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giver was: "If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, that will not obey the voice of his father and his mother, and though they chasten him, will not hearken unto them; then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gates of his city; and they shall say unto the elders of his city, this our son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice; he is a glutton and a drunkard. And all the men of his city shall stone him to death with stones. So shalt thou put away the evil from the midst of thee; and all Israel shall hear and fear." (Deut., 21: 18-21.)

You will readily see that drunkenness was placed among the worst of crimes in Israel. The very mother and father of the victim were to be the plaintiffs and witnesses, and all the people executioners, that Israel might be rid of a terrible evil.

The New Dispensation enters its statute in the language of the text and other similar passages. In the former, judgment was corporal and immediate. In the latter the victim was to share the living tortures consequent to its poison, and abide the assignment of eternity's curses. The first with the last taught the same inevitable lessons of temporal and eternal ruin, and served to school the living in the displeasure of the Creator in such vile perversion of the rights of his creatures. To the Hebrews the awful fear from example was necessary. To us the revelation is more perfect and the motions of the spirit warn by reverence to the mandates of law.

In whatever stage of the life of the creature, in the dispensation of Divine Revelation, it is woe, woe, woe, to the DRUNKARD. Whatever may be the curse of the machinery that furnishes his opportunity and temptation, as though it would have no part in the final sentence of justice, the DRUNKARD is wholly accountable for himself.

It would be a great mistake not to notice in the New Dispensation the divine estimate of the sin of drunkenness, from the association it is given with other evils:—"FORNICATORS, IDOLATORS, ADULTERERS, THIEVES, COVETOUS, DRUNKARDS, REVILERS AND EXTORTIONERS!" How can any human heart justify or fellowship a sin that is classed with such associates by the code of Divine justice?

Apart from the legal aspect of the drunkard, I want us now to look at some of his real experiences in life.

I. THE DRUNKARD'S HEART. "Out of the heart are the issues of life." Nothing can so seriously affect human life that finds no inlet to the heart. As the physical organ is the engine of circulation and distribution of things that nourish or destroy bodily life, so the heart is the one organ of the spiritual nature which must be enthralled in sin before its deadly power can reach any or all of the elements of life. It will be found that the heart of the drunkard, the throne of his powers, suffers the infection of the evil.

(a) First of all he will find that his heart is at variance with the law of God. That placid sentiment which issues from the first and second great commandments is a stranger to the heart of the drunkard. In contemptuous hate for all that is virtuous and pure and true his prostituted heart riles with resentment to law, whether statutory or ethical, and disobeys every agency of his personal safety and real comfort. It is a deadly poison that enters and corrupts the very citadel of life and bliss, and sends from its streams of discord and defilement to every limitation of nature.

(b) The drunkard's heart is ill at ease with environment. That beautiful correspondence which was arranged in the psychic order of his nature has been so disturbed by the entrance of this new and strange element, that disorder and disassociation reigns where it would be most natural to expect correspondence. It is this rupture of the sublime rule of nature which makes his heart (c) Irritable, and the prey of deadly passion.

The normal condition of a civilized human heart is peaceable, sociable, polite and clever in observance of the laws of gentility. But, inflamed by the poison of alcohol or narcotics, self-respect is dethroned and the whole nature becomes a prey to depraved passion. With or without provocation, it fights with poignant weapons, wounding everything that stands within the reach, and, strange to say, the nearer the object by natural affinity the greater the passion to bruise and ruin. Filial obligations and regard are lost. Paternal position and its stupendous requirements are despised and ignored. Conjugal laws and restraints are broken with special delight, and the greater the injury inflicted, the greater the gratification of the call to the bestial in him that has been aroused by the abnormal enslavement of the passions to sin. Pestering under the terrible strain of this demoralized passion (d) the human heart becomes a veritable laboratory of hell. Every demon of the region of darkness finds a place and material for doing his part in the drama of human sins. Moral degeneracy brings the erstwhile truthful lips to lie, honest heart to steal, humane spirit to delight in cruelty, and quiet life to rage with murderous design and act. The whole course of nature is set on fire to dethrone imperial jus-

tice and make a mockery of the most sacred bonds of human virtue. If the heart of the drunkard could be analyzed there would be found in it the very alchemy of death and all that leads to indissoluble ruin and woe. It would present a kaleidoscopic vision of the vestibule of hell. Oh, living man, thou who wast made in such splendid honor, envied by every material needed for the refinement of those noble gifts for the bliss of time and eternity, heed not the provocation of evil environment to curse your life in time and eternity by the ban of alcoholism! "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

II. THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

Home is the oldest institution of Divine creation. It is therefore the first in cardinal importance. Before the church in order and importance is the home. In its ideals, its nearest approach in model the celestial abode. It is God's greatest effort to point on moral vision the realities of the invisible, immortal family of "the just made perfect." A native ever lowers the tone of home life and sanctity, and causes to ignore those influences which make for its betterment and model of the "Home Eternal in the Sky." is a sin against one of the highest privileges of human fellowship. It can find no amelioration for its crimes, either in this world or the one to come.

One has only to visit the home of the drunkard to find what havoc his deeds have wrought to all that is high and holy in the outlook of the design of his creator. The drunkard's home (a) Is at best an intolerable makeshift, and not the place and the thing, his once sober manhood promised to those who confided their every prospect in time and eternity to his care. Who has seen the air of disappointment that lurks in every appointment of the drunkard's home, but bewails with a burdened heart the murdered hopes and aspirations, that must have once filled its inmates' hearts? Unkept, unprovided, unprotected in the defense of those finer qualities of life which it was the right of each member to expect and claim as a birthright. The sickening vision will not die, but live on and on to haunt the waking hours with the scenes of wreckage which alcohol has wrought, with not a single architect in all the world to repair and restore the loss. How can observant manhood gaze upon the scene and turn away and offer his own home and honor on such a consuming altar of shame and ruin?

(b) The drunkard's home is, day by day, a panoramic experience of murdered ambitions, disappointment in nature's promised share in life's attainments, and the mournful sobs of the dying hopes of dependent ones.

It is a process of dying more horrible than that portrayed by Dickens in solitary imprisonment. The assassin wields his deadly blow and the dying agony soon dead and beyond the horrible agony of its frightful ordeal. The assassin himself is brought to speedy judgment for his crime and the turbulent waters are soon quieted over.

But the inmates of the drunkard's home are often in the dying struggle for months and years with not even death as a friend to mitigate their pains. When the deed is done, after the cruel process, the murderer is followed to the graves of his victims by a mourning procession which rather commiserate his apparent earthly loss, than afflict him for his thrice murderous crime.

Compared with the awful sin of his life in the blighting of hopes and hearts of his loved ones, the assassin's deed is not for once to be considered.

(3) The drunkard's home is a picture of disappointment, (yes, the very thing itself,) and the embryonic assemblage of the hell that is to be. Every member of the household is impelled to take part in the drama. Innocence and guilt alike are the victims of the sufferings entailed, and heaven only will reveal the story of the afflictions that harrow the lives of the inmates thereof.

All the revenue of the ages from the manufacture and sale of liquor will not atone for the sufferings of one lone wife or mother who has lived her days in a drunkard's home. The wonder of the ages will be that a rational being that is possessed of the knowledge of the way, will voluntarily subject himself to such self-destruction and utter ruin to all that his life should be. When the master artist has painted the picture and exhausted his skill in blending the hues and tints of mental, spiritual and bodily anguish that is all but too real in the drunkard's home, it will yet be an unfinished portrait, and much will not be known except by the suffering experience of the inmates of the same. When these things are contemplated as the fruit of an individual's recreance and sin, one is constrained to cast an earnest reflection upon what must inevitably be

III. THE DRUNKARD'S HOPE.

(a) Isolation from wholesome, human society. One of the assurances of perpetual civilization is the salvage of social contact. This dynamic force has to be seasoned with the salt of lofty aims to direct its missives toward the goal of virtue, truth and righteousness. The drunkard without losing the potentiality of the force misdirects its aim, and becomes the pitiable victim of self imposed isolation. Nobody is fond of his association because it contaminates rather than elevates. Gradually he dries of the resent-

ment he feels that civilized society is aiming at his course and assigns his place without the limits of its service. His own course is a quest to his family, and who can tell the struggle it takes for the ambitious child of the drunkard to break the wall of social ostracism built against him and to get in the currents that lead onward and upward. This is a law that for reasons one may deplore, but the preservation of human society demands the precaution. It would be suicidal for the race to disregard the decree.

(b) The next looked for heritage of the drunkard is the wreckage of body, mind and soul. Inversely is the order of its work, for the higher organisms of life are the first to suffer in the conflict with sin. "Whoredom and wine, and new wine take away the soul."

No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of God. The records will show that 50 per cent of the inmates of our asylums for the insane are there and in that condition from the use of alcohol. How many of the diseases that prey upon human life are due to the use of alcohol will not be known till eternity reveals it, but it is enough to know that an enormous per cent of human suffering is the heritage of this crime.

(c) Again, the inevitable fate of the drunkard is poverty and want in the very harvest season of life. He is sowing wild oats when it is allotted to him to seed down the field with what will make him a profitable supply in the harvest season. From middle life to old age when his garbles ought to be filled for the exigencies of the evening, he is stricken with poverty, discomfort and shame. One only needs to cast about him to see whether the way of the drunkard leads. One of the greatest strokes of his poverty is the possession of a thirst insatiate that only increases with his capacity to gratify it.

(d) Another prospect before him is a degraded household and an accursed posterity. He transmits, as well as his poverty, the proclivities and degeneracy of his sin. There is nothing for him to expect but the harvest of his sowing. "Whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." His iniquitous living has visited its curse upon the generation that follows him. The drunkard's hope is the wreckage of his generation.

(e) Last of all, he looks forward to his personal damnation. In their extreme struggles with the demon I have been called upon to encourage them that, in that dying state from the curse of the evil, there was hope of redemption if they only trusted in that emergency to the mercies of God in Christ Jesus. It is not for me to say how that, out of sight of human power to interpret God's mercy, there is power to save one in such a condition, but I only know that the offer of such mercy has not been committed to us. The mandates of the last revelation, the new covenant is, that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven. I can preach this with authority but I would pervert the truth and degrade my calling did I say aught to the drunkard than that he must be eternally lost if he dies an unrepentant drunkard. This leads to conclude with a remark upon

IV. THE DRUNKARD'S HELL.

The inquiry will naturally be, is it to be expected that it will be different with the drunkard from others that go there? "Hell is a place and why not all fare alike in the place?" Yes, there will, no doubt, be a difference, for hell is a condition as well as a place. If the philosophy of preparation has anything to do with ends then there must be a difference in the condition of individuals who go there. It will make the idea clearer to notice (a) that in this life the whole course of the drunkard is destructive. He has spent his days that should have been used in uplifting and bettering the condition of the world, in overthrowing and upsetting the laws that would accrue to his own and universal good. If the law of retribution is eternal and immutable, and all believe it is, then in the life to come

(b) the drunkard will not only reap his personal damnation, but suffer the fruits of his sins, incident to his works, in the widespread influence it had upon others. Revelation is clear that there will be, and are, degrees in hell. Then the drunkard who has broken the hearts of loved ones and carried them in the current of his degradation must be the greater sufferer when he sees them come bounding him down with their curses in the abyss of woe. Far beyond the pales of his earthly home will there be the crowding witnesses of his evil life, playing about him through endless cycles, to torment him over the course of his influence which led them to ruin and to hell.

(c) It begins in his life experiences. As if hell was not big enough and its duration long enough to mete out his deserts, he begins in life to receive the wages of his sin. Did you ever stand by the bedside of a dying drunkard and read the psychic story of his last earthly experience? We are told that "the sting of death is sin." Then the sufferings of that terrible hour must be the arousing of the consciousness of the dioning to the terrible tragedies of life and its fruitage. It must be the delirium of life's panoramic vision which helps him just then in stern reality to review the con-

sequence of living a life of rebellion against good. As he lies on the death couch in the throes of that relentless foe, time is given for the crowding witnesses of his years to whisper in his almost inaudible ears the mistakes of his misspent days, and he is seen to stretch upon his couch and groan the wail of the dying as though remorse was crying for a new chance to change the experience, which is not granted. Death gathers a new grip, taking its victim through the valley and shadows of the smoking city where he is allowed to see gathered around him the household of disappointment whose ruin he has wrought, with vision of their poverty, homelessness, rags and disappointment. A wife who has long since preceded him to the death valley returns and reviews to him her once happy and hopeful prospect which he has blighted by debauchery, and again he sighs with groanings and pangs; see his contorted muscles twitch in horror of the view. Death, still holding him fast to his task, there come now from the infernal region the pale faces of all the ruined, damned souls that were ensnared and sent down to the pit by his evil influence, to work their last effort of torment in the consignment of his spirit to its reward.

The wife whose spirit had been broken and soul abandoned to sin by reason of his abuses, now comes back from the region of the damned, and stalks before him in ghastly form; she places her cold, icy hands upon his forehead and whispers in his ears, "Curses on you for my own damnation." The dead children who had been spirit-crushed in life and influenced to lead a life of sin and depravity by his deeds, now return in ghastly vision and, clustering around his struggling form, lay their awful accusation against him. Then the departed spirits of those whom he had influenced in life to follow his example, in turn make their visit to the dying couch of the miscreant to accuse him and condemn him for his life deeds; and each time this sting of death plies his poisonous fang, the victim rages with new agony, till the work is done and the vestibule is cleared by the actual entrance into the fellowship of eternal darkness and woe.

I was called upon once to witness the death of a young man who was led to it by alcohol. His mother and sister were Christian women. I have never understood how they survived the scenes and experiences of that hour. As he was in the agonies of that ordeal we asked if he would like an interest in our prayers; he insisted that it would be of no use for he was already damned. What I have rehearsed as a dying experience of the drunkard, he made clear by audible enunciation. While strong men held his demon-possessed body to await the departure of the spirit, he would tell his mother and sister he was in hell, and that he felt its very fires gathering about him. His last words were:

A VALUABLE WEED.

The Tassel That is Used to Raise the Nap on Cloth. Our readers who never saw a tassel (spelled also tassel and tassel and even tassel) can imagine a fir cone or "swamp cattail," set all over with little or flower head or thistle top of the plant dipsacus, and so identified it with cloth dressing that this use of it gave it its botanical name, Dipsacus fulmonum, or fuller's tassel. How familiar to people who live in lands where the tassel is extensively grown the fact may be that the prickly heads of that plant are universally used to raise the nap on cloth, a multitude of persons in his country probably never heard of it and will be astonished to learn in what enormous quantities the plant is raised.

A LOST MINE.

The Tragic Legend That is Associated With Bald Mountain. The legend of a lost mine has given to Bald Mountain, in Flacour county, Ga., a fascinating interest for prospectors. Tradition is that early in the first of the last century three men disappeared from an immigrant party going over the old Gap trail. Search for them was without avail, and they were finally reported dead by the searchers.

Where or how they wintered no one knows, but the following spring, ragged, shoeless and demoralized, they filed into Michigan bluff. Their blankets were converted into socks, and with them they brought gold dust to the amount of \$10,000 or \$15,000. Spending but a single night within the confines of civilization and giving no information as to the location of their large claim, they were followed on their return trip, and a few weeks later their murdered bodies were found in one of the dreary canyons that scar the face of the desolate peak.

Since then many a man has sought this lost mine, but apparently its immunity is as certain as that of the treasure of Captain Kidd—Philadelphia North American.

Pensive Builders.

The fashion of building houses with the entrance doors practically on a level with the street gives the observant stroller on Fifth avenue some humorous glimpses of butlers on duty. In the house of one of the most fashionable families in town the butler can be seen standing behind the bronze grill and glass doors staring disconsolately out at the passing throng for most of the afternoon, while across the street from this house the same kind of an entrance way often disclosed a glimpse of a functionary of the same class seated in a poetical attitude by a circular marble table, his head supported by his hand. Outside of a hospital they are probably the saddest looking men in New York.—New York Press.

The Gordian Knot.

When one of Uncle Sam's sailors, a man named Gordon, formerly serving on one of our vessels in a West Indian squadron, was taken to the Naval Hospital in Washington he described with glibness to his companions there his adventures with a shark off one of the islands in the West Indies. "I had just fell over the bulwarks," said the able seaman, "when along comes a big shark an' grabs me by the leg."

"What did ye do then, matey?" asked one of the patients.

"I never disputes none with sharks," said the sailor. "Let him have the leg!"—Harper's Weekly.

A Composer's Compliment.

Wagner once said he would prefer to go to Vienna to hear the waltzes of Strauss to hearing Italian opera. On a birthday of Mme. Strauss some years ago she had as guests many celebrated musicians. She passed around a fan on which the different composers and players were writing their names and excerpts from compositions of their own. When it reached Brahms he penned the first measure of the "Blue Danube" waltz and signed beneath, "Not I regret to say, by your devoted friend Johannes Brahms."

An Opinion.

"Say, paw," said little Rollo, "why do they call George Washington the father of his country?"

"I dunno, son, unless it was because his country kept him busting to keep it out of trouble and then came to look at him as a sort of old fogey whose advice didn't amount to much anyhow."—Washington Star.

Nights of Unrest.

No Sleep, No Rest, No Peace for the Sufferer from Kidney Troubles.

No peace for the kidney sufferer—Pain and distress from morn to night. Get up with a lame back. Twinges of backache bother you all day.

Dull aching breaks your rest at night. Urinary disorders add to your misery. Get at the cause—cure the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills will work it.

They're for the kidneys only—Have made great cures in Manning. Mrs. M. E. Pipkin, Curran St., Manning, S. C., says: "I suffered from dull, nagging backaches and had distressing pains through my kidneys. I was very restless at night and in the morning felt tired and languid, having no strength or energy. I was also annoyed by too frequent passages of the kidney secretions. I at length read about Doan's Kidney Pills and procuring a box, I began their use as directed. I derived great relief from this remedy. The secretions from my kidneys have become clear, the backache and pains have vanished and a rest well. I have no hesitation in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone suffering from backache or kidney weakness."

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In France alone several thousand acres of land are exclusively devoted to the cultivation of the tassel. French manufacturers use many thousand dollars' worth of the prickly heads and export thousands of tons of them, valued at perhaps millions of dollars. Hundreds of tons are produced in Austria, England, Belgium, Poland and the Crimea.

The prickles of the tassel have a small knob at the end, and this, mounted on an elastic stem and set with great precision on the central spindle, affords a little brush, such, it is said, as the utmost mechanical skill has never been able to rival, at all events at the same price.—New York Herald.

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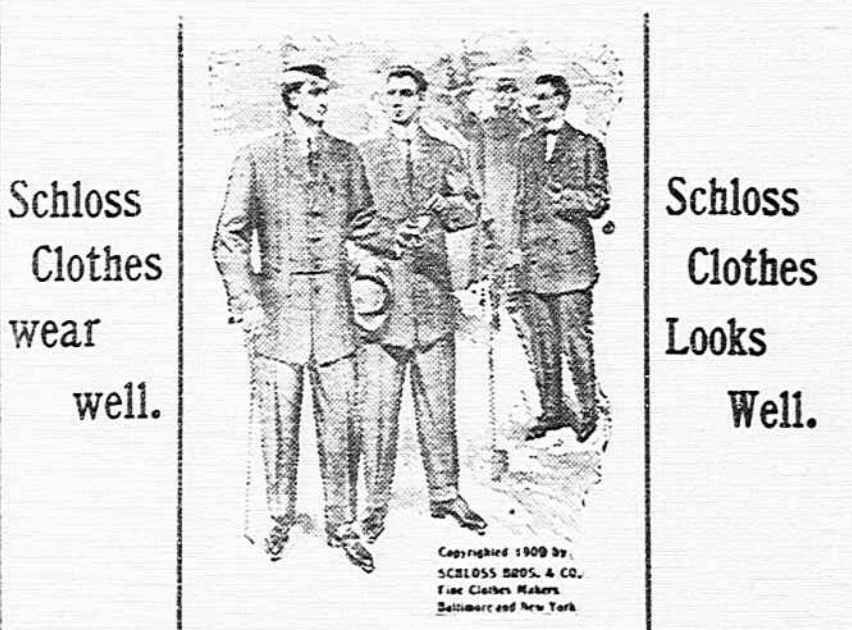
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