Our losity was excited to the utmost to see the inside of the famous gin palace, and they crowded in, but in an orderly manner, and were shown to their appointed room, each apartment being conspicuously numbered. The place was brilliant with gas, and with an immense fire in each room, in ornamental open grates, quite as brilliant as the old gin palace; tables, small and large, and chairs and benches were scattered about; busts of great and good men were standing in niches and corners; a few pictures, maps. etc., were on the walls; the better sort of the dear and the cheap periodicals, monthly and weekly; also, there were several sets of chess and draughtsmen. A more complete picture of comfort the men had never entered on, although it wanted the bottles and barrels and shining taps of the gin-shop.

So! that was their master's gin palace!

A comfortable asylum, where they might enjoy each other's society, hear the news, and be well lighted and warmed, all at his expense. "They might have knowed that he never would countenance a liquer traffic—where were their wits to have believed each at him?"

me never wont countenances in the traine where were their wits to have believed such a thing?"

"The coffie, too, that was at his expense, wall, it warn't bad."

Had! it were deadly good."

"Yes, it were; and so wers the bread and butter. But about the beer?"

"And the gin?"

Nobody could say any more than that they had passed their words to their good master, and they must put up with the evening coffee for a month.

"And at the end of the month we will talk again," said Mr. Danesbusy, appearing just as the last words were spoken. "Perhaps we may enter on a fresh agreement then. Did you find the coffee to your liking?" liking?"
They had never tasted the like—for

Iney had never tasted the like—lor coffee.

Mr. Dunesbury laughed, He sat down for a little while and conversed cheerfully with the men; not about his hopes and schemes, he had done talking of them for a month, and now left them to their own working; but about indifferent topics of interest. After that, he passed into the other rooms successively.

"I think it will answer, William," he whispered, as they were crossing the well-lighted hall to leave.
"So do I," answered William, "I did not see a dissatisfied face among them."

see a dissatisfied face among them."
"If, at the month's end, we have only gained over a few, it will be something effected; and we must hope on, and work

on."
"It will come, it will come in time," said
William. "Perhaps not with all of them,
but with a great portion."
"The next step will be to try and induce
them to leave off beer at home. Not yet;
we must go to work gradually, little by
little."

little,"
"If we can but do that," eagerly
answered William, "that they may get out
of liking the taste of it, and so out of the
craving for it! You don't know, Arthur,
aow much lies in that; what a help there is
in it."
"No; but you do, now."
"Yes, thank God."

Arthur pressed his arm with true affection; but what he would have said more was arrested; for, on going out into the street, they found themselves in the midst of a

they found themselves in the midst of a crowd of women.

News of the asteunding truth had been carried to them that the new place was no drinking place but one to keep their husbands and sons from drink. The tidings had spread from cottage to cottage, from house to house, and the excited women, full of joy and thank ulness, had flown to the new place, and stood flocking round it, eager for more particular confirmation. Even the respectable Mrs. Gould had gone, and she was the first to address Mr. Danesbury.

and she was the first to address Mr. Danesbury.

"Oh, sir," she said, almost in impassioned tones, "I don't know how to forgive myself. I gave ear to the wicked, disreputable report that this was to be a gin shop; and after watching your goodness, as I had, all through so many years! We shall never thank you enough, sir, for opening it what it is,"

mans you enough, sir, for opening it what it is."

"We all joined in the delusion sir, more shame to us for doubting you," eried another. "We never thought it was going to be nothing but a gin palace."

"Yes," smiled Mr. Danesbury, "the report did get about. Not from me; I certainly never said it was going to be a gin-palace. But when I found that you had picked up the notion, I did not contradict it.

"Well, sir, I suppose we jumped at the thought through seeing of it a-doing up so nice. I hope all the blessings in the world will rest upon you, sir, for trying to desomething to reform our toping pigs of

something to reform our toping passible husbands,"
"Perhaps I shall try something to reform you next," said Mr. Denesbury.
The crowd looked at him wonderingly.
"My good women," said he, in a low, clear, kindly tone, which reached the ears and the consciences of all, "how many of you have done anything to induce your husbands not to tope—except in the way of scolding and abuse? Have you—I speak to you all individually—made his home comfortable and peaceable? have you kept it.

Intrable and peaceable? have you kept it clean and cheerful; have you ever met him with kind words? I fear not."

They were fearing not also, just then; and coarcely an eye dared to meet that of Mr. Danesbury.

"There has been faults on both sides," he

anesbury.
"There has been faults on both sides," he sammed; "I am trying what I can do to tend your husbands' faults; perhaps in a ttle time I may see what can be done ward mending yours. I speak in all

kindness."
"Boss Mr. Danesbury! forever bless Mr. Danesbury!" was echoed around, "we shall never know another gentleman like him." Arthur raised his hat, and, passing his arm within his brother's, walked away.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GONCLUSION.

It was alonely day in June; the sun shone on the green trees, and the biue sky was without a cloud. All Eastborough, high and low, rich and poor, had gathered round the church, save those who had been able to get inside it, for it was the marriaze-day of Arthur Danesbury and Mary Heber. In deference to the recent meiancholy deaths in the family, the wedding was as quiet as possible. No ceremonious breakfast was given, and Mary was plainly attired, for they were to go oil from the church now, a small party only; and the officiating clergyman was Mary's brother, the R.v. Henry Heber.

"May all good luck and presperity attend them!" ardently uttered oid Mra. Harding. "If any man ever deserved it in this world, it is Arthur Danesbury."

"He does that," acquiesced the listeffers. "Only think of having loved this young lady for years, yet he put aside his own wishes for the sake of his family."

"For them two good-for-nothings, poor lost young fellows! It's not many as would consider his brothers before himself, and help them to the money he wanted to marry upon."

"Not more for their sakes than for his "The this "Hede was "Hedel was "He

help them to the money he wanted to marry upon."
"Not more for their sakes than for his father's," rejoined Mrs. Harding, "Had he breathed a wish to marry, the old gentleman would have lived upon a crust himself but what he should have been enabled to do it all locked up in his own breast. He deserves happiness now, for he has waited for it patiently, and done his duty by everybody before himself. Ay, and happiness will be his; he is one who may sit down under the shadow of his own vine and his own fightere, as was promised to the obadient under the Old Dispensation."
"Hush here they come! Look! they are first, she leaning on his arm. How pretty she looks with her flushed rosy cheeks, and

And then when the post-boys nad cleared the throng, and put their horses into a can't ter, a perfect shower of old shoes flew after the carriage for good luck; some alighting on it, some beside it, some over it amid the horses; hundreds they looked, whirling forward through the air. It seemed as though every man woman and child had brought with them their old shoes, to throw after the bridegroom and bride.

Just as lovely a day, only hotter, arose a month later, in July. Preparations were making for a feast at Danesbury House. A large tent was erected in the adjacent field, and tables upon tables were set out in it, for all the workmen and their wives were to dine there, and spend a joyous holiday. Indeors a table was laid for guests. Mr. and Mrs. Danesbury, who had just returned home, had some visitors staying with them; Lord and Ladv Temple, their young children and Mr. and Mrs. St. George, the two latter having arrived by thes morning's train, the otters, including Arthur and his wife, the previous night. A few intimate friends were expected from the neighborhood, and the first to enter was Mrs. Philip Danesbury. Following close upon her, came William and his wife; William with a clear bright countenance, very different from what it used to be; and next arrived old Mr. Pratt, bringing with him a tall gentlemanly young man, with a fresh color and intelligent countenance. Mr. Danesbury, calm, noble, kind as ever, met them on the steps.

"May I introduce somebody else, as well as mysolf?" demanded the old doctor, in his quaint way, as he shook hands heartily with Arthur.

Arthur took the young man's hands. "It is not your grandson?"

"Yes, it is. He is come to stay a fortnight with me, out of the poisonous smoke and smells of London. He tells me he once saw Mr. Arthur Danesbury."

"Yes, "repided Arthur, looking kindly at him; "it was in Mr. St. George's office, the day he was about to enter on his new employment. How have you got on?"

"Yes," repided Arthur, looking kindly at him; "it was in Mr. St. George's of

"Yes; undoubtedly Mr. Danesbury was wise enough to hit upon the right course, when he bound the men to him for a whole month," interposed Squire Hanson, a neighboring gentleman and a magistrate. "I had my doubts about its succeeding; I confess it, for I was in his confidence almost from the first; but I am rejoiced to be able to say that my doubts have been dispelled, and his hopes realized."

"All the men who had embraced the proposition to patronize my gin-shop," con-

for I was in his condicates almost from the first but Lan rejoiced to he had to say that my doubt have been dispelled, and his was the many doubt have been dispelled, and his was the many doubt have been dispelled, and his was the many doubt have been dispelled, and his was the many doubt have been dispelled, and his was the many doubt have been dispelled, and his was the many doubt have been dispelled, and his was the many doubt have been dispelled, and his was the many doubt have been doubt his was the many doubt have been doubt his was the many doubt have been doubt his was to doubt his was to be many doubt his was to doubt his was to doubt his was to be many doubt his was to doubt his was to be many doubt his was to doubt h

voice.

"It will do them no good," said Arthur Danesbury, "even if they should confine themselves to a moderate quantity. But you very rarely find a workingman to do this. Whatever may be his grade. I pray yon not to mistake me," he hastily added: "I do not imply that a steady workingman takes too much with his dinner, in the meaning we give to the torm 'too much'; but his taking it at dinner leads him to take it afterward. Suggest to an artisan to leave off his beer. Leave off my beer! he will answer you; 'I should never have strength togo through my day's work.' There lies the fallacy. It is a most mistaken conclusion. Beer gives a passing excitement, which lasts for the moment and appears like strength, but the effect goes speedily off, leaving the man weaker than he was before and insupportably weary. Inquire of any workman whether, after drinking beer, he does not feel a lassitude creeping ever him at his work, an inclination to sit down and be idle. He does; and he believes he wants 'supporting,' and sends for another pint and drinks it, to give that support; and so it goes on, beer and lassitude, beer and lassitude, and beer again all the day through."

But allow me to put in a word myself, although it is interrupting Mr. Danesbury. Workingmen, you who read this—and I hope a great many of you will read it—have you ever tried to do without beer at your dinner? Never; you have always believed it to be as necessary to you as the dinner its self. Oh, try it now! Substitute water; make the effort, and give it a fair trial; if you find my theory wrong and yours right, take to the beer again. Do not drink the water for one single day; that would be of no use. For the first day and the second, and perhaps for five or six days, you will make a wry face over the water, and gulp it down, as you will say, "against the grain," and protest that you dislike it, as compared to your much relished beer. But persevere. If you have fought the battle for so long, you can light it still, and you will find that you are losing

tomers."
"I am glad to hear that," said Lady
Temple. "There were so many."

ber avest pleasant opes. See le walls

ber avest pleasant "My good replaced a some of your sold with beyond their mean." interposed the direct book of Arthur, "and I felt that I was dust with beyond their mean." interposed the direct work of Arthur, good in the next. Oh. my friends, and you are found in the control of the control of

"German Syrup"

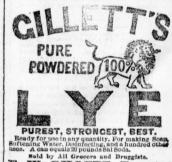
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