

IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

A Story of Life in the Great Mississippi Valley.

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CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

Joel Whitney, on the other hand, had always held that to acquire even a thousand times more than he could ever personally use, he would have to draw away from his chest of drawers, drawing with his finger about large parts of nature's common gift the flaming sacred circle of ownership...

At any rate, his big house was finished, his head was bald and gray, and he had a deal of property, but his unhappy eyes often dwelt longingly upon a picture of a great building, ornamented the corner of a map upon his inner office wall, with something of the expression that one might have who looked upon the gates of Paradise.

He often caught himself wondering in what bright particular part of that stupendous pile of halls of Congress lay, and once he called the still book-keeper, and under cover of an inquiry as to the Capitol building's dimensions, asked him in which wing of that edifice our great Assembly sat.

The still book-keeper snapped one of his black eyes at the columns of figures he returned to, after satisfying Joel, and the corners of his thin mouth twitched. Joel had caught him in a moment of his inner office without dropping his eye carelessly against the picture upon the wall.

Now Harry was coming home from college, and that event, coupled with the completion of the big Whitney home, led to the political and social event. It would not be truthful to pretend that Joel suggested to Mrs. Whitney the making of a big party purely for display or entertainment or an offering to society.

Joel was greatly lifted up in spirit by this popular and palpitating influx, and was every now and then shaking his head and saying to himself before- and welcoming, talking, introducing, joking and exerting himself until quite purple.

John Earling was there; for Joel would let no one go uninvited, and the young man was too magnanimous to seem to resent it by remaining absent. He was talking a little sturdily with Harry, for something of the old-time freedom had departed from between them.

Joel was talking a little sturdily with Harry, for something of the old-time freedom had departed from between them. Julius Popp was present, too, and effervescing under a tremendous pressure of a moment's coming absence.

At length the day dawned—a pleasant one in September—which should bring Harry Whitney with it from the East. In honor of the event Joel arrayed himself in clean linen, though no occasion could be conceived of sufficient magnitude to make him dress well, or dress him in a certain ineluctable horror of fine clothes, while Mrs. Whitney did herself up in her latest finery.

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appalling Indian-like shouting of the back and omnibus men, a dapper fashionably-dressed fellow with close-cut hair, tall white hat and golden mustache, came forward and greeted her with: "AW—it's mother, I believe?" She could hardly realize that it was Harry, he was so finely gotten up.

For a moment he did not recognize this very slightly son of his, and when the young man whipped his cane under his arm and grasped the father by the hand, that overpowered person only stared at him a moment with his mouth open, and then, as if in a daze, he crossed English cloth, with his high white hat, rattan cane and long-toed shoes, when Joel coming in from the country met him at the store door.

"Joe!" said the son, as he watched his father turn the corner, "evidently I am too flip for the governor!" And he walked away. Joel thought of John Earling; he could not keep from contrasting these two young men who had ridden his knees when children. The one with every thing to do and every thing to achieve, the other never having had any thing to do nor any object compelling him to follow.

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away, they fell to discussing a pile of art engravings that lay on a table. This presumably being in Harry's line he talked a good deal, but in spite of his nimbleness here and there and wits of Yesit outran him. After a time, the subject running dry, Yesit, catching her breath, proposed, with a squeak of delight, that they should go out upon the veranda.

John Earling felt his companion very warm and pleasant and sensuous as she clung to his side, lifting her dusky eyes to his in the half-light and murmuring something now and then in her thick, mellow voice. The evening was very bright and some of the windows were open from top to bottom, letting out great floods of light and merry noise.

Yesit drew Harry away down one of the lantern-like walks, and John Earling and Maun sat down upon a seat in the shadow, and the girl crept close to him and took one of his hands in both of hers and held it. He could have flung her off, for such an inclination crossed him, and he would have done so had he not been so sweet and strong, and her innocence so appealing, he longed to clasp her to him.

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HELPING THE OPPRESSED.

What the Democracy, During Its Short Lease of Power, Has Done to Reclaim the Land for the People Which Has Been Unjustly Donated to Corporations by the Republican Party.

John G. Carlisle, Speaker of the House of Representatives and one of the most prominent and eloquent of American statesmen, lately delivered a powerful address to his fellow citizens of Covington, Ky., from which the following extract is taken: The policy of the Government of the United States in relation to the disposition of the public lands is very peculiar.

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"IT OUGHT TO BE BAD."

Thus Mr. Blaine Reasons About the Country's Prosperity, and He Therefore Refuses to Face the Facts.

The American Grocer contains some "nuts for croakers to crack" in the form of an array of facts illustrating the movement of trade during the present year. It is not likely that the mouths of all the croakers will be stopped, but the indications are, according to conditions promising indefinite business prosperity will leave the people with little inclination to listen to their dismal predictions.

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FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—As many as a thousand quakings a day have been registered in New Zealand.

—Ghent is built on twenty-six islands, Amsterdam on ninety and Venice on eighty.

—Complete returns of the French census show the population to be, in round numbers, 38,000,000—an increase of 500,000 in five years.

—Labouchere, in Truth, deprecates the English custom of torturing women by sentencing them to death when there is not the slightest intention to carry out the sentence.

—Queen Victoria's health is said to be better now than it has been for several years, and more guests are being entertained at Balmoral than at any time since the Prince Consort's death.

—Amsterdam has a great palace which the King occupies fifty days in the month of May and June, 1876, mice suddenly appeared in enormous numbers. They invaded the grain fields in such large numbers that the corn seemed literally alive with them, destroying in a few days every thing that was edible; and where, but a short time before, bushels of grain might have been harvested, not an ear remained, and the noise produced by their thrashing in the mill was audible for a considerable distance.

MOUSE PLAGUE.

The Terrible Destruction Wrought by Rodents in a Brazilian Province.

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