

One Week or less circulation a Square.	Two Weeks	Three Weeks	Four Weeks	Five Weeks	Six Weeks	Seven Weeks	Eight Weeks	Nine Weeks	Ten Weeks
One Square	1.00	1.50	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00
Two Squares	2.00	3.00	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00
Three Squares	3.00	4.50	6.00	7.50	9.00	10.50	12.00	13.50	15.00
Four Squares	4.00	6.00	8.00	10.00	12.00	14.00	16.00	18.00	20.00
Five Squares	5.00	7.50	10.00	12.50	15.00	17.50	20.00	22.50	25.00
Six Squares	6.00	9.00	12.00	15.00	18.00	21.00	24.00	27.00	30.00
Seven Squares	7.00	10.50	14.00	17.50	21.00	24.50	28.00	31.50	35.00
Eight Squares	8.00	12.00	16.00	20.00	24.00	28.00	32.00	36.00	40.00
Nine Squares	9.00	13.50	18.00	22.50	27.00	31.00	35.00	39.00	43.00
Ten Squares	10.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	30.00	34.00	38.00	42.00	46.00

For all accounts for advertising are due upon presentation of bill.

To-Day.
Only from day to day
The life of a wise man runs;
What matter if seasons far away
Have gloom or have double suns?
To climb the unequal path,
We lose the roadway here,
We swim the rivers of woe,
And tunnel the hills of fear.
Our feet on the torrent's brink,
Our eyes on the cloud afar,
We fear the things we think,
Instead of the things that are.
Like a tide our work should rise,
Each later wave the best,
To-morrow forever flies,
To-day is the special feast.
Like a sower's work is life;
The present makes the law,
And the only field for strife
Is the inch before the saw.

TROTTIE'S DREAM.

A Christmas Story.

On Christmas eve, 1871, two poor girls, averaging between twenty and twenty-two years of age, quitted a large biscuit manufactory in Rotherhithe, in which they were employed, and continued their way westward towards the Borough, conversing as they went in what manner they should best see fit.

One of them, who lived in Lambeth, said to the other:
"At our house we intend to have a regular jollification, and I mean to spend eighteen pence of the money I've earned during the week in buying a bottle of good rum, to give my father and mother a treat of punch. And very happy we shall be together, for my brother Tom has just come home from sea, and Martha has got a holiday for three days from the shop she works at in Piccadilly. What do you intend doing, Trottie?—aint you going to give your people a treat?"

Trottie, a pretty brunette, replied that she was rather puzzled to do so.
"The fact is," she said, "we're in a great deal of trouble as you see. Father, who works in the docks, has been thrown out of employment through the continuance of the east wind, which keeps the shipping from coming up the channel, and poor John, my brother, who works in the silk factory, has so sprained his leg that it is probable he will not be able to go to work again for some weeks to come. If it had not been for what I have earned, and mother nicking up something at umbrella making, we should be pretty well starved. As it is, the two little ones, Kate and Johnny, are getting so pale and thin for want of nourishment, it quite goes to my heart to see them. Still, I should like to give poor father a treat if I could, for he's very low-spirited and it would cheer him up a little, and do him good."

"You'd better do so," said her companion; "and depend upon it, it won't be money thrown away. It's only fair a daughter should think of her father and mother's comforts."
By this time the two girls had arrived at the corner of Tooley street, in the Borough, and after a very affectionate parting, each wishing the other the compliments of the season, she hurried southward to her home in Lambeth, and Trottie continued her way onwards over London bridges towards the Commercial road, where, in a by street, her parents resided, thinking as she went over the conversation she had with her friend.

The poor girl was in a state of great indecision. She much wished to purchase the rum, but she had heard her father say it was his intention to take the pledge. He knew, he said, several men who worked in the docks who had done so, and their report was that not only could they perform their work fully as well and with as little inconvenience to themselves as when taking three or four pints of beer during the day, but, in point of fact, found them in better health than before; they rose fresher in the morning, and had less feeling less fatigued in the evening; also that their wives and families were made the more comfortable, on account of the money economized from the public house. Still, Trottie argued, her father and mother had not yet taken the pledge, and therefore she would not be tempting them to break it. They could have happy evenings to-morrow, and then be better satisfied, if they pleased, the next morning. And then it occurred to her that, suppose they did not, would she, in any manner, have made herself answerable in keeping them from their good resolution? Other thoughts then came into her head. The family larder was at a very low ebb, and would it not be better to give her mother a bottle of rum, to spend it on the children, and to get some food for the family instead of drink?

Poor Trottie continued onwards in a state of lamentable indecision. At last she came to a conclusion. On passing a shining gin palace in Whitechapel, which, from the splendor of its decorations, probably surpassed Aladdin's palace, with the exception that the quaint Oriental magnificence of the latter might be worthy of some admiration, while the execrable taste displayed in the former was worthy of all reprobation, her eye was attracted by the glare of gas, plate glass, and gilding. She looked at the building for a moment, and found, among other labels, embossed in golden letters, in the window: "FINE OLD FAMOUS BANG, eighteen pence a bottle." She saw the majority of cases a singular spell over Trottie, and she could not keep her eyes from them.

At last the truth of the proverb, "What is done cannot be undone," came across her mind, and she resolved to enter the gin shop and purchase a bottle of rum. But attentive as she appeared from the outside, and although the gilding and appointments on the inside were even more lavish than on the exterior, she soon found that she was in a most unpropitious atmosphere. There was a crowd composed of women of the lowest character, workmen (and what some also had their wives with them), soldiers from the Tower, and some new, few doing quite sober, the majority slightly intoxicated, and some positively drunk. There was a considerable press forward at

the time, caused by the attempt of the barman to push out of the shop a wretched, ragged, drunken middle-aged woman, who screamed and fought with great energy. Of those present, some took her part; others were for her expulsion. Possibly neither party were much interested in her case, but simply interfered from love of the fun it created.

Disgusted with the scene, Trottie left the shop, and went into the street, determining to continue her road homeward. She had not, however, succeeded in passing the shop, when she saw on a side door, written also in gold embossed letters: "Bottle Department." Being somewhat of a determined character, and having resolved that she would carry home the rum, she entered this department, where she could make her purchase quietly and unobserved.

This, however, was hardly the case, for she found it filled, though with a somewhat more decent set of customers than in the barroom; but every sound and blasphemous expression used by those she had just left was as audible as if she had been among them. She could hear that the barman was loudly exclaiming in turning out the woman, her defenders at the time making still more noise, and using more horrible expletives as they found the other party the stronger.

Trottie could support this no longer, and, before making her purchase, she left the place, at the same time as the woman was expelled from the other door. When outside the house the woman continued her vociferations as loudly as ever, totally indifferent to the remonstrances of a policeman, who earnestly advised her to go home, or he would be obliged to lock her up.

"You ungrateful vagabonds!" she roared out to the barman and others employed in the shop; "you ought to be ashamed of yourself, for you know you haven't a better customer than me. Why, this very evening I passed the shop of my Willard's feet, and now I've spent all the money I've got you refuse to give me credit for another quart. Oh! you're a precious set of Christians, you are! I wouldn't have my soul in any of your bodies for anything."

Here the policeman managed to drag her away, while poor Trottie, thoroughly disgusted with the whole scene, continued her way homeward, leaving all thoughts of rum behind her.

When Trottie arrived at the house she found all the family assembled; but gloomy indeed was their appearance. The stamp of hunger was on the faces of all, and not without cause, for that day, with the exception of a half quart loaf, they had eaten nothing. Trottie, when she noticed their expression, was very pleased she had not purchased the bottle of rum. Without making any remark, she drew from her pocket the whole of her week's earnings and placed it in the hands of her mother, who silently kissed her, and then putting on her bonnet, started off for the open-air market in the Whitechapel road, leaving Trottie to converse with the others, and make herself as useful as she could during her absence. After talking a little to her father and brother, and putting the tea things on the table, she sat down and silently reflected on the temptation she had overcome. Presently an upstairs lodger entered the room, carrying on her arm a basket filled with good things for the next day's enjoyment. Trottie asked what she had got, and the woman, opening the basket, showed her many delicious articles, such as sugar, meat, vegetables, and other things, including a bottle of rum.

"You're determined to make yourself happy to-morrow," said Trottie, looking at the rum.
"Yes," said the woman; "Christmas comes but once a year, and we may as well be happy as not. My husband tried if he can't make a little merry once a year. Why, we always look for it on Christmas day. I believe my husband would sooner go without half his meat than his glass of rum and water and pipe after dinner, and another in the evening."

The lodger continued conversing with them for a short time longer, when Trottie's mother returned from the market.
"And what have you got, mother?" asked Trottie. "Let's see if your basket is as well worth having as Mrs. Thompson's."

Trottie's mother seemed to have some diffidence in showing the contents of her basket, and possibly with some reason, for her purchases were vastly inferior to those made by the lodger. Trottie also felt ashamed of the expense, but said no remark.

"I see," said her mother to the lodger, "you've got something good there in that bottle. I should like to have bought one as well, but I'm sorry to say we can't afford it."
"Oh," said the lodger, "you ought to have made an effort. It will be hard indeed if Christmas night passes off without some jollification."

"We must try and be happy without the bottle," said Trottie's father, joining for the first time in the conversation.
"And not only be happy to-morrow night, but every night in the week. I've rarely found any good come of the bottle, but I've known a great deal of harm. I was never a drunkard, but I can easily see how that if I'd kept away from the public house altogether, and saved my money, we should not be in the straits we are now in. But if she'll occur again, though, if I can help it, whenever I'm again in work I'll put every farthing I should have spent in the public house, and I expect before next Christmas I shall not have as much dread of the east wind keeping shipping from coming up the channel as now."

Trottie's mother argued on the other side, and expressed great regret that she was not able to obtain the same means as the lodger for their enjoyment the next day.
"For my part," she continued, "I think every workman wants some thing to strengthen him, and all the doctors now say there's nothing does so much good as spirits. A good glass of brandy is often worth all the physic in a doctor's shop put together."

Trottie's father, however, although he did not contradict his wife, held to his own opinion; and Trottie began to think that his intended abstinence was occasioned rather by the pain he felt at seeing their poor circumstances than from any dislike to the liquor itself.

The lodger now left them, and after their meal Trottie and her younger sister Kate soon went to bed, and after their usual routine of washing, and brushing their hair, and putting on their nightgowns, they retired to their beds. Although tired with the day's exertion, Trottie did not fall asleep, but continued, in the darkness and solitude of her room, the train of thoughts that had occupied her mind during the evening. She was particularly struck with the words of her mother, and the sorrowful expression of her countenance when she lamented they had nothing whatever in the shape of spirituous liquors to gladden their hearts the next evening. Now Trottie was a good daughter, and intensely fond of her mother, and she began to consider whether it would be possible to obtain a bottle of rum, and make it a present to her. True, she had given all her week's earnings to purchase food for the family, but still there might be some plan by which to accomplish her object. No doubt her friend, Martha Jones, who accompanied her from the factory as far as Tooley street, and whose parents were comfortably off, would lend her the money, which she could repay from her next week's earnings. Well, she thought she would do it, and then she thought she would not.

"Better go at once," suggested itself to her mind, and that so plainly and distinctly that she thought it must have been whispered to her. Against the words were uttered, and, if possible, more clearly than before. Trottie was in doubt whether she really heard a voice, or whether it was merely fancy on her part, when she felt a hand taken hers. She attempted to withdraw her own, but it was impossible. Without any pressure the hand seemed simply to clasp hers, but so cold and clammy was it that she shuddered as she felt it. And then she remembered, some years before, when she had seen her little brother, as he lay in his coffin preparatory to it being screwed down, that she had kissed him first on his forehead, and then, taking his hand, had kissed that also, remarking at the same time how cold and clayey it felt. The hand that held hers at the present moment seemed that of a dead child's about her brother's age.

Without being able to understand in what manner it was done, Trottie found the hand leading her through darkness so profound she could distinguish nothing whatever. All, too, was silent around her. Still she went on, gliding swiftly, without meeting with any impediment, or without the dread of doing so, as she seemed to be glimmer of light, as if from gas or a lamp, which increased in clearness till she began to notice that there were objects near her. These in their turn became more and more distinct, till she found herself, the dead hand holding her still, behind the counter in a large pawnbroker's shop. To her surprise, neither of the shopmen appeared to notice her; and she turned round to see who it was that held her hand, but she could see neither the hand nor her own. On looking round the shop she found it contained three small compartments, like boxes, each having an occupant, with two of whom the two shopmen were busy completing loans. In the third was a respectable-looking woman, who remained silent till her turn came to be attended to. She kept her head turned somewhat aside, so that her features were not visible, and this was done in such a manner as evidently to show the wish to escape observation; and no one could see her, for, as before stated, the shopmen were busy with two other customers, and Trottie herself felt that she was as invisible as the one who stood behind her.

And now it came to the woman's turn to be waited upon, who had so fixedly engaged Trottie's attention.
"What can I do for you, ma'am?" said one of the shopmen.
"I want half-a-crown on those," said the woman, putting something down on the counter, but Trottie could not see what, as the shopman stood between her and the woman.

Taking up the article she had put down, the shopman carried them (a pair of child's shoes) under the gaslight to examine them more minutely.
"Ah, you may examine them as much as you please," said the woman; "they are very little worn; I gave six shillings for them not long ago, and the boy's only worn them on Sundays."
"Eighteen pence," said the shopman.
"Eighteen pence won't do," said the woman.
"Take them back, then," said the shopman, throwing them on the counter.
"Say one-and-nine," said the woman.
"Eighteen pence or nothing," replied the shopman.
"I'll take the money," said the woman.

The man now proceeded to tie together the shoes and make out a ticket, and the dead hand drew Trottie from the shop.
How it was she could not tell, but, without hurrying or making scarcely any movement, Trottie the next moment found herself in a singular manner, with racks and shelves raised round it and in the center; and these were filled with objects of a most disgusting description, many of them folded up in cloths, while others were open to the eye, all having labels on them, and arranged in the neatest order. There were two men also in this room—one of them an assistant in the house, the other a visitor. They were conversing together on some common subject when a noise was heard in one part of the room, which seemed to proceed from a small cupboard in the corner. The assistant went and opened the door, and there, on a shelf, he found evidently the same pair of shoes which had been pledged by the woman below. The man having inspected the ticket on them, took them to a shelf where a number of other pairs of shoes about the same size were arranged.

"How I do hate having to do with these things," said the man to his companion.
"Why?" he asked.

"I don't like them; they all belt the same tale," was his reply. "There isn't a pair of the whole of those shoes on this shelf that hasn't been taken off the feet of the child of a drunken mother."
"How do you know that?" asked his companion.
"A sober woman," he replied, "may be too distrustful and bitter distrust, too, but she will part with everything she has sooner than pawn her children's clothes; while the drunken mother makes no scruple on the occasion, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred before half an hour has passed since she received the money every farthing of it is gone in the gin shop. It would be very curious to trace the stories of those families whose children's shoes are on that shelf. Many a tale of the most heartrending description would be found connected with them, and every portion of the misery endured, the fault of a drunken mother. Now as to these very shoes," he continued, "I can tell the history of the woman who pawned them," so saying, he mechanically examined them under the light.
"You see they're well made; there's no slop-work here. I can almost tell by the look of them that the child's mother has never pawned them before. I should like to have seen her when she was in the box offering them, and then I could have told. When I used to be below in the shop I could always tell when a woman forced a pair of her children's shoes or pledged whether she was a begginer or an old hand."

"How could you know that?" asked his companion.
"If a begginer," said the man, "she generally turns her head on one side and tries to conceal her face; if an old hand she will brazen it out. Why, these shoes have not been worn a fortnight or anything like that."
Trottie's eyes now fell on the shoes as the man was examining them, and it struck her they were remarkably like her little brother Johnny's, and she remembered that about a fortnight before a pair of shoes had been bought for him out of the last wages her father had earned before he was thrown out of work at the docks. It also occurred to her that the shoe she had just seen strongly resembled the one which her mother had on when she went out to market. Her attention, was, however, again riveted to the conversation of the two men.

"I wonder whether any of these female drunkards are ever reclaimed," remarked one of them.
"You don't," said the assistant. "I've seen now in these kind of shops in Hatfield highway and about Whitechapel for the last five and twenty years, and you may imagine, have had a good deal of experience, and beyond that, I belong to a temperance society myself;—well, I can assure you I've never in my life known a female drunkard reclaimed. Once I saw a woman pawn her children's shoes. I almost look upon it that when she has pledged her child's shoes she is as completely lost to all chance of reformation as the men we used to read of in former times who sold themselves to the evil one."

"Isn't that carrying the idea rather too far?" said his companion.
"Not a bit," replied the assistant. "You don't, then, consider it possible for a drunkard woman to be reclaimed?"
"Not when she's once pawned her children's shoes," said the man, "and there's a very curious circumstance connected with it, showing how much more prejudicially drink will act on a woman's mind than a man's. A man may be an irreclaimable drunkard, and to satisfy his propensity for drink will purloin or steal anything he can lay his hands upon, but I never knew a case of a man, although very likely a dozen-times-convicted thief, ever having pawned his children's clothes for the sake of drink. A drunken woman, on the contrary, after once having perpetrated the act, never again hesitates. No, believe me, when once she has done that she is thoroughly lost."

The dead hand now drew Trottie from the warehouse, and after passing through darkness as profound as that she entered when first led from her home, the light began gradually to appear, and objects, as of people passing her in the streets, became distinguishable. Then a glare of light appeared in the distance, and presently she found herself standing near the Whitechapel gin shop in which she had intended to purchase a bottle of rum, and then quitted it in disgust from the scenes she had witnessed. The same noise of shouts, quarrelling and laughter which had appeared to her so repulsive, she now heard again, and with the same abhorrence. She would willingly have moved off, but the dead hand held her fast, and she attempted to resist, but the pressure, which had hitherto been light, now became so strong as to be irresistible, and she was obliged to enter the place against her better judgment.

The scene here was, if possible, more revolting than the one she had before witnessed. There were more persons in the place, both men and women, and these in a grosser state of intoxication. Language of the most disgusting description was bandied about from one to the other, less in anger or jest than as ordinary conversation. One scene particularly attracted Trottie's attention. A middle-aged man, in a state of mad drunkenness, was crying, and a dirty, disreputable-looking woman was attempting to console him.
"Don't take on so," she said; "you know that'll do no good—you can't cure her that way."
"But she'll be dead before I get home," said the man.
"Well, you can't help that," said the woman; "it's very sad, but you can't help it. And when she's gone, I shan't make you a fashionable wife, but we shall be very happy together."

Turning from this scene, Trottie witnessed another still more painful. A girl about thirteen years of age was endeavoring to drag her father from the gin shop. He resisted, however, all her endeavors, and the poor girl cried bitterly. And then a quarrel took place between him and a sailor, and a fight ensued. The sailor was by far the most powerful of the two, his adversary being evidently of a weak, dissipated constitution, apparently a workman in one of the numerous factories in the neighborhood of Whitechapel.

"I don't like them; they all belt the same tale," was his reply. "There isn't a pair of the whole of those shoes on this shelf that hasn't been taken off the feet of the child of a drunken mother."
"How do you know that?" asked his companion.
"A sober woman," he replied, "may be too distrustful and bitter distrust, too, but she will part with everything she has sooner than pawn her children's clothes; while the drunken mother makes no scruple on the occasion, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred before half an hour has passed since she received the money every farthing of it is gone in the gin shop. It would be very curious to trace the stories of those families whose children's shoes are on that shelf. Many a tale of the most heartrending description would be found connected with them, and every portion of the misery endured, the fault of a drunken mother. Now as to these very shoes," he continued, "I can tell the history of the woman who pawned them," so saying, he mechanically examined them under the light.
"You see they're well made; there's no slop-work here. I can almost tell by the look of them that the child's mother has never pawned them before. I should like to have seen her when she was in the box offering them, and then I could have told. When I used to be below in the shop I could always tell when a woman forced a pair of her children's shoes or pledged whether she was a begginer or an old hand."

"How could you know that?" asked his companion.
"If a begginer," said the man, "she generally turns her head on one side and tries to conceal her face; if an old hand she will brazen it out. Why, these shoes have not been worn a fortnight or anything like that."
Trottie's eyes now fell on the shoes as the man was examining them, and it struck her they were remarkably like her little brother Johnny's, and she remembered that about a fortnight before a pair of shoes had been bought for him out of the last wages her father had earned before he was thrown out of work at the docks. It also occurred to her that the shoe she had just seen strongly resembled the one which her mother had on when she went out to market. Her attention, was, however, again riveted to the conversation of the two men.

"I wonder whether any of these female drunkards are ever reclaimed," remarked one of them.
"You don't," said the assistant. "I've seen now in these kind of shops in Hatfield highway and about Whitechapel for the last five and twenty years, and you may imagine, have had a good deal of experience, and beyond that, I belong to a temperance society myself;—well, I can assure you I've never in my life known a female drunkard reclaimed. Once I saw a woman pawn her children's shoes. I almost look upon it that when she has pledged her child's shoes she is as completely lost to all chance of reformation as the men we used to read of in former times who sold themselves to the evil one."

"Isn't that carrying the idea rather too far?" said his companion.
"Not a bit," replied the assistant. "You don't, then, consider it possible for a drunkard woman to be reclaimed?"
"Not when she's once pawned her children's shoes," said the man, "and there's a very curious circumstance connected with it, showing how much more prejudicially drink will act on a woman's mind than a man's. A man may be an irreclaimable drunkard, and to satisfy his propensity for drink will purloin or steal anything he can lay his hands upon, but I never knew a case of a man, although very likely a dozen-times-convicted thief, ever having pawned his children's clothes for the sake of drink. A drunken woman, on the contrary, after once having perpetrated the act, never again hesitates. No, believe me, when once she has done that she is thoroughly lost."

The dead hand now drew Trottie from the warehouse, and after passing through darkness as profound as that she entered when first led from her home, the light began gradually to appear, and objects, as of people passing her in the streets, became distinguishable. Then a glare of light appeared in the distance, and presently she found herself standing near the Whitechapel gin shop in which she had intended to purchase a bottle of rum, and then quitted it in disgust from the scenes she had witnessed. The same noise of shouts, quarrelling and laughter which had appeared to her so repulsive, she now heard again, and with the same abhorrence. She would willingly have moved off, but the dead hand held her fast, and she attempted to resist, but the pressure, which had hitherto been light, now became so strong as to be irresistible, and she was obliged to enter the place against her better judgment.

The scene here was, if possible, more revolting than the one she had before witnessed. There were more persons in the place, both men and women, and these in a grosser state of intoxication. Language of the most disgusting description was bandied about from one to the other, less in anger or jest than as ordinary conversation. One scene particularly attracted Trottie's attention. A middle-aged man, in a state of mad drunkenness, was crying, and a dirty, disreputable-looking woman was attempting to console him.
"Don't take on so," she said; "you know that'll do no good—you can't cure her that way."
"But she'll be dead before I get home," said the man.
"Well, you can't help that," said the woman; "it's very sad, but you can't help it. And when she's gone, I shan't make you a fashionable wife, but we shall be very happy together."

Turning from this scene, Trottie witnessed another still more painful. A girl about thirteen years of age was endeavoring to drag her father from the gin shop. He resisted, however, all her endeavors, and the poor girl cried bitterly. And then a quarrel took place between him and a sailor, and a fight ensued. The sailor was by far the most powerful of the two, his adversary being evidently of a weak, dissipated constitution, apparently a workman in one of the numerous factories in the neighborhood of Whitechapel.

"I don't like them; they all belt the same tale," was his reply. "There isn't a pair of the whole of those shoes on this shelf that hasn't been taken off the feet of the child of a drunken mother."
"How do you know that?" asked his companion.
"A sober woman," he replied, "may be too distrustful and bitter distrust, too, but she will part with everything she has sooner than pawn her children's clothes; while the drunken mother makes no scruple on the occasion, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred before half an hour has passed since she received the money every farthing of it is gone in the gin shop. It would be very curious to trace the stories of those families whose children's shoes are on that shelf. Many a tale of the most heartrending description would be found connected with them, and every portion of the misery endured, the fault of a drunken mother. Now as to these very shoes," he continued, "I can tell the history of the woman who pawned them," so saying, he mechanically examined them under the light.
"You see they're well made; there's no slop-work here. I can almost tell by the look of them that the child's mother has never pawned them before. I should like to have seen her when she was in the box offering them, and then I could have told. When I used to be below in the shop I could always tell when a woman forced a pair of her children's shoes or pledged whether she was a begginer or an old hand."

"How could you know that?" asked his companion.
"If a begginer," said the man, "she generally turns her head on one side and tries to conceal her face; if an old hand she will brazen it out. Why, these shoes have not been worn a fortnight or anything like that."
Trottie's eyes now fell on the shoes as the man was examining them, and it struck her they were remarkably like her little brother Johnny's, and she remembered that about a fortnight before a pair of shoes had been bought for him out of the last wages her father had earned before he was thrown out of work at the docks. It also occurred to her that the shoe she had just seen strongly resembled the one which her mother had on when she went out to market. Her attention, was, however, again riveted to the conversation of the two men.

In a short time the sailor had so great an advantage over his adversary as to prove that the latter had not the slightest chance against him. He had got the wretched man against the wall and was pommeling him in the most terrific manner, the poor child screaming violently and begging the bystanders to interfere on her father's behalf. But they, the gnomes of the place, however, were dominant at the time, and no one offered to render any assistance or to part the combatants; on the contrary, they called out for fair play, the sailors cheering their companion, while those of the workman's party advised him to stand up and show himself a man. At last the poor wretch, utterly senseless and exhausted, on the ground, his face covered with blood. Some of the bystanders evidently thought he was dead, and advised the sailor to decamp as rapidly as possible. He took their advice and left the place. The landlord of the house then sent for the police, and the poor girl remained by the side of her father, crying in a most piteous manner. Here, it is true, many offered to console her, but even their consolations were mixed up with the odious influence of that locality.

"Come, cheer up, my girl," said one man; "your father will be all right as soon as he's got the police to take care of him. Here, take a drop; it'll do you good," and he placed some gin to the girl's lips, but she pushed it away with horror.

At last the police arrived, and the man was placed on a stretcher. One of them then asked where he lived, and the girl told him.
"What a shame!" said the policeman to the landlord, "for you to allow the man to have got so drunk in your house."
"So it is," said a woman, who now seemed to exhibit some kind feeling towards the girl and who, had she not been in such a locality, might have been considered respectable. "It's a shame, for he is a hard-working man enough, if he had his way; but it's places like this that tempt him in. Why, the man spent as much money here to-night as would feed his family half a week, and they're pretty well starving at home."

The policeman now carried off the man on the stretcher, and the dead hand drew Trottie after them.
They had hardly quitted the threshold of the house when Trottie noticed a woman approaching. The dead hand now held Trottie stationary, and as the woman came nearer Trottie began to recognize her as the same she had seen in the pawnbroker's shop. Onward she came toward the gin shop, and just as she was about to enter Trottie found, to her intense horror, that she was no other than her own mother. She implored her not to enter, but her words seemed to pass through her as if she had been a spirit, and unaware of her presence, and then to enter the gin shop. Trottie, in despair, attempted to utter a violent scream.

"Why, Trottie, what's the matter with you?" said little Katie, her bedfellow; "what ails you to-night? One would think you were being murdered. What's the matter, dear Trottie?"
Trottie remained for some moments silent and motionless; she could hardly believe she was in her home, and in bed with her sister, so vivid and real had her dream appeared. She was inclined to believe she had been sleeping, and the scenes she had passed through were simply illusions; but then again the dead hand—how could she account for that? She still felt its pressure; her hand was perfectly numb, and then the thought occurred to her that she had been lying on it, and the pressure she had felt was only caused by stagnation of blood.

In a few moments Trottie was fully awakened by little Katie, who passed her arms round her neck, and after kissing her, said: "Dear Trottie, what is the matter with you? Do tell me what made you cry out in that dreadful manner." Trottie only kissed her sister, but did not give her any explanation as to the cause of her cry; nor did she to any one else.

No visit was paid that day by Trottie to her friend Martha Jones, and no rum was purchased. Christmas evening, however, could not have passed more happily with the family than it did, had Trottie carried out her determination; and the money the rum would have cost was not only economized, but probably a mischief less terrible than that which Trottie had witnessed in her dream avoided.—William Gilbert.

What I Have Seen.
An old man of experience says:
I have seen a young man sell a good farm, turn merchant, and die in the instant ruin.
I have seen a farmer travel about so much that there was nothing at home worth looking at.
I have seen a man spend more money in folly than would support his family in comfort and independence.
I have seen a young girl marry a young man of dissolute habits, and repent of it as long as she lived.
I have seen a man depart from truth where candor and veracity would have served him to a much better purpose.
I have seen the extravagant and folly of children bring their parents to poverty and want, and themselves to disgrace.
I have seen a prudent and industrious wife retrieve the fortunes of a family when the husband yielded at the other end of the rope.
I have seen a young man who despised the counsels of the wise and advice of the good, and his career end in poverty and wretchedness.