

OLD LETTERS
My letter written in my earnest mood
To you, who left me, and the other day
I am sitting here, and try to read them
Through tears I find the words I wrote
Tears for my friend, and tears—ah! much more
Tears—
For him, myself, the self that is dead
As he to whom these faded things were written
For youth and trust had from my living hand
It was myself, remember that, who wrote them
Read them once more, and note the noble life
To live above the groveling in the strife;
The sacrifice of self for good of others;
The passion at the suffering of the poor;
The energy fight against pain, and, and, and;
The looking forward when the price was sure.
Ours, too, the hands to end the overlaid,
Ours the strong voices whose sweet words
Should ever compel a hearing from the people
Who now but scoffed at our impetuous youth.
The world, awakened, soon would grow much better.
Soon sin and sorrow, dying in the night,
Would vanish from the earth before the sunlight
Flashed from our words, whose blades should
Never rust.
Yet he is dead, and I am old and tired.
I do not care if I will live or die.
I listen daily to my own sad thoughts
Of that bright future they are sure to win.
Ah! here the letter, and they lay them away
Methinks they're like our fading mortal dreams,
Words upon words, and our youth's bright dream
Of all was promised, and our youth's bright dream.
—All the Year Round.

Jennie's Graduation Dress.

"Now, go on with your study, Jennie.
It's useless to discuss the matter."
"But mother, I don't see—"
"Of course you don't see, dear, but
your father has decided, and he has
decided, you know. Don't think any
more about it. Come, I can't spare you
but fifteen minutes more. You must
help me on Johnny's jacket—just the
buttonholes, my eye, how many do you
want?"
"Why don't you get Miss Stitcheson to
make the buttonholes?"
"Don't ask me. What did your
father say yesterday?"
"Just now at supper time. If you will
make them I can get the jacket finished
to-night. He needs it enough."
"Now, mother, it's too bad! Tommy's
suit is shabby, and I don't believe
he cares. One day more won't make
much difference, any way; and I will
help on the buttonholes to-morrow after-
noon if Prudy don't come for me to
practice that dress for her."
"No, my dear. 'Never put off till to-
morrow what can be done to-day.'—
Grandma's motto, you know, I wish you
would bear it in mind more than you do.
There—now you mustn't say another
word—keep your thoughts on your lesson.
I shall speak for fifteen minutes."
At this juncture, Jennie, studying,
for she was as desirous as her mother was
for her to be correct in recitations, she
was dreading this last review in history,
which was to determine her rank in
scholarship. After her father was anxious
that she should stand high at gradu-
ation—only three weeks hence—she
had even taken pains to go over with her
all the battles of the rebellion, and the
events of the Franco-German war, dates
were such trouble to her; and taught her
an old method of his own for memoriz-
ing such things accurately.
She went on patiently with the words
of the book. But I am sorry to say her
thoughts wandered to Prudence Wynn's
new dress, and to a small package in
her pocket which she had not yet had the
courage—opportunity, she would
have said, to show her mother; yet which
she must see this evening if her long
cherished hopes were to be ful-
filled.
A pencil was needed to mark the bat-
tle of the Wilderness from her memoriz-
ing method, and in taking it from her
pocket out came the package. Her pink
cheeks took on a deeper hue as she
hastily snatched at it before it fell to the
floor, and there was a confused dither
of her quivering eyelids before her mother's
questioning glance. Not a word was
said, but Mrs. Mayberry extended her
hand, and Jennie dare not ignore the
Jordan's look.
"What does this mean, daughter?
Judson & Marsh's shop bill—black silk
—samples?" said Mrs. Mayberry, slowly,
as she unfolded the package.
"I wanted to know what it would
cost," came the reluctant words, as the
girl's nervous fingers turned and re-
turned the pages of her history. "Other
girls, lots of them, do."
"Do what?"
"Send for samples."
"Without consulting their parents? I
hope not, Jennie. How could you?"
There was no more to be said; the ques-
tion was repeated. But before she had time
to reply Mr. Mayberry and Tommy—who
had been busy over an hour in the
little better and bad, her mother,
and seeing that Jennie, the old
road, and saying that the ponies were all
right, and everything about the premises
saw that something unpleasant was
under consideration. Presuming it was
the same—graduation and expenses—
which had been talked over at tea time,
he said: "I've been thinking it all over,
Jennie. I can't bear to have you get
unhappy and dissatisfied, and instead of
giving money for hiring music that day
and evening I'll let the class have the
use of our piano—and Prudence Wynn
can play well enough for anybody who
will be there. How do you like that?"
I'll take it to the school-house and back,
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Jennie did not answer. She had re-
covered from her confusion, and only a
sickly smile showed that she had under-
stood his suggestion.
"A good idea—don't you think so,
mother?" he added, with a little chirp-
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sighed with another—but here's what
he asked.
"Oh, no, Jennie, you might as well
tell your father about it," was the re-
sponse, in low, sad tones.
"I'll tell him," said Jennie, cheerfully.
"This won't do a bit of harm, and I don't
want to cry about it. You're getting
nervous, sis. Too much study, I'm
afraid. I shall be glad when you get
through this terrible last term. But
you're coming out well—that's not the
trouble, I hope? Let's run over the bat-
tles again, so as to be sure of them."
And he took up the book which she had
pushed aside.
Mrs. Mayberry laid the strips of silk
upon the book. "What do you think of
those?" she asked, gently.
"Those?" he asked. "Why, what are
they? How came you by them?"
"Is it best for Jennie to have a gradu-
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"Our Jennie? Good gracious, grandmother
of Methuselah! Our Jennie rigged out
like a fifty-year-old? You're joking,
wig."
Jennie had ceased crying and now
looked up anxiously.
"Never was I more in earnest, John."
"Well, I don't pretend to know about
these things. But you don't really want
it, do you, child? You're getting thin.
Why, you ought to have something
bright and cheerful then, it seems to
me."
"It would be very serviceable," said
Jennie, meekly.
"Serviceable—how?" queried her father.
"Your mother's dresses are always
serviceable—and they are not silk. And
then look at the cost of it. When I
Ten—often dollars, I suppose."
"More than double that," returned
Mrs. Mayberry.
"That settles the question. No, it
won't be serviceable for my daughter
not at that price."
"But if I get the school at Stapleton?"
asked Jennie.
"Ah! Time enough to talk about silk
dresses when you've money that you

don't know what to do with. If you do
teach, you can't begin for over a year."
"More than half the girls in our class
will have silk for graduation, Pruey
says, and—"
"I suppose she will; she looks like that
kind of a girl. And, as usual, her father
is going to borrow my sewing machine
next summer, and the new party I must
buy in April. No, no, daughter—no
black silk for you yet. However—let me
see. I have it now! One of my happy
thoughts—just in the nick of time, I de-
clare!"
He drew out his pocket-book, and
from its folds took several bank bills.
"Mr. Simonds paid for his hat this after-
noon. I'm right glad to get the money
back, and I'm intending it for a certain
purpose, a plan your mother and I made
a while ago. But I've changed my
mind within an hour, and Jennie, if you
will, wear the same dress you have on
—the neat gray flannel with the
pretty pink necktie—at the graduation,
you shall have everything he paid me
for, and I'll choose."
Jennie looked troubled.
"I'll be there to see," he added.
"Moreover, and likewise," he continued,
"I'm going to have my spruce trees and
trim the school-room as you will accept.
And mother! I'll lend all her plants, every
flower-pot, for the occasion."
"Certainly, with pleasure," responded
Mrs. Mayberry.
"The graduation, or commencement,
rather—then you will really begin
your life as a woman, my Mr. Mayberry.
It's a joyful occasion. And yet a serious
and thoughtful one. You may as well
then lay aside childish things and take
the first step toward the sober realities
of life. And I want you to know that
the buttonholes, my eye, how many do you
want in determining your future course.
Don't begin with show and extravagance
—even if you think it is, I—can afford it."
Mike Brady hadn't any overcoat,
father, because Mary's got to have a new
gown to graduate in," said Tommy.
And Mrs. Mayberry told a fort-
night ago that Hannah had left her school
on account of the expense of gradu-
ation," said his mother.
"Well, I suppose there are others in
the same box," as Uncle Russell said.
He said to me the other day that he
should not be able to take up his note as
soon as he expected, next month; his two
boys' school expenses are so great this
year."
"All the girls are telling what they
shall wear, and I thought—I expected—"
began Jennie in a trembling voice.
"For father-in-law's party, placing the
bank bills in her hand.
"Think it over to-night, dear. You
have had good teachers and you are fond
of them, I know, and are attached to
them. Happy memories, dear, will be
in the old school-room; will wish to look
back on the last days spent in there with
pleasant memories. Spend the money—
it's the money, dear, that will give
you the most delightful recollection."
"Now, please, let us drop the subject,"
said her mother, laying the samples on
her work-stand, and taking up Tommy's
note. "Am you going to help on the
button-holes, dear?" she asked, quickly.
Jennie gave her a bright smile, gathered
up the bits of silk, went directly to the
stove and threw them in the fire.
"But, mother, I don't like to see
my money go to waste, and I don't like
to see my mother's money go to waste."
"And you have succeeded. Add an-
other—a victory for General Good-Sense
at Mayberry point. What's the date?"
"Never mind. Graduation day, we'll
call it, perhaps, and having clasped her
purse with a victorious snarl, she slipped it
into her pocket; and then her skillful
fingers rapidly turned through the mass
of buttonhole stitches. So Tommy's jacket
was completed, and he was glad enough
to have it ready to wear the next day.
Graduation day was remarkably fair.
The sun shone brightly, and the air was
just what the parents and friends of the
pupils. Everybody admired the decora-
tions of evergreen and flowering plants,
which Mr. Mayberry not only provided,
but assisted in placing.
Not one of the pupils passed more
credulously through the exercises than
Jenny Mayberry, and certainly not one
more looking after the comfort of the
little better and bad, her mother,
and seeing that Jennie, the old
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his MAJESTY JAY GOULD.
The Progress of Monopoly.
Judging from what is commonly said
concerning Mr. Jay Gould, the Father
of his Country might as well have spared
himself the trouble of a birthday. There
is no doubt that Washington meant well,
and that he worked hard to establish free
government in North America; but his
work has lasted only a century, and Mr.
Gould is now on the point of completely
undoing it.
There was a time when Mr. Gould,
viewed as a financial phenomenon, was
comparatively little larger than a man's
hand, but he had since jerked the place
of the Mississippi valley; and so, even
setting aside the internal evidence of
his low soul, we are compelled to believe
that it is simply one of the terms
of the same series to which the lignite
and the past belong, and that the initial
term of that series is to be looked for in
the living vegetation of modern marsh
and forest, and in the soil of the country
from which he can not merely ruin, but
utterly uproot, the free Government that
Washington and his associates estab-
lished.
If we may believe all that is said of
Mr. Gould, he already controls no one
knows precisely how many trunk lines of
railways, and he can at any very distant
period convert every trunk line into a
private monopoly. He can depress the stock
of this road or "bull" the stock of that
road so as to make millions of dollars, and
he can do this every week in the year. With
the means already at his command he
may rapidly gain possession of every
great line of railway connecting the
East with the West and the North
with the South. Being backed by the
power of his money, he can lay his
denominations, and receive revenues greater
than those of any existing government.
With such untold millions in his posses-
sion, he can buy up the stock of every
line of capitalists or patriots that he
wishes to ruin.
To the control of the telegraph lines
Mr. Gould is now said to be determined
to add the control of the Associated
Press, and it is popularly believed that
by the purchase of one more newspaper
he will achieve this end. He will thus
control the free press of America. The news-
papers will print only such news as he
allows the telegraph wires to carry, and
will express his opinions with the same
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the next President, even without con-
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will be thoroughly subservient to him,
and can thus effectually prevent
any legislation which might interfere
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the question of "Am you going to help
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Jennie gave her a bright smile, gathered
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"And you have succeeded. Add an-
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all for the original structure is almost
perfectly preserved—yet it must be ad-
mitted that for the most part the decom-
position has advanced far enough to pro-
duce an article that deservedly ranks as
coal. In the light of what may be ob-
served going on in every favorably situ-
ated locality today, the source of the
material and the method of accumulation
of the Rocky mountain coal can hardly
be doubtful. I need not weary you by
leading you step by step through all the
known coal fields that illustrate the dif-
ferent stages in the process of coal for-
mation. It will be sufficient to say that
a perfect graduation may be traced from
the lignite, as it is called, of the Rocky
mountains to the pure and more perfect
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GRASSHOPPERS.
Efforts Toward Their extermination.
The United States Entomological Commission,
under the supervision of Prof. Riley, has com-
pleted its second report, relating to the Rocky
mountain locust and Western cricket. This re-
port is mainly supplemental to the very valu-
able one printed last year. It treats of the best
means of subduing the locust in
its permanent breeding-ground,
with a view of preventing its migrating to
the more fertile portions of the trans-Missis-
sippi. This report makes a volume of nearly
400 pages. Prof. Riley comes to the following
conclusions:
"A large proportion of the money losses re-
sulting from the locust invasions of 1867, 1869,
1874 and 1875 was the result of a panic of un-
certainty as to the future. This resulted in
disinvestment in the abandonment of large
tracts of the best farming lands to nature and
the locusts. This will probably never again
happen in the West. The knowledge
of the locusts, their habits, and the
population now pouring into the
Northwest, the rapid settlement of the
Territory of Montana and the completion of
the Northern Pacific, Canadian Pacific, the
Utah and Northern railroads, and the conse-
quent change in the surface of the country due
to human agency, will so essentially modify the
locust situation that we believe the West will
never again suffer as in the past. It remains
for the people of the Rocky mountain plateau
to be prepared for the locusts, and to be ready
as their own experience and this commission
have suggested in the first and present re-
ports for the State and Territorial and county
Governments to make, and execute laws for
combined and persistent action during times
of general locust invasion for the prevention
of others. If this be done in the plateau
region in the future, the invasions of the West-
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eventually cease. We cannot, however, say
that the locusts will be exterminated, but we
will come when the losses from locusts will be
only local and comparable with those inflicted
by locusts and grasshoppers on the Eastern
States. At any rate, the Western locust
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