



### Temperance Department.

#### JOE'S PARTNER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BABES IN THE BASKET," &C.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

#### CHAPTER I.—Continued.

##### JOE'S HOME.

Mollie had not been long in bed when the wind began to sweep wildly round the house; the sky grew darker, and darker until all was blackness without and within. Then came the roar of the thunder, the wild flashing of the lightning, and the strong torrents of driving rain.

Kate closed the windows and the door, lighted her small lamp, and drew her trembling little boy to her side. Her Joe he was, and she loved and even admired him. To others he was a small, sickly-looking lad, with a pale, earnest face, and a thin mouth as tightly shut as if he had no teeth to keep it from falling in.

Joe was afraid of everything, dogs and tramps, wind and lightning, but most of all, of his father. This was the great fear from which all others had sprung. It seemed as if the sight in his early childhood, of his father in his wild sprees, had cast a cloud over his young life, and made him tremble almost before his own shadow. Joe was a coward in one sense, and yet he had a little hero's heart in him. For his mother's sake he would have braved what he dreaded most—his angry, half-drunken father. Now in the midst of his fright he clung close to his mother, and tried to think of something to say to comfort her, for he well knew what anxiety was preying on her mind.

"Father'll be coming home soon," he whispered; "the lightning will show him the way. He'd turn back before he got to the toll-gate."

At this moment there was a loud knocking at the door, and the sound of some one calling without. Joe sprang from his mother's side, and straightened himself up, as if he were ready and able to protect her. He had hardly touched the latch of the door, when some one came in with a bound.

It was not the slow step of his father when sober, or the lumbering, stumbling movement poor little Joe dreaded the most.

A figure, looking like the wild, glad spirit of the storm, stood in the middle of the room, the water dripping from cap, hair, and clothes, as if they had been dipped in the river.

"What do you want here?" said Joe, in his fiercest manner, as he looked round for a weapon.

To his eyes, the stranger seemed to carry a rod big enough to chastise a whole schoolful of boys like himself, and to be dangerous even for his mother.

"I want to get out of the storm, giant," said a merry young voice; "may I stay in your castle till the rain is over?"

The stranger took off his cap, and said politely to Kate Barber, "You must excuse me for rushing in upon you as I did. I was so glad to get to a place of shelter, that I hardly thought what I was about. I have been making for your light, for the last quarter of an hour, and thought I should never reach it, stumbling along in the field there. I've been fishing, and did not notice the storm until it broke upon me. Can I stop here awhile, till it is over?"

"Certainly," said Kate Barber kindly. "It is a poor place but you are welcome. I am sorry we have no fire for you to dry your clothes."

"Then you can't cook my fish for me. I've a lot of them here; they would make a splendid supper," and with pride, the tall, happy-faced boy showed the full basket of trout, the result of his day's sport.

Joe looked at the fish admiringly, and up at the bright eyes of the fisherman, until the half-fierce, half-fearful look was quite gone out of his little face.

"May I have some supper, giant?" said the stranger, with a playful look at Joe. "Can you give me some bread and butter?

I am hungry enough to swallow you whole, if you don't behave yourself."

Kate brought the piece of a loaf left from their evening meal, and said kindly, "We have no butter, but perhaps you could eat a bit of cheese."

"Cheese! That's splendid," said the boy. "I haven't had any cheese this age."

The broken loaf was soon consumed. "Now, some more, giant; may I have some more?" said the hungry visitor.

Joe looked at his mother. "We have no more bread in the house, I mean to bake in the morning," said Kate politely.

"Well, bring me anything you have," said the boy; "I am not particular—cold meat, anything; I believe I could eat a cold potato, if I had some salt with it."

Kate blushed a little as she said, "We have nothing else in the house; I am very sorry."

The merry boy looked at the tall, gaunt woman, and the thin, timid-looking boy, then glanced round the bare room, and was silent.

Hungry he was truly; hungry enough to have enjoyed the plainest fare, but these poor people's hunger, it was plain, was no stranger to them, and he had eaten their last mouthful. No wonder the little boy had looked on wistfully, as the bit of bread and cheese disappeared!

The guest felt for his portemonnaie. Of course it was not in his pocket; he had left it at home, when he put on his fishing suit. He could not even pay for the shelter and food he had claimed almost as a right.

"Do you live here alone, my good woman?" said the stranger kindly.

"With my husband and the children," was the quiet reply; "we have only been here a week."

A long, long silence followed. Kate could have told how she was finding the hand-to-mouth way of living she had been accustomed to in town did not do very well in the country. A loaf of bread from the baker's; a little butter or cheese from the corner grocery had helped her before through many a scant time like this. Her own small earnings, too, a half-day's washing here, or cleaning there, had brought in a little ready money now and then, a reliance in time of need. She had not thought enough about the difficulties that would try her in this lonely home. There was no help for poverty here. She had but thought it would be well to go anywhere to keep her husband out of temptation. Out of temptation? Where was he now? When, and how, would he come back to his family?

The storm continued to rage without, and Kate said at last, "If you would take off your wet coat, and lie down there on the settee, I could cover you over with a blanket, and perhaps you could sleep there till morning. Young folks can sleep almost anywhere when they are tired."

"Thank you, I believe I'm half asleep now," said the boy. "Is your husband at home?" he ventured to add, glancing toward the inner room.

"There's only Mollie in there," was the answer. "My husband may not be home to-night, but I shall sit up and wait for him."

"What sort of a husband must this be?" thought the young stranger and, as he questioned and wondered, he laid aside his coat, and threw himself down on the wooden "settee."

"Won't your mother be worried about you?" said little Joe, as he saw these preparations.

"I haven't any mother, giant," said the fisherman; "I wish I had."

"Then I'm richer than you are," said Joe, and he kissed his mother's brown hand, as if she had been a queen.

"Joe is a queer little fellow, not like other boys," said Kate as an apology. "Come Joe, you must go to bed too, it's very late."

"Come here before you go, giant," said the tired visitor; "I want to whisper to you. You be good to your mother, and take care of her, and I'll help you, and we'll see if we can't manage to always have some bread in this house. Is that a bargain, giant?"

Joe patted the arm of the stranger, and nodded his head knowingly, then whispered, "Really and truly?"

"Yes, really and truly. My name is Ben White, and Ben White always keeps his word. Ben White and the giant will go into business together, and we'll see what we

can do. Now, good-night; I am awfully sleepy."

Joe bade him good-night, and walked to the bed-room door, as straight as an officer.

As for Ben White, he fell into as sound a sleep as if he had been in his own pretty room at home.

(To be Continued.)

#### THE CHAIN-GANG.

Uncle Fred sat in his easy chair with all the children about him; Dot on his knee, Belle and Harry on the arms of the chair, and even tall Walter sprawling on the rug before the fire. Such wonderful tales as he was telling them of the long ocean voyage that had bronzed his whole face like an Indian's, and of the strange lands that he had seen in his travels.

They were talking of California, and the children were trying to fancy how it would seem to eat strawberries in December, or gather from the fields great sheaves of Easter lilies, taller than Dot.

"I mean to go there when I am a man," said Harry; "That's the country to live in, where you can raise such fruit, and have flowers the year round."

"What was the very best thing you saw, Uncle Fred?" asked Belle.

"How can he tell?" said Walter; "If a man was half starved, the best thing he could see would be a good dinner, and if he was tired to death, I suppose he would rather see a shanty, where he could rest, than the Yosemite Valley."

"There's a good deal of truth in that, Walter," said Uncle Fred, "but I think I can tell what was the worst thing I saw; at least the thing that made me feel saddest. It was the chain-gang." None of the younger children knew what a chain-gang might be, and Dot's blue eyes were full of horror, as Uncle Fred told of the gang of men and boys, chained two and two, that toiled day after day, upon the street near his hotel. Never unchained for a moment, at work or at rest, to eat or sleep, and several of them with a heavy ball attached to a chain dragging from their ankles.

"I don't know as I pity them so much," said Walter, "they brought it on themselves, breaking the laws."

"Yes, and that is one of the worst things about it: that they might just as well have been free men, living by honest work; and they themselves chose to do what made them worse than slaves. There was one boy only eighteen years old who had spent nearly half his life in prisons. It seems a strange choice to make."

"I suppose," said Harry, "they don't think about that part of it. They expect to steal and do bad things and not get caught."

"O, no; of course they don't intend to be caught. It would be odd enough if a boy should spend his time in making a ball and chain, and fastening it upon himself, just for the sake of belonging to this chain-gang."

"Nobody would do that," said Harry.

"You may think so," said Uncle Fred, "but boys have been known to do that very thing; in fact, I have often seen it done."

"Fasten chains on their feet," exclaimed Belle in astonishment.

"Yes," said Uncle Fred; "it was done in this city last year; it has been done about every year since I can remember. There is more than one man in this city dragging about a ball and chain that he took the greatest pains to fasten upon himself when he was a boy."

Dot and Harry looked at Uncle Fred to see if he were perfectly sober, but Walter turned uneasily on the rug and muttered: "Pooh! I knew Uncle Fred would get in a sermon."

"Some of them spent the money that would have bought books and clothes in buying stuff to make the chain of. When they first put it on it hurt badly and made them sick, but they persevered till they learned to walk about and drag the heavy ball just as the rest of the chain-gang did."

I dare say some of them would be very glad now to get rid of it, but when it is once fastened on it is no easy matter to cut it off."

"What foolish boys," said Dot, shaking her head.

"There goes one now," said Uncle Fred, and the children rushed to the window, but instead of a man dragging an iron ball along the sidewalk, they only saw Tom Canby in

his new winter suit, with a long cigar in his mouth.

"I don't see any chain," began Dot, but Belle exclaimed with great disapproval:

"Why, Tom Canby is smoking."

"Most all the fellows smoke," said Walter.

"Then," said Uncle Fred, "most all the fellows are spending their time and money to fasten upon themselves a ball and chain that they will have to drag after them all their lives. Every bad habit and every foolish habit is a weight to hinder us. Good habits are wings to help us on, bad habits are fetters to hold us back. Which are you going to have for your journey?"

"I'll have wings," said Belle; but Walter said:

"There's no hurt in smoking."

"Is there any good in it, my boy? Suppose we agree that it does not hurt you; do you think it is good policy to take pains to fasten upon yourselves a habit which is expensive to your pocket, disagreeable to the majority of your friends, and of no possible use to you?"

Walter drew up his long legs, and rested his chin on his knees, but did not answer.

"Let's be honest now, Walter. Suppose it was something else besides cigars; say onions, raw onions, and a set of fellows had started the fashion of carrying them around in their pockets, and eating say three or four a day, until your clothes and your hair and your breath were so scented that you carried the odor everywhere, and fairly filled the streets and the depots and the cars with it."

"Faugh!" said Belle with a shiver of disgust.

"And then, to make the case more parallel, suppose only gentlemen ate them, so that all the ladies must endure the perfume, and that the onions cost from five to twenty-five cents apiece, and made you deathly sick when you first began to use them, what would you call a boy who, against the wishes of his best friends, was trying to acquire the habit of eating them?"

"A fool," said Walter emphatically.

"So I say; and if we put it just on that ground, and say nothing about the mischief the habit is sure to do him, it seems to me a sensible boy needs no other argument. And so I say again, that every bad habit, and every foolish habit, is a ball and chain to keep us from running or climbing. Good habits are like wings, to help us to mount up; and when a boy has a chance to choose, he must be very short-sighted to spend his time in fastening a weight upon his own feet. I might say a good deal more about it. I might tell you that the ball, even if it is very small at first, grows heavier every year, and that it is pretty sure to pick up something else as it is dragged about; but I'm sure none of you have any ambition to join the chain-gang."

"I choose wings," said Belle again, and Walter nodded at Uncle Fred, and added:

"At least I'll not have that ball and chain." The children didn't quite understand, but Uncle Fred and Walter did.—Emily Huntington Miller, in *The Morning*.

#### EFFECTS OF SMOKING ON THE HEART.

Some years ago (*Gazette Obstetricale*) M. Decaisne drew attention to the fact that tobacco-smoking often causes an intermittent pulse. Out of eighty-one great smokers examined, twenty-three presented an intermittent pulse, independent of any cardiac lesion. This intermittency disappeared when the habit of smoking was abandoned. He also studied the effects of smoking on children from nine to fifteen years of age, and found that it undoubtedly caused palpitation, intermittent pulse, and chloroanæmia. The children, furthermore, became dull, lazy, and predisposed to the use of alcoholic drinks. Recently he reported to the Societe d'hygiene the results of his observations on the effects of smoking on women. Since 1865 he has met with and observed forty-three female smokers. Most of them suffered from disturbances of menstruation and digestion, and presented very marked intermittency of the pulse without any lesion of the heart. He gave detailed accounts of these eight cases, in which all treatment directed against the intermittency proved utterly useless, while the suppression of tobacco was invariably followed by improvement, and very often by complete disappearance of the phenomenon.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE, of Edinburgh, presiding at the weekly Saturday evening concert given by the Glasgow Abstinents' Union, has warmly commended the "transcendental virtue" of total abstinence.