

# "Oom Piet's Fort."

AN INCIDENT OF BOER LIFE IN THE TRANSVAAL.

BY P. Y. BLACK.

The fires on the hills were the warning. The farmers were commandeered, that is, every able-bodied man between 16 and 60 in the district was called to take his horse, his "biltong" or dried beef ration, his rifle and ammunition and proceed at once to the rendezvous, thence to proceed against the fierce and warlike Zulus, who had again raided the Transvaal. Farmer Putter sallied up and hurried off, as his first duty was, but first he called to him Piet, his son, and solemnly spoke to him.

"Son of mine," said the farmer-soldier, "you are not yet man tall enough to face the Zulu impi in open field, but to your care I give mine vrow and your little sister Greta and Pretorius, your brother. You must, if need be, play a man's part, for, since the two gold prospectors left the farm at the sign of war, there is none to take command of the Kaffir servants but you."

Then Piet said without bravado: "You may trust, my father, for, though I be not a man, still I am a Boer."

So the farmer rode away, and Piet, thus promoted to command, withdrew into the sitting room, and almost at once his troubles began. His first care was to clean and load all firearms. These hung on the walls, and some were old-fashioned and without ammunition to fit them. But Piet's eye, seeking his own pet light rifle, which he had won in a shooting match against all boys of his age for many miles round, missed it. He was startled, for it is almost criminal to meddle with another man's glory—his rifle, and he sought Pretorius to see if that ambitious youth had taken it down. Pretorius had it not, and Piet ran out to call Malula, a native servant, with sudden fear in his soul. Malula did not come at the call, and Piet, with a pale face, thought for a moment, and then, taking his old gun and belt, leaped bareback on a horse, without a word to alarm the family, and rode off unseen at a gallop. He rode to the cornfield, where the native laborers should have been working. The green corn waved in the wind deserted. Not a man was in sight. He dashed to the meadows down the valley, where the herders should have been with the cattle. Here, in spite of himself, tears sprang to his eyes, for the cattle were gone, and the herders were absent. The great grassy fields were silent as were those of corn.

"They have deserted us, as soon as my father's back was turned," cried Piet in dismay. "And they were not Zulus! Can it be a general rising among the Kaffir tribes?"

At that thought he trembled, but he had still vigor enough to ride to the top of a kopje near by. From the peak he had a view of much country, and saw a cloud of dust far away, which he guessed was made by the stolen cattle.

"Never mind," said Piet, "if we beat the Zulus we shall get them back with interest."

Then he dug his heels into his horse's ribs and dashed down the hillside. He had seen, half a mile away, a black figure moving swiftly across the veldt, and the sun glanced from something borne on his shoulder—a gun, Malula. Before the traitor servant was aware of pursuit, Piet was within 400 yards of him. Then the Kaffir heard the horse's hoofs and turned. For a moment the black seemed inclined to run, but changed his mind as the boy shouted to him angrily. Malula deliberately raised the stolen rifle to his shoulder. Piet threw himself from the horse, as a bullet whistled over the vacant saddle. The boy, already a hunter, replied, with but a hasty glance through his sights, and Malula uttered a howl and staggered and fell to the ground struck in the chest. Piet felt a spasm of horror. Dear a-plenty had he shot, but never till now a man, so that his heart for a flash stood still, and his own face was deathlike. He rode slowly up to Malula, and found the Kaffir writhing in a death agony. Piet again dismounted and attempted to offer aid, but the savage repulsed him. With a look of hate he glared at the boy, and cried in his own tongue:

"I am one, but tonight come the Zulu, and no white thing on the farm shall live. For mine there shall be ten deaths."

So he died, glorying in the hope of a speedy revenge, and the Boer boy, leaving him, recovered his new rifle and rode slowly and mournfully homeward. Here his troubled mother met him.

"Piet," she said, "the Kaffirs have left us."

"I know," said he, and looked into her brave face, and told her what had happened and what Malula had said of the nearness of the Zulus.

"If my father had known it," said her son, "he would not have left us."

"He was commanded," said the Boer wife. "It was his duty. Country first—always, my son."

"But," said Piet, in much perturbation, "my father did not think the blacks would fly. He thought that they, Basutos, would fight their old enemy, the Zulu. If these come, what are we to do? Shall we leave the farm and trek to Van Boeven's?"

The Boer mother pressed her lips with a frown of pride.

"That was not well said, my son," she answered. "Oom Putter said 'Stay.' As he obeyed his general and went, so we shall obey him, and stay and fight till he comes."

It was a Roman speech. Even as the words came from her mouth, she looked round and saw Piet, a well-grown boy of 15 years; Greta, a child of 11; little Pretorius, and the baby—a goodly garrison to defend the hearth! But she saw that hearth—she saw the dear walls her husband had built to bring her home as a bride; she saw the fields he had tilled and the barns he had raised, and seeing them, she would have fought to the last scratch of her nails, like a wildcat, rather than give them up.

"Besides," said she hopefully, "what could the wretch Malula know that we don't? The Zulus cannot be near, and if they are, the farmers have out their scouts, and they say the English from Natal are also ready. Before they reach our farm the Boers must meet them, and surely the savage shall be stricken."

Piet had an idea as he stood in the broad yard looking at the house, the chickens came clucking about him in their search for food.

All day he worked busily, leaving his mother to the children, and by nightfall he had prepared a fort to withstand a siege. Two or three times during the afternoon he had slipped off to the top of the kopje, where he could look afar, but each time he came back, having seen nothing but the rolling veldt. They had supper, and again Piet slipped away and came back, but now with a grim face.

"Mother," he whispered, "from the west I heard the war song of the Zulus. It came faintly with the wind. In the direction also of Van Boeven's farm the skies are red, and if I go at dark I fear I shall see the flames rising from their barns."

The mother gathered her baby tight in her arms for a moment, and then quietly asked her eldest:

"Are the guns cleaned and loaded?"

"Yes," said Piet, "and, mother, if you approve, we must leave the house. It is too big and rambling for us two to protect."

"Leave the house?"

"Not very far," said Piet, and explained.

In that land of few dwellers, space is not of much consideration. The farm buildings were quite widely scattered, and Farmer Putter had built his cowbyres and pigpens and so on a proper distance away from his house walls. All the afternoon Piet had been marching, laden with packages and bundles, between the house and the out-buildings. Now, when it was dark, he put out all the lights of the house, and the windows and doors were stantly barred.

"Where are we going to sleep?" the children asked, accustomed to rise and lie down with the sun, and Piet answered cheerfully: "In the chicken coop."

The children, at first astonished and incredulous, were delighted when they discovered that their brother meant what he said, for the sight of the chickens feeding had given the boy the necessary idea. If the house were too big, the coop could not be accused of that fault. About the rocky kopje stones were plenty and more convenient than wood. Therefore, Piet had aided his father in building a solid affair to shelter the many fowls. It was stone, and high and roomy. Piet, during the afternoon, had made on each side, by careful removal of stones, loopholes, and carried to the henhouse the more precious articles in the house, with all the ammunition and guns. Now the chickens, squawking, were ruthlessly turned out, and the little family went in, the youngsters giggling. The door which Piet had strengthened was closed, and the garrison prepared. Vrouw Putter was not without experience in war's alarms. She looked round with a brave smile.

"Well done, Piet," she said, and calmly began to examine the guns, while at the same time quieting the children, who, now in the dark and disturbed by such preparations, began to be afraid. Agan Piet slipped away to the kopje, and when he came back he said: "Flames are rising from the Van Boeven's, and the war song is coming near."

"Loud?" the vrow asked, briefly.

"Not very," her son answered, piling rocks against the door.

"A detached party," said his mother, quietly. "If the Lord wills it, we will protect our own."

And she made them all kneel down and pray, and then sing a psalm.

It was a fitfully moonlight night in the dry season, and chilly. White clouds pursued the moon after hiding it and leaving the veldt in darkness, then passing on and flooding the land with silvery beams. For a long time all was very still. At last Piet, peering out of his loophole to the west, saw a shadow among the shadows, and that shadow moved and glided and came swiftly up the slope on which the chicken coop stood between the house and the trees by the river. It was followed by another and another and another and another, coming on like wild ducks in a V or wedge, and from the heart of the shadows came a low hum—the song of the Impis.

"How many?" the mother asked, as the moon shone out, and Piet told her there were about 20, with shields and assegais, for in those days firearms were not common among the Kaffir tribes as now.

"A raiding party," said Vrouw Putter, and took command. Piet was eager to fire at once, but she forbade.

The children were very quiet, though trembling. The savages came on and halted, and came on again, now silent and apparently puzzled at there being no sign of life about the house. As the coop stood it could not be readily discerned in the shadow of the slope. Again the Zulus advanced.

"Mother," said Piet, "if they get close to the house they will fire it."

She nodded, but waited until the savages were only fifty yards away, then—"Fire!" she whispered, and from her own loophole and from Piet's at the same instant streamed a flame, and the Zulus gave one great cry of rage and astonishment, as two of their number threw their arms high and fell, their shields clattering beside them.

At once little Greta and Pretorius did their part, and with incredible bravery in such infants forebore even to tremble, but handed up fresh guns, while the two defenders passed the empty ones down to be loaded by these small but trained fingers. The Zulus, however, did not fall back. Furious at being taken by surprise they dashed at the little fort, and a shower of spears came clashing against the stone walls. Crack! again went the guns, and again a howl of pain resounded through the night. The Zulus were almost in touch of the fort, and were pressing onward, one on top of the other, with their ferocious yells, when a tall man among them with an iron ring on his head, sign of an induna chief, shouted a command, and at once his warriors fell back.

"Mother," cried Piet, as they seized fresh rifles, "don't let them think that we are so few. Greta and Pretorius, load as fast as you can. Mother, let us fire continuously and, thinking we are numerous, they will retire." Vrouw Putter nodded consent, and without a moment's pause, the induna gave his savages their instructions, and suddenly they ran apart from one another in the moonlight and surrounded the henhouse and came at it from three sides. Now, indeed, the besieged were hard put to it, but never quailed. Greta took the lightest rifle, and little girl though she was, her father and brother and even her mother had taught her to use it. She took position, a white-faced heroine, at one side, and her mother and Piet in their old places. Down came the Zulus, casting spears before them, and sheltered by their long, tough bullhide shields. Crack! crack! crack! swiftly the rifles rang out, and still the Zulus rushed on. The fingers of little Pretorius were busy on the floor of the hut, loading the rifles now getting hot. Crack! crack! The savages reached the wall; one scrambled to the roof; he thrust a spear down a crack. The Boer's wife cried out; her shoulder was pierced. But Piet's voice was triumphant as a yell came from the induna himself.

"I aimed for the chief and got him!" cried the boy, and indeed the induna seemed badly hurt, for he limped back, supported, and again called off his soldiers. Piet ran to his mother and helped her bandage the wounded arm.

"It is nothing," she said, bravely, and added more softly, "nor my life, either, if children and home are saved."

Suddenly little Pretorius cried out in dismay.

"Piet," he said, "there are no more cartridges."

It was true. One box was empty, and the other covered box did not hold ammunition. Piet looked and despaired. Two gold prospectors had been staying at the farm who used dynamite in their work. They had gone off at sign of trouble, but had left some tools and things behind. In this box which Piet had carried off for ammunition, were instead some sticks of dynamite.

"I have—betrayed—my father's trust!" cried Piet. "My mistake has been our ruin!"

And he flung himself in despair against the wall. But his mother, kneeling quietly down and praying, her babies about her. She had done all she could. The rest lay with a higher power.

For a moment Piet was crazy, and then recovered himself. He looked through his loophole. The Zulus were in a group quite a hundred yards away, almost indistinguishable in the night. Even as Piet looked they moved and he knew they were about to attack again. With a shout of rage the furious boy suddenly stooped to the dang rous box he had carried from the house, and then drew down the rocks from the door and burst out. In his hands he carried two sticks of dynamite, carried such deadly things in his hands that a stumble meant destruction. Yet he dashed ahead through the night, yelling. The Zulus turned on him in amazement, thinking him mad, and greeted him with a shower of spears. Unstricken, Piet ran to within fifty yards of them, and then, one after another, he threw at them with all his might the fearful dynamite. There was a fearful concussion, which dashed the boy to the earth, a roar as of artillery, a medley of fearful shrieks from the unslappy Zulus, and all was still. Vrouw Putter and the children came out trembling, and found Piet insensible, but of the Zulu raiders no trace, save scattered limbs, where the earth was thrown about, leaving a great hole. The dynamite must have struck fairly in their midst and had exploded with fearful effects.

That happened long ago. Piet is today a man and owns the farm. His father is dead, but the brave old mother lives on with Piet and his wife. Many changes have taken place on the lonely farm on the veldt, but one building remains unchanged and reverently preserved. It is the chicken coop, which is known by the children for miles and miles as "Oom Piet's Fort."—New York Sun.

## DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: The Coming Sermon—Inspiration for the Future Religious Exhortation Will Be Drawn From the Living Christ—Theology Must Take a Back Seat.

(Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage addresses all Christian workers, and describes what he thinks will be the modes of preaching the gospel in the future; text, Romans xii, 7, "Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering."

While I was on the piazza of a hotel at Lexington, Ky., one summer evening a gentleman asked me, "What do you think of the coming sermon?" I supposed he was asking me in regard to some new discourse from Dr. Channing, or some other worker, or some times preached startling sermons, and replied, "I have not seen it." But I found out afterward that he meant to ask what I thought would be the characteristics of the coming sermon of the world, the sermons of the future, the word "coming" as a noun pronounced the same as the word "coming" as an adjective. But my mistake suggested to me a very important and practical theme, "The Coming Sermon."

Before the world is converted the style of religious discourse will have to be converted. You might as well go into the modern Sedan or Gettysburg with bows and arrows, instead of rifles and bombshells and parks of artillery, as to expect to conquer this world for God by the old styles of exhortation and sermonology. Jonathan Edwards preached the sermons most adapted to the age in which he lived, but if those sermons were preached now they would divide an audience into two classes—those sound asleep and those wanting to go home.

But there is a discourse of the future. The living Christ will be the basis of the new idea. In which denomination of Christians it will be delivered I cannot guess. That discourse of exhortation may be born in the country meeting house on the banks of the Ohio, or in the pulpit of the Ohio or the Tombigbee or the Alabama. The person who shall deliver it may this moment be in a cradle under the shadow of the Sierra Nevada or in a New England farmhouse or amid the ricefields of Southern Carolina.

Some young man in one of our theological seminaries, in the junior or middle or senior class, shaping that weapon of power, or there may be coming some new baptism of the Holy Spirit in the churches, so that some of us who now stand in the towers of Zion, waking to a realization of our present inefficiency, may preach it ourselves. That coming discourse may not be fifty years off. And let us pray God that it may come to you while I live, and that you may use it with the chief characteristics of that discourse or exhortation when it does arrive, and I want to make my remarks appropriate and suggestive to all classes of Christian workers.

First of all I remark that the future religious discourse will be full of didactic technicalities. A discourse may be full of Christ though hardly mentioning His name, and a sermon may be empty of Christ while every sentence is replete with His name. The world wants a living Christ, not a Christ standing at the head of a formal system of theology, but a Christ who means pardon and sympathy and condolence and love to the sinner, and heaven, a poor man's Christ, a rich man's Christ, a working man's Christ, an invalid's Christ, a farmer's Christ, a merchant's Christ, an artisan's Christ, an every man's Christ.

A symmetrical and fine worded system of theology is well enough for the theological classes, but it has no more business in the pulpit than have the technical phrases of an anatomist or a psychologist or a physician in the sickroom of a patient. The world wants help, immediate and world wide, and it will come from the right side, in which Christ shall walk right down into the immortal soul and take everlasting possession of it, filling it as full of light as this noonday firmament.

That sermon of exhortation of the future will be a discourse of the living Christ, the illustrations of Jesus Christ. In that coming address there will be instances of vicarious suffering taken right out of everyday life, for there is not a day when some one is dying for others—as the physician saving his lighthouse patient by sacrificing his own life, as the ship captain going down with his vessel while he is getting his passengers into the lifeboat; as the fireman consuming in the burning of his house, and the soldier who dies on a fourth story window as in summer the strong swimmer at East Hampton or Long Branch or Cape May or Lake George himself perished trying to rescue the drowning; as the newspaper boy one summer, who was killed by a horse, and the invalid mother, when offered by a gentleman fifty cents to get some special paper, and he got it and rushed up in his anxiety to deliver it and was crushed under the wheels of the train and lay on the grass with his last breath on his lips, and what will become of my poor, sick mother now? Vicarious suffering—the world is full of it. An engineer said to me on a locomotive in Dakota: "We men seem to be coming to the end of our appreciation of the world as we used to. Did you see the wreck the other day of an engineer who to save his passengers stuck to his post, and when he was found dead in the locomotive which was upside down, he was found still smiling at his passengers?" An engineer said to me the other day: "I would be just as much a hero in the same crisis."

In that religious discourse of the future there will be living illustrations taken out from everyday life of vicarious suffering—illustrations that will bring to mind the chastier sacrifice of Him, who in the high places of the field, on the cross, on Calvary, and in the truth of God's word, and all that. They are false reasons. The reason is because our sermons and exhortations are not interesting and practical and helpful.

Some one might as well tell the whole truth on this subject, and so I will tell it. The religious discourse of the future, the gospel sermon to come forth and shake the nations and lift people out of darkness, will be a popular sermon, just for the simple reason that it will meet the wants and the anxieties of the people. There are in all our denominations ecclesiastical mummies sitting around to frown upon the fresh young pulpits of America to try to awe them down, to cry out: "Tut, tut, tut! Sensational!" They stand to-day preaching in churches that hold a thousand people, and there are a hundred persons saved, and if they cannot have the world saved in their way it seems as if they do not want it saved at all.

I do not know but the old way of making ministers of the gospel is better—a collegiate education and an apprenticeship under the care and home attention of some earnest, aged Christian minister, the young man getting the patriarch's spirit and assisting him in his religious service. The printing press is to be the great agency of gospel proclamation. It is high time that good men, instead of denouncing the press, employ it to scatter forth the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The vast majority of people in our cities do not come to church and nothing but the printed sermon can reach them and call them to pardon and love and peace and heaven.

The time will come when all the village, town and city newspapers will reproduce the gospel of Jesus Christ, and sermons preached on the Sabbath will be read all around the world, and, some by type and some by voice, all nations will be evangelized.

The trouble is we preach audiences into

a Christian frame, and then we preach them out of it. We forget that every auditor has so much capacity of attention, and that he is exhausted life restless. That accident on the Long Island railroad years ago came from the fact that the brakes were out of order, and when they wanted to stop the train they could not stop, and hence the casualty was terrific. In all religious discourses we want locomotive power and propulsion. We want at the same time stout brakes to let down at the right instant. It is a dismal thing, after a hearer has comprehended the whole subject, to hear a man say, "Now to conclude," and "A few words by way of application," and "Once more," and "Finally," and "Now to conclude."

Paul preached until midnight, and Euty-chus got sound asleep and fell out of a window and broke his neck. Some would say, "Good for him." I would rather be sympathetic, like Paul, and resuscitate him. That accident is often quoted now in religious circles as a warning against somnolence in church. It is just as good a warning to ministers against prolixity. Euty-chus was wrong in his somnolence, but Paul made a mistake when he kept on until midnight. He ought to have stopped at ten o'clock, and then he would have been no accident. If Paul might have gone on to too great length, let all those of us who are now preaching the gospel remember that there is a limit to religious discourse, or ought to be, and that in our time we have no apostolic power. I will read a portion in an address of seven minutes thrilled his army and thrilled Europe. Christ's sermon on the mount, the model sermon, was less than eighteen minutes long at ordinary mode of delivery. It is not electrically scattered all over the sky that strikes, but electrically gathered into a thunderbolt and buried, and it is not religious truth scattered over and spread out over a vast reach of time, but religious truth projected in compact form that flashes light upon the soul and gives it indifference.

When the religious discourse of the future arrives in this land and in the British empire, the discourse will be to arouse the world and startle the nations and usher in the kingdom. It will be a brief discourse.

Here it, all theological students, all ye just entering upon religious work, all ye men and women who in Sabbath schools and other departments are tolling for Christ and the salvation of immortals—brevity, brevity!

But I remark also that the religious discourse of the future of which I speak will be a popular discourse. There are those in these times who speak of a popular sermon as though there must be something wrong about it. As these critics are dull themselves, the world gets the impression that the sermon in proper form is stupid. Christ was the most popular preacher the world ever saw and, considering the small number of the world's population, had the largest audience ever gathered. He never preached anywhere without making a great sensation. People rushed out in the wilderness to hear Him reckless of their physical necessities. So great was their anxiety to hear Christ, that taking no food with them, they would have starved to death had not Christ performed a miracle and fed them. Why did so many people take the truth at Christ's hands? Because they all understood it. He illustrated His subject by a hen and her chickens, by a bushel of wheat, by a handful of salt, by a fig tree, by a lily's aroma. All the people knew what He meant, and they flocked to Him. And when the religious discourse of the future appears it will not be Princetonian, not Rochesterian, not Andoverian, not Middletonian, but Olivetian—practical, unquiescent, earnest, comprehensive of all the woes, wants, sins and sorrows of an auditory.

But when that exhortation or discourse does come there will be thousand gleams of light, and the great things that are in so many theological seminaries professors telling young men how to preach, themselves not knowing how, and I am told that if a young man in some of our theological seminaries should get up and give a brief or unique faculty and students fly at him and set him right and straighten him out until he says everything just as everybody else says it. Oh, when the future religious discourse of the living Christ arrives all the churches of Christ in our great cities will be thronged! The world wants spiritual help. All who have buried their dead want comfort. All know themselves to be mortal and to be immortal, and they want to hear about it. Olivetian, I tell you, my friends, if the people of our great cities who have had trouble only thought they could get practical and sympathetic help in the Christian church, there would not be a street in Washington or New York or any other city which would be passable on the Sabbath day if there were a church on it, for all the people would press to that asylum of mercy, that great house of comfort and consolation.

A mother with a dead babe in her arms came to the god Siva and asked to have her child restored to life. The god Siva said to her, "You go and get a handful of mustard seed from a house in which there has been no sorrow and in which there has been no death, and bring it to me, and I will give you your child to life." So the mother went out, and she went from house to house and from home to home looking for a place where there had been no sorrow and where there had been no death, but she found no such place. She went back to the god Siva and said, "My mission is a failure. You see, I haven't brought the mustard seed. I can't find a place where there has been no sorrow and no death." "Oh!" says the god Siva, "Understand me, my friend, there is no worse than the sorrows of others. We all have our griefs, and all have our heart-breaks."

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you; Weep, and you weep alone; For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth, But has trouble enough of its own."

We hear a great deal of discussion now all over the land about why people do not go to church. Some say it is because Christianity is dying out and because people do not believe in the truth of God's word, and all that. They are false reasons. The reason is because our sermons and exhortations are not interesting and practical and helpful.

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## THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTemperance.

Wouldn't you?—Official Enumeration of the Reeling Host of American Drunkards—The Awful Census Taken in 140 Cities—A Traffic That Kills.

If a little pledge will keep me Safe and sound, And will show some sinking mortal Solid ground; If it ties me fast to life-lines Strong and true, Why, I'll take the pledge and keep it— Wouldn't you?

Drink's Grand Army.

The Department of Labor has recently issued from Washington a bulletin (Number 24), edited by Commissioner Carroll D. Wright, in which statistics are given of the police arrests in all our cities of 30,000 and upwards. The statistics for the most part are for the year 1898.

There are 140 cities in the country having the required population, and the record of which is given in the compilation.

According to the figures, there were 291,820 people arrested for drunkenness in these cities in 1898—almost ten times as many men as now comprise our army in the Philippines.

This crop of drunkards, from these 140 cities alone, would make up five armies each as large as the combined British and Boer forces in South Africa.

If this great army of drunkards were marshaled for a parade, before our cauteen advocates, marching twenty abreast, it would require four and one-half days, marching ten hours a day, for them to pass. And these 295,000 drunks do not include the arrests for "disorderly conduct," "assault" and a dozen other offenses which grow out of the legalized rum business. The total arrests for all causes in these cities was 915,167. Counting the moderate estimate of three-fourths of these as being the victims of the lawful saloons, it would require more than a week's marching, twenty abreast, for the great procession to stagger past a reviewing stand—and the rum product of only 140 cities heard from.

Views of an Eminent Specialist.

An eminent specialist in diseases of children has noted the progress of twelve families with parents who were heavy drinkers of alcoholic drinks, and of twelve families with total abstaining parents. During the twelve years these families were under his observation, the twelve first-named gave birth to fifty-seven children, of whom twenty-five died in the first week after birth, five were idiots, five were dwarfs, five later became epileptics and later one had chorea ending in idioy, and five others were more or less deformed and unhealthy, leaving only eleven of the fifty-seven children to arrive at maturity in a healthy condition of body and mind. The twelve families with temperate parents, during the same period of time were blessed with sixty-two children, of whom only six died during the first week after birth, later two showed inherited defects of the nervous system, leaving fifty-three of the sixty-two healthy in body and mind. My own observations during a continued period of six years of medical practice, adds a doctor's full and convincing inferences to be drawn from the foregoing statements.

In the Matter of Alcohol as Food.

Professor Atwater's "food" killed my father about sixty years ago, burned up our clothing and food and drove the smile from my mother's eye, and I would rather live in the serenity of ignorance than in an infatuation of scientific science that degrades alcoholic drinks under an eminent name. I would be glad to submit to a public test with Professor Atwater, I being allowed to use water in connection with food and be being limited to diluted alcohol and water in the usual coffee. Upon the supposition that Professor Atwater's duties would probably make it impossible for him to visit Chicago for such a test, I would suggest that he might send, as a substitute, the Bishop whose recent utterances against the prohibition have not been forgotten. Dr. Lyman Abbott or the President of the Brewer's Congress, F. McGuire, Surgeon Fourteenth Wisconsin Infantry, 1860-65, St. Cloud, Minn.

Intoxicants Fatal in Alaska.

In a recent interview in Chicago, Joaquin Miller, the poet, who has spent some time in Alaska, said: "To use intoxicants in Alaska is fatal. No one can use stimulants without the result. Even coffee is not necessary to the habitual coffee drinker. Tea is the proper beverage there, and that is the popular drink. Whisky is a deadly thing to the Indians, and they are perishing in Alaska very rapidly."—Christian Work.

The Home of the Boodler.

We ought to wage a constant and aggressive warfare against an institution that breeds the vices of the street, and stands as the convenient clearing house in which the boodler politician can buy his way to dishonest and dishonorable power.

What Keeps Them Poor.

Ex-Governor Grant, of Colorado, says that liquor drinking is the thing that keeps the smelter men poor, and not low wages or long hours. He shows that \$2,500,000 in checks have been cashed for the men by the saloonkeepers during the last few years.

The Crusade in Paragraphs.

The way to prevent drunkenness is to destroy the cause.

Men are drunkards because boys are tempted to drink.

Two thousand saloons have been opened in Cuba since the war.

If you want a cool head and a clear brain keep clear of the saloon.

Every true patriot will hit the drink devil whenever he gets a chance.

If we had a million tongues we would cry: "Save the children from the curse of alcohol."

A Christian has no right to assist in maintaining a traffic whose fruits are necessarily evil.

Hereafter in New Haven County (Conn.) saloon licenses will not be granted to grocery dealers.

Temperance societies should be more wide awake than they are. They, at present, are in danger of lapsing into a state of quiescence that does but little good to the cause of total abstinence.

The Texas Liquor Dealer denounces as "blackmail" a letter from the officers of the W. C. T. U. of a Texas town, notifying a saloon keeper that he would be prosecuted if he did not cease violating the law.

There are, according to L'Etolle du Matin, juvenile temperance societies in 2750 of the 4662 primary schools of the kingdom of Belgium. There are also 651 adult temperance societies in Belgium schools with more than 14,000 members.

The drinker spherically fattens on the destruction of public health and virtue.

That intemperance is one of the greatest known causes of failure of young men is unquestionable. It is the bane of the human race. Anything that will dest even temporarily, the power to use intuitive faculties and the judgment, is appalling evil, and, unfortunately, it is evil that is largely hereditary.

We shall make short work as a recognized legal establishment ever we can get our own about and form in battalions of folly. Face though for new mail and the saloon have never faced each other!