

"Yes, my son, you will have to hire out, and I hope you will shun the drunkard's drink, my boy. I have a story to tell you before you go away from home." Will Dunkin looked up to listen. Knock, knock at the door. Will opened it, and in came a gust of wind that sent the ashes out over the hearth, and the smoke out into the room,—but for all that Mrs. Dunkin saw a fat, jocular-looking man, and said "walk in!"

The man came in, looked around, sat down, talked of the times, seemed interested in all she said, and at last said he wanted to hire her boy. A man told him he would hire, so he called.

"It don't make any odds whether I make the bargain with you or him, or both,—my old lady wouldn't care, not a bit," and then he had some fine girls too. "Maybe your boy would take a shine to one of them. Well I don't care if he is a good fellow." And so the bargain was made earnest, though tempered with fun.

"One of my men's coming this way the first of next week, and he'll call for you. Good bye."

"Well," said Will, "I don't think he's cross; he seems so pleasant."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dunkin, "he seems pleasant enough; I only hope he is a temperance man, but he don't look like it."

"Tell me that story now, mother, and if it is a good one I'll have it printed," said Will, with a laugh, for he had begun to think he was too large to be interested in any story his mother could tell.

"No, my son, it is my own story,—your grandfather's history."

"Whew! Robinson Crusoe! let us hear it then."

"Your grandfather was a doctor, and loved his profession, but he loved money better than anything else. So he opened a rum shop, and his brother,—my uncle,—who was a druggist, kept it. I called it a rum-shop, though it appeared like all those respectable houses where liquors are sold wholesale and retail.

Neither my father or his brother drank of the poisonous stuff, while they dealt out misery and death in a cold calculating way that I cannot excuse. They went from one step to another, until he became a thief. Not that he sold the rum or robbed his victims himself, but he shared in the profits, and thus brought a curse upon his children.

Could you have seen my brothers,—first one, and then another,—fall victims to the demon, Intemperance. Could you have seen them as they left this world, cursing not only their parents, but the God that made them,—tormented even in this