A DAY WITH A DEMON.

"LITTLE JANEY GOES TO THE DISTRICT SCHOOL."—PAGE 92.

A DAY WITH A DEMON.

BY

JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT,

AUTHOR OF "FIREBRANDS;" "A STRANGE SEA STORY;" "LIFE CRUISE OF CAPTAIN BESS ADAMS;" "NOTHING TO DRINK;" "JUG OR NOT;" "HOW COULD HE ESCAPE?" "THE BEST FELLOW IN THE WORLD;" "THE EMERALD SPRAY;" "ON LONDON BRIDGE;" "CIRCLED BY FIRE;" "THE CURSE AND THE CUP," ETC.

NEW YORK:

The National Temperance Society and Publication House,

58 READE STREET.

1880.

NEW YORK:
EDWARD O. JENKINS, PRINTER,
20 *North William St.*

A DAY WITH A DEMON.

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

"IF," said Tom Langholme, "I looked at this matter as you do, of course I would sign the pledge; but I have lived twenty-three years, and I never remarked such havoc made by strong drink as you plead as a reason for my total abstinence. If I believed that whisky was dealing death among all classes—was interfering with all the relations of life, and accumulating

such miseries as you describe, then I would be a total abstainer."

Tom was such a nice fellow, with such splendid possibilities before him, and just that one little seed of discontent—his occasional use of wine or beer. I said:

"Well, Tom, you have heard the opinions of many people——"

"But even good people may be just a little fanatical and have hobbies," said Tom.

"And you have read many books on the evils of drinking——"

"But these may be exaggerated to point a moral and adorn a tale," smiled Tom; "a little deepening of the shad-

ows and sharpening of the lights make the story more effective. What I plead is, that, if what is said and written is true, then I ought to have seen facts so patent, and I have not. I go here and there and everywhere, and do not see much of intemperance, except among a set of roughs and hoodlums born to be wrong."

"Did you ever read a little book, 'Eyes and No Eyes,' Tom?"

"Yes, indeed; but if you think the facts exist, and the fault is in my eyes that I do not recognize them, I wish you would lend me yours. I want to *see* right."

"Agreed," I replied, promptly, "and

I think if you will devote to-morrow to going about with me, you will see enough in one day to convince you that you should be a hearty temperance worker."

"All right," said Tom. "We will start at half-past eight."

But soon after this arrangement was made, Tom began to bethink himself lest some unfair advantage might be taken of his bargain, so he came to me:

"I say, it would be hardly square dealing to convince me by carrying me off to an inebriate asylum, or to take me down by those fighting, low groggeries, where one could see nothing *but* intemperance."

"No, Tom. I think on the whole we had better just go out on a day's pleasuring and take these *intemperance* lessons as they come; that we may fairly see how far society is permeated with this poison."

"Yes, that is it," said Tom.

The next morning we were ready to set out on our day of searching into the ways of the drink-Demon, and I was not without hope and even a certain degree of assurance that Providence would so direct us, that this agreeable lad should get just the lesson he needed to make a good and useful man of him.

We had closed the front door, and I stood on the terrace buttoning my

gloves, when Tom said, turning his back to the street:

"Let us stop a bit; here is a little crowd coming which may annoy you."

The crowd consisted chiefly of street boys and girls, one or two women with dirty children in their arms, two policemen, and, as central figures, a sturdy young man in the linen jacket and paper cap of a journeyman carpenter, a tidily-dressed young woman on his arm, and, clasping this young woman's hand, a girl of six, also neatly dressed, holding herself very straight, repressing the sobs that swelled her childish bosom, and big tears rolling over her flushed cheeks.

"'Eyes and no eyes,' Tom," I said. "You have no right to turn your back on the Demon, and then plead that he was not there. Our way lies with this company. I am sorry to tell you that that young woman is drunk."

Tom's little habit had been always to turn his back on the unpleasant, and then doubt its existence. He hung down his head and reluctantly accompanied me, keeping pace with the slowly dissolving crowd.

After several streets were passed, the young workman stopped at a comfortable little frame house and led the woman in. The policemen seeing her sheltered, dispersed the crowd.

The man placed the woman on a bed in the front room. Then, saying to the little girl, "Sit ye down without, Janey," he put her on the step and closed the door.

Tom was by this time much interested in the appearance of the little family. He said to me:

"There is a side window to that room. If it was not for spying, I would like to see what goes on in there."

"Let us condone the evil of spying," I replied, "on the plea that you may be able to be of help to this young man."

Tom disappeared, and I went and sat down by Janey.

WHAT I HEARD.

Janey being a valiant little creature, had restrained her lamentations, but she looked the picture of anguish—her big tears dropping on her clean, pink calico frock.

One of the hard-hearted gamins of the street came by, and pointing at Janey a grimy finger, cried:

"Ah ha! yer mammy's gone and got drunk! Drunkard's brat!"

"For shame!" I said, "to revile a child whom God has called to suffer. You should rather comfort her."

"Tak' heed," said a burly Scotch woman, leaning on the window-sill of the next house, "hoo ye lay to Divine

Proveedence the wark o' the De'il. Drinkin' is o' the Enemy o' souls, and not o' Divine Proveedence."

"That is very true," I answered, "but it was Providence that placed this little child in this home."

"An' ye wadna ha'e thocht it wad ha'e fa'n oot sae fou', had ye seen the hame when the bairn came."

"The father seems a very respectable young fellow——"

"And my mother is a very nice mother," spoke up the loyal little Janey. "She made this pretty frock."

"When she is hersen," said the neighbor, "she's no' verra unhandy. But I canna abide wimen as drink."

"She don't drink often," spoke up Janey again, "and to-day it was warm, and she went early to market, and yesterday she washed, and she did not sleep well; she ached, and a bad woman asked her in to the liquor-shop, *just for one taste*, and she took more and more."

"Why for did ye na breeng her oot, Janey?"

"I tried to. I pulled her and begged, and the whisky man said he'd push me out if I did not hush up."

"To think o' the hardness o' his heart! Ye ha'e a evil time, Janey, takin' care o' yer mither. Ye see, mom, before she married yon, she worked in a shoe factory, and wages was starvin'

low, an' the factory far frae her ain hame; and the girls and wimen there they had a way o' gangin' oot at lunch, an' buyin' a mug o' beer an' a biscuit. An' frae that it grew on to tak' a glass o' flip, or gin an' water for the beer; an' a bad habit is a sore thing to be rid o'. Weel, she married as comely a lad as ever lived. I'd my eye on him for a son-in-law—an' he'd na ha'e dune ill hed he speered my Agnes. An' then wi' the moil o' housewark, for she's unco' neat in her notions, an' nursin' a wean, an' her old comrades comin' whiles to tempt her—so it goes on, and once in a while she fa's awa' like this."

"She won't do it again," cried Janey.

"Oh, when she comes to, she will feel *dreadful* and mourn and cry—and my pappy means to get money to put us in the country, and then there won't be any whisky near us—there won't!"

"I am sure, Janey," I said, wiping her wet cheeks with my handkerchief, "that God will be good to you and your father, and help your mother to get rid of this terrible habit. You must pray to God for her."

"Oh, I do," said Janey, simply. "Father he says I must do the praying and he'll do the working—but, ma'am, he says sometimes that he's out of heart; and it is fearful to be out of heart. You feel all gone here, and

want to drop down!" and little Janey pathetically laid her hand on her bosom.

WHAT TOM SAW.

Meanwhile, Tom had indulged in peeping for the first time in his life. The young workman, having put Janey out of the room, took off his wife's boots, shawl, and hat. He straightened and dusted the hat and folded the shawl, with the air of one accustomed to scrupulous care of things; then he put them in a bureau drawer. He saw that the helpless woman lay comfortably, then dropped the gay paper shade over the front window, and stood looking about the room for a few minutes with a dis-

couraged, heart-sick air. Then he picked up a chisel and a whetstone, and, going out the rear door, stood apparently sharpening the tool, but really getting courage to go out in the street through which he had just come in such disgraceful procession. The courage came very slowly, and Tom was much moved to see the big tears falling one by one on the whetstone and the brawny hand that held it. This was more than the ardent sympathies of Tom could bear. He stepped up to the journeyman, saying:

"Come, old fellow, don't take it to heart so. I'm sure it was an accident and won't happen again."

The man started at this singular address, but looking in Tom's honest, kindly face, he could not take offense.

"I'm dreadfully sorry for you, old fellow," said Tom, heartily, "and somebody is very much to blame. I don't think such a tidy-looking young woman would go astray of her own accord; but you must not lose heart over it."

"It is enough to make a man lose heart to be publicly disgraced, and to see the woman you love throwing herself away, and your little child shamed like that."

"Keep a firm heart, old man—bear up well," said Tom, with rude young sympathy, grasping his afflicted brother-

man's hand. "Is not there any way out of it?"

"There's ways, but they won't open. If we could have a local prohibition law, or even a local option, there would be some hope; but the whisky party is so strong, and the neutrals not being for us, is against us."

"Well, it's slow work waiting for laws," said Tom, blushing nearly purple, because he had hitherto belonged to these same wicked neutrals; "but isn't there something you can do yourself? Couldn't you move out of the way of temptation, say?"

"I'm trying to," said the journeyman. "I've been laying up all I could for three

years, hoping to buy a bit of a place in the country; but I'm afraid she'll be ruined before I save enough. Poor soul! she was overworked and underfed as a girl, and put into temptation, and here it ends! She and I and the child will be all destroyed."

"Never say die!" cried Tom. "I begin to see my way clear. I've no doubt you can get no end of recommendations from your employers, and my father has a farm out in the country, with no liquor within ten miles of it. He means to have a barn and fences and a kitchen and a new roof made out there, and there's a snug little house of two or three rooms vacant. There's

my card. Come 'round to-night and we'll fix this up as like as not, and you can move out there and do the work. Keep up your heart, and be 'round at eight. This is just what you want, and all your trouble will be over."

When Tom and the carpenter came around the house corner together they both looked much encouraged.

"Now, Tom," I said, as we walked on together, "you see what ruin liquor can bring to hearts and homes. Here is a decent young man; his comfort wrecked by his wife. If it should happen to be your own case——"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Tom, "the idea is absurd. I could not

possibly marry into a class of women who would be open to such temptation. This poor girl had bad associates and hard work, and not enough wages to buy her a reasonable dinner. Now *I* should marry a lady, and ladies do not get drunk——"

"*Ladies* do not, perhaps; but women of high circles and large fortunes and good educations unhappily do."

"I really should need to see it to believe it. I'm afraid your view is that of a novelist or story-writer."

"As we are so near Broad Avenue, let us go call on Mrs. Marchmont," I suggested, without combatting Tom's opinion.

"Very good; but we shall see nothing of the Demon there."

"I wish to give you as fair a chance for your side as I can," I replied, and so we walked up Broad Avenue.

"Do, pray, look at that lady across the street," cried Tom, presently. "I am sure she is ill—sunstroke, perhaps."

I looked; the lady's back was toward us; she walked very uncertainly. Now she took hold of the fence; now she stood still; then she stepped carefully along as if walking on a thin crust of hot lava. Finally she put her arm around a lamp-post, and leaned her elegant French hat with its white crushed roses against the iron; the lace sleeve

fell back from the arm, where a broad gold bracelet shone, and the sunlight falling on the ungloved hand that grasped the post, flashed back from diamond rings.

"Dear, dear! I must run and offer her help," said the gallant Tom.

So he hurried over the street, and I saw him, unhatted, making a low bow:

"Madam, can I be of any assistance to you?"

"Lengman, 'm-'shamed-v-you," replied the object of his solicitude. "'M un'customed bein' spoken to 'thout 'n'troduction. G'way, young man, g'way. 'M well 'nough—G'WAY!"

She shrieked the last word so wildly

that Tom started back as if he had been struck. He hurried to me.

"Why-y-y! *She's drunk*—a drunken lady!"

"*G'way! g'way!* G'WAY!!" screamed she, following him.

Two policeman turned the street corner. One approached her. She flung out her arms to clasp him.

"M'server, come my rescue! Saucy young man, 'thout 'troduction——"

As she mumbled this maudlin nonsense, she fell forward; and the policeman, bracing himself to receive the shock, caught her portly figure.

"What will you do with her?" asked the second policeman.

"If she were a *poor* woman in a ragged gown," said the first, bitterly, "off she would go to the station-house, but we don't press the law so hard where there are such good clothes. Lend a hand. We must carry her somewhere. I'll carry her head and you take her feet."

The second policeman stooped down, wrapped the woman's dress skirt decently about her ankles, and lifted up her limbs; but, as he was unused to criminals dressed in the height of fashion, he left the long train of silk, velvet, and lace, sweeping upon the sidewalk, and this presently got under his feet and tripped him.

"Have a care!" shouted his comrade, who had himself as much as he could do to prevent his captive's braids and bonnet from falling off—she having become senseless.

The man looked helplessly down at the trailing mass of dry-goods. I stepped forward, gathered up the flowing garments, and folded them forward over the woman's knees. At this instant an elegant open carriage, lined with orange satin, and driven by a man in livery, wheeled up to the sidewalk. The coachman called:

"What are you doing with that—lady?"

"Do you know her?" demanded the officer.

"She—she—belongs in this carriage," was the reply.

"Then I fancy we had better put her in it, and you can take her home. Why didn't you look after her better?"

"Why didn't I? Great Jupiter! I had the horses. I'm under orders from my master never to leave the box when I have them out—they're wild. And *she's* that cunning! She stopped me before some great, stylish cake and ice-cream establishment. 'Joseph,' says she, 'I'll go in and order the cream for dinner, and buy some fruit and things for Mrs. Clair, who is sick—' and, says she, 'Joseph, if I should meet a friend and stop for a cream, you'll not mind wait-

ing—' and in she goes; and I waited and waited. So, after a mortal long while, I got sight of a clerk of the place, and bid him look up the mistress and ask was I to stop longer. If you'll believe it, she had just gone in there to a private bar for ladies, and, when she had drinked all she wanted, she slipped down the back stairs, leaving me in the lurch, and here I've been driving up and down for an hour or more looking for her."

Tom, seeing that the coachman could not get down from the box, as the horses were restive, and the two policemen having as much as they could do to lift their helpless burden, had opened the carriage

door, and the owner of this elegant establishment was now lying in tipsy stupor upon her satin cushions. The coachman continued:

"The master'll rave fit to kill if I take a policeman home; but how I'm to get her out of that carriage when I get home is a deal more than I can tell—only the waiter and a couple of maids to help, and the horses so restive. Young gentleman, couldn't you get in and drive to 2011?"

"Drive on," said Tom. "I am going to within two doors of there, and if you need help, I will give it when I get there."

We walked on in silence awhile; then Tom burst forth:

"Good gracious! I'd get a divorce from that woman."

"At least, you see," I said, "that drunkenness has permeated the higher as well as the lower ranks of society."

During our call on Mrs. Marchmont, she gave us some information about this elegantly-dressed culprit.

"She was the heiress of half a million. She married a gentleman of good family and no fortune. He is a bank president now, and happily they have no children. She is forever getting drunk. No one has any respect for her. She is notorious at summer resorts as a drunken woman."

"Why do they not shut her up in an inebriate asylum?"

"They have, two or three times, but nothing helps her. And then this fortune and house are all hers, and I suppose her husband does not like to banish her from her own property."

"But how did she fall into such a habit?" asked Tom.

"Simply from having wine on the table at her own home, and wine at parties that she attended. She is red and overgrown now, but, as a girl, was slender and rather delicate. A long round of winter dissipations—parties, theatres, operas, balls—told upon her strength, and she sought the fictitious strength of wine. She became very fond of champagne and other liquors, and I remem-

ber it used to be hinted when she was a girl that she would make herself tipsy or get very flushed and excited. Riding in the cars or steamboat made her sick, and upon her summer journeys she took a good deal of brandy. Her physician pandered to her taste. She did not like 'ugly-tasting medicines,' and he prescribed what she *did* like—strong drink. The worst feature in her case is that she will not admit her error, nor does she wish to be cured."

After we left Mrs. Marchmont, I said to Tom Langholme:

"I have had fifty dollars handed me, to be left at a Home for Reformed Men down on Bury Street. Will I be tres-

passing on our agreement if we go there?"

"No," said Tom, "not if you will balance my going to a place where we are quite likely to meet the Demon, by taking a drive with me into the country to dine at 'The Willows;' as the country is the place where we are *least* likely to meet this same Demon."

"Very well," I said; "but it may turn out that the trail of the serpent will prove to be even over quiet country ways."

Having reached the Reformed Men's Home, which was a very plain place, we were led into a clean, uncarpeted sitting-room, where a large, intelligent-looking man was ironing at a table.

"Mr. Langholme," I said, "this is Barney Munger. And so, Munger, you are still busy in the house?"

"I daren't go out," said Munger. "I feel just as if the old stories had come true. Most like you and the gentleman have read them — of places haunted by a huge dragon, who lay all along the ground, with his fiery red mouth wide open, and swallowed down all who put their heads outside of shelter. Well, just such a dragon is waiting in the street for me. He's bit me bad these several times. In the stories there always comes along some great one and slays the dragon, and lets the poor scared wretches have peace o' life."

"Well, Munger," I asked, "what great one are you expecting?"

"His name will be Total Prohibition," said Munger. "If I live to see the day, when he rides up in power like a splendid knight and slays the dragon, then poor Munger may walk abroad in peace."

"If you have no objection, Munger, I would like you to give this young gentleman a sketch of your story."

"Well, ma'am, the story is to my shame; but I am quite ready to tell it, for the evil was in the doing it, not in the telling of it as true. And it may prove of use as warning the young gentleman. All are liable to err."

I thought that Tom flushed and shrugged a little at the notion that he—a promising young gentleman — had need of a "warning" from a man who was ironing clothes in a "Reformed Men's Home."

"I was born in Ireland," said Munger; "and, bein' left an orphan, me mother's father havin' a bit of money, undertook to rear me up into a priest. I wint to the parochial school, an' me an' me ould gintleman progressed without throuble, until such time as I delivered meself over to drinkin' capacities."

"But how did you come to do that, Munger?" I asked.

"Sure, as easy as breathin'. Me

grandfather had a night-cap o' evenin's and an eye-opener o' mornin's, and a cup o' comfort between whiles, and a glass for digestion at meals; an' so it was that the ould gintleman rolled into bed every night pretty full of whisky. Well, as I began to fall into thim same manners, he reasoned with me—that what was suitable to an ould man was not suitable to a young man; nor what was dacent for a farmer was dacent for a priest."

"Why, then, did you not submit to his reasoning?"

"Troth, ma'am, the force o' *example* was stronger nor that of *precept;* and, moreover, though I was a slip of a boy,

I saw that his logic was loose, and it failed to convince me. So it went on until me grandfather came to the point o' dying, and our priest says to him: 'Barney is that fond o' tippling that he can never get on in orders.' By that token I was then a deacon. So me grandfather gave me what he had to leave, and bid me go to America and complate me studies there. He made sure that, cut loose from all me ould drinkin' friends and places, and encouraged with new sights, and set to work in a new school, I would turn over a new leaf and be sober and shortly become a priest. I made sure of it meself, ma'am. I came to this country full of

notions of moderate drinkin' and cuttin' loose from bad company—but, dear lady, I was me own worst company. Birds of a feather will aye flock together, and the idea of moderate drinkin' is the green withes on Samson — *green* enough are they, for sure! Whin I got to this city I took letters to a priest and he put me in school; and I got introduced to the bishop, and he spoke me fair and made me free of his kitchen. Whenever I chose to call at the bishop's kitchen, I never lacked for warm ale or mulled porter, or a drap of somethin' stronger. I found plenty of saloons and bar-rooms always open to give me a glass, and the man where I lodged had

a bar also, and at the school there was a man who never objected to go out and bring us a pitcher of toddy or flip. Faith, me grandfather had tould me I drank like a beast in Ireland—I must have been like ten beasts here, then! Presently, the priest says to me, 'Barney, you shame Father Mathew and all the temperance societies. Moderation, Barney, is a jewel for thim as knows how to wear it, but yourself has no ideas of that same. Ye will bring the calling to contempt, and, instead of a vocation to be a priest, your vocation in my view is to squander all you have at a doggery and die in a ditch'—so with that he turned me out of the school.

Well, me money was gone, and the more I tried to reform the more I couldn't. The bishop's kitchen was me refuge. I got about all me meals there; and for all it kept me from starvin', I banished meself from it."

"And how did you do that, Barney?" asked Tom.

"Sir, going there tipsy, I differed with the cook about how to cook a steak. I always was a far better cook than a scholar, and I'll hold to this day that the bishop's cook *was* spoilin' that steak. However, I differed with him so much, that I up with the gridiron to hit him on the head, and I pursued him with that weapon up the stairs and into

the bishop's parlor, where he ran howling, and the bishop a-sittin' there comfortable, smokin' a pipe and readin' a paper. Well, that affair broke up my friendship with the bishop. Says he to me, 'You drunken dog! never enter my house again. And if you leave the city, so much the better!' Well, I concluded to try again. I went to Washington and told my story to an old priest there, and was examined and entered a trainin'-school. But I got acquainted with a widow about twice my age who kept a restaurant. We grew friendly, and I ran up a bill there for meat and drink—mostly drink—and the bill got so large that I saw no way to pay it but to marry

the widow; so I married her. As I tould you, my genius was for cookin', and I cooked to my heart's content; but I drank and she drank. She accused me of wastin' drink on meself, and I threw the accusation back at her—and there we had it. And we parted a time or two—only I was the only cook she could get for his keep, and she was the only landlady I could get to trust me—and so we made up. By and by she died, poor soul! died in tremens, but I took no warnin'. Drunkards are the hardest people in the world to warn. Drink dulls the brain so they will not see what is clear and plain before 'em."

At this remark Tom Langholme

looked thoughtful. Barney continued his narrative, ironing all the while.

"Next move was the sheriff sold me out, and, bein' left with a hundred dollars from the wreck of all, I came back here and opened a restaurant on Front Street. No one ever quarreled with the cookin' or said I wasn't clean. If I'd let whisky be, I'd have had a good run of custom. But no; I had liquor at my bar, I drank it, and soon drank up my business. You mind the old nursery song about the greedy man?

> "'He ate a cow, he ate a calf,
> He ate a butcher and a half;
> He ate a church, he ate the steeple,
> He ate the seats and all the people.'

Many is the man I've seen who drank up

a brown-stone house, or a row of stores, or a hardware shop, a good farm, a livery-stable full of horses, or a big hotel. I drank up five hundred English pounds and three restaurants. I never shall forget how I used to resolve to stop drinking. I took vows and called down curses on my head. I used to cry and groan and take on like a madman, as I felt the yoke of my besetting sin cutting into my very soul. I saw a poster up one night — 'Meeting for Drunkards.' I says, 'That's the meeting for me, for there isn't a bigger one in this city'—so I went. Well, I sat and heard one and another tell of the evils of drinkin'; all what they suffered, and how they sinned

on account of it; all they had lost; how wretched they were. I heard till I couldn't stand it, and I rose and bawled out:

"'Tell us something we don't know! It's all as bad as you say! There's no words to make it as bad as it *is!* Tell us how to get out of it! That's what I want! Don't waste time telling *me* of the curse of drink! Don't I carry perdition in my bosom?'

"Then in all that room there fell a stillness like you could hear a pin drop. And then a voice spoke out:

"'O Father in Heaven! what hand but Thine can bring a man back from the jaws of hell!'

"And then that voice went on to pray, and I felt as if I saw God lookin' straight at *me*, and I never saw meself so vile before. Before that meetin' was out I seemed to get a new view of my ways and a new resolution to reform. And by and by it was over, and the people went out, and I went as far as the door and there I caught hold of a pillar, and I hung on, and at last all were gone, only a boy putting out the lights and one man standing on the step. Says he:

"'Come, friend, the place must be shut.'

"'Shut me in,' says I, 'or I'll get to drinking! Shut me in and let me starve here in peace—at least I'll die sober, and

if I'm let out I'll die drunk! Don't turn me out! They sell whisky in the room where I sleep, and I pass nineteen liquor-stores to get to it from here, and there's a grog-shop on each side of it. Oh, sir! bid him lock me in here!'

"'Give me your arm,' says he, 'and I'll take you to a house where you will be kept from liquor, and given a chance to reform.'

"So he brought me here. I didn't dare to put my nose into the street, so I stayed in; but, thinking it a shame to live idle, I took to the housework, and I cooked and washed and ironed, and the missis said I paid my way like a man. 'Deed often says she:

"'Barney, you are the man to have here, where money is scarce; for you can make a good dinner out of nothing, and have a little something left over as foundation for a supper.'

"Six months I stayed sober; and, when I heard the parson who visits here read once the story of that leper-man, who dipped in Jordan and his flesh came to him again like the flesh of a little child, I thought that was like me; for I seemed by temperance made new and clean again. At the end of six months, I said:

"'I am cured and strong. Barney Munger, do not stop here crowding out other poor inebriates, who need a place

to get strong in. Go out and work like a man.'

"So I got a place as porter in a big store on Dock Street, and there was a rare press of work—loading a steamer and sending off goods to the country—and we was drove to exhaustion, and the only place to get a taste of food (for the master paid us extra and kept us busy at noon) was a big whisky-shop, with bologna and biscuits among the glasses on the counter.

"I can not tell you one word how it happened. All I know about it, I went hot and weary to get a bite, and next thing I woke up in the station-house, and got sent up for ten days for being disor-

derly! The day I got out I crawled here—that heart-broken; and says I to the missis:

"'Let me into the garret or the cellar, and I won't eat nor drink, only lie still and die, where there is no drop of whisky.'

"She encouraged me and said I was needed to cook. And three months I stayed, and then I took heart and concluded I'd keep a coffee-stand down by the wharf. I got on well for a week, and then one day up come a big wind and knocked me stand over, and the roof-post hit me on the head and left me senseless. The people 'round poured whisky into me to bring me to, and when

I come to meself I was beside meself, and whatever my history was for a week thereafter I don't know; it is in the book of the angel who writes up our lives, and I know it is hard lines against poor Barney. May God blot it out!

"Well, when I found meself again, I was kicked into the gutter—one mass of dirt and rags, not a cent in me pocket, nor a shoe to me foot, nor a hat to me head, and the winter slush running icy through the streets. I remembered the Scripture I had heard at the Home. Says I:

"'Barney, it is not a prodigal you are feeding pigs, but you're a pig yourself, entirely! Far be it from me to go now to

the Home and ask to be took in for a hired servant. That would be trespassing on Christian charity.'

"Still, though I thus consulted with meself, me feet carried me along, and, before I knew it, I stood at the Home door and pulled the bell. The missis came, with a light in her hand. She flashed it over me. 'Oh, Barney!' says she. Not one other word. I sobbed like a child, and went by her up to the bath-room, and soon a man hands me in a suit of clothes; and, when I was dressed, down I come to the room where the men were gathered—some reading, some talking, some playing checkers,

some mending shoes or clothes. I just fell on me knees. Says I:

"'Is there ere a man here to make a prayer for a man as is past praying for?'

"The missis comes by just then. Says she:

"'I will pray for you, Barney'—and down she goes beside me and prays. Then she says: 'Praying and working go together, Barney; what shall we *do?*'

"'You'll just let me be cook and houseworker here,' says I, 'and not put the tip of a finger into a street where there is not total abstinence.'

"From that to this I have stopped

here, and I daren't go out. And, young sir, my advice to you is, *begin by leaving off;* for so it is, if you leave off any other way, you are sure of keeping on. It is the old story of the camel in the cobbler's shop. Aye, young man, you may *feel* very safe. If you're a total abstainer, then you *are* safe."

"Thank you for your story, Barney," said Tom Langholme. "I suppose in this house you do not find among the men many who started as fairly in life as you did and have had as good advantages of education?"

"Cast your eye into the yard, sir. That stout man, who is scrubbing the bricks, came here a fortnight ago. Ask-

ing the lady's pardon — I carried his clothes down-stairs in a coal-hod, and then burned them; and I scoured the bath-room with strong lye-water on account of the vermin. Sir, that man was once the chief clerk of the county surrogate, and after that he was in the assay department of the Mint—by which tokens you may know he had education, position, and influence. Sir, peep into the front room. The well-dressed young man there is clothed by his sister — a widow — who denies herself, to dress him, and pays a dollar and a half a week for his board. He is now copying law-papers and may earn his own living; but, like me, he falls if he goes abroad

—the pavements being fairly slippery with temptations. That young man's father was a county judge, and *he* graduated at Yale. True for ye, sir. If you stepped into the room overhead, you would find in bed a man sick of consumption. He has ruined himself by drink. And, sir, he was once a preacher; and I have heard he could fill a church, and great things were prophesied of him. He overworked and his doctor ordered stimulants—and there he lies. A hospital will send for him to-morrow. And, sir, we hope he is dying penitent and in peace; but he's seen ten years of hard drinking. A man left here yesterday—cured, we hope—who came here from

the gutters; but he had once been 'drummer' for the largest cloth house in the city. A man who came here two months ago has made up with his long-deserted wife and her family. He had been a terrible drunkard and came here with tremens. His position formerly was head salesman in the white-goods department of a large house in New York. Since I have been here I have known two doctors, three lawyers, and three hotel-keepers among the men in the Home. I tell you, sir, the drink-Demon, like Death, 'has all seasons for his own;' and he knocks, as the Latin says, 'with equal step at the hovels of the poor and the gate of kings.'"

Our visit at the Home had been very long, and, as soon as we left there, Tom, taking a deep breath, declared he needed country air, and reminded me of my promise to drive out to the "Willows."

We were soon trotting along at a good rate of speed, and the blue skies, the singing birds, the flowers blooming along the roadsides, the sights and sounds of honest and healthful rural labor began to lighten the burdensome impressions made in the "Reformed Men's Home," which, while a beneficial institution, is yet full of sadness, as it is made up of the wrecks of other homes and many lives.

As we rode along, by one consent

avoiding all reference to the Demon, a furious rush of hoofs and wheels came behind us, and Tom sheered out of the way, just in time to avoid having a wheel carried off by a crazy vehicle dragged by a reeking horse. The beast was a good one, and, though it tore along the road at great speed, its driver kept shouting and slashing with his whip, which fortunately happened to be a small one.

"The wretch!" cried Tom. "He not only nearly wrecked us, but he is shamefully overdriving that horse. He deserves imprisonment. He does not know how to treat a horse!"

The buggy in question was soon out

of sight, but, as it stopped at a country store, we overtook it in time to see its driver reeling up to it with a cigar which he had just purchased.

Once or twice in the course of our ride this man stopped, and we passed him, and then he passed us. He was exceedingly drunk, and my anxieties became so excited, that I discoursed to Tom in this fashion:

"That drunken creature does not know how to treat a beast; certainly he does not know how to treat his family. I fear he is going home; and only think how his wife and children will feel, and how he may abuse them!"

I pictured the possible miseries of

that tipsy man's home, until Tom was as anxious as I was. We came to a blacksmith's shop. Said Tom:

"One of these wheels seems to be rather loose. If you do not mind, I will go in here and ask for a wrench and tighten it up."

He did so, and, as he returned the tool, he asked the blacksmith if he knew the man who had driven past so furiously.

"Well enough," replied the smith. "It is Dr. Calders. He has been to town to get tight. He goes once or twice a week. He don't deserve a horse or anything else."

"Has he a family?" asked Tom.

"A wife, and six children under sixteen years of age."

"And is he ugly to them?"

"Well, like all drunken men, he is not very good. He is quiet enough unless he gets roused; but who knows what will not rouse him? His oldest child, a lad, is a nice boy, but he has got big enough to feel that he ought to defend his mother and the smaller ones, and he does not take very kindly to being bossed about by a drunken man. So, though he is the very joy of his poor mother's eyes, she has sent him away to learn carpentry and live with an uncle of hers, lest she have her heart broken by quarrels between her son and her husband."

"And does this Dr. Calders have any practice?".

"He started pretty fair, but people are afraid to call in a drinking-man, and ofttimes he is too tipsy to come; and so now he is only sent for when it can't be helped."

"And how, then, does he live with such a family?"

"His wife's father left her a comfortable little two-story house and ten acres, and she has toiled well to keep it up and take care of the furniture. She and her children have mended fences and made a garden and raised cattle; but Calders got hold of it somehow and laid a mortgage on it, and now I suppose she will

lose it—but, poor soul! she may not live to see the day, for she is pretty well broken down and discouraged. And yet, it will be hard lines for those children if she dies. She told my wife the other day she prayed God to let her live either to raise them or to bury them, for she could not bear the thought of leaving them to the father."

Tom returned to me and we drove slowly through the pretty little hamlet lying bowered in fruit-trees, the yards full of flowers, the odor of honeysuckles, and the hum of bees in the air. All seemed sweet and peaceful, yet here was the curse of the Demon entered like the Serpent into Eden. Here were

children afraid of a father's return, wives robbed, homes ruined, opportunities wasted, souls heaping up iniquity to themselves, and wrath and indignation coming on them as the harvest of God's retributive justice, just as surely as the sown fields were bringing forth grain for the autumn-time and the trees were perfecting their fruit.

The "Willows" appeared in sight—the famous country hotel, shaded by three great weeping willows, through the very trunks of which flowed, led in pipes, three great streams of water brought from the summit of the adjacent hill.

"Ah," said Tom Langholme, rousing

out of a revery, "here we are in a place of peace at last. No more Demon for the next few hours!"

"And why not?" I queried.

"Oh, this is a temperance hotel," quoth Tom, quickly.

And then I murmured in an absent-minded way:

"What virtue is to be found in total abstinence!"

So we went in and Tom ordered our dinner. It was late and we were hungry, and we sat down in the parlor where dinner was to be served.

"Bah, ba, ba-a-a!" said a big voice, and a child's rattle sounded, and a toy whistle blew, "Ba, ba, ba-a-a-a!"

"What in the world is this?" cried Tom, and we looked about and saw at the other end of the room a wheeled chair with a wooden tray fastened across the front as in children's chairs. In this chair was a large man of about fifty-five. A full beard, a bald head, a pair of grandly-formed shoulders, with very finely-cut features, made him a striking object. One arm and both his legs seemed paralyzed and helpless, and that magnificent head held an idiot's brain!

Our attention once drawn to this stranger, was, for a time, held irresistibly. The extremes that met in this man — the head of a philosopher, the shoulders of a Hercules, the dead feet,

and the senseless play with baby toys. What did they mean?

Still the "Ba, ba, ba-a-a" kept on—varied now by a shaking of the rattle, and again by the shrill blowing of the whistle, and at these sounds the bearded, elderly face would perchance break into a smile.

The painfulness of the scene overcame the wonder belonging to it, and we turned to step out on the veranda, when a young man, who appeared to be a nurse or body-servant, came hastily in, saying:

"Pardon me! I did not know that there were strangers here to-day, or I should not have left him in the room to

be a trouble," and he began to wheel the chair away.

The elderly infant, however, objected to this performance by a loud howl. His keeper, in the most matter-of-fact manner possible, laid three or four sugar-plums on his tray—as one would quiet a cross child—and, soothed by these, the owner of rattle and whistle disappeared, being wheeled down the garden-walk.

Shortly after, the landlord of the "Willows" came in with the dinner, and, as he finished placing it on the table, Tom asked him:

"Landlord, who was the person in the wheeled-chair?"

"That," said the landlord, with all the

importance of one making a startling announcement, "is Judge Teasel, or all that is left of him. *Judge Teasel*—once one of the most famous jurists in our State, and looked to as likely to be Governor. Judge Teasel—famous for his brain and his muscle; said to be the best-read and the finest-looking man anywhere 'round!"

"Judge Teasel," cried Tom, "why, I remember him! When I was a little boy, I went with my father to hear him make a speech, and my father said to me:

"'Tom, look you, when will you ever be as great a man as *that?*'"

"Aye, and he *could* make a speech—a real slasher."

"I remember," said Tom, "the audience applauded wonderfully. There was rising up a deal of excitement on the Temperance Question, and Gough had been about lecturing, and the Judge—he was just made Judge then—gave a good many sly and open hints at temperance fanaticism. He was as down on drunkenness as anybody, but he thought prohibition and total abstinence pledges carrying the matter too far and trenching on individual freedom."

Tom was talking *to* the landlord and *at* me. I bore it with meekness. Tom was a gallant young fellow, and one to "die in his last ditch," and I felt that he was making his final desperate stand be-

fore being completely conquered. I waited to see if the landlord had any batteries to open upon him.

"Oh, aye," said the landlord, "I know; I've heard him. Those 'liberal views,' as he called them, were the dead fly in *his* pot of ointment. If he had just thrown himself on the temperance side then, he would, to-day—instead of being an idiot in a baby-chair, with a rattle and whistle and nurse—have been maybe Governor, maybe United States Senator, maybe Vice-President. The world was all before *him* once."

"I don't understand you," said Tom. "The temperance party, *as* a political party, has never been able, so far as I

know, to lift its men into these positions."

"I was not speaking *politically*, but *morally*," replied the landlord with dignity. "Enlisted in a good cause, Judge Teasel would have been saved from himself and from his besetting sin, which suddenly got the better of him and wrecked him."

"Do you mean to say that his present state is due to intemperance?" asked Tom, uneasily.

"Exactly what I *do* mean, sir."

"Would you mind explaining how it happened?"

"Not at all, if you will begin to eat meanwhile, and not let your dinner get

cold." And as we drew near to the table, the good landlord flourished off his covers, and, taking a seat a little aside, began his tale of Judge Teasel.

"The Judge, sir, had always taken a little liquor. He had been brought up to it; had wine and brandy on his dinner-table; had it used in the cooking; and gave champagne suppers. Well, he took the total abstinence movement as a dead insult to men of his own stamp, and it appears to me, that, having taken this stand, he drank even more than he had formerly done—drank to prove his position and the harmlessness of liquor as taken by a gentleman. This went on several years, and the

Judge got the name of indulging in liquor pretty heavily, and it was whispered that he had kept his bed now and again from the effects of it, and had had a light attack or so of tremens. One hot summer his family had gone to the mountains, and the Judge stayed home for a few days on account of a big supper in honor of somebody, and he took far too much liquor, and, with that and the heat, he was not himself when he came home from the supper; and his valet—the two were alone in the house—saw that he was threatened with tremens. The man dared not leave him to go for a doctor, and the house next them was vacant. Judge Teasel got worse, and began to

see imps and dragons. The windows were wide open for air. The valet thought he heard a step on the side street, and ran to call out of a window there and ask for help. Just as he left the Judge the unfortunate man got wild. He thought he saw something awful, and jumped from his bed and sprang clean through the window to the sidewalk. He struck his head on the pavement and his spine on an iron railing. These blows paralyzed his body and limbs, except the shoulders and his right arm, and, moreover, made him an idiot. I suppose every one thought he would die, and hoped he would, rather than live such a wreck; but he recovered to what

you see him now. His wife never got over the shock, and pined away and died. His son took his father's law business, and does pretty well; but he is not nearly so smart a man as his father used to be. The children of drinking-men generally show a weakening somewhere. One of the daughters is married; the other has refused all offers, as she feels it her duty to look after her father; and summers she has him taken to some quiet place like this, where she can have change of air, and he is not likely to be seen by any one. She can not bear to have him stared at and wondered at. Isn't it a dreadful pity—eight years without a ray of sense; sitting in

his chair or lifted into bed; coaxed and fed and amused like a baby; persuaded with candy; and playing with whistles or rattles or little drums. He *will* have things that make a noise. The doctors say that it is because the fall has deadened his ears, and he can only hear what is sharp and loud; likewise his eyes are dimmed, and he likes strong light and bright colors. Ah, yes! when I look at him, I say, 'How are the mighty fallen!' and it seems to me he is of them who, as the psalmist says, 'fall by their own counsel.' Anyway, it is sure that if he had practiced total abstinence he would not have come to this end. My dear young sir, this is a heavy price that he

has paid for a glass of wine, and the asserting of his right to be a moderate drinker. He *might* have gone on successfully in the way which he chose; he would have been *sure* to go on successfully in the way which, unhappily, he refused. Oh, there's a wreck, there's a wreck!"

The landlord, having delivered his practical temperance lecture, departed to some of his duties, and Tom fell into a state of meditation which lasted until we were through our dinner.

Tom's meditation left him in a gloomy frame of mind. He chose a new and longer route home, and, as we drove in the declining day through very beautiful

scenery, the young man blossomed into a fully-developed misanthrope, and inveighed against everything.

The age, Tom thought, was in a most deplorable state; all the bonds of society and morals were loosening; poverty and crime abounded; suffering, suicides, murders, palsies, and horrible diseases were on the increase; the corporations were honeycombed and undermined with swindling and peculation; tax-payers were foully overburdened; we multiplied our charities, and new demands on charity were the result; half the world seemed bound to be paupers for the other half to support.

Look at our own city—its enormous

debt, its beggars, its criminals, its hospitals, jails, alms-houses, asylums. Things were growing worse and worse. Tom did not know where it would end.

Then I bestowed upon Tom a little calculation:

"Our city has, by the last report, eight thousand places licensed to sell strong drink as a beverage. This leaves out of account the drug-stores. These eight thousand places will include the hotel bars, the gorgeous saloons, and the big liquor-stores. Now, Tom, do you think it exaggeration to consider that these places take in on an average ten dollars a day—two hundred five-cent drinks or one hundred ten-cent drinks?"

"Why, they can't do less; they must do more, even."

"Let us say that they take in ten dollars a day—eighty thousand dollars a day for the whole eight thousand. Then they take in twenty-nine million, two hundred thousand dollars a year."

"How about the Sundays?" said Tom.

"Think how all the hotel and lodging-house bars are open then, and the back-doors of the groggeries, and the eating-saloons, and remember that our ten dollars a day is a very small average."

"I dare say that your estimate is not extravagant."

"And twenty-nine million, two hun-

dred thousand dollars is a pretty bit of money, Tom; money thrown away. It would pay our debts and bring down our taxes to a minimum. But what is it spent for? To destroy health and fill the hospitals; to create rows, break bones, and crowd the surgical wards; to make paupers and fill the alms-houses; to deprive children of protectors, and old age of supporters, and many people of their wits, and so fill the asylums; to dull moral sense, and take away self-control, and open temptation, and excite a man to crimes which in his normal condition he would not commit, and so fill our prisons. It is spent in causing murders and manslaughters, and then the

county has thousands of dollars to pay for costs of trial and public execution. I tell you, Tom, this drinking business is rolling its murderous triumphal car over all our necks and all our energies, and every man owes it to his country, his fellows, his own comfort and business prospects, to rise up against it and help create temperance public opinion, so that we shall get effective temperance legislation; for effective legislation is legislation which is on a line with public opinion."

"But is it not strange," said Tom, "that, if this is all true, the Temperance Question should be a new question? Why did not people wake up before?"

"Evils, Tom, go on increasing. They gather momentum as they move down the ages; as evils increase, their effects increase; therefore, we have more *need* to cry out against them. But you are wrong in calling this a new question—it is one of the oldest. I might carry you back to almost, or quite, prehistoric times—before the Zendavesta was written—and tell you of the great temperance strife on the Aryan plains, on the question of Somma worship. But I will not go so far. Search your Bible for its descriptions of drunkenness and the evils of strong drink. All literature bears its testimony. If you have not seen it, Tom, must I cry again, 'Eyes and no

eyes?' When was there a day in your life when you *saw* the Demon as we have to-day, because your eyes were open? I remember a little Saxon fragment, written and sung long before the Normans went to England. It is from the legend of St. Juliene, and tells the evil of beer-drinking, thus:

"'Beer being drunken
To him poured,
Weight of woe.
So that they in wine-hall,
Through sword thrust,
The soul let forth
From human flesh.'

It is the old, old, bitter story—re-told and re-enacted forever—the 'enemy put in the mouth to steal away the brains.'"

And now we were again within the city, and the twilight was falling, and we entered into our own home—and the day with the Demon had ended.

THE AFTER-THOUGHT.

Tom came to me a few weeks after. He laid before me a paper. On it was a printed temperance pledge, and his name was written beneath it. But his name did not stand alone; there were six others—four young ladies and two young men. Tom never did anything by halves.

"You see," said Tom, "there we are! I should never have thought of asking a *young lady* to sign a pledge. I thought girls were such angels that such

things were all unneeded by *them;* but I saw that poor lady out on Broad Avenue, and heard Mrs. Marchmont's story about her, and I thought the pledge would not do any harm; for these young ladies have been used to taking champagne or sherry at parties. And then you remember the young woman we saw—the carpenter's wife? Her story stirred me up wonderfully, and I told it to father and mother, and I took a pledge to the forewoman in father's manufactory, and asked her to get all the girls to sign it. And what do you think mother did? Why, she had a lumber-room cleaned out, and benches put all around, and a table in the middle, and set up our old

nurse there in the lunch business. Aunt Katie has coffee, tea, soup, bread, and sandwiches and pies, and she undersells the beer-shop men on lunches right along. It is going to work splendidly, and sister Annie sends all our papers and magazines there as soon as we are done with them, and about a hundred of our old books."

"Seems to me," I said, "that was a very profitable day with the Demon. But how turned out the carpenter?"

"He brought right good recommendations, and father hired him for the carpentry-work at the farm, and he has moved his family out there, and they all begin to look up once more. Little

Janey goes to the district-school, and no one there would guess her mother ever was pointed at as a drunken woman."

Tom had not been gone an hour, when, picking up a paper, I saw that our furious - driving, country doctor had broken his neck in one of his mad rides. His horrible and hopeless death was probably the Lord's only way of rescuing his abused and unhappy family.

A year after, I was calling on Mrs. Marchmont, and saw a hearse and a long line of carriages at the door of 2011. I asked my friend:

"How did your neighbor die?"

"As she had lived. She died in a drunken fit."

I told Tom of this soon after. He replied:

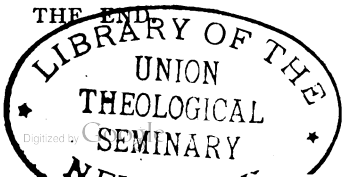
"That is very terrible. I can tell you a pleasanter story. You remember Barney Munger? I was at——" (and Tom named a well-known *no-license* town) "on some business for father, and was going to the hotel for my dinner, when I passed such a clean, tasteful, every-way-attractive restaurant, that I went in there instead. A very nice boy waited on me, and presently the restaurant-keeper himself came up, bringing the broiled chops trimmed with parsley. To my surprise, I recognized Munger:

"'Ah, my fine young sir,' he cried, 'here I am where I need not be forever

comin' in widout ever goin' out! Didn't me aunt—that was no relation to me at all, at all, barrin' she married me uncle—leave me five hundred pounds! And says I, "Barney, once ye died of drinkin', and now ye shall live by 'ating other people." And so I heard of this place, where the law is widout contradiction—not givin' us leave on the one hand to commit suicide and murder by dealin' in drink, and objectin' on the other hand to the murder and suicide, and hangin' a man for thim same. So here I came, and I'm doin' a handsome business—able to send fifty or a hundred dollars a year to that same Reformed Men's Home that was the savin' o' Barney. I

did think o' takin' a man or two from there for help, but then I says, "Barney, a clean sheet is finer nor one wid the blots rubbed off, but showin' still; prevention is better nor cure. Take you in for help reformed boys that have never been bad, nor in need o' reformin', and rear them up into innocent men." So I got the boys, and am teachin' 'em how to run a temperance restaurant—such a restaurant as shall be the very cream of the whole joke.' And so I left Barney Munger in exactly the niche in life that is fitted for him, and where no doubt he shall flourish into a comfortable old age."

THE END.



For Sunday-School Libraries.

THE National Temperance Society and Publication House have published Eighty-seven Books specially adapted to Sunday-school Libraries, which have been carefully examined and approved by a Publication Committee of Twelve, representing the various Religious denominations, and they have been highly recommended by numerous Ecclesiastical bodies and Temperance Organizations all over the land. They should be in every Sunday-school Library. The following is the List, any of which can be ordered through any bookseller, or direct from the rooms of the Society, 58 Reade Street, New York.

At Lion's Mouth	$1 25	**Echo Bank**	$ 85
Adopted	60	**Esther Maxwell's Mistake**	1 00
Andrew Douglass	75	**Fanny Percy's Knight Errant**	1 00
Aunt Dinah's Pledge	1 25	**Fatal Dower, The**	60
Alice Grant	1 25	**Fire Fighters, The**	1 25
All for Money	1 25	**Fred's Hard Fight**	1 25
Brewery at Taylorville, The	1 50	**Frank Spencer's Rule of Life**	50
Barford Mills	1 00	**Frank Oldfield; or, Lost and Found**	1 50
Best Fellow in the World, The	1 25	**Gertie's Sacrifice**	50
Broken Rock, The	50	**Glass Cable, The**	1 25
Brook, and the Tide Turning, The	1 00	**Harry the Prodigal**	1 25
Brewer's Fortune, The	1 50	**History of a Three-penny Bit**	75
Come Home, Mother	50	**Hard Master, The**	85
Coals of Fire	1 00	**Harker Family, The**	1 25
Curse of Mill Valley, The	1 25	**History of Two Lives, The**	50
Drinking Fountain Stories	1 00	**Hopedale Tavern, and What it Wrought**	1 00
Dumb Traitor, The	1 25	**Hole in the Bag, The**	1 00
Eva's Engagement-Ring	90		

How Could He Escape?	$1 25	Piece of Silver, A	$ 50
Humpy Dumpy	1 25	Pitcher of Cool Water	50
Image Unveiled, The	1 00	Queer Home in Rugby Court, The	1 50
Jewelled Serpent, The	1 00	Rachel Noble's Experience	90
John Bentley's Mistake	50	Red Bridge The	90
Job Tufton's Rest	1 25	Rev. Dr. Willoughby and his Wine	1 50
Joe's Partner	50	Ripley Parsonage	1 25
Jug-or-Not	1 25	Roy's Search; or, Lost in the Cars	1 25
Little Girl in Black	90	Saved	1 25
Life Cruise of Captain Bess Adams, The	1 50	Silver Castle	1 25
McAllisters, The	50	Seymours, The	1 00
Mill and the Tavern, The	1 25	Strange Sea Story, A	1 50
Model Landlord, The	60	Temperance Doctor, The	1 25
More Excellent Way, A	1 00	Temperance Speaker, The	75
Mr. Mackenzie's Answer	1 25	Temperance Anecdotes	1 00
National Temperance Orator, The	1 00	Time Will Tell	1 00
Nettie Loring	1 25	Tim's Troubles	1 50
Norman Brill's Life-Work	1 00	Tom Blinn's Temperance Society	1 25
Nothing to Drink	1 50	Ten Cents	1 25
Old Times	1 25	Vow at the Bars	40
Our Coffee-Room	1 00	Wealth and Wine	1 25
Old Brown Pitcher, The	1 00	White Rose, The	1 25
Out of the Fire	1 25	Wife's Engagement-Ring	1 25
Our Parish	75	Work and Reward	50
Packington Parish	1 25	Zoa Rodman	1 00
Paul Brewster and Son	1 00		
Philip Eckert's Struggles and Triumphs	60		

Either of the above will be sent by mail, post-paid, *on receipt of price.* Address

J. N. STEARNS, Publishing Agent,

58 Reade Street, New York.