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THE TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

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OUR MOTTO—NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

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EVERY Son of Temperance Should take the JOURNAL and solicit for it.

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Our Poetry.

En Voyage.

Whichever way the wind doth blow, Some heart is glad to have it so;

"My little craft sails not alone; A thousand fleets from every zone

And so I do not dare to pray For winds to wait me on my way;

"That all is well, and sure that He Who launched my bark will sail with me

"Then whatsoever wind doth blow, My heart is glad to have it so;

Here Am I, O Lord; Send Me.

Are there those around my door, Whom I, thoughtless, do not see,

Are there those who're far from home— Far from home, O Lord, and true,

Are there those who wretched lie, Sunk in sin to low degree,

Are there those who know thee not, On some island of the sea?

Send me where, thou knowest best, Where the greatest need may be;

The low, old-fashioned sofa, which of late years has rather dropped out of style,

A very handsome portiere and the result of much time and patient work was made of bits of silks, sewn together in long strips

Our Family Circle.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

THE RICH MAN WHO HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN FATHER AND MOTHER.

Hello, Jim! Where have you been lately? shouted a broker the other evening to a portly, finely dressed man

Kinder good to visit your boyhood home, eh? You bet. Sit down. I was just thinking about the old folks,

If you have a few minutes to spare, sit down, light a cigar, and listen to the story of a rich man who had almost forgotten his father and mother.

They sat down and the man told his story.

How I came to visit my home happened in a curious way. Six weeks ago I went down to Fire Island fishing.

In the first place I must tell you how I came to New York. I had a tiff with my father and left home.

He stared at me and replied: "You've got the best of me, sir. I told him who I was and what I had been doing in New York, and he didn't make any bones of talking to me."

I told him who I was and what I had been doing in New York, and he didn't make any bones of talking to me. Said he: "It's about time you came home. You in New York rich, and your father scratching gravel to get a bare living."

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Father came in a moment, and from the kitchen asked, "What do you want, Caroline?"

Then he came in. He knew me in a moment. He struck out his hand and grasped mine and said sternly, "Well, young man, do you propose to behave yourself now?"

He tried to put on a bold front, but he broke down. There we three sat, like whipped school children, all whimpering.

Where do you live, Jimmy? she asked. In New York, I replied.

I'm working in a dry goods store. Then I suppose you don't live very high, for I hear tell of them city clerks

I told her that I would be delighted with the sparrows, and to tell the truth, John, I haven't eaten a meal in New York

I didn't say a word, but went out to the barn bedded down the horses, broke up an armful of shingles, pumped a pail of water, filled the wood-box, and then all went to bed.

Father called me at 4:30 in the morning, and while he was getting me a cup of coffee I skipped over to the depot and got my best bass rod.

At noon we went ashore, and father went to the postoffice. I got a letter from Chicago with a check for \$1000 in it.

When the recent death of an honored ex-official of the United States was announced, his physician said that although he was suffering from Bright's Disease, that was not the cause of death.

The writers of the above letter give these facts to the public simply to justify the claims that they have made, that "if the kidneys and liver are kept in a healthy condition by the use of Warner's safe cure, which hundreds of thousands have proved to be a specific, when all others failed, and that has received the endorsement of the highest medical talent in Europe, Australia, and America, many a life would be prolonged and the happiness of the people preserved."

Our readers are familiar with the preparation named. Commendation thereof has often appeared in our columns.

We believe it to be one of the best, if not the best ever manufactured. We know the proprietors are men of character and influence.

We are certain they have awakened a widespread interest in the public mind concerning the importance of the kidneys. We believe with them that they are the key to health, and that for their restoration from disease and maintenance in health, there is nothing equal to this great remedy.

The proprietors say they "do not glory in this universal prevalence of disease, but having started out with the purpose of spreading the merits of Warner's safe cure before the world, because it cured our senior proprietor, who was given up by the doctors as incurable, we feel it our duty to state the facts and leave the public to its own inferences. We point to our claims, and to their public and universal verification with pride, and if the public does not believe

what we say, we tell them to ask their friends and neighbors what they think about our preparations."

As stated above, we most cordially commend the perusal of this correspondence by our readers, believing that in so doing, we are fulfilling a simple public obligation.

MARRIED IN A SNOW BANK.

Olathe Despatch to Kansas City Journal.

News came to town this morning of a romantic marriage which took place on Christmas Eve about eight miles west of here. The contracting parties were J. R. Brown, a lawyer of Havana, Ill., and Miss Amanda Walker, a young school teacher of the same place.

They are honest, too, this motley crowd, than some who aren't beggars. A little ragamuffin of them who takes a liking to you will often run up to you with his buttonhole bouquet and

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heard from my old home way up in Maine for ten years. I am going home to-morrow. —New York Sun.

OUR CONFESSION OF FAITH.

BY WHICH IT IS HOPED ANY INJUSTICE MAY BE CORRECTED.

To the readers of the REPORTER: In common with many publishers and editors, we have been accustomed to look upon certain statements which we have seen in our columns as merely adroit advertising.

Consequently we feel justified in taking the liberty of printing a few points from a private letter recently received from one of our largest patrons as a sort of confession of faith to our readers. We quote:

"We have convinced ourselves that by telling what we know to be true, we have produced at last a permanent conviction in the public mind. Nine years ago we stated what the national disease of this country was, and that it was rapidly increasing. Five years ago we stated that a marked check had been given it."

"The statistics of one largest life insurance companies of this country show that in 1883 and 1884 the mortality from kidney disorders did not increase over the previous years: other companies stated the same thing. It is not presumptuous for us to claim credit for checking these ravages."

"Seven years ago we stated that the condition of the kidneys was the key to the condition of health: within the past five years all careful life insurance companies have conceded the truth of this statement, for whereas, ten years ago, chemical analysis to determine the condition of the kidneys was not required, to-day millions of dollars in risks are refused, because chemical examination discovers unsuspected diseases of the kidneys."

Nine years ago we stated that the ravages of Bright's Disease were insignificant compared with other unsuspected disorders of the kidneys of many misleading names; that ninety-three per cent, of human ailments are attributable to deranged kidneys which fills the blood with uric acid, or kidney poison, which causes these many fatal diseases.

The uric acid, or kidney poison, is the real cause of the majority of causes of paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, convulsions, pneumonia, consumption, and insanity; over half the victims of consumption are first the victims of diseased kidneys."

"When the recent death of an honored ex-official of the United States was announced, his physician said that although he was suffering from Bright's Disease, that was not the cause of death. He was not frank enough to admit that the apoplexy which overtook him in his bed, was the fatal effect of the kidney poison in the blood, which had eaten away the substance of the arteries and brain; nor was Logan's physician honest enough to state that his fatal rheumatism was caused by kidney acid in the blood. "If the doctors would state in official reports the original cause of death, the people of this country would be alarmed, yea, nearly panic stricken, at the fearful mortality from kidney disorders."

The writers of the above letter give these facts to the public simply to justify the claims that they have made, that "if the kidneys and liver are kept in a healthy condition by the use of Warner's safe cure, which hundreds of thousands have proved to be a specific, when all others failed, and that has received the endorsement of the highest medical talent in Europe, Australia, and America, many a life would be prolonged and the happiness of the people preserved."

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