

wine-drinking friends, you could be convinced that this habit were really dangerous, you would give it up.

*Charles.*—I'm afraid we have neither watched ourselves nor others. The fact is,—and I'm ashamed to own it,—that Eugene and I have been going it rather fast since you left. We have been invited to so many parties this winter, and at most of them wine, or egg-nog, and sometimes both, flowed freely. Of course, we had to drink as others did. Then Gene's father gave him a grand affair to celebrate his birthday, and there we had wine, peach brandy, and cordial, and some of us scarcely knew what we were about when we started home. Since then, I have touched nothing but wine, and that only three times.

I saw my Uncle Simon reeling into the house to-day. His three glasses a day have increased to an indefinite number. Mrs. Thompson and her husband live like cats and dogs; he drinks brandy, and she drinks wine, and both drink too much. The others are still going on in the same old track. As for poor Gene, I am sorry to say—

*[Eugene enters staggering; his hat pushed back on his head, his coat buttoned crooked, and his cravat untied.]*

*Eugene.*—Why, Walt,—hallo, old fellow! when did you land? Hang me, if I aint glad to see you! Give us your paw, old chap. *[Shakes his own left hand heartily.]*

*Walter.*—*[Rising.]* O Gene, my friend! I feared this, when, a year ago, you refused to give up your wine.

*Eugene.*—I *did* give up wine—left that for Charlie—'cause you know—he's temperance, you know. *[Winks at Charles.]* Anybody's temperance that don't get drunk,