THE CLARION.

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THE CLARION.

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FOR THE CLARION.]

A BROKEN LILY.

[The following lines were suggested by a scene witnessed beside the death-bed of a little child. She was burning with fever and asked for a flower. A cool white lily was lovingly placed in her hot, little hand. Restless and child like, she broke the flower, and turning her weary face to her mother, she said, "Mamma, take my broken lily." These were the last words she ever spoke. Before the day ended her sweet, blue eyes were closed forever, and her pure spirit had returned to the God who gave it.]

BY "DREAMERS."

"Mother, take my broken lily,"
Were the last words my darling said,
And as she placed it in my hand
Her soul fled like a bird—she was dead.

Mother, take my broken lily"
The sweetest words child ever spoke;
And I knew, as I pressed her lips,
My heart, as well as her lily, was broke.

The flower that God had given to me,
My lovely bud of priceless worth,
Had gone to blooms in gardens above;
She was too pure an angel for earth.

And only a few short weeks ago
My life was fair, my heart was light;
I had built castles of human hopes
Only to fade and vanish in a night.

Night silent steps the Reaper came,
And with his cold, remorseless hand
He plucked the treasure of my heart
And bore it to the spirit land.

A withered lily, crushed and broken,
A little curl of golden hair,
A vacant chair, an empty crib,
A broken doll and a rocking chair.

These are all that tell of my child,
My darling sank in dreamless rest;
Never again shall I kiss her cheek
Or clasp her to my aching breast.

But O the laughing in my heart,
The joyous music from her voice,
The light of my life has passed away
Each other thought possess my soul—
Save one, which I cannot even pray.

I was hard to bow with an humble heart,
Beneath the heavy chastening rod,
And in the midst of darkest sorrow
To say, "Thy will, not mine, O God!"

But I am to think that He knows best,
And I cannot wipe my streaming eyes
When I know that in the cold, dark grave,
The form of my last darling lies.

And yet her spirit is not there,
Safe on the happy, heavenly shore
Is waiting to greet my weary soul
When life and its troubles are o'er.

And when I leave this earthly home,
And my still, white form is laid
Beside my first love (would God I could)
Beneath the churchyard's shady red shade.

Let no one weep because I am gone,
Let no one breathe a sigh of pain,
But whisper low, in voices hushed,
"She's not lost, angel child again."

FOR THE CLARION.]

"The Last Struggle of Expiring Liberty, was when Antigonious Repealed the Lycurgan Land Laws."

BY FRANCIS A. WOLFF.

When our hearts throb with emotions of pity, as we read of the woes of Ireland, it would be profitable for Americans to apprehend, that they, too, are drifting in the same direction. And yet, further and further on, and even here at home, we find much material to arouse the sympathy of the philanthropist, statesman, and the patriot. Statistics tell a doleful tale of the growing disparity between the landlord and the tenant—the rich and the poor. This divergence is appalling and calculated to alarm the thoughtful citizen who looks to the future welfare of his country. Many of the States have passed acts of incorporation for the benefit of home and foreign capitalists, to enable them to absorb all the reachable lands of the country. In Texas, and in all the territories, English companies have procured large tracts, in area, that appear like so many satrapies. These land grabbers keep abreast with the surveyors, and as the Indians recede they wire up the country and take possession of all the timbered lands and watering places that should be held in common by the settlers. Some of these entries are so artfully located as to make many townships absolutely worthless to other purchasers. This is a great source of annoyance to the irrepressible cow-boy; and now the monopolists are invoking legislation to prevent wire-cutting; and they want the country garrisoned, to enforce their claims. In Florida, one rich saw manufacturer of Boston, has purchased land, in area, equal to three ordinary counties. Numerous spots like this, mark the maps of the Western territories, held by the Lords and Dukes of Europe. In some of the States, are established agencies of British syndicates, that are buying up all the lands they can procure, especially, in Mississippi bottom. By some, this is termed, "the development of our resources," by allowing aliens to bleed us of our stave timber, our cypress and our pines, at the rate of twelve-and-a-half cents per acre.

So it is plain to perceive, that these empires of future wealth, are passing into the hands of a landed aristocracy. With this, we are to be menaced with a return to the ancient feudal system of barons, baronetcies, liege lords and liege subjects, henchmen and retainers. The maximum of these grand entries, in area, considered singly, will far exceed the bounds of the State of Rhode Island or the little Republic of Andora, that has lain for some centuries at the base of the Pyrinees.

The interest of the country demands immediate action. History tells us that all great human rights can only be achieved by bloody revolution. Each and every fundamental teature of the Great Magna Charta of English liberty, taken separately, cost that people a bloody struggle. If we would be wise, we must submit to the inevitable, and ward off such direful calamities. The brightest jewel of a national polity is to legislate the greatest amount of good for the greatest number. This may sound paradoxical to some ears, but all the frowning battlements and the navies of the world cannot prevail against it. As such, a thousand inhabitants on a small island, free from outward pressure, would not be disposed to fertilize much of a rich man. If the Irish, with a few cartridges, can bring the British Parliament to a realization of the situation, we Americans, a law-abiding people, armed with the ballot, can accomplish that much here, with all the serenity of the Eocene period of the earth's early dawn.

This subject appeals to every sentiment of patriotism, and earnestly invokes the aid of high statesmanship. God gave the earth and the fullness thereof to man. The history of the rise and fall of empires is fraught with examples of brave men, who leaped over the barriers of their nationalities to procure homes and green pastures for the maintenance of their families. Life is a struggle for existence, and one-tenth of the world's population is trying to eat up the other nine-tenths. There are ever changing pedigrees and conditions from one generation to another, the fiat of the Great Jehovah. When this course is interrupted it is sinful—unwarranted by the Holy Writ. It is human for man to murmur, that the world is not balanced rightly. This, of itself, draws largely upon the imagination while the embers of revolution are still smouldering. There is a latency that underlies the operation of all governments that reach out in the direction of legislative perfection. Where we stand is on volcanic grounds, for in the bitter end every shade of malcontents will coalesce. We can stop a tar kiln from flaring by a judicious use of the shovel, but we cannot prevent the belching of Aetna and Stromboli.

But my business, now, is with cormorants, who desire to gulph down all the great landed interests of the country. In this hour of peril, let it not be said that the exigency of the times is without a remedy.

None but American citizens should own land in the rural districts of the States and territories. Outside of an incorporate city or town, no person should own over one thousand acres of land, and the same amount for each bodily heir. All persons who now own over that amount, should be allowed to retain the same, while living, without any further increase. After death, the surplus should be sold for money to be divided among the legatees. A warrant for such legislation by Congress, would necessitate an amendment to the Federal Constitution.

By this formula, there will be no brigandage upon the capital of the wealthy classes. By the sale of the overplus, the transition would be gradual. In support of this change we will now pass over the circumstantial details necessary to make up a sole and lead the reader to view Sparta's bitter experience at land-grabbing, which occurred seven hundred years before the birth of Christ.

The material, I gather from Chas. Rollin; consequently, I must draw largely upon the phrase, sentiment and style of that eminent historian.

Under the auspices of Lycurgus there was a re-division of all the lands of Laconia, so that every Spartan could boast that he owned the homestead he lived upon; and this property was entailed from one generation to another. This ordinance lasted about five hundred years, during which period, historians vied with each other in extolling Spartan valor. When the ordinance was abrogated, Sparta rapidly sank, by insensible progression, to the ignominious level of a servile people. Under the Lycurgan regime, virtue was the only true nobility. "The insolence of pedigree, the pomp of titles, and the pride of wealth, were reduced to nothing when compared with the dignity of genuine virtue." "The hard experience of a military training, made Spartans capable of bearing up under all the trials and vicissitudes of adversity, which alone can place true greatness of soul in its full light and render the real merit of men conspicuous; wherein, prosperity frequently casts a veil of false grandeur over real meanness and imperfection. When asked to surrender, they replied in monysylables, "Come and take me." They never enquired of numbers, but, "Where are they?" The women of Sparta boasted, that during their lives, they "had never seen the camp-fires of an enemy." They had no walls, but "the hearts of brave men." Their plumed knights were strangers to defeat; and a grateful country made ample provisions for her surviving heroes who spilt their blood as a libation to the tree of Liberty. Her dying heroes lived in song, and mothers held up their babes, that they might behold the monuments dedicated to virtue, patriotism and valor.

Here drops the curtain forever upon the glory of Sparta. Epitades, a member of the Ephori, instigated by hatred and malevolence to his family, caused a repeal of the ancient land law. The lands of the many rapidly passed into the hands of the few. The wick got shorter and the oil fell lower. Poverty, a rank stranger, soon became visible. Sparta sank into a disgraceful indolence that extinguished every spark of virtue and glory. There arose a wide spread and implacable envy and aversion upon the heads of those who had despoiled them of their ancestral homes. In their vernacular, the word poverty; became a new term. This class was debarred from participation in all honors and dignities. They were reluctant in war, as they were on a footing with hired mercenaries, believing that the rich were to reap the fruits of toil and victory.

At this stage of degradation and ignominy, King Agis rose upon the stage of action, and in his efforts to restore his country to the enjoyment of her ancient laws and usages, he lost his life through the machinations of his colleague, King Leonidas Agis, in his usual walk between the bath and the temple, fell a victim to a cabalistic intrigue. Soon after the cords were fastened to his mother; and a little later to his grandmother. "The fiendishness and horror of this tragic event, united the blackest of all crimes in defiance of all law; ignoring every principle of justice and every sentiment of virtue." The widow of Agis was forced to marry Cleomines, the young second Leonidas. Here fortune played fickle. Agiatus soon became reconciled and lived happily with the young prince. Eventually, Cleomines succeeded to the throne and re-enacted the Lycurgan laws, in all the glory and splendor of their ancient renown, "tho' Satyrs and imps sat agape below the foot-stool of justice." But this happy turn of events only lasted during the administration of the King. The source of Sparta's decline was chronicled in her early triumphs over Athens, which brought riches, luxury, indolence, voluptuousness and effeminancy into the State. The canker had taken a deep root. The rich, who had longed to regain their possessions, and lost to every sentiment of honor and the dictates of patriotism, clandestinely gave aid to the enemy. Much about this time, Sparta's power had excited envy, jealousy and distrust among the rival powers; besides, new complications arose among her allies. At this critical juncture, the Macedonians pressed forward, and, by the address and sagacity of Philopemon, Cleomines was vanquished at the battle of Selasia where flickered and died the last expiring hopes of liberty. Epaminondas had lengthened their monysyllables, and the camp-fires of Antigonious illuminated the city of Sparta.

Walnut Station, Tippah Co., Miss.

The Child of the Confederacy.

[N. Y. World.]

ALEXANDRIA, VA., Sept 19.—Jefferson Davis's youngest daughter—who has been called "the child of the Confederacy," because she was born at Richmond while her father ruled as President of the Confederate States—is on a visit to the family of Gen. "Rony" Lee, who lives a few miles outside of this town. Until last week Miss Davis had lived, ever since the war, at her father's home, Beauvoir, Miss. A few days ago she came to Richmond with her aunt, and after calling on some of her family friends she set out for Fairfax county for a visit to Gen. Lee, who is one of the Confederate President's closest friends.

Many Alexandrians have gone out to Ravenswood, Gen. Lee's country seat, to pay their respects to this "child of the Confederacy." All speak of her admiringly. Miss Davis is a typical of Southern beauty. She is just tall enough to be commanding in appearance, and has a willowy, graceful form which is clad with a richness and taste that are surprising when it is remembered that this youg girl has lived all her life in the retirement of a country house. Her face is long and somewhat inclined to leanness, but its every lineament bespeaks the patrician. Her complexion is a rich olive, her eyes hazel and her hair black and curling. Although still very young, and without society experience, she looks like a queen among women as she stands receiving her callers. From her conversation it appears that she cherishes the same sentiments as her father in regard to the "lost cause." She regards it as a sacred theme and considers the Southern people as martyrs to Northern greed and jealousy. That she should imbibe such sentiments is no more than natural. Ever since the war she has been at her father's side, his chief support and consolation. He educated her personally, gave her his views of life, and fashioned her in the mould of the ante-belium Southern lady.

A Good One on Joe Blackburn.

Exchange.]

Senator Joe Blackburn, of Kentucky, lives in the pleasant little country town of Versailles, and on one occasion a member of the Lexington City Council came over to inspect some improvement or other, and the Senator showed him around. "Have you gas in town?" asked the visitor. "Not yet; but we are going to have." "No street cars?" "Oh, no." "Water-works?" "No; but we've got one of the finest distilleries in the country handy, and that's good enough for us."

I FEEL very well disposed towards ghosts, notwithstanding the negatives of their many good qualities. They mind their own business and don't go around abusing the neighbors; don't expectorate tobacco juice or talk politics; and do not spend their time at the primaries, or waste their substance in saloons putting stitches in their shrouds like some men I know. A ghost is not eternally complaining of his aches and pains; inquiring if his mail has gone to the dead letter office; telling what the baby did, or wondering what on earth became of the change out of that two-dollar bill he let his wife have some six weeks ago. In fact ghosts are among our best and most peaceable inclined citizens. I wish there were more of them.—Forest. Forge and Farm.

Two heartless young men of Plymouth, Mass., recently saturated the hair of a dog with kerosene and then set fire to it, burning the poor animal to death. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals took up the matter, and the two brutes are now in the penitentiary.

An eighty-five year old lady recently exercised her right to vote at Berlin, Ont.

THE great woman question—"What did she have on?"

THE CLARION.

The Fever at Biloxi.

REPORT OF DR. GODFREY, OF THE MARINE HOSPITAL SERVICE.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 13.—The following report has just been received:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Sept. 10, 1886.

To Gen. J. B. Hamilton, Surgeon General Marine Hospital Service:

GENERAL—I have the honor to submit the following report in regard to the recent outbreak of fever in Biloxi, Miss., which I was sent to investigate. I reached there on the morning of the 3d and left at 6 a. m. September 7, instant. Nine persons had been taken sick previous to my arrival. Two of these had died; the rest have recovered. These nine cases, and that of one other (Mrs. Elder), sick at the time, were those upon whom the Louisiana State Board of Health based its verdict of yellow fever. They all lived in the affected district, a narrow tongue of land, with the bay in front and a slough, sometimes wet, sometimes dry, in the rear. Their quarters were from 50 to 200 yards from the shrimp-canning factory. All were in an extremely unclean state. (See report of inspector inclosed.) This inspector, a man of competence and reliability, was heard to say that he took from those quarters more filthy material than he could get from half a square in New Orleans, which expresses all that need be said on the subject.

The water closets and wells were significantly near together; the latter were from eight to twelve feet deep, oftener eight than twelve. The shrimp offal was usually thrown over at the end of the wharf, but at times it was dropped near the factory, and was found and disinfected in large heaps by the inspector. While the factory was in operation shrimps were constantly dropping through the cracks of the platform and factory floor, where they were left to accumulate. They reached in places from the ground to the floor, a distance of several feet. Considering that to live thing decomposes sooner and smells worse after death than shrimp, it would be strange if sickness did not develop in that neighborhood, or having developed, was not modified by the surroundings. I am not of the opinion, however, that the factory played an important part in causing the sickness several years ago. Dr Champlin treated cases of similar character in the same district, occurring about Sept. 1, for more than one season. Last September Dr. Aldrich had between fifty and twenty cases of the same kind. As nearly as could be ascertained, eight persons had fever when I reached Biloxi, to wit: Three in the infected district, one about 300 yards, and one about 600 yards, and three about a mile therefrom. One case developed the morning of my arrival, at 10 o'clock a. m. This case and all the others had recovered before I left Biloxi, excepting Mrs. Eder, who was taken sick the 1st of September. She was five months *enceinte* and miscarried on the 6th about noon. All the patients were treated with calomel and quinine, took beef broth, chicken soup, bread, coffee; had slight nausea, sometimes vomiting greenish matter; stools never darker or more than ordinarily offensive; had no yellowness of gums, skin or conjunctiva; had no suppression of urine, and albumen in only one. They were allowed to get up and walk from room to room. Some had remissions and some had absolute intermissions. On the morning of the 4th the temperature of all ranged from 101 degrees F. down to normal. I requested one attending physician to withhold quinine in all his cases; at the evening visit, in every instance but one, the temperature had risen from one to three degrees.

With these clinical facts before me, and with the additional fact that nearly a hundred operatives were at the factory in the infected district daily from morning till night, more than two thirds of them—men, women and children—going to their houses in another part of the town and all remaining perfectly healthy, it would have been a medical mistake for me to have diagnosed yellow fever.

As to the work of Drs. Holt, Scales and Salomon, I have only to say that I was not able to elicit information from the convalescents tallying in all respects with theirs. For instance, all declared most positively that there was no yellowness of skin. As to Mrs. Rhodes, who died, her husband told me that she had never been well since having a baby over a year previously, and that since last November she had been barely able to get about her work. There was no suspicion of black vomit except in her case. She died in convulsions; those present differ. Some say she drank claret and vomited just before dying; the others that she spilled it on the sheet in the act of drinking. Referring only to those that were sick when seen, I am satisfied that they had malarial fever, modified by bad water, by domestic insanitation, and possibly by the constant stench of putrifying shrimp. Perhaps it is possible that the first batch of nine patients could have had yellow fever and the next fever caused by malaria, but it is so far without the domain of probability that few medical men could be brought to believe it.

I inclose herewith a tabulation of all the cases, together with brief clinical data of sick visited.

Very respectfully,
JOHN GODFREY, Surgeon.

The above report is accompanied by a statement of Sanitary Officer L. D. Allen, showing what steps he had taken in the matter, and by the clinical data referred to by Dr. Godfrey.

The So-Called Yellow Fever at Biloxi.

BILOXI, Miss., Sept. 15, 1886.

EDITOR CLARION: At a meeting of the citizens of Biloxi, held on the 14th inst., and of which Gen. Jos. R. Davis was chairman, and F. W. Elmer and F. H. McCaleb, secretaries, the enclosed resolutions were unanimously adopted, and the secretary instructed to forward a copy of same to your valuable paper, with the request that you favor this community by publishing the same.

Respectfully yours,
F. W. ELMER,
H. F. MCCALEB, } Sec'ys.

Whereas, The New Orleans Times, Picayune and States, in their editorials commenting upon the report and action of Drs. Holt, Scales and Saloman, are apt to mislead the public, and a great wrong and infamous action condoned and made to appear as a judicious and wise measure, not saying the editors of the named papers are responsible for this subterfuge, but desirous that the blame should rest upon the principal and the veil of deception raised;

Therefore be it Resolved, That Drs. Holt, Scales and Saloman, by their action in refusing to credit the opinions and diagnosis of Drs. Lemon and Maybin, physicians of our town, and placing reliance and trust in the opinions of two or three persons unknown to us, thereby discrediting members of their own profession, are justly due the censure and opinion formed of them by this community, and for the great outrage perpetrated, perhaps willingly or otherwise, should be visited with the severest penalties, and our regret is that such heinous offenses against public welfare are not provided for by law.

Resolved, That the casual observations made at the supposed infected locality, covering perhaps two hours in all, (as the gentlemen arrived on the 7 p. m. train on Wednesday, the 1st, remained at the Montross hotel until 7:15 a. m., and returned at 10 a. m. same morning from their examination) was not sufficient time to form an opinion, other than confirm one already in fair state of preparation, gives no credit to the gentlemen themselves or their profession.

Resolved, That the injury inflicted upon the visitors by the false report, forcing them at a moment's notice to fly the town, will long be remembered by our friends in the Crescent City, and of whom we ask to sustain the great head of a badly damaged health board, thus encourage such feats as attempted in New Orleans in 1853, and again in 1855, and repeated here in 1886; while we encourage the right and under no circumstances would shield the truth, we care not to be made the martyrs of any man or men's pet schemes.

Resolved, That we call attention of the good people of this entire section to the report of Drs. Mabie, Lemon, Pelaez, Aldrich, of Biloxi, Dr. A. P. Champlin, Bay St. Louis, Dr. Harry, Handsboro, Dr. Formento, New Orleans, Dr. Godfrey, Louisville, and Dr. Murray, Ship Island, to attest to the truthfulness of our statement that no sign or trace of yellow fever has been found in our poor, unfortunate, condemned town, always noted for its health and to-day compares favorably with the most favored spot on God's green earth.

Resolved, That the other towns on the Coast may not be inflicted with a visit from the gentlemen in search of germs, especially when they figure in the imagination, and reason gives way to prejudice as was our case.

Resolved, That the citizens of Ocean Springs, to whom we extended the hand of fellowship in the memorable year of 1878 are entitled to the disgust and contempt of Biloxi, and their meritorious shot-gun brigade will not soon be forgotten by the men, women and children of their own county who were forced from their firesides and home upon the cold charities of the world for plying their avocations in Biloxi prior and a few days after the establishment of that infamous order.

Resolved, That the working people of Biloxi, in being deprived of many days work by the refusal of the manly element of Ocean Springs in permitting fishing upon the shores of Jackson county, and cutting off all base of supplies, thereby shutting down the factories, will ever bear in mind this kind and humane treatment, and hope no good will ever come to the doers of this wrong.

Resolved, That the thanks of this community be extended to Drs. Lemon, Maybin, Pelaez, Aldrich, of Biloxi, Dr. Harry, of Handsboro, Dr. Champlin, of Bay St. Louis, Dr. Formento, of New Orleans, Dr. Godfrey, of Louisville, and Dr. Murray, of Ship Island, for the interest taken in behalf of a wronged community, and for the earnest attention shown in establishing the truth as to the sickness reported in Biloxi.

Resolved, That the Mississippi State Board of Health, in ignoring the opinion of resident physicians and giving credence to that of the visiting gentlemen, cast a slur upon the character of their profession and assisted thereby in giving color to the false report, and instead of assisting us as in duty bound lent a helping hand to the cruel and unmistakable outrage, and we desire to call the attention of the citizens of the whole State to this unprofessional and unjustifiable wrong perpetrated upon the citizens of this town, with the hope that such actions in the future may not be added to the glory of our State Board of Health.

Resolved, That the report of Dr. Watkins, of New Orleans, would add material testimony to the whole subject if the public could get the benefit of said report, and as he remained here some days and presumably in a public capacity it seems his information belongs to the citizens of Louisiana as a duty and to the citizens of Biloxi as an act of justice.

Resolved, That the papers of the South, North, East and West publish these resolutions and accept in payment the thanks of an injured community.

One Cent a Month.

JOHN SMITH'S MUNIFICENT SALARY FOR THREE YEARS.

At the Pacific club a few evenings ago the talk turned on the curiosities of mathematics, and one of the group said: Year before last a bright-looking young man entered our counting-room in response to an advertisement for an assistant shipping clerk. He told the usual tale of how he desired a position more than wages for the time being, and was willing to accept a nominal salary to start in on. The old man was feeling in a particularly good humor that afternoon, and said pleasantly to the new comer:

"Well, sir, what would you consider a nominal salary? What would you be willing to accept in beginning?"

The young man picked at the lining of his hat with his fingers, and deferentially replied:

"I want to show you, sir, that I mean business, and I will work for one cent the remainder of this month, providing you think it would not be too much to double my salary each month thereafter."

"That's a novel proposition, surely," said the old man with a smile. "Do you know what you are talking about, my dear boy?"

"Well, sir, my principal aim is to learn the business," responded the young fellow, "and I would be almost willing to work for nothing, but I'd like to feel and be able to say that I was earning something, you know.

"I'll take you," remarked the old man, decisively. "One cent, two cents, four cents, eight cents, sixteen," he enumerated. "You won't get much for a while," he added.

He took him up to the cashier. "This is John Smith," he said. "He will go to work as assistant shipping clerk to-morrow. His salary will be one cent this month. Double it every month from now on."

"In consideration of my working for the small salary, I might ask you to assure me a position for a definite period?" inquired John Smith.

"We don't usually do that," replied the governor, "But we can't lose much on you anyhow, I guess, and you look like an honest fellow, How long do you want employment?"

"Three years, sir, if agreeable to you."

Well, by Jove, the old man agreed, and young Mr. Smith, on pretense of wanting some evidence of the stability of the place, got the governor to write out and sign a paper that he had been guaranteed a position in the house for three years on the terms I have stated.

He worked along for six months without draving a cent. He said he would draw all his earnings at Christmas. The cashier one day thought he'd figure up how much would be coming to the young man. He grew so interested in the project that he kept multiplying for the three years. The result almost staggered him. This is the column of figures he took to the old man;

First month, .01; second, .02; third, .04; fourth, .08; fifth, .16; sixth, .32; seventh, .64; eighth, $1.28; ninth, $2.56; tenth, $5.12; eleventh, $10.24; twelfth, $20.48; thirteenth, $40.96; fourteenth, $81.92; fifteenth, $163.84; sixteenth, $327.68; seventeenth, $655.36; eighteenth, $1,311.72; nineteenth, $2,623.44; twentieth, $5,246.88; twenty-first, $10,493.76; twenty-second, $20,987.52; twenty-third, 41,975.04; twenty-fourth, $83,950.08; twenty-fifth, $167,900.16; twenty-sixth, $335,800.32; twenty-seventh, $671,600.64; twenty-eighth, $1,333,210,28; twenty-ninth, $2,686,402.56; thirtieth, $5,372,804.12; thirty-first, $10,745,610.24; thirty-second, $21,491,220.48; thirty-third, $42,982,440.96; thirty-fourth, $85,964,881.92; thirty-fifth, $171,929,763.84; thirty-sixth, $343,858,527.68.

The governor nearly fainted when he understood how, even if he was twice as rich as Vanderbilt, he would be ruined in paying John Smith's salary. He concluded to discharge the modest young man at once. Smith had figured up how much would be due him, and reminded the old man of his written agreement. Rather than take chances in courts and let everybody know how he had been duped, the governor paid Smith $5,000 and bade him good-bye. I've heard he tried the same dodge in Chicago after leaving here.

"JOHNNY," said the teacher, "a lie can be acted as well as told. Now, if your father were to put sand in his sugar and sell it, it would be acting a lie and doing very wrong." "That's what mother told him," said Johnny impetuously, "and he said he didn't care."

If a lady who hesitates is lost, what must it be, then, for a lady who stammers or stutters?—N. Y. Telegram.

GOSS without saying—a mate.

THE MASTER OF THE MINES!

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST ISSUE.]

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE SHADOW IN THE HOUSE.

Thus it was that poor Annie returned to her home and was received once again as a member of the little circle at St. Gurlott's. But things were sadly changed for her, poor child; and sometimes as I watched her patient endurance my heart rose in revolt, and I blamed myself for having been the means of bringing her home again.

True, my uncle was glad to see her, and treated her with uniform kindness; indeed, he was never happy unless she was before him, and Annie, noting this, was untiring in her devotion to him. But with my aunt it was another matter. She, who was usually the kindest of women, now became a domestic tyrant, and practiced toward her daughter a species of cruelty which in another person she would have been the first to denounce. She never let poor Annie rest, but reproached her unceasingly about the troubles she had brought about, the change she had wrought in her poor father, and the happiness of the little home; and she never failed to remind her that it was not until she had been deserted by her unknown lover that she had decided to return and administer consolation to those whose hearts she had broken.

All this Annie bore without a murmur. "It was only her due," she said; "her mother was right; she had destroyed all their happiness, and she should be made to suffer." Nevertheless, it was hard for her to bear, and I very often saw her with traces of tears upon her cheek.

But when people have poverty before them they cannot afford to exaggerate sentimental troubles, and I soon came to the conclusion that the best way to help Annie was to help myself—to obtain a situation, in fact; and thus by contributing a weekly allowance, to give things a better complexion at home. As all hope of obtaining employment in St. Gurlott's was out of the question, I turned my attention to other quarters. After many heart-rending disappointments and endless correspondence, I obtained a situation as overseer of a farm near Barnstaple in Devon.

The situation was a suitable one in every way, and promised to be lucrative. I was to leave home and begin operations in a fortnight.

I was in the midst of my preparations, half happy in the thought of being able to inhabit a part of the globe where my misfortunes could not find me out, when I one day heard a piece of news which killed at one blow all my hopes of the future, and made my life mere Dead Sea fruit.

A report spread over the village that George Redruth was about to be married forthwith to Madeline Graham.

How or through whom the report originated, no one could tell; but its truth was admitted on every hand.

The news stunned me at first, then it drove me mad; wild, ungovernable jealousy took possession of me. I could do nothing, think of nothing now, save one thing—that the woman I loved beyond everything in this world was about to become the wife of another man, and that man my bitter enemy at heart.

It was impossible to conceal my secret any longer—they had but to look into my face and read it. When Annie heard the news, she cried bitterly; and I, blind as usual, believed she cried out of sympathy for me.

"It is a shame, Hugh!" she said, "after having made you love her, that she should take away another man."

"Don't say a word against Miss Graham," I returned, "for she is an angel."

"Iss, hold your peace!" cried my aunt. "'Tis mawt to us, and why should you interfere? And, after all, its better as it is. She could never have served wi' Hugh; and no good comes o' young folk dangling after one another when they can never coom together."

There was sound sense in my aunt's words, though at the time with the fiercest jealousy and hatred raging in my heart against the man who had supplanted me, I could not listen to them. A few days' reflection, however, brought me to a better state of mind—showed me that I was a fool, and that the news which had wrought such an astounding effect upon me was only what I might have expected, if a wild unwarrantable passion had not made me blind. For, after all, what was I to Madeline?

During my boyhood, I had dared to love her; but when we met again, I saw distinctly that the episode which had been all in all to me had passed incomplete from her mind. I had had the good fortune to save her life, and she, angel that she was, had been grateful; but now the debt had been repaid—in exchange for her life, she had helped to save mine. Having paid her debt, she had removed herself irrevocably from me.

As I thought of all this, I felt my heart grow hard, and I cursed God, who, in his manifestness, had sent me this one ray of blessing. But why had it come at all? Why had I been shown the light at all, if I was doomed to be cast into darkness again for the remainder of my life? With Madeline Graham by my side, I knew what my days might be; without her, I knew it would be better for me to be lying at the bottom of the sea.

I had mused thus walking up from the village one night, and now, standing at the cottage gate, I looked across the marshes toward the spot where so many months ago I had brought Madeline to shore.

As I gazed, my eyes grew dim, and the impulse came upon me to revisit once again the spot where my darling had set her foot; so I struck off across the waste toward the lonely shore.

It was a fine bright moonlight night, clear and still, though the shifting clouds in the sky predicted storm. I found the sea as calm as a mill-pond, fringed with white where the edge lapped the stones upon the shore. The moon was shining radiantly upon it; also upon the boat-house, which I looked at pensively, remembering how I had carried Madeline there. Then I fell to thinking of her. I felt again as if her head were lying on my shoulder—her cold bare arms clinging about my neck; and I felt as though I would give half my life for such an experience again.

With a heavily drawn sigh I was about to move away, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and turning, I found myself face to face with Madeline herself!

Yes; there she stood, looking more like a spirit than a thing of flesh and blood—her face was so white, her eyes so sad. She was wrapped from head to foot in costly furs, while a black hood was thrown lightly over her head and tied under her chain.

At sight of her, all the blood rushed to my temples, and I felt my body trembling like a leaf; but I commanded myself to speak.

"Madeline!" I said: "Miss Graham, you here at this hour?"

"Yes," she answered calmly, smiling a little; "it is a strange place to find me, is it not? But then you know, Mr. Trelawney, I am a strange creature. I may as well confess the truth. I followed you here to-night."

"You followed me?"

"Yes. After our dinner this evening, I came out with Anita, intending to pay you a visit at the cottage. When we came within sight of the gate, I saw you standing there. I paused a moment before stepping forward to speak to you, and you moved away, striking across the marshes toward the sea. I sent Anita back, and followed you here."

I was not altogether glad that she had done so. It was torture to be near her, to look at her, and to know that she had come straight from the caressing arms of another man. However, I commanded myself sufficiently to say:

"It is not right for you to be here, Miss Graham. Will you let me take you home?"

"You shall do so presently," she answered, not looking at me, but keeping her eyes fixed upon the sea. "Now I want to talk to you. Is it true you are going away?"

"Yes; it is quite true."

"Where are you going?"

"To the borders of Devon. I have obtained a good situation, and hope to make a position there which I could never have risen to here."

"And you will be glad to go," she continued, "to leave your home?"

"Yes," I replied; "I shall be glad to go. As to my home—why, I have no home now, all is so sorely changed. My uncle is so broken, I should hardly know him; my poor cousin, with her load of sorrow, sits in the house and shrinks from the sight of any human soul. It will be all changed for me elsewhere. Perhaps I shall find happiness. God grant it. At any rate, there never will be happiness for me here again!"

"You talk very bitterly," continued Madeline. "Then you have no wish to stay?"

"Why should I wish to stay? A few days ago it would have been another matter. It is all changed now—all changed!"

"What do you mean, Mr. Trelawney?"

"I mean," I answered, utterly losing my self-control, "that, through all these months of darkness and trouble, I have been sustained by one thought, one hope, Miss Graham, we are alone together to-night; there is no one but you to hear me. I may never see you again in this world, therefore I will say it. I love you. I have loved you all my life."

She put up her hand and said, hurriedly, "Mr. Trelawney, please say no more!"

But it was too late. I took her hand and kissed it.

"I loved you," I continued, "in those far-off days when we were boy and girl together. Then years afterward the sea gave you back to my arms, and, God help me! the old passion was rekindled in my soul with ten times its original fire. Once I had looked again into your face, my darling, I had but one hope, one thought. I knew I was a madman. I knew there was a gulf between us broader than the sea from which I snatched you, and yet, fool that I was, I lived in my paradise, and refused to see the pitfalls which were looming ahead. It was enough to know that I loved you, and that sometimes I was gladdened by a sight of your face."

I paused, and dropped her hand; she was crying.

"Miss Graham," I cried, "don't cry, for Heaven's sake! You have a right to hate me for what I have said."

She quickly brushed away her tears, and turned to me, smiling sadly.

"Don't say so, please. I honor and respect you more than I can say—more than I can confess, even to myself. I shall pray always for your welfare and happiness, and I shall never forget you as long as I live!"

"God bless you!" I murmured, kissing her hand again.

She drew it away hurriedly.

"Ah! don't do that," she murmured, "I ought not to kneel to you—you who are so much braver and better than I."

She walked away a little, and I stood for a moment pondering with my eyes upon the sea.

Suddenly I said, "Miss Graham, when are you to be married?" She started, hesitated for a moment, and then replied:

"I don't quite know. I am going up to London shortly. We are to be married there."

Every word she uttered seemed to stab me to the heart. Up to this I had clung to a wild hope that the reports I had heard might have had no foundation—now that hope was gone.

"Why," I asked desperately, "are you going to marry your cousin?"

She started again, and trembled slightly. "Why do people generally marry one another?" she answered. "Still, there is a very grave reason why this should be. My cousin is comparatively poor, while I am rich; he has grave difficulties before him which I can relieve if I am his wife."

"Did he put all this before you?"

"No; he does not even know that I am aware of it. Ah! Mr. Trelawney, we have all our troubles, and my poor aunt is breaking her heart over hers. Things have been going wrong ever since my uncle died."

"And you are to be sacrificed to set them right again!"

"Where does the sacrifice come in?"

"Did she ask you if you loved her son?"

"No! She asked me if there was any one else whom I wished to marry, and I answered her truthfully; I said there was not."

We walked back over the marshes, Madeline leaning lightly on my arm; but we never spoke a word. Having reached the road, we walked on toward Redruth House, and paused at the gate.

"Good-bye, Miss Graham!" I said, holding forth my hand.

"Good-bye!" she said.

"Yes," I returned, "I think it ought to be good-bye. In a week or ten days at most, I shall be leaving St. Gurlott's, and we may not meet again!"

Before I knew what she was doing, she had seized my hand and raised it to her lips.

"Good-bye, dear friend," she murmured, "and may God bless you!" then, with a sob, she turned and was gone.

I stood petrified, watching in a dazed kind of wonder the figure as it moved up the moonlit avenue and disappeared amongst the trees; then, with a sigh, I turned away. Bitterly as I had suffered through my love for Madeline, I did not for one moment wish that the episode in my life had never been.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I PREPARE TO LEAVE ST. GURLOTT'S.

All this time, there had been a double shadow on my life; for not only was it darkened by my unfortunate and despairing passion, but by anxiety for my uncle. I alone, of all who knew and loved him, guessed the true cause of the sorrow which made him,

"As a tree inclineth weak and bare
Under its unseen load of wintery air,"

bend lower and lower with a mysterious burden; so that, although not an old man, he had become prematurely infirm. He still went about his daily work in the mine; but feebly, mechanically, and very silently; but in the long evenings he sat brooding by the fireside, starting at the sound of a foot without or a knock at the door, but otherwise showing little or no interest in the affairs of life.

Poor Annie noticed the change, and secretly reproaching herself as the cause, was ever watchful to attend his slightest wish, to answer his most careless look. Her mother's sternness pained her, after all, infinitely less than the sad endurance of one who had ever been the tenderest of fathers. And the change reflected herself in *her*; so that no one would have recognized, in the pale, suffering woman, the happy, gentle girl who had once been the light of a humble home.

All this troubled me greatly, and made me naturally anxious to leave the scene of so much pain. Had I been able in any way to heal the wounds that misfortune had made, had I even been able to speak with a free heart of the trouble which, in one shape or another, was weighing upon us all, it might have been different; but I was utterly helpless. Complicated with my own grief, was oftentime a great dread—lest others should discover what was still an unspoken secret between my uncle and myself. So, in my despair of being of any service, I could not help counting the hours till the day came when I was to leave St. Gurlott's and repair to my new place in the adjoining country.

I was anxious, too, to get away from the district, where the engagement between Madeline Graham and George Redruth was a matter of common gossip; where I was tormented, a dozen times a day, by rumors of what was going on up at the great house. After our farewell, described in the last chapter, when my last hope left me, and there was nothing for it save to resign myself to the inevitable, I saw nothing more of Madeline; but a day or two later I heard that she had gone, accompan