

# The Manchester Journal.

NUMBER 16.

MANCHESTER, VERMONT, THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 6, 1877.

VOLUME XVII.

## The Manchester Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

BY D. K. SIMONDS,

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## ONLY A HUSB.

Tom Darcy, yet a young man, had

grown to be a very bad one. At heart

he might have been all right if his head

and his will had only been all right; but

these being wrong, the whole machine

was going to the bad very fast,—though

there were times when the heart felt

something of its old truthful yearnings.

Tom had lost his place as foreman in

the best machine shop, and what money

he now earned came from odd jobs of

fitting which he was able to do, here

and there, at private houses, for Tom

was a genius as well as a mechanic, and

when his head was steady enough, he

could mend a clock or clean a watch as

well as he could set up and regulate a

steam engine,—and this latter he could

do better than any other man ever em-

ployed by the Scott Manufacturing Com-

pany.

One day Tom had a job to mend a bro-

ken moving machine and repair, for

which he received five dollars, and the

following morning he started out for his

old haunt—the village tavern. He knew

his wife sadly needed the money, and

that his two little children were in abso-

lute suffering from want of clothing, and

that morning he had a debate with the

better part of himself; but the better part

had become very weak and shaky, and

the demon of appetite carried the day.

So away to the tavern Tom went. For

two or three hours he felt the exhilarat-

ing effects of the alcoholic draught, and

fancied himself happy, as he could sing

and laugh; but, as usual, stupefaction

followed, and the man died out. He

drank until he could stand, and then lay

down in a corner—where his companions

left him.

It was late at night, almost midnight,

when the landlord's wife came into the

bar-room to see what kept her husband

up, and quickly saw Tom.

Peter, said she, in a pleasant mood,

why don't you send that miserable Tom

Darcy home? He's been hanging around

here long enough!

Tom's stupefaction was not sound

sleep. The deaf com had left the brain

and the feeling of his mind stung his

senses to keen attention. He had an in-

stant love for fun, but did not love the

landlord. In other years, Peter Tindar

and himself had loved and wooed the

sweet maiden, Ellen Goss,—and he had

won her, leaving Peter to take up with

the vinegary spinster, who had brought

him the tavern, and he knew that lately

the tapster had gloated over the misery

of the woman who had once discarded

him.

Why don't you send him home? de-

manded Mrs. Tindar, with an impatient

stamp of the foot.

Hush, Betsy! He's got money. Let

him be, and he'll be sure to spend it be-

fore he goes home. I'll have the kernel

of the nut, and his wife may have the

hulk!

With a snarl and a snarl, Betsy turned

away, and shortly afterwards Tom Dar-

cy lifted himself upon his elbow.

Ab, Tom, are you awake?

Yes.

Then raise up, and have a warm

glass.

Tom got upon his feet, and steadied

himself.

No, Peter, I won't drink any more to-

night.

It won't hurt you, Tom,—just a glass.

I know it won't, said Tom, buttoning

up his coat by the only solitary button

left; I know it won't!

And with this he went out into the

chill air of night. When he got away

from the shadow of the tavern, he stop-

ped, and looked up at the stars, and then

he looked down upon the earth.

Aye! he muttered, grinding his heel in

the gravel; Peter Tindar is taking the

kernel, and leaving poor Ellen the hulk,

and I am helping him to do it. I am

robbing my wife of joy, robbing my chil-

dren of honor and comfort, robbing my-

self of love and life,—just that Peter

Tindar may have the kernel, and Ellen

the hulk! We'll see!

It was a revelation to the man. The

tavern keeper's brief speech, meant not

for his ears, had come upon his senses as

fell the voice of the Risen One upon

Saul of Tarsus.