

"No. He is a stranger in the place. He came to me yesterday morning to hire out in the mill. I hired him, and then he told me he had been out of work so long that he had been unable to get him anything to eat, and that he wanted pay for yesterday's work in order to get him something. I paid him and he spent it for liquor it seems.

"What did he tell you his name was?" inquired the factory owner.

"Andrew Strong," was the answer.

"Is it possible?" The wealthy gentleman looking long and earnestly at the features of the poor inebriate, then said, "Yes, it must be he." Then turning to the man he had been talking with, he said, "Mr. Horton, if you will help me carry this man to my house I will do you a good turn some day."

Mr. Horton looked surprised, but he did as his employer requested.

When Andrew Strong awoke from his drunken slumber he found himself in a rich and costly apartment, and surrounded by all the appurtenances of wealth; while beside him sat a strange gentleman, whom he never recollected of seeing before.

"Where am I? What, does this mean?" he demanded, as his scattered senses returned to him. "What am I here for?"

"Andrew Strong," said the stranger, "do you remember me?"

"No, I never saw you before," was the answer.

"You are mistaken then, for you and I were once old friends. Don't you remember Walter Hyde who used to work with you in the store of Mr. Bates?"

"Yes, yes," was the answer, "but you cannot be he."

The poor inebriate looked with his bleared eyes into the noble face of his companion, and after a long pause said: "Then I suppose you are the Hyde that owns all these factories, and is so rich?"

"Yes."

A pause, and then came a groan from the poor drunkard, so deep and heart-broken, that the rich factory owner never forgot it to his dying day.

"Oh that my father and mother had laid me in my grave," said he, "rather than have let me remain in that soul-destroying liquor house. Just there is where I went down and you went up. If I had left the place when you did, I might now be an honored and respected man like you. My parents are more to blame for my present situation than I am."

"My poor friend, do not despair," said Walter Hyde. "It is not yet too late for you to reform. I will help you, and I am sure there is manhood enough left in your soul to bring you up again."

And he did help him. And the poor wretched inebriate became again a man,

respected by his fellows and a blessing to society.

Parents, do you know what you are doing, when you carelessly permit your children to associate with the wine-bibber and the drunkard, when you allow their tender minds to become accustomed to scenes of dissipation, to look upon the wine when it is red and become fascinated with its glittering sparkle? See to it that ye forget not the petition our father taught us: "Lead us not into temptation."—*Progress.*

BETSY BELL AND MARY GRAY:

A TALE OF THE MOUNTAINS OF VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER I.

I was staying with a friend near the little town of Staunton Va.; and as we sat together one evening in the long, low cottage porch, listening to the sweet south wind, as it swept through the fading leaves, and watched the red, round sun as it sank lower and lower in the western sky, I felt that earth contained few lovelier pictures than the one before us.

"Do you see those two tall mountains standing close together, side by side?" said my white-haired host, taking his pipe from his mouth, and looking far off in the dim distance, where two slender mountains rose in majestic beauty against the clear gray of the sky above them. "Well," he continued, "it has been forty years, yes, forty years and more, since two little girls were lost in those very mountains, and the people around named the mountains after them, Betsy Bell and Mary Gray."

"Did the little girls die there? were they ever found?" I asked, almost impatiently. "Wait, and I'll tell you all about it," said my host, with the authority of old age.

And I did wait.

"Well," he commenced, after a while, "there used to be an old field school kept not far from those mountains, and a great many little boys and girls went there to school. I was a little fellow myself then, and many a happy day I've spent in the old school-house.

"One day (it was in the month of June) we had a great picnic there, just at the foot of the mountains; and such a glad, merry time we did have in the cool shade of the green trees; we danced and capered about like little wild kittens, and nobody thought about care or sorrow.

"Among the gayest of the gay were my two little friends,—Betsy Bell and Mary Gray,—and it was pleasant to see how they loved each other; they were always together, and nobody ever thought of calling