


# GENTLE WOMAN ROUSED.

A STORY OF THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN THE WEST.

(Reprinted from the *Hearth and Home*.)

BY REV. E. P. ROE,

*Author of "What Can She Do?" "Barriers Burned Away," etc.*

" THINK such action is unladylike, unwomanly, and altogether wrong," said Mrs. Elliott warmly. "The idea of women marching in bands through the streets, followed by a rabble of rude men and boys; the idea of refined ladies forcing their way into some filthy bar-room, full of obscene, guzzling, ill-omened looking loafers, and kneeling on the tobacco-stained floor in audible prayer! These temperance movements always tend to fanaticism, but this is a little worse than anything I have heard of yet. Must woman unsex herself, and brave the most disgusting phase of publicity? Must the pearls of religious feeling, even in the most sacred form of prayer, be cast before the swine that infest these low dens?"

The speaker was a young and very pretty lady, who had lived in our town about a year. Indeed, she had not been

married much longer than that, having come to us as a bride. She was a fine type of the New England girl, quite brilliant and ready in conversation, very refined and high-cultured, a little opinionated, but intense in her disgust at the pronounced phase of "woman's rights." "Home is woman's highest sphere," she was wont to say, "and there she can be the power behind and above the throne." As we came to know her well, we found that she possessed a warm heart and Christian principle, though not very obtrusive in manifesting either. Something of the coldness and repression of New England society tinctured her manner, and made her seem a little formal at first in contrast with our free, hearty Western style. Like too many of her sisters, instead of gaining hardness from the bleak hills and chill winds of her early home, she appeared a frail blossom that would ever need the shelter of the tenderest love and care.

Her husband was a Western man, one who had grown up in our young city. He was well connected, of recognized ability as a lawyer, and with a future before him of the fairest promise. It had occasionally been whispered that he drank rather freely, but no one had ever seen him the worse for it. His lovely young wife seemed to possess boundless influence over him, and for the greater part of his first year of married life he had been very domestic. But of late he spent his evenings out more frequently, excusing his absence by saying that there were parties that could be seen in the way of business better at night than during the day.

I had my fears, but the wife suspected nothing.

Two or three of us were sitting socially with our work in her pretty parlor one afternoon, when some remark on the strange temperance movement that had lately been developed led to Mrs. Elliott's decided expression of opinion with which I have commenced this brief record of an experience so different from my usual quiet life.

I will merely say to the reader that I am a middle-aged widow lady, quite alone in the world. My home is next door to that of Mrs. Elliott, and from some secret affinity we had become very intimate. Years before, my natural heart-treasures had slipped from me, and I, in my loneliness, found it very easy to love my young neighbor as a daughter. Through a side entrance we ran in and out of each other's homes with perfect freedom, and often sat with our work together.

This afternoon, Mrs. Judge Ashman, another intimate friend, was also with us. Her only immediate response to Mrs. Elliott's words was a deep sigh. At last she said:

"The evil grows so desperate, I can scarcely wonder at any effort to counteract it, though I must say with you that I can scarcely understand this one. I do not see how a lady can go to such places as you describe, I suppose, only too truly. But the trouble is, the worst mischief is not done at these 'dens.' Many of our drinking-saloons are elegant in all their appointments, and are frequented by gentlemen."

"No matter," answered Mrs. Elliott, almost hotly; "womanly delicacy forbids that she should go to such a

place. They are frequented by roués and gamblers also, who differ from the ragged loafers only in being better dressed. In each case she is liable to insult, and to see and hear things which, to a pure, refined woman, are worse than blows. I'd rather meet the coarse brutality of the 'dens' than the contemptuous leers and mocking smiles of the gilded saloons."

"What you say, my dear, seems perfectly true, and I have always felt so myself. But oh! what can we do? what can we do? It's dreadful to sit still with folded hands and see the havoc these places are making."

The pathos and distress in Mrs. Ashman's voice were too deep to be caused by merely general appreciation of the evils of intemperance. I had read the secret of the mother's trouble in the flushed and bloated face of one of her sons. Mrs. Elliott looked at her with a little surprise, and said more quietly:

"I agree with you; it is a very great evil, perhaps the greatest in our age; but it is man's work to cope with it publicly. Women can help by making home so attractive, that husbands, fathers, and brothers will find nothing that can tempt them abroad. Thank God! I have never had much personal experience in this matter. My husband takes a glass of wine when he feels like it, and so did my father. There's no more harm in that than in the use of tea and coffee."

"No," said Mrs. Ashman, with another deep sigh, "I suppose not, if it would only end there."

Again Mrs. Elliott looked at her a little curiously, and

changed the subject. The early shadows of the coming winter evening soon after warned Mrs. Ashman that she must be on her way homeward. At Mrs. Elliott's request, I remained to tea.

Her husband came in at the usual hour. I do not wonder she half idolized the handsome, dark-eyed man, with his free-and-easy Western bearing refined by Eastern culture (for he had completed his studies at the East). He certainly petted her to her heart's content. But to-night he seemed a little preoccupied and excited. After the meal was over, he immediately excused himself.

"Must you go out again this evening, Vinton?" asked his wife pleadingly.

"Indeed I must, Nellie. It's court week, you know. There are many lawyers in town, and I have much on hand."

I heard her kiss him affectionately at the door as he departed, and thought it must be a stress of business, indeed, that would take a man from such a wife; but surely that kiss would be protection against every evil spell.

I sat with her till ten o'clock. We only spoke at intervals, for we had attained that true companionship that does not require constant talking. I saw a dreamy, far-away look come into the young wife's eyes. She was building bright castles in the future, when her prospects of maternity would be realized in the supreme joy of mother-love, and her home be complete.

I did not offer to stay later than ten, for by so doing I might betray somewhat of the anxiety and boding of ill

that oppressed me. I do not often have such feelings, but am always in terror when I do, for trouble has soon followed. My sitting-room was opposite her parlor, where I knew she would watch and wait. After lighting the gas, I did not draw the curtains, but sat down with my knitting where she could see me, and so practically watched and waited with her.

When, from a city steeple, eleven was tolled out, my neighbor grew restless. When with solemn, measured stroke midnight was announced, I heard her side door open and her quick steps on the gravel. I met her at the door.

"Dear Mrs M——," she exclaimed breathlessly, "how good of you to be up! I half believe you have been watching with me. Vinton has not come home yet. What does it mean? He never stayed out so late before."

She was shivering as with cold, but it was the chill of fear. I put my arms around her and said:

"Let us hope for the best, my dear. If you wish, I will come and stay with you."

"Please do," she half sobbed, and then hastened back, as if unwilling to be absent from her post a moment. I was soon at her side, and with her hand (which trembled and fluttered like a frightened bird) in mine, we sat silently through another long hour.

Like a knell, one sounded from the steeple. Her hand closed convulsively upon mine, and with an ashen face she turned and gasped:

"Oh! if anything should happen—if I shouldn't see him again!"

"Don't fear that," I said hastily. "I'm sure you need not. If he had been injured or sick, you would have been sent for long before this."

"What, then, can keep him?" she asked with a wild, questioning look.

"Well," I answered evasively, looking away from her, "when lawyers get together they have a good deal to say, and time passes more quickly than they think. They may have had a little supper or something of the kind."

She shook her head decisively.

"Nothing of that kind would keep Vinton from me, especially now," she said with emphasis.

Another hour passed, and she sprang up with such a frightened, hunted look as I hope never to see in her sweet blue eyes again.

"Come," she said hoarsely, "we must find him. I shall go mad if I wait here in uncertainty."

"But where shall we go?" I asked in dismay.

"Anywhere!" she cried desperately. "Action must take the place of this awful suspense."

I saw that she would go, and prepared to follow; but, before we could assume some hasty wraps, the door-bell rang. She flew to open it.

Her husband stumbled in, and would have fallen had she not caught him. It was a pitiable sight to see him leaning upon and clinging to her frail and trembling form, as if she were a lamp-post. As the light streamed through the door, I caught a glimpse of the glitter of a policeman's star, and then heard his gruff voice:

"Glad you're up, madam. He needs looking after sure enough. If it hadn't been for me, he might have met a foul death, for I found him in the gutter this raw night."

True enough, he was reeking with the filth of the street, and besmearing the delicate fabric of his wife's dress as he clung to her, but that wife would soon be in agony over deeper, more loathsome stains.

"It's a lie!" hiccoughed her husband, in tones so different from his usual clear, manly voice. "I was in a feather bed."

"O God! what's the matter with him?" gasped the wife.

"Well, ma'am, you are innocent," said the policeman in a not unkindly tone. "I'm sorry for you; but do you really mean to say that you don't know he's drunk? I'll stay a bit and help you with him, if you wish."

At the word "drunk," she tottered a moment, as if she would fall, then, by a great effort recovering herself, said hoarsely:

"No, no; go away. I will take care of him. Stay; let me thank you for bringing him home, but in the name of mercy don't tell any one what you have seen."

The man made no promise as he departed, and I shut the door.

"Mrs. M——, I am even sorry you are here. I would hide this from all the world. Would that I could hide it from heaven! But I know I can trust you. What shall I do with him?"

This horrid, unexpected scene at the door had found us

both too bewildered to act, and for a moment longer we looked helplessly at each other.

Then her husband muttered, "What's the use standing here?" And he staggered into the parlor.

Near the door stood a dainty little table with Mrs. Elliott's bridal wreath and bouquet upon it, encased in a glass cover. He stumbled against this, and fell, with it crashing to the floor. The warmth of the room, with the excess of liquor that he had drunk, now produced nausea, and, sickening to behold, the flowers that had crowned his bride's brow were now fouled literally, even as his action had stained her fair, pure name.

It was awful, it was horrible, even to me, beyond the power of words to express, to see that proud, refined gentleman grovelling helplessly, like a vile beast in his own filth, in that sweet little parlor, that dainty casket of his priceless jewel. But what must it have been to his wife?

She did not faint, as I feared, or become hysterical, but the anguish of her look would melt a flinty heart. With clasped hands she stood above her husband till he became somewhat quiet, as a pitying angel might. Oh! the contrast she made to him! Oh! the mighty triumph of love, that she did not turn away in disgust!

As soon as she could, she took his head in her lap, and said in a low, firm voice:

"Vinton, how did it happen? Tell me all."

"Nothing much's happened," he hiccoughed. "Met some friends at Harry Hill's—took little too much—that's all."

"Harry Hill's, Harry Hill's," she muttered, as if some new light was dawning upon her.

I have dwelt too long upon these painful scenes, but they seem burnt in upon my memory, and my mind will revert to them, even though to think of them is torture. He was not violent, though somewhat obstinate and profane. At last she got him to bed, and he fell into heavy stupor. As she returned to me in the dining-room, where there was a fire, I said :

"I will not leave you to-night."

She thanked me by a silent pressure of my hand, and we sat down to watch together as before, but with the awful certainty of evil instead of its expectation. In the depths of my soul I trembled for her. She might stand one or two such shocks, but the moment she lost faith in her husband's will or power to refrain from the cause of his present condition, she would die. Her hold upon life was too fragile as it was.

She stepped to her husband's side from time to time, and then came and sat down. Her brows were contracted, as if in deep thought or the formation of a purpose. Her eyes had a fixed, solemn look that contrasted strangely with her fair young face. At last she asked suddenly :

"Where is this Harry Hill's?"

I told her.

Morning came, after a seeming age. We had cleansed and righted the parlor as well as we could. The cook got breakfast as usual, and was told that her master was sick. I tried to anticipate Mrs. Elliott in obtaining the morning

paper from the newsboy, but she was too quick for me. With dilating eyes she scanned the columns, then, with a cry of anguish, dropped the paper.

"It's all here," she groaned, and she writhed and wrung her hands as if in intense bodily anguish.

It was, true enough, and with an editorial paragraph of comment upon it. A reporter of the paper was in the habit of feeling some of the night-guardians of the city for any item of interest that came to their knowledge. The policeman knew that this scandal of Vinton Elliott would be well paid for, and he was not the man to lose several dollars on any sentimental grounds. Even the night editor's sensibilities seemed shocked over the affair, for he had written :

"Things have come to a sad pass when such men as Elliott get down in the streets. If the praying and singing women can do us any good, they had better come at once. Harry Hill's establishment, with all its style, is one of the most mischievous places in town," etc.

After a few moments, she again seized the paper.

"Oh! leave it alone," I cried. "You've had more than you can endure now."

"I am not a child!" she answered, almost fiercely. "I intend to know and face the worst of this matter." And with a white, stern face, she read every word, and then sat for a few moments with the old thoughtful contraction of brow. Suddenly she started up, with a look of fixed purpose, and asked :

"How long do you think he will sleep?"

"Several hours."

"Then come with me."

"Where?"

"To Mrs. Judge Ashman's."

The judge's family was sitting down to breakfast when we arrived.

"Why, Mrs. Elliott, and Mrs. M——, too!" exclaimed that good lady, in unfeigned surprise. "What is the matter? Surely, this is not a social call."

"No," said Mrs. Elliott impetuously, "it is not. Mrs. Ashman, I take back all I said about ladies going to liquor-saloons, in order to break them up if they can. I am going to Harry Hill's to-day, if I go alone. He about the same as murdered my husband last night." And she briefly told her story. "I am going there this very morning," she continued. "He must resist a wife's prayers and a wife's curses, if he sells my husband one drop more. Will you go with me?"

Mrs. Ashman's features were working with deep emotion, but the stately judge now joined us from the dining-room, and remonstrated:

"Really, Mrs. Elliott, I greatly sympathize with you, for I have read the painful account in the morning paper; but I hope you will do nothing rash. You will only expose yourself to insult, and accomplish nothing. Perhaps you may obtain some legal redress."

With a dignity and impressiveness which even he had never possessed upon the bench, the aroused wife silenced him with a gesture.

"You are not equal to this matter, Judge Ashman," she said, "nor are your legal forms. During the past night, I have seen my own grave open, and in it buried life, youth, happiness. What is far worse, I have seen the yawning grave of my husband, and I know it to be the mouth of hell. And do you ask me to go to law about such matters? Harry Hill and his kind are digging these graves. I never realized it before. Surely, he does not. Unless he is a fiend, he will cease his vile traffic when I tell him the truth. I tell you I *will* go, if I go alone! You may as well ask the lightning not to strike when the storm is at its height!"

"George," cried Mrs. Ashman in a voice of anguish, "how often has your own son been drunk at that same Harry Hill's?"

The judge turned pale, and abruptly left the room.

"You shall not go alone," continued Mrs. Ashman, sobbing on Mrs. Elliott's shoulder; "a score of women that I know of, smitten by this terrible curse, will go with you, if you will lead the way. Some are rich and some are poor, but we all have common ground in this matter. I will send them word."

After a little consultation, it was arranged that we should start from Mrs. Judge Ashman's at eleven. Much as I shrank from the undertaking, I determined to remain at the side of my beloved Mrs. Elliott. We called on a few personal friends, and stated our purpose; but so far from joining us, they seemed dismayed at the very idea.

Mrs. Elliott then returned to her unconscious husband. One look at him seemed to turn her delicate frame into

steel, and at a little before eleven she walked to Mrs. Ashman's with as firm a tread as ever a soldier marched into battle.

I shall never forget the group 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 a 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! it's broke 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 non-descript following. Still, the crowd was respectful. The worst man who had caught a glimpse of Mrs. 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 those 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:

"Mr. Hill, here, quick!"

"Yes, tell him to come," said Mrs. Elliott.

"What 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 cannot 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 cannot. 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 cannot 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 a 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 an'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 rough crowd that would have done honor 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 eye, though he remained standing spell-bound in the doorway still.

But the tragedy went forward without a moment's pause. Mrs. Elliott took a step nearer the rumseller, pointed 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 his sank guiltily and confusedly to the floor.

"Mr. Hill," she said in a low, gentle voice, it was so penetrating and awe-inspiring, "once more I ask you, I beseech you, answer me as you will wish 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, madam. 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 sobbingly 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 for ever 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 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 white and faint. Her husband had urged her to go home with him at once, but she had 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 her 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 Nellie 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 bedside. 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.

# New Temperance Publications.

The National Temperance Society have recently published the following valuable publications :

**Bacchus Dethroned.** 12mo, 288 pp. \$1. An English prize essay. The question is presented in all its phases, physiological, social, moral, and religious. It is very comprehensive, multiplying facts, abounding in arguments, answering objections, and enforcing powerful and pathetic appeals.

**The Bases of the Temperance Reform.** \$1. By Rev. Dawson Burns. 12mo, 224 pages. The author establishes in a clear and satisfactory manner the propositions that the drinking system is the greatest social evil in the land; that intoxicating liquors are useless and injurious as articles of diet; that intemperance is a true plague which can only be effectually suppressed by the exclusion of intoxicating drinks; that violence is done to the will of God and the welfare of man by appropriating the fruits of the earth to the production of intoxicating drinks; that the sacred scriptures do not afford sanction to the use of intoxicating liquors.

**Bible Wines; or, Laws of Fermentation.** By Rev. Wm. Patton, D.D. Showing conclusively the two kinds of wine in the Bible. 50 cents.

**The National Temperance Orator.** The National Temperance Society have just published a new and choice collection of prose and poetical articles and selections for Public Readings, Addresses, and Recitations, together with a series of Dialogues, designed for the use of Temperance Workers and Speakers, Divisions, Lodges, Juvenile Temperance Societies, Schools etc. 12mo, 288 pages, \$1. Edited by Miss L. Penney. The book contains 53 excellent prose articles, 90 choice poems, and a series of 30 interesting dialogues by first-class writers and speakers.

**Campaign Temperance Hymns,** for Temperance Singers everywhere, comprising the Battle Hymns of Ohio. 30 hymns, 24 pages. Per hundred, \$3.

Address

**History of the Woman's Temperance Movement.** By Rev. W. C. Steel. With an introduction by Dr. D. Lewis. Showing its rise, progress, thrilling incidents, and wonderful success. Everybody should read it. 25 cents.

**Gentle Woman Roused.** A story of the Woman's Temperance Movement. By Rev. E. P. Roe. 24 pages, 60 cents per dozen.

**The High Fence of Fifteen Bars** which the Rumseller Builds between Himself and Heaven. 60 cents per dozen.

**The Throne of Iniquity.** By the Rev. Albert Barnes, D.D. 60 cents per dozen.

**Suppression of the Liquor Traffic.** By Rev. H. D. Kitchel. A Prize Essay. 10 cents.

**The Relations of Drunkenness to Crime.** By Elisha Harris, M.D. \$8 per 1000.

**Social Drinking Usages among Women.** By Stephen Smith, M.D. \$8 per 1000.

**The Criminality of Drunkenness.** By Elisha Harris, M.D. \$4 per 1000.

**Why We Oppose the Traffic.** By Rev. A. Sutherland. \$4 per 1000.

**Dream of the Rumseller's Wife.** \$4 per 1000.

**Shall We Drink Wine?** \$4 per 1000.

**Lost and Saved.** By Rev. S. Irons Prime, D.D. Showing the power of prayer in the Temperance Reform. 4 pages, \$4 per 1000.

**A Word to My Grocer.** \$2 per 1000.

**A Curious Branch of the Drug Business.** \$2 per 1000.

**An Honest Rumseller's Advertisement.** Per hundred, \$3. An illustrated poster, giving a full account of the opening of his shop for the sale of liquid fire, and what it is capable of doing for all classes of the community.

J. N. STEARNS, Publishing Agent,

58 READE ST., NEW YORK.