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Pullen's pencilings and various other selections, embracing a variety of subjects; pathos, description, argument and narrative. 1904

Pullen, Lloyd T.

Evansville, Wisconsin: R. M. Antes, 1904

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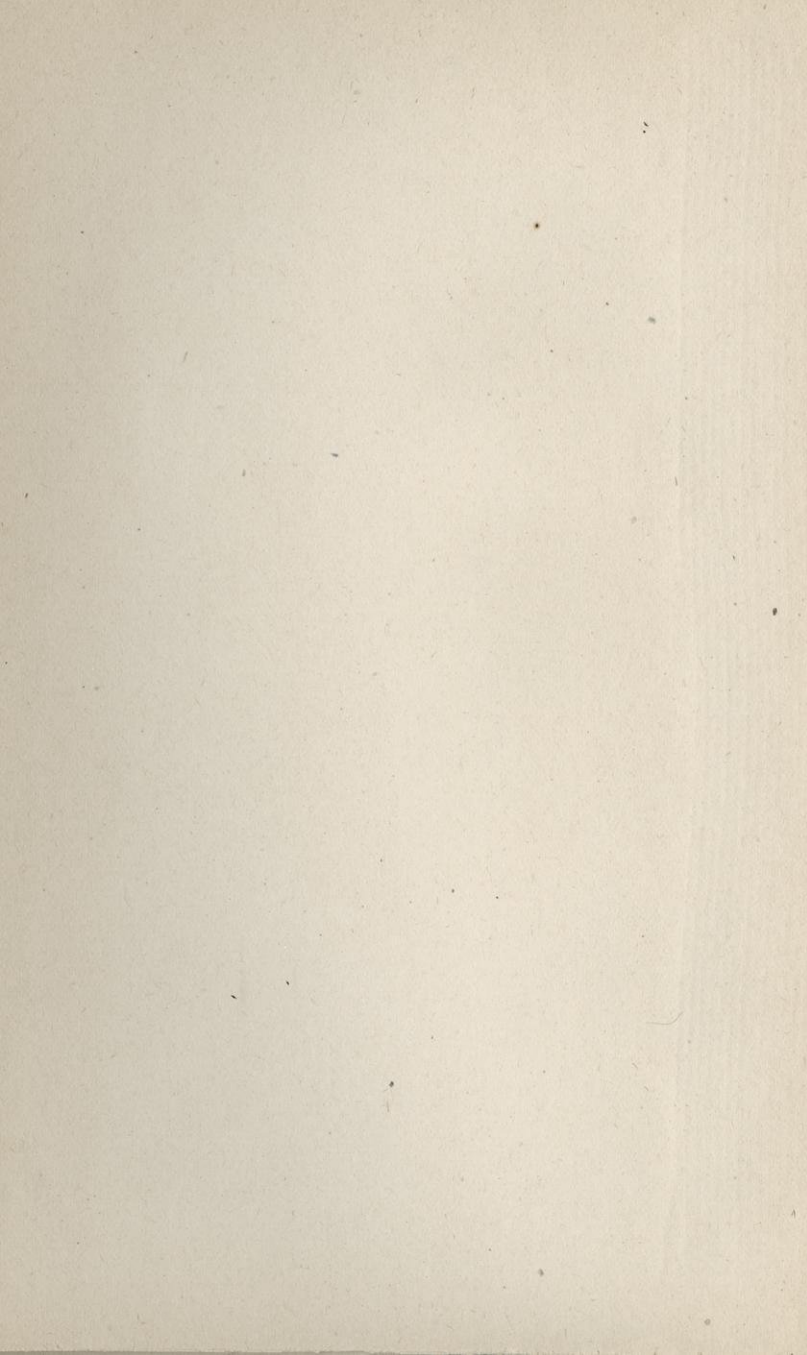
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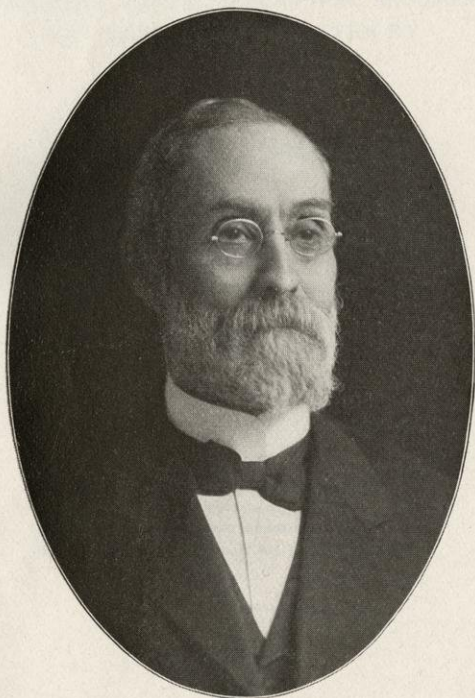
COMPLIMENTS OF

L. J. Pullen





MRS. L. T. PULLEN.
(Photo 1903.)



L. T. PULLEN.

(Photo 1903.)

PULLEN'S PENCILINGS

AND VARIOUS OTHER SELECTIONS, EMBRACING A VARIETY
OF SUBJECTS; PATHOS, DESCRIPTION, ARGUMENT
AND NARRATIVE, WRITTEN BY

LLOYD T. PULLEN.



"Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
A man on earth, devoted to the skies:
All the black cares, and tumults of this life,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace."—Young.



EVANSVILLE, WIS.
R. M. ANTES, PUBLISHER,
1904.

DÉDICATION.

This book I affectionately dedicate to my beloved wife, who has usually accompanied me in all my travels, and to my dear children and grandchildren.

LLOYD T. PULLEN.

I hereby donate to the Public Library of the city of Evansville, Wisconsin, two or more volumes, as may be needed, for the benefit of its readers. Also the same number of volumes to the Evansville Seminary, for the same purpose.

LLOYD T. PULLEN.

SUGGESTIVE.

The pencil in sagacious hands,
In picturesque, romantic lands
Will wonders oft perform;
The lights and shades thus brought to view,
From nature smiling, fresh and new,
Will many a home adorn;
But pencil in my bungling hands,
With but one color at command,
And that so dark and bold;
Here in a land without a tree,
Without a mountain or a sea,
No beauty can unfold.

But soon a beauty will be seen,
In these brown fields when clothed in green,
Which nature will disclose;
These prairies decked with fragrant flowers,
And bathed in sunshine, moist with showers,
In beauty will repose;
And then a sea of golden grain
Will nod and wave o'er this vast plain,
To cheer the farmer's heart,
The sporting flocks and lowing herds,
Already to be seen abroad,
New life and joy impart.

But Pullen's Pencil is too dull,
To give the lights and shades in full,
Or even fairly well;
An artist here might give full scope
To all his powers, but could not hope
Dame nature to excel;
This is a land not highly prized
By many who have never sized
Dakota's broad domain;
But mark ye well the time's at hand
When this grand country will demand
Her rights, and them maintain.

All politicians who have tried
To cast her claims and rights aside,
Should feel a heavy hand;
A party that will cause delay,
This territory keep at bay,
Should have a reprimand;
All party lines should be removed,
In stately robes she should be clothed,
With powers of state invest;
She now should have her every right;
Without a struggle or a fight,
Without a party test.

L. T. P.

PREFACE.

It will readily be discovered by our readers that the author and compiler of this book is not very deeply in love with the measles, book agencies, or book agents. Should his critics take the liberty hereafter to call him bookmaker, it would not be very strange. The making of this one book, however, seems to be a necessity. Children and grandchildren have saved the newspapers containing our correspondence when away from home to such an extent that they are a little in the way. To save this correspondence and get the papers out of the way they wish me to put them in book form. As we are quite sure they really desire it we will try with the printer's help to make them a fairly well-bound and decent-looking book.

An old friend of mine once made the remark in my hearing, that he thought of joining a certain church in our city that he liked very much because they did not dabble in politics nor religion. The author having written a few articles on free silver and sound money the summer and fall before Wm. McKinley was elected to the presidency the first time, the democrats accused him of dabbling in politics. But I claim the question of sound money and a good, substantial, reliable paper currency, should not be considered a political question. Neither can the author be accused of dabbling in religion. For he accepts the pure, unadulterated religion of the bible as promulgated by the Son of the Eternal God, for the free and full salvation of fallen man.

No fiction in any form has been allowed to find a place upon these pages. The entire basis of this work is simply a true statement of facts as they actually occurred; mostly under my own observation. The author never had any taste or ability for writing fiction. He could write about facts, and if necessary embellish sufficiently to make them fairly readable, but beyond this point he never dared to venture. It is truly a most remarkable gift to be able to enter the field of romance and give to the world such beautiful and thrilling literature as is constantly being produced by our best authors. Of course a work like this, founded upon cold, solid facts, would not at this enlightened age of the world be at all saleable. Some intimate friends have suggested that a few copies of this book be offered for sale, to defray expense of printing and binding. But we say most emphatically this book was not made to sell, and not one copy will ever be sold by consent of author.

Hoping it will do no harm, but good may come of its publication, and that it may fall into the hands of many relatives and warm friends, I remain as ever,

Very respectfully,

L. T. PULLEN.

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PULLEN'S PENCILINGS.

CHAPTER I.

NATURE VS. ART.

At morn the curious sun did through
The casement slyly peep,
The maiden on her couch reposed
In calm unconscious sleep;
Her golden bangs, her ample switch
Lay on her dressing case,
Her lovely form in sections was
Dispersed about the place.

At noon the sun again doth gaze
Upon the maiden fair,
And wonders much to view the change
That meets his vision there,
The bangs he sees upon her brow,
The switch upon her head,
The fragmentary lovely form
O'er her distributed.

And then he thinks when nature tries
To cope with art so deft,
That nature may make up her mind
She's certain to be left.

Author Unknown

NATURE VS. ART.

Oh! "curious Sun," please change your mind
And do not yield this point,
For if you do, you soon will find
This world all out of joint.

Go back on nature? dear old Sun,
Why, I am so surprised!
To think that you, most brilliant one,
Should ever seem unwise.

Thou art the source of light and heat,
Of blessings great and small,
Without thee naught can be complete,
For thou art good to all.

The maiden's beauty from the mould
Of nature, can't be beat
So come "Old Sol" and warm us up
With your resplendent heat.

And while our hearts are warm and kind
Our lips will praises speak,
Of nature and of thee old Sun,
Who will our secrets keep.

So give us nature all complete,
Perfect and unadorned,
The work of art cannot compete
With nature's simple form.

It matters not how deft is art,
How shrewd and keen her wits,
The bangs and switch in every part
Are bungling counterfeits.

So leave the maiden to repose
In that "unconscious sleep,"
The same as when the sun arose
On Eden's cool retreat.

We would not have her lovely form
In sections lying round;
But we would keep her whole and warm,
Well wrapped in her nightgown.

So come old Sun, assert your rights
And never yield to art,
For if you do you can no more
Act well your honest part.

L. T. P.

MATRIMONIAL HARNESS.

Just step into my harness,
Said the bridegroom to the bride,
'Tis the neatest little harness
That ever you espied;
It is made of softest leather
All lined with satin fine,
And mounted with gay trimmings
That beautifully shine.

The collar will not chafe at all,
It fits so snug and good,
The paddings too are nice and soft,
All covered with a hood;
The traces are well rounded
And polished to a gloss,
The reins are strong and tasty
With web as fine as floss.

No saddle will be needed,
Nor holdback strap nor girth,
For we shall be so happy
We will not want the earth;
The reins my wife can handle,
A whip we will not need,
For love must rule the household
And furnish all the speed.

And should we have a bridle,
We'll lay it on the shelf,
If we should ever need it
We'll use it on ourself;
The tongue may need it often,
As tongues are apt to do,
Let the one who needs it say,
"For me and not for you."

The netting, too, is light and cool,
The meshes wrought with care,
To cover all the harness well
But not obstruct the air;
The flies and insects will intrude
Unless we shut them out,
We can do it with a net,
When made both fine and stout.

The matrimonial harness
You cannot well repel,
But all who try to wear it
Should view the harness well;
For when it does not fit the pair,
As sometimes is the case,
Unhappiness will follow,
And end in sad disgrace.

First, let the pair be certain
That the harness is a fit,
And never be too hasty,
But wait a little bit
Until they get acquainted
And know each other well;
Then, should both be satisfied,
Go ring the marriage bell.

The harness now adjusted,
Let them commence aright,
And guard against all friction
Before it comes to light;
The neckyoke should be even,

The "pole straps" good and strong,
The harness should be kept well oiled
Or it will not last long.

When to the wagon they are hitch'd
The journey is for life,
The groom, a husband kind should be,
The bride a loving wife;
Each other's burdens they should bear,
And each should strive to live
In such a way that both can say
"Your faults I can forgive."

Perfection scarcely can be found
In husband or in wife,
And circumstances oft combine
To stir up silly strife;
But when such snags shall intervene,
The brakes should be closed down,
And stop the wagon where it is
Without a word or frown.

Let every couple bear in mind
When setting out in life,
That "equal rights" will then belong
To husband and to wife;
Each has a mission to fulfill,
Let each act well the part
That is assigned by "Law Divine,"
To both when first they start.

This harness should be "up to date"
Though "full of years" and old,
For by the laws of God and man
Its principles will hold;
Let all who claim the "up to date,"
Be loyal, brave and true,
Advanced in deeds as well as thought,
The good of all in view.

L. T. P.

AMERICAN GOOD NATURE.

EVANSVILLE, WIS., Feb. 22, 1896.

A bright, well informed foreigner who had traveled quite extensively in this country, on being asked what he thought of the people, replied: "Americans are the best natured people in the world."

That traveler's estimate so far as it goes, is a just tribute to American character. Good nature is a virtue that should be cultivated by the people of all nations as a valuable trait of character, which would have a tendency to prevent national complications.

I sincerely believe, that upon reflection and careful examination of all the facts, we will find that the American people are less easily annoyed by petty trials and perplexities of life than any other nationality of like intelligence.

Americans as a rule, do not like to have anything interfere with business.

To this end they make it a point to avoid if possible, any, and all controversy that is likely to consume much valuable time. To the industrious American citizen, "Time is money."

They will suffer themselves to be cheated and imposed upon, rather than spend time to obtain redress for their wrongs.

In all our American cities, business men going to their places of business and returning home, are imposed upon and swindled by street railway corporations. They pay for a seat in a car, but are obliged to stand, sometimes in the aisle, but more frequently on platform or steps, and hang on for dear life to anything within reach.

Do such things in this line occur in foreign nations? I am told they do not, and why? The people will not stand it. Instead of exercising such a large amount of good nature as Americans have credit for, they prefer to spend both time and money, and have laws enacted to correct this crying evil. But, Americans are too busy, too modest, too good natured to have any trouble about it, and so it goes on in the same old rut, year after year.

Americans in dealing with their fellowmen sometimes fall into the hands of sharpers, and do not find it out until they reach home and examine their purchases; when to their utter disgust, they discover they have been cheated. What will they do? Nine times out of ten, rather than have any trouble with the dealer, they will pocket the swindle and say nothing to him about it, but will ever after give "that shop a severe letting alone."

Americans are great travelers, and like other people, are liable to fall into the hands of ill-natured clerks and dishonest landlords. In such cases the exercise of American good nature is often phenomenal. He does not fly into a passion, scold and refuse to pay his bill; but will in a few words, state his grievance, and if no concessions are made, not having time to be further delayed, he quietly pays his bill and goes on his way whistling Yankee Doodle, but should he chance to go that way again, he stops—at the "other hotel."

As with persons, so with the judicial, legislative and executive departments of this government. All elective offices are supposed to be filled by representative men; consequently the various departments of state are likely to contain a reasonable amount of American good nature, sometimes more than is profitable to the country.

Justice in our courts, in extreme criminal cases, is often long delayed by the leniency of the court; the legitimate fruit of our American good nature. Not so in other nations.

High crimes are summarily dealt with there, which has a tendency to make them less frequent.

While good nature is commendable, it ought not to be indulged in too freely, "lest our good be evil spoken of." Too much good nature may be productive of evil. That portion of the U. S. Senate, which are blocking the wheels of legislation in Congress, are presuming too much upon the good nature of the people. "Forbearance in this case ceases to be a virtue." The majority of an indignant people would rise in judgment against them any day, could they get at them. But, being so far removed from the people, they cannot be reached by an indirect vote that will clear the deck of the old "Ship of State," of these "fossil remains," and put in their places, honest, patriotic men fresh from the

people, and true to the government; who will favor legislation for the good of all, instead of the few.

The disposition of England to bully this government in the recent controversy was very apparent at the beginning. In fact, this has been her policy with all nations. A policy from which she will not recede, when dealing exclusively with a weak nation.

But, when this government is involved, she knows by her keen observation and sad experience, just how far to go, and how long to continue such a blustering, domineering policy. "John Bull" is a good judge of human nature. So far as "Uncle Sam" is concerned, he is a better judge of his nature than can be found on the face of the globe.

He has known "Brother Jonathan" from boyhood. He well remembers his boyish freaks. He well remembers his failure to enforce upon him parental authority in 1776. He also remembers his failure from 1812 to 1814, to establish, what he claimed to be, his right of "Search and Imprisonment," or to hold any of the territory acquired during that conflict with "Uncle Sam."

The recent refusal of England to arbitrate, was a great mistake. She now sees it, and virtually acknowledges it. She also sees, that good-natured Americans can be united when threatened by foreign foes. She now sees that the "Monroe Doctrine," as construed by Americans, is a doctrine of self preservation. She sees that American statesmen and diplomats are more competent to judge, of what is likely to be dangerous to our free institutions, than a people of a foreign nation.

She evidently sees that America is right this time, and England wrong. Seeing all the different phases of this little controversy so clearly now, there can be but little doubt that she will act in accordance with her "second sight," and be willing to submit to arbitration, the disputed boundary question, unless the parties directly interested are able to settle it among themselves to the entire satisfaction of the United States.

"So mote it be."

L. T. P.

YANKEE LAND.

You all have heard of "Yankee land,"
"Away down east," where Yankees stand
Six four in stocking feet;
Where hills and rocks and mountains rise
In bold relief against the skies,
The light of day to greet;
The mountain farm, so high and steep
That none but "Yanks" their feet can keep,
As on these hills they toil,
They say, the shotgun oft is brought,
From which the seed sometimes is shot
Into the flinty soil.

They say, the stones so thickly lie
In pastures on the hillside high,
That sheep, to reach the grass
Must have their noses sharpened out,
So they can force the slender snout
Down through the rocky mass;
These flinty stones, so rough and stout,
The nose, they say, would soon wear out,
And then the sheep would die,
Did not the smith the nose protect
With points of steel, and thus correct
An evil, none deny.

They say, grasshoppers often cling
To mullen stalks, too faint to sing,
And nothing do but moan;
Too weak to sing "wheat, by-and-by,"
While floods of tears stand in each eye.
So hungry have they grown;
We cannot vouch for all they say
About this land; but in our day,
Such tools were not in use;
Sheep's noses stood it very well,
Grasshoppers had no yarns to tell,
And suffered no abuse.

This is a land of "pork and beans,"
Of pumpkin pies and other things
Too numerous to mention;
This is the land where Yankees grow,
Tough, hardy, long and lank "you know,"
But not of bad intention;
We find them quiet, frank and kind,
Of mod'rate means, contented mind,
Not caring for display;
The rugged hills on which they toil,
These rolling farms, with sterile soil,
Have charms which they portray.

They love these hills and brooks so clear,
The speckled trout to them so dear,
They often speak its praise;
They kindly tell you how to fish;
The bait to use, and how to dish
And serve in many ways;
He does not care for perch or bass,
The trout all else will far surpass
That swims in sea or lake;
Don't talk to him about the size,
He'll nod and wink, and look so wise—
The trout he'll not forsake.

You tell him all about the west,
Of climate, soil, and he'll request
To know the darker side;
He'll ask about the thunder storms
That sweep across the prairie farms,
And spread destruction wide;
The cyclone he will call to mind,
And tell you he could never find
A place of safety there;
He says, You fellers in that land,
Must have a hole quite near at hand,
Or you would roughly fare.

He says, he would not swap the farm,
For all the west, nor give a darn,

To leave the state of Maine;
He loves his home. These mountains grim
Are grand and beautiful to him;
From them his parents came,
And his grandparents, great and small
Have lived and died in sight of all
That he holds bright and dear;
All those who choose, can go out west,
But as for him he thinks it best
To live and die right here.

His great-grandfather settled here,
The forests, then so dark and drear,
Were felled by his strong arm;
He fought the red men face to face,
He kept at bay the savage race,
Until he cleared his farm;
His children here were reared with pride,
With puritanic views to guide
These hardy sons of toil;
He gave them schoolin' every year,
The winter months were given here
To educate the boys.

He says, you fellers way out west
Think that for us it would be best,
To go and dwell with you;
You can't see how we meet our bills
Among these rocks and on these hills,
With nothing nice and new;
Your country is for us too new,
You have no hills for us to view,
No trees nor stony brooks;
You have no mountains, great or small,
No grand cascade or waterfall,
Nor cool and shady nooks.

I guess I'd rather stay right here,
Where I have lived this many a year,
And know what I'm about;
The term "out west" I never liked,

So often have I heard it piped
 By those who like to spout;
 Too many have already left
 And gone "out west," and we're bereft
 Of many of our kin;
 I guess I'll stay on the old farm,
 It never did me any harm,
 To toil, and work, and spin.

The wood'n nutmegs, they say, we make
 Help pay our bills, for conscience sake,
 In that far western land;
 Our basswood pumpkin seeds so fine,
 So white, so clean, they fairly shine,
 They say, are in demand;
 Our wooden clocks though not the best,
 A market still we find out west,
 Not on account of time;
 But your rich men "old relics" seek;
 A stock on hand we always keep,
 Of all goods in that line.

We also make the spinning wheel,
 The flyers, distaff, loom and reel,
 All orders we can fill;
 Your relic hunters we supply,
 All competition we defy;
 Will send with goods the bill,
 But we shall mark them C. O. D.
 For we remember Ninety-three,
 And think we always will;
 Our goods though new, look rough and old,
 But that is what you want, we're told—
 We hope to please you still.

The winters here are somewhat cold,
 The snows are deep, the winds are bold,
 And drifts will pile on high;
 We often have the roads to break,
 And shovel snow until we ache,
 And sometimes heave a sigh;

But on the whole we're happy still,
As we the notes of labor trill,
And plod upon our way,
We are not ready to go west,
Because we think it is not best,
So we prefer to stay.

I would not like your prairie farms,
Your big corn fields would have no charms,
Too long would be the rows;
I could not hoe four rows a day,
And over night would have to stay,
And in the field repose;
Five-acre fields for me will do,
And then the whole I can review
All at a single glance;
My pastures are not very large,
Of my own stock I can take charge,
Of loss, will take no chance.

Out west your pastures are so large,
The horrid cowboys take full charge,
And do just as they please;
They fear not God, nor man, nor beast,
Should you offend them in the least,
They'd wipe you out with ease.
I'd sooner trust a cyclone near,
I've always had a deadly fear,
Of that wild western race;
I would not dare to have them round,
I would expect to soon be found
Lassoed on my own place.

Should we go west and leave this land,
The owls and bats would take command,
Our homes would soon run wild;
Already many of our farms
Have taken on primeval charms;
New forests have beguiled,
I guess I'll stay and fight it out,
As this will be the shortest route

To reach the land of rest;
So you may leave us where we are,
Without a thought of how we fare,
You Badgers can stay west.

L. T. P.

ANCESTRAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

My grandfather, Stephen Pullen, was a soldier of the Revolution from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. At the close of the war he settled down on government lands in what is now the town of Winthrop in the State of Maine. His land proved to be of the very best quality.

He commenced immediately to clear away the heavy forests; and as fast as possible to raise apples and other fruit trees, until his fine apple orchards became the best, largest, and most noted in the whole township. In the course of twenty-five years he became a well-to-do and influential farmer. He resided on that farm as long as he lived.

He raised a large family of boys and girls, all born on the old farm, and lived to see them all married and settled in life.

My mother's maiden name was Mary E. Hanscomb. Her birthplace, Kittery, York county, Maine.

My father, (Greenlief) was the youngest of the family. He lived at home until after he was married, and had one son. Then he moved to Anson, Maine, and served in a regiment of cavalry in the war with England in 1812. He also received government land, but never settled upon it.

I was the youngest of my father's family, and was born in Anson, Somerset county, Maine, May 1, 1825. As my ancestry is referred to later in these Pencilings, it may not be necessary to mention them again in this connection. But, it is no more than right to refer to my own immediate family in the first pages of this volume.

My wife was born in Kingfield, Franklin county, Maine, September 1, 1829.

Her maiden name was Catherine B. Pike. We were married in Kingfield at the home of her parents, August 5, 1849.

AN ACROSTIC.

KINGFIELD, MAINE, April 18, 1849.

Choice may the blessings be that shall unto thee flow,
 And may congenial love between us ever grow;
 Thou art more dear to me than all the world beside,
 How happy I shall be to call thee my sweet bride!
 Enchanting maid! I feel unworthy of thy smile,
 Refulgent are its rays, frank, open, without guile.
 In person thou art pure, most affable and kind!
 No temptation can allure thy ever gentle mind,
 Each day I love thee more, and feel thy love returned.
 Been true to me thou has't, to prize thee I have learn'd;
 Peaceful and happy may life's journey prove to you,
 Intent on doing good, until thou bid'st adieu
 Kind friends, and lov'd ones here, who share thy love,
 Enter that Holy Rest, prepar'd for you above!
 Very sincerely, L. T. P.

The Acrostic was written the preceding April. God has blessed our union with two sons and one daughter.

Our eldest son, Charles F. P. Pullen, was born in Kingfield, Franklin county, Maine, June 12, 1852. He was married to Miss Eva M. Winston in Evansville, Rock county, Wisconsin, May 1, 1873.

Our second son, George L. Pullen, was born in Argyle, La Fayette county, August 9, 1860. Was married to Miss Lillian D. Spencer, May 17, 1882.

Our daughter, Mary F. Pullen, was born in Argyle, La Fayette county, Wisconsin, December 25, 1865. Was married to Mr. William H. Antes, May 23, 1894.

We also are blessed with four grandsons and one granddaughter.

Lloyd W. Pullen was born in Evansville, Rock county, Wisconsin, November 14, 1878.

Ava Pauline Pullen was born in Evansville, Rock county, Wisconsin, November 27, 1885.

Paul P. Pullen was born in Evansville, Rock county, Wisconsin, January 11, 1889.

J. Spencer Pullen was born in Evansville, Rock county, Wisconsin, February 17, 1891.

Herbert P. Antes was born in Evansville, Rock county, Wisconsin, February 5, 1895.

Our family, as will readily be seen, is not very extensive. But we are informed by an old adage that the "best stuff is done up in little bunches." Therefore, we conclude, what is lacking in quantity is made up in quality.

It has just been suggested that the Pullen side of our grandchildren is not made sufficiently plain in our "write up." That may be so; and we will add the following paragraph:

Lloyd W. is the son, and Ava Pauline is the daughter of Charles F. P. Pullen. Paul P. and J. Spencer are the sons of Geo. L. Pullen.

Now for the occupation and calling, so far as we can discover, of those children and grandchildren.

Chas. F. P. Pullen (and family) reside in the city of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He is now, and has been for nearly eleven years, Cashier and Director of the German-American Bank. He has served upon the Board of Debt Commissioners of said city for nearly three terms of three years each, in succession. Is also interested somewhat in other kinds of business.

Geo. L. Pullen is now and has been, Cashier of the Bank of Evansville, in the city of Evansville, Wisconsin, for fourteen years. He is also Assistant Cashier and Director of the German-American Bank, Milwaukee. He has been Treasurer of the city of Evansville for ten years. Is also interested to some extent in several other branches of business.

W. H. Antes commenced manufacturing caskets in his undertaking rooms in the city of Des Moines, Iowa, some four years ago. Nearly all the work at first was done by hand; consequently, his progress was slow, but sure. He moved into more spacious apartments as soon as he could see his way clear to do so; and then with the addition of power

and machinery his advancement became more rapid. In fact in a very short time new buildings had to be erected, and new machinery of the most approved pattern put in. To make a long story short, suffice it to say his ingenuity as a manufacturer and designer has served him so well and made itself so conspicuous to all casket men with whom he comes in contact, that his services seem almost indispensable to all those associated with him in the business. Now he is President, Manager and Director of the Des Moines Casket Company, and the Wichita Casket Company of Wichita, Kansas. The last named company is larger and sells more goods than the Des Moines, Iowa, Casket Company. Guess this will do for the boys; and as the married ladies sometimes get tired we will let them rest, while we take up our grandchildren's history.

Lloyd W. Pullen has graduated with honor at the State University, Madison, Wisconsin, and is now on his second year in the law school at the same place. When he is through there he will go to New York City and take a still higher course.

Ava Pauline Pullen is in Downer College, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and no doubt will graduate in due time. She is now a good, industrious, music student, and will after a few more terms become competent to teach music. When she gets through college, don't know what she intends to do, but suppose she will do like a large majority of her sex—get married; when she has a good chance.

Paul P. Pullen is in the high school, Evansville, Wisconsin. Am not informed what institution of learning he is to attend after getting through with his studies at home. The last I knew of his musical proficiency he was rapidly on the gain. Hope he will also develop his vocal organs and become a good singer as well as a good instrumental performer.

J. Spencer Pullen keeps so well posted in all the news of the day, and is so well read in history, that he may become a great historian, lawyer, preacher, doctor or politician; but I hope he will quietly give the politician "the right of way," (if it is necessary) and take his own chance in some other profession, trade or occupation, rather than the corrupt politics of this day and generation.

Herbert Pullen Antes "is still on the sod," but during the fall and winter has had a hard, rocky road to travel. First a broken arm, and then la grippe. Now he thinks he will be a doctor; but I think he will be an Episcopal rector. He is full and running over with mischief. He is large of his age, and his head is at least three years older than his body. When all this mischief is manufactured by this surplus brain power into sermons, what will be the result? The poet says: "Satan trembles when he sees, the weakest saint upon his knees."

CHAPTER II.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS, NO. 1.

How natural for young people to look forward to the future with fond hopes of success.

This is certainly commendable in the young, and, if they pursue the right course, will lead them eventually to the realization of their hopes and aspirations.

How different with old people. They do not live for themselves altogether, but largely for others. Whether their hopes have or have not been realized, their mature judgment reminds them that it is too late to formulate, or attempt to complete, any new enterprise requiring great mental or physical effort. They feel they have had their day and must give way to younger men.

Old people are more apt to retrospect the past than to look forward with a view to plan or perform any great feats in the future. In fact (judging from my own experience) they live in the past more than in the future. I find myself since my last birthday living over the past of my life to such an extent, that when meeting and conversing with my old friends and schoolmates I sometimes become almost oblivious to the present while indulging in the remembrances of the

past. This I noticed more particularly last summer while among my old associates "away down east." Those were happy days with old friends, talking over old times. It was under these circumstances that the idea of writing a few chapters of "Early Recollections" was first conceived.

These reminiscences, as I recall to mind many incidents of great interest to me at the time of enactment, at this time produce both joy and sadness. When we think of, or refer to, the departure of near and dear friends and relatives to their final home, a shade of sadness will steal over us, which has a tendency to check our mirthfulness, that will often arise when any incident of a comic nature is alluded to.

But, on the whole, it gives me more pleasure than pain to reduce these incidents to writing; and should others read what I have written they are at liberty to draw their own moral. I sincerely hope that this and the subsequent chapters may carry with them a moral lesson that will be beneficial to the children at least, should they take pains to read them. I do not claim by any means that my young life was entirely free from mistakes. Should we look on the dark side of life all the time and constantly dwell on our mistakes, regrets would be likely to interfere seriously with our peace of mind. Some kinds of mistakes we may rectify. If too late to do this we can, by fully making up our mind to avoid all such mistakes in the future, save ourselves much pain. All men are liable to mistakes. Even Moses, one of the best men this world ever produced, made mistakes, which we have reason to believe caused him pain and sorrow. Simon Peter made a few mistakes for which he was sorry, and was forgiven. He made no more. A great many persons believe Col. Ingersoll with all his culture, wisdom and boasted knowledge has made more serious mistakes than even the wise men of the Bible. I fear the most of his mistakes are still on record against him, as it is said he does not believe in God, and consequently cannot ask a being in whom he does not believe to forgive him. Our mistakes may be dealt with in two ways, by forgiveness or punishment, or both, as we ourselves by our own conduct in this world may elect; by choosing or refusing we shape our own destiny. Young people may learn something from the experience of older per-

sons; but little however is learned in that way unless the learner is so situated that his observation can back up such experience and convey the moral lesson to his own heart and conscience.

My first tangible recollections were clearly and vividly impressed upon my mind at the age of five years. Shadowy remembrances came about one year earlier. I had a baby brother about three years younger than myself, God came and took him when about one year old. I remember him well and I remember my love for, and attachment to him. I used to sit in the foot of an old-fashioned cradle and rock and sing him to sleep. My little song was dictated by my mother and was not set to music, neither was it long but simply "Bless the Baby, Bless the Baby," and so on to the end of the chapter, or until the baby was asleep. Oh, how happy I was while rocking and singing to my baby brother. But a change came over my childish vision. Such extreme happiness was too good to last. I well remember when the dear baby after a brief illness passed away and was carried out of the house. They told me he had gone to live with Jesus. I believed it then and I believe it still. Why should I not believe it? My mother told me so and to my knowledge she never told me an untruth. I have also proven it since by the Word of God. Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

I did not know anything about Jesus then, nor the kingdom of heaven. It made me feel so sad to have the baby carried away, but mother said it was all right, and I knew it must be so. Not long after that my mother went to the village to do some shopping and brought me a little primer, my first primer. It was a short illustrated history of Him, whom my mother said had taken my baby brother to his home in heaven. I examined all the pictures very carefully, but that did not satisfy me. The reading was very easy but I had not learned to read. I asked many questions about the pictures and was so intensely interested that I gave them no peace until the whole story was read to me. It made such a deep impression upon my young mind, it has never been effaced. While I was glad to know that my baby

brother had One so loving and kind to care for him, it made me sad to think that the people could be so cruel as to put our Savior to death. He had done so much for them in causing the deaf to hear, the blind to see, the lame to walk, and seemed so willing to give them all a home in heaven, I could not understand how they could be so cruel. But I was much pleased to know that He came back to life, and lives in heaven to still love and bless the little children.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS, NO. 2.

My pen, through a long and uneventful life, has seldom been employed for the edification or advancement of others.

My mind, although somewhat active in certain directions, has never led me to any great extent in paths of literary, scientific, or biographical letter-writing. Having so recently visited my New England home my thoughts since my return to the state of my adoption very naturally turn in the direction of the "scenes of my childhood." Of late, memory has been on a tour of "wool gathering" away back in the past, but such wool as may be picked up at a time when farmers are having their fill of "free wool" I fear will not command a very high price in this market. But I will endeavor to place such wool as I may gather so sparingly upon the market that the price will not be materially affected thereby. This reminds me, at this very moment, the first thing I ever did to help my parents turn an honest penny was to gather the real wool (not imaginary) from off the briers in the sheep pasture, that had been torn from the sheep while feeding among them in early spring before shearing time. My mother carded by hand and spun this same wool into yarn, and then knit it into stockings and mittens for the family. Another kind of labor I learned to perform at an early age was to pull flax, which my father dressed and prepared for my mother's use for combing, carding, spinning and weaving into cloth for the benefit of

the family. Out of this cloth (my mother's handy work) our sheets, pillow cases and summer wearing apparel had to be made; quite brown at first, but when bleached became sufficiently white to be pleasing to the eye of the most fastidious housekeeper.

My early training and education was strictly of the old Puritanical order. My mother was a Christian in the broadest sense of the term, not the most liberal sense as we understand "liberal Christianity" of the present day, but she tried to follow Christ. Not as liberal, perhaps, as more modern Christians, for she belonged to the school of Calvin. But for consistency in her Christian life, character and work, she seemed to me almost perfection. She could not attend church regularly on account of distance and lack of conveyance. It was then as now, "the rich could ride in chaises," but the poor could walk, or stay at home. My mother had to do the latter in cold and stormy weather. But in pleasant weather I well remember Deacon Tinkham, a well-to-do farmer, (the grandfather of our honored citizen, Mr. A. C. Gray,) would send over his team and take mother, and perhaps one or two more ladies who were without teams, to church.

One of my first recollections was going to church with mother. It was my first experience in the house of God. We were early and the singers were practicing a little before service. The most important personage I saw that day was one of the male singers. Mother pointed him out to me and whispered: that is Seth Perkins.

Although not more than five years of age, I can see him now so clearly in my mind's eye that, were I an artist, I could paint his portrait from memory. That face, with all its varied expression, is so vividly and ineffaceably imprinted upon my mind that I would recognize him now could I see him just as he was then.

Why this deep and lasting impression of a stranger made upon the mind of a child? My mother had already given me a history of his boyhood, which had thrilled my very soul. He was raised upon the frontier and was what they termed a wild, fearless, hair-brained boy. His father and mother left young Seth one day in the cabin, to be absent an hour or

so, charging him to be a good boy and keep out of mischief. Of course he made fair promises, as boys are apt to do when about to be left alone. His father had a gun and powder-horn hanging upon wooden hooks near the foot of the rafters which he could not reach himself without standing upon a bench. Seth had seen his father flash powder in the priming pan of his flint lock gun; also he would sometimes place a little powder on the hearth and touch it off with a live coal from the fireplace. Seth's eyes, in their wanderings about the cabin for something with which to amuse himself, rested upon the powder-horn and gun. He did not want the gun as he did not quite understand how to flash the powder in the pan, but he did understand the hearth process; he had learned from his wise father that the fire in the fireplace was hot enough to burn powder, and oh! how he coveted that powder-horn. He had a hard scramble to get it, but he had learned from his father how to climb, and at last brought down the coveted horn well filled with powder.

Seth was happy now, and soon hastened to the fire which burned brightly on the hearth. He thought to improve upon his father's mode of exploding the powder, and, with his finger over the opening in the horn to shut off the powder when he wished to, held it directly over the fire and lifted up his finger and let the powder run.

This was all poor Seth had to do; the explosion did the rest; it lifted his finger from the horn, lifted off one side of the cabin roof, lifted him through the opening and carried him several feet away, where he was found by his fond parents on their return, unconscious, blackened, burned and bleeding, almost stripped of clothing, and apparently in a dying condition. He lived, however, to tell the tale, but carried the powder marks on his hands and face to the grave. Eight or ten years after the powder accident he became a Christian, and was as earnest in his work for the salvation of souls as he had been in his mischief when a boy. In my childish estimation he was a hero of the first water.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS, NO. 3.

The old school house in Anson, Maine, where I first attended school, was situated half way between our home and the home of our nearest neighbor. The two dwellings were not quite a half-mile apart.

The next year after I received my first knowledge of a real powder explosion, and had seen its author, I was an eye witness to another explosion on a much smaller scale. That same year I also had an experience in another direction, not at all pleasant or agreeable, that will never be forgotten. An experience all my own, which I have wished more than a thousand times I had never known anything about.

I would advise every boy and young man not to put themselves in the way of an experience in that or a similar line; and should the temptation leading to such an experience come in your way, shun it as you would a viper, for it is the first step that is taken towards vice of any kind that may in the end lead to destruction.

The oldest son of the previous mentioned neighbor, then about ten years of age, had learned to chew tobacco, and carried it in his pocket to school. One unlucky day for me, during the afternoon recess for boys he took the tobacco out of his pocket and gave me, and several other small boys about my age, a piece about the size of a large bean; said it was good, that he chewed it, and told us to do the same; said that it did not taste well at first, but we would get so as to like it after a while. We took it and chewed it vigorously until the teacher called us in. Our tempter told us to spit out the tobacco when we went in, so we left the tobacco and most of its precious juice on the outside of the school house, but its effects we took within. It was not long before the teacher and the whole school became aware of its effects, and the teacher, a bright girl, well understood the relationship between "cause and effect."

After our kind teacher had arranged some of the benches so as to "lay us out," as we were too sick to sit up, she began to cast about for the cause of our indisposition. The sick "kids," having all they could attend to in the line of "heaving up Jonah," were not required to answer any ques-

tions. There were two or three other boys to whom tobacco had been given who were too smart to eat it. Through the testimony of these two or three witnesses the truth was established and the criminal located. The guilty party was made to stand in the middle of the schoolroom, take from his pocket a large piece of his plug tobacco and hold it up before the school. He finally confessed his guilt and plead for mercy. But the teacher pointed to his victims of misplaced confidence, and calmly looking him in the face, said: "Jim Grant, I shall punish you; if you don't know any better yourself than to chew tobacco, I'll teach you better than to give it to children not much more than half your age."

In those days teachers were prompt and swift to administer punishment. It was evident to all that the balance of that afternoon was to be devoted to a picnic. Another boy was sent for a switch, and when Jim had taken off his jacket the switch descended upon his back covered only with a thin linen shirt. His howling and dancing for the time being attracted more attention than the sick "kids." There was no time for study or recitation after the last scene in this tobacco drama. The curtain falls. Let us moralize for one little moment. Strange as it may seem, some of these same boys after this terrible experience continued to use tobacco. What a comment upon the perversion of the human appetite! It is a rare thing for an animal to partake of any tree or shrub the second time, after having once been made deathly sick by feeding upon it. From this lesson and many more in the same line that are constantly coming up before us, we are all at liberty to draw our own conclusions upon the inherent depravity of man.

During this same summer term of school Jim Grant slyly took his father's powder horn from the house and in company with several boys, including myself, went into a field, as Jim said to have some fun. Matches were not in use in those days and Jim had his brother go into the kitchen and with a pair of tongs take a live coal from a fireplace and carry it into the field. Jim found a flat stone upon the ground, poured a handful of powder and placed it on the stone. He carefully laid down the powder horn, took the tongs from his brother's hand and tried to touch off the pow-

der with the live coal. It proved to be not very lively. Jim said he guessed it had gone out, and Albert must go to the house for another. But he would try it again. He dropped the coal on the powder, threw down the tongs and knelt down, saying as he did so: "Hold on, Albert, I'll blow this coal up a little, and see if it has any fire in it." He did not blow very long before he found that it did have fire in it. I suppose he intended as soon as he found that it did have fire in it to remove his head and face from that perilous position; but the flash came a little too quick for Jim and removed his eyelashes, eyebrows and all the hair on both sides and the top of his head, and would have removed a portion of his head had the powder been more closely confined. Jim threw himself on the ground, roaring and rolling in such agony in the grass that I was so thoroughly frightened I ran home at the top of my speed.

It was a long time before Jim's face was well, and the grown people said it was very fortunate that his eyesight was not impaired. The last time I saw him he was a trooper belonging to a fine regiment of cavalry, and may have smelt smoke, fire and gun powder many times while in the service of his country.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS, NO. 4.

In the days of my boyhood we were so far removed from many of the institutions that are considered so essential at the present time for the moral and religious culture of young people, that the parental restraint and influence brought to bear upon my character was about all I had to direct me in the right way. I never attended a Sunday school until I came west. Such schools were too far away to reach on foot.

In those days we had no Governor Peck, or no "Peck's Bad Boy" to read, and we never heard of a "Roster Case" while living in New England.

When such boys as Seth Perkins and James Grant came

to grief, my mother somehow impressed it upon my mind that the severe punishment they received was a judgment sent upon them for disobedience to their parents, and other wicked acts.

My father, though not a church member, was educated in all the manners, customs and usages of New England. He sometimes attended church when not too tired to walk two or three miles each way; regularly paid his ministerial tax to support the Established church, until all such connection between church and state was severed by legislation. He was a strict observer of the Sabbath, and trained his children to regard the scriptural injunction in that direction.

He always carried a pocket knife in good condition. It was a favorite saying of his when asked if he had a sharp knife: "Yes, I have a sharp knife and a clear conscience."

Boys in those days were not supplied with knives as now, until they could earn them. My father would willingly loan his knife to his boys any day except Sunday. He would say: "It is wrong to whittle on Sunday, you may cut your fingers; wait until tomorrow. There is time and season for all things. The first day of the week is the Lord's Day, the time belongs to Him; don't cheat the Lord."

Of course he did not use all this language every time he saw in us a tendency to break the Sabbath, but at different times we heard all this, verbatim, and much more. Such puritanic ideas and sentiment may be considered in this age quite narrow, and not worthy of observance. I am glad to say that such sentiments, in the main, still hold good with me, and I consider them sound to the core. Through a long life of observation I have never known an habitual, persistent Sabbath breaker to be wholly and altogether reliable. True, some of them may be all right in many other respects, but the idea I mean to convey is this: I have never met a real vicious Sabbath breaker who was the equal in moral worth and integrity, to the man who observes the law of God and man in regard to the Sabbath. Sabbath breaking is sure to lead to other and more serious vices.

A clear, bright meadow brook, small but beautiful, silently meandered through a narrow, fragrant, flowery meadow, crossing the highway as it left the lower end of the

meadow, some ten rods below my father's dwelling. My first lessons in angling for the speckled trout were taken in this lovely little brook.

About twenty rods above the road there still remained the ruins of an old beaver dam. A great portion of it had been cut away to allow the water a free passage in the channel.

The ends of some of the big logs near the surface of the water were visible. I well remember just how they looked, and wondered how animals could cut down trees, move the logs into place and build a dam.

One bright Sunday morning in June, after being nicely dressed in my clean linen suit, mother told me if I would not play or make any noise I might go out doors a little while and get the morning air.

I capered around silently in the door yard for a little while, when on looking up I saw upon the bridge across the meadow brook several little boys fishing. Without stopping a moment to think, I ran down and joined them. They were all on the upper side of the bridge, leaning over the railing intently watching their hooks. I soon became as interested as the others and leaned as heavily against the railing as any of them; and very shortly after I joined the group our combined weight became too great for the slender railing, and with a crash the slight structure with its burden of boyish humanity, went over into the stream. The bridge being quite low and the water not more than two or three feet deep no one was seriously injured, but all received a good ducking and were badly frightened.

"Poor Tray," although not himself engaged in fishing, suffered with the rest. He was wet from head to foot, his clean suit badly soiled, his joy turned to sorrow; and in this deplorable condition returned to his mother feeling strongly impressed that it was wrong to look on and see others break the Sabbath. While my parents did not say much, only that "my added weight was the last straw that broke the camel's back," they well knew this Sunday lesson would have a lasting and restraining influence over their little boy and perhaps prevent further disobedience in that line.

Years later when the writer became a big boy and could

handle a gun he was often strongly tempted to go hunting on Sunday, but never yielded to the temptation. I had a warm friend, a distant relative about my age, who did on one occasion go to hunt on Sunday. In discharging his piece the barrel burst, and his left hand was so shattered that it became necessary to amputate the thumb and two first fingers. After that I never had any inclination to hunt on Sunday.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS, NO. 5.

During the summer and fall term of school alluded to in a former chapter of "Early Recollections," I well remember I not only learned to shun tobacco but, thanks to my noble, efficient and kind-hearted teacher, made great proficiency, for a six-year-old, in the art of spelling.

I was in quite a large class of boys and girls, many of them twice my own age, and, as was the custom in those days, we were arranged standing in line each in his or her own place. If one missed a word the next below spelling it correctly took the place of the one who missed. Of course there naturally was considerable strife for the head of the class. It happened to be my good fortune to secure the head of the class quite early in the term and keep it most of the time until the close.

No doubt our spelling lessons were easy and the scholars not far advanced. At the close of the term my teacher gave me the first award of merit I had ever received. I thought a great deal of it and still have it in my possession. It was not a printed form, but was written in her own delicate hand, and read as follows:

ANSON, Me., Oct. 31, 1831.

This is to certify that Lloyd T. Pullen has handsomely excelled his class in spelling, during the last term of school.

CORDELIA WILLARD, Teacher.

It was a plain, simple document, but made me feel just as good as though it had been many times more elaborate and artistic. This was the first time my ambition had ever been excited in school. I seemed to understand its import, and ever after that endeavored to excel in every class I happened to be in during the balance of my school boy days. How well I succeeded, others who were my contemporaries must be the judges.

When seven years of age my parents moved into another county, farther north and nearer the frontier, and settled in the town of Kingfield. This town was named in honor of Mr. King, the proprietor of the township and the first governor of the state of Maine. My father bought of Gov. King a claim of one hundred acres, which had been occupied by another party for a few years, and for some cause by him abandoned the year before.

A small, frame, one-story house with only two rooms and eight or ten acres of cleared land, were the only improvements that welcomed us to our new home. The balance of the farm was still in its primeval state, covered with a heavy forest abounding at that time with wild beasts. Bears and timber wolves were very numerous, and destructive to sheep if they came across them day or night any distance from the buildings. The wolves frequently made night hideous with their howlings; sometimes just across the river on the mountain side, not more than a half mile from our dwelling. Just before retiring at night in the winter time we have stepped to the door to listen, and it would almost make my blood run cold to hear their wild howling.

We were in a narrow valley, traversed by the Carrebassett river the whole length of the farm. A highway was laid out through the farm; and river and road running as they did through the center of the farm not only caused very much inconvenience, but occupied about one-eighth of our best and most available land. But we commenced cutting down and clearing forests on bottom land and mountain sides, and when I reached my majority the forests had nearly disappeared on our land. More land had been purchased and the work of clearing was still going on when I left home.

Some seasons we had fair crops, but very frequently on the bottom land in that wild, new unsubdued country, early frost swept everything by the board. On account of the liability of early frosts on the lowlands, the ridges, mountain sides and gorges were cleared up and cultivated; with some difficulty, to be sure, but with success and freedom from early frost. When our crops were destroyed by early frost, which was frequently the case, while cultivating the lowlands exclusively, all the inhabitants found it difficult to obtain their daily bread.

Corn sold sometimes as high as two dollars per bushel, and wheat from two dollars to three and a half. Potatoes were often one dollar a bushel, and western flour from ten to fifteen dollars a barrel. Potatoes were quite a sure crop, and many families would live for weeks together on potatoes and meat.

When the highlands were cleared up by burning the timber and brush on the ground, a crop of wheat was usually raised first among the stumps, then seeded to timothy, which was cut for seed with a sickle, for several years.

When the stumps were out of the way and the land ready for a plough, the stones in time would be mostly removed and put into a wall. Much of the land too rocky, rough and steep to plough would be turned out to pasture and finally go back to a state of nature.

People living in the West know but little of the rough, hard work and the great expense of getting the soil ready to till in New England. Had the Great West been discovered and settled first, I have no doubt much more of New England would still be a wilderness.

The township of Kingfield, when we first moved into it, sixty-three years ago last March, was the frontier incorporated town. North of us there were a few scattering families, for fifteen or twenty miles near the river. Then the vast pineries on the Dead River and other rivers were reached. On the Dead River a small settlement had been started.

There was no wagon road north of our place, consequently no conveyance for men, women, children or freight, except on horseback. It was many years after that before roads were made passable for wagons through these incorporated tracts of land. After a while, however, laws were enacted compelling the owners of those lands to build roads.

I will mention right here, in addition to the river and wagon road alluded to as traversing the whole length of the old farm, a railroad now bears them company, taking off another strip of the best land. The three are parallel with each other and very near together, except at the bends in the river. But I have no doubt the land for the railroad was willingly given up to increase the facilities for transportation.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS, NO. 6.

I well remember how timid the women and children were the first two or three years of our residence in that wilderness country, which our fathers had chosen for a home.

Not afraid of Indians, as they had all left that part of the state; not afraid of thieves and robbers, as there was so little to steal, that class of knaves would soon freeze or starve; not afraid of tramps, for tramping would be harder there than honest labor. But we did fear wild beasts, especially bears and wolves. As pioneers, we had hard times in diverse ways. It was slow work to make any progress financially.

To add to our many discomforts, such as failure of crops, cold winters, high prices, etc., bears were so troublesome in summer time, that our little flock of sheep which we had

taken along, began gradually to disappear. Bears were so bold on account of the close proximity of their forest shelter that they would pounce upon a sheep or lamb at midday. The sheep pasture was only a few rods from our buildings, and every night we put our little flock in a pen about sunset, where they were safe. Only one or two were slaughtered by the beasts at a time, but the loss of that number at not very long intervals was felt most severely.

Our neighbors living near us did not keep sheep, but very kindly assisted my father in his efforts to trap bears. Steel traps in those days were very high and not easily obtained. A log trap with a very heavy green log for a dead-fall was constructed by the men and properly baited. The expectations of the trappers and all in the neighborhood ran high for two days. The big game came round all right enough and managed to get the bait without springing the trap. Bruin was a little too cunning for the novices who were trying to entrap him, and succeeded in getting a good square meal without getting caught himself.

The trappers were not disposed to be outwitted by a dumb beast, and obtained a big steel trap and set it for the thief. Next morning they found it had not been disturbed, and having business at the little village two miles away the trappers left the scene of action, promising to return and visit the trap before dark.

We boys were playing near the house a little before sunset and all at once heard terrible cries and howlings in the cedar swamp about twenty rods back of the barn, where the trap was set. We immediately acquainted mother with the fact, who came to the door and listened to the noise. She soon decided it was not the growling of a bear but the whining and howling of a dog; and that dog she thought belonging to a neighbor whose name was Johnson, living a half mile up the river. What was to be done? No men at home, and the clearing did not extend half way to Mr. Johnson's. We did not dare to go through the woods so near night fall. Mother soon decided that we would go to the woods, and as she was in good voice she thought she could call loud enough to make Mrs. Johnson hear. The lady had no children and the dog was a pet and close attendant upon his mistress at

home and abroad, and the only dog in the immediate neighborhood.

According to this safe and conservative plan we found our way to the edge of the woods as rapidly as possible, and mother's call, several times repeated, failing to bring a response, we soon hurried homeward. Next day the lady came to our house and informed us that on hearing her dog's cries she hastened to his relief and set him free. The poor dog's leg was crushed, and the two men who set the trap did not understand how any woman could get the dog out alone. The lady being so excited could not explain the process herself. Thus the trapping process came to an inglorious end.

Although the women and children were so fearful of bears, it was seldom that any were seen.

Having had an exciting experience in that line myself, I learned a useful, moral lesson, which so impressed me at the time that its influence has not left me to this day. I will relate it, hoping that if any who read this have had a similar experience in that or any other line, they may be able to say that the moral effect upon them has been even greater than upon myself.

Soon after the trapping episode I was with my father and a cousin about my own age, in a field near the river. We obtained permission of father to go to the river to play. On the opposite side of the river, which was quite narrow at this point, there was a heavy forest. We were having a fine time throwing pebbles and wading in the shallow water. All at once my cousin looked across the river, pointing his hand in the same direction, exclaiming excitedly: "See that bear!"

Of course I looked in the direction pointed out, took it all in and saw all I cared to see and all I had time to see, as my cousin started to run the moment he had delivered his warning message, and I did not propose to stand alone and face a ferocious bear. I had never seen a bear before, and under favorable circumstances would have been pleased to look his bearship over more carefully, but I did not have time. No doubt I could have seen a lion or tiger, or almost anything at that time, had my attention been called to it, just as well as a bear. I ran just as soon as my cousin did and just as fast.

We expected to find father where we left him, but he had gone home to dinner. We continued to run every step of the way until we reached the house. The first half of the way I expected to hear the bear close to my heels. When we reached the house we were so frightened and out of breath we could not speak.

Being first to recover speech, I commenced an explanation by saying: "We have seen a bear!"

Father inquired where.

We replied, "Over the river."

"What was his color?" father asked.

"Black," we answered.

He then asked if he was going from or towards us, and I answered truthfully that I didn't know. He further inquired if I saw the bear's tail, and I answered in the affirmative. He then wanted to know how long it was, and I answered by extending my left arm and placing my right hand opposite the elbow.

This was a little too much for father's dignity, or credulity, to stand. He laughed heartily, and said that although the tale I had told might be true, the bear's tail was too long for a bear, and he thought we must be fooling. My cousin then came to the rescue and said to father: "I guess Lloyd must have seen one of the bear's hind legs, instead of his tail."

The fact of the business was, I had been so excited for half an hour I had not seen anything with my own natural vision. In my fear and trepidation I had, as it were, looked through the eyes of my cousin, and, like the rank and file of the Free Silver party of today, tried to describe something I knew but little about, and made a miserable failure. My cousin may have seen a bear as they were plenty, but my bear was a myth, his long tail was a myth; calling his hind leg a tail did not make it so, he was only an imaginary "stump-tail" bear anyway.

So with the rank and file of the Free Silver advocates. They are looking through the silver eyes of their leaders, who are the "Bonanza Silver Kings" of the Silver States, advocating a crazy silver scheme that would destroy the credit of the nation if adopted. The whole thing is a de-

lusion, a snare and a swindle. Calling a fifty-one cent dollar one hundred cents won't make it so; it is in reality forty-nine cents short, and is in common parlance a "stump-tail dollar." Such money can only be classed with the "wild-cat stump-tail currency" of the age.

All who chance to read this chapter are at liberty to draw their own moral from the statements and thoughts herein contained. Mine would be that all persons endowed with good, physical, moral and intellectual sight should see think and believe for themselves.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS, NO. 7.

From my earliest recollections until about the age of fifteen, I well remember of frequently hearing the principles of temperance discussed and warmly advocated by men who were opposed to intemperance. The subject, however, was treated differently then than now. A boy would easily get the impression that in order to be temperate a person must necessarily drink moderately. They were not told that they must not drink at all; to "neither, taste, touch nor handle."

Boys, and men for that matter, honestly thought it was right to indulge the appetite moderately in intoxicating drinks. They had been taught the principles of temperance in this way. Total abstinence was a thing almost unheard of; nothing said about it. Almost every person of the male persuasion drank more or less. After they were well on the way it was usually more, and never less.

The burden of all temperance talk in lecture room, rostrum and pulpit, with few exceptions, was simply to admonish the people, young and old, that they must be "temperate in all things." They were wisely cautioned against all excesses in eating, drinking, labor, and study, as though all excesses were alike dangerous.

The danger signal against the liquor habit was not perceptibly higher than against excess in other lines. I well re-

member a talk given by a young lawyer on that line of temperance, in which he said in substance, as follows:

“We must not misuse or abuse any of the good things which a gracious God has given us. Should a physician tell a patient to be temperate in eating, he would not be expected to abstain from eating entirely. It was the temperate use of all these good things that was required of man.”

As much as to say intoxicants are good things but must be used in a temperate manner. He said that total abstinence was one thing and temperance was another.

When the meeting closed and we were on our way home, one of the boys sportively asserted that they must drink a little in order to be temperate.

The common beverage of that day was New England rum. It was, if possible, more fiery than whisky, and fully as intoxicating. It usually sold for about fifty cents per gallon. It did not cost so much to get drunk then as now, but the effects were about the same, and just as expensive. There was not as much shame or humility attached then as now.

When frame buildings were raised or moved, when the farmers had husking bees or any other kind of a bee that required a large number of men to accomplish the work, all the men in the neighborhood were invited, and the boys were sure to follow. On such occasions “new rum,” as it was called, would flow as freely as water. It was mixed with New Orleans molasses in a ten-quart “shaker pail,” and was passed around every half-hour, and every thirsty man or boy who wanted a drink helped himself with a long-handled, half-pint dipper that always went with the pail.

Some of the men would not drink every time, and the boys were not expected to drink very often. The men always kept sober until all the work was finished, then all the intemperate and giddy fellows would occasionally get a little “tipsy.” But I never saw a boy on such occasions show any symptoms of having imbibed too freely, and they were heartily disgusted with and ashamed of their fathers when they had taken enough to make them act foolish, and appear ridiculous. But, strange to say, some of those same boys, by being in such company and partaking very sparingly of

this beverage, at an early age cultivated such an appetite for alcoholic drinks, which gradually and almost imperceptibly grew upon them until they lost self control, laid aside all restraint and became habitual drunkards before they were thirty years of age.

What a comment upon the depravity of man, and the danger of tampering with such an arch enemy of humanity as "King Alcohol!" A temperance doctrine permitting the temperate use of ardent spirits, with the vital principles of total abstinence left out, is like a human body without a soul. Moderate drinking was looked upon with favor by all classes except the lowest.

Almost every retail grocery store in the country kept rum, gin, brandy and wine always "on tap," to sell by the gallon to carry away, or by the glass to drink at the counter. Is it any wonder that some men would get drunk, when professed christians would themselves indulge in the use of the lighter beverages, such as wine, cider, and malt liquors? Some of the advocates of temperance reforms built a brewery in Boston for the accommodation of members of the temperance society. Were it not for repetition we would again appeal to consistency. While I am astonished at the apathy of the church and clergy generally, and the peculiar methods resorted to by the temperance societies of an early day to promote temperance, I am thankful that some of the churches from their very foundation in this country took just as strong and decided ground against the use and sale of ardent spirits as the societies and churches of this generation.

Temperance has steadily been advocated in this country since its first settlement, but total abstinence was kept well in the background until 1836, when that vital principle was boldly advocated and adopted by a national temperance convention held at Saratoga, New York.

In 1840 another earnest and successful movement on that line was inaugurated in the city of Baltimore. Six men of very intemperate habits in that city, suddenly and unitedly made up their minds to reform and become sober men. They organized a Washingtonian Temperance Society, signed a total abstinence pledge, covenanting together that they would do all they could to prevail upon others to put their

names to the same pledge. They all entered the work, and some of them became very eloquent in their appeals in behalf of suffering humanity. At the end of the first year they had saved more than one thousand drunkards. These six men and many other speakers who had become interested in the good work, traveled through nearly all of the eastern states for some time, until it was estimated that one hundred and fifty thousand decidedly intemperate men signed the pledge and gave up drink. This number did not include men and boys who had not already fallen into the habit of tipping.

In our little village we were very fortunate in securing the services of one of the original "Baltimore Six," who called himself a reformed drunkard. He labored with the people there several days and evenings. He recited many thrilling experiences and made the most pathetic appeal to the people I ever listened to. Nearly the whole town, and many from adjoining towns, turned out to hear the voice of one crying out from the depths of a soul redeemed from drunkenness. They were the most exciting meetings I ever attended. Nearly all who came signed the pledge. Long after the great reformer left for other fields, the society kept up the "experience meetings." Those meetings continued to increase in interest as the old and middle-aged veterans of strong drink related their terrible experience in the service of "King Alcohol," and warned the young men and boys to shun their example.

The lesson learned from the history of those reformed inebriates was of great value to me, and no doubt had a salutary effect upon my whole life.

Fifty-six years have elapsed since I signed the temperance pledge under the auspices of the Washingtonian Temperance Society, and I can truly say, that day was one of the happiest and most satisfactory of my life. As I now retrospect the past, that important act still gives me the most satisfactory and pleasurable emotions, as I firmly believe it had much to do in shaping the destiny of my life; and I would advise all boys and young men who have not already done so, to sign the temperance pledge the first opportunity they have.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS, NO. 8.

It was not my good fortune when a boy to "dwell in marble halls," nor to be educated in a magnificent school building with spacious, well-ventilated apartments, surrounded by beautiful flower-gardens, green lawns and shady groves. Neither can I say, that it was a misfortune to be sent to a district school. Had I not attended such a school when I had the chance, I might not have attended any. I am truly thankful for the opportunities my parents gave me, if they were limited. I also have the satisfaction of remembering that the time allotted me for study was improved to the best of my ability.

I loved the homely, old school-house and all its surroundings, unattractive as they were. When I describe them you will wonder at my taste. Oh! how well I remember the low, square, frame building, without paint or any kind of decorations inside or out; roof shingled, but walls on outside covered only with rough boards. Inside walls were sealed up to the joist, and rough boards laid loosely upon the upper joist for ceiling.

The building was situated on an east and west road about twenty rods from its intersection, with a north and south road near by, and running parallel with the Carrebassett River. The house fronted the south; stood within twenty feet of the line of the highway with just about the same amount of space on all sides of the house, which was all the land the district owned, and I think that was donated by the farmer.

No play ground except the highway and the pasture in the rear of the school house. Not a tree, shrub, or shadow to protect the buildings, nor the inhabitants thereof, from the blazing sun in summer, nor the chilly blasts of winter. To the passer it must have had a bleak, unwelcome, forbidding look.

In winter a large wood pile, cut and drawn "sled length," piled directly in front almost to the eaves, was the first object to welcome teacher and pupils to the winter term of school. In spring the wood pile had disappeared, but the chips remained all summer to decorate the front yard.

The interior of the house was no more attractive than the exterior. There were pine desks without paint for the large scholars, but nothing but plank benches for seats for the smaller "chaps." A big fireplace, wide enough for wood four feet long, occupied one side of the building. The house was so very cold that scholars often had to go to the fire to get warm.

The beautiful river, with water as clear as crystal, softly murmuring over its pebbly bottom, with banks a little bluffly covered with small pines, soft maple, white birch and fir trees, seemed to invite the more refined students in summer time to its cool shadows and shady nooks; but in those days boys and girls who were large enough to appreciate such cool, silent retreats had to stay at home and work. In winter this kind of scenery although still picturesque, was not quite so inviting. But this little bit of natural scenery was the only real redeeming feature in all the near surroundings of that old, school-house site. But in the distance the view of the farms on the ridges and hillsides, the unbroken forests and the grand mountain ranges, brought out in bold relief a landscape scene fit for a painter.

When a small boy it seemed to me that winter schools were ordained especially for the large scholars. Nearly all carried a lunch and remained at the school house during the dinner hour. The teacher usually took his dinner at a farm house near at hand. The absence of the teacher was hailed with joy by the scholars, as they had a regular jubilee until his return. This grand time usually ended in the expulsion of all the small boys from the school room and the fastening of the door, to please the big girls.

On one occasion the writer, when eight years old, was taken up by a big fellow and carried to the door. On the way out the small boy did some lively work trying to squirm out of the big fellow's clutches; feet, arms, hands, elbows, and all such projections shot out at right angles in every

direction, but his velocity was so great nothing could impede his progress. On the way out in passing a window one of the most prominent projections, in the shape of the small boy's right elbow, collided with a pane of glass, which was shattered into a hundred pieces. A big girl who was looking on with a smile of intense satisfaction, exclaimed to me: "You'll catch it for that when the master comes," But I kept on out doors just the same, and landed "heels over head" in a snow drift.

By the time I righted myself and dug the snow out of mouth, eyes, nose and ears, the master came in sight and the big boys let us in. I took my seat with fear and trembling. As soon as school was called the teacher noticed the broken window; I closely watched his face and readily noticed an ominous frown. He shouted excitedly, and I thought almost angrily, "Who broke that window?"

My heart for a moment seemed to stop beating, as I expected to hear the big girl, who said I would catch it, call out my name. But the hero of the occasion, who was bigger than the teacher, promptly and earnestly responded: "Lloyd Pullen and I;" with the emphasis on the personal pronoun I. The teacher's countenance fell, and my heart beat high with admiration for my hero; and he remained my hero to this day. The teacher simply said, "You boys must be more careful in the future."

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS, NO. 9.

On reaching the age of seven years my father kept me at home on the farm during the summer term of school to run errands, carry water into the field and help him in a general way all I possibly could. But all my rights and privileges to the winter term were sacredly guarded by both father and mother. Nothing but sickness or severe, blocking snowstorms could possibly interfere with my winter school. Thanks to a kind Providence, sickness in winter seldom kept me from school.

Wind storms and snow blockades often seriously impeded travel and delayed business, but such trifles had no terrors for a wide-awake, healthy, New England school boy. We had only a mile to go; the drifts would bear a part of the way, the wind would blow the snow from the track occasionally for a few rods, and it was no trick for a strong, ambitious boy to wallow through the deep snow the balance of the distance. I cannot now remember of staying away from school but a single day in consequence of a severe storm, for ten years. It was a long unhappy day for me; but on reaching school next morning I was again made happy by learning there had been no school the day before on account of the absence of the teacher, who "boarded 'round" and happened to be so far away on a cross-road that it was impossible for him to get there.

The natural lay of the land, from the river back into the country in the direct line of our school house, was, as you may say, in irregular terraces.

First, close to the river a low bank, then a narrow strip of bottom land, succeeded by a higher embankment about half way to the school house. The trend of this last embankment was north and south, and the west winds piled the snow over it to the depth of fifteen to twenty feet. This immense drift was several rods long, and being so near the school house we had rare sport during the noon hour tunneling the drift from top to bottom, in several places connecting with other tunnels at the bottom on the leeward side, and with caverns or rooms which we had excavated along the line of the tunnels. The drift would sometimes last nearly all winter. By covering the opening of the tunnels on top of the drift, the apartments within would remain free and clear for several weeks.

The next terrace was thirty or forty rods farther on across the table-land, upon which the school house was located. This elevation was quite a hill with an angle of about twenty degrees. The distance from bottom to top of this incline was some twenty rods.

In that country when it begins to thaw in the spring, the cold nights will form a crust upon the snow strong enough to bear a man, and sometimes for three or four hours

in the morning a team. We boys, often joined by our teacher, would take a large horse sled and spend hours, when the crust was good, coasting on that hill. The speed we attained before reaching the bottom was almost alarming. The sensation, no doubt, was similar to that experienced in falling. It was very exciting on our way down, but more laborious and dull to draw the great, heavy sled back to the top. We usually had eight or ten in the crowd, and had some fun while climbing the hill.

These elevations and table-lands continue on in the same direction of those we have just described for about two miles, where they terminate in an extensive plateau, the highest farming land in the township, called the Minister Hill.

Playing in and on the snow drifts and sliding down hill was by no means the extent of our school-boy sport. When the ice was good on the river the boys had fine sport all by themselves, for the girls did not skate. When the snow was damp, both boys and girls had lots of fun snowballing. And our evening spelling schools were not only profitable but very interesting and quite exciting.

At that time we had five school districts in the township, and it was a common thing for one district to challenge another for a spelling match. Of course all the good spellers in both districts would be out in force. Frequently a few from other districts would be smuggled in as quietly as possible.

At all our evening schools the scholars were expected to bring candles and candlesticks in sufficient numbers to furnish all the necessary light. At home when pursuing our studies during fall and winter evenings, the soft, brilliant flame emitted from the dry wood in our broad, high, open fireplaces was all sufficient for our young eyes to perform the duty assigned them.

In early fall, when but little heat was necessary, it was an easy matter to provide a quantity of pitch pine to furnish a beautiful and pleasant light for work or study. We were just as happy then and had just as good times as young people have now. In my humble opinion the light we obtained from wood, tallow and whale oil was less severe on the eyes than gas or incandescent light. At any rate, very few child-

ren or young people wore spectacles in those days. When our lessons were learned, the study and reading of the evening was over, the knitting and other work laid aside, the fire on the hearth was allowed to burn low. Then the conversation [of the evening commenced, and by the dim light of the fire each member of the family could relate the little experiences and incidents of the day. It was a free, easy, confidential talk, enjoyed by all present. I am still a friend to open fires, not for light alone, but for ventilation, health, and social, cheerful, solid comfort.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS, NO. 10.

At the age of sixteen my father very considerably gave me my time, to labor, trade and transact business for my own benefit.

I still attended school a portion of the time; sometimes a district school and a couple of terms a select school, or, as it was then called, a high school, which was opened every fall about the first of September at Kingfield village by competent teachers, who had been educated in some academy. When not in school my time was all employed in the performance of some kind of labor, to earn money to pay expenses and, perchance, to lay aside a dollar for a rainy day.

We were willing in that cold, bleak country, at that early day, to do almost any kind of work, and if we could not get the price we thought we ought to have, we would make it a point not to be idle, but would take what we could get. Many a poor boy of my acquaintance, who never ate the bread of charity or idleness, by industry, good habits and economy laid by a competency for adversity and old age. No strikes, no intimidation, no mob rule, no tramps and but few idlers. Work was not always plenty, but then, as now, all who really desired to work could find something to do at some price.

Although the winters were long and rigorous, the crops frequently short, and prices of provisions high, there was

but little want and suffering except by sickness or dissipation. Not many luxuries were indulged in and but little extravagance witnessed. Such excesses so common today were not then, nor are they now, characteristic of New England life.

Some may get the impression that I have an idea that people were better a half century ago than now. No, I do not think them any better or wiser, but better contented and more easily satisfied then than now. A spirit of unrest has gradually been spreading over the people of this country for the last ten or fifteen years.

Since millionaires have been so numerous in the United States and so many can count their wealth by the tens and hundreds of thousands, the anxiety of a great many people to become rich seems to get away with their good, common sense and better judgment; and they fall into peculiar, and what will eventually prove fatal errors, unless held in check by the cool and level-headed men of this country. The class of men who are trying to obtain, by means of legislation or otherwise something for nothing, are alarmingly on the increase, and unless they are snowed under at the next fall election I tremble for the credit of this government.

We have an element to deal with in this country today that did not exist to any extent fifty years ago. You will find but little of it now in New England, but the farther south and west you go, the more of this unnatural, unreasonable and disturbing element may be found.

I believe in honest labor and honest money still, and desire to see every hour of labor paid for in money worth one hundred cents on the dollar. I believe in every man being permitted to run his own business; and if he be a laborer he should be guaranteed by this government the right to sell his labor to whom he may please, for the highest price the market where he offers it can afford to pay.

While people do not seem to be any happier now than fifty years ago, they have greater facilities for doing almost everything with ease and dispatch, as well as the enjoyment of many privileges, pleasures and comforts to which their parents were strangers. But all this can be accounted for on the principle of want and supply. The more we have the more we want. I was satisfied at the age of eighteen to

work in winter for fifty cents a day; in haying and harvest one dollar was a good price; on the river, very dangerous work, we received one dollar and boarded ourselves. I worked one winter in the pinery four months and a half, at eleven dollars per month. Clothing, provisions and nearly all kinds of merchandise were higher then than now; still we did not suffer and thought we had good times.

About this time, when twenty years old, having kept up my studies pretty well, I fancied I knew enough to teach school. Guess I didn't know much, but I had cheek enough to apply to the Superintending School Committee for a certificate. It was with no little trepidation that I appeared before that august body at the appointed hour for examination. The committee at that time consisted of a lawyer, a doctor, and a school teacher. All professionals! I was a little frightened at first but soon recovered my self-possession, and passed through the trying ordeal unharmed and received a certificate in the usual form, as follows:

KINGFIELD, Me., Oct. 8, 1845.

This is to certify that we have examined the bearer, Lloyd Thomas Pullen, and can recommend him as being well qualified to instruct in those branches usually taught in our town schools.

S. STANLEY, ch.

W. S. MARSHALL,

R. KING.

Superintending School Committee.

The branches taught in our common schools at that day did not include Latin, German, nor French; consequently I was not put through an examination in the dead languages, but I conclude my examiners were not very much better versed in them than the writer. Some of our "select school" teachers had classes in the different languages, but not all.

It was quite a relief to me when the examination was over, as I had already engaged a school for the winter and, of course, all depended upon the verdict of that committee. I did not expect to fail for I had almost unlimited confidence in my examiners—more in them than in myself. They had all assisted me more or less in time of need. Dr. King had pulled me through a case of lock-jaw and thus saved my life, when about eight years old. Stanley, the teacher, had been my teacher for five winters, and it always seemed to me taught me about all I ever knew. Marshall, the lawyer, was brother-in-law to my best girl, and when we were married four and a half years later, performed the ceremony.

These three men performed their labor faithfully and well, as can now be proven by the durability of their work, which has lasted more than half a century. If the writer has not been so diligent and skillful in his work as they were, the fault cannot be charged to them. They have all gone to their reward; Mr. Stanley, the teacher, only a few years ago. Their good deeds still live, and will remain fresh and beautiful in my memory, and in the memory of all their friends, while sojourning on the shores of time.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS, NO. 11.

The two first schools which the writer undertook to manage and instruct were located in his own school district, where he had himself attended school for ten consecutive winters. Several friends were fearful that the long acquaintance and intimate relations existing between teacher and pupils might have a demoralizing effect upon the government of the school. But at the school meeting it was voted unanimously that the writer should be engaged to teach the winter term of school.

Several of the pupils were older and larger than the teacher. But everything moved off smoothly and in a very satisfactory manner for the entire winter. The teacher being so well acquainted with the dispositions and ways of the

pupils, and having acted as monitor for several terms, he did not waste any time on discipline or formulating a set of iron-clad rules for the government of the school. The winter term passed very pleasantly away, and the district board was so well satisfied with the progress made by the pupils, that the same teacher was engaged for the next fall and winter term.

The pay for teaching in those days was very small; and after teaching one more winter term in another school district, I made up my mind to take hold of something that would pay better than teaching.

Lumbering was carried on every winter in the pineries north of us. The melting snow in spring time caused floods in all the water courses, which flowed into the rivers, and the saw logs were floated down to the mills below and manufactured into different kinds of lumber. Keeping the logs from lodging on the shore, breaking jams caused by big rocks in the river was the work of the river drivers. It was dangerous work and jam breakers were sometimes crushed or drowned. To avoid the formation of jams of logs near the middle of the stream, large rocks had to be demolished by blasting. The process of leveling the big rocks lessened the number of dangerous jams.

When jams formed near the shore they usually reached the shore on one side, and communication with the shore was so easy that accidents were less liable to happen. Of course the logs were all cut into convenient lengths for sawing. Rafting lumber in the mountainous country of Maine cannot be accomplished in the same manner as in the level west. With all the precaution that is taken to prevent the formation of jams of logs in big floods, I have known such immense jams to form that it would take a big crew of men weeks and sometimes months in the summer season to break them and get the logs in shape to float. Such work is expensive as well as dangerous.

Professional river drivers often get two or three dollars a day; but the boys from the farms, like myself, along the rivers were paid only one dollar and were not allowed to do the most dangerous work. But it was hard, unpleasant work just the same, as we had to be in the cold, snow water from

early morn until dewy eve. But it was a change and we were able to pocket a few dollars for spending money.

The writer had a little experience in the pinery. The first winter he went into the woods he was gone from home nearly five months. This work is hard and every moment of daylight, except Sunday, is improved in some kind of labor. The labor consists in cutting timber, cutting roads, hauling the timber to the landing, and sawing the trees into proper lengths to run down the rivers to the saw-mills. We often left camp before daylight in the morning and did not return until after dark. Of course we always went back to camp at noon for dinner.

We had on an average about ten men in camp. The evenings were spent in various ways according to the taste of the different persons composing the crew. Some would read, some sing, some tell stories, and several enjoyed playing cards. At nine o'clock they commenced turning in, and at ten all would be in bed.

Our bed consisted of fine hemlock boughs covered with very heavy comfortables, and much lighter comfortables to cover the men. The hemlock boughs were changed every two weeks. We had lots of fun evenings after our hard work through the day, and our bed of hemlock boughs "seemed soft as downy pillows are;" and our mortal frames were so fully recuperated that we were able and willing to greet the returning daylight with joyful hearts, and willing hands to perform the duties of another day with all our might. We made long days but wages were small, the average being only about thirteen dollars per month. Such was life in the "pine tree state" a half century ago. Oh, how different now!

CHAPTER V.

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

EVANSVILLE, Wis. 1873.

About the year 1857, having a fine mercantile business, plenty of efficient help, and a disposition to do what I could to help along a new enterprise, I associated myself with Mr. Thomas Patterson, in the town of Argyle, Wisconsin, and engaged in the business of manufacturing wagons, buggies, and carriages of various kinds. Mr. Patterson had no financial interest in my store. We succeeded so well in that business that in about two years thereafter we concluded to put up an additional building, and commence the manufacture of plows and other agricultural implements.

At that time there was a plow factory in Whitewater, and a small one in Warren, Illinois, twenty miles away. We went to Whitewater and succeeded, through the influence of our Norwegian friends, in getting a fine workman who had been through all the different departments, and was at that time foreman in the welding shop. The process of welding the point, plow-share and mold-board, together, was the most difficult thing in plow making. This man was also a Norwegian, and was willing to leave his job there and go with us on account of a large settlement of his countrymen on Yellowstone Branch. So it did not take long to get underway. For grinding and polishing our plows we made use of horse power. Two horses were required.

While getting ready for our new business we bought our iron and plow steel. This was just before the war, and iron and steel were cheaper than ever before. We bought a large stock and borrowed the money of my father-in-law, Charles Pike, to pay for same at ten per cent interest. He let us have gold coin, which he had on hand for sometime. We received a premium on the gold, and before we had made a plow, iron and steel commenced to advance. Before we had used up one-fourth of our stock it doubled in value.

Our plows gave the best of satisfaction, and we could not begin to supply the demand. We had agents in Mineral Point, Darlington, Fayette, Postville, Monroe, and many other towns. We found we must increase our facilities for manufacturing and made an effort to obtain water power of the mill company, but failing in that we finally made up our minds to move our shops to Monroe. Mr. Patterson had to move to Monroe to superintend the business.

The demand for our product became so great that we were obliged to increase our facilities for business. In doing so we associated ourselves with H. Whitney and J. B. Treat, who were already manufacturing wagons on a large scale in an adjoining building. Mr. Whitney being the largest stockholder was foreman in the new shops. He having large contracts for wagons already on hand, bent his energies almost entirely in that direction. While other farming implements flourished fairly well, plows in the new shops became a back number.

In the meantime I moved to Evansville and engaged in the mercantile business there. My stock in the Monroe enterprise was for sale. Mr. Whitney made an offer what he would give or take. Said he would prefer to sell. I accepted his offer to buy me out, and the papers were all made ready for our signatures one forenoon, when they rang for dinner; but Whitney was in the shops and we adjourned until after dinner. During the dinner hour a fire occurred in one of the wood shops, and had it not been discovered immediately by the day watchman everything would have gone by the board. As soon as quiet was restored and we recovered from the scare the trade was closed and I went on my way home rejoicing, glad to be relieved of what I then considered as very hazardous property. Not many months after that the shops were burned down with comparatively little insurance, and Mr. Patterson, having lost all he had by the fire, withdrew from the firm and started in a new business for himself.

When I heard of the catastrophe I was glad to be out of it myself, but felt very sorry for my dear friend Patterson with whom I had been associated so long in business; who had been thoroughly tried, "weighed in the balance, and not found wanting." But I am extremely happy to be able to

state that he succeeded in business, is still alive and has a competency of this "world's goods" for himself and all his family who are dependent upon him. Whitney & Treat, having a good bank account, and large interests in bank stock and other kinds of property, were not visibly affected by the accident.

Another arrangement in connection with this "Business Proposition" I still bear in mind, and will mention it right here for fear I may forget it. In order to leave Argyle for good it was necessary for me to dispose of my mercantile business in that thriving little village, that I might concentrate all my efforts in the future in the city of Evansville. My old clerk, A. J. Anderson, who had clerked in my store for more than eight years, and his brother-in-law, Captain T. A. Rossing, who had just returned from honorable service in the Civil war, were ready and willing to step "into my shoes" and relieve me of any and all further responsibility in store or merchandise. They made a grand success in all their business transactions and relations. They were both Scandinavians by birth; true and loyal to the country of their adoption, and were ever ready to pay their money or fight, if necessary, to sustain intact the honor and integrity of this noble government. They were both self-educated and self-made men. They have both held positions of honor and trust. They did not seek such offices themselves, but the offices sought them. Such were the men to whom I sold my Argyle property, and who were my successors and representatives there. They sold my property and collected my debts, and paid me every cent due me, principal and interest, without any trouble or worry on my part.

My benediction is that the blessing of God may rest upon them and their families all the way through time, and a never-ending Eternity.

OLD SETTLERS' STORIES, NO. 1.

Having become greatly interested in the first volume of "Old Settlers' Stories," which for several weeks graced the pages of *The Badger*, when that volume was concluded and the stories discontinued I keenly felt the loss. I am truly glad that the second volume is well underway and bids fair to be a success also.

It occurs to me that such productions among old friends, neighbors and acquaintances will be fully as interesting to a majority of your readers as any selection you may make from the many exchanges found upon your table.

While there may be something of sameness about these stories, they all possess the merit of originality. The great variety of experience, difference of opinion on certain subjects, mode of expression and use of language, of so many people from so many states of the Union, give a spice to these productions not to be found in ordinary newspaper selections. Another advantage these stories have over selections from other papers, however extensive may be the reading of your patrons, these stories can be found and read only in *The Badger*.

Although kindly invited to contribute to the second volume, I felt inclined to stand aloof from any contribution on my part until the oldest of "Old Settlers" have all had a fair chance. I feel that I am comparatively a new settler, who knows and can tell much more of pioneer life in the state of my nativity than in the state of my adoption.

I can readily call to mind incidents of my early history on the frontier of the state of Maine, that have made deeper and more lasting impressions on my mind than anything that has transpired since I came to Wisconsin.

When a boy of ten or twelve I was afflicted with the western fever, on account of letters my father received from a brother of his urging him to go to his home in Michigan where he had lived for several years, and he would assist him to get a start in what was then a territory.

After I was married, father Pike came west several times to enter land, having several Land Warrants he had purchased, and I tried to find out by him if he thought it best for us to go west. But for a long time he was non-committal; claiming he did not like to advise, but at last said: "Were I a young man, I should go west." That was enough; we came to the conclusion if the west was a good place for him, it would be equally good for us. After due consideration, in the fall of 1853, we made up our minds to emigrate to the west. I sold my farm in Kingfield for one hundred dollars more than it cost me three years before.

We set the time for our departure the next spring, giving me all winter to dispose of stock, hay, grain, farming implements, etc., which was all accomplished in a very satisfactory manner by the middle of the following March. My stock being in good condition sold well.

The winter was severe; hay sold for twelve dollars a ton, corn one dollar a bushel, oats fifty cents. I had that year a fine crop of wheat on a piece of corn land that had been heavily dressed the year before. It was a choice variety, perfectly clean, and entirely free from all foul seeds. Every bushel sold readily for seed wheat at two dollars and twelve and one-half cents a bushel.

Having all things in readiness to move, we set the twenty-eighth day of March as the time to leave, and seek our fortune in a strange land. It was cold, rough weather, the snow at least four feet on the level; teams coming out of the pineries on account of deep snow and heavy expense of shoveling roads. We felt a little anxious about the weather as it was important for us to start at the time appointed. The twenty-third was mild and in the afternoon a snow storm set in; it was very damp and heavy at first, but as the storm progressed the weather became colder and the snow lighter.

The storm continued nearly two days and two nights, and when it had ceased two feet of snow had fallen. Then to cap the climax the wind began to blow, and the reader can well imagine how it was about the snow.

During the storm all was very quiet—which is not always the case; no noise, no bustle, no hurry; each starry

flake seemed playfully to waver and linger in the air as if in no hurry to join its fellows on the ground, but finally settled softly in its own place, there to remain, if not disturbed, until the spring resurrection, when it would in another form be translated to a more congenial clime. But the beautiful snow was not allowed to rest in any such quiet repose. The wind was soon abroad in the land, and in winter in a rigorous climate, snow is its most convenient plaything. For two days on this occasion the wind sent the snow whirling through the air, piling and packing it into drifts wherever it would pile and pack to the best advantage, whether in highway, street, yard, lawn or alley, or over and against the front entrance to our dwelling, it was no respecter of persons or things. Such a blockade was scarcely ever known.

Some of my friends thought it would be impossible for us to get away until the roads were "broken out," which would require three or four days. But I had already made provision for just such an emergency. I had several days before engaged Charlie Norton, the young man to whom I sold my farm, to take me to an important stage line fifteen miles distant where we could reach the railway twenty miles further on and be comparatively safe from further snow blockades.

The morning of the twenty-eighth was cold, calm and clear. The tops of the smooth, unbroken snow-drifts glistened in the beautiful sunshine. Norton came early with his matched span of gray colts that for two winters had been trained to move on in the snow as long as they could move at all, and then remain quiet and passive on their feet in the snow until they were shoveled out. We loaded in our baggage, took with us two snow shovels and started out. There was no sign of a track after we left the village, and although the roads were fenced there was no sign of a road, for the fences were completely covered with the exception of now and then the top of a solitary post a few inches above the snow. We found on getting out of the village the drifts were hard enough to bear up our light teams, so instead of avoiding them we sought for the highest and longest in road or field; no matter which, we were "Free-commoners" and went where we pleased. Our horses seldom went down,

when they did, a little shoveling sufficed to place them on top or where they could wallow through the snow.

In two days we made the fifteen miles, and made two visits on the way. The next day we reached Boston and remained there over Sunday, thence to Prattsburg, Indiana, by easy stages—only traveling by day—via Cincinnati, and down the Ohio river to Aurora, thence by stage line to our place of destination.

What a change in climate and temperature! We still had on our winter clothing and suffered from the heat while going down the river. The grass on the bank of the river was three or four inches high and peach trees were in full bloom. It was only a few days before we were in a wilderness, as you may say, of frost and snow, now in a land of sunshine and flowers!

How fortunate, we whispered to ourselves, to exchange a sterile, rocky, ice-bound coast for a paradise like the banks of the Ohio. We had no idea then where we would locate.

We went directly to the home of our brother Mayhew, and settled down very contentedly with them for nearly three months, and then made up our minds to look for a location.

After traveling quite extensively in Wisconsin in company with my father-in-law, Charles Pike, and brother-in-law, W. S. Marshall, a lawyer from the state of Maine, I made up my mind to locate in Argyle, La Fayette county, Wisconsin. I bought a vacant business lot in Argyle; father Pike purchased a good, new dwelling, and then I set out for my family.

We reached Warren, Illinois, then our nearest railway station, Saturday p. m. the second of July, 1854. We expected to remain there over Sunday, but the cholera was raging so fearfully we did not care to stay and found a hotel-keeper from Gratiot, nearly half way to Argyle, who took us to his place that night and the next day to Wiotia to the home of an old friend. We had not seen these friends for many years, and spent our "Country's Natal Day" in a social and pleasant manner. The next day I went to Argyle and commenced my store, and the following November had it completed and ready for occupancy.

Forty-two years ago that part of the state was quite

new, and transportation of merchandise and produce over hilly roads was slow and expensive. But we lived through it and were always cheerful, contented and happy; only when laid out with fever and ague, which we had periodically for a whole year.

OLD SETTLERS' STORIES, NO. 2.

The first year in Wisconsin finally passed, and with it that exceedingly troublesome disease, fever and ague. I would usually manage to stay in the store and wait on customers during a chill; but when the icy fingers of the chill released their grip and the hot, heavy hand of fever was laid upon me, I wilted and retired from the field, leaving my wife and the clerks to fight it out, and it took not only all summer but all winter as well.

They all said I looked cross, acted cross, and was cross, while shaking with the ague, and I am inclined to think they were about right. But the fever while it lasted not only took all the cross-grained material out of me, but the most of my ambition. It was quite different with my wife who was never cross, but after a long siege of fever and ague she would often expatiate earnestly and eloquently upon the folly of leaving the east when fairly well situated there, and coming to such a malarious country as this. I think our customers in the store really enjoyed her orations on the "State of the Country" much better than my perorations on the state of my health while shaking with the ague.

It was our intention to avoid a malarious location and we made inquiries in many places about fever and ague, but were invariably informed that it did not exist at the places we made the inquiries, but at such and such places a few miles away they had it badly, we had better not go there. So you see we did not go to all the towns where they had it, but unfortunately for us, somehow the fever and ague found out we were there and followed us.

Several eastern parties coming in soon after we did had

the same experience. But we lived through it, was of some help to the "India Chologogue" manufacturers and dealers in quinine, and in a year and a half were as good as new. I rather think during our shaking and fever season we were a little homesick, but had too much sand to own it up.

The surrounding country was rapidly broken and placed under cultivation; nearly all the first settlers brought money enough with them to get well underway. Crops being good and being near the lead mines we had a fine trade, and business in all its various branches was quite satisfactory.

In addition to my mercantile business, in company with Mr. Thomas Patterson, now of Monroe, we had started a wagon, carriage and plow shop and were nicely underway. We had just laid in a large stock of iron and steel for the manufacture of these plows when the "tocsin of war" sounded, and this country was plunged into the depths of the Civil War.

In 1861 my Assembly district favored me with a seat in the Legislature.

Not having taken any particular or definite action in regard to the rebellion, before the adjournment of the regular session Gov. Randall called an extra session the following summer to put the state on a "war footing."

Of course we were very patriotic, ready to vote men and means to carry on the war in defense of this glorious Union. We formed a temporary Legislative Military Company, and elected our chief clerk, Col. Crane, for our drill master. All the time we could spare from legislative duties was devoted to military tactics and drill. It looked for a while during that short session as though the members were not only willing to provide the munitions of war, but were even ready to furnish some of the sinews themselves. Col. Crane soon after entered the service, and lost his life at the battle of Cedar Mountain. The spirit we there imbibed, whether it was real patriotism or simply enthusiasm, many of us carried to our homes.

Soon after reaching home we organized a military company, and as it must have a name we duly christened it "The Home Guards;" elected the writer, captain; L. B. Waddington, first lieutenant, and B. W. Howland, second lieutenant.

We received our commissions from Gov. Randall and were ready for business, not the business of protecting Argyle nor of fighting rebels at that time, but the business pertaining to drill and military tactics in general. Having had a better opportunity to learn the manual of arms and other exercises than my lieutenants, I drilled my company faithfully once or twice a week for several months. We looked forward with much interest to the time we were to meet for drill, and the half day set aside for that purpose was in every case well improved.

The soldiers became patriotic and enthusiastic, expressed a wish to go to the front and wanted me to lead them. What should I do? My grandfather, Stephen Pullen, was a soldier of the Revolution, served well and faithfully until the close of the war and left a record of which we were proud.

My father, Greenlief Pullen, served in the war of 1812, received an honorable discharge and eventually a Land Warrant from an appreciative government, which was a help to him in his old age. I was proud of my father's war record, not that he had to do much fighting as he belonged to the cavalry and was stationed at a point where he was kept busy carrying dispatches, as we had no swifter conveyance in those days than the fleet horses of the troopers, and the fighting was done mostly by our navy.

This was a grand opportunity for me to go into the army and keep up the war record of my forefathers. But I did not go. I was one of the degenerate sons of "worthy sires" who stayed at home and let others do the fighting. It took me so long to make up my mind that a majority of my brave soldiers enlisted in other companies and marched to the front. This number included both lieutenants and I think all the non-commissioned officers in the company. I stayed at home proud of my soldiers who had enlisted, for I knew them to be noble boys, but not particularly proud of their captain for staying at home. But he had the satisfaction of doing what he could in the way of raising money and men to fill a quota, in a county containing quite a few rebel sympathizers. Sometimes it was rather uphill business in the mining district to hunt up parties who were wanted; and it was claimed that the sheriff and some of the recruiting officers while

traveling in discharge of their duties, were fired upon by persons lying in ambush.

OLD SETTLERS' STORIES, NO. 3.

Some of the miners were bitterly opposed to the draft, but not having sufficient strength or reliable backing to make an open resistance, they vented their spite and spleen in solitary and secret places. No doubt it was some satisfaction to hide away, and when they had a good chance try to scare somebody. But they were not dangerous and did but little harm.

A large majority of the people of both sexes were loyal to the Union; even the boys from eight to twelve years of age, when the war commenced, were soon so thoroughly imbued with the spirit that actuated their seniors, that Byron Andrews, Perry Wilder, Charlie Pullen, Samuel Wright, Cassian Andrews, Robert La Follette, Willie Wood and many others, organized themselves into a boy company.

Many of your readers know personally or by reputation most of the boys herein enumerated, and all of us who lived there well remember the gay and becoming uniform that decorated this branch of "Young America." Light brown pants with red trimmings, red flannel shirts, red and blue zouave caps, as the girls used to say, "made them look too killing for anything." But this gay uniform did not kill the boys nor any of the rebels. The moral lessons then and there obtained have always been treasured up in good and honest hearts, producing a salutary influence upon the lives and character of these boys that has had a tendency to lead them in paths of morality, patriotism and piety.

Mr. Byron Andrews only a few days ago called my attention to this matter, stating how well he remembered it all; and to prove that they thoroughly appreciated what was being done in matters far beyond their years, repeated almost verbatim passages and whole paragraphs contained in the speeches we had made to our soldiers before and after

drill, as we endeavored to impress upon them not only the importance and sacredness of our cause, but the necessity of manly, gentlemanly and soldierly deportment in the volunteer department of our army.

This boy company was able to furnish its own music, and in time of need at evening war meetings, some of them were able to help their seniors. Charlie was always on hand with his snare drum. New recruits would often coax him to go with them as drummer boy, and no doubt he would have gone could he have obtained our consent. But not being more than twelve years of age at that time, consent was out of the question. Had he gone he might have kept up the fighting reputation of his ancestors; but he having a good excuse stayed at home with his father and did valuable service drumming up recruits as long as soldiers were needed in the field.

I have frequently been asked in "common parlance" why I did not go to the war. This being a leading question requires an answer rather than excuse. Excuses in such cases not being very current, and being generally discredited, I have none to offer. My reason is this: having for a long time had a reasonable doubt in my own mind of my personal bravery, I gave "Uncle Sam" the full benefit of the doubt; which I think was very liberal on my part, as it gave him an excellent chance to secure a better man and gave me a chance to stay at home. This arrangement being reciprocal was a good thing for both parties. I could do my fighting at home and "Uncle Sam" was abundantly able to do his share in the field. Oh, I tell you, I am a firm believer in Reciprocity! Especially when it will allow me to stay at home.

Even the soldiers thought I could fight better with my tongue than with my sword. They somehow got it into their heads that I could make a pretty good war speech, but in that they were fearfully mistaken. They also thought I was a pretty good fighter at the capital of the state, so in the fall of 1862 they again gave me a seat in the Legislature as a reward, I suppose, for my stay at home policy. The soldiers had the privilege of voting at the fall election, and the majority I received was very flattering as it seemed to endorse and vindicate my reciprocal arrangement with "Uncle

Sam" and the willingness of the boys to still let me remain at home.

“Brave boys are they,
Gone at their country's call;
And yet, and yet,
We could not forget,
That many brave boys must fall.”

Of course all the prominent facts and features of a general character pertaining to our Civil war have long since passed into history, and what now may be produced of a purely reminiscent nature in these "Old Settlers' Stories" will naturally be treated as unwritten history, and go upon the pages of *The Badger* as additional, historical facts. This rule not only applies to the subjects which we already had under consideration, but to all the different subjects that will likely to be considered in these stories.

I wish to consider briefly one more subject in this communication, which is also a matter of history and ought long ago to have become obsolete, and so completely dead, plucked up by the roots and buried so deeply as to be past all resurrection and redemption. The subject alluded to relates to the "State Bank Currency," which was in use in nearly all the western states during the first two years of the rebellion, and until a better circulating medium was by congress provided to take the place of the "Wild Cat Currency" that filled this part of the country. We find many young business men who have no idea of the distress caused by this worthless currency. Still we find many people who still stand ready to again deluge this country with the same kind of money. The currency of our eastern banks was better because it was better secured.

The west was flooded when I first came here with this "Wild Cat Currency." It was not wanted in the east and the miners would not take it in the mines for lead ore. But in all other branches it was taken at its face value until the war broke out, then we were "all in a boat." The depreciation commenced immediately and continued until it was wiped out. Every man who handled it lost money. The more he handled the more he lost. The longer he kept it on hand

the greater his loss. All business men were obliged to take it or quit business. The nearer they were to railway stations and telegraph offices, the more readily they could communicate with money centers, thereby saving time and money in handling the rapidly depreciating currency. The premium on gold and silver went up just as fast as the currency went down. Gold was soon out of sight, and silver, although not as high in proportion as gold, nearly all "skipped the country," and merchants in many cases issued their own fractional script, it being impossible to get small change enough in the whole country to properly transact business.

This difficulty of making change was finally obviated when the government issued the fractional currency. But the lack of small change, while it was exceedingly inconvenient, did not entail a great financial loss upon the country like the depreciated currency. Thousands of poor people who had about all they possessed in this worthless stuff, who lived at a distance from city or village and not knowing what was going on in the world, found out when too late that they had been holding nothing but filthy rags.

We were living at that time fifteen miles from bank, railroad or express office. We received by mail every twenty-four hours a bank-note reporter, which quoted the market value of all the currency in circulation. We had to consult that report almost every time we received a bill. Very few notes would be quoted at the same value two days in succession. The quotations, however variable they might be, always had a tendency downward.

We made things as lively as possible in the direction of getting this currency off our hands, but it took so much time that we would average a loss of from one to five per cent on quite a large portion of every batch sent away. In this way we had lost a large amount of money before the government came to the rescue with the national currency.

Very few of our younger business men of the present time can realize the damage and loss sustained throughout the western states during the "State Bank Currency Crisis" in the early sixties.

How much more pleasant to do business now than then. No fear of depreciated currency; all we have to guard against

is counterfeits. What a blessing we now have a sound National Currency, and for one I can say emphatically, I want no more State Bank Currency in mine.

CHAPTER VI.

MINNESOTA STORIES, NO. 1.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., June 8, 1871.

After a pleasant but somewhat tiresome trip across the country by way of Albany and Monroe, our party, consisting now of seven persons, took the cars at Warren on the Illinois Central railroad for Dunleith; which point we reached about six o'clock Tuesday evening. We went immediately on board the steamer "Minnesota," bound for St. Paul, engaged state rooms and were booked for the above mentioned place. Our boat crossed over to Dubuque, back again to Dunleith, and finally after getting all things ready, about ten o'clock in the evening steamed away up the river in fine style. It was a bright, moonlight night; the most of our party now beheld the great "father of waters" for the first time, and it was with the deepest interest that we sat upon the deck of the steamer, looking out upon the smooth, glassy waters, the high, craggy bluffs, and the dark, deep ravines, until the hour of midnight warned us that it would be for our interest to retire for rest in our staterooms, and thus be the better prepared for the labors and enjoyments of the next day.

Just after daylight at a place called Guttenburg, the writer was again on deck feasting his eyes upon the wild and picturesque scenery, so rich and beautiful as the sun first makes its appearance from behind those bleak and barren bluffs. Our party had soon all arisen and were again together, greatly refreshed by a night's rest on board the boat.

We soon reached Prairie du Chien, where we were joined by Mrs. Mayhew and F. J. Mayhew. We had a beautiful

day and a splendid run from Prairie du Chien to La Crosse, when our boat lay at anchor until past midnight. We passed two landings, Richmond and Trempealeau, and eight o'clock next morning found us at Winona, one of the smartest and most enterprising towns on the river.

Here is where the freight train broke through the railroad bridge and five or six cars were precipitated into the channel, where they still remain, and over which our boat sailed as we passed through the "draw" up the river. I will not attempt to give a description of the scenery from this point to the head of Lake Pipin, which continues to increase in beauty and interest as we proceed. It must be seen to be appreciated. We passed very near the base of Maiden Rock, whose summit towers between three and four hundred feet above the river, from which the disappointed maiden cast herself down and was dashed in pieces on the rocks below. This is called by some "lover's leap."

We entered Lake Pipin about four o'clock in the afternoon, passed the whole length of the lake, thirty miles, in about three hours. Our boat landed a large quantity of freight at Lake City, a beautiful town some six or seven miles up the lake. The sky was clear as we passed up the lake, but there had just been a thunder shower and a portion of the time the wind blew almost a gale, but we were securely ensconced in the pilot house, where, thanks to our courteous captain and gentlemanly pilots, our party had free access all the way up the river, from which elevation we could see all there was to be seen and still be secure from wind and rain. Master Georgie was frequently allowed, when the channel was wide and deep, to go to the wheel and steer the boat, and our ladies assisted the pilot to ring the bell and blow the whistle as we passed others boats, or neared the towns where we were to land passengers and freight.

To say that we had a good time going up the river would be but a tame expression. It was, in fact, perfectly, supremely grand and splendid.

About midnight we reached St. Paul, but did not leave the boat till after breakfast next morning.

Here permit me to say, Mr. Editor, one word to the traveling community in favor of the steamer "Minnesota"

and her gentlemanly officers. It is a beautiful boat belonging to the Northern Line, neat and clean, fare and accommodations first-class in every respect, and a more affable, genial and noble master than Captain D. C. Smith, never set foot on a Mississippi steamer.

At St. Paul we stopped at the Merchants' Hotel, hired livery teams and took a view of the whole city. It is quite useless for me to attempt to give a description of St. Paul, it being a place of note, the capital of a state, etc., doubtless most of your readers are as well acquainted with its history and business prospects as the writer.

At fifteen minutes before five we left St. Paul for Minneapolis and took rooms at the Nicollet Hotel, where we expect to spend a number of days, and where if nothing happens you will hear from us again. We will endeavor in our next to tell you something about Minneapolis, Minnehaha Falls and some new towns, and the farming country away out on the St. Paul and Pacific railroad. In the meantime we remain,

Very truly yours, L. T. P.

MINNESOTA STORIES, NO. 2.

LAKE MINNETONKA, Minn., June 13. 1871.

According to promise I again take up my pen to inform you of our whereabouts. Our stay in Minneapolis was very pleasant. We found many friends that we were intimate with in the old "pine tree state." Among them I will mention Mr. O. B. Cutler, Col. S. P. Chipman, and C. F. Pillsbury, Esq.

We are very much pleased with Minneapolis; in fact, it just suits me in every respect. In our humble opinion, as a business point it is far superior to any other place in Minnesota. It is regularly and nicely laid out and surrounded by as fine a farming country as can be found in the west. It already has a great many substantial business blocks, fine residences, beautiful grounds, and its union school-houses and churches surpass anything I have ever seen in any city of its size east or west.

In 1865 its inhabitants numbered four thousand and six hundred, now the number reaches fifteen thousand. The great water power of St. Anthony Falls furnish thousands of people with constant employment in the various mills and manufacturing establishments located here. It is estimated that these falls furnish sufficient power to drive every mill and factory in New England. It is said Minneapolis has already succeeded in attracting the largest number of mechanical enterprises in the west, and is now justly called the Manufacturing City. A charter has already been granted for putting in a dam below the falls, locks are to be built, and thus the river is to be made navigable to the falls for the largest boats. Cotton factories will then spring up, transportation on the raw material will be exceedingly cheap and instead of sending it to New England to be worked up and bringing the manufactured articles back at great expense, it can be worked up and distributed right here at home, thus saving thousands of dollars to the consumer.

Besides all the machinery on the St. Anthony side, Minneapolis contains two paper mills, two woolen mills, thirteen flouring mills, fourteen saw mills, and many other manufacturing enterprises too numerous to mention. The Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad company have also located their car and machine shops here. The falls are now pronounced secure by some of the best engineers in the United States. The growth of the city although rapid is considered healthy. New buildings are springing up in every direction. New streets being laid out and graded, and property gradually raising in value in every part of the city and adjoining country.

The Falls of Minnehaha, five miles distant, are constantly thronged with visitors. They are truly grand and beautiful in the extreme. It truly does one's very soul good to gaze upon those laughing waters as they leap from their dizzy height, and in feathery whiteness plunge into the abyss below, sending up and around a misty spray, causing a rainbow when the sun shines.

Our party visited these falls and nearly all, including the ladies, passed under the table rock in the rear of the falls and enjoyed the privilege of being shut out as it were from

the world by the roaring cataract, and also of becoming pretty well drenched in the blinding spray as we wended our way behind the sporting waters, where a misstep would land the pedestrian a hundred feet below, amid the boiling, seething waters as they again find their level among the bottom of the falls.

From here we turn our faces toward Fort Snelling, where we spent several hours viewing the grounds and works within its enclosure, and looking down upon the river, railroad and objects of interest from its lofty tower; and where, after being furnished with a good, cool glass of water, we partook of a picnic dinner and thereby became greatly refreshed. Then we visited Lake Calhoun, a beautiful sheet of water a few miles distant, and in so doing passed the farm of Col. King, containing twelve hundred acres, upon which one of the most elegant barns that I ever saw, just completed at the cost of twenty-two thousand dollars. We also saw some of his "blooded stock," the finest that I ever beheld.

Our time allotted to Minneapolis having now expired, we embarked on board the cars on the St. Paul & Pacific railroad for Lake Minnetonka, fourteen miles west of Minneapolis. Having reached a station called Wayzata on said lake we disembark, and take up our abode at the Minnetonka House. This lake is said to be the largest and most beautiful in Minnesota, estimated to have a shore line of two hundred miles. The water is very transparent with pebbly bottom. This lake is dotted with beautiful islands, and its shores are lined with heavy timber. Black and rock bass, pickerel, pike, cat and sunfish abound here. This place is a great resort during the summer season, with tourists from the south and east. Two small steamboats ply between here and Excelsior, another summer resort on the south side of the lake.

Our party immediately chartered a fishing boat and the smallest steamer to tow us to the best fishing grounds, and with plenty of bait and tackle we embarked in high glee on our excursion. We had extraordinary good luck, and captured more fish by far than any other party out that day. We returned long before sunset, somewhat tired but in ex

cellent spirits, with rock and black bass, pike and pickerel floundered in the bottom of the boat. But Mrs. Pullen bore off the palm, having captured the largest fish of any one of the party, a beautiful pike two and one-half feet long, and weighing some eight pounds. But she called lustily for help to pull his fishship into the boat, which assistance was most cheerfully rendered by others of the party.

It was a fine specimen, but nothing in comparison to one of the same name caught by the writer down in the state of Maine twenty-two years ago, weighing one hundred and twenty pounds and measuring five feet and eight inches in length. You may think this is a fish story, and so it is, but a true one in every particular. If you are still unbelieving call at our rooms at the Minnetonka Hotel, and we will prove to your entire satisfaction the truth of our assertion.

So good-bye for this time, and when you hear from us again it will be still farther west on the St. Paul & Pacific. Hoping that you are all well, and that you will not in our absence try to make any one believe that Jonah swallowed the whale, or any other unreasonable fish story, we still remain,

Very truly yours, L. T. P.

MINNESOTA STORIES, NO. 3.

ATWATER, Minn, June 17, 1871.

Having remained our allotted time at Lake Minnetonka, we again step aboard the cars and continue our journey westward. We propose in this communication to mention some of the new villages which have sprung into existence on this new road within a twelve month as if by magic.

The first station west of Wayzata is called Long Lake, pleasantly situated on a lake of the same name, where a large mill is operated for the manufacture of staves and heading. Maple Plain, the next station, is noted only for the vast amount of maple wood shipped from there to St. Anthony, Minneapolis and St. Paul. Delano, on the Crow River, seems to be quite a lively village, already containing seven stores, a grist mill, three hotels, engine house, grain elevator, and several machine shops.

Waverly, the next station, is situated on the south side of Waverly Lake. The railroad company has laid out a town here, and a village has already commenced. There are several stores, a hotel, and the erection of a church edifice is in contemplation this season. Howard Lake station is located on the shore of Howard Lake, in the "big woods." It now contains several stores and a saw mill, and is said to be settled mostly by Americans.

Darwin is situated on the eastern side of the Big Prairie and seems to be a nice, thriving village. From what I could discover, and the information I received from a gentleman on board the train, this is destined to be a place of considerable importance. The town extends to Dougherty Lake, and near this lake lie two other beautiful lakes, Stella and Washington; all of which have gravel and sandy shores, and an abundance of the finest fish. All such places as these are bound to be places of resort in the summer season for pleasure seekers and invalids.

Litchfield, another pleasant village, is the county seat of Meeker county. This is considered by the railroad company as one of the most important points on this line. The United States Land Office is situated here, and a weekly newspaper, the Meeker County News, is published at this place. The town now contains two hotels, two agricultural warehouses, several lumber yards, twelve stores, mechanic shops, grain elevator, railroad buildings, and quite a number of fine residences. One year ago last fall I am informed that a crop of grain was harvested on the site of this town, and now it numbers over one hundred buildings. Of course we have all heard of towns being built up much more rapidly than this in localities rich in mineral wealth, but this place is to be built up and sustained by being the center of the county business, and a rich farming country around, the interests of which are fast becoming identified with this enterprising village. Atwater, twelve and a half miles west of the last mentioned place, where a brother of the writer resides and where our party are now stopping, is situated on a prairie, Kandiyohi county, in the midst of as fine a farming country as ever "lay out of doors."

This place contains the usual railroad buildings, five

stores, one hotel, one blacksmith shop, all doing a flourishing business. There is also one church edifice, and a school house is in process of erection, the frame having been raised since we reached the place. Everything in and around this place shows evidence of thrift and advancement. Although out on the prairie, it is near a large body of timber, which gives this place a decided advantage over any other railroad town in this county. Green and Diamond Lakes, where our party have spent considerable time fishing, gathering carnelians and camping out, are but a few miles distant, and add much to the picturesqueness and beauty of the country.

Such variety as we find here, meadow, prairie, timber, and water, are scarcely ever found so beautifully combined in any country. It is, in fact, considered by some travelers the garden of the state. The water of these lakes is clear and deep; beaches, nice, clean and pebbly, with banks varying from five to twenty-five feet high, nearly surrounded by timber, with now and then a narrow strip of prairie extending to the water's edge. Here we find a deep, rich, black soil, with sufficient sand in its composition to warm it up and give to vegetation a quick and early start. Some portions of this country are level, others undulating, and from that to quite rolling. This county is in the central part of the state, containing the state capitol grounds, and, no doubt, will eventually become the capital of the state. The "Big Woods" until this railroad was built, completely cut off this country from the markets. But now that difficulty is overcome and the markets of the world are open to this rich and productive country. And immense emigration and general prosperity is the result of the completion of the enterprise.

I find, by statistics, that the average yield of the wheat crop in this country for the last eight years has been twenty-two bushels to the acre, and ninety per cent of the same No. 1 wheat. Corn averages sixty bushels to the acre, and is always ripe before the early frosts. Crops mature some three or four weeks earlier here than in many portions of the state. On the whole, I can say of a truth, I am more than pleased with this portion of the state, and cheerfully predict for it a glorious future. The tide of immigration is

steadily and surely setting in this way; and these vast uncultivated prairies that are so beautiful even in nature's attire will soon be subdued, and by the power and art of man made to bring forth from its vast mines of wealth that only lie "furrow deep," those rich agricultural products that are in reality better than silver or gold.

This railroad is now complete, and passenger and freight trains regularly running out as far as Benson, one hundred and thirty-four miles from St. Paul. Construction trains are running still further on, and the work is said to be rapidly progressing.

We are not able at this time of writing to inform you where you will hear from us again, and in the meantime we hope, Mr. Editor, that you will try to keep everything in good running order during our absence. When we return we will post you more in detail in regard to the little incidents connected with our pleasure trip.

Respectfully yours,

L. T. P.

MINNESOTA STORIES, NO. 4.

AUSTIN, Minn., June 23, 1871.

After a very pleasant visit at Atwater, and many nice buggy rides and fishing excursions, we bade adieu to kind and attentive friends there and again set out for Minneapolis, which place we reached about four o'clock, p. m. on the nineteenth inst., and found friends in waiting at the depot to conduct us to their homes in and near the city.

The next day after our arrival we spent in visiting Nicollet Island, some of the mills on the St. Anthony side, including the paper mill, and other objects of interest below the falls; bridal veil, silver cascade, etc. We also paid a flying visit to the state university, situated one mile below the falls, on quite an eminence in the midst of a natural grove. The buildings are built of stone, tasty and commodious, and the institution is said to be in a very flourishing condition, having an attendance the last term of between three and four hundred students.

St. Anthony, although far behind Minneapolis at the present time, seems to be making some headway this season, and as the difficulty and doubt concerning the title of the lands has been effectually removed, will continue to steadily improve. Several new mills are to be built, and I see no reason why St. Anthony should not at an early day become a thriving and lively city. Of course we do not expect that it will outstrip Minneapolis, for I find, on paying this place a second visit, that it is gaining much faster than I supposed at first. Sixty new stores are now in process of erection, and more than one-half of them fine brick and stone buildings, and numerous residences are to be seen springing up in almost every direction within the city limits, and also on five, ten and twenty-acre lots adjoining the city on all sides save but one.

Having spent considerable time here first and last, and visited all the different places our party cared to see, after thanking our kind friends for their hospitality and the interest they had taken in making our visit pleasant and agreeable, we again step on board the cars on the Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad and are rapidly moved away toward Austin. We passed the famous Castle Rock, of which we have a fine stereoscopic view, and several nice thrifty towns, Northfield, Faribault, Owatonna, etc., reaching this place at two o'clock p. m. where a carriage was in waiting to convey us to the homes of friends, who had been looking for us a day or two and expressed much delight at our coming.

Austin is situated in Mowey county, one hundred and four miles from Minneapolis, and one hundred and eleven miles from McGregor; is the county seat, contains nearly three thousand inhabitants, has six churches, a beautiful, three-story, brick school-house which cost forty thousand dollars, a good water power, large brick flouring mill, two banks, many beautiful and costly residences, some thirty stores many of which are in nice brick blocks, five hotels and another large, brick hotel in course of erection at a cost of from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars, and is emphatically a smart and enterprising town, hard to be beaten by any town of its size in the west. It has two railroads and the junction of the Southern Minnesota with the Milwaukee & St. Paul is

only three miles distant, and no doubt will eventually be changed to this place. It is only some four years since a village was first started here, and its rapid growth can be attributed to its being the center of an extensive farming country, the improvement of its water power, and the enterprise and energy of its inhabitants generally.

Our party are highly gratified so far with what we have seen of Minnesota. I am free to confess that many of the prejudices which I formerly entertained against this northern country have been during my sojourn here entirely swept away. I had no idea of its liberal supply of timber, its variety of scenery, the depth, richness and productiveness of its soil, until I saw for myself. "Seeing is believing," and I no longer doubt. And again, its climate is said to be one of the healthiest in the world, and I have no reason to doubt that. Its pure, bracing air seems to invigorate the whole system, giving new life and vitality to every organ. Its educational interests have been well cared for. No state in the Union can boast of such liberal endowments for educational purposes as can this state. One thousand two hundred and eighty acres are set apart in each township for the support of schools, amounting in all to some three millions of acres. And in addition to all this the state university at St. Anthony, which has already been alluded to, has an endowment of forty-six thousand and eighty acres. All its pecuniary embarrassments have been removed and all the children in the state may have a collegiate education.

We are having a nice, warm rain-storm today, which was much needed. For two nights past we have had very heavy thunder. Two houses were struck by lightning night before last in this place. The house of Mr. Sutherland was considerably damaged, but providentially the occupants were all out. Mr. Richardson's house was not so much damaged, but some of the inmates were knocked down and quite seriously injured. The lady of the house where we were stopping received a heavy shock, but felt no inconvenience after a few minutes.

No more this time, and hoping the good people of Evansville are all well, I remain as ever,

Yours, L. T. P

EXPLANATORY.

I find on reaching home that the fish story in Minnesota letter No. 2, does not with many of your readers go down, and that the veracity of the writer in one or two instances has been assailed. Of course our most intimate friends immediately saw the point, and I do not blame others for their unbelief. Suffice it to say that I had the satisfaction of eating a portion of the pike caught by Mrs. Pullen in Lake Minnetonka. It was a sweet and most excellent fish, but, as I said before, nothing in comparison to the one of the same name which I caught twenty-two years ago. Mark ye! the same name, not the same family. It is an old and trite saying, "there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught." I cannot, in my case, endorse it. My fish of one hundred and twenty pounds weight was the daughter of Charles Pike, Esq. She is still alive, hale and hearty; and although I have never eaten her yet I can testify that so far as my experience goes, which with her has extended through a period of twenty-two years of happy married life, she is the sweetest member of any Pike family that I ever met, and I do not believe there are many more in the sea like her. So help me Jonah.

L. T. P.

CHAPTER VII.

PENCILINGS, NO. 1.

HENRY, D. T.

My last "Pencilings" were from Parker, soon after my arrival in that pleasant little city. There I met Frank Jones and received from him a very pressing invitation to visit his family. I with pleasure accepted and spent an agreeable, and I trust, profitable evening with Frank, his wife, Mrs. Livingston and the children. They are all well, and, judging from appearances, happy.

I will now pencil some of my impressions received at this place.

Less than seven years ago the site where Parker now stands was an open prairie, tenanted only by the wolf, antelope, and other inhabitants of the wild. Now we find it the county seat of a large and flourishing county, inhabited mostly by good, moral and industrious citizens. It is well supplied with grain elevators, where a large quantity of grain is handled. We find here comfortable school-houses and churches, good stores and many fine residences. The manufacturing interests of this place have already received a fair degree of attention. They have good steam flouring mills, steam mill for the manufacture of steel-cut oatmeal of different grades, furniture factory, and other manufactories of less note.

Although the population and property valuation of Parker is much less than our own beautiful town of Evansville, yet they have an excellent system of waterworks, consisting of a good well, tank and wind mill, etc. These are situated on Court House Hill, with mains and pipes running through the principal streets and hydrants at convenient distances for the attachment of hose, giving ample protection from

fire to all the business and much of the residence property. This well is also of sufficient capacity to furnish a supply of good, pure water for drinking and culinary purposes.

On visiting these new towns away out in the frontier, and noticing the enterprise in the way of modern improvements in all their public works so much superior to anything we find in many of the older towns, one is led to ask himself the question: Why is it so.

The conclusion that seems to me the most natural, if not the most logical, is simply this: The more enterprising citizens, and those who have not the most money but the most land, go out from among us and settle up and develop these new countries. When they leave the old shell they also climb out of the old ruts in which their fathers have plodded so long, and take higher ground on a broader scale for the public welfare and safety.

Of course, as in war times so it may now be necessary for some to remain behind in these old towns and cities as home guards to hold the fort—the writer was one of this class in times of war. But with all the conservatism, experience, wisdom, money and egotism of those who are left behind, among whom the writer is also included—except the money qualifications—we may, if we will, learn many practical lessons from those who go out from us to settle up and improve these new countries.

The following lesson might do us good right here in Evansville: That it is not wisdom or even economy to be "penny wise and pound foolish." Our system of water-works in this town has always been insufficient for an emergency. Fortune thus far has favored us and a great emergency has never arisen. This state of things may not always exist. To longer delay, in my judgment, is presumption and may be disastrous. I hope this matter, which was somewhat agitated last year, may be kept before the people until every building within our corporate limit shall be much better protected from the fire fiend, and every inhabitant of our beautiful village be amply supplied with pure water at or near each dwelling. If anything is to be done this season, now is the time to commence. Alexander; on

being asked how he conquered the world, promptly answered: "By not delaying."

From Parker I pursued my journey to this place by way of Iroquois, Brookings and Watertown. This little village of perhaps three hundred inhabitants, is eighteen miles west of Watertown, on the Watertown and Redfield branch of the Chicago and North-Western railway. They are already agitating the question of an artesian well and I think will soon have one. I came near forgetting to mention, while in the southern part of the territory I stopped a few hours at Lennox and took tea with F. H. Treat and family. Mr. Treat is engaged in the fire insurance business as a special or general agent for a Sioux Falls company, and is doing a fine business at a liberal salary.

I also had the pleasure of meeting at the same place Mr. Waldo and Frank Tullar. My letter being too long already, must be brought to a close. Tomorrow I expect to bid farewell for a while to the "Land of the Dakotas" and sincerely hope the time is not far distant when we can speak of this great country as a state or states, and not as a territory. Hoping this may find you all prosperous and happy, I still remain, Very truly yours,
L. T. P.

PENCILINGS, NO. 2.

WATERTOWN, D. T., Sept. 27, 1882.

I noticed in your last issue, you stated that "L. T. Pullen had departed for a tramp through Dakota, and that the readers of The Enterprise might expect to hear from him." The first part of your statement was nearly correct, and would have been quite, if I had departed a few hours earlier, which was my fault and not yours.

I have such an anxiety for the reputation of editors, that they may ever be considered truthful, I will endeavor to do my part toward making the latter portion of your statement correct to the letter.

I tramp so much I am almost ashamed to appear in print so often in that light, but I try to be a respectable tramp and don't beat any person very badly, and if I don't do much good tramping I trust I do less harm than the average Congressman, for they will vote for River and Harbor Bills, thereby squandering millions of money when the people think they ought not to, and will dodge the vote, or which is almost as bad, vote the wrong way when measures are pending for the reduction of taxes. And the people, the Sovereigns, you know, are apt to think these things are all done in the interest of Rings and Monopolies.

Instead of taking the cars Monday night as I designed, I stepped on board the north-bound train Tuesday at 2:39 p. m. for my long contemplated trip to the land that is about to flow with milk, butter and cheese. The cars were all crowded, half seats were in good demand and whole ones could scarcely be had except for good looks and winning ways, which finally carried the day with your unworthy correspondent, and by pre-emption right he laid claim to a whole seat and became a "Sovereign Squatter" there, as he thought for the night. But alas! "how vain are all things here below, how false and yet how fair." I only held my seat alone until I reached Madison, and then my right was contested, and partly from the force of circumstances and partly from choice, I took a partner, or rather two of them—a nice, good-natured, good-looking, young lady, with a smiling, cunning, pretty, little baby. The baby would laugh and play and the mother was agreeable and pleasant, and none of us, excepting the baby, thought of being sleepy until at last just before we reached the river, about ten o'clock I think, the lady reached her destination and stepped off.

I again found myself alone in the seat of my choice. Once more I staked off my claim, and tried to strengthen the cords that bound the stakes by putting my valise and overcoat in one end of the seat, and lying down my head, and stretching out my weary limbs, I composed myself for a few hours sleep. I was just fairly away in the beautiful land of dreams when I was suddenly aroused from my pleasant, refreshing slumber to realize that "each pleasure hath its poison too, and every sweet a snare," and I was re-

quested to make room for a bow-legged, red-haired, red-whiskered, sharp-eyed, thin-faced, rattle-brained specimen of humanity, whose tongue was as the pen of a ready writer, having been wound up and set in motion, according to the sickening odor of his breath, by a little of the O-be-joy-full, flavored with the scent of the noxious weed inhaled from a strong clay pipe. That little unruly member could no more stop until it ran down, than the wind and waves could cease their motion until calmed by that Voice that could say "peace, be still," and was obeyed. The longer he chatted the less sleepy I grew and the less I knew, and when he had talked me into the middle of next week I concluded that "discretion was the better part of valor" and beat a hasty retreat, leaving him alone in his glory, to tell the same story about old Mother Morey, figuratively speaking, and to light up the otherwise dark and gloomy car with his fiery, red hair and whiskers and sparkling conversation; putting to shame all the other lights in the car, and if his light was patented it would soon get away with the greatest lights of the age, including the Edison electric light.

After yielding my claim to the seat I had held so long, I explored three coaches to find another place to settle, and when I succeeded I placed myself in as graceful an attitude as possible to court the shy and modest dame, balmy sleep. The position was an upright one, slightly leaning against the window blind, but my head soon fell forward and then my whole body collapsed and I found myself rolled together like a scroll. I was glad to change my base and rest my head on the arm next the aisle. But soon some reckless pedestrian ran against my hat and sent it trailing in the dust on the floor, and to save my head I was glad to draw it in like a mud turtle, thankful for once that I was blessed with a short neck, for if it had been a foot longer it might have been broken.

It is claimed that short limbs are a luxury when a man desires to sleep on board the cars, they fold away so readily and occupy so little space. That may be true in some cases, but mine are so full of bones and old stiff joints that they don't fold worth a cent. I could almost wish that I was round like a ball, devoid, for the time being, of all these in-

convenient projections, or that I was a "dog on the hearth," a "cat in the corner," a "bug in a rug," or to say the least that I was snugly put away in my own little bed for I was tired and sleepy too. But the long, weary night at last came to an end, and the daylight with its clear sky, its cool, refreshing breezes, its bright, warm sunshine soon dissipated all drowsy feelings, awakened nature asserted her sway, and all the little annoyances of the night were among the things of the past only to be remembered and alluded to with a smile.

Half past eight in the morning found us at Tracy, where we partook of a splendid breakfast, and at nine we were again on board steaming away towards Watertown. We reached this place at one o'clock p. m. and secured rooms at the Central House, where we expect to remain until tomorrow afternoon. More anon. L. T. P.

PENCILINGS, NO. 3.

ORDWAY, Brown County, D. T., Oct. 2, 1882.

Since my last I have not had occasion to spend a whole night on the cars as I did the first night from home, consequently I have no thrilling adventures or hair breadth escapes to relate, but will in this letter come down to sober, solid facts, which are always a healthy diet for the mind if not taken too frequently or in too large quantities.

I noticed while traveling through our own state, the frost had touched vegetation much more lightly than in Minnesota and Dakota. The corn, however, is said to have been ripe here before the frost came, which I think is the case, the early varieties having been planted.

I reached this place last Saturday evening, and will now speak of the different towns of importance visited since my entrance into the land of the Dakotas. Watertown, the first point made for rest and observation, is very delightfully situated forty miles west of the Minnesota state line on a

gentle, southerly slope, about a half-mile east of the Big Sioux river, furnishing all necessary drainage, is emphatically in every sense of the term, a live town. It is on the branch of the Winona and St. Peter road now being extended, and in a few days to be completed to Redfield on the James River Valley branch. It will also very soon be in direct communication with all points in Hamilton and Brookings counties and the main line of the Dakota Central, by means of the Sioux Valley branch now being constructed from Volga. Another line still has been projected, northeast to Milbank, to intersect the Hastings and Dakota line running west.

Watertown is the county seat of Codington county and contains about fifteen hundred inhabitants. It has a large number of stores, two banks, both in brick blocks, four church edifices, a good, graded school-building costing some eight thousand dollars, and many fine residences. A large, steam-roller, flouring mill with a capacity of two hundred barrels per day is being built, and is nearly completed, by parties from Janesville, Wisconsin, at a cost of twenty thousand dollars. A steam elevator with a capacity of fifty thousand bushels is also being erected by the same company. One would think on looking over this town and knowing nothing of its age or history, that it would require at least ten or fifteen years to accomplish so much. But I was told by parties who ought to know that five years ago there were not ten white men in this county, and that not an acre of soil was cultivated until 1878. They say now, in a clear day, on a slight elevation out on the prairie a mile from town, a hundred houses can be seen with the naked eye, within a radius of six miles.

This county now contains nearly six thousand inhabitants, and according to the late estimate one hundred thousand acres of land are under cultivation. Two years ago I visited this place, and I must say I am astonished at its growth and prosperity. All landed property here in the village and for miles around has more than doubled in value, and still this part of Dakota has had no boom, but its growth and advance in value is steady, healthy and permanent.

I saw in Watertown several whom I know, among them

Col. O. C. Johnson, formerly of Beloit, Wisconsin, and our old townsman, Ben. Lovejoy. Mr. Lovejoy is nicely situated here, having good and commodious buildings located on pleasant lots in the most desirable part of the village. Col. Johnson is President of the Bank of Watertown, owns several sections of land and is engaged extensively in farming and stock raising, having some five hundred acres under cultivation, and a herd of cattle, some of them thoroughbreds, numbering over eighty head.

At Henry, a station on the new line, eighteen miles west of Watertown, I found Everett Lovejoy, his mother, and Mr. and Mrs. Prichard. They all seem to be contented and happy, Mrs. Lovejoy owns a home in Watertown and expects to occupy it in a short time as a permanent home. Everett is running the station at Henry; is doing finely and says he finds it much more pleasant to be his own boss. I spent one night with them and a part of two days. Was treated very kindly and enjoyed my visit with them greatly. On Friday morning last, the Redfield line not being fully completed and desiring to come to Ordway by rail, I retraced my steps to Tracy, took the main line by the way of Huron for this place.

Ordway is at present the terminus of the James River Valley branch of the Chicago & Northwestern road. It is near the center of Brown county on the Elm river near its junction with the James. It is just about one year old and contains some thirty business houses. It is surrounded by farming lands that cannot be excelled anywhere, and houses already dot the prairie in every direction. I find here the best water I have ever found in the territory, except at Findlay, Turner county.

I designed in this to tell you about Redfield, Aberdeen and Huron, all in the James River Valley, but it will make this letter too long. In my next I will give you a brief account of those places and perhaps some other towns that I may chance to visit. I thought I knew something of the "Jim River" Valley before, but I must confess the one-half cannot yet be told. Oh! that I were young again; this valley should be my home and I would help develop the finest country the sun ever shone upon.

L. T. P.

PENCILINGS, NO. 4.

BROOKINGS, D. T., Oct. 10, 1882.

While traveling in this territory you will hear some one remark many times a day, "Well, this is a great country!" The force of the foregoing remark can be fully realized only by those who have explored and examined this great country for themselves. It is great in many respects. Great in territorial extent; great in its soil and productions; great in prospect; and before many years shall elapse it will be one of the greatest and brightest stars composing our beautiful constellation of states.

You would be astonished beyond measure to behold the vast tide of immigration that is pouring into this territory from every northern state even at this late season of the year. And in the main they are an excellent class of people—just as good as left behind. A class that will be an honor and a credit to any country fortunate enough to secure them as citizens. They are composed largely of strong, healthy, young and middle-aged men and women, who are well able to possess the goodly land, and to successfully contend with all the various hindrances to be met in pioneer life. With quite a sprinkling of gray-headed "chaps" like your correspondent, that there may be old men for counsel while the young men subdue the soil and otherwise carry on the warfare.

Among the first things accomplished in all these new towns is the organization of churches and schools; and in a very short time convenient edifices and school houses are seen springing up as if by magic, and the new town of this year assumes the appearance of the old the year following. Railroads must naturally come in for a large share of the credit in the rapid development of this country. Never before in the history of railroading have such long lines been projected and completed in such short periods of time, as has been the case in opening up this new and vast country to actual settlers. The policy of the government has been liberal in the extreme, and everything for the last three years seems to have been favorable for the rapid settlement of this country.

We have heard it in song in the days of our boyhood that Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm. It is true that he has been and still is rich in beautiful and fertile lands, but his domain is fast disappearing and so far as he is concerned his vast and rich landed estate will with him be a thing of the past, and his nephews and nieces, his uncles, his cousins and his aunts will cover all his broad acres, making two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before, and making what has just been a wilderness inhabited by wild beasts and Indians to smile and blossom as the rose, adding millions upon millions of dollars to his already well-filled coffers, and strength, greatness and perpetuity to our beloved Union.

This has been a good year for Dakota. Crops of all kinds are abundant, have been well and safely secured, and prices cannot fail to satisfy any reasonable person. Markets are easy of access, and farmers, merchants, mechanics are jubilant. Towns all along the lines are springing into existence with such rapidity that people are astonished, and frequently ask themselves and others, can this unparalleled growth and prosperity continue? I for one feel sure it can and will, if the seasons continue favorable, and we have just as good right to expect favorable seasons for mixed farming as anywhere in the northwest.

One year ago I visited Aberdeen, when it contained but four frame buildings, small at that, and about twenty tents. Now I behold some fifty or more business houses, many fine residences, six hotels, three banks, a large brick block containing the United States land office, two fine churches, and a graded school-building in process of construction, to cost six thousand dollars. They also have an artesian well flowing with great force and affording a large volume of soft water. The hotel accommodations at this place are not surpassed by any west of St. Paul. This is a railroad center having already three roads.

Redfield, a town about one year old, at the junction of the Watertown extension and James River Valley branch, is quite a railroad center and is bound to be a town of some commercial importance. It already has about twenty business houses, among them three hotels, three lumber yards,

two banks, a board of trade, etc. It also has two churches and will soon have completed a fine school building. The farming country here, like the whole of this valley, is all that can be wished or desired. This is another of the booming towns of the valley, and offers many inducements to men of good business habits backed with a reasonable amount of capital.

Huron, the metropolis of Central Dakota, situated at the junction of James River Valley branch with the Dakota Central, is the county seat of Beadle county, and the prospective capital of the new state. It contains about eighteen hundred inhabitants at this writing, and has the location, the enterprising citizens, and all the elements necessary to make it one of the largest cities in Dakota. I visited this town one year ago when it was scarcely two years old. No boom had then overtaken it and but little had been done comparatively to build it up, but I then made up my mind and stated to others when I reached home that it would eventually become one of the largest and best towns in the territory. My expectations so far concerning this place are more than realized. Its school buildings, its churches and its well-filled stores would be a credit to almost any of our old eastern towns. A United States land office is established here and was opened yesterday for business, and all the well-appointed and well-regulated hotels were filled to overflowing. A United States signal service office also has its location at this place. Among the many business houses we noticed five regular banks. The Chicago & Northwestern railroad company have made this town the center line, and are building here large machine shops, well fitted with the best modern machinery. Huron is surrounded by a rich, farming country and is bound to be a large, agricultural city, as well as a commercial center and one of the great distributing points of Dakota.

Last Saturday and Sunday I passed very pleasantly with an old friend and fellow townsman, Mr. John C. Andrews, and his two sons and daughters. They are very favorably located about seven miles northeast of DeSmet, the county seat of Kingsbury county, in as fine an agricultural district as can be found in Dakota. They have a large tract of land

with about one hundred acres broken, well stocked with horses, cattle, hogs and sheep. Their crops are good and their prospects for future success are very encouraging. Mr. Andrews took his team and carried me over a large extent of country. They came to this part of the country before the railroad was built and among the first to look for claims, therefore they had an opportunity to select the best. Their many friends will be glad to hear of their prosperity. All who thus leave their pleasant homes to make new ones on the distant frontier are entitled to much credit as public benefactors, and what they obtain is well and honestly earned.

L. T. P.

CHAPTER VIII.

PENCILINGS, NO. 5.

HENRY, D. T., Oct. 17, 1882.

I returned to this place from the west, on the new line of road, last Saturday night. Clark Center, the county seat of Clark county, thirteen miles west of this place, is one of the booming towns of the territory. Building first commenced there last May, and has progressed with wonderful rapidity ever since. We counted thirty business houses nearly completed, some of them well finished, and well stocked with the choice selections of the different kinds of goods. There are at this time three large hotels, all well filled. The road from Watertown to Redfield was completed at nine o'clock last Thursday night, and the day following a special train containing the division superintendent and other officials passed over the line. Wild land near this town is valued at from ten to twenty dollars an acre.

I have given short sketches of some of the most prominent towns that I have visited, which must for the present suffice. Towns are being built up from eight to twelve miles apart all along the lines of the different roads, and what is said of one, excepting the great centers, may be said of all. Some of them will eventually become manufacturing towns, others will be known as farming centers, according to natural advantages, taste and means of those who settle in and around them. Water power is not very abundant, but wherever it exists it will be rapidly and thoroughly improved, and where it has no existence steam is fast supplying the deficiency. Coal is said to abound in the territory, discoveries having already been made, and mines will soon be tested and developed, giving the settlers cheap fuel for cooking, warming and other purposes.

Some object to this country on account of the scarcity of timber, but I for myself, with railroads crossing and recrossing the territory in almost every direction, bringing fuel and lumber almost to the doors of the inhabitants nearly as cheap as can be purchased in Southern Wisconsin, I for one would scarcely raise an objection on that score. Having been raised in a heavily timbered country and assisting in younger days to clear off large tracts of land, I say, give me the rich, smooth prairie where I can start the plow without stopping to clear the land, and where one is not obliged to knock around among stumps and roots for years to come. Timber may be successfully cultivated here, and nice, thrifty groves in localities that have been settled for several years already dot these vast prairies, relieving the monotony of travel and lending enchantment to the view. When settlements become more dense and these groves become more frequent and the trees attain a larger size, the sweeping prairie fires will cease their annual visit and these miniature forests will serve as wind-breaks, the rank, wild grass and other wild herbage will remain a thick, heavy network upon the earth, forming a lodgment for the falling snow, blizzards will then lose their force and will soon cease to be a terror to the inhabitants of Dakota.

The winds are a little more severe here than in Southern Wisconsin and cold weather usually sets in a little earlier,

but the winters are no longer and no more severe, as spring always makes good any loss of fine weather that may be suffered in the fall. Sowing can be done in March and planting in April, usually two or three weeks earlier than in Wisconsin. The vegetables here, such as potatoes, turnips, beets, onions, etc., many of them raised on the sod, beat anything I ever saw. Some one when examining these products playfully remarked, that unless we had a blizzard, or a freeze up, or something to stop these things from growing, they would crowd all the settlers out of the territory. I never saw such vegetable crops anywhere as I have beheld here, and all the care they had was to plough and plant. New breaking needs no cultivation the first year.

My protracted absence from home, as well as the lateness of the season, admonish me that my very pleasant sojourn in this beautiful and grand country must soon be brought to a close. I shall leave it with many pleasant recollections, and at the same time with not a few regrets. I shall for the balance of my life remember with pleasure these vast, boundless prairies, these neat, thriving villages, the happy, smiling, whole-souled and hospitable inhabitants, who are ever ready to give you information, and lend a helping hand to the weary traveler in every time of need. And while bidding adieu to all these associations that have awakened new hopes, incited new desires and opened up new prospects, I feel to almost regret that my age and business combine to make it impracticable for me to adopt this famous country as my future home. But I suppose when I leave it and return to my good, old Wisconsin home and meet the relatives and friends who are ever ready with smiling faces and happy hearts to extend the earnest salutation and the cordial kiss of welcome, I shall be satisfied to think of Dakota as more suitable for the rising generation. While I am loth to have any of our citizens, especially the young on whom more than others our hopes seem to center, leave us, still, when I realize that this is truly a young man's country, I feel the force of the injunction of that great modern philosopher, Horace Greely, uttered in an abrupt, earnest commanding manner and echoed from the mountains of Maine to the lakes, "Young man go West."

No such opening in my opinion was ever presented to the industrious, energetic, frugal young man, who is willing to work and carve out his own fortune by close application to business. There are thousands of acres of as good land as the husbandman ever beheld that can be had by just taking possession of it. And you don't have to go hundreds of miles in covered wagons to reach it and then wait for fifteen or twenty years for the railroads to come to you, as did your fathers. Railroads now precede you. In a few hours you can reach the frontier in palace coaches. Then by traveling on foot, if you have to, or any other way if you can afford it, from five to fifteen miles, you can rest on Uncle Sam's domain. When once there and no other filing ahead of yours on the piece of land you have chosen, if you comply with the law, no power weaker than your kind, big-hearted "Uncle Samuel" can ever drive you off until you prove up and get your deed, then beware of land sharks for you will always find them around "like roaring lions, seeking whom they devour." Ladies as well as gentlemen are here by the score and hundreds taking up claims and improving them.

This is truly an age, and this emphatically a country, of golden opportunities. Some of the best chances may already be taken, but new discoveries and new developments are constantly bringing to light other favorable localities, which seem to be just as inviting and just as good in every respect as those that are now occupied. I could mention some of these localities but time and space will not permit. When I reach home if any of your readers desire further information on this point, I will gladly impart such knowledge as I may possess. In the meantime I still remain your most humble servant and a loyal citizen of the good old state of Wisconsin.

L. T. P.

PENCILINGS, NO. 6.

WATERTOWN, D. T., April 14, 1886.

I saw Rob the day I left home and he desired me to write a short letter when I reached Dakota. I did not promise him I would, but I suppose it is better to write without a promise than to promise without a (write) right. If I did not promise I suppose I have a right to write, and I concede to you the right to publish my write, or not, just as you see fit.

Thus endeth the first chapter on (writes) rights. For further information on the subject I will refer you to all that has been or may be written on the subject of equal or unequal rights, from the time mother Eve through the influence of the serpent conceived the right to partake of the forbidden fruit and share it equally with Adam, to the time when woman shall take the forbidden ballot and share it together with the administration of this government equally with man. As we "all die in Adam," so we may all be made alive by extending to our mothers, wives and sisters equal suffrage and equal rights. Many of the six hundred thousand that annually fall into drunkard's graves might be saved alive, could woman share the ballot equally with man. Thus endeth the second chapter on (woman's) rights.

I had a very pleasant journey to this place. The cars were somewhat crowded, as the tide of immigration is already moving slowly, and surely, and strongly to the great west. All here are looking for a heavy immigration this season. In that I am satisfied they will not be disappointed. Every indication points in that direction. Let them come. This is a big country and there is room for all who will come and behave themselves.

I reached this city April 14, at 12 o'clock. Had a little business to transact, which is nearly completed and I expect to start westward at 12:30 tomorrow.

The season is much more forward than in Wisconsin. Roads dry and dusty and land in excellent condition to work. No sleighing here last winter, and only about three inches of snow all told. Watertown is growing finely. No big boom,

but a good, healthy growth. It is now quite a railroad center and its further development and success is already assured. Its churches, school houses and public buildings compare favorably with older and larger cities. Society here is as good as can be found almost anywhere, excepting in Evansville. Of course you will pardon me for excepting our own little paradise, for we all who have lived there knew it to be the greenest spot on earth. Some may say it is no greener than the writer of this article, but when they consider that it is a different kind of green they will not stop to draw any comparisons.

Tomorrow forenoon I intend to look up and call on some of our Rock county friends, and in my next will tell you where and how I find them. Wishing you abundant success in your new enterprise, I remain,

Very truly yours, L. T. P.

PENCILINGS, NO. 7.

ABERDEEN, D. T., April 17, 1886.

In my short communication at Watertown, D. T., I incidentally hinted that I would be likely to call on the Rock county people living there, and would speak of them in my next. That same evening I called on Mrs. Lovejoy and her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Prichard, and D. B. Lovejoy and family. Found them all well and apparently happy. After a very pleasant visit of two hours duration and a pressing invitation to remain longer, I reluctantly bade them farewell and returned to my hotel quarters for the night.

Such renewals of old friendship and acquaintance are always profitable to me, and much more interesting than the formation of new ones. If old acquaintances were not forgotten in the days of "auld lang syne," neither should they be forgotten in your days or in mine. This world at best is rather cold and selfish, and a regular habit has settled down upon society of doing from a sense of duty what ought to be

done from a sense of love and gratitude. Therefore every tie, sympathy, love and friendship that exists and binds our hearts together here should if possible be so strengthened by occasional renewals that time or distance cannot remove them. Friendship, real, true and genuine is too scarce to be neglected or trifled with. It is sometimes cast aside in a careless, thoughtless manner, but when lost its value often seems greater than when held in actual possession.

Friendship is ever a precious boon,
For when one is lonely and sad,
It often removes the darkness and gloom,
And makes the heart merry and glad.

Next day I called at the United States land office and found my old friend and neighbor, M. W. Sheafe, who is now the registrar, a position formerly held by Hon. C. G. Williams. After a pleasant chat with Col. Sheafe he invited me to his fine residence, where I made the acquaintance of his family, consisting of his wife, mother and three-year-old boy. After a very kind and cordial reception and a pleasant little frolic with the bright, three-year-old boy, and having received from the little fellow a parting military salutation, I bade the family adieu and in company with friend Sheafe called on the Hon. C. G. Williams and his estimable lady. My time being limited Mr. Williams took me in his buggy and drove to his office. After a half-hour spent in discussing old Rock county matters with occasional allusions to Dakota affairs, I took the west-bound train at 1:20 and pursued my journey in that direction. I finally brought up at Aberdeen and took tea with my old friend, W. E. Lovejoy.

Mr. Lovejoy is the gentlemanly and efficient agent of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad company at that place, and is doing well for himself and for the company that employs him. Everett has staked out his ground and is getting ready to build a new residence. When it is completed, finished and furnished he, of course, expects to keep "old bach," at least that is what he says. I have a standing invitation to visit him and permission, if I wish, to smoke in

the house and put my feet on the stove. Guess I had better leave my wife at home; what a grand time we then can have with

“None to molest or make us afraid,”

And here let me rest on this easy grade.

Very truly yours, L. T. P.

PENCILINGS, NO. 8.

MISSOURI VALLEY, Iowa, May 6, 1886.

At two o'clock p. m. on Tuesday the 4th inst. wife and I landed in Chicago in the midst of a drizzling rain. Mud as usual on such occasions about two inches deep.

At 9:05 same evening Mrs. Pullen took the train at the Union depot for New York. At that point she expects to join our daughter, and after a few days sojourn in that city they will visit Boston, where our daughter will again resume her studies.

On the 5th inst. at noon I left Chicago on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad for a trip towards the Black Hills. If nothing happens I expect to go to the end of the railroad, which is now completed to Buffalo Gap, fifty-five miles north of Chadron. I may after visiting that new and wild country be able to give you some items of interest.

After a pleasant trip from Chicago to this place of just about twenty hours duration, I arrived here at eight o'clock this morning and registered at the Cheney House. Shall take the first train for Buffalo Gap.

I noticed all the way through the state of Illinois vegetation, excepting grass, is very backward, owing perhaps to the wet weather and the flatness of that part of the country. After we crossed the river into Iowa I noticed a slight improvement in the forwardness of the crops. I expect as I go farther west to find still greater improvement in that direction.

This is quite a railroad center, otherwise it is not much of a place. I think the number of inhabitants is less than one thousand. The Cheney House is a first-class hotel.

The Chicago and Milwaukee riots of the 4th and 5th form the all absorbing topic of conversation everywhere. The terrible occurrences of those two days created a great sensation in Chicago. The most intense excitement and indignation seemed to prevail among all orderly and law-abiding citizens. Forty-four names of wounded policemen were registered at the county hospital the morning I left Chicago, victims of the dynamite bomb explosion. Physicians and attendants were doing all in their power to alleviate their sufferings. The police were being armed with Springfield rifles and every effort was being made to arrest the leaders of the mob. Should the fiend who threw the bomb be caught before the present excitement shall be allayed, I have no doubt he will be hung up to the nearest lamp post. We have, as we often hear, the best government under the sun.

While I fully endorse this sentiment I have felt for years that our state and municipal authorities are too slow in arresting and dealing with lawless insurgents. Some of the governments of Europe can teach us good, wholesome lessons in this respect. Had Spies, Parsons, Fielding and a few others been promptly arrested when they first commenced making their incendiary speeches, all this bloodshed might have been avoided. Of course as an American citizen, I, with the rest of your readers, advocate free speech and will fight for it if necessary; but that kind of free speech that incites a drunken mob, not knights of labor, but lazy, lawless tramps and anarchists, to arson, insurrection and murder, should not for a moment be tolerated, but all who are guilty of such incendiary utterances should immediately be placed behind the bars. If this had been done three days before the riot those forty or fifty policemen would not have been sacrificed. I must say right here, all honor to our noble Governor Rusk for his foresight and promptness in calling out the state militia to quell the miserable Milwaukee riot. Had not this been done immediately there is no telling how many lives may have been lost, or how much property destroyed. But thanks to our gallant governor who nipped the insurrection in the bud, by being prepared to respond as soon as called on for aid. Law and good order are of so much more importance than the votes of lawless men, that officers true

and loyal to their trust will do their duty and leave the issue with-law abiding citizens. The laws must be sustained as long as they have a place on our statute books. When they bear unjustly or unequally upon any class of our citizens they should be amended or repealed. This must be done by our state legislature and by Congress. Our redress for all grievances we may find in the ballot. The people are the sovereigns. Educate the people up to a higher standard, thereby placing the ballot in intelligent hands, and relief will certainly come. Perhaps not in a day or a year, but if the people remain true to themselves, true to humanity, and true to conscience, objectionable and burdensome laws will soon be expunged.

This question of capital versus labor is today one of the most important before the people. It should not be ignored but should be calmly and candidly considered. I think it has been fully demonstrated that the American people are capable of self-government. As a rule they are fairly educated. Cool, educated Americans, either citizens by birth or naturalization, lovers of good order, representative men of both capital and labor, are competent to settle this important question. But they must not be intimidated by socialists, anarchists and ignorant semi-barbarous Poles and Bohemians, many of them exiles from their own country. Of course it will take some little time to adjust this labor question, nothing is gained by undue haste or violence. On the contrary the cause of labor is retarded every time acts of violence are indulged in.

All reasonable demands presented in a fair, judicious manner by such men as Powderly will be fairly and duly considered. If an agreement cannot be reached appeal to Congress. Such men as Irons should be thrown overboard. If we elect United States senators and representatives to Congress who do not and will not represent all the people, appeal to the ballot box and throw all such men overboard. Of course this also applies to all our state legislatures. Some may say this sounds well in theory but may not be practical. I claim it is practical. Although this process may seem slow it is nevertheless sure. The progress will be in exact proportion to the enlightenment of the masses.

Men and women of means have a right to organize and consolidate capital, to engage in manufacturing, build railroads and develop mines, and by so doing increase the demand for labor and add materially to the wealth of the country. In this instance both parties are entitled to credit, as both are public benefactors, "causing two blades of grass to grow, where but one grew before." Men and women without means have a right to organize, and unitedly do all they can to enlighten themselves and others and better their condition. "Knowledge is power." "In union there is strength."

All these organizations of capital as well as labor must remember that each have their personal rights, which must not in any case be interfered with by the other. The laborer has the right to dispose of his labor to the man who will pay the most for it and give him the best terms. The man who wishes to employ labor has the right to obtain it where he is best suited. One man or one organization has no right to dictate to another in this matter. To do so would be contrary to the spirit of our free institutions. In order to insure peace and harmony, to produce prosperity, happiness and success throughout the whole country, this principle as laid down by the fathers must be lived up to. Let us hope that such will be the case. Let us hope still further that this murderous assault upon the officers of the law by anarchists and socialists who would, if they could, trample all law under their feet, has at last brought about a crisis that will very soon wipe out and utterly annihilate those lawless organizations. Men who will not work themselves must not be permitted to hinder others. Such a state of affairs is worse than slavery. For nothing being produced, the innocent must suffer, the business of the country be ruined, and the families of honest, industrious, satisfied laborers driven to the poor house or starve.

Hoping all parties concerned will speedily come to their senses and these matters of difference be fairly adjusted, I remain,

Very truly yours, L. T. P.

CHAPTER IX.

PENCILINGS, NO. 9.

NELIGH, Neb., May 11, 1886.

This place is reached by the way of the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley railroad. This road has been built but a few years, but is supplied with elegant coaches and everything in connection with it is first class. A vast crowd of passengers fill every train, bound for Northwestern Nebraska, and Southwestern Dakota.

This great country that was set down in all our geographies as the Great American Desert when I was a boy attending school, is proving to be one of the richest and most fertile in all Uncle Sam's broad domain. The Elkhorn Valley so far really exceeds my expectations. No finer grass, corn or stock country can be found. They claim to be able to raise corn here at a cost of ten cents per bushel. Cost of putting up hay from seventy-five cents to one dollar per ton. It is also a good country for oats, and just fair for wheat. The most profitable of anything is stock raising.

The climate is mild, being comparatively free from scorching heat or extreme cold. On either side of this valley the banks are quite high and in many places rise abruptly. Sand hills not unfrequently crown the summit of these banks. In some places for two or three miles from the valley the soil is quite sandy, but seems to be wonderfully productive. Big crops of corn are being raised on this light, sandy soil.

I traveled south of this valley some eight or ten miles, and found on reaching the table-land a short distance from this sandy soil, as beautiful a country as I ever beheld. The

soil here is not so light and includes a rich, dark loam and clay, with just enough sand to make it quick and warm. The surface is gently undulating, with sufficient drainage to keep the land constantly in good condition to work. This country was formerly regarded as outside of the rain belt. Settlers who have been here five or six years claim that there is sufficient rain for agricultural purposes and the fall is constantly increasing. The soil is of a light, spongy nature and seems to absorb and retain the moisture, and is capable of holding and returning it to the surface as vegetation may need it. We had a beautiful shower last Sunday morning after daylight, which was so readily and completely absorbed that by church time the streets were quite dry and free from mud. Still the soil is very rich and productive notwithstanding its great absorbitive qualities.

Although this village is but a few years old they have fine brick school and college buildings, good stores, a water-power flouring-mill, and many neat and comfortable residences. My headquarters during my sojourn here have been established in the family of an old, familiar friend of other days, Hon. A. J. Anderson, formerly of LaFayette county, Wisconsin; than whom a truer friend or more honorable, conscientious, straight-forward business man cannot be found in this state or any other. Mr. Anderson has resided here about five years. Is engaged in banking and is treasurer of Antelope county. He has been very prosperous in business here and elsewhere and has a bright prospect before him. Like a great many other men who have made a success of life and have been happy and prosperous in all their varied relations, he is largely indebted to his good wife who has truly been to him a help-meet in all his walks of life. I sincerely hope their future may be as bright and cheerful as the past, and that future generations may rise up and call them blessed.

Farms are being rapidly opened here, and houses, stables, wind mills and nice little groves already dot the prairie in every direction. This part of the Great American Desert that we all thought years ago was fit only for the wild beasts and savages, has, in the language of another, been made by the hand of man "to bloom and blossom as the rose."

Capitalists from the east have so much confidence in the future prosperity of this country that they are sending thousands of dollars here for permanent investment. Society here is just as good as in Wisconsin. In fact Wisconsin is well represented in the society of Neligh. We expect as we journey westward to meet in some of those towns at or near the terminus of the road a different and perhaps a rougher element in the make-up of society.

This afternoon at four o'clock, in company with my friend Mr. Anderson, I expect to pursue my journey towards the Black Hills country. At some of our stopping places, as we have opportunity, will try and tell you something more about the new discoveries constantly being made along the line of this road across the Great American Desert.

Sincerely yours, L. T. P.

PENCILINGS, NO. 10.

HOT SPRINGS, D. T., May 14, 1886.

In company with my friend Hon. A. J. Anderson of Neligh, Nebraska, I reached this place on the 12th inst., and have enjoyed very comfortable quarters at the Ferguson House. The trip from Neligh to Buffalo Gap by rail, a distance of three hundred and forty-six miles, occupied seventeen hours and was without any special interest.

We find a good farming country much of the way until we reached Chadron. From that place to Buffalo Gap, the end of the road, the country is not so good. There are many nice towns springing up the whole distance, but space will not permit me to mention them. Chadron is now just about nine months old and was for a time the terminus of the road. It now contains some four or five hundred buildings, some of them very fine, and about two thousand inhabitants. There are several hotels, any number of stores of various kinds, and four banks claiming an available capital of five hundred thousand dollars. Education is already receiving its share of

attention, and religion has begun its good work in that lively frontier town. I saw a gentleman of considerable intelligence who recently spent a Sabbath there, who thought the religious and moral training of a majority of the inhabitants had been sadly neglected. It often seems so in these new, rapidly growing towns where speculation runs high, but time and religious teaching will eventually bring the people to their senses, and they will be led to realize that there is something else worth striving for besides money.

Chadron is the county seat of Dawes county, the junction of the two roads, and the railroad company has built a good eating house and all other necessary railroad buildings at this point. One branch of the road runs north from this place to the Black Hills, the other west into Wyoming and will be completed this year as far as Fort Fetterman, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles from Chadron. Before many years it will be continued on until it forms a junction with the Union Pacific at Ogden or some other available point. This road will open up the vast coal fields of Wyoming, as well as its other mineral resources which are known to exist in such variety and quantity in this territory. The branch to the Black Hills is graded to Rapid City in Dakota, forty-eight miles north of Buffalo Gap, and within forty-two miles of Deadwood, and by the first of July the track will be laid and the cars running to Rapid City. From this point narrow guage roads are already being built to accommodate all the important places in the Hills where extensive mining operations demand railroad transportation.

Buffalo Gap has from three to four hundred inhabitants, and is lively now but has a great many roughs, and it seems to me will never be a town of much importance.

Rapid City is considered by everyone who pretends to be posted, the gateway of the Hills and the coming metropolis of Western Dakota. It already has three thousand permanent inhabitants, and they claim five hundred visitors weekly. Many capitalists and wealthy stock men have come here to stay, and are scattering money with a liberal hand to build up and improve the city. The railroad surveys all seem to center here, and all who are interested in this place claim that it must of necessity be the "Hub." Property is very

high, some corner lots selling as high as twenty-five hundred dollars.

All through the Black Hills specimens of tin ore are being found and many rich mines have already been discovered. There are other valuable deposits besides the precious metals that seem to abound largely in this section of country. Among them I will mention plaster of paris, gypsum and isinglass. I have no doubt all these will be utilized and will be of great value sometime in the near future. But the tin mines are now the pride of Dakota. Specimens of tin ore have been found in Mexico and in several states of the union, but, as I understand it, not in paying quantities. Consequently all the tin used in this country, amounting to twenty-nine million dollars per annum, has to be imported. Persons here who have been all through these Hills and have carefully examined many of the tin mines, claim they will soon be extensively worked and in a few years will be able to supply the entire demand of the whole United States.

While we find these Hills so rich in mineral resources and other deposits, let us not forget that there is much good farming land in these fertile valleys and upon these beautiful plateaus. Even these mountains and hill sides abound in rich grasses, making it a fine stock country. When stock raising can be combined with agricultural pursuits, success is sure to crown the efforts of the husbandman.

From Buffalo Gap to these Springs where we are now stopping for a while to recuperate our wasted energies, it is about twelve miles. The trip has to be made by private conveyance or in one of the Black Hills stage coaches. The roads are somewhat rough and hilly, making the journey a little tiresome but it is nevertheless full of interest. The scenery is magnificent and beyond description. It is especially so at this season of the year when all nature is just bursting forth into new life, and these sunny hillsides are decked with beautiful flowers and carpeted with the soft, green grasses. Under such circumstances and with such surroundings roughness is forgotten, aches and pains are for a time dispelled by the enchanting scene spread out on every side.

We are now enjoying life and seeking to recuperate our wasted energies at the Hot Springs. These springs by far

exceed my expectations, and I am truly glad to be able to test the medicinal properties of these marvelous waters. I have seen and conversed with several persons who have been cured of rheumatism and other diseases by drinking and bathing in these waters just as they gush forth from the rocks. I have gathered many reliable statistics, and in my next will give a full description of these springs, the improvements now being made and the grandeur and beauty of this wonderful country.

L. T. P.

PENCILINGS, NO. 11.

EVANSVILLE, Wis., May 25, 1886.

The town of Hot Springs, in which we find the mineral springs called by the same name, is situated in Fall River county, the same being the southwest county of the territory. According to the best information I could obtain, about one-half the area of this county can be used for agriculture and the remainder is timber, mineral and grazing land. Only two townships have as yet been surveyed. The work of surveying is now going on and no doubt the whole county will be in market next season. A company has been formed for the improvement of these springs, and a tract of land embracing all the hot springs has been secured by this company. Not having sufficient time to write up these springs and feeling anxious that your readers may have a better description than I am able to pencil, I will quote from an article written by Dan Scott for the Sioux City Journal, as follows:

“There are thirty springs on the company’s possessions, embracing a tract of three hundred and eighty acres, including all the springs in this section. I visited the springs that have been improved and which have been in use during the past four or five years, and was greatly impressed with their curative virtues. Not because I had any personal experience to convince me, but from the appearance of the water and the surroundings. Here were the original Indian bath tubs, cut out of the rock by the aborigines the Lord only knows how many years ago, and from the worn appear-

ance of the rocks I should judge not less than a thousand or two. The hot, gas-charged current rushes from a fissure in the rock at the head of the excavation.

The waters of this spring are so heavily impregnated with gas as to enable a person to fill the bottle with the illuminating vapor and burn it from the mouth of the vessel. Dr. Jennings, who showed me through the bathhouses, declared he had carried rheumatic victims from his hotel, which is a few rods removed from the springs, to the bathhouse, and after the third soaking not a few walked back to their quarters, and there are scores of people all over the Hills country ready and willing to corroborate the doctor's statement.

The number of patients who are taking advantage of these springs is much larger than the general reader has any idea. I learned this evening that the number has averaged twenty-five all of the present winter, but this number will not form a corporal's guard to those who will visit here next spring now that the railroad facilities are so convenient for cheap and rapid transportation, and when the hotel accommodations will be ample and of the most convenient and comfortable character. The frame work for this palatial hostelry is already up, and it is the purpose of the company to have it ready for the influx of health and pleasure-seekers during the early spring. It is located on the left bank of the stream, directly opposite a deep, narrow cañon putting into the river valley from the west. In this cañon or gulch are located the Indian bath tubs and the other springs referred to above, also Dr. Jennings' log hotel and his elegant cottage, just completed.

This romantic little retreat is to be improved by the construction of winding walks beneath its sighing pines, affording trysting places for the young and giddy and resorts of rest and meditation for the staid and weary. That entire section, in fact, is studded with interesting retreats and scenery. It is impossible to wander in any course without encountering something calculated to attract attention, so tumbled up is the physical character of this section.

The town proper is situated about a quarter of a mile below the big hotel on a smooth and perfectly drained plateau

of about two hundred acres, surrounded by high and rugged ranges of pine-covered hills on either side. This little hamlet already sports all the conveniences of its larger sisters in other quarters of this land of incomparable resources. It has a neat little church, a school house, a comfortable hotel, livery stable and several stores, and about two hundred intelligent citizens. In point of intelligence it is, perhaps, not equaled by any town in the west of its dimensions. This is attributable to the fact that it was first settled by the members of the Hot Springs company, who succeeded in inducing personal friends to locate here. Judge Kingsley of Deadwood, has erected a summer cottage here, and many other well-to-do citizens of the Hills will imitate his example the approaching season; besides, a number of wealthy residents of the border states have signified their intentions to erect summer habitations here and make the springs their resort during the heated spell, now that the railroad has rendered them so accessible.

This is perhaps the only town in the west not ambitious to become the commercial center of the region in which it is located. The "potentates" who preside over the destinies of the village are satisfied to make it the healthiest pleasure center of the country—a sort of watering place—and this, without any question whatever, they will succeed in accomplishing. Everything is in their favor. The fame and general attractiveness of the region in which the springs are situated, together with the indisputable healing properties of the water and the general invigorating characteristics of the atmosphere, will contribute and assist very materially their efforts in producing the result mentioned.

But the principal feature in which the average reader is interested after the springs, is, no doubt, the hotel accommodations, and in regard to this matter I am pleased to be able to say that everything the pleasure-seeker, the invalid, the most fastidious and exacting dude could expect will be found here in the early spring. The Dakota Hot Springs company, which is composed of Fred T. Evans, president; Judge E. D. Dudley, vice-president; Dr. R. G. Jennings, secretary; L. R. Graves, treasurer, and Dr. A. S. Stewart, now have in course of completion one of the finest hostelries in the west.

It is forty by one hundred and twenty-eight feet on the ground, with a wing thirty by sixty feet, and four stories in height, including the basement which will be fitted up for a grand billiard room. A broad, double veranda will run along the front and ends of the house, thus affording cool and shady loitering accommodations during the heated days of summer and pleasant evening promenades. In point of architectural beauty this magnificent and costly improvement will be second to none in this quarter of Dakota, and its convenience is equal to its extensive beauty. The many suites of rooms all lead to the porches by doors, giving their occupants access to these breezy retreats without intruding upon the repose of anybody. The office, which is located in the center of the building, is commodious, amply lighted and ventilated, consequently pleasant. The dining room is in no respect inferior to the office. All the modern improvements will be introduced. Hot and cold water direct from the springs. Steam heating and gas will also be among the attractions of the house. The gas will be the natural article. It is the purpose of the company to bore for it, and they are sanguine from the many indications in the vicinity and from the quantity which comes to the surface through the hot springs in the gulch opposite the new hotel, to strike it at a depth of a few hundred feet. At all events they intend to make the attempt to tap the vein, and everyone familiar with the condition of things here is confident of their success in the enterprise. A well of natural gas would just fix this place."

I have endeavored to confine my quotations from Mr. Scott's article to the immediate vicinity of the springs. It is claimed that for several miles around the same attractiveness continues and that many gems of mountain scenery have been discovered, which will in time be eagerly sought after by the pleasure-seekers as facilities of travel shall increase. So far as I have seen and from the testimony of persons at the springs who have been cured by these healing waters, this is no overdrawn picture but is a fair representation of facts and figures.

Hoping that your readers may be interested and edified by this description, I still remain,

Sincerely yours, L. T. P.

CHAPTER X.

CALIFORNIA LETTERS.

Hotel Adelphi, SAN DIEGO, Cal., Feb., 1, 1888.

Friend Rowley:—

We are still here in this beautiful land of sunshine and flowers, and the worst wish we have for you or any of our kind friends in Evansville is that you were here also, to enjoy with us the mild, balmy weather so delightful in mid-winter on the favored coast. We had a lovely rain last night and this morning, it is now breaking away and will soon clear off. The streets are not paved yet and but few sidewalks grace the city, consequently mud is plenty after a rain storm, but as it clears off warm, one day is sufficient usually to dry up the mud and make good walking again.

The soil here is red adobe and when the streets and walks become thoroughly dried by the sun they are almost as hard as a brick. In summer they sprinkle the streets and it keeps them very clean and solid. Of course they have but little rain in summer. There is not so much rain here in winter as they have in Northern California. Some kinds of fruit can be raised here without irrigation, one crop of grain each season may be raised without irrigation. Two or three crops may be raised in the Sacramento Valley; they raise five crops of alfafa in one year. Here they will do the same when the great flume is completed from the mountains fifty miles away, where perpetual snow will furnish a sufficient supply of water for this whole country. This flume is already in course of construction, and it is expected it will be completed inside of two years. Already more than one million of dollars have been expended upon it. It is a big under-

taking, and the whole thing with all its piping from the flume to supply San Diego, its suburban towns and the farming country through which it passes, will cost several millions of dollars. But you can be assured that it will pay, and will pay big! It will be the means of opening up one of the finest fruit countries on the globe.

What has always been supposed to be a desert in the finest climate in the world will soon be made to "bloom and blossom like the rose." Already property rough and uneven though it be, anywhere within reasonable distance from this flume has risen from one dollar or so an acre to from one to five hundred dollars per acre. So you can see by this what labor, skill and money can do to assist nature in such a climate as this. Then again I will refer to the harbor, which is one of the smoothest, safest and best that nature ever made, easy of entrance, and a ship once in and at anchor is as secure as in a dockyard. No gales of wind can sweep over this harbor to cause a vessel to drag anchor or dash against the wharf while passengers and freight are being landed. Wharves are being built and the whole bay will in course of time be utilized. The bar has twenty-three feet of water at the lowest tide.

National City, one of the suburbs of this city, is about four miles south, right on the bay, and contains about two thousand inhabitants. This is the terminus of the California Southern railroad, and this company having large landed interests there is expected to make many improvements. It already has car shops established and will build a wharf there this year. Oranges, lemons and the olive flourish here in great profusion; an olive oil factory has just been built in this place.

While in National City we called on the Rev. Mr. Weage, formerly pastor of the Congregational church in Evansville. He is nicely located and is looking the best I ever saw him. Last evening he returned our visit and we passed with him a very pleasant evening. We have also called on J. I. Foot, Benjamin Lovejoy and their families, and have received calls from them in return. I understand they have done well here, and they all seem to enjoy good health. L. T. P.

CALIFORNIA LETTERS.

Hotel Adelphi, SAN DIEGO, Cal., Feb. 7, 1888.

Friend Rowley:—

I suppose you have all heard of Coronado Beach, situated on the peninsula in the bay, about one mile by ferry from this city. This is attracting the attention of many thousand visitors, and is bound to be the most important and attractive suburb of the beautiful city of San Diego. Many wealthy men have bought residence lots on the beach, and the great demand for them has caused the owners to ask almost fabulous prices for the most desirable location. The Beach company is spending millions of dollars for improvements. A magnificent hotel has been completed and opened for guests today. It is of the most modern style, four stories high, and contains six hundred and fifty rooms with a fireplace in each. It covers seven and a half acres of ground, and has an open court in the center one hundred and fifty by two hundred and fifty feet, all beautifully laid out and covered with grass, flowers and shrubbery, with a fountain in the center of the plat. It is a perfect park and is almost an earthly paradise, being so sheltered and protected by the hotel that surrounds it that no chilling blast can ever reach this bright and sunny spot. Coronado Beach contains about eleven hundred acres of land, is high and dry and lays just as fine for building a city of eight thousand or ten thousand inhabitants as any one can wish. The sea beach opposite the high land is very fine, but not quite equal to Old Orchard off the coast of Maine.

Almost in the heart of the city of San Diego there has been reserved for a public park fourteen hundred acres of land. No improvements of any account have yet been made in this park, but in time no doubt "it will be a thing of beauty and a joy forever." The value of this park just as it now is in a state of nature would reach several millions. An electric railroad is now in operation extending past this park to University Heights beyond. The city is also well supplied with steam motors and horse cars extending out in different

directions towards the outside limits, giving ample accommodations to all the inhabitants; and new roads are being graded in new streets, so that property outside will soon be brought into close proximity with postoffice and in business.

Another important improvement is now going rapidly on and will be completed at an early day that is considered the best system of sewerage in the United States, it is called the Warning system. It is used in several eastern and southern cities and gives entire satisfaction whenever used for this purpose. The city has been bonded for four hundred thousand dollars, bonds to run twenty years and bear interest at five per cent per annum. There has been considerable sickness in the city this winter in consequence of imperfect sewerage. The present water supply comes from the San Diego river and I conclude is not very healthy, but it will not be long before they will have the pure, soft water from the mountains and then this city can boast of as good water as can be found anywhere.

Well, it has cleared away and the sun is shining and it is as beautiful as May or June. You no doubt remember how many arguments Charlie has had with some of our Evansville citizens about the future of San Diego, and how positive he has always been about the productiveness of investments there in city lots. But no one who had visited California seemed to agree with him, but he was right, only it has by far exceeded his most sanguine expectations. If he had acted upon his convictions two years ago and had invested a few thousand dollars here, it would have made him as rich now as any man ought to be.

Now, my dear sir, I will close, and shall expect a good, long letter from you in return. You owe me two letters now, and I am quite certain you will get no more from me until I hear from you. If you think this letter will be of interest to any of my friends you can let them read it if you wish. When you get it you can dispose of it as you please. Remember us all to your "ma" and all the good people of Evansville.

Respectfully, L. T. P.

CALIFORNIA LETTERS.

116, Colorado St., PASADENA, Cal., March 8, 1888.

Friend Rowley:—

Your long-looked-for letter, in answer to mine written you nearly a month ago, came to hand quite recently. I was truly glad to hear from you, and must congratulate you on having written so long a letter. Your letters though few and far between are ever full of interest to me, and instead of being tedious on account of length are usually altogether too brief. While I rejoice at the good news, I am truly pained to hear of so much sickness and death in Evansville. I extend to you my warmest sympathy at this time of your own great bereavement. I also know what it is to lose father and mother and other dear friends, but our Heavenly Father knows what is best and we have no right to murmur or complain. Your father has been spared to you many years, and you and all his friends know that he has been "a good and faithful servant," and as such has gone to his reward.

We left San Diego three weeks ago last Tuesday, went to Colton, thence to Riverside. A citrus fair was in progress at Riverside, and we made our way there the first evening after our arrival. We found a large, well-arranged, well-ventilated hall brilliantly lighted with electricity, with such a fine display of citrus fruits as we never saw before and may never see again. Oranges and lemons were placed there in the greatest profusion, arranged with such nice taste as to give the finest effect in the soft, mellow light that prevailed every nook and corner of the hall. All the other fruits for which California has become so noted were represented by the finest specimens that could be obtained. Not only the perfectly fresh fruit just gathered from tree, bush or vine had been carefully placed on exhibition, but the finest samples of dried fruits arranged so as to produce the best effect, attracted almost as much attention after the first glance as their more fortunate and attractive neighbors. Last but not least the preserved fruits put up in glass jars of various shapes and sizes, received the close attention of

every appreciative visitor. Such fairs as this have been held in other towns this winter in different parts of the state, and have done much to convince eastern people and all strangers of the future success and prosperity of California.

The next day after visiting the fair we hired a team and took a drive down the famous Magnolia Avenue. We had heard many speak of this beautiful drive before we saw it, but it must be seen to be appreciated. It is about eight miles long, with a continuous orange grove the entire length. It is subdivided into five and ten acre lots on each side of the avenue. The frontage on the avenue is just about sufficient to give the owner of each five-acre tract ample room for buildings, flower gardens, ornamental trees, shrubbery and lawns, and the balance near and at the front is set out to orange and lemon trees, and the rear of each lot usually has a small vineyard containing the different kinds of grapes. Many of the residences are very fine, and grounds and surroundings in front, some with fountains and statuary, would be a credit to a city of several thousand inhabitants. The avenue is one hundred feet wide, with magnolia, palm and other ornamental trees on either side and another row in the center, dividing the street into two tracks of fifty feet each, and the center trees a suitable distance apart so that persons driving up and down the avenue may change from track to track as circumstances and taste may require.

From this beautiful and what seemed almost a fairy land, we made our way to San Bernardino and Mound City. At the latter place we met our old friend and fellow townsman, Mr. Irving A. Libby. The new hotel, which by the way is a big one, upon which Mr. Libby is at work, was so far advanced towards completion that we were nicely entertained there during our stay. Mr. Libby has a crew of men under his charge, has the confidence of his employers, is doing well and I think is as well contented and happy as a married man can reasonably expect to be with all his loved ones some three thousand miles distant. Of course he at times realizes this fact to its fullest extent, and were it not for the kind and motherly attention of his hostess he might get homesick. This hotel which I have referred to, is built upon a beautiful, natural mound and commands a fine view

of the surrounding country for many miles around. A town site has been laid out and its founders expect this hotel to be a great resort for health and pleasure seekers.

Los Angeles was our next stopping place. After a day and night in that muddy city we came to this clean, pretty place, and have in a homelike manner enjoyed its hospitalities and beauties for nearly three weeks. My next letter will speak more fully of Pasadena and our Evansville friends living here.

Respectfully, L. T. P.

CALIFORNIA LETTERS.

116 Colorado St., PASADENA, Cal., March 17, 1888.

On reaching this beautiful city we found our old friend, Mr. C. A. Pratt, and family, and received from them a kind and pressing invitation to stop and visit with them over night. As we were travel-worn and tired we gratefully accepted the invitation and remained with them until nearly night the next day. In the meantime Mr. Pratt assisted us in our efforts to find rooms, where we have been pleasantly located for the past four weeks. I cannot tell you how much longer we will remain in the city as the engineers are out on a strike which may not soon be settled.

Mr. Pratt and family occupy a good-sized dwelling, well located, in company with the family of a Mr. Wylie, formerly of Wisconsin, and an old-time friend of the Pratt's. We had a very pleasant visit with both families, which we shall ever remember with much pleasure in connection with our California visit. Mr. Pratt and Wylie are dealing in real estate, and as they bought some time ago have a good prospect for making money. Mr. Pratt's family were in the enjoyment of their usual health, only the boys, Johnny and David, were having a slight encounter with the measles, both, however, in due time came off victorious and are now attending school.

D. Parker and wife, formerly of Evansville, are residents of this city. They are both quite well, are very cheer-

ful and seem contented and happy. Mr. Parker has truly been among the lucky ones, having come to this town just as the boom commenced and invested in first-class inside property, and is now reaping a rich harvest. He has sold some valuable property and still holds many choice lots. He has a fine residence on South Marengo avenue, one of the finest avenues in the city, built under his own supervision to suit himself and wife. It is stylish outside as well as inside and has for convenience nearly all the modern improvements. The rooms are good size above and below, with open fire-places in parlors and dining room. It is a very pleasant home, with tasty, well-arranged walks and grounds, and all the surroundings first class. This nice place is not for sale, but were it placed upon the market I have no doubt it would bring from ten to twelve thousand dollars quick. You well know Mr. Parker is not a man who tries to make a display of his wealth, and is not willing even now to be called rich, in the sense that wealth is estimated in this state, but acknowledges that he is comfortably well-off and not likely to be obliged to spend his income.

I would like in this letter to describe this city and its surroundings, but will wait until I get home. This much, however, I will say: it is already a city of ten to twelve thousand inhabitants, nestled close to the Sierra Madre mountains, gently rolling with an incline sufficient to afford good drainage. An occasional mound or slight elevation appears at convenient distances to break the monotony and afford a fine view of the city, mountains and ocean. The whole country for miles around is surveyed, platted and staked out into town and village lots, and when built up will, they tell us, be tributary to Los Angeles and Pasadena.

Last Saturday Mr. Wylie came along and proposed a trip to the mountains some six miles away, to visit the sons of John Brown of Harpers Ferry renown. We drove the team to the foot of the mountains being within a mile of their cabin, where we hitched our team and having struck an old trail in about an hour, after some hard climbing we reached the summit of the foot-hills where these queer men reside. They seem to be regular hermits, subsist mostly by hunting. They are very pleasant and quite talkative and when we took

our leave invited us to call again. Will tell you more about them when I come home.

It is still bright and balmy and pleasant as June. Wife says tell Mr. Rowley that as I write I have on my table a nice bouquet of roses, orange blossoms and geranium leaves, which grew right out in the open air and which they can gather at any time, also a naval orange picked yesterday at Baldwin's Ranch measuring twelve inches one way and thirteen and a half the other, in circumference, and weighing more than a pound.

Day before yesterday we went with a team to Redondo Beach, some eighteen miles from Los Angeles, all the way through one of the finest valleys I ever beheld. We saw thousands of acres of grain, some fields only a few inches high and others just commencing to head out. The whole country is now clothed in its most beautiful mantle and will continue so until the dry, hot weather of July and August changes the scene.

Some two weeks ago Mr. Parker chartered a nice team and carriage and with his wife took us all to Monrovia, a new town, already contains two thousand inhabitants and is almost as favorably located as Pasadena. Will tell you in my next about our visit to Baldwin's Ranch and the San Gabriel Mission.

Respectfully, L. T. P.

CALIFORNIA LETTERS.

116 Colorado St., PASADENA, Cal., March 24, 1888.

Friend Rowley:—

One week ago yesterday, in company with my wife and daughter and Mr. Wadsworth and wife of Milwaukee, we chartered a team and three-seated carriage for a drive to Lucky Baldwin's Ranch. The day was fine, the roads first class, our driver social and obliging, and almost everything seemed to favor us. We passed down Colorado street to Lamanda Park, leaving the Sierra Madre Villa—a great health resort—about one mile to the left, thence south-

easterly in the direction of Monrovia until we came to the borders of the famous ranch.

On the north side of the Baldwin tract there is an extended live oak grove covering several hundred acres. We passed partly around this beautiful, natural, live-oak park and entered it on the west side, where we found a nice gravel road leading to the heart of the ranch. We soon came in sight of the tenant houses, which, by the way, are not nice at all, but being whitewashed look cleanly, comfortable and cosy. They are quite extensive and I should judge are well filled with workmen. After passing these houses we began to notice signs of improvement in grounds, drives and walks, and presently came to the residence and club house of the great millionaire. The residence is quite old, plain and old-fashioned, but is nicely and neatly furnished and on the whole has an air of cheerfulness and comfort in the midst of cool and pleasant surroundings that is truly refreshing. The club house where the rich man, when there, "fares sumptuously every day" and entertains his many friends in a princely manner, is of modern style, beautifully decorated and richly furnished.

These grounds upon which stand the club house and residence of the Lucky seem to have been fashioned by nature with a view to further improvements by art, which the skilled hand of man has accomplished almost to perfection, regardless of time or expense. Any one with the slightest trace of poetry in their nature, while wandering through these lovely grounds can easily imagine himself in fairy land. In all my travels I never experienced such a feeling of enchantment steal over me and such an anxiety to spend more than the allotted time in exploring this wonderful combination of nature and art. Beautiful groves of various kinds of trees, hedges and arches of evergreens, plants, flowers and green lawns surround and line these romantic grounds, and clean gravel walks lead in all directions to cool, quiet, shady nooks. Little artificial bubbling brooks meander around and through these grounds, foaming and sparkling over the pretty bottom, and miniature falls and cascades mingle their sounds with the sighing of the zephyrs through the foliage above, creating a soft, subdued music pleasant to the ear and

in perfect harmony with a soul-seeking rest and repose. These waters after going their rounds and fulfilling the mission assigned them, are finally lost in a large, artificial lake. Row boats with velvet-cushioned seats and fringed-canopy tops were anchored at the shore near club house and residence. Various water fowls play and sport upon the waters of the lake, and mocking birds and other birds of song and fine plumage may be seen and heard in the branches of the trees growing upon the banks of this little gem of a lake.

On again entering our carriage we were driven westward through the great orchards and vineyards of this ranch towards the old San Gabriel Mission. On our way we passed through some of the finest orange, lemon, apricot, peach and English walnut orchards I ever saw. The apricot and peach trees were in bloom, while orange and lemon trees were not only decked with blossoms but supported the nice, golden fruit in rich profusion. Everything on this ranch is well cared for, and all these fruit orchards and vineyards are well tended and kept under a high state of cultivation. Baldwin's Ranch formerly contained about twenty-five thousand acres of land, but he has sold off from time to time large tracts to different parties until he has reduced his present acreage to just twelve thousand four hundred acres.

On emerging from this ranch we passed through a vineyard on the Rose Ranch of six hundred acres, also two large wineries, one of them is said to be the largest in the world. In company with several ladies and gentleman from another party we entered one of these wineries, not to sample the goods but discover if possible where the little subtle, mischievous serpent is hatched. A young and gentlemanly appearing, red-faced chap opened the door and let us in and invited us all to partake of his fascinating beverage, but I am happy to state not one of our party tasted or even looked upon the red and sparkling wine, well knowing that it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. We passed through many smaller vineyards and at last found ourselves at the mission; discovering that the door was partly open we entered the old building which we found to be a Catholic church in a good state of preservation. We found the priest inside and after wandering around a short time mustered up

courage enough to approach him and, Yankee like, ask him a few questions. He informed us that the mission was established in 1771, three years after the founding of the San Diego mission. The first buildings were made of adobe and have mostly crumbled to dust. The present cathedral and rectory are built of brick and mortar and were erected in 1804, the ceiling is modern, and other improvements make it quite inviting and it is really a comfortable place for service. Fine old oil paintings decorate the walls, while pieces of ancient statuary quietly reposing in the niches and recesses of the quaint old building carry one back to old apostolic days. This truly in one sense is a new country, these old missions scattered at convenient distances in all these beautiful valleys remind one of the pioneers who came here to do christian work a century and a quarter ago.

Respectfully, L. T. P.

CHAPTER XI.

CALIFORNIA LETTERS.

“L. T. Pullen, President of the Bank of Evansville, Wisconsin, has been in Wisconsin for thirty years and a resident of Evansville for twenty. With his wife and daughter, Miss Mary Pullen, he has passed the winter months in various parts of California, and was seen at the Lick House last evening by a representative of the Mercury, to whom, in answer to a question as to what section in California in his opinion the eastern travel would principally trend, he said that heretofore they have naturally by published accounts and otherwise been led toward the southern portion. About two months ago the people began coming north in a steady stream and ever since they have poured into the towns of Northern and Central California. All are well pleased with the country, so that from their statements he had a decided inclination to visit this northern part.

Speaking of the probable influx the coming season Mr. Pullen said he thought the prospect good for a much larger number of people to visit this section next year than the past. He personally knew of several in Wisconsin who had decided that the winters there were too severe, and as they did not want to risk another season of cold weather like the present winter, they were coming to California. Everything pointed to the presence of the largest number of persons in this state from the east in 1888 and 1889 that ever has come before. In conclusion he said that they had passed the winter months very enjoyably and had visited Los Angeles, San Diego, San Bernardino, Riverside, Santa Cruz and the Big Trees, in fact had gone to most of the principal points of interest in the state and would return east about the middle of June. He thought the San Joaquin Valley had encouraging prospects before it, and admired most of all Santa Clara Valley and the city of San José."

The population of this state is increasing so rapidly it has become necessary to broaden the service to such an extent that many new men have been employed to assist in selecting the new help. Partisanship, instead of real merit and competency, seemed to be the controlling principle, and as a matter of course many incompetent persons found their way into the postal service, which resulted in delays and mistakes too numerous to mention.

Last week we visited Santa Cruz, the Big Trees, Monterey, San José, and many other places of interest in the Santa Clara Valley. Santa Cruz is pleasantly located on the north side of the bay and has direct communication by water with Monterey. It occupies the site of the old mission founded there in 1791, contains now about eight thousand inhabitants, and having like all California towns had its boom, is now increasing in population and buildings at a favorable rate. It possesses quite a fair beach and is surrounded by beautiful landscapes and splendid drives.

Acting upon the advice of our host we chartered a team and driver and spent a half day very pleasantly going up the Cliff Drive and returning by another route. The scenery is quite remarkable, both on account of variety and beauty. It embraces broad ocean views, mountain ranges, deep cañons,

dark caverns, meandering streams and one natural bridge, over which we were safely driven and the ladies did not scream once while crossing. On our way back we visited the stock and dairy ranch of Mr. D. D. Wilder, who came to this country from Ohio a poor boy in 1852. Since 1854 he has been in the dairy business, on a small scale at first but now he owns four thousand acres of land, has a large stock of cattle, several hundred hogs, milks three hundred cows and makes from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds of butter per day, which is disposed of in this city at from twenty-five to fifty cents per pound. The famous grove of redwood Big Trees are about six miles from Santa Cruz, and were to us quite a sight never having seen anything so lofty and immense before in the shape of forest trees. The largest one is three hundred feet in height, sixty feet in circumference and one hundred and nine feet to the first limb. Some even larger than that have been cut, the stumps still remaining to mark the spot where the giants of the forest once stood. These trees are not so large as some in the Mariposa Grove.

From Santa Cruz we had a pleasant trip on an ocean steamer to Monterey. On landing at that point we took a carriage and drove some two miles to Pacific Grove where we registered at the El Carmels Hotel. This grove is near the ocean beach and is a great summer resort. Religious camp meetings and various kinds of conventions are held here, persons often coming long distances to attend them. From the Pacific Grove we made the circuit of Monterey and the old mission to the famous Del Monte Hotel. This is the largest and finest hotel of the kind on the coast, except the Del Coronado on Coronado Beach. The grounds around the Del Monte are very fine, but if I undertook to describe them it would take many pages of foolscap and then I could not do them justice, therefore I will not make the attempt.

After taking in Monterey and surroundings we took the cars and made our way to San José. On our way we had a fine view of the Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton, located over four thousand feet above the level of the sea, upon which is now mounted and ready for use the largest telescope in the world. San José is situated in the midst of the Santa

Clara Valley, contains twenty-five thousand inhabitants and is one of the most flourishing cities in the state. Fruit culture is receiving great attention in this valley, and is a very profitable business. I consider this the most fertile valley in the state. No irrigation here is necessary as the soil is deep and rich, and the rainfall sufficient to insure to the farmer a good crop of fruit every year. The best land is very high, ranging from five hundred to two thousand dollars per acre according to improvements.

While in San José we called on Mrs. Gregory, a sister of Mrs. Hiram Spencer of Evansville. We enjoyed our call with Mr. and Mrs. Gregory very much, and on leaving our ladies were presented at the gate with a beautiful and fragrant bouquet of roses and other flowers plucked from the garden while passing through. We reached this city, our headquarters for the present, last Friday night and Saturday morning I started out bright and early to attend a land sale in Vaca Valley. This sale was by Mrs. Buckingham, a sister of Ex-Senator Richardson of Janesville. Mr. Richardson was there and made some purchases. Fruit in this valley matures very early and is the first that finds its way to the San Francisco market. Ripe cherries have already been marketed here this season at the nice little price of one dollar per pound. In my next I will tell you something about San Francisco.

Respectfully, L. T. P.

CALIFORNIA LETTERS.

611 19th St., SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 6, 1888.

Friend Rowley:—

We came to this city one week ago today. Feeling anxious to know more of the country between here and Los Angeles I took all the time necessary to see the most of it by daylight. I was well repaid for all trouble and expense as the San Joaquin Valley is very fair to look upon. It is the most extensive valley in the state, being between two and three hundred miles long and from forty to fifty miles

wide. It lies between the Sierras and what is known as the Coast Range of mountains, and is proving to be the best watered valley in the state. This vast tract of land is nearly level, having a gentle slope in a northerly direction sufficient for drainage and irrigation. It is easily cultivated as there are no rocks and brush to clear off before plowing and no tough sod to break. The soil is a light-red, sandy loam, very fertile and well adapted to all kinds of vegetables, fruits, grains, flowers and plants of every variety. This valley is but sparsely settled as yet, although many beautiful towns and villages are springing up on the Southern Pacific road. Until within a few years but little fruit has been produced. Stock and grain have received the attention of the early settlers to the exclusion of all other products. But of recent date fruit orchards and vineyards have sprung up and fully demonstrated the fact that fruit culture will pay better than anything else. Irrigation has never been resorted to for raising grain, hence in a very dry season the crop often fails to be remunerative.

The vast water supply that can be utilized for the benefit of this valley has been almost entirely overlooked until within the last two years. It has been ascertained by competent engineers that Kings River, Tule River, White River, Dear River and the other smaller streams and creeks have a combined drainage area of nearly four thousand square miles in the Sierra Nevadas. It is claimed that the discharge from all these rivers and streams will furnish sufficient water for more than one million acres of land. Besides all this flow upon the surface from these mountains where eternal snows abide, flows of artesian water are obtainable at the depths of one hundred and fifty to five hundred feet in a large portion of the western and southern part of the valley. There are at present in the artesian belt one hundred and fifty flowing wells, affording water enough to irrigate three hundred thousand acres of land. As this is by far the cheaper way to irrigate where artesian water is so near the surface, further development is still going on.

I passed through Kern county without stopping off. We next entered Tulare county, and Tulare City was my first stopping place. This is a pretty little city of four thousand

inhabitants, in the center of a broad, fertile plain. The railroad company have their shops located here, it being just half way between Los Angeles and San Francisco. Nearly all the business blocks in this city are built of stone or brick. My next stop was in the little town of Traver in the same county. They are trying to boom this town but the land is not so good here, being more sandy and showing unmistakable signs of alkali in the soil. But I noticed nothing of the kind in the well water. Tulare county has many thousand acres of forests, covered with large, white oak trees growing several feet apart and looking like immense apple orchards in the distance. The beautiful city of Fresno in Fresno county, containing about eight thousand inhabitants was my next stopping place. This is the nicest city on the road in the midst of a grand farming country. A friend took me out some eight miles west of the city and showed me three nice fruit farms and vineyards, not so extensive as I have seen elsewhere but nevertheless very fine to look upon. One of them called the Barton Ranch contained just a section of land and was all set out to fruit and vines. Although not more than one-twentieth as large as the Baldwin Ranch it is exceedingly fine and reminded us forcibly of the latter. They have an immense canal here, and this will eventually be one of the best fruit localities in the state. Water is so plenty here they run a flour mill and other machinery by water power.

Merced, another nice town on the line, was our last stopping place in this valley. They call this the Fountain City. The water supply which is ample for manufacturing, irrigation and domestic purposes is carried in the Crocker and Huffman canal from the Yosemite Falls. This canal cost \$1,500,000, and all the waste water after having been discharged from the water wheels is to be used below for irrigating purposes. Having a pressure at this point of ninety feet, fountains can be had seventy feet high. Lake Yosemite is only five miles from Merced. The water company will have an auction sale of land here on the tenth, eleventh and twelfth of the present month.

These water developments and corresponding improvements all over the state are continuing to enhance the price

of land to a wonderful extent. This is the chief means employed by syndicates and land companies to boom their property. And in this they meet with success nine times out of ten. I tell you, friend Rowley, although it does not rain in this country while the crops are maturing and being secured nature has done her part and made ample provision for every gill of water necessary to use, but she has stored it up high in the mountains and spread out the plains and valleys with a gentle, natural slope just right for the water to do its grand office work upon vegetation as it moves forward to seek its level. It is decidedly better not to have rain here during the time when the crops are harvested and certain kinds of fruits secured, dried and preserved. No danger of damage to any of the crops. The raisin industry is getting to be one of the most important in the state. In this dry, warm, favorable climate the raisin grape can be gathered, cared and boxed right in the fields, and then loaded on wagons and taken to the railroad station. This cannot be done in a damp climate.

Respectfully, L. T. P.

CALIFORNIA LETTERS.

1808 P. St., SACRAMENTO, Cal., May 1, 1888.

Friend Rowley:—

In my last I promised to write you about San Francisco, but you must not expect too much as we shall be at home before many weeks if nothing happens, and can tell you more about this country than we have time to write. We spent just four weeks in that busy city. Many things there are of great interest to travelers and not a few things are somewhat unpleasant. For instance the fogs in the morning are altogether too prevalent. They are damp, chilly and disagreeable, and if any one has throat difficulty this heavy, harsh atmosphere is sure in a few hours to produce a very lively irritation of the weak and diseased portions of the throat. Then again in the afternoon, which by the way is

not at all soft and balmy, kicks up a fearful dust and fills one's eyes so full of dirt and gravel that it is next to impossible to cross a crowded street without being run down. Of course all these little annoyances do not take well with "tenderfeet," but old Californians or those who have taken the third degree and are termed the G. L., say that is nothing after a person has lived here awhile and become accustomed to the high winds and dust, he will not mind it but will rather like it. They say it was unpleasant to them when they first came but now they enjoy it. How very convenient it is to be able to adapt one's self to circumstances and not only endure what cannot be cured but learn to like it. In this respect the old settlers here will beat the world. But after all the unpleasantness that is found in San Francisco, it is a pretty, fine city. It is and ever will be the great city of this coast.

I care not where you look, east, north or south in this state or adjoining states or territories, from the Rockies on the east, lower California on the south and everything on the north including all of Washington territory, must and surely will be for all time tributary to San Francisco. Please notice what I am saying. You have been a close student, you well understand the geography of this county and the lay of the land. You know something of the vast resources of the country embraced within these lines; rich in its fisheries; its mines; its forests; its agricultural lands and products; rich in almost everything that goes to build up great towns and cities, and all bound to be the great allies and feeders of San Francisco. Just one thing more is needed, better facilities for transportation by rail. This is something that is sure to come in the near future. At least three of the great railway companies of the east are almost certainly but slowly and surely feeling their way hither. The two great companies that hold the commerce of this country with an iron grip are watching these intruders, as they consider them, with an eagle eye, ready to pounce upon and head them off if possible. But it will be of no use, these lines are sure to be built and San Francisco will be the point reached by every new line, and will then be to this great country what Chicago is to the great northwest. Then look for such a boom in San Francisco as was never heard of in the history of this

country. Why don't I invest? Simply because it takes more money than I can spare to buy first-class business property in such a city as that, and I don't want anything that is not first class. If I had just one million dollars, seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars of it would go into San Francisco real estate in less than six months. But you need not be alarmed, friend Rowley, I shall not invest that amount here or anywhere else for sometime to come.

Among the places we have visited I will mention the Cliff House and Beach, Sutro Park, Golden Gate Park, the Presidio or Government Reservation, Woodward's Gardens, the Mint, Oakland, Alameda, Piedmont, Knob Hill, nearly all the cemeteries, and many other places of interest which I will not enumerate. Of the persons whom you have met in Evansville I will mention Dempster Vervalin and Prof. J. D. Hammond and wife, successors of Henry Coleman and wife of the Evansville Seminary. Having received a very kind invitation from Mr. Vervalin and wife to take tea with them on a certain evening, we there had the pleasure of meeting Prof. Hammond whom we had not seen for twenty years. Mr. Hammond is now a D. D.; is agent for the Methodist Book Depository and publisher of the California Christian Advocate. He is a well-educated and highly-cultured man, and I find is held in high esteem by men of influence, position and wealth.

The doctor gave me a letter of introduction to General O. O. Howard, commander of the division of the Pacific, from whom I received passes for myself and ladies, including Mrs. Hammond and daughter, for a trip around the bay in a government steamer. We enjoyed the trip very much and shall always feel thankful to both the doctor and general for their thoughtfulness and courtesy. Mr. Vervalin, with whom we had a pleasant visit, seems to be well established in the commission business, and I should judge is doing fairly well. His wife is a very pleasant lady, and his three little girls are very interesting, well-behaved and lovely children. I am truly glad to see him so well situated and in the enjoyment of such a cheerful and happy home.

We came to this city last Friday, and our next move will be up the Sacramento Valley. It is quite warm here today,

the mercury standing at eighty-eight degrees on the north side in the shade while I write, but it don't seem at all hot. This city is showing signs of improvement and prosperity in the erection of many new buildings. Last Saturday evening a few minutes before nine o'clock we experienced quite a severe shock of earthquake, lasting several seconds. The house fairly rocked, all hard substances on mantle and marble-top tables rattled considerably. No damage done.

Sincerely yours, L. T. P.

CALIFORNIA LETTERS,

HUTCHINSON, Kansas, May 24, 1888.

Friend Rowley:—

Two weeks ago today we left Sacramento and set out on our homeward trip. At Ogden we changed to the Denver & Rio Grande railroad, and arrived at Salt Lake City at eleven o'clock on Friday evening. We made the Cliff House our headquarters during our stay in the Mormon city.

Saturday morning Prof. Stephens, formerly a student at the New England Conservatory, now a director, composer and teacher of music, called on us and spent a large portion of his time with us for the two days we remained in the city. He accompanied us to all the places of interest on Saturday, and on the Sabbath to the Temple and Tabernacle, where we attended service with about six thousand persons present. This is a pleasant city with wide streets and about thirty thousand inhabitants. We were treated very kindly by Prof. Stephens, and shall remember with much pleasure our visit to his adopted city. He is a rising young man of great ability and rare attainments, and I have no doubt will eventually become famous in his chosen profession. On Monday morning he accompanied us to the depot and saw us safely on board the train that was to take us over the Rockies.

The Denver & Rio Grande road is a narrow guage, but the coaches and sleepers are nice and quite comfortable only the seats and berths are a little too narrow for real, genuine

comfort. The road is very crooked, running across ravines, through cañons, winding through valleys, along the water courses, around mountains, up steep grades, slowly and surely we moved, until the summit of the Rockies at Marshall Pass was reached. This pass is ten thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight feet above the level of the sea. It is a wild place and snow and ice still covered the ground in many places above and below us. This is the highest altitude we ever reached, being some four thousand feet higher than Mt. Washington. Many persons become very sick, and frequently bleeding profusely at the mouth and nose takes place during the passage of trains over these high mountains. Our party felt no great inconvenience except a slight dizziness, which did not entirely leave us until a lower altitude was reached. After stopping at the summit some ten minutes our train began to descend, slowly at first but presently we attained what seemed to me a break-neck speed. The road is no straighter on the east than on the west side of the mountains, and the way we were jerked around these curves was a caution to all except regular mountaineers. But we came down all right in due time, no broken necks or bruised shins, and on reaching the plains below we found all tranquil and serene.

I have no time to describe the mountain scenery over and through which we passed, but Robert Garrett, ex-president of the Burlington and Quincy railroad, says it is the finest and grandest on this continent and fully equal to anything he ever saw in Europe.

Colorado and Manitou Springs next received our attention. It seems to me that no place I have ever visited in the west has so many attractions as Manitou Springs. These springs have perhaps as many medical properties as any springs in the world. Here we have a grand view of snow-clad Pike's Peak, the great sentinel of the Rockies. Here at the base of this grand old mountain are rocks and hills, gorges and cañons, caverns and waterfalls, so full of grandeur and so interesting to the beholder that tongue or pen will utterly fail to convey anything like an adequate idea of their wildness and beauty. Here they have fine carriage drives for many miles around built at great expense, and the

tourist has the best of facilities for visiting all the different places of interest.

We can only mention in this letter the Garden of the Gods and the grand caverns. The western entrance to the Garden of Gods near the massive balanced rock, affords a splendid view of this rock-bound enclosure and the grand gateway on the eastern side. This gateway is an opening through red sandstone that rises three hundred and thirty feet above the road, and your guide will tell you it is a monument to the buried gods. If you possess a keen and vivid imagination you will have no trouble in discovering the resemblance of faces and forms of many living things carved out by nature in the rocks, human beings, birds and a great variety of animals by the help of your guide present themselves and claim recognition.

The grand caverns were next in order to claim attention. These caverns are located up the Ute Pass, some two miles from Manitou Springs. They were first discovered and fitted up for visitors in 1885. Our guide informed us that it was three-fourths of a mile to the further end of the caverns. They contain many large rooms with high ceilings, hung with stalactites. Other chambers have not only high domes with pendant stalactites, but many columns and stalagmites rising from the floor, as though intended to support the gallery and ceiling above. One large hall with a high gallery contains a natural organ of musical stalactites. Our guide ascended the steps and played several tunes on this wonderful, natural musical instrument. The most important chambers are known as the rotunda, grand concert hall, nearly five hundred feet long and seventy-five feet high, lovers' lane, stalactite hall, narrow guage, crystal hall or bridal chamber, canopy and cascade avenue. Many other natural curiosities may be seen in these caves, such as swan's head, white owl, ape, bird's nest, banyan tree, fiddle bow, elk's head, man on horseback, etc.

We next visited Denver, spending two nights and one day in that booming city. They now claim ninety thousand inhabitants. I should call it the city of bricks, nearly all the buildings are of stone and brick. Many of them are very fine. We reached this new and flourishing city—Hutchinson

—last Saturday afternoon. We are stopping with our old friends and former townspeople, Dr. A. H. Robinson and family. This is one of the few young cities that I have seen that may justly claim the attention of strangers. Four years ago, when the doctor first came here, its population did not exceed one thousand six hundred, now it numbers fifteen thousand. The many friends of our genial doctor will be glad to know that when he came here property was very low, and he immediately got in on the “ground floor” by investing largely in real estate. Property since then has gone “a kiting.” Now he is reaping a rich harvest as a reward of his keen foresight and pluck. He has sold some of his property at a big advance and still holds several tracts of land that will soon be put upon the market and will command a high price. Salt works and packing houses and many other industries are fast springing into existence, and Hutchinson bids fair in the near future to rival the best and biggest towns in the state.

Respectfully, L. T. P.

CALIFORNIA LETTERS.—THE ROUND-UP.

Having had a good rest and a little leisure I will now for a short time take into consideration the “grand round-up,” mentioned in the last issue of the Review. But I must caution you at the start not to expect too much, for I feel quite certain you will discover nothing very grand or interesting in this hastily written letter.

Having spent all my winters up to the last in Maine, Massachusetts and Wisconsin, and having struggled all these years more or less with snow, frost and ice, and greatly feeling the need of change of climate for one winter at least, I was induced after mature reflection to try the climate of the Pacific coast. I went there of my own accord, at my own expense, in the interest of no one except myself and family. As a matter of course I was untrammelled, unbiased, and whatever I saw was discerned through my own eyes and not as in some cases through the eyes of another. My private

letters to personal friends, some of which you have been kind enough to publish, were written from different points at different times while impressions were distinctly engraven upon my memory, and contained a fair, impartial, unvarnished account of what I saw and carefully observed as it appeared to me at the time of writing.

Now to sum up and let the public know just how I stand on the California question, I am free to say in only one respect do I consider California superior to our own state. This superiority is of such a nature and so fully enters into all professions and trades, as well as all agricultural and horticultural pursuits, that it is almost impossible to estimate it. Different persons will be sure to estimate differently, according to constitutional tendencies and preference, but nearly all are forced to admit that this superiority means much more than any one who was never there might think at the first glance. To some it has a deeper meaning in winter than summer. For the farmer and fruit grower it means more money, more rest to the body as well as to the mind. With a good degree of diligence and good management it means comfort, luxury and wealth. All these things and the many attendant blessings that are sure to follow are the result of the acknowledged superiority that California has over the northwestern states, and is summed up in the much-used and much-abused little word climate. Please don't get the impression that persons can live there without work. It requires well-directed labor and diligence there as well as here to be successful. But, mind you, the warfare there to the laboring man is not so unequal as here, for nearly six months in the year it is a struggle for existence. There instead of fighting against nature and the elements these are all on the side of the laborer, and mildly bow even in mid winter in genial warmth and gentle moisture to second his efforts and bring forth the seed just planted. Here the growth of all kinds of trees must cease in winter, and vegetables must remain in the cellar until spring.

In Southern California trees, shrubbery and flowers continue to grow all through the winter, and nearly all garden vegetables do fully as well in winter as in summer. Beets, turnips, onions, carrots, cauliflowers, cabbage and peas grow

better in winter than summer. The tomato in San Diego becomes a perennial, growing year after year and will climb if furnished with support, fifteen or twenty feet high, becoming quite a tree. The lemon tree bears fruit during the whole year. Several crops of vegetables and alfalfa can be taken from the same land every year. As soon as the ground is cleared of one variety another is put in to take its place. So you wonder that land is so high in such a climate? A large portion of this land is inferior to our fertile prairies. Much of it in a Wisconsin climate would be almost worthless.

Could the rich fertile lands of the northwest be supplied with a Southern California climate it would be the grandest country in the world, but it would be unreasonable in us to expect a concentration of all the good things in one and the same locality. Centralization of the many blessings belonging to man is not in accord with the manifest economy of the great Architect and ruler of the universe. In this respect the nations of the earth ought to learn a lesson, and instead of encouraging class legislation and centralization of money and power, they should ever have in view the welfare of the masses and scatter blessings with a liberal hand to all alike. Please pardon this digression and we will continue the thread of comparison.

Here all kinds of out-door, mechanical labor must be suspended during the long, tedious, winter months. In California the erection of buildings, grading streets, laying sewer gas and water pipes, excavating cellars, setting out trees, building fences, etc., can all be done as rapidly, as pleasantly and as cheaply in winter as summer. Out-door workers there are not obliged to stay in the house in winter and consume the earnings of summer, as is sometimes the case here. Another climatic advantage is very prominent there: When the agriculturist has raised his crops he has no fears of its being spoiled. He has ample time to secure it. No wind-storms, no rains, his grain will not cripple down, but will stand erect for weeks after it is dead ripe. He can harvest and thresh it at his leisure. When threshed it can be left in sacks in the field for weeks, and taken to market or warehouse when the owner is ready to do so. The vine dresser is not obliged to stake his vines, but can trim them so close to the ground

that the rich cluster of ripe grapes can lie and ripen upon the warm, dry soil without danger of mould or mildew. The raisin grape can be placed upon boards and be left to cure in the vineyard, and when ready to pack can be boxed up in the field, loaded on wagons and taken to market.

Southern California has an acreage of twenty seven million acres, mountains included, and only about two million acres of this vast domain is capable of cultivation. This available land is becoming rapidly settled and commands high prices, but it is a luxury to live in such a climate and men of means are usually willing to pay for luxuries. It has passed into an adage that they buy the climate with the land thrown in. A poor man cannot buy much of this land, of course, but if he has money enough to get there and obtain a house of his own he can rent land and work it on shares. Or if he is a day laborer he can get better wages there than here and can get work all the year round, and if his house is rough and a little open he will not be likely to freeze or starve.

Sincerely yours, L. T. P.

CHAPTER XII.

HARDING'S BIRTHDAY POEM.

EVANSVILLE, Wis., Oct. 6, 1885,

A very pleasant and enjoyable time was had at the pleasant home of our esteemed citizen, Mr. C. B. Harding, on Tuesday evening last, in commemoration of his sixty-fifth birthday.

It was intended by all his friends to be a perfect surprise to him, and proved to be such to their entire satisfaction. The friends met by appointment at the store of Mr. C. B. Morse at seven o'clock, and in due time wended their way in regular marching order under the gallant leadership of our brave Sister Morse to the house of the victim. On reaching the place the house was immediately surrounded and entered without ceremony.

Friend Harding was found quietly reclining on his sofa, trying to rest his weary frame after a hard day's work on Barnard & Son's new warehouse. The surprise was complete and the startled prisoner thought it was the better part of valor to surrender at discretion. After friendly greetings and a few moments of lively and cheerful conversation, our wide-awake captain, Mrs. Morse, uncovered and rolled from the corner to the center of the parlor a beautiful arm chair with easy springs and revolving seat. She also brought out a cunning little foot-rest, and an elegantly bound book entitled "The Home Beyond." After depositing these in convenient places she called on L. T. Pullen to present them to him whose anniversary we were celebrating. Mr. Pullen made the presentation in a few words, and read a poem which

was found folded and lying in the chair. Mr. Harding feelingly responded in a few, earnest, well-chosen remarks, accepting the little mementos, saying how much he should always prize them, and extending his warmest thanks to his many friends who remembered with him his birthday anniversary. This little episode being over the remainder of the evening was joyously spent in a good, old-fashioned visit.

Between nine and ten o'clock the party after bidding Mr. Harding and family good night, with many kind wishes for their future welfare, returned to their homes, feeling, no doubt, it was good to be there, to rejoice and make glad the heart of a christian friend and brother.

We give in full the poem alluded to above.

Your bark, kind friend, has brought you here
Across life's stormy sea,
And now please furl your sail and rest
In this nice chair you see.

Accept this chair from thoughtful friends,
Who bid you now good cheer,
And when you're weary take a seat
And banish every fear.

Although you now are sixty-five
You surely don't seem old,
Your step is firm, your heart is warm,
Your manner is not cold.

Time has with you dealt lightly, friend,
Your powers are well preserved,
Let come what will your heart is fixed,
Trust Him whom you have served.

Your ship has borne you safely on
O'er life's tempestuous sea,
And you have gathered precious wealth
That makes you pure and free.

Your's are not riches such as blaze
In earthly pomp and glare,

But they will shine in heaven's own light
Like robes the angels wear.

Your life-work now is nearly done,
The verdict you can bear,
For it is written; faithful one
Come, take this easy chair.

Enjoy it, sir, as best you may,
With friends its comforts share,
When they drop in to say good day
Roll out the big arm chair.

And may the partner of your joy,
And every blessed heir,
When business shall your time employ,
Keep warm this cosy chair.

May all the future of your life
Be happy, bright and fair,
May you be free from worldly strife
Safe in this big arm chair.

And when the Master says: My son,
I'll free you from all care,
Your work on earth is fairly done
Now leave your easy chair.

I have prepared the Home Beyond,
For you a home that's fair,
So come, my son, and dwell with me
You need no earthly chair.

My children need not weary here
Their burdens Christ will bear,
The Home Beyond is free from fear,
Sweet rest within your chair.

The Mighty Conqueror will come,
His footstool is the earth,
He'll take you to this peaceful Home,
In Him you had your birth.

Your foot-rest you can leave below
 For others to enjoy,
 On you My Presence I bestow
 And all your powers employ.

Your hands and feet, your heart and head,
 Your body and your soul,
 Will be in youthful vigor clad,
 Renewed while ages roll.

The Home Beyond is free from sin,
 From death and every snare,
 To all who strive God's love to win
 Christ is their peaceful chair.

His yoke is easy, burden light
 Down here as well as there,
 The Home Beyond, the saints' delight,
 And Christ, the restful chair.

Oh, Home Beyond, for thee we sigh!
 May God our souls prepare
 To rest with Him above the sky,
 In Christ, our blessed chair.

L. T. P.

NEW ENGLAND CHARACTER.

Much has been said and written about New England. Many utterances have appeared in print from time to time derogatory to the character of the people of New England. When these sayings are uttered in a light, jocose way just for fun it may be all well enough, but when stated seriously and slanderously, as is sometimes the case, even from the pulpit, I have made up my mind such parties don't know what they are talking about. Any person to be able to discuss justly and intelligently the character of the early settlers of that peculiar country and their immediate descendants, must know them personally and not by hearsay.

Many writers have represented the people of New England as being narrow, close and very illiberal in many respects. Money in any branch of business cannot be accumulated there as rapidly as farther west. We find there not quite as many millionaires as we find farther west. The hardy sons of toil have no money to fool away. While they do not roll in wealth, by industry and strict economy they have enough to make them comfortable and happy, and if they run in debt the most of them pay one hundred cents on the dollar. Much is claimed for the hospitality of the south, of that I cannot speak from experience, but I never expect nor desire to travel among a more hospitable people than the Yankees.

God understood His business when He sent the Pilgrim Fathers to New England. He knew the country better than any of the people for He made it, and he knew just what kind of people were needed there, as when he sent the children of Israel out of Egypt into the land of Canaan. The two cases are parallel. The Canaanites had been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and the aborigines of North America had been tested in the same manner and shared the same fate. The Israelites and the Pilgrims were surely persecuted, and although loth to leave the flesh pots of Egypt and England were finally driven out into the wilderness in both cases. In each case a heathen nation had to be wiped out to make room for a christian people. As in the case of the settlement of Canaan, so it was in the settlement of New England. It was through great trials, hardships and danger that New England was settled at all.

The people who first established themselves on that rock-bound coast were a people not only of a peculiar character, but in many respects of a character much more valuable than was possessed by many others who settled other portions of this vast domain. They regarded their religious welfare as the most important and, in fact, the chief object in life, and verily believed that all secular interests should be secondary. It was their desire, and a good one, to make the Scriptures the foundation of their new government and the basis upon which to build up a new society. These rigid principles they attempted to maintain, and did for a time strictly maintain

in spite of all opposition. They seemed honestly anxious to regulate their own lives and the lives of posterity by the pure principles of the gospel. In order to do this it seemed to be necessary for this people to possess a firm and fixed character that nothing could shake or discourage. Such a character was invaluable in those days of opposition and superstition, when there was so much to do and suffer in order that a persecuted and oppressed people might establish the right in this country for all of every name and order to worship God according to the dictates of conscience. That right, now so well established, I trust will never be taken away.

While the first settlers of New England were rigid and uncompromising in their religious views and perhaps a little too intolerant towards others, it is not to be wondered at when we consider the treatment they themselves had received in the old country. They tried to impress upon all the great importance of living in strict obedience to the law of God, but failed to teach the gentle and loving principle of Jesus, by doing to others as they would have others do unto them. Selfishness for a while seemed to get the better of them. But, after all, the character established in New England more than two hundred years ago, although somewhat toned down and more sweetly tempered by the modern teaching of the gospel of Christ, is still as firm as the everlasting rocks and hills in New England's natural formation. The Pilgrims had a divine mission assigned them and performed the labor incident thereto according to the best light they then possessed, and left a record worthy the name and cause they represented.

L. T. P.

LETTER FROM PINE TREE STATE.

KINGFIELD, Maine, Sept. 21, 1895.

We still enjoy a fair degree of health and try to improve the golden moments allotted to us in New England to the best possible advantage.

Plenty of rain in this state and crops good. The weather has been somewhat variable for the past week. The nights

are getting cold and the days begin to seem like fall, still we may yet reasonably expect many beautiful autumn days to grace this part of the country with their cheerful and becoming presence, but it is plainly to be seen that nature is meeting with a change. Whether it is a change for the better is not for us to say. To some persons autumn is more beautiful and interesting as well as more healthy and reviving than spring or summer. This depends largely upon a person's temperament, taste, surrounding and condition, both physically and mentally. Spring is beautiful and summer is surpassingly lovely, but fall brings the rich, bountiful fruits of summer, and the harvest is the perfection of all the wonderful changes and silent workings that have constantly been going on in nature, in air and soil during the seasons of germination and growth.

Nature labors hard in spring and summer for the benefit of man, beast and bird; it brings forth its flowers, grasses, vegetables, fruits and seeds to produce and sustain life. Nature during her seasons of labor invites man to come out of the dusty towns, the noisy city, his workshop and dwelling to be nearer to her, that he may breathe the pure air, recuperate his energies and rest in her invigorating presence. Thus in summertime nature brings joy and gladness to the heart of man.

If a man still continues to hold sweet converse with nature in autumn he will be brought nearer the border of the unknown. He may now and then draw a sigh to think that summer is gone and winter is near, but at the same time he will be likely to have thoughts of his own life and the decay that is going on in his own organism. While his thoughts thus turn to himself he will be likely to bring his moral nature to bear on the subject, and see if in his case there is as much of life in autumn as of death, and as much of creation and of growth as of passing away. Such should be the case with man, as with plants and flowers. "Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, oh ye of little faith?"

Great changes often appear on the face of nature in a few days at this season of the year. One week ago the grass

and leaves were still fresh and green, the flowers fragrant and bright, and all nature was full of freshness, life and vigor. Now the scene has changed. The frost has laid its icy hand upon the sober green and other colors more gorgeous and to some more fascinating are now visible on the hill side and in the dark, deep forest. All this is still beautiful, but forcibly reminds us of the change that soon will follow. It will be but a few weeks now till nature will be obliged to yield to the domination of winter, and for a short season rest from her labors in sweet and quiet repose. "The damsel is not dead but sleepeth." The same will be true of nature and will hold good throughout her broad domain. She will not die, but sleep. Sleep under the influence of the frost until the great king of day shall again move northward and break the bands asunder that bind dame nature. Then shall she be awakened and arise to gladden the hearts of the children of men.

Man will not die, but will only sleep. The question naturally arises right here: How long will man sleep? He will sleep until the "great Son of Righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings," and the warming influence of His love and mercy shall shine upon the sleeper. Then shall the bands called death be broken, the bars of the tomb shall be burst asunder and man "shall be redeemed from the power of the grave." "Today thou shalt be with me in paradise." If what we call death is only sleep, which is evidently the case, why do we fear it? When worn, tired and weary, what is so refreshing as natural, balmy sleep? It is truly nature's sweet restorer. When the physical is under the necessity of yielding to old age or to the power of disease in any form, when the body is tortured by pain, when the vital organs can no longer do the work assigned them, when weary with the toils and cares of life, what can be better than to fall sweetly asleep in the arms of a loving Father and awake in that beautiful country where eternal spring forever reigns? If we have no fears of natural sleep, why should we fear the sleep of death? Both are according to nature, and the grace of God is able to make the latter just as pleasant and cheerful as the former.

Respectfully, L. T. P.

STORY OF ABRAHAM.

Abraham is certainly one of the grandest characters to be found in ancient or modern history, either sacred or profane. We know but little of his childhood. If it is true, and we think it is, that the boy is the father of the man, we have a right to believe that he was a very good boy, and made it a point to "honor his father and mother," for his days were certainly "long in the land."

The first important event of his life was his marriage to the beautiful and accomplished Sarah. Soon after this pleasing event, with his wife, father and nephew Lot he left the land of his nativity and dwelt in the land of Haran. While at this place his father died.

The business of his youth, no doubt, when not in school, was herding cattle and watching the flocks as they grazed upon the hill sides or sought for water from the wells and brooks of the plain. With his early experience in the business of his ancestors he very naturally became a stockman, and being a man of ability, of a careful, industrious turn of mind, very practical in all of his enterprises and strictly honest, he not only succeeded in his business but became renowned and influential throughout the whole country—a worthy example for the young men of today. Evidently, from the best information afforded, he was not quite satisfied with his environments at this place. The country may have settled up so rapidly that he had not sufficient room for his fast-increasing flocks and herds. His neighbors not being very devoted churchmen may not have been congenial to himself and family. After thorough investigation, believing in an all wise Providence and the promises made to him, he obeyed the command of the great Director of human affairs, left his kindred and friends and went forth into a land of strangers. He took his own family, Lot and family, and all the property that had been accumulated while living in Haran.

After an uneventful journey, so far as we know, they entered the land of Canaan and passed on into the plain of Moreh, where Abraham, like the true and faithful christian

that he was, erected a family altar and with his relatives, visitors and servants worshipped God. During his spiritual communion here it was revealed to him that this land would be given to his posterity. We read that the Canaanite was still in the land. For some reason Abraham found it necessary to remove from this place to a mountain on the east of Bethel. Here he again pitched his tent and established a family altar. When they had tarried in this quiet mountain retreat until they were refreshed and rested and their flocks and herds well recruited, they again packed up and journeyed on in a southerly direction.

The country through which Abraham passed was at this time a fair grazing country and plenty of good stock-water could be obtained by digging wells, but like New Mexico and the Dakotas was subject to severe drouths. A long, continued drouth in any country will produce a famine in its immediate vicinity. Our traveler in this case seems to have encountered such a famine, which was so severe he was obliged to continue his journey into Egypt. The valley of the Nile usually being so well-watered and enriched by the overflowing of the river that the crops are almost certain, Abraham continued his stock-business in this fertile country with a good degree of success. The surpassing beauty of his very amiable wife came very near getting him into trouble with the Egyptians. On account of personal fear he was led into temptation and used a little deception, which might have proved disastrous had not God by His Holy Spirit prevented it. When Pharaoh the king became aware of the deception practiced upon him, he rebuked Abraham and sent him and his wife, and Lot, and all they possessed out of the country.

At this time we read that Abraham was very rich in cattle, in silver and in gold. He again went back north to Bethel or near there, where he had first pitched his tent and erected his first altar on coming to that part of the country. About this time it became apparent that the two great stock-kings had too much stock for the country they were in to sustain. To add to the complications, their shepherds and herdsmen had evidently imbibed a little too freely of the "cow boy" spirit, and sometimes quarreled. Abraham being a just and peaceful man could not stand any such folly. He

told his nephew there must be no strife between them nor their herdsmen as they were near kinsmen. "The whole land is before us, it is better that we separate, you may take your choice, go your way and I will go in the opposite direction." Lot chose the beautiful, well-watered plain of the Jordan, dwelling with his family in the fashionable cities of the plains, thus enjoying city advantages while conducting his stock and agricultural business in the country.

Abraham remained in Canaan for a season, considering where he had better go. In the meantime he was led out by divine influence, seconded by his faithfulness and good judgment, to explore the vast country round about him and to walk through the land in the length and breadth of it, for he knew it was all to belong to him and his posterity. On his return home he decided to remove to the plain of Mamre in Hebron. Eventually a war broke out in the cities of the plain, and Lot and family were taken prisoners. As soon as Abraham received this unpleasant intelligence, with his usual dispatch he armed and equipped three hundred and eighteen well-trained, veteran servants, pursued the enemy to Dan where he was overtaken, attacked by night and defeated, and Lot, with his family, all his people and property were recovered and restored.

The king of Sodom offered to pay Abraham for the assistance rendered him, but he would not accept a reward lest the king should say he had made Abraham rich. Abraham was already rich and did not care to have a heathen king have the credit of making him so. He was greater, richer and more powerful than any of the kings of that country. He was, in fact, an uncrowned king by divine right. He had received from the great Ruler of the universe a divine grant, conveying to himself and his heirs forever all the land from the river of Egypt to the great river Euphrates. What an immense estate! According to our modern vocabulary Abraham might have been styled territorial magnate, or real estate king, cattle king and perhaps mining king, as he was known to be rich in silver and gold. Railroad kings not having been heard of in those days Abraham was not in it. But he was in so many good things and was so obedient to God at all times, not even refusing to offer up his son Isaac

as a burnt offering when commanded to, that he has been called the father of the faithful, which means more to christians at the present day than any title that could be conferred upon him. Although he had inherited the use of such a vast territory for himself and his posterity for business purposes, he found when his wife died that he had no legal title to any tract of land in Hebron that was suitable for a family burying place. On looking around he found a beautiful spot that seemed to please him. It was the field containing the historical Cave of Macpelah. The owner offered to make him a present of the field but he insisted upon paying for it. The price was finally agreed upon and Abraham paid for it in silver coin, which was then on a parity with gold. He received a warranty deed, duly signed, witnessed, sealed and delivered, conveying to him and his heirs forever the entire field, with its sepulchre, its trees, plants and flowers in field, and in all the beautiful borders thereof with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging. This was the first conveyance of real estate by warranty deed on record. Here Abraham buried Sarah, and when death overtook him he was placed in the tomb at the side of his faithful wife by the loving hands of his son Isaac.

L. T. P.

“HE CARETH FOR YOU.”

Casting all your care upon Him
You never should repine,
But ever love and trust Him
For it is Heaven's design,
To lead and guide the sons of men
In paths thus brought to view,
In love and wisdom He will lead,
'Tis true He careth for you.

Remember this precious promise,
Though darkness may come in,
And trials may surround you,
You are quite sure to win;

He knows all your temptations.
His mercy brings to view,
His love, so great, you must accept,
You know He careth for you.

“Behold, the lilies of the field,
They neither toil nor spin,”
And all the works of nature
Dependant are on Him;
And for the birds, He careth,
Of every tint and hue,
Then do not for a moment think
That He careth not for you.

The earth with all its loveliness
All things therein contained,
With all its vast resources
That scarcely can be named,
Were made by Him for your use,
Is now all brought to view,
And every time you think of this
You feel He careth for you.

This world is being reconciled
To God, through Christ, His son,
His banner over us is love
And all who will may come;
Enough for each, enough for all,
His promises are true,
And when you feel His precious love,
You say, He careth for you.

In Him rejoice, in Him believe,
He'll conquer all your foes;
He loves you, keeps you every day,
Your every want He knows;
He lives above to intercede
For all who will prove true,
He'll conquer sin, death, and the grave
Because He careth for you

Then do not murmur, nor repine,
Cast all your cares on Him,
Firm in your purposes remain,
He'll free you from all sin;
"His yoke is easy, burden light,"
Your heart He will subdue,
Your battles for you He will fight,
Fear not, He careth for you.

When the good fight of faith is won,
Your course is finished here,
A crown awaits you near the throne
Your heart to warm and cheer,
A crown for you, a crown for all
Who love their Lord to view;
'Tis then you'll know beyond a doubt,
That Jesus careth for you.

L. T. P.

CHAPTER XIII.

PENCILINGS.

BOSTON, Mass., May 31, 1886,

After a pleasant run of thirty-six hours from Chicago, I landed in this city last Thursday at 9:30 a. m. and found kind friends awaiting my arrival at the depot.

My route lay over the Michigan Central, New York Central, and Boston and Albany roads. There is too much of sameness about a trip of this kind over old roads and through old settled states to make a description of such a journey interesting to your readers, therefore I will not undertake it but will fill in my little space with something else.

Passing very closely to the falls of Niagara, our conductor kindly halted his train for about ten minutes, giving the passengers ample time to alight and view this wonderful waterfall. We had a splendid view, and many were the exclamations of surprise and admiration from persons who had never before visited the great cataract. It is truly a grand sight and any one who never beheld it might well afford to make the journey on purpose, if necessary, to view these immense falls.

When I was a boy I became intensely interested in a description of these falls found in the old English Reader, which was then used in the schools. A copy of the same I still possess. I was greatly impressed at the time with the magnitude of these falls, as well as with the closing paragraph of the chapter. It was this: "And yet it is said some Indians in their canoes have ventured over in safety." Not having at that time seen either I was at a loss to know which

to admire most, the falls, the Indians, or the canoe. Since then I have seen all three several times, and have learned to admire the falls as a work of nature, the canoe as a work of art, but the Indian has thus far failed to excite the slightest thrill of admiration in my obdurate heart. As bookmakers as well as newspaper men sometimes make mistakes, I have long since come to the conclusion that the little story about the Indian going over these falls in safety is all a myth—the Indian is no myth, and he may have gone over the falls, and if he did I am not going to feel badly about it now, and if he had never done anything worse than that I would like him better than I now do, but it is the safety part that I do not credit. Poor Lo is fast going over the falls today, not of Niagara, but of time. In a few years all that will be left of him will be in memory. His race will be extinct and his immortal nature, let us hope, will be secure in the happy hunting ground of the great beyond. So much for the falls, with the Indian and his canoe thrown in free gratis for nothing, as the boys say.

On reaching this city I quietly settled down in very comfortable quarters at No. 52 Berkeley street, and am trying just now to take it easy. About the first thing to arrest my attention was the annual meeting of the League of American Wheelmen. The opening exhibition of their bicycle and tricycle races came off the first afternoon I was in the city. The second exhibition came off the next day, and feeling pretty well rested I attended. It was something new and novel to me and I became very much interested. There were several prizes and a number of competitors. The first race was called the Novice Race of one mile; first prize, a gold medal; second prize, silver medal. The first prize was won by Chas. A. Steuben of New Jersey, the second by Henry S. Caldwell of Boston. Time, 3:17 4-5, and 3:18. The next race was a one mile dash for the national championship of the league. There were a large number of competitors in this race, and a great deal of interest manifested. First prize captured by A. B. Rich of New York, second by Taylor Boggis of Cleveland, Ohio. Time, 3:26, and 3:27 4-5.

The great event of the occasion was the grand parade of the entire league which came off Saturday, the last day of

the meeting. We all attended and were well paid for our trouble. The members of the league were all dressed in modest but tasty uniform and made a fine display. Many ladies with tricycles and dresses suited to the occasion were on hand ready to enter the procession. When all was ready at the sound of the bugle the first division mounted and wheeled into line. At this moment the band in the park struck up a lively march and the first division moved off down the avenue, quickly followed by all the other divisions as fast as they could mount and wheel into line. Down the avenue rolled these beautiful, highly-polished machines; the gold and silver trappings and mountings brightly sparkling and glistening in the sunshine, calling forth many exclamations of admiration and delight from the bystanders as they watched with strained vision this novel and magnificent display. Doorways, windows, steps and balconies were crowded with spectators eagerly watching this ever-changing procession as it moved gaily and gracefully through the most beautiful streets of the city. There were nearly seven hundred machines in line and it took about thirty minutes for the procession to pass a given point. To us it was something new, and to say we enjoyed it immensely would be stating it but mildly.

Yesterday was Memorial Day. Nearly all the city churches held appropriate memorial services to commemorate the great event that redeemed a race from slavery and established our government on a firm and we trust enduring basis. This day in consequence of its associations is now held sacred by all who love their country, and is obtaining a deeper hold upon the hearts and affections of the people with each recurring anniversary. Many are the lessons to be received by this day's ceremonies. Men in those times of peril left their pleasant homes and all their endearing associations to live in tents, endure hardship and suffering, that this country might be saved from disruption. A debt of gratitude is due them which can never be fully paid. This day brings to mind their valuable services and teaches us to respect them and forever cherish their memory, whether living or dead. Our noble veterans who still survive will soon have passed away, and these ceremonies will create in the hearts of the rising gene-

ration a sentiment of respect for our departed soldiers.

Yesterday being Sunday, today is being generally observed for the decoration and adornment of the burial places of the thousands who now sleep in hero's graves. Loving hands are now scattering beautiful floral tributes as fragrant offerings to dear, departed friends. Bands of music are now discoursing their sweetest strains, and eloquent orators are holding vast multitudes spell-bound by beautiful sentiments and eulogies that are now falling from burning lips. What lessons of loyalty to our country and devotion to our veteran soldiers may be learned today and handed down to generations yet to come. I sincerely hope this day will continue to be observed, not only under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic, but long after its members have heard the last roll call, and that the sons and grandsons of veterans may for all coming time continue to wreath in garlands the choicest flowers, and that loving hands may tenderly place them upon the resting place of our country's noble defenders.

Respectfully, L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

BOSTON, Mass., June 8, 1886.

The all-engrossing subject for several days has been the marriage of the President. Many have become very much excited over the event. Were he a monarch and a bachelor perhaps there might be more occasion for a great demonstration than now. As the position which he holds in this great nation is elective we would be likely to have a chief magistrate even if all our presidents should live and die old bachelors. There is no more occasion for rejoicing, and perhaps not so much, as when persons marry of congenial tastes and nearer equal in age. Many do not look upon it as the most suitable match under the sun. Mr. Cleveland is more than twice the age of his wife, and those who know his habits

best think he is so confirmed in his bachelor notions that it will be almost impossible to adapt himself to this radical change in circumstances and surroundings. The great disparity in age is a serious objection. Other objections might be urged which to some persons may seem of but little importance, to others have an irresistible tendency to check any great enthusiasm that under other circumstances would be likely to arise. Mr. Cleveland occupies a very exalted position, but he may not be any better for that. If Miss Folsom married him for the position, she will in a few years lose a very important part of her husband. If she married Grover Cleveland for himself, regardless of the position, the expiration of the presidential term will probably make but little difference to her. Mr. Cleveland was placed in the responsible position which he now occupies by a vote of his peers, should he succeed in filling it to the satisfaction of the nation, it will be a credit to himself and to those who placed him there. Should his administration be weak and vacillating no credit will attach to him or his followers in consequence of the position.

I thoroughly believe in the doctrine that it is no honor to any man to hold an office he is incompetent to fill. It is an established fact in the history of American politics, that the best, purest and able statesman are not always the persons chosen to fill responsible positions. The presidential chair has many times been filled by our best and purest men. Occasionally weak men, who have been lacking in many good qualities of both head and heart, have been elevated to this high position. It may not be in good taste in this communication to call up their history or criticise their acts. The present incumbent is the man in whom the country is interested just now. Not because he has so recently been married, but because he has work on hand that needs immediate attention. In alluding to these things we do not wish now to find fault or criticise Mr. Cleveland's administration. He seems to be slow in his movements, but we must remember that all large bodies move slow. He is quite large and so is this government. Canada is smaller and moves with greater rapidity.

Congress has at last made a move and seems in a fair

way to make one or two more in rapid succession. The people are now inclined to the opinion that before the fishery question is permanently settled Mr. Cleveland will be obliged to move. If as yet he has had no opportunity, the Frye Bill will open up the way, which we hope he will be swift to improve. When he shall return from his bridal tour, if he will only give the word the nation will join him in a fishing excursion with the Canadians. If that will not bring the matter to a focus, a picnic with the British lion will be in order, and now that our president is married we think he is big enough, if necessary, to beard the lion in his den. Our own fishermen, citizens of the United States, have not had a fair deal with the subjects of the Dominion for many years. Now is the time since the government of Canada has been so arbitrary in their rulings, to meet them in the same spirit and forever settle this question. If a little retaliation will not bring the Canadians to their senses, then let our government and the Canadian government appoint commissioners to take the whole matter into consideration and if possible come to some understanding in regard to the respective rights of all parties concerned. If they cannot agree then resort to arbitration, but never to arms until all other means are exhausted. A majority are in favor of a pacific policy, but not in favor of a do-nothing policy.

We certainly should admire President Cleveland for his independence since he came into office, and ought not to justify those who undertake to impugn his motives. The chief executive of this great nation should not be blinded by partisanship. He should be president of the nation and not of the party that elected him. There is no great objection to party preferment, all things being equal, including of course qualifications of candidates for office, I say let the victors have the spoils. For one I am free to confess that I admire the simplicity of the President's marriage. No effort on his part to create a sensation; no display of costly presents. Everything passed off quietly, modestly and in accordance with the principles of a democratic form of government. As he has seen fit to treat this matter of his own marriage so sensibly and has set us an example worthy of imitation there is no reason why we should get excited, but with him try to

take it cool, and let those who feel like it offer their warmest congratulations.

L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

BOSTON, Mass., June 15, 1886.

On pleasant days for health, recreation and all necessary out-door exercise, I find it convenient as we are but ten minutes walk away to visit Boston Common and the Public Garden. There we find nice walks, beautiful green lawns, comfortable seats, fine shade trees, choice flowers, playing fountains, and an artificial lake with plenty of good row boats at very reasonable rates.

We also find many bronze statues of our renowned statesmen and military heroes who have been conspicuous in the history of our country, placed on granite pedestals in suitable places overlooking the Common and garden and the many visitors that daily throng those lovely grounds. A granite monument of beautiful design and finish, surmounted by very appropriate and suggestive statuary, has been erected upon the highest elevation of the Common, called Flagstaff Hill. This monument according to the inscription engraven thereon has been dedicated "to the men of Boston who died for their country on sea and land, in the war which kept the Union whole," etc. All who visit these grounds are so much interested in this beautiful work of art so appropriate and so suggestive, perhaps a very brief description of the same may be of interest to your readers.

It reaches a height of about seventy-five or eighty feet and is called the army and navy monument. The foundation is of solid masonry, upon which is a solid-stone platform about forty feet square. The top of the platform is reached by three steps. From this platform rises the base of the shaft about nine feet, with pedestals projecting at each of the four corners. Wreaths of laurel are nicely carved upon the sides and fronts of these pedestals. Upon each stand

bronze figures seven to eight feet high. These figures represent the army, navy, peace, and history. The army is represented by the figure of a soldier standing at rest, with overcoat on, belt, etc. His musket rests upon the ground, one hand on the muzzle, the other clasping the barrel just below. The figure that represents the navy is a sailor in naval costume facing the sea, easy attitude, the right hand resting on the hilt of a sword with point on the ground, the left hand resting on his hip. Peace is represented by the figure of a female robed in drapery seated on a stone. Her right hand is raised, and in her left she holds an olive branch extended towards the south. The muse of history is represented by a figure in sitting posture clothed in oriental costume. In the left hand is a tablet resting on the knee, in the right a pen or pencil ready for use, face slightly turned upward and to one side. From the center of these projecting pedestals upon which these statues rest, rises the column which is surmounted by a capstone of granite, upon which stands a bronze statue representing a female in flowing robe upon whose head rests a crown of thirteen stars. Her right hand rests on the hilt of a drawn sword, the left holds aloft a banner draped about a staff. The face fronts the south and head slightly bowed. On the four sides of the base of the column between the pedestals are bronze representations of many of the scenes and incidents of the war. These bronze pictures I should judge are five or six feet long and from two to three feet wide; are set in the base of the shaft and are very fine, but space will not let me describe them. The entire cost of the monument is said to be seventy-five thousand dollars.

More than thirty years ago, when a resident of the old Pine Tree State, I regularly made my semi-annual visits to this city to purchase goods. When my day's work was finished I was sure in fair weather to find my way to the old Common. It seemed to me then to be the loveliest spot on earth. It was then and is today one of the finest natural parks I was ever in. The surface is undulating and completely covered with grass. The walks are shaded by more than a thousand large elms and many trees of other species, making it a place of rural beauty in the heart of a busy city.

Almost every foot of the fifty acres embraced in this enclosure is held dear to Bostonians by some historic association. Ever since I came to man's estate I have been interested in the history of Boston Common. Just forty years ago last month I visited this place for the first time. The old elm, even then, many centuries old, whose wide-spreading branches shaded an immense area, with trunk twenty-two and one-half feet in circumference a foot from the ground, was always my favorite resort. Twenty-three years ago I paid it my usual respects and beheld its towering form for the last time. Today as I visit the spot where this monarch of the Common formerly stood, a spirit of sadness comes over me and I feel as though I had lost an old, familiar friend. Ten years ago last February a severe gale laid the old fellow low, and his vast trunk has been made into walking sticks. I suppose that canes will be sold from this tree all over the world as long as Boston, the Common and the old elm shall be remembered in history. The same year this old settler gave up the ghost, a very pretty, young sapling of the same species was planted on the old site. It is now a fine, thrifty tree at least one foot in diameter. The site is enclosed with a nice iron fence.

The Public Garden is an improvement of quite recent date. It was formerly marsh land and nearly all the work of beautifying and making it what it is, has been done within the last twenty years. The flowers and designs are not as fine as in South Park, Chicago, but the statuary and fountains are elegant and grand, and will more than make up the difference in flowers and designs.

Very truly yours, L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

CONCORD, N. H., June 18, 1886.

Having received for myself and wife a cordial and pressing invitation from friends living in this city to visit them, and at the same time take in the unveiling and dedication of the Webster statue recently erected there, we concluded after a short consultation to send a letter of acceptance. We left Boston last Monday, stopped in Lowell until Wednesday and then made our way to this city. Our ride along the banks up the Merrimac river nearly all the way from Lowell, crossing it as many as three times, then winding among hills, through cuts and over valleys as we made our way across the old Granite State, was very pleasant and highly enjoyed by us.

Concord is a clean, nice city of fifteen thousand inhabitants. Is well and very substantially built, mostly of granite and red brick, and ranks high among the cities of New England for morality, enterprise and thrift. It has many costly and attractive residences, lovely grounds and flower gardens, and its schools and public buildings are a credit to the city and state. The granite quarries in close proximity to the city are easily worked, very fine, and of great value to that section of the country. Manufacturing is carried on here quite extensively, especially the carriage business, and Concord wagons and buggies are shipped to all parts of the United States.

The surrounding country is very rolling, rough and hilly, but the roads although hilly are smooth and in excellent condition. When they are once made but little repair is needed, as the granite and gravel stays where it is put and don't wear out. As a farming country it is just fair for New England. A western man will not be likely to become very enthusiastic over this country when speaking of its farming interests. But what is wanting in farming lands and length of the seasons, is largely made up by its valuable water power, stone quarries, timber, and many other natural resources.

Yesterday, in front of the fine, substantial, granite State House in this capital city of New Hampshire, was unveiled

to the public a beautiful, life-like, bronze statue of Daniel Webster, and was in an appropriate manner duly dedicated to the memory of "New Hampshire's most illustrious son." The old Granite State may well feel proud of yesterday's ceremonies and proceedings. She may well rejoice that after the lapse of many years she can boast of as fine a statue of the great expounder of the constitution and earnest defender of the Union as can be found in the United States. She may well feel proud that she gave birth and education to this illustrious man. The greatest orator, perhaps, that this country ever produced. She may well rejoice to know that thousands of her own sons and daughters, as well as many others from neighboring states, were present to witness the imposing ceremonies and to do honor to the occasion.

It was truly an occasion long to be remembered. We were glad to be there, to look upon the statue and witness all the ceremonies. This is the first statue of the kind that has been erected to the memory of Webster in his own native state. It seems very remarkable that something of this kind has not been done before, but, as the old adage runs, "it is never too late to do good." This statue is located in front of the State House, opposite and about eighty feet from the central entrance, facing Main street. On the front of the pedestal in large raised letters are the words, "Daniel Webster." On the other three sides are panels of bronze set in the granite a depth of two inches. On one side is the coat of arms of the state, and place and date of his nativity. On the opposite side, place and date of his demise. On the remaining side the name of the donor, Benjamin Pierce Cheney, date of presentation, etc. The pedestal is beautiful granite about ten feet high, the statue eight feet. Entire cost said to be twelve thousand dollars. The model of the statue was made by Thomas Ball at Florence, Italy, and cast in Munich.

The day was somewhat cloudy and threatening, but early in the morning people came flocking in from every direction, and continued to pour in till noon when the city was literally crammed. At twelve o'clock the procession was headed by three or four brass bands, followed by several well-uniformed battalions of militia and one of cavalry. Then came carriages filled with officers of our state and United States gov-

ernments, and many other distinguished invited guests. The military and civic display was all that could be wished, and the music was simply grand. Nearly two hours were occupied in forming and marching, and at two o'clock the vast crowd assembled at the platform in State House Square. Here another two hours were spent in oratory and other exercises. When the ceremonies were over, which was as late as four o'clock, dinner was served in different places to all who took part in the exercises. The crowd as a general thing dined before the ceremonies commenced. The chief orator was Samuel C. Bartlett, President of Dartmouth College, the institution where Webster graduated in 1801. The oration was long but was a fine production, well and earnestly delivered, eliciting frequent applause from an attentive and appreciative audience.

Many distinguished persons were present. We noticed the names of Governors Robie of Maine, Robinson of Massachusetts, Pingree of Vermont, Hill of New York, John A. Bingham of Ohio, and Elihu B. Washburn of Illinois. Many others were there, but it will be useless to recite all their names. We had a pleasant time, felt to rejoice with the rest that the 17th day of June, 1886, was emphatically Webster's day in New Hampshire. Very truly yours, L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

BOSTON, Mass., June 29, 1886.

Noticing that time is beginning to drag somewhat heavily and knowing that the legislature of this commonwealth is in session, and feeling like many others—legislatively inclined, I made my way to those august halls. Being a stranger to all I was forcibly reminded of a cat in a strange garret. I entered the hall of the House of Representatives—as they call it—during the morning hour. The dull routine of business having no particular charm for me I spent my time in looking around the hall, into the galleries, and in trying to

form an estimate of the members. Judging from appearances and what I heard from speaker, clerk and members, in point of ability this honorable body will compare just favorably, and no more than that, with our Wisconsin Assembly. They may be handsomer, but if so I failed to see it. They certainly are no better feeling, according to outward indications. But if you tell me they are less social, prouder and more aristocratic, I will not deny it. If you claim they are more pompous and feel their importance more than our members, my answer will be, as they are "the wise men of the east" nothing can be more natural. Please remember this is the "hub"—the seat of culture.

You may have observed that when the "wise men of the east"—and women too, for that matter—go into our western country it is quite natural for them to take their preconceived notions and opinions with them. Having been to the trouble to take them along it is just as natural to desire to enforce them upon others. They tell us how certain things were done in Boston and other eastern cities where they have lived, and think they should be done the same out west. After a few years residence on the broad prairies of the west almost invariably their opinions and ideas broaden, and their eastern wisdom develops into a liberal store of good, sound, common sense. After this they make as good citizens as can be found in the west. Occasionally one of these wise persons will not westernise worth a cent. Such usually go back east and settle down where the Yankee said he was born, Nantucket, Cape Cod and all along shore.

The Senate was not in session, consequently I only looked into the Senate Chamber. The State House while it is beautiful for situation and is quite pleasant inside, is a slim affair compared with our own fine Capitol at Madison. The site on which the State House stands is the most commanding to be found in the city. It was first built in 1796; since then many improvements and additions have been made. On the north side a fireproof addition has recently been built, which contains the state library consisting of sixty-five thousand volumes. From the cupola of the State House we have a fine view of the city, harbor, shipping, and many of the suburban cities and towns. It is estimated that fifty thou-

sand people annually mount the one hundred and seventy steps leading to the cupola, in order to obtain a view of the beautiful scene spread out before them.

In the halls are many paintings of old and honored statesmen, such as Washington, Webster, Hancock, Adams, Cushing and others. Much might be written concerning this old State House that would be interesting and edifying, but as all stirring events that have there transpired have long since passed into history, all we have to do is to invoke its muse and these scenes of the past will open up before us.

Having remained as long as I cared to at the State House, and feeling anxious to see more of the Genius of Art, I wended my way to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. This is said to be one of the finest institutions in Boston. The main entrance has a very rich and beautiful appearance, in consequence of the smooth, granite columns and the white-marble steps leading to the first floor. Revolving frames at the entrance of the hall turn to admit visitors. From the hall broad iron staircases reach to the upper floor. The rooms on first floor are devoted mostly to statuary. Second floor to paintings and engravings. We also find in the second story many productions of industrial art and bric-a-brac. In the Egyptian room is a large collection of antiques and many fragments of sculpture that are much broken and defaced. There we find mummies and mummy cases, vases, stamped cones, and a thousand things that we have not space to enumerate. The display of Japanese embroideries, tapestry and Persian fabrics is very fine. There is also a large collection of pottery, porcelain, majolica, and other wares that are manufactured in China, Japan and various countries, that are very beautiful and interesting to look upon. Of course it is impossible to give a description or enumerate in one short letter a tithe of what we saw in this museum. It is sufficient to say the two hours spent here was time well and profitably expended. Very truly yours, L. T. P.

CHAPTER XIV.

PENCILINGS.

NORWAY, Maine, July 7, 1886.

The last day of June we picked up our traps, packed our trunks and put all things in order for leaving for a season the celebrated "hub." We have enjoyed our stay in this famous city very much indeed.

We have visited many places of interest, not only in Boston but along the many "Spokes" and around the rim of this great wheel. At Mount Auburn Cemetery we stood by the graves of some of the most eminent dead of New England. Among them we will mention Longfellow, from whose grave we plucked a few spires of grass, white clover, etc., to carry away as mementoes of the illustrious poet, whose last resting place is here in this beautiful cemetery. This cemetery contains about one hundred and thirty-five acres, is very rolling, some portions being quite high, and its highest elevation is surmounted by a tower one hundred and twenty-five feet above the level of Charles River, which meanders slowly and noiselessly at its base. This is said to be the oldest garden cemetery in the United States, having been established in 1831. It is situated in Cambridge and Watertown, outside the city limits, but is considered a part of Boston.

Forest Hill Cemetery is another beautiful burying place of two hundred and twenty-five acres in West Roxbury, about five miles from the center of the city. This is much more wild than Mt. Auburn, being quite new and a large portion of it still in a state of nature. Art has not done so

much to beautify, but nature has been exceedingly lavish in its bestowal of everything calculated to give variety and almost exceptional natural beauty to these grounds. Many miles of walks and avenues wind over hills and through valleys by the side of nice, little lakes and through natural groves, and on the heights one can look off and obtain a splendid view of the beautiful scenery for many miles around. On the highest eminence called Snowflake Cliff a stone observatory has been built, from the top of which a large portion of Boston and many of the suburban cities and towns may be seen, affording one of the most delightful and charming prospects that can be imagined. The main entrance is through a stone gateway, on the south side of which is inscribed: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." On the inside the words: "He that keepeth thee will not slumber."

On Warren Hill is the grave of Gen. Joseph Warren, the hero of Bunker Hill. Landscape gardening is being carried on here to quite an extent, and flowers and shrubbery seem to be scattered on every hand in rich profusion. This cemetery was established by the city of Roxbury in 1848. There are many other cemeteries belonging to Boston which we did not have time to visit, therefore we will not mention them.

We visited the beach at Point Shirley, and with our own hands assisted to dig a bucket full of clams, from which our hostess made the most palatable dish of clam chowder that we ever ate. We were present at Tremont Temple and witnessed the commencement exercises of the New England Conservatory, and were more highly entertained than ever before on any similar occasion. We attended class exercises at Harvard University and were very much interested in all their performances in the afternoon, and the illumination, fireworks, singing, playing and all the exercises of the evening were splendid and seemed to be greatly enjoyed by all.

On the first day of the present month at nine o'clock a. m., we bade adieu to Boston and took the Boston & Maine road for Portland, where we changed to other roads, wife and I coming to this place and Mary going to Rockland. There was a great rush that morning for the east, and it seemed as though everybody wanted to leave Boston the same day. Everybody wanted their baggage put on board,

but in spite of all the efforts many trunks were left behind to be forwarded on the next train. Two of ours were taken and the other left. The one left was the first to reach us, making the saying true: "The first shall be last, and the last first." We reached this village at four o'clock same evening, and our trunks the next day. Kind friends were at the depot to welcome us and conduct us to their hospitable homes. Here we will rest for a season, and rusticate among the hills and the cool, shady pine groves that surround this beautiful, New England village.

We had a pleasant trip from Boston to this place, but traveling on the cars is almost too rapid to obtain a good view of the country. Another thing should be considered, the track of our railroads very seldom lies through the best and most interesting portion of the country. Therefore a slower mode of travel and a wagon road affords a much better opportunity to see the country and enjoy the beautiful prospect so distinct and attractive all through the New England states. Twenty-three years ago we visited this place and expected to find it just about the same as we left it then, but we find it twice the size and greatly improved in every respect. They now have a large force employed putting in waterworks at an estimated cost of forty thousand dollars, which is too low an estimate.

This little village is very pleasantly situated on a branch of the Grand Trunk railroad; contains a population of two thousand inhabitants, and is one of the enterprising villages of the east. They have a large tannery here employing one hundred men, and two extensive shoe shops four stories high, giving employment to seven hundred persons. The little Androscoggin River runs through the village, affording a good water power for mills of various kinds. The weather has been very hot for the past week or ten days.

The 4th passed off very quietly here as no celebration had been planned, and many citizens and the brass band attended Portland's centennial celebration, which according to all accounts was one of the greatest ever held in that city.

L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

NORWAY, Maine, July 14, 1886.

Since coming to this village, the weather having been very warm and rest and recreation seeming, to be almost as necessary as any of the comforts of life, we have spent our time in visiting, wandering through the town, and straying off into the pine woods that serve as a beautiful outer border fringing this lovely village. After having lived a month in the noisy city of Boston, perfect quiet is exceedingly enjoyable. Village sights and sounds are less exciting than what we see and hear in the city, and being more used to them they harmonize better with our natures and produce an effect that is salutary and lasting. Out-door exercise has its advantages and pleasures, and while in the enjoyment of the same its influence is felt to such an extent upon our nervous system and entire physical organism, that we cannot bear the thought of again being obliged to shut up for any great length of time by any kind of in-door business. Days and weeks pass swiftly away, and the time will soon come when we shall be under the necessity of leaving these pleasant surroundings and being called to other and more active scenes.

Yesterday our kind friends with whom we are stopping a portion of the time, invited us to take a ride into the country. On looking out of the window we beheld a team hitched to a comfortable, two-seated carriage, and as it needed no second invitation in a few moments we were seated upon its soft, cosy cushions. All being ready we were soon rattling away at a good, round gait, bound for the country. It was a splendid day. The sun shone brightly, but the air was cool. A few soft, white clouds were slowly fitting about the horizon, but not of sufficient density to obscure the sun but for a moment. Those who never had an opportunity to travel over the wagon roads of New England cannot appreciate the delight and exhilarating effect of such a ride on both body and mind. A buggy ride in Wisconsin on a pleasant day at this season of the year is enjoyable, but does not by any means compare with the ride we had yesterday.

Soon after starting we crossed a bridge and left the level plain upon which the village of Norway rests in peaceful and quiet beauty at the base of the hills, and commenced to ascend by degrees the first elevation leading into the hill country. Some of the hills were but slight, others were abrupt and hard to climb. Roads in this country are not apt to run on section lines, or lines of any other kind except crooked ones, which seem to be the most common of any. As it is more easy to go around a steep hill than directly over the top, crooked roads are an absolute necessity. Sometimes we wind pleasantly round the side of a mountain; occasionally we find a level spot between the hills or on the very top; again we descend into slight valleys; but on the whole our course though far from straight is still onward and upward. An upward, onward course is truly commendable, but in christianity and morals it is only obtained by keeping the straight and narrow way. However steep the ascent or rough and rugged the pathway, whatever obstacles may meet us squarely in the face, if we turn aside into easy paths and become lax in morals our course though onward soon ceases to be upward. But there is so much difference between the hill of morality and the hills of New England we will not stop to make comparisons.

Suffice it to say after a few hours ride we came to the home of another friend, a brother of our companions in the carriage. We all alighted and after resting a few moments we went across the road and into the highest field on our friend's farm. This was a hay field as smooth as any in Wisconsin, the stones all having been removed and laid into a good, substantial wall, which surrounded the whole field of about twenty-five acres. From the highest point in this beautiful field we had a fine view of the country and all the mountain ranges for many miles around. A constant succession of hills and mountains seem to rise up in bold relief against the horizon. Hills seem to rise gradually or swell abruptly until high mountain ranges are formed, terracing as it were the sky and looking like a vast cyclorama. Here we had a grand view of the White mountains, which appear but a few miles away but are in fact some twenty-five miles distant. Other mountains of less celebrity but considerable

note afforded splendid views in the clear light of a beautiful day. Mt. Washington and some of the other very highest peaks were capped with light, fleecy clouds, which they tell us is usually the case even in the fairest and brightest weather. Here we could see dense forests spread out in the distance, composed of almost all kinds of trees, hard wood and evergreen trees mingling together the different shades of green, presenting a beauty not to be found in forests where the trees are all of one species.

On our return home we came by the way of Pike's Hill, which is situated only about one mile from the village, and there visited the old home of our father, Charles Pike, Esq. of Monroe, Wisconsin; this being the place of his nativity and where he resided until he was twenty-nine years of age. We entered the old home that had stood the storms of nearly a century, looked into the big, old-fashioned fireplace and brick oven, and saw the old andiron quietly resting on the hearthstone. We also entered the old burying ground which is near by, and read the inscriptions on the tombstones of some of my wife's near relatives. Among them we will mention grandparents and a brother and sister, who have for many long years been sleeping in the quiet solitude of this sequestered spot. Pike's Hill was a place of great interest to us on account of having been the residence of near and dear friends, and because some of them still have their final and last resting place there.

L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

NORWAY, Maine, July 21, 1886.

Not having seen a real, radical, political western paper since coming east it is somewhat amusing to read the anti-Blaine papers of Boston. Many of these papers are very ably edited, quite newsy and have an extensive patronage. The amusing part is to notice how carefully the "Plumed

Knight," as they usually call him, is watched. It is not only amusing but may be made quite an interesting and profitable study, to note the many sensational changes that may be rung on the political bells of a wide-awake, active, successful, but jealous party, even two years in advance of a real presidential contest. Judging from the tone and many of the utterances of these papers, and the dread they seem to have of Mr. Blaine lest he again become a candidate for the presidency, an unprejudiced mind would be led to consider him now the most influential man in these United States. If he is not, why do these papers thus early go so far out of the way to try to manufacture political capital out of nothing, to be used against him if his party should see fit to make him their standard bearer in 1888? Would it not be better for those who have already commenced to antagonize Mr. Blaine to save their ammunition until they can see the white of his eye, and not waste it all shooting at such a fearful long range? No man perhaps in this country is watched more closely than Mr. Blaine. Every movement he makes is sharply scrutinized, every word he utters is carefully weighed, every sentence analyzed, every sentiment dissected, and almost every popular idea misconstrued or fearfully distorted. It seems to be worse here in that respect than out west. Why is it? It may be in consequence of being near Mr. Blaine's home. While his influence is felt all over the nation, and to some extent all over the civilized world, it is felt in the eastern states more perceptibly than farther away.

Mr. Blaine is at present keeping very quiet, and is taking no active part in politics. He has other work to do and as usual is doing it with all his might. He has little time and no disposition to accumulate and hoard up political capital for 1888, but you cannot make his enemies believe it. If they do believe it they will not acknowledge the fact. They are bound he shall be a candidate in 1888, whether in accordance with his wishes or the wishes of his friends or not. At any rate they are bound to make the country believe, if they can, that he wants to be a candidate and that he is bending all his energies in that direction, and that all his friends are doing the same thing. If he makes a speech on the Irish question they claim he don't care a fig for "Home Rule,"

but is catering for the Irish vote. His speech in Portland, which his enemies admit was a fine effort and a fair exposition of the question under consideration. But, say they, "It is quite possible, however, that the magnetic statesman was thinking more of helping himself than of helping Gladstone and Parnell." If a republican state convention is held in his own state to put in nomination a candidate for governor and other state officers, Mr. Blaine gets all the credit of manipulating the wires and ropes of the successful side, and all the corresponding curses that naturally follow from the other side. I submit another little extract from one of the leading Boston papers on this subject:

"Messrs. Blaine and Manley nominated a candidate for governor of Maine last winter, and ordered his endorsement by the Republican State Convention. Of course the order was obeyed."

What a wonderful man this Mr. Blaine must be that even the winds and the waves of all the disturbing political elements obey or are in some way subject to him! Some claim that the Gladstone bill in the British Parliament would have received more votes had it not been for his Portland speech. He seems to be the scapegoat in all the most important questions on both continents. He not only has to bear his own sins and the sins of the republican party, but they try to figure in the whole world and the rest of mankind. If he expresses an opinion in private on the fishery question, he is fishing for fishermen votes. If he says a word against monopolies and in favor of labor, he is bidding for votes. If he goes from home he is looking up his chances for a nomination for the presidency. If he stays at home he is counting his chances for the nomination. If he is indisposed in any way, he is trying to excite sympathy and thereby strengthen his claim to the presidency. If his health is unusually good, he is determined to live until he obtains the presidency. If he happens to take cold and looks up to the sun in order to get a good sneeze, he is invoking the gods to assist him in obtaining the nomination for the presidency. If he don't succeed in sneezing to the satisfaction of all his critics and has to "blow," he is sounding his horn and marshalling his forces to capture the presidency. If all these

efforts to clear his nasal organs happen to produce a coughing fit, he is barking for the presidency. If his enemies happen to hear an insect buzzing anywhere in the direction of the state of Maine, they say it is the presidential bee in Mr. Blaine's bonnet. If he does and says much he is bidding for the presidency. If he does and says nothing in a public way, he is the still animal that is sure to swallow up all the chances for the presidency.

OH! CONSISTENCY THOU ART A JEWEL.

Not to be found in all the walks of life,
When factions boldly enter into strife,
Thou art not always present everywhere,
Though we may seek with diligence and care;
When party lines are very tightly drawn,
When rank and file around their leaders form,
Men are not careful what they do or say,
And all who oppose must clear the way,
Or gauntlet run at risk of life and limb,
And when the waves run high, more sink than swim,
In this unholy strife, men strike to kill,
If not the body, the character, they will
Most cruelly and viciously assail,
And if encircled in a coat of mail,
Like red-hot shot and solid iron hail
These fiery darts will often penetrate,
Reducing to the dust the good and great.
Consistency is not in all the ways
Of politicians in these modern days;
The best and purest in this noble land
Must often be traduced at the command
Of those who work the wires, and set the pins,
And plan the party fight; and he who wins
Will be applauded, and his friends will bow
And do him homage, thinking not of how
Corrupt the measures of these leaders were,
That will not hinder, or in the least deter
The victors in their festive jubilee;
As they the honor, loaves and fishes see,

This nation which we think is wise and good,
Should frown upon the course pursued
By all who make a practice to malign
The best and noblest men of any clime.
Let public judgment turn this vicious tide
That men of merit may in peace abide,
Until the country shall their service need,
Then give full force to every righteous deed.

L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

NORWAY, Maine, July 28, 1886.

We have improved our time during the past two weeks, in sight-seeing and visiting to the best of our ability. While the visiting has been intensely interesting to us, the people whom we have visited being all strangers to the most of your readers, an account of such visits would be of very little interest to them. We think of taking a trip to the White mountains, if we do a few more jottings may then be in order. Our time has been so taken up in the manner in which I have stated, that we have been able to collect but few items for this letter, which will of necessity have one good quality, that of brevity. We are exceedingly sorry that you are suffering to such an extent in Wisconsin from prolonged dry, hot weather. We had similar weather here for two or three weeks, since then the weather has been all that could be wished. Plenty of rain and just the right temperature for comfort.

Since our last we have visited and more closely inspected the tannery and shoe shops situated in this enterprising village. Nearly eight hundred persons of both sexes and different ages are employed in these institutions. From five thousand to six thousand dollars is paid out weekly for labor. A large portion of this money is retained in this village and

township. The shoe shops work on orders altogether. Week before last they shipped twelve thousand cases of shoes. They were not all made that week, however. Capacity, one hundred cases per day. Their annual production is about seventy-five thousand dollars worth and they are working hard to bring it up to one hundred thousand, with a fair prospect of seeing its accomplishment in the near future. They have had no strikes yet, and don't expect any. Their hands are mostly obtained right here in the village and surrounding country; have sense enough to know when they are well used, and are satisfied to let well enough alone. Professional strikers here are given a wide berth. They had a few of them once but now avoid them as they would a pestilence. It is generally understood all over this part of the country that no strikers need apply. Their buildings cost about forty thousand dollars, and boiler, engine and machinery for manufacturing shoes, which is very elaborate and expensive, about one hundred thousand dollars more. Their floating capital must be nearly or quite a half a million as their production is sold largely on long time.

It is a curiosity to go through these shops and witness the perfect operation of all the different kinds of machinery. Comparatively little is done by hand. The lasting of course is hand work. Machines have been invented to do that, but not being quite satisfactory have not yet come into use. The machine for sewing on buttons attracts more attention than any other. The buttons are poured into a hopper, run through, and by some obscure manipulation are placed in just the right spot and sewed on. Exactly how the work is done, or how it comes about that the shank of the button always turns just right to be caught by the needle, I cannot explain, as the work is performed too rapidly to be followed by the eye. I was informed by the lady operating one of these machines that she could sew the buttons on six hundred pairs of ladies' boots, twenty buttons to the pair, making twelve thousand, in ten hours. As one remarked in my hearing, this machine handles them just about as fast as a hen picks up corn. I suppose Wisconsin people know how fast that is. Another machine puts in the eyelets for lace boots much more rapidly than buttons are sewed on. The nailing and

pegging machines are all very perfect and we watched their operation with much interest, but it would be impossible to give a description of them on paper that would convey to the mind their great utility and perfect work. Like many other things of which we write, this machine must be seen and its operations witnessed in order to be appreciated. The capital to run this big institution is furnished mostly by Lynn parties.

If we had such a business as this in Evansville, together with what we have already, we would ask no odds of any town in Rock county. But, after all, if our town and village would work and pull together as well as eastern towns and villages, we would be all right anyway. What we lack in manufacturing interests we make up in farming. As our farming interests increase and farmers become forehanded, their surplus funds will gradually seek investment in villages and cities, and if manufacturing can be made to pay, their money will be more likely to enter that kind of business than any other. Village and country should always live in harmony. What is good for one is equally good for the other. "In union there is strength," so there is in Evansville. "United we stand, divided we fall."

The people of new states can, if they will, learn many useful lessons from the inhabitants of the older. Experience is a good schoolmaster. Some of the citizens of New England have have a great deal of experience, and long since have come to the conclusion that villages and cities enhance the value of farming, timber and wood lands for miles around, and when they help the village what they can, they often help their own property from ten to twenty-five per cent according to location and surroundings. Let us go and do likewise.

I will further state that the capacity of the tannery to which I have alluded, is four hundred sides of upper leather per day. They use annually four thousand cords of hemlock bark. After the bark has been used for tanning it is then pressed dry and shoveled into the furnace as fuel, furnishing all that is necessary to run a hundred and twenty horse-power steam engine. I stated in my first letter from here that the mills were on the little Androscoggin River. That

was a mistake. They are situated on the outlet of the Pennessewassee Lakes. The above mentioned river forms a junction with this Pennessewassee brook about half a mile below the village.

Respectfully, L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

GORHAM, N. H., July 27, 1886.

We reached this place last evening on our way to the White mountains. Expected to have made the ascent today, but it commenced raining this morning before daylight and has kept it up all day. I wish Wisconsin could be as highly favored in receiving an abundance of moisture as Maine and New Hampshire. But don't be discouraged, your turn will come soon I hope. The sun is now setting and may be plainly seen through a rift in the clouds, which appear dark and threatening on the outside but evidently they have a silver lining. Judging from the sunset we think we have good reason to expect a fair day tomorrow. If the weather is not favorable for our mountain trip tomorrow we shall wait still another day. We have splendid quarters at the Woodbine Cottage and shall not feel very badly if we have to stay two or three days longer.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, July 28.

Clouds and fog still hung around Mt. Washington this morning, and we were fearful it might continue to do so all day. Although it was clear and nice in the valley we concluded to act on the advice of our friends and wait till tomorrow. In the meantime while waiting we have tried to employ our time in writing to friends and looking over the town.

This town seems to be completely hemmed in by mountains on every side. The valley is broad enough for this nice little town of Gorham with its fifteen hundred inhabitants, also the Grand Trunk railroad, and has plenty of room left for the Big Androscoggin River to flow through the valley by running at a very rapid rate. There are no farming

lands here worth mentioning. Railroad, lumbering and other interests have built up the town and still sustain it. A lead mine exists a short distance away, but has recently been abandoned. Lumbering is still carried on in winter time.

After looking over the town all we desired, we crossed the river on the wagon bridge and climbed some of the bluffs that were not very high, and with our glass had a fine view of the White mountains. After this we entered a small piece of woods, found some spruce trees and ruthlessly robbed them of all the gum they happened to have on hand. You can hardly call it highway robbery as the trees were several rods from the road. But in that dark and lonely spot with a big pocket knife pointed directly at them, they stood perfectly still and delivered up all their precious treasures. They did not have much in their "pockets," but we obtained enough to keep our jaws running for a while and then we will forage in other woods.

We are now forty-three miles from Norway and sixteen miles from the top of Mount Washington. The weather looks very favorable this evening, and if fair in the morning you may expect to hear from us about noon tomorrow, away up among the clouds. If not tomorrow, we will write you from the top of Mount Washington if nothing happens the first pleasant day.

"Among the Clouds, Summit House,
Mount Washington, July 29,"

Not exactly among the clouds just now, but as they seem to be but a few feet above us they are liable to settle down around us at any time. They are only light, broken clouds, and as they move rapidly they hide the sun but for a moment and are gone. It is a magnificent day. Although quite hot at the base of the mountain it is cool enough here. Light wraps are comfortable and exercise easy and pleasant in the pure mountain air. We left the base of the mountain about half past eight this morning and reached the summit a few minutes past twelve. We had a good team, a good, careful driver, and our journey up was all that could be desired. The scenery by far surpassed anything we ever beheld. The way seems dangerous as we pass along the brink of precipices and can look down several hundred feet into the abyss

below. But the road is wide and the most dangerous places have a wall two or three feet high, built of large stone on the lower side. The height of this mountain is six thousand two hundred and ninety-three feet above the level of the sea. The road which we came, on the east side, is eight miles long and is said to have an average grade of twelve feet in one hundred. We made the ascent in a little less than four hours. The railroad on the west side is three miles long, and the average grade is one foot in four. Only one car is run with each engine, and running time one and one-half hour. There are three rails, one on each side for the trucks to run on, and a cog-rail in the center. Cog-wheels on engines and coaches work in this cog-rail, thus slowly and surely overcoming the steep grade with ease and safety. Powerful brakes on engines and cars seem to make everything safe and secure. No passenger has ever been injured on this road. As we came up on the wagon road we felt very anxious to try the railroad, and succeeded in making arrangements with one of the conductors to take us about one-third of the distance down the mountain. We enjoyed our ride immensely on this mountain road and would not have been satisfied without it.

We have tried on several occasions to give something of a description of mountain scenery and how it seemed to us, but always feel when we get through that we have come so far short of the reality that we will not try it again. Some one made the remark that we would have something grand to describe when we visited Mount Washington. That is very true. Its beauty and grandeur is too great for us. We cannot do it justice, but will leave the subject in more able hands, and with those of a poetic turn of mind and more vivid imagination than we possess. Having come to this conclusion we will give you a few dry facts which we have just gathered from Henry M. Burt, editor of a daily paper printed here, called "Among the Clouds," then we will draw this hastily-written letter to a close.

The first hotel built here was the old Summit House built in 1852. The Tip-top House which still stands although deserted, was built in 1853. The present Summit House, which is a fine one, was built in 1872. The carriage road was

commenced in 1855, and the railroad in 1866. The signal service station was established in 1870. The first number of the daily paper, "Among the Clouds," was printed July 18, 1877, by Henry M. Burt, the present editor, of Springfield, Massachusetts. Several mountain tragedies have occurred here in the last half century. I will notice the following taken from "Among the Clouds."

"The destruction of the Willey family by a landslide, August 28, 1826. Frederick Strickland perished in a ravine, October 1851. Miss Lizzie Bourne of Maine, perished on the Glen bridle path near the Summit, on the night of Sept. 14, 1855. The spot is marked by a monument of stones near the track of the railroad. Dr. B. L. Ball of Boston, was lost on Mount Washington in October 1855, in a snow storm, but was rescued after two days and nights exposure without food or sleep. Benjamin Chandler of Delaware, perished near Chandler's peak, half a mile from the top of Mount Washington, August 7, 1856, in a storm, and his remains were not discovered for nearly a year. Henry W. Hunter of Pittsburg, perished on the Crawford bridle path, Sept. 3, 1874, a mile from the Summit."

Last Saturday a young man from Boston perished in Tuckerman's ravine, a mile and a half from the Summit, by the falling of the snow arch. Others of the party were injured, but none of them fatally.

We can see from here other mountain ranges in every direction as far as the eye can extend, some of them fifty or sixty miles away. It is a little hazy today. They claim to be able to see mountains one hundred miles away on a perfectly clear day. The wagon road winds around the mountain in so many different directions that we have a splendid view of Clay, Jefferson, Madison, Adams and several other prominent mountains and the valleys between them. For nearly one-half the distance up the mountain the road passes through quite a dense forest. After leaving the half-way house, where we stopped for a few minutes, there is a small, stunted growth of shrubs for a mile or two, then nothing but rocks partially covered with moss and a species of wild grass. It is now past three o'clock, and we are admonished it is time to prepare to leave the Summit that we may reach the

base before dark. If we get down all right, you may expect to hear from us again. Respectfully, L. T. P.

CHAPTER XV.

PENCILINGS.

NORWAY, Maine, August 4, 1886.

We stated in our last letter, written on Mount Washington, that we were nearly ready to descend. We set out on our return trip between three and four o'clock, and reached the base without accident. Our journey down was quite exciting as we descended much more rapidly than we went up. We reached Gorham about sunset a little fatigued, but not half so tired as we expected to be. Next morning we returned to Norway, feeling well satisfied with our trip to the White mountains and our very pleasant stay in this part of New England

The time has now come when we must bid adieu to this pleasant village, its kind-hearted, genial inhabitants, its tasty, neat, cosy dwellings, its commodious churches, all its shops and factories, and seek other towns, other scenes and other friends. For more than a month we have found an abiding place in this lovely valley. The hills are near at hand on either side; some of them covered with forests, others dotted over with farms and good substantial buildings. For natural beauty and variety of scenery, the hill country in this vicinity can scarcely be excelled in any locality where farming is at all practicable. We have had a fair opportunity to explore this region in almost every direction. These lakes and streams, valleys and ravines, mountains and hills, with all their charms and variations, have become so familiar to us that a spirit of sadness comes over us as we bid them adieu. Our pleasant visit here and the kindness of friends and relatives who have spared no pains to make us comfortable and happy, will leave impressions upon our minds that

can never be effaced. These pleasant recollections will certainly be to us a source of comfort and pleasure during all the future of our lives.

At this season of the year when one can be much out of doors, nature is so interesting and inviting in such a country as this that many beautiful and sublime impressions are made upon the hearts of her votaries. Lovers of natural scenery cannot help becoming attached to such a place as this, where almost everything in nature is so lofty and grand even if all the inhabitants were strangers to them. When in addition to all this natural beauty we find in our friends and associates a corresponding beauty, which is ever prompting them to acts of kindness, unselfishly anticipating the wants of others in a thousand little attentions, it makes our enjoyment greater and all our surroundings still more pleasant. We could not if we should really try with our limited use of language, give anything like an adequate idea of the grandeur of such a country as this, or the peculiar enjoyment we have in traveling through it. Our way often lies over hills and across valleys, through deep forests and brushy openings, across farms and beside lakes, over brooks and rills, roads bordered in many places on either side with shrubs, flowers, brakes and ferns in almost endless variety. While all this is transpiring it is but natural that our minds should reach out, not only to the loveliness and beauty of nature, but beyond all this to nature's God. To fully appreciate all such scenery one must see it for himself, and have a taste for these things in order to enjoy them.

We commenced this letter for the purpose of saying farewell to all these old familiar haunts, but the temptation to linger is so great we have as yet made but little progress. So now we will rally once more and muster up courage enough to say:

Farewell mountain, wood and stream,
To us like friends of old you seem,
Farewell rough and rocky hill,
We leave thee with the gentle rill
That rushes down thy rugged side
As on it moves to ocean tide.

Farewell valley, lake and plain,
May peace and joy with you remain,
Thy beauty we must leave behind
To cheer the heart and calm the mind
Of all who look into thy face,
And seek of thee reflective grace.

Farewell old groves of scented pine,
Within thy shades we did recline,
Among thy boughs the zephyr played,
Thy slender tops were gently swayed,
A soft, melodious, sighing sound,
Came from thy branches to the ground,
And touched a tender chord within
And lifted up our hearts to Him,
Who gave to man these grand, old trees
To fan him with a cooling breeze.

To fill the air with choice perfume
That comes so sweetly when in bloom;
So healing seems the resin smell
That invalids sometimes get well,
When they inhale this honey dew,
To them like incense to the Jew.
Oh! how we loved to linger there,
When July's sun we could not bear,
We came within this soft green tent,
No brush was there, and so we went.

A russet carpet clothed the ground,
The slender foliage we found
For years had fallen to the earth,
Since these old trees have had their birth,
And formed a carpet without seam,
So thick that only spots of green
Were now and then mixed with the tan,
These spots were little pines which can
Grow through these leaves so hard and dry,
But weeds and brush need not apply.

For if they do the pines will sigh,
 Intruders! thou shall surely die,
 But we will bid you all farewell,
 Soft carpets with the fragrant smell,
 Big pines and smaller ones as well,
 We now must part, and may you dwell
 In love and harmony to tell
 The generations which may swell
 Thy numbers to such vast extent,
 That many groves may yet be sent.

To cheer and comfort all mankind,
 That blessings in this grove may find.
 Farewell mountain, gorge and rill,
 May peaceful shades rest on thee still;
 To us a pleasure thou hast been,
 As thy dark passages we've seen;
 Other footsteps you now will hear
 Before the autumn shall appear,
 Thy solitude is dear to all,
 Who love these wilds, both great and small.

Thy friends now number many score,
 And time will add ten thousand more.
 Farewell, old friends, we now must part,
 Although 'tis said with aching heart;
 Farewell flower, and vine, and tree,
 May fragrant beauty dwell with thee;
 The lights and shadows thou has brought,
 Have many lessons to us taught.
 Flowers may fade, and leaves may fall,
 But root or seed to life will call.

The germ within shall never die,
 Though frosts may bite and north winds sigh,
 But will again in beauty shine
 As lovely as the parent vine.
 From vegetation we may learn
 A lesson, that our hearts should turn
 To God, our resurrection, hope;

And though in darkness we may grope,
Remember Him, who burst the tomb,
Dispelled the darkness and the gloom.

The first fruits now of them that slept,
Although in sorrow once he wept;
The word of God, and nature too,
Has taught us all what we should do.
Each flower, and shrub, and every tree,
Declares a future that shall be,
In silent language seem to say;
The only true and living way
May be in nature plainly seen,
Improve it, while the leaf is green.

They whisper to us to secure,
The germ of life that shall endure,
When flower and leaf have passed away,
To be restored to endless day.
So now we say to all farewell,
Let others still these lessons tell;
We also leave our friends so kind,
Their virtues we shall bear in mind,
And when in distant lands we dwell,
With them we hope it will be well.

And if we never see them more,
We hope to meet them on that shore,
Where God His harvest gathers in,
And frees His children from all sin,
The place that Jesus did prepare,
And where He is, may we be there.

Respectfully, L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

WILTON, Maine, August 9, 1886.

Since leaving Norway we have been on the wing most of the time. Our first movement was to visit Portland and Peak's Island. This trip was very pleasant as it was made in company with an excursion party, composed mostly of Norway people, among whom were many friends and relatives. On reaching Portland, by a previous arrangement of the managers of the excursion, a steamboat awaited our coming at the wharf. We all went on board and spent an hour very pleasantly in sailing around the harbor, and among the many beautiful islands that abound in such profusion in this safe and commodious bay. After we had consumed the time allotted for sailing we were safely landed on Peak's Island.

When we had explored the island sufficiently to become tired and hungry, we entered a nice grove, well seated, near which we found a good well of water and all other necessary conveniences for resting and partaking of a picnic dinner. Having come well prepared with all the edibles required for such an occasion we were soon seated, and in due time did ample justice to all that was set before us. We enjoyed our repast and rest very much indeed. The day was excessively hot, but the cool sea breeze and the shade of the friendly grove had a tendency to restore our equipoise and fit us for our afternoon exercises.

There are several places of amusement here, but we preferred to call on old friends instead of being amused. While the balance of our party were doing their best to amuse the children and make it interesting for them, we called at the Oceanic House and had a very pleasant interview with ex-Governor Fisk of Covington, Kentucky, his estimable wife, and their daughter, Mrs. Byron Andrews of New York. Some of your readers know Mrs. Andrews, as she has visited several times in Evansville with her husband's people. This island is the governor's favorite resort, with as many of his family, married or single, as he can call around him. If I

remember correctly, this is the twelfth summer he has passed on this delightful spot. He is a lawyer by profession, and is one of Kentucky's most influential, wealthy and respected citizens. We had a pressing invitation to tarry with them longer and partake of their hospitalities, but time admonished us that we had other engagements just then claiming immediate attention. We returned to the city, some of us called on old friends, and others visited Mount Joy and the observatory. At half past six o'clock we took the return train via Danville Junction for New Gloucester, which place we reached about dark. Stopped at this place with very kind and attentive friends until August 5th.

On Sunday we attended a Shaker meeting about five miles distant. It was the first time in our lives that we had witnessed anything of the kind, and the service to us was very interesting. It was a peculiar, religious service. We saw a few young people laughing and making fun, but for our part we saw nothing to laugh at. Feeling in our very hearts that these people are honest and sincere in their worship, we were charitable enough to realize that their service is just as acceptable to Him whom we all serve as the service of any other christian people. While we could not engage in any outward demonstration we felt that God was in the place and a good degree of solemnity and respectful silence rested upon us and pervaded our better nature. The service consisted largely in singing and marching around the room. They had a short sermon and once only they all knelt. They did not pray audibly but engaged in singing while kneeling. They had a large audience, which is usually the case in fair weather. This is an old community and in former years was very prosperous, but of late they are not able to recruit their ranks as fast as they are decimated by runaway matches and death. There are many fine young ladies there at present, and if they succeed in keeping nine-tenths of them they will do well.

On our way home we went to the Poland Springs. They have a beautiful grove close by the springs, nicely seated, which we entered, and as we had come well provided with all that was needed to refresh the inner man—except spring water—we were soon seated, and had the privilege of par-

taking of as good a picnic dinner as we ever remember of eating. This place is a great summer resort, not only for invalids but people who are well. They have an immense hotel here, with elevators and all the modern improvements. They keep open about four months and close the first of October for the winter. Prices are very high, and perhaps necessarily so, as the institution is carried on at great expense. A band of music from Boston is employed by the season, which every day discourses sweet music to all who see fit to assemble in the large and beautiful parlors. We conversed with the clerk, received from him a pamphlet containing a history of the institution and an analysis of the water. He informed us that the hotel was full to its utmost capacity. It is capable of accommodating several hundred guests, and when there happens to be an overflow, cottages are contiguous to pick up the balance. The waters of these springs are much like the Bethesda of Waukesha, and are shipped all over the country.

We spent our time very pleasantly in New Gloucester, and visited some quite old people whom we had never seen before, relatives of father Pike. They appeared glad to see us and no doubt were, as we were the representatives of an old, honored and respected friend and relative. After leaving New Gloucester we visited Lewiston and Auburn, two very smart manufacturing business towns, and reached this place last Saturday. We are stopping with our cousin, John Pike, formerly of Strong. Tomorrow, if all is well with us and our friends, we expect to go to Farmington on our way to Kingfield, our old home.

L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

KINGFIELD, Maine, August 30, 1886.

On leaving Wilton we continued our journey to Farmington, the county seat of Franklin county, where we tarried two days. This is a fine village, a little larger than Evansville, beautifully situated, and has many elegant stores and residences. The Sandy River, one of the prettiest streams in the state, runs through this village, and some of the best farms to be found in this vicinity are situated in the Sandy River Valley. Farmington has improved considerably since we left the state, especially in its manufacturing interests. We now find in addition to other enterprises of quite recent date, a box and spool factory, making use of several hundred cords of white birch annually in the manufacture of spools, and all kinds of small boxes, toy pails, toy barrels and almost everything that can be turned out of this kind of wood. This wood abounds in vast quantities in some parts of New England, and is now being turned to good account. When we lived here the white birch was considered nearly worthless, not even fit for fuel until thoroughly seasoned.

At Farmington we took the Sandy River railroad, narrow gauge, and moved onward up the river a distance of ten miles, to Strong village. At this point another change of cars is necessary. After a little delay we stepped on board the comfortable cars of the Franklin & Magantic railroad, also narrow gauge, and passed through West Freeman, Hillside, Summit, Salem, Oliver and North Freeman to this place.

Kingfield is about fifteen miles from Strong, and is at present the terminus of the road. A branch road is about to be built intersecting this at Oliver's Mills, extending across the Rapid Stream into Mount Abram township, where extensive mills are being erected for the manufacture of the timber both hard and soft that is so abundant in those mountain forests. This road with its spurs and branches will traverse and open up an extensive and valuable timber region, and is expected at an early day to make connections with the International railway to Canada.

Kingfield is now a thriving village of about six hundred inhabitants, situated on the Carrebassett River, (Seven Mile Brook) which affords a good water power, upon which is a saw mill, shingle and clapboard machine, grist mill, rake and dowell factory. There are several good retail stores of various kinds, one wholesale store, and many other shops such as are usually found in a country village. A good, substantial ten thousand-dollar hotel has just been built by John Winter, Esq. of this place, and was opened to the public last April. This hotel was much needed and is an ornament to the village, and a credit to the enterprise and push of the builder. A stranger might imagine that this hotel is too big for the place, but when they become acquainted with the facts and discover, as we have, that this town and the Dead River country, twenty-five miles north of here, has already become a great summer resort, they will then decide that this house is none too large. Some of the time it is filled to its utmost capacity. Frequently as many as thirty or forty sportsmen come to this village from the different cities of New England, some to remain here for a season, others to continue their journey by stage to Dead River, Tim Pond and the chain of ponds, where game is abundant and the waters abound with speckled trout. A line of four-horse stages running to the above-mentioned places, leave Kingfield Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, returning the days following. Private teams may also be obtained at reasonable rates. Since we came here there has been two excursions by railroad, one from Farmington of about five hundred persons, another from Phillips and Strong of from three to four hundred.

This village has changed so much that but one old landmark remains on this side the river that looks at all natural. That is the old residence of father Pike. Time, of course, has left its marks upon that also and one wing has been clipped, but all the outlines of the main building remain just as they were. Of course so far as the people here are concerned, we note many changes. But few belonging to the generation preceding us are left to greet us and tell the story of the early settlement, hardships and privations of this rock-bound, frosty country. Of our own generation we

find many faces that would be familiar had not the finger of time whitened the hair and wrinkled the brow. Of the generation following us we recognize but few, and when we do succeed in placing them it is only by family resemblance. But they all seem glad to meet us, and appear to do all they can to make our stay pleasant and agreeable.

Many of the descendants of these hardy sons of Maine have found homes, and some of them fortunes, in Wisconsin, Minnesota and other western states. Many remaining behind have also been fortunate in obtaining a competency. Others seem to be prosperous and are on the road to wealth. We find many enterprising citizens here. The Hotel Winter, to which we have already referred, under the able management of E. C. Sanborn, is proof positive of this assertion. This hotel is first class in every respect, and as such we take great pleasure in recommending it to all we meet.

There are many ponds, brooks and streams in this vicinity where fishing is said to be good. We have been so busy visiting old friends that we have not had much time for angling. When we do find time we intend once more to take the rod and try our luck and skill in capturing some of those speckled beauties, which are thought by the Yankees to be the best fish that swim. We have not had much practice in trout fishing for more than thirty years, but if we have not lost our skill you may expect to hear big fish stories before long.

Respectfully, L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

KINGFIELD, Maine, Sept. 4, 1886.

In our last we hinted that possibly, if we had not lost our skill as an angler, you might expect soon to hear big stories about fishing. Perhaps we did wrong to throw out such hints, as it may have been the means of elevating the expectations of your readers to such a pitch that they may not readily come down to small things. If such is the case, you will please excuse our temerity.

It is not our forte to manufacture big things out of small material, therefore we will give the facts and figures just as they exist and leave your readers to draw their own conclusions. Figures they say will not lie. George Washington said he could not tell a lie, and Mark Twain said he could tell a lie but would not. We say we can tell a lie and perhaps would, did we not consider the truth a thousand times better. So you see great men differ even in small things. Perhaps if you consider this matter carefully, you may notice that when Mark Twain made this statement he came as near lying as he ever did in his life. Perhaps as he had never been able to tell a lie, he thought he would try just once in his eventful life and see how near he could come to a lie and not tell it. He did well. No man could come nearer and miss. He came so near that he was almost frightened and never dared to make another attempt for fear he might succeed.

We sincerely hope you will not get the impression that the writer is a great man because he don't exactly agree with Mark and George. If you should get such an impression, or even have an idea he thought so, you would be a thousand points farther from the truth than Mark ever was in his highest flights of fancy, or his most extravagant exaggerations. Neither would we have you think that we consider lying a small thing. It is small in one sense only. That is because it is belittling, low-lived, contemptible and mean. Some men think it necessary to lie a little in order to tell a good story, others wish to show off their own exploits and have to stretch the truth a little to appear to good advantage. We have seen men since we came here who caught eighty or ninety fish in one day. You enquire if we saw the fish? Oh no! they did not bring them home, but sold them to that Boston man who could not catch any himself and wanted some to carry home. But we did nothing of the kind. Our party brought them all home, and demonstrated to all who saw them that we had not lost—which we never had—our skill, and could go fishing and return the same day without lying.

Now for the fish story: One foggy, dismal morning last week, a gentleman from Washington, D. C., bound for the sporting grounds of the Dead River country suggested, as he

had to wait a day for his trunk, that we get up a fishing party. No sooner said than done. Five of us, under the leadership of A. Knapp, Esq., the genial and accommodating postmaster of this place, started for the Tufts Pond. We reached the Tom Cross farm about nine o'clock, chartered three good boats and were soon seated therein, awaiting further orders from Commander Knapp. He knew the ground well, and as his was the flag-ship wherever he went, like Mary's lamb, we were sure to go. We did not go in vain. Every spot indicated by Esq. Knapp was visited, and our skill was well and thoroughly tested. The fishing places were good, and we had every reason to believe that good fish were quietly reposing beneath the placid waters. Every few minutes a "beauty" of his own accord would leap to the surface and show his speckled sides, but they were always very careful not to leap into the boat. We had plenty of room for them, and stood ready with tackle in hand to help them, but they were too independent to accept our aid and sported around us so playfully that it almost seemed to us they were having more fun than we were.

Occasionally a good-sized fellow, stronger and more venturesome than his companions, would leap a foot or two above the surface and would seem to cast scornful glances toward us as he devoured his fly, and would disappear below the surface as though he felt like saying: Catch me if you can, boys. It seemed to us as though they had an intuition that if we caught them they would be devoured the same as the fly had been. In that they were nearly correct, with this difference, they did not stop to dress the fly but took him in natural garb, feathers, wings and all, while we should have nicely washed and dressed Mr. Trout, and thus given him an appearance fit for an introduction to a queen. Once in a while a little fellow too modest to appear above the surface would nestle near the bottom of the pond, and in smelling for a precious morsel to appease his hunger would come in contact with our hooks and get caught. Occasionally we would hear the voice of our captain ordering a change of base, and we would gather our oars and move to the place indicated.

Thus the day passed pleasantly away, and about five

o'clock orders were given along the line to collect the dead and wounded (fish) and pull for the shore. Of course we obeyed as we were tired and hungry, and knew this order would soon place us on the road to our homes. On reaching the shore we were ordered to take account of stock. Now comes the big and perhaps to some the most incredible part of our fish story. 'Tis true we started out in the morning full of hope, determined to beat the man who caught ninety, but at the same time realizing how liable we are in this world to disappointment, it is needless to add that we were somewhat astonished at the result of our day's fishing.

On counting up we found that four of our party had caught nine four-ounce fish. Postmaster Knapp had caught four of them, leaving five of the number to be divided among the other three persons. The number caught by the writer, who can usually beat all in his crowd (except Lon Gray) was just precisely 0, and no fractions. By placing the number caught by the writer to the right hand of the number caught by the balance of the party, we have ninety. Now, if you please, subtract nine, the number caught by four of our party, from ninety, and we have eighty-one to the credit of the writer. That can be beaten here in Maine, but I challenge you to beat it in Wisconsin. There being no Boston gentlemen present, I tried to sell my catch to the Washington man, but he was afraid I might tell a lie, and said as they could be saved without salt I had better keep them. Thus endeth the first chapter of the big fish story.

Respectfully, L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

KINGFIELD, Maine, Sept. 6, 1886.

It is only a few days since I sent you an account of our first fishing excursion. Last Saturday we had another. We find a decided improvement on our past so far as luck or skill are concerned, so we thought it best to write up our last trip before the thoughts engendered by contact with forest and

mountain-stream became cold. Our experience in pond-fishing had not been very flattering or profitable, and as we were honest enough to own it the wise men of the angling fraternity sympathized with us and to help us out advised us to try the Rapid Stream. This stream is of good size and has its source among the mountains contiguous to Mount Abram, flows for a long distance at the base of the latter mountain and then finds its way to the river, where it helps to water in its course many beautiful intervale farms, as well as to furnish power for the busy mills and factories below.

My friend with whom I was stopping, Mr. Cheston B. Hutchins, having a good team and a strong desire to try his luck once more, hitched up in good season, and as it was only four miles to the stream we were promptly there and ready for action. We soon started up the brook, bound to go a long distance before returning, unless we caught all we wanted. Our course up the bed of the stream was by no means an easy one as it lay entirely over rocks of various shapes and sizes. We had short, light rods, our feet were snugly enclosed in rubber boots reaching to the knees, so we could readily change from one side of the brook to the other as occasion required without wetting our feet. Thus we continued on, stopping at all the deep holes and dropping in our hooks, which effort was usually rewarded by bagging at least one of the little speckled beauties at each stop. After going up about two miles the writer became somewhat tired and sat down on one of the dry stones to rest. Friend Hutchins being a younger man continued his journey up the stream another two miles with courage and ardor unabated.

After resting awhile and eating lunch our old poetic muse that often dwells in the fastnesses of the mountains, singing among the branches of the trees and murmuring her soft notes by the mountain brook took possession of the few senses that linger about us, while dreamily listening to the pleasant combination of sounds and produced the following effusions appended to this letter. The muse continued with us down the stream to its happy confluence with the river. After reaching the road, turning from the stream to the highway, and patiently waiting the return of our friend and companion, who was lingering among the mountains, or

looking in the direction from which we knew he would come, we beheld him slowly moving towards us, bearing along the rich fruit of his day's labor.

When he came up we counted our fish and placed them all on one string, I had twenty-two and my friend forty-five, making sixty-seven in all. It was truly a nice, clean string of fish, and we were not ashamed to show them. Some of them were not large, but it is safe to say that a good many would weigh more than a pound. We took them home, had them nicely dressed and well cooked, and had two as good meals as we ever enjoyed. This is another true fish story, a plain statement of facts, without any extra figuring or unnecessary use of ciphers to help out any novice in trout fishing. We have had the fun of catching the fish and the pleasure of eating them; now we will submit some of the recollections in the form of a poem.

Oh! could I now pencil the mountain brook,
 As the sunlight comes shimmering through the trees,
 As its golden rays light up every nook,
 While the forest sways in the gentle breeze.

The branches now part and the sunlight falls,
 Upon the dark surface of this whirling stream,
 And it flashes back from its sunlit halls,
 The reflected light of the sun's bright beams.

The glowing pebbles on the bottom lie,
 As the dancing waters move gaily on,
 The speckled trout leaps forth for the fly,
 Is seen but a moment and then is gone.

In eddying pools at the base of the fall,
 Where the bottom is hid by depth and foam,
 The trout will retreat, unseen by all,
 Till tempted by hunger to leave his safe home.

The moss-covered rocks arranged on each side,
 Are as soft as velvet when gently pressed
 By the foot of the angler, about to guide
 His line and hook where still waters rest.

This is a bright spot, with music all round,
Right here we could linger the live-long day,
As the rippling waters in harmony sound,
And the sighing branches invite one to stay.

The ferns and the flowers are standing near by,
Their innocent beauty till now unseen,
We lay down our rod with hook and fly,
Secure these new treasures just fit for a queen.

The trees on the banks look down with delight,
As the waters rush onward, and leap o'er the rocks,
With arms wide extended they gladden our sight,
As they reach o'er the stream and palms interlock.

The songs of the birds in the branches above,
Add to the enchantment and strengthen the charm,
They seem to send forth such accents of love,
That no one can feel to injure or harm.

Now hear the waters up the mountain side,
See the white spray as it rises above!
The sound of the fall seems long to abide,
In the ear of the angler as onward he moves.

Now look down the stream, through the arches dark,
The restless waters in a hurry seem,
With headlong speed on the rocks they part,
As they rush down the mountain to meadows green.

The rush of wild waters about your feet,
The sound of the leaves above your head,
Compose strange music, your senses to greet,
As your way by the mountain brook you thread.

Here at the base of the mountain we stand,
Our shadows are lengthened, the sun is quite low,
The green fertile meadows are now near at hand,
We'll follow the brook as homeward we go.

It winds through the grass, so quietly now,
One soon will forget its wildness above,
It meekly flows on, not stopping to bow,
But calmly fulfills its mission of love.

Farewell to thee, wild, wayward, simple stream!
Thy music, with the chorus of the leaves,
Has touched our hearts, and we shall often dream
Of thee, as time, the web of life, shall weave.

We see thee so gently passing away
Into the river, now lost to our view,
More useful thou art, more work and less play,
As boys reach manhood they are more like you.

The twilight now deepens, our home appears,
A bright little hamlet, close by the town,
It is not very new, but gray with years,
Still joy reigns within, and peace is its crown.

Here we will rest until morning appears,
Then we will try to arise with the sun,
No burglar we think will awaken our fears,
No treasures are here to tempt him to come.

When darkness retires and morn shall appear,
Again to the woods we will hasten away,
Once more we will covet seclusion so dear,
With nature commune in heat of the day.

Perhaps we will spend a night in the woods,
And camp with the men who are building a mill,
To saw up the timber and exchange it for goods,
Or money, the coffers of brave men to fill.

The wild woods around us will be our guard,
The beasts of the forest may come near our home,
But they cannot enter our sleep to retard,
As near our cabin in night-time they roam.

We commit all our cares to Him we adore,
His mercy dwells with us, His love we will tell,
The journey of life so soon will be o'er,
That we shall be ready to say, All is well.

Respectfully, L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

MECHANICS FALLS, Maine, Sept. 15, 1886.

Having received from our kind friends a pressing invitation to be present at Norway's Centennial Celebration. we soon made up our minds to grace the occasion with our presence. Wife and daughter having already gone I left Kingfield in season to join them one day in advance of the celebration, that we might all be ready to do our part as invited guests towards making up a crowd.

The 8th of September, 1886, was a great day for Norway and will long be remembered by her citizens, as well as the thousands who were present from other states, cities and towns to witness the imposing ceremonies. One hundred years had passed away since the first settlement of the town. According to what has been said and written, the first twenty-five years were years of hardship and toil. These hardships gradually became less, and great prosperity has at last crowned the efforts of the old pioneers.

Promptly at sunrise the report of a cannon broke the stillness of the morning, and its sound continued for a minute to echo and reverberate through the forest, o'er mountain and lake, through the valley and along the river until it gradually died out, then all the bells in the city commenced to ring, the steam whistles to sound and the cannon still to boom, until one hundred guns had spoken. After this demonstration, which lasted for half an hour, quiet reigned for a season. Two batteries of artillery were employed to do the heavy shooting, and it was done in fine style. The train from Portland, consisting of sixteen coaches filled with bands of music, military companies and other passengers who were coming to participate in the exercises, was about forty minutes late, consequently the procession did not form till nearly eleven o'clock.

The first division was headed by a uniformed, mounted police, led by the Norway cornet band. Then came a fine, well-drilled and well-disciplined military company belonging to Norway, followed by another company of light infantry from Auburn. This company was followed by the Wildey

Encampment, I. O. O. F. Next came a fife, drum and bugle corp, then several divisions of the Knights of Pythias. The veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic brought up the rear of the first division. Second division was composed of the distinguished invited guests. We have not time or space to give a full description of this procession, suffice it to say it was composed of five divisions each led by bands of music and military companies, so arranged as to have the best possible effect.

We noticed several old relics of bygone days in the procession, among them will mention an old-fashioned stage coach, a log cabin, an old "dug out," said to be a hundred years old, and a couple of stuffed bears. These things all forcibly reminded us of the early history of Norway. Then came representations of all the present industries of the town, so elaborate and so exact that we were astonished at the fine display, and shall ever remember Norway as she is today. This procession was at least three-fourths of a mile long, and marched in grand style through all the principal streets of the town. Between twelve and one o'clock the grove was reached, and the exercises commenced. The exercises were all good; we listened to them all and would like to give a synopsis, but other papers have given a full account of all the speeches, poems, songs, etc., and your readers no doubt will have read them before this will reach you. The day was hot but very fine, and the decorations of stores and dwellings, together with the beautiful green arches thrown across the streets, added to the interest of the occasion, and a fine display of fireworks in the evening closed Norway's first century.

Friends in Lewiston having strongly urged us to attend the state fair being held at that city this week, I started in that direction last Monday and came as far as this place, where I met my wife returning from Old Orchard Beach, our daughter having gone on to Boston, and we will stop here with our cousins, Isaiah Hall and wife, for a couple of days, and then visit the state fair. If we have time we may in a future letter tell you about what we saw at the fair.

We are having a regular old-fashioned visit here, with kind-hearted, old-fashioned people. We spend our time

pleasantly, and I trust profitably, in the discussion of subjects old and new, and one evening was almost entirely spent in singing together old hymns and tunes, many of which were sung by our fathers and mothers when we were young. Such scenes may have but little significance to some people, but to us they are highly enjoyable and full of meaning. We lived over again in memory the bright, joyous, happy days of our childhood, when our mothers sang those identical hymns and calmed our troubled hearts, when tired or out of sorts, by their sweet melodies.

Cousin Hall desired to bind up his corn stalks and finish digging his potatoes, and said if we would remain today he would go to the fair with us tomorrow. We had some misgivings about staying, but finally concluded to do so. We gave him fair warning that possibly if we stayed so long he might be obliged to scrape his flour barrel and provide an extra ball of butter, but that did not frighten him. After the dew was off wife and I went into the field and picked up potatoes, so as to be sure that the work would all be completed according to contract. Cousin Hall was afraid wife would spoil her hands, but on being assured his fears were groundless he no longer objected.

Now a few words about the industries of the place. They have a large shoe shop, mills for the manufacture of several kinds of paper, and a large clothing manufactory. The clothing factory is one of the most beneficial industries of the place, on account of giving employment to so many persons in the surrounding country at their own homes. The garments, consisting of coats, pants, vests and overcoats, are cut in Boston, packed in cases and sent here by rail. Here they are unpacked and sent out by teams all over this part of the country for miles around, and distributed to some two thousand workmen. Nine thousand garments are thus made and collected monthly. After being put together they are brought back to the big shop in this place, where they are inspected, receive the finishing touches, are again packed in cases and returned to Boston for the wholesale trade. Several hundred hands find employment here in all the different factories, beside those employed on clothing out in the country.

Respectfully L. T. P.

CHAPTER XVI.

PENCILINGS.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 6, 1886.

I am aware that much is being said and written about the great metropolis of New England, its public buildings, art galleries and many literary institutions. If I know myself, I have not the presumption to think for a moment that I am competent to say or write anything on the subject that will be entirely new. Notwithstanding all this I may be able to say a few things that may be of some interest to a few of your readers.

Boston being one of our oldest cities, and up to the time of the revolution the largest as well as the most influential, our minds naturally revert to her still as one of the most important cities in the union. We all remember with deep interest the great "Tea Party" that came off in Boston on the 16th of December, 1773. Of course we were not there, but we remember reading all about it. No doubt, in one sense of the word, it was the biggest tea party ever held in the United States. Just think, three hundred and forty-two chests of tea all put to steeping at once! Then consider what an immense tea pot was necessary to hold this vast quantity of tea—all at one drawing. Boston harbor being the tea pot the steeping process went on without difficulty at the time, and for aught I know the tea remains steeping to this day. But this great tea party had its sequel. The tea was taken by force from English merchant ships, and as a natural consequence the tea party was in due time followed by a general picnic, which ended only with the revolution, resulting in the independence of the colonies as every school boy is aware.

I hope no one will think I am treating history too lightly, as the terms "tea party" and "picnic" are used in connection with the mother country. No disrespect to either country is intended, but sometimes even serious subjects have a ludicrous side. Boston still has some ludicrous things, and it seems to me some crude notions and not a few ludicrous ideas. Boston is proud of her history, of her great literary achievements, and likes to boast of being the seat of culture, the "hub," so far as this country is concerned. And the mayor a few weeks ago, in his speech of welcome to the Odd Fellows when they held their great national conclave, said that Boston having such a big common, such a grand system of parks and other advantages, ought to be considered the hub of the universe. We will not treat what the mayor said on that occasion too seriously, as we are well aware it was said in the tea party and picnic style. To be more serious, Boston has reason to be proud of her grand and noble institutions.

The New England Conservatory of Music is attracting more attention and more people from all parts of the country than any other institution in Boston. They claim here that it is the largest, best-regulated and best-managed musical college in the world. Dr. Eben Tourjee, the director of this institution, was also its founder. As early as 1853, when a young man, he conceived the idea of a musical conservatory and has ever since labored incessantly to that end. At last he has succeeded to the satisfaction of the most prominent musical professors in Boston. It is claimed by those who ought to know that this school embraces the best elements of the foreign schools, and most of the teachers receive their finishing touch abroad. We think no very good reason can be given why students cannot obtain a good musical education here, and if they have the ability to teach, become just as efficient in the profession as though they were educated in a foreign country. The New England Conservatory is a credit to Dr. Tourjee, and an honor to the city, state and nation.

The immense building now made use of for this college of music was once the St. James hotel, and extends one hundred and eighty-five feet on Newton street and two hundred

and ten feet on James street. It fronts Franklin square, a beautiful park with a fountain, nice lawns, trees and flowers. The building is built of brick and stone, seven stories high, and has rooms to accommodate five hundred lady students. It has all the modern improvements, being warmed with steam and lighted by electricity. This musical college now has more than one hundred teachers, and has already received the patronage of thirty-five thousand persons. Courses of study are given here in all departments of music, art and the languages. This grand establishment is now admitted to be the Musical Harvard of America. Many conservatories of music are now being established in other cities in this country, and they take this as the model. If any who may chance to see this letter become interested in this school and wish to know more about it, let them send to the institution for a calendar, which will give all the desired information.

L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

BOSTON, Mass., March 4, 1887.

Yesterday being a clear, bright, beautiful March day, our party, consisting of "us four and no more," concluded to take advantage of the fine day and visit the toboggan slide located at Oakland Garden, some three miles from our lodging place. It is reached by horse cars and is situated directly opposite Franklin Park. We did not come to this conclusion because we felt in a sliding mood, but because we had seen flaming advertisements and highly-sensational cuts of this famous slide, and feeling the need of fresh air and a slight change in our usual methods of passing the time, we were induced to shape our course in the direction of this popular place of amusement. We did not anticipate when we left our rooms the indulgency of even one slide, but we felt desirous of seeing for once in our lives a toboggan slide. On reaching the place and looking it all over, marching around the entire grounds within the enclosure and witnessing all the sports that were on exhibition at that time,

we turned away in disgust, wondering why people became so carried away and so enthusiastic over a thing that appeared to us so insignificant. We were greatly disappointed in what we had supposed to be the magnitude of the place. The illustrations and sketches which we had seen were exaggerations of what appeared in the reality.

When we were children we derived much pleasure and recreation here in New England, while coasting on these grand old hills. Those old hills were so much higher and longer than these modern artificial slides, that it seems to us almost a libel to set up these modern pygmean slides in opposition to these old hills where slides may be had a mile long. Even here in Boston right across the street from this slide, in Franklin Park, nature has formed fine elevations that more than double discount this Oakland Garden slide. The old-fashioned hill coasting is as much superior to modern toboggan sliding as ice skating on our beautiful lakes and rivers is superior to roller-rink skating. But all these little schemes that frequently cause such a craze must have their run, and then give way to something else. Away out on the prairies where hill and mountains are like angels' visits, a reasonable excuse may exist for erecting the toboggan slide. Of course your Evansville slide—which we have not yet seen—can come in and continue to do business under this last mentioned clause. But do not for a moment think that we intend to liken any slide to an angel's visit, for when we take into consideration the liability to accident we consider them anything but angelic. We will not stop to pass judgment or criticise further, as they are liable to be abandoned at almost any time and be replaced with something even more dangerous and ridiculous than this.

Not being particularly interested in this Oakland Garden humbug we did not care to stay longer, and as the day was fine concluded to visit the State House and take in the afternoon session of the legislature. On reaching the halls of legislation we found that the municipal female suffrage bill was under consideration, a lively discussion being in progress in the House of Representatives. We applied for admission to the ladies' gallery, and succeeded in obtaining standing room for two ladies and finally crowded in one more. Not

being room enough for your humble servant he went below and obtained a foothold and a few inches of standing room behind the seats of the members. The first speaker after we entered was a pompous young man of rather commanding appearance and we should judge with oratorical powers rather above the average, who delivered himself of a lively speech against the bill. Having taken his seat very complacently, an elderly gentleman succeeded in obtaining the floor. In appearance he was exactly the opposite of the first speaker, and he proceeded to state very deliberately that he had a few words to say on this occasion. He went on to say that this was a subject of such vast importance that he hoped sufficient time would be given to do it justice. He continued to outline his speech with such methods and precision that we concluded he must be a preacher, and too dry even for the ladies; so we beat a hasty retreat for the ladies' gallery without knowing which side he was on. We doubt if he knows himself, and feel quite sure he will never find out unless he becomes convinced by some speech or production other than his own. We found out before leaving the capitol that we were right in our conjecture about his ministerial calling. "Many are called, but few chosen." No vote having been reached on this question, its further consideration was postponed until next Tuesday. We hope to be present.

Respectfully, L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

BOSTON, Mass., March 9, 1887.

Today many heads bow in sorrow and many hearts are truly sad to think that the voice of the active and eloquent Beecher is forever hushed in death. In the days of our boyhood we learned to love and admire this wonderful man. While not a hero worshipper, we cannot help being impressed by the brilliancy of his utterances, and the plain and powerful illustrations that drop so easily and naturally from his pen and lips. While in possession of several books containing his beautiful writings, one in particular containing some of

his choicest gems of thought, which has been perused with much pleasure and profit and is now held as a sacred treasure, is entitled "Life Thoughts of Beecher." It has always been highly prized, and now that its great author has passed away it will be more appreciated than ever before.

Much has been and will continue to be said for and against Mr. Beecher. Let us hope that through a spirit of envy or jealousy, no injustice may be done him. In all the great questions of the day that have agitated our common country, he has ever been active, fearless and outspoken. Although he has said and done some things that I could not endorse, still I have ever believed him to be honest in all his convictions and declarations. The vast amount of good accomplished by him, morally, religiously and politically, can never be fully measured or estimated except in eternity. Peace be to his ashes. His memory will ever be fresh and green in the hearts of his unbiased countrymen.

The municipal woman suffrage bill was not reached yesterday as was expected. On the contrary a long discussion took place in the House on a bill regulating the observance of the Lord's day. The principal speaker, a member from this city, labored long and earnestly to convince the Assembly that the Advents and Hebrews were unjustly dealt with in being obliged, as he expressed it, to observe two Sabbaths every week. Conscience, he said, compels them to keep the first day. He wanted the laws so amended that all who keep the seventh day can open their shops and other places of business on the first day. Others supported that proposition, but I think it will not carry. I also very much doubt the passage of the woman suffrage bill. If it does not pass it is simply because a majority of the ladies in this state do not desire it. A petition by the ladies was presented today, requesting the members to vote against the bill. In that appeal they affirm in the strongest language that an overwhelming majority in Massachusetts are opposed to it. They say if they are intelligent enough to vote they think they are intelligent enough to know whether or not they want to vote. Several years ago the right to vote for school committee was extended to the ladies in this state. I saw statistics from fourteen towns and cities giving the number of women who

voted from 1881 to 1886 inclusive, and found the vote very meagre and not one-half of those who were registered went to the polls to vote. There seems to be a great apathy in this direction on the part of the ladies, and what is true of this state will apply equally well to the state of Maine. Those ladies who think missionary work should be done in order to hasten the time when women shall enjoy equal rights, will do well to remember that the field in which they should first enter and break up the fallow ground lies in the midst of their own sex. Whenever a majority of the ladies demand woman suffrage they will have it, and not till then. If they can first obtain municipal suffrage in all the states, more full and equal rights will be sure to follow.

Four weeks ago today more than six hundred employes of the Cambridge horse railway company, by order of their commanding officers, went out on a strike. All this time the entire means of subsistence for themselves and families has been derived from contributions made by the various labor organizations, and the small amount received from the line of coaches run by the strikers. It has been a severe and bitter contest, extremely disastrous to the strikers and very annoying to the public. Last night it was voted almost unanimously to declare the strike off. Vacancies have now been nearly all filled and work will be obtained with difficulty by the strikers. One of them at the close of the meeting said it was the hardest twenty-eight days he ever saw, and he never wanted to see such another month. Striking, he said, was bad business, and the men always stand a good show of getting left. This seems to be the sentiment of the whole crowd and was earnestly and forcibly expressed. Such conflicts will eventually have a tendency to break up labor organizations, and some other way will then be devised to place muscle, skill and brain power on an equal footing with capital. I like the plan adopted in France, and more recently in some places in this country. Allowing the workmen what both parties consider fair wages, and then in addition to the stipulated sum let them have a share in the profits of the business. Some kinds of business are now being run in this manner in this city.

L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

BOSTON, Mass., March 15, 1887.

Last Sabbath the popular theme in almost every pulpit of note was Henry Ward Beecher. Having heard much of the learning, popularity, eloquence and extended influence of the Rev. Minot J. Savage, pastor of the Church of the Unity, West Newton street, we decided to go there and hear what that divine had to say about the great Brooklyn preacher.

Thinking there might be a crowd we were early at the church, but were obliged to stand in line with all other strangers at the entrance or in the hall until the pewholders had taken their seats. When this was accomplished the strangers were taken in, seated and entertained, but whether there were any angels among them to be entertained unawares the writer has not yet been informed. The church was well filled and the services were memorial in character. Mr. Savage took for a text two sentences from the second and third verses of the third chapter of Isaiah, "The mighty man, and the eloquent orator." After all that you have seen in the papers and the many sermons that have been published I will not presume to trespass upon your valuable space to give a synopsis of this sermon. I will, however, quote a few sentences which struck me very forcibly. He said:

"Mr. Beecher was the greatest private citizen this country had ever produced. He was great in so many ways that one is almost bewildered as he attempts to draw an outline in the space of an ordinary sermon. He was a great preacher, a great politician, a great lecturer, a great editor, a great orator, and a great writer. Ordinarily great men were great in some one direction. Beecher was great in many things. Beecher helped to make this age, and this age is the parent of the future. Never will there be a generation that will not feel the influence of Beecher's life, thoughts and teachings. The key to Beecher was simply his magnificent faith in universal love, and his faith in all men of every race and their need of help and salvation. He never preached anything but the love of God and the worth of man. For

forty years he had been one of the most conspicuous figures in American life. More men and women have seen him and heard him speak than any other single American. More people have read his writings than those of any other writer of any kind."

Monday afternoon we made a trip to the scene of the terrible railroad disaster that occurred on the Dedham branch of the Providence road near Rosindale, about half past seven that morning. The dead and injured were all taken out and cared for before we reached the spot. You are in receipt of all such news so soon after the occurrence that I will not trouble you with the sad recital. Suffice it to say it was by far the most fearful wreck I ever beheld. I have no doubt this wreck, as we saw it, was more appalling to look upon than the White River Junction or that of any recent disaster. At many like scenes of horror, fire has wiped out the principal part of the wreck, but here the great vortex between the abutments is literally filled with smashed and splintered cars. One can have no idea of the shapeless mass of railroad property there piled together and mixed up without seeing it for himself. Description is simply impossible and we will let it pass. Of the nine coaches composing the train, six are lying in the cut, some of them smashed too fine to be counted. Twenty-five precious lives have been suddenly terminated by this sad accident, and had not the fire, which soon sprang up, been suddenly extinguished, the death rate would have been more than double.

This afternoon wife and I called upon the bereaved family of Hon. Eben F. Pillsbury, who departed this life about half past seven yesterday morning. Mr. Pillsbury was a schoolmate of ours in the state of Maine, and we were much attached to him. He chose the law for his profession, in the practice of which he became very eminent in his native state. He was a man of fine ability and strict integrity in all his business transactions, of a kind, generous nature and great moral worth. He was for many years a leading politician in the state of Maine, and was placed at the head of the democratic ticket for governor at three different elections. He was a strong partizan and while he had a host of warm friends in all political parties he had many unscrupu-

lous political enemies, who lost no opportunity to traduce and vilify him. He moved to Boston in 1880 and was appointed revenue collector of this district in 1885, which office he held about one year. To show the sentiment of his friends here allow me to quote the following from the Boston Globe, which I most heartily endorse:

“Mr. Pillsbury was one of the most straightforward of men. He was every inch a gentleman, was generous to a fault, and possessed the esteem of all who had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance. Only those who were blinded by the fierceness of the Maine partizan strife, and who knows him only as he was pictured by bitter political opponents, had any other idea of him.”

Respectfully, L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

BOSTON, Mass., March 31, 1887.

One of the important privileges among the many enjoyed by us here in this city, may be worth while to mention the privilege of easy and equal access to the public library. We have an opportunity for reading not heretofore enjoyed. We can with little trouble and less expense supply ourselves with books in almost endless variety.

The main building of this accommodating institution is located on Boylston street, opposite the Common. It has eight branches situated in different parts of the city, one of which is only a few blocks from our door. This library, including its branches, is claimed by Bostonians to be the largest in America. Its advantages being free to all, it is highly appreciated by its patrons. It was founded in 1848, and first opened in 1852. Edward Everett was its first president. The main building cost three hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. Mr. Everett has contributed very liberally to the support of the institution, having at the outset given one thousand books. ¶Theodore Parker willed twelve hun-

dred volumes to the library. George Ticknor gave seventy-five hundred books. Abbott Lawrence gave ten thousand, and Jonathan Phillips thirty thousand. A great many other liberal-minded persons gave large amounts to establish this great public enterprise on a firm basis. This library with its eight branches now contains in round numbers, a half million of books. Large appropriations have from time to time been made by the city for additional buildings, and an annual appropriation of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and more if necessary, is made for its support. Two members of the city council are always on the board of trustees. About two hundred persons are employed to do the executive and clerical work of this library, quite a large per cent of the latter being ladies. They now claim an annual issue of about one million four hundred thousand books, and an average of only one book in sixteen thousand delivered, is lost.

It is claimed by those who pretend to know that this is the largest free library in the world. I believe it is generally conceded that in the number and extent of its libraries Boston takes the lead of the American cities, and will compare favorably with the best cities of Europe. Of course I do not pretend to know much about these matters, only as I gather facts and statistics from others, and I consider the sources from which I obtain my information reliable. They claim that nowhere else in any of the cities of this country or Europe are libraries so well arranged and so accessible to all, both rich and poor, as in Boston. This is why Boston is considered so desirable a center for the student. It is today, as you well know, considered the seat of science and literature. Bostonians say she has well and ably earned this position and is determined to maintain it. Cambridge and other suburban cities of course come in for a share of glory.

In the city of Cambridge there are three large libraries containing about three quarters of a million books. That city being so near Boston, its libraries are nearly as accessible as those of Boston. I have mentioned only three or four of the most important libraries, but might mention many more that are a credit to the city. There are many libraries of a general, and some of a special nature, that are a credit to the societies that operate and sustain them. The

public schools and nearly all the Sunday schools are provided with libraries. Many of the religious, social and scientific societies have libraries of their own. Truly there seems to be no end to libraries and literary advantages to be enjoyed in this city.

When led to retrospect the past and call to mind the scarcity of books in the humble home where I was raised, I feel strongly to regret my early, limited advantages in this direction. Had I been so fortunate as to have been born with a gold spoon in my mouth, things might have been different. Could I have enjoyed when a student the opportunities that are now offered in this city, I might have made greater advancement in the road to knowledge than with the limited facilities I then possessed. Some would say under like circumstances, all these things will make no difference in a thousand years from now; but I claim, opportunities for good offered us here in this world and the manner in which we improve them, will make a vast difference with us through the countless ages of eternity.

Respectfully, L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 23, 1887.

Washington's birthday was generally observed yesterday as a holiday throughout the city. In the afternoon in particular we noticed that business was almost entirely suspended. The day was damp and stormy, making it exceedingly unpleasant for any kind of outdoor exercise. Comparatively few pedestrians were seen on the streets. The street cars, coaches and strikers, barges did a good, paying business. Notwithstanding this little bit of unpleasantness in the weather on the outside, scenes were being enacted on the inside of a very pleasing and satisfactory nature. Bells were rung throughout the city, morning, noon and night. Almost all kinds of entertainments were in progress in the various

churches, halls, temples and theatres during the day and evening. The most fastidious could not fail to be highly entertained somewhere, provided they were wise enough to select a place congenial to their feelings and tastes. Sermons, speeches, poems, concerts, dinners, theatrical performances, and the like were the order of the day.

Probably one of the most interesting, profitable and instructive gatherings of the day was the children's meeting, held in that historic edifice the Old South Church. A plain, stirring, eloquent address was there delivered to the children by C. C. Coffin. The speaker's theme was Washington, the boy, the young man, the man of mature years, the great general, statesman and president. The truthful, noble, generous, unselfish "Saviour" of this great country. Such talks, instruction and encouragement there given to the boys, will be likely to leave impressions on many young minds never to be effaced, and may in after years bear the peaceable fruits of truth and righteousness. They tell us that conscience is a creature of education. We are willing to grant it, and claim that in a country like ours, if we come up to our high privilege, this same creature of education, so far as right and justice are concerned, is infallible. Of course in making this strong statement we desire to make due allowance for difference of opinion and errors of judgment in all matters, excepting our relations to God and our fellowman. Conscience in this country in that direction is unerring, and makes every man's duty plain.

Our truthful George once said,
"I cannot tell a lie,"
And once he wrote a motto,
To quote it we will try,
It was about the conscience
That dwells in every heart,
That warms and lights each altar
There reared by human art,
A fire that burns forever,
A heaven-born flame indeed,
And what our hero here has said
May we forever heed.

Washington's motto, to which we have alluded, reads as follows: "Labor to keep alive in your heart that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

Governor Ames gave a public reception at the State House in the executive department yesterday, from eleven o'clock in the morning to one o'clock in the afternoon. Feeling quite anxious to make the acquaintance of the new governor of this commonwealth, we concluded to call on him and pay our respects. Accordingly your humble servant, accompanied by wife, daughter and Miss Willis of Iowa, took a street car on Shawmut Avenue, and soon found ourselves inside the State House. We passed through the private entrance into the executive chamber, where we found his excellency surrounded by the members of his staff in full uniform. The governor was dressed like any other citizen, in a plain, black suit; his face was wreathed in smiles, and he was very easy in his manners and perfectly natural and cordial in his greetings. He gave us a hearty shake of the hand and a warm welcome, saying he always felt glad to meet people from the west and to extend to them the right hand of fellowship. He enquired of the young ladies if they were students of the New England Conservatory, and being answered in the affirmative said smilingly that he was a trustee of that institution, but with his many cares and press of business since the first of January he had not found time to visit it. He hoped he might be able to do so sometime in the near future. As others were by this time pressing closely upon us, we bade the kind-hearted governor good bye, and retired from his presence much pleased with our interview and the cordial reception which he gave us. We feel as though the people of this state have done themselves an honor in electing such a man as Mr. Ames their chief executive officer.

The street cars on all the South Boston and Cambridge lines are now running on full schedule time, and the strikers are running a line of barges in opposition to the horse cars. How long this state of things will last it is difficult to determine. So far as the tie-up is concerned, the strikers are beaten. Mob violence occasionally breaks out and cars are assaulted, windows smashed, and several persons have been

injured by these lawless outbreaks, but the police after much delay have usually succeeded in quelling these disturbances. Two companies of militia were ordered out Monday night and were on duty all day yesterday and until midnight to keep the peace. The mayor of Cambridge telegraphed Monday to Lowell, Lynn, Worcester and Salem for police force to assist in preserving order on the 22nd, and about seventy came to the rescue. All the liquor saloons in Cambridge were ordered closed, and every precautionary step was taken to keep down the excitement during the nation's holiday. In the face of all this great display of military and police force the hoodlum element did not show their miserable heads, and the day and night passed off in peace and quiet, much to the satisfaction of all law-abiding citizens.

Respectfully, L. T. P.

CHAPTER XVII.

PENCILINGS.

DEER PARK, Ala., Jan. 20, 1900.

Dear George:—

Not having written you much of anything since we came here but dry business letters, will now vary the programme slightly and write something else. The old adage says, "Charity begins at home," so we will first talk of ourselves and then will not get left out. When we say we are about as usual, we mean your mother is well, but your father is a little off, as usual.

We now have been in the state nearly two and a half months, and are glad to be able to state that we still exist and are happy. It was a little too hot the first two weeks, so we concluded we came a little too early. An hour or so before reaching this place, as our tickets would take us to Mobile, I notified the conductor that we wished to get off at

Deer Park. He enquired if it was our first visit to the state, how long we intended to stop, etc. After answering his questions he went on to say: "You have come to a good state, one of the best in the Union. We are able to produce our own food, fuel and clothing and have a large amount to spare, and in mineral resources we have no equal." We suggested to him that he certainly had given the state a good send off, and perhaps he resided here. He said in reply: "I certainly do, and have ever since I saw the light, and always expect to." We then requested him to tell us something about the climate. He replied: "I have not time, and could not do it justice anyway. If you stay all winter it will speak for itself, and you will be satisfied." And we are, up to date.

We have all heard more or less of the "sunny south." Hearing, but feebly expresses the reality. We can survey and measure the land and place upon it an estimate in dollars and cents, but the sunshine, the soft, balmy air, in short the Alabama climate in winter, who can measure it, or who can estimate its value? It is different here from statements made in California. They say they give away the land there and sell the climate. Here they sell the land cheap and God gives the climate. They don't even try to rule out consumptives here, as some of the people on the Pacific coast are in favor of doing there. This fine, healthy climate is free to all, "without money and without price," except the price of transportation and that is within the reach of all. But I would not have you think it is all sunshine. It is very apt to rain here, and when it gets nicely under way it comes down in torrents; not unfrequently a fall of four or five inches may be recorded in a few hours. We are located on high, dry ground and have no fear of floods.

We have a little river meandering leisurely along in the valley less than a half mile away about the size of Allen's creek, called Dog River. It should be written with a big "D," and a small "r" to commence the word river. As it is a sort of a dog-in-the-manger river it is very deceptive, and one don't always know where to find it. The second day here I went down to see it. I was astonished at its size—it was so small. At many places I could easily jump across it,

and was not in my best condition for jumping, either. While on the bridge trying to look into the dark murky waters below two boys came along. I enquired if there were any fish. They said yes, lots of them. I wanted to know what kind, and they mentioned bass, pike and one or two other varieties I never heard of. Finally I asked them if there were any dogfish, but they could not tell. I described them as well as I could, and they thought I was joking and went away laughing.

After being here a few weeks your mother took a walk with me to see Dog River. I supposed we would find it right where I left it, but not so; it was on the rampage and we could not get within twenty rods of it. Only week before last we had a heavy rain of some five inches, mostly one night; and the next day the little river, that was within its banks a few hours before, burst forth in its fury and became a river a mile in width. Boats were in order for two or three days.

In my next will speak of the people, soil and production.
Affectionately, L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

DEER PARK, Ala., Jan. 22, 1900.

Dear George:—

We are meeting and becoming acquainted with many nice people every week. Nearly all whom we meet are from the north, have met a few "old-timers" and several ex-confederate soldiers. These old soldiers have different opinions concerning the causes and responsibilities of the war of the rebellion. I find the estimate and construction they now place upon it depends largely upon their condition and station in life before the war. One claim that they were forced to take up arms against their countrymen in support of what they now term "the rich man's war," meaning of course the men were rich in human chattels, called slaves. They now

regret that they did not hide themselves in the fastnesses of the swamps and mountains and thereby escape draft. The other class blame the north and claim the Yankees came down here to fight for the niggers. That class have no love nor respect for the Yankees to this day.

This place is comparatively new and our northern friends have been here only from a few months to five or six years. Some are simply tourists, some climate and health-seekers, some land-seekers, some home-seekers, some fortune-seekers, and some hunters and pleasure-seekers. All as far as we know them are jolly, good people, and seem very contented and happy. Some have come to stay, others in a few weeks or months at the longest will be gone. Such is life in this part of Alabama.

The soil here is light and sandy, and with a small amount of fertilizer is very productive. All kinds of vegetables do well here, and several kinds will produce two or three crops in a season. They usually raise a crop of Irish potatoes, followed by a crop of sweet potatoes on the same patch the same year. Small fruit does well, and peaches, pears and plums are grown to a limited extent. At Fruitdale, eleven miles north of here, about two hundred thousand peach trees have been set out in the last six years. Pear, apple and plum trees in that vicinity are also being planted to quite an extent. In other localities the people are following suit. It is only a question of time when this piny woods wilderness will be made to blossom like the rose. All that is now needed is the enterprise, energy, industry, brain and brawn of the people of the north, to bring about this grand result. Without the aid of prophetic vision we are able already to foresee the coming prosperity and future importance of the new south. But the great work must be set in motion and carried forward by the genius and intelligence of the people of the north, and when it really becomes an accomplished fact, those who live to see it will be astonished at the marvelous change and the glory of the new south.

In addition to farming industries already enumerated, we may call attention to stock raising and dairy business. Stock, sheep and hogs do well here, as some fair-sized stock ranches have already demonstrated. Dairying is still in its infancy.

Young cattle and sheep can be wintered very cheaply, and if thin in the spring will fatten very quickly upon the natural grass that grows so rapidly and luxuriantly.

There is still a large amount of pine timber in the forests, but the lumber and turpentine interests although a source of revenue are on the decline, and must soon give way to the plow and cultivator. The primeval forests of this state will soon vanish, but the soil and climate, the foundation, source and sustainer of life will remain and continue a boon and blessing to mankind.

The temperature since the second week of our sojourn here has been delightful, neither too hot, nor too cold. Have had several white frosts, but when the sun is an hour or two above the horizon the mercury ranges from about fifty-five to seventy degrees above, until near sunset. One night, January 3rd, it reached twenty-two above. This was not quite as cold as one morning in Evansville the last week in September. Have put on my overcoat only twice this winter, then would not have worn it had it not been evening. More anon.

Affectionately, L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

DEER PARK, Ala., Jan. 29, 1900.

Dear George:—

No doubt you sometimes wonder how we manage to spend our time so it will not drag, as the saying is. Well, I will tell you. We arise in the morning about six o'clock, and are ready for breakfast at seven or a little after; some of us go to the postoffice—only two blocks away—just before or soon after breakfast. Your mother always finds plenty to do for a couple of hours in the line of housekeeping, as the saying goes, you know, "A woman's work is never done." During the time she is thus occupied I spend my time in reading the morning paper and letters, if I happen to have any. Your mother, of course, joins me in the letter reading

from our friends. Then if the sun shines I go out for a good airing in the lovely, warm sunshine; we have no chilling winds such as you have in the north in winter. A saw mill being near I usually go there, and for a half hour or so inhale the odor of the fragrant pine sawdust

Your mother goes out with me later in the day, and so far has spent the balance of her time in reading, writing and knitting worsted slippers. She generally reads aloud in the evening. We have all the Evansville papers, one Chicago daily, one Chicago weekly, and several other papers taken by our friend Trevitt. Among our Christmas presents we had three fair-sized books, and bought one on the cars on our way here. The four are all read and we have borrowed another, which is well under way, and your mother's bible comes in for a few chapters every day. So with the very pleasant company of the family who provide for and entertain us, with the pleasant calls we receive and return, with the Sunday school exercises and other services in the churches, and last but not least, with the company of each other after an acquaintance of more than a half century, strange as it may seem to some people, we have not experienced a lonely moment. The time passes only too quickly and we fully realize that when once passed there is no return. Of course we are anxious to see our loved ones at home and at their homes, but as this is not practicable at present we must patiently and philosophically bide our time.

About the middle of December one beautiful day I took a stroll on the edge of the piny woods on the east bank of Dog River, not to fish but to inspect the fishing grounds, hoping to find a fair prospect for a little diversion in the line of angling. In some of the best-looking fishing holes I tried hard to penetrate the murky waters with my natural vision, but utterly failed to discover the bottom. I have no doubt those places have a bottom, but when I came to reflect carefully upon the natural color of the water it was no wonder to me that it was not visible to the naked eye. The color was neither black nor white, but a cross between Huckleberry Finn's "yaller dog" and a black one. Then it occurred to me for the first time that the name given to this deceptive little river is very appropriate. I then turned from the river

and approached the opening, where I started up a nice flock of quails, but having neither firearms nor fishing tackle the birds and fish were left for that time "to enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

A little further on I ran into a happy, lively flock of robins, the first I had seen since I came south. I was really glad to see them, and they appeared glad to see me. They seemed like old friends; they left Wisconsin before we did and have tarried somewhere on the way. I informed your mother on reaching home that I had met some old Wisconsin friends. After trying to get her to guess who they were, when she found out think she did not fully appreciate the joke. Just a few days before a farmer had shot a big wild cat, and she tried to make me think the wild cats would catch me if I told stories. So of course I was careful not to tell any more.

Now I will be a little more explicit than I have been heretofore in regard to benefits received physically by health seekers from the north. A lady from Michigan who came after we did, distressingly afflicted with asthma, told us yesterday that she is entirely free from her trouble and has gained seven pounds in flesh. A man from Illinois informs me he has been entirely cured of rheumatism, and can stand almost any kind of exposure with impunity. Another from Ohio claims a perfect cure of bronchitis after six months residence here. Have seen others and heard of many more who claim to have been cured of throat and lung diseases and various rheumatic troubles, after a few months or at the longest a few years residence in Alabama. I have seen and conversed with some of these people and believe what they say, but it seems strange to us when we consider the dampness of the atmosphere, that such a climate should prove so great a panacea for the diseases here enumerated, but such seems to be true.

Affectionately, L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

DEER PARK, Ala., Feb. 5, 1900.

Dear George:—

As I have already remarked in a former letter, this is not a large city, not as interesting or lively as Chicago, nor as much to be seen or heard as in the city of New York. The scenery is not so grand and imposing as I have seen among the mountains and in the valleys of Maine, also in the Rockies and at the base of the snow-capped coast range on the Pacific slope. Not so many places of amusement to be found here as in the great metropolitan cities of the east. No shows nor circuses, no prize fights, no (base) football games, no gambling, no saloons nor horse racing. Plenty of colored folks, but no nigger shows nor darkey concerts. But for all that the gay and frisky element, young and old, occasionally meet in the pretty, green cottage on the hill for a lively and exhilarating country dance. As you very well know I never learned to trip the light fantastic toe, and your mother although an old time dancer not caring to go with any "feller" but the old one, we are perfectly agreed upon spending our evenings at home together; said evenings being usually occupied in reading and conversation, and in an effort to store our minds with useful knowledge.

These letters, intended more especially for the loved ones at home, no doubt are dry to outsiders. We might offer the old hackneyed excuse that there is nothing to write about, but I don't like excuses and seldom make them. There is enough to write about everywhere, and the lack of interest may be attributed to the inability of the writer to make things interesting.

The longer we remain the better satisfied we are with the climate, and the more we know about the country. The soil, with a small amount of good fertilizer, is very productive. I am told by persons who have been here three or four years, that four dollars worth of fertilizer to the acre is sufficient to insure a good crop of corn; corn is worth fifty-six cents per bushel and seldom gets below fifty cents. It seems

to me that farmers of all kinds have much to learn; it does not follow that a man who is a good farmer up north will immediately become a good farmer here. He must have ample time to learn how to farm it here. The "know how" is all powerful in all branches of farming, as well as in every other kind of business and in the arts and sciences. It is, in fact, the great secret of success. Professional men never forget to charge a good, round fee for the "know how." I am well satisfied in my own mind that stock and dairy farming, if properly conducted, will yield the best returns. Next in order I would place sheep and hogs, not the razor-back hogs, but a breed that will easily fatten. Beef, pork and mutton are high, butter is high, and milk is from eight to ten cents per quart.

Of course that kind of farming takes capital as well as brain and muscle. To farm it here to good advantage money must be employed, that too must come from the north. The most of the surplus capital in the south is needed for other purposes than farming; so when any of you fellows in the north come to Alabama to farm it, don't forget your pocket-book. I was told when I first came that this was no country for a poor man. I quickly replied: "Then I made a mistake in coming, and if you will forgive me this time I'll go back and not return except for health." He laughed and suggested that I was taking the matter too seriously. Since then I have met several who say it is a good country for poor men. Two in particular who came for health four years ago, claim they had limited means when they came but have done very well, and have fully recovered their health. Both say they are well satisfied, and attribute their success to miscellaneous farming. These conclusions, without doubt, are correct.

L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

DEER PARK, Ala., Feb. 10, 1900.

Dear George:—

Judging from our own observation and experience for the last three months, there seems to be an abundance of rain. Upon referring to statistics we find the average or normal rainfall of the state recorded as fifty-two inches per annum. The greatest fall being during the early spring months. The soil is very sandy, the surface of the country very rolling, and the natural drainage is all that can be desired. The Pine Belt is said to have an altitude of about three hundred feet. A great abundance of running streams of pure, soft water, fed by numerous springs gushing from the hillsides, meander through the valleys, thus furnishing a beautiful supply of water the year round for man and beast. Wells may also be easily obtained of the same kind of water at a depth of from ten to fifty feet. So you see this cannot be set down as a dry country, neither are we troubled at the same season of the year with a dry atmosphere.

All with whom I have conversed fully agree that while the summers are much warmer here than in the north, the gulf breeze springing up soon after sunrise in the morning and continuing until sunset, so tempers the heat that it is only necessary to seek the shade of a friendly tree to become cool and comfortable. The nights they claim are cool and pleasant. It is also said that sunstrokes are practically unknown in the south.

As near as I can learn by coming in actual contact with the farmers, the production of garden truck will pay the best of anything. Some men claim to have raised three hundred dollars worth of cabbages upon one acre of land. Another party came from Chicago a few years ago, embarked in the melon business and made six hundred dollars the first season. This gave him a nice start, and being a fine business man he is now engaged in the mercantile business and is having an excellent trade, and to all appearances doing a flourishing business. It is true the market at home is not very exten-

sive just now, as this is a small place and cost of shipping to other markets is considerable. Every town, village and city, big or little, has its own market at home and is bountifully supplied by its contiguous territory, thus securing vegetables for home consumption fresh and in good condition at its own doors.

Mobile is only forty-four miles distant and New Orleans not very far away, but like Deer Park they are blessed with fertile soil and productive gardens just outside the city limits. St. Louis and Chicago, larger and much farther away, have open doors to the whole south, but drayage, freights and commissions greatly diminishes the profits of the producer. But as the country becomes better developed, competition in the carrying trade will become sharper and more lively; commission men will not be so greedy, the producer will be more independent and will secure a fairer and more honest deal all around. In my opinion persons who stick to their business and endeavor to overcome these evils that beset pioneer life, incident to a new country, will come out all right. The pleasure and enjoyment of living in this climate is sufficient to encourage families to put up with all these inconveniences for a season, in order to become permanently located in a country so enjoyable.

To give you an idea of the method and time of planting seed, and the management of the crops on the same land the same season, I will quote from a statement of Mr. S. D. Rees upon the subject of truck farming:

‘Planted cabbage seed in the seed beds October 6th; set plants in the open ground during December and January; commenced to harvest in April; crop was entirely cleared off the ground by May 20th. This crop was followed by Irish potatoes, the latter being planted by barring off the cabbages and planting the potatoes alongside the standing cabbages. Potatoes were planted March 15th, and harvested June 15th. No fertilizer of any kind was used for this second crop, but for the crop of cabbages preceeding it, twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents worth of fertilizer per acre was used. The potato crop was followed by a crop of hay, averaging one and a half tons per acre. This hay was composed of volunteer grasses, the ground being plowed and har-

rowed and the grass allowed to grow up without seeding, the grasses being crab and wild clover. The hay sold for fifteen dollars per ton. The largest return per acre from any crop was obtained from cabbages, the yield being three hundred dollars per acre. From sixty-five acres, I obtained from sales of cabbages, potatoes, beans and hay seven thousand dollars. There was no week during the year in which I did not have something to sell in the shape of vegetables."

Mr. Rees in connection with foregoing statement, adds: "The fruit from eleven pear trees yielded in the summer of 1895 a net return of one hundred and twenty dollars."

I am not personally acquainted with Mr. Rees, but he is well known by reputation here as a good farmer and reliable gentleman.

Affectionately, L. T. P.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PENCILINGS.

DEER PARK, Ala., Feb., 15, 1900

Dear George:—

We have been out of town but once since we first landed at this place, and that was when we visited our friends in Fruitdale soon after we came. We were delighted with the country, and the improvements being made in the country adjoining and tributary to Fruitdale. Since we were there more than thirty thousand peach trees have been planted, making the whole number at this time two hundred and thirty thousand. I saw a man a few days ago who had just delivered a large order of fruit trees at this place, who is posted on what is going on along the whole line, who told me that if the peach crop should be as good the coming season as it was two years ago, that from eight to fifteen carloads of fruit would be shipped from Fruitdale. Only six years have elapsed since the first peach trees under the new dis-

pensation were planted. A few old trees that were set out many years ago in people's gardens, still exist and bear a few peaches without pruning, care or culture.

When the winter is a little farther advanced and the weather is nicely settled and we feel first class, we expect to go to Citronville, Mobile, etc., and perhaps may indulge in a little coasting on the gulf or bay if we feel like it.

People here are plowing now and getting ready to plant peas, radishes, beets, lettuce, etc. No doubt it will seem early to you to sow and plant gardens, but it is nicer weather here now than in Wisconsin in April. Down on the lowlands near the railroad track there are a few frog ponds, and every evening this winter we have heard the inhabitants of these little pools merrily singing whenever we stepped to the door. It may not be any advantage to a country to have frogs, but I never lived in a country where they did not exist, and when a small boy they lulled me to sleep many a night with their lively concerts. In the east they always carried both bass and soprano, but here the bass is lacking entirely and the soprano is much softer and sweeter than there. I have studied astronomy, astrology and swimology, but never having read up on frogology I am unable to explain why the bass in frog concerts is so completely ignored in Alabama. This reminds me of a little story which I will now take the liberty to relate.

Two college dudes out on a lark came to a river, where they discovered an Irishman in a row boat ready to take persons across the river, or take them out on a pleasure trip as they might desire. The students hailed Pat and arranged for a boat ride. Thinking him a little green they considered it a good time to have some fun at his expense. One of the students asked him if he ever studied astronomy. Pat shook his head. Then said the young man, "You have lost one-fourth of your life!" The other student asked Pat if he ever studied astrology. Pat again shook his head and answered, "No." Then said the second dude, "You have lost one-half of your life!" Soon after by some unforeseen accident the boat was suddenly capsized. The Irishman being a good swimmer, turned and looked at the dudes who were then splashing and struggling in the water, and called out: "Say, boys, have

you studied swimology?" The boys stuck up one hand each, shook their heads, and with great difficulty cried out, "No." Pat excitedly and mournfully exclaimed: "Then begorra, boys, you have lost the whole of your lives!" Pat had no alternative but to swim for the shore and save the fraction that was left of his own life.

Another thing I have observed in this country that interests me very much. It is not necessary to put on and take off storm doors and windows every fall and spring, but it is necessary to put on door and window screens, and these do not have to be taken off as they are a necessary evil all the year round. The flies are just the same here as in the north, but the mosquitos are smaller, thinner, and I judge made of finer fibre. My reasons for thinking so are as follows: They are more modest, more polite, less annoying, their music finer and softer, they do not bite so savagely, and they are very small eaters, but like the flies they don't care to leave us.

Wages are not so high here as in the north, but as public and private improvements progress, labor will be in greater demand and consequently will in the near future receive a more adequate compensation. Taking into account the great expense of fuel in the north, the cost of living is greater there than here. Church and school privileges are somewhat limited, but no more so than usual in a new country. The stores seem to be doing a good business, but I judge a large amount of goods are being sold on credit. As near as I can learn about four or five hundred people are living here and tributary to this place.

Taxes are very low here as the poor roads will readily indicate, even to a stranger the first time he has occasion to travel over them. It is a good thing to keep taxes down, but not at the expense of roads already nearly impassible. Those owning wild land which they wish to dispose of would be benefitted vastly by improving at their own expense the roads leading to said lands. When I am through sowing my wild winter oats and feel less inclined to indulge in a vein of fun, folly and humor, I will give you a few sober, dry facts in the form of statistics for your careful consideration.

Affectionately, L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

DEER PARK, Ala., Feb. 26, 1900.

Dear George:—

This is truly a great country! Great in the extent of its territory; great in its natural resources; great in its climatic conditions!

At home we hear but little about the south, but there is much boasting about the east and west. Occasionally we condescend to speak in a light or rather sarcastic manner of the "Sunny South," not really intending to be satirical nor severe. The southern people have their peculiarities and so do the people of the north. We do not understand them, neither do they understand us. Many people who have never set foot upon the southern soil think they know all about the vexed questions that so agitate the people of the south, and are ever ready to give an elaborate opinion how such questions should be disposed of, when they really know nothing about the true merits of those difficult and perplexing problems, and never will until they can meet them face to face upon original ground and observe them in all their different phases and bearings. But the time is not very far off when the people of the north and south will understand each other better. Time and closer contact will eventually bridge over and close the dark chasm. The rapid development of the vast resources of the south since 1880 has been phenomenal.

In order to consider this subject intelligently I will have to give a few dry statistics. It has rained so much lately, hope they will not be dry enough to burn until you and your readers have had a chance to look them over. The increase in the valuation of real and personal property from 1880 to 1890 in the southern states was fifty-one per cent. In the New England and middle states combined it was twenty-two per cent. In the same time the per capita wealth in the south increased twenty-two per cent, in the middle states three per cent, and in New England one and four-fifths per cent. In 1880 the south had invested in cotton mills twenty-

one million nine hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars, in 1890 sixty-one million dollars. Since 1880 the south has increased her railway mileage more than twenty-five thousand miles. In 1880 she made two hundred and eighty-nine thousand eight hundred and sixteen tons of pig iron, in 1897 she made one million seven hundred and ninety-six thousand seven hundred and twelve tons. In 1880 the south's out-put of coal was three million seven hundred and fifty-six thousand one hundred and forty-four tons, last year it was thirty-two million eight hundred and fifty-two thousand six hundred and thirty tons, and has exceeded twenty-five million tons each year since 1891.

Among the agricultural products cotton is still king, but patronizingly and more invitingly now than ever before extends the sceptre of power over other products of the soil, as well as the products of forests and mines, and seems willing to share the kingly honors with them. Southern farmers still cling tenaciously to cotton as the greatest staple of the south, but farmers from the north turn a cold shoulder and say: "I don't want any cotton in mine." This little difference of opinion existing between the farmers has a happy tendency to hasten the full development of the soil. But cotton is destined to continue to be the leading staple for many years to come. Now to make it a little more plain and show up in a proper manner the vastness of the value of this single product of the soil, we will give a comparative statement of the value of cotton and gold: During thirty-two years preceeding 1897 the south produced cotton aggregating in value eight thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine million four hundred and three thousand three hundred and ninety-one dollars. The world's production of gold for five hundred years, from 1380 to 1880, was seven thousand two hundred and forty million dollars, which is one thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine million four hundred and three thousand three hundred and ninety-one dollars less than the cotton product in thirty-two years.

Truth is stranger than fiction, therefore comment is unnecessary. Hitherto the south has been content with the vast income received from this product and has allowed the north to reap a harvest in the fabrication of this raw material,

but the south has learned that she can manufacture her own cotton and thereby add materially to her wealth. Cheap labor and cheap coal in close proximity to cotton fields and factories will defy all competition from the north. Cotton factories are rapidly springing into existence in the south. In 1880 the whole number of spindles did not exceed six hundred and sixty-seven thousand, in 1897 the number had reached four million. The southern states produce four-fifths of the world's cotton. The "Southern Empire" claims that: "Their productive capacity is only limited by demand and the latter is dependent on the progress of civilization. Every savage won to the ways of light means another consumer of cotton. To be sure his immediate wants are slight, very likely but a sack with holes in it for head and arms, but he marks the beginning of a line of shirt wearers. His descendants will want six apiece with starched bosoms. So the demand for cotton grows with enlightenment." This is a new idea for me, but I am convinced of its correctness. Another industry which has recently grown to vast proportions as an offshoot of the cotton culture, we have not considered in the foregoing estimates. In 1889 the cotton seed oil was six million two hundred and fifty thousand gallons, in 1896 it was forty-two million gallons. After the cotton seed has been crushed and the oil pressed out, the meal cake as it is called, is fed to stock, and said to be nearly as nourishing as corn meal.

But I must close for this time by stating that the foregoing figures have been taken from carefully prepared authentic statistics, and in my judgment are perfectly reliable.

L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

DEER PARK, Ala., March 6, 1900.

Dear George:—

In a former letter I briefly alluded to the iron industry of the south. Can now give you the correct figures of the growth of that industry from 1870 up to 1896, as compared with the product of the whole country. In 1870 the south turned out only six per cent of the whole product of pig iron, in 1880 fourteen per cent, in 1890 sixteen per cent, in 1896 more than twenty per cent.

I find from same source that only three European countries make more pig iron than the south,—Great Britain, Germany and France. I find also that great quantities of iron are now being shipped to Europe, South America, India and Japan. When Alabama can undersell English iron four dollars per ton, and make money for the producer, and can underbid Pennsylvania and Ohio furnaces, and sell iron under their very eaves, the future of this southern industry is in a position to take care of itself.

The reason why the south can beat the world so badly in prices, is because the ore, coke and limestone are all situated in such close proximity to the furnaces. Northern and western furnaces buy ore and coke away from home and ship them long distances, thereby incurring a heavy outlay of money which is escaped by the south. Southern manufacturers own their coal mines, iron mines, limestone quarries, coke ovens, hire their own men, and mine all their raw material. And all these raw materials are found within a radius of four to ten miles. Hence, the actual cost of a ton of pig iron is from three to four dollars less in the south than in the north. No wonder we often find the furnaces of the south in full blast, when they are nearly all closed down in the north.

Although coal mining has already become immense in its operation, it is still said by all conversant with its prospects to be only in its infancy. It is estimated that the area of profitable production of the coal fields of the south is over

four and a half times that of Great Britain, while the coal is of excellent quality. The Southern railroad is now said to be shipping coal to Brunswick, then to be distributed to Europe, Mexico, South America, and India. The manufacture of coke is so closely connected with the coal interests, that it should receive at least a brief mention in this letter. According to a recent report of the Southern railroad company, five coke producing states traversed by that road produced two hundred and thirty-three thousand six hundred and eighty-one tons in 1880, and two million one hundred and sixty-seven thousand five hundred in 1896. Alabama alone in 1896 produced one million four hundred and seventy-nine thousand four hundred and thirty-seven tons of coke. So you see that industry is rapidly gaining ground also.

As almost every person familiar with the history of tobacco is well aware, the south has always taken the lead in this great staple and it may not be necessary to give particulars. "The Empire of the South" says:

"From the earliest days of the settlement of the south, tobacco has been one of the main agricultural crops. It was long the chief source of wealth and for two hundred years the currency of the colonies, and the first loan ever negotiated by the United States government was made payable in it. All values were based upon tobacco."

In 1896 the tobacco crop of the south was four hundred and three million four thousand three hundred and twenty pounds, produced on five hundred and ninety-four thousand seven hundred and forty-nine acres, and was valued at twenty-four million two hundred and fifty-eight dollars and seven cents. Of the total production three hundred and forty-six million four hundred and forty-five thousand and seventy pounds were grown in the eight states traversed by the Southern railroad.

No doubt the south contains today the largest amount of marketable timber that can be found standing in any section of this continent. I know it is claimed that larger amounts exist on the Pacific Coast, but it is not available and is fast disappearing on account of reckless lumbering and great destruction by fires. Prof. B. E. Fernow, Chief of the Forestry Division of the United States Geological Survey, says:

“The south contains not only the largest amount and the greatest variety of hard woods, but it also contains in the greatest abundance and perfection that most important class of timber which furnishes three-quarters of our lumber consumption—the pine and its substitutes, like the cypress, cedar, spruce and hemlock. The importance of this fact will appear more strikingly in a few years when the white pine supplies of the northern states will have been decimated and brought to a subordinate condition.”

The southern pine belt stretching with a width varying from one to two hundred miles along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, and containing nearly one hundred and fifty million acres, contains not less than twenty-five million acres of uncultured virgin pine. In addition to the wood these pinneries furnish annually from seven to eight million dollars worth of naval stores, rosin and spirits of turpentine, and, as investigations of the Forestry Division have lately shown, without impairing the value of the wood.

Affectionately, L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

DEER PARK, Ala., March 12, 1900.

Dear George:—

Among the many resources of the south it may be well to mention not only the building stone for foundations, but the granite and marble for walls and ornamentation, all of which exist in vast quantities in several states. The output of the Tennessee quarries alone amounts to millions of dollars. These marbles we are all familiar with, and they are considered the most beautiful in the world. It is claimed that there are more than two hundred varieties. They are used in all the large cities of the Union, as well as in other countries. The first I noticed was in the First National Bank building in Chicago. The greatest display as well as the finest variety I ever beheld was in the new congressional

library at Washington, D. C. The exquisite tints and variegated beauty of the marble finish inside that grand, elegant building was the admiration of the many visitors we saw there on that occasion.

The precious metals, while not so abundant as may now be found in the far west and far north, are found in Virginia, Georgia, North and South Carolina in paying quantities. According to the report of the government mints, Alabama and Tennessee also have added a small amount to the wealth of the nation's gold.

I find the south is at last getting fairly waked up in educational matters. The south since the close of the war has expended more than five hundred and fifty million dollars in the building and maintenance of schools and colleges. The south now has more than one hundred thousand teachers at work in its schools. About four times as many as twenty years ago. And it has five million children in attendance at its public and private schools. It is now spending about twenty million dollars annually for public instruction. Four times as much as it did seventeen years ago. It is claimed all this is being accomplished without raising the rate of taxation, or in any way increasing the indebtedness of the south. In fact its indebtedness has been reduced.

We think a few words about the state of Alabama, with a general application including the entire south, will now be in order.

Tradition informs us that a wayworn Indian warrior had turned his face and steps westward to seek a more quiet abode in the far-off land toward the setting sun. He came at last to the fertile lands and clear streams of Alabama. Charmed by the scenery, the blooming valleys, the limpid streams, the boundless plains, on reaching the banks of the beautiful Alabama river he struck his spear into the earth saying, "Alabama" (Here we rest).

This was all right for the Indian for he no doubt came from the frozen northeast. This was his country beyond dispute. He could hunt fish or bask in the sunshine as best suited his taste and convenience. But where is he now? Gone, no doubt, to the happy hunting ground of his early dreams. If so, it is well. No doubt he fulfilled his mission.

At any rate he is better off there than here, if all his hopes are realized. The white and colored people have taken the place of "Poor Lo." Both I think are here to stay. Not to rest like the Indian, but to work.

The white man being by nature and education progressive, is a reformer and expansionist. He is here of his own volition and is destined to make things lively. This is most emphatically a white man's country. The colored man is not here from choice, but by the hand of destiny. He must occupy a subordinate position. He seems contented and happy. He evidently will not be allowed to take the lead in any civil or political movement, but it must and will be remembered that he has rights which the white man is bound to respect. The white people north and south must and will eventually unite in doing justice to a people not responsible for the present situation. The rapid development of the resources and industries of the south is due largely to the presence of northern people and northern capital. Let them come. Everything seems to indicate better times for the south.

Horace Greely once uttered a public exclamation as follows: "Young man, go west!" Today it is just as appropriate to say: "Young man, go south!" Such an opening for steady, reliable, industrious young men as may now be found in some localities of the south, can scarcely be duplicated elsewhere on this continent. Of course there are still some drawbacks, men who work for wages come in competition with colored labor, but white labor is worth more in the market than colored. The old southern and northern prejudice will sometimes crop out slightly and cause a little unpleasantness, but all this is fast disappearing. The recent success of all kinds of manufacturing carried on in the south, the wonderful combination of facilities just called into requisition and nowhere else to be found on this continent, will soon remove all barriers that now intervene. L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

DEER PARK, Ala., March 19, 1900.

Dear George:—

In one of your letters of some time ago you gave the temperature that morning as sixteen below. I found upon turning to my record of the same date, twenty-six degrees above. Of course that was below freezing point, but not below the point of existence. It is nice to live in a warm climate, but it is not convenient for every person to make a change every year, neither is it best to do so. When young and in perfect health I was very anxious for the appearance of winter. It was my most happy and most congenial season. Much more so than summer.

We have had but few rides since we came, but it is not our fault nor the fault of the people with whom we live. They own a rig well adapted to a new country, which has been kindly placed at our service. The fault rests entirely with the roads. I have never been in a country where the roads are so bad. I should judge they do not work them at all. They travel them just as they have to—in the middle, on either side, on top, underneath, outside the road limits, or anywhere it looks most inviting and traveling seems most feasible, or not at all as in our case. We are glad we don't have to travel such roads. We don't find many middle-of-the-road men here who are so from principle, only as a matter of convenience. No automobiles to frighten horses or the natives, and only a limited number of bicycles. No better wheeling here than in the Garden of the Gods in Colorado, or at Devil's Lake in Wisconsin. If the roads were better the country would be more inviting. It is only a question of time when improvements in that direction will be in order, and when fairly and legally commenced by the proper authorities having this matter in hand, the work will be executed in a manner satisfactory to the country. "So mote it be."

As winter has now taken its departure and spring with

all its soft, balmy air and bright, warm sunshine is here to strengthen and cheer us, and to welcome the beautiful, fragrant flowers as well as to revive the entire vegetable kingdom, it may be well for us to look about and prepare to take account of stock.

On leaving home the seventh day of last November we had many misgivings. Our stock in trade, so to speak, was light. What we could take with us amounted to but little compared with what we were leaving. We left a comfortable, pleasant home, and many near and dear relatives and friends. A journey of a thousand miles with its anxieties and hardships lay before us. We had on hand ready to take along with us, a limited stock of strength, rather precarious health, and many infirmities of age. We also were in possession of a fair degree of courage, and a firm trust in a kind and merciful Providence who careth for us. At the other end of the line in a country comparatively new, we could easily imagine the inconveniences and hardships that awaited us. So you will readily perceive we did not set out on our southern journey without counting the cost. Of course we were very tired, and extremely glad to reach our haven of rest. The pleasing associates by which we have been surrounded during our residence of more than thirty years in Evansville clung to us with a tenacity hard to sever.

Now to offset the debit side of our impromptu ledger we are able to credit up the enjoyment of a mild, healthy climate and a fair degree of physical strength, for which we are extremely thankful. We have also had much pleasure in being able to exercise in the open air quite freely without an overcoat every fair day during the fall and winter. When it rained it was usually warm, but we remained inside. Kind friends have ever been ready to administer to all our temporal wants.

Our associations here with many people have been very congenial. The pleasant acquaintance we have formed with strangers has been a source of comfort and information. Impressions engraven upon our hearts by our contact with them are of such a character as to last to the end of life, and perchance may accompany us to the other side. Now these new ties of friendship must soon be broken, at least for the

present; they may or may not be renewed at some future time, no one can tell. Time alone must determine.

We meet to part, but cannot say forever,
Those ties of friendship time soon will sever,
The golden moments we have passed together,
Will leave an impress on our hearts forever.

As social beings, how sweet it is to live,
With willing hearts, a helping hand to give,
Thus we may all our mission here fulfill,
Round out our lives according to His will.

Our great Creator, infinite in control!
Made us in His own image, mind and soul,
If selfishness does not our hearts consume,
In them for others there will be ample room.

This busy world, so cruel and unkind,
Should for one moment pause, and learn God's mind,
His loving spirit so divinely shed,
Has many a pilgrim to His altar led.

When we shall fully learn our Father's mind;
To help His creatures we will be more inclined,
And as we journey on through life's grand mission,
The good of all will be our fond ambition.

L. T. P.

CHAPTER XIX.

PENCILINGS.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Aug. 26, 1882.

Friend Libby:—

You did not request me to write when I left home, neither did I promise to do so, but today being the Sabbath of this institution and my room mate, Mr. Potter, having gone to Marshall to call on a friend, and receiving no treatment on this day of the week, I find the time not occupied in going to church hangs somewhat heavily, and a little chat with you on paper may not be amiss.

We have now been here nearly two weeks, and our little party from Evansville can speak safely I think of some little improvement all around. We have been here long enough, and have learned sufficient of the appointments and workings of this institution, to be able to speak understandingly of its management and ample facilities for successfully treating and curing disease. We have here all the comforts and conveniences of a first-class hotel, with good, wholesome rules governing the inmates of the institution, with such recreations and religious exercises interspersed as are conducive to the health of both body and mind. We also have all the most approved appliances of science and art for the treatment of the different diseases in a scientific and skillful manner, and all under the supervision of skillful and experienced physicians.

It seems to me the tables are all that the most fastidious can wish or desire, being bountifully supplied with a great variety of palatable, nutritious and healthy food, well adapted

to the requirements and condition of each and every patient. The employes are all courteous and kind, and appear to try to make every one comfortable, contented and happy in their new home. The number of health-seekers here at the present time is about one hundred and sixty. Sometimes they number two hundred or more. Of course all do not fully recover, but many seem to be making marked improvement. Some require but a few weeks to regain their health, others must remain for many months. Prices for board and treatment are very reasonable, so that all may avail themselves of the opportunities here afforded.

This city is about the size of Janesville, very pleasantly located on the Kalamazoo River, affording quite extensive water power, and has already situated on its banks several large manufacturing establishments. The school buildings are of brick, large, expensive and commodious. There are some five or six fine, brick church edifices, and the blocks of stores and the dwellings generally denote thrift, enterprise and good taste. On the whole we consider this a thriving, wide-awake, lively city, with ample railroad facilities for its growing business.

I think our friends at home would smile to see us every morning in the gymnasium, exercising our muscle with the dumb bells, and in marching up and down the hall to rapid music, gradually increasing as we proceed to a double quick. Marching and counter-marching in single, double, quadruple and sextuple file, backwards as well as forwards, reversing and hippity-hopping until the warm current of life courses through our veins on the double-quick also. Such exercise makes us smile, and that is not all, it makes us feel good too, and if exercise is what we need we can have it after we get home, if we only retain the disposition.

Hoping you are well, and that we may soon meet you with improved health, I still remain as ever,

Yours truly, L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Aug. 31, 1882.

Friend Libby:—

Life at a well-regulated sanitarium like this is not so dull and gloomy as some of ye editors, who are always looking on the sunny side of a newspaper and the bright side of the silver dollar that is consequently rolling in for services rendered, may imagine. In the first place we have just as good society as one can wish, and as good, in fact, as can be found anywhere. No boisterous talking, no rudeness of speech, and no profane language whatever to be heard on the premises. Nothing to mar the peace and harmony of the inmates except the aches and pains incident to suffering humanity. All here do not look sickly by any means. There are some forty patients confined to their rooms, whose faces we never see at all. Of course of their looks we cannot speak, but the average patient able to be about in the parlors, or out on the lawn, in the gymnasium, or bath rooms, or at the tables at meal time, looks full as well as the average churchman, politician or editor, as we occasionally meet them at church service, political conventions or editorial excursions. It is by no means dull or monotonous here. We have our religious exercises, our literary treats, musical entertainments, amusements, and various recreations. We have three lectures each week on different subjects, that are both interesting and instructive. Those subjects have embraced lectures on anatomy and physiology, the adulteration of many different kinds of food, and several medical lectures. These lectures take place in the morning. We also have evening entertainments.

Last Tuesday evening we were highly entertained in the large parlors for an hour or more in listening to select readings and recitations by a lady elocutionist of this city. The lady has a beautiful voice for speaking, its tones being deep, soft and mellow, and sufficiently clear to be distinctly heard a long distance even when pitched on a low key. Her

acting and gestures were almost faultless, denoting much practice and careful training. She was frequently applauded in a hearty manner by an appreciative audience.

Last Monday night all the patients who felt like it met in the spacious parlors of the Sanitarium, pursuant to a call of Dr. Kellogg, for what he termed an experience meeting; Dr. Kellogg himself, physician in chief, presiding. It was well attended, and a meeting long to be remembered. Not on account of eloquence there displayed, nor of gushing sentimentalism indulged in, but on account of the confessions of the transgression of the laws of health, of a change of habits, of the different kinds of treatment received before and after coming here, of the great improvement in the condition and general health of the speakers after they had resolved to about face and wheel into line, and conform more fully to nature's good and wholesome laws. Nearly all were willing to confess themselves great sinners in certain directions. One was anxious to get on in the world and had worked beyond his strength. Another had not been careful about his eating, and had abused his stomach. Another had used too much tobacco. Another had lived in Germany and had smoked, and sometimes drank a little beer. He said all Germans smoke, and it was not considered a sin there to smoke and drink beer, and they have such good beer in Germany. But notwithstanding this pretty little argument in his smooth German accent, he left all these little, harmless, native practices when he came to the Sanitarium, had gained wonderfully in health and strength, and thought the pipe and cigar had better be left untouched and the good beer of Germany be left untasted.

You would be surprised to see so many, according to confession there made, afflicted with nervous prostration, dyspepsia, partial paralysis, and all such attendant evils, from the excessive use of tobacco. I tell you I am getting more and more disgusted with tobacco every day. It is a curse to the nation, a curse to the young men who use it, as well as the old, and is second only to "king alcohol" in its work of destruction upon the human family. It don't make a man crazy or a fool as quickly as alcohol, but is just as poisonous, working more insiduously on the system, and will as surely

in the end undermine the health and beat a man as will whisky. The smoking portion of our Wisconsin party have entirely relinquished our cigars, and now we are ready to hoist our colors and raise the battle cry of "down with tobacco in all its forms." You may think we are becoming radical and so we are. I brought two cigars from home, one a fine Havana—a present of course—and the other a nickle cigar. They both remain with me unsmoked. Although I felt for a while like the last rose of summer, I have concluded to take them home, have them nicely put away under a glass, and will always keep them to remind me of my past folly. Think I will dedicate the event with a few lines, something like the following, suggestive of my frame of mind at the present time:

'Tis the last fine Havana, left lying alone!
 All its fragrant companions are smoked up and gone,
 No cigar of its kindred, nor meerschaum is nigh,
 To regale the lone smoker, or on the shelf lie.

I'll not leave thee thou lone one to lie there alone,
 Since thy mates are all perished a companion has come,
 To always stay with thee in this thy bazaar,
 To lie at thy footstool a cheaper cigar.

Yours truly, L. T. P.

PENCILINGS.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Sept. 8, 1882.

Friend Libby:—

Well, the world still moves and so does the Enterprise and this Sanitarium. Our Evansville delegation seems to be quite well satisfied with the treatment administered, and the progress being made in the straight and narrow path that leads to health. While the great mass of humanity away from water cures and sanitariums are seeking after wealth,

we still remain seeking a greater boon, and one not fully appreciated until lost. We have made up our minds that we are too old to ever expect to be wealthy, and have concluded to use the little energy spared us in trying to be fairly, if not vigorously, healthy. A much greater effort is being made constantly every day to obtain money than health, and money is frequently procured at the expense of health; but all are destined sooner or later to realize that health is the greater blessing, although so frequently bartered away as was the blessing belonging to Esau, for a mess of red pottage or something of even less importance.

I am well aware that the question of the restoration and preservation of health is like the temperance question a much-hackneyed subject, but health being the legitimate offspring of temperance will still bear attention and discussion. And while we feel we would like to be at home among our friends, enjoying their society and looking a little after business, still we are willing to forego that pleasure for a season that we may be in better condition physically and mentally to enjoy the benign influence of the home circle, and appreciate to a greater extent the sacredness of the family tie. But enough on the subject of health for this time. And now for a few words in regard to how we pass away our time when not needed in the building for treatment.

One day last week we called to see an old negro lady of whom we had read many years ago, by the name of Sojourner Truth. No doubt you have heard of her many times. She resides in this city with her daughter and is one hundred and seven years old, tall and straight, quite intelligent, and can converse on many subjects that young people consider rather ancient, in a clear and interesting manner. We bought her photograph, and will let you see it when we reach home.

Last Saturday we took a stroll out into the country about one mile and called on Mr. Hubbard, a brother of the late Jeddediah Hubbard of our town. We found them quite well, very pleasant and agreeable in conversation, and enjoyed our call exceedingly well. Mr. Hubbard has what is considered here a good farm. The soil seems to be composed largely of sand and gravel mixed with a reddish loam, and he says produces well. He holds it at one hundred dollars per acre. If

it is worth that Watt. Hubbard's farm, location and everything else being equal excepting soil, is worth five hundred dollars per acre.

Last Tuesday we took a ride through the principal streets of the city, and then out of the city about two and a half miles to Lake Goguac. This is a nice sheet of very clear water about one mile wide by two miles long, surrounded with rather bold, dry shores covered mostly with timber and is said to abound in fish. They have two pretty good steamers for the use of picnic parties, which are an almost daily occurrence when the weather is favorable, the largest of which we boarded and took a sail around the lake, stopping for a few minutes at the picnic grounds to take on and off passengers. We returned to the Sanitarium about five o'clock greatly refreshed by the ride.

Wednesday evening another meeting was called by Dr. Kellogg for the relation of experience by the patients in the great struggle for health. The meeting was well attended and many freely expressed themselves upon the subject under consideration. Many confessions were made in regard to abuses and foolish indulgences, and as usual the free use of tobacco came in for its share of the blame, and evils that have slowly but surely been visited upon the heads of its votaries. The meeting was an interesting and profitable one, and I think all felt as they retired to their rooms that under such influence we may become wiser and better men and women.

The two little cigars mentioned in my last communication still remain unmolested in my dressing case drawer, where I keep my stationery and trinkets. I see them almost every day, as I have occasion to open the drawer, but they have no further charms for me. The tempter's power is broken, and instead of being enslaved by them they are henceforth my captive. The spirit of the old poetic muse mentioned in my last is again upon me, inspiring me to write four additional stanzas in memory of the last fragrant Havana.

'Tis the last fine Havana left lying alone,
All its fragrant companions are smoked up and gone,

No cigar of its kindred, nor meerschaum is nigh,
To regale the lone smoker or on the shelf lie.

I'll not leave thee thou lone one to lie there alone,
Since thy mates are all perished a companion has come,
To always stay with thee in this thy bazaar,
To lie at thy footstool a cheaper cigar.

The two last of a series of different grades,
That have tempted the smoker in twilight's mild shades,
No more will your fragrance allure him away,
And all thy companions will be kept at bay.

Thou art held here as pris'ners for all coming time,
No more to be worshipped at the smoker's low shrine,
The spell is now broken, your captive is free,
And this is the dawning of a great jubilee!

The habit of smoking is foolish and vain,
The habit of snuffing is nearly the same,
The habit of chewing is filthy and mean,
The habit of dipping will come in between.

The man who can conquer his own foolish ways,
And forsake all his vices is entitled to praise,
He is more of a hero than the man who can take
A city or kingdom, like Peter the Great.

Yours truly, L. T. P.

STORY OF ISAAC.

Isaac was a child of promise, and I have no doubt from the historical account we get from the bible—and that is the book from which we write up his history—was a promising child, for we find him obedient to his parents and faithful to his God, even at an early age. A worthy example to our Sunday school children here today. We will not mention his brethren in this sketch, excepting Ishmael, as we have al-

ready had a full account of his father's family in the history of Abraham.

Gerar, a very ancient city south of Gaza, is said to be the place of his nativity. He was the son of Abraham and Sarah, his father at the time of his birth being a hundred years old. The child grew and at the proper age we read he was weaned, and his parents made a great feast and made it a day of rejoicing, and no doubt many friends of the family were present to celebrate the event. The boy at this time was about two years of age, and no doubt his parents were very thankful that his life had been preserved through the most critical period of infancy, and their faith in the promise of God that he should be the father of nations was greatly strengthened.

It appears that his brother Ishmael, who was now some sixteen years of age, had been seized by a spirit of jealousy during the infancy of his little brother Isaac, and he could not bear to see the honor conferred on his baby brother on this occasion. No doubt the little Isaac was petted, fondled and caressed by the whole company, and quite likely they took but little notice of Ishmael as the party was not made for him, and he was a great boy big enough to know how to behave when his folks had a house full of company, but he did not behave very well, as we shall soon see.

Isaac's mother while moving around among her guests, looking after their comfort, giving to each a friendly greeting, when everything was going on as merry as the marriage bell, happened to come upon Ishmael a little unawares and found him actually mocking, making sport, ridiculing, and probably sneering at the whole performance. The baby's mother could not stand that anyhow. Her righteous indignation was raised. To use a common but very homely expression, her dander was up, and when a woman gets her ideas raised to such a pitch as that something must be done. She came right up on her dignity, and just told father Abraham a thing or two that grieved him sorely: "You cast out this bondwoman and her son, I have borne all I can of them. Forbearance almost ceases to be a virtue, and I am fully determined to put a stop to it. After all that has transpired that boy Ishmael can never be heir with my son Isaac."

And I think after all Sarah was about right, as the women usually are, for God sanctioned all she said, and told Abraham to hearken unto the voice of his wife and fully carry out her instructions in reference to Hagar and Ishmael. And Abraham rose early the very next morning and sent them away, and they wandered in the wilderness of Beer-sheba, and the coast was now entirely clear for the "child of promise."

The next important event in the history of Isaac to which we will call attention, was when God told his father to take his son and go into the land of Moriah, and go up on a mountain that he would tell him of and offer him up for a burnt offering. Abraham did not hesitate to obey God, but the very next morning took his son, two of his young men, a beast of burden, cut up his wood and took that along, and the third day came in sight of the place. He left the young men and took the wood and laid it upon Isaac, took a knife in his hand and the fire and away they went up the mountain. Isaac never for a moment dreaming that his father had him in view for an offering, did not suppose that he was to be slain and burned with that very wood which he bore upon his shoulders up the mountain. But Jesus knew when he bore the heavy cross of wood up Mount Calvary that he was to be extended and crucified upon it. Isaac was in blissful ignorance of all that God had told his father, and when all was ready wondered where the lamb could be for the burnt offering and spake to his father about it, but he was soon to realize the situation in a manner he least expected. His father built the altar, piled on the wood, and then for the first time during the whole transaction laid violent hands upon his son, bound him securely, and lifted him from the ground and laid him on the altar on the wood, and then while holding him in position with one hand he stretched forth the other and took the knife to slay his son.

Isaac no doubt comprehended the situation now, and supposed he must die and be offered up for a burnt offering by the hand of his own father. We will not undertake to analyze his feelings at this critical juncture. We have no history of any excitement or emotion on his part, but he was human and we may well suppose this thrilling scene, this

miraculous escape from death, made an impression on his mind that was never effaced. God Himself, after He had sufficiently tested Abraham's faith, by His angel calling to him out of heaven, stayed his hand and commanded him not to hurt the lad, and provided a lamb for the sacrifice. And the lamb thus miraculously provided was offered on the altar instead of Isaac, and he returned with his father to the young men, and they went to Beersheba and dwelt there. Isaac at this time, although called a lad, was about twenty-five years of age, having been born one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven years before the christian era, and this happened one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two years before Christ, according to the bible.

When forty years old he married Rebekah his cousin, and at the age of sixty he is father of two sons, Esau and Jacob. At the age of seventy-five he and his brother Ishmael buried their father in the Cave of Macpelah. Isaac now dwelt for a few years in what was called the south country by the well Lahairoi, south of Gerar. Which is said to be a barren country, comprising only a few pastures and wells between the hills of Judea and the Arabian desert, touching at its western end Philistia, and on the north Hebron. A country not very well calculated to stand severe drouths, such as frequently occur, and Isaac was obliged on account of a severe famine to go to Gerar. And there the Lord appeared unto him and told him not to go down into Egypt, but to stay where he was, and He would be with him and help him and give to him and his posterity all these countries, and perform the oath which He sware unto his father.

This country was ruled by Abimelech, the Philistine king. While residing here Isaac came near getting into difficulty on account of the beauty of his wife, and was guilty of an equivocation like that of his father under similar circumstances many years before. For we read that Rebekah was fair to look upon, and he was afraid if he acknowledged her to be his wife the inhabitants of the place would kill him and take her away. So he said: "She is my sister." For which equivocation he was rebuked by the king, and the king gave him to understand that he should have his protection and

that his legal rights should be respected. And Isaac became content to dwell here in this land, to sow and to reap, to raise flocks and herds, and by his industry, honesty and good management, he became very rich, influential and powerful. To such an extent was that the case that the king feared him, became jealous of his growing popularity and strength, and commanded him to leave the place, which he did and pitched his tent in the valley of Gerar and dwelt there.

Here he went to work in his usual energetic manner to make improvements. He opened old wells that had been filled up and dug new ones, that he might have plenty of water for his stock, but he continually had more or less trouble for the possession of these wells with other herdsmen who were too lazy to dig wells for themselves. But the Lord still blessed him and he prospered here as elsewhere, and finally removed to Beersheba, and then the Lord manifested Himself to him and renewed the promise made to Abraham. And Abimelech made him a visit and renewed his covenant of peace.

Isaac at this time was getting quite old and his eyesight failed him, and he made preparations for blessing his son Esau. And finally he blessed both sons, after Jacob and his mother had taken advantage of his blindness and succeeded in obtaining the first and best blessings for Jacob, and but little more is known of him for the balance of his life, which was prolonged some forty years after this event. He died at the age of one hundred and eighty years, and was buried with his father in the Cave of Macpelah by his sons Esau and Jacob.

L. T. P.

CHAPTER XX.

ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT.

Several years ago when travelling in Dakota late in the fall, I reached a small railroad town in the edge of the evening, where I had planned to remain over night and take the cars early next morning. The driver landed me at the only hotel in town, and without getting out of his wagon headed his team towards his own home several miles distant.

I entered the hotel and not finding the landlord at home hunted up the lady of the house, a nice-appearing, young woman with two small children. I called for a warm sleeping room and was informed, after a little hesitation on the lady's part, that I could be accommodated. Supper being announced we were all served with good, substantial refreshments, consisting largely of wild game, well seasoned and cooked. After supper, there being no parlor or waiting room, we naturally found our way to the bar-room. The railway had just been built and everything about the place was new and crude. The guests in the bar-room being rough and boisterous, I was reminded of the story of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" that I concluded that ten minutes would do for me and soon found my way back to the dining room, where I found the landlady and requested to be shown my room. We entered the apartment assigned me from the dining room, and as near as I could make out it was the only sleeping room on the first floor. Before retiring I took some pains to reconnoiter the room and surroundings. The room was good size, had two windows, and three doors beside the one we entered. One door opened outside, another opened into a dark cellar built on the surface, the other into a closet containing clothing and bedding.

I bolted the dining room door and the cellar door, and found the outside door without a bolt but with a lock without a key. What could be done in this case? Here was a dilemma! I happened to think of a peculiar little key in my pocket that had served me so well in many cases of a similar character that I looked upon it with so much confidence at this time, I was not in the least disappointed when I heard the bolt go to its place with a click under the influence of this key. I undertook to take it out but it would neither come out nor unlock the door. So I concluded to leave it until morning. I fastened the windows, drew the thick, heavy, muslin curtains entirely over the glass, and then turned my attention to the room and its belongings. The bed looked clean and was soft to the feel. I found no bug-bears under it, and no more dirt than the law would allow. I placed under my pillow a few "rocks" I had received a day or two before as part payment for a half section of land. Without further ceremony I went to bed, and feeling confident of a good night's repose composed, myself to sleep.

About twelve o'clock I was awakened by the rattle of a key in the outside door. My first thought was of my little key which I had left in the door. I said to myself: "Whoever you are, you cannot unlock that door as long as the little key stays in the lock." The rattling ceased. I heard a muttering and a footstep, but quite soon the operator again applied his key and the rattling continued as lively as before, but the little key held its ground and refused to get out of the way, and the marauder ceased his frantic efforts to gain an entrance. Then I heard a voice, the voice of a man. He called some one by name, but the name not being mine I did not respond. Only a few minutes later this night hawk had flown, and all being tranquil I was soon in the land of dreams.

I may have slept a half hour when I was again awakened by a heavy sound on the floor, as though some one had jumped or fallen from a high perch to the floor. I listened and detected soft, light footsteps on the carpet. What could it be? A spring, a bound, and a heavy weight landed on the foot of the bed. At the same time there was a kick, and if that creature, whatever it was, did not go higher than Gillroy's kite it was no fault of the kicker. I am quite sure a

mule could not have done much better. The thud on the floor this time was much louder than the first. I again listened and in half a minute I heard a faint, low mew, accompanied by a scratch at the dining room door, which fully convinced me of what I had already suspected, it was a cat. But where the cat came from was still a mystery.

Once more I closed my eyes in sleep, hoping that no further disturbance would again arouse me until daylight. In a short time, however, I was aware that some one was again fooling with the outside door. I heard a heavy push against it that made it jar and rattle upon its hinges. Then a scratching noise at the bottom of the door, followed by a heavy push high upon the door that made the little key fairly jingle within the lock. In a few minutes all was still once more, and the victim was asleep. It was not long, however, before this unseen enemy renewed the attack. The window this time was selected instead of the door, because, as it then appeared to me, it was more vulnerable. The windows were high up, and I noticed the performance this time seemed mostly directed against the glass. I now noticed a slight movement of the curtain. I first thought it was the wind, but soon found it was perfectly calm. The curtain again moved to one side, this time farther than before. What could it mean? This curtain movement I could not solve. It moved again, much farther this time than the last. Of course I was not frightened, but my hair became a little uneasy about the roots and felt as if it wanted to stand up a little while, but I don't think it did. My heart beat a little faster perhaps, but it always does when things become interesting or when the door bell rings in the night. I continued to watch this curtain movement until it moved without hands or any earthly power, as far as I could see, one-half the distance across the glass, revealing to my astonished gaze the strangest hobgoblin that I ever caught peering into my bedroom window at that time of night. I quickly raised upon my elbow, that I might be able in the dim starlight to obtain a better view of my curious visitor. As soon as I beheld the full outlines of the head, neck and chest of the creature that had been so highly entertaining to me for the last half hour, I discovered it was Cassian Andrews' greyhound.

The recognition was simultaneous. The dog seemed pleased and so was I. Both were apparently satisfied. The dog had located his man, and the man had located a harmless spook. The dog retired from the field and I went to sleep for the fifth time.

I arose early and having found my watch, money, false teeth, and hair all right, I soon pulled myself together and was ready for breakfast, thankful for having escaped all imaginary perils of the night without a scream. Had there been a woman in the case instead of a man the result of the adventures of a night might have been different. As it was, had not the faithful little key kept its place in the lock there would have been two men in the case instead of one. The first thought in the morning was of the key. I anticipated trouble in removing it. Not so, it instantly slipped out into my hands. Evidently the punching it had received from the other fellow's key had loosened it in the lock. The curtain movement next received my attention. I found a pane of glass missing in the upper corner of the lower sash, which I had not noticed the night before. The dog inserted his long, slim nose and pushed the curtain aside. The cat jumped in through the same opening.

At the breakfast table I met the landlord, he was as silent as the grave, hastily swallowed his breakfast and was off. I met the friendly greyhound in the bar-room. It was his master who took me to the hotel the evening before. The dog had followed the team during the afternoon, and about sunset had discovered a rabbit in the distance fleeing for life before another dog. He started out in hot pursuit. Soon after he joined the other dog, being so much swifter than his confederate, in a few minutes the rabbit was obliged to dive into a burrow. Oh my! you ought to have seen the dirt fly! Mr. Andrews remarked: "He will not leave that hole until he has captured the rabbit, if it takes all night." We watched them as long as we could see. We soon noticed the dogs took turns in digging, each digging only a few minutes at a time and then sitting and resting two or three feet away, while the other dog had his turn. When the dog left us we were headed towards the station, and had his master left the wagon the dog no doubt would have gotten on to his

tracks instead of mine, but as it was he located me and was satisfied for the night.

The landlord having left I again sought out his wife to settle my bill. She wished to know if I had been disturbed in the night. She said her husband went to the county seat that morning expecting to remain over night, and she had put me in their sleeping room because of its warmth, and she and the children had slept upstairs. Her husband having returned unexpectedly in the night, first tried the door of the room I was in supposing it was occupied by his wife and children, and she had concluded from what she had heard, had made more noise than was necessary. I assured her I did not mind a little noise, and the room being so warm and comfortable I had rested nicely. If I had been the means of discommoding herself and children and annoying her husband, I sincerely regretted it. She claimed excuses on my part were not necessary, so I indulged no farther in that luxury.

Appearances in the darkness and obscurity of the night sometimes seem to border on the supernatural, and for lack of time, light and other facilities to look into the matter, the mystery connected with a very simple incident, like my curtain movement, might in the minds of superstitious people last a lifetime. I firmly believe that everything in this line could be accounted for on natural principles, were it possible and convenient to investigate before the natural evidence is all obliterated.

L. T. P.

CHRISTMAS POEM.

EVANSVILLE, WIS., December 25, 1894.

Joyfully we meet this Christmas night,
Our annual greetings to renew,
Joyfully we join with sweet delight,
Again love's tokens to review.

Our Christmas Tree again appears,
In this bay window, deep and wide,

As it has done in other years,
With many tokens by its side.

The branches of this friendly tree,
Are bending low with graceful curve,
As glittering objects we may see,
All scattered o'er, without reserve.

To old and young without delay,
Old Santa every want supplies,
His presence makes the young more gay,
And older hearts he thus revives.

Parents and children gather here,
And dear grandchildren too, we see,
Three generations of loved ones dear,
All hearts seem filled with joy and glee.

Joy on this day is not amiss,
The day that Jesus came to earth,
So let us all dull care dismiss,
And celebrate our Savior's birth.

All mercies from Him we receive,
All our sorrows He will remove,
All needed blessings He will give,
All sincere love He will approve.

A merry Christmas let us have,
A jubilee cannot be wrong,
As we each other's love now crave,
His love we'll celebrate with song.

A merry Christmas to Robert A.
The youngest of this little band,
Old Santa Claus will surely say,
My services you now command.

A merry Christmas to Madaline,
Old Santa Claus who loves her well,
Will bring her lots of lovely things.
Her joy so great no tongue can tell.

A merry Christmas to Spencer J.
Whose eyes now sparkle with delight,
A knowing twinkle seems to say,
Old Santa Claus is here tonight.

A merry Christmas to Paul P.
Who looks so earnest and serene,
Old Santa Claus we soon shall see,
Will make his face with sunshine beam.

A merry Christmas to Pauline,
Who always thinks that Santa Claus
Will never bring her anything,
Will find she worried without cause.

A merry Christmas to Lloyd W.
Not yet too big to be left out,
Old Santa Claus so good and true,
Remembers him beyond a doubt.

The older children of this crowd,
Old Santa Claus has not enrolled,
Our names he will not call aloud,
But whispers to us words of gold.

He knows his pupils we have been,
He knows we do our children love,
He knows our first thoughts are of them,
And come to us from heaven above.

Old Santa Claus is ready now,
To take these presents from the tree.
Each name will call and with a bow,
Will pass them down for all to see.

And now our muse must haste away,
A merry Christmas wishes all,
And promises some future day,
To give this band another call.

L. T. P.

HERBERT'S SOLILOQUY.

BY GRANDPA.

He slowly creeps into the hall,
And sitting on the floor,
Leaning against the eastern wall
Close by the parlor door,
Then looking up so cute and wise,
Peering so high and far,
With merry twinkle in his eyes,
Cries out, "Barpa! Barpa!"

But somehow "Barpa" don't appear,
He fails to come in sight,
So little Herbert must not stay
And call from morn till night;
His mamma fears he may take cold,
Removes him from the hall,
Back to the sitting room he goes,
And soon forgets his call.

But when he finds the door ajar,
It all comes back to mind,
And gaily looking at mamma,
Moves on "Barpa" to find;
So hustling at a lively pace,
Is soon within the hall,
Then looking up, with smiling face,
Renews his "Barpa" call.

He wonders why "Barpa" don't come,
And looking down the stairs,
Behold his little roguish one
Who almost puts on airs;
Why don't he come and speak to me,
He always did before;
I've waited long and patiently,
To hear his voice once more.

We often gave a high school yell,
Which ran about like this,
"Evansville high school, ha, ha, ha,
You'll do, good for you,
'Barpa, Barpa,' or 'ra, ra, ra,'"
I don't remember which,
I have not heard it for so long,
I guess I've lost the pitch.

But never mind I am so young,
I cannot even walk,
When older I will use my tongue,
And try to use my talk;
Should I succeed with tongue and feet,
I'll skip from my mamma,
And climbing up the stairs will meet,
My long, long lost "Barpa."

When spring appears he can go out,
And play upon the lawn,
With Paul and Spencer run about,
And take a race with Don;
When Pauline comes they all can swing,
Beneath the old spruce tree,
Of yard and cellar door can sing,
With happy, joyful glee.

When summer comes he'll run away,
Out in the street will go,
And cover'd with the dust so gray,
That you will hardly know
Your little boy, so dust begrim'd,
Face, hands and dress so soiled,
That when you get him in the house,
You'll think he's almost spoil'd.

But when you have him whiten'd out,
He's just as good as new,
Then he again can run and shout,
And something find to do;

When he can follow Spencer round
He'll think he's most a man,
And when his papa goes down town,
He'll follow, if he can.

He'll run into a neighbor's house,
Or out among the trees,
Or in a flower garden pose,
Wherever he may please;
He'll follow papa to the store,
And climb upon the chairs,
He'll scatter toys about the floor,
And mount the chamber stairs.

Our Herbert is a lovely boy,
With bright, expressive eyes,
He fills our hearts with peace and joy,
But will soliloquize;
He is now our little echo,
Repeating what we say,
We must not utter naughty words
To lead the child astray.

Kind, truthful words will, as a rule,
Produce a lasting charm,
And then our little echo can
Repeat them without harm;
When he can talk, he will express
His thoughts and views likewise,
'Till then we must expect the boy
Will still soliloquize.

L. T. P.

D. J'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson:—

In behalf of the many friends assembled here tonight, it is my pleasant privilege to extend to you congratulations that you have lived to see this day, and also kind assurances that it yields us much pleasure to be with you on this joyous occasion. So few, comparatively, in matrimonial life reach the period which we celebrate here tonight, that it seems appropriate that such a golden period should receive due attention and consideration.

With many people several different periods are observed and celebrated, commencing with the tin, or wooden wedding followed by the crystal, china, silver, etc., until the golden period is reached. Of all the ores and metals used quite extensively at the present day, gold is the most precious. Of all the relations of life, the marriage relation is the most sacred. This, my friends, is the golden anniversary of that sacred union that bound your lives together in matrimonial ties. Fifty years ago today your willing hearts and hopeful lives were joined together in holy bonds of love and unity, for time here below and eternity above. All through these years your hearts have never wavered, but you have stood the strong and fearless champions of all that is good and true, and now a crown of honor rests upon your heads and shines on every silvered hair.

The season of the year is also most propitious. The golden grain has been harvested, the mature and ripened fruits have been gathered in, the beautiful October sunshine in all its richness and mellow softness beams forth upon the face of nature, shedding a halo of golden light upon your pathway. The variegated foliage of plant, tree and shrub indicate to us the maturity and perfection of nature, so after a lapse of half a century your whitening locks and the calm, mature expression resting upon your countenance suggest to us that you have entered upon the autumn of life. As the frosts and chilling winds of the season remind us that winter

is nigh, so we who are plodding our way on the western slope of life are reminded that the winter of life will soon be ushered in, and the great Harvester will in due time gather the ripened sheaves into His garner. But we have one consolation, Father Time may do his best and he can only despoil our physical nature, our bodies came from dust and to dust they must return, but the heart, the soul, the spiritual life, our better natures, all that is good and true within us came from God and He will claim His own. The heart never grows old, but will cling to the objects of its affection even after the body has lost its power, and when separated from the body the soul will exist through all the eternity of God.

It may not be of any use perhaps for me to remind you that an overruling Providence has been good to you, and has inspired a course of life that has produced a good degree of success, prosperity and honor. You have not lived in vain, you have seen children and grandchildren grow to man's estate, honored and respected citizens; your honored mother who is now present looks down upon five generations. Your half century of wedded life has been mostly spent in good, old Rock county, and not only children and grandchildren, but many others will rise up and call you blessed. And now we all wish you great joy, and hope that the golden period may be extended until it shall crystalize into the diamond period, and that your last days may be your best and happiest.

Now for a few moments we will turn our attention to these little mementos or souvenirs brought here by your friends. They represent but little value in one sense, but in another they are almost priceless. They are the tokens of the friendship of almost a lifetime, we want you to accept them in the same spirit in which they are presented, and we hope and trust that these ties of friendship will continue to strengthen while life shall last. The material composing these beautiful articles upon this center table, represent nearly all the gifts usually made on wedding anniversaries, excepting perhaps the tin, that article seems to be absent. Some of these presents are for both, intended to be held jointly, others are especially for the bride, but this cane be-

longs to the bridegroom, and we hope and trust that you will use it whenever you feel that you need it to help you bear the infirmities of age. Your friends came by it honestly, and it is now honestly yours. True it is of the hook and crook order, but it was not obtained either by hook or crook. As I have already hinted it may in due time be used to help you bear the infirmities of age. It may also become useful for another purpose. You have had peaceable and quiet possession of Mrs. Johnson for fifty years. The simple fact of possession for even a short time is said to be nine points in law, if that is so your fifty years possession will give you at least ninety-nine points in law. So if any other "feller" ever attempts to steal Mrs. Johnson away from you, it will be a justifiable act on your part to knock him down with the crook of this cane, and use the hook to pull Mrs. Johnson back into your possession again.

And now in closing we wish to say that we sincerely hope that you may still enjoy many years of wedded life, and every time you look upon these little souvenirs that you will think kindly of us all, and that we may continue to occupy a warm place in your hearts.

L. T. P.

CHAPTER XXI.

FREE SILVER. NO. 1.

Nearly every phase of the monetary question, which is of such vast interest to the American people today, seems to cluster around the above caption. Nearly every man seems to be called upon to study up the matter, and as each one becomes posted upon the subject, opinions are freely expressed. That is all right, and I for one am glad it is so; no man should go to the polls to vote without being able to vote intelligently. Our government is supposed to be founded upon the intelligence of the people. The people are not as

liable to make mistakes as the servants they employ to do their bidding. These servants do not always carry out the wishes of the people. Hence, it is important that the servants receive all necessary instructions before entering upon the discharge of the duties devolving upon them. I have almost unbounded faith in the courage, honesty and integrity of the masses if they will thoroughly investigate the great questions at issue, which today embrace sound money and a protective tariff.

The personal interests of all the people, as well as the interests of states and nation, are at stake. At such a time as this it is not safe to try experiments without study and investigation, it is not safe to vote like a machine upon the "say-so" of every one who happens to be running for office and is anxious to be elected. Every voter should weigh well what he hears and what he reads. All the arguments set up by the press and spread broadcast in every town, city and neighborhood, as well as all statements made by speakers should be carefully examined in the light of history, observation and experience. Should we all do this in a calm, candid manner, unbiased by any preconceived opinions, we will come to wise and satisfactory conclusions. There is no better or safer way of judging the future than by the past. Let us then in the light of memory and history examine the financial policy of this and other nations in the past, and see what course our government had better pursue to give us a perfectly safe and sound currency in the future.

The title given to this question as we find it in our caption, has been very misleading from the commencement of the controversy. Thousands of people, one year ago, six months ago, one month ago, and even now, do not fully understand what free silver means. Of course they are being rapidly educated, and we hope will in due time be ready for graduation. To illustrate: Quite recently the writer was sojourning for a few days in a neighboring county, and by accident the following dialogue was overheard:

"Say, Pat, how are you going to vote on the silver question?"

"Don't know, Mike; can't make up my mind yet how to vote."

“Will you let me help you out, Pat?”

“Yes, Mike, if you know more than I do, go ahead, and if you can tell me what ‘free silver, 16 to 1 means,’ so I can see that it is a good thing to have, I’ll surely vote for it.”

“Good enough, Pat, I can make it just as plain as the nose on your face. Which would you rather have, sixteen dollars or one dollar?”

“Sixteen, to be sure,” said Pat, “and do you think I’ll get it?”

“I know it,” said Mike, “for silver will be free if we all vote for it.”

That settled it. Pat for the time being was converted, but he may see some of these things in a different light before November.

There are men however who will make millions out of free and unlimited coinage should they succeed in carrying it, but they are not the Mikes and Pats of the country, nor the farmers, nor any of the toilers of this country who earn an honest living by the sweat of the brow. Those men who are idle and manifest no disposition to work, but are simply waiting for something to turn up to better their condition, and like a drowning man are catching at the straw, free silver, hoping thereby to get something for nothing, will in the end be sorely disappointed also. It is unnatural to expect something for nothing, in order to obtain any kind of money we must have something to buy it with. Money is simply a medium of exchange. Sound money is just as good and no better than labor, and all the staple products of labor, nothing can be produced without labor.

Money, being the convenient substitute for the products of the earth and the merchandise of our factories, should represent in some way a definite amount of labor. Some one has said, “the per capita average product of one day’s labor is the true unit of value.” If there is a difference between capital and labor, or between labor and its products, the advantage, if any, should be in favor of labor; labor is the basis of all productions, the basis upon which the government rests. We would have no government today had it not been for labor. Of course our government would not be what it now is were it not for capital. The labor power and

the money power of this country should go on unitedly, as it were, hand in hand, and the representatives of each should be willing to do the fair thing, their interests are identical. The interests of both will be better subserved by sound, honest money, both are as good as gold, gold cannot be produced without labor.

Labor and gold are on a parity, they must be kept so, let labor and gold remain the standard. The commercial value of labor and gold if let alone will not fluctuate materially, they will naturally remain on a parity. Could the people be authoritatively assured that sound money will certainly be maintained in this country, all distrust would vanish, confidence would be fully restored, our factories would be opened, production would be stimulated, and gold and labor being equal in commercial value, supply and demand would soon be self-regulating. Then if we could have a tariff revision that would give us sufficient revenue to properly run this government, with a little protection to keep up the price of labor, the great army of idle men we now have would very soon become a thing of the past.

Silver has depreciated now nearly one hundred per cent. It is still kept on a parity with gold, not by natural but by artificial force, in the form of legislation, which under free and unlimited coinage would be a menace to this government. To add to the complications in our monetary and business relations, a scheme is now being hatched by a strong combination of designing politicians to defraud labor by hurling it from a gold to a free silver basis. I hope in this mighty effort that is now being waged against labor and good government, a more mighty effort will be made by honest, sound money men of all parties and classes to arrest this overwhelming tide of evil and turn it back upon the heads of its promoters.

L. T. P.

FREE SILVER. NO. 2.

Among the more valuable and staple productions of labor we find gold, silver, tin and iron. These four different products are very useful, and all being classed as commodities very naturally have a commercial value. Commercial discrimination by legislation in favor of any one of these products is no more nor less than class legislation. Such legislation is considered dangerous, and has never been resorted to in this country except in extreme cases. The commercial value of the bullion contained in a silver dollar today is worth about fifty-three cents, its purchasing power is the same as a gold dollar, because government keeps it on a parity with gold by this class legislation. But the government now has the right to go on the market and purchase its own silver bullion, it also has the right under the aforesaid legislation to limit the amount of silver coinage. So the government is comparatively safe under the present coinage law, but under a free, unlimited coinage law such as the free silver party of today demand, the government would have the privilege to purchase in the market cut off, and the power of limitation abolished.

This government would be obliged to open the doors of its mints for free coinage to all the great bonanza silver kings of the universe, and turn out as rapidly as possible silver dollars for the silver bullion which is brought in by said silver kings, at the rate of about eighteen silver dollars for every nine dollars worth of bullion at its present commercial value. This is what free silver means, and this is the suicidal policy inaugurated by a combination of a number of heartless, unscrupulous political leaders to swindle this government and the hard-working men of the country. Should they succeed in forcing this outrageous and wicked scheme upon the country and people it would nearly double the millions they already possess.

We will now consider the effect of free silver upon its more valuable running mate gold, and the general business

of the country. History and experience have already shown that gold and silver coin not equal in commercial value, will not, unaided by legislation, float together. It is such an unnatural condition of monetary affairs, that any country thus situated would be forced to a silver basis. Then we would fully realize what a fifty-cent dollar means, now we have it only in prospect, then we will meet it face to face. We will be obliged to take it, handle it, pass it, buy our food and clothing with it, receive it for our labor, and have one dollar charged up against us when we receive only fifty-three cents.

Property of all kinds may advance a little, as it has done in the past when the country was full of depreciated money, but all kinds of products and merchandise will advance in about the same ratio so that nothing will be gained, but the true gold value will not change. Wages, according to past history, do not advance in proportion to the products of labor. The loss will in consequence fall more heavily on the wage earner than any other class; all kinds of business will suffer in consequence of stagnation and depression. According to the experience of the past, gold under such conditions will be retired, and all currency payable in gold coin will be sure to follow. This retirement of the gold coin and a large amount of our most stable currency, would produce such a contraction of a sound, circulating medium as to seriously embarrass the movement of crops, and almost close many of the most important channels and avenues of trade and commerce.

They tell us free silver will make money more plenty, that plausible assertion in connection with free silver and scarce money talk is very misleading. Whatever amount free silver coinage may add to the quantity of our circulating medium will be more than lost in the quality of our money, it would drive out of circulation nearly one-half of the sound money of the country, leaving only a base, degraded silver coin to take its place.

There is all the money in the country today necessary to successfully carry on business. It is the duty of government to look well to the quality of our money, so that we may have no fears in that direction, then the requirements of commerce will regulate the quantity. It is not the lack of

sound money that makes money scarce, but the prospect of depreciated money and a corresponding lack of confidence. That was the first cause of the '93 panic, and since then nothing having been done to relieve the situation, and the same old cry of free silver, cheap money and repudiation being taken up and continued with increased fury by a large faction of the democratic party, the tendency is still bad and liable to be worse.

In closing this number we think it would be very appropriate to adopt the language of one of our most able statesmen in a recent speech by saying: "It is not open mints for the unlimited coinage of the silver of the world that we want, but open mills for the full and unrestricted labor of American workingmen."

L. T. P.

CHAPTER XXII.

FREE SILVER. NO. 3.

In our last we mentioned in connection with silver and gold, tin and iron as being some of the valuable products of labor. We might go on almost indefinitely and enumerate other products of mine and farm which are treated as commodities in the market and have a commercial value. Class legislation can be applied to other producers and other products, just as well as to silver owners and their product. You can scarcely think of any valuable commodity that has not in some age of the world been used, by some race or nation or people, as money. Lycurgus, a ruler of Sparta, banished both gold and silver and made the money of Sparta of iron. He may have owned large interests in iron mines, history on that subject is silent. It required a cart and a pair of oxen to remove one hundred dollars worth of Spartan iron money. That was a step backward in Spartan civilization.

Should this government take a step backward in our civilization by banishing gold and adopting silver as the standard of value, the iron men might come forward and ask to have their product monetized. Iron might be used in connection with silver for a few years as a double standard, and then if there is an increasing demand for more money and cheaper money we can help out the iron kings by banishing silver and coming down to a good, old solid iron and steel basis. Suppose in that case a span of horses are required to remove a few hundred dollars of the iron coin. What of it. Horses are cheap, and in this beautiful scheme, only a continuation of the brilliant free-silver scheme, it will make such a brisk demand for horses that the supply will increase to such an extent, that not only the horse kings but the kings of the turf will reap a bountiful harvest, unparalled in the history of class legislation.

Should we get what the silver men call free silver, it would stimulate the production of the silver metal to such an extent all over the world that it would soon be necessary to move the product of the mints by freight, instead of by express as now. It costs us nothing now to get our silver dollars from the mint by express, when they are shipped by freight no doubt a bonus will accompany them. If the silver kings would be a little more liberal with the government, by equally dividing the profits of free and unlimited coinage, it would be a more reasonable proposition and more beneficial to the people. But the silver producers are not satisfied with all that is in the earth, but want the earth also, perhaps I am a little cruel, but I do hope they will be disappointed.

Not long since a good, honest farmer wanted me to tell him, if I could, the cause of the sharp decline in silver. I attributed it largely to over-production, and referred to the immense quantity of silver coin and bullion on hand in the United States treasury department. He wanted to know why the bullion was not coined and sent out for distribution all over the country. I informed him that the government had coined much more than it was possible to dispose of, that the supply exceeded the demand to such an extent that the price of silver was liable to further decline, that the government was so anxious to dispose of its silver coin that for years sil-

ver dollars had been shipped to all parts of the country free of charge. In reply my farmer friend informed me that before 1873 there was no difficulty in floating all the silver that was coined, or of keeping up the price of silver. I reminded him of the vast difference in the amount of silver produced and coined before and since 1873. He claimed, according to his best recollection and belief, silver dollars were plenty then, and the production of silver ore was decreasing. He thought the demonitization of silver was responsible for its great commercial decline.

Now for the benefit of any who may not have figures handy, we will give the world's production of silver in ounces in five year periods, commencing with 1865.

		Ratio world's production of silver or gold		
1865	production	39,800,000	ounces	7 1-6 to 1
1870	production	46,800,000	ounces	8½ to 1
1875	production	62,262,000	ounces	13 1-5 to 1
1880	production	74,791,000	ounces	14½ to 1
1885	production	91,625,000	ounces	14½ to 1
1890	production	126,095,000	ounces	21 3-5 to 1
1895	production	165,000,000	ounces	17 2-5 to 1

We have given above the world's production of silver, for the reason we are brought into competition with the markets of the world. We have also given the ratio, world's production of silver to gold, for the same period. The increased production of silver since 1873 is simply enormous. While demand was also immense the supply was greatly in excess of the demand, hence a gradual decline in price. When the act of 1873 was passed the silver dollar was comparatively a stranger in the land, but few up to that date had been coined. Now let us see what has been done in that line since. In about two months, under the Sherman law, more silver dollars were coined than had been coined in about thirty-seven years prior to 1873. We find after careful examination into the history of coinage, that sixty times more silver has been coined into dollars since 1873 than had ever been coined before since the foundation of this government.

In the face of all these facts it is claimed by free silver advocates that the amount of money in circulation has constantly been decreasing since 1873. Let us examine the facts. In 1860 the money in circulation in this country was four hundred and forty-two million dollars; in 1872, seven hundred and thirty-eight million dollars; by the July treasury bulletin, 1896, it was one thousand five hundred and nine million dollars. We have given the figures in each year in round millions, leaving off the odd thousands and hundreds. Much more evidence might be adduced to sustain our position in regard to the decline in the price of silver, but for the want of space we forbear, and will only add in this number that the natural law of supply and demand will just as surely govern the price of silver as it will the price of wheat. The commercial value of each determines the intrinsic value.

L. T. P.

FREE SILVER. NO. 4.

We find in last week's Tribune, Civitas is still laboring hard to prove that the writer is in favor of class legislation, that part of his argument I consider quite immaterial. But he further states that, "it can be proven that there is now class legislation in favor of gold." I must still deny that any of the legislation that has ever taken place in this country, pertaining to and resulting in the enactment of laws for regulating and governing the coinage of gold, was at the time of enactment considered partial to gold, or that the market price of gold or silver bullion was in any way affected thereby.

Next Civitas refers to the astounding proposition that was made by the writer, that this government cannot alone legislate gold up or down. Then he goes on at length to narrate what Congress did in 1787, and later how they decided upon the different kinds of coins to be used for money, the name of each coin, and the proportionate number of

grains in each according to their intrinsic value, and much useful information that no one denies; but in all this long rejoinder we cannot find one particle of evidence that Congress has or can alone legislate the value or price of gold up or down. My proposition, in the case referred to by Civitas, covering the value of gold and silver, was broad enough to take in all the markets of the world, and I again reiterate the fact that this government cannot alone, or in other words, cannot without co-operation of other nations control the price of gold in the markets of the world.

Civitas says, Congress in 1787 legislated value into gold. I still claim that the commercial and intrinsic value was already in the bullion, and when converted into the different coins under the provisions of the act of 1792, the money value of each coin corresponded exactly with the intrinsic or market value of the same number of grains of bullion before coinage; power to regulate the value thereof and fix the standards of weights and measures. That power was of great importance, and under that head was and is embraced the proportionate relation that all the different coins must bear to each other in size, weight and value. In 1792 the denominations of coin and their rates were as follows: Gold, the eagle of ten dollars to weigh two hundred and seventy grains, the half eagle and quarter eagle in proportion, all of the fineness of twenty-two carats. This was the way Congress in 1792 legislated upon the value of gold, not by legislating the price up or down, but by legislating it into coin of equal value with the bullion thereof.

For the benefit of your readers at large another phase of the financial question will now be presented. In order to place the subject clearly before all the readers of this paper, some of the leading points made in a conversation recently carried on between the writer and one of our young, intelligent farmers will be given. He seemed to be honestly seeking the truth. Should this paper fall into his hands no doubt he will take an interest in its contents.

Our farmer friend commenced the conversation by asking the following questions:

“Do you think free silver will benefit the farmer?”

“It may appear to be a temporary benefit.”

"Do you think it will have a tendency to advance the price of farm products?"

"Most certainly. As long as we can maintain the gold standard of value, farm products will appreciate just about in the same proportion that silver depreciates, but, my friend, you will please bear in mind that all our most staple merchandise, which the farmer must have to live on, and be in shape to carry on his farm, will advance in the same ratio. I will, however, make one exception to this general rule, the wages of farm laborers will not advance in proportion to the common necessities of life. Big farmers who employ several work hands will save a little in that direction, but are liable to lose in another way, if they belong to the creditor class, what little they made out of the wage earner."

"Very well," replied the farmer, "admitting all the merchandise we may have to purchase will advance in the same proportion with farm products, and we are able to lay aside a few dollars over and above all expenses to turn in towards our indebtedness, will not the advance in the price of our product help us out a little in the payment of debts?"

"It might afford slight relief should not your obligations be payable in gold, but should you at any time wish to borrow more money under such conditions the rate of interest would be likely to advance, and your credit might not be quite as good as when you paid your debts in sound money, and possibly the capitalist would insist upon having a gold contract. Besides all this, some people consider it repudiation to pay a sound money loan in depreciated money."

"But," said my friend, "it would be a legal transaction, would it not?"

"Certainly, sir. Under such conditions you would have a legal right to pay a loan in fifty-cent dollars, even if the money you borrowed was worth one hundred cents to the dollar."

The only question that would be likely to arise is whether you have a moral right to do this. The editor of this paper says it is not honest, and I am inclined to agree with him. Well, if it is not honest, who is responsible. The answer would naturally be this, every man who in any way encourages such repudiation, and every congressman who supports

a law, making that class of repudiation possible. A bankrupt law in certain cases may be admissible, but a law allowing and encouraging one class of rich men to deliberately swindle other classes, both rich and poor, out of about one-half of their property and earnings, should never be enacted nor entered upon our United States statute books.

Let us consider a little further the injustice of this scheme by referring to life insurance companies and saving institutions, which handle millions of the people's money. These institutions have received for premiums and deposits as good money as can be found in the country, under a free silver act these companies could not pay back the same kind of money received. A large number of poor people are interested in life insurance, and a depreciation in our money would bear heavily upon the families of those men who have struggled hard and long to pay the annual premiums and will pass away leaving nothing but their life insurance money. A large portion of the money placed in saving institutions belongs to poor people, and in some instances represents the savings of a lifetime. How important in such cases that the money paid back to them be equal in value and in purchasing power to the money paid over to the above-mentioned companies. The toiling class would be the greatest sufferers, as they are not as well able to stand such losses as the creditor class.

L. T. P.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FREE SILVER. NO. 5.

I notice in Tribune of twenty-second inst., Civitas undertakes to make it appear that the decline in price of wheat is due to the alleged demonetization of silver. He says, "from the year 1873 to 1895 there has been a steady, almost regular decline in the price per bushel." That, of course, is his theory, but I have a different theory which I will give, and let our readers judge between the two.

At the close of the war in 1865 the country was left quite bare of wheat and other cereals, that are so necessary as food for the inhabitants of this country. During that war so much had been consumed and destroyed, and there had been comparatively so few grain producers left at home on the farms, that the demand had greatly exceeded the supply in all the different lines. As a result prices of farm products went up like a rocket, and production was stimulated thereby to such an extent that it soon became evident to all observers that a reaction must soon take place.

Improvements were made in farm machinery, railroads were built reaching far into new and rich prairie countries, opening up some of the finest wheat belts in the world. Ocean and lake tonnage has been increased, rates of transportation have been cut in consequence of sharp competition, and the cost of doing all kinds of business has been reduced by inventions, improvements and competition nearly fifty per cent. Is it any wonder that prices have declined. New conditions have been developed and marvelous changes have taken place in the last twenty years.

I have not the slightest idea that the so-called demonetization of silver had any more to do with the present condition of affairs pertaining to low prices or high prices, than the man in the moon has to do with the price of green cheese

made here on this earth. I notice that the world's production of wheat has grown from two thousand four hundred and thirty-three million bushels in 1891, to two thousand six hundred and forty-five million bushels in 1894. This is a gain in supply of two hundred and twelve million bushels. But a more significant fact and one of greater concern to American agriculturists is that the wheat exporting countries of South America and Russia have in this period gained two hundred and fifty-six million bushels in wheat production. That is to say in 1894 Russia and South America had two hundred and fifty-six million bushels more wheat to sell in competition with the wheat of the United States than in 1891. And a matter of still greater significance and concern is that the large export surplus of fifty million bushels of the Argentine Republic last year was produced at a cost estimated not to exceed thirty-four to thirty-seven cents per bushel, laid down at the seaboard shipping point. Now then, taking into consideration also the enormous crop produced in the United States in 1894, is it any wonder that prices are very low. Is it silver, the lack of silver, the glut of silver, or anything pertaining to silver, that is at the bottom of this decline in the price of wheat. Or is it the opening up to cultivation in all the wheat-growing countries of the world immense tracts of new, rich land, seeding it to wheat, resulting in overproduction and a glutted market.

Civitas then inquires: "Who gets the benefit of tariff protection?" He answers: "Not the masses, the great laboring class, they have nothing to protect." Again our free trade exponent makes a mistake. The poor man's labor is his capital. Nothing to protect! His capital (labor) is as dear to him, as the wealth of the millionaire is to him. If the poor man's labor can be protected, he can protect and keep in a comfortable condition the family which may be dependent upon him, and which is as dear to him as the rich man's family is to him. Protect all our American industries that need protection, and you will protect the American laborer against the pauper labor of Europe. I know of nothing that will protect a laboring man and keep up the market price of his labor, like a well-regulated and carefully-revised protective tariff.

I do not know this by theory, but by experience and observation. While the wage earner is thus being benefitted, the farmer, the lumber manufacturer, and all honorable manufacturing institutions can afford to pay good wages, and make a little over and above expenses for themselves. Give the masses then a tariff law that protects labor and money measured by a gold standard, and it will not be long before the wheels of industry will begin to move and prosperity will again return to bless this country.

Civitas says: "Every one knows that under the McKinley tariff in its last year we suffered the greatest commercial panic any country ever experienced."

In reply to that statement we will say, every one knows, Civitas, of course, included, that the McKinley tariff was in no way responsible for that panic. In my opinion that panic would not have occurred at that time had Harrison been elected instead of Cleveland. Harrison was known to be a sound money man. The capitalists of the east did not know as well how Cleveland stood. Soon after his election he was urged to declare what his policy would be on the money question after his inauguration. He refused to enlighten his interrogators. Of course they knew he was in favor of free trade; they also knew that the free silver sentiment in the United States Senate would be likely to obstruct any and all sound money legislation. The apprehension among capitalists continued to increase through the winter, and Mr. Cleveland's inauguration message did not seem to bring any relief. Early in the spring I discovered that the New York banks were busy calling in loans and building up reserves, then I could distinctly hear the low mutterings of a financial storm, which in a few weeks burst upon us in all its fury in the form of the most disastrous panic of the age. Trade had been good in 1892 and continued so in 1893, until the employers of labor found great difficulty in getting money with which to cover the pay roll; then the crash came. That panic came at a time when there was plenty of everything that seemed to be necessary for the prosperity and happiness of a nation. In fact no lack of anything but confidence.

L. T. P.

FREE SILVER. NO. 6.

Civitas, as well as other free silver advocates, has much to say about the crime of 1873. Some people have been led to suppose that a great crime was committed during that year by our national Congress in the enactment of the law of 1873. They talk about a crime having been committed in secret, and that the republican party is responsible for it. Now I think it a perfect shame for any party or any man to try to obtain votes under such false pretences. As I have been questioned recently about that much mooted crime and its nature by persons who seem to be nonpartisan in politics, I consider it of great importance to give in a condensed form the history of the law of 1873, that the people may know all about the stealth and secrecy of that enactment, and judge for themselves the nature of that alleged crime.

The law of 1873 was prepared by George S. Boutwell, secretary of the treasury, in 1870. There had been no revision of coinage acts since 1837, and the new act was intended to include all the important legislation relating to coinage since the foundation of the mint in 1792. Copies of the act were sent to experts throughout the country, and after their replies had been received the bill was drawn. The bill was introduced into the Senate and referred to the finance committee on April 28, 1870. It passed the Senate, January 10, 1871—having been discussed for two days by Senators Sumner, Sherman, Morrill and others—by a vote of thirty-six yeas to fourteen nays. On March 9, 1871 it was introduced into the Forty-second Congress by Hon. William D. Kelley.

On January 9, 1872, it was reported by the committee on coinage, who recommended its passage. It was discussed at length by Messrs. Garfield, Kelley, Maynard, Dawes, Holman and others. In the course of the discussion Kelley said that the bill had been referred by the House to the committee on coinage, weights and measures, and that it had received as careful consideration as he had ever known a committee to bestow upon a measure.

On May 27, 1872, the first bill passed the House by a vote of one hundred and ten yeas to thirteen nays, members of both parties voting for it. On January 27, 1873, it was again presented with amendments. It again passed the Senate, January 17, 1873, after a discussion occupying nineteen columns in the Congressional Globe. The bill again went to the House, and on January 21, it was again printed with amendments. Conference committees were then appointed, and their reports were agreed to by both Houses, and the bill became a law on February 12, 1873. Substantially as originally prepared by the treasury department.

The bill was printed separately eleven times, and twice in reports made by the deputy comptroller of the currency, thirteen in all by order of Congress. It was considered at length by the finance committee of the Senate and coinage committee of the House during five different sessions, and the debates on the bill in the Senate occupied sixty-six columns in the Globe, and in the House seventy-eight columns in the Globe.

So I think your readers who are not prejudiced will now clearly see that all these charges of secrecy, stealth and crime fall to the ground. Everything was done openly and above board, and it is self evident that all these silly charges have been trumped up by the leaders of the free silver movement for political capital. At that time there were senators, and representatives from California, Oregon, Nevada and Nebraska; also, territorial delegates, who listened to those long debates, and no word of protest was heard by any person from those localities against the bill.

The great trust and gigantic silver conspiracy against this government had not at that time been conceived in the minds of the silver kings. Senators Jones and Stewart, the two greatest leaders of the free silver party of today, were both in Congress, the former a senator, the latter a representative. Mr. Jones then said: "I believe the sooner we come to a gold standard, the better it will be for the country." And again he said: "It is gold that has lifted all nations from the standard of barbarism. The value of gold is not affected by the stamp of the government. It makes possible the classification of labor and the interchange of com-

modities." And Mr. Stewart declared that "the laboring man and producer is entitled to have his labor and his product measured by the same standard which measured the national debt." He says: "This question will never be settled until you determine the simple question, whether the laboring man is entitled to have a gold dollar if he earns it, or whether you are going to cheat him with something else."

Now to Civitas again. I find in his last communication of nearly a column and a half, nothing new worth mentioning. We have had all the different points therein contained so long before your readers, that it might be a relief to them to occasionally bring out something new. We notice, however, in Civitas' quotations of Lincoln in his version of what Lincoln said, he tries to make it appear that the act of Congress in 1873 contracted the money volume of the country at a time when our government was heavily in debt. If that is what he tortures into a crime, no crime existed. No such contraction of the money volume of the country, as he indicates, has ever taken place. In 1872 our entire money volume was only seven hundred and thirty-eight millions of dollars, at the present time it is in round numbers one thousand five hundred and ten millions of dollars. Previous to 1873 we had coined only about eight millions of silver dollars all told; since that time we have coined four hundred and twenty-three million of legal tender silver dollars. Does that look like contraction and criminal discrimination against silver? Let the people answer at the polls. Since 1878 the discrimination has all been in favor of silver, much of the time the purchase of silver bullion and coinage of silver dollars has been compulsory. Our mints are still turning out two million silver dollars each month, and would coin more if they were needed.

Now let us look a little into Civitas' pork and beef illustration, which he applies to the case of the two money metals. Now in order to make a fair illustration we will carry it a little farther. He evidently intends that pork shall represent gold, and beef silver. Pork we will suppose has been favored by law and is the legal meat food, beef is worth nothing for food but on account of inherent value of hide, horns, hair, tallow, carcass, bones, marrow, hoofs and

offal it still has a commercial value, and Congress comes to the rescue—as it did to the rescue of silver—and by enactments, its declaration of policy and instructions to its officials, gives the people to understand that they may continue to buy, sell, raise and handle beef, and that this government will keep it on a parity with pork and will make good the depreciation in the market price of beef by redeeming it with pork on demand. Our continuation of the pork and beef illustration of Civitas more fairly illustrates the case of the two money metals.

Civitas further remarks: “If that statement is correct that silver dollars are a legal tender for all debts public and private, will L. T. P. please tell us why the government continues to borrow gold at a high rate of interest to pay off standing obligations?”

The reason is this. The government still has standing obligations that were made payable in gold, and to refuse gold would be considered repudiation and would injure the credit of the government. Unless a contract contains a gold clause, silver cannot be refused in payment. If a contract contains a silver clause, an iron clause, or a wheat clause and the payer attempts to pay in anything else, the payee has a right to insist upon fulfillment of the contract. Any contract not having the kind of money specified in which it shall be paid, can be paid in silver or gold, and I think the most of us now would not refuse paper money.

L. T. P.

FREE SILVER. NO. 7.

“Speak not evil of dignitaries” should be held in the light of an injunction, and is worthy of attention. Grover Cleveland is accused of mistakes, but we are charitable enough to attribute the most of his mistakes to errors of the head, instead of the heart. He is not a great statesman, but has no doubt tried to do his duty; he has sustained the honor and

credit of the government amid panics, riots and rumors of war. Sometimes there has been fearful odds against him, as in the Chicago riots and the issue of bonds, but he has continued on in the even tenor of his way, and the integrity and credit of the nation have been maintained. All honor to our patriotic president for this. He has not always been in accord with his party, and although he is a big man it has sometimes been difficult to decide which was the greater, Mr. Cleveland or his party, which was the head and which the nether appendage. Some people, even now, think it not easy to tell which will in the end come out ahead. If it is still uncertain the coming election may decide it, the verdict of the people will give no uncertain sound this fall, and if it is for sound money Grover will still be greater than his party.

Mr. Cleveland, himself a free trader, entered upon the first term of the presidency under the most favorable auspices. The country had been and was still prospering, notwithstanding the strain and devastation of a long civil war, the people were well employed and apparently contented and happy. The United States treasury had a good reserve and a large surplus, the result of economy, good management, a large export trade and a well-regulated tariff. Our farmers, manufacturers and wage earners were all doing well and living as it were on the top shelf. The big surplus in the treasury had troubled Mr. Cleveland and his supporters for a long time, a howl was set up about taxing the people to death to build up a reserve that had become an elephant on the hands of the government. While they made many unkind remarks about robbing the dear people, they never said one word about this big revenue being obtained largely from foreign nations in exchange of commodities and duties on imports. Mr. Cleveland and his cabinet during his term seemed to think the reduction of the surplus was of more importance than any other business, and acted accordingly. The people no doubt well remember the final result.

When Grover was seated the second time the reserve on hand did not worry him, but he found the McKinley tariff law in full force to build up another reserve and afford a little protection to the farmers, manufacturers and toilers of

the country. England was opposed to protection and so was Cleveland. England has always been opposed to a protective tariff for this country, and Cleveland was then the man of their choice as Bryan is now with all his free trade propensities and rotten money proclivities. After much hard labor Mr. Cleveland's administration succeeded in bringing forth the Wilson tariff law to supersede the McKinley law. Thus after much labor and travail the Gorman-Wilson tariff had its birth, at a time when the country had all it could do to stem the tide of the free silver sentiment and the tendency towards depreciated money. The result of the operation of that tariff law in the shrinkage of revenue and values in general is so apparent that he who runs may read. This little free trade movement on the part of the Cleveland tariff tinkers has had such a depressing effect upon the business of the country, after so much had been promised by the free trade advocates in the last presidential campaign, that they very correctly came to the conclusion that it would be impossible to again ride into power on their pet free trade hobby.

The Chicago democratic national convention in casting about for some other gentle, quiet steed to convey them safely to the White House, with the help of anarchists, populists, free silverites, etc., very naturally adopted free silver as the most available hobby then in sight to carry them forward to victory and fame. They have already become famous, but victory is a horse of another color. The whole transaction of tariff revision reminds me of a story:

A physician having a patient whose disease had settled in his lower limb decided there was no help except to amputate one of said limbs. He accordingly called a surgeon and the operation was duly performed. The patient did not recover, but grew rapidly worse. A council of physicians was called, after due examination into the merits of the case they decided that the surgeon had cut off the wrong limb.

So with the Gorman-Wilson tariff doctors, when they cut off the McKinley tariff law and substituted something in its place they cut off the wrong limb. Some of the tariff doctors seeing their mistake and fearing the wrath of the people are attempting to hide behind the free silver dodge. Should they succeed in that movement off goes the sound

money limb of the government, for which they will substitute a depreciated, rotten monetary system. Then if they can pluck out the vitals of the government by corrupting the United States supreme court, a demo-popocratic executive and Congress could soon wipe out what might remain of the principles of good government, and rioting, disorder and anarchy would most likely prevail.

Mr. Cleveland has had no surplus to worry about during his present term, but he and his secretary of the treasury have had to sweat over the sale of bonds to sustain the credit of the nation. It was a matter of necessity and not of choice. Of course his choice would have been to go a fishing, but for once he was obliged to "cut bait" and he did it very gracefully.

The voters of this country will be called upon next Tuesday to decide which is the better way, to raise money for revenue by the sale of government bonds, or by a higher tariff and protection; also to decide whether we will have a silver or gold standard, depreciated money or sound money, law and order or rioting and disorder.

L. T. P.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 26, 1896.

Hon. L. T. Pullen.

Dear Sir:—I have read with great interest your articles on sound money, also your antagonist's attempt to answer you. How flimsy are his arguments. It seems to me he is threshing straw. I do hope the Bryan and Altgeld craze will be buried so deep November 3, that they will never be heard from again. They are nothing else but the old greenbackers or advocates of fiat money. Can you imagine anything more ridiculous than Bryan's rantings arraigning the poor against the rich. I congratulate you on your success in demolishing "Civitas." Who is he, any way?

Yours, I. M. BENNETT.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Composed by author after a long winter of excellent sleighing.
—At home, 1886.

THE RICH CAN RIDE.

The rich can ride in sleighs,
And we poor things can walk,
But after all on pleasant days
We love to skip and talk.

We love to romp and play,
And feel so very glad,
If in the house we have to stay
Our hearts would soon be sad.

Oh! if we could not walk,
As some we know cannot,
We would not envy those who ride,
But rather those who walk.

We love the sweet, clean lawn,
Its soft green carpet tread,
We love in sunshine's early morn,
Our way through fields to thread.

What if we cannot ride
In chaise or coaches fine!
We can with nimble footsteps guide
Our way to beauty's shrine.

On art and nature gaze,
As we shall wend our way,
Through streets and parks on pleasant days,
Ah! how we like to stay.

From plants we pluck the slip,
And listen to the birds,
As through the boughs we see them skip,
And sing almost in words.

When weary we can doze
Upon the sweet, green lawn,
Or on a rustic seat repose,
At eve or early morn.

We love to see the stars
In summer evening strolls,
And think how ancient people thought
The sky was full of holes.

That through these openings shone,
From heaven's exalted towers,
The light of glory from God's throne,
To light this world of ours.

No, we will not repine,
We have a light within,
That through our nature seems to shine,
Although we toil and spin.

Ride on ye rich who can,
Show off your splendid teams,
We have no horse, no coach, nor wheel,
To cheer our earthly dreams.

But we expect to walk
O'er life's rough, hilly road,
And when our journey here is done,
To reach the blest abode.

L. T. P.

NO LICENSE TOWN.

EVANSVILLE, Wis., 1886.

There's one town in Wisconsin
Where license never came,
It often tried to get within,
But could not all the same;
Its friends still keep on trying,
And call for every aid,
In hopes to prove successful
And legalize the trade.

But they in vain can labor on,
In vain may call the roll,
They cannot muster strength enough
A license vote to poll;
Sometimes they almost reach the point,
And think they soon will win,
But fortune smiles on temper'nce work,
And checks this moral sin.

This town ranks high at home, abroad—
Its praise we often here,
Although a few will stand aloof,
And pointing with a sneer
Will say, behold that moral town,
Do men there kiss their wives?
They are opposed to billiards, and
Would not play for their lives.

'Tis true the billiards they oppose
For reasons just and wise,
But on these evils we will not
At this time moralize;
The object of this model town
To us seems very plain,
To keep the youth from evil ways,
That steady they remain.

The students coming to our schools
Must be protected here,
There will be licensed no saloons
To sell them lager beer;
But somehow on the sly it comes
Quite often to this town,
Is sold and drank, but sober men
Will on the traffic frown.

Sometimes to justice they are brought,
And have to pay a fine,
Then for a while they'll careful be
And keep within the line;
At length when they are off their guard
A customer will come,
And claim he's cold, or sick, or lame,
And surely must have rum.

He gets his rum and goes away
And gives it to some snide,
Who drinks enough to turn his head,
His acts he cannot hide;
He makes a noise, disturbs the peace,
The marshall finds the bug,
Arrests him, tries him, shuts him up
Within the grey stone jug.

You see it is a lawless trade,
None have a right to sell,
And some who buy may think it best
On him who sells to tell;
The profits may be very high,
But still it does not pay,
And those who wish to sell the stuff
Had better go away.

Go to some town where gamblers dwell,
Where billiards are the rage,
Where drunkardness is legalized,
Where all who wish engage
In vending poison, fire and death
To men who are the slaves

Of habit and of appetite,
Who will fill drunkard's graves.

There are such towns not far away,
Where men do kiss their wives—
Where young and old can billiards play
All through their misspent lives;
Where whisky, brandy, beer and wine
Flow sparkling from the glass,
Where time is squandered, money spent,
And lives are wasted fast.

God save us from such towns as these,
We'll give them a wide berth,
We'd rather live in Evansville
Than any town on earth;
If license comes we'll move away,
And seek another place,
Where drunkenness, and noise, and strife,
We will not have to face.

When celebrations come this way,
And meetings large or small
Are held within this peaceful town,
We have no drunken brawl;
But still we cannot well deny
That sales are sometimes made
Within this pleasant, model town,
Although kept in the shade.

Against the will of all good men,
Of mothers, daughters, wives,
For many years a team has been
In semi-weekly drives;
To bring to town the poisonous drink,
Our young men to supply,
To turn their heads, pollute their minds,
The public good defy.

How many times good folks have said,
Why is this thing allowed?

Is decency and virtue dead?
If so, then bring their shroud;
Has law and order left the town
And gone to parts unknown?
If so then sit and mump around,
And let the cart alone.

If not then rise in mighty force,
And put your armor on,
Reverse this wagon, change its course,
Its cargo take by storm;
Destroy the poison, stop the sale,
There's death in every glass,
Its owners may their loss bewail,
And say, alas! alas!

And now by rail the stuff is brought,
And taken into barns,
In alleys and in cellars placed,
To do the people harm;
Before the Fourth came a supply
To keep the boys awake,
'Tis said they slept till nearly noon—
But not for conscience sake.

This is all wrong and should be stopped,
But how can it be done?
Is now the question to decide
In earnest, not in fun;
The law they say don't reach the case,
Will moral suasion do it?
If so, then come extend your grace,
Or you will surely rue it.

The ladies now must take the lead,
And do just all they can,
We think in this they will succeed
Beyond the art of man;
When moral suasion don't apply,
And legal efforts fail,
Then let them other measures try,
They surely will prevail.

Whate'er those other measures be,
We'll leave it all to them,
They now are able well to see,
The tide they have to stem;
If harsher means must be employed,
The storm will then be strong,
But we would not be much annoyed,
Nor think them in the wrong.

L. T. P.

EXPLANATORY.

Having taken a deep interest at an early age in the cause of education, which has already been alluded to in my "Early Recollections," I determined to lose no time in my endeavors to become qualified to teach our public district schools. After three years experience in teaching I concluded to change my occupation. My associates on the school committee still continuing in the profession, all the active work of the superintendency devolved upon the writer. A great effort was made along the line of reform, in teaching nearly all the different branches, which we are happy to state resulted in abundant success.

PUBLIC SCHOOL REPORT, 1852.

Copy of report of superintending school committee of Kingfield, Maine, for 1852. Prepared and read in annual town meeting by myself, as required by law. Considered in open meeting, adopted and filed in clerk's office.

First, we shall speak of the public schools in town collectively; the government of the respective teachers; the progress made in the various branches taught; the success attending the mode of instruction, etc. Second, the condition of our school houses and the status of the pupils at the

present time. Third, will close our report with a few words to parents and guardians generally.

The government of teachers in town the past year has been fairly good, with one exception. The mild course now practiced is better calculated to control human beings than the free use of the rod. Our schools are orderly, and if our school agents in the several districts are careful to employ the right kind of teachers we may be able in the near future to dispense with the rod entirely.

Amount of money raised by the town last year was three hundred dollars, bank tax forty-five dollars, and other funds fifty-one dollars and sixty-one cents, a total of three hundred and ninety-six dollars and sixty-one cents.

The character of our schools has of late been greatly improved, and we may thank the board of education and the teachers' institute for the greater part of the improvement. The board of education as established in 1850 was good enough, and had it remained as it then was our common schools would have a much brighter prospect today. Our legislature may legislate on the subject till doomsday, and unless they give us better legislation than they have heretofore the less we have the better. The progress made in most of the schools the past year was generally satisfactory. The teachers of the summer schools gave good satisfaction.

Three of the schools in town last winter were supplied with outline maps, for the purpose of assisting the pupils in the study of geography. This system is a great improvement upon the old, and we consider it highly necessary to supply all our schools with these maps as early as practicable. There are some people even now who think a knowledge of geography is entirely superfluous. What folly! This study has a wonderful power in expanding and broadening the human mind. Nothing equals it. It is almost equal to actual traveling in distant lands, and viewing new countries and new objects.

Arithmetic is now taught very successfully in our public schools. Until within a very few years the elemental principles of mathematics have been sadly neglected, and the higher studies have received more than their share of attention. We have some persons among us now who have

reached middle life who can readily solve the most difficult problems in higher mathematics, but are almost criminally deficient in the fundamental principles. The present system of instruction is alike favorable to all branches, with the exception of English grammar. This branch the present reform seems to leave in the shade, but one thing is certain, but very little time is now spent with this study. Instead of spending so much time in analyzing sentences composed by others, it would be more profitable for our students to learn to compose sentences by writing compositions or otherwise, for this in fact is the foundation of a knowledge of grammar. If parents would pay a little more regard to their language when speaking to the children, and correct them when they talk badly, there would be but little use for grammar books in any of our public schools.

We have in town five buildings called school houses, but we are sorry to say some of them are not worthy the name. Three of them we can say are comfortable, but not very convenient for the new system of instruction. The other two are miserable old shells, scarcely fit for a pig pen. We cannot expect every district to have fine school houses, for they are not able. But it is for our interest to have rooms for our children that are warm and comfortable, if not they cannot learn and they are liable to become sick, and thereby lose their schooling, health, and perhaps their lives, by unnecessary exposure. The chances are too great, we cannot afford to take them. The winters are long and rigorous in this state, and something must be done. Your committee would advise the inhabitants of those districts to construct new school houses upon more modern plans, by so doing they can economize room in placing the desks for pupils and teachers. Not only this, a due regard for convenience along this line will make the work much more pleasant, and much cheaper for the tax payers. Another thing we now recommend, that you take into consideration the subject of good ventilation. This is a very important feature in the case.

The school in district No. 1, taught by Lorin Pullen, has truly been a very interesting and profitable school. The order and regularity maintained in that school reflect lasting credit on the teacher; and the progress made by the pupils

speaks the praise of the teacher in stronger and more eloquent language than my pen can write or tongue express. Hereafter Lorin will rank with the best and most successful teachers in the state. The uniting of those three districts, although attended with some inconvenience on the part of those residing at the extremities, on account of distance, has resulted in a vast amount of good to the masses. Now instead of employing cheap teachers on account of the limited amount of school money, they are amply able to employ the best teachers in the country and pay a liberal salary. They can also have longer schools than formerly.

The school in district No. 2 seems to be founded upon a solid foundation. The main pillar and support of this school is in the union of school interests, all trying to do what they can to promote the cause of education. Parents seem to forget their selfishness and little discords, and labor together for the common good. They are generous towards their teachers, and their services are not undervalued. The pupils partake of the spirit of their parents and all is harmony. The teacher of the winter term, S. Stanley, Jr., has acquitted himself with great credit. He has his reward, not in money, but in feeling that he has done his duty. The compensation, although quite liberal, is far from being an equivalent for his services. But what is better to him than anything else, he knows he occupies a warm, conspicuous place in the hearts of all his pupils and friends generally, who know and appreciate his valuable services. This school, and also the one in district No. 1, was furnished with a globe and a set of Fowler's outline maps, which makes the study of geography interesting, and the pupils in both schools have made great proficiency.

The winter term in district No. 3, taught by S. Williamson, is reported as being a noisy school and not very profitable. There has been many schools in that district of the same stamp. What can be done about it? Is the teacher in every case the offending party? We answer in the negative. Your committee intend to be plain on the subject. You are aware parents, residents of this district, that the first cause of this difficulty had its origin in your midst, discord crept in among you. As long as the present state of feeling exists

and is tolerated, just so long your school money will do but little good. Please give heed to an old injunction: "United we stand, divided we fall." Let union and harmony once more prevail, and you will come out all right. You have many bright scholars in your district, only give them a chance. Build a new school house, or reconstruct the old, and your efforts will be crowned with abundant success.

District No. 4 is coming up in the world. It is as you all know composed of portions of other districts, and the scholars have associated together but a short time. Now all the obstacles are being removed, and they are fast coming to the front. They have built a good school house and have enjoyed a first-rate school the past winter, taught by Orrin Cutler. Their movements now are onward and upward, and everything seems to indicate prosperity and success.

The winter term in district No. 5, Alonzo Knapp teacher, has been as profitable as could be expected under the circumstances. The school has not been furnished with suitable apparatus, and if it had been it would be of little use on account of the miserable condition of the school building, which is decidedly the poorest in town. How parents who are amply able to build a good, convenient house for their children to meet in to receive their education, can be satisfied to continue to send them year after year to such a place as this is beyond our powers of conception. This building is more suitable for a smoke house than anything else. Having taught school there one winter, when it was new, we know whereof we speak. The parents in that district are of that character who seldom put their hand to the plow and look back. Once get them thoroughly interested in the noble cause of education, and they will erect a school building that may stand for years as a monument of the enterprise of the parents and the intelligence of the children. Mr. Knapp is well equipped for teaching and governing a school, and if you will give him a good school room with the modern appliances he will do great credit to the profession.

A few words to the parents, and we submit our report for the consideration of the meeting.

You do not see in your children altogether distinct and independent beings, while they are under your care and

around the domestic hearthstone, by no means. You ought not to look upon them in that light, but rather consider them as they really are, a reproduction and continuance of yourselves. In your offspring, fathers, you see reflected your own persons and dispositions, in fact your whole being. Your hopes, joys and prospects are so inseparably connected with the welfare of your children that there is hardly a possibility of drawing the dividing line. As you hope to prosper in this life, and hope to have your children grow up useful and respectable members of society, we conjure you by all the ties that bind you to them not to neglect their youthful and susceptible minds. See to it, fathers, that correct impressions are made upon them, that you use all the means in your power to give to your children a liberal education. Because your fathers were not able to do much for you along that line is no excuse why you should neglect the education of your children. Encourage them in every way possible, manifest before them an interest in the school, and an interest in the studies they are pursuing. If possible visit the school occasionally.

A great many men are quite indifferent about the education of their children. Some people have said to us the past winter: "You are trying to learn our boys too much. All we care to do is to give them a business education. We don't want them to study geography nor grammar, if they can read, write and cipher that is all we want."

That is not enough, and not many years will elapse before those same boys will see it, if their fathers do not. This is a rising generation, and our children should keep pace with the times. If you have nothing else to bestow upon your children you can give them an education. It is better than any other inheritance, in fact it is the best kind of wealth. It is a fortune they cannot squander, neither can the avaricious individual wrest it from them.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

L. T. PULLEN,

S. STANLEY, JR.,

ALONZO KNAPP,

Superintending School Committee, Kingfield, Maine.

L. T. P.

DECEASE OF CARRIE COLEMAN.

To Miss Mary F. Pullen, at the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass., on the decease of Miss Carrie Coleman, a teacher in the Evansville Seminary.—March 20, 1886.

My dear little May,
This is a sad day,
For all who are mourning for Carrie:
She was one of the best,
But has gone to her rest,
And why should we wish her to tarry.

The Savior above,
With a heart full of love,
Has called her to dwell in His home;
And there to remain,
Free from all care and pain,
In this world no longer to roam.

Her work was well done,
Her Master said, Come,
To joys that are bright and more fair,
Than can ever be found
On earth's fairest ground,
So He called her to dwell with Him there.

She has fought a good fight,
In heaven's own light,
She cheerfully finished her course;
The faith has been kept,
O'er sinners she wept,
And Jesus was ever her source.

If you wish to meet her,
In heaven to greet her,
Like her be faithful and true;
If pure, good and kind,
Like her, you will find
A crown ready waiting for you.

L. T. P.

DECEASE OF EVA M. PULLEN.

On the decease of Mrs. Eva M. Pullen at Milwaukee, Wis.—May 1, 1904.

The first day of May, 1904, was a sad one for the families of Mrs. Mary S. Potter of Beloit, Wisconsin; Chas. F. P. Pullen of Milwaukee, Wisconsin; L. T. Pullen and Geo. L. Pullen of Evansville, Wisconsin; and W. H. Antes of Des Moines, Iowa; in consequence of the passing away to her home above of Mrs. Eva M. Pullen, wife of Chas. F. P. Pullen, after a long and lingering illness of several months. It was the thirty-first wedding anniversary of the dear departed, and the seventy-ninth birthday of the writer. She passed quietly and peacefully away to her heavenly home at six o'clock in the morning, and the sad news reached us in Des Moines, Iowa, a half hour later by telephone. The sad event occurred on Sunday morning, and she is now at rest.

This is the first break in the ranks of the immediate family relations of the writer, since his own wedding day, August fifth, 1849. Several near and dear relatives since that date, of my own and my wife's family, have gone to the home beyond, but all our children and grandchildren have been spared to us till now. We both fully realize that God is good, and that we have much left to be thankful for. It is almost fifty-five years that we have been permitted without interruption to enjoy our sweet family relations.

The writer composed the following little poem as our dear one lay in her couch-casket over night in the home of Geo. L. Pullen at Evansville, preparatory to her final interment at Maple Hill cemetery in the morning:

She sometimes spake of being tired and wondered why she did not gain strength faster.

Dear Eva has gone to her home above,
She was tired and wanted to rest,
She's just gone before, we'll soon follow on,
In accord with Jehovah's behest.

She was ill and weary, but still had hope,
Was disheartened but trusted in God,
Was fully prepared as time wore away,
To pass under the uplifted rod.

And now she's resting in Jesus' own home,
But her clay still remains in our sight,
Couch-casket and clay must soon move away,
Then all darkness must end in glad light.

She was ready and waiting for the call,
Which soon came, in a still, pleasant voice,
"All that are weary and heavy laden,
Come unto me," the home of your choice.

This home was prepared for all who love God,
Such love is the Fountain of life,
Blessed are they who die in the Lord,
Ending at last all discord and strife.

Her home here on earth, so peaceful and bright,
Is as nothing compared with the one
She now occupies, in her Father's house,
With her Savior, God's well-beloved Son.

How sweetly she rests in her heavenly home,
Not a care, nor an ache, nor a pain,
And there we'll leave her, in this blest abode,
Well knowing that our loss is her gain.

Now let us all strive to meet her in heaven,
And may strength divine to each one be given,
May comforting peace fill each soul with love,
Then we will meet our loved one above.

L. T. P.

Mrs. Eva M. Pullen was born August 20, 1854, near Evansville. Her maiden name was Winston; she was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Winston, who were early settlers in this vicinity. She was married on May 1, 1873 to Charles F. P. Pullen, with whom she lived happily in the holy bonds of matrimony. Two children came to bless the union; Lloyd, a son who is twenty-five years old, and graduated from the University of Wisconsin last year, and is now a student of the University law school; Pauline, the daughter, who is eighteen years of age, and has a bright future. Be-

sides those of the immediate family circle, a sister, Mrs. Mary S. Potter of Beloit, survives her.

Mrs. Pullen took a keen interest in all that pertained to the welfare of her children, and it was providential that her life was spared so long to direct and encourage their young lives. Death did not come altogether in an unexpected manner, for she had been confined to her room for about five months, and suffered an attack of appendicitis on three different occasions.

It was in the beautiful springtide one happy May day that she became the beloved wife of Mr. Charles F. P. Pullen, and just thirty-one years to the date, at the time of her wedding anniversary, she left her earthly home for the mansions above, where there is music, sunshine, and flowers in perpetual bloom.

Mrs. Pullen was most favorably known in Evansville and vicinity; she was highly thought of for her work's sake; her lovely disposition endeared her to all with whom she came in contact. For about twenty-five years she was a most valuable communicant of the Methodist church here, aiding it with her money, time and influence. She sang in the choir for about fifteen years, and very often she thus praised her God. In the year of 1892 she, with her husband and children, moved to Milwaukee, where Mr. Pullen was instrumental in organizing and became cashier of the German-American Bank. They found their church home in the Grand Avenue Congregational church, and during the nearly twelve years she resided in Milwaukee she was an active worker in the church there. She was also connected with the order of the Eastern Star; thus in church and social life the subject of our sketch was a busy woman.

On Tuesday morning short services were held at the residence, 234 Twenty-first street, by the Rev. Chas. H. Beale, pastor of the Grand Avenue Congregational church. The body was brought to this city, arriving on the 3:37 p. m. train, and on its arrival was at once transferred to the home of Geo. L. Pullen on West Main street. It lay in state, reposing on a couch-casket, amid a multitude of beautiful floral offerings sent by loving friends from Milwaukee, Madison, Janesville and Evansville as token of high regard.

Many friends came and looked on the peaceful face of the beloved dead until the time of service on Wednesday morning. Rev. James Churm, pastor of the Methodist church, read the impressive ritual and offered a most appropriate prayer, during which all felt drawn nearer to our Heavenly Father, the giver of life.

Messrs. Snashall & Boyd, undertakers, directed the obsequies, and the funeral cortege wended its way slowly to the silent city of the dead, where amid the final floral tribute and bright sunshine as the body was lowered in the grave, the voice of the clergyman was heard repeating the service of interment, the precious remains sank in mother earth to await the glad resurrection morning.

Many eyes were wet with tears, but in the heart there was great joy for the legacy of the sweet, active, christly influence she left as a heritage for her husband, children, sister, and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Pullen of Des Moines, Iowa, parents of Mr. Pullen, and Mrs. W. H. Antes, Mr. Pullen's sister, and her husband and son, also of Des Moines; Mrs. Mary S. Potter, sister, of Beloit; Mrs. Helen Winston, Mrs. George Butts, and Mrs. H. F. Kling, cousins, all of Janesville; Mrs. James Brophy of Oregon, were in attendance at the funeral.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

Rev. vii, 16, 17.—Never to want for any good thing.

They never will hunger in that beautiful land,
Which John in his vision beheld long ago,
The bread of that life is ever at hand,
Its author attends them wherever they go.

They never will thirst in that beautiful land,
Which the Savior prepared long ages ago,
The fountain of cleansing is ever at hand,
The waters of life forever will flow.

The heat of the sun will never be felt,
In that beautiful land of glory and joy,
The love of the Savior all hearts will melt,
His service and praise all lips will employ.

The cold blasts of winter will never be known,
In that beautiful land of fragrance and flowers,
No seeds of dissension will ever be sown,
But all will be peace in heaven's bright bowers.

The light of the sun is not needed there,
For Christ is the light of that blissful abode,
No clouds to obscure, but all will be fair,
No moth to corrupt, nor rust to corrode.

Thieves cannot break through those portals of light:
And never can steal from that beautiful land;
The dwellers thereof they cannot affright,
The Prince of that kingdom is there to command.

The Lamb in the midst of that happy throng,
Will know every want and supply every need,
In tenderest love He will lead them along,
Their souls He will cherish, comfort and feed.

By fountains of water their joys will arise,
No sorrow can enter that beautiful land,
And our God will wipe all tears from their eyes,
With His own kind and beneficent hand.

Then let us all seek that beautiful land,
Where so many have gone long ages ago,
Who washed all their robes in the blood of the Lamb,
And its blessings and joys forever will know.

L. T. P.

CHAPTER XXV.

SOWING THE SEED.

Psalms, cxxvi 6

Go forth in the morning and sow the precious seed,
And thou shalt be rewarded in every time of need;
The world now lies in darkness, and sin is in the heart,
And all who do not fear the Lord will from His truth depart.

Go forth at the noontime, and carry precious truth
To all who are careless, especially the youth,
And teach them how to shun the way of evil and of sin,
That very early in their lives the right way they begin.

Go forth in the evening, and water well the seed
With the dew of kindness, and destroy each noxious weed;
By loving words and generous acts try well the soil to till,
That every young and tender plant may all your hopes fulfill.

Sometimes the seed is watered with tears that sadly flow;
Sometimes the clouds of sorrow will quickly come and go;
Sometimes the seed lies hidden low in the valley drear;
'Tis taking root in chastened hearts, but soon it will appear.

Behold the little tender blade first will come to view,
And then the fragrant flower is seen beautiful and new;
And very soon the sheaves appear, so full of golden grain,
That all who sow the precious seed rejoicing come again.

And as they come they bring the sheaves so honestly acquired,
And lay them at the Master's feet, just as He has desired;
Then he will say in language plain, Oh! come thou faithful one,
Enter my joys and be at rest, your labor is well done.

L. T. P.

WESTERN PIONEER LIFE.

ARGYLE, Wis., Jan. 7, 1859.

Editors of Patriot:—

I notice in a late number of your valuable paper a communication from the pen of our mutual J. V. of Kingfield, Maine, who recently made a flying trip through some of the western states. I knew nothing of his intended visit to the west until I saw him coming, while standing at the door of my dwelling. You may well imagine my joy at seeing him so unexpectedly, after four years absence from my native state. Although his stay was short we enjoyed his visit immensely while comparing notes and discussing the many changes that had taken place since we last met. It was with a pang that we bade him adieu when the time of parting came, and he continued his journey to other new towns in the west.

I sincerely regret that he feels so dissatisfied with the west. It seems to me this dissatisfaction cannot be attributed to his reception among his old friends, as they were all rejoiced to see him, so far as my knowledge extends. Other causes must be held responsible for all this fault finding and complaining. In the first place our friend J. V. never traveled very much. This probably is the first time he ever left the state of Maine. His family had their doubts when he left home about his ability to reach here without getting lost, but he succeeded in getting here all right.

His quiet home, as he says, is situated at the base of old Blueberry Mountain, where, if my recollection serves me, it has always been. It has recently been extending farther and farther up its side, as with a strong arm he clears off the primeval forest. Friend J. V. is a man of very strong passions and prejudices, hence after living until he passed the meridian of life among the mountains of Maine he concluded to take a trip west. Having been so long surrounded by the wild and romantic scenery for which New England is so famous, and having raised a large and interesting family,

all of whom were contented and happy, and willing to settle down where they could listen to the soft murmurings of Seven Mile Brook as it meanders along among the foot hills, he well knew he could safely leave home for a few weeks and everything in his narrow precinct would be taken care of by his faithful family. This happy family have become so attached to home and the sterile rock-bound soil which they have so long endeavored almost in vain to cultivate, have become as strong physically as the adamantine rocks by which their quiet home is hemmed in. No wonder they all feel a security and safety no where else to be found. On the north the walls of Jerusalem township, Mount Abram on the west, the hills of New Vineyard on the south, and the dear old friend Blueberry Mountain, that sticks closer than a brother, on the east.

Friend J. V. very well knows that these everlasting hills are his strongholds. What has he to fear from the red men of the forest, who have long since been starved out and sought new homes in the wilderness of the west, where there are fish and game in abundance and delicious wild fruits in great variety. What has he to fear from foreign or domestic invasion? Where or when could an army be found, since the days of Moses and Joshua, that could possibly find enough to subsist upon until they could scale those almost impregnable walls and other natural barriers, and reach the western slope or base of Old Blueberry Mountain? Echo answers, where or when. Could the bleaching bones that now lay at the base of Mount Bigelow, that once moved with life and activity in Arnold's expedition, speak, they too would answer where or when. What has he to fear from the snorting iron horse that is soon to wend its way to the beautiful valley of the Sandy River. Does he think that possibly it may some unlucky day leap those natural barriers and plunge wildly into his luxurious wheat fields, and idolized herd's grass patch at the base of Old Blueberry Mountain. Ah! friend J. V. you need have no fear on that side, the iron monster will never reach you unless by chance it should discover the Hacket Notch, and fly the track near the Sandy River in that direction, and even in that case the old fellow would be sure to become wedged in between the mountains, thereby for-

ever cutting off all communication between the devotees of Old Blueberry Mountain and the states.

After a thorough review of his case I have come to the conclusion that he came west laden with more prejudice than any six common-sized men could possibly stand up under. Being of giant frame and strength he carried it all both ways without being tired. Could he by some kind of process have been divested of his prejudice, and been under the necessity of paying for transportation as freight on same, in my opinion he would have left the most of it in Wisconsin instead of taking it back to Maine. It is no wonder that he became homesick the moment he lost sight of the mountains of his native state, and continued to feel more and more sick at heart as he took a bird's eye view of the surrounding country through which he rapidly passed. He sought for information from the more unfortunate, those who like himself were longing and pining for the cooling shades and protection of Old Blueberry Mountain. His ideas of the west were all erroneous, consequently he was led to represent things in a different light from what they appeared to a careful, candid and impartial observer. He admitted that the general appearance of the farming lands was pleasing and favorable. But he thinks the productions of the soil do not remunerate the producer in the west to that extent, and so richly as in Maine.

Then he undertakes to make estimates and use his mathematical skill to prove the above statement. He arrays himself and three of his boys in the order of agricultural battle—who, by the way, are all about six and a half feet tall—against the whole state of Wisconsin, and stands out in bold relief preparatory to the charge. It is truly a magnificent and inspiring sight, but those four modern Goliaths, towering as they do above the mediocrity, overshot the mark altogether.

I will now call into requisition, in behalf of the state of Wisconsin, another person of some military renown, to meet the man of Gath in this agricultural warfare. The man referred to is General E. D. Bray of Freeman, Maine. Many of your readers are intimately acquainted with him, and will be glad to hear of his welfare and success. These old friends

are aware that he has just commenced on new wild land, and is comparatively a small farmer. He and his two oldest boys have done nearly all the labor up to the time of harvesting the crops. The facts and figures are just as I received them from the general a few days ago.

He says he raised in 1855, 1856 and 1857, three thousand three hundred and twenty-seven bushels of wheat, on an average of twenty-five bushels to the acre, and average price of same one dollar per bushel, amounting to three thousand three hundred and twenty-seven dollars. The year 1858 he raised seven hundred bushels of wheat, average to the acre fourteen bushels, price seventy-five cents per bushel, amount five hundred and twenty-five dollars. He also raised during those four years four thousand five hundred bushels of corn, average to the acre forty-five bushels, average price thirty cents per bushel, one thousand three hundred and fifty dollars. Also during same four years he raised fourteen hundred bushels of oats, price thirty cents per bushel, three hundred and fifty dollars, average per acre forty-six bushels. Total amount of value of wheat, corn and oats for the four years five thousand five hundred and fifty-two dollars, exclusive of hay and various kinds of root crops. He says they were successive crops on the same land without any dressing, and from ten to twelve acres of the land each year was new, and land the first year in this country does not produce more than two-thirds of a crop. So you will perceive our mutual friend the general makes things in the west appear in a different light from what J. V. does in his haphazard statements.

Now, if you please, I will harp a few moments on another string, that will vibrate long and loud, yet producing the most pleasing and perfect harmony, which your correspondent J. V. has left untouched, and in his unheard of haste has in all probability never yet discovered.

Look at the future prospects of our western farmers. Examine the soil which they cultivate. It contains elements and properties that are continually being developed by atmospheric and other influences during the process of cultivation. These hidden elements are almost inexhaustible. The soil here is capable of producing wheat and corn alternately

without any dressing for a great number of years, and at a cost so small after the first breaking that the farmers hardly notice it. On the other hand let us turn our attention to the soil on which J. V. clears off the heavy forests with a strong arm, and produces the wheat and grass seed. I can speak from my own observation and experience. For many years I was engaged in the same kind of manual labor, within the shade of that same old mountain. After felling the trees, burning the logs and brush, and clearing off the land at great expense, we could raise one crop of wheat and three of timothy grass seed among the stumps, cut the wheat and grass with a sickle, and then turn out the rock-bound soil for grazing. Such rough, rocky soil cannot be plowed, and in a few years those pastures are overgrown with brush, brakes and weeds, which kill out the grass and soon a heavy second growth of trees cover the ground, and nature again asserts its sway. The more a man has of such land on which to pay taxes, the worse off he is.

Our tall friend has acknowledged that he found one place in the west where some of the inhabitants had well-finished dwellings, and mingled in respectable society. He did extremely well in his haste to find one such place. I can assure the gentleman that we have many places where peace, plenty and contentment have long since taken up their abode. Where its inhabitants do not boast of their riches, find fault with their neighbors or put on airs of affectation, for the purpose of deceiving their eastern friends. He wishes to know what in the name of common sense we are here for. What did our forefathers come to America for? What could have actuated them to leave their pleasant homes, their agreeable associations, and come to this howling wilderness to be exposed to hardships and death itself from various sources, too numerous and horrible to mention. What made them contend so long and nobly for their liberty? Did they expect to live a hundred or a thousand years to enjoy all the fruits of the victory they were striving so hard to gain? No, they were actuated by no such selfish motive. They suffered, bled and died in the very act of transmitting to us our rich inheritance. The victory is ours. What in the name of common sense are we here for? That is the very name in which

we come, the name in which we expect to gain the victory, and transmit untarnished this rich inheritance to our posterity.

The observations and remarks of J. V. apply largely to rural districts. He finds few or no fences; houses are rude, small, open, with chimneys outside. It seems passing strange to me that a man of his age and experience will attempt to make such comparisons and arrive at such conclusions, without even seeming to take into consideration the newness and infancy of the country of which he writes. The occupants of those rude dwellings have in many instances resided on their land but a short time, a few weeks or months, and those rude, temporary cabins have been built in haste. Small and inconvenient though they seem, happiness oft reigns triumphantly within, and plenty of room outside for the chimney. In a few years large, neat and convenient farm houses, with corresponding barns and out houses, will take their places, the reward of a few years of patient toil. This is no idle tale nor visionary flight of the mind, but a reality, founded upon the history of the older portions of the state. What their history has been—all things being equal—will be the history of these infant settlements.

Although some timid people like J. V. may shrink and shudder at the idea of leading a pioneer life, feel glad that we have so many volunteers in the field who have the courage, fortitude and firmness to leave the luxuries and ease of their eastern homes and beat an honorable retreat to our wild, western frontiers and there become public benefactors, by causing two blades of grass where but one grew before. Meeting and school houses at present may seem like angels' visits, but it requires no prophetic vision to discover them in the near future at more convenient distances, and in the meantime we can educate our children in log cabins, and worship God in the groves. True society is not so good here at present as in New England, but it is rapidly improving. What we need now is a few thousand more of the enterprising citizens of the east. Our blackbird tongued Dutch and Norwegian neighbors are frugal and industrious; they learn rapidly to speak the English language, and are fast becoming good, reliable citizens. And yet there is room; all

who will come, may come. The glowing west has charms for the down-trodden of other nations, no where else to be found on the footstool.

I cannot for the life of me divine our friend's meaning in relation to living here only a few years in sorrow and grief. I verily believe we have the happiest people here that can be found. Plenty to eat and drink, and a large surplus for our eastern friends, which—according to their own statements—they can obtain on the most reasonable terms. No unnecessary and cruel distinctions; little or no aristocracy; but all, rich and poor, who behave themselves equally well, meet on common level, practically to enjoy their just and equal share of the vast estate of religious liberty and happiness which the all wise Creator bestowed upon the human family. "So mote it be."

Very sincerely, L. T. P.

KIND REMEMBRANCES.

Remember me kindly to all,
 Forgive all my folly and fun,
 My good deeds, if any, recall,
 All evil please help me to shun.

Remember me kindly to all,
 Think not of mistakes I have made,
 For whether they seem great or small,
 Such errors I try to evade.

Remember me kindly to all,
 Look on the bright side of my life;
 Let the mantle of charity fall,
 And shield me from envy and strife.

Remember me kindly to all,
 Speak for me one kind, little word;
 My good deeds you need not extol,
 To do so would be quite absurd.

Remember me kindly to all,
Think not that I wish to do wrong,
And if I should stumble and fall,
Please help to continue my song.

Then think of me kindly, dear friends,
When from you I am far away,
As distance enchantingly lends
Remembrance of scenes that were gay.

Of happiness, though past and gone,
Its memory cannot be effaced,
But surely will linger along,
The pathway of life, by God's grace.

A smile or kind word cannot die,
Eternity all will reveal;
A word, a thought, or a sigh,
Kindred spirits forever will feel.

When hearts beat in unison here,
And feel the sweet impulse of love,
Such blossoms will not become sere,
But will bloom in mansions above.

This to me is a beautiful thought,
That friendship, pure, holy and deep,
Can neither be sold, nor be bought,
Exists in itself all complete.

I will then think kindly of you,
From the depth of my heart I speak,
From the time I bid you adieu,
Until when again we shall meet.

'Tis a pleasure to me, dear friends,
Too sacred almost to be told,
Or think that when this life shall end,
The beauties of heaven unfold.

To feel that we sometime may dwell
In heaven's pure sunshine above,
No mortal such joys can foretell,
Nor whisper such accents of love.

But only the pure will be there,
Sin never can enter that place,
Yet all men its glories may share,
Through faith, and be saved by God's grace.

Remember me kindly to Him,
Whose assistance we all must crave;
And may we be free from all sin,
And feel God is gracious to save.

L. T. P.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FOURTH OF JULY, 1855.

July fourth, 1855, was truly a gala day for the little village of Argyle, La Fayette county, Wisconsin, and surrounding country. Through the efforts of the writer, Captain S. P. Chipman, and John H. Dudley, a liberty pole of good size and height had been erected on an eminence overlooking the Pecatonica River, the mills and the valley on the north for a long distance. Captain Chipman had organized a military company a few weeks previous. As he was well versed in military tactics, he had his company disciplined and thoroughly drilled for the occasion. This company was able to make a fine display, and add greatly to the interest of the celebration by their skillful evolutions, and assistance rendered in forming a line of procession and leading said line of march through the three short streets to the platform in the little grove, on the brow of the hill overlooking the river. General E. D. Bray of Adams, Green county, Wisconsin, was marshal. Having been for years a major-general in the state of Maine, and a fine officer, his part was handled without a hitch and to the satisfaction of all present. Geo. H.

Little, an attorney, was president; Rev. C. P. Thing, chaplain; Wm. Wyman, reader of the Declaration of Independence; and L. T. Pullen, orator. A company of thirty-one beautiful young ladies dressed in white, representing all the states then in the Union, was arranged and seated in front of the platform.

Captain Chipman about two years later left Wisconsin, and became a resident of the state of Indiana. When the war of the rebellion commenced he immediately enlisted as a private in the service of his country, raised a company and was elected captain. In due course of time, as soon as a regiment could be organized and properly drilled, Captain Chipman at the head of his company marched to the front. He was actively engaged in many battles. In the absence of his superior officers he sometimes had command of the regiment. He was finally shot through the instep of one foot, breaking and splintering the bones to such an extent that he never was again able to engage in active service. He now lives in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and draws a pension of fifteen dollars per month. Was eighty-one years old May 2, 1904. His health is fairly good, but he is still lame, and may never fully recover from the effects of the gunshot wound.

S. F. Smith

AMERICA

My country 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of Thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrims' pride,
 From every mountain side,
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble free;
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills,
 My heart with rapture fills,
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God! our King.

ORATION.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I shall not attempt to make any apologies on this occasion for inability to act the part I am about to take in this day's celebration, but leave them for those composing your committee, who might have remedied the evil by a more suitable appointment. I have been selected as the person to address you on this the seventy-ninth anniversary of our country's independence. I have had such calls before in my own native state on occasions like this and of a different character, and I almost invariably in my feeble and awkward manner attempt to respond to such calls. I have had but very little experience in public speaking, as those acquainted with my history can testify. I was raised a farmer boy, more accustomed to wielding the axe and holding the plough than addressing an audience like this. A number of winters I have followed the business of school teaching, and some four or five years I tried to act my part as one of the superintendents of our common schools. During which time I had occasion frequently to address myself to teachers and scholars while visiting schools, attending evening lectures, etc. Therefore under the circumstances you will not expect the learning, the elegance, the fire, nor the enrapturing

strains of eloquence, that may have enchained and charmed you heretofore while listening to practical and able orators.

I shall endeavor to offer my sentiments this day with the same freedom that I conceived them, regardless of praise or censure. A spirit of independence should pervade every bosom that breathe the genial air of happy, proud America. Independence of thought; independence of action; independence of speech. Show me the man in this land of liberty and literary privileges that is afraid to act himself, or speak forth his honest convictions for fear of rendering himself unpopular or offending some would-be aristocrat, and you show me the most despicable of all God's creatures. I for one acknowledge the supremacy of Jehovah; I fear no other; I bow to no other; I acknowledge the superiority of no other. As we have just heard in the declaration, all men are born free and equal. It matters not if one man is worth his thousands and his neighbor nothing, our glorious and ever-cherished constitution placed them on equal footing. We meet today, fellow citizens, not as political partisans, not as masters and servants, but as men on an equal footing with each other, with a general dependence and a common interest.

We have before us this day a subject of a national character, opening an extensive field for thought and discussion, too extensive, in fact, to be canvassed in a single discourse. I give for an opening sentiment, and shall confine my discourse to the same, "Our Country, Education, Liberty, and Union." They are closely connected, and may they never be separated. We meet today, not to celebrate the war of the revolution, but our country's independence. We have no festivals to commemorate the battles fought by our sires. No, we must not glory in blood! That era is past. The value of life is more highly estimated. Men see in this country that war costs too much, and the game at which England and France are playing at the present time, for dominion and glory, is a foolish one for a nation like ours. It may do well enough for them; they must be their own judges. But a nation that would be prosperous and free should never glory in bloodshed, but try to avoid every appearance of war, provided they can do so and sustain their national dignity. The war of the revolution is not the thing to be commemor-

ated, but the dawn of the new era of thought. The execution of the grand instrument of equality, of liberty, and the moral position nobly assumed by our venerated sires.

In celebrating this day we celebrate the assertion of a great principle. The patriotism and self-sacrifice that laid its all of life, of fortune, and of honor on the altar of human liberty. This day is made important by the imperishable truths which then and there were nobly embodied in words and actions. The right of all men to be free was declared. It was the character of those men that made the declaration that gave it so much power. It sets up a landmark of human progress. It claimed freedom as a birthright, and thrilled the heart of humanity with a new hope. Said the illustrious John Adams, the very next day after the declaration was adopted: "A greater question perhaps never was nor will be decided among men." And furthermore he said he believed it would be celebrated by succeeding generations as a great anniversary festival, and so it has been and probably ever will be. We have arisen from the smallest beginning to a great and powerful nation.

At first we numbered but thirteen small states; now we behold the number of states, represented by that company of young ladies whose apparel may be considered emblematical of the innocence and purity of the sex and our republican institutions. Some of our states cover a vast territory much larger than some of the kingdoms of Europe. Our American eagle, accompanied by the stars and stripes that waves so proudly over our heads today, may be seen soaring from the Atlantic to the Pacific, across the ocean, and in other countries, and millions are looking up to it for protection and freedom, and may the deserving never look in vain. Our situation at the present day is a paradise compared with that of our illustrious forefathers.

Let us in imagination for a few moments leave our happy country, with its wholesome institutions as it is, and go back a few years to other times and other scenes. Christopher Columbus, illustrious man! How much are we indebted to his exertion and untiring perseverance in the discovery of this country. But for him it would, for ought I know, have remained to this day a howling wilderness, inhabited only by

wild beasts and ruthless savages. His name should be handed down to all future generations as being among the greatest, as was the discovery which he made. The Pilgrims heard of America, and in its wilderness they believed that they might worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, which privilege was denied them in England, a law having been passed requiring all persons to attend the established worship under penalty of banishment, and if they returned of death. And I am sorry to say, but it is my candid opinion we have some self-righteous, bigoted christians at the present day and in our own country, who would like to have the same law enacted, and would even try to enforce it sword and revolver in hand if they happened to have courage enough. It would be in perfect keeping with certain illiberal and arbitrary laws, that have already been passed in some of the states, and enforced even at the sacrifice of human life. Our fathers having nobly resolved never to submit to such laws, never to wear the yoke of despotism any longer, and seeing the whole European world at that time falling a prey to tyranny, bravely threw themselves upon the bosom of the ocean, determined to find a place in which they might enjoy their freedom or die in the glorious attempt. Providence beheld their frail barks dancing on the boisterous ocean and kindly preserved them and their precious cargoes till they were safely landed on this continent. They found the land swarming with savages and death threatening them on every hand, but savages and death with them were far less terrible than a tyrant's power.

After much suffering toil and privation they were enabled to commence the cultivation of the soil, and they soon beheld the virgin earth teeming with richest fruit, a grateful recompense for their unwearied toil. Thus matters and things continued to prosper and flourish for a series of years. And these pleasing and delightful prospects and connections between England and the colonies might have continued and been every day strengthened and extended, had not an avaricious ministry and a corrupt parliament conceived the idea of taxing the colonies. The first plan introduced in parliament for taxing America commenced with duties on stamps. But that was no go, the people could withstand no such

oppression. They claimed that taxation and representation were inseparable, and deprived of one they would in no wise submit to the other, consequently they were under the necessity of repealing the stamp act. Not satisfied with this, another plan was instituted, imposing duties on paper, paint, glass, tea, etc, but this act produced the same feelings and excitement that the stamp act did. They then thought proper to remove the duties on all these articles with the exception of tea. And the good people of Boston took it upon themselves to remove not only the duties, but the tea itself, from all the vessels then in port, and put it to steeping in a mammoth tea pot, just the size of the Atlantic ocean. Thus three hundred and forty-two chests of tea were used for one drawing in a single night, and it has continued to steep for eighty-two years, and if John Bull gets thirsty—as he surely will when the war with Russia closes—if he will just call this way we will give him a cup of this same kind of tea, which I think is strong enough by this time to settle his stomach, open his eyes, humble his pride, and reduce the presumptuous, old scoundrel on a level with other nations. But to return; as soon as this bold step on the part of the colonists got wind, the breach continued to widen. The threatening war cloud hung with ominous blackness over their devoted heads. At length war with all its devastation and misery burst upon them. The memorable battle of Lexington ushered in a war that lasted for eight years, and American arms came off victorious; have been victorious ever since and ever will be, so long as our republican institutions are preserved and perpetuated. Yes, we can withstand the united strength of all Europe, should they see fit to turn their arms in this direction.

How long, fellow citizens, do you think Sebastopol with all its boasted strength, and its almost impregnable fortress, would stand with an American army of regulars for besiegers, headed by a Taylor or a Scott? Methinks it would very soon share the same fate as did the castle at Vera Cruz, which had been considered as impregnable for centuries. I think, fellow citizens, we have no reason to fear the arms of any nation, or of all the nations of Europe combined, provided we are united. It has truly been said, "union is

strength." But to return to the scene of the revolution. A little more than one year from the date of the battle of Lexington, and just seventy-nine years ago this very day, our glorious republic was ushered into existence.

Yes, fellow citizens and patriots of the nineteenth century, in that declaration that has just been read in your hearing you will find the common rights of all mankind asserted. It contained the grievances of America, declared her freedom, and sent forth a warning voice to the oppressor. Considered as a step in the march of human society, you can fix upon no one of more importance, not only to this and the mother country, but to the world. And where can you find the equals of those, self-sacrificing, devoted patriots who signed an instrument that surely would have been their own death warrant had Great Britain prevailed. But Great Britain did not prevail. Providence favored our cause, and, as I before stated, our arms came off victorious.

In 1783 American independence was acknowledged by other nations. Four years later a convention met in Philadelphia for the purpose of amending the articles of confederation, which served well during the war, but were found inadequate to meet the wants of the people. But instead of amending they proceeded to form a new constitution. A great variety of opinions naturally existed in regard to the new government. Their debates were long and arduous, but at length, after a most trying and severe struggle, honest zeal and strong patriotism triumphed over party feeling and sectional prejudices, and the great object of the convention was accomplished. But after the constitution was formed such was the diversity of opinion among the people as to what kind of government was best adapted to their wants, that it required all the influence that such men as Washington, Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Morris, Henry and numerous others could exert to prevail upon the people to try the constitution, and see if the provisions it contained were adequate to the exigencies of the case, and the good sense of the people prevailed. They concluded to try the great experiment of governing themselves, which I consider almost a miracle. It is a wonder of wonders that the people were in favor of organizing a republican form of government under the con-

stitution. And why? Because of the ignorance and superstition that was at that time so prevalent among the common classes. Common schools, that are now spread abroad over our land, by which the temple of knowledge is made accessible to all, rich and poor, were not in vogue at that early day, and it is a generally conceded point that no people in any country whatever can take the supreme authority into their own hands and retain it, unless they are educated. It has often been tried, and as often failed. But I drop the subject of education now, and shall resume it again for a few moments before I close.

Our glorious and ever-cherished constitution proved to be just what the people wanted, and just what we want now, and it should be highly prized and valued by every citizen of the United States; whether native or adopted. We should all bind ourselves together as one band of brothers. Determined to obey its precepts to the letter, for it fully answers every object and purpose which it was intended and ordained to establish, as set forth in the preamble. "To form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and posterity." Be careful then and not speak lightly, nor too lightly value our great constitution. It is, in my humble opinion, the most perfect instrument that could be framed by human beings under the circumstances.

Some individuals make a great hue and cry about slavery being incorporated in, and recognized by, our constitution. Well now, gentlemen, a constitution never could have been formed on any other conditions, and no reasonable persons after duly and impartially weighing the matter in their own minds, will murmur or find one word of fault. Remember the state of our country at that time. A long and tedious war just closed; the commercial distress; the want of confidence in the stability of the confederation; the prospect of anarchy, etc. And if the constitution had not been framed at that time all the labor of the patriots of the revolution would have been lost to the world. Slavery I am well aware is a great national evil, and nearly every northern man that has no interest in slaves or plantations will say the same. But what can be done? Immediate emancipation is out of

the question. Although the people of the north were a long time deluded by these false issues, raised by a few blind fanatics, causing many hard bickerings, a great waste of time, money, and bloodshed. And how much has it benefitted the poor slave? No more than the snap of your finger.

Take away education from our country and it needs no argument to prove that an ignorant and superstitious people cannot sustain our republican form of government. Take away liberty from our country, aristocracy and anarchy is the result. The rich will be educated and the poor illiterate, consequently the poor will be trodden under foot, for knowledge is power. Take away union from our country and we shall be divided into factions, and it needs no spirit of inspiration to prophesy the result. Said one of the fathers: "United we stand, divided we fall." This union of states is founded in political and moral necessities, which demand one government and would endure no divided states. Disunion would entail upon us civil war, and some of the nations of Europe would take sides and close the scene. Our republican form of government would be made a perfect wreck, and monarchy would prevail.

It is of no use to attempt to bring force to bear against the south. We cannot compel them to emancipate their slaves. No, they would sooner the Union would be dissolved; and then they would have a form of government to protect their own interests. In my humble opinion, moral suasion will do more towards eradicating slavery, intemperance, or any other evil from our land, than all the compulsory measures that ever have, or ever can be resorted to. What if the world does undertake to reproach us. What if England points the finger of scorn at us. Let them compare their form of government with ours. Theirs would be like dross by the side of fine gold. England has slaves. All the countries of Europe have slaves. It is true they differ from ours in complexion. They also differ in situation, and the difference is against them. Our slaves have enough to eat and to drink and the enjoyment of all the comforts of life, setting aside luxuries. Their slaves a great portion of the time are actually in a state of starvation.

I appeal to some of the old countrymen that are now

within the sound of my voice. Say, adopted brothers, are not the poor class of people in England and Ireland in a more wretched and abject state of poverty and slavery than the blacks at the south? Your answer will be yes, for it is even so. Then why will some of our native-born citizens that claim to be true patriots, justify England in her abuse of our institutions, and even join in trying to cast a stain upon our national character, because slavery, a thing that cannot at present be helped, is recognized by our constitutions. They are traitors to their country, causing discontent among the slaves, irritation and division among the people, which may eventually end in the dissolution of the Union. I despise slavery and consider it the greatest curse of our nation, but still I love my country, and can say with another: "Happy, proud America, with all thy faults I love thee still."

I have a regard and attachment for our constitution almost bordering on idolatry. Fellow citizens, we must preserve it unshaken and inviolate; on it the public safety depends. We should always hold ourselves in readiness to assist the magistrate in the execution of all laws, whether they suit our own peculiar notions and prejudices or not, provided they are constitutional; and if they are not we have a right to denounce them. It was a noble attachment of this character to a free constitution which raised ancient Rome from the smallest beginning to that bright summit of happiness and glory to which she arrived. And it was the decline of this attachment which plunged her from that summit into the black gulf of infamy and slavery. It was this attachment which inspired her senators with wisdom, and enabled them to enact good, wholesome and liberal laws for the benefit of the people. But when this attachment for their constitution decayed, her laws were disregarded, her statesmen degenerated into tyrants, the demon of aristocracy that had so long thirsted for her downfall gained the ascendancy, and Rome the mistress of the world, became deluged in blood, a by-word, the scorn and derision of other nations.

It is this attachment to the constitution, founded on free and liberal principles, which inspired our eminent statesmen with a commendable and honest zeal in trying to have liberal and impartial laws enacted, and it is with disgust that they

behold the daring outrage committed on our free constitution by the passage of certain arbitrary laws. For instance, the fugitive slave law, forced upon the people of the north, compelling freemen to aid at their peril in seizing and returning to captivity persons who are guilty of no crime whatever, known to the constitution of the United States. I might enumerate other laws that have gained considerable notoriety and popularity, that have been pronounced unconstitutional by the supreme judges of the land. But I forbear on this occasion, and wait till a more convenient season. But I must say it is hard to drive men from the error of their ways into the path of rectitude. Our preachers of the gospel do not try to drive men into the kingdom of heaven. No, they undertake to persuade men to repent, leave off sinning and pursue the road to happiness. Our Savior did not undertake to compel men to become his followers. No, he exhorted them in love and pity, and in the name of the Father that sent Him, He taught us to overcome evil with good, forgive our brother as often as he sinned against us. Beautiful example; beautiful doctrine.

Well now, you can no more compel a man to become temperate, than you can to become a christian. What if you have a law authorizing you to destroy your neighbor's property, fine him, cast him into prison, trample on him, degrade him, bring him on a level with the brute creation, what does it all amount to? The destruction of a human being. Soul and body, for ought I know. It amounts to the carrying out of an independent principle, growing out of, and the legitimate offspring of aristocracy. What is it? It is this, might makes right. You ask what can be done. The bible teaches you. Go to the offending brother, cast about him the mantle of charity, admonish him in love, strive to elevate him to his proper level in the scale of being, and you will accomplish more than all the prohibitory laws or compulsory measures that were ever resorted to. You cannot drive men unless you do it at the point of the bayonet, and then you must wade ankle deep in blood and stumble over the bleeding, prostrate forms of your fellow beings, before you can crush that inate principle so dear to every man,

liberty. O thou demon of aristocracy, thou curse of nations, how long wilt thy power prevail.

It is aristocracy, my fellow citizens, that will eventually sap the foundation of our free institutions. It is something that perverts the best feeling of humanity. It creates bigotry and fosters pride. It expels sunshine and gladness from the domestic hearth. Charity flies weeping from its presence and the heart grows cold in its embrace. It would arrest the spirit of liberty in her onward flight, and plunge her in the dark sea of oblivion to perish. That order of people styled Know-Nothings, although at the start they might have had a view to the welfare of their country, and they may be the authors of some good principles and doctrines, but they are fast becoming corrupt. They are wrapping the mantle of selfishness about themselves; they regard not the welfare nor feelings of our adopted citizens; they have no sympathy for those that are bending under the iron rod of despotism, but stalk onward heedless of the bleeding hearts on which they trample. They are literally drawing about them the forms and shadows of idolatry, and saying by some portions of their creed and example, "I am, and beside me there is none else." Every knee must bow to Know-Nothingism, and every tongue confers its immaculate greatness. Aristocracy is creeping in among them, and by it they would forever crush the spirit of liberty in every man's bosom that happened to be born on the other side of the Atlantic. Struggling freedom lifts up her voice against this creed, and warns them not to crush the spirit of those adventurers who have left their native soil and friends behind, that they might enjoy the sweets of liberty in this our common country. Come on foreigners there is room enough and to spare, you have just as good right here as we. Our forefathers came from the same land. Why stay cooped up in the little nations of Europe.

The United States in extent is one of the largest nations in the world. It extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It reaches from the cape of Florida to British America. Thus stretching through the greater part of the northern temperate zone, including every variety of climate from the hot, unhealthy swamps of Florida to the cold, mountainous

regions of New Hampshire and Maine. Then come; we are glad to have you to help develop the resources of our country. Seek your freedom and homes in our midst, and we will extend to you the hand of welcome. We are glad to see so many of you on this occasion. You seem to be imbued with the same spirit of liberty as ourselves. Study our form of government, qualify yourselves to assert your political rights at the polls or in the halls of legislation.

Fellow citizens, we are becoming a great and powerful nation. Millions are being added to our population almost annually, and state after state in rapid succession is coming into the Union, annexation having extended our borders until states are springing into existence on the shores of the Pacific. The islands of that ocean are asking that annexation may bring them under the protection of our government and to the enjoyment of our free institutions. Progress is stamped on every feature of our country, and where the extended boundaries of the republic shall be finally fixed, infinite wisdom only knows. And in view of this important subject we must not forget the subject of education. The main pillars of our free institutions rest upon the intelligence of the people. The only good ground of hope that this republic will survive the lapse of ages and be perpetuated from generation to generation, is that knowledge in this country be universally diffused among the people. Whatever differences of opinion may obtain in reference to the details of a system of public instruction, it must be obvious to every mind that the whole rising generation have an indisputable right to an education; a right as indefeasible as that which they have to the air or the sunshine. This is a doctrine that should be taught every where. In our halls of legislation, in the pulpit, and by the fireside, that every child born into the world is entitled by virtue of his own existence to his just share of that vast estate of knowledge and thought, liberty and happiness which the Creator has vouched to the human family, and it is the duty, and for the interests of the whole United States, not only to acknowledge the truth of this principle, but also to attend to the matter individually and be sure that all the children practically enjoy its benefits. In view of the blessings great and innumerable

handed down to us by our forefathers, who fought and bled to gain their liberty and ours, we are placed under the most solemn and binding obligation to fit and prepare our children by their education, to transmit the same blessings untarnished to future generations.

One of the great leading ideas of the age, at least so far as our country is concerned, is the idea of a universal education. An education not partial nor superficial, but thoroughly embracing the full development of the whole man, body and mind. Besides, an education of some kind every one will have. It is not at the option of the community to decide whether an individual shall be educated or not. No, every child that grows up in society must and will be educated. Neither his own volition, nor the neglect of the parent, nor the state, can in anywise prevent it. If he is not educated in the public school, by the private teacher, at the domestic fireside, he will be educated in the streets, the stores, the taverns, the gambling houses, or perhaps the jail or prison. It is the kind of education only that is at the option of the parent, the community, the state. And we all know that there is almost an infinite gradation of the different kinds; from that which makes a brute to that which makes a man; from that which makes an idiot to that which makes a sage; from that which makes a demon to that which makes an angel.

Let us go back in imagination a few years, when the millions that are now on the stage of action were ignorant, speechless and helpless babes. Behold the similarity, their moral condition is the same. They are so similar in body and mind that the most discerning can hardly perceive the difference. But where are they now? Some are suffering for their crimes in cells and dungeons; others are moral luminaries shedding light and truth over the land; some are beating and bruising themselves against the bars of a maniac's cage; others with a keen and mighty intellect are tracing out the laws of the solar system; some are enveloping in ignorance and superstition; others are solving the mightiest problems in science; some are groveling in the most servile conditions; others are holding high converse in our nation's halls, where the destiny of millions is arbitrated. Whence this wonderful

transformation in those ignorant, speechless, helpless beings. Whence this strong contrast in the condition of those once so similar, once so nearly equal? The transformation, the contrast, is by the agency of laws, as certain in their action and infallible in their results as the laws that govern the relation of cause and effect in chemistry, in agriculture, in the mechanical arts, or in any of the departments of life.

These are truths which cannot be controverted, nor denied. And it is equally true that every child has powers and capacities that must and will be developed, either for good or evil, as they should be, or as they should not be, and the kind of development will always precisely correspond to the means used to secure the object. How important then it is that the rising generation should receive the right kind of an education. In a few years they will assume the reins of government, and may they be so educated that they will be able to give us good, wholesome and constitutional laws. I repeat my opening sentiment and close: "Our Country, Education, Liberty and Union." They are so closely connected that one cannot flourish without the other, and may the day never come when they shall be torn asunder.

L. T. P.

CHAPTER XXVII.

OUR REFUGE.

Psalms xlvii, 1.

The Lord is our refuge and stay,
In Him all our hopes will abide;
Let the world try to lead us astray,
His presence our footsteps will guide.

When storms and temptations assail;
When trials our pathway oppose;
When our strength shall falter and fail,
This refuge all hearts will enclose.

The nations that trust in the Lord,
Will flourish for ages to come;
But should they forsake His dear word,
Their folly will soon seal their doom.

In trouble the Lord is our help,
We can place all our hopes in His hands,
He then is our refuge and strength,
Oh! let us all keep His commands.

Oh! why should we ever more doubt,
So faithful He is to fulfill;
All His blessings to us meted out,
Should make us conform to His will.

This refuge is ever at hand,
And not as some think, far away,
And all who thus firmly will stand,
Will have strength for each passing day.

L. T. P.

HEIRS OF GOD.

John 1, 12—But as many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name.

All who receive the light of life,
From Him whom God hath sent,
And ground the weapons of their strife,
And of their sins repent;
To them the Father will give power,
The sons of God to be,
And in that most propitious hour,
God's glory they will see.

The glory of that blessed time,
They never will forget,
When they received this truth divine,
And to his will submit;
When this dear right, from Him received,
A son thus to become,
When on His name they do believe,
That holy, precious One.

Then they will be joint heirs, we see.
And heirs of God become,
An elder brother Christ will be,
God's only perfect son;
A title to that happy land,
In Christ's name they may have,
Then who would not receive His hand,
His love and mercy crave.

Then let us each accept this name,
Believe in Christ our Lord,
This precious truth to all proclaim,
That we may honor God;
For He has said beyond a doubt,
All who come to Me will come,
I will in no wise cast them out,
If they accept my Son.

L. T. P.

FAITH IN GOD.

Psalms xxvii.

The Lord is my light and my glory,
The Lord is the strength of my life,
To all will I tell the glad story,
For He will deliver from strife.

When the wicked shall try to destroy me,
And a host shall encamp round about,
My trust I will then place upon Thee,
My foes shall all stumble without.

One thing of the Lord I've desired,
And for that I surely will seek,
To dwell in His presence retired,
From Satan's temptations to keep.

In His temple I can then enquire,
And the beauty of heaven behold;
I can there send up a desire,
As the glories of heaven unfold.

When trouble shall come to assail me,
In His own pavilion will hide;
In His dwelling securely and safely,
I shall constantly with Him abide.

He will place me surely and firmly,
On a solid foundation to stand;
On a rock that cannot be broken,
And there will extend me His hand.

And now shall my head be uplifted,
My enemies shall be far below;
With joy will my language be gifted,
In praises my thankfulness show.

Hear me Lord when I cry with my voice,
Have mercy and answer my prayer;
I have sought Thee and Thou art my choice,
Thy face is now smiling and fair.

Do not hide Thy dear face far from me,
 Do not in Thy wrath cast away,
 For most faithful to Thee I would be,
 Do not leave me a moment, I pray.

Kindly teach me Thy way, blessed Lord,
 In paths that are plain I would go;
 Deliver by faith in Thy word,
 I hope Thy salvation to know.

Wait on the Lord and be of good cheer,
 Believe me and He'll strengthen thy heart;
 Wait on the Lord and banish all fear,
 His spirit will never depart.

L. T. P.

WOMEN'S BANQUET.

DES MOINES, Ia., 1807 Sixth Ave., Feb. 10, 1904.

Dear Badger:—

I feel called upon at this moment to state that your last issue came to hand in due time, and I hasten to say that I was highly delighted to read an account of the proceedings at the Women's Banquet.

Evansville is still my home and we take a deep interest in the welfare of that model little city. It to me is one of the greenest spots on earth. I am rejoiced to learn that the business women of that lovely city have organized an association of their own.

With the successful commencement of their first meeting still in view, I predict for the institution a glorious future. How easy for us all to talk glibly, and we think perhaps very intelligently, about equal rights. It is mostly talk. Why don't we do something? When we are willing to extend to our mothers, wives, and sisters equal suffrage and equal rights with ourselves in the administration of this government, then, and not till then, many of the six or seven hun-

dred thousand who annually fall into drunkard's graves may be saved.

We say, God bless the ladies in this great moral and religious work, and may the time not be far distant when every town, village, and city may have a business womens club and a comfortable place in which to assemble where they can freely discuss these important questions, and none to molest or make afraid.

I noticed that upon looking over the printed pages in the Badger that the three first names of the persons taking the lead in the exercises at the banquet represented the three first letters of the alphabet. Looking a little farther I discovered that by using the initial letter of each lady taking a part in the exercises, one-half of the letters of the alphabet had been called into use. While we do not take much stock in so-called good or bad omens, we were led in this case to exclaim "good enough!"

We find the name of M. Andrews,
 So well remembered by us all,
 To lead the Women's Banquet crowd,
 To extend the first grand call.
 And Ethel Baker plays the march
 That leads them to their warm repast;
 We cannot with the B's dispense
 Too near the first to come in last.

The Rev'rend Copp comes next to view,
 As we the program call to mind,
 To ask the Lord to bless them all
 And keep each heart to Him inclin'd.
 And now upon the printed page
 We see the name of Mrs. Lees;
 The "American Woman's" part
 Was handled with the greatest ease.

Then Mrs. Jennie Wilder came
 And gave "The Clerk" a fine send off;
 How she must smile when she could not,
 And must look grave when she would scoff.

Mrs. Vie Campell, too, was there
 To give the "Wise Women" their share
 Of the credit of this grand work,
 The burdens all should help to bear.

Dr. M. L. Ewing was on hand;
 "The Bachelor Maid's Dining Hall,"
 So nicely was portrayed,
 Considered feasible by all.
 Mrs. Vie C. Holmes was present,
 And eloquently told them all
 Why "The Country for the Children"
 Was the best place, summer and fall.
 Being intimate with nature,
 With object lessons near at hand,
 They can eat the choice, mellow fruit
 And live on the fat of the land.

Mrs. E. G. Burritt has the floor,
 And now will tell us what she can
 About the "Western Women's" traits
 To change pursuits, or any plan
 With strength of character and mind
 To keep all obstacles at bay,
 And clear the track when they shall find
 Such trifles standing in the way.

With Rev'rend Copp we must agree,
 Her peroration we can see
 Will place her sex where they belong,
 In mortal and immortal song,
 In moral and religious truth—
 Such doctrine will conserve the youth,
 And save them from their vicious ways,
 And help them to live out their days.

Very truly yours, L. T. P.

PENCELINGS—MILWAUKEE, EVANSVILLE, FIRST LAKE, WAU-
KESHA, LAKE BEULAH AND BACK TO EVANSVILLE.

When the dear departed one had been laid to rest within the vault of flowers, prepared by kind friends for the reception of all that remained on earth of a noble, christian woman, we returned with the husband, son and daughter and only sister to the house of mourning in the city of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

We spent about two weeks arranging everything within for the purpose of leaving a once happy home and closing the same indefinitely. Then we returned to Evansville and visited about two weeks with our son George and family.

The first part of June they closed their house and we all repaired to their beautiful summer cottage on Lake Kegonsa. It was quite cool a portion of the time we were there, but we enjoyed ourselves exceedingly.

A big blazing fire in the capacious fireplace gave us plenty of heat, and in the evening a halo of light within the big sitting room was so very enjoyable that we were inclined to linger within its limits for an indefinite period or until the fuel had been nearly all consumed.

Having many old friends in the Evansville settlement and some of the others, we spent some of our evenings very pleasantly in visiting with them. All were prepared to warm up their cottages, so as to have them comfortable and pleasant. We spent some of our time in fishing when the weather was suitable. We caught all the fish we could eat, and a great many big ones that we did not try to eat. We caught some with a steel hook and a very few with a silver hook. Ordinarily, when fish bite well and the catch is liberal, lazy people can catch all the fish they want with a silver hook, provided they happen to have that kind of a hook. If not, they are apt to get left.

They get a good variety of fish on this lake; pike pickeral, black bass, silver bass, perch, etc. It is said that dogfish, catfish, billfish, carpfish, sunfish, bullheads and other varieties abound in Lake Kegonsa, but as we seldom hear of

a good fisherman pulling in anything of that variety, we conclude it must be all a myth. No one but a greenhorn would permit any of the last-mentioned fish to get caught on a hook that he thought anything of. I like to fish, but I don't want any dogs or cats in mine. After a two week's outing, we returned to Evansville and spent two weeks very pleasantly with R. M. Antes and family.

Before leaving this city we met Mrs. Hawley, Mrs. Anna Bennett White, of Lake Beulah, Walworth County, Wisconsin, and Mrs. J. Bennett and daughter of Fort Collins, Colorado. Mrs. White insisted upon a visit from wife and I in the near future. Said she would return home the first of the next week, and as we were going to Waukesha in a few days to stop at the Betz House, she would 'phone us there when to visit them.

Our room was the one formerly occupied by Mrs. Hawley. It was large and very comfortable, situated in the front part of the house on the first floor, with three windows, and nicely furnished. In due time (three days, I think) we were notified to take the train on the Wisconsin Central at half-past 2 o'clock p. m. the next Tuesday and they would meet us with a team at 3 o'clock. We made the distance (15 miles) in a half hour. We were delighted to meet these old friends—the Bennetts and the Whites—some of whom we had known for more than thirty-five years. Mr. I. M. Bennett, an old business partner, with a two-seated rig was already there awaiting our arrival.

In just about one hour we found ourselves at his summer home, in the midst of his family, consisting of himself and wife and Mr. C. F. White, his son-in-law, and Mrs. Annie White, his daughter.

Mr. White is the owner of this property, and has a large farm in connection with the lake privileges, which he manages to turn over to advantage in the course of the summer with a good supply of milk, butter, eggs and all kinds of vegetables. He keeps a flock of sheep, four jersey cows, and three big work horses. Has two men in the summer to run the farm and one in winter. Has two barns, several other buildings for carriages, wagons, farm machinery, farming implements, workshops, etc. Has an eight-room tenement house

and all the appurtenances thereunto belonging, for the comfort and convenience of same. Of course, the main building is the beautiful fifteen-room dwelling house, built on an eminence, within 200 feet of and overlooking almost the entire lake. This house is nicely planned for comfort and convenience and many people can be pleasantly entertained therein at the same time. It is nearly new, well built and elegantly furnished throughout. The lawns, shrubbery, plants, vines, flowers, and everything along that line is all that heart can wish. Apparently no pains have been spared nor expense avoided in building up, furnishing and equipping, outside and inside, this delightful summer home.

They have a large convenient boat house to shelter an elegant steam launch and several rowboats, a good landing where all their water craft will be perfectly safe.

During our sojourn there, our kind friends gave us a delightful trip around the lake in their naphtha steam launch, giving us a fine opportunity to see much more than we otherwise would of the beauties of the scenery and the cottages that line the shore on nearly all sides. This lake is five miles long and a little more than one mile wide. There are several hotels and boarding houses along its shores besides the private cottages that contain only a family. The largest hotel we saw and passed was Hotel Beulah with a capacity of 500 guests at a time. This hotel is three miles from the station by way of the wagon road. Do not know how far by water. The fishing on this lake is said to be good. The scenery around it is magnificent.

Combined with all other beauties, we find an elegant farming country with good roads in every direction and running streams of clear, pure water, making this one of the most charming regions in the whole country for summer rest. While we were there the nights were very pleasant and cool, and the days full of sunshine. Friends Bennett and White were quite busy haying some of the time while we were there. I offered to assist them, but my services were rejected. Guess they thought I was too old to work, so I did not insist. I was truly glad to find my friend Bennett so well, and able to do so much work.

This is said to be like an old-fashioned country neighbor-

hood, where all are well acquainted. This makes it a popular resort for all rest seekers who like good society, for they can find it here and enjoy every moment spent at Lake Beulah.

The time of our departure being at hand, after bidding adieu to Mr. and Mrs. White and extending unto them our warmest thanks for their kindness in entertaining us so nicely, we were seated in the big, three-seated carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, and were soon on our way to the station which we reached in due time. The train was a little late, but we reached Waukesha about sunset and the Betz House before dark. Our stay was three weeks altogether in this beautiful little city. We spent much of our time when it was pleasant, visiting the different springs, listening to the music, and partaking of nature's beverage in the form of the sparkling, invigorating waters that issue therefrom.

During the hot days in July we made several trips to Milwaukee, returning the same evening. It was so much cooler and cleaner on the electric cars than on the steam cars. When in Milwaukee during the day we did a little trading and some visiting. We visited at the home of Mr. W. D. Gray and Captain Chipman. We also passed one very pleasant evening with Dr. Kalmerton and wife and their son Stilson. Our son, Chas. F. P. Pullen, accompanied us home to the Betz House several nights, returning to his business at the German-American Bank in the morning.

Having heard from parties in Evansville concerning a little matter of business, and considering it necessary for me to be there to personally attend the same, we came last Wednesday afternoon and here we still remain. Our people in Des Moines, Iowa, wanted us to return there in season for them to celebrate our fifty-fifth wedding anniversary, which occurs next Friday, August fifth. We would have made a great effort in that direction had it not been for that little matter of business mentioned above.

Some little talk was indulged in one year ago about celebrating our fifty-fourth anniversary, but my wife's sister, Mrs. M. J. Mayhew, wife of Rev. H. A. Mayhew of Sacramento, California, suddenly passed away to her home beyond on the third day of August, and the funeral took place the

fifth, so our prospect for rejoicing was suddenly turned into a season of mourning.

Mrs. Mayhew had been quite ill for sometime, and at the time of her decease was at Pacific Grove, California, hoping by the change to benefit her health. She was born in the state of Maine, February 1, 1827, and was my wife's last living sister. During nearly all her life, while in health, she was actively engaged in various kinds of christian work, consisting mostly of church, temperance and benevolent activities. When she became too feeble to travel and engage in representing all these different subjects in conventions in other states, she was greatly missed by her contemporary workers, and by them many prayers were offered at a throne of grace for her restoration to health. Her husband is still living in Sacramento, is now about eighty-three years of age, enjoys fairly good health, with an active mind, and if necessary can preach on short notice a sermon that would be a credit to almost any of our modern preachers. Christians have a great advantage, the gospel is always new even if it does come from an old source.

We now expect to be able to close up our social as well as our business engagements here in a few days, and then make a trip to Des Moines, Iowa, about the tenth of August, where we will probably remain the balance of the summer. Our stay in Wisconsin has been very pleasant and agreeable. Many kind friends have invited us to their homes to enjoy their hospitalities, and we appreciate it very much. We have also met a great many old friends upon the streets and business places and churches of our little city of Evansville, and the honest, hearty greetings then and there received will linger in our memories and continue to refresh our minds and sweeten our lives as long as we remain upon this green earth. May the great Ruler of heaven and earth be in all their hearts and lives, and keep them from all evil.

L. T. P.

LAKE BEULAH.

Thy beauties we cannot portray,
Thy restful shores we now must leave;
Dear friends, who have prolonged our stay,
Ten thousand thanks from us receive.

Their kindness we cannot forget,
Their friendship we have long enjoyed,
We leave them all with Him who yet,
Their hearts and ours will keep employed.

L. T. P.

LOVE-SICK SWAIN.

Had I bright glittering jewels,
And had I your consent,
Low at thy shrine I'd lay them,
And nothing could prevent;
I'd say, my dearest maiden,
For you my heart doth pine,
Oh! take a life's devotion,
And say thou wilt be mine.

Had I the wealth of Ophir,
I'd lay it at thy feet,
I'd say my dearest maiden,
You are so pure and sweet,
All that I have I give you,
Houses, lands, and everything,
Only give me your affections,
Of my heart you are queen.

Had I the crowns of kingdoms,
I'd place them on thy brow,
I'd say my dearest maiden,
Low at thy feet I bow;

To me you are more precious
Than gems or glittering toys,
Oh! that I could be welcome,
To all your social joys.

Had I all kingly wisdom,
All knowledge and all power,
I'd say my dearest maiden,
This is your rightful dower;
Accept it from your lover,
From him these honors fall,
When I with you compare them,
Their value is but small.

Had I all nature's beauty,
In flowers and shining gems,
I'd cast them all before thee,
They could not make amends,
For all your heart's affections,
Which I so much do crave,
Could I possess this treasure,
I'd gladly be your slave.

To be your slave forever,
Would be my greatest joy,
For always to be near you
Is bliss without alloy;
To be forever with you,
And know what you desire,
'Twould be my greatest pleasure,
To grant all you require.

Had I the fame of statesman,
Of potentates or kings,
I'd say to you, dear maiden,
The honor all this brings,
Shall be to you a diadem,
The glory shall be thine;
Oh! take a life's devotion,
And say thou wilt be mine.

Had I a world of pleasure,
 Awaiting my command,
 I'd say my dearest maiden,
 Could I but win your hand,
 All this I would bestow on you,
 The one I love so well,
 The pleasure then in store for us,
 No mortal tongue could tell.

Had I the joys of heaven,
 I'd share them all with thee,
 This is the only hope I have,
 The only chance I see;
 And as you say you can't be mine,
 While we on earth shall stay,
 I hope to meet you on the shore
 Of everlasting day.

L. T. P.

TESTIMONY

Malachi iii, 16, 17.

All those who fear the Lord,
 Will often speak His praise,
 Will dwell upon His word,
 And ponder well His ways;
 Will speak to others of that Friend,
 Who hearkened to their voice,
 And heard their secret cry, just when
 They made the Lord their choice.

Then let His servants tell,
 The story of the cross,
 And what the Saviour did
 For them when they were lost;

From honest hearts speak of His love,
And tell just how He came,
From His bright resting place above,
And bore our sins and shame.

Tell of the doubts and fears,
That long had been your lot,
Tell of the gloomy years,
Your unbelief had brought;
Tell of the darkness of your mind,
While you remained in sin,
Tell how you tried this peace to find,
But failed His love to win.

Tell how He came at last,
When earthly help had failed,
The heavens seemed as brass,
While you your state bewailed;
No eye but His to pity you,
No other arm to save,
Salvation then was brought to view,
He snatched you from the grave.

For you were dead in sin,
And ever would remain
In trespasses within,
The land where Satan reigned;
The grace of God then came to you,
When all seemed to be lost,
And did your mind and heart renew,
While you took up the cross.

All those who fear the Lord,
And think upon His name,
And tell His works abroad,
His truth and love proclaim;
Will be remembered in His book,
That God for them has kept,
And to their welfare He will look,
For Christ o'er sinners wept.

And they shall all be mine,
 Saith God the Lord of hosts,
 Like jewels they will shine,
 Of works they do not boast,
 And in that day when I shall come,
 My jewels to secure,
 I will receive them every one,
 Who shall in heart be pure.

Then go and tell the world,
 What God has done for you,
 And how He has unfurled
 His banner, bright and new;
 And all who dwell in earthly woe,
 May come and taste His love,
 May for themselves these beauties know,
 May dwell with Him above.

L. T. P.

THE TEACHING OF THE LORD.

"And all thy children shall be taught of thee; and great shall be the peace of thy children.—Isaiah liv, 13.

Although the mountains may depart,
 The hills may be removed,
 My love engraven on the heart,
 Will all thy sorrows sooth.

My kindness shall remain with thee,
 My covenant of peace,
 More firm than earthly things shall be.
 A sure and lasting lease.

A lease of everlasting life,
 Of mercy, joy, and grace;
 A refuge from the storms and strife,
 A help in every place.

Thus saith the Lord, thy works I see,
To me all things are plain;
I will not hide my face from thee,
If faithful thou remain.

Afflicted ones and tempest tossed,
I know all thy complaints;
Thy prayers to Me will not be lost,
Thy home is with the saints.

A sure foundation thou shalt have,
Thy borders I will lay
With pleasant stones, thy path will pave,
Fair colors cheer thy way.

Bright agates will thy windows make,
Thy gates shall lift their heads,
For I have suffered for thy sake,
And risen from the dead.

Thy children shall be taught of Me,
And great shall be their peace;
Far from oppression thou shalt be,
From fear will thee release.

No weapon shall My children harm,
No tongue in judgment rise;
My heritage knows no alarm,
No fear can there arise.

Come unto Me ye weary ones,
And I will give you rest;
Come unto Me my ransomed sons,
And be forever blest.

L. T. P.

HELP IN TIME OF NEED.

SUNDAY, June 28, 1885.

I am not very well today,
They all have gone to church,
And I am left alone to stay,
For happiness to search.

I am not left to search in vain,
But have the peace of God,
Which in my heart seems to remain,
Though passing 'neath the rod.

Although not well a Friend is near,
To cheer me on my way;
To me His will seems just and clear,
His mandates I'll obey.

We are His creatures, made by Him,
He knows just what we need;
And though our pathway oft seems dim,
His grace will give us speed.

The chastenings which we often feel,
Come from His hand in love;
By them He will to us reveal,
That help comes from above.

Our trials and afflictions here
Do not to us seem good;
And we are apt to cry severe,
In a complaining mood.

Our courage sometimes seems to sink,
Our hopes and hearts to fail;
And in despair we often think,
We must our state bewail.

An unseen Friend is ever near,
His children to sustain

In trials, though they seem severe,
If faithful they remain.

And when He brings them safely out,
A joyful psalm they'll sing;
Like David they will cry and shout,
Behold! my Lord, my King.

Oh! what a soul supporting grace,
Such faith will ever bring;
All else shall fail, but not a trace
Of fear will to us cling.

Faith does not with the flesh consult,
The word of grace and truth,
Will guide the soul, and the result
Shall be eternal youth.

Christ said to Peter, for thee I've prayed,
Thy faith shall never fail;
Though lips deny, thy heart is stayed
On Him, who will prevail.

The precious Head is now above,
His members here below;
For them He prays, and still His love
Will guide them where they go.

Wait on the Lord, fresh courage take,
He will thy strength renew,
If not for thine, for Christ's own sake,
Thy case He'll keep in view.

L. T. P.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GOLDEN WEDDING POEM.

The following poem in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of our marriage, I affectionately dedicate to my faithful, loving, devoted wife; whose hopeful genial nature, unflinching courage and unwavering faith, I hold in grateful remembrance, as being the foundation and key-note of our matrimonial happiness: enabling us in times of adversity to occupy higher ground, and thus obtain clearer and brighter views of the better and more sunny side of human life.

For half a century the joys and sorrows incident to our lives have been willingly, peacefully and happily shared together; and now it is the sincere and fervent desire of my heart, that the few remaining days allotted to us here on earth may be as pleasant, peaceful and happy as the days and years of the past.

L. T. P.

At evening time it shall be light.—Zec. xiv, 7.

EVANSVILLE, Wis. Aug. 5, 1899.

Let there be light was first proclaimed—
And light beamed forth in softest ray!
“God saw the light that it was good,”
And very fitly called it day.

“The morning stars together sang,”
And all the sons of God for joy,
To chant the great Creator’s praise,
Their sweetest vocal notes employ.

The bright celestial orbs of heaven,
Their light and beauty all combine;
To voice the everlasting truth,
“The hand that made us is Divine.”

Oh, may we prize all light received
From nature, heaven, and from man;
And follow on in wisdom’s ways,
To light us through our earthly span.

This calls to mind our wedding day,
So clear, so beautiful and bright!
All nature so serene and calm—
No cloud to dim the perfect light.

Our hearts responsive to the scene,
Drank in the brightness of the day;
And when our pledges were redeemed,
Went forth rejoicing on our way.

The first few years, with willing hands
We tilled the hard New England soil;
And thus supplied our daily wants,
By active, faithful, honest toil.

The shades and sunshine seem to blend—
The darkness seldom came in sight;
Health, strength and confidence were ours,
And labor then, was our delight.

Since we our married life began,
Fifty glad years have passed away!
And still our hearts seem just as young,
As on our happy wedding day.

At times our hearts have been distressed,
As those we loved were called away;
But having learned to trust in God,
His grace was equal to our day.

When these afflictions were severe,
The shadows then began to fall—
When all seemed dark and comfortless,
A voice was heard, to us a call!

Come unto Me ye weary ones!
To Me the helpless I invite!
My word and promises are sure!
“At evening time it shall be light.”

When we our cares had cast on Him
Who bears our burdens every day,
“At evening time” the light shone in,
To cheer and guide us on our way.

As children came, our cares increased;
But still our sunshine grew more bright;
Our love was strengthened day by day,
Our pathway too increased in light.

As children grew to man's estate,
Our hearts were broader and more strong;
And children's children now have come
To cheer us on with happy song.

There's room for all—we live for them,
And may they all respected be;
We love them more than words can tell,
Their happiness we hope to see.

We long to see them wise and good,
With morals always clean and pure;
With lives devoted to the right,
Their happiness will be secure.

We may not see them all grow up,
As age is stealing o'er us fast—
Our evening time of life has come,
The noontide glory now is past.

The evening shadows gather in,
The twilight now is fairly on,
Our active time of life is o'er,
Our Golden days are well nigh gone.

But, hark! and listen to that voice!
It seems to come from heaven's throne!
"At evening time it shall be light,
Take courage now, your're not alone."

He will be with us in the vale;
And if a shadow should appear—
The valley will not be so dark,
That we need have the slightest fear.

Our hand in His, we will be safe
When Jordan's river comes in sight;
He softly whispers in our ear,
"At evening time it shall be light."

And when the river we shall cross,
Eternal day will be in sight—
The morning glory of God's love,
Will take the place of evening light.

The light of Heaven on all will shine;
No need of any other light—
For in that Holy, happy place,
We love to read "there is no night."

L. T. P.

SUPPLEMENTAL POEM.

DES MOINES, Ia., Aug. 5, 1903.

Four Golden years have come and gone,
To seal our happy jubilee;
And we are spared to journey on,
Kind friends and loved ones still to see.

So many changing, shifting scenes!
The last four years have brought to mind;
So many kind and loving friends,
Have gone before! a home to find.

The young and old have passed away,
We, with their friends were led to mourn,
As we beheld the precious clay,
By loving hands so softly borne.

Of course we knew the time must come
When we would pass the same lone way,
And often prayed for grace Divine,
To cheer our hearts on that sad day.

Our dear old home in Evansville,
Since then has passed to other hands;
We trust the friends who there remain,
Will wisely seek still fairer lands.

Another earthly home we find,
In this grand, lively, thriving state;
Its people never are behind,
But always fully up to date.

The friends we meet are very choice,
So thoughtful, pleasant and benign;
Relieving us of needless fear,
And to the shades, such fear consign.

How glad we are to find such friends,
For they are truly "friends in need;"
And hope that worthy we may prove,
That we may all be "friends in deed."

May heaven's own light upon us shine!
Life's journey is not very long—
No time to spare in vain pursuits,
So let us join life's happy throng.

Eternity is just ahead!
Its image now before us stands!
And friendship binds our willing hearts,
In cheerful, joyous, lasting bands.

And now dear wife we'll trust in Him,
Who formed the heavens and the earth,
In His own image made us all,
Oh! what a happy, royal birth!

Our Heavenly Father's loving hand,
Is still extended far and wide;
His holy spirit still is near,
To cheer our hearts, our footsteps guide.

The quiet shades have softer grown,
The shadows lengthen by degrees;
Autumnal lights are running low—
Fall leaves now rustle on the trees.

It is not dark, but it is late!
The shades of evening gather fast!
We cannot see the open gate—
It must be near—our light will last.

The promised "evening light" still shines;
The distant lights will soon be seen!
The mansions they illumine are near—
And soon our light will be serene!

It is not dreary—but so still!
So quiet now; the busy world
And active scenes of life we leave—
The future soon will be unfurled!

The burden other's now must bear,
We cast it off without regret,
We tried while young to do our part—
And our mistakes remember yet.

The future may not be quite clear,
And we a few more days can wait—
The quiet messenger will come;
Then, we can see the open gate!

Our hearts are sometimes very sad—
We know our loved ones we must leave,
To battle with the ills of life,
But think they should not sorely grieve.

Father and mother will be missed—
But time will kindly intervene;
The sharp-edged twinge will disappear,
The anguish then, will be less keen.

How patiently we now should wait
The call, to come into life's dawn;
Where love and joy forever dwell.
No darkness—but eternal morn!

Oh thou great Author of all light!
Still lead and guide us on our way;
We hope to meet all our dear friends,
In that abode of endless day.

The Golden day, eternal day!
How very near to earth it lies!
The day of peace, the day of rest—
That makes Divine, our human ties!

Help us to lift our hearts to Thee
Great God of love, Father of light!
No darkness there to hide thy face—
In thine abode, there is no night!

L. T. P.

SUPPLEMENTAL POEM NO. 2, 1904.

One more milestone can now be seen,
Upon our pleasant road of life;
Another year its course has run—
Still, we are here, my own dear wife!

Yes, one more golden year is gone!
And one more milestone now is set;
The changing scenes, that shock us most—
We will not, while we live, forget.

The passing on of those dear friends!
Whom we have known so long and well;
With sadness, fills our aching hearts—
Such sorrow, seems too hard to tell.

But God is good, and is so near!
He ever hears the faintest cry;
Extends his help, in time of need,
Our every want will soon supply.

Those dear kind friends are better off,
Than when controlled by mortal mind;
Eternal peace! immortal rest!
In His abode will ever find.

Our golden years now Fifty-Five!
Still find us in our mortal state—
How long we'll stay on this green earth,
We are not able to relate.

The joy and peace that dwells within!
And fills our souls with love and truth;
Comes from a source that makes our lives—
Partake of spring's eternal youth.

We cannot, if we would, grow old!
A living principle within,
Brings youth and vigor, to our hearts,
And washes out the stains of sin.

Old age should never make us sad,
As we look forward to the end
Of mortal life, in this vain world;
But rather tend to make us glad.

Immortal souls, are surely glad—
Glad eternity is so near!
It is the goal of all our hopes,
The end of ev'ry earthly fear.

Now fill my heart with sacred love,
Is the desire of ev'ry one,
Whose mind is raised to things above,
Where dwells God's holy, faithful Son.

“All life is but a step towards peace”—
When people live to good old age,
The step thus taken leads them on,
To realms unwritten on life's page.

To grow old gracefully, we must
Consider well our fellow men—
To them a greater debt is due!
Than voice can speak, or hand can pen.

The greatest principle of life!
Becomes involved at this fine point;
The outside world must here come in—
Or graceful age is out of joint.

Our own mishaps let us forget;
To those we meet extend our aid—
In some way, we may help them on,
And not expect to be repaid.

Our friends of Nineteen Hundred Three,
In the good city of Des Moines;
Are dearer now, than when first seen,
They have the ring of precious coin.

'Twas well we met them when we did,
They've been to us a source of joy!
We've found in their unselfish ways,
Great pleasure, unmixed with alloy.

The chords of love and friendship bind
Our hearts, in golden bands of grace!
It would be hard at this late day,
To find new friends, to fill their place.

And may the choicest blessings flow,
Into the life of each dear friend;
We hope to greet them many times,
Before our journey here shall end.

Our lives must still continue on,
Until we reach the great beyond!
Immortal, then we all shall be,
Comprising one eternal bond!

Old "Father Time" will not be there;
But must remain right here on earth;
This is the place for him to dwell—
'Twas here he had his humble birth.

We'll have no use for him above,
He serves us very well while here—
But, when from earth we shall remove,
We leave him without dread or fear.

Time cannot enter that abode,
For all eternity is there!
The blessed change will be so great—
Oh! let us for it now prepare.

A kindly act, or gentle word,
Performed, or spoken in good time;
May fill some heart, with love and peace,
And make eternity sublime.



PHOTO OF GROUP TAKEN AT SURPRISE RECEPTION.

Our sun of life is almost set—
No clouds obscure its brilliant rays;
The golden hues that tinge the west,
Remind us of departing days,

Now let us wait God's own good time;
It seems to us it must be near,
It matters not how long or short—
If He is only with us here.

L. T. P.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SURPRISE RECEPTION.

At home of R. M. Richmond, August 5, 1904.

The big surprise reception, convened at the above date upon the beautiful and well-kept lawn of our highly-respected attorney mentioned above, in honor of ourselves and in commemoration of our fifty-fifth wedding anniversary, was of such magnitude as to be worthy of something more than a passing notice. The number of persons in attendance was marvelous to all. The enjoyment of all was evidently reciprocal. Now it is quite clear to us that a few words of explanation at this juncture will be in order.

We were invited by our dear friend, Mrs. D. Stevens, a few days before, to take tea with her at her home on Main street the following Friday evening. The time set for us to be present was three o'clock in the afternoon. The number of persons invited was not stated, but a few names of persons who were expected to be there were given, and we inferred that there might be as many as ten or twelve.

Friday came, and between three and four o'clock, possi-

bly a little later, we were ready to go. Leaving the R. M. Antes home on Madison street in company with Mrs. Antes and her daughters, we walked to Church street, turned westward on Church to First street, thence north to the side door of the Stevens' home, into which we were ushered by a daughter of Mrs. Stevens, and were invited to take seats in the parlor. We were not a little astonished to find out that we were the first there. Mrs. Stevens and Mr. Byron Andrews were in the parlor, and both arose and greeted us very cordially. Mrs. Stevens took my hat, and Mr. Andrews said that his mother had started to call on Mrs. Stevens but learned that she had invited other company and so she had stopped at Mrs. Richmond's, and would be very much pleased to see Mr. and Mrs. Pullen just a few minutes; they need not be gone but a very short time and could return as soon as his mother had seen them, if Mrs. Stevens would only excuse them for this purpose. Mrs. Stevens replied: "Certainly, I will willingly excuse them for a short time under the circumstances, and shall expect to see them again soon."

My hat was trotted out and donned in short order, and we were on our way to Mrs. Richmond's in much less time than it takes to write it. We soon discovered a large crowd of people upon the lawn at the Richmond home. I innocently remarked to my wife as we first saw them at a distance, that Mr. Richmond's people must be having a lawn party of some kind. She replied: "It looks like it."

About this time we were so near I discovered that I knew all or nearly all of the good people composing the Richmond lawn party, and that they were mostly our old friends. This was to me a great discovery. Not quite as great as the discovery of America, but sufficiently great to open my eyes and reveal to me the fact that I had to a certain extent been blindfolded, but now the bandage had been lifted and I saw things in their true light. Mrs. Stevens' expectations were fully realized as she saw us again very soon, but not at her own home. Congratulations now became general, and were considered in order the balance of the afternoon. Everybody seemed delighted, and the conversation taking a lively turn many choice utterances fell from the lips of those who were present.



PHOTO OF GROUP TAKEN AT SURPRISE RECEPTION.

About this time a prominent lady suggested that it would be a good time to send for a photographer to come and take the pictures of the lawn surprise party, if not already too late. Another quick-witted young lady responded by running into the house and 'phoning to Mr. Combs, to know if he could go right up and attend to the matter. In twenty minutes he was on the spot, and by the use of a little moral suasion, tact, energy, diligence and skill he soon had us all arranged, young and old, and the snap-shot was fired, revealing the pictures of a good-looking, contented and happy company. Said photo we hope will eventually find its way into "Pullen's Pencilings"

About this time a call for supper was heard, and not only heard but was duly heeded. All with gray hair were invited to the first table. In my opinion the gray-headed persons did not all get a seat at the first table. But the second table just about covered the ground, with a few seats to spare for the black-haired people, the auburn, the chestnut, the blonde, and the brown. All seemed to greatly enjoy the bountiful repast. Ample provisions had been made; the cooking was most excellent; everything was good; and the supper, like the surprise, was pronounced a success. Two or three very conservative gentlemen counted the persons seated at the tables, estimated the balance, and reported the number present as being one hundred and fifty. The weather was delightful; the lawn, having just been watered, was clean, fresh and fragrant; the foliage of the shade trees, under which the tables were placed, was at its best; the beautiful, soft sunlight was pleasant and agreeable to the eyes, while the heat was so completely excluded as to render the use of fans unnecessary.

The best and most impressive part of the whole arrangement, so far as we were concerned, was the fact that all these agreeable and pleasant transactions were enacted at our old home. Thirty-six years had been passed on these very premises. The shade trees, the grassy lawns and nearly everything pertaining to the beautiful grounds had been cultivated and cared for by us. We had often entertained our friends and relatives here. Our golden wedding had been celebrated here five years ago. Some of these same friends

were with us on that occasion who were present on this. Now our kind friends without our knowledge had assembled to commemorate another important period in the history of our married life; to wit, our fifty-fifth wedding anniversary. Such kindness and consideration on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Richmond, George, Lill, and Lloyd Pullen, and all the friends who had originated the scheme and assisted in carrying it out, almost overwhelmed us with gratitude.

We have ascertained more recently that several others at a distance had been informed of what was to take place Friday afternoon, but did not get the notice in season to be here. Will only mention two names, our son, Chas. F. P. Pullen, and Perry C. Wilder. Have since received regrets and congratulations from both. One thing more I desire to mention, we wish it distinctly understood that the ladies and gentlemen who so patiently and pleasantly waited upon the tables, and so carefully supplied the wants of all the guests, have placed us under great obligations to them, and we extend to them our warmest thanks.

Later we have learned that our daughter, Mrs. W. H. Antes, husband and son Herbert, would have attended the surprise reception had they received notice in season to come with Mr. and Mrs. J. Antes and Lizzie Antes, when they returned to Rockford.

L. T. P.

STORY OF JACOB.

It always seemed to me as though Jacob was not as honest and reliable naturally, as his father and grandfather. They were as nearly perfect patterns of honesty, integrity and piety as can be found in ancient or modern history. Jacob in his youthful days did several things that were not really commendable, but later in life we find him truly penitent. Eventually he became a very good, conscientious man.

He had a brother by the name of Esau, who was a very shrewd and successful hunter, spending his time mostly in

field or forest. Jacob was said to be a plain man, dwelling in tents. Esau came in one day from the field very faint and tired, and entered Jacob's tent in an exhausted and apparently almost dying condition. Jacob had just made a kettle of soup, probably for himself. Esau wanted some of it. This was Jacob's opportunity. "All right, brother, sell me your birthright, and I will feed you." Esau felt and claimed that he was at the point of death, and his birthright would be no profit to him and he could have it. Jacob then put Esau under oath, and thus they closed the sale of the birthright. Then Jacob fed his brother with bread, soup and vegetables. He ate and drank to his heart's content, in fact made a good square meal; was greatly refreshed and went on his way rejoicing. But, mind you, he was minus his birthright, and Jacob was the gainer.

Isaac loved his son Esau, and when he became old and blind and thought perhaps he would not live long, he sent him out hunting one day to obtain for him venison to make a savory meat of which he was very fond, so he could eat and bless Esau before he died. Jacob's mother happened to overhear the conversation, and as Jacob was her favorite son she desired to secure the blessing for him. So she told him all about it, and directed him to go to the flocks and get a couple of kids and bring to her, and she would manage to secure his father's blessing for him. Jacob was a little fearsome that his father might by his touch detect the deception, as his brother was a hairy man, and he a smooth one; but his mother managed it very nicely, and before the hunter's return her son Jacob had fed his blind father, received the blessing and immediately skipped out.

When Esau returned and found out the whole transaction he was very wrathful, hated his brother, and threatened when his father was dead that he would kill his brother. When his mother heard of this threat she sent him away to his uncle Laban in Haram. Jacob set out immediately on foot, and entirely alone, for a place of safety. After sunset of the first day of his journey, tired, footsore and hungry he selected a place to lie down and tarry for the night. He had the bare ground for a bed, stones for his pillow, and the canopy of heaven for his covering. He dreamed that he saw

a ladder reaching all the way from earth to heaven, and angels upon it ascending and descending. The Lord stood above the ladder, and made him in his dream exceedingly great and precious promises if he would only trust and follow Him. He finally awoke out of his sleep and felt sure that God was near him. He was afraid, and said: "Surely the Lord is in this place and I knew it not." He then and there made a vow unto the Lord that he would love, serve and obey Him, and if the Lord prospered him he would give a tenth of his income for the service and support of His cause. I have no doubt when he laid himself down that night he was penitent. Then without further incident he continued his journey until he reached the home of his uncle Laban. He made a bargain with him to help take care of his flocks and herds.

In the meantime he was married to his daughter Rachael, and lived with his uncle twenty years altogether, and Laban changed his wages ten times. He had nothing when he commenced work for his uncle, but notwithstanding his wages were changed ten times and cut down he went away comparatively a rich man. Laban was a little tricky with his nephew, and held him to very hard terms all the time he was running his ranch on shares. Jacob bore all the loss from theft and destruction by wild beasts day and night. Also had to be on guard day and night in heat and frost without sleep or sufficient rest to fully recuperate his physical strength. He gave fourteen years of hard labor for the two daughters of his uncle. Jacob now was on his way to the land of his fathers.

While on his way he thought well to send messengers to his brother Esau. The messengers returned as soon as practicable, and reported that they saw Esau and he was coming with four hundred men to meet Jacob. This information frightened Jacob to such an extent that he selected a large number out of his flocks and herds to send forward as a present to his brother Esau to appease his wrath. That night before his expected meeting with his brother, was an anxious night with Jacob. He spent the entire night until the break of day in prayer to God for a peaceful meeting with his brother the next day. He received the evidence of his acceptance with God and an assurance that his life should be

preserved, and was no longer afraid to go forward and meet his brother. All past trouble and differences pertaining to birthright and blessings were talked over in a friendly manner, Jacob's princely gift was accepted by Esau, and everything was forever settled. Jacob's name was changed to Israel, and he was a wiser and a better man.

Jacob journeyed on to Succoth and thence to the city of Shalem in the land of Canaan, where he bought a piece of land and paid for it in silver, and spread his tent. Jacob became very rich, and the land where he and Esau lived was not sufficient to sustain all the cattle and herds belonging to both, so Esau left Canaan and removed to Mount Seir in Edom. Just before Jacob and Esau separated for good their father Isaac died at the age of one hundred and eighty years, and both sons attended the funeral.

Jacob had twelve sons, who were a great help to him in his old age looking after his flocks and herds, but in other respects they gave him much pain and trouble. Jacob being very fond of his son Joseph, a lad of seventeen years, gave him a coat of many colors, which had a tendency to make some of his brothers jealous, and he did not have much peace of mind until he moved to Egypt and settled down in Goshen. He was one hundred and thirty years old when he went there, and lived in peace and plenty—notwithstanding the seven years of famine—for seventeen years more, when he died and was carried out of Egypt, and buried in the field of Machpelah, with his father, mother, grandfather and grandmother, and his wife.

Much more might be written of this great bible character and man of God, but I forbear and refer my readers to the last twenty-five chapters of the book of Genesis for a full history of this wonderful man.

L. T. P.

WORKS OF NATURE.

How beautiful the works of God!
With what delight they fill the mind;
The man that hearkens to His word,
Peace, joy and hope will always find.

This mighty globe that once was void,
Was by His word made to exist;
The means that were by Him employed,
Were such as He saw fit to list.

He is the Author of all things,
All things by Him created were;
He gives to life those needful springs,
Nothing His power can deter.

The mountains high by Him were made;
The hills and hillocks He did shape;
The rivers, woodlands, and the glade,
All, all are the Almighty's make.

He also made the purling rills,
That ripple onward through the dale;
That wind their way among the hills,
And do great good within the vale.

He also made the mighty deep,
From which the brooks and rivers flow;
Around this globe their course they keep,
Back to old ocean they do go.

The firmament He also made,
He placed those lights above us high,
That cause the darkness to recede,
And wing their flight along the sky.

He made the sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars to rule by night;
And He assigned to each their way,
And each contributes to the light.

And He created man at last,
And placed all things beneath his sway;
His blessing on all things He passed;
And rested on the seventh day.

All things by Him supported are,
The laws of nature govern all;
And should one law another mar,
Whole systems would in ruin fall.

He gave us life; He gives us health;
He gives us all the things we need;
His love is more than earthly wealth,
It will the soul and body feed.

Oh! then, let us His word peruse,
And strive His mandates to obey;
His statutes we should not abuse,
But ever own His lawful sway.

L. T. P.

CHAPTER XXX.

CIDER AS A BEVERAGE.

Many individuals who call themselves temperance people all over the land, occasionally, yea frequently, indulge in a glass of sweet cider. They touch nothing stronger, not even the cider after it becomes hard. Others who claim to be just as temperate, drink the cider after fermentation has taken place, and like it even better than before. They say it does not taste so sickish and insipid as when new; that age and fermentation purifies and improves it; that they used to like it when sweet, but now, for their part, they prefer something that has a little more twang to it than sweet cider. But they do not drink enough to feel it, and they would not drink anything stronger for the world. Oh! no; they are strictly temperate, and look with loathing and disgust upon the brute, as he is often called, who swills down the whisky, gin and brandy, and rolls in the gutter.

Oh! consistency thou art a jewel!

Those very persons who drink that sweet cider at first, and then drink it when a day or two old, and then a week or two older, are leading their own appetites on step by step, step by step, perverting and whetting them up as the fermentation of the beverage goes on, until they, too, are candidates for the gutter, and must surely land there unless rescued by our noble order.

I am glad our obligation is thus binding; it lays the axe at the root of the tree, thank God. It includes cider as a beverage; it not only says it, but it is also meant. The juice of the apple is cider when first expressed from the pulp; it is cider the next day, it is cider the next week, cider the next

month and the next year, unless it turns to vinegar or is manufactured into brandy. It is cider when sweet, cider when hard, and cider all the time.

If the hard cider has a demon in it, and we all know it has, and a pretty big one too, you have only to trace it back to the sweet cider, as it there guiltily rests in its apparent primeval innocence, with the glass you will behold mirrored in its depths the nicely fold claw or cloven foot of his satanic majesty in embryo. The little undeveloped demon. White at first it may be, but as the process of fermentation goes on and the beverage is poured into the stomach of the victim, his color gradually changes to the tinge of the burning brimstone, and his number continues to increase until his name is legion, and the wretched victim is groaning and writhing under the most fearful malady known to man—delirium tremens.

“What,” says one, “do you lay all this to, cider?”

My answer is yes, all indirectly to cider. Not in every case where cider is used, but there are thousands of cases and one or two during my lifetime have come under my own observation, when the victim himself said his first step towards ruin dated back to the free use of sweet cider.

There is danger then even here. It is the threshold of drunkenness. It is one of the first drinks and one of the first steps, and like the rest must be avoided for safety's sake. Sweet cider soon becomes hard, and hard cider soon becomes a strong, intoxicating drink. Sweet cider soon becomes bad, and from bad to worse. So do those who drink it, or tamper with any of these so-called innocent drinks. The moderate drinker soon becomes a hard drinker, a drunkard.

The bible says: “Look not upon the wine when it is red; when it giveth his color in the cup; when it moveth aright. At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.”

I say taste not the cider when it is sweet, when it moveth not itself, nor foameth in the cup, for at last like the wine, it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. If you must and will give either to our boys, withhold the sweet and give them the hard. If they never have tasted the sweet they will turn with disgust from the hard. They say they don't like it, it is not good. But give them the

sweet when it first comes from the press and they do like it, they have a natural appetite for sweet. The next day it is not quite so sweet, but they do not notice it. And so they go on from day to day, and at the same time the change in the cider imperceptibly goes on. The change in the appetite of the boy goes on in the same ratio, until he finally finds that the cider is a little bitter when a few days old, and has a little of the sharp taste to it. Now this is almost invariably the case in the use of cider. It is not always convenient to have it right from the press. We do not and cannot ordinarily make cider every day. If we did and at the close of each day throw away all that remained, and never permitted a drop to pass our lips after a day old, there might be some show of safety. But this would be almost total abstinence, and we might as well go the whole figure and discard the fascinating beverage first, last, and all the time.

The remark has recently been made by one who had fallen very low and had been able by God's help to withstand the terrible temptation of appetite for many years, that the appetite still remains and he is obliged to be very careful of his companionship. And furthermore he said: "If I were to take a single glass of whisky or even cider, mark ye, or even cider, there is no telling where I should stop. It would again kindle those terrible fires, that were burning before my reformation, leading me down to perdition."

Such is the experience, and such are the recent words of a reformed drunkard. What better or stronger evidence do you want. If such testimony as this is of sufficient pungency to banish cider as a beverage from our families and households, the world is full of it. Could it be collected and written up, all the houses in this village could not contain the books. Let us beware then how we use or give to others that which is mild and pleasant at first, but in the end is capable of being transformed into a demon of destruction and death.

L. T. P.

ONE WAY TO RAISE MONEY FOR CHURCHES.

EVANSVILLE, Wis., May 1, 1894,

At meeting held sometime ago,
As some of you no doubt well know,
A little scheme was set on foot,
For raising funds to help us out;
A lady in a pleasant speech
Explained to all within her reach,
How nicely money could be made,
By those disposed to lend their aid.

She stated we were to receive
A small amount, which they would give
To each one there who would accept
From funds on hand, which had been kept
To pay on debts, invest or use,
As they themselves saw fit to choose;
The money then was passed around,
And many persons there were found
Who gave their names and took the coin,
This band of workers thus to join.

The few who seemed to be in need,
Such benevolence could not heed!
It seemed more blessed still to give!
Than it did for us to receive;
How could this proverb be reversed,
Receivers now the blest of earth!
If any had this thought in view,
To them it must have been quite new,
That proverb is as true as ever,
Still lives, and will live on forever.

In railways it may not apply,
Receivers there are rated high,
Some are in two receivers' hands,
And pay to each as their demands,
Eighteen thousand dollars a year,
Our proverb is so helpless here;

In that case giving is a thankless act,
Receiving is a startling fact.

Not so with our dear ladies' aid,
They give and take till debts are paid.
The giver here is the receiver,
And the receiver is the giver;
Paradoxical this may seem,
It is no silly, idle dream;
The ladies' aid first gave to us,
And we received, they said we must,
And now you see we give to them,
They say we must, we say, amen.

Our ladies can build, thank the Lord,
God bless them, they'll have their reward,
But to digress is out of place,
I must return with rapid pace;
Nearly all received the money,
Some smiled and said, it was so funny
For an aid to the M. E. church,
To loan its members so much money.

Some cute remarks were passed around,
Some thought the church was gaining ground,
Money to loan, and money to give,
Was beginning to thrive and live;
How far the plan affects my fate,
My experience will now relate.

A nickel into my hand was dropped,
By our president who had stopped
Just long enough to say to me,
Please take this coin and let us see
What per cent you can make it earn,
While in your hands to use and turn;
And when required make your report,
Then we shall see what is your forte
For making money, how much you've made,
How you used it, and how it paid;
If you do well with this half dime,
We'll give you more than this next time.

We had been made to understand
We must not keep our funds on hand,
Nor in a napkin put away,
Nor dig in earth and let them stay;
But trade with them and make them pay,
So we could make a good report,
And thus our ladies' aid support,
And they in turn the church to aid,
Would use the funds which we had made.

A nickel seemed a small amount,
To start in with, but pennies count
In a small way when rightly used,
And customers are not abused;
Their buying power may be small,
And profits now are on the fall,
But int'rest rates are well sustained,
Although of that some have complained.

I studied long what I would do,
And pondered well instructions, too,
I hunted up the talent case,
And him who had but one to place;
He dug and hid it in the earth—
His master came, he brought it forth,
And said, lo! here, thou hast, it's thine,
I knew it never could be mine.

I knewest thee and was afraid,
Thou takest up, thou hast not laid,
Thou reapest where thou hast not sown,
And gath'rest where thou hast not strown;
Through fear his talent idle lay,
He to his lord could nothing say,
His lord with him was sore displeased,
His anger could not be appeased.

A slothful servant thou hast been,
A warning to all other men,
Thou should'st earnestly have striven,
And mine own to me have given
With usury at my coming;

Therefore take the talent from him,
And give to him who now hath ten,
To him who hath shall be given,
And an abundance he shall have,
From him who hath not shall be tak'n
Away, even all that he hath;
Cast the unprofitable one
Into outer darkness, there shall
Be weeping; and gnashing of teeth.

Then I hunted up the pound case,
Ten servants each had one to place;
One in napkin laid his away,
Until his lord came for his pay,
Then brought it forth and made his plea,
And with excuses was quite free.

But what he said was all in vain,
It was so foolish to complain,
My pound into the bank if given,
Would make a gain, thou shouldst have striv'n,
At my coming thou shouldst have known,
I would with use require my own;
Out of thine own mouth I judge thee,
Wicked servant, thou knewest me
Thou sayest, an austere man to be,
Taking up that I laid not down,
And reaping that I had not sown;
His punishment was then pronounced,
By his own lord he was denounced.

On reading this my way seemed clear,
My calling I would follow here;
Your money I would try to loan,
With usury return your own.

Thus having settled my own case,
My one lone nickel I would place
In hands that would be sure to gain
A small amount, and not retain
The lion's share, but yield to me
All that was made, save a small fee

For time, office rent, wear and tear,
And other risks they had to bear.

So then in safe and careful hands,
As I could judge midst great demands,
I placed this money for the church
In bank, and in exchanger's hands,
According to my lord's commands;
Hoping a double to receive,
When an accounting I would give,
And none could then have cause to grieve.

And here it is, this coin has gained
For you just nineteen nickels more,
Now you have twenty times as much
As when at first we talked it o'er;
And now I come, not boastfully,
Neither will say regretfully,
But an unworthy servant still,
And bring my master modestly,
The proceeds of the nickel bill.

The money changers, you perceive,
Have been quite active, I believe,
They did the best they could, and claim
They made this money honestly;
And further claim it is all right
To toil and figure day and night,
To help our own dear ladies' aid
We would not be put in the shade,
Nor have them think we do not care,
How hard they work, nor how they fare.

So while they sail through stormy seas,
We must not rest on beds of éase,
But always try to do our part,
And have this cause close to the heart;
The int'rest, should you care to cast,
No doubt may seem too high to last,
Such rates may not be long maintained,
As patrons cannot be obtained.

But in this deal no one you wrong,
The parties to the church belong,
And as the one who loaned it out,
Loaned to himself, therefore no doubt
Can intervene to cast a cloud
O'er this small deal, however loud;
It might by some be here proclaimed,
Illegal rates have been obtained,
No one has suffered in this deal,
And none can for a moment feel,
That it is more honest to trade
In goods and chattels, money made
This way we claim is just as clean
As money made in trade, I mean
When one deals with himself alone,
And pays such rates for a small loan.

If in your wisdom you decide
That such a precedent may guide
Others in forbidden paths to stray,
And do an act like this, you may
Return the money, less one dime,
And then a double will be thine;
Which after all is not so bad,
And any would no doubt be glad
To double up, in ten years time
His wealth in any business line.

This is a thing not often done,
Except some experts may have won
Large fortunes, almost in a day;
But you may question such a way
Of making money, and we feel
That our ladies will always deal,
And do and say just what is right,
And toil and spin with all their might,
To place our church on higher ground;
And when they're called it will be found,
That they their duty well have done.
The Master will to them say, come

As thou hast ever faithful been,
A ruler I will make thee when
Into My kingdom thou shalt come,
And many things thou shalt control,
Great joy shall then possess thy soul,
With these kind thoughts, in mind and heart;
And sorry we so soon must part,
I now descend the giddy height,
Attained in my poetic flight,
And bid you all a kind good night.

P. S.—This is one way of raising money for the church,
Should you not fancy it and get into the lurch,
Try gambling for awhile, and see which is the best,
Then, if not satisfied with fads, we'll not invest,

L. T. P.

THE RED DRAGON.

It is said that life is a mighty river—it may with the same propriety be called a mighty sea, or a mighty ocean. John the Revelator, in the chapter we have just read, in a vision stood upon the sands of the beach of this mighty sea of human life, and beheld a beast rise up out of the midst; his hideous form, his many heads from which projected many horns, towering high above the crest of the tallest waves of human life, as they were borne toward the shores of a vast eternity by the tempestuous winds of time. This beast was truly a monster. With his seven ugly heads, his ten sharp horns, his ten bloody crowns, and upon those seven heads the name of blasphemy, have we not an undoubted right, Mr. President, to give the beast the name of monster.

Blair says: "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien, that to be hated needs but to be seen." Is not intemperance a vice. Yea, verily, it is the worst, the most deplorable, the

most destructive to property, happiness, human life, and to the immortal soul of any vice that ever stalked abroad over the fair heritage of the sons of men at midnight or at noon day. Where other vices have slain its thousands, this has slain its tens of thousands. This in fact is the parent of a majority of all the vices that curse the world. Hence, you will readily perceive, Mr. President, the propriety of naming this beast intemperance.

Note, if you please sir, his seven heads as we enumerate them: shame, sorrow, misery, disgrace, crime, ruin and death. These are the seven prominent heads of the beast intemperance, and upon each of those heads we find the name of blasphemy, written in letters of blood of the victims pierced and finally slain by those poisoned and barbed horns, that so naturally protrude out of those vicious heads in numbers proportionate to the nature, character and organization of each head. It is certainly obvious to all that the first stages of intemperance are not so destructive and ruinous as the last. Neither are the first heads mentioned as belonging to this beast supposed to have as many of those cruel and sharp horns as the last. Therefore it will be but reasonable to assign to the four first heads, viz: shame, sorrow, misery and disgrace, one horn each; and to the three last, crime, ruin, and death, two horns each, making ten in all, which is certainly but a very small number for so horrible a beast as intemperance. And each of those horns having a crown. Not of honor and glory on account of good deeds performed and laurels won in the grand business of elevating human nature in the scale of moral being. No, but the crowning of those horns was the results, the prolific fruits of the wretchedness, misery and woe produced by those vicious heads growing out of the monster, the beast intemperance.

Those horns, sir, have been crowned by the willing and obedient subjects and votaries who follow this beast intemperance, and worship the dragon, the devil that originated this beast, and gave him power over the children of men to lure them from the paths of sobriety, that he may gain subjects to his kingdom. Swell his numbers, perhaps, with the vain and forlorn hope of being able eventually to lead away the very elect, and of regaining "Paradise Lost" by force

and violence. Those horns, sir, have been crowned, not with gold, precious stones, nor the ornamental mechanism of skillful hands, cunningly devised and gilded over with dazzling brightness. But those crowns, ladies and gentlemen, are composed of the tears, cries and moans of the widow and orphan; of the broken hearts and ruined prospects of fathers and mothers; of remorse, and of the thorny stings of an injured conscience; of the poor deluded and fallen drunkard; of eternal pains of endless despair; of the lost and undone soul, utterly ruined by this beast intemperance.

These things, ladies and gentlemen, being the result of the operations of this detestable beast, compose those ten crowns that rest with such close adherence upon those ten rugged and craggy horns coming out of those seven blasphemous heads, supported with such power and might upon the neck and shoulders of the beast intemperance. "And they worshipped the dragon (the devil), which gave power unto the beast (intemperance); and they worshipped the beast, saying, who is like unto the beast? who is able to make war with him?" Aye, so says the man who deals in rum, and the man who drinks the intoxicating draught while under the influence of the beast intemperance, controlled, mesmerized, psychologized, as it were, by him. He, by and through the beast's influence and power from the dragon, speaks great, swelling words, vulgar, ungentlemanly and blasphemous language escapes his lips. He feels very rich and powerful; his bump of combativeness is wonderfully developed; he wants to fight everybody and against everything that is good; thinks he is able to cope with the strongest and most eloquent advocates of temperance that the world ever produced, and is sometimes even permitted to overcome them for a season. And power is given to the beast, over all kindreds, tongues and nations.

Truly the beast intemperance has found his way into every nook and corner of the civilized world; has cursed every nation under the sun known to civilized man; has gathered fragments of the kind we mentioned to compose his boasted crowns, from the east, the west, the north, and the south; he has crossed each stream and river, each valley and mountain, each sea and ocean; no natural barriers have been

sufficient to keep him from following directly in the wake of civilization. With his seven horrible heads erect, with distended nostrils snuffing the hitherto pure and invigorating atmosphere of the land he has just entered, poisoning and blighting with his own offensive breath and contaminating influence, what had hitherto been free from such a curse as this, spreading destruction to the right and left and carrying fear and dismay wherever he is suffered to take up his abode.

He followed as you very well know the pilgrim fathers across the briny deep, pitched his tent among the red men of the forest, and literally sent them forth in his name and strength, leading into captivity and killing with the sword, thereby trying the faith and patience of the saints. It is very true, sir, we have had a Gough and other advocates of temperance who have gone forth armed with the sword of the spirit, and who have with well-directed blows, to all appearances, inflicted a deadly wound upon one of his most prominent heads, crime; but strange and wonderful as it may appear he still lives, his deadly wound is fast being healed, and today this very beast intemperance, according to good authority, has a firmer hold, greater power and strength than he had twenty years ago. There is no safety, no guaranty against his power and influence aside from having the grace of God in the heart, of having our names written in the book of life, of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, as we have just heard in the chapter which we read in your hearing. This in all cases is a sure talisman, a security, a safeguard which the beast intemperance cannot overcome. But all who are devoid of this prerequisite to safety and sobriety are liable to receive the mark of the beast in their forehead or in their right hand, as we read in the chapter, and we might also add upon the tip of their nose. None are sure of being protected and of being exempt from these marks, unless they have the sustaining power which we alluded to. All are included that are liable thus to be marked, great and small, rich and poor, free and bond.

That no man, as the Revelator says, may buy, that no man may sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name. Hence we may justly conclude that all who buy and sell spirituous liquors as a

beverage, have the mark of the beast intemperance in some way about their person, or at any rate the number of his name. We have those, Mr. President, dealing out this poisonous slop to their fellow men, who do not drink it themselves, consequently they do not have the mark of this beast in their countenance, but be assured they have the mark in their hand, which receives and so tightly grasps the money which they receive in this fearful traffic; examine, if you please, as it relaxes its firm hold, after dropping the coin into its receptacle. Behold the prints of the image and superscription upon its palm; not of Cæsar, not of Washington, not of Queen Victoria, not of Louis Napoleon; but of the beast, the dragon, the devil. It is the price of blood; its mark is indelibly stamped upon the hand; its stain transferred to the conscience. And again, those who sell this degrading stuff may be said to have the number of his name, which we read is six hundred three score and six. If he is the means of morally ruining but one soul, or more than one, prophetically speaking it may be said to correspond with this number which John saw in the vision, for who can comprehend in numerals the value of a deathless immortal soul. And it is very obvious to all discerning men that those who buy this intoxicating stuff for the purpose of drinking it, and do drink it, bear about the munmistakable evidence of the mark of the beast intemperance.

Behold the bloodshot eye, the bloated countenance, the broken-down constitution, the unsteady and wavering step, the nervous and palsied limbs. Behold him who was once the noblest work of God, created in the image of his Maker, a little lower than the angels, with a heart made susceptible by grace of impressions of the spirit divine; destined by his Maker to enjoy all the happiness here and hereafter that a regenerate soul can possibly desire, erect in form, features regular, countenance smiling and beautiful; but now bowed down, his very nature perverted, his intellect impaired, his countenance marked and disfigured in many ways by the beast intemperance. And if the beast long continues to hold rule and dominion over him he will be past all recovery. Those marks of the seven-headed beast will be so deeply laid that time with all its efforts, and a vast eternity with all its

dread realities, can never erase them. This mark of the beast, sir, is not put upon the subject in a single day, it is sometimes the work of months, yea of years. It appears in the first place to the gaze of those most interested like a dim shadow, even before the subject has the remotest idea that this beast is about to mark him as his victim. It gradually increases in vividness, until what at first appeared but a shadowy outline becomes a distinct and easily defined mark. A dreadful reality to that interested friend; a husband, a father, a brother, has fallen under the influence, upon the barbed horns of the beast intemperance, marked, pierced, mangled, undone, morally ruined. How fearful the result, how dreadful the consequence, how great the danger of receiving the first shadow of impressions of the mark of this much-dreaded beast.

These, Mr. President, are not mere sketches of fancy. These are not conclusions arrived at too hastily, nor drawn from a disordered imagination, but they are real stubborn facts witnessed day by day in our very midst. The beast intemperance, with his many heads and more horns, is among us; more to be dreaded than any other beast of prey; more to be feared than any other destroying element; more terrible than the monarch of the forest. And he who professes to be an enemy to this beast but supinely folds his arms and will not arouse himself to action and to duty, unite his strength and influence with those who go forth to battle against the beast, is a traitor to the cause of suffering humanity, rotten hearted, actuated by selfish motives, not to be trusted. My friends one and all, if it is worth an effort—and no one doubts it—to save a friend from a watery grave, from death by drowning, from being torn to pieces and devoured by wild beasts, it is worth a much greater effort to save a soul from moral ruin, our friends and children from the beast intemperance, from drunkenness.

L. T. P.

CHAPTER XXXI.

TEMPERANCE AND PROGRESS.

Ye friends of temperance all awhile attend,
Let us review the past, truth to defend;
The onward march of progress we must know,
Has done more for us than we've time to show.
Just view in the mind's eye this country fair;
Fifty years ago the red men did not care
For the pale faces, but with arrow sharp
He chased the buck, the doe, blithe as the lark,
The buffalo roamed o'er these prairies wild,
Both food and raiment for the squaw and child.
The savage tribes engulfed in blood and strife,
Consumed each other, sparing not the life;
Also the whites they tried hard to destroy,
But God determined they this land enjoy;
And so like the old Canaanites of yore,
Whose idolatry stretched from shore to shore,
He drove them forth that Christians might come in,
To worship God and free the land from sin.
Our forefathers toiled against the ills of life,
In danger every moment of the knife,
Or tomahawk of the treacherous foe,
Who skulk in ambush, slaying as they go;
They roamed o'er these hills, up and down the stream,
In search of game, and by the moon's pale beams
They oft sought the white man's lonely dwelling,
And without mercy, but hatred swelling
In their bosoms, they then their victims hurled
Without warning into the spirit world.
There are those here no doubt, whose friends did fall
By their ruthless hands, and whose shroud and pall

Were nought but the broad expanse of heaven,
No funeral rites could to them be given;
But the sighing breeze that sweeps o'er the plain,
Blew their sad requiem where they were slain.
In course of time the red man fades away,
His dim shadow now, where the king of day
Retires to rest, may be seen, but fading still,
Extinction soon will be his bitter pill;
Improvement marks the white man's stately tread,
Refinement rears her proud majestic head;
These streams are made to labor for our use,
The power of steam upon our lakes let loose;
Upon our railroads, too, with lightning speed,
Dash on our cars without the slightest heed
Of danger, though sometimes if aught's amiss
The train is hurled into the dark abyss,
And precious lives by scores are sacrificed,
Although this lightning speed should not be prized.
The power of steam unto the plough we hitch,
And o'er these prairies without rail or switch,
'Tis drawn with speed the natives to astonish,
The snail pace of the horse, us to admonish.
And when the golden grain waves in the breeze,
Nodding its heads, as much to say, if you please,
Thrust in your sickle, gather up the grain,
Do we take the scythe and hook to sweep the plain?
No, but with Many's or McCormick's reaper,
Each man his own and not another keeper;
Each has his place, his station is assigned,
Should any shirk they're sure to get behind.
Thus with five men, fifteen or twenty acres
Are put in shock with one of these self rakers;
And soon the work of threshing comes along,
And must we take two sticks, tied with a thong,
And then in very cold and stormy weather,
Flail out the grain for weeks and months together;
And then with fan that's plied upon the knee,
Remove the chaff till the clean wheat we see.
We boldly sally forth to thresh the grain,
And scarcely ever feel an ache or pain;

The grain is dusty, eyes sometimes get red,
But we are working for our daily bread,
And when the grain is cleaned we put in sacks
And take it to the wagon on our backs;
And then we store it up in dry, clean bins,
There we'll let it stay till market-time begins;
When that time comes we'll sell, if we think best,
If not we'll wait and take a little rest.
No, but with Pitt's or Sweepstake's separator,
Or some good kind, we know not which's the greater;
Now come with me and from another point,
We'll view the telegraph if not out of joint,
Behold with wonder how the message flies,
With lightning speed just darting from the skies,
We talk with friends although in distant places,
And almost fancy we can see their faces.
U. S. now would hold converse with John Bull,
Had the cable been sufficient for the pull
Required to stretch the same from shore to shore,
Unite these hemispheres to part no more;
Where's the "Great Eastern" that with gentle pride
Left the broad Thames that she might come this side,
Instead of Portland at New York was moored,
And for one dollar all could go aboard,
To view the monster ship long as they pleased,
Till their inquisitiveness was appeased.
Don't you think the natives were astonished
When of this one fact they were admonished,
That when by good old Noah the ark was made,
He was so soon to be thrown in the shade,
For it is said by those who think they know,
The ark beside the ship would make no show;
Great bubbles are of short duration,
And so is this ship, in my estimation,
We have great men that don't bring much to pass,
They make a stir, excitement fills the mass;
They're building ships, on which they soon will sail
To some office, unless they chance to fail.
Some build balloons or castles in the air,
Already anchored, and when the wind is fair

Off they will start and like a blazing star
May be seen to twinkle until they're afar
From land or water, then with one grand leap
They reach the goal, at Washington they meet.
And then at the tune of eight dollars a day,
They drink, brag and swear, and then want more pay.
These are the big bugs of which we've been speaking,
Then we have little bugs all around creaking;
Just go to Madison, the Point, or Monroe,
Then stop at Shullsburg, and see if its not so;
At every capital, and each county seat,
This hungry horde of politicians meet;
Then how loving just before election,
You would think they were very near perfection;
They visit each town and shake hands with all,
Making stump speeches wherever they call;
But call on them after election is over,
And they'll only grunt like pigs in the clover,
But in broadcloth, costly and fine, dash on,
Thinking they must follow every fashion;
And as another one has lately said,
Discoursing on this subject and this head,
They're naught but paupers, take it every way,
To men who work for fifty cents per day.
The farmers, the mechanics of each land,
Like pillars of adamant, firmly stand,
In all great enterprises take the lead,
The mud sills of society they are indeed;
Our hope, our mainspring, giving motion to all,
Should they be removed the Union would fall.
What are politicians compared with these,
Who roll in luxury and take their ease,
Grow fat and sleek upon the laborers' money,
Deceive the people with words of honey;
Spending their time in drinking and gambling,
Or with dog and gun o'er the fields rambling;
Chasing the deer, quails, chickens, and pheasant,
Although to them no doubt it is pleasant;
But to those who pay enormous taxes,
It is hard to turn while they grind their axes;

And then with their salary not content,
On robbing the treasury they seem intent;
They oftimes betray the trust committed
To them by the people, which proves them unfitted
For the office they sought with labor and skill,
And which they were never fitted to fill.
Are these public benefactors I'd like to know,
Do they cause two blades where one used to grow?
No, but the one blade they make even weaker,
Such is the influence of the office-seeker.
I would not in this be misunderstood,
We have officers that are wise and good;
But I refer to those who by knavery and deception,
Try to dupe the people just before election;
And now, if you please, we will introduce
Another subject, which may be of use
To all interested in matters like this,
Hoping that we shall say nothing amiss.
We have great teachers, sir, who ready stand,
To preach the gospel in almost every land;
Who stand erect with sactimonious face,
So dignified, professing every grace;
Who say their call's from Him who reigns above,
He sent them forth in this great work of love;
But, Mr. President, we are inclined
To think, in many cases brought to mind,
That their call is from the god of mammon—
Therefore their preaching is all gammon.
They ever preach the multitude to please,
And very sure they are to get their fees.
As Wendall Phillips said, "safe in their pocket"
Their soul they carry, and there they lock it;
The god of this world has their eyes well blinded,
In all they do you'll find them earthly minded;
A thousand dollars call will them inspire,
To leave their flock, or raise their sal'ry higher.
It costs them much to learn to preach they say,
No doubt it costs them more to learn to pray;
They learn to preach at theologic schools,
Their gospel now consist in forms and rules

Of some great men, great in their own opinion,
But wealth holds o'er them very strong dominion.
They also like the praise of men to hear,
With polished words they aim to please the ear;
They dare not like the great Teacher of old,
Denounce all kinds of sin in language bold,
Saying, "Woe to you scribes and you Pharisees,"
You stand in the way of others at your ease,
You will not yourselves enter the kingdom,
Nor let others whom God's given freedom;
Woe unto hypocrites, ye whited walls,
You make clean the outside, but within falls;
All kinds of uncleanness and dead men's bones,
You pay tithe of mint, also precious stones.
Woe unto you drunkard you cannot inherit
The kingdom of heaven by your own merit,
You must reform and come to the Savior,
'Tis there you'll find peace, pardon and favor;
Woe unto you vender in poison you deal,
The wounds you inflict you never can heal;
You furnish the means which will take away
The life of a mortal, you cannot repay;
You rob the afflicted thus left behind,
You injure the body and torment the mind;
For what will produce such keen affliction,
As ever to feel under conviction
Of the wrong suffered and unhappy lot
Of a husband and father who died a sot.
And now of temp'rance let us talk awhile,
That we a few dull moments may beguile;
We have among us men of boasted wealth,
Who care more for money than for people's health;
Who deal out the poison in doses large,
Hurling their victims to the very verge
Of ruin, dashing them in, no more to rise
Till Gabriel's trump shall sound forth from the skies;
Thou vender of poison, your occupation
Is disastrous to all of every nation;
The fruits of your traffic in letters of blood,
Have been written all over since the flood;

How long do you think to hold on your course,
How long will you rally your brutal force?
To lure from the path of virtue and duty,
The youth of our land, its pride and its beauty;
How long will you sink in deep degradation
Husband and father, who promised protection
To the bride of his youth, who in weal or woe,
He promised to cherish while here below.
How long continue to rob your brother?
Causing starvation around him to hover;
Causing his family much grief and pain,
And all for the sake of a little more gain.
Though of your riches you may often boast,
Just think of the adage familiar to most,
What comes o'er the back of the old evil one,
Goes a different direction from whence it come.
Your wealth will corrode, your gold will grow dim,
Moth will corrupt and rust will bedim;
Far better would be a treasure in heaven,
Where thieves cannot come and safety is given;
Is it surprising when these things we look over,
That sober men, christian men should endeavor,
To put down the sale and the consumption
Of this poisonous stuff without presumption.
Is it surprising that some of our preachers,
Although unlearned should now become teachers;
Speak out against this fast-growing evil,
Although so many stand up and cavil,
And say, what's the use of making this fuss,
Take care of yourself and not trouble us.
We don't intend old toppers to become,
But think there is no harm in drinking some;
There can be no harm in drinking strong beer,
That's very useful and we do not fear
Of ever wanting anything stronger,
Therefore you need not trouble us longer.
We don't believe in teetotalism,
Our doctrine is that there is more wisdom,
In using all things in a temperate manner,
And to this intent unfurl our banner;

We are temp'rate in eating and drinking,
In working, playing, sleeping and thinking,
Swearing and stealing, laughing and crying,
Smoking and dressing, robbing and lying;
A mod'rate indulgence in all these things,
We would recommend, and from the same springs,
Liberal principles and freedom for all,
We rely on our own strength, and never can fall.
The temperance fanatics we will oppose,
We have a great leader and so here goes;
With artistic skill he'll lead us to battle,
With spur in the head he'll drive up the cattle,
He'll lead us on, the conquest we'll win,
So let us alone, and save up your tin;
The notice was published for miles around,
Come see the big man Argyle has found,
Come to the meeting on Saturday night,
For then hidden things will be brought to light.
And now we will make a long story short,
He disgusted the crowd by his retort;
He claimed he had lost his money that night,
The next day, Sunday, he kept out of sight,
Had the robbers left one half of his pile,
He might have gone out of town in style;
Had they only left his funds in the till
No excuse he'd had for not paying bill;
And when he'd skip'd out he seemed so hurried,
That no one for him has ever been worried.

L. T. P.

BISHOP POTTER—"A MODEL SALOON."

A great many people are astonished and greatly surprised at the course lately pursued, and doctrines promulgated upon the temperance question, by the eminent personage whose name appears at the head of this article.

After having written, spoken, taught and tried hard to impress upon the minds of the people where I have resided for more than fifty years, the folly of partaking of the intoxicating cup in any form, I find Bishop Potter is advocating an altogether different practice. Of course I have known of this new departure from the narrow path pointed out by temperance reformers for sometime.

Yesterday, August 25, 1904, I picked up the "Daily Capital" and found the following poem, which I now take the liberty to cut out and copy into "Pullen's Pencilings." Such a poem is worth preserving:

SALOONS AND BISHOP POTTER.

BY M. R. MCCRARY .

A Model Saloon, a name!
For God is a perfect shame,
Dedicate a house for lust!
"Let the sword and scepter rust"
That's drawn for Christ and His love,
Redeeming all for above.

Strong drink leads the mind estray,
Bringing death without delay,
Finding prey in blooming youth,
Wrecks his body and his truth,
Brings him down below the brute,
Buries him in disrepute.

It blasts the hope, kills the joy,
Severs mother from her boy,

Quickly brings her to the grave,
Of the boy she tried to save.
Her aching heart, grief and gloom,
Is only stilled in the tomb.

Those who sip long at the cup,
Those who cannot give it up,
Often have the brightest mind,
And are social, good and kind.
The change comes by reddened eyes,
Showing where the poison lies.

Why do men in priestly dress,
Dedicate such dire distress,
Then claim respect most profound,
For the grief it makes abound,
For the wrong of lowest guest,
Brought about by their behest?

Why should they the world enslave,
Sending victims to the grave,
Bringing sin to every door,
Killing rich, starving the poor,
Crushing virtue at its birth,
Making satan reign on earth?

Down with the law that upholds,
Or the men whom it embolds,
To worship sin by saloons,
Making patrons comic loons,
Instructing all, day and night,
Vicious ways against the right.

The rising man we adore,
His destruction we deplore,
By strong drink in young or old,
When to satan he has sold,
All that's near and dear in life,
To engage in drunken strife.

Man is man and no better,
Being bound by the fetter,

Of drink that controls the will,
By the power of the still.
This is counter to the thought,
That some evil must be wrought.

Bishop Potter may be kind,
But from him we do not find,
Thoughts on drink to elevate,
Sinners for a Christ estate.
Certainly sin is a waste,
When applied to Christian taste.

I find much is being said recently about "model saloons." I have lived many years in this world, but have never seen one. I will now venture the assertion that where one such institution exists, several thousand may be found which are not in any way worthy of existence. L. T. P.

IOWA STATE FAIR.

DES MOINES, Iowa, August 24, 1904.

We left our old home in Evansville, Wisconsin, August 16, 1904, and reached this city same evening at 7:35 o'clock, without accident or incident worth mentioning. State fair is now in full blast. The weather is just perfect, in fact all that heart can wish.

The Antes and Pullen families being anxious to visit the state fair, selected Des Moines day for that purpose, and as good luck or destiny would have it we made no mistake. When everything was in readiness we found ourselves comfortably seated in a capacious surrey, drawn by a good-natured, fifteen-hundred-pound horse, and on our way to the fair ground, a distance of about six miles.

Not having visited the fair grounds before, I, for one, was astonished at the immensity of the grounds, and the number, beauty, and capacity of the buildings. The crowd

present was almost past comprehension or computation. It being Des Moines day all the children were invited to attend without charge, and it was estimated that at least seven thousand and five hundred were present. The Grand Army veterans were also there by invitation; how many I am not able to state. Governor Cummings was present to receive those brave men who so valiantly assisted in saving the Union, and it was reported, addressed them in eloquent and glowing terms upon their valuable services rendered to our country during the most trying period of its existence.

"Brave boys are they, gone at their country's call; and yet—and yet—we must not forget; so many brave boys must fall."

But God is just, as well as merciful. These noble, patriotic men never have, nor never can, receive a full reward in this world, but let us hope for a more full and impartial recognition for them in the world to come.

There was a fine representation of the soldiers in uniform from the army post. All apparently in the prime and full vigor of life, which made all the different movements very lively and full of deep interest.

We visited and passed through the buildings containing manufactured articles, as well as farm products, in which we were most interested. We also spent some time in the stock barns examining the fine breeds of cattle which were there on exhibition. And we must say we were all well paid for our time and trouble. The cattle show seems to have been this year the most interesting feature of the occasion. Having been raised on a farm myself and being quite a "porker," Herbert and I passed through several swine barns or sheds, and looked into several pens. We were most interested in the Red Jerseys, Chester White's and Berkshire. We saw the different breeds of various sizes, from twenty pounds up to five or six hundred pounds.

The entire attendance this day and evening is estimated by good judges to be from thirty-five to forty thousand. There was no way of counting them as so many were admitted without paying fare. If we don't forget it we will speak of the attendance for the balance of the time later on.

Now we will refer to the evening's entertainment. At

half past seven we were seated in the grand stand with the crowd, directly in front of "Paine's Spectacular Production of Mt. Pelee and Destruction of St. Pierre." According to the program furnished the audience a festival was in progress at the time. Early morning revelers were returning home, and citizens generally having a good time. Native population were singing as they repaired to their daily toil. Soldiers were marching to and fro to attend to their various duties. Some of the citizens and church members were coming from their places of early worship. Others were engaged in different kinds of amusements. Sports and games too numerous to mention were being indulged in upon that eventful and fatal day. The eruptions from Mt. Pelee becoming more active, the populace became restive as the flames burst forth afresh in great violence. The priests try to calm the citizens and suggest prayer—the populace kneel facing the volcano—all is quiet. Immediately the destruction of the city, with all its belongings, had commenced. Explosion followed explosion for the next half hour in quick succession, until this grand display of fireworks, the grandest I ever saw, had accomplished its work—St. Pierre was destroyed. The good-night piece coming on at this time notified the big crowd that the big show was at an end.

Our next move was to secure our team and return to our home as early as practicable, which we accomplished and retired from the scene of action in fairly good order.

The state fair of this great and prosperous state is now at an end. It was a success from beginning to end. The attendance was well maintained up to Thursday night. Friday which was practically the last day, but few were present. Total receipts this year were \$5,559.99 more than last. "It is claimed that the income for this year assures a surplus which will be employed as a sinking fund to guard against inclement weather in future fairs, and make necessary improvements." The total gross receipts for 1904 is \$59,070.60.

I have attended many state fairs in different states and this is far ahead of them all. In my opinion the fair here this year has been superior to any other state fair—so far as stock, swine and farm products are concerned—that has or will take place in any of the states this fall. Iowa is a fine

farming state. If not already ahead of her sister states she is fast coming to the front, and is sure to get there in due season. Her crops this year are abundant, prices will be good, and the outlook for a successful business year was never better. Des Moines as a good business center has a perfect right to be proud of its location, and to congratulate itself upon being the capital of such a prosperous, growing state. This fair which has just come to a close is the golden anniversary in the life of state fairs, in the history of this great agricultural state. Fifty years of such unusual prosperity seldom falls to the lot of any state. L. T. P.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CHRISTIAN UNION, 1869.

That they may all be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee; may they also be one in us.—John xvii, 21.

We hear much said at the present day about the difference of opinion that is prevalent in the land in relation to many subjects of a political and religious character, about which some men talk very loosely and apparently very carelessly. It is not to be expected that all men will think, talk or act precisely alike in their reflections, speeches or efforts in reference to the civil and religious forms of government.

I consider that it is of the utmost importance and utility and a great blessing, a circumstance that is well calculated to sustain and perpetuate our free institutions, our glorious Union, the fact that we have more than one political party in our great republic. Although they differ so materially in many important points, yet there are good men in all parties; men of patriotism and piety; men who have the great in-

terests of liberty and religion next to their hearts; men who labor perseveringly and incessantly for the well-being and perpetuity of our great confederacy. I take the stand this evening, my friends, that this is all right and just politically speaking, and believing that all or nearly all in this community are of the same opinion I shall not stop longer to demonstrate this fact, but pass on to show, or endeavor to show at least, that in a religious sense the same difference of opinion has ever prevailed, will ever prevail, and that it is just as necessary that it should prevail, even until the thousand years of millennium shall dawn upon our spiritual vision.

In the first place, my hearers, we must ever remember that we are finite beings, and consequently we are not able to grasp infinity within the limited embraces of our dark and beclouded minds; that one poor mortal or one branch of Christ's church cannot comprehend divinity and all the great and important truths connected with and embodied in the christian religion; that as members and churches they may do all that within them lies to increase the interests of religion and propagate the great doctrines of our Savior; and there will still be hidden mysteries connected with the purposes of God that will be revealed only in the light of eternity. And again, it is impossible for all men to see and believe alike; their religious training, the circumstances by which they are surrounded, the very constitution of their minds forbids it; and the person who believes that all men in the world should think just alike on all religious subjects, shows an ignorance of the nature and apparent design of man.

Were Jesus now before us expounding the doctrines and precepts of his own gospel in the plainest most simple and comprehensive language that humanity and divinity combined could possibly make use of, there would still be the same difference of opinion among us that there has ever been. We cannot even understand a plain, simple sermon, delivered in the simplest form, alike. No, even the simple, heartfelt prayer, the feeling, and to some effectual exhortation, are liable to have as many different constructions and meanings attached to each sentiment as there are words made use of.

The reason of this difference of opinion is obvious to every discerning mind. It is owing entirely to the difference in our early training, the different temperaments, and different structure of the human mind. Then says one that calls this difference in opinion an evil, "how can it be avoided?" It is not an evil, neither can this difference of opinion ever be done away with, nor should it be as there is such a vast amount of labor to be performed, requiring such varied means and human instrumentalities as seems to be necessary to carry on even to completion the great work of moralizing and christianizing the world.

Therefore, my christian friends, if we have no other idea of christian union than that our own favorite system will prevail and be universally received, let that system be what it may—we may well despair, all of us, of every name and denomination of that kind of christian union ever being brought about. God himself has built up these walls of separation between the souls of men, too high and too strong to warrant any such expectation. Some men sarcastically and sneeringly tell us it is very foolish to contend everlastingly about trifles. Contention and controversy in a revengeful or wicked spirit is very foolish and unprofitable. But it is not and cannot be expected that one branch of Christ's church can with impunity assail the rules, creeds or doctrines of a sister church without provoking controversy. Neither is it to be expected that scrupulous, conscientious men will ever sacrifice their dearest opinions, founded as they suppose upon the bible, for the accomplishing of any union whatever.

Therefore you perceive that these things which cause these differences of opinion are not trifles. Men are not so prone to contend about trifles and matters of small moment as many suppose. Those controversies of words which have armed nation against nation and turned every man's hand against his brother, have not in very many instances been so foolish and trifling as many may suppose. Such exertions and efforts are seldom made unless some great principle is at stake. Great contentions are not the growth of a day. The cloud is oftentimes gathering for years before it bursts forth in its wildness and destroying influence over the heads

of the contending parties. Like the avalanche that has been for years and years accumulating, only to be hurled forth in its headlong and furious march by a breath of air or the displacing of some small pebble.

Our forefathers who threw off the yoke of the mother country were not hasty, foolish or trifling in their deliberations and efforts to gain their independence, and transmit untarnished this heaven-born blessing to posterity. Was it the taxes that were imposed upon them from time to time that caused the outbreak? If it was that alone you may well call it a trifle. But no, it was not this. Those immortal rebels lifted the arm of rebellion against tyranny and oppression, not taxes. And this you will readily perceive and admit was no trifle. So with the different doctrines promulgated by the representatives of Christ's church, of the various branches. They are not trifles.

Is it of minor importance to that individual who believes in a free and full salvation, who believes in the divinity and unity of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost; who believes in the spirituality of the christian worship, whether he is told this is bible doctrine or whether he is told it is all a heresy, a delusion, that the atonement is partial, that Jesus was a mere man, and that God is a corporal being? Call these trifles if you please, but be assured they are questions of great import, and lie at the basis of the christian religion. Therefore you see, my christian friends, the utter absurdity of cutting and pruning the world into christian unity as long as this difference of opinion prevails to the extent to which it now does.

It is very true that the members of different churches, especially in small places, may and ought to be sufficiently united to attend the social means of grace together, provided always it does not infringe upon the rights of any, and their several creeds admit a union of this character. Peace, harmony and union are great blessings, but they never should be purchased by sacrificing our intellectual independence, and our rights and immunities as American citizens of speaking our own heartfelt and honest convictions in relation to any and all doctrines that men, or any set of men, have ever or may ever attempt to establish on the authority of the bible.

Or, as Wendall Phillips has it; "No minister of the gospel should ever carry his soul in his pocket for the sake of preserving harmony and union."

"But," says one, "are we then to abandon all hope of religious union, must our ears be greeted from time to time with the jargon of contending parties calling forth the same uncharitable, unkind and unchristian expressions that a year or two ago fell so profusely from lips that had just been engaged in praising God?" Religious union may prevail to a limited extent, but I know of no ground upon which we can base anticipations or expectations of its prevailing in all its beauty, loveliness and perfection, until the millennium glory shall burst upon our vision, until the gospel banner shall be unfurled wide o'er the world, until Zion's children shall be able to sing in strains of love and eloquence, the deserts are blossoming like the rose, the lion and the lamb have lain themselves down together.

The sword and spear that has caused so much distress and misery have been turned into implements of utility, and peace harmony and virtue cover the land from the rivers to the end of the earth. Review the past history of the church, if you please, and then look into futurity and ask yourselves if this conclusion is not correct. A great man has told us that we have no way of judging of the future but by the past. There are many common bonds of union that bind the several branches of Christ's church together in bonds that cannot be easily broken; but no man or woman of sense will imagine that their sect keeps the whole truth and all others are heretics.

Each sect has its particular mission. Some part of Emmanuel's ground is given to one sect to cultivate, and other portions are given to another sect; and as long as each attempts to do their own work and labor in their own field with a view to better the condition of man and to honor God, their labor will be blessed, even if they fail not to declare the whole counsel of God according to their own views and preconceived opinion of their favorite doctrines and belief. But, let them stray from their own fold and encroach upon the rights of others, and attempt to build themselves up at the expense of a sister church, and you will immediately perceive

the deleterious effects that are produced and the permanent injury that is brought upon the cause of God. A wound that nothing but time and the operation of the grace of God upon the hearts and consciences can ever heal.

The various branches of Christ's church have many ideas in common. The unity of God and the highest religious freedom are equally dear to them. The employment of reason in searching the scriptures has their united labors. But each of these sects have developed ideas peculiar to themselves, and we contend that this is all right and very essential. A sect or church is nothing but a gathering of minds around some great principle to which they are all attracted. Each branch and each member have their own particular mission to perform, and their own field in which to labor. Every individual should be true to himself, true to the church and true to God by acting out his own peculiar gifts, and thus show to the world the purpose of his creation.

My christian friends, to each of us is intrusted the manifestation of some truth. Therefore let us live according to our calling and the laws of our being, and we may be assured we shall not be useless portions of the great universe of God. We have thus endeavored to show that every sect of christians is intrusted with its peculiar truths, and that it is an adherence to this that compels its members to cling to a favorite system though it contains some errors. And some may ask where is the principle of union in all this; if every man is engaged in his own work how shall he gain sympathy for his brother? You who can discover no unity amid such diversity, look, if you please upon this very church edifice in which we worship. A number of workmen were employed in its construction. You well remember, no doubt, how intent was each man upon his own occupation. One who was used to handling the pick and spade clears away and digs a trench for a "sure foundation." Another from nature's own quarry lifts in its rough and crude state the durable material that is to compose the "sure foundation," and form the corner stones, the permanent and comely walls of the house of God. Another with the beast of burden bears them in triumph to the lovely spot which has been selected as the most suitable place to erect this monument of christianity. Another with

more artistic skill than the former, fashions those rough blocks to his liking, and by plumb line and level settles them quietly into their final resting place. Another rears those modest little pillars that compose the pulpit. Another still forms the sofa and embellishes the altar. Another high above his companions, fashions and erects the belfry.

There was no apparent union of purpose in all this, but each man labored as steadily in his own particular corner as if that were the complete building. But in the mind of him who had the supervision and direction of all these busy hands, is the completed edifice. Day by day he witnesses with intense interest the progress of the work, and at length has the satisfaction of seeing the finishing touch put upon the last portion of the building, and it becomes a complete work of art.

So are we all unconscious workers upon a house, whose builder and maker is God. That eye alone which can search men's hearts, which never slumbers nor sleeps, which can look into eternity, can see the completed edifice of truth in all its sublimity and harmonious proportions. Vain would it be, my brethren, to strain our weak sight in hope of viewing all. Our duty is plain. To labor in hope and trust where God has placed us, with the instruments He has placed in our hands. But let us not forget that our brother, although he may not meet to worship in the same house with us, nevertheless he may be striving in the same great work. This is the only christian union, in our opinion, possible on earth, and it is a more noble union than any other. The union of a great purpose linked together by a thousand dissimilar efforts. The unity of laborers who till different portions of God's vineyard until all becomes smiling and fruitful as Eden. The unity of a whole race of christians engaged in a work vast enough to demand all their energies in every method of application.

Let us, my brethren, not complain if our natural eyes see not the completion of this stupendous work. God does not build in a day, but in ages, and for a vast eternity. In a future state of existence all the mystery will be revealed, and our souls will exalt in the thought that our feeble and one-sided endeavors have assisted to raise that glorious

structure, whose foundations are laid deep in earth and whose top towers reach to the very heavens. There is one bond that should ever bind the hearts of all christians together, that is the bond of charity. We should all be contented to accomplish our own work, and not find fault with our brother because his employment in the church is more honorable or less elevated than our own. Why should we be uncharitable; why should we call our brother by hard names for cherishing an error, when we have so many false things clinging about our own necks and dragging us down to earth? Let us first cast the beam out of our own eye, and then we can see more clearly to cast the mote out of our brother's eye.

Do we feel that we have a truth to develop, let us remember that our brother has one as well, and perhaps one more important. Are we displeased because he works not with us; let us remember that the structure will never be completed if we all work at the same thing or in the same place. No, this should not be, we are sufficient for our work, he is sufficient for his. Is it right for man to curse his brother for a difference of opinion? It is a spectacle that we all should look upon with unmingled pity. Because our brother cannot see and understand a proposition in the same light that we do, is it right for us to set him down as wilfully blind and ignorant, and hurl into his face all the thunderbolts of our fiery indignation? Let us remember that his mind is not ours, that his mental vision may be more or less piercing than ours, and that like ourselves he decides according to the evidence that he may be able to procure, and his understanding of the same. Perchance he may have inquired as honestly after truth as ourselves, and some different view of the same has attracted his attention. Blame him not then, for God has given him an intellect and understanding suited to the work which he is to perform.

Would you see the union of God's church so long hoped for? Here it is; a whole race of christians provoking each other, not to wrath, but to good works. All men according to their gifts stirring themselves about the great work of constructing the system of harmonious truth, and one bond, charity or love, encircling all. Then, my brethren; let us cease our condemnation of others for opinion's sake. Let us

turn our own eye within and see if we have not a demon there, as well as our brother. And let us not become cast down and gloomy at the thought of all this contention and difference of opinion among christians. It is thus that God works. Be humble and content in thine allotted sphere. The time shall come, for He is faithful who hath promised, when all this disorder shall blend harmoniously, when unity shall run through and pervade all varieties of action, and then God shall be all in all.

L. T. P.

STILL TRUST HIM.

“Christ is the way, the truth and life,”
 No matter if it should be dark,
 We know He's near and soon can come,
 To kindle up the waning spark.

Suppose the cloud hides Him from us,
 He still is near, we hear Him say,
 Thy courage now must not give way,
 My grace is equal to thy day.

Although you cannot see My face—
 I still am here and will remain
 To help in every time of need,
 Thy strength and courage to maintain.

What if My face is now concealed?
 My willingness will be revealed,
 All who believe should now take heed,
 That I will help in time of need.

A time of need is ever near,
 This does not prove that we should fear,
 For He is with us in the vale,
 His strength and grace will never fail.

So trust in Him, 'tis not in vain,
He is near by and will remain—
The lame, the sick, the halt, and blind—
To help us all He is inclined.

While here on earth His hand was laid,
Upon the sick, which gave them aid,
Disease was conquered by His might,
And driven from them out of sight.

His nature kind, sweet and sublime,
Was exercised on all in time,
No person was reduced so low,
That Christ to them refused to go.

Their character He did not mind—
To such was always very kind,
Rebuked their wicked, loathsome ways—
And lead them on to better days.

And He is still the only way
For men to travel at this day,
His heart is open to us all,
So let us trust Him, lest we fall.

If any have not found Christ yet,
We hope they will not soon forget,
The way so often pointed out,
Nor take the broader, shorter route.

This is the true and plainest road,
For all to travel on to God,
To miss it we will never try,
But keep the road that leads on high.

L. T. P.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

STORY OF JOSEPH.

Joseph was the son of Jacob, who was one of the richest men at that date in the land of Canaan. His grandfather's name was Isaac, and his great-grandfather was Abraham. Joseph when seventeen years of age made himself useful by assisting his brothers in feeding the flocks of their father. He had one younger brother, but all the rest were older. Jacob thought more of Joseph than he did of his older boys. Perhaps he was more obedient, more thoughtful and more helpful than the others. If so, it was no wonder he prized the boy so highly.

About this time the wheat harvest came on. Joseph did such good work that to encourage him his father had a fancy coat of many colors made for him. His older brothers, some of whom had families to support, thought that their father loved Joseph more than he did them, and became jealous. No doubt they received good wages for their work, but Joseph was entitled to his food and clothing and a beautiful coat, if his father desired him to have one. But the jealousy turned into hatred. About this time the boy Joseph, who no doubt had labored quite hard in the harvest field, had a vision or dream, and told it first to his brothers. Said: "As we were binding sheaves, my sheave arose and stood upright, and your sheaves stood around and did obeisance to my sheaf." His brothers hated him after this worse than ever. And he dreamed again and told it to his brothers and father. This time the sun, moon and eleven stars bowed down before him. His brothers still envied him, but his father rebuked him but did not forget the dream. He knew that God was in

it. Of course the eleven stars in this dream referred to his eleven brothers.

Joseph's father sent him to Shechem to enquire into the welfare of his sons and his flocks. Joseph did not find them there for they had gone in search of more water and greener pastures. He enquired of some one, and was told he would find them in Dothan. They saw him a long distance away as he had on his coat of many colors. They said: "Behold the dreamer cometh!" Before he was near them they made up their minds to slay him. Thought if they took his life his dreams would not come to pass. His brother Reuben did not want him killed, but said they had better cast him into a dry pit near by, thinking that he could on the sly at some future time restore him to his father. They then took off his coat of many colors and cast him into the pit. The cruel men then seated themselves near the pit to eat their lunch, and about the time they were through they beheld a company of Ishmaelities from Gilead bearing spices and other merchandise to Egypt, and they sold Joseph to them. The Midianites drew him up out of the pit and delivered him to the Ishmaelities who paid twenty pieces of silver, which I suppose found its way to the pockets of his brethren, and Joseph was carried to Egypt, where he was sold to a captain of the guard by the name of Potiphar. His coat of many colors was torn to pieces by Joseph's wicked brothers, dipped in goat's blood and taken to his father, who then gave up all hope of ever seeing his son alive.

Joseph was here for a purpose and God was with him, and Potiphar made him his general overseer. The bible says, "the Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake." His royal career soon commenced, and he was suffered to pass through severe temptations in Potiphar's house in order to test his mental and spiritual strength. As usual he came off victorious. But being cruelly assailed by a false and slanderous tongue, he was arrested and thrown into prison; but in this great emergency the Lord did not forsake him. The keeper of the prison soon had such confidence in him that he committed all the prisoners to his hands, and gave him unlimited power and authority over the prison department.

Joseph had been a dreamer himself while in his teens, but such had been his character along the line of virtue, truthfulness and unwavering integrity, that through divine help he was changed from a dreamer to an interpreter. Great indeed was the change, but he was now an experienced, intelligent, well-developed man of God. King Pharaoh's chief butler and chief baker had both offended the king, and were both in prison with Joseph. Both were dreamers, and had each a dream the same night. Joseph heard them, and gave each a full interpretation thereof the next morning. The chief butler was restored within three days to his former position, just as Joseph told him he would; but the chief baker was beheaded at the same time, according to his prediction. Any one wishing to know more about these dreams will find them recorded in the fortieth chapter of Genesis. Joseph requested the butler to speak a good word for him to the king, upon regaining his liberty, but the careless and selfish man forgot all about it.

Nothing more is known of Joseph for two full years. At the end of this time we find him still in prison, and the king had become a dreamer. After he awoke and thought over the peculiar nature of his dream, he dropped to sleep and dreamed it all over the second time. In the morning the king was greatly troubled and sent for the magicians and the wise men of his kingdom, told them his dream, but they could not help him out. Then the chief butler came to his senses and confessed his stupid forgetfulness in regard to Joseph. Pharaoh was encouraged, sent for Joseph, had him taken out of prison, when he shaved himself, changed his raiment and came unto Pharaoh. Pharaoh related his dreams and Joseph interpreted them fully, and told him what he ought to do. Pharaoh made up his mind that Joseph was right. He believed that God had revealed these things to him through the influence of His eternal spirit. Pharaoh said unto Joseph: "I have set thee over my house, and all the land of Egypt." And he took a ring from his finger and placed it upon Joseph's finger, and caused him to ride in his second chariot, for he was second to no one but the king. Joseph at this time was about thirty years old, and had just been married through the influence of the king to a lady by

the name of Asenath, daughter of Potipherah, priest of On. A full account of all Pharaoh's dreams, the years of plenty and some of the years of famine, you'll find written in the forty-first and forty-second chapters of Genesis.

The famine lasted so long and covered so much territory that the ten brothers of Joseph were sent to Egypt to buy corn. Benjamin, the youngest son, was not permitted to go. Joseph was then the governor of the whole land, and had control of all the corn. Joseph knew them, but he had changed so much they did not know him. He remembered his dreams, talked harshly to them and called them spies. The ten brothers tried hard to prove their innocence, and in the act of doing so incidentally spoke of their youngest brother who had been left at home. He pretended not to believe them and again called them spies. He said he would not let them have corn until they brought Benjamin, and he finally shut them up for three days. At the end of three days Joseph offered to let them have corn to take to their father's house, if they would bring Benjamin with them the next time they came after corn. Joseph felt very badly for them all as he understood the situation perfectly well, and when they talked among themselves knew all they said. As he talked with them through an interpreter they did not suppose he could speak their language. They had been confessing their own meanness one to another and were conscience smitten and distressed, and Joseph having a kind, forgiving, loving heart, turned away and wept. After conferring with them a few minutes he took Simeon and bound him before their eyes. Then the sacks were filled, loaded upon their beasts, and all but Simeon returned home.

When the family of Jacob had eaten up the corn he proposed to his sons to go down and buy a little more. They promptly told him that it would be useless to go without Benjamin. He objected at first, but finally consented. They took some valuable presents, consisting of myrrh, balm, spices, money, etc., as was the custom of the country in such cases, and started out on the journey. When they reached Joseph's house the steward came out to meet them, bringing Simeon with him. Joseph came home at noon, and his brethren gave him the presents and stood around him, and

bowed themselves to the earth and did him homage. Benjamin this time was along, and Joseph was so affected upon seeing his youngest brother that he withdrew to his chamber and wept.

Joseph entertained his brethren most royally, but they did not know him yet. He desired to test their sincerity and apparent repentance a little more thoroughly. He told his steward to fill the men's sacks and put the money back into the sacks' mouth, and to put his own silver cup into Benjamin's sack with the money paid for the corn. The men went away early in the morning, and after they had traveled a little way out of the city he ordered them brought back. His silver cup was found in his youngest brother's sack. Then after another long plea and many propositions from his brethren, and an urgent request that Joseph would consider the age and condition of their father, he made up his mind that he could stand it no longer and would make himself known. Joseph requested every man to leave the room, and no one remained while he made himself known to his brethren. He wept aloud. He plainly told them that he was their brother Joseph, and then proceeded to relate all the facts in connection with his captivity, slavery, imprisonment, and final promotion. He did not want them to blame themselves at all, as God sent him there to preserve life. He wanted them now to hurry back to Canaan and tell their father Jacob the good news, and move the whole family down to Egypt. He wanted all the children and grandchildren to come, and all the flocks and herds to be driven along, for he would give them the land of Goshen to live in so they could be near him, as the famine would continue five years longer.

Pharaoh sanctioned the whole arrangement and requested Joseph to take along some of the wagons of Egypt for the wives and children to ride in, and to be sure to bring along their aged father, that he with the rest might enjoy the fat of the land. Joseph gave them provisions, money and clothing, and sent them on their way rejoicing. In due time Jacob and his entire family arrived as expected, without loss or accident, and settled down in the land of Goshen. As soon as convenient Joseph took his father and some of his brothers to the king and introduced them. Pharaoh took a

great interest in them all, and enquired of his brethren about their occupation, etc. They told him they were shepherds. Pharaoh suggested to Joseph if he knew of any active men among his brethren, to make them rulers over his cattle. Joseph then gave his father an opportunity to talk with the king. After a few minutes conversation Jacob blessed the king in a few, well-chosen words, and retired from his presence.

The famine was so long and severe that even the citizens of Egypt exhausted all their ready money to buy food—for they had to pay for it as well as other people. Then Joseph told them he would buy their cattle, horses, flocks and herds, and he would give them bread in exchange; and they received enough for all this property to last one year. They again went to the governor and reported that everything was gone but their bodies and lands. They were willing to sell themselves and lands for food. Joseph then bought all the land of Egypt, and the owners too, for Pharaoh, and all the seed necessary to sow the land was included in the deal.

Jacob lived in Goshen seventeen years, and bowed himself upon his bed and died. Joseph had his servants and physicians embalm his father, and he was taken to the land of Canaan and buried with his fathers in the Cave of Macpelah.

Much more might be said and written about Joseph, for he was a most wonderful man, one of the most conspicuous characters in the old testament. Always clear headed, more virtuous, less irritable, more sympathetic, more loving, and withal a greater financier than any of his predecessors. It seems clear to me that Joseph was to the old dispensation, what our Savior was and still is to the new. Joseph was sold by his brethren for twenty pieces of silver. Our Savior was betrayed and sold by his brethren the Jews for thirty pieces of silver. Joseph was raised up and sent into Egypt to save life in all that part of the country, and to fulfill the predictions of the prophets that our Redeemer would come along the line of the very people whom Joseph saved from starvation. Had the posterity of Abraham been swept from the face of the earth by this fearful famine, I am unable to discern the final result. Joseph evidently came into the world

to save life. Our Savior came into the world not only to save human life, but the immortal soul from eternal ruin. One was an able and successful representative of humanity; the other represented humanity and divinity both, to their fullest extent. Here the parallel—if it can thus be called—between the two comes to an end.

Joseph's mission is now ended and his work is done, and well done, and he is ready to depart and be at rest. He said to his relatives and friends as he was about to leave the stage of action: "God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence." He was so anxious about it that he put them under oath and soon after died. They embalmed him and put him in a coffin in Egypt. We have no record in the bible how long the casket containing Joseph's remains was kept in Egypt. But we have good authority for believing that he was buried many generations after this in the land of Shechem on his father's old farm, where he helped to tend the flocks in the days of his boyhood; where the real foundation was practically laid for those two remarkable dreams. Now this to him was the dearest spot on earth. The memory of those beautiful fields and pastures, with the pleasant associations connected therewith, probably made an impression upon his mind that time could not obliterate. All the readers of this story who desire more light are referred to the last ten chapters of Genesis.

L. T. P.

DREAMS.

The dreams of life though often sad,
 Will sometimes make our hearts more glad—
 They come to us by day or night,
 Will oft bring gloom, more often light.

If God is there all may be well—
 If not our sorrow none can tell;
 Grief sometimes will pave the way,
 For joy to come another day.

We all may plan in things of life,
But God comes in and ends all strife,
His law must guide the human race,
And will control in ev'ry case.

The dreams of sleep are govern'd still,
By mortal mind, more than by will;
All in a happy frame of mind,
Great joy and peace will surely find.

Then how important, and we must,
Rely on Him, the good and just;
In His own likeness we were made,
His holy laws cannot evade.

All seasons of the year we dream,
And when asleep how real they seem,
But when we waken, Oh! how changed,
All nature seems so disarranged.

In summer's heat, or winter's cold,
We dream of flowers, fruit or gold;
Up and down the earth we go,
Regardless of the heat or snow.

We visit cities, fields and mines,
In this and many other climes,
But when we wake 'tis all a dream,
No merit in it to be seen.

A dreamer's name we find below,
Who was sent out, his faith to show;
Was lifted to that blessed place,
To save his people from disgrace.

His dreams all come from God above,
And were revealed to him in love;
The harvest being in demand,
The ripened grain he could command.

As Joseph was the chosen one,
His work on earth must be well done;
So faithful was he here below,
That love on all he could bestow.

Oh! let us all now look ahead,
 That by his course we may be led;
 To fully place our trust in God,
 And safely pass beneath the rod.

L. T. P.

DEMISE OF MRS. WEYMOUTH.

Lines written on the passing away of Mrs. William Weymouth of Kingfield,
 Maine, March 27, 1846,

Death is the portion of our race,
 We all must droop and die;
 It comes on us with rapid pace,
 From it we cannot fly.

There's none can save us from its hand,
 For God decrees it so,
 Like grass and plants that clothe the land,
 We all shalt wilt below.

We shall return unto the earth,
 And mingle with the dust;
 From it we all received our birth,
 Return to it we must.

Death came and snatched from earth away,
 The subject of these lines;
 Her soul has left its house of clay,
 And gone to other climes.

She lived a pious life whilst here,
 As all her neighbors know,
 In her devotions, was sincere,
 Whilst worshipping below.

That form of hers we ne'er shall view,
 Whilst on the earth we dwell;
 That voice that bade the world adieu,
 Will no more discord quell.

Her body in the dust is laid,
 There to be food for worms;
 The debt we all must pay, she's paid,
 Though hard may seem its terms.

A world of sorrow she has left,
 A world of sin and pain;
 Although of her we are bereft,
 What's our loss is her gain.

Her husband lost a loving wife,
 May God his feelings calm,
 May he receive the word of life,
 And quaff its heavenly balm.

May all her friends both far and nigh,
 Who did their sister love,
 Strive her to meet beyond the sky,
 In purer realms above.

L. T. P.

 IT IS FINISHED.

John xix, 30.

It is finished, our Savior cried,
 While on the cross He hung;
 And then He bowed His head and died,
 God's holy, righteous One.

It is finished, His work is done—
 To save a sinful world—
 And all who will just now may come,
 His banner is unfurled.

His banner over us is love,
 So says His precious word;
 He sent our Savior from above,
 His voice all men have heard.

Come unto Me and be ye saved,
 This is the jubilee;
 I've gained the vic'try o'er the grave,
 The captive may be free.

It is finished, all is complete,
 No merit rests with us;
 The contrite soul Christ now will greet,
 Then come to Him we must.

It is finished, all is of grace,
 Salvation now is free;
 We can through Christ behold Thy face,
 His love saves you and me.

It is finished, although our sins
 Have driven us from God,
 This mighty work He now begins,
 To save us from the rod.

It is finished, the debt is paid,
 His blood atonement makes;
 On Him the fearful debt is laid,
 Gives His life for our sakes.

It is finished, blest be the Lord,
 Who gave to us His Son,
 To take upon Him flesh and blood,
 For our lives gave His own.

It is finished, but Satan frowns,
 To see his victims saved;
 To death and hell he'll cast them down,
 And leave them in the grave.

It is finished in righteousness,
 The work is now cut short,
 And man may reach that happiness,
 Which Christ to him has brought.

He will come with arms extended,
 We shall listen to His voice;
 His love in our hearts is kindled,
 And Jesus is our choice.

[L. T. P.]

MY BOOK.

My book is done; my pleasant task is o'er;
My work perchance is only just begun,
I hope to live, to do, and say still more;
I know my time on earth cannot be long—
But after all I may repeat this song;
If all the good we do is measured here,
To my own mind the truth is very clear,
That we have nearly always lived in vain—
If so, and we our mortal gifts retain,
Immortal life will be to us great gain;
We then can banish every doubt and fear,
And heavenly grace our hearts will ever cheer.

I feel my time has not been thrown away,
Upon this little book, and hope it may
Do good to all who shall its pages read,
A pleasure 'tis to bid them all good speed;
This labor has a blessing been to me,
Its good results I now can plainly see,
My mental strength has somewhat been improved
While in literary pursuits I moved;
'Tis very good to keep our minds employed,
If we do not our time is not enjoyed,
It runs to waste, and never will return,
All offers on that line will promptly spurn.

'Tis so much better, old maxims say,
To wear out than to rust out, any way,
I feel, and I believe it to be true—
If you do not, try it, and then will you;
But other things we now should bear in mind,
And thus a treasure evermore will find;
The thought that all eternity is near,
A veil between divides the "There" and here;
The veil now can't be seen, as death alone
Can lift it, and disclose the great white throne,
And one more look a little higher still,
Reveals our home above, on Zion's hill.

We make no great pretensions in this book,
In language it is plain, with modest look,
'Tis not, you know, a money-making scheme,
Of such a plan I did not even dream;
Old manuscripts that were lying around,
Which seemed scarcely fit to be above ground;
Had escaped destruction by hook or crook,
To find a warm spot in this little book;
Its history now so minutely told,
May be worth more to some than silver or gold,
If you have in your heart a place or nook,
You may cherish the truths found in this book.

On reading more closely, if you should find
An untruth, reject it, but bear in mind,
Errors will sometimes creep into a book,
So please excuse us by word or kind look;
Remember perfection may not be found,
In this world on any very good ground,
But in the next world we think it is there—
To pass judgment, here we must now forbear;
But when we shall cross to the other side,
Beyond life's rolling, ebbing, flowing tide,
No evils are found, and no errors there,
But all is pacific, gracious and fair.

L. T. P.

[NOTE—These letters left out of first edition by accident.]

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PINE TREE STATE LETTERS, NO. 1.

OLD ORCHARD, Maine. July 25, 1895.

Having left home so very quietly and unceremoniously, we have been thinking for a day or two that the proper thing for us to do is to let our Wisconsin friends know where we are.

We are pleasantly located with very kind friends at this popular summer resort, in a "cottage by the sea." We are so near the beach that we can easily visit it, if we desire, several times a day. The surf is very fine, and every pleasant day several hundred persons of both sexes and all ages indulge in the pleasure of a sea bath.

We might give an account of our journey and a description of the scenery, etc., but so many people travel nowadays in this country in all directions, and see all these things for themselves, that pen and ink pictures are apt to be only common-place affairs and utterly devoid of interest to many persons who read the papers. Suffice it to say, we traveled over four important central railway lines: the Michigan Central, New York Central, Vermont Central, and Maine Central, besides three or four more lines, less important and less central, both in name and location. These various lines carried us through several important cities, and in close proximity to some of the grandest scenery on this continent. For instance, the Falls of Niagara, the Green Mountains of Vermont, and the White Mountains of New Hampshire. This little journey was performed easily, naturally, quietly, leaving no thrilling adventures or hair-breadth escapes to narrate.

At Niagara Falls our palace sleeper remained two hours, and carriages were in waiting on our arrival to convey us to convenient positions where we might view all the chief points of interest. We visited Goat Island and the Three Sister Islands for the first time in our lives.

Our facilities here at the beach for traveling in all directions, are simply fine. We have the regular steam, motor and electric cars. Each line sends out trains every few minutes to connect with steamers on ocean, bay, river and pool; to carry passengers to other towns, cities and summer resorts. Excursions by both rail and steamer are continually being planned, and some of them come off every pleasant day. Yesterday we had a delightful trip on the electric line, through beautiful farms and sweetly-scented pine groves, to the manufacturing cities of Saco and Biddeford. Will quote from another chapter: When out of my teens I wanted to engage in business for myself, and thought I must go away from home to do so. Forty-nine years ago last spring, I worked on one of the large cotton factories in Biddeford then in course of construction. I have not been there since, until yesterday, when I had the privilege of walking near the same factory.

This little incident brought vividly to mind a short chapter of early recollections:

When a boy I went to Lowell, Massachusetts, to get a job, but did not get anything but the measles. As I am an old boy now of considerable experience, I might, under the same circumstances get something better. At the same time I also secured a little job in Boston—it was simply a book agency. I went to the western part of Maine and took both jobs with me. I peddled books until I reached Saco, and there settled down and had the measles. I was pretty sick and under the care of a physician for some time. As soon as I recovered from the measles and the book agency, I packed my trunk and went home and engaged in farming. But never to this day have I been able to determine which was the worst, the measles or the book agency. They both made me very sick, and between the two I lost nearly all my money, and had to go to work for more. Since then I have always tried hard to steer clear of book agencies, and

as much as possible of book agents. I consider both measles and book agencies dangerous diseases, and either in a malignant form is decidedly worse than small pox of a mild type.

Thus endeth the reading of our first introduction to your respected readers, and a part of the first chapter of early recollections. The Badger comes regularly and promptly, is a very welcome visitor, and its contents are devoured with a keen relish.

Very sincerely, L. T. P.

PINE TREE STATE LETTERS, NO. 2.

OLD ORCHARD, Maine. Aug. 5, 1895.

The weather since we came has been delightful. Plenty of rain, which has fallen mostly in the night. It is so cool that we need light overcoats and heavy wraps much of the time by day, and as heavy bed covering every night as we use in winter at home. But we already realize that such an atmosphere as we are having here is an excellent tonic, in July and August, for persons who are not very strong.

Last Monday we visited Portland and Peak's Island. We remained on the island about three hours, taking dinner at the Forest City hotel. We did not have time to call on our friends there, as we were accompanied by two lady friends who were in somewhat of a hurry to return to the city. We expect in the near future to again visit that island.

We had planned another excursion in a different direction for August 1, but when the time came it was so cool and the clouds so very threatening, it was postponed.

The Christian Alliance convention assembled here last Saturday evening for a two weeks' session. It is held on the camp ground; the large general meetings in grove auditorium and the smaller meetings in the tabernacle. It is the most beautiful grove I ever beheld. Many prominent persons are present, such as college presidents and professors, clergymen, doctors of divinity, etc. We have listened to several interesting and powerful discourses.

Almost everything under the sun seems to be going on here. The races commenced this week. Ten car loads of horses were landed at the station in one day. In the big hotels the gay festivities of the season are in full blast. All kinds of people from almost every grade of society visit Old Orchard Beach. I suppose it is the same at many other watering places.

This is truly an elegant beach. Just enough rocks for variety, which serve nicely—with the addition of something for a cushion—for seats and reclining places, on which the weary can rest and watch the surf and tide as it ebbs and flows. But all such persons must be careful and not forget themselves while reclining on the "soft side" of these friendly rocks, intently watching the crested waves as they come and go, else, when they come to their senses they will find themselves surrounded by water, and must either wade or swim through the surf to reach the shore. A little incident of this character, both amusing and instructive, witnessed by wife and myself, has just occurred, which I will relate in my next letter, provided I do not forget it and write another.

This elegant beach, with the exception of the rocks alluded to, is entirely of fine, light-colored sand. This sand above high water mark is dry, loose and soft, and when the sun shines brightly is nice and warm; and people sit or recline upon it, basking for hours together in the sunshine with nothing but parasols or sun umbrellas to protect heads and faces, and seem to enjoy it immensely. But this same kind of sand, as far as the tide ebbs and flows over it, is almost as hard and compact as a pavement. It makes a very fine, smooth, driving thoroughfare for miles, and the print of the horses' feet and the carriage wheels is only barely visible.

We can see, almost every pleasant day, a great variety of vehicles passing and repassing, containing invalids and persons in health, taking a quiet, healthful and noiseless drive over this smooth and almost level beach.

Yours truly, L. T. P.

PINE TREE STATE LETTERS, NO. 3.

OLD ORCHARD, Maine, Aug. 15, 1895.

Not having forgotten the little incident on the beach, referred to in my last, I will now, for the sake of brevity, relate it in verse, entitled, "The Lovers."

The amusing feature in the case was the unwillingness of the lady to submit to being carried ashore by the gentleman, until she had taken one more step to the only rock in sight above water in the direction of the shore. It was a long step, and the top of the rock was rather sharp-pointed, increasing the danger of stepping and getting wet. This precaution was certainly modest, prudent and commendable in the lady, but it seemed quite hard for her to convince the gentleman that this one step was necessary, and considerable valuable time was consumed in the little controversy. However, it all ended as controversies with the ladies usually do, by the lady having her own way. We all concluded, from appearances, that the gentleman would have preferred to carry her, not only that one step but twenty steps more, even if not strictly necessary. The instructive part, or the moral, if you please, you probably will not fail to discover in the last two lines of the little poem, which will apply to the whole human family.

THE LOVERS.

They watched the crested wave roll in
And dash against the ledge,
As on a moss-grown reef they stood
Close by the water's edge.
Of standing, soon they seemed to tire,
And spread a garment o'er
These rugged, hard and chilly rocks,
Still watching as before.

The gallant youth then lent a hand
To seat his lady fair,
And soon beside her took his seat,
In this impromptu chair;

The folded garment was not large,
And both of course must share
The soft, warm, dry and cosy folds
Of this low, double chair.

Each looked upon the other now
With soft and loving eyes,
And heeded not the flight of time,
Nor tide, now on the rise;
And being near each other now,
Could talk and hear with ease—
The noisy waves and breaking surf
This couple seemed to please.

On this same reef, though nearer shore
A step or two away,
Were standing other gentle folk,
Who did not come to stay;
But just step'd up to see the waves,
For the tide was on a raid,
And soon retreat would be cut off,
Except to swim or wade.

All but this pair soon left the rocks,
And reached the dry loose sand,
The lovers lingered till the tide
Had cut them off from land;
Then with surprise they started up,
And viewed the landscape o'er,
With earnest, wistful, longing eyes
They gazed upon the shore.

But soon the swain made up his mind
Just what was best to do,
Carry his sweetheart to the shore,
Which still was in plain view;
He took off his shoes and stockings
And rolled his pants up high,
Took wraps and outer garments,
And soon was on the fly.

He plac'd them safely on the beach,
And then turned to the sea,
To save his darling lady love,
Was now his only plea.
He very soon was near the rocks,
With arms extended wide
He offered to receive his love,
And bear her o'er the tide.

With modest gestures she declined
To rush to his embrace,
But pointed out one more bare rock,
With gentle, easy grace;
He took her hand that he might help
Her take just one step more,
And then this modest girl would be
Just one step nearer shore.

She landed safely on the rock,
And did not wet her feet,
Then yielded slowly to his arms,
Though whiter than a sheet;
With steps so slow, but firm and sure,
He bore her to the land,
And gently placed her willing feet
Upon the warm, dry sand.

With graceful bow and wave of hand
She smiled almost aloud,
To think this little episode
Attracted such a crowd;
We all responded in our hearts—
This lady we commend,
Did all she could to help herself,
'Ere yielding to a friend.

L. T. P.

PINE TREE STATE LETTERS, NO. 4.

OLD ORCHARD, Maine, Aug. 20, 1895.

A very sad accident took place near Ocean Park a few days ago. Two young men, both excellent swimmers, while bathing, ventured out too far beyond the surf, and were caught by the undertow and carried out to sea. One of them had not strength to return and sank to rise no more before they were discovered. The other continued to stem the tide and current, still remaining above the water, until, becoming exhausted and unconscious, he went under for the last time just as he reached the surf. Having been discovered by other bathers a few minutes before he sank, help was so near at hand that he was rescued apparently more dead than alive. It took a long time to resuscitate him, and he was so prostrated that it was several days before he was able to be out of doors enjoying his usual health and strength.

The name of the young man drowned was Flanders. He was eighteen years of age and resided with his parents in Chicopee, Massachusetts. His mother had been with him at Ocean Park, and his father, a clergyman, was wired and came immediately. A reward was offered for the recovery of the body, and an organized search was immediately instituted, which at latest accounts had been unsuccessful.

The Christian Alliance camp meeting convention, presided over by Rev. A. B. Simpson of New York, closed its two weeks' session Monday morning at eleven o'clock. A large number claim conversion and about forty have been baptized—twenty last Sunday and the others at different periods during the convention. At the Sunday morning service seven to eight thousand persons were present. It has been estimated that fifteen to twenty thousand persons visited the grove during the day.

A collection at the close of the morning service for the benefit of foreign missions, resulted in obtaining money and pledges to the amount of seventy-five thousand dollars—truly the most earnest, interesting and enthusiastic collection I ever witnessed. Many subscriptions were up in the thousands. A New York man gave seventy-five hundred dollars; a Texas man, forty-five hundred; a friend, forty-five hundred;

a Portland lady, two thousand, and there were quite a number of one thousand dollar subscriptions. One of Mr. Simpson's most happy expressions when calling for one thousand dollar pledges was, "Why, it is only three zeros, with God in front of them."

This Alliance, composed of ministers and laymen from all the different christian societies, seems to make foreign mission work a specialty, and their success in the direction of raising money for the last four years has been truly phenomenal. The collection here in 1892 was sixty thousand dollars; in 1893, at a time of great financial distress, thirty thousand dollars; in 1894, forty thousand dollars. This year the record is eclipsed by the magnificent total of seventy-five thousand dollars. Good enough, I say.

This is only one convention held in one place that has raised this vast amount of missionary money at a two weeks' meeting convened here every summer for four years. And many other conventions of the same kind and for the same purpose are held every summer in other places, but I am not aware of the result. These stalwart, earnest men of God have now gone to other fields, but many pleasant recollections will remain with those who tarry here.

The Salvation Army, under the direction of Brigadier Brewer of the New England division, opened up a campaign as soon as the Alliance left, and will hold the "fort" for at least one week. Their work is for home missions—the slums of Boston being a specialty in New England. They, too, are meeting with good success.

The natural soil here is nothing but a bed of sand, but by mixing the fine mold of the valley with this sand, under the influence of the sunshine, the dew and the showers, the skilled gardener can and has produced beautiful lawns and fragrant flower gardens. Figuratively speaking, in the beginning the missionary soil was like the natural, dry and sandy, but it has been so thoroughly cultivated by the missionary spirit, so beautifully watered by the dew of human kindness, so generously and richly supplied by the sacrifices of the laborers and the liberality of the people, that this moral wilderness of sand has, in the last few years, been made to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

L. T. P.

PINE TREE STATE LETTERS, NO. 5.

OLD ORCHARD, Maine, Aug. 25, 1895.

The body of Wayne Flanders, who was drowned two weeks ago off Ocean Park Beach, was carried ashore by the tide at Grand Beach last Saturday night, and discovered Sunday morning. The remains were in a good state of preservation, and were conveyed as soon as practicable to his parents, who are still here. Those conversant with the facts in the case deeply sympathized with the sorrow-stricken parents, and all experienced a great relief on hearing that the sea had at last "yielded up it's dead."

The Salvation Army, after a successful campaign against sin and Satan, raised the siege last Monday morning. Announcements of a peculiar character were printed in the form of a program and given out to the people in advance of each day's exercises. We give below one day's program as a sample:

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15—FIELD DAY.

Marching Cavalcade. Apostolic Warfare all Day.

7:00 a. m.—Devil Hunt.

10:30 a. m.—Slum Meeting, conducted by Slum Officers from Boston Slum Posts.

2:30 p. m.—Rescue Demonstration and Display, conducted by Rescue Officers from Boston Rescue Home.

7:30 p. m.—Musical Festival by Militant Musicals, including combined Band Singers and Choruses. All Day's Battle for Souls.

The Salvation Army workers from Boston were here in full force; well disciplined and well officered and accompanied by well-trained choruses, and an excellent brass band with seventeen pieces called the Jubilee Band. The band and choruses seemed to be the great attractions. There were present quite a number of persons of more than ordinary

ability, and nearly all who took part in the exercises were interesting and fluent speakers, and all without exception were very zealous and enthusiastic. These workers, mostly officers of the Boston Slum Posts and the Boston Rescue Home, seem to be earnestly devoted to this kind of work, and I believe they are honest and sincere.

The poet says:

“Satan trembles when he sees,
The weakest saint upon his knees.”

If Satan trembles in the presence of the weak ones, what must be his fear and agitation when these stalwart warriors raid his dens of infamy and vice? His kingdom during these crusades gets such a terrible shaking up that many of his deluded subjects break away from his servitude and become happy and useful members of society.

I have just learned that quite a number joined the ranks of the Salvation Army, and the collections in cash were sufficient to pay all bills and leave a balance of one thousand dollars for slum work in Boston and other cities.

It is no wonder after all that has been done, that Old Orchard has a national reputation along the line of great benevolence.

We have just returned from another cruise, from Portland down Casco Bay twenty-two miles, on one of the Harpswell steamers. On our way down the bay, via the three hundred and sixty-five island route, we touched at ten different landings, the most important [being Harpswell—mainland—Long, Chebeague, Bailey’s and Orr’s Islands. We returned by the same route, stopping only long enough at the different islands to land and take on passengers and freight. It took just four hours to make the trip. The day was beautiful, the trip delightful, and all on board seemed satisfied, contented and happy. “So mote it be.”

Sincerely, L. T. P.

PINE TREE STATE LETTERS, NO. 6.

OLD ORCHARD, Maine, Sept. 2, 1895.

The Monday following our delightful trip down Casco Bay we joined another excursion party, for a trip to Biddeford Pool, via the electric line to Saco, down the Saco river by the steamer City of Waterville to Camp Ellis, thence by the steamer James T. Furber, across the bay to the place of destination. On our return trip by the same route we stopped at Camp Ellis and partook of a clam dinner. Tide water flows up to Saco, and it is very fine sailing up and down the high tide.

Last week the great temperance camp meeting came off as advertised at the camp ground. We were away and did not have the privilege of attending. I have learned, however, that it was a big affair. Neal Dow, the great temperance apostle of Maine, now ninety-two years of age, was there and addressed the meeting, and many other distinguished speakers were present.

It is claimed here that the first temperance camp meeting ever held in the world was held at Old Orchard and Neal Dow presided. Nearly half a century has elapsed since then and Neal Dow and his mighty works still live.

Since our last letter we have visited Boston, Lowell, and several of the suburban cities of the "Hub." We spent a week in that vicinity, and of course it was the week of the great Masonic Conclave. Very early Tuesday morning we visited the headquarters of the Wisconsin Knights at the New England Conservatory. We found several of our Evansville friends at breakfast. After an absence from home of six weeks I assure you we were glad to see them, and they seemed glad to see us.

"Home, sweet home. Be it ever so humble,
There is no place like home."

Those gallant knights immediately secured some good seats for us and three lady friends—one of whom was Miss Willis of Iowa—where we could be seated with their own ladies, and enjoy a fine view of the great parade which was soon to follow. We had our dinner with some of these dear friends, and after the parade had a nice visit with them.

For a few hours it seemed almost like being at home, but soon we were obliged to tear ourselves away from them and go forth into the crowd, which had a tendency to dispel the home dream, but its fond recollections will abide with us forever.

Had I the time and you the space, I would gladly give for the benefit of your readers a full description of that great parade, but all the papers all over the country have been full of vivid accounts of that great event and your readers will be fully posted before this letter will see the light of publication. As I am not a Knight Templar nor even a Mason, I cannot be expected to discourse so intelligently upon the workings of this association as those who have been behind the scenes and know all the ropes. Therefore I will not attempt a description of regalias, banners, etc., but will refer you to our own noble Knights. Suffice it to say it was the opportunity of a life-time to see a big thing. It was truly the most interesting, as well as the largest and finest parade in every respect that we ever beheld. Nearly four hours and a half we watched with the most intense interest that procession of noble Sir Knights as they passed in review before us. Many were the thoughts that came into our minds, which often found expression to each other, as this band of noble men, from twenty to twenty-five thousand in number, paraded the streets of Boston. We saw, believed and were convinced—convinced of the fact that they are brave, loyal and true. We feel sure that whatever may occur to threaten or jeopardize in any way the liberties of this nation, we can depend upon the Sir Knights to defend our American institutions and principles, as well as the religious principles of the christian church. This country already has many secret enemies, and so has the christian church. The time may come when we shall need the strong arm, the unflinching energies of this noble band, to support and more firmly establish the civil and religious rights of this great people. Oh, for a million more Sir Knights in this country than we already have.

We were more than delighted to witness the harmony and good fellowship existing between the Knights of the north and south. "How good it is for brethren to dwell to-

gether in unity." The music, banners and symbols all seemed to blend in perfect harmony. "Onward, christian soldiers," "Blest be the tie that binds," "How firm a foundation," etc., and many other pieces of music harmonized so sweetly that all were delighted. The banner of the cross and the banner of the nation were so beautifully represented and so nicely enfolded in each other, that patriotism and piety may well be considered the corner stone upon which this organization is founded.

I find there is much that is beautiful and true in masonry that has stood the test of ages, and has been handed down from generation to generation by grand and noble men for centuries. I am satisfied in my own mind that these great conclaves are doing more to harmonize differences and bind together the loyal people north and south, east and west, than anything else that has been done since the civil war. God bless the Knights Templar and speed them on their way.

L. T. P.

PINE TREE STATE LETTERS, NO. 7.

NORWAY, Maine, Sept. 21, 1895.

We left Old Orchard at noon yesterday and reached Norway at four p. m. last evening. While in Boston and vicinity we suffered greatly from the heat. I assure you it seemed good to again return to that beautiful beach and once more enjoy the cool, refreshing breezes of old ocean. When a person is worn and weary from travel it takes but a short time to recuperate at Old Orchard.

A few days ago a gentleman from Montreal said to me: "Are you aware that this is the finest beach on the coast of New England?" I informed him I was aware of its beauties, and from the best information I could obtain, it had the finest, surf for bathing, and was the best place for quiet, peaceful and absolute rest that could be found on the coast.

We hear much about Newport and Bar Harbor as being far ahead of any other summer resort—no doubt as fashionable resorts they double discount all the rest. To society people the attractions of both resorts are almost irresistible. Both are largely patronized by the rich, the fashionable, and the gay. All are in pursuit of happiness and pleasure through the many avenues of amusement. It is one continued round of excitement and fashionable gaiety. No rest, no quiet, no seclusion. All seems to be bustle and commotion. Everybody in for display, and all are on dress parade every day. Fine dresses, costly jewels, and everything else to match that is beautiful and expensive. Each vieing with the other for admiration, superiority and leadership.

This may be all very well in the eyes of the world, for the young, the gay, and others who never do anything and consequently need no rest, but for the weary and the heavy laden a place of an entirely different character is preferable. Such a place is Old Orchard, especially at the cottages and the small hotels. The big hotels are much the same as at other resorts, prices so high that only the rich can afford the money pressure; style and fun the prevailing epidemic there the same as at Bar Harbor.

We, the common people, can be perfectly and entirely independent on the line of fashion. We wear what we please, go and come when we please, make but few calls and receive about as many as we make; spend some of our time at the beach, and more at "that beautiful temple not made with hands," where all can meet on one common level and listen to lectures, orations, sermons and addresses upon different subjects, and feel that we are obtaining every day something that we can carry away that will make us wiser, happier and better. We have plenty of time to read the news, write to our friends, visit the beach, and to retire for reflection and quiet repose to that beautiful grove referred to above as the temple not made with hands. Here we often rest in its cool, refreshing shadows, shut out as it were from the busy, noisy world, enjoying for an hour or so that sweet solitude that can be found on a warm, clear day only in these natural temples.

Bar Harbor, I find, is in reality the most renowned and

popular resort to be found on the coast of Maine—at least such seems to be the case from the best information I have received from others. It has no beach or surf like Old Orchard, but its grand, wild and picturesque scenery, consisting of lofty mountains, rocky cliffs, high, rugged bluffs, deep caverns and frightful precipices, in the estimation of some, more than compensate for the lack of beach, and—like the Falls of Niagara—it has become the wonder and admiration of the world.

This short description of the social status of the people and the natural formation of Bar Harbor being of a sober and sedate character, we will append the humorous side which we have clipped from the Portland Transcript, and we have no doubt it will be appreciated by your readers much more highly than anything written in our dry and commonplace style.

“Bar Harbor is the capital of Mount Desert, which is an island several miles in diameter and several feet high. It is entirely surrounded by water and inhabited by millionaires, who derive a scanty subsistence from its sterile soil by yachting, driving, and golfing.

The island abounds in rocks, drives, salt water and girls.

The principal products are morning calls, afternoon teas and dinner dances. When not attending to the cultivation of these staples, the inhabitants are occupied in riding up and down to see that none of the scenery—to which they are much attached—has got away during the night.

Mount Desert was discovered several years ago—before the Christian Science era—by Frenchmen, who looked over the menu and finding nothing there within their means, gave their names to several dishes, and left the island to be re-discovered by the hardy race of millionaires who still subsist there. The dwellings of this curious and interesting people are called cottages, and are constructed of brick, mortar and bric-a-brac.

The millionaire is exceedingly industrious during the summer season, attending most assiduously to the arduous social duties or functions by which he supports existence, and from which he rarely allows himself to be diverted by any considerations of enjoyment or recreation.

The female of the species is deciduous, shedding its plumage frequently—sometimes as often as five or six times in a single day—the feathers becoming more and more brilliant as the day advances.”

Sincerely, L. T. P.

PINE TREE STATE LETTERS, NO 8.

KINGFIELD, Maine, Sept. 12, 1895.

After a delightful sojourn of seven weeks in Maine, Massachusetts and New Hampshire, we find ourselves upon our old “stamping ground” in the land of our nativity. How many early recollections come up before us and crowd into our minds as we again walk up and down the streets of this beautiful village. We call to remembrance so many incidents that transpired during our youth and early manhood and womanhood, that in memory and imagination we again live over that portion of our history. The days and years we passed here were among our happiest and best.

Great improvements have been made since our last visit nine years ago. We find but few old landmarks among the residences and business blocks. A great many new ones have sprung up, and all the old but three or four have been remodeled and so changed that we do not recognize them. One old landmark still remains just as we left it forty-one years ago—the residence of Charles Pike, Esq., built sixty years ago, and the home of my wife. It still remains unchanged inside and out. Although it is occupied by strangers we are politely accorded the privilege of going inside and examining every room above and below. In the parlors of that old house we were united in marriage forty-six years ago the fifth of last month. We passed so many pleasant and happy days under the sheltering roof in the society of each other and many near and dear friends, that it is well worth a journey from Wisconsin to Maine to again behold this old homestead with its many interesting and familiar surroundings, and again cross its sacred threshold.

It has been but a few years since a railroad entered this beautiful valley. Now it extends north some ten miles up the Carrebassett river along the base of well-timbered mountains, and will eventually be continued on many miles more through dense forests to what is called the Dead River Country. Small settlements have existed for many years in that heavily timbered country. It is surrounded by high mountains, abounding in beautiful lakes and water courses well stocked with speckled trout. These forests are well supplied with valuable game, and the hunter as well as the angler can find sport and recreation in hunting and bagging game to his heart's content.

Many tourists spend the hunting and fishing season here, and the terminus of this railroad will in the near future be among these lakes and mountains. The railroad company not only has an eye to the merchandise and passenger traffic, but much more to the lumber trade and traffic, which in a few years will be immense.

Yesterday, in company with the dear friends where we are stopping, we took a run on this new railroad to its present terminus in the township of Jerusalem. One mile north of Kingfield village it passes within ten feet of the spot upon which the red school house used to stand; where the writer for many winters in his boyhood days attended the district school. How dear to the memory of every American citizen are those old monuments of liberty, knowledge and freedom! Those old school houses, by no means beautiful in themselves or their surroundings, are nevertheless beautiful in memory, and the teaching was extremely profitable and productive of good results. How antiquated at this day seems the old-fashioned way of teaching the young idea how to shoot. Possibly in those days the young idea did not aim quite as high as now, but perhaps shot as near the mark, with just as good effect and full as satisfactory to teacher and pupil. Not as much noise in those days; not as many cartridges were exploded; not as many shot and shell fell short of the mark; not as much hurry, worry and expense in obtaining an education; but I notice the business men, teachers, scholars, lawyers, clergymen, statesmen, and even politicians of the state of Maine, have succeeded most admirably in getting there.

One mile farther up the river from the old school house site the railroad passes through the old family homestead, not more than ten rods west of the buildings. The house and barn, built by my father and eldest brother, still remain in a fair state of preservation, as natural as life. What a treat to ride on a new railroad across the "swale"—as father named it—through the dear old homestead and onward to the valley, so completely surrounded by mountains that the township thus walled in by these natural barriers was very appropriately named Jerusalem.

It is a narrow, circuitous valley through which the river courses its way to the more open country, providing a feasible thoroughfare for railway and wagon road.

At Jerusalem we have a fine view of Mount Bigelow, the famous mountain where Arnold on his march toward Quebec expected to get sight of that much-coveted city. But in that scheme, as well as several others, he met with signal failure.

Here in Kingfield we have a fine view of old Blueberry Mountain, Mount Bigelow, Mount Abram, and many other mountains not so high and of less note.

As we are continually on the move, or receiving calls from old friends and relatives, we have but little time to write and less time to correct this imperfect composition, so full of errors. As I am writing this letter in a room where others are engaged in conversation, and the writer frequently puts in his oar with the rest, kindly excuse this poor production. If I write again I will try and do better.

Sincerely, L. T. P.

LEGISLATIVE PENCILINGS—A CALL.

To the Hon. Lloyd T. Pullen:

We, the undersigned Electors of the first Assembly district, in Rock county, Wisconsin, believing that certain political organizations in this Assembly District are detrimental to Republican institutions; and if countenanced and encouraged would endanger the liberties of the people.

We would therefore respectfully ask you to be a candidate for member of Assembly, and pledge you our hearty support.

DANIEL JOHNSON,
ISAAC M. BENNETT,
A. L. BURNHAM.

Dated this 14th day of October, 1875.

To Daniel Johnson, Isaac M. Bennett, A. L. Burnham, and One Hundred and Nine others, Electors of the First Assembly District.

Gentlemen:

Your favor of the 14th inst. calling on me to become a candidate for member of Assembly in this district, is just received, and I hasten to reply.

I thank you kindly for this expression of your confidence, and fully concur in the sentiments embodied in your call. I only regret you did not see fit to call out another, instead of myself; but believing you have made this call with honest intentions, and the best of motives, that you may vindicate and more fully carry out the vital principles of our republican institutions, I accept the position to which your partiality has called me, and promise, if elected, to labor faithfully and impartially to promote the best interests of all classes, of every profession, trade and occupation.

Very respectfully yours,

L. T. PULLEN.

The political canvass that fall was warm and lively, and the writer was elected by a very satisfactory majority, which proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that the electors signing the call kept their pledge by giving me their hearty support. The Centennial session of 1876 was an important

one. A large amount of work was done that winter, and it was done fairly well. Rock county had at that time five members of the assembly and the writer was chosen chairman of the delegation. That winter I became well acquainted with Hon. S. T. Merrill of Beloit. I now hold in my hand a letter written by him August 23, 1904, a part of it I will quote for publication in second edition of Pullen's Pencilings.

Mr. L. T. Pullen, Evansville, Wisconsin.

Dear Sir:—I read with much interest your letter published with those of other Fremont voters, in the Milwaukee Free Press yesterday. I was glad to learn that your political principles are still sound, as in the days of yore. You are all right—would be glad to see you and review with you the past. Can you not come down to Beloit and spend a day or two to see what is going on here?

Very truly yours, S. T. MERRILL.

Mr. Merrill is eight years my senior and at this writing is still living so far as I know, and was hale and hearty last August. He is president of the Beloit Savings Bank, and I think is still president of the Rock River Paper company.

After all that has transpired since the fall of 1876, together with the endorsement of Mr. Merrill last August, I have made up my mind that the people made no mistake in calling me out, and that I was then on the right track politically, and have remained upon it ever since. I served in the assembly three regular sessions, 1861, 1863 and 1876. And one special session that was called in the summer of 1863 by Governor Randall, to raise money to put the state on a war footing; making four sessions in all. In "Old Settlers' Stories," the sessions of 1861 and 1863 were briefly referred to in first edition of Pullen's Pencilings, in Stories No. 2 and No. 3 on pages 71 and 74. The heading of the foregoing information together with the continuation of contents, will be written "Legislative."

L. T. P.

A MEMORIAL GATHERING.

From The Badger of Aug. 13, 1904.

Friday of last week, August 5th, was marked with red letters socially. It was the fifty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of Hon. and Mrs. L. T. Pullen, and it was celebrated with a spirit and success that rarely marks a social event in Evansville.

It was a gathering of "the old families" with a sprinkling of the second and third generations, but was particularly noticable for the presence of the fathers and mothers themselves. It was a meeting of friends who forty years ago were the prime movers in all the activities of the then little village of Evansville, and many of whom are still as potent a factor in the business life of our city, while others are enjoying the fruits of the past in an old age of ease.

The affair took the shape of a lawn fete and occupied the lawn of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Richmond, at the old Pullen home, where they had lived for some forty years prior to their removal to Des Moines, Iowa, the place of residence of their only daughter, Mrs. Wm. Antes.

The celebration was entirely impromptu and a complete surprise to the recipients of the honor.

The suggestion of the celebration was spontaneous. George Pullen and family had gone to their Lake Kegonsa cottage and no other members of the family having a house in the city now, it seemed as though the anniversary must pass without notice. The date being known to so many old friends, it was remembered that the Pullens had always been conspicuous for celebrating family anniversaries of all sorts when they had a home here.

On Tuesday evening a meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. D. E. Stevens. There were present Mesdames Stevens, Antes, Smith, Eager, C. H. Wilder, and Miss Marilla Andrews.

Miss Andrews reported that she had seen Mr. Richmond and wife and they were delighted with a suggestion to use their lawn for the purpose of a fete on Friday afternoon.

That was the key to the situation, as it would take the guests of honor back to their old home among their friends. Miss Andrews was made chairman. Mesdames Stevens and Smith were made committee on invitations and refreshments. There was no hitch in the arrangements. John Reilly put himself and his dray at the committee's service and the tables, chairs, china and silver and cutlery were borrowed and brought up from the Methodist church refectory.

R. M. Richmond and wife were very active on the grounds, assisted by Geo. Pullen and wife, and Ed. Smith and wife; while Miss Andrews who had the matter in charge had as enthusiastic lieutenants at the tables, the Misses Carpenter, Anna and Meda Stevens, Reilly, Walker, Hubbard, Magee, Shurrum, and Antes, and Messrs. Axtell, Hartley, Burton Hollister, Einman, Hubbard and Lloyd Pullen.

It took three sittings at the tables under the trees to accommodate the guests, but as sixty could sit down together there was no difficulty in dividing honors.

The Rev. James Churm asked the blessing at the first table, but the people at the others ate unblest.

Mr. Pullen being called out by some jocular remarks by a friend, responded in kind, and then proceeded in eloquent words to express their appreciation of the honor bestowed upon them, and the kindness and friendship that had prompted the participants in the observance of their anniversary.

E. E. Combs, the photographer, was called to the scene and obtained two excellent pictures of the company.

An interesting feature of the occasion was the sensation created by the secrecy and celerity with which all had been planned and executed. Mr. Pullen and wife chanced to be entertained in a distant quarter of the city; their children being absent and the swiftness and finesse with which all was done were circumstances which contributed to this result.

They had been invited to meet a party of friends at the residence of Mrs. Stevens, but they were sent for upon a pretext for which their hostess excused them for a few minutes, inasmuch as the (imaginary) guests had not arrived. At the end of a two-minute walk they were in the midst of

one hundred and fifty old friends, who began to congratulate them and wish them "many happy returns."

Geo. Pullen and wife, and Lloyd, son of Chas. Pullen of Milwaukee, were all of the family who could be present, they arriving during the day.

Among those present were the following:

Rev. J. E. Coleman and wife, C. M. Clifford and wife, Rev. Henry Sewell and wife, E. D. Barnard and wife, J. M. Owen and wife, Rev. Jas. Churm and wife, James Winter and wife, Dr. L. B. Beebe and wife, A. S. Baker and wife, Lawrence Shively and wife, T. T. Lee and wife, Wm. Stevens, wife and daughter, Wm. Libby and wife, Levi Leonard and wife, Capt. C. E. Lee and wife, Messrs. Homer Potter and Evander Blakeley, Mesdames C. Mygatt, A. Eager, Annis Gibbs, J. C. Lees, E. M. S. Hawley, C. M. Smith, M. Prescott, C. E. Robinson, Nelson Winston, S. W. Andrews, Samuel Cleland, A. S. Axtell, Miss Nora Andrews, J. H. Winston and wife, B. W. Hubbard and wife, James Ballard and wife, Fred Emery and wife, Geo. Shaw and wife, John Evans and wife, W. H. H. Johnson and wife, John Baker, wife and sons, Mrs. F. E. Colony, F. H. Winston and wife, A. H. Fessenden and wife, Geo. Magee, wife and daughter, Miss Elizabeth Cleland, John Porter and wife, Mrs. J. M. Evans, Mrs. D. E. Stevens and daughter Anna, R. M. Richmond, wife and daughter, T. C. Richardson, wife and daughter, H. L. Austin and wife, Mrs. John Joslin, Mrs. F. H. Devendorf, Mayor Wm. E. Campbell and wife, Mrs. Mary Hayward, Miss Rusha Spencer, Miss Addie Shreve, Mrs. R. M. Antes and daughters, Edna and Grace Reilly, Margaret Walker, Mrs. Lydia Williams, F. A. Baker, wife and son, E. P. Colton and wife, Prof. E. E. DeCou and wife, Mrs. W. H. Carpenter and daughter Grace, Mrs. Adelaide Johnson, Mrs. Helen Hollister, Burton Hollister and Elmer Einman, V. A. Axtell and wife, Mrs. C. W. Powles, C. H. Spencer and wife, Mrs. James Powles, O. S. Shepard and wife, Mrs. O. C. Colony, Mrs. J. Robinson and daughter Olive, John Lemmel and wife, Ida Emery, Mrs. Louis Spencer and daughter Bessie, Mrs. Arthur Spencer, R. D. Hartley and wife, E. E. Smith and wife, Lloyd Hubbard, Etta Hubbard, Mrs. T. F. Shurrum and daughter, E. J. Bal-

lard and wife, Miss Marilla Andrews, Byron Andrews, Mrs. L. Van Wart, Wm. Little and wife, Miss Axtell, Geo. Post and wife, D. T. Moody and wife, I. H. Brink and wife.

MISCELLANEOUS.

When Stephen Pullen, grandfather of the author—referred to on page 26—first left home to trade and transact all kinds of business for himself, as was customary in those days, received from the selectmen of the town in which he resided, the following recommendation:

Atleborough April the 12: day 1765
 these may satisfy Your Honor it may Conform
 that Stephen Pullen was Born of industrious
 Parents Brought up under good Discipline
 & Has Behaved Him self as such to our
 Knowledge therefore we woulde Reckonmand
 Him to any Gentel man to employ
 ande Settled as a farmer

Atteste

John Stearns
 Stephen Fuller
 Daniel Ricard
 Selectmen of the
 town of —
 Atleborough

Again some fifty-three years later, when the facilities for obtaining an education had become much greater, the

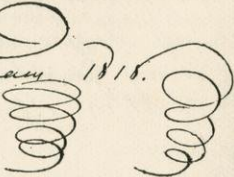
mother of my wife, whose maiden name was Polly Wood, received from the chairman of the selectmen of the town of Hebron, Maine, the following recommendation; which shows a wonderful improvement in penmanship and orthography during that short period.

To
 Know ye, whose it may concern, that
 the bearer, Polly Wood, sustained an un-
 blushing moral character, and, in
 my judgment, would prove a profita-
 ble instructress in those branches of learn-
 ing, that are commonly taught in our
 schools.

Wm. Burrows, Chairman of
 the Selectmen of the
 town Hebron

To whose it may concern

Hebron 13th February 1815.



Memorial relics of this character in the new edition of Pullen's Pencilings, including the author's on page 59, will to the present time cover a period of one hundred and forty years; representing different events which have transpired in three different centuries.

Sincerely, L. T. P.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Under above caption we take the liberty to add one or two more thoughts. When we published the first edition of Pullen's Pencilings we supposed two hundred copies would be sufficient to supply the wants of all our friends who would care to read it. But in that we were mistaken. The supply has not been equal to the demand. When the last copy was handed out many were not yet supplied. Regrets evidently are mutual, but no one is to blame. Let us all make the best of it. In a few weeks we expect to be able to supply all our friends—who want one—with a copy of the new edition. No doubt when they see it they will feel amply paid for waiting.

Another thought right here may not be amiss. It is very likely that we all to a certain extent believe in reciprocity. We think it requires no argument to prove that assertion. That being the case I am happy to state that to the best of my knowledge and belief, all my relations with my friends have been reciprocal. If in any case such relations have been temporarily strained, a reconciliation has been effected sooner or later, thereby restoring our former amicable relations.

Sincerely, L. T. P.

APPRECIATIVE.

Choice words of appreciation voluntarily expressed by dear friends in letters of thanks, upon the receipt of a copy of the first edition of Pullen's Pencilings.

Sincerely, L. T. P.

Evansville, Wis., 1905.

Mr. L. T. Pullen, Des Moines, Iowa.

Dear Friend:—Your book, Pullen's Pencilings, received with many thanks. It is a very nice Christmas present. We shall enjoy reading it very much.

Respectfully yours, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Owen.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Old Friend:—Permit me at this late day to thank you for your little volume. I have not received anything for years that has given me so much pleasure as it has. Hardly a day goes by at my house without some part of it being read. I am glad to learn that you are recovering your health, and hope you will soon be back to your normal physical condition. With my regards to the members of your family, I am

Respectfully yours, Samuel Wright.

Evansville, Wis.

Hon. L. T. Pullen, Des Moines, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—Please accept our thanks for the copy of Pullen's Pencilings left at our house with the compliments of the author. I appreciate it as the work of a busy and useful life of more than fifty years, and hope that you and your companion may enjoy years of usefulness and comfort yet many years.

Very truly yours, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Gillies.

Evansville, Wis.

Mr. L. T. Pullen, Des Moines, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—Please accept our thanks for a copy of Pullen's Pencilings. It was handed to us Christmas, and I assure you Mrs. Porter and I prize it very highly. With regards to Mrs. Pullen, I remain

Yours truly, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Porter.

Evansville, Wis.

Mr. L. T. Pullen.

My Dear Mr. Pullen:—We were very glad to be among those so kindly remembered with Pullen's Pencilings, and thank you very much. In these days when so much effort is being made to preserve all old landmarks and historical facts in our community and throughout the state, such a book cannot fail to be of service and of more than local interest. I have not had as much time yet as I should have liked to read it, but Mr. Richardson has occasionally taken it up, and I have heard him remark, "Here is a story pretty well told" etc., or "Have you read this?"

"I can remember that," and so on. Now that the holidays are over I shall hope to prove at first hand the internal evidence of its worth. Wishing you and Mrs. Pullen a Happy New Year and many more wedding anniversaries, and with kind wishes for all your family, we remain

Yours sincerely,

T. C. and Amy C. Richardson.

Kingfield, Maine, Jan. 8, 1905.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Pullen:—Papa wanted me to write to you and thank you for the book you sent him. He was very much pleased with it. You were very kind and thoughtful to remember him with a copy. I wish you and Mrs. Pullen might come to Kingfield again, though it has changed so much you would hardly know the place. Of course many of the people you once knew are gone, but the hills and mountains remain the same. Mamma wishes to be remembered to you, and wishes you many happy years to come. With much love and best wishes from us all, I remain,

Sincerely,

Matilda A. Pullen.

Evansville, Wis., Jan. 16, 1905.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Pullen:—I want to thank you for your Xmas greeting both for ourselves and father's family. You couldn't have left a sweeter remembrance among the old home folk. I have not read much yet, but must tell you how much I prize the lines on Eva's death. Her sweet life among us never will be forgotten. We shall count the little book among our treasures; and the dear friends who gave it have a warm place in our hearts. Kindest regards to Mary and family and best wishes for yourselves.

Yours truly,

May Robinson.

9976 Prospect Ave., Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Mr. Pullen:—The beautiful book, Pullen's Pencilings, was received on Christmas. The long delay in acknowledging so rare a gift will be explained later on. When you called at the home of Mrs. Snashall during my last visit and presented me with the lovely souvenir with the poetry and photos it was a great surprise and pleasure, and then to receive the lovely book—of which I have enjoyed every line—and its sweet memories will always be cherished. In the group picture is the familiar face of Mrs. Andrews and many others, bringing to mind the happy homes we have known so many years. I have recalled the visit I had with you many times; and am glad that you and Mrs. Pullen have made the change, for it certainly has made you seem ten or more years younger. At Christmas time I chilled my hand, and have not been able to write naturally since. All join me in sending best wishes. Again thanking you for the lovely remembrance, I am,

Faithfully yours,

Cora Adams Rowley

Evansville, Wis.

My Dear Mr. Pullen:—I was very pleasantly surprised to receive a copy of your book the day before Christmas, and expected to have thanked you for your kind remembrance before this; but as you probably know, we have had sickness in our family. We expect to take pleasure in reading the book. Since writing you last January I have read your book and enjoyed it very much. There were a great many things mentioned that happened years ago, that were so enjoyable to me. I could not help wishing that Mr. Stevens could have read it, as I am sure he

would have enjoyed reading it. I think one of the kindest thoughts in your book is the mentioning Mr. Harding's birthday anniversary, as it pleased the old people so much to be remembered. You were always kind in such deeds, and we find it hard not to have you here with us in Evansville. Remember us kindly to Mrs. Pullen and your family.

Sincerely, Mrs. D. E. Stevens.

Evansville, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. Pullen:—We thank you very much for the book, and especially to know that we were among the friends to be remembered. I thought once I would say to you, put down my name for a book, and Isaac says, "Well, you was smart, why didn't you say so?" I said, if they want us to have one we will get it without asking. Well, Mr. Pullen, you ought to have sold them, because you have no idea how much the folks talk about them and how many want them, who would be glad to buy and pay for a book in order to have one. So you see that people appreciate your works. Isaac has read every word in ours. I told him I hoped he would profit by some of it. Please excuse all mistakes, for it makes me tired and nervous to write. With love to you one and all, I am

Sincerely yours, Mrs. Brink.

Beloit, Wis.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Pullen:—I wish to thank you for the remembrance of the Pencilings, and hope you are both well.

Your sincerely, Mary S. Potter.

A Happy New Year.

Evansville, Wis.

Geo. L. Pullen.

Dear Sir:—Allow me to express to you and to your father, my sincere thanks for the book presented this Christmas. It is the work of a graceful writer, is nicely printed and bound, and is a work that will be more and more valuable in days to come. Again thanking you for the remembrance, I remain

Yours very respectfully, M. J. Fisher.

Evansville, Wis.

My Dear Mr. Pullen:—It was lovely in you to remember us with your book. We appreciate it very much, and will always hold it in great esteem; as much on account of our love and admiration for the author, as for the work itself. Please let me express my mother's thanks with ours. I know that you will be grieved to hear that she is very ill, and that we are very anxious about her. Both she and my sister join Doctor and myself in wishing you and Mrs. Pullen not only a very Happy New Year for now, but may you have many such.

Sincerely yours, May J. Evans.

Evansville, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. Pullen.

Dear Friends:—We thank you very much for the book you sent us. I wish we could express to you how much we appreciate your kindness, but don't hardly think I can. I am sure we shall enjoy the book ever so much. It will bring to

mind many things that will be a great pleasure to recall again, and helpful in many other ways too numerous to mention. I am glad the thought of giving your friends such a memento came to you. It is something out of the usual line, so will be prized very much more. I hope the pleasure you have given your friends in this way will be returned to you many times. With a wish to you and yours of a Happy New Year.

Yours truly, Mr. and Mrs. B. Campbell.

Evansville, Wis.

Mr. L. T. Pullen.

Dear Friend:—I want to express to you in behalf of my mother and myself, our thanks and appreciation of the book we received from you at Xmas time. I regret having been so long in acknowledging the receipt of the same. We have enjoyed reading aloud from the book, and it has brought to mind so many pleasant recollections of both you and Mrs. Pullen. Hoping this will find you both well. Mother joins me in kindest regards to you both, and to Mrs. Antes.

Very sincerely, Elizabeth Cleland.

Lawrence, Mass.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Pullen:—I wish to write and thank you for the beautiful book you so kindly remembered us with. We prize it highly. It is very interesting to us, especially the Maine letters. Shall you not visit this way once more? We should be so glad to see you. Please give my love to Mary. I hope I may meet her again. Will joins me in sending love and best wishes to yourselves.

Very sincerely yours, Mr. and Mrs. Will and Katie L. Dana.

Evansville Wis.

Dear Mr. Pullen:—I want to thank you heartily for your book received on Christmas morning. I appreciate the gift very highly, and I hope the Christmas may bring many "happy returns" to you and Mrs. Pullen. Wishing you a Happy New Year, I am,

Very cordially, Mrs. A. L. Axtell.

Evansville, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Pullen.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Pullen:—I will now try and write a few lines to thank you for your kind remembrance in sending me one of your books. Words fail me in expressing my appreciation of your writings, and how much comfort and good I get from them. Hoping you may live to see many happy new years, we are yours with love and best wishes,

Harry and Mrs. Mary Hayward.

Evansville, Wis.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Pullen:—We unite in thanking you for the beautiful present, Pullen's Pencilings, you sent us by your son. We are also pleased to be counted among Mr. Pullen's friends.

Sincerely yours, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Baker.

New York City.

Dear Mrs. Pullen:—Father wishes me to write and thank Mr. Pullen for the book he sent him. It is very nice and father was much pleased to receive it. I haven't seen him so pleased for some time. He enjoys reading it very much. We all do.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Elizabeth H. Baker, and father C. B. Hutchins, Kingfield, Maine.

Evansville, Wis.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Pullen:—I hope you will not think me ungrateful or unthankful because I did not acknowledge your beautiful gift ere this, but I was sick when they brought it up stairs and said it must be for me; but Paul did not say who it was for. I remember that you told me that Mr. Pullen was writing a book. I thought then how much I would like one, but did not expect any. I shall prize it exceedingly. It will seem like an old friend to whom I can talk. But few old friends of mine are now left in Evansville. But I highly appreciate all that are left, and hope you are enjoying good health, and if you are you surely must be happy for you have provided for old age. Your Christian integrity, strong faith and hope have proved to your friends that you have Christ formed within you, the Hope of Glory. Mr. Pullen's book has waked me up to see my own inefficiency; but friends thronged around him as he grew in those sweet days when life was new, and he possessed the indescribable grace of being a gentleman always and under all circumstances; a true gentleman. I prize a humane, sympathetic heart, that seeks to soothe another's woe, that will close the wound and heal the smart. This book will seem like an old friend; I never can thank you enough for it, my vocabulary is far too small. But I can send a Christian's love and gratitude to you all. I can thank you, Mrs. Pullen, more especially, for I think it was you who sent it. I want to send lots of love to my dear May especially. Give my best regards to Pauline. Good bye all.

Mrs. J. A. Little.

Evansville, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. Pullen:—Mr. Snashall joins with me in thanking you for the kindly thought which prompted you to send us a book, written by one whom we both know and respect. We are reading the book with both pleasure and profit. Accept our sincere thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Snashall.

Evansville, Wis.

Hon. L. T. Pullen.

Dear Friend:—We wish to express our appreciation of the graceful compliment you paid us in giving to us a copy of your book. We recall the interest we took in reading the articles from your pen that graced the columns of our local papers in the long time ago, and are glad to have the pleasure of re-reading some of them again. We congratulate you on your success as a writer and publisher. We are glad to be counted among those who have been remembered by you, and hope that "the best is yet to be," both for yourself and Mrs. Pullen.

Cordially,

Henry and Vie H. Campbell.

Evansville, Wis.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Pullen:—My father and mother wish me to write you, thanking you ever so much for the book. It is fine, and so nice of you to remember us with it. We have already enjoyed much of it. We read it aloud and so enjoy it together. I expect these happy days find you enjoying all, as you always do. Wish you a bright and Happy New Year, lasting all the three hundred and sixty-five days, and many more of the same. Remember me to May and the others.

Sincerely yours,

Lelia Winston.

Evansville, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Pullen.

Dear Friend:—Please accept my most sincere thanks for your remembrance of a book on Christmas. I have been reading a part of it, and it takes me back to the time Mr. Winston and myself were at the same places, and enjoyed the hospitality of some of the same people. Pasadena as we saw it in 1883 and as you saw it in 1888 was a different city entirely. It was a very small place when we were there, with only one small unfinished hotel. Other places have grown also, so they would scarcely seem the same; but all things change, and people as well, but true friends never. Wishing you many years together, and a happy entering into the beautiful beyond, I remain,

Your friend, E. A. Winston.

Evansville, Wis.

Hon. L. T. Pullen.

Dear Sir:—We thank you heartily for remembering the Colton's with a copy of your Pencilings. A glance through its pages suggests pleasant reading, and a happy reminder of friends whose friendship is prized. We feel a deep sense of gratification in being placed upon your list for a share in these reminiscences. The excellent photos of our honored friends are greatly valued. We trust that these young faces and young hearts, with their keen interest in all the best things of life, may be spared to their children and friends for many years. We will close by wishing you and yours a Happy New Year.

Very sincerely, Mr. and Mrs. Colton.

Evansville, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Pullen.

Dear Brother and Sister:—Accept our sincere thanks for your kind remembrance of your Christmas gift of a book. We prize it highly as it is a gift from friends, but more so because of its author. May the blessings of a New Year come to you and yours. Your brother and sister in Christ.

Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Shepard.

Washington, D. C.

Hon. L. T. Pullen.

My Dear Mr. Pullen:—I recently borrowed a copy of the first edition of your book, which I have had to return. I want a copy for keeps. It is the sort of book upon which historians depend almost solely, when studying the lives and times of a preceding century. Such a book is a looking glass, upon which the reflection is fixed. Books of this class are the treasures of our great historical libraries, and I know that if Mr. Thwaites, secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society, hears of it, I know he will be after you for a couple of copies. I beg to congratulate you heartily upon producing so valuable a contribution to the history of the American people.

Yours sincerely, Byron Andrews.

Evansville, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Pullen.

Dear Friends:—The advent of Pullen's Pencilings in our home gave us all great pleasure, and papa wished me to thank you for the kind remembrance. We have enjoyed reading your book, and shall keep it as a pleasant reminder of two well-spent lives among us. With cheery greetings from papa, mamma and myself to thee and thine, I am,

Sincerely, Eva L. Walker.

Evansville, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. Pullen.

Dear Friends:—Among our Christmas treasures this year we found one from you. We were so pleased and surprised to find ourselves among the fortunate ones to receive one of your books. We will always prize it among our most valuable gifts. We thank you very much for it, and for your kindness in remembering us. We hope we shall see you both in Evansville again this summer. With kind regards, and wishing you both a Happy New Year, we remain

Your friends, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Spencer.

Evansville, Wis.

Mr. L. T. Pullen.

Dear Friend:—I was very much surprised and pleased the other day, to receive at the hands of George a copy of Pullen's Pencilings. We shall prize it very much indeed. Have already read quite a good deal in it, and shall peruse its pages no doubt with great pleasure and profit also. My wife joins me in sending New Year's Greeting to you and yours; and may many happy returns of the day be given you.

Sincerely yours, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar W. Smith.

Evansville Wis.

Dear Mr. Pullen:—Please pardon me for being so delinquent in acknowledging your Christmas gift, viz.: the book entitled Pullen's Pencilings, which you so kindly sent me. I prize it very much because of the high character of the author, also because it deals with people, events, etc., with which I am somewhat familiar. It will ever be to me a pleasant remembrance of past associations, and I thank you very much for favoring me with such a memento. I hope that you may live to add many more pages to your valuable reminiscences. Hoping this will find you all well; with best wishes I remain,

Very sincerely yours, Mrs. C. Mygatt.

Evansville, Wis.

Dear Mrs. Pullen:—I write to thank you for the beautiful Christmas gift, Pullen's Pencilings, which Master Paul Pullen left here Saturday morning. We were delighted with it, even the children who are not old enough to appreciate its value. We prize it for its literary excellence; the pictures; the fine manner in which it is bound; as a token of your kindness and regard; as a souvenir; as an early history of Evansville, and as the work of an Evansville man: for Mr. Pullen is and must ever remain a citizen of Evansville. Tell him how grateful we are, and how thankful. His life has been a good example to all who knew him. May he be spared for many years to come to write more, and lead others, and may you be spared to inspire his pen. I thank you, too, for the souvenir copies of the Golden Wedding Poem, which I received last fall. May you have a Merry Christmas and a Glad New Year.

Sincerely yours, Sylvia T. Colony.

Evansville, Wis.

My Dear Mr. Pullen:—I know you will pardon the delay in my expression of appreciation and pleasure in receiving one of your books at Christmas time. Appreciation of the thought, energy and painstaking; also the spirit that prompted it, and a real pleasure in reading it. I am glad indeed to count you as one of my

friends. One who can put the record of his life and thought in this beautiful way, a life that has been strong and useful; and thought, which comes from a mind that has been ever active, gathering into its storehouse only that which is best, and which proves a pleasure to all who receive this token of good will and friendship. I am sure this ought to stimulate those of us that are younger to put away and save only the good that we find in life. I wish to thank you and Mrs. Pullen for the book, and for the lives which it records,

Sincerely your friend, Robert D. Hartley.

Lowell, Mass.

L. T. Pullen and wife.

Dear Cousins:—We received about Christmas time, Pullen's Pencilings. There was nothing to tell where it came from, but we judged from the reading that it came from you. We were very sorry to read in it of the death of Charles' wife. It was very sad to us. We were very much pleased with the book, and thank you very much for remembering us. We will close with love to all. Hoping to see you soon, we remain as ever,

Sincerely yours, John and Roxie Pullen.

Evansville, Wis.

Mrs. L. T. Pullen:—Your letter that I had waited for so long just came to hand. I had made up my mind to write to Mr. Pullen and thank him for the present that was given us at Christmas time. Please thank him for Mr. Wilder and I. We think a great deal of the book, and it will always remind us of him. Sorry to hear he is so poorly, and hope for a speedy recovery. I do not see the cause of his trouble. Very sincerely yours, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Wilder.

Evansville, Wis.

Mr. L. T. Pullen.

Dear Sir:—On Christmas eve we received a copy of Pullen's Pencilings. It came as a pleasant surprise and Christmas gift. Please accept our sincere thanks for the book. We are reading it, and enjoying it very much. It is a fine testimonial of your life to bequeath to your friends, and I am certain they will all appreciate it. Please accept as a partial return for your kind remembrance, one of my little booklets of verse, which I mail you today. With kind regards and best wishes for the New Year for yourself and Mrs. Pullen, we remain,

Sincerely yours, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Boyd.

Evansville, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Pullen,

Dear Friends:—We desire to thank you for your most interesting book, and shall cherish it as a reminiscence of a life-long friend. Wishing you a Happy New Year,

Very truly, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Carpenter.

Evansville, Wis.

Mr. L. T. Pullen:—We wish to thank you for the copy of Pullen's Pencilings which we received some time ago. We have enjoyed the book, and it will always remind us of pleasant associations with you and Mrs. Pullen. We trust you are both well, and we send kindest regards to all the family.

Sincerely yours, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. E. Smith.

Evansville, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Pullen.

Dear Friend:—I wish you a Happy New Year, and many returns of the same. Mother and I and Mr. Devendorf wish to thank you for so kindly remembering us in sending one of your books. Mother is reading now. Indeed it is a good thing you have done, dear friend, for you have scattered sunshine into many lives. As we take up this book in after years it will bring back our childhood days, and we will remember the many happy hours we have spent in your house; where we always found friendship and sympathy. Friends who were always ready to weep with us in our sorrow, or laugh with us in our joy. Father and Mother Pullen (as we who have known you from childhood often think of you) will always be lovingly remembered. Ag: in thanking you and wishing you much happiness, with love to Mary, I remain as ever,

Your friend, Hattie Devendorf.

Evansville, Wis.

Dear Friends:—Mr. Johnson and I wish to express our thanks to you and Mrs. Pullen for the gift of remembrance Christmas day. We shall enjoy reading it exceedingly. We send kindest regards to you and your estimable wife, and hope that the New Year holds many blessings for you and yours.

Very sincerely, Mrs. Ada Johnson

Evansville, Wis.

My Dear Mr Pullen:—We want to thank you for your kind remembrance in sending one of Pullen's Pencilings; we shall very much enjoy it. We also highly appreciate being on your list of friends. You no doubt have heard of our sister Adelaide's death. We can hardly realize she has gone from us. Mother is in her usual health, and wishes to be remembered to you and Mrs. Pullen. Hoping this will find you and yours well, and to see you in Evansville in the near future, we are with much love,

Sincerely yours, W. H. H. Johnson and wife.

Evansville, Wis.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Pullen:—I know in the goodness of your heart you will pardon me for not acknowledging your beautiful Christmas gift ere this. I can assure you we both appreciate it, and thank you very much. Pencilings from a dear friend and neighbor. Why should we not enjoy it? We do, and so far have enjoyed it very much. Captain says the bear story is all right. Also honest labor and honest money. I think your poems are beautiful. The Christmas poem I read Christmas day; and how I wished this Christmas could have been the same as the last to you all. Captain joins me in sending love to you all. We remain as ever,

Your friends, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Lee.

Evansville, Wis.

Hon. L. T. Pullen.

Dear Sir:—Please accept my thanks for your kind present Christmas morning. I assure you that I appreciate the book more than words can express. Hoping that you may see many more happy years, I am,

Very truly yours, Frank M. Crow.

Evansville, Wis.

Hon. L. T. Pullen and wife.

Dear Friends:—Your token, Pencillings, received, for which we are truly thankful, and appreciate more than we can express, and wired you last evening, to-wit: "Merry Christmas; Pencillings priceless value, a greater heritage than gold or granite." A memento that gold cannot produce, a heritage unknown to granite. A gift of an all-wise Creator, rounding out both your lives by daily efforts to make the most of life by a godly tread from day to day. May the mantle of this heritage fall upon your descendants, and its silent influence be felt by all your many dear friends through all time. Wishing you the compliments of the season, and thanking you for this kind remembrance, we are,

Sincerely yours, Perry and Alice Wilder.

Evansville, Wis.

Hon. L. T. and Mrs. Pullen:—I take this opportunity of acknowledging the receipt of your beautiful book. I find within its pages many interesting letters so much like the writer, that he really appears in the vision of the reader, as the pages of the Pencillings are perused. Truly it carries me back in pleasant memories of the past, when it was our good fortune to be the recipients of your interesting and profitable conversation. We received it as a pleasing and highly prized Christmas gift. Accept the thanks of

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Beebe.

Evansville, Wis.

Mr. L. T. Pullen:—I was made happy by having a copy of your Pencillings handed me. An expression of regard manifests to us a long friendship entertained mutually. I hope this friendship may long continue. I happily keep the book on the stand to fill out the vacant hour, what the Pencillings gives, or fill out vacant time. Mrs. Leonard joins me in love to you all. Good bye.

Truly, Levi Leonard.

Evansville, Wis.

My Dear Friend:—Father and mother have asked me to write you, thanking you for the gift with which you so kindly remembered them. They have enjoyed reading the book so much, because they, too, were early settlers in Evansville, father having been here thirty-four years and mother thirty. They also enjoyed reading the letters which were written from Deer Park, Ala. I join father and mother in best wishes to you and Mrs. Pullen, and again thanking you for the book, which will be treasured as one from an old friend ought to be treasured I remain,

Yours truly, Ida B. Shurrum.

Evansville, Wis.

Hon. L. T. Pullen.

My Dear Mr. Pullen:—Even with the short acquaintance that you and I have had, I take a great deal of pleasure in reading over your excellent new book, and only wish that we had more people among us whose lives looked as well in print as yours. Thanking you for so kindly remembering me, and trusting that your grandchildren will enjoy their parent's life as well as your children and friends have yours, and wishing you and yours a Happy New Year, I beg to remain,

Yours very affectionately, Geo. H. Clark.

Evansville, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Pullen, and the Antes family.

My Dear Friends:—This letter is to convey primarily, our thanks to Mr. Pullen for his beautiful, unique and gifted book, which was delivered by Spencer this morning. Immediately upon breakfasting, mamma called for her glasses, and I fear her work basket and darning bag will receive little attention. We shall ever regard it highly, and are glad to be among the favored ones. Secondly, this is to carry to you our holiday greetings, with wish that it finds you well and happy.

Yours affectionately, Marilla Andrews.

Monroe, Wis

Dear Uncle Lloyd:—George sent us copies of your book. We are very much obliged to you for them, and shall enjoy having them very much. Grandmother Pike has read the most of it. So far I have only had a chance to look through it and read a bit here and there. Mrs. Patterson asked me to tell you for her, how much she appreciated having the book, and that she did so enjoy reading about the old times. Grandmother joins me in love to all, and best wishes for your happiness this New Year. As ever,

Your loving niece, Frank Staver.

Boston, Mass., March 1, 1905.

Mr. L. T. Pullen, Des Moines, Iowa.

Dear Friend:—In reply to your kind letter just received, please make any use whatever that you may desire of my previous letter containing acknowledgement of your valued book. I regret that my appreciation could not have been better and more adequately expressed. You will do me a favor to enter my subscription for the new edition when issued, sending same with bill to my address above. I remain with very best wishes,

Yours truly, L. E. Pullen.

Your handwriting reminds me so much of my father's, who to me is one of 'God's noblemen.'

L. E. P

From A. P. Burnham and wife, Janesville, Wis.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Pullen:—We were so pleased to be remembered with a copy of Pullen's Pencilings. Of course you know it is of great interest and value to us, and we thank you very much for it. We are delighted to know you are both well, and trust that the New Year may have many blessings in store for you and yours. With love to you all,

Yours sincerely, Arthur and Ava.

Evansville, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. Pullen.

My Dear Friends:—Paul brought one of your books to me this morning, and I wish to thank you for remembering us. We think it a very pretty binding, and glancing the volume over I see many things which I shall enjoy reading. Hoping that you both may have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and many of them, I am,

Yours sincerely, Gertrude Eager and mother.

Evansville, Wis.

Hon. L. T. Pullen, Des Moines, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—I hope you will pardon my delay in acknowledging the gift of the book left at our house by your order. I assure you that we appreciate the book

and also the kindly motive that prompted the gift, and as my father always looked on you as one of his best friends, I also feel that you have always been a good friend to me; and I hope you may live many years and have the privilege of writing new books, and enjoy yourself; and hope you will feel like visiting this place quite often to visit your old friends, who I am sure are always glad to see you.

Yours truly, F. H. Winston.

Evansville Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. Pullen.

Dear Friends:—Is it too late to acknowledge your kindness in sending us one of your tokens of remembrance at Xmas time. I hope you will accept our thanks for it at the eleventh hour, for we prize it very highly and appreciate much being placed among your list of Evansville friends. Our family are unusually well this winter. I am thankful to be able to say my mother is standing the winter nicely, and gets out a good deal. Thanking you again for remembering us with a copy of your book, I am as ever,

Your sincere friend, Mrs. Maud W. Axtell.

Evansville, Wis.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Pullen:—Perhaps you will think it rather late, but we desire to thank you very heartily for your kindness in remembering us at Christmas time with Pullen's Pencilings. Indeed, Mr. Gray and I hardly waited to look at anything else until we had gone through your book. We shall always prize it. It was very nice of you to remember your old friends in this way. Hope you are both well and enjoying the winter; but fancy you keep in doors pretty close. Hope we shall all be spared to meet again another summer. We remain,

Your sincere friends, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Gray.

Milwaukee, Wis.

My Dear Grandpa:—I am reading Pullen's Pencilings and find it very interesting. You are quite a writer. It is a great pleasure to read the book of an author so well known, and where the subjects of the sketches are so well known. It is very kind of you to remember me with a volume, and I want to thank you with a good big thank you. I enjoy it very much and shall prize it most highly as a keep sake.

Most sincerely yours, Mattie A. Spyker.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Pullen.

Dear Cousins:—Will write a few lines and thank you for the books you so kindly sent to father. It would do your hearts good to know how much pleasure father's book gives him. He remembers all the people Mr. Pullen has mentioned. Uncle Orrin Cutler was here a few days ago, he wanted to read the book so let him take mine. He brought it back, saying he enjoyed it very much. So you see the book has given our family a great deal of pleasure. Mr. Gray and myself have read it carefully, and enjoyed it very much. Father sends much love and a thousand thanks. Again thanking you and Mrs. Pullen, we remain as ever,

Katherine E. Gray, and father, Capt. S. P. Chipman.

Evansville, Wis., 1905.

The following clipping is from the pen of Mr. C. A. Libby, editor and proprietor of The Tribune and The Enterprise.

L. T. P.

We were remembered by several nice Christmas presents, but none were more welcome than the book entitled "Pullen's Pencilings," from Hon. L. T. Pullen, which is a nice book, nicely bound. But it is not the paper nor the ink used in the construction of the book which we value most, but the sentiment expressed by the writer in many of the articles therein contained, which seem to come direct from a noble, loving heart, who is a friend to all mankind.

Evansville, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Pullen.

Dear Friends:—We wish to acknowledge our thanks to you for your kindness in presenting to us at Christmas time, a copy of your book. It is with pleasure that we keep it as a token of your friendship. Wishing you the best of health, we remain,

Yours very sincerely,

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Shaw.

Evansville, Wis.

Hon. Lloyd T. Pullen:—I take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of your esteemed book, entitled Pullen's Pencilings. It contains most excellent reading, and is worthy of a place in any library. We all extend to you our sincere thanks, and appreciate your kindness in remembering us. With kind regards.

Henry L. Austin.

Evansville, Wis.

Dear Friends, Mr. and Mrs. Pullen:—Ever since Christmas when I received the lovely book, which was given me by your request, have intended to write and thank you for remembering me. I feel that you have given me and many of the Evansville friends, something of great value, which we cannot repay. I have the book lying on the library table so I can take a stroll occasionally with you in your ramblings for health and pleasure. I have a special fascination in reading your description of travels, for many of the places you visited were places I had hoped years ago to have visited. I enjoy every sentence you have written, and feel that good will come of its publication, not only to your friends, but to our children after we have passed away. I hope you all keep well. Hope also we will see you again in Evansville the coming summer. I love to meet our old friends, they seem nearer than the new acquaintances. Addie joins me in thanking you for the books you sent us. Remember me to Mrs. Antes.

Your most sincere friend,

Mrs. C. Snashall.

Rockford, Ill., Jan. 11, 1905.

Mr. L. T. Pullen.

Dear Friend:—The copy of Pullen's Pencilings you so kindly ordered sent us came duly to hand. Please accept our many thanks. I have read the greater part of it at my leisure and find it very interesting, and shall peruse the balance with pleasure. No doubt the work in compiling it has been a tax on your strength, but the book will be appreciated by all of your friends, and especially by the members of your immediate family. I congratulate you not only on its interesting readable contents, but on its construction as well, as there must be quite a satisfaction to

you to know that it has been well published. We are sorry to learn that you have been having trouble with your eyes recently, and trust you will get well rapidly. The girls join me in love to you all.

Very truly your friend, J. B. Antes.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 20, 1905,

Mr. L. T. Pullen, Des Moines, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—I have to beg your kind indulgence for the tardy acknowledgement of the copy of your book, with which you were so kind to furnish me through my father, Lorin Pullen, Kingfield, Maine. I am indebted to you very much indeed for your courtesy and the pleasure that the reading of your book has conferred upon me. A lover of books, yours will remain one of my valued possessions. I greet you and thank you.

Yours very truly, L. E. Pullen

Evansville, Wis.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Pullen:—Your favor, Pullen's Pencilings, came to hand Xmas eve, and I am enjoying the last part immensely. I began at the 55th anniversary, and especially enjoy "The Way to Raise Money for Churches," "Temperance and Progress," "Saloons—Bishop Potter," etc. No doubt I shall enjoy all the rest, when I get time to read it. Many thanks for the book, also for the thought to send me a copy. Wishing you a Happy New Year, I am

Affectionately yours, E. M. S. Hawley.

Executive Chamber, Madison, Wis., March 7, 1905.

Mr. Lloyd Pullen, Evansville, Wis.

My Dear Mr. Pullen:—I am very grateful for the volume entitled, Pullen's Pencilings, which you have so kindly forwarded me. I anticipate great pleasure in reading it when the great press of work is over, and desire to thank you most sincerely for your courtesy. With kindest regards I am,

Very truly yours, Robert M. La Follette.

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION AND POEM.

A celebration commemorative of the eightieth birthday anniversary of the author of Pullen's Pencilings, took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Antes, Des Moines, Iowa, May 1st, 1905.

Affectionately dedicated to my dear family, relatives and friends.

L. T. P.

When refreshments had been duly served, Mr. W. H. Antes arose in his place and read the following telegram:

MILWAUKEE, WIS., May 1, 1905.

Hon. L. T. Pullen, 1807 6th Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

Dear Father:—Accept most hearty congratulations for your eightieth birthday, and earnest wishes for many more. Sorry can't be there.

CHARLIE.

Ladies and Gentlemen.

Dear Friends:—The first inkling that I had, that anything was or would be expected of me, along the line of making a speech, was from our granddaughter Pauline sometime yesterday. I informed her that such a probability had not even occurred to me. Another lady made the remark to some one that she hoped Mr. Pullen would write and read a poem on that occasion.

Such expectations seeming to be quite general, I concluded to make the most of my limited time and if possible bring the whole subject down to date, by writing a large portion of it today.

In regard to myself will simply say, as you all very well know, my birthday was the first day of May; and for the benefit of many who do not know, I will state it was also on the first day of the week eighty years ago today. In connection with those ancient days, births and each day of the week had its signs, predictions and superstitions. For instance:

Sunday's child will never want,
 Monday's child will be fair in the face,
 Tuesday's child will be full of grace,
 Wednesday's child will be sour and sad,
 Thursday's child will be merry and glad,
 Friday's child will be loving and giving,
 Saturday's child will work hard for a living.

In regard to myself can further state that I am not quite ready yet to acknowledge that superstition has a very firm grasp upon me; therefore, can truthfully say since reaching the years of understanding and responsibility have never wanted for any good thing. Have always had enough and to spare, and when in the enjoyment of fairly good health have been contented and happy. Have not had such an abundance of this world's goods as a great many people, but never have suffered for the necessary things of life, for which my heart overflows with gratitude to the Great Giver of every good and perfect gift.

My wife was Tuesday's child, full of grace! Who can dispute it? Always cheerful and happy. But of course we are not superstitious; don't have to be, are happy enough without it.

Father Pike—my wife's father—lived to be nearly ninety years of age. He was very cheerful and happy almost to the last. He enjoyed telling a good story exceedingly, I never have met but one man who could tell one better than he, that is our present secretary of United States treasury, Ex-Governor Shaw. Father Pike's birthday was on Friday. He often mentioned about many people calling it an unlucky day, said for his part he thought it was a lucky day, for he was born on Friday and so was George Washington. That forcibly reminds me of what Mark Twain claimed; that he was entitled to more credit for not lying than he received, for George Washington could not tell a lie, and he could but would not.

April showers bring forth May flowers,
 Is an old adage of long years ago;
 Should any one doubt it, if we can prove it,
 Then we will quote, "I told you so."

When you look at the reader
You behold a May flower
That has existed here for eighty years;
He may have faded and looks somewhat jaded,
But he's only a kid whom nobody fears.
All kids have their birthdays and have a good time,
And we will have ours along the same line;
Their flowers we know are lovely and sweet,
In beauty and fragrance we cannot compete;
Our flowers are older, the colors are colder,
But our hearts are as warm as ever they were.
Hearts never grow old but new beauties unfold,
Until they're enshrined in the bosom of God.
When our hearts are riven, in answer to prayer
New strength will surely be given;
And then we can calmly and truthfully say,
"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for
Their's is the kingdom of heaven."
We came from the dust, and return there we must,
But the soul to Him who gave it.
We should not complain but faithful remain,
For He is faithful who promised;
He promised us rest, such is his behest,
And his promises never have failed.
So we'll persevere on and join in the song
Of love and salvation forever;
And when we reach there we will not forbear,
As our love for Him nothing can sever.
May flowers are coming right along,
The April showers make them strong;
They are of every shape and hue,
Some are pink, and some are blue,
Some are orange, some are white,
Some are dark, and some more light,
Some are sober, some are gay,
We say, hurrah for the month of May!
The month of June we know comes next,
Next in order, next to the best;
Its flowers are beautiful and sweet,
Its long bright days we soon will greet.

July and August are too hot,
Left to themselves the flowers would wilt.
And sometimes die upon the spot,
Without the favorite water pot.
But these two months must make the corn,
Or we will find it in a horn.
My wife is a September flower,
She came to earth on the first day,
And ever since has had her way;
If not at first, in course of time,
Don't quiz too much, you'll spoil my rhyme.
The golden rod is her left bower,
And I'm supposed to be the right,
As such have tried to guide the fight.
With what success I'll never tell,
If you would know you'll have to ask her,
No doubt she'll say she has no master;
That is correct, no master needed,
A better way we always heeded;
Have had no time for long delays,
But always sought for means and ways
To live, and love, and work together,
And strive to help each other ever.
Fifty-six years have passed away
Since our beautiful, happy wedding day;
May and September were then united,
But the evergreen shore can now be sighted;
Soon wife and I both, will go there to stay,
But we cannot take with us September and May.
But why should we care, our Savior is there,
Who redeemed us from sorrow and woe;
He still remains with us, to comfort and cheer us,
And attends us wherever we go;
With hopes so well grounded, on Jesus are founded,
We will trust Him as long as we live.
Why should we not trust Him?
We can't live without Him,
And hope to live with Him
When we hear His last call;
He'll journey on with us,

His hand He will give us,
Should danger threaten at all;
So we're safe in His hands,
If we keep his commands,
We never will stumble nor fall.
"Beauty is a fading flower,"
Is another adage brought to mind;
Youth is sweet, but age is sour,"
Some folks say who are very kind.
As a general rule this may be so,
But many exceptions we can find;
The young and fretful often change,
And in old age more patient grow,
Vice versa comes within our range,
If we look back we then may know.
"Pretty is that pretty does," comes in right here to show
The joy and consolation
In certain things we know;
We know that good behavior
Must here be treated fair,
For it is well entitled to receive the lion's share.
From our subject we have wandered,
And have gone far away,
But will hastily return
To greet the month of May.
We must not slight it,
We cannot fight it,
And now we've returned
We are bound to stay,
At least through the balance
Of this eightieth birthday.
My dear kind friends, we're glad to meet you,
And hope you all may have a fine time;
It's a pleasure to me your faces to see,
And to hear your glad voices
Join in this sweet chime.
Oh! friendship is sweet,
And we should often meet.
And strive hard to drive
Dull care far away;

And if we succeed,
We have done a good deed,
And will not regret it
As long as we stay.
We have just heard from "Teddy,"
Who yesterday was ready
To attend to the service of God,
At the West Divide Creek,
With hearts humble and meek,
His companions arranged by his side;
To the Old Blue school house they went,
On worship intent—the ranchmen, too, were there;
The house would not hold them
And the meeting was held
Out in the open air.
It is claimed they all had a good time,
And the services were said to be rare;
At the close the president
Made a short speech, which was
Heartily cheered by all within reach.
Then he held a reception
And shook hands with all,
No one was neglected,
Neither the great, nor the small;
It was a red letter day, no matter what we do or say,
And it ever will remain so
For the mountain district of Colorado.
As the month of May arrives,
Just see how it clears the skies,
Then "Old Sol" comes forth in all his glory,
Please don't criticise the sun,
If you do you'll spoil our fun,
And we may have to run,
Or the heat will make us tell
A different kind of story.
I always loved the month of May,
It has been good to me,
And expect it will stand by me
As long as I shall live;
I may not see another May,

No one here can truly say
How long we are to stay
Upon this earthly ball.
The one who rules the world,
Whose banner over us is love,
And reaches far above,
Knows what is truly best for all;
And when the time shall come
For Him to call us home,
Oh, may we all be ready
To meet Him at the throne.

L. T. P.

SUPPLEMENTAL GOLDEN WEDDING POEM, NO. 3.

August 5, 1905

My own dear wife, as time moves on,
A cherished thought comes to my mind;
A careful, well-developed thought,
A lodgement in all hearts will find.

The thought is this; when we were young,
Our time we could not call our own;
The days included labor's cares—
Our paths were not with roses strown.

The evenings were our very own—
To your old home I found my way;
We always had a pleasant time,
But found I could not always stay.

To light our homes in early days,
We often of the candle tell;
It was the best we then could do,
And thought it served us very well.

But when the chilly evenings came—
In that old-fashioned fireplace,
A fire was built to cheer us on,
And fill our hearts with love and grace.

The old green blinds we then had closed,
The pleasant light, then downward sloped;
The traveler could not see in,
Although on hands and knees he groped.

Thus sheltered in your father's home,
We were prepared to talk of love—
We had no fear of list'ners there,
No one to hear but God above.

Those unto us were happy days,
While in that room we passed the time;
We thought and talked of many ways,
To pass our future on that line.

The line of happiness I mean,
Established by the word of truth;
Deception was not in our hearts,
Nor had it been from early youth.

And when we started out in life,
We lived within our humble means;
You were a true, devoted wife,
And we enjoyed our fondest dreams.

So by our fireside we still sit—
The fireside of our love I mean;
The sunny days may past us flit,
The brightest yet are to be seen.

A fragrance now pervades the mind,
As heaven's sweetness we inhale;
The worldly things when left behind,
No longer will our hearts regale.

A heavenly love comes rushing in,
To fill our hearts with restful bliss;
All thoughts of every cherished sin,
From our own minds we can dismiss.

We see the love of God to man,
In nature's works through all the land;
And find according to the plan,
All must obey supreme command.

The mountains lift their heads on high,
The rivers through the valleys flow;
The stars are lighting up the sky,
The firmament is all aglow.

The winds and waves obey that voice,
All things in harmony were planned;
But man alone can take his choice,
For good or evil take a stand.

God in His mercy sent His son,
To die for man upon the Cross;
To save us from the evil one,
And our gain seems our Savior's loss.

But nothing can be lost by Him,
For everything by Him is gained;
'Tis a delusion of the mind,
To think He has not always reigned.

Until we reach our dying day,
Should we improve each shining hour;
This debt of love we can't repay,
It is beyond our mortal power.

This debt may end all mortal strife,
Which ever way or where we go;
Through mortal and immortal life,
This debt to God we still will owe.

Now fifty-six bright Golden Years
Are numbered on the page of time;
How many more are left for us,
We have no wish to now divine.

Our home has been a happy shrine
Of love, and joy, and peaceful rest,
A place to cultivate the mind,
For us we feel it is the best.

How pleased and satisfied we were,
When cozily within our home;
Had no desire to make a change,
No wish, nor will, to elsewhere roam.

We go to Him for wisdom still,
To learn each day what we shall do;
That we may have refining grace,
That we may both be good and true.

True to ourselves, and true to all
Who come within our finite range;
True to the great, true to the small,
In truth and love there's nothing strange.

Love in old age will lead to youth—
So people say who ought to know;
We know it now to be the truth,
And hope that others find it so.

How can we say down hill of life,
Each step we take is one step higher—
Above the stormy hills of strife,
In peace to rest is our desire.

The mountain altitude has charms,
One cannot see within the vale;
The smoky haze will cause alarms,
And vision there will nearly fail.

Immortal vision cannot fail,
For love and truth clears up the sight;
No darkness ever enters there,
But all is everlasting light.

To change our earthly home for heav'n
We lay aside our mortal clay;
The silent force within the leav'n
Transports us to eternal day.

But we may enter heaven here,
We are included in the call;
Come unto Me, our Savior says,
This invitation is to all.

For now is the accepted time,
And His salvation now is near;
The happiness along this line,
We all can have for it is here.

And what is here we shall enjoy,
If we accept it when we may;
But if vain things our thoughts employ,
Regrets will meet us on the way.

I trust regrets will not come in,
I feel we have not long to wait;
But in due time the call will come,
Thy Savior standeth at the gate. [L. T. P.]

