

MUCH-NEEDED HELP.

It must be apparent to every one that there is vital necessity for a new element in the politics of the country.

If there remained those who are still unconvinced of this obvious truth we opine that a careful perusal of the leading political papers of this State during the present canvass, will enable them to see the necessity of which we speak.

Unqualified assertions upon one side, are quickly followed by flat contradictions from the other, while from either side the "middle party" receives blows, which its leaders strive in vain to parry.

An attempt to "hook on this side and then on that," in order to decide as to the relative fitness of the several candidates for the positions sought will either hopelessly befog the investigator or force him to the conclusion that all are alike unfit for any position of honor, trust or profit.

The waters of the "filthy pool" are indeed sorely troubled, and the agitation serves to discover, but not to purify, the seething, bubbling, steaming cauldron, the chief ingredients of which are malice, falsehood, envy and all uncharitable feelings.

The better elements cannot, under existing circumstances, muster sufficient force to successfully combat these evils, albeit they make a valiant and determined fight.

Thus the Temperance men, though they may give battle with all the might they have, but lead a forlorn hope, while deprived of the aid of those who are ready, willing and anxious to help them on to victory.

The objection so frequently urged, and as frequently answered, that in helping to purify the political atmosphere woman will herself be contaminated by its breath, is at variance with the innate refinement and pure morality of the mass of womankind, and is only excusable in those who must themselves be hedged in by strong restraints to prevent them from following after that which is evil.

But wherefore multiply words in reply to this oft-refuted assertion. Has not the great Temperance Crusade answered these cavaliers, and for aye?

When women by thousands have gone day after day to the places where vice does most abound, and where corruption in all of its hideous deformity unblushingly walks at noon-day, and have from thence returned to their homes, prayerful, loving, charitable and pure, have we not proof conclusive that they are able to preserve unscathed all that is noble and womanly in their nature?

No one pretends to assert that the women who have thus been brought face to face with vice and immorality have thereby suffered loss of character or reputation, and we have an abundance of evidence showing that some of the best and truest wives, mothers, daughters and sisters in the land, have in the ranks of these Crusaders waged holy war against the Rum Fiend. Brothers, the help you so much need to enable you to successfully combat and overcome the evils of the times upon which we have fallen, is at hand.

All around you are earnest, anxious, waiting women, ordained of God to be your helpers, asking of you the opportunity. So long as you refuse their political aid, so long will reform prove a phantom that will ever fly at your approach.

"O, WHISTLE, AN' I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LADD."

That is what officer McCoy softly sung as he stood pensively upon the door-sill of that log tavern in Scotland, a few mornings since. It was a pity to "humiliate" an honest man like the defaulting and absconding School Clerk, and therefore he was permitted to "gang his ane gate," only restrained by the eagle eye of his captor. But Ladd did not magnetize worth a cent, and when he stood by an open door, he very unexpectedly, of course, took leg bail in the favoring darkness.

It would hardly be fair to make use of this opportunity to point a moral, and we hope nobody will suspect us of the vulgarity of meaning to blame anybody who has had part and lot in this School Clerk business from the beginning out. It is not fashionable to be severe upon error or crime, and we make it a point to be in the fashion. We therefore proceed unhesitatingly to declare that it was right to put into office a man who made no secret of drinking and gambling. It was an even thing. By drinking and inviting voters to drink he could be useful to a party; and by using the School money to gamble with he could pay himself back. His bonds-men, too, were quite justified in going on his paper, if they thought it the right thing to do, and then leaving everything in his hands to make off with. The honesty with which he arranged that they should make good the loss to the School fund is refreshing, and we hope they appreciate it, though privately, now, we shouldn't wonder if they are sorry he did not carry off those troublesome bonds along with the money.

If he had, why the hard-working, temperate and honorable portion of the community would have had to be taxed to make up the deficit, as well as to pay the expense of that little pleasure-trip of the officers over to Coos Bay to interview the "repentant and humiliated" Laddie. But then, what are hard-working and temperate people for, if not to pay the expenses, defalcations and sporting debts of the worthless portion of society?

Nothing is more apparent than that political wisdom which makes stealing such a popular amusement, from U. S. Senators down to District School Clerks.

Nothing could be more "fanatical," "weak-minded" and "insane"—we quote the immortal Cronin—than to desire a different political basis. A city or a State or National Government founded on so absurd a requirement as good habits and unimpeachable morality would be ridiculous, now wouldn't it? Everybody would be ashamed to object to such peccadilloes as drunkenness, gambling, licentiousness, want of natural affection for families, and the like, now wouldn't they? Of course they would. We could not hold up our head if any political party were to put so scandalous a plank in their platform, much less vote for unimpeachable men (if we had a vote, and it is well for that imaginary candidate that we haven't), it would look so "fanatical."

No, we prefer for the sake of being thought high-minded and liberal, to receive between thirteen and fourteen thousand for liquor and billiard-saloon licenses, and pay out thirty-six thousand for police expenses to take care of the men who have fallen into "indications" through their influence. It looks magnanimous.

We could pick out some men now up for office who are perfect whisky-tubs; but we would not say a word against them, for they are too boozed to work, and to beg they are ashamed. The only thing to do is to give them offices, and if they steal a few thousand dollars now and then, say pityingly, "It was drink that made him do it, poor fellow!" Reform! It is only idiots and lunatics who talk of reform!

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF INVESTIGATION.

When "Boss Tweed" gave tone to New York official circles, the Aldermen of that city voted themselves gold-headed canes, and seal-rings, the value of which in the aggregate was about the same as the amount missing from the Portland school fund. They did not stop at five-dollar gold pens; however, they might have begun there; neither, we presume, would our gold-pen School Director have been long satisfied with so trifling a badge of official distinction—the gold-headed cane and seal-ring would have followed in good time.

The report of the Committee of Investigation believe they have found one cause of the loose management of the school fund, in the practice of paying interest on school warrants not paid for want of funds. So long as the holders of warrants were receiving interest they were content to let the principal remain in the hands of the Clerk, who in this way was subjected to the temptation of making an improper use of it.

The Directors in not requiring quarterly reports also carelessly quartered this loose conduct of the business of the School Department. Bills also were made out without giving the items, and allowed by the Board without questions. In this manner another small limitation of the New York ring of Tweed's time was ventured upon, such as bringing in bills for labor at twice the usual charges for the same amount of work—perhaps somebody wanted a few hundreds just then, and it was not convenient to get them in a regular way.

Surely, we think these slight indications ought to be allowed to public officers. Nobody can be expected to serve the public for the honor of it, nor for merely ordinary pay. It is the "perquisites," or, to be plain about it, it is the stealings which make an office attractive to the man of the period. Merely this, and nothing more. And this being true, we haven't the heart to censure anybody. How do we know but we shall wish to steal something ourselves sometime? As well be out of the world as out of the fashion.

PROGRESS.

Even those who are opposed to Woman Suffrage, must acknowledge the rapid progress of the movement, consequent upon the change of public sentiment in the past few years, and must admit, however reluctantly, that our cause is marching on to victory.

Many things which a short time ago were scarcely looked upon as possibilities, have already grown to be realities, while the great results hoped for by the most zealous, enthusiastic and philanthropic of our leaders are constantly coming nearer and more near.

We do not claim that the numbers of our opposers of a certain class are to any considerable extent diminished. Persons who are narrow-minded and bigoted, who mistake obscenity for wit, and ridicule for argument, usually retrograde, rather than advance.

But we claim that there are many persons, just the opposite of those just mentioned, who by the light of truth and reason have been enabled to see the justice of our cause, and seeing have lost no time in placing themselves upon the side of the right.

Numbers there are yet who have only to consider this matter, to become its advocates and friends, and being assured of this we still hopefully work and wait, remembering that "the race is not always to the swift—the battle to the strong."

Organization of Wholesale Liquor Dealers in California.

If any one doubts that the liquor dealers are alarmed at the spread of Temperance sentiments, his doubts will be removed by reading the following report from the *Alta California*:

Pursuant to a published call, a large number of the wholesale liquor merchants met yesterday afternoon at the rooms of the Commercial Association, for the purpose of effecting an organization for the protection of their interests.

The meeting was called to order by Hon. Thos. N. Wand, President of a former Liquor Dealers' Association. On his suggestion W. R. Meyers was selected temporary Secretary.

Mr. Williams said his object was not to give any more publicity to the movement than was necessary. It may be that they desired to test the constitutionality of a certain law passed by the Legislature. They did not desire to oppose any law that the majority of the citizens of any town desired. It may be that they desired to take steps to pay the fine of some poor man who was convicted under the law. They desired to move quietly in this matter.

Mr. Wand said he was responsible for the reporters being present. Several had asked him, if there was any objection to their being present, and he said there was none. He believed the more notoriety they could give the movement the better. They desired to show that the speaking men could not crush them out.

Mr. Cheney suggested that the Secretary could make out a report for the papers.

Mr. Porter thought it would be well to allow the reporters to remain. They were engaged in a legitimate business, and the public could know what they were doing.

The motion to exclude reporters was defeated, only three voting in the affirmative.

OFFICERS ELECTED. Mr. Williams nominated Colonel Cheney as permanent President. Mr. Cheney declined. On motion of Mr. Kane, the Chair was requested to appoint a Committee of five to nominate officers. The Chair appointed Messrs. Cheney, Williams, Oulton, Kohler and Porter as the Committee.

The Committee subsequently reported the following named persons for officers, who were elected by acclamation: President, David Purcell; Vice-Presidents, E. B. Pond, Chas. Melincke; Secretary, M. R. Myers; Treasurer, M. Kane; Executive Committee, John Sprague, D. McMillan, G. Grozinger, A. P. Holding, N. Van Bergen.

Mr. Kohler moved that the society be called the "Liquor Dealers' Association," and that the admission fee be fixed at \$100.

Mr. Pond thought \$100 would be required to grease the wheels.

Mr. Melincke suggested that it would be well to make this a general organization of wholesale and retail dealers. They did not desire to encourage drunkenness, but desired to counteract the movements of fanatical operators.

Mr. Kohler suggested that four grades of membership be fixed, wholesale liquor dealers to pay \$100, brewers \$50, retail wine dealers \$25, retail liquor dealers \$10.

After some further discussion, Mr. Pond's motion that the admission fee be fixed at \$100, to be collected in instalments, was adopted.

Mr. Lillenthal moved the appointment of a committee to draft a code of laws.

Mr. Kohler offered an amendment, which was accepted, that the matter be referred to the Executive Committee.

The meeting then adjourned on Wednesday afternoon.

No doubt the liquor dealers all over the country "desire to show that the cackling hens cannot crush them out." They are afraid of being "crushed out" by the Woman's Temperance Crusade, and have to get up meetings and crowd lustily to keep up their courage.

Crowding before you get out of the woods is nearly as silly as cackling to get you in there! If God has chosen the weak things of earth to confound the mighty, impertinent things will not help you—not a bit.

THE JURY'S VERDICT.

The following conversation is supposed to have taken place between two gentlemen on the street, recently:

Mr. A.—How do you like the verdict on the Crusaders, eh?

Mr. B.—Just such a verdict as we might expect from men who allow passion and feelings to out-run judgment. Do you endorse it?

Mr. A.—Of course. There can be no doubt that they were guilty of willfully and unlawfully conducting themselves in a disorderly and violent manner, as they were charged.

Mr. B.—What did they do?

Mr. A.—Why, they—they prayed and sang very loud.

Mr. B.—Well, under the peculiar circumstances of being in the street and in front of places of business, it is not surprising that they should have done so.

Mr. A.—Well, I apprehend that will be news to processions that march our streets to the music of drums, and to our hands of music that play in our public places, and to our patent medicine vendors, who gather their large crowds by their comic songs; but, aside from this, it was in evidence that part of the women didn't pray aloud, and couldn't have sung had they wanted to.

Mr. B.—But you must remember this: They were obstructing the sidewalk, and were thus annoying a man in his place of business.

Mr. A.—The evidence was, that the ladies remained all the time on the outside of the porch, and of course were not obstructing the walk; besides, they were not on trial for that offense. Now, you don't believe that those ladies went there to annoy Mr. Moffett? Their motive, you must confess, was a much better one; yet, even if they had, was that in itself sufficient to make them liable to a criminal prosecution? You know that I can annoy you in a thousand ways, and still you can have no legal right to assault me or have me punished.

Mr. B.—I know all that; but they were damaging Moffett's business.

Mr. A.—Mr. Moffett does not seem to think so. But suppose they were, his remedy was by a civil action for damages, and not by criminal prosecution. No; the simple truth is just this: The ladies were peaceable and orderly, while the minions of Moffett, fired by the liquor which he either sold them, or gave to them, until they became perfect demons in human shape; and when thus frenzied with fiery spirits, and their fiendish yells and bedlam of discordant noises of gongs and tin cans and wheezy organs had drowned the ladies' voices; and when insult after insult had been offered by men void of reason, and made so by the poisonous distillations stored in Walter Moffett's "place of business"; and when all orderly citizens were disgusted and shamed at the sight that met their gaze in the principal street of Pogland, what wonder is it, I say, that somebody in all this *metee* did get hurt?

Mr. B.—Oh, but the women were the primary cause of it all. Had they stayed away, no row would have occurred, and

on that ground they should have been punished.

Mr. A.—They are no more the primary or immediate cause of the disturbance, nor should they be arrested any quicker for what was done that day, than a procession of Orangemen, who might arouse the ire of Paddy by-standers, and fighting result, as was the universal rule in all our large cities, until the police determined that such processions should be protected as long as they remained peaceable, even if an especial escort had to be furnished. They are no more the cause of disturbance than a public demonstration by the order of Free Masons, which might arouse a fanatical opposition, as it undoubtedly would have done, in times of anti-Masonic excitement. They are no more the cause of disturbance than would be a Catholic parade that engendered bitter feelings in the minds of Protestant spectators, and serious results were the effect. They are no more the cause of disturbance than would be political demonstrations on the street, from which quarrels and fighting ensues—not one bit more; and who would think of arresting the individuals who perchance might be in any of these gatherings or processions and hurrying them off to jail?

Mr. B.—But it was the nature of this woman demonstration to cause a disturbance.

Mr. A.—No more so than in the instance I have mentioned. In fact, singing and praying had the tendency to a contrary effect. If what you claim is true, why didn't they also raise disturbances at the many other places they visited where they were treated with respect—treated as ladies?

Mr. B.—There may be something in all that; yet say what you may, these women ought to be at home. They are doing no good, and they must see that quarrels have arisen, in one instance, at least, and they should hold their meetings in the church; that is the place for them.

Mr. A.—That's all a matter of opinion only, and may even all be true; but if the ladies don't see fit to do so, does that make them criminals? We might doubt the propriety of many of our political demonstrations in times of intense political excitement; yet, if they disregarded our ideas and did so, would they be charged with willfully and unlawfully causing disorderly conduct? Does not the law protect them, and why should a woman's movement be an exception?

Mr. B.—This thing you must take under consideration. Mr. Moffett has paid a special license to our authorities, and should be protected.

Mr. A.—I am afraid that you too have fallen into the too prevalent error that licensing has anything to do with it. License grants him no special right over and above that of any other business. In the eyes of the law it only tolerates and makes legitimate the infamous business of liquor-selling by the drink. There is one very singular and odd feature about this whole transaction, and that is, that a man whose "business" naturally tends to make men "drunk and disorderly" should have a few women arrested for "causing disturbance." From the reports of our Police Commissioners for the last five years, we learn that 4685 persons have been arrested in the city, and that 3253 of them were under the charge of "drunk and disorderly;" and it is estimated that 632 of the rest are attributable to intemperance. Now, it is a query in my mind how many of this total of 4155 libeled their inspiration at this man's "place of business."

Mr. B.—Well, this much is certain—they have no more right to sing and pray before a saloon, than they have before a boot and shoe store.

Mr. A.—Morally, they have a much better right; but legally, I presume they have not; yet they have a perfect right, so far as the law is concerned, to sing and pray even before a boot and shoe store, if they choose to do so, however much we might deride their folly in so doing; just as much legal right as a band of musicians to stop before a place of business and serenade the proprietor, unless there be some special ordinance against it. To me this verdict looks too much like the result of passion and excitement, more than cool, calm judgment.

WOUNDED IN THE HOUSE OF HIS FRIENDS.

We hope Mr. Moffett is satisfied with the result of his arduous labors in defending his right to do wrong. What with twenty-five cents to one boy for gong-beating, fifty cents to another, a dollar and a half to an organ-grinder, and two hundred and fifty dollars to a strong-minded lawyer for prosecuting five praying women, not to say anything of valuable time wasted in following the ladies about from place to place, we judge he must by this time be convinced that he is paying dear for his (police)man's whistle.

The other day the ladies started in the direction of the "Tom Thumb Saloon," followed as usual by Moffett; but as they did not stop there he finally went about his business. Not long after, returning that way, the ladies commenced religious exercises before the "Tom Thumb," and Good, Moffett's creature, ordered them away. One elderly lady, fatigued with much standing, took a seat upon the door-stone of the adjoining house, occupied by a Chinaman. Good also ordered her away from here; but refusing to go, she asked permission of the heathen Chinaman to occupy his door-step, to which he politely assented, inviting the ladies to come in, and on their declining brought chairs for them.

Even Chinamen rebuke the course and indecent behavior of these two men. Neither policeman nor rable-keeper longer gather at the sound of that historical whistle, and the hater of prayer, of good morals and gentlemanly conduct, is wounded in the house of his friends, "with none so poor to do him reverence," not even for the drinks.

The Philosophy of Suffrage.

Talking over the philosophy of reform with some friends, a few days since, one remarked: "The strongest argument to me against Woman Suffrage is the fact that it requires no enthusiasm among the people. There must be some great lack in the merits of the question, or in the women who make the demand. See with what enthusiasm all woman's work during the war was hailed! In the purchase of uniforms, in hospitals, on the battle-field, all men were ready to second every effort. With what profound admiration the Florence Nightingales, Clara Barton, Grace Darlings and other nurses and nurses, the world over. When women got up fairs for churches or schools, for sailors and soldiers, or for the relief of the poor, everybody is ready to lend a helping hand. Just so with the women interested in the Centennial, and in the Temperance Crusade. See how chivalrously the men stand by and lack every effort, and all these women accomplish what they undertake! They are in hospitals, or fairs, or have stood in the same spot a quarter of a century, making the same demand; as far as I can see, to no purpose whatever. With your Conventions, tracts and newspapers, your pluck and perseverance, if there were any wisdom in the suffrage question, you would certainly have gone into the political arena, and made a splash with your trumpets and gilded chariots, long ago."

Thereupon, with a loudly complacent air, my friend took a long breath, and paced up and down the parlor, while the others looked on in silence. "Well!" with such an avalanche of facts and statements up on the Suffrage Reform and its representatives, where is your defense?"

Having traveled a thousand times over every inch of this ground, through every by-way, round about, and short cut to the great temple, I smiled, and with an equal complacency said: "There is no more to be said about the philosophy of the facts you state, can be easily explained."

Woman as a "helpmeet" in any direction, as second fiddle for anybody, never has been and never will be most heartily welcomed.

As a patient drudge, in scraping lint, binding up wounds, and ministering to man's physical necessities, woman is unexcelled. In the duties of a nurse, looking to man with prayers and tears, she is charming. In echoing his opinions, seconding his plans, stimulating his ambition, dying for his success, she is angelic. But an independent creature, with power, with her own aims, ambitions, and life purposes, with her own opinions; and these, opposed to the creeds, codes and customs of her times—she is ungodly, unchristian, unphilosophical, unwomanly, and asserting her equal right with man to explore the moral and material universe, she must be an offense to the masculine power which has thus far ruled the world.

In the old days of slavery, the help of black men and women, in a subnormal capacity, was always acceptable, in the most degrading and unrespectable way. They might even be heroes or heroines, in defense of their masters' lives, property, or interests. As faithful body servants, as waiters, as dressing maids, as nurses, in the nearest and dearest relation, no one ever objected to their color. As slaves they might travel North in the same way, and be as good as free. With whites, might lodge at the same hotels, might play with the children in the parlors and halls, on the piazzas or fashionable promenades; and no one would object to their color.

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But the woman a colored man, or woman, no matter how well behaved or well educated, went anywhere in their own right, "as strong order" was at once checked. They were kicked out of hotels, cars, coaches, and places of worship, education or amusement.

The same principle covers both cases. It is the assertion of equality that makes ravine, and that is never more accustomed to the world than to those who are in point of education, virtue, refinement, morals, manners, and appearance they are at least superior to any women in the nation, and the demand they make is a just one, maintained by every argument that secured our National independence. "The general idea of the male sex cannot yet tolerate the idea of living with an equal." Hence no movement among women that tends in that direction, and in the nature of things command the hearty support of most men.

Many an abolitionist, who worked and prayed earnestly for "equality" on a Southern plantation, struck it down at his own hearthstone.

When did any class of rulers with loud huzzas ring out their own dynasty of wrong and oppression, and willingly defend the future of their children to those from whom they could withhold it in safety?

Women understand this so well that, the moment they project any new thing, it comes under the scrutiny of the men whose assistance they ask, is the declaration that they do not believe in "Woman's Rights."

A lady came on from Philadelphia, not long since, to lecture in the late New York in the Centennial. She took special pains, at the earliest moment, to assure those she met that she had no sympathy with the suffrage movement, and that she was only there to give the ladies a good lesson.

I suppose the mass of these Temperance Crusaders, and leaders of the popular charities, would say the same thing. All and sundry seem to have a blind instinct compounded of ignorance and hypocrisy, that teaches them just how to please their masters.

Those who demand the civil, political and social equality of women are, to-day, battling against the last, and most insidious type of slavery that has ever cursed the race, and no one need expect to enter this higher civilization through the education, growth, and development of woman herself.

The Southern slave, in running to Canada, might as well have looked for a "God speed" from his master, as may a woman in achieving her freedom look for aid from most men about her. But those who break their own chains and start out, determined to achieve their liberty, conquer friends at every step to victory. Men, as well as gods, "help those who help themselves."

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

It will be a matter of surprise and regret to many who have sung, Sunday after Sunday, "Sweet Hour of Prayer," and some of the other better known of our hymns, that their author, Mrs. Fanny Crosby, is now living in New York with her husband under the triple disadvantage of extreme poverty, blindness and advanced age.

Excessive drinking has puzzled the citizen and legislator. From time to time a Father Mathew appears who exerts immense weight. Out of the stammering process now in vogue it is to be trusted that persons of serious may issue who are not only replete with the divine afflatus, but who are reasonable, philosophical and physiological; who will seize the dilemma by the horns and trace it back to the roots; who shall convince as well as move. Extravagance in measures is not surprising when we consider the magnitude of the subject, and that it has come to be classed among the monster-passions of the age. No pious, benevolent, fertile imagination, no sculptor of most enviable reputation, no rhetorician just from Parnassus, has, or can, justly describe the miseries which grow out of this habit. Boys saw their penicils and solder bludgeoned with the deadly beverage; older lads go deeper, and through it are lured to other vices; their comparative seniors couple it with excessive smoking and beforesighted and body; the middle-aged man resorts to clubs and bars, is tempted into speculation which leads to forgery, and the like; the pauper octogenarian class jugs or bottles, sells his garments, if need be, and seeks for a more comfortable condensation of any device; fill his boot, lard, stockings, handkerchief, suspend phials about his person, to possess himself of this consuming flame. He defies family and friends, and makes his wife's character to one point, serve his base design.

How, under this spell, pecuniary means shrivel up like a bit of leather upon red-hot iron! The once free abode of the mortgaged man, the once peaceful picture are sold; the instrument, if there is any; whatever jewels and plate remain; then follow clothes piece by piece till decay is scarcely preserved; domestic peace is destroyed; the wife's heart is broken; the anchor, for whom she had ventured highest hopes, left parents, doting relatives, sunny France, family and estate; Reduced to beggary, unable to find employment, she turns to the right and left to see what she can do. She undertakes business, refuses to be a pauper, and constantly annoys her. He is an offence, and drives off those who would lend a plank to the struggling partner. She is a nuisance, and her presence is a hard, tedious work, and strives to sustain herself and little ones. He is obstinate, filthy, demoralizing to the last degree. The children run and hide from him in terror.

What havoc is there! The angel of happier times is a mere phantom now; the babes he had tended so carefully are targets for his arrows; the former well-to-do family, the once happy home, or loaf he has bought for his own use with which none dare meddle. Mighty God! see him throttle the once-reigning belle! spring with a knife to stab her; anathematize the man who has been on her side, and whirl headlong against the stove! Is the picture complete? Nay, there are bitterer drags in the cup; disease at last sweeps in, and fever attacks the innocent, and the wife never more to sell his manhood; he is pent up for a moment, then leaves the room and seeks his comfort. Drop the curtain; the residue of sorrow we will not rehearse. It is too much to tell.

Does any say this is fancy? We answer it is only a title of the truth; the worst cannot be told. It would freeze the blood in the veins and make the cheek livid, were it not for the fact that enough on which to write the effects of intemperance, nor ink sufficient to black to represent its dye. No novel can fully depict it. It eats out the marrow and checks the springs of the human mechanism. The once beautiful eye takes on the glare of the demon; the firm tread is transposed into the palsied limb. Prosperity, generosity, enthusiasm, are converted into penury, avarice, indifference.

Our streets are dotted with its votaries; the cars and public conveyances are foul with its vapor; dwellings are unclean, and the air is filled with discord, want and ruin. Health and quiet are sacrificed; the victims become charges upon the community. Who can wonder that from time to time some prophet arises, crying in the wilderness that women upon whom the cross presses so heavily leave their routine occupation and go forth seeking to save! Let them beware lest they, too, fall under the specious guise of opium, alcohol, restoratives, whisky, and the thousand nostrums recommended by those who should read human nature better. Self-control once lost we can easily prejudice the future. Those who use a clean method as easily as easily as those who are ignorant. It is a siren with a lasso, and the loops are spread everywhere. The temporary aid to professors, singers, actors, orators, over-wrought artists, and evanescent, and leads to a maelstrom from which there is rarely any outlet. It crowds hospitals and almshouses, and is the prolific cause of eight-tenths of all the misery in the world. It disposes, disintegrates judgment, and leaves melancholy wrecks to strew the land. It is gangrene, leprosy, and any epithet we choose to employ. Would that its cure might be effected with healing in its wings. Then the desert would once more blossom, and roses would be sweeter than ever. With its downfall would go tobacco in all its forms, and all the other things of which that which is worse than naught; which pollutes the atmosphere; provokes malady; and so poisons the breath that we shrink from those who should be beloved acquaintances. It is a great enemy to fair complexion. Wine, chocolate and cocoa may be used without tinging the skin; but as soon as tea drinking begins, a regular habit the eye of the discriminating observer detects it in the skin. Tea comprises the complex generally are paid an inferior compensation.

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