

AT OUR HOUSE.

There are many clever children
Now living in this town
Whose wondrous skill and sayings wise
Have won a wide renown:
But the little folks at our house
We know excel the rest—
They are surely much the brightest,
The cutest and the best.

There's Master Jack, just five years old,
Whose pictures may be seen
Of puppies, pigs and cows and colts,
In yellow, blue and green;
These works of art are nicely hung
Upon the walls with pride—
For talent great at our house
May not its splendor hide.

His landscapes give one new ideas
Of chaos wild, but gay,
And his ships upon a bright red sea
Make a wonderful display;
But the quadrupeds are our delight—
In legions bold they rush,
Wild, daring and belligerent,
From his inspired brush.

The birds he draws with such a dash
Give the fancy much to do;
They're not the grave, domestic fowls
That we're accustomed to:
A portrait of his grandmamma
Is a notable success.
All know it by the spectacles
And the dots upon the dress.

You ought to see him at his work,
Stretched out upon the floor,
The paper, crayons and the paints
Strewn all the carpet o'er!
But at our house we're not annoyed
By this litter round our feet:
We're patient with eccentric ways,
When talent true we meet.

Then there's Willie—he's another
In his specialty as great—
A famed musician he will be
At no far distant date:
Why, he whistles Annie Rooney,
And he beats upon the drum,
Till with harmony we're almost deaf
And with admiration dumb.

But we've noticed since the peerless child
Came forward in this way,
Our neighbors do not often call,
Nor have so long to stay:
Yet he sings for them his prettiest songs,
And sings them loud and high—
We're afraid that it is jealousy
That makes them now so shy.

We boast, too, of an architect
And a rising engineer:
The other two—two little girls—
Are not so bright, we fear:
They're lovely, though, and good and sweet,
And all well understood
That they'll be the nicest ladies seen
In all this noble land.

Well, the boys may not be, after all,
So remarkable when grown;
But we'll be satisfied if, as true,
Hard-working men they're known,
And glad we'll be at our house
To remember that we gave
A helping hand to childhood's aims
And childhood's efforts brave.

—Carrie C. Day, in Golden Days.



[Copyrighted 1891, by S. S. Morton, and published by special arrangement.]

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"That's so," assented Warner, with a mournful inflection, as if he were reluctantly admitting a proposition which he had found to be all too true. "The political field pays better; for, what if they do pitch into you, the opposition press, I mean, you draw your duets regularly so long as you're in office, and the less you do to deserve it, the better your chances are of being appreciated by the public. Office-holding is a soft business, if a man isn't a fanatic on duty and knows how to look out for number one; and I guess we can trust you for that, North."

"Oh, yes; that has always been a very important figure with me, and I daresay it will continue to be. And why should it not, pray? A man is the natural guardian of his own interests, and if he neglects them they are apt to suffer; no one else will look out for them. But, on the other hand, there's an almost universal impulse to help the man that helps himself."

"Provided he doesn't 'help himself' at the dear public's expense," suggested Warner, dryly; a bon mot at which both he and North laughed indulgently, and the latter added:

"But, even then, my dear Warner, you should recollect that there are usually rogues enough in authority to connive at his escape, unless they happen to be so deeply concerned in his transactions that their only way to save themselves is to sacrifice him and make him 'the huge scapegoat of the race.'"

"Now you've hit it!" declared Warner, turning sharply to North. "Wild horses couldn't drag the admission from Clipper, but I've always believed—and said it, too, all in the family—that this was about the size of that outcry against Damon. Why he should have been hounded out of office by a set of rogues, who had probably been fleecing the taxpayers ever since they went into politics, I don't see. It's on the principle, I suppose, of punishing the starving wretch that steals a loaf of bread and letting the shrewd scoundrel that swindles whole communities go scot-free! Of course, there's no reasonable doubt that Damon was crooked, but who imagines that he was any worse than Brown or Jones, for instance? He was unfortunate enough to get found out; they were shrewd enough not to. That's the way I figure it out."

Warner spoke with considerable warmth, and as if he were certain of North's sympathy.

It was with blank dismay that North perceived to what definite suspicions against persons quite unknown to him he was supposed to have committed himself by his innocently abstract remark. He hastened to take refuge behind a convenient breastwork of caution.

"Now see here, Warner," he said with an air of speaking in the most sacred confidence, "it will never do to say this, you know, and really, I did not wish you to understand me quite as you did. I don't consider it expedient to make any definite charges against anyone, whatever my private opinion may be."

"Oh, of course; no use to bring it up now; but if we get Halleck in there he'll sift the whole business. That's what I told Clipper all along, as an argument for opposing Halleck's nomi-

nation; but he said: 'We've got to give them the treasurer, or it will cost us the other offices, like enough.' And so it would, I suppose. If we had made a split on Halleck it would have done the business for you, for they were determined to get one of their men in, either for treasurer or attorney, and Clipper said: 'So long as we elect the city attorney, I'll risk Halleck's investigations!'"

North, quite bewildered by Warner's relations and equally uncertain to what sentiments he ought to commit Olin, contrived here to give the conversation a turn from local to national politics; on which safe ground they continued until the end of their walk. Then, as they paused at the hotel steps, Warner suddenly reverted to personal affairs.

"Well, then," he said, "there's an understanding, is there, North, that you are to leave all the details of the canvass, for the remaining two weeks, to Clipper and me, just the same as if you were not here?"

"Absolutely in your hands," returned North, with emphasis. "You see I couldn't do better. I don't see how I could," he added abstractedly.

"No, nor I. It will have a better look, you know, if you appear to be indifferent. Wymer, now, is just crazy over the election. He talks about it day and night, waking and sleeping, drunk and sober: it's literally his one idea. First one he ever had, so of course he wants to make the most of it. I think you've shown good sense, North, in keeping yourself so thoroughly out of the canvass. Trust all to Clipper and me! We've put too many elections through to fail on this one. You can hold yourself in readiness, you know, to address a meeting when your constituents clamor for a few words of wisdom from you, or when your presence will help on the enthusiasm; but you needn't soil your kid gloves."

"Very well," said North, with a laughing wave of farewell; "I'm in the hands of my friends, and the abject slave of duty. If I'm elected, I'll not resign!"

CHAPTER VII.

Dro. E.—Oh villain thou hast stolen both mine office and my name!

—Comedy of Errors.

Until a late hour that night North was absorbed in the anxious contemplation of the task that he had assumed and the difficulties that would inevitably attend its accomplishment. When he arose the next morning and reviewed the situation by the merciless light of day, it was with a sense of calm daring and with resolution hardened to flint.

He purposely went down late to breakfast in order to avoid the crowd in the dining-room. Having breakfasted in solitary state, he exchanged a few remarks with Col. Dayton, glanced over a morning paper and then strolled out of the hotel, intending to arrange definitely his plans for the day.

"I wonder how my fair client is this morning?" ran his thoughts, as he started down the street with no particular destination in view. "I shall have anything but welcome tidings for her when I see her again. How shall I conduct this affair? Very delicate! However, as I am happily proof against sentimentality, I think I can handle it. I wonder if Noll has really allowed himself to become seriously interested in her? The major must be a queer fellow, or possibly one of the 'poor dear's peculiarities' may be that he objects to that sort of thing! Well, I shall certainly keep on the safe side, whatever my brother may have done."

Indolently absorbed in his own reflections, North responded from time to time to the cordial greetings that he was constantly receiving. He presently was struck by the fact that of the many friendly faces that he saw none of them was familiar.

"I must not forget the few individuals whose names I have already learned," he said to himself gravely. "Let me see now, who are they? There's Col. Dayton, to begin with; well, I shall see him so constantly that there is no danger of my forgetting him. Then Warner, my electioneering friend; his image is likewise indelibly graven upon my memory. By the bye, I must look out for Clipper—Col. Clipper, as I heard some one call him this morning. I shall probably meet him somewhere, and never know it unless some fortunate chance enlightens me. One of Noll's most intimate political associates, too, no doubt. Extremely awkward not to know him! Then there is Wee, that pattern of amiability. I cordially dislike that fellow, but I should like to know who he is, and how far his acquaintance and connection with Noll extend. Wymer, Jack Wymer, my political opponent—hm! Can that be all? Oh, Mrs. Maynard,

are you, Warner?" were the salutations that were exchanged as the two gentlemen cordially clasped hands.

"Where are you bound for, North?" was Warner's first inquiry.

"To the office," returned North, unblushingly.

"You are? Going crab-fashion, eh?" And Warner laughed gleefully at this palpable hit, for North, without knowing it at all, had been sauntering in the opposite direction from Market square, with every step putting a greater distance between himself and that aristocratic portion of "down-town."

"Oh, I wasn't going there directly, you know," he responded negligently, without deigning even to smile at Warner's suggestion. "However, if you are going that way yourself, I will walk with you as far as the office. Anything new this morning?" he added in a confidential tone as they started on together, Warner unconsciously taking the lead.

"Nothing much, I guess. Heard about the row on High street? No? Why, it's all over town! You see, Rochester and Bingham got disputing with old Wymer last night, and they came to blows before they could be separated. They were all a little 'under the influence,' you know; just enough to make them quarrelsome. It was a regular knock-down affair which some hundred or more voting citizens, chiefly of the lower classes (besides your humble servant, who represented the aristocracy, you know), happened to witness. The workmen must have been highly edified by seeing their friends and champions making Kilkenny cats of themselves."

North shrugged his fastidious shoulders, and with the tips of his gloved fingers daintily stroked his sweeping mustache.

"By Jove, Warner!" he finally ejaculated, "it's enough to disgust one forever with politics!"

"Oh, I don't know," returned Warner, in cheerful dissent. "I confess I should rather have it happen just as it did than to have any of our men concerned in it, when it can be arranged that way just as well as not; but how about Clipper's knock-down encounter with Duncastle last spring?"

"I repeat your question," said North, temporizingly; "how about it? Was the affair especially creditable?"

"Creditable? It just made Clipper solid with all the best men in the city!" cried Warner, excitedly. "He settled the worst scallawag in town so effectually that he didn't dare to show his face at the polls, and the consequence was we had a decent, quiet, orderly election. I tell you, there are now and then crises in political affairs when heroic measures are necessary, and it's fortunate at such times to have a man like Clipper—one cast in the heroic mold—on hand to meet the emergency."

"That 'Wymer meeting,' then," suggested North, reverting to the nearer

ciousness that I may thus display will no doubt be easily referred to the approaching election."

It was rather a grim smile that North's face wore as he reached this conclusion. He did not even attempt to deceive himself by the persistently flippant tone of his reflections; he was perfectly well aware that it was assumed as a slight relief from the sharp anxiety and suspense that he had been enduring from the moment when the suspicion of his brother's complicity in the Dunkirk will forgery first entered his mind.

It was the habit of Allan North's life to treat even the most serious phases of his experience with a cynical levity that would have shocked anyone who was accustomed to estimating sober realities at their true value and treating them accordingly. Thus far it was the best philosophy that he had learned, and he clung to it as fondly as a child clings to a painted toy. Fortunately, such a state of mind is neither fatal nor permanent. In the consummate maturity of heart and mind there is little room or toleration for the frivolities of adolescence. With the first inspiration of vigorous perfected mental growth that thistledown cynicism is blown away.

"By the way"—North's soliloquy brought him to a sudden halt on a corner—"I wonder where Market square is? It occurs to me that it would be a wise, natural and praiseworthy proceeding, a delicate and perhaps not wholly undeserved compliment to my partner, for me to call at our office for a few moments. Of course I'll not undertake to do anything there, and I'll not venture to stay very long, either, for fear some of Noll's innumerable clients should appear upon the scene and involve me in embarrassing complications; still, for the sake of appearances and my own peace of mind—a haunting office and partner will be a haunting terror until I have boldly faced them—I think I would better go, and at once."

This point settled, his next quandary was, how should he find Market square without—expedient not to be thought of—actually inquiring the way?

Still pausing on the street corner, he looked speculatively hither and thither. Suddenly his grave and puzzled countenance lighted up with relief.

"Ah, there is Warner; perhaps I can contrive to have him extricate me from this dilemma," thought he; and the next instant: "Hello, North!" "How

are you, Warner?" were the salutations that were exchanged as the two gentlemen cordially clasped hands.

"Where are you bound for, North?" was Warner's first inquiry.

"To the office," returned North, unblushingly.

"You are? Going crab-fashion, eh?" And Warner laughed gleefully at this palpable hit, for North, without knowing it at all, had been sauntering in the opposite direction from Market square, with every step putting a greater distance between himself and that aristocratic portion of "down-town."

"Oh, I wasn't going there directly, you know," he responded negligently, without deigning even to smile at Warner's suggestion. "However, if you are going that way yourself, I will walk with you as far as the office. Anything new this morning?" he added in a confidential tone as they started on together, Warner unconsciously taking the lead.

"Nothing much, I guess. Heard about the row on High street? No? Why, it's all over town! You see, Rochester and Bingham got disputing with old Wymer last night, and they came to blows before they could be separated. They were all a little 'under the influence,' you know; just enough to make them quarrelsome. It was a regular knock-down affair which some hundred or more voting citizens, chiefly of the lower classes (besides your humble servant, who represented the aristocracy, you know), happened to witness. The workmen must have been highly edified by seeing their friends and champions making Kilkenny cats of themselves."

North shrugged his fastidious shoulders, and with the tips of his gloved fingers daintily stroked his sweeping mustache.

"By Jove, Warner!" he finally ejaculated, "it's enough to disgust one forever with politics!"

"Oh, I don't know," returned Warner, in cheerful dissent. "I confess I should rather have it happen just as it did than to have any of our men concerned in it, when it can be arranged that way just as well as not; but how about Clipper's knock-down encounter with Duncastle last spring?"

"I repeat your question," said North, temporizingly; "how about it? Was the affair especially creditable?"

"Creditable? It just made Clipper solid with all the best men in the city!" cried Warner, excitedly. "He settled the worst scallawag in town so effectually that he didn't dare to show his face at the polls, and the consequence was we had a decent, quiet, orderly election. I tell you, there are now and then crises in political affairs when heroic measures are necessary, and it's fortunate at such times to have a man like Clipper—one cast in the heroic mold—on hand to meet the emergency."

"That 'Wymer meeting,' then," suggested North, reverting to the nearer

event, "was not a very brilliant success, I imagine?"

"Success? It was a regular fizzle! How could it be anything else with such a set to run it? A house divided against itself can't stand, particularly when it has such a shaky foundation. Seen Clipper this morning, North?"

"No," answered North, mentally qualifying the negative.

"I left him in the office finishing a stunning leader on 'Our Candidate for City Attorney.' You'll see it in the Times to-day. It's a capital thing, and the best of it, you might suppose that he meant every word of it."

"He represents me as a gentleman and a scholar, does he?" suggested North, with a laughing glance at Warner, while through his mind the thought flashed quickly:

"So Clipper is an editor—that's one fact learned!"

"Yes; or a—what was that Roman fellow's name? Clipper knows it—ready to fling yourself into the abyss, you know, and save our municipal government. Ah! here's the office. Well, I'll see you later, North."

And with this safe prediction, and a hasty wave of his hand, Warner hurried on alone and was speedily swallowed up by distance and the crowd.

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear!" quoted North, mentally, as the energetic figure vanished from his grateful view. "What should I have done but for his timely appearance? I might have been drifting aimlessly about the city, or else still stranded on that corner, afraid to launch away; certainly I should not have been anchored where I now am—at 3 and 5 Market square."

He glanced up with interest at the imposing brown stone front and the polished plate glass window on which he saw the firm name, "North & Westcott, Attorneys and Counselors at Law," emblazoned in gilt letters. Then, turning to the door, he entered the outer office, one of a handsome suite of chambers.

At the various desks were seated half a dozen clerks and students, some poring over huge volumes of law, others busily writing. They all glanced up as North entered and greeted him with a "Good morning, Mr. North!" in which a becoming deference and jovial good fellowship were blended; and he responded with gracious courtesy.

Then he inquired, addressing them all in a general way:

"Has Mr. Westcott come down yet?"

"Yes, sir; Mr. Westcott is in the private office," answered one of the clerks, with an involuntary jerk of his head toward the door of that room.

REFORMED LIVES.

Instances of Criminals Who Have Put Aside Their Evil Ways.

I wish I had space to tell of men and women whom I have known who have been moved in prison by the religious appeal. I was stopped on the street the other day by a woman whom I had known years ago, a notorious shop-lifter, says a writer in the *Congregationalist*. She has for years been living, in a quiet, unostentatious way, a sincere religious life, begun in prison under the influence of the officer who had charge of her—an earnest Christian woman. I knew a young man who has for six years been out in the world, who came to his senses in prison. He had been well brought up in a Christian family. He committed a petty burglary, sold the stolen goods and sent the proceeds to his mother to help her in a time of great distress. She never knew the motive of his crime. He began Christian work almost as soon as he was discharged and has continued it constantly, working at his trade all day and giving his evenings to work among the fallen. In one of our prisons a man of mature age, committed for an offense which was the outcome of a violent temper and a cruel disposition, had, one night, a sort of vision which led to a change as remarkable in its way as that which came to St. Paul. Men laughed at it when he told the story, but years of consistent Christian life, in which he has won the respect of the entire community in which he lives, attest the completeness of the reformation.

He Wandered.

A few years ago a Boston physician encountered a romance in his own family which excited his amusement, says the *Mahogany Tree*. An aged relative, a woman of eighty-eight, married a man a few years her junior. It was a love match. Dr. C. found much food for reflection in the romance. Some time afterward he met Dr. Holmes, and in course of a chat, as they walked down Beacon street, he related the incident to the autocrat of the Breakfast Table. It amused him immensely. He chuckled over it in various tones of voice until he reached his own door. He bade Dr. C. good night and started up the steps. Suddenly he turned back and called: "Oh, by the way, doctor, one moment." Dr. C. turned back and Holmes came down the steps again. "I have been intensely interested in that little tale," he said, slowly. "Of course, at their age, they didn't have any children; but, tell me, did they have any grandchildren?"

A Female Financier.

A certain woman in Cincinnati, says the *Enquirer* of that city, formerly at the head of the most fashionable school in Cincinnati, had an experience in financial matters which the bank is still chuckling over. She overdraw her account twenty-two dollars and was duly notified by the bank of that fact. Surprised, she called at the bank and told them she would look over the checks and see how the mistake occurred. A week went by and she was again notified by the bank. She wrote a very nice letter to them apologizing for her remissness, and inclosed a check for twenty-two dollars on the same bank, just as if that would cancel her indebtedness.

An interesting experiment is performed by smearing a bullet with vaseline, and then firing it from a rifle. The course of its flight may then be marked by a line of smoke caused by the ignition of the vaseline as it leaves the rifle.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

Upon a Wise Solution of Its Problems Depends the Existence of the American Republic.

I had in this number expected to enter into a consideration of the ethics of the eight-hour question and the justice of its demand. But the righteousness and equity of this demand of labor are so apparent that it seems like a waste of space to attempt to demonstrate such a self-evident proposition. One of the fundamental laws of man's being is his liability and subjection to toil and labor. Indeed, divinity itself does not appear to be exempt from this fundamental law, for Jesus expressly stated that He and His Father both worked. From the decree promulgated in the garden of Eden, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," to the time when Paul said, "For even when we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat," all through the Scriptures of God runs the same burden of exhortation to men to honestly labor for their daily bread, and to steal not. What then shall we say of a Christian (?) nation in which a million men are denied the opportunity to work for an honest livelihood and are compelled to become beggars, tramps or thieves? Reasonable labor has in all ages been considered a sacred duty and a blessed boon, while the curse of idleness has been set forth in the pithy proverb, "An idle brain is the devil's workshop." How can that be called Christianity which sits in apathy and allows enforced idleness to breed paupers, drunkards and criminals? The demand for conditions under which all men may have a chance to provide a living for self and those dependent upon them, is founded upon eternal justice and must be in furtherance of God's will, because a command implies a possibility of performance, and a prohibition implies a way of escape. That cannot be a Christian government which forces men to beg, steal or starve and then punishes them for obeying the first law of nature—self-preservation.

All human laws, enacted by human governments are but attempts of humanity to protect itself from itself. "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." The law is for the evil doer, but it often happens that the law maker becomes the law breaker. Law is an expression of the reason of man and is a self-imposed code of rules and regulations to compel him to do that which he knows to be right, but is liable to be tempted not to do, and to prohibit him from doing that which his better instincts teach him is wrong, but which his baser instincts continually tempt him to do. It is a safeguard erected by man in an organized state of society to guard against the selfishness and covetousness of man, as an individual. The strength of law is in the penalty thereof. Governments are organized in a republic by the people, and derive their powers from the consent of the people. Their primary object is to protect the weak from the strong and to guarantee to all men equal and exact justice and equal opportunities and rights. The eight-hour law must be strongly erected upon the broad foundation of "the greatest good to the greatest number," and "equal opportunities to all, special privileges to none." Its penalties must be heavy enough to force compliance with its provisions and it must be so framed as to benefit not classes or individuals, but all humanity. Its penalties must attach not only to those employers who nullify or abrogate the law, but must also keep in check the sordid impulses of those wage workers who by working overtime, for extra pay, would sacrifice the human race upon the altar of their selfishness. Any eight-hour law which does not make its provisions imperatively mandatory to both employer and employee will, like Dead Sea apples, turn to ashes in the hands of the people.

Oh, yes! I expected you to shout "paternalism." But it is not paternalism. Nay, verily! But rather is it enforced fraternalism—the golden rule with an enacting clause. It is a practical utilization of that supreme love for God, which Jesus taught is best manifested by a love for our brother man. In a popular form of government the majority rules, hence all laws enacted reflect the degree of righteousness possessed by the people and the plane of morality upon which they dwell. When men once arrive at a recognition of the universal brotherhood of man, all laws will have for their object the establishment of justice and fraternity among men. The father of our country in his farewell address said: "It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. * * *

In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened." If, then, the laws of a free government give expression to the degree of morality and justice possessed by its people, why shall laws giving expression to a belief in the universal brotherhood of man be characterized as paternalistic in their nature, and how can a free government, instituted and administered by a nation of brothers, be said to be administered by a father? In a popular form of free government, under which the laws reflect the sentiment of a majority of the people, there can be no such thing as paternalism. If laws which protect the weak from the strong and grant to all an equal opportunity for the pursuit of happiness, are paternalistic, by what name shall we characterize the laws we now have, which discriminate in favor of classes and confer special privileges upon the few? We need only to adhere to strict construction of these words found in the immortal declaration of independence:

We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, etc.

As the "inalienable rights" mentioned are all dependent upon an op-

portunity to labor, an eight-hour law is directly in harmony with the fundamental principles of our government.

One of the common objections waged against the adoption of a compulsory eight-hour law is that it would destroy the inviolable constitutional prerogative of freedom of individual contract. Not only is this merely one of the technical legal subtleties, used by lawyers to defeat the ends of justice, but it is a grim satire upon the truth. The same arguments that would prove that labor under present conditions possesses any freedom of contract, would grant immunity to footpads, on the ground that their victims, possessing the alternative of being robbed or shot voluntarily gave up possession of their valuables. With a million idle men eagerly watching for a chance to work, a wage-worker must accept the terms offered by employers, or beg, or steal, or starve. This may be construed by legal lights as freedom of contract, but an awakened public conscience will soon become ashamed of a civilization which offers the freedom to steal or starve as the only alternative of industrial slavery. But I deny the right of any man to work a greater number of hours per day than such a number as will allow every man, willing and anxious to work, the opportunity to work the same number of hours. Equal freedom assumes that every man shall possess the same freedom of contract as is possessed by every other man.

Immanuel Kant truly says: "Every one may seek his own happiness in the way that seems good to himself, provided that he infringe not such freedom of others to strive after a similar end as is consistent with the freedom of all."

Laborers will never possess exact and equal freedom of contract, each and all alike, so that there are just as many days' work as there are laborers willing and anxious to perform them. Only by a compulsory eight-hour law can exact and equal freedom of contract in a state of perfect liberty be secured for and guaranteed to each and every laborer. And when that time arrives there will be two parties to each contract, instead of one, as now is the case—the would-be employer will yet have perfect freedom and liberty to offer—but the would-be employer will possess what he does not now possess—the equal and perfect freedom and liberty to reject. This is the essence of "freedom of contract."

Nothing I have written in this series of articles is to be construed as meaning or teaching that under the present system of capitalistic ownership of all natural resources, all tools of production and all the varied forms of capital, laborers in the several large manufacturing industries could, under the eight-hour system, make contracts severally or as individuals.

But, as will readily be perceived, if there were no more day laborers than there were days of labor to perform, the wage workers in each and all manufacturing industries would enjoy collectively, as bodies, the privilege of freedom of contract and have a voice in determining the scale of wages to be paid in each and every line of industry and production.

This is the concluding article of the series upon the eight-hour question. I trust I have written enough to show to farmers the importance of this question to them. I hope that trades unionists may be led to see that a shorter day's labor is the question of paramount importance to them.—George C. Ward, in *Midland Mechanic*.

The Trusts Prosper.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the American Sugar Refining Co., held in New York City, the following proceedings were had:

Whereas, The earnings of the company during the past quarter warrant an increase of dividend on the common stock; and

Whereas, Since the annual report of the treasurer to stockholders on December 1, 1892, returns received from the corporations whose stock is held by this company (for the year ended March 1, 1893), render unnecessary for working capital the further retention of the surplus earnings of 1891 and 1892, as shown by the annual report.

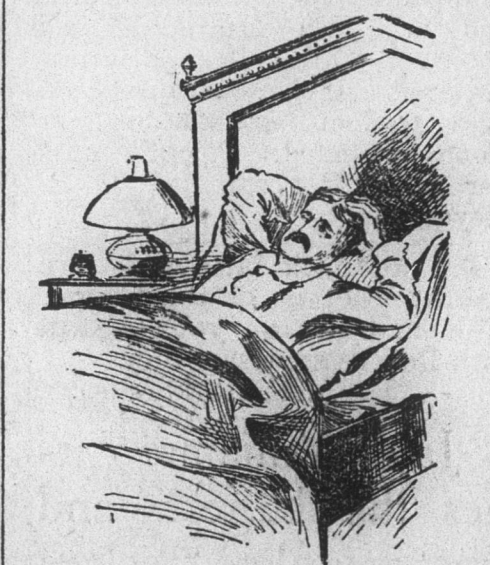
Resolved, That there be paid a quarterly dividend of 3 per cent on the common stock and in addition there be paid an extra dividend of 10 per cent on the common stock from the surplus earnings of 1891 and 1892 and that a dividend of 14 per cent be paid on that portion of the preferred stock of the company which is entitled to quarterly dividends, all the above dividends being payable on April 2 to stockholders of record March 13, when the transfer books will be closed, to re-open on April 2.

In addition to the above resolutions the statement was authorized that the company on March 1, after providing for all these dividends, had a surplus of net earnings of \$5,000,000. Comment upon such a showing as this is unnecessary. It speaks for itself.—Kansas Farmer.

A New Secretary-Treasurer.

We are pleased to announce to our readers that Col. D. P. Duncan, who has so successfully managed the state exchange for the past year, has been unanimously elected secretary-treasurer of the National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union by the executive committee of that body, and has accepted the position. A satisfactory transfer of the books and supplies of the office was made in Washington on last Monday and will be moved to this city at once, where Bro. Duncan will have his headquarters. Mr. L. K. Taylor, of Nashville, Tenn., who was elected secretary-treasurer at the last national meeting, failed to qualify in the time prescribed and that made it necessary for the executive committee to select another man for the position. Bro. Duncan's business ability is well known and his selection will prove wise and appropriate for the proper fulfillment of responsible duties of the position. All matter in reference to the secretary-treasurer of the national alliance should be addressed to Bro. Duncan at Columbia, S. C.—Columbia (S. C.) Cotton Plant.

Now it is said the saloon keepers and dive keepers of Chicago have raised a big fund to be used at Washington to prevent the opening of the world's fair on Sunday. They think that opening would seriously injure their business, and that they can afford to "put up" liberally to keep the gates closed.—Coming Climax.



ABSORBED IN THE ANXIOUS CONTEMPLATION.