

looked through the door into the parlor, and saw looking glasses, and pictures, and gilding, and fine furniture, and a rich carpet, and Miss Lucy in a silk gown, at her piano; and he thought to himself, how strange it was—how curious—that all the wretchedness on his left hand should be made to turn into all this rich finery on his right!

“Well, Sir, and what’s for you?” said the shrill voice which had made “the fool’s pence,” ring in his ears.

“A glass of gin, ma’am, is what I was waiting for; but I think I have paid the last ‘fool’s pence,’ that I shall put down on this counter for many a long day.”

Manly hastened home. His wife and his two little girls were seated at work. They were thin and pale, really for want of food. The room looked very cheerless, and their fire was so small as hardly to be felt; yet the dullest observer would have been struck by the neatness that reigned.

It was a joyful surprise to them, his returning so early that night, and returning sober, and in good humor.

“Your eyes are weak to-night, wife,” said George, “or else you have been crying. I’m afraid you work too much by candle-light.”

His wife smiled, and said, “Working does not hurt my eyes,” and she beckoned to her little boy, who was standing apart in a corner, evidently as a culprit.

“Why, John, what’s this I see?” said his father; “Come and tell me what you have been doing.”

John was a plain-spoken boy, and had a straight-forward way. He came up to his father, and looked full in his face, and said, “The baker came for his money to-night, and would not leave the loaves without it; but though he was cross and rough, he said mother was not to blame, and that he was sure you had been drinking away all the money; and when he