

which he drew the subsistence, of his wife and children. Still, it was their only subsistence and the only means of making a livelihood, so far as he saw, within his reach, and it would have been along time, in all probability, and not without a hard struggle, before he resolved to give up his easy and lucrative situation.

But one day the cartman was called into the presence of the proprietor who thus accosted him:

"How's this, sir? I am told that you have got some fanatical notions into your head which are ruining my business. It strikes me as a very dishonorable proceeding to work against the firm from which you draw your bread and butter."

"With what do you charge me, sir?" said George, very much taken aback at the unexpected accusation of dishonor.

"Well, you know in a business like ours all concerned must be affable and obliging; our customers won't deal with surly, unsocial fellows, and will give their custom where it is appreciated. We have lost some of our oldest friends already through you."

"I was never called surly before," said George, quietly.

"It's the same thing; I am told that you refuse to take a civil glass when it's offered to you, and that's an insult the dealers don't easily forgive or forget."

"If you mean that I won't drink, you are right, sir; I've made up my mind never to do that again. But I should think you would be glad of that; you always advertise for sober men, and think how many you have had to turn away for drinking."

"Certainly, I won't have drunkards to work for me; it is not respectable, and they're not safe drivers; but I don't want a temperance lecturer to sell beer, and unless you can regain your common sense and recommend my business by making yourself agreeable to my customers, you had better look for another situation."

George did look, and fortunately—was it only by fortune or chance?—found one as good as, if not better, pecuniarily, than Fleischman's, where his conscience no longer troubled him on the score of carrying about liquor. He often reads in the papers advertisements for "sober and industrious men," and laughs as he tells his children how, because he was "sober and industrious," he lost his situation with the great brewer.—M. E. WINSLOW, *National Temperance Advocate.*

Intemperance.

The following extract from an address by Col. Robert Ingersoll, the eloquent orator, affords abundant scope for drill in elocution.

Intemperance cuts down youth in all its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness.

It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes the natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights paternal hope, and brings mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes the wives widows, children orphans, parents childless, and all at last beggars.

It produces fevers, feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemic, invites disease, imparts pestilence, and encourages apoplexy and paralytic affections.

It covers the land with idleness and poverty, disease and crime. It fills our jails, supplies our almshouses, and furnishes subjects for our asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It condemns law and spurns order. It crowds the penitentiary and furnishes victims for the scaffold. It is the life-blood of the gambler, the food of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, the support of the midnight incendiary and assassin, the friend and companion of the brothel.

It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his innocent children, helps the husband to kill his wife, and aids the child to grind the parricidal ax. It burns up men, consumes women, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine.

It bribes voters, corrupts elections, poisons our institutions, and endangers our government. It degrades the citizen, lowers the legislator, and dishonors the statesman. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and then, with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolation; and insatiate with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, wipes out national honor, then curses the world, and laughs at the ruin it has inflicted

on the human race. It does all that and more—it murders the soul. It is the sum of villainies, the father of all crimes, the mother of abominations, the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy.—

Robert G. Ingersoll.

Smoking in the Presence of Women.

The woman who does not require of a man the form of respect, invites him to discard its substance; and there is one violation of the form which is recent and gross, and might well be cited as a striking illustration in the decay of manners. It is the practice of smoking in the society of ladies in public, and in private places, whether driving, walking, sailing or sitting. There are *peux chevaliers*, who would be honestly amused if they were told they did not behave like gentlemen, who, sitting with a lady on a hotel piazza, or strolling in a public park, take out a cigar, light it, and puff as tranquilly as if they were alone in their rooms. Or a young man comes upon the deck of a steamer, and blows clouds of tobacco-smoke in their faces without even remarking tobacco is disagreeable to some people. A man when he unconcernedly sings false betrays that he has no ear for music; and a man who smokes in this way shows that he is not a gentleman.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Cannot Afford It.

There are a great many families which can not afford things which are needful for their comfort and convenience. Many a poor woman is deprived of many luxuries and comforts because she can not afford them, while her husband can afford his liquors, his cigars and his tobacco. Three ten-cent cigars a day cost \$109.50 in a year. Three ten-cent drinks a day cost as much more, making \$219 guzzled, smoked and worse than wasted by the head of the family, which would go very far towards supplying other members of the family with money, articles of food and clothing, which would greatly minister to their comfort. But dram drinkers and tobacco users resemble that man of whom it was said, "Of all his father's family he loved himself the best." A little more attention to the second and great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," would greatly improve the behavior of the gentlemen, and cheer the hearts of many sad children and weary wives.—*The Safeguard.*

Alcoholic and Tobacco Drunkenness.

What relation has the use of tobacco to the appetite for alcohol?

"A craving for alcohol is aroused by the physical conditions produced by the use of tobacco. General debility, weariness, and a marked prostration of the whole system, are just the states that alcoholic medicines have been prescribed for, for centuries. The sudden stimulus of alcohol produces such an exuberant feeling, the victim drinks deeper and deeper till all self-control is lost. Delirium tremens and death result. The use of alcohol alone never produces delirium tremens, but it is a disease natural to tobacco, and is hastened by the use of alcohol."—*Garnsey.*

As the flower expands into the fruit, as the mountain rill widens into the river, so let us keep the spirit of childhood in the strength of manhood.—*James A. Garfield.*

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