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HISTORY

OF THE

GRANGE MOVEMENT,

WITH A HISTORY OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS

OF THE ORDER OF

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY,

BY

EDWARD WINSLOW MARTIN,

Author of "Behind the Scenes in Washington, etc., etc. From the National Publishing Company, Phila., Pa., Chicago, Illinois, and St. Louis, Missouri.

We are just in receipt of the advanced sheets of this remarkable book, and, from a cursory examination, predict for it a wide circulation and ready sale. Coming as it does so opportunely, just at the very moment when the public expectation is "on tip-toe" with regard to the intentions, movements, and *coup d' etats* of that mysterious and powerful body of the *real* SOLID MEN of the land, it will be most eagerly sought for, and read, by all who feel any interest in the future of their country; for, if we mistake not, the Grange movement, if it means anything, means "THAT THOSE WHO OWN THE LAND SHALL GOVERN IT." With these preliminary remarks, we shall let the author speak for himself in the following extracts taken at random from his book:

Among the many remarkable events of the year which is just drawing to a close, none is more worthy of patient and careful study than the important movement among the agricultural classes, which has been popularly termed "The Farmer's War against Monopolies." The rapid and astounding growth of this movement, the formation of Farmers' Granges in every part of the Union, and the remarkable success which has attended every step of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry, have made it the most closely and anxiously observed of any of the movements of the day. The people of the United States are deeply interested in it, and on all sides there is a growing desire to know more of it. Men cannot help regarding with a deep interest an organization which bids fair to embrace the whole agricultural population at an early period, and which proposes to exert the enormous strength and power of this class of our countrymen as *a compact and united force* for the accomplishment of a definite object. Those who laughed at the movement in its infancy, are now forced to confess that the Patrons of Husbandry are to-day a power which no political party can afford to ignore, and which will soon, perhaps in the next year, be able to decide the majority of the popular elections throughout the Union.

For several years past the country has been suffering from evils of which all have been conscious, but which none had the courage to remedy, until the Grange took up the cause of the oppressed. Prominent among these are the burdens that have been fastened upon the people by the reckless and unscrupulous course of the great Railroad Monopolies that have sprung up in our midst. These vast and powerful corporations have inaugurated a series of abuses which have gradually and effectually undermined the solid basis upon which our finances were supposed to rest.

The Grange seeks to array the agricultural class—nearly one-half of our whole population—as a compact body against these evils, and by thus opposing a solid front to the monopolists and their selfish and unpatriotic schemes, to awaken the entire nation to a sense of the danger with which it is threatened, and secure its co-operation in the enforcement of measures which will remove the evil and bring about a more healthful state of affairs.—The Grange offers to the farmers the most practical means of bettering their condition, and while it confines its membership strictly to the agricultural class, it appeals powerfully to the general public for sympathy and encouragement. Believing as he does, that the farmer has suffered great and cruel wrongs, the Author has endeavored to tell his story for him, and to show to the reader wherein it is true.

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According to the Census of 1870 there were 2,707,421 persons engaged in manufactures, mechanical and mining industries, and 5,922,471 persons engaged in agricultural pursuits. There is no means of obtaining the exact number of employers in the manufacturing class, but, making all due allowance for the great number of small establishments in this country, we may safely assert that the number of persons engaged in manufacturing operations, and employing the labor of others, is limited to a few hundred thousands, scarcely half a million in number, if so many, the remainder of the number given above being made up by the persons receiving wages and termed operatives.

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Let us suppose that, without duty, English blankets could be sold in the United States for $5 a pair, and that American blankets could be sold at the same figure, with a fair profit to the manufacturer.—The tariff adds a duty of 90 per cent., or $4 50 to the English article, and raises the price to $9 50 a pair. The American manufacturer is thus enabled to advance his price to $8 50, and still to undersell the English manufacturer. The people are thus compelled to pay $3.50 additional for every pair of American blankets they purchase. No wonder our our woollen and cotton factors amass such immense fortunes.

There are but two or three manufacturers of quinine in the United States, but, as this medicine is the special antidote to the most common disease of this country, large quantities of quinine are used annually. The bark from which the powder is made, is admitted free of duty, but the powder itself must pay a duty of 50 per cent. The American manufacturer is thus "protected" to an extent which enables him to demand 50 per cent. more for his quinine than he could obtain in a free market, and the excess is a burdensome tax exacted from the entire nation. The reader can easily form an idea of the amount of the annual tribute paid by the nation to the two or three manufacturers of quinine.

Castor oil is about doubled in price by this system.

The heaviest duties are levied upon articles of necessity, upon the clothing, medicines and other necessities of the poor.—Upon articles of luxury the duties are proportionately light. It is 90 per cent on blankets, and but 60 per cent. on silks. On flannels of the quality used by working men for their underclothing, the duty is almost prohibitory, while on the finer grades it is comparatively light. On salt it has been within a very recent period 107 per cent; while on diamonds it is only 10 per cent.

Thus the burden falls upon the middle and poorer classes, upon those who cannot afford to use luxuries. The rich pay comparatively little; it is the great mass of toiling, struggling people that pay the enormous tribute to the manufacturers.

The burden falls upon the farmer with very great force. Almost every article needed in the exercise of his calling, besides those required for domestic consumption, is taxed enormously. It is useless to go over the whole list. A few instances are as follows:

	Subject to a duty or tax ad valorem in average. Per cent.
Bar iron for a wagon,	40
Trace chains,	60
Iron for plows,	42
Steel for plows,	30
Iron for threshing machines and any other machines,	42
Steel for the same,	32
Horse shoes and nails,	35
Horse-rugs or blankets,	140
Rope,	35
Harness,	35
Curry-combs,	35
Horse brushes,	40
Nails for his barn, duty on iron,	42

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Constitution of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry, and by-laws of the National Grange,

Adopted at the Sixth Annual Session of the National Grange, Jan. 1873.

PREAMBLE.

Human happiness is the acme of earthly ambition. Individual happiness depends upon general prosperity.

The prosperity of a nation is in proportion to the value of its productions.

The soil is the source from whence we derive all that constitutes wealth; without it we would have no agriculture, no manufactures, no commerce. Of all the the material gifts of the Creator, the various productions of the vegetable world are of the first importance. The art of agriculture is the parent and precursor of all arts, and its products the foundation of all wealth.

The productions of the earth are subject to the influence of natural laws, invariable and indisputable; the amount produced will consequently be in proportion to the intelligence of the producer, and successs will depend upon his knowledge of the action of these laws, and the proper application of their principles.

Hence, knowledge is the foundation of happiness.

* * * * * *

The Grange offers to the farmers of the United States a means of *combination*, of harmony of action such as they have never before possessed. It offers them the means of expressing their views and wishes as a body, and of *enforcing* them. Its objects and mode of accomplishing them are distinctly stated, and are such as to commend themselves to every member of the Order. The *weakest local Grange* pursues a policy and seeks the furtherance of ideas and interests that are the objects of the efforts *of every Grange in the Union.* There is no division. Individual differences are accommodated to the great ends to be accomplished by the Order as a whole.

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There is another feature of the Grange that, alone, would make it invaluable to the farmers of America. It is the best means that has yet been devised of cultivating social relations among them, and in its social aspects, it is a perfect success.

Few who have not been residents of the country, can rightly understand the monotony of a farmer's life. Day after day the farmer and his family pursue the same appointed round of toil. There is no change save the regular recurrence of the Sabbath, and attendance upon religious services where such privileges are accessible. During the busy season constant toil leaves little leisure on the hands of any member of the household; but when the long winters set in, and several months of forced inactivity are upon them, the monotony is often very hard to bear. It is always felt, *even by the dullest.*

* * * * * *

"The Order of Patrons of Husbandry, is an organization of farmers and horticulturalists, one object of which is to secure to its members the advantages of co-operation in all things affecting their interests. . . . To enable the members of the Order to purchase implements and machinery at as low cost as possible, by saving the commission usually paid to agents, and the profits of the long line of dealers standing between the manufacturers and the farmers, the Executive Committee of the National Grange desire to publish a list of the establishments that will *deal directly* with State and subordinate Granges.

* * * * * *

"In the purchase of sewing machines the saving has been still greater and the sales very large. The retail price of sewing machines in this State has been from $50 to $95, according to variety; they are now sold to the Grangers at 40 per cent. discount from these prices, or for from $30 to $57. The demand has been so great that 1500 machines have been ordered to be delivered during the coming year. Supposing all of these to be of the cheapest variety, the saving will be $30,000. The number purchased will probably far exceed 1500. On parlor organs the discount to the Granges is from 20 to 25 per cent.; on scales, from 25 to 33⅓ per cent.; on shellers, 15 per cent.; on wagons, 20 per cent.; on hay-forks, 33⅓ per cent.; on miscellaneous implements, like feed-grinders, stalk-cutters, harrows, field-rollers, hay-rakes, grain separators, etc., 25 per cent. On mowers the discount is 25 per cent.; that is, a machine which retails at $120 is sold to the Grangers for $90. A lot of reapers which a manufacturer who was going out of the business had on hand were offered to the Grangers for $75 each, provided they would take the whole of them. They were carefully examined and tested by the State agent and others, who reported that they would be cheap at $150. A circular conveying this information was sent to the Granges of the State, and the whole lot was disposed of at once. They have given universal satisfaction. I might go on at great length quoting prices, but those I have given are sufficient to show that by intelligent co-operation the farmers of the country can save a great amount of money. General Wilson, Secretary of the State Grange, thinks that $2,000,000 has already been saved in this way.

* * * * * *

The Order of Patrons of Husbandry is a remarkable order, and has a remarkable history. Its growth is unprecedented. Not even the old Know Nothing party spread with such rapidity. Although organized as far back as 1867, the growth of the Order has been confined almost exclusively to the past year, in which it has spread with a swiftness which has exceeded even the wildest hopes of its most sanguine friends. But a mere handful at the beginning of 1873, it is now *a vast army** stretching over the *entire Republic*, with a well arranged and satisfactorily *working system* of government, with *definite* and *honestly avowed aims*, and *ample means of attaining its ends*; and it is increasing by many thousands every week.

No man can predict its future; but it seems safe to assert that at no very distant day it will embrace the *entire farming community*. Certainly those who have the farmers' interests at heart should strive for such an end.

The foregoing extracts speak for themselves, and need no bolstering, for "facts are stubborn things," and to our mind these facts are all well put.

* Over a million and a half at present.—EDS.

☞ A learned doctor being very busy in his study, a little girl came to ask for some fire. "But," says the doctor, "you have nothing to take it in." As he was going to fetch something for that purpose, the little girl stooped down at the fireplace, and taking some cold ashes on one hand she put live embers on them with the other. The astonished doctor threw down his books, and saying, "with all my learning, I should never have found out that expedient."

☞ Macaulay had a prodigious memory, and was wont to say he knew Milton's Paradise Lost so well that he could restore the first six or seven books in case they were lost.

A lady reporter sent to an agricultural fair, wrote of a lot of young pigs. "They look too sweet to live a minute."

NOT LOST.

It was late in the afterno[illegible] a dull autumnal day that a grou[illegible]ng people came chatting down t[illegible] of stone steps leading from the de[illegible]thedral church, in an old Atlanti[illegible] town. They were members of t[illegible] society attached to the church, a[illegible] had evidently been there for reh[illegible] Within, the great building yawned [illegible]ly, save in the gallery, [illegible] over the organ, a gas-jet spun ra[illegible] in the gloom, and the sound o[illegible] echoed voices broke through th[illegible]

The visible occupant[illegible] and a maiden—[illegible] alastic word, "lovers," gleaming as did the mysterious handwriting of old on the wall, on their foreheads. Robert Field, the organist, was turning over some sheets of manuscript music with an absorbed air, while by his side stood Hester Heathersleigh, her pretty face full of anxious interest as she watched his movements. A little cloud of uneasiness wrinkled her forehead now and then as she saw the rent edges of angry clouds scud by the narrow slit of onward giving to the east where the gray sea lay tossing stormily.

"Well, Robert!" she said at last, dropping her slim hand on his shoulder. 'Well, Robert, what is it?'

The musician's dark, serious face lighted a moment, gloriously, as he turned and took the little hands in his.

"I asked you to stay, Hester, because I wished to play for you some passages from my new piece. I shall submit it to the society at Music Hall to-morrow evening, and I want your opinion in advance."

The young girl laughed—a little, rippling laugh of gleeful enthusiasm.

"My opinion! Why, Robert, you know beforehand what that will be. It would be nothing but a form asking it."

Robert raised the little hand tenderly to his lips.

"I know that love makes gentle critics of us all," he said, wisely. "But now I want you to forget who is the author of the melody, and to exercise your judgment without stint. Remember, too, that love is the theme; love which, wisely or unwisely, hopes all things, believes all things, endures all things unto the end." And then he turned to the organ.

He played slowly at first. It was a lonely opening full of strange, sad chords, as if a soul were waiting some where in shadow. Then, as brightness entered, the theme asserted itself. The wonderful tones climbed higher and higher, expressive of a great faith, of a fond, mad triumph, and bewildering joy. On and on the chords swept; it was as if a living chain of light ran round the world.

When he had finished there was silence for a moment between these two. The lingering echoes rolled back and forth till one by one they, too, escaped into stillness. Then Hester Heathersleigh stooped, and with quivering lips and tear-wet eyes, reverently kissed the bowed forehead of her lover.

"Oh, my darling!" she cried, "it is so beautiful! I am so proud of you. Who taught you to play like that?"

A proud and satisfied smile curved Robert Field's lips as he listened. "My love for you taught me," he answered. "My love for you, which is so great, so all-absorbing, that my music seems to be but a poor expression of it."

Then lifting her head he gazed for a moment with wistful tenderness into the rose-pink beauty of her small, sweet face.

"You think it is a triumph, then dear? Ah, Hester, are you sure you speak for the music itself, or only out of a tender mercy born of your love for me?"

An indignant light brightened the pretty violet eyes out of the drowsy languor of youth's enchanting dreams.

"Tender mercy for you," she repeated. Then her voice changed. "Ah, Robert! if my love can make you write like that now, then your future life shall be full of inspiration, for I shall love you more and more the longer I know you. I shall love you more and more forever."

She wound her arms about his neck, and with tender, maiden sweetness kissed his forehead, and kissed his wavy hair, and kissed the thin, pale hand which lay nervelessly on the yellow organ keys.—And then a stillness crept about them, a stillness more fraught with eloquent joy than any measure of golden speech could have been.

While they thus stood hand in hand talking, the curtain behind them partitioning off the long gallery parted and a dark face peered through. It was a man's face, handsome but cruel in that purple gloom of gathering shadow. It was no friendly face, either, that with its many changes of hate and jealous anger and furious despair seemed, while the lovers talked, to be playing a dark and stormy accompaniment to the idyl of their love.

A sudden angry burst of wind at the narrow window roused them unpleasantly to a sense of night and the nearing storm.

"Oh, the rain!" cried Hester, with a pale face. "How thoughtless of us to stay, and you have that long, desolate walk over the cliffs in the dark!"

"Never mind!" cried Robert, stoutly. "There are such light and warmth within me that I shall not heed a passing touch of wind and water. I will see you to your door first, and then good-night."

"My cousin Conrad promised to come for me," Hester answered. "I wonder what detains him. It is too bad for me to take you all this long way out of your route."

"I like it better so," the young man said, gravely. "I do not like your cousin Conrad, and I am not willing to trust you to his care. Oh, my darling!" he went on earnestly, "if my music but brings me fame and fortune I can then make you all my own, and there will be no more good nights, no more partings in the storm for us."

They passed down the stairs and out into the street together, unconscious of the shadow closing upon them nearer and blacker. At the door of Hester's home they parted with a lingering good-by.

"My precious music," cried Robert, buttoning his coat closer about him. "No harm must come to that. It represents fame and fortune and love and honor for thee and me, my darling."

Hester lifted a small wet face to peer into the gloom.

"I wish you could stay, she said.—"And oh, Robert, be careful of the cliffs—the path is so lonely and dangerous. I shall come early to rehearsal to-morrow for the sake of knowing that you are safe."

"Do!" he answered. "I shall bring you glad tidings. Success is too near for me to miss now. Good-night, good-night, my sweetheart!" And so speaking he passed from her into the shadow of his awaiting doom.

After that night of storm the day dawned clear and cool. At St. Paul's the choral society, just then in the first flush of enthusiasm over a new oratorio, gathered early. One—Two—Three! the great bells chimed the hours and the singers waited impatiently for their leader. Something had detained him most likely; he would come soon! The hour struck Four and he had not come, and Hester Heathersleigh, with a heart heavy as lead in her bosom, fell on her knees in an agony of prayer. "Oh, my God!" she cried, reckless of who might hear her. "He is dead. My Robert is dead! He has been lost in the cruel storm!"

Some one, pitying, touched her arm.—It was her cousin, Conrad Charteris; he was looking down at her with a pale face—a face paler far than that which he had spied upon her yesterday from behind the gallery curtain. Her piteous cry had touched even his stony heart.

"Hush!" he whispered, "there is news from him—from Robert; come and hear what it is."

A note had been brought by a swift running messenger, and a shudder ran round the waiting circle of listeners when its contents were made known. It was signed by a leading physician of the city, and stated that Robert Field had been picked up that morning at the foot of the cliffs and taken home for dead. He was now, at the date of the writing, lying in an insensible condition, and it was impossible to tell what the extent of his injuries were, or if there was any hope of his ultimate recovery.

A horror stricken silence followed the reading of the note, broken at last by a low, sobbing cry from Hester Heathersleigh's white lips.

"I must go to him—oh I must go to him! Who will take me? You! you!" and caught Conrad Charteris by the arm.

He shrank away from her with a gesture much as if she had pierced him with a knife. His black eyes dilated horribly.

"I? I go with you to see him?" he cried. "What are you thinking of?—What do you take me for?" Then noting her astonished look he made a fierce struggle for composure; but his hands shook like withered leaves.

"Why do you wish to go to him?" he questioned angrily. "He would not recognize you—and it is no place for you! Let me take you home."

She snatched up her shawl and bound it with trembling fingers about her shoulders. "I tell you I shall go to him," she answered. "I was to have been his wife, and, living or dead, my place is now by his side. You can come with me if you like!" And she flew down the steps.

It seemed an age to her, that short time she was on the road leading to the lonely house of Robert Field's widowed mother; and when at last, by dint to her prayers and tears, she was suffered to approach his bedside, she looked down on a very different Robert Field from the one with whom she had parted in such high hope the night before.

The bruises were chiefly about the head, the physician said gravely, and even if he recovered it was doubtful if his mind would ever be sound again. Hester heard him, and with a great sob fell on her knees by the bedside. Where now were the brilliant aspirations, the tender hopes, the gay courage and stout-hearted faith of one short day gone by? Lost! lost!—Success so near to him, and yet to fail. Triumph so nearly won, and yet to pass by on the other side.

"Robert, O my Robert! Look up! Speak to me, or I, too, shall die!"

Ah! but love remained. Love unchanged and unfaltering. This then was left—the blessings of a love which believes all things, hopes all things, and endures all things unto the end.

The drawn white face on the pillow did not change at Hester's cry, but under the half-closed lids the dull eyes gleamed feebly and the slender hand outside on the coverlet groped helplessly. Hester took his hand in hers and then, quick as lightning, by some strange, subtle instinct rather that by any demonstration of his, she felt that the poor, stricken senses were trying to break through the darkness that enveloped them and make their unknown want understood.

"Robert, Robert! what is it?" she cried. "What is it that you want to make us understand?"

The helpless movement of his lips, the helpless groping of his fingers, were enough to make one weep. Hester bent her ear to his mouth.

"What is it, Robert, dear? Tell me—what is it you want?"

The stiffened lips strove with a terrible effort to move, and this time one word was feebly articulated:

"Music?"

Hester looked up with a startled exclamation:

"Music! He calls for his music. Do you not hear? Where is it! Who knows about it! Is it lost?" she questioned eagerly.

Again that terrible attempt at speech. The dull eyes opened wide, the feeble fingers clenched themselves on Hester's hand, and, with a last mad effort of expiring desperate strength, he raised himself and shrieked:

"My music! Find it! Save it!" And then he fell back on his pillow like one dead.

"You have killed him," said the physician, angrily, and at the words Hester, with a moan, dropped down insensible.

Not dead! But when, after weeks and months of painful illness, he faced the world again, he looked like a shadow out of the past. But bent and aged, with scarred forehead and whitened locks, the wreck of his body was not the greatest evil that had befallen him; for of the brilliant genius of other days no vestige was left. Saddest of all, the miserable ghost of his lost hopes haunted him, and in the ruined chamber of his darkened intellect he was forever groping, trying to gather up the mystic chords of tuneful thought which no longer vibrated to his magic touch. The lost manuscript music had never been recovered, and though his feeble mind failed to take in the greatness of his loss, the shadow of something beautiful which was to have been, somehow, failed to be, lay on him, and gave his face a wistful look, which was sadder far in its mute endurance than any wail of speech could have been.

Music was to him now something akin to the sound of "sweet bells jingled, out of tune and harsh."

One day in early spring he went to the church for the first time, leaning on Hester's arm. The old, familiar look of the place struck him forcibly and roused his dormant wits. He sat down to the organ and glided his hands over the keys; a few jangling, discordant chords followed, wandering and disconnected; then his face changed, and, with a terrible cry, he flung his head on his arms.

"Oh, Hester! tell me what is it I have lost? Sometimes I almost reach it—it is in my mind, something beautiful which I almost grasp; and then it eludes me and fades away. I have lost it now. Hester! Hester! take me home!"

She kissed him and soothed him with sweet womanly words, and when he was more composed she led him away.

Soon after that they were married. In vain Hester's friends threatened and opposed her. She was quietly determined.

"He loved me when friends and fortune smiled on him," she answered them.—"He would have given me every great gift which the world was ready to bestow on him for love of his beautiful genius, and shall I desert him now when misfortune has overtaken him? Perhaps—oh, perhaps some time God may restore to him his lost mind." Tears filled her lovely, soft pathetic eyes. "If I dared to hope it—oh, if I but might hope for it, how willingly would I give my life to have it so."

The day before her wedding she received a visit from Conrad Charteris.

"It shall not be?" he cried out vehemently. "Do you recognize what you are doing? Why, you had better far die at once, for Robert Field is but little better than an idiot."

"And if he *were* an idiot," returned Hester, bravely hiding her hurt at the brutal words, "even then I would marry him. I love him, and if not one vestige of his glorious intellect remained I would be Robert Field's wife, and a proud one, too!"

"And, by ——, I believe you would," answered Conrad, looking with a fond, mad longing into the small pale face, lifted so undauntedly to his dark gaze.

"Hester, you will drive me mad. I would to heaven that Robert Field was dead. Why did he not die that night last winter?" and he struck his hand furiously on the table in a blind frenzy of despair.

"God knows it was from no lack of purpose in you that he did not die," retorted Hester, spiritedly.

She spoke at random, but Conrad shrank away with a white face. The idle words evidently hit him hard. They cut close and sharp as steel in their unexpected descent, and wheeling abruptly about he left her and did not seek her again.

They were married quietly, and after that, in the tender security of his modest home, under the fond and cherishing care of his wife, health and strength came slowly back to the shattered frame of Robert Field.

Slowly, too, out of the darkness he began to wrench, one by one, the secrets of his prisoned mind. Old melodies began to shape themselves under his touch, discordant and fragmentary at first, but gradually assuming symmetry and power.

"No quite a wreck!" he would sigh, wistfully. "Some day some good genii will unlock my prison door and set me free."

In the child that was born to them, a beautiful boy who sang sweet music in every tone of his childish voice, his pride was great. He talked of him, listened to him, watched him, and dreamed of him, predicting a future of which Bertrand was to be the perfect flower, the very golden rose of joy. So the years passed, and sweet Hester Field's fair face grew heavenly beautiful to see, with its tired look of patient waiting. God only knows how her heart failed her now at times; or with what fierce power she wrestled with her growing doubts, and prayer for strength to help her bear this cross whose shadow fell even darker and deeper on her young life.

Had her love, then, been a sacrifice in vain?

But one day the answer came!

Returning one afternoon from a long walk, Robert Field stopped in the hall, spell-bound by the triumphant strains of some new and beautiful melody floating through the rooms. His worn face flashed with the old light of inspired thought; his eyes dilated; his whole form shook with a mysterious emotion.

"What is it? what is it?" he asked of his wife, who came to meet him.

"Bertrand's music!" answered proud mother Hester. "He has been engaged with it a long time. He meant it to be a surprise to you."

Robert Field threw up his arms with a joyful cry.

"It is mine!—mine! My lost music!—the music I played for you that long forgotten day! Hark, Hester! do you not recognize it now? Oh! to think that it has slept so long and now comes back to me so fresh and fair. This is what I have missed out of my life! This is my treasure which was lost to me and now is returned to me after many years. Brought back by a little child! Our child, Hester! Oh, thank God for that!"

Rushing into the parlor he swept Bertrand from the stool, and seating himself at the organ, with one powerful sweep of his hands over the keys, he summoned his God given genius from the tomb of his youth and bade it stand resurrectionized in new life before him. On and on the music swept; not a note was lost; not a chord dropped out of the splendid work. Shoutingly, exultantly the tones leaped forth. "And their name was called Wonderful." On! on! Up and up!

At last, from sheer exhaustion, the musician dropped to the floor, and lying there at Hester's feet he wept tears which were no shame to him.

"It is the very same!" he cried. Bertrand has written it out note for note, a counterpart of my own work. Is it not an awful thing to think of! My own work, and yet his! Who but God can explain it. And oh, Hester! The darkness is all gone now! Let me thank God for that."

Then, wrapping his arms about her, Robert Field kissed his wife's pale face and kissed her tender mouth, her wavy hair, and her slim, pale, faithful hands.

"My wife! my wife! Oh, what if your love had failed you, Hester? If, in those terrible first hours of my misfortune, your true heart had been one whit less true; then I should have been lying in my grave to-dry, a broken and forgotten man!"

So fame and success in the later days of his life came, not unwelcomed his famous piece with none the less acclaim for its long delay, and for the strange story which accompanied it. One truth only concerning that fatal night Robert withheld—known alone to his faithful wife.—But Conrad Charteris had long ago disappeared from the town, and was seen no more among them. So he and Hester buried the secret in their hearts, contented that it should be so—for God is his own avenger.

They had been taught a wonderful lesson, too, by One who, having lived on earth, knew what the full fruition of earthly life must be, and who gave, ere he passed away from among men, the crowning blessing of His wisdom in a last, new commandment—

Love ye one another!

JONES, OF NEVADA.—His face is like a Dutch portrait in the style of Rembrandt's mellowest, with American eyes in it. The cheeks are bright red, with the color of currant clusters, seeming to expose a juicy red life in the blood, and for the rest are open-air brown, the whole a little voluptuous in contour, but lengthened out with a beard of rich Vandyke brown, where the thread or two of gray hangs like the morning cobweb on the red thorn bush. The eyes are hazel, carrying all expressage, inundated with humor, clear as precision, shining with the light of feeling, expanding with the glow of address. The hair tarries, satisfied that sometimes it must let the oils of precious spikenard evaporate, but as yet they give it hue. A trifle chuffy in the body, as if he bossed all the jobs with the knees, the belly, the eyes, and elbows, hallooing to his workmen meantime, and too strong to be always elegant—this was Jones.—*"Gath," in Chicago Tribune.*

DON'T GO THERE.—The Danbury News says: One of our young men has ceased to make calls at a certain house. It appears that he went the other night from an oyster supper, and on her father appearing at the door he observed: "Hallo, old tadpole! where is the floating gazelle? where is my love now dreaming?" This seemed to indicate that something was wanted, so he placed his hand sadly on the young man's shoulder, stowed away a large amount of leather under his coat tail, and then retired into the house. The young man doesn't go there any more. He says the small-pox is hereditary in the family.

☞ The Tichborn claimant weighed 310 pounds when he entered Newgate Prison, but the confinement has greatly reduced his size. He eats very little of anything but bread, which alone is not fattening food.

Why should a magistrate be very cold? Because he represents just ice.