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## W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. M. L. HOBBS.

### High Balls.

Drinking in moderation is the first symptom of dissipation. High balls come high. Beer is bitter. The saloon is the home of many a loon. Whisky makes the brain weak and strengthens the breath. Feed the saloon, starve your children. Buy no stock in the saloon—it always goes down. Recruits for the devil's army are received at all saloons. Where there is a saloon there is a way to eliminate it. All men should post themselves, but never against street corners. No man can climb very high, when weighted down with beer bottles. Rum is the father of many a bum. The toper has a hard time having a good time most of the time. If a man will swear, let him do it at the saloon, rather than in it. Think before you drink, and then don't drink. When a man gets tight his pocket book gets light. The saloon must soon make room for a temperance boom. Good whisky often causes a good man to lose a good position. Have no fear to interfere with the 'ferce' element of the saloon. To every church doing there are six saloons undoing. When fortune knocks at the saloon door only the saloon-keeper hears it. A 'perfumed breath' is only a whisky-breath in disguise. The saloon furnishes material for the jail, penitentiary, house of prostitution and hell. If the liquor traffic shall be turned out the temperance crank must do it. Penitentiaries are full of men who have once upon a time been full. The drunkard wets his throat with whisky while his poor wife wets her eyes with tears. The saloon keeper perhaps is no worse for selling the things the people want than the people are for wanting them. People fighting against saloons should not so much as read the billboard advertisements displayed in their windows. The man who has been praying to get rid of an appetite for intoxicants, and has helped God to answer that prayer, must then work for the cause of prohibition the rest of his days to pay for such a blessing. When a christian thinks that his light will shine the brightest in the brightest of sin, he will find that the atmosphere around the barroom that has a tendency to put it out altogether. 'I will try to quit' means 'I don't want to quit' but 'I will quit' means 'I have quit.' It is better that a few saloon keepers be affected by the annihilation of the saloon than the masses by the maintenance of them. The saloon is really the working man's club, and will in course of time prove as fatal as did the club that killed Abel. There's no end of joy in the devil's heart when a young man first enters into the saloon. As it is an established fact that toxicants are enemies of mankind, it must be acknowledged that inebriates are good people considering how well they love their enemies. The drinking man might as well undertake to write his name on the ceiling with a fountain pen as to hope to have his name written on the Lamb's book of eternal life. If those who have made an obvious mistake could live life over again, the chances are that they would do no better than the toper who makes the same resolution on the first day of every January. His satanic majesty, the landlord of Hotel Hades, no doubt has been from time to time, obliged to enlarge the facilities of that apparently popular hostelry to accommodate the hosts of convivial guests arriving daily. Young women can do their part in the temperance cause by saying: "The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine" and then sticking to it.

A full purse has been the means of many an empty headed man getting full, and an empty-headed man has been the cause of many a full purse getting empty.

North America is the home of many a Dr. Jekyll, who, after drinking a cup of peculiar drugs, is transformed into a desperate My. Hyde. That drug is whisky.

When the drunkard boasts of a time in his life when years elapsed without touching a drop, you may rest assured that time was before he touched the first one.

There's more honor in being dubbed a temperance crank than a whisky barrel.

You must be free with your money if you would be free to sit down to the so-called free lunch.

The young man who argues that there is no harm in taking a glass now and then will know better then than now.

### THE GUIDE.

A Tale of the Time When the Duke of Monmouth Claimed the British Throne.

"Is this a true tale of thine, sirrah, that thou hast told my sergeant?" demanded Anthony Grace, captain Monmouth's Light horse.

"Dost thou indeed know the way among these cursed dikes and ditches of Sedgemoor as well as the wine pot knows the way to my mouth?" The other nodded.

"Hold up the torches there and let me see this springald's face."

"Monmouth's man" and his would be guide stood looking at each other in silence for a long minute. They were indifferently well matched in height and in personal comeliness, and Sergeant Thomas Dove noticed with a tinge of surprise that the eyes of both young men were of a curious yellow color like the eyes of hawks.

The would be guide's straight young limbs were clad all in duffel gray, a frieze cap was pulled well over a forehead too white for a countryman's, while Anthony Grace's tall figure was wrapped in a scarlet cloak whose gay coloring part hid and part accentuated the worn leather of his jerkin and the ragged lace cravat about his throat.

"You have feet sirrah," Anthony Grace said sharply. "I can see for myself. Does it happen to you to have a tongue as well?"

"Aye, captain."

"And you know these rhines that you would guide us among them? You know them—well?"

"Aye, I know them."

"Dove, my horse, and lead up your troop closely and quietly as may be. Now friend, we'll test your skill, but if you think to play will-o'-the-wisp among these rhines bear in mind that I have a naked sword in my hand. Dost understand?"

"Aye. Please you mount captain, for presently the moon will be up, and we can walk safer in darkness."

"Egad, but I and White Bess cannot," muttered Anthony Grace, a few minutes later as he and his troop toiled and floundered over the treacherous moor after the silent guide.

"Art sure of the way, sirrah? 'Sdeath! Who shows a light yonder?"

"Will-o'-the-wisp, captain; come to lure you away," said the guide, with a low laugh, "and drown you in a mud hole and take your soul into his company. Mrs. Grace will wait you long."

"There is no Mistress Grace, fool!" Anthony Grace said irritably. "Peace now with your chatter."

"There is no peace in England now, Captain Grace only a drawn sword. Please you, have a care with your horse, for here we come upon the deep rhines!"

"Ten thousand curses!" said Anthony Grace in a fierce whisper as his horse suddenly plunged struggled and slipped down the steep bank of a ditch and he had to throw himself in haste from the saddle just in time to avoid a fall. "Whither have you brought us, fool? White Bess hath broke her leg."

"Well, and what matter?"

"Hist! Not so loud, my cockerel!" And Anthony Grace brought the flat of his sword down sharply on the lad's shoulder. "Hast gone crazy?"

"What matter, I say?" and the guide's voice rose to a shrill cry.

"What matter, Captain Grace, if a mare's leg or a man's neck or a maid's heart be broken for King Monmouth? And if I am a cockerel I will crow, since the day is so near

though I crow no more forever. A Monmouth! A Monmouth! Monmouth! Anthony Grace's sword cut the word in two.

"Gad," cried Sergeant Dove, pressing forward, forgetful for the discipline, "we have walked into a trap, captain! We are nigh upon the enemy's camp, sir. I can hear the stir of picketed horses. Hark all! Shall I bid sound the recall, captain? They have heard or seen us yonder."

Then a bugle in the king's camp rang shrilly out in the call to arms and the little troop of Monmouth's men drew closely together and stood steady, expecting an instant attack. The moon had shaken herself free of her clouds now, and her uncanny silver flooded the rhines, showing up in sharp relief the dark figures of Monmouth's pikemen and the shelving ground before the troop, where their captain stood looking down with dazed eyes at the slim figure lying at his feet.

"My God!" he said, staring at the tossed yellow hair that had fallen with the fallen cap and lay round the upturned face like a frame of carved gold setting a great pearl. "It is Jennet Ashton, and I have killed her!"

"No," the false guide gasped, "King Monmouth, he killed me first, Tony, Ab, Tony, thy sword!" Anthony Grace snatched up his fallen sword and broke it fiercely in two, but the girl only laughed feebly. "Thy sword, Tony, was kinder than King Monmouth's kisses. And—and—was it not—a rare jest, Tony?"

So subtle and so sharp a jest that for its sake Anthony Grace threw his life away next morning soon after daybreak among the rhines of Sedgemoor.

### A Useful Album.

It was at the breakfast table, and the pretty daughter of the household was propitiating her father. "Jack asked me to apologize to you for staying so long last evening," she said, with sundry pats and squeezes of the old gentleman's arm as she brought him his second cup of coffee.

"You see, I was showing him my book of souvenir postal cards, and we got so interested we had no idea about time."

"I've got an album that would interest him, too," said her father. "I guess I'll bring it up so you can show it to him next time. It's my expense book, with dressmakers' bills and so on, all nicely balanced. It will be fully as educational to him as views of Chester and Westminster abbey, I reckon."

### Japanese Women's Hair.

The Japanese women have certain methods of arranging their hair whereby a person can tell at once whether any woman whom he sees is a maiden who desires to get married or a widow who is inconsolable or one who is willing to be consoled if the proper suitor presents himself.

Young girls arrange the hair in front in the form of a fan or butterfly and adorn it with silver or colored ornaments. Widows who are looking for second husbands fasten their hair at the back of the head by means of tortoise shell pins, and widows who are resolved to remain forever faithful to their departed spouses cut their hair short and wear no ornaments in it.

### Curing the Drink Habit.

Norwegian authorities have conceived an original method of curing drunkards of their vice. The patient is placed under lock and key, and his nourishment consists in great part of bread soaked in port wine. The first day the drunkard eats his food with pleasure, and even on the second day he enjoys it.

On the third day he finds that it is always about the same thing, and on the fourth day he becomes impatient. At the end of eight days he receives the wine with horror. The disgust persists, and this homeopathic cure is said to give good results.

### Thanks.

She came into the crowded car and looked divinely sweet. A man got up politely bowed and offered her a seat.

She squeezed into the little space and straightway sat her down. No single word escaped her lips. Her face it wore a frown.

"I did not thank you, sir," she said. "When you gave up your seat, but I will thank you now, kind sir. If you'll get off my feet!"

—Yonkers Statesman.

## A GHOST IN THE CAB

It was past midnight. The city streets were deserted, and it was time to go home. So thought cabby No. 11, shivering in his rusty overcoat. He had watched the electric light on the corner until its ring of rainbow needles seemed to stab his eyes and the big shadows on the street below it to shake with the cold.

"Not a fare this whole blasted night!" he muttered, reaching down and pulling the blanket from his horse.

As he did so he felt the carriage give a great jar on its springs. He turned quickly. Some one had flung himself into the seat behind him.

"What do you want?" said the cabby roughly.

There was a pause; then a voice came through the darkness, thick and nasty as a gurgling black oil:

"Drive me to Judas Withers, in the name of heaven, drive fast!"

"Judas Withers has been dead and his soul with the devil this many a year," answered the cabby, staring behind him.

"The house still stands, but I have lost my way. Go on, you fool!"

The figure reached over and, catching the whip from its place, gave the horse a lash. The old beast plunged forward, banging and rattling down the street, while the cursing cabbyman tried to clutch at the reins, but a hand, chilly and clinging as the belly of a snake, fastened on his wrist, and the thick voice came close to his ear:

"Now will you show me my way?" The driver sank into his place again, while the old cab rocked like a ship.

On they rushed, past closed stores and lampless blocks of houses, now ripping and wrenching across the car tracks and now swinging along the deserted road, on and on, until the pavements had been left behind and the frost looked back from the rutts like a million little green eyes.

At last came the command, "Stop; I see it now!" And the next instant the cab was empty.

"My fare!" yelled the cabbyman, leaping down.

There was no answer. He looked about him. It was very dark where he stood, but the waning moon, with its gnawed and crumbled edges, hung on a line with the fir tops. Before him rose a vague blackness, the house of Judas Withers, tenantless but for the old wife, who still clung like some pale lichen to its moldering stones. Perhaps she, too, lips smiling widely, and the pit of his throat, that was black as the gate of hell; lighting, too, the tumbling, trampled body and the star dust of spilled diamonds.

He paused an instant, he whose name was that of the dead. Then he turned and bounded toward the den, now lying gray and lonesome under the moon. As the cabby peered toward it he saw the figure of a man come into the moonshine. It sprang across the open space in soft leaps like a great black bubble, its every movement full of a dreadful vitality. Then it was gone. As the driver himself turned to go he saw a tiny red spark flash out from the house before him, and one after the other the windows on the lower floor glowed red, as a crawling blotch of sparkles will eat across soot.

The man was there—the man who owed him money—and all fear fled but the fear of loss. The cabby tied his horse and went creeping up the path under cover of the hedges. When he reached the house he raised himself gently and looked in at one of the windows. Before him lay an empty room. On the floor, thrown from a window opposite, was a great checkered flag of moonlight—nothing more, nothing but those blue squares in the darkness.

Suddenly the cabbyman ducked his head, for he saw that a man had glided into the room. He carried a candle high above his head, and his great pale face was bloated and loose as a card.

The cabbyman crouched low. A gust of wind set the fir trees whispering, and a shutter slammed far away in the house.

"Guess I'll get out of this," he muttered, rising. But he did not go, for the figure that stood in the candlelight had turned its back to the window and was digging among the bricks, ripping and scratching like a leopard, while his long shadow

clawed on the ceiling above him. "Thief!" said the cabbyman between his teeth, pressing his ear to the broken panes. "There is treasure hidden there—perhaps gold, perhaps"—Just then the man inside gave a joyful grunt.

He lifted an iron box from the hole he had been digging. There was no key in the lock, but at his touch the cover flew open, and out poured the contents—blue, green and gold, like a glittering rush of water broken beneath the sun.

The cabby's heart stopped beating. "Diamonds!" he cried softly. Then he grasped at the window ledge, for the creature gave a howl of anguish.

"Good God! They give no light!" And the echoes chattered back: "No light! No light!"

There was a long silence. The huddle on the floor rocked to and fro, his face buried in his thin hands.

The moon had sunk, and the sky was clear as dark glass. A cock crowed somewhere in the east. At that sound the wretched figure raised its head. Opposite him was a door with a fan shaped transom over it, and as he looked it grew gray and then rosy. Some one was coming. Now even the cabby could hear the light creak of steps.

Nearer they came, nearer. The door opened, and a little figure peeped into the room—the little figure of a woman, shriveled and very old. The man by the fireplace sprang up. As the woman's eyes met that ghastly face she gave a cry. "Judas!" she screamed, "Judas!" Then she tottered and slid in a heap at his feet. He kicked at her, but she only lay there, gibbering: "What do you want? What do you want?"

At last he answered her. "It was black! It choked me—it was so dark—oh, so dark! I have come back for the light they promised me. They said I should find it here; that without it my soul will be blind—blind! Do you hear me? Help me find it! As you were my wife, help me find it!"

The woman crawled to her knees, her eyes raised to his, and the terrified cabbyman, watching through the window, saw that the kerchief folded across her bosom was bright as if a lamp glowed behind it.

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## CALLING IN THE TREE TOPS.

A Visit to an Elevated Village in the Philippines.

In the interior of the island of Mindanao, in the Philippines, there are many natives who live in houses in the tree tops. Where the forests are thick the entrances to villages are often at considerable distances and by way of suspended bridges from tree to tree. Thus one may walk directly beneath a cluster of houses, says the author of "The Gems of the East," without suspecting its presence.

On one occasion, by mere luck, while struggling through a bamboo forest he came to a place where, resting against the thick growth, was a severed bamboo of great height, with notches cut in it. Recognizing it as a Mansaka ladder, he mounted it to see what was at the summit.

To his amazement there lay on the top of the vegetation two long, horizontal bamboos on which muddy feet had trodden and beyond these other bamboos, forming a path or bridge. He signaled his men to be quiet and follow, and then proceeded to cross the first length of the rickety way, some twenty feet above the ground. When he had gone about thirty yards he came suddenly out into a clearing where were four large elevated houses. The path he was on led to the nearest one, and they were all connected by bridges.

To cross the shaky bamboo over the open was a problem for one less birdlike than the tree dwellers; but, taking off his shoes, the traveler went ahead. He had scarcely reached the middle and most ticklish part when the Mansakas in the houses detected his presence. With a chorus of yells they sent stones and arrows at him, and one old woman crawled out on the bridge and shook it so that only by using both hands could he cling to it. At last he was able to stand up and make the sign of peace. The old woman stopped and stared at him, while his men crowded up on the bamboo and prepared to discharge their guns into the houses if necessary to protect him. The traveler called his interpreter.

"Tell her she must not be angry with me," he said. "Tell her she looks ugly when she is angry. Tell her I am a friend and carry no bolo nor even a spear. If they lay down their arms, I will kill no one."

The old woman, who still had some stones clutched in her hands, hesitated for awhile and then regretfully dropped the missiles. The traveler went toward her and caressed her scarred face. She seized his hand in hers, which were trembling, and the men and women in the houses stilled their racket.

The old woman was the chief's wife and bore the scars of many fights. She said they had mistaken the party for slave traders. Being reassured, she turned and led the party into the village, and there they were entertained at a feast. She even offered to adopt the traveler and make him chief if he would stay, but he declined the offer firmly and without regret.

### Men Living In Nests.

Several travelers who have returned from the heart of Africa and the Australasian continent tell wonderful stories of nest building people who inhabit the wilds of those countries. The bushmen of Australia are perhaps the lowest order of men known. They are so primitive that they do not know enough to build even the simplest form of hut for shelter. The nearest they can approach to it is to gather a lot of twigs and grass and, taking them into a thicket or jungle, build a nest for a home. The nest is usually built large enough for the family, and if the latter is very numerous then the nests are of large size. Sometimes the foliage above will form a natural covering, but there is never any attempt at constructing a protection from storms.

### Too Practical.

"Throggins, isn't that little flirtation between you and Miss Pompey-dure beginning to look serious?"

"It is, Ruggles—more serious than I thought. She told me last night I mustn't take her out to the theater or bring her costly bouquets any more—that it was time for me to begin to save money."—Chicago Tribune.

### Deserved It.

"Why do you refer to that new sewing machine I bought you as 'the tramp,' my dear?"

"Well, the darned thing won't work."—New York Times.

### Headquarters.

May—I wish I knew whether the duke intended to propose.

Pamela—Why don't you inquire of his solicitors?—Town Topics.