

HIS WORD OF HONOR.

A Tale of the Blue and the Gray.

BY E. WERNER.

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CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"I believe you, Edward," she said. In a low tone. "I will be ready this evening."

den. Instead of using the main entrance, and now, unannounced, hurriedly entered the drawing-room.



SHE STARTED FOR SHE RECOGNIZED THE VOICE.

father, who had long intended to wed her to his nephew and would hear of no other marriage.

same time the old sting also pierced her heart, and with a touch of defiance, the young girl answered:

CHAPTER IV. At last, the outbreak of the war furnished the long-desired opportunity for an open breach.

The young girl was suddenly startled from her reverie by a broad, bright bar of sunshine.

light deceived him; but as the young officer, with a sudden movement, turned toward him, Harrison started back, exclaiming furiously:

"Who tells you so?" asked Edward, coldly. "The letters are in my hands."

William started back. This cold-blooded acknowledgment completely destroyed his self-command for a moment; but Florence exclaimed in consternation:

Juvenile Logic. Boy—You are going to fight against the English, aren't you, Capt. Brown?

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

DRUNKENNESS THE SUBJECT DISCUSSED.

"Let It Bitch Like a Serpent and Sting Like an Adder"—Proverbs Chapter 23:32—Nine Hundred Millions for Drink.

"When God Almighty hurled his condemnation at the Garden of Eden's sin he could do no worse than make Satan wriggle and hiss."

"Lesson the first: The intoxicating fang poisons a man's brain. We read with amazement how a boa constrictor can kill and swallow down a calf or kid or deer five times the reptile's natural size."

"Where does the serpent of intoxicants try to satisfy its omnivorous appetite? We hear the hiss in every legislative hall; we see its eyes shining out of almost every palace window;

"Robert Burns, Sergeant S. Prentiss, Coleridge, Edgar Allan Poe, Lord Byron, William Pitt, Addison, Bolingbroke, Walpole, Pulteney, Carteret, Cicero, Mark Antony, and hosts of the leading men and women of this country, whose names we dare not mention, were all destroyed by the serpent's bite."

"The most awful carnage of the civil war was caused by the incompetency of the commanding General, who was a drunkard. A spark can explode a gunpowder magazine far easier than it burns a green sapling."

"The venomous asp which bit through the fair white skin of Cleopatra was never so poisonous as the stinging adder of my text. Furthermore, a man does not have to be swallowed 385 times every year by this biting serpent to be destroyed."

"Statistics give us the most astounding figures. There are today engaged in the manufacture and sale of intoxicants one-seventy-fifth of the American race. Over \$900,000,000 is spent annually for a national liquor bill."

"In 1890 in Dakota, there was one saloon for every ninety-five voters; in Nebraska, for every 113 voters; in Kansas for every 244 voters; in Iowa

tana, for every twenty-eight voters; in Colorado, for every thirty-seven voters; in Oregon, for every fifty-eight voters; in California, for every thirty-seven voters, and in all of the states east of the Mississippi the average was a saloon for every 108 voters."

"Lesson the second: The intoxicating fang poisons a man's heart. It would not be so sad if every time a drunkard wanted to go to destruction he could go alone; every time a sportsman shot a bird some other mother bird would fly to the helpless nest and feed and warm and care for the orphans; every time a deer was killed by a boa constrictor some sister deer would nurse the fawn until the little one is able to take care of herself; if every time a woman is poisoned by a cobra the dying immortal could lift her baby out of danger and some manly Joseph would care for the boy as the Nazarene carpenter did with Mary the Virgin, and the infant Christ, when the decree went forth and Herod 'slew all the children that were in Bethlehem and in all the coasts thereof from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently inquired of the wise men.'"

"But a man's dissipation not only destroys the head of the family, but also the inmates of the home. When a mighty tree falls, the branches, the vines, the blossoms, the orchard's fruit, all tumble with the crash. A man will be a kind husband, a loving father, and faithful son until the poison of drink enters his heart and scatters all his affections, and a friend will become a fiend."

"Come, the 6 o'clock whistles are blowing, stand at the opened doors of the great factories, and see the saddest sight in America. Here are the poor, sickly, consumptive young girls dragging their feet wearily along. Their clothes are in rags; their faces are dirty, their shoes broken. They hold by the hand an old straw hat or swing a garment by some dirty ribbon which would disgrace an ash barrel. In nine cases out of ten the reason those poor creatures have no home, no schooling, no refinements, is because the father cares not what becomes of his daughters as long as his evil cravings are satisfied."

"Some time ago, in New York city, one of these little children carried home so many pails of beer, each time sipping a little himself, that he at last became intoxicated and fell down a cellar, and a couple of days later his dead body was found, half eaten by rats. Go today into any of our great county poor hospitals, and find the poor little babies, red and disfigured, in the last stages of roseola, for the poison of the adder's fang of intoxication breeds all the diseases in the criminal calendar."

"Study the question of foreign missions. Some church members keep asking: 'Why are foreign missions a failure?' I will answer the true reason. I have been all around the world, and in many of the missionary stations and know whereof I speak. There could be no more consecrated servants of God than the foreign missionaries. But alongside of the English missionary are the English merchants, soldiers, sailors, and alongside of the American missionary, goes the American sailor, merchant, and sightseer. The minister carries the white man's gospel; the layman the white man's sins. Thousands of people who are good and pure and temperate at home simply let their evil desires run riot in foreign lands. And when we send the merchant ships, with a few Bibles in the cabin and the bulls crowded with intoxicants, is it to be wondered at that we are trying to save the heathen by exterminating them?"

"A short time before we arrived in Calcutta, India, a missionary was preaching in the public square, when a Mohammedan priest dragged a drunken sailor out of a neighboring saloon. Then, before the crowd of natives he read these solemn words of the Holy Communion: 'After the same manner he also took the cup. When he had supped, and after giving thanks he gave to his disciples, saying, 'Drink ye all of this, for this is the cup of the new covenant in my blood, which is shed for many for the remission of sins. This do ye as oft as ye drink it in remembrance of me.'" After the Mohammedan priest had finished that holy passage he pointed the long finger of scorn at the drunken sailor, saying: 'Yonder is the wine which Christ gave. Look at it.'"

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he cares for no one but himself. He would slay his own wife, sell his own child, murder his own flesh and blood, but drink he must and will have. Are we going beyond the text when we say in reference to the human affection, 'It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder'?"

"How are we going to exterminate this poisonous reptile of evil, drink? First by putting our faith in Almighty God. Travelers tell us that fatal fanged serpents are easily influenced by music. When the snake charmers begin to play and sing, the cobra will sway backward and forward. The angry tongue will cease to quiver, the eye to lose its flash, and the long, stinging body will follow the charmer as a kid cries for the mother sheep. The song of Zion and the Lamb, the angelic chorus sung above the hillsides of Bethlehem, the jubilee of Mary in the Nazarene carpenter's shop, will work the miracle. It is high time the churches are opened for the great temperance meetings, and the pulpits and platforms echo with the pleading for the temperance pledge."

"But, you say, 'some of our ministers do not believe in preaching temperance.' Do you know why? Some of our ministers drink. I come out boldly in this charge. The minister who refuses to speak upon the temperance question is either a coward or else he himself is unwilling to surrender his pet sin. The church which goes forth with the Bible in one hand and a whisky bottle in the other, destroys 100 times more than it saves."

"In the next place we must look to the women to aid us in this great work. Frances E. Willard in some respects is the most honored name of this century. By moral suasion and the power of presenting the temperance cause, you women must realize the great battle in the world's salvation is to be fought at the ballot box. The church today directly or indirectly influences at least 5,000,000 of the 12,000,000 voters. We hold the balance of power. The Christian people must stand together, as the saloon stands shoulder to shoulder. Women must make your husbands better and sons realize they should never vote for any candidate unless he has declared himself in reference to the saloon."

"But if I cannot appeal to you on religious grounds, I appeal in a purely worldly sense. Do you know how ninety-five per cent of all the drunkards of the country can be instantly stopped? Make me a pledge to always pay for your own drinks, and never treat any one else. Most of this curse comes from the fact that a party of men enter a saloon. First, one friend pays for a round of glasses, then another, then another, and another and another, until at last the whole crowd is intoxicated."

"It is the abominable system of treating which has made our brewers millionaires. 'Oh, you answer, 'that is a very low motive to which you appeal.' If I cannot appeal to high motives then I appeal to low. If I cannot impress you on account of Christ or the home of your children or business prospects or by the temperance pledge, then I will appeal to you on any ground to make you cease. A few years ago a bride and bridegroom went to live in a log hut upon the side of a western mountain. It was in the middle of winter. A den of serpents had gone to sleep under the fireplace. That night the warm blazing logs roused them from the winter's nap and the poisonous enemies crawled up and into the bed and made the sleep of life the dreamless sleep of death."

"May we in our own home in the cries of our loved ones on account of our own criminal negligence or sinful example, never hear the fatal hiss of the destroying monster of my text which 'at last biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.'"

Never so Many as There Were Engaged During the Past Year. Never was there a time when so many and so well-equipped expeditions were abroad in the effort to fill in the blank spaces in the geography of the world, says the Scientific American. Interest is divided pretty equally between the Arctic and Antarctic regions—with a preference for the former. Peary is well on his way to the North Pole. Profiting by his past experience, he is engaged in establishing the necessary line of communications before making his final dash for the objective point. He has an able competitor in Sverdrup, Nansen's old colleague, who has taken the Fram once more into Arctic waters, with the intention of combining Peary's and Nansen's plan of advance in a supreme effort. During the year Abramson has set out, and Weilmann has returned from Franz Josef Land. The Belgian Antarctic expedition, which sailed from Antwerp over two years ago, has brought home a fine collection of fauna and many valuable data gathered during its deep sea investigations; while the Geographical Society of Berlin has under consideration the despatch of a well-equipped expedition. Mention should be made also of Prof. Hatcher's exploration of Patagonia, which has yielded valuable results, and also of the exploration of the fossil beds of Wyoming, which has proved so successful that another expedition is being planned for this year.

Wanted the Call Reported. Employer (to collector)—Do you know Owen, Collector Oh, yes. —Was he arrested at your place, or him? Collector—No, he is not to be seen here.