

THE BIG AND THE LITTLE.

An Experience of Eighty Years of Life.

(BY GEORGE TISDALE BROMLEY.)

CHAPTER XIX (Continued). I sat at a king's banquet would not be in it, not for a minute. I met at the club...

FARMER'S TALK TO FARMERS

Everything in Life Comparative—How to Compare Our Lots—No Man, Woman or Child is Left without a Blessing of Some Sort—Keep the Eye Right and the Mind Right and Life's Affairs will seem to be Better Balanced.

(Written Specially for The Bulletin.) Pretty nearly everything in this life is comparative. There is almost nothing in it that is absolute. No one of us is absolutely happy or absolutely wretched.

I don't mean to say that a fellow with a jumping toothache can be wholly happy. But if he will compare his aching tooth with the aching tooth of the legion of fellows in Heinrich Warburton's jaw—a legion which attacked their teeth at once and set them all throbbing with pain and set them all agog as to drive him temporarily insane, why, then, I fancy he will think his aching tooth is not so bad after all.

Other farmers, having small families and less diversity of labor to draw upon, live in much the same way, but with some of the luxuries of the large variety. Many a farm house today has its modern six-hole range, and then a modern refrigerator, and a modern cooking, and the crane and pots in an open fire-place. Where a dog improved old lamps give ample light, and a few candles give a feeble burning, sickly shining, green dropping tallow dips. Were you a boy on a farm fifty years ago? Then you know just how you got an orange or what a good time you had when you got the old folks couldn't afford to have you wearing out shoes in the rocky pastures, and so on and so on.

I know farmhouses today where the bills for what would have been considered extravagant luxuries forty years ago are bigger every year than the total living expenses of larger families in the same houses at that time. When I was a boy, the money that our fathers and grandfathers did. And we spend more. We get more for what we spend. If you had to go back to the old folks couldn't afford to have you wearing out shoes in the rocky pastures, and so on and so on.

When I compare what I am able to earn with the incomes of Morgan or Rockefeller—when I compare my wages with those paid for similar work by hard work similarly skilled or unskilled, in the cities and large manufacturing centers, we are underpaid. We get less money for more and harder work. I'll join you in a mass meeting any Monday to howl and denounce and exhort and agitate and protest—and you'll agree to stand with me and thank God for the good luck we've had and the measure of success we've achieved.

As a class, we're not so well off as some other classes. You'll pardon me the use of that American word, which I use simply because there seems to be no other clear, New-England word that conveys the idea better than we were, and we're gaining every decade. If we get nothing but what we're getting, we're in the present condition with the successful city men, we can get considerable comfort in comparing what we have now with the lot of our forebears had half a century ago.

hour conferred and the Lamb's club that conferred it. While in New York I made my home with my brother Isaac, and while there he was telling him about my excursion ticket, with which I had crossed the continent as a Knight Templar, and the time had expired for its better good.

"Oh, I have it, 'I can fix that,' and the intimate relation between my brother and Mr. Chauncey Dewey seemed to me a puzzle through to Chicago, and I went on my way rejoicing. After an uneventful trip by railroad I arrived in Chicago and was soon on my way to Morgan Park to visit my sister Charlotte, one of the loveliest women I have ever known. At that time there was a brother-in-law and myself were the only survivors of a family of nine children, five boys and four girls. That sister had since passed to the unknown, at the age of eighty-three, beloved and mourned by all who knew her. It was during my stay at Morgan Park that I experienced the first exhilarating ride that had been my good fortune to enjoy for more than forty years, and it was a rich treat. As Morgan Park has the only bill worthy of the name in all Cook county, I had the pleasure of riding down the tracks, and I thought long to be with them, but I thought of walking down the hill after sliding down led me to forego the pleasure. But the scene carried me back to my boyhood days, when the winter snows covered the hills—and they were hills, they were. Talk of the ancient 'seven-hilled city'—Rome—why, it wasn't in it with my seventeen-hilled native town, and every one of them was utilized by 'the boy with the sled.' While at Morgan Park I attended a church social and during the evening's exercises, which were on a sort of a Bohemian basis, with no regular programme, I was called upon to address the audience. I complied with the request and at the close of my remarks I was invited to 'Come Home,' which, with my speech, met with the hearty approval of the audience. At the close of the evening I was warmly congratulated upon my contribution to its success, and thus I was assured of the good taste and sound judgment of the people of Morgan Park. My native modesty, which is proverbial, prevents me from dilating upon this pleasing event.

After a delightful visit of three weeks at Morgan Park it occurred to me that I had not seen anything like something as to the value of my excursion ticket in making my way home, and with this object in view I went to Chicago, where I had to negotiate with three different railroad offices. I was quite successful with the first, as the gentlemanly manager informed me that as far as their road was concerned my excursion ticket should be honored. I left his office quite satisfied, and then remembered that I had a message to deliver to Mr. Bissell of the Santa Fe railroad from a lady in San Francisco and decided to go to that office first. On arriving at the Santa Fe office I inquired for Mr. Bissell, and was told that he was in his office but was very busy, so would I please be seated. I said I was rather pressed for time, and as I did not know the gentleman, but had a message for him from a lady in San Francisco, I would not detain him for a minute. The gentleman took my name to Mr. Bissell, and soon returned with this startling announcement:

Mr. Bissell wishes you to come right into his office. I went in and the first salutation that met me was, 'Uncle George, why did you not call on me?' I said I had a message to deliver to Mr. Bissell of the Santa Fe railroad from a lady in San Francisco and decided to go to that office first. On arriving at the Santa Fe office I inquired for Mr. Bissell, and was told that he was in his office but was very busy, so would I please be seated. I said I was rather pressed for time, and as I did not know the gentleman, but had a message for him from a lady in San Francisco, I would not detain him for a minute. The gentleman took my name to Mr. Bissell, and soon returned with this startling announcement:

CHAPTER XX. To Honolulu with the Frawleys—Mr. Huntington's Kindness—Yosemite and Mount Tamalpais—The Fields' Camp and a Fourth of July Poem. One day after a delightful high and low links at the Bohemian club, I was sitting in the Green Room and having a talk with the manager, who was the theatrical manager. It was about four in the morning, and under the circumstances, conversations were held in the Green Room. Suddenly Mr. Frawley said: 'Uncle George, come with us to Honolulu. I can show you a good time. It is not possible.' 'Why,' said he, 'you can go as my guest, and it won't cost you anything.' 'Oh, in that case, I can go as well too,' I answered; and then we talked over the matter until about five o'clock in the morning. I then went to Mr. Frawley, and knowing that he often says things at four o'clock in the morning which he forgets or regrets in the afternoon, I said: 'Now, Mr. Frawley, if that proposition of yours is at all embarrassing, I will not say anything about it, but set my heart upon it seriously.' 'What are you talking about?' said he. 'About my going to Honolulu with you.' 'Why,' said he, 'I have told all my company that we are going, with us are Mr. Frawley, Mr. Huntington, and Mr. Hinkle. That settles it,' said I; and I went to Honolulu with the Frawley company. The next day we started to finish Miss Blanche Fields, Miss Wren and Frank Worthing were with us. The next day we started to finish Miss Blanche Fields, Miss Wren and Frank Worthing were with us. The next day we started to finish Miss Blanche Fields, Miss Wren and Frank Worthing were with us.

CHAPTER XXI. Some Tributes of Friendship. (With a Photograph of I. H. Bromley.) Some eight and forty years have gone since you—just home from sea—sat, drowsing on one summer morn, An idyllic dream of youth and joy, And as the younger danced with joy, And hobbled, babylike, They said, 'Behold your brother Ike!' And now that almost fifty years Have left me with a white hair, I bring you, as it now appears, That dimpled baby's face. The comely and the plump and the Old, Has touched us both alike— Turn over on the other side— Behold your brother Ike! New Haven, August, 1881.

Actor, wit and man of parts— All-round winner of pure hearts, Eager to please and slow to scold— Boss Bohemian! Uncle George! —George Chlamore. To few beneath the azure dome Such wealth of years is meted, As marks your pathway from that home. Where first your smiles were greeted, And fewer still—your spirit sweet, Your kindly ways have ever been, Your genial beam when friends you greet— Have had since days were numbered; This troop of friends, joy in their train, Proclaims you have not lived in vain; From farthest West to Maine's shore, Your peerless worth they're singing; For you, as 'ne'er was before, The Bell of Bohemia rang! —W. G. Stafford. You've made 'the winter of our discontent' seem 'glorious summer' now these many years, your wit and merriment. Have filled our hearts and left scant room for sorrow, and we're glad to see it. If he's best lived which blesses all mankind, And grateful love remembered, real wealth and true contentment, O Prince of all that's gentle, good and kind! You will may 'soon to change your state with kings!' —Henry M. Bosworth. Thrice hath the quattering chimes rung in thine ears; The mellow music frets thee not—but cheers; O, live an hundred years! A Golden and a Silver Jubilee, Embrace thy happy years so happily— Sacred to thine, and thee! Years that are fairer for fair folk's sake; Youthful are they, with Wisdom in their wake; When they end—comes heart-break! As all thy sorrows we would freely share— And all thy burdens we would gladly bear— With love—and love to spare— O, live forever! Live that we may live; And give of thy store, that we may give. This is imperative! For in Thy Book of Life—thy Golden Age— What memories rubric each unfulfilled page? Loved Sister! loved Wife! loved Sage! —Charles Warren Stoddard, Washington, D. C. Say what I think of you in rhyme? Ah, George, they asked me not in time, And God gave not my brain the art To properly reflect my heart. Or clothe my pen with grace.

How's that? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the old method. E. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known P. J. Cheney for the last twenty years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and capable to carry out any obligations made by him. WALKER, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces, and is the only remedy that cures. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation. Foley's Honey and Tar not only stops chronic coughs that weaken the constitution and develop into consumption, but it soothes the membranes of the lungs. It affords comfort and relief in the worst cases of chronic bronchitis, asthma, hay fever and lung trouble. Lee & Osgood Co. When overheat take a glass of 'Red Salada'—it will prove most refreshing. As delightful as a dip in the sea. Gold Medal Flour was your mother's favorite.

When I compare what I am able to earn with the incomes of Morgan or Rockefeller—when I compare my wages with those paid for similar work by hard work similarly skilled or unskilled, in the cities and large manufacturing centers, we are underpaid. We get less money for more and harder work. I'll join you in a mass meeting any Monday to howl and denounce and exhort and agitate and protest—and you'll agree to stand with me and thank God for the good luck we've had and the measure of success we've achieved. As a class, we're not so well off as some other classes. You'll pardon me the use of that American word, which I use simply because there seems to be no other clear, New-England word that conveys the idea better than we were, and we're gaining every decade. If we get nothing but what we're getting, we're in the present condition with the successful city men, we can get considerable comfort in comparing what we have now with the lot of our forebears had half a century ago. As a boy I lived near a community of Shakers, and it is possible to live in a village of their own in a strictly agricultural country. They were prosperous farmers, as farmers are in those days. They had big and fertile fields, huge barns, herds upon herds of stock. They were better off, as a whole, than most of their farming neighbors. But they lived—they had to live—upon the products of their lands. They bought almost everything in the way of supplies and transportation was slow and difficult; freight was impossibly high; many of the things we have now taken as necessities of life were then looked upon as luxuries.

Huntington placed it at figure that was more than satisfactory to me. I then inquired in what capacity I could serve the company and when I should enter upon my duties, and Mr. Huntington replied that he would let me know in time, but if he should have anything to think about it. For many years I was the recipient of Mr. Collins F. Huntington's warm-hearted, whole-hearted and generous consideration for my comfort and happiness at my time of life. I could never account for the maintenance of such a relationship, unless it was that we had known each other long and well, meeting each other every day in Sacramento, when he was in his hardware store and I a passenger conductor on the Sacramento Valley railroad; and my being the only survivor of all those connected with the first railroad ever constructed on this side of the continent, may have had some bearing on the generous consideration he showed me.

When Mr. Huntington died he was succeeded in the presidency by Mr. Hayes. He came to San Francisco, and upon his official duties, removed Mr. Hitchcock from an agency which he had filled honorably and acceptably for many years, and down on my salary, resigned his position and returned to New York. Thus ended his career as president of the company. Twice in recent years have I been in danger of death by asphyxiation. The first time was at my own home, by reason of a cold which I had, but I was fortunately revived. The second time was at the Athenian club in Oakland and was due to the very jaws of death by Dr. D. D. Crowley, one of the members. My consciousness was slow, but I finally recovered my health, and I am now, I think, better than before the accident.

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Your jolly soul, your firm hand's touch, Almost—nay, love them quite as much As I do love my wife! —Clay M. Greene. "LIFE." Its Sunshines and Shadows. "Sorrow is better than laughter; for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better."—Eccles. 7:13. I hold not that sorrow than laughter is better for man; but for the storm-clouds that darken the heavens. "The rainbows that span, Ah, rather the skies in their shining Than dreary with rain, And the heart that is lightsome in gloom Than heavy with pain." There are thorns in the smoothest of pathways. "No whetstone so carefully tended That knows not the tare, But the harvester gathers the harvest In the gold of its sheaves, And the briar is forgot in the branches In the laugh of their leaves." Ah! Welcome the face that is shining With kind thoughts of cheer; The voice in its merriment ringing The laughter-bells clear. May their melody linger about him, And the seed he has sown, Of joy in the hearts of his others, Find bloom in his own. —D. Coolbridge. (Continued Saturday, July 17.) Harry S. Henry, who died at the age of 53 in Philadelphia, a few days ago, was noted in his life as a breeder of horses on the Pomm Valley stock farm at Morrisville, Pa. But for his later years he had become known as a collector of paintings, and sold a large collection of the Barben school, New York, two years ago for \$120,000.

When You Feel Played Out. There comes a time when your grip on things weakens. Your nerves are unstrung, the vital forces low, the stomach is weak and the blood impoverished. You feel old age creeping over you. Be careful of yourself. TAKE BEECHAM'S PILLS at once; there is need to renew the life forces. Weak nerves, wearied brains, sick stomach, feeble blood, torpid liver, sluggish bowels—all feel the quickening effects of Beecham's Pills. Their use makes all the difference. The tonic action of these pills upon the vital organs is immediate, thorough and lasting. They are Nature's own remedy.

For Run-down Conditions. Sold Everywhere in Boxes, 10c. and 25c. DR. King's Restoration Method. What It Does for Toothless People. By means of this wonderful method we are able to get back to a patient the full set of teeth he or she started in with in the beginning. All we require is two or more teeth in each jaw to work from, and we shall not resort to plates or ordinary bridge-work in the process of the work. Your mouth will be free from incumbrances. Before we accomplish this result we put the gums and the natural teeth in a healthy condition, tightening the teeth which may be loose and curing pyorrhea if the patient is afflicted with that dreadful disease. All of the teeth we supply are practical teeth; each set in its own socket following the same plan that the strain is equally divided. One is able to bite on these teeth and use them in exactly the same manner as he would his natural teeth. They match nature's teeth so closely as to deceive experts. They are beautiful to look at and give of constant delight to the one who wears them. A PAINLESS PROCESS. An impression has gone forth that there is some surgical operation connected with this method of restoring missing teeth. Some people have written in to know if we bore down into the bone and put the teeth in on pegs! Others have an idea we set the new teeth into the sockets where the natural teeth were originally. It is quite natural that some unthinking people would ask such questions, and in order that they may be fully answered we will state that there is no boring, no cutting, no implantation about this method, nothing about the work that is painful while it is being done or afterward. Patients leave the office with these teeth in place and at once begin chewing meat, eating candy, toast, or anything else with the same comfort as if they could promise this and make good on the promise, the Restoration Method would not be a success. It would be no better than ordinary bridge-work or partial plates. WE ARE GENERAL PRACTITIONERS. All Forms of Dentistry Treated by Experts. While the Restoration Method is our great specialty—we are general dental practitioners as well. From the simplest filling to the most intricate piece of porcelain work, our experts are at the service of the public. Naturally we would do such work well, much better than it could be done in a one-man office, for the operators employed here are all men of the very highest skill. They need to be in our office for a day, neither would dental students. We demand the finished craftsman, both at the operating chair and in the laboratory. KING DENTAL PARLORS, Dr. Jackson, Manager, Franklin Square, Norwich, Conn. apr13/10:THS

When You Feel Played Out. There comes a time when your grip on things weakens. Your nerves are unstrung, the vital forces low, the stomach is weak and the blood impoverished. You feel old age creeping over you. Be careful of yourself. TAKE BEECHAM'S PILLS at once; there is need to renew the life forces. Weak nerves, wearied brains, sick stomach, feeble blood, torpid liver, sluggish bowels—all feel the quickening effects of Beecham's Pills. Their use makes all the difference. The tonic action of these pills upon the vital organs is immediate, thorough and lasting. They are Nature's own remedy.

For Run-down Conditions. Sold Everywhere in Boxes, 10c. and 25c. DR. King's Restoration Method. What It Does for Toothless People. By means of this wonderful method we are able to get back to a patient the full set of teeth he or she started in with in the beginning. All we require is two or more teeth in each jaw to work from, and we shall not resort to plates or ordinary bridge-work in the process of the work. Your mouth will be free from incumbrances. Before we accomplish this result we put the gums and the natural teeth in a healthy condition, tightening the teeth which may be loose and curing pyorrhea if the patient is afflicted with that dreadful disease. All of the teeth we supply are practical teeth; each set in its own socket following the same plan that the strain is equally divided. One is able to bite on these teeth and use them in exactly the same manner as he would his natural teeth. They match nature's teeth so closely as to deceive experts. They are beautiful to look at and give of constant delight to the one who wears them. A PAINLESS PROCESS. An impression has gone forth that there is some surgical operation connected with this method of restoring missing teeth. Some people have written in to know if we bore down into the bone and put the teeth in on pegs! Others have an idea we set the new teeth into the sockets where the natural teeth were originally. It is quite natural that some unthinking people would ask such questions, and in order that they may be fully answered we will state that there is no boring, no cutting, no implantation about this method, nothing about the work that is painful while it is being done or afterward. Patients leave the office with these teeth in place and at once begin chewing meat, eating candy, toast, or anything else with the same comfort as if they could promise this and make good on the promise, the Restoration Method would not be a success. It would be no better than ordinary bridge-work or partial plates. WE ARE GENERAL PRACTITIONERS. All Forms of Dentistry Treated by Experts. While the Restoration Method is our great specialty—we are general dental practitioners as well. From the simplest filling to the most intricate piece of porcelain work, our experts are at the service of the public. Naturally we would do such work well, much better than it could be done in a one-man office, for the operators employed here are all men of the very highest skill. They need to be in our office for a day, neither would dental students. We demand the finished craftsman, both at the operating chair and in the laboratory. KING DENTAL PARLORS, Dr. Jackson, Manager, Franklin Square, Norwich, Conn. apr13/10:THS



THOMAS JEFFERSON KING, D. D. S., Originator of Dr. King's Restoration Method of Teeth—originator of the King Safe System of Painless Dentistry and Inventor of the King's Gum Set of Teeth, Etc., Etc. All rights reserved. You will may 'soon to change your state with kings!' —Henry M. Bosworth. Thrice hath the quattering chimes rung in thine ears; The mellow music frets thee not—but cheers; O, live an hundred years! A Golden and a Silver Jubilee, Embrace thy happy years so happily— Sacred to thine, and thee! Years that are fairer for fair folk's sake; Youthful are they, with Wisdom in their wake; When they end—comes heart-break! As all thy sorrows we would freely share— And all thy burdens we would gladly bear— With love—and love to spare— O, live forever! Live that we may live; And give of thy store, that we may give. This is imperative! For in Thy Book of Life—thy Golden Age— What memories rubric each unfulfilled page? Loved Sister! loved Wife! loved Sage! —Charles Warren Stoddard, Washington, D. C. Say what I think of you in rhyme? Ah, George, they asked me not in time, And God gave not my brain the art To properly reflect my heart. Or clothe my pen with grace.

How's that? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the old method. E. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known P. J. Cheney for the last twenty years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and capable to carry out any obligations made by him. WALKER, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces, and is the only remedy that cures. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation. Foley's Honey and Tar not only stops chronic coughs that weaken the constitution and develop into consumption, but it soothes the membranes of the lungs. It affords comfort and relief in the worst cases of chronic bronchitis, asthma, hay fever and lung trouble. Lee & Osgood Co. When overheat take a glass of 'Red Salada'—it will prove most refreshing. As delightful as a dip in the sea. Gold Medal Flour was your mother's favorite.

When I compare what I am able to earn with the incomes of Morgan or Rockefeller—when I compare my wages with those paid for similar work by hard work similarly skilled or unskilled, in the cities and large manufacturing centers, we are underpaid. We get less money for more and harder work. I'll join you in a mass meeting any Monday to howl and denounce and exhort and agitate and protest—and you'll agree to stand with me and thank God for the good luck we've had and the measure of success we've achieved. As a class, we're not so well off as some other classes. You'll pardon me the use of that American word, which I use simply because there seems to be no other clear, New-England word that conveys the idea better than we were, and we're gaining every decade. If we get nothing but what we're getting, we're in the present condition with the successful city men, we can get considerable comfort in comparing what we have now with the lot of our forebears had half a century ago. As a boy I lived near a community of Shakers, and it is possible to live in a village of their own in a strictly agricultural country. They were prosperous farmers, as farmers are in those days. They had big and fertile fields, huge barns, herds upon herds of stock. They were better off, as a whole, than most of their farming neighbors. But they lived—they had to live—upon the products of their lands. They bought almost everything in the way of supplies and transportation was slow and difficult; freight was impossibly high; many of the things we have now taken as necessities of life were then looked upon as luxuries.

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