

to get in such a state! A *man* should have better control of himself."

Franc Lester's blood was up.

"Dr. McAlpine," she said, "what do you suppose made Stewart Longley a drunkard? I can tell you. When he was preparing for college, he studied too hard; and his physician ordered porter. He took it regularly, and, as he thought, it benefited him. When he went to college, he found the porter losing its effect, and he commenced taking something stronger. One night he took a little too much, and went to bed—drunk! Next morning, fully aroused to his position, he went to an old doctor—a friend of his father—and told him the whole story.

"'And now,' said he, 'I am determined never to touch another drop of any sort of stimulant!'

"'How long have you taken it?' asked the doctor.

"'Oh, a year or more.'

"'The sudden leaving off will probably make you sick.'

"'I can't help it, Dr. Leech. I dare not go on this way, making a drunkard of myself. Of what use will my education be if I am a sot when I am through college?'

"'I should be very sorry, my boy, to see you a drunkard,' said Dr. Leech; 'but you need not be one. Of course you took too much last night; but it was the first time, although you have used it more than a year. I would advise you to go on taking it as before, only being careful not to overdose yourself. It is the abuse, not the use of it, that is injurious.'

"He took his advice and came home what you see him. He told me himself that the appetite fostered on ale and porter and wine had gained the mastery over him; and," said he, 'if I go down to perdition, those two doctors have sent me there! I did it in all innocence till the chains were too strong for me to break.'"

"You are heated, Miss Lester," said Dr. McAlpine. "I will wait for you to cool down before I attempt a reply; so good-evening, ladies," and he bowed himself out. Meeting Earle down the street, he said: "You had better start that school-ma'am of yours out as a temperance lec-

turer, John; she certainly has zeal enough for one."

"I am not sure that she is not more needed as a home missionary," laughed John, as he passed along.

Spring had come with all its freshness, and was just giving place to early summer. Franc Lester sat alone in the little room which she had called home for the last six months. She was reviewing those months, and thinking how different they had been from what she had expected. The leaving her city home, and coming to Denton, had been a turning-point in her life. The future looked very dark, and yet on looking back, she had never spent a happier winter. "So much," she said to herself, "for not sacrificing my principles." A little bird sang just outside the window, and with a happy feeling at her heart, and a rare smile lighting up her face, she leaned out and listened. Presently two hands were laid on her shoulders, and her face turned around to meet Kate's laughing eyes.

"Here I've gone and put myself to the trouble of coming up-stairs two steps at a time, and losing my breath to bring you the news, and lo! I find you so serenely happy in your own society that you don't even hear me come in. I'm exhausted now," she continued, sinking into a chair; "don't ask me to make any further communication."

"I don't intend to," said Franc. "You can't help telling me if I keep quiet."

"You provoking little wretch! Well, there is to be a pic-nic, next week, over in Maple Grove. It's a lovely place —, and I tell you what, Franc, I'm going to get one of my old schoolmates over to that pic-nic on purpose for John to fall in love with."

"For John to fall in love with!"

"Of course! why not? Did it never occur to you that he must marry some time?"

"I don't think it ever did," said Franc, slowly.

"Well, he must, of course; and I am going to exert myself in his behalf. I intend to be married myself in a year or two —"

"To whom?" broke in Franc.

"Don't interrupt me, if you please. How can I know to whom? But, of course, he'll come. So will John's wife; but I in-