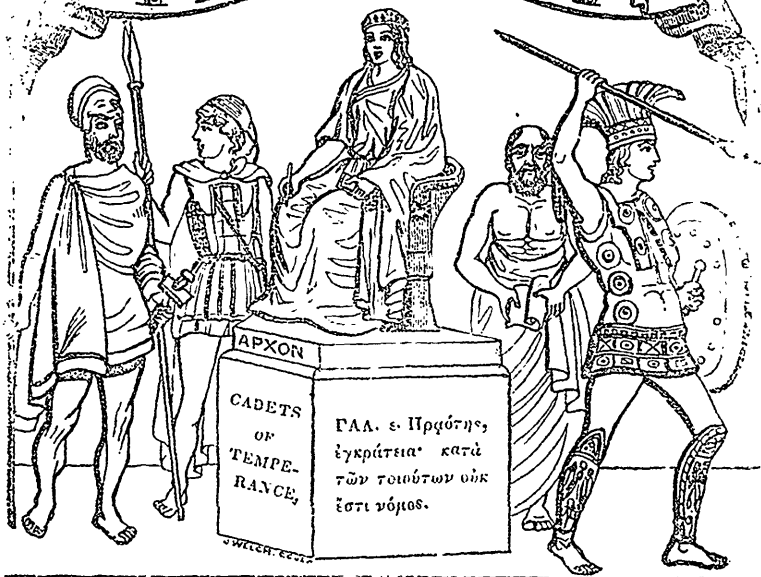


THE CADET



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"VIRTUE LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE."

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Somebody's Father.

BY MRS. STOWE.

The omnibus was slowly pursuing its way up one of the long hills that lead to the outskirts of Cincinnati, when the attention of its various inmates was directed to a man lying by the road side, with flushed and swollen face and trembling limbs, who vainly strove to raise himself from the earth, muttering broken and incoherent sentences, and ever and anon falling back into the dust which had already plentifully begrimed his face and clothes. Some of the passengers gazed on him with a contemptuous smile of pity, some with an expression of disgust, while a few of a coarser sort on top, burst forth into expressions of vulgar derision.

"Go it, old chap," said one. "Try it again," shouted another, as he made a fruitless attempt to rise. "Falls pretty limber, I guess," said a third.

A little boy about five years old, was stretching his neck to watch the sight, and joined unhesitatingly in the laugh set up on the outside.

"Hush, hush, my dear!" said a woman by his side, "don't laugh, Henry; that man is some poor child's father, I suppose."

The boy seemed to feel at once the force of this appeal, for he looked with astonishment into his mother's face, and several of the passengers appeared, by their thoughtful air, to have felt the force of the gentle appeal, and looked more as Christians should look on the fallen creature they were leaving behind.