THE AMADOR LEDGER.

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DRINK COLD WATER.

QUIT BOOZING AND KEEP SOBER AND YOU WILL BECOME FAMOUS.

Q. Hope Jones, the Famous Temperance Lecturer, Cites a Few Historic Examples to Prove the Truth of This Proposition.

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My Dear Fellow Citizens—It is my custom before proceeding to the business of the evening to take up a collection among the audience for the benefit of some charity. On this occasion the subject is the individual who stands before you. I have managed to get along for the last three days on 87 cents, but I can go no further. While there is no doubt that I am worthy of all you can do for me, yet no one need feel under obligations to give. I will now pass around the hat, and as I move among you I am glad to observe that the audience assembled here tonight is one of the most cultivated I have seen for months. I will not be base enough to think that free admission had anything to do with it. You came to hear one of the great questions of the day discussed by one of the great orators of the century, and had the price of tickets been 10 cents each I believe that one and all would have cheerfully coughed up. I do not use that expression in a slang sense, but as a Latin phrase. I find that the collection amounts to 70 cents, and, thanking you from the bottom of my heart and trusting that you may go out of here better men and women, I will now begin:

My friends, I have in my pocket the figures showing just how many distilleries and breweries there are in the United States and just how much whisky and beer are made every 24 hours

CHRISTOPHER.

during the year. But why give them? Why tell you that 1,000,000 of our population go to bed drunk every night in the year and that the money spent for drink every day would provide all the widows with sealskin sacks and French heeled shoes? We all know those things. Let us begin with Christopher Columbus, who had rather more to do with America than any man who has come after him. I give you his picture on the canvas. You look puzzled and surprised. You can't make it out. You behold Christopher lying drunk on the highway, with a jug on one side and a hog on the other. It is a fanciful picture. I want you to look at it closely and keep it in your minds, and every day for years to come I want you to ask yourself what would have happened if Columbus had been that sort of man. When Ferdinand and Isabella had fitted him out for his voyage, suppose he had gone and got a three days' jag on and had rolled around in the mud and had had three or four scraps with other old bums. Can you for an instant believe that he would have been left in command of the expedition or that this country would have been discovered for the next 50 years? But there was no boozing. He may have taken a farewell drink of root beer or lemonade, as was eminently proper, but it ended right there, and he became world famous as a result. A whole hemisphere and millions of people owe him a debt of gratitude and will remember his name forever because of his abstinence. The lesson taught by the picture is plain to all. Get drunk, and you will be sent to the island for 30 days; remain sober, and you will become famous.

My friends, let me give you the picture of George Washington as he was about to cross the Delaware and gain a great victory over the British. You observe that George is lying drunk with his feet on a chair while the patriot army waits for him to take the lead. You murmur and are aghast. You never heard that the Father of His Country got a jag on. No more did he. I give you this picture as an object lesson, and I ask you where this country would have been today had George gone off on a hoopla at a critical moment? In those old colonial days there was corn juice around by

GEORGE.

the barrel, and it was easier to get drunk than to roll out of bed, but Washington was a man to withstand temptation. On 12 different occasions, as I figure it, had he gone off on a tear, instead of attending to business, this country would not now be the United States. I never hail him as the great and noble without also blessing him for not filling up with corn juice. The analogy is plain to the dullest mind. Get drunk and fall over yourself and roll around in the catnip, and you'll die unknown and unwept. Let whisky and beer alone, except when ordered for cramps, and a nation will sorrow at your death and raise monuments to you for a thousand years after.

The name of John Hancock must always be associated with the Declaration of Independence. His name was the first to go down. His was the first neck to be put into the halter. I give you his picture. He is limpsy drunk and hanging to a lamppost in the city of Boston. The convention waits for him to sign his name to a document which will change the map of the world and bring forth a new nation,

HANCOCK.

but he's too drunk to get there, and the independence of the colonies is lost forever. This picture is also a creation of fancy, but let the moral lesson sink deep into your hearts. Now and then, when he had been out chopping wood in the rain, John Hancock may have taken a nip to keep the chills off, but never on any other occasion. He didn't need whisky to back up his patriotism. He had a cold water hatred of tyranny, and when the time came to upset King George's apple cart he picked up a goose quill and wrote his name in letters which stand out like red paint on a white door. Half a pint of colonial corn juice down behind his vest would have unfitted the great patriot and left America a dependency.

My friends, I am not here to rail at distillers, howl at brewers or shout at saloon keepers. I am not begging you with tears in my eyes to shun the flowing bowl and not pound your wives or wallop your children. I am not going to spoil your sleep tonight by holding up the horrors and miseries of intemperance. I simply say to you that for a steady all around drink cold water tops everything else, and when judiciously mingled with buttermilk and root beer it produces patriots, poets, philosophers and statesmen. Try it once, and you will take no other. M. QUAD.

What Prompted Him.

A capital story of Rolf Boldrewood, the distinguished Australian novelist, is told. After T. A. Browne had suddenly leaped into fame as Rolf Boldrewood, author of "Robbery Under Arms," he continued for some years as stipendiary magistrate of Albany. One morning there was brought before him a rough bushboy of 14, charged with having held up several other boys on a country road. It was proved that he had presented a pistol at them and compelled them to empty all their pockets for his benefit.

"Dear me," said the surprised magistrate to the juvenile culprit, "what could have prompted you to do such a thing?"

"Reading 'Robbery Under Arms,'" replied the unabashed boy bushranger. —Chicago News.

What They Said.

"Did the girls say anything when they heard of my engagement?" she asked with a little curiosity.

"Very little," was the reply of her dearest friend.

"But they said something?"

"Oh, yes; they said something."

"Well, what was it?"

"Well, most of them merely exclaimed, 'At last!'"

There was a pause, and then she asked:

"Well, what did some of the others say?"

"One of them said, 'Who'd have thought it?' Another, 'Will wonders never cease?' And a third"—

"Oh, never mind the rest," interrupted the fiancee; "I never did have much curiosity."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

... IS A MAN'S METHOD.

...is Way of Making a Carpet Bargain While His Wife Was Away.

"I want both my upper and lower halls recarpeted," was the remark Charles J. Jones of East Walnut Hills made to a well known carpet man. "And I'm going to move out of the house until you finish the work! I'll leave the choice and color to you! My wife is out of town, you see, and I want to surprise her upon her return. There is only one condition to this bargain—I must ask you, as we are old friends, to give me a small figure in the carpet."

"All right!" said the carpet man.

And Charles Jones staid away from home for two days, while the carpet man's birelings banged away with their hammers, and he hugged himself as he thought of the surprise that was in store for his wife when she returned. Last Thursday the carpet man called Jones up by telephone and announced that the carpet was laid.

"It's a dark green!" said the carpet man.

"I'm glad of that!" answered Jones.

"And as small a figure as is consistent with the carpet!" roared the carpet man.

"I'm gladder than ever!" said Jones.

That evening he visited his home and was satisfied that the carpet was a peach. The next morning he met the carpet man.

"How much do I owe you?" inquired Jones.

"It is $98.65," said the carpet dealer.

"What!" yelled Jones. "Where's the small figure you and I agreed on?"

"Why, on the border of the carpet!" said the amazed dealer. "It's a morning glory vine with pink and white flowers! You've got a bargain at that figure!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Hired by the Hour.

When Remenyi, the famous violinist, was a young man, he was engaged by a parvenu to play at a dinner, the agreement stating that he was to furnish music from 8 o'clock to 11. He began with an andante movement from Mozart, a composition which opens very low and soft.

The host turned to his guests, "That's just like those musicians," he said. "I hired him by the hour, and see how slow he plays."—Kansas City Independent.

Didn't Work Well.

"We couldn't get along with two office boys."

"Not enough work?"

"That wasn't it; each was afraid he'd get here in the morning before the other."—Chicago Record.

Old Friends.

Snarley—Old friends are the best.

Yow—They are if they don't get rich before you do.—Syracuse Herald.

SHORTHAND WRITING.

Accuracy Is of Much More Importance Than Speed.

"Speed is by no means the most necessary thing in shorthand writing," explained an experienced stenographer, "but with some teachers it is made the great consideration, often at the expense of everything else. The big thing in shorthand is legibility, for there are many who can write fast enough, but who are unable to tell what it means after it has grown cold. I have been a stenographer, depending entirely on it for my living, for 25 years. During that time I have, of course, picked up some knowledge on the subject. I have been the stenographer for two cabinet officers, four assistant secretaries and three or four senators. Incidentally I have worked for a year as the private secretary of one of the big bank presidents in New York city.

"All of this experience has proven one thing very conclusively, and that is that there is no necessity for any stenographer who does amanuensis work to write over 120 words a minute and in 99 cases out of 100 no necessity to write over 100 words a minute. Indeed, I know of at least 25 stenographers who are drawing the largest kind of salaries as private secretaries who have assured me that they have never been required to average as much as 90 words. Under these circumstances it seems strange that some teachers of stenography will excite pupils to write 150 to 200 words per minute and endeavor to make them believe that such a railroad speed is a necessity. Such a practice does actual injury, for it discourages many from even learning a moderate speed.

"There have been instances where it may have been necessary for stenographers to be able to write over 200 and more words a minute, and there is a legend hanging about the senate chamber that General Hawley, for 10 or 12 minutes in a speech, once spoke 225 words a minute. The average speed of senators in speeches does not reach 110 words and in dictating letters rarely reaches 100 words."—Washington Star.

The Original Seven Wonders.

None of the original seven wonders of the world remains, except the great pyramid of Egypt. The tomb of Mausolus, king of Caria, built about 350 B. C., was destroyed before 1400 A. D. The third wonder, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, was built 552 B. C. and was destroyed 356 B. C. The fourth wonder, the walls and terraces of Babylon, were erected about 570 B. C. They decayed gradually after Babylon had ceased to be the capital of the Assyrian empire. The Colossus of Rhodes, erected in 288 B. C., stood 64 years, was destroyed by an earthquake and lay in ruins for nearly 900 years, until a Jew bought it and took it on 900 camels to Alexandria. The statue of Zeus at Olympus was made 437-433 B. C., was removed to Constantinople and was destroyed by fire 475 A. D. The Pharos at Alexandria was built about 283 B. C. and was destroyed by an earthquake about 1300-1400 A. D.

HOME LIFE ON THE WANE.

English Hostesses Accused of Being Perpetual Gadabouts.

Slowly, but surely, the pride the English hostesses took in their home, in their reputation for hospitality and in their ability to plan pleasant little entertainments for their friends is passing away. The smart young hostess no longer cares to welcome her guests among her Lares and Penates; it is no longer her earnest desire to display her housewifely genius; no longer her ambition to shine as a "clever little woman who so thoroughly understands just what every one likes."

There are too many irons in society's fire to look after nowadays for her to fritter away time in this fashion. Moreover, people want incessant novelty; they are bored with even good menus, they tire of certain surroundings, they must have everything a little in advance, and as little as possible like anything that obtained a decade, to say nothing of two decades, ago. Thus it is we rush with our friends in unhomelike fashion from restaurant to restaurant, like bona fide travelers; thus it is we inhospitably, one might almost venture to say meanly, ask our friends to share expenses with us in the little pleasures we should once have offered them. The commercial spirit is indeed rampant in us in this advanced age. One almost dreads to think what next must be sacrificed to it and what will be the home life and the English housemother of the next generation.—Ladies' Pictorial.

When You Buy Dollies.

A father was commissioned by his small daughter to buy a dozen little bisque dolls. Her instructions were so many and so detailed that the father found himself hesitating to perform the commission.

"See here, Ethel," he said at last, "I'm afraid I'll make some awful mistake. Don't you think you'd better wait until your cold is better, and then you can go into town some day with mamma and pick out the doll babies for yourself?"

"Oh, no, papa," cried Ethel, "I do so want them right off. And, papa, I'll tell you how to choose them. Just pick each one up and look straight into its eyes, and if it looks at you as if it really and truly loved you, why, you buy it."—New York Sun.

No Flies In Skyscrapers.

"If I was a baldheaded man I would get me an office on one of the upper floors of the tallest skyscraper in town," remarked an attorney. "Why? Because I'd never have to brush a fly from my hairless pate. Flies stay near the ground, seldom getting more than 30 or 40 feet above it. The only flies you get in a skyscraper are the ones that stray up through the interior of the building, and they are mighty few. You will find them on the lower floors, but just keep your eyes open when you are in high buildings, you'll see mighty few of the little pests above the third or fourth floors."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

To Retrench.

"Home is the dearest place on earth," remarked Bilkens to Wilkins.

"Yes," replied Wilkins, "that's why we quit housekeeping and went to board."—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

...ASANT PRISONS.

THE SPECIAL ONES IN THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

They Are Intended Particularly For Members and Other Persons Who Violate Parliament's Own Dignity, Rules and Customs.

Few persons are aware that England's parliament has its own special prisons within its own precincts which are intended particularly for its own members and persons who violate its own dignity, rules and customs. Of course these prisons seldom are used now, but they have been in the past, and not so very long ago, and may be again. The house of commons has one set and the house of lords another.

The commons prison is a little way up in the Clock Tower. Here are two sets of prisons, intended only for the accommodation of one prisoner each, one set being a little higher up in the tower than the other. Each set consists of a sitting room and two bedrooms, the former being a nice, comfortable room about three by five yards, with a neat carpet and chairs good enough for anybody. The extra bedroom is not intended for the prisoner or for any friends whom he might desire to put up for the night, but is the sleeping apartment of the official who looks after him during his incarceration. This man is usually the supervisor of badge messengers, and, besides looking after his man, he is also his servant for the time being, and waits upon him just like any other. He never need worry himself much upon the question of the possibilities of the prisoner's escape, for the sergeant-at-arms is responsible, and inasmuch as the only way of getting to and from the prison is by way of this sergeant's house and through it, the risk of such a thing ever happening is practically prohibitive.

While he is there the prisoner really has a good time. No restrictions as to hours are placed upon him, and he may rouse himself from his slumbers just when he feels most inclined and return to them in the same way. Practically the only thing he cannot do is to walk about outside just as he pleases, but he is permitted to take an hour and a half's exercise each morning and an hour in the afternoon on the terrace of the house, and the terrace, broad and long and with its splendid outlook upon the river, is by no means a bad place to take exercise. If he were left entirely unguarded, the prisoner might dive into the river and swim away, or, what would be simpler, hail a passing boat. So, just for precaution's sake, a couple of officers accompany him while he takes these breaths of fresh air.

He goes on Sunday to the church in Vincent square, and on these occasions also he has a couple of innocent looking attendants.

Moreover, there is no question of so many ounces of bread and meat, but if he has the money to pay for it he may feed himself upon the choicest viands that the most cultured palate could suggest. The house of commons has a first class restaurant, where the hungry M. P. may dine as well as he could anywhere in London. Each day the dishes which the kitchen has prepared are indicated on a menu which is brought up to the prisoner, and he ticks off anything for which he feels a fancy, and it is brought to him. The only drawback from his point of view is that the bill is presented to him just as it would be anywhere else, and in the event of his refusing to pay up he would eventually be served with a court summons.

Among the occupants of the Clock Tower have been the late Charles Bradlaugh, who found himself consigned thither on account of a little difference with Mr. Speaker on the subject of the parliamentary oath. When Northampton returned Mr. Bradlaugh to parliament, he was not allowed to take the oath nor the substituted process known as affirmation. Mr. Bradlaugh, however, secured a New Testament and took a self administered oath, after which he proceeded to the next step of signing the roll. He refused to withdraw when the speaker requested him to do so, and consequently the sergeant-at-arms took charge of him, and to the Clock Tower prison he went.

When the erection of the Tower bridge was being considered, a statement was made that the Tower bridge bill committee was subject to bribery and corruption—a serious charge. Two men responsible for it were pronounced to have committed a breach of privilege, for the house is very sensitive upon such matters, and the speaker issued a summons for their appearance. One of them, Mr. Ward, gave himself up without delay, and he got seven days in the Clock Tower prison. The other offender, after a little delay, was captured and was for a brief period housed at Newgate.

The first M. P. imprisoned in the present house of commons was W. Smith O'Brien. One day in 1846 he committed contempt of the house by declining to sit upon a certain committee. Consequently he was sent to prison during the few weeks that the committee deliberated. This time, however, he was not sent to the Clock Tower prison, which was not finished, but did his durance in the cellar of the house.

Not Bull Run.

On an excursion given by Secretary Langley to the members of the National Academy of Science down the Potomac, Bernard Green, of the library of congress, told the best story of the day. Mr. Green happened to be crossing the ocean some years ago on the Fourth of July, which national holiday was celebrated with great enthusiasm by the Americans on board.

"I say," asked one of the Englishmen, "what is this the anniversary of, anyhow? Isn't it to celebrate the battle of Bull Run or something of that kind?"

"No," promptly spoke up an American. "Not Bull Run—John Bull Run." —New York Tribune.

Why, Indeed?

Waitress—Roastbeefmuttonroastporkmashedorbrownpotatoesbeetspuddingorpie?

Customer—H'm. Are not these things still in separate dishes?

"Yessir."

"Then why do you announce them as if they had already been made into hash?"—Indianapolis Press.

THE BOSS DREW THE LINE.

Trading With a Corpse Was Not Allowed In His Camp.

The boss of the lumber camp refilled his pipe and lighted it.

"Yes," said he, "I drew the line on that.

"We had a man die in camp this winter. He lived just over the boundary. Nice feller he was, too—thrifty and all that. Every one liked him. Sorry to have him go. But after he was gone we did the best we knew how. Fixed the body up and sent two of the men out with it.

"He had bought a new pair of boots at the wougan camp two weeks before he died, and we thought it would be only right to put those boots on. So we did. The men started away and came back in three days. One of the men was wearin them new boots. The other feller gave it away. Said that just before they got to the house with the deceased the critter pulled them boots off the corpse and swapped. Other feller didn't like it, and said so. But the critter allowed that he had had some talk with the corpse about swappin a few days before he died. Corpse had allowed that the new boots hurt his corns and said that a pair that had been broken in would do better. Critter said that he couldn't bear to think of deceased bein buried in a pair of boots that hurt his feet. He said that he should wake up in the night, suttin, and think about the thing.

"Waal, course there was somethin in what he said, but as there warn't no way of gettin at the deceased's side of the matter, I concluded that I wouldn't let that trade stand. There's a good many things that go in this camp all right, but dickerin with dead men ain't one of 'em. I draw the line right there, and draw it sharp. I made that feller send them boots back. The deceased has still got the critter's old ones. The feller had to go to the wougan and get some new ones. And that's so much more for the company and a commission for me. 'Twarn't bad all round. When the feller got to jawin about the thing I told him he could still have the comfort of knowin that deceased wasn't wearin tight boots."—Lewiston Journal.

Fat the Foe of Consumption.

Consumption is most prevalent among those who are stinted or who stint themselves in the use of fat foods. Everybody has learned and employed the knowledge, usually when it is too late, that cod liver oil is good for consumption. Few seem to have learned that food of the same character suitable for the table is preventive of consumption. In the whole course of my professional observation, covering a period of nearly 60 years, I have known but rarely a family or an individual that was brought up on a liberal supply of butter and bacon who became tuberculous. Moreover, such food fortifies the system against other diseases as well as consumption. It establishes stamina.—Dr. Bell in the Sanitarium.

Remembered Too Late.

Speaking of the queer doings of absentminded people, the following anecdote is related by the London Globe: "A very irritable man left his house one morning to attend a race meeting some distance off. In order that he might have enough money to pay his hotel bill he tied a sovereign in the corner of his handkerchief. In the train he drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and noticed the knot in the corner. 'Now,' he said to himself, 'what was it I wished to remember?' Much thought failed to enlighten him upon the point, and at last, in a fit of passion he hurled the handkerchief out of the window. Then he remembered."

Applying the Rule.

After Sunday school little Ned and his younger cousin, Horton, were permitted to play in the yard on condition that they would be very good and quiet. They had not been out long when Ned's mother heard loud screams. Upon investigating the cause she found her small son sitting on his cousin, pounding him vigorously in spite of Horton's pitiful wails.

"Well, mamma," Ned exclaimed, "I wanted to teach him the golden rule, and he said he wouldn't learn it."—Detroit Free Press.

Went All the Way.

It is said that the reason why there are no snakes in New Zealand is that it is at the direct antipodes of Ireland, and that when St. Patrick banished the snakes from Ireland his blessing went right through the earth and banished the snakes from New Zealand also.

Protected In Bed.

In Santiago in the better class of houses the bedsteads are surrounded with a close kind of netting, beginning at the floor and gathered at the top. This is intended as a protection against tarantulas, the bites of which are poisonous.

The Chinese study phrenology, judging a man by the development of his forehead and a woman by the form and size of the back of her cranium.

Philosophy is an extremely agreeable companion to people in easy circumstances.—Brooklyn Life.

A Scotch Custom.

In many parts of Scotland it used to be the custom to place on a man's tombstone the symbols of his trade. Thus a sugar cane would decorate the grave of a grocer; an ax and saw, with hammer and nails, would be found on that of a carpenter, an awl and a hammer on a shoemaker's grave, and so on

The sorrow of yesterday is as nothing; that of today is bearable; but that of tomorrow is gigantic, because indistinct.—Euripides.

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BLIND, OH, SO BLIND!

Isn't it strange how people
Gaze with enraptured face
On the cunning work of the painter
Limning sweet nature's grace,
And yet with eyes that see not
Nor souls that beauty find,
Live in the world the painter paints,
Blind, oh, so blind?

Isn't it strange how people
Thrill in the keenest way
To the stories of life and its living
Told in book or in play,
And yet, with darkened vision,
To naught of their charm inclined,
Live in the world where the stories live,
Blind, oh, so blind?
—Ripley D. Saunders in St. Louis Republic.

The Dogskin Wouldn't Go Round.

Hungary swarms with barristers. It is the greatest ambition of the Hungarian peasant to make one of his sons an advocate.

The son of a small farmer in the neighborhood of Budapest was sent by his father to the law school of that town, but, either from lack of parts or the necessary application, he was plucked in the qualifying examination.

Not daring to return to the paternal abode empty handed after all the money that had been spent on his education, he conceived and executed the plan of forging a legal diploma. The father was not, however, so ignorant as not to be aware that such diplomas are always written on parchment—kutya-ber (dogskin)—in Hungary.

"Why is your certificate not made out on kutya-ber?" asked the old man.

"The fact is, father," coolly replied the youth, "there are more barristers than dogs in Hungary, and so there is not enough kutya-ber to make diplomas for us all."—London Answers.

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Ledger and Daily Examiner, one year	8 30
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