
John and I

able and never betrayed himself for a moment, and I acted my part as if there was nothing at all behind. But one night when he came over to play and John had had to go out, he refused to stay even for an instant. He had got his overshoes off before I told him that John was out, and asked him if he wouldn't come into the parlor and hear mother play the mandolin, but he just made one dive for his overshoes and was gone. I knew that he didn't dare to trust himself.

Then presently a new trouble came. I began to suspect that John was drinking. I don't mean for a moment that he was drunk, or that he was openly cruel to me. But at times he seemed to act so queerly and I noticed that one night when by accident I left a bottle of raspberry vinegar on the sideboard over night, it was all gone in the morning. Two or three times when McQueen and John were to play cribbage, John would fetch home two or three bottles of bevo with him and they would sit sipping all evening.

I think he was drinking bevo by himself,