

For Girls and Boys.

\$10,000.

READ THIS STORY, BOYS!

"Gentlemen," said a repentant drinking man, at a temperance meeting held in ———, during the Murphy excitement, "gentlemen, it has cost me \$10,000 to bring my nose to its present state of perfection." \$10,000! And what did he have besides his red nose? An aching and remorseful heart, a pain-racked and diseased body; a home where a miserable woman probably dragged her weary life along in wretched, hopeless apathy, crushed and bowed to the earth by the shame of being a drunkard's wife. "\$10,000!" wrote the recording angel, and turned in stern sorrow from the page. "\$10,000!" chuckled the rum-seller; "I am that much richer—am I not a lucky man?" "\$10,000!" said the devil; "what a fool! I'll have him surely, if he doesn't look out." "\$10,000!" whispered a little boy away back in the corner, whose father was killed in a drunken brawl. "\$10,000 would make my mother happy, and I wouldn't have to sell newspapers for a living, and stay out of school when my heart is hungry for books." "\$10,000!" soliloquized the young man who drank a little, "I can't afford that." And he signed the pledge though he did not mean to.

The confession was like a spark that sprang into the flame, and ran with vivid tongues of fire through the vast audience. The little boy went forward with the throng with all the manliness of twenty-five. He wrote his name as well as he could, and proudly took his pledge card. When he thought himself unnoticed he wrote slyly on its back, "Ten thousand dollars saved for mother by not drinking." That was exactly the way he wrote it, so you need not laugh. Maybe his own father had wasted as much over his cups, and now his child had no time to learn to spell. He was busy all day at anything to turn an honest penny, and fights, poor little fellow, he was too tired and sleepy to even look at a book.

How do I know what he wrote? In passing out his precious card was brushed from his hand. He could not go back, for the throng pressed on.

It was picked up by the janitor, given to one of the officers in charge; was next day posted on an immense blackboard, and served as a text for one of the most magnificent lectures of the course. What a lot of wet handkerchiefs there were when the speaker was through! How red the ladies' eyes were—almost as red as the drunkard's nose! And Jimmy—there, I didn't mean to tell one bit of his name—who had stolen back to get his treasured card, and to see if he could sell a few books and papers, trembled like a leaf with excitement, to think he was the hero of all that grand talk, and the color went in and out of his cheeks with just that quiver you have seen in the sky when the northern lights wave and tremble. By and by the gentleman called his name, and somebody put him on the platform, and then there was such a stamping and clapping as you never heard of before in your life. And how did it all end? Why, good people interested themselves in the child and its mother, and Jimmy goes to school now, and his mother is matron in a "Temperance House;" and some day, if you don't study hard, boys, Jimmy will be at the top of the ladder, while you are just beginning to climb. I want you to remember the man—for he was a real, living man—who said: "It cost me \$10,000 to bring my nose to its present state of perfection;" and think of the boy, a drunkard's orphan, who resolved to save \$10,000 for his mother by not drinking;" and if you are tempted to drink, see if you cannot make and keep as good a resolution.—Mrs. G. W. White.

A DEADLY SERPENT.

Some time ago a party of sailors visited the Zoological Gardens. One of them, excited by the liquor he had taken, and as an act of bravado to his companions, took hold of a deadly serpent. He held it up, having seized it by the nape of the neck in such a way that it could not sting him. As he held it the snake (unobserved by him) coiled itself around his arm, and, at length it got a firm grasp, and wound tighter and tighter, so that he was unable to detach it. As the pressure of the snake increased, the danger grew, and at length the

sailor was unable to maintain his hold on the neck of the venomous reptile, and was compelled to loose it. What did the snake then do? It turned around and stung him and he died. So it is with the appetite of strong drink. We can control it at first, but in a little while it controls us. We can hold its influence in our grasp for a while, so that it shall be powerless, but afterwards it "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

RUINED BY DRINK.

A little more than twenty-five years ago Robert J. M. Goodwin was one of two or three most promising men in Asbury University, at Greencastle, Ind. His habits were good, his industry untiring, his ambition high, and his ability considerably above that of most men in his class and college. He was a man full of combativeness and abounding energy. Courageous, high-spirited, witty and generous, there was no man more generally beloved by his fellows than he. He came of a family of high character, the habit of whose members it was to win distinction in life, and his promise in that way was greater than that of any other Goodwin of them all.

When the war came he entered the service, and although neither his training nor his taste was military, he quickly distinguished himself, rising to the rank of colonel, with the brevet rank of brigadier-general conferred for meritorious service. When the fighting was done he returned to Indianapolis, and entered again upon the practice of his profession, quickly distinguishing himself at the bar. All the fair promise of his youth and early manhood seemed about to be fulfilled abundantly, and the brilliancy shown in his college career had obviously ripened into intellectual vigor of an uncommon sort.

But the good habits of his youth had given place to intemperance. His thirst for alcohol had become uncontrollable. In a little time his intellect was in ruins. The man was a sot. His friends sought to save him, and sent him for a time to a hospital for the insane, to be treated for chronic alcoholism. He was discharged thence as a patient who had recovered; but as is usually the case, the habit returned as soon as the restraint was removed, and in his drunken resentment the poor fellow shot and killed his brother who had placed him in the hospital.

For this murder he was sentenced to imprisonment for life, and a few days ago he committed suicide in his cell. The sad story of his downfall seems one worth telling in this plain way for the purpose of admonition.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

"I'LL RUN THE RISK."

"I'll run the risk; come on Hal," I heard one boy say to another, as they went around the corner. "I dare not venture;" and that was all I could hear of the answer. I did not know what the boys were talking about until two hours afterward the news came that Will Landers was drowned in the river. He had been skating and ventured out upon the river where the ice was too thin to bear him up, and so went down into the deep water and drowned before any one could reach him. The conversation that I had heard in the morning was now fully explained. The poor fellow did "run the risk," but it cost him his life.

"Don't go into the saloon, Jack, there is danger there," a friend said to Jack Raymond. "I'll run the risk," was the answer, and Jack went boldly in. It was a fearful risk to run, and Jack paid dearly for it. It cost him his good name, his reputation, his manhood, and his soul; for the poor fellow filled a drunkard's grave in a few years.

"I don't believe that it will injure me to read that novel; I'll run the risk any way," a young man said, as he took up a vile-looking book.

He read it, and it corrupted his taste for pure reading; it made vice and evil appear harmless, and the young man went to ruin.

In a great many vices into which bright boys are led, they say the same thing—"I'll run the risk," and they are ruined. Young man, don't run the risk. Shun the evil that appears so harmless. Turn away from it as from the crested serpent.—Mrs. M. A. Holt in Tidings.