

many men in peril; and when you are hard in your criticisms about men's inconsistencies you do not know what a battle they have to fight—a battle compared with which Austerlitz and Gettysburg and Waterloo were child's play.—*Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.*

**Wanted His Wages Raised.**

There are some young men who may see themselves in this incident, which occurred at Bridgewater, N. Y. We asked a young man to attend the temperance meeting on Sunday evening, and his reply was, "My clothes are not good enough to attend church. My wages have been small, and I must have them raised another year, or I sha'n't work for my present employer."

"How much are you receiving this year? You are working on a farm?"

"Yes; and I get \$200 for nine months, and my board."

"When is your time out?"

"It will be out in two weeks."

"How much money will you have coming to you then?"

"Not an thing. I have drawn more than my pay now."

"How much of the \$200 have you spent for clothing?"

"Not quite \$40."

"Have you any one beside yourself to support or care for?"

"No, sir; I am for myself."

"What has become of the \$160?"

"Well, I—I've spent that."

"Oh, you have. Did you put it out at interest? You don't seem to have any great desire to tell where it did go, do you? Well, let me tell you. In June you drew \$20, and went up to Utica to a circus; you got drunk, bet on three-card monte, lost all you had, got into a fight, got whipped, put into the lock-up, (the man who gets whipped, always is the man who gets locked up), and in the morning the Recorder fined you \$10. Is this true?"

"Yes, sir; but how did you find it out?"

"That don't matter. It seems they did not leave you anything. When the races were at Utica you drew \$50 more, and went there. You drank freely, you were just full enough to bet on the slow horse, and lost all you had. You had another fight, and, as usual, received sound thrashing, was taken before the Recorder, and for a second offense paid \$25 fine. You did not even profit from this tran-

saction. You went to a hop dance; whisky was plenty, and you partook freely. You imagined some one insulted you, and the result was a general row. This cost you \$25 more, beside the costs of court, and the paying of your lawyer. I should think you would want your wages raised."

He stood looking at the ground, and then said:

"I can see it all. What an ass I am. Why, I have worked five years for my present employer, and have not laid up a cent. I have worn poor clothes; have found fault because my pay was small. If it had not been for drink, I should now have \$500 at interest, should be well dressed, and respected by honest people. I will be at the meeting just as I am, and sign the pledge for life."

He kept his word. He took his pledge that night. He has been true to it, and is now one of the leading young men in Oneida county.

Young men, can you see yourselves in this picture? If you can, heed the truth, and be made better by correcting your mistaken way of living.—*Rehabite.*

**The Saloon a School.**

BY PROF. GEO. E. FOSTER.

The legalized saloon is a school. It must and does teach. The keeper is the master, and the liquors his apparatus. This school is open sixteen hours of the day, and often seven days of the week. Its pupils are the citizens, and its object lessons all but indelible. What does it teach?

That the sale of drink is necessary and useful, for the law protects this as it does every other sale.

That the drinking of liquors is necessary and useful; for, of course, the State would not allow the sale of what was unnecessary and harmful.

That it is right to turn sober people into tipplers, and tipplers into drunkards, if only in the operation revenue is made for the State and gain for the proprietors.

That it is right to run establishments which breed idleness, foster vicious habits, prepare criminals, nurse pauperism, and destroy manhood, provided only this waste of the human is coined into golden showers.

That neither God's moral law, nor society's pure interests, are to

be counted in the scale against the appetites of the destroyed and the avarice of the destroyers.

That it is only necessary to carry on debauchery be wholesale in order to gain the sanction of law, and receive the proud name of business enterprise.

For, is it not true, O honest citizen, that the saloon system of this country produces more want—causes more idleness—weaves more chains of evil habits—schools more criminals—ruins more homes—and slays more precious lives, than all other systems of vice put together?

And is it not true that God's law and man's good require that this work of debauchery cease? And is it not also true that it could not exist for a year against the indignant remonstrances of outraged humanity but for the golden streams it pours into the coffers of the nation, and the pockets of the liquor monopoly?—*Ex.*

**Women at a Saloon Opening.**

According to the daily papers of New York, a thing has happened in that metropolitan city that ought to make the cheeks of American women tingle with shame, and President Arthur turn his wine glass upside down.

The man who "removed Jim Fisk," (it is not fashionable to use the word murdered nowadays,) opened a fine drinking saloon recently, in the city where he committed the bloody deed a few years ago. Among the novelties on opening day, the ladies of the city were invited, and a thousand accepted the invitation. They were not from the slum, but were women from respectable families who stand well in society. Is it not time that the temperate, thoughtful women of the land, turn their eyes to the great work to be done among women? It would seem that the more notorious a criminal, the more the sympathy of the women is enlisted in his behalf. But that they would descend to a saloon to honor so notorious a character as the slayer of Jim Fish is most discreditable.—*The Christian Woman.*

**A TERRIBLE FACT.**—A young man was found in the Mersey river, England, drowned. On a paper found in his pocket was written: "A wasted life. Do not ask anything about me; drink was the cause. Let me die, let me rot." Within a week the coroner received over two hundred letters from fathers and mothers all over England, asking for a description of the young man.

**Christian Man.**

Think of it. All the gamblers—all the pimps; all the whisky-sellers; all the lewd and deeply depraved; all the drunkard-makers, on one side clamoring for the right to make a drunkard of your son; clamoring for the privilege of making drunken sots of the husbands of your daughters; and you offer apologies for them; nay, you are voting for them. No, oh no, we misnamed you; you are not a Christian man.—*Neb. Liberator.*

Eli Perkins, having visited Blackwell's Island, says: "The first case of insanity I found to be the result of intemperance. Six-eighths of the fourteen hundred cases of insanity sprang from that alone. How long shall this crime cry aloud from the abodes of the poor, infuriated, and insane for redress? Absolute prohibition might interfere with the personal liberties of a few, but it would save six hundred lunatics from Blackwell's Island every year. What a temperance lecture?"

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