

"Mamma, mamma," the little one uttered, more eagerly than before, "does papa know that you always cry hard when he don't come? Oh, he don't know it does he? because if he did he wouldn't stay so. I shall tell how my mamma cries."

Lucy Marston caught the child to her bosom and wept aloud. Oh! what a pain was in her heart—what a tear in her soul! And how many in the great city watch by the lonely fire-side with that same gloom upon them!

"Oh! mamma," the child cried, "will papa ever be good to us again as he used to be? He don't take me in his arms now and kiss me when he comes home. Don't you remember when he used to kiss me?—and how he used to take you on his lap, and me on his lap, and then how you used to laugh, and be so happy! Oh, mamma, I'm afraid——"

"Of what, Freddy," whispered the mother, struggling with all her power to keep her sobs back.

"Oh, I'm afraid papa don't love us as he did oncee."

"Yes, yes, he does, my child."

"Then what makes him do so? Why, why," and the child's voice sunk to a shuddering whisper, "why did he strike you last night?"

"It was not papa! It was not papa! It was not papa! It was a demon he took to his soul—a—a——"

But the wretched woman could say no more. With one deep sob she clasped her child to her bosom and the hot tears flowed fast.

Poor Lucy Marston! Six years before she had given her heart and hand to Alfred Marston, and in all the great city there was not a happier woman.—Then only sixteen years of age, she looked forward upon the course with all the high

hopes of the joyful, noble, heart; and if there was one source to which more than all others, she looked for lasting years of peace and joy, it was to the generous, devoted love of her husband. Alfred was then a clerk in a wholesale establishment, receiving a good salary; and laying up money. And so passed on four years of just such happiness as Lucy had wished for. But a cloud at length arose, and now it hung like a dark pall over her way. She had seen it from the moment it made its appearance on the horizon, but she could not make her husband see it. He had only laughed at her fears, and at times he had been really offended because of the fears which she held.

But now Alfred was out of business. He had become so unsteady that no one would trust him; and he had even sold articles of furniture to obtain the bare means of sustaining life.

The clock struck eleven, and the weeping wife and mother was upon the point of putting her child to bed, when she heard some one at the door, and shortly afterwards the bell rang. She placed Freddy upon the lounge, and then went to the door, where she found two men with her husband.

"Is this the home of this man?" Inquired one of the men.

"Yes, sir," gasped Lucy. "Oh! is he hurt?"

"No, only pretty drunk!"

Oh! how these harsh unfeeling words struck upon the poor woman's ears!

"Just show us the way to the bed, and we'll carry him in. You couldn't steady him now, for he's heavy."

Faint and trembling the wife turned towards the stairs and the policemen followed her leading her husband. Into the neatly arranged chamber she led them, and hav-