by sarah p. brigham. Brook bore a sign, in great, dazzlin gilt letters, "Jonas Humphrey, Wine and Liquors." This merchant had long pursued a prosperous business, and was rich in lands and bank and rail road stock, while many of his best cus tomers had become stricken in poverty because they had yielded their high for strong drink

Lor strong drink.
One frosty morning, a pale, thiniy approached Mr. Humphres. "Please, sir, don't sell fathe more liquor. It is ruining him."
The merchant viewed her frowningly "Please six, don't sell father any
more liquor," she piteously repeated. more liquor," she piteously repeated. "Alice Lynde, it is my business to
sell my wines and liguors sell $m y$ wines and liquors. I get my
living by it. If your father can't living by it. If your father can't con
trol his appetite, I am not to blame That is his lookout not mine." and mother is sick, and we are gettin very poor. Please don't sell father any "If your father doesn't get it here
will somewhere else; and if $I$ heed ed the whining of every woman and
child, I should soon have to shut up my store. Business is business," he
said in a hard tone.
Alice clasped ber hands in agon and returned to her sick mother and
wretched home.
Mr. Humphrey continued to sel wine, brandy, etc., the rest of the day
Several retail merchants made heavy purchases, and money flowed in upon
bim. Evening came. The sun was sink
ing in the wast, and its last faint streak were tiuging the tree tops. Mr. Hum
phrey owned a row of tenement house walking by them closely inspecting
them. The smoke of an incoming train was curling up above the pines a half a mile distant, and a long prolong.
ed whistle was heard. Suddenly the voice of a child broke the clear still air tailroad track. The cars are coming. Mr. Humphrey's eyes followed the
Map Hill. Humphrey's eyes followed the
sound of this voice. About forty rod fom him he saw George Lynde, in a
dranken sleep, lying across the railroad drunken sleep, lying across the railroad
track, and his daughter Alice vainly attempting to a waken him.
The train came furiously on, whist "Help! help smoke.
"Help! help! help!" cried Alice "Tather's on the track. He'll be killsized hold of him, and endeavored with all her strength to pull him away. Her
eflorte availed nothing. The train dolckened its speed, as it approached the station, but still rolled heavily on in its ecighty power. There was but
an instant for the inebriate between an instant for
iff and death.
"Help! ! help ! father's on the track?"
ehrieted Sbrieked Alice.
The blood seemed to curdle in her Meins. Objeets grew dark and indis
tinct before her. Somebody ran to mards them. With a quick, powerful rasp a man seized Mr. Lynde, and aged bim from off the rails, and
"What's the matter ? bichat
quired Mr. Lynde slowly opening his
"Mr. Humphrey has saved you from leing billed by the cars," replied Alic e
mith a nith a"
neeth.
"Sared Sared me ?-hic-saved me?-hic-
me? How came the cars to aing through the streets? ${ }^{\text {? }}$-hic-. gues-hio-they've got a sot for an gmeer. The corporation should hire
wen who don't drink. Ha, ha, ha, !-
bie. The men bie. The men who don't go near Hum.
phrey's porey's dram-sl
"You had better go home with your
"anghter," said Mr. Humphrey com-
mandinggls.
"al
ue; but what Humphrey, you saved
Ton've ruined me first, soul and body.
Corse you forever." I was a gool man
and
$a^{4} I_{\text {asw }}$ you forever." I was a gool man

