

## PALM AND PINE.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Couldst thou, Great Fairy, give to me  
The instant wish, that I might see  
Of all the earth's that one dear sight  
Known only in a dream's delight,  
I would, beneath some island steep,  
In some remote and sun-bright deep,  
See high in heaven above me now  
A palm-tree wave its rhythmic bough!

And yet this old pine's haughty crown,  
Shaking its cloud of silver down,  
Whispers me sentences of strange tones  
And murmur of those awful tones  
Which tell by subtle spell and power  
Of secret sympathies, the hour  
When far in the dark North the snow  
Among great bergs begins to blow.

Nay, thou sweet South of heats and balms,  
Keep all thy proud and plummy palms,  
Keep all thy fragrant flower-cups,  
The purple skies, the purple seas!  
These boughs of blessing shall not fall,  
These voices singing in the zale,  
The vigor of these mighty lines—  
I will content me with my pine!  
—Harper's Bazar.

## Johnny's Summer Boarder.

BY EMILY HEWITT LELAND.

His real name was John Hamilton Lambertson, but no one in his family or in the neighborhood ever called him anything but Johnny, even though he was grown to be a tall young man six feet high, with shoulders accordingly, and trim brown side-whiskers that gave his healthfully tinted face an English touch, only he was not aware of it. For everyone, from the long settled self-farmer minister who preached in the old church, down to the dozen boys and girls who trailed over the hills to be distracted school, called him "Johnny" in the merriest and most affectionate manner, and was always sure of a pleasant response and generally a happy smile that showed a row of teeth as white and clean as a hound's.

But there came a time, alas, when Johnny's smile vanished from his face and his kindly brown eyes returned to a sad greeting. It was the time when, within a week his father and mother were borne to the burying-ground on the hills that lay remindingly in view of the church windows. They were so happily united in this life, it was but natural that they should go away together into the great new country that awaits us all. But their going was almost more than Johnny, heir only child, could bear. At first he thought he must sell the farm and go far away into new scenes and try to forget his grief somewhat. Yet, after a few slow passing weeks, this desperate condition gave place to a gentler sadness and the feeling that the old home was now doubly dear, because wherever he looked and whichever way he turned everything reminded him—more strongly than when the father and mother were living—of the faithful reapers who had toiled and planned and saved solely for him.

A widowed aunt remained with him after the burial—announcing her determination to stay until the poor boy could collect his wits and know what he was going to do. She was a melancholy woman who had been "in mourning" for somebody or other nearly all the days of her life, and this loss of a dear sister only freshened the rapture on her black bonnet, and gave a tawny and soberer stripe to her favorite black and white gingham gowns. "I did think," she confided to a neighbor, "that I'd have a black sateen with a sprig in it for this summer—just to liven up a little, you know—but now sister Mary's gone I can't flare out in my sprig." "Ah, me! Life's but a breath, a fleeting breath, how soon the rapture flies!"

And yet in spite of Aunt Jane's aptitude for mourning she was, in a sad and composed way, very fond of the sight and stirring things of life. Having lived for a long time in a large manufacturing town she found quick life very depressing. She sighed audibly for electric lights and street cars, missed the clamor of mill-whistles and church bells and even bewailed the absence of the strong-voiced buyers of old iron and paper rags.

Johnny tried his best to cheer her sad spirits. Every time he went to "the Junction," as their little railroad town was locally designated, he brought one a Dabney News or a Detroit Free Press for her special reading, and in the evening he played his least mournful airs on his violin; but Aunt Jane remained uncheered. "Such a onesome little family to do for—that's the trouble with me," she grumbled. "What is the good of going through all the rigmarole of house-keeping just to feed a hired man and a hired girl—for Johnny's appetite is no where in keeping with his size and I was always a small eater."

Probably it was from casting about for offsets to loneliness that Aunt Jane was led to hit upon the summer boarder idea. "There are two front chambers and the parlor that could be spared just as well as not. And then I'd have something to take up my mind," she argued.

So Johnny wrote some advertisements and sent them to Boston and New York newspapers. They were modest and truthful advertisements. There were only two or three wars and never to be caught old trout in all the length of Cherry Creek, so he made no allusions to "capital fishing," and as no boat could turn about the creek, even at its widest part, he refrained from mentioning "fine boating." Mosquitoes sometimes infested themselves in an about the place, so he did not affirm that they were entirely unknown. And as there was little to hunt but a family of crows who had the nest in Hemlock Swamp, he put forth no tempting statements to yearning woodrats. He only mentioned "rooms and board in a private family in a pleasant country region," and so lived on at ease with his conscience. The family was certainly a quiet one, and "pleasant" was almost too mild a term for the truly noble scenery in which the farm was located.

Greatly to Johnny's surprise and to

Aunt Jane's perturbation—for the parlor was to be repaired before the reception of guests—there came a speedy response to the advertisements.

A young lady, a little ill from over-study, wanted board in a quiet and pleasant region, and wished to bring with her a maid, a pony and a dog. She would frankly state that the dog was a very large one, and if objected to she must try some other place. The note was signed "Mary Fleming."

Johnny after losing himself for a few moments in admiration of the neat and flowerlike grace of the writer's penmanship, and breathing in a faint delightful fragrance from the creamy paper, wrote a reply—stating that the dog could come and welcome, and that if Miss Fleming would kindly name the time of her arrival at the Junction a wagon would be in waiting for her. Others might have used the word "conveyance," but it was Johnny's way to use always the simplest language.

Miss Fleming's immediate answer stated that she would arrive on the 6 P. M. train, on the 19th of the month. It was then the 6th of the month, which, by the way, was the perfect one of June.

Loneliness fled away from Aunt Jane. A young lady, a maid, a pony and a dog! How enlivening! In the tumult of putting the two bed rooms in order, repainting the parlor and stocking the provision pantry with all sorts of good-lies likely to be relished by a slightly ill young lady, the four days swiftly passed. Johnny meanwhile built a kennel of goodly size adjoining the woodshed, swept and garished a stall for the pony, mowed the grass in the front yard, surveyed with satisfaction his flourishing fields of wheat and corn and was glad that the lilies and roses were beginning to open.

The day arrived and was one of those utterly perfect days that give one an idea of what the weather in Paradise must be. Johnny, in a fresh blue blouse and his second-best trousers, drove tranquilly to the station. He was very far from having any personal feeling over the approaching meeting. For was there not a great gulf between young ladies who traveled about with maids and ponies and dogs, and plain farmer people who worked from sunrise to sunset for their living? Still he would not have been twenty-two years old and human if he had not wondered what she would like. He fancied she would be tall with eye-glasses on her nose and a great deal of rustling silk drapery about her, and that she would speak in a sharp and fretful way to her maid—being a little ill and out of sorts and also weary with the journey. Or maybe she would be thin and pale and languid and angelic, and would be supported by her maid who would be constantly helping her to smelling salts and fans.

The train was just pulling out of the station as he arrived. Hatching his horses he walked into the waiting-room. It was vacant except for a pale, middle-aged woman in a gray mobair duster with a basket on her arm, who leaned back in her chair with closed eyes and the generally anguished expression that accompanies a severe headache.

Johnny then walked around the platform, looking east, west, north and south, and seeing no one but the usual village sightseer who always congregated at "train time" very likely she was a train late, or may she had changed her mind, or had grown too ill to take the journey. Suddenly a little person in a navy blue dress and gown with a sailor collar and a sailor hat that sat nautically upon her short reddish-gold curls, tripped out of the baggage-room followed by an immense St. Bernard dog who, in huge platform-shaking capers was trying to express his joy that his railway woes were at an end.

"The maid and the dog, anyhow," thought Johnny, and stepping forward announced himself the individual who had come to meet Miss Fleming.

"Yes?" with that rising inflection that in some girls can be very charming. "I am Miss Fleming. And are you Mr. Lambertson?" No common farm-hand, Miss Fleming reflected, could have such a handsome, refined and intelligent face.

"Yes, my name is Lambertson," said Johnny, and since it was the first time in all his life that he had been called "Mr. Lambertson" he felt a strange thrill of pleasure and pride.

"The pony will come on the 4:30 freight to-morrow morning, and I will walk in and get her if you are not too far out. Three miles? Oh, that will be just a fine stroll for James and me. There's some baggage in there—a trunk and a satchel—and in the Express office a box. I will go and sit with poor Browney until you are ready. Here, James! Come, sit, quiet down and be sensible!"

"Never have I seen just such a girl," was Johnny's thought, as she vanished into the waiting-room. "So business-like, and so pretty, and not at all like anything I expected."

Even Miss Fleming's luggage was something unusual—a little leather trunk hardly large enough to hold three gowns, while the express box proved to be a violin case. As for the large and somewhat shabby satchel, that was plainly marked Emmeline Brown—and hence must belong to "poor Browney."

A violin—a girl's violin! Johnny could hardly believe his senses. He carried it to the wagon and placed it on the seat in which he was to ride as tenderly as if it were a sleeping baby, and all through the ride home, through the leaf-sweet air of fresh summertime, he gazed it from every jolt and turned to it often with an air of loving regard.

"Very likely it is one of the best," he thought "and I hope she will play this very evening."

"They know their names and they can shake hands and pick up my hat," he said with calm elation.

"Oh, is it possible? What a delight they must be to you! I hope they will like my Zephyr. She is a good-hearted merry little soul, but has no accomplishments, whatever."

Thus in pleasant though fragmentary conversation the farm-house was reached. Miss Fleming rested a bit of weight on Johnny's proffered hand and stepped lightly to the ground, while the maid, with a smothering groan, descended as if made of glass.

"Poor Browney!—you shall have some tea and a long, long sleep," said Miss Fleming in a tender voice.

Johnny was glad to see Aunt Jane waiting on the porch with one of her best white aprons brightening her black dress and her face as smiling as a permanent mourner's could well be; and as he removed the luggage from the wagon he cast an eye after Miss Fleming, hoping she would notice the candid little near the gate and the red roses further on. Sure enough, she did notice them, and actually put down her little nose to them. What an uncommon girl!

The next morning Miss Fleming's waking ears were greeted by the sound of steadily descending rain. "Oh, my poor Zephyr!" she murmured, going to the window and looking out upon the wetting world. "She'll be heart-broken to find no one to meet her after her careful ride."

With cautious movements, that she might not disturb the slumberers of Browney in the room adjoining, Miss Fleming dressed and went down stairs.

"Breakfast will be ready in about seven minutes," said Aunt Jane, after they had exchanged greetings, "and while you're waiting maybe you'd like to step down to the barn and see how your pony stood the journey. Johnny saw the storm coming up, so he took an early start, and he got back to her all safe and sound just as the first drops were coming down. Cute little beast, isn't she? Just step into my rubbers and take this umbrella, and the walk from the kitchen door takes you right to the barn. The dog's there, too; he takes to Johnny, already, as if he belonged to him."

"It was ever so kind of Johnny—of Mr. Lambertson," said Miss Fleming obediently stepping into the rubbers.

"Oh, Johnny is always kind," said Aunt Jane with a proud smile.

Miss Fleming found Johnny brushing some last pieces of dust from Zephyr's sleek coat.

"How good of you to think to do this, Mr. Lambertson! I feel very much indebted to you," said Miss Fleming, laying her cheek against the pony's nose and receiving a little whiff of welcome.

"If I can hear your violin, be and by, I shall be well repaid," answered Johnny boldly from the other side of the pony.

Oh, indeed you shall hear it—until you are tired of it, I'm afraid, for I've taken but a few lessons and am only a torturing amateur. It is sort of a rest for me, however, and Miss Fleming sighed a little.

"If I were your father I wouldn't let you study so hard," said Johnny, stooping to look at nothing whatever on the pony's hoof.

"It is not my father's fault—I have no father—nor mother," answered Miss Fleming gently. "I've studied a little too constantly, I've only myself to thank. But I do so want to be a great physician."

What—a little girl like you? You can't be more than fifteen or sixteen," said Johnny forgetting his bashfulness in his astonishment.

"Dear me, so many people make that mistake. Why, I shall be twenty next August and I live I shall grow older," she added with a merry laugh.

"And I'm going on twenty-three," said Johnny—as if this information was something to the point—and he laughed, too, and somehow did not feel afraid of Miss Fleming any more.

After breakfast, as the rain still continued and outdoor work was impossible Miss Fleming said she would bring down her violin and discharge her debt to Mr. Lambertson who was ready to listen.

Miss Fleming could play, aside from her exercises, a few simple airs. She played accurately, and her violin was evidently capable of the sweetest and richest tones. Johnny hungrily watched the instrument. How far beyond his own it was in beauty and power!

Suddenly Miss Fleming turned to him. "Perhaps you play," she half questioned.

"A little," answered Johnny modestly.

"Try this," she said, eagerly extending to him the violin. "My Uncle bought it in London, and it is said to be an uncommonly good instrument."

Johnny had fingered a violin ever since he was six years old. He had gained some knowledge of "notes" at the village school. Occasionally he had treated himself to a batch of sheet music. So he was not quite at loss for something good enough for even Miss Fleming to hear. In his delight over the sweet rich qualities of the violin he forgot, after a few moments that anyone was listening to him, and so played all the better.

At the conclusion of his selection Miss Fleming clapped her hands, and there were tears in her eyes. "You play better than my teacher does. Let me take lessons of you!" she exclaimed impulsively.

"Of me?" said Johnny, and the very tips of his ears grew red.

Aunt Jane, who dearly loved to talk to everybody and to draw out from them their inner lives, was not long in making the acquaintance of Miss Fleming's maid, who it quickly turned out was not Miss Fleming's maid in the least, but an overworked dress-maker brought out to the country by the kind-hearted young woman for a few weeks of rest.

"Last summer," Miss Brown went on to explain in a confidential undertone, as she and Aunt Jane were sociably shelling peas on the back porch, "last summer it was a poor little lame girl she took with her—up near the White Mountains, it was—and the summer before that a young lady who was

studying with her at school and hadn't much money. This summer it's me—blew her heart!—and I feel five years younger already. But don't let her know that you know! She thinks I'll feel better, coming with her as a maid, as if I were paying my way, don't you see? Poor!—Oh, yes, rich compared with rich folks—about eighty thousand, or so—if she don't give it all away. Does just what she pleases, always. But such sense!—Her uncle says she has a better head than he has, any day, and thinks she ought to be his guardian—'stead of it being the other way about."

Of course Aunt Jane promised never to disclose the little ruse regarding the "maid," but that very night she buttoned Johnny as he was going off to bed and told him the facts of the case. And Johnny in his own mind was not the least surprised. All sorts of angelic deeds might originate in such a girl.

Ah, you lovers of misunderstanding and disappointment and heart-break, you shall find nothing to your liking in this simple tale! That two young people like these I have so brokenly described, should come to live each other, is as natural a thing as the descent of water when its way leads down an inclined plane.

And yet neither was fully aware of the sweet and all possessing passion, until arrived the morning of separation. It was when the little leather trunk and the violin were borne out of the house that Johnny's heart grew sick with both joy and agony—the joy of conscious love and the agony of re-remembrance.

It was when Miss Fleming went down the front walk for perhaps the last time for life is uncertain—that wild pang seized upon her soul, and her eyes grew so misty under the salt or hot tears unutterably forward, that the bright daisies and gladioli beside the path turned into a mere blur of color.

Aunt Jane had kissed her on both cheeks and told her with tearful fervor that it was just about like a young girl's sunshine, and possibly her tears were contagious.

The St. Bernard lingered on his front porch rug and displayed no enthusiasm for this partular trip to the Junction.

"Well, James, it is possible you really don't want to go with me?" called back Miss Fleming—having got rid of her wet eyes, and smiling quite merrily.

James rose with a melancholy mien and came slowly down the path saying as plainly as possible—"I don't see the necessity of a change. I'm far more comfortable here than in town. However, I know my duty."

"Mr. Lambertson," said Miss Fleming as Johnny handed her into the wagon and this time she closed the front seat and the violin went over to Miss Brown's care—"I'm going to the station and if I can make up my mind to part with him, I will give him to you. He likes the country so—how he has enjoyed wading in the brook and straying about in the fields this summer!"

"Oh, you must never think of giving him away. He's a dog among a thousand. He knows this is no mere trip to the postoffice—he knows he is not coming back again. See his expression! Ah, James, I shall miss you—old fellow!"

"If we should come again next summer," said Miss Fleming shyly, "will you remember you as if he had been away but a day?"

"I wish human beings remembered as well," said Johnny with a cynicism wholly new in him.

"Some do, I am sure," said Miss Fleming hopefully.

Johnny flicked at the grasses at the roadside with his whip. He had no need to drive rapidly—there was plenty of time for reaching the station.

"I hope you will come again next summer," he said in a low voice.

"I hope so, too," said Miss Fleming simply. Then she went on in what seemed to her the boldest and most reckless manner—"I love this place! It has been the happiest summer of my life. I should like to live here—always. I like Aunt Jane." By this time her cheeks were burning red and she turned her face away.

"Would it be a good place for a—talented physician? Could you live here?" and Johnny dared to fasten his eyes intently on the roses that could not be wholly hidden, unless Miss Fleming dislocated her neck.

"I could practice in a small way. I could do good here as well as anywhere. I should like to be a farmer—as well as a doctor—I think," and she laughed slightly.

"Oh, gracious me!" exclaimed Miss Brown. "I've dropped in handkerchief—one of my best ones, too—and I had it just a minute ago. I'll run back and get it."

"No—no," remonstrated Johnny, "I'll find it," preparing to jump. But the lively Miss Brown was already on the ground and walking back toward a white object that lay several rods distant.

Was it Providence? Or was it simply Miss Brown? Johnny did not pause to consider. This dear sweet girl loved his native town and liked his Aunt Jane and she wanted to be a farmer and he loved her with all his soul and she was going away!

"Then take my farm—and take me! I've loved you every minute since I first saw you. Don't be angry! You are going away, and I can't help telling you. Please give me one word!—telling me you don't really hate me!"

"I don't really hate you!" murmured Miss Fleming, and turning toward him she looked shyly in his face with her softly smiling eyes.

One look into those eyes and a great wave of bliss engulfed Johnny. He stooped—for he was very tall, you remember—and quick kissed the rosy-red cheeks and the sweet tender truthful mouth that actually kissed back, and then both turned to look for Miss Brown. She was just pouncing upon the white object.

"Come back with me now!—don't go away, at all," urged Johnny.

"I will come back on the first of May—yes, perhaps on the 20th of April, for I want to be in time for gardening, you know!" and Miss Fleming sat up very erect and assumed a serious business air, very comical to an observer not over head and ears in love. It

seemed very comical to Miss Brown, who smiled very knowingly as Johnny politely assisted her in the wagon. And then they drove on.

Very tender and frequent were the letters that flew back and forth through the golden autumn and the snowy winter. And it was in reality on the 20th of March, instead of the 20th of April, that Johnny brought home his bride. The spring was uncommonly early that year.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

## Our Country as a Producer.

An admirable compilation of industrial and agricultural statistics lately issued by the government statistician shows that the United States stands at the head of all nations of the earth in the production of cereals, cotton and cotton-seed oil, live stock, and of course hides, tallow and wool, and also silver.

This country holds second rank in the production of hay, bowing only to Great Britain, whose annual product has a value of \$1,200,000,000 and also in the amount of gold produced, Russia coming first, as she does likewise in the production of potatoes and iron and steel fourth. The United States ranks third in the list of countries producing tobacco, cigars and oils.

Of cotton and cotton-seed oil the value of the annual product of this country is placed at \$233,000,000, while British India and Egypt together only produce \$126,000,000 worth, in round numbers. The value of our live stock, \$1,270,000,000 is more than that of all the other countries combined.

The figures of the potato product are: Russia \$150,000,000, Germany \$233,000,000, Austria-Hungary \$188,000,000, United States \$73,000,000. In sugar and molasses Germany ranks first, with \$129,000,000 in 1885, which was largely increased in the following year. Cuba is second, with \$113,000,000; while Russia is fifth, with an annual production valued at \$85,000,000.

Of cereals this country raised in 1886 \$1,161,000,000, Russia \$1,138,000,000, Germany \$750,000,000 Great Britain including India Australia, Canada and all its other colonies and dependencies, produced during last year cereals to the value of \$437,000,000, which is \$8,000,000 less than the production of France.

It is a curious fact and one which invites investigation, that while this country leads the combined nations of the world in the value of its live stock, its production of hides and tallow, valued at \$82,000,000 is nearly equaled by Russia, the difference in our favor being less than \$2,000,000.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

## Funeral Customs of the Parsees.

When a Parsee is about to die he is taken to the ground floor of the house washed in consecrated water, anointed with holy oil, and placed on an oblong stone. Small earthen lamps, lighted from the sacred fire, are placed around him and a doleful dirge. The most extraordinary part of it is, that the moment life becomes extinct, the house dog is brought up to him. If the dog lick his master's face and hands, it is considered a fortunate omen of the departed spirit's ready admittance into Paradise. The uneducated Parsees believe that every dog has an angel spirit residing in some star whence it issues to conduct the souls of the righteous dead to heaven.

Next morning a number of priests robed in pure white carry the body on an open bier to the Dohiana or Tower of Silence. This curious national tomb is a huge round tower situated in some remote or lonely spot and surrounded by great branches of trees, it is open to the sky and reaches far down into the depths of the earth; and is furnished with a number of iron-grated floors. When they reach the Tower of Silence, the relatives and friends stand praying while the fire priests place the body on a long slide, or a kind of saw-saw plank laid down by ropes. This done, the ropes are loosened, the plank rebounded and the lifeless form slips on to one of the iron-grated floors of this strange tomb, and is left for the birds of the air. For their offices toward the dead the Parsees look upon all birds as peculiarly sacred.

But this strange mode of sepulture exposes the Parsee to no end of insults from both the Hindus and Moha-ummas who take every opportunity to jeer at them, calling out: "Kaw Kaw Kakhana! dinner for crows!"—Mrs. Leonowens, in Wide Awake.

## She Turned the Hose on Him.

A very pretty little country maiden was just in the act of boarding a train at Union Station when a Pennsylvania Railroad brakeman stretched forth his strong right arm and said: "Please let me see your ticket." The lady turned red in the face, and with an innocent smile, answered: "I don't like to—but—but—I have a ticket, sir." "Well, well, you must let me see your ticket, and don't keep the other passengers waiting," remarked the brakeman, a little impatiently. The young lady placed her foot on the step of the car and drew out from one of her black hose a coupon ticket almost a half yard long. "There it is, sir," said she, with faltering voice. The brakeman gave the ticket a hasty glance, assisted the young woman to the car platform, raised his hat in a polite bow, and was left to blush alone, while the other railroad boys laughed at his expense. "I was a brute," he said.

## A Poem of Childhood.

The Bard was asked to compose a little poem upon his childhood, and this was what he produced: "How dear to my heart is the school I attended, and how I remember, so distant and dim, that red-headed Bill and the pin I headed, and carefully put on the bench under him. And how I recall the surprise of the master, when Bill gave a yell and sprang up from the pin so high that his bullet head smashed up the plaster, and the school-ars all set up a din. The active boy Billy, that high leaping Billy, that loud-shouting Billy who sat on a pin."—Toledo Blade.

## NYE ON BURGLARY.

He Gives Some Advice to that Fraternity.

In reply to a letter from a professional burglar Bill Nye says in the New York World:

I will state that no burglar ever came to my house for a favor and went away disappointed, provided I was able to contribute to his wants and provided he went at it in the right way. I have never jumped on a burglar behind his back or taken advantage of my great strength to do him up.

When a burglar is in my house he is my guest, if he is willing to take things as he finds them he will have no trouble with me. But I believe that, as a class, burglars are a ready favored more than other people. I hesitate to do anything to advance their interests until other interests have been fostered more.

Burglars presume too much, I think. Be sure they have free entries and carte blanche to the drawing-rooms of our best people, they want the earth and make themselves disagreeable. I do not wish to hurt the feelings of my correspondent, especially if he takes the paper regularly, but for one I am going to out-protection and fostering the infant industry of American burglary as against the paper burglar of Europe. I say, let a burglar do his best, let a burglar do his best by the best and cheapest methods. Let our burglary take its chances in competition with that of other nations, and as everything else will have to do some day. In the meantime I do not propose to do anything in a newspaper way that will look like an attempt to restrain the burglar vote.

Let the burglar rule with his wags of the way I do and the way other work-ingers do. I know that burglars claim that they are poorly paid because their work keeps them up nights so much, but new paper men have to work nights also, and unless they are a prosperous burglar once in a while they have a hard row to hoe.

And what have the burglars ever done for me that I should now be called upon to advance their interests?



WELCOMING THE BURGLAR.

When they had no other place to go, have they not always left free to come to my house? And how have they rewarded my hospitality? When they went through my house last year and found a collection of things which would have moved the stoniest heart, what did they do? They stole a valuable autograph album which had been sent me to write in and a diamond ring which I had borrowed a few years ago, and which I intended to turn to the owner after awhile. They ate some cold rice and sorghum which had been set aside for the use of our guests, and then they left the state of it so the cows got in and ate up my lima beans.

New I am asked to use my influence in the direction of better and larger facilities for burglars and a more reliable style of rapid transit, even the taxpayer and the new era seem.

In ye-rast I will admit that I was running for office a good deal, and I had to do things that would retain the burglar vote, but how I am firm in my convictions and outspoken for what I believe to be right. A man engaged in trying to be his own successor in the portfolio of justice of the peace is not a free moral agent. It is more or less so in other cases, but it is especially so with a justice of the peace.

I now propose, with the help of the American people and in earnest, manly effort on my part, to shake off the burglar and come out and take higher ground. I will go further and include the patrons of arson and other socialistic organizations. Hereafter my voice will be heard in more or less stentorian tones in the streets of humanity. Respective burglary which gets a second trial will be regarded the same as less fortunate petty larceny, which got ninety days.

Burglars who may have voted for me in the old days are hereby notified that the autograph album and lima beans offset that account, and that it is my earnest wish, so far as it is in my power, during the remaining years which may be granted me, to live down and forget the dark and devious days when I was in politics. I believe that easier and more painless methods for the administration of capital punishment will soon be perfected, whereby a man who is executed by the law will not be entitled to any more glory or flowers than one who dies of pneumonia. To that end I am willing to work. When that is accomplished I will devote my halting powers to the further amelioration of my race. But the burglar has no further political claims on me.

Men who visit New York from a distance desiring to purchase greenbacks at forced sale or to obtain gold bricks of these who are compelled to sell them for a mere song will always be ameliorated so long as my good right arm shall not forget her cunning.

Visitors who visit the metropolis for the purpose of going on a bat, claiming that eastward the star of Vampire takes it way, will have to get their amelioration outside this case.

I am willing to do what I can for the prevention of scenes and the painless pulling of burglars, but that is as far as I could go. Nor over. Hope that our correspondence will not continue any longer. Burglars who please and entertained me when I was in politics have long since ceased to do so. The truth of the matter is that while all other professions have made rapid progress, politics and burglary are just where they were a hundred years ago.

One reason why burglary has not made more rapid strides I believe to be because burgars are not advertised. They rely wholly upon their insight and keen penetration. The result is that burglars and burglary have fallen off. I do not believe in trying to help a profession so abundantly able to help itself.