



'SURELY, MR. TRAVERS, YOU WILL NOT REFUSE TO DRINK
WITH ME?' p. 73.

HOPEDALE TAVERN,

AND

WHAT IT WROUGHT.

BY

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TC
James Van Namee,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS
AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED
BY HIS SON,
THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.



IN writing this story of facts, I have aimed at neither elegance of style nor diction, but have endeavored, in attractive but plain and simple style, to present great and important truths for the consideration of all who may read what I have written. The most careless and uninterested observer of life around us must be keenly alive to the fact that strong drink is working the ruin of many, and that there is need, vital need of reformation in this respect; that the young who are growing up around us are in danger of being ensnared by the tempter in attractive guise, and that all means of warning them of the danger of tampering with an appetite or love for drink are worthy of attention and consideration

from the great and good. That the warnings and the truths I have to utter may be more attractive and reach the young more thoroughly, I have presented them in the guise of romance, believing that in this form they will do wider and greater good than if told as mere statements of facts. I trust that all who feel an interest in the well-being of our young men, and the happiness of our young women, will give the subject of temperance their careful consideration, and this little story an unprejudiced reading.

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HOPEDALE TAVERN.



I.

CHANGES AT HOPEDALE—THE DAWN OF THE ERA.

HOPEDALE was a quiet inland village, nestled among the green hills of the West. It had not been of rapid growth, for there were no moneyed men there, but it had been settled by men of strong hearts and willing hands, and year after year had improved, as success had attended the efforts and labors of the inhabitants.

The people of Hopedale often boasted that there was not a really poor person among them, for every man owned the roof that covered him; and, by industry and frugal management, succeeded in making something more than a mere living each year.

The village was widely scattered, and the

houses surrounded by large well-kept gardens, which in summer time were crowded with blooming flowers and the more useful species of vegetation which furnish food and sauce for the table.

There was little travel to and from Hopedale, it being some miles from the nearest railroad, and few strangers visited the place; consequently there never had been any necessity or demand for a public-house, and the people lived on, year after year, in quiet industry and happiness.

About a mile from the village proper flowed a silvery stream, which was known as Hampton Creek—a narrow but deep watercourse, which flowed with rapid current, on and on, until it joined a larger stream, and blending its waters with the other, sought the sea. Here the good people often came to hold picnics in the grand old woods which stretched from its banks far back into the country; and here the village boys would come with hook and line to catch the fish that sported beneath its sun-kissed waves.

No one had ever thought of the wealth that lay concealed in the water-power so near at hand, and even had they thought of it, no one in Hopedale had the means necessary to carry out any plan by which that power could be turned to practical use.

But one day a man by the name of John Montcalm—a pompous, self-important, shrewd, and practical man, who had amassed considerable wealth by fortunate speculation—happened to pass through Hopedale, and his quick eye observed at once all the advantages of the place, the water-power, and how capital invested would yield a large return; and he spoke of these things to one or two of the most prosperous men of the place, but they replied:

“We are contented as we are, and none of us have sufficient means to carry out any such extravagant and extensive plans as you propose.”

But Mr. Montcalm could not willingly resign the ideas which had occurred to him, and after leaving the place, he thought over the matter for some time, and then wrote to

make inquiries concerning the ownership of the property on the banks of Hampton Creek, and the price demanded for the same.

The result of all this was, that within a few months from the time of Mr. Montcalm's first visit to Hopedale, he purchased a large tract of land bordering on Hampton Creek, for a comparatively small sum, and at once commenced his improvements and arrangements to make the property pay him a large return.

The services of every mechanic and laboring man in Hopedale were brought into requisition; and they failing to meet the demand, others were sent for from neighboring villages and towns, and the hitherto quiet little place presented a scene of bustling excitement quite as pleasant to the inhabitants of Hopedale as it was new.

Of course these strangers had to be accommodated with homes, and hardly a family was without boarders, or hardly a house that had not more than one family beneath its roof: and dreams of a golden future, of wealth and position, flitted through many an honest brain

that never before had indulged in such vagaries.

A large factory was in course of erection on the banks of the creek—a factory which, report said, would employ, when completed, several hundred hands; and Mr. Montcalm, asserting that the village would positively need a good public-house, was building in the very centre of the town a spacious edifice to be used for that purpose.

Then, on one of the green hills, overlooking the valley, the factory, and many miles of surrounding country, was to be built Mr. Montcalm's own residence—a large, imposing building, and he was to bring his family there to reside.

Really Hopedale promised to become a flourishing and wealthy place; and Mr. Montcalm had said that before long the railroad would pass through there, which would give it added importance and facilities.

Men who for years had engaged in small but lucrative branches of trade and mechanics, resigned their business and entered upon

the new work. Indeed Mr. Montcalm had thoroughly revolutionized the little village, and it had lost forever its air of quiet repose; it had come under the power and influence of money, and must now take its chances for ruin or success.

II.

THE FACTORY—THE MONTCALM HOUSE—MRS.
TRAYER'S APPREHENSIONS.

THE buildings were at length completed. Mr. Montcalm's house was large, imposing and showy. The furniture had arrived, and everything was in readiness for his family, which consisted of himself, his wife, and two children, a girl and a boy, Emma and Harry, aged respectively sixteen and fourteen.

The villagers were anxious to see the family of so wealthy, and to them, so great a man, for not one of them, save Mrs. Montcalm, had visited Hopedale during the confusion of building, and she had come in a close carriage, driven to the house, made a survey of the premises, and driven away again, without being seen by any one, save the workmen engaged upon the building, and they had de-

scribed her as proud as a queen, which naturally aroused the curiosity of the people to see her.

The factory was in running order, the machinery, after much delay, had at length arrived and been properly arranged; a hundred cottages for the accommodation of the expected factory hands had been erected near that large and imposing building, and they looked very pretty, painted brown and surrounded by the grand old trees that had stood the storms of many years, and green patches of land which would enable each occupant to cultivate and raise the vegetables and garden sauce to supply his own table.

The public-house was completed. It was a long, three-story building, with piazzas stretching across the entire front. On the ground, or first floor, was a large room, over the wide door of which hung a sign, with the gilded letters of "BAR-ROOM" upon it.

Mr. Montcalm had said that a public-house without a bar would be useless, and out of all character, and so the good people of Hope-

dale had submitted, quieting the scruples they might have against such a thing; for, of course, Mr. Montcalm knew better than they, and his money built the hotel, and his influence would support it, and though there had never been liquor sold in their village, and they had many misgivings as to its probable results, they yielded with only feeble objections, and so it was decided that Hopedale was to have a bar.

The swinging sign, hung on the post before the door, bore the following inscription:

MONTCALM HOUSE,

BY

GEORGE TRAVER.

George Traver had kept a small dry goods store for years, and had supported his little family, consisting of himself, wife, and one child, a son—Charlie by name, comfortably; and when Mr. Montcalm first proposed to him to take the tavern, he had objected; but the wily man had so eloquently pictured the success which would attend the undertaking,

the prospective wealth it promised, that George Traver fell into his way of thinking, and said:

"If I could keep the hotel without keeping a bar, I would be glad to do so; but I have never sold liquor, never used it, and it has always seemed to me a low business, to say nothing of the actual wrong."

"You are foolish, man; your scruples are mere fancies. Why, liquor-selling is a perfectly legitimate business; a hotel without a bar never would succeed; one-half the profits will result from the bar. Besides, if you do not keep one, some one else will; so there will be nothing gained, but much lost. Some of the best, most influential men we have in the country, made their money by selling liquor; and as for its being a low business, that is all folly. Why, my dear sir, I sold liquor for years, and had I never engaged in the business, I would never have had the means to do what I have done here."

"I will think of it," said George Traver, and he did think of it. He turned the matter all over in his mind, and at last decided that he

would sell liquor if by doing so there was a possibility of his ever becoming as wealthy and influential as Mr. Montcalm; and when he told his wife of the decision he had made, she said:

"I fear, George, you will live to regret the day you gave up an honest business to become a rum-seller and tavern-keeper. I cannot help thinking that Mr. Montcalm, with all his wealth and improvements, will be a great injury to Hopedale. The people seem half mad, and readily fall into any scheme he may propose, entirely forgetting that one stronger than they ever can become, prayed, "Lead us not into temptation." The principles and teachings of years are overthrown by the insinuating arguments of this one man; and I, for one, regret the hour and day he came to Hopedale, to disturb our quiet and peace, and sow the seeds of ambition for wealth among us. We must remember, George, we have a son—a boy just at the age to form habits for life. God has given him to us to bring up and train for a future life. We have an immortal soul in our charge, and it is our duty to set him such examples and

surround him with such influences as will insure a life of usefulness and honor. Can we perform our duty to our child while we keep a tavern and open a bar-room for the sale of liquor? Can we sacredly fulfil the trust God has reposed in us, if we set temptation before our child and the children of others? Shall we occupy an honorable and useful position in society? Shall we respect ourselves and merit the respect of the good and the true? These are serious questions to ask, and we must put them to ourselves seriously before taking so important a step in life. I feel strangely nervous, and filled with presentiments of evil whenever I think of accepting Mr. Montcalm's offer to keep the tavern, and I certainly cannot cast aside all the teachings and trainings of my youth in a blind idolatry for wealth."

"The thing is decided, and there is no use talking now," said George Traver. "I have told Mr. Montcalm that I would take the tavern, and keep the bar open. Women know nothing about business, and you talk with all

the indecision and foolish weakness of your sex. I cannot see what the training of our boy has to do with it. If I don't keep bar somebody else will—so it will be in his way, if he chooses to yield to temptation; but I anticipate no disagreeable results. I am tired of living year after year in this hum-drum sort of way, and am determined to make an effort to get ahead in the world."

"You were happy and contented enough before Mr. Montcalm came to the village, and turned your head with his smooth arguments about wealth and position."

"Perhaps I was; that is only a proof of how far behind the age we were. I tell you this is a progressive age, and we cannot stand still: we must advance."

"Yes, but beware lest in your blindness you be led into temptation and retrograde instead of advance. I wish I could dissuade you from this plan, which seems to me to promise nothing but misery and unhappiness."

"You cannot; for I have already made arrangements to sell out my business and

my house, and invest the money in furniture and necessary appointments for the tavern."

"Why not tell the truth and say you intend to invest your money in the purchase of liquid poison, to tempt men from the path of duty, and take bread from the mouths of women and children, and fill your coffers with ill-gotten gains!"

In spite of his wife's urgent appeals and earnest opposition, the house and store were sold, and the money invested in furniture and liquors for the new public house.

Everything presented a bright, fresh, clean appearance. The bar with its polished counter, and the neatly arranged shelves behind, covered with glittering decanters and glasses—bottles labelled Rum, Brandy, Whisky, Gin, Port, etc., etc., distributed so as to attract the eye, the walls of the room neatly papered and hung with gaudy pictures, the floor sanded and clean, and the door swung back upon its hinges, as if to invite passers-by to enter. Was it strange, then, that men who had never before stepped up to a bar and called for a

drink, dropped in to take a glass of wine with their old comrade, George Traver, and give him a word of encouragement and praise?

Oh, they forgot, then, and George Traver forgot the words, "Lead us not into temptation;" but they were ever ringing in the ears of his wife, as she moved through the house, attending to the duties which fell to her lot.

Every one said that George Traver would make an excellent landlord, and certainly he started well; but, alas, he started with a serpent in his bosom, which he was nurturing to sting him at the last; and though everything appeared fair and bright at first, his good wife saw the glittering eyes of the serpent, and trembled with fear, dreading the time when it would arouse from its slumbers, and scatter its venomous poison around, bringing destruction, misery and wretchedness.

III.

TEMPTED AND OVERCOME — THE FIRST GLASS OF WINE.

FRANK PEYTON had always been a hard-working, industrious mechanic, having a good education and considerable natural ability.

He had made himself particularly useful to Mr. Montcalm in his building operations, and when the work was all done, and he went into Mr. Montcalm's office to settle up, the latter gentleman said :

"Ah, Peyton, all through?"

"Yes sir, I believe so, unless you wish some alterations made. Mrs. Montcalm said something about the arrangements of the store-room when she was here."

"That can be attended to after she comes, as I am ignorant of her wishes as to how it is

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to be done. Have you made out your account?"

"I have. Here it is," said Peyton, laying a folded paper on the desk.

Mr. Montcalm unfolded the paper, ran his eye hastily over the account, and handed it back, saying :

"Receipt that, if you please, and I will give you the amount at once;" at the same time taking a bill-book out of his pocket, and while Peyton was signing the paper, he counted out the money. When Peyton handed him the receipted bill, he passed over a pile of crisp new bank notes, saying :

"Count them, if you please, and see if it is all right."

Peyton counted the money, and folding it up, placed it in his pocket, saying :

"It is all right, sir, and I am obliged to you. I hope you will need my services again."

"Sit down;" pushing a chair towards him. "I want to talk to you about business. I have a proposition to make you."

Frank Peyton accepted the offered chair,

and Mr. Montcalm drew his own nearer; and, with a peculiar shrug of his shoulders, which was habitual with him before saying anything he deemed important, he said:

"Peyton, I have watched you closely since you have been working for me, and I have come to the conclusion that you are fitted for a higher position in life than that which you occupy. Have you never felt any ambition to rise in life, to secure a position where the abilities you possess would have broader scope for action, where advancement would be sure and more rapid, and the profits larger and quicker in return?"

"Yes, sir, I have; but I have never allowed it to make me discontented with my position in life. My parents were poor, but my father gave me a more liberal education than was given to most boys in my circumstances, and then taught me the trade he had followed all his life. I worked at it until I was married, thinking I would leave it when opportunity presented a better field for advancement; but our village has al-

ways been a quiet place, and I have earned a good living, and so year after year has slipped by, and I have plodded on in the same path in which I began."

"How much of a family have you?"

"Two children, sir, both girls. One thirteen, the other only a baby."

"A very interesting family. You owe your family a duty, sir, as well as yourself, and I have been thinking of a matter which I believe will give you just such an opening as you desire. The factory is now completed, the machinery in order, and I hope to be fairly started within a month. I leave to-morrow, to secure hands, materials, etc., and complete the arrangements already underway. I shall necessarily be absent from home much of the time. I need a reliable, responsible person to act as foreman, to take charge of matters during my absence, and keep things in a smooth, running order at all times; and it has occurred to me that you are just the one for that position. How do you think you would like it?"

Frank Peyton sat a moment thinking earnestly, and then looking up, said deliberately :

"If you think I am competent for the position, if I could readily understand the duties required of me, I think I would like the situation."

"There can be no doubt of your ability. The duties will be light, but responsible. You will be required to have oversight of all the transactions of the factory, see that everything is properly and orderly done, and, in my absence, act for me in all matters pertaining to the business. How much are you able to earn during a year by your present occupation?"

"I earn, by steady labor, from eight hundred to one thousand dollars per year."

"You have not been able to save much, then?"

"No; but I have my house nearly paid for. There is a mortgage on it of two hundred dollars, that I hope to pay off this year."

"Very well. I will give you two thousand dollars a year the first year, as foreman; and

increase your salary as the business and your duties increase. Will that be satisfactory?"

"O yes, sir. I could not expect more," said Peyton, suppressing with difficulty the feeling of exultation at his good fortune.

"Very well, then; we may consider it settled that you fill the place of foreman here at the factory, and you can enter upon your duties at once, and take charge of the place during my absence, and be on hand to attend to the people I send, and receive the goods I ship," said Mr. Montcalm, as he arose, and taking a key from his pocket, unlocked a small closet in the lower part of his desk and drew out a bottle and two glasses. Placing the glasses on the desk, he poured into them a bright red liquid that sparkled and glistened as it fell from the mouth of the bottle. Handing one to Peyton, and taking the other, he said :

"We will bind our bargain with a glass of wine."

Frank Peyton took the proffered glass, but said :

"Mr. Montcalm, I never drink wine. I have never in all my life tasted a drop of any kind of liquor, and I have often said I never would."

"Nonsense, man; a glass of wine now and then will do you good. This is first quality, and can do you no harm. Drink it. I would not urge you if I thought it would in any way harm you."

Only a moment Frank Peyton hesitated, then he raised the glass to his lips, and, for the first time in his life drank liquor—for the first time in his life yielded to the voice of the tempter—and became overcome by temptation.

But surely there could be no harm in a glass of wine offered by a man in the exalted position Mr. Montcalm occupied. He drank, and drank freely; and yet received homage and respect from his fellow-men. Why should one in so humble a position as that occupied by Frank Peyton refuse to follow the example set?

"Lead us not into temptation!"

After a few moments' further conversation, Peyton bade Mr. Montcalm good-evening, and

started for his home. His spirits were strangely buoyant. He felt almost as if treading on air, and to his very finger-ends he felt the exhilarating effects of that one glass of wine.

IV.

JENNIE PEYTON'S SORROW—THE CLOUDS BEGIN TO GATHER.

MRS. PEYTON had been waiting for her husband's return for some time. The table was drawn to the centre of the floor, and the cloth had been spread and the dishes laid. The white biscuits had been taken from the oven, done "to a turn," and were placed on the hearth before the fire, with a white towel folded over them to keep them warm. The kettle sending out great waves of steam and singing merrily over the fire, and the tea-pot, with its "drawing of tea," stood ready to receive the boiling water which would convert it into fragrant, delicious beverage.

Lilly—the pale-faced, thoughtful girl of thirteen, sat by the cradle rocking the baby to sleep, while her mother every few moments

went to the door and looked anxiously up and down the street, and returned to give the snowy table-cloth another touch, as if to smooth out an imaginary wrinkle, but in reality because she knew not what else to do.

At length the little gate swung back upon its hinges, and the quick springing step, which always made her heart beat faster, sounded on the walk, the door opened, and her husband stood before her.

The glass of wine he drank in Mr. Montcalm's office, and the brisk walk which followed, had sent the red blood to his face, and given his eyes an unwonted brilliancy. As he entered the room his wife sprung forward with the exclamation:

"Oh, Frank, you have come! I was beginning to be worried, and felt almost sure something had happened. Tea has been ready some time."

And she put her arm upon his shoulder, and with a smile on her lips, kissed him; but as she caught his breath when he bent down to return her caress, the smile faded from her

lips, the color left her cheeks, and she staggered back, saying :

"Oh, Frank, you have been drinking!"

He laughed a light nervous laugh, as he replied :

"Why, Jennie, you startled me! I thought something serious had happened. I took a glass of wine with Mr. Montcalm this evening, to be sure. I could not well avoid it."

"But I have heard you say, time and time again, that there were no circumstances which could possibly excuse a man for deviating from principle; that you never had, and never would taste liquor of any kind."

"Very true; but there *are* circumstances under which a man may be placed where it is positive rudeness to refuse a glass of wine; and surely a simple glass of wine can do no harm. It is strong drink that injures a man, not light, exhilarating wine. But we will not discuss this matter now. I have good news to tell you; so clear the shadows from your face and get tea ready, for I am hungry; and

while we eat I will tell you of the sudden good fortune which has befallen us."

Mrs. Peyton prepared the tea, and placed the biscuits on the table; but in spite of her efforts to look cheerful and happy, shadows still lingered on her brow, and with difficulty she repressed the tears that were trying to force themselves to her eyes.

Lilly spread a blanket over the baby, now sound asleep, and quietly took her place at table, while her mother with trembling hand poured out the fragrant tea.

As Frank Peyton broke open one of the snowy, smoking biscuits, and spread it with the rich yellow butter that lay like a ball of gold in the glass dish before him, he said :

"I have concluded to change my business, and go into something that promises to yield larger returns, and tax my strength less heavily."

"I hope you will not go into anything heedlessly, without due reflection and careful investigation," replied his wife.

"Well, to tell the truth, I did decide rather

hastily; but the matter demanded but little reflection, as the benefits to be derived from the change were so apparent. When I presented my account to Mr. Montcalm this evening, after paying me, he invited me to sit down and have a little chat with him in regard to business. Of course, I could not refuse doing so, even had I felt inclined, which was not the case, for I was anxious to know how he was pleased with the work I had done. He complimented me highly, and, after making inquiries as to how I was situated, said I ought to occupy a position above that which I now occupy, and offered me the situation of foreman at the factory, at a salary of two thousand dollars a year."

"And you accepted the offer?" earnestly queried his wife.

"Of course I did. I would have been crazy to have refused it, when I can now make but little more than eight hundred dollars a-year by hard, constant labor. The mortgage will soon be paid, and we shall have money in the bank."

"I hope so; but I fear all your bright dreams will not be realized. I confess that I have but little confidence in this Mr. Montcalm; I thoroughly dislike him, for he is the only man who has ever been able to tempt my husband from the path of duty."

"Pooh, pooh, Jennie! You treat a trivial matter as one of vast importance. It would be folly for me to refuse two thousand dollars a-year from a man, simply because he asked me to take a glass of wine."

"Not because he asked you to take the wine, but because you had not strength of mind to refuse it. Mr. Montcalm may not be aware of the evil he may do by offering wine promiscuously. Because he can govern his taste and appetite, and bring them under control and subjection, is no reason that all whom he urges to drink can do the same; and the mere fact that you felt as if you could not refuse to drink, because it was Mr. Montcalm who asked you, makes me tremble at the very thought of your being in his employ. I trust my fears are groundless, and the presentiments

I feel of coming evil only vagaries of the mind; but I must say that I wish you had never decided to give up your old business."

"You will not wish so a few years from now, when we have amassed a snug little fortune. Mr. Montcalm is revolutionizing the place. We have all lived so quietly and retired for years that we have fallen sadly behind the times, and we needed just such a sudden waking up as we are now experiencing. Five years from now, Hopedale will be an enterprising, go-ahead, energetic, live place; whereas, if Mr. Montcalm had not come among us, we might vegetate year after year, leading a sort of half existence, void of enterprise and ambition."

"I wish I could look upon things as you do—I am sure it would make me happier—but I cannot; and to me the coming of Mr. Montcalm, instead of being a benefit to the place, seems a harbinger of evil. Never during my remembrance has there been one drop of liquor sold in Hopedale until this man succeeded in establishing a bar."

"We have never had a tavern here; consequently there never has been a necessity for a bar before."

"And is it necessary because a house is opened to accommodate travellers with food and lodging, that a bar should be opened to supply the weak and unwary with that which is sure to bring disgrace, and want, and misery?"

"You use too strong language. It does not follow that because we have a bar, we are all necessarily destined to become drunkards."

"No; and yet the temptation is there, in open violation of the command, 'Put not the bottle to thy brother's lips;' and Mr. Montcalm is the one responsible for all this. His arguments, his urgent demands for a bar, overcame the scruples of George Traver, who has always been an honest man, and in spite of his wife's appeals and objections he yielded to this man, and they have taken the tavern, and opened the bar. Mrs. Traver was here this afternoon, and she told me she thought she would have died when she saw her hus-

band, whom she loves devotedly, standing behind the bar, dealing out poison to his fellow-men and even drinking with them himself. It was a sorrowful day for her, but that is by no means the worst feature of the case. Their boy—only seventeen years old, with habits still unformed—will be exposed to all the evil influences that cluster around a bar-room, and she naturally trembles for the result. Oh, Frank, it were a thousand times better to have remained in our simplicity, purity, and ignorance, than to purchase knowledge and advancement at such a fearful cost! I fear many a woman's heart will bleed—many an eye unused to weeping be dimmed with tears—many a home made desolate through the opening of that bar, which never would have existed save through the influence of Mr. Montcalm."

"I did not approve of the bar myself. Still, it will not do to oppose a man like Mr. Montcalm, a man who is doing so much for the prosperity of our village."

Mrs. Peyton sighed wearily, but said no

more. She saw that it was useless to argue the matter with her husband, for he, like many others, was entirely blinded to the faults of Mr. Montcalm on account of the imaginary good he was supposed to be doing the community.

Soon after supper Frank Peyton took his hat and went out, a thing quite unusual for him to do, as he had always been a very domestic man, and in the habit of spending his evenings with his family. But Hopedale was undergoing a change, and the men must gather together at some place after the day's work was done, to talk over matters and discuss the various improvements going on around them; and what place so natural and appropriate to meet at as the village tavern?

As he went up the street, hardly knowing whither he was going, he spied the bright light which streamed from the windows and open door of the bar-room, and crossed over just to see who was there and how the place looked, for he had been so busy that he had been unable to look in since George Traver had really opened it.

He looked in the door and saw a number of his old friends gathered there, and he stepped inside. As he entered, George Traver looked from his desk behind the bar where he was writing, and said:

"Ah, good evening, Peyton, glad to see you. How do you think the place looks?"

"Bright as a new dollar," replied Peyton, looking about him.

"Have a glass of wine?" said the hospitable host, setting down upon the counter a glass and bottle.

"No, thank you, I never drink."

"Oh, but you must take a glass of wine, and drink to the success of the 'Montcalm House'—the first tavern erected in Hope-dale," said the landlord, with a smile.

Frank Peyton poured out a glass of wine, and for the second time smothered the voice of conscience and drank it off; then turned to those who were seated around the room, and was soon engaged in an earnest conversation with an old friend, and failed to realize the flight of time. When he looked up at the clock,

which hung over the bar, he was surprised to see that it was already after nine o'clock; and bidding his friends good night, he hastened home.

This was the first night at the village tavern. Would to God it was his last! Would to God he had then given heed to the still small voice within that whispered, "Lead us not into temptation," and resolutely turned his face toward the right. But alas! he had yielded once; he had yielded twice; he could no longer say that he knew not the taste of liquor. He had taken the first step in the downward path; he had yielded to temptation, and he was weaker now than ever before. He saw not the ruin and desolation ahead—saw not the fearful abyss that yawned below him—saw not the whirlpool that would hurl him to destruction unless he steered with steady hand aside—and he went on, on with the swift-rolling tide, shutting his ears against the voice of warning which was whispered to him by unseen monitors, speaking through conscience—heeded not the tearful pleadings

of his wife, whose sensitive organization so keenly felt what the future had in store if there was no turning aside from the way of temptation.

And what was the result? Where did this small beginning end? What were the consequences of this first glass of wine, offered by one of influence and position?

Wait and see!

V.

AFFAIRS AT THE TAVERN—A NEW PHASE IN WOMAN'S LIFE.

THE duties at the factory during the absence of Mr. Montcalm were very light. After breakfast Frank Peyton would walk over to the office, open it, and sit all the day through, with nothing to occupy his attention save directing where the heavy boxes which daily arrived should be stored, and showing the hands who came to him where they should locate. Then, at an early hour, he would close the office and return to his home, sometimes to spend the evening with his family, and sometimes to spend it in the well-lighted, cheerful bar-room of the tavern, where he was sure to meet many of his old friends and comrades.

George Traver had not kept open house more than a week before he fully realized the

truth of Mr. Montcalm's assertion when he said, "The profits of the bar would be double the profits of the house;" for during the first week there were but few guests at the table, but the bar-room was never empty. It was remarkable how readily those staid, exemplary, quiet people fell into the habit of congregating in the bar-room, and when once there, it seemed almost incumbent upon them to patronize the establishment; and so men who had never before been in the habit of drinking, even at their own tables and firesides, were soon found calling for a glass of wine each evening. Wine was the favorite beverage; the stronger liquors were but little called for. "Milk for babes, and meat for strong men." They were not accustomed to stimulants; they were but becoming initiated in drinking habits; they were only acquiring a taste for lighter beverages, and, as a matter of course, commenced with the weakest and most palatable. It would have astonished some of the steady old citizens of Hope-dale if they had been informed how many quarts of wine had been drank during the first

week, and how many gallons of ale had been consumed.

The second week after the opening of the tavern, the house guests began to arrive—the bookkeeper, the office-clerk, the shipping-clerk, the lady who was to have charge of the female department, all engaged by Mr. Montcalm for the new factory—and sought for lodgings and board at the "Montcalm House."

Mrs. Traver seemed to have grown ten years older since the house was opened; and few would have recognized in the sad, quiet woman who moved so noiselessly about, attending to the duties of her department, the light-hearted, cheerful wife of George Traver, the merchant of a few months gone.

Charlie Traver, at the time his father commenced the business of keeping tavern, was seventeen years old; a bright, handsome boy, fond of his books and ambitious to excel, but of a yielding, sympathetic nature, easily influenced for good or evil. When they moved into the tavern his father had said:

"Now remember, Charlie, you must keep

out of the bar-room. It is not a fit place for boys; and if I ever see you there I shall be very much displeased."

"But if you are there, why cannot I be there, too?" asked Charlie.

"My business requires my presence, but there is no occasion for you to be there; and I hope you will not make it necessary for me to repeat this request at any time in the future."

Mrs. Traver added her injunctions to those of her husband, and, for a time, it seemed as if there would be no occasion for uneasiness on Charlie's account; for he manifested no disposition to seek the bar-room or the society of those who congregated there.

"I shall get a barkeeper as soon as the business will warrant me in doing so," said Mr. Traver.

"Then I hope you will never find the business such as will warrant you in hiring help to deal out poison. I trust the bar will prove such a failure that you will be glad to close it after a short trial," replied Mrs. Traver.

"That will never be. It is already a suc-

cess. Why, I have made more actual profit over that bar, in one day and evening, than I did at the store in two days; and when the factory gets in full blast, my business will be still better, for Mr. Montcalm says these working people all drink, and cannot do without it. Why, the man he sent up as bookkeeper, who arrived last evening, spent over a dollar at the bar before he went to bed; and the woman who is to have charge of the female department had two drinks sent to her room during the evening."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Traver; "that genteel, refined-looking woman drink! You must be mistaken!"

"Ha! ha! Well, well, wife, you will see worse than that if you live long enough. Why, Mr. Montcalm told me that nine out of ten of the girls he would employ would drink, and that his own wife would occasionally call and honor me by ordering to the parlor a bottle of wine."

"I never believed that women could so far forget their sex, their boasted purity, their ex-

ample to their children, as to pollute their lips with drink. O George, it was indeed an evil hour when you consented to administer to the depraved and evil appetites of your fellow-creatures."

"Nonsense! You'll get over all this in time, and bless the day I left the old store for a life of ease and comfort, and started on the high road to wealth. I expect the factory people will have a ball here before long. Mr. Montcalm says they are famous for getting up balls, parties, and such things; and then the profits from the supper and the bar will be something worth looking after."

Mrs. Traver turned sadly away, and Mr. Traver went down to the bar to look after the profits of the nefarious business he had entered upon.

A friend of temperance has aptly said: "There is scarcely a word in the English language so suggestive of sorrow as the 'bar.' It is indeed no misnomer. The sad experience of thousands has proved the 'bar' to be not

only 'the place where liquor is dealt out,' but—

A Bar to Respectability.

A Bar to Honor.

A Bar to Happiness.

A Bar to Domestic Felicity.

A Bar to Goodness.

Thousands have found it to be the bar which debarred them from all that once was good and noble. To many it has been, and to many it still is, the starting point of—

The Road to Degradation.

The Road to Vice.

The Road to the Gambling Hell.

The Road to the Brothel.

The Road to Poverty and Want.

The Road to Wretchedness.

The Road to Robbery.

The Road to Murder."

The Road to Prison.

The Road to the Gallows."

Thousands of hearts made sad and desolate by those who have commenced and are pursuing their career of wickedness at the "bar," are

weeping tears of blood. Many, many are the destitute and suffering wives and children who are even now weeping over the wreck of what was once a noble, kind, affectionate and loving husband and father, trying to reclaim him from the highway which leads him on to ruin.

Mrs. Traver realized all this — felt it all keenly in her woman's heart, and the knowledge that her husband, the one she had chosen from all others for her life companion and guide, should resort to traffic in that which leads to such fearful and direful consequences, cast a shadow over her life which could not be dispelled by prospects of wealth or ease, and the sunbeams lingered no more in her path, nor brightened her life with their cheering warmth.

Asking God to help her in her trials, and give her strength, she took up her burden and tried to bear it meekly, uncomplainingly; but, oh, it was a heavy cross to bear, and sometimes she felt as if she would faint beneath it; but her mother-love for her boy, surrounded as he was by temptation, sustained her—and for his sake she tried to live.

VI.

ARRIVAL OF THE MONTCALM FAMILY — SENSATION. CREATED AMONG THE VILLAGERS IN CONSEQUENCE.

THE cottages were at length all occupied, and Frank Peyton had received a letter from Mr. Montcalm, saying he would return in three days from the date of the letter, accompanied by his family, and requested Peyton to meet him at the depôt with a private conveyance for them, as his wife disliked the public stage, and their horses and carriages would not be on until several days after their arrival; and also to send a wagon for the luggage.

The letter reached Frank Peyton the day after it was written; consequently his employer would arrive the following day, which would be Thursday. So he notified the factory hands

to be ready to commence work on the following Monday.

The notification was gladly received; for the people were becoming wearied with idleness and lack of employment, and were anxious to commence their labors.

Thursday morning Peyton drove over to the depôt. In his anxiety to be promptly on hand to meet his employer, he had overstepped the mark, and reached the depôt full an hour ahead of time. He nervously paced up and down the platform until he heard the shrill whistle of the locomotive in the distance.

Puffing and snorting, the long train drew up before the depôt, and Mr. Montcalm, his wife, and two children, stepped from the platform of the car. Peyton sprang forward, and, extending his hand to Mr. Montcalm, said:

"Glad to see you, sir! Glad to welcome you back to Hopedale."

"Thank you, Peyton. We will go into the depôt and wait until the luggage is attended to," returned Mr. Montcalm, handing him a small travelling bag, which Mrs. Montcalm had

carried in her hand, while he swung over his arm a heavy travelling shawl and carried in his hand a basket. When they entered the waiting-room, he turned to his wife, and said:

"My dear, this is Mr. Peyton, our foreman. Mr. Peyton, my wife, Mrs. Montcalm."

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Peyton," returned the portly and rather dignified woman. "Mr. Montcalm has spoken of you frequently in terms of unbounded approval. My son and daughter," she said, turning to the young lady and the youth who stood by her side.

Frank Peyton bowed his acknowledgments, then said:

"Excuse me, and I will go and look after the luggage," and then turned and left the room.

While he is attending to the stowing away of the heavy cumbersome trunks and boxes in the large wagon provided for their conveyance to the new house, we will describe more minutely to the reader the family of this man, Mr. Montcalm, who in so short a time had

completely changed the character of the little village of Hopedale.

Mrs. Montcalm was a large, rather pleasant, dignified looking woman, with an ordinary face, and sharp, piercing eyes. Her dress was rich and showy, and there was an indescribable something about her which conveyed the idea of sudden prosperity to the mind. Certainly no one would have taken her for a lineal descendant of an old and aristocratic house, and yet she prided herself upon her stately bearing and irreproachable manner.

Emma, her daughter, was decidedly pretty; but there was little strength of character portrayed in her face. The pink and white of her complexion reminded one of a beautiful doll, and her large blue eyes, which looked into yours with such a soft, pleading look, were soulless and expressionless, save with weakness and instability. She was sixteen, and had just returned from boarding-school, with her head filled with romance and impracticable ideas of life.

Harry, her son, was a bright, impulsive, un-

governable boy of fourteen, always getting himself and others into trouble, and always saying something to shock and annoy his mamma. It had been thus far impossible to polish him, or teach him to respect the exalted position of his father, and conduct himself with the reserve and dignity becoming the son of so great and wealthy a sire.

Thus much for the family of Mr. Montcalm.

The wagon was at length loaded and started on its way. Then the carriage drew up to the depôt door, and with considerable ceremony Mr. Montcalm handed his family into the comfortable, but old-fashioned vehicle. As Emma saw it, she said:

"What an ancient-looking concern this is, to be sure! One might imagine they had gone back to the days of the flood."

"It is a jolly concern, I think," said Harry, "much nicer than our little cramped up coach, that always seems like a dry goods box mounted on wheels."

"Your opinion was not asked, my son," re-

plied his mother, "and I trust you will not thrust it upon us again."

"Haven't I as good a right to speak as Emma?" asked the impulsive boy.

"You are younger than your sister, and it was very rude for you to speak as you did," replied Mrs. Montcalm, with assumed dignity.

They were at length seated, and the large, old-fashioned chariot rolled off towards Hopedale. It was a pleasant road which led from the depôt to the village, and there were many things which met their view to call out comments and remarks from the various members of the family.

At length they entered the broad gate through which they passed into the grounds which surrounded Mr. Montcalm's new house. Workmen were still busy arranging the shrubbery and putting in order the gravelled carriage-way which led to the house.

The house stood upon quite an eminence, surrounded by tall, stately trees, that waved their green arms in the passing wind, and bowed their stately heads to the storm. It

was a square building, three stories high, with a broad hall running through the centre, into which rooms opened from either side. It had been expensively finished and luxuriously furnished, and as Emma and Harry saw it for the first time, they were enthusiastic in their comments of praise and admiration, and wandered from room to room examining and criticising the arrangements and furnishing of each department.

Mr. Montcalm did not enter the house; but bidding his family a ceremonious good-day, accompanied Frank Peyton to the factory office to look over business matters, and attend to such things as needed his personal supervision.

Hopedale was in a commotion. The family of the great man had arrived, and all were asking themselves unanswerable questions in regard to these people who so troubled the hitherto still waters of village life.

Anxiety to see Mrs. Montcalm was at a high pitch, and many were the conjectures as to how she would conduct herself towards the

humble villagers who stood so completely in awe of her on account of her husband's wealth. If they had known her as thoroughly as we do, their awe would have vanished, and she would have been dethroned from the high pedestal she now occupied.

Truly wealth and show conceal many failings!

VII.

THE FACTORY-BELL—MRS. MONTCALM'S PARTY—
CHARLIE TRAVER'S TEMPTATION.

ON Monday morning the factory-bell rang out loud and clear, calling the people to their work; and hardly had its echoes died away among the green hills and valleys, before men, women, and even half-grown girls and boys might have been seen coming from the village and from the cottages beyond the factory, all hastening towards the large building where their services were to be brought into requisition, and where they were to earn that which was to sustain life.

The day before—the Sabbath-day—Mr. Montcalm and family had appeared at the village church. Mrs. Montcalm in all the glory of rustling silk, of laces, flowers and ribbons, had endured the scrutiny of five hundred pairs

of eyes; and now, on this Monday morning, when her husband's factory was to be formally opened, and the business fairly commenced, she had come over to the office, richly dressed in a cashmere wrapper, to welcome the working people to their labor. She had done this at the suggestion of her husband. As Mr. Montcalm's ruling passion was popularity, he had deemed it a stroke of policy to have his family with him in his office the first day the factory commenced active work. And as the hands passed through the office in response to the names called by Frank Peyton from the roll-book, Mrs. Montcalm stood by her husband's side, and nodded and smiled to each in turn.

The ponderous machinery was set in motion, and the turning of wheels and buzzing of complicated and intricate machinery drowned the sound of voices. Each one assumed their appointed place, and the Hopedale factory commenced its operations. Fortunately, there were no drawbacks; everything worked smoothly and in order, and every one

seemed particularly adapted to the position he or she occupied.

Had Mr. Montcalm been a man of firm moral principles, of noble integrity, and pure mind; had he been as anxious for the spiritual as he was for the temporal good of those around him, he would indeed, with his wealth and influence, have been a benefit to Hopedale; but, alas! his moral perceptions were blunted; his ideas were all centered upon the one object — making money. The duty of man to God his Creator, was a lesson unlearned by him; and, consequently, he never troubled himself about the spiritual good and advancement of those around him.

The horses and carriages arrived early in the week, and Mrs. Montcalm at once set herself to work to make preparations for a housewarming, at which all the villagers were to be bidden. The house was to be thrown open from cellar to garret, an ample feast of good things provided to tempt the appetite, and an opportunity was thus afforded the vain woman

for displaying the luxury and grandeur which surrounded her daily life.

Emma's services were brought into requisition to write the invitations. She had acquired at school a graceful running-hand, and very pretty the delicate little notes, on embossed paper, looked, when she had finished them. They were worded thus :

"Mrs. Montcalm, at home, Thursday evening, September 8, 186-, from 8 to 12."

Frank Peyton had furnished a list of the names of the villagers, and the envelopes were directed to "Mr. and Mrs——, *and Family*," as it was not intended to be a party for married people only, but a general gathering; and when the invitations were all written, the carriage was ordered, and Mrs. and Miss Montcalm drove down to the village, and from house to house they went, delivering the delicate little notes, bidding the receivers unto the feast.

No one was slighted, no one forgotten; and the day following the one on which the invitations were given out, there was much anxiety among the ladies of the village in regard to

dress. The village stores were thronged with customers. Money laid aside to liquidate debts, or to be put into the bank, was taken out from its hiding-place, and found its way into the till of the storekeeper, in exchange for dress-goods, ribbons, laces, and flowers. Every one desired to appear to the best possible advantage. It was indeed an era in their lives, and they felt as if they could afford to indulge in a little unusual finery for so grand an occasion.

Thursday evening came, and Mrs. Montcalm, radiant in silk and diamonds, and her daughter in spotless white and pearls, were ready to receive their guests.

The little Parian marble clock on the library mantle had hardly struck the hour of eight, before the good people of the village began to arrive, and ere nine o'clock came, the halls and parlors of the Montcalm residence were filled with people, who were admiring and lavishly praising the luxury and elegance of the place.

The rooms up-stairs had been arranged for

games, and Mr. Montcalm had supplied several packs of cards for the entertainment of his guests, and after some difficulty succeeded in starting a number of gentlemen in shuffling the pasteboards. Conspicuous among the players were George Traver, and Frank Peyton; and at a table at the other end of the room sat Harry Montcalm, initiating Charlie Traver in the mysteries of a game of two-handed euchre.

As the cards were dealt and shuffled, and the players became more accustomed to handling the bits of pasteboard, Mr. Montcalm said:

"By-the-by, Traver, what do you use the small room back of the bar-room for?"

"Not much for anything—a sort of rubbish-room. It seems to be a convenient place in which to throw odds and ends," was the reply.

"You ought to clear it out and fit it up for a card-room—that is what it was intended for—and no bar-room is really complete without a card-room. You will find that after

a time many of your customers will want to play a quiet game of cards now and then, to decide who shall pay for the drinks for the party, and it would not be convenient, nor look well either, to see them playing in the open bar-room. A card-room is a positive necessity. I often like a game myself, and it would be so convenient to know just where to go to find partners for a game. We must use every possible means to make our village lively and attractive, or we'll become as dead and behind the times as you all were a few months ago."

"I never thought of that," said George Traver, musingly. "I'll think the matter over, and if I find it feasible I'll adopt your suggestion."

Supper was at this moment announced, and all adjourned to the large dining-hall, which was brilliantly lighted, and in the centre of the room stood a long table spread with every delicacy an epicure could crave, and elaborately decorated with flowers. On a smaller table

at the end of the room stood glasses, decanters and bottles.

Harry Montcalm had escorted Lizzie Peyton into supper, and Charlie Traver, following his example, had offered his arm to Emma Montcalm, and they all stood near the end of the room where the wine glistened in the cut-glass decanters. Mrs. Traver was nervously watching her son. She had marked the seeming fancy he had taken to Harry Montcalm, and she naturally felt many maternal fears as to the consequences of the influence that young man might exert over her son, if this fancy should ripen into intimacy.

The wine was at last poured; the corks flew in the air, and the sparkling, bewildering champagne glistened in the glasses. Mrs. Montcalm took a glass in her hand, and passing another to Frank Peyton, said:

"Mr. Peyton, your health;" and she touched her glass to his, and both drank. Mrs. Peyton looked up into her husband's face with tears in her eyes, but he heeded her not. Mr.

Montcalm then approached her with a glass of wine in his hand, saying:

"Mrs. Peyton, you must pledge me with wine to-night, and I hope to become better acquainted with you. Your husband is a man I esteem highly, and one who will make rapid advancement in life. Take this glass and I will get another."

Mrs. Peyton shook her head sadly, as she replied:

"Thank you, sir, I never drink wine. I thoroughly disapprove of it, and I regret to see so many here to-night whom I supposed firm in their principles of temperance, tipping glasses and drinking wine."

Her husband gave her an ominous scowl, and Mr. Montcalm said:

"You have all lived so quietly here in Hopedale, and become so accustomed to your puritanical ways of living, that all pleasure seems to you wrong, because it leads you from the old beaten track. But Hopedale is waking up, madam, and throwing off her drowsiness; and you will soon feel the influ-

ence of this spirit of advancement, and enter upon it with as much earnestness as some of your worthy neighbors are doing."

"I hope I shall never forget the principles I have cherished all my life, or become blinded to the distinction between right and wrong," returned Mrs. Peyton, with considerable animation.

"You will overcome your old-fogy notions," said Mr. Montcalm, laughingly, as he walked to the other end of the room, where his son and daughter were standing with their friends. As he approached, Harry said:

"Father, wont you open a bottle of wine for us? I have tried to, but cannot."

"Certainly," replied his father, and without hesitation he uncorked a bottle and handed it to his son. Mrs. Traver was watching them—watching them with trembling anxiety. She saw Harry pour out four glasses of wine—saw him hand one to his sister, which she smilingly accepted—saw him hand one to Lillie Peyton, which she refused, saying:

"Thank you, I never drink wine."

"But you will to-night drink just one glass with me," pleaded Harry.

"I cannot. You must excuse me."

She saw the look of disappointment on Harry's face, and then saw him hand the glass to her son. Her breath came quick, and her heart beat violently. Charlie hesitated a moment, then the soft blue eyes of Emma Montcalm were raised to his, and her sweetly modulated voice said:

"Surely, Mr. Traver, you will not refuse to drink with me? You could not be so ungallant as to refuse a lady!"

That decided the matter. Those blue eyes, that sweet voice, were irresistible. He could withstand the temptations which were presented by companions of his own sex; but he could not refuse to comply with the request of this beautiful girl; and he took the glass, touched her glass, raised his own to his lips, and drank the contents.

Alas! who can describe that mother's feelings—who can depict the waves of sorrow that rolled like a mighty flood over her soul, as she

saw her darling boy for the first time yielding to temptation! She saw him drink his first glass of liquor; but as he was about to raise the second glass to his lips, she turned and fled from the room. She could not command herself longer—she could not control her feelings. She must give vent to the tears that welled up from her heart, and rushing up the stairs, she entered one of the upper rooms. Closing the door behind her, she flung herself upon the bed, and in agony of spirit, cried:

“O God, have mercy upon me, and do not make my cross harder than I can bear!”

The pastor of the village church was there, and when Mrs. Montcalm smilingly presented him a glass of wine—holding her own up in the light—forgetting his duty as the guide and counsellor of the people, forgetting that the example he set would be followed by many, forgetting that he had taught purity and enjoined sobriety upon his people, forgetting his duty to himself, his fellow-men, and his God—bowing in worship before the shrine of mammon, fearing lest by refusing he would

hurt the feelings of his hostess—he raised his glass, and placing it to his lips, drained it to the dregs.

Who could refuse to drink after that? Who could stand up and condemn that which their friend and pastor by his own example countenanced? Alas, not one there! Their weak, worldly natures were only too glad to find some excuse for casting aside the principles which had governed them for years, and entering upon this new life, which promised so much pleasure and enjoyment. Not one of the male members of that party, during the scene of festivity and indulgence, remembered the solemn words: “Lead us not into temptation.”

But, oh, there were hearts there that sadly echoed back the words—warm, trusting, clinging women's hearts—and many a silent invocation for strength went up on angel's wings to the higher courts of eternal rest; while the merry laugh went round, the red wine flowed, glasses jingled, and toasts were given; while manhood, the resolutions of years, and solemn

promises were forgotten and ruthlessly broken; and to some amid that crowd it seemed as if a voice from heaven said, in solemn, impressive tones: "Lead us not into temptation."

VIII.

MRS. MONTCALM'S SENSITIVENESS IN REGARD TO
FAMILY MATTERS—CHARLIE TRAVER DISCUSSED.

MRS. MONTCALM was well satisfied with the result of her house-warming. It was a success—a grand success, in every way, according to her ideas of reasoning; and as she sat at the breakfast-table the following morning, with her son and daughter on either side of her, she said:

"I hope you enjoyed yourselves last evening, my children."

"I am sure I did. I had a splendid time, and I guess Em had, too; for she hung on to young Traver as if she was afraid he would fall in love with some of the village girls."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Emma, blushing to the roots of her hair; "Mr. Traver is a very intelligent and agreeable young man, quite

superior to most of the people in Hopedale, and I found his conversation very pleasant; but I made no effort to detain him from the side of any one whose society he felt inclined to seek. He paid me particular attention, and I could not refuse to receive it, even had I desired to do so. By the way, mamma, I invited him to call, and he said he would."

"Well, I've no fault to find, Em; I think he's a splendid fellow, and wouldn't object to have him for a brother at all. He's much better than that Frenchman you had dangling after you at Saratoga, last summer," replied Harry.

"Do be quiet, Harry," said his mother, "and do not let me hear you make any such remarks again. Young Mr. Traver may be, and I doubt not is, a very worthy young man; but when your sister marries, I trust she will have the good sense, and sufficient regard for her family, to look a little higher for a husband than the son of a country tavern-keeper."

"Why, ma, what do you mean?" exclaimed Harry, with his usual impulsiveness. "Grand-

pa kept a country tavern all his life, and I thought you considered yourself as good as anybody."

"Silence!" thundered Mrs. Montcalm, her face livid with rage; for it always aroused her passion to refer in any manner to her early life. "Have I not told you that you must never speak of your grandfather or his business? There were circumstances which excuse the fact of his having been engaged in such a business, which cannot be explained to every one, but which alleviate the disgrace which otherwise would be felt by his family."

"Mr. Traver's father was a merchant until pa built the tavern, and persuaded him to take it," replied Emma, with more spirit than she usually manifested on any subject, "and his mother seriously opposed giving up the old business and taking the tavern; but pa urged Mr. Traver so strongly that he took it, in opposition to the wishes of his family."

"Who told you all this?"

"Charlie Traver himself, last night."

"Well, it is useless to argue the matter.

This Charlie Traver appears to be a very nice young man, quite above the rest of the villagers, as you say; but, nevertheless, he is not such a person as I would choose for a son-in-law, and I trust you will not allow your affections to become entangled in any foolish love affair, which would prove disagreeable to your family and undesirable in every way. I have no objection to Mr. Traver's son coming here, no objection to his becoming an intimate friend of Harry's, but in any other light I can never receive him; and I hope my wishes are sufficiently well understood to need no further elucidation or repetition," said Mrs. Montcalm, with her usual dignity, as she swept from the room. As the door closed behind her, Emma turned to her brother, and said:

"Harry, you were unkind to speak as you did; mother is really angry."

"Well, how did I know it would raise such a breeze? For I cannot see how it is so much more degrading for Charlie Traver's father to keep tavern than it was for my grandfather to do the same thing."

"It is no worse; but you know mother is very sensitive on that point, and cannot bear to be reminded of it. If it was generally known that her father had kept a country tavern, people would not accord to her that homage and respect they now do, and for that reason it is better that the fact be kept quiet, for it can do no good to publish it to the world."

"Heigho! Well, I yield; but I must confess your very logical reasoning has not convinced me of the fact that our grandfather is any more entitled to respect than Mr. Traver;" and whistling a lively tune, Harry went out into the hall, took his hat, which hung on the hat-rack, from its peg, and tossing it carelessly on his head, went out, slamming the door behind him, and sauntered off towards the factory.

In vain his mother had endeavored to polish him, and instil into his mind some ideas of the proper use of policy and discretion. He had resisted all her efforts, disregarded all her in-

structions, and remained an impulsive, frank and generous boy.

It was remarkable that he had remained so natural and uncontaminated by the influences which had surrounded him from childhood; and had he received careful and correct training in early life, he would doubtless have grown up a good and useful man. But, alas! his moral and spiritual education had been sadly neglected, and all that there was good in him had been of natural growth, and perfectly spontaneous.

There are too many children around us growing up just as Harry Montcalm was growing up, with no gentle hand to lead them aright, no gentle voice to whisper loving counsel and divine teachings, no hand to cull the weeds and nurture the flowers in the garden of the heart, and point with the finger of inspiration to the God above us, and the home "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Too many parents forget in a love and fondness for the show and glitter of the things of

time, the realities of eternity, and live neglecting and ignoring the spiritual claims of their offspring, and that development of their hearts which would insure a godly life here, and a crown of everlasting glory hereafter.

IX.

ANOTHER DOWNWARD STEP—GEORGE TRAVER'S DECISION.

GEORGE TRAVER did think over the proposition made by Mr. Montcalm, to turn the little room back of the bar-room, which had been used as a store-room, into a card-room. He said nothing to his wife about the proposition, nor even mentioned it to his son; but he revolved it over and over again in his mind, and at length decided that he would do nothing of the kind. He knew intuitively that if he suggested such a thing to his wife, she would oppose it most strenuously, for he felt that it would be adding still another thorn in her already flowerless path, and he made up his mind to go down to the factory and see Mr. Montcalm, and tell him plainly that he could not conscientiously do such a thing.

The business of the bar had increased daily, as Mr. Montcalm had predicted, and a bar-keeper had been engaged from the city, which left the proprietor more leisure to attend to outside business, and enabled him to leave the house once in a while of an afternoon, and take a ride or a walk. So, when he had settled the matter in his own mind, he left the bar in charge of his new clerk, or assistant, and went down to the factory.

When he entered the office, he found Mr. Montcalm busily writing at the desk; but as he entered, the man of business looked up, and said:

"Good afternoon, Traver; sit down. I shall be disengaged in a moment. I must finish these business letters in order to catch the evening mail;" and he returned to his writing, leaving his visitor to amuse himself with the papers which were lying about the office.

Rapidly Mr. Montcalm's pen flew over the paper, and it was only a few moments before he finished the last document, folded, sealed, and directed it. Then he rang a bell which

was answered by a young man from the adjoining room, to whom he said :

• "Take these letters to the office," handing him a package of letters, directed and stamped. Then turning to George Traver, he said :

"Business before pleasure, you know. Now I am ready to talk with you—and entirely at your command, for my business for the day is completed."

"I came down to tell you the conclusion I came to in regard to the card-room," said Mr. Traver, in a timid, half-deprecating tone, as if he could not trust himself under the influence of the strong magnetism of this positive specimen of the human race.

"Of course, after reflection, you have seen the importance of the thing, and the practicability also. You can see at a glance how it will be the means of increasing the business of the bar, and add to the profits of the establishment."

"All that may be true, and yet I have thought that it would be better to let the

matter rest, for a time at least," returned Traver.

"Nonsense, man! You will go directly in opposition to your own interests unless you attend to the matter without delay. There are men here, employed in this factory, who have always been accustomed to spend their evenings playing cards—men who under no other circumstances would patronize the bar, and they are determined to have a place in which they can indulge their taste for their favorite games. They would not be willing to play in an open bar-room, nor would you like to have such things done, as it would injure the reputation of your house. But in that little room everything would be quiet and out of the way, and no one outside need have any knowledge of the existence of such a place. I tell you, if you refuse to accommodate your guests, and do not keep up to the times, you will have an opposition bar-room under your nose before you know it, and your business will be ruined. You must adapt yourself to the tastes and requirements of the people, if

you wish to succeed. A card-room is a necessary appendage to a bar-room, and the one without the other is like a carriage without horses to draw it."

"You know my wife was opposed to my keeping bar, in the first place, and she has never overcome her prejudices against it, and never will, I am inclined to think; and if I should add a card-room, I am sure I do not know what she would be inclined to say and do."

"Pooh, pooh, man—don't talk like that! One would think your wife had you in leading-strings, and you dare not assert your rights! All women who are ignorant of the world are apt to feel qualmish about these things at first, but when the money rolls in, and they find their husbands, instead of dull, plodding mechanics, men of means and influence, capable of retiring from business, and giving them an enviable position in society, they soon get over all this, and forget that they objected so strenuously to the means used in

order to amass the fortune that supplies them with all the comforts of life."

"I don't think my wife would ever get over it."

"O yes, she would; she is but a woman, and they are all alike, to a greater or less degree. But we will not discuss that question. In regard to the card-room, it must be done. Hopedale has received new life and animation. The people who come here to work in the factory are not accustomed to leading quiet, hum-drum sort of lives; they work hard all day, and at night want some excitement and amusement, and we must furnish this, or they will take measures to furnish it for themselves independently of us, and then the profits which would be ours return to them. There is no use arguing the matter. If you are determined not to have a card-room in your house, you might as well take down your sign and close your doors, for you will find the patronage now extended to you will be transferred to some one of a more accommodating disposition."

"I am not sure but that you are right, and I am half persuaded to try the experiment and see how it works, at all events. The only drawback is, I am afraid that my house will get the reputation of being a gambling-house."

"You need fear nothing of the kind. Why, sir, there is not a bar-room in all the country, that I ever visited, that has not a card-room attached. It is no more harm to play a game of cards to ascertain who shall pay for the drinks for the party, than it is to draw cuts, or adopt any other mode of practice so common among people; but it has become more popular and more generally adopted than any other mode, and for this reason must be tolerated."

"Very well; I see the practicability of the thing now, perfectly, and will attend to the matter, for I know a man of your judgment and experience would not propose or urge such a thing, if it would in any way damage the reputation of my house."

"Certainly not. Am I not the owner of that house? and, as such, is it not to my interest to guard its reputation, and use my in-

fluence to make it in every respect what it should be? You will thank me a few years from now, when you have amassed a fortune, for suggesting to you the change you have made in business."

"I trust so. I hope to be a rich man one of these days," said George Traver, rising.

"Don't be in haste."

"I must. I do not like to be away from the house too long; the clerk is a stranger here, you know, and has not yet become accustomed to the place. Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon. I will look in some evening when you get things in running order, and take a hand in a game, just to encourage others."

"Thank you."

And the two men parted—one to return to his desk, well satisfied with the result of his arguments; the other to return slowly to his home, with a mind ill at ease, filled with many doubts and misgivings, out of patience with himself for having been dissuaded from a purpose he had deemed firmly grounded. But he

could see no way to retract now. He had taken the first false step against the advice of her who had always been a good and trustworthy counsellor, against the dictates of the still small voice within, against his own ideas of right, and now he must go on and add step after step to the way in which he was treading. He must draw no nice and delicate lines of distinction, for he had entered upon a life and career that would not admit of it. He must close his heart against the appeals of truth and justice, honor and integrity, and make the love of sordid gain the idol before which to bow. He must forget all, overcome all in the race for wealth; and something like a regret stole into his heart that he had turned aside from the beaten path of right to enter one filled with unknown dangers and temptations; that he had not listened to the voice of her he had won with words of love long years ago—the mother of his boy.

Ah! that was the moment when the good angels walked by his side, and talked to him; but he realized it not, and he threw the golden

opportunity from him, too weak, too piteously weak to overcome evil with good. He silenced the voice that spoke to him, and heeded not the good impulses which for a moment struggled through the crust of sin and wickedness that covered his heart; he laughed bitterly at what he termed his "womanish folly," and in his blindness rushed on in the path of folly, wrong, and crime.

When he reached the tavern, he hastily poured out a glass of brandy, and drank it without adulteration, endeavoring thus to drown the whispering voice of conscience which so troubled and oppressed him.

X.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE CARD-ROOM—MRS. TRAVER'S OBJECTIONS.

THE following morning George Traver gave orders to have the rubbish removed from the room back of the bar, and the place thoroughly cleaned. When Mrs. Traver heard of it, she said to the woman:

"What is that for? I thought they needed that room as a lumber-room; surely the house is large enough, and there are vacant rooms enough, without fitting this one up."

"All I know, ma'am, is that Mr. Traver ordered me to clean it," replied the woman to whom Mrs. Traver had spoken.

Mrs. Traver rang the bell which communicated with the bar-room, and when the summons was answered, she asked to see Mr. Traver in her room without delay.

In a moment her husband entered the room. He had expected opposition from his wife, and he had prepared himself to meet it—but how? By taking from his bar a black bottle labelled "Brandy," and pouring a tumbler half full and drinking it without dilution. This he felt would give him the courage to meet his wife and overcome the objections she might make to the proposed arrangement of a card-room.

When he first opened the bar he drank only the lightest wines, but already they had become insipid to him, and inadequate to produce the exhilaration so pleasant and so necessary to his comfort. Brandy diluted with water followed next, and now he was able to drink the poison without dilution; and with this preparation he went into his wife's presence.

"Hannah tells me that you desire the lumber-room cleaned, and I thought there must be some mistake, as we have several rooms vacant and already fitted up, and surely cannot need more," said his wife.

"There is no mistake. I want the room cleaned as soon as possible, for the carpet

will be ready to put down this evening, and the room is engaged for to-morrow night."

"Surely no one can desire a room opening from a bar-room!"

"It is not to be used as a sleeping-room. I need it for other purposes."

"Other purposes! What do you mean? What is the room to be used for?"

"Mr. Montcalm desires it as a card-room. He is fond of playing cards, and wants the room fitted up so that he and his friends can have a quiet game there, once in a while."

There was no flushing of the face as this partial falsehood escaped his lips. O no! for the brandy he had drank drowned all sense of honor and of shame.

"A card-room!" repeated Mrs. Traver, in a tone of real distress and pain; "and has it come to this so soon? O George Traver, little did I think, when you came to me in the glorious flush of your manhood, full of honor and manly pride, and asked me to be your wife, that I would live to see you become a runseller and the keeper of a gambling-house!

Little did I think, as your lips touched mine, and I promised to be your wife, that those lips would be tainted by the cup of the drunkard, that the breath which floated over my cheek, pure and fragrant, would ever be poisoned with the nauseous fumes of liquor, as it now is! God forgive you, George Traver, for bringing this anguish upon me, and setting before the child of our love the example you are now doing. I thought my cup of bitterness was full when you opened this place, but you have now added the overrunning drop."

"Stop this tirade," said her husband. "What is the use of making such a time over the simple fact that I have consented to furnish a room for a party of gentlemen to use as a card-room? I do not intend to permit gambling in my house. They played cards at Mr. Montcalm's the other evening, but it does not follow that he keeps a gambling-house. As far as Charlie is concerned, I have said, that he should never enter the bar-room with my consent, and I mean to stick to it. You cannot expect to make a baby of him all his life.

He must go out into the world, and take his chances with the rest. If he falls into temptation, and becomes reckless and dissipated, he must answer for it himself. I cannot be responsible for him. I shall do all I can to keep him out of the way of temptation, but I can do no more."

And he left the room, impatiently slamming the door behind him, leaving his wife alone in her sorrow, while he returned to the bar-room to superintend the clearing and arranging of the card-room, which was to be thrown open on the following evening.

XI.

CHARLIE TRAVER'S CALL—AND TEMPTATION.

CHARLIE TRAVER did not forget the promise he had made to Emma Montcalm to call and see her at an early day. There was not an hour of his life that he did not remember it, not a moment that her image did not float before him and his thoughts in some way centre upon her. Being naturally of a poetical and imaginative nature, he invested her with ideal charms which she never possessed, and worshipped the idol he had created and invested with her image, with all the ardent impetuosity of youth.

On the evening the card-room was to be thrown open for the reception of guests, he made a careful toilet, and soon after left the house and bent his steps towards the elegant dwelling of the factory owner. He had sent

word to Emma, by Harry, that he was coming. Between Harry and himself had sprung up a sudden but close intimacy. As he neared the house he saw the face that had floated through his dreams for a number of nights, pressed against the window-pane watching for his coming. Ascending the broad steps leading to the piazza, his heart beat faster than he had ever known it to do before, and in spite of the chilly evening air, warm drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead.

The servant who opened the door in answer to his ring, conducted him into the parlor, where he was met by Emma, who looked radiant and lovely, in a delicate blue silk dress, and as he entered the room came forward and extended her hand with genuine cordiality, saying:

"I am really very glad to see you, Mr. Traver. Harry told me you were coming, and I regret that mamma is quite ill this evening, and you will have to depend upon me to entertain you."

"I am sure I regret to hear of your mo-

ther's illness, but could not wish for more agreeable company than that of yourself. As I called particularly to see you, I shall not take the disappointment of not meeting your estimable mother seriously to heart."

For nearly an hour they conversed on various topics: then Emma played and sang for him, and being an excellent musician, and the possessor of a superior instrument, it was a rare treat to one so fully capable of appreciating her skill as a performer as Charlie Traver was; and while she was singing that beautiful song.

"Though years have flown since we were young,

I always shall remember

The pleasant songs we often sung

In those glad days when we were young,

And life was like a summer day;

Then life for us was in its May,

And now it is November.

"Though years have flown, to come no more,

I always shall remember

The pleasant rhymes we lingered o'er,

The books we read of dreamy lore—

Love is the dream most sweet of all—
That was in spring, and now 'tis fall ;
Yes, now 'tis life's November.

“ Though years have flown since that glad day,
I always shall remember
The words that were so sweet to say,
Ere our bright dream had flown away :
But that was years and years ago—
The dream that we no more shall know,
For now 'tis life's November.”

Harry entered the room, and before either of them was conscious of his presence, he burst out with a hearty laugh. Both started, and he said :

“ Don't be frightened ; it's only I, as Paul Pry says.”

Emma turned from the piano, and Harry continued :

“ Well, as you seem to have had music enough, suppose we have a game of euchre ?”

Charlie at once assented to this proposition, for he had learned just enough about cards to be anxious to learn more, and Harry drew out a little stand from its place against the wall, the three seated themselves around it, and the

cards were shuffled and cut. After playing several games, Emma arose and pulled the alarm-bell which led to the kitchen, and in a few moments a servant entered the room, bearing in her hand a tray on which were placed a basket of fruit, a plate of rich cake, and a bottle of wine and glasses. She set the tray down upon the stand and withdrew.

Emma drew the cork from the bottle, poured the sparkling champagne in the glasses, and for the second time placed temptation in the way of Charlie Traver—for the second time held the tempting cup to his lips, and bade him drink. He needed no urging this time, but readily took the proffered glass, and gallantly said, as he held it up in the light for a moment, before touching it with his lips :

“ My compliments.”

Emma raised her glass, touched it to his, and they drank.

When Charlie bade Emma good-night, he pressed her hand, and said :

“ This has been a delightful evening, and I shall dream of it until I see you again.”

"Which I hope will be before long," she replied. "Remember, I shall always be glad to see you." And they parted.

This was Charlie Traver's first call, but by no means his last, for hardly a week slipped by without his devoting at least one evening to Emma; and the knowing ones in the village began to look wise, and hint that the intimacy between the young folks was likely to ripen into something more than friendly intercourse; and Mrs. Montcalm never lost an opportunity of impressing upon her daughter the direful consequences which would inevitably result from a misalliance.

But in spite of all opposition, the intimacy continued and strengthened, and during the winter there were several sleighing parties gotten up among the young folks, and Charlie and Emma, and Harry and Lilly Peyton always managed to pair off, and enjoy themselves greatly.

XII

THE CARD-ROOM—CHARLIE TRAVER'S FIRST STEP IN GAMBLING.

THE card-room proved, as Mr. Montcalm had predicted, a decided success, so far as increasing the patronage of the bar was concerned. It was astonishing what a business had been built up in the hitherto sober and quiet town of Hopedale. The tavern had become a place of regular resort, and the card-room was seldom unoccupied.

One day, during the winter, as Mrs. Traver was passing through the hall, she heard voices in the bar-room, and she thought she distinguished among them the voice of her son—her boy Charlie; and, as if to assure herself that she was mistaken, that it could not be, she pushed open the door leading from the hall into the bar-room. which already stood

ajar sufficiently wide to enable her to get a full view of the room and its occupants; and as she searched eagerly through that smoke-beclouded apartment, what a sight met her gaze!

There, before the bar, stood Harry Montcalm, a young man who had lately arrived from the city, and who had been staying at the house several days without any ostensible purpose, and her son—her boy, her darling, her heart's treasure—all of them with glasses of liquor in their hands and about to raise them to their lips. Her heart stood still, and a sick, faint feeling stole over her, but only for a moment; then summoning to her aid all her dormant strength and energy, she rushed forward, and as the glass reached the lips of her son, she dashed it to the floor, and it fell in a thousand pieces at her feet.

For a moment consternation and silence reigned. Then she said:

"Alas! my son, that I should ever see you thus! I felt when I looked in yonder door and saw you standing here with that glass

of poison raised to your lips, as if I should die; but God gave me strength to prevent the vile stuff from reaching your lips, and I pray he may ever give me strength to keep you from doing such a thing again."

"Mother, don't be foolish! This is no place for you. Allow me to lead you from this room, and in future respect yourself sufficiently not to repeat the occurrence of this moment," said Charlie, his face flushed with anger, taking his mother by the arm and leading her from the room.

Never before had Charlie Traver spoken unkindly or even harshly to his mother; never before had he treated her warnings and her counsels with disrespect; and that poor mother, as she tottered up-stairs to her room, with her broken and trampled heart, silently prayed that God would take her home ere her son became a drunkard—silently prayed that her lamp of life might go out, and her troubled heart find rest beyond the grave, ere her child, her boy of whom she had been so proud, for-

got the teachings of his youth, and became a blot upon the page of humanity.

After seeing his mother ascend the stairs, Charlie returned to the bar-room to be greeted by a round of applause and showered with compliments for his noble (?) behavior.

Stepping up to the bar, he called for another glass of liquor, which was at once handed him by the bar-tender, and then each of the young men lighted a cigar and went into the card-room to enjoy a quiet game of euchre.

They played several games, and then the stranger proposed to put up stakes, which proposition met with approval from Harry. Fearing to appear weak and foolish in the eyes of his companions, Charlie made no objections, and so the game commenced.

Charlie was the winner the first hand around—then Harry won—then the stranger; and so it went game after game, until the supper-bell rang and put a stop to their amusement, and left Charlie a loser by some twenty odd dollars, and Harry even more than that. As they arose, the stranger said:

"Do not be discouraged, boys. You may have better luck next time. Frank Peyton lost a thousand dollars here last night, but he is coming to play again to-night, and may win it all back, and more."

It was Charlie's first effort at gambling. O that it had been his last! Would that he had listened to the warning voice of that dear mother whose heart was slowly breaking for him and for his father! But, alas! he heeded it not; but in blind infatuation he rushed on in the course of sin and folly he had commenced, and stifled the voice of conscience and of affection.

XIII.

THE SHADOWS THICKENING AROUND THE HOUSE
OF FRANK PEYTON.

FRANK PEYTON paid off the mortgage on his house, but there seemed but little prospect of his ever getting the fortune he had so hopefully talked about when he first entered the employ of Mr. Montcalm, for his salary seemed to vanish almost as soon as earned. He seldom passed an evening with his family now, for almost as soon as the evening meal was over he would take his hat, and leaving the home he used to find pleasant and agreeable, seek the village tavern, and spend the evening in card-playing and social drinking. He never thought of refusing a glass of wine, or even something stronger now; all his prejudices had been overcome, and he freely indulged his growing appetite for drink.

On more than one occasion he had gone home from the tavern reeling with intoxication, and heaped upon his wife abuse and unkindness when she attempted to remonstrate with him. On one of these occasions she said to him, on the following morning:

"Frank, I trust you will never again come home in the pitiable condition you were in last night. If these things are to continue, I assure you life will become too heavy a burden to bear, and God only knows what the result will be."

"Don't be foolish, Jennie; I confess I drank a little too much wine last evening, but it was unavoidable. Montcalm was down at the tavern last night, and feeling jubilant at the successful results of a speculation he had entered into, he insisted upon breaking a dozen bottles of wine, and we could not refuse to drink with him."

"But, Frank, these occasions are becoming more and more frequent. I thought I would have died the first night you came home intoxicated, but I lived through it. But never

can I forget the agony of that night. Since then you have on several occasions come home so under the influence of liquor that all reason and sense have been obliterated. And as I have listened to your muttered ravings, I have prayed God earnestly to turn your footsteps back into the path of honor and right; or, if you must live to become a drunkard, to take the children and myself home to heaven before the darkened shadow fell across our hearth. With all my watchful care and efforts to prevent it, Lilly has seen you while under the influence of liquor, and wept bitterly to think that her father, whom she loves so truly, should so far lose his self-respect as to make a beast of himself, and drown his God-given reason in the cup."

"Your fancy has exaggerated faults, and you are inclined to treat a trivial matter with too much importance. A man in my position cannot well get along without drinking occasionally, and if I once in a while find that liquor has got the better of me, I cannot see that it is any reason that my wife should read

me a curtain-lecture, and go on as if ruin and starvation stared us in the face."

"It is not temporal ruin I dread, Frank; it is the blunting and searing of the moral and spiritual perceptions. You never leave this house without my prayers following you; and you never come in at the door without my heart standing still until I know whether your step is steady or not. You seldom come home now with a pure, untainted breath. Oh, Frank! as you value your own happiness and peace of mind, pause ere you go any further, and ask yourself the serious questions: Am I doing right? Am I acting faithfully towards the God who made me? Am I doing aught to insure future peace and happiness? And God help you to turn from the temptations which surround you, and which have led you so far away from truth and right."

Frank Peyton made no reply, but silently left the house and hastened to the factory, for it was already later than usual, and there was some business of importance to be attended to before the morning mail closed. The words

of his wife lingered in his mind until he became absorbed in the business of the day; then they passed from his memory and returned not again.

After the door closed behind her husband, Mrs. Peyton arose from her chair, with a heavy sigh on her lips, and commenced clearing away the remnants of the breakfast. As she moved about, attending to her duties, the hot tears fell thick and fast—her burden was becoming harder to bear each day. The house, which for years had known only quiet happiness and domestic peace, was becoming a darkened household, for a shadow had fallen there which threatened to envelope in darkness all the brightness, purity and beauty of life. Intemperance had cast its unholy spell around the husband she idolized, and there was still another cause for anxiety. Her child—her delicate, pure-minded Lilly—seemed to be strongly attracted towards Harry Montcalm. To be sure, they were but children, and yet the mother trembled when she thought of what the growing intimacy between them

might lead to—trembled when she thought of her sensitive, pure-minded daughter becoming the wife of such a young man as Harry Montcalm.

She liked Harry, for no one could dislike him; he was always agreeable and courteous to all, and seemed to possess that powerful magnetism which drew people even against their will towards him—and yet she knew his failings, knew and trembled—for if her daughter ever became his wife, she felt intuitively that the future would contain little sunshine, and she feared lest the clinging heart would be unable to endure the storms that would assail it, and break beneath its weary weight of sorrow on awakening from the roseate dream of love to the stern realities of life.

Alas! poor mother, thy fears were well founded, and thy heart led thee not astray. The future, as it slowly unfolded, realized all thy dreams, all thy doubts, all thy fears. The frail, tender blossom, the delicate, sensitive Lilly, met the cold, chilling blasts of sorrow that swept over her and banished the sunshine;

but the love-lighted torch of hope was ever kept trimmed and burning, the voice of the angel of promise never was stilled, and the heart beat on, hoped on, struggled on, amid the trials and the storms, looking to the God above, and trusting in his perfect fatherhood and love.

XIV.

FIVE YEARS GONE BY—CHANGES AT HOPEDALE.

FIVE years went by on rapid wing—five years, and they brought many changes to the village of Hopedale and its inhabitants. During those five years the oil excitement was at its height, and being a new thing, and one promising success to the venturesome speculator, Mr. Montcalm at once became interested and invested all his available means, besides mortgaging the factory heavily in order to raise more ready money to put into the scheme, firmly believing that in a few years at most it would place him among the millionaires of the country.

Of course, where Mr. Montcalm led, others followed, and George Traver invested the savings of five years in the same company which Mr. Montcalm had patronized.

Frank Peyton had been unable to save anything from his salary, the greater part of which found its way into the till of the tavern; but he could not resist the temptation to follow the example of his employer, who was so sanguine of success that he mortgaged his house and invested the money in oil lands, and built air-castles for the future, when he should be the possessor of a princely fortune.

"I am afraid, Frank," said his wife, "that this fortune will prove as much a fable as the one you were to make by your situation in the factory did. We are now homeless, for with this heavy mortgage on the place, we cannot feel as if it were really ours."

"We'll have a better home than this, Jennie, when the stock pays," replied Frank.

"Yes, if it *ever* pays," she answered.

"Don't begin croaking; you always throw a damper over a fellow's ambition. It was by speculation Mr. Montcalm made his fortune, and it is by speculation I intend to make mine; then good-by to hard work."

"If you had always stuck to hard work,

Frank, and let drink alone, you would have had a comfortable fortune by this time. All our trouble has come from your leaving your trade to work in the factory, for you never drank a drop before Mr. Montcalm came here, and put temptation in your way and in the way of others. Oh, what a list of transgressions that man must answer for! How many families he has ruined by his example! How much misery he has caused in our village since he came here! Look at George Traver. Five years ago he was an honest man, an affectionate husband, and a kind parent; and what is he now? A disreputable, unreliable and dissipated man, a harsh and cruel husband, and a disgrace to manhood! Only last night he and his son quarrelled over a game of cards; both were intoxicated, and both were angry, and they gave their passions unbridled rein. In the excitement of the moment, that father drew a revolver and fired upon his own son; but, fortunately, the hand which held the pistol was unsteady and it missed its aim, and this

prevented the fallen wretch from becoming a murderer. *Becoming* a murderer! No, not that; but prevented him from slaying his own son; for George Traver, in the sight of heaven, is as much a murderer as the man who spills his brother's blood."

"Charlie exasperated his father, or he would never have raised his hand against him. He tried to cheat his father while playing cards, and when accused of it, called him a liar. It would have served him right if Traver had killed him."

"Frank Peyton, are you so lost to manhood, so debased, as to countenance such an act? Who taught Charlie Traver to drink and play cards? Who initiated him in vice and sin? His own father! Before George Traver went into the tavern, Charlie gave fair promise of making a good and useful man; but the examples daily set before him could not fail to make an impression upon his mind, and he gradually, from association with the bad and impure, lost those principles which his good mother had instilled into his mind, and became

the fallen, reckless creature he is to-day. Oh! if we could but stop a moment to think of all the evil that has been done since Mr. Montcalm came to Hopedale and turned the minds of the people with his ideas of improvements, and awoke the ambition to become wealthy without labor in the hearts of hitherto honest and upright men! No wonder that poor Mrs. Traver looks like the ghost of her former self, and carries in her bosom a broken heart. Her husband a drunkard and a gambler, and engaged in a business which degrades and destroys its victims without distinction: her son, in whom all her hopes were centred, following in the footsteps of his father. Oh, it is terrible, terrible! Five years ago you were an honest, industrious, hard-working man, a kind husband and an affectionate father; and what are you now? You commenced with a glass of wine with your employer, and now, after a lapse of five years, you have reached nearly the bottom of the ladder. Yes, though it pains me to say it, you are now a drunkard and a gambler, neglecting your family and

your fireside for the card-room and the bar. O Frank, stop! Go no further! Pause while there is hope and a chance for reformation—pause ere I am laid away in my coffin, and you go down to a drunkard's grave with the foul stain of the rum-fiend on your brow!"

"No more of that; I will not listen to temperance harangues in my own house. I am capable of choosing my own course, and shall do so; and all your arguments have about as much effect on me as the snow has on water."

With this cruel speech he left the room, and Mrs. Peyton sat down, and for more than an hour wept bitterly, her heart aching with a dull, heavy pain. She knew that her husband had gone to the tavern and would not return until after midnight, and then he would come home intoxicated, for now he seldom returned from the tavern sober.

Let us follow him, and see what changes five years have made at the "Montcalm House."

The new, neat and clean appearance which characterized everything about the place when we last saw it, has worn away. The building

itself looks dingy and weather-stained; the swinging sign on the post is dilapidated and shaky, the windows of the bar-room are soiled and dirty, and the door defaced with finger marks around the latch. The interior presents quite as uninviting an appearance as the exterior. The bar looks the same as of old, only less care is displayed in the arrangement of the glasses and bottles. The floor of the room is dirty, and soiled with spots of tobacco juice; the chairs are much worn, and the arms whittled away, evidently having afforded employment for idle hands. Behind the bar stands Charlie Traver. A bar-tender is no longer employed, for Charlie now attends to that business himself, his father having become unfitted for it, by constant and excessive drinking.

You would hardly recognize in the burly, red-faced man behind the bar, the delicate-featured boy who took his first glass of wine from the hands of Emma Montcalm, in her father's house; but it is the same—the same, and yet not the same; the features are there,

but they have become gross and bloated; the undeveloped form has filled out; the soft blue eyes are now bleared and wild-looking; but, nevertheless, it is Charlie Traver.

The hall-door opens, and a man with a red, bloated face and shuffling gait enters the room and approaches the bar. You would hardly recognize in this depraved and altered creature George Traver, the active, energetic and obliging host of the "Montcalm House." But so it is; drink and crime have left unmistakable traces upon him. As he nears the bar, he says in a gruff, unpleasant voice:

"Give me some brandy!"

Charlie set down a glass and bottle, saying:

"None of your sulks around here, old man! Be civil, or I'll put you out of the bar-room."

"You will, eh?" responds the father, as he turns out a tumbler full of the fiery liquid, and swallows it eagerly.

"Yes, I will! I don't feel inclined to bear much from you this evening; I have not so soon forgotten last night."

"Nor I. I wish from my heart the pistol

had not missed aim; and if you do not carry yourself steady, I may try it again."

"Bah! You dare not, you old reprobate!" said the son, with a leer, and in a scoffing tone.

At this moment Frank Peyton entered the room and interrupted the conversation, or there is no telling how it would have ended, for father and son had both been drinking freely through the day, and drink invariably dethrones reason, obliterates good, weakens character, and arouses passion and evil.

"All alone, eh?" was the ejaculation Peyton made as he entered.

"Yes," replied Charlie, "the men have hardly had time to get their supper. They'll be in before long."

"Give me some whisky."

Charlie set out the bottle and glass, and as Peyton poured the liquor out, he said:

"So you are going to be married, eh, Charlie?"

"The people seem to think so," was the reply.

"I heard them talking about it at the factory to-day. They said the old lady was bitter against it, but the girl would listen to nothing, and was determined to have you at all hazards. The old man makes no opposition, and if his oil speculations turn out all right, you'll have a good thing of it."

In the course of an hour the room was filled with men, but they were not the well-dressed, respectable-looking men we saw here five years ago. O no! There was hardly one among them all that possessed even the semblance of respectability. The card-room was thrown open, the playing and betting commenced, and money changed hands, while the obscene jest and the impious oath fell from lips wet with the liquid poison they poured from the black bottles on the table.

During the evening, Mr. Montcalm dropped in; it was no unusual thing now-a-days for him to spend an evening at the tavern—no unusual thing for him to go home reeling under the direful effects of the liquor procured at the bar, and supplied by the man to whom he had

consented to entrust the care and keeping of his only daughter. Harry Montcalm was there — father and son seated at the same card-table and playing against each other. Poor Harry! he had never been taught better, and could not be expected to shun the evils against which he had never been warned. But in spite of the evil habits he possessed, there was a wealth of good underneath it all, which only needed developing to bring out. Had his mother been a true woman, and faithfully discharged her duties to her son, he would have grown up to be a comfort and a blessing to her; but, alas! she was not. Vain, worldly and selfish, she neglected the training of her children, and for that neglect reaped sorrow and disgrace. Oh, ye who are mothers, let not the golden present pass by unimproved, lest the future bring you a world of pain and misery.

XV.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER — THE LEGITIMATE RESULTS OF EARLY TRAINING.

MRS. MONTCALM was sitting in the parlor. Emma had been practising on the piano, but had left the instrument, wandered to the front window, and stood looking out upon the grand old trees that dotted the lawn, their leafless branches covered with ice and snow. She looked much the same as when we last saw her. Time had made but little change in her; but as her mother sat in the uncertain light that filled the room, she looked old, much older than when she came to Hopedale. As Emma looked out of the window, her mother said:

"It is useless for you to waste your time practising music, for you'll have little opportunity to play when you become mistress of the

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tavern. Your elegant husband will require you to look after the kitchen, and see that his meals are promptly and properly served."

"Well, if he does, I shall never seek aid or assistance from you, mother, be assured of that. Charlie is in every respect my equal, and I see no reason that you should oppose our marriage as strenuously as you do."

"Charlie Traver may be a very decent young man in his way; but liquor-dealers—especially retail dealers—are not considered the most respectable portion of the community."

"I see no reason why they are not as respectable as those who consume the liquor; and, surely, mother, you are fond enough of good wine."

"There is a vast difference, my dear, in drinking wine surrounded by the refinements and comforts of home, and the vile stuff doled out at a tavern bar—besides, I have heard that Charlie Traver drinks pretty freely himself, and if he follows his father's example, he will soon unfit himself for business, and his

wife will then occupy an enviable position indeed!"

"If you consider keeping a bar so disreputable, I wonder that you ever married my father; for when you married him he was but a bar-tender in your father's tavern, and you know it. Your ideas of propriety have changed since then. If my father could become an honorable man after being a bar-tender, my husband can. You need not cast any slurs upon Charlie because he drinks, nor his father because he is a drunkard, for you know very well that Charlie Traver drank his first glass of wine in this house, and his father was persuaded into the business of tavern-keeping by your husband. Mrs. Traver has told me so, time and again, with tears in her eyes, and she lays at our door all the trouble and unhappiness she has ever known. Besides, it does not look well for you to cast slurs upon others for the same faults which characterize your own husband and son, for it is an undeniable fact that both father and

Harry have repeatedly come home intoxicated."

"Silence! I will hear no more! I will not allow you to speak so of your father and brother! You are an ungrateful child! After all the care I have bestowed upon your education and training, to heap abuse upon me, and marry a man beneath you, when I had always set my heart upon your making a brilliant match, and one worthy the position your father occupies."

"Mother, it is useless to talk to me in this strain. I might have heeded it when a child, but I am a woman, and facts cannot be overcome. I know how father and you commenced life, how you struggled up until you gained an independence; but you are now upon a dangerous brink. Father has hazarded all he possesses in an enterprise which he deemed safe and sure to yield him a handsome increase; but the present indications are that he has involved himself to a ruinous extent, and not only this, but he has involved others, for through his influence many in the village

were induced to invest all they possessed in this oil speculation, and if it proves a failure, they will be ruined. I heard father talking about it last night."

Mrs. Montcalm made no reply, but covered her eyes with her lace handkerchief. She knew that what her daughter said was true, and she could offer no denial. The stubborn facts were there, and could not be overcome.

"I love Charlie Traver, and trust after we are married he will become more settled. His mother is anxious for our marriage; he is very dear to her, and his wild course of conduct pains her sadly. She thinks that married life will have a tendency to subdue the reckless and ungovernable spirit he manifests. But be that as it may, with all his faults, I love him, and I shall fulfil my promise to become his wife, in spite of the opposition you make."

"I never thought a child of mine would treat my wishes with such disrespect."

"Well, after I am gone, Harry will be with you, and he may bring home a wife more

suited to your tastes than the husband I have chosen seems to be."

"Very likely—he seems perfectly infatuated with the daughter of that drunken fellow, Peyton, for whom your father has done so much, and who has turned out so badly."

"And a lovelier girl than Lilly Peyton does not live. She is by far too good for Harry, and I hope he may be able to get her; for if he does, there will be some hope of his making a man of himself."

"She shall never come into this house, at all events. If my son and daughter choose to marry so far beneath them, they cannot expect that their mother will countenance the disgrace. I did think my children would be a comfort to me, but it seems that I am doomed to disappointment," said Mrs. Montcalm, with the air of an injured person.

Vain, frivolous, and selfish woman! She forgot that she had never fulfilled a mother's duty to those children God had entrusted to her care—forgot that she had never instilled into their minds while young the lessons of

filial duty—forgot that she had never set them a noble or excellent example to follow; and remembered only that her dreams of making for them brilliant and advantageous marriages were to be dashed rudely to the earth.

There are many such mothers as Mrs. Montcalm in the world—many women who fail, sadly fail in their duty to their children, and then, when the punishment and results of their neglect are visited upon them, weakly bemoan their unhappiness, without tracing to its source the cause of it all.

XVI.

THE RIDE TO UPTON—LILLY PEYTON'S CONFESSION.

MRS. PEYTON had cleared away the supper dishes; Frank had, as usual, left home immediately after the evening meal, and gone to the tavern; Edith, now a girl of some six years, had gone to bed with a nervous headache, and as Mrs. Peyton sat down to her sewing, she glanced up at the clock on the mantle uneasily, and said to herself:

“I wonder what keeps Lilly out so late; she has never staid so long before. I hope Harry has not indulged in drinking, and an accident happened in consequence. Poor child, she loves Harry Montcalm, and I dare not interfere in the matter, lest I wreck my child's happiness; and yet I would rather see

her in her grave than his wife, for I know how bitter it is to be the wife of a drunkard."

Early in the afternoon Harry Montcalm had called for Lilly to go riding, and Mrs. Peyton had not the heart to say nay to the pleading eyes which looked up into her own with so much earnest desire in their expression. There was so little to brighten the life of her child, so few roses in her path, so many thorns, that she could not deny her, and Lilly had arrayed herself with trembling haste, and promising to be home early, had kissed her mother good-by, entered the buggy, and driven off with Harry Montcalm. But when the shadows of evening fell upon the earth, and the supper hour came and passed, and the absent one returned not, the mother's heart was filled with a thousand fears and undefined imaginings of evil.

Nervously she plied her needle, mending the old garments in her work-basket and trying to make them look respectable, for she knew it would be useless to think of getting anything new for herself or the children during the win-

ter. The house was heavily mortgaged and the money invested in oil stock, which she felt satisfied would never realize anything; her husband was deeply in debt at the tavern, and had overdrawn his salary at the factory. Besides this, he had become so unsteady in his habits, neglecting his duties so often, that she was in daily fear of his losing his situation altogether, and then how they would get along!

And as she sat there by the feeble light afforded by one tallow candle, she went back in memory to the time when her husband was a sober, industrious, economical, hard-working man—when he strained every nerve to surround his family with the comforts of life, and their home was a model of happiness, quiet and peace; and as she contrasted the picture with the present stern reality, the tears welled up from the fountain of her heart, and fell in drops one by one upon her work.

The little clock struck the hour of nine, and she heard carriage-wheels in the distance, and held her breath to listen. Yes; they ap-

proached—they stopped—her child was safe! With a great sigh of relief she opened the door, and Lilly brushed past her, hastening into the other room, as if she wished to avoid meeting her mother.

Mrs. Peyton closed the door and returned to her work. After some little delay Lilly came out from her bed-room, and sat down by her mother, who looked up, and as she met the eyes of her child, she noticed that they were unusually bright, and that her always pale cheeks were flushed with crimson. Mrs. Peyton said:

“Have you enjoyed your ride, daughter?”

“Ah, so much!” replied Lilly, with a peculiar depth of expression.

“I began to feel uneasy about it when it grew so late. You must have taken a long ride.

“Yes, we went over to Upton,” was the reply.

Upton was the next village, about ten miles from Hopedale.

Mrs. Peyton could not fail to observe the

peculiar embarrassment of her daughter's manner, and she feared that the time had come when the confession she so dreaded to hear must be told. She feared that Harry Montcalm had asked her daughter to be his wife, and that her darling tender blossom had pledged her love to one unworthy to win and wear so pure a flower. She feared this, but she did not for a moment imagine anything else—she did not for a moment dream of the real facts of the case; and when her daughter told her all, she felt as if heaven had taken from her the last ray of hope, and filled her brimming cup of sorrow full to overflowing.

After a moment's pause, Lilly said:

“Would it grieve you very much, mother, to have me leave you—to have me go away from home?”

“Yes, my child, very much. You are very dear to me, and a great comfort in my home of sorrow; but my love for you is unselfish, and if I thought you could be happier away from home I would willingly see you go.”

"I could always be happy with you, mother; but there comes a time in every woman's life when she must choose between the home of her childhood and a home of her own. Such a time has come to me, and though my heart still clings to you, my mother; and the dearest memories of life cluster around my home, another has won my heart, and duty to him and to myself bids me sunder the ties of affection and go with him whithersoever he leads."

Mrs. Peyton's eyes filled with tears, and her voice trembled as she replied:

"I think I understand you, Lilly. Harry Montcalm has asked you to become his wife, and you have consented. But, oh! my child, think well, and ask yourself solemnly whether you can be happy with him under all circumstances, whether you would be willing to share poverty as well as prosperity with him. It is a solemn thing, Lilly, to bind yourself for life to love, honor, and obey."

"I know it, mother, and I have seriously thought of the matter, and I know I never

could be happy in any other position than that of Harry Montcalm's wife."

"May God enable you, my daughter, to lead the man of your choice into paths of honor and truth. How soon does he wish to marry?"

A moment's pause, and then with tears in her eyes, Lilly flung her arms about her mother's neck, saying:

"Forgive me, mother, oh! forgive me for not telling you sooner. I am already his wife! We were married this afternoon."

Mother and daughter wept together; then, when Mrs. Peyton could command her voice, she asked:

"When will he take you to his home?"

"We are to leave Hopedale next week; he is going to the city to live, having secured a position as clerk in the store of a friend. It would not be pleasant for me, he says, at his father's house, for his mother is opposed to the marriage."

A flush of injured pride mounted the cheeks of the care-worn woman, as she replied:

"I never would consent to have a daughter

of mine live under the same roof that shelters Mrs. Montcalm, for I feel that my family is in every way superior to hers; and her husband is indirectly the cause of all our sorrow and trouble."

At this moment Frank Peyton came reeling into the room, and Lilly shrank away into the bed-room to escape the curses he invariably heaped upon her when in a state of intoxication. Mrs. Peyton folded up her work, for it was useless to try to sew when her husband was in his present condition.

It was unusual for him to return at so early an hour, and Mrs. Peyton felt fearful that something unpleasant had happened at the tavern to drive him home so much earlier than usual.

He threw himself upon the lounge, and was soon wrapt in a heavy, drunken slumber, from which he did not waken until late the following morning.

XVII.

CHARLIE TRAVER'S MARRIAGE—FRANK PEYTON'S DISCHARGE, AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

THE following day was the day set apart for the marriage of Charlie Traver and Emma Montcalm. They were to be married at the village church, and a party was to be given in the evening at the tavern, and Charlie had said on his wedding-day the bar was to be thrown open free.

As soon as Frank Peyton finished his breakfast, he went down to the tavern to take advantage of Charlie's liberality, and after drinking several glasses of whiskey at the expense of the bar-tender, he walked rapidly to the factory. The bell calling the hands to work had rung several hours before, and they were all at their posts of duty when the foreman entered. They had received a large order to be

filled within a given time. Mr. Montcalm was desperately in need of money, and in order to fill this order, as it would be cash on delivery, the hands were taxed to their utmost.

The tardiness of the foreman occasioned some delay, and while he was endeavoring to adjust the matter, Mr. Montcalm entered the office, and when he learned of the late arrival of his foreman, and the delay it had occasioned, he flew into a towering passion, and sent for Peyton at once.

When Frank Peyton entered the office, his employer saw at once that he had been drinking, that his eye was restless and his step unsteady, and that he was altogether unfitted to attend to business. Unable to control his passion, Mr. Montcalm broke out thus:

"You miserable scamp, what do you mean by delaying matters in this manner, when you know how much depends upon the filling of this order in proper time? You gave me your word last night that you would go home early, and keep sober until this order was

filled. How have you kept your word? You drunken vagabond!"

While he had been speaking, Frank Peyton had gradually become sober. The disgraceful epithets lavished upon him aroused the demon of passion in his breast, and as Mr. Montcalm, pale with rage, ceased speaking, he stepped up to him, and in a voice trembling with passion, said:

"Take back those words, you smooth-tongued hypocrite, you dissembler and scoundrel, or I'll send you into eternity with all your sins upon your soul!"

"Be careful, Frank Peyton, be careful, or you will find yourself in trouble. I have had trouble enough with you, and now discharge you from the factory; and if I catch you sneaking around the premises again, I'll put you where all such drunken scamps as yourself belong."

"You will, will you? I am discharged from your employ, am I? And on account of drunkenness?"

"Go, I said; and I think my words were plain."

"They were plain, and I understood them; but one word, John Montcalm, before I leave this factory. When you came to Hopedale, and with your flattering tongue and insinuating address made me discontented with the position I occupied in life, I was an honest, sober man. Here, in this office, I drank my first glass of wine, urged and persuaded by you. You were the means of establishing a bar-room in this village, and by your own example encouraged us to drink. You led us on, step by step, until we became the fallen, degraded creatures we are; and not content with this, you urged us to ruin ourselves by investing all we possessed in an oil company which you assured us would more than pay the investment in three months. That time has passed, and it has paid us nothing—it will never pay us one cent; and now, because I followed your advice and your example, because I have become as base and fallen as yourself, you heap upon me epithets that well

apply to yourself; and after stripping me of all I possess and making me a drunkard, you cast me off, ruined and disgraced. John Montcalm, I curse you, and will curse you with my latest breath! With a hand that never raised a glass of liquor to my lips until you tempted me and urged me to it with fitly chosen words, I smite you to the earth!"

And he raised his clenched fist in the air, and with a well-directed blow struck his employer over the left eye and sent him reeling to the floor; then turned and left the office.

Two men were standing by, and they stepped forward and raised the fallen man to his feet. The blood trickled slowly down his face, for the hard hand of the infuriated man had caused a serious wound, and a messenger was dispatched for his carriage, in order to get him home, and another was sent for the physician; in fact confusion reigned supreme in the factory.

When Frank Peyton left the office, he bent his steps toward the tavern, and in frequent potations endeavored to drown the memory of

his troubles. When evening came he reeled home to give his wife a confused account of the affair.

Poor woman! she trembled as she listened to her husband's hardly intelligible words. Her worst fears were realized! Poverty and privation stared them in the face.

The shadows had indeed thickened around her home and heart.

XVIII.

CHARLIE TRAVER MARRIED — THE PARTY, AND
WHAT FOLLOWED.

Mrs. MONTCALM had so strenuously opposed her daughter's marriage, and so completely refused to aid her in any way to further her preparations for the event, that Emma had acceded to Charlie's request, and on the morning of her wedding-day she left her father's house to go to the roof which was henceforth to shelter her.

She had left the house soon after her father, and consequently was entirely ignorant of the accident which had occurred.

Mrs. Montcalm was sitting in her own room, bemoaning the ungrateful conduct of her daughter, when the messenger arrived with word to send the carriage to the factory without delay.

Mrs. Montcalm heard the message, and hastening into the hall, detained the messenger to ask:

"Who wishes the carriage?"

"Mr. Montcalm; he is hurt."

"Hurt!" repeated the lady, in astonishment; "when—how? Explain."

"He had some words with Mr. Peyton about business, which resulted in a quarrel; Peyton knocked him down, and his face is badly cut."

"Nothing more than I expected," said the lady. "These low people cannot appreciate kindness, and never know when they are well off. Ah, there's the carriage. I hope Mr. Montcalm is not seriously hurt." And the lady manifested no further feeling or concern for her husband.

The carriage was whirled along at a rapid pace, and drew up before the door just as the physician arrived. Of course, it was deemed better to dress the wound at once, which required but a few moments' time, for Dr. May was a skilful surgeon; and, after a short delay,

Mr. Montcalm, with bandaged face, was lifted into the carriage and driven to his home.

The men who accompanied him carried him to his room, for he was too dizzy and weakened by loss of blood to walk, or even stand alone, and his wife seated herself in a chair near his bedside to attend to his wants.

Of course, the factory was in a state of confusion, the foreman discharged, and the proprietor disabled. The work for the day was suspended, entirely precluding the possibility of filling the order which had occasioned Mr. Montcalm so much anxiety.

Reports of the affair soon reached the tavern; but Charlie cautiously kept all knowledge of the affair from Emma, fearing that if she heard of it, their marriage would be postponed, and as every preparation had been made for a "good time," (?) he could not brook the idea of any interruption.

The hour appointed for the ceremony had arrived; the village church was thrown open, and in a few moments was filled with eager spectators. Emma Montcalm, leaning on the

arm of Charlie Traver, slowly walked up the narrow aisle and paused before the pastor, who stood in the chancel, ready to receive them. Emma was dressed in white, and looked unusually pale. Charlie had made a careful toilet, and had it not been for the unmistakable marks of dissipation which disfigured his otherwise handsome face, would have been a splendid-looking groom. But, alas! he too plainly showed that he was a victim of the love of strong drink, and his breath, even then, as he pressed upon the lips of his bride the marriage kiss, after the benediction had been pronounced, was tainted with the foul odor of liquor.

After the ceremony was over, friends gathered around the bride and groom to offer their congratulations; then all adjourned to the tavern, which was brilliantly lighted up, and the sound of music floated on the air.

The evening was spent in dancing, playing and drinking, and just as the gray dawn began to scatter the darkness of night, the party broke up, and the guests went reeling

to their homes, shouting their praises of the liberal host of the "Montcalm House."

By the time the last guest had departed, Charlie had become pretty well intoxicated. Poor Emma! it was a miserable night for her. She had never before seen Charlie so completely under the influence of liquor, and she had expected that on this, their wedding-night, he would keep sober, out of respect for her; but, alas! she realized at that time, if never before, the fearful power of drink. She realized that her hand had been the first to place the tempting cup to the lips of the man she loved, that her influence had been the means of bringing him to his present condition, and remorse and agony filled her tortured heart. As she lay there, listening to the heavy breathing and incoherent mutterings of the man to whom she had so lately plighted her vows of love and constancy, she resolved that in the future which lay before her, she would endeavor to undo the wrong she had done; she would endeavor with the hand of love to lead the

feet she had diverted from the path of right back to that path again, and become an angel of mercy to the man she loved.

There were some noble impulses beneath the surface of Emma Traver's character, but circumstances had never been favorable to their development. The atmosphere of her home had been such as to crush out all that was noble and bright in her character, and foster only the selfish and worldly attributes of her nature. She was now removed from those surroundings, now thrown, as it were, upon herself; and the divine spark within her, which burned only with a dull and feeble light, bid fair to become fanned into a living flame.

Mrs. Traver had favored her son's marriage for several reasons; not that Emma was just such a wife as she would have selected for her son, but because she thought they really loved each other, and that love might be the means of placing a restraint upon the passions and unholy impulses of her boy that were now so freely indulged; she therefore welcomed Emma

to her home with sincere and affectionate cordiality.

What was the future opening to this young couple? What would the years bring to them of sorrow and joy, were questions she often asked of her saddened, sorrow-stricken heart.

XIX.

EMMA'S VISIT HOME—THE DEPARTURE OF LILLY—

A SAD SCENE BETWEEN FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

THE day following the wedding and the ball, Emma heard of the accident which had befallen her father, and soon after dinner went up to her old home to see him.

Mr. Montcalm was lying on the bed, groaning with the pain that tortured him, when Emma entered. She approached the bed softly, and said :

"Dear father, I did not know that you were hurt until about an hour ago, or I would have been with you before."

The suffering man opened his eyes, and said :

"You were married last night?"

"I was."

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"I am glad of it, for you have at least a comfortable home, and it is your own; for when I built the tavern I had it recorded in your name, and it has never been changed. The deed of the place is in my safe at the factory, and you can get it at any time. I am glad that I am able to do this much for you before I am irretrievably ruined."

"What do you mean, father? Surely your affairs are not in such a bad condition as to foreshadow ruin?"

"I am afraid they are. You know I was so sanguine of success in regard to those oil speculations, that I risked all I had; and cramped myself severely in consequence. There is no prospect of realizing one cent from the investment, and I have nothing with which to carry on my business. The factory and all it contains is heavily mortgaged. This house and a little bank-stock is all, literally all I possess. I cannot even pay the hands what I owe them, and the factory must be closed at once."

At this moment Mrs. Montcalm hastily en-

tered the room. She was not aware that her daughter was there, and started with surprise when she saw her. Bowing ceremoniously, with mock dignity, she said:

"How do you do, Mrs. Traver? This is certainly an unexpected honor."

Then turning to her husband, she said:

"I have just heard something that has pained me sorely—just received another proof of the ingratitude children heap upon their parents, to whom they owe so much."

"What is the matter? Pray tell me without further ado! I am not in a condition to be annoyed and worried."

"You need not be so petulant, Mr. Montcalm, even if you are suffering from the effects of a drunken quarrel, and a bruised head. The matter I referred to relates to Harry. When I went to his room, but a moment ago, I found him packing his trunk, and he told me he was going to the city. Of course this surprised me much, and by dint of questioning I discovered that two days ago he was secretly married to Lilly Peyton, the daughter of the

ruffian who gave you the broken skull you are now suffering with, and that he intended taking her to the city, where he has secured a situation; telling me, his mother, that he would never bring his wife home to live with one so incapable of appreciating goodness and purity as I am. The boy is evidently crazy, and I am sure my children, between them, have broken my heart;" and with an outburst of grief, the worldly, frivolous woman sank into a chair, and covered her face with her lace handkerchief.

Mr. Montcalm made no reply, but his features worked convulsively, and deep, heavy groans escaped his white lips.

Emma quietly arose and left the room. The scene was becoming painful to her, and she gladly made her escape.

Frank Peyton had come home the previous night in a state of beastly intoxication, and as a natural result, slept late in the morning. There had been no fitting opportunity to tell him of his daughter's marriage, and he was consequently in complete ignorance of the occur-

rence. Now that he had quarrelled with Mr. Montcalm, Mrs. Peyton feared to tell him of it, lest his ungovernable temper should lead him to the perpetration of something even more terrible than that which had happened in the office of the factory.

Lilly had risen early, for she had many little things to attend to before leaving her home forever; and Harry had told her that he would call for her soon after dinner, that they might take the evening train for the city. She moved about the house, quietly followed by her mother's tearful eyes, until everything was ready for her departure.

The few clothes, books, and little tokens of remembrance that had been given her from time to time, were all neatly packed in the little black trunk her mother had placed at her disposal; she had locked it, and it stood by the door ready to be carried out. She had with unusual pains brushed her dark merino dress, and sat with bonnet and shawl on, ready to start whenever she should see Harry coming. As her father entered the room he

glanced restlessly around. Seeing the trunk standing there, and Lilly sitting beside it, ready for her journey, he said:

"What is the meaning of this? Where are you going?"

"To the city, father," replied Lilly, in a trembling voice.

"To the city!" repeated the partially sobered man. "What are you going to do there?"

"I am going there to live."

"Whom with?"

"My husband."

"Your husband! Come, now, that's a good joke! And who, pray, is the happy man?"

Lilly went to her father, and laying her hand on his arm, with tears in her eyes, said:

"Father, I wanted to tell you before, but you have not been in a condition to listen. Day before yesterday I was married to Harry Montcalm, and we are going to the city to live, where he has an opportunity to secure employment."

While she was speaking, the color had

been deepening in her father's face, and when she finished, he flung her hand from his arm, and in a loud, passionate, and unkind voice, said :

"Curses on you and him! You are no child of mine! He is the son of the man I hate—of the man who has been my ruin! And to think a child of mine should wed his son! No! You are no longer my child! Go with your husband to the city, and my curses follow you; but never dare to show your face inside my door again—never dare to send a word of writing to the mother or father you have insulted and disgraced! Degenerate, ungrateful, inhuman child, go! I know you not!" And he rushed like a madman from the room.

Poor Lilly! She had not expected such an outburst as this, and it terrified and shocked her, so that she fell trembling into the open arms of her mother.

For a moment* mother and child wept silently; then the door opened, and Harry's cheerful voice called out :

"Come, little wife, all ready!" and he took the black trunk up in his arms and carried it to the carriage which stood in waiting at the gate, while mother and daughter were folded in one long, warm embrace. They then parted forever! Parted never to meet again this side the broad river of death! Parted, one to return to her cares and trials; the other to enter upon a new life with a heart full of hope and happy dreams. Were these hopes and dreams ever realized?

XX.

CHANGES—THE TAVERN SCENE—DEATH OF GEORGE TRAVER.

EMMA soon learned to love and honor her husband's mother as she had never loved and honored her own. Indeed, no one could come under the direct influence of Mrs. Traver without feeling for her a deep and sincere respect, amounting almost to reverence, and from her Emma learned many a useful lesson, which made a deep impression on her mind, and awakened into life traits of character and beauties of disposition which hitherto had lain dormant and unfelt; and her evident desire to make her husband a good and attentive wife, and lead him away from the temptations and fascinations of the bar-room and gaming-table, made her an object of affection to that heart-broken mother.

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The deed of the tavern had been placed in her hands, and she had urged and entreated her husband to have the bar-room closed, but he would listen to nothing of the kind; and she let the subject drop, hoping that some time in the future he would be more inclined to listen to her prayers and entreaties.

The factory had been closed and had passed into the hands of those who held the mortgage upon it, and the large house, with its elegant furniture and costly adornments, was sold. Mr. Montcalm and his wife went to the tavern to live until he should be able to look about him for something to do; for he was still an invalid, and unable to leave his room. As he lay upon his bed, in the agony of the most acute pain, his past life, like a panorama, moved before him; he saw where he had failed—where he had erred in principle and in judgment, and he realized that he owed the sudden change of fortune indirectly to the use of strong drink. He saw that had he not been excited and flushed by the stimulating drink he had imbibed so

freely, he would never have recklessly entered upon a speculation that promised so little—never relied implicitly upon the representations of others; and in those hours of sickness and pain when repentance softened his heart, he prayed for an opportunity to retrieve what he had lost and repair the wrong he had done.

He spoke of all these things to his wife, but, alas! found little sympathy from her. She was chagrined and disappointed that the oil speculations had proved a failure; it had been a severe blow to her pride when the factory was closed, when her husband sold their elegant home, and they were compelled to seek a temporary home at the tavern; but she could not appreciate the repentance and remorse he felt for the evil course he had pursued, and consequently failed to be that stay and comfort to him that a more noble, refined, and sensitive woman would have been under like circumstances. She sneered at his self-accusations, laughed to scorn his resolves to lead a better life, and in the very room where he lay groaning with pain and anguish, with

others as vain and frivolous as herself, played with the cards which had been so instrumental in her husband's ruin and disgrace.

One evening, not long after Mr. and Mrs. Montcalm had moved to the tavern, there came the sound of voices from the bar-room below. Mrs. Traver and Emma listened breathlessly for a moment. The confusion grew greater, the voices louder; then they heard the door leading into the hall open and close, and a quick, unsteady step on the stairs, which they recognized as Charlie's. They both sprang into the hall, impulsively, to ascertain the cause of the noise and confusion. As they came out together, they saw Charlie, pale and wild-looking, coming from his room at the end of the hall, with a pistol in his hand, and Emma exclaimed:

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing—only some half-drunken fellows are quarrelling over a game of cards, and I'm going to put a stop to it."

"Charlie, don't take that pistol down there; if you do there'll be blood spilt!" cried

his mother, stepping before him, and standing at the head of the stairs, to prevent him passing down.

"Out of the way! I cannot stand here parleying with you—I am needed below," he said, thickly, for he had been drinking. The sounds below stairs increased, and the voices grew louder and more angry.

"You shall not take that pistol down stairs. You shall not add the crime of murder to those already on your soul!" exclaimed his mother, excitedly, as she grasped the banister, and planted herself more firmly before him.

"Do not go down; oh, do not, Charlie, for my sake;" exclaimed Emma, as the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Out of the way, I say, or I'll hurl you out of my path!" cried the infuriated and intoxicated man, as he endeavored to push past his mother, but her hold upon the banisters was firm, and she seemed endowed with unnatural strength.

"We'll see who's master here!" he cried, and he brought the heavy muzzle of the

pistol down with a muscular blow upon the white fingers of his mother, as they were clasped around the railing, and they quickly relaxed their hold. A sudden faintness came over her heart from the effects of the unexpected blow, she tottered, then fell backwards down the flight of stairs, and lay white and motionless at the bottom, with a stream of blood slowly oozing from her parted lips.

"You have killed her!" exclaimed Emma, rushing past him, as he stood there stupefied and stunned; then she sprang down the stairs, and, kneeling by the side of the prostrate woman, raised her head, and holding it in her lap, rained tears upon it which welled up from her own burdened heart.

Only a moment Charlie Traver stood there, like a marble statue, looking at the results of his passion. Then he was sobered. Reason returned, and he rushed wildly down the stairs. Throwing himself upon his knees beside his mother, in agony of spirit, he cried out:

"Oh, mother, mother, forgive me! I knew

not what I did! Open your eyes, and tell me that you forgive me!"

The trembling eyelids unclosed, and a faint smile, such as we dream the angels wear, floated around her lips; then her head dropped, and she fainted again.

Just at this moment a crash was heard in the bar-room, a cry of pain, a fall, and then heavy groans. Oh! it was a fearful moment to that young girl—a moment that she never ceased to remember—a moment that ever after was stamped upon her memory with indelible distinctness and vividness.

Tenderly raising his mother in his arms, Charlie Traver carried her up the stairs and laid her upon the bed in her room; then ringing a bell, which was answered by a servant, he ordered a messenger to be dispatched for the physician. Leaving his mother in charge of his wife, he went down to the bar-room to ascertain the result of the quarrel there.

Oh! what a sight met his eyes as he opened the door of that room! How the warm blood around his heart grew chill and cold, and how



SICK AND FAINT, CHARLIE STAGGERED AGAINST THE WALL.

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his brain reeled! Scattered about the room were fragments of broken bottles, and in one corner was thrown a shattered chair. Tables and chairs were overturned; liquor and blood flowed together upon the floor.

Near the centre of the room, his father lay stretched upon the floor, and around him a pool of blood. His face was horribly mutilated and his head was crushed and broken.

Sick and faint, Charlie staggered against the wall. The room was entirely deserted. Not a soul had remained to tell him how the awful deed had occurred—and yet the room was full when he left. All he knew was that his father had engaged in a game of cards with some strangers who had happened in, and had drank freely all the evening. His father had been unlucky, and lost each game; and at length, becoming enraged at his continued ill-luck, had accused the men of cheating. They denied it, and he called them a lot of thieves and liars. This aroused their anger, a quarrel ensued, and Charlie had rushed from the room to obtain his pistol, in

case matters should become serious. The result the reader already knows.

Staggering to the bar, he reached out his trembling hand and grasped a bottle labelled "Brandy," and, without pausing to get a glass, put it to his lips and eagerly drank. This seemed to revive him and inspire him with new life and energy, and he slowly walked over to where his father lay and lifted his hand. It was cold—the pulse had ceased to beat—George Traver was dead!

Without a word of warning—without a word of parting to those he loved—with reason dethroned, and mind obliterated by drink—he went out into the great hereafter; went out into the future which lies beyond Death's portals, leaving behind the memory of a wasted and ill-spent life—leaving behind sorrow that he had been the means of causing; ruin that he had worked; degradation he had brought upon others; and, oh, who shall dare to think of his future without a shudder!

XXI.

THE EXPLANATION OF THE QUARREL — GEORGE TRAVER'S BURIAL.

MRS. TRAVER'S injuries were not fatal, but the physician said that she would doubtless be a cripple for life; and as Emma heard these dreadful words her heart sank within her. A cripple for life! and made so by the hand of her own son—that hand raised in anger against the mother who bore him, and all through the influence exerted over him by the rum-fiend!

In her weak and nervous state, it was deemed best not to inform Mrs. Traver of the horrible death of her husband, and he was quietly buried the day following. The bar for that day remained closed.

The men with whom he had been playing when the quarrel commenced, and who were his murderers, eluded all search made for

them, and escaped from the just penalties of the law.

After Charlie returned from the burial, he went into his mother's room to sit awhile, and she said :

"Where is your father, Charlie? Why does he not come to see me?"

"He is not here," replied Charlie, turning away his face, and endeavoring to speak in a natural tone of voice. "He went away last night before he knew of the accident which happened to you."

"Where has he gone?" inquired the anxious wife.

"I do not know," replied Charlie, "he did not say."

And fearing lest he should be unable to evade further questioning, Charlie left the room, and went down into the bar-room.

Hardly had he entered the room, before he heard somebody rattling at the latch, and he opened the door and admitted Frank Peyton.

"I have been trying to get in the last hour

or more. I am as dry as a fish. Give me something to drink."

Charlie handed the man a bottle and set out a glass for him.

"How is your mother, and how does she take the old man's death?"

"She knows nothing about it yet. She fell down stairs last night, and ruptured a blood-vessel; she injured her legs, too, in some way, and is so weak and nervous now that we thought it better to keep it from her."

"I did not know that she was sick. I never shall forget last night as long as I live."

"Tell me how it happened. You know I left the room just as they sprang up from the table, to get my revolver in case of trouble; when I came back the room was deserted, and father lay there on the floor dead," said Charlie, with a shudder, as he recalled the feelings of the previous night.

"Give me another drink—I am too dry to talk—and then I will tell you about it."

"Come into the card-room," said Charlie, taking a bottle and glasses in his hand.

Frank Peyton followed him. He set the bottle and glasses down upon one of the small card-tables, and each taking a chair, drew up to the table. Charlie filled both glasses, and they drank. Then Peyton said:

"They came out into the bar-room—I was sitting by the stove—and the tall man said, 'I'll take that from no man! Take it back!' Then your father said, 'I'll not take back my words for any living man! You are a cheat and a liar, and I can prove it.' With that the man caught up a chair, and swinging it around him, brought it down with a crash on the old man's head. The blood flew in all directions, and he fell with a fearful scream and groan. The men rushed from the room, and we all followed, for the thing was so sudden that we were terrified, and no one had his wits about him; so the fellows escaped."

"I have offered a reward for their apprehension," said Charlie, pouring out more liquor.

"It's a bad piece of business," replied

Peyton, taking up his refilled glass and swallowing its contents.

"Yes, and we have not yet seen the end of it," replied Charlie. "I'll find the men, if there is such a thing as finding them, and make them swing for it."

Some one rapped at the door, and Charlie sprang to open it. He had left it unlocked, for it was now dark; the regular customers of the bar would be around, and he could not refuse to supply them with their accustomed potations, even if it was his father's burial-day. They must have their drink, and there was no other place in the village to get it; and in order to drown his own feelings of bitterness and remorse, Charlie Traver drank deep that night, and went to his bed at midnight, reeling with intoxication.

Oh, the fearful work of ruin, wretchedness and woe the rum-fiend was working in the once peaceful and quiet village of Hopedale!

XXII.

HARRY MONTCALM AND HIS BRIDE—HARRY'S PROMISE.

WHEN Harry Montcalm reached the city of Chicago, he took his wife to a comfortable but plain boarding-house in a respectable portion of the city. It was Thursday when they arrived there, and he was to commence his duties as clerk in the wholesale dry goods house of Platt, Gray and Platt on the following Monday morning. The salary he was to receive was small, but with prudence and economy, quite sufficient to supply all the necessary wants of himself and wife, and his prospects for advancement were excellent. The future looked as if hung with rosy hope and golden promises; and as Lilly looked around her small and plainly furnished room, and into the frank, honest face of her youthful

husband, she silently wished that her dear mother, in her cheerless home, could see how happy and comfortable she was.

As they sat there in their little room, the first night they passed in Chicago, Lilly said:

"Harry, I want you to make me a promise—a solemn, binding promise—and then I will be the happiest wife in all the world."

Harry looked up from the paper he was carelessly scanning, with a curious, puzzled look in his eyes, and replied:

"Little wife, I will make you any promise I can, that will add to your comfort and happiness."

Then Lilly drew her chair close to his, laid her head upon his shoulder, and placing her hand in his, she looked into his eyes with such a pleading, tearful look, and said:

"I want you to promise me never to drink any more—not even a glass of wine; and never again to play cards. Will you promise me this?"

He made her no reply, but tenderly stroked the soft hair which waved so beautifully, and

yet lay in such glossy tresses on her delicately shaped head, as she continued :

"Oh, Harry, you would not hesitate to promise me this, if you knew how happy it would make me, and how miserable I shall be if you fail to give me the promise. I have seen so much of the misery and sorrow occasioned by drink, that I shudder whenever I think of your taking even a glass of wine. I know so well how my poor mother's life has been embittered by strong drink—I know how my father commenced with only a glass of wine—and oh ! I could never be happy while you were away from me, unless I felt that you were guarded from the influences of drink."

"I promise you, my little wife, that from this hour I shall never taste a drop of any kind of liquor, nor play cards, and I will to the best of my ability keep this promise as long as I may live," said Harry, slowly. The blue eyes of his wife filled with grateful tears, and she showered kisses upon him as she said, feelingly :

"God bless you, my husband! You have

made me so happy—oh, so happy! and proved yourself more than worthy of the love and confidence I repose in you."

As Harry Montcalm sat there, with his arm about the slender form of his wife, with her pure breath playing upon his cheek and her blue eyes looking into his, he meant to keep that promise—meant to make himself worthy of the love and confidence of the pure being he called by the sacred name of wife—meant to be an honorable, trustworthy man.

Did he fulfil that promise? Did he live faithfully up to his intentions and aims? Wait and see.

The days intervening between their arrival in Chicago and the Monday morning on which Harry was to commence his duties as clerk, were spent in sight-seeing and visiting places of note and interest. Lilly, who had never before been many miles from Hopedale, enjoyed this change of scene and the excitement of city life vastly.

She wrote a long letter to her mother—a letter full of hope and promise, telling her how happy

she was; how kind and good her young husband was to her, and of the promise he had made which had given her so much joy. She knew her mother would expect to hear from her, in spite of the cruel mandate her father had pronounced, and as she sealed and directed the letter in a neat hand, she sighed as she thought it might never reach its destination.

The following morning, at an early hour, Harry kissed her good-by, and went out to commence his duties at the store; to enter upon a life of usefulness, and earn a living for himself and wife. As he hastened along the street, passing others on their way to the scenes of their daily toil, he thought that the world contained not a lighter heart than that which beat in his bosom.

What glorious dreams of future wealth and happiness floated through his brain! What noble resolves for an honorable, praiseworthy course of conduct filled his heart! And with bounding spirits, and tender thoughts for her he loved, he entered upon his duties in the store of "Platt, Gray and Platt."

XXIII.

LILLY'S LETTER—DEATH OF MR. MONTCALM—HOW
MRS. MONTCALM MOURNED.

ONE day, as Frank Peyton, going home from the tavern, passed the post-office, the clerk, standing in the door, called to him, saying:

"Halloa, Peyton! there's a letter for your wife."

Peyton stopped, and the clerk handed him the letter directed to his wife in Lilly's neat and graceful chirography; and thrusting it into his pocket, he walked away.

When he turned the corner he drew the letter out of his pocket, tore it open and read it; then with a fearful oath upon his lips, he tore it into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the winds. Lilly's labor had been in vain, and the lonely heart of the anxious

mother beat on uncheered by tidings from her absent one.

Mrs. Traver had somewhat recovered her strength, and was able to sit up in her arm-chair, but her limbs were powerless and refused her any support. She was indeed a hopeless, helpless cripple. But Emma was her constant companion, and proved a most efficient nurse. Indeed, Mrs. Traver clung to her daughter-in-law with almost childish dependence and affection. Poor woman! her crushed and broken spirit was grateful for even the smallest kindness shown her.

When they told her of her husband's horrible death, a cry of pain escaped her white lips, and she laid her head back and fainted; but never again referred to the fact—never again mentioned his name—never asked any particulars. She lived on, day after day, her broken heart beating painfully in her bosom, with a sad smile of resignation upon her pure countenance.

Mrs. Montcalm on several occasions had made the tavern a scene of confusion by her

boisterous conduct while under the influence of liquor. She had sought forgetfulness for her wounded pride and faded glory in the cup, and wine no longer satisfied her cravings; she resorted to those more powerful stimulants which so effectually drown memory and reason. So regardless had she become of reputation and the fearful consequences of her course, that she frequently went boldly into the bar-room, and standing before the bar, pleaded for more fuel with which to feed the burning fire within. On more than one occasion she had even been carried to her room in a state of utter helplessness and unconsciousness, from the effect of drink.

The wound in Mr. Montcalm's head seemed to grow better, but was followed by a serious attack of brain fever. For days he raved in the wildest delirium, upbraiding himself for the evil he had done, and piteously calling on God to have mercy upon him. During his sickness Emma attended to all his wants, for her mother was seldom in condition to render

her husband any assistance, being most of the time under the influence of liquor.

The weakened and wasted constitution was unable to rally again, and gradually sank beneath the ravages of the burning fever which reached the brain of the miserable man. One afternoon, after days of the wildest delirium, he fell into a quiet sleep, from which he awakened with full possession of his mental faculties. As he opened his eyes, he saw his daughter sitting by his side, and a smile lingered around his lips; but as his eyes wandered about the room and rested upon the form of his wife, as she lay upon the lounge, wrapped in a heavy, drunken slumber, the smile faded, and a look of the most intense pain replaced it.

"Emma, see if you cannot rouse your mother. I want to talk with her, for I am dying, and will never again have an opportunity to speak to her on earth."

Emma arose, approached her mother, and shook her vigorously, but the intoxicated

woman replied only by deep groans. With tears in her eyes, Emma said:

"Mother, mother, get up; father is dying, and wants to speak to you."

"Brandy—give me more drink! I say! give me more drink!" muttered the woman, without opening her eyes.

Emma saw that it would be useless to make any further effort, but turned sadly away and approached her father. His eyes were closed, his lips compressed as if with pain, and Emma said:

"Do not grieve, father, she may repent and reform;" and she laid her hand upon the thin, shrunken hand which was lying so still upon the white counterpane, but started back in affright. John Montcalm was dead! Silently, without a struggle, the spirit had burst its bonds of clay and winged its flight from earth. Emma sank powerless beside the bed.

Oh! it was terrible, terrible!

There lay her father, cold and dead, and on yonder lounge her mother, worse than dead—aye, a thousand times worse than dead, for

she was dead to shame, to self-respect, to honor, to right, to truth, to womanhood—she was drunk!

The loud and piteous wails of anguish which burst from the lips of the sorrow-stricken girl soon brought the servants to the room; and gently raising her from the floor where she had fallen in her weakness, they bore her to her own room, and told her husband all that had happened.

When Mrs. Montcalm regained her consciousness, and learned what had occurred—learned that she was widowed—she sought consolation and forgetfulness in the cup, and for days kept herself stupefied and saturated with drink.

The remains of the wretched man whose ill-spent life had so suddenly been brought to a close, were carried out of the tavern in a plain, neat coffin, and laid in the narrow earth-couch prepared in the village burial-ground to receive the cold clay.

Still another victim was added to the list slain by the destroyer of man—"Strong

Drink." Still another life had gone out which might have been one of usefulness and benefit to others, had not the command "Lead not others into temptation" been utterly disregarded and unheeded.

Surely angels weep when man forgets his duty to his fellow-man, and leads his brother slowly down the path that conducts to shame and to a disgraced, unhonored grave. As we look over the world to-day, and see temptation on every side, see the results of yielding to temptation, mark the crime and misery, wretchedness and woe, directly traceable to the power of the rum-fiend—oh, can we fail to cry aloud against the onward march of the destroyer; can we fail to enlist ourselves under the pure white banner of temperance—firmly advocating God's truth and power to save men from temptation and from sin!

XXIV.

MRS. PEYTON'S DEPARTURE FROM EARTH—FRANK PEYTON'S PLEDGE.

CONTINUED unhappiness, lack of proper nourishment, and incessant uneasiness of mind, had at length so prostrated Mrs. Peyton, that she was unable to leave her bed or attend to the duties of her house. Little Edith had to bear all the labor and endure the unkindness and often brutal treatment of her father in the bargain.

For weeks after Lilly left home, Mrs. Peyton looked anxiously and nervously for a letter from her absent child; but as the days went slowly by, and no word came to her from that dear one, hope gradually died out from her heart, and she grew weaker and weaker, until she was no longer able to drag herself about the house. As her cough grew

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worse and her strength less, she knew that she was nearing the portals of the tomb—knew that her burden would soon be dropped, and her soul be free from its casket of clay—free from the sorrows, cares and crosses that made her life so bitter and so wretched here.

One evening the storm raged furiously without, the cold wind came in fitful gusts through the broken panes of glass, while the rain soaked through the well-worn roof and collected in little pools upon the bare floor.

Mrs. Peyton had urged and begged her husband not to go out on this night—not to leave her alone to die; for she felt that her last hour on earth was drawing near. He had turned a deaf ear to her pleadings, and with a cruel, heartless taunt upon his lips had left her—left her, and gone to the village tavern to spend the night in drinking and card-playing—left her with no tender, sympathetic feeling for her sufferings, but thinking only of the debased and sensual enjoyments which awaited him.

Alas! that all noble impulses and holy de-

sires should have been sacrificed to this monster of intemperance—to the maddening influences of the rum-fiend, and every trace of manhood drowned in the accursed cup!

Alas! that one endowed by God with all the attributes of nobility, should forget his duty to himself, his family, and his God, and yield himself unreservedly up to the control and despotic rule of the monster of drink!

The hours rolled away slowly, and Mrs. Peyton felt that her hour of deliverance was at hand—that the angel of death stood by her squalid couch, ready to bear her spirit across the broad river to the land of light beyond. And, oh, how she longed for her husband's return—how she prayed for time sufficient to whisper words of parting and of loving tender warning to that poor, degraded, but still loved man! He came not; and at last, feeling that she could not much longer remain, she called Edith to her, and said:

"My child, I am dying! I feel that I cannot last much longer, and I want to see your

father so much—oh! so much—once more before I leave my earthly home. Can you summon strength enough and courage to go to the tavern and bring him home?"

"Yes, mother, I will go," said the weeping child.

"Tell him to come at once, without delay, for I am dying, and there is little time to spare."

Edith took the tattered shawl which hung upon the nail behind the door, the only outdoor covering that was left, and wrapping it over her head and around her shoulders, with her little bare, uncovered feet, she went out into the storm and darkness, bravely trying to smother the great sobs which would break from her lips, to endeavor to bring her truant, fallen father to the bedside of his dying wife.

The bar-room was half full of men—some drinking, some smoking, some playing cards, and others talking loudly and excitedly on various subjects; but all more or less under the influence of liquor. The room was filled with clouds of smoke and the fumes of wasted

liquor, and would have been acutely oppressive to one unaccustomed to such a vitiated atmosphere.

Frank Peyton was seated at a card-table playing, when the bar-room door softly opened and Edith peered into the room. At first the nauseous air nearly suffocated her, and the dense smoke blinded her; but she advanced almost unobserved into the room. Seeing her father, she approached him, and touched him on the arm, saying in a low voice:

"Father, wont you come home? Mother is dying, and wants to see you very much."

Frank Peyton was about to throw down the card he held in his hand, when his child interrupted him, and turning angrily upon her—for he was half crazed with liquor—he said:

"Who sent you?"

"Mother," replied the child; "she is dying, and wants you to come home."

"She does, does she? Well, tell her for me that she can die without my being there. Do you hear? Tramp!"

"Oh, father, I cannot tell her that! You

will not send me back alone! Do come, or you'll never see mother again!"

"Do you hear me? Go home!" said the man, springing from his chair.

"I cannot, father, until you go, too. I promised mother I would bring you home."

"We'll see whether you'll go or not;" cried the man, and he gave her a push that sent her reeling towards the red-hot stove. Her thin clothing came in contact with the heated iron, and in a moment the child was wrapped in flames. Charlie Traver sprang from behind the bar, and tearing his coat from his back, wrapped it around the senseless and burning child. Frank Peyton stood there a moment a sobered man, realizing fully the enormity of the crime he had committed, and then dropped powerless to the floor, weeping and groaning in agony of spirit.

Charlie Traver took the little wasted form in his arms, and carried the child up-stairs. Opening the door of his wife's chamber, he laid Edith upon the bed. Emma sprang to his side, exclaiming:

"What is the matter? Oh, Charlie, what dreadful thing has happened now?"

"It is Frank Peyton's child. She fell against the stove, her clothing caught fire, and I fear she is badly burned."

Tenderly Emma unwrapped the child from the covering which had been thrown over her. As she saw the charred and blackened flesh, the scarred and tortured limbs, and listened to the heart-rending cries of pain that escaped her lips, the tears fell from her eyes like rain, and she said:

"Oh, when will this accursed business end? What other fearful retribution is in store for us?"

With gentle touch she bathed the little sufferer in oil, as Charlie left her to send for a physician. When he entered the bar-room, Frank Peyton sprang forward, and grasping his hand, said:

"Is she dead? Oh, tell me, tell me, have I killed my child?"

"No; but she is in great pain. My wife is attending to her, and I have sent for a physi-

cian. You can do no good here, and had better go home to your dying wife."

Without another word the wretched father passed out of the room, and with rapid step walked towards his home, his mind more sobered than it had been for many long months; for it is a peculiar fact that any sudden fright, or deed of horror, will instantly sober the brain of an intoxicated man.

He rushed into the house, flung himself wildly beside his dying wife, and with tears of sincere repentance rolling down his cheeks, exclaimed:

"Oh, Jennie, Jennie, my wife, forgive me! I have killed our child!"

"Killed our child, Frank! What do you mean?"

"I was mad with drink when she came and urged me to return home, telling me you were dying. The fiend within me prompted me to push her from me, and she fell against the stove, her clothing caught fire, and I fear she cannot live."

"Where is she now?"

"Charlie Traver carried her up-stairs, and his wife is attending to her, and they have sent for a physician. I hastened home to tell you what a guilty, wretched man I am, and implore your forgiveness."

"God grant that Edith may die, that her pure spirit may meet mine in the land of light and love! Better this than to live on to suffer and endure what her poor mother has endured."

"Oh, Jennie, forgive me for making your life so wretched. I see it all now—I know how base I've been—and if you'll only live, I'll be a better man, and try to make your life happy."

"It is too late; I cannot live. But, oh, before I die, Frank, promise me that you will try to be a better man—promise me that you will never go to the tavern any more—never drink the vile poison which has brought you and your family so much of woe. Promise me this, and my last hour on earth will be the happiest of my life; and when I am gone I will look down upon you from my home above, and bless you for your noble purposes and

good resolves. Promise me this, Frank—promise, before it is too late!"

The frame of the man shook with agony. Great sobs broke from his lips, and tears streamed from his eyes. The hour of repentance had come—the power of the tempter was becoming weaker and weaker—and in a trembling, unsteady voice, he said:

"I promise—oh! I promise all, my wife, and God help me to keep the promise!"

"He will, Frank, he will! Oh! you have made me so happy—so happy! Kiss me, Frank, as you used to do, in the happy days of old." He bent over and kissed her. "I am going now—going—and my little child is with me; Edith, my little Edith—she is going, too. Good-by, Frank—good-by—don't forget your promise—don't"—

Her head dropped back upon the pillow, the weary eyes closed, the attenuated form trembled, and the drunkard's wife was dead!

Oh, who shall describe the agony of that man, as he remained through the long night with his dead wife? Who shall describe the

struggles to overcome the cravings of a debased appetite?

No pen is equal to the task—God only knows the horrors, the struggles and the agonies of that night! God only knows how the unsatisfied fiend raged and tore—how the wretched victim of delirium tremens struggled alone, and alone overcame its terrors, and when the morning dawned lay exhausted and almost senseless where he had fallen, in his struggles with an imaginary foe.

But the bitter night had passed. The morning dawned, and with it came consciousness, bitter, wretched consciousness.

XXV.

EDITH'S DEATH—BURIAL OF MOTHER AND CHILD
—FRANK PEYTON'S PROMISE.

ALL night Emma Traver watched beside the little sufferer. The physician came about midnight, and after examining the child, said:

"I can do nothing for her; she is injured past recovery. You have done all that can be done, and we must now wait patiently until she is released from her sufferings by death."

His words were true; the injuries were too deep to be healed; they could only apply oil to soothe the burning, scalding heat that tortured her little frame. She did not regain her consciousness—did not open her closed eyelids—but just as the gray dawn stole over the earth, the angel of death entered the chamber and took the weary little spirit to a brighter home than earth, beyond the blue

skies above. With trembling hand Emma Traver cast a white sheet over the still, pulseless form, and turned sadly from the bed.

Poor little creature! Her life had never been bright or beautiful. She had been reared amid trials and sufferings, had known privation and want, and now all suffering was over—she was free; but her young life, which might have been made bright and pleasant, was sacrificed upon the altar of drink. Angel hands, however, led her through the dark valley and into the warm sunlight of God's love.

The following day mother and child were arrayed for the tomb by the gentle hand of Emma Traver; and as she arranged pure white blossoms in the coffins of the dead, she could not help feeling that her husband was in a great measure responsible for the death of these two beings—she could not help feeling that the blood of the murderer stained the hand of him she loved, and she prayed that God would send conviction to his soul, and prevent him from adding other sins to those already upon him.

Frank Peyton was too weak and exhausted to follow the remains of his loved ones to the grave, and they were laid away beneath the early snow, without a mourner to stand beside the open graves save those who went from sympathy.

With a heavy heart Emma returned from the graveyard and sought her home—that home which had been the scene of so many fearful consequences of unrestrained indulgence in the cup—that home where traffic was made of happiness, reason, and life—returned to find her mother lying unconscious and besotted by drink.

"Oh, will this never end?" she exclaimed, as she threw herself upon her bed, and gave vent to the pent-up feelings of her heart.

For days Frank Peyton lingered between life and death. It was a fearful struggle, and no one knows, save those who have passed through similar trials, what an almost superhuman effort it required for him to keep the promise made his dying wife. But he did

keep it, and he arose from that bed of sickness a saddened, but a better man.

He knew that he would not be safe, surrounded by old associations; so he closed up his affairs to the best of his ability, and turned his back upon Hopedale, determined to commence life anew, amid unfamiliar surroundings, and, if possible, wipe out the memory of the wretched past.

He believed that the spirit of his dead wife was ever near him; and this conviction inspired him with courage to overcome difficulties, resist temptations, and use every endeavor to become the man he was capable of being.

He took up his abode in Laporte, Indiana, where he soon found employment at his old trade; and working diligently, it was not long before he was on the high road to success.

He was a superior mechanic, and his skill and workmanship were appreciated and amply rewarded. Having only himself to support, he was enabled to lay aside a small sum each week.

And now thoughts of his absent daughter intruded themselves upon his mind. He sat down one evening and wrote a long, kind letter to his child, and sent it to Chicago, hoping it might reach her, and bear to her the tidings of her mother's and sister's death, and also of his own reformation. At the same time he was determined not to be discouraged, if it failed to meet with a prompt answer, but to continue his efforts until he succeeded in obtaining some clue to her whereabouts and condition.

One day, while he was at work, his employer said:

"Peyton, you are not a drinking man?"

"No, sir; not now. I have been, but, thank God, I am now free from a habit which brought my family to want and destitution, sent my wife and child to an untimely grave, and well-nigh unfitted me for life. I have seen and known the effects of drink, and I would rather die than again taste a drop of the accursed stuff."

"I am glad to hear you say so, for I am

a strong temperance man. But you have not joined any order—you have not made a public profession of your principles?"

"No, sir; I have never thought it necessary. The promise I made my dying wife is more sacred to me than any pledge I could ever take."

"That may be, and yet if you were a member of an organized society, you would have a safeguard and protecting influence thrown around you, which would make the performance of duty doubly sure, and far easier. Besides this, you would have the encouragement and good wishes of brothers and sisters, and your example might be the means of leading some poor creature, drifting away towards the sea of dissipation and ruin, to seek a harbor of safety beneath the protection of the society to which you belong."

"I never thought of that sir," replied Peyton, thoughtfully; "I never looked upon it in that light."

"You see it now, and I think you'd better let me hand your name in to our Lodge of

'Good Templars,' which meets this evening; you will find it a pleasant, sociable and elevating order."

"I shall be glad to join," replied Peyton; and he returned to his work, while his employer walked away, well satisfied with the result of the conversation.

The following week Frank Peyton was initiated into the Order of "Good Templars": and as he took upon himself the solemn obligations,—he felt that the eyes of his wife looked down upon him from her home above the clouds, that her spirit was glad; and he felt, as he received the cordial greeting extended to him by the brothers and sisters, that it was indeed good for him to be there; and as he took his seat, clothed in the regalia of the order, he saw upon the wall the following inscription:

"Lead us not into temptation."

Oh, how those words, so often spoken by his wife, awakened the memories of the past! How they brought up before him the scenes of

his life—the wasted and unimproved years gone forever! And with tears welling up from his contrite heart, he thanked God silently that he had been led away from temptation, and “plucked as a brand from the burning.”

XXVI.

TWO YEARS GO BY—HARRY OVERCOME BY TEMPTATION—THE RESULT.

Two years went slowly by, and during that time a little girl had come to cheer the hearts of Harry and Lilly—a little blue-eyed, flax-haired creature, whom they called Maud.

For a year or more Harry remained true to his promise—remained steadfast to the pledge he had given his wife the second night after their marriage—and they had prospered well. Harry had given his employers excellent satisfaction, and they had raised his salary and advanced his position. But one day he took a heavy cold. He was called upon to oversee the packing of some boxes in the cellar, when it had been damp and rainy for a week or more. Being compelled to remain in the cellar the greater part of the day, he returned home

at night feeling cold and sick, and on the following morning was unable to rise. A slow fever followed, and for several weeks he remained a prisoner. His strength returned slowly, and the physician who attended him ordered Bourbon whisky.

Alas! that medical men will recklessly place the life of the patient they have saved in a more critical condition than disease could have placed it. The whisky was procured and taken, according to directions; but, alas! it awoke the slumbering thirst in Harry's bosom for strong drink. When he went out from that sick-room, and resumed his situation at the store, he had lost more than a few pounds of flesh by his illness; he had lost honor, manhood, truth and sobriety.

Each evening as he returned home, his wife detected the fumes of liquor in his breath, and she knew he had broken his promise to her—had proved false to his vow—and as she pressed her babe to her bosom, her heart beat with pain, and scalding tears fell upon the innocent head pillowed upon her breast.

Harry rapidly went from bad to worse, and soon it was a rare thing for him to spend an evening at home with his wife; but after midnight he would come reeling in from the gaming-table, where he had squandered his last cent, or with his purse filled with ill-gotten gains.

Poor Lilly pleaded with him in vain; some strange infatuation led him blindly on; and regardless of the tears, the admonitions and the prayers of that gentle wife, he continued in his evil course, until the crushing blow which well nigh ended the life of his wretched and unhappy wife, fell.

He had played heavier than usual, and had lost till he had nothing more to stake. He had tried to borrow, but could not, and the fiend whispered, "Play again, and you will win;" so play he would. But how should he obtain means to play with?

As he asked himself this question, he was sitting in the office of Platt, Gray and Platt, alone, and a great temptation came over him. He resisted it at first; but then he argued

with himself, "I shall be successful this time, and all can be made square."

He cautiously opened a drawer in the private desk, and abstracted therefrom a check; grasping a pen, he filled it out for several hundred dollars, and signed to it the name of the firm—signed it so exactly like the original signature of Mr. Platt, Senior, that it would have puzzled even that gentleman himself to have detected any discrepancy in the signature. He folded the check and put it in his pocket. Soon after he left the store, went to the bank and presented the forged note. The gentlemanly teller had often cashed large checks for the firm, brought by this young man, and suspected no evil. The signature seemed all correct, and, failing to notice the nervous tremor of Harry's hand as he passed him the forged paper, the teller cashed it without hesitation. Harry nervously crammed the money into his pocket, and hastened out into the street.

A feeling of faintness stole over him as he calmly thought of what he had done; but he

put all such feelings to flight by seeking the nearest saloon and quieting his accusing conscience with liberal potations.

That night he staked his dishonestly obtained money, and lost it! He was ruined! What should he do? He called for pen and paper, and writing a few hasty lines to his wife, he rushed from the place and was seen no more.

That night Lilly watched for her husband's coming in vain; and when, in the morning, she laid down upon the untouched bed to rest her overtaxed body and brain, her mind was filled with a thousand undefined fears. But at length some one knocked at her door, and rising, she opened it. A servant of the house handed her a letter, the direction of which was blotted and stained; nevertheless, she recognized the handwriting as that of her husband, and closing the door, she hastily broke the seal, when, with panting breath and distended eyes, she read:

"DEAREST LILLY—I am the vilest wretch on all the earth! I know not how to tell you of

the crime of which I am guilty. The husband you love, and to whom you have ever been the dearest and best of wives, is a transgressor of the law—a thief! In an evil hour I listened to the voice of the tempter and signed the name of the firm to a note in order to obtain money with which to retrieve what I had already lost. I took the money thus obtained, staked it all, and lost! I dare not remain here to be detected and convicted of my crime, and to-night I leave Chicago. But before I go, let me renew the pledge I gave you the night after we were married. God helping me, I will never again taste a drop of liquor, or touch a card! When I have become worthy of your love, and am able to return to my employers the amount I have taken from them, I will come back—not before. Pray for me, my dear wife, and wait for the return of your guilty, but penitent husband,

“HARRY MONTCALM.”

No cry of pain escaped her lips, no tears dimmed her eyes; but there she sat like a

marble statue, with the cruel letter which told her that her husband was a criminal and an outcast, in her nerveless hand. When her baby, which had been lying asleep in its crib, awoke with a cry, she arose mechanically and took it in her arms; but there was no life, no warmth in the heart she folded it against—the very blood in her veins seemed turned to ice—her very life and animation seemed to have gone, and left her a soulless, inanimate, mechanical thing.

And what had wrought this change—what had turned her blood to ice? The fearful power of drink!

XXVII.

OUT OF DARKNESS LIGHT IS BORN—A FATHER
FOUND.

Two days went by, and Lilly remained in this same dreamy, lifeless sort of existence, when Mr. Platt called to ascertain the cause of Harry's absence from the store.

Lilly handed him the letter to read, and tears came into the old man's eyes as he laid the letter down, saying:

"Poor, misguided boy! Why did he not come to me and tell me all? I would have forgiven and sympathized with him, and gladly helped him to keep his resolutions to reform. I took a deep interest in your husband, Mrs. Montcalm, and I am sorry he has been led into this folly; but cheer up! he will become a better man—it will be a lesson to him for the

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future; he will return to you before long, and all will be right again."

Lilly listened to the comforting words of the old gentleman, but they seemed to have little effect upon her. As he arose to go, he took out his pocket-book and handed her a roll of bills, saying:

"There was something coming to your husband when he left, and it is but right that you should receive it. The money he took, he says in his letter, he intends to return as soon as possible, so we must consider that a loan. If you need a friend at any time, do not hesitate to call upon me, for I shall always be glad to serve you."

The kind-hearted old gentleman withdrew, and Lilly sat down with her babe on her lap, to think over all that had happened, and devise some plan for the future. But, alas! she could not think—she could only realize the fact that her husband—her Harry, of whom she had been so proud, was a thief, and she and her child deserted.

Early in the evening Mr. Platt called again, and handing her a letter, said :

"I saw this advertised in the morning's paper, and called at the post-office on my way home to get it, thinking it might cheer you."

Not wishing to intrude upon her, he bade her good-night, promising to call again on the following morning to see if he could be of any assistance to her.

After he left, Lilly opened the letter, and as her eye glanced from the heading to the signature, a glad cry escaped her lips. The letter ran as follows :

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER—This is the fifth letter I have written you. I write regularly once a month, hoping that if you are still alive, at least one of my letters will reach you. In the other letters which I have written, I have told you of your mother's and your sister's death, and of my complete reformation and prosperity, the particulars of which I will tell you when we meet, if we ever do. I am at

Laporte, Indiana, and if this reaches you, write to me, or come to me at once.

"Your affectionate father,

"FRANK PEYTON."

This letter unsealed the fountain of her tears, and she wept long and bitterly. When Mr. Platt called the following morning, he found her much better—more animated and hopeful. She told him the story of her life. She must unburden her overflowing heart to some one, and he was so kind and fatherly, that she felt a confidence in him such as she had never before felt in a stranger.

He told her that he would telegraph to her father at once, and if she could make her preparations he would call for her and see her safely on the afternoon train.

"O yes, I can get ready in time," she said. "I cannot think of delaying unnecessarily for a single moment, I am so anxious to see my father."

Mr. Platt did telegraph, and in the afternoon he came with a carriage to take Lilly and

the baby to the depôt. When they arrived there, he saw that her baggage was properly checked, purchased her ticket for her, and saw her comfortably seated in the car; then bidding her good-by, and charging her to hope for the best, he returned to his place of business, while the cars, with a shrill whistle from the snorting, puffing, smoking locomotive, moved out from the depôt, and whirled away over the broad prairies.

It was not a long ride from Chicago to La-porte, and almost before she realized it, Lilly found herself approaching that quiet and beautiful little city. Taking her baby in her arms, she stepped from the car. As she looked around, she saw a well-dressed, fine-looking man, whom she recognized as her father, hastening towards her.

The meeting between father and child was deeply affecting. Both had changed much since they parted, but they readily recognized each other.

Her father handed her into a carriage which stood in waiting, and they were driven

to his boarding-house, where preparations had been made for her reception. He conducted her at once to the room prepared for her, and after dismissing the kind-hearted, officious landlady, who was anxious to assist the daughter of her esteemed lodger, he sat down with his little granddaughter on his knee, and his daughter by his side. He then told the story of that terrible night in Hopedale when little Edith came to coax him from the tavern to the bedside of his dying wife—told all, nor tried to excuse himself for the guilt and brutality he had exhibited—told of the promise he had made to the dying—of his struggles since—of his complete reformation and success.

Then Lilly, with great sobs and blinding tears, told the story of her happiness during the first months of married life—of the wretchedness which followed—and of the blow which well nigh crushed her as it fell upon her young heart; and father and child wept and prayed together that night, while a holy bond of love and sympathy sprang up between them.

Lilly had found a comfortable home and a kind father, and Frank Peyton soon became so attached to his little "sunbeam," as he called his granddaughter, that he bid fair to spoil her by his indulgence. Little Maud soon learned to lisp the name of "grandpa," and listen for his step when the hour came for his return from business. When his step sounded in the hall, she would clap her hands with delight, toddle to the door to meet him and receive her accustomed kiss.

Lilly's life was very quiet; her lines had indeed fallen in pleasant places. But, oh! there were times when thoughts of that loved one—wandering she knew not where—would steal over her, and her heart would beat heavily and painfully in her bosom. If she could only be assured that he was well, and steadfast to his promise—if she could only be assured that his feet were treading the paths of duty and right, she would be happy. But when she felt despondent, her father would exert himself to draw her thoughts away from her trouble and anxiety; he would whisper words of hope

and cheer, till the old quiet smile would come back to her lips, and the tears be driven back again to their source. With an effort she would regain her composure, and try to look to the future with faith and trust in God, knowing that "He doeth all things well."

Soon after her arrival, she joined the Lodge of "Good Templars" to which her father belonged, and in the pleasant society of the Lodge-room she found much to cheer and comfort her.

Her soul was in the work of reforming the poor, misguided victims of drink, and she was always ready to take an active part in all that would advance the interests of the cause she had espoused. Her labors for good were productive of some grand and powerful results.

XXVIII.

HOPEDALE AGAIN—EFFORTS TOWARDS REFORMATION—HOW RECEIVED.

Two years have passed away since we last visited Hopedale, and during that time some changes have taken place. The factory still remains closed, no effort having been made by the parties into whose hands it fell, at the time of Mr. Montcalm's failure, to again establish it.

Mrs. Montcalm has gone to her final account—her miserable life has ended. Constant and excessive drinking destroyed her vital energies, and she went down to an unhonored grave, unmourned and unloved.

The tavern still stands, and Charlie Traver still occupies his place behind the bar, and deals out to his fellow-men the liquid poison which destroys all manhood and brings the

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victims of a depraved appetite to shame and woe.

Emma has grown old—old beyond her years—and moves about the house with a sad face and troubled heart, ever patient and uncomplaining, learning lessons of charity and fortitude from her helpless but pure-minded and God-loving mother-in-law.

One day there came to the village a stranger, who engaged rooms at the "Montcalm House," gave his name as Mr. Sinclair Betts, announced himself as a temperance lecturer, stating that his business there was to warn the people against the evils of intemperance, and to establish a Lodge of the "Good Templars" in the village. When he said this, Charlie replied:

"You'd better not attempt to lecture here, for you will find little encouragement. The people of Hopedale are independent, freedom-loving people, and will not submit to have their rights interfered with. They all love a social glass now and then, and I don't believe

you'll get anybody but women and children to listen to you."

"I will speak to them, then. I am not to be discouraged or frightened from my purpose," was the reply. "I have come to Hopedale to endeavor to save the people from the ruin which is spreading around them—to save them from the horrors of crime and drunkenness, and opposition will not deter me."

When Emma heard of the business which brought the stranger to the village, she went to him, and with tears in her eyes told him how earnestly she wished him success—how she had prayed that the people of Hopedale might arouse from the moral stupor into which they had fallen, and be reclaimed from the power of the fiend of intemperance, which held so many in cruel bondage.

XXIX.

MR. BETTS AND HIS WORK—EMMA TRAVER ON TEMPERANCE.

FINDING much difficulty in securing a place in which to address the people, Mr. Betts determined to circulate tracts and documents to attract their attention. He circulated several hundred copies of the following eloquent appeal:

"YOUNG MEN: There is a great work for us to do—a special work, which must be done now—a work in which every young man can do something—a work which can never be done better than it can be done at this time.

"Our great national curse must be fought and conquered. The power of the Strong-drink interest must be broken, the spread of drunkenness must be stopped, or we are lost.

"The putting down of drunkenness and the reforming of drunkards is a great work, worthy of Him who taught us duty and forbearance. How can we help on this work?

"Let every man set an example of abstinence from strong drink. There is no occasion for a healthy man to use liquor at all. It does not strengthen the arm; it does not clear the head; it does not brighten the eye; it does not make the footstep firmer; it does not make the man who uses it more industrious, more useful, more lovely, or a worthier member of society. It does not make him more of a gentleman.

"Even when sick, strong drink is better avoided. Many men make drunkards of themselves by continuing to use, as a beverage, strong drink which has been prescribed as a medicine. Young man, you do not so continue to use Epsom salts, castor oil, or mustard plasters, after recovery from sickness.

"To drink liquor is dangerous. To abstain from it, in spite of temptation, is noble. The temptation is presented everywhere. In the bar-room, where you congregate for social in-

tercourse and interchange of thought, the cut-glass decanters of fiery poison face us like batteries posted for our destruction; in the social gathering, the mixture of alcohol and logwood, which bears the high-sounding name of some celebrated wine, is thrust upon us, under the guise of hospitality and good cheer; at the wedding some intoxicating mixture is set before us, and we are guilty of rudeness if we do not partake of it; in the family closet, the jug of brandy, or the bottle of vile 'bitters,' invites to the private pursuit of a course which proves, in the end, even as bitter as gall and wormwood.

"If by abstaining you can prevent one friend or brother from becoming a drunkard, the sacrifice on your part of pouring filthy stimulants down your throat, will not be in vain.

"Deal very kindly with the drunkard. There is a general disposition to kick the poor fellow, to speak harshly to him, or, at best, to let him alone, as a degraded specimen of humanity. This is wrong. He is besotted, it is true, because of his beastly appetite; but that

appetite has been goaded on by the seller of strong drink, and the seller of strong drink has been allowed to pursue his fiendish business with little hindrance on the part of Christian people, beyond an occasional (not very forcible) remonstrance.

"The drunkard, fallen though he be, is our brother. We cannot get rid of our responsibility by saying: 'Am I my brother's keeper?' It is our business to do all we can to reform and restore him to decency and to Christianity, and what we do must be done in the spirit of our Master.

"Help to bring down the rum-trade. Its profits are so great that it has become a mighty power in the land. No outrage or indecency is too great for it to commit. For gain it makes merchandise of the souls of its victims; it ruins families; it breaks up the peace of households; it makes widows and orphans; it fills almshouses, jails and penitentiaries. It fattens pauper graveyards with the remains of its victims. It not only controls primary meetings, elections, and legislative assemblies, but

it is protected by law to such an extent that, while it is permitted to make wrecks of men, their outraged widows have no recourse against the destroyer of their happiness.

"The slave-trade was bad. The slave-auctions were horrible. The dealer in human flesh was voted to be a low wretch, who could not gain admission into decent society. The liquor-trade is, if possible, worse. The bartering of a man's happiness, mind, reason, and very soul, across a counter for glass after glass of whiskey, is fully as vile as the selling of his body by auction.

"As the slave-dealer was held accursed, so let society frown on the maker and the seller, wholesale or retail, by the hogshead or by the glass, of distilled perdition, until every vender of the poison shall, by force of public opinion, if not by law, be driven out of a life of crime and dishonesty into some decent business, on which he can consistently ask the blessing of God. To this end we must awaken the people to action; and present indications show that they are beginning to think on this matter as

they have not thought for years. People will then listen to lectures and addresses on the subject, as they have not listened to them; and will crowd to temperance lectures as they have not before crowded.

"We dare not neglect such a favorable time for following up the work as this points the present to be.

"What then is our duty? To use every possible individual effort, in personal example, in writing, speaking and laboring for the reform of drunkards and the suppression of drunkenness; to labor, as bodies of Christian men, to arouse the people by public meetings and otherwise. No work can be more readily done—no work promises better or speedier results. Open your halls and churches, call the people together, get your best speakers, ministers, lawyers, statesmen, merchants, clerks, anybody who has heart and brains to speak, and voice to command the people's attention. Persuade the men and the women that there is mighty work to be done, and show them how to do it.

"Persistent warfare and faithful reliance on God's strength may bring this pernicious crime of drunkenness to a like complete defeat.

"Let us never cease to labor and pray for this end, till such a degree of public enthusiasm is aroused, and such wholesome laws are enacted and executed as shall banish this relic of barbarism—this blot on civilization—into the same ditch in which the lately deceased 'moral evil' found its final resting-place.

"And, above all, let these words be engraven upon every heart: 'Lead us not into temptation.'"

In spite of her husband's opposition, Emma undauntedly walked into the bar-room with a package of the papers in her hand, and distributed them among the men gathered there, earnestly requesting them to read carefully and circulate them.

The time had indeed come for action—the time for which the mother and the wife of the tavern-keeper had so long prayed and hoped—

and Emma determined to do her share in the good work.

Besides this appeal, Mr. Betts circulated sterling tracts, and these documents were read carefully, thoughtfully, and earnestly. Several men who had for years been excessive drinkers, rallied around the temperance reformer, promising him their aid and support.

The women with one accord welcomed him as a God-sent messenger, and declared themselves willing to stand by him in any measures he might resort to in order to reclaim their fallen husbands, brothers and sons. But some opposed him with bitterness, and showered upon him threats of violence, if he remained in the village and attempted to interfere with the sale of intoxicating drink.

It will be remembered that before Mr. Montcalm died, he gave his daughter a deed of the tavern; the building therefore belonged to her. Though she had never asserted her rights to dictate how the business there should be conducted, she hoped her husband would see the evil of the course he was pursuing, and turn

from it, out of a sense of duty and right. She had cherished this hope for years, and now she determined to take a bold stand, and assert her right of ownership. Accordingly she placed the large dancing-hall connected with the tavern at the disposal of Mr. Betts, for the purpose of holding temperance meetings.

When Charlie heard of this, he rushed upstairs, burst into his wife's apartment, and in a towering passion, said:

"What is this I hear? that the ball-room is to be thrown open as a temperance hall, and that you have placed it at the disposal of this Betts, who is trying to instil his fanatical notions into the minds of the people of Hope-dale!"

"I certainly did offer Mr. Betts the use of the dancing-hall for the purpose of delivering temperance lectures free to the people, and I see no reason why it should occasion such an outburst from you."

"See no reason, eh? Well, I think it reason enough when a man is permitted to speak in my house against my business, and endeavor

to injure my trade and take my customers away. I tell you I will permit nothing of the kind. I will turn this hypocrite out of doors, and see whether he will force an entrance into my house against my will."

"Charles Traver, you will do nothing of the kind!" said Emma, rising and standing before her husband in the strength of her womanhood, all manner of shrinking timidity gone. "Mr. Betts shall lecture in that hall. This house is mine, not yours, and too long have I suffered it to be the degraded place it has been—too long have I permitted you to pursue the evil course you have; but now I will allow no encroachments upon my rights. As owner of the place I have a right to place the dancing-hall at the disposal of whom I please; and if you interfere with that right, I shall take measures to establish it beyond the possibility of encroachment."

Charlie Traver looked at his wife in amazement. Could this defiant, unterrified woman, be the weak, yielding creature he had called wife for so many years? It was, and yet he

could not comprehend the change which had come over her. Shrinking beneath her undaunted gaze, he left the room, muttering something about "women knowing their place," and returned to the bar-room to curse the temperance reform, the folly of women, and mankind generally.

He already felt the influence upon his business of the tracts circulated, and knew that if an opportunity and encouragement for reformation was offered, many of his best and most regular customers would desert their accustomed haunts, and declaring themselves free men, use their influence against the traffic in which he was engaged.

He could not endure the thought of having his business interfered with, and perhaps ruined; so he cursed most bitterly the man who had come among them for the purpose of instilling into the minds of the people principles of morality, temperance and sobriety—cursed himself, his wife, and all humanity, but did not curse the curse of all mankind—the traffic in liquid poison!

XXX.

THE TEMPERANCE LECTURE—WHY HOPEDALE WAS AFFORDED AN OPPORTUNITY FOR REFORMATION.

EVENING came, and the dancing-hall was well filled at an early hour. Wives and mothers were there, sisters and sweethearts were there; and far back, near the door, were gathered a crowd of men who for years had made the bar-room and card-room below their places of daily and nightly resort. They were anxious to "hear what the fellow would have to say for himself," they said; and so for this one evening they had left their cards and cups, to listen to a man who had the pluck and energy to brave all opposition, to overcome all obstacles, and assert his right to preach what he conceived to be the truth to his fellow-men. They had taken their stand near the door, so that they might easily slip away and join them-

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selves to their cards and cups, if they grew tired of the discourse, or the thirst for drink became too great for resistance.

When the speaker arose and stepped forward to the table which had been placed upon the platform, the buzz of whispered conversation ceased, and the hall was as still as if death reigned there.

Looking around upon the gathered crowd, the speaker commenced with these words:

"No doubt you are anxious to know what led me, a stranger to you all, to come to your village and take the stand I have taken. I will tell you why I came here, and why I have been so persistent in my efforts to be heard.

"Some weeks ago I had occasion to visit the city of Laporte, Indiana, in the official capacity of missionary for the 'National Temperance Association.' I lectured in that place for the benefit of the 'Lodge of Good Templars' established there, and in my lecture I related to the audience some of the work I had performed during the last year. At the close of the lecture a noble-looking, well-dressed man

came to me with tears in his eyes, and said: 'Oh, sir, God be praised for the good you have done! As I listened to you to-night I thought of my old companions, and the old associations which used to cluster around me at Hopedale; and I thought, sir, of those friends I once loved, and how they were going to destruction through the influence of the rum-fiend. I have come to you, sir, to ask you to go there, to tell those people of the terrible evils of drunkenness, and urge them to leave the accursed stuff alone and become men. I left there, sir, only a few years ago. I had been a drunkard and a gambler, but I determined to reform, and since I left there I have not tasted a drop of liquor nor touched a card; and though I came away penniless and broken in health, I am now worth several thousand dollars, and I want to see those old friends and companions saved.'

"I promised that man I would come here, and I have kept the promise. No doubt all of you remember Frank Peyton. I have come to plead with you for him, come to en-

deavor to lead you to choose the same path which led him to success, honor and prosperity."

Then with thrilling words he depicted the drunkard's home—the anguished wife—the neglected children—the desolation and wretchedness of the home where drink had led the father and husband to forget and disregard the holiest and most sacred ties of life.

Sobs, moans, and tears were heard and seen in all parts of the hall. Women in tattered garments, but with traces of refinement still left, sobbed as the word-pictures so vividly depicted their trials and sufferings; men whose hearts had become seared and hardened by drink, were softened, conviction went home to them, and they groaned in agony of spirit as they realized the course they had pursued, and whither that course was leading them. They listened as the lecturer went on and spoke as one whose whole soul was in his subject.

"This rum-fiend is awaiting his victims on every hand. With disguised and covert purpose he entices the clerk from his counter,

the student from his books, the mechanic from his shop, the physician from his patient, the husband from his home, and even the minister from his duty at the sacred desk. He has suspended reason and made shipwreck of immortal minds by inducing that most terrible of all diseases, delirium tremens, and led the arm of the father to be raised against the child—the arm of the child against the parent!

“How many brave, talented, noble and generous men whom we have known and loved, have fallen victims to his power! How many, while under the influence of liquor, have been claimed by death! And, oh! who can depict the horrors of an exit from this beautiful world, in such a condition, to the dim future of eternity! To those gathered here to-night, let me appeal—let me ask you if the love of strong drink is so dear, or intoxication so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains more galling than those of the veriest slave? Let me urge you, friends, brothers, to throw off this very night your bondage, and call yourselves free men! This very night,

crush beneath your feet an enemy who will lead you to destruction, unless you conquer and overcome him. This night enroll yourselves among the recruits for the army of Temperance, determined to make warfare against the most deadly foe of men—the Rum-fiend! to restore peace and happiness to desolate homes, and build anew the fires of love on the hearth-stones of sorrowing hearts. Come, sign the pledge! place your name beneath that pledge which will, by strict observance, restore to you your position in society, the love of your family, your peace of mind, and your self-respect.”

As he finished speaking, several came forward and signed the pledge. He bid them God-speed, and urged others to come and do likewise so eloquently, so earnestly, that the appeal reached the hearts of many. And, oh! who can tell the joy that filled the hearts, the thanksgiving and the praise, that arose from the lips of wives and daughters as they saw husbands and fathers, whom they deemed irretrievably lost, sign the Temperance Pledge.

XXXI.

CHARLIE TRAVER'S REFORMATION, AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

THE following evening another large meeting was held, and others were induced to attend. Curiosity was excited, and even Charlie Traver closed his bar for the evening, to go into the ball-room. It would have been but little use to have kept it open, for the earnest, forcible, and energetic lecturer proved more attractive than the allurements of the bar.

Sinclair Betts seemed endowed with marvellous eloquence, the second night. In graphic, vivid language, he depicted the scenes which had transpired in the bar-room below since the opening of the tavern, and called upon the people to put a stop to a traffic which was doing so much harm, and accomplishing nothing of good. He did not

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assail the business of the rumseller as something which had a right to be, but ranked it among the worst of crimes, and urged his hearers to make war upon it as such.

The words which fell from his lips went directly to the heart of Charles Traver, and though he had so long turned a deaf ear to the pleadings and prayers of mother and wife, and hardened his heart against the truth, this night he felt convicted; and as he saw his old customers—men who had once been thrifty and honest, now low, debased and ragged from frequent visits to his bar—as he saw these men, whose money he had taken, and to whom he had given liquid poison day after day, going up to the platform, and with a new light in their bleared eyes, and new pride in their wasted manhood, signing the pledge of total abstinence—tears, repentant, honest tears, welled up from his crime-stained heart. He too went up, and grasping the pen, signed his name beneath the others.

Then a glad cry broke on the air. A delicate form arose, and rushing to the platform,

his wife flung her arms about his neck, and with the exclamation, "Thank God, you are saved, my husband!" fell fainting at his feet.

Tears rolled down many a hardened cheek, as he stooped and lifted the wasted form in his arms, and making his way through the crowd, carried her to his mother's room, and laid her on the bed. Then kneeling before his mother, as he had so often done in childhood, he said:

"Mother, give me your blessing; I have this night become a man! I have signed the temperance pledge!"

"God bless you, my son! I am happy, now, indeed! How I have prayed for this moment! How my soul has longed to hear those words!"

And she wept from excess of joy.

The following day Charles Traver emptied his bottles and barrels of poison, and cleared the bar-room of every trace of the destroyer of innocence and the enemy of mankind.

The following evening a Lodge of "Good Templars" was instituted, with over one hundred charter-members, and the dancing-hall of the tavern was turned into a lodge-room.

After remaining long enough to see the society in good working order, Sinclair Betts left Hopedale for new fields of labor, followed by the prayers and blessings of many grateful hearts.

The old bar-room was turned into a reading-room, and Charles Traver commenced making necessary repairs and improvements on the building, which had been allowed to fall into neglect, and presented a shabby, uninviting appearance. Now, however, he determined to make it a model home for travellers, and his wife entered with interest into all his plans for improvement.

The rum-fiend had been driven from the village, and on every hand signs of improvement and industry met the eye of the stranger or the careful observer.

The future for Hopedale was bright—the clouds of night had passed away, and the light of dawn was breaking in the East, casting golden arrows of light over the hill-tops and valleys!

XXXII.

CONCLUSION.

ONE day Lilly Montcalm sat in her room, sewing. Maud was playing on the floor with a snow-white kitten, when a light rap sounded on the door. Supposing it to be one of the neighbors, Lilly called out, "Come in."

The door opened, and a well-formed, handsome man, with heavy beard and moustache, entered.

Lilly started with surprise, while the stranger stood for a moment and gazed earnestly upon her. Then he opened his arms, and said :

"Don't you know me, Lilly, my wife?"

With a glad cry she sprang into his arms, which were instantly folded about her, and laying her head upon his broad bosom, she murmured :

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CONCLUSION.

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"My husband!"

Then, from very excess of joy she fainted. But the warm kisses which he showered upon her lips and brow soon brought her back to consciousness; and Maud, astonished at such unexampled conduct, set up a shrill cry of alarm, which was soon changed to one of joy by a shower of sugar-plums from the capacious pocket of the intruder.

Then followed his story. The night he left Chicago under such harrowing circumstances, he borrowed sufficient money from a friend to take him to New York. By the time he arrived there he was almost wild with anxiety and remorse. His friend, to whom he applied, listened kindly and attentively to his story, and used his influence in securing a situation for him which was then vacant, as a clerk to go to the Indies. He sailed a few days after his arrival in New York. By strict attention to business he had secured the confidence and esteem of his employers, and gradually rose in position, until he was enabled to embark in business for himself. As soon as possible he

had returned to his native land, and at once started for Chicago. With mingled feelings of pride and mortification he had sought his former employers, Platt, Gray and Platt; to them made a full confession of his guilt, and restored the money he had dishonestly obtained by the forged check, with interest up to date. From them he learned the whereabouts of his wife and child, and had started at once to find them, to plead for forgiveness for the past, and endeavor in the future to make atonement for all the care, anxiety and sorrow he had occasioned.

Oh, it was indeed a day of rejoicing; and when Frank Peyton returned from his business at night, he gave the wanderer a hearty welcome home.

Little remains to be told. Mr. Peyton closed up his business in Laporte, according to the wishes of his daughter and her husband, and they all went back to Hopedale to live. He purchased the factory where he had served as foreman, and after putting it in thorough repair, commenced an extensive business. Harry

bought the house his father had built, and there made a home for the wife he loved so well, and who had proved faithful and true to him through all.

There is not a drop of liquor sold in Hopedale at the present time—not a man who is not a thorough, honest, conscientious temperance man, among the resident inhabitants—and such things as poverty, distress and crime are unknown there. When strangers visit the place, and remark the thrift and enterprise manifested, and wonder at the fact of there not being a drinking-saloon, the invariable answer is :

“‘Lead us not into temptation!’ We know too well the power of the rum-fiend, and we thank God that we are all free from his power.”

Oh, friends, let us labor on with unwavering courage and unflagging energy, until the great car of temperance and reformation which we have set in motion rolls on and on, and crushes beneath its wheels the monster of intemperance; until every fallen fellow-creature

is reclaimed, and every rum-shop in the land is closed; and, above the doors where now rests the sign of "Bar-room," is placed the words:

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."