

**A FABLE OF
EXPANSION.**

In a wild new region, once a young man started out in life, poor as a bird, but with a large estate, to which by hard struggling he had got a title he could hold. For a while the chances seemed against him; but he was able and resolute; and he had married a splendid wife, so often the making of a man. She was young and poor in the world like himself, but of even a more ancient and honored family; he had known her since he knew anything, and never cared for another. Many along the way had shaken their heads at the impulsive match; they said he could never maintain her, and both would sink to poverty and ruin; but holy love and hard sense knew better, and well was their wisdom justified of its children. She proved the very help he most needed from the first, and afterward, mother of a mighty race.

Our hero did not long continue poor. By tireless energy and brain, he soon improved the estate he set out with, and then began rapidly adding to it. Dealing skillfully with his landed neighbors, he took in here a field and there a forest, now a stream and then a cabin, ever building greater and finer, till in a mere trice, while still in the prime of his years, he was known for one of the biggest landlords in all the territory. Everybody wondered at his growth, and congratulated his prosperity; perhaps those the most who sneered at it. He was generally respected, and especially sought after by the poor, from his known liberality. He was not universally popular among the higher classes, and it was partly his own fault. A bumptious way of talking and behaving, no doubt born of his well-earned success, went against him; and they disliked his habit of even-handed and all-round tobacco squirting, kept up from rough pioneer times, when he had hardly anything but tobacco to keep him company. But it is to be said, that those who knew him well seemed nearly always to like him, and some of his warmest friends were the more intelligent of the circles who had been his severest critics. At least that noble wife was true to him, up to all record; her tongue did grow a little sharp at times, but the "old man" only said that it never hurt him, and it seemed to do her such a sight of good.

Once in a while this airy confidence did lead him into some questionable proceedings. He grew so used to taking in land, that on one or two occasions he seemed a little unscrupulous as to the methods. Over and above a perpetual fracas with some gypsies who had simply occupied without improving the soil, with whom there was some buying, some driving and a great deal of cheating, the right and wrong of the general matter standing in a good deal of doubt—he had once been known to eject a poorer neighbor from many a broad

acre by sheer violence, though afterward pretending to pay him something for the seizure. He put forth many high claims of justice, but everybody knew he took the land because he was able, and no one could call him to account. That is, from without; his best friends, and many among his own now flourishing household, protested loudly against the act—and loudest of all, it is said, that very wife of his youth, to whom he owed almost everything, and whose principles were most expressly outraged by this act. It is related also, that a terrible retribution overtook him shortly after, for neglecting her counsels, in the shape of an intestine spasm—indigestion from too much land-gulping seemed the immediate cause—which threatened his very existence for years; but that is a family matter.

He recovered, and his growth went on apace. Acquisition, and increase of splendor, continued as of old. But after a time, one day when he seemed to have been taking a little too much, internally—at least his utterance at the period sounded very much like it—he once more assaulted a weak old neighbor, some of whose proceedings had indeed been a nuisance, and to the same old purpose: "A little more land, if you please sir—my hand is well on your throat, my pistol right at your temple, and my heart is magnanimous; I will pay you a consideration." As before, his true friends had been remonstrating. And now arose a curious discussion. An agent, who had acted and was understood to speak for our hero, stood before the family and enumerated every one of those extensions in their order, giving date, location and area to the square foot in each case, exhibiting the greatness they had led to, and recalling that in almost every instance there had been some of the household who opposed, for one reason or another; to the very clear conclusion, that all was right now, as all had been before. Some of the listeners did not indeed find anything

very extraordinary in what was delivered, as they could remember hearing it many times before; but the oration did seem to them a little remarkable for what it omitted. They found no mention or suggestion of the vital fact, that every one of these absorptions from the neighbors had been by the way of peaceful purchase and bargain good for both sides, with the single exception of that one aggression fifty years before, now for the first time repeated; that this invasion had been felt as a brand of indelible disgrace upon the record; that those who opposed it then were now regarded as the conscience and intelligence of the family, and those who now opposed the violence were doing exactly as these did then; above all, their sacred mother, who had made them all they were, gave counsel now as before.

Parallels, it would seem, if they exist in the actual world at all, and are not a fiction of the mind—are decidedly reversible; they extend in opposite ways alike.

A BENEFACTOR. Mr. George Smith, the Chicago millionaire who died recently in London, became a benefactor by dying. His estate has contributed \$2,000,000 to the treasury of New York as its share of the inheritance tax, in addition to the sum of \$5,000,000 deposited in the exchequer of England. The fee of the comptroller for making the collection was \$20,000. Including the share of the United States government, amounting to about \$5,000,000, which has not yet been apportioned, the total amount realized from the estate under the inheritance tax will be about \$12,000,000.

We are tired of hearing of Mrs. Potter Palmer. How do you feel about her? Mrs. Potter Palmer's husband has considerable money, a large part of which she seems to devote to advertising herself. We are also tired of hearing of Bishop Potter of New York. He rushes into print very frequently, and is never interesting.—Atchison Globe.

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