Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1891.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

A Pathetic Scene of Early Morn in a Large City.

It was early morn; the scene, one of New York's prominent all-night restaurants. The place was deserted, save by an occasional straggler, the worse for liquor, or the night owls from the newspapers and telegraph offices who had dropped in for a glass or two before they sought their couches. Two or three revelers stood at the bar and indulged in ribald jests that pass the lips when drink loosens the tongue. From out of the small box-like enclosures, with open top, came the laughter of women with that strange intonation that marks the merriment of abandoned creatures. Coarse language from their male companions grated harshly on the listening ears without. Two or three scrub-women, meanly dressed, were cleaning away the day's filth that had accumulated on the floor. Honest women they were, for it was pictured in their faces and brawny arms.

Suddenly the door of the private apartment opened. The party were about to take their leave and the women were donning their wraps; in a moment they sauntered across the floor, the women leaning heavily upon their escorts with drunken indifference and careless of the uncomplimentary remarks of others. They were young girls, apparently not beyond their teens, and with faces whose beauty, depravity and a fast life had not yet impaired. Their attire was costly, diamond bedecked and of the most stylish description. Dainty wraps covered their shapely shoulders and indicated their heavy tribute paid to shame.

As they swept by a scrub-woman near the door, one of the gorgeously-dressed girls looked down and in a compassionate tone remarked to her companion, "Poor woman!"

There must have been a familiar chord in the voice, for the scrub-woman quickly raised her head for a glance at the speaker. A look of intense pain passed over the honest face, and an unbidden tear glimmered in the eye. The head dropped again and was almost buried in the dirty rag with which she began to briskly rub the tiling.

Like a shot the recognition also struck the brazen creature.

"Moth—" came the startled cry, but it was smothered before the words left the lips.

With a gay laugh that sounded like mockery, she gave her escort's arm a jerk and they passed out into the cold, gray dawn.

The poor woman scrubbed more vigorously than ever, and the knots stood out on her muscles, but who could tell the depth of her sorrow?

Not Given a Fair Show.

"You hear the soldiers' side of the story about the Indian troubles in the West," says a Western gentleman, "but never get a statement from the reds. I haven't much confidence in the honor of the United States soldiery, since you can't get a man who has much respect for himself to join the army. Thirteen dollars a month and coarse rations do not attract the average sensible American, and my experience has been that the ranks of Uncle Sam's troops are kept up by foreigners.

"I remember once in Arkansas a soldier was cut across the abdoman with a knife by somebody. The soldier tried to show that Tin Cup, an old Indian that lived nearby, was the culprit. A party of troopers under a young Lieutenant went to his tepee to search for the weapon. I was there myself.

"After looking through his miserable hut and examining the Indian, the knife could not be found. 'Search the squaw,' the Lieutenant cried, 'and do it right.' She was anything but attractive, but she was the wife of the redskin and he loved her. The soldiers were rough in handling her, and at the first offer of any indignities the old man knocked down one of them, with a telling blow. To me his conduct was justifiable, but he was dragged to prison and kept there for awhile, until I interceded and got him out.

"The Indians are not given a fair show. They have ideas of their own, and the exhibitions of morality on the frontier are such that they have no desire to adopt civilization, and no man acquainted with the facts will blame them. The settlers in the West do much to stir up trouble, so that the reds will be gradually wiped out. They want their land, and they look on it with a longing and jealous eye. The average settler is not much of a man. I have seen lots of them living in wagons, with their wives and children half starved, while they spend their time cracking a big whip and hanging around the wagon tongue."

ADVICES by cable from Melbourne report the total shipment of wool from Australia to America this season as 28,000 bales.

THE city of Havana has over two hundred cigar manufactories. Every factory pays a tax of $5 a year for each person it employs.

THERE is no sweeter repose than that which is purchased by labor.

A SHOCK of earthquake was felt at Pepperell, N. H., and adjoining towns. It rattled crockery ware and rang sleigh bells.

THE EVENING COMETH.

The daylight fades upon the hills;
Soft are the shades that follow.
Nestling into the sheltering wood,
Filling the lone y hollow;
Brooding our earth with silence blest,
Peace and rest, oh, peace and rest!

The white, white light, the fleeting light,
That filled my little i vision
That law upon the midday land,
That lit the hills Elysian!
Oh, morning gleam! Oh, noontide glow!
The sun is set, the day is low.

Hush heart, and long not! So it is, 'tis best
What matter if the strong, wide-reaching day
Be long or short? The evening comes a way!
Be still, oh, heart, be still and rest.

—Aurilla Farber, in Washington Post.

LAYING A GHOST.

BY WILL P. POND.

An old friend of mine, a retired sea captain, has a house overlooking the Narrows, near Fort Hamilton. It was built from his own plans, and is chiefly remarkable for a square structure rising from the roof, generally taken for an observatory, but which is really the old man's sanctum, known as "the cabin." The privileged visitors are his grandsons and nephews, who obtain entrance by going on the lawn and shouting "ship ahoy!" meeting with the reply "ahoy there!" then "is the skipper aboard?" and the answer to this query settles the matter of whether they will be admitted or not. If they are, a story is the natural result, and as the old gentleman is an enthusiastic sportsman, he has many reminiscences of the sea. I have several times been one of the audience, and not one of the least interested by any means.

The boys had been spending the summer in the Adirondacks last year, and on their return speedily made a visit to "the cabin," where the captain and I were seated. The usual ceremony was gone through, the boys reported the events of the holiday, or, as he termed it, "overhauled their log," and then without any asking, the old gentleman said: "Boys, I have a story about Raquette Lake that is worth hearing. Did anyone tell you about the ghost I caught there?"

"Ghost," echoed the boys, "what was it?"

"I suppose it was about twenty years ago," began the old gentleman, "when I found myself with a friend at Raquette Lake, after a prolonged fishing trip in that most lonely region. For a week or more luck had not been ours, and we had moved from Saranac to Raquette Lake, in hopes of finding some big fish worthy of our steel. Arriving at the hotel in the evening, we had supper, and then sought the piazza, where we found a mutual friend to whom we applied for information about the fishing, and who gave us the name of a good man to engage, ending his remarks with, 'he has only one fault—superstition—you cannot keep him on the water after sundown, and money cannot hire him to take you over to the 'Pool' as they call it, although the best fish are said to lay there.

"Why not?" we asked.

"Afraid of the ghost," was the reply.

"What ghost?"

Our friend laughed. "Well, the local story is somewhat indefinite. Many years ago a young couple came here on their honeymoon, and spent a good deal of their time in fishing. In the woods, bordering the pool, was a gypsy camp and by some means the young fellow incurred the enmity of the gypsy woman, and was cursed by her. The following week, bride and groom were drowned in the pool by the accidental upsetting of their boat, and their bodies were never recovered. The gypsy's curse is said to have doomed them to eternal wandering, like her own nomadic race, and local tradition says, the ghost of the girl in her husband's arms is still to be seen in the pool at night, and evil follows to those who are unlucky enough to see them.

"I laughed at the story, although, like all sailors, I was superstitious to a certain degree, and would not have liked the daily appearance of a shark alongside, or have tempted Providence by catching Mother Cary's chickens, any more than many other sailors who know what these things mean.

"As I was saying, I laughed at it, but my friend, a younger man by ten or twelve years, jumped at the chance of some excitement, and declared we must investigate. The next day we engaged our fisherman, and made arrangements for him to rent us a light canoe, which we could keep on the lake front, for our own use, independent of the large boat we used with him. We found the fishing very good, but the fish were not extraordinarily large, so at last we proposed to our guide to take us to the pool. To our amusement he flatly, but civilly refused to do so, and so one day we went alone, and dared the dangers, probable and improbable. It was pretty rough, with deep, black water, the hills rising to a considerable height, clothed with hemlocks and firs. We caught one good fish, a ten-pound pickerel, and a number of fair sized ones.

"The next day it rained in torrents and the next; then about noon it slowly cleared away, and as the sun went down not a cloud was to be seen, and the water was like glass.

"What a night for fish," said my young friend; "let us take the canoe and try the pool; the fish ought to rise as soon as the moon comes up."

"Nothing loath, I got my pole, and away we went, starting from the house about eight o'clock. Arriving at the pool, we waited until the moon rose, and then we fished, soon having three beauties in the boat. As we began to feel rather tired at our long day, we started home early. I at the paddle, when suddenly my friend said, pointing behind me, 'Look, see there! what is it?' Hurriedly turning, I saw something moving across the moonlight about three hundred feet away, swimming over the surface of the water, rising and falling as a swimmer would, then it sank.

"'What on earth was it?' again asked my friend, 'by heavens, the ghost!'

"With a turn of the paddle I spun the light boat round, and sent her flying to the spot.

"'Keep quiet, it may come again,' I said, and there we sat waiting.

"Soon it reappeared, far over the pool, something white gleaming in the moonlight, like an arm, and then suddenly as the thing turned in its course, it changed to a neck and shoulders, over which tumbled a mass of dark, wet hair; then it sank as suddenly as it appeared, and though we waited two hours, we saw it no more.

"Returning to the hotel, we decided to keep our experiences to ourselves, and investigate the matter further. The next day we spent quietly, and as soon as night fell again paddled across to the pool, and getting under the shore, waited for developments.

"All was dark, with that peculiar blue blackness that precedes the rise of the moon in the mountains, and over all things lay the mist of night, broken only by the katy-dids or the buzz-z-z of a low flying night-hawk. Every now and again the faintest breath swayed the pines, and sent their soothing fragrance floating over the water, and then, far on the other side of the lake, slowly appeared a ray of burnished silver, which stole silently towards us across the bosom of the water, as the full moon climbed the pine-clothed hill behind us, and passed over into full view. It was as light as day, except where we lay, in deep shadow.

"Anxiously we cast our eyes around, but no sign appeared, and at ten o'clock my friend said, 'no use to-night, you paddle home, and I will troll as we go. I may get a rise. I think this ghost business is a fraud'—a case of too much pie last evening. I begin to think we dreamed it.'

"I said nothing but paddled slowly along, while he stood forward, playing his spoon, making a thousand miniature rainbows at every splash as it fell into the water, or was lifted from it. 'A dream was it!' I said suddenly, 'see there!'

"Away off in the lake was the ghost, flashing over the water and disappearing as before. We looked at each other. 'Get me close, and I'll cast and hook it,' said my friend, and smiling at the idea of fishing for a ghost, I turned the canoe in the direction where it disappeared. Again it rose, and I drove the canoe toward it with all my strength, while my friend held his rod poised ready to cast.

"There it is, heading straight for us. 'Hold her steady, hold!' and looking where he pointed, I saw the thing speeding toward us, the white neck and shoulders, and dark hair showing plainly in the moonlight, swaying with the movement of the swimmer, to right and left, as an insensible woman might. Again it sank suddenly as it had appeared, just beyond casting distance.

"Lying quietly in our canoe, but ready for action, we waited a little time, and then, with an ever widening ripple that at last showed something material, it rose again. Quickly the boat flew to meet it; another second, the shining spoon flew out, but while the hooks were in mid air again it sank, the spoon struck the water with a splash, and the canoe shot over the spot, the hooks dragging behind in her wake. A quick, sharp pull on the line nearly carried the pole from my friend's hands, and recalled him to himself. 'I've hooked a fish,' he said, and commenced to play it. And now ensued a curious sight, the fish, evidently a large one, rushed hither and thither and once, as it ran out nearly the full line, and then turned, we saw the white arm gleam in the moonlight as it appeared to reach over and seize the line as if to tear it loose. We were too busy to speak, for with moderate tackle and a birch canoe, a heavy fish is no child's play to fight, but a quick glance passing between us told our thoughts; and as another sudden rush, and a turn almost under the boat, again brought the arm to view, we knew we had hooked the ghost, whatever it might prove. While the fight waged, at every turn of the fish, and slack of the line, I drove the canoe toward the shallows, for we had forgotten the gaff, and I meant to land the thing at all cost. Shorter and shorter grew the line, weaker and weaker the struggles, until at last my paddle touched bottom. 'Bring it close as you can and hold it,' I said as I stepped overboard into the warm water. The boat swung around, the line hung quivering in front of me, as the conquered fish turned at bay for the last time, and then with a step forward, a sudden stoop, a grasp of the line with the left hand, and a reach downward with the right, the fingers and thumbs grasping the great fish by the eyes, while the hand, releasing the line, dipped under its body, and in a second it was in the canoe, and the ghost for ever laid. What do you think it was, boys? A tremendous pike, twelve or thirteen years old, by his grey whiskered snout and gills, weighing about sixteen pounds, with a frame to support another ten pounds if he had been well fed. That was all—but there on his shoulders sat the ghost. It was the skeleton of a young sea eagle, who, swooping down at the fish, had met more than its match. The talons of the bird, deeply embedded among the stout bones of the back had prevented its release, and the fish, drowning the bird, had been forced to carry the skeleton around like an old man of the sea. Every time the fish rose to the surface, the white breast-bone and back gleamed in the moonlight, while the feathers of the wings matted in weed had grown to be a veritable garden of water growths, and floating behind gave the semblance of hair to the ghost. Our catch created quite a stir at the time, and I have often regretted I did not keep the skeletons. Some years later, a well-known traveller told me there were several such cases on record in Europe; one in Lake Wetter, another, in Lake Fryksdal in Norway, and that in each case the natives had been driven to other fishing grounds by the ghost."—[Drake's Magazine.

A PRETTY ROMANCE.

How a San Francisco Girl Became an Artist.

People who noticed in the Examiner window recently a splendid cast of Sitting Bull will be intere ted to hear the pretty romance of the young artist who-e work it was.

It was modeled by Miss Alice Rideout, a young lady of less than eighteen years who has already shown such talent that she bids fair to take front rank among the host of artists that the Pacific slope can claim as its own.

Her first start in her chosen profession can be directly traced to a very English mastiff owned by her family, although her artistic aspirations date back to her early childhood. One day while accompanied by the mastiff, she passed the open door of a sculptor's studio. The animal rushed in and, with apparent deliberation, knocked over the pedestal upon which was placed for exhibition the artist's latest work. An arm and leg were shattered, and the piece lay a seeming wreck on the floor. The attendant was wild. The girl endeavored to make excuses for the dog, but nothing would answer. Offers were made to pay for the damage, but to no avail. The man dreading that upon the artist's return he would lose his position, was inconsolable. The girl begged to be allowed to repair the piece, and after repeated entreaties the man consented, with the remark that while he did not believe that it could be fixed, he was very certain that she could not injure it. He mixed the clay for her, and watched with interest the unpracticed fingers doing the work that the accomplished artist had so lately finished and taken so much pride in. An hour passed with most gratifying results; the arm was restored and was perfect; the attendant was happy. Another hour the leg approached completion, when to, the artist appeared on the scene. He took in the situation at a glance, and, unnoticed by the occupants of the room, watched the work. Finished, explanations are in order and given. The artist is charmed, declares the work of restoration has added new charms to the piece, and having heard from the girl the great ambition of her life, went with her to her home and insisted that her parents should allow her an opportunity to learn the art for which she had evidently so much inherent talent.—[San Francisco Examiner.

A Monster American Pyramid.

A gigantic pyramid, the most interesting relic to the antiquarian now on the American Continent, lies a few miles to the west of Pueblo, Old Mexico. The spot is easy of access, and has been visited by every traveller of note, either American born or foreign, who has interested himself in the least in hoary antiquities. It rises suddenly from the plain and is built of huge adobes, or large unburned bricks. Although mutilated and overgrown with trees, the massive base and four stories of the gigantic structure are yet almost entire. Humboldt describes it as a work of such magnitude and vastness as, next to the pyramids of Egypt, has never before been seen in the world. Its height is 172 feet, and the sides of its base 1,355 feet, being 275 feet lower than the great Pyramid of Cheops, and 627 feet longer. The brick material is interspersed with layers of stone and mortar, and the four stories are connected with each other by broad terraces. These are ascended from bench to bench by regular and oblique flights of steps which lead to a little chapel at the top, which has been dedicated to the Virgin of Remedios. In straightening out the road which leads from the City of Mexico to Pueblo, it became necessary to traverse a portion of the base of this ancient monument. In cutting down a section of the base an interior chamber built of stone and roofed with beams of cypress, was laid bare. In it were found skeletons, idols of clay, stone and bronze, and a number of pottery vessels, curiously varnished and painted.—[St. Louis Republic.

Riding the Camel.

Dr. Nachtigal, the celebrated African explorer, was once the guest of a rich Hamburg merchant, says London Tit-Bits. The merchant's son, a young man of some what sentimental temperament, said that his dearest wish was to ride across the desert on the back of a camel. He thought such a ride must be very poetical indeed.

"My dear young friend," replied the explorer, "I can tell you how you can get a partial idea of what riding a camel, on the desert of Africa is like. Take an office stool, screw it up as high as possible, and put it into a wagon without any springs; then seat yourself upon the stool and have it driven over uneven and rocky ground during the hottest weather of July or August after you have had nothing to eat or drink for twenty-four hours, and then you will get a faint idea of how delightfully poetic it is to ride on a camel in the wilds of Africa."

"UNTER DEN LINDEN."

Scenes Along the Most Famous Street in Berlin.

The most famous street in Berlin, Germany, is the Unter den Linden. What it is distinctly inferior to the Parisian boulevards, the Unter den Linden is a handsome and notable thoroughfare. The Berliners, whose municipal patriotism is always at the highest pitch, loudly claim that the big, shaded promenade that stretches from the imposing Brandenburg Gate to the Opera Platz is the finest street in Europe. This, perhaps, is only enthusiasm, but if you are over in Berlin it will be just as well for you not to say so. Most of the lime, maple, and chestnut trees that shade the Unter den Linden have a stunted look, as though the soil and the climate disagreed with their constitutions. The street itself is 196 feet wide. It is a mile long and as straight as a Prussian guardsman. There is a broad central walk, with plenty of seats.

On either side are the carriage drives, generally thronged with all sorts of vehicles, from fine carriages to the country farmer's wagon. Above the sidewalks that border the street there tower two more or less imposing rows of mansions, palaces, big hotels and stores that cannot begin to compare with those of Broadway. The architecture of the buildings that line the "linden street" is pretty well mixed. The inferior buildings are getting weeded out, though; and, in course of time, the pet street of the energetic young capital of Germany will prove not a much more satisfactory architectural aspect.

The imperial palace, which stands at one corner of the Opera Platz, is big, but not particularly imposing. In pleasant weather the scenes on the Unter den Linden are always lively. Berlin is an intensely military city, and the promenade is gay with uniforms of all the branches of the marvelously perfect German army. Grim old officers whose chests are brilliant with decorations, proud young lieutenants whose sabres are always clattering, bulky, lumbering "white cuirassiers" and trim, erect infantry and artillery men quite eliscount civilians on the street.

Of course, the German nursemaid is out in full force. Equally, of course, where she is, the German guardsman is also. Many and tender are the flirtations of these two "under the linden." The Unter den Linden is a sort of German *via triumphalis*. Through it the armies of the fatherland enter Berlin on their victorious return from war. A scene that will live long in the memory of those who witnessed it was the triumphant re-entry into Berlin of the victorious Germans after the close of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71. Up the thronged, applauding street came the blue masses of helmeted infantry with steady, disciplined tread. There rode the dashing uhlans, with their pennoned lances, and there the statuesque cuirassiers in their gleaming steel coats. There was the stout old Kaiser, crowned at Versailles, gray and stern, yet wonderfully happy, as well he might be. With him were Bismarck and Von Moltke, his two mighty men, whose tonic of blood and iron had strengthened Germany till her trained soldiers felt themselves capable of whipping all Europe. It was a great spectacle—that triumphal entry of the Kaiser, who has since gone to his rest, and it made the Unter den Linden seem more than ever, to the Berliners, the great national street of the fatherland.—[New York Mail and Express.

Animals That Like Tobacco.

Professor Paul Meyerheim, the celebrated animal painter, contributes to a "symposium" in a German publication devoted to the tobacco trade, a following interesting observations on animal lovers of the weed:

"There are, to begin with, the common brown bears. They are veritable tobacco enthusiasts. Just blow tobacco smoke toward their cage and you will see how they rush towards you, and with every sign of delight, rub the back and the head against the portion of the grating through which the smoke passes.

"At one time I treated a sleeping lion to a large pinch of snuff, which I introduced into his nostril with the aid of a wooden modelling knife. His majesty arose, sneezed with great vehemence, and then lay down again to continue his nap, apparently rather pleased by the interruption. All kinds of goats, deer, llamas and similar animals are passionately fond of snuff and cigars. I once gained the friendship of a very ugly guanaco by feeding him frequently with snuff. Some soldiers who later on teased the animal and were rewarded, as usual, by his spewing all over them, remarked in my hearing: 'How the beast smells of smoke?'"

Slippers of Human Skin.

Speaking of weird, uncanny gifts, the other day a pretty girl produced a pair of house slippers, presented her by a young medical student friend. They were not so remarkable looking, but she brought them in, lighted on the ferule of her parasol, the company instantly recognized the presence of something out of the ordinary. Gently dropping the dainty footgear on a rug, the owner invited her friends to use their umbrellas freely in turning her low shoes over and examining every part.

They were admirably made, with narrow soles, pointed toes, high heels and a big monogram, embroidered in silk. Not half way up the instep.

"Of course, I'll never wear the horrid things," the girl hastened to assure her friends, "but—"

Ah, but that "but!" She will probably marry the medical student—[Interpreted American.

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STIRLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "The Evils of Liquor Drinking."

TEXT: "Noah planted a vineyard, and he drank of the wine and was drunken."—Genesis ix. 20, 21.

This Noah did the best and the worst thing for the world. He built an ark against the deluge of water, but introduced a deluge against which the human race has ever since been trying to build an anti-deluge of drunkenness. In my text we hear his staggering steps. Shem and Japhet tried to cover up the disgrace, but there he is, drunk on wine at a time in the history of the world when, to say the least, there was no lack of water. Inebriating, having entered the world, has perpetrated. Abigail, the fair and heroic wife, who saved the flocks of Nabal, her husband, from confiscation by invaders, goes home at night and finds him so intoxicated she cannot tell him the story of his narrow escape. Uriah, to see David, and David got him drunk and paved the way for the despoliation of a household. Even the church bishops could not be charged to be sober and not given to too much wine, and so familiar were people of Bible times with the staggering and falling motion of the inebriate that Isaiah, when he comes to describe the final destruction of the worlds, says, "The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard."

Ever since apples and grapes and wheat grew the world has been tempted to unhealthful excitements. But the intoxicants of the olden time were an innocent beverage, a harmless orangeade, a quiet syrup, a peaceful soda-water as compared with the liquids of modern inebriation, into which a madness, and a fury, and a gloom, and a fire, and a suicide, and a retribution have mixed and mingled. Fermentation was always known, but it was not until a thousand years after Christ that distillation was invented. While we must confess that some of the noblest arts have been lost, the Christian era is superior to all others in the bad eminence of whisky and rum and gin. The modern drunk is a hundredfold more than the ancient drunk. Noah in his drunkenness became imbecile, but the victims of modern alcoholism have to struggle with whole menageries of wild beasts, and legions of hissing serpents, and perditions of blaspheming demons.

An arch fiend arrived in our world, and built an invisible caldron of temptation. He built that caldron strong and stout for the nations. First he squeezed into the caldron the juices of the forbidden fruit of Paradise. Then he gathered for it a distillation from the harvest fields of the earth, from all of the hemispheres. Then he poured into this caldron capsicum and copperas and logwood and deadly nightshade and assafoetida and tobacco and opium and rum and murder and sulphuric acid and theft and potash and cochineal and red carrots and poverty and death and hope. But it was a dry compound and it must be moistened, and it must be liquefied, and so the arch fiend poured into that caldron the tears of centuries of orphanage and widowhood, and he poured in the blood of twenty thousand assassinations.

And then the arch fiend took a shovel that he had brought up from the furnaces beneath, and he put that shovel into this great caldron and began to stir, and the caldron began to heave and rock and boil and spurt and hiss and smoke, and the nations gathered around it with cups and tankards and demijohns and kegs, and there was enough for all, and the arch fiend cried: "That, damnation fiend am I. Who has done more than I have for coffins and graveyards and prisons and insane asylums, and the population of the lost world? And when this caldron is emptied, I'll fill it again and I'll stir it again, and it will smoke again, and that smoke will join another smoke, the smoke of a torment that ascendeth for ever and ever. Drove fifty ships on the rocks of Newfoundland, and the Skerries and the Goodwins. I have ruined more senators than gather this winter in the national councils. I have ruined more souls than are now gathered in the house of peers. The cup out of which I ordinarily drink is a bleached human skull, and the upholstery of my palace is of human crimson, because it is dyed in human gore, and the mosaic of my floors is made up of the bones of children dashed to death by drunken parents, and my favorite music—sweeter than Te Deum or triumphal march—my favorite music is the cry of daughters turned out at midnight on the street because father has broken home from the tavern, and the seven hundred voiced shriek of the sinking steamer, because the captain was not himself when he put the ship on the wrong course. Champion fiend am I. Have hundreds more fires, I have wrung out more agonies, I have stretched out more midnight shadows, I have opened more Golgothas, I have rolled more daggerwounds, I have damned more souls than any other emissary of diabolism. Champion fiend am I!"

Drunkenness is the greatest evil of this nation, and it takes no logical process to prove to this audience that a drunken nation cannot long be a free nation. I call your attention to the fact that drunkenness is not subsiding, certainly that it is not at a standstill, but that it is on an onward march, and it is a double quick. There is more rum swallowed in this country, and of a worse kind than was ever swallowed since the first distillery began its work of death. Where there was one drunken home there are ten drunken homes. Where there was one drunkard's grave there are twenty drunkards' graves. It is on the increase. Talk about crooked whisky—by which you mean the whisky that does not pay the tax to government—I tell you all strong drink is crooked. Crooked Odard, crooked Cognac, crooked schnapps, crooked beer, crooked wine, crooked whisky—because it makes a man's path crooked, and his life crooked, and his death crooked and his eternity crooked.

I could gather all the armies of the dead drunkards and have them come to resurrection, and then add to them all the living drunkards, five and ten abreast, and then if I could have you mount a horse and ride along that line for review, you would ride that horse till he dropped from exhaustion, and you would mount another horse and ride until he fell from exhaustion, and you would take another and another, and you would ride long hour after hour, and day after day. Great host, in regiments, in grades. Great armies of them. And then if you had voice stentorian enough to make them all hear, and you could give the command, "Forward, march!" their first stamp would make the earth tremble. I do not say which way you look in the command. Look any way, it is impressive.

I call attention to the fact that there are thousands of people born with a thirst for strong liquor—a fact too often ignored. Long, some ancestral thirst. Hereditary river of temptation. There are children whose swaddling clothes are torn off the shroud of death. Many a father has made a will of this kind: "To the name of Jacob I bequeath to my children my hatreds and lusts and estates; share and share alike all they alike. Hereto I affix my hand and seal in the presence of witnesses." And yet perhaps that very man has made a will that the people have never heard of, that will has not been proved in the courts. It will that in writing would read some thing like this: "To the name of Jacob and death, amen. I bequeath to my children my evil habits—rankerous shall be theirs, my wine cup shall be theirs, my destroyer's vocation shall be theirs. Share and share alike shall they in the infamy. Hereto I affix my hand and seal in the presence of all the assembling harpies of hell."

From the multitude of those who have the evil habit of using strong drink my ranks are being augmented. And I am sorry to say that a great many of the drug stores are adding this evil, and alcohol is sold under the name of cordial. It is bitters for this and bitters for that and bitters for some other thing, and good men deceived, not knowing there is any thraldom of alcoholism coming from that source, are going down, and some day a man sits with the bottle of black bitters on his table, and the cork flies out, and after it flies a fiend and clutches the man by his throat and says: "Aha! I have been after you for ten years. I have got you now. Down with you, down with you!" Bitters. Ah! yes. They make a man's family bitter and his home bitter and his disposition bitter and his death-bitter and his hell bitter. Bitters. A vast army all the time increasing.

It seems to me it is about time for the 17,000,000 professors of religion in America to take sides. It is going to be an out and out battle with drunkenness and sobriety, between heaven and hell, between God and the devil. Take sides before there is any further national decadence, take sides before your sons are sacrificed and the home of your daughter goes down under the alcoholism of an imbruted husband. Take sides while your voice, your pen, your prayer, your vote may have any influence in arresting the despoliation of this nation. If the 17,000,000 professors of religion should take sides on this subject it would not be very long before the destiny of this nation would be decided in the right direction.

Is drunkenness a state or national evil? Does it belong to the North, or does it belong to the South? Does it belong to the East, or does it belong to the West? Ah, there is not an American river into which its tears have not fallen and into which its suicides have not plunged. What ruined that Southern plantation? Every field a fortune, the proprietor and his family one the most affluent supporters of summer watering places. What threw that New England farm into decay and turned the rosate cheeks that bloomed at the foot of the Green Mountains into the pallor of despair? What has smitten every street of every village, town and city of this continent with a moral pestilence? Strong drink.

To prove that this is a national evil I call up two States in opposite directions—Maine and Georgia. Let them testify in regard to this. State of Maine says: "It is so much an evil up here we have anathematized it as a State." State of Georgia says: "It is so great an evil down here that ninety counties of this State have anathematized the traffic in strong drink as a crime." So the word comes up from all parts of the land. Either drunkenness will be destroyed in this country or the American Government will be destroyed. Drunkenness and free institutions are coming into a death grapple.

Gather up the money that the working classes have spent for rum during the last thirty years, and I will build for every workingman a house, and lay out for him a garden, and clothe his wife in silks and satins, and his daughters in silks, and stand at his front door a prancing span of sorrels or bays, and secure him a policy of life insurance so that if he should die his family be well maintained after he is dead. The most persistent, most overpowering enemy of the working classes is intoxicating liquor. It is the manufacturer of pauperism, and has boycotted and is now boycotting the body and mind and soul of American labor. It annually swindles industry out of a large percentage of its earnings. It holds out its blasting solicitations to the mechanic or operative on his way to work, and at the noon spell and on his way home at eventide. On Saturday, when the wages are paid, it snatches a large part of the money that ought to come to family and sacrifices it among the saloon keepers. Stand the saloons of this country side by side, and it is carefully estimated that they would reach from New York to Chicago.

This evil is pouring its vitriolic and damnable liquors down the throats of hundreds of thousands of laborers, and then the ordinary strikes are made, both to employers and employes, I proclaim a universal strike against strong drink, which strike, if kept up, will be the relief of the working classes and the salvation of the nation. I will undertake to say that there is not a healthy laborer in the United States who, within the next twenty years, if he will refuse all intoxicating beverages and be saving, may not become a capitalist on a small scale.

Oh, how many are waiting to see if something cannot be done for the stopping of intemperance! Thousands of drunkards waiting who cannot go ten minutes in any direction without having the temptation glaring before their eyes or appealing to their nostrils, they fighting against it with enfeebled will and diseased appetite, conquering, then surrendering, conquering again and surrendering again, and crying, "How long, O Lord! how long before these infamous solicitations shall be gone?" And how many mothers are waiting to see if this monster curse cannot lift? Oh, is that the boy who had the honest breath who comes home with breath vitiated or disguised? What a change! How quickly those lips that were ever sweet and pure are tainted! How quickly those hands that were ever smooth have been exchanged for the rattling of the night key in the door long after the last watchman has gone by and tried to see that everything was closed up for the night.

Oh! what a change for that young man, who we had hoped would do something in merchandise or in mechanics or in a profession that would do honor to the family name, long after mother's wrinkled hands are folded from the last toil! All that exchanged for startled look when the door bell rings, lest something has happened; and the wish that the scarlet fever twenty years ago had been fatal, for then it would have gone directly to the bosom of his Saviour. But alas! poor old soul, she has lived to experience what Solomon said, "A foolish son is a heaviness to his mother."

Oh! what a funeral it will be when that boy is brought home dead! And how mother will sit there and say: "Is this my boy that I used to fondle, and that I walked the floor with in the night-watches when he was sick? Is this the boy that I held to the baptismal font for baptism? Is this the boy for whom I toiled until the blood burst from the tips of my fingers, that he might have a good start and a good home? Lord, why hast Thou let me live to see this? Can it be that these swollen hands are the ones that used to wander over my face when I was sick? Can it be that this swollen brow is that I used to so rapturously kiss? Poor boy! how tired he does look! I wonder who struck him that blow across the temple? I wonder to whom he uttered a dying prayer? Wake up, my son; don't you hear me? wake up! Oh! he can't hear me! Dead! dead! dead! Oh, Absalom, my son, my son, would God that I had died for thee, oh, Absalom, my son, my son!"

"I am not much of a mathematician and I cannot estimate it, but I fancy say one here quick enough at figures to estimate how many mothers there are waiting for something to be done? Ay, there are many wives waiting for domestic rescue. He promised something different from that when, after the long acquaintance and the careful scrutiny of character, the hand and the heart were offered and accepted. What a hell on earth a woman lives in who has a drunken husband! O death, now lovely thou art to her, and how soft and warm thy skeleton hand! The sepulcher at midnight in winter is a king's drawing-room, compared with that woman's home. It is not much the blow on the head that hurts as the blow on the heart.

The rum-fiend came to the door of that beautiful home, and opened the door and stood there and said: "I curse this dwelling with an unrelenting curse. I curse that father into a maniac, I curse that mother into a pauper. I curse those sons into vagabonds. I curse those daughters into prodigacy. Cursed be bread tray and cradle. Cursed be couch and chair, and family Bible with record of marriages and births and deaths. Curse upon curse." Oh, how many wives are there waiting to see if something cannot be done to shake these frosts of the second death off the orange blossoms! Yea, God is waiting, the God who works through human instrumentalities, waiting to see whether this nation is going to overthrow this evil, and if it refuse to do so God will wipe out the nation as He did Phenicia, as He did Rome, as He did Thebes, as He did Babylon.

As He is waiting to see what the church of America will do. If the church does not do this work, then He will wipe it out as He did the church of Ephesus, church of Thyatira, church of Sardis. The Protestant and Roman Catholic churches to-day stand side by side, with an impotent look, gazing on this evil, which costs this country more than a billion dollars a year to take care of the 300,000 paupers, and the 314,000 criminals, and the 30,000 idiots, and to bury the 75,000 drunkards. Protagoras boasted that out of the sixty years of his life forty years he had spent in reversing youth; but this evil may make the more infamous boast that all its life it has been ruining the bodies, minds and souls of the human race.

Put on your spectacles and take a candle and examine the platforms of the two leading political parties of this country, and see what they are doing for the arrest of this evil and for the overthrow of this abomination. Resolutions—oh! yes, resolutions about Mormonism! It is safe to attack that organized nastiness two thousand miles away. But not one resolution against drunkenness, which would turn this entire nation into one bestial Salt Lake City. Resolutions against political corruption, but not one word about drunkenness, which would rot this nation from scalp to heel. Resolutions about protection against competition with foreign industries, but not one word about protection of family and church and nation against the scalding, blasting, all consuming, damning tariff of strong drink put upon every financial, individual, spiritual, moral, national interest.

I look in another direction. The Church of God is the grandest and most glorious institution on earth. What has it in solid phalanx accomplished for the overthrow of drunkenness? Have its forces ever been marshaled? No, not in this direction. Not long ago a great ecclesiastical court assembled in New York, and resolutions arraigning strong drink were offered, and clergymen with strong drink on their tables and strong drink in their cellars defeated the resolutions by threatening speeches. They could not bear to give up their own lusts.

I tell this audience what many of you may never have thought of, that to-day—not in the millennium, but to-day—the church holds the balance of power in America; and if Christian people—the men and the women who profess to love the Lord Jesus Christ and to love purity and to be the sworn enemies of all uncleanness and debauchery and sin—if all such would march side by side and shoulder to shoulder, this evil would soon be overthrown. Think of three hundred thousand churches and Sunday-schools in Christendom marching shoulder to shoulder! The very short a time it would take them to put down this evil, if all the churches of God, transatlantic and cisatlantic, were armed on this subject.

Young men of America pass over into the army of teetotalism. Whisky, good to preserve corpses, ought never to turn people into a corpse. Tens of thousands of young men have been dragged out of respectability and out of purity, and out of good character, and into darkness by this infernal stuff called strong drink. Do not touch it! Do not touch it!

In the front door of our church in Brooklyn, a few summers ago, this scene occurred: Sabbath morning a young man was entering for divine worship. A friend passing along the street said: "Joe, come along with me; I am going down to Coney Island and we'll have a gay Sunday." "No," replied Joe; "I have started to go here to church, and I am going to attend service here." "Oh, Joe," his friend said, "you can go to church any time! The day is bright, and we'll go to Coney Island, and we'll have a splendid time." The temptation was too strong, and the twain went to the beach, spent the day in drunkenness and riot. The evening train started up from Brighton. The young men were on it. Joe, in his intoxication, when the train was in full speed, tried to pass around from one seat to another and fell and was crushed.

Under the lantern, as Joe lay bleeding his life away on the grass, he said to his comrade: "John, that was a bad business, your taking me away from church; it was a very bad business. If you ever get to be sick, that, John, I want you to tell the boys tomorrow when you see them that rum and Sabbath breaking led me to this. And, John, while you are telling them I will be in hell, and it will be your fault." Just not time for me to pull out from the great organ of God's word, with many banks of days, the tremolo stops! "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

But this evil will be arrested. Blucher came up just before night and saved the day at Waterloo. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon it looked very badly for the English. Generals Ponsonby and Picton fallen. Sabers broken, flags surrendered, Scots Grays annihilated. Only forty-two men left out of the German brigade. The English army falling back and falling back. "Napoleon rubbed his hands together and said: "Aha! aha! we'll teach that little Englishman a lesson. Victory comes out of a hundred to one in our favor. Magnificent! magnificent!" He even sent messages to Paris to say he had won the day.

But before sundown Blucher came up, and he who had beat the conqueror of Austerlitz became the victim of Waterloo. The name which had shaken all Europe and filled even America with apprehension, that name went down, and Napoleon, muddy and lifeless and crazed with his disasters, was found feeling for the stirrup of a horse, that he might mount and resume the conflict.

Well, my friends, alcoholism is impartial, and it is a conqueror, and there are good people who say the night of national overthrow is coming, and that it is almost night. But no, no! God will not let the curtain of night fall and leave us in the white horse, and alcohol