GENTLE WOMAN ROUSED.

A Story of the Temperance Movement in the West.

BY REV. E. P. ROE,

Author of "What Can She Do?" "Barriers Burned Away," &c.

[CONCLUDED.]

I shall never forget the group that we found assembled in the judge's parlor. There were young faces present besides that of Mrs. Elliott. But all were pale and lined with care—all were solemn with an earnest purpose, and touched with the pathos of suffering.

"Ladies, this is Mrs. Elliott," said Mrs. Ashman, simply.

All rose to receive their leader, and she assumed control with the simplicity and dignity which only noble natures can attain.

"In the main you are strangers to me," she said, "but our common danger and our common wrong knit our souls together as one. The evil which threatens our lives and homes has grown so desperate that it seems to require desperate remedy. It is a terrible cross for us weak, timid women to go on this mission. It brings back to us the days of martyrdom. Yesterday I thought I would die rather than do this. Now I feel that I would die if I did not go, for a dearer life than mine is in peril. I believe that I but imperfectly express the feelings of each one here. God seems to be enabling our sisters in other places to save their dear ones. In His name let us go forth to like rescue, and before we go let us kneel to Him in silent prayer for help and guidance."

We knelt, but the prayer was not silent. There were sobs and groans and involuntary cries.

At last we sallied forth, pale, but as determined a little phalanx as ever assaulted a death-swept breach. It was sleeting, but we carried no umbrellas. This was not a pleasure excursion. We marched as soldiers do.

Our appearance upon the street soon attracted attention. People spoke hurriedly and excitedly together.

"By thunder, its broken out here!" I heard one man exclaim. "Where will they strike first?"

"Harry Hill's, as you live," was answered, "for that's Vint. Elliott's wife a leadin'."

The news spread fast, and soon we had an ample but nondescript following. Still the crowd was respectful. The worst man who had caught a glimpse of Mss. Elliott's face could not have been otherwise.

By turning a corner we came suddenly upon the entrance of Hill's saloon. There was a bustle within as if they would lock the door against us, but we were too prompt for them, and entered. The crowd thronged in after us, and with them already there filled the place completely.

Mrs. Elliott advanced at once to the bar and we grouped ourselves around her, and such a group as had never been seen in our city before.

"Where is Mr. Hill?" asked our leader, in a firm voice.

The bartender stared at her a moment in blank dismay, and then called out:

"Mr. Hill, here, quick, for God's sake!"

"Yes, tell him to come for God's sake and humanity's," said Mrs. Elliott, giving deep meaning to the fellow's profanity.

"What the devil does this mean?" asked Mr. Hill, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a florid, low-browed, thick-set man, showily dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would assert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I saw a side door open and Vinton Elliott appear overlooking the scene, with a white, appalled face. But all were too intent on the scene before them to note his entrance, for with a voice that trembled, and yet with dignity, Mrs. Elliott had commenced speaking.

"Mr. Hill, you have the form and semblance of a man, and we give you the credit of possessing the heart of one. You can not realize the results of your traffic as we poor women can whose homes you are destroying, whose hearts you are breaking. What is life to us if our fathers, our brothers, our sons, our *husbands* (oh how her voice thrilled at that word) go down into the darkness and infamy of a drunkard's grave! Can you not see that such life would be to us but living death and prolonged agony? And yet not for ourselves are we pleading, but for those whom you are destroying. Perhaps we may find a heaven hereafter, but they can not. You poison body and soul at once. We are desperate in view of the peril of those we love. Yesterday there was not, in all the city, a more proud and happy woman than I! happy in my home! happy in my husband! happy in my hopes for the future! proud of his rich promise and good name! But now my heart is breaking; oh how it has ached since you sent him staggering to me long past midnight! What but hell-broth could have so changed my noble, manly husband? Yesterday, all honored him. To-day the finger of the town will be pointed at him. Oh! believe me, sir, a few dollars can not pay you for inflicting all this shame and misery. I beseech you, sir, promise me that you will never sell another drop of the accursed poison."

There was a momentary and death-like silence, and then Hill, with difficulty, found his brazen voice.

"Now, look here, madam," he began, "I've got my rights as well as you and other people. This is my business. You've no right here interfering with it. These are my premises. You've no right here without my consent. You all make yourselves liable to indictment for trespass. Besides, it ain't the right thing for ladies to go tramping through the streets followed by a rabble, and meddling with things that don't concern them. It isn't lady-like. It's fanat—"

"Hush! in a word, answer me!" cried Mrs. Elliott, in a voice that went to every heart like an arrow. "Will you not promise me never to sell my husband another glass of liquor?"

"No!" shouted Hill, "nor any other woman's husband. I will promise to sell to all who'll pay.

There was a sudden hoarse murmuring on the part of the crowd, but in a moment it was hushed, for the insulted wife had knelt on the floor before the bar. We all dropped on our knees around her.

"O God," she pleaded, in a tone that must have thrilled the very soul of the most hardened present, "shall human love and human anguish plead before thee in vain? Art thou not a God of mercy, and yet cruelty is crushing us? Art thou not a God of justice, and yet we are being robbed of all that makes life endurable? Thou didst stop the mouth of lions. Here in our Christian land are human hearts more savage. Thou didst preserve in the furnace seven times heated. Beneath our church spires burns the more remorseless and destructive passion of avarice. Wilt thou not break the stony heart before us, and bend his stubborn will to thine? Thou knowest that because of our love we could die for our dear ones, but we believe that thou dost love them even more. Wilt thou not in mercy change their destroyers into men? Wilt thou not take this awful soul-killing temptation out of their path? We plead in the name of thy dear Son, who gave his life for us all. Amen."

Strange to say, there was a responsive "Amen" from the crowd that would have done credit to a Methodist "class meeting," and as I looked around on rising, I saw many eyes wet with tears where I had expected only looks of scorn. I did not dare meet Mr. Elliott's eyes, though he remained spell-bound and standing in the door-way still.

But the tragedy went forward without a moment's pause. Mrs. Elliott took a step nearer the rum-seller, pointing up with an impressive gesture, and bent upon him a look such as I never saw on a woman's face before, for a mirror in the bar opposite revealed her form and features perfectly, and gave her back to the audience as a startling picture. Hill tried to meet her eye, but could not, for it sank guiltily and confusedly to the floor.

"Mr. Hill," she said in a low, gentle voice, and yet it remainded me of the "still small voice of God," it was so penetrating and awe-inspiring, "once more I ask you, I beseech you, answer [illegible] you had answered when we stand before His judgment seat, will you not cease this dreadful business?"

A death-like hush followed. Hill was evidently cowed and overcome, and after a moment mumbled out:

"It's not in man to resist you. I promise I will not sell any more to your husband, though he will get it elsewhere if he wants it. I think it's a pity he can't stand up for himself without sending his wife around a praying and beseeching for him."

"Give way there," cried Vinton Elliott's voice, and he sprang down from the raised doorstep and struggled toward his wife. There were murmurs and ejaculations of intense excitement on the part of the crowd as this new element entered into the drama, and all gave way before him. Mrs. Elliott started and trembled violently at his voice, and the moment he reached her, clung to his arm and hid her face submingly on his shoulder. All her wonderful nerve and self-control seemed gone. In a clear, ringing tone, Elliott said:

"Mr. Hill, you have spoken some true words this morning. This is no place—this is no action for ladies like my wife and other honored women that I see here; and believe me, they would not be here if you and I, and our like, had not driven them to desperation. God knows you have enough to answer for, but you only are not to blame. You can't force us to throw away our money and manhood here. If half is true of what I have read concerning myself in the morning paper, I wonder that my wife did not leave me forever in utter disgust. Instead of that, with woman's faithfulness, she comes here to plead for my safety. But she will never be called to pass through such an ordeal again. I thought I could drink in moderation at your bar, as I had for years, but you have taught me better, sir. Vinton Elliott can stand alone, but he will stand aloof from you and your kind. God and you, fellow citizens, be my witnesses that I will drink no more, and may He palsy my hand if it ever raises another glass of liquor to my lips."

Mrs. Elliott gave a low, glad cry.

"I make no apology for what occurred last night," he continued. "The case admits of none. I deserve your contempt, but it can not exceed that which I have for myself. Were it not for my wife, and the hope of retrieving my character, I would gladly die."

"Hurrah! three cheers for Elliott, who faces the matter like a man!" cried a voice from the crowd, and they were given with good will.

Mrs. Judge Ashman now came forward and said:

"Mr. Hill, this won't answer. My son is as dear to me as Mrs. Elliott's husband to her. We all represent some imperilled member of our households. You must promise to quit the business altogether in our city."

"Do you see that?" asked a pale, thin woman, a mechanic's wife, and she lifted her hair and showed an ugly scar across her temple. "My own husband, once so kind and good, gave me that blow. It went in deep. It nearly cost me my life. But it made a deeper scar on my heart. People must stop selling rum to my husband, or I can't live. I feel that I will do something desperate."

"Oh please do promise, Mr. Hill," pleaded a meek-looking little woman, with streaming eyes. "My only son has come home drunk twice of late, and he says he got the liquor here."

"Now look here, ladies," said Mr. Hill, trying to work himself into a passion, "business is business. A man must live. I've stood this longer now than—"

He was interrupted by a tall, gaunt woman who strangely reminded me of the stern old prophets. Without a word of prelude, she stepped forward and commenced singing in a weird minor key:

O Thou who for humanity
Wept blood at every pore,
We come in kindred agony
Thy mercy to implore.

Must we, for aye, sigh hopelessly,
In worse than Egypt's bonds?
Must we, despairing, helplessly
Endure destroying wounds?

Most fearful is our enemy,
For when he strikes a blow,
Two hearts are pierced and perishing—
A household stricken low.

Oh give to us thy sympathy,
Awake thine arm of power,
Shake off the nation's apathy,
Proclaim the battle hour.

"Mr. Hill," said Mrs. Judge Ashman, "we propose to stay here till you make us this promise, unless you thrust us forth with violence."

"Let him try that if he dares," cried a dozen voices from the crowd.

Hill considered a few moments and then said: "Well, madam, I've thought it over—indeed, I thought it over before you came, for I expected this infernal movement would break out here. I have an establishment in New York State, and they'll stand good liquor, such as I sell, there, to the end of the chapter. I'll go there for the present and stop selling here till this thunder gust blows over. This is the best promise I'll make if you stay here for a month. So please vacate, and I'll put up my shutters."

After a brief consultation the ladies concluded it was the best they could do, and there were those of their number who wished to visit other saloons

By this time the strain upon Mrs. Elliott's delicate frame had been too long and severe, and she grew very pale and faint. Her husband had urged her to go home with him at once, but she refused to leave her companions after having gained her own point. But now she sank helplessly in his arms and he carried her to an adjacent drug-store, sent for a carriage, and we were soon in the blessed refuge of home.

But before an hour passed her pulse grew quick and her cheeks feverish. The husband hung about her in an agony of solicitude.

After doing what I could I left them, thinking they were better alone.

When the evening shadows gathered, as I was sitting in my room by the light of the fire, Mr. Elliott entered unannounced and said:

"O Mrs. M., I fear Nelly is going to be sick," and he gave way to such an agony of grief as I never saw convulse a man's frame before.

I came and put my hand on his shoulder, but only said:

"God help you both."

At last, he said, "Now, I'm better. Please stay with her while I go for the doctor."

For a week Vinton and I have watched at Nellie's bed-side. Her mind has wandered all the time, and night and day she is pleading for and with her husband.

He has scarcely slept or ate. His raven hair is becoming streaked with gray; his ruddy cheeks are growing pale and wan, and his every breath almost is a prayer.

"God spare my darling."

What the end will be God knows.

A Senatorial Dwelling.

A Washington correspondent writes of Senator Stewart's new house:—"This is the sixth house Senator and Mrs. Stewart have built. For this they designed the interior plan and directed an architect to enclose it in a suitable exterior. The land without a brick on it, cost $100,000; the house and furniture $200,000 more. Stewart spent five years in Europe during Miss Stewart's education, so that she had time and opportunity to select the best of whatever she wanted. The woodwork of the parlor and dancing-hall furniture was carved in Florence, the tapestry was made in Paris, and the upholstry was done in New York. Two of the parlor cornices were carved in this city, and they appear to no disadvantage beside the Florentine handiwork. It is hardly necessary to refer to the Gobelin curtains, when we all know that the merest shred from these looms is worth its weight in gold. These were woven for the Paris Exposition. The ground is black, the design is a medallion, with a mythological scene therein, and garlands of bluebells, roses, and lilies scattered over the rest of the surface. The tapestry used for the furniture is Aubsson, a fabric as beautiful, but lacking the prestige of antiquity and Government patronage. Paintings which Mrs. Stewart wisely deferred receiving till the last are on their way now from Europe."

The gold medal which Congress voted to Mr. George F. Robinson, who saved the life of Secretary Seward when attacked by the assassin Payne, is on exhibition in Washington. It is of gold, three inches in diameter and three-quarters of an inch thick. On one side is a suitable inscription, and on the reverse a representation of that memorable struggle, in which the heroic fellow well earned the medal which he has received.

Fun on the Plains.

ELI PERKINS ON THE KANSAS PACIFIC.

Westward, westward, westward we have been riding all day over the Kansas Pacific. From Kansas City the road runs straight up the Kansas River bottom and along Smoky Hill and the buffalo country to Denver. On the train are Grangers from Carson and Hugo, and killers and stabbers from Wild Horse and Eagle Tail.

As we near Salina, Kansas, Conductor Cheney comes along to collect the fare. Touching a long-haired gentleman on the back he looks down and says:

"Tickets!"

"Haint got none," said the passenger, holding his gun with one hand and scowling out from under his black slouch hat.

"But you *must* pay your fare, sir!" expostulated the conductor.

"Now jes look a-here, stranger! mebby you'r' a doin' you duty, but I haint never paid yet goin' through this country, and ——"

Just then a slouchy, old frontiersman who had been compelled to pay his fare in a rear car, stepped up in front of the mulish passenger and, pointing a six-shooter at him, said:

"See here, Long Bill, you jes pay yer fare. I've paid mine, and they don't anybody ride on this train free if I don't—if they do dammé!"

"All right, you'r' got the drop on me, old boy, so put up yer shooter an' I'll settle," said the passenger, going into his pockets for the money.

"Do these incidents often happen?" I asked the conductor a little while afterwards.

"Well, yes, but not so often as they used to in '68 and '70, Mr. Perkins. The other day," continued the conductor, "some three-card-monte men came on the train and swindled a drover out of $150. The poor man seemed to take it to heart. He said his cattle got so cheap during the Eastern 'bust' that he had to just 'peel 'em' and sell their hides in Kansas City—and this was all the money he had. A half-dozen miners from Denver overheard the talk, and, coming up, they 'drew a bead' on the monte men and told 'em to pay that money back.

"'Just you count that money back, conductor,' they said, 'and after I had done it,' continued the conductor, 'one of the head miners said:

"'Now, conductor, you jes stop the train, an' we'll hang these three-card fellers to the telegraph pole.'

"But the monte men flew out the door too quick for 'em."

To illustrate the value of human life in this country, Mr. Locke, the manager of the Kansas City Opera House, tells me this story:

Two years ago the James brothers, the same two desperadoes who sacked the express car, and "went through" the passengers on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific at Gad's Hill, stole the money-box at the Kansas State Fair. They rode into Kansas City on horseback, and when the cashier was walking to the bank with the receipts of the day, $2,000, they pointed their pistols at his head, seized the box, and galloped off. This was done in broad daylight, in the midst of a great crowd.

Well, some time afterwards one of the Kansas City reporters wrote an article about these highwaymen, saying some kind things. He called them brave, and said they had done the most daring deed in the highwayman's record. A few nights afterwards the James brothers rode into Kansas City, went to the newspaper office, and calling the reporter out, presented him a handsome watch and chain. They said the article in question touched them in a tender spot, and they desired to show their gratitude.

"But I don't feel at liberty to take this watch," said the reporter.

"But do it to gratify us. We didn't steal this watch; we bought and paid for it with our own money," continued the desperadoes.

"No; you must excuse me," continued the reporter.

"Well, then, if you can't take this watch," replied the James brothers, regretfully, "*perhaps you can name some man around here you want killed!*"

The Art "Divine."

Burleigh, writing to the Boston *Journal*, says: "Probably no city in the Union is as peculiar in regard to pastoral work as New York. A man's success elsewhere or failure is no gauge as to what he will do here. Men who have been eminent and successful in other places, who have drawn crowds and whose names have been a tower of strength, have done nothing in the city. Men who are now the most popular pastors in the country attracted no attention when settled here and made no mark. Men who have made a series of failures in other places come at once to the surface in the city. New York does not care whether a man is a M.D., D.D., or plain Mr.—whether he has been a success or a failure elsewhere. The simple question is, 'What can he do?' If he takes, he takes. If he does not, that is the end of it. If a man throws himself on the masses, he must have magnetism. If he gets a fashionable church and the run of the *elite*, no matter how ordinary his pulpit services may be, he will succeed. The fashionable church of New York, the marble structure on Broadway, had constantly a crowded morning congregation. A seat could not be had for love or money. The fashionable turnouts lined four or five blocks.—Yet the preacher was very ordinary; his voice did not fill the building; he had an impediment in his speech that made his utterance very unpleasant to strangers. He would hardly have got a call to a country congregation on a country salary. Yet, for twenty-five years he held his position as rector of the most wealthy and fashionable congregation in the city."

Spanking Speed.

The Danbury *News* man remarks: "We are much obliged to Mr. Whipple for a ride behind his splendid team on Tuesday. The horses are well matched, richly upholstered, and stand about ten feet from the wagon. They got over the ground at a spanking speed, and threw gravel, cobblestones, mud and so forth at every leap. We think there was more of the so-forth than of anything else. On the return we were helped out of the wagon by sympathizing friends and a derrick. There was about half a coffin full of debris in our hair, bosom and eyes, while our faces looked as if we had participated in a private powder explosion. We enjoyed the ride very much, and sincerely hope Mr. Whipple will die a natural death, but have our doubts."

WHEN THE HARASSED MAN OF BUSINESS tires his brain—

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WHEN THE VICTIM OF NEURALGIA is racked by excrutiating torment—

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No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and vital organs wasted beyond repair.

Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to DR. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fore-armed.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goitre, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc. In these, as in all other constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS occasionally.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.

Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelminities will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

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