

A SONG OF LABOR.

The daylight fades, the shadows fall,
The hour to quit our toil has come,
The welcome whistle tells us all
"Time to start for home."
Hang up the tools upon the wall,
Come forth from shop and factory gloom,
Oh, joyful is the workman's call
To take the train for home.

To take the train for home, my boys,
To take the train for home,
Oh, best of all the toiler's joys,
To take the train for home.

Oh, long the hours to bend the back
And ply the tools with sinewy grip;
Oh, lone the hours when toilers lack
The touch and cheer of comradeship.
Oh, weary many a toiler's task,
In solitary place of gloom,
But now he sheds his grimy mask
And takes the train for home.

Roll down the sleeves and don the coat,
The happy hour has come,
The best of all the worker's joys,
To take the train for home.

And all the weary day's repaid,
When seated round the cheerful board
Whereon the frugal meal is laid,
With many a fond and loving word
And cheery stories of the day
The good wife and the children come,
And hearts are true and glad and gay
Within the workman's home.

Roll down the sleeves and don the coat,
The happy hour has come,
The best of all the worker's joys,
To take the train for home.

—Helen E. Starrett, in Chicago Record.

THE REDEEMING ACT.

Dave was a coward and he always bore the reputation of arrant cowardice ever since he had crawled over the side of the dugout cradle to wallow along with the underfoot world of the white sand before his parents' cabin door. Though country born and bred, a passing thunderstorm struck him with terror, and the sight of the black waters of the "crick" caused a remarkable agitation of the knees. He was a coward, pure and simple. The bristling of a coon roused him unconditionally and a determined 'possum could rob the hen roost before his very face. Indeed, Dave was a coward, and his cousin, Sue Spivey, laughed uproariously when the poor fellow perpetrated his initial and only act of boasting. He had said to her one day very solemnly and no doubt sincerely:

"Toe purtee yo' honah an' happiness I'd throw away my wuthless life."
Ordinarily Dave's speech was unpolished and provincial, but on this occasion it rose to the dignity of what he felt the occasion demanded.

She knew full well his timorous disposition, and would have thought it safe to count on his politeness in any event. But a day was sadly near which proved to her the full worth of the poor fellow's grandiloquent assertion.

Long before the late unpleasantness, and until this day, Honeypath was only a siding where occasional trains took water and passed each other. Two or three log shanties, without special pretensions to any architectural dissimilarity, marked the site of the town, distinguishing it from the vast area of impenetrable swamp that backed it and the arid waste of sandy bottom through which the glistening, polished rails of the grand trunk line writhed and sinuated.

Dave was a native of Honeypath and lived with an aged father in one of the shanties. Sue dwelt with her father in another near by. Dave's father was a hot-blooded southerner, whose patriotism answered to the first call to arms, but Dave was timid, fearful of the smell of powder and refrained from action, preferring to suffer the opprobrious epithets which were liberally bestowed upon him and the contempt of the country generally to facing he knew not what horror upon the battlefield. He was not a philosopher and could not plead in extenuation of his neutrality that the martial slaughter of his brother man was a crime and that the wholesale sacrifice of human life was immoral.

Dave was simply a coward and accepted meekly the obloquy which the condition imposed, not even the taunts and cutting sarcasm of the pretty Sue Spivey being able to rouse the instincts of battle in his craven soul.

Before the strife was ended Sue's mother was gathered to her final rest, being put out of sight in the little sand graveyard, with only the comment of the two remaining neighbors. And then Dave and Sue toiled early and late in order to wring from the starving acres an unvaried livelihood of yams, cornbread and bacon, more often the cornbread without the embellishment of potatoes and bacon, particularly during the weeks after a hungry foraging party had passed that way.

One day Dave was working among the young potato vines in an open arid field behind the cabin, when Sue ran out to him in troubled haste.

"Oh, Dave, I'm pow'ful skeered!" she panted.

"Skeered o' what?" he asked, without intermission of the bent labor.

"Some—some soldiers just went down the road, an' they spoke to me—sassy like." She hesitated, and Dave looked up to see her pretty face scarlet and her brows bent together in angry lines.

"Well, what did they all say?" he demanded, in his accustomed slow drawl, after waiting in vain for her to proceed.

"They 'lowed they all was a-comin' back."

"Who was they, anyhow?" he asked, uneasily, his face blanching in anticipation of the martial visit.

"They was Mosby's men, I 'lowed, an' they was five of 'em."

"Our fellers?" a little surprised and straightening his back. "Come on back to the house, Sue," and shouldering his hoe, he tugged stolidly on before.

"Don't you be skeered," he continued, as they reached the yard. "I reckon they won't do nothin'."

Of the two it would have been manifest to the most casual observer that he was the worst "skeered," but he walked on till they reached the house and Sue cried out:

"Yonder they come now—all five."
Dave's face blanched to a sallow whiteness, but he pulled her quickly inside the door.

"What you gwine to do?" Sue asked nervously, keeping near her cousin, but he apparently did not hear. He had taken down a rifle that had belonged to Sue's brother, who had also offered up his life on the altar of the cause, leaving his weapon to his sister as a means of defense in just such emergencies as this.

"What you gwine to do Dave?" the girl persisted, coming closer and laying her hand on his arm. Dave put a cartridge into the barrel of the rifle, and, waiting in silence, apparently not aware that Sue had touched him. Only a few more moments to wait, and then the last act in the commonplace little tragedy. A loud pounding at the rickety cabin door, and a derisive imperative voice, demanded:

"Hi, in there, open up, or we'll make splinters of yer ol' door!" The threat was garnished by several strong expletives, and accompanied with more vicious pounding.

Then for answer went the spiteful snap of the rifle, followed by a surprised howl of pain, more voluble profanity and footsteps in rapid retreat. Dave went to the window and through a knothole in the shutter reviewed the situation of the enemy. Then through the aperture the rifle again spoke with decisive, leaden emphasis, and when the smoke cleared away the man inside behind one of the besiegers lying prone across the freshly-hoed potato rows, while another limped painfully in the rear of the retreating trio.

They had disappeared into the swamp, and Dave calmly reloaded his rifle, waiting as though lost in thought. Presently from the rear of the cabin came the harsh command:

"You cowardly bushwhacker in there, come out an' fight like a man! If ye don't, we'll burn ye an' yer shanty an' the gal with ye."

There was no opening in the rear of the cabin; the logs were thick and the chinks were well stopped with clay, so that Dave could not return a leaden answer to this brutal challenge. He fingered the rifle nervously and looked at Sue.

"Oh, Dave, don't open the door!" she pleaded, meeting the earnest look bent on her face from beneath the brim of Dave's frowzy slouch hat. "I ain't afeared to burn."

His lips blanched, his knees were wobbly with fear, but he had not forgotten the one boast of his poor, plucked life, uttered so long ago. "Toe purtee yo' honah an' happiness I'd throw away my wuthless life." He uttered the words again monotonously, fingering the rifle that was held limply in his shaking hands.

Poor Sue! There was no answering laughter in her soul now for those glibly sententious words, which broke in husky monotone on her hearing like a last prayer.

In that moment Dave, who had all his life long borne meekly the scorn and opprobrium attached to the character, to whom heretofore nothing could arouse to a sense of his degradation, calmly arose to the very pinnacle of heroism.

"I'm comin' out," he called, and, shooting back the bolt, he stood on the cabin step before them.

"Fall back and give him a show; he's coming out boys!" Sue clung to him, pleading, "Dave, don't; there's four to one. Don't go!" but he pushed her gently backward into the room.

"Bolt the door behind me," he said, and passed out.

Sue stood motionless in the center of the room waiting for it to begin. Dave pulled the trigger of his gun and turned the corner, and instantly four weapons barked with one voice.

Sue heard something heavy fall against the side of the cabin; then instantly the sharp, clear utterance of a rifle answered the carbines again and still again. One carbine only answered; then all was still; only the fretful warbling of a wren in the near-by Cherokee rose hedge breaking the intense silence of the drowsy afternoon hush.

Anxiety conquering terror, Sue drew back the bolt, throwing the door wide open. A broad stream of yellow light and a rush of heat met her. Dave was gasping his last breath; bleeding and shattered, he crept to her feet, after the manner of a faithful dog, to die. In the grave gray eyes that were raised to hers there was the light of a passing spirit, triumphant over the shadow of death, which already darkened them. His lips moved in the contortion of a smile, that broke into an articulate murmur.

"I dun said that toe purtee yo' honah and happiness I would throw away my wuthless life—an' I done hit."

And Dave, with the crimson glory of his "wuthless life's" blood streaming from many wounds, passed to the judgment reserved for him from the beginning of all things.

The wren shivered out her fragmentary song to heaven, the perfume of the Cherokee rose filled the air of the fading day, and the setting sun, streaming through the cabin door, touched the still figure of Dave, wrapping him in molten splendor as though with the face of a dying god.

Poor Dave, though a coward all his life long, he had earned the reward of heroism at the very end. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."—Detroit Journal.

—The word "fie," or its equivalent in sound, exists in all languages, and in every one is expressive of disgust. In the Icelandic the word "pfui" means putridity.

POOR OLD UNCLE SAM.

Almost Everybody Tries to Loot His Treasury.

Big Thieves and Little Thieves by the Score Steal Money from the Government—How They Work Their Schemes.

[Special Washington Letter.]

Men who call themselves respectable, and who are sometimes called honorable, often try to loot the national treasury; and they do not seem to have any twangs of conscience.

The protection afforded the treasury by the senators and representatives in congress, and particularly the chairmen of the committees on appropriations, guarantees safety of the public funds. There are more honest men than dishonest men in congress; or else they are compelled to be good for fear of consequences. It is most likely that their moral sense, in a majority of cases, is well developed, for appropriations are carefully scanned before being passed in committee, or in the forum of debate.

President Cleveland, however, found it necessary to veto the river and harbor appropriation bill, and also the general deficiency bill. There was an immense amount of jobbery in the river and harbor bill, but nearly every member of the house of representatives had a slice of the steal, and hence the bill was passed by a two-thirds majority over the veto, and the money was thus appropriated. Fortunately large sums are left to the discretion of the secretary of war for disbursement; and the secretary is in no hurry to expend the public funds needlessly.

The general deficiency bill contained two rank steals, and everybody in Washington knew that the veto was right. The bill was killed by the veto, and could not be passed by a two-thirds vote, as the river and harbor bill had been. Four years ago a certain senator, who occupied a position of prominence and power, inserted an appropriation of \$1,500,000 for the French spoliation claims, as an amendment to the general deficiency bill. The bill carried so many important items that President Harrison did not veto it, and hence the treasury was looted to that amount. During the past session of congress the same senator championed the French spoliation claims again, in the secret of a committee room; but did not do so on the floor of the senate. On the contrary, he intrusted the work to another senator, who proposed the amendment providing \$1,000,000 for French spoliation claims, while the principal senator was absent from the senate chamber for a few minutes. That enabled the chief manager to say, if ever accused of jobbery: "Thou canst not say I did it."

The same appropriation bill opened the way for enormous appropriations under what is known as the Bowman act. If the bill had become a law, there would have been fully \$100,000,000 drawn from the treasury inside of ten years, for the payment of obsolete and unworthy claims. But the president vetoed the bill, and thereby rendered his country a great service. Senators and representatives who voted for the big steals referred to would not listen to the demands of smaller and more deserving claimants.

But not only during the sessions of congress are the cormorants here. They are with us all the time, trying and scheming to get their hands into the treasury. There are schemers and plotters of every description, and not one of them seems to think that it is wrong to swindle the federal government. Fifteen years ago appropriations were made for the purpose of constructing a tunnel a mile long, to carry water to a section of this city which was not well supplied. The tunnel was constructed under the direction of engineers of the army, and when it was completed the



A "HOLD-UP."

aggregate appropriations amounted to nearly \$2,000,000. About ten years ago the tunnel was ready for use, and before turning the water into this viaduct the quartermaster general caused an inspection, and he made an honest report. Everybody was amazed to learn that the enormous sum of \$2,000,000 had been actually thrown away. The tunnel was useless, and had been constructed not for the purpose of carrying water, but for the purpose of robbing the government. The hole in the ground was there, but the brick work lining was an awful botch. Common plaster instead of cement had been used. Great holes above the brick work were left unlined; and the pressure of water would have broken down the brick lining almost immediately. The contractors cared nothing for that. All they wanted was to have the tunnel accepted by the government, so that they could draw their final moneys from the treasury, and get away from Washington as soon as possible.

The tunnel is still there. It has never been used, and it cannot be used without the expenditure of at least another million dollars. Moreover, other appropriations might be misapplied in that same hole; and nobody seems to

be willing to take the responsibility of recommending that the work be taken up and honestly completed.

That is only a sample of the methods employed by unscrupulous men to get money from the treasury without rendering an equivalent for it. We recently have found another little steal going on; and it is of such a petty nature that nobody would have suspected it. We are not surprised when we see men reaching for hundreds of thousands or millions; but we never expect men to undertake little jobs for a few thousand dollars. In other words, little thieves do not abound among men who have attained positions and secured recognition before the executive departments, or who have the privilege of doing business on Capitol Hill. The last discovery of corruption involves only the sum of \$8,000; and out of that the contractor could not have made more than \$4,000, although he might have made at least \$1,000 if he had done his work honestly.

Opposite this city, on the Virginia heights, there is a cavalry post called Fort Myer. It is near Arlington cemetery, and in plain view of Washington. For several years there has been consid-



ONE WAY OF FURNISHING WATER.

erable complaint concerning the meager supply of water at Fort Myer, and various plans have been considered for supplying a sufficient amount of water for the comfort, convenience and health of the soldiers stationed there. The prevailing impression was that a viaduct must be built to connect the fort with the water supply of this city. In accordance with this plan, an appropriation of \$100,000 was made, and the secretary of war caused the subject to be investigated by his engineer officers, who reported that a well ought to be sunk on the premises which would supply sufficient water, and which would cost not much less than the viaduct. It was reported that a flow of 50,000 gallons per day would be ample, and surely that amount could be procured by an artesian well. At any rate the effort should be made.

Just at that juncture ex-Congressman Levi Maish, of Pennsylvania, secured the contract for digging the well, his compensation to be \$8,000, if he could produce 50,000 gallons per day. Col. Maish hired a subcontractor in Pennsylvania, brought him here and set him to work. Three wells were dug, the first two being unsatisfactory. The third well produced a flow of 60,000 gallons of pure water per day; and the government chemist declared that the water was absolutely pure. It was not a spontaneous flow, but was forced up with an eight-horse power pump. It was thoroughly tested, and sure enough 60,000 gallons per day were produced, and the well was accepted, and the \$8,000 paid to the chief contractor.

The quartermaster general recently caused the well to be carefully examined, because it did not produce the amount of water required. In fact when the pump was worked and the water used, it soon gave out. Investigation disclosed the fact that a four-inch terra cotta pipe was connected with the well, and ran down the hill side into a little brook. A few hundred yards down the stream a dam had been constructed which backed up the brook water, so that it could be pumped up into the fort premises. But, as long as the water was merely pumped to show its volume, it ran back into the little stream; and thus a flow of 60,000 gallons per day could be kept up. The same water was being pumped up over and over again. There was no well at all, and there never had been a well. It was simply the dishonest practice of a subcontractor who secured his money and then disappeared.

Congress appropriated \$100,000 to provide a water supply for Fort Myer. The sum of \$8,000 has already been expended and no result produced, so now only \$92,000 remain available for the purpose, and the soldiers at Fort Myer must still go thirsty, or else pump up water from their little brook until it becomes exhausted, and it is not very full of water during this heated season. The ex-congressman proposes to pay back the \$8,000, although he will be the loser of that amount, in addition to the money which he paid the swindling subcontractor. The question is, how will he get it back into the treasury. Under existing practices, the money having been expended for the well, and the treasury books showing that fact, the money can only be restored to the treasury as a part of the conscience fund. It cannot be added to the appropriation for Fort Myer's water supply.

It is of vast importance to everyone in this country, that only honest men be sent to congress, and only honest men be placed in high positions in the national capitol. It is important to the farmer, the miner, the merchant, the manufacturer, the preacher, the wife, mother, daughter, son, and to the infant in arms, that this should be honestly and in truth a government of the people, for the people and by the people.

SMITH D. FRY.

Height of Fame.
"Was he a famous man?"
"Famous! Why, my dear sir, they're even talking of naming a new bicycle after him."—Chicago Post.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE BOY WHO RAN AWAY.

"I'm going now to run away," said little Sammie Green one day. "Then I can do just what I choose. I'll never have to black my shoes. Or wash my face or comb my hair. I'll find a place, I know, somewhere; And never have again to fill That old chip-basket—so I will."

"Good-by, mamma," he said—"good-by!" He thought his mother then would cry. She only said: "You going, dear?" And didn't shed a single tear. "There, now," said Sammie Green, "I know She does not care if I do go. But Bridget does. She'll have to fill That old chip-basket—so she will."

But Bridget only said: "Well, boy, You off for sure? I wish you joy." And Sammie's little sister Kate, Who swung upon the garden gate, Said anxiously, as he passed thro': "To-night whatever you will do When you can't get no 'lasses spread At supper-time on top of bread?"

One block from home and Sammie's dear Weak little heart was full of fear. He thought about "Red Riding Hood;" The wolf that met her in the wood; The bean-stalk boy who kept so mum When he heard the giant's "Fee, fo fum;" Of the dark night and the policeman. Then poor Sammie homeward ran.

Quick thro' the alley-way he sped. And crawled in thro' the old wood-shed. The big chip-basket he did fill; He blacked his shoes up with a will; He washed his face and combed his hair; He went up to his mother's chair, And kissed her twice, and then he said: "I'd like some 'lasses top of bread!" —Mrs. Susan T. Perry, in Golden Days.

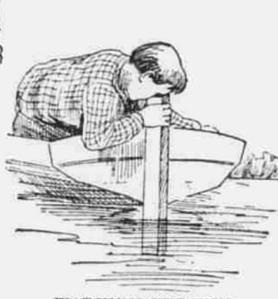
WHERE FISHES SWIM.

This Tells How Any Bright Boy Can Make a Waterscope.

If you go to the lakes or to the seashore this summer you should take a waterscope along with you.

A waterscope is a device which will enable you to peer down to the bottom of a lake or stream and see the seaweeds, with the fish resting among them. Any boy can make one of them very easily, and he can have no end of fun using it.

The waterscope consists of a long, narrow box, covered at one end with glass—ordinary window glass. To make it get four pieces of smooth, straight-grained pine wood, one-quarter of an inch in thickness, 20 or 24 inches long and 2½ inches wide. Have these pieces made to the exact measurement. Carefully tack them together with brads in the form of a long box. It may be well before joining them to daub on a little white lead paint, so as to make the joints watertight. Now cut a piece of glass the size of one end of the long box. You can readily cut glass with an old pair of shears by holding it under water. Fasten this piece of glass to the end of the tube by means of a few small 'acks driven close to its edges. Then putty it carefully round, and when the putty is thoroughly dry, paint the box



WATCHING THE FISH.

and putty, taking pains to fill all the cracks. This is necessary to make the box watertight.

In a day or two your waterscope will be dry enough for use. On some bright sunny afternoon push your boat out on the lake or stream where you wish to experiment. Thrust the glass end of the waterscope well under the surface of the water and place your eye at the other end. You will find that you can see through the water with great distinctness, often to the hiding places of fish among those forests of the lake bottoms, the seaweeds. The object of the waterscope is to cut through the disturbed surface of the lake where your boat stands, and also to protect your eyes from the reflection of the sun on the water. Of course it does not act like a telescope, and you cannot see to the bottom where the water is very muddy or where it is very deep.

But you will be astonished at what a fairland of beauty the waterscope will reveal along the edges of some of our clear lakes on a sunny day. Often you can see a big clam, with his mouth wide open, waiting for his dinner to drop into it, or a lazy pickerel or a sunfish resting near the bottom, and sometimes you will see lost objects of various kinds, including trolling hooks and lines and other things of a similar nature. The writer once knew a man who found a watch he had dropped into the lake by means of a waterscope.—Chicago Record.

A Pair of Robins.

A pretty little incident is that told by Miss Edgeworth, in her recently published correspondence, of an old peasant of her acquaintance, Robin Woods, who was very sick, very old, and fast approaching his end. She went to see him and found him in bed, cheery and uncomplaining, enjoying the society of his pet bird, a robin redbreast, which fluttered contentedly about the room, entirely at liberty and entirely at home.

The old man was about to have a meal, and as he took his bowl of milk and potatoes the bird, which had perched on the foot of the bed, hopped eagerly along its master's body from his foot upward, sure of a share in the feast. She thought the sight a pretty one and said to the invalid, looking from one robin to the other: "You seem very happy together!" "Yes," was the quaint answer, "as the old fellow smiled gratefully at his companionable little namesake, 'twas that, ever since we was married."—Youth's Companion.

TALK WITH WASHINGTON.

How a Brave Little Boy Met the Great American Commander.

In St. Nicholas Sara King Wiley has a romance of the American revolution entitled "Maurice and His Father." A brave little English lad is separated from his father and falls into the hands of the Americans. His father afterwards embraces the patriot cause and his son is restored to him through the medium of Washington, as shown in the following extract:

Maurice was informed that Gen. Washington was there showing the works to Gen. Lafayette, and his heart began to flutter and thump within him. Barney was sitting beside him, looking at his master with bright and loving eyes, his little black nose quivering.

"Barney," said the boy, "we're afraid, but we're not going to stop if we are." And, picking up the dog, he took his way through the rustling leaves that lay like heaps of gold towards the house which one of the soldiers, from whom Maurice ventured to ask for directions, had pointed out to him.

"Yes, Gen. Washington is there and alone," he was told. "Could he see him?"

"Sure, no, ye little bye," said the Irish sentry. "It's wore out the poor



THERE STOOD THE GREAT COMMANDER.

gentleman is, already, and it's meslit wouldn't bother with all thim jabbering Frenchmen."

Maurice was desperate. "Oh, please!" he said. "Beg, Barney; you beg, too."

The little dog sat up at once with drooping paws. "Sure, me own name's Barney. And is your dog's name O'Reilly, too?" said the sentry.

"Oh, if he is your namesake," exclaimed Barney, "you must let him in! Oh, see, you can hold him while I go in!" Maurice thought no one could resist such an offer.

"I'll see," said the soldier, and he stepped within, and, returning, said: "Go on."

Maurice yielded up Barney and stepped into the hall, went along it and paused just inside an open door. He was trembling. A voice said: "What is your errand?"—a voice even grave and rather severe.

Maurice raised his eyes. Just before the fireplace stood that great commander; to the boy's excited thought he seemed even larger than he was. "What is your errand, my lad?" said he again, with a note of command in the tone.

"Oh, my father—my father!" he said. "I have been lost from him so very long!"

Something in the thrilling child's voice, something in the piteous and forlorn expression of his face went straight to the warm heart that the general carried beneath his calm exterior. He crossed the room in quick strides, and, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, said, kindly: "My poor child!"

This was too much. Maurice had borne bravely the long strain of waiting, the repeated disappointments, but the unexpected sympathy broke down his self-possession. He put his head in the crook of his arm and sobs came fast, sobs that shook him from head to foot. The general drew him aside, sat down in an arm-chair, and, taking the little hanging hand in his own, said: "There, there, stop crying and tell me all about it."

Maurice choked down his sobs and told his story. At his father's name the general rose quickly.

"Col. Terraine's son! Why, then, your father was here a short time ago—he may be upstairs now!"

Maurice forgot even the great chief and sprang for the door. But Washington caught him by the arm. "My dear boy—he does not know—I will go."

Maurice stood still in the center of the room and pressed his hands hard together. The general went out and upstairs; it seemed to Maurice that he stepped very slowly.

Col. Terraine sat in an upstairs room writing; he laid down his pen and rose as the general entered. "Colonel," said Washington, "I have some wonderful news for you." He paused; the officer took a step forward and opened his lips, but did not speak.

"Come downstairs with me," continued the general, slowly, "and remember as you go that passage in the Scriptures: But the father said: 'Let us be merry, for this my son'—Col. Terraine caught the back of a chair—"for this my son"—"went on the sweet, grave voice, 'twas dead, and alive again; he was lost and is found.'"

Col. Terraine stood an instant with wide, questioning eyes; then he rushed through the doorway and down the stairs. The general followed him quickly. There was a loud cry as the colonel entered the room and Maurice sprang into his father's arms. Gen. Washington closed the door and stood guard over it himself. Barney, having escaped from the soldier, tore in, and the general stooped from his great height to pat the little dog. If Barney had been a man he would have seen that there were tears in the bright blue eyes.