

day, but she hoped the Lord would consider her circumstances and forgive her for working on the Sabbath. She said if there were no saloons she would not have to work on Sunday. There were just four of us, father, mother, Baby Bess and Willie, that is me."

"So your name is Willie is it? but go on with your story."

"Well, as I said, mother was away all day, and sometimes she would not get home until after dark; she was not very strong, and sometimes she had awful big washings, and sometimes we didn't have much to eat, because the ladies mother washed for didn't have the right change or they would forget to ask their husbands for it. Mother always hated to ask for money after she earned it, she said it did seem as if they ought to know that she needed the money or she would not wash for it, and it generally happened that when one didn't have the change none of them did, so sometimes we got awful hungry while we were waiting for folks to pay us."

"Why didn't your mother ask for her money, it was hers after she earned it?"

"She was afraid to, for sometimes they would get mad and say she didn't half wash their clothes, and then they would hunt up a new wash woman. It was one of those weeks when nobody had any change, it was Friday morning, we had very little to eat on Thursday and on Friday morning there were only a pint of corn meal and about two spoonfuls of molasses. Mother baked the meal into bread, and told me to feed baby when she woke, and to keep a sharp lookout for father; he was in town on a big spree, he was awful cross when he was drinking, it was not safe for him to get his hands on us, so we always hid when we saw him coming, if mother was not at home. Little Bess would nearly go into fits when she saw him coming home drunk. 'Don't let Bessie cry if you can help it, Willie, I am afraid I won't get home until after dark to-night, Mrs. Gray always has such large washings, but I will come as soon as I can, and I will bring home some provisions, for I must have some money to-night or we will starve,' she kissed Baby Bess as she lay asleep and then kissed me at the door. 'Be a good boy, Willie, and take care of little sister.' Bessie slept a long time that morning, and I passed the time in sitting by her and in going to the door to watch for father. When she woke up she said the first thing, 'Babie is so hungry, Willie get something to eat,' but I said, 'get up Bessie and let me dress you and then we will have breakfast.' I had not eaten a mouthful nor had mother tasted food before leaving home, and I was awful hungry myself. She got up, and I dressed, washed and combed her; but when we sat down at the table Bessie looked at the food and then she just dropped her curly head right down on the table, and sobbed out, 'Oh, Willie, I am so tired of corn bread and molasses I can't eat it. I want some meat and butter.' 'Don't cry baby,' I said, stroking her curls, 'mother will bring home something to-night.' 'But it is long to wait—this is Mrs. Gray's day and mother is always late when she washes for her.' 'Try to eat,' I said, and I put a spoonful of molasses on her plate, and she did try, but she only swallowed a few mouthfuls, and then she left the table. I ate a small piece of dry bread, I thought maybe she would eat the molasses, so I did not touch them. All day she kept saying she was hungry, but refused to eat what we had. It was a long day to both of us. Father had not come home and it was nearly dark; we were both sitting on the door step, Bessie laid her head against my arm and began to cry, 'I'm so hungry, Willie, mother stays so late to-night.' 'Don't cry, baby, mother will soon be home.' 'Of course, she will,' exclaimed George Anderson; he lived a mile beyond us, and as he spoke he tossed a bunch of blue bells into Bessie's lap. 'Oh, how pretty!' she exclaimed, while the tears dropped from her sweet blue eyes down on the pretty blue bells. 'Come, Bessie,' I said, 'let me fasten them among your curls.' She got up and stood on the doorstep with her face toward the house. I stood behind her and tied the blue bells in her golden curls. I had just fastened the last one when some one jerked me off of the bottom step. It was father; he was drunk, and I knew by his looks that he was almost crazy with drink. He pushed me aside and stood between little Bessie and me. Bessie turned to run, but he caught her and said, 'You have been crying; what did Willie do to you?' She was so white and scared that I thought she would faint. 'Willie didn't do nothing,' she gasped out. Father let go her and grasped me; he commenced to shake me awful. 'You rascal, what did you do to Bessie? Tell me or I will shake the breath out of you.' He shook me so I could not answer. Then little Bessie caught him by the arm, 'Please, father, don't hurt Willie; I was so hungry it made me cry.' He looked in at the table and saw the bread and molasses. 'You little white-faced liar, you are not hungry; look at that table, there is plenty to eat, and good enough, too, for such a brat as you,' and he shook her roughly. She began to cry and I tried to put my arm around her, but father pushed me away. 'If you can't eat anything I will give you something to drink,' and he caught her up in his arms and started down the path that led to the pond where we got wash-water, it was not a frog hole, the water was as clear as a lake, and it was surrounded by green grass and several large trees grew near its bank, it was a lovely place in summer and a glorious place for skating in winter. It was only a short distance from the house. Bessie hushed crying, but she looked so awful scared, I followed close behind father. 'I'll give you something to drink,' he exclaimed, when he reached the edge of the water, and he walked right into the water, and I followed, scarcely knowing what I was doing I was so frightened, he waded in about knee deep, then he took Bessie and putting her feet under one arm he put her little curly head down under the water, she threw up her

little white hands and cried out, 'Oh, Willie, take baby,' just as the curly head went down. I waded around father and tried with all my strength to raise her head out of the water, but father held it down. I begged father to take her out, but he did not listen to me. She threw up her hands wildly, there was a gurgling sound, and then all was still. I begged father to take her out, I prayed God to save Bessie's life, but all in vain, God was far away and did not hear my cry, at least it seemed so to me. It seemed hours to me, but at last father lifted up Bessie's white dripping face. I called her name frantically, madly, wildly, but her blue lips didn't move; she was dead. Father carried her and lay her down on the green grass. 'I guess she won't be hungry for a while,' he said, as he laid her down. I was so stunned that I neither moved nor spoke, until I saw the blue bells that I had twined in Bessie's hair floating out on the water. I could not bear to see them drift away, it seemed as if it was dear little Bessie's sweet, dead face drifting away, I could not bear the thought, so I waded out after them, the water was deep and on I went, it was up to my arm pits, now over my shoulders, still the blue bells were just beyond my reach, but I must have them, the water touched my chin, another step and I caught them, and, just as I did, I heard mother call: 'Willie, oh, Willie! where are you?' I looked for father; he was seated on the ground by Bessie. 'Willie, oh, Willie!' came mother's voice again. I was out of the water now, but so weak I could scarcely stand. 'Bessie, oh, Bessie!' I called back, 'Here, mother, at the pond.' Father gave one mad leap into the water; he plunged in face down. I was so terrified I did not know what to do. I heard mother coming. I trembled so I could not walk, so I crawled up to Bessie, and taking father's old straw hat put it over Bessie's dead face to keep mother from seeing it. In a moment she came in sight. She saw I was dripping with water. 'Willie, Willie, what is the matter?' I could not speak. She lifted the hat off of Bessie's face. She stood for a moment as if turned to stone. 'Tell me how it happened, Willie; tell me, quick.' Then I found voice and told her everything. She heard me through without a word, but when I had finished, shriek after shriek rent the air. She stood with clasped hands over Bessie, and shrieked such unearthly cries that soon the neighborhood flocked to the spot. Father had drowned himself; his body was taken from under the beautiful water and buried in the cemetery along side of Bessie. Mother was a raving maniac from the moment she uttered the first heart-rending cry over her dead baby Bess. I put the blue bells in a little box and hung them around my neck, but after the funeral I lay in the hospital, sick for weeks with brain fever, but when I came to myself the box was still around my neck; here it is," and he drew from his bosom a small box, which, upon opening, revealed a few withered leaves.

"They speak of sweet little baby Bessie," he said, as he closed the box and slipped it back under his shirt bosom. Then he looked me straight in the eye and said:

"Please, Mr., don't ever vote for whisky. It killed father and dear little baby Bessie, my only sister, and it locked mother up in the mad-house. Please, don't vote for rum."

And I, man that I was, drew the little bootblack down and kissed him, and said:

"God helping me, I never will vote for license, or whisky-men again."
—From the Temperance Crisis.

LAW BREAKING WORKS TWO WAYS.

At Holden, Missouri, on the 18th, about twenty-five women entered the saloon of L. B. Williams with axes and demolished everything in sight. We don't know whether Mr. Williams was one of the high-license, "respectable, law abiding" saloon-keepers or not, but we will venture the suggestion that if anybody ever needed to be tarred and feathered Mr. Williams did at the hands of those twenty-five women. We will also venture the assertion that if some African Zulu should go to Holden and attempt to exercise his "personal liberty" by doing one-tenth the injury which a saloon would do to the homes of those twenty-five women by some new device of the devil, and they should hang him to the first lamp post, there could not be found in the State of Missouri a jury which would not say—served him right. The Home must be protected. If the men won't protect it with their ballots let the women protect it with axes. There are thousands of homes utterly ruined every year by the saloons of Missouri. Kind husbands are turned into wife beaters who let their families starve. Sons, who have supported widowed mothers, are turned into worthless hoodlums, by the respectable saloon. Who will blame the wives and mothers for using extreme measures, to save their husbands and sons from drunkard's graves and themselves from the poorhouse? Nine of the ten of the dramsellers of this State would cut their own throats rather than bear a tithe of the trouble which the wife of a drunken husband, or the mother of a drunken son, bears. Thousands of women of this city who, a few years ago, had prosperous husbands, pleasant homes and plenty of this world's goods have seen everything they possessed, even to the last piece of furniture go into the till of the dramseller, and their husbands into drunkards graves. We have often wondered how these women can pass a saloon without "demolishing everything in sight."—National American.