

The State Senate could not have done a wiser thing than to let the prohibition bill alone.

It is a dangerous thing, and to that extent immoral, to take a drink of whiskey, but it cannot be made a crime to use it.

If we are to have a revival of Puritan legislation, why does not the legislature pass an act requiring everybody to attend the service at some church on Sunday? This would be just about as sensible as a good deal of the legislation which they now force upon us.

Do the advocates of prohibition imagine that forbidding the railroads to transport whiskey will put a stop to its coming into the State? If every man in the United States army were on picket duty on the borders of the State they could not prevent its coming in.

It is great pity that the very few ladies in this State, who wish to vote, could not have found a better champion, in the Senate, than that arch demagogue, Senator Hemphill; a man who will advocate almost anything that will give him a little notoriety or popularity.

We are supposed to be a Christian people, yet it is proposed that we announce to the world that we have lost faith in the power of Christianity to overcome the social and moral evils that afflict us, and that for the future we will be Mohammedans and enforce morality at the point of the sword.

Why in the name of common sense don't the advocates of female suffrage make some arrangement whereby they will not contradict each other. The editor of the Sumter Freeman says that the girls are growing up in ignorance, while Senator Hemphill says that they are surpassing the men in mental acquirements. We would like to know which one of these visionary reformers we are to believe.

When woman suffrage cast 14 votes in the Senate of South Carolina to 21 against it, it is apparent that the cause is making progress. Five years ago such a proposition as Senator Hemphill's would not have received four votes.—The State.

This kind of progress is very much akin to a great many so called progressive measures. If our contemporary believes in female suffrage it ought to speak out and help Senator Hemphill in the fight.

Senator Hemphill is a very imaginative individual, and he probably dreams that in a few years, he will be addressing large audiences of ladies and be made Governor or Congressman and the waving of perfunctory handkerchiefs and the strung of flowers on his pathway. Perhaps his fair constituents may, in their unbounded enthusiasm, carry him around in their arms, as did the sturdy supporters of Governor Tillman did their idol during the recent campaign.

If the State is to sell the people their whiskey, why not deal in fertilizers, corn, meat and other staple articles? If we are to get whiskey from the State and its purity guaranteed, it would be a great help to those people, who don't know to take care of themselves, to have the fatherly care and protection of the State officials in the management of their business. If this kind of non-sensical legislation keeps on the State will soon be converted, as far as legislative enactments can make us so, into a big asylum for imbeciles.

One of the many strange and inconsistent provisions of the prohibition is the one allowing the manufacture of wine and cider, but forbidding the sale. In other words we are too moral to drink the wine that we make if, of course, ourselves, but are not too virtuous to sell it to the people of adjoining States and make money out their weakness. Where does the morality or Christianity of this come in? In doing this do we not lead others into temptation? Because one lives in another State does it make him any the less our brother?

In the course of his speech, on woman suffrage, Senator Hemphill made the very astounding statement that by shrewd business management the women had managed to obtain possession of most of the property in the State. If this assertion be true then I have been very much mistaken.

them, in evading the payment of taxes on it. The Legislature ought to appoint a committee to investigate the matter and if Mr. Hemphill's statement be true, bring about some arrangement whereby they could be induced to bear part of the burden of taxation. It may be that they act in this way because they are not allowed to vote. Possibly if the right of suffrage were conferred on them, the tyrant, man, might escape being taxed at all. A great many of the sex have acquired property by their husbands making it over to them in order to escape the payment of honest debts.

"In Australia" quoted the Cotton Plant the other day, "the government owns the railroads, and it only costs a person \$6.50 to ride a thousand miles." And also, in consequence, the people have to pay taxes on \$300,000,000 of public debt, the person who doesn't ride a thousand miles paying in his taxes for the one who does the difference between \$6.50 and the cost of the service. It is really time that this Third party foolishness about government ownership of railroads be abandoned. The railroads of the country do not average ten per cent. profits on their investments. Suppose, then, that the government owned them and operated them as economically as individuals—the maximum difference between the corporation and the government rates would be ten per cent. And to get this ten per cent. reduction the people would have to bankrupt themselves to buy the roads.—The State.

The great trouble is that the people, a great many of them, would, in this case, expect to ride free.

"Marguerite," A Christmas Reverie.

[A Christmas offering to the readers of the HERALD.]

SCENE FIRST.

Sitting by my fire, with the hum of many voices made glad by Christmas joys still ringing in my ears, the memories of Christmases gone by crowd in upon my thoughts. I give myself up to reverie.

Listen with me for a moment and I am sure you will hear the patter of little feet, the joyous laugh, and the "Merry Christmas" shouted at each chamber door, as the tiny figures are flying in every direction, eager for the joys that await them in the silent room which will soon be a blaze of light from the myriads of tiny candles, only waiting a touch to bring them into light. I am sure that my little readers, or big ones either for that matter, have already guessed that these fascinating little candles, which are going to accomplish such feats, are hanging on the wonderful tree of Christmas. None of us will ever be too old for the joys which that goes through us at those magic words, the Christmas tree. A flood of memories come over us and, whether we are old or young, happy or sad, it is just the same and we are better men and women for leaving behind us the cares and perhaps pleasures that the added years have brought, even if it is only in fancy, and going back to the old days when we were merry innocent children. But you and I standing here merely as lookers on have forgotten these bright faces and happy voices. Awakening from our reverie we find we are alone, the halls deserted. Let us follow the flying feet and see what it all means. At the end of the hall we see through and open door movement, lights, brilliancy, gaiety, and, above all, faces illuminated with the purest happiness this world can give, tender love one for the other. Over it all comes stealing the sound that one silent night in the dim past made men fall down and worship with awe and adoration, the sound in the heavens above of angels singing "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good-will to men." Let us gaze silently in at the open door, as at the gates of Paradise, study the graceful figure of a little girl who seems, as we look upon the animated face, the dancing eyes, and hear the joyous cries that burst forth at the sight of each new gift, and embodiment of life, but instinctively, while we gaze, our glances wander toward the shy little maiden at her side and rests there. She is not beautiful, but there is something in the soft eyes, the tender mouth, the tiny nose, the curls that draw us toward her and we love her we know not why. Bend down and I will whisper her name, Marguerite, the pet of the household, the darling of the many who know and love her. She is bending over a paper that is among her numerous gifts, written half in jest and half in earnest by her favorite play-fellow, Philip Lancaster, who although older than she, has always been her boyish friend and protector. Let us glance over her shoulder as she reads.

"Why stand there dreaming all through the day? Where are your thoughts my love, far away? Play while you have the time, while life is bright, Care will come soon enough, Darkening its light." As we glance from the little poem so true a picture of Marguerite herself, we find, yes, absolutely tears in the Darling's eyes. Brush them away, "Care may come soon enough, Darkening their light." This may be a foreshadowing of what the years will bring.

SCENE SECOND.

Am I dreaming? I rub my eyes but only to find that the lights are out, the halls deserted and the Christmas tree a thing of the past, faded utterly and now only a memory in the hearts of those grown up men and maidens that we last saw in the careless happiness of childhood. Years have passed by, let us see what they have brought to the two girls that charmed us in the dim past. Again it is the day that commemorates the birth of our Saviour, and we hear "Glory to God in the highest." The voice full and rich falling and swelling with the tones of the organ brings the past before us; where have we heard that lovely voice, yes, it is the same, the eyes, the hair, the mouth, the dainty figure, although rounded into the fullness of womanhood, yet it is Marguerite. As we listen our glances wander to a face in that vast throng (assembled to give praise to God) beautiful as on that Christmas day so long ago, but there is a restless light in the glorious eyes, a hopelessness in the young face, that seems to say I am weary. Her eyes, wandering from one face to another in the crowded church seeking for something to distract the mind, are caught by the earnest upward gaze of one who is in the flush of early manhood, with a noble bearing and grace of person. Involuntarily her gaze follows his and her eyes rest upon the face of her sister Marguerite, for it is the beautiful Evelyn we last saw in her innocent and perfect happiness, by the side of that Christmas tree. While they look, held as it were by a spell, we will glance over the years that have intervened. They have been apart for many years, and returning to their native city, the memories of their past life drawing them to this sacred spot, are united once more the three whose lives were so closely bound together in childhood. The happy home was made desolate by the flight of Evelyn. Her lover, as her husband, proved himself to be the wretch her friends had warned her against, and soon wearying of her beauty he left her with her little child to fight the world alone. Too proud to appeal to her loved ones at home, she had at last drifted back to the city that had been the happy home of her childhood. The young man, gazing with her in wonder and admiration, is Philip Lancaster, the play-mate of her childhood and the boy-lover of Marguerite. The years that have gone by since they met have satiated him with the pleasure of the world, and with a yearning for the home of his childhood he has returned, where the fair face and lovely voice of Marguerite awaken in him the desire for something nobler and better than his life has been. The last notes of the singer are silent, and her glance rests upon the eyes turned up towards her, full of admiration and a new-born love, which sends a responsive thrill through the heart of the young girl. As her eyes droop under his gaze, they rest upon another familiar face, that of the beautiful long lost Evelyn, and the words that have rung through the church "Glory to God in the highest" find an echo in her heart. Again I find myself standing alone, the organ and voice of the singer are silent, and the church is deserted.

SCENE THIRD.

The air is full of happiness, "Merry Christmas" sings out on every side. The faces of the passengers are full of a suppressed joy, children are over-flowing with happiness at the recollection of the gifts Santa Claus has brought them. We hear in the distance the chime of bells. "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace good-will to men." We follow in the direction that so many are hurrying. Louder and louder swell the chimes. As the door of the church is thrown open, the chimes cease and the peal of the organ with the chorus of voices, singing the beautiful Bridal March from Loehring, bursts upon you, far out into the frosty air, making the hearts of the old hurrying by grow tender as thoughts of their youth and early love come to them. And the happy lovers stop to listen with thoughts of what will come to them in the near future. Let us enter. The bridal party are moving slowly up the aisle. Who is the fair vision in white the soft folds of the veil enveloping the young figure, as it were, in a cloud? The glance at the familiar face tells us it is Marguerite. Leaning upon the arm of her lover, Philip Lancaster, there is a rapt expression in the tender eyes, an almost divine beauty in the lovely face, that brings a feeling of awe to the curious, eager crowd that know not why. They in that crowded assembly who have looked upon the heavenly beauty of the "Statue Madonna," need not question this feeling of awe that is upon them. Men and women whose hearts have not been touched for years find their eyes wet with tears. This holy ceremony uniting two hearts and lives a symbol of the myriads of human whose foundation is the union by a few simple words of the lives of a man and maiden. The wonder of that night with the star of hope resting over the manger of Bethlehem is upon them, and as the words let us pray, fall upon their ears, heads are bowed and prayers go up from lips that have long since ceased to pray. It is over, and as the notes of the organ burst forth, as it were an exultation of the joy and happiness in every face. Let us follow the bridal party to their home and see what changes the year has brought. The two figures standing in this silent room we saw for the first time many years ago under the brilliant lights of the Christmas tree in the grace and beauty of childhood, Evelyn has returned at last to her home, though her beauty is dimmed there is a softened look in the face that was once missing, and now we love and admire where once the beauty was all that held us. Marguerite with a last embrace leaves her to join the one into whose hands she has given her life, and with farewell on every side, the light of the home has gone. It is midnight and as I stand before my fire looking into the glowing coals, and wondering what the years will bring to Marguerite, the chimes again fall upon my ears I open my window and leaning out into the darkness, as of the night, I hear "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace good-will to men." It seems to point me to a never failing guide, who stands always ready and eager to help me, the future is with him, and my heart is at rest.

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CHRISTMAS MAXIMS. The truest happiness comes from doing something for the happiness of others. The love of God can find no resting place in the heart of a man that does not consider the poor. See to it that you do something to gladden the heart of some one who is in the midst of poverty and distress. If on no other time, we should commemorate the anniversary of the birth of the Savior by some kindly act. If need be our friends can dispense with our Christmas remembrances, but we cannot afford to forget the poor. Into many homes the sunlight of plenty never enters. Each one of us can send some rays of joy and gladness into the homes of the poor. When we feel the near approach of death, it will not be the recollection of financial success that will give us pleasure, but the remembrance of what we have done for others in their time of need.

It is claimed by the advocates of the present Prohibition Bill, which has passed the House, that the majority of the people of the State are in favor of this measure, and yet it proposes to make the State a dealer and as a matter of course the recipient of the profit from the sale of whiskey. If this is not a glaring piece of inconsistency, we will have to confess that we don't know the meaning of the word. The whole measure is puritanical and paternal in its provisions and will inevitably retard the very reformation that it seeks to bring about.

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