

Moths in the Candle.

Every moth learns for itself that the candle burns. Every night while the candle lasts, the slaughter goes on, and leaves its wings and dead around it. The light is beautiful and warm, and attractive; and, unscathed by the dead, the foolish creatures rush into the flames, and drop, hopelessly, their little lives despoiled. It has been supposed that men have reason and a moral sense. It has been supposed that they observe, draw conclusions, and learn by experience. Yet there is a large class of men, reproduced by every passing generation, that do exactly what the moths do, and die exactly as the moths die. They learn nothing by observation or experience. Around a certain class of brilliant temptations they gather night after night, and with singed wings and lifeless bodies, they strew the ground around them. No instructions, no exhortations, no observations of ruin, no sense of duty, no remonstrance of conscience, have any effect upon them. If they were moths in fact they could not be sillier or more obtuse.

FIRST CANDLE.

A single passion, which need not be named—further than to say that, when hallowed by love and a legitimate gift of life to life is as pure as any passion of the soul—is one of the candles around which the human moths lie in myriads of disgusting deaths. If anything has been proved by the observation and experience of the world, it is that licentiousness, and all illicit gratification of the passion involving it, are killing sins against a man's own nature—that by it the wings are singed not only, but body and soul are degraded and spoiled. Out of all illicit indulgence comes weakness, a perverted moral nature, degradation of character, gross baseness, benumbed sensibilities, a disgusting life, and a disgraceful death. Before its baleful fire the sanctity of woman fades away, the romance of life dies, and the beautiful world loses all its charm. The lives wrecked upon the rock of sensuality are strewn in every direction. Again and again with endless repetition, young men yield to the song of the siren that beguiles them to their death. They learn nothing, they see nothing, but their wild desire, and they go to destruction and the devil.

Every young man who reads this article has two lives before him. He may choose either. He may throw himself away on a few illegitimate delights which cover his brow with shame in the presence of his mother, and become an old man before his time with all the wine drained out of his life; or he may grow up into a pure, strong man, who in good healthy relation to all the joys that pertain to that high estate. He may be a beast in his heart, or he may have a wife whom he worships, children whom he delights in, a self-respect which enables him to meet unshamed the noblest woman, and an undimmed place in the society. He may have a dirty imagination, or one that hates and spurns all impurity as both disgusting and poisonous. In brief, he may be a man, with a man's powers and immunities, or a sham of a man—a white sepulchre—conscious that he carries with him his own dead bones and all uncleanness. It is a matter of choice. He knows what life is and where it ends. He knows the essential quality and certain destiny of the other. The man who says he cannot control himself not only lies, but places his Maker in blame. He can control himself, and if he does not, he is both a fool and a beast. The sense of security and purity and self-respect that come of continence, entertained for a single day, is worth more than the illicit pleasures of a world for all time.

SECOND CANDLE.

Wine and strong drink form another candle in which millions have singed themselves, and destroyed both body and soul. Here the signs of danger are more apparent than in the case of sensuality, because there is less secrecy. The candle burns in open space, where all men can see it. Law sits behind and sanctions its burning. It pays a princely revenue to the Government. Women flaunt the gauzes in it. Clergymen sweep their robes through it. Respectability uses it to light its banquets. In many regions of this country it is a highly respectable candle. Yet, every year sixty thousand persons of this country die of intemperance; and when we think of the blasted lives that live in want and misery, of the millions of loves bruised and blotted out of children disgraced, of almshouses filled, of crimes committed through its influence, of industry extinguished, and of disease engendered, and remember this has been going on for thousands of years, where ever wine has been known, what are we to think of the men who still rush into the fire? Have they any more sense than the moths? It is almost enough to shake a man's faith in immortality to learn that he belongs to a race that manifests so little sense and such hopeless recklessness.

There is just one way of safety, and only one, and a young man who stands at the head of his career can choose whether he can walk in it, or the way of danger. There is a notion abroad among men that wine is good—that when properly used it has helped in it—that in a certain way it is food. We believe that no greater or more fatal hallucination ever possessed the world, and that none so great ever possessed it for so long a time. Wine is a medicine, and men would take no more of it than of any other medicine if it were not pleasant in its taste, and agreeable in its first effects. The men who drink it, drink it because it is pleasant. The theories as to its healthfulness come afterward. The world cheats itself, and tries to cheat itself in this thing; and the priests who prate of "using this world is not abusing it," and the chemists who claim a sort of nutritious property in alcohol, which never adds to tissue, and the men who make a jest of water-drinking all know perfectly well that wine and strong drink always have done more harm than good in the world, and always will until that millennium comes whose feet are constantly tripped from under by the drunkards that lie prone in its path. The millennium with a grog shop at every corner, is just as impossible as security with a

burglar at every window, or in every room in the house. All men know that drink is a curse, yet young men sport around it as if there were something very desirable in it, and sport until they are hopelessly singed, and then join the great, sad army that, with undiminished numbers, presses on to its certain death. We do not like to become an exhorter these columns, but, if it were necessary, we would plead with young men upon every knee to touch not the accursed destroyer. Total abstinence, now and forever, is the only guaranty in existence against a drunkard's life and death, and there is no good that can possibly come to a man by drinking. Keep out of the candle. It will always singe your wings or destroy you.

A Stuffed Lion.

Some days since a saloon keeper on Gratio avenue paid certain parties in Chicago \$25 for a stuffed lion to add to the attractions of his saloon, and the other morning the place was being scrubbed out the lion was placed at the front door to keep him out of the wet. Half a block down the street a farmer was having his wagon repaired and a big bull dog was chained to a hind axle-tree. He grew uneasy the minute the lion was rolled out, and it needed only a few encouraging words from the boys to render him half-frantic. He growled and tore and plunged around and attracted quite a crowd, among which was a man who remarked:

"That's a purty brave dog of yours, stranger."

"Brave! I'd like to see the man or beast he wouldn't tackle," replied the owner.

"I dunno about that. I never saw a dog yet who'd stand before a lion."

"Well, here's one who'd stand before two lions. See how anxious he is to get there?"

"Yes, but he puts that on because he's chained. If he was loose you could not get him within a rod of that specimen."

"Couldn't, eh? Maybe you want to hear yourself talk."

"Well, I dunno. I'm opposed to betting, card-playing, dancing and all that; but seeing you are rather sassy about this, I've got half a dollar here which says that you can't get that dog to go within six feet of that lion."

"I'll try the money—put up the money!" shouted the farmer, as he went down into his own pockets after the coin. The money was put up, the crowd fell back, and the farmer's face wore a smile of triumph as he still further excited the dog, and then slipped his collar. With a yell of rage the "canine" made a beeline for the king of beasts, and in another moment there was reason for a terrific yell of applause. Dog and lion filled the air, so to say. The lion was rolled over and over, grabbed by the throat and shaken around, drawn across the street and back by the ear, and when the dog finally let up on the corpse the battleground was covered with hair and hay and savdust and glass eyes. At that moment the saloon keeper rushed out, a policeman came up, and for five minutes the air was rent with shouts and exclamations.

"It was all fun," explained the farmer.

"Dot lion's cost me twenty-five tollers in Shercoag," protested the saloon-man.

"Who put up this job?" demanded the officer as he glared around on the crowd.

By and by a deep silence fell upon the crowd, and in a voice which only kindness in it, the owner of the lion said he must have his \$25 or he would start for the police court. The policeman said it was certainly a case for the courts, and the crowd said that the farmer might have known what would happen. He protested, but finally came to time and when he had passed over a ten dollar bill and given his note for the balance, he had only one sentence to utter. That was:

"Now, then, I'll give any of you five acres of land to put me face to face with the outlaw who put this job up on a hard working, innocent man."

From Peasant to President.

John Adams, second President, was the son of a farmer of very moderate means. The only start he had was a good education.

Andrew Jackson was born in a log hut in North Carolina, and was raised in the pine woods for which that State is famous.

James K. Polk spent the earlier years of his life helping to dig a living out of a new farm in North Carolina. He was afterwards a clerk in a country store.

Millard Fillmore was the son of a New York farmer, and his house was a very humble one. He learned the business of clothier.

James Buchanan was born in a small town among the Alleghany mountains. His father cut the logs and built his own house, in what was then a wilderness.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a very poor Kentucky farmer, and lived in a log cabin until he was twenty-one years of age.

Andrew Johnson was apprenticed to a tailor at the age of ten years by his widowed mother. He was never able to attend school, and picked up all the education he ever got.

General Grant lived the life of a common boy in a common house on the banks of the Ohio river until he was seventeen years of age.

James A. Garfield was born in a log cabin. He worked on the farm from the time he was able to handle a hoe until he was strong enough to use carpenter tools, when he learned the trade. He afterwards worked on the canal.

A North Carolina Justice of the Peace recently married a couple as he sat enthroned in state on the back of a mule, and the animal for once realized that there was bigger trouble going on than he could produce, and kept his heels still.

"No change at Albany," said Mrs. Spilkins. "I heard they'd get out of change. I hear of their introducing bills all the time. Spoke they'll have to use postage stamps again."

Napoleon's Handwriting.

The clear-headedness and precision of the general whose whole art of war culminated in being the strongest at a particular point is shown by his often using a fresh paragraph for a fresh idea, and in the profusion of space and light between the pages, the words, and often between the letters of his earlier handwriting. But the intuition, the eagle-eye which enabled him always to seize this point of concentration, is manifested by the frequent separation of the letters in the words. Like Mazarin, too, he runs several words together; a mark of a deductive logician, and of the positive, practical man, who tends rapidly toward the realization of his aims. His strong will, his masterful and despotic nature, are denoted by the forcible manner in which he crosses his "t's" high up. Wonderful tenacity is shown by the "harpoons," or horizontal pen-strokes, which terminate the last stroke of many words; they are, as it were, the claws of the eagle. A profusion of club-like strokes show indomitable resolution and obstinacy, which may seem to have been intractable by the implacable hardness with which his wagon repaired and a big bull dog was chained to a hind axle-tree. The dash of meanness which was always present in the man who gave a name to "corporal" tobacco, is shown in the little crooks which sometimes commence or terminate the letter "n," and in his signature, which was not royal, like that of Louis XIV. Until he became Bonaparte, he always wrote his name Buona, or Bona Parte, or abbreviated it with B. P. Afterward he wrote Na Poleon, or N. P.—[St. James' Gazette.]

FOUND AT LAST.

A Positive and Never Failing Cure for Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, and all the kindred diseases of the blood, is now in the possession of Dr. Henry, living right here among us, testifying to the wonderful curative powers of his Rheumatic Neutralizer. Dr. Henry refers only to the testimonials given by well known parties in our midst, and never relies on far off and unknown individuals, as supporting what he claims to be true of his Rheumatic Neutralizer, that it will cure any Rheumatism in existence. The doctor long since discovered the folly of applying external remedies for a disease that has its seat in the deepest channels of the blood, and therefore set to work to discover a remedy for Rheumatism, and mankind may rejoice in his Rheumatic Neutralizer.

A DEFINITION OF RHEUMATISM. If you have a thorn or splinter in your finger and you do not pull it out, it will grow and cause the sensibility of pain for a time only. The thorn is still there, and as soon as the effect of the thorn is over, the pain returns. In the same way, the pain you must have that comes from the blood, and that is the Rheumatism, you might rub on the skin some drug to stop the pain for a little time, but the pain is sure to return as soon as the effect of the drug flies away. Now it has been proven beyond the slightest doubt that Rheumatism is in the deepest channels of the blood, and that there is no other way to reach it only through the blood. This has been demonstrated right here, and dozens of people that have been cured by Dr. Henry's Rheumatic Neutralizer. That is the only medicine that has ever been known to reach the blood, and to reach it in a permanent cure. In fact, the only true principle for breaking up Rheumatism from the system through the blood. It is a pack of nonsense to attempt any other method, that is, if you would wish a Permanent and Lasting Cure.

The doctor has come to the conclusion, after twenty-two years travel and close investigation, that the only way to reach the blood, and to reach it in a permanent cure, is by using a Concentrated Liver Pill, one pill for a dose. One of these Pills has more effect in routing the torpid liver than a gross of other Pills. By all means use the Concentrated Liver Pills in connection with the Neutralizer.

OFFICE: 203 Third street, near Taylor, Portland, Oregon.

HODGE, DAVIS & CO., Wholesale Agents.

OREGON TO MANICURETS. Some time ago Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co., of this city, read in a Massachusetts paper that Hon. Charles R. Ladd, auditor of that state, was afflicted with an incurable kidney disease, and had been obliged to give up work and return to his home. They immediately sent him a box of their celebrated Oregon Kidney Pills, and from time to time sent him other boxes, until he had received from them the following letter:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, Auditor's Dept., Boston, Nov. 11, 1881. Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co., Dear Sirs—I have no better remedy for my kidney disease than the Oregon Kidney Pills. I have been cured by the use of the Oregon Kidney Pills as a remedy for a kidney difficulty which has troubled me for six or eight years. I am now well, and I am able to do my work as usual. I am, Sir, very truly, your obedient servant, CHAS. R. LADD.

The original of this letter can be seen by calling on Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co., Portland, Oregon, where Messrs. Ladd's box of pills can be bought at any drugstore or dealer in Oregon or Washington. Price \$1 per box.

PERSONAL.

Mr. A. M. Cannon, president of the bank of Spokane Falls, Washington, is here to purchase machinery. He seems to be well pleased with the present improvement of the Spokane country and regards the future of the State as its natural resources and advantages are such that invite immigration and capital to develop it. As regards his eyesight, he speaks in high terms of the operation performed by Dr. Plinkington, oculist, of Portland, who successfully removed a cataract from his eye by cutting open the eye-ball and removing a portion of iris and restoring perfect vision. Mr. Cannon will leave for home the fore part of the week.—Daily Oregonian.

One hundred and sixty-seven Third street, Portland, is the only place in Oregon where you can go and take your choice from all the leading sewing machines in the market. Mr. Garrison, the proprietor, is not advocating the claims of any particular machine, but presents to you a dozen or more from which to make a selection. In addition he keeps a full supply of parts of all the different machines, with silk thread, etc. A first-class repairer and adjuster always on hand to repair any make of machine at the shortest notice.—Telegraph.

When you visit Portland see the Elite Theater at the old and popular Spokane county, is here to purchase machinery. He seems to be well pleased with the present improvement of the Spokane country and regards the future of the State as its natural resources and advantages are such that invite immigration and capital to develop it. As regards his eyesight, he speaks in high terms of the operation performed by Dr. Plinkington, oculist, of Portland, who successfully removed a cataract from his eye by cutting open the eye-ball and removing a portion of iris and restoring perfect vision. Mr. Cannon will leave for home the fore part of the week.—Daily Oregonian.

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Send \$1.00 to W. D. Palmer, Portland, for one year's subscription to the Pacific Overseer, the great semi-monthly A. O. U. W. paper.

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Dr. Plinkington, late Professor of Eye & Ear Diseases in the Medical Department of Williams University has executed a fine building, on a beautiful elevation in the south part of the city and is prepared to accommodate patients suffering from all diseases of the EYE, EAR or THROAT, and will give special attention to persons laboring under Chronic Nervous Affections, and to diseases peculiar to women, and receive a limited number of cases expecting reimbursement.

The intention is to provide a Hospital for such cases with all the best hygienic appliances, combined with the best medical skill to be had in the metropolitan department. Williams University. Also Dr. J. M. Brown, Prof. of Physiology and Medical Hygiene, at the same place.

For any amount of references and circular address D. R. J. H. PLUNKING, Portland, Or.

NOTICE TO FARMERS. SEED WHEAT AND OATS. Imported from Australia and New Zealand. THE UNDERSIGNED HAS JUST RECEIVED A shipment of sixty sacks of very choice Purple Straw and White Australian Wheat from the island of Australia, and twenty sacks of Short Canadian Oats from Canterbury, New Zealand. The wheat is well adapted for this country, clean and without any admixture of chaff, and is what is wanted for sowing. It has been known to yield 70 bushels per acre when changed to a wetter climate. This is a chance which seldom occurs for farmers to get a good change of seed, for further particulars as to price, etc., apply to W. M. DUNBAR, 28 and 30 Front street, Portland.

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YOUNG MEN. WHO MAY BE SUFFERING FROM THE EFFECTS OF youthful folly or indiscretion will do well to avail themselves of this, the greatest benefit ever derived from the study of medicine. SPINNEY will guarantee to furnish \$500 for every case of chronic disease, or private disease of any kind or character which he undertakes and fails to cure.

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