

# OREGON REPUBLICAN.

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BY R. H. TYSON.

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### Tom Marston's Secret.

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT.

Tom Marston was drunk—drunk as poisonous whiskey ever made a man. Like a senseless log he lay under the shadows of a huge beech tree, that seemed to reach out his branches in pity over the poor wretch, to screen him from the burning rays of the summer sun. For two long hours had the senseless man been sleeping in this state of beastly intoxication; and yet he showed no signs of returning consciousness. Many a passer by had just cast a glance of pity or disgust upon his besotted face, and then hastened along. It was no uncommon sight to them, for they had often seen the same form stretched out by the roadside before, sleeping off the effects of Jim Rogers' whiskey. Alas for poor Tom and his widowed mother!

The sun had passed its noontide mark and was hastening rapidly to its western retreat, when Nellie Harris chanced to stray along by the old beech tree, where the prostrate form of Tom Marston was still lying. She at once recognized him, and was about to turn away in disgust from the sad sight, when she observed that the still hot sunbeams were shining directly upon his face. Moved with pity, she quickly broke a few branches from the tree, quietly approached the sleeper, and placed them in a position to shade his face.

"Poor Tom," she said half aloud, "you are breaking the heart of your mother, and going to ruin at a fearful rate. You might be a noble man could you let Jim Rogers and all such false friends alone. Oh! it is too bad," and with a sad sigh she stole away, not thinking that every word had been heard and understood by Tom.

Nellie was out of sight before Tom made a movement. Then he placed his hand upon his aching brow, and a low moan escaped his pallid lips. Another movement was made, and he sat upright on the ground, gazing in the direction Nellie had taken. Then he looked up to the sun, and betrayed some surprise at its position in the sky; for he had been all unconscious of the passing hours. For a long time he remained sitting on the ground, with compressed lips and a strange look resting on his face.

"Going to ruin at a fearful rate," he repeated to himself. "Strange that I never was convinced of it before. Breaking the heart of my poor old mother, too. Guess I'd better look into this matter a little, and see what can be done. Jim Rogers a false friend, is he? Ah, I might have known that long ere this, for a fool might have found it out. Might be a man! Yes, I ought to be one, instead of a beast, and I think I will try, and perhaps some day Nellie Harris will regard me as one."

Then he arose to his feet and walked very slowly toward the little village to which he belonged. Soon his pace became somewhat slower, and at last he stopped entirely. Thrusting his hands into his pockets, he drew forth some

money and began to count the same. "One dollar and fifty cents," he said aloud. "Strange that Jim Rogers should let me go away from his den with this amount in my pocket. He thought probably he was sure of getting it, or he would not have let me depart. We will see about it though, Mr. Rogers. Guess I will keep one dollar and fifteen cents out of a week's earnings." Putting the money back into his pocket, he passed onward.

Soon he arrived nearly opposite Jim Rogers' hotel, and, as he expected, the smiling landlord stood in the open door, while two or three of his subjects were seated about him.

"Come in, Thomas," he said in a voice which he thought would command obedience. But Thomas evidently did not hear him, for he paid no attention to the words addressed to him, and seemed about to cross the street towards the store, which was nearly opposite.

"Come in, Thomas," repeated the landlord in a still louder tone, "Come in, and take something to revive you, for you look pretty hard up."

"No, thank you, Mr. Rogers," answered Tom, in a voice that sounded very strangely in the landlord's ears. "I think I will not call to-night."

"Come in, Tom," said another voice, and drink at my expense. "Why man, you are about used up, and a good drink will make you all right."

"No thank you," again said Tom, in that mysterious voice, and he crossed the street and entered the store.

The dollar and fifteen cents were all expended in small packages, and after placing two or three small packages in his pocket, Tom walked out of the store, and went directly to his humble home.

A week went by, and Tom had not once been seen at Jim Rogers'. It was a strange occurrence, and people began to talk about it, and wonder what the cause of it could be. Stranger yet, he had visited the store every night after his day's work was finished, and had spent a portion of his wages in purchasing groceries and such articles as he had not been in the habit of buying. Nothing was said to him, however, and so the whole transaction remained a mystery to the wondering ones.

Two more weeks went by, and the mystery still remained unsolved, but instead, was growing deeper and more tangible; for the third Sabbath, Tom Marston entered the only church there was in the village, dressed in a brand new suit of clothes. He appeared like a new man, and but few would have recognized him as the same man who was lying intoxicated under the old beech tree.

"I cannot understand it all," said Mr. Harris, that Sabbath afternoon while sitting at the dinner table. "It is so strange that so reckless a fellow as Tom Marston had become, should all at once leave off his evil ways, and begin to do as he is doing. A perfect transformation has been wrought in him, and nobody knows the cause of it."

"I presume that he does, though, if all the rest are ignorant," replied Nellie, and then her thoughts went back to the time when she saw him sleeping under the old beech tree.

"Yes, he undoubtedly knows," again said Mr. Harris, "and I earnestly hope he may continue in the way he has begun, for a nobler hearted fellow never existed than Tom Marston, when he lets liquor alone, and keeps away from bad company. I have often thought when I have seen him reeling along the streets, that it was a terrible pity to see one so young and talented going to ruin so fast, and yet all unconscious of the fact. Why Tom was capable of filling almost any position whatever before he commenced his folly. If he could hold out in this new course, I think his mother would rejoice in it and grow young again."

Nellie Harris made no reply, yet her thoughts were very busy in trying to think of something she might do to strengthen his good resolutions and help him along in the right path. She felt a deep interest in his welfare, for she and Tom were no more than ordinary terms of friend-ship once; and that pleasant afternoon her thoughts went back to the days when he was a noble youth, a free from all the habits that afterwards cast their terrible powers over him. She remembered how faithful he had been to care for his mother, who had been bereft of her companion. She thought, too, of the sacrifices he had made to obtain an education, and how well he had succeeded in his brave attempts to overcome all difficulties. There had been a warm friendship in her heart for him in other days, and she acknowledged to herself that it might have ripened into love, had he

not fallen. But the dream ended when he began his evil course, and he was banished from her thoughts. But why should she remember his misdeeds, if he was truly seeking to regain that grand height from which he had fallen? Why should not the spotless robes of Charity hide his many sins, if he was seeking to lead a better life?

The thoughts came rushing into the soul of Nellie Harris as she sat by the open window that holy afternoon.

One afternoon, before many days had passed a rap was heard at the door of Mrs. Marston's, and the old lady admitted Nellie Harris to her humble home. It was nothing uncommon for her to call, and so Mrs. Marston betrayed no surprise as the young lady walked into the house. But Nellie was somewhat surprised as she glanced around the room, and discovered the change that had been wrought there also. The old, shabby broken furniture was out of sight, and replaced by new. Everything about the room looked inviting, and the usually sad face of Mrs. Marston was all radiant with smiles. She quickly noticed the surprised look upon her visitor's face, and soon began to explain.

"Quite a change has been going on, Miss Harris, since your call, and I do not know what to make of it all. First commenced Thomas, and then everything put on a different look. It seemed more like a dream to me than any thing else, and I am so happy. But I have prayed for it many a day, and perhaps it is all in answer to my prayers. I tell you, Nellie, Tom is the same good, noble-hearted fellow that he used to be. I shall go down to my grave perfectly happy."

"God grant that it may last, Mrs. Marston," was the only reply that Nellie made.

"But I cannot imagine what caused Thomas to break off so suddenly from his evil ways, and begin to do so much different. Why, from the first moment that I observed a change for the better he appeared like a Christian. It is a deep mystery to me."

"God works in a mysterious way sometimes to lead the erring up to a better life," said Nellie, in her usually low voice.

"I know it, child, and I give him all the honor and glory; yes, He sometimes works through human means to accomplish such mighty results, and I should not only be grateful to Him, but also to the man or woman that yielded to be led by his spirit of love. Oh! you do not know how thankful I am for this great change that has come over my life."

"I can guess," answered Nellie, "and I earnestly pray that the remainder of your days may be happy and free from shadow."

Just then, the sound of approaching footsteps came to the ears of Mrs. Marston and Nellie, and in another moment Tom entered the door. He extended his hand towards Nellie, which rested for a moment in her own, and a few friendly words were exchanged. Both were confused and embarrassed, though, and in a few moments Nellie took her departure, after an earnest invitation from Mrs. Marston to call again.

That night as Tom Marston threw himself upon his humble couch, strange conflicting thoughts took possession of his soul, and for many long hours he tossed about upon his restless pillow. "It cannot be that Nellie has entirely forgotten the warm friendship of other days or she would not have taken the pains to have placed the bench leaves over my face, yet perhaps it was pity that impelled her to perform that simple act of kindness. But why did she call this afternoon, and why did her soft white hand tremble so perceptibly in mine? Oh! it would make me doubly firm to live a nobler life, could I but know that Nellie Harris was interested in my welfare. But, God helping me, I will henceforth live such a life that she will at least respect me." Such were the thoughts of Tom, as the angel of sleep came to him.

A year passed by, and Tom Marston never once broke the good resolutions made beneath the old beech tree. A great change had been wrought in his looks and appearance, for there was not a nobler looking man in the village than he, and his every effort had been crowned with success, for an infinite hand had led him along. He had engaged in business and had been very fortunate; so Tom began to be considered a lucky fellow, and his evil deeds in other days were almost entirely forgotten.

The old friendship between him and Nellie Harris had been renewed, and

they were as good friends as ever. Yet Tom had never revealed the secret of that afternoon, in which he had resolved to be a better man, to her, or any other human being.

He was waiting to reveal another secret with it, so one fine summer evening, while he and Nellie were seated beneath the branches of the old beech tree, he told the story that had rested like a burden on his heart. "It was here that I resolved to live a better life," he said in conclusion, "and here I also offer you myself, which through your influence was saved from eternal infamy." A tear shone in Tom's eye, and Nellie's also glistened in the pale moonlight as she gave her heart and hand to the man she had tried to screen from the burning sunbeams. Ah! it was a noble deed, and met with its reward, for an immortal soul was saved.

It is a little deed to speak a kind word to the erring one, or perform an act of love, but the result may be as far reaching as eternity, and cause the deathless soul to rejoice for ever.

### Polly I Hollered

Joe Stetson was a wild, rollicking fellow, who spent most of his time in drinking and spreeing, while his wife Polly, was left Joe left home, to be back as he said, that night. Night came, but Joe did not. The next day passed; about sunset Joe came up in the worst condition possible—his clothes were dirty and torn, one in deep mourning and his face presented more the appearance of a piece of raw meat that anything else. Polly met him at the door and noting his appearance exclaimed: "Why, Joe, what in the world is the matter?"

"Polly," said Joe, "do you know Jim Andrews? Well him and me had a fight."

"Who whipped Joe?"

"Polly, we had the hardest fight you ever did see. I hit him and he hit me, and then we clinched; ain't supper most ready? I ain't had anything to eat since yesterday morning."

"But first tell me who whipped Joe," continued Polly.

"Polly," continued Joe. "I tell you, never did see such a fight as me and him had. When he clinched me I jerked loose from him and then gin him three or four of sufficientest licks ever you heard of. Polly, ain't supper most ready? I'm nearly starved!"

"Joe, do tell me who whipped," continued Polly.

"Polly," replied Joe, "you don't know nothing about fighting I tell you we fought like tigers, we rolled and tumbled—first him on top and then me—then the boys would pat me on the shoulder and holler. Oh, my, Stetson! We gouged and bit, and tore up the dirt in Seth Bunnell's grocery yard worse nor two bulls. Polly, ain't supper ready? I am monstrous hungry."

"Joe Stetson," exclaimed Polly, in a tone bristling with anger, "will you tell me who whipped?"

"Polly," said Joe, drawing a long sigh, "I hollered."

### THE EVILS OF SMOKING.

Of the three methods of using tobacco, that of smoking has insinuated itself most extensively among the youth of the country, and is in reality the most hurtful use that can be made of the weed. Tobacco employed in this way being drawn in by the vital breath, conveys its poisonous influences into every part of the lungs. There the noxious fluid is entangled in the minute, sponge air cells, and has time to exert its pernicious influence on the blood—not in vivifying, but in vitiating it. The blood imbues the stimulant narcotic principle, and circulates it through the whole system. It produces in consequence, a febrile action in those delicate habits. Where there is a tendency to phthisis and the tubercular deposit in the lungs, debility of those organs, consequent on the use of tobacco in this way most favor the deposits of tuberculous matter, and thus sow the seeds of consumption. This practice impairs the natural taste and relish for food, lessens the appetite and weakens the powers of the stomach greatly. The great prevalence of a craving thirst among smokers can be traced to its action on the lungs; and because it is there instead of in the stomach, the liquors that are drunk do not alleviate the thirst, but rather aggravate it. It is true that medical testimony was turned to this point, and the great danger pointed out that threatens to make us a nation of Syberites and pigmies.—Exchange.

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R. M. MAY, Local Agent Polk Co. 51-1m

**WANTED.**  
INFORMATION CONCERNING A GERMAN Girl, 15 years of age, named Anna Kau, who left her parents in Dallas, on the 1st of August last, with the avowed purpose of going to Oregon City, and has not since been heard of. Any information concerning her will be thankfully received at this office.