

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE]

stairs, and told the wretched man up to our room. But whatever shall we do now? The idea of a drunken wretch in our bed! It's too horrible!

CHAPTER III.

Evan Jones woke on the morning following the eventful dinner, hot and feverish, with a tremendous headache, and an agonizing feeling of thirst.

"O my poor head!" he groaned. "Betsy, my gal," imagining his wife was beside him, "for mercy's sake get out and give me a drink of water, there's a good soul."

"Come in!" he shouted incautiously; "at least, no; don't come in—I mean, what is it?"

"Well, that's a comfort, anyhow, he soliloquized, "for, 'pon my word, I didn't know whether I mightn't be given in custody for sleeping in other people's beds under false pretences; or embuzzling another gent's house, or something of that sort. How the deuce did I get here, that's what beats me!"

Still vainly trying to solve the enigma, Evan made a hurried toilet, and finally, with his head still aching as if it would split, and looking a wreck of yesterday's greatness, he left the room, and crept slowly down stairs. The evidences of wealth and luxury on every side, so unlike his own humble belongings, quite awed him, and having found his way down, he would not venture into any of the sitting-rooms, but modestly took his seat on a chair in the hall, and waited for the developments of events. Here he was found after a few moments by Mr. Owen Jones, who wished him a friendly good-morning.

"I've seen you somewhere, I know, sir," said Evan; "but I can't for the life of me tell where."

"Can't you?" said the host, smiling. "We were both at the Welsh dinner last night, and one of us took a little too much."

"I remember now, sir; I'm afraid I was very rude to you."

"Well, you were a little plain-spoken, and I gave you my card, and told you if you wished to apologise, you would know where to find me. I must say I didn't expect you would have come quite so soon, though. The fact is, you were brought here by the mistake of a cabman, who supposed my card was your own."

"I'm sure I humbly beg your pardon, sir," said poor Evan, completely crestfallen. "I can't think how I came so to disgrace myself; but to tell you the truth, sir, I'd had to pinch a bit to buy my ticket, and all day yesterday I hadn't tasted bit of soup since breakfast, and when it came to dinner-time I was that faint and weak that the very first glass seemed to set my head all swimming like. I'd let it go too long, sir, that's what it was. I humbly ask you pardon, I'm sure, for the trouble I've caused, and I thank you kindly for your kindness, sir; but I'm grateful, I assure you."

"No, no," said Mr. Owen Jones;

"you musn't think of going without your breakfast. We are all Welsh here, and if a brother Welshman does take a glass too much on St. David's Day, we know how to make the allowances for him. Come, step in here. We have had breakfast an hour ago; and Mrs. Jones is waiting to give you yours."

Looking very shameful and repentant, Evan Jones followed his nansawks into the breakfast-parlor, where Mrs. Jones, who had heard his humble confession and apology, gave him a kindly greeting, and he was seated before a snowy table-cloth and, as well as his headachic would let him, enjoying a plentiful repast. During the meal his entertainer quietly drew him out, and went speedily behind the scenes as to his daily life and his hard struggles to keep the wolf from the door; and when he finally took his leave, a well-filled basket was waiting for him in the hall to take home as a present to the children. Nor was this by any means the last which found its way to the same quarter, sent by the same friendly hands; and I am sorry to say that of all days, that held in the highest veneration by the little Joneses is "the day when papa got so dreadfully tipsy at the Welsh dinner."

I feel that there must be a moral to this story somewhere, but I can't quite see where it lies. You can't get it exactly a temperance story, because, you observe, Evan Jones got a good night's lodging, and made a couple of kind friends by getting drunk—which is not poetical justice by any means. After much anxious consideration, the only safe moral I can see is, that a married lady should never order any gentlemen, however tipsy, to be put into her bed without making 'quite sure, in the first place, that he is the gentleman who rightly ally belongs to her.—London Society.

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