THE CENTRE DEMOCRAT, BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1897.

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. His text was: Haggai 1: 6: "He that earneth wages earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes."

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. As fast as the coin was put in one end of the sack it dropped out of the other. It made no difference how much wages they got for they lost them. "He that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes."

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.

Gather up the money that the working classes have spent for drink during the last thirty years, and I will build for every working man a house, and lay out for him a garden, and clothe his sons in broadcloth and his daughters in silks, and place at his front door a prancing span of sorrels or bays, and secure him a policy of life insurance, so that the present home may be well maintained after he is dead. The most persistent, most overpowering enemy of the working classes is intoxicating liquor. It is the Anarchist of the centuries, and has boycotted, and is now boycotting the body and mind and soul of American labor. It is to it a worse foe than monopoly and worse than associated capital.

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 and smokes, and is full to the chin among the saloonkeepers. Stand the saloons of this country side by side, and it is carefully estimated that they would reach from New York to Chicago. "Forward march," says the drink power, "and take possession of the American nation!"

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 yes, I procl universal against strong drink, which, if kept up, will be the relief of the 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 ten years, if he will refuse all intoxicating beverages and be saving.may not become a capitalist on a small scale. Our country in a year spends \$1,500. 000,000 for drink. Of course the working classes do a great deal of this expenditure. Careful statistics show that the wage-earning classes of Great Britain expend in liquors £100,000,000, or \$500,000,000 a year. Sit down and calculate, O working man! how much you have expended in these directions. Add it all up. Add up what your neighbors have expended. and realize that instead of answering the beck of other people you might have been your own capitalist. When you deplete a working man's physical energy you deplete his capital. The stimulated workman gives out before the unstimulated workman. My father said: "I became a temperance man in early life, because I noticed in the harvest field that, though I was physically weaker than other workmen, I could hold out longer than they. They took stimulants. I took none." A brickmaker in England gives his experience in regard to this matter among men in his employ. He says, after investigation: "The beer drinker who made the fewest bricks made 650,000, and the abstainer who made the fewest bricks 746,000. The difference in behalf of the abstainer over the indulger, 87,000." 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. But when he goes forth to maintain some great battle for God and his country he wants no drink about him. When the Russians go to war a corporal passes along the line and smells the breath of every soldier. If there be in his breath a taint of intoxicating liquor, the man is sent back to the barracks. Why? He cannot endure fatigue. All our young men know this. When they are preparing for a regatia, or for a ball club, or for an athletic wrestling, they abstain. Our working people will be wiser after awhile, and the money they fling away on hurtful indulgences they will put into co-operative associations and so become capitalists. If the workingman put down his wages and then take his expenses and spread them out so they will just equal he is not wise. I know workingmen who are in a perfect fidget until they get rid of their last dollar. The following circumstances came under our observation: A young man worked hard to earn his six or seven hundred dollars yearly. Marriage day came. The bride had inherited \$500 from her grandfather. She spent every dollar of it on the wedding dress. Then

story. Then the young man took ex-But it is effectual only for a moment, tra evening employment; almost exfor as soon as the keeper is gone they begin again: "O God! O God! Help hausted with the day's work, yet took Help! Drink! Give me drink! Help! evening employment. It almost extinguished his eyesight. Why did he add Take them off me! O God!" And then they shriek, and then they rave, and evening employment to the day emthey pluck out their hair by handfuls. ployment? To get money. Why did he want to get money? To lay up and bite their nails into the quick, and then they groan, and they shriek, and something for a rainy day? No. " To they blaspheme, and they ask the keepget his life insured, so that in case of ers to kill them: "Stab me! Smother me! Strangle me! Take the devils off his death his wife would not be a beggar? No. He put the extra evening work to the day work that he might me!" Oh, it is no fancy sketch. That thing is going on now all up and down get \$150 to get his wife a sealskin coat. The sister of the bride heard of this the land, and I tell you further that achievement, and was not to be this is going to be the death that some of you will die. I know it. I see it eclipsed. She was very poor, and she sat up working nearly all the night for coming. a great while until she bought a seal-

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 out-rageous things; and, if he could not get drink in any other way he would sell his family into eternal bondage. How many homes have been broken up in that way no one but God knows. Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for this life, and damn him for the life that is to come! Do not tell me that a man can be happy when he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags. Why, there are on the roads and streets of this land to-day little chil-dren barefooted, unwashed and unkempt-want on every patch of their faded dress and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances, who would have been in churches today, and as well clad as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. O rum, thou foe of God, thou despoiler of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I hate thee!

Oh, the deep, exhausting, exasperating, everlasting thirst of the drunkard in hell! Why, if a fiend came up to earth for some infernal work in a grogshop, and should go back taking on his wing just one drop of that for which the inebriate in the lost world longs, what excitement would it make there! Put that one drop from off the fiend's wing on the tip of the tongue of the destroyed inebriate; let the liquid brightness just touch it; let the drop be very small, if it only have in it the smack of alcoholic drink; let that drop just touch the lost inebriate in the lost world, and he would spring to his feet and cry, "That is rum, aha! That is rum!" And it would wake up the echoes of the damned-"Give me rum! Give me rum!" In the future world I do not believe that it will be the absence of God that will make the drunkard's sorrow. I do not believe that it will be the absence of light. I do not believe that it will be the absence of holiness. I think it will be the absence of rum. Oh, "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth like an adder."

While I declared some time ago that there is a point beyond which a man could not stop, I want to tell you that, while a man cannot stop in his own strength, the Lord God, by His grace, can help to stop at any time. I was in a room in New York where there were many men who had been reclaimed from drunkenness. I heard their testimony, and for the first time in my life there flashed out a truth I never understood. They said. "We were victims of strong drink. We tried to give it up, but always failed, but somehow since we gave our hearts to Christ, He has taken care of us. I believe that the time will soon come when the grace of God will show its power not only to save men's souls, but his body, and reconstruct, purify, elevate and redeem it. I verily believe that, although you feel grappling at the roots of your tongues an almost omnipotent thirst. if you will give your heart to God He will help you by His grace to conquer. Try it. It is your last chance. I have looked often upon this desolation. Sitting next to you in our religious assemblages there are a good many people in awful peril; and, judging from ordinary circumstances, there is not one chance in 5,000 that they will get clear of it. There are men in every congregation from Sabbath to Sabbath of whom I must make the remark, that if they do not change their course, within ten years they will, as to their bodies, lie down in drunkards' graves; and as to their souls, lie down in a drunkard's perdition. I know that is an awful thing to say, but I cannot help saying it. 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 maniac'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?

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. In the early summer the grass on the plains and hills turns brown and yellow, and all green vanishes from the wide landscape except where a fringe of cottonwood trees skirts a water course. It is a peculiarity of the extreme high temperature in the arid regions that you do not perspire at all-that is, you do not sensibly perspire. The moisture is all evaporated from your skin as fast as it is formed by the extreme dryness of the air. The heat is not nearly so oppressive, however, as it is at a temperature of 80 or 90 degrees along the Atlantic seaboard. If you are indoors or under the shade of a tree, you are quite comfortable

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. We stopped the teams, and, throwing ourselves down on the shady side of the rock, we recalled the phrase in the Bible about "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" and realized that a little shade meant as much to the people of arid Palestine as to us tired travelers in arid America.

The hottest place in the United States is unquestionably Death valley, in southern California. It is about 200 feet below the sea level and is rimmed around with black, bare mountains. Birds flying across this valley in the heated season often drop dead. Borax is found here, but the mining processes cease in the heat of midsummer. I read somewhere of a party of men who entered the valley in July, knowing nothing of the deadly heat, and who preserved their lives by lying all day in the water of a little stream that came out of the mountains and was soon dried up in the fierce rays of the sun. They were glad to escape under the cooling shades of night.

The rainiest place in the United States

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 f 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 disappoint-

ments 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.

you have over for tobacco and excursions, and you insure poverty for your self and your children forever!

skin coat. I have not heard of the re-

sult on that street. The street was

full of those who are on small incomes.

but I suppose the contagion spread,

and that everybody had a sealskin coat,

and that the people came out and cried,

practically, not literally: "Though the

heavens fall, we must have a sealskin

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 not

to go to the centennial. Between such

evils and pauperism there is a very

short step. The vast majority of chil-

dren in your almshouses are there be-

cause their parents are drunken, lazy,

ing, but I plead for Christian prudence.

You say it is impossible now to lay up

anything for a rainy day. I know it,

but we are at the daybreak of national

prosperity. Some people think it is

mean to turn the gas low when they go

out of the parlor. They feel embar-rassed if the door bell rings before they

have the hall lighted. They apologize

for the plain meal, if you surprise them

at the table. Well, it is mean if it is

only to pile up a miserly hoard. But if

it be to give more help to your wife

when she does not feel strong, if it be

to keep your funeral day from being

horrible beyond all endurance, because

it is to be the disruption and annihila-

tion of the domestic circle-if it be for

There are those who are kept in pov-

erty 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,

while others on the same wages and on

the same salaries went on to compe-

tency. I know a man who is all the

time complaining of his poverty and

crying out against rich men, while he

himself keeps two dogs, and chews

with whisky and beer. Wilkins

Micawber said to David Copperfield:

"Copperfield, my boy, one pound in-come, expenses 20 shillings ,and six-

pense; result, misery. But, Cop-

perfield, my boy, one pound in-

come, expenses 19 shillings and six-

pense; result, happiness." But, O

workingman, take your morning

dram, and your noon dram, and your

evening dram, and spend everything

that, then it is magnificent.

I have no sympathy for skinflint sav-

or recklessly improvident.

coat!"

If by some generous fit of the capitalists of this country, or by a new law of the government of the United States, 25 per cent., or 50 per cent., or 100 per cent. were added to the wages of the working classes of America, it would be no advantage to hundreds of thousands of them unless they stopped strong drink. Aye, until they quit that evil habit the more money the more ruin, the more wages the more holes in the bag.

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. Take one good square look at the suffering of the man whom strong drink has enthralled and remember that toward that goal multitudes are running. The disciple of alcoholism suffers the loss of selfrespect. Just as soon as a man wakes up and finds that he is the captive of strong drink he feel demeaned, I do not care how recklessly he acts; he may say "I don't care;" he does care. He cannot look a pure man in the eye unless it is with positive force of resolution. Three-fourths of his nature is destroyed; his self-respect is gone; he says things he would not otherwise say; he does things he would not otherwise do.

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. He cannot stop. I will prove it. He knows that his course is bringing ruin upon himself. He loves himself. If he could stop he would. He knows his course is bringing ruin upon his family. He loves them. He would stop if he could. He cannot. Perhaps he could three months ago; not now. Just ask him to stop for a month; he cannot; he knows he cannot, so he does not try.

God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain files 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. What reptiles crawlover his sleeping limbs! What fiends stand by his midnight pillow! What groans tear his ear! What horrors shiver through his soul! Talk of the rack, talk of the Inquisition, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing Juggernaut-he feels them all at once. Have you ever been in the ward of the hospital where these inebriates are dying, the stench of their wounds driving back the attendants, their voices sounding through the night?

The keeper comes up and says: "Hush, they rented two rooms in the third mowbestill! Stop making all this noise!"

Preserve Their Color.

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

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. There is an Indian reservation on the bay. The natives have a very pretty knack of making ornamental basins and carving wooden bowls, which they decorate with high colors.

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. Once through the tunnel on the Northern Pacific, or, over the switchback on the Great Northern, you suddenly leave winter behind you, and, whirling down the western slope of the mountains, in less than an hour you meet the full spring. The grass is green, waterfowl swim on the rivers and bays, the crows are holding their annual conventions in the tree tops with much oratorical clamor, and when you arrive at Tacoma you find the flowers blooming in the dooryards. The change seems magical and is as great as if you should start from Chicago in January and travel to the gulf of Mexico, yet the whole distance you have traversed to bring about this wonderful transformation is less than 100 miles.

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. The sound is connected with the Pacific by the broad strait of Juan de Fuca, and up this strait pours a great volume of moist air, brought by the Japan current from far out to sea. The mountains of Vancouver island on one side and the Olympics on the other make of the strait an enormous funnel, and the moisture laden winds are condensed against the cold, snowy ranges on either hand and are precipitated in frequent showers upon the shores of the sound. It rarely snows there, but it rains a little almost every day from October to June. The result is to produce a dense vegetable growth in the forest consisting of immense trees-firs, hemlocks, spruces and cedars-and of undergrowth so dense that it is almost impossible to force your way through it without hard work with an ax. A St. Paul man of my acquaintance went out to that region to see what he called his farm. He owns a tract of land five or six miles from Olympia, the capital of the state, and had often boasted about that farm to his acquaintances. He set out from Olympia on horseback to view the land, but after three hours' hard struggle in the forest he turned back without even getting sight of his possessions, and was followed as far as the clearing by a cougar, which hastened his progress by its dismal and menacing howls -- Chicago Times-Herald.

