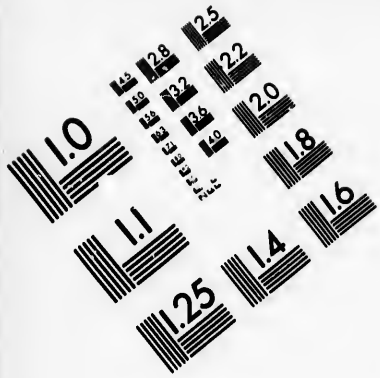

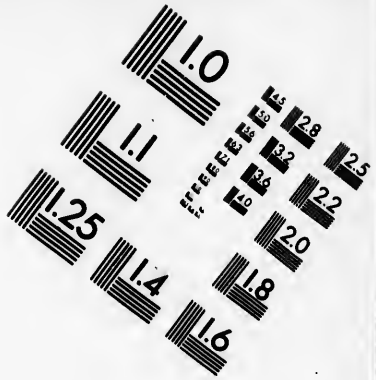

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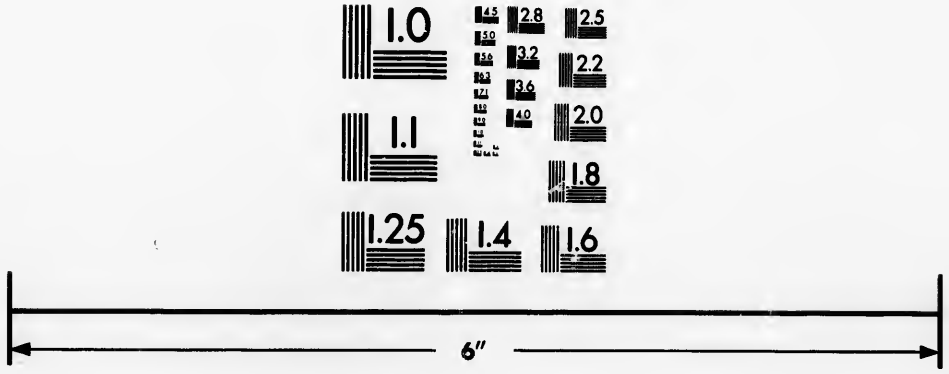

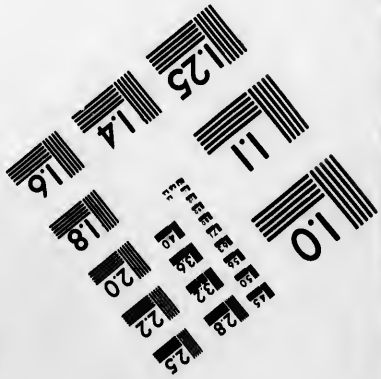

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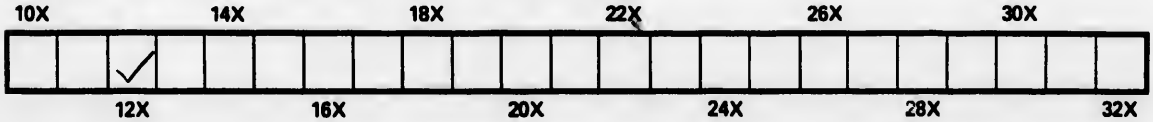

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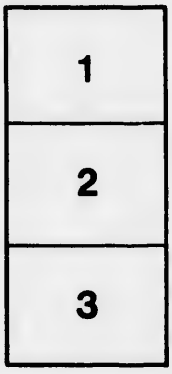

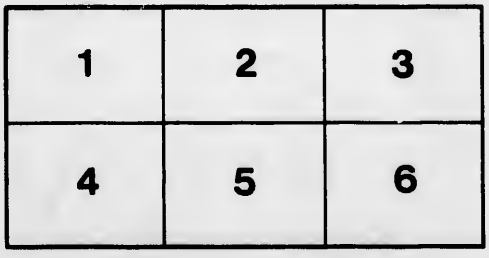

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NORMAN STANLY'S

CRUSADE;

OR,

THE DUNKIN ACT IN TURNIPHAM.

BY

ARTHUR W. MOORE.

MONTREAL:
JOHN DOUGALL & SON.
1877.

NORMAN STANLY'S CRUSADE.

CHAPTER I.

The door of the tavern opened and a man staggered out into the darkness and the falling snow.

"Better not go home to-night, Sandy, it's dark as pitch," cried the tavern-keeper; "lots o' beds you know."

"Oh! I'm all right!" cried a voice from the dark road.

Yes, Sandy was all right, he thought. He had been enjoying himself. He was "full as tick," as his tavern associates laughingly remarked after he had left their company. He was "all right,"—he could navigate.

"You can't kill old Sandy; he knows what he is about," said they.

And so, Sandy Bobbers trudged through the snow on the highroad that led to his

farm, situated some two miles away. The snow fell fast, and the wind seemed to blow from all directions at once, sweeping round him and drifting the snow in eddies about his legs as he stopped ever and anon to gain his equilibrium, (for though Sandy was "all right," his legs on this occasion did not seem to heed, as they should have done, the superior promptings of his brain). For half a mile he made a zig-zag course in the proper direction, diverting his loneliness with alternate snatches of songs and vituperative diatribes against those "rascally Dunkinites;" for the occasion of his prolonged visit at the "Farmer's Rest" tavern had been to raise his voice, along with a number of congenial spirits, in condemnation of the Dunkin Act, which it was proposed to bring into force. There had been a jolly time—the jolliest time that had been known for a long while—at the tavern.

The speeches had been, Sandy thought, the best he had ever heard, and he had felt so much impressed with the importance of the cause as to make a speech himself, in which

he denounced in the strongest terms those Dunkinites, who, in their fanaticism, wished to deprive Canadians of their birthright and freedom. Indeed, Sandy had made a very violent speech against the Dunkin Act, and pledged, with many a whiskey toddy, his word and his means to overthrow it at the poll. In concluding his speech, he had said: "Gentlemen, I am not in favor of a man's getting drunk. I say suppress drunkenness by all means, but do not at the same time prevent decent people taking their social glass by an arbitrary statute. We are here, gentlemen, to-night having a quiet drink together. None of us are going to commit murder or thrash our wives, nor starve them. No! we are here, and can take each other's hands in friendship, and stand up together for British freedom." Sandy Bobbers had taken his seat after this speech amid great cheers.

But Sandy is on his way home; the darkness intensifies around him, and the blinding sleet hisses in his face as he breasts the storm. The great stark limbs of the giant pines moan in the midnight blast; still, Sandy staggers on,

undismayed by the weird aspect of the surrounding gloom and storm. But at the schoolhouse gate, which stands in a lonely spot, he pauses a while, and, turning his back to the wind, takes from his breast pocket a black quart bottle. He draws the cork, and holding up the bottle, in the attitude of a man about to propose a toast, says :

"May every Dunkinite around
In his favorite drink be drowned ;
May every man drink what he wishes,
And teetotal folk be food for fishes."

Highly amused at his own impromptu doggerel, Sandy laughed, lifted the bottle to his lips and took a long draught. He tried to repeat the verse that had so suddenly emanated from his brain, but he could not. Sandy was "all right." He had a drop or two, it is true, but to his own way of thinking, he was a long way from being drunk. He was jolly. What cared he for wind, snow, and darkness ! So taking another pull at the bottle, he exclaimed, "There, that 'll see me home all right."

He again took the road. His footsteps

were more unsteady now ; somehow or other, the stopping for a rest at the schoolhouse gate had numbed his feet, and he muttered to himself, "Old Sandy, you begin to feel your oats." There was the long wooden bridge ahead with its high sidewalk planks. Now, if Sandy had only kept to the middle of the road he would have been all right, but he did not ; he walked on to the high footpath, and when in the middle of the bridge he tripped over a broken plank and fell into the deep, rapid current beneath. There was a loud splash and a smothered cry, which ominous sounds were soon hushed by the midnight blast as it sang its solemn requiem amid the skeleton woods which skirted the river, spectre-like, leafless and black.

A light shines through the window of a comfortable farmhouse a mile further on from the spot where Sandy Bobbers, in the twinkling of an eye, went to meet his God. Oh why did he not keep to the middle of the road on this dark and stormy night, by doing which he might soon have entered into the light and warmth of his own home, where his

good wife and two daughters sat knitting and listening to the reading of his stalwart son Hugh! Alas, poor Sandy Bobbers! he will never sit by his cosy fireside again. Very cold he lies now in the rigid embrace of Death, firmly embedded under the ice and snow far down the swift-rolling river.

The clock strikes twelve at the farmhouse, and Hugh Bobbers puts aside the book he has been reading.

"How late your father is!" says Mrs. Bobbers at length,

"I never knew him to stay so long at the tavern before," said Hugh.

"It is very stormy out," said Mary Bobbers, who peered through the window into the darkness. "Oh! he will not be long now."

"You know there is a meeting at the 'Farmer's Rest' to oppose the Dunkin Act," said Hugh.

"Oh yes," cried the girls, "that keeps him."

"Oh dear!" cried Mrs. Bobbers, "I only wish the Dunkin Act *would* pass in this township Though I have no fear of your father's going bad through drink, there's many an-

other man, Phil Doran, for instance, who is going fast enough to rack and ruin. It's not every one who can take care of himself like your father. He is a moderate drinker. He knows when to stop."

"Oh yes, father knows when to stop. He likes a bit of fun sometimes, but I never saw him real tipsy; but still, somehow, I wish he would go right over to the other side, and declare for temperance,"—said the son thoughtfully.

"How anxious the minister was that day when he was here, for father to sign the Dunkin petition!" cried Ellen Bobbers, the youngest of the two sisters.

"Oh, wasn't he!" replied the elder.

"And do you know, at one time father wavered; I thought he was going to sign, sure," said the other.

"Yes, I thought so too, when the minister spoke about the good that would come, and the great example father would set to the other farmers. But farmer Joyce soon knocked that out of his head when he came and talked about British liberty, and the right

every man had to his glass if he wanted it. Your father was almost persuaded though, if Joyce hadn't popped in," said the mother.

"Almost," cried Hugh.

"There was a long pause, after which Mrs. Bobbers said she would go to bed.

Another hour passed. Hugh Bobbers went to the front door of the house, and looked out. Snow, wind and darkness confronted him, but through the gloom no welcome footstep fell upon his ear. He went into the room again, and sat with his sisters before the glowing embers of the fire. The faithful house dog looked into his young master's eyes with a troubled and anxious look. The clock on the mantelpiece struck the hour of two.

"Father never was out so late in his life before," said Hugh. "Something must have happened him. I'll saddle Peggy and go and meet him."

"Yes, do," said the girls.

Hugh took a lantern and went to get the pony out of the stable, and in a few moments was on the way to the tavern. When he arrived there the house was in darkness, and

it was a long time before he could make the inmates hear. At last a window was thrown up and a voice enquired what was wanted.

"Is father here?" asked young Bobbers.

"Is that Hugh Bobbers?" enquired the voice at the window.

"Yes," replied Hugh.

"Your father left for home more than two hours ago. Hold on, I'll be down in a moment."

The window closed, and soon the door of the tavern was opened by the landlord.

"Father's not come home yet, or hadn't when I left," said Hugh, as he entered the house.

"Not home yet!" cried the landlord in amazement; "where can he be? He was all right when he left here, more than two hours ago. He couldn't have stopped at any place, could he?" continued the landlord, over whom a certain dread fear was coming.

"I guess not,—but he might. He must be somewhere. He's not on the road," said Hugh.

"Not on the road? Oh no, he can't be on the road," murmured the landlord, who seem-

ed somewhat fuddled with drink, and who seemed determined to clutch at any straw to save himself from being overwhelmed by his own vague suspicions of disaster—disaster, too, from his own house, as it would be, if anything had really happened to old Sandy Bobbers.

"I'll bet he's called in at Dan Humphrey's, or Joyce's, or Barton's. He's all right I'll warrant. Come, take something to warm yourself up this cold night," said the landlord, who began to be nervous with his own forebodings; for he could not but confess to himself that of all the many years of his acquaintance with Sandy Bobbers he had never seen him get so full of drink as on the occasion of this anti-Dunkin meeting. For Sandy was looked upon as a very model of a moderate drinker—one who took his glass, one, two, or three as the case might be, and then went on about his business like a decent, sensible man as he was, and supposed to be none the worse, but all the better for what he had drank. If anything should have befallen this model of a customer, on this the very first time of his having taken just perhaps a drop

too much, and that on a very extraordinary occasion, why it would be a sad blow to his business, and a still more trying one to his conscience. The landlord's only solace at this harrowing moment was the brandy bottle.

He took a light into the bar-room and begged young Bobbers to take something. "Yes, yes, you will, you must. Only think what a night it is. Your father's all right, I'll warrant. Take something. Don't say no; its bad luck not to drink,—just a toothful."

"But I never drink anything," cried Hugh.

"Oh, nonsense, man—this is an extraordinary occasion. You will catch your death of cold. Drink this," and the landlord held a glass containing syrup, lemon and brandy.

Hugh looked at it a moment bashfully and then drank it off. It was sweet as honey, and the brandy set his blood in a generous glow.

"That's splendid!" said the young man, putting down the tumbler. "I thought brandy and liquor was bad to the taste. That's the first time I ever drank brandy,—is that what it is?'

"Yes," said the landlord, "that's the best

cognac brandy, and very expensive. I only keep it for my friends."

"It's real splendid!" said Hugh; and in the same breath, "I wonder where father can have got to!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the landlord, after he had taken a large drink of brandy, "I'll go with you to the neighbors. I wouldn't have anything happen to your dad for the world. We shall either find him there or at your house. I'll put your pony into my sleigh and we'll drive."

The two drove back towards Sandy Bobbers' farm, and called at every house and scrutinized the wayside as they went along. They even went for miles on the road beyond Sandy's farm, but only to return in consternation at his extraordinary disappearance.

Every part of the farm, the outbuildings, &c., were thoroughly examined, and long before daylight the neighboring farmers were on the search after the missing man. Men went in all directions—some to the market town of Blankham, and the day wore on and still there were no tidings of Sandy Bobbers. So much snow had fallen during the night that all

footprints were obliterated. It was no use looking for tracks.

Great was the excitement at the Farmer's Rest tavern on the day and night following Sandy's disappearance. The woods for miles around were scoured by bands of men who volunteered and organized themselves into parties over their glasses at the tavern. Some declared Sandy had been kidnapped by the Dunkinites ; others that he had run off to the States ; others again thought he had wandered away into the woods and frozen to death, and that his body would be found in the spring. Some one suggested that he might have fallen into the river, but that idea was soon dismissed as being absurd. No sane man need fall from such a substantial and wide bridge as the one over which Sandy had to cross. Others again suggested suicide, and in the course of time people got so accustomed to Sandy's absence that his mysterious disappearance became only an occasional topic of conversation, —so soon do we mortals adapt ourselves to life's ever-changing scenes and continual bereavements.

There was one, however, who never ceased to look for the return of the missing one—his widow. When advertisements and offers of reward were seen to be of no avail, and as day by day passed and there came no tidings of her husband, she began to pine away with grief. Had she known the worst, she might have resigned herself. But a continual hoping, and a continual disappointment, soon brought her to a bed of sickness.

In the meantime, the landlord of the Farmer's Rest, whose name was Dick Stacy—or more legally, Richard Stacy—was doing a very lively business. His tavern was the resort of all the farmers for many square miles around, and was situated at a place called the "Forks,"—because the road forked at this point in three different directions ; being twelve miles to the market town of Blankham, and five miles to the township village of Boxton, there was a deal of travel on the roads that passed the tavern, and as the country in this section was considered the very best in Canada, most of the farmers were well-to-do.

The influence for evil which this man Stacy wielded among the surrounding farmers was

very great—far greater than the ordinary observer would suppose. It was not only in the apparently harmless custom of taking friendly glasses together, and fraternizing from time to time in a neighborly way that the farmers were imperceptibly led into evil; the quiet chat over a glass of liquor, on farming or political matters, might seem innocent enough, but it was the dangerous charm that the tavern associations spread over its frequenters that was so mischievous. The honest and hard-working farmer who stopped to water his horses on his way to and from the market town would invariably take a glass, but seldom alone. The stimulating drink, the moment it was swallowed, would put him under false colors, as it were. His keen perceptive powers of intellect would be over-balanced and his ideas of life's duties and responsibilities exaggerated; his conversation with his drinking companions would be distorted by a divergence from the plain, unvarnished truth. He would be fascinated with the jovial visits at the tavern, and go home to the stern duties of life with false ideas concerning human happiness, and with an ever-recurring desire

to revisit the transient and dangerous elysium. Thus by the subtle influences which characterized the Farmer's Rest were the characters of many of the worthy Turnipham Township farmers imperceptibly undermined.

No more glaring instance of the evil influence of Dick Stacy can be recorded than occurred on the night that Hugh Bobbers went to the tavern in search of his father, when, with plausible words and a seeming anxiety regarding the young man's exposure to the midnight storm, the tavern-keeper prevailed upon him to take strong drink. Mark his crafty mode of administering the poison! Disguised and suspended in the universally appreciated syrup and lemon,—the fiery nature of the subtle demon brandy softened and rendered sweetly palatable. Is it to be wondered at that Hugh Bobbers never to his dying day forgot how splendid it was.?—that ever afterwards in his daily avocations when fatigue overcame him his thoughts flew back to that enchanting draught, that nectarous fluid which thrilled the palate and sent the life-blood bounding through his youthful veins.

CHAPTER II.

Quaker Barnaby was the wealthiest man in the Township of Turnipham. How he came by the staid appelation of "Quaker," no one knew, further than that it was surmised his ancestors had been members of that sober-minded communion. He was an Englishman of the "Yorkshire yeoman" type, and had emigrated to Canada at an early age with his father, who purchased eight hundred acres of the best farm and timber land in Turnipham, and brought a great part of it under a high state of cultivation. At the death of his father, Quaker Barnaby was left in possession of the large estate and an immense sum of money accumulated by successful farming, stock-raising, the sale of timber and the proceeds of a large saw mill.

But the Quaker's habits of life were entirely different from the steady, plodding ones of his father, who, though not averse to his glass

and his pipe, never stepped beyond the bounds of moderation. Like a "fine old English gentleman of the olden time," he daily took his "quantum" of beer, wine and toddy; but no man ever saw the old Squire drunk, and his sudden death one day was attributed to apoplexy. The title of Quaker had been attached to the old man's name, and it seemed to fall naturally upon the son when he was left alone in possession of his father's wealth and influence.

Though partaking of his father's character in some things, Quaker Barnaby differed very much in one essential point—sobriety. He inherited his father's relish for a glass of liquor, though not the necessary discretion in its use. But this latter failing was not observable for years after he had laid his parent in the grave. Being accustomed to see intoxicating drinks upon his father's table from his earliest recollection, and never having been brought face to face with the evils that arise from their use, Quaker Barnaby made no endeavor to shield himself from their power. He was one of those powerfully built men, obese, double-chinned, and florid-faced. Fond

of sporting, a good judge of horses, dogs and cattle, a thorough farmer, and passionately fond of good cheer, it is not surprising that he was considered a prince among his fellows by all who knew him. It was quite a windfall to Dick Stacey when the Quaker's fast team was pulled up in front of the tavern and the portly form and round, red face of the Englishman entered the bar-room. It was a windfall also to thirsty mortals loafing for a drink. The Quaker, whip in hand, would jocosely lash up all hands to the bar counter, and with stentorian voice bid the landlord "Set 'e'm up for the crowd."

When Quaker Barnaby took a "drinking fit" he set every body at the Four Corners drunk for days together. He was so jovial in his cups that his invitations for people to join him in his carousal were quite irresistible. It was delightful to the loafers to see the jolly stout Englishman bring out bank notes by the fistfull and pay for drinks. It was delightful to them, also, to see the Quaker offer to wrestle any man in the crowd and to see his challenge accepted by some one who knowingly went to grief for the sake of the treat it

would obtain (for the Quaker always treated the crowd after throwing his man); and there were men always hanging around the tavern who would take a thrashing for a drink at any time.

Nothing pleased the Quaker more than to get a lot of these loafers into drunken fights. He was always ready to pay damages and liberally reward the combatants with all they could drink. It was always known when the "Quaker was on a spree," and farmers from all around came to enjoy the fun at the Farmer's Rest tavern, where they would enter into the spirit of the Quaker's enjoyment and feast upon his liberality. All kinds of mad freaks emanated from the tavern on these bacchanals. Now it would be a bare-back horse race down the road, or putting horses to high jumps, or racing after a pig with a greased tail, the man who could hold it by that slippery appendage to own the animal; or there would be a dog fight or cock fight.

While the Quaker thus acted at frequent intervals, his young motherless daughter, his only child, would be anxiously awaiting his return home. Young as she was, only twenty,

she fully realized the downward course her father had been taking for several years. She first comprehended her father's altered character on her return from boarding-school a year or two back. Then, for the first time in her life, she had seen him drunk, and since that time very frequently. It was something very shocking for this young girl, fresh from the nursery of all the virtues, in which she had been taught to abhor, not only intemperance, but every other vice, to behold in her own father, whom she idolized above all others, a victim of strong drink. Her innocent mind had never once suggested danger, as from her childhood upwards she had daily seen her parent use beer and wine at home. She had never noticed the glowing liquids paralyze his faculties or unnerve his gait. He had always risen from the table in her presence with firm, manly carriage and lively, cheerful intellect, and Rose Barnaby was proud of her father—proud of his fine, portly, handsome person and the loving, generous impulses of his heart.

His love for his child partook of the same passionate force that had marked his love for her mother. In his fair child he again saw

his youthful bride; but though the form was there, accompanied by the sweet and gentle nature of his departed wife, the tender influence of nuptial council was forever gone. What Quaker Barnaby might have been had not death deprived him of his wife, it were not difficult to conjecture. He possessed in a remarkable degree all the attributes of a noble nature, and while his wife lived, he stood forth before the world, if not a moral star of the first magnitude, at least, a very bright one. His brief married life had been one uninterrupted joy. As his garners were filled with harvest treasures, so was his heart with love overflowing when he had carried to his home the object of his first and only passion. The young wife clung to her wealthy and robust lord as the ivy clings to the sturdy oak, with all the fervor of a wife's sacred love, and her young life seemed sheltered from the stormy vicissitudes of earth by the stalwart husband who stood to her a very bulwark of hope, love and strength. Yes, Quaker Barnaby was strong, healthy, rich, handsome; his wife was young, beautiful, accomplished and true to him, and what is more she was a Christian.

He possessed more blessings than generally falls to the lot of man. One thing he lacked, however, which converted all his worldly advantages into snares. Quaker Barnaby was without religious faith. He stood in his own strength. So one day in the midst of sunshine on a summer's day, when flowers decked the earth in wild profusion sending rich perfumes through the open windows, when birds were carolling their merriest, when his hopes and spirits exulted as they had never done before as he held to his heart for the first time his triumph of love, his newborn child, there came through the summer zephyrs, from the unknown realms of eternity, the subtle and invisible messenger of death.

"There is a reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath
And the flowers that grow between."

The Reaper came and gathered the flower of Quaker Barnaby's love. His happy home became desolate, and he mourned as one without hope. The youthful wife and mother had seen the remorseless reaper as he entered the threshold of her home; she had taken his hand

and calmly and peacefully gone with him into the "valley of the shadow of death," without fearing, for she knew that the Prince of Peace had sent the messenger. "My lamp is trimmed and I go to meet the Bridegroom," she had said to her husband. But he, poor man, beheld darkness and despair. He understood her not. His heart, untutored in adversity, rebelled wildly against the divine decree which paralyzed the even tenor of his prosperous career. The death-blow rendered him for a time oblivious of the parting blessing his wife had left him—his motherless infant. Not until she grew up to be an interesting prattler did his heart discover the rich treasure that Heaven had blessed him with in his darling child. But the intervening years between his wife's death and his daughter's early maturity, when the outlines of the departed one began to dawn in Rose Barnaby, had deadened the nobler elements of his nature. Instead of bowing in submission to his bereavement and seeking the Christian's never-failing consolation, he endeavored to glean comfort from the wine-cup and convivial company, and drifted on with a hardened heart and a com-

plaining spirit to his soul's unrest. And as time passed, his intervals of calm sobriety diminished. Sobriety brought reflection, and this he could not bear, for his thoughts would then go back to his idol in the grave. This mourning without hope was the rock upon which Quaker Barnaby's life was wrecked. Nothing but strong drink and the companionship of drinkers seemed left for him to fall back upon for comfort.

Like most men in mental distress through bereavement who fly to drink for comfort, he magnified his own sorrows and made himself a sort of martyr, and people would say who watched him in his debaucheries, "Ah, poor man, the loss of his beautiful wife makes him carry on so;" and the maudlin condolences of his tipsy associates, who, strange to say, had, all of them, similar bereavements or other catastrophes to bemoan, only added to his own convictions of having been cruelly wronged by Heaven. He might have entered into the trustful enthusiasm of the bereaved poet who, instead of hardening his heart against the dispensation of Heaven, took comfort and at eventide saw in spirit his loved ones,

"Enter at the open door,
The beloved, the true-hearted
Come to visit me once more.

* * * * * *

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

* * * * * *

Oh, if oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died."

Quaker Barnaby might have easily adapted the exquisite lines of the American poet to his own case had not the demon Drink stood sentinel over the citadel of his soul and quenched from time to time the sweet messengers of peace and hope that tapped faintly at the castle gate. And this constant quenching of the Heavenly Spirit which strove for entrance into his soul, left it at length in total darkness. There was nothing left for him but the fleeting joys of the world. His earthly advantages and wealth became so many mockeries luring him on to future woes.

CHAPTER III.

About half a mile from the Farmer's Rest tavern is situated the once substantial, but now dilapidated residence of Philip Doran. It had once been considered the most desirable house in the neighborhood, being built of stone and surrounded by highly ornamented double verandas, about which clinging vines spread their leaves and flowers during the summer time, while beautiful flower beds ornamented the grounds in front. But at the time of which we write, the verandas were a total wreck, and as though ashamed of their companionship, the floral creepers no longer embraced the trellis work, but left the ruin in its naked deformity to the uncharitable criticisms of an uncharitable world. There were no longer any visible signs of flower beds, the whole approach to the house being choked up with sunflowers and other weeds "unprofitably gay," amid which, in the absence of fences, vagrants of the barn-yard insolently stalked.

Sitting on the floor of the dilapidated veranda, leaning his back against the door of the house, was Phil Doran, the presumed owner of the premises. He was embracing his knees with his hands and looking dreamily into the chaos of rank, worthless vegetation which usurped the horticultural splendors of bygone days—his father's days, when he, Phil Doran, was a bright-eyed boy, when the Doran farm *was* a farm and no mistake.

For thirty years Phil Doran had been wondering how it was that since his father's death nothing but bad luck had come to the farm. His father died and left him the property in splendid condition, when he, Phil, was only twenty-two. At twenty-three he had married, and for a while continued in the steady footsteps of his father, prospering to his heart's desire. In those days there had been no tavern nearer than the village of Boxton, five miles away, and Phil had never had any taste for tavern loafing then. But when the Farmer's Rest was established he, like a good many of his neighbors, went there, first out of curiosity and to patronize the new undertaking, and then for company's sake, until he

soon got into the habit of spending most of his valuable time there. For the first year or two these visits of Phil Doran to the tavern did not very materially affect his worldly prospects, for he was well off, had money in the bank, lots of horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, and a well-cultivated farm, all his own. His wife was affectionate and thrify. But life at the tavern was costly ; throwing dice and playing cards for drinks took both time and cash, and as Phil Doran drew money from the bank so did strong drink draw energy and vitality out of his body.

As time flew on, seed-time and harvest-time found him less and less anxious for active duty, and less capable. The whiskey bottle went with him into the field of labor, and that was the last of his successful farming. The time came when he would not work, so he hired more help. This did not pay. Then the live stock began to dwindle. A horse was sold, and there was a spree after it. Then a cow went, and there was another spree, and so on until there was nothing left but the bare ground and farm-buildings. Then these were mortgaged, and finally everything went that

could go, and for years past he had been struggling to satisfy his cravings for drink, to keep his family in food, and pay the interest on his farm mortgage. But the worst is not yet told. Phil Doran became a perfect brute. From being a kind-hearted and pleasant-spoken man, he became an unfeeling and abusive wretch, spending most of his time at the tavern, from which he would return daily to his home like an infuriated demon.

And now, as we write, thirty years after his father's death, he sits a lazy, bloated, soulless, good-for-nothing man, gazing vacantly with beclouded intellect at the great sunflowers that seem to mock him with their gaudy and brazen faces. Nothing torments him so much as being sober. A fear of such a calamity overcoming him must have caused him to suddenly shout out "Blinkey! O Blinkey! I say, you Blinkey," as he sat in a half-drunken reverie.

At the sound of his hoarse voice a grotesque figure appeared at the door of the house. A youth with hardly any forehead, an enormous mouth, whose skull seemed to go to a point at the top, and who was nearly naked, came shambling forwards, crying,

"Boo-boo-boo-bubby-bubby-boo."

"Bring black jack, you lubber, or I'll boo-boo your ugly head off," shouted Phil.

"Boo-boo," cried his idiotic son, as he retreated into the house and returned in a moment holding "black jack," otherwise a bottle of whiskey, in his hand.

The man snatched it, and as there was not very much in it, drained the contents and placed the bottle in his bosom. Rising from his sitting posture he entered the house, his idiot son running away from him as he approached, as though afraid. Going into the kitchen where his poor sick wife was sitting making baskets for the maintenance of her children, Phil demanded of her the price of a bottle.

"O Phil, you know I cannot give you a cent; indeed I can't,—don't ask me," said his wife tremulously.

"Give me a quarter or I'll pull the house about your ears! I know you have it! I know Miss Barnaby gave you five dollars the other day, and I only want a quarter. Do you hear? A quarter, or I'll kill somebody! I'll—I'll—I'll

sell the pig! I'll get rid o' the cow!" cried Phil Doran.

"Ah, but the cow is already mortgaged. If that twenty dollars is not soon paid, old Snodgrass will fetch her away," replied the wife mournfully.

"Who cares for old Snodgrass? I'll sell the cow to-day! I'll drive her to Boxton! Give me a quarter, I say, or I'll shake the light out o' you! Do you hear? A quarter! Come! a quarter before the house tumbles down on yer!" said the inhuman husband.

"O Phil!" cried the wife, getting up from her seat and walking towards the door, "I have only half a dollar left, and I wanted it for medicine; but I suppose you *will* have it, so there's no use in talking to you. I'll go and get it."

"You're always buying medicine. A few good hookers of whiskey would set her all right," said Phil.

When his wife went upstairs to her secret money box, the wretched man turned towards a girl who stood in rags at the back door of the house, muttering to herself some unintelli-

gible g‹rgon, and shaking a stick with a piece of cloth tied at the end in a meaningless way. This poor creature was another idiot child of Phil Doran's.

Taking hold of the girl's hair he whispered fiercely,

"Where's the eggs? eggs? eggs? where's the eggs?"

"Oh chick, chick, chick,-eggy-eggy-mow-mow," muttered the girl and going into an out house and delving among a miscellaneous collection of old boxes, pots and pans, uncovered a dingy receptacle containing about two dozen fresh eggs.

Phil reached his hand forward, carefully took them out and deposited them in the several pockets of his coat; then shaking his fist at the idiot girl and making signs mysterious to the uninitiated, he said,

"I'll burn your tongue if you tell! Mind me! Any more?"

"Chick, eggy got none," responded the girl.

With a parting threat, the father returned to the kitchen and after getting the quarter from his wife, sauntered off cautiously (for

fear of damaging his precious freight) to the Farmer's Rest tavern.

When he had left the house, Mrs. Doran went up stairs again. She was almost heart-broken with years of accumulated sorrows and nearly half her lifetime of ill treatment and neglect. Yet, still with the persistent devotion of a wife, she struggled to keep alive within her bosom the love which thirty years ago, she lavished upon the one who had since rendered her life a continual sacrifice by his selfish and inhuman conduct as a husband. She went into one of the upper chambers of the house and, kneeling down, buried her face in her hands and prayed. She did not ask for much, only that she might have patience and faith,—that if it were His will to take every other comfort from her in this world, one jewel might be left to her—Faith. And when she had asked this, she arose and went into another chamber, where the child of her youth, now a woman, lay stretched upon a bed of pain. She had been the mother's one solace in the bitter life experience, her pride and joy in youth, and her counseller, friend and companion in riper years. Of the six children born

of Mrs. Doran this one only had brought her joy. Of the others, two were dead, and three were idiotic; poor, unaccountable beings, harmless, tender-hearted, frightened creatures, totally unfitted for the stern battle of life.

"Mary, my child," said the mother as she sat at the bedside, "could you eat anything this morning?"

"O, mother," replied the sick girl," I think not; I have no taste for anything. It pains me to eat."

"Try and eat something, my dear, if only just a little to keep up your strength. Let me poach an egg for you," said Mrs. Doran.

"Perhaps I might eat it; I don't know. Yes, mother, I think I could eat an egg. I will try. The doctor said I should eat eggs," said Mary.

"I will go and prepare one or two for you, and I will beat some up into a nice drink for you with some milk," said the mother.

"Where is father to-day?" asked Mary.

"He went out, my child, a while ago; he will not be long," replied Mrs. Doran.

"O, mother, if father would only—" and

then poor Mary stopped short, and tears filled her eyes.

"Don't trouble about your father. I will take care of him," said Mrs. Doran, wiping the tears from her dying child's eyes.

"Oh, I should die happy if I only thought he would give up the drink,—if he would only try just to make an effort. Ask him, mother, if he will come and see me ; he has not been to see me for over a week now," and Mary sobbed.

Mrs. Doran could not speak; her heart was too full. She, poor soul, knew how far beyond human aid Phil Doran was. She knew how she had struggled for years and years, by kindness, by prayers, by entreaties, by tears, by toil, by sacrifices to reform him, and all her loving solicitude had been absolutely in vain. Mrs. Doran left her daughter, and, going down into the outhouse looked into the place where she kept her eggs, but found none there.

"Oh dear," cried Mrs. Doran, wringing her hands, "I wish he had left just one, for now the poor girl is expecting an egg, and I must disappoint her."

She well knew where they were gone to—

that Phil, whenever he could find them, sold them for whiskey. Mrs. Doran, however, bethought herself of the nests, and going to the different places, obtained two, and with these she prepared a repast for the invalid.

As Mrs. Doran sat at Mary's bedside while the latter tried to eat, a light footstep was heard on the stairs, and a moment after a gentle knock at the room door.

"That's dear Miss Barnaby," cried Mary, and in a moment more the bright and beautiful form of Rose Barnaby entered the apartment. Full of life, rosy and smiling, her sudden presence seemed to fill the sick chamber with sunshine, and to inspire the forlorn invalid with fresh hope.

"How kind of you to come, Miss Barnaby!" cried Mary, as Rose went up to the bedside and kissed her.

"I have brought you some grapes, dear Mary, and am going to stay with you this morning," said Rose as she seated herself at the bedside.

"O, mother," cried Mary, "I can eat no more egg, now there are grapes. I am so fond of grapes; they are what I have been

longing for; they will quench my thirst." So saying the poor girl ate some of the delicious fruit, while Mrs. Doran took away the tray and left the two girls alone.

Rose Barnaby and Mary Doran were nearly of the same age, and in early life, long before Rose went to boarding-school, a strong attachment had sprung up between the two which had been cemented into the fondest affection by a most touching incident of their lives. That which would have been the means of destroying the friendship of most women, in this case brought to light the noblest qualities of the human heart.

Rose Barnaby, the beautiful, refined and wealthy, whose society every one courted, and whose love half the young men of Turnipham strove to obtain, was herself deeply in love with Hugh Bobbers. It was a love that had grown up from infancy, when she and the bright handsome Hugh were playmates. But never a word of love had passed between them. Hugh Bobbers had never dreamed of love in his childhood companionship with Rose; he had never dared to lift his aspirations so high as the wealthy Quaker's daughter. Though

as children they had played together and met frequently in maturer years in the social circle and at church, the social line of demarcation between the Barnaby and Bobbers families was very great, and it became greater every time Rose had returned with fresh beauty from the fashionable boarding-school at vacation time. The innocent and joyful companionship of childhood gave place to the conventional decorum of young ladyhood, and in the transition Hugh took his place among the ordinary throng of respectful admirers, little dreaming that he, of all men in the world, reigned supreme in the heart of the beautiful Rose Barnaby; and so in course of time it came about that Hugh fell in love with some one else, and that some one else was poor Mary Doran, when she too was beautiful if not so rich and refined as Rose Barnaby.

Poor Mary! she was in health and strength when Hugh told her how he loved her, and she had lived in the light of his earnest first love. The darkling shadows which intemperance gathered around her home, through her father, had been partly dispelled by the knowledge of Hugh s love. She had peered beyond

the gloom of her own desolated home to a brighter home with a noble, temperate and industrious husband, and had built "castles in the air,"—not idly, nor dreamily, but with hope exulting over present misery, and buoyed up with earnest action and a noble resolve that the comforts her mother and hapless brother and sisters lacked under their natural protector's indolence and shame, should be, in a measure at least, supplied by the fruits of her own industry. She had hoped that in striving to merit Hugh's love, she might lead him, also, to pity and protect the helpless ones.

The disgraceful character which Phil Doran had won for himself by his ungovernable love of drink, had almost severed all ties of friendship and respect with his neighbors, far and near. Nor did he go into this social isolation alone. He dragged his family with him. Under these circumstances the course of love between Hugh and Mary did not run smoothly. Hugh had been ashamed to tell his own family of the relationship he was going to establish with the generally condemned Dorans. So the secret was kept between themselves, and no one heard that Hugh and Mary were

engaged. But one friend proved true to Mary Doran through all the trials, disgraces and sufferings brought upon her family through her father, and that was Rose Barnaby. As we have said, their friendship had begun in early childhood, and had increased as the years rolled on. Previous to Mary's sickness, she had been a frequent guest at Quaker Barnaby's house, during the vacation; ostensibly, she went to do sewing for Rose, and the world of Turnipham approved of her visits in this light. Quaker Barnaby would not have approved of Mary Doran as an associate and companion for his daughter; but as a seamstress, her presence in his house was not only approved of, but highly commended. It would never do for the daughter of that drunken vagabond Doran to be called the friend of Quaker Barnaby's daughter, although the latter fine gentleman often sat cheek by jowl with Doran in drunken sprees at the tavern. So the world knew not that Mary Doran was the friend and confidante of Rose Barnaby, and that the frequent message "Could Mary Doran please come and do a little sewing for Miss Barnaby" was only an innocent excuse for the two to get into each other's society.

And Mary was well worthy of the great love of her friend, for a truer-hearted and more gentle creature never lived. She had soft, quiet, winning ways, was ladylike in her manner, and of modest, timid bearing, which latter trait was, doubtless, the result of a constant life of dread at home. Having withal deep religious convictions, she was well worthy of any one's love and confidence. Of all Rose Barnaby's lady associates there was not one in whom she could trust like Mary Doran. To her she confided all her little anxieties, and for a long time, Rose had longed to pour out to some one the grand secret of her life, her unconquerable love for Hugh Bobbers. She had met the young man at different places, the church, Sunday-school and meetings, time and again, since she had grown up to womanhood, but always as the Squire's daughter, and he as the ordinary farmer's son. She was too well bred and modest to even think of making any show of her love for him. No, she had rather avoided looking at him, but the effort had been painful. She had tried to outlive what she considered a hopeless affection; for even had Hugh made any advances, she felt

that her father would never sanction their union. But she loved him, nevertheless. It was a pure and holy love, enhanced by the remembrance of early associations.

Rose Barnaby little thought as she sat one day talking quietly to Mary Doran that she was conversing with Hugh Bobbers' betrothed. The two girls had been busy sewing and chatting as was their wont together, and at length the conversation touched upon the subject of love. In answer to Mary Doran's question as to whether she had ever preferred one gentleman to another Rose had replied, "One alone has had possession of my heart from childhood." This had naturally astonished Mary, and as she had been in early life one of Rose's most constant playmates, she began to wonder who the youth could be that had so favorably impressed her companion. She thought of all the boys with whom they played since children. The most likely one to have made such a remarkable impression was Hugh Bobbers, and Mary paled somewhat as she thought of this, but dismissed it from her mind as quite improbable.

"You say one has had possession of your

heart from childhood, dear Miss Barnaby. It cannot be any of our old playmates," and here Mary repeated the names of several, but had not the courage to mention Hugh's.

After a pause, Mary said, "I have no right to pry into your secrects, but I hope whoever it is that you love will love you in return."

"I would sooner tell you my secret than any one else, dear Mary," said Rose.

"You are kind to place so much confidence in me," replied Mary. "I hope your love is not unworthily placed, and that it will prove a blessing."

"My love, I doubt not, has been for years past placed upon one whom I consider worthy of any woman's love. He is handsome, honorable and if not rich and highly cultivated, is I think, manly and industrious," said Rose.

"Is he tall?" asked Mary.

"Yes, he is tall and fair," replied Rose.

Mary's heart sank within her and she faltered out,

"Has he blue eyes?"

Rose said he had blue eyes and curly hair; and then Mary, with a slight tremor in her voice, asked,

"Is he a farmer?"

When Rose answered, "Yes, he is a farmer, and lives near by," Mary became conscious of the fact that they both loved the same man.

For a few moments there was a silence, and during this interval many conflicting emotions arose in the mind of Mary Doran. She loved her friend Rose, next to her mother, more than any woman in the world. Her love and admiration were strongly imbued with gratitude towards her benefactress, who had stood by her through all the retrograding fortunes of Phil Doran, her father. While the world had neglected her and turned the cold shoulder she, the beautiful, rich Rose Barnaby, had permitted the friendship of childhood to grow into the fondest adult affection. And now, as Mary reflected upon the extraordinary condition of affairs concerning their mutual love for Hugh Bobbers—for she felt quite sure now whom Rose loved—she determined that not even this should break the bonds of friendship between them. Having considered for a few moments, Mary acted under her naturally honest and straightforward impulse and said,

"I too, dear Miss Barnaby, am in love, and

with one who is tall and fair, and who has blue eyes, and is a farmer, living in the neighborhood."

"Does he know you love him ?" cried Rose eagerly ?

"Oh yes, dear, he knows I love him, and I know that he loves me," said Mary.

"O, Mary, you are engaged and never told me ! You love and are beloved, and I too love, but dare not tell my love. Oh ! how happy you must feel !" exclaimed Rose passionately ; and then in a more subdued tone, she asked, "And now, dear Mary, since you have told me of your happiness, tell me who the fortunate one is that has gained my friend's heart. Come, I will keep your secret."

"It is Hugh Bobbers," faintly cried Mary.

Had the darkness of midnight suddenly obscured the summer sunshine which illumined the earth, it could not have produced a greater shock upon Rose Barnaby than this unexpected intelligence. In all the perplexities of her strong love for Hugh Bobbers, it had never occurred to her that he might have loved another. She had hoped that her friend Mary might have suggested some honorable

means by which her sentiments could with propriety have been made known to Hugh; that Mary might have smoothed the way, by some to Rose, as yet, vague, undefined measure for a happy issue in her heart's dilemma. Poor Rose turned very pale and did not speak; and Mary too was pale and silent. Rose walked to the window and looked out upon the landscape. Mary followed her and placing her arm round her friend's neck said,

"Dearest Rose, look into my face, let me look into your eyes." Rose looked up into Mary's face; her eyes filled with tears, and then putting her arms around Mary sobbed.

"O, Rose," cried Mary, "I see it all,– I am ready to make the sacrifice; I am not worthy of his love; you can make him happy, —you can lead him on to honor and riches, and I can only drag him down into the dust. Oh, yes, dear Rose, I will close my heart against him; he shall soon forget me, and when he knows that you love him, he will be happy— far happier than with my poor love. I will learn to love and respect you both."

Rose lifted her head from Mary's shoulder and said,

"There! dear Mary, it is all over now. I have had a cry and I feel better now; I have been very foolish, and you have been very foolish also, to talk about giving up his love, that I might win it; but, my dear, you do not know your friend Rose yet, I see. If I have been foolish, I am not selfish, and if I cannot live in the sunshine of Hugh's love, I can, at any rate, bask in yours, dear Mary. Do you know what your statement has revealed to me, —what it has made me become conscious of? I will tell you. It has revealed to me God's disapproval of my laying up treasures on earth. I am conscious now of having worshipped an idol. Hitherto the image of Hugh Bobbers has been foremost in my mind. From this time, dear Mary, I will supplement it with another image—the image of Him who knoweth the secrets of all hearts, and who has said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' I have been dreaming and living in an ideal world instead of acting and living the real, earnest, matter-of-fact life, such as our religion demands. I will now humble myself and accept with meekness this Divine rebuke, and instead of repining, endeavor to make my future life more acceptable to Him."

And Rose kept her word. She dismissed, as far as she was able, all thoughts of Hugh and strove in every way she could to convince Mary of her unalterable esteem for her. And Mary, in return, looked up to Rose with increased admiration and love.

Time passed, and the two young girls were much in each other's company. The world seemed very bright to Mary, as she thought of her friend's generous conduct and of Hugh's love; but a great change came suddenly and when least expected. Mary had returned home one day from a visit to Barnaby Grange, as Quaker Barnaby's residence was called, full of hope and gladness. It was in the autumn, when the nights were cold. She and her mother had been sitting up late waiting for Phil Doran's return. They were about to retire to bed when they heard him approach the house. He was cursing fearfully, and when he entered the door, his wild look frightened them. He was highly intoxicated and began abusing his wife and daughter. The two women tried to pacify him and persuade him to bed, but kind words only seemed to add to his fury. He threatened to kill them, and

rushing to the table, dashed it over. Then seizing a meat hatchet threw it at his wife. The dreadful missile failed to strike the intended victim, which seemed to further exasperate the drunken man, who, with curses, said he would "do the business with the axe." He staggered towards the outer kitchen for the purpose of getting it and while doing so, Mrs. Doran and Mary fled and hid themselves in the bushes some distance from the house. The madman endeavored to find them and roamed about, axe in hand, going once or twice very near to their hiding place. No one can imagine their dreadful sufferings, as hour after hour they peered cautiously from the friendly bushes to watch the doings of the would-be murderer. Ever and anon, they heard his wild ravings as he sauntered up and down near the house, like a wild beast cheated of his prey. At times they heard him strike his axe against the verandah and yell, as though crazed at his unsuccessful search, and again they would see his stealthy approach towards their retreat. At such times they would almost scream with fear, and clutch each other's trembling forms in an agony of dread.

At last, after he had returned towards the house and there had been a long silence, they both lay down upon the bare ground and waited until daylight, shivering in the cold. They were both very thinly clad and without shoes, having partly prepared themselves for bed. Not until the sun had risen did they attempt to move from their hiding-place. With fear and trembling they approached the house, not knowing in what mood they might find the infamous husband and father, but hoping he had slept off his frenzy. In this latter surmise they were correct, for Phil Doran was found in a drunken sleep lying beside his axe upon the floor of the sitting-room. With silent footsteps they approached the sleeper and stealthily removed the deadly weapon. When the drunkard awoke, he seemed bewildered and remembered nothing of his conduct of the night. Little he recked that he had sown the seeds of death by his infamous and inhuman behavior. All his thoughts upon awakening went to the drink. More drink. Like a dog that returns to its vomit, he returned to the bane of his existence. And poor Mary, with a sharp, stinging pain in her

side, went to her bed, from which she was never more to rise in health in this world. The coldness and damp of the night's exposure brought on consumption, and all that medical skill could do was of no avail in her case. She gradually sank, and now death drew near.

CHAPTER IV.

Boxton village contained several hundred inhabitants and boasted three taverns, half a dozen stores, a post office, town hall, two churches, school house, carriage and blacksmith shop. Here the councillors of the township held their meetings, and it was this grave body that had been petitioned by a large number of township rate-payers to bring into force the Dunkin Act in Turnipham Township.

One of the strongest advocates of the temperance cause in Boxton was the Reverend Norman Stanly, of the Methodist Church. He was the resident minister at Boxton, the other church (Episcopal) being supplied at intervals by a clergyman from the town of Blankham. Indeed most of the residents of Boxton being Methodists, the Episcopal Church could hardly have maintained a resident minister; so the Rev. Norman Stanly might be said to perform all the spiritual duties of the village. He

was much beloved by his flock, not only for his genuine Christian character, but for his kind, cheerful and sociable qualities, which rendered him a much desired guest upon all occasions of village gatherings, whether it was at the happy marriage feast, the christening, or the solemn requirements of the sick bed and the closing scenes of life, with its last sad rites. He was a farmer's son, and even now that he was a regularly appointed minister from college, he was not averse to the muscular duties of the farm. He could plough with the best of them, and swing an axe too, when occasion required, and it sometimes did require; for instance, when poor old Tim Sawley lay stretched upon a bed of sickness on the outskirts of the village, with no one to attend to him, Norman Stanly often split a few sticks to replenish the fire before he knelt down at the bedside and prayed that the good God would remember poor Tim. Little acts of kindness like this were not apt to be overlooked by the simple-hearted Boxtonians, and though they sometimes chid his stern theology, and took umbrage at his occasional rebukes, they loved him.

The minister's life at Boxton was not an easy one, for the members of his flock were scattered about the country in all directions for many miles around, and being a conscientious man he was continually about his Master's business, instead of living at his ease. He had for years struggled manfully to check habits of intemperance among his people. A vast amount of his ministerial labor was neutralized by the influence of the taverns. Upon several occasions he had striven with men and almost won them over to the Saviour, when drink had suddenly wiped them out of this existence and launched them upon the ocean of eternity unprepared. Do what he would, he could not raise the moral status of his flock above a certain level. The women, for the most part, were earnest Christians,—at any rate, they tried to be; but, poor souls, some of them had to deal with drunken husbands and sons, and it was difficult for them t keep down hard and wicked thoughts when exasperated by drunken brutes coming home at all hours of the night demanding all manner of impossible things.

Norman Stanly had done all he could to

suppress intemperance, and had made himself odious to a great many of the men. But he was a brave man. He had the courage to start a temperance society, and eventually obtained the charter for a Lodge of Good Templars, and by almost superhuman efforts of speech and exhortation in and out of the pulpit, induced the greater portion of the young people to join the order. At length it began to succeed. Young men and women were attracted by the novelty of the thing, and a good many of the men became enthusiastic in the temperance cause. For nearly a year the temperance movement at Boxton steadily advanced, and the minister began to have great hopes of one day gaining all the drinkers over to the cause. But, one day, the Worthy Chief of the Lodge broke his pledge. The minister was one of the first to hear of it. He lost no time in going to see the fallen one.

"Stebbins, my boy," said Norman Stanly, with tenderness, "I hear you have broken the pledge. Never mind, don't repeat it. Remember what a good man has said, 'It is not that we should never fall, but that, falling, we should nobly rise again.' Rise again,

Stebbins, and I will help you to stand; I will be your friend."

But Stebbins was deaf to the good pastor's entreaties; he said, "Yes he would try," &c., but the poison had again entered his soul. The scoffs, jeers, jokes, of some, the oily persuasions of others, and the genial, good-humored "welcome back" of tavern landlords upset all his noble resolutions, and he was soon in the very vortex of intemperance, and savagely repelled all efforts of his real friends to save him. The fall of Worthy Chief Stebbins had a most disastrous effect upon the lodge. Several other young men followed in his footsteps; the lodge members began to flag in their zeal, and the name of Good Templar became a very bye-word of reproach, instead of an honor in Boxton village.

All this was highly discouraging to the worthy pastor, but his heart was in the work of reformation. He determined at all hazards, and at any sacrifice to his own comfort, to battle with the adversary. He saw that the only remedy for checking the evils of intemperance was the closing of the taverns, and the only lawful way of accomplishing this was

by means of the Dunkin Act. He knew that, in some respects, the act was faulty; but still it was the only legal weapon at hand.

Scattered among his flock, here and there, were certain temperance men; these, backed by the influence of the female population of the township, he determined to enlist in the cause by obtaining their signatures to a petition to the Council, asking the adoption of the Dunkin Act in the Township of Turnipham. Having prepared the petition, he set about obtaining signatures thereto. At first he was much encouraged at the willingness of the people to sign, meeting with little or no opposition during his first and second day's canvass. But, having commenced operations among those farmers living at the greatest distance from Boxton, he every day drew nearer to his enemies, who would oppose the temperance cause with all their power. One of his first disappointments occurred upon his visit to Sandy Bobbers.

The minister had a very high opinion of Sandy, who was one of the oldest and most respected farmers in the township, and who was always ready to promote the welfare of the community in the matter of church, schools,

roads, or any worthy object. He had always kept himself so sober and respectable that it had never occurred to Norman Stanly that the worthy farmer was in any danger through drink. He carried his liquor so well that even the tavern-keeper who sold it to him had been struck with admiration at his undeviating course of sobriety. He might easily have been taken for a strict prohibitory man by his conversation and demeanor at times; and the minister, who had, Sunday after Sunday, seen Sandy and his family at their places in church, had no reason to doubt but that he was the friend of a good cause. So he entered the farmhouse of Sandy Bobbers, several weeks previous to that unfortunate man's death, fully anticipating the enlistment of another important recruit in the temperance ranks.

When Norman Stanly informed Sandy Bobbers of his errand, the latter looked at the petition for some moments in silence, stroking the top of his head with one hand, as was his habit in reflection. At length he said,

"Ah, Mr. Stanly, I admire your zeal in some respects, but do you think it is right to insist upon everybody being teetotalers when they

perhaps don't want to be? You want to keep folks sober by Act of Parliament, eh?" and Sandy laughed good-naturedly.

"The Dunkin Act will never compel a man to cease drinking unless he wishes," said the minister; "but it will remove one great source of temptation," and then he enumerated to Sandy Bobbers many of the evils arising from the use of drink, and how necessary it was, if only for the sake of the rising generation, to suppress the liquor traffic; and pointing to his son and daughters, he continued, "What would you say, Mr. Bobbers, if any of these dear ones were either to become slaves to drink or be allied to those who, through that great curse, blasted their prospects in life and brought them to beggary and shame? Yet all this is possible, though it now appears improbable."

"Impossible!" cried Sandy Bobbers; "they have been taught their duty."

"Yes, they have been taught their duty," replied the minister; "I believe that, and you have reason to be very proud of them. It is for this reason you should exercise your influence in driving from the land an evil that

might perchance wreck their happiness and render fruitless all the moral and intellectua seed that you have implanted in their hearts. I solemnly warn you that none of us are safe so long as the traffic in drink is legalized. If the curse of drink does not attack us in a personal and direct manner, it is liable to do so indirectly. I could point out a number of cases within my own sphere of observation where the most innocent people have been brought to ruin by the indirect onslaughts of the drink traffic. Let me beg of you, as you value the welfare of your children, and as a responsible member of society, to aid, with your name at any rate, in suppressing this giant evil, which threatens to paralyze the moral and physical development of Ontario's youth. It is the great question of the day, and one of those undertakings of tremendous import which calls for the investment of the talents spoken of by the Redeemer, and with which all men are more or less endowed."

As one argument after another was eloquently brought forward, Sandy Bobbers looked earnestly in the face of Norman Stanly, and had the minister been ready with a pen and

ink, there is no doubt he would have gained the farmer's signature to the Dunkin petition. But at this critical moment another person joined the company.

Farmer Joyce, a neighbor, called in to have a chat with Sandy, and very soon he was made acquainted with the object of the minister's visit.

"Well, parson," said Joyce, "I have no objection to temperance, but when you come to trample upon British liberty, as this Dunkin Act will, why, I will not go in for it. It is a dangerous thing to trifle with the liberty of the subject. I have a perfect right to my beer if I want it, or to my glass of grog."

And then Norman Stanly went over his argument again in favor of the Act. But farmer Joyce was immovable. He would, he said, fight against the bill to the last in defence of his British liberty. He became so eloquent upon this point of liberty, that poor Sandy Bobbers lost what little sympathy he had in the temperance cause. The minister, unable to obtain the signatures of the men, departed.

No sooner had the good man left the house

than the two farmers went into another room and Sandy Bobbers going to a cupboard brought forth a small demijohn of liquor.

"It's the real Scotch," said Sandy as he poured it out and handed the tumbler to his friend with a very significant wink.

"Why didn't you ask the parson to take a drop?" asked Joyce with a merry twinkle.

"He is a very decent fellow, that Stanly," said Sandy, "and he is right in a good many respects. It would be a good thing for the rising generation, this Dunkin Act, but of no good to us old chaps; you cannot teach an old dog new tricks, and we have no very bad tricks. We take our horn, and I suppose we always shall. If we can't get a supply of liquor in Turnipham, we can at Blankham, so it will not matter to us much."

"Oh, but it will," replied Joyce; "these horrid fanatics will ruin the country; they will pass the Act all over, and eventually the grain trade will go to Blank. Why even in Turnipham, if the Act passes, it will put a stop to all business. Where are we to trade and water our horses if there are no taverns? Besides, man, it's all moonshine about the

evils of drink—all moonshine. Nobody gets hurt by drink, only now and again. The blamed fools deserve to die if they drink more than is good for them. I mean to oppose the Act and get everyone I know to do the same. They are a mean, treacherous lot, those temperance chaps. They try to undermine those who are opposed to them. I tell you, Sandy, it will be a good deal of money out of your pocket, and every other grain-grower's pocket, if these Dunkinites succeed in closing the taverns in Ontario. They will not stop at Turnipham. If they succeed here, it will encourage the fanatics in the neighboring townships, and they will never cease until the whole Province is under the tyranny of Dunkin. Besides ruining the commerce of the country and impoverishing the revenue, it will start a lot of tyrannical innovations, foreign to the spirit of the British Constitution. We shall be back in the dark ages before we know where we are."

"I believe you are right," said Sandy Bobbers, thoughtfully. "It will certainly have a bad effect on the grain-producers. I never looked at it in that light before. I shall certainly oppose it with all my power."

As Sandy finished speaking, a buggy was driven up to the door and two stalwart, handsome young men alighted and entered the house. One was a son of farmer Joyce, named Edwin, and the other William Dale, a farmer's son living in the neighborhood. They were the affianced lovers of Sandy Bobbers' two daughters. It was evening, the labors of the day were over, and the two youths had come to take their sweethearts to the town of Blankham, where a grand concert was to take place that evening. This was three weeks prior to the mysterious disappearance of Sandy Bobbers.

CHAPTER V.

Nothing daunted by his ill success with farmers Joyce and Bobbers, Norman Stanly visited every farmer in the township with his petition. Many were the reproaches he encountered in his unthankful mission, but still each day brought him signatures and "God speeds" from earnest men and women. The women especially were anxious that he should succeed, for they too well knew the great importance of the temperance cause. The dearest interests of their lives hung, as it were, in the balance. Many of them had intemperate husbands, who, at times, made their homes insupportably wretched by their periodical orgies.

None so well as the drunkard's poor wife can fathom the depths of misery that arise from the liquor traffic. The outside world may, at times, be shocked and express its pity for the innocent and miserable partner of the

inebriate, but it knows nothing of the revolting details which day by day, week by week, and year by year, are enacted at his home, and which, in the aggregate, would form a summary of horrors too shocking for mortal mind to contemplate unawed. Only one refuge stands open for the victimized woman,—the grave, with its friendly shadow, seems to her devoid of terrors—seems like the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land," where she may rest and sleep awhile on her pilgrimage to the better land beyond. Yes, the grave seems friendly to the poor, long-suffering drunkard's wife, and she would gladly go but for the little hand, perchance a Nellie's, or a Tommy's, which seems to hold her back; but for this tender link she would long ago have sank, "weary with the march of life." Only for the little one's sake she clings to life.

Norman Stanly had about a dozen such heroic women in his ministerial circuit (which extended beyond the Township of Turnipham). Poor Mrs. Doran was one of these. How the minister's heart bled whenever he entered her desolate home!—that home which he remembered as a boy to have been so beautiful and

thrifty, when Phil Doran, in his early manhood, had not yet lost all his self-respect. The minister called with his petition and showed it to Mrs. Doran. "I dare not sign it, but oh, Mr. Stanly, I will pray earnestly that you may succeed. My husband would kill me if I signed it," she said. Other good women similarly situated as Mrs. Doran said the same. They were afraid of their husbands. "It would be as much as my life is worth," said one. "I should be signing my death warrant," said another. But Mary Doran signed the petition. "I shall soon be beyond all human censure, and I will at least leave one feeble protest against a traffic that has robbed me of life," said she.

Norman Stanly, having obtained all the signatures he could to his petition by canvassing, determined to make a last grand effort to arouse the temperance people to their duty by calling a meeting in the village of Boxton. The town hall was crowded to excess on the occasion, but the proceedings were much interrupted by the presence of a number of the men opposed to temperance, who took the usual course of endeavoring to break up the meeting.

The petition was presented to the Township Council at its next sitting, and the discussion thereon occupied that grave body for several hours, bringing into play all the elocutionary powers of the members. It was finally resolved to settle the question of the Dunkin Act should this method of evading the councillors taking to it. In the meantime the liabilities attaching of temperance, seeing the existence of their drinking haunts menaced, rallied their forces for the combat. The two tavern-keepers at Boxton suddenly became exceedingly generous. All the village bummers and topers were continually being requested by the respective Bonifaces to come up and "have something." Penniless loafers at meal times were gently slapped on the back and told to go in and get a bite. Passing farmers and teamsters were told to "never mind" when they put down their money in payment for drink.

Dick Smithers, proprietor of the Boxton Hotel, was particularly kind to all who called upon him. He made up a huge quantity of a new kind of drink composed of whiskey, cider and sugar, in which floated a number of roast-

ed apples, the whole seasoned with nutmeg and cinnamon. To this beverage he gave the name of "Dunkin Flip." Being a facetious gentleman, he dealt out this gratuitous refreshment to his patrons, accompanied with some very doleful jokes concerning upon to ence they would practice gntened regimen of the practice. Placing his rubicund face behind the bar counter Dick Smithers would put himself in the attitude of an orator, and rapping vigorously upon a tin quart measure with a funnel to gain the attention of his audience, invite them to step to the front. Whereupon there would be a general rush to the counter, of farmers, teamsters, and the usual complement of idle vagabonds, and then the proprietor would deal out his Dunkin Flip with a harangue somewhat as follows :—

"GENTLEMEN,—It having just been discovered that the residents of the Township of Turnipham are not competent to take care of themselves in the matter of what we shall eat and drink, it is proposed, by a number of highly intelligent old ladies, to take us in hand. We are going to be looked after. In a little

while old Dunkin will reign supreme in our midst, and woe be to you, Tim Flanigan, and you, Ike Bibber, and you, Bill Swales, if ever you are caught sniffing the balmy breezes for a smell of old rye; for, if you do, you'll be transgressing the law, and the majesty of the law will have to be vindicated, and the old ladies will see to it. I therefore warn you villains to commence tapering off in your drinks. You must prepare to jump down from 'whiskey straight' and its convivial attributes to the frigid commonalities of the pump. Under these circumstances, and fully mindful of the many joyous hours we have passed together beneath this roof, and your generous patronage since I have had the honor of presiding over the Boxton Hotel, I have thought it appropriate, as a fitting memorial of past joys, and to assist our descent into the methodistic existence which has been marked out for us, to brew, concoct, compound, create, execute and prepare the beverage which you now hold in your hands, and which I have taken the liberty of naming after the autocrat who is in future to govern the destinies of the Turnipham farmers. In the Dunkin flip,

gentlemen, you will find, I trust, an agreeable stepping-stone from the whiskey bottle to the pump."

However absurd such a speech may appear to the reader, he may rest assured that the guests of the Boxton Hotel could find in it sufficient wit and wisdom for their high appreciation. Loud roars of laughter would follow, and the "Dunkin Flip" be in great demand. Venerable-looking farmers would look knowingly at each other, and one wisely exclaim, "That's a smart man, that Dick Smithers; its in Ottawa he ought to be." "Yes," says a notorious loafer in the hearing of the proprietor, "I allus' sed ther war a good member o' parlimint spoiled in Dick Smithers;" and then, to use a familiar Ontario tavern phrase, there would be a "high old drunk" at the Boxton Hotel.

While the two tavern-keepers at Boxton were engaged in courting public favor by their interested generosity, Dick Stacy was pursuing the same strategy at the Farmer's Rest tavern at the Forks. He controlled a very powerful influence with the better class of farmers, among whom may be mentioned the

great Quaker Barnaby. The tavern, as we have before said, was advantageously situated at the jointure of three highways, and consequently was much frequented by transient customers. It was a famous place for watering teams and whiskeying their owners, and Dick Stacy lost no opportunity of bewailing the misfortune that threatened the travelling public by the contemplated closing of his house of entertainment. Like his Boxton brethren of the taverns, he brought the Dunkin Act into ridicule whenever a customer appeared at his bar counter. He dilated with mock enthusiasm upon the generous nature and soul-inspiring qualities of pump water, its cheapness and profusion, its efficacy in dispelling sadness and alleviating colics, cramps, and the thousand other ailments of poor humanity. He delighted in getting a poor trembling drunkard, eager for a drink, in front of his tempting counter, and dwelling upon the good things in store for him upon the passing of the Dunkin Act.

"Ah, my fine fellow," Dick would say (and truly too), "you will never have any more snakes in your boots under the Dunkin Act;

you will get all your drinks for nothing then. You will only have to go to the pump. Go and vote for the Dunkin Act! Don't stand shaking there—do something for your country! Pass the whiskey, do you say? How can you ask me for whiskey and you a Dunkin man?"

And in this tantalizingly facetious manner the landlord would toy with the burning appetite of his impatient customer until the latter would almost shriek for his whiskey and cry, "Blank the Dunkin Act and all who are in favor of it!" and then, filling up a bumper of the liquor, quaff it with nervous avidity, as though afraid that Dunkin himself might come and snatch it from his lips. By such strategy as this, many times employed during each day, would Dick Stacy exasperate his alcoholic slaves into the bitterest opposition to temperance reform: while to such men as Quaker Barnaby, Sandy Bobbers, Farmer Joyce and other prominent farmers, he would assume the character of injured innocence.

"They are going to take the bread out of my mouth," he would say to them, "and I leave it to you, gentlemen, to say whether I

have not striven hard to accommodate the public in every way since I opened this tavern. In winter I always kept good fires going for the travelling farmers to warm themselves by, always had good beds, good table, and the best of liquors, and now that I am getting old, and unfit to begin life again, my house is to be closed and I am to go and earn my bread as best I can."

But Dick Stacy said nothing about the houses and land that he owned, the wealth that he had accumulated by his infamous traffic in liquor; nothing about the fortune he had helped to deprive Phil Doran and a score of other farmers of. It was a fact that the miserable Doran had spent the bulk of his worldly substance at the Farmer's Rest tavern. For twenty-five years had Phil Doran been a regular customer at the tavern, and, little by little, he had exhausted there in drink the wealth that should have established his family in life, and their descendants, for all time to come. Aye, more than his worldly goods did Phil Doran dissipate at Dick Stacy's bar. He wrecked his robust constitution and bartered off his soul! And who shall deny that the

germs of idiocy, which bore fruit in his unfortunate offspring, had their origin there?

If we cannot positively affirm it, we can, at any rate, see the present deplorable ruin, and picture in imagination what might have been the result of thirty years, steady, temperate industry on the part of Phil Doran. In the mental retrospect, we behold the plodding man of temperance beginning life for himself with a farm unencumbered by debt, and with over a thousand dollars in the bank. Year by year his wealth accumulates, he becomes the father of beautiful and healthy children, to whose intellectual and physical wants it is his joy to daily administer. His loving, Christian wife adorns his household with a thousand loving tributes, the work of her own and her children's hands. By his wealth, his children are enabled to taste the joys of music, art and science. The honest, sober farmer enters his home at eventime, when the labors of the day are over, and, amongst his cultivated children, he lifts his soul upwards beyond his daily drudgery—he is happy amid music, books, flowers and children. And still his wealth increases, blessings pour down upon him daily.

His children increase in strength and stature. They rise up and call him blessed. As old age creeps on apace, he is undismayed at the approach of death. Having p ovided for his family, and been steadfast in the duties of life, with a lively, Christian hope, he stands ready to enter into his rest. Such might have been the retrospect of Phil Doran's life, had it not been for the Farmer's Rest tavern.

Dick Stacy, as he recapitulated his grievances to Quaker Barnaby, Sandy Bobbers, and others, said nothing of all this ruin that he had helped to create in their midst, and they—blind fools that they were!—condoled with the poor tavern-keeper in his misfortunes. Nothing would do Quaker Barnaby but a meeting of all the anti-Dunkinites in that section of the township, to be held at the Farmer's Rest tavern, which proposition was backed by the promise of a good dinner on the part of Dick Stacy. Accordingly, the meeting took place several weeks prior to the polling day, and the only circumstance of importance that occurred, apart from the speech-making and drinking, was the mysterious disappearance of Sandy Bobbers, with whose untimely death the reader is already acquainted.

CHAPTER VI.

In his endeavors to discover some clue to his father's disappearance on the night of the anti-Dunkin meeting, Hugh Bobbers was a frequent visitor at the Farmer's Rest tavern, where, if he did not gain any satisfactory information by which he could solve the mystery, he met with abundance of sympathy. He was looked upon as a sort of hero by the lower stratum of society there, while the better class farmers, his own social equals, treated him with marked consideration. He was considered an admirable subject for frequent treats—solemn treats, when the whiskey would be gulped down in silence, and on the part of some with tears—expressive of regret at the aching void in the Bobbers' family. And Hugh, in the early bloom of manhood, inexperienced, as yet, in the evil ways of the world, but with a leaning towards conviviality, was conscious of a certain vague pleasure in his

frequent visits to the tavern. It being winter time, and with him, a very extraordinary time, he had not much to occupy his attention upon the farm. Indeed he had been travelling in search of his father ever since the disappearance, and the end of every journey, whether to the town of Blankham, the village of Boxton, or anywhere else, brought him and his sleigh to a tavern. But of all these places of resort, there was none he felt so much at home in, as the Farmer's Rest. Here, he could get that splendid drink which Dick Stacy called by the very innocent name of "lemon smash." To the, as yet, unperverted palate of Hugh Bobbers this preparation of brandy was most acceptable. He had never forgotten the first taste he had of it on that memorable night when he drank it for the first time at the invitation of Dick Stacy. Sweet as honey, pungent with lemon and spices, and dangerous with brandy, the Prince of Darkness himself could not have invented a more fatal and subtle fluid with which to stain an unsuspecting soul. It seems strange—nay, ominous—that upon the very night of his father's destruction by drink, Hugh Bobbers should have travelled through the wind and storm to his first temptation.

Hugh Bobbers had always been a dutiful and affectionate son and brother, and he was much admired, not only for his manly beauty, which was very marked, but also for his noble disposition. He was a good lad in all respects. He had behaved very nobly and tenderly to his poor sweetheart, Mary Doran, since her illness up to the time of his father's disappearance; but after that occurrence his visits to her bedside had not been so frequent, and this had seemed quite excusable to Mary under the painful circumstances, and she had not murmured. Her love for Hugh as she lay upon her deathbed had assumed a character sublime and spiritual. He was her first and only love, her ideal of the good and true, the honorable and temperate. All hopes of her recovery had long ago vanished, and she only wanted to die in the light of his love. But how was it with Hugh? He was yet too young to comprehend the magnitude of a woman's love, and as the beauty had gradually faded from Mary's face under the stern discipline of disease, is it to be wondered at that the ardor of his first affection became subdued, and that pity, intense pity, usurped the place

of love? But his heart was tender, and she never knew that his sentiments had changed. He always had the same smile for her when he came. Oh, if she could only have passed into the spirit-world ignorant of the new-born vice that was to mar his character! She would have died happier. Poor child! it was not to be. It seemed as though the scourge of that neighboring tavern was not only destined to blast her short life, but to intrude its venom into the very grave.

The day of death came to poor Mary. No one thought it was her last day. Rose was at her bedside, where she had been daily for some time past. Towards evening Hugh Bobbers came, and Rose, hearing his footstep, retired into another room. In the twilight, Mary could not see that Hugh's face was flushed, nor did she mistrust his unusual reticence of speech. He had bent over and kissed her forehead and sat down at the bedside and took her hand in his, as was his wont. There was no word spoken until Mary broke the silence.

"Oh, Hugh, my love," she said, "I feel that I shall soon leave you; but before I go, I want to tell you something, and I want you to promise me something, will you, dear?"

Hugh asked her what it was.

"Oh, my love, promise me that you will make one effort to redeem my father from the drink; do it for my sake, and if I can look down from heaven upon you or hover near you, I will bless you forever—and if it is possible for me to scatter blessings in your path, I will do so."

Hugh, little dreaming that he was speaking with her for the last time, and being under the soul-blunting influence of Dick Stacy's "lemon smash," answered, somewhat evasively and not in such gentle tones as he would have done but for the brandy,

"How can I help him?"

Mary pressed Hugh's hand, tears filled her eyes, and she kept silent. At length, Hugh said he must go.

"Let me whisper something to you, dear," said Mary.

Hugh bent his ear over the girl's lips and heard these words,

"When I am gone, try and love Rose Barnaby for my sake; she will make you happy."

"Rose Barnaby, the Quaker's daughter!" whispered Hugh in amazement. A death-

like pallor and a wild, startled look overspread the features of the dying Mary Doran. Full in her nostrils had come, in the eager breath of Hugh Bobbers, the pungent odor of brandy. The abhorent fumes of the subtle demon that had robbed her of life, coming as it were from the very fountain of all her earthly joy, filled her soul with dismay. With the quick perception of a departing spirit, she comprehended the awful truth—her idolized, her honored and respected Hugh had also come under the spell of the great destroyer!

Hugh, too amazed at what Mary had said regarding Rose Barnaby to notice the dreadful change that came over her, pressed his lips to her forehead. He went and stood at the foot of the bed. The light from the window shone on his face a moment. Mary saw the flush upon his countenance and swooned in silence as her lover left the apartment.

When Mary awoke to consciousness she found herself in the arms of Rose. Mrs. Doran stood by in tears, for she thought her daughter had sunk into her last sleep. And Mary's hour had indeed come. She tried to speak at times, but her voice seemed to fail her,

and Rose watched the pallid face and half-closed eyes. At length, the countenance of the dying one became suddenly animated. It was the last effort of the imprisoned soul. Rose bent over to listen for her friend's last words. "Save father and Hugh from the drink." That was all she said, and then the spirit of Mary Doran fled forever.

CHAPTER VII.

When Hugh Bobbers came to the high road in front of Phil Doran's dilapidated house, he turned in the direction of his own home, but had not proceeded far when he met Edwin Joyce, his sister's affianced.

"Where are you bound for?" asked Hugh.

"I'm going to the corners to have some fun; come along,—I'll play you at bagatelle for the drinks," replied Edwin.

Hugh made no objection, and the two soon entered the tavern, where a large number of men were assembled, some gambling and others at the bagatelle table, while not a few were lolling over the bar counter conversing about the Dunkin Act with the landlord. The Quaker was there too, sitting in an easy chair, surrounded by a number of farmers. When Edwin Joyce and Hugh Bobbers entered the bar-room, the Quaker called them over to him and shook their hands. He liked Hugh Bob-

bers for his father's sake, and now he enquired particularly whether he had found any traces of the missing one. "It's my opinion," said the Quaker, "that the Boxton parson has kidnapped him." It was a coarse and unfeeling remark, but those within hearing laughed at it, and the Quaker lashed all hands up to the bar with his driving whip, and ordered the landlord to "Set 'em up for the boys," throwing down at the same time a two-dollar bill to defray expenses. Hugh called for "lemon smash," and recommended his sister's sweetheart to do the same.

Then they played at bagatelle. In an adjoining room Phil Doran lay stretched on a bench snoring in a drunken sleep. Quaker Barnaby, in passing the door, looked in and saw him. It was a good opportunity for one of his practical jokes, and getting the landlord aside, asked him if he had any women's clothes he could spare. Dick Stacy told the Quaker he could accommodate him, and going into the back part of the house soon returned with an old cotton dress and a very old-fashioned bonnet.

"Keep mum!" said the Quaker, "and we'll

have some fun. I'll foot the bill. Have you any blacking, red lead and a piece of sheepskin with th[illegible] Dick Stacy had what was required. "Now," said Quaker Barnaby, pointing to the drunken Doran, "off with his whiskers!"

The landlord's son clipped them off close to the skin, while the Quaker fashioned a wig out of the sheepskin, making small holes on each side through which to put Phil Doran's ears. Having thoroughly blacked his face and lengthened the size of his mouth with two streaks of red lead, they adjusted the white woolly wig and then fixed upon his head the great bonnet. They then with much difficulty took off his coat and replaced it with the gown. Through all this process of metamorphosing, Phil Doran was unconscious. He had drunk very deeply through the day. Indeed, he was in such a fearful condition of mind, through excess, that he was compelled to fight against untold horrors by the constant application of whiskey.

"Now leave him," said Quaker Barnaby. "Let him sleep a while longer, and when he wakes up we'll have some fun."

The Quaker, Dick Stacy and his son had been the only witnesses to the outward transformation of Phil Doran, the remainder of the company in the bar-room being left in ignorance. In the meantime, Hugh Bobbers and Edwin Joyce had been joined in their game by several others, and as hour after hour passed fresh supplies of liquor were consumed. The Quaker, with a choice party of congenial spirits, occupied a table at one end of the bar-room playing at cards; they too had frequent supplies of liquor. At length, Dick Stacy treated the crowd and made a speech in regard to the approaching temperance contest at the polls.

"My friends," he said, "the Township of Turnipham is now menaced by the foe of liberty. The religious fanatics are striving to overpower us. If they succeed, we shall become slaves. We shall not be permitted to meet together for social intercourse as we are to-night. We shall never be allowed to drink anything stronger than tea or coffee, unless we go to the vinegar bottle; and who do you think started all this fuss in our midst? Who do you think it is that is the very life and soul of this temperance movement?"

Here Dick Stacy paused, and his tipsy audience demanded the name of the agitator.

"Is it the Boxton parson?" asked one; "Is it Mrs. Pippins?" enquired another.

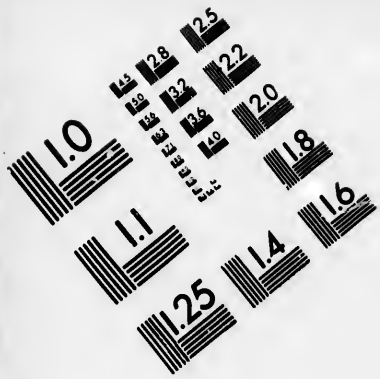
"No, no," replied Dick Stacy, "you never can guess, for the party has been sneaking around working on the feelings of your wives and daughters when you fellows have been away from your homes. It's a dirty old nigger woman that has made all the fuss!"

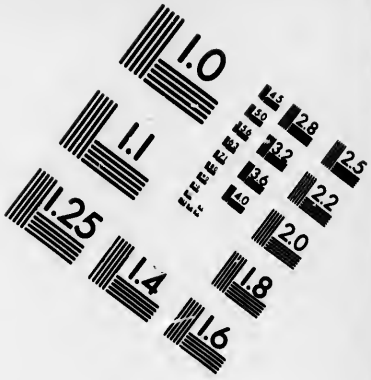
"A nigger woman!" shouted a dozen voices in amazement.

"Yes," said Dick Stacy, "a dirty old nigger woman; and that very nigger woman is now a prisoner in this house!"

"Bravo!" shouted the crowd, "let us have the old wretch. Bring her out; bring out the old nigger!"

At this moment, the landlord rushed in to the next room and dragged out the bewildered Phil Doran. His sudden and most ridiculous appearance was the signal for the wildest uproar and excitement on the part of the audience. The Quaker was so overcome with laughter that he rolled over the table. But if some were very merry at the sight of Phil





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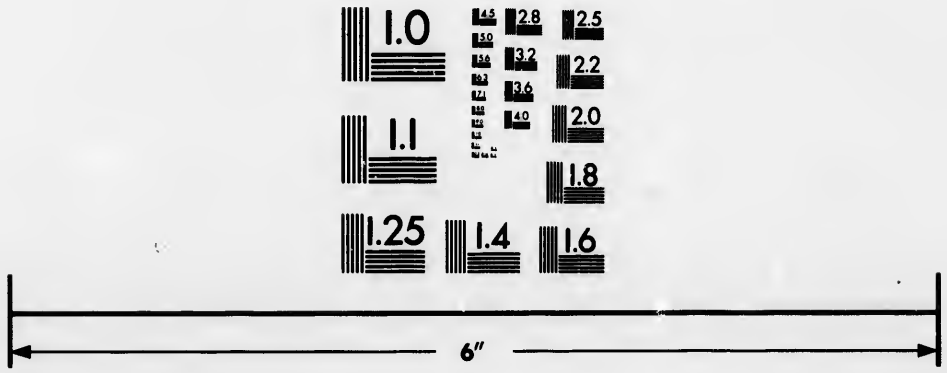

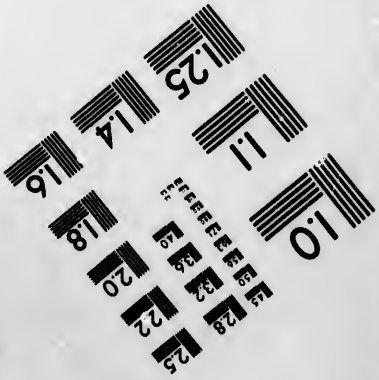

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Doran's disguise, others were filled with drunken indignation at the sight of the supposed great temperance reformer. It was a cruel joke to play upon the miserable Phil Doran. Awaking from a drunken slumber, exhausted by excess, unstimulated, his nerves shattered and his dull brain harassed with a thousand fancies, dreads and fears, it is no wonder that, being brought face to face with the frantic mob of laughing, cursing and gesticulating spectators, his reason became unbalanced. He had been lately accustomed to see spectres, snakes, reptiles, devils, &c., in his diseased imagination. Now he beheld, as he looked around the bar-room in the dim light of the oil lamp, not men, but demons. The noise and excitement of the crowd coming so suddenly upon him threw him into a nervous delirium. "I am in hell at last!" he screamed, gazing with a wild look of horror, which instead of awing the beholders, increased their merriment, for his voice betrayed him. "It's Phil Doran!" shouted the crowd, roaring and screaming with convulsive laughter at his absurd appearance. Some one took a looking-glass to Phil. When he saw his own trans-

formed appearance the apprehensions of his diseased mind seemed to be realized. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried the now frantic madman; "I am a devil now! A black devil!'

Quaker Barnaby was the first man to discover the real condition of Phil Doran, whose heartrending screams and wild gestures proclaimed the maniac. Some of the more thoughtless and rough began to jostle against him. "Hold on, boys," cried the Quaker at last, "he's got the horrors. Give him some brandy—a tumbler full—quick!" They gave him brandy, but it only increased Phil Doran's frenzy. He dashed through the crowd and out of the door of the tavern, on to the high-road. On, on he flew—past the gate leading to his own home, where his daughter lay in the embrace of death; onwards through the darkness—past the school house—past the bridge—on, on, yelling and striking at imaginary foes. But suddenly his wild course was arrested. He was thrown violently to the ground and rendered senseless.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was Norman Stanly's horse and cutter against which Phil Doran had in his delirium rushed almost to his death. The minister was on his way to visit Mrs. Doran, the news of Mary's death having reached him at a late hour. The accident took place in a lonely part of the road. The minister, absorbed in his own solemn reflections upon the fate of the poor dead girl, little dreamt that he was about to run over her frenzied father. When he saw in the semi-darkness what appeared to be the form of a woman lying in the snow, Norman Stanly lost no time in lifting up what seemed the lifeless body. He was amazed beyond expression to see the white hair and black face, for there were no colored people living in the neighborhood. His astonishment increased as in passing his hand over the features of the prostrate form he felt the hair where the whiskers had been shorn. Phil Doran breath-

ed heavily, and the minister, seeing that life was not extinct, lifted him into the sleigh, and turning his horse's head drove rapidly back to Boxton village.

Many conflicting thoughts filled the minister's mind as he looked at the motionless body in the bottom of the sleigh. A colored woman with a hairy face! What a strange adventure it seemed to Norman Stanly! He tried to make out the features of his charge, but the night was too dark. All he could discern was white woolly hair and a black, undistinguishable face. Upon arriving at the village, the minister drove directly up to the house of Dr. Abbott. It required but a moment's examination for the doctor and minister to identify the unconscious man. That he had been the subject of a practical joke at the tavern was the speedy conclusion both arrived at. Phil Doran had received a lacerated wound in the scalp, which, having bled profusely, had no doubt saved the man from congestion of the brain. He also had several severe contusions. After much effort, the doctor restored the injured man to consciousness, and perceived at once the presence of *delirium*. Administering a

very powerful sedative, the doctor informed Norman Stanly of the patient's condition.

"I am afraid it is going to be a very troublesome case," said the physician. "In the first place, he has a very ugly gash in his head, and is much bruised in different parts of the body. It is possible, too, that a rib is fractured; but worse than all, the man is suffering with '*mania a potu*,' and he will require to be strictly watched continually. He is a fit subject for the hospital."

"Do you think his case is hopeless?" anxiously enquired the minister.

"No, I will not say that, but it is very dangerous. It is the *delirium tremens* that I am afraid of in his case," replied the doctor. "His life now depends in a great measure upon the kind of nursing he will get."

"I will nurse him myself," said Norman Stanly. "I will at once convey him to my house. It may be that this accident will be the means of saving his soul—who knows?"

Doctor Abbott shrugged his shoulders and said nothing.

"I see that you are doubtful about it," said the minister, "but something tells me that if

he lives through this I can redeem him from the drink. It will be a hard task, but I will not shrink from it. I do not think that Phil Doran has thus been thrown in my path without the designing hand of God. It may be that one last chance is going to be given to this hardened sinner."

"Perhaps," said the doctor, skeptically.

"I want you to give this case your very best attention, doctor, and I will pay you for it," said the minister.

The physician again carefully examined Phil Doran, who seemed in a sort of stupor from the effects of the medicine he had taken.

"You must keep him in a darkened room for the present, and get him to sleep for twenty-four hours if possible; but I am afraid he will begin to be troublesome in an hour or two; if so, he may need strapping down in his bed—his latent fury will find vent, after which his fate will soon be determined.'

Norman Stanly had the patient moved to his house and placed in a comfortable bed, and then wrote a short note to Mrs. Doran, informing her of her husband's safety and promising to visit her in the morning.

As Dr. Abbott had predicted, soon after midnight, as the good minister watched by the bedside of Phil Doran, the latter suddenly became agitated. He sprang from his bed in alarm, but Norman Stanly with a firm grasp placed the patient on the bed again. The minister being a very powerful man, felt confident that he would be able to manage Phil Doran without aid. In this, however, he was mistaken, and it was fortunate that his man Rupert, in the adjoining room, happened to hear the noise of struggling and came into the room in time to aid his master, who was nearly overpowered by the infuriated man. It became necessary to bind Doran's hands and feet with cords. It was a terrible night for the minister and his faithful servant, who witnessed the awful ravings of the delirious man. Such wailing, such unearthly screaming and such blasphemies they had never heard before.

In the morning the doctor came and commenced, to use his own words, "heroic treatment"—that is, we must suppose, he administered narcotics in doses that would have immediately killed ordinary mortals. During

the day, the minister paid a hurried visit to poor Mrs. Doran. He found Rose Barnaby there, trying to console the bereaved one. The village undertaker, too, was there, acting under the orders of Miss Barnaby, who had generously taken upon herself the whole expense of the funeral. Norman Stanly told Mrs. Doran in a few words the situation of her husband, and spoke of his hopes concerning the possible future of that unfortunate man. "While there is life there is hope," said the minister; "God is full of mercy and there are none so vile, none so cast down, but may hope for it."

"O, Mr. Stanly, if Phil could be saved, if he could be redeemed, I should die happy. I could be joyful in the midst of my desolation if I thought my poor Phil could be brought to salvation," said Mrs. Doran, sobbing. "But oh! sir," she continued, "I dare not hope so long as the taverns are allowed to sell the drink! When men are so far gone in drink as Phil, the only way to save them is to put them out of the reach of the accursed liquor. Take it from them—by force, if you will." Norman Stanly spoke words of hope and con-

solation to the unhappy woman, and engaged to bury her dead the following day, then took his leave.

His face had a stern, almost angry look as he drove through the wretched track in front of Phil Doran's house to the high road. He did not turn towards Boxton, but in the direction of the Farmer's Rest tavern. There are times and circumstances in the lives of godly men when the adage, "Be angry and sin not," may be carried into practice. Norman Stanly was angry. Well was it for him, and well was it for those against whom his anger was justly kindled, that his passion was governed and influenced by the spirit of his Divine Master. Had it been otherwise, had the spirit of evil influenced him at that time, it would have fared badly with Dick Stacy and some of his friends, for the minister seemed instinctively to cast upon them the responsibility of Phil Doran's dangerous condition. Arriving at the Farmer's Rest tavern, Norman Stanly fastened his horse to the hitching-post and walked fearlessly into the bar-room. The place was full of loungers, Quaker Barnaby, Hugh Bobbers and Edwin Joyce, being among the number.

As the minister entered, a sudden silence fell upon the company, and all eyes were turned upon him. It was a scene worthy the pencil of some great artist. The tall, stalwart figure and honest, fearless face of the temperance champion bearding the drunkards in their own stronghold. Fixing his gaze upon the landlord, Norman Stanly said :

" Richard Stacy, will you please tell me what has become of Philip Doran ?"

" No, I can't," replied the landlord in surly tone.

" When did you see him last ?" enquired the minister.

" I tell you I know nothing of that drunken old fool. He was here yesterday, bumming around, and I was glad to be rid of him. He's a regular nuisance, and brings discredit on my house. I don't want ever to see him round here again," replied Dick Stacy.

" Answer me," said the minister, emphatically : "When did you see Philip Doran last ?"

" I reckon it's none of your business when I saw him last," replied the landlord, doggedly.

" You will find it to be your business if you are charged with the crime of murder or man-

slaughter," replied Norman Stanly, pointing his finger at the landlord and looking into his eyes.

A deadly pallor overspread the features of the landlord, who, paralyzed with fear and prompted by a guilty conscience, trembled visibly.

"I ask you again," repeated the minister: "When did you see Philip Doran last? when did you send him forth maddened with drink, blackened and disguised?"

Thrown off his guard in a paroxysm of fear, the landlord answered,

"It was only a joke, and *I* did not blacken his face."

The minister had gained his point. He now knew for certain where to lay the responsibility should Phil Doran's accident have a fatal termination. Following up his advantage, the minister determined not to allow the opportunity to pass without administering a moral castigation of the utmost severity. He had often longed for such a chance as now presented itself of bringing home to the enemies of temperance some of the dreadful consequences of their much-petted vice.

"You did not blacken his face!" cried Norman Stanly, with a vehemence that startled his audience. "Wretched man that you are, you have blackened his soul! For twenty-five years have you been luring him on towards the fiery wrath of eternity! Your liquor traffic has robbed him of his earthly possessions, robbed him of his manhood, robbed him of his paternal love, robbed him of his children, robbed him of his reason, robbed him of everything that the world holds dear; and now that he has nothing left, when he is reduced to beggary, maddened with your drink, a castaway, you tell me that you do not want to see him again! You may not see him again here, but you will see him perhaps hereafter—aye, you may see many in that dreadful hereafter, that second death, in which your victims shall rise up in judgment against you. Think not that you can escape the Divine retribution. You shall one day account for every soul that you have lured on to destruction by your liquor traffic, unless you repent."

Dick Stacy stood mute with horror as the minister spoke. Hugh Bobbers, Edwin Joyce, and several others slipped out of the room.

At length Dick Stacy, clutching at his last and only moral straw, cried:

"I have done nothing against the law. I have a license to sell liquor, and it is not my business if people drink more than is good for them. The law sustains me."

"Yes," replied Norman Stanly, "the provincial law may sustain you in your wicked traffic, but there is a higher law to which you are amenable, and to which all human lawmakers are also amenable. You may violate this higher law with apparent impunity, the awful judgment may not strike you in this world—it often does, however; but depend upon it, Richard Stacy, the Divine wrath descends sooner or later! To-morrow I am called upon to commit to the earth another innocent victim of your liquor traffic—one who, but for this cursed tavern, might have been in the enjoyment of health and strength and the light and joy of a happy household."

"You lie!" shouted the tavern-keeper in desperation. "This tavern has never been the means of killing any one!"

"Come, come, Mr. Stanly, I think you are drawing it pretty strong," said Quaker Barnaby.

"No, Mr. Barnaby, I am not overdrawing the picture of desolation that has been caused by the liquor traffic of this tavern. It would be impossible for me to do so. I can only point to death and the grave as the limit of this tavern havoc; but the desolation goes further than the grave in some instances, though happily in the case of Mary Doran the drink scourge can go no further. *She* is beyond the evil influence forever."

"Mary Doran!" cried several voices. "Is Mary Doran dead?"

"Yes," replied the minister, "Mary Doran is dead. She died from the effects of that night's exposure in the cold when she and her mother were driven from the house by Phil Doran while under the influence of liquor obtained at that bar counter! There is the history of her case in few words. Is there a man here who dare deny the truth of it? If so let him speak."

There was a dead silence.

"Let me warn you, Richard Stacy, to quit the liquor business at once. I have shown you some of the evils arising out of your trade.

It now becomes me as a minister of the Gospel to draw your attention to the promises of God in His Holy Word He desires not your death, but your salvation. Turn from your liquor traffic, repent of your sins and make amends for the past. You can do it if you will. Remember it is never too late to mend. The few remaining years of your life may be made a glorious contrast to the past. You may yet find peace of mind. I will tell you where Philip Doran is. He is at my house in a dangerous condition. He met with an accident last night after leaving this house. God grant that he may recover, for his own sake and for your sake, because look at it in whatever light you may, should he die from his injuries, his death must be laid at your door."

Norman Stanly then left the tavern and drove to his house in Boxton.

CHAPTER IX.

When Hugh Bobbers and Edwin Joyce stepped out of the bar-room during the minister's harangue they did not leave the tavern. The solemn truths uttered by Norman Stanly made a deep impression on their minds. They were not yet so far debased by the use of liquor as to be callous to the promptings of conscience. It was different with Quaker Barnaby and some others, who were present at the minister's visit to the tavern. They were perfectly hardened against reproof and warning—indeed, they rather enjoyed the excitement of Dick Stacy's discomfiture at the minister's sudden attack. Nothing would have given them greater delight than to have seen the landlord strike the pastor. Hugh Bobbers and his companion lingered near the bar-room door in the outside passage. They could hear Norman Stanly quite plainly, and they stood

breathless listeners as he spoke of the recent death for which the tavern was accountable; and when Mary Doran's name was spoken poor Hugh was so overcome as to nearly faint away. The minister's words were coming quite home to him, and he felt a sort of guilty consciousness of having favored the dreadful agency which brought about her death. He had not expected Mary to die so suddenly. He little thought that his conscience justly accused him of hastening her death, by the mere contact of his breath, poisoned by the fumes of Mary's direst enemy—brandy. Of course Hugh Bobbers must be accounted innocent of her premature death before the world. It must merge into that countless number of unseen influences for evil that daily arise from the liquor traffic throughout the length and breadth of our land, adding another proof to the already abundant testimony of the fatal consequences which emanate from that dangerous source.

It might have been supposed that the minister's visit to the tavern would have awed the frequenters into something like decency for the remainder of the day, but such did not

prove to be the case. For a moment, the sunlight of hope had beamed upon Dick Stacy as the minister took his departure after his last friendly warning. The tavernkeeper felt awfully his sense of guilt; he knew every word Norman Stanly had spoken was truth, and in his wretchedness the hope of pardon and a new and better life for the future came across his mind like a lovely vision. The peace of mind, the sense of forgiveness, which might be his for the asking; the complete riddance of all his mental agonies, which troubled him in more sober moments; which he might accomplish by an effort—all this flashed through Dick Stacy's mind, and had some friend stepped up and said, "Be a man and quit the business," it is very probable the landlord would have there and then chosen the better part.

But evil spirits were around him, and the promptings of his better nature, the gleam of heavenly light upon his soul, was quickly dispelled by the sudden antics of Quaker Barnaby who, after a long pause, during which every man had a somewhat forlorn expression of countenance, jumped from his armchiar,

and catching hold of a riding whip began to crack it vehemently at the legs of the bar-room loungers. Crack, crack, crack, went the whip. "Hi ! hi ! there you murdering rascals. Out o' this, you varmint ! Skin out 'o this, you blubberly whiskey-suckers. How dare you kill people with your liquor traffic ?" shouted the Quaker, jumping round with great celerity, causing the crowd to rush from place to place in order to avoid the lash. "Every man to the front !" again shouted the Quaker. "All hands and the cook to the front !" and running out, he drove all the loungers around the tavern into the bar. "Set e'm up for the boys, Dick Stacy !" cried the Quaker, "and let every man drink a bumper. Close the doors ! A bumper, mind you. Every man a bumper ! No half glasses ! Now then, fill up to the brim ! The man that backs out has to take a licking from me ! Which is it to be, boys, the whiskey or a licking ?"

" Whiskey ! whiskey !" shouted the mob, in high glee at the Quaker's sudden flow of generosity.

" Let no man drink until I give the word ! Form in line here, as you get your glasses

filled! Now then, fall in! fall in! I am going to have a dress parade! Here you, Simkins, toe the line, and keep your nose out of your glass till the word is given. Fall in the rear, you bummers, there,—fall in!" shouted Quaker Barnaby.

Everybody in the room became extremely hilarious. The minister's visit passed from their minds completely. There was much loud laughing, hooting and yelling.

"Order! order!" shouted the Quaker. "Come out from behind that bar, you, Dick Stacy, and bring a bottle with you, and take your station as adjutant! Remember, I am Falstaff, and you fellows are my army of beggars, which I intend to march to the Dunkin polls next week. Now then, inspection arms!" and the Quaker walked down in front of the double row of men and examined their glasses to see that every one was filled to the brim. "Now, then, battalion, attention! Eyes front! Prepare to drink! Drink!" Every man emptied his glass.

"Now, then, Dick Stacy," cried the Quaker, "fetch your fiddle!"

The landlord fetched his fiddle and began

playing a lively air, to which the now highly stimulated crowd danced. The landlord, who had regained his spirits by participating in the revelry, assumed the command of the Falstaffian army, and cried with a loud voice:

"Battalion, halt!" There was a cessation of dancing and frolicking. "Fall in!" again commanded the landlord. "Right wheel to the front! Halt!" All hands were now again up to the bar. "Fill up your glasses; it's my treat this time," cried Dick Stacy. Everybody drank again more of the fiery liquid.

Hugh Bobbers and Edwin Joyce, electrified by the sudden burst of hilarity, joined in with the revellers. Nothing but whiskey was allowed to be drank, and the two youths gulped down the burning poison in company with the rest. Then some one started the familiar drinking song:

"Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
Until it does run over."

Then the men began to treat by turns, until the tavern resounded with the noise and clamor of drunken men.

As the evening drew near, Hugh Bobbers and his companion left the tavern. Both were under the influence of their strong potations, but not sufficiently so to be noticeable by any save, perhaps, their loved ones. Edwin Joyce tried to persuade Hugh to defer a visit which he wished to pay Mrs. Doran.

"Don't go until to-morrow," said Edwin.

"Oh," said Hugh, "I must go now; it will look disrespectful if I do not go to-day."

"Well," said Edwin, "I don't know how you feel, but I just feel about half tight."

"I feel jolly," said Hugh; "I know what I am about, though."

So the two drove up to the house of Mrs. Doran. Hugh went in, while Edwin stayed with the horse. The first person he met in the desolate-looking house was Miss Barnaby. She looked very pale and very sad. Hugh colored highly as he saluted the young lady, who in return was very courteous and sympathetic. After some conversation Rose said,

"It is very sad for you to lose poor Mary Doran. I loved her more than I can tell. Have you seen the body since her death?"

"No," stammered Hugh, "I have not yet seen her."

"Mrs. Doran is upstairs with some visitors who are looking at her now. Will you come up also?" asked Rose.

Hugh complied, and Rose led the way. As they arrived at the room where the body of Mary was laid out, Mrs. Doran and the ladies were just coming out. Rose approached the bed and uncovered the marble-like features of her departed friend, and Hugh gazed into the tranquil face of the dead.

Hugh Bobbers was moved to tears at the shrunken form of his once loved Mary. Had he been quite sober, he would no doubt have been moved also, but his emotion would have been free from a certain maudlin sentiment which now characterized his grief. As Rose Barnaby stood holding the corner of the sheet which she had drawn from the features of the dead, she became suddenly conscious of a strong spirituous odor—the unmistakable whiskey odor she had learned to ha'e so much of late years. She looked at Hugh Bobbers with the utmost amazement. Was it possible, thought Rose Barnaby, that Hugh Bobbers too had become a victim to the curse that had desolated the life of Mary Doran?

The dying words of her friend recurred to Rose as she stood watching the emotion of Hugh. "Save father and Hugh from the drink." She had hardly comprehended the meaning of the low-spoken death speech. Had Mary mentioned her father's name only in her dying request, it would have seemed less extraordinary; but to have associated Hugh with her incorrigible parent had seemed strange. But now, Rose saw the meaning of Mary's parting words. He whom she thought so honorable, good, temperate and true, had indeed come under the shadow of Phil Doran's curse! Rose felt that she could not be mistaken. No, the strong odor of whiskey which seemed to fill the air was from the breath of the youth she had loved from childhood—the youth she still loved in spite of all her resolutions to forget him for her friend's sake.

Rose looked down into the dead face, and all the remembrances of the happy past seemed to flit through her mind. She remembered poor Mary's offer to endure the sacrifice of Hugh's love that she, Rose, might win it. She remembered, too, the sad story of her death blow, and as she thought of the cause, the ever-curs-

ed drink, and of the dying girl's request, Rose determined, at all hazards, to warn Hugh against the dangers that threatened him. She would put aside all false delicacy and there and then speak out her warning, and thus fulfil a duty she felt she owed to the departed friend. Turning towards Hugh when he had become somewhat composed, Rose said, with tenderness:

"Poor Mary is happy now, Hugh Bobbers; but oh! how cruel it seems that one so young, so kind, so beautiful, should have suffered so much during her short life! To think that drink was the cause of her death!"

Hugh Bobbers looked at Rose in astonishment.

"Yes," cortinued Rose, "it was drink that indirectly robbed poor Mary of life. Did you never hear how it happened?"

"I heard something about her catching cold," said Hugh Bobbers.

"I will tell you the whole circumstances; I feel that I ought to make you acquainted with them," said Rose; and then timidly, "It will perhaps be a warning to you, Hugh Bobbers, to avoid, above all other things, the temptation to drink."

And then Rose told the whole story of the occasion when Mary and her mother lay through the long, cold autumnal night in the open air.

"What an awful thing!" exclaimed Hugh, solemnly, when Rose had finished the recital. "What a perfect brute that Phil Doran is!"

"Yes, he may deserve that name now," replied Rose, "but I am told that when he was your age he was admired and loved by all who knew him for his kind heart and pleasant way; but you see, he became a slave to drink, and that alone has made him what he is—poor, degraded, despised. O, Hugh Bobbers," she continued, throwing her beautiful form into an attitude almost of supplication, "if you loved poor Mary Doran, if you cherish in your heart the remembrance of the strong love she bore for you in life, let me implore you to signalize it by a promise here in the presence of the dead."

There was a solemn pause, and Hugh gazed wonderingly into the face of the beautiful Rose—more beautiful than ever now as her features seemed to pale with a lofty spiritual earnestness, partaking for a

moment somewhat of the pallid transparency of death, and in the stillness of the chamber, Hugh again seemed to hear the low whisper of his Mary Doran, telling him to love Rose Barnaby; and as he gazed upon the dead face of his once-loved one, he for the first time comprehended the magnitude of Mary's love; he felt his own unworthiness, and from the depth of his heart he exclaimed,

"Miss Barnaby, I will promise whatever you ask!"

"I thank you in her name," said Rose. "Promise, then, Hugh Bobbers, to help poor Mary's father to overcome the temptation to drink, and promise to do the same yourself."

"I do promise," said Hugh.

Then Rose bent down and kissed the cold forehead of Mary Doran, and said, "He has promised, dear Mary."

"You must forgive me, Hugh Bobbers, if I have been somewhat unreserved. I felt I had a duty to perform, and now that it is over, I feel somehow as though a blessing will follow. I shall daily pray for it. Oh, yes, I shall daily pray that poor Mary's dying request may be granted; for oh, only we women can know the

full extent of the miseries arising from the drink—the accursed drink! Its curse followed poor Mary to the very confines of the grave, and her last words were, 'Save father and Hugh from the drink.'"

"Did she say save *me* from the drink? Were those her last words?" asked Hugh.

"Yes," replied Rose, "her very last words were of you."

Hugh Bobbers rose from the bedside on which he had been sitting, and extending his hand to Rose, who took it said,

"Let me thank you, before we part, for all your goodness to my dear Mary; let me thank you also for the kindly interest you have taken in regard to her last request. Rest assured, dear Miss Barnaby, that I will use my best endeavors to keep my promise. I too have a dying request from dear Mary—her last words to me were of you."

"Of me!' exclaimed Rose Barnaby, in surprise," but looking calmly into Hugh's eyes. "Poor Mary, we loved each other so."

"Yes, I know that Mary loved you, and her last words to me prove the disinterestedness and depth of her love;" but I cannot tel

you what it was now. Perhaps I may tell you some day, if you will let us be friends."

While Hugh was speaking poor Rose suddenly became aware of the very awkward position in which she had placed herself. She had forgotten entirely until this moment that many months previous she had entrusted the great secret of her life with Mary Doran, and now the conviction arose suddenly in her mind that Mary had divulged it, and a burning sense of shame and humiliation seemed to possess her. She dropped Hugh's hand, and recurring to his last remark, said timidly:

"Oh, yes, Mr. Bobbers, we may be friends for poor Mary's sake;" and then, as though a sudden determination to know the worst actuated her, and looking calmly into Hugh Bobbers' face, she asked:

"Did Mary Doran entrust you with any secret concerning her own or my past life? If she did, do not be afraid to tell me," and Rose, with a fluttering heart, waited Hugh's answer.

It was a trying moment to the poor girl, for she felt that if Mary had indeed informed Hugh Bobbers of the state of her (Rose's) heart towards him, it were better that she

should know it from Hugh's own lips at once, than that she should live in doubt regarding it. She could not live under the sense of humiliation and shame which would possess her at the thought of Hugh Bobbers being master of her great secret, and for the first time in her life she began to doubt the honor of her dead friend. She imagined that Mary, with a misplaced zeal to insure her (Rose's) happiness, had confided the secret to Hugh and begged of him to reciprocate the love. The thought was agonizing to Rose Barnaby, and she bitterly repented of having made Mary her confidant.

But all the fears of Rose subsided when Hugh Bobbers looking kindly into her eyes, said,

"Mary Doran never in her life divulged any secret to me; indeed, Miss Barnaby, I never recollect her ever mentioning your name to me until our last interview. Perhaps," continued he, with some hesitation, and in a confused manner, "I had better tell you now what she said. It will be best perhaps. We may never have another opportunity. It may make you despise me; but it was not my fault that she said it."

"Do not say that I shall despise you, Hugh Bobbers," cried Rose Barnaby. "I always respected you, even from the time when we were playmates, and I shall always think kindly of you for the dead one's sake."

Thus encouraged, Hugh Bobbers proceeded:

"The last words Mary spoke to me were, 'Try and love Rose Barnaby for my sake.'"

He did not complete the sentence, "for she will make you happy."

Poor Hugh, feeling that he had given offence to Rose, hastily added,

"Forgive me for telling you. I am sorry, very sorry, that I told you. I do not blame you now if you despise me. I was as much astounded as you are when Mary told me, and I thought she must have been out of her mind at the time.

"Do not say that, Hugh Bobbers; she was not out of her mind, and I am not offended. Let me be frank with you; it is better to be honest and straightforward. I do not despise you—on the contrary, I admire and respect you; but I never could accept the love of any man who uses intoxicating drinks of any kind—never! I think we understand each other now. I must now say good bye."

Rose extended her hand, and Hugh pressing it said, passionately,

"Miss Barnaby, I will keep my promise, with the help of God."

CHAPTER VI.

The cause of Sandy Bobbers' sudden disappearance was still surrounded with the deepest mystery. He had vanished and left no sign. His widow and children had "left no stone unturned" in their endeavor to trace him. Smart detectives from Blankham had taken the task in hand, but the only fruit of their investigations amounted to this—that Sandy Bobbers was last seen leaving the Farmer's Rest tavern on his way home in health and strength. The woods, bushes and open country, for miles around, had been searched in vain. The river had been dragged and examined for a distance down, until the ice-barrier prevented their further scrutiny. The total absence of any trace of the missing one gave rise to numerous controversies regarding the possibility of Sandy Bobbers having, for some extraordinary reason, taken a notion to

abscond, and as time advanced, this theory began gradually to appear more tenable.

Dick Stacy, upon whose conscience the unknown fate of Sandy Bobbers hung like a pall, was glad to foster the idea of the latter's having absconded. The fact of the farmer having gone to his death from the festive board at the tavern made the landlord feel very uneasy. At first, he had hoped that Sandy would turn up somewhere, from a protracted spree; but he knew the farmer never went on sprees that would make him forget his duty to his family. Dick Stacy would have given a very large sum of money if Sandy could have been found alive and well, or if he had never visited his house on that fatal night. Really and truly the landlord was convinced that Sandy Bobbers was dead—nay, more, he felt sure that he had fallen into the river.

What made the reflection of Sandy's death more harrowing to the landlord's mind, was the fact that upon the night of his disappearance, he, Dick Stacy, had resorted to one of those contemptible methods which liquor-sellers possess, of making his customer drunk. He had mixed up Sandy Bobbers' liquor so

that it might "bring him out" a little for the extraordinary occasion. There are certain mixtures and decoctions of liquors known to bar-tenders and tavern-keepers which, when administered, will have the result of intoxicating almost imperceptibly. In the guise of whiskey toddy, Dick Stacy gave to Sandy Bobbers one of these decoctions, and for the first time he had beheld the farmer "tight;" not so "tight" but that he could walk, but that condition of inebriety which loosens the tongue and generates the desire to keep on stimulating.

The landlord's dose had leaped into the brain of poor Sandy Bobbers and fired his soul into eloquence against the Dunkin Act. It made him crave more liquor than he usually drank at one sitting—and, as the reader knows, sent him to his death. Had Dick Stacy not given Sandy that fatal cup of intoxication, that doubly poisoned cup, he might have been satisfied with his ordinary quantity of liquor and have reached his home in safety. It is a fact that can be demonstrated any day by watching in a bar-room, that at a certain stage of stimulation there comes over the drinker a

strong desire for more liquor. A man may take one drink, and, feeling satisfied, leave the room and go on about his business—he may even take a second or third drink and have a desire to go about his work; but if he gets to that "certain stage of stimulation" the desire for more will attack him, and he will, in nine cases out of ten, keep on drinking until he has lost all control of his actions.

It was the habit of Sandy Bobbers always to keep below this "certain stage," and that accounts for his always having been able to take good care of himself. The crafty landlord knew this, and on the night in question, with criminal cunning, launched him with one fell draught of poisoned liquor above and beyond the stage of safety. Sandy Bobbers thus unknowingly betrayed, for once, drank more than was good for him. This had caused great delight to Dick Stacy at the time, who beheld with a feeling of satisfaction the success of his secret scheme. Sandy Bobbers not only was the life and soul of the meeting by his abundant good humor and eloquence, but repeatedly treated his friends to more drink, and on taking his leave had accepted with plea-

sure the proffered bottle of "*his best*" from the landlord.

The gentle reader, to whom the veil of obscurity has been lifted from the past lives of every character in our story, and to whom the divining power has been granted for a brief season, can with justice trace the death of poor Sandy Bobbers to the hand of Richard Stacy. Disguise it as he would to the outer world, the landlord's soul was filled with unutterable dread at the unknown fate of the farmer. His conscience accused him of murder. It had been the mention of that horrid word by Norman Stanly that had so much terrified him upon the occasion of the minister's visit. In his anxiety regarding Sandy Bobbers, he had never once thought of his destruction of Phil Doran, and still less of his daughter Mary. But now, in his calmer moments, the day after the minister's visit and the subsequent carnival of drunkenness, it began to loom up like a thunder-cloud over Dick Stacy's horizon, that he had two deaths to account for, and probably three—three certainly if Phil Doran died. And then, too, there rose up before him a goodly number of those who,

ere they had departed this life, were among his regular and frequent customers—those who had squandered their money and wrecked their bodies and souls at his bar counter. The thought was horrible even to the hardened Dick Stacy. Old age was coming on him, and as he glanced back over his past life, he looked in vain for one consoling deed unmarked by selfishness and greed. In his agony of mind he yearned for some avenue of escape from the impending wrath which his conscience vividly portrayed.

He turned his longing, trembling soul towards the bright vista of hope and peace which the words of Norman Stanly had held in prospect. He looked and paused ; he would have gladly, joyfully exchanged all his wealth to have gained that tranquil goal ; but rising in his mental path there stood the remorseless giant of Despair. He saw beyond, far out of his reach, the supernal realms which *might* have been his to enjoy. He had gazed upon the same vision many a time before, when the three angels, Faith, Hope and Charity, stood ready to guide him to the better land ; but one by one those guardians of peace had fled.

The one to linger last was Hope ; and it, too, vanished at last—never more to return.

For the first time in his life Dick Stacy realized the fact that he had grieved away the Holy Spirit. His conscience had smitten him thousands of times in regard to the wickedness of his traffic, but he had continually promised himself to attend to the promptings of that conscience at some future day. He had, like a vast number of his fraternity, always looked forward to the day when he should retire from the business, when he should be able to attend to his moral obligations ; but now, without any warning, at a moment's notice, he finds himself already launched upon the vast, shoreless ocean of his doom ! The still small voice of Conscience, which had once pleaded with gentleness, love and forbearance, now assumed the character of an inexorable tormentor. In the first agony of mind at discovering his deplorable situation, he cried, "Lord, have mercy upon me !" but the only response seemed to be the mocking laughter of invisible fiends. In this condition of mind Dick Stacy flew with avidity to the only sources of comfort that remained for him—

strong drink and infidelity. He could yet find some consolation in the bottle. By means of strong drink he could buoy up his desponding spirits. The hope that intoxication brought of there being no judgment hereafter, lulled his soul into a fatal repose.

The warnings of Norman Stanly had come too late for Richard Stacy. The day of salvation was forever passed. For the last time conscience had made a struggle and left his soul to perish in the bleak wilderness of infidelity and despair. He had made one final supplication to the throne of grace, but the prayer had been in vain.

Giving himself up to the evil influences of his master the Devil, the landlord soon dispelled from his mind the last vestige of good that lingered in his heart. He became terribly hardened, and stood boldly forth before the world as the enemy of God. He nourished his soul with the literature of atheism, and subscribed for notorious infidel journals from the United States. He dabbled in spiritualism, materialism, and gloried in everything that cast dishonor on the Church of Christ. He succeeded in gathering a certain amount of

comfort from all these things, and with the help of strong drink, flattered himself that he had been unnecessarily alarmed in regard to his accountability. With all this false comfort, Dick Stacy still dreaded the issue of Sandy Bobbers' disappearance. He was no longer fearful in regard to the fate of that man's soul or his own responsibility therefor. What he dreaded now most was the public rebuke and indignation which might arise upon the discovery, some day, of Sandy's body; for he felt sure it would be found when the ice melted away. If the fate of the missing man could forever be bound in mystery, and the public be persuaded into the belief that he had voluntarily deserted his wife and family, it would be a great relief to Dick Stacy; and thus ruminating, a villanous and cowardly scheme suggested itself to his mind.

What if he should cause a letter to be written to Mrs. Bobbers from some remote part of America informing her of her husband's unfaithfulness and desertion? The countenance of the landlord brightened at this idea. Nor was he long in putting his evil design into execution. Seizing a decanter of brandy

he poured himself out a tumbler full, and having drank it, went to his desk at the end of the bar. Here he opened a box containing papers, and taking out one, examined it carefully. It was the handwriting of Sandy Bobbers—a bill, in fact, for grain. Taking a pen in his hand, Dick Stacy imitated the writing. "Capital!" he exclaimed at length. "No one could tell." He then searched for a piece of writing paper without any marks on it. The paper in his possession had a mark in the corner, the stamp of the manufacturer. It would never do to use that—it would endanger the scheme. After much searching, however, he found among a pile of old papers a sheet of perfectly plain paper of a blue color. Taking his pen in hand he wrote as follows:

NEW YORK,

My Dear Eliza,—You will never see me again. By the time you get this, I shall be on my way to a foreign country with one I love.

SANDY BOBBERS.

Placing this in his pocket, and putting up his papers, he called for his son.

"Get the horse and cutter ready for me; I am going to Blankham," said he.

"Can I go along too, father?" cried the son.

"No, you must stay and attend the bar," replied the father.

The tavern-keeper was not long in driving to Blankham with his fast-trotting horse, and was soon the centre of a throng of admiring friends at the Anglo-American Hotel, where he was in the habit of staying whenever he went to town. He was requested to drink the moment he put his foot in at the door. Having accepted the invitation, he excused himself for a short time, saying he had "business of importance up the street." He went to a stationer's shop and purchased a perfectly plain and ordinary envelope, and also more writing paper and envelopes, to take back to the corners with him. Entering another tavern, where he was not known, he obtained pen and ink, and taking the letter he had written from his pocket he placed it in the plain envelope, and addressed it in the handwriting of Sandy Bobbers, as follows :

MRS BOBBERS,
TURNIPHAM TOWNSHIP,
COUNTY OF BLANKHAM,
Ont, Canada.

Taking another sheet of paper, he wrote:—

TURNIPHAM, Ont.

Dear Jack,—Will you oblige me by stamping and posting the enclosed letter in the New York office at once. I am having a bit of a lark with a widow woman here. Don't you open the letter, you rascal! I will tell you all about it when I come to New York. I expect to pay you a visit this summer. Don't mention the matter to any one, and I will make it all right with you.

Yours in haste.

R. STACY.

Enclosing the letter for Mrs. Bobbers with this, he addressed it to Mr. John Dawson, Proprietor Ship Hotel, Canal street, New York. Having dropped this precious piece of villany into the post-office, Dick Stacy chuckled with satisfaction. "That will settle it—Jack Dawson will not go back on me. He knows nothing about Turnipham Township, anyhow," thought he, as he returned in high spirits to the Anglo-American Hotel.

The first man he met at the hotel door was Edwin Joyce.

"Hollo, Dick Stacy!" cried Edwin, "what brings you to town, eh?"

"Business, my boy—nothing but business

brings me here. Come and take a drink," replied Dick Stacy.

They entered the bar-room together and saw Quaker Barnaby and Hugh Bobbers. The Quaker was persuading Hugh to drink, but the latter was firm in his refusal.

"What's the matter, Squire?" asked Dick Stacy as he approached the bar.

"Why, this milksop refuses to drink," said the Quaker.

"Refuses to drink!" cried Stacy. "Why, bless me, he must be crazy! Who ever heard of a Turnipham boy refusing his bitters?"

'I tell you I will not drink," cried Hugh, "and there is an end of it."

"Oh, well," said Stacy, good-humoredly, "don't get mad about it."

"Oh, I'm not mad,—only firm. I've quit drinking," said Hugh.

"That's all right," said Stacy, touching the youth in the ribs with his forefinger playfully and winking. "You needn't drink anything strong; but to be sociable, like, why, you'll just take a temperance horn of cider-pop, made out of tartaric acid and sugar. That won't hurt you," and winking aside at

the bar-keeper he said, "Give Mr. Bobbers a glass of that temperance cider; mind you, *stonefence cider*."

"Oh," said Hugh, "of course, to be friendly, I'll take a temperance drink."

Alas! poor Hugh, he did not comprehend the bar parlance of *stonefence*, or, at the mention of that name, he would have been on his guard. The bar-keeper, understanding the wink of Dick Stacy, took a large tumbler, and placing it under the counter, poured in a wine-glass-full of whiskey, and then taking a bottle of cider, uncorked it and poured the foaming liquid into the glass also. As Hugh Bobbers took the effervescing draught into his hands Dick Stacy cried,

"Drink quick while it fizzes, or it will spoil!"

Hugh unsuspectingly drained the goblet to the bottom.

We must give Hugh credit for his ignorance of the character of this highly intoxicating drink. He had no idea of the trick that was being played upon him. Not until a few moments after he had swallowed the oison did he perceive the stimulating effects

of it, and it was so pleasurable to his feelings that if he did guess its character, he said nothing about it. When he drank the second glass, however, which sent the hot blood mounting to his brain, he knew the beverage was intoxicating, and when Dick Stacy slapped him on the back and said, "How's that for a temperance drink, eh?" poor Hugh felt a sense of shame overcome him as he thought of his promise to Rose Barnaby in the presence of the dead Mary Doran.

Like thousands of other men who unwittingly break their pledge, Hugh, upon realizing that he had done so, had not the moral courage to promptly tear himself away from dangerous companions. He thought it would not mend matters now, to make any fuss about it, and that this should positively be the very last occasion of his ever drinking strong liquor. One thing, however, troubled him. He feared the consequences of retaining in his breath the smell of liquor, for he had promised that same evening to meet—Rose Barnaby.

CHAPTER XI.

We have anticipated the events of our story somewhat and must, for the present, leave Hugh Bobbers and his companions in the bar-room of the Anglo-American Hotel, and return to the society of the gentle Rose Barnaby. After her interview with Hugh Bobbers in the death-chamber of Mary Doran, Rose's mind was thrown into a state of bewilderment by many conflicting emotions. The unexpected discovery that Hugh drank strong liquor was a great shock to her. She had somehow or other always associated him with temperance, and everything that was manly, noble and good. It seemed as though her idol had been dashed in pieces. The interview with Hugh seemed like a dream to her, as she returned to Barnaby Grange that night. To her love for Hugh there was now added another and very noble sentiment. She felt that he was in

danger, and that it was her duty to save him if it lay in her power She would sacrifice anything that she might be called upon to do honorably in order to save him from the danger of drink. She wondered how it was that Mary Doran had not spoken of Hugh's danger before her last moments. She had often spoken of him to her as she lingered on her deathbed—had hoped, now she was going to die, that Rose would love him in her stead, and accept of him if he should ever seek her hand in marriage. As she thought of her dead friend, Rose blamed herself for having, for a moment, doubted her discretion in regard to her secret concerning Hugh. She saw now in how delicate a manner Mary had turned the current of Hugh's love towards her, and she determined that if he ever sought her love under the conditions she had proclaimed that day she would accept it, and, with a wife's devotion, make him forever steadfast in temperance.

But she determined also, in spite of her affection for him, that nothing should induce her to marry Hugh unless he became a strictly temperate man. His solemn pledge to eschew

drink forever would be sufficient for her. She had unbounded faith in the honor and manliness of his character. Her love was enhanced by the fact of his danger, and the delicate manner in which he had imparted Mary's last words, and she was willing to risk a good deal to gain Hugh's love. All these things occupied the mind of Rose in the interval that passed until the two met again at Mary's funeral, on which occasion Hugh acted as chief mourner in the absence of Phil Doran. He looked very handsome in his suit of well-fitting black clothes. His features were unsullied and his breath unpolluted with drink now. In the calm dignity of sobriety he looked like one of God's noblemen, as indeed he was, and as Rose gazed at him with a look of love and pride, the overwhelming dread crossed her mind: "What if he, with all his manliness and beauty, were, after all, to be crushed by the demon Drink! Oh," she thought, "I would lay down my life if it would save him from that awful destiny!" and in that moment all the yearnings of her long-buried love, which she had striven to overcome for Mary Doran's sake, came back with redoubled ardor.

As the mournful cortege left the house, the sad and earnest gaze of Rose Barnaby met Hugh's glance. It revealed in plainer language than words the state of her heart, and Hugh, as he followed the ashes of his departed Mary, now comprehended her dying speech. It had been her wish that the void in his heart's affection should henceforth be filled by a faithful friend.

When the last sad rites had been performed over the body of Mary Doran by Norman Stanly, Hugh returned to the house of mourning, and spoke words of comfort to Mrs. Doran. All the noblest qualities of Hugh's nature seemed to mark his conversation with the bereaved mother.

"Be comforted," he said to her. "This heavy stroke may be the means of redeeming your husband. I will do all in my power to assist him in throwing off the yoke of intemperance. I will go this day and visit him, and as he grows stronger in health (and the minister says he has hopes of his recovery now), I will help him in every way I can." Mrs. Doran thanked Hugh and blessed him for his promise.

"May I drive you to Barnaby Grange in my sleigh?" he asked, turning to Rose.

"If it will not be too much trouble, you may, thank you,' replied Rose.

The two entered the sleigh and Hugh drove slowly (the weather being mild). It was the first time he had ever driven side by side with Rose. There seemed to be a mysterious link between them since Mary's death, which, for a while, caused each of them to be silent. The conviction that he might win the beautiful Rose Barnaby filled Hugh with a strong emotion of pride and pleasure not unmixed with fear—pride at the thought of having for a wife one so beautiful, accomplished and wealthy; pleasure at the thought that it was the dying wish of Mary Doran, and fear at the difficulties he saw in the way of their union.

In his mind's eye the figure of the great Quaker Barnaby awed him. He knew that the Englishman, in spite of his convivial disposition, was proud and haughty. He knew that the Quaker would have very high notions regarding the qualifications and wealth of his daughter's suitor. But Hugh felt that he

could brave all the Quaker's wrath if he only knew for certain that Rose loved him. In the impetuosity of youth, he determined to discover the position in which he stood to her without any delay. He felt that it was better he should know his fate at once. He did not wish to rush immediately into an engagement of marriage—delicacy forbade that. It would be time enough in a year hence for them to be openly engaged, and he would never have had the bad taste to speak of love so soon after Mary's death, had not the sentiment had its origin in that very occurrence. It was a growth of Mary Doran's own planting, the last design of her life. Thus ruminating, Hugh at length broke the silence.

"Miss Barnaby," he exclaimed, "the request of poor Mary Doran for you to save Phil Doran and me from the drink, shall, as far as I am concerned, not give you any further trouble. I am never going to drink anything strong again. I never have drank much in my life. I only took it for company's sake at the tavern when stopping to water my horses or going on business to see other farmers, and this only since the disappearance of my father.

It was only since he went that I ever drank at all, but I never mean to again—*never!* And what is more, I mean to talk to Phil Doran about his drinking if he gets over this accident, and, if he will be advised, I will help him to get his farm in order again."

"O, Hugh Bobbers, what a noble fellow you are! You are the same kind-hearted man that you were a boy when you used to carry us little girls over the brook, swing the gate, climb the fruit trees, and do all sorts of kind things for us children," cried Rose in admiration at Hugh's speech.

"We were all children in those days," said Hugh, thoughtfully; "they were happy days too. I often think of them."

Rose was almost saying she had thought of them too, but checked herself. She felt that she had, in the exuberance of her gratitude, already said too much.

"Yes," said Hugh after a pause, "you may consider that your commission from Mary has been fulfilled, for I will look after Phil Doran; and if you will permit me, I will from time to time inform you of his progress."

"Oh, thank you. Do by all means let me

know how you succeed with him. Of course it would be very difficult for a girl like me to try and influence him, and I feel that you have taken the task out of my hands. It is so good of you!" replied Rose.

"But *my* commission," Hugh went on—"the request Mary made to me—what is to be said about that?" and Hugh felt his heart sink within him and his lips quiver as he paused. "What is to be said about that, Miss Barnaby? May I tell you? Don't think me too presumptuous. I know you will despise me for telling you; but I must tell you, even if you killed me for it. I must tell you that I have already fulfilled the dying wish of Mary Doran, who asked me to love you for her sake. Yes, Miss Barnaby, you know the truth now. I, the common farmer's son, rough, uncultivated, love you—love you more than I can tell. I do not ask you to return it—I cannot expect you to do so; you are too good, too beautiful and too well bred for such as I," and Hugh, finding that he was beginning to lose the control of his speech, paused.

"Let me tell you, Hugh Bobbers," said Rose Barnaby, placing her hand gently on his

arm, "that so far from my depreciating your love, I feel that you have done me the highest honor. I will be frank with you. Your words make me happy—more so than you can think."

"Can you love me in return, then?" cried Hugh, in rapture, clasping her hand.

"Yes," answered Rose, "I love you."

"Then you will be mine, dearest Rose," said Hugh, passionately.

"Only on one condition," replied Rose. "I will sacrifice love, riches and life itself rather than link my destiny with a man who is in danger of becoming a drunkard!"

"O Rose, how can you say that? I know the condition you refer to. Have I not already told you that I never again mean to drink—never, so long as I live?"

"Do you promise in the face of Heaven, before the throne of the Most High, that you will never drink intoxicating liquors again as a beverage?" cried Rose.

"I do solemnly promise," cried Hugh.

"Then I am yours, dear Hugh," replied Rose.

It was a proud and happy moment for Hugh Bobbers. He had not expected Rose would

have encouraged his suit. He had imagined that she would, in her quiet, lady-like way, have thanked him for the compliment and declined being anything more than a friend to him. "She can but say, No," he had thought to himself, "and it will settle the matter at once and forever." But she had said "Yes," and now Hugh was almost delirious with joy. "Oh, if my father could only be found," he thought to himself, "how proud he would be of my fortune in gaining the hand of Quaker Barnaby's daughter!"

"I can scarcely believe that you have promised to be mine, dearest Rose—I suppose I may call you Rose now, may I not?" exclaimed Hugh in his delight.

"Oh, yes, you may call me Rose, and I will call you Hugh," said the happy girl; "but for the present I would rather that our engagement may remain a secret between ourselves. I wish this out of respect to dear Mary's memory. We shall meet occasionally, and I am not doubtful of your love, neither need you be doubtful of mine. I trust you implicitly, dear Hugh. I believe that you will keep your solemn promise, and that you

will make me very, very happy, all in God's good time. We are both young, and in due course our engagement shall be made public, and, I hope, with my father's consent."

"I will do anything you wish, dearest Rose," said Hugh. "It will be better that our engagement be kept a secret for the present."

"I can ask you to perform the duties of a brother, may I not?" asked Rose, looking into his face with a bright smile.

"Oh yes, dear, I will be your own brother until you become my own wife."

"Then let me tell you, brother, that I have a great trouble in our own household," and here poor Rose faltered a moment and then continued. "You know, my dear good father sometimes is tempted to drink more than is good for him. But oh! he is so kind to me!—he is not abusive as some are under the influence of drink. But he is getting old now, and I am so afraid of some accident befalling him, and to-morrow he has to go to Blankham on business. If you could only manage to go with him and watch over him. He always speaks very highly of you. Could you go?"

"Yes, dear," said Hugh, "I can go, and I will be only too happy to be of service to him for your sake."

"Thanks," replied Rose. "Father is at home now—he will see you driving up to the house; you must come in, and I will manage the rest."

They soon arrived at the hall door of Barnaby Grange, and Hugh alighted and then assisted Rose from the sleigh.

Quaker Barnaby saw the sleigh approaching, and opening the front door stood upon the verandah to receive his daughter. Rose ran up and kissed him and said,

"Mr. Bobbers has been kind enough to bring me home in his sleigh."

"Come in, Hugh Bobbers," cried the Quaker, "and warm yourself awhile. Much obliged for bringing Rose home."

Hugh crossed the great hall way and entered the magnificently furnished reception room and took a seat near the fireplace, while Rose gave the father the sad particulars of Mary Doran's funeral. The Quaker treated Hugh Bobbers in a very cordial and friendly manner, little suspecting that he was entertain-

ing his future son-in-law. Even had he suspected it, we question very much whether he would not have been quite proud of him, for Hugh was a gentleman by nature. His splendid, tall figure was well sustained by a quiet, unassuming self-possession seldom seen among country-bred youths. His gentleness of manner was no doubt the result of the companionship of his sisters, who, in the absence of brothers, had been his playmates from childhood.

"Mr. Bobbers is going to Blankham tomorrow, father. Why can you not both go together, and then you can drive by turns and be company for each other?" exclaimed Rose during a pause in the conversation.

"Why, that will just suit me," cried the Quaker. "I shall be glad to have your company, Hugh Bobbers. I am going to bring back a large sum of money, and you would be handy in case we met highwaymen," and the Quaker laughed.

"All right, sir, I will call for you with my sleigh," cried Hugh. "I will drive our fast bays."

"Oh yes," cried the Quaker, "I have never

sat behind those famous bays of your father's —by the bye, nothing about your father, eh? Very strange about him—very strange, indeed!" and then in a lower tone, "He couldn't have been murdered, could he?"

"Who would murder him? He had no enemies, and no money on him at the time of his disappearance," said Hugh.

"That's true," said the Quaker, reflectively, "who would murder him?"

After some further conversation, the Quaker went into another room to get his pipe.

"I will take good care of your father to-morrow, dearest," said Hugh, as he stood up to take his leave.

He placed his arm around Rose, and she looked up trustingly into his bright handsome face, and thanked him. Pressing her to his breast, he kissed her forehead.

"Oh, my dearest," he cried, "you have brightened my life with the sunshine of your love, and it shall be my highest earthly aim to make you happy in return."

"I know you can make me happy, Hugh," she said, looking calmly into his eyes. "I feel that the one obstacle in our path of joy

has been removed, since you have promised forever to shun the tempter."

"Let me renew my promise here," said Hugh, still clasping her in his arms.

"One promise is enough for me, dear Hugh. I know you will keep it," said the smiling Rose.

"When shall I see you again, dear?" asked Hugh.

"To-morrow evening, on your return from Blankham with father. I shall have tea ready and invite you to stop, and mind, you must not refuse the invitation," said Rose, playfully.

"What will your father say?" asked Hugh.

"Oh, he never objects to my inviting who I like. You see I am giving you a fine opportunity to make friends with him, am I not?" said Rose, laughing.

With a parting kiss Hugh Bobbers left his new-found love, and drove rapidly away, the happiest youth in Turnipham Township.

He turned his horse's head in the direction of Boxton village, and in a short time arrived at the minister's house, where Phil Doran lay lingering between life and death. Hugh was

shocked at the altered appearance of the sick man. It had been necessary to shave his head, which gave a ghastly appearance to the face, now as shrunken and pallid as it had been bloated and red before the accident. Nothing but the closest and most tender watching and nursing had brought him through the *delirium tremens* to his present state As Dr. Abbott had intimated, it had all depended upon the care he got as to the favorable issue of his case. His maniacal ravings had been for several days simply awful. Yet Norman Stanly, the noble, brave and generous, had never once flinched from attending to him by night or by day as his opportunities occurred ; and his faithful man, Rupert, who nursed in his turn, also deserved great praise for his constant watchfulness; though at times the poor man had been so horrified and alarmed at Phil Doran's struggles and ravings that he would fain have run off and left the crazed one to his fate, and only the firmness and sanguine words of the minister had held him to his unthankful task.

The minister was glad to see Hugh Bobbers take an interest in Phil Doran.

"I have great hopes," he said to Hugh,

"not only to have him restored to health, but also to a life of temperance. I will never give a man up so long as there is breath in his body. The next few days will decide his fate. He is becoming daily more rational, and his sleep is coming back to him; but he is terribly exhausted in body, and so dreadfully nervous that the most trifling noise alarms him. But the frightful visions have ceased. The devils, rats, cats, dogs and snakes are disappearing fast. I am not going to part with him until he is quite strong in body. I intend to commence a course of moral treatment when he can bear it. As his reason again begins to dawn, I shall approach him as I would a child, and educate him by degrees to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ. If I can lead him to the foot of the cross, I will leave him there, and he will be safe for all time to come. Oh," continued the minister, grasping the arm of the stalwart Hugh Bobbers, "how thankful I am that you, dear Hugh, have no inclination to give way to drink! It is the most terrible of all curses. Look at that man!" he whispered, pointing to the half-unconscious Phil Doran. "Think what he might have been but for the

drink—honored, loved and venerated in his old age, surrounded with the blessings of wealth, and happy in the consciousness of enjoying the benediction of God. Look at him! Look at him! O, Hugh, my son, look at him! Imagine his awful situation! Trembling on the brink of eternity, unforgiven! Think of it!—unforgiven! I can only pray that his life may be spared; my prayers will not save his soul. If I could only get him sufficiently restored in mind to comprehend the vastness of Christ's love—if I could only get him to cry out in the agony of his soul, 'Lord, have mercy upon me a sinner!' I should be happy. I can only pray for his recovery—only pray. God has taken others, perhaps He will spare me this one, that I may lead him to salvation."

Hugh Bobbers was much affected at the earnestness of the minister, and felt abashed at his own deceitfulness in permitting the good man to remain under a wrong impression regarding his intemperate proclivities, and like a man, he at once told Norman Stanly all about his drinking experience and his determination never again to drink.

"Oh, my dear Hugh, it is just like you to be

honest, and confess your shortcomings. I can only hope and pray that you may never again fall into temptation. You may feel quite safe now, but let me warn you that you cannot overcome evil by your own strength. You may sign ten thousand pledges, but unless the Spirit of Christ dwelleth in you, you are not safe. With His Spirit you are safe—quite safe."

Hugh had never looked at temperance in this light before. He had thought it was enough if a man made a promise and tried to keep it. Alas, he was soon to discover that the wiles of Satan call for a stronger safeguard than his own strength.

CHAPTER XII.

We must now take up the thread of our narrative by going to Blankham. The reader has already seen the Quaker and Hugh Bobbers in the company of the vile Dick Stacy, and is acquainted with the manner in which that wicked man has decoyed Hugh Bobbers into taking strong drink within a few brief hours of his promise to Rose Barnaby to forever abstain therefrom. As we have already said, Hugh was not to be blamed for drinking what he considered a harmless temperance beverage. He must be blamed, however, for drinking a second time of what he had discovered to be intoxicating. But such is the subtle power of alcohol, that the moment it obtains a hold on the human brain, that moment the victim loses his powers of abstinence. In the twinkling of an eye almost, as the liquor is imbibed, there come a

thousand plausible pretexts to console the stricken conscience.

As we have already seen, the conscience of Hugh Bobbers was smitten after his second draught of the *cider stonefence* ordered by the infamous Dick Stacy. But the generous warmth of the brain-inspiring drink dispelled his compunctions for the time. He began to feel in high spirits, and entered into the jovial conversation of his companions. He consoled himself at last with the thought: "I am only drinking cider anyway; I'm not breaking my pledge,—and Rose shall never know about it. I called for a temperance drink, and it is not my fault if it makes me tight." Amid the boisterous mirth of the bar-room he had no time for reflection about his loving and trusting Rose. Crowds of people came in and drank with Quaker Barnaby, who in turn treated all hands; Dick Stacy also did the same, and as the afternoon advanced all the drinkers —Hugh Bobbers and Edwin Joyce included— were more or less intoxicated; the latter less than the others, it is true, but still sufficiently so to be plainly noticed by anyone.

The time came at last to start home again.

Hugh Bobbers brought his span of bays to the front of the hotel, and the Quaker staggered into the sleigh. Edwin Joyce, who had come to town with another team which had since returned home, took a seat in Hugh's sleigh also. Dick Stacy got into his own cutter and drove ahead of Hugh ; but presently the latter with his fine team passed him on the road, and arrived in Boxton a few minutes ahead.

The Quaker insisted upon getting out at the Boxton Hotel and obtaining more drink. Hugh tried in vain to dissuade him. There was great excitement at the hotel over the approaching Dunkin poll, and Dick Smithers was doing his utmost to obtain voters against the Act. Only a few days remained now before the result of the contest would be known. The temperance people, under the leadership of Norman Stanly, were preparing for the fight. The good minister had emissaries in all directions, working for the good cause. It was no wonder that Dick Smithers was delighted upon the arrival of the great Quaker Barnaby and the scarcely less distinguished Dick Stacy at his hotel. Of course the drink began to flow freely ; it was treat, treat, treat, one after the other.

The enthusiasm that prevailed at the Boxton Hotel upon this occasion would have been rather discouraging to the temperance men could they have witnessed it. Arrangements were made for supplying conveyances to take people to the polls, and for a plentiful supply of good things to eat and drink while the voting lasted. Quaker Barnaby pledged himself in the sum of one hundred dollars towards the expenses of the occasion. Parties were to be formed to go through the township with a band of music and flaming placards warning the people against voting for slavery and despotism. Edwin Joyce promised to take an active part in the business, and Hugh was solicited to do the same; but somehow Hugh Bobbers seemed to have lost his gay spirits during the ride from Blankham. He had had time for reflection, and felt bitterly the degradation of his fall. He was also much annoyed at Quaker Barnaby for his persistence in lingering at Boxton while he knew Rose was waiting tea for them. He would have driven off to Barnaby Grange without the Quaker only for two reasons. One was, because he felt sure Rose would detect his hav-

ing drank, and another because it would seem as though he had abandoned the Quaker. In his unhappy frame of mind he could do nothing but walk up and down in front of the tavern. He repulsed, somewhat savagely, the frequent invitations to drink, and often urged the Quaker to leave for home. But it was not until ten o'clock at night that the Quaker made a move to go. He was quite drunk, and so were Edwin Joyce and Dick Stacy.

Hugh's mettlesome team had been pawing the ground in their impatience for a long time before they started and when they once fairly got on the road, it was with the utmost difficulty Hugh could hold them in. Quaker Barnaby and Edwin Joyce, in their drunken mood, insisted upon yelling and singing at the top of their voices. In vain Hugh begged of them to stop their noise. The Quaker only made the more, and as though determined upon his own destruction, snatched up the whip and with a loud yell struck the horses heavily, which, unaccustomed to the whip and frightened at the noise, ran away at full speed. The night was very dark, and the road in bad condition, consequent upon a recent heavy thaw.

The horses became utterly unmanageable in their mad career. In vain Hugh pulled on the reins. On, on they sped, like the lightning. They came to a narrow part of the road, on one side of which there was a steep, precipitous bank. It was a difficult descent to guide horses down, even in broad daylight. In the darkness it required great caution. On to this dangerous place the two bay horses of Hugh Bobbers dashed with the speed of the wind; the sleigh came with fearful velocity in contact with a huge boulder which stood upon the edge of the embankment, and the three occupants of the sleigh were hurled with great violence high into the air and over the steep bank, while the horses, with the wrecked sleigh timbers striking against their heels, kept on at a furious pace down the road into the darkness beyond.

CHAPTER XIII.

Rose Barnaby, after the departure of her father and her trusty lover Hugh in the morning, had been very happy all through the day. She was happy in the thought that at last by the will of Providence, as it seemed to her, she had been blessed with her heart's desire—the love of Hugh Bobbers. It had been her dream since childhood, and now that it was realized she gave herself up with a woman's devotion to all the transports of a newborn joy. Many months ago she had, with the truest heroism of a woman's heart, endeavored to crush out from her breast this love for Hugh for Mary Doran's sake; and she had disciplined her heart to struggle successfully against her hopeless passion. She had become quite resigned to her fate, and was prepared to do honor to Mary's wedding whenever it should take place. It had been a hard, a bitter struggle, for poor Rose was only human after all;

but her humanity was governed by the precepts of her Divine Master, and this had given her the power to rise superior to an earthly passion. But Mary Doran, as she gradually sank towards the grave, had bid Rose not to crush out this love for Hugh. "It is the only bequest, dear friend, that I can leave you," Mary had said, six months previous, in speaking of Hugh's love. "If you will marry him when I am gone, I will, if possible, hover near you in spirit and bless you both." Many times since then had Mary spoken upon this subject, and now that the poor girl was gone forever it seemed to Rose a sort of comfort to know that in gaining her own heart's desire, she, at the same time, had fulfilled an oft-repeated wish of her dear friend.

And now Rose Barnaby was happy. With a light heart she bounded from room to room in her father's luxurious home, now feeding the canaries, and again talking blithely to the little bullfinch, or running her fingers over the piano and singing some old song; then she would saunter through the conservatory culling flowers for her hair and to adorn the table. With a woman's tact she beautified with flowers

the sitting-room, where she knew her father would sit with Hugh when they returned. Anon the dinner hour came, and at her solitary meal the old waiting woman, who had been her mother's maid, tended with loving hands to the wants of her young mistress, whom she had nursed as a baby, and to whom she had stood in the position of a parent ever since. And Rose talked gayly with the kind woman, and put her arms around her and called her "a dear old nurse."

As the hour approached when Quaker Barnaby and Hugh might be expected back from Blankham, Rose went to her room and prepared herself to receive them. She looked very lovely as she came down stairs in her black silk trimmed with pearl grey velvet, and amid the luxurious tresses of her dark-brown hair a sweet namesake, a white, hot house rose; while a confused mass of white illusion half concealed her snowy throat. She stood in the great hall and looked at the clock on her way to the drawing-room. It was four o'clock. She could hardly expect them much before five. So she went to the piano and played awhile. She was not a very brilliant performer,

but her playing was marked by a correctness and delicacy that revealed the true musician, and showed at once that she had been carefully instructed. Her voice was low, sweet, and rich, and well adapted for her favorite airs. She seemed to have struck into a minor strain as her fingers ran, in a familiar way, over the keys. She ceased playing after a while, and went to the window and looked over the bleak wintry landscape. It was growing dark, and there was no sign of the absent ones. She looked at her watch. Twenty minutes to five. A sigh escaped her. Was it a foreshadowing of disaster that caused her to go slowly back to the piano and sing that pathetic song of Charles Kingsley's ?

"Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west, as the sun went down,
Each thought of the woman that he loved best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town.
For men must work and women must weep,
And there's little to earn and there's many to keep,
And the harbor bar is moaning."

She sang the whole of the plaintive melody, and an air of deep sadness seemed to possess her voice. She closed the piano and went and

sat near the grate, looking into the fire-light as it flickered. Presently her old nurse came in with lamps, and she bade her sit down and talk awhile. Six o'clock came and still no sign of the expected ones.

"I hope the tea is quite ready," said Rose at last, "so that they will not have to wait."

"Everything is ready," answered the good nurse.

Seven o'clock struck, and poor Rose became very wearied with waiting.

"You had better let me bring you a cup of tea, dear," said the nurse.

"No," replied Rose, "I will wait a little longer. They may be here before you can bring the tea. Something may have detained them."

Eight o'clock came and still no arrival. Then when the clock came round to nine Rose took a cup of tea, but her appetite failed her. She thought of the highway robbers that her father had spoken about. Was it possible that Hugh and her father had been waylaid and killed for the sake of the money? Rose told the nurse to fetch the groom and the gardener. The two men soon appeared. The faithful

old gardener, who was used to the late hours of the Quaker, endeavored to dispel the fears of Rose by quoting the number of instances in which her father had not returned until midnight when he had journeyed from Blankham. "But he promised to be home at five o'clock," said Rose, "and he has a large sum of money with him. I am afraid of foul play. If they do not arrive at ten o'clock you must harness the horses and drive in the direction of Boxton." Ten o'clock passed and still the loved ones were absent. Rose rang the bell, and when the servant came she said, "Tell John to bring the horses and sleigh to the door at once, and tell the gardener to come to me." The old gardener came, and Rose told him to arm himself and get one of the farm hands mounted to accompany her in search of the missing ones. The old man was about to expostulate. "Go at once, David," Rose said. "I have made up my mind that something has happened. I have reasons for thinking so."

In a few moments Rose and her nurse were well wrapped up and seated in the sleigh. The groom drove, and the gardener sat at his side, while one of the farm hands, mounted on

a cob, rode ahead. They had not proceeded far when a horseman met them and enquired if they had seen anything of Hugh Bobbers, as his team of bays had gone back to the farm with the remnant of the broken sleigh dragging after them. This intelligence made it quite clear to all that some dreadful accident had happened. Rose ordered the groom to drive on and keep a good look out as they went along the road. At length they came to the scene of the disaster, where, by the light of the lantern which the gardener carried, they descried a buffalo robe lying off the road partly over the embankment.

They now heard a faint cry for help some distance down the bank. Alighting from the sleigh, the gardener looked down the steep embankment and saw by the aid of his lantern two prostrate forms lying on the snow. Cautiously stepping down the rugged slope, he came first upon the body of Edwin Joyce. He was quite dead. Still further down was the portly figure of Quaker Barnaby. He was breathing heavily. In the meantime the cry for help came at intervals from some distance below, and the gardener answered saying he

would be there directly. Without losing any time, the farm hand, groom and gardener lifted up the Quaker's body and carried it to the sleigh. They next went in the direction of the voice, and found Hugh Bobbers, who had been crawling down in a vain endeavor to reach the road as it descended to the valley below. His right leg was broken. When they came to him he said, "Never mind me until you have taken Quaker Barnaby home. Get him attended to first—send for a doctor, and then come and look after me. I can wait. My leg is broken, and I have been trying to go for assistance, but could only get this far."

The men ran to the sleigh, got a buffalo robe and wrapped Hugh in it, placing him in an easy position, and left him for awhile until the more pressing demands of the Quaker were attended to. It was decided to drive Quaker Barnaby to Dr. Abbott's house, in order to save time, while the farm hand returned to Barnaby Grange for another sleigh in which to carry Hugh Bobbers to his home.

It was not long before two sleighs arrived, into one of which the dead body of Edwin Joyce was placed and driven to his home, while the other conveyed Hugh Bobbers to his.

When Rose first became aware of the extent of the disaster, and saw the prostrate form of her father carried to the sleigh, she had fainted away, and had not returned to consciousness until the sleigh was well on its way to Boxton. It was midnight by the time they arrived at the house of Dr. Abbott, and when that gentleman had carefully examined the body of the Quaker he shook his head and said there was no hope. Pointing to a heavy clot of blood upon the side of Quaker Barnaby's head, the doctor said, "There is a fracture which alone would cause death, and there is another injury over the region of the liver which would do the same. It is only a question of an hour or two. No power on earth can save him."

In the early gray of morning, Rose Barnaby with her faithful nurse and men-servants bore back to the Grange the lifeless body of Quaker Barnaby. It is not necessary for us to dwell upon the grief that took possession of poor Rose as she mourned over her dead. She could have found consolation for the loss of his presence here on earth, had there been but one faint hope of a reunion in the better land beyond

the grave. She had heard more than enough to convince her that the deceased had met his death when awfully unprepared. It had got abroad, as such news always does, how intoxicated he and Edwin Joyce had been at Boxton; and in explaining at the inquest how the accident occurred, Hugh, in self-defence, had to state all the facts of the case—how the horses had become unmanageable by the shouts of the deceased men and the lashing of Quaker Barnaby. The cross-questioning of the coroner, who was a temperance advocate, had brought out these unpalatable facts before the public, and the evidence went to show that strong drink was at the bottom of it all.

Luckily for Hugh Bobbers, it also came to be known that he had persistently refused to drink at Boxton when constantly urged to do so; and more than this, it was shown that he had used every endeavor to get the deceased men away from the Boxton Hotel. All this came to the ears of Rose Barnaby.

How shall we describe the grief of farmer Joyce and his good wife over the destiny of their only son? And who shall assuage the anguish of Ellen Bobbers at the loss of her affianced?

But the demon Drink, as though not yet satisfied with the number of its victims, strikes another fatal blow upon the innocent. The grave has scarcely closed over the bodies of Quaker Barnaby and Edwin Joyce when it again yawns to receive the widow of Sandy Bobbers. The fatal forgery arrived in due time from New York, informing Mrs. Bobbers of her husband's infamy. She read the letter and let it fall from her hand. She never spoke afterwards. When loving ones gathered around her chair, she was dead. Dr. Abbott attributed the cause of her sudden death to paralysis of the brain.

CHAPTER XIV.

The first day of polling the votes for and against the Dunkin Act arrived at last. The anti-Dunkinites had felt severely the important loss in their ranks of Quaker Barnaby's influence. Indeed the recent sad catastrophe had been very disastrous to their cause. The hundred dollars he had promised had not been forthcoming, and as this money was to have gone towards paying for the band of music from Blankham, that important feature in their demonstration had to be abandoned. Another very important sympathizer had been lost to their side. Farmer Joyce, no longer doubting the horrible influences of the liquor traffic, the scourge of which had visited him in such an awful manner, went over to the temperance standard. This departure threw the liquor-sellers into consternation, for Joyce had been one of their most eloquent and able advocates.

Norman Stanly, with a party of the most influential temperance men he could muster, drove rapidly from point to point in the township and made speeches. Every woman, without a single exception, in Turnipham Township, became eager to see the Dunkin Act in force. Rose Barnaby sent to Boxton every available horse and sleigh on the estate, and bid Norman Stanly use them in aid of the temperance cause. She also sent one hundred dollars to the minister and bid him expend it in supplying tea, coffee and delicacies to the people from a distance. Accordingly the good man purchased enough meats, bread and pastry to compose an elegant cold collation, which he caused to be served in the school-house, and of which all were invited to partake. Around the room a number of temperance mottoes were displayed, while in front of the building, in large letters, was painted "Vote for temperance, happiness, health, wealth, peace and plenty."

The nearest voting place to Dick Stacy's tavern was the school-house. Here again, could be seen the kind forethought of Rose Barnaby. A log house near the polling place

had been converted into a place of refreshment, where there was a good fire and plenty of hot tea, coffee, meat and confections, while, in large letters could again be seen the words "Vote for temperance, happiness, health, wealth, peace and plenty." Anybody who desired could enter and refresh themselves free of charge. This refreshment place was under the superintendence of William Dale, the lover of Hugh's sister. The late terrible disaster had been the means of warning him to forever set his face against the demon Drink.

Dick Stacy and the two tavern-keepers at Boxton, had been busy driving from place to place to look for voters. They carried in their sleigh loads of whiskey, brandy and beer, bottle after bottle of which they gave away in secret to their emissaries and voters. Towards the hour for closing the polls a large number of men were under the influence of liquor, but the presence in strong force of a number of the wealthy temperance men in Boxton awed the drinkers into decent behavior. It was evident that the contest was going to be a very close one.

At 5 o'clock the polls closed for that day

and the anti-Dunkinites were five votes ahead. The roaring, shouting and yelling on the part of the drinkers upon the receipt of this intelligence knew no bounds.

This boisterous demonstration did not discourage Norman Stanly. On the contrary, it brought into full play all his moral and physical energy. Small handbills had, during the day, been freely circulated among the people, bearing these words: "Meeting to-night at 7 o'clock at the Methodist Church, Boxton. Rally, friends of temperance!"

As the hour for the meeting drew near the commodious church began to fill with well-dressed men and women from all parts of the township, and at 7 o'clock precisely, when the building was filled to overflowing, the choir of the church, accompanied by the organ, sang "Rescue the Perishing" with such fine effect as to call forth the emotion of a large number of the audience. On the platform was the tall, stalwart, manly figure of Norman Stanly, looking like the very bulwark of a noble and holy cause. By his side sat other ministers from Blankham. Norman Stanly opened the proceedings with

prayer. It was the spontaneous outpouring of an earnest soul, praying for blessings upon his enemies. After this, the meeting was addressed by the visiting ministers, interspersed with music.

The last speaker of the night was Norman Stanly. We cannot report his powerful speech. It defied the art of the stenographer. He painted two word-pictures—the drinker's progress in life was one, and the abstainer's progress the other. In his description of the downward course of the drunkard he spared no one's feelings. He commenced at the cradle and followed with remorseless accuracy the unsavory details of a profligate and wasted life. He took the audience, in imagination, into the revolting labyrinths of misery and woe through which the drunkard passes in worshipping at the shrine of the demon Drink. He took them into the desolated home, and detailed with a startling minuteness the agonizing tortures of the wife and children, the monotonous round of outrages they had to suffer, day by day, week by week, month by month, and year by year, at the inexorable bidding of the tyrant Alco-

hol. He took them to the sick chamber, the bankruptcy court, the poorhouse, the madhouse, the gaol, the gallows, and tearing away the black pall which covers the grave, he followed the victim of strong drink into the eternal shades of despair. Again Norman Stanly painted a picture. He began at the cradle of the abstainer, over which a sweet young mother lovingly bends, breathing love-blessings upon her sleeping child. He drew the honest, sunburnt young farmer home from his daily toil, happy to be once again with wife and child, conscious of having earned a night's repose. Then the school-boy, the youth, and the man; the health and vigor of mind and body which develops day by day and year by year; the constant increase of his worldly possessions that his honest, sober industry brings; the acquisition of knowledge and pleasing accomplishments; the happy marriage, at which is spread the "feast of reason and the flow of soul." He depicted the happy home of the young couple, whose every action is guided by the spirit of the Heavenly Father, under whose gentle and loving sway they gather up treasures that shall never perish. He pictured the evening of

the abstainer's life, when, crowned with the rich blessings of a long and useful career, he calmly and joyfully contemplates the glorious inheritance for which his soul is yearning. Again Norman Stanly tore away the black pall which covers the grave—the abstainer's grave. But the glorious effulgence which floods the plains of heaven, the celestial brightness that seems to emanate from one central source—God's only Son—and clothes in seraphic splendors the emancipated souls of men, are too dazzling for our earthly vision, and the joys of that supernal kingdom are too vast for human comprehension. We beheld the picture as Norman Stanly painted it—it cannot be described in words; but upon the minds of a great many among his audience the picture was engraved forever.

Norman Stanly then spoke of the necessity of reclaiming drunkards; and giving them, not merely advice, but actual, tangible help—money and personal service if necessary. He did not blame the drunkards half so much as those who could deliberately settle themselves down to the business of the wholesale and retail bartering of human souls. The tavern-

keeper, he maintained, gave an equivalent for the five cents charged for drink, but that equivalent went into the devil's coffers every time. He likened the soul of a man to a beautiful white statue of an angel, placed near a mud puddle. The tavernkeeper he likened unto a man who owned the mud puddle. Every time the devil dropped five cents into his hand this man took up a handful of mud and cast it at the statue, until at last it was lost sight of altogether, and then the devil was appeased, for the presence of that pure white statue no longer vexed him. He reminded his audience that all had a "white statue" to guard against the filthy assaults of the devil. This "white statue," this human soul, had to be presented at the last great day, spotless and without blemish, before the throne of God. No man could keep his statue clean unaided; but there is a sovereign remedy, an unfailing wash, that will keep it pure and white as the driven snow. No matter how black the stain, the blood of Christ will cleanse it. Norman Stanly bid his hearers beware of the tavernkeeper's mud puddle, and in conclusion said, "I am proud to say that I now can introduce to you

one who, alas! has had, until quite recently, his 'white statue' polluted with the long and continued showering of tavernkeeper's mud; but who, thank God, by one simple washing with the atoning blood of Christ, has been enabled to restore it to its pristine purity, in which glorious state he hopes, by prayer and penitence, to present it to his God at last."

Norman Stanly, as he said these words, opened the vestry door at his side, and a feeble-looking man, dressed in a suit of new black broadcloth, stepped forward on to the platform. There was a deep silence for a moment, as the man stood gazing tranquilly at the audience. At length a voice from the body of the church exclaimed, "God be praised! It is Phil Doran!" A loud burst of thankful ejaculations broke from the assembly at these words, and poor Phil Doran bowed his head and wept.

A seat was placed for him, and the choir sang,

"Raise your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done."

the greatest joy prevailed among the audience at the unexpected redemption of Phil Doran.

Hundreds pressed forward at the close of the meeting to shake hands with him. The mantle of Christian charity was thrown over the past life of the redeemed one, and encouraging words, blessings and God-speeds were lavished upon him. The prayers and supplications of Norman Stanly in behalf of Phil Doran had been answered. A sound sleep, lasting for many hours, had at length restored him to his reason. The minister was at his side when he awoke, with strong beef tea, ready for him. The sick man's first exclamation was "Lord have mercy upon me a sinner!" He had had a dream which he afterwards related to Norman Stanly, and which the latter attributed to the working of the Holy Spirit.

Norman Stanly had expected to have had much trouble in turning Phil Doran's heart towards the Saviour, whereas the sick man came of his own free will, almost immediately upon regaining his reason. In all his ministerial experience the pastor had never witnessed in so unmistakable a manner God's direct answer to prayer. It filled his heart with

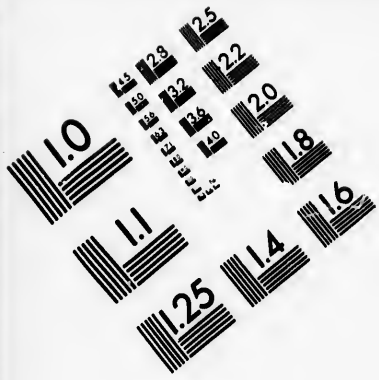
wonder, and made him fear and tremble at his own unworthiness.

The second day's polling proved to be the last. In the forenoon, the anti-Dunkinites led the polls in consequence of the tremendous exertions they put forth to drum up every vote from the remotest corner of the township. The votes by noon stood as follows: For the Dunkin Act, 586; against the Act, 591. At one o'clock it stood, for the Act, 595, against 592. As hour after hour passed there was not a single vote cast against the Act. The liquor-sellers became furious in their endeavors to get more votes, but all their efforts were in vain. They had got their very last man. There were a good many persons in the township who declined to vote at all.

Half an hour before the polls closed a sleigh approached the polling place in Boxton. It contained Norman Stanly, Hugh Bobbers, lying on a mattress, and Phil Doran. They cast their votes in favor of the Dunkin Act.

Theirs were the last votes cast on either side.

That night the telegraph announced to the world that the Dunkin Act had passed in the Township of Turnipham by a majority of six.



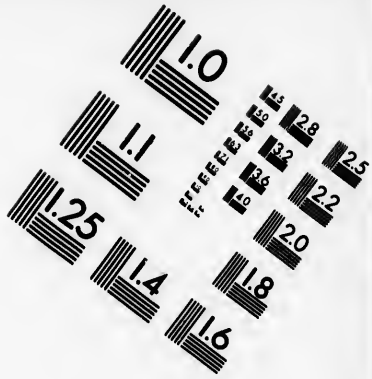
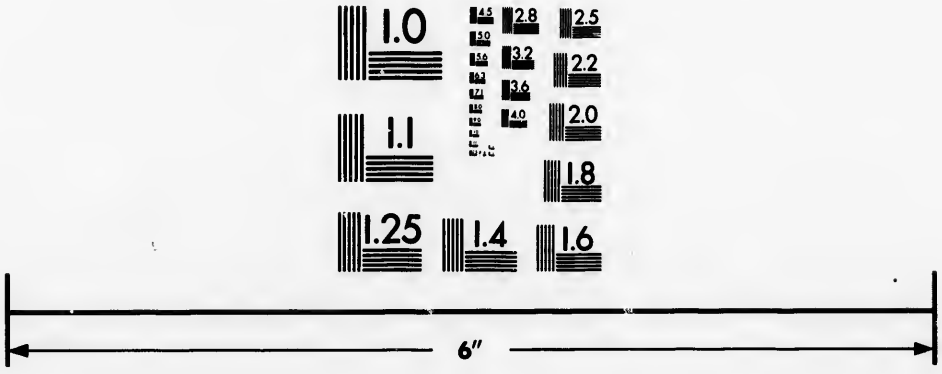
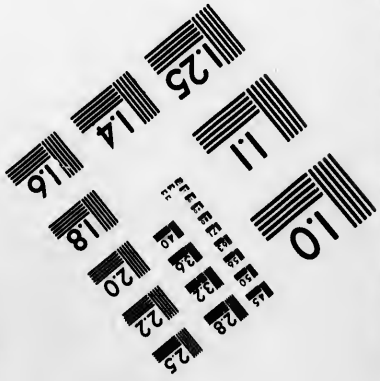


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)





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CHAPTER XV.

The setting sun sheds a golden hue over the rich summer foliage and waving grain which beautify the valleys of Turnipham. The village of Boxton in the distance, with its snow-white houses nestling beneath the shady trees, and the bright gleaming spire of Norman Stanly's church, shining like a pyramid of molten gold in the sunset, seems like a haven of peace and happy contentment.

A year and a half has elapsed since the passage of the Dunkin Act in the Township. We look in vain among the happy countenances of the inhabitants for one line of sorrow, which, according to the prediction of some, was to signalize the tyranny of Dunkin's reign in Turnipham. As we enter the pretty village a score of healthful children frolic on the green, while their fathers, free from the curse of the demon Drink, rest peacefully in the eventide in the full vigor of their God-like facul-

ties of mind. With unfettered intellects and the healthful vigor of their unpoisoned systems, life is doubly sweet to them under the beneficent influence of temperance. The village blacksmith, who, two short years ago, had no home to call his own, and whose scanty earnings in his lucid intervals of drunkenness had never sufficed to satisfy the greedy claims of the tavern, has now not only a home of his own, but savings in the bank. His wife, who had gone home to her father for support, has now returned to comfort and help him in his life labors, and she sings blithely in her neat cottage, happy as the day is long, thankful that her husband has been brought back to reason and to God. The Boxton Hotel is still in existence, though no longer under the superintendence of the facetious Dick Smithers, who long ago left to ply his vocation in a more promising field. The hotel is much changed since he left it, the new proprietor having converted the lower story into a spacious refreshment room and stationery store, where ices, lemonade, cakes and fruits, and all the latest journals and books can be obtained. Here the tired traveller can stop and find a

comfortable reading-room in which to rest his weary limbs, and, if hungry, he has but to step into the dining-room and give his orders, when, for a reasonable price, he can have his wants supplied. The Dunkin Act has not interfered with the supply of water, as had been so much dreaded by the anti-Dunkinites. The pump is in its usual place, and every man is perfectly at liberty to use it free of charge. The farmers' teams therefore have not suffered, as anticipated by the enemies of temperance. A number of excellent bedrooms are still at the service of the travelling public, and during the winter months a good fire is kept for their convenience. It is satisfactory to be able to state that the Boxton Hotel under the new management is a financial success. The other tavern in Boxton has been discontinued and the premises converted into a cabinet shop and manufactory.

The effect of the Dunkin Act has been to decrease the amount of domestic misery in many family circles. Men who had been in the habit of spending their small change at the tavern bar now pause before they invest the amount necessary to purchase five gallons.

Some have tried the five-gallon business, but it proved such a source of annoyance and utter wretchedness from the continual flow of beggars, who would smell it out and hang around while a drop of it lasted, that men became disgusted and bought no more. The consequence is that these good fellows do without their whiskey altogether, and forget it for other and more profitable diversions. Men in their leisure hours look after their gardens, or busy themselves with domestic and household improvements; and whenever Norman Stanly has an entertainment to offer them, either in the shape of a lecture or concert, it is always well attended. The week day services also are more regularly visited by the heads of families. Children are sent to school better clothed and with better books. Men get into the habit of reading more. A circulating library is now established, as also a debating club. The lodge of Good Templars also is re-established. There are frequent gatherings of the village people at the church schoolhouse, where they have music and recitations. So much for the village of Boxton under the reign of tyrant Dunkin.

A great change has taken place also at the corners, where once flourished the Farmer's Rest tavern. A fearful retribution came at last to Dick Stacy, to whose hand the sudden death of Mrs. Bobbers was also traced in the following extraordinary manner:

A certain detective in Blankham, who had been engaged by Mrs. Bobbers to trace out the mystery connected with her husband's disappearance, had been much chagrined at his ill success. This officer, during his enquiries into the case, had been from the very first under the impression that there was foul play somewhere, and from certain imaginary inconsistencies in the statements of Dick Stacy (who had not treated the detective with very much courtesy), his suspicions had pointed to the landlord. He determined, therefore, to have an eye on Dick Stacy's movements. He had seen the landlord, on the day of his visit to Blankham, enter the stationer's shop, and after he had left it, the detective kept his eye on him unobserved. He saw him enter the tavern. The officer then went to the stationer's shop and found out what the landlord's purchase had been. There was nothing

very extraordinary about the transaction, but still, with the dogged inquisitiveness of the detective's nature, he followed up the actions of the landlord. He entered the tavern and learned that the stranger had asked for pen and ink. This circumstance naturally directed the detective's thought to the post-office. He went there and obtained permission to watch for his man. He had not long to wait. He saw the letter drop into the receptacle of the office and copied the address in his memorandum book. There was nothing particularly suspicious or extraordinary about all this, nor the subsequent conduct of Dick Stacy during his stay in the town.

It was merely an item for the detective to reflect upon and to retain, with a thousand other apparently trivial jottings which his memorandum book contained.

But when, in a few days after, the news arrived that Mrs. Bobbers had received a letter from her husband dated at New York informing her of his desertion, from the effects of which intelligence she had suddenly expired, the detective turned to the address he had written in his pocket-book and he began

to consider the item an important one. The detective lost no time in going to Hugh Bobbers and asking to see the letter. He asked Hugh if he thought it was his father's writing. "It looks like it," he said. The officer then asked that he might have the letter for a day or so, which was granted. Returning to Blankham, the detective went to the stationer's shop where he had seen Dick Stacy make his purchase. He asked to see every kind of envelope they had in the store. It was not long before he found similar ones to that which had come from New York. The blue paper, however, puzzled him. But still he thought he had sufficient clue for his purpose. He determined to visit Dick Stacy, question him and watch the effect it would have upon him. When the detective confronted the landlord, the conversation opened upon the subject of Sandy Bobbers. At length the detective boldly said, "A forged letter has been sent from New York, and a man named John Dawson, proprietor of the Ship Hotel, Canal street, New York, has been arrested as the forger of the document; so that matter will soon be cleared up." The detective saw

at once in the terrified look of the tavern-keeper that his suspicions in regard to the author of that letter were correct.

And now it remained for him to discover if possible the motive for the forgery. It seemed to him now that Dick Stacy must, for some cause or other, have been concerned in the death of Sandy Bobbers. The detective, as though determined to further harass the landlord, brought out the forged letter and looking at it said, "It is a very good imitation, but it is not Sandy Bobbers' writing." Putting up the letter again and placing it in his pocket the officer then returned to Blankham to enquire further into the mystery. But the ends of human justice were baffled by Dick Stacy; for, driven to bay by the detective, and tormented by the upbraidings of his guilty conscience at being the cause of so many calamities, he, by his own hand, sought refuge in the oblivion of the grave. With a fatal pistol shot he put a period to his wretched life. The forgery was afterwards clearly traced to the hand of Dick Stacy, through the evidence of John Dawson, and though the body of Sandy Bobbers, with the fatal bottle of Dick

Stacy's "best" still in his pocket, was discovered miles away down the river, at the breaking up of the ice, the real circumstances in connection with his fatal fall into the dark waters would forever have remained a mystery had not we, with our powers of divination, been enabled to shed a light thereon.

Rose Barnaby was the sole inheritor of her father's wealth. The Quaker's will left her everything. She thus became the richest woman in that township, if not in the county. One of her first acts when she had in a measure recovered from the grief at her father's death, was to take Phil Doran by the hand. She advanced the money to pay the mortgage off the farm, and had the whole of his affairs put upon a sound footing. His land was ploughed and seeded down, the rubbish cleared from his front door, and the garden reclaimed. The house also underwent a thorough repair, and many comforts were placed therein. She also purchased the Farmer's Rest tavern, and had the whole building scrubbed, painted, and whitewashed, and a large sign painted, on which were the words "Temperance Hotel." Furnishing the house throughout with all

the necessaries for accommodating the travelling public, and converting part of the lower flat into a store for the sale of groceries and dry goods, and devoting what had served as a bar-room into a sitting and reading room for the public, Rose Barnaby put the establishment under the management of her father's old gardener as a reward for his long and faithful services in the family.

Hugh Bobbers, after the awful experience of that fatal night, never sullied his lips with strong drink again. He married Rose Barnaby two months ago. The wedding was conducted in a very quiet manner, Norman Stanly officiating. They are home at Barnaby Grange now, and Hugh fills his new and important position admirably. He is a magistrate, and his name is mentioned in connection with the prospective vacancy in the House of Commons, the aged county member lying very low with a fatal disease. Though Hugh will never forget so long as he lives the delicious effects of "lemon smash," which is destined to prove a temptation to him upon many future occasions, he feels that having with a faithful and trusting heart implored the assistance of a

higher power than his own, he shall be enabled to overcome the allurements of the tempter. The influence, too, of a loving wife may help to keep him steadfast. Let us hope and pray that it may.

We must take another peep at Phil Doran before closing our narrative. The sudden transformation of his premises seems to dazzle us as we pass through the brilliant display of flowers which beautify the front garden. The house looks more like it did in old farmer Doran's days. There is an air of comfort and beauty about the place this summer evening that is indescribably charming. Poor Blinky, who is comfortably clad now, is watering the garden plants. The benign influence of the Dunkin Act seems to have been extended to this poor boy, whose distorted reason, in the absence of cruel treatment, has grown more comprehensive of life's duties. Out in the farmyard, busy with his stock, is Phil Doran, whose bright eye kindles with a friendly recognition at our approach, and though his hair is silvered and his brow is wrinkled, the grasp of his hand is firm and strong, indicative of a hale old age. He brings us into the presence of his

loving and now happy wife, who, through all the self-imposed desolation of his misspent life, clung to him with the Christian's fortitude and love. Ever faithful, ever trustful, she hoped when all seemed hopeless. In the darkest hours she never lost her faith. And now behold her in the evening of her life! The darkening shadows have been dispelled, the curse of her husband's life has been removed, the demon has no longer a lurking place upon the highway. She is comforted at last. Even as she contemplates the affliction which it has pleased the All-Wise to cast upon her offspring, she is comforted; for as they kneel by her side in the eventide and listen to her simple story of redeeming love, the light of understanding seems to kindle in their eyes, and this fills the mother's heart with joy and peace.

THE END.

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