

Must I be catechised respecting every dollar I pay out? This is, indeed, fine business for a wife—one who has promised to obey her husband, and consider him the head of the family. I tell you, woman, you must put away your obstinacy, or I'll take some measures to drive your perverseness out of you."

"Why, my husband, I have no desire to interfere improperly with any of your matters. I am willing to give instruction in music, in drawing, painting, or even to take in washing, to support the family, if you will not take up my wages and waste them."

"What do you mean by *your* wages? Are you going to set up a separate purse in the family? Are you going to claim the right to handle all the money, and pay it out as you please, without consulting *me*? I never will submit to it?" exclaimed Holyday, with emphasis, stamping his foot upon the floor.

Mrs. Holyday sat trembling with fear. She had never seen so much wrath and malice exhibited in his countenance before. Little Allie and Willie became alarmed, and cried as if their little hearts would break. Willie hid himself behind his mother's chair and Allie buried her face in her mother's lap. The conduct of the children very deeply affected Mrs. Holyday. It was something new—an exhibition of another phase in the course of her husband's inebriation. "Can it be possible," she thought, "that my dear children are to be afraid of