

water. Yet, even as he passed the old tavern stand around which soon waved fields of ripening grain—the ground had run to waste before—he felt a desire to enter. But there was no bar there now; so the morbid desire was fruitless of evil consequences.

Thus it went on for three years. In that time not a drop of anything intoxicating had passed the lips of Edward Pratt. How striking the change in all around him. Worn out furniture was renewed; abundance of good clothing for children as well as parents gave an air of thrift and comfort. Cheerful, happy faces were seen, where before was sadness, pallor, want and tears.

Three years of sober industry! How, in that short time, had the wilderness been made to blossom as the rose.

One day, about this time, Mr. Pratt came home with a serious countenance and a dejected air. His wife noticed the change, but said nothing at first—waiting until her husband should speak of what troubled him. He seemed to recover a little at the tea table, and talked pleasantly; but, after supper withdrew to himself, and sat most of the evening in deep thought, with his head resting on his bosom. Several times his wife, whose anxious attention was removed from him scarcely for a moment, heard a low sigh escape from his lips. A little while before retiring, he speaking abruptly and with something so strange in his voice that the sound caused a thrill to run along her nerves:

“Parker sold his place last week.”

“He did! To whom?”

Mrs. Pratt spoke in a startled manner.

“To a man from Brockville, who is going to open the tavern again.”

If a heavy blow had fallen on the poor woman she could not have sunk down more gloomily. If a dead pang had entered her heart, the groan from her lips could not have been more fraught with agony.

“He opens to-morrow,” said Pratt, in a boding voice. “O, Edward!”

The unhappy wife arose, and moving to the side of her husband, flung her arms around him, saying as she did so: “Let us go from here.”

“Where?” was responded, gloomily.

“O, anywhere. Death and eternal destruction are opening at your feet. Come! Come! Let us flee for our lives! Let us go this hour! I will bear hunger, cold, anything that may come upon us so that we escape this evil.”

“I have thought it all over, Sarah,” replied the poor victim, sadly. “we cannot go anywhere and be free from the curse. The law sanctions the evil, and under the protection of law, it throws out its allurements everywhere. O, that I was strong enough to resist. Heaven knows how earnestly I have sought to overcome this fatal desire; but the moment I come within sight of the accursed tempter my whole being is inflamed. Reason is obscured—restraint grows weak—and I fall under the luring gaze of a serpent.”

O, what a night was that; spent watchfully in prayer and weeping—a night, the anguish of which years would fail to cover with the dust of forgetfulness. Morning dawned at length. To one condemned to die it scarcely had broken more drearily.

“I will strive to be a man, Sarah. I will look up for strength,” said Mr. Pratt, as he pressed the hand of his wife and parted from her at the door. “Pray for me.”

Tears were in his eyes as he turned away; and her cheeks were wet. The voice of Pratt was not confident. He spoke rather to assure his wife than his own heart. He felt that he was to weak for his enemies.

And he was too weak. Evening brought him home with all his bright manhood obscured. One short month sufficed to do the work of ruin. Then his poor wife stood pale, tearless and heart-broken above his grave! He fell so low that he made no effort to rise again—and died in drunkenness and despair.

The poor widow was not long from his side; and now his children's home is the almshouse. The “man-trap” in Ashdale is open still. And for the privilege of scattering ruin and death around him, the new owner pays the State fifty dollars a year; and the State takes the money with an eager hand, and seems to think her bargain a good one.—*Pictorial Drawing Room Companion.*

Desperate Riot on a Western Steamboat.

We have often heard, says the *Louisville Courier*, 24, of meeting a murderer on the high seas, but seldom have to record such scenes of violence as occurred on the steamer *S. F. J. Trabue*, on the Mississippi River, during her recent trip from New Orleans. As is usual, at this season of the year, the boat was crowded with deck passengers, chiefly flat-boatmen, from the Wabash, and coal-boatmen from Pittsburg. Among the latter, was a set of turbulent, quarrelsome men, who were about half drunk when they got on the boat at New Orleans, and had a fight or two among themselves before the boat left port. Capt. Tucker was notified by a friend, who recognized one or two of the men, that he would have trouble with them, and that they would try to take the boat.

Soon after the boat was under way, and before she had proceeded many miles up the river, one of the Pittsburg coal boatmen attacked a Wabash man who was quiet and peaceable, and had said nothing to him, and knocked him down and beat him dreadfully. Two of his friends interfered to save him from further ill-usage, when they were beset and beaten nearly to death, and one of them had his arm broken by a blow of an axe in the hands of one of the rioters. The deck bar was open and another passenger, a small man, stepped up after the first fray and called for a drink. While he was in the act of drinking, a burly fellow, a bully among the coal boatmen, stepped up and seized him by the neck, choked him, and threw him to the deck as if he were a chicken, and then stamped him. He was suffered to get up, and as soon as he regained his feet he drew a knife and inflicted a terrible wound in the big man's right breast, which placed him on his back during the rest of the trip, and on the arrival of the boat here, he was sent to the hospital.

Not long after this occurrence, the coal boatmen became perfectly wild with liquor, or their anxiety for a fight, and were heard to swear that they would take the boat and do as they pleased. The deck was crowded with passengers, and the quiet and orderly had no peace or rest, and were beset every moment. Capt. Tucker then determined to quell the riot, and, summoning his crew, among whom were twenty-one Spaniards, and arming them with small clubs, hatchets, and whatever weapons he could, he marched to the lower deck, and endeavored to restore order and put the rioters on shore. The rioters laughed at him, and one big fellow shook