WAVERLAND.

TALE OF OUR COMING LANDLORDS. BY SARAH MABIE BRIGHAM.

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t at sunset on the third night out, . ad gathered in the west, and we saw d Neptune lashed into fury by a most terrific thunder storm. The great onip was dashed from side to side like a toy. Then I found that sea sickness is one of the usual penalties for crossing the ocean. Braoing myself with my umbrella, I was ready to surrender all, even to my boots. All night I heard something on my cabin floor rolling to and fro as the great ship rolled from side to side on the mountainous waves, but I was too sick to care to examine what it was. When morning came and the storm without and the tempest within had subsided, I saw my beautiful w silk hat (and what Englishman is er without one?) with the rim worn off d minus a crown. It had fallen to the ar and was ruined. A storm at sea makes one feel very helpless. A terrible storm on land is a trial to people's nerves, but there you are only threatened with danger from above. At sea you are like an atom tossed about, as helpless as a leaf in the wind. I thought of the philosophy of Sambo when he said, "Ef de cahs run de track, dah ye is; ef de boat goes to

ces, whah is ve?" was a grand sight that met our view the sun rose over the black cloud that had just passed over us. The waters were rolling mountains high and every wave seemed determined to engulf the ship. That was the only storm we had during our voyage. After it was over I was glad of having had the experience of seeing the mighty ocean when maddened into fury. One evening a call was made for the young violinist. While she is not gushingbeautiful, she has a bright look that is very attractive. She has a clear complextinged with the rosy glow of health, dark eyes, an expressive mouth, and slightly Roman nose. As she took her position he was greeted with hearty cheers. Making a slight bow of thanks, she held her iolin in her white, tapering fingers and with their skillful touch and the graceful novements of the bow she sent forth the ost delicate melodies selected from her favorite operas, and some choice gems from the old masters she rendered with an and skill that Ole Bull himself might e tried in vain to surpass. I thought of Ila, how she would have enjoyed the But where was my lost friend? Vas I leaving her behind, or would I find er in the new world scattering sunshine nd gladness?

There is no place where one is so tempted to peep into his neighbor's life as on p board. One day as I was standing on ek thinking of my lost friend, the duke ne to me, and, placing his hand upon shoulder, said:

A penny for your thoughts! You look grave!' For a moment I was startled. I had

een thinking so intently that I had forotten everything. At first I made no reply; then I said:

"May I ask you a question?" "Yes, a dozen if you like," he said,

laughing. "Have you never seen any one that you

loved well enough to make her your wife, that you are still a bachelor?"

To my surprise he looked annoyed, but a moment said:

"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 of his. She never knew how dear she was

to me. She married the man of her fathful, they say, and immensely rich. I have never seen her since her marriage. Her home is in London, and I often hear of her, but I never care to meet her now. The pure, sweet girl that I have loved for years must now be changed into a woman of fashion, without love or sympathy.'

I followed the duke. We extricated our seives from the throng at the wharf, and were soon comfortable in our rooms at the hotel. After a good night's rest we went out to see the wonders of the city. A ride on the elevated railway gave me a peculiar sensation. It seemed as if we were flying through space, only we could look into people's houses in our flight. We

visited the art galleries and were surprised that American artists can hold so high a position in the world of art. One day we were standing near the court-

house steps, when a fine looking gentleman, little past the middle of life, passed up into the building.

"That," said the duke, "is Mr. Arthur, the ex-president of the United States." "A fine looking man," I said.

"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!

"When ex-president Grant was in England I attended a reception given him on one occasion. The diplomatic corps were invited to meet him. A question was raised as to who should occupy the seat of honor at table. The embassadors who represented their sovereigns would not accord the seat to Mr. Grant (a private citizen.) But at last an airangement was made by which no one held the seat of honor. It was a most awkward position

for the general." "It seems to me that the ex-presidents should have some well defined official rank. As wealthy as this people are and as proud as they are of their great nation, it is strange that they will permit those who have been exalted to the highest place in the gift of the people to settle back into the rank of private citizens again," I said "That is their idea of democracy. It de stroys distinctions in all, rather than fos

ter them." "But a man's knowledge after a term of service would be of value to this country.' "So it would, but they choose to deprive

themselves of that and send him back among the people, merely as an object of curiosity. But they are beginning to talk about it, and some honorable position with proper pay will be provided for ex-presidents and perhaps for ex-senators also, one of these days."

At the close of one of our busy days of sight seeing, as we sat in our room enjoying a rest, I said:

"I do not wonder now, where Parnell got his independence of character when I remember that his mother was an American woman."

"Why so?" asked the duke, looking puzzled.

"These people have such a live, energet ic way. I see now where the nerve and pluck came from that dared to make Bos ton Harbor into a huge teakettle, and to put a whole ship load of tea into it for one steeping."

"That's a new idea," laughed the duke. But the Yankees are a shrewd, brave people, that will dare anything for prinple.

"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 peo ple. I said.

"But with all this energy, pluck and thrift, they are allowing one of the most vital principles of their institutions to pass out of their possessions. Their lands are being sold, stolen or given away at an enormously rapid rate. In a very few years not a foot of land worth the having will belong to the government, or be in reach

of the common people." "I am surprised at that, for with the exmple of ancient Rome, and the later of of ireland, with its terrible want and suffering which has risen from the unjust land monopoly, I should think that they would take warning and keep the lands for the many and not grant them to the few."

Just as the bridge began to turn a querulous old woman, her arms full of bundles, and an umbrella in her hand, came rushing up the walk: turning to a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl who was with her, she said

"There, we'll be left! That is our train standing there just ready to go! Saman-tha Jane'll think we're lost!"

"Oh, aunt, its only an hour to the next train, what if we do miss this one." said

the young lady with composure. "Only an hour?" I said to the duke. "Why, I thought it would be a week, at least, from the fuss and hurry these people make."

"You'll get used to this," laughed the duke. "They must hurry to make room for the next crowd. There are one hundred and fifty thousand persons who come and go in this city every day."

"Then I do not wonder at the rush. It seems strange where so many people come from and go to," I said, soliloquizing.

The Board of Trade attracted our attention. It is a very large edifice built of stone and marble, very finely finished. Having tickets we were admitted to the visitors gallery. It is a magnificent room, with massive marble columns, frescoed ceilings, beautiful pictures and finely wrought balconies.

"The people of Chicago may justly be proud of this building," said the duke. "It is the third one they have built since the fire of 1871. The first was a little wooden structure. Then a fine stone building was erected. This in turn became too small and plain for them, so they have built this one."

"Well, this ought to satisfy them for some time to come. What a babel of voices. One might almost think that he was at the ancient tower on the plains of

Shinar." "Only see how few of the men are of even middle age," said the duke. "Some look like school boys; yet here they are in this wild exciting rush of speculation, intoxicated with the hope of success, or vain-

ly struggling against defeat." "Are you familiar with their workings?"

I asked. "I understand it takes thousands of dol-

lars to become a member." "What do they mean by throwing their hands out in that frantic style?"

"They are bidding; and in that very act

some one may be financially ruined. "How can that be?" I asked, puzzled to know how such an act could harm anyone. "They buy and sell on what they call a margin, and they may exceed the amount they have on deposit. The prices of crops are in a measure established here before

the seed is sown or the crops grown." From the Board of Trade we visited the panorama buildings where the battles of Shiloh, Missionary Ridge and Gettysburg were represented. In these great triumphs of art the hand of man has so skillfully represented the spirit of the scenes that all we needed to make us dodge was the sound of whistling bullets and bursting shells. The wounded, dead and dying were so life-like that we felt like offering our aid to help care for the suffering. As we stood leaning over the railing trying to separate the real from the ideal, a tall, fine-looking man standing near us said:

"There, that man on the bay horse in the gray uniform occupies the position I held in that battle."

When he ceased speaking, a slender man with a gray beard turned toward him, say ing:

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

"Then you are General Prentiss," said the first speaker. "And you are Marmaduke," was the an-

swer. They shook hands as cordially as

with Ivy"

"Potter Palmer's residence, sirp" said the man, looking very much surprised that anyone need to ask such a question "And those outer buildings, what are

they?" "Potter Palmer's stables, sir!" said the

man with a peculiar smile. We had been the guests of Mr. Palmer's

hotel and now we had seen his home. You may imagine our surprise, and, I must confess, chagrin, to think that we had mistaken a private residence for anything so grand and old. After that "Potter Pal-mer's residence" became a byword with

Lancoln Park is one of the finest in the city. It is the zoological garden of Chicago, and full of interest from the entrance gateway to the farthest nook. The objects that called for our special attention were the sea lions. They were playing in the water, diving and swimming or sunning themselves in the little artistic lakes and caves that had been prepared for their use. The little prairie dogs were a novelty to us. Their little mounds of earth gave me

my first view of life on the great plains of the West. "These animals we never see in the old world," I said, as we stood looking at

them, busy at their play. "They are found only in America, and then only west of the Mississippi river. Washington Irving has given a very interesting description of their habits of life in one of his beautiful sketches."

"Here are the bear pits. See that old fellow hanging by one foot to the limb of that old stump," I said, as we came to the caves of the black and brown bears. One of the brown bears seemed perfectly at home on the limb of an old stump in his pit, trying to catch the peanuts that the children were throwing to him. But the bear at the foot had the feast while the one in the tree was working hard for little pay. The great grizzly bear, looking up from

the mouth of his cave, was the greatest curiosity. I had never seen one before, but had often read of them. "He's a flerce looking fellow," said the duke, as we stood looking down at him.

He was constantly tramping back and forth, as though chafing under his confinement.

"They are savage beasts." continued the duke, "and very dangerous. I was with a party once that were exploring some of the mountain gorges in Colorado. Just as we were leaving one of the long defiles, we



I interviewed an old man who had been cultivating the corn.

heard a noise behind us. Looking round we saw a huge grizzly seated on his haunches. One of our party fired at the beast. For a moment he seemed dazed, then uttering a most terrific growl he

pecu in constant demand. fields of growing grain are in fine condition I think it must rain when we are asleep, to keep the earth looking so fresh and green."

We left the cars at the little station and soon were riding over roads in the most perfect condition. We called at one place where there was quite a comfortable house and barn.

"This is one of the farms I mentioned," said the agent.

While the duke and the agent were walking about talking business, I interviewed an old man who had been cultivating the corn. "Sir," I asked, "can you tell me how

this land came to be in the market?" "Yes, sir," said he, "this was once my home. I came here from Ohio when Iand was cheap. I bought this handred and sixty acres of land, paid part down, and gave a mortgage for the balance. 1 put on improvements as fast as I could. I worked my farm carefully, and for a few years everything went well. Then times became hard, crops were not good, and what I could sell brought a very low price. But good crops or poor, good times or bad, the interest on the mortgage kept growing all the time. We began to live more carefully; wife would make one hundred dollars do the work of three in living and clothing. We kept less help and worked early and late, but to no purpose. The time came when the mortgage was due, and the interest had accumulated until it ate up all there was over the mortgage. Then the place was sold. Now, here I am a tenant where I hoped to be the owner.'

"Where do you place the blame of your unfortunate circumstances?"

"The scarcity of money is the first cause. That makes hard times. I can raise just as much wheat to the acre when it brings one dollar per bushel as when it brings fifty cents. With the dollar I can meet my obligations, With half a dollar I must raise twice as much grain, or fail. The price of wheat indicates, I think I may safely say, the rise and fall of money. Low prices make good times for money loaners and bankers who are willing to secure themselves by a mortgage on our real estate, and help us by loaning money at the moderate rates of from one, two, or even three per cent per month. If the men whose only business is to deal in the circulating medium of the country are permitted to increase or decrease the quantity as they please, they have the advantage over the laboring and producing classes. When farmers are in debt, and money all the time growing scarcer, there is no hope but to sacrifice their homes for much less than their real value. Large tracts of land are being obtained by speculators in this way, and held at moderate prices. This tempts rich foreigners to invest large sums of money here. They are willing to wait for the time when they can realize good profits on their investments, while in the meantime they secure a good income by leasing their lands to tenants.

"You seem familiar with the important topics of your country," I said. "Yes, sir," he replied, "I am a member

of the 'Farmer's Alliance Club'; that keeps us posted on all that concerns us as farmers.

"Then you are opposed to foreignera coming here and buying lands?" I asked. "I am. We have no lands for people who only care to bleed us!" he said vehe-"Any man that wants a home mently. and will come here and live on the lands he buys, I am ready to welcome." "You have large land monopolies among

your own people," I said. "We have, I am sorry to say. But our motto should be, 'No American land mon-

opoly, either foreign or domestic!"

CHAPTER XIII.-TENANTRY IN AMERICA.

"Are you living on one of Lord Sanders" tarms?

"Yes, sir," said the woman, "we rent from his agent."



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 hus-band," she said, "he can tell you better than I about the place."

A large, fine looking man drove near the shanty with a team and cultivator. We bade the woman good-day and went to interview the farmer himself.

"Have you been on this place long?" asked the duke, after a few words of introduction.

"Six years," said the man, "and I am as poor to-day as when I came here." "Why do you stay here then, when lands

are so cheap out west?" "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 com-pany. 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 mak-ing 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 there. 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 tolive 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, a though he had good buildings."

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



"I wonder if they are Americans?" oney. But here was a new side to his haracter; a fond memory of other days eld a warm place in his heart.

"Now," he said, after a few moment's silence, "for an answer to my question. Of what were you dreaming when I disturbed your reverie?"

"I was dreaming of one I long to see. I. too, have loved and lost, but not in the way you did. My love was among the humble class, not rich or proud, but a good, pure woman, who gave me the first impulse toward a useful life that ever stirred in my breast. I was a careless thoughtless fellow, when she came to Wa verland. Then her active, happy life made me ashamed of the idle one I led. From her influence I have tried to do some good. My father was an absentee landlord, and his estate had been neglected until the old house itself was going to decay. She came as governess to my little sister, and soon ahe was governess, housekeeper and almost estate keeper. By an unfortunate word from my mother she was made to feel her dependence, and she left Waverland one day when I was away from home. She did not know how dear she was to me Though I have sought her far and near, I can find no clew to her whereabouts. That is my story. It was of her that I was thinking when you came to me.'

"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.

After that exchange of confidence the duke and I were greater friends than ever. We had many pleasant visits ere we reached the new world, whose first centennial birthday was still fresh in everybody's mind. We reached Sandy Hook at night. The water was made brilliant by the harbor buoys, each of which carried a wonderful electric light.

"The people have not awakened to the trigh of the situation as yet. When they do it will be too late unless they can redeem what is now held by fraud, and there will be a terrible struggle if they ever try that. The men who hold the lands will

never yield one acre unless compelled to do so."

"You might have to give up some of your possessions if it came to that," I said. "Yes. So I am going to begin now and prepare for it by buying only farms with ona fide titles. I can hold the other lands till they pay me well for my investments and then sell."

"Where are you thinking of buying!" "In Illinois, I think. From Lord Sanders' account, that is a good state for land-

lords. "In what way is Illinois better than the other states?" I asked.

"Lord Sanders says the legislature has passed every law that the landfords have asked for to protect the land owners. There you can make any bargain you like with your tenants, and if they fail to live up to the agreement you can turn them off just as readily and roughly as in Ireland." "Why, can that be true?" I asked, as I thought of the bright picture I had painted of America as a nation of homes with no landiords to grind the poor tenants down to degradation and poverty, but a free and happy people with their little vine-covered cottages and broad fertile acres in fee simple!

CHAPTER XIL-SIGHT SEEING.

Chicago! What wonder of the age, whose first Sunday-school teacher is still living! What shall I say for it! Twice it has been laid waste by fire. But with the nerve and push peculiar to this people of the West, they have rebuilt with greater beauty than

before. We took a morning drive through the parks that surround the city like selected remnants from the garden of Eden. Here those who long for the beauty of nature, the fragrance of flowers and the songs of birds, can enjoy them while resting from the noise and confusion of the busy city. This drive is an extended boulevard that surrounds the city with a belt of beauty. The parks were brilliantly beautiful with the rich green of the grass mingled with the gay colors of flowers and shrubs.

The business streets of Chicago are a living throng. Each one rushing on to attend to his own affairs, forgetful of the crowd and heedless of all about him. But that, we found, is characteristic of the people of the West. One evening we stood by the bridge on Wells street, near the great Northwestern depot, watching a tug boat towing in a large vessel, when the whistle sounded for the bridge to turn. Men grabbed by the arm the ladies that were walking with them and rushed ahead. Children ran on tugging at the skirts of their mothers who could not run. All was bustle and confusion. I thought there surely must be but one train per day, and

all must reach that or go without their

had never drawn against each other in deadly conflict. On inquiry we learned that nearly one thousand men who were in the battle of Shiloh have visited this wonderful painting. .

Our stay in Chicago was a continual cound of excursions and sight-seeing. One morning we ascended the 276 steps and found ourselves in the tower of the water works. The city lay beneath us almost a solid block of masonry and architecture. The crib in the lake, two miles distant, seemed but a very few rods away. It was a clear calm morning. The lake was like an immense mirror reflecting back every image cast upon its bosom. The sails and steamers came into port with a quiet majesty, ascending the slips and canals that penetrate the city, until the great prairie andscape bristled with masts and spars along the extended and still extending wharfage. It was a scene of beauty, mingled with business-of nature and commerce, of God and man. We remained silent a long time, trying to grasp the extent of the scene and the most interesting points, when the duke broke the silence by saying:

"This is, indeed, a wonderful city, when we remember that not one generation has passed away since the country here was all a marshy waste, an impassable, uninbabitable swamp.

"Yes," said I, "and remember the great fires that have swept through it. Two or three times the electric wires have thrilled with the terrible words, "Chicago is burning!" until it seemed there could be noth ing left to burn."

'Yet look around and see the stately buildings that greet the eye on every side, while from every point the masts and spars proclaim a great trade center.

"Are there so many branches of the river?" I asked.

"No, those," said the duke, pointing out the different lines, "are canals or slips opened by the people. Whenever trade or business needs more room, or an outlet to the lake, men are ready to do the work for the earth that is to be removed. It is taken to other parts of the city where it is used to bring the grade up to the city level.'

"Then here the old adage is followed out, that nothing should ever be wasted." "Yes, even the debris from the burnt

district made the foundation for one of the finest avenues in the city."

After the noon lunch I suggested that we visit Lincoln Park.

"Shall we take a carriage or the street cars?" asked the duke, as we left the lunch room.

"Oh, let us walk," I said. So we started along leisurely, enjoying the different ob

jects of interest. "Do you know what that building is that is covered with vines and shaded by those great trees that seem older than the city

itself?" I inquired as we came to a handsome stone building. "No, but I think it must be some old mo-

nastery built by the Jesuits when they roamed over the western world," said the duke. "And those fine buildings in the yard

must be the different seats of learning," I suggested. 'Here is a man in uniform, I'll ask

him," said the duke, stepping forward. "Sir, what is this old building, covered

sprang forward, bringing down the man who had fired at him. We realized in an instant that it was death to our comrade or the bear. Every one of our party leveled his weapon at the head of the furious beast. Fortunately for the man the bear rolled over in mortal agony. The flesh was

torn from the poor man's arm and he was frightened almost to death. That was my first acquaintance with his majesty, the grizzly bear. I never want to meet another, unless he is in close confinement or under marching orders."

We visited one den or cage after anoth er, until we had seen all the animals on exhibition. We enjoyed a ride on the little lakes passing under artistic bridges, and through long straits bordered by beautiful flowers. At last we found ourselves at the artesian well. We saw the wondrous fount from which flows the supply of water for the lakes, rivulets and fountains of the park. The artistic skill displayed in making falls and fountains, lakes and rivers, caves and mounds is wonderful! "This morning," said the duke as w

left the Palmer House, "we are going out on business." "What is the nature of the business, if I

may ask?"

"Real estate," answered the duke, "You are to go with me and see how business is conducted in America."

We soon saw a sign indicating the place we sought. On entering, the duke began at once to ask questions and examine maps.

"How do you get possession of so much tand for sale?" asked the duke, after being shown an immense quantity in nearly every county in the state, it seemed to me "A great many farmers mortgage their

lands, and failing to pay when due, we buy the lands," said the agent; "or they place their farms in our hands to sell, to

raise money to meet the mortgages, hoping to save something in that way. "What do you do with the lands you hold before you get a buyer?" asked the

"There are always plenty of men who

want to rent. We get good terms. We often rent to the former owners. They make good tenants," said the agent.

"Then you are sure there will be no trouble in getting good tenants if I should buy the lands we have been talking of."

"None at all. There are more tenants than farms, and you can make your own terms," said the agent, eager for a sale. "Then, if agreeable, we will go and take a look at some of your best bargains," said

the duke. Very soon we were at the depot ready to

duke.

We went south from Chicago. The start. green landscape was dotted with happy homes. Little villages nestled in the val leys, and prosperity seemed to reign su-preme Well-filled corn cribs attracted our attention. We passed the Joliet prison

and saw some of the unfortunate beings at work in the stone quarry near by. We were delighted with the country The great fields of wheat and corn, the

beautiful rivers, bordered with good timber, and the delightful climate were per fectly fascinating.

my umbrella once since I came into Illi nois. In London and Ireland it would

The day following the one on which the duke finished his purchase he said to me: "Now, Waverland, we will visit Lord Sanders' estate and see how his tenants

feel on the landlord subject." "To which of his estates shall we go?" I

"To the nearest one. It will only take a few hours to reach it."

asked.

The morning was bright. A gentle shower had fallen in the night. Everything seemed rejoicing in the warm sunshine. We passed out from the buzz and bustle of the noisy city into the calm, cool air of the country. We saw large herds of horses and cattle lazily feeding in great pastures, under the shade of oak, elm and maple trees. We passed through a country that lay before us like an immense map marked off by different shades of green, vast corn fields with their deep rich green wheat and oat fields shaded to a bright tint. On, on we sped, past large farm houses surrounded by orchards full of growing fruit, great red barns that told of care and comfort, towering wind mills that could rival the imaginary giants of Don Quixote, full corn cribs laden with the golden ears, past villages full of business, fine churches, large school houses cozy dwellings and substantial stores Commerce, culture, society and religion were all provided for in response to the needs and industry of man.

Then came a change-little rough shan ties, straw barns, and rail cribs without corn.

We entered a little tumble-down village without church or school-house. There, the conductor told us, was the place ou tickets called for.

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

"It is a tenant village," said the duke, as we walked from the steps of the old, rickety depot.

"Can it be that tenantry has been s long in America as to have caused its loathsome form to cover this fair land?"

"Now, Waverland, I did not come to hear you preach. I came to see the chances of success with American tenants,' said the duke, as we crossed to a little low, wooden shanty with one window, a door and a hole in the roof for the stove pipe to pass through. The duke knocked at the door and a woman about thirty opened it. I was surprised at the neat appearance of the interior of the cabin. The celling and the walls of the room had been papered with newspapers and looked clean. The woman was bright, intelligent look ing, and neat in a simple gown. She had been washing and a little boy was putting cobs, picked from the pig pen, into the stove to make the kettle boll. A bed in one corner of the room looked neat and clean. There were three or four shelves, made by a running cord through small holes in each side of the boards and held in place by a knot on the under side, full of books. I saw Emerson's prose works, Dickens' stories, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and a good many other good friends in that little rough shanty. When we had taken the seats she had offered us, (two old wooden chairs, which, with a rough deal table, completed the inventory of the household furniture.) the duke asked:

"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 tron clad 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 distantand 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."

"What made the people so poor?" asked the duke.

"Because they had to sell all they could raise to pay the rent, that the greedy landlords may live in ease and luxury in some foreign city, where he cannot see or hear of the misery he causes. While the thrifty farmers, like neighbor Jones, who have their own homes, must pay their own lawful taxes and a portion for my Lord Sanders beside."

"Why man how do you make that out?" asked the duke. "Your neighbor has improved his lands, while Lord Sanders has not, that makes the difference.'

"That is just where the injustice comes in. If Lord Sanders had to pay taxes on that naked land and not on the improvements, he would soon be willing to sell some of his hundred thousand acres. But while he can shirk out of the taxes and receives a good rent, he will not sell any of his broad fields, though offered five times their real value."

"You are rather hard on the land owner," said the duke. "If you could carry your theory into practice you would make a fine mess of the finances of your country. It might benefit the small farmers, but it would be hard on the landlords

who hold large estates." "Well, sir, we would be willing they should suffer a little. They have bled the people long enough. Beside, the lands of this country were intended for the many, not for the few. I would like to see the man who owns the lands live on them and

To be Continued.