

"Will you not put yourself under the influence of your old associates? and will they not make an effort to get you to drinking again?"

"I will take care of that. I feel strong. I think I shall be able to withstand their influence."

"I am really afraid to have you go, my husband."

"I think, Olivia, I ought to go. Mr. Aiken is running for the assembly; and I understand, if he is elected, he will vote for the Maine law. And since Jenks and Parks are doing all they can to defeat him, I think it would be wrong for me not to go."

"Well, can you not go and put in your vote and come right back?"

"I can do that," he replied, as he left the house.

He little understood his own weakness, and the power of his associates and the landlord's to draw him back again to his cups and inebriation. He had not been on the ground more than ten minutes before he was prevailed upon, not only to drink, but to vote for the liquor candidate. In a few hours he was reeling in the streets, clad with rags, and bespattered with mud, for he had already traded away the clothes he wore from home.

About twelve o'clock at night he was assisted in getting home by two individuals, for he was so much under the influence of rum that he had very little use of his limbs.