

ing reached the bed she drew back the outer coverlet, and the stout men lifted the insensible form upon it.

"It's a shame—a bloody shame," uttered one of them, as they stepped back from the bed. "Perhaps you are his wife, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir," Lucy whispered with a powerful effort.

"Well, well they will do so but what fun they find is more than I can see.—And such a wife, too! But can't ye persuade him to stay in to-morrow? We shall have to take him up soon. What a fool!"

And with these words the officers left. Lucy conducted them to the door and then she returned to the kitchen where she had left her child. He was fast asleep, and without waking him she carried him and put him into his little bed. Then she took the light and went to her husband. She gazed a moment upon the bloated and distorted features, and then she sank down upon her knees.

"Oh! God!" she cried, have mercy on him! Save him! Oh, save him!—You'll kill your wife and child! God have mercy! mercy! mercy!

The distant bell sounded the hour of twelve as the unhappy wife lay down by the side of her child to sleep. She dared not rest by her husband's side, for in his wild maniac dreams he thrashed his arms about furiously. As the deep tones of the midnight bell sounded through the heavy air they struck upon her soul like the knell of the grave voice. She placed her arm about the form of her boy as though she would shield him from the touch of the demon; and thus, with the prayer upon her lips of "Save him—oh, save him," she sank into an uneasy slumber.

The morning broke dull and gloomy, with clouds and rain; and

Alfred Marston awoke with an aching head and parching lips. He asked for water and his wife was by his side in a moment. He grasped the pitcher in both his shaking hands, and drank deeply. He did not look his wife in the face, but with a deep groan he closed his bloodshot eyes and sunk back upon his pillow. Towards the middle of the afternoon he got up and tried to eat something, but he could not. His stomach could not bear it. Several times during the day he expressed a desire to go out, but by the most earnest and gentle persuasions his wife dissuaded him from the idea.—She did not say one word of the affair of the night before, and though she could not smile she was mild and gentle, and her words were sweet and kind.

Towards the middle of the afternoon Alfred fell asleep, and his wife took her sewing and sat down by the window at the foot of the bed. An hour afterwards her child came in and sat down by her side. The step of those tiny feet were hardly enough to waken a man from such a sleep, and yet he awoke. Perhaps there was some angel present fitting around that boy that flapped its wings close upon the sleeper's ears, and thus started him up from his sleep. But though he awoke, yet he did not speak. He lay there, and his breathing was long and regular as before, so his wife supposed he still slumbered.

"Mamma," spoke the boy, loud enough for the father to hear distinctly, "is papa sick?"

"Yes, my child, don't make a noise."

"I won't, I won't," said the little voice softly, but yet plainly.

"But is papa very sick?"

"Yes, Freddy."

For some moments the child was silent, and he seemed deeply