

FATHER—Henry, I have something special to say to you. You are positively doing nothing but reading and riding about with Emily. Have you thought at all about what you are going to do in life?

SON—No, sir. I am very contented with my present occupation. I am writing a few criticisms and—

FATHER—Criticisms! Fiddlesticks! Leave that to the fools who write books, or who can't understand them. You must do something practical in life.

SON—Well, sir, what shall I do?

FATHER—You know you are the only one who can succeed to my business.

SON—Your business, sir. Good heavens!

FATHER (*wrathfully*)—What do you mean, sir? Has Emily been infecting you with her ridiculous sentiments? Are my own children to turn round on their father as if he were a criminal?

SON—I—I beg your pardon, sir. I really meant no reflection. The idea came on me so suddenly. I had never thought of such a thing.

FATHER—Precisely. Young men like you never do think they have come into the world to do more than enjoy the result of their father's labor and sacrifice. But I don't believe in that sort of thing. The business must have a head. You will have to be that head, and therefore you must understand business.

O fatal syllogism! It was the saddest thing in life to witness the expansion, and, in the expansion, the ruin of that young cultured mind. He was placed in a counting-house in the vast establishment of the firm. He was drilled in figures, and numbers, and calculations. He was ordered to acquaint himself with all the details of the distillery and of the testing and tasting rooms. Emily, who fought a hard battle with her father and mother about the arrangement, watched its results with feverish anxiety. The rather weak and weary youth used at first to come home at night to her for comfort. Then he began to form acquaintanceships of which she knew little, and which kept him often away from her. He grew more fond of society; and among the circle of her aristocratic suitors, not a few were ready to favor young Bighorne, by inducting him into the mysteries of town life. The tax on a not very vigorous constitution was met by constant visits to the tasting-room, where he had learned his lesson well. Each repair caused a reaction, and each reaction required a repair. In those words you have a whole history of a million or so of men. Master Henry became bolder, louder, more vivacious, more social, and his father rejoiced to see him "waking up a bit." He had, indeed, waked up with a vengeance. Emily watched it all in agony. The late hours, the jaded body, the pale face, the hot hand, the vulgar language,—all told her a tale of she knew not exactly what; but she felt it was something awful and evil. She wrestled strongly with the devil for this loved soul, but it seemed to be in vain. He himself was sometimes cruel and rude—then a maudlin repentant. In two years

Master Henry held his own fairly with most gay men about town, and his father had the satisfaction of paying for it. Nevertheless, the latter clung to the hope that the youth would soon sow his wild oats and settle down. He hid from himself that the sowing was in a field that exhaled a breath of doom.

"Emily," said Henry, kissing her, "don't ask any more. Promise me you won't say anything to excite suspicion. My very life may depend on it. Give me all the money you have. The governor has had his way. He has certainly 'taught me the business'!"

Mr. Bighorne's syllogism was more logical than happy.

MISS BIGHORNE'S ARGUMENTS.

Miss Emily had not fluttered about on angel's errands in the slums of Westminster very long before she found herself brought in direct conflict with the fearful Power, which meets and often thwarts the efforts of the little crusading army of improvers, of every kind, that fight the Evil One in that district. It appeared before her in its effects—dread misery, fell diseases, and the wrecks of virtue. She was fearfully startled when, one day, before her eyes, that Power took the substantial form of a bottle of creamy gin, bearing a blazoned label, and the name of Bighorne. Then her eyes became further opened, and she saw how often the same name flaunted gaudily over the doors and windows of the very dens she was trying to defraud of their victims. After that she was obliged to have it out with Mr. Bighorne, who was, however, above proof in more senses than one.

MR. BIGHORNE—What have I to do with it? The stuff I make is perfectly good—if they abuse it, the worse for them!

EMILY—Oh, papa! do you know what their abuse of it means?

MR. BIGHORNE—Yes; I see that by the newspapers—drunken husbands, broken heads, starving families—

EMILY (*vehemently*)—Murders—parricides—slaughter of wives and children—brutality—vices too horrible to mention.—

MR. BIGHORNE—Then, my dear, don't mention them. It makes me shudder to think you are acquainting yourself with such things. Good Heavens! Mrs. Bighorne, what are you about? You are letting your daughter get into strange associations!

MRS. BIGHORNE—I regret to say, Mr. Bighorne, it is useless for me to talk. She is too like you, Mr. Bighorne,—fond of having her own way, and too old to be guided: and her only director now is Mr. Holiwell, a good man enough, and very earnest, I daresay, but exceedingly indiscreet in the work he sets young ladies and gentlemen to do.

EMILY—Dear mamma, now, you're going over to the enemy! You know that you really sympathize a good deal with him. Did you not give me twenty pounds for his night mission