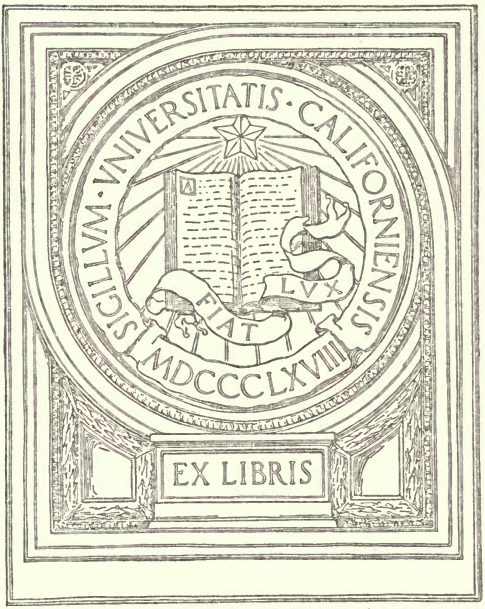
SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
LVX
FIAT
MDCCCLXVIII
EX LIBRIS

Ada Dike

Danvers Mass.

1854.

DURHAM VILLAGE;

A

TEMPERANCE TALE.

BY

CORRA LYNN.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN P. JEWETT & COMPANY.
CLEVELAND, OHIO:
JEWETT, PROCTOR & WORTHINGTON.
1854.

STEREOTYPED BY
HOBART & ROBBINS,
BOSTON.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE ARRIVAL, ... 5

CHAPTER II.

THE CURSE, ... 11

CHAPTER III.

THE FUNERAL, ... 17

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEPARTURE, ... 22

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE CITY, ... 27

CHAPTER VI.

THE DISCOVERY, ... 33

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW HOME, ... 40

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PARSON'S COMMISSION, ... 46

CHAPTER IX.

A WOMAN'S "SPHERE," 55

CHAPTER X.

THE SICK ROOM, ... 64

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT CAN BE DONE? 70

CHAPTER XII.

THE COUNTRY SEAT, ... 77

CHAPTER XIII.
THE DEN, ... 83

CHAPTER XIV.
THE LOST FOUND, ... 90

CHAPTER XV.
THE COUNTRY SEAT, ... 100

CHAPTER XVI.
FRANK DOWNER, ... 108

CHAPTER XVII.
VOTING-DAY, ... 114

CHAPTER XVIII.
LITTLE ARTHUR, ... 120

CHAPTER XIX.
THE DISCLOSURE, ... 125

CHAPTER XX.
FRANK DOWNER, ... 131

CHAPTER XXI.
THE RIDE TO THE CITY, ... 137

CHAPTER XXII.
ADVENTURES OF THE CITY GENTLEMEN, ... 143

CHAPTER XXIII.
THE SECRET PAPERS, ... 149

CHAPTER XXIV.
NO HOPE, ... 155

CHAPTER XXV.
THE TWO SIDES, ... 159

CHAPTER XXVI.
THE RETRIBUTION, ... 164

CHAPTER XXVII.
THE PROPOSAL, ... 169

CHAPTER XXVIII.
REST, ... 172

CHAPTER I.

THE ARRIVAL.

The horses trotted briskly through the main street. They seemed to know they had come from the city, and meant to do the best they could to astonish the quiet villagers; they champed their shining bits, held up their dappled necks, and left a cloud of dust behind them. Their driver was as pleased and proud as they. It was his first visit to his old homestead since he had left it six years ago, and he returned the owner of the light carriage and the fine grays. He had not, however, forgotten the way to his home, and, as he turned off the main street into an almost grass-grown path, the memory of his boyhood crept over him, and insensibly he checked his horses into a walk. There lay the path to the pond, and there the walnut forest; here he had cut poles from the brush, and there he had climbed the hill for the stray sheep. O! happy, innocent days of childhood! The busy, noisy, bustling world, of which he now knew far too much, had not then entered, with its snares; and he knew and felt that his *heart* had not been a gainer, and willingly would have stepped back into its purity, and been once again a child.

But now the slanting roof of the farm-house was just visible through the trees, now out of sight, then again in view; and, impatient to meet its inmates, he gave loose rein and dashed on.

"Betty, Betty! do look out yonder. There 's a stranger coming up the road. He has either lost his way, or else I 'm afeard his horses have run away with him."

"How like blazers he comes, grandma'am, don't he?" said a rough voice behind the old lady's chair. "I was just now looking out the barn winder, and I seed him take the turn by the grist-mill. Thinks I, I 'll go and tell Betty; and I was a coming leisurely along when I looked and seed he 'd got to the bridge; then thinks I, I had better put, and come like a streak. Blazers!"

The last ejaculation was uttered as the young man dashed into the yard, reined his spirited horses in at the door, and, before Betty could disengage her hand from the spinning-wheel, had thrown his arms about her neck.

"It is my William!" was all she could, for the moment, say; and then came a flood of tears to her relief.

"And here 's grandmother, too!" he said, advancing towards the old lady's chair, from which she had endeavored twice to rise, in vain; "knitting the very same stocking, I do believe! And honest Ephraim, my man, how are you?" and he gave him a right cordial shake of the hand. "But where are father and the girls, mother?"

"They have gone down to Ermine Swamp for the day: but I 'll send Ephraim for them."

"No, no; I will take a stroll down that way when it is about time for them to be starting for home, and Ephraim may take the horses out of harness for me. Don't feed them yet."

"No, sir;" and Ephraim was off in an instant.

It was not long before the table almost groaned with the weight of good cheer; not such as William had tasted at the Globe Hotel, where he boarded when in the city, but the right healthful, hearty, farmer's fare of his youth; and I doubt whether he had enjoyed a meal as much, since the last time the same hands had spread the white cloth.

"Now, mother, I 'm off for the woods. If I recollect rightly, over Dun Meadow is the shortest path."

"Yes; and turn to the left when you reach the four corners."

"Do you think they will know me, mother?" he asked, as he stepped from the door.

"I think father will, but the girls not."

Betty stood long at the window, watching her boy until he had turned from sight; and there was a motherly pride in her manner when she said,

"Is not he handsome, mother? Did you notice his eyes, and how beautifully his hair curls? I can scarcely believe he is my boy, though they say I was handsome when I was young."

"There was not a handsomer than you in all Durham, Bessy, if I do say it; and the boy looks well

enough. 'Handsome is what handsome does,' though," added the old lady; "and I hope William is a likely lad."

Ermine Swamp lay about three miles from the farm-house, and yet the way seemed short to William, lying as it did amid scenes so familiar to him. Every tree seemed like an old friend, and an honest one. The birds appeared like the same which had sung to him when a boy; and they sung as sweetly as ever now, though he thought they were more frightened at his footfall than once they were. Was it that they could read the past? Thus he walked on, busy with his thoughts, now happy and now sad, until the sound of voices reminded him that those whom he sought were near. A step more brought them in sight. He had forgotten that six years could change the child into the maiden, and now stood astonished at the group before him.

Partly concealed by the tall trees which stood boldly out from the forest, stood the elder sister, but not so much concealed that he could not mark the exquisite beauty of her form and features, her face glowing with the freshness which air and exercise had given it. Edith Lundley was the acknowledged beauty of the village. Near by, seated upon the side of the cart, was the younger sister, in the first budding of womanhood. His quick eye detected a strange paleness in her face, and a slightness of form which made him tremble, for he thought of the four who lay in the church-yard. Her head rested upon one hand, and in

the other she held a book, upon which she was so intent that she did not hear her father's call to drive the horse that way, until he had hallooed three times. Then, taking the reins, she drove on until she reached the place, and the red-faced, hard-working farmer emerged from the woods, with his arms filled with bark, and threw it into the wagon.

"Time has not changed him," thought William. "He is as strong and hard to work, as bound up in his lands, as ever," and he stepped in sight just as the farmer turned back into the woods. Edith uttered an exclamation which made her father turn quickly, for she had been startled at the sudden appearance of the stranger, and Julia dropped her book.

Farmer Lundley knew too well the features which had charmed him in his youth, and been the pride of his manhood, not to recognize them in his boy.

"Your mother's son," he exclaimed, as he grasped him with a hearty "grip," and shook his hands until they ached. "Here, girls, — this is your brother."

Julia sprang from her seat and gave him a hearty kiss; but Edith, — ah! Edith, — conscious of her beauty, and accustomed to be shy with her tempting lips, extended to him the hand, with a deeper coloring on her cheeks.

"I am not so easily cheated out of my brother's rights," he said, playfully, as he drew her towards him and gave the kiss which she did not return.

Farmer Lundley stayed no longer for his bark, but all mounting the cart, reached home just as Betty had

taken down the old shell, and made its first echoes heard in Ermine Swamp.

The evening passed quickly. William had many questions to ask of the past, and answers were ready and lively until the clock struck nine. Then Farmer Lundley took down the old family Bible, and, after a fervent prayer and thanksgiving to God, they retired to their rooms. The good farmer and his wife kneeled again in the stillness of their chamber, and prayed God to bless and protect their only boy. William locked his door, took out a flask of brandy from his trunk, turned out a half-glass, drank it, and was soon asleep.

CHAPTER II.

THE CURSE.

DURHAM VILLAGE was like one of our New England towns. A thriving colony of farmers had first settled it, and those who came after them, the present inheritors of the soil, had entered into the fruit of their labors. Excepting a few houses built near together, a kind of cortége to the meeting-house, school-house and inn, the houses of the villagers were scattered far and wide upon their own lands, and it was only on the Sabbath, or by some particular call to the people, that they met together as a body. A political meeting, an abolition lecture, a temperance convention, was sure to gather them all as one mass.

Deacon Lundley seemed to be *the* man among the farmers, and few dared oppose what he really put his hand to accomplish. He had not gained the ascendency by physical power, but was indebted to a kind, honest heart, and a good, sound head, for his position. He had thrown forth his sympathies for the slave, and when the cause of temperance was agitated in the village he roused himself like a giant, and went out heart and hand in its defence. He went so far as to

tear down the old cider-mill in his yard, and never, even in haying-time, offered this indispensable beverage to his workmen. Many grumbled, and swore they would be revenged for that, and yet never one refused to come to his help.

William knew this strange *fancy*, as he called it, of his father's, and, when he rose in the morning, locked his trunk, and put the key in his pocket.

Ephraim, according to direction, "brought up" the grays to the door, after breakfast; and William, taking his two sisters into the carriage, started off on an exploring expedition.

"Don't you tip them over, mister," said Ephraim, as he handed the lines to the young man; "cos, if Edith should get *one* scratch, somebody would cry!" and he burst into a loud laugh, winked both his gray eyes, chucked his hands in his pocket, and went whistling down to the barn.

"Who 's somebody?" inquired William.

"I don't know," replied Edith. "Ephraim is an odd soul, and is always saying something of the kind. Nobody that I know of, in this quiet place. Do you know that I am tired of it? I want to go back to the city with you. I 've lived here eighteen years. I want to see something of the world. I think mother would trust me under your care, and I could find something to do."

"But what will become of Julia?" he replied, hesitatingly; for he was not a little pleased with the thought of introducing so blooming a sister to his city

friends, and he thought, with his watchful eye over her, she would escape all contaminating influences. "Say, what will become of Julia?"

"I have no taste for city life," she replied, for herself. "I love my own quiet home too well to leave it — this pure air for the pent-up breath of the city!" and she shuddered, as it were, at the thought.

"O, no; Julia could not be persuaded to go," interrupted Edith. "She had rather stay at home, and read, read, read!"

"She is a book-worm, then, is she, — a regular blue?"

"Yes, nothing but books, — that is, when she can get them to read."

Julia made no reply. She was just then watching the light and shade of the summer clouds as they played over the distant mountains, and Edith continued,

"Say, Willie, do propose it to father to-night. It will be such a grand chance for me to go, riding with you all the way. Say, won't you?"

"Yes, I will. I want somebody there with me; and, if they will let you go, I will take a house, and we will go to house-keeping."

Edith's dream seemed about to be fulfilled. She was a restless spirit, and had often pictured to herself a city home, an object in the dim future, but now she felt almost sure soon to be enjoyed. And then she could be of such *use* to William; he needed some one. How tidy she would keep his things, and — but

her imagination had taken her far away from real life, and she was now in her dream-land.

At this moment the "grays" took an unaccountable start clear to the side of the road, and William had hard work to keep them from running, though in his heart he did not much blame them, for the same object which first startled them startled him also, when he had a clear view of it; and, as soon as possible, he reined the horses to a fence, and approached the object on foot.

Extended full length upon the ground, lay the apparently lifeless form of a man, and, bending over him, unconscious of the approach of strangers, a female figure stood convulsed with grief. Neither was young; the man seemed upwards of fifty, and the woman about forty-eight.

"Dead — gone! dead! dead!" she almost screamed, as she saw the party approaching her. "Dead — gone! Curses rest on Giles Standish — *curses* on him and his bairns! He gave him the last drink, though I stood by wringing my hands. I told him 't would kill him then, for it is na a week syn the fever left him. Dead, gone, — a curse!" and she held up her hand, and threw herself into an attitude of supplication, and again ejaculated, "Great Judge — a *curse!*"

"O, do not!" entreated Julia, laying her hand upon the frantic woman; "do not! It does him no good now, and it makes me tremble to hear you."

"I say a curse, my lady, and I *mean* a curse. I feel it *here*," she added, laying her hand on her heart.

"There was na a kinder than he, when Giles Standish kept out of his way. The devil himself is na a match for that mon, and Jamie ne'er withstood him, and *here* is the end. Ye *canna* blame me; ye wad curse him yoursell if — " Here she cast a glance at William, and back again to Julia. "Ye are bonnie now," she added; "so once were we."

Edith had stood by, motionless as a statue. To her proud spirit, the kindest thing another could have done for her would have been to have left her to her grief. There was a sacredness, too, in it, to her; and therefore she kept silent, and did not move until William turned to her and said,

"What is to be done? Dare you remain here until I go back for aid? or dare you drive yourself? One of the two must be done. The horses are generally gentle."

"I am used to driving," she replied. "I have not the slightest fear, if you will trust me. I had by far rather go than stay. Shall I?"

There was so much courage in the girl's tone, that William did not hesitate, but, turning the carriage, helped her in, and cautioned her not to drive fast.

Ephraim was standing, as usual, at the barn window. It was his favorite resort. If work were done, if he had a moment's spare time, he was sure to be there, surveying the country. He had thus watched the growing up of the pine forest, and there was scarce a tree therein but he could have told you the years' growth. He had thus watched the barns of the

distant neighbors, and knew just when the hawk had carried off the hen, or the sly weasel wound its way across the meadow. He stood now, apparently looking at nothing, as he caught sight of Edith, alone in the carriage, with the "grays;" and, ejaculating "Blazers!" took the path down to the mill, like, as it gave him pride afterwards to say, a *streak*, and there, pacing up and down, back and forth, awaited her nearer approach.

"What has happened? How dared ye? Where are the rest?" he asked in a breath. Edith drew in the horses, and simply told the story.

"Darn him!" was Ephraim's laconic answer. It was rarely that he was betrayed into any other expression than "Blazers," and Edith seemed a little puzzled as to whom the epithet might apply.

"I'll run tell em' to hum. Take the old cart; deacon will drive you, and we 'll be there soon. I 'll run."

It was not long before all necessary arrangements were made, and William saw the returning aid, just as he began to feel a little uneasy as to his sister. They raised the dead body tenderly (even Ephraim's rough hand was light in its touch) into the cart, lifted the now senseless woman in, and drove on to the farm.

That night — yes, that very night, with the body of that man speaking in almost living words from the room below, William took his accustomed half-glass!

CHAPTER III.

THE FUNERAL.

It was a rare assemblage that gathered around Dea. Lundley's on the day of the funeral. The incident, heightened by the additions which it had gained in its circuit round the village, had filled the people with curiosity, and they poured in from far and near. Early in the morning distant farmers had started with their families for the scene, and all grades, as well as all ages and sexes, were in the yard long before the hour appointed for the funeral services. Some sat in their wagons; others leaned against the fence, or found themselves a resting-place astride the logs, or on the plough; and, with such a crowd of people, arose a low din of voices, which could not be subdued, but only softened, by the presence of death. There were some in that assembly who should have taken warning thereby, men whose bloated countenances and ragged dress betokened signs of the same disease by which the dead man fell. But they went in, looked on, and passed out without a pang! There were some there, *young* men, whom every evening found at that same

Giles Standish's, and who left there but half themselves, — well-dressed, well-behaved, well-to-do in the world they were now, — and they, too, went in, looked on, and passed out without a pang! Giles Standish himself was there. He did not fear to go, for he knew that among the crowd were many good friends to him, and it was no time for the deacon or parson to preach to him; so he, too, went in, looked on, and passed out without a pang!

As the clock from the kitchen struck one, the aged minister was seen driving slowly up the lane. Oftentimes — ah, how often! — had he been present where death was. Forty-five years had done their work in Durham, as well as elsewhere, and he had buried the dead from sight; and now he came again on the same errand, but not to one of *his* flock. Far, far away o'er the waste of waters, lay the home of the dead, beautiful with the heather and bluebell.

The old man at length reached the door, and, alighting from his wagon, entered the house The voices in the yard were stilled, and with trembling voice the pastor read the words, "As for man, his days are as grass, as a flower of the field so he flourisheth:" then followed selection after selection, solemn and impressive, and a powerful appeal to the living to beware of that which had sown the seeds of death in this man.

"My friends," he concluded by saying, "there *shall* be no such thing among us as a place where death is sold, — death to the body and death to the soul. From the distant home of this stranger there comes

a voice to us, — 'Turn aside!' from the broken hearts of mothers, from the wretched abodes of want, there comes a voice to us, — 'Away with this curse from the land!' Let us join heart and hand to drive it out, as one of the plagues of Egypt. Men among *us* who sell death! Men who live on widows' sobs and orphans' tears! *Let no such thing be!*" Then, lowering his voice, and pointing with his withered hand to the coffin, he said, "When He maketh inquisition for blood, he *remembereth* THEM!"

Ere the close of this appeal, Giles Standish had escaped behind the barn, and as the funeral procession moved slowly down the lane he could be seen skulking home through the fields.

After the body had been deposited, groups of men might be seen within the grave-yard, engaged in earnest conversation. The event had created an excitement in the village, and the friends of temperance now rallied, and conferred together as to the best mode of procedure.

"Pass the liquor bill," exclaimed a man in the largest group. "The liquor bill, — can't get drunk on that, nohow."

"But there must be some place where we can get it in case of sickness."

"Let Parson Dole dole it out, then."

"Two licenses will be enough. We must have two; one at this end of the town, and one at the other, in case of sickness, you know," interrupted the same voice.

"Jim, you 'd have the rheumatiz twice a week, sure," ejaculated a third.

"The liquor bill," urged the first. And thus they warred with words until the setting sun warned them to separate.

Giles Standish had, in the mean while, reached his home, entered his store, and began busying himself in preparations for his customers, of whom he felt sure he should have many more than usual. He took down extra tumblers, washed them, and arranged them on the counter, filled to the very brim the demijohns, and seated himself to watch the "coming of the prey;" and ere long they poured in to his heart's content.

"Here, another glass, old one; I 'll drink a health to Parson Dole for his sermon!" called out a voice in the crowd, and, jostling the half-intoxicated gang hither and thither, the man made his way, amid shouts of fiendish laughter, to the counter; then, mounting on the top of a hogshead, he delivered a eulogy upon the minister!

Who would have thought, to have looked in upon that gathering after one hour, that they were men? Some sat upon the counter, with their heads fallen upon their breasts, in a heavy sleep; some sat in chairs, with their hats slouched over their eyes, smoking; some sat leering at nothing, with an idiotic expression of face; some laughed and swore, or kicked their feet against others who had preferred the floor because they could neither sit or stand. And these

were human beings — *immortal minds!* Alas for Giles Standish, if the Judge call him now! And this is not the worst of it; the misery of it shall be when the morning comes, — when the fumes of the first draught are dissipated, and the *fireside circle* feels the reäction.

Yet this was in Durham, — our thrifty farming village!

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEPARTURE.

Two weeks had passed quietly away, save this excitement at the farm-house. Mrs. Corneille, the Scotch woman, had found, for the present, a home with Mrs. Lundley, She seemed a neat, orderly person, and Mrs. Lundley was in need of some one to help her during the summer, as Edith would go to the city, and her dairy was large and harvesting drawing near. It was evident, from Mrs. Corneille's appearance, that she had seen far different times from these; and there were oftentimes such distinct traces of the lady in her deportment, as made old Ephraim stand in considerable awe of her.

Edith had prepared herself carefully for her change of home. William had given her a present of a nice black-silk dress, and when it was finished, and laid in her trunk, she felt "made" for any occasion. Her wardrobe was extremely tidy; yet, withal, it had a country air. It would have gone sorely against her pride had she known it, but it was only one of the many lessons which awaited her in the "fairy city."

The day had arrived for her departure; the "grays" were again at the door, her trunk in, and nothing remained to be said but the good-by.

"Good-by, grandmother," she gayly said, as she kissed the old lady's forehead. "I am going to try my luck now."

"It is only with William I would trust you, you mad-cap!" replied her grandmother, half jestingly, half in earnest, as she returned her kiss.

"And now, William, take good care of her; she is young and — pretty," were the whispered words of his mother, as she kissed him; and they were off.

Mrs. Lundley stood leaning on her husband's shoulder, at the door, watching them as they drove on, and Ephraim had retreated to the barn window, whither Mrs. Corneille followed him.

"Blazers!" he ejaculated, as she laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Na sa loud, Ephraim, na sa loud. I tell ye it 's a sair day when that bonnie bairn left her ain home. It 's a sair day. I've seen as fair as he trusted ere now, and — can ye keep a secret, Ephraim?"

Here she stopped, and Ephraim began to feel a little uncomfortable. He had heard of the wiles of the widow, and, innocent soul, he thought he was in for it now. So, saying to himself, "Well, if 't is to be, 't is to be, — I 'll run, — Blazers!" he folded his arms across his breast, and replied,

"Guess I *can;* if it an't nothing partic'ler."

"It is something I ken about Master William."

"Master William!" exclaimed Ephraim, now fearless and himself again. "What?"

"Yes; I fear for the lad, and it 's na sa sure I would tell them of it."

"Tell them what?"

"No, I wonnot tell them, but I tell ye; that lad is not to be trusted. I found a drop of something like brandy on his table, yester morn. I knew it too well. It *was*—"

"Blazers! No. I gin him a bowl of tea, 't other evening. 'T was that; so, don't distress yourself. La! 't was my tea," and Ephraim seemed to enjoy the idea greatly.

Mrs. Corneille could hardly be persuaded that it was so, but at length relinquished her fears and returned to the house. Julia had cheerfully aided Edith in all her preparations, yet not without a secret fear in her heart for the issue. Oftentimes at night, when Edith lay sleeping quietly beside her, she would lie watchful and anxious for the fair sleeper. Edith, it was true, was the elder, but Julia's close and constant intercourse with books had rapidly developed her mind, and she was years her senior in the knowledge of men and manners. If books failed her, she would study the characters of others and her own heart; until, young as she really was, she had formed a character of which many would have been proud. She knew many of the trials which awaited her sister, and now that she had really gone, she had retired into William's chamber, and, seating herself at the window, wept long and bitterly. She had hoped, in the busy hours which come to every household in the morning, to

escape notice. It was so usual for her to be away with her book, — her health was too delicate for hard work, — that she was right in her hopes as to all the regular inmates; but Mrs. Corneille, who had taken a great fancy to the "lily ladie," as she called her, missed her, and went in search for her. Julia did not hear her footstep until she stood by her side, and therefore could not escape.

"Dinna ye greet so sair. Safer is the birdie in its ain nest than the ane who flits too soon. It is not I that wad change places with her."

"O, it is not for that I weep, Mrs. Corneille! My home is a thousand times dearer to me than all else; it is not for that, — it is something that I fear."

"Heaven save me! ye have na found out the thing. Ephraim says it was na brandy; he gave Master William the *tea!*"

In an instant a change spread over the features of the young girl. At first the color crimsoned her face and neck, and then a deathly paleness settled itself upon her.

"What do you mean, Mrs. Corneille?" she at length asked, in a quiet voice. "What is it that you mean?"

Mrs. Corneille saw her mistake; she knew there was no use in evasion, and told Julia the truth. It was evident that Julia's fears were aroused more than ever. She was accustomed to keep her heart locked, and therefore Mrs. Corneille fancied she had lulled her doubts; but, not so; once awakened to the sus-

picion, her mind, rendered a little morbid by disease, dwelt upon it, until it began to assume an almost palpable existence, and her anxieties for the absent were redoubled.

That evening, as the bright moon threw its silvery rays over the sleeping Edith, it shone upon the form of a young and pure-hearted girl kneeling in the attitude of prayer, with her hands clasped, and an expression of trust resting upon her countenance.

There is hope in that prayer. It went up from the depths of a burdened heart, and was registered in heaven.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE CITY.

Safe and prosperous was the journey to the city. Edith was charmed with all she saw; and, as she alighted at the Globe Hotel, was too much attracted by the novelty of the scene to notice the many gentlemen who involuntarily turned to gaze as she passed up the steps. She was quick to mark, however, on her first entrance to the elegant parlor, the rich dresses of the ladies within, and quick to compare her plain gingham travelling-dress with theirs. As soon as she had been shown to her room, she arranged her hair tastefully, and even elegantly, — a native elegance which art could not baffle, — dressed herself in her black silk, adjusted some exquisite rose-buds, which she had gathered in the morning, in the place of the elegant breast-pins which had adorned the ladies below, and awaited William's coming.

Ere long the gong sounded for dinner, and William was well pleased to see Edith thus arrayed, as she answered his knock at the door; and, with a feeling of pride, he offered her his arm, and they went down to the hall. As they passed the parlor door, a young

man stepped out, giving Lundley a warm welcome and gracefully bowing to the lady.

"My sister, Mr. Dunlap," was the short introduction, and the party reached the dining-room.

It was not without a feeling of uneasiness that Editl found Mr. Dunlap was her right-hand neighbor. She would have preferred taking her dinner in silence allowed to observe all that was going on around her but Mr. Dunlap was evidently an accomplished talker and she felt obliged to answer him; yet, withal, she answered him with such a natural dignity, that he seemed a little embarrassed, and once or twice made a dead pause.

"Dunlap has found his match there, I take it, by those eyes," said a middle-aged gentleman, at the foot of the table, to a friend at his side.

"Jove! I think he has," was the reply.

"He will drink her health soon," said a third.

"That 's his last resort," replied a fourth.

"She is handsome, though, — a perfect Diana!" chimed in the soft voice of an exquisite.

"Not so *very*, Robert," replied a female voice "There is something too much *à la countrie* in her manner; is there not, Mr. Henley?"

The gentleman thus addressed was about to reply when his companion gave him a slight touch, and a sign to notice Mr. Dunlap. The waiter had just placed a bottle of champagne before him.

"Allow me the pleasure, Miss Lundley;" and the waiter poured out the sparkling wine.

"Excuse me, sir; I *never* take wine!" was Edith's almost indignant reply.

"Bless me, no!" responded Dunlap; "allow me to drink her health, Mr. Lundley."

William raised the glass to his lips, and placed it down untasted. Well will it be for Edith if she hereafter has the moral principle to do that which now, in her ignorance, she did without a struggle.

The group at the end of the table were highly amused at the incident, and Dunlap could not but perceive it; however, he then took a vow that she yet should take wine with him in the presence of these witnesses, and his will was *invincible.* After dinner, Edith, weary with her ride and the excitement, retired to her chamber, and William joined his companions in the "Reading-room."

He was always welcome. Possessed of the finest natural qualities to an uncommon degree, he had not failed to make many friends. His prosperity in business, his lavish generosity, his kind heart, were magnets which attracted the young men towards him; and, as he entered the reading-room, many voices welcomed him at once.

"Quiet time down there, hey?" simpered the exquisite Mr. Diamond, as he approached the table where William sat.

"O, not at all; home is home."

"Many down there like her?" interrogated Mr. Dunlap.

"She 's a beauty, though, 'a dark Castillian maid,'" sang Mr. Diamond.

"She is your sister, I take it," said Mr. Henley, looking up from his newspaper. "She resembles you so much, one could not be mistaken."

"Should like the pleasure of her acquaintance," replied Mr. Diamond.

"I declare," interrupted Mr. Henley, "Madame Lavigne has arrived, and gives her first concert day after to-morrow evening!"

Such news changed the topic of conversation; and gradually one by one settled themselves to their reading or cigar, or went out to their business.

William was seated next to Mr. Henley, and was reading an article with much interest, when Mr. Henley gave him a slight touch, and spoke to him in a low tone.

"There has been the very deuce to play with Dunlap since you have been gone. Do not trust your sister with him often."

"Thank you a thousand times, sir!" replied William. "I need not inquire why, for I have learned to respect Mr. Henley's opinion. I will be watchful;" and they both returned to their reading.

As William rose to leave the room, Dunlap approached, and begged him to present his compliments to his sister, and "allow him the pleasure of her company to the concert."

"Thank you," replied William, "I must retain that privilege myself," and with a bow withdrew. As

Dunlap retreated to the window, he cast a searching glance at Mr. Henley, who was just then intent on the sale of stock.

In the evening Edith took her seat in one of the parlor windows, half concealing her form by the rich drapery of the damask curtains. She wished to remain unnoticed, and be allowed to look on in silence. She had told William to leave her there, and go himself to converse with his friends, cautioning him not to introduce her to any one that evening. She enjoyed it highly. The polished manners of the gentlemen pleased her, and the easy grace of the ladies delighted her. Wit, beauty and intelligence, were there. She seemed almost lost in a world of wonder, and at last came to the conclusion that William must be love-proof, to have withstood such charms as every lady there possessed in her eyes. She was particularly pleased with Miss Bellmont, a young lady whose complexion was a perfect blonde, whose ivory teeth glistened at every word she spoke, and who had a roguish smile, which she knew remarkably well how to use, perpetually flitting around her mouth. Edith was not surprised to see Mr. Dunlap dancing attention upon her; her only surprise was that William seemed studiously to avoid her. At length she heard Mr. Dunlap's voice.

"She sits there from choice, I believe, this evening; I was making my way towards her, when Mr. Lundley laid an embargo on my movements, saying that his sister was too weary for conversation."

"Mr. Lundley is a ——" The word was lost to Edith, but the expression of the face dwelt long in her memory.

It was with wonder that she watched the movements of a party at a game of whist. She had never seen a pack of cards before; and, as the company drew up to the table, she shuddered. Cards! the very name brought up the image of her home to her, and she felt that even in looking on she sinned. "Cards," old Parson Dole had told her, "were the bridesmaids of wine and death," and she turned away from the group for an instant; but something fascinated her, and she gazed and wondered until the game was ended. Then Mr. Dunlap rose, touched the bell, and a waiter entered with a salver of cake and wine. The ladies were all helped; some emptied the glass, others took half, others just touched it to their lips. Even William, — ah, how Edith sprang! — he poured out a glass even to the brim, and set it down empty.

This was her first evening in the city. How much had the cards and the wine elevated the refined group? and how *laden* went up the golden hours with their record?

CHAPTER VI.

THE DISCOVERY.

EDITH'S letters home were written in the finest spirits, and the warmest praises of her brother filled every page. She spoke of him as attending to her every wish, as anticipating her slightest need. She wrote of his polished manners and prosperous business; she intimated that the admiring ladies were too well pleased; and she introduced, for the entertainment of old grandmother, the little incident of the morning, in which William had met, in one of the most public streets, a little girl, toiling and trudging on with a heavy basket of pieces of wood and shavings, and had taken it out of her hands, carrying it on for her as far as he went.

"O, Julia," she concluded her letter by writing, "you have no idea what a noble brother our own William is. He lays up, annually, a small fund for mother, and our old age. His friends worship him; and well they may!" Edith did not write how she was gradually becoming as polished and as much a favorite as he. She did not allude to Mr. Dunlap's marked attentions, for she despised them so much in her heart that she could not speak of them.

It was only because she was forced to do it, that one afternoon she spoke to William about it.

"William," said she, laughing in spite of the temper that flashed from her eyes, "where do you suppose Mr. Dunlap wishes me to accompany him, this evening?"

"Who?" asked William. "Dunlap — who is he?"

"Why," replied Edith, laughing merrily at William's feigned ignorance, "Mr. Fitzgerald Dunlap, of course, — the greatest beau of the season."

"Dunlap," repeated William, "who is he?"

"Do not try me now, brother; I really am in a little doubt. I do not feel like sport. Shall I go?"

"Go where? Dunlap — who is he?" inquired William, again.

The truth flashed upon Edith in an instant. William had taken too much wine. It did not seem to shock her as it once would have done. She had not spent six weeks in the midst of the flowing wine, ignorant of its taste or of its effects; and she now, though a little startled, was not repelled.

"Lie down there on the sofa, — come;" and she placed her hand under his arm, and led him as a child.

The strong man was bowed, and allowed himself to be thus dealt with, and in a few moments fell asleep. Not that quiet, refreshing sleep with which nature blesses the temperate, but a heavy, log-like sleep, that seemed almost like death. As she sat thus watching him, a knock at the door caused her to start. It was only the servant with a card of the gentleman

who waited for her in the parlor. She simply excused herself, closed the door, and returned to the sofa. It was quiet in the room — a fit time for the slumbering heart to arouse to its work: and it did awaken.

She felt almost degraded that she was compelled to close the door on a servant, in order to conceal the condition of her brother. She felt that for that hour he was more of a man than the unconscious sleeper beside her. "It is no place for William, here," she thought; "there are too many temptations. I will persuade him to take a house, and then I can control the wine. I will give him, for a reason, Mr. Dunlap's disagreeable attentions, and I shall soon win him to my opinion. What would Julia think of me now? I will not write her of it, though; it will be of no use, for as soon as he has a home of his own he will be a new man."

After a two hours' sleep, William awoke, just as a second knock at the door started Edith from her revery. She rose to open it.

"A note for Mr. Lundley, ma'am; I wait for an answer."

William, now himself again, opened the note, read it, and, writing an answer, handed it to the servant.

It was an invitation to Dunlap's rooms for the evening. "I suppose I must go. He always does well by us. So, Dithie dear, you go to sleep, and I will go; the "Fellows of the United Corps" is what we call ourselves."

"William!" said Edith, laying her hand on his shoulder, — but he was gone.

Fitzgerald Dunlap was a young man of fortune and of taste. Having travelled on the continent, seeing everything there was to be seen, and hearing everything there was to be heard, he had returned to his own country with a desire to gather around him as many as possible of the works of art and elegance; and on this model his rooms were arranged. Pictures of the rarest beauty were suspended lavishly from the walls; madonnas and angel figures seemed to float around; marble statues of elegant structure stood half concealed in deep recesses, or, in full sight, held lighted candles to illuminate the room; the flowers on the tapestried carpets seemed almost instinct with life, vying in beauty with the camellias and roses which were blooming in the lava vases on the mantel-shelf. The library, which led out from the parlor, was well filled with the choicest volumes, and showed the same unquestionable taste as the larger room. In the centre of this room stood a table, arranged with the utmost elegance, literally groaning under its weight of fruit and flowers. Silver salvers at each corner stood laden with glasses, and cut-glass decanters filled with wine and brandy.

Mr. Dunlap was waiting for *his* guests.

He sat, or rather half-reclined, on the sofa, pretending to read a poem, when the servant opened the door and announced the visitors. Among them William observed all the hotel acquaintances, excepting Mr.

Henley. It was evident that he and Dunlap had parted company.

It was with almost a womanly tact that Dunlap directed the entertainment of his guests, and it was not until the city bell struck eleven that the doors of the library-room were thrown open, and they entered for refreshment.

It was a far different place from Giles Standish's "rum-house," in Durham woods; yet human nature was the same here as there. The richest, most expensive, most sparkling wine bore death in its cup, as well as the tumbler of unrefined gin. It was only walking over the rose-bed under whose crimson leaves the serpent lay hidden. There was not the slouched hat, or the ragged coat, in that elegant room; but there were the same sneers and oaths, the same lurid glare of the eye, the same idiotic leer. They were none the more, none the less, *men*.

Edith could not rest after William left the room. A vague feeling of danger seemed to steal over her; danger, she knew not from whence or where. She felt unsettled and disquieted. She took down from her closet one of her dresses, and endeavored to arrange the trimmings with a city finish. "The everlasting black silk," as she heard Miss Bellmont call it, as she passed her, began to be wearisome to her. She had naturally a fine taste, and all her spare time had been employed for the last week upon the dress, which now needed but a few stitches to finish, and she sat down to put them in.

A knock at the door startled her. It was not John's knock; she knew too well the peculiar rattle of his fingers to mistake, and with a quick motion she answered the call.

"Let me in quickly," said a low, female voice; "let me in quickly; I cannot stand here long. I have a note from Mr. Henley to you, ma'am, which no one else can leave but me, and I must place it in your hands," she added, as Edith closed the door after her.

"Sit down on the sofa and rest; you seem very weary, and are *so* pale!" exclaimed Edith, as the light from the gas rested full upon the young girl's face. The visitor obeyed, mechanically (evidently waiting for the answer to the note which Edith opened), the paleness of her face growing more and more apparent as Edith read on.

"Mr. Henley is a friend of yours, then?"

"Such a friend as I need and am thankful for," was the short reply.

"He says I can trust you with my message. Tell him that a country bird is too wary for that net, and I will see to it to-morrow."

"Do not fail — *to-morrow!*" exclaimed the young girl, vehemently, as she left the room. "Alas! for me there is no to-morrow!" and she vanished up the long hall like an apparition. Whither she went Edith could not tell, but she thought she perceived a figure like hers leaning on the arm of a gentleman who seemed like Mr. Henley, as the street-light fell upon his face as he turned the corner.

Edith was too much excited to sleep, and she remained sitting at the window until she saw the same gentleman return alone, and directly after heard the noise of footsteps in the entry. They seemed to be many. Presently she heard a voice,

"Softly, John, softly by Miss Lundley's door! I would not have her waken. We must get him to his room quietly, and I will watch him the rest of the night."

"Softly, hush!" said the same voice again; "once by here, we shall be safe."

Edith's heart sank within her, and as, by the sound of the retreating footsteps, she knew the party to have passed her door, she gently opened it and looked out. Mr. Henley and John were carrying William to his room. He was, as Mr. Diamond gracefully whispered in Miss Bellmont's ear the next morning, "genteelly tipsy." One view was enough. She determined from that hour that a change must be made soon. How strangely she felt! Her lips turned pale, her color fled. What could she do? Alas for Mr. Dunlap! he had won her over, at least so far as to dispel her scruples against "light wine." She took it now for a medicine — to cure an aching heart!

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW HOME.

THREE weeks after the events recorded in the last chapter, Edith was in her new home,—a fine, well-furnished house in Blond-street. William had spared neither time or expense in this settlement, and everything bore marks of true generosity. Of this change and all its interesting "minutiae" she duly informed Julia and the friends at home. She wrote in apparent good spirits. By any eye but one so quick to detect the slightest change as Julia's, a secret vein of sadness, or rather of anxiety, would not have been perceived; but she saw it,— at least, she thought so,— and she wrote back a letter of inquiry. Edith's answer relieved her, and she went through her usual duties with a lighter heart than for many days.

Mr. Dunlap was an almost incessant visitor at the new home,—in truth, the hotel acquaintance were none of them backward in keeping up the pleasant intercourse which had been commenced, and evenings were seldom spent alone at No. 22.

"Dithie," said William, one evening, to her, "our friends do not forsake us, do they?"

"Not they," replied Edith, looking up from her work, and smiling. "Home has too many comforts."

"Dunlap and Diamond say my house is perfect in all but one thing," continued William.

"What is that?—a wife?" inquired Edith.

"A wife!— no, indeed; time enough for that when," — he cast a roguish glance towards his sister, who did not seem to notice it.

"What, then?" she inquired again.

"You see my sideboard is empty, do you not?"

"O, that is it, is it?" said Edith, dropping her work.

"Yes, that's all; and Dunlap has just sent me in a present of two superb decanters, in massive silver holders, — an elegant sideboard ornament."

"Where are they?"

"In my room. I thought I would see how the thing pleased you. It is not customary, in this our city circle, to receive so many calls without wine being offered, and I wish to do it."

"I have no objection to its standing there, William, but I really do not like to have you receive this present from Dunlap. He has some concealed motive, has not he?" and she raised her arched eyebrows significantly.

"His motives are his own," laughed William. "I have no business with those, as long as the tower stands firm. I like the present."

At this moment the bell rang.

"I believe that is he, now," exclaimed William. "Stop a moment, Susan," he called to the servant who was answering the bell. "Come here and help Miss

Lundley a while, first;" and he hastened to bring the glasses for the sideboard.

"So much for custom," thought Edith, as she turned from the wine, and seated herself on the sofa. "I will never offer it myself; it may stand there, and William may do as he pleases."

The door opened, and Mr. Dunlap was announced. Edith received her guest civilly, but with a cold grace. Her very "hauteur" was charming to the gentleman. He had boasted of it again and again, as "the most admirable coolness." "It does one good to meet it," he remarked to a friend. "There is some honor in gaining a heart so cased in, — something worth the trouble. I am not in the least baffled by it." This would appear true, for he now considered himself doubly welcome to all, and seated himself in the rocking-chair, very much at home.

He had a great deal to say about Italy that evening, and, for the first time since Edith had met him, she was entertained. The descriptions were new to her, and there was something in the brilliant manner of his relating them that found a lodgment in her fancy. Italy was a land unknown to her. In the quiet of her home she had never realized the existence of such a country, except as such a place in her child's geography; and now it seemed to her a new world, filled with all that could attract and please the imagination.

"Mr. Lundley, a gentleman waits for you in the hall," said Susan, as she opened the door of the parlor,

about an hour after Dunlap's arrival. William followed her out, and soon after returned to excuse himself, as he was obliged to go out and settle some business which he could not defer. Edith gave him an entreating glance, not unnoticed by Dunlap, and for the first time she found herself alone with him.

"Are you much interested in the mosaic-work of the Italians?" asked Mr. Dunlap, as William closed the door.

"I really know nothing of it."

"If I had thought of it, I would have brought some specimens in with me. I have some very fine ones from the continent," he continued. "By the way, here is a small specimen in this ring which I have," and, drawing a massive ring from his finger, he handed it to her, rising and seating himself upon the sofa by her. "You see each one of these is a separate piece."

Edith took the ring and examined it, then handed it back, saying it was "very beautiful, and he must value it exceedingly."

"I value it because there is a strange story connected with it. Quite romantic, Miss Lundley, I can assure you. I had two of them once; one was small very small, even small enough for a lady's finger,— and it disappeared."

"You will find it again, I trust."

"May be I shall," he continued, indifferently.

"O, I hope you will."

"If I had it here now, — years have gone since then, — I would add it to your curiosities."

"It is well that you have not; I never receive presents, for I never give them."

"You *exchange*, then," he said, looking up in her face with a sinister expression which she did not like.

"I make no exchanges," was her laconic answer.

"It is but fair play," he added, taking up her hand, which lay upon the cushion. "Here is the duplicate; allow me to place it here;" and he was about slipping it upon her finger.

She threw it from her as though its beauty were nothing, and, with her dark eye flashing with temper, she said,

"I take no gifts, sir! You will learn that soon."

He did not seem to heed the temper at all, but, stooping down, took the ring up, snapped the setting asunder as though it had been glass, and laid the fragments on the sofa.

Edith would not be amused during the remainder of the evening; she would not converse much; she would not offer wine, to take the place of conversation. In fine, Mr. Dunlap was fairly obliged to make good his retreat, which he did with as much ease and grace as he had entered the parlor.

Stepping out into the street, he gave vent to his pent-up feelings in an oath, and then quickened his pace towards his rooms. As he turned the corner of a street, a light female figure emerged from a dark corner formed by the shadow of a neighboring church,

and followed in his track. When he walked slowly, she slackened her pace; when he walked fast, she walked fast also. At last, when he had reached a quiet alley, he stopped and turned round. The figure stopped.

"Come on, if you *will*," he exclaimed, in suppressed wrath.

The figure stood still.

"Come on, if you *dare!*" he added, and walked on.

She followed without a word, close on, and left him only when he gained the entrance to his rooms. Then she turned slowly away, and wound her way back among lanes and alleys, until she reached the banks of the river which flowed around the outskirts of the city. Here she seated herself upon the banks, and gazed into the deep, dark waters. They rolled sluggishly on — dark — deep. There, under there, there would be *rest*. She bent forward, placed her foot on a plank which led out into the stream, and gazed; — deep, dark and still! Could she not rest there? — dark and still! She shrank back again to the shore, exclaiming, in an agonized voice, "Alas! for me there is no to-morrow! Why can I not rest?" Deep, dark and still! She bent over again, but there was *something* that drew her back to life, and she was soon lost in the low lanes which led from the stream.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PARSON'S COMMISSION.

Parson Dole trotted his horse briskly towards the farm-house. The animal broke from his accustomed jig-jog into a good round trot as he turned into the lane, fore-knowing the peck of oats which stood ready in the stall, and whinneyed with great delight as Ephraim appeared on the steps.

"Dobbin knows me by this time, I guess. That 's a sensible horse of yourn, parson," he said, with a broad smile on his good-natured face. "Come, we 'll go," he added, to the horse, as he took him by the bits and led him towards the barn. "Walk in, sir," he continued, addressing the minister. "Grandma'am 's there, — smart as a cricket."

"Ephraim?" called the minister.

Ephraim stopped.

"Ephraim, you will come in, will you, after you have put Dobbin up? I want to speak with you."

"Guess I will," replied Ephraim, adding to himself, "Can't think of nothing I 've done wrong, nohow, unless 't was giving Mrs. Corneille my help home t' other night, when 't was black as thunder. Blazers!"

And when he returned to the house he was in a state of great excitement.

The whole family were in waiting for him, and when he entered Julia could not help smiling at the evident discomposure of his thoughts.

"Sit down, my good man," said the minister. "I have something for you to do, if you will. I am truly alarmed at the state of our people as regards intemperance, and I have come to see what can be done. Giles Standish is doing a heavy business, and has more than one stand for liquor here.

"More than one!" ejaculated Ephraim, now quite recovered from his embarrassment. "An't you mistaken?"

"I wish I was; but I have been riding around the parish, chiefly on this errand, and have been surprised indeed. I was riding through Fan District, yesterday, and saw a small house in the woods. I stopped, and entered. A woman came quickly out of a back room, lifting her finger significantly to some person who remained within. I heard distinctly the setting away of glasses, and perceived the odor of rum. I determined to sit there for a while, and so commenced conversation with her. She was respectful, evidently knowing who I was, but all the while uneasy, and looking out of the window anxiously. One by one, several men happened in; one came one way, another a different path, but each came with a bottle, which I could see them place in their pockets as they came in

sight of my carriage. All made some excuse on entering.

"'Husband at home, Miss Darney? I want to see him; he is in the back room, may be;' and the speaker disappeared.

"'Jimmy Hodges came this way, didn't he? Guess I 'll go and look,' said another.

"'Want to get some molasses,' said a third, who had too large a demijohn to conceal.

"Last of all appeared Giles Standish himself, in a light wagon. He saw my horse, and drove slowly up the road. Then I rose, bade the woman 'good-by,' and left the house, following Giles along the road. He drove on for some distance, and then turned for me to pass.

"'I am not in any hurry, at all,' I said. 'Dobbin is used to a slow trot, and it is rather a warm day.'

"He was very much disconcerted, but could not avoid driving on; but he started at a good pace, — too fast for his luggage, for, coming suddenly on a rock, there was a crash, and a flood of liquor poured from the sides of the wagon.

"'No loss at all, my friend,' I exclaimed, as I gained his side. 'I take it it was only a recruit for that rum-hole yonder. Better be on the earth, and let her drink it in. Giles Standish, these things *shall not be!*' and I drove on."

"That sarved him right," said Deacon Lundley, with

a smile; and Ephraim rubbed his hands in evident delight.

"This is but one instance, though," continued Mr. Dole. "I found in that very district, among some of my regular attendants at church, men who took liquor; not enough to make them sots, but enough to make them irritable and tyrannical. Wherever I saw broken-down hedges, falling fences, half-mended cart-wheels, old hay-carts and sleighs before the door, there I found rum had been at work, — places where I had not the least suspicion of the thing, in some well-ordered houses, too; and never have I found one who was not *ashamed to own it*, or would not have concealed it if he could. Now, something must be done before our town-meeting, when the question of the license-law will be decided. I want my friend Ephraim to hunt out and bring a statement of as many cases of drinking as he can find. These will help us to the attainment of our object."

"It takes a rogue to catch a rogue; I'll do it," replied Ephraim.

"As to Miss Julia, I have found something for her to do," said Mr. Dole. "She must go in among the young girls of our parish, and persuade them to sign a paper that they will not marry a man in the town, 'be he rich, or be he poor,' who takes any alcoholic drink."

"That I am willing to do," she replied.

"It will fix some on 'em," replied Ephraim.

"And as to Deacon Lundley," continued the minister,

"he must help us every way, and we *will* carry the day. I cannot see my parish in this state. I *dare* not go up to my account thus. I must and will *work to the end!*"

"Amen, and amen!" echoed a feeble voice from the old lady's chair.

It was evident that Parson Dole had gained powerful aid to the cause. Could they have looked into the elegant No. 22, they could not have labored with more zeal, but with sadder, — O, how much sadder hearts!

Ephraim laid his plans in a straight-forward manner. Early the next morning he could be seen, with a slouched hat and a swaggering gait, making his way over stiles and fences, to the farms which lay scattered in his own district. He was known to all the inhabitants around as an odd fellow, and his appearance at any time would not awaken the least suspicion, for he was always called *honest* Ephraim.

As he sauntered on, he espied an old man at work in a field near by, and thought he would make his first trial on him. He knew that the man had never succeeded well on his farm, although he had the best of land to cultivate, and his wife was said to be the greatest worker in the village. Everything went wrong.

"There must be a reason for it," thought Ephraim; so, springing over the fence that separated them, he greeted him with,

"'Taters don't do well this season, hey?"

The old man dropped his hoe, and looked up.

"Do *well!* No; there is nothing but this eternal rot. I 've dug up three bushel this morning, and here 's only a peck that are good for anything. These will be specked before I can get them home, I 'll warrant."

"Is that your corn, yonder?" asked Ephraim, pointing to a distant corn-field.

"Yes, it is mine, — what there is on 't," replied the man. "How does the deacon get on with his?"

"First-rate," replied Ephraim. "No rot in his potatoes, and his corn never looked finer."

"Ill luck was mine, from a boy," continued the workman, "so here goes;" and he went to work again with his hoe.

"What do you do to your taters after they are planted?"

"Do? Why, I dig around them, and hoe them, hoe them, hoe them; and there 's no use. It 's going to be a warm day, though, an't it?" he said, wiping the perspiration from his forehead with his shirt-sleeve.

"I guess 't is. It makes a man thirsty, too. An't there a spring here, near by?"

"No, never a spring on my land. I have to bring my drink. It 's under the wall, there, in the shade. Won't you take some?"

Ephraim walked up to the spot, and raised the brown jug to his lips. Then followed a spitting and spitting, and all kind of odd demonstrations of horror.

"Blazers! if it an't half rum!"

"Of course, man. You don't think I can work on anything else, against such disappointments, do you?"

"That's one thing ails your taters," added Ephraim; "it don't agree with them, anyhow. Whew! Blazers! I'll go on to the house after some water, for I'm all a-fire;" and, jumping over the stile, he made his way up to the house.

The well stood in the back yard, with its long, friendly sweep, like a faithful sentinel. Thither Ephraim repaired, and, drawing up the good cold water, drank it, and was soon on his way.

"Guess I'll call here," he said to himself, as he approached a neat, white house, embosomed in a grove of trees. He opened the gate, which led up through a large and thrifty garden, bordered with flowers of every variety. He stopped and gazed at the barns, which seemed twice as large as the house, and in excellent order; and rubbed his hands with great delight, chuckling to think this was a temperance farm.

"I'll just step in to rest a moment," he said, as Mrs. Elder appeared at the door.

"Come in, Ephraim; dinner is just ready."

"Don't look like it," he said; "guess I can't stay to eat."

"Come in; I want to hear about your plans at the farm," — and he went in.

He seemed a very welcome guest, and, having been refreshed with a frugal meal, he started again on his way. He came to a path which seemed to lead somewhere, and thought he would see where. So he

turned down, and soon came in sight of a large house, with a long, slanting roof. It seemed to have been deserted, as there were no traces of inmates, and the glass was broken out from most of the panes; yet the foot-path was well trodden, and he made bold to go up. A wolf-like dog sprang from under the shed, and barked furiously, showing his long teeth with a savage expression.

"Larn your manners," exclaimed Ephraim, at the same time throwing a stone, and hitting the creature a blow which sent him yelping to the shed. "Better try it agin," he added, as the dog growled and snapped as he went past; but the creature retreated to his kennel. Ephraim passed on, and tried the latch to the door. It would not give way; it seemed to be doubly secured with bolt and bar. Finding no entrance there, he went round to the low window upon the opposite side; this was well guarded, but, giving it a "full-force lift," he unbarred it and jumped in. The sound of the spring made the old house echo for a moment, then all was still again. He went in, from room to room, until he reached the kitchen. There, arranged along on a low shelf, were tumblers, and under the shelf two large demijohns. He uncorked them; the vapor of gin and rum rolled up from the inside, and "G. S." with large initials was written upon the sides. Here, then, was another of Giles Standish's resorts.

"I guess I 'll uncork them," he said, and, turning them up, he hunted for more. He went down into the

cellar. In the farthest corner stood two barrels, well filled. He tapped them, left them running, and retreated; but not until he had secured a pitcher-full for the use of the dog. The creature seemed now determined that Ephraim should not escape; but, nothing daunted, he threw at the enraged animal the whole pitcher of rum, which, entering his eyes, made him retreat, howling awfully.

"I wish 't was your master," said Ephraim, as he listened to the howling. "It 's hard to abuse dumb animals, but, when they sarve Satan, it 's the only way."

He turned towards home, not seeking for more that day, and went to his rest with a satisfied feeling, dreaming of Giles Standish, and the *bungs out!*

CHAPTER IX.

A WOMAN'S "SPHERE."

It was truly a prudent forethought of Parson Dole's to intrust Julia with so delicate a commission. She was just fitted for the labor, and went forth to her task whole-hearted. Her first call was on her nearest neighbor, whose family consisted of five marriageable daughters. She had crossed the fields as the nearest way, and had reached the house just as the setting sun was gilding the west. She stopped to admire the scene ere she knocked at the door. The gold and purple clouds, like swift-wheeled chariots, coursed around the horizon, or, dappled with every rainbow tint, sped after their king, and were, like him, soon lost to view. The mellow light played upon the tall trees softly and cheerily, and it seemed impossible that in such a beautiful world there should be so much sorrow and suffering from sin; yet that same light which shed such a softening influence into her pure heart shone on sad, sad scenes, not far from where she stood. She turned and knocked at the door, and soon gained an entrance.

With an earnest manner, she told her errand, most

inexpressibly to the amusement of the two younger Misses Downs, who blushed and laughed alternately.

"I don't know," said the eldest, who was somewhat well advanced in life; "I don't know about my binding myself to a promise of that kind."

"I like it," said the next in age. "You don't catch me tied to half of a man,—a man that likes rum better than he does me."

"I think there is no harm in a very little, now and then,—at haying-time, harvesting and the like," interrupted the third, who had not forgotten the wink from Abiel Parker's eye, and the pressure of his hand, the evening before, as he helped her over the fence.

"No *harm in it!*" interrupted Julia; "there is no safety in it. Let a woman marry a man who has the least inclination to take alcoholic drinks, and she cannot lay a plan for the future. I would as soon put to sea in a leaking boat."

"I am sure," exclaimed the younger, "Abiel Parker is as likely a young man as there is in Durham; his farm is in excellent order, and *he* takes a little, now and then, though no one calls him a drinking man, and everybody likes him."

"Everybody," added Miss Lucy.

"Abiel Parker *is* a nice young man, ma'am," said the eldest sister, giving a wink at Lucy; "a very nice young man."

"That may be," continued Julia; "he does look trim in person, and trim in farm. But look at his

uncle, there; mother says she remembers the day when he was as spruce as his nephew. I do not mean to say that Abiel will be as worthless a sot as he, but I do say that there will be hours when she who is his wife will feel his weakness; there will be hours when the hand which should be strong for labor will shake like a palsied frame; there will be hours when a suffering mother will hide the child from hearing threats and oaths which he will never be conscious of using, and which, in his sober moments, he would scorn to hear repeated; there will be hours" (and Julia grew warm in her argument) "when, if one could look deep into that woman's heart, he would find bleeding wounds, not from open insult, but from neglected duties. Some angry word may have lodged an arrow there, which only the silence of the grave can withdraw."

Lucy was silent. She did remember — ah, how vividly! — once seeing this same young man in a passion of anger, — a passion which found vent on a harmless horse.

"Well," said she, at length, "let Abiel rest. Now there 's John Penn; he takes nothing but root-beer and cider. Could not I marry him?"

"Wait till you 're asked," interrupted the younger, with asperity which showed that a wrong chord was touched somewhere.

"Nothing *but* cold water," read Julia, as she laid her paper on the table, and handed the pen to the second sister.

She wrote her name in good, clear letters, and then

handed the pen to the eldest. She wavered for a moment, and then followed her example.

"No, I thank you," exclaimed Lucy, as her turn came.

"She has Abiel Parker in her eye," whispered one of the sisters.

"I *shall*," said the fourth. — But the "baby," as she was called, had already a letter of John Penn's in her pocket, and therefore refused.

"*Three* out of five," said Julia to herself, as she reached home. "I hope for better success to-morrow."

It is strange how hard it is for a woman's heart to see the faults of him whom she loves, or at least to acknowledge them, even to herself. This Julia found fully demonstrated the next day, in her call on Harriet Bell. She was engaged to a young machinist of a neighboring village; a man of much energy in business, and well-to-do in the world, but acknowledged by all to be subject to what they technically called his "*sprees*." Harriet never believed it; when she had seen him, he had been sober, and "charming." He had spoken to her of these wicked reports, and charged her never to believe them. "Believe nothing," he would say, laughing, "but your own eye-sight; when you see me so, believe it." She had not much character, but what she had seemed to be concentrated in a mulish obstinacy. Nothing could move her from her purpose. Julia felt it would be useless to go to her. She had, for a moment, some scruples as to the right

to interfere in such an affair; but she wished to save the girl, if possible, and therefore went.

Harriet met her arguments with sullen silence, at first; yet, as Julia went on gently, but with a truthful delineation of what might be her fate in life, she deigned to speak.

"I have no proof of his bad habits, that I acknowledge as sufficient."

"If others feared it, I would *know* the truth," replied Julia.

"I believe nothing but what I see," she answered.

"Poor girl!" exclaimed Julia. "Heaven help you when your eyes are opened!"

"I don't much care, either," she added, "if he does take a little too much, now and then. It is not often, if at all, so they say, and when it is so he sleeps it off soon."

"Do not talk so, Harriet," said Julia; "it is terrible to think of. An immortal mind stupefied, brutalized, by drink! Where is the soul? What if he should die in one of those sleeps?"

Harriet started. "I never thought of that," she said. "No danger, either. I don't believe in that, you see."

"That is no reason that it may not happen," said Julia. "People do die so. Go drunk into eternity! What if he should have delirium tremens? It 's a probable thing — hooting and hissing, and haunted with snakes; knocking his head against the side of the room, and sleeping on a loaded gun. I heard of such

an one once, who was very like your friend when young."

"I shan't sign your paper, at any rate; but I will consider."

This was as much as Julia had hoped from her, and, although it really amounted to nothing, she went on her errand with a lightened heart.

In many places she met with no obstacles at all. These were to her moments of great comfort. For days she would return home almost disheartened. She had to suit her arguments to every kind of objection, and felt herself unequal to her task. But the great work was before her, and she toiled on. Mrs. Corneille gave her startling anecdotes from her own experience, which she used well; and every moment of her time was occupied.

She was a fearless rider on horseback, — a kind of riding which had been recommended to her from childhood for her health, — and she availed herself of this method to reach the more distant parts of the village.

Riding thus one afternoon, in rather a lonely spot, she was startled to come suddenly upon a small gathering of men, who appeared in earnest conversation, but, on seeing her, lowered their voices, and pointed significantly towards her.

"It 's the deacon's daughter," said one.

"Blast it!" ejaculated another; "do you think she heard what we said?"

"No," replied another. "If she did, she did not understand."

"Better make sure," said another, stepping forward to lay his hand upon the bridle of her horse.

"Man, no mischief!" swore a tall, gaunt figure, who seemed to be the leader. "Let her alone."

Julia touched Dolly with her whip, who, seeming to understand the danger, started off at a rapid pace.

"What a fool you are, Jim Kelly! Don't you know, if you tell a woman to keep a secret, she 'll be sure to tell it? It 's more than a chance she did not hear a word, and you would spoil the whole."

"Leave her alone for not hearing. She heard enough, I know, because she could not help hearing."

In a few moments, however, they seemed sure she was out of the way, and recommenced their business.

Julia felt alarmed, and determined not to go further that way, but took a cross-road back to the more settled parts of the town. The road continued for about two miles, and then for a short way ran among thick woods, far away from any house. She had ridden on safely to the thickest part of the path, when suddenly a man emerged from the trees, and she recognized the same who had endeavored to stop her before. He stood still in the middle of the road, with his hat slouched over his eyes, which were intently fixed upon her.

"Can't escape this time," he said, as he sprang to the horse's head. "I just want to talk a moment;

you have been to see Harriet Bell, have you, with your puling Methodism?— I'll let you know I am the young machinist, and if you don't let my business alone, it will not be for nothing I meet you again."

"Harriet is an innocent girl, now," replied Julia, quite calm when she found with whom she had to deal, "and I would never object to her marrying James Kelly, had he always the same noble nature which is his birthright."

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed, dropping the lines with an oath. "Don't pule round her again!"

"Mr. Kelly," continued Julia, "my duty is my duty. I should think, were it true love you had for her, you would wish to spare her the misery which must come to her if she marries you with your habits as they are now. You know what *that* will be," and she looked him full in the eye, under which glance he quailed visibly.

"Never you mind that!" he said. "When I swear, I swear; and I 've taken my oath, if you ever go to see her again on such an errand, I will have my revenge. Stop,—there 's another thing," he added, seizing the bridle, as she started to go; "if you overheard anything we said in the way yonder, keep your peace, or—" But Dolly was weary and impatient. She commenced rearing and plunging, so that he could not hold her; she sprang forward, and, in so doing, felled him to the ground. Julia turned to see if he were injured, but, seeing him up, and walking briskly

towards her, she gave loose reins to the horse, who trotted rapidly home.

"Some plan afloat," said Deacon Lundley, as Julia repeated her adventures at the evening fireside; "but Ephraim will scent it out before voting day."

CHAPTER X.

THE SICK-ROOM.

EDITH reclined languidly on the sofa. William had given his first party the night before. It was a splendid affair; the *Morning Post*, which lay by her side, had extolled it to the utmost, and she had just finished reading the account, with a feeling of pride and satisfaction. The only thing in the report which she disliked was the description of the ladies, who could not fail to be known, as their initials were in full. The compliment to herself was delicate and beautiful. She was pleased, although a little shocked at the publicity of such a notice.

"Well, it was a fine party," she thought, "and William spared neither expense nor trouble; but, after all, I had rather not have given it. Too many young men went away light-headed, and some ladies did not retire as gracefully as they entered; and even I—" She drew a long breath, and put her hand to her head. "Yes, William is a noble brother, but he indulges too freely in wine."

At this moment Susan opened the parlor door, and announced Mr. Henley, who apologized for his early

call in a gentlemanly manner, and took his seat by Edith's side.

"You must find yourself very weary this morning, Miss Lundley; but I have a great favor to ask, if you can grant it."

"It will give me much pleasure," replied Edith, "to serve Mr. Henley in any way possible."

"I should not trouble you, but there is a very sick lady whom I would help, and she needs instant attention. Can you give it? I will accompany you to the door."

In a few moments Edith was ready, and stepped into the carriage with a light heart.

"No. 14, Blossom-street," said Mr. Henley to the driver, who turned the corner of the street and drove on rapidly.

"Spare no expense," whispered Mr. Henley, as the carriage stopped, and Edith alighted. "It is up three pairs of stairs — the corner room. I will see you to the door, and wait. Stay as long as necessary; my time is hers, for the present."

Edith made her way up over the narrow stairs, until she reached the door. It stood partly open, so that her gentle knock was instantly heard, and a feeble voice bade her enter.

"It must be a stranger who seeks for me," continued the speaker; "for I have no lady friend," she added, as her eyes rested upon Edith, who immediately recognized the same person who had left Mr. Henley's first note at the door, and disappeared so mysteriously.

She lay upon the bed, too weak to raise her head.

"How sick you are!" exclaimed Edith, as she heard the breath come quick and short. "You must have the doctor."

"O, no!" languidly replied the invalid. "He can do nothing. My body is not sick; it is my mind, and he cannot help me. Do give me some water," she continued, pressing her parched lips together. "I am burning *here!*" and she laid her hand upon her breast.

Edith rose and took a glass of water from the table, observing, for the first time, the neatness of the room, and the tasteful simplicity which marked it, although the floor was uncarpeted, and the furniture uncommonly coarse.

"O, I burn here," exclaimed the invalid, as she handed back the empty tumbler; "and I am faint — faint!"

"Have you no wine? A drop might keep you from sinking."

"Wine!" she shrieked: "it has been my curse! Wine! not if I die!" and it seemed almost as though she were dying. The pale face grew still paler, the breath came quicker, then suddenly stopped.

"O, do, Mr. Henley, come in!" called Edith, as she opened the door. "I believe she is dead."

Mr. Henley stepped up to the bed, and laid his hand on the pulse. It flickered a little, a slight — ah! how slight throb!

"No," he said; "she has only fainted. Open the window, and then just rub her hands."

In a few moments she revived, — but not before Mr. Henley had left the room, and summoned a physician.

"It is evident that fever has settled upon her, and she must be well tended," said Doctor Flagg, as he left the room. "Poor thing! kind nursing and kind words will do more for her than medicine. She must have a good nurse."

Edith remained with her until all necessary preparations were made, and then rose to leave. The sick woman called her to her, and whispered,

"Before you go, please open the drawer of that chest, and hand me a lock of hair that lies in a small box there; then lock the drawer and take the key, — I know I can trust you."

Edith did as she was requested. She opened the drawer, and was surprised to see the jewelry which lay there, — chains of exquisite workmanship, and rings of every variety. Amid these treasures she saw one small mosaic ring, the exact counterpart of the one she had tossed from her; but she did not stay to examine, but, taking a soft, flaxen ringlet from the box, locked the drawer, and carried the hair to the invalid. She seized it with eagerness, pressed it to her lips, and laid it on her bosom. Shortly after, Edith withdrew, promising to visit her the next day, and cautioning the nurse to admit no one to the room, save the physician and herself.

"I am truly indebted to you, Miss Lundley," said

Mr. Henley, as he left her at her own door; "and she will ever be grateful to you. Poor child!"

As Edith entered the entry, Susan appeared at the head of the stairs, with an agitated countenance, and shaking like a leaf.

"O, Miss Lundley!" exclaimed she, "that is you, is it? Mr. Lundley, ma'am, Mr. Lundley is —"

"What is the matter, Susan?" inquired Edith, as she met the terrified girl on the landing of the stairs.

"O, Mr. Lundley, ma'am — I should think he was mad! He has been howling in his room this hour, and I don't dare go in. I heard him call for you just now, and he seems a little more quiet."

Edith had good courage. Hers was not a character to be intimidated easily, and, in face of the howling, which had recommenced, she went straight to the door and opened it.

Her brother lay on the floor, rolling like a beast, knocking his head, and howling. When he saw her he tried to spring up, but in vain; so he ground his teeth, and shook his fist at her furiously. A bottle stood upon the table empty, and Edith read the reason of this state of things there. It had contained brandy, and this, with all which he had been *obliged* to take the night before, had worked this destruction. Never before had Edith seen him thus. She had often seen him asleep, but now, — ah! how different! He tried again to rise, but fell again, and again shook his hands furiously. He could not speak distinctly, but it was evident that he wished her to give him more to

drink. The taste was there, and hell had a hold on its victim!

For a while she could not tell what was best for her to do; but at last she decided to send for Mr. Henley, and, turning the key on the outside of the door, she left him. What else could she have done? Had she gone near him, he would have struck her down, — for this was his first attack of delirium tremens!

"O, Mr. Henley," said Edith, as this gentleman entered the parlor, "I have had to call your aid soon; William — " and she burst into a flood of tears.

He placed his hand, tenderly as that of a father, upon her shoulder, and with the other laid back the hair which fell over her forehead.

"I know it," he said; "I heard him as I entered the door. I will go up to him now, and we will speak of it some other time. Go and rest, child," — (it was the first time he had called her child) "go and rest until dinner; I will stay with him."

How kindly he spoke to her! She relieved her feelings by another flood of tears, and then went to her room.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT *CAN* BE DONE?

EDITH'S chamber was connected with that of her brother by a closet, so that she could distinctly hear all that was said within, although both doors were tightly shut. She knew that Mr. Henley was endeavoring to soothe him, and help him to the bed; and she heard the helpless man fall back again and again on the floor. At last there came a frightful scream, and she heard William call out, in an agony,

"O, take it off, man! take it off! how it stings! There is another in the corner — hear him hiss! See him grin, grin, grin! O, there are a thousand of them! *Can't* you help me? Murder!" and the room echoed back the hollow sound.

"Hush, Mr. Lundley!" said Mr. Henley. "Let me help you to your bed; there — come;" and Edith heard him walk across the room. Another cry for help. She could not resist that, and, stepping through the closet, she half opened the door, and asked if she "could not bathe his head."

"Something, — O, Mr. Henley, is there nothing I can do?"

The intoxicated man heard her voice, and with a volley of oaths bade her be out of his sight.

"Sneaking old woman!" he cried, "out of my room! Go tell your mother and my mother that I love religion! It is only my mother's prayers that have saved me! Bless the old lady! She is—there is not another like her; and it is her example that makes me what I am! Yes, I don't pray much, but I respect religion. Tell her,—you hear,—tell her, so that she may know how much I love her! She 's a woman, and I love religion. There 's *nothing like it!*"

This was too much for Edith; she turned, went back to her room, and wept long and bitterly. Clouds were gathering around her "fairy home," and their deep shadows were encircling her.

Six o'clock came, and with it dinner was announced. Edith had as far as possible wiped away all traces of tears, and arranged her dress with exact elegance and taste. She knew, by the stillness of the adjoining room, that her brother was sleeping, and that all danger for the present was over; and with this thought hope came back to her stout heart, and during dinner she conversed fluently and pleasantly with Mr. Henley, not alluding to the events of the morning, for Susan was in waiting; but, when they were alone in the parlor, she seated herself on the sofa, and, looking up with her whole heart in her face, she inquired of Mr. Henley, who was standing by the window, "What can be done?"

He came and took a seat by her side, simply reiterating the question, "What *can* be done?"

"Perhaps," continued Edith, "he will never be so affected again. What do you think it was? Not de——." She could not finish the question, but waited for Mr. Henley's reply.

"Yes, my child, it *was*, and Heaven only knows what can be done. The curse of the thing is, that society claims just so much from a man. If one refuses wine in our circle, they are Methodistical or mean; and if a man gives wine, he must take it, and, tasting, there is little hope."

"Cannot we persuade William?"

"I fear not, Miss Lundley; there is no help for such as he, unless he sign the pledge, and that he never *will* do. I wish the liquor-bill could be executed here; but, alas! our mayor does not favor it, and many of the aldermen object."

"I wish they could know the extent of the evil," interrupted Edith;—"how many noble hearts it brutalizes."

"*Know* it!" replied Mr. Henley; "they *do* know it; but gain, almighty *gain*, and popular favor, influence them. What care they for the suffering of the people? Ask any one of them to relieve a single case of suffering that they knew was real, and they would answer back with a ready sympathy; and yet, come to them with a claim which shall restore thousands to home and happiness, and they refuse to aid."

"Perhaps they indulge freely themselves, and you strike home."

"Possibly it is so; yet that is not their given motive. They say the people will get it somehow and somewhere, and it is less of a crime to license shops than to have the people smuggle it in; and they also say severe sickness requires it."

"Apothecaries can keep it,—men of religious principle; that is no reason."

"Half of the crimes of the city are traced to this source. I noticed, not long since, in the statistics of English crime, that, almost without an exception, it could be traced back to drinking. It is undoubtedly so with our criminal cases."

"They are eager enough to break up gambling-houses. If they would break up the wine-merchants, they would strike at the *root*," said Edith.

"That is true, but they will not do it; it is strange, too. The people must vote it down. We must work for it. It is no light labor. Talk of the abolition of slavery! let us abolish liquors first. We northerners have enough to do to 'take the beam out of our own eye,' before we *look* at the mote in our brother's eye. Rum, brandy, gin, wine, are harder masters than the worst slave-holder, for they destroy both body and soul. I have taken my oath against tasting it, and will work against it as long as I can."

"*And that is mine.*"

The prayer that went up months ago, in the stillness of that quiet home, had been heard and answered.

"Now, then, what can we do for your brother?" asked Mr. Henley. "Charity begins at home."

"I will remove this wine, the first of anything," she exclaimed, rising and taking the decanters and glasses from the side-board; "and, as long as I remain here, I will never offer it to any friend."

"Can you persevere in this?" asked Mr. Henley, with an inquisitive look. He read *determination* in that flashing eye, and knew that *she* was *safe*. "Keep firm to your principle," he added, "and there may be hope; if not —"

Edith started; for the first time since she had met Mr. Henley, his expression was more than that of fatherly anxiety, and the blood mounted in torrents to her face. Ashamed of the thought, and fearful lest he might interpret it with his keen insight, she rose and walked across the room to regain her composure, giving as an excuse that "she would ring for a light."

"I think the twilight delightful, at this season of the year, Miss Lundley; I beg you will not have a light."

"Certainly not, if you prefer it without;" and she returned to the sofa, having by this time composed her thoughts.

"Well," continued Mr. Henley, "we two cannot do a great deal for temperance, in this immense city; but every little helps, and, if we can save William, —"

"It is worth everything. O, we *must!*"

"But, Miss Lundley, such attacks as he has had are very dangerous. Were they often repeated, there would be no security for you."

"Never fear for me; I have no fear for myself; but we shall persuade him to forsake it soon, I know we shall."

"If not — " and he cast the same look upon her again, and again she felt the blush remount to her temples, and knew she could not conceal it.

At this moment William opened the door, walked in, and threw himself into a rocking-chair. His limbs trembled, and his hands shook. He was not inclined to speak, but was sullen and dejected. Mr. Henley's presence did not rouse him to converse. He was restless, and moved incessantly back and forth in his chair. At last he sprang up, exclaiming, he "could stand it no longer, and would have something to make him feel better," and approached the sideboard. "Gone!" he shrieked, "gone! some one has robbed me, Mr. Henley!"

"No fear of *that*," replied Mr. Henley, advancing towards him. "It is only laid by for safe keeping; such an addition would be fearful for you, to-night. Come, we will go up stairs."

Edith watched Mr. Henley's movements, to see how he had gained so much control over her brother, and noticed that he moved him with the fixedness of his eye; and they went out from the parlor in this manner.

In the course of an hour Mr. Henley returned to request Edith's permission for him to pass the night with her brother, as his nerves were still terribly agitated; to which request Edith gave a cordial and thankful acquiescence.

After she had retired to her room, she seated herself by the window, and indulged in a long series of plans. She felt that there was opening before her a hard, stern conflict; but she did not shrink, and in the stillness of that night-hour she made her resolve to save him if she could. Her thoughts wandered to her quiet home, and to the inmates there. "Should she ask them for counsel? No. On whom, then, can I lean? — on Mr. Henley? *Shall* I? Mr. Dunlap would fain serve me, but he is reserved for another fate." She closed the window, and retired.

CHAPTER XII.

THE COUNTRY SEAT.

"I WISH, Susan, you would notice particularly who leaves these beautiful flowers so often at the door," said Edith, as she stooped to inhale the fragrance of a fresh boquet which lay on the table. "They are very rare, and very expensive. I wish the giver would leave his card."

"There 's no telling, ma'am, whence they come; for there 's never the same person leaves them. I asked the little girl who brought them this morning who sent them, and she said she did not know; he was a very nice gentleman, but she never heard his name."

"Can it be Mr. Henley?" thought Edith, as Susan withdrew. "I think he would have brought them himself. What is this?" she said, as her eye rested on a package addressed to her, upon the sofa. "Strange that Susan did not tell me of it before! Susan?" she called, as the servant passed through the dining-room. "Do you know who left this package?'

"Package? No, ma'am; I have had none handed to me."

"But here it is, on the sofa."

The astonished girl would have lingered to satisfy

her curiosity as to the contents, but, seeing Miss Lundley lay it by unopened, she returned to her duties.

Edith then took it up, untied the string, and carefully unfolded the paper; saw the contents, retied the bundle, and laid it back, without the slightest change of countenance.

William now drove to the door with the "grays." Edith "must take a ride; he was going out into the country on business, and the fresh air would do her good." He was sober now, and she did not fear to intrust herself with him, though the horses were in full spirits, rearing and plunging when they started from the house. It was pleasant for her to escape from the pent-up city, and breathe again the pure air of the country. She drank it in like a cordial, and it had an influence upon her spirits, making her almost gay.

"Here is where I have to stop," said William, as a fine country-seat appeared half hidden among the trees. "Beautiful grounds to walk in. Will you come up to the house, or walk about them? I shall not be detained long."

The air was too invigorating to be lost, and Edith determined to remain without, to enjoy it. The thought however, crossed her mind, that it might be better for her to go in with William, lest he might be offered wine, and take too much; then she thought she could not speak of it before her host, and it was better to do it now, and then remain in the garden.

"William," said she, as she stepped lightly from the carriage, "make me one promise before you go in."

William looked up, surprised.

"What is it you want me to promise?"

"Do not touch any wine to-day; you have not strength to bear it."

"Nonsense, Dithie! go walk about the grounds, and I will hunt you up when I am ready to go."

Edith gave him one earnest look, which spoke more than words could have done, and turned her course among the exquisite box borders of the garden. At the end of the walk there was a grove of trees, and, taking a tempting little foot-path, she entered its deep shade, until it led her to a pond, where benches and seats were fantastically arranged to lure the weary visitor. Though not herself a weary one, she could not resist the luxury of the seat far in the shade, but, seating herself, watched the ripples which the insect's wing caused upon the calm water. Suddenly a stick was thrown in, and a large spaniel rushed in after it, returning soon to the shore with his treasure, and laying it upon the bank.

"Ha, ha! Well done! Fine fellow, Dago, good fellow!" laughed out the merry voice of a child, until then concealed from view, but now hurrying out from among the trees to caress the dog.

"Fine fellow, dear Dago!" and he laid his curly head upon the neck of the dog, and patted him with his white hand.

"Why, you 're all wet," he said, playfully, as he raised his head and shook the ringlets over his fore-

head. "You have wet me like rain, you naughty thing!" and again he patted the pretty creature.

"Where did you put my ball? hey, Dago? You had it in your mouth; where is it?" and the child commenced to hunt for it in the low grass. "Can't find it, Dago; naughty Dago!"

Edith saw the ball near her foot, and, picking it up, tossed it down the bank, so that it rolled to the side of the little hunter.

"Who rolled it? Nina, I know 't was you. Come here and play, or I will come there," he said, scaling the bank as fast as he could.

"It is not Nina," said Edith, as he reached the top of the bank; "but it is one who can play, perhaps, as well as Nina. Toss me the ball."

The child, shy for a moment, stood still, with his tiny hands folded over his bosom, looking wonderingly at her.

"It is not Nina," continued Edith; "but come, toss me the ball."

"*Can* you play ball?" inquired the little fellow, eagerly.

"Toss it here," she said, "and see." There was something so beautiful in the expression of that child's face, that she almost forgot to catch the ball as he tossed it to her with another merry laugh. She thought she had seen those features before, and she began to wonder more and more, as she continued to play with the little fellow.

"There, you have had a fine play now," she said,

as she heard foot-steps approaching. "Give me one kiss, and then I must go."

"Who are you?" he asked, as he put up his rosy lips to kiss her, "my mother?"

"No, child; I am a stranger to you, and—"

"O, uncle, uncle!" called the child, as a gentleman appeared in sight, accompanied by William; "I have had such a fine play! The lady plays most as well as Nina."

"Most as well as Nina! My boy does not understand complimenting yet, Miss Lundley," said the gentleman. "Why did you not come in with your brother to the house? I am afraid we have been a long time together."

"Not at all," replied Edith; "these grounds have been delightful to me."

"Bring her down again, Mr. Lundley, and do not leave her in the yard," said Mr. Homer, as he handed Edith into the carriage. "Come often; the grays have nothing better to do."

"Thank you, sir; I will, with pleasure;" and, taking the reins, they trotted towards the city.

William was very entertaining all the way. Edith had seldom known him more so; but she knew, by the way he drove, that he had not heeded her advice. His hands trembled so he could scarcely manage the reins, and he almost locked wheels with every carriage he met. Edith was not easily alarmed, but she kept watch every moment, and was thankful when she alighted at her own door.

Not expecting any visitor in the parlor, she threw open the door, and walked in, untying her bonnet and unpinning her shawl. She started as Mr. Dunlap rose from the sofa, and approached her, saying,

"Good-evening, Miss Lundley. Finding you out, and your servant saying she expected you every moment, I took the liberty of waiting here for you."

"Good-evening, Mr. Dunlap," was Edith's civil answer.

"Fine afternoon for a ride. I thought of the same thing myself, but was forestalled."

"I have been out with my brother."

"I had hoped to meet you alone this evening, and am glad I am not disappointed. I wish to — "

The door opened, and Susan announced callers, — one, two, three.

"All over to-night," said Dunlap to himself, as he soon after rose to leave. Edith rose, took the bundle from the sofa which had lain there since morning, and handed it to him in the entry.

"Never admit *that* gentleman to see me, Susan," she said, as she went up to her room. "If he calls to see Mr. Lundley, well and good: but I am always engaged."

And Susan went wondering to her rest, "how Miss Lundley could help *liking* such a good-looking one *as he*."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DEN.

It had been raining hard all the day, but just at night ceased pouring, and settled into a regular drizzle. It was as dark as the state of the weather could well make it, and uncomfortable enough for one to keep himself well housed, if he were not obliged to go out of doors. The candle burned brightly in Deacon Lundley's kitchen, and invited every one to remain by its friendly light, — an invitation which all the family willingly accepted, save Ephraim. He just put his face in at the door for a moment, saying "'t was an excellent time for him," asked the deacon "to be sure and leave the eend door ajar," and vanished from sight. He could not see an inch before him, but went on his way as easily as if the sun shone full upon it. Noiselessly he continued his solitary walk, until he had approached the old house which he had visited before; turning then, so as to avoid another attack of the dog, he stole along, creeping on his hands and feet, until he reached the door which led down into the cellar. He pushed this open with a slight touch, and descended some stone steps. Then he drew the door together again, and groped his way to the stairs, crept softly

up, passed the kitchen door, then up another pair of stairs to the room overhead, where he threw himself down on the floor, and put his ear near a crack of the boards, through which he could see down into the room below. Giles Standish was there alone, as yet, refilling his empty jugs, and making ready for his visitors. It was not long before the room began to fill, and the oaths to circulate.

"No use," harangued a noble-looking man in the corner; "no use, my friends. I don't go for getting drunk, but I go for free rights. This liquor-bill shan't go it in this village, if I can help it."

"Hurra! hurra! no license!" screamed a dozen voices at once.

"*No!*" continued the first speaker; "no license! Are we *men*, and have to be dealt with as children? — tied to the law, as to our mother's apron-strings?"

"I am afraid it will go hard with us," exclaimed another, whom Ephraim recognized as Jim Kelley. "Deacon Lundley and his tribe, with the parson, will be too much for us."

"Too much? No, *indeed!* I 've a plan; I am going to fix them out on voting-day," said a third.

"Take care of the apron-strings of the law," replied another.

"Ha, ha, ha! I am going to outwit the law —"

"What about our plan?" inquired the one who had spoken first.

"Yes; what of that, — how does it come on, Jim Kelly?"

"First-rate. I 've been hard at work with five young men this fortnight, and it is the neatest little hole, under ground, you ever saw, — all boarded, and fixed 'cute enough. It 's all done now, but the staircase; fixed the trap-door, and covered it over so that the devil could n't find it, if he tried, — much less these temperance folks."

"I guess the devil knows his own a good sight better than you think on," said Ephraim to himself, listening, however, with all eagerness.

"It 's just down Forest Hill, an't it? Left-hand side, close to the big tree, hey?" asked another

"Yes; and, for fear things should go against us, we will store it well next week."

"Hurra, hurra! It won't touch us, if the liquor-bill passes."

"But it shan't pass," joined in the first speaker. "We will all be there voting-day, and if we should slip in false names, what harm? We will win our game."

"Look out for your mother's apron-strings!" called out a voice from the corner of the room.

"Well, well; we can all be there, and go in, in a body, dead strong. We 'll have a jostling and a fight for it, anyhow. Can't old Parson Dole's horse be took sick? And, if the deacon loses a wagon-wheel or a chaise-axle, who would cry?"

"Can't do that, — deacon locks up a nights."

"Not often. I went round last night to see, and it

warn't locked at all. I tell you, curses on such as he, — they cut us off from everything."

"The liquor-bill shan't go, this time. I've beat up some recruits that nobody knows on."

They now commenced to lay their plans of action, of which Ephraim heard every little word, and stored it in his memory. These being settled, they fell to refreshing themselves with punch and gin. Giles Standish was in his element, and rolling in the money fast. Jim Kelly had seated himself just below the crack, where the full light of the candles shone upon him. He was fast losing his self-control, and began to swing hither and thither in his chair, his eyes rolling in their sockets, and his face reddened.

Ephraim crept slowly and cautiously out from the chamber, down the stairs into the cellar, and out again into the street, where having safely arrived, he started on the full run towards Harriet Bell's house. It was still early in the evening, and, reaching the door, he knocked. Harriet opened it, thinking it was her friend, for it was his usual hour of visiting.

"Why, Ephraim, is it you?" she exclaimed! "come in, won't you? What is the matter? Come! come in."

"No, thank you, — can't stop; but, if you will just step out with me a moment, I'll show you a sight. Your own eyes will see him, miss; he is as drunk as a beast."

"Who?" asked Harriet. "Why, man, you're mad."

"No, thank you, I an't. Giles Standish 's got a party yonder, and Jim 's among them. Come and see."

Harriet did not scruple to trust herself with honest Ephraim; so, throwing on her bonnet and shawl, she went out with him into the darkness, and hurried on until they reached the house.

"Softly as a mouse," he said, as they entered the low door, "softly — Blazers!" This ejaculation escaped him when he perceived, at the further end of the cellar, the figure of a man stooping to draw something from one of the barrels. He was so intent upon his business that he did not perceive Ephraim, who pushed Harriet back into the yard, and waited until he had passed up the stairs. This he soon did, passing so near that Ephraim would have been seen had not a gust of wind at that moment extinguished the candle. After he was fairly up, they entered, and crept softly up the stairs.

Ephraim pointed to the crack in the boards, and Harriet bent down to look. Jim Kelly remained just there, only he had fallen from his chair, and was now struggling in vain to rise.

"O, ha, ha!" screamed a man; "see Jim Kelly! Here 's another glass for him! — help him to lie still! — here!"

Jim seized it, and drank the whole.

"Good Heavens! how could they?" groaned Harriet. "I must speak to him."

"Speak!" whispered Ephraim, "it would be death to you, for all that I know. Look at him!"

"I do not want to see more. Take me home, Ephraim, — come;" and she turned and went down the stairs. She did not utter a syllable all the way home, but wept, wept, like a widowed mother.

"Ephraim," she said, as she went in, "it is hard, but I thank you."

Thus Ephraim left her, and returned to the revel.

He had prepared, the day before, a figure mounted with a Jack-o'-lantern for its head, in which burned a lighted candle, disclosing two large ram's horns protruding from the sides. Ephraim called it the "Old Harry." This he had concealed in the room for the purpose of lowering it from the window by means of a rope, and swinging it so that it might knock on the window below. This he effected after the party were wellnigh all intoxicated. The dog commenced an awful howling, leaping up and trying to break his chain. (Giles Standish kept him chained, evenings.) Giles, who was the only sober one, looked up, and caught a glimpse of the grinning figure.

"———!" he exclaimed, dropping the glass from his hands. "Men! — look! Hear him knock!" and his face became purple with fear.

"It 's the devil!" exclaimed many voices at once. "Help! help! help!" — and, from the din which followed, one might have supposed they were not far wrong.

Some, who had sufficient sense, seized their hats,

and bolted out of the opposite window; some tried, ineffectually, to rise, and lay groaning on the floor; while honest Ephraim made the best of his way home, exclaiming,

"What *fools* rum makes of folks! Blazers!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LOST FOUND.

Edith had grown more and more interested in the invalid, and the sick woman became more and more attached to Edith. The fever had run long and violently, but the danger was now over, and the patient able to sit up most of the day. Mr. Henley had not deemed it proper to unravel what he knew of the sufferer's history, and to Edith it yet remained a mystery.

Seated with her one afternoon, Edith inadvertently mentioned Mr. Dunlap's name, — a name which she had imagined was painful to the listener, — and then stopped, evidently sorry for her allusion.

"Mr. *Dunlap's* name is nothing to me," replied the invalid, in a hoarse voice. "I know him by no such title."

"O," said Edith, "I did not mean to speak of him."

"Your kindness to me deserves my confidence," she answered, "and I cannot keep you longer ignorant. My home was in the country, seven years ago. I was then sixteen, — young, innocent and foolish. He came down, — that is, Mr. Dunlap, as you call him,

Mr. Roberts, as I knew him, — to hunt and spend a summer in our neighborhood. We loved, and were married. I moved to a city far from here, and resided with him. Our life, for a year, was too happy. I went with him into the gay world, and tasted of its sweets. O, I tasted and became enamored with its poisons! Wine was my delight, and I took freely, as he supplied freely. Then my boy was born, — O, my boy! my darling! He was just three months old when Mr. Roberts was called abroad. It was not best for me to go, with my babe, and I did not wish to. I remained behind. It is a sad, sad story. By degrees I become so infatuated with wine that I lost all self-control. I drank by day, lay on my bed and drank; yet my boy was ever my idol. I remember, one day, my uncle's calling to see me when I could but just walk straight, in the parlor. He saw it, and felt it. For months did he expostulate with me, and at last told me my boy was not safe with me — he must write to my husband. O! he knew not to whom he was writing, and what an agony of woe he was bringing upon me.

"One day — ah! that day! — there came a gentleman to my house. I was not sober, I was bewildered with wine; but I do remember a letter from Mr. Roberts which he brought. He said he was his friend, and was authorized to take the child; there was no safety for him with me. My uncle had written to my husband, had received this answer, and had sent it to him. His duty was plain; the child

must go with him. I rose, left the room, took more wine, and returned. I seated myself upon the sofa, but can remember no more! — Remember more? yes, I do! — I *feel* those little arms around my neck; I *feel* the pressure of those rosy lips; I hear that cry; but my boy was gone, whither I knew not. I have sought him for five years, and cannot find him. Roberts returned; I met him while searching for my boy, in this city. He gave me such a curse as I never heard before! Since that hour, one year ago, I have left my wine. Mr. Henley — God bless him! — met me once in an hour of extremity. I told him my history. He forces Roberts to give me some support, and promises that one day I shall see my child. And thus I live. Alas for my boy! without him there is no to-morrow!" and she began to rock back and forth in her chair.

Edith was alarmed for the result, but, laying her hand on the invalid's head, soothed her throbbing temples, and calmed her with words of sympathy.

"Mr. Henley never promises that which he cannot fulfil."

"It is just — I deserve it! but does not *he* deserve still more?"

"His time will come."

"And my revenge!" she cried, convulsively.

"Have you no parents? Why not go to them?"

"I would, if I could; but they are dead."

"Trust *us*, then," said Edith; and she blushed to

find she had unconsciously linked her name with Mr. Henley's.

"Yes, trust *us*," echoed a voice, and, tapping gently, Mr. Henley entered the half-open door.

"Any traces yet?" inquired the invalid, earnestly, as Mr. Henley seated himself by her.

"None yet; but I hope still."

"Hope! O, I *have* hoped until hope has died—burned out!"

"Still hope, and wait."

Mr. Henley had never seen Edith more beautiful than at that moment, he could not tell why. As she rose to go, he accompanied her down the stairs.

"Mr. Henley," she said, the moment they were alone, "I know the story now, and I think I know where the boy is."

"The boy?—where?"

And Edith told him of the little child who had played so pleasantly with her in the garden.

"I think it must be," she continued, "for he resembles her so strongly."

When they reached the door of No. 22, Mr. Henley declined Edith's invitation to go in, but, turning, walked quickly to a livery-stable, took a carriage, and was soon on his way to the country.

Never did driver appear to take time more leisurely than the one who now, according to Mr. Henley's direction, turned his horses from the crowded streets of the city, into the broad road which led out into the country; and it seemed to him that hours were passed

in walking, when he might have been carried speedily on. But he leaned back, and determined to take it more easily, being conscious he was impatient, and that, therefore, time itself seemed to tarry.

In the course of a few hours, however, he found himself riding up through the avenue, and ere long stopped at the door of the country-residence whose beauty had so won Edith's admiration when she visited it with her brother. The moon had just risen, and was lighting the trees and the flowers with her softest radiance, touching with magic fingers the drops of dew which glistened in her light. But Mr. Henley had no eye for her beauty now. His errand so engrossed his heart, that he sprang from the carriage to the steps, and touched the bell, without a look even at the tall acacia which temptingly waved its blossoms close beside him. The ring was answered immediately, and he was ushered into the library.

"Mr. Homer will be in; he is engaged just now. Please take a seat, sir;" said the servant, and withdrew.

Mr. Henley seated himself by the table, and, opening a book, commenced to read. Soon he heard the rustling of a curtain at the end of the room, and, turning, perceived a child's face peeping from beneath its folds.

"I thought it was uncle," he said, as he saw Mr. Henley had noticed him. "Dago and I often come in at this window; it reaches down to the piazza;—come, Dago," and, in answer to a low whistle, the

beautiful creature bounded in after his master, and both passed on as if to leave the room.

"Stop a moment, my boy," said Mr. Henley, putting out his hand towards him. "I love little children, but I do not see many of them now; when I was at home, I had just such a little nephew as you, and he used to climb upon my knee, and I would tell him stories."

"Had you a mother?" asked the boy, turning an inquiring glance towards him, like that with which the sick woman ever greeted him, — save that one was that of a child.

"O, yes; have not you?"

"Uncle says he hopes I shall have. She has gone away now. I *should* love her; should not I? Don't you love your mother?"

At this monent the door opened, and Mr. Homer entered.

"Excuse my keeping you in waiting so long, sir," he said, as he advanced to meet Mr. Henley, "but I was very much engaged. I see, however, you have not been alone," he added, as the child darted forward to take his hand.

"Not alone, to be sure, sir; I have enjoyed talking with him."

"I think we will excuse him now. Here, Arthur; Dago and you go into the parlor. Nina is there, and you will have a grand play."

"*Has* Nina come?" and the boy bounded away, and Dago after him.

"That is a beautiful child!" continued Mr. Henley, as he closed the door.

"Yes; and a *noble* child — poor thing!"

"My business concerns him, sir."

Mr. Homer started.

"How?" he inquired.

"He has a mother living."

"Do you know her? This little fellow's life makes a strange story. He has been tossed about, almost like a feather, but for the last two years has found a home with me. In the course of my business, which is the law, I was called to a gentleman who had become very much involved by the treachery of a nephew. I was employed by him in his last sickness, and then he told me there was a child of this nephew's, for whom he felt a great interest, and wished him removed from the place where he then was, the gentleman having proved unworthy of his trust. Then he told me the child's history, and made me promise, if the mother ever returned a sober woman, to give the boy up to her. I shall never forget him, as he raised himself from his pillow, and, with the strength only of a dying person, exclaimed, 'And she will return. I feel it. Never mother loved more than she, and her child will yet save her; she will return!'"

"And she has returned," said Mr. Henley.

"I must have proof, sir."

"Proof you can have. Here, sir; a more exact likeness I never saw;" and he handed him an ivory painting.

The dimples in the cheek were the same; the same soft blue eye, — the same white, high forehead. Mr. Homer acknowledged the similarity, but still seemed determined to ask for more proof.

"What is the name, sir, of the child?"

"Arthur Roberts."

"Yes; that is so."

"Here, too, is another proof, if you wish it. The child bears on his right arm the stamp of this ring," and he handed it to Mr. Homer.

"It *is so.* I am satisfied that the child is the same; but, excuse me, how am I sure that the father has not sent you? My client told me he had papers of Roberts, giving him the child. He *paid* him a large sum for the boy, and he sold him to him. I have legal papers to this effect."

"And I here present the duplicate." So saying, Mr. Henley drew from his wallet the papers, and gave them to Mr. Homer.

"But, may I ask, how you obtained these?"

"From Roberts."

"Then you know him?"

"Yes; and I obtained these papers thus. I was led to the mother by a strange incident. She told me her story. I boarded with Roberts. I visited him the evening after I had heard her narrative. He was half-intoxicated, and seemed bewildered by the charge, but I forced him to the truth. I told him he should support them, or I would bring the law to act upon him. He then affirmed he would never pay for the

child, — he had sold him; and, to prove this, showed me the papers. I took them from him. Had he been fully himself, he would never have allowed me to retain them; but I kept the papers. You know what is in them. They prove his marriage, the birth of the child, and the parting with him for money. All three of these acts he would gladly disown, but knows he cannot, as the proof lies with me. I could never find by them this uncle's residence, and have, until now, been in the dark as respects the child. He has tried in every way to possess again these writings, that he may destroy them; but I have them, sir. Are you satisfied?"

"Yes, in respect to the child; but as to the mother? I cannot relinquish my trust until it is proved that she is worthy of it."

"Of that I can give you no other proof than my word. She is an inmate of a family in which I am a constant visitor, and I can give you my word of honor that she has again become competent to the charge. If not, I will inform you."

"You are too well known, as a man of honor and integrity, for me to hesitate. I will therefore intrust the child to your keeping. When and where do you wish to take him? It is hard for me to part with him, I frankly confess."

"Not at present, sir; I will consult with you as to arrangements, some time next week. I have one inquiry respecting Mr. Roberts. I found that he had given me a paper relating to some business affair,

which proves him dishonest. The note was drawn upon Henry Fairfield. Was that his uncle?"

"Yes; and I need that very note to settle the estate. He defrauded his uncle, and must answer for it."

Arthur now opened the door, softly.

"It is time for me to go to bed, uncle; shall I kiss you?"

"Yes, come, child;" and the little fellow came and clung around his neck with fondness. As he went back, the tears stood in Mr. Homer's eyes.

Mr. Henley's object was accomplished, and he bade the lawyer good-evening.

The horses trotted briskly, and when the hour of midnight rang through the city, Mr. Henley was again at the "Globe."

CHAPTER XV.

THE COUNTRY SEAT.

Edith watched for Mr. Henley all that evening. She had expected he would return there, but as eleven o'clock struck from the "old city bell," she gave up her hopes of his visit, took her light, and went up to her room.

Her efforts had all been ineffectual to keep William from his wine. She could hear him in his room now, mixing his evening beverage, and determined once more to argue with him. Knocking at the closet-door, he bade her come in, and she entered.

"What 's wanted, Dithie — hey? It is high time such as you were sleeping. Why, half the night is gone at the farm!"

"William," she said, "I have come in to ask you if I might give a sick lady room here for a while; she is needy."

He set down the glass which he held in his hand, with its contents untasted, and heard Edith's simple narrative of the facts.

"And that is Dunlap's history, wretched man!" he exclaimed. "I will help her on. Come here?

That she may; and I 'll have nothing more to do with him. These are his doings, are they?"

"Not his alone, but *wine's*," replied Edith. "O, brother, do not take this, to-night. Think of Dunlap, and think of home."

"No danger of me, Dithie; I'm a strong man, heart and head."

"Many have fallen, as good as you," she added, as she laid her hand on his shoulder. "Do not *take* it."

He moved slowly to the window, opened it, and threw the brandy out. Edith retired to her room in fine spirits. Hope, angel hope, for a moment hovered with his shining wing over her, but hastened away, — for the lifting of the wine-cup was heard from the adjoining room, and sorrow came with it.

Edith could not sleep, and lay restless upon her bed. She thought she heard a noise below; she listened. The noise continued. It seemed like some one stealing up the stairs. She sprang to her door, and, as she did so, she distinctly heard the handle turn. She fled through the closet, to see if William were sleeping, and if his door were fastened. It was not, and she had just time to turn the key, when that door was tried, also. William was sleeping a hard, beast-like sleep, and she knew there was no safety in waking him; he could be no protection, and she would let him sleep on. It so happened that the doors were supplied with a bolt, as well as a lock and key, and she fastened both. Soon she heard a rattling as of a bunch of keys; then she heard her own lock spring back, and the latch

raised. Fast and firm, it did not yield to the pressure without. William's door was tried in the same manner. She then heard the footsteps descend the stairs, and the front-door open. She looked out of the window, and could distinguish the figure of a man walking up the street. He did not hurry at all, but walked leisurely along. At this moment the watchman came under the window, and Edith raised it. He stopped, and looked up.

"Yonder," said she, in a low voice, "goes a housebreaker. He has been in here; whether he has taken anything or not, I do not know; but that is he."

The watchman quickened his pace, but the man walked on just as slowly.

"Stop!" demanded the watchman.

The man obeyed without hesitation, turned, and asked what he wanted.

"Excuse me," Edith heard the watchman say, "I mistook you. Yonder must be the man," and he started in pursuit of another figure, which seemed to be hurrying on. Presently two others joined him; the watchman sprang his rattle, and gave chase, while Dunlap (for it was he) turned the corner of the street and went up into his rooms.

The excitement of this event, and the growing insecurity Edith felt in her brother's protection, made her ready to listen to William's plans for the speedy removal of Mrs. Roberts to his home. Here William showed his true nature. Energetic, liberal and earnest, he entered into this work with a full soul and,

before evening approached, the invalid had been removed. William was particularly pleased with her winning gentleness and dignity.

Mrs. Roberts had been with them a fortnight, and had gained in health and spirits. Mr. Henley was silent as to the success of his ride, and Mrs. Roberts did not wish to tax him with too many inquiries, although the earnest face with which she ever greeted him spoke for itself.

He had just entered the parlor, and been cordially received by all.

"Mr. Lundley," he said, after a few moments' chat with the ladies, "I want to drive your grays into the country, to-day; they have stood too long; they will be lazy."

"Certainly," replied William. "It 's an excellent thought; who goes with you?"

"Mrs. Roberts and your sister, I think," he replied, looking towards them. "Will you not go, Mrs. Roberts?"

"It will give me much pleasure."

"And Miss Lundley, of course?" he asked.

Edith had yet a spice of her old pride about her, and she said, half-earnestly, half-playfully,

"Of *course* I think I cannot go, — on a second-hand invitation, too!"

Mr. Henley turned to her with a look of astonishment.

"I shall be here in a few moments. I trust the ladies will be ready;" and, bowing, he withdrew.

This off-hand manner of treating her was not agreeable to Edith. She had really half a mind not to go, but she could not persuade herself to stay; so she rose, put on her things, and, when Mr. Henley drove to the door, received him with a pleasant smile, and stepped into the carriage.

"There is quite a temperance movement in our city," he said, as they left the thriving business world behind them; "I hope it will succeed."

"What are they doing?" inquired Edith.

"Hunting out the rum-shops, beer-cellars, and the like. It is astonishing what horrid places they have found."

"Who is at the head of the movement?" inquired Mrs. Roberts.

"Many good people," replied Mr. Henley, too modest to admit that the weight of his influence, — educated, polished, wealthy as he was, — had gone very far in rousing the people. "Many good friends; they mean to hunt out the 'beast,' and give a description of his places of resort to the Legislature. We cannot make the laws, but we can bring facts which shall cause others to make them, and, once made, we can see them enforced. It is not only in the squalid lanes and low streets that we mean to work. There is many a polished home, and many a tapestried room, which must be reached. These are the hardest to deal with. Low life makes cowards, but in our upper circles men are men, and we have to deal with them as such. It

is a difficult thing to go in among educated people, and accuse them of intoxication. The *law* must help us."

"How many hearts will bless the law!" replied Edith.

"If we succeed in passing it, — and may God help us!"

Mr. Henley now turned the horses into an avenue which led up to a large country-seat, and Edith marked that it adjoined the house to which her brother had driven her when she rode with him to the country.

"I have been purchasing a country-seat," said Mr. Henley, as he approached the house, "and have taken you ladies here to see if you think it as pleasant as I do," and he drew the horses in as they reached the door.

Alighting from the carriage, they walked up a flight of stone steps, and were ushered into the elegant parlor.

Edith was captivated with a view from a bow-window which looked out over a lawn, into the garden of the next neighbor, and she stood long gazing upon the rich parterre before her.

"It seems that *we* shall have near neighbors, Miss Edith," said Mr. Henley, as he approached her.

"It is very beautiful, Mr. Henley. How much you will enjoy here! But look! O, Mrs. Roberts, do come here and look! See how that child has trimmed his hat and dog with flowers!"

Mrs. Roberts went to the window. Down in the lawn she could see a little boy sitting on the grass, with flowers scattered all around, while his own

hat was gorgeous with its trimmings. The dog, too, was wreathed with them, and the child's tiny fingers were now forming another wreath for his pet. Having finished it, he threw it over the neck of the willing animal, then jumped up, and ran frolicking towards the house. She gazed long, steadily, earnestly; then, without a word, turned from the window, walked out of the door, slowly down towards the child.

He stopped his play, and looked up. With a low scream of delight, she clasped him in her arms; and the child, too astonished to move, made no resistance.

"Who are you?" he asked, inquiringly, as she at length released her grasp; "my mother?"

This seemed ever to be that child's question. He had asked it in vain, for four long years, of every stranger lady who had spoken to him, but now the answer came in such tones as only a mother can use.

Mr. Henley and Edith had gazed from the window in silence, but, as the mother returned to the house leading the prattling boy by the hand, they met her at the door. She could not speak, but, entering the parlor, threw herself, still clinging to the child, on the sofa, and burst into a flood of tears.

There is something sacred even in tears of joy, and Mr. Henley, opening a side door, beckoned Edith within, and left the mother and child together.

Edith was full of questioning how Mr. Henley had assured himself of the identity of the child, to which he gave a willing answer, although it was evident he had something else to say.

"I want you to look here one moment, Miss Edith," he said, as he opened a glass-door leading into a conservatory; "I want your taste about this. I am in a little doubt. My gardener thinks acacias preferable, but I confess I have a fancy for moss-roses; which is your choice?"

"O, the roses," exclaimed Edith, immediately on entering. "How very beautiful!"

"*We* shall often admire it, I trust," and Mr. Henley lowered his voice.

Edith knew not why, but she wished herself back with Mrs. Roberts, — anywhere rather than where she was. Mr. Henley gave the glass-door a slight touch; it closed, and they were alone together.

* * * * *

It was a happy party that returned to the city. The boy went too, clinging first to his mother and then to Dago, who lay quietly upon the cushion, riding at his ease. "*We*" were happy, in thoughtful silence.

CHAPTER XVI.

FRANK DOWNER.

"It is just as I feared, Betsey," said Deacon Lundley to his wife, as they sat on the door-steps watching Ephraim driving the cows home for milking.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Lundley.

"Farmer Downer's boy has come back from college."

"Come back! he was not sent away, was he?"

"Yes, — suspended. A friend of his has come back with him as a tutor, they say. His habits are bad, and he will not study."

"He is a smart lad, though."

"Keen as a razor. There never was a brighter boy, in all Durham, than he. Pity, pity; but that 's the way, — talent don't protect."

"The last I heard of him, he was foremost for the prize."

"Yes, and would have had it; but he fell to drinking. They say his tutor, Mr. Henshaw, is an excellent person."

"O, I am sorry for his mother, poor woman!" sighed Betsey, all her woman's heart shining from her eyes. "I could never bear such a stroke."

"Heaven shield you from it, wife!" said the good deacon, throwing his arms around her, as though he would shield her from even imaginary evil.

It was not long before Julia became aware of the arrival of these young men in the village. She came upon them unexpectedly, one afternoon, as she was riding on her errand. She did not fail to notice how changed young Downer was in appearance — how old he looked now, though she knew him to be scarcely a year her senior. She was revolving these thoughts in her mind, when he recognized her, and stepped up to shake hands with her. She drew in the rein, and stopped Dolly.

"Why, Frank Downer!" she exclaimed; "how you have changed! I should scarcely recognize you; hard study has left its print."

"Hard study! Miss Julia compliments me. This is Mr. Henshaw, Miss Lundley."

Mr. Henshaw bowed politely, and said, with a smile, "I trust hard study will soon leave another print there."

"You are in ill health, then?" continued Julia. "You look much, *very* much —" She stopped; she would have said older, but, feeling a sensitiveness, she could scarcely tell why, she blushed, and left the sentence unfinished.

"Much what?" inquired Frank. "Some awfully dubious compliment, I know. Why, I saw my image reflected in the brook, yonder, and *I* thought I never was handsomer."

"Come, come, Master Frank! none of your jesting," said Mr. Henshaw; adding, in a low tone, "She may see deeper than you think for."

"It will not do to stop you longer, Julia. I shall give myself the pleasure of a call upon you before I leave, and bring my tutor with me. My home is here, for the present."

"Your home? I thought you were in college."

"So I was," he said; "but I've had a short bill of absence."

Julia's eye inquired the reason, although she forbore to question. Simply stating that it would give her great pleasure to see the gentlemen, she bade them good-afternoon, and Dolly trotted on.

"She is rather pretty, though, Mr. Henshaw," continued Frank, as they kept on their walk; "but too good for me. She is prime mover among the young women here against intemperance; a real ranter against wine, beer and ale."

"Good success, then, to her," replied Mr. Henshaw "I am pleased with her face; she looks intelligent."

"That she is; but she has too much influence for me. Such women grow vain as a peacock."

Mr. Henshaw walked on in silence. If he had sought for it, he could not more fully have ascertained the strength of Julia Lundley's character than he did through the reports that country gossip brought to his ears, and it was with an undefinable feeling of pleasure that he accepted Frank's invitation to accompany him to the deacon's farm. But, as ill luck would have

it, Julia was not at home. Mr. Henshaw had, however, a delightful call on the old lady. He had a rare faculty of conversing with the aged, and bringing forth from long pent-up memories treasures of the past, and Grandmother Baillie had more than a usual share of them.

As Mr. Henshaw took his chair and placed it by her side, she looked up with a smile, saying,

"I have just dropped a stitch in my knitting, and I tell you, sir, that when one as old as I lets drop a stitch anyway, it 's not easy picking it up again."

"How old are you?" he inquired.

"The days of our years are threescore and ten, and if by reason of strength they be *fourscore*," she replied, with a trembling emphasis on the last word.

"You are eighty, then?"

She nodded her head, — then added,

"Changes have come and gone, and come and gone, and will yet come before I die; I trust so, at least."

"What change do you thus wish for?"

"Change in rum-selling, for one thing."

"Then you are interested for it, too. If the young and the old help us, we shall gain our ground."

"The old, such as I, cannot do much but *pray;*" and she pointed upward, with a reverent faith.

"And they can do that. If they *will*, our cause must be triumphant."

"I feel sure I shall not be called home until I see a brighter day dawn on this cause; for I have earnestly prayed that I may see it, and I *shall*."

"It seems to lie near your heart."

"Too near!" she said, with a quivering lip; "too near!"

Mr. Henshaw saw there was an arrow rankling there, and he dared not probe further, but continued,

"There is a vigorous movement here, I understand."

"Yes," she replied; "and, when it is accomplished, then 'let thy servant depart in peace.'"

"It strengthens our hands when such as you pray for us. We need it. I was riding, a few days since, through a small town, and saw a very neat church on the village green. 'This speaks well for the people here,' I said to my driver; 'I love to see the house of God so well cared for, — the church newly painted, and things so orderly about it. Who is the minister?' — 'Alas, sir!' he replied, 'we have none.' — 'Have none?' I asked, with surprise, 'what is the reason?' 'Why, sir, you see, the people would have rum at the laying of the foundation of the building, and the minister objected; then they would have it circulated at the dedication, and the minister publicly denounced it. This irritated them so much that they refused to settle him, and they are waiting now until they can find a man after their own heart, to favor the curse.'"

"The Lord preserve his fold from the ravening wolf," replied Grandmother Baillie, eagerly.

Frank had by this time fairly "talked out," as he afterwards said to his tutor, and maintained an uneasy silence. Mr. Henshaw, perceiving this, short-

ened his call, and, to Frank's relief, they were soon on their way homeward.

Near to the barn they met honest Ephraim. Mr. Henshaw expressed to him his delight in the old lady's conversation, and added,

"There are not many like her left."

"There never *was* another like her, sir," replied Ephraim.

"But she is old; you cannot keep her much longer."

Ephraim drew the sleeve of his coat across his face most lustily, saying, in a low voice,

"Alas, sir! when she dies, the feather will drop from my cap!"

CHAPTER XVII.

VOTING-DAY.

A GRAY twilight had deepened into a dark night; it was the night before voting-day. Ephraim had taken kind care of old Dobbin, the parson's horse, and now sat listening behind the hay-stack for footsteps. Farmer Lundley's barn was unlocked, and the doors of the carriage-house thrown wide open. Even Trip was called into the back entry, and shut in. Everything seemed to favor the instigators of mischief, who now made their way over the hill, and up through the lane to the barn.

"It's better than we had expected, Jim, an't it?" whispered a voice so near to Ephraim that he almost started from his hiding-place.

"Better?—yes; we will fix them soon;" and three men walked quietly into the carriage-house, closed the door behind them, opened their dark lantern, and went to work. Ephraim heard the grating of the saws; he heard one wheel after another taken off; and, when sure they were too much engaged to be easily startled, he crept round to the door, and threw softly across a large wooden bar, which had been placed on a greased wheel, and fastened them snugly in. They kept on

still at work, unmindful of their condition. Now and then Ephraim could hear stifled sounds of laughter, as piece after piece of the wagon came off. He heard them pass through the inner door to the stable; but the horses were not there. Then, their work being finished, some one placed his hand on the latch of the door, and pushed.

"Jim," said a voice, "come help me push this open; the door shuts tight."

Ephraim heard them, one by one, as they came to the door. He knew that they were all with main strength at work at it. They then went round to the next door. That, also, firmly resisted.

"Good Heavens!" said one; "I believe it 's locked on the outside."

"All right, my friends!" sung out Ephraim; "snug as a mouse! ha, ha, ha! You don't get out of this to-night; so ye can go to sleep on the hay-loft;" and he turned towards the house.

Hours afterwards, in the middle of the night, sounds of knockings and scufflings echoed through the farm-house. They even besieged honest Ephraim's bed, and awakened him; but he only stretched himself leisurely, yawned, and was again soon asleep.

Morning came, and with it a day of great excitement in the village. The polls were open from eight until four, and the common was lined with people. A jostling, roistering, bustling gang stood upon the one side, and, at the coming of every fresh recruit, filled the air with shouts and hurrahs. Where such a body

of men, — so poorly clad, — could have come from, was a matter of wonder to the more sober and orderly people, who kept company together. It was evident that a hard contest must ensue. Every known temperance man had to make his way through a densely compacted mass, which never moved nor made way for him one inch. Every voter for liquor passed on without annoyance, or rather was carried up, as on an easy wave. At four the polls closed, and the crowd was hushed to silence.

"A majority in favor of the liquor-bill of seventy-five; yeas, 420, — nays, 345!" thundered a voice from the tent.

Shouts and groans filled the air. The battle had been fought, and the cause of temperance was triumphant!

"Work for us to do to-night, my men," said Standish, as he stood in the centre of a group of twelve. "The devil take it, if Ephraim catches sight of any of us. He is no drone, and will be on us if we are not quick."

"We will meet, then, at half-past eight," whispered a near voice.

"I'll be ready," — and the group separated.

"This is what right earnest work can accomplish, Deacon Lundley," said Parson Dole. "No one need ever despair. Now we can work, and now we will."

"Now, I say, — for 't!" exclaimed Ephraim, as the announcement of victory reached his ears. "I guess I'll carry *that* news myself to them ere fellers in the

barn, if they are there still; they must be kind of impatient to hear, by this time;" and, springing upon his horse, he galloped to the farm.

As he approached the premises, he could not hear the slightest noise, excepting the low growl of the dog, who was still on guard; and, it must be confessed, he was not a little thankful that the rogues had not escaped. But he reckoned too soon, for, as he came up to the carriage-house, he saw that an opening had been made through the boards large enough to admit of any one's exit, and he felt sure that saws and hatchets had not lain idle.

"They had a sweat on't, anyhow. Well, I don't know as I feel over anxious to find them out, 'cause I should feel kind of wrong like towards them. But I should just like to have told them the news. What is Trip growling at so, t' other side of the barn? I'll go and see." So Ephraim turned his steps thitherward, and, as the full vision broke over him, he burst into a loud laugh, which the barn and woodshed seemed to enjoy as much as he, for they echoed it back none the less lustily.

Trip lay with his front feet planted on a log of wood, and his eyes fixed on the figure of a man which was half-protruded through an opening just over the side-door. He seemed to be thoroughly penned there, being able to move neither backwards nor forwards, — an "unaccountable squeeze," as Ephraim called it. His comrades had all forsaken him. Being somewhat afraid of Trip, and none the less of Ephraim,

they had scampered off in every direction, pell-mell, as soon as free.

"Well, now, I say," broke out Ephraim, "an't you kind of tired? I stand up when I look out of the barn window. I never tried it that way. Should n't think 't was *very* easy; is it? Can't I help you out? Ye han't heard that the temperance folks have beat? They have, though. Blazers!"

But Ephraim now went to work to free the prisoner, having first shut Trip up. It was no easy matter, however. The only way of procedure was by saw and axe; and it was every now and then, with a right lusty jerk, he let the full force of the saw come over the delinquent's coat, so that, when the hole was sufficiently large for his exit, the poor man had scarce a whole thread in his garment.

"There, now," said Ephraim, as the fellow stood again upon his feet, and he recognized one of his distant neighbors; "there, now, *an't* you ashamed? If the deacon wan't a real kind-hearted man, Isaac, you 'd catch it; but I don't believe you 'd have done it, if it had not been for rum, would ye?"

The man stammered out, "No!" and, hearing the rumbling of the deacon's wagon-wheels in the lane, sprang over the fence, and was off.

For a fortnight after the temperance meeting, it seemed as though the excitement would never end. Appointed commissioners ferreted out every rum-stand in the village. The law had given its aid, and it was

decreed that Durham Village should yet be free from the pollution.

"Do not talk to me about Julia Lundley any more, Mr. Henshaw," exclaimed Frank Downer, the day after voting-day. "She is the cantingest of canters. She gave me a lecture long enough to reach from one end of the village to the other. I told her I could not get any wine here now, and she went off in a tangent upon resisting temptation in the city. Bah! I hate such preachers!"

"Not so hard, Frank, not so hard; you come too near home, for I have her promise to keep on preaching, or, rather, to be the preacher's wife; you know I settle soon."

Frank dropped his book, and burst into a hearty laugh. "The more —" but a glance from Mr. Henshaw's eyes checked his words, and he remained silent.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LITTLE ARTHUR.

The longer Arthur remained in No. 22, the more attached did every one become to him. His step was music to them, and his voice rang through the house like the tones of a silver bell. Every one loved him, and none more than William. He would sit for hours watching his play, and often the child would spring from the floor and throw his arms around him, telling him, artlessly, how much he loved him. Thus rousing in the heart of the man the tender, almost feminine sympathies which awaken only at the call of a child, no wonder that he loved him. Hardly ever did he return from his business without a present for the boy, and whenever the little fellow espied him from the window he would run down to meet him with some pretty welcome, — such a welcome as little children only can give.

One evening he was delayed for a much longer time than usual. Darkness began to creep over the streets, and Arthur had strained his eyes until they ached, to catch a glimpse of him. Restless and eager, he still watched,

"O, there! there he comes, Mamma!" he shouted,

and sprung bounding from his chair, to run down and meet him, when, suddenly, just at the head of the stairs, his foot tripped, and he fell down into the entry below. Mrs. Roberts heard him strike upon every stair. Edith rushed from her room at the unusual sound, and William opened the door just in time to see his head strike the last stair. A moan went up through the entry, and then all was still.

"He breathes," said William, as he raised the little sufferer, and laid him on the sofa. "He breathes, — but, Heavens! his arm is broken! and see how the blood mats his hair!"

Edith rubbed his hands, bathed the temples, and he soon opened his eyes.

"Sick," he said, "sick!" and closed them again.

"Better go for Doctor May, brother; his arm must be quickly attended to."

The doctor was soon in the room. The child had revived, and was speaking incoherently and wildly to those about him.

"This is a very serious injury," said the doctor, as he examined the child. "The broken arm is not the worst. I am afraid of an injury upon the brain."

William went up to his room, took a glass of brandy to strengthen him, and returned. He held Arthur while Doctor May set the arm, but could endure it no longer. It seemed as though he himself would become insane. He laid the still moaning darling in his mother's lap, and went back to his room, and drank;

CHAPTER XVIII.

LITTLE ARTHUR.

The longer Arthur remained in No. 22, the more attached did every one become to him. His step was music to them, and his voice rang through the house like the tones of a silver bell. Every one loved him, and none more than William. He would sit for hours watching his play, and often the child would spring from the floor and throw his arms around him, telling him, artlessly, how much he loved him. Thus rousing in the heart of the man the tender, almost feminine sympathies which awaken only at the call of a child, no wonder that he loved him. Hardly ever did he return from his business without a present for the boy, and whenever the little fellow espied him from the window he would run down to meet him with some pretty welcome, — such a welcome as little children only can give.

One evening he was delayed for a much longer time than usual. Darkness began to creep over the streets, and Arthur had strained his eyes until they ached, to catch a glimpse of him. Restless and eager, he still watched,

"O, there! there he comes, Mamma!" he shouted,

and sprung bounding from his chair, to run down and meet him, when, suddenly, just at the head of the stairs, his foot tripped, and he fell down into the entry below. Mrs. Roberts heard him strike upon every stair. Edith rushed from her room at the unusual sound, and William opened the door just in time to see his head strike the last stair. A moan went up through the entry, and then all was still.

"He breathes," said William, as he raised the little sufferer, and laid him on the sofa. "He breathes, — but, Heavens! his arm is broken! and see how the blood mats his hair!"

Edith rubbed his hands, bathed the temples, and he soon opened his eyes.

"Sick," he said, "sick!" and closed them again.

"Better go for Doctor May, brother; his arm must be quickly attended to."

The doctor was soon in the room. The child had revived, and was speaking incoherently and wildly to those about him.

"This is a very serious injury," said the doctor, as he examined the child. "The broken arm is not the worst. I am afraid of an injury upon the brain."

William went up to his room, took a glass of brandy to strengthen him, and returned. He held Arthur while Doctor May set the arm, but could endure it no longer. It seemed as though he himself would become insane. He laid the still moaning darling in his mother's lap, and went back to his room, and drank;

drank until his very brain seemed on fire, and delirium stared him in the face.

With delirium above, and delirium below, Edith did not falter, but went first from one room to the other, with a tender anxiety. How much would she now give, had she her brother's strong arm to lean upon! How much could he now do to comfort them! But no; he was fast approaching that hideous land which he had seen once before, and she whom God had made the weaker must become, and was, the stronger.

Before morning, Mr. Henley's assistance was required to protect them all. William, in his insanity, had loaded a gun and placed it under his pillow. Then, springing, he would reel with it — his hand upon the trigger — back and forth through the house, calling upon them to bring Arthur to him, or he would fire. And thus passed that awful night.

But the child grew worse, rapidly. A long illness — a brain fever — ensued, and watchful anxiety grew more and more hopeless. At times, William would rouse himself to effort, but, as clouds seemed to settle over the life of the child, he flew to his only resource. At lucid intervals, Arthur would inquire for him, and wonder why he staid so long away.

It was a terrible fortnight at that house. It seemed as though every nerve were stretched to the utmost. Mrs. Roberts sat by the child, despairing, but calm; and Edith dared not comfort her.

It was midnight. William's room was still, — still as the grave. It must be that he slept. Edith stole

softly down, and entered the room of sickness. The dim lamp shed its soft light around, but the hanging curtains darkened the bed.

"Mother," said a feeble voice, "mother, I am well now; there is no pain here; I am well again;"— then all was still. Mrs. Roberts rose, and drew back the curtain. Arthur smiled. "Yes, mother," he said, "I am well. Where is Uncle William? I feel better; to-morrow I will play with him again; to-morrow —" and he fell asleep.

"He sleeps," whispered Edith. "The fever turns to-night; if he sleep, he shall do well." She leaned over and listened. The breath came peacefully and naturally, and she closed the curtains, and sat watching.

No door opened in the chamber; there had been no foot-tread on the floor, the curtains of the bed had not even stirred, — yet the still messenger had entered, and borne away that child-spirit.

William heard the sounds of grief in Edith's room, and went in.

"Ah! Edith, what is it, hey?" for he was more himself than he had been through Arthur's illness. "What is it?"

"It is all over, William."

"*All over!* Arthur is not d ——"

"Yes; gone, — called away."

An oath rose to William's lips, and, with it still burning in his heart, he went down to where the child lay. There he remained. No one could draw him thence. He would not leave the child; there he stood

a whole day and a whole night, fixed. It was only the arrangements for the funeral that at last carried him from the room.

They must bear him out, with his white hands folded so innocently over his breast, his face still beautiful to look upon! yet he must go, — and thus they buried him.

The star had set. Had its course been like that of one who now mourned, who would not say, "It is well; he is taken away from the evil to come"?

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DISCLOSURE.

"GET up! go lang! Can't you go a little faster, Dobbin? Miss Julia has been waiting a month for this ere letter, and I 'm carrying it to her now. Dobbin, can't ye go lang?" and, with this reiterated entreaty, Ephraim laid the full length of the whip on Dobbin's back, who, nothing minding, walked incorrigibly on. Yet, somehow, Dobbin's walk would bring him to the farm in due time. Ephraim was convinced of this, and singing "one foot up, and one foot down," he at length reached home, without making another effort for speed.

Julia sat at the window, watching. One whole month had worn away since she had heard from Edith, and those anxieties which had never ceased to follow her were wasting her strength.

"Here 't is, Miss Julia. You see 't was only because I went for it," said Ephraim, as he handed her the letter. "I knowed I 'd get one, Miss Corneille, you see," added he, with a satisfied wink, "I 'd get it."

Julia took the letter quickly, and hurried to her room. With a joyous heart, she saw a long, full letter from Edith, besides a small note, which was marked

"private." She read the first; it was full of home news. It was this that she might read to the waiting circle below. It announced Edith's intended marriage, and the day for its consummation. But the note; Julia feared to open it. A strange terror crept over her, and twice she laid it down, but at length broke the seal and read,

"O, sister! Is there no hope for our William? How can I tell you? how can you tell them? — my father — my mother? William is a *drunkard!* I have striven to conceal it from you all. I have labored day and night; but there is no hope. Since Arthur died, he has grown like a madman, and there is no safety with him. Mr. Henley is not willing to leave me longer with him, and Mrs. Roberts feels that she must go. I can hardly recognize him now. His mind seems gone, and he is not able to attend to his business. Mr. Henley has taken this upon himself, too, or we should have seen him this day a broken merchant. We have tried to lay plans for him. I do not wish mother to know it until we have made one more effort. Ephraim must come down and live with him. I fear the farm, without him, will be lonely enough; yet he must come. He must come, under pretext of being at my wedding. Come he *must* — the sooner the better. You must tell him the story, and bid him be silent. God help us, for we have need of help."

Julia laid down the note. There were no signs of tears upon her cheek, but a crimson flush, which told of deeper agony than of that of tears, was there.

She sat thus for a half-hour, motionless as marble; yet within, grief was at work which would almost have made marble speak. She felt that this would not do; it might arouse suspicion: and, with one of those master efforts which few can make, she regained her usual composure, and went down to read the letter.

"Sit close by me, Julia," said the old lady, as she saw her enter with the letter; "any news from our boy is good news. Bless the lad! I want to hear all."

"Come, father," called Mrs. Lundley, "here is another of Edith's long letters. I am proud that my boy makes her so happy. After all, it is well she went with him."

Ephraim joined the listening group.

"Blazers!" he exclaimed, as Julia finished reading. "Well, I might have known it, there; 't will never answer to let such eyes go into the city, if one expects to see them again without two owners."

"She does not say much about William, does she?" inquired the mother.

"Why, ma'am," replied Ephraim, "don't you understand it? She is all tuk up with Mr. Henley, of course. Master William won't be in the foreground any more. I always said folks that were much to young women before they were engaged, were very much like old steers, — glad enough to lay them aside for new ones."

"Perhaps it is so," said Mrs. Lundley, smiling. "Well, we will wait for the next letter."

"Time to drive the cows home, now," said Ephraim, "so I 'll go; but I can't help thinking on her."

"Ephraim, I will go with you, to-night; reading this letter makes my head feel strangely, and the fresh air will do me good," said Julia; and, hastily throwing on a shawl, she went out with him to the lane.

"Miss Edith an't no better off than somebody else I know on," commenced Ephraim, his whole head being filled with the news.

"No, no, Ephraim; I have something more to tell you. But you must keep it secret."

"Well, now; Master William going over the dam? as we used to call being married. If Master William is, then I will."

"O, Ephraim! it 's a sad story I have to tell you!"

The man stopped short, and with him a halt was an uncommon thing. There was something in the tone of her voice which made its way into his very heart, and he stood transfixed.

"Master William is not dead?"

"No, not dead, — but dying."

"What 's the matter on him?"

"Ephraim, he drinks! drinks to stupefaction — drinks the life out of him!"

The stout-hearted fellow burst into a flood of tears.

"He *don't* drink! he has too kind a heart. It 's a *lie!*" he at length said.

"No, Ephraim, it is the truth; Miss Edith says so,

and writes there is no hope but in you. You must go to him."

"I — I 'll save him, if I die."

"But how shall we manage so that the people here need not suspect anything wrong, — mother and grandmother?"

"T would kill her."

"But you must go, and go soon;" and Julia then read him the note.

"I 'll fix it by to-morrow. Leave me alone, and I will find a plan; but I must have my cry out afore I go," and Ephraim went on his way alone.

Julia watched him as far as she could, and, by the motion of his arm, she knew that he was still weeping.

"Alas for my mother!" she exclaimed. "When she knows it, what shall I do?" She saw no angel, but heard, as it were, a spirit voice, whispering, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be," and returned comforted.

"Julia," said her mother, as she opened the door, "Mrs. Downer has been in here since you left, and wants you to come up there to-morrow. She says Frank is sick, and wants to see you; just sick enough to be confined to his room, — so she said you must be sure and not disappoint him. She looks like a broken-hearted mother. I cannot be too grateful that my boy is not like hers. I think, from what she says, that he has been a sore affliction to her. I bear with me a grateful heart for my boy."

Just as she spoke these words, Ephraim opened the door, but shut it again with such force that it shook the whole room.

"I guess Ephraim has lost some of his cows," said the deacon. "Julia, go and see."

CHAPTER XX.

FRANK DOWNER.

About two o'clock on the following day, Dolly was saddled to carry Julia to Mrs. Downer's. Reports had been afloat unfriendly to Frank, and Julia feared lest her visit might have something to do with these. In her heart she hoped she might not be interrogated too closely as to what she knew, for she dreaded to add one straw's weight to the sorrow which was working death in that mother's heart.

Mrs. Downer was anxiously watching for her, for before she reached the gate the woman had come out of the house, and gone down to open it.

"How is Frank, to-day, Mrs. Downer?" she inquired, as she perceived how unusually pale the mother was; "no worse, I hope?"

"No worse, thank you; but there 's a city friend come down to visit him, and it 's a sore trial to me, now Mr. Henshaw is gone."

"Perhaps I had better not go in. When did he come?"

"Last evening; and I don't like his looks at all. You had better come in, for Frank 's bent on seeing you."

As Julia alighted from the horse, the gentleman stepped to the door.

"Miss Lundley, Mr. Diamond," was the brief introduction.

The young man made a smooth, polished bow, and Julia went in, while he passed on into the street.

"I guess Frank has sent him off on an errand. I believe he came down to shoot game, — at least, he intimated it; — and looks for a friend soon, — a Mr. Dunlap, I think, — to join him."

Frank now opened the door of the room in which he was sitting, and begged Julia to come in.

She was alarmed at the change which a few days' illness had wrought in him, and expressed herself thus.

"Come in quickly, Julia. Mr. Diamond was not at all willing to lose your call, and I 'll warrant he will return soon. I want to know what I *shall* do," and his tone was that of entreaty.

"Do? — what do you mean? I know of nothing better for you to do than to get well," replied Julia, half-playfully, as she seated herself by him.

"I wish Mr. Henshaw were here," said he.

"So do I."

"Will he not be back soon?"

"Yes; I look for him in about three weeks."

"I cannot wait until then. You must tell me."

"Tell you what? I surely will, if I can."

"How shall I break up drinking? Here, now, just as I formed my plans for being steady, here come

these young fellows down from the city, laden with their wines. They have come for a time of it, and a time of it they will have. I dare not refuse to take wine, and, if I take it, I must take it forever. How shall I act?"

"It is a very simple thing, Frank; — say *no!*"

"And bear their ridicule and my own distress. You do not know what a thirst I have for it. I sometimes feel as though I had rather die than give it up. Yet my strength is failing, and my mind — the man within me, of which I was once so proud — is like a child. The sight of a book terrifies me. I am a ruined man if I do not desist, and desist I cannot."

"Have you not a WILL," exclaimed the young girl, ardently, "which can make you the conqueror? a *will* which shall be triumphant? Do not let it be inactive within you. Your passions would trample it down, your appetite would debase it, your affections would lull it; but *rouse it*, — let it come forth from the prison in which it has been so long chained. *Bid it come!* It will obey, and the will triumphant, with God's strength, shall restore you."

"Can I do it now?"

"Now? — yes! Let Mr. Diamond tempt you; be determined and successful."

"It is easy to talk, Julia."

"It may be hard to act, but act you can; and, if you sink, you sink because *you will*."

"It lies in me, then. I felt that it did, but I had hoped there might be some other means of help."

"Had you not rather be your *own* conqueror?"

"If I could; but I *have* tried."

"Never with your whole strength. Try now; trials never were stronger, victory will never be more glorious. Stand, and be *firm*."

Mr. Diamond now entered. He evidently saw that something was interesting them both deeply, but, nothing abashed, he seated himself very comfortably in the rocking-chair.

"Fine country, this, Frank. I like it much. I don't wonder William Lundley loved to come home; poor fellow! He is a brother of yours, I think, Miss Julia? I knew your sister; you don't resemble her much, though I think your voice is like hers. She was a beauty when she first came down, but she don't look quite so fresh now. Trouble comes fast upon her."

"Do you know the gentleman to whom she is engaged?" inquired Frank.

"Of course I do; but I don't like him. Dunlap and I think he is a great ——. Excuse me, I almost forgot the lady's presence. He 's a temperance man, Downer; that will put him on the right level, in your estimation."

"It will raise him high, then, I trust," replied Julia, fixing her eyes upon Frank with an expression which he well understood.

"I shall surely *respect* him for it," was the cold answer.

"Ha, ha! that 's rich! It is beating the devil in his own house, an't it? I respect him, too!" and Mr.

Diamond continued for some time laughing at what he supposed Frank intended as a joke.

"You have not seen your brother lately, Miss Julia, have you?" he inquired, at length, addressing her.

"No, I have not since his last visit home."

"Poor fellow!" but a glance from that eye, gentle though it was, rebuked him, and he stopped.

"I must go now, Frank," she said, rising. "I trust you will be better soon. Here are some flowers which I had almost forgotten; I gathered them by the way," and she laid them in his hand, giving him at the same time a slight pressure, which he knew showed a cordial approval of his first step in reformation.

Mr. Diamond accompanied her to the door, and, as he assisted her to the saddle, she said,

"May I ask a favor of you, sir?"

"It will give me great pleasure to grant it."

"Do not speak of my brother's habits anywhere in this neighborhood. It is not known here; and God knows it would kill them at home."

"Is it possible? Why, I supposed, of course, you all knew of it, and had got used to it by this time. It is nothing, up our way. But I will hold my peace, if I can,—if it don't leak out."

"And I shall always thank you for it," she said, eagerly;—and there was such a grateful expression in her face, that Mr. Diamond returned to the house feeling sure he had performed a generous deed! Poor fellow!

As she turned through the gate she met Mrs. Downer.

"Julia," she asked, "can my boy be saved? These young men are not like us."

"Yes, I hope so. He will *save* himself; he has promised to try, and I think he will."

"Stay; Julia, did *he* say anything of William?"

"Not much; why?"

"Because I heard something strange of him; but I did not believe it."

"Say nothing, Mrs. Downer. Reports have come to me, but not to the farm. I hope for the best!" And, with an unusual calmness, that deceived Mrs. Downer, she started on her way.

During her absence, by one of those sudden movements for which he was somewhat noted, Ephraim had announced the startling intelligence to Deacon Lundley "that haying-time was over, and, having nothing particular to do, he should like to go to the city; and the fun of it was, he wanted to go next day."

"Well, Julia, things are stranger and stranger! What do you think of Ephraim's wanting to go to the city? He is going to-morrow." This was the first thing with which her father greeted her on her return.

"Well, let him go, father; he will see enough to last him his lifetime."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE RIDE TO THE CITY.

"Well, now, it is the last thing I should have thought on, Ephraim, your wanting to go to the city. You don't know what you 're going to," said the old lady, as Ephraim came to bid her good-by.

"O, yes I do, grandma'am. I am going to the tumble, and rattle, and thunder and battle, of high life. Good-by, Miss Corneille; if you 'd write me a letter, I 'd think of answering on it," he said in a low voice to this personage, who had followed him to the door. "Good-by!" and he sprang into the wagon which stood ready to carry him to meet the stage, some six miles from the farm.

With his broad white collar turned over the coat, and his bright blue neck-cloth, he seemed to have renewed his youth, and looked like a boy of eighteen, saving the few deep furrows which time had ploughed in his forehead. He had tied up all necessary articles of his wardrobe in a checked handkerchief, and was not over-burdened with baggage. Thus he started, — a good, stout, honest heart, — on an errand of mercy!

As he drove up to the town, he saw that the stage was already there, and hastened to secure a seat.

The driver opened the door, and Ephraim was about to ascend the steps, when a man stepped up and gave him a push back.

"Hold, my man; I want the back seat. I ride on a few miles further, and I like my ease. I 'll step in first."

"Hey?" replied Ephraim, stepping back. "Jist hold on a bit; if that 's all you want, I 'll get in;" and, giving the fellow a thrust back, he mounted the steps, stopped a moment to bow to the passengers, and wish them "good-day," and seated himself comfortably as possible.

"I told *you*, sir," exclaimed the driver, "that your stopping place was here; don't you understand?" and he gave this same man another thrust off the steps.

"He 's took too much, han't he?" asked Ephraim of an elderly person who sat next to him.

"I should think so! ha, ha! What a fool it makes of the man!"

"I guess I 'll get in, anyhow," continued the obstinate fellow. "I like riding, and would as soon go further as not!" but just then a handsome carriage came dashing up, and a voice exclaimed from the inner seat,

"Ha, Dunlap! just in time, an't I?" but the stage-driver had mounted his box, and Ephraim was on his way to the city.

Dash — whip, — dash along! and yet how slowly the hours went by! Not even the beautiful farms, which lay scattered in all directions, could serve to

while away the time, and Ephraim was heartily tired. At length, as they neared the city, the strange appearance of things around him amused him, and he kept the passengers in unrestrained merriment at his uncouth remarks.

"That beats all natur!" he said, closing his eyes long after the engine had passed, with a train of cars. "I 've read on 'em, and I 've heard tell on 'em, but much as ever my eyes seed them; they wan't here afore they were there! Kind of curious, though, an't it?" and he drew in his head from the window. "Kind o' queer, that 's certain; as Grandma'am said, I did n't know what I was a coming to."

"What on arth!" he exclaimed, as a loud, long whistle rent the air. "If there an't another on 'em!" and again he stretched his head out of the window as far as possible.

"Blazers! Well, it 's kind of curious *what* steam is! There an't no fun driving here, is there?" he inquired of his next neighbor. "You can't do nothing but turn out, and much as ever that. There, we liked to have run agin that team! How nigh they go! When I 'm at hum, I never turn out, because you see I don't meet carts often, but when I drive I sits and thinks." Ephraim was lost in wonder, and it was not until the stage stopped, and the driver called out "No. 22, — William Lundley," that Ephraim was aware of his arrival in the real city.

Edith sat at the window, watching. She had hoped that relief might come to her soon, and she had looked

long for Ephraim. When the stage stopped, and she saw his bluff, familiar face, she could have wept for joy, and hurried to the door to meet him.

"O, Ephraim, you are welcome here. Come, come in. I am glad to see you."

For a moment he stood amazed. The rich brocade in which she was dressed, and the elegant jewelry which adorned her, dazzled him; and it was not until he caught full sight of those same beautiful eyes, that he gained his composure.

"Can't I go round the side way?" he said, as she asked him again to come in. "I 'm kind o' dusty."

"O, no; come in here, — I must hear from home. Here 's a brush, and you can soon have the dust off, — come;" and she led him in by the hand.

She felt that on him must be placed the burden of the day, — and good broad shoulders he had for it.

It was not long before he felt himself at home, and when, at last, Edith alluded to her brother, he tried to comfort her in his homely style.

"Can't I see him to-night?" he inquired. "Where is he?"

"He is in his room. I am afraid to have you go up. I will go first, and see."

She returned soon, and led the way up the stairs. William lay upon the sofa, with reddened eyes and bloated face. He looked up, as he saw the figure of a man and spoke.

"What's wanted?" The voice was hollow and rough.

"How are you, Master William?" said Ephraim, going towards him and extending his hand. "I 've come down to see how you get along, now-a-days."

It was an unusually sober moment for William. He recognized the man, and shook hands with him heartily.

"Glad to see you, Eph. How 's mother?"

"She 's well, to be sure."

"I love that woman. How is she?"

"She is well," answered Ephraim.

"Edith, hand Eph a glass of wine," he ordered peremptorily, as she reäppeared at the door.

"*No*, sir."

"But — "

"No, sir; I *won't*."

"Don't you go," said William, as Ephraim rose to leave the room. "Stay with me; because," he added, in a whisper, "there 's a devil comes in to see me soon, and I want you to fight him for me. Do stay."

"Yes, — I will come back soon;" and, leaving the room, he leaned his head upon the banister, and wept!

"I han't come down to cry, Miss Edith," he said, as she opened the door of her room and found him thus. "But I must take it out first, and then I 'll help."

Mr. Henley called during the evening, and Ephraim

saw him with his own eyes; he talked with him, and, as he said to Edith when he went up to his room for the night, he felt

"That 's a smart one of yours, — he 's a real gentleman."

CHAPTER XXII.

ADVENTURES OF THE CITY GENTLEMEN.

In the course of a few days, there was hardly a family in Durham who had not heard of the arrival of these young men from the city. In fact, they had made themselves familiar with many of the inhabitants, either by stopping to inquire the way when they started out to hunt, or requesting to be allowed to warm themselves by the fire, or asking for a tumbler of water, — so that they knew well where a pretty face stood ready to greet them, and oftener made calls in that direction. Their dashing manners and polished address gave them admittance to many a quiet home from which they had far better have been excluded.

"It 's mighty quiet, though, down here, in the evening; an't it?" exclaimed Dunlap, as he threw himself back in his chair, and gave an inexpressibly long yawn. "Mighty quiet for me; but I suppose it is not quite so dull down to Downer's, is it?"

"Jupiter! yes. I can't get Frank to take a drop of wine, or anything else, with me. I don't know what has come over him; I believe he 's sick. He looks badly, too; I should hardly recognize him. That sister of Lundley's keeps coming there, — a real Meth-

odist, I call her, though she is handsome; don't you think so?"

"Ye-e-s, — rather; not just to my liking, though. But, do you know, that is one great thing brought me down here?"

"What?"

"Yes; you don't think I was fool enough to come here, this cold weather, just to shoot, do you? Not I; I have business with her."

"Ha! Dunlap, if you're up to one of your old games with her, you'll find your match, I tell you! Besides, when you come to see her often, there is something disagreeably exact in her manners. She is a trollop! ha, ha!"

"Never mind; I mean to see her again, soon. I believe I will go down to-night."

"Come, I will go with you."

"Thank you for your offer, but I will walk with you as far as Mrs. Downer's;" and Dunlap rose, put on his overcoat, and both gentlemen walked out into the entry.

"Is it a long walk there?" asked Dunlap, upon reaching the door.

"Rather long, — four miles."

"Jove! I will ride, to be sure!" and he stepped into the bar-room to order a chaise.

"Can't let you have one to-night, sir, nohow; the teams have all gone. There's a grand break-up, to-night, of Standish's rum-hole, and they've all gone to it."

"What is that?" inquired Mr. Diamond.

"Why, sir, Ephraim, — that is Deacon Lundley's hired man, sir, — he 's found out a rum-hole, and left word about it, just before he went to the city. So they 've gone to-night to find it, — good luck to them. But I am sorry I can't accommodate you, gentlemen."

"Where is it?" asked Mr. Dunlap.

"O, clear over in Scrub-oak Forest."

"Let 's go, Dunlap," said Mr. Diamond. "We will harness Fleet, and soon be off. Walk down to Downer's with me, and we 'll be ready."

The young men walked quickly to the stable, harnessed Fleet, and were dashing on.

"That road leads to the deacon's farm. Shall I leave you, Dunlap?"

"No, thank you, I can wait. I want to see the fun up there; drive on!" and, with Fleet's quick trot, they reached the place just as a shout rolled up in the night air, which shook the dry leaves on the tree-tops!

"Up with the trap-door! Pull away, my men! Don't mind; up with the trap-door!" and another shout proclaimed the door open.

"Down there, then; roll them up! Barrel, hogshead, demijohn, — roll them up! that 's it! — hurra! roll them up! ha, ha! Clean them out! stave them in! Hip, hurra!" The excitement was indeed great.

Giles Standish stood alone, viewing the destruction, though he dared not call the branded articles his own

in face of the new law. He stood until he saw the last barrel tapped, the tumblers broken, and his resort in ruins.

"Ah, ha!" laughed out Dunlap, as they rode back; "that is as rich a thing as I have seen, this many a day. Some brave folks here; we must hide our liquors, Diamond, or they will take them."

"Jupiter! I should like to see them do it."

As they drove on, by some unaccountable means, Mr. Diamond lost his way. He did not remember the wine which had warmed him before he set out. As it was, he lost his way, and continued to drive on some distance, without perceiving his mistake.

"I declare, Dunlap," he said, at last, "I believe we are out of the way. What do you think?"

"No, we are right; we shall be home soon."

But before long they entered a dark wood, which they knew was not on the right road.

"No such place, surely, the road we came."

"That is a fact. But I guess there is some kind of a place when we are through these woods. I rather like it."

It was evident that Fleet was tired. She began to shake her head and droop her ears, when suddenly she pricked them up again, whinnied, and started off at a rapid pace.

"Ha! Fleet knows we are coming to habitations. That 's the way she always does. See her go!"

The animal was in the right, for, as they emerged from the woods, a machine-shop stood near by, in

which lights were burning brightly. Then they knew they were in Bedford, the neighboring village to Durham.

"Let us stop here and get warm, anyhow," said Mr. Diamond; and, taking Fleet into a shed, they covered her with a blanket, and went in.

"Whew! don't go in further," exclaimed Diamond; "the perfume is horrible."

"O, never mind; we shall not notice it when we are once in. It is very apt to be so, — come;" and Dunlap entered.

"Allow us to warm ourselves by the furnace, if you please," he said, as one of the workmen turned towards him.

"Yes," was the short answer; and they walked in still further.

"T' other way," called out a man; "furnace is in there," and Dunlap opened the door, but shut it again, saying,

"I *can't* stand that myself; it is terrible!"

"Why don't you go in, young men?" asked another person. "It is warm in there."

"I should think something was burning," replied Mr. Dunlap. "Either the water is out of the boiler, or there is something in the wood."

One of the workmen stepped, and opened the door, and shut it with an oath.

"Go up and look in the boiler, Tim," said the one who seemed to be overseer. "Perhaps the water *is* out."

your parents don't know of your brother's condition, and perhaps you can do the thing for me."

"If it is an honorable thing to do, perhaps I can."

"No dishonor about it. You see, your sister, down there in the city, is engaged to a Mr. Henley, — a man whom I hate, there 's no mincing that. Well, he has papers of mine which he has no right to. I know he has handed them over to Edith; she has had them for some time. I have tried every way to obtain them, — every lawful way. Have them I will. Now, if you can obtain them for me, I will keep still about your brother; but, if you will not, I will blazon it around the town, and tell your parents, too."

"If you suppose you can intimidate me in that way, you are mistaken, sir," replied Julia, with a calmness which surprised him, for he had understood that she was a timid creature.

"I mean what I say, Miss Lundley; I want those papers, and, really, you can obtain them easily. Just write for them, — she will trust them with you, I know, — then hand them to me. They are of no importance to any one but myself."

"I shall do no such thing. I never play a double part."

"But you must, or I will tell everything I know. And that is a disgrace you cannot well endure."

It would seem that Mr. Dunlap was forgetting his courteous manners, for his tone now was rude and insolent. Nevertheless, Julia did not appear disconcerted, but replied,

"I think it must come from a more reliable source, before it will be believed."

"Few believe it! I can bring facts, — facts that I know of. Did not I see him once beat his head against the door, and howl? Have not I heard him use oaths that made *me* tremble, though I am used to oaths? Have not I seen him under the table in my own room, and had him carried out by servants, dead drunk? Have not I seen him —"

"Stop, sir!" exclaimed Julia, rising from her seat. "I bid you stop, or go."

"Ha! well, that looks rather keen; I like it.

"You see," he said, softening his tone a little, "I do not mean to tell all this but to you, unless you will not write for my papers. If you will write for them, I will publish another story around. I will tell them how kind he is, how devoted, — worthy the care of such a sister!" he added, in a satirical tone.

"If you suppose, sir, that by any means you can drive me to do that which I will not consent to, you do not understand my character, or my *will*."

"You *will* not, then?" and he drew his chair nearer her side."

She neither moved hers, nor spoke.

"You *will* not, then? Well, just listen;" and he dropped his voice into a thrilling whisper. "Listen; I will —"

"Stop, sir! — I command you; or I will call my father."

"O, no, that you will not;" he said, putting his

arm about her, and holding her firmly in the chair. "I mean no violence; I simply want you to hear what I have to say. Well, then, I will — "

"Let me go, or I will call for help!"

"No use, for I can help that, — stop it easily. Just listen. Your brother signed a paper, — I made him sign it, when he was drunk, — a paper that would carry him to prison. Do you hear? But that is not all; O, no! — "

But, ere he had finished the sentence, a blow fell upon his head, and he dropped to the floor.

So intense had been his excitement that he had not heard the soft, sylph-like tread of Mr. Diamond, who had followed him thither and listened unseen to the whole of the conversation, and ended it in this manner, — the first spirited act he was ever guilty of performing.

Dunlap almost instantly arose, it being the suddenness, rather than the violence of the blow, which had levelled him.

By this time Mrs. Corneille was aroused. The heavy fall of the man had jarred her room to such a degree as to awaken her, and, springing up, she hastened down stairs just as Dunlap had arisen, and seated himself in the chair.

"O, Mrs. Corneille!" exclaimed Julia. "Hist! be silent; but come, send these men away."

"And ken ye na better than to be here sich an hour o' the night? Out with ye, each one, or I 'll drive ye out! It 's na good ye are here for."

"Not so fast, my good woman," replied Mr. Diamond; "this friend of mine is very pale, and I think needs care."

"Take him home and care for him, then. I dinna like the looks of either of you, and, if ye winna go soon, I will see that ye are sent. Come, here!" and she opened the door wide upon its hinges, and stood for a moment irresolute.

"Come, I say, — out with ye; na 's the good ye are after. But Miss Julia is not a bird of your kind. Come, go!"

She was fairly aroused, and, before Mr. Diamond could make his exit, she seized him, unresisting, by the arm, and led him to the outer door, where she gave him one good hard push, and returned after Mr. Dunlap. He had just time to whisper something to Julia, and clench his fist, ere she returned.

"Now," said she, "out! An ye have na manners, I will teach you some. It 's na the thing for ye to be here; so, come."

Had Mr. Dunlap not seen fit to go, she never could have led him, as she did the yielding Diamond; but the truth was, he felt strangely, and thought it best to reach home as speedily as possible, — therefore he went. Mrs. Corneille doubly barred the door, and listened long to be sure they were nowhere about the farm.

It was not the fall which had aroused these strange feelings in Mr. Dunlap's heart; but, he was thwarted in the plans where his only resource lay. He had,

unintentionally, exposed his own baseness, and was now adrift.

Early the next morning, the sudden departure of the city gentlemen filled the country folks with surprise, and brought, for a few days, peace to Julia's agitated heart.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NO HOPE.

"Blazers! I never seed the like on it. I thought I 'd take a walk, Mr. Henley," said Ephraim, "while master was asleep, and I thought I should never get home alive. Such a driving against me, and a knocking along! I had to turn twice to see if they had n't tuk off a piece of my coat, and while I turned to look, whang came somebody else, right butt up! Then I got ready to start again, and went to turn clear out for a lady, sir, and the eend of a horse's nose lit on my shoulder. 'Look out, there!' screamed a voice. Says I, 'I will, if you 'll gin me time to,' and on I came. I seed a pictur, in the winder, of some first-rate cattle and I thought I 'd just look. If I did n't pay for 't! I got more knocks than there were minutes! But, thinks I, I 'll stand here till you 're done knocking agin me; and there I stood. 'T was of no use; I believe, sir, if I 'd stayed till now, they 'd have worn my breeches out! Blazers!"

"But you found a great deal to see, did not you?"

"Yes; but the best thing I had to look out for was myself. I don't see what you do in this 'ere city, — there 's no walking neither one way or t' other."

"Well, you will find enough to do. Your poor master, there, will need you. What do you think of him?"

Ephraim's face was suddenly elongated.

"Master William, sir, is a gone man. Why, his mind is just nothing. He talks like a boy, — not an over smart one, either, — and he does not remember, one moment, what he said the last. No, sir; — he is lost!"

"We must watch and tend him, for his mother's sake."

"And Grandma'am's."

"Yes, yes; there is sorrow to come, there; we cannot save him."

At this moment William opened the parlor door and entered, staggering to the sofa.

"Give me more to drink! Heavens! how I feel! Here, Ephraim, here, — there; not there — here! I must go down and see to business, soon — only strengthen me for it. Where 's Dithie? I don't like her much; she 's a sober thing!" and thus he talked on, until they carried him, a senseless man, to his room.

"I tell you, Mr. Henley, he has had the last drop he gits while I 'm here. I won't leave him, day nor night; he shan't have it. I 'll hold him down with my whole strength, or I 'll tie him down," said Ephraim, as they laid him on the bed.

Presently he commenced to laugh out like a child, and twirl his handkerchief around his hand.

"Ha, ha! see, won't you? Red, white and blue! ha, ha! Eph, why don't you laugh? See it! see it!" and, in the midst of this excitement, he fell asleep.

From that hour Ephraim would not leave him, unless Mr. Henley were with him. With almost the tenderness of a woman, this rough fellow nursed him; he followed him, he led him, he fed him. It was singular to see this apparently harsh nature so gentle with that imbecile man.

"It is for the love of him," old Ephraim would say; "the love for his mother, — and I cannot leave him."

But there was no hope. For a month he thus watched and bore him through the agonies of a drunkard deprived of his cup, — and yet there was no hope. His mind was gone, — gone forever; such must he be for time, and what shall he be in eternity?

This news must soon come to the home circle. The time for Edith's marriage was near at hand, and Ephraim could not remain much longer. He must take William to his home. How should it be told? Should Edith write to her father? She did try, but her heart failed her. Should she inform her mother? She did try; — "Alas! my mother!" was all she wrote, — and again her heart failed. No, no! Julia must *tell* them, — it could not be written; and thus she penned her letter to the frail sister. It must be hers to announce it, — God help her!

And thus William passed out from that city circle. He who had been one of the first in its gay life had

left it, and yet it rolled on, bearing others to the same haven; — others, by whom no honest Ephraim could watch; others, for whom no sisters' prayers were ascending; others, upon whom as fond mothers were doting, and upon whom as dear a father's peace was resting. Yet they must die *fools!*

Dashing, noisy, bustling city! Temptation is in her wine-cup, and death in her choice pleasures.

Young William, is it for thee?

CHAPTER XXV.

THE TWO SIDES.

The liquor-bill excitement was intense throughout the city. Merchants debated it in their stores, clerks in their shops, bankers in their counting-rooms, lawyers in their offices, physicians with their patients; — from the highest to the lowest, from the moneyed gentleman of La Grange Place to the Irish laborer in Dun Lane. The liquor-bill? It seemed to have diffused some of its very essence into the mass of the people, for it reached every nerve of society, and set the whole into a ferment.

One grand pro-liquor-bill meeting was announced, to be held in Downing's Hall. Another, of opposite politics, in the Thantix Room. Down at the West End a lecturer was to harangue the people; and, up to the North, a "gentleman of high rank" was to lead the van for liquor.

Mr. Henley heard of these meetings, and, thinking it might give Ephraim a chance to see the stand of temperance in the city, he offered to take charge of William, and let him go.

"Go!" said Ephraim, half-laughing and half in earnest, "I don't know the way to one of the places."

"Follow the crowd, my man; they will lead you right."

"I guess I shall go all sorts of ways, then."

"Where would you like to go?"

"I 'd like to get a spice of all. I 'll try my luck again," and off he started.

"I guess I 'll let the folks that are going right alone, and see how them comes on that goes agin the stream, down there at Thantix Room," he said to himself.

"Hulloa, sir!" he called to a gentleman who was passing rapidly by him. "Hulloa! Can you tell me the way to Thantix Room?"

"Yes, I 'm bound there. Come with me; it is not far;" and they turned the street, and were soon among the densely compacted people.

It was not here, as in Durham, only the offscouring of the inhabitants who composed this meeting. This class *were* there, but mingled with them there were also men of wealth, learning and intelligence. Lawyers, physicians, merchants and honest mechanics, were crowded in unseemly confusion with keepers of rum-holes, and blacklegs and "loafers," while here and there sat a poor victim of the vice, who could scarcely steady himself in his seat without the aid of his neighbors.

Ephraim made the best of his way into the room, and edged himself along so as to be able to listen to the speaker, who was then discussing the impossibility of keeping intoxicating drinks from the people.

"Citizens," he continued, "you can *never* accom-

plish this. In this immense city it will be smuggled in. Men will have it — men must have it; but, because we advocate this, we do not necessarily advocate brutal drinking — not one of us! We are not responsible for that; it rests with the man himself. And, because he will debase himself, is this a reason why we must be without these necessary articles in our families? It is of no use to point us to the drunkard and to say, 'There is your principle illustrated.' It is of no use to take us to the homes of penury and degradation, and to tell us, '*See* your victims.' It is of no use to lead us to the prison and the gallows, and to say, 'These are *your* men.' They are not our men, or illustrations of our principles! We are not voting for drunkards, but we are voting that each man may have his liberty, — liberty to buy and sell! If men will drink to excess, they are the fools, — we are not. We contend for liberty, and have sense enough to keep sober!"

"Hark! hear him! hear him! Good! that 's right!" called out many voices around Ephraim.

"Hear him?" replied Ephraim, "I guess I do, — and not much the better for it, either. Hang it! I wish Parson Dole was here; he 'd show up that feller. I 'd try it myself, if I was glib o' tongue. I could talk sense, anyhow, and that 's more than you get here, — so I 'm off." He edged his way out again, and, accosting a man who left the room at the same time, he asked if he would tell him the way to Dunning's Hall.

"Yes; take this street, turn down the left-hand

side, go on and take the next turn, then keep straight on until you get to the arch; then wheel round to the right, turn again to the left, and keep straight on. It will take you right there in a jiffy."

"Blazers! I should think it might. An't there no nearer way?"

"No, guess not; that 's easy finding, sure."

"Easy as nothing," replied Ephraim, and walked on. Soon he met another person, and asked him the way.

"Just in front, there; it 's in full sight. There is a good speaker there; you 'd better hurry;" and on he went.

Ephraim found his way easily, and entered, but was so perfectly bewildered at "that fellow's thundering impudence" just before, that he stood for some time without hearing a word; but, as the speaker grew more earnest, and gave full vent to his feelings, he listened.

"Citizens," he said, "you *can* accomplish this? Work! work like men! It is no child's play. You cannot stand idle; there must be hard work, or the wheel will not turn. Let *each man* do his *duty*, by word, by action, by vote, by the *life* — every man of us! we cannot spare one. The trouble is, you are willing enough to vote rightly, but you will not spend the time in *working* for it. How many will vote for our temperance mayor? This will be a grand bulwark for us. We must work for it, we must toil for it; and be men — honest to our country, to ourselves, and to God."

"Why didn't I come here in the first on't?" thought Ephraim, as the speaker closed. "However, I will go and ask him what he really thinks of the votes, — how they 'll go." And so he waited until the crowd had disappeared, and the speaker came down the aisle; then he stepped towards him, and accosted him.

"Please to tell me, sir, if temperance is on the rise, here?"

"Not here. I am sorry to say, we are far down."

"Don't they try to aid it, sir?"

"O, yes; but we must abide our time."

"Vote goes for the liquor mayor, then, I take it?"

"Yes; and, for the present, our city is *lost*. But we are not discouraged. It will teach us to do more next year."

Ephraim walked slowly home.

"Bad business!" he soliloquized. "How many on 'em there are, like young master as he was one year ago, who will be like him as he is *now!* and all because folks WON'T THINK!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE RETRIBUTION.

The mail-stage drove furiously on, — down the hill, up the hill, furiously; that is, when the snow would allow, for here it was drifted heavily, and there was a mile with scarce a flake. It was that uncomfortable kind of travelling which makes stage-drivers cross, and the passengers ill at ease. Joe, the driver, surely was cross to-day, for his poor horses showed marks of more than one fit of irritability on his part, and just now were straining every nerve to trot fast enough to please him, and avoid, if possible, another cut from his heavy whip-lash. But in vain; down came the whip with emphasis, and all the four broke at once into a round gallop.

Just at this moment a man emerged from the woods some distance ahead, and beckoned.

"Hulloa, there! Mister, — stop!"

Joe drew in the lines with his full strength, but not with much success.

"Whoa, whoa! Stop you ——" The words were lost, but they seemed to have an instantaneous effect upon the animals. They stood still.

"I say, mister; here's a man tipped over in his

wagon, rolled into a kind of a frog-pond here, and froze to death. He 's stiff as buckram, and his wagon is broke. I can't get him up; he 's froze down tight. I say, I should think he 'd been here a week. Give us your help."

The travellers were soon out from the stage, and upon the spot.

"If it an't old Giles Standish!" exclaimed Joe. "How on arth did he come here?"

"Here 's a jug of rum," said another; "that is the reason."

"He 's been off for liquor, and got too much for his good. There an't many down there in Durham that 'll mourn for him. He 's got a big account to square up now; I 'm glad I an't he."

"I guess he has, if for all the names he put down in his book the Lord put down agin him."

"Yes, think on 't. I 've buyed liquor on him myself — first-rate raw material; but sometimes he was a beast at selling, I remember."

"Come," said Joe; "can't stop for your memory. It 's an all-fired cold day. Take him up, and we 'll carry him along."

"Take him up? Let 's see you do it! I tell you he 's froze stiff. See there!" and the man put out his foot, and gave the body a kick. "You see he won't move."

"You take hold of his feet, and I of his head; we 'll see if we can't."

It was an awful sight. It seemed as though that

body were nothing but a log of wood to them. They kicked against it, they pried under it with sticks, they knocked it with an iron wrench from the stage; but it all was of no use.

"Can't do it," said Joe. "Leave him there; he 'll keep. We 'll send some warm water to thaw him out; or let the sun do it. Nobody cares for him. Miss Standish will be glad on 't. She 'll be happier than she 's been this ten year. Come, passengers, aboard; all in, — horses will get cold; come," and in a few minutes Joe was thundering on. As soon as he reached a house, he went in and told the news, and started off again.

Poor Giles Standish! He did find, indeed, a drunkard's burial; for, having succeeded in thawing him up, the men placed him, with an oath, into a pine coffin, put it in a light wagon, and trotted him on to his grave!

The same stage that brought this news into Durham brought, also, a letter for Julia Lundley, and one for her father. Hers she knew was from Edith, and she retired to her room to read it. Edith was married, and she had written that letter to request Julia to inform her parents of the sad necessity of William's removal home.

She had sat long after she had finished the letter, prostrated with sorrow, — she knew not how long, — but a knock at the door roused her. It was her father. She started. She felt that the truth must be spoken. She tried to speak, but he laid his

hand upon her head, leaned heavily, and the tears rolled down upon her forehead.

"Read this, Julia. It is a letter from Mr. Dunlap. Is it true? O, my head! my heart! Julia, your mother!" and, as she took the letter to read, she heard the heart beat violently and convulsively in her father's breast, and felt the necessity of being calm.

She read it. Mr. Dunlap had fulfilled his threat to the very letter, and there was not a thing forgotten. It was a long and brutal letter; but it was the truth, and Julia did not think it best to soften it down, or try to palliate it.

At this moment Mrs. Lundley opened the door.

"I know there is bad news of some kind in those letters. I am prepared for it, even though it be death. God will strengthen us for that. Is it Edith, or is it my precious son?"

"O, mother! it is worse than death! read it."

She took the letters and read them, calmly, without a tear. She had just arisen from prayer. She had felt a strange assurance that there was trial for her in those papers, and she had first sought her room and prayed for strength to endure. She had asked for resignation, she had pleaded for submission; and God shielded her now under the shadow of his wing.

"Our help cometh from the Lord," she said, as she laid the letters upon the table, and dropped upon her knees. Julia and her father knelt, also. There was no audible voice in that still chamber, but, if Heaven

ever heard earnest prayers, they went up from that broken-hearted circle.

"Mother," said Julia, the day they looked for the arrival, "I have arranged things pleasantly for him. I hope he will love to be with us."

And how thoughtfully she did arrange everything! How tastefully she placed the books! She could not realize that her brother would not notice them, and that it was but a thankless task!

Alas for that home when he did enter! — and he did come soon. Ephraim lifted him from the wagon, and supported him in. He smiled to his mother, and Julia kissed him; but there was no mind left. A poor, broken-down man, he was brought to his home. He had been his own destroyer. *He had debased the mind to its terrible idiocy.* When the Lord cometh to *judge him for his ten talents, lo! he hath not* ONE!

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE PROPOSAL.

"I TELL you, Miss Corneille," said Ephraim, as they sat alone together, "I tell you, Edith 's got a nice man."

"So I 've heard."

"A first-rate one. Think of his giving Mrs. Roberts a home with them; — she 's a lady, I tell you. You never seed her, did you?"

"Na, na; but I luve her for all she 's done for Maister William."

"You do, don't ye?"

"Yes, that I do. She was kind to him as an ain sister."

"So are you. Poor fellow! it 's my life's work to take care of him."

"And it 's bonnie that ye 're able to do it. It is a pleasure."

"You think so, don't ye? I am glad; so do I. It 's well when two agree."

"We always agree."

"We did, did n't we? we never had words, either. Now, that 's queer, an't it?"

"I hope we never shall."

"So do I;" and Ephraim drew his chair close to her side.

"We think alike, you said?"

"Yes, on a'most everything; don't we?"

"Can't we on all, Miss Corneille, hey? Well, there now, I—I—" Ephraim drew a long ahem—"I was a thinking," he continued, "it 's kind of stormy out of doors;" and he rose and went to the window. "'T an't either; it 's as light as day, and the moon is out as bright. Miss Corneille, I somehow am kind of tired of living alone; somehow I — I think I'd like to have you. Blazers! It 's out now!"

"Ye 're honest, my man, and I weel be sa, too. My heart lies where I buried it, in my Jamie's grave. I canna marry again."

"Can't you? Well, then, it 's all up with me. I kind of liked you when I first seed you, and I kind of like you now. You can't, can you?"

"Na, na, Ephraim; I will help ye wi' the care of young maister, and sa we twa weel live for the present."

"Well, I don't like to ask again, it 's such queer work; but, if ye ever change your mind, just let me know."

Julia now opened the door, and entered with a newspaper.

"Mrs. Corneille," she exclaimed, "where do you think Dunlap has gone, now?"

"Where?"

"Sailed for Paris; takes up his residence there.

Mr. Diamond has taken out a Miss Bellmont as his bride, and they have sailed together."

"They 'll have to take something in for ballast," said Ephraim. "It 's a light crew."

"I imagine he was obliged to leave the country."

"The more such as he goes, the better," replied Ephraim. "There they will drink and dance out of this world into the next!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

REST.

JULIA had been for two months a confirmed invalid. She had lived through the hard winter, but when the spring came on she grew weaker and weaker, and knew that her hours were numbered. Yet without a fear she looked on through the dark valley, and longed to pass through it to her rest.

Mr. Henshaw had passed the last six months at the south, but was expected soon in Durham. She did not, indeed, feel the want of kind friends, for she was surrounded with them; but she longed once more to see the friend of her choice, and felt sure she should not be disappointed.

Among those who called often to see her was Frank Downer. It seemed as though he could never weary in serving her. He would read to her; he would sit by her and watch over her like a brother, and would never leave her without expressing his great indebtedness to her.

"I owe it all to you, Julia," he said, one day, as he rose to go. "I owe my reformation to you, and I can never thank you enough."

"Not to me, Frank. You have resisted well, and

God has helped you. There is one thing more I earnestly desire for you, — a Christian heart."

He stepped towards her bed, and, taking her hand in his, he said,

"Julia, I could not thus see you wasting away, — I could not bear it, — if I had not trust in Christ. By the grace of God helping me, I have commenced a new life."

"And you will be a minister, too?"

"I hope so."

"God bless you!" and she laid her hands upon his head, and was silent. Then, after a moment, she spoke again.

"You must comfort Henry, when I am gone."

"He comes to-morrow, I think."

"Yes, I hope to see him once more. I am very weary."

The morning came, bright and beautiful, and with the early rising of the sun Mr. Henshaw was seen walking rapidly to the farm.

"How is she?" he asked of Ephraim, who met him in the yard.

"Ah, sir, she 's most home."

"Can I see her, mother?" he inquired, as Mrs. Lundley met him.

"Yes, she watches for you every moment. Be calm, for her sake, and for ours."

"I will!" and he went in calmly, and even cheerfully.

There she lay, watching the opening of the door,

earnestly, and, as he opened it, the blood started to her pale lips, and tinged her cheeks.

Thus he sat by her all the day, and, as evening drew on, death came too. She had arranged the little affairs of earth; she had seen her dearest friend; — there was no more that kindest care could do for her, and now she must meet death alone; and thus she did meet it. It was a hard conflict; struggling, still struggling, — clouds deepening around her; but in the morning starlight she sank to rest.

Days, and months, and years, rolled by. Oftentimes old Ephraim led the poor idiot to the grave of his sister; oftentimes tiny feet walked the green path, and little hands strewed flowers over the place where she slept; oftentimes Edith came thither to weep for one who had gone down *sorrow-stricken* to her early rest; oftentimes one solitary mourner came thither; early in the morning, ere the sun had chased away the night-tears, or the forest bird ceased her moaning, he was there; late in the evening, when only the gentle moon was witness of his manly sorrow, he stood there — and could not be comforted, save with the assurance that he should meet her yet again.