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A Temperance and Family Newspaper: Devoted to Temperance, Literature, Agriculture and General News.

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Table with columns: SPACE, Mo, 2 Mo, 3 Mo, 6 Mo, 1 Y. Rows: 1 Square, 2 Squares, 3 Squares, 4 Squares, 5 Squares, 6 Squares, 7 Squares, 8 Squares, 9 Squares, 10 Squares.

Story Corner.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

'Out again tonight?' said Mrs. Hays, fretfully, as her husband rose from the tea-table and donned his great coat. 'Yes, I have an engagement with Moore. I shall be in early. Have a light left for me in the library—Good night.' And with a careless nod William Hays left the room.

Lizzie slept soundly for two hours, and then woke suddenly. She sat up, glanced at the clock, and sighed drearily at the prospect of the long interval to be spent alone before bed time.

The library was just over the room in which she sat, and down the furnace flue, through the register, a voice came to the young wife's ears; it was her husband's.

'Come, William, your coffee will be stone cold,' said Lizzie, in a cheery and pleasant voice. 'It must be cool till you sweeten my breakfast with a kiss, said her husband, crossing the room to her side—and Lizzie's heart bounded as she recognized the old lover's tones and manners.

Temperance.

What I Have Seen.

BY ELLA WELLES.

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- 1. Strong drink is ruinous. Even the keepers of grog shops lament the ruin wrought around them, and most of them would prefer a change of occupation.
2. All drinks which excite thirst for strong drink are dangerous. Lead us not into temptation.
3. Grog-shops are nuisances. No family desires such neighbors and many communities ask legislatures to forbid them. They are not tolerated in the vicinity of colleges and schools.
4. Drunkards however wealthy or talented are offensive to heaven and a blot upon humanity. The Bi-

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Sitting up With a Sick Friend.

Taking care of the sick, says the Louisville Ledger, is one of the cardinal principles of secret societies. Odd fellows, Masons, Knights of Pythias, Sons of Temperance, Sons of Malta, Red Men, the Knights of E. Campus Vitae, and even the Ku Klux make it a point to take care of the sick. The member who is so unfortunate as to contract any of the current fevers, break a leg in a coal hole get a pistol bullet through his diaphragm, or look upon the wine when it giveth its color to the cup until he getteth snakes in his boots, has a dead sure thing on having some one to watch—sit beside his bedside, in the silent watches of the night, to cool his fevered brow with rags, and remind him when it is time to quaque down his medicine. Fraternity and self-interest combine to insure careful nursing, for the sick member is allowed to die, the brethren are assessed to pay the undertaker the sexton, and the brass band which plays the dead march in going to Cave Hill, and Champaign Charley on the return. This is all right. But, sometimes, when a lodge is weak and the seasons sickly, sitting up with the sick is rather binding on the robust members of the order. So it proved with a well-known gentleman who lives on Main street between Brook and Floyd. Night after night he was compelled to watch with a sick brother. He would come home, swallow a last supper, go out to visit the sick, and come home about the time the clock in the adjoining yard set forth his greeting to the sun-dawn. Singularly enough, he won some smelling of champagne, cigars and other lubricants. His wife began to grow uneasy. She thought that this sick business was too enough in its way, but that he was carrying it to excess. This suspicion was intensified by the discovery of some blonde hair, which bore external evidence of having been clamped, adhering to her husband's garments. Her hair was black, as she didn't crimp it. She said nothing, however, but mentally resolved to learn something further about the sick friend. Accordingly, on Tuesday night, when the humane husband started for the bedside of his sick friend, accompanied by a lad companion she followed him. He was tracked to Lafayette street where he suddenly disappeared. A they were deliberating on the best means of recovering the lost trail Mr. E., a friend of the husband came along and the lady inquired if he knew where the missing man could be found, his presence was imperatively required at home. Ed. didn't know where he was, but if the wife would go back home he agreed to hunt him. She said it would, but she didn't do it. She went around the corner and watched Ed. until she saw him enter a certain house. Before that house she took position, and watched a watched. In a few moments her husband came to the door, accompanied by his sick friend, who was frail and gorgeous, with an abundance of enamelled shoulders and wealth of scrambled hair. The wife was a kiss at the door, a shriek ju outside, and a moment after a ruin of an outraged woman, and a rapid succession of keen strokes from cowhide, impartially divided between the husband and sick friend. After roasting a good dozen comprehended the situation, and receded from the premises with speed that was almost marvellous. The husband out of the way, the infuriated wife concentrated her favor on the fair one with the gold locks. A 'yellow' chignon, about the size of a hornet's nest, was torn off and trampled under foot; gills were torn to ribbons, and sharp nails plowed deep furrows through the thick coating of paint. Shrieks of rage and howls of anguish were melodiously blended. Finally, exhausted and satiated with gore, the wife and her companion left the scene of carnage, bearing with them a blonde chignon and an immense panier of trophies. As for the husband, he has not been seen since. It is presumed, however, that he is not sit up with any more sick friend. In fact, the probabilities are that is sick himself.

Swearing.

The most truthful and straight forward article on this distinguished habit that we have ever read, is the following whose author's name we are not acquainted with:

'It is no mark of a gentleman to swear. The most worthless and vile, the refuse of mankind, the drunkard and the prostitute, swear as well as the best dressed and educated gentleman. No particular documents are requisite to give a finish to the art of cursing. The basest and meanest of mankind swear with as much tact and skill as the most refined; he that wishes to degrade himself to the very lowest level of pollution and shame, should learn to be a common swearer. Any man has talents enough to learn to curse God, and imprecate perdition on fellowmen. Profane swearing never did any man good. No man is the richer, or wiser, or happier for it. It helps no man's education or manners. It is disgusting to the refined, abominable to the good, degrading to the mind, unprofitable, needless, and injurious to society. Wantonly to profane His name, to call his vengeance, is perhaps of all offenses the most awful in the sight of God.'

An Historical Incident.

The King of Denmark has lately repaired the celebrated Round Tower of Copenhagen, and an interesting historical souvenir is attached to this old monument. Peter the Great visited it in the beginning of the last century—Frederick IV, King of Denmark, accompanied him at the time. The two sovereigns ascended to the top of the tower to enjoy the magnificent view, and Peter explained his political system to Frederick. All of a sudden he said, 'would you like me to give you an idea of the power of my authority?' And, without awaiting the King's reply the founder of the Russian monarchy made a sign to a Cossack belonging to his retinue, and pointing to the abyss beneath his feet said 'Jump!' The Cossack looked at the Czar, bowed, and, without hesitation, leaped over the edge of the tower.

'What do you think of it?' said Peter, turning to the horrified King. 'Have you any such subjects?' 'Fortunately not,' answered Frederick.

Sunday Reading.

The Bible.

The Bible is read of a Sunday in all the thirty thousand pulpits of the land. In all the temples of christianity its voice lifted up week by week. The sun never sets on its gleaming page. It goes equally to the cottage of the plain man and the palace of the king. It is woven into the literature of the scholar and the clerk, the talk of the street. The bark of the merchant cannot sail the seas without it—no ship of war goes to the conflict, but the Bible is there. It enters men's chests, mingles in all the grief and cheerfulness of life. The affianced maiden prays God in Scripture for strength in her new duties; men are married by Scripture. The Bible attends them in their sickness; when the fever of the world is on them, the aching head finds a softer pillow if its leaves lie underneath. The mariner escaping from shipwreck, clutches the first of his treasures and keeps it sacred to God. It goes with the peddler in his crowded pack; cheers him at eventide when he sits down dusty and fatigued, and brightens the freshness of his morning face. It blesses us when we are born, gives name to half Christendom, rejoices with us, has sympathy with our mourning, tempers our grief to finer issues. It is the better part of our sermons. It lifts man above himself; our best of uttered prayers are in its sacred speech, wherever his fathers and the patriarchs prayed. The timid man about awaking from this dream of life, looks through the glass of Scripture and his eyes grow bright; he does not fear to stand alone, to tread the way, unknown and distant, to take the Death Angel by the hand and bid farewell to wife and babes, and home. Men rest on this their dearest hope.—THEODORE PARKER.

'Prepare to meet Thy God.'

Words of more momentous import, were never addressed to mortals. Should we not, then do well, to turn aside from our secular duties, for awhile, and spend at least a few moments in considering this solemn duty? But yesterday, one walked our streets in apparent health; the angel of death drew his unerring shaft, and the aged pilgrim prostrate to the earth—one gasp, and the soul is in glory.

'In vain the fancy strives to paint, The glories that surround the saint, When she gives up her breath.' She closed the earthly Sabbath by singing the praises of redeeming love, and ere the sun attained his zenith on the morrow, was lasking in the sunshine of eternal Sabbath, joining the thousands that surround the throne of God in their anthems of unceasing praise. For her 'to die is gain.'

There is, mercy in this strange providence of God—mercy to those who are still out of the Ark of Safety. The angel of death repeats, in thunder tones, to the conscience of each one: 'I have a message from God unto thee.' 'Prepare to meet thy God.' 'Verily there is but a step between you and death.' For what is your life? 'Tis even as a vapor that appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away. The brilliant colors of the bow that spans the evening sky, fade not more quickly from your sight; the flower that ethales its fragrance to the morning breeze, and ere the evening shades is cut down and withered. These, alas! are fitting types of hu-

A WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE SPEECH. In the town of B—a meeting was called to agree how many licenses should be granted to sell liquor. A lawyer rose and moved that as many should be granted as were given the preceding year, and asked a vote upon this motion; when a woman dressed in old and poor mourning, arose and asked leave to speak a few words. Permission was given; and she said: 'A few years ago I had a good and tender husband, and four as lovely boys as ever blessed a mother's heart. Now they're in yonder graveyard in the drunkard's grave. It was you, revered sir, who first asked my husband to taste liquor; and he took his first glass with you. You, Dr. C. encouraged him by saying that a little was good for his health; and you Deacon R. sold him the liquor, you sold the rum to my boys that made the widowed and childless and poor. You have got our farm; and Death and the

grave have got them. You say it is a lucrative business; but you trade close by the door of hell. I go to the poor house, which is now my only home, and I beg you all, when you vote to consider what I have said.

A poor dying inebriate was once visited by the man who had applied him with the means of intoxication. The dealer stooped and whispered in his dying ear, 'Do you remember me?' The lying man forgetting his struggle with the king of terrors, exclaimed: 'Yes, I remember you, and I remember your store where I formed the habit which has ruined me for this world and the next. And when I am dead and gone, and you come to take from my wife and children the shattered remains of my property to pay off my rum debts, they will remember you. Yes we shall remember you to all eternity.'

To the Point.—The remarks of the late Thurlow W. Brown were, generally, to the point. Especially so, when he said: 'The Maine Law is a failure; harps the fault-finding friends (?) of our cause. So are the ten commandments—every one of them. They are all trampled upon daily, ought to be repealed, and all wickedness allowed under restrictions.'