

Cunningham could the more readily find his way. Unfortunately for the latter, a stand was made at a corner, a short distance from his boarding house. On this corner was a saloon—the respectable name for tavern—and into which Cunningham's companions pressed him hard to enter. He yielded, and in the trio went.

It is wonderful with what pertinacity the agents of evil work for the accomplishment of their designs! They will follow their victims from place to place, attach themselves to them, and stick to them, until they make sure of their work; and the saloon was a most fitting place to complete it in.

When inside, the parties availed themselves of seats, which are generally plentiful in such places; the reason being, we suppose, that a sitting customer will stay longer than a standing one, and, of course, be much more profitable. Drink was ordered without delay, the two strangers vying with each other as to who should treat first. Edward Cunningham was no teetotaler, nor a hard drinker, but he did not altogether like the proffered freedom of these men, nor the quantity of liquor which they now with eagerness pressed him to drink. He had already treated them in return, but they seemed unsatisfied; and he began to suspect that he had really fallen into bad company, and began to think how he might escape. But, he found that he could not think now, except in a confused manner, as his mind had become muddled from the effects of the liquor. So he drank more, treated again, and made no effort to escape.

The time for action had come now. Cunningham was well dosed with drink; he had very little money left in his pocket, and had but a poor prospect of employment. Again, the subject of joining the army was broached, and its advantages, in the shape of a large bounty, etc., discussed at great length. The matter would soon have been settled but for one thing—Cunningham's consent: