

## HATRED OF THE RICH.

BY ROBERT W. WELCH.

An hour's halt in Ogunquit by a coaching party, while the village blacksmith overhauled the feet of the leaders of the four-in-hand, furnished the occasion for an interesting and instructive talk by Mr. Silas Larrabee.

"Pooty high-toned folks, them is," remarked Deacon Busbee as the coaching party disappeared down the road toward York Beach. "What do you jedge them four hosses and the ker-ridge and harness is wuth?"

"About \$3,000," promptly answered Clim Bascom, "about \$3,000 or \$3,500."

"Must be richer'n I be," mused the Deacon. "I guess they wouldn't go round with no \$3,500 outfits if they had to earn their livin's like I do. I tell ye, Clim, they's something wrong in the world when folks goes round the country in sich style as that, while them that's jest as good as they be has to ride behind crowbaits like mine, pooty nigh shuck to pieces in their old farm wagons. Why should them folks have everything they want and folks like me have pooty nigh nothin', and doggone little of that?"

"Hanged if I can answer that conundrum," Mr. Bascom replied. "Best thing you can do is to ask Uncle Si. Maybe he can tell you."

"Well, Silas," demanded the Deacon, turning to Mr. Larrabee, "what's your ideas on the subject?"

"S'pose I ask a question, Deacon," said Mr. Larrabee. "Is there any reason on airth why you should be the owner of a coach and four red hosses, with gold-plated harnesses? You're goin' on sixty-two year old; been workin' ever sence you was eighteen. What do you figure up you've earned in all that time? I jedge \$20 a month and board would be a pooty liberal estimate—that would be \$344 a year, allowing the victuals you've et up was worth \$2 a week. You'd have a nice time, wouldn't ye, supportin' a team like that?"

"I'm terrible sorry the spirit of envy has ketched hold of you, deacon. You ain't got no right to complain of the bed you're sleepin' on; you made it yourself. You had good schoolin' chances, but you wasn't so pious as you be now, and, accordin' to my recollection, you never got much higher than the tail of your class in nothin'. You had a chance when you got out of school to go up to Boston and go into business, but you wouldn't go away and leave Sophrony Hath. You jest settled down on that little sand patch your father guv ye off the corner of his farm. You've managed to keep alive, and that's about all.

"Now, why on airth should you

think you ought to be able to keep four hosses and a coach to drive round in? Ain't that old crowbait and farm wagon jest about your size? I'm sorry for you, deacon; I wish you was wuth a million dollars so's you could have everything nice you wanted, but I can't see that nobody has done you no injustice, without it is your old friend Deacon Busbee. You might not be wuth a million dollars if you'd made the most of the opportunities that was guv you, but the chances is you'd be consid'able ahead of where you be now.

"As I said in a little talk I made a few weeks ago to the Philomathean society of East Ogunquit, success in life don't always come to them that deserves it. On the other hand, a man has got himself to blame if, after vegetatin' on a little Ogunquit farm nigh onto half a century, he can't show no assets wuth speakin' of.

"It ain't very often you see a feller ketched by the back of the neck, drug out into the public arenny and crowned with success agin his will. They's lots of truth in a little piece I used to speak in school. It goes something like this:

They guv me advice and counsel in store,  
Praised me and honored me more and more,  
Said that I only should wait for awhile,  
Promised their patronage too with a smile.

But with all their kindness and considera-  
tion,

I sartainly would have died of starvation,  
Had they not come an excellunt man,  
Who kindly to help me bravely began.

Good feller, he guv me the food that I et,  
His kindness and care I shan't never forget,  
But I can't embrace him though other folks  
can.

I am myself that excellunt man.

"You never helped yourself much, deacon. You may have had the makin's of a big man in you—nobody knows. You can't blame yourself for not bein' a big man, but before you do sech an awful sight of complainin' you ought to hire somebody to kick you over to Bald Head Cliff and back about sixteen times.

## Honestly Acquired.

"I don't know nothin' about them folks that rid down the road jest now behind them four red hosses, but I don't believe they stole the hosses and wagon. I do believe that somebody earned the money to pay for that outfit in a way you wouldn't have hesitated to travel if you'd knowed enough. It don't foller that anybody that's got a better hoss than yourn is a hoss thief. The chances is pooty strong in favor of the theory that back of that 'ere outfit that has roused your angry passions so, is a man that, like you, was born humble and poor, and has riz by usin' all the talents the Lord guv him to make the best of everything that has come his way.

"If you was to ask me, deacon, what I

thought was the wust thing our republic has to contend with, the most threatenin' thing that hovers over the people of Ameriky, I would tell you it wus jest the sperit and the disper-sition you've showed in talkin' about that 'ere coach and them four red hosses—hatred of them that has things by them that hasn't.

"A man ought to be ashamed of himself fer lettin' any sech feelin' take root in his soul. He ought to chase it away, club it off the minit it comes anywhere nigh him. Some ideas, when they git into a man's head, boosts him up, makes him three or four sizes bigger than he was before; but this one don't. Jest as soon as you begin to hate folks because they have money and things that money buys, jest so soon you begin to squizzle up. They's nothin' like it for makin' a man little; spiles him through and through.

"Why should folks that ain't smart enough to get ahead none hate folks that's got splendid houses, steam yachts, fine hosses, and kerridges, better clothes than Solomon had, and all the money they want to spend?

## Politics.

"Why is it, for example, that when they's a presidential election nowa-days, you've always got to count a pooty big vote for somebody supposed to represent the miserable idee that the rich has got something out of the world that doesn't belong to 'em?

"Why is it that whenever a political question comes before the people of Ameriky they's thousands that, jest as soon as they find out which side of the fence the wealth and intelligence of the country stands, hustles over to the other side like they was chased by a lot of wild-eyed, snortin' Durham bulls?

"Did you ever hear of a strike that these same folks didn't say was a fight between 'downtrodden labor' and 'soulless capital?' You'd think to hear these folks talk that every man that built a mill and put hands to work in it ought to be cut into four pieces and then b'iled in goose grease.

"A feller up to Wells says to me only yesterday, speakin' about that 'ere steel strike, 'They had to strike or that gang of, robbers that Morgan is the head of, would have crushed 'em into the airth. Devilish cut-throats, they ought every one of 'em to be tuk out into the Atlantic Ocean and fed to cod and haddick.'

"How do you know,' says I, 'that these gentlemen is robbers?'

"'Because', says he, 'they wouldn't be so rich if they wasn't robbers.'

"Ain't that logercal, though! If I had a hen that couldn't reason no better than that I'd be afeard to eat the eggs she laid. If I've heard that pro-