

The Drunkard's Wife.

BY MR. E. V. WILSON.

In a hospital ward a woman lay,
Painfully gasping her life away;
So bruised and beaten you scarce could
Trace
Womanhood's semblance in form or face;
Yet the hair that over the pillow rolled
In a tangled mass, was like threads of
gold;
And never a sculptor in any land
Moulded a daintier foot or hand.

Said one, who ministered to her need;
"None but coward could do this deed;
And what bitter hate must have served the
arm
That a helpless creature like this could
harm."
Then the dim eyes, hazy with death's
eclipse,
Slowly unlocked, and the swollen lips
Murmured faintly: "He loves me well—
My husband—'twas drink—be sure you
toll
When he comes to himself—that I for-
give;
Poor fellow—for him—I would like to
live."
A shudder, a moan, as the words were
said,
And a drunkard's wife on the couch lay
dead.

Oh, fathers, who hold your daughters dear,
Somebody's daughter is lying here;
Oh, brothers of sisters, come and see
What the fate of your precious ones may
be;

Oh, man! however you love your home,
Be it palace or cottage, 'neath heaven's blue
dome,

This demon of drink can enter in,
For law strikes hands and bargains with
sin.

You have legalized crime, you have the
gold,
Now hand them over, the sons you sold—
Keep pushing them forward, Drink, boys,
drink!

Your fathers are paid for your souls, they
think,
And in the great mart where mammon
strives,
'Cheapest of all things are human lives.

Boliver.

BY MARY ABBOTT RAND.

You may have heard of General
Boliver, but this was not my "Boliver."
His real name was Benjamin Oliver
Dee. He wrote it the first day of
school, "B. Oliver Dee," so, of course,
the boys called him "Boliver" after
that.

He was by far the worst-looking boy
in school, sullen and scared looking,
besides being ragged and generally mis-
erable. One would never suppose that
he was one called the prettiest baby in
Winterton and that his mother wore
lovely jewellery and costly dresses, and
that his father was the handsomest
soldier among the volunteers.

He was not slain in battle; more's
the pity, perhaps. He came home
with flying colours, but soon it became
known that Sergeant Dee had "taken
to drinking," and by the time Boliver
was eleven years old there wasn't a
more wretched place to be found than
that scene of cold and hunger and
drunkenness that Boliver called home.

Mr. Dee was now never pleasant in
his family, and when his drunken fits
were upon him he was positively dan-
gerous.

One winter night Mrs. Dee had been
summoned to watch with a sick neigh-
bour. She needed the money her ser-
vices would bring. "But what shall I
do with you, my boy!" said she. "He
will be coming home like a tiger, and
you here all alone!"

"I guess I could sleep in Laba-
ree's stable, somewhere," said Boliver.
"Away up in the hay I could hide
away and be on hand at breakfast time
when you are home."

"But ask Mr. Labaree's permission,"
said his mother.

Mr. Labaree, the stable keeper, was
a kind-hearted man. "Why, yes, boy!"
said he, heartily, when he had heard
Boliver's timid request. "You're wel-
come to the warmest corner in the loft.
There's plenty of fresh, sweet straw,
and if your mother doesn't get home
in time for breakfast, come round to
my house and I'll give you some. Come
round, any way," he added.

It was eight o'clock in the evening,
and quite still in the stable, for a won-
der. Most of the horses were out. It
was a splendid moonlight night and
capital sleighing. The high school
scholars had gone to Lexington in the
"Beile of the Coast," Mr. Labaree's
famous shell sleigh, and quantities of
private parties were enjoying the other
turn-outs from the stable. The new
Irish hostler, Mike Flaherty, was the
only person about the premises, and he
was so busy in cleaning the stalls that
he did not notice the boy.

Boliver climbed the ladder to the loft
in the utmost haste, thankful he could
go to his lodgings without being seen
by anybody. He found the pile of
fresh, sweet straw Mr. Labaree had
told him about; and creeping quite out
of sight in its golden warmth he was
soon snug and safe. Poor boy! Safe—
from his father!

The moonlight night dances gayly
along. The idea of anybody wasting
it in sleep! That is what the young
folks thought. Far from their minds
were visions of sick-beds, weary watch-
ers, raving drunkards, and poor boys
sleeping in straw. Mike Flaherty did
not seem to be having a gay time, but
he was thoroughly content and bless-
ing his good luck that had brought him
safe to "Ameriky," and given him a
place to work only two days after his
arrival. Mike was a warm-hearted
fellow as ever lived, overflowing with
kindness to every living thing. The
horses under his care already knew his
voice, and he had made friends with
every one.

By midnight he had cleaned the
stalls to his mind, and mounted the
ladder, pitchfork in hand, to get some
"claw swate beds for the pore cray-
thurs."

How am I ever going to tell the
terrible thing that happened! Poor
Mike was not to blame. How could
he know that a poor little boy was
hidden under the straw fast asleep,
and that when the pitchfork glanced
sharply through the yellow straw it
would come so near taking an innocent
young life.

Hours later, Boliver lay unconscious
on the bed in Mr. Labaree's spare room.

Mike, crouching behind the stable,
the most pitiable object in the world,
torn with remorse and expecting the
gallows.

Mrs. Dee seemed like a stone. At
last when she spoke it was to say
bitingly.

"Need not talk to me about a
Providence and guardian angels! What
were they about to let this dreadful
accident happen?"

Poor woman! By and by she believed
that "there are no accidents in God's
kingdom."

This shocking event worked out at
last a blessed result. It startled Mr.
Dee into repentance and reformation.
It interested Mr. Labaree in Boliver,
who watched the boy's slow recovery
with great anxiety.

There is now a very unusual livery

stable in the town of Winterton. It
is remarkable because there are no
rough characters hanging about it, and
profane language is never heard on the
premises.

Mike and Mr. Dee and Boliver are
all employed there, and Mr. Labaree
boasts that his stable might be named
"The Society for the Prevention of
Cruelty to Animals," thanks to Mike!

In School Days.

STILL sits the school house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow
And blackberry vines are running,
Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official,
The warping floor, and battered seats,
The jack-knife carved initial;
The charcoal frescoes on its walls,
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The foot that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing.
Long years ago a winter's sun
Shone over it at setting,
Lit up its western window panes
And low eaves' icy fretting,
It touched the tangled golden curls
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving;
For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favour singled,
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled,
Pushing, with restless feet, the snow
To right and left, he lingered,
And restlessly her tiny hands
The blue checked apron fingered.
He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hands' light caressing,
And heard the trembling of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.
"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to grow above you!
Because" (the brown eyes lower fell)—
"Because, you see, I love you!"
Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing,
He lives to learn in life's hard school
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss
Like her—because they love him.

The Folks who Ought not to Drink.

"I HAVE been studying the temper-
ance question," says a well-known
gentleman, "and I have come to the
conclusion that there are just two sorts
of people that ought never to take
strong drink—viz., those who do not
like it, and those who do. All who do
not belong to one of these classes I
would allow to take as much as they
please."

Under this rule no strong drink
would be taken, for, don't you see,
these two classes take in everybody. I
suppose he meant that those who did
not like it ought not to drink it for
fear they might at last begin to like it,
which would very naturally be the
case. We soon get accustomed to any-
thing, you know, which at first is un-
pleasant and disagreeable.

Then as to the second class: those
who like strong drink certainly ought
never to taste it, for to them it is a
most dangerous and deadly thing.

A celebrated general was once suffer-
ing so greatly from fatigue and severe
exposure that his surgeon prevailed
upon him to take a little brandy. He
made a wry face as he swallowed it
"Why, general, is not the brandy
good?" asked the doctor. "It is some
we have recently captured, and I think
it very fine." "Oh! yes," was the
reply; "it is very good brandy. I like
liquor—both its tastes and its effects—
and that is just the reason why I never
drink it." What a good thing it would
be if all who have a liking for it would
follow the general's example, and never
touch it!

A Puzzled Monkey.

A NUMBER of the little creatures
were at the fair grounds, where they
amused every one by their antics and
mischief. One of them was particu-
larly lively, and soon became a great
favourite with the by-standers. A
gentleman in the crowd happening to
have a small mirror with him, passed
it to the monkey. The animal's be-
haviour on seeing his face reflected
in the glass was very amusing. He of
course failed to recognize the reflection
of himself, and took it for another
monkey; and his anxiety to get hold
of that monkey was what made the
fun. He would look behind the glass
and feel for it in such a comical way
while he was looking in the glass that
one could not help laughing. While
the glass was close to his eye, he gra-
dually bent over, casually; and, notic-
ing that the evanescent monkey was
on his back apparently, he dropped the
glass and made a sudden grab for him.
When he didn't get him, he looked sur-
prised, and commenced looking under
the straw to see what had become of
him. He was then seized with a lum-
inous idea. He picked up the glass
and ran to the topmost branch of the
dead tree that is erected in the cage,
and, climbing to the extreme end, again
looked in the glass. It seemed he
reasoned that in such a position the
monkey could not get away. He felt
for it, grabbed at it, and tried all sorts
of strategy to capture it, notwithstanding
repeated failures.—*St. Louis Re-
publican.*

A Word to Boys.

You are made to be kind, boys,
generous, magnanimous. If there is a
boy in your school who has a club-foot,
don't let him know you ever saw it.
If there is a poor boy with ragged
clothes, don't talk about rags in his
hearing. If there is a lame boy, let
him have some part in the game that
doesn't require running. If there is a
hungry one, give him a part of your
dinner. If there is a dull one, help
him to get his lesson. If there is a
bright one, be not envious of him; for
if one boy is proud of his talents, and
another is envious of them, there are
two great wrongs, and no more talent
than before. If a larger or stronger
boy has injured you, and is sorry for
it, forgive him. All the school will
show by their countenances how much
better it is than to have a quarrel.—
Horace Mann.

Fickle Fortune.—By ROBINA F.
HARDY. This is one of a series of
popular shilling books, published by
Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, Edin-
burgh, and is well written. The
different persons who appear on the
canvas are graphically portrayed.
Gertrude, one of the principal actors,
was a young lady whose conduct
deserves the highest commendation.
The duplicity displayed by some and
the spendthrift, prodigal course of
others, may serve as beacons to warn
the traveller of the dangers that beset
the path of life. There is one para-
graph which we cannot approve, where
the author writes of the "quadrille"
in an approving manner. Young
persons may read the book with profit.

It is calculated that the adult male
native of Bavaria drinks not far short
of half a gallon of beer a day.