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THE ANACONDA STANDARD

PAGES 9 TO 12

ANACONDA, MONTANA, SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 18, 1891.

TWO MEN.

Two men toiled side by side from sun to sun,
And both were poor;
Both sat with children when the day was done,
About their door.

One saw the beautiful in crimson cloud
And shining moon;
The other, with his head in sadness bowed,
Made night of noon.

One loved each tree, and flower, and singing bird
On mount or plain;
No music in the soul of one was stirred
By leaf or rain.

One saw the good in every fellow man,
And hoped the best;
The other marveled at his Master's plan,
And doubt confessed.

One, having heaven above and heaven below,
Was satisfied;
The other, discontented, lived in woe,
And hopeless died.

—*Boston Transcript.*

SUNDOWN.

Now sky and wood and upland
Are drenched with crimson rain;
The mellow clink of cow-bells
Is coming up the lane.
Now arrowy swallows, cheeping,
Their circling comrades hail;
While ping-a-pang-a-ping-a
Goes the milking-pail.

Now ducks come waddling homeward
And geese, in single file;
And chickens fly to branches,
Or top the old wood-pile.
And bats leave barn and crannies,
And dusky grows the vale;
While swish-a-swish-a-swish-a
Goes the milking-pail.

Now katydids wax testy,
And crickets whisper "s'eep!"
And sudden sparks of fireflies
Pulse through the shadows deep.
Now dimmer grow the meadow,
Vined wall, and zigzag rail;
While froth-a-froth and homeward
Goes the milking-pail.

—*George Cooper in Harper's Young People.*

Stories of Life.

FRESH YARNS, SOME TRUE, SOME FANCIFUL, BY THE CLEVEREST WRITERS.

No one in the *Journal* office knew him except as "Mike," although the managing editor unbent himself one day, and in part payment for a generous lunch brought by the city editor, informed that worthy that his other name was Edwards. This bit of knowledge was afterwards verified by the cashier in the business office, and later on retailed to the reporters by the spectacled, blue-pencil fiend aforesaid, in exchange for cigars and sundry bottles of Bass' ale, of which he, the city editor, was very fond.

Someone attempted to call him "Mr. Edwards" one day, but he checked what might have become a practice by simply saying: "I wish you would call me Mike, it sounds much better to me."

Mike was about thirty, I should imagine, although he might have been older or younger. He was a slight built fellow with wavy brown hair and mustache, and deep lustrous eyes, which always wore a far away look as if he were ever thinking of something not here; something beyond. His mouth had a yearning expression; like as though the lips would say something which the spirit that controlled them would not permit. He never spoke unless first addressed, and usually his replies were in monosyllables, unless perchance the answer was an explanation, and then it was made in the briefest manner imaginable.

He was the most faithful worker I ever saw. He would show up at the office at 1 o'clock every day and from that hour until the paper went to press he was always at his desk. No one ever knew him to go to lunch, although several of us watched him from time to time.

In his position he was a splendid man. When the "run" was light and there was plenty of space, he would grab a handful of Associated Press and produce some of the most vivid specials I ever read. The managing editor noted this faculty and encouraged him to such an extent that the *Gazette*, our morning rival, used to turn green with envy over "Mike's" "grapevine."

In a rush, too, he was equally proficient. When the night editor, who was a perfect crank, would rattle the city editor and we of the reportorial staff by bursting into the room and announcing that we must "condense, pare down, concentrate; that the paper was full; cut to the core," he never worried Mike in the least. He would glance over his sheets of manifold, quietly ask how much space he could have, and he would not have a line too much or too little. Many a time did I wish that I had his faculty in that line. He would reduce a column to two sticks, and tell in a paragraph what many others would require fifty lines to relate.

We all tried to scrape an acquaintance with "Mike," but, while he treated us politely, there was an air of reserve about him that made a conversation of any considerable duration impossible. Once I tried to draw him out as to where he had come from, but the moment I attempted it I saw by the expression of his eyes that this was a hopeless task. From that look of sadness that lurked in the dreamy orbs there came one of determination as if they would say: "You are attempting to penetrate a mystery that is forbidden, and you must not cross the line; you shall not." I changed the subject.

One night when the day's run was completed the city editor called us into his private room and said: "Boys, I will be hanged if I don't think that we have got a first class sensation right here in this office." We were all alert in an instant. "It's in there," he continued, nodding toward "Mike's" room. "This man has been here for four months now, and while we do know his name none of us can tell where he came from or what he is. Why, we don't even know where he lives now. I was talking with the managing editor to-day, and he doesn't know. Said he asked him and Mike said, "Oh never mind that, I will always be here. The day I fail to come down will be announced to you a week in advance." Now that's all he said, and the old man had to put up with it, for he turned and walked out. Now I believe there is a great mystery connected with him, and that we ought to find out. He may be some noted criminal."

"Perhaps he is the lost Charley Ross," remarked the reporter who "did" railroads.

"Or Tascott," said the police reporter, "although the descriptions do not tally."

"Oh, don't get fresh," said the city editor with some severity. "I don't know who he is, but I am determined to know. I am going to draw lots, and the one who gets the number three can consider himself detailed to wait until the paper goes to press and follow him to his room. Then to-morrow when he is here go there and inquire of his landlady what she knows of him."

He shook the numbers in his hat and the drawing began. I looked at my paper and said, "you needn't draw any more, I am the lucky person."

"See to it that you do not fail," said the city editor, and he then dismissed us.

I went across the street to a saloon and watched for Mike. At 4 o'clock he came down, halted for a moment, and turning a corner began walking swiftly northward. I followed him at a respectful distance, but found it difficult to keep him in sight. Once or twice he looked back as if to see whether he was being pursued, but luckily did not see me. On and on he went, until I began to get weary of my journey. But finally he halted at a two-story frame on the outskirts of the town, and, unlocking the door, went inside. I made a note of the number and went home.

Next day I called and inquired for him. The landlady, a buxom Irish woman, knew nothing of him excepting that he was "Mister Edwards." No, he never received any letters or papers. She thought he got his mail down town. No, there was no one ever called to see him. I gave the woman a dollar and after informing her that he was a friend of mine and enjoining secrecy, took my leave.

The city editor was delighted. "The devil," said he when I reported. "Keep it up, my boy, don't stop. We have got a mine. I hate to sacrifice a man on the *Journal*, but it will be a great piece of work. Stay on his track."

I mentally inquired of myself how in blazes I could keep on the track of something I knew nothing of but did not despair. The general delivery clerk in the postoffice was a friend of mine, and to him I went. By dint of some persuasion I induced him to watch the mails, but after a month of vigilance on his part he reported that nothing ever came of it, and no letters addressed to Mike Edwards were ever called for by the man "upon whose trail I was camping." Then I wrote him a letter and mailed it at another town. It came to the office and was laid on Mike's table, but he returned it without opening, saying that it was not his. It seemed as if the mystery never would clear up. The city editor was wild, but that made no difference. He tried his hand at interviewing, but met with no better success. "The man is a devil," said he.

One night in December, it was on the day that congress opened, the night editor came boiling in. "Cut her down," he roared, "cut her down. We have the president's message and more local than we can handle. The old man has drowned me with editorial, and Parker never turned in so much advertising in his life." Then he rushed into Mike's room. "Cut her down, Mike," he said, "cut her to the core. If you don't I'll have type hanging over the chases."

Mike said nothing, but we all knew that "News in Brief" would be one of the headlines on the first page.

I was on the "dog watch" that night, and it was my duty to stay until everything was closed up. I had just finished writing a paragraph about a street fight which the desk-sergeant at police headquarters telephoned me, when the galley boy, who had been in Mike's room, came in, his face white as chalk. He tried to speak, but failed. "What's the matter, kid?" I inquired. For an answer the boy pointed toward the next room. I went in. There sat Mike, with his head resting on the high back of the chair in which he sat. His eyes were closed, and the soft, wavy hair which clustered round his forehead was damp with the dew of death. His pencil had fallen from his right hand, which rested upon the tab of paper upon which he was writing "News in Brief." I picked up the tab. It read:

A woman and her paramour were drowned yesterday at Wilkesbarre while trying to cross the Susquehanna in a boat. They—

That was all. I glanced at the article he had been condensing. It was five pages in length and was a detailed statement of the casuality, together with the history of the pair. She was the wife of a promising young attorney of an eastern city, who had strangely disappeared after his wife had left him.

I crumpled both and put them in my pocket as the night editor and the foreman came in. One of them telephoned for a physician. He came. "Heart disease," he said, and I agreed with him. The night editor gathered up the remaining copy. I wrote a brief account of his death, and the paper went to press.

"I wonder why we didn't have that Wilkesbarre drowning?" said the managing editor the next day. "I guess it was one of the *Gazette* fakes, but they might have called it 'special.' Poor Mike; I wonder where I'll get another man?"

They searched Mike's room, but not a scrap of paper was found to indicate his identity. We all attended the funeral, and all carried flowers. I had a bunch of roses, and when I dropped them in the grave a piece of manifold fell from the cluster and hid itself at the head of the coffin. The city editor noted it, and asked me about it afterward. I told him he was mistaken.

There is a grave in one corner of the cemetery near the fence, beneath the trees. It is seldom noted by the visitors to the place, but to me it seems as if the flowers bloom more fragrant and the songs of the birds are more sweet there than at any other place. The little brook that laughs as it ripples over its silvery bed on its course to the sea, hushes its voice to a low murmer as it passes the place where a simple white stone marks the spot which indicates to the visitor who chances there to go, that beneath the violet covered mound rests the form of him we knew as

MIKE.

—*C. M. Jackson in the Salt Lake Tribune.*

BLIGHTED HIS LIFE.

From a Cincinnati Special.

Fifteen years ago there resided in this city a bright real estate attorney named Charles Cist. He was then the foremost title examiner in the city; charged for searching titles what he pleased and got it. He was a bachelor and supported his mother. Then there was no such thing as abstract companys, but the business fell exclusively to the lawyers.

Cist one day went crooked. Old Jacob Seasongood he made pay for his property twice over. A number of people were defrauded, and he went to where no one could tell. Some said he went to Australia, others said he was in the far West. He had been in his prime successful at money-making, and was the warm friend of ex-President Hayes. He has marched arm-in-arm in many republican parades with him. He was a tall and commanding figure, dark moustache and beard and altogether a handsome man. Governor Hoadley was a friend of his. His disappearance of course created no end of talk, and from that day to this the mystery of his disappearance was unsolved.

Now at the Old Men's and Women's home there is an old man with white hair, beard and mustache, with trembling hands and quiet ways. He has been there since July 2 last. When they went around to take the names of the voters he refused to give his, as he said he did not wish to be known. The man is Charles Cist. How he came to the home is quite a story.

Last year Judge Hoadley was at Detroit trying some important railroad litigation, and during his stay there he recognized the friend of his boyhood. He found that he was a worthy object for the Old Men's Home and asked him if he would accept the offer. Tears came to the old man's eyes and he said he would gratefully accept the offer if he would not be troubled. Governor Hoadley said he thought that it could be arranged and consulted with Mr. Scarborough and Mr. Groesbeck, and the offer was made to get the old man, now 60 years of age, and he came to the Home on the day above mentioned.

His life since he was away has been an eventful one. He has not been in Chicago, as stated, during the entire time. When he left here he went to New York city, where he remained until his funds ran out. There he sought copying and title searching, but found that this could not be obtained unless he had political influence. Then he drifted to the West, and at Detroit recollected that he had a friend named Jenckes, who was consul at Windsor. To him he went and the old cronies talked over the days of their boyhood.

Jenckes was making $2,000 a year and was glad to have his best friend with him. At last the Michigan politicians began to look with wistful eyes toward the Windsor consulship, and Mr. Cist said that he was an old friend of President Hayes; had been raised as a boy with him; that, if he would pay the way to Fremont, Ohio, where he saw by the papers President Hayes then was, he would go and use his influence to retain his friend. The offer was gladly received and Cist went to Fremont. He saw the president, who recollected the friend of his boyhood, and said while the matter was one that belonged to the secretary of state's office, yet when he went back he would do what he could for Jenckes.

In a few days after Hayes returned Mr. Jenckes' appointment came. Then, one good turn deserving another, Jenckes, who had the appointment of his agents, at once made Cist government agent at at Amhurst, where the fees were only $300. Cist went to work with a vigor and built the office up so that it was worth $2,000. Cist held it until the day of Garfield's death. Shortly after this Cist was on the world again.

He went to Detroit and managed to live by copying and title-searching. He had made some good friends, so that he was able to earn a living. When Governor Hoadley saw him he was really an object of charity. Cist will not be disturbed by his creditors, for there is very little left to himself but spending money and enough to clothe himself. Many of his old friends have been to see him and they are rich and prominent men. They have promised him work, which he is amply contented to do, and he has already been searching a title, which he will finish in a few days, and it will give him a smart lift.

GRAND MOTHER'S WAFFLE IRON.

The old waffle iron hangs under the stairs,
A simple arrangement of diamonds and squares,
And 'tis no small matterr, the amount of batter
That iron has graduated onto a platter.
But 'tis something awful, as you sit with your jaw full,
To think what is lawful to put in a waffle.

Take skim milk so sour the pigs scarce will eat it,
Take an egg that's so lazy you just have to beat it,
Take flour that's so heavy, with soda you raise it,
Add a spoonful of salt or else you won't praise it,
Now mix it all up with a stir and a clatter,

Then fill the greased iron; be careful, don't spat er!

There, there, I had almost forgotten the butter!
Here it is, duly melted, I hear its fierce splutter.
In that hotbed of coals not forgetting to turn it,
You must cleverly bake, taking care not to burn it.
Now, friends, is there not indeed something awful
In making and baking an old-fashioned waffle?

But the old waffle iron hangs under the stairs,
A simple arrangement of diamonds and squares,
And 'mid all the events which its history shares,
It never has once been sent out for repairs

—*Lucy Wade Herrick in the Homemaker.*

LEGENDS OF THE MOQUI.

Here is a story that Jo Pulaki, a Moqui man, told me, says a writer in the Chicago *Herald*:

"Sikyatky" means "yellow house." Sikyatky was one of the ancient towns of the Moquis' enemies in the time when the rivers were wider and the white man had never seen even the tallest peaks of the mountains. The young corn people who came from the east lived there. They were a very warlike people and a proud race. But they were not so old as the Snakes, who came much earlier, and lived up on the mesa. The Syks and the Snakes quarreled over water, and the young slingers of the Snakes came over from Walpi and tormented the Syks, for they could throw so true as to hit a bird in a tree. So the Syks put up two towers in their village, and after that day had the best of the fighting so long as they remained at home. But they were not content with that. They wanted to destroy the Snakes so there would be plenty of water.

One day a Syk prowled about Walpi, the village of the Snakes up there on the mesa, and he saw a maiden at a window. She was a very beautiful girl, and the daughter of a chief. Her brother was the bravest man in the whole Moqui tribe, and when he was older he would become the principal chief. The Syk took his bow and arrow, and when no one was looking he leaped upon a rock and shot the maiden. His arrow went through her neck. Then her brother's heart was very heavy. He loved his beautiful sister and resolved to avenge her death. But he did not say what he meant to do. He waited till the Syks celebrated the corn dance and he attended it. It was the custom for all those who took part in the games at this festival to wear helmets which hid their faces, that no one might tell who they were. The brother was alone in the Syk town, but he was not afraid.

There was no one in the village who could run so fast as he nor any one who could throw him down. He won the prize, and then, as that was the way of the Syks, he selected from among the women watching the sports the most beautiful maiden and he climbed up to where she sat in the wall of the tower. He had in his hand the token of his victory in the games, and this he offered to her. As she leaned forward to receive it, smiling upon him, and while all the people wondered who her brave lover might be, he drew his stone knife and killed her. All the Syks sprang up and cried out when they saw her fall. They were mad, because they believed this must be a Snake. Then they were surprised, for he threw off the helmet and they saw it was the brother of the girl who had been killed. And the maiden he had stabbed was the only sister of the bowman who had slain the girl in Walpi.

All the Syks darted after him, but he climbed swiftly up the wall of the mesa, stopping only to cast stones at them from his sling till he reached his home. But the Syks raised an army and began again the war against the Snakes. The battle raged every day and every night. Not a man from either tribe could go away from home, for his women and children would be killed while he was gone. Many people were killed while tending their gardens or their flocks, and the corn of the Syks could not ripen because the Snakes would not let them have water enough to fill the ditches.

After a great many years, when the young Snake whose sister had been shot with an arrow had become a war chief, an old Snake was coming home one night, carrying a bundle of wood. He was very old and very good. But he was tired climbing up the mesa with his heavy load. He sat down on a stone and was thinking. His heart was very heavy, for the war had been going against his people, and the Syks had been able to get water for their land, and the corn was ready to plant. While he sat there thinking a spirit came to him. It was the girl who had been shot by the Syk youth as she sat at her window. She told the old man that to-morrow the Syks would plant their corn, and all the men of the tribe would be in the fields, for that was the custom of the people. She told the old man to go to the war chief and get him to lead the Snakes against the Syks as soon as the sun was up.

So the old man took up his bundles of wood, and it was not heavy any more, for he could hear the cries of the Syks he had killed. As soon as the chief heard this he was very glad. He called all his people together and they went into the khevas and painted themselves and prepared for battle. In the morning, before the stars went out, he led his men down to the Syk town, where the towers stood up in the starlight, and saw all the Syks go out with their medicine men to plant the corn. No one but the women and children was left in the village. When they had all gone the war chief bounded down into the town with his men and they drove all the women and children out, but they burned up all the houses and they tore down the two towers. Then the Syks had no place to fight and they were driven away from the country. There are no more of them in the world and their country and their springs are in the hands of the Snakes.

When the war chief came to die his men asked him why he had saved the women and the children of the Syk village, and he told them the spirit of his sister whispered to him as he lay there in the starlight waiting for the enemy to go out to plant that there was beside her, though he could not see, the girl who had been killed the day of the corn dance. His sister told him she loved the girl, and wanted him to keep alive all women and children, and take care of them in the village of the Snakes. And after that no Snake or Moqui Indian had ever killed a woman or a child. * * *

There are a good many things in that story which look strange when put in the mouth of an Indian, yet that is the story as it was told to me and to others by the old men of the Moqui tribe. The ruins of the exterminated Sikyatky town lie down there just below the mesa, on which Walpi has stood certainly for 500 years. The base of the towers can still be seen, and the very fields in which the corn was planted are now pointed out just as tradition had marked them centuries ago. It is one of the many bits of folk lore which one finds among the home-building Indians of the Southwest.

NO PUBLIC SPEAKER.

Richard Coleman of Virginia, while yet a very young man, was made judge of one of the eastern circuit courts, says *Youth's Companion*. Before his appointment he led a quiet, studious life and had obtained no extended reputation except among lawyers.

Shortly after he went upon the bench a cruel murder was committed in his district by a notoriously bad man. The murderer was taken, tried and convicted of murder in the first degree.

In pronouncing the sentence of the law upon the prisoner, Judge Coleman spoke with so much feeling and eloquence that many of the listeners were moved to tears. The murderer, on the other hand, seemed to be quite indifferent, looking at the ceiling and apparently paying no attention whatever to what was being said.

After he was remanded to jail one of the young lawyers went into the cell, curious to know how the criminal had felt when the judge was passing sentence upon him.

"What do you mean?" asked the murderer.

"I mean when the judge was telling you that you were to be hanged."

"You mean when he was talking to me?"

"Yes."

"Oh! I never paid no 'tention to Dick Coleman; he ain't no public speaker, nohow."

YOUR HORSE'S COLOR.

Among the cherished superstitions of sportsmen is the belief that the color of horses has much to do with their chances of victory in races and exhibitions of power. Whence came the superstition it is difficult to say. It has existed, according to the New York *Tribune*, for centuries, not only among Europeans, but among Arabs, those "kings of the desert," whose knowledge of the horse is proverbial.

In an ancient Arabian manuscript, according to *L'Echo de Paris*, recently discovered, is a passage proving that the belief in the relations between horses' color, power and speed has long existed in Arabia.

A great sheik of the Sahara, so runs the tale, Ben Dyab by name, was one day pursued by Saadet Zenatis, his most deadly enemy. In the flight Ben Dyab turned suddenly to his son.

"Tell me," he commanded, "what horses are at the head of our enemies?"

"The whites, father," replied the son.

"That is well," came Ben Dyab's answer, "We shall allow the sun to do its work. The power of the white horses will disappear before its rays as butter melts when they fall upon it."

After a time the sheik spoke again:

"My son, what horses are now nearest our heels?"

"The blacks, father," came the boy's answer.

"Excellent," cried the old man. "The stony ground will overcome the powers of the black animals. Even the negro of the South becomes tired at the ankles when he walks over stony ground."

On went the flight. A third time Ben Dyab turned to his companion.

"Which ones are now ahead?"

"The browns and the chestnut browns, father," came the boy's answer.

"Then," cried the sheik, "we must fly faster, or we are lost. There is no time to lose. These horses can overtake us."

A MATCH.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single,
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And I love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starthing
And hours of fruitful breath;
If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons,
With loving looks and treasures,
And tears of night and morrow,
And laughs of maid and boy
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady,
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure
And I were king of pain.

—*Swinburne.*

NO BREAD FOR THE POOR.

M. Quad in the New York World.

I thought at first she was drunk. Now and then she staggered from side to side and clutched at the air as she kept on ahead of me, and once or twice I thought she would fall. A drunken man arouses no pity. You feel disgusted at the idea of a strong man lowering himself to the level of the swine. But a drunken woman! It is a spectacle God never intended humanity to see. Humanity never sees it without grieving.

By and by she halted at a grocery, and as I followed her in I saw that her face was pale and pinched and that I was mistaken in thinking she had been drinking. She leaned against a barrel like one dead with hunger and exhaustion. Her eyes had a scared look as she approached the grocer and made a request.

"Look here," he bluntly replied, "it's no use to come here. You can't get another thing till that bill is paid up!"

"Just one loaf of bread!" she whispered.

"Not even a cracker!"

"But my husband is sick, and the children——"

"Can't help it; get out!"

She went out, crying, and when I followed on I found her sitting on a doorstep not far away.

"I heard what you said to the grocer," I said to her as I came up. "Is it true that you have nothing in the house to eat?"

"Not so much as a crumb, sir," she replied; "but I wasn't begging on the street. I haven't broken the law."

"Can I go up and see your husband and children?"

"Will you come? You don't mean us any harm?"

"Of course not. Come back with me to the grocery. There, now, you go in ahead."

"What! back again!" shouted the grocer as he caught sight of her. "Now you skip or I'll call an officer!"

"How much does the woman owe you?" I asked.

"A dollar and a half, sir."

"And yet, knowing her husband is ill, you'd let the family go hungry because of that paltry sum! Here's is your money!"

"Yes, sir—all right, sir—something you wish this evening?" he blandly replied.

How sordid and grasping the human heart is! How it cries for pity when we are unfortunate, and how tightly it closes up when misfortune has overtaken our neighbor!

We went elsewhere for what we wanted, and bye and bye she led me to the tenement house and up the dark stairways to her "home." Three small rooms and a backload of furniture; a husband lying on an old lounge almost a cripple with rheumatism; three children lying on the floor with the tears not yet dry on their cheeks.

Perhaps you never inquire after the welfare of your fellow-man? Perhaps you never listen to the stories told by some unfortunates down in the slums. There is a sermon in every paragraph of those stories told with tears and sobs—such a sermon as even the great Talmage never delivers. There is no paid choir—no lou-swelling organ—no rustle of silks and flashing of diamonds as an accompaniment. Clothed in rags and tatters—hungry, disappointed, discouraged and desperate—they tell you stories and preach you sermons to sink way down into the heart and be remembered forever.

And as this poor and wretched family suddenly found food set before them, and as they wiped away their tears and ate their fill for the first time in weeks, I wondered that the millionaires in New York never allowed themselves to experiment on human beings. They buy fine dogs and teach them good (dog) manners; they buy blooded horses and inquire after their condition daily; they experiment more or less on cats and birds. But they never experiment on unfortunate humanity. They might pay $20,000 for a painting of what I saw that night in that lowly home, but would they have parted with a dollar to lift the helpless out of their despair?

There's a beautiful hill in beautiful Greenwood which millionaires have vainly sought to buy. A marble shaft standing there would look down on the two great cities and millions of people. And yet, ask one of those millions to write an epitaph for that stone and what would he write which one single man would care to read and remember for a single day?

But it is so and who can change it? We print Bibles for our poor instead of offering them work by which they can lift themselves out of the slough. We send millions to the faraway heathen, but we haven't even hundreds for our own race, who are worse off. We praise God as we sit in our grand churches, and we think our duty done when the pew rent is paid. We boast of our charity, but we have no bread for the poor.

HE HAD THE STUFF.

From the New York Tribune.

"Why don't we get out of here?" continued the man in bitter tones. "I've had a dozen men ask me that question every week. Yes, why don't we? Suppose I go to Boston, Buffalo or Chicago. Isn't it just as hard to find work there? Men have advised me to go West. Where's the money to go on? Does the West clothe and feed people free of expense? I had one sleek, well-fed chap advise me this week to study economy, and on that day we had nothing but a loaf of bread in the house."

"Well, you have given the subject more or less thought. Here are thousands of poor families in New York. Nine-tenths of them are a little poorer, if anything, than last year. How would you solve the problem?"

"It can't be solved by the poor men, sir, except in theory. Suppose, now, that I had a million dollars."

"Yes."

"There's 50 or 100 men and women here who could spare that sum and never miss it. I'm a-supposing that I was one of that crowd. I takes a hundred thousand, perhaps, and starts a factory of some sort, giving employment to 300 men and women. All I want out of it is the interest on my money. There'd be 75 or 100 families provided with steady work the year 'round, and in a year we'd all be living decent and comfortably and bringing up our children in fear of the Lord and the law. Suppose there were 10 such factories."

"Yes."

"Or, suppose that I went West and bought 10,000 acres of land and divided it up in 10-acre tracts. That would provide for 1,000 families, and the rest of the $1,000,000 would furnish shelter and something to start with. Every family would raise enough to live on, at least, and half of them something to sell."

"I see."

"With $1,000,000 I could buy 100 acres of stone quarry, put up 200 comfortable cabins, and keep the heads of 200 families at work the year round at fair wages. I could put them at brickmaking or a dozen other things. How many acres of barren hillside do you think there is in this state?"

"Tens of thousands."

"And with my million I could buy or lease enough to start a thousand vineyards and keep a thousand men at work producing something. There wouldn't be no charity about it; every man would be earning his wages. It would simply be giving him a show to do so. Again, I could come down here and pick out 1,000 families and send them South and West to the small towns where they could have a show. Rents, living and everything else would be cheaper."

"But you haven't the million," I said, as we sat in silence.

"No, and them as has got it has sooner send it to the cannibals across the sea than to give an honest white man in New York a chance for his life," he replied. "There are millions spent in monuments for the dead, but no one gives hundreds to the living who want for bread. They come down here and leave us Bibles, but we can't cook 'em. Philanthropists write out their ideas for the newspapers, but they never offer us work. The aristocrats come down in parties to do the slums, but the only feeling they have is one of thankfulness that they don't breathe the same air as we do."

"Don't be bitter, Jim—we'll keep trying!" whispered the wife as she put her hand in his.

He rested his chin on his hands and looked out into the street without replying. There were a score of men, women and children in the crowd now. All were moody and silent. As I rose up and moved on no one had a word to say. As I looked back at them they sat there in the semi-darkness a crowd of shadows.

A NORTHERN SAILOR.

I shall slip my cable, Polly,
Some night when the sun sinks low;
When the tide is moaning, moaning,
Just between the ebb and flow.

How can they rest at night, Polly,
Far away from the sound of the sea?
I could not die in my bed, dear,
If the waves they called not me.

They never have called me in vain, Polly,
I gave to the great North sea
The best of all I had, child,
It has taken my heart from me.

I have never been able to rest, dear,
Nor safely bide at home,
For the sea was calling, calling,
And I must breast the foam.

And once when I came back, Polly,
They told me my wife was dead.
Her eyes were as blue as the sea, child,
That spring-time that we wed.

Ah, Polly, I loved her dearly,
But she hated the wild North Sea,
She saw not its glorious beauty,
Strong, cruel, but ah! how free.

I have sometimes wondered, Polly,
If it heard the words she said,
When I told her I could not leave it
Till the day that I was dead.

"You should not have married a wife then,
You can love naught else save the sea.
You had better stay with it forever,
You never have cared for me."

Was it in anger, Polly,
That it rose so high one day
And drowned both my little lads, dear,
That were playing down there in the bay?

It was hard, hard on me, Polly,
To tell their mother the sea
Had taken them from us forever,
She turned her face from me.

And answered, "The sea has heard me,
Because of the words that I said,
It has taken my children from me,
Go! leave me to mourn my dead."

I left her alone with her sorrow,
And I sought the storm-beat shore,
Where my boys had played so often,
Where they should play no more.

And I told the North Sea, Polly,
That smiled so fair and blue,
I must always love her forever;
That in spite of all I was true.

And so it has ever been, Polly,
I have always given the sea
The best that I have to give, dear,
For it stole my soul from me.

And I know that I could not rest, dear,
In my grave if away from the sea;
I should hear it calling, calling,
No matter how deep I lie.

Ah, well! I shall slip my cable
Some night, 'twixt the ebb and the flow,
I shall hear the great sea calling,
And I shall arise and go.

—*Florence Peacock in the Academy.*