

DICK JOHNSON'S PICTURE.

Dick kept *the* fashionable saloon in town. It was tip-top. Every glass was polished to perfection. The liquors just sparkled in the decanters. The counter was all over carving and gilding, and the bar-tender was the daintiest young man in Fiddleburg.

Dick himself was proud of "that 'ere establishment," as he called it. He would look into the mirrors with perfect pride as he beheld his own picture in their polished faces.

Fiddleburg had a new painter. He was an artist. A picture by Nicols was a real gem. Most of the stores had one, in some shape or another. The livery stable man had a horse painted that people came miles to see. The butcher had a cow that you could almost hear calling her calf, so life-like did it appear. The restaurant man had a pie and some cakes and doughnuts so exquisitely done, that when he put them in his window the boys felt just like grabbing at them. The milliner had a wooden dummy in her window, with a face and neck so tinted and fixed that men all stopped to gaze at that lovely thing.

Dick Johnson thought he would have a grand sign for his saloon. Cost, to him, was nothing so that it might be grand and suggestive.

"Hello, old fellow," said Dick, as he entered the paint shop, and saw a splendid figure for a cigar stand just finished. "I've got a job for you. It must be something hifalutin, and the bill ain't limited."

That was just what our man of colors wanted. He was ambitious, and very glad to get the chance to paint something really fine, if he could only get well paid for it.

"I want a sign," said Dick, "something to show what I do—to suggest the business, you know; just anything good you can think of. You are a painter, and can tell better than I what will do."

"I'll do my very best," said Nicols, and Dick was off without another word.

The painter went to work, and all his skill and ingenuity was brought to the task. He got a long wide side board, and filled it with human figures, almost life size, and so life-like in appearance that you could almost see them stir. Beginning at one end was a good-looking young man, coming to take a drink. The next figure was the same man, somewhat intoxicated; and in the next he was down in the gutter; then in jail; then in a fight, and lastly a poor broken down man in poverty. Alongside, in the different stages of life were his mother and sisters weeping at his condition, and a sad wife and children at her side. Then the boy was seen in the Industrial School, and his girl in the Magdalen. It was most beautifully painted, and underneath was lettered, in fine characters, "We make these things here."

When Dick was told it was done, he settled the bill, ordered it put up at once, lighted his cigar and went on with his exciting game of cards, not taking time even to look at his new embellishment. It was covered with paper till dark, so as to surprise the residents of Fiddleburg at daylight. And it did, too. Next morning, as Dick's usual customers came for their usual morning bitters, they saw that picture, and—stepped back, having changed their minds about what they would do. Not one of them crossed the threshold.

Dick had played late, and drank rather freely, and therefore slept till noon. When he came down stairs the saloon was empty. Bar-keeper and every one else in town had been in front studying that new sign, but no one seemed anxious for "a smile" under the circumstances. Dick went out to see the sign, too, and he saw "the point" at once, and had that sign taken down "on the double quick," but many of his old customers never got over that morning's impression, and Dick has yet a sign to dispose of to any saloon keeper who wants one of that particular kind.—*Selected.*

IN THE RAPIDS.

BY J. E. McCONAUGHY.

A young man had finished his course of study, and, with his many social advantages and good talents he had much in his favor towards making a start in life. His career might have been one of marked success but for one thing. At college he had allied himself with a class of young men who often indulged in the social glass, instead of the sober, reliable set who shunned as they would a poisoned serpent all such temptations. Once he had laughed at their scruples, proud of his own strength to drink or leave it alone, as he pleased. A student who had long known him had often visited his room and urged him to give up his present companions and join himself to the set who would do him good and not evil, but all to no purpose.

He came back to his old home and was rambling with a friend over pleasant paths he had known in childhood. They seated themselves on a bank at last, and the faithful friend remonstrated with him on the dangerous course he was pursuing. Turning towards him he threw his head on his knee and exclaimed in anguish:

"O cousin! if I could only describe to you these awful feelings of insatiable thirst. It is like ten thousand devils gnawing at my vitals."

"Why, then, will you not be persuaded to break off from these habits of drink?"

"It is impossible. I would give everything I own to be able to do it. But the raging fire within can only be assuaged by another drink, and another, and another; and so it must go on until death! Oh! it is hopeless, hopeless."

And this was his boasted independence; his ability to drink or leave it off. A few weeks later he was found dead drunk in the streets and was taken to the almshouse, where he died shortly afterwards.

No one ever seems to awake to his danger until it is too late. Like the infatuated Captain Webb, each thinks he will be able to swim through a worse whirlpool than that below Niagara and yet escape unhurt. The poor swimmer's sad fate is a fair type of any one's security who once enters these fearful rapids.

A man who made this same assertion of his perfect command of himself in this matter was earnestly desired by a friend to test the question for one month by entirely abstaining, and he would hold himself convinced. For argument's sake he consented. A few days after he met his friend, with a very anxious, haggard face. Grasping his hand, he told him how his eyes had been opened. He had no idea it would require such a struggle to break off his habit of an occasional glass. He saw he must abstain, not for a month only, but for life, or he would yet become a hopeless slave. He was glad the warning came in time to save him.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

FIVE CENTS A DRINK.

Five cents a drink! does any one think
That that is really the price of a drink?
'Five cents a glass!' I hear you say,
Ah, no indeed? 'tis a very small sum
You are passing over 'twixt finger and thumb;
And if that were all you gave away,
It wouldn't be very much to pay!

The price of a drink? let him decide,
Who has his courage lost and his pride,
And lies, a groveling heap of clay,
Not far removed from a beast to-day.
The price of a drink? let that one tell,
Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell,
Honor and virtue, love and truth,
All the glory of pride and youth,
Hopes of manhood, the wealth of fame,
High endeavor, the noble aim;
These are the treasures thrown away,
As the price of a drink, from day to day.

The price of a drink? If you want to know
What some are willing to pay for it, go
Through the wretched tenement over there,
With dingy windows and broken stair.
There poverty dwells with her hungry brood,
Wild-eyed creatures for want of food;
There shame, in a corner, crouches low;
There violence deals its cruel blow;
The innocent ones are thus accursed,
To pay the price of another one's thirst.

'Five cents a glass!' Oh, if that were all
The sacrifice would indeed be small!
But the money's worth is the least amount
We pay: whoever will keep an account
Will learn the terrible waste and blight,
That follows that ruinous appetite.
'Five cents a glass!' does anyone think
That that is really the price of a drink.

—*Western Wave.*