A WOLF IN THE FOLD

A DOMESTIC STORY WITH A MORAL.

CHAPTER III.-MRS. MUMPSON NEGO-TIATES AND YIELDS.

Mr. Weeks, on his return home, dropped all diplomacy in dealing with the question at issue. "Cynthy," he said, in his own vernaeu'ar, ' the end has cone so far as me and my folks are concerned,-I never expect to vi-it you, and while I'm master of the house, no more visits will be received. But I h sin't taken any such stand onconsidera e-ly," he corcluded. "I've given up the whole forenoon to secure you a better chance of living than visiting around. If you go to Holcroft's, you'll have to do some work, and so will your girl. But he'll hire some one to help you, and so you won't have to hurt yourself. Your trump card will be to hook him and marry him before he finds you out. To do this, you'll have to see to the house and dairy, and bestir yourself for a time at least. He's pretty desperate off for lack of woman-folks to look after indoor matters, but he'll seli out and clear out before he'll keep a woman, much less marry her, if she does nothing but talk. Now, remember, you've got a chance which you won't get again, for Holcroft not only owns his farm, but has a snug sum in the bank. So you had better get your things together, and go right over while he's in the mood."

When Mrs. Mumpson reached the blank wall of the inevitable, she yielded, and not before. She saw that the Weeks mine was worked out completely, and she knew that this exhaustion was about equally true of all similar mines which had been bored until they would yield no further returns. But Mr. Weeks soon found that he could

not curry out his summary measures. The widow was bent on negotiations and binding agreements. In a stiff, cramped hand, she wrote to Holcroft in regard to the amount of "salary" he would be willing to pay, in-timating that one burdened with such responsibilities as she was expected to assume ort to be compansiated proposhundly."

Weeks groaned as he despatched his son on horseback with this first epistle, and Holcroft groaned as he read it, not on account of its marvellous spelling and con-struction, but by reason of the vista of perplexities and trouble it opened to his boding mind. But he named on half a sheet of paper as large a sum as he felt it possible to pay and leave any chance for himself, then affixed his signature and sent it back by the messenger.

The widow Mumpson wished to talk over he'd offer, and you're lucky to have it in Mumpson. It's better to have a plain under-

iod to this phase of diplomacy by saying, "Well, well, Cynthy, the stage will be along in a couple of hours. We'll put you and your things aboard and you can go on with what you call your negotiations at cousin Abiram's. I can tell you one thing though — if you write any such letter to Holcroft, you'll never hear from him again."

Compelled to give up all these prelimin. aries, but inwardly resolving to gain each point by a nagging persistence of which she was a mistress, she finally declared that she " must have writings about one thing which couidn't be left to any man's changeful mind. He must agree to give me the pects. monthly salary he names for at least a

"Oh, pshaw !" interrupted cousin Le-muel, "it'll be according to whether you've

got any sense or not.' Mrs. Weeks had been in a pitiable state of mind all day. She saw that her husband had reached the limit of his endurancethat he had virtually already "flown off the handle." But to have her own kin actually bundled out of the house-what would people say? Acceptance of Hol-croft's terms, whatever they might be, was the only way out of th . awkward predicament, and so she began in a wheedling tone, "Now, cousin Cynthy, as Lemuel says, you've got a first rate chance. Holcroft's had an awful time with women, and he'll be glad enough to do well by anyone who does fairly well by him. Everybody says he's well off, and once you're fairly and". there and get things in your own hands, there's no telling what may happen. He'll get a girl to help you, and Jane's big enough now to do a good deal. Why you'll be the same as keeping house like the rest of us."

Further discussion was cut short by the arrival of the victim. He stood awkward. ly in the door of the Weeks sitting-room for moment, seemingly at a loss how to state his case.

Mr. and Mrs. Weeks now resolved to ap pear neutral and allow the farmer to make his terms. Then, like other superior powers in the background, they proposed to exert a pressure on their relative and do a little coercing. But the widow's course promised at first to relieve them of all further effort. She suddenly scemed to become aware of Holcroft's presence, sprang up and gave him her hand very cordially.

"I'm glad to see you, sir," she began. "It's very considerate of you to come for me. I can get ready in short order, and as for Jane, she's never a bit of trouble. Sit down, sir, and make yourself to home while I get our things together and put on my bonnet ;" and she was about to hasten from the room.

She, too, had been compelled to see that Holcroft's farmhouse was the only certain refuge left, and while she had rocked and waited the thought had come into her scheming mind, "I've stipulated to stay a year, and if he says nothing against it, it's a bargain which I can manage to keep him to in spite of himself, even if I don't marry him."

But the straightforward farmer was not to be caught in such a trap. He had come this first point between the high contracting himself to say certain words and he would powers indefinitely, but Mr. Weeks remark- say them. He quietly, therefore, stood in ed, cynically, "It's double what I thought the door and said, "Wait a moment, Mrs. he'd offer, and you're lucky to have it in Afumpson. It's better to have a plain under-black and white. Now that every thing's standing in all matters of business. When settled, Timothy will hitch up and take you and Jane up there at once." But Mrs. Mumpson now began to insist upon writing a letter in regard to her do. I'm glad he and his wife are now present as mestic s atus and that of her child. They witnesses. I'm a plain man, and all I want could not think of being looked upon as ser-is to make a livin' off the farm I've been vants. She also wished to be assured that a girl would be hired to help her, that she with the work. Between you, I'll expect it should have all the church privileges to which she had been accustomed and the right to visit and entertain her friends, which meant every farmer's wife and all the maiden sisters in Oakville. "And then," months. Of course, if you manage well, I'll side of rourse, if you manage well, I'll side of rourse if you manage well and side of the provide the side of the provide the side of the provide the pro she continued, "there are always little per-quisites which a housekeeper has a right to look for "—Mr. Weeks irritably put a per-matter of business. If I can't make my farm pay, I'm going to sell or rent and leave these parts."

"Oh, certainly, certainly, Mr. Holcroft. You take a very sensible view of the mat-ter. I hope you will find that I will do all that I agree to and a great deal more. I'm a little afraid of the night air and the inclement season, and so will hasten to get mysslf and my child ready," and she passed quick-

ly out. Weeks put his hand to his mouth to conhe expects, but it won't be just what he ex-

Mr. Weeks followed her relative to exyear." Weeks thought a moment, and then, with a shrewd twinkle in his eyes, admitted, "It would be a good thing to have Holeroft's name to such an agreement. Yes, yeu might try that on, but you're taking a risk. past held her own and her child's wardrobe and represented all their worldly possessions.

"I'm down upon the unprotected man. "There's the step, Mrs. Mumpson." "But I can't see it. Would you mind

lifting me down ?" He impatiently took her by the arms

which seemed in his grasp like the rounds of the chair, and put her on the ground. "Oh !" she exclaimed, in gushing tones,

" there's nothing to equal the strong arms of a man.

He hastily lifted out her daughter, and said, "You had better hurry in to the fire. I'll be bac't in a few minutes," and he led his horses down to the barn, blanketed and tied them. When he returned, he saw two dusky fignres standing by the front door which led to the little hall separating the kitchen from the parlor. "Bless me!" he e

"Bless me " he exclaimed. "You haven't been standing here all this time?" "I's merely due to a little oversight. The door is locked, you see, and"

But the kitchen door is not locked." "Well, it didn't seem quite natural for

us to enter the dwelling on the occasion of our first arrival by the kitchen entrance,

Holcroft, with a grim look, strode through the kitchen and unlocked the door.

"Ah !" exclaimed the widow. "I feel as if I was coming home. Enter, Jane, my dear. I'm sure the place will soon cease to

total. I missive the place with some feeling is rapidly acquired when"— "Just wait a minute, please," said Hol-croft, "and I'll bring the lamp and a candle." This he did with the defenses of a man accustomed to help himself, then led the way to the upper room which was to be her sleeping apartment. Placing the candle on the bureau, he forestalled Mrs. Mumpson by saying, "I'll freshen up the fire in the kitchen and lay out the ham, eggs, coffee and other materials for supper. Then I must go out and unharness and do my night work. Make yourselves to home. You'll soon be able to find everything," and he hastened away. It would not be their fault if they were

not soon able to find every thing. Mrs. Mumpson's first act was to take the candle and survey the room in every nook and corner. She sighed when she found the closet and bureau drawers empty. Then she examined the quantity and texture of the bedding of the "couch on which she was to repose" as she would express herself. Jane followed her around on tiptoe, doing just what her mother did but was silent. At last they shivered in the fireless apart ment, threw off their scanty wraps and went down to the kitchen. Mrs. Mumpson instinctively looked around for a rockingchair, and as none was visible she hastened to the parlor, and, holding the candle aloft, surveyed this apartment. Jane followed in her wake as before, but at last ventured to suggest, "Mother, Mr. Holcroft'll be in soon and want his snpper."

"I suppose he'll want a great many things," replied Mrs. Mumpson, with dig-nity, "but he can't expect a lady of my nity, connections to fly around like a common servant. It is but natural, in coming to a new abode, that I should wish to know something of that abode. There should have been a hired girl here ready to receive and get supper for us. Since there is not one to receive us, bring that rocking-chair, my dear, and I will direct you how to pro-

The child did as she was told, and her mother was soon rocking on the snuggiest side of the kitchen stove, interspersing her rather bewildering orders with various reflections and surmises.

Sketching the child Jane is a sad task and pity would lead us to soften every touch if this could be done in truthfulness. She was but twelve years of age, yet there was scarcely a trace of childhood left in her coloriess face. Stealthy and cat-like in all her movements, she gave the impression that she could not do the commonest thing except in a sly, cowering manner. small, greenish-gray eyes appeared to be growing nearer together with the lapse of time, and their indirect, furtive glances suggested that they had hardly, if ever, seen looks of frank affection bent upon her. She had early learned, on the round of visits with her mother, that so far from being wel-come she was scarcely tolerated, and she reminded one of a stray cat that comes to a dwelling and seeks to maintain existence

semblance of return for such hospitality as they extended, Mrs. Mumpson would re-main indefinitely. Moreover, the homely, silent child made the women nervous, just as her mother irritated the men, and they did not want her around. Thus she had come to be but the spectre of a child, knowing little of the good in the world and as much of the evil as she could understand. She now displayed, however, more sense than her mother. The h bit of close scrut-iny had made it clear that Holcroft would not long endure genteel airs and inefficiency, and that something must be done to keen this shelter. She did her best to get supper, with the aid given from the rocking chair, and at last broke out sharply, "You must get up and help me. He'll turn us out of doors if we don't have supper ready

when he comes in." Spurred by fear of such a dire possibility. Spurred by rear of such a dire possibility, Mrs. Mumpson was bustling around when Holcroft entered. "We'll soon be ready," she gushed, "we'll soon place our evening repast upon the table." "Very well," was the brief reply, as he passed up the stairs with the small hair twork on bis gloudday

trunk on his shoulder.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sugar for Nothiug.

The English weekly newspaper Tit-Bits, lately offered a prize for the best little story in the Scotch brogue. Following is the sketch

to which the premium was awarded : Last Saturday Betty and me were oot getting our provisions, and, in gaing alang a street in the Sooth Side, Betty grippit me by the arm, and pointing tac a shop window, says, "Guid keep us, Jeems ! d'ye see that? Sugar for nacthing !" "Eh ! what's that " I says, getting oot my specs. "That's extraornar; trade must be dull atweel when the've tae gie awa' the goods for naething. My certy, it's a new gemm this. Puir bodies ! hoo can they afford a' that gas and a big rent? Betty," I cries, that gas and a big rent? Betty," I cries, "ye ken I've never grudged the fair price for onything I buy; but when folk offer ye a thing for naething I wid be staunin' in my ein licht if I didna tak' it. Gie me the basket and I'll go in an get eight pun', and after I come oot ye can slip in and get anither eight pun'; it'll no look sae greedy like. Jist wait a wee." And in I goes. "I'll tak' eight pun o' that sugar !" I says "Certainly, sir." Putting it in the basket,

"Certainly, sir." Putting it in the basket, I shut doon the lid and turned. "Hey," cries the lad at the back o' the coonter, "ye've forgot the tea! There's two pun o' tea goes alang wi' that !" "Save us, tea !--tea, did ye say? Great criftens, this bates all ! Tea! Certainly I'll take the tea," and I held up the lid o' the basket and he popped in a package o' tea, a' ready made up. I thoct it was vera fortunate I had seen the shop before the unemployed got word o' it or they wid a unemployed got word o' it, or they wid a haen it a' rookit oot afore I got near't.

"Is there naethin' else-coffee, or ony

thing?" "No !" he says : "it's just the tea and sugar go thegither." "Weel, I'm share we ocht tae be thankfu' "Weel, if there wis a bit pun for that same ; altho', if there wis a bit pun o' coffee I widna object. Weel, guid day tae ye ! guid day !" and I cam' oot. He jumpit ower the conter, and grippit me at the door, and shook me, and says, "The

"Money is any says I, perfectly dumfounder-ed, "ye ne'er said there wis ony money; but it's no over late yet! Hoo much dae ye gie? Ye're a perfect angel in thae bad times. I hope the money's no spurious."

"Ye've tac gie me the money," he says. "Me!" I says; "money for what?" "For the tea," he says. "Did ye no say it went alang wi'the sugar?" "Certainly." "And

alang wi the sugar : "Certainly. "And didna ye say ye gied the sugar for nacthin'?" "Yes." "And what's the money for, then?" "For the tea," he says, getting angry. "Noo, look here," I says, pulling him intae a close oot o' the crood, "let us understan' each other. Tae begin at the beginning, did ye no say ye gied sugar for nacthin'?' "We do." "Weel, so faur, so good ; ye gied me my sugar for naethin', and when I wis coming oot ye cried after me that ye gied tea alang wi' the sugar."

"But ye're tae pay for the tea. "Tut, tut ! will I hae tea begin again?

Noo, look here, and pay attention ! Dinne ye ca' me back when I was gaun oot well enough pleased wi' the sugar, and no askin' for tea, and said ye gied tea alang wi' the sugar ?" "I did."

eel, and hadna ve gien me the su

YOUNG FOLKS.

IMPATIENT GEORGIE.

"Oh, it will do well enough."

This was a favorite phrase of Georgie's. She used it upon all occasions, and lived up to it too. When she was 13, her mether gave her a little bedroom all to herself, which she was to keep clean and in order with her own hands. One morning she was in there putting on her coat and hat in great haste to go to school. Her mother, happening to be passing, opened the door and looked in.

"Why, Ge r ie !" she exclaimed, "Why didn't you put your room in order ?" "I did," said Georgie, going on button-

ing with rapid fingers. "My dear child, just look at it !" said

her mother, with an expressive gesture.

The pillows were placed crookedly on the bed, the towels flung on the rack without being folded, all the bureau drawers open a little, and a piece of string hanging out of

one, etc. "Oh, mamma !" Georgie exclaimed, impa-tiently, "it will do well enough; I'm in such a hurry. I shall be late at school." "You must not be late at school," said

her mother, "but you must put your room in complete order as soon as you come home. I don't want you to get into the habit cf doing things just half."

It was the same way with sewing. Mrs. Blair insisted that the girls should know how to sew, and Georgie learned very readi-ly, but was so careless and so easily satistied that her work often looked very badly, and was a great worry to her mother. "Oh ! won't it do well enough, mamma?"

Georgie would say. "What's the use of being so awfully particular?" "It won't do until it is done just as well

as you can do it," Mrs. Blair would reply, and many a piece of work the young lady was obliged to pick out and do over."

She carried the "well-enough" system into her music studies also, and of course it did not work well there. She was fond cf music, learned with great ease, and played spiritedly, but her performance was spoiled by the way she had of dropping notes and slurring over hard passages which she was too lazy to practice sufficiently. It was in vain her teacher lectured her about such carelessness, and told her she must practice the difficult parts patiently until she could play them as rapidly as the rest; out of his hearing she played them in her own fashion and said it did well enough.

"What is that you are playing?" Elizaheth asked one time.

"It is that new galop Mary Haines play. "It is that new galop hary manes play-ed the other evening," Georgie replied. "Isn't it pretty?" "Yes," said Elizabeth, "but it doesn't sound just as it did when Mary played it." "Well, I don't play it exactly as she did.

You see the bass skips about so that I have to go down for the lower F's and B flats. I can't play fast enough, so I just play them all up here, and then I don't play the octaves in the right hand-just take the upper note."

"Seems to me," said her sister, "it would be better to go slower at first and learn it

right, so as to play it as it is written." "Oh, this sounds well enough," said Georgic, and banged away, perfectly satisfied.

Her father had a scrap book, in which he pasted newspaper articles he wished to keep. Sometimes when he was busy he keep. Sometimes when he was busy he asked Elizabeth to paste the pieces in, and this she did very neatly. Once, when she was away from home, he said : "Georgie, won't you put these pieces in my book ?"

"Yes, sir, of course," she replied, quite proud to be asked.

He showed her how he wanted it done, and she set to work. At first she was very careful to get them all straight and smooth, so the first page she did was just as good as any of Elizabeth's; but soon she became tired of going so slowly and particularly, and began to slight the work. There were two or three little bits that were very hard to fit nicely, and instead of persevering until they were right she hurried them in any way, saying to herself : "Oh, well, it won't matter if such little bits are crooked. It will look well enough."

But it looked very bad, the crooked piece spoiling the whole page. When her father looked at the book he

said: "I'm very much obliged to you, Georgie; but—I'm afraid my little girl hasn't "'Oh, yes, I have, papa, said Georgie. "I know those pieces are a little crooked, but it is so very little I thought you wouldn't mind." a very straight eve. Her father said nothing more, but he never asked her again to paste in pieces, and once when he brought out the book to show a certain political article to a gentleman he was talking with, she noticed he turned the botched page over very quickly, as if he was ashamed of it. This is about the way Georgie does every-thing, and if she does not break herself of this bad habit of doing things just any way at all, she is not likely to grow up to be a very useful and reliable woman.

If you were not so penny wise and pound foolish you'd go at once and manage to get him to take you for ' better or worse." "You misjudge me, cousin Lemuel," re-plied the widow, bridling and rocking vio-

lently. "If there's any such taking to be done, he must get me to take him." "Well, well, write your letter alout a year's engagement. That'll settle for you for a twelve month, at least."

dwelt upon the uncertainties of life, her "duty to her offspring," and the evils of "vicissitude." "A stable home is woman's chief desire," she concluded, "and you will surely agree to pay me the salary you have said for a year.

When Holcroft read this second epistle he so far yielded to his first impulse that he half tore the sheet, then paused irresolutely. After a few moments he went to the door and looked out upon his acres. "It'll soon be ploughing and planting time," he thought, guess I can stand her-at least I can try it for three months. I'd like to turn a few more furrows on the old place," and his face softened and grew wistful as he looked at the bare, frost bound fields. Suddenly it darkened and grew stern as he muttered, ings. The question implied so much truth "Rut I'll put my hand to no more paper of a certain kind that all her relatives were with that Weeks tribe."

He strode to the stable, saying to Timothy Weeks, as he passed, " I'll answer this letter in person.

Away cantered Timothy, and soon caused a flutter of expectancy in the Weeks house-hold, by announcing that "old Holcroft looked black as a thunder cloud and was comin' himself." "I tell you what 'tis, Cynthy, it's the

turn of a hair with you now," growled Weeks. "Unless you agree to whatever Holcroft says, you haven't a ghost of a chance.

The widow felt that a crisis had indeed come. Cousin Abiram's was the next place in the order of visitation, but her last experience there left her in painful doubt as to a future reception. Therefore she tied on a new cap, smoothed her apron, and rocked with unwonted rapidity. "It'll be accordwith unwonted rapidity. "It'll be ing to the ordering of Providence"-----

Mr. Weeks, much pleased at the turn of affairs, became very affable, but confined his remarks chiefly to the weather, while Holcroft, who had an uneasy sense of being overreacted in some undetected way, was abstracted and laconic. He was soon on the road home, however, with Mrs. Mump-son and Jane. Cousin Lemuel's last whis-Mrs. Mumpson again began the slow, labor- pered charge was, "Now, for mercy's sake, ious construction of a letter in which she do keep your tongue still and your hands do keep your tongue still and your hands busy.

> Whatever possibilities there may be for the Ethiopian or the leopard, there was no hope that Mrs. Mumpson would materially change any of her characteristics. The chief reason was that she had no desire to change, A more self-complacent person did not exist in Oakville. Good traits in other people did not interest her. They were insipid, they lacked a certain pungen-cy which a dash of evil imparts ; and in the course of her minute investigations she had discerned or surmised so much that was reprehensible that she had come to regard herself as singularly free from sins of omis-sion and commission. "What have I ever done ?" she would ask in her self-communin gall and bitterness as they remembered the weary months during which she had rocked idly at their firesides. With her, talking was as much of a necessity as breathing, but during the ride to the hillside farm she, in a sense, held her breath, for a keen March wind was blowing. She was so quiet that Holcroft grew hope-

ful, not realizing that the checked flow of words must have a freer course later on. A cloudy twilight was deepening fast when they reached the dwelling. Holcroft's mar-ket wagon served for the general purposes of conveyance, and he drove as near as pos-

sible to the kitchen door. Descending from the front seat, which he had occupied alone, he turned and offered his hand to assist the widow to alight, but she nervously poised herself on the edge of the vehicle aud seem.

She could scarcely do otherwise, poor child ! there had seemed no place for her at any of the firesides. She haunted halls and passage-ways, sat in dusky corners, and kept her meagre little form out of sight as much as possible. She was the last one helped at table when she was permitted to come at all, and so had early learned to watch, like a cat, and when people'f backs were turned, to snatch something, carry it off, and devour it in secret. Detected in these pilferings, to which she was almost driven, she was regarded as even a greater nuisance than her mother.

The latter was too much pre-occupied to give her child attention. Ensconced in a rocking-chair in the best room, and always in full tide of talk if there was any one present, she rarely seemed to think where Jane was or what she was doing. The rounds of visitation gave the child no chance to go to school, so her developing mind had little other pabulum than what her mother supplied so freely. She was acquiring the same consuming curiosity, with the redeeming feature that she did not talk. Listening in unsuspected places, she heard much that was said about her mother and herself, and the pathetic part of this experience was she had never known enough of kindthatness to be wounded. She was only made to feel more fully how precarious was her foothold in her transient abiding place, and therefore was rendered more furtive, sly and distant in order to secure toleration by keeping out of every one's way. In her prowlings, however, she managed to learn and understand everything that was going on even better than her mother, who, becoming aware of this fact, was acquiring the habit of putting her through a whispered cross questioning when they retired for the night. It would be hard to imagine a child beginning life under more unfavorable auspices, and still harder to predict the outcome

In she course of her close watchfulness she had observed how many of the domes-tic labors had been performed, and she would have helped more in the various households if she had been given a chance ;

for naething ?"

"I had." "Weel, and what hae ye tae say for yoursel', eh? It's no the worth o't, min' sel', eh? It's no the worth o't, min' ye; but I'm no a man tae be made a fule o't; hooever, there's my card—ye can summon me, but I'm thinking ye'll get the warst o't. No, no ! I wisna born yesterday. I thocht there wis some juckry-pockry aboot it. Come awa', Betty, here's oor caur."

The Total Eclipse of 1887.

The year 1887 has in store for astronomers a total eclipse of the sun, which can be observed from convenient stations in Europe. This eclipse occurs on the 18th of August and the line of totality passes through Ber-lin and a lijtle to the north of Moscow. The event will give astronomers an excellent opportunity to pursue their studies of the sun's surroundings. We believe excellent results might be obtained in determining the extent of the sun's surroundings by the use of rapid photograph lenses of wide angles, in ordinary cameras. A lens of six inches focus would produce a very small image of the sun, but would include a wide field of the heavens, and with very rapid plates, the faint illumination about the sun might be photographed.

Found Snakes in the Turkeys.

A lady in Albuqueraue, N. M., avers that after she had purchased a fine fat turkey, lately she found in its entrails a snake not less that six inches long and, fearing that the reptile, though dead, had poisoned the fowl, she exchanged it with her grocer for another turkey, and that upon opening the second bird she found a larger snake with two young ones, all three dead. She says the reptiles were of the striped variety and were venomous looking. The lady is one whose statements can be relied upon. She ate no turkey.

is to notify you that base substitution is practised when the great, sure-pop corn cure is asked for. Putnam's Painless Corn Exed to be afraid to venture. The wind flut-but the housewives had not regarded her as appear like a bird of prey about to swoop tries, and also found that if there was a sure and get "Putnam's." tractor never fails to take corns off. It

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

If we are to have drunkards in the future. some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing ; and I ask you again if you want to be one of them : No ! of course you don't !

Well, I have a plan for you that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to morrow morning. It never failed; it never will fail ! and I think it is worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. That is the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting into practice.

I know you don't drink now, and it seems to you as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it probably will come in this way: You will find yourself, some time, with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely look upon you as a milksop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? Eh, what will you do? Will you say, "No, no ! none of that stuff for me! I know a trick worth half a dozen of that!" or will you take the glass with your The Fire Bells Ring out an alarm and it is heeded. This science making the whole draught bitter and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go off with a hot head and a skulk-ing soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself and will keep doing so during all its life? Boys, do not become drunks ards.