

WE AND OUR NEIGHBOURS,

The Records of an Unfashionable Street.

(Sequel to "My Wife and I.")

A NOVEL

By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

[This charming story first appeared in the Christian Union, for which it was written, and having been published in book form by J. B. Ford & Co., New York, it may be had at any book store. Price \$1.75.—Ed. ILLUSTR.]

(Continued From Page 2.)

"Yes, she did," said Aunt Maria, with vigor; "and I can tell you it's a perfect fright, if it did come from Paris. Another thing I saw—fringes have come round again! Mrs. Lamar's new cloak was trimmed with fringe."

"You don't say so," said Mrs. Van Arsdel, contemplating all the possible consequences of this change. "There was another reason why I couldn't go out this morning," she added, rather irrelevantly—"I had no bonnet. Adrienne couldn't get the kind of ruche necessary to finish it until next week, and the old one is too shabby. Were the Stuyvesants out?"

"Oh, yes, in full force. She has the same bonnet she wore last year, done over with a new feather."

"Oh, well, the Stuyvesants can do as they please," said Mrs. Van Arsdel; "everybody knows who they are, let them wear what they will."

"Emma Stuyvesant had a new Paris hat and a saque trimmed with bullion fringe," continued Aunt Maria. "I thought I'd tell you, because you can use what was on your velvet dress over again; it's just as good as ever."

"So I can"—and for a moment the great advantage of going punctually to church appeared to Mrs. Van Arsdel. "Did you see Sophie Sidney?"

"Yes. She was gorgeous in a mauve suit with hat to match; but she has gone off terribly in her looks—yellow as a lemon."

"Who else did you see?" said Mrs. Van Arsdel, who liked this topic of conversation better than the dangers of the church.

"Oh, well, the Devenports were there, and the Livingstones, and of course Polly Elmore, with her tribe, looking like birds of Paradise. The amount of time and money and thought that family gives to dress is enormous! John Devenport stopped and spoke to me coming out of church. He says, 'Seems to me, Mrs. Wouvermans, your young ladies have deserted us; you mustn't suffer them to stray from the fold,' says he. I saw he had his eye on our pew when he first came into church."

"I think, Maria, you really are quite absurd in your suspicions about that man," said Mrs. Van Arsdel. "I don't think there's anything in it."

"Well, just wait now and see. I know more about it than you do. If only Alice manages her cards right, she can get that man."

"Alice will never manage cards for any purpose. She is too proud for that. She hasn't a bit of policy."

"And there was that Jim Fellows waiting on her home. I met him this morning, just as I turned the corner."

"Well, Alice tries to exert a good influence over Jim, and has got him to teach in Mr. St. John's Sunday school."

"Fiddlesticks! What does he care for Sunday school?"

"Well, the girls all say that he does nicely. He has more influence over that class of boys than anybody else would."

"Likely! Set a rogue to catch a rogue," said Aunt Maria. "It's his being seen so much with Alice that I'm thinking of. You may depend upon it, it has a bad effect."

Mrs. Van Arsdel dreaded the setting of her sister's mind in this direction, so by way of effecting a diversion she rang and inquired when tea would be ready. As the door opened, the sound of very merry singing came up stairs. Angelique was seated at the piano and playing tunes out of one of the Sunday school manuals, and the whole set were singing with might and main. Jim's tenor could be heard above all the rest.

"Why, is that fellow here?" said Aunt Maria.

"Yes," said Mrs. Van Arsdel; "he very often stays to tea with us Sunday nights, and he and the girls sing hymns together."

"Hymns!" said Aunt Maria. "I should call that a regular jollification that they are having down there."

"Oh, well, Maria, they are singing children's tunes out of one of the little Sunday school manuals. You know children's tunes are so different from old-fashioned psalm tunes!"

Just then the choir below struck up

"Forward, Christian soldier,"

with a marching energy and a vivacity that was positively startling, and, to be sure, not in the least like the old, long-drawn, dolorous strains once supposed to be peculiar to devotion. In fact, one of the greatest signs of progress in our modern times is the bursting forth of religious thought and feeling in chi-

hood and youth in strains gay and airy as hope and happiness—melodies that might have been learned of those bright little "owls of the air," of whom the Master bade us take lessons, so that a company of wholesome, healthy, right-minded young people can now get together and express themselves in songs of joy, and hope, and energy, such as childhood and youth ought to be full of.

Let those who will talk of the decay of Christian faith in our days; so long as songs about Jesus and his love are bursting forth on every hand, thick as violets and apple blossoms in June, so long as the little Sunday-school song books sell by thousands and by millions, and spring forth every year in increasing numbers, so long will it appear that faith is ever fresh-springing and vital. It was the little children in the temple who cried, "Hosanna to the Son of David," when chief priests and scribes were scowling and saying, "Master, forbid them," and doubtless the same dear Master loves to hear the child-songs now as then.

At all events, our little party were having a gay and festive time over two or three new collections of Clarion, Golden Chain, Golden Shower, or what not, of which Jim had brought a pocket full for the girls to try, and certainly the melodies as they came up were bright and lively and pretty enough to stir one's blood pleasantly. In fact, both Aunt Maria and Mrs. Van Arsdel were content for a season to leave the door open and listen.

"You see," said Mrs. Van Arsdel, "Jim is such a pleasant, convenient, obliging fellow, and has done so many civil turns for the family, that we quite make him at home here; we don't mind him at all. It's a pleasant thing, too, and convenient, now the boys are gone, to have some young man that one feels perfectly free with to wait on the girls; and where there are so many of them, there is less danger of anything particular. There's no earthly danger of Alice's being specially interested in Jim. He isn't at all the person she would ever think seriously of, though she likes him as a friend."

Mrs. Wouvermans apparently acquiesced for the time in this reasoning, but secretly resolved to watch appearances narrowly this evening, and if she saw what warranted the movement to take the responsibility of the case into her own hands forthwith. Her perfect immutable and tranquil certainty that she was the proper person to manage anything within the sphere of her vision gave her courage to go forward in spite of the fears and remonstrances of any who might have claimed that they were parties concerned.

Mr. Jim Fellows was one of those persons in whom a sense of humor operates as a subtle lubricating oil through all the internal machinery of the mind, causing all which might otherwise have jarred or grated to slide easily. Many things which would be a torture to more earnest people were to him a source of amusement. In fact, humor was so far a leading faculty that it was difficult to keep him within limits of propriety and decorum, and prevent him from racing off at unsuitable periods like a kitten after a pin-ball, skipping over all solemnities of etiquette and decorum. He had not been so intimate in the family without taking the measure of so very active and forthputting a member as Aunt Maria. He knew exactly—as well as if she had told him—how she regarded him, for his knowledge of character was not the result of study, but the sort of clear sight which in persons of quick perceptive organs seems like a second sense. He saw into persons without an effort, and what he saw for the most part only amused him.

He perceived immediately on sitting down to tea that he was under the glance of Mrs. Wouvermans' watchful and critical eye, and the result was that he became full and ready to boil over with wicked drollery. With an apparently grave face, without passing the limits of the most ceremonious politeness and decorum, he contrived, by a thousand and fleeting indescribable turns and sliding intonations and adroit movements to get all the girls into a tempest of suppressed gaiety. There are wicked rogues known to us all who have this magical power of making those around them burst out into indiscreet sallies of laughter, while they retain the most edifying and innocent air of gravity. Seated next to Aunt Maria, Jim managed, by most devoted attention and reverent listening, to draw from her a zealous analysis of the morning sermon, which she gave with the more heat and vigor, hoping thereby to reprove the stray sheep who had thus broken boundaries.

Her views of the danger of modern speculation, and her hearty measures for its repression, were given with an earnestness that was from the heart.

"I can't understand what anybody wants to have these controversies for, and listen to these infidel philosophers. I never doubt, I never doubted, I don't think I have altered an iota of my religious faith since I was seven years old; and if I had the control of things, I'd put a stop to all this sort of fuss."

"You then would side with his Hol-

ness, the Pope," said Jim. "That is precisely the ground of his last allocution."

"No, indeed, I shouldn't. I think Popery is worse yet—it's terrible! Dr. Cushing showed that this morning, and it's the greatest danger of our day; and I think that Mr. St. John of yours is nothing more than a decey dick to lead you all to Rome. I went up there once and saw 'em genuflecting, and turning to the east, and burning candles, and that's all I want to know about them."

"But the east is a perfectly harmless point of the compass," said Jim, with saucy; "and though I don't want candles in the daytime myself, yet I don't see what harm it does anybody to burn them."

"Why, that's just what the Catholics do," said Mrs. Wouvermans.

"Oh, that's it, is it!" said Jim, with a submissive air. "Mustn't we do any thing that Catholics do?"

"No, indeed," said Aunt Maria, falling into the open trap with affecting naivete.

"Then we wasn't pray-at all," said Jim.

"Oh, pshaw! of course I didn't mean that. You know what I mean."

"Certainly, ma'am. I think I understand," said Jim, while Alice, who had been looking reprovingly at him, led off the subject into another strain.

But Mrs. Wouvermans was more gracious to Jim that evening than usual, and when she rose to go home that young gentleman offered his attendance, and was accepted with complacency.

Mrs. Wouvermans, in a general way, believed in what is called Providence. That is to say, when any little matter fell out in a manner exactly opposite to any of her schemes, she called it providential. On the present occasion, when she found herself walking in the streets of New York alone, in the evening, with a young man who treated her with flattering deference, it could not but strike her as a providential opportunity not to be neglected of fulfilling her long-cherished intentions and giving a sort of wholesome check and caution to the youth. So she began with infinite adroitness to prepare the way. Jim, the while, who saw perfectly what she was aiming at, assisting her in the most obliging manner.

After passing through sundry truisms about the necessity of caution and regarding appearances, and thanking what people will say to this and that, she proceeded to inform him that the report was in circulation that he was engaged to Alice.

"The report does me entirely too much honor," said Jim. "But of course if Miss Alice isn't disposed to deny it, I am not."

(Continued next week.)

MR. JENKIN'S ALARM.

BY FASCHEN'S BOY.

"Zach! do you hear? Oh, dear! there's robbers in the house as sure as I'm alive," cried Mrs. Jenkins, in a low, timid voice. "Wake up, will you? Oh, Lord! all the new silver is down stairs! there's all the ornaments on the mantle, and the new lace curtains—they'll be sure to take those; they'll spit on the new carpet, and we'll be ruined!" groaned Mrs. J.

She struck her hands against J's back, but there was no sign of awakening. She struck again—harder this time.

"Wazzer matter with you? Lay still, will you, er-er," drowsily muttered J.

"Zach, Zach, there's robbers in the house!"

"Hey! her was zat yer say?" exclaimed Zach, as he raised himself on his elbow.

"Robbers down stairs! don't you hear them? There, hear that!"

"Yes, but what do you want me to do?" said J, now fully awake.

"Why, go down and shut them out. Yer ain't afraid, are yer?"

"No, Amanda, I'm not afraid, but there is no sense in my going down. Suppose one of them should by laying behind the door at the head of the kitchen stairs, and as I attempted to pass, should brain me? Pleasant to think of, isn't it?" shivered Zach.

"There's no need of my going down now, Amanda," went on Zach, "they must have gone; I don't hear them."

"There's that noise again! new, Zach Jenkins, I want you to go down, or, if you don't, I will, and will tell all the neighbors what a nice coward you are. Will you go?" almost yelled Mrs. J.

"I'll go, but I will say farewell. Let me kiss the baby, for I will never, never see it again. In ten minutes I shall be a corpse."

"Now, old man, you just git out of bed and go on down, do you hear, you shivering coward?"

"O-ooch, it's cold!" exclaimed J., as he put his trembling foot out of bed.

"Where are the matches?"

"On the bureau."

"D—I take that rocking chair! it's always in one's way," cried J., groping round in the dark. "I can't find them—deuce take that pin!"

"Now, if you want to find them, they are on the left hand side. I think you are afraid to."

"I've got them," was the surly reply.

"Well, light the gas here and go down, and don't stand there shaking

like a leaf."

"Amanda, we've been married nearly five years; haven't I always been a good and true husband to you—bought you new hats that cost ten dollars each, and striped stockings at two dollars a pair, pin back dresses and high-heeled boots? And now you would have me go down there to get murdered—say, don't interrupt me—murdered, I say, most foully; yes, slain in the most horrible manner, struck on the head with the furnace crank and knocked senseless, throat cut from ear to ear, eyes blinded with cayenne pepper, and then stabbed to death. Farewell—I forgive you. Tell the baby boy when he grows up that his father loved him, and that he died bravely; knowing a set of murderers were in his house, he got out of bed, went down stairs, and defiantly faced them, but was overpowered and killed. I don't owe—"

"Here, Zach Jenkins, I don't want any more of your eloquence. Yer got to go down any way and find out what's the matter."

"Well, I'll go," said the almost fainting man, as he moved towards the stairs, shivering, shaking and quaking with fear.

"G. on," exclaimed Mrs. J., as she followed him to the head of the stairs.

Jim now slowly descended to the hall and lit the gas therein, and, being urged on by Mrs. J., moved toward the basement stairs, but hearing a noise, jumped, turned and ran quickly up stairs again and opened the window, screamed "Police! Murder! Thief!" etc.

A policeman passing by heard the cry, and was promptly on the spot (note this, some one). J. threw out his key and bade him enter. He met him in the hall and explained that some robbers were in the house. The policemen led the way down stairs, J. tremulously following. Policeman cautiously opened the kitchen door, and lo! what did he behold but the cat tossing a ball up and down the room!

Policeman looked at J. and smiled. J. looked at policeman and grinned—a pale, sickly, ghastly grin, more like an idiot; a smile mingled with pleasure and fright. Policeman departed after taking a "nip," and J. went to bed again. Who has not been frightened by a cat? Jenkins swears his wife shan't have a Christmas present this year.

THE BONANZA FIRM.

No country in the world has produced characters to be compared with those in America. We have our George Francis Train, and a large number of others familiar to the general reader. Probably, though, none attract the attention of the public more than the quartette of San Francisco composing the firm of Flood & O'Brien. They are the richest firm in the United States, and already, in their attack upon the Bank of California, have given evidence of the power and influence they exert in business circles, and undoubtedly they will rule the business of the coast with a power only to be compared to that of their late antagonist.

People visiting the office of Flood & O'Brien can scarcely realize that but a few years since these moneyed princes were poor laboring men, associating with the miners, and receiving a mere pittance for their work, and that, in later days, they run a "gin mill" in the city of San Francisco, but such is the case. When we read of William S. O'Brien as among the ruling millionaires of the country, it seems almost impossible to identify him with the same person who left Montana in the year 1865 as "bull-whacker" in the train conducted to Montana by Col. Fisk, now of Helena, Montana.

William S. O'Brien was born in Maine, about the year 1845. His father and family moved West in 1856, settling at St. Anthony, Minnesota. Being poor, the boys were all compelled to work at some business, William following different occupations; sometimes engaged in carrying a route for a newspaper published in St. Anthony, but finally settled down as an apprentice to a tinsmith. This he followed until the year 1865, when he engaged himself as a teamster to Col. Fisk.

Well does the writer recollect the 16th of August of that year, when young O'Brien bade farewell to his father and brothers and his many youthful comrades, all of whom wished him prosperity in his new venture.

On arriving in Montana, O'Brien's life was one of varying fortunes, but usually he met with poor success, at times securing merely enough to sustain life. To give particulars of his career up to the time he moved to San Francisco would be merely repeating the daily experience of most miners on the Western slope. Finally drifting to San Francisco, he became associated in the liquor business with James C. Flood, keeping a saloon on Sanson street in that city. With the savings from their business they invested in consolidated Virginia, and one morning they awoke, like Byron, to find themselves famous. Their stock had risen from a nominal price to 700 per cent. on the par value.

A late California paper gives the following history of this remarkable firm:

Ten years ago John Mackey was working as a mining laborer in a little exploring shaft in Virginia City. He swung his pick vigorously and was paid \$4 a day. To day he has a larger income than any other single individual in America, and if his wealth continues to accumulate as it has for the past two years his fortune will rival that of the richest Rothschild. Mr Mackey is the head of the great mining firm of Flood and O'Brien, of that city, whose gigantic operations and grand aggregation of capital recently swamped the Bank of California and buried Sharon, Ralston and Jones from their financial pedestal. The members of the firm are John Mackey, James C. Flood, William S. O'Brien and Col. James G. Fair. Mr. Mackey is the financial head, Flood and O'Brien attend to the interest of the firm in California, and Col. Fair is working superintending of the mines in Virginia City. The latter embrace the famous Consolidated Virginia, the richest mine ever discovered in Nevada, now turning out \$1,500,000 a month; the California, adjoining it, with even a larger body of ore; the Hale and Norcross, Best and Belcher, Gould and Curry, Sierra Nevada, Mexico, and finally the famous Savage, which in years gone by has turned out millions. Headed, they own a score of small mines, any one of which may at any time turn up a bonanza.

MR. MACKAY'S INCOME.

Of the entire business and profits of the firm, Mr. Mackey has a three-fifths interest. The firm own 66,000 shares of Consolidated Virginia stock, on which they declare a dividend of \$10 a share. Mackey's share of this is \$396,000 a month. Of stock in the California mine they own 60,000 shares. The first monthly dividend of \$10 was declared in November, and added to Mr. Mackey's income \$360,000. The other mines that the firm control pay no dividends, but they yield a large revenue to the firm in ways more indirect. For instance, the firm own all the wood used in their working, both for fuel and for timbering, and they sell it to the companies at immense profit. The Savage, Hale, and Norcross, and Gould and Curry, all crush more or less ore, and this is done in the firms mill at a cost \$13 a ton. The yield of silver being scarce, enough to pay the cost of both mining and crushing, assessments are levied to make up the deficiency. The firm's income from this source and from crushing the ore of the Consolidated Virginia, which is also done by their own mills, is estimated at \$50,000 a month, of which put Mr. Mackey down for \$30,000. Add to this the prospective profits of the Nevada bank, which has just been opened with a cash capital of \$5,000,000, and which is the exclusive property of the firm, and you may then figure out the income of Mr. Mackey. The Bank of California paid for years 18 per cent. on their \$5,000,000. The profits of the new bank can not be less. This amounts to \$900,000, or \$75,000 a month, of which Mr. Mackey's share will be \$45,000. To sum up, then, Mackey will have for the next year from his mining and bullion interests alone, the colossal income of \$831,000 a month, or at the rate of nearly \$10,000,000 a year. This does not include the income of his vast wealth in real estate. For the past year he has been making large investments in the very heart of the city. Whole blocks of the most valuable real estate in San Francisco have been purchased, and the income from these cannot well be estimated, but it must be enormous.

A MODEST MILLIONAIRE.

Mr. Mackey is the most retiring and modest of any of California's millionaires. He lives in Virginia, but his family spend most of their time in San Francisco. He dresses plainly, and might be supposed to be a well-to-do farmer—nothing more. Already the politicians of Nevada are moving to make him Senator Jones's successor in Washington. Of Mackey's partners, J. C. Flood is the most important. Flood and Mackey are Irishmen. They are shrewd and sharp in business, generous to their friends, and unrelenting to their enemies. They took up a poverty-stricken newspaper man last spring—a man who had done them some little turn while they were in the whisky business—and in three days made him worth \$75,000. On the other hand, Sharon and Ralston, and the Bank of California, which had offended them, they crushed out in three weeks, and they would have kept the bank down but for Ralston's death and the popular outcry against them. Flood recently bought \$3,000,000 worth of real estate, and said himself, just before the new bank opened, that he had \$4,000,000 lent out on call at 1 per cent a month. His wealth is second only to that of Mackey. Col. Fair is the only man of education in the firm. He has long been a mining superintendent. He is worth \$10,000,000.

Bro. Russell wishes it distinctly understood that he is done hunting deer. He has hunted every season nearly half the time, and has not, as yet, injured the health or happiness of any deer, and says now if any deer want anything of him they can come to his office.—Brother Tribune.