

rant, elderberry, and blackberry wines, and prepared boxberry rum and cherry rum, without a thought that she was spreading a snare for her husband and furnishing the means to wreck her whole life.

Three years have passed away, bringing many sad changes ; and the happy home life of the Burtons has become a thing of the past. In a small tenement containing two rooms, neatly, but plainly furnished, we find Mary Burton and her Charlie, now a bright-eyed boy of four summers.

The serpent which she nursed in her home has grown to a "hydra-headed" monster, destroying her happiness, and nearly crushing out her own life. Yes, Maurice Burton, the man she had once so proudly called "my husband," is now a lost, degraded drunkard, working only to gratify his insane thirst for the maddening drink, finding a shelter where he may.

Slowly and imperceptibly, the dreadful appetite had been formed, and neither husband or wife was aware of the danger until too late to crush it.