

cruel things drink is doing. And, worse than all the rest, he tried to prove it from the Bible, and talked about 'the glorious liberty of the Gospel,' as if that holy book, anywhere, gives people liberty to make beasts of themselves, or to tempt others to the dreadful habit. This is what it says: 'Take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling-block to them that are weak.' I thought of that text while he was talking, for it was one of my references last Sabbath. And in another place it says, 'Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink.' O, how can a Christian man talk like that?"

"I wonder why the minister kept so still," said Sam. "He hardly said a word; and did you mind how uneasy he looked, and hardly tasted his wine? But, O Lizzie, what a funny little man the new doctor is! He rubs his head so much that the bare spot on top shines like a looking-glass. Why don't you laugh? I declare you look really cross, and your face is as red as a blaze. Lizzie, keep cool."

"How can I?" I said. "I felt vexed and sorry to hear Dr Sharpe talk so, and Philip and you sitting by. And, Sam, it makes me shudder now to see that glass of wine in your hand."

"Pooh!" said Sam, coloring, and setting down the wine, "I don't care for the stuff. I should be ashamed to swill it down as Phil does. What with his cigars, and his lager beer, and fast horses, he's getting to be a regular loafer. Well I'm off; but, Lizzie,"—coming back, and putting his head in at the door,—"*what's a fellow going to do? He don't want his tissues metamorphosized drinking cold water—does he?*"

I was still busy in the dining-room, washing Katy's silver, when Philip Barry came in. I had seldom spoken with this young man. With his brother, who was in all parts of the house a dozen times a day, and in his mother's room, where my duties chiefly lay, most of all, I was on familiar terms of acquaintance; and with all the boy's love of fun and mischief, and a certain pertness that made him disagreeable at times, there was a frank open-heartedness and generosity of disposition that I liked exceedingly; and we were good friends. His brother I seldom saw, and, to tell the truth, was glad to keep out of his way.

He came in to-day for another glass of wine I suppose, for he looked disappointed when he found the table cleared, and the wine locked up in the old-fashioned sideboard in the corner of the dining-room. He stood a moment in the doorway, his jaunty cap on one side, a cigar in his mouth, and his hands in his pockets. Then, coming close to me, and putting his hand familiarly on my shoulder, he asked me to run to Katy for the key of the sideboard. I did his bidding, and on my return found him standing before the mirror admiring himself.

"I say, Lizzie," he called out, "what do

you think of this new suit of mine? About the thing—isn't it?"

I said it was very handsome.

"Yes, they do things up about right at Snipper's. Fashionable tailors, but very dear; but the governor's got the tin, you know. Ha, ha!" He took the key from my hand, and opening the sideboard, helped himself to I know not how many glasses of wine; then coming close to me again, "I say, Lizzie," he said, "a blue ribbon wouldn't look bad in that brown hair of yours; and you'd call it cheap for a kiss now—wouldn't you?"

I left my silver unfinished, and ran up-stairs to my mistress.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE OLD HERB WOMAN.

"She, roaming with her pack, the country side,  
From house to house on trade and gossip bent,  
And kind and fearless in her honest pride,  
Is with her wandering life full well content."

I was in the kitchen one morning, doing some fine starching for Mrs. Barry, when the outer door was thrown open, and a tall woman entered the room. Her clothes were travel-stained and old. She wore heavy shoes upon her feet, and a cap with a broad ruffle, and a monstrous black bonnet upon her head. She stalked across the room with rather an unsteady gait, speaking to no one until she was comfortably seated by the fire. Then she set down the basket she carried, carefully folded back her dress, and extended a pair of monstrous feet upon the hearth. Her face was red, her features large, but not uncomely, and there was a good-humored twinkle in her black eye.

"You don't want no elder buds, nor alder buds, nor gilead buds, nor white pine bark, nor sassafras, nor life-o'-man, nor garden parsley roots—do ye?" she said in a voice pitched on a high treble.

"Hollo, Hully! is that you?" said Sam, coming in that moment; "I want some sassafras bark."

"Ax yer ma for a sixpence," she rejoined, withdrawing her basket from his meddlesome fingers.

Away went Sam.

"Who is she?" I inquired, following Bridget to the pantry.

"Who is she? Sure it's meself don't know, nor nobody else. It's a poor, wanderin' body that niver had a home. The mistress has a tinder heart, God bless her! It isn't the likes of her shuts their doors to them that's in throuble. So she lits her come and go as she plaises, and we gives her odd jobs to do, jist to kape her aisy like. It's a strong arm she has