

all belonging to him, had been prosperous men. Failure was folly; nay, worse, deadly sin, according to his creed. He thought that had he been placed in any pursuit, he would have been successful. He did not consider the chances in his own favor—that coarse appetite and low vices were always plentiful, and pandering to them profitable. When heated, mortified, exasperated, he sought his wife's room and found her sobbing on the sofa, and resisting all attempts of Gabb and Miss Alterton to compose her, at intervals gulping down Dr. Bland's famous mixture, very like vulgar toddy to uninitiated noses, his patience (rarely a husband's virtue, ladies say) gave way at once. "Peace!" said he, "unless you mean to drive me as mad as your brother. Peace! I say, this c.ying and fooling are mistimed."

"Drive you mad! Ah! who drove my brother mad?"

"His vices, his intemperance. Yes, you force it from me with this senseless clamor. What had I to do with his madness, the just punishment of his folly?"

"You never warned him. No! when he was rich, you never told him about his vices then."

This recrimination was so painful to Mabel that she was about to leave the room, when Mr. Burnish said, "No, you stay here, Miss Alterton. I'll go and get quiet in my own dressing room." As he banged the door after him, Mrs. Burnish fell into violent hysterics, while between the pauses of her sobs and cries, sounds of distress came from the lower parts of the house.

Before one o'clock next morning, the poor maniac had been removed to a private asylum, and Mrs. Burnish was laid on a sick bed with the agitations of the preceding night. Plenty of breakfast tables that day were animated with discussions and wonderment about the interruption to the grand party; and not a few who partook of the lavish hospitality of the Burnish family were ready enough to say—for truth will out—

"Well, there's many a home rendered desolate by the drunkards made by brewers and distillers; it's not much to lament that now and then they should see a little of the painful, as well as gainful, results of their trade."

The post that morning brought two letters of varied import. One to Mr. Burnish announced that Lady Burnish meant to spend a week in Portland Place on her way into Sussex, and to have some serious conversation about a singular letter she had received from Delamere, to which she reserved her reply till she came to town. This news was not balm to either Mrs. Burnish or Gabb. Mr. Burnish felt pleased, for his mother's strong nature refreshed him after the insipidities of his wife. Miss Alterton, too, wished a more administrative mind in the feminine department to set things to rights in Portland Place. Poor Mabel! We have often reason to regret the fulfilment of our wishes, as much as their disappointment.

The other letter was from Mr. Alterton to Mabel, wishing to see his daughter, and appointing to call on her the following evening. He was annoyed by the preverse proceedings of the Horncastle brothers, which were involving him in heavy law expenses, and his heart was evidently ill-at-ease on other matters.

CHAPTER XIV.

Perplexities—Lady Burnish Sets Things to Right.

There lived a lady—wise, austere, and nice,
Who showed her virtue by her scorn of vice.

CRABBE.

During the visit of the children to the bedside of Mrs. Burnish, who seemed threatened with, or yielding to, a regular formidable attack of illness, Mabel, who accompanied them, mentioned her father's purpose of calling on her, and requested the opportunity of walking out with him an hour or two on the approaching day. Mrs. Burnish turned uneasily on her pillow, and made an excuse for Gabb, whose consequence was quite restored by the threatened illness, to fetch a book from the drawing-room. As soon as she was gone, the invalid said, in a hurried voice, as if telling a great secret, "I am glad, Miss Alterton, your father is coming himself; I feel nervous at any messenger being sent from him; for servants are such chatters. Make him comfortable, I pray you. Emily and Kate can go with their maid to call on their aunt, Mrs. Felix Burnish, while he is here, and she will be sure to keep them the day."

Gabb, whose movements, when she pleased, were quickness itself, lost no time in fulfilling a commission she felt assured was planned to get rid of her, and was back before Mabel could return any reply to a speech, the mysterious manner of which puzzled her. The return of the waiting-woman prevented any explanation; and, with a fretful tone, Mrs. Burnish said—"And now, when I am so ill, so utterly incapable of any exertion—torn with anxieties—dear Lady Burnish is coming! What a distracted house she comes to! and I always so desirous to make her comfortable. What a vexation it will be to know she must be disturbed, and at her advanced age!"

"Her ladyship, mem I will hear what Dr. M'Phaddy has said about you seeing no one; not to be disturbed on no account—no how. Pardon me, mem I'm nurse, you know now, and you're talking jest a little—all "wee bitty," as the doctor says, too much jest now. Miss Alterton and the young ladies had better come in agen, mem."

At this hint, Mabel signed to her charges to withdraw with her—and, while most heartily desiring the recovery of the invalid, and the healing of the sorrows of the family, she was not satisfied with the strange manner assumed when her father was spoken of.

(To be continued.)

For Girls and Boys.

A THANKSGIVING PIE.

HOW CHARLIE KEPT THE GOLDEN RULE.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

"Please, marn, do you want a boy?"

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Harper, carelessly, without turning to look at the child who had addressed her. "My own boy keeps me in a continual worry, and I don't know what I would do with two."

"I didn't ask to be 'dopted, marn, only hired. Ain't there something I can do about the house? I can scrub steps beautifully, an' run o' errands an'—an' most anything."

The wistful earnestness in the child's voice attracted Mrs. Harper's attention, and she turned and looked at him. She was standing in the door when he accosted her, looking down the street in hopes of seeing a late milkman. Bridget lacked a pint of milk for the Thanksgiving pudding, because Charlie, her own little boy, had found the milk-pitcher. He usually found things on the busiest days.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Harper, as her eyes fell upon the forlorn little figure at her side. "What a little fellow you are to be looking for employment. Not much larger than my five year old Charlie, and I should be very much frightened if Charlie was out in the street alone."

"But I'm lots older 'n I'm big," said the child, stretching his small self to his full height, and balancing on his tip-toes, as he spoke. "I'm nine years old, an' you just ought'er see me work."

"Well, dear, run home to your mother, and wait until you are larger, before you offer your services," she said, as she turned away from the door.

"I ain't too little to get awfully hungry, an' I ain't got no mother to run home to, either," sobbed the child, as a whiff of something spicy and good was blown into his face, when Bridget opened the kitchen door to see if "Missas" had got the milk.

"Don't feel so bad, little boy," piped a sympathetic voice, as a curly, golden head was thrust out of an open window, near by. "Mamma's busy to-day, an' Bridget's cross, 'cause I drank the milk. How'd I know that 'twas for the pudding? They shouldn't put pudding milk in my pitcher, anyhow. What's your name?"

"Billy."

"Well, Billy, you'll feel better to-morrow, 'cause its Thanksgiving Day, an' you'll have turkey an' cranber sauce, an' mince pie, an' punkin' pi-, an' plum puddin', an' more things than you could eat if you was as big's my grandpa."

"No I won't" said Billy, mournfully. "I won't have a single mouthful 'o anything, unless I get some work to do."

"Oh, yes, you will," said Charlie, encouragingly. "Everybody does on Thanksgiving Day. They have the good dinner so's to make 'em 'member 'n be thankful."

"I never had a Thanksgiving Day in my life," said Billy, "or anything else to be thankful for."

"You didn't!" Charlie's blue eyes opened to their widest extent; but he could not believe Billy's assertion, and an incredulous look crept into their wondering depths as he added gravely: "I guess that you've forgot, Billy."

"No I haven't either," cried Billy indignantly. "I guess if I'd ever had enough to eat, once in my life, I'd 'member it's long's I lived."

He turned and walked away as he said this, and Charlie watched him, a tender pity shining through his eyes. He then spread his chubby, dimpled hands out on the window sill, and regarded them gravely.

"I wouldn't wonder 'n he told the troof," said he after a moment's silent reflection. "His hands aint fat an' round, with little holes where the fingers stick in, like mine. Oh, dear! I do wish he could have a Thanksgiving dinner, just once to see how 'twould seem to him."