

bours to check the flames, which were put out before much mischief was done; and the men were soon sauntering home again through the still October night,—Sam and Jim some way behind the others.

"One never knows what they may come to," said Sam, thoughtfully. "John Hardy down there, when I was a boy, was as tight and clever a fellow as one would wish to see."

"One need never come to *that*," said Jim, answering his thought, and thinking that here was a lecture on total abstinence, if Sam would only read it: once he thought of doing it for him, but he remembered that a cause is not always advanced by talk, so hoping that his silence might prove golden, he held his tongue. Presently Sam spoke again.

"Why are you going away, Jim? You



won't be any better—you won't be so well paid as where you are."

"I know that," said Jim soberly.

"Then why are you going?"

"You should be the last to ask that," said Jim, temper and cheek firing. "I would never have thought of going, if you had treated me civilly."

"Can your cause not stand a little chaff?"

"My cause can stand whatever you choose to say, but my temper can't."

"That's frank: stay where you are, boy, and I won't bother you."

"Can't do it now," said Jim, but his affection for Sam was strong, and he added, "but I would rather be friends with you, Sam, than not."

"All right!" was all the answer, but the two understood each other.

At the next temperance meeting Jim was highly edified to see Sam enter, take a seat, and at the close sign the pledge. Afterwards they returned homeward together, their path so far being the same, and the new member opened the talk by saying, "You little scamp, you are splitting with