WITHOUT A HOME.

By Edward P. Roe, Author of "Barriers Burned Away," "Opening a Chestnut Burr," "Success with Small Fruits," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—*Continued.*

He was speedily thrust within his own doorway, and Mildred turned the key after him and concealed it. Little reeked the neighbors, as they gradually subsided into quiet, that there came a crash of crockery and a despairing cry from the Jocelyns' room. They had witnessed such scenes before, and were all too busy to run any risk of being summoned as witnesses at a police court on the morrow. The man whom Mr. Jocelyn had attacked said that he would see the agent of the house in the morning and have the Jocelyn family sent away at once, because a nuisance, and all were content with this arrangement.

Within that locked door a terrible scene would have been enacted had it not been for Mildred's almost supernatural courage, for her father was little better than a wild beast. In his mad rush forward he overturned the supper-table, and the evening meal lay in a heap on the floor. The poor wife, with a cry in which hope and her soul itself seemed to depart, fell swooning on the children's bed, and the little ones fled to the darkest corner of Mildred's room and cowered in speechless fear. There was none to face him save the slight girl, at whom he glared as if he would annihilate her.

"Let me out!" he said savagely.

"No," said the girl, meeting his frenzed gaze unwaveringly, "not until you are sober."

He rushed to the door, but could not open it. Then turning upon Mildred he said, "Give me the key—no words—or I'll teach you who is master."

There were no words, but only such a look as is rarely ever seen on a woman's face. He raised his hand to strike her, but she did not shrink a hair's breadth. "Papa," she said, in a low, concentrated tone, "you call yourself a Southern gentleman. I did not deem you could strike a woman, even when drunk."

The effect of her words was magical. His hand sank to his side. Then he raised it and passed it over his brow as if it all were a horrid dream. Without a word he went with unsteady step to his own room, and again Mildred locked the door upon him.

Mrs. Jocelyn's swoon was long and death-like, and before Mildred could restore her, Belle, returning from her work, tried to enter, and finding the door locked called for admittance. When she crossed the threshold and saw the supper dishes broken and scattered on the floor; when she saw her mother looking as if dead, the little ones crying at her side, and Mildred scarcely less pale than the broken-hearted woman, with a desperate look in her blue eyes the young girl gave a long, low cry of despair, and covering her face with her hands she sank into a chair murmuring, "I can't endure this any longer—I'd rather die. We are just going to rack and ruin. Oh, I wish I could die, for I'm getting reckless—and—and wicked. Oh, oh, oh!—"

"Belle, come and help me," said Mildred, in the hard, constrained tones of one who is maintaining self-control by the utmost effort. Belle complied, but there was an expression on her face that filled her sister's soul with dread.

It were well perhaps to veil the agony endured in the striken household that night. The sufferings of such women as Mrs. Jocelyn and Mildred cannot be portrayed in words, and the dark chaos that had come into poor Belle's tempted, despairing, immature soul might well make her good angel weep. With a nature craving sunshine and pleasure like the breath of life, she felt herself being dragged hopelessly into darkness, shame and abject poverty. The poor child was not deliberately contemplating evil—she was scarcely capable of doing good or evil deliberately—but a youth who had sought her once before, and of whom she had long been shy, was again hovering around her.

She was more wary now, yet bolder, and received his advances with a manner tinged with mocking coquetry. He was profuse with promises, and she tried to believe them, but in her heart she could not, and yet she did not repulse him with that stern, brief decision which forms the viewless, impassable wall that hedges virtue.

The sisters tried to remove the outward traces of their wrecked home, and mechanically restored such order as was within their power, but in their secret souls they saw their household gods overturned and trampled upon, and with the honor and manhood of their father, they felt that night as if they had lost everything.

After they had quieted their mother and brought the poor creature a brief oblivion, Mildred made a passionate appeal to Belle to stand by her. The warm-hearted girl cried and wrung her hands passionately, but all her trembling sister could obtain from her were the words,

"Millie, we are being dragged down I don't know where."

Events follow rapidly. Before Mr. Jocelyn, sullen, nerveless, racked with headache and tortured with heartache, could leave his room on the morrow, the agent of the tenement served a notice on him to the effect that he must vacate his rooms at once; that the other tenants complained of him as a nuisance; and that he (the agent) would be content to lose the rent for the few days that had elapsed since the last regular payment if they would move that day, and, without a word, he left his family in suspense. In the course of the forenoon he returned with a furniture van, and had so braced himself with opium that he was able to assist effectively, yet morosely, in the packing and removing of their fast-dwindling effects, for everything essential had been sold. His wife and daughter did not remonstrate—they were too dispirited for that—but in dreary apathy did his bidding as far as their strength permitted, feeling meanwhile that any change could scarcely be for the worse.

Mildred almost felt that it was better, for their new shelter was in a small tenement not far from the old mansion, and was reached from the street by a long covered passageway. To her morbid fancy it suggested the hiding place that her heart craved. She now scarcely heeded the facts that the place was anything but cleanly, and that their neighbors were more unpromising in their appearance than those they had just left. Mrs Jocelyn was so ill and weak that she ought not to raise her hands, and Mildred felt that her strength was unequal to the task of even arranging their household articles so as to make the poor little nook habitable. She therefore went for their old stanch ally Mrs. Wheaton, who returned with her and wrought such miracles as the wretched place permitted of. In just foreboding she shook her head over the prospects of her friends in such a neighborhood, for her experienced eyes enabled her to gauge very correctly the character of the people who lived across the hall and in the upper and lower stories. They were chiefly ignorant and debased Irish families, and the good woman's fears were not wholly due to race antipathy. In the tenement from which they came, the people, although poor, were in the main stolid, quiet, and hard-working, but here on every side were traces and hints, even at midday, of degraded and vicious lives. The classes in the tenements appear to have a moral gravity or affinity which brings to the same level and locality those which are alike, and woe be to aliens who try to dwell among them. The Jocelyns did not belong to the tenement classes at all, and Mrs. Wheaton correctly feared that the purgatory which was the corner-stone in their neighbors' creeds would be realized in the temporal experience of the Southern family. Now that the step had been taken, however, she concealed her anxieties, and did her best to avoid collusions with the burly, red-faced women and insolent children whose officious offers of help were but thin veils to a coarse curiosity and desire for petty pilfering. Mildred shuddered at the people about her, and was cold and brief in her words. As it was, Fred nearly brought on general hostilities by resisting a shock-headed little urchin who had not the remotest regard for the principles of *meum* and *tuum*. As the sun declined the general verdict of the neighbors was, "They thinks themselves too foine for the lotkes o' us, but we'll tach 'em."

After Mrs. Wheaton had departed with many misgivings, Mildred took her father one side and told him plainly what had occurred the evening before. He sat with his face buried in his hands, and listened without a word. Indeed, he was so overwhelmed with shame and remorse that he was speechless. "Papa, look at me," she said at last.

Slowly he raised his bloodshot, fearful eyes to hers, and the expression of his child's face made him tremble.

"Papa," she said slowly, and her tones were both sad and stern, "you must never come home drunk again. Another such scene might cost mamma her life. If you *will* take opium, we cannot help it, but you must drink no more vile liquor. I have now learned from bitter experience what the latter means, and what it must lead to. I shall not fail in love and duty to you, but I cannot permit mamma, Belle, and the children to be utterly destroyed. You may do some wild, reckless deed that would blast us all beyond remedy; therefore, if you have a particle of self-control left, let rum alone, or else we must protect ourselves. We have endured it thus far, not with patience nor resignation, but in a sort of apathetic despair. This apathy has been broken. Belle is becoming reckless, mamma is dying of a broken heart, and the little ones are exposed to influences that threaten to blight their lives. There must be some change for the better. We must at least be relieved from the fear of bodily harm and the intolerable shame of such scenes as occurred last night. In our hard struggle we must find some kind of a refuge and some degree of quiet and peace in what we call home. It is no kindness to you to endure in silence any longer, and I now see that it will be fatal to those we both love. You may not be able to refrain from opium, but you can and must give up liquor. If you cannot, and there is a remedy in the land, we must avail ourselves of it. I do not know what kind of a place you have brought us to, but feel sure that we shall need protection. If you should come home again as you did last night, I am satisfied, from the looks of the people in this house, that we should have a scene of violence that I shudder to think of. You had better—it would be more merciful to stab mamma to her heart than to cause her death by drunkenness."

Her words were not threatening, but were spoken with the calmness of inexorable resolve, and he sat before her with an ashen face, tremdling like an aspen, for it was like the day of judgment to him. Then in gentler and pleading accents she told him of their plan to place him under skilful treatment, and besought him to yield himself up to the care of one who had won much reputation in dealing with cases like his own; but all the encouragement she could obtain were the words, "I'll think of it."

The memory of those fearful days on shipboard, when he was without morphia, made him recoil with unspeakable dread from a like ordeal again, but he promised earnestly that he would indulge no more in liquor. With the cunning of an opium maniac he understood his danger, knowing that further scenes of violence would lead to his arrest and imprisonment. Of his gentle wife he had no fears, but this frail, resolute girl subdued him. He saw that he was driving a strong nature to desperation—saw it with all the agony and remorse of a naturally good father whose better nature was bound hand and foot by depraved appetites. He was conscious of the terrible wrong that he was inflicting on those for whom he once would have died to shield them from a breath of dishonor. But, come what might, he must have opium *now*, and to counteract the words of his daughter he took enough morphia to kill all the wretched inmates of the tenement. Under its slight exhilaration he felt some hope of availing himself of the proposition that he should go to a curative institution, and he half promised that he would before long. At this point the painful interview ended, and Mildred went for Belle, who as yet had no knowledge of their change of abode.

As the two girls returned, in the dusk of evening, to the long dark passageway that led to the tenement in which they now had rooms, Mildred trembled with fear as she saw that its entrance was surrounded and blocked by a group of rough-looking young men and boys. Belle pushed boldly through them, although they leered, laughed, and made coarse jests. Mildred followed shrinkingly, with downcast eyes. "We'll teach 'em to be neighborly," were the last words she heard, showing that the young ruffians had already obtained their cue from their depraved and low-lived parents.

They looked forward to a dismal evening, but a loyal friend came to their rescue. Roger, having arranged the room selected for him by Mr. Wentworth, could not resist the temptation to see those who were ever uppermost in his thoughts. In dismay and anxiety he learned of their hasty removal and something of the causes which led to it. From the janitor he obtained their present address, and the appearance of his broad shoulders and fearless face had a restraining influence on the mischief-making propensities of the rowdies who kennelled in the vicinity. The alien new-comers evidently were not friendless, and there was hesitation in the half-formed measures for their annoyance.

Roger remained an hour or two, aiding the girls in trying to make the rooms more homelike, which, however, was rather a hopeless task. Mr. Jocelyn, half stupefied by opium, retreated to one of the small dark closet bedrooms, and left the scene unembarrassed by his presence. Roger remarked emphatically that the tenement was no place for them, but Mildred told him that the rent had been paid for a month in advance, and that they must try to endure it, adding, "The twenty-five dollars that you and Mr. Wentworth obtained for me has been, after all, a perfect Godsend."

He was touched, and bound to her with bands of steel by the perfect trust she now reposed in him, and he determined to watch over her like an amiable dragon, making it his first and constant thought how to rescue them all from their wretched condition. He was much surprised, however, when Mildred said to him, as he was preparing to leave, "Mr. Atwood, there is something I wish to say to you. Will you let me walk a block or two with you, and then bring me back again?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MONEY AND TRADE.

Toronto Stock Markets.

TORONTO, Dec. 28.—Banks—Montreal, 196¼ and 196; Toronto, sellers, 166; Ontario, 61½ and 60; Merchants, buyers, 124½, transactions 10 at 125; Commerce, 139 and 138¾, transactions 50, 50 at 138¾; Dominion, 188½ and 188, transactions, 6 at 186; Hamilton, buyers, 121; do., 50 per cent., buyers, 113; Standard, buyers 110½; Federal 150½ and 150, transactions, 46, 14 at 151, 36 at 150½, 4 at 151, 25 at 150½; Imperial, 132½ and 130½, British America Assurance Co., sellers 140; Western Canada Assurance Company, 184 and 181; Consumer's Gas Company, 153½ and 152½; Dominion Telegraph Co., sellers, 97; Canada Permanent Loan Society buyers, 208; Freehold Loan and Savings Co., buyers, 166; Western Canada, 182½ and 182, trans. 50 at 181, 50 at 182; Building and Loan Ass., 103½ and 102½; Imperial Savings and Investment Company, sellers, 120; Farmers' Loan and Savings Company, sellers, 127½; London and Canada L. and A., 140 and 138; National Investment Company, buyers, 110; Peoples' Loan, buyers, 107; Manitoba Loan, buyers, 115; Huron and Erie, sellers, 164; Dominion Sav. and Loan, sellers, 122; Ontario Loan and Debenture, sellers, 133; Canadian Savings and Loan, sellers, 128½; Hamilton Provident, sellers, 144; Brantford, 123½; Hamilton Provident, sellers, 144; Brant Loan and Savings Society, buyers, 160; London & Ontario, 120 and 118; Ontario Investment Association, sellers, 136; British Canadian Loan Company, 104 and 100.

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Montreal Stock Market.

MONTREAL, Dec. 28.—Banks—Montreal, 196¾ and 196, sales, 195 at 195¾, 50 at 196; Ontario Bank, 60 and 59½; Banque du Peuple, 98 and 90; Molson's, 119 and 118½, sales 5 at 118½; Bank of Toronto, 166 and 163¾; Banque Jacques Cartier, 115 and 110, sales 8 at 110; Merchants, 125 and 124½, sales, 75 at 125¼, 84 at 125½, 55 at 125¼, 199 at 125; Commerce, 139 and 138¾, sales, 25 at 139½, 50 at 139½, 100 at 139, 150 at 138¾; Federal, offered, 155; Montreal Telegraph company, asked, 98; Richelieu Dominion Telegraph company, asked, 93; sales, and Ontario Navigation company, 51½ and 51, sales, 150 at 49, 79 at 49½, 70 at 50, 25 at 50½, 25 at 51; City Passenger railway, 125 and 121, sales, 1 at 121; Montreal Gas company, 146 and 145; Canada Cotton company, 157 and 155; Dundas Cotton company, 135 and 133½, St. Paul M. and M., 110½ and 110¼.

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Grain and Produce Markets.

CALL BOARD, TORONTO, Dec. 28.—No. 1 barley offered at 91c, No 2 at 86c and No. 3 extra at 81c without sales. Oats offered at 42½c on track, without bids.

The receipts of grain on the streets to-day were small and prices steady. One load of fall wheat offered and sold at $1 23½, spring would bring $1 28 to $1 33. Three loads of barley sold at 84c to 87c, and one load of peas at 78c. Oats would have brought 43c to 44c. Hogs are easier at $7.50 to $7 75, and poultry and beef firmer. The supply of hay was small, there being fifteen loads, which sold $10 to $11 50 for clover, and $12 to $15 for timothy. Straw quiet, with one load at $10. Butter is easier at 23c to 24c for lb rolls.

Wheat, fall	$1 23 to $1 24	Cabbage, dz.	0 60 to 1 10
do spring	1 28 to 1 33	Turnips, bag	0 35 to 0 40
Barley	0 75 to 0 87	Beans, bu	2 45 to 2 60
Oats	0 43 to 0 44	Onions, bag	1 15 to 1 25
Peas	0 77 to 0 80	Radishes, doz	0 00 to 0 00
Rye	0 85 to 0 86	Cauliflr, doz	0 60 to 1 00
Clover seed	4 90 to 5 10	Chickens, pair	0 50 to 0 65
Beef, hd qrs	5 50 to 7 00	Fowls, pair	0 45 to 0 55
do fcre qrs	4 50 to 5 50	Ducks, brace	0 60 to 0 80
Mutton	5 50 to 6 50	Partridge	0 60 to 0 75
Venison	10 00 to 12 00	Geese	0 75 to 1 00
"carc	6 00 to 7 50	Turkeys	1 00 to 2 00
Lamb	7 00 to 7 50	Butter, lb. rls	0 23 to 0 24
Hogs, 100 lbs	7 50 to 7 75	do dairy	0 18 to 0 20
Beets, bag	0 60 to 0 70	Eggs, fresh	0 21 to 0 25
Carrots, bag	0 40 to 0 45	Wool, per lb	0 00 to 0 24
Parsnips, bg	0 55 to 0 65	Hay	10 00 to 15 00
Potatoes, bg	0 90 to 0 95	Straw	9 25 to 10 00
Apples, brl	1 00 to 2 25		

MONTREAL, Dec. 28.—Flour—Receipts, 1,500 brls. Market quiet, prices unchanged in absence of transactions.

TOLEDO, Dec. 28.—Wheat, No. 2 red, $1 35½ bid for January, $1 38½ for February, $1 41 for March, $1 43 bid for April, $1 44½ for May. Corn, 56c asked for cash and December, 54½c bid for January, 54½c @ 55c. Oats, 42½c bid for February, 38½c bid for May. Oats nominal. Receipts—Wheat, 11,000 bushels; corn, 13,000 bushels; oats, none. Shipments—Wheat, 1,000 bushels; corn, 1,000 bushels; oats, none.

DETROIT, Dec. 28.—Wheat, No. 1 white, $1 34½ @ $1 35 for cash, $1 34½ for December, $1 35½ for January, $1 37½ for February, $1 39½ for March, $1 41½ for April, $1 42½ for May. Receipts—Wheat, 17,000 bushels. Shipments, 3,000 bushels.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Dec. 28.—Barely unsettled; sales 10,000 bushels, No. 1 Canada at $1 02.

BEEBOHM SAYS:—"London, Dec 28.—Floating cargoes—Wheat firm; maize steady. Cargoes on passage—Wheat and maize firm. Mark Lane—Wheat and maize quiet and steady. Arrivals on coast—Wheat moderate; maize nil. Imports into the United Kingdom for the week—Wheat, 175,000 to 130,000 qrs; maize, below 50,000 qrs.; flour, 45,000 to 50,000 brls. English weather warm for time of year. Liverpool—Spot wheat and maize hardening. On passage to continent—Wheat, 960,000 qrs.; maize, 60,000 qrs. Paris—Flour strong; maize, firm."

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 28.—Flour, 10s. 6d. to 13s.; spring wheat, 9s. 10d. to 10s. 6.; red winter, 10s. 2d. to 10s. 11d.; white, 10s. 5d. to 10s. 8d.; club, 10s. 9d. to 11s. 2d.; corn, 5s. 19d.; oats, 6s. 4d.; barley, 5s. 2d.; peas, 6s. 10d. to 6s. 11d.; pork, 75s.; lard, 57s.; bacon, 47s. to 48s.; tallow, 41s.; cheese, 55s.

CHICAGO, Dec. 28—Flour unchanged. Wheat active, and higher; No. 2 spring $1 27½ to $1 27¾ cash, $1 27 Dec., Corn unsettled and higher, 62c to 62½c cash, 62½c Dec., oats irregular at 44½c cash, 44½c Dec., rye and barley steady and unchanged, pork lower, at $16 75 cash, Dec., lard unsettled at 11c to 11½ cash, bulk meats, whiskey steady and unchanged; receipts—flour 19,000 barrels, wheat 37,000 bush., corn 103,000 bush., oats 110,000, rye 13,000 bush., barley 78,000. Shipments—flour 28,000 barrels, wheat 59,000 bush., corn 178,000 bush., oats 69,000 rye 3,000 bush., barley 25,000.

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