

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

ANTIPODES.

There is a darkness in our hemisphere:
Night with sunlight, and the clear
Revolving planets hung on high
Amid an opalescent sky.

Upon the quiet earth I see
Moonlights that quiver spectrally,
And black wood solitudes that loom
Like monster shadows in the gloom.

Ah! this is night for us who stand
Within a sun-forsaken land,
When sleep, the balm of living, dowers
Hearts that have waked through long day
hours.

Yet while I muse my thoughts are borne
Down golden pathways of the morn
To ancient continents over-seas
Peopled with our antipodes:

And in my fancy I behold
Bright shores of empires centuries old,
And heights which lift their coronal snow
Above green meadows below.

I see majestic cities, where
Summer and sunlight fill the air;
I gaze on antique domes and apses
That sparkle with prismatic fires:

I watch the stir of human feet
In open country-way and street;
I feel the throbs of soul and mind
In Orient races of the East.

There life is living; here it sleeps
Like dusk upon our ocean deeps;
There life is burning at the moon,
And here it dreams beneath the moon.

—George Edgar Montgomery.

MADE OR MARRIED.

BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL,
Author of "One of Three," "Probation," "The
Widow's," Etc.

CHAPTER X—CONTINUED.

It was still day, still broad, hot sun-
light. It seemed to him as if ages had
passed since Mr. Starkie had sum-
moned him to his room. On arriving
at his house he went into the parlor,
and found Grace in a state of extreme
dehaviour, seated on a sofa in a red
Watteau dressing-gown, while finery
was strewn in all directions around her,
and a very large work-basket stood
before her on the table. Yards and
yards of amber ribbon and knots of
black velvet were spread around in a
bewildering confusion, and Miss Massey
was absorbed in preparations for the
evening.

"Philip!" she ejaculated, as he came
in, "you here at this hour! What has
happened? Is the ball given up?"

"She's done her work down and stood up.
"Something has happened, I sup-
pose," he said gravely, "and the ball
is certainly given up—at least for me.
They are sending me out to China, to
look after some business there."

"To China to-night?" echoed Grace,
and stood silent for a moment looking
at him. Her first impulse, why she knew
not, was to burst into tears; but that she
felt would be folly. In Philip's face,
despite its gravity, she thought she read
elation. Like a good sister, putting all
private feelings and sensations aside,
she said:

"If it is good for you, dear Philip, I
congratulate you. But are you off this
minute? You will have a meal, and let
me pack up your things for you. At
what time do you go?"

"To London, by the eight o'clock ex-
press."
"Oh, there's an hour or two yet. I
will look after your things. I'll clear
all this rubbish away and put on my
dress, because of course there will be no
ball for us to-night, now."

"I am very sorry to deprive you of
your pleasure," he began.
"Nonsense! As if it would be any
pleasure to me with you just starting on
such an expedition."

"I must go and see Angela," said
Philip absently. "I shall not be long."
"Angela! Oh, yes, I suppose you
must," she replied, a cold look coming
across her face, a spasm across her
heart, as she realized how much he was
thinking of Angela. How small his
sister's place had become in his heart!
Philip, without another word, went
away, and rang the bell of the next
house.

Miss Fairfax was reading. Mabelle
was sewing. "My dear little milliner,"
as her sister called her with affectionate
fastidiousness. They, too, both started,
and exclaimed as Philip came in.

"What is happening?" burst from
Angela's lips in a tone of unusual
animation.
"May I speak with you alone a few
minutes?" he asked, gently and gravely.
"I have something important to tell
you."

Mabelle gathered up her work and
went up-stairs. Philip and Angela
were left alone.
"Don't keep me in suspense," she
said, with a melancholy smile. "Have
you made a fortune, Philip, or lost all
that you have, that you look so dread-
fully solemn?"

"Neither one nor the other, dear,"
he said, seating himself on the couch
beside her and taking her hand; "but
it has been put within my power greatly
to improve my fortune." "How?" ex-
claimed Angela, with genuine interest.

He told her briefly what had hap-
pened.
"I said to improve my fortune," he
added; "but, Angela, if you elect to re-
main true to me, and will wait, and
will let me say our fortunes, when I
come home again—and what could
hinder me, if I knew you were waiting
for me? I should be able to say to
you: 'Will you be my wife, at once—
any time—and—'"

"Dear Philip, to hesitate at such a
moment would not be womanly, but
prudent and unkind. I say yes, I
will wait for you."

"Oh! God bless you!" cried he, with
almost a sob, as he caught her in his
arms for the first time, and could only
hold her to his heart and remain silent.

Angela behaved very properly and
very prettily; nothing could have sur-
passed the sweetness of her demeanor.
She rested her head on his shoulder,
and she, too, said nothing, no doubt
feeling it unnecessary to add to her
lover's excitement by any high-flown
language or passionate assurances. She
was thinking—who shall say what she
was thinking? One thing only is cer-
tain, that she rejoiced unfeignedly in
Philip's improved prospects, and won-
dered very much by how much they
were improved.

Yet, when Philip moved, and she felt
that the time was come to look af-
fectionately at him, there was that in
the eyes which met hers that sent a
strange little thrill through even her
veins—a passion, a depth, looking from
their darkness—a "for life or death,
for weal or woe" expression which
even she could not see quite unmoved.

"And you will write, and let me
write to you, dearest?" he said, at last.
"Yes, Philip; how often can one
write?"

"As often as one will; the oftener
the better. If you know how happy
every one of your letters will make
me!"

She smiled, and there was another
pause, till Philip said: "Ah, by the
bye, I am very sorry about the ball to-
night—that you should miss it;
but—"

"Miss it!" said she, looking up.
"Why? No one knows of our engage-
ment, and—Philip—no one must know,
except those who know already."

"What?" he faltered.
"The anxiety of a public engage-
ment with you away, in this barbarous
place, would wear me out, would al-
most kill me! Indeed, Philip, it must
not be made known."

"As you will, my darling. I would
not cause you a moment's anxiety for
the world."

"You will cause me plenty while
you are out in China—awful place!
But don't you see that if I don't go to
the ball—just because you have left—
what will people think? I shall go with
a very heavy heart. I shall be think-
ing of you, and ready to cry all the
time; but, Philip, I must go, that is
certain."

"But Grace is not going. Who are
you going with?"

"Grace will go if you choose to make
her do so," said his lady-love, looking
at him with something like a flash in
her languorous eyes. "And as for a
chaperon, I will see to that. Mrs. Berghaus
will chaperon us."

The saying is, indeed, a true one
which asserts that the strength of some
characters only displays itself in great
emergencies. Nothing short of an im-
mense occasion like this could thus have
called forth the strength of Angela Fair-
fax's character.

Philip hardly knew what he felt as
he heard her thus rapidly disposing of
all his objections, and making apparent
the absolute necessity of attending the
ball. A few more sentences passed, and
then he agreed to use his influence with
Grace.

"But my time is short," he said at
last. "I must leave you. Where is
Mabelle? I must say good-bye to her."
Angela called her, and she came
down.

"Mabelle, Philip is going to China,
and he wants to say good-bye to you."
"To China?" echoed Mabelle, intel-
ligently.

"Yes. He is coming back quite rich,
and then—"

"And then, Mabelle, I hope we shall
be brother and sister. We have always
been good friends, have we not?"

"Always," said Mabelle, with a
wintry little smile, as she placed her
hand in his.

"Then good-bye, dear. I know that
when I leave you with one another I
leave both in good hands. I may take
a kiss, Mabelle, for who knows when or
how we shall meet again?"

With a smile he stooped and touched
her cheek—half amused to see the
frightened eyes that met his—with his
lips, and Mabelle said "Good-bye, Phi-
lip," but seemed to have no voice
wherever with wish him a prosperous
voyage, and then—somehow he found
himself outside the house.

"Go to the ball! Never!" cried
Grace, indignantly, when he represented
the case to her. "I should die of
blushes if I got there. The heartless-
ness of it! Oh, shame!"

"But if I ask you, as a last favor—
before I go, Gracey—as a last, and the
greatest favor I ever did ask?"

"Philip, you are a tyrant, and you
never used to be one!" she said, pas-
sionately. "I can not go; you must
not ask it."

But he did ask it, and she, in the end,
granted it, as he knew she would. With
a face of gloom and a heart like lead,
she went to get dressed. At half past
seven Philip drove away, and on his
way to London, while the August sunset
was flooding all the ripening fields
with golden light, his thoughts were all
at Mr. Starkie's house, and the ball-
room there, and how Angela's heart
was heavy, and how Grace was think-
ing of him. Surely, since five o'clock,
he must have lived a hundred years at
least.

CHAPTER XI.
GOING AND RETURNING.

Angela had said, in reference to the
ball: "I will find a chaperon;" and she
had easily succeeded in doing so. A
note, written in haste, to Mrs. Berghaus,
and sent by the servant of the
lodging-house, despite much grum-
bling on the part of both her mistress
and of the girl herself, produced a
good-natured reply from the lady to the
effect that she and her party intended
to be at Mr. Starkie's house at such
and such an hour, and if Miss Massey
and Miss Fairfax would be there about
the same time, and would wait in the
dressing-room, she would chaperon
them with pleasure.

Angela was a Fairfax, and descended
on her mother's side from an aristoc-
ratic house, which had never paid the
least attention to the renegade daugh-
ter who had married a country rector;
still, Angela had her blood in her
veins, and derived from them a spirit
which she was wont to say, was all too
fiery and impetuous. Yet all the spirit
of the Fairfaxes and of that other noble
house combined could not give her any
pleasure in the contemplation of that
drive of an hour and a half with Grace
Massey, angry, injured and unwilling,
to the scene of the festivities. Grace
was ready at the appointed hour, look-
ing very handsome, despite her dis-
tress, in her amber silk and gauze, with
the black velvet knots; but her eyes
were red with weeping, and swollen with
the tears which had not fallen, and her
manner was dull and cold in the
extreme.

Angela was so closely shrouded in a
long white cloak that it was impossible
to guess at the appearance likely to be
made by herself or her dress; all that
Grace could see was a large, star-like

white flower, reposing somewhere in
the mazes of wavy black hair which
covered her head, which made her look
like some naiad or nymph, realized in
flesh and blood—and artificial flowers.

"What a trial this is, dear!" sighed
Angela.
"What?" inquired Grace.
—"Philip's going away. It is most dis-
tressing. Nothing but a sense of duty—
the very strongest sense of duty—
would have induced me to go to this
miserable ball. I am sure I shall not
dance a bit," and she sighed heavily.

Grace struggled hard not to say some
sharp bitter things, as she was con-
stantly tempted to do when with Angela.
The remembrance of that dear face
which she had kissed in farewell not an
hour ago, and that alone, held in her
desire to be sarcastic, even sardonic, in
her replies, and she said:

"Yes; I don't expect any pleasure
from it, I must say, and in my judg-
ment it would have been better not to
go. But I could not refuse Philip's
last request."

"I wish it had been in my power to
stay away!" sighed Angela; "but it
would have looked so very marked, you
know."

"I thought you and my brother were
now definitely engaged. He told me
so," said Grace.
"We are, but not publicly. It would
have been more than I could bear, to be
openly engaged to him, and he goes
away, for no one knows how long!"

Grace's rage could no longer be en-
tirely repressed.
"You must have a very sensitive
nature," said she, in honeyed accents.
"Oh, very," assented Angela.

"But to my mind," went on the
downright Grace, "if I loved a man
enough to marry him, there is nothing
that I should like better than to have
it known that I was engaged to him. I
should be proud of it, and I should
glory in it."

"Oh, my dear Grace, how shocking!
You are so young, dear, you really don't
know what you are saying."

Grace laughed shortly and bitterly,
and remarked:
"Do you mean that I have not had as
much experience as you on the subject?
I have never had any, allow me to tell
you, except that I agreed to marry one
of Philip's school-fellows when he was
ten and I was nine. But I see we shall
never agree upon the subject, so we had
better let it drop."

Nothing loth, Angela complied with
the suggestion, and the rest of the jour-
ney was pursued in unbroken silence.

They had scarcely entered the dress-
ing-room at Mr. Starkie's before the
Berghauses also arrived; Thekla and
her mother, the former looking rather
pale, but with a certain deeper light
than usual in her blue eyes. Grace flew
to her, and began to explain the case,
in a series of low, but energetic whis-
pers; while Angela, daintily arranging
her very elegant and very artistic dress,
discouraged aside to Mrs. Berghaus in a
discreet undertone.

"Mr. Philip Massey has been sud-
denly called away; he has gone to China,
I believe; so he could not bring us,
and of course Grace was so busy seeing him
off and talking to him that I offered to
write to you in her place."

"Ah, yes!" said the unsuspecting
Mrs. Berghaus, arranging her cap be-
fore the glass. "I only wonder that
Grace would come without him; she is
so very devoted to him."

"He made a point of her doing so,
and she did not like to refuse him. It
is very good of you to chaperon so many
girls. Four ladies, and only Mr. Her-
mann Berghaus to escort us."

"And Mr. Fordyce; he came with us,"
said Mrs. Berghaus, sticking a pin into
her cap, and contentedly surveying the
effect. "So we have two gentlemen."

"Mr. Fordyce! Indeed!" said Angela,
in some surprise, as she and the others
followed Mrs. Berghaus down stairs.

In the hall they found Hermann and
Mr. Fordyce, the latter looking stiff,
and with a heightened color in his
cheeks.

"What a funny little man he is!"
murmured Grace to Thekla.
"Isn't he? I think he is a little more
than you, Grace. He had not intended
coming, but when mamma casually
mentioned that you and Philip and Angela
Fairfax were coming, he immediately
testified the greatest desire to join us.
We had a good laugh about it."

In the meantime Mr. Fordyce, look-
ing exceedingly pink, had offered his
arm to Miss Fairfax, and she, with her
sweetest smile, had accepted it, leaving
Hermann to escort his mother, and
Grace and Thekla to come after them
alone.

"Smitten with me, Thekla!" whis-
pered Grace, with a short laugh, as they
entered the ball-room.

Grace did not have a pleasant even-
ing. She was angry, vexed and jealous
for her brother, and, refusing almost
every dance except one or two with
Hermann Berghaus, remained a volun-
tary wall-flower, and looked with jaun-
diced eyes on the proceedings of Philip's
flawless.

Whatever the effort might cost the
bleeding heart of Miss Fairfax, it is
very certain that she made a gallant at-
tempt to appear to enjoy the ball; and
it was, like most praiseworthy attempts,
rewarded with a fair modicum of suc-
cess. While Grace sat glooming at one
side, while Thekla Berghaus danced—
for what could Philip Massey's depart-
ure to China, or anywhere else, be to
her?—but danced mechanically, and had
nothing but sharp things to say to her
partners! Angela also danced every
dance, and fascinated all who spoke to
her by her pensive smile and engaging
manner and *beaux yeux*.

Mr. Fordyce, in particular, devoted
himself to her, and Angela was very
kind to him, and helped out his awk-
ward attempts at gallantry and compli-
ments with the tact and delicacy with
which only women ever fully acquire.
What she thought, felt or hoped on
this occasion it is beyond the power of
her biographer to say. All the latter
can do is to report what the young lady
did, said and looked like. During the
ball she danced much, said very little,
and looked very beautiful. When the
ball was over it was on the arm of Mr.
Fordyce that she supported herself as
she and Grace went to their carriage.
Grace going before with Hermann Berghaus;
and as the young ladies drove
home not a syllable was exchanged be-
tween them.

It appeared that some understanding
had been arrived at by Grace and

Thekla; for, despite fatigue and late
hours, they met the following morning,
and journeyed together to Foulhaver,
the seaside town in Yorkshire in the
neighborhood of which was Grace's
house, there to stay for the remainder
of the college vacation.

CHAPTER XII.
MABELLE'S TRANSLATION.

The heat of August faded into the
milder warmth of September, and the
vacations were over; work and the
autumn sessions at school and college
began again. Grace Massey and
Thekla Berghaus returned from Foul-
haver, the one to her home, the other
to her lodgings and her studies, faster
friends than ever; while Mabelle and
her sister had to begin their work
again, the one her lessons, the other
her teaching. The only difference
seemed to be that Philip was away, and
that his letters came like angels' visits,
few and far between; often delayed,
very irregular, owing to the outland-
ishness of the place to which he had
gone, and the precariousness of his
means of communication with the out-
side world. It was naturally to An-
gela that he wrote most often and most
freely, and Angela had a way of re-
ceiving these epistles with a calm pen-
sive indifference, and of smiling gently
at their glowing language, and, per-
haps, not mentioning that she had
heard from him, but letting the fact
come out casually in the course of con-
versation, which habit drove Grace
Massey, to use her own expression,
"nearly wild." In vain Thekla tried
to pour balm on the wounded spirit,
by suggesting that Angela could not
know by instinct how intensely dear
Philip was to his sister, nor how the
latter felt the separation, and longed
for news of him—that such knowledge
must come with time, and no doubt
would do so.

"Never, I tell you!" was the uncom-
promising reply. "She does not know
how I love him; and she knows how
she hates me, and I feel that every
time she torments me by withholding
news of Philip, or doing it out as if she
grudged it, or cared nothing about it,
she knows she is tormenting me and de-
lights in it."

"I don't think you have any right to
say such things," replied Thekla,
"and at least it is quite evident that
she considers herself engaged to your
brother, for she answers his letters un-
failingly; it must be so, or you ever
heard of it from him."

"Do you suppose she would ever let
him go unless a richer man came for-
ward? Let that happen, and we shall
see!" said Grace, bitterly.

"Fie, Grace! I did not think you had
it in you to imagine such wickedness,
much less openly to speak it."

"Evil communications corrupt good
manners. I tell you I am right," said
Grace, doggedly. "All I can say is, I
wish it were over, in one way or an-
other, and that Philip belonged to me
once again, or to some woman worthy
of him."

Thekla made no answer to this, but
tranquilly pursued her work, and
Grace's heart sank, for she had lately
begun to notice certain signs and tokens
about Thekla, and to say to herself:
"Of course she can not wait forever,
and if—but nothing shall ever make
me quarrel with her, and it is that
woman's fault, not hers."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Beauty and Talent.

All women, even the ugliest, feel that
beauty is a weapon on their side in the
battle of life: like to see it exert a force,
and when it is great, and so to speak,
beyond criticism, admire it with genuine
heartiness—heartiness as real as that
which men show in their admirations
for strength manifested in any conspicu-
ous way. Let any one of the thousand
cynics now lounging in London ask him-
self whether an English Prince who
made a messianic for money or for
beauty would be sooner forgiven, or
whether the love-match of Napoleon II.
was not one main cause of that popu-
larly envied everything but his sur-
render. They thought it should have
performed the impossibility of "cutting
his way through."

To this very hour the deep feeling of
English women for the French Emperor,
though founded, of course, on pity, is
greatly assisted by the recollection
among the middle-aged of a triumph so
conspicuous and so visible owing to per-
sonal charm. This kind of female in-
terest is universal, and extends in a
more languid degree to the men, who
find in any national appreciation of
beauty not only the charms which
spring from any kinship in taste,
but an excuse for a secret imbecility,
a powerlessness in presence of the
attraction, which they all resent and
feel. We wonder if, besides all this,
there is any residuum of the old Greek
feeling that beauty was a clear good
in itself, a harmonious something which
indicated that the gods of Nature were
essentially, and at heart hostile to man.

The next Prince who ascends a throne
anywhere will have his praise and
qualities hymned on the European
wires, but if he were an Apollo or a
Jove the bulletin-makers would feel in-
sistently that to say so would be re-
garded not as adulation, but as ridicule.
It is for women to be beautiful, for men
to be dignified; the latter a credit
arising from a different order of ideas,
the idea of harmony between place and
appearance in the world. We should
doubt if beauty were admired in the
abstract very consciously, but that the
interest excited by beautiful women
rivals the interest excited by beautiful
scenery, and this among those who
never see either, except in pictures, we
have no doubt whatever. — London
Letter.

—Hardly a greater evil can befall a
member of the human family than that
which is named: "Having more money
than he knows what to do with." Too
much income breeds luxury, extravagance,
oppression, pride, vain-gloriousness,
all the manifold forms of vice and
depravity. — Chicago Times.

—A "victim" declares that when a
man is sitting still, steadfastly gazing
at nothing, his wife has not a word to
say to him; but as soon as he picks up
a newspaper or a book to read she
takes a long breath and almost drowns
him with an avalanche of questions. —
N. Y. Graphic.

Temperance Reading.

LIGHTING THE HILLS.

When long ago in warlike days the toes came
lucking near,
And threatened to destroy the homes to man-
hood ever dear,
Before electric wires had bound each shore to
ocean side,
And voices with cabled breath the depths of
grand Atlantic's tide,

'Twas human hands that bore the news from
valley to the hill,
And in a blazing bonfire sent the message
with a thrill
O'er leagues of miles, till all the land was
ruddy in the glow
Of answering torches telling of the coming of
the foe.

So every hill-top seems to me an altar,
where
The cry of freedom, rising high upon the
slumb'ring air,
Still lives in bough of pine, still clings to rock
and tree,
Still chants in every breeze the anthem of the
free.

There's a murmur in the valleys, and a step
along the plain,
Of a mighty host a-coming to light the hills
again:
Did you hear the summons? Did you know a
foe was near?
That the bad men would destroy our homes, our
homes so dear?

'Tis not the foe that comes in martial pomp
and tread,
And curls the banners o'er, or wreathes with
flowers the dead;
But in the grave of hope, of joy, of love, of
household pride,
He heaps the slain, and writes on leaden slab:
"He died for thee!"

Could we but look within one grave, what is
it that we see?
The soul that, bound with iron bands, fought
hard for victory;
The manhood lost; the good undone; the
wrongs to human kind;
The broken vows; the blasted life; the blind
that led the blind.

Three thousand glowing watch-fires girt the
valleys of our land;
The fires of love, and faith, and prayer, lit by
woman's heart and hand;
And they're coming up the hill-sides, these
daughters of the King,
For "God run Home and Native Land," list!
list the welkin ring!

There is music in their coming, and the sound
of childhood's mirth;
And their chorus is the grandest ever heard
in all the earth;
The land shall never fail, nor the prayer shall
cease, until
Satan's are banished from the land, by schools
on every hill!

Iowa ratifies the spirit of the amendment
which "proposes to have a school-house
on every hill and no saloons in the valley," thus
crystallizing into deed the prayers and labors
of the W. T. U. and kindred Temperance
organizations.
—Mrs. E. T. Housh, in Woman at Work.

THE SUPPOSED UTILITY OF ALCOHOL.

There has been a great advance in
public sentiment in regard to the sup-
posed utility of alcohol.

Sixty years ago the use of alcoholic
liquors was supposed to be a necessity,
in order to health. One of the first
questions raised, when the reform be-
gan, was whether it would be possible
for men to maintain good health if they
desisted from their use entirely. It was
supposed to be necessary often to re-
sort to them. They held complete sway
in all fields of labor, and no man was
supposed to be of much value in the
field or shop, as a laborer, without
them; and it was held to be impossible
to withstand severe heat or cold with-
out their aid. They filled a large place
in *matéria medica*, and were freely re-
sorted to for every kind of illness, as a
sovereign remedy.

Sixty to eighty years ago public senti-
ment had advanced a little, and but
little, beyond these superstitions of the
olden times, in regard to the virtues of
alcohol. Thirty years ago an old man
approaching his ninetieth birthday
said: "A kind Providence and good
New England rum have spared my life
so long." "Black strap," made of rum
and molasses, or a rum sweat were in-
dispensable remedies for a cold. "Rum,
seasoned with cherries, protected
against cold." "Rum, made nutritious
with milk, prepared for the maternal
office, and under the Greek name of
Paregoric rum, doubly poisoned with
opium, quieted the infant's cries."

"Females, or valetudinarians, courted
an appetite with medicated rum, dis-
guised under the chaste name of 'Her-
mann's Tincture' or 'Stoughton's
Elixir.'" In some sections of the coun-
try it was customary to take whisky
flavored with mint soon after waking in
the morning; and so essential was it re-
garded to health that scarcely any
person of any age or sex was exempt
from it.

Can alcoholic drinks be safely dis-
pensated with was a question seriously
and conscientiously pondered when this
reform was in its incipient stages.
Even Dr. Benjamin Rush was some
time in settling this point; others were
longer still in reaching a conclusion.
To dispense with them altogether, it
was felt, would make men weak and
puny, the sure victims of exhaustion
and disease. These ideas were current.
These mischievous delusions, relics of
darker ages, have now been dispelled
from multitudes of intelligent minds.

How great the change! How seldom we
meet such notions now, only among
backward-looking people, who are un-
pardonably hoarding behind the march
of mind, held back by the subtle delu-
sion of appetite.

As early as 1850 the use of alcoholic
beverages had been condemned by the
best medical authorities in Great Brit-
ain and the United States, as not only
needless, but positively injurious. Pri-
or to that time alcohol had been dem-
onstrated to be a poison in a healthy
body. Two thousand of the best med-
ical and surgical gentlemen in Great
Britain declared, over their signatures,
that "the most perfect health is com-
patible with total abstinence from all
intoxicating beverages," and that "total
and universal abstinence from such
beverages would greatly contribute to
the health, prosperity and happiness
of the human race." One hundred
and twenty-five of the first physi-
cians in New York City united in de-
claring that "alcohol should be classed
with other powerful drugs, and when
prescribed medicinally, it should be
with conscientious caution and a grave
sense of responsibility." Soon after
the publication of these views an article
appeared in the *Westminster Review* ad-
vocating alcohol as food. Some French
investigators, however, of a high rank,
quickly exploded this pernicious theory,
and the *Westminster Review* magnani-
mously retracted it. Ex-Governor An-
drew, before a Legislative Committee
of Massachusetts, with a great array of
learning, reasserted the theory that
alcohol is food, or, at least, an assimilator

of