HE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

D CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA

TWO LOVERS.

ere was a maid two lovers' hearts had stole,
e loved her for her sweet, pure heart and soul;
One for her handsome face.

e first adored her as the nuns above
Madonna and the Child—
Which, long ere her footing frowns he bore,
Content if she but smiled.

he loved the second as a man above
All other men, perforce;
He only loved her as a man may love
His deerhound or his horse.

Death's Angel came and bore her soul away,
Beyond dim Lethe's tide;
The second wept above her grave a day,
The other, till he died.

—*Clarence L. Davis, in Current.*

GOVERNMENT PRINTING.

The Largest Printing Establishment in the World.

The Hands Employed, the Work Done, and the Expense of Running It—How the Proceedings are Prepared, Printed and Distributed.

The race discussion in the Senate as to the publication of its debates led me into the Government Printing-office, where the *Congressional Record* is printed. It is an immense, prison-like building, covering about an acre of ground, and looking more like a great factory than a Government establishment. Its material is brick, its color a dirty white, and its form that of a hollow square. It has many windows and numerous entrance doors. At each of the latter stands a guard with a silver badge on his breast, and over the chief entrance door is a little stony-eyed marble bust of Ben Franklin, which looks quite stunted under the four stories of dreary white which rise above it. In this building nearly the whole of the printing for the Government is done. It is said to be the largest printing establishment in the world, and it turns out some of the world's finest work. It employs within its walls more than 4,000 men all the year round, and it makes the blank books used in all the Government offices of the United States, not only in Washington, but in the custom and post offices from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Its daily payroll averages $6,000, and its total expenditures during the past year aggregated nearly three millions.

The *Congressional Record* is in itself a big job, and its printing during the last session of Congress cost in round numbers $[illegible]. This is $[illegible] more than the *Record* has cost at any session since it has gone by the name of *Congressional Record*, which first occurred in 1873, and it is on the average over $80,000 more than its ordinary cost. Congress seems to grow more and more verbose from year to year, and the debates and speeches of the last session fill seven large volumes twice as big as the largest of family Bibles, and containing more than seven thousand pages, each filled with two columns of type the size of that of the ordinary new paper. The *Congressional Record*—supposed to contain every word uttered on the floor of Congress. It does contain much more. Many men never deliver their speeches at all. They merely say "Mr. Speaker!" and then ask leave to print. This Congress generally gives, and this talk, which has never been uttered in Congress, appears in the *Record*, and the congressman sends his great speech broadcast over his district.

The *Record* appears every morning, and that of to-day always contains the full proceedings of the House and Senate of yesterday. These are taken down in short-hand, and it costs about $[illegible] a year for each House to pay its photographers. The short-hand men take turns at taking notes, and when they have written their work out into long-hand it comes down to the Government Printing-office in long foolscap sheets, with every second line written upon, so that there is ample room for interlineation. Some of the speeches which the congressmen write out themselves are sent to the printers in their own handwriting, and the most of this is rather illegible and some of it very poorly spelled. I saw the two piles of copy from which yesterday's *Record* was set up, and that belonging to the congressmen themselves would have frightened Horace Greeley's ghost.

The *Record* eats up a greater amount of manuscript, I suppose, than any other newspaper in the United States, and, as we have the largest of newspapers, consequently in the world. Each of its pages contains about the same amount of reading matter as four pages of an octavo novel, and many nights over 100 pages have to be gotten out. This would be equal to a closely-printed book of over 400 pages, and it will often contain as many as a million ems. Sometimes there are one hundred pages of nonpareil to be set up, and it should be remembered that this, like the ordinary daily paper, has to be done at night, and be ready for the press early in the morning.

It takes eight proof-readers to look over the proof of the *Record*. Each piece is read twice, and is also sent to the congressman who made the speech for correction. It is again read before it goes into the bound volume, and the best men of the kind in the country are employed on this work. It requires about eighty printers to put the *Record* in type, and all night long they are busy at their cases under the electric light. The room where the type is set is large enough for a market garden. It is made up of three long halls separated from one another by pillars and brick arches. The central hall contains marble tables where the forms are made up, and in the others are the type cases ranged in double rows from one end of the hall to the other, and over each case a bright, soft electric light, with a china shade over it. These men are paid in proportion to the amount of work they do, and the rate established by law is fifty cents per thousand ems.

The *Record* must go to press at twenty minutes to five in order to be ready for the six o'clock mails, and when it is unusually large this necessity makes the Government Printing-office the most busy place in the city in the early morning.

Each congressman gets twenty-one copies of the *Record*, and he may have these from day to day, or take them in the bound volumes, as he prefers. The congressmen give their extra copies to libraries and friends, and not a few of them find their way into the second-hand book stores of Washington, where they can be bought of almost any date at from fifty cents to one dollar per volume.

But the printing of the *Record* is by no means the largest part of the work of this mammoth printing-office. Its $3,000,000 worth of work includes all the Government publications, and this sum seems large, indeed, when it is remembered that in 1794, just ninety years ago, the Government printing, "together with the firewood and stationery" of Congress, cost only $10,000. In 1802 the President's message was the first document printed, and in 1819, when Monroe was President, each House elected its own printer for the session. After this Congressional printers became the most money-making men in Washington. Gales and Seaton each made fortunes, and Blair and Rives followed them, entertaining handsomely at the Capital, and owning property. The printing of the twenty-seventh Congress cost $[illegible], and shortly after this the contract system was adopted. In 1862 the office of Superintendent of Public Printing was created, and in 1876 it became an Executive instead of a Congressional office.

It is impossible to conceive the amount of work this department does now. It employs four hundred more hands at present than it did in 1880, and during that year it printed 17,000,000 copies of pamphlets and documents, 341,000 blank books, and made 131,000,000 of blanks and envelopes. One of its finest works in the past was its Pacific Railroad reports, which cost the Government over $[illegible], and it is getting out the "Rebellion Record," which is to comprise 96 volumes of 800 pages each.

To go through all the different rooms of the Government Printing-office, from floor to floor, makes one as tired as a three-mile walk. It is like going all around one immense dancing-hall and then trotting on into another and so on with a continuous panorama of paper, type, printers and machinery before you, until your legs are worn out with walking and your eyes tired with seeing new things. I walked through the rooms where the monthly volume, asking as two of Webster's dictionaries, containing the patent specifications, is set up, and where, at times, twenty tons of type remain standing. I went into one document room, where hundreds of printers in their shirt-sleeves, surrounded by walls of a glaring whiteness, were setting up Government reports by the light of hundreds of little golden snakes, each known as an electric lamp, and on into room after room devoted to the storage of paper. Sheet upon sheet and ton upon ton there are here stowed away, enough paper to cover the tracks of all the railroads in the country, and leave enough remaining to carpet Ohio and Indiana. I went into the press room, and my ears were almost deafened with the din of its many presses of all shapes and sizes from the old Bullock to the improved Campbell. I saw them printing all kinds of work in one room. At one press seed packages as large as a visiting card and at another bank-sheets of a Government document with thirty-two pages on a sheet. I noticed that all the feeders of these presses were women, and some of them very pretty young women, too. They stood up on a landing at the head of each press, and with their hands pushed forward sheet after sheet as it went into the press. On the floor above I saw these same sheets folded into book form by wonderful folding machines, and here again it was a woman who operated each machine. Still higher in the binding department more women were employed at nearly all of the machines, and the hand sewing was done by them. These book-sewing machines put a book together in a way that would astonish a country binder. Some of them bind with wire, and others with thread, but they do the work many times as fast as it can be done by hand, and, I am told, as well.

In one room where the folding and pasting is going on, I noticed that several colored girls were among the employes. They were sitting at a table by themselves, but whether this was a matter of their own taste or not I do not know.—*Washington Cor. Cleveland Leader.*

PUT UP A JOB ON HIM.

The Experience of a Pennsylvania Farmer Who Had Foresworn the Tramps of Literature and Mechanism.

Augustus Atherton is a plain and thrifty farmer of Abington, Pa. He is of an amiable disposition and a confiding heart. The only great trouble of his life came through crazy inventors, book-peddlers, sewing-machine agents, lightning-rod, insurance and patent-medicine men. A few years ago he was deceived in a worthless machine, and then he resolved to have nothing more to do with the tramps of literature, mechanism and medicine. He kept his word until recently when a genteel-looking man who said his name was Atherton came to look up the Atherton family tree. This visitor seemed all right and it cost nothing to look up the tree. Mr. Atherton extended to him the hospitalities of the house while he stayed and examined family records and documents. The stranger pretended to prove his relationship to Farmer Atherton and he fared sumptuously at the Atherton farm-house every day. An Atherton girl was about to be married and the newly-found Atherton young man was invited to stay until after the wedding, which he readily consented to do. But he didn't stay. The day before the wedding he explained that he had a sudden call away. He was very sorry, really, but he couldn't help it. Business before pleasure, and all that sort of proverbial philosophy. He went, and his portly proportions as he gaily strode away were supposed to be due to the fat of the land he lately lived on. He passed out of sight, but not out of the Atherton mind, for it was soon discovered that many valuables had disappeared from the house. Among other things were the most costly portions of the bridal trousseau. The parting guest was pretty well loaded with Atherton plunder. The wedding went on, however, the bride still having something to wear, and all was happy, as such an occasion should be, but Farmer Atherton declares he will never again open his hospitable doors and arms to any stranger, whoever or whatever. He thinks the fortune-teller, book-agents and lightning-rod men put up the job on him, but feels free to assert positively that they can never do it again. It is not impossible that his new son-in-law may be one of the peddler's targets, and he ought not to be too positive.—*St. Louis Republican.*

—A new agent for determining the question of doubtful deaths is announced by an electrician, who says that if bodies in which life is not extinct the temperature rises upon the application of an electric current, and never in the case of actual death.—*Boston Globe.*

A PREACHER'S MISHAP.

Why a Prominent Minister Did Not Preach Sunday Evening.

Rev. Dr. Blank has been for several years the pastor of one of the most popular churches in the city. He is dignified almost to excess, and the great importance he gives to his personal appearance is very noticeable. Sunday, after an eloquent sermon, he stepped into his study to look over his evening discourse. A quarter of an hour spent in this task was sufficient to clear the church of all persons except himself and the aged janitor.

The clergyman buttoned his overcoat around his well proportioned body, and carefully placed the manuscript of his sermon in the skirt pocket of his overcoat. Started for his Sunday dinner, going out by a private door opening in a side street. As he swung the door open, a gust of wind and rain made him shiver, and he hastily raised his umbrella. This operation took him but a moment, but it was long enough to allow a stiff spring to swing the door violently shut, catching the skirts of the minister's coat in its ruthless grasp. Dr. Blank turned around as far as his situation would permit and attempted to open the door. A spring lock, which could not be opened from the outside without a key, held the door, and he had no key. He tried to pull the imprisoned coat through, but the sermon in his pocket was on the inside. He leaned forward and tore the lining of the coat, but in vain. He pounded the door with his heels, but the janitor would not have heard a cannonade. He tried to attract the attention of passers by, by calling out "hello," but his position was hidden from the street in front, and no one came down the side street.

Five, ten minutes passed and the condition of things was not changed. The minister was still outside and the skirts of his coat and the sermon was inside. At length a simple solution of his difficulty occurred to him, and he wondered that he had not thought of it before. He slipped off the sleeves of his overcoat, intending to leave the coat while he should gain entrance by another door and release his overcoat, but to his horror he found that his undercoat was fast, too. His face was covered with great drops of perspiration as he realized the gravity of his situation. No human ear was there to receive the words that came from his lips, but he asserts that he used no stronger language than "dear me."

About a block away on the side street is a church which would be called a rival if such a thing were possible between religious societies, and there does not exist the most cordial relations between these two societies.

About the time the door closed on the clerical coat tails the minister of the latter church was reading the closing hymn and the congregation was just passing out. Dr. Blank had to resort to abandon both his coats and reach a place of shelter, and with a glance up and down the street as far as he could see from his position in the doorway he pulled his arms through the sleeves and made a frantic rush for the sidewalk. His hair stood erect on his head as he saw, about twenty feet away, the congregation of the next church coming up the street. The people at once recognized Dr. Blank, and their amazement took their breath away as they saw the dignified minister in his shirt sleeves run wildly up the street and turn into the front entrance of the church. A clergyman on the street in a rain storm without a coat is liable to occasion remarks, and the church-goers stopped to discuss the matter. They were sure it was Dr. Blank, and they thought he must be insane. Finally the coats were noticed lying in a heap by the door, and the true explanation of the eccentric behavior of the minister was apparent.

A moment later the door opened and the coats were jerked into the church and the door slammed shut. An hour later the minister looked furtively out of the door and stole away.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE LICK TELESCOPE.

Some of the Fine Work Involved in the Construction of the California Instrument.

In 1880 a contract was made with Messrs. Alvan Clark & Sons to furnish an objective of thirty-six inches clear aperture. This was six inches greater than the glass they had just arranged to make for the Russian Government, and thus the telescope would fulfill the conditions of being the largest and most powerful ever made. The result has proved the old rule, that the larger the glass the more difficult it is to make it. In this connection there is a curious contrast between our present experience and that of the opticians in the early part of the century. At that time the making of the crown-glass for the double lens offered comparatively little difficulty; it was the flint glass with which the trouble was found. The latter contained lead, a substance of great specific gravity, which persisted in settling toward the bottom of the pot in which the glass was melted, and thus producing a difference between the two sides of the glass which was fatal to its performance. But this difficulty has been so completely overcome that all the trouble now arises with the crown-glass. The method of making the best flint was long supposed to be a secret in the hands of a Swiss named Guinand and his family; but it is now believed that the supposed secret involved nothing more than the very simple device of continuously and vigorously stirring the molten glass until it became too cold and stiff to permit the heavier material to settle. However this might be, Feil, of Paris, who has been most successful in making large discs, supplied a satisfactory flint in a reasonable time. But so much delay was met with in casting the crown glass that it has not yet reached the hands of the optician. The cause of his failure is one so simple that one can only wonder that it should offer any trouble after being once detected. We call to mind that when the founder has succeeded in casting his lump of glass, weighing several hundred pounds, the clay pot in which it is contained is broken away. The outside portions of the glass itself, being impregnated with the clay and other impurities, have to be cut away. This is a most tedious process. If any ordinary cutting tool were used the glass would be apt to fly to pieces. It has to be sawed by a wire working in sand and water. The process of cutting away the outside is one, therefore, involving weeks, if not months, of labor. When it is done the mass must be pressed into the shape of a disk, like a very thin grindstone, and in order to do this the lump must first be heated nearly to the melting point, so as to become plastic. But when Feil began to heat his large mass it flew to pieces. In successive attempts he took more and more time for the heating, but broke a dozen or more pieces before he at last succeeded. In February, 1884, he reported that a glass was actually molded without having been broken, and would soon be ready for shipment.

All this refers only to the great object-glass of the telescope, which, though the one vital organ of the instrument, is really a very small portion of the whole. The construction of the delicate yet powerful machinery by which the tube sixty feet long is to be pointed toward any region of the heavens, and kept in motion by clock work, has not yet been commenced. In fact, the question who shall construct this "mounting," as it is called, is a difficult one to decide. In size and weight it is a piece of very heavy machinery, and would naturally be made in some great shop devoted to the construction of steam and other engines of the largest size. But the great masses of metal which form the axes and supports of the instrument have to be moved by a system of mechanism some parts of which are as delicate as those of a watch. The micrometer alone will, if made in the most approved way, be a piece of mechanism far more intricate than an ordinary astronomical instrument. In all this an astronomical instrument maker is required. Finally, what is more important, a multitude of provisions must be made for the handling and pointing of the instrument, for illuminating the different portions, and for enabling the observer to read off the fine lines by which he knows at each moment exactly at what star his instrument may be pointed. The difficulty of this last problem is one that is very slightly appreciated by those not accustomed to the use of the telescopes. When using a power of one thousand, the whole field of view of the telescope is only a little spot of the heavens not one-hundredth of the apparent surface of the sun or moon. Within this little spot is contained all that the observer sees when he looks into the telescope. Yet by being magnified a thousand times it seems to fill a fourth of the sky. Since the observer can not see anything outside of this little spot, he has no knowledge which way to turn his telescope by mere sight of the heavens. He must therefore have a delicate arrangement of circles by which he finds out where he is looking, not by what he sees, but by looking into microscopes attached to various parts of the instrument itself. All this requires the combined skill of the astronomer, the astronomical mechanician and the engineer.

After a decision is reached, it will probably require two years to complete the instrument. The trustees are apparently delaying the decision in order to be free to choose the best course when the completion of the object-glass is assured. Meanwhile the erection of the buildings and the construction of the other instruments are being pushed forward.—*Simon Newcomb, in Harper's Magazine.*

CHOLERA.

The March of the Epidemic from India Westward.

The disease is best known in Europe under the names of cholera, cholera morbus, Asiatic cholera, since the epidemic of 1817 to 1819, in which the English army, under the command of the Marquis of Hastings during a war against the natives, was rendered unfit for fighting and almost annihilated. But cholera had never visited Europe till the present century, when in 1830 it appeared in Russia and spread to Poland, where war was prevailing. Since that time, sometimes at longer and sometimes at shorter intervals, cholera has appeared in Europe. The question why cholera remained a thousand years in India before it first began to migrate is one of great interest, but one which can not be satisfactorily answered. The principal consideration appears to me to be that the event happened at the time when intercommunication in all directions, both by water and land, had become more rapid. The first steamship appeared in the Indian waters at the beginning of the second decade of the present century. By land also intercourse was greatly accelerated. The Russians possibly took cholera from India, Arabia, Afghanistan, or Persia, through couriers and stage-coaches. It soon became clear that cholera, the specific cholera-germ, was in some way or other propagated along the paths of human intercourse, and it also became evident that unless the germs found a suitable soil within a certain time they did not flourish. Observers soon discovered that cholera was more prone to appear in certain regions and to affect certain localities, while it shunned other districts; and, again, that other regions were only visited at intervals of many years. It is also a fact that Asiatic cholera never yet appeared at a place which had not previously been in communication with a region where cholera prevailed; and, further, that the disease from an infected locality never yet passed on to another place if the journey lasted a certain time without interruption. The large intercourse between India and Europe, more particularly England, by means of ships which sailed round the Cape of Good Hope, had never succeeded in carrying cholera from India to England.—*Dr. Max von Pettenkofer, in Popular Science Monthly.*

A GOOD GIRL.

She Obeyed Her Mother, But Got In Her Work All the Same.

"Now, Minnie," said a mother to her four-year-old daughter, "I want you to play with your little brother while I am down town."

"An' what will you bing me?"

"Never mind. I will bring you something, and now, mind you, if he wants to play with your toys, you mustn't cry."

"Nome."

When the lady returned, the little girl ran to her, and said:

"I played with my little brother. Now what did you bing me?"

"Mamma brought you an orange. Where's little brother?"

"He's sleep. Gimme the orange."

She took the orange and said:

"When he grabbed my dishes I didn't cry."

"You didn't? Why, you are a good little girl."

"Yessum, an' when he grabbed my doll, I didn't cry eiver."

"You didn't?"

"Nome."

"What did you say?"

"Nuffin', but I knocked him down wif the little chair."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—They are experimenting at Sandy Island with some new cannon. The cannon have the latest style of breech, with four pockets, and are very killing.—*Lowell Courier.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Maine claims 3,000 books and pamphlets written by Maine people or relating to Maine.

—General Fremont's son, John C. Fremont, Jr., has become a lieutenant in the regular army.

—Mr. Thomas Hughes, better known as "Tom Brown," has agreed to write a life of Peter Cooper.

—The eldest daughter of Rev. Talmage is said to be one of the prettiest girls in America.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—It is no more good journalism to print everything than good art to paint everything.—*Christian Union.*

—A Texas court has decided that a newspaper can be sued in any locality in the State where it circulates even one copy of its paper, and that no newspaper has any right to publish anything but telegraph news and accounts of fires and executions.

—An Arizona paper of recent date contains the following personal paragraph: "Larry Chugwhistle, the popular and gentlemanly baker of Sun Up Corners, departed for the great majority yesterday. We trust that he has gone to the land where baking is unknown."

—History writing is slow work. Mr. George Bancroft began collecting material for his history at twenty-three, and at eighty-four he is just finishing it. Mr. Richard Hildreth did not publish his first volume till twenty years after beginning the work. Mr. John Lothrop Motley spent several years in his researches before issuing his *Dutch Republic*.

—"I am not ashamed of the name of Broadrip," said Mr. Irving, actor, to a Detroit reporter, "and in private correspondence always use it. But there are well-known reasons why artists do not like to figure before the public in their own personality. I selected that of Irving without a thought of the American author, of whom I knew little."—*Detroit Post.*

—Josh Billings, who has abandoned housekeeping and removed from Sixty-third street to the Windsor Hotel, New York, is now about sixty-five years old, and begins to feel the burden of life, irrespective of its probabilities. He has been lecturing twenty-four seasons, and has furnished a New York weekly a half or quarter column miscellaneous contribution every week for the last nineteen years.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Dr. Theoliatus Darling, who died at Bedford, O., a few days ago, was a man of curious knowledge. It was he who, as early as 1856, wrote one of the first and best books on fish culture, and he was the first man to hatch fish by artificial means. Likewise he was the first American who produced daguerreotype pictures in America, and various conveniences in every day use are traceable to the practical science of Dr. Darling. Every retiring man.—*Cleveland Leader.*

HUMOROUS.

—What He Got.

Soft blue were her eyes and lustrous,
Her breath was the breath of the south.
He kissed that girl on the forehead,
And got a hair in the mouth.

"I hope you are not cutting a friend," said a neighbor to the farmer who was scratching the back of a pet pig with a stick. Bristling up with indignation, the soil tiller replied: "No, sir. I'm merely scraping an acquaintance."

—A young dude, who persisted in smoking in a ladies' sitting-room at a railway station, was "fired" out of the apartment by a gentleman, who remarked: "When there is so much smoke there must be some fire."—*N. Y. Independent.*

—"No," said the dying punster, with a grim smile: "no, I don't object to flowers, but don't have any violets, please. I shouldn't care to have my grave violated, you know." It was immediately agreed that it was best that he should go.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"What in the world are you staring at that young married couple so intently for?" asked one young lady of another, on a railroad train. "Oh!" exclaimed her companion with a start and a sigh. "It's so natural for us girls to contemplate matrimony, you know."—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Bob saw the pale outlines of the moon in the daytime and told Rob about it. "Oh, no," Rob protested "you can't see the moon till dark." "Oh, yes," Bob persisted "and there it is." "Well," said Rob, as he caught sight of it over the tree-tops, "it isn't lighted, anyway."—*Golden Days.*

—A lady advocating woman suffrage recently brought down the house with the following argument: "I have no vote but my groom has. I have a great respect for that man in the stables, but I am sure if I were to go to him and say, John, will you exercise the franchise?' he would reply, 'Please, mum, which horse be that?'"—*Exchange.*

—"By thunder, if that girl don't bring my breakfast pretty soon, I'll give her a piece of my mind," growled an irate boarder. "It will be the worse for you, if you do," said a quiet boarder on the other side of the table. "I'd like to know why." "For the simple reason that if you give her a piece of it, there won't be enough left for a sample."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—"Aunt Jane, is it quite true that a lady may ask a gentleman to marry her if it is leap year?" "Yes, my dear, quite true." "But if he don't want to marry her, Aunt Jane, what must he do then?" "He must give her a new black silk dress, my dear, and then she understands." "Oh! Aunt Jane! Aunt Jane! Now I know why you have so many black silk dresses."—*The Judge.*

—It is related that many years ago a Mr. Morgan, who represented Westmorland in the House of Commons, when on his first canvass called on Father Mooney, an influential priest, and asked him for his vote. The latter replied: "No, I'd rather give it to the devil." "But," said the candidate, "in the event of your friend not coming forward for the county, what then?" He got the vote.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Sporting Item.

Henry Bowers, Bob Allen, Jim Meredith and several other citizens, were out on Onion Creek on last Sunday shooting quail. They were shooting near Si Jackson's place, and Si watched them intently.

"Dey was de curus gemman ober I seed," remarked Si to Tiff Johnson, after the visitors had returned to the city metropolis.

"What was there peculiar about them?"

"Nuffin', cept ebery time they shot at a bird and missed him, dey got so mad dat dey cotched hold ob dar guns and broke em right in two."

It seems the gentlemen had breech-loading guns, and Si had never seen any other gun than the old-fashioned muzzle-loader.—*Texas Siftings.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

A TEMPERANCE BOY.

Some people laugh and wonder
What little boys can do
To help this Temperance thunder
Roll all the big world through;
I'd have them look behind them
When they were small, and then
I'd like to just remind them
That little boys make men!

The bud becomes a flower,
The acorn grows a tree,
The minutes make the hours—
'Tis just the same with me.
I'm small, but I am growing
As quickly as I can;
A Temperance boy like me is bound
To make a Temperance man.

—*Judith Knowlsier.*

IS IT A SMALL THING?

The Great Importance of the Temperance Question—The Liquor Traffic an Organized Destruction—How Boys and Men Are Lured to Their Moral, Mental and Physical Ruin.

There are those who express themselves, in a mild way, as opposed to intemperance, opposed to the degree that they would, if they could without too much trouble, destroy the traffic in liquors, but who, after all, consider the matter as one which belongs to the individual, and altogether too small a thing to worry about in any way.

In short, these people regard intemperance as a matter of minor importance and the agitation of the question as something too small for the consideration of any but small minds, and of men and women of limited ideas.

They do not know the importance of the question, nor the extent of the curse, and have no earthly idea of its importance. They do not know that the liquor traffic is organized destruction, that its cold and clammy fingers are extended in all directions, that its hand is on every house in the land, that its methods are as vile as anything born of the devil can be, and that its power is stronger than anything that has yet combatted it except law, and that is an open question whether law is its master.

It has a thousand ways to do its work, but we have only space in this article to call attention to one of them. In a city like Toledo there are eight hundred whisky and beer shops. Of this number possibly one hundred may be called respectable, that is the proprietors would not pick the pocket of a drunken man, and they observe the laws sufficiently as to have some little care, as to whom they sell liquor. Neither do these sellers go especially out of their way to seek trade, for they have a sufficient number of customers who go to ruin voluntarily to satisfy them. It is their interests to be as near decent as the miserable business they are in permits them to be.

Of the remaining seven hundred it is safe to say that ninety per cent. are merely traps, and traps of the most cruel description. On one street in the city of Toledo there are twenty dens whose principal business is the enticing of boys, the educating of their virgin stomachs to beer, the training of them to debauchery first, and crime afterward. They have back rooms, secure from the observation of the general public, where boys from twelve to eighteen are not only permitted to come, but are lured by all sorts of devilish arts. There are billiard tables for them, at which they play pool, for drink; there are card tables at which they may play for drink; there are all the games at which they may play, the one inseparable condition being that upon the result of each game drink depend.

These boys have little money, for no father or mother gives a child of this tender age any amount of money which the keeper of the shop would care for. But he makes his money out of them, all the same. He gives them credit for all they choose to spend, the more the better. When this credit has reached the proper amount for his purpose, he demands his money. The frightened boy, astonished at the to him frightful amount, knows not what to do, and the whisky seller has him exactly where he wants him. He frightens him by threatening to send the bill to his father or mother, which threat brings the victim to his knees. Anything but that. Then it is suggested to the frightened boy that his father has books, his mother linen, his sister jewelry, and he is taken to a pawnbroker who will advance money on such goods without asking where it comes from, or how obtained. The poor boy has but one alternative, he has exposure staring him in the face, and theft is his only escape. The pawnbroker and the rum-shop man are partners, the boy is inducted into crime, goods are removed from the house, retail theft begins, which rapidly progresses into wholesale, and an honest boy is converted into a thief.

The writer of these lines is conversant with one instance where two innocent servant girls were discharged from a house within six months on suspicion of stealing goods of this kind, the thief really being the youngest son of the family, who had been instructed by a rum-shop keeper first into beer, and afterward into theft to pay his bills. The ruin of the boy was deliberately planned and mercilessly executed.

This is no exaggerated statement. There is not a village where the sale of liquor is permitted that does not have these traps in its midst. There may be liquor without crime, but there is very little crime without liquor. Liquor first betrays the boy and then it holds him in horrible embrace until he is ruined, and useless even to the interest that blighted him.

Is it a small matter? Is it a light thing to have in every city, town, village and hamlet in the country—men whose business it is to corrupt the youth of the country, to teach them theft, to disease them mentally, physically and morally, to educate them in debauchery and criminality? Is it a small thing to have such a business, backed by millions of dollars, and every man concerned in it, from the brewer and distiller who makes the hell broth down through the wholesaler and retailer, with a money interest in the destruction of children? Is it a small thing to have every family threatened by these vampires, with the certainty that every year the ghastly roll of their victims will be enlarged?

These holes cost the city of Toledo three millions of dollars a year; and they are the direct cause of ninety per cent. of the criminality that bears so heavily upon the decent citizens. They cost half the families of the city the one great misery of life.

And let it be borne in mind that this destruction of men and boys is an organized business, with more money invested in it than in almost any other single branch of business, that this wide-spread ruin is not the result of the viciousness of the victims, but that they are deliberately entrapped and worked upon in a purely systematic way, for the wretched profit there is in the nefarious trade. Ninety per cent. of the wrecks which are to be found everywhere did not go to the rum-seller of their own accord. The trap was laid for them, and they fell into it unwittingly. These hunters of men went out to find those whom they could lead into them, and the most devilish arts are employed to catch them. This is going on all the time, and the number of victims are increasing precisely in proportion to the increase in the facilities for conducting the business. More money is being put into it every day, and new methods are being devised every day to make this money a profitable investment.

Is this a small thing? If it be so considered we know of nothing worthy to be considered by the public. There must be some way to check these man-hunters.—*Toledo Blade.*

A POLICE COURT INCIDENT.

A Sad and Pathetic Story Which Carried Its Own Moral.

Christmas morning, one of the police courts in New York witnessed an unusual scene. A young woman, miserably clad, pale and thin, came before the Judge, leading by the hand a pinched, hungry-looking little girl of four years. The mother, with trembling lips asked to have her little girl sent to some charitable institution, because she could not support herself and the child. While she was waiting for the necessary papers to be made out, she clung to the baby, kissing it again and again, while tears dropped on the face and hair of the little one, to whom the whole scene was a mystery. Suddenly an elderly gentleman came into the court-room, gazed eagerly about, fastened a most searching look on the face of the young mother, who was entirely absorbed in her grief. A sharp cry—"My child, my child, but how changed!" and he clasped the mother in his arms.

After a time, in the Judge's room, the story was told; it is not new, and without doubt will be repeated again and again in other lives. Five years ago, the young woman was a much-loved daughter in a home that was more than comfortable. She insisted on receiving attentions from a young man to whom her father and mother objected because he drank to excess. The daughter refused to listen to advice, and when extreme measures were resorted to on the part of the parents, and the young man forbidden to visit her home, she met him outside of her home, and at last eloped with him, believing that his love for her would lead him to resist temptation. In one month he came to the poor home he was able to provide, so drunk that other people were called to assist him to his room; this was the beginning of a debauch that led to his discharge from a good situation, and he was unable to procure another; finally he deserted his wife, who for a time supported herself by working in an East Side factory. After her child was born she was forced to take sewing at home, and learned to know, only too well, what hunger and cold meant. The day before Christmas, penniless and homeless, she went through the streets of New York, and after nightfall began begging, passing the night in a station-house, and in the morning decided to part with her child to save it from suffering.

All these years a man and woman prematurely old had been looking for their wayward child, of whom no trace could be found, until by accident she was recognized by an old friend, who followed her to the police court, and then notified the father, who gladly took his child and grandchild to the now motherless home.

This sad story, with its blessed and yet pathetic ending, carries its own moral. She must be dull indeed who needs to have this moral drawn out for her.—*Christian Union.*

Strong Language.

Judge Johnson, of California, in passing sentence of death upon a criminal, is reported to have used the following strong language: "Nor shall the place be forgotten in which occured the shedding of blood. It was one of those ante-chambers of hell which mark, like plague-spots, the fair face of our State. You need not be told that I mean a tippling-shop, the meeting place of Satan's minions, and the foul cesspool which, by spontaneous generation, breeds and nurtures all that is loathsome and disgusting in profanity, and babbling, and vulgarity, and Sabbath-breaking. I would not be the owner of a groggery for the price of this globe converted into ore. For the pitiful sum of a dime he furnished the poison which made the deceased a fool and this trembling culprit a demon! How paltry a sum for two human lives! This traffic is tolerated by law, and, therefore, the vendor has committed an act not recognized by earthly tribunals; but in the sight of Him who is unerring in wisdom, he who deliberately furnishes the intoxicating draught which inflames men into violence and anger and bloodshed is *particeps criminis* in the deed. Is it not high time that all these sinks of vice and crime should be held rigidly accountable to the laws of the land, and placed under the ban of an enlightened and virtuous public opinion?"

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

It's meet and drink that is depriving many a family of food.—*Western Rural.*

Of the 8,172 arrests made by the police at Louisville during the year 1884, 5,643 were for "drunkenness and disorderly conduct."

The citizens of Frankford, Sussex County, Del., and some of the neighboring towns, Seltzville, for instance, have prevented the sale of intoxicating liquors in their midst by making vigorous use of the one legal check legislation has placed at their disposal—the power of remonstrance. Two or three recent attempts have been made to establish saloons in these towns, but every time the Temperance sentiment has proved triumphant.

The Chicago dailies reported the regular grist of the liquor mill on Monday morning last. A suicide, first by drink, and only incidentally by pistol-shot; a murder by a policeman, who says he was trying to quell a drunken row; a drunken woman frozen close to death's door, if not now passed through. Three cases of cholera deaths on Sunday would drive Chicago wild. It is only Drink, but it is Doom, all the same.—*Union Signal.*

Drunkenness is a devilish sin, distinct from all others, upon which God sets His particular mark. He writes it in the blood-shot eye; He writes it in the red nose; He writes it in the trembling hand. If you are a drunkard God will surely hang out your sign. You can be secret with other sorts of crime but you can not with this. And a man is responsible for his self-superinduced inability. If you can find a man who could not from the very beginning resist a tendency to indulgence of appetite then he is not responsible.—*Rev. R. A. Meredith.*