

Farmers' Almanac.

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Notice to Subscribers.

EXPIRATIONS.
As the earliest and cheapest means of notifying subscribers of the date of their expiration, we will mark this notice with a blue or red pencil, on the date at which their subscription expires. This notice will be sent weekly after expiration. If not renewed by that time it will be discontinued.

POETRY.

Written for THE FARMERS' ALMANAC.
The Cry of the Laborer.

There's a cry that is heard in the land today,
From a thousand defrauded homes,
From toilers who labor and wait and pray
For the blessing that never comes.

They have labored long with manly will,
They have nobly and faithfully wrought,
But their wages have been kept for fraud;
They have respected the law for naught.
There are homes where the sunlight never comes,
Where squalor and filth abound,
Where vice runs rampant and pestilence breeds,
And comfort is nowhere found.

The homes where the ill-paid sons of toil
Drag out a hopeless life,
Where labor can't buy the bread
For the suffering child and wife.
O why should labor be clothed in rags,
And why should his blood grow cold,
While idleness revels in luxury,
And treasures its hoarded gold.

And why is bread so hard to find?
Is God's providence so small?
Has not the Infinite Father above
Provided enough for all?
There are fields that are rich with nature's wealth
Of ripening harvests white,
Where loaded orchards and waving corn
Fill the heart with keen delight.

And the heart of the farmer swells with pride
As he views his fruitful fields;
And he thanks the Lord for the fertile soil,
And the bounteous harvest it yields.
But tears are mingled with his joy,
And sighs with his thoughtful prayers,
And his weary spirit sinks down
With the weight of the burden he bears.

The farm is mortgaged and money scarce,
And debts are so hard to pay,
That he fears that his lovely home must go,
At no far distant day.
For a man's monopoly holds him fast
With a grip like adamant,
And usury stands like a monster grim,
And grinds him under its heel.

And the bread that should bless the abode of want,
And feed the toilers there,
Is lost in the wasteful and riotous sport
Of some gambling millionaire.
Oh! ye that fatten in luxury's stalls,
And smile at poverty's cry,
Have a little care for the sons of toil,
Whether they live or die.

But think not the time of your triumph shall last,
Or the people forever be dumb,
For the God of Heaven has heard the cry,
And the day of your judgment has come.
And the cry that is heard from far and near,
O'er the length and breadth of the land,
May be but a murmuring wail to-day,
But to-morrow 'twill be a command.

And the "if or else" that has lived so long,
That cursing with "ring blight,"
Shall fall to earth in the onward march
Of justice and truth and right.
The people shall rise with resistless power,
And every oppressor shall fall,
For truth is eternal, and God is just,
And ruleth over all.

—ARTHUR L. KELLOGG.

HARLAN CHAWING UP MCKEIGHAN.
The Phelps county Herald gives a very vivid account of the debate between Harlan and McKeighan at Holdrege on Sept. 10th. After its account of McKeighan's speech, and after saying that Mr. Harlan devoted all his time to the railroad question and his own record, it says:

"The people have no quarrel with him (Harlan) on the railroad issue, but there are other issues besides that, and Mr. Harlan failed to touch any one of them. The people expected him to meet and debate a single national issue on the issues of the day, but he failed to do anything of the kind. He did not take up a single one of the great questions presented by the people's candidate. The fact is, Harlan was no debater as McKeighan is. Harlan is a public speaker or debater. His speech was a complete, colossal and miserable failure. He did not make a single point during the entire hour and a quarter that he spoke. Not a word of applause did he receive in the whole time. He repeated, went over the same ground again and again. He was indeed a pitiable object to occupy the same stand with such superb and splendid speakers as McKeighan and Edgerton. Mr. Harlan did not touch a single national issue upon which he might be called to exercise his judgment did he stand any show of election to congress, but confined himself entirely to his own record, which no one demanded of him. Hundreds of people who listened to the debate can testify that what we have stated above is not political buncombe but straight facts.

"When McKeighan arose to reply he was met with a terrific and mighty shout of applause, and for some moments he could not proceed, but when his fifteen minutes were up the political corpse of N. V. Harlan was buried decently and deeply out of sight.

IN IRELAND.

Digging Turf for Fuel and Carrying It to the County Kerry.
In the county of Kerry in Ireland a man pays 25 cents to the landlord for the privilege of cutting a strip of turf nine feet long, three feet wide and from six to nine feet in depth, says a letter from the Green Isle. He cuts the turf in the summer months, so that it will dry during the hot weather. It is cut with a narrow spade, called in Gaelic a "slan." When cut the turf is piled in little heaps so that the moisture will evaporate. These heaps of turf have to be turned usually three times before the fuel is dry enough to be carted away and piled into ricks. As a rule, after drying, the turf must be carted from four to six miles to the home of the peasant. This is done with the aid of donkeys and horses. If the peasant happens to be a speculator, he carts the turf into Tralee or some other market town and sells it. Turf is measured by what are technically called "rails." This word indicates a donkey or horse load. The load is piled in place on the cart by means of wooden frames set into mortises on the sides and ends of the cart. The turf is piled to a cone on top of the cart, and held in place by "suggans." A suggan is a rope made of straw. These ropes are also used in some parts of Ireland to hold the cart together. It is interesting to watch the process of straw-rope making. One man sits on the floor of a cottage with several bundles of straw by his side. He picks up a good-sized wisp of straw and makes a loop by bending it in the middle. This loop he hitches to the end of a piece of hawthorn shaped like a fish-hook and with a shank six feet long. A piece of string is tied across from the barb of the hook to the shank, and in the corner this made near the barb the loop of string is hitched to another man holding the end of the hawthorn stick. Meanwhile the man who is seated keeps twisting in more straw. In the course of five minutes a suggan thirty feet long is thus made.

As the market is always from four to six miles distant the cart is loaded the evening previous to the journey. The start is made very early in the morning. This is particularly useful in the case of the donkey, as his utmost speed is three miles an hour. There is no pressing need to be at the market by 12 o'clock, as the smaller Irish towns very little business is transacted before that hour. Occasionally the peasant indulges in tricks when loading his cart. He conceals his load in the middle, so that while on the outside it looks to be a good, solid load, the cart is really a good many vacant spaces. Sometimes the cart is driven by the wife of the peasant or his daughter. If it happens to be the daughter she almost invariably ties up her shoes and stockings in a piece of paper, and hides the bundle in the middle of the market town, when she stops the donkey, sits on a stone by the roadside, and puts on her shoes and stockings. On the homeward journey, after having disposed of the load and walked around the town with the proud consciousness of being the owner of a new pair of shoes, she takes off her shoes and stockings again and walks home barefooted, as she came.

A story is told in Tralee to the effect that after a colleen had removed her shoes on the way homeward she stubbed her toe. As she sat by the roadside crying from pain and trying to staunch the flow of blood, she exclaimed:

"Ain't it lucky I didn't have on me shoes. Shure they'd be bruk intirely wid that well!"

Big Timber in the Northwest.
Capt. E. Farham, the pioneer lumberman speaking of big timber said: "I think the biggest stick of timber ever cut on Puget Sound was gotten out at the Port Gamble mill ten years ago. It was 140 feet in length and 36 x 30 inches square. It was shipped to China, where it was cut up into spans for bridges. It was on board the steamer on which it was shipped. The timber protruded over both the bow and stern."

"What was the idea in shipping such a stick?"

"Just simply to have the name of being the biggest stick ever got out on Puget Sound."

"What is the largest stick of timber that you have ever seen?"

"That one was. At the World's Fair in London I had dinner in a house made from the bark of a redwood tree, which was cut in California. The house was two stories in height and was eighteen feet in diameter in the upper story."

"How large a stick do you think could be cut on Puget Sound?"

"I think that it might be possible to get one nearly 80 feet long and 60x30 inches square at the small end. Such a stick could not be found near the coast, however. One would have to go into the interior for it. A great deal of care would have to be exercised in cutting it, to prevent its breaking when it fell. If such a stick were cut I have no doubt it would be the largest stick of timber ever cut in the world."

The largest tree in the world is in Mariposa, California. It is called the Father of the Forest, and is 450 feet in height. It is a fallen monarch, however, and it would be impossible to cut a piece of timber 150 feet in length from it, as it is partially decayed.—Seattle Press.

IN THE WILDERNESS.

Grant and Lee have had their first struggle in the Wilderness, as the former seeks a new road to Richmond. Amidst dense thickets, in lonely fields along narrow highways, in the somber forests, a hundred thousand men have fought backwards and forwards, from sun to sun, and now the night has come to shift the scene. There are 8,000 men lying dead on the battle ground. There are thousands more lying wounded, parching with thirst, crying out in their agony. Lee still blocks the road, but no sooner has the sun gone down than Grant begins a movement by the left flank to pass him. If you can not cross a swamp you must pass around it. My division is one left between the two armies to hide this movement. When morning comes

we shall be far in the rear. The ground where we rest is broken. There is forest and thicket—a narrow highway—a creek—two or three small farms, with their buildings filled with wounded men. Fifty rods in front of a log house is our picket line. It skirts the cleared land and runs away into the darker woods on a straight line. The neutral ground between us and the enemy is in a strip not over forty rods wide.

At 10 o'clock on this night, when the confusion and turmoil have grown quiet, but while lanterns flash here and there through the woods, as men search for the wounded, I am left on "post No. 7" for the coming two hours. My place is under a pine tree which stands in the cleared ground all along the front is the dark forest—so dark that a white horse might stand within a hundred feet of me and escape observation. It is a starlight night, but clouds are drifting across the sky and the wind comes in that gusty way which warns you that a storm is brewing at a distance.

For an hour there is no alarm. Grant is moving by the flank. Lee is moving to check-mate him. Grant has left a line to mask his movement. Lee has left a line to mask his. It has been a long terrible day. Darkness brings a respite grateful for all. We have virtually said to each other over the neutral ground:

"Let us alone and we won't disturb you?"

At 11 o'clock a noise in the dark woods in front sends my blood leaping. It was the noise of footsteps breaking dry twigs. There are wounded men wandering about, but this was not the footstep of a horse. Wounded men may be seeking our lines, but I listen vainly to catch a groan or a low call of distress.

"Step! Step! Step!"
The sound is on my left front. Some one is moving to get the shelter of the dark spot directly opposite. He is moving carefully, but I can follow every foot of progress.

"Step! Step! Halt! Step! Step!"
(Silence.)

Is it a ghoul seeking out the dead and wounded to rob them? Is it a picket from the other line seeking to locate our posts and report how far away we are? Is it some human devil seeking to double his haul by the blood of the horrors of the day? Men who had brothers or friends killed in battle by daylight sometimes swore fearful vengeance and went out upon the bloody field at night to secure it.

"Rattle! Step! Halt! Step! Step!"
It rises an alarm here it will go up and down the line and arouse a thousand men in a moment. If I let this unknown approach me I may be assassinated. He can not see me in this gloom, but he is slowly approaching in a direct line.

"Who goes there?"
Deep silence.

If he was a straggler from our lines or a wounded man he would make answer.

"Step! Step!" And now I hear him sink down to the earth.

"Who goes there?"
Silence.

"Who goes there?"
Silence.

I am waiting with musket raised, and finger on the trigger. I have given fair warning. Friend could ask no more, and an enemy must realize his danger. As I wait something makes a blot on the darkness. It is only a few feet away, and I fire point-blank. There is one long, shrill scream of agony, and I hear a body fall to the earth, and then there is deep silence for a moment.

"What is it?" asks the corporal of the guard as he hurries up from the reserve stationed scarcely a hundred feet in the rear.

"There—I've shot some one!"

The alarm runs up and down the lines to die away after five minutes, and then we settle down to the night. The corporal is there first. He reaches out to touch it, draws back in alarm, and gasps:

"Great heavens, but you have shot a woman!"

It was true. Some poor soul, crazed by the terrible sounds of battle—driven from her home by the roar of the guns—had come to the front to see the fighting. Then, dumb as the trees around her, but guided by instinct, she sought to make her way back to the house—no doubt the very hut filled with our wounded and suffering men. And she was dead at my feet—dead of my own bullet.—M. Quad, of Detroit Free Press.

"Hurrah!"
"What was the origin of the exclamation 'hurrah'?" There are few words still in use which can boast such a remote and widely extended prevalence as this. It is one of those interjections in which sound so echoes sense that we seem to have adopted it almost instinctively. In India and elsewhere the mahouts and attendants of baggage elephants cheer them along by a perpetual repetition of "Hur-re-re!" The Arabs and camel-drivers in Turkey, Palestine, and Egypt encourage their animals to speed by shouting "Ar-re, ar-re!" The Moors in Spain drive their mules and horses with cries of "Ar-re!" In France the sportsman excites his hounds by his shouts of "Har-re, har-re!" The herdsmen of Ireland and Scotland shout "Hurrah! Hurrah!" to the stock they are driving. It is evident an exclamation common to many nations, and is probably a corruption of "Tur-rah!" (Thor ridd) a battle cry of the ancient Norseman, who called upon Thor, the god of thunder, to aid them in their strifes.

An Anti-Chinese Decision.
Judge Willis Sweet, in the District court at Mount Idaho, Idaho, has decided that Chinese have no right whatever on mining lands in the United States, and that a lease of mining ground to them is invalid, and amounts to an abandonment of a claim. Measures will now be taken if an appeal is not allowed, to oust all Chinese miners in the territory. The decision is far-reaching, and will lead to the abandonment of much ground by the Chinese.

One hundred and fifty-two million gork-sorws are made yearly in New Jersey.

"Thy Kingdom Come."

THY KINGDOM COME, O LORD.
Thy will be done for all of these
On earth as 'tis in heaven—
Thy will be done;
Give peace good will to men—
Robbers will vanish then—
No trusts will flourish when
Thy will is done.

Up in that world above,
Thy will is done;
Each heart is filled with love—
Thy will is done;
There lives no millionaire,
But each thy bounties share—
No usury slaves are where
Thy will is done.

None live and others toil—
Thy will is done;
None starve while food does spoil—
Thy will is done;
No laws make rich and poor,
None special rights secure
Where laws are just and pure—
Thy will is done.

To haste that glorious day
Make thy will done,
Will work and vote and pray
Thy kingdom come;
Old paths are broken
To gain forstaste of heaven.
No special favors given,
But thy will done.

—Mrs. J. T. KELLOGG.

OMAHA, Sept. 5.—[To the Editor of the World-Herald.]—As the moment I wish to thank you for publishing as you have in yesterday's morning paper, under the head of "Alliance Money Ideas," the rapidly being acknowledged fact that "the average farmer talks and thinks far more intelligently on the money question, the tariff question and the transportation question than the average city man." And you also say truly that "the average farmer is a more intelligent man than the average city man." This is a fact which is being recognized by the political circles enacted in behalf of these interests which has forced him to thus inform himself and to "ferret out the criminals."

I don't think there is a particle of doubt as to the truth of this statement. And it is because of this "superior intelligence and investigation of these subjects," and the records of the old parties with reference to them, that the Alliance money question has been placed the "money question" as the first and most important political demand for the righting of the people's wrongs. Also why so many are inclined to "close their eyes" to the tariff tinkerers and free traders when it is well known they are trying so desperately to force the "old chestnut" to the front for the purpose of distracting the people and switching them off from the "money question."

These "intelligent farmers" understand very well how this tariff question is a two edged sword so long as the United States adheres to the metallic or commodity system, and they are so being misled. At present the tariff is lowering or lowering of import duties, which will permit of an influx of foreign manufactures or products, as would turn the balance of trade against us. This would mean a loss of gold—our commodity money—and a consequent shrinkage of all prices to the injury of property owners and ruin of those heavily in debt.

These "intelligent farmers" also understand that the "city man" who is the law of metallic or commodity money, with free trade, is to flow from that country where prices and conditions are best and to that country where prices are lowest and the conditions are worst. Hence the protective principle of the tariff is a necessity of the metallic system of money, and can never, without ruin, be considered as a means of protection. Of course any inequalities where an industry well established is unduly protected it is understood should be adjusted in favor of the "infant industries," so called, or placed more upon a parity with the established industry when the "adjusting" business is undertaken it is found, as General Hancock said when he was democratic candidate for president, "The tariff is a local question. And judging from the action of our country, it is a question to wrestle with the different schedules of the McKinley bill now before them, and one by one convictions as to the national policy of a tariff, both for protection and revenue only, are being rendered by the people. It is a question of the several local or state industries, I guess General Hancock was about right, and it will take a heap of "adjusting" to suit everybody.

As to the national policy of protection, the essential principle is not so much one of fostering particular industries, which can never be done except at the expense of others, and which will truly in the adjustment give it a local character. It is a question of the balance of trade and which must be endured so long as the United States retains the present barbaric system of money. Therefore the tariff question is much more of a money question than it is a tariff question.

That the tendency is to a rapid concentration of all wealth into few hands and a consequent impoverishment of the many is patent to all men. That in the production of the 7,000 or 8,000 millionaires in the United States, we have made since say 1862, per contra we have had to make 1,000,000 or 2,000,000 of "tramps," so called. Add an alarming number to the list of tenants at will, and the army of the unemployed, multiply indefinitely the army of wage workers, and to intensify the struggle for existence among all these classes are facts equally apparent. And in all seriousness I ask the World-Herald and the boards of trade, and the degree to which what an insignificant number of these dangerous fortunes the tariff is in any way responsible for. To what extent has the tariff assisted in the accumulation of Vanderbilt's hundreds of millions, Astor's millions, Gould's millions, "Old Hutch's" millions, etc., etc. Have not the machinations of Wall street sharks in controlling the treasury; in the manipulation and contraction of the money volume in speculation in bonds; in funding schemes; in demoralizing silver; gambling in stocks, etc., made hundreds of these millionaires where the tariff has made one. Also the boards of trade, and the army of gamblers in the necessities of life—operating in our

hundreds of cities, assisted by special rates and rebates on the part of transportation companies, have made other hundreds of these millionaires. And do not charge these robberies to the high schemes of speculation exist and flourish in most civilized (?) countries, just the same and under all degrees of tariff.

It makes us tired, this tariff, which fleches nickels, while the money question and usury is robbing us of our farms, our homes, our opportunities except to compete in the desperate struggle as wage workers.

The Alliance-independents are in earnest in this movement. How is it with the World-Herald? And why should the voters be divided—run off onto "cheestnutty" and side issues or into a political party which has unfortunately on this money question both a head (Cleveland and Wall street) and a tail (Bryan and Thompson), with a business man in the middle wag the other. Respectfully and truly,

JOHN JEFFCOAT.
Plutocracy and the Proletaire.
We have reached a period in our existence as a nation when we should pause for a moment and take a retrospective view of the path we have traveled for a century. If we look beneath the surface we shall see that the national highway is strewn with broken hearts, skeletons of men and women who felt the pangs of unrequited love, broken promises and shadows where the substance of many independence should be enthroned. We shall see a picture of one sitting in judgment on the national life, defying God and nature in hiding away the bounties of the latter, and in assuming to glorify the former while robbing the weakest of his rights. We shall see Christian ministers preaching to the few who bribed them to extol the virtues of mammon, while the bulk of the congregation stand on the outside, not daring to enter lest indignation prompt them to cry out against the false doctrine that is proclaimed instead of the word of God. "Servants, obey your masters," is dinned into the ears of the children of men who acknowledge no master save the eternal God.

Grain, coal, oil—everything—is gathered in from the hands of producers and piled in the centre of the table while gamblers cast the dice or shuffle cards to indicate which shall win. Millions stand outside shivering and starving while the game progresses. At the first murmur of discontent the offender is dismissed without a reason, and is told, as the parting kick is administered, "It is nobody's business why you are discharged; you need not know, for you have no wealth and do not count in the social or political world."

A strike takes place, and at once the plaintiff is lost sight of. Commercial men deliberate at once on the prompt verdicts. The questions are not, Does manhood suffer? Is principle outraged? Are rights trampled upon? But, How many cars of beef are lost? Have stocks depreciated? Are our incomes threatened?

Men organize and attempt to win legislation; they are discharged for drunkenness and insubordination. To attempt to shape statutes is treason to mammon and an insult to the power that now rules legislatures and congress. Corporations stride over the necks of the people while the chosen servants of the people close their eyes to the piteous spectacle, and indulge in drunken brawls on the floors of our national legislature.

Having seen this thing we ask, What is to be done?

The answer comes: Make no law, grant no charter, amend no statute, until equitable provisions are made therefor for both capital and labor. The warrant to act in a corporate capacity should also command that labor should receive the same consideration as capital. We know that the present system is wrong. No one defends it; those whom it serves dare not praise it. It was John Boyle O'Reilly who said: "Take heed of your civilization, ye, on your pyramids built on the bones of the poor. There are stages like Paris in '93 where the common men played terrible parts. They then were not like other cities. They will kill the patient sense of a natural right. It may slowly move, but the people will, and the ocean of Holland is always in sight."

Our fault; say the rich ones. No, it is the fault of a system old and strong; the cure will come, if we make the effort.

—T. V. POWDERLY.

A Story of Wendell Phillips.
Mr. Purvis told a good and characteristic story of the late Wendell Phillips, who fought side by side with him during the battle for emancipation. One day he was at a meeting in a hall that was more than usually hostile to the abolitionists and had howled down and insulted several previous speakers. Mr. Phillips walked to the front of the platform, and scanning the angry faces from front to rear with a keen and fearless eye, began: "You scoundrels! Instantly there was a storm of angry howls and curses, but when they ceased he repeated in a louder voice: "You scoundrels! Again the storm rose and again he repeated the same words. The fourth time the American admiration for fearlessness and fair play asserted itself, and the balance of his speech was listened to in silence and respect. Another time Mr. Phillips was in a railway car in which were a number of ministers returning from a convention. Among the number was a man with a loud, strident voice, who was loudly demanding against the abolitionists, and especially against Mr. Phillips. He was talking at every one in the car, and finally shouted that he understood that Mr. Phillips was on board. The conductor he asked him to point out Mr. Phillips. The conductor indicated the orator, who had been a quiet and interested listener.

The little man with the voice strident as the aisle to a disrespectful distance, and after striking an attitude, the following colloquy took place:

"At that time," explained Phillips? "I am, sir," replied the orator, quietly.

"Then why don't you go south and preach your doctrine there?" shouted the little minister.

"So you are," explained Mr. Phillips, in relating the incident, "any abolitionist would have been lynched in the south."

Replying to the clergyman, Mr. Phillips asked:

"I am, sir."

"Your mission is to save souls from hell?"

"It is, sir."

"Then why don't you go there, sir?"

DIARY OF MARIE BACKBAYSHIFT.

A Blue-blooded Boston Girl Who Is the Type of the Age.
Ah, mon Dieu! Fifteen years old to-day, and not one affair d'ouir to look back on—mon Dieu! I will be loved! I am a young and beautiful I am a girl! I am a girl! (Smashes a chair.) Ah, mon Dieu! but I will be loved!

Tuesday—Yesterday, after my "bulition of passion, during which I looked very handsome (my eyes flashed and my beautiful nostrils dilated), I dressed myself carefully in my purple moire antique, with the green ribbons, letting my stockings fall a little loosely about my ankles, and thrusting a large yellow jowl in my belt. I tripped lightly down the stairs, singing as I went, that little chausson:

Oh, to feel the breath
That comes through a soft mustache
To lean my head on a manly breast
To feel his arms about my waist.

My voice is a beautiful one. Wouldn't I like to sing in Music Hall, and raise the roof, and make Patti tear her imperial dyed hair with rage. Ah, mon Dieu! (The reason I say mon Dieu so much is because I had a French governess. Oh, she was a mignonne a worker! She taught me to roll cigarettes and read Zola. Ah, friend of my infancy, in what paths do your tender feet wander? Art thou listening to seraphic music in the heavenly spheres or wandering on the dull orb? She ran off with a herdic driver. I could have killed him.)

Still singing, I slipped into the drawing-room, where I knew a man from some dry goods establishment was putting up curtains. I went swiftly over to the step-ladder on which he stood. He was beautiful. His hair, of a rich deep red, was dressed pompadour, and his nose was Roman. Oh, Rome! Rome! goal of my young infamy, even a nose will turn my thoughts to thee. (If I do not succeed in music I shall go to Rome and study art! Ah, mon Dieu! Glorious, heavenly art! Art does not exist in the world, and artists are usually men! Oh, art, beautiful art! But the man on the ladder, I turned an arch look upon him (I am always arch), and said in a low trembling voice: "Did it rain when you came in?"

"Not much, miss," said he.
Ugh! how I hate that word "Miss" so bourgeoisly, so sou-ou-ey. I shook the ladder with rage. He lost his balance, and I caught him by the arm, not so much to save him as to feel his manly breath on my cheek. Ah, mon Dieu, how he loved me! He was pale with happiness. "Look here, young woman," he cried, "where's your keeper and your cage?" "But I love you, I adore you," I cried; and with that he picked up his leather apron and hat, and ran quickly from the room. Poor boy, how he loved me! He was pale with passion, but I no longer love him; I tire of him. Alas! he loved me too well, and no man shall ever kiss me! I swear it. Mon Dieu! Ah, love, love, when shall I find love?

Wednesday—I have been reading "The Quick or the Dead," "The Evil That Men Do," and "The Evil That Men Do." Ah, what grand thoughts are in them, mon Dieu!

Thursday—I wanted a sweet bracelet that I saw down at Bogigan's this morning. Another girl bought it before I could get home and ask mamma. She had one in a table straight through the plate glass window and put my foot through a showcase. Why not be frank and candid, mon Dieu, and act as you feel?

Friday—Ah, but I am cruel! I feel I have no heart, and can never know a grand passion. To-day I met a handsome fellow, and he seemed to like me. I stood in front of him for one hour, and kept him from talking to anyone else. I was brilliant in conversation, ris quel brusque! I said:

"You are a naughty man."

"How so, Miss Backbayshift?"

"Oh, I know you are."

"But I want to flirt with me. I know you do. Don't you try to squeeze my hand?"

"But I assure you—"

"But you may. Here it is. Nobody is looking. You may kiss it if you like."

"But I do not like, Miss Backbayshift. I haven't any desire to kiss your hand, and you are a great bore. If you will kindly let me get away from you—"

I threw my cup of chocolate in his face and let him go. The man is mad to love me so passionately. Why, why can I never reciprocate love? Ah, mon Dieu!

Saturday—I have been to the Symphony concert. I cast burning glances at all the orchestra, and smiled in submissive style. None of them looked at me. They do not yet appreciate my style. I am not like other girls. There was one silly young thing in front of me who got a smile from one of the violins. I promptly ran the whole length of my hat pin into her back! Ceil! Then I went home, and after taking a hot bath, stood at the open window for an hour with only a pongee wrapper on. Mon Dieu! If I can't attract attention any other way, I'll die young.

Sunday—Tried to get the minister to walk home with me. He went to see a sick boy instead. Ugh! I have taken a box of liver pills and ate Waikei rare and I will be sick, and he shall come to see me. Mon Dieu!—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

Badly Rattled.
"I was wounded three times during the war," said Maj. L. with a merry twinkle in his fine brown eye—"once fatally, but you see I am still an inhabitant of this beautiful earth."

"Perhaps," suggested one of his listeners—a N. Y. Tribune man—"you were like the man of whom the country newspaper man wrote: 'The ball entered his left side, inflicting a mortal wound. With good care he will be able to pull through all right.'"

"That's just where the ball did enter," replied the grizzled veteran cheerfully. "I was in the Shenandoah valley with Sheridan and we were having a lively time of it, a regular hare-and-hounds race all the time, it seemed. We were chasing Mr. Johnny Rebel out of the country, and in one of

our charges I suddenly stopped short, feeling as if a red-hot sword had been thrust through me. I was wounded, badly, too. The ball hit my entrails, my side, and had passed clean through my body, leaving a fierce burning trail.

"Well, I said to myself, 'Abe L., this time you are a dead man. No man can live when a bullet has plowed its way through his vitals.'"

"It rattled out of him." The fighting business was so brisk just then that wounded men were looking out for themselves. I managed to get to a log and sat down on it to wait until I should die. The pain was so fearful that I could barely move my limbs. It seemed to paralyze my nervous and muscular forces, as I sat there watching the men scamper along, one of my old comrades passed me.

"What's the matter, Abe?" he cried. "Hit?"

"They've done me this time," I answered. "Hope not," he turned to yell back as he ran. One doesn't expect delicate attention at such times.

"Well, I waited to die, until finally I said to myself, 'If this is dying it ain't so bad after all.'"

"I unhooked my belt to ease the pain and thought I would like to see what a deadly wound looked like. I took a look and there was no wound there. I could not believe my eyes. I knew I had been hit, for I could feel where the ball had come out in my back. I put my hand round there to touch the hole and could not find it. There was not a sign of a wound in my side, not a mark on the skin. It took me not more than thirty seconds to buckle my belt around me and make a run for my company. I caught it in twenty minutes."

"How's this?" two or three of the boys panted; "we thought you were killed."

"Well, you see I am not," I said falling into the ranks.

"It had been hit by a spent ball, and that night when I examined my side I found a black and blue spot on it as big as my cap. I didn't mind it in the least. A man who suddenly recovers from a mortal wound feels pretty cheerful."

Men And Their Hobbies.
A statement made by a wise man is that "Every honest man has a hobby." The man in question did not use these precise words, says the American Cultivator, but they amount to the same in substance.

A man who is always tinkering around, making something or other in the mechanical line, is never found spending his leisure hours in a glim of possession. The young man whose hobby is study will be found at his books as soon as his day's work is done and supper is swallowed.

The chap who has "music on the brain" will be putting or scraping his instrument, and his friends will be his friends almost while he would quit his hobby and relegate himself to the rum shop.

Many young men ride a mechanical hobby, and are often building experimental machines, and making "young" steam engines. To such men, electricity possesses the most enticing field. There is no end to the directions in which thought may be profitably turned in connection with electricity. Well developed as it is, electricity is as yet almost unknown thing, which will require lifetimes of study to reduce to the form of a practical science. Electricity is the future power of the world as it has always been its life, although unknown and uncomprehended for ages.

That a young man will waste hours and days of his life in doing worse than nothing, when he has such a field before him, is scarcely to be comprehended, but it is a disgraceful fact. Let the young awake to the idea that the advancement of the world depends upon them personally; that the years to come may be better or worse as they choose to study or to idle, and it seems as though they would quit bear drinking, dice shaking and card shuffling instantly, to avail themselves of the privileges before them.

A man may be about what he makes himself nowadays, and if he chooses to become a sot, the way is open; if he chooses to become a power in the land, he can do so by going to work in that direction and keeping at it.

Had Not Been Introduced.
Dumas often laughed at English stiffness and reserve. One of his stories was this:

"One day Victor Hugo and I were invited to dine with the Duke of Ducazes. Among the guests were Lord and Lady Palmerston—of course this happened before that extraordinary revolution. At midnight tea was handed round. Victor Hugo and I were sitting side by side chatting merrily. Lord and Lady Palmerston had arrived very late, and there had consequently been no opportunity to introduce us before dinner. After dinner it seems it was forgotten. English custom, consequently, did not allow us to be addressed by the illustrious couple. All at once young Ducazes came up to us and said:

"My dear Ducazes, Lord Palmerston begs you will have a chair free between you and Victor Hugo."

"My dear Ducazes, I do not wish. We moved away from each other and placed a chair between us. Thereupon Lord Palmerston entered, holding the hand of his wife, led her up to us, and invited her to sit down on the empty chair. English custom, consequently, did not allow us to be addressed by the illustrious couple. All at once young Ducazes came up to us and said:

"My lady," said to his wife, "what time have you?"

"She looked at her watch and answered: "Thirty-five past twelve."

"Well, then," said the great minister, "remember well that this day is thirty-five past twelve past twelve you were sitting between Alexander Dumas and Victor Hugo—an honor which you will probably never enjoy again in your lifetime."

"Then he offered his arm again to his wife, and took her to her seat without saying a word to us, because we had not been presented."—Ledger.

A rich landed proprietor in Austria has been sentenced to seven months' penal servitude, with occasional days of short rations and sleeping on a plank bed, for torturing a farm servant.