

**TEN NIGHTS
IN A BAR ROOM**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649287642

Ten nights in a bar room by Anonymous

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

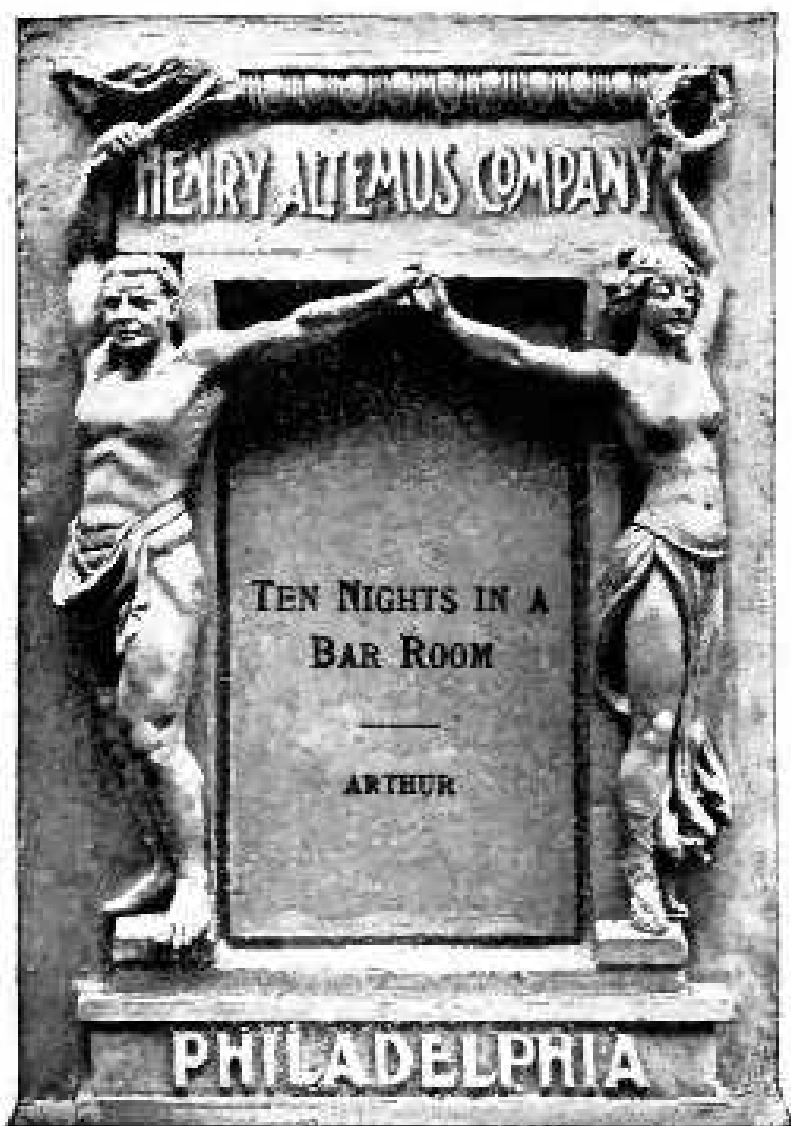
Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ANONYMOUS

**TEN NIGHTS
IN A BAR ROOM**



HENRY ALZEUS COMPANY

TEN NIGHTS IN A
BAR ROOM

ARTHUR

PHILADELPHIA

PS
1039
A7872
1899

CONTENTS

	PAGE
NIGHT THE FIRST.	
THE "SICKLES AND SHUFAR"	7
NIGHT THE SECOND.	
THE CHANGES OF A YEAR	29
NIGHT THE THIRD.	
JOE MORGAN'S CHILD	64
NIGHT THE FOURTH.	
DEATH OF LETTIE MARY MORGAN	89
NIGHT THE FIFTH.	
SOME OF THE CONSEQUENCES OF TAVERN-KEEP- ING	111
NIGHT THE SIXTH.	
MORE CONSEQUENCES	141
NIGHT THE SEVENTH.	
BOWING THE WIND	160

NIGHT THE EIGHTH.		PAGE
REAPING THE WHIRLWIND		208
NIGHT THE NINTH.		
A FEARFUL CONSUMMATION		262
NIGHT THE TENTH.		
THE CLOSING SCENE AT THE "SICKLE AND SERAP" ¹³		246

TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM.

NIGHT THE FIRST.

The "Sickle and Sheaf."

TEN years ago, business required me to pass a day in Cedarville. It was late in the afternoon when the stage set me down at the "Sickle and Sheaf," a new tavern, just opened by a new landlord, in a new house, built with the special end of providing "accommodations for man and beast." As I stepped from the dusty old vehicle in which I had been jolted along a rough road for some thirty miles, feeling tired and hungry, the good-natured face of Simon Slade, the landlord, beaming as it did with a hearty welcome, was really a pleasant sight to see, and the grasp of his hand was like that of a true friend.

I felt, as I entered the new and neatly furnished sitting-room adjoining the bar, that I had indeed found a comfortable resting-place after my wearisome journey.

"All as nice as a new pin," said I, approvingly, as I glanced around the room, up to

the ceiling—white as the driven snow—and over the handsomely carpeted floor. "Haven't seen anything so inviting as this. How long have you been open?"

"Only a few months," answered the gratified landlord. "But we are not yet in good going order. It takes time, you know, to bring everything into the right shape. Have you dined yet?"

"No. Everything looked so dirty at the stage-house where we stopped to get dinner, that I couldn't venture upon the experiment of eating. How long before your supper will be ready?"

"In an hour," replied the landlord.

"That will do. Let me have a nice piece of tender steak, and the loss of dinner will soon be forgotten."

"You shall have that, cooked fit for an alderman," said the landlord. "I call my wife the best cook in Cedarville."

As he spoke, a neatly dressed girl, about sixteen years of age, with rather an attractive countenance, passed through the room.

"My daughter," said the landlord, as she vanished through the door. There was a sparkle of pride in the father's eyes, and a certain tenderness in the tones of his voice, as he said "My daughter," that told me she was very dear to him.

"You are a happy man to have so fair a child," said I, speaking more in compliment than with a careful choice of words.

"I am a happy man," was the landlord's smiling answer; his fair, round face, un-wrinkled by a line of care or trouble, beaming with self-satisfaction. "I have always been a happy man, and always expect to be. Simon Slade takes the world as it comes, and takes it easy. My son, sir," he added, as a boy in his twelfth year came in. "Speak to the gentleman."

The boy lifted to mine a pair of deep blue eyes, from which innocence beamed as he offered me his hand and said, respectfully—"How do you do, sir?" I could not but remark the girl-like beauty of his face, in which the hardier firmness of the boy's character was already visible.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Frank, sir."

"Frank is his name," said the landlord—"we called him after his uncle. Frank and Flora—the names sound pleasant to our ears. But, you know, parents are apt to be a little partial and over-fond."

"Better that extreme than its opposite," I remarked.

"Just what I always say. Frank, my son," the landlord spoke to the boy, "there's some one in the bar. You can wait on him as well as I can."

The lad glided from the room in ready obedience.

"A handy boy that, sir; a very handy boy. Almost as good in the bar as a man.

He mixes a toddy or a punch just as well as I can."

"But," I suggested, "are you not a little afraid of placing one so young in the way of temptation?"

"Temptation!" The open brows of Simon Slade contracted a little. "No, sir!" he replied, emphatically. "The till is safer under his care than it would be in that of one man in ten. The boy comes, sir, of honest parents. Simon Slade never wronged anybody out of a farthing."

"Oh," said I, quickly, "you altogether misapprehend me. I had no reference to the till, but to the bottle."

The landlord's brows were instantly unbent, and a broad smile circled over his good-humored face.

"Is that all? Nothing to fear, I can assure you. Frank has no taste for liquor, and might pour it out for months without a drop finding its way to his lips. Nothing to apprehend there, sir; nothing."

I saw that further suggestions of danger would be useless, and so remained silent. The arrival of a traveller called away the landlord, and I was left alone for observation and reflection. The bar adjoined the neat sitting-room, and I could see, through the open door, the customer upon whom the lad was attending. He was a well-dressed young man—or rather boy, for he did not appear to be over nineteen years of age—