

APPEAL.

BY MRS. E. S. OSBOEN

Stay that wine-glass e'er it findeth
The red portals of thy lips;
With a serpent chain it bindeth
Him who weakly bows and sips.
One should pause on brink of peril,
E'er from off the edge he slips.
Ruby glowing, diamond crested,
Sparkling 'gainst thy strong, white
hand;
If thou drink thy strength is wrested;
Half the work the tempter planned,
Deems he now a sure creation,
Not thy manhood may command.
Manhood's pure, unsullied charter,
On its basis firm and free,
If ignobly thou wouldst barter,
What of heaven is given to thee,
All humanity's best birthright,
Primest, surest liberty.
List, I'll make thee to discover,
At the fountain of the wine,
Where warped genius bendeth over,
Cunning work of bold design,
And in streams, like sanguine life-tide,
Flows the vintage of the vine,
How above it all with malice,
Broods the Spirit of the still;
Weaving charms for every chalice,
With demoniacal will;
Charms to warn the germ of poison,
Sure to rankle, swift to kill.
And each froth-globe shall engender,
Thoughts averse to hope and truth;
Brighting all that's true and tender,
In the hearts of age and youth:
Giving for the crown of manhood,
Mind of beast with form uncouth.
By this sparkling effervescence,
Doth he draw his victims down;
And with its unhallowed presence,
Faith and purity unthrone,
Until man, akin to angels,
Human charity disown.
But what think'st thou? is this only,
All the tempters stern control?
When in unblest grave laid lonely,
Hast thou paid his greedy toll?
Nay, 'tis but thy sins forerunner,
He requires and takes thy soul.
Cursed on earth, shut out from heaven,
See thyself within this wine;
Can an added lustre given,
Make it to thy soul's eye shine?
Can its brilliance cast a glamour,
O'er the tempests foul design?
By the gray hairs of a father,
Bent o'er staff toward the tomb,
By the deep prayers of a mother,
That dear guardian of home,
By each higher, better impulse,
By the holier thoughts that come,
By the clinging arms that love thee,
By the good thou mightest do,
By the blessing bent above thee,
In the sky's deep tender blue,
Be the thing that God designed thee;
Be a man, to manhood true.
Dash that wineglass, let it shiver;
Stamp its fragments in the dust;
So shalt thou thy soul deliver;
To thyself and God be just.
So in this shalt not prove recreant,
To thy high immortal trust.
Raise thy hand with voice attended,
Brind the tempters poisoned drink;
That the vortex, thus defended,
Suck no victims from its brink;
That no hungry heart forsake,
In its fearful thralldom sink.
So shalt thou, thy soul possessing,
Chas'ened only by his rod,
Find at last mid every blessing,
Perfect rest beneath the sod.
Whence shall rise thy best inscription,
"Christian," "noblest work of God."

Troublesome Weeds.

Here is a bit of advice from the *Scholar's Companion* about a kind of garden in which each person is constantly sowing seeds:—
"Every one has a garden called Conversation. If the unpleasant words which blossom into thoughts are kept out, the garden becomes beautiful and interesting. There are a few kinds of weeds which unconsciously creep into this garden, and unless they are put down or better, pulled out, they injure or spoil the good flowers.
"1. *Untruth*—This is dark-leaved, and so small at first that it is scarcely noticed. In its early stages it is called exaggeration. You are not sure whether you saw three or four things and you say four. The next time the number becomes larger, and so the weed grows until it is strong and hardy. Be sure and pull it up.
"2. *Slang*—This spoils many a garden of choice flowers. It is sometimes overlooked among boys, but is not considered to have any beauty.
"3. *Bad Grammar*—This is a common weed, found in the gardens of uneducated and careless persons. It grows slowly, but steadily, and finds a place among the nicest-looking flowers. There are a number of varieties, and among them, 'I seen,' chokes up 'I saw,' or 'I have seen'; 'it's her'n,' which crowds out 'it is hers,' and 'it is me,' which grows close to the little 'it is I.'
"4. *Gossip*—Every one knows this ugly weed which works mischief where ever it appears. It is one of the worst varieties, and has been known to completely overrun and spoil the garden in which it was allowed to grow.
"These are the principal weeds which find their way into the garden of conversation. Examine the one belonging to you and see what weeds are making headway."—*Ex.*
Be Gentlemen at Home.
It is cruel and cowardly in any man to speak to the woman under his own roof in a manner that would forever disgrace him if heard under any other. And yet how many do it, alas! and even go their way after it, selfishly forgetting the tears and the bitterness they have caused, and selfishly expecting, if they remember it at all, that on their return the domestic sky will be without a cloud. More the pity when it is! Then, indeed, is there danger in the air; for then too often come deceit, and hypocrisy, and indifference.—*Sel.*

Little Heads Together.

A BIBLE CHARACTER.

There was a certain king of Judah who lived in the tenth century before Christ. He began his reign by forbidding the worship of heathen gods, and he removed his grandmother from being queen because she had made an idol in a grove. With an army of 580,000 he defeated Zerah, the Ethiopian, who with more than a million men had invaded the land. After this he was met by a prophet, who said to him: "The Lord is with you while ye be with Him, but if ye forsake Him, He will forsake you."
He held a great festival, in which he and his people entered into a covenant to serve the Lord. Afterwards he was justly reproved by Hanani, the seer, for having in a time of danger trusted in the King of Syria rather than in God. He became angry with the seer and put him in prison.
After having reigned forty-one years he died of a disease in his feet. His people laid him in a bed filled with sweet odors and different kinds of spices, and made a great burning for him.
Do you know his name?—*Sel.*

At The Point of Death.

A clergyman in South Haven, Mich., who has been greatly benefitted by Compound Oxygen, and who has used his influence as follows: "An elderly lady here, who is now able to see to her household affairs, was long at the point of death from Consumption. A day or two since she walked out a distance of four blocks. All are expressing surprise concerning her recovery. The Oxygen is doing more for these cases than all the physicians." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, sent free. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street Philadelphia, Pa.
All orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment directed to H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, will be filled on the same terms as if sent directly to us in Philadelphia.
For a few brief days the orchards are white with blossoms. They soon turn to fruits, or float away, useless and wasted, upon the idle breeze. So will it be with present feelings. They must be deepened into decision, or be entirely dissipated by delay.—*Rev. T. C. Cuyler.*
"Enjoy Your Life"
is good philosophy, but to do so you must have good health. If bilious and constipated, or blood is out of order, use Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are mild, yet certain in their operation. Of all druggists.

SCROFULA

and all scrofulous diseases, Sores, Erysipelas, Eczema, Blisters, Ringworm, Tumors, Carbuncles, Boils, and Eruptions of the Skin, are the direct result of an impure state of the blood.
To cure these diseases the blood must be purified, and restored to a healthy and natural condition. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has for over forty years been recognized by eminent medical authorities as the most powerful blood purifier in existence. It frees the system from all foul humors, enriches and strengthens the blood, removes all traces of mercurial treatment, and proves itself a complete master of all scrofulous diseases.
A Recent Cure of Scrofulous Sores.
"Some months ago I was troubled with scrofulous sores (ulcers) on my legs. The limbs were badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. Every remedy I tried failed, until I used AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, of which I have now taken three bottles, with the result that the sores are healed, and my general health greatly improved. I feel very grateful for the good your medicine has done me."
—Yours respectfully, MRS. ANN O'BRIAN,
148 Sullivan St., New York, June 21, 1882.
All persons interested are invited to call on Mrs. O'Brian; also upon the Rev. Z. P. Wilds of 78 East 54th Street, New York City, who will take pleasure in testifying to the wonderful efficacy of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, not only in the cure of this lady, but in his own case and many others within his knowledge.
The well-known writer on the Boston Herald, B. W. BALL, of Rochester, N.H., writes, June 7, 1882:
"Having suffered severely for some years with Eczema, and having failed to find relief from other remedies, I have made use, during the past three months, of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which has effected a complete cure. I consider it a magnificent remedy for all blood diseases."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

stimulates and regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, renews and strengthens the vital forces, and speedily cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, Catarrh, General Debility, and all diseases arising from an impoverished or corrupted condition of the blood, and a weakened vitality.
It is incomparably the cheapest blood medicine, on account of its concentrated strength, and great power over disease.

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Sold by all Druggists; price \$1, six bottles for \$5.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

In the Matter of the Estate of Catherine Chamberlin, deceased.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO WHOM it may concern that I have been appointed by the County Court of Polk County, Oregon, Executor of the last will and testament of Catherine Chamberlin, late of Polk County, deceased. All persons holding claims against said Estate are requested to present them to me duly verified within six months from date, and all persons indebted thereto will please make me immediate payment.
Dated Nov. 5, 1883.
ENOCH CHAMBERLIN,
EXECUTOR.

DALY & BUTLER,
Attorneys. 45-44

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL whom it may concern that I have been appointed Administrator of the Estate of G. W. Damon, late of Polk County, deceased. All persons having claims against said Estate will present the same to me duly verified within six months from date; and all persons indebted thereto will please make me immediate payment.
IRA F. M. BUTLER,
Administrator. 45-44

DALY & BUTLER,
Attorneys. 45-44

50 Fits In 25 Hours!

"I employed some of the best physicians here," wrote Wm. E. Tanner, of Dayton, Ohio. "They all said my child could not live for 3 weeks. It had 50 fits in 24 hours. We gave it Samaritan Nerveine and the medicine effected a permanent cure." Druggists,