

FRIENDS OLD AND NEW OF LATER YEARS.

the third day he was positively ill. The doctor came; but getting no satisfaction out of his patient's replies, and puzzled to know why his nerves were in such a state, he went to mother and learned how things stood. He urged every reason he could think of to induce father to get his pipe and take a few whiffs, just to see if it would lessen his suffering, but no, he declared that he had no money to spend on tobacco, and he certainly would not allow his girls to spend their hard earnings on an indulgence like that. On going away the doctor told Mary that he would not answer for the consequences, as the break was too sudden, and father too old, for such drastic measures, even for the sake of a worthy principle. Mary lost no time in writing to me at Alderville, where I was trying to teach the wee red people to shoot something of more importance than feather-tipped arrows; and by the time I had finished her account of our good doctor's ultimatum, and her closing words, "We all feel sure that you'll find some way to manage this thing," I had planned what to do, and how to do it, so as to overcome the dear dad's scruples, without tempting him to yield an iota of his principle not to spend any money, nor allow any to be spent on such a selfish gratification. Not a minute was lost in carrying out my plan, nor many more before making an arrangement to go home the next Friday evening or Saturday morning to see for myself how it had worked. I was shocked by the change a few weeks had made; but mother assured me that it was only the suffering of days, not weeks. However, some kind old friend had sent him a fine big package of choice tobacco, and