

He remained a while longer and then left. As the cool air of the evening fell upon him, he, all at once, gave utterance to his feelings in the following strain :

" 'Not a drop more, Daniel.' Am I *drunk* or sober? 'Not a drop more, Daniel.' Did Hoskins think a drop would hurt me? No; but my money was gone. He has got all—got everything I had; *even the Bible my mother gave me!* He has got the boots which my wife, with her own earnings bought Jennie. 'Not a drop more, Daniel.' Daniel what do you say to that? I say so, too. I once had good clothes, but now I have nothing but rags. 'Not a drop more, Daniel,' till I have clothes again as good as when Mary and I were married. I once had a good watch, but that too, is gone! 'Not a drop more, Daniel,' till I have another as good as the one I pawned to Hoskins for drink. I have seen the day when I had a good horse and buggy, and could ride into town in as good style as any man in the place. 'Not a drop more, Daniel,' till I have another horse and buggy as good as I once had. I once had cows that furnished my family with butter and cheese, but Hoskins has got them. 'Not a drop more, Daniel,' till those cows, or others as good, are mine. I once had this wallet full of bills, but now not a cent have I got. 'Not a drop more, Daniel, till this wallet is well filled again.'

By this time he had reached the place where he formerly resided, and leaning up against the fence he mused a long time in silence. He viewed the desolate place by the light of the moon, and his eyes ranged over the house and farm once again. He then said to himself: "Once I owned this house and farm. Here I was born. Here my father and mother died. I was the pride of their hearts; but I brought down their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave! Here I began my married life, and all that heart could wish was mine. Here Mary and I took comfort together till Hoskins came and opened his rum-shop; and now he calls it his. In that south room my children were born, and where Jennie died. Oh! how sorrowful she looked when she saw me take her boots and start for the store to pawn them for rum, while she lay sick upon the bed. And then how she begged for me never to strike her mother! I can see her now—her pale, her wasted form—but she cannot come to me again. And oh! my wife! how shamefully I abused her! It was not your Daniel that did it. No, it was Hoskins' rum that did it! No wonder you were taken away from me by those who loved you, and would not see you abused. They won't have me in the house. They won't let me live with you. 'Not a drop more Daniel,' till this house is mine again. 'Not a drop more, Daniel,' till these broad acres are again in my possession, and the wife and children who are living in yonder rooms, and we are a happy family once more. 'Not a drop more, Daniel,' so help me God, till all these things are accomplished! I thank you, Hoskins for these words. I shall not forget them.

He had become so much occupied with his thoughts, and spoke in a tone so loud that he had not noticed the waggon which, by this time, had reached the road, in which was seated the kind hearted Quaker before mentioned. He stopped his horse and heard distinctly the language Daniel used. As he closed his soliloquy, he turned and saw Thomas E. Edgerton, who said:

"Daniel, dost thee mean to keep thy vow?"

"Yes, friend Edgerton, I do."

"Thee has promised a great many times thee'd drink no more; what makes thee think thee will keep thy vow this time?"

"I know, friend Edgerton, I have often vowed I would drink no more; but now I feel different from what I have felt before; my heart is almost broken, and I feel my weakness, and believe God will help me this time."

"God grant that it may be so! Daniel, get in and take a seat. Thee must be hungry; go home with me."

On the way the Quaker drew out of him all that has been written, and he advised him to go to California. He told him to go to New York and work his way round the Cape. He decided to do so. The Quaker kindly promised to furnish him suitable clothing.

"Thee would like to see thy wife and children before thee goes?"

"I should, but they have become so estranged from me; if I went perhaps they would not believe me. I think it will be better they should not know where I am. I want to surprise them, and hope to do so, by coming back a sober man, and with money enough to make them comfortable. I prefer that you and your wife should be the only persons in the place who shall know where I am, or what I am doing."

Thus, while riding toward the quiet farm house of the Quaker, the whole thing was arranged. When they had reached the farm, the horse was put into the barn, and they entered the house. As they seated themselves before the fire, the Quaker said to his wife: "Amy, thee may put another plate; Daniel will stay with us for a few days and then he is going to California."

The good Quaker felt confident that Daniel would keep his word this time. At the end of a few days all was ready. The old horse was harnessed, and before daylight, Daniel Akin was on his way to the railway station; he had not been in the village since the words, "Not a drop more, Daniel," were uttered. He was missed from his customary haunts, but it

was supposed he had gone on a spree and so nothing was thought of his absence. No inquiries were made, for all were glad he was missing, and cared not for his return.

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He had been gone somewhat more than a year, when the Quaker was in the store of Hoskins, and wished to hire a pasture for the coming season. "I have one I will let you have free if you will put up the fences on that place," said Hoskins.

"Where is it?" asked the Quaker.

"It's on the Akin farm," was the reply.

"If thee will let it at that rate, thee must have let it get sadly out of repair."

"It is, indeed; I cannot leave the store to look after it. The house is poor, and the family that lived in it last were too shiftless to buy wood, so they burnt up the fences, in fact I would rather sell it than rent it."

"What will thee take for it?" enquired the Quaker.

"It cost \$1,000."

"Yes, but thee paid in goods, and charged thine own price for them."

"To be sure I did. Akin could not get trusted anywhere else, and I felt that I was running a great risk in letting him have goods, so I charged accordingly, just as anybody else would have done under the circumstances."

"But thee has not told me what thee will take for the place. I will give \$800 for it, if that price is any object to thee."

Hoskins thought long enough over the matter to conclude that the interest of \$800 was far better for him than a farm for the use of which he realized scarcely anything, and at last said, "you can have it."

"Very well, Hoskins, thee can make out the deeds to-morrow, and thee shall have thy money. By the way, do you know what has become of Daniel Akin?"

"No, he has not been in the village for more than a year, at any rate I have not seen him."

We may here tell the readers something that Hoskins did not know.—The Quaker had that day received a letter from Daniel Akin, stating that he was at the mines, hard at work and sticking to his motto, "Not a drop more, Daniel;" that he had laid up a few hundred dollars, and desired him to enquire what the place he once owned could be bought for.

Mr. Edgerton had taken the method above named to find out the views of Hoskins respecting the place; so confident was he that Daniel Akin would come home a sober man, with money in his pocket that he had ventured to purchase the place to keep for him till his return. He wrote to Akin, informing him what he had done, and about three months after he received a letter from him stating that he had sent by express \$500 in gold to a banker in New York; with orders to sell it and remit the proceeds to him, to go toward the money for the farm.

Gold at that time commanded a high premium and the \$500 became \$800 before they reached the hands of friend Edgerton. Akin requested him to draw up a deed giving the whole property to his wife, Mary, and to have it duly recorded and left with the register of deeds.

In his letter he said: "If perchance I should break my resolution, I shall have secured a home for my wife and children. I prefer, however, that they should not know anything of this for the present. If I live to come, I will give Mary the deeds with my own hands, if not you can do it. Now that the farm is bought you had better stock it, for I shall stick to my motto, 'Not a drop more, Daniel.'"

Another year had passed away. By this time friend Edgerton had stocked the farm with young cattle, the fences were put in repair, and everything but the house wore a tidy appearance. Another remittance came, which paid for all the stock, and left an overplus with which to repair the house. Carpenters were busy and villagers who happened to pass that way found that extensive repairs were going on; still no one presumed to question the Quaker with respect to his plans. These repairs completed, furniture found its way into the house. A yoke of oxen were seen on the farm. The villagers were astonished to see the Quaker driving an elegant horse, riding in a new buggy. He received this short note one day.

"I have arrived all safe and sound. Please go and get Mary and the children."

Friend Edgerton rode over to the next town, called on Mary's father, and invited her and the children to go home with him and make a visit. The invitation was accepted, and they returned with the Quaker to his house. On the afternoon of the next day he said:

"Mary, I want to go to the railroad station. Thee and the children can stay with Amy."

He went down to the station and fetched Daniel, and left him at his own house, where he had previously conveyed some provisions and where he was to pass the night. It was dark when friend Edgerton reached his home.

Next morning friend Edgerton said to Mary.

"Mary, I suppose thee has heard I have bought thy old place? I have got it fitted up, and thee and thy children shall ride over after breakfast and see it. I think thee will like it."