

VICTIMS OF DRINK.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches a Strong Sermon to Them.

Rum is the Great Enemy of All Classes—It Robs the Family and Damns the Souls of All Those Who Indulge in It.

The latest sermon of the popular Washington divine was an arraignment of improvidence in all classes and a denunciation of rum as the chief enemy of mankind.

In Persia, under the reign of Darius Hystaspes, the people did not prosper. They made money, but did not keep it. They were like people who have a sack in which they put money, not knowing that the sack is torn or eaten of moths, or in some way incapable of holding valuables.

What has become of the billions and billions of dollars in this country paid to the working classes? Some of these moneys have gone for house rent, or the purchase of homesteads, or wardrobe, or family expenses, or the necessities of life, or to provide comforts in old age.

What has become of other billions? Wasted in foolish outlay. Wasted at the gaming table. Wasted in intoxicants. Put into a bag with a hundred holes.

There are those who are kept in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been well off, but they smoked or chewed up their earnings, or they lived beyond their means.

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 might come into the family, and sacrifices it among the saloonkeepers.

The drink business is pouring its vitriolic and damnable liquids down the throats of hundreds of thousands of laborers, and while the ordinary strikes are ruinous both to employers and employees, I proclaim a strike universal against strong drink, which, if kept up, will be the relief of the working classes and the salvation of the nation.

My plea is to those working people who are in a discipleship to the whisky bottle, the beer jug, and the wine flask.

When an army goes out to the battle the soldier who has water or coffee in his canteen marches easier and fights better than the soldier who has whisky in his canteen. Drink helps a man to fight when he has only one contestant, and that at the street corner.

When a man is nine-tenths gone with strong drink the first thing he wants to do is to persuade you that he can stop any time he wants to. He cannot. The Philistines have bound him hand and foot, and shorn his locks, and put out his eyes and are making him grind in the mill of a great horror.

God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain flies on every nerve, and travels every muscle, and gnaws every bone, and burns with every flame, and stings with every poison, and pulls at him with every torture.

Preserve Their Color. Rosa discovered in tombs containing Egyptian mummies often have their colors perfect, even though some of those found must be over 3,000 years old.

But it is effectual only for a moment, for as soon as the keeper is gone they begin again: 'O God! O God! Help! Help! Drink! Give me drink! Help! Take them off me! O God!' And then they shriek, and then they rave, and they pluck out their hair by handfuls, and bite their nails into the quick, and then they groan, and they shriek, and they blaspheme, and they ask the keepers to kill them: 'Stab me! Smother me! Strangle me! Take the devils off me!' Oh, it is no fancy sketch.

Again, the inebriate suffers through the loss of home. I do not care how much he loves his wife and children. If this passion for strong drink has mastered him he will do the most outrageous things; and, if he could not get drink in any other way he would sell his family into eternal bondage.

I was out West, and a minister of the gospel told me, in Iowa, that his church and the neighborhood had been impoverished by the fact that they put mortgages on their farms in order to send their families to the Philadelphia centennial. It was not respectable to go to the centennial. Between such evils and pauperism there is a very short step.

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My plea is to those working people who are in a discipleship to the whisky bottle, the beer jug, and the wine flask. And what I say to them will not be more appropriate to the working classes than to the business classes, and the literary classes, and the professional classes, and all classes, and not with the people of one age more than of all ages.

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CLIMATIC EXTREMES.

PARTS OF THE COUNTRY WITH ONE PECULIARITY OR ANOTHER.

The Yellowstone Has the Greatest Range of Temperature—Death Valley the Hottest Place—Where It Rains Every Day. Over the Hill From Winter to Summer.

I have run about the United States a good deal for the last 30 years and have made memory notes of such climatic peculiarities as have come under my observation.

The place having the widest range of temperature of any with which I am familiar is Fort Keogh, in the Yellowstone valley. Not infrequently in the winter the mercury tumbles down to 50 degrees below zero, and it has been known in summer to climb up to 120 degrees above. Here is an extreme range of 170 degrees, and yet people manage to live very comfortably there the year round.

Anything that will break the fierce rays of the sun is sufficient to relieve you from all oppression from the high temperature. Traveling some years ago across the hot, billowy plain of the great basin of the Columbia with a camping party looking up a route for a railroad, we came to a huge columnar rock of black basalt. The day was intensely hot.

The rainiest place in the United States is Neah bay, on the strait of Fuca, in the state of Washington. It actually rains every day in the year, and the total annual precipitation is nearly 100 inches.

The most remarkable climatic barrier in the United States is that of the Cascade mountains, in Washington. In winter time the railway train toils up the eastern slope of these mountains between walls of snow higher than the roofs of the cars in a long winding lane scooped out by the rotary plow.

The most peculiar climatic region with which I am familiar is the Puget sound basin, in the state of Washington. It is separated from the ocean on the west by the rugged snow clad range of the Olympic mountains, and its eastern boundary is the still loftier range of the Cascades.

Oh, beware! You have not yet been captured. Beware! Whether the beverage be poured in golden chalice or pewter mug, by the foam at the top, in white letters, let there be spelled out to your soul, 'Beware!' When the books of judgment are open, and 10,000,000 drunkards come up to get their doom, I want you to bear witness that I, in the fear of God and in the love for your soul, told you, with all affection and with all kindness, to beware of that which has already exerted its influence upon your family, blowing out some of its lights—a premonition of the blackness of darkness for ever.

Oh, if you could only hear intemperance with drunkard's bones drumming on the head of the liquor cask the dead march of immortal souls, methinks the very glance of a wine cup would make you shudder, and the color of the liquor would make you think of the blood of the soul, and the foam on the top of the cup would remind you of the froth on the mania's lip; and you would kneel down and pray God that, rather than your children should become captives of this evil habit, you would like to carry them out some bright spring day to the cemetery, and put them away to the last sleep, until at the call of the south wind the flowers would come up all over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection! God has a balm for such a wound; but what flower of comfort ever grew on a drunkard's sepulcher?

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MOTHERHOOD.

How Good Constitutions Are Transmitted to Children.

A mother who is in good physical condition transmits to her children the blessings of a good constitution. The child fairly drinks in health from its mother's robust constitution before birth, and from a healthy mother's milk after.

Is not that an incentive to prepare for a healthy maternity?

Do you know the meaning of what is popularly called those "longings," or cravings, which beset so many women during pregnancy?

There is something lacking in the mother's blood. Nature cries out and will be satisfied at all hazards. One woman wants sour things, another wants sweets, another wants salt things, and so on.

The real need all the time is to enrich the blood so as to supply nourishment for another life, and to build up the entire generative system, so that the birth may be possible and successful.

If expectant mothers would fortify themselves with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which for twenty years has sustained thousands of women in this condition, there would be fewer disappointments at birth, and they would not experience those annoying "longings."

In the following letter to Mrs. Pinkham, Mrs. Whitney demonstrates the power of the Compound in such cases. She says:

"From the time I was sixteen years old till I was twenty-three, I was troubled with weakness of the kidneys and terrible pains when my monthly periods came on. I made up my mind to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and was soon relieved. After I was married, the doctor said I would never be able to go my full time and have a living child, as I was constitutionally weak. I had lost a baby at seven months and a half. The next time I commenced at once and continued to take your Compound through the period of pregnancy, and I said then, if I went my full time and the baby lived to be three months old, I should send a letter to you. My baby is now seven months old and is as healthy and hearty as one could wish."

"I am so thankful that I used your medicine, for it gave me the robust health to transmit to my child. I cannot express my gratitude to you; I never expected such a blessing. Praise God for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and may others who are suffering do as I did and find relief, and may many homes be brightened as mine has been."—Mrs. L. Z. WHITNEY, 5 George St., E. Somerville, Mass.



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