

Waverland.

TALE OF OUR COMING LANDLORDS. BY SARAH MARIE BRIGHAM. Copyrighted, 1888.

Just at sunset on the third night out, a small boat... Waverland... a storm to come.

There is no place where one is so tempted to peep into his neighbor's life as on a ship board. One day as I was standing on deck...

For a moment I was startled. I had been thinking so intently that I had forgotten everything. At first I made no reply...

Yes, a young girl won all the love of my heart once. But she was not free to choose. When but a child her father promised her hand in marriage to a friend...

I was astonished, I had thought of the Duke of Melvour as a shrewd business man, ready for any undertaking to make

CHAPTER XIII.—TENTHRY IN AMERICA. The day following the one on which the duke finished his purchase he said to me:

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"Are you still in America?" I asked. "This seems more like Ireland and a tenant village."

"I have often thought what little things can change our lives," said the duke. "Yet they are not the little things; they are the real, sensitive, living, though unseen, parts of our existence."

I followed the duke. We extricated ourselves from the throng at the wharf, and were soon comfortable in our rooms at the hotel.

"That," said the duke, "is Mr. Arthur, the ex-president of the United States."

"But what a queer way they have here of disposing of those who have held the highest office in the nation. They do not have even a badge of honor presented to them!

"The very air has caught the spirit of the inhabitants. There is no drowsy fog to keep one in bed till ten o'clock in the morning here. I would caution the nations of the old world to look alive before they pick a quarrel with this strange people."

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"Potter Palmer's residence, sir!" said the man, looking very much surprised that anyone would ask such a question.

"That man on the gray horse in the blue coat is occupying the position I held in the same battle."

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The duke knocked at the door and a woman about thirty opened it.

"Do you make a comfortable living?" I asked.

"Not very comfortable, though we never suffer," said the woman, with a peculiar look in her dark eyes. "If we could choose our own time for selling our grain we could do better. There comes my husband," she said, "he can tell you better than I about the place."

"Six years," said the man, "and I am as poor to-day as when I came here."

"You must know it costs a good deal to get a start even if lands are cheap. I had a brother who went west. He made himself a good farm with good comfortable buildings. He had quite a start and was proud and happy in his new home, that he had made from the wild prairie of the west. But he had taken lands that were afterward gobbled up by the railroad company. He lost all he had and came back here to rent. I keep hoping that by working a little earlier, a little later and a little harder, that I can get a start here. There is neighbor Jones who has the same number of acres that I work," said the man, pointing across the road to where a neat little frame house stood, shaded by tall maple and cottonwood trees. "He is making money every year, and has some comforts for his family besides. He is all the time making improvements. He has a nice young orchard, grape vines and small fruits that add to the comfort and value of his place. I came here the same year that he bought here. I work just as hard as he does, but I can only raise enough to pay the taxes and the rent, and have a little to live on."

"Then you pay the taxes," said the duke. "Yes, sir," said the man. "I have the taxes to pay, though they are not half as high as Jones's are. Lord Sanders is rich and knows better than to improve his lands, and then we cannot even have a decent school to send our children to, because the agent will not permit us to vote as we please. Oh, he's a shrewd one, is that Lord Sanders. He knows he can get just as much rent for that old shanty with a few poles and a straw stack for a barn, as though he had good buildings."

"What is the reason you cannot make as much as your neighbor?" I asked. "Are his crops better than yours?" "No, sir," said the man. "We raise bushel for bushel; we did last year of both wheat and corn."

"Then what is the trouble?" asked the duke. "Well, sir, I can tell you the trouble. He could choose his own time for selling his grain, and he received one dollar per bushel for his wheat and twenty-five cents a bushel for his corn. I had to sell when Lord Sanders' agent demanded the rent, and got sixty cents per bushel for my wheat and fifteen cents for corn. On the two you can see quite a margin for freedom; yes, freedom! I am bound under an iron clod lease almost as binding as a bill of sale used to be in slavery times!"

"But you need not stay here if the terms do not suit you," remarked the duke. "That's true. But here I have a shelter; my wife and child are quite comfortable. If I should leave here I might do even worse. Some of the tenants on Lord Sanders' estate have a terrible struggle to get along. One day last winter when the thermometer was twenty degrees below zero, I went to a tenant's house, and there they were boiling whole corn to keep them from starving. Their fire was made of roots dug from the earth ten miles distant and brought home to burn to keep them from freezing. Oh, I could tell you tales of sufferings that would make your heart ache. If there is any more suffering in Ireland than right here on Lord Sanders' estate, God pity them! Here in this beautiful country where everything grows in abundance! I went round to the different families and gathered up provisions to keep one family from starving to death."