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**TEMPERANCE COLUMN.**  
Contributed by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Hampstead, N. B.  
**Rise up ye Women that are at Ease**

ONE SCENE OUT OF MANY.

It was a dreary miserable morning, a heavy fog hung over the wretched street; the rain had fallen continually through the night and still drizzled in a forlorn way. Pedestrians jostled along, occasionally hitting one another with their wet umbrellas and slashing the mud right and left over the dirty pavement.

Crossing the filthy street, where the thick, black mud entered the soles of her shoes, and clung with tenacity about her thin ankles, was a young girl of thirteen or thereabouts. She breastst the driving wind and swerved not but the straight course ahead, although her protection against the elements was only a ragged dress and a thin faded shawl of many colors. Tied about her untidy mass of hair was an old hood, and upon her feet were an old one-sided shoe, unlaced and torn at the top, and a coarse discarded boot, hard and unwieldy. She seemed utterly indifferent to the rain. Why should she be otherwise? For one who is thoroughly wet and worn a few drops more or less either of water or trouble makes little difference.

She hurried around the corner and a shiver passed through her frame with a cutting blast of wind. She shuffled on as fast as possible, considering her soaked feet, held her poor wet garments close to her as if for protection, turned up a dark court, opened a creaking door in a rickety tenement house and entered. How cold and damp, although just what she expected. A deep sigh escaped her. The "bundle of rags" (called father) on the straw in the corner did not move, and she softly opened the door into another smaller room and looked in. All was hushed and still. On a low couch of straw, covered with a thin, patched army quilt, lay a little girl of seven, pale and faded; but, through the clammy sweat stood upon her brow, one could not but say, "How lovely." Yes, though a drunkard's forsaken child, Lena Croft's pinched features were beautiful. Amy knelt down by her side, took the little thin hand in her own, and poor child although she did not intend to wake her sick sister, the hot tears that fell from her eyes had that effect, and the little one's eyes opened and looked upon her imploringly. She had begged her father, with all the strength and pathos of her anguish, to call a physician for Lena, even getting down upon her knees before the degraded man with her earnest pleading; but no, this heartless father turned away from his eldest child and her mother's entreaties, and with God's blessing would have brought relief to his sick child, and gave it to the rum seller, who was licensed to flood his home with poverty, hunger and perhaps something worse.

"I am so glad you've come, Amy, I'm so hungry. Can I have something now?" Amy looked at the thin cheek so touchingly white, at the blue eyes that once beamed with laughter, and her heart sunk within her. She felt such a weight of oppression that she could not speak. She had promised to get something for the sick child and had failed. She had rung at many basement doors, but the servants had bade her begone. She had come back empty-handed and broken-hearted. She could not resist this appeal.

"You may, dearie. You shall, my little lamb. Just wait a minute," she cried, and again she bounded out (that freezing, wet, starving child), resolved that she would ring the front door bells and see the ladies themselves, as a last resort.

Thinking only of Lena, her poor, tired feet seemed shod with wings. She hurried through the streets and rung the front door bell of the first respectable house. A tidy housemaid opened the door, and in answer to Amy's pleadings "Please may I see the lady?" she received "You dirty girl, to come up these clean steps with your dirty feet. Begone this instant," and the door was slammed in her face. She turned despairingly but resolutely (the sad eyes at home haunting her) and pulled the next bell. As the servant opened the door Amy said quickly, "My little sister is starving, please give me something for her."

"Beggars should go to back doors," angrily answered the girl, and was about to shut the door when a gentle voice said, "Let her step in on the oilcloth so that I can see her."

"But, sure, she's drippin' wet, ma'am, and covered with mud."

"Do as I say. Let her in."

The door was opened and Amy stepped in.

"Oh, how lovely," thought the poor out-cast, "how bright and how lovely everything is," and her eyes wandered to the sweet-voiced invalid lying upon the crimson hall-couch.

"My poor girl, what can I do for you?"

"O ma'am, something for my sister. My poor little sister is sick and dyin' and starvin'."

"Poor child, poor little girl. Katy tell the cook to give her part of my beef tea in a bottle, a cup of jelly and some bread and meat, and be quick about it."

The poor girl received the package

with a thankful heart, and the world looked brighter to her eyes as she ran fast to the hovel she called her home, although the rain still fell pitilessly.

Just as she entered the door the tattered heap in the corner moved, and the miserable father raised himself with difficulty to a sitting posture and looked at her with an ill-tempered scowl. He had grown so bitter and revengeful in his dissipation that Amy shuddered with dread.

"What you carryin' so sneakin'?" he fiercely demanded.

"Something for Lena; she's starvin', father."

"Bring me what you've got; I'm starvin' and thirsty too."

"Of father, I can't, Lena's dyin'." moaned Amy, trying to pass the miserable wreck on the floor, but he raised himself slowly and uttered a threat so terrible that the frightened child tremblingly handed him the precious basket. Snatching it from her, he swallowed the beef tea as if famished, then greedily followed with the meat and as much of the bread as he could eat. Then he rose staggering, and wrapping a cup of jelly in a paper, he started towards the door. Amy stood looking with horrified eyes, but with great effort asked, "Where are you going with the jelly, father?"

"To Washburn's for a drink."

"O, father leave me the jelly or Lena will die," and poor little Annie wrung her hands in agony.

"Pick up the crusts that I left; they're good enough for such brats as you are," was the answer and the father turned away.

Amy opened the bedroom door trembling. How could she face her little sister without food again, and tell her there was none? But there was no need; Lena had heard all. Thro' the little window came a feeble ray of light, revealing a patient loving smile on the thin white lips. She held out her wasted hand to Amy, and the heart-broken girl caught it between her own and covered it with scalding tears as she broke forth into convulsive sobbing.

"Don't cry. Amy, my good Amy I'm sleepy; but I love you sister Amy. Kiss me Amy for I'm going to Mamma. I won't be hungry any more, nor cry any more. Will I Amy? Amy's tears were falling faster than the rain-drops outside, but her heart was too full to speak.

"I'll ask God to come for you sister, soon—soon. No tears there. Mamma." The sinless sleeper was at rest.

One little tired heart has found peace; up the golden stairs her tiny feet have gone. But, O Father, the other.—Earnest Gilmore.

**Guilty of Murder.**

ALFRED, Me., June 15.—Frank P. Parks of Kittery was found guilty of murder in the first degree in killing Mrs. Mary Tarlton of that town, in the supreme court, this afternoon, but sentence was withheld pending decisions of points of law raised. The trial began Monday, and considering the fact that it took till nearly Tuesday noon to obtain a jury, the trial had been an expedition one. Interest in the case has been purely local, as there was no sensational incidents attending the crime. The murder, nevertheless, was cold-blooded and the only apparent motive was robbery. It was admitted by the defence that Parks was intoxicated at or about the time of the murder. Objection by counsel is based on the judge's charge to the jury. Should the verdict stand, the extreme penalty would be life imprisonment, as Maine has no capital punishment law.

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The highest recommendation for these goods and the best proof of their adaptability to the consumer is that each season finds them in greater demand. Thus adding new customers and increasing my sales which last year was ahead of all previous years, and now with new ranges of the latest colorings and designs and the generous co-operation of the public I hope to make this the banner year. Thanking you for your liberal patronage in the past and soliciting a continuance for the present year, I am,  
Yours very truly,  
**ALFRED P. SLIPP.**  
Upper Hampstead April 25th, 1899.

**NOTICE.**  
The subscriber having purchased from Mr. Henry Akerley, of Indiantown, the handsome dark bay stallion "Hernando," wishes to inform the public that the above horse will stand at the owner's barns for service during the present season.  
FRED EBBETT,  
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Hides, Calf Skins, Sheep Skins, Lamb Skins. Highest market prices paid for the above.  
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**NOTICE!**  
Take notice that the firm of CHEYNE & PALMER, of Hibernia, Queens County, have dissolved partnership, and that all debts due said firm are to be paid to T. W. PALMER, who will still continue the business.  
Dated at Hibernia, Queens Co., October 24th, 1898.

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