

ed. He sat by the sick man's bedside, and enquired anxiously into his symptoms. He was ashamed to call Dr. Beers, and dreaded the publicity which might ensue if he called any of the doctor's rivals. Like most intelligent Western pioneers, he himself knew a little about the medicines required by certain physical conditions. Medicinally—and medicinally only—he had occasionally taken milk punch, with excellent results, and he longed to give some to Lem, but he dreaded the moral effect of the discovery by the patient of the nature of the medicine administered. Finally, however, a happy thought struck the Squire; he dropped a grain of quinine into half a gill of brandy, and by this means and the use of considerable sugar, prepared a draught whose principal constituent was effectively concealed, as he ascertained by personal test. This dose, administered three times during the day, was so efficacious that Lem was able that same evening to milk the cow and carry in some wood. But the Squire had no notion of undergoing a similar fright a second time; so the next morning, calling Lem into his presence, he said:

"Lemuel, wouldn't you like to see your mother?"

Lem stood erect at once, and the wrinkles went out of his face. The Squire noticed these indications with satisfaction, and proceeded:

"I thought you would; an' I've thought of a way for you to do it without its costin' you anything. Sam Reeves is goin' to take a drove of horses east this week, an' he needs about one man to every five horses to help lead 'em. I can get you the job of goin' with him, if you like—he's under some obligations to me. The pay's generally about twelve dollars a month an' your board on the way; an' 'twon't cost you much to get from Philadelphia or New York to wherever your folks are."

Lem's eyes filled, and he caught at the Squire's hand. The good old man was visibly affected, but he controlled his emotion enough to remark:

"Didn't I tell you so? Didn't I say that if you'd do your best I'd be your friend? Didn't I say I wouldn't lay it up against you that you got drunk once? I believe you've really tried to do your best, an' I want to see you rewarded in just the way that suits you best."

"Oh, it's just the thing!" exclaimed Lem.

"An' yet," continued the Squire, "there's folks in this town that say I've abused you—that I've overworked you, that all I cared for you was to get out of you whatever I could, an' then let you shift for yourself."

"They lie!" shouted Lem, "ev'ry one of 'em lies, an' I'll go tell 'em so."

"Easy, Lemuel," said the Squire; "'tain't right to show an angry sperrit to other^s when you're enjoyin' the mercies of Heaven yourself. I don't ask you to say a word for me; it's my duty to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ; but if you should find it impossible not to hold in what you feel on this subject, say it coolly, an' quietly, an' firmly, as a man always should when he wants to be believed. An' you'd better say it soon, for there's no knowing how quick Reeves may take a notion to start—his horses are eatin' up money every day."

Lem spent the time which remained to him in addressing every one he met, and telling them how good the Squire had been to him. So great was his earnestness that some of his late advocates were convinced that their opposition to the Squire had been foolish. Others, however, and among them the doctor, advised him to take the best possible care of himself, saying that it was no easy work to lead several horses who were without burdens, and were free to act as contrarily as the spirit which is charged with the tricks of horses might inspire them to do.

Sam Reeves finally got ready to start; he led his whole line of horses into the main street of the village, and most of the natives turned out to view the procession—even good Mrs. Barkum walked to her husband's store to gaze at the party. When the crowd seemed as large as it could be, and Sam Reeves emerged from Michan's grocery to take command, the Squire rushed into the road with a small shawl in one hand and a diminutive white paper package in the other. He approached Lem, who was tugging at a line to which several playful horses were haltered, and exclaimed in quite a loud tone:

"Here, Lem—you'll find it pretty cold sometimes at night—you'd better carry this shawl to tie around your neck; it won't cost you anything. An' here," said the Squire, dropping his voice, "is a pocket testament—I'm afraid you haven't thought to provide yourself with one. Let it be a lamp to your feet an' a light to your pathway, an' may its precious truths make you wise unto salvation. Remember you've got a Friend above—in him is no variable-ness or shadow of turnin'. Seek him while he may be found; draw nigh unto him, while he—"

"Trot!" roared Sam Reeves from the head of the column. The horse in advance started, and the others followed; the leading-rope of Lem's line struck the good Squire on