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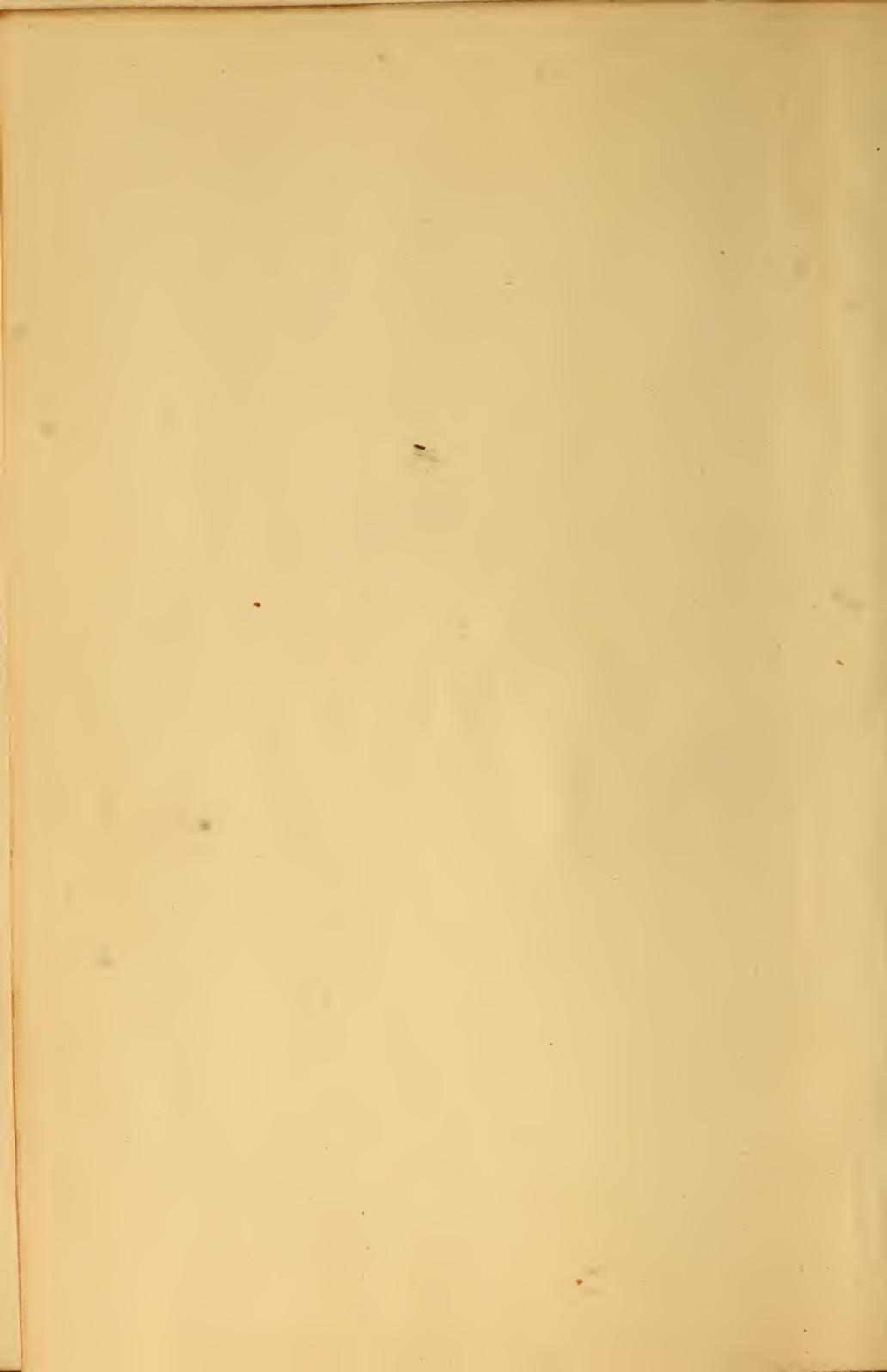
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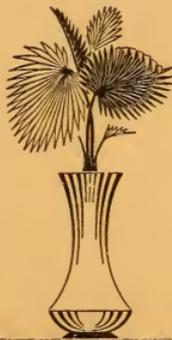
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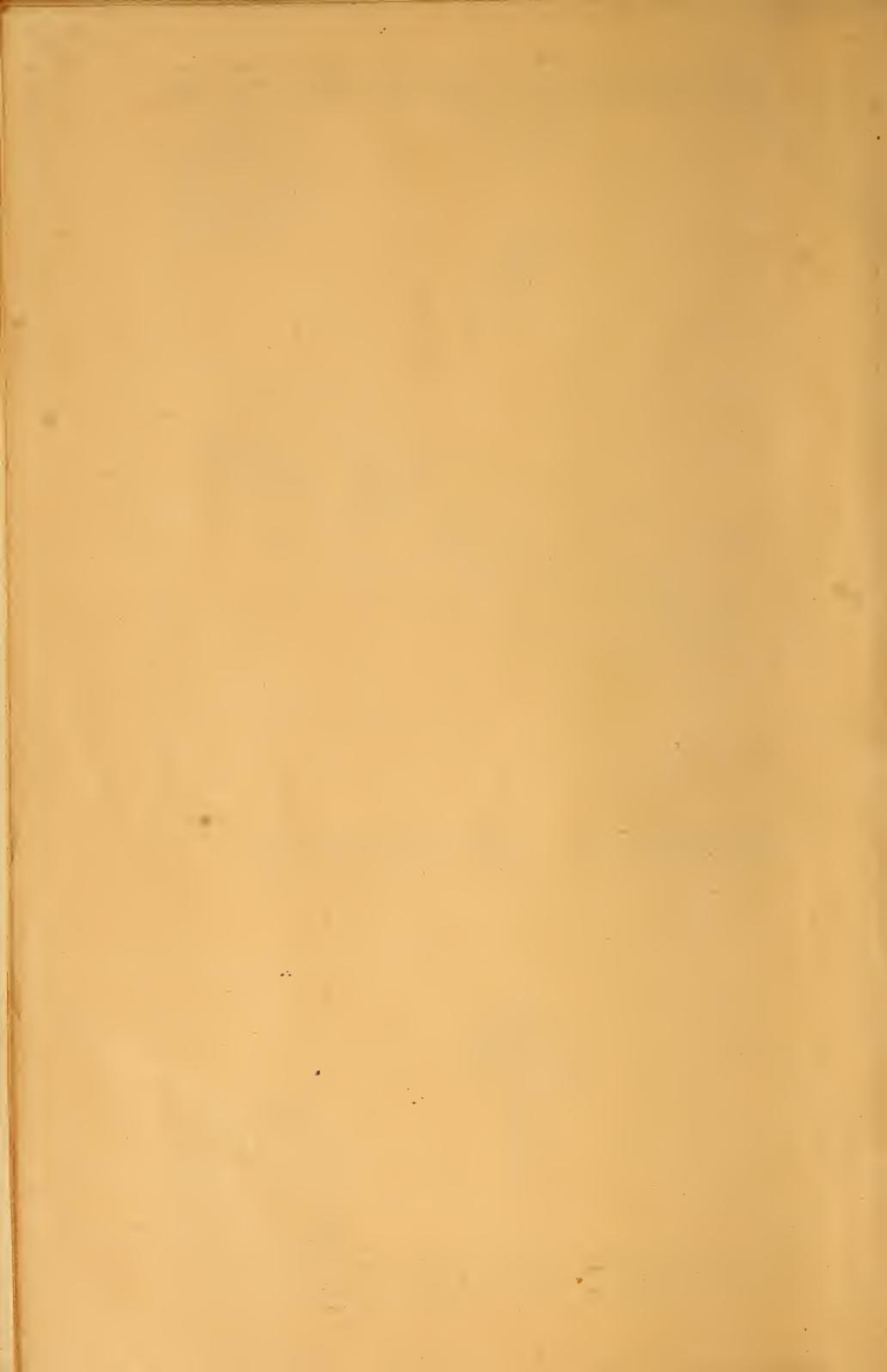


“WARP AND WOOF.”

BY

“HARRY BURTON.”





# “WARP AND WOOF.”

—BY—

✓  
“HARRY BURTON.”

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Scenes and Incidents from REAL LIFE,—on the  
TENTED FIELD, FOOT BOARD of an ENGINE,  
and PRESSING DOWN on RED LIQUOR.

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“’Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog’s honest bark  
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near HOME ;  
’Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.”—*Byron*.

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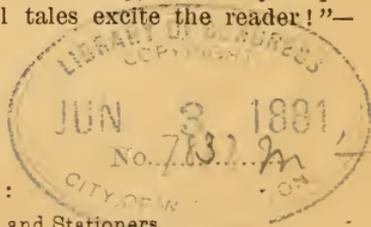
“If the secret history of BOOKS could be written, and the author’s private thoughts and meanings noted down alongside of his story, how many insipid volumes would become interesting, and dull tales excite the reader!”—*Thackeray*.

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LAFAYETTE, IND. :

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## PREFACE.

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“With no claim to literary excellence—with no merit aside from truth, but with a conscientious desire to do good for my *race* and *kind*—make some *shekels*—and fill a niche that has been looking lonesome since the ‘morning stars sang together.’ We have concluded that the *threads* and *chains* of ‘WARP AND WOOF,’ woven on the ‘tented field’—‘foot-board of an engine,’—and while pressing down on ‘*red liquor*,’ (inspired by tears, sweat and blood), would fill the vacuum that has been resounding with emptiness throughout the cycled years of the dusty past.”

And, if a thought or suggestion, in this little book, should make the everlasting *Tedium*, between breakfast and dinner roll around a little *sooner* to the boys who are stubbing their toes against the clods in the corn rows and between the plow handles, we shall have accomplished our every desire, and feel just as happy as the day is long.

“HARRY BURTON.”

TO

Mr. A. E. PIERCE, of LaFayette, Indiana,

“The noblest Roman of them all.”

In whose unswerving fidelity and sympathy, I have always  
found fresh courage when battling for the

GRANDEST CAUSE ON EARTH,

this volume is affectionately inscribed, by the

AUTHOR.

# “WARP AND WOOF.”

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## *Bob Clarence's First and Last Theft.*

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“I won't say I was born a thief, as some of you boys would like to be called, but once, when I was crazy drunk, I stole something, which I think has broke me of 'that little game' forever.”

“Well, Bob, how was it? Let's have it! Hear! Hear!” was chorused by half a dozen soldiers, dressed in ragged blue, who were standing around an old battered “camp kettle,” in which a half a dozen chickens were boiling.

“Take off that kettle, it ‘smells to Heaven,’ and let's finish them ‘barn-yard cadets,’” said Jim Johnson, “and then Bobby, of the Sunday-school book, will tell us all about it.”

This little scene transpired in “Old Virginia,” the mother of presidents, and at that time, was muddy enough to be prolific of “major-generals.”

The boys had been out foraging, and were lucky enough to run across the chickens that were simmering in the kettle, and that Johnson declared were “smelling to Heaven.” After succeeding so well in capturing the chickens, the conversation, naturally enough, turned on stealing. Each one had related his experience, and they had got around to “Bob Clarence” just where this story begins. Bob was a good cook—the life of the mess, and as good a soldier as ever wore the “blue.”

“Well,” continued Bob, “I learned the blacksmith trade up in Detroit, with as good a man as ever ‘cracked spit’ on an anvil. The old man (as we used to call him) had one of the loveliest and most beautiful women for a wife, that ever fell to the lot of mortal man. Just as I had finished my trade, the old man took the ‘small-pox’ and died, leaving his young wife a widow, with one beautiful rose-bud of a child, ‘Estella’ by name. The widow settled up the business, broke up housekeeping, and went to boarding. ’Twas believed that she had considerable money. I was boarding, at the widow’s solicitation, at the same house, in order, as she said, to help her settle up all the affairs connected with the shop. Not long after the old man’s death, having nothing very particular to do, I fell in bad company and took to drinking, and came near going to the ‘*bad*’ altogether. The widow expostulated and entreated me to stop before it was too late, and I believe I would have been turned out of the house a dozen times, but for her. She was truly a mother toward me, and all for her dead husband’s sake. One night, little ‘Estella’ took sick and died, which came near setting the poor forlorn woman crazy. It seemed as if she was to lose all her earthly friends. I sympathized with her in her great sorrow, but *rum, cursed rum!* was crazing my brain, taking away my senses, and destroying all my finer feelings. I had been out late one night, to ‘Beller’s Varieties,’ and had taken a little more than usual, for I was with a pretty fast set of fellows. On going home, one of the party suggested that we must soon raise a stake, as we were getting pretty short, financially. Some demon in the company suggested that I should make a draw on the widow. I had got tired of Detroit. I wanted to get

away from myself. No sooner was the thought suggested to me, than I resolved to *rob* my benefactress, and leave Detroit forever. Her apartments were just across the hall from mine. She had one of those large Saratoga trunks in her room, which I supposed contained all her valuables, and as bad luck would have it, she was away on this particular night. I got into her room and managed to break open the trunk, and, down in the bottom, I found a nice little box, which I supposed contained her treasures. Well, it did. But not the kind I wanted. I put the box under my coat, and stole out, feeling satisfied that I had a small fortune."

"The widow was not to be back for a week, so the next morning I enlisted in the —regiment, and in twelve hours I was on the way to 'Dixie,' with the box in my possession. We went into camp at Washington, and the first opportunity that presented, I took a stroll alone in order to see my prize. After getting out of sight of the blue coats, I broke open the box, and the first thing that almost struck me blind, was a little gold locket, with Estella's picture and some curls of golden hair, a pair of little slippers, worn through at the toes, some little stockings, and pieces of dresses. I tell you, boys, I wanted to die that morning, and I hoped and prayed that the first rebel gun I would hear crack, would send a bullet through the heart of Bob Clarence."

"Two years passed, all of which time I was down here fighting the 'Johnnies,' when I received a letter. I will read it." He drew from his pocket an old leather wallet, and took out a worn piece of paper and read these lines:

DETROIT, January 2, 1863.

DEAR ROBERT CLARENCE:—When you read these lines, I shall be in the Spirit Land. Be true to your God,

your country and yourself. I am dying slowly but surely. My friends are gone and I can not stay. Don't drink, Robert, and be a good boy, "friend of my better days." Good-bye, forever,

ESTELLA V.

P. S.—Oh, Robert, some vandal stole all the souvenirs I possessed of darling little "Estella." If you live to get home, and should ever discover the thief, recover the box, if possible, and bury it by my side. Don't hurt or prosecute him, but leave him alone with memory.

Once more, "GOOD-BYE,"

E. V.

"Now, boys, if I live to get home, the first thing that I will do on reaching Detroit, is to have a funeral of my own. I want it to be in the night, when none but the 'All-seeing Eye' can witness it. I will bury that box by Estella V's grave, as requested, and rain as repentant tears upon it, as ever fell from mortal eyes."

"Amen! Amen!" exclaimed the boys in a chorus, as with tear-bedimmed eyes they grasped the hand of Clarence; then laid down beneath the stars to dream of "boots and saddles."



## WHY HE QUIT.

I had been firing for Charley Hillis some three years, and had never seen him take a glass of liquor. I knew nothing of his past life aside from engineering. Whenever we stopped for "hash" any where along the road, the crews would invariably take their accustomed drinks; but Charley always refused, and in such a manner as left no doubt as to his meaning. I recollect on one occasion when he had promptly refused, one dead beat suggested that he take a glass of "strained water." That chap will remember it as long as he lives for Charley "put a head" on him, that his mother's own dog wouldn't have known him. When we got back on the engine, and his fit of temper had passed off, he said he was sorry for what he had done, and feared being discharged. I being his fireman promised to "stay with him," for I loved him as a man for his sterling principles of temperance. He seated himself with his hand resting on the "reverse-lever," his head inclined forward, as if absorbed in thought; and when he glanced over at me I discovered tears welling up in his large brown eyes. Said he, "Harry, 'tis not often I speak of my past life, for I have few pleasant memories aside from boyhood; but in justice to you for your disinterested friendship, I will speak of one incident of the many in my checkered career."

He opened his watch, and said he had twenty minutes to relate it, while we were waiting for No. 4. Then he resumed:

"I am a reformed drunkard! I have followed railroad-ing for the last twenty years—from the shovel up to the engine—and to-day I might be enjoying myself in good

society, were it not for the curse of drink. I was apt in my calling, and in a short time found myself foreman of a large gang of men, laying iron on the Atlantic railroad. My business threw me into company with men who were my superiors in point of wealth and influence, and who as a class were much addicted to drinking when congregated of an evening at some hotel. I fell into the habit gradually, for who would think of refusing to drink a social glass with Mr. ——. Well, I acquired the habit, and would take an occasional "spree." How I used to "bring down the house" by saying smart things and quoting Shakespeare till the "wee sma' hours," my companions all the while patting me on the back, screaming with delight, and calling me the "prince of good fellows." Often in the still watches of the night, when partially recovered from a drunken debauch, has the voice of my sainted mother whispered me to "flee the wrath to come." I heeded it not; down, down, lower and lower, till I lost my job, and became "a total wreck." I straightened up for a while, and they gave me a "section," to see if I would do any better. The iron had been laid to Dayton, Ohio, and I was on a "section" near Springfield, where was located one of the largest distilleries in the State, owned by a gentleman named Shaffer, who was a liberal, whole-souled man. He would invite me into his cellar to sample his liquors, from "boiled cider" and "cherry bounce" up to "old rye." I was not long in relapsing into my old habits. One day a time card (the first one issued on that division of the road,) was thrown off to me by the road master, stating that an excursion would leave Jersey City and run through to Dayton in thirty-six hours, and warning me to see that the track was all clear. The

next day found Shaffer and me in his cellar, drinking to the occasion, of the first through train over the Atlantic and Great Western, with P. T. Kennard on board, instead of a Cæsar. I stayed at Shaffer's until evening; then started for home—"chuck full." I had about four miles to go; Shaffer helped me to put an old "truck car" on the track, which I wanted to take home for no earthly reason than to hold to, so that I could walk, for I knew that I was past navigation. It has always been a mystery to me how I got that car home, but home I got it, or just in front of where I lived. I remember nothing until about 2 o'clock in the night, when I woke up half froze, got up on my feet and looked around, not knowing where I was. I had been laying all night in the middle of the track, in front of the old truck car. I realized my situation in a moment, it being the night the excursion train was to pass. I jerked out my watch and looked at it, when it was two hours later than the allotted time for the train to pass, and that car on the track yet. My first impulse was to run and wake up some one to help me off with the car, when happening to look at the track towards Shaffer's there was the head-light dancing on the rails. Too late! Too late! The engineer knew he was on the "home stretch," and was "letting her out." He saw the old truck, but he scarcely had time to "shut her off," before the engine struck it, knocking it into a thousand fragments, and throwing the engine off the track! The engineer was caught between the tank and engine, and crushed; while the boiling water poured on him in a stream through the "fire door," literally cooking him alive, and his pitiful dying screams, will ring in my ears forever."

"The affair was all laid to persons not friendly disposed

toward the road, and I don't think Shaffer ever had a suspicion that I was the cause of it—he probably thinking that I arrived home all right.”

“I left the State, and have never been back, nor do I ever want to see the place again. Ever since that eventful night, I'm a firm believer in the supernatural. I can't help it. For why should I, a poor drunken sot, after laying nearly all night on the track, and the train become late, wake up just in time to escape being torn into fragments, and sent in the presence of an all wise Creator, unprepared. I don't think it was for any good that I've done, or ever expect to do, that I was saved; but it may be that I might recite this simple story and warn others who are going astray. Let proud science or staid philosophy decide. I did not “swear off”—there was no need of it, for I would as soon undertake to play with Death as to take a drink of whisky, after such a lesson as that. \* \* \* But here comes No. 4. Get in a good fire; we've got to fan them, to make Logan in time for No. 10.”



## SETH GREEN.

## A TALE OF PETERSBURG.

Seth Green and I met for the first time in the trenches in front of "Fort Hell," at Petersburg. Our company, (K) had been "in the ditch" twenty-six days, without being relieved. We went in during the night, and could not get out, as it was certain death, or six months' sickness at least, to raise your arm above the surface of the ground. The sharp-shooters were in holes like ground-hogs, and digging new ones every night. You never knew where to look for them in the morning, until warned by the report of an Enfield, and the death of "only a private." Seth was as good-looking a boy as you'd see in a thousand—as smooth-faced as a girl, and like Mark Tapley, "always jolly," except when "Long Tom" commenced to sing. The Johnnies had a gun, the instant a shell would leave it, would sing so that you could distinguish it from all the rest. Our boys christened that gun, "Long Tom." Seth Green was a soldier in every sense of the term—tried and true—always facing the music like a man. But his comrades noticed, and he admitted, that he had a mortal terror of "Long Tom." The Johnnies might blaze away for weeks—Seth would stay with them—but just let "Long Tom" begin to sing, and Seth would hug old "Mother Earth." The boys used to joke him about it, and say that gun would be the death of him; and I've often thought since, that many a truth is spoken in jest. About the 1st of April the men, like Micawber, thought something was going to turn up. "Little Phil" came up from the Valley that day. We were standing on the parapets of Fort

Gregg, and could see a cloud of dust rising on the right, at the beginning of the Jerusalem plank-road. Pretty soon we could distinguish his scouts, a couple of miles in advance of the column, coming at the old gait—hard as they could ride. Just then we looked over at our nearest neighbors to see how they liked the new arrival, when they began to growl as usual. The blue smoke curled from the touch-hole of "Long Tom" and a cone-shaped shell went singing down the plain toward the advancing column, and fell among the "Seven Sisters," who were cross old maids, and couldn't think of letting an opportunity like that pass without saying something. Pretty soon the conversation became general. Seth said he thought there was "a good time coming." The next day Phil gave them a left-hander at Hatcher's Run. On the morning of the 2d, after "reveille," we run short of grub, having finished our last rations of "sow-belly and hard tack." Seth volunteered to go and get some, and said he "did not care if they shot until hell froze over, and then shot on the ice, if 'Long Tom' would only keep still." He crawled out, and returned safe. "Tom" was sleeping. That night we had a long talk of home and friends, wondering if we ever should meet again this side of "The River." Seth described his mother, and called her his "old sweet-heart." He showed me some old letters taken from an inside pocket. She told her boy to "stand like the brave, with his face to the foe." She was a Spartan mother. In the evening every thing was still—even the pickets had ceased firing. It was the calm preceding the storm. After "tattoo," we stopped talking, and each was busy with his own thoughts, wandering in dreamland, while the old moon never shone more beautiful.

We could see the long line of the Johnny's works, extending right and left, until they seemed to take the weird shapes of giants, arming for the fray. All at once the words: "Fall in! Fall in!" was passed along the line at "low breath"—no beating of the "long roll." We could feel it in our bones that it meant business—Seth's "happy time" was coming. "Long Tom" began to sing. Seth said he hoped that gun would sink into eternity in a holy minute. Then came the crash of infantry, and the rolling roar of artillery, but above all arose that never-to-be-forgotten cheer of "the boys in blue," when they went over the abatis. It was the death-rattle in the throat of the petted child, "Lost Cause." For ten weary hours, with the sweat rolling down their powder-blackened faces, the old 9th corps gave them the hot end of it, until the Johnnies started on their straggling route down through Petersburg, setting fire to the city as they left.

The morning sun arose. Oh, so beautiful and kind, drying the dew on the trembling blades of grass, and death-damps on the brows of the slain. A peach orchard on the field was in full bloom, and the sweet-scented leaves went zig-zagging to the earth—falling before their time, rudely shaken and keeping company with the heroic dead. The "last ditch" and Petersburg was ours! We wandered back over the field, and thought we would take a last look at "Long Tom" and see how he had weathered the storm. He was torn from the carriage embrasure, and lay square across the road, on the dead body of poor Seth Green! He lay on his back, his eyes wide open, glistening with the glaze of death, upturned to the bright rays of the morning sun, as if appealing to God for relief. His cap and gun lay

at some distance from him. "Long Tom," that he feared most while living, was holding him down in death, and his last song was the requiem of poor Seth Green!

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### Half a Day in Doyle's Saloon.

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In the year '63, when treason was at par, and had spread out like a pall, wellnigh enveloping two-thirds of the stars in the field of azure blue—when gold was at \$2.60—when substitutes were in demand, and the very name of "war widow" was a by-word and scoff among the stay-at-home patriots, who were growing rich on the soldiers' blood—'twas in that memorable year, in a little town some thirty miles from the "Star City," that the incidents I am about to relate transpired. There were two saloons in the place, for whisky was in good demand. One was owned by a German known as "Jake," the other by a man named "Doyle," and it is of the latter we wish to speak. Doyle pretended to be a Union man, but his sympathies went out toward any one who patronized his "gin-mill," and his "mill" had sent many a "grist" to the wife and mother, like flour made of sprouted wheat, that all the yeast and powders in the world couldn't raise, but would spread out on the floor. One morning Doyle had sprinkled and swept the dirt to the door-sill and was searching for stray currency, usually dropped by some customer, who, as he said, was a "little off;" three young men entered and marched up

to the "bar." They were between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one.

"Come, Dolly," said one, addressing Doyle; "let's have something. My chimney's afire this morning. None of that six months' sickness," he said, as Doyle reached for a certain bottle. "I want some gin and sugar in mine. What'll you have, boys?"

"The same," they replied.

Doyle fixed up their drinks with sugar and lemon. They took their glasses, touched them together, saying, "here's luck." One, who felt the effects of last night's debauch, looked at his glass a moment and said:

"Were it the last drop in the well,  
And I fainting on the brink,  
Ere my drooping spirits fell,  
'Tis to thee that I would drink."

The negligent and abandoned way in which they drank and smacked their lips with the gusto of an "old timer," showed to the eye of an observer, that if they were not regular customers, they had surely been there before. They were the idols of fond mothers; their fathers were good substantial men, who never got drunk. They took their regular drinks and no more, only on special occasions. "They could either drink or let it alone." Those fathers never dreamed that their sons were "saloon bummers."

"I say, Dolly, has Andy been round this morning for his 'night cap?'" asked young Green.

"No," Doyle replied; "that wife of his wears the breeches, and tries to make him stay at home. She went to town yesterday and drew the last hundred of Andy's bounty money out of the bank, and gave Andy \$10. He owes me twenty, but I'll be even with him yet."

"I guess," said George Murray, "that little rebuff you

got to that note you sent her when Andy was at the 'Front,' bothers you more than the \$20."

"Now, you button up that lip," said Doyle, getting very red in the face.

"Well," said Tom Miller, "Andy will be here pretty soon, and if he has that 'Sawbuck' about his clothes, let's get up a game of 'Euchre.' Andy and I will play partners, you two will beat of course. Andy will be drunk by that time; then I will 'saw off' with him, and away goes his 'ten case note,' 'presto change.'"

"Good enough," said Doyle, as he moved the screen before the door, for there was the worst set of folks in that town he had ever seen—they were always attending to somebody else's business."

If Andy's wife passed twenty times a day, she was sure to peep in to see if he was there. He got the screen properly adjusted, when sure enough, in stepped Andy. He would have been called handsome but for the traces of dissipation indelibly stamped on his weather-beaten brow.

"Have something?" asked Miller of him.

"I don't care if I do," he replied, "I scarcely ever drink unless 'tis about this time of day." They all stepped up and had a light drink, as Miller called it.

"You and I can beat any two in the house in a four-handed game of Euchre for the drinks."

"We can make a sickly effort," Andy replied, taking a ten dollar note from his pocket.

The boys gave each other a knowing wink. Doyle moved the table back in the farthest corner of the room where the glass was frosted, and they began playing.

They played for the drinks till Andy got drunk, then for a dollar a corner. Andy and his partner got beat.

Then they "sawed off" and Andy lost his ten dollars. Doyle had been standing in the doorway during the progress of the game, watching for Andy's wife. She passed by and asked if her husband was in there. He said no, she would find him up at "Jake's"—he always went there when he hadn't any money. She heeded not the taunt, but passed on. What cared she if Andy was all right. The boys left the table pretty well soaked with whisky, but Andy was drunk, and wanted one more drink before going home.

"Not if the court knows itself," said Doyle. "You're drunk now." The 'Old Girl' just passed up street, looking for you."

Andy's face turned a shade redder at hearing his once-loved wife called the "Old Girl." Who knows but some well-nigh forgotten hours were flitting through his whisky-crazed brain? Perhaps the hour he "plighted his troth" in the Indian Summer of his life, in the beautiful, mellow and subdued light of the old, old moon! He made some remark about not wanting to hear his wife talked about in a saloon, and insisted on having a drink. Then Doyle walked from behind the bar, knocked him down, dragged him to the door, and kicked him clear off of the sidewalk, and this is where his wife found him, on returning from "Jake's." She wiped the blood from his bruised and bleeding face. She got him on his feet; twined her arms around him and succeeded by almost carrying him, in reaching home. Meanwhile Mr. Doyle and his companions were enjoying a rare treat. Perched above the screen and frosted glass, they had witnessed the whole proceedings. 'Twas such fun to see Andy try to walk, throwing his whole weight against his wife when they both would

stagger. They cheered her once in a while with such words as "Steady, there," "Heel path," "Freeze to him," "Down brakes," etc. She heeded them not, but succeeded in reaching home with him more dead than alive. She bathed his burning head with water. She sat by his bed that long afternoon and all night, till the "wee sma' hours," fan in hand, till she dropped asleep in the chair. She slept, dreamed and waked, with a start, to find him gone to "Jake's." She brought him home, talked to him, plead with him, and told him what poor little Johnny said just before he died, while he was away in the army. She made that poor drunken sot shed tears of sorrow for a misspent life. She sobered him.

Men love to boast of heroic deeds performed upon the field of battle. History tells in glowing terms of the bravest of the brave, the closing scene in the life of "Marshal Ney," standing over his own new-made open grave. Read the lives of brave men. Even of our own Lawrence, Warren and Jasper, then lay them on the shelf to accumulate dust, and for a true "Hero," turn to the drunkard's wife. She goes to battle, not at the roll of the stirring drum or the trumpet, that sings of fame, but with sealed lips she fights till the last gasp, 'mid the jeers of the world, and sinks into the grave heart broken, and is buried a pauper, "unwept, unhonored and unsung." No decoration day for the dead veteran. No bright, Spring flowers, wreathed by loving hands, are strewn about her grave. But in the most lonely nook or corner of the old grave-yard, where none ever stop or pause, the head board rotted down, and the lank grass grows in the wildest profusion. She sleeps well with her darling child. Whisky has done its worst.

## WHO BEAT?

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“If I don’t *beat* that engineer, I will get a little ‘squirt-can’ made to order, and wear it suspended to my watch-chain during life, in order to perpetuate the memory of my defeat.” The speaker was young George Silvers, the presumptive heir of one hundred thousand. He was addressing his friend, “Burt Mason,” who was standing on the depot platform, grip-sack in hand, ready to board the express train No. 4, due in L. at 4:30 P. M. going east. Burt was starting for Europe on a business tour of three years. He had been joking his friend about a Miss Grace Weldon, a noted belle, who, ’twas said, was rather partial toward a young engineer named Hank Manly, who was handling the throttle valve of engine 55, and attached to the incoming express train. This was the sole cause of the very sarcastic language just used by George Silvers. Mr. Weldon was counted a wealthy man. He dealt in stocks and oil wells, and Grace was the petted and only child. He was an indulgent father, but wondered very much at the plebian taste of his daughter, in preferring a mechanic to a gentleman. At last becoming involved in his business, he pressed the suit of Silvers so vigorously, that Grace gave a reluctant consent, and they were married. They went on a wedding tour of several months, visiting some of the most fashionable watering places in the States. George liked to show off his beautiful wife whenever an opportunity presented itself, and along with his other fashionable acquirements, he was vain and presumptuous. He loved his wife as well as ’twas possible for a

man of his nature and habits to love any woman, and had no doubt but what Grace was the happiest woman under the sun.

Henry Manly was one of Nature's noblemen, and all that his name suggested. Thrown upon his own resources at an early age, he had battled manfully with the world, and at last had reached the summit of his desires, which was to stand on the "foot-board" of an engine. He had made the acquaintance of Grace Weldon by mere accident, but he soon learned to love her with a love as boundless as the immensity of space. Simultaneous with the event of Miss Weldon's marriage, came the call of "Father Abraham" for "three hundred thousand men," and Hank Manly was one of the first to respond.

When Grace read the announcement, she retired to her chamber under the plea of a slight headache.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three years had passed into eternity. Three eventful years in the world's history. Three years in which generations unborn will be searching for the records. 'Twas in the Spring time. In the month of roses. 'Twas decoration day, and "Burt Mason" had returned. After the ceremonies were over, and the floral offerings of grateful hearts had been strewn upon the sodden altars, George Silvers and his old friend wandered off to a shady nook in the cemetery, and sat down to smoke, compare notes, and talk about old times. They had been there a couple of hours, when Burt declared that he must go up town and see all the boys. He promised to call around in the evening, and then left for the city. After Burt had left and George had read an inscription or two, he turned on his heel and was about starting for

home, when he caught sight of a lone woman standing by a grave, weeping. George knew that form and dress too well. 'Twas Grace, his own wife. He watched her closely for half an hour. He was in a retired spot, but could see her every action. She planted something on the grave, then laid a wreath of evergreens over it. George waited patiently till she had left the cemetery, then went to the grave and read this inscription on the shaft:

Sacred to the memory of

HENRY MANLY,

who fell, nobly fighting for his country, at the battle of  
Chancellorsville, Va., May 3d, 1863.

Erected by the members of No. 7,  
Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

“He was faithful unto death.”

George Silvers walked out of the cemetery, picking the leaves from a white rose, that his wife had left on the grave. He was truly an object of pity. He would stop and mutter to himself, “Who beat? Who beat? I have her hand—but that poor dead soldier has her heart. Who beat?” And, kind reader, *we* ask the question, “*Who beat?*”



## BEER IS GOOD.

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A great many people are of the opinion, that Lager Beer is healthy, because its tendency is to make men fat. Beer never made any one fat. It's an India Rubber kind of mixture, that expands or busts any kind of a vessel that encloses it. All Beer casks are made of heavy oak, two inches thick, and yet they very often explode or the bung flies out, on most any occasion of rough handling. Yet, men will fill up with this explosive, to the amount of thirty or forty glasses per day, with the vain hope, that their hides can stand the same amount of pressure to the square inch that a hard oak cask can, when made double the thickness of any other tight barrel. Beer also has a tendency to *rot* any thing that comes in contact with it. This is why we have so many cases of *Typhoid Pneumonia*, or using a more common phrase, "Delirium Tremens." A man begins the habit of drinking beer by taking only a few glasses per day, for the first year. At the end of that period his hide has expanded a little from the great pressure of the explosive ingredients; but he is young and his hide is tough and green, and the amount is not quite sufficient to burst him, on account of the expanding qualities of a young hide. But in the course of time, the rotting process begins, when the hide is stretched to its utmost tension, and the drinker's abdomen stands out, inflated like a balloon, or a swollen parcel of dropseys. At this period it becomes necessary to empty into the vat, nothing short of a keg each day, to keep up the rotundity. Should circumstances occur that the drinker runs short of *collateral*, and has to shut off the supply through the

force of circumstances, a collapse invariably ensues, and the old red-rotten sides of the *vat*, that has stood the pressure for years, caves in, despite all the "crown bars," "stay bolts" or "hand hole plates," and it is only with the utmost skill, that the mass of stinking putrefaction that smells to Heaven, can be got into the coffin. One great difficulty has been overcome, by the adoption of air-tight metallic cases. Quite a number of beer drinkers have dropped dead in the "Star City" in the last few years with Typhoid Pneumonia, and have stunk so loud, that if it were not for the metallic cases, they could never have been got out of the gate. We have seen a great deal of weeping and wailing on such occasions, but have been given to understand that it was all for *appearance's sake*. No body-snatcher was ever known to have *Gall* enough to delve for a beer drinker's corporosity. We heard of an old man who deals largely in old iron in the "Star City," who went to a beer drinker's grave one night, who had been buried in the Potter's field. The old man wanted the iron that the case was composed of, as iron was bringing a good round price per pound. After digging for half a night the old man got out on the edge of the grave, and took a sharp-pointed bar and jabbed it down and struck the coffin in a tender spot and went through. The old man is not quite certain whether the bar shot up and took him under the nose or not, but "there was mounting in hot haste the steed," and that old clattering iron wagon came tearing down through Linnwood till all the people thought that "Braden's mules" had got hungry. It is very often the case that some "*tender foot*" whose hide has not been properly expanded to the proper tension, undertakes to get outside the amount of an old timer, and the usual consequence

is that they lean up against the nearest brick wall and *cast up their accounts*, and thereby lose a whole dollar's worth of *beer* in a couple of seconds. The world would hail with delight some kind of a patent, (elastic or otherwise) that could hold a beer drinker together after he had expanded to the utmost extension, and the rotting process had set in. We would like to hear of something in the next decade, at least, as we have quite a number of beer drinkers who will have to be hooped or bound together in some kind of shape, so that they will hold until after the Spring election.

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## ONE MORE SIGNER.

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We were talking temperance one night, in a small town about fifty miles west of LaFayette, just across the line in Illinois. The house was crowded full, and the audience had been paying good attention all the evening. During the meeting we noticed a broad-shouldered, stout looking man, on one of the front seats, holding a little one-armed child, about six years of age. He seemed very uneasy all the evening, and once when we were reciting a pathetic instance in a drunkard's life, his stout, manly frame, fairly trembled with emotion. After the meeting was over, we made his acquaintance, and inquired why he was so visibly affected while we were talking. He requested us to wait until the audience had passed out, and then he would tell us something. When the audience had all dispersed but ourselves, we found a good seat near the pulpit; he lifted

the child on his knee, and brushed the back of his broad hand across his eyes, dashing away a bright, glistening tear, that had been swimming in his eye all evening, like a drop of quick-silver. "I got into the habit of drinking during the war," he said, "but had resolved that if I lived to get home I would never touch another drop as long as I lived. Through the blessings of God I arrived home safe, after serving three years; but the love of strong drink was gnawing at my vitals, and there was no telling at what day or hour I was liable to become intoxicated, for it was altogether owing to whom I should meet in my daily avocations."

"One day I chanced to meet some old comrades, who had served in the same company with myself before Atlanta. We rehearsed old scenes and incidents in a saloon, till the bar-keeper saw there was a good round stake in store for him, if he only got us full enough to get in his work handsomely, for we had become pretty well warmed up already, and before the day was over, I became so intoxicated that I was perfectly crazed with drink, and oblivious of every thing save the wild, weird dreams, engendered by the cursed rum. Well, some kind friend got hold of me at last and assisted me home, or left me at the gate rather, and I managed to get inside some way, I never knew how. Mary had stepped into a neighbor's house for a few moments, and had left this little wee toddling baby, lying on the floor, playing with a whistle and trying to swallow her little chubby hand."

"I staggered into the house and stepped square on the baby's arm with my big heavy boot, breaking the arm and mashing the flesh clear from the bone. One piteous trembling wail went forth, that brought Mary into the

house with an ashen-hued face, made me a sober man for the rest of my days, with a never-ending aching void in my sinful heart; and that piteous child's cry will ring in my ears, till hushed in the voiceless grave. The little arm was amputated and our baby lived, thank God."

"Poor Mary never upbraids me. No need of that. I have never sat down in the house since that terrible day without taking up my little girl, and I keep her with me most of the time when I'm at work near the house. You almost broke my heart to-night while telling that story. I'm so glad Mary was not here."

"She feels sorry for me, I believe the angels in Heaven pity me, and I believe that God will forgive me, for he certainly knows all about this dead pain at my heart." We left the church together, and as we looked up to the beautiful stars, our hearts went out to God in answer to something, we don't know what. We had gone there to talk temperance, and had been taught anew in the faith. We signed another pledge that night under the *blue*. We were alone, but could almost hear the whisperings of another race of beings—children of the brain—who live in space. We stumbled near them that night. They called for signers. One went up, and 'twas HARRY BURTON.

## PEN PICTURES

*Of the Women Suffragists, Assembled in Convention in the City of LaFayette, in 1880. A Big Bundle of Sticks that can not be Broken. Salvation will Never be Free Till Women Vote. They all Wear Specks, But are not Weak-Eyed.*

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Whatever may be said regarding the cause, represented by the Women Suffragists, of one thing we are sure. They were a remarkable body of women, and second to no masculine conclave in point of intellectuality.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY,

We would term the Cardinal Richelieu of the party. She is a much older woman than we were prepared to see, all the way from sixteen up to sixty years of age. Her head is almost square; forehead broad and low, with just the least bit of a swag over the bump of veneration. She is an impressive speaker, and measures every word from John Bright, in England, to our John Brown, in Kansas. She is the kind of a woman if going home from meeting as they used to in "ye olden time" in a two-horse wagon, and the horses should start to runaway, she would do all the driving with the *haw* line, till the wagon would upset, or be anchored high and dry in a fence corner. She dresses very plain, and seems wedded to the noble cause she represents. We shall always have an exalted opinion of SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE,

The Chairman of the Executive Committee and Editor-in-chief of the "ballot-box," is the "Cassius" of the

conspirators. Not that she is notably "lean" and thinks too *much*, but she certainly is a profound thinker, with a face that would attract attention any where. Her hair is almost white, and done up in a comely fashion, *a la* Martha Washington, or our Grand-mother's style. She is a large woman, with a smooth face that will never look only just *so* old. When she speaks it is in a clear, argumentative style, that denotes forethought, and conveys the impression that she has studied her subject. An observer, taking an inventory from the Gallery, would be likely to pronounce her the "Noblest Roman of them all."

She would have been a priceless jewel for some sturdy old farmer, who is in the habit of going to town and forgetting every thing he was ordered to bring home, save his jug of whisky, with a corn-cob stopper. The association may well feel proud of Matilda Joslyn Gage.

SARAH ANDREWS SPENCER,

of Washington, D. C., is the Corresponding Secretary of the Association, and might properly be called the *Brutus* of the Capitol. She is a good talker, and interests an audience from the start. Her remarks were mainly on the social evil question, as it exists in Washington, and elsewhere in our large cities. She watches over the girls at Washington who are forced, through circumstances, to endure the society of our bald-headed law-givers with an eye that never sleeps, and an eternal vigilance that is the price of virtue, at the Capitol of the United States.

Thus far she has been a match for both houses, and claims that she was never beaten but once, and that was on the occasion of the junketing trip of the *Knight Templars*, from Indiana. She is one of the bravest.

women that lives, and handles her subject without gloves. We don't think she would have made the most congenial companion in the world for some bald-headed LaFayette man who is in the habit of attending the Lodge about six nights in the week. We believe if Washington City is ever saved from the old *Conks*, or meeting the fate of Sodom, it will be through the instrumentality of Sarah Andrews Spencer.

ELIZABETH L. SAXON,

Of New Orleans, one of the Vice-Presidents, is a fluent speaker and would make a reader of Shakespeare think of Marc Anthony, over the body of "Caesar." Her powers of eloquence are simply grand, and she is an orator in every thing that the word implies. Her head is shaped something like Miss Anthony's. She is a woman of fine form, dresses well, and is a true type of the Sunny South; a real flesh and blood woman, who is not afraid to talk with her hands—Call on the Gods—or beat her manly breast. Her price would be above "Rubies" to some bald-headed orphan, with "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." If we were delegated to select a speaker for the Fourth of July, one that could take wings with our proud bird in aerial flights, we would select Elizabeth L. Saxon.

LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE,

Of New York, is also a Vice-President. She possesses the never-failing sign of greatness. A large nose! She is what the world would call "good looking," and takes it for granted that everybody knows it. She reminds us of the original Goddess of Liberty—large as life—and twice as natural. Born to command—a stooping to conquer, gem of the ocean kind of a woman—brave to a

fault—would jump and pluck bright honor from Gabriel's horn, a regular out and out "Harry Percy," aspiring for the crown. She is a good talker, but did not get the opportunity that others did to show off her oratorical powers. In the good time coming when women vote, and when they can sit down and review the ensanguined field, and count the cost of the war, we think one of the largest debtors will be Lillie Devereux Blake.

MARY E. HAGGART,

Of Indianapolis, is the Stephen A. Douglas or "little giant," of the association. She is a short, stout-looking woman, with a pretty large head, chuck full of brains. She does her talking, then sits down and keeps very still, with her face resting in her hand. Thinking, thinking, always thinking. If we were asked who made the best speech at the convention, we don't know whether we would be competent to decide, but if we was to turn our back, shut our eyes, and guess, 'twould be Mary E. Haggart.

RACHEL G. FOSTER,

Of Philadelphia, is a tall, beautiful young woman, with a head like the "Apollo Belvidere," not large enough for intellect, but just the size for love. She did not speak but a few moments, but gave evidence of being a hard, determined worker, in the good cause.

ELIZABETH AVERY MERIWETHER,

Of Tennessee, is what the immortal Hughes would call a "rattler." She made a better speech than we thought possible, for any woman who has to keep in front of forty yards of gingham, that goes trailing and sneaking around her feet on the stage, without belying pin and halyards to take up the slack.

There was another good woman from some place, we don't know where, and couldn't find it. We know she was good, for she had the bump of Philoprogenitiveness very large, and seemed to be uneasy about little Benny all evening, and couldn't get him out of her mind for a moment. She was reassured time and again, that he'd get along all right, when she would brighten up, but would eventually drop back into a sad, far away look, that seemed to say, I feel uneasy about home. I'm afraid everything's not all right, something will surely happen.

MRS. HELEN M. GOUGAR,

Of LaFayette, Indiana, was Chairman of the Convention. No better selection could possibly have been made. She handled that conventional body with diplomatic tact and skill. Yet her rulings were as irrevocable as the edicts of the "Medes and Persians." We would be pleased to speak at length in regard to the ability of Mrs. Gougar, but should we tell our thousands of readers of her power and ability, we would certainly be accused of favoring our own city. Yet we will certainly be excused when we say with no disparagement to others, that she was the "bright particular star" of that Galaxy. It's nothing but *justice* to say, that women ought to vote, and we believe in God's good time they will vote. When the world gets sick of crime and debauchery, and among the many that will be clamoring for power and place, we know of no "dark horse," but among the most *available* for President, we should certainly name Mrs. Helen M. Gougar.

## THE SQUIRE'S VERDICT.

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A couple of years ago, while making a trip through old Carroll County, as correspondent of the "Courier," I stopped over night with an old boyhood friend, in Washington Township. My friend's name was Thomas Haskell, but he usually went by the name of Esq. H., for he had been elected and had served in that important capacity for ten years. He was universally known and respected in the community for his sterling principles of integrity, and that was the reason he had been re-elected so often to fill the position of Esquire. Friend or foe always paid due respect to Tom's decisions, for they respected him alike for his honesty and justice.

There were a few narrow, contracted, little, pettifogging whisky lawyers in the county that hated Tom worse than Satan hates Holy Water, for he was an avowed friend to the temperance cause; but this only served to raise him higher in the estimation of the respectable portion of the community. Late in the evening, after we had talked over our boyhood days of twenty years ago, and were about to retire for the evening, Tom requested me to stay over the next day with him, as he had a very important case on hand, and he would like to have my opinion at least, as it was a whisky case, and a change of venue had brought the case before him from another Justice. The case was this: A boy by the name of Charley James, who was only twenty years of age, had stolen a quart bottle of liquor from old Honeywell's saloon, in Camden. He was the only son of a widowed mother. His father had fallen with his face to the foe during the rebellion, while fighting manfully in the trenches before

Petersburg, Virginia. Young James was guilty of the offense named beyond a doubt, as he was arrested with the bottle of liquor in his hand. He had acquired the habit of drinking while his father was at the front, and those were palmy days for saloon-keepers, for they could sell to almost any minor with impunity and without a fear of being arrested, for they claimed to be good Union men almost to a man. The boy had been employed by Honeywell to do odd jobs around the saloon, and when his services were no longer required, he was turned away, but in his stay in the saloon he had a "picket rope" fastened around him, that nothing short of the consuming fires of Hell could sever. The boy in company with others had got on a spree and run short of money, when he was ordered out of course, but while the saloon-keeper's back was turned, he seized a quart bottle of liquor that had been filled for some country customer, and left standing on the counter. The trial came off next day with a goodly number present, to see the boy bound over to court, and taken to jail that night, for Honeywell had remarked in the morning, that he would like to see the man who would go that young thief's bail for stealing a bottle of liquor. After the evidence had all been taken, and one of those pettyfoggers had whang-doodled for a couple of hours over the enormity of the crime of stealing a bottle of whisky, Esq. Tom arose and gave the boy a good sound lecture, and told him to go home with his mother, and never enter a saloon again as long as he lived.

This was a surprise to every one present, but all the bullying and badgering of the whiskyites could not make brave, true hearted Tom, see it in any other light than the way he had given his decision. During the

trial a big lump got crosswise in our throats, and came near choking us, when the boy's mother stood there pleading, and offering to lay her life down as security for her darling boy who was on the road to the bad. Eternity alone can tell the height and depth of a mother's love.

After the crowd had all left for home, I stepped back into the office and found Tom seated at his desk, with his head resting in his hands, his elbows resting on the green baize cover. Tears had been dropping on a white sheet of paper between his elbows. We could not help it. We slapped him hard upon the back and said: May God bless you for this one day of Justiceship. Eternity will never unveil a purer court. Oh, Harry, Harry, he said, sit down! I'm as weak as a woman. And if you was a woman, we replied, we would go to battle before the sun set, with a DeBoullion, Ceur De Lion or Chevalier Bayard, for the privilege of kissing your hand.

Harry, sit down, he said, and I will tell you a short story. Just after you left this part of the country, I got into the habit of drinking, through associations. I never liked the cursed stuff, and yet the habit grew on me so that I would take prolonged sprees, sometimes of a month's duration, and would drink as long as I had a cent. On my last spree, I had been drinking near a month, and had squandered my last cent, and it 'twas difficult for me to get whisky at all times, unless some friend would get it for me, for saloon men will drop a fellow like a red-hot poker, if his money runs short. I had been drinking pretty freely one day, and had went home in the evening without one cent in my pocket to get another drink. All hope of reform had left my soul, and the one last lingering desire of my poor sinful heart,

was to just get one more big drink of whisky. I went home to my poor wife in this frame of mind. I dropped down on the floor like a dog, and lay there dreaming of endless enjoyment. I was drinking buckets full of cursed rum, till my soul seemed on fire, and I awoke with a burning thirst that would beggar Hell in description. I slipped out of the house, believing that I had only a short time to live, if I could not get rum. I went across town to where the saloon-keeper lived, called him up, and pleaded with him for just one drink. I offered to barter my soul if he would only go with me to the saloon. He answered me with a mocking laugh, telling me to go home and sleep soundly till morning, then if I could get ten cents he would let me have a drink, provided I would come in the back way. I started towards home a crazy man, a rum lunatic, ripe for Hell. On my road home I stopped in front of the saloon. I could not help looking in at the window, and there stood all those bottles, filled to the neck, within reach, only a glass between us, at the midnight hour. I would drink, if I sat in a prison cell forever. My head went through the glass in an instant. I grasped the first two bottles on the shelf and crawled backwards on to the porch, where I sat down as I thought, to take my last drink. I drank and drank from those bottles, till my brain was wild. I was bathing my heart in rum. I was a burglar. They were dragging me away to prison, disgraced forever, while my wife stood pleading for me. My friends found me on the saloon porch in the morning, my face all cut and bleeding, from the glass. The saloon-keeper had just come up to unlock for the morning. He was going to have me dragged to jail in ten minutes. Just then my poor wife came rushing up, her face as white as

snow. She raised her slender white hand and said: "You take him to a prison, and I'll have but one aim in life. Come, dear Tom, go with me, won't you?" I was almost sober enough to walk alone by this time, but Mary assisted me home and to bed, where I lay for a month, hovering between life and the grave. I have never drunk a drop since that hour. I was not prosecuted for the simple reason that the saloon-keeper stood in more fear of Mary than King Richard, of the shadows that foretold his death. He never forgave me, and if he could have locked us both up my case would have been hopeless. And as young James stood before me to-day, all of those bitter memories came surging back from the almost forgotten years, till I could have wept like a child. And when his mother wanted to stake her life for that boy, you could have knocked me down with a feather. I was thinking of Mary and the long ago. He raised his big right hand and brought it down on the desk and said: "By the immortal Gods and the sanctity of my office, I will never fine a man for stealing whisky, while this Government licenses saloons." Amen, old 'Squire Tom, you'll get there.



## OLD "53."

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*With Her Small Wheel, Makes it in Fifty-five Minutes.*

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When I first went to firing a locomotive, the Master Mechanic put me on old 53, a Smith and Jackson engine, and as good a piece of iron as ever run on rails. The engineer, whom I shall call Sam, was an old seven-year fireman, and the wildest runner upon the Wabash. He was a live engineer, very lank and lean, and the boys used to say he was as fat as a match, which was a good description. He was wedded to his profession, and was never happier than when going as fast as 53 could turn a wheel. Sam possessed more of the requisite article that makes good engineers than any man I ever saw—that is "sand," the engineer's term for grit. Sam had the sand, and he seemed to lead a charmed life. I often think of the many predictions of his brother engineers, in regard to his inevitable fate—of sometime going into the ditch, end over end, scalded to death, blowed up, cremated in the fire-box, or ground to mince meat, and many other predictions, which used to make my hair stand on end. In those days the Wabash had nothing but old "chair iron," the joints all battered and knocked down, which made an engine ride like an old lumber wagon on a cross road. The passenger engines' time being pretty fast, they would sometimes break a spring or a hanger; then the first freight engine due to go out would get the "varnished cars," and that was counted "fruit" for the freight firemen. I had been firing for Sam about six months, and noticed that every time the passenger engine broke down, and it was our turn to go out, Sam would receive

an order from the "lightning jerker" at LaFayette, to let some other engine run around, and for him to take the freight. Sam did not like this, but said nothing. One morning, just after an occurrence of this kind, and being more curious than wise, I approached the Master Mechanic and asked him why he never let old 53 try that passenger run. "Well," said he, "her wheel is too small to make that time." I walked off on my tip-toes, thinking the time must be pretty fast if they made much faster time than did Sam at times, with twenty-four loads. Sam came along presently, and I told him what the Master Mechanic said to me about 53. He said nothing at the time, but went off humming, "Mother, may I go out to swim?" I afterward learned to my sorrow that that song was as sure an omen of a fast run with Sam, as was Lady Macbeth's croaking raven the presager of death to Duncan, when he passed under her battlements. We run to Danville that night, and the next morning we received an order to bring up the passenger train, as 77 had broke a spring, and there being no other engine there, we had to come or lay out the train. The morning was most fearfully cold. "Sundogs" were out; the drivers screeching on the rails, so you could hear them a mile. I run the engine out to the main track, and Sam told me to get in a good, solid fire; he jumped down with the can, and commenced oiling around, touching the guides and arranging the feeders, taking special pains to open the oil holes. When he had oiled about half way around he commenced singing, "Mother, may I go out to swim?" I did not feel very well, but a man is never so brave as when he makes a virtue out of a necessity, and it would take a braver man than General Grant, to run more than

thirty miles an hour upon such a morning as that, over such iron and ties, as lay between Danville and LaFayette. We got the train forty minutes late! Mr. Carver, the conductor, hoped that we would not lose any more time, cast his eye back, and cried, "all aboard," snapped his watch shut, and Sam told him to tie himself on. Then he pulled the plug; I piled the diamonds into her as fast as I could shovel them, with a scoop that held a bushel. Near Marshfield tank, an old woman had fed her chickens on the track; she had chicken pot-pie for a week. Old 53 was going at the rate of a mile a minute. Sam never spoke to me but once—then he asked me if I thought the "wheel was large enough to make the time." I did not answer him, but was trying to banish the recollections of several little incidents of my past life, and I tried very hard to think that I had been the creature of adverse circumstances, more sinned against than sinning; but that was too thin; I could not become reconciled. I knew what was coming, for we had to go down the "summit," and we went!—the rods going around so fast that they looked straight. I went out to oil the valves, holding the can in my teeth, scaling the running-board, and holding on to the hand-rail with both hands. When I got back into the cab, I had all my fingers and my nose frost bitten.

When we got to Williamsport, the baggage master did not appear, when the conductor and brakeman came forward, opened the door, and found him in one end of the car, under a pile of trunks, bruised all over. The very first question he asked was, whether there were many killed in the wreck! Being set to rights, we reached LaFayette Junction in less time than it takes to tell it. The genial old host appeared upon the platform, with his

face shining in anticipation of some legal-tender. Sam jumped down, and said the wheel was all right. Mr. Carver said we had run it in fifty-five minutes! coming in on time, and making up forty minutes between Danville and LaFayette—the fastest time on record, up to that time, and I don't think it has ever been beaten, except a few times, and that was in the round-house!—seated by the big stove!

The Master Mechanic met us in the depot, and asked Sam how he made it; he replied that he could have made it a little quicker if old 53 had a little larger wheel. The old man said he guessed she would do very well as she was. He never run any more engines around us, and we always took our turn; but, knowing what I do, I never will take a ride with Sam again, if I happen to hear him sing, "Mother, may I go out to swim?" before starting, for translated, it means flying.



## What Sobered Him.

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When I had charge of LaFayette section, in '70, I hired a man one day in June, who was tramping; a thing very uncommon for me to do, for I always preferred employing men at "home and to the manor born." But it seemed as if there was something about him that I could not resist when he asked me for a job of work in almost pleading tones. He seemed like one of those "waifs" of the world we so often meet in life, who, like a tired child at evening, needs nothing so much as some soothing voice to lull them to rest. I hired him, and to my surprise he proved to be a first-class trackman. In fact there was nothing connected with the work but what he proved as capable as myself, although he always paid strict deference to my orders. I wrote his name in the time book, "Aleck Stephens," and 'twas not long before a strong attachment sprung up between us. We carried our dinners out on the road, and "Aleck" and I would usually find some nice shade tree and eat our meal by ourselves. One day, after doing justice to our lunch, the conversation turned on temperance, and I asked him whether he had ever been a drinker, for I had my suspicions that he had, from certain lines about his face. He started as if a pistol had been snapped in his ear. He hung down his head for a few moments, then raised his eyes to mine. They were full of tears. He said, "Yes, but I've been trying for years to forget it."

"Harry," said he, "you've been a friend to me, and I'll tell you a little story that I have tried hard, oh! so hard, to forget. But there is no 'leathe' for me but the grave. I, like you, am a section foreman by trade. It is useless to tell you how, but I acquired the habit of drinking,

as thousands do, thinking that there was no great harm in a social glass when with congenial companions. The habit grew on me 'till I was not satisfied without it. I've done *many* things in my life when under the influence of liquor that I have been heartily ashamed of when sober, but this one incident I am about to relate out-herods Herod. 'Twill cling to me while I live, and haunt me in eternity. 'The damned spot will not out.'

"I had charge of a section on the Atlantic & Great Western road, in Clark County, Ohio, near a small town called 'Enon.' There was a large distillery on the section, where the boys used to go and get their daily drinks. There was a man lived near the station by the name of Lennox. One morning in July he had a family quarrel of some kind, which would have been soon forgotten, no doubt, but for the demon rum. We happened to all meet at the distillery and drank pretty freely for an hour or more. Lennox got pretty full, and was still brooding over his family quarrel with his wife and daughters. I walked up the track and put on my 'hand-car' to go down the road towards Springfield. Just then we saw a gravel train coming tearing around the curve. We jerked the hand-car off the track, and then, looking back, I discovered Lennox standing square in the middle of the track, facing the engine, and holding up both hands. No power on earth could save him. He was torn to threads. Every joint between the rails for half a mile contained fragments of poor Lennox's body. His head and heart were intact. I procured a box, rolled up my sleeves and went to work, and in about one hour succeeded in picking up the pieces of what, but one hour previous, had been a man. I had the box taken to his house, then went to Springfield and procured a coffin at the comyany's

expense. When I got back with the coffin it was about 9 o'clock at night. I was tired and worn out, for I had been drinking all day. The coffin was taken into the house preparatory to put in the body, when the question arose as to who should perform the duty. There was quite a crowd present, and they all very peremptorily declined to touch it in any shape or manner. I was comparatively a stranger in the place, having been there but a short time. They all declared that I would have it to do, or it would not be done that night. I got angry at once, having done everything that had been done so far, and tired and weary with handling the body in fragments all forenoon.

“There was a furloughed Colonel in the crowd who had been boasting and talking ‘gore’ all day, till I had become utterly disgusted with him. He wore a tall, shiny ‘plug hat,’ which he carried a little to one side of his head, with one edge resting on the bump of caution. After they refused to assist me the Colonel mustered up courage to say that he would hold the light. In the meantime, to prepare myself for the task, I slipped out and got several huge drinks of whisky, came back, marched into the room and went to work to remove and place the pieces in the coffin. The Colonel, instead of coming into the room and holding the candle, stood behind a partition and reached his arm around into the room, giving me scarcely any light at all, and I the only occupant of the dark room. I had fished out about half of the pieces and had placed the head in the end of the coffin, when, in reaching down in the box, I got hold of the heart. As soon as I took it in my hand, I do not know what particular *demon* took possession of me, for the whisky I had just drank engendered a legion. All I can recollect

is giving a maniacal laugh, and thinking what a good joke 'twould be to take that cowardly Colonel alongside of the head with that heart. No quicker thought of than done. I took one step back and threw it at the Colonel's head, taking him square in the ear. The heart bounced from the Colonel's head and *lit in the wife's lap*. She arose with it *in her hands* and gave a scream that will ring in my ears forever. The Colonel dislocated his hip in falling over a chair. I rushed out of the house with my hands all covered with blood, hatless, sleeves rolled up, out in the darkness, with demons whistling, singing, laughing, and hallowing at me to stop. Just at daylight I found myself near Dayton, on the banks of the 'Still Water.' I washed my hands and bathed my burning brow. I had some money with me, with which I purchased a suit of clothes, and went to wandering, to try and forget that night. A garbled account of the matter appeared in the papers, but no one but myself knew the details of the horrible affair, as it was dark in the room. Mrs. Lennox was taken to the asylum in less than a week (a raving maniac), where she is to day, if living. I've been a sober man since that hour."



## RUM CURSED.

During the Summer I was in a city some fifty miles from LaFayette, talking temperance one night to a large audience assembled in the Opera House of the place. As I was leaving the house a large square-built man, about thirty years of age met me on the steps and said, "Burton, I want to have a talk with you." I intuitively felt he was a good subject, so took him by the arm and walked with him to the hotel. As we stood outside on the pavement that beautiful moonlight night, his eyes glistened with tears, and he clasped my hand and said, "Harry, I never wanted to be a man till to night, you are the only man who has ever touched my case. Just help me to start again, and I swear by those twinkling stars that are always mocking me for a misspent life, that from this *holy hour* I will be a man." I soon discovered that he was a well educated man, yet the traces of dissipation were visible in his weather-beaten face. "I have been a dissipated man since I was seventeen years old," he said. "I have traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and there is not water enough in the two oceans to wash out the everlasting shame and disgrace of my poor wrecked life. But that is not what is hurting me to-night, for this life is like *'dead sea ashes'* to my fevered and rum-cracked lips. My father is one of the wealthiest men in this city—you know him, he was at the meeting to-night. Well, right down there on the next street, my poor, faded darling wife, that I took from a pleasant home, has gone to bed hungry, with my three little bare-limbed children. My father puts no confidence in me—I don't blame him—but I would not have this city to

know my destitute condition to-night for the world. My father is a very proud man, yet I learned my drinking at home in the social glass. Harry, I was thinking of suicide to-night when some unforeseen spirit led me into the opera house; and, as God is my judge, I want to try and see if I *can* be a man. Not for myself—that's past—but for those darlings of mine in bed down there. They are tugging at my heart-strings to-night, and there is something in my throat that is choking me. I have but two friends to-night on earth; one is my poor, wronged, cheated and faded darling, and my mother.

Here I stand, a strong-armed, desperate man, ready to go to work to-night, and work at any thing, work till my fingers are worn out. I've made only two days this week; I could not get any more work to do; that was hard work shoveling coal, but I made \$2.50. That's what us four have had to live on for one week, and pay rent. What do you think my proud-spirited father would say if he knew my circumstances. Burton, if you get me a job of work somewhere out of the sight and smell of cursed rum, your *God* shall be my *God*, and I will venerate your name forever.

"I am a strong man yet, and only in my prime; but, Oh! I have drank and tasted this bitter cup to the very dregs. Is there hope for me? You said to-night that you could reform any man who had a desire to live a better life. Is this true?"

"Yes, yes," I replied, "*God* is able and willing to save even to the uttermost. He says, 'come unto me all ye weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

Oh! that hopeful, joyous look that shown out through those glistening, tear-dimmed eyes, as he stood clasping my hand that beautiful moonlight night, will live with

me forever. He started down the street with clinched hand raised toward the blue canopy of Heaven, and said, "*God helping me, I will be a man.*" I went up to my room and went to bed; but not to sleep. The drowsy god was far away. I got up and walked the room, and asked myself a thousand times, "Is there a being on earth who would dash the cup from that poor tired wanderer's lips as he is about to taste the waters of life that are flowing so pure and free from the everlasting fountain? Is there a wretch on earth who would meet that man out on the sandy desert of the plains of life—tired, hungry, dying for water, with the land of gold almost in view—who would dare to offer a glass of *cursed rum* to that lonely man—repentant, heart-sore—who is standing on the bare floor, looking down on all his earthly possessions, the loved forms of his abused and hungry wife and children, ready to begin life anew?" Oh! the wretch who would even tempt that man, could never be portrayed by the pen of Harry Burton.



## A WAR REMINISCENCE.

Charley Miller and I were schoolmates twenty years ago, in the old log school house at Wood's Cross-roads, in Ohio. We were "Damon and Pythias" in and out of school, and old Porter always gave us the same number across his knee. I often think of the plans we laid for the future, when we should become of age; how we would travel in foreign lands, and how anxious loving friends would be, writing long letters, telling us of the changes that were going on about home. We parted in youth, our parents removing to a distant State. We pledged eternal fidelity to each other at parting, and promised to join each other at the age of twenty-one.

Charley was handsome. He had a clear, blue eye, that always seemed to turn black when he got angry.

Ten long years had been added to the appointed time of our meeting, when we met, and another such meeting I never wish to have with a friend on earth! Our regiment belonged to the 9th corps, and our quarters were near the "Yellow House," in front of Petersburg. The "Johnnies" had been quite noisy for some time, and were having it pretty much their own way, when the morning of the 30th of July, at 3 o'clock, we were ordered to fall in, which we did with a will, while the "long roll" was sounding in many ears that would never hear it again. Our company—K, 13th Ohio, Paul V. Petard, Captain—was standing in line at "parade rest," when something went up, and we thought Petersburg had taken the course of Milton's "Satan through illimitable space." Several thousand sons of old Virginia's shore, were made a living sacrifice upon the altar of freedom. The negro

brigade made a charge through the blown-up fort, and ours the third following. When the negroes got through, the rebels were panic stricken, and threw down their arms to surrender. The negroes charged on them, raising the cry of "Fort Pillow! Fort Pillow!" Then there was a scene which beggars description. The rebels seized their arms and made a counter-charge on the negroes, driving them like chaff before the wind. Our brigade had got down into the aperture of the blown-up fort, when the negroes rushed over us, engulfing us as completely as were the hosts of Pharoah, in the Red Sea. Some were buried out of sight; others were fast in the debris, buried to the waist. The cries of the wounded and dying, the curses of the enraged "rebs" and howling of the negroes,—but worst of all, that never-ceasing, enfilading fire of shot and shell, poured in on us from the guns of the rallied "Johnnies"—formed a scene to which the hell in Watts' "World to Come," couldn't hold a candle. Flag after flag of truce was hoisted; they didn't want peace, but for the thirty-six of the longest eternity hours, while Old Sol, himself, seemed ministering to the occasion, and was standing still at the command of a modern Lee, instead of an ancient Joshua, while we were confined in that hole. One fat, old Brigadier, offered to commission any man who would bring him a drink of water. Dozens tried it, and never returned. A young man, with Lieutenant's straps on, started with a canteen and came back with his left arm gone. He waved his sword with his remaining arm, cheering the dying men, while his eyes took on the same old hue, as when angered in childhood. 'Twas Charley Miller, my boyhood chum, and the "boy was father to the man;" and when the prospect of death flits through

his mind, may he never contemplate a grave half so dismal as the Petersburg mine. I could compare it to nothing but the piece Charley used to speak on Friday afternoons, at Porter's school — Byron's Waterloo: "Rider, horse, friend, foe—in one red burial blent."

Charley was taken to City Point Hospital, a distance of nine miles, where he was "lopped" in good shape. The old 9th corps kept talking to the "Johnnies" for over six months, until the morning of the ever-memorable 3d of April, when Little Phil made a finish of the job, begun the morning of the 30th of July, eight months previous.

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## "PUPPY LOVE."

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Poets may invoke the muses, and chant in rhyme of raven black hair, piercing eyes and rosy cheeks; the Scottish bards may sing of "Helen Mar" and "Highland Mary;" our own writers may tell in glowing terms of our Nellies, Debbies, Pollies and Mollies; trousseaus, point lace and orange blossoms—but ours is an humbler goddess, a being without wings, eye-glass or trail, and may be distinguished by her neat, little white apron, as she presides over the coffee-pot, and is called the "hired girl." She used to twist her hair up in a knot on the back part of her head, and fasten it with a nice comb. Of a cold, frosty morning, to see her get breakfast, was good for the sore eyes; when she walked, she ran. She would have the old-fashioned ham standing on edge, cutting it down through the middle; and those slices of meat were sure to be the right thickness, and perfectly

level when placed in the long-handled skillet. Then she would jump around to the oven door, open it, jerk out a pan of browning coffee, stir it, push it back, and pull out the biscuit, break one up in the corner, to see if they were done on the bottom. Then the bright, old-fashioned coffee-pot, that had just began to boil out at the snoot, she would set it down carefully on the hearth, and settle it, by pouring some out in a cup, and then pouring it back—one smell of that coffee would cure a man if he were in the last stages of consumption. She would whirl around on one foot, pull out the table, spread the cloth, and then to hear the dishes rattling from the old-fashioned, three-cornered cupboard on to the table, was music such as Madame Anna Bishop or Christine Nilsson, could never learn to play.

One cold, frosty morning, I had been watching her get breakfast—I shall never forget it; she was making more than music with the dishes. I was standing in front of the old fire-place, with my arm resting on the mantle, my head bent forward, resting on my hand. I was busy thinking; she slipped up and pinched my ear and said, “a penny for your thoughts.” I turned around to speak—my boyish face red as a spanked baby—when she began to jingle the little breakfast bell, calling the “old folks” to breakfast; then she broke out into a roguish laugh that sent me out of doors flying, before the old folks entered. I was only eighteen and verdant. I was mortified, and vowed to be even with her. Folks called it “puppy love.” I grew to be a misanthrope; ran away from home, worked hard, and formed other associations. It was long years before I returned home to stay. She was married to a good, honest farmer. When I returned, I called to see her; three of the nicest, chubbiest

roly-polys of boys, were baking little cakes on top of the stove, while she was rolling out the dough for biscuits; she had on a nice little white apron, and did not look a day older than on that morning she sent me out with my heart throbbing with the wildest "puppy love" that ever affected human breast, but it was the love of my life, and if ever I do marry, it will be "the hired girl" with the little white apron.

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## 300 MEN WANTED

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*In LaFayette, to Work in the Temperance Cause. From Fifty Cents up to Three Dollars Per Day can be Saved by Skilled Workmen, who have Been in the Habit of Visiting Saloons.*

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THE PERQUISITES, IN CONNECTION WITH THE JOB, WILL BE GOOD GRUB, DECENT COMPANY, AND A CLEAN, BILED SHIRT, AT THE END OF EACH WEEK.

We wish to employ five hundred picked men and boys, for ten years, to stay outside of the saloons. Steady employment will be given to those who are found trusty. All workmen will be required to wear a badge while in the service, which will consist of a piece of Blue Ribbon, about two inches in length. For further particulars inquire at the "Herald" office, 108 Main Street, or at Blue Ribbon Hall on Sixth, near Main Street.

P. S.—No references will be required from former employers, and no questions asked, in regard to past conditions of servitude. All questions cheerfully answered free of charge by

HARRY BURTON.

## EUREKA.

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It has become quite popular of late years for men of wealth when shuffling off "this mortal coil" to found some kind of an asylum either for orphans, inebriates or abandoned women. Now we would suggest that the next millionaire who passes in his checks *found* a building large enough to corral all the whisky sellers in the United States, and dispense with all the rest. This suggestion would be worth millions yearly to the Government, if they would adopt it, and we will agree to not charge any royalty for the patent.

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## CONSISTENCY.

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Every nuisance in the city that tends to breed disease, should be abated. The Board of Health should look after this matter and report. It will not do to stand on ceremony. Let the alleys, the streets, the out-houses and the gutters, be kept clean. Too much care can not be exercised in this matter. All citizens can take a part in keeping the city clean. The ordinance relative to the depositing of filth, slops, &c., in alleys, should be rigidly enforced, and special instructions should be given the officers to arrest all parties violating the same.—

*Journal.*

Now, that is good advice, but like pop-gun shooting, the *wad* falls short of the mark. You may clean the streets and alleys of LaFayette till they resemble the courts of Heaven, but just as long as the breweries, still-house, saloons and doggeries, are allowed to pour

out a constant stream of licentious prompting—disease breeding, soul killing—wife beating—murder incentive, liquid hell fire, with the rankest compound of villainous stench that ever drove a dog from a tan-yard, just so long we may expect to have the *white horse* champing his bit at the starting pole, straddled by his old-time Jockey's *disease and death*.

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## TALKING FOR WHISKY.

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That sounds strange to the unsophisticated; but, nevertheless, there are a great number of "bummers" in all well regulated communities who make their drinks by talking. If we go into a saloon to take a glass of cider the bumper approaches us with outstretched hand, a genial smile on his physiogomy. He looks so glad to see us, and says: "Do you remember the last night we were together in Sam Frysby's saloon?" We can't exactly recollect the time; but he says it in such a mellow, old-fashioned, would-be-joyful sort of way that no Christian man could fail to recollect some time or place they had met. He says, "Well, that was the dogondest night ever I put over on terra firma." You ask him if he won't have something. Well, he don't care if he does, in memory of the old times at Frysby's. He fills his glass level full and drinks it. That's what he has been talking for. Another time you enter in a hurry. He is standing middle-ways of the counter, his elbows resting on it. He has been telling the bar-tender how they do over to Jake's saloon, and that that kind of business would "bust" any

body. You crowd up and call for a glass of cider. He turns as if to step out of the way; catches sight of you. With that same old smile, and outstretched hands, he greets you, and exclaims, "Well! well! well! The ghost of Hamlet's father." He would continue on, but you ask him to "take something;" and a man would not be human who could stand there and drink without asking him up, well knowing that's what he was talking for. And if the proprietor owns a "terrier," as is often the case, he is the special champion of that "dorg" at all times; takes him on his lap; strokes him gently on the back; then thumps him on the nose just hard enough to make him show his little teeth; then, just loud enough to be heard by the first customer who comes in, he'll bet a V that dog can get away with more rats than any two dogs in town. Of course you have to look at him. Then he sets him on the floor and is so tickled at the little "cuss." That means whisky, just as plain as the nose on your face. "Alas, poor Yorick!" We have carried him on our back a thousand times, but he grew too fat and got too heavy, so we put him down and let him walk. That young man who goes rushing along the street with some papers in his hand and pencil above his ear, stops in a saloon to take a light drink and have a cracker, takes a roll of bills so negligently from his left vest pocket, hardly looking to see whether it is a large or small one, and is not particular about the change; he tells the boys he don't care for money. I say he'll be "talking for whisky," or "petting the dog" before another Centennial, or never believe Harry Burton.

ALL FOR RUM.

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About 5 o'clock one evening, as we were standing at a gentleman's gate, on Tippecanoe street, talking, when a woman, perhaps sixty years of age, came staggering along the side-walk, gave us a punch in the back, and inquired in a drunken, disconnected manner, the way to a certain saloon. We gave her the desired information, and she staggered on down the street, taking up the whole side-walk as she passed along. We took a good look into that motherly-looking old face. "No drunkard can enter the Kingdom of Heaven." That woman is the mother of three stalwart, strong-armed men, who never get drunk. A motley crowd of street gamins followed the old woman, hallowing at the top of their depraved voices, that would never be manly. As we stood gazing at the old woman a familiar face of other years came up very close. We knew the face was out of sight forever; but we always loved that face. Yet we saw it then as clearly as the day it was hid from view—that most sorrowful day of all our life. Oh! mother, after the dead pain at our sinful hearts through all these years—after so long a time—to think that we almost felt glad that thou art in the grave.

We passed on down the street among the busy throng; but still that face. Into the club-room—the same sad, quiet motherly face—back home—alone on the deserted street—beneath the beautiful stars that mock us in our longings after the infinite—very near—but we can not reach out—must still endure—slavery of the soul—cursed rum—madness—delirium tremens—man not enough—

but the faces of our aged mothers—it's the law now—licensed by Christians. Columbus, Mayflower, Washington, Garrison, Lincoln—all gone at one fell swoop—labored in vain for cursed rum.

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## GOOD CREAM ALE.

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Any body who thinks beer is not good should have been with us last Monday morning early. We were watching a man watering the garden with it, out of his mouth. He couldn't regulate the thing sprinkler style. It came up by fits and starts, knocking down onion and potato tops. He clapped both hands to his head saying, "*My God,*" when up *his God* came, on top of a little woolly dog that was out trying to get a sniff of morning air. The dog looked like it had crawled out of a kettle of very soft soap. That beer smelt to heaven and stunk to hades; but it was good. We could tell by the way he panted and rolled his eyes, and sat down in a tub of dirty clothes put to soak, and cursed by his "mine Got in himmel." We asked him if it was good, and he called for a chew of Limberger cheese to get the taste out of his mouth. In the eternal fitness of things, we told him to soak his head in the slop bucket for a couple of hours at least.

Beer is good, you bet; for next Monday morning he'll spread compost on the garden again, in the shape of good, sour, larger, double-distilled over night, that would flip a bung high as a tree-top. If he does, we hope he'll never smile again.

## MINISTRY.

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*Ordination of a Minister for the Devil.*

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A board of elders (commonly called commissioners) set apart by the people to ordain and set apart for this particular ministry.

The candidate having been moved by the spirit (whisky), feels that he is called, and having the evidence within him, presents his claims, gives his experience, and being properly endorsed to what amount is necessary by one of his own persuasion, now demands his credentials (license). His morals are vouched for; his examination completed. The Elders consult, and, at last, with feelings of pleasure, ordain and set apart the candidate as a full-fledged minister of the devil, with power to deal death and damnation all around. He holds aloft to the gaze of the world his rum-sellers' license, showing he is fully set apart by the above ordination to regularly tempt men, change them into beasts, to stain the streets with their blood, to destroy happy homes, break loving and tender hearts, and to carry desolation and dismay into all our homes. But he is justified, for we have given him power to do all this, and when he is called before the Eternal Judge he will produce his authority as granted by the Board of Elders.

## MY HAUNTED HOUSE.

*Or, the Spirit of the Wine Cup.*

While I was firing engine 53 for Sam Q., on the west end, we used to pass a house every night, in which a light would be burning in the upper story. I had often noticed the light, but had given it no particular attention until a short time before leaving the road. Sam had never mentioned it, as he was always thinking about making the fastest time on the road, and if "Old Sol" had burst forth in all his glory at the "dead and witching" hour of midnight, I doubt if he would have taken his eyes off the "cross-head," playing back and forth between the "guides."

One night I called Sam's attention to it, remarking that there must be some kind of a spirit infesting that house, for the light was always burning in the upper story. Sam came over to my side, and took a look at it, then went back to gaze on his "cross-head," saying, "I guess not." Now, if a man wanted to make me *red hot* after I had told him something, in dead earnest, just let him repeat those three little words—"I guess not."

They sink deeper into my inmost soul, than any other words in the English language. I kept giving 53 extra doses of black diamonds from that on, until Sam said he *guessed* I'd got enough coal in that "fire-box," and to be revenged, I simply said—"I guess not."

The very next night, about 12 o'clock, as we were pounding twenty-five loads toward LaFayette, in passing the house the light was there, and seemed to be burning brighter than usual. It was up grade, and we were run-

ning very slow, and the "gauge" didn't only show 80 pounds of "wind," as I had given "old 53" an over dose of diamonds, and she hadn't time to work them off.

Sam had dropped the "reverse-lever" down in the LaFayette notch, and was feeding her a few grains of sand, to keep her heels from flying up, for when she did "slip," she never stopped till she had wound herself up. In working the "sand-lever," Sam happened to look toward the house, for we were nearly opposite, and his attention had probably been drawn towards it, by our remarks the evening previous. I was startled by Sam's remarking: "Look there! Look there!" By the powers of "Moll Kelly," there is a Spirit in that house, and it's alive; you can gamble on that!! I went over to Sam's side, gave one look, and beheld a sight I shall never forget. In the middle of the room, in the upper story of the house, was a man in his night clothes—club in hand—striking, as if for life, at some imaginary foe. About every third stroke he would jump from the floor to the ceiling, striking his head each time.

We could see the terrible expression on that man's face, jumping around there in that lonely room, in that country house, at the dead hour of midnight, with no one present—while he was fighting those demons of Hell, with his gleaming eyes starting from their sockets, in terror and despair. It sends a chill over me to this hour. Sam went back to his "cross-head" and I didn't hear a word out of him, till we pulled into LaFayette yard. I left the road a short time after this occurrence, but happened to be passing the same house a couple of years afterwards, and stopped to take a look at it, as the memory of that scene came to my mind.

An old farmer was passing, and I asked him who

owned that farm. He said some lawyers in the city owned it now, or were holding it in *trust*. But who lived there a couple of years ago? I used to call that my "haunted house," when I run on the road. Oh, I know who you mean, now. George Reyburn lived there then, and owned the place. Poor George died with the "delirium tremens."

His daughter Eva, lives over to the next neighbor's, and works for her board and clothes.

She's a mighty pert girl, too, and folks used to think she'd be rich, but George got to drinking so hard, the *Court* had to tend to his business. While we were standing there talking a tow-headed "Hollander" came out of the house, smoking a pipe, and carrying a pail of swill to some fat, lazy porkers, that were grunting assent just outside the fence.

"The Court has put him here to tend to things, and keep up the place." Ten to one, he'll do it, I replied, and own the farm before two years. This is a true story, with the exception of names. The Spirit that inhabited the upper story of "my haunted house" was the Spirit of *Cursed Rum!*

He is sitting on the ridge-pole of every house in this land; as the black-hued raven perched over the chamber door of "Edgar Allen Poe," croaking the eternal doom of "Never More." Although his hands are washed in the "holy water" of orphans' and widows' tears, and dyed in the blood of the toiling sons of men, he is welcomed, according to *Law*. He comes to the "festal board" wreathed in Beauty's smiles, with the cabalistic Shibboleth of *Welcome! Welcome! Thrice Welcome!! Great is Law.*

## THE BAR-ROOM VERDICT.

A promiscuous crowd of gentlemen and loafers were seated in the bar-room of Smith's Hotel, in Attica, busily engaged in discussing the temperance question. They had about conned over all the stereotyped phrases of the day in regard to it.

One said that as long as it was made it would be drank.

Another that he could either drink it or let it alone.

And another that whisky was a good thing in its place, &c.

One self-important individual stepped up to the bar to take a light drink, as he called it, prefacing the action with the remark that whisky didn't hurt any body who didn't drink it. The words were scarcely uttered when a stout, burly-looking man, who had been an attentive listener all evening, arose to his feet and said:

"That's a lie!"

All eyes were turned on the speaker, for, in saloon parlance, they expected a muss. The burly man paid no attention to the warlike demonstrations of the man he had given the lie; but waved his hand as if to command attention, and said:

"Listen. Twenty years ago, when the packets were running on the 'ditch' that skirts the town, my father moved from a distant State and settled in a village on the canal, forty miles east of Attica. He was a hard-working, honest mechanic, a devout member of the Baptist Church, and had never drank a drop of liquor in his life.

"Those were the halcyon days that my friend with the glass likes to talk about, 'when whisky was pure' (?). All

the difference between then and now is—then whisky ruled the hour; now it rules the day.

“My father being a temperance man, a thing very unusual in the good old days of ‘pure whisky,’ became the object of hatred to all the saloon men and whiskyites in the town. The more especially for his being instrumental in saving several misguided men from drunkards’ graves.

“When Spring election day came round, it was the grand gala day of the year for drinking, showing horses, gouging out eyes, gnawing ears, and biting off noses. The day ended in the glory of the ‘victors’ being taken home by the best knockers in that ‘neck of woods.’

“About 4 o’clock on that memorable day for me, when the sport was about over, that is, when the fighting was over, and several poor fellows were hanging around with gouged eyes, scratched faces, and bloody noses, regretting, perhaps, that they had come to Oshkosh, the saloon-keeper, wishing to have the sport continue as long as possible, suggested that it would be a good time for the ‘boys’ to ‘tune up the old Baptist.’

“Glorious thought! ‘Bully boy with a glass eye!’ was chimed by the drunken brutes. There was an old bruiser in the crowd who had four ‘noble sons,’ who the old man liked to tell about when warmed up by pure old juice. ‘They had never taken the lie from any man who wore hair on his breast;’ was his proud boast. They called my father out of his shop, which stood close to the lock, pretending to show him some work to be done. He had just got as far as the balance-beams of the lock when he was attacked by them. My father, being a stout man, and no coward, grasped the old man by the collar and shoved him across the beam, when the sons tripped my

father, and his leg slipped into a muskrat hole. He fell backwards, breaking his leg at the ankle, with the bone protruding through his flesh. While lying in that condition the old man and his sons got in their work kicking my father, until coaxed to desist by the saloon-keeper, who said he guessed that would be enough for him for that time! I was standing in the crowd, a little bare-footed boy, crying for my father, my feet trampled and bleeding, by those demons of 'pure' whisky.

"My father's leg was set wrong by a drunken doctor. He lay on his back for nearly two years, has hobbled all his life, and will go to his grave a crippled, morose, unforgiving man. I was the oldest son and only support of a worse than widowed mother and six small children.

"The gentle red men who murdered Custer are angels when compared with the saloon-keeper and his victims. That man, gentlemen, who was on the point of taking a 'light drink,' is one of the sons who crippled my father. That man just made the remark that whisky never hurt any body who didn't drink it. You all heard me give the lie. Was it right?"

"Yes, yes," was echoed all round the room in thunder tones, and will be echoed to eternity.

He pushed through the crowd that had gathered around him to find the subject of his remarks. He was gone! His glass of whisky was standing on the counter untouched. He pushed on through the crowd to the door, muttering:

"There is not on earth a lonesome glen  
So secret but we meet again"

## THE SEWING MACHINE FIEND.

“Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.”

We had come in off the engine after an all-night's hard run on the road, and piled down on the bed to take a little of “tired nature's sweet restorer.” The drowsy god was taking flights, and would not be wooed. We had rolled over time and again—counted a hundred—then fifty—and had commenced on ten, when we heard a rap at the front door. Mrs. B. was mixing biscuit for dinner, and came through the room with her sleeves rolled up, rolling-pin in hand. She glanced toward the bed, as she passed, and I was playing sleep, with the blanket pulled over my head. Jack (the terrier) was on hand as usual, and soon as the door was opened he gave a yelp and bounced out. Thinks I, a peddler, sure. I heard a scream which resembled a locomotive whistle toned down with a block in it. Jack was called off, when a lady stepped into the room, saying she was a sewing machine agent! If I had only known it in time, she'd never have come under our “battlements” with Mrs. B. standing in the door, with as good a rolling-pin in her hand as ever flattened pie-crust. I found a hole in the blanket, where I could peep out, or take in atmosphere, as the exigency of the case required. To have the *fidgets* when you want to go to sleep is bad enough, but to have a sewing machine agent come in and sneer at you for being so poor that you couldn't buy a machine, and even hint at your ancestors who came over in the “Mayflower,” is satanic sweetness boiled down. How we did long to see that rolling-pin waive—any thing for a change. We

even hoped it might light on our "cranium," and depress the bump of veneration, which is so prominent. But no; even that secret wish proved an aching void. Mrs. B. had become interested, and was resting her chin on the end of the rolling-pin. The agent asked how we ever *did* get along without a machine? How many children we had? Whether I had steady work? What my occupation was, and whether I worked when I could? Whether I didn't spend the price of a machine every six months foolishly?

She would like to see herself stitching the ends of her fingers off, with a great, lazy lout of a man wallowing on the bed in the day time. She said I could borrow the first payment of \$40; then pay \$5 per month, till it was paid out. We could even afford to *skimp* ourselves for a year for the privilege of securing a machine.

That settled it; the weather was getting too warm under that blanket. We sat straight up in bed, feeling like we had an attack of the nightmare. In less than one hour by the *ticker* a machine was clicking under our nose on the skirt of a "polonaise," cut *bias*, while the agent sat there interesting Mrs. B. about the "*bobbin*," and that wad of dough, laying on the kitchen table untouched. We shut our eyes and tried to think of all the friends we had, old and new; but couldn't see \$40. Oh for a cyclone—a volcanic eruption—a little crush of worlds—any thing to start her. If she'd even have taken the form of Lot's wife, so we could lick her. But no; nothing of the kind was ever known to come as a relief to outraged, heart-sore, suffering humanity. There she sat, tucking, frilling, snipping, goring, cutting bias on that everlasting, dod blasted, bobbin polonaise, 'till we got so hot, we just sent that old blanket to the ceil-

ing with one foot, and touched the floor so quick with the other, she left, promising to call next day, and see how it worked, and get \$40.

P. S.—Why couldn't we fall heir to a small fortune as well as other fellows? We have a veritable ginger cake on the *calf* of our leg, which is just as good as a strawberry mark on the right arm any day. Such another set of uncles, and cousins, and aunts as we've got would beat the oldest bald-headed orphan that lives!

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## MY TOUCH ME NOT.

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I used to be acquainted with a sturdy, old farmer, named "Sol Wise." He was wealthy and uneducated in book learning, and report said he was a reformed drunkard. I stopped at his house one night, and in the course of the evening's conversation, I made bold to ask him if such was the truth. He replied that it was, and said, "young man, I well recollect my last spree. I had been drinking very hard for about three months, and had squandered every cent I possessed in the world.

"I used to get my drinks of a saloonist who had a wife that was a regular old "singe cat," and as the saying is, "the gray mare always proved to be the better horse." One day after having spent all my money, and being a little drunker than usual, I went into the saloon and thought I'd try and beg a drink, for my hair was pulling terrible. When I went into the saloon, there was no one at the bar—they were in another room at dinner. I looked round for a moment, then seized one of the

bottles of liquor from across the counter, and ran away with it. I had got about half way home with my prize, when, in passing through an alley, who should I meet but Mary, my wife. She was looking for me as she always did when I was bad. Mary discovered the bottle I had stolen, and was persuading me to take it back, when, who should come up but the old "singe cat," the saloon-keeper's wife. She did not like Mary, for she knew that she had often tried to prevent me from going to the saloon. She thought now was her time to have vengeance on poor Mary.

"She flew at her, and fastened her fat, bloated hands in Mary's shining, curly hair, and jerked it out by the handful, while I stood there a helpless, speechless, drunken *sot*. She quit when tired out, and her vile passion had spent its fury. Mary and I got home—how, I never could tell; but I was sitting in a chair looking bewildered into poor Mary's face, and holding her curls in my hand. But I tell you, young man, 'Sol Wise' was perfectly sober for *once*, and always has been since that hour." I rolled up one of the curls of hair in a piece of paper, and put it in my old leather pocket book, where it has been since that day. But, uncle Sol, don't you ever want a drink, when you are where it is?

"No, no," he replied, with flashing eyes; "if I did, all I would have to do would be to open this old pocket-book and look at that curl of Mary's hair. I call it my '*Touch Me Not.*'"

## SAM Q'S "TIME ORDER."



*Coming in on "No. 8."--Old Dan's "Dog House."--A Run  
From Danville to Attica.*



About three years ago, when business was so brisk on the Wabash, I was firing old 53, for Sam Q. And she was conceded to be a little the smartest engine on the road. All the engineers generally gave Sam a pretty wide berth at passing points, getting clear in out of the road, without the variations. The old 53 was often known to thunder along with her twenty-five loads at a little less than a mile per minute. Or, as Sam used to remark, about a hard pulling train: "Well, warm h—l out of em." There was one run on the road that the men all hated, because the time was eight hours from Danville to LaFayette. It was No. 8, and we had to "kill time" all over the road when we got that run. One evening Sam came into the round-house at Danville, and spoke to me, while I was on the running-board, saying, "we've got that d—d No. 8 to-night, again, and old Dan T. for conductor, and if that isn't a nice 'lay out' I don't want a cent." Old Dan T., as the boys called him, was an old conductor off the New York Central, and a good one, too, but a little too Methodical for Sam. They didn't like to run together for Sam had shook that 'dog house' of old Dan's up a time or two, till Dan had put all the "red lights" out, swearing, for he could beat any man swearing that ever swung a lamp. We received orders to run to LaFayette "light;" that is, with nothing but Dan's caboose. We hooked on, and run to the Line, when Sam couldn't stand it any longer. He went into the tel-

egraph office, and asked LaFayette for a time order, that is, to come in ahead of time, but LaFayette said no. Dan felt thankful and we run over to Marshfield to lay for time. When we got there, Sam piled down, and said he was going to have a sleep. We had laid about an hour, and Dan had been to the engine a time or two with his lamp, looking very wistful at Sam, laying there, "sawing gourds," and dreaming, perhaps, of shaking up Dan's "dog house." I waked him up and said it was about time to go. He looked at his watch and muttered a curse about being waked up, and said he would stay there an hour longer, and then make Attica for No. 9. I knew he was joking, but did not like the way he spoke to me, mentally resolving not to wake him again until Gabriel blew his last horn, so we both piled down on the seats, and being worn out, we were asleep in a moment. I awoke with a start for I knew we had overslept ourselves. I jerked open the fire door and looked in; 'twas all out except a little in one corner of the "fire-box." I put on the "blower" and threw in some diamonds. Sam awoke, jerked out his watch, looked at it by the "gauge lamp," and swore we had only fifteen minutes to go to Attica, against No. 9, a distance of fourteen miles. Dan said we couldn't make it; Sam swore he would if the wheels staid under the engine. He opened the throttle valve, and away we sped. The steam was pretty low but if we could make the top of the summit, we were all right, for then we had nine miles of down grade. We made it, and started down the summit, and of all the running I ever saw down hill with sixty pounds, I saw that night. Old Dan's dog house looked like it was turning somersaults, and Dan was bounced from one side of the caboose to the other, sometimes on his feet, then

on his knees, and he was cursing and calling on all the Gods, Heathen and Divine, to bust him wide open, if he'd ever run with Sam again. I have often, when thinking of the past, imagined I saw Sam as he stood that night, with his left hand on the throttle lever, and in his right holding his open watch, counting the seconds as we neared the "stone cut" on Attica curve, with old 53 dancing along at the rate of a mile per minute, and expecting every second to see No. 9's "headlight" loom up like a little world. Oh! 'twas a terrible moment, and one I never wish to see again. I shook as if I had a chill or the ague. We rounded the curve and entered the long bridge at Attica, and at the other end there stood the "brakeman" at the "switch target" waiting to let out No. 9. We came in on the last second of the variations. Sam smiled, but I thought it looked pretty sickly, by the flickering rays of the gauge lamp, as he looked at his watch and "time card." Sam wouldn't have cared if he had not asked for that time order at State Line, but to ask for a time order to run ahead, and then not make your meeting point, would look bad, especially when coming in "light." The hair being a little thin on the top of my head, Sam told the boys next morning in the round-house, that I lost it coming around "Attica Curve." I vowed never to forgive him, but when I saw old Dan a few hours later, I had to laugh in spite of myself. He was black and blue from head to foot. And I think if a man wanted a good sized head put on him, the best way to get it would be to ask old Dan T., how he liked to ride on Sam Q's Time Order.

## CAN'T ENFORCE IT.

About the only argument the red liquor men have against prohibition is, *you can't enforce* "it." That is as much as to say, that they would defy the General Government, just as they have been defying our abortion of an Indiana license law. Yet they are all "honorable men" and have a certificate of good moral character. That kind of *beer bilge* itself is enough to brand them with eternal infamy and traitors to the Government. Men who repeatedly and openly violate the laws of our country "day in and day out," there is no place good enough for them but behind the prison bars, and this would be in keeping with the spirit of the "Murphy pledge," and it would be much better for this community if the major portion of our plethoric beer expanded saloonatics, were snugly housed behind the prison bars, instead of *whisky bars*.



Augustus Adolphus Eugene Harcourt,  
of LaFayette, Tippecanoe  
County, Indiana.

F. F. V.

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We noticed a young man one day last week who was arrayed in faultless costume and patent leather boots of the latest style. He was twirling a delicate, slender, little cane with such consummate skill that it seemed a part of him. He lifted his hat to some half a dozen ladies as they passed. It was with the perfection of grace—the latest *a la mode*. His fine modulated voice, toned down for the conventional salutation, and the ring of his laughter conveyed the impression to even a casual observer that he belonged to “*one of our first families*.” He is called a gentleman, and is the frequenter of a very select circle. To his side crowd the fairest of LaFayette’s mothers and daughters, with anxious heart whisperings that he is a splendid catch. Well, the other evening that fashionable young gentleman passed out of the door of a very fashionable saloon, in a fashionable quarter of the city. His face was flushed, eyes bleared, tongue thick, and he undoubtedly was trying to carry a pretty good load of the “rosy.” A friend of ours remarked “What a pity; he don’ know where he is going to.” But he did know all the same, for he made a bee line for one of the most fashionable “disreputables” in the city. In the course of a couple of hours he came out, not secretly, as if the *liason* had been committed, in fear and trembling.

No, sir; but he was holding forth to a boon companion in a loud tone of voice, over a saloon counter, telling him between the clinking of the glasses, of his “respectable”

adventure down at ——, in the unnoticed and uncared for presence of a room full, as if to say, "Who's afraid."

Society sees and knows these things, and the world knows them, and winks at them, as much as to say, "boys will be boys." But if a girl makes one false step, though tempted and tried; from the moment she puts on her first long dress, and tempted by men of money, who make seduction a profession—adepts in the "black art;" but one false step, and she can bid adieu to hope, and steer for the portals of the damned. Ministers of the Gospel may preach in thunder tones, and pronounce *anathemas* loud and deep on sin and crime, but so long as society welcomes to her homes such *men* as we have described, and this Government licenses saloons, just so long we may expect to sit and inhale the death damps of the *mists* and listen to the roar of the *breakers*.

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## BOYS WILL BE BOYS.

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*Yet Have Been Known to Ape the Manners of Men.*

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One evening last week a crowd of boys were congregated on Seventeenth street, and after playing harmoniously for some time one of the number, feeling a little patriotic, proposed that they play *party*. The boys quickly separated and joined their respective parties (Democrat and Republican), and after cheering and hurrahing for their leaders about half an hour, it was discovered that they were unequally divided, as one had eleven and the other twelve in number. The boys soon

got to quarreling about the merits of their respective parties, and the whole thing was about to end in a general fight, when a little chunky Dutch boy was discovered at some distance playing alongside of a pile of brick. Both parties, hoping to swell their numbers, marched up to the boy, when one of them asked, "What are you doing here, Jakey?" The boy replied, "Why, me build a house." Another boy said, "Come, Jakey, and join our party; there is one too many on the other side; we want to be even." Another spoke up patronizingly, and said: "I tell you that's a nice house, Jakey; what are you going to put in it?" "Why, me start a saloon, sell beer, and make money." The boys stood around and regarded Jakey for a few moments, when the leader of the weaker party said: "Now, look here, Jakey, I tell you what we'll do. If you come and join our party we will patronize your saloon, and when we elect officers again we will make you *Captain*. Strange that men never adopt that kind of policy.

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## NO MISTAKE.

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If temperance is a good thing why not inculcate the principles in both parties. Shame on two great parties of the proudest nation on earth, that dare not do what they both claim to be right. We don't claim to be a prophet, or the son of a prophet; but we make the prediction that the party that avails itself of the opportunity to lay hold on this temperance question, will be the party of the coming time. The political huckster who tells

you that the temperance cause will succeed without bringing the issue before the intelligent voters of this land, is certainly a *knave* or a *fool*. Give our noble women the ballot and the question would be settled the first issue, and yet our glorious *parties* are afraid to do *that*, and made the *Constitution lie* to avoid the issue.

“Taxation without representation.” How eloquently some “lager beer” statesman can plead for the poor enslaved negro, or John Chinaman, and yet they can bear to see poor abused womanhood treading under a weary load from “sunny morn ’till dewy eve.” This is the true sphere of woman, is it? To go out into the midnight darkness of the soul with a brute of a drunken husband, a libertine and a loathsome fraud. What a fine text on womanly forbearance and virtue is shown in the drunkard’s wife, and preached all over this boasted land of freedom. How it soothes the hungry cravings, and dries up the scalding tears. Give us more of the same kind of taffy, but withhold the antidote. There is not one man in a thousand, if he was a drunkard’s wife, but what would run away with the first man that came along, be he black or white.



## THE LAFAYETTE BOY.

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The LaFayette boy has been called a—lout—bat—hard case—dirty stinker—and almost every other pet name in the Anglo-Saxon vernacular. We say he's a cherub—yes, a *daisy*. The night we went down to the Square to hear the bald-headed man speak, who is always trying to pick a quarrel with *God Almighty*, for making the World first; there was a right smart chance of people present—and a couple of young ladies—or silly girls—don't know which—wanted to see—hundreds of people behind them couldn't see the bald-headed man—at all—at all—men hallowed—get down—down in front—Women said it was a shame—a shame—Girls didn't hear—deaf as a deep-sea oyster—just then one of the Daisies warbled, *aint't she purty*—which one, said the cherub? Why—that—one—a *standing up on that chair with the pug nose and banged hair*—well, those two girls sat down so quick—and so hard—that those little curly beau-catchers straightened out like a wet fish line. “Come to my arms, my dearest boy”—with all thy faults we love thee still. No *man* could have done half so well.



## A CLEAR CASE.

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My favorite boyhood chum was "George Green." He being the eldest of a large family of children, and his father a cripple, left him the sole support of a worse than widowed mother and family.

George Green was a good-natured, hard-working boy, but very proud. Many a time I've seen his face redden, when some thoughtless companion would allude to his scanty wardrobe. There was a wealthy family, consisting of the parents and two daughters, by the name of May, who lived on the adjoining farm to Green's. The May girls were named respectively Jane and Sarah, and were counted the "elite" and "ton" of all social gatherings in the neighborhood. Love was a feeble expression for the feeling that George Green cherished for Jane May. Like "Claude Melnotte," he worshiped from afar. There was an "apple cutting" in the neighborhood one evening, in the Fall of '56. The young folks were gathered in from miles around. After the apples were finished, playing commenced, which consisted of "marching down toward Quebec," "killing the British," "marrying off," and singing about your own "true love so early in the morning."

Some imp of darkness, ordered George Green to weave three yards of carpet, to pay his pawn, which consisted in sitting on the floor, and bumping up and down, throwing a stick under him between bumps, for an imaginary shuttle. Jane May held George's coat, while he was weaving, and when he got up from the floor he found her laughing heartily, while showing one of the patches on his coat, to some of the girls. That was the straw

that broke the camel's back. He came to that house a boy in feeling, and went away a Napoleon in purpose.

Twenty years, with all the changes, had come and gone. A year ago we visited the scenes of our youth. Our first inquiries were of George Green. He was living in the neighborhood—very wealthy—and was what the world calls an “old bach.” People said I would find him stern and proud. He lived alone on one of his farms, in a fine brick mansion. We called on him. He met us at the gate and we marched into the house, hand in hand. He was the same good-hearted George Green, that we had known in boyhood. “George!” said I: “You are very wealthy, and an ‘old bach.’ How did it all come about?” He made no reply, but went to an old-fashioned chest in the room, and brought forth to my astonished gaze the identical coat he had worn that night of the “apple cutting.”

“That’s how it all came about” he said, with a choking sensation in his throat. “The world scorned me when I was poor, now they hate me because I am rich.” “But, what of Jane,” we asked? “Why, she married a rich man, of course, and he died some two years ago, leaving her penniless. Oh, how I have longed to offer her a home and all the riches I possess in the world.” “Go and propose this very day,” I said. I called in the evening, and found him looking dejected. “Too late,” he said; “she has promised to marry a common laborer on a farm.”

“Is he a good respectable man?” “Why yes,” he replied; “but he’s so *miserably poor!*” I tried to let him down as gently as I could, and told him ’twas a pretty *clear case*. “Of what?” he replied. “Why,” I replied, “of *human nature.*” “No,” he said bitterly, “it is *Woman’s nature.*”

## A VETERAN ENGINEER

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Andy Dodge has run an engine in and out of LaFayette, for twenty years, and is the veteran engineer of the Wabash road, and yet there are persons who have lived for years within one square of the depot, who do not know old Andy, as he is familiarly called by the firemen.

Andy has run the night passenger run from LaFayette to Danville for the past eleven years, and has yet to meet with his first accident. He run a construction engine with the same success. He is at present on the "lightning" run, and that run was the beginning of my sorrow, for I was firing for Andy when it was first put upon the road. I shall never forget that trip. Every body connected with the road was anxious to know how it would do—whether the time could be made.

I cleaned old 77 that day as she was never cleaned before, while Andy was down in the pit with a lighted torch and hammer, looking her over. When he jumped out of the pit, a smile was plainly visible on his face, and he asked me for a chew of tobacco. Then I knew we were coming out all right. You may smile at such an assertion, but why is it that thousands of years ago, the flight of a bird or the hooting of an owl would exalt a nation to the pinnacle of fame, or send it down to dusty death.

But enough of that. Andy run 77 out on the main track, and we sat on the "ragged edge," watching and counting the seconds, until the headlight loomed up over the hill. We got the train seventeen minutes late, backed up, coupled on, and started for LaFayette, with only one stop to make. When we passed through

State Line we were going a mile a minute. The red lights and switch targets staring us in the face, and dancing around with the motion of the engine, made me think of "Home, sweet home." Andy picked up his card and looked at his watch—we had lost two minutes! He spit out that tobacco, locked his time card and watch in the box, and opened that throttle valve one inch, and he did not look at them again until he had blown the whistle for LaFayette Junction—just eight minutes late! As near as I can remember, I had been knocked down twenty-four times, and skated from the fire-door to the back end of the tank, every time she got a diamond.

When we reached the depot some rooster wearing a plug hat and eye-glass, got off, and remarked that we had been losing time. If it was not against the rules I would like to have asked that "fellah" a few——

Andy never failed to make the run when he got the train any ways near on time. I wanted to resign and rent a small farm, and to get my hand in I bought a spade and turned up a patch in the back end of the lot, and set it out in beets, but the crop failed, and I have quit trying to make two blades of grass spring up where only one grew before.

Each evening Andy may be seen running down through the yard from the round-house, preparing to start on his perilous ride. He never boasts of his work, he means business. We have often asked ourselves: why don't he quit—he has plenty of money; he need never run another day; he has taken care of his salary. 'Tis because he loves his engine; he loves her for the dangers she has passed through. Other men may boast of titles, rank and wealth—Andy has his engine. They may sit around joyous hearths of pleasant homes—he is on his darling

engine, flying with the wind. They may even tell of their lady loves, and it sounds like mockery, when compared to the unimpassioned love and admiration he bears for his glorious engine—she has carried him safe for twenty years, and he has never left her long enough to go to the home of his childhood.

Some may say he is only an engineer—just take a ride with him some dark and stormy night on his engine, and see what it takes to make an engineer; he has weathered all the changes of officials since the road was built, and he is the same old Andy of twenty years ago. That he may always see a white light swung overhead, assuring that all is clear as he speeds onward to the end of his trip, is the sincere wish of

HARRY BURTON.

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(From the Courier.)

## DEATH IN THE PIT.

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*Engineer Andrew Dodge, Killed Last Night. -- He is Caught Under His Engine and His Neck Broken.-- Nearly \$25,000 Found Upon His Person.--Particulars of the Accident.*

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One of the saddest accidents which we have been called upon to chronicle for a long time, occurred last evening at about 8 o'clock at the Wabash depot in this city, resulting in the death of Andrew Dodge, one of the oldest and most faithful engineers of the Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific Railway.

He has been in the employ of the railway for twenty-three years, and during that time has always proved himself a faithful, efficient and honorable servant. A num-

ber of years ago Harry Burton, the talented author and journalist, who was at that time circulating a series of short stories and sketches to the *Sunday Leader*, wrote an article upon Andrew Dodge and his peculiarities. We reprint it in full on the first page to-day. It will be found to be well worth perusal, and the reference to the engineer's love for his engine and his work in the pit, in the very place where he met death, is full of touching interest."

When his estate was settled, he was found to be worth over \$60,000

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## The Night She Carried the Day.

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Some two years ago, previous to the Spring election, I received a call to come and talk temperance at a town in Central Illinois. This town had been rum-cursed for years, and the main question to be voted on at the pending election was "license" or "no license."

The red liquor men had been busy for weeks organizing their forces for the coming contest, and when the temperance people became aware of the fact, they came to the conclusion that the only way to counteract the baleful influence would be to send for a speaker and get up a temperance boom. When I arrived at the town I found the temperance people looking very crestfallen, indeed; or, as I heard one of the sap-suckers remark: "They're considerably down in the mouth." And, to tell the truth, they had good reason, for the town had been thoroughly canvassed, and the whiskyites were found to be

largely in the majority, and nothing short of a grand old temperance boom could save them from an ignominious defeat. We opened out with our meetings, but they didn't boom worth a cent, and we soon learned, to our sorrow, that those "tender-hearted" knights of the jug and bottle had been getting in their *lawful occupation* to their heart's content. I had talked two nights, making, as I thought, two of the ablest efforts and appeals of my life. It wouldn't do; they sat there like so many stumps, and even refused to rise up when we called for signers. Politics was at a fever heat, and the license men wanted whisky or nothing, and there was no use disguising the fact. I firmly believed that I would leave the town completely vanquished. It was on the third and last night that I had engaged to stay, and things were looking terrible blue for the temperance people. I had made my speech, called for signers, with the same result as before, and the choir had risen to sing the "Doxology," previous to dismissing the audience, when a young woman, about eighteen years of age, came marching down the aisle of the church, up to the stand, and asked the privilege of speaking for a few moments. Her face was deathly pale, and her eyes shown with the brilliancy of an evening star. The choir stood waiting for a moment, and I said to the young woman that it was getting quite late, and the audience were anxious to go home. She paid no attention, but stepped upon the stand, her eyes sparkling like diamonds in the night. She waved her hand, and when the choir was seated again she said: "I can not leave this house until father signs the pledge. Oh, father! father!! come sign the pledge to-night. Don't you remember our once happy home, when mother and all the children were living—when you was the wealthiest man in town. Oh!

father! don't you remember when Benny took sick and you went for the doctor, and got on a spree and staid away for three days, and when you came home in the night and found Benny dead; how you slipped in the room where he lay and clipped a matted curl of hair from his beautiful brow, that was yet damp with the dews of eternity. Father, sign the pledge to-night, or to-morrow's sun will find your *heart-broken child* on the road to mother's grave, in the cemetery. They are all dead but you and your heart-broken little girl. Rum done it all! The saloon-keeper lives in our pleasant home on the hill! I can hear mother pleading for you to-night—can't you feel her presence? Oh, do come and sign the pledge or I can never leave this church?" While she was yet talking in this wild impassioned strain a stout-looking man, with a red, blistered face and bleared, fishy eyes, came running down the aisle and caught the young girl in his arms, lifted her off the platform, and stood holding her to his breast, while the heart-breaking sobs that were bursting from that man's lips would have touched a heart of adamant. The audience rose up as one man, all eyes glistening with the precious drops that makes the world akin, while the choir, with tears streaming down their cheeks, as if by instinct struck up that sweet, never-to-be forgotten, soul-inspiring song:

"All hail to the power of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall."

Strong-armed men and true-hearted women gathered around them and dried the trembling dew drops that had been shaken from the creeping vine, and supported the old, weather-beaten trunk of debased manhood; while, with a bloated hand that had lost its cunning, he tried to scribe his once proud name to the pledge that reads: "I

promise to abstain, *God helping me*, from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage." This was only the beginning of the end. Every one in the entire audience, with two saloon keepers who were present, signed the pledge that night. I have worked in the temperance cause faithfully for five long years; have seen thousands sign the pledge, and start anew on the eternal road, but have never seen any thing to compare with that one night in Illinois, before the election. It is useless to add that license came out at the little end of the horn. It was no fault of mine. I shall remember it as long as I live, and have christened it "The night she carried the day."

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## When the Threshing Machine Comes.

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Always after harvest there used to be a strife among the farmers, to see who would get done threshing first; and after we had got the promise of the machine, and the day set, the preparations that were going on in the house and at the barn, indicated that it was an event of more than ordinary interest in the monotonous hum-drum of life on the farm. Some animal was usually butchered, besides the many chickens that were offered up to the shrine of the *threshing machine moloch*. The old machine would be sighted from the main-top of the barnyard gate-post, coming down the lane, with the horse-power ahead, swinging under an old wagon. Then all was hurry to get the power set—staked down—and the horses on, while the threshers mended the belting. Then

to start was the exciting moment, enjoyed by all the boys, for all the girls were sure to be on hand to help cook, and were sure to come out and see the machine start up. The two boys who got to drive and cut bands were the *lions* of the occasion. The last time they came "Bill Jones" was driver, and we cut bands, and it was so exasperating to see him cracking his whip and hallowing at the horses, just as if they wouldn't go round without making all that noise to attract the attention of the girls. We knew very well that was what he was doing it for; but we knew Jane Wells would not look at him, and if she did, it wouldn't be at him, for she hated him, and we heard her say so at Cline's apple-cutting, not a week previous, and we never could see how *any body* could like him, with that freckled face, that was always distorted with a grin. Who knew the only reason Jane talked to him at all was to make fun of him, and when we asked her about it, she acknowledged it.

\* \* \* \* \*

The grain was threshed. Twenty years have flown, and the world has threshed us! Bill and Jane live on the old home place and watch their children thresh, while young Bill drives the machine. The old farm looks as joyful as ever, and the world don't seem a day older. Still we are waiting; yes, waiting, for the threshers again, to be threshed from life unto death, and whirled round the cylinder of time, to an unknown eternity. Bill and Jane still live, and are *eagerly* looking for the *threshing machine*, for 'tis Autumn, and the "sere and yellow" leaves are dropping to mother earth.

## LIFE'S UNCERTAINTIES.

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"Look on This Picture and Then Upon That."

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Reader, this story is a true one except as to names, and dating back ten years. One evening we saw an announcement in the *Courier*, of Mr. James Van Dyke leading to the altar one of LaFayette's fairest belles, Miss Carrie Jones, the highly-accomplished daughter of John Jones, Esq., a retired merchant. The bride was richly attired in white satin, and she wore diamond jewelry; her dress and veil were imported. The marriage ceremony was performed by Right Rev. Robert Chester, D. D., of St. Matthew's Church, formerly Professor of Theology at Oxford. Miss Maggie Miles officiated at the organ, assisted by Professor Snoddy. It required several hours' practice each evening for a week previous to make them perfect in the step. The bride's sister, the beautiful Aggie, was first bridesmaid—there were six in all. It was the event of the season, and old St. Matthew was packed from pit to dome with the elite and fashion, who came to gaze upon the happy pair, and wish them *bon voyage*. Our space will permit naming only a few of the presents:

John Jones, the bride's father, \$10,000 in bonds.

Antifugin Society, wine goblets of silver, gold-lined, \$500.

Mrs. Jones, bride's mother, silver tea-set, gold-lined, \$500.

Johnny Small, gold-headed cane, \$50.

Gus. Livingston, fancy mounted case bottle with goblet, \$50.

There were many other costly presents, too numerous to mention. The happy pair took the 2 o'clock lightning express for Niagara Falls, a special bridal coach having been secured on the train for the occasion. The *Courier*, speaking of them, said: "They proceeded from the Falls to New York, whence they embarked for London, touching at Cork. On their tour they take in Paris, Venice, and return by the way of Lake Como, where they propose to spend a few months, resting during the 'heated term.' As the season will be pretty well advanced by this time, they may conclude to return before the bad weather and squalls set in. On their return they will occupy the Esquire's new gothic building on Columbia street. They propose bringing their cook and chambermaid from Paris. Cards will be issued on their return to their most intimate friends." In due time they returned, occupied their fine house on Columbia street, and their lives seemed a gay round of pleasure. But, alas! John Jones speculated in Chicago, and failed! Every thing was swept away.

\* \* \* \* \*

In ten years from the date of his daughter's marriage John Jones died by his own hand, and was buried in a pauper's grave; and in a few months after his death a funeral procession was seen going in the direction of Greenbush, bearing the remains of his once accomplished daughter, who died childless, with no one to shed affection's tears above her grave; no dear children to weep and carry the remembrance of that last sad scene, their mother's death, in years to come. Before the hired liveries were half way home the husband felt relieved—none to care for but himself; no noisy children to look after; no little boy or girl to plead with him to shun the haunts

of vice and immorality. He is free! May God spare us from such freedom, for it is madness.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the same evening, in a retired part of the city, on Union street, a young lady was engaged in making her toilet, in a neat, sparsely-furnished room, the floor covered with a rag carpet of her own make. She was attired in a nice fitting calico dress, and her throat was encircled with a plain white collar. She was arranging her long, black hair, standing in front of a glass on the bureau, when she heard a well-known footfall on the doorstep. She opened the door, and exclaimed, "Oh, George!" He grasped her hand and pressed it to his lips, then turned and introduced his companion, who proved to be the aged minister of the "little church around the corner." In a few minutes the father and mother, with several of the neighbors, entered the room, when they all knelt in prayer. The minister prayed that the choicest blessings of Heaven might descend on them and rest with them in their journey through life. When they arose the two joined hands, when the minister pronounced an appropriate marriage ceremony that made them man and wife. The beautiful, sublime, and holy love that beamed from the bride's eyes can be felt but once in a lifetime. No grand point lace trousseau and diamond jewelry, to be discussed over oysters and "Tom and Jerry," in saloons and club-houses. In the morning he went to work as usual, to hammer out a home with his strong right arm, but not before she had wound her arms lovingly around his neck and gave him a wifely kiss on lips that knew no club-house smell. He went to work with a new life, happy in the love of a pure woman. Banks may break and untold thousands be swept away, but

what cared they so long as George's strong right arm retained its cunning.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ten years! And so short a time to those who love. They now have five children, and SUCH CHILDREN. The youngest is a boy, and his name is George. He is a "trump." She says if George "does not take that boy in hand, she will." And when George comes in he does take him in hand, sets him on his knee, and gallops him up and down, and sings, "here we go to Bombey-be cross." Then the old girl comes up to settle them, and throws her arms around. George's neck and kisses him—Then declares the boy is a chip out of the old block.

George, by his mechanical skill and untiring industry, has such a hold on the confidence of our fellow-citizens that he is now one of our leading master-mechanics, and owns and occupies a commodious and well-furnished residence.



## Got Drunk and Committed the Deed.

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We had stopped over night at the Grand Hotel, the guest of Luther Benson. So, after breakfast, Luther marched up to the Clerk's office, got a tooth-pick and says to us, "well, where now?" "To the jail," I replied. His eyes twinkled in an instant. "Do you know," said he, "that is my softest spot? and it is in accordance with my miserable life to visit jails, Mayors' Courts, alms houses and penitentiaries?" As he finished speaking, we looked into his face with surprise and saw that he was in dead earnest, and Luther Benson never had our sympathy as he had that morning, while standing on the steps of the hotel before starting for the jail. We passed through the Court-house while on the way to the jail, and when opposite the Mayor's court-room, Luther opened the door and looked in; then turning to me he said: "There are just six in there booked for the *quay*." We went to the jail, and he grasped the hand of the turn-key, as a time-honored friend. They proved to be old acquaintances. Poor, poor, Benson! How often cast down by those who should try to hold you up. How often seeking sympathy, even from those who dare not feel sympathy, and thy wild morbid fancies of Eternity, were first livened by the non-consuming, eternal fires of cursed rum, that first touched thy heart strings, which, like Clean harps, needed but a breath to make them wail? Bathe till the pulsations of thy generous heart are stilled in the voiceless grave. *Bathe in the blood of the Lamb*. Luther! Luther! When the virtuous world has turned from thee, you can rely upon *one* sympathizing *heart*, and "pity is akin to love."

## WE HAD STARTED TO SEE GUETIG,

And expressed our desire to the man of bolts and keys. He did not seem inclined to grant our request. We then told him the solid truth, that we represented the best temperance paper in the State of Indiana. His face grew hard, and he seemed less inclined than ever, and he remarked that Louis was "burnt" from seeing paper men. Benson was toying with a set of new jewelry that hung in a bolt ring of an old safe in the office. We had turned to pass out, when we happened to think of a little Talisman—one that had blanched the face of Napoleon, in the presence of his old guard at Waterloo, and has turned thousands of keys in locks that had grown rusty. We went for it, and held out to the astonished gaze of the man of bolts, not a signet ring of the king, but just 105 grains of John Sherman's resumption. His face mellowed, and he told us to go out and get some cigars, which we did on short notice, and then Louis was called up to the checkered front.

We handed him the cigars, and must confess that we were never more surprised in our life. We had called to see a low-browed villain, a hardened criminal—the murderer of a defenseless girl. But one of the best looking young men we ever saw, was standing before us, black eyes and hair, fair complexioned, neatly framed as a beautiful woman, in his shirt sleeves, with his collar unbuttoned, displaying a neck as fair as the Apollo Belvidere, beautiful as a girl in the first blush of womanhood, only nineteen years old the 28th day of May. This was Louis Guetig, the murderer of Mary McGlew. Just as we were going to ask him a question, a woman came in, and asked if there was a man in named Pat. The man of bolts turned to the slate and said yes, \$15.60. Pat

had come up to the door and when he had looked out and saw who it was, he muttered an exclamation: "Oh, hone! By cripes, if it isn't yer own swate face I'm lookin' at." Mary couldn't stand such grief as that. Pat was out in less than two minutes, smoking a good cigar. Mary's tears were dried, and arm in arm they passed out into the busy world, while Guetig stood looking after them with wistful and watery eyes. We said to him: "Young man, we feel sorry for you, but there is no hope." He raised his hat, scratched his head, drew a long breath, and sighed: "No; I will have to follow the rest, unless the Supreme Court saves me. Have you seen the gallows yet?" he asked abruptly. "No." "Well, go around the jail and look at it. It has never been taken down since the others were hung." We almost shuddered as we looked at that fair, white neck. We told him that we had been young and had been subject to terrible temptations, but something unusual must have possessed him to commit the rash act. He said, "yes, and that's just what those twelve old jurymen don't understand, or stop to think that they were young once, and impetuous. I guess I'll have to go."

Louis Guetig, if he is a hardened criminal, as has been represented by the press, stood before us with a watery film over his eyes, his throat swelling, gazing straight at a white stone wall, he never saw. He reached two white tapering fingers through the grated door for us to shake, telling us to be sure and look at the gallows, before leaving, and expressed a desire for us to come and see him once more in the near future, then passed round the corridor from view.

The last words young Guetig said to us: "I got drunk and committed the deed." *Great is law.*

## “How He Gave up His Beer,”

Is the heading of a temperance tract. We saw one of our city officials giving up his beer one fine morning a short time ago, while he was leaning over and looking down into a hog-pen in the back yard. He gave it up spasmodically—by fits and starts. He didn't like to part with it—rammed his finger down his throat to keep it back—she would come, all the same. He stood looking after it with tears in his eyes—lost a whole half dollar's worth. It's a great waste to pay for beer and then spew it out against the wall. Now, if some poor struggling genius who is burning the “midnight oil” over the dreams of sages, wants to immortalize himself, just let him invent some kind of an apparatus—double-struck in the film—that will make LaFayette beer lay still. “There's millions in it.” Benefactor to the race—foreign and domestic—thousands wasted by slopping over.

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## THE BALLOT BOX.

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“A weapon that comes down as still  
As snow flakes fall upon the sod;  
But executes a freeman's will,  
As lightning does the will of God;  
Nor from its force, nor doors, nor locks  
Can shield you;—'tis the BALLOT BOX.”

## SALOON SIGNS.

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Saloon signs usually have a big, pot-gutted, liver-faced old sockdolager, with flowing locks, sitting straddle of a whisky barrel, holding up an overflowing mug of "'alf-and-'alf." To make the thing complete and better understood by patrons, we would suggest that one side of the sign represent a woman—the goddess of the rum traffic, in rags, bending over a foaming wash-tub of dirty clothes, festering in their own grease, with some half a dozen half-clothed, bare-footed, pinched-faced, starving children sitting around crying for bread, with a wild-eyed maniac slipping up with a drawn dagger, to sacrifice and murder the bread-winning goddess of red liquor. A hearse with two wheels, drawn by a broken-legged mule and a nigger driver, sitting on a rough box, with a half-starved pot-hound limping along between the wheels, while the sexton of Potter's field stands a lonely mourner over his spade, by the side of a new-made grave. If the board was large enough he might paint a bird in one corner—the American eagle trying to fly with a barrel of old *sour mash*, with a school of snakes making for the overburdened, proud bird, which is bit beneath the wing and dies. Such a sign would certainly be instructive, and true to life on the one side, if not quite so attractive as the other.

## OUR SENTIMENTS.

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Just so long as we are live; just so long as we are bald-headed; just so long as we can make a mark on white paper; just so long as there is a wife-whipper alive, a drunkard's child to be abused, or a lonely wife looking out into the tearless midnight of the soul; just that long we will write, "*Damn the liquor traffic.*" You may even call this fanaticism, and put us in jail. But we do crave one boon from our children when we are dead: Chisel "*Damn the traffic*" on the roughest "nigger-head" that ever mocked proportion's law, and set it above our earthly remains, that our socketless eyes may be turned toward the inscription on the morning of the resurrection. Oh, the lonely longings of a rum-scorched life. Creation's dawn, without a living soul, would be a school-boy's play-ground in comparison.

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## CONSTITUTIONAL !!

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Our method in dealing with intemperance, debauchery and immorality, is to call things by their proper names, and locate the evils where they properly belong. Our cause is the cause of God and humanity, and we will ever be found on that side, trying to lift up the fallen. We are no respecter of (persons), creeds, sect or party, but stand upon the broad platform of humanity, which hails every man as a brother, and makes the world akin. Crime, debauchery and intemperance, thrive in the

“Star City,” under the shadow of church spires, that point up into the clouds.

This Government, instituted by the people and for the people, helping to prostitute its own subjects to gain revenue, is another sweet-scented commentary on the old hackneyed phrase of being the most “Glorious Nation on Earth.”

The preamble to the Constitution of these United States, reads after this fashion:

“We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution of the United States ”

We want to ask our “*sap-suckers*” and politicians, “what kind of a union does the liquor traffic form?” What kind of “Justice does it establish?” What kind of hellish “domestic tranquility does it insure?” What kind of “general welfare does it promote?” What kind of “blessing does it secure?” In what kind of shape does it leave our posterity? Please don’t answer all these questions at once.

There is just two horns to this dilemma, either of which might be grasped by an idiot. The preamble to our glorious Constitution is a self-evident lie; or else the liquor traffic is a *Still-born* Monstrosity, dragged from the regions of “Pluto,” and laid on the door step of this Nation, fatherless and motherless, without water enough in the wide, wide world, to wash its dirty black face. “You pays your money and you takes your choice.”

## NATIONAL DEBT SHRINKERS.

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*All for the Good of the Country---Happy People.*

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The grand army of *National Debt Shrinkers* who have fought for the last fifteen years to pay the debt of the Nation by drinking the essence of rotten corn, steeped in poisonous drugs, have endured more hardships, more cold, more hunger, more privations, more rags and vermin, a thousand fold, than did the army of Grant in the four years the debt was incurred. What were the sieges of Atlanta and Petersburg to the gauntlet of saloons the *Debt Shrinker* has to run each day of his weary life on the Market-space of the Star City? What was the life-inspiring "hard-tack" and "sow-belly" of the soldier, to the ceaseless, never-ending craving for "sod-corn" by the debt shrinker? What was the weary march of the soldier in an enemy's country, protected by Gatlin guns and Springfield rifles to the hatless head of the debt shrinker exposed to the policeman's "billy?" What were the starved prisoners of Andersonville and Belle Isle in comparison to six bowls of "sour mash" cooled with red liquor, Mayor's Court (\$8.60), Hotel de Palatial, and visions of the stone-pile in the dim distance, to the crazed brain of the debt shrinker? What were the pleasant dreams of a far-away home to the soldier, to the waking thoughts of the debt shrinker, as he stands a trembling sinner on a voiceless brink, where he must tumble off and fall forever?

Falstaff's regiment, with but a shirt and a half to the company, that the old blistered libertine refused to march through town with, would be happy children to-day in comparison to our army of debt shrinkers.

No back pay, bounties, or soldiers' homes for the debt shrinker. He enlisted for life,—goes through the world in rags; is often beaten to death by his drill sergeant, but true to the last gasp, and the last swallow in the cause he has espoused, it goes towards paying the *National Debt*.

England has had her Nelson and Wellington, and France can boast of a Napoleon; but we will point the world to a poor, trembling, ragged debt shrinker of the United States.

While he is standing, with his "last glass," on the verge of hell, he drinks it down, and shrinks two cents more of the *National debt*. Oh, pyramids, catacombs, mummies, obelisk! You are all mile-stones in the cycles of milldewed years of the voiceless past. Tumble to the dark waters of lethean memory in mortal man. Date from *this* time, 1880. This is the world—the United States—home of the *National Debt Shrinker*.



## The Drummer from New York.

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We have not rode on a train for the last six months on any of the roads leading into the city, but what the "Drummer from New York," took the vote of the train, just after leaving the first station. Some of the political papers got hold of the facts, and just as we were about to get a sure thing on a bet, they gave the thing dead away. Dame Fortune is always giving us the *go by* in some way or other. The last time we rode on a Wabash train the "Drummer from New York," got on at Peru, with his silver-mounted grip-sack, and before the train got fairly under way, she was voted. We were then told positively how New York would go, and made a mental note of it, for our future, personal benefit, but the very next day we read all about it in the "Courier." Some pusillanimous pencil pusher was either traveling *in. cog.* and overheard the conversation, which was purely confidential, or else the drummer took too many buds or got to dreaming of the "vale where the Mohawk gently glides," and talked in his sleep. The very same thing happened on the Lake Erie & Western. The "Drummer from New York" got aboard at Frankfort, and was only about ten minutes in voting the train. He talked very low—almost in a whisper, when he informed us about New York, but we hope to never see the back of our head if the whole thing wasn't in the "Journal" next morning. There is such a thing as *honor*, even among thieves, and it is not just the thing to give away the knight of the silver-cornered grip-sack, every time. Some people might call it smart, but it's nothing more or less than a breach of faith.

We have also read the opinion several times of a very "wealthy, highly-intelligent gentleman, from New York," who lives at Syracuse or Rochester, we can't distinctly remember which, at present, but it's enough to say that his confidence has been outrageously betrayed also. It's enough to bring a blush of shame to every man of the newspaper fraternity in Indiana. If this thing continues the next thing in order for the "press" of the "Star City," will be a pious pilgrimage to the sanctum of W. F. Story, of Chicago.

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## BURTON'S PLEDGE.

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*Touch Not, Taste Not, Handle Not.--Gospel Temperance Army.*

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With MALICE towards the accursed LIQUOR TRAFFIC, and Charity for the WIDOWS and ORPHANS it has made, I, the undersigned, do pledge my WORD and HONOR, with DIVINE assistance, to work for the suppression of the TRAFFIC. I further promise that I will not support any man for office, who is a frequenter of DRINKING SALOONS, or who in any way or manner encourages drinking to secure votes. I furthermore promise to abstain from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage, for the period of ———, and that I will use my influence to induce others to abstain.

(Signed)

HARRY BURTON.

## “OUR FLAT IRON.”

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Mrs. Burton was the lucky or unlucky possessor of a large “flat iron.” Now, how I happened to purchase that particularly large flat iron, time will never be long enough to tell. Mrs. B. said she needed another iron. Like most young married folks, we had a couple of flat irons bequeathed us, when we first went to housekeeping. But, one day when about to start down town, she requested me to bring home another iron. Now, I had been married long enough to know that ’twas best to pay very particular attention to any little request she might happen to make, and “no questions asked.” So I purchased the largest flat iron Bennewitz had in his store. I’ve often thought since I’ve seen the demand for that iron, that the “ore” will never be taken from its “native hearth” to make another such. I’ve heard the merits of that flat iron discussed by the gray-haired and middle-aged, and the blooming Miss in her teens, until I’ve often imagined the cerebellum of my brain was being smoothed out with that iron, red hot, with Mrs. B. throwing her whole weight on it, as she often did, after taking it off the stove and tasting it, by wetting the end of her first finger, and then touching it to the iron. Mrs. B’s name is “Kate.” When she began lending that iron it was “Catherine.” In a short time it toned down to “Katy,” and I think it would have ended in “Kitty,” but for a little mishap of mine. I’m a poor creature of circumstances, and never could learn any thing from books. But, bitter experience, seasoned with the “briny,” was always my “forte” for learning. One cold day Mrs. Grimes brought that iron home, not red,

but black hot. Mrs. Hughes had just left, after getting the promise of it for the afternoon, giving Katy an invitation to come over some time and bring her work along. Mrs. B. being busily engaged at work, Mrs. Grimes set the iron under the stove, and skipped out. I came in from work a short time after, with a frozen toe, and the first hard work I done was to "hoss" off my boot and put my foot under the stove square against that iron. My foot was so numb and cold that it began to sizzle and fry, before I found out the difference. But when I did find it out I withdrew my foot from under the stove, and found the impression of a good sized flat iron on my foot. I happened to have an old "spike maul" behind the stove, which I picked up, and knocked the iron into the middle of the room, where it set, and burnt a hole through the carpet. Mrs. B. heard it from the kitchen, and rushed in to see what the ruction was all about. When she saw her big "flat iron" in the middle of the room minus the handle, to say she was mad, would be drawing it very mild. In my young days I used to try to dance, but could never make the "double shuffle." I came nearer doing it that morning than I ever did before. I effected a compromise with Mrs. B., by telling her there was a twin to that iron, which had never been sold. But to see those women when they came for the iron by turns, and didn't get it. They thought it was all a "put up job," and some of them even made mouths as they went out the gate. To tell the truth I was sorry, for that iron had introduced us in society. We made the acquaintance of a great many people which we should never have known

## A Retrospective Picture.

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Thirty years ago—how well do we remember. We were in the old log school-house, at the cross-roads. The master was locked out, and the big boys were capitulating with him through the key hole. One of the big boys had drawn up an article of agreement, for the master to sign, stipulating the kind, quality and proportions, of the “*treat*.” The little boys and girls, frightened half to death, were seated on two long benches, made of “slabs,” the belly side down, while the legs were made of tough hickory grubs, with the bark left on and put in the benches through two-inch auger holes. Poor, little girls! This was their first, great sorrow, in life. The little flax and check aprons covered their little bashful faces, and dried the shower of tears. Their little feet, entombed in cow-hide shoes, dangled beneath the rough benches, scarcely touching the rough puncheon floor. “The master” signed the article, which proved satisfactory, and the door was unbarred. No danger of repudiation. Two of the largest boys started for some farmer’s house, for the apples, while two more went to town for the candy, and *such candy!* the sweetest ever dissolved between mortal lips. The apples were seedlings, and, if tackled to-day, would bring a tear to a dead man’s eye. In those days the “Molars” were as good and sound, as any ever imported from a foreign jungle; and cracking “shell-bark” hickory nuts, was a common amusement.

In the afternoon came the “choosing-up” spelling, and speaking pieces. We usually commenced to spell at “*Baker*”, and jogged along pretty well till we came to

“*Either*,” when the light weights settled down, and the “*Hevies*” keeping on to “*Are plural of am.*” Then came a general collapse. Speaking was next in order, and how often have we puzzled our massive brains over the “*Little Maid’s Reply.*” How joyous and kind the old master seemed that day. His sober-looking face was wreathed in smiles. How soft and tender the touch of his old horny hand, when bidding each little one “good-bye” till to-morrow, with a pat on the head. Oh, could we but recall one of the many days in a misspent thirty years! That “*New Year’s Day,*” with all its surroundings, would be the only one worth a thought. Could we invoke the spirits of the departed dead, we would call up the old master and scholars of the cross-roads’ school-house, and with them celebrate, in a befitting manner and melting mood, with joyous hearts of “*ye olden time,*” the morning of the second century. None living need apply.

“This narrow isthmus ’twixt two boundless seas—  
The Past, the Future—two Eternities.”



## “Once More Unto the Breach, Dear Friends.”

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As temperance men, let us give women the right to vote, and we are free from the curse of intemperance. Women who work and support families, and drunken, shiftless husbands, wipe away the scalding tears and have to endure the soul-slavery of license laws in which they have no voice. Give the noble women the right to vote, and licensed crime is at an end forever, and forever; amen. Give the women the ballot, and gravitation will start the other way, and every grog shop in the land will go up where Milton's Satan wandered into illimitable space quicker than you could say Jack Robinson. Think of it. The *mothers* of men who vote are refused the ballot!!

Let us be just for once in our lives. Let us pray for temperance and then *vote* it, and that will add a kind of easiness to the next good resolve, and then in a short time, or in the “Sweet bye and bye,” we will be able to cope with the devil, and send him back where it's *hot*. May God speed the hour when every woman in this land of perennial flowers and eternal snows, from Maine to the Gulf, can rise up and vote her sentiments, and help drive out this horde of blood-suckers, who are cursing this fair land that was dedicated to *God* among the whispering pines, and breakers of old ocean.

It will be recollected by a great many of our oldest inhabitants, that in the old anti-slavery days about two thirds of the ministers had to be dragged into the harness against their very earnest protestations; for “slavery was a divine institution, sanctioned by God himself.” Now, all the divinity there was in human slavery consist-

ed in the fact that the institution furnished good "backlogs" in the Winter, and refreshing "shade" in the Summer.

Englishmen, Dutchmen, Irishmen, Negroes, Frenchmen, saloon-keepers, thieves, horse-jockeys, male prostitutes, pot-house politicians, inebriates, ignoramuses, beggars, rag-pickers, scavengers, and, in fact, every tramp, thief, beggar and criminal that is dumped on our shores from every country this side of the warm place, can try his hand at law-making. The only persons who are disfranchised in enlightened, Christian America is "Lo, the poor Indian" and Woman!

Every lager beer tub and whisky-guzzler in the land can *vote* and hold office, while the wives and mothers sit at home and rock the cradle.

Bye O baby buntin,  
Papa's gone a huntin'  
The nearest saloon.

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*"Nobody loves me, for Pa's a Drunkard."*

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Several years ago we went up to Chicago to attend the Exposition. We arrived late in the evening, and on the following morning concluded to take a stroll along the lake front, and around the mouth of the river among the shipping. We had got about the middle of State street bridge, when, looking out towards the "crib," we discovered quite a crowd of persons congregated on one of the docks, between the bridge and lake. Now, anybody who knows any thing about Chicago, is aware that a crowd of people is liable to be found anywhere in that modern,

delectable "Sodom;" but what drew our attention to this particular gathering, was the preponderance of *blue coats* and *brass buttons*. Our curiosity becoming more and more excited as their numbers kept increasing, we left the bridge, and, after a circuitous route of a couple of squares, we came on the dock, and into the crowd, that still kept increasing. Just as we had stepped on to the dock we heard the following remarks from a big, burly policeman, which showed conclusively that he was a native of the *Green Isle of Erin*: "Faith, an' I belaves I know the kid, an' the ould divil's been drunk since the panic; an' if that swate flower isn't the corpse of little Jimmy DeBar, me own name's not Tim Dolan; moind that now. The ould mon was as rich as Julius Casar, before the panic, an' used to own ships on the say, out there. May the divil fly away wid the whisky."

After big Tim Dolan had ceased talking for a moment, we elbowed our way to the center of the group, and there, upon a ragged piece of sail canvass, we discovered the body of a little drowned boy, which had just been fished out of the river. He seemed to be one of those little-old children that we so often see in large cities, who are constantly peering into show-windows at luscious fruits and beautiful flowers, displayed, we often think, to taunt the hollow-eyed children of poverty. His raven black hair was matted close to an unusually high forehead, while his little chubby, bloated hands were laid across his heart, that had ceased to beat forever.

Presently a dead-cart came up, and the body was taken up tenderly by those strong-armed policemen, laid in the bottom of the conveyance, and covered with the canvass, while the driver was ordered to take him to the "morgue." We had witnessed death in almost every form, but our

sympathy was never aroused as upon that morning, while gazing on that dead child, with no heart-broken mother present to almost snatch him back to life. He was a water-soaked chunk of immortality! There are times in our lives when we are led, unresistingly by the *spirit*, or some *unseen power* that we can not comprehend; for no sooner had the cart started than we instinctively followed to the morgue.

When we arrived at the morgue we saw the body taken out, and carried into the building; when the parties who had discovered and taken up the body from the river, gave in their evidence; after which they began to take off his clothing to prepare him for burial, and search for some clue as to who he was.

They had taken off his boots and coat, when big "Tim Dolan" reached two of his big fingers down into the little pants pockets, and pulled out a dirty looking rag, tied up with a shoe-string! He untied the string, unrolled the rag, and found a black crust of bread!

Tim Dolan, the big hearted son of Erin, from over the "say"—the land of famine, where the dying child cried for *three grains of corn*—stood beside the little dead form, raining tears enough to drown the child if living.

The street-cars, wagons, carts, hacks, and equipages of the rich, rattled and banged over the iron and hard, stony streets; but in the morgue, around a little dead boy, stood strong-armed men of the world, weeping for the first time since childhood. For once their callings were forgotten—some body was surely dead, and they were children attending the funeral. 'Twas a time for solemnity, and no one spoke. After a long time, Tim continued his search, and got his two big fingers into the boy's littled ragged vest pocket, and pulled out a wet,

scribbled card, half torn in two. He didn't speak, but went up to the window and held it in the rays of the bright morning sun for a few moments, that was streaming so lovingly into the building, and then gave it to the Coroner, who adjusted his glasses and read:

"Nobody loves me, because pa's a drunkard."

"JIMMY DEBAR."

Tim Dolan could stand it no longer, and blurted out: "May the curse o' God light on the bloody dom'd stuff. If ivir Tim Dolan puts anither drap to his own swate lips, may he nivir go to *mass*, but doie and be buried outside of consecrated ground! It's meself as knows where the bloody ould coon lives, an' I'll go and bate the life out of the ould sinner, an' fetch him up here to look in that swate face that will haunt me foriver!"

Tim started out, on a half run, towards the stock-yards, and returned in about an hour, with his bronzed, weather-beaten face looking whiter than it had for years. There was a pinched-faced boy with him, and they both came into the building, when Tim said: "Pace to his ashes! The ould sinner's dead as a herrin', wid a bottle half filled wid *whisky* between his could fingers, lyin' in his din, wid his eyes wide open, lookin' straight into me face wid those glistenin' eyes. I gave him a wae bit of a kick to make sure he wasn't sogerin'—the least bit in the woruld! May the divil fly away wid the *whisky*!"

The dead cart started out with "Tim," and returned in the course of another hour with another corpse—a once wealthy man—Mr. James DeBar, the ship-owner, now a dead *sot* in the morgue. The pinch-faced boy testified that the old man had been drunk for a week, up to last night, when he came home and took little Jimmy out walking. The boy had been shut up at *home*, or in that

*den* for almost a week, and when last seen, they were going in the direction of the river—the old man leading the boy by the hand. That was the last time they were seen alive by any one who knew them, and the old *lawful debt shrinking maniac* had undoubtedly drowned his little starved boy! We went to the Exposition, and we saw it—at the Morgue—a dead child, with a *crust tied in a rag*, and a dead father, once wealthy, a dead sot, at the *Morgue*, clasping a bottle of *legalized debt shrinker!!!*

Oh, rum! cursed rum! Pitiless hecatomb of morality! The priest that will stand by thy funeral pyre, and pronounce the mystic right of funeral service over thy scorched and damned remains, would have just cause to make God jealous, and deserves no less than a cabin passage, in a gossamer ship, with beds of flowers, borne up by the crystal tears of widows and orphans, and be wafted with silken sails throughout the eternal years!



## GREAT IS LAW.

*"I Dreamed That I Dwelt in Marble Halls."--A Delectable Crowd, that Would Double Discount Falstaff's Regiment.*

On last Saturday, April 17, in the year of our Lord, 1880, at the hour of 10 o'clock, A. M., "Harry Burton," of the "LaFayette Temperance Herald," was treading the "marble halls" of LaFayette's palatial jail, duly sober. We had dared to talk about a saloon-keeper's monkeys. About four years ago we were thrown into the same jail, for getting intoxicated. In the short time we were in the Bastile, we were permitted, thank God, to sympathize and speak words of encouragement to the poor, deluded victims of *cursed rum*, who are shut out from the beautiful sunlight of Heaven, by the monkey establishments of our city. We found one young boy, sixteen years of age, who had just been sentenced for one year to the cottage by the lake. Another one, about the same age, who was in for six months, and another one lying in a cell, moaning so piteously over the wierd specters engendered by cursed Rum. The poor boys said 'twas nothing but rum that brought them all there. We took another turn up and down the hall, then hummed a strain of the old song "America."

My country 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of Slavery,  
Of thee I sing.

Johnny, fill up the bowl!

Then we thought of the select audience in the court-room, where we were sentenced. All those fishy, bleared eyes, glaring at us. Those old pepper-box, scabby noses and red, blistered faces, that looked like tubsful of liver wurst, and perfumed breaths that smelt to Heaven.

“Beer, beer, good lager beer.” When we got out of that court-room we were ready to sing the first line of the Doxology—Praise God from whom, &c.

Could we repair to the shades of Monticello, and invoke the departed spirit of Jefferson, and have him stand forth and exclaim as of yore about that wall of fire, ’twould stir the hearts of the sons of America, who are bathing in the waters of Lethe. If any candid-thinking man, could have seen that audience of scar-faced veteran saloon-keepers, who were on hand to see us die. Oh! ’twas a beautiful sight, that can only be seen once in a lifetime.

The little boy John O’Brien, is in for thirty days; he found a bottle of whisky and drank it. Thirty days—great is her majesty, *Law*. License men to sell it, then send little boys to prison for drinking it. Echo—great is *Law*. We told Johnny he might have got poisoned—it might have been strychnine—then a post mortem. Oh, hell, he said, I could smell it—that’s it—then ask the poor drunkard why he don’t stick to his pledge. Why, he can smell it on every street corner—in the air—in every alley and by-way that he treads in the “Star City.” Great is *Law*—send them up—smile and snicker in the court—pass the joke around—it’s so good—smile again, it’s always in order in court when a man is drunk—send him to the cooler and let his wife bend over the wash tub for the money to pay the *Law*, while the little hungry children sit around with bare limbs wondering how long they will have to wait for the next piece of bread. Fine the poor drunkard—then divide the money all around among the boys who captured him. So much for so much brighten up the *Stars* and buttons again, expect another good haul. Blood money! We’d sooner carry the silver of “Judas Iscariot.”

## NUGGETS.

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Give the women the ballot, and the country will be saved *every year* without the aid of a saloon caucus.

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Give the women the right to vote and licensed damnation is at an end, and whiz will go the fuz of every grog shop, higher than Beecher's book.

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### THE ONLY WAY.

The way to quit drinking whisky is to first find out whether you want to quit, and there won't be much trouble about it.

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It is a violation of the law to sell liquor to a man who is in the habit of getting drunk, but it's a singular coincidence that the man who gets drunk in the city of Lafayette is the one who goes to the "cooler." How "phunny!" *Vice versa.*

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"Let Whisky Alone. and it will Let You Alone."

Reiterate this old stereotyped *lie* to a dozen drunkards' wives we know in this city. Tell it to some little starved, shoeless street gamins! We sincerely hope that the next saloon murderer who makes that assertion, that it will choke him to death.

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### But if One Falls, What Then?

It is asserted that two millions of women in the United States are compelled to earn their living outside of home. And yet there are more than two millions of men who

will talk wisely to those women, scourged by poverty, weakness, and dire necessity, about "the true sphere of woman!"

A United Brethren Minister's Sentiments.

As Hannibal swore upon the altar of his country to be Rome's eternal enemy, let us swear upon the altar of our hearts to be the eternal enemy of this *ruinous, blighting, withering, damning curse*. Let our songs, speeches, prayers, and, may I not say, our votes, ever unite until it shall be driven for ever from our land, and peace and joy reign supreme. *There is no middle ground*. We are either for or against this traffic. We will by our words or actions either say "Yes!" or "No!"

Say yes! and the lava tide of death  
O'er cottage, hall and bower,  
Shall roll its dark, blood-crested wave,  
While madness rules the hour.

Say no, and the white-winged angel, peace,  
Shall dwell in the drunkard's home,  
And beams of temperance, truth and light  
Dispel the withering gloom.

Say no, and the mother's heart shall leap,  
The sister's eye be dry,  
The poor inebriate clasp his hands,  
And raise his voice on high.

By the cherished heart's great wrong,  
By the spirit's deathless woe,  
In the name of God, and the name of man,  
Let every heart say NO!

J. L. MORRISON.

*QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS OF ALCOHOL.*

---

Oh, Alcohol! come answer me  
The questions I shall put to thee:  
What is thine age, and what thine aim?  
What is thy trade? What is thy name?

My age is o'er a thousand years;  
My aim, to fill the earth with tears;  
My trade, to kill and make expense;  
My name it is Intemperance.

Long have I ruled upon the earth;  
To many crimes I've given birth;  
I'm father of distress and woe,  
And spread misfortune where I go.

My dwelling place is at the bar,  
My customers from near and far,  
I fill their hearts and drain their purse,  
I turn their blessings into a curse.

My face is covered with a mask,  
My hiding place is in a cask,  
My business doth engender strife,  
And puts asunder man and wife!

I live in grog-shops, all around,  
Where Satan dwells, I'm always found,  
I am his agent day and night,  
His service is my chief delight;

He is my captain and my guide,  
I always stand close by his side;  
More men I've killed, upon my word,  
Than famine, pestilence, or sword!

With my deceitful, pleading tongue,  
I draw to me both old and young,  
And when I get them in my snare  
I chain them first—and keep them there;

But Temperance men I mostly dread,  
 For they are ruining my trade;  
 If in their course they further go,  
 'Twill prove my final overthrow.

Thus Alcohol is close to me,  
 His character, his destiny.  
 Although a liar from his youth,  
 For once he's blundered into truth!

Then, temperance men, be wide awake,  
 The foe begins to fear and quake;  
 Stand to your post—go hand in hand,  
 And drive the monster from the land.

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## PICTURES IN A GLASS.

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BY MRS. LUCY M. BLINN.

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(Copied by permission.)

Come, boys, draw up to the fire ; isn't this a blustering night?  
 Let's have a drink of something warm, just to keep our stomachs right !  
 Tom's liquors and cigars are good, "A No. 1," you'll find,  
 And this is the coziest lounging place in the city, to my mind ;  
 Tom's sharp ; he knows what suits us best. Come, lads, be lively there ;  
 Bring out your wine ! we'll sing our songs, and bid "Good-bye" to care.

Hallo ! what's this, I wonder ? There's a *picture* in my cup !  
 Look ! how the shadow shapes itself as I shake the goblet up !  
 I can see an old, brown farm house, with the roof all patched and gray,  
 And green moss creeping on the eaves where the swallows chirp and play.  
 The curtain sways at the window, and the candle's flickering glow  
 Shows a quaint, oid-fashioned kitchen, just like one *I* used to know !

I see the clock on the mantle, and the bright tins on the wall,  
 The kitten in the corner, playing with string and ball ;  
 A sweet-faced, bright-eyed woman, with beautiful brown hair.  
 Sits where the light falls softest, in a creaky, old arm chair,  
 And a little child with laughing face, stands chattering at her knee ;  
 'Tis the picture of *my mother*, boys ; and the little one is *me*.

And here, 'mid all your boisterous din, her voice so soft and clear—  
 Like a strain of half-forgotten song, comes stealing to my ear.  
 I almost fancy that her hand is laid upon my head  
 As it used to be at evening time, beside my trundle bed ;  
 Some contrast, boys, between your songs of mad, unholy joy,  
 And her low tones when asking God to bless and keep her boy.

'Tis strange what brought her face to me, a fair, unbidden guest ;  
 The birds have sung for many years above her place of rest ;  
 The homestead is deserted, the swallows flown away ;  
 And the moss-grown roof, and the hearth-stone, are crumbled to decay ;  
 But out from all the ruin that time and change can bring,  
 Her face comes up as fresh to-night, as blossoms in the Spring.

Tom, take this glass away, please, and bring another here ;  
 I hadn't thought of the dear old home for many and many a year ;  
 And it some how made me womanish ; some *tears* fell in the cup,  
 And that's the reason, may-be, that I couldn't drink it up ;  
 Ah, lads, what would my mother think, if her pure eyes could see  
 How faint a likeness there is left, of that baby at her knee?

Is my brain upset, I wonder? Is there magic in the wine?  
 Here's another picture floating on this foaming cup of mine !  
 I can trace its outlines clearly ; 'tis a woman, thin and pale,  
 And a reeling man, whose tattered clothes scarce shield him from the gale,  
 And babies, crying with hunger that is eating away their life ;  
 Good God, lads ! 'tis *myself* I see ! *my babies* and *my wife* !

And see ! on the edge of the goblet in letters clear and bright,  
 Is something written for me to read while memory holds the light :  
 " Don't touch the wine-cup, William ; it leads to want and woe ;"  
 " What makes our papa go away? He used to love us so."  
 And the air seems tremulous with sighs from hearts that ache and bleed ;  
 Boys, isn't there a lesson here that you and I should heed?

Here, Tom, take back the tempting cup ; its pictures, strange but true,  
 Have shown me plainly where I stand, and what I ought to do ;  
 With my mother's face before me, Mollie's sighing in my ear,  
 And my babies' hungry pleading--do you think I'll linger here?  
 No, no, lads ; come, let's say Good night," and may it come to pass,  
 That all who look upon the wine, find "Pictures in the Glass."

## I HAVE DRANK MY LAST GLASS.

No, comrades, I thank you—not any for me;  
 My last chain is riven—henceforward I'm free!  
 I will go to my home and my children to-night  
 With no fumes of liquor their spirits to blight;  
 And, with tears in my eyes, I will beg my poor wife  
 To forgive me the wreck I have made of her life.  
*I have never refused you before?* Let that pass,  
     For I've drank my last glass, boys,  
     I have drank my last glass.

Just look at me now, boys, in rags and disgrace,  
 With my bleared, haggard eyes, and my red, bloated face;  
 Mark my faltering step, and my weak, palsied hand,  
 And mark on my brow that is worse than Cain's brand;  
 See my crownless old hat, and my elbows and knees,  
 Alike, warmed by the sun, or chilled by the breeze;  
 Why, even the children will hoot as I pass;—  
     But I've drank my last glass, boys,  
     I have drank my last glass.

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at me now,  
 That a mother's soft hand was pressed on my brow—  
 When she kissed me, and blessed me, her darling, her pride—  
 Ere she laid down to rest by my dead father's side;  
 But, with love in her eyes, she looked up to the sky,  
 Bidding *me* meet her *there*, and whispered, "Good-bye."  
 And I'll do it, God helping me; your smiles I let pass,  
     For I've drank my last glass, boys,  
     I have drank my last glass.

Ah! I reeled home last night—it was not very late,  
 For I spent my last six-pence, and landlords won't wait  
 On a fellow, who's left every cent in their till,  
 And has pawned his last bed their coffers to fill.  
 Oh, the tortures I felt, and the pangs I endured!  
 And I begged for one glass—just one would have cured,—  
 But they kicked me out doors, I let that too, pass,  
     For I've drank my last glass, boys,  
     I have drank my last glass.

At home, my pet Jessie, with her rich golden hair,  
 I saw through the window, just kneeling in prayer;  
 From her pale, bony hands, her torn sleeves were strung down,  
 While her feet, cold and bare, shrank beneath her scant gown;  
 And she prayed—prayed for *bread*, just a poor crust of bread;  
 For *one* crust, on her knees my pet darling plead,  
 And I *heard*, with no penny to buy one; alas!

But I've drank my last glass, boys,  
 I have drank my last glass.

For Jessie, my darling, my wee six-year old,  
 Though panting with hunger, and shivering with cold,  
 There, on the bare floor, asked God to bless *me!*  
 And she said, "Don't cry, mamma! He will; for you see,  
*believe* what I ask for." Then sobered I crept  
 Away from the house; and that night, while I slept,  
 Next my heart lay the pledge! You smile, let it pass,

For I've drank my last glass, boys,  
 I have drank my last glass.

My darling child saved me! Her faith and her love  
 Are akin to my dear sainted mother's above!

I will make my words true, or I'll die in the race,  
 And sober I'll go to my last resting place:

And she shall kneel *there*, and weeping, thank God,  
 No *drunkard* lies under the daisy strewn sod!

Not a drop more of poison my lips shall e'er pass,

For I've drank my last glass, boys,  
 I have drank my last glass.



*THE WATER PLEA.*

The strength of rum, of gin or wine,  
Is not the strength for me;  
Give me the force not born of sin—  
That strength from passion free.

The power of thought, that sits enthroned  
In conscience void of stain,  
Gives not the soul by God disowned,  
A life misspent and vain.

Pure water brewing, crystal bright,  
In alembics of the air;  
Flows from the crested mountain-height,  
Through meads and valleys fair.

Bestows a pristine strength to age,  
Gives "*rouge*" to Beauty's cheek;  
Wisdom and truth to wisest sage,  
Blest modesty the meek.

From forest wild and cascade, flows—  
From crystal, lake and stream;  
The rainbow hues and tints of rose.  
The lightning's bright sunbeam.

The spangled dew-drop on the leaf,  
Narcissus in the wave;  
The chambered shell of "Ocean Chief,"  
And water's metric stave.

On pulse and water Daniel grew—  
His food and drink, Divine;  
With face and flesh as infants' new,  
Without the Regal wine.

When Ishmæl and Hagar sank  
Beneath a jealous hate,  
From cool and gushing streams they drank,  
Were blest at Heaven's gate.

Did not Elijah draw from God—  
 By water, firey levin,  
 Their Baal destroy—truth spread abroad,  
 And indicate his Heaven?

Baptism, with the spirit blends  
 To wash our sins away;  
 Jehovah thus to Nature lends  
 A light:—the “Crown of Day.”

When mounts of opposition come,  
 Reared full across my path—  
 Away! deceptive wine and rum,  
 Give me a Samson’s wrath.

With straining nerves would you assail,  
 Your vital force to save,  
 Disease disarm—nor yet entail—  
 Base crime—a drunkard’s grave?

Drink from the smitten Horeb’s Rock—  
 By Prophets’ wielded stroke—  
 No widowed sigh, nor orphan flock,  
 No brain nor fortunes broke.

“Sing psalms to him of heavy heart,  
 Vine-fruit for those oppressed;”  
 But water is the “better part”—  
 The spirit’s emblem blessed.

Now, in the light of Nature, rise  
 Above the sinning plain;  
 Drink purest Nectar—from the skies,  
 Nor yield to Rum and Pain.

DR. S. F. LANDRY.

GALVESTON, Cass Co., Ind.

*THE BLOODY BALLOT*

BY REV. CHARLES WHEELER DENISON.

## I.

“Father in heaven! Thy Kingdom Come!”

This is the prayer we Christians pray.  
And yet we vote the demon Rum  
Over thy Kingdom sovereign sway.

## II.

“No drunkard ever enters here!”

Sounds forth from heaven its fearful knell;  
And yet we vote, from year to year,  
To plunge the drunkard down to hell.

## III.

By votes we run the Devil’s Still!

By votes we kill God’s living grain!  
By votes the Drunkard’s cup we fill,  
And doom him to eternal pain!

## IV.

WHO CASTS THOSE VOTES? Thou, voter! thou!

Thy ballot damns these drunken souls!  
Thy brother’s blood is on it, now,  
Dropped, red and reeking at the polls!

WHEN I AM DEAD.

BY EDWIN MORRIS.

When I am dead and turned to dust,  
 Let men say what they will, I care not aught;  
 Let them say I was careless indolent,  
 Wasted the precious hours in dreaming thought,  
 Did not the good I might have done but spent  
 My soul upon myself—sometimes let rise  
 Thick mists of earth betwixt me and the skies;  
 What must be, must.

But not that I betrayed a trust;  
 Broke some girl's heart and left her to her shame;  
 Sneered young souls out of faith—rose by deceit  
 Lifted by credulous mobs to wealth and fame;  
 Waxed fat, while good men waned, by lie and cheat;  
 Cringed to the strong; oppressed the poor and weak  
 When men say this, may some find voice to speak  
 Though I am dust.

BORN, "The Hatter,"

82 MAIN STREET, LAFAYETTE, IND.

Respectfully Solicits

YOUR PATRONAGE.

Constantly Receiving Something New.

CURTIS E. WELLS,

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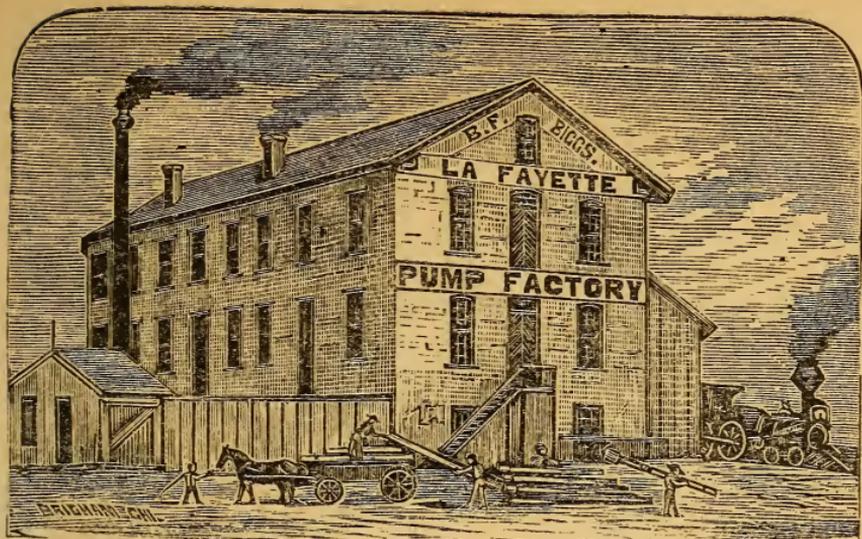
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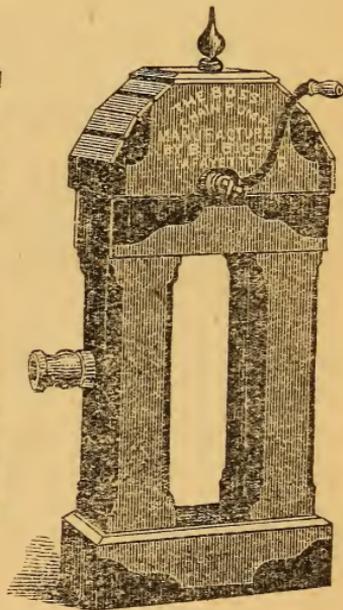
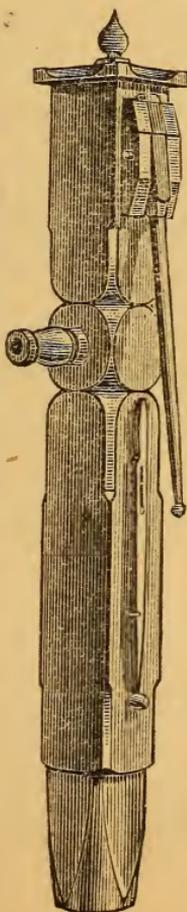
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Goods for Fall and Winter now ready.

I MAKE A SPECIALTY OF  
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These goods are much improved, and are made so that they **CANNOT RIP OR GIVE ANYWHERE.** The best qualities are made **Standard Screw Bottoms and Rivet Side Seams.**

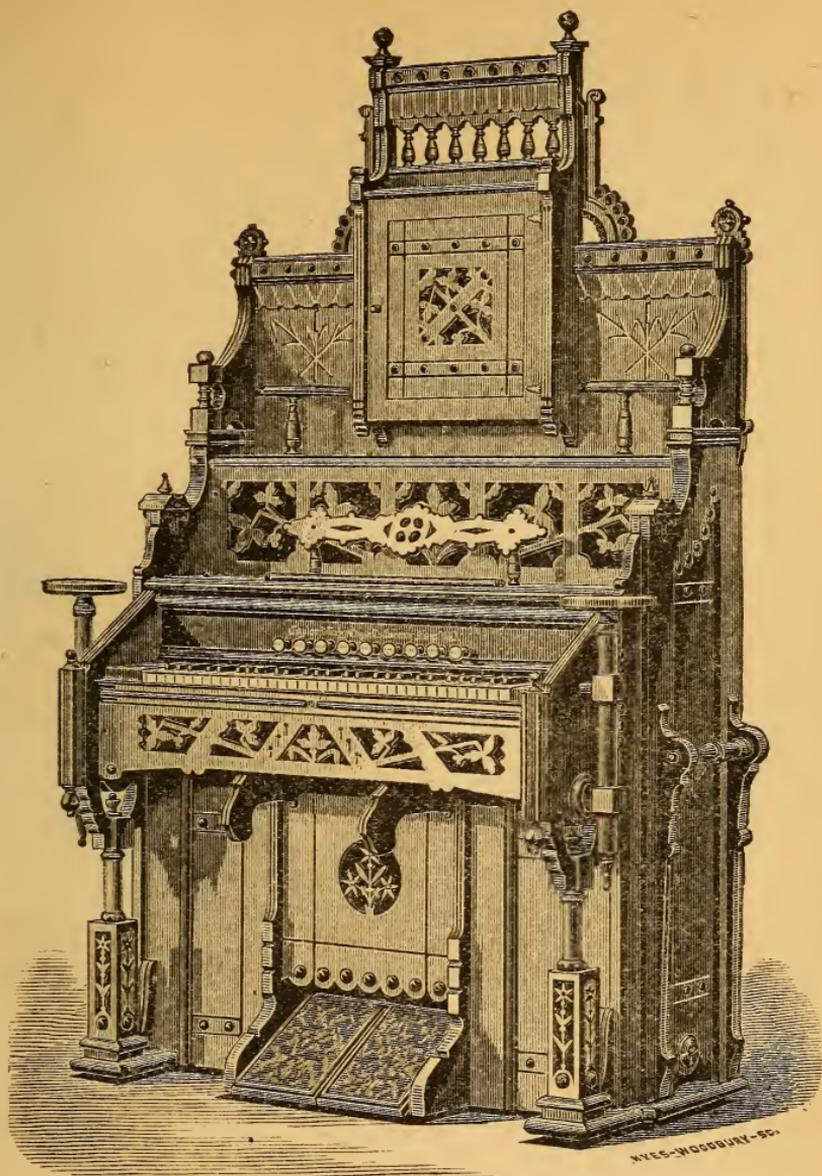
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**REMEMBER!**—No House Can, No House Shall, give you a Better Article for the Money.

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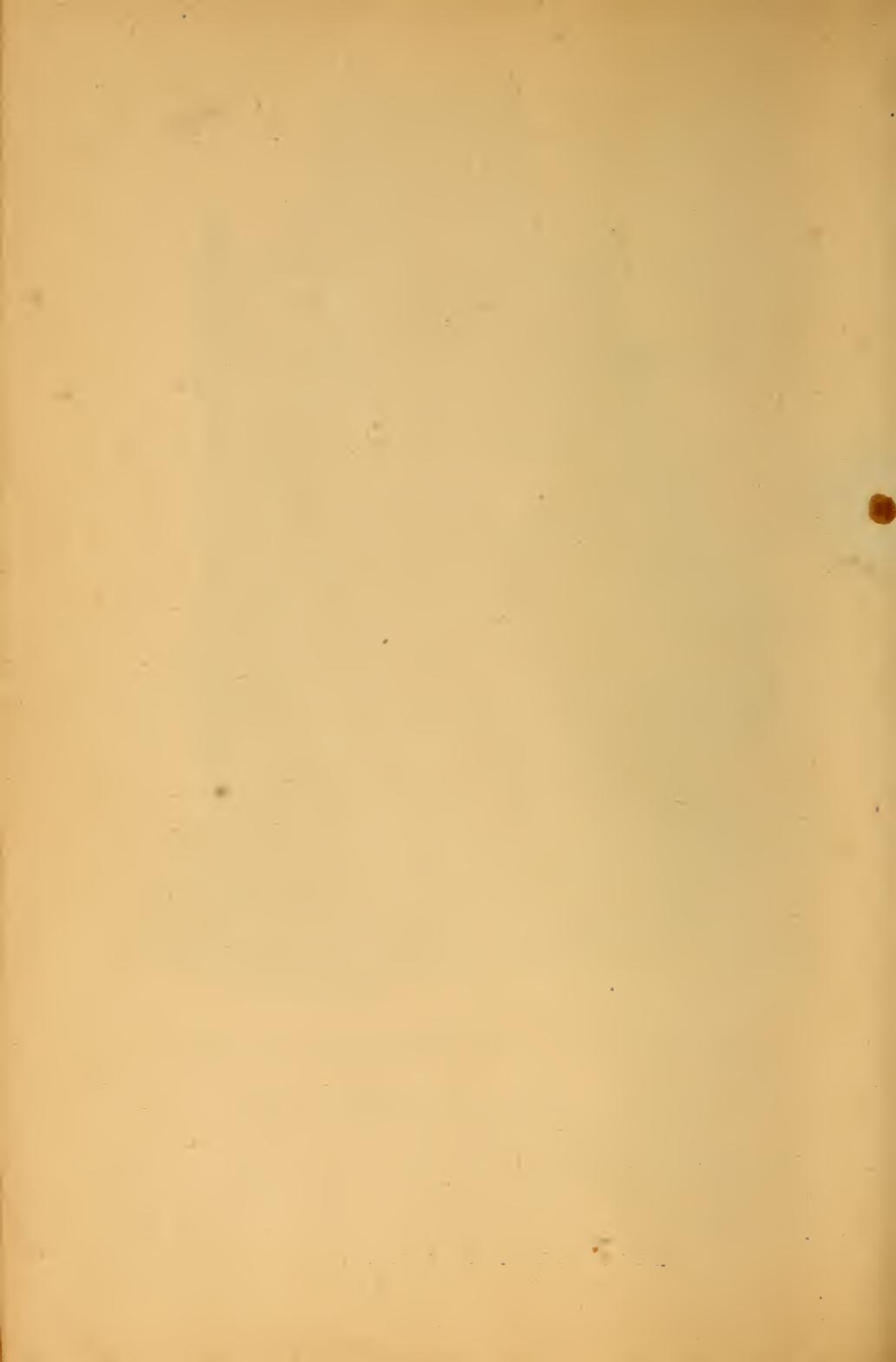
150 ORGANS IN STOCK, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

100 STOOLS AND 300 ORGAN AND PIANO METHODS IN STOCK.

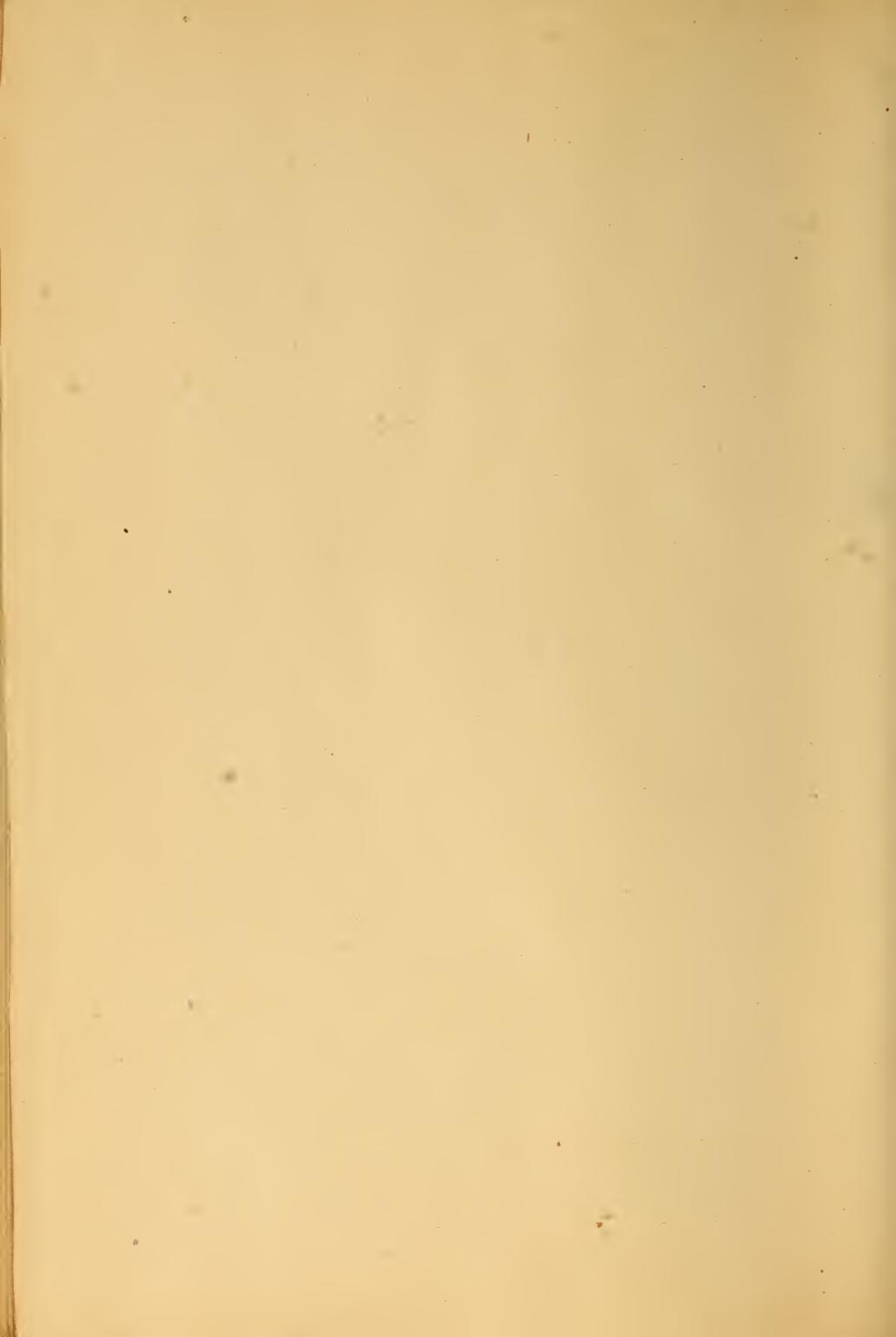
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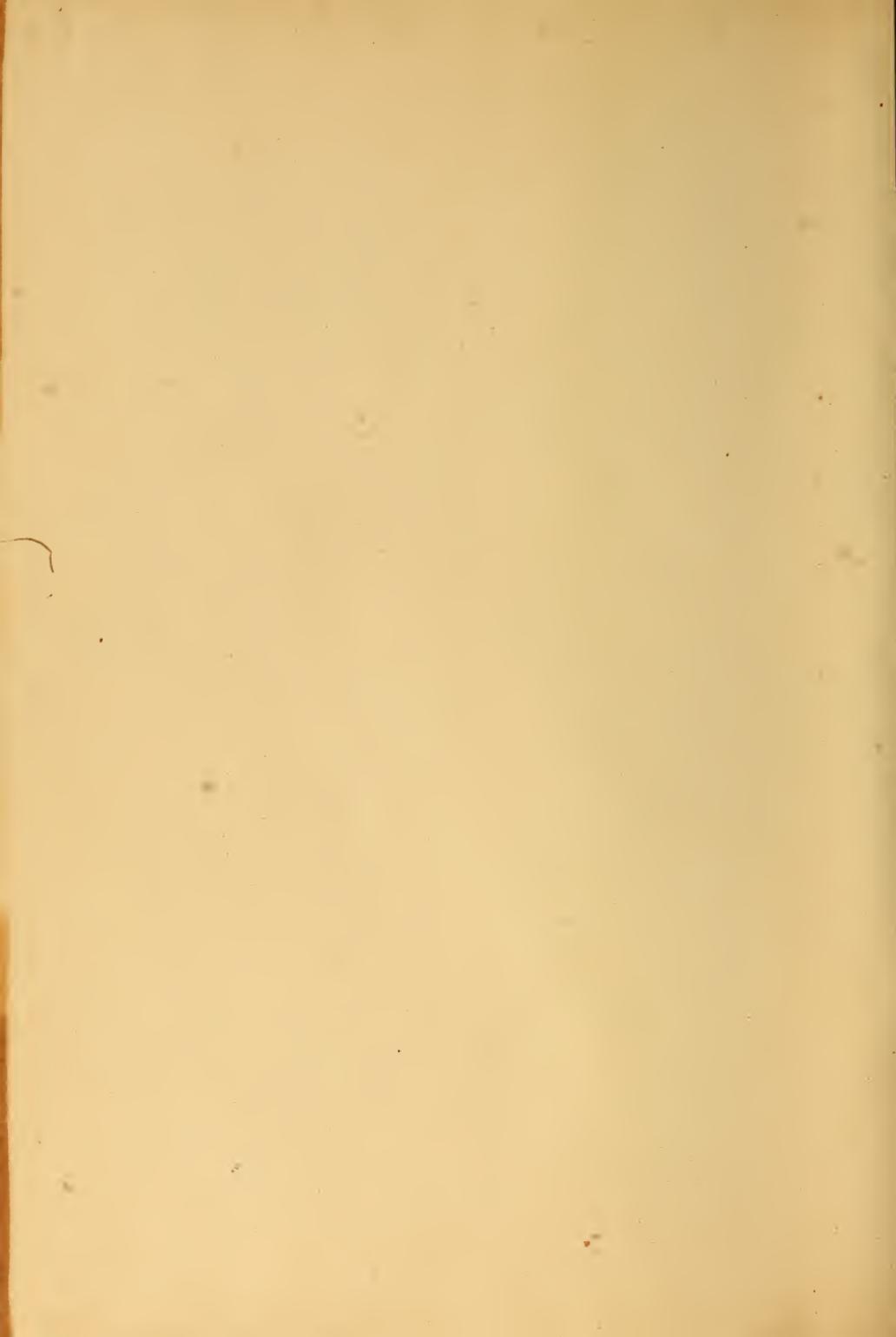
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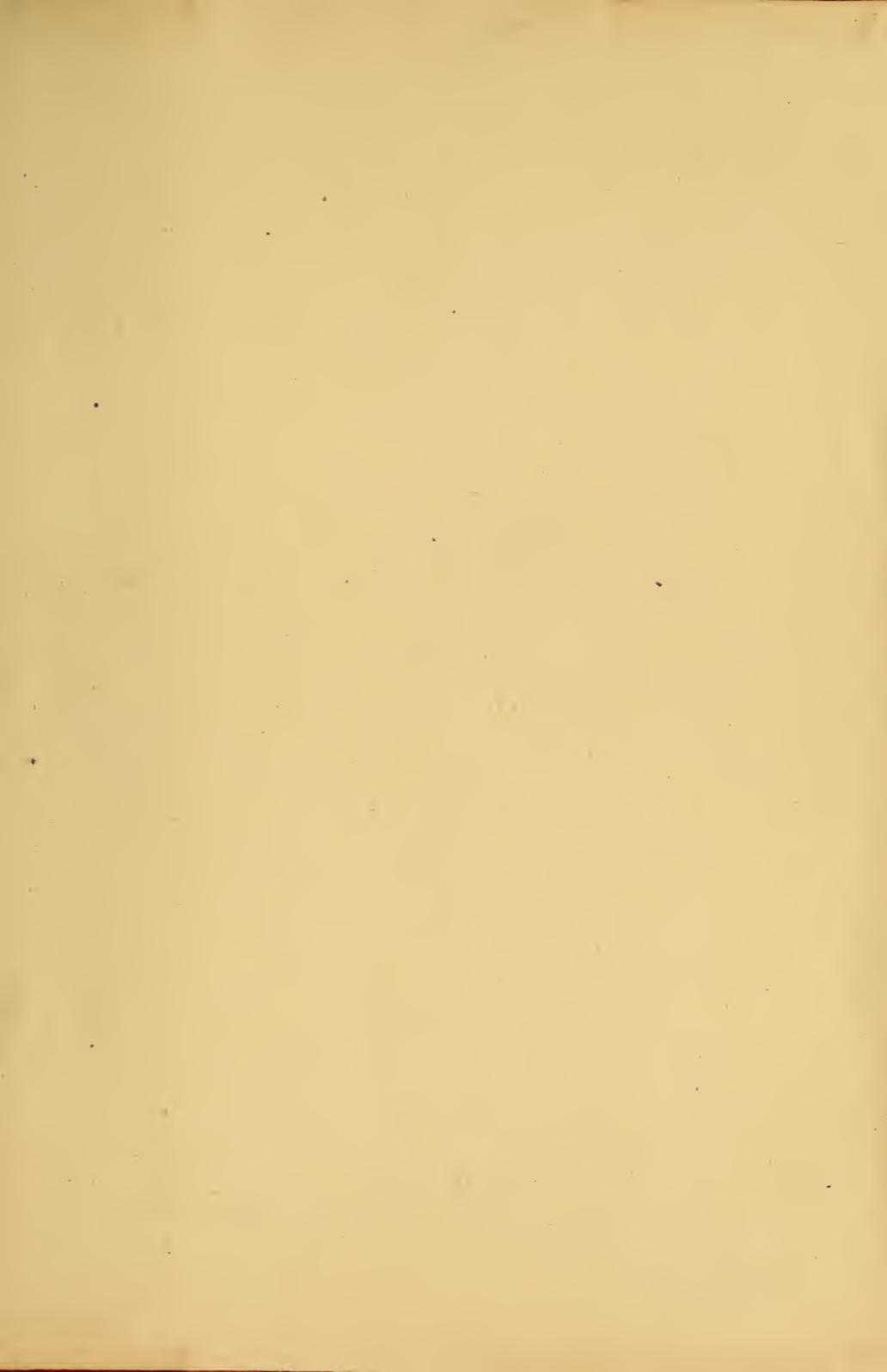












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