

Family Circle.

A Chapter from the Life of a Portland Dram Drinker.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"It's almost time," said little Elsie, fixing her troubled eyes on the old clock opposite the window where she sat, and then she turned her sharp but sickly glance upon the pale-faced mother.

"Yes, Elsie, but don't be alarmed if he should not be himself," replied the worn looking woman with a heavy sigh; "the fright you took lately has injured you more than a thousand colds. No one shall harm you, dear; I will defend you to my death;" she added with determination, and as if half speaking to herself.

"I don't care for me, mother, a bit; but when he tries to strike you, oh! how I shiver, and how I almost hate him; I can't help it, mother, indeed I can't," she quickly continued, as her mother looked up reprovingly; "just think of that sweet, patient little sufferer, a cripple, perhaps for life; how pale and helpless he lies there, my dear, darling brother."

The mother turned her head slowly, until her two dim blue eyes rested full upon an emaciated child, sleeping uneasily in a broken cradle.

"Your father was good and kind once," she murmured, even while a frown gathered on her brow at the sight, "and now, when he makes one of his resolves, which, alas! is of but short duration, his old nature comes out like sunshine. Poor little Henry, that was a cruel blow given by a father's hand; but who is responsible?" she exclaimed, suddenly starting from her seat, while her temples and cheeks were crimsoned; "oh! had I the power, not a rum shop should stand in this city by nightfall."

"Mother, don't look so angry," said little Elsie, with a quivering lip.

"God forgive me," replied the woman, stooping and kissing the blueish forehead of her child, "but when I think of what he has been, what he might have been—"

The door was pushed violently open, and a girl of some fifteen summers burst into the room. Her fine face was lighted up, and her eyes shone like two brilliants, as she exclaimed with vehemence, "Oh! mother, mother, can you imagine what news I have for you? it is so good, so glorious; the new liquor law has passed, and they say that within one week not a glass of intoxicating spirits can be had for love or money. I felt so delighted when I heard it," she continued, as the tears struggled with her smiles, "that I left our shop on the instant and hurried home to tell you; now I must be back again; it is worth a thousand dollars to see that smile on your face," and more to repress the quick sobs that were almost choking her, with the strange joy she felt, than fear that her presence might be missed at the work shop, she hurried again from the room.

The drunkard's wife sat down dreamily. She could hardly bring her mind to realize the truth of what she had heard;—presently that consumptive child at her side, pressed the trembling hand of her mother, and in sweet but faltering tones, uttered the simple sentence, "God is good, mother."

Instantly rising, the poor woman laid aside her work, and hurrying to a narrow room adjoining, she fell upon her knees, completely overpowered by her emotion. An hour passed before she rejoined her sick children; that hour had been spent in prayer and tears; prayers of thanksgiving and tears of joy.

With a more cheerful heart than she had known for years, she hurried about her work. It was impossible to make the room neater, for the most battered furniture shone with cleanliness; but she went out herself, and purchased some little luxuries, such as none but Elsie had enjoyed for many a day, and drawing the table to the middle of the floor, she sat it out with all the ware that her closet contained. Elsie looked on, pleased and happy, only asking her mother if she thought that her father would be home to supper.

"I know he will," was the firm reply.

When the two little boys came home from school, towards evening, they crept around

the table, peeping at the pie, and asking all sorts of questions; whether that really was tea that stood on the old stove, and if they might have butter on their bread? and when they were assured that they might, they moved round the room on tiptoe for fear of disturbing their sick brother, talking to each other with the delighted glances of their intelligent faces.

At dark, the eldest daughter returned, and with a beautiful smile she said, "Mother, I saw father at the corner of the street, and what do you think? he had a lobster in his hand for supper. And he was as sober as he could be. He didn't notice me, but I heard him say with a laugh, that if he couldn't get liquor in Portland, he was sure he shouldn't go out of his way for it, and the man he was talking with, mother, to crown the whole, was Mr. L.,—president of the Temperance Society. Oh! it does seem as if we should be happy once more. And how nice everything looks—not nicer than usual," she added, "but we see through different eyes to-night, I suppose."

The mother was still silent, but how high was her poor heart beating with new and joyful hope. It seemed as if that heart would, at times, leap from its enclosure; and when the husband and father neared the house, she sank, pale and trembling, upon a seat.

Eddy and Willy, the oldest boys, stood in the doorway; their father caught Eddy and swung him up with a "hi-yah, sonny," and breaking off claw after claw from the huge lobster, he filled their hands. He entered the room carelessly, and, glancing at the table, deposited his burden upon it, took off his hat, and for the first time for five months, sat down by the window beside his sick child. Her little folded hands were instantly held forth to be clasped in his, and as he took them a tear trembled on his eyelids.

"Have you no brighter light than that?" he asked, pointing to the dying flame, that shed a feeble ray over the tidy table. "Send and get some better oil, mother."

"I have no money, Edward," said his wife, timidly.

"No money, hey? Well, I reckon I can let you have a little;" and bending forward, he threw nearly two dollars in change upon her lap. The glance which she gave him thrilled his whole being. A moan from the little fellow in the cradle startled him. He went and stood uneasily at the child's side, and gazed down into the wan face that looked so suffering and ghastly.

"Mother," he exclaimed, turning abruptly away, and walking the floor hurriedly, "if I have prayed once to-day that this new law might go into operation, I have twenty times since yesterday morning, when old Hart told me that he didn't dare sell me a single glass, I have been thinking what a curse I've been to you all, even to that innocent babe;" his voice faltered, while his eldest daughter wiped away the tears that were streaming over her cheeks, as she sat silent in the darkest corner of the room.

"And, mother," he continued, "I've made a solemn vow to God, that I would never touch rum again; and just think how much it will assist me to know that I can go to this corner and that, without being tempted with the sight of the miserable poison."

"God be thankful," said the glad wife, bowing her head upon the mantle to hide her streaming eyes: "for there never was a better husband than you Edward, when you are yourself. As for dear little Henry, I trust he will get well again soon; do not think of the past, but resolve for the future."

"I will!" exclaimed the husband, in deep, solemn tones.

Even Elsie was wheeled up to the supper table, and joy beamed on every face as they sat together.

"In less than a month, mother," said the repentant man, "I mean to put you into a better house; and, as soon as I can, I'll hoist all this old trash out of doors, and we will get as nice furniture as any body need have in our circumstances. I declare 'tis comfort though, to see you all eating so heartily, and looking so happy. Even Elsie's cheeks are as red as roses."

The child smiled merrily, but the mother kept down a sigh that was swelling in her bosom; she knew that her fair girl would

soon be in a happier home than earth can afford; but oh! it was a rich consolation to feel that a sober father would stand beside the dying bed of the little one.

"Father," said roguish Eddy, "I like our Mayor, though, don't you?"

"Like him? That man will have no thorns in his dying pillow; I believe that a thousand lips, at least, are invoking blessings on him to-night."

"God bless him," said the wife and mother, softly—and oh! there was such joy in her heart.—*Olive Branch.*

General Miscellany.

Gas Meters.

This exceedingly ingenious little instrument is in almost universal use, wherever gas is used for light. Those used in this city, and, we believe, in the principal cities of the United States, are made by Colton and Code, of Philadelphia. The experience of many years has proved the regularity and accuracy of this beautiful invention, and a little attention only will be necessary to enable every consumer to read his own meter, and to keep it in working order.—The word meter means measure, and the instrument is used solely for the purpose of knowing the quantity of gas consumed.—The circular part contains a drum wheel divided into sections of a perfectly ascertained capacity, the lower half of which is immersed in water.

The mode in which the gas enters and leaves this drum, gives a rotary motion to the wheel, and every revolution of the wheel passes a quantity of gas, of course just equal to the capacity of the sections of the wheel, or as much as the sections of the wheel will hold. The axle of this wheel is connected with other wheels, some of which can be seen in the meter, by which the pointers are moved over the dials in front of the meter, and the revolutions of the wheel are marked, in square feet of gas. The right hand dial numbers the hundreds, and one revolution of the pointer denotes 1000 feet. The pointer on the middle dial moves to the left, and marks thousands so that when the pointer on the right hand dial makes one revolution, the pointer on the middle dial moves to the left to the figure 1. So while the pointer on the centre dial is going round once, the pointer on the left dial moves from 10 to the figure 1, and thus marks 10,000 feet.

To read a meter, therefore, commence with the left hand dial, and set down with a pencil the numbers last passed over by the pointer on each dial, and add two ciphers, and you have the amount registered. It will be observed that the pointers or dial cannot be altered, either by the consumer or the agent of the company, without violence to the meter. Sometimes the lights in a house all go out suddenly. This may be caused by too much or too little water in the meter. In such a case, take out the screw tap at the bottom of the square part of the meter—or the dry well screw, as it is called—and let out all the water that will run out. A very little water there will stop the flow of gas, and put out all the lights. When the water has run out, there will be a gentle whistling noise, showing a flow of gas after it, put in the screw, and the lights will burn at once.

If, when the dry well screw is removed, neither water nor gas flows, it is probable that more water is wanted in the meter, and pour in water until the lights will burn. If too much be put in, it can be drawn off at the dry well. A quart or two will usually be enough—sometimes a tumbler full will do. Care should be taken not to bring a light within six feet of the meter when the dry well screw or screw tap at the bottom of the meter is out, and to replace the screw taps carefully when the water in the meter is regulated.—*New Haven Jour. & Courier.*

No one who does not understand the subject thoroughly, should ever attempt to meddle with the meter.

Many persons work with the meter without first stopping the flow of the gas. They loosen the screws of the meter without first stopping the pressure of the gas, and by this carelessness or ignorance, create great dan-

ger. No one ought to attempt to meddle with a meter until the street main pipe is stopped off.

Fortunes made by Advertising.

From a small pamphlet entitled "The Art of making Money," an extract has been taken, and is going the round of the provincial press pointing out the faculty of making immense sums by the simple process of continuous advertising. Doubtless large sums have been, are and will be made by such a system by certain persons of ability, who no doubt would make their way in the world if called upon to play different parts on the great stage of life; but to suppose that men in general must, as a matter of course, acquire wealth by such means, is as absurd as to imagine that all the penniless and shoeless of London are capable of rising to the dignity and wealth of an alderman or the lord mayor of London simply by reading the "Young Man's Best Companion." Money is not so easily made as the writer of the article referred to would lead people to suppose; if it be so, few need be poor. But to our text; fortunes made by advertising. Undoubtedly the greatest man of the day as an advertiser is Holloway, who expends the enormous sum of twenty thousand pounds annually in advertisements alone; his name is not only to be seen in nearly every paper and periodical published in the British Isles, but as if this country was too small for this individual's exploits, he stretches over the whole of India, having agents in all the different parts of the upper, central, and lower provinces of that immense country publishing his medicaments in the Hindoo, Oordoo, Goozatee, and other native languages, so that the Indian public can take the Pills and use his Ointment according to general directions as a Cockney would do within the sound of Bow Bells. We find him again at Hong Kong and Canton, making his medicines known to the Celestials by means of a Chinese translation.—We trace him from thence to the Philippine Islands, where he is circulating his preparations in the native languages. At Singapore he has a large depot; his agents there supply all the Islands in the Indian Sea. His advertisements are published in most of the papers at Sydney, Hobart Town, Launceston, Adelaide, Port-Philip, and indeed in almost every town of that vast portion of the British empire. Returning homewards, we find his Pills and Ointment selling at Valparaiso, Lima, Callao, and other ports in the Pacific. Doubling the Horn, we track him in the Atlantic—Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, and Pernambuco; he is advertising in those parts in Spanish and Portuguese. In all the British West India Islands, as also in the Upper and Lower Canada, and the neighbouring provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, his medicines are as familiarly known, and sold by every druggist, as they are at home. In the Mediterranean we find them selling at Malta, Corfu, Athens, and Alexandria, besides at Tunis and other portions of the Barbary States. Any one taking the trouble to look at the "Journal" and "Courier" of Constantinople, may find in these, as well as other papers, that Holloway's medicines are regularly advertised and selling throughout the Turkish empire; and even in Russia, where an almost insurmountable barrier exists, the laws there prohibiting the export of patent medicines, Holloway's ingenuity has been at work, and obviates this difficulty by forwarding supplies to his Agent at Odessa, a port situated on the Black Sea, where they filter themselves surreptitiously by various channels, into the very heart of the empire. Africa has not been forgotten by this indefatigable man, who has an agent on the River Gambia; also at Sierra Leone, the plague spot of the world, the inhabitants readily avail themselves of the Ointment and Pills; thus we can show our readers that Holloway has made the complete circuit of the globe, commencing with India and ending, as we do, with the Cape of Good Hope, where his medicines are published in the Dutch and English languages; and while speaking of Dutch, we have heard that he has made large shipments to Holland, and is about advertising in every