Ten Nights in a Bar Room.

NIGHT THE FIFTH.

Some of the Consequences of Tavern-Keeping.

"You many well do that," was answered. "I doubt if Cedarville holds a sadder heart. It was a dark day for her, let me tell you, when Simon Slade sold his mill and built this tavern. She was opposed to it at the beginning."

"I have inferred as much."

"I know it," said the man. "My wife has been intimate with her for years. Indeed, they have always been like sisters. I remember very well her coming to our house, about the time the mill was sold, and crying about it as if her heart would break. She saw nothing but sorrow and trouble ahead. Tavern keeping she had always regarded as a law business; and the change from a respectable miller to a lazy tavern keeper, as she expressed it, was presented to her mind as something disgraceful. I remember, very well, trying to argue the point with her—assuming that it was quite as respectable to keep tavern as to do anything else; but I might as well have talked to the wind. She was always a pleasant, hopeful, cheerful woman before that time; but, really, I don't think I've seen a true smile on her face since."

"That was a great deal for a man to lose," said I.

"What?" he inquired, not clearly understanding me.

"The cheeful face of his wife."

"The face was but an index of her heart," said he.

"So much the worse."

"True enough for that. Yes, it was a great deal to lose."

"What has he gained that will make up for this?"

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"What has be gained?" I repeated. "Can you figure it up?"

"He's a richer man, for one thing."

"Happier?"

There was another shrug of the shoulders. "I wouldn't like to say that."

"How much richer?"

"Oh, a great deal. Somebody was saying, only yesterday, that he couldn't be worth less than thirty thousand dollars."

"Indeed! So much?"

"Yes."

"How has he managed to accumulate so rapidly?"

"His bar has a large run of custom. And, you know, that pays wonderfully."

"He must have sold a great deal of liquor in six years."

"And he has. I don't think I'm wrong in saying that in the six years which have gone by since the 'Sickle and Sheaf' was opened, more liquor has been drank than in the previous twenty years."

"Say forty," remarked a man who had been a listener to what we said.

"Let it be forty, then," was the according answer.

"How comes this?" I inquired. "You had a tavern here before the 'Sickle and Sheaf' was opened."

"I know we had, and several places besides, where liquor was sold. But, everybody far and near knew Simon Slade, the miller, and everybody liked him. He was a good miller, and a cheerful, social, chatty sort of a man, putting everybody in a good humor who came near him. So it became the talk everywhere, when he built this house, which he fitted up nicer than anything that had been seen in these parts. Judge Hammond, Judge Lyman, Lawyer Wilson, and all the big-bugs of the place at once patronized the new tavern; and, of course, everybody else did the same. So, you can easily see how he got such a run."

"It was thought, in the beginning," said I, "that the new tavern was going to do wonders for Cedarville."

"Yes," answered the man, laughing, "and so it has."

"In what respect?"

"Oh, in many ways. It has made some men richer, and some poorer."

"Who has it made poorer?"

"Dozens of people. You may always take it for granted, when you see a tavern keeper who has a good run at his bar, getting rich, that a great many people are getting poor."

"How so?" I wished to hear in what way the man, who was himself, as was plain to see, a good customer at somebody's bar, reasoned on the subject.

"He does not add to the general wealth. He produces nothing. He takes money from his customers, but gives them no article of value in return—nothing that can be called property, personal or real. He is just so much richer, and they just so much poorer for the exchange. Is it not so?"

I readily assented to the position as true, and then said—

"Who, in particular, are poorer?"

"Judge Hammond, for one."

"Indeed! I thought the advance in his property, in consequence of the building of this tavern, was so great, that he was reaping a rich pecuniary harvest."

"There was a slight advance in property along the street after the 'Sickle and Sheaf' was opened, and Judge Hammond was benefited thereby. Interested parties made a good deal of noise about it; but it didn't amount to much, I believe."

"What has caused the judge to grow poorer?"

"The opening of this tavern, as I just said."

"In what way did it affect him?"

"He was among Slade's warmest supporters, as soon as he felt the advance in the price of building lots, called him one of the most enterprising men in Cedarville—a real benefactor to the place—and all that stuff. To set a good example of patronage, he came over every day and took his glass of brandy, and encouraged everybody else that he could influence to do the same. Among those who followed his example was his son Willy. There was not, let me tell you, in all the country for twenty-five miles around, a finer young man than Willy, nor one of so much promise, when this man-trap"—he let his voice fall, and glanced around, as he thus designated Slade's tavern—"was opened; and now, there is not one dashing more recklessly along the road to ruin. When too late, his father saw that his son was corrupted, and that the company he kept was of a dangerous character. Two reasons led him to purchase Slade's old mill, and turn it into a factory and a distillery. Of course, he had to make a heavy outlay for additional buildings, machinery and distilling apparatus. The reasons influencing him were the prospect of realizing a large amount of money, especially in distilling, and the hope of saving Willy, by getting him closely engaged and interested in business. To accomplish, more certainly, the latter end, he unwisely transferred to his son, as his own capital, twenty thousand dollars, and then formed with him a regular copartnership—giving Willy an active business control.

"But the experiment, sir," added the man, emphatically, "has proved a failure. I heard yesterday, that both mill and distillery were to be shut up, and offered for sale."

"They did not prove as money-making as was anticipated?"

"No, not under Willy Hammond's management. He had made too many bad acquaintances—men who clung to him because he had plenty of money at command, and spent it as freely as water. On-half of his time he was away from the mill, and while there, didn't half attend to business. I've heard it said—and I don't much doubt its truth—that he's squandered his twenty thousand dollars, and a great deal besides."

"How is that possible?"

"Well; people talk, and not always at random. There's been a man staying here, most of his time, for the last four or five years, named Green. He does not do anything, and don't seem to have any friends in the neighborhood. Nobody knows where he came from, and he is not at all communicative on that head himself. Well, this man became acquainted with young Hammond after Willy got to visiting the bar here, and attached himself to him at once. They have, to all appearance, been fast friends ever since; riding about, or going off on gunning or fishing excursions almost every day, and secluding themeselves somewhere nearly every evening. That man Green, sir, it is whispered, is a gambler; and I believe it. Granted, and there is no longer a mystery as to what Willy does with his own and his father's money."

I readily assented to this view of the case.

"And so assuming that Green is a gambler," said I, "he has grown richer, in consequence of the opening of a new and more attractive tavern in Cedarville."

"Yes, and Cedarville is so much poorer for all his gains, for I've never heard of his buying a foot of ground, or in any way encouraging productive industry. He's only a blood-sucker."

"It is worse than the mere abstraction of money," I remarked; "he corrupts his victims, at the same time that he robs them."

"True."

"Willy Hammond may not be his only victim," I suggested.

"Nor is he, in my opinion. I've been coming to this bar, nightly, for a good many years—a sorry confession for a man to make, I must own," he added, with a slight tinge of shame; "but so it is. Well, as I was saying, I've been coming to this bar, nightly, for a good many years, and I generally see all that is going on around me. Among the regular visitors are at least half a dozen young men, belonging to our best families—who have been raised with care, and well educated. That their presence here is unknown to their friends I am quite certain—or, at least, unknown and unsuspected by some of them. They do not drink a great deal yet; but all try a glass or two. Toward nine o'clock, often at an earlier hour, you will see one and another of them go quietly out of the bar, through the sitting room, preceded, or soon followed by Green and Slade. At any hour of the night, up to one or two, and sometimes three o'clock, you can see light streaming through the rent in a curtain drawn before a particular window, which I know to be in the room of Harvey Green. These are facts, sir; and you sir; and you can draw your own conclusion. I think it a very serious matter.

"Why does Slade go out with these young men?" I inquired. "Do you think he gambles also?"

"If he isn't a kind of a stool-pigeon for Harvey Green, then I'm mistaken again."

"Hardly. He cannot, already, have become so utterly unprincipled."

"It's a bad school, sir, this tavern keeping," said the man.

"I readily grant you that."

"And it's nearly seven years since he commenced to take lessons. A great deal may be learned, sir, of good or evil, in seven years, especially if any interest be taken in the studies."

"True."

"And it's true in this case, you may depend upon it. Simon Slade is not the man he was, seven years ago. Anybody with half an eye can see that. He's grown selfish, grasping, unscrupulous, and passionate. There could hardly be a greater difference between men than exists between Simon Slade the tavern keeper and Simon Slade the miller."

"And intemperate, also?" I suggested.

"He's beginning to take a little too much," was answered.

"In that case, he'll scarcely be as well off five years hence as he is now."

"He's at the top of the wheel, some of us think."

"What has led to this opinion?"

"He's beginning to neglect his house, for one thing."

"A bad sign."

(Continued on 2d page.)

CHILDREN ESPECIALLY LIABLE.

Burns, bruises and cuts are extremely painful and if neglected often result in blood poisoning. Children are especially liable to such mishaps because not so careful. As a remedy DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. It draws out the fire, stops the pain, soon heals the wound. Beware of counterfeits. Sure cure for piles. "DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured my baby of eczema after two physician's gave her up." So writes James Mock, N. Webster, Ind. "The sores were so bad she soiled two to five dresses a day."

PECK NEWS NOTES.

All the Local and Personal News From That Section.

Peck, Leon county, Jan. 28.—Miss Emma Billingsley, of Monticello, Ga., stopped over and spent a few hours with her brother, Mr. E. L. Billingsley, last Friday afternoon. Miss Billingsley was en route home.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Sills spent the day in Tallahassee Saturday last.

Miss Ellen W. Apthorp spent Saturday and Sunday in the Black Creek neighborhood.

Mrs. H. J. Hanks and Miss Georgia Hanks were quite ill last week.

Mr. L. S. Crump visited Tallahassee Friday last.

Messrs. George and Willie Baum made a business trip to Black Creek Saturday last.

Mr. Fellows Billingsley was driving around in our vicinity Sunday.

Mr. J. F. Joyner spent Friday and Saturday in Thomasville. He contemplates soon making his home there.

Mr. F. E. Waller has gone to Carrabelle to visit his sister, Miss Stella.

Mr. and Mrs. Smithson, of Black Creek, visited Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Crump last Sunday.

Mr. Teat, of Lloyd, was at Mr. J. P. Baum's last week on business.

Miss Ellen Apthorp and Miss Sadie Carmine are the expected guests of Miss Clifford Baum Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. J. H. Humphress and Master West Nickleson visited the Capital City Saturday last.

Everybody is at work preparing for another crop.

Mr. L. S. Crump's place had a narrow escape from fire last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Crump visited relatives near Lloyd last Saturday.

Mr. Willie Powell passed through our neighborhood Sunday.