

biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

The Black Valley Railway lies wholly within this country. All those who go on this road to the Black Valley country, start at 'Sippington,' or 'Mediumville.' They intend to remain in that vicinity. They are dazzled by the excitement and thrilled with the pleasures in this part of the country, and do not believe that they will ever leave it and go on to the end of the route. The next place is 'Tippleton.'

'Toppersville' is the last station before 'Drunkards' Curve.' Here the people look bloated, their faces are fiery, and their eyes red and inflamed. The place is distinguished for the number of its 'licensed liquor saloons.'

'Drunkards' Curve,' now more commonly called 'Wreckers' Curve,' is a place where 600,000 miserable people are annually thrown out. From this place all trains are 'night express trains,' and commonly arrive at midnight; and all passengers beyond this are thrown out without stopping.

'Quarrelton,' and 'Riotville,' are soon reached and passed, with their broken windows and drunken uproar. Next comes 'Beggarton.' Here 400,000 people are thrown out every year without stopping the trains. Soon comes 'Prisonton.' Nineteenths of all the inhabitants came there over this railway.

'Deliriumton,' is situated far down toward the lower region of the Black Valley country, and not far away in a deep and gloomy ravine, where no ray of the sun ever comes, is 'Demonland.' No smiles are ever seen on the faces of its inhabitants. The stoutest hearts are appalled at what is seen and heard there.

All persons desiring to leave the Black Valley Road, will find the Temperanceland stages at 'Drunkards' Curve,' and all the stations above this ready to convey them free to any of the villages by the Crystal River.

NOTE.—Latest advices say that there is a movement on foot to alter the character of the Black Valley Railway, so that the daily fast trains will no longer run from the Canadian side of the river to all stations in the Black Valley country. It is said, however, that many Canadians are shareholders in the 'Black Valley Railway,' and would be sorry to see the stock depreciate. For this reason it is important that those who object to the depleting of our population by emigration to the deadly climate of the Black Valley, should bestir themselves to use their influence with the government in the manner commonly known as voting.

Smoking and Burning.

'Where there is much smoke there must be some fire,'—and where people practice smoking tobacco there is often a good deal more fire than they expect.

I think it was in the winter of 1854, I looked out of my rear window at 141 Grand street, New York, down in the direction of Pearl street, and saw a conflagration that seemed to vomit smoke and fire like a volcano. It was Harper & Brothers' great publishing house — perhaps the largest in the country, and one of the largest in the world — going up in devouring flames. Books, plates, fixtures, all went to ruin in a day.

'Who started it? A smoker. How? He lighted his match, lit his pipe, and flung his match into a trough of water used for washing type. But that water was benzine, or kerosene, or something equally inflammable, and in an instant everything was ablaze! So much for one smoke!

Thousands of buildings are set on fire by

smokers' pipes; and the longer men smoke the more stupid and careless they grow.

One October day, a few years since, a fire started on the top floor of the two-storey brick stable, 205 East Eighty-fifth street, New York, destroying the building, and burning one man to death. Another man was so badly burned that he was removed to the Presbyterian hospital.

The stable stood in the rear, the stalls being leased to tradesmen in the neighborhood. Among them were Valentine Williams, and John Kelly, peddlers. On the night of Oct. 27, both men returned to the stable, and decided to spend the night there. At 4.30 o'clock Williams was awakened by the smell of smoke. He struggled to his feet to find the place in flames. He staggered through a door into the front building and had safely reached a window when he thought of Kelly. He returned to find that a solid mass of flames were roaring in the corner where Kelly had gone to sleep, and he knew he was beyond help.

'Williams started back again for the only avenue of escape through the front of the building. The heat was overpowering, and twice he fell from exhaustion before he reached the street.

'The property loss was small. It is supposed that the fire started from a spark out of Kelly's pipe.'

Millions are paid for extra premiums on insurance by men who do not smoke, because other men will smoke and set things on fire. Every man who insures his property has to pay more for his insurance because other men practice this vile, filthy, and dangerous habit. Away with it!—'Safe-guard.'

The Policeman's Answer.

While a number of young men in the waiting room of an English railway were discussing the merits of total abstinence, a policeman came in with a hand-cuffed prisoner and listened to the dispute, but gave no opinion. A minister of the gospel, who was also present, stepped up to the policeman and said: 'Pray, sir, what have you to say about temperance?' 'Well,' replied the guardian of the law, 'all I have to say is that I never took a teetotaler to prison in my life.'

Thinking Crooked.

During the teaching of the temperance Sunday-school lesson, an Indian boy, ten years old, was asked: 'What does alcohol do to a man's brain?' He answered: 'It makes him think crooked.'

A Barrel of Whiskey.

A barrel of headaches, of heartaches, of woes,

A barrel of curses, a barrel of blows;

A barrel of tears from a world-weary wife;

A barrel of sorrows, a barrel of strife;

A barrel of all unavailing regret;

A barrel of cares, and a barrel of debt;

A barrel of crime and a barrel of pain;

A barrel of hope ever blasted and vain;

A barrel of falsehood, a barrel of cries,

That fall from the maniac's lips as he dies;

A barrel of agony, heavy and dull;

A barrel of poison — of this nearly full;

A barrel of liquid damnation, that fires

The brain of the fool who believes it inspires;

A barrel of poverty, ruin, and blight;

A barrel of terrors, that grow with the

night;

A barrel of hunger, a barrel of groans;

A barrel of orphans' most pitiful moans;

A barrel of serpents, that hiss as they

pass

From the head of the liquor that glows

in the glass.

The Pillar of Scripture.

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them. Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink.—Isa. v. 11, 22.

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But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment.—Isa. xxviii, 7.

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Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. xx, 1.

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Hear thou, my son, and be wise, and guide thine heart in the way. Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh. For the drunkard and glutton shall come to poverty.—Prov. xxiii, 19-21.

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Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

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They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

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Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

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At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.—Prov. xxiii, 29-32.

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Now the works of the flesh are manifest which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like:

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Of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.—Gal. v., 19, 21.

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Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken.—Hab. ii, 15.

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If meat cause my brother to offend I will eat no flesh, while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.—I. Cor. viii, 13.

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It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak. Destroy not him with thy meat (or drink), for whom Christ died.—Romans xiv., 15, 21.

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Who is wise, and he shall understand these things? Prudent, and he shall know them? For the ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk in them: But the transgressor shall fall therein.—Hosea xiv., 9.