

THE SONG OF THE WORKERS.

BY EDWARD WILLETT.

I sing the song of the workers, the men of the brawny arm,
Who give us their daily bread and keep us from hunger's harm;
Who labor afar in the forest, who leave the
hunger to tell;
Who take no heed of the sunshine, and mind
not sweat or toil.

I sing the song of the workers who harvest the
brawn and strain;
And bind it, and thrash it, and sift it, nor care
for the sting and stain;
Who load it inreaking wagons, and stoutly
their oxeen drive,
And bid them good-by as they go, like the bees
flying home to the hive.

I sing the song of the workers, the men who
struggle and strain;
Who give us their muscle and nerve as they
grind the iron ore;
Who in their sinew and brain as they watch
the prisoned steam;
And run the risk of their lives as they pass the
perilous stream.

I sing the song of the workers, the men who
labor and strive,
Who handle for us the honey that comes to the
human hive;
The patient and tireless workers, with muscles
tough as steel,
Who carry the heaviest burdens, and lift, and
trundle, and wheel.

I sing the song of the workers, demanding for
every one
His just and rightful due for all the work he has
For all the work of the workers, no matter
whom or where,
To each from the grand result his honest, proportionate share.

A MATER DOLOROSA.

A Chinese woman has no identity of her own. She is simply of consequence as the wife of some man, or the mother of a son. If this phase of existence sheds but little glory upon her, it also relieves her of many responsibilities, and gives to her obscurity the value of contentment.

Aunt Nancy was the wife of Uncle 'Lisha.

It would be impossible to give a biography of Aunt Nancy without including Uncle 'Lisha, or to eliminate her individuality long enough to serve her up alone. And I doubt if the dear old lady would like such marital independence. Nor do I think she would recognize any picture of herself that was not a reflection of him. Like the moon, she shone by borrowed light.

Uncle 'Lisha was a living illustration of the old adage, "It is better to be born lucky than rich." His property was inherited, and he never did a day's work in his life. But everybody else in his family worked, Aunt Nancy, his wife, more than any of them. Uncle 'Lisha didn't work because he enjoyed poor health. A partial list of his complaints would read about like this:

Fever and ague.
Chronic indigestion.
Paralysis of the heart.
Paralysis of the liver.
Inflammatory rheumatism.
Lameness in the left knee.
Lameness in the right knee.
Ossification of the joints.
Hereditary consumption
(On the mother's side.)
Hereditary apoplexy.
(On the father's side.)

These were just a few of the ills which beset the poor man, and made him exceedingly careful of himself. He couldn't stoop for fear of apoplectic symptoms; he was afraid to lift anything, on account of his spine; he never dared hurry, as his heart had a habit of beating, and, in fact, nothing agreed with him except—doing nothing. He was the very same boy referred to in the following incident. I am aware it is credited to the Beecher family, but they never had a monopoly of lazy boys, if they did of bright ones. Uncle 'Lisha's father, the good doctor, had one time been away from home a few days, leaving his two boys, Elisha and Ezekiel, to do the chores. When he returned, nothing had been done, and he discovered the boys in a hay-mow, reading stories.

"Zeke!" thundered the Doctor, "come here, sir."

Zeke came and stood shame-facedly before him.

"What have you been doing since I was away?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Elisha, come here, you, and give an account of yourself. Tell the truth, now. What have you been doing?"

"Helping Zeke, sir."

This faculty was Uncle 'Lisha's stock in trade, and he steadily improved it and made others believe in it, until they really considered it wrong to expect him to do anything. I can see him yet putting on his boots of a winter's morning. All the cattle had been fed, water drawn, and wood carried in. Aunt Nancy had been up hours, getting breakfast and hushing the children, and telling them not to make a noise and wake "poor father," who hadn't slept a wink all night. Gentle soul! It is possible that she believed it, for she was too tired herself to lie awake to see. And when he came down they all waited on him and handed him his boots, while he lingered patiently in front of the hot fire. Then he would cough feebly, put his hand to his heart, sigh—and warm the inside of his boot. After resting from this exertion he would take a strap in each hand and with several attempts get it on. Then a long rest, before a similar process with the other one. A drink of reviving water was then handed by one child, while another stood by and looked at him as if he had been a ten-horned wonder. "Poor father" was only afflicted with spring fever, which lasted him the year round—in other words, chronic laziness.

"I shan't last long," he would say, in that whiny-piny voice which exasperated all who knew him as he really was. "Then, Nancy, you and the children can have it all your own way." And Aunt Nancy would cry, and the children howl, and there would be some added delicacy at the sufferer's plate for the next meal.

"There's only a dozen eggs in the house," that saintly woman would observe. "Now, children, I'm going to cook those for your poor father—don't one of you ask for eggs." But when he reached the last egg one of the tempted children would pluck up courage to hint for it. Uncle 'Lisha would look at that child with a countenance of meek reproach, and say: "Yes, take it, take it, and let your poor sick father starve."

There was no chance for Aunt Nancy

to have any pet ailments. If she was sick and complained, Uncle 'Lisha would say:

"I've felt just so, mother," and that settled it. If he was going anywhere, he would put in the saving clause:

"If I live, and Nancy's well."

Her headaches were mere chimeras of the imagination.

"I've suffered worse and never mentioned it—suffered like a wintergreen," he would add, as if that were the plus ultra of misery.

Every year or two he made a new will, and every day he advised Aunt Nancy what to do when he was gone. In their early married life, when the children were small, he had dreaded that she would marry again, but in later years this fear had no place in his thoughts. The children themselves were married and gone, and Aunt Nancy was an old woman with a white, placid face, and bands of iron-gray hair—not really old, but worn out—her life had been such a perpetual echo of Uncle 'Lisha. He didn't like company, so she didn't have any. He never wanted to go anywhere, so she stayed at home. If she ever went to church she had to go alone, and that was so dreary, and she had so many inquiries to answer about his health that she seldom went.

"You'll miss me when I'm gone," he would say, cheerfully, and so she would. And she would have missed the old clock in the corner, too, if it had suddenly disappeared.

"What does the doctor say about me?" he asked her one day when the village physician had gone out, first calling her to one side. Perhaps Aunt Nancy was a little worn out that day, or believed in heroic treatment, but she deliberately answered:

"He thinks you haven't a disease in the world, Elisha, and that if you would take more exercise it would be better for you."

He was wounded to the quick, and did not speak to her for twenty-four hours, and he discharged the impolitic physician the next day.

"Now," said the drummer, "I've got a question or two to ask you. Hey you got a drummer's license about your trousers anywhere?"

"No; I haven't any use for the article myself," replied the Sheriff.

"Hain't, eh? Wal, I guess we'll see about that pretty darn soon. If I understand the law, it's a clean case that you've been tradin' with me, and hawkin' and paddlin' Rattail's Ready Relief on the highway, and I shall inform on you—darn'd if I don't know!"

But to-morrows came and went, and Uncle 'Lisha did not go home.

There was a shelf in the closet which was especially devoted to his medicines. In his early days he had dosed mildly with rhubarb and sarsaparilla. Then quinine became the fashion, and he dissipated on that. Liniments for rheumatism, patent nostrums and alterative pills completed the list, except that there was no end to the domestic remedies, such as mustard and ginger, and other alleviating agents.

"When I am gone," he would say, mournfully, "give my medicines to some deserving poor person. There'll never be another such sufferer in the family as I have been."

But there came a day when even Uncle 'Lisha's ailments were of little account. Aunt Nancy was sick, very sick. She had been breaking down all summer, but no one had been concerned, least of all her husband, who had developed new symptoms that were very alarming—to himself. Finally, she went to her bed and sent for the children. They at once called in a Doctor, who on his first visit looked exceedingly grave. Upon the second he asked for a private interview with Uncle 'Lisha.

"Your wife is a very sick woman," he said, abruptly.

"She does seem ailing," said Uncle 'Lisha, rubbing his lame knee, and forgetting at the moment which one it was; "but, bless you, I've had the same symptoms so long I used to them, Doctor. She's well, compared to me, actually well."

The doctor looked at the old man with some contempt.

"Threshed lives last long," he said, bluntly. "But have it your own way. I've tried to prepare you—that's all."

The doctor took his leave, and Uncle 'Lisha went into the sick-room. All was calm and serene. Most of all, that pale still face on the pillow. The patient eyes held the same kindly light in them that had been there for thirty years when they met his. The pinched, white cheeks were only more sunken and withered.

"Having a kind of spell, ain't you, Nancy?" said Uncle 'Lisha. "Now, don't git discouraged. I've felt jest so hundreds of times! It's nothing new and nothing to worry about."

"I'm not worrying," said his wife, faintly; "I am dying, 'Lisha."

"Nancy, you oughtn't to talk about such a serious thing as that so lightly. It—it makes my rheumatiz worse to hear you. You ought to have some consideration for me. I can't stand ev'rything."

"Poor old boy," said Aunt Nancy, shaking his plump, strong hand. "Poor 'Lisha! you will miss me for awhile."

"There, there, now," said Uncle 'Lisha, soothingly; "I'll give you a spoonful of my tonic in the morning, and you'll come out like a lark in the spring time. Go to sleep, Nancy; it'll help you wonderfully. It always helps me."

The next morning Aunt Lucy had taken the tonic of a new life. "I'm going home first, after all," she said with a smile, and died.

This upset all the calculations of a life time with Uncle 'Lisha. He had nobody to complain to, no one who cared in the least whether he had twenty ailments or one. He was not encouraged to be lazy, and helpless, and selfish, and he fell into complete ruin.

He had enough to live on, but nothing to live for, as he could not complain to himself, or discuss with himself his own symptoms. He never talked of dying or sung "I'm going home" again. In fine weather he went up to his wife's grave. Doubtless it would have distressed her had she known that she was deaf to his complaints.

In his room a dress and shawl of hers hung near his chair. When he finally became ill in earnest he made light of it. For their mother's sake the chil-

dren tended him dutifully. One night he stretched out a wasted hand and touched his wife's dress.

"Nancy," they heard him whisper, "I'm going home, I'm going home tomorrow."

They buried him beside her.—Mrs. Rayne, in *Detroit Free Press*.

A Live Commercial Traveler.

Sheriff Wiggins, of Dallas, Tex., made it a prominent part of his business to ferret out and punish commercial travelers who traveled in Texas without license; but one morning he met his match, a genuine Yankee drummer.

"What have you got to sell? Anything?" asked the Sheriff, as he met the Connecticut man on the streets.

"Oh, yes, I'm selling medicine—patent medicine. Selling Rattail's Ready Relief, and it's the best thing in the world. You ought to try a bottle. It will cure yourague, cure rheumatism, cure anything."

"And you will sell me a case?"

"Sartainly, sir; glad to."

Then the Sheriff bought a case.

"Anything more?" asked the drummer.

"Yes, sir; I want to see your license for selling goods in Texas. That is my duty as the High Sheriff of Dallas County."

The drummer showed him a document, fixed up good and strong, in black and white. The Sheriff looked at it and pronounced it "all right." Then, turning to the commercial traveler, he said:

"I don't know, now that I've bought this stuff, that I shall ever want it. I reckon that I may as well sell it to you again. What will you give for it?"

"Oh, I don't know that the darned stuff is any use to me, but seeing it's you, Sheriff, I'll give you a dollar for the lot, if you really don't want it."

The Sheriff delivered back the medicine at \$4 discount from his own purchase and received his change.

"Now," said the drummer, "I've got a question or two to ask you. Hey you got a drummer's license about your trousers anywhere?"

"No; I haven't any use for the article myself," replied the Sheriff.

"Hain't, eh? Wal, I guess we'll see about that pretty darn soon. If I understand the law, it's a clean case that you've been tradin' with me, and hawkin' and paddlin' Rattail's Ready Relief on the highway, and I shall inform on you—darn'd if I don't know!"

When the Yankee reached the Court House he made his complaint, and the Sheriff was fined \$8 for selling goods without a license.

The Sheriff was heard afterward to say that "you might as well try to hold a greased eel as a live Yankee."—Eli Perkins.

Opposite Natures.

There seems to be a popular belief in the law of attraction of opposites as applying in the matter of love and friendship—a law supposed to be based on induction, according to the true method of science. But is it not simply one of those formulae which is true when it is true, and no oftener?

Opposite natures do attract each other, there is no doubt; a man of phlegmatic temper sometimes finds an irresistible fascination in a woman whose gay vivacity cheers and stimulates him like sunshine and the birds' song; or, again, it is the sanguine, buoyant-natured man who is mated happily with a wife whose serious and discreet mind is the balance-wheel insuring the safe running of the household machine.

Indisputably, there is an attraction, sometimes difficult to account for, between persons of contrasted natures; nevertheless, a nice observation will often show, I think, that dissimilarities between husbands and wives, or between intimate friends, are superficial, while the strength of the mutual attraction resides in an underlying likeness. A marriage which is truly such, or a serious friendship, involves a very close intercourse, which to be sustained must rest on certain deep moral affinities, the union of command will be stronger still; but such are not necessary, as the former are. Circumstances may play their part, and an important one, in the formation of our friendships or the selection of our life-mates; but among persons of any depth of character, choice as well as chance has to do with the matter, although the choice be often rather instinctive than deliberate.—*Atlantic "Contributors' Club."*

Impeccable Great Men.

A considerable number of public men have received testimonials from their friends. Daniel Webster was tendered and received for many years the earnings of \$100,000, which was put at interest for his benefit by his friends in and about Boston. Had not this provision of \$6,000 a year been made Webster would have retired from the Senate, for he declared he would not give his life to his country for \$8 per day. "Tom" Corwin had his debts paid once at least by his friends. He never laid up anything while holding Federal offices.

He retired from the office of Secretary of the Treasury comparatively poor. The mortgage on Corwin's homestead was once taken up by his political friends. Henry Clay had the same service rendered him on the part of his political friends. He had been for a whole generation in Congress. He sometimes lived beyond his means. He was hospitable and even generous. He had little tact in managing his private affairs. His homestead at Ashland was mortgaged, and would probably have been foreclosed had not his Whig friends, just after his defeat for the Presidency in 1845, stepped in and privately canceled the mortgage.

Thomas Benton was thirty years in Congress. Yet in all that time he never became rich, nor did he improve any of the opportunities for making money while holding a Federal office.

San Francisco Bulletin.

ALAS! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the book of human life, to light those fires of passion with, from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number.—*Hyperion.*

HUMORS OF DUELING.

Some Amusing Episodes on the Field of Honor.

A certain mathematical tutor at Cambridge, who had been confidentially made the recipient of information to the effect that a graduate and a pupil had about completed preparations for a hostile meeting, sought out the latter and inquired: "What is this all about—why do you fight?" "Because he gave me the lie," frankly and promptly replied the young man. "He said you lied, eh?" well, let him prove it; if he proves it, then it is he who has lied. Why should you shoot one another?" In the gallery of Dusenne, one time, a crack shot was affording a good deal of entertainment to himself and others by shattering one after another the puppets set up to be fired at. There was one man present, however, who could not laugh. That man was the proprietor of the puppets. At last they were all down but one—that was Napoleon. The marksman took quick aim, and down went the first consul. The proprietor gave a wild scream, and exclaimed: "You cannot fire as well upon the ground!" "Come out and see!" "Bang!" and down fell the proprietor. "He could fire as well," groaned the prostrate one.

Croquard was not unlike St. Feix, in many respects, although not so gallant and proficient in the use of the sword, and was always without a sou. One day, at the instance of the Count de Chambord, he called upon a contractor and challenged him, at which the latter picked Croquard up and held him under a pump and pumped water on him until he was completely drenched. He then challenged a linen draper, whose wife informed Croquard that her husband was ill and would not recover before six months. In precisely six months from the day of his first Croquard again called, and was again met at the door by the wife of the linen draper, who invited the nomadic duelist to breakfast. He declined, although hungry, saying that he wanted to fight more than he wanted to eat. "Won't monsieur try a glass of Madeira?" inquired the diplomatic woman, with well-affected affability. "Madeira!" ejaculated Croquard, with a smack of his lips like the crack of a whip. "Oui, oui, my dear madame; and your good husband shall remain ill for another six months." Croquard once got enraged with an actor named Mouton, and was about to challenge the Thespian, when he remembered that he owed him five francs. "How unlucky, mon Dieu!" he cried, after having unsuccessfully attempted to borrow that amount from others present, "that I should owe a man money whom I want to fight."

Saint Beuve once fought a duel holding an umbrella—during the preliminaries of which he said that he had no objection to being killed, but that he was determined not to get wet. When the Duke of Wellington wanted the Tenth Regiment kept at Dublin, he admitted that lots of duels would grow out of such action, "but that's of no consequence," he added. Some years ago two inexperienced shooters met in the woods near Paris, and at the first discharge of their pistols a cry went up at a point only a few yards away, and it was quickly discovered that a well-known attorney had been hit. "If it is only a lawyer," cried one of the combatants, "let us fire again."

During the progress of a duel between Senator William M. Gwin and Representative J. W. McCorkle, in 1853, a poor donkey nearly half a mile away was shot dead