

your slow, lazy fellows, who are too indolent to be vicious; but he has awakened up with a vengeance. He will break his neck yet on that brute he rides. I'm a pretty fair whip, but I wouldn't be on her back half an hour for half a million. No, by Jove! And he plays so high that even Grantley whistles over his stakes. Never in my life saw a fellow so changed!"

"Somebody said he was going in for law in earnest," said a second voice.

"Bah!" said a third, "his mother's estate must come to him, and there's all the Marcy money."

But Guy had found "the Marcy" had quite a shrewd commercial head of her own, and meant to keep her purse-strings in her own fingers. Every dollar of Mrs. Laura Chester's fortune was securely settled upon herself, and she gave her husband to understand plainly that if he would gamble and give expensive suppers he must tax his mother for the cost.

And so, in a mad search for forgetfulness, a restless desire to be away from the uncongenial society of his wife, a dread of the self-reproach of thought, Guy Chester was throwing away all the finer instincts of his nature, sinking lower and lower in the scale of true manliness.

Spring was coming again, and, worn out in spite of his perfect physique, by late hours and a winter of reckless dissipation, Guy determined to run down to Chester Hill for a week or two.

"If there are any letters for me, you can open them," his mother said, rather careless, now that her point was gained, of Guy's knowledge of the machinery that had been put in operation to accomplish it. "I leave it to you to judge if any are important enough to forward."

There was but one, for most of Mrs. Chester's correspondents were sufficiently intimate to know they must use her city address between November and May.

But that one Guy tore open with trembling fingers, knowing well who penned the address, in faint, wavering lines.

"Dear Cousin (the letter read): I have been very sick all winter, getting a little weaker every day, and now I know that I shall never be better again. I know I ought not to love Guy, since he is married, and I try to remember it is wrong; but when I am dead, will you not tell him I left him because I loved him, and you were so sure it would be better for him to forget me. Give him my love—my love that will not die, notwithstanding I try so hard to kill it."

"Amy," He never fainted, and he did not even groan as he read the words; but setting his teeth hard over a muttered curse that might have appalled even his mother's selfish heart, he went back to the railway station and took a train that would carry him to Harrisburg, the nearest route to the town from which the letter was posted.

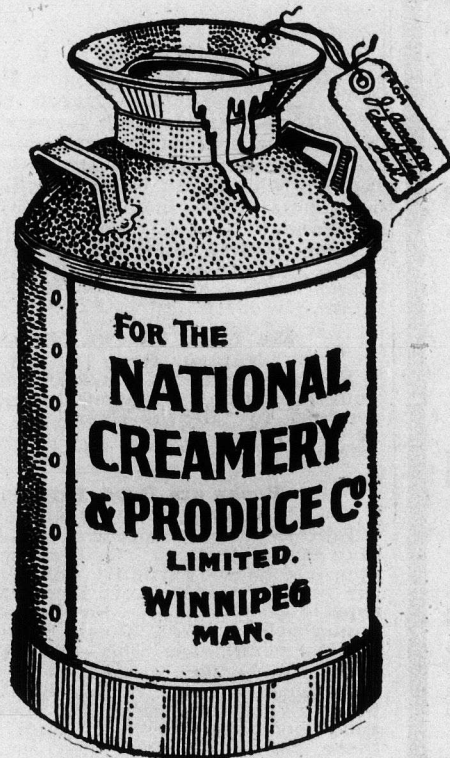
"Will it be today? Oh, doctor, not to-day!" said old Mrs. Randolph, when the doctor turned away from the bed where Amy lay.

He only shook his head and passed from the room, while the sobbing old woman bent over the white, unconscious face upon the pillow. For nearly a week, since writing her pathetic farewell to love and life, Amy had lain just so, without any sign of consciousness. She swallowed obediently all food, medicine or drink put to her lips, but she never spoke, never lifted the drooping lids that half covered her large eyes.

"Passing away peacefully, poor lamb!" the kind-hearted neighbors said, and no one hoped ever so faintly for the return of consciousness. But, as she lay on that still April day, her breath coming with more labored sighs, her face growing ghastly with the touch of the great seal, she suddenly lifted her hand, opened her eyes, and smiled.

"Hush! He is coming!" she said.

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"Wandering, poor dear," said one old crone.

"Guy! Guy!" the pale lips whispered, and in answer a quick tread crossed the porch, paused a moment, and came up the staircase.

One look showed Guy a little figure half lifted from the bed, arms outstretched, lips smiling, eyes radiant. Only one look! Before he crossed the room Amy sank back dead.

When April came again, sympathizing friends, deciding which was the most becoming style of mourning for Mrs. Guy Chester, said:

"Very sad, so young. But, my dear, he really was most terribly dissipated. His mother is half ruined paying his debts, and he gambled fearfully; though, of course, one does not want to blame the dead, it really seems providential that that brute of a horse threw him, at last, for his wife is young yet, and so wealthy—and really, you know —" and significant shrugs finished the sentence.

But Mrs. Chester, the heart-broken mother, alienated from her son by his bitter speeches after Amy died, impoverished, childless, leads the life of a recluse, ever tormented by the haunting question, "Was it better to

separate those loving hearts, remove Guy from gentle influences, and dig two early graves for money's sake?"

Mr. Carnegie, in his book, "The Empire of Business," says: "The first most seductive peril, and the destroyer of most young men, is the drinking of liquor. I say to you that you are more likely to fail in your career from acquiring the habit of drinking liquor than from any or all the other temptations likely to assail you. You may yield to almost any other temptation and reform—may brace up, and, if not recover lost ground, at least remain in the race, and secure and maintain a respectable position. But from the insane thirst for liquor escape is almost impossible. I have known but few exceptions to the rule."

Bishop R. S. Foster has said: "The church of today, much more the church of the future, must take to its heart the duty of combining and massing its force against gigantic atrocity of Christian civilization that mothers nine-tenths of the woes and sorrows that blight and curse our modern age—the traffic of intoxicants, which hides its deformity under forms of law. The conflict is now upon us. The church must lead in this reform. This is her most peculiar province. It comes in the line of the great class of moral issues of which she is the recognized guard-

ian. The rum hole must be closed, or the rum hell will engulf Christendom. If ever the pulpit had a right, the duty to flay with unsparing rebuke, it is here."

According to Secretary Halle, of the National Liquor League, the dealers in Indiana are organizing themselves into congressional districts, there remaining but one to be formed. "When all are in line, a meeting is to be called to organize a permanent state association, and I have been in correspondence with many of the dealers with that end in view, and have their assurance that before the convening of the next legislature an Indiana State Association will be an accomplished fact."

Official reports to the State Department show that the English people are changing their drinks, and that beer and whiskey are steadily giving way to tea. During the last six years there has been a decline of nearly 2,500,000 barrels in the quantity of beer annually consumed in the United Kingdom. For the fiscal year 1906 the figures were 33,504,000 barrels, or 27.9 gallons per capita. There has also been a decrease from 1.1 proof gallons to nine-tenths of a gallon in the per capita consumption of spirits. Imports of tea for home consumption in the first seven months of 1906 were 155,767,710 pounds, an increase of over 10,000,000 pounds above the same period of 1905.