One dog may be killed and his power for evil ceases; the rum-seller stays.

It does make a difference in a community whether or not a man supports his family decently and properly. Whether a man is a useful citizen or a burden upon other citizens is a matter of interest to every one in the community in which he resides. Whether a man brings up his children to industrious and virtuous habits, or launches them upon the sea of life as pirates, to prey upon others, is a matter of very much moment to everybody.

When a man sits down to the business of drunkard-making he has established a school for beggary and crime. His business is to implant in as many men and boys as possible an appetite to gratify which not only takes the entire proceeds of their labor, but unfits them for labor at all; an appetite so powerful that when labor will not supply it, it compels its victims to resort to crime. It is a business which, inasmuch as its victims can not support their families, throws the burden of their support upon the community at large. It is a business which not only makes courts of justice necessary, but is the foundation stones of the alms-houses and the jails.

Who ever knew a drunkard to occupy a decent dwelling, or to pay rent promptly for the miserable hovel which he invariably inhabits?

Who ever knew the wife of a drunkard to make purchases of any amount, of dress goods for the clothing of herself and children?

How many children of drunkards are kept out of school for want of decent clothing? and, for want of proper education, what percentage of them grow up into manhood and womanhood, ignorant, depraved and vicious?

From what classes come the depraved the thieves, the street ruffians and the gamins who naturally graduate into crime?

There can scarcely be found a criminal who can not trace his education in crime to rum.

There is scarcely a case of destitution that requires public interference that rum is not the cause of.

The regular, almost universal, plea of murderers in extenuation of their crime is: "I was drunk when I did it."

The breweries and distilleries, and their lieutenants, the keepers of rum-shops, are directly responsible for ninety per cent. of all this misery and death. They do not wait for their victims to come to them—they go out and seek them. In the city of Toledo there are six hundred regular rum-shops, and counting the houses of infamy, the gambling dens and other places of like character that depend directly upon rum as the foundation of their business, the number will reach eight hundred. As bad, as wide-spread as is the drinking habit, one hundred would fully supply the natural demand for liquors. How do the other seven hundred make a living?

They *create* a trade in the horrible stuff they deal in. They go out and pull in victims. They stop the laboring man on his way home. They entice him out of house evenings, they search out boys and initiate them in the habit, knowing full well that once fixed it is almost impossible to break it, and that once in their hands they have a mortgage on him forever.

There are exceptions, honorable ones, but they are few in number. The whisky business, as a rule, is in the hands of a class who are utterly regardless of the effect of their hideous trade upon others. As a rule they sell indifferently to the drunken man who can barely stand before the bar, and to the precocious boy or drunken woman. They sell to whomsoever has money to pay, even though they know that the tumbler-full swallowed at eight is to eventuate in a murder at nine.

And this same reckless disregard of the public good runs through the whole business. The brewer's wagon stops with the same regularity before a murder-den or a thieves' resort as before a respectable saloon, and the vilest of them can secure their supplies from wholesale concerns. The only question asked is concerning pay. It is a business from first to last without a conscience. It is a business that ruins the drink-buyer, soul and body, and leaves the seller almost as badly wrecked. It is a soul-searing, pity-eradicating, feeling-hardening business, one which knows neither remorse nor shame. It is a business based upon the most soulless cupidity, which is a total stranger to every sentiment that ennobles and every instinct that is good. It has no more pity than a shark and no more remorse than a tiger. What it wants is money, and it cares not how it gets it.

Every citizen has the right to say whether the horrible traffic in men's bodies and souls shall be tolerated, and if so, on what terms. Communities have the right to protect themselves against vice, for they have the burdens of vice to bear. It is nonsense to say that a community which has to support the widow and orphan may not control the trade which makes widows and orphans. It is nonsense to say that a community which has to pay the terrible cost of the crime committed within its borders may not restrict and restrain the cause of almost all the crime. It is worse than nonsense to say the one trade which sets morals at defiance, which is allied to everything that is bad, and which has nothing whatever of good in it, shall not only be above law but shall make the laws.—*Toledo Blade.*

"Bands of Hope."

The recent meeting of Christian philanthropists in Chicago for the purpose of organizing, reviving and perpetuating Bands of Hope, both among Protestants and Roman Catholics, was significant. The gathering was called by the ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Remarks were made by leading clergymen of this city, together with gentlemen acquainted with the practical work in England. Favorable resolutions were adopted, and the ladies have begun forming organizations with their usual persevering earnestness. The fact that only a small proportion of the masses come directly under pulpit influences was emphasized. Reference was also made to the fact that the liquor interest is not an organized, tangible institution like slavery. It is intermingled with business, politics and society, like a corrupting leaven. Its slaves can not be emancipated by a single stroke of the Executive pen. Education is the fundamental ultimate thunderbolt to reduce the rum traffic to the minimum of theft or forgery.

Very encouraging results were cited by Band of Hope leaders from across the sea. Temperance (total abstinence) principles have gained permanent ground in England to a marvelous degree. Thirty Mayors of cities have graduated from Band of Hope organizations and know not the taste of alcohol. "Ninety per cent. of the ministers in our Methodist training-schools," said Rev. Mr. Hardy, "are ignorant of liquor's taste." Blessed be agnosticism upon the subject of rum. This means great progress when remembered that not infrequently the local itinerant on the Sabbath dealt in liquor through the week. There must be tremendous power and inspiration in the annual assembly of 40,000 children at the Crystal Palace, London, arrayed in white, bearing Temperance banners and singing Temperanee songs. The result is a deep-seated, inbred, life-long hatred toward rum and rummeries. Like the Christians at Sardis they have not defiled their garments. They shall walk before the Great Throne of God in white, for they are worthy. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise," viz.: the wine-bibber, the beer-guzzler are not only unwise in the sense of being foolish, but often are uninstructed and lack information. We are not troubled by sane people taking arsenic, strychnine or other well-known forms of poison. Let people be rooted and grounded from childhood concerning the deadly and poisonous nature of modern adulterated liquors. Let there be scientific lectures and experiments in connection with our common schools; but instead the "best Mayor" and City Council of Chicago license saloons within a stone's-throw of our school-buildings. Thus the nursery of vice and the fountain of culture spring up together in the same block, protected by the same law and government. Amazing inconsistency and awful duplicity! "Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

Would we equip an invincible army of public sentiment possessing the mighty battery of legal enactment and legal enforcement? It will not be accomplished alone by the fiery eloquence of an hour, but by the patient training of a generation. Mormonism, alcoholism, and every ism of evil may laugh at the orator but tremble before the teacher's power over the young. We waste but little time teaching the semi-centenarian pure mathematics or technical science, but consider him a fit subject for lessons in morals and religion. It would not be difficult to show in addition that the surest avenue to the drunkard's soul is the "innocent heart of his child."—*Rev. J. P. Brushingham, in N. W. Christian Advocate.*

A CHILD of twelve years came to school one day with tears, entreating us to go to her home. Her excitement was so great we went at once, and beheld a scene too dreadful to describe. It was a drunkard's home. The father lay upon the floor helplessly drunk and had fallen upon the floor, cutting his face, which was covered with blood. The mother, so intoxicated she could scarcely stand, was holding an iron poker in her hand and threatening the lives of the four children, from three to ten years of age. Such is the result of rum selling and rum drinking! the curse of our land, and the cause of most of the wretchedness, want, suffering and crime we see among us! Oh! for the power to remove it!—*Advocate and Guardian.*

THE progress of the Temperance work in London is indicated by the official statement that in 1831, when the population of London was little more than a million and a half, there were 31,353 apprehensions for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. In 1882, with a population which had increased to 4,990,952, the number of apprehensions had fallen to 26,296.

AN ACTOR who once held an honorable position in New York presented himself at a police station the other night and asked to be sent somewhere for care and treatment. Drunkenness had ruined him, physically and mentally, and having no home nor friends, the poor-house was his only refuge.