

Mrs Lela M Morrill

The North Dakota White Ribbon.

A MONTHLY W. C. T. U. JOURNAL.

"Not willing that any should perish."

VOL. II.

FARGO, JANUARY, 1892.

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NORTH DAKOTA W. C. T. U.

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THAT MICROBE.

It was late in the fall of 1889 when, suddenly, one afternoon, about four o'clock, Mr. Wallace Brett became aware that the vague, indefinite annoyance that had been troubling him all day was developing into a headache. There are headaches and headaches. Some of them will give quarter, hold parley, and capitulate upon remonstrance. These belong to one class; Mr. Wallace Brett's belonged to the other. It occupied the space above his eyes, behind his ears, and penetrated all the medullary substance of the cerebrum and oblongata. It did not, like well regulated headaches, end even here, but continued its triumphant course along the spinalis, causing Mr. Brett to regret that he possessed a vertebra; every one of

whose thirty-three bones pained him worse than a jumping toothache.

Mr. Brett closed the ledger, into which he has been transferring entries from the journal, and leaned his head upon his hand.

Something ran down his back that felt like the sensation he had when Mrs. Brett, in the morning, requested him to get up and make the kitchen fire.

Then the silence of the office was broken by two loud A-chou's! followed so rapidly by a shrill succession of repetitions, that the A's dropped off and left them 'chou 'chous!

There was a giggling among the clerks in the other room at the book-keeper's expense. "Brett's gettin' there," said one to another.

Mr. Brett sat for a half hour longer, alternately sneezing and holding his head; then he got into his overcoat and started for home.

But while he waited at a corner for the tardy street-car, he began to imagine that his head was an anvil, and Longfellow's village blacksmith was hammering it with a sledge. Something about "chestnuts" kept going over and over in his mind, and he couldn't get it right.

"I believe I'm going crazy," thought Mr. Brett. Visions of straight jackets and padded cells floated before his mental optics, and not altogether pleasing.

"I'll take time by the forelock," thought he, "and stop in and consult Dr. Know-nothing."

Dr. Know-nothing was holding a levee of men, women and children, and all of them were remarking, "A-chou! A-chou!" With impartial hand he was dealing out quinine capsules, right and left, and recommending them all to take a good, stiff dose of whiskey from three to six times a day.

"If it makes you see double, so much the better," said he; "twill show that the remedy is taking hold. Whisky's like ptomaine; it kills the microbe. These here microbes, I was reading last night, are bigger'n Jersey mosquitoes, and carry trunks with 'em. Need a sight of killin'."

This borrowed witticism was met with a roar of laughter. When Mr. Wallace Brett got a chance to be heard, he cleared his throat, and said, in a deprecating way: "I—I never drink, Doctor. The truth is, I'm opposed to it. I signed the pledge

years ago, and I'm uncompromising—"

"Yes, yes, I understand! That's all right. I'm a temperance man myself. But you have to fight the devil with fire, you know, and microbes with poison. Easy enough to drop it off when you get better. Easy enough to drop off yourself, eh, if you don't use it?"

Mr. Wallace Brett was a good Methodist and a Christian. He knew that all men are mortal, and must "drop off" sooner or later, but he preferred that in his case it should be later. He had a dear wife and two lovely children. He was paying for his snug little home in installments. Carrie and the boys needed him. It was very evident, and it wouldn't do to take risks.

"A pint-bottle and do it justice," shouted the doctor after him as he went out at the door.

Mr. Brett was glad that the clerk at the drug-store where he stopped was a strange one, and didn't know him, when he shamefacedly called for a pint of their best quality of "old rye." He thought, though, there was a supercilious smirk about the young man's mouth as he timidly added—"for sickness."

He was mistaken; it was only the way in which the young man's moustache was curled. He had been measuring out pint-flasks of their "best quality of old rye" all day "for sickness," and the smirk with which he had started out in the morning had retired in consternation at the evidently awful situation of the great sick world, for which there was no known remedy in existence but pint-bottles of the best quality of old rye.

The young man was new to the business, and could not but feel that in dealing out this precious commodity to what, without it, was a dying community, he was something of a cross between a missionary and an angel.

Mr. Wallace Brett went home and explained the situation to his wife, as he entered, by declaring, "A-chou! A-chou! A-chou! A-C-H-O-E!"

He took the capsules out of his pocket, and put them on the table. Then, with some misgiving, he produced the flask, and repeated the doctor's advice.

Mrs. Brett objected. Mr. Brett said he presumed she wanted him to die!

Mrs. Brett demurred; she said it

was not only nonsense, but it was wicked and shameful. Mr. Brett wanted to know when she took her medical diploma. Mrs. Brett began to cry; then she began to scold. Then she reached for the bottle, and Mr. Brett wrenched it out of her hands.

And the first quarrel of this otherwise, and up to this time, happy couple was over that pint-bottle of old rye.

Mrs. Brett said Dr. Know nothing was well and truly named. She wished somebody would complain of him to the church authorities, and have him turned out. Why didn't he go to Dr. Kayo? He never recommended men to drink till they saw double.

How soon had the poison worked? Even before the bottle had been unwrapped. The man who, in the doctor's office, was conscientiously opposed, and in the drug-store was nervous before the clerk, was now determined to drink whisky, come what would.

Well, in a week's time, in spite of the quinine and whisky, Mr. Brett was about and at the office again. He said rye whisky had saved his life, and he'd never be such a fanatic again.

He went on drinking it to prevent a relapse. He argued that if the air was full of grippe germs, it was well to be on the safe side.

The relations between himself and Mrs. Brett were severely strained. She had used upon him every argument that love, or common sense, scorn or contempt could make use of, and all in vain.

Do not understand me that Mr. Brett grew into a brute all at once upon the use of whisky, as Ulysses' companions were turned to swine by partaking of the precious dainties of Circe. At first he laughed at Mrs. Brett; then he became good-naturedly sarcastic; then, gradually, her reproaches were met with sullenness and anger. Then he told her 'twas a sorry day when he ever married her. She said it was—for her. Then he went off to business. She fretted all day over the unkind words of the morning, and longed for the slow hours to pass that he might return, and she would throw herself into his arms, and they would make mutual concessions. She would prevail on him through his love for her to give up that terrible whisky, and they would be happy once more.

Poor Carrie's father had been one of those unfortunates who commit spiritual and moral suicide through drink. She knew its insidious tendencies, and she felt she would rather die than live to suffer through it such anguish and sorrow as her broken-hearted mother had known.

The fact that Wallace Brett had

been a temperance man had been the casting die which had decided her in her choice between him and other suitors.

Within eight or nine months from the time when Mr. Brett took cognizance of his headache, and said "A-chou!" over his ledger in November, he was pretty well along on the "primrose path of dalliance that leads to the everlasting bonfire."

His nose had grown red; there were whiskey pimples on his face, which was flabby and unwholesome looking. He began to stay out late, and come home drunk. The children had stopped running to meet him, and slunk out of sight when they saw him coming.

He had stopped going to church; he wasn't banking any of his salary; he had fallen behind with the payments on his property. At the office, the proprietors said it "looked as if Brett was going to the dogs; if he didn't pull up pretty soon, they'd have to ship him."

About this time, Mrs. Brett, who had been growing pale and thin with the intolerable trouble she was bearing, fell into a low, nervous condition, bordering on prostration. She couldn't sleep or eat; everything she attempted seemed to overcome her. She would sit in her chair or lie on the couch all day, and brood and sigh, or burst into tears if spoken to.

Mr. Brett told Dr. Kayo that she was "down in the mouth;" to "go and see her and give her a tonic."

Next day the two men met.

"What do you think of my wife?" asked Mr. Brett.

"It's a serious case; very serious."

"Serious—eh?" asked Brett in amazement. "Thought 't was only nerves."

"Nerves are enough, for that matter; but Mrs. Brett has a germ disease. I'm not sure but that it's incurable."

Mr. Brett turned white and stared hard at the doctor.

"It is induced by the most dangerous and destructive microbe ever met with in medical jurisprudence. It's the arch-microbe that swallows up all the other microbes, as Aaron's serpent-rod swallowed up all those of Pharaoh's magicians. She's a dying woman, Brett."

"Oh, Doctor, don't tell me that! Can't anything be done for her?"

"Well," said the doctor gravely, "there's only one chance, and I haven't much hope of that. I've seen that one little chance fade out so often in cases like hers. If we can only kill the microbe—the whiskey microbe—that's destroying her home, hopes, happiness and husband, she'll get well fast enough. There's not another thing ails her; but she's of a delicate, nervous organization,

and if you don't stop breaking her heart with your drunken brutality she won't be alive three months from now."

"That's pretty plain talk," said Mr. Brett, gasping it out in a broken, disjointed way.

"Exactly; when I have a surgical operation to perform, I cut as deeply as necessary. You'd better not get mad, but think over what I've said. It's true as preaching."

"Doctor, have you got—"

"Anything to help kill the microbe? Yes; come into the office. Fix you up something to steady your nerves and stop that craving. But mind you, man, nothing but God and you in full partnership of activity and determination can kill it. 'This kind goeth not out' even with fasting and prayer alone. You must fight like Leonidas at Thermopylae against 'darts that darken the sun.'"

Mr. Wallace Brett went home with another bottle in his pocket. He threw himself on his knees beside his wife, and told her of the battle about to be fought for her life and his soul.

With mingled tears and united hearts they prayed that the God of battles would strengthen, uphold, and give them success.

'Twas a terrible fight; for the whiskey microbe is Satan's vice-regent on earth; how terrible a fight, every man and woman knows who has ever joined forces for its destruction.

Without God they never could have conquered. Casting all upon Him, and working with him, success crowned their efforts at last. Humbled, but with thankful hearts, they feel that their victory is sure, if in Him they continue to abide and watch.

"And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch!"

Moral: Never take Dr. Know-nothing's prescription for a grippe, lest the remedy prove worse than the disease.—Selected.

A LOST ONE'S WAIL!

POOR JAMES KERR, BROKEN IN SPIRIT, LOST TO FRIENDS, WRITES A PITIFUL TALE.

It was James Kerr who wrote for The Argus that Valley City description last fall. A talented and experienced newspaper bohemian, a man of fine education, much experience, sensitive of his shortcomings, faithful in his friendships, but gone—completely gone on that demon—drink. Kerr went to Lisbon to deliver a lecture—he thought he was disenthralled—he had friends who aided him. It looked bright for success. One day he sent The Forum a large list of subscribers, promising many additions in a few days—and then—and then he disappeared. Noth-

ing has been heard of him since until today—we have the following letter from poor Kerr—which comes wailling over from bleak Montana—a wail recalling Poe's Raven—"from the dark Plutonian shore." Writing of his failure at Lisbon, he says:

When I had failed to make my lecture what it was announced to be, I became as a lost soul to-sed on the billows of hell, drifting anywhere and everywhere—no port in sight—nothing but imprecations and maledictions dinning in my ears—shocked and reproachful eyes of betrayed friends, withering my eyeballs—and so I fled—moneyless and in debt—hoping just a little—that I might go somewhere and retrieve myself and pay back the money I owed.

I won't speak of the hardships I have endured—in box cars—no coat—no money—thrown out on the bleak Montana prairies in black midnight—plunging madly against wire fences—and into irrigating ditches—no shelter in sight—or of hunger and cold and shame of soul! God, of course, forgot me long ago, and there is no good devil around to whisper comfort. I write this letter by sufferance of the landlord—who regards my black eye and bumish appearance with no favorable eye. About midnight I hope to crawl into a box car and sneak my way to Livingston. Perhaps I can do a little work there—perhaps not! Spokane is my destination. If I reach it, I can get employment. If I don't then—death will cancel my debts on earth. But if I make Spokane through favor of "brakes" I'll try and pay back what I owe in North Dakota to the last cent. Meanwhile suspend judgment upon
JAMES KERR.

There is a man of generous impulses, nurtured in luxury, educated and bright, his talents enabling him to command any position—yet alcohol takes away his stamina—muddles his brain—leaving this poor human being a wreck upon the dismal bank of the stream that leads only to death. "Millions have struggled with imaginary serpents" produced by strong drink—jails, almshouses and prisons are filled with its victims—and yet the United States government enters into partnership with the makers of death dealing spirits and reaps the profits of ninety cents a gallon on whiskey manufactured to fill the earth with want and woe and aimless crime.

Strike at the root. Cure those who are already its victims so far as you can—attack the evil at the base—let the general government enact laws dissolving partnership with distillers and make it national that no liquor shall be manufactured.—Fargo Forum.

[It gives the editor of the WHITE RIBBON much pleasure to reprint from the Fargo Forum (Major Edwards' new paper) this strong editorial utterance in favor of the full prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicants. Did the whole daily press of our country stand steadily and persistently for the principle expressed in the last quoted sentence, national prohibition would be an assured fact within a twelve month.]-Ed.

"RELEASED."

BISMARCK, N. D., Dec. 16, 1891.—The telegraph has borne few sadder messages of late than that which announces the death in Boston of Miss Julia A. Ames of Chicago.

After a year of arduous labor as editor of the Union Signal, and as national superintendent of press work in the W. C. T. U., Miss Ames went in November to the annual convention in Boston, where she was taken ill and died on December 14th.

The closing of a beautiful life is even a loss to the world, but when, as in this instance, it is the dropping down of one, who in her chosen profession was a power for good, and in her allotted sphere of action, strong to bear the burdens of others, the sense of individual loss is overshadowed by thought of the greater loss to humanity.

For the life that is gone, there is sorrow; for the memory of that life, gratitude. What higher praise can be said of our sister than that in all her years of journalistic work she probably penned no line that could wound another; or that, as a busy factor in a great reform, she won for herself no animosity. Her pen in its advocacy of truth was not a lance to slay the enemy, but a soft toned instrument of persuasive melody that won by its sweetness. Yet was she even brave, helpful, loyal and true, and none among her associates of the Women's Press Club possessed more fully the love and respect of her fellow workers than this young and gifted writer, who has been thus early released from earth's labors. In adding this tribute of a fellow worker to the memory of one whom to know was to love and honor, I can bring no better testimony than her own almost prophetic words in the following letter:

CHICAGO, Ill., April 11, 1891.

MRS. LINDA W. SLAUGHTER.
My Dear Friend—* * * * *
Your kind letter has made me very happy; for not praise but appreciation is very welcome to tired workers. There are many to criticize, but few who bear us up on wings of love. Still, I fully believe with Thackeray, that "The world is a looking glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face;" and if we are not appreciated it is our own fault. I do not feel that I am in any sense doing my duty by the Press Department, my time is so fully occupied with the Union Signal; but *I will do the best I can until next autumn, when I shall hope to be released.* * * *

With many good remembrances, I am
Truly yours,
JULIA A. AMES.

The italics in the above are mine, but in those final sentences she has left her own best epitaph. Verily, "She hath done what she could"—and I doubt not it was Heaven's own ministering angel that brought the hoped for release.

LINDA W. SLAUGHTER.

FROM WALSH COUNTY.

MINTO, WALSH CO., N. D., Dec. 29, 1891.—Dear Sister: The Christmas number of the WHITE RIBBON was so much improved in appearance that I hardly recognized it.

I was much interested in the report of the World's and National convention held in Boston. I have watched with much interest the stand that our noble sisters have taken for God, and Home, and Native Land. May the good work go on, and may it be shown that what man has failed to do, woman, with her love for fallen humanity, and the power God has given her to work for the right, may succeed; and may the word *fail* never be written against her, for the Lord is on her side, and we need not fear.

Our Union had a basket social recently; had a fine time, and financially it was a grand success, bringing in about sixty-five dollars, which sum gives us a nice start for our next year's work.

Enclosed find post office order for the new subscribers, whose names I send. Wishing you a happy and a prosperous year, I will close.

MRS. H. F. KIDDER.

SEE HERE.

WONDERS NEVER CEASE.

Do you not think so when we can offer Drummond's Essays, Miss Willard's Annual Address, The Red Letter Day Calendar and the UNION SIGNAL one year, total value, \$1.55, for \$1.15; or,

The Life of General Grant and THE UNION SIGNAL one year, worth \$3.50, for \$1.50; or,

The Life of Sherman, Miss Willard's Annual Address and THE UNION SIGNAL, worth \$2.60, for \$1.50; or,

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The Life of General Grant, Life of Sherman, Miss Willard's Annual Address and the UNION SIGNAL, worth \$5.10 for \$2.00; or,

One of each of the above, viz., Life of Grant, Life of Sherman, Life of Sheridan, Drummond's Essays, Miss Willard's Annual Address, The Red Letter Day Calendar and THE UNION SIGNAL one year, value \$5.55, for \$2.75.

Take Notice:

Postage should be added at the following rates: The Life of Grant, 21 cents; Life of Sherman, 15 cents; Life of Sheridan, 7 cents; Drummond's Essays, 5 cents. This offer is good until Jan. 30, 1892. Do not delay. Send order at once to Woman's Temperance Publishing Association, 161 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

The North Dakota White Ribbon

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While THE NORTH DAKOTA WHITE RIBBON is published primarily as a means of communication between the Officers and Superintendents of Departments of the North Dakota W. C. T. U. and the members of its Local Unions, it will endeavor to furnish its readers with a resume of all important W. C. T. U. news of general interest.

Brief communications on W. C. T. U. topics are solicited.
Address all communications intended for publication to the Editor.

FARGO, N. D., JANUARY, 1892.

Mrs. B. H. Gordon, president of the Elliott Union, is spending the winter in New York.

The state president, Miss Kinnear, returned New Year's day to her home from her eastern convention trip and visit to her old home.

Our folks will be glad to know that our beloved Miss Preston will soon be again among us at work encouraging and gladdening us by her bright, earnest presence, as she has interested and cheered by her written words during her absence.

Dear Sister Workers: Will every president of local unions read the communication on page five of the Christmas number, and please govern yourself accordingly, remembering that nearly one-fourth of our year has passed since our convention.

Yours for R. R. work,

MRS. H. L. CAMPBELL.

ATTENTION, WHITE RIBBONERS.

The annual address of Miss Willard at the Boston convention should be read by each one of you and also by your husbands and brothers and sons. It is a masterful paper, sweet, strong, eloquent. In order that our sisters may have, enjoy, and be helped by this masterpiece, the management of the WHITE RIBBON has decided that until further notice, each

subscriber, whether new or a renewal, sending subscription price of paper with the order, will be presented with a copy of the address.

THE MINUTES.

Mrs. D. W. Shinn, state corresponding secretary, writes, and the WHITE RIBBON urges in her own words the importance of the unions being supplied with the minutes of the annual convention:

"The minutes are in the hands of our treasurer and she will attend to all orders. In your next issue will you please urge the necessity of each local union sending in as large an order as possible. Believe me, I am heartily in sympathy with your good work. I was much pleased with your Christmas number and am sure it cannot fail to please. With much love,
Your Sister,

MRS. D. W. SHINN."

The Young Crusader came to the WHITE RIBBON table in a double Christmas number, bright, fresh, and full of interest. This number contains a paper by Mr. Edward W. Bok, editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, entitled, "Why I Never Tasted Liquor." This will be printed as an L. T. L. leaflet, and is a good thing for the boys. The visits of the Young Crusader are always much enjoyed by the young folks of the editor's household, and the paper should be in very many homes where it is not, especially those not well supplied with temperance literature. Many of our unions would do well to follow the example of Fargo Woodford for the past two or three years, and supply one or more Sunday schools with the Young Crusader. Its low price, fifteen cents a year, or twelve dollars for one hundred copies, makes this comparatively easy.

Is there any legal recourse for the people in the care of a physician who is grossly intemperate? Can his license to practice medicine be withdrawn by any process of law? These questions are asked by one of our workers from a northern town that is afflicted with such a doctor. Such a physician might be expelled from any medical association of which he chanced to be a member, for certainly any code of medical ethics extant would pronounce habitual drunkenness highly unprofessional conduct. And it is surprising that such expul-

sion does not more often take place; but this of itself does not forfeit his right to practice. In several of the states drunkenness is made by law a cause for forfeiting a physician's license. We understand there is nothing in the laws of North Dakota bearing on the question, but have the assurance of the committee on legislation appointed by the State Medical Society that an effort will be made at the next session of our legislature to make such provision in the law.

THE KEELEY CURE.

Elsewhere will be found a despairing wail from James Kerr reprinted from the Fargo Forum of January 1st. In the W. C. T. U. department of the Bozeman New Issue of January 15th, appears a letter from this same James Kerr under date of Jan. 3rd. In this letter he unsparringly brands the Keeley gold cure as "failure," "fraud," "fake." He refers to several individuals beside himself who have faithfully tried the gold cure and found that it did not cure, and he censures Miss Willard for placing herself on record as endorsing the Keeley system. He further says, "I have come to the same conclusion as my best friend John G. Molley—that there is no cure for a confirmed drunkard outside of Christ. On the first day of the year 1892 I recommenced my struggle against the drink demon, and so far have succeeded. I hope by God's grace to win yet, after having exhausted every other expedient in the shape of Washingtonian homes, inebriate asylums, temperance organizations, pledges, etc." Every white ribbon woman will repeat the prayer of the Bozeman editor, "that this brother may be kept from again falling and may conquer that great enemy of souls."

The reference to Miss Willard will offset some one of the newspaper paragraphs that have appeared of late, condemning in unmeasured terms, Miss Willard and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union for an assured opposition to the Keeley system. The real position of Miss Willard and her co-workers on this question may be gathered from the following extracts taken from her address before the recent convention in Boston:

"Is the drunkard sick or is he sinful? Shall he go to hospital or to

jail? Is he vicious or victimized? Shall he be prisoner or patient? To all these queries the scientist has answered, 'Drunkenness is a disease,' and the theologian has thundered, 'Drunkenness is a sin.' It is the old story of the shield that one man claimed as gold, and another man as silver, when it was both, according to the side at which men looked. The scientist, wholly occupied with things material, naturally says, 'the man is sick;' the theologian, wholly occupied with things immaterial, naturally says, 'the man is sinful.' But the al, around 19th century Christian, equally occupied with things natural and spiritual, says, 'In the man's body he is sick and in his soul he sins. Treat him for both diseases.' My own belief is that each one speaks out sincerely the truth as it is seen by him on his own plain."

* * * * *

"Drunkenness is both a sin and a disease, God above is the deliverer, through his natural or spiritual laws of cure."

* * * * *

"A drunkard does well to go to Dwight and try the Keeley cure, but he does better to go to Calvary and prove the cure that Christ has wrought."

* * * * *

"Toward the army of men in this country who against their desperate appetite have formed a holy resolution, and who in keeping that resolve invoke the help of God, our hearts must ever turn with a sister's sympathy; for them was wrought our earliest work in the heroic days of the crusade; for them our tears shall fall, our prayers ascend, and to them our hands be evermore outstretched in helpful deeds. Whether they seek deliverance by the Gospel cure, of all others, the highest, surest and best, or by the Keeley cure, we will now and always bid them God speed."

* * * * *

"For reasons best known to themselves some friends of Dr. Keeley's gold cure have set about representing the W. C. T. U. as opposed to that method for the treatment of inebriety. I have promptly stated that we had always believed in the do-everything policy and that I had sent out from my office large quantities of leaflets and documents recommending the gold cure remedies. This I desire to reiterate; also to recommend the sanitarium of Dr. Gray of LaPorte, Ind., and the treatment of Dr. F. B. Hargreaves, of Chicago, which are all of the same general character. All have had some excellent results, as well as some notable failures; but we know that the gospel—cure which we rate vastly above any other, because it not only cures drunkenness but makes new men of those who had

fallen into bondage, not only the bondage of intemperance, but the sins that go along with it—must have its failures too, for the same reason that the gold cure does not always cure; namely, those who run well for a season grow weary in well doing and therefore fail to attain the good.

We must, however, always stoutly maintain that no matter what course might be devised for the cure of cholera it would be the part of wisdom to quarantine the patient and study the origin of the disease; no matter what cure might be found for fever it would still be the part of wisdom to drain the marsh whence came the malaria, and, indeed, to banish all the unwholesome conditions that produced the disease."

* * * * *

The editor had proposed giving in this paper a study of the Keeley gold cure from the scientific, especially the medical journals, but has been prevented by reasons beyond her control. The study may or may not appear later.

FROM MISS PRESTON.

To my mind, one of the most touching incidents of our great Boston convention was when someone proposed a "Chautauqua Salute" to those at home and instantly from floor to galleries blossomed out the white lilies, and waved and waved.

As I stood there, in a moment the beautiful scene, the great throng had vanished, and I saw through a mist of tears, the faces of the beloved White Ribbon women of North Dakota who were at home at their post, quietly, earnestly and faithfully doing their duty that we might enjoy the warmth, splendor and inspiration of this wonderful gathering.

And during those days and these which have followed, so full of happiness to me, there has been in my heart continually a prayer for the loved ones at home, for the success of the work there.

On this, the first morning of the work, will all persons renewing or getting up clubs, send the names and money to me, and the matter will be promptly attended to. Terms and premiums are the same as when sending to the W. C. T. U. If you wish to have a live, wide-awake union, see that every member takes the Union Signal and the WHITE RIBBON.

My address, until notice is given in this paper, will be as it has been

for two years, Elliott, North Dakota.

I had many things to write but I will not with ink and pen write unto thee. But I trust I shall shortly see thee, and we shall speak face to face. Peace be to thee.

Yours faithfully,

ELIZABETH PRESTON.

ALBION, Ind., Jan 1st, 1892. — Dear Sisters: Since mailing a letter to the White Ribbon this morning, I have received through our corresponding secretary, Mrs Shinn, a very pleasant surprise—a Christmas gift of \$30.30 from White Ribbon sisters of North Dakota.

I hardly know how to express the happiness which this token of remembrance and good wishes has given me. While the gift is very acceptable in itself, yet the love and thoughtfulness which prompted it is of infinitely more value to me.

God bless you for the kindly thought and make me worthy of my lot.

Yours sincerely,

ELIZABETH PRESTON.

A pathetic incident occurred at Washington recently. One hundred and forty inmates of the work-house signed a petition to the commissioners of the District of Columbia as follows: "We, the undersigned, citizens of the United States, temporarily residing in the Washington City Asylum, commonly called the work-house, would respectfully but earnestly pray your honors not to grant any more liquor licenses. We have been informed from high authority, and we fully believe from our own observations, that the curse of the Lord Almighty rests upon the drunkard, and woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunken. It is our earnest desire to overcome the shame and disgrace to which intoxicating drink has, directly or indirectly, brought us, and to again become worthy and law-abiding citizens. To this end we ask for honest employment and fair wages, and that all places of licensed temptation and ruin may be forever banished from the capital of our nation. Therefore we beseech you to aid us by granting this our prayer."

Can any reason be assigned why this cry for help should not be heeded, not only in Washington but elsewhere?—Ex.

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Come in winter, the year that is new,
Snow fall, and frost-rime, and star beam and dew
Shine of the daisies, and blush of the clover,
Rose-cup and lily for bees to hang over,
Stir of the wind, in the waves of the wheat
Smile of the violet low a our feet,
Fruitage of orchard and cluster of vine,
Seed time and harvest, O man! woe be thine,
Once more, in this year: for what hath been
shall be
While the rivers of time seek eternity's sea.

So, a Happy New Year to the babe and the mother,
To gentle wee sister, and rosy-cheeked brother:
A Happy New Year to the aged who wait
Till an angel set wider the Paradise gate,
A Happy New Year unto those who have learned
How rich are the guerdons which labor has earned,
And a Happy New Year to the weary who cling
Through sorrow and pain to the cross of the King

Fer down thy fair vista, blithe New Year, we see
The sun gleam of beautiful S. beats to be:
From far o'er the billows we hear the glad swells
Amid people in darkness, of church going bells,
God speed the full time when the idols shall fall,
And the banner of Jesus wave white over all,
When the nations shall walk in the light of the Lord,
And Eden's lost venture to earth be restored

May the New Year touch softly the eyelids that ache
With tears o'er the sleeping who never shall wake,
Nor thrill to our kisses, nor sigh to our blame,
The low grave their couch, on the cold stone
their name.

O Saviour Divine, to thy glory arisen,
Release those who mourn from the gloom of
grief's prison,
Teach us to be joyful for those who have gone
To shine in thy likeness, and kneel at the throne.

Dear Christ, by thy passion, thy grace, and thy power,
Assist us, uplift us, in each clouded hour,
And still by denial, bestowal, delay,
Whatever is needful, oh guide us we pray,
The year that is far above rubies shall be,
The year of our lives that is closest to thee;
And precious and sacred our changes shall grow,
If heaven light o'er them in tenderness glow.
Let the burdens of woe, and the conflicts of care,
Alike be relieved by the breathings of prayer,
And happy, or only resigned, let us raise
Each morning and evening the songs of our
praise. —Sel. ctd.

FROM OUR BUSINESS MANAGER

Dear Editor: I must tell the White Ribbon women of North Dakota that Miss Willard's banner to the western state which made the greatest per cent. of increase in membership to the W. C. T. U. during the past year was awarded to our sister state, Montana. In the year 1890 they paid \$15 national dues. In 1891 they paid \$40.50, showing that the women of Montana are alive to the great work; and I must say, as I told the sister workers last summer, if my home was not in North Dakota, and in Woodford Union, I should be glad to have it in the Bozeman Union and in Montana.

I see by their state paper the names of their unions, the president and corresponding secretary are given, thus making every union in Montana acquainted, and I think the idea a good one. Why not, sisters of North Dakota, make an effort to help your state paper that much, thereby doing something for your Union as well, and when we come up to our state convention we shall know each other better, and the union from which we are sent as delegates will come to our mind at the same time.

We shall be glad to give one page or more to announcements and will give very low rates, and hope before next issue to receive many for publication. Thanks are due Mrs. Chamberlain of Elliott, Mrs. Wade of Jamestown and Mrs. Kidder of Minto, for subscriptions sent, and we will be glad to have every Union send a club, for, in the language of Miss Willard, "To be a successful worker one must read their own state paper."

H. L. CAMPBELL.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CRYSTAL FOUNT LODGE NO. 5, I. O. G. T., meets every Friday evening in I. O. G. T. Hall, first floor of Ely Block, North Broadway.
W. L. VAN HORN, C. T.

EXCELSIOR W. C. T. U. HOLDS ITS REGULAR monthly meetings on the 1st and 3d Wednesdays of each month, with Mrs. J. M. Smith, corner 1st Avenue and Broadway.

MRS. EMILY W. SMITH, President.
JENNY A. BENEDICT, Secretary.

LEONARD W. C. T. U. MEETS ALTERNATE Saturdays, in Leo ard Church at 3 p. m.

MRS. LETTIE WEAVER, President.
MISS M. H. SOWLES, Secretary.

WILLARD W. C. T. U., OF DURBIN, MEETS every alternate Saturday, at residence of members.

MRS. NELLIE CURTIS, President.
MRS. J. H. LYKE, Secretary.

WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION of Bismarck. Headquarters and Reading Room on South Main St near Fourth.

LINDA W. SLAUGHTER, President.
CLARA B. ULLMAN, Secretary.

WOODFORD W. C. T. U. HOLDS ITS REGULAR meeting on the first Friday in every month in the W. C. T. U. building, cor. Front and Eighth Streets.

MRS. E. R. EDWARDS, President.
MISS MYRA SCOVILLE, Secretary.

FRUITFUL (JUVENILE) TEMPLE, NO. 3, I. O. G. T., meet every Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock in hall in Ely Block, North Broadway.

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