

Tales and Sketches.

FOUND DEAD.

Found dead in a doorway on Chestnut street,
 Just when the night and morning meet,
 An elderly man, with scant gray hair,
 And all that told what brought him there,
 Was a bottle of brandy, or gin, or rum
 To show that the murder by drink was done.
 Drifted the cruel snow over his form,
 Pelted adown all the merciless storm,
 Icicles formed in his tangled hair,
 Froze to his temples and crusted there.
 Stiff were the fingers, so wrinkled and thin,
 Through rents and tatters the ice-breath crept in,
 Blue, cold and frozen the poor tired feet,
 Covered alone by the bitter night's sleet,
 Down in his eyes the gas-light glared,
 And nobody knew him and nobody cared—
 Out in the whirling, blinding snow,
 Who was the outcast? Does nobody know?
 Nobody knew and nobody cared
 How either the soul or the body fared;
 Only the bottle the story told,
 Homeless and helpless, friendless and old,
 Stupefied, suffering, starving, sick,
 Begging a bed and getting a kick,
 Shoved aside by a cold, selfish world,
 Careless how soon to eternity hurled.
 Oh! the ushering out of that lonely soul,
 No bell in the tall, grand steeple to toll,
 No mourners to gather and weep around,
 Only the wind with its wailing sound,
 Only the trees with their skeleton arms
 Against the sky at the wind's alarms.
 Long, long ago on a fond mother's breast,
 He may have been pillowed to innocent rest,
 Mother-love bent over him, over him wept,
 Over him many a long vigil kept,
 Fondled him tenderly, tenderly smiled,
 For in the past he was somebody's child,
 Somebody's darling, somebody's pet,
 For mother-love then was as mother-love yet.
 Smooth back the scattered locks from his brow,
 As did that mother once, strangers do now;
 Lift him up tenderly, bear him away,
 Jeer not at his weakness, nor cruel words say,
 For the sake of the white hairs, though fallen so low.
 How much he was tempted, we none of us know.
 After him long years the foe may have crept,
 Watched him while waking, still watched while he slept,
 Robbing him, torturing, stealing his youth
 Sowing the seed of this hour's ruth,
 Taunting him, sneering, crushing him down,
 Sending him staggering out on the town,
 Out of a happy home, out of its light,
 Into despair, darkness, gloomiest night,
 We only see with our earth vision weak,
 As mortals we judge, as mortals we speak;
 But above there is One all true and all wise,
 Who, looking down from the calm upper skies,
 And reading each heart in its secret thought,
 Comprehends, understands, when we discern not.
 Better than we He watches us all,
 Heeds he not even the sparrows fall?
 Saved he not even the thief on the tree?
 Such was our lesson on dear Calvary.
 But weep for the living, oh! shudder for them,
 Weep for the fallen and tempted of men!
 Mean, moan for the widows and orphans rum makes.
 Moan, moan for the hearts that the rumseller breaks.
 Then look on the bubbles that dance on the edge,
 And shudderingly see the dark precipice ledge.
 In that cup's honeyed depth there is direst woe;
 Do you doubt it? Do you doubt that dead man found it so?
 Dead, dead in a doorway on Chestnut street,
 No more life trials and sorrows to meet,
 Thence to the steps of the great white throne,
 Into His presence, who sitteth thereon,
 The greatest Maker of the greatest laws,
 The greatest Judge of the criminal's cause.
 Dead, dead in a doorway, alone, all alone,
 Only the night wind to echo his moan;

But above from His throne the great Judge saw,
 The Judge who judges the liquor law,
 The liquor itself, the accursed thing,
 The liquor traffic, the liquor king.

—Sel.

ONLY ONE GLASS.

Be sure and come home early, Richard, when you get your wages, for I am very poorly, and shall want you to go to market."

So said Mary Carter, a decent-looking woman, to her husband, as he, after kissing her and the children, went forth to his day's labor.

"I will be sure," was his reply.

Now Richard had more than once made such promises only to break them; and yet the wife hoped that, under the peculiar circumstances of her condition, he would this time keep his word. And so the day passed away, amid hope and fear; but about five o'clock Richard's steps were heard, much to the joy of Mary, whose situation was even more critical than he expected.

"I have kept my word, you see," said Richard, "this time, and right glad I am, seeing how you are."

"I am so glad you are come," said Mary.

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"You must go and pay the weekly bills at Harris's," said Mary, "and then he will put you up the things I want for the coming week, and perhaps you had better bring a little extra tea and sugar, and also some oatmeal, for we are quite out of everything."

"Very well;" and off started Richard on his errand of housekeeping.

While he is on his way, we must just remark that, owing to his rather free disposition, as it was called, he often spent in *appees*, like many others of his class, more than sufficient to have kept his cupboards well supplied, instead of which, however, the stock was always low, while the credit at the shop was only maintained by regularly paying for one week's goods as another was taken away.

With quick steps he was making his way to the shop, when, just as he was passing the "Lion," who should he meet but an old shopmate, and after the usual salutations were passed, he was about to say, "I must go," when his companion said, "You'll not go without having one glass, for old acquaintances sake, will you?"

"I cannot really stay," said Richard, "my wife is ill and will want me back again, besides it is now getting dark."

"Well, but," said Jim, "it won't take a minute, and I'll stand treat. Come along."

After a deal of persuasion, and much against his real wishes, Richard went into (shall we say the jaws of) the "Lion." Over the glass they talked about matters of interest—the state of trade, old times—from one thing to another they passed on, forgetting both the time and the wife. Of course, Richard must return the compliment to his companion, as he would not for the world be thought shabby, so another glass was ordered; other persons meantime dropped in to do the same; and, sad to say, though it is repeating the old story over again, other glasses quickly followed; and thus the evening and the money quickly passed away. All at once Richard thought of home, and looking up at the clock found it was nearly midnight.

"I must go," he said, "or I shall be too late for the shop, and have a row in the bargain at my house."

"Don't go yet," said several voices; "let's have another glass, and then Harry Harper will sing us a song."

"I tell you, I must go," he said.

"Who would be a lady's maid?" said one.

"Catch me turning housekeeper," said another.

"Oh, he is tied to apron strings," called out a third.

Stung by these remarks, he felt inclined to punish his taunters, but, instead of doing so, he made a movement to depart, when a ring of jeers saluted him; this aroused his blood, but pushing forward, he cleared a way through them, and soon found himself in the street. On the pathway he stumbled against some one, and, supposing it to be one of his late companions, aimed a blow which felled the person to the ground; while, owing to the force of the movement, he also himself staggered over, and lay beside him in the road. The stranger arose first, and after making a few inquiries, passed on his way, leaving Richard saying he wished he had hit him a harder blow; after which he also started on his journey again; but upon feeling in his pockets, and finding all his money gone, he muttered to himself something about he supposed he had better go home, and bent his steps in that direction.

* * * * *

While Richard was thus spending his time at the "Lion," another scene was taking place at his home. To his delicate wife in her loneliness, the hour of her trial came, one of her little boys carried a hasty message for the doctor; and there, amid the poverty and wretchedness caused through drink, another child of sorrow was ushered into the world. The neighbors, although poor, did what they could to help her, but the place was destitute of even the common necessities of life, and had it not been for one bringing a little of one thing, and another doing a part also, death through want,