

almost painful. It's a blessing that he had no sons or they would certainly have gone to the bad by way of keeping the family to a natural average.

Before going any further with this story I might as well clear up matters in regard to Dr. Boyd. From Andrew's statement you might suppose that he had once been a confirmed toper. The fact was that young Frank, in spite of his father, was as sober and steady a lad as you could wish to see; but one summer, just before he went to college, he fell in with a wild set of fellows from town who were out at the beach hotel; they went somewhere to a political meeting one night and all got drunk, young Frank included, and made fearful fools of themselves; the deacon was there, representing the temperance interest, and saw them. After that he never had any use for Frank Boyd. It didn't make a mite of difference that Frank was terribly ashamed and sorry and never went with these fellows afterwards nor ever was known to taste liquor again. He got through college splendidly and came home and settled in Brunswick and worked up a fine practice. It was all no use, as far as the deacon was concerned. He persisted in regarding Dr. Frank as a reformed rake who might relapse into his evil ways at any moment. And Andrew would have excused a man for murder before he would have excused him for getting drunk.

The deacon was what his enemies—for he had plenty of enemies in spite of, or maybe because of, his goodness—called a temperance fanatic. Now, I'm not going to decry temperance. It's the right thing and I'm a white ribboner myself and never touch even homemade currant wine; and a little fanaticism always greases the wheels of any movement. But I'm bound to say that Andrew carried things too far. He was fairly rabid for the temperance cause; and the only man in the

world he wouldn't speak to was Deacon Millar because Deacon Millar opposed the introduction of unfermented wine for the communion and used whiskey to break up a cold.

So, all these things considered, I thought poor Amy's prospects for marrying her man were very faint indeed and I felt nearly as bad over it as she did. I knew that Frank Boyd was her choice, once and forever. Amy is a Barry by nature, even if she is a Poultney by birth, and the Barrys never change—as I could testify; but this isn't my story. If they can't marry the one they set their hearts on, they never marry. And Frank Boyd was such a fine young fellow and everybody liked and respected him. Any man in the world but Andrew would have been delighted at the thought of having him for a son-in-law.

However, I comforted Amy as well as I could and I even agreed to go and argue with her pa, although I knew I should have nothing to show for my waste of breath. And I hadn't, although I did all that mortal woman could do. I cooked a magnificent dinner with all the deacon's favorite dishes; and after he had eaten all he possibly could and twice as much as was good for him, I tackled him—and failed. And when a woman fails under *those* circumstances she may as well fold her hands and hold her tongue.

Andrew heard all I had to say politely, as he always did, for he prided himself on his good manners; but I saw right along that it wasn't sinking in any deeper than the skin.

"No, Juliana," he said patiently, "I—ah can never give my daughter to a reformed drunkard. I—ah should tremble for her happiness. Besides, think how it would look if I—ah were to allow my daughter to marry a man addicted to drink—I—ah, who am noted for my sound temperance principles. Why, it would be a handle for the liquor people to use against me.