

was black and dirty. "Why," said he, "my old bar-keeper does my washing, or at least pays for it." Now, this statement created much hard feeling among the men that frequented the same saloon he had been in the habit of visiting. So some of them concluded to ascertain the reason why one customer should be favored more than another. They soon found out that their fellow-workmen had joined the "Sons of Temperance," and had, as he said, "concluded to spend his money for washing, and not for whisky."

Money is of value to us only as it procures good for us; hence every cent paid for ardent spirits is wasted, for that which it buys is harmful in every particular. Men will confront you with the argument that they do not desire to be called niggards, as they will be, if they refuse to spend their money like other men.

I deny this! No man will be called penurious because he does not buy that which he fails to use. But if you frequent saloons and find companionship with men that drink and you partake of their hospitality, then you must respond in the same manner, or they will class you as stingy fellow.

One of the laws of nature is that of reciprocation. This law causes all things to respond in its own way for kindness shown. If we hear a kind word spoken to us, the tone swells in reciprocation, and we feel kindly toward the person speaking it. If we receive from a neighbor a favor, we desire to return it. Therefore, as it is natural for us to wish to spend our money with the men from whom we have received favors, let us then resolve that we will not be tempted—we will not place ourselves in a position to necessitate reciprocity—by forming a determination to "Touch not, handle not." Do not pause to consider what your neighbor will say, don't stop to think what the world will say, but think what your cash account says, consult your bank-roll, and enumerate the many useful and ornamental things that can be had with the money now spent for strong drink.—*Etc.*

**A New Year's Thought.**

BY AUNT HOPE.

It was New Year's morning, and the snow that had been falling fast all night lay thick and white on the streets. Merry sleigh bells rang out their "Happy New Year;"

bright faces passed and re-passed; joyous laughter chimed in with the glad day; and as I gazed out from my window upon the passing crowd, I could not help comparing it with the snow, pure and fresh in the morning, but trodden under foot, ere night-fall. I thought, "How many of those merry voices will be smothered in drink, and what a heart-burden there will be carried to many a poor father and mother! It makes one shudder to think of the sin committed at the beginning of the New Year—the time for good resolutions, and the day to put them into practice. How freely the wine flows, and how few young men resist the tempter in the form of a handsome lady, who, with bright smiles and coaxing eyes, says, "Just one glass in my honor." And fast on to that glass follows many glasses, until the glorious New Year becomes a blank to them.

Oh, why is woman so often the tempter! She who was made for man's helpmeet, but who, too often, proves his curse. Oh! you tempters, think of the end; think of what you are doing against your God, yourself, and the world; think of the homes you are helping to blight, and henceforth be a blessing to your sex, and never curse your high position of womanhood, by using it to help the devil in his work. Rather help every one to keep good resolutions made on the coming of the New Year, and let your merry voice and bright eyes and happy, encouraging words, be the only stimulants offered by you on New Year's Day.—*Etc.*

**How to Get New Boots.**

This question was answered satisfactorily by a man at an experience meeting, held at a coffee-room, when several capital speeches were made. A huge Hibernian, who had on a pair of new boots, was, however, acknowledged to be the chief speaker. In the course of his remarks, which were given in true Irish brogue, he said:

"Them's a fine pair of boots ye have on ye," says me neighbor to me a week after me takin' the temperance pledge.

"They are," says I, "and be the same token 'twas the rum-seller gave them to me."

"That was generous of him," says he.

"'Twas," says I; "but I made a bargain wid him; he was to keep his drink and I was to keep me money."—*Seb.*

**Are We Ready To Be Helped.**

Said one, who has been shadowed by the rum curse: "All through the agitation of the temperance question at this time, I seem to hear the words of my mother, 'There seems to be no help for it, children!'"

Then she went on to give, in broken sentences, portions of the history of that home life. I caught by snatches, glimpses of the dark picture that could never leave her sight. I saw the watching faces, as the hour for the father's home coming approached. I seemed then to hear the answer, "There seems to be no help for it, children!"

But I will give the words of the one who had thus suffered:

"My mother's words carried to me the fateful truth that there were some things that God could not, or would not help. I knew that my mother prayed, and one day when I had stolen in from my play, I heard her voice in such an agony of pleading, 'Oh, Lord save us from the dreadful rum curse.'"

"I remember how anxiously I watched and waited for signs of change in my father, and when I gave up in despair of seeing any, I said to my mother in a desperate way, I wonder why the Lord will not help us."

"I seem to see my mother's sorrowful face as she answered, 'Perhaps he does not find us ready to be helped!' 'Why mother how can that be when we want it so much?' I asked. After a short silence, she answered, 'We may want a blessing, and yet not really be ready for it, my child.'"

Have these words any meaning that we can apply to the country's relation to the coming struggle against intemperance. In the desire of the friends of temperance, is any element wanting that shall prevent the prayer for help from becoming the force that shall move the hand that points the way to victory? Has a God-inspired zeal reached that culminating point that it will answer for true achievement? Is it ready to consecrate its young men, its strong men, its men of talent and promise? Is a righteous principle so recognized that these can do battle against a scourge that has never despoiled them as individuals?

If the prayers of the solitary sufferer, the blighted homes of the slaves of strong drink, the throttled manhood of the thousand victims of rum have been instrumental in

enlisting the service of those who have not been personal sufferers from the evil, then truly has the suffering of thousands been a preparation for the battle.

But God did not intend that the nation should wander in this wilderness of pain and sin for these long years; it was for the hardness of the heart of the nation. It was not ready to go up and possess the land.

This question of allowing the plague spot within our borders should have been settled long ago but our self-indulgence, our half-heartedness, our cowardice, have kept us from the promised land.

Today I believe, as temperance people we have this question to ask—candidly and seriously, each one for himself, "Am I ready for the help of the Lord?" And then it is the duty of each enlisted one to see that the soldier by his side, is ready. Oh let it not be left to us to say of this evil "There is no help for it!"—MARY R. BALDWIN, in *Church and Home*.

The Queen of Madagascar has ordered that a prohibitory law shall be framed, prohibiting the manufacture of brandy or its importation into her territories. The penalty is the forfeiture of ten oxen and a fine of \$10.

Senator Anthony says that the practice of placing drunken naval officers on the retired list, instead of dismissing them in dishonor from the service, has rendered that list almost an inebriate asylum.

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