

tion at the bar of the state. I owe it all, Tom, to having turned 'Square Around.' But come our tea bell is ringing."

Mrs. Lee, previously advised by her husband, received Tom with a genial, kindly welcome, while Rose, the only child, now a miss of sixteen, just treading the border-land of a beautiful womanhood, treated him with a maidenly reserve, but when his eye met hers, it was bent on him with a pitying tenderness that touched him far more than kind words could have done. Mrs. Lee spoke of Tom's mother, of her many excellent traits of character, and of her death a few years previously, of his father's subsequent illness and death, and then she added:

"I knew them both, Tom, and I trust that you will bear in mind that you are the sole representative of the family now living, and that you will do all in your power to honor the name."

"I will, henceforth, Mrs. Lee, God being my helper," said Tom fervently, and he turned away to hide the tears that came unbidden to his eyes.

Oh, the power of kind words! They are the magic rod that from the rocky Horeb of the human heart can make the glad waters gush forth, all pure and beautiful in the sunlight.

After an hour passed in conversation, Tom and the lawyer returned to the office. It was Lodge night, and Mr. Lee remarking to Tom that he would find the daily paper and the magazines at his hand, went away. It was a beautiful summer evening, and at least an hour had elapsed before a lamp would be needed, and Tom's eye falling on a Masonic

Manual, he picked it up and began to peruse its pages. He tried to forget the intense craving for spirits that still had possession of him. Oh! how a single drink would have lightened that depression that can only be felt, never described. He had nearly two dollars left from his purchases and a saloon was only two squares away. But Tom read on, and tried hard to become interested in the lessons of the Manual, when a shadow fell on the book, and looking up, Tom beheld Dick Travers, the best pattern-maker but hardest drinker in the village, standing at the open door.

"Why, hallo, Tom! Dressed up? Thought I knew you, but wasn't right sure. Studyin' law. What's up, old fellow."

"Why, I'm up, Dick! Or I am getting up. I have been down until I have lost cash, character and clothes!"

"Why, Tom, here's to you, old fell'," and Dick drew forth a pint flask, and drank long and deep, and then handed it to Tom.

"Take a swig, Tom; you need a dram to steady your nerves. Drink hearty. I tell you its dangerous to quit off sudden. I've been there once. Snakes, you know, for men that's been drinking like you and me, it won't do to turn Right Square Round."

"Right Square Round." How like magic the words acted on Tom. He started as if he had been shot, and then, raising the hand containing the bottle high above his head, in an instant it whistled by Dicky and lay scattered in a thousand fragments on the sidewalk.

"Now, Dick," said Tom, grasping that individual by the shoulder, let