

## SONG OF THE DRINK.

AFTER HOOD.

BY MRS. TERWILLIGER.

With garments faded and worn,  
With eyes that with weeping were red,  
A woman sat till the hours of morn,  
Waiting his coming with dread.  
Wait! wait! wait!  
Till the heart is ready to sink,  
And still in a sad, despairing tone,  
She sang the Song of the Drink.

"Drink! drink! drink!  
While the sun is rising high,  
And drink! drink! drink!  
Till the stars are in the sky.  
It is oh! to be carried in strife  
Away by some barbarous band,  
Rather than live a drunkard's wife,  
In the midst of this Christian land.

"Drink! drink! drink!  
Till the brain is all on fire,  
Drink! drink! drink!  
Till he wallows in the mire.  
Rum, and brandy, and gin,  
(Gin, and brandy, and rum,  
Till down in the gutter he falls asleep;  
And I wait—but he does not come.

"Oh, men, enriched by the drink,  
Whose coffers are filling up,  
Not drink alone are you dealing out,  
But a skeleton in the cup.  
You sell! sell! sell!  
Though its victims downward sink,  
Swallowing at once, with a double gulp,  
Grim death, as well as a drink.

"But what is there fearful in death?  
To me it would be a relief,  
And better far for my little ones  
Were their time on earth but brief.  
They suffer with pinching cold,  
They supplerless go to bed,  
Ah, me! so much for the father's drink,  
And so little for children's bread.

"Drink! drink! drink!  
The thirst is still the same,  
And what does it cost! An aching head,  
A weakened and trembling frame;  
A comfortless home, where covering  
forms  
Shrink from his presence with fear;  
A body debased, a polluted soul,  
And no hope the dark future to cheer.

"Drink! drink! drink!  
Each day, and all day long,  
To drink! drink! drink!  
A captive fact and strong.  
Gin, and brandy, and rum,  
Rum, and brandy, and gin,  
Till the heart is hardened, the reason be-  
dimmed,  
And the conscience seared to sin.

"Down! down! down!  
With none to pity or save,  
Down! down! down!  
Into a drunkard's grave,  
While the busy, thoughtless world  
Goes whirling, flaunting by,  
With never a thought of the soul that's  
lost,  
Or the widow's and orphan's cry.

"Oh, but to grasp once more  
The hand of friendship sweet,  
To feel again that human hearts  
With sympathy can beat.  
Oh, but once more to know  
The happiness I knew  
When the light of love was in his eyes,  
And his heart was brave and true.

"Oh, but only for once  
That welcome voice to hear,  
That used with kindly words to greet  
His wife and children dear.  
Smiles and caresses then were ours,  
But curses now and blows.  
Oh, the bitter life of a drunkard's wife  
None but a drunkard's wife knows."

With garments faded and worn,  
And eyes that with weeping were red,  
A woman sat till the hours of morn,  
Waiting his coming with dread.  
Wait! wait! wait!  
While the heart is ready to sink,  
And still, with a sad, despairing moan,  
(Oh, that its desolate, heart-rending tone  
Could reach and soften each heart of stone!)  
She sang this Song of the Drink.  
—Morning and Day of Reform.

## THE MAN OF THE HOUSE

BY PANSY.

(Author of "Mrs. Solomon Smith Looking On.")

## CHAPTER XXV.

## AT BETH'S SUGGESTION.

"There ought to be some way thought out for keeping these wrists in shape, after you get them done; great use in silking them so nice, and patting and smoothing them, when you know they'll be poked into a great box that doesn't fit them, and be all rumpled up dreadfully." This was Beth, talking to herself, while she looked over and put the finishing touches on a dozen ladies' gauntlet gloves, that she had taken unusual pains in silking. At least she concluded that she was talking to herself; Reuben was in the room, and had been for an hour, and Beth had said a good deal during the hour; at first to him, but finding him eager over the arithmetic lesson that was puzzling him, getting no answer save an absent-minded "um," now and then, which he meant for yes, Beth had tried to keep still. Whether the subject had specially interested him or whether it was because he had just conquered a troublesome example, I do not know; but as Beth finished her lecture about the gauntlets, he looked up from his slate and said:

"What did you say, Beth?"

"Oh," said Beth, "you've got back have you? I've been talking to you by spells, for the last half hour, and I might as well have talked to the lamp."

Reuben laughed, owned that he had been bothered by an example, but had beaten it, and then asked again what she said about boxes.

"Oh," said Beth again, "it was that word that waked you up; say anything about boxes, and if you are within a hundred miles you will hear; well, I said that some of you ought to contrive better shaped boxes for these beautiful gauntlet gloves than the ones you stuff them into; I know they must come out looking horrid, and I think it is too bad; look at these, Reuben. Isn't that orange silk too lovely for anything?"

"That's an idea," said Reuben, taking the gauntlet in hand, and looking as though the orange silk was very far from his thoughts, though he stared at it with wide-opened, dreamy eyes.

That was really the beginning of it. The arithmetic suffered somewhat after that for days together; the mother looking on, was a good deal disturbed; she wanted Reuben to be a scholar; his grandfather had been, and she had watched the bringing out of the arithmetic, and heard Reuben's determination to catch up with the rest of the boys, so he could join the class by next fall, with great satisfaction. Now the question was, what had taken his attention so completely that for three evenings he did not open the arithmetic?

"Never your mind," said Miss Hunter, nodding her head. "The boy has an idea, and he is planning to carry it out. I see him busy thinking, even while he is eating his supper; there isn't any mischief brewing as long as he has such clear eyes as those; don't you be afraid."

"You don't think he can do anything wrong?" said Mrs. Stone, but she smiled as she said it; she was very proud of Reuben.

Now what was he about? Well I suppose you have forgotten all about those seven pasteboards out of which he meant to make his fortune; but you may be sure he had not. All through the winter, which was now quite gone, he had thought about them more or less, gone often to look at them in the corner of the attic where they were stored, and thought over and cast aside several plans for making something new and wonderful out of them. Nothing suited him; he wanted something different from what had ever been seen, and he could not decide on what it should be. The moment Beth began her argument against the boxes now in use for her favorite gauntlets, he was interested; a thought came into his mind, and grew as the days went by.

First experiments did not succeed; in fact one entire sheet of the seven was

spoiled before anything had come of his idea.

Meantime Beth grew almost discouraged over his stillness and dreaminess.

"It is worse than arithmetic," she told Miss Hunter. "For then I could get him to say a word once in awhile; but now he just sits and stares at the sky, or the trees, and doesn't open his lips."

"You wait," said Miss Hunter; "something will come of it, I know." Miss Hunter believed in Reuben.

It was nearly two weeks after the new idea had taken root that Reuben came home one evening with a radiant face. He could hardly eat his supper, and made them all laugh by trying to eat his syrup with a fork, and stir his milk with a knife. He seized upon the bread-dish the moment supper was over, and followed Beth to the cellar for a confidential talk.

"Beth," he said, his face aglow with triumph, "I've got it!"

"Have you?" said Beth with provoking coolness, as she stooped over the cookie-crock. "I hope it is worth having, and that you will give me a piece of it."

Reuben laughed gleefully. "I'll do that," he said; "at least you shall have a piece of the 'thank you' that I feel sure Mr. Barrows will give me. I am going to tell him that you deserve the largest half of it, for it was you that gave me the idea in the first place."

"Reuben," said Beth, setting her lamp on the potato box and herself on an overturned tub, "what do you mean?"

"Why, that night—don't you know, when you found fault with the boxes that they pack gauntlets in? I never thought of it before, how awkward they are, but that set me to thinking and planning until now I've got the nicest kind of a box for them; I made one, a regular beauty, brought it home under my work apron, and hid it in the parlor. I wanted you to see it before anybody else did, and tell me what you thought of it; not a soul has laid eyes on it. Are there any gauntlets in the house?"

"Yes, there are some beauties that I finished just this afternoon; the wrists are lined with dove-colored silk, and they are finished with the most lovely shade of blue silk! If you have a box as pretty as they are it must be a beauty."

"Come, children," called Mrs. Stone. "What in the world keeps you so long in the cellar?"

It was not until the dishes were washed and the little kitchen in complete order, that Reuben had a chance to show his treasure. Then he and Beth went to the parlor; Beth with a pair of the lovely gauntlets under her arm for a trial.

It was a perfect fit! An entirely new idea—a box finished with more care than usual, in green and gold, and looking on the outside like all other boxes; but within an ingenious piece of pasteboard had been fitted in such a way that it shaped the graceful wrist of the gauntlet exactly, and kept it from being crushed.

Beth clapped her hands in delight. "They will be worth more money, I know they will!" she said eagerly.

"One day I said to Mr. Barrows that it was too bad to crumple them all up in that way, and that there ought to be boxes on purpose for them; but he said that couldn't be done, because they were such a queer shape that no machinery could cut them, and nobody could make them after their were cut; but this is easy enough, I should think, and it doesn't take up a speck more room than the other way. What a queer little twisty piece of pasteboard that is, Reuben. How did you ever get it to fit in as it should?"

"I had an awful time with it," admitted Reuben. "For awhile I thought I would have to give it up; and I tell you I felt badly! I couldn't get to sleep at night for thinking of it, and one night don't you believe I dreamed about it! You see it wouldn't bend enough without breaking; but one day I hit upon this plan of cutting little niches at regular places, and it worked like a charm. I'll tell you what Beth, this is the only one I have made, but I want to get half a dozen made up out of my sheets, you know, and I want them made beautifully, with lovely colored paper and trimmed elegantly, you know, and I want you to help me about it. I have money enough from that I saved over, you know, that mother let me have for the boots and hat,

and I want them to be the handsomest boxes that ever were seen in our shop; and I want you to help me."

"After that Reuben was busier than ever; only Beth was in the secret now, and they worked together of evenings in the little kitchen as late as the mother would allow; she looking sober meantime, over the arithmetic, but trying to take Miss Hunter's advice and wait a bit.

At last they were ready for exhibition, the entire half-dozen, and very handsome, boxes they were. Beth, with her talent for pretty things, and her fondness for learning to do whatever she saw done, by dint of making many visits to Reuben in the box-shop, and keeping her bright eyes wide open, was no mean hand at the box business; she worked slowly, of course, but very neatly, and she knew how to choose her colors so as to harmonize them well, which was more than Mr. Barrows' foreman often did. So the boxes were carried in triumph to mother and Miss Hunter, some very handsomely made gauntlet gloves showing off their beauty in their new houses in a way that they had never been able to do before.

"But, dear me! I don't know how to tell you how pleased Mr. Barrows was with the new idea."

He came over to the little house on purpose to take a more careful look at the boxes, and inquire into their management. He questioned and cross-questioned Reuben as to how he did this and managed that, and Beth not only, but the mother and friend listened, well pleased at Reuben's eager explanations, and thought it not too high praise when Mr. Barrows said at last that it was a complete success, and that a hundred of them should be manufactured right away, and placed in the salesroom on exhibition; and that it was a capital idea and he believed manufacturers would all be willing to pay a trifle more for the boxes, since their goods would show to so much better advantage.

"You certainly deserve a great deal of credit," he said, turning to Reuben, "for thinking out, and carrying out, this idea."

"I didn't do all the thinking," declared Reuben eagerly. "Beth made me think of it in the first place, or I don't suppose it would ever have entered my head."

"I!" exclaimed Beth, surprised out of her usual timidity before Mr. Barrows. "Why, Reuben, all I ever did was to grumble because they rumpled up the pretty gauntlets so in the boxes that didn't fit them."

"Yes," Reuben said, and that was exactly what set him to thinking about it. Everybody laughed over this, and Mr. Barrows said it would be a good thing if all grumbling could be turned to so good an account.

But the most surprising part of the talk was yet to come. Mr. Barrows had talked for some time with Mrs. Stone, then with Miss Hunter, and a little with Miss Beth herself, when he suddenly turned to Reuben with a question:

"Well, young man, what are you going to charge me for this invention of yours?"

"Why?" said Reuben, in great amazement and embarrassment, "nothing, sir, of course."

"I'm sure I can't see why, provided you mean to let me have it at all; it is a good and useful thing, and I'm inclined to think will please the manufacturers very much; it isn't mine though, any more than that jacket you have on is mine, or those new boots I saw you wear the other day. The question is, what will you charge me for the use of it, if I am to have the use of it. Or do you mean to sell it to some of the other manufacturers?"

Reuben's face was very red.

"It is for you, of course, sir," he said eagerly; "and if it is of any good, I'm as glad as I can be."

"But, my boy, I thought those seven pasteboards were for you to make your fortune with; you won't make it very fast at that rate, I'm afraid."

But Reuben, laughing and blushing away up to the roots of his hair, declared that they had begun already to make his fortune, for they had begun to feel that maybe he could do things, and think of things.

"Well," said Mr. Barrows at last, "if you won't sell your brains to me, I'll tell you what we'll do; I'll have some boxes made up in our best style, and put on exhibition,

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