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B. F. SCHWEIER. THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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CHAPTER XL—(Continued.)

A week passed swift yet slow; for Nora watched the days, with a dim sense that she was committing herself deeper and deeper.

The accounts from Chedworth were worse and better alternately, and considering his relations with the sufferer. Marsden felt bound to go down to his sister's for a day, at least, to show proper interest in Mrs. Ruthven.

His short absence was of use, for Nora missed him, and recognized what a charming companion he could be. There was, in short, not one reasonable reason for refusing to be his wife, and, no doubt, as soon as she had pledged herself to him other hopes and new duties would help her to forget a folly she ought to have surmounted long ago.

A letter from him to Mrs. L'Estrange gave a greatly improved account of Mrs Ruthven. She had really taken that turn for the better for which her attendants had so eagerly watched. Marsden himself would come up by the night train, and see them next day.

"Now be sure you receive him well, Nora," said her step-mother, smiling, "I think you have tried him enough."

"If you only knew how hard it is to make up my mind on such a tremendous 'to be or not to be.'"

"Still, you cannot keep Mr. Marsden waiting. It is as tremendous a question to him too! Will you write to Bea while I am out, and give fraulein minute and clear directions as to their journey on the 10th? You know if she can make a mistake she will. I promised to be with Madame Kennett at half-past eleven, and it is eleven now. If I miss my appointment I do not know when I shall get my dress," and she left the room.

During her brief absence some notes and letters by the second post were brought up; an invitation or two, a hasty letter from Nora's German friend respecting an engagement just offered to her, and another letter with a foreign stamp for Mrs. L'Estrange—Nora felt almost sure it was from Mark Winton.

While she looked, Mrs. L'Estrange returned. Nora took up the letter and handed it to her.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, opening it hastily and glancing through the contents gravely. Then looking through the window she exclaimed: "The cab is waiting; there dear, you can read it." Leaving the letter in Nora's hand, she went quickly down stairs.

"Dear Mrs. L'Estrange," ran the lines "I am much obliged for yours, but sorry to find Lady Dorrington has so serious a case on her hands. I was afraid Mrs Ruthven would feel the effect of such a shock as she has had; but after two months it is curious she has not thrown it off. I trust she will pull through; she always struck me as a tough little woman in spite of her fragile airs.

"I have been extremely uncertain as to my own plans. I am tempted to start off with my friends back to India next week. On the whole, my long-expected holiday has been a disappointment. However, after mature reflection, I have decided to return to London; whether I stay out the full time of my leave, or cut it short and start at once, will altogether depend on what I find there. I suppose you understand this? Has Bea joined you yet? Perhaps I may have the pleasure of seeing her at the pantomime. If I do, what a jolly pantomime it will be to me!

"Remember me to Miss L'Estrange, and believe me, yours most sincerely,

"MARK WINTON."

"Oh! yes; it is clear enough. Helen, like myself, has hesitated, and he is returning for her final decision. I wonder if she has taken this method of informing me? It is rather well done. Probably my engagement would facilitate matters, and we might both live happy ever after! Why not? Helen and Mark Winton deserve it. How constant and true he has been. That is his character, though. What perfect trust one could have in him. How good he will be to his little step-daughter. What a funny jumble of relationships. Shall I be his step-daughter, too? No, no; neither in fact nor fiction can I ever be anything to him, nor does it matter. Oh! no, no; I could I have any pleasanter, more disinterested partner for life than Clifford Marsden. I ought to be thankful for so fair a lot. I shall soon grow to love him. I love him already—a little. I wish he would come; I shall not tease him any more. I will be very good—very good—he deserves it. Perhaps, when Helen goes to India, she will leave Beatrice with me she is too old to go out just now. I do hope she will; I shall then have a little bit of the old home to cling to. Oh! how happy, how happy the last year has been, till my blind eyes were opened. What a foolish, conceited girl I have been. Yes, I will marry Clifford—dear Clifford; he will be very dear to me soon, and then I shall be happy again. How intolerable unhappiness is. If I could but throw it off!"

She wiped away the tears which would spring to her eyes; she put away Winton's letter, and setting out her writing things, resolutely fastened her attention on the directions she had promised to send Bea's little Kindergartnerin.

When about half through her task the door was opened by the clerical-looking master of the house, who solemnly announced "Mr. Marsden." Nora sprung up with a movement of genuine pleasure.

Marsden was looking better and brighter than when he left. He had more color, his fine blue eyes looked darker than usual, his distinguished figure admirably arrayed, his easy grace, his whole style and appearance were fit for an ideal lover.

"By Heaven, Nora," he exclaimed with delight, as he clasped her outstretched hand in both his own, "you are glad to see me?"

"Yes, very," returned Nora, with a little nervous laugh, and leaving her hand in his.

He drew her to the light and gazed into her face with longing tenderness, while a slight knitting of the brows showed how intently he tried to read her thoughts.

"My darling," he said in a low tone, "there are tears in your eyes! What has grieved you—tell me?"

"Oh, nothing. What could I have to cry for? Yet the tears did come. I don't know why."

Clifford felt in some vague way flattered by her tears.

"Then you have thought of me, Nora? Can you decide? Will you try to love me and be my wife?"

"Yes," she returned quietly and distinctly. "I am sure I shall love you as you deserve. I am growing fond of you already. I missed you so much yesterday, and the day before, and looked forward to seeing you, and now I am quite happy you have come—that is love, I suppose?" smiling archly and frankly.

"Dearest," returned Marsden, with a quick sigh, kissing her hand before he released it. "For God's sake, spare me such arguments! You only prove how much you have to learn. However, your promise to be mine is all I ask now; assure me once more that you will be my wife."

Touched by the eager, pained pleading of his eyes, Nora gave him her hand again and said softly, solemnly: "I do, indeed, promise to be your wife and to love you."

"Sweetest, kindest!" cried Marsden, his face aglow with joy. "One word more—when? There is no need for useless delays. When, Nora?"

"I will not marry before the fifteenth of next February," she said with decision.

"But, Nora, that is more than two months off."

"Very little more than two."

"And why not before?"

"On the fifteenth of February I shall be 21, and I want to settle part of what I possess on Helen and Bea. Did I not tell you once?"

"Yes, yes, of course; and quite right, too; but your marriage need not prevent that. I shall assist you in making this settlement."

"Yes; but I would prefer making it while I am my own mistress."

"Your own mistress! Why, you will always be your own mistress! But do not let us quarrel over details; all that will arrange itself. Now, let me put this ring on your finger. It is my signet, and I fancy it seems more like taking possession when you wear the crest of my house."

"That is a curious fancy," said Nora, as she let him slip his onyx seal ring on her slender finger. "Your best title is my free consent."

"It is free?" he asked. "You don't know how I have longed and schemed for this moment! I never felt so doubtful of success before. I never could make sure of you! Even now, Nora, you do not love as I want to be loved. I feel that keenly. But I have your promise, and you cannot hold back your affection from one who hungers and thirsts for it as I do! You are the one supreme good of life to me and I have waited patiently."

"Not very long," said Nora, who was touched and moved by the intense feeling of his voice. "Why, Clifford, we only met at Lady Dorrington's dance in June! At that time I was a mere child!"

"Nearly six months ago! It is an age. Do you remember the night of that infernal ball of mine when you accused me of taking too much champagne? I knew than that I could not bear to exist without you, and pressed you to my heart in the waltz. I would have done so if death had been the penalty. Then I felt I wanted to carry you away from every one—to be mine—mine alone."

"And why—why do you care for me so much?" cried Nora, uneasily; his vehemence displeased her, she scarce knew why.

"How can I tell?" he returned more calmly. "Some witchery I could neither resist nor explain!" There was a pause, and Nora went to the writing table and began to look over her letter. "I wonder what can have detained Helen," she said; "she ought to have returned by this time."

"She has, probably," observed Marsden, smiling. "I told the servant to let her know I was here, and she has perhaps kept away."

"Then let me go and find her; she will be pleased."

"Yes!" interrupted Marsden. "She is a nice, charming creature, and my good friend! but do not seek her yet. I have a thousand things to say. Must you finish that letter?"

"Yes, indeed! I shall only be a very few minutes; it is about Bea and her travels; the whole arrangements for her journey have to be made up in a few days."

While she wrote, Marsden leaned over a high-backed chair and gazed at her, and then they glided into talk of the future. He was full of pleasant projects, of traveling, of spending a few months at Vienna, of a cruise in the Mediterranean, of everything save residing at sweet Eversleigh.

"Now I really will look for Helen!" cried Nora, moving toward the door. Marsden interposed between her and it.

"Once more," he exclaimed, "before this heavenly hour is ended, tell me you will love me—that nothing shall separate us."

"I do promise," said Nora, moved by a strange feeling of compassion.

"Then give me one unstinted kiss," he cried passionately; "I want more than mere words."

"Oh, yes! I will, indeed—to-morrow," she said, feeling curiously averse to yield, yet not liking to refuse.

"Good God! to-morrow! Was ever such answer given to a lover? No; now—now, or I will think you only mock me!"

He caught her in his arms, and, holding her head against his shoulder, pressed his lips to hers in an intense, passionate kiss, while she felt the wild throbbing of his heart against her own; but, long before he was willing to release her, she struggled so vehemently to get free that he let her go.

"Clifford! Cousin!" she exclaimed, standing at a little distance, with crimson cheeks and heaving bosom, "you frighten me!"

"If you loved as I do, Nora! But you will! you will one day come and kiss me freely, voluntarily. "Why, Nora! have I offended you so deeply?"

She made no reply, but burst into tears and fled from the room.

CHAPTER XII.

The days of Mrs. Ruthven's dangerous illness were the worst and most distasteful Lady Dorrington had ever known. She was really anxious about the sufferer, and she was infinitely annoyed by Marsden's unfeeling indifference. Except for the one hurried visit, he was content with a formal daily bulletin; nor did he seem much concerned if, by any accident, that was delayed. It was disgracefully heartless as an abstract fact, and it would have a final effect upon Marsden's chances when it came to the knowledge of Mrs Ruthven.

What was Clifford thinking of? Had he discovered a mine? or had the reports which had reached Lady Dorrington, and been believed by her, as to his extravagance and embarrassment, been exaggerated? He was too trying! What was keeping him in London at such a time? Could there be any truth in the absurd idea that Nora L'Estrange was the attraction—a mere nobody—slenderly dowered—and nothing remarkable in the way of beauty?

However, as the time went by, Mrs Ruthven held her ground. There was more tenacity in the fragile-looking slender little woman than people thought, and at length she was able to sit up for a few hours, to listen to Lady Dorrington when she read the more interesting paragraphs of the newspapers aloud, and finally to read her own letters. But still there was no intention on the part of Marsden, apparently, of coming to offer his congratulations in person. He wrote kindly and cordially, but in a strictly friendly tone, explaining that he was busy arranging his somewhat entangled affairs, and the preliminaries necessary for letting Eversleigh on a lease of several years.

This letter was in itself a severe blow. It was, however, as nothing compared to one received next day from the watchful Captain Shirley. After expressing his delight at hearing of her progress toward recovery, his regret at not being on such terms with Lord and Lady Dorrington that he might venture to run down and see her, he informed his esteemed correspondent he could now assure her that Marsden was positively engaged to Miss L'Estrange. He was with her and her stepmother every day, and all day. Finally he (Shirley) had been in a celebrated jeweler's shop in Bond street, where his attention was caught by an unusually fine ring, the design being two hearts united—one of rubies, the other of diamonds. The shopman said it was, he fancied, an engagement ring, and made to order. He had scarcely finished examining it when Marsden came in, and after exchanging a word or two with him, went to the counter and asked if his order had been executed, whereupon this very ring was handed to him.

The next day Shirley had called on Mrs. L'Estrange and was admitted, when he saw the identical ring on Miss L'Estrange's left third finger. There was but one inference to be drawn.

When Mrs. Ruthven read these lines she felt as if something had snapped her brain. Her heart beat to suffocation, and her imagination presented her with a confused, broken, shadowy mass of pictures from the past.

Was this the result of all Marsden's implied tenderness and admiration? Had he blinded her keen eyes and deceived her sharp observation? He should pay dear—dear! And that careless, candid girl, whose easy indifference was absolutely insolent, whose comparative poverty and obscurity ought to have been a barrier to her advancement, was preferred before her wealth and beauty and carefully cultivated grace. It was too maddening. It she could destroy both, she would.

And how every one would talk! She had been so sure of becoming Mrs. Clifford Marsden, of Eversleigh Manor—every one knew that the marriage was expected—and now to be deceived, cheated, deserted for a mere insignificant, half-developed creature! Mrs. Ruthven felt murderous. Her head was dizzy; she passed a terrible night, and next day the doctor was sent for in hot haste, as his patient showed every symptom of a relapse, and before twelve hours were over she was rambling incoherently in a high fever.

She must have sustained a mental shock of some description, the doctor said, but no one could surmise what had caused it. Mrs. Ruthven had had sufficient foresight, feeling terribly ill, to tear the letter into minute fragments and burn them, and from her speech little could be gathered save that she repeatedly accused Shirley and others of stealing her jewels.

This relapse was a great additional trouble to Lady Dorrington, who was at her wit's ends to discover its origin.

"Some of those horrible letters, no doubt," she confided to her husband. "I wish she never had had them; at such a time the absence of some confidential attendant is very awkward. You see, we know nothing of her former life and connections."

(To be continued.)

A Suspicious Uncle.

"Kitty, what brings that young chucklehead of a Shoonamore to this house so often?"

"Why, Uncle Allen, he comes to see me, I suppose."

"What do you know about him?"

"I know he's a very pleasant, agreeable young man, who belongs to a good family, always dresses well, is in good circumstances and is well educated and well read."

"What else do you know about him?"

"I know that he hasn't any of the habits many young men have. He doesn't drink, smoke, gamble, attend prize fights or go into bad company."

"Does he keep a race horse?"

"Oh, no! I am sure he doesn't."

"Part his hair in the middle?"

"No."

"Let his little finger nails grow extremely long?"

"No."

"Quote Ibsen?"

"Never."

"Chew gum?"

"Oh, no!"

"Wear pointed whiskers?"

"He does not."

"Carry chocolate creams and caramels in his pocket?"

"No."

(Still suspicious)—"He may me all right, Kitty, but you'd better watch him. I'll bet $4 he calls his father 'papa.'"—Chicago Tribune.

But Now It's the Hat.

The good old times were not without their drawbacks. At a performance of one of Handel's oratorios in London, more than a hundred years ago, the tickets had a postscript which read: "Gentlemen are requested to come without swords and ladies without hoops."

None is the half-brother to happiness.

—It is estimated that in the large cities of the country there are twelve saloons to every church.

—The letter "I" in the Chinese language has 145 ways of being pronounced, and each pronunciation has a different meaning.

—One of the seven survivors of the defense of Fort Sumter is a man named Doran, who was in the fort on a visit when the trouble began.

—France produces about 808,000 tons of finished iron a year. The ore for it is largely drawn from Algeria, Spain, Elba and Sardinia.

—A girl in Lancaster, Ky., died of fright in a dentist's chair the other day while preparing to have a tooth extracted.

—A lucky horseshoe, which hung over an Atchison (Kan.) girl's bedroom door, fell on her head the other morning, cutting a bad gash in her scalp.

—An Old Orchard [Me.] man, who ran a needle into his foot, extracted the same by passing his foot near the dynamo in the local electric light plant.

—"Jim" Beggs, of Columbus, Ind., who went to a river to drown some kittens, got cramp, fell in and was himself drowned.

—In the fiords on the Norway coast the clearness of the water is wonderful. Objects the size of a half dollar may be seen at a depth of twenty-five or thirty fathoms.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings That Are Cheerful to the Old or Young—Funny Selections That Everybody Will Enjoy Reading.

Getting Rid of It.

"I've got more money than I know what to do with!"

"Well, don't be discouraged; just start a newspaper!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Liberal Discount.

Mrs. Boardman—And what does it come to?

Mr. Clevers—Eight pounds, ma'am, at 8 cents a pound. Eight eights are eighty-eight; take it for 80 cents.

Handy Piece of Furniture.

Poet—"Do you digest all the poems you read?"

Editor—"Oh, no, I have a goat to do that for me."—New York World.

Glad of It.

Collector—"Say, look here; I'm tired of calling here about this bill."

The Debtor—"Well, I'm mighty glad to hear it."—Life.

True.

Matts—"I have 30,000 volumes."

Spratts—"And yet I have your whole library condensed into one book."

Matts—"What's that?"

Spratts—"The dictionary."—New York World.

Out in Kansas.

"I don't see why they call this a growing country," said the tree, as it tried to strike root in Kansas.

"You must notice that it is on the go," replied the cyclone, as it played checkers with five or six townships.—Truth.

Properly Valued.

Stern Father—"Do you realize, young man, that up to the present time it has cost me at least $20,000 to bring up and educate that girl?"

Fond Lover—"Yes, sir; and from my point of view I should say, sir, that she is fully worth it."—Somerville Journal.

Properly Approached.

Youth—"Excuse me, sir, but I am highly desirous of procuring your rare and valuable autograph."

Rising Author—"Ahem! Certainly. How will you have it?"

Youth—"On the bottom of a check for your last month's laundry bill."—Town Topics.

Consideration.

Magistrate—"If you were there for no dishonest purpose, why were you in your stockinged feet?"

Burglar—"I heard there was sickness in the family, your worship."—Richmond State.

A Recommendation.

"Eat, captain? 'E'll eat anything, and 'e's werry pertic'ler fond o' children."—Pick Me Up.

Appropriate.

He—"Wasn't Brown's wife named Stone before she was married?"

She—"Yes, and it was a very suitable name."

He—"What do you mean?"

She—"Oh, nothing; only she threw herself at his head."—World's Comic.

Becalmed.

Doctor (to fair patient)—"Put out your tongue." (Meantime he writes out a prescription.) "There, that will do."

Miss Chatterbox—"But, doctor, you did not even look at my tongue!"

Doctor—"No, I only wanted you to keep quiet while I wrote the prescription."—Gelillustreerd Stuiversblad.

Good Advice.

Mother (arranging for the summer)—"I want the girls to go to some place where the nicest men are, of course."

Father—"Then, my dear, you had better let them stay in town."—Detroit Free Press.

From a Married Man.

She—"I think it's absurd for a man to expect his wife to share his troubles."

He—"I don't know. He wouldn't have many if it wasn't for her."—Detroit Tribune.

His Boy Wonder.

"I tell you," said Mr. Proudpaugh, "that boy of mine is a wonder. He has the signs of extraordinary genius stamped all over him in display type."

"Indeed? He must be a phenomenon."

"He is. He is only 6 years old and writes a hand like Horace Greeley's, and sings worse than Trilby."—Oakland Times.

Unexpected.

Young Man—"What did your daddy say when he heard I had kissed your sister?"

Little Girl—"He said that was encouraging."—Tid-Bits.

Why Satan Does It.

Teacher—"Can you tell me, Johnnie, why Satan goes about the earth like a roaring lion?"

Johnnie—"'Cause he can't cut any ice in the place where he lives when he's to home."—Boston Transcript.

Women Not Timid.

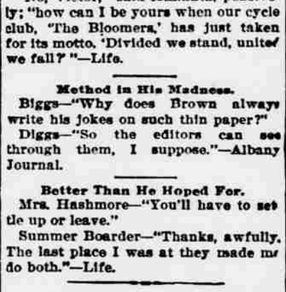
Talk of women being timid! Nonsense! Why a little meek-faced, thin, slip of a girl will wear balloon sleeves right in the middle of the cyclone belt, and that without flinching.—Boston Transcript.

Mr. Slocum Unkind.

"I can't have whistling at the table, Mr. Slocum," said the boarding-house keeper.

"I thought you said yesterday you liked to hear a man whistle at his work?" replied the boarder, as he made another ineffectual attempt at cutting his piece of beefstoak.—Yonkers Statesman.

So Far and Yet So Near.



Instructor—"Why, lady, wot made yer come off then? Yer was getting on so nicely."

Fair Pupil (pointing to the distant water-cart)—"T-h-a-t!"—New Budget.

Her State.

"What state are you from, little girl?" said a lady at a summer resort.

"Mischief," was the reply.

"Mischief?" repeated the questioner.

"Yes'm. When I'm at home papa says I'm always in a state of mischief."—Detroit Free Press.

A Great Triumph.

Report of a Spanish general in Cuba to the home government:

"We have just won a great triumph, which will carry consternation into the ranks of the insurgents. We have shot one of our officers for cowardice."—Buffalo Express.

How Could She?

"No, Victor," said Atalanta, pensively; "how can I be yours when our cycle club, 'The Bloomers,' has just taken for its motto, 'Divided we stand, united we fall?'"—Life.

Method in His Madness.

Biggs—"Why does Brown always write his jokes on such thin paper?"

Diggs—"So the editors can see through them, I suppose."—Albany Journal.

Better Than He Hoped For.

Mrs. Hashmore—"You'll have to settle up or leave."

Summer Boarder—"Thanks, awfully. The last place I was at they made me do both."—Life.

Marriage of the Dead.

A strange custom prevails among a certain tribe in the Caucasus. When a single young man dies some one who has carried to the grave a marriageable daughter in the course of the year calls upon the bereaved parents and says: "Your son is sure to want a wife. I'll give you my daughter, and you shall deliver to me the marriage portion in return." A friendly offer of this description is never rejected, and the two parties soon come to terms as to the amount of the dowry, which varies according to the advantages possessed by the girl in her lifetime. Cases have been known where the young man's father has given as much as thirty cows to secure a dead wife for his dead son.

The Rage for Realism.

Mother—For heaven's sake, what are you children doing?

Oldest Two Boys—Oh, we are just playing "climbing the Alps." Willie has just fallen down a precipice and we are saving life.—Humoristische Blaetter.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Worst Foe of Labor."

[Owing to great grief at the sudden death of his lamented wife, Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage canceled his engagement to preach, but in order that the vast congregation to which he speaks through the press may not be disappointed, a famous and always-timely sermon delivered by him on a previous occasion is supplied for this week.]

TEXT. "He that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes."—Haggai i., 6.

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 made 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 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 sons in broadcloth 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 the present home may be well maintained after he is dead. The most persistent, most overpowering influence in the nature of a beverage 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 to the family, and sacrifices it among the saloon keepers. Within eight hundred yards of Sands Street Methodist Church, Brooklyn, it has fifty-four saloons, and is plotting now for another. Stand the saloons of this country side by side, and it is carefully estimated they would reach from New York to Chicago. Forward, march, says the rum power, and take possession of the American Nation! The rum 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 employes, I proclaim a strike universal against the rum drink, which, 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 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 one billion five hundred million and fifty thousand dollars for rum. 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 one hundred million pounds, or five hundred million dollars a year. Sit down and think, O workingman! 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 workingman'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-drinkers who made the fewest bricks made six hundred and fifty-nine thousand; the abstainer who made the fewest bricks, seven hundred and forty-six thousand." The difference in behalf of the abstainer over the indulger, eighty-seven thousand. There came a very exhausting time in the British Parliament. The session was prolonged until nearly all the members got sick or worn out. Out of six hundred and fifty-two members only two went through undamaged; they were teetotalers.

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. Rum 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 rum 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 regatta, or for a ball club, or for an athletic wrestling, they abstain. Our working people will be wiser after a while, and the money they fling away on hurtful indulgences they will put into cooperative 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 five hundred dollars from her grandfather. She spent every dollar of it on the wedding dress. Then they rented two rooms in a third story. Then the young man took extra evening employment; almost exhausted with the day's work, yet took evening employment. It almost extinguished his eyesight. Why did he add evening employment to the day employment? To get money. Why did he want to get money? To lay up something for a rainy day? No. To get his life insured, so that in case of his death his wife would not be a beggar? No. He put the extra evening work to the day work that he might get a hundred and fifty dollars to get his wife a sealskin coat. The sister of the bride heard of this achievement, and was not to be eclipsed. She was very poor, and she sat up working nearly all the nights for a great while until she bought a sealskin coat. I have not heard of the result 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 coat!"

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 children in your almshouses are there because their parents are drunken, or lazy, or recklessly improvident.

I have no sympathy for skinflint saving, 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 day break of National prosperity. Some people think it is mean to turn the gas low when they go out of the parlor. They feel embarrassed 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 educate your children, 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 annihilation of the domestic circle—if it be for that, then it is magnificent.

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, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on to competency. I know a man who was all the time complaining of his poverty and crying out against rich men, while he himself keeps two dogs, and chews and smokes, and is full to the chin with whisky and beer. Wilkins Micawber said to David Copperfield, "Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses twenty shillings and six pence; result, misery. But, Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses nineteen shillings and six pence; result, happiness." But, O working man of America, take your morning dram and your noon dram, and your evening dram, and spend everything you have over for tobacco and excursions, and you insure poverty for yourself and your children forever.

If by some generous flat of the capitalists of this country, or by a new law of the Government of the United States, twenty-five per cent., or fifty per cent., or one hundred 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 this morning is to those working people who are in a discipleship to whisky bottle, the beer-mug, 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 self respect.

Just as soon as a man wakes up and finds that he is the captive of strong drink, he feels demeaned. I do not care how reckless 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 manhood 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 it is not in his power to do what 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 or a year ago, not now. Just ask him to stop for a month. He cannot; he knows he cannot, so he does not try.

I had a friend who was for fifteen years going down under this evil habit. He had large means. He had given thousands of dollars to Bible societies and reformatory institutions of all sorts. He was very genial, very generous, and very lovable, and whenever he talked about this evil habit he would say, "I can stop any time." But he kept going on, going on, down, down, down. His family would say, "I wish you would stop." "Why," he would reply, "I can stop any time if I want to." After a while he had delirium tremens; he had it twice; and yet, after that, he said, "I could stop at any time if I wanted to." He is dead now. What killed him? Rum! Rum! And we among his last utterances was, "I can stop at any time." He did not stop it, because he could not stop it. Oh, there is a point in inebriation beyond which if a man goes he cannot stop!

One of these victims said to a Christian man, "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until to-morrow night unless I had all my fingers cut off, I would say, 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off now.'" I have a dear friend in Philadelphia whose nephew came to him one day, and, when he was exhorted about his evil habit, said, "Uncle, I can't give it up. If there stood a cannon and it was loaded, and a glass of wine were set on the mouth of that cannon, and I knew that you would fire it off as I came up and took the glass, I would start, for I must have it."

Oh, it is a sad thing for a man to wake up in this life and feel that he is a captive! He says, "I could have got rid of this at once, but I can't now. I might have lived an honorable life and died a Christian death; but there is no hope for me now; there is no escape for me. Dead, but not buried. I am a walking corpse, I am an apparition of what I once was. I am a caged immortal beating against the wires of my cage in this direction; beating against the cage until there is blood on the wires and blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. Destroyed without remedy!"

I go on, and say that the disciple of rum suffers from the loss of health.

The older men in the congregation may remember that some years ago Dr. Sewell went through this country and electrified the people by his lectures, in which he showed the effects of alcoholism on the human stomach. He had seven or eight diagrams by which he showed the devastation of strong drink upon the physical system. There were thousands of people that turned back from that ulcerous sketch, swearing eternal abstinence from everything that could intoxicate.

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. What reptiles crawl over his creeping 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, now, be still! Stop making all this noise!" But it is effectual only for a moment, for as soon as the keeper is gone they begin again, "Oh, God! Oh, God! Help! Help! Rum! Give me rum! Help! Take them off me! Take them off me! Oh, God!" And then they shriek, and 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 keeper to kill them—"Stab me! Smother me! Strangle me! Take the devils off me!" Oh, it is no fancy sketch! That thing is going on now all up and down the land, and I tell you further that this is going to be the death that some of you will die. I know it. I see it coming.

Again, the inebriate suffers through the loss of home.

I do not care how much he loves his wife and children, if his 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. 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? I hate that strong drink. With all the concentrated energies of my soul I hate it. 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 today little children, 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 to-day, 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!

But my subject takes a deeper tone, and that is, that the unfortunate of whom I speak suffers from the loss of the soul.

The Bible intimates that in the future world, if we are unforgiven here, our bad passions and appetites, unrestrained, will go along with us and make our torment there. So that, I suppose, when an inebriate wakes up in the last world, he will feel an infinite thirst clawing on him. Now, down in the world, although he may have been very poor, he could beg or he could steal five cents with which to get that which would slake his thirst for a little while; but in eternity where is the rum to come from?

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 grog-shop, and should go back taking on its 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 desperate 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! 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."

It is about time that we have another woman's crusade like that which swept through Ohio ten or twelve years ago. With prayer and song the women went into the groggeries, and whole neighborhoods, towns and cities were redeemed by their Christian heroics. Thirty women cleared out the rum traffic from a village of one thousand inhabitants. If thirty women, surcharged of the Holy Ghost, could renovate a town of a thousand, three thousand consecrated women, resolved to give themselves no peace until this crime was extirpated from this city, could in six months clear out three-fourths of the grog-shops of Brooklyn. If there be three thousand women now in this city who will put their hands and their hearts to the work, I will take the contract for driving out all these moral nuisances from the city—at any rate, three-fourths of them—in three months. If, when that host of three thousand consecrated women is marshaled, there be no one to lead them, then, as a minister of the Most High God, I will offer to take my position at the front of the host, and I will cry to them, "Come on, ye women of Christ, with your songs and your prayers! Some of you take the enemy's right wing and some the left wing. Forward! The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge! Down with the dram-shops!"

But not waiting for those mouths of hell to close, let me advise the working and the business classes, and all classes, to stop strong drink. While I declared some time ago that there was 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 him 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. One man 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