





## MINE AND THINE.

## A Story of Conflicting Interests.

"Forgiveness is the Only Cure of Injury."

BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS.

[Written for the JOURNAL OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR. Rights reserved.]

## BOOK I.—SOWING.

## CHAPTER IV.

## "THE CURE."

THE splendid mansion of Mr. Merriman, General Manager of the Northern and Middle Railroad, was built, as I have said, on Merriman Avenue.

Forty years before, a small frame cottage had stood on the same spot, and the twenty acres or so around it had been known as Red Hill Farm, whence John Merriman carried milk and eggs to the city of Fairtownt, then a mile or so away. Just what had started the city to growing in his direction John Merriman could not have explained; certainly it was no shrewdness of his, for he was rather a stupid old fellow, and would scarcely have been sharp enough to profit by his good fortune had it not been for his son, Charles. But Charley was shrewd enough for both; Charley had been to the district school and had learned to read, write and cipher, which was more than the old man could accomplish. And Charley read the signs of the times and the hand-writing on the wall; and he ciphered a good deal of profit out of those confiding fellow-mortals who desired to become his neighbors. Each lot that was sold out of Red Hill Farm raised the price of all that remained; a new and improved version of the Sibylline books. Then Charley went West, and in some fortuitous way he got a position in one of the railroads which were afterward combined into the Northern and Middle. It was not a very exalted office, certainly not an easy one; he took his book and pencil every morning, and, in summer's heat or winter's chill, channeled the freight intrusted to the corporation by a confiding public; but whatever the work was he did it thoroughly well, and promotion speedily followed, as it is apt to do in railroad offices. For one cannot be too emphatic in asserting that railroading is a science and a particularly intricate one, and while there is of course a large amount of routine work that can be done by any one, yet the man of genius is perhaps more quickly recognized and rewarded in a railroad office than anywhere else. Charley was a man of genius; when he had risen by innumerable steps to be General Manager, he had the further advantage of an intimate and personal knowledge of all the minutiae of the business under his management—a knowledge which was worth as much to the company as to himself. Why, by the by, does not some expert statistician work up the number of general officers in the various roads, and the proportion of them who have risen from the ranks, as Charley did, and thus furnish us with absolute data upon which to calculate the actual effect which the nationalizing of railroads would have upon civil service reform?

Nobody knew it positively, but it was whispered in some circles that to Charley's genius—which was undoubtedly—was due the "pacton" made between the railroad and a certain gigantic trust—then in its infancy—by which the dollar of our fathers was neatly extracted from the pockets of all competitors, and transferred—where? Why, you know, no fellow can ever find out where the ball is under. All that the world knew for some years was that the trust swelled larger and larger, and the railroad company grew richer and richer; until at last an investigation was ordered, when lo! the terror of the laws against perjury brought out the blackness of the sympathetic link in which the names of many—and among them of Charles F. Merriman—appeared on the rolls of the trust and also of the railroad.

To the question, "What are you going to do about it?" there was no answer. Everything was perfectly legal. If a railroad has no right to offer rebates, and make special terms with a good customer, what may it do? Deny this right, and you strike at the dearest privilege of the smallest retail dealer, who offers goods at 15 cents a piece, two for a quarter, or twenty for the pair, before we will let you leave the store.

However, there were so many who thought differently that the result was the Interstate Commerce Act; one curious feature of which was the opposite points of view from which it was regarded by those in the employ of the railroad. The conductors, brakemen, switchmen, and those who toiled with steel rail and wooden pile, considered it—those of them whose education permitted consideration—as an excellent measure, so far as it went, and a step in the right direction. They said, also, that it implied all they were contending for, and that if Congress had the right and power to pass such an act as that, then Congress had also the right, though perhaps not the power, just at present, to declare that every railroad included under the same had forfeited its charter for breach of contract as a faithful common carrier. And they asserted that to make this declaration, and to appoint a receiver to operate each road in the public interest, paying off the bond and stockholders gradually out of the earnings (liquidation of water being of course unnecessary), would at once solve the whole problem without expense to the country, or loss to those widows and orphans whose interests are so carefully guarded by the present thimble-rigging system.

But, on the other hand, the clerks in the various offices were a little apt to consider the act one of grinding tyranny, at least those of them who had laid to heart the stories of men who had risen, and who hoped to rise in their turn.

Mr. Merriman did not express any opinion upon the subject. In fact, he was less given to "talkie-talke" than ninety-nine men out of a hundred; his slow, soft smile stood him in excellent stead, and one gentle glance from those long, sleepy, blue eyes could often say more than he would have cared to put into words. He had a large, handsomely-furnished office in Fairtownt, or rather two of them; and of the twenty or thirty clerks who wrote and calculated there, not one but would have maintained that "Charles F. Merriman, sir, is one of the fellow going; a royal old boy; and that's what's the matter!"

Indeed, he had the reputation of being eminently just, as well as kind-hearted; a reputation not undeserved. For, first of all, he was perfectly temperate; and though not robust-looking, his nerves and digestion were in excellent order. Then, too, he was cool-blooded, phlegmatic, slow in speech, action and judgment; there were no rashes of blood to bewilder that calm brain of his; he thought twice, and thought clearly, before he spoke once. It is a natural concomitant of such a nature as this, that it should dislike to be disturbed or agitated by the sight or intimate knowledge of suffering. Besides, he had himself filled many of the offices now under his control; he knew all their ins and outs, their difficulties and pitfalls; and when any remissness was brought to his knowledge, a few words in that quiet, gentle voice would often open to the offender a new and easier way of working, whose actual worth was greater than an increase of salary. Mr. Merriman could feel for a man who drew his salary; but he who received wages was to him an alien. Yet for those who had neither wages nor salary he cherished a deep sympathy; he subscribed liberally to all sorts of charitable enterprises; and his clerks were well accustomed to all shades of seediness passing through their midst and being ushered into Mr. Merriman's office.

He had married early, not rashly, however, and yet undoubtedly from love; and was said to be thoroughly happy in his family relations. And, indeed, as he swung himself off the street car a few evenings after Mr. Spleitzer's arrival at Leroy's humble residence, there was a light in his eyes which denoted that he had returned to a place where he loved to be. The house was a very large one, with a hall running through the centre, and reception-rooms on either side; the street-car track did not pass the front door, for Mrs. Merriman had objected vehemently to any such proceeding, and, indeed, there is no doubt it might have been inconvenient, on occasion of a jam of carriages at a hall or reception. So the track turned up the side street, at some expense to the company and inconvenient delay to passengers, and "fetching a compass," as St. Paul would have said, came out again on the street just above. Mr. Merriman's house was at the corner, so that his family found it quite as convenient when they used the cars, which was seldom; and as he was one of the largest stockholders and a director, it was ridiculously easy to manage.

He ran lightly up the steps, but the action of his latch-key upon the heavy brass lock was anticipated by a joyous hand, as Sybil Merriman threw open the door and whirled her father into the house and about the stately hall, in a wild dance.

"My dear child," he protested gently, and a little breathlessly, "have mercy on your old father. What on earth is the matter?"

"Couldn't tell you, daddy," said Sybil, releasing him, "except that I am sixteen to-day and it's a nice old world, and I'm so glad to be alive!"

"That is a very healthful state of mind," said her father, as he let her strip off his overcoat, which she did so vigorously that he staggered against the wall from the final tug; "very healthful, indeed, Sybil. So you do not regret the loss of your birthday party?"

"Regret it? Me?" returned the girl. "I'm glad to be rid of it, though, of course, I'm sorry poor grandmamma had to die. But then I did not know her, so very well, and having Aunt Cornelia to live with us is so awfully nice. Isn't she too sweet for anything, papa?"

"Your aunt," said Mr. Merriman gravely, "is certainly a very lovely creature; you cannot do better than to take her for your model." Whereupon Sybil, after eying him dubiously for a moment, broke into a peal of silvery laughter. "Oh! Daddy Merriman," she said, "what a silly old darling you are! Me like Aunt Cornelia, with her soft voice and her prim little ways! Why, I should explode!"

"Aunt Corny was once sixteen also," said Mr. Merriman, entering his "study," as it was called, with his arm around her waist.

"Dear me! brother, but that's so long ago," said a cheery voice, as Miss Cornelia Merriman hopped briskly into the room from the other side. She was considerably older than the Manager, being, in fact, his half-sister; a woman whom everybody laughed at first and loved afterward. Her hair, in little, dark, crisp curls, covered her forehead nearly to her eyebrows; her small, bright eyes twinkled behind glasses; her lips wore a perpetual smile, which, because it was so full of good-nature and loving kindness, never became wearisome to the beholder. She had her knitting bag on her arm, and knitted as she came.

"Does your papa know, Sybil, my dear, about your new professor at the Conservatory?" she asked. "Only think, Charles, our old friend—poor Robert's old friend—Mr. Spleitzer, has taken Sybil's class."

"Ah! I saw his appointment in the *News-sheet*," said Mr. Merriman. He had grown a little white about the lips at the name his sister had spoken; but otherwise preserved his composure. "You could not have a better teacher, my dear: I am glad you are in his hands; he is a thorough little gentleman. I think we must ask him to dine."

"Deary me!" said Miss Corny, whose mind had run on in its own groove, regardless of these remarks—"how the sound of his name, when Sybil mentioned it at luncheon to-day, brought up old times. Poor dear Robert! You have never found out, Charles, what has become of his sweet young wife and that dear little baby?"

"Never," said Mr. Merriman, busying himself with the papers on his table.

"What is it, William?" as a servant appeared at the door.

"Man, sir, to see you. Says he come by appointment. Name of Horner, sir?"

"Ah! that poor fellow! Show him in, William; and, little girl, you and Aunt Corny will excuse me, I am sure."

"I never get a chance to talk to you," returned his daughter disconsolately.

"But it ought to make you very happy, my child," said Miss Corny, "to know your father is such a good and charitable man."

They glanced compassionately at the man whom William was superciliously ushering in, and who bowed abjectly as they passed him in the doorway.

"Shut the door, please," said Mr. Merriman gently.

Hornet obeyed, and then stood opposite his employer, white as death and trembling visibly.

The magnate regarded him steadily for a moment, as though making up his mind what line to take, then he said, with a manner the more terrible from its very gentleness:

"And so, my man, you have added dishonesty to your other good qualities."

"If you please, Mr. Merriman?"

"Come, now! do you mean to confess or deny it?"

"Tain't no use to deny it, sir, you seem to know all about it."

"You are wrong there, Horner; but take a seat and tell me the whole story. There is always hope for a man who confesses."

"Well, you see, sir, it was this way," said Horner, sitting miserably on to the edge of a chair; "them fellows got on at Lakeville, but they didn't have no tickets."

"The gatekeeper at Lakeville is responsible for that," observed his employer.

"Yes, sir," said Horner eagerly; "that's just what I say! It's all his fault, him!"

"Horner!" said Mr. Merriman severely; "you know that I never swear myself, nor allow any one to swear in my presence."

"Yes, sir; oh! I beg your pardon, sir; I—I really forgot, sir."

"Well, I can finish your story for you," said the great man, with unconcealed disgust; "you thought you could keep the fuses without detection, and you did so; but, unfortunately for you, the transaction was found out."

"Yes, sir; that's how it was; but I wouldn't 'a' done it, sir, only my little boy was so ill, and no money to buy medicine."

"Oh! come now, you need not tell me you can't live comfortably on your wages!"

"No, sir;—I mean, yes, sir, of course we can, generally speaking, sir; but we've had sicknes in the house for pretty nigh a year now, sir—"

"Ah! that of course makes a difference," said Mr. Merriman, kindly. "I'm glad to find there was some excuse for you, Horner; but of course you see that the interest of the road forbids my retaining a dishonest man."

"Oh! for God's sake, Mr. Merriman, don't say that!" cried the man, falling on his knees, the tears pouring down his cheeks; you don't know, sir, how hard I've tried to reform and live honest."

"I know you've served your time in the penitentiary," said Mr. Merriman.

"Yes, sir; that's true; but 'twas in the old country, sir, and we come to the States, Mary and me, where it wouldn't ever be cast up against me. And I wouldn't 'a' took the money, sir, only for Willie bein' so ill, as I tell you."

"Well, well," said Mr. Merriman, "suppose I give you another chance."

"Oh! God bless you, sir," sobbed the man, still on his knees; "I'll be that faithful, sir!"

"I suppose you are still a member of the Union," said Mr. Merriman.

"Yes, sir; I am at the present, sir; but—"

"I am glad to hear it; they are decent fellows enough, morally, though insubordinate and insurrectionary, you know."

"Yes, sir," said Horner humbly.

"They won't do you any harm—by the by, get up off your knees, do; you look like a fool!—no, they won't hurt you, and you may be able to help them," pursued the great man thoughtfully. "They look on me as an enemy, you know; whereas I am the best friend they ever had, if they could be brought to recognize it. Who was it that started the railroad branch of the Y. M. C. A. and gave—oh! well, I don't mean to boast!"

"No, sir; I know you gave the money for the whole building."

"No, no, not the whole of it, Horner," said Mr. Merriman modestly; "but even if I had, it would have been no more than my duty. Besides, what these labor agitators will never understand is that it's the interest of the company to keep its employés well and comfortable. Why, it would ruin us with the public to have our men look half-starved or overworked."

"Of course it would, sir."

"But their walking delegates must earn—or pretend to earn—their money one way or another," continued the great man; "and they do it by persuading our men that they are oppressed. I've no patience with them, I confess; but high-spirited fellows who are simply duped by those loud-tongued soundrels I pity with all my heart, I do, indeed, Horner. By the way, you know that fellow Leroy?"

"Not to say know him, sir; but I've seen him in the Union."

"Well, cultivate his acquaintance; he'll be an excellent friend for you. Fine fellow, Leroy—except when he's led by the nose by a walking delegate. By the by, Horner, you must let me lessen your trouble and temptation by a little present." He took a bank-note from his pocketbook and handed it, with a paternal smile, to the "ex-scab," whose eyes widened, as he saw its denomination.

"Mr. Merriman, sir," he stammered.

"There these don't mention it. Horner; it is our duty to help one another, and you won't have the same temptation to dishonesty. You know your Union won't support you in that. By the way, I am told it has grown enormously since the strike?"

"Yes, sir; it claims to number—" and Horner gave the figures.

"That's more men than we've got in the road!"

"Yes, sir; but this is in all the roads in the country."

"You don't know its strength in our system?"

"Not to say exactly, sir; but—"

"Well, well, it's my dinner-time; good-by to you, Horner," said the magnate hastily; "you may always look upon me as a friend, you know, so long as you keep straight. In fact, I'm the friend of all the men, if they would only treat it, and always glad to hear of them and their interests. Good-by; mind you make friends with Leroy."

Horner went out humbly, but with a look of sharp cunning on his face; while his employer, as the door closed behind him, said under his breath:

"The cur!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Shame and Disgrace.

SMOKE RUN, Pa., June 1, 1894.

At a regular stated meeting of L. A. 798, held at Smoke Run, the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, it has come to our knowledge, through the public press, of the shooting down of four of our fellow-miners at Washington Run, Pa.; that, providing the reports are true, they were shot in the early morning; that two of them were identified, but the other two were left laying on the public road for strangers to gaze upon until late in the afternoon of the same day. Just the same as dead dogs; that we think it a shame and everlasting disgrace to the proper anthroposities of Washington Run that they did not see that justice was done to our dead brother miners. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we condemn each dastardly and disgraceful conduct in the light of these modern days, and hope there may be something done for the toiling masses of the people, before it is too late, in the evening of the day of the closing nineteenth century; and that we may not always be compelled to excuse with our oaths "I liberty, but not for ever, on the far horizon, remain not for ever in the dream of enthusiasm, the poet and the philanthropist, but come forth from the haunts of men; and we further hope that the miners may through their organization stand on the shore of the near horizon and look through their tear-stained eyes on the rising sun at the dawn of a better day."

D. A. 197, of New Jersey, has passed a resolution to boycott Hugh Coyle of New Jersey, and the Citizens City, which man refuses to recognize the Local Assembly of Coach-Drivers, probably thinking these men are too horrid to bother his head about. D. A. 197 asks that the friends of labor find some other firm to bury their dead or carry their bodies to the church. The humbleness of the Knights of Labor.

Patronize Another.

D. A. 197 of New Jersey has passed a resolution to boycott Hugh Coyle of New Jersey, and the Citizens City, which man refuses to recognize the Local Assembly of Coach-Drivers, probably thinking these men are too horrid to bother his head about. D. A. 197 asks that the friends of labor find some other firm to bury their dead or carry their bodies to the church. The humbleness of the Knights of Labor.

Patronize Another.

D. A

## MINE AND THINE.

## A Story of Conflicting Interests.

"Forgiveness is the Only Cure of Injury."

BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS.

[Written for the JOURNAL OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR. Rights reserved.]

## BOOK I.—SOWING.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE ADAGIO.

IT WAS late in March that Mr. Spleitzer, having passed safely with his feet little feet and rhythmically precise footstep over many perils of ice and snow, fell a victim to surface drainage. The drain-pipe came out upon the sidewalk in a most unexpected manner, Mr. Spleitzer said, and the gutter which should have disposed of the family wash-water was not as long as the family; therefore the water overflowed upon the pavement, and, the thermometer standing somewhere below 32° F., it proved a glare and a snare for the feet of unwary pedestrians. Upon this snare Mr. Spleitzer set his foot, and down Mr. Spleitzer came with a sprained ankle. "You ain't the first, sir," was the remark of the policeman, who, strangely enough, happened to pick him up. "Seven people this week have I seen fall on that identical very spot, and this ain't but Choosday. Scarcey a day in the winter, sir, as somebody don't fall right there."

"But in that case, my good man, why is the spot suffered to remain a nuisance?" asked Mr. Spleitzer with some natural irritation, for he had been helped into the nearest drug store, to await the arrival of the cab which was to take him home, and his ankle was very painful.

"Well, you see, sir, not many of 'em gets hurt as bad as you did, and so they don't take the trouble to complain!"

"But you, my friend, who know the dangers of such a pitfall, why have you not reported the case to the Mayor?"

"The Mayor?" said the man, open-mouthed.

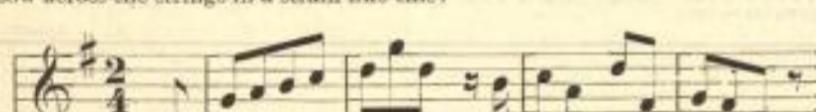
"Or the City Council," said Mr. Spleitzer.

"You must be one o' them foreign chaps!" said the policeman "but, Lord love your sweet soul! what have the Mayor and City Council got to do with it in America? We live in a free country, we do."

This is how it happened that Professor Tommy, as he was affectionately called at the Conservatory, had not been able to take his classes for some days, but sat propped in an arm-chair much too large for him, with his ankle—very badly sprained, the doctor said—on a pillow. Mr. Spleitzer's apartment consisted of two sections. In one his washstand, which had drawers like a bureau and a small mirror above it, stood in the angle subtended by the narrow cot, which, though small, offered a sufficient basis for the repose of Mr. Spleitzer's slender proportions, when the eye of day had been decorously closed upon him. There were one or two cane-seated chairs about the room, a cheap but pretty carpet on the floor, and the great comfortable rocker occupied by the victim of free pavements; the rest of the furniture consisted of what Mr. Spleitzer called in his crisp way "relies of departed respectability," and Mrs. Leroy termed "trap and clutter." Fortunately the room was of fairly good size, for there was a Steinway piano—upright, but of unusual length—at one side; a rosewood chiffonier, with handles and other fittings of hammered brass, for Mr. Spleitzer's music; a flute case, a 'cello case, and of course the violin, and a small overflowing bookcase, whose contents would make one's eyes glisten, if one were a lover of books. Not a bibliophile, be it understood, though Mr. Spleitzer had been there also in his wealthy days; but when poverty ordered him to "move on," and his rare editions became an *impediment* in the battle of life, he had given them outright to a certain well-endowed library, where they were kept under glass, never allowed to be handled, and known as the "Spleitzer Collection," which afforded the donor much greater satisfaction than money could have done. For, after all, he had not starved yet! He had kept only the books he loved, his most intimate friends, as one might say; there was a vellum-bound Chaucer—which date or edition I am not learned enough to know, but the owner considered its decision final and conclusive upon all disputed points; there was a folio Shakespeare, of course, the "Kritik der reinen Vernunft" original edition; "Faust," with Goethe's signature on the fly-leaf; and other treasures too numerous to mention.

Pictures are salable when they are genuine; but Professor Tommy's gems of art formed a portion of the "Spleitzer Collection"; he had only left himself a tiny Claude, which, whatever Ruskin may say about him, kept eternal summer before Mr. Spleitzer's eyes, and a quaint little maiden, whom with some apparent incongruity Mr. Spleitzer called "his Sir Joshua," and whom he often regarded for a long time with wistful eyes, before saying aloud: "No, no, Tommy, it's better there should be no little daughter to share with you life's many vicissitudes!"

Eileen was very kind to Mr. Spleitzer, in her breezy way, during his enforced sojourn in the great arm-chair; but Bobbin Boland was his right hand, or, as he expressed it, "his legs, eyes, arms and the core of his heart." For Bobbin and the professor were sworn allies. "Bobbin 'round" was the little gentleman's name for him, and at any hour of the day Mr. Spleitzer had only to draw his bow across the strings in a strain like this:



and up the steps came Bobbin Boland, scrambling, panting with haste, but smiling radiantly, like the children after the Pied Piper. Then Mr. Spleitzer would lay down the violin and catch up the boy. "Bobbin 'round," he would say, "you have the gift; the divine afflatus animates this tiny form; perhaps some day you will be a Paganini, Bobbin, or an Ole Bull. Good heavens! how wonderful!"

Bobbin was nearly three years old now, and could fetch and carry anything that would neither spill nor break. Down-stairs he was a destructive little scamp; the joy of his heart was to get hold of a brand new toy out of the shop and rend it in pieces; and if he could roll up the morning's paper and stick it into the kitchen stove before any one had time to read it, Bobbin was happy, until the sight of a certain little switch in Eileen's hand warned him to retreat into a corner with his hands behind him, crying:

"Fip Bobbin's po' littry hand? no, no! so sowwy, Auntie Leen, Bobbin so sowwy."

And by the time he had called her "Feet-heart" and "P'ecious darlin'" a few times—for there was a decided touch of the blarney about Bobbin—Eileen would throw down the switch and kiss him; and the incensed Leroy would go weekly to the news-stand at the corner after another paper.

"Fact is," he said to Mr. Spleitzer, "that I can't make up my mind to strike another fellow's baby, nor let my wife do it, specially for such a little thing as that. If I catch him lying or up to any other devilment, when he gets a bit older, I'll take the hide off him!"

"Oh, Dan! how can you talk like that!" cried Eileen, catching the child in her arms and kissing him. "What did Uncle Dan say about my lamb, my jewel of the world?"

Then Bobbin brought down the house; for he shook his forefinger at his uncle (a trick he had learned from Mr. Spleitzer) and remarked gravely: "Uncle Dan, I'll tate de hide off o' you!"

So Master Bobbin was in a fair way to be spoilt, had it not been for Tommy Spleitzer. Up in the little gentleman's room Bobbin was as steady as old Time, and could find and bring any book, except on the two highest shelves, by the simple process of moving his plump finger along the line, saying at each volume: "Want dia one, Mr. P'eter?"

But he particularly delighted in the violin, and would sit on the floor listening until he dropped asleep, with his head on his chubby arm. Then Mr. Spleitzer would take a shawl which he kept ready for the emergency, and letting it fall dexterously over the little form, and leaning back in his chair, smiling, would say aloud: "The day that boy is three years old, I shall begin his musical education."

One day, Bobbin, having been summoned as usual, found Mr. Spleitzer with a table beside him, covered with blotted manuscript music. A similar sheet lay upon the ebony music stand ready for use.

"Bobbin," said Mr. Spleitzer, with bow in air, "have you been a good boy today?"

Bobbin considered, with his finger upon his chin, and his violet eyes appraised that look rap we know so well on the face of Raffaelle's youngest cherub:

"I 'spect so," he said.

"Then what little boy was that," said Mr. Spleitzer, "whom Aunt Leen was obliged to sold for breaking a cup? doing it deliberately, Bobbin 'round; willfully and of malice aforethought throwing that cup on the floor to hear it make a noise! What little boy was that?"

"Dat was Johnny Farman," said Bobbin with a snerific smile.

"Bobbin! is that true?"

Bobbin nodded, still smiling.

"Come here," said Mr. Spleitzer. "Do you wish to become an artist, a true artist, Bobbin?"

"You is two artist," said Bobbin, accustomed to retaliation, and considering the word an offensive one.

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Spleitzer. "the boy is actually inspired at times! Upon my soul! I believe he is inspired! Listen to me, Bobbin 'round. You know that I am writing a symphony? Well, I have here a portion of the Adagio, a solo for the violin, and I want to play it for you. Sit down and listen."

Bobbin dropped obediently on the carpet. "Play it on the violin," he said.

"I should not be likely," observed Mr. Spleitzer, "to play a violin solo on the flute, for instance; but you could scarcely be expected to be aware of that, my Bobbin."

Better judges than Bobbin might have listened with pleasure to that soft, sweet minor strain. When it was ended Mr. Spleitzer looked up expectantly. "How do you like that?" he said.

"I love it; I love it right," replied the child.

"Paganini! Ole Bull!" exclaimed Mr. Spleitzer; "I venture to predict, Bobbin 'round, that you will develop into the greatest musical genius the world has yet produced."

"You is moosil denius," said Bobbin with reciprocity.

"Ah! I wish I were sure of that," said Mr. Spleitzer with a sigh. "This Adagio, now—well, I confess to you, my Bobbin, that it is not bad, not at all bad; but the rest of the work!—alas! Bobbin, I have written and re-written it, but to-day, in reading it over, it appeared to me utterly futile and ineffective, except in parts; for parts of it, Bobbin, are rather well done. But as you have not learned yet, though your instinct for melody is astonishing—as you have not yet learned, a symphony must not, cannot be rated by the sweetness of certain happily interwoven melodies, or the excellence of even a whole single movement. It is the thought contained in the work, and the measure of success with which it is successively presented, now trippingly, now with slow solemn majesty, again stealing upon the ear in a pleading plaintive minor strain—it is this, Bobbin 'round, by which a symphony takes rank."

"Well, I snt it is," said Bobbin Boland.

"And so," continued the little gentleman so earnestly that the water stood in his eyes, "the question is, Bobbin, am I an artist, a true artist, or a mere pretender?"

"You is two artist," said Bobbin, who found "mere pretender" too hard a nut to crack.

"And I say so, too," broke in a laughing voice at the door.

Mr. Spleitzer started, and made an instinctive effort to rise, for which his ankle promptly reproved him.

"This is Aunt Corny, Professor Tommy," continued Sybil; "now you two know each other, and there need be no more nonsense on that subject. And here are some flowers, professor, with mamma's compliments. Oh! you beautiful darling."

The last words were addressed to Bobbin Boland, who had been regarding the company with wide eyes; but who, on being spoken to, whirled over on his stomach and hid his face in his chubby arm.

"I must advise you not to disturb him," said Mr. Spleitzer anxiously. "He is a child of marvellous instinct for melody; but there are times when the sudden intrusion of a strange personality jars upon his sense of harmony."

"Poor little dear!" returned Miss Corny; "I'm sure I can feel for him. As you see, I'm not so very tall myself, Mr. Spleitzer; so I can imagine what it must be to a child to have two or three grown-ups come suddenly into the room. How should we feel to be invaded by giants? Why, one's very eyesight would not get over it for a while!"

"Most true!" said Mr. Spleitzer; "yet only the fine intuition and delicate sympathy of woman could so read the heart of a child!"

"Oh! I don't know about that," murmured Miss Corny, blushing and bridling under the adoring glance of Professor Tommy's bright eyes; whereas a sudden flash of insight and amusement passed over Sybil's girlish face.

"Professor," she said, "how is your foot? and, if you think you're going to be laid up for very long, might I come here for my lessons? I hate to lose time; and the man who is substituting for you at the Conservatory is a regular old duffer."

"Most true!" said Mr. Spleitzer; "but only the fine intuition and delicate sympathy of woman could so read the heart of a child!"

"I will answer for that," said Sybil, rising from her seat. "The plant is yours, and you can do with it whatever you please, gentlemen. The land is yours also, as far as you choose to keep it, and pay the rent for it to the State. If you do not care to keep it you are allowed to pick up your rails and sleepers and do with them as you please; and the State would have to provide new railway lines for the people."

This deliverance put an end to their bluster. They were terror-stricken. And I considered the moment opportune to make them a proposal, which I thought would be of advantage to the State and convenient to themselves. I said:

"O! it is no good arguing with him," they said; we had better stop traffic altogether, and see then whether the people will stand it."

"I will answer for that," said Sybil, rising from her seat. "The plant is yours, and you can do with it whatever you please, gentlemen. The land is yours also, as far as you choose to keep it, and pay the rent for it to the State. If you do not care to keep it you are allowed to pick up your rails and sleepers and do with them as you please; and the State would have to provide new railway lines for the people."

"I will answer for that," said Sybil, rising from her seat. "The plant is yours, and you can do with it whatever you please, gentlemen. The land is yours also, as far as you choose to keep it, and pay the rent for it to the State. If you do not care to keep it you are allowed to pick up your rails and sleepers and do with them as you please; and the State would have to provide new railway lines for the people."

"I will answer for that," said Sybil, rising from her seat. "The plant is yours, and you can do with it whatever you please, gentlemen. The land is yours also, as far as you choose to keep it, and pay the rent for it to the State. If you do not care to keep it you are allowed to pick up your rails and sleepers and do with them as you please; and the State would have to provide new railway lines for the people."

"I will answer for that," said Sybil, rising from her seat. "The plant is yours, and you can do with it whatever you please, gentlemen. The land is yours also, as far as you choose to keep it, and pay the rent for it to the State. If you do not care to keep it you are allowed to pick up your rails and sleepers and do with them as you please; and the State would have to provide new railway lines for the people."

"I will answer for that," said Sybil, rising from her seat. "The plant is yours, and you can do with it whatever you please, gentlemen. The land is yours also, as far as you choose to keep it, and pay the rent for it to the State. If you do not care to keep it you are allowed to pick up your rails and sleepers and do with them as you please; and the State would have to provide new railway lines for the people."

"I will answer for that," said Sybil, rising from her seat. "The plant is yours, and you can do with it whatever you please, gentlemen. The land is yours also, as far as you choose to keep it, and pay the rent for it to the State. If you do not care to keep it you are allowed to pick up your rails and sleepers and do with them as you please; and the State would have to provide new railway lines for the people."

"I will answer for that," said Sybil, rising from her seat. "The plant is yours, and you can do with it whatever you please, gentlemen. The land is yours also, as far as you choose to keep it, and pay the rent for it to the State. If you do not care to keep it you are allowed to pick up your rails and sleepers and do with them as you please; and the State would have to provide new railway lines for the people."

"I will answer for that," said Sybil, rising from her seat. "The plant is yours, and you can do with it whatever you please, gentlemen. The land is yours also, as far as you choose to keep it, and pay the rent for it to the State. If you do not care to keep it you are allowed to pick up your rails and sleepers and do with them as you please; and the State would have to provide new railway lines for the people."

"I will answer for that," said Sybil, rising from her seat. "The plant is yours, and you can do with it whatever you please, gentlemen. The land is yours also, as far as you choose to keep it, and pay the rent for it to the State. If you do not care to keep it you are allowed to pick up your rails and sleepers and do with them as you please; and the State would have to provide new railway lines for the people."

"I will answer for that," said Sybil, rising from her seat. "The plant is yours, and you can do with it whatever you please, gentlemen. The land is yours also, as far as you choose to keep it, and pay the rent for it to the State. If you do not care to keep it you are allowed to pick up your rails and sleepers and do with them as you please; and the State would have to provide new railway lines for the people."

"I will answer for that," said Sybil, rising from her seat. "The plant is yours, and you can do with it whatever you please, gentlemen. The land is yours also, as far as you choose to keep it, and pay the rent for it to the State. If you do not care to keep it you are allowed to pick up your rails and sleepers and do with them as you please; and the State would have to provide new railway lines for the people."

"I will answer for that," said Sybil, rising from her seat. "The plant is yours, and you can do with it whatever you please, gentlemen. The land is yours also, as far as you choose to keep it, and pay the rent for it to the State. If you do not care to keep it you are allowed to pick up your rails and sleepers and do with them as you please; and the State would have to provide new railway lines for the people."

"I will answer for that," said Sybil, rising from her seat. "The plant is yours, and you can do with it whatever you please, gentlemen. The land is yours also, as far as you choose to keep it, and pay the rent for it to the State. If you do not care to keep it you are allowed to pick up your rails and sleepers and do with them as you please; and the State would have to provide new railway lines for the people."

"I will answer for that," said Sybil, rising from her seat. "The plant is yours, and you can do with it whatever you please, gentlemen. The land is yours also, as far as you choose to keep it, and pay the rent for it to the State. If you do not care to keep it you are allowed to pick up your rails and sleepers and do with them as you please; and the State would have to provide new railway lines for the people."

"I will answer for that," said Sybil, rising from her seat. "The plant is yours, and you can do with it whatever you please, gentlemen. The land is yours also, as far as you choose to keep it, and pay the rent for it to the State. If you do not care to keep it you are allowed to pick up your rails and sleepers and do with them as you please; and the State would have to provide new railway lines for the people."

"I will answer for that," said Sybil, rising from her seat. "The plant is yours, and you can do with it whatever you please, gentlemen. The land is yours also, as far as you choose to keep it, and pay the rent for it to the State. If you do not care to keep it you are allowed to pick up your rails and sleepers and do with them as you please; and the State would have to provide new railway lines for the people."

"I will answer for that," said Sybil, rising from her seat. "The plant is yours, and you can do with it whatever you please, gentlemen. The land is yours also, as far as you choose to keep it, and pay the rent for it to the State. If you do not care to keep it you are allowed to pick up your rails and sleepers and do with them as you please; and the State would have to provide new railway lines for the people."

"I will answer for that," said Sybil, rising from her seat. "The plant is yours, and you can do with it whatever you please, gentlemen. The land is yours also, as far as you choose to keep it, and pay the rent for it to the State. If you do not care to keep it you are allowed to pick up your

## MINE AND THINE.

## A Story of Conflicting Interests.

"Forgiveness is the Only Cure of Injury."

BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS.

[Written for the JOURNAL OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR. Rights reserved.]

## BOOK I.—SOWING.

CHAPTER VI.  
REVELATIONS.

A FEW evenings later, Mr. Merriman gave a dinner to Mr. Francis Warren, upon the eve of the latter's departure for Spain and Egypt. The guest, of whose talents for saying things malapropos we have seen something in the railroad station at M., was on this occasion in great force. The guests were chiefly railroad men and their wives; but even before one's wife one does not always care to talk shop, especially as Warren talked it. Most men of business have, as Robert Browning puts it, two faces:

One to face the world with,  
And one to show a woman when he loves her."

And to have the wrong visage shown up, and the secrets of the railroad office and board-room revealed to the partners of their bosom, is an ordeal from which the delicacy of Mr. Merriman's guests shrank back in horrified modesty.

"For though," said one of them aside to another, "a spade may be a spade, there is something revolting to one's feelings in hearing it so called."

"Not to me," said Mr. Warren, unexpectedly overhearing him; "I know I'm mean enough, but there is some relief to my mind in letting other people know just how mean I am. Now take this question of safety appliances for freight cars. I don't want the men killed, as they are, three or four every hour—"

"Nonsense!"

"Oh! nonsense, is it? You consult your statistics! I lay a cookie, if we directors had to run the trains for a month we'd find out, precious fast, which was the best automatic coupler, and have air-brakes on every freight car in the country inside of a week. Eh? Oh! all right, Charley, I'll shut up; but that's what I say about protection for the tops of freight cars. We talk about expense, but if all cars had to be made in that way it might cost a little more at first, but we'd soon get the builders down to the old figure. By George! though, how like we are to old Creepy Crawley's drop of water! I mean in the business world, you know. One of my boys read me that story the other night, and I'm hanged if I could look him in the face. You see Creepy Crawley was an old conjurer, and one day he was looking through a microscope or something at a drop of water. And the way the animalcules fought and bit and tore one another to pieces amused him so, that first he colored them red in some way, and then he called in another old conjurer and asked him to guess what that was. Well, sir, that other fellow, when he looked in, what do you think he said? 'That's easy to guess,' he says; 't's Paris or London or some other great city?' And my boy, Frank, looked me straight in the eyes and said: 'They don't do that way in America, do they? You wouldn't tear any one to pieces, would you, father?' And, by George! sir, I could not answer him; I hate to think of Frank growing up to fight another fellow for money like two dogs over a bone. What's the use of our being Christians if we're no further on than that?"

"My dear Mr. Warren," said Mrs. Merriman, "I confess you surprise me; the use of being Christians?"

"Quite right, too, ma'am," said the red-faced man cheerfully; "for there's lots of use in it; in fact, it's about the best card a man can play. I tell you, Charley, I had to laugh, the other day, when I heard people prating the N. and M. road for being so charitable to its employees; I just had to laugh."

"I am sure I don't see why you should," observed the wife of another magnate, "for there never was a truer word said. Why, they have everything done for them—Relief Associations, Young Men's Christian Association—"

"Oh! don't!" said Warren.

"Now, Frank," said his wife, "what do you mean by that? I am sure the amount of time and money you spend for that Y. M. C. A. every year—"

"Of course I do," replied her husband, "but you bet I get every cent of it back again, and more besides; so does Charley, or you would not catch him at it all; oh! he's an old hand, is Charley!"

"Now, Warren," interposed the gentleman in question, "that's rather bad; I don't profess to be a saint, but you have no right to ascribe motives like that."

"Bless your sweet soul, I'm not ascribing motives," returned the red-faced man, "but you're no better than I am, Charley; and I know I often think, when I'm exhorting those fellows at the Y. M. C. A., that I've got rather a good thing of it to be able to serve the Road and Heavenly Father at the same time. Eh, Sue? you don't see how I'm serving the Road? Why, that's simple enough; of course it's to our advantage to keep the men honest and sober—"

"Oh! don't!" said Warren.

"Now, Frank," said his wife, "what do you mean by that? I am sure the amount of time and money you spend for that Y. M. C. A. every year—"

"That may be," returned her husband; "but when I fight a man, I fight fair, and I don't cherish no nasty evil passions in my heart, spoiling my good looks and my disposition, and blaming other people for things they ain't done. By gracious! Eileen, I wouldn't care enough about Charles F. Merriman, if I were you, to let him have such an influence. And you'll be sorry some time, if you go on like this; but it'll be when there ain't no use in bein' sorry."

"He shan't have Bobbin," she muttered. "And the child shan't go to the

wedding, if he's to be there."

"Well, it's your nephew, and yet I'd be as sorry to see him in Merriman's hands as you would," said Leroy. "But there's no danger of that; his father left no will, and you're as much his lawful guardian as any one. So go to the wedding Bobbin shall. When both of 'em gave the kid a special invitation, I told the boy he mustn't come. There was no room for him, and I told him to stay away."

"He shan't have Bobbin," she muttered. "And the child shan't go to the

wedding, if he's to be there."

"Well, it's your nephew, and yet I'd be as sorry to see him in Merriman's hands as you would," said Leroy. "But there's no danger of that; his father left no will, and you're as much his lawful guardian as any one. So go to the wedding Bobbin shall. When both of 'em gave the kid a special invitation, I told the boy he mustn't come. There was no room for him, and I told him to stay away."

"He shan't have Bobbin," she muttered. "And the child shan't go to the

wedding, if he's to be there."

"Well, it's your nephew, and yet I'd be as sorry to see him in Merriman's hands as you would," said Leroy. "But there's no danger of that; his father left no will, and you're as much his lawful guardian as any one. So go to the wedding Bobbin shall. When both of 'em gave the kid a special invitation, I told the boy he mustn't come. There was no room for him, and I told him to stay away."

"He shan't have Bobbin," she muttered. "And the child shan't go to the

wedding, if he's to be there."

"Well, it's your nephew, and yet I'd be as sorry to see him in Merriman's hands as you would," said Leroy. "But there's no danger of that; his father left no will, and you're as much his lawful guardian as any one. So go to the wedding Bobbin shall. When both of 'em gave the kid a special invitation, I told the boy he mustn't come. There was no room for him, and I told him to stay away."

"He shan't have Bobbin," she muttered. "And the child shan't go to the

wedding, if he's to be there."

"Well, it's your nephew, and yet I'd be as sorry to see him in Merriman's hands as you would," said Leroy. "But there's no danger of that; his father left no will, and you're as much his lawful guardian as any one. So go to the wedding Bobbin shall. When both of 'em gave the kid a special invitation, I told the boy he mustn't come. There was no room for him, and I told him to stay away."

"He shan't have Bobbin," she muttered. "And the child shan't go to the

wedding, if he's to be there."

"Well, it's your nephew, and yet I'd be as sorry to see him in Merriman's hands as you would," said Leroy. "But there's no danger of that; his father left no will, and you're as much his lawful guardian as any one. So go to the wedding Bobbin shall. When both of 'em gave the kid a special invitation, I told the boy he mustn't come. There was no room for him, and I told him to stay away."

"He shan't have Bobbin," she muttered. "And the child shan't go to the

wedding, if he's to be there."

"Well, it's your nephew, and yet I'd be as sorry to see him in Merriman's hands as you would," said Leroy. "But there's no danger of that; his father left no will, and you're as much his lawful guardian as any one. So go to the wedding Bobbin shall. When both of 'em gave the kid a special invitation, I told the boy he mustn't come. There was no room for him, and I told him to stay away."

"He shan't have Bobbin," she muttered. "And the child shan't go to the

wedding, if he's to be there."

"Well, it's your nephew, and yet I'd be as sorry to see him in Merriman's hands as you would," said Leroy. "But there's no danger of that; his father left no will, and you're as much his lawful guardian as any one. So go to the wedding Bobbin shall. When both of 'em gave the kid a special invitation, I told the boy he mustn't come. There was no room for him, and I told him to stay away."

"He shan't have Bobbin," she muttered. "And the child shan't go to the

wedding, if he's to be there."

"Well, it's your nephew, and yet I'd be as sorry to see him in Merriman's hands as you would," said Leroy. "But there's no danger of that; his father left no will, and you're as much his lawful guardian as any one. So go to the wedding Bobbin shall. When both of 'em gave the kid a special invitation, I told the boy he mustn't come. There was no room for him, and I told him to stay away."

"He shan't have Bobbin," she muttered. "And the child shan't go to the

wedding, if he's to be there."

"Well, it's your nephew, and yet I'd be as sorry to see him in Merriman's hands as you would," said Leroy. "But there's no danger of that; his father left no will, and you're as much his lawful guardian as any one. So go to the wedding Bobbin shall. When both of 'em gave the kid a special invitation, I told the boy he mustn't come. There was no room for him, and I told him to stay away."

"He shan't have Bobbin," she muttered. "And the child shan't go to the

wedding, if he's to be there."

"Well, it's your nephew, and yet I'd be as sorry to see him in Merriman's hands as you would," said Leroy. "But there's no danger of that; his father left no will, and you're as much his lawful guardian as any one. So go to the wedding Bobbin shall. When both of 'em gave the kid a special invitation, I told the boy he mustn't come. There was no room for him, and I told him to stay away."

"He shan't have Bobbin," she muttered. "And the child shan't go to the

wedding, if he's to be there."

"Well, it's your nephew, and yet I'd be as sorry to see him in Merriman's hands as you would," said Leroy. "But there's no danger of that; his father left no will, and you're as much his lawful guardian as any one. So go to the wedding Bobbin shall. When both of 'em gave the kid a special invitation, I told the boy he mustn't come. There was no room for him, and I told him to stay away."

"He shan't have Bobbin," she muttered. "And the child shan't go to the

wedding, if he's to be there."

"Well, it's your nephew, and yet I'd be as sorry to see him in Merriman's hands as you would," said Leroy. "But there's no danger of that; his father left no will, and you're as much his lawful guardian as any one. So go to the wedding Bobbin shall. When both of 'em gave the kid a special invitation, I told the boy he mustn't come. There was no room for him, and I told him to stay away."

"He shan't have Bobbin," she muttered. "And the child shan't go to the

wedding, if he's to be there."

"Well, it's your nephew, and yet I'd be as sorry to see him in Merriman's hands as you would," said Leroy. "But there's no danger of that; his father left no will, and you're as much his lawful guardian as any one. So go to the wedding Bobbin shall. When both of 'em gave the kid a special invitation, I told the boy he mustn't come. There was no room for him, and I told him to stay away."

"He shan't have Bobbin," she muttered. "And the child shan't go to the

wedding, if he's to be there."

"Well, it's your nephew, and yet I'd be as sorry to see him in Merriman's hands as you would," said Leroy. "But there's no danger of that; his father left no will, and you're as much his lawful guardian as any one. So go to the wedding Bobbin shall. When both of 'em gave the kid a special invitation, I told the boy he mustn't come. There was no room for him, and I told him to stay away."

"He shan't have Bobbin," she muttered. "And the child shan't go to the

wedding, if he's to be there."

"Well, it's your nephew, and yet I'd be as sorry to see him in Merriman's hands as you would," said Leroy. "But there's no danger of that; his father left no will, and you're as much his lawful guardian as any one. So go to the wedding Bobbin shall. When both of 'em gave the kid a special invitation, I told the boy he mustn't come. There was no room for him, and I told him to stay away."

"He shan't have Bobbin," she muttered. "And the child shan't go to the

wedding, if he's to be there."

"Well, it's your nephew, and yet I'd be as sorry to see him in Merriman's hands as you would," said Leroy. "But there's no danger of that; his father left no will, and you're as much his lawful guardian as any one. So go to the wedding Bobbin shall. When both of 'em gave the kid a special invitation, I told the boy he mustn't come. There was no room for him, and I told him to stay away."

"He shan't have Bobbin," she muttered. "And the child shan't go to the

wedding, if he's to be there."

"Well, it's your nephew, and yet I'd be as sorry to see him in Merriman's hands as you would," said Leroy. "But there's no danger of that; his father left no will, and you're as much his lawful guardian as any one. So go to the wedding Bobbin shall. When both of 'em gave the kid a special invitation, I told the boy he mustn't come. There was no room for him, and I told him to stay away."

"He shan't have Bobbin," she muttered. "And the child shan't go to the

wedding, if he's to be there."

"Well, it's your nephew, and yet I'd be as sorry to see him in Merriman's hands as you would," said Leroy. "But there's no danger of that; his father left no will, and you're as much his lawful guardian as any one. So go to the wedding Bobbin shall. When both of 'em gave the kid a special invitation, I told the boy he mustn't come. There was no room for him, and I told him to stay away."

"He shan't have Bobbin," she muttered. "And the child shan't go to the

wedding, if he's to be there."

"Well, it's your nephew, and yet I'd be as sorry to see him in Merriman's hands as you would," said Leroy. "But there's no danger of that; his father left no will, and you're as much his lawful guardian as any one. So go to the wedding Bobbin shall. When both of 'em gave the kid a special invitation, I told the boy he mustn't come. There was no room for him, and I told him to stay away."

"He shan't have Bobbin," she muttered. "And the child shan't go to the

wedding, if he's to be there."

"Well, it's your nephew, and yet I'd be as sorry to see him in Merriman's hands as you would," said Leroy. "But there's no danger of that; his father left no will, and you're as much his lawful guardian as any one. So go to the wedding Bobbin shall. When both of 'em gave the kid a special invitation, I told the boy he mustn't come. There was no room for him, and I told him to stay away."

"He shan't have Bobbin," she muttered. "And the child shan't go to the

wedding, if he's to be there."

"Well, it's your nephew, and yet I'd be as sorry to see him in Merriman's hands as you would," said Leroy. "But there's no danger of that; his father left no will, and you're as much his lawful guardian as any one. So go to the wedding Bobbin shall. When both of 'em gave the kid a special invitation, I told the boy he mustn't come. There was no room for him, and I told him to stay away."

"He shan't have Bobbin," she muttered. "And the child shan't go to the

wedding, if he's to be there."

"Well, it's your nephew, and yet I'd be as sorry to see him in Merriman's hands as you would," said Leroy. "But there's no danger of that; his father left no will, and you're as much his lawful guardian as any one. So go to the wedding Bobbin shall. When both of 'em gave the kid a special invitation, I told the boy he mustn't come. There was no room for him, and I told him to stay away."

"He shan't have Bobbin," she muttered. "And the child shan't go to the

wedding, if he's to be there."

"Well, it's your nephew, and yet I'd be as sorry to see him in Merriman's hands as you would," said Leroy. "But there's no danger of that; his father left no will, and you're as much his lawful guardian as any one. So go to the wedding Bobbin shall. When both of 'em gave the kid a special invitation, I told the boy he mustn't come. There was no room for him, and I told him to stay away."

## ONE AND THINE.

## A Story of Conflicting Interests.

"Forgiveness is the Only Cure of Injury."

BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS.

(Written for the JOURNAL OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR. Rights reserved.)

## BOOK II.—REAPING.

CHAPTER I.  
FIRST FRUITS.

**I**T WAS a balmy day in spring, as Mr. G. P. R. James would say, and about eight years later, that a young man with a note-book swung suddenly from a street car in front of the large handsome building, which was used as a depot by the Northern and Middle Railroad Company, and ran lightly up the wide stone steps. There was nothing at all hushful or hesitant about this young man; in fact, his being seemed transfused with the idea that his foot was on his native beach, and his name MacGregor; yet, as a mere matter of detail, it may be mentioned that he was almost a total stranger in Fairtowntown, and, having entered it by another road, had never before stood beneath the roof that now protected him. He did not pause even for an instant when he had reached the long and gloomy corridor whence waiting and lunch rooms opened on either hand, while two doors of iron lattice-work, at the back, led to the platform. Turning to the right, he ran swiftly and lightly up a marble staircase guarded by a massive brass balustrade. "When you're looking for the boss, choose the way with the most style to it," said this wise young man to himself. Upstairs ran a similar corridor, made cheerful by stained-glass lights in the roof; and the legends on the doors denoted the habitats of all possible officials, save the one of whom this young man was in search.

"Lonely I wander the wide world o'er," he whistled softly. "Seems to dwell in foreign parts," he said to himself; "and neither Hop-o'-my-Thumb nor his seven brothers have sprinkled any crumbs around; but I guess I'll get there some day. Hello! here's Hop-o'-my-Thumb now!" Therewith he laid his hand on the collar of a small boy, with a bundle of newspapers strapped under his arm, who just then opened the door he was in the act of passing. This boy was neatly dressed, and had a rosy, mischievous face, brown curly hair and a pair of roguish blue eyes which looked up fearlessly into the young man's face.

"Now then, Y. M. C. A., do you know what that is?" holding up a nickel.

"Certainly," said the small boy; "it's what you should have got ten days for, for stealin' from a blind beggar-man. How'd you manage to hide it?"

"I got a pretty boy like you to hold it for me while I looked around for the President's office in this old rambling 'beshang.'"

"Right you are!" said the boy, holding out his hand.

"No, no, sonny, the other boy ran away and didn't live up to his contract. Show me the office first and then I'll let you play with the nickel a little while."

"Guess you're old Mr. Snap from Snaptown," said the boy, with a roguish glance. "The office is this way, boss; you don't find Charley Merriman hanging out his shingle for daws to peck at."

"Shakespeare?" said the young man interrogatively; "Shakespeare? It doesn't seem possible."

He followed his conductor through a room full of clerks, some of whom looked up and beckoned, while one called out: "Here! hello! Bob!" but the boy stuck his cap rakishly over one ear, winked significantly and indicated with a jerk of his thumb forward and back: "He wants to see the boss."

From this large room they passed into a second smaller one, where only one man sat, reading a newspaper, at sight of which the boy called Bob covered his face with his hands and staggered feebly against the wall.

"Oh! Stevens, Stevens," he said, "is this the faith you pledged me on that happy time!—"

"Shut up!" said Stevens, "can't my own brother have his house burn down, and send me a newspaper account of it, without—"

"Then you haven't been lettin' in some other srip with his bundle?"

"You little idiot, don't you see the lines where it was folded?"

"I see 'Lakeville' at the head of it," said Bob, grinning; "so I guess it wasn't printed in Fairtowntown. Well, Stevens, here's a fellow wants to see the old man—he is?"

"Oh! he's in," said Stevens; "I'll ask if he can see—"

"Not much," said Bob; "I'll run this thing myself, Stevens. The old man is rather a pet of mine. Got a card, Johnny."

Thus adjured, the young man produced a bit of paste-board, bearing the name

SHERWOOD HOPKINS,

and modestly nestled in one corner the further information: *Fairtowntown Daily Gazette*.

"Sherwood Hopkins," said Bob, holding the card first very close to his eyes, and then at arm's length; "is it possible? no! yes! no! it is—no! ah! can it be me long-lost son-in-law?"

"Look here, Bob," said Stevens. "Mr. Hopkins doesn't understand your crazy ways."

"Ah, well!" said Bob; "tis not he after all, for he hasn't got a strawberry mark on the end of his nose."

"That's a sharp kid," said Hopkins, as the boy disappeared.

"Sharp ain't the word; he's a regular razor!" said Stevens. "Why, sir, that boy walked in here about a fortnight ago, and in less than fifteen minutes he was boss of the shanty. You never saw such a fellow! he can do anything; walk on his hands, dance a hornpipe, sing like a bird, and spin music out of anything you show him, from a jew's-harp to a violin."

"Why, he can't be more than ten years old!"

"He owns to ten, but you never can tell if Bob's chaffing or in earnest. Oh! he's a musical genius, no doubt about it; knows his business, too; none of your play-by-ear affairs, or at least the old man says so, and he ought to know; all the Merrimans are musical. Bob's a great favorite of his; the old man's so quiet and mum himself that the boy's slap-dash way of talking takes him every time."

"What is his surname?"

"He won't own to anything more than Bob; says he's a prince in disguise, and they never have but one name. Oh! he's a scamp, you bet your boots; but some way or other he's got on the blind side of the boss, for orders are to let Bob in any hour of the day or night. I imagine he's told the old man all about himself, or something that goes for it, anyway; and nothing fetches Merriman as quick as confidence."

"Thanks! that's a pointer for me," said Hopkins. "Do you know that your Bob can quote Shakespeare?"

"So can the devil," for his purposes," said the subject for this colloquy, appearing with impish suddenness. "Don't you fret your gizzard about my education, Hoppy; the tutors employed by my august papa and royal mamma know their business, that's all, and don't you forget it. Do you suppose they wish me to be ignorant as Prince Giglio?"

"Good heavens! Thackeray?" said Hopkins. "I say, you imp, can you read Plato in the original?"

"Don't want to," returned Bob, "his cosmogony is all rubbish, don't you know! Give him some water, Stevens, and when he revives tell him the high and mighty potentate within will be graciously pleased to grant him brief audience. Ta-ta, Sherwood; see you later," and Bob was gone, while Sherwood Hopkins, in a mildly dazed condition, was ushered into the presence of Mr. Merriman, once General Manager, now President of the Northern and Middle Railroad.

His election to the office had taken place about twelve months previous; just in time, as every one said, for his firm hand to grasp the helm during the period of storm which had begun almost contemporaneously. For the N. and M. Road was again having trouble with its men, the first serious difficulty since the great strike in which the Road had knocked under, eight years before. However, it had not come to a strike yet, and the public ardently hoped it never might; but there were rumors of discontent and strained relations which Hopkins had been sent to investigate by the *Gazette*.

"What sort of a fellow is he, Bob?" Mr. Merriman had asked; and Bob had replied by touching his own forehead significantly. "Looks pretty bright," he had said, "but don't hold on worth a cent. Rather green, I think, though he's from the West, for his speech bewrayeth him."

"Bob, you should really not quote Scripture so often; it's irreverent."

"Can he come in?" said Bob.

"Oh, yes; it will hardly do to offend the *Gazette*," said the great man with an ironical smile.

"Just now," said the boy.

"You rascal! now, or at any time. Be off with you, and send the fellow in."

As the fellow sat opposite him, the President rather pointed the accuracy of Bob's diagnosis; for there was nothing "green" about the homely but vividly intelligent face before him, with the wide brow, quick, keen eyes, and large, thin-lipped, expressive mouth.

"Ahl good morning, Mr. Hopkins. The *Gazette* has done me the honor to inquire into my ways of looking at things quite a number of times; but I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before."

"You see," said Hopkins confidentially, "I'm a new hand, at least in Fair-

town. Used to be on the *Smoketon Trumpeter*; saw some lively times there too. I'm a living example of the Western man turning in his tracks to come East, and I've got the best district in Fairtowntown already."

"I congratulate you; although some one says somewhere that a returned Westerner brings ruin and desolation along with him, as the Teutonic tribes, for example, when they overran the Roman Empire."

"Oh, well! ancient history is a back number now-a-days, we've changed all that, you know. Maybe it's a sun-myth."

"What's the article of chief interest in the current number?" asked Mr. Merriman courteously, yet with a glance at his unfinished letter.

"Strikes," said Hopkins. "The public dread one, Mr. Merriman, and the Gazette would like to allay their fears."

Mr. Merriman shrugged his shoulders. "I wish the *Gazette* would allay our employés," he said.

"Hard to manage?" asked Hopkins, who, finding the great man disposed to be communicative, had quietly slipped his note-book into his pocket.

"Well, poor fellows, I don't like to say that," was the reply; "for I believe the whole matter is the work of a few agitators and malcontents. You are a stranger here, you say; but every one knows that the N. and M. employés are better treated than those of any railroad in the country. We aren't a local road by any means."

"National reputation," said the reporter gravely; "and as for the men—why? turtle soup and gold spoons is nothing to it!"

The President glanced at him sharply, but Hopkins was calm and grave.

"There's no Bounderby business about it, Mr. Hopkins," he said; "we pay as good wages as any other road—better in some respects; and, in addition to that, just see all we have done for them—reading-rooms, lunch-rooms, free bath—"

"Y. M. C. A.," said Hopkins. "You put up that building yourself, I believe, Mr. Merriman?"

"I paid for it at least," was the answer; "the company gave the ground, an immensely valuable site. Not that these things are more than our duty, you know; for the possession of property entails heavy responsibility upon the possessors."

Hopkins ugly face remained unmoved, but he thought within himself: "He looks awfully sincere and lovable; but at least he did not allude to an All-wise Providence! I can pardon a man anything but that."

"And if I may inquire, sir," he said aloud, "what about that agreement which the men say was not lived up to?"

"That, Mr. Hopkins, is a base slander, evidently gotten up by those agitators I spoke of. I am glad you mentioned it. Some months ago, the men presented a paper to us embodying certain requests. We are always anxious to further their reasonable wishes, and therefore promised to consider the matter; and, in fact, we temporarily enforced one or two sections by way of seeing how it would work. But, as a matter of fact, it didn't work at all."

"Endangered the interests of the public? or their lives, perhaps?"

"Um—ah—well—perhaps not exactly that," said the President; "but the officers of a road have a special duty toward that portion of the public represented by its stockholders, Mr. Hopkins!"

"Oh—h!" said the reporter, "of course they have. People must get the interest on their money."

"To be sure! it's a matter of common honesty! and the proposed arrangements would have cost the Company thousands of dollars, sir, thousands of dollars."

"Then, of course, it couldn't be thought of," said Hopkins.

"Precisely so; and we notified the men to that effect. Ask them to show you the signature of a single officer to that paper."

"Oh! I don't suppose they claim it was signed, only agreed to," said Hopkins.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Merriman, "and do you not see that the whole affair is the work of agitators? first making demands impossible for us to accede to, and then working the men up to dissatisfaction."

"Just so," said Hopkins; "I think I catch on to the situation. Wasn't one of the demands to be paid extra for overtime?"

"Exactly, and you can guess what that would cost us."

"I should smile! Eight-hour day, wasn't it?"

"Hardly, in railroading. Twelve hours we call the normal working day, and very few of them work over that, I assure you."

"Well, it wouldn't be to the interest of the public that they should," said Hopkins, "for a man wants to be broad awake when he's in charge of a train; and—"

"And as the interests of the public are our interests, we may surely be trusted to look after them," said the President blandly.

"Well, by George!" thought Hopkins, "if that's not simply gigantic—I will not intrude on you longer, sir," he added aloud; "and I will state your views as fairly as possible. My instructions—"

"May I come in?" asked a joyous voice; and Sybil Merriman pushed open the door.

"Come in, if you can hold your tongue a moment," said her father. His whole face changed and brightened at sight of her, he put out his hand and took hers, which he held in his as he continued: "Mr. Hopkins is just about leaving and his time is precious; we must not detain him. Go on, sir, your instructions are—"

"To get the views of both sides," said Hopkins, "and state them impartially. I've got yours, and now I shall look up some of your employés; and I tell you so beforehand, so that when you see to-morrow's paper you may not be surprised."

"I'm sure I've not the least objection," said the great man, "though it might have been franker had you said so half an hour ago."

"Would it have made any difference?" asked Hopkins innocently.

"Not the least! oh! not the smallest difference in the world," said the President hastily. "Of course there is only one thing to say in these cases, and that is the truth."

"Well, that's what I thought," said Hopkins.

"If you want the employés' side, Mr. Hopkins," said Sybil eagerly, "I advise you to go to Daniel Crocus, 1475 Crocus Avenue. Oh! don't you say a word, daddy, you know I'm against you on this subject, every time."

"You're a red revolutionary," said her father proudly; and, indeed, Sybil Merriman at twenty-four was a fair excuse for pride to any father. And yet she was not exactly even pretty, far less beautiful; but it was a face so arch, sparkling, and full of life and intelligence; above all, it was such a true face, and such strength and purity shone, half-revealed, under its smiles and dimples, that poor Hopkins stood fascinated, and was obliged to draw out his note-book and pretend to record an address already there, in order to conceal his confusion.

"And if you want my views," pursued Sybil, "I think the men are perfectly right and the Company perfectly wrong; and I'm ashamed of you, daddy, to act so, just for the sake of money!"

"I don't think you know what you are talking about, Sybil, my dear," said her father gently; "neither side to a controversy is ever perfectly right or perfectly wrong, my child. I only claim to be as nearly right as I can see or find out." Good morning, then, Mr. Hopkins."

"Holy St. Cleo!" said Hopkins to himself, as he walked rapidly away from the depot, "there are things in this world a fellow can't find out, and that's so! Now this fellow Merriman! by thunder! one minute you remember the woman who sent her husband after the old lyre, and he brought back his mother-in-law; and the next, by George! you feel an awful sympathy for him; right down your spine, to have such a girl as that take sides against him. Wow! but she's one of the kind you read about! Why, his lips got like ashes, poor devil! though, of course, she did not realize what she was talking about. It's pretty rough on Merriman."

He jumped on a car which would convey him to Crocus Avenue, but from this silloquy, or some other cause, the representation of Mr. Merriman's views, which he proceeded to jot down in his note-book, lacked the sub-acid flavor which he had intended to give it, and was as simply, gravely impartial as possible.

"And if you want my views," pursued Sybil, "I think the men are perfectly right and the Company perfectly wrong; and I'm ashamed of you, daddy, to act so, just for the sake of money!"

"I don't think you know what you are talking about, Sybil, my dear," said her father gently; "neither side to a controversy is ever perfectly right or perfectly wrong, my child. I only claim to be as nearly right as I can see or find out." Good morning, then, Mr. Hopkins."

"I'm sure I've not the least objection," said the great man, "though it might have been franker had you said so half an hour ago."

"Would it have made any difference?" asked Hopkins innocently.

"Not the least! oh! not the smallest difference in the world," said the President hastily. "Of course there is only one thing to say in these cases, and that is the truth."

"Yes. And you think you have effected this with the single tax?"

"Certainly. For whatever is due to the public goes to the community, and the expenditure of the revenue thus derived benefits all alike. And all having an equal interest in the spending, care is taken that it is usefully employed. All being thus placed on an equality as regards the opportunities of production, no one can lord it over the other. In other words, we have a truly free contract between buyer and seller, employer and employee, is possible."

"But still, there will be some more skillful than others, and thus produce more

## MINE AND THINE.

## A Story of Conflicting Interests.

"Forgiveness is the Only Cure of Injury."

BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS.

(Written for the JOURNAL OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR. Rights reserved.)

## BOOK II.—REAPING.

## CHAPTER II.

## AN IMPARTIAL REPORTER.

THE freight-yards of the N. and M. Road were just back of Crocus Avenue, which accordingly was a favorite place of abode with the yard and train men employed by the Company. On the afternoon which Hopkins had selected for his visit some confusion or excitement appeared to prevail; for what seemed the entire population of the Avenue stood in groups, here and there, talking in low tones, but with eager gestures.

Hopkins' reportorial nose sniffed a prey; he stopped, and, looking around for a disengaged person to interview, his eyes fell on a tall, dark-skinned man with peculiar bright eyes, who stood with his arms folded across his chest and his hat drawn closely over his brow.

"Can you tell me," said Hopkins, by way of opening the conversation, "where Mr. Daniel Leroy lives?"

The man raised his eyes, and fixed them upon Hopkins' face with a sombre, absorbed glance, as if still engaged with his own internal speculations. "I am Daniel Leroy," he said; "what do you want?"

Hopkins was puzzled for a moment. "Why—ah—" he said, "there seems to be trouble of some sort—"

"And is that any of your business?" asked Leroy.

"Every time," said Hopkins, by this time restored to his normal condition, "I am a reporter on the *Gazette*, and make my living by finding out what's to pay."

"Ah!" said Leroy, "there's the devil to pay, young man, and everybody out of cash."

"Wouldn't it be a good thing to have the press on your side?" suggested Hopkins.

Leroy regarded him searchingly for a moment. Perhaps there is no one who has greater respect for the power of the press, and who claims to be more free from its influence himself, than that most recent development of modern civilization—the labor leader. He knows the men and events themselves, he will tell you, and doesn't care a hang what the papers say about them; at the same time he recognizes the influence of the press upon the public mind, and is always glad to have his own side fairly represented.

"Suppose you come home with me," said Leroy. "We can talk better." They walked along together a few steps, when they were confronted by a group of indignant-looking men surrounding three or four Italians, one of whom was declaiming shrilly, with vehement gestures, in his native tongue, while another, equally excited, interpreted in broken English.

"Come right along," said Leroy; "I'll tell you what it means, and quicker than you could find out from them."

He led the way into the shop, which had a dusty, deserted air, as if, that day, it had lacked customers; the needles, pins, spools of silk and cotton, all the various small "notions" that had been Eileen's pride and profit, were tumbled out of their usual tasteful neatness; the cakes and toys had a lonely look, the candy seemed soured by disappointment.

Leroy paused and looked around sadly. "Poor Eileen," he said, "she ain't likely to have much run of custom for awhile. Come this way, young man."

In the little parlor, in a great chair, his young legs swinging over the arm, sat a boy reading. As they entered he looked up, yawned lazily and stretched himself. "Sherwood!" he said, "is it possible that I see that classic brow again?"

"What's this? you know my boy?" asked Leroy sharply.

"He's seen me selling papers, Uncle Dan," said Robin gravely. "Reporter, you know; not many brains, but means well."

"Shut up your nonsense and be off," said Leroy. "Where's your aunt?"

"Couldn't say," returned Robin. "She told me to stay here and attend to customers, but there wasn't any."

Leroy smiled bitterly, but made no comment; while Robin, as he withdrew, managed to make a secret imploring sign to Hopkins which that discreet person returned by a nod of assent.

"I hope you don't mind the boy's nonsense, Mr. Sherwood," began Leroy, apologetically. "He's been such a pet all his life, through his aunt and me havin' no children of our own, that—"

"Oh! don't apologize, I beg," said Hopkins. "He's a remarkably bright boy. Where does he go to school?"

"No. 20; but most of his smartness he gets from a neighbor of ours; a professor of music, he is; and very fond of Robin since the first night he came."

"All I see; and now, what is this trouble about, Mr. Leroy? I was talking to Mr. Merriman about an hour ago, and from his account—"

"Oh! his account!" said a shrill, excited voice, as a woman came swiftly in from the kitchen. "If you trust his account, Mr. What's-your-name—"

"Sherwood, Hopkins, madam," said the reporter, rising and bowing politely.

Eileen Leroy had not changed for the better, even in appearance, in those seven years. There is a peculiar setting to the Irish eye, beautiful as it is at its best, which lends itself readily to a representation of hate and cruelty; and Eileen's blue, sparkling orbs, that had so quickly charmed Leroy, had retreated far back under the narrow, black, frowning brows; while the face was seamed, and the features hardened and coarsened, not by years or hard work, but by long cherishing of evil passions, anger, hate, and the lust of revenge.

"Him, indeed," she went on: "his account! Why, he's got his way at last, Charles F. Merriman has; he's been plotting this and laying for you, Dan Leroy, for eight years, and you know it. But you'll be a fool if you put up with it!"

"I ain't a fool, then, and I don't propose to put up with it," said the man roughly. "Go to your kitchen, Eileen, and leave me to talk to this man. Do you want all those crazy words published in the paper to-morrow, and yourself arrested, and bound over to keep the peace? That would be a good card for the men, wouldn't it?"

His roughness, and still more his sneers, frightened the woman, who for all these years had rarely found him other than good-humored; and she slunk away.

"I must tell you, Mr. Leroy," said the reporter, "that while I do not quite understand this particular case as yet, my sympathy is with the workingman every time; and you need not fear my mentioning anything that would hurt the cause."

"Yes, I know you literary chaps," said Leroy; "your sympathy with the workingman rises till it threatens your subscription list and then it goes down like the thermometer in a cold wave."

"My subscription list? Bless you, man, you don't suppose I own such a thing! I'm only a reporter, you know; and if my sympathy gets away with me, the city editor pulls out his blue pencil; that's all! Besides, impartiality is the dodge to-day; a fair field and no favor to both sides. I've got Mr. Merriman's views—"

"You have? then write 'em down, for you're the first fellow that ever saw behind his eyebrows."

"Anyway, I've got the eyebrows," said Hopkins; "and now I want yours. Time's flying. What about those Italians?"

"Them Eyetalians? They're the curse of the country, Mr. Hopkins, as the fellows know mighty well that fetch 'em over here in droves to bring down American wages. But all the same, once they are here, you know, we've got to organize them to fight on our side, or else they'll be used—as they are used—to glut the labor market, and pull down wages. So that's what we've been doing; and that's what the Company has against us. I don't say, with my wife, that it's an old grudge; I say, what they have against us is organizin' the Eyetalians and teaching them that they are men and not slaves."

"Ill-treated were they?" asked the reporter, looking up from his rapid notes.

"Ill-treated? Now, Mr. Hopkins, I'll tell you just how it is. I don't like an Eyetalian no better than you do; and you know what they are—nasty, filthy wretches, with no more notions of morality, and not as much of cleanliness and decency, as a cat. Besides, they don't know the language, they don't know nothing; and they're used to being cuffed around and imposed on. Nor they never speak up and resent it like men; all they can do is spring upon the man that ill-treats them from behind a dark corner, and run a couple inches of steel in him before you can say Jack Robinson! That's an Eyetalian. Now we've got a man for a yard-master here who loves money like—well! better he loves his wife, by a darn sight; for as to his soul, I don't believe he's got any; and he makes these poor wretches pay over to him a good part of their wages each week."

"Makes them? how?"

"Oh! he don't make a fixed bargain with 'em! not he! but the fellow that pays the foreman two dollars or two and a half a week is nicely treated and keeps his place; the fellow that don't, gets knocked and cuffed, may be his head broken; and if he don't take the hint, in four or five weeks he gets the sack."

"But the higher officials are not aware of this, surely?"

"The higher officials, Mr. Hopkins, are aware of their own interests every time; and they want laborers who will submit to that sort of treatment. That's what they're here for; if them foreigners had brains enough to run an engine or collect fares, they'd have 'em on every train that goes out; though I suppose

if they was educated up to that point they'd be men enough to kick," added Leroy thoughtfully.

"To be sure," said Hopkins; "that's the curious thing about it; education and kicking always go together. So you organized them?"

"We tried," said Leroy emphatically; "but they're mighty poor material, Mr. Hopkins. However, we did get some kind of a Union started, and then we convinced 'em they had been cheated long enough. 'Twasn't only that we wanted 'em to have the money, but to spend it; because you've got to raise a man's wants before you can venture to raise his wages, Mr. Hopkins. If he can live what he calls comfortably on a dollar a day, and you raise him to two dollars a day, do you know what he'll do? Work all six days as before? No, sir! he'll work three, and the other three he'll go to see the ball games! So we got some of them fellows to move into decent quarters, and to buy furniture on the installment plan; created a feeling of pride, you know; and then we sent in a statement to the bosses about that yard-master and some other things, and asked to have the tyrant bound."

"Well?"

"Well, sir; we thought at first we'd won the day; for they were as polite as a basket of chips; promised to look into it and all that; I ought to have known old Merriman better; but I didn't. I thought we'd got the inside track."

"Wasn't there something in it about overtime?"

"Of course; but I tell you where that is, Mr. Hopkins. We've always been paid for overtime up to a certain point, and reckoning twelve hours a day's work; but the Company won't pay a man for more than ninety-six hours a week, because they don't want it to appear on their books that they work him longer than eight days in seven."

"Well, railroading is an expensive business," said Hopkins; "so maybe they can't afford it."

Leroy did not reply for a moment. Instead, he put his hand into his coat pocket and drew from it a well-worn pocketbook, out of whose miscellaneous contents he took a newspaper slip, which he handed to Hopkins, with something which he meant should be a smile.

"Afford it!" he said; "of course they can't afford; read that."

So Hopkins read:

"Think of the 500 railroad presidents in the country, and their annual salary, \$22,000,000, and then consider whether government ownership wouldn't be a a good thing."

"Now I wonder who totted that up?" said Hopkins.

"I don't know, and I don't care a darn," returned Leroy; "it's near enough correct for me; and easy enough proved by any one that wants it proved. No; of course they can't afford it; I'm a fair man, you know, and see both sides. Railroading is expensive; especially to the employees and the country. The roads must keep up a certain style; they must pay big salaries, or some other road would get their best men; but as a matter of fact, except to the fellows with the big salaries and the stock-gamblers, there's precious little money in railroads. And as they've got to catch up some way, they economize on the men. Mr. Hopkins, I have never known a railroad man who did not think the roads ought to be nationalized! Well, but about our organization. We'd kept the names of our members as secret as the grave, Mr. Hopkins, yet only this morning every last officer in that Union got the sack!"

"Well, by thunder!"

"That's what's the matter," said Leroy; "but that's not all, Mr. Hopkins. My blue envelope was waiting for me when I stepped off my train, and nearly every prominent man in our organization got the same present."

"It looks like—"

"Oh! it looks like the devil, Mr. Hopkins, and that's all about it. And now there's them poor Eyetalians, can't pay their rent, owe for their furniture, and pretty nearly ready to fight us for getting them into trouble!"

"There must be a spy in your camp, Mr. Leroy."

"What do you take me for? I can see that for myself."

"Well, I suppose the next thing will be a strike; eh?"

"Can't say indeed," said Leroy with sudden caution; "that ain't for me to decide, you know."

"Well, I'm very much obliged to you," said Hopkins, rising; "and you may be sure if your side of the matter is not fairly represented to-morrow, it will not be my fault."

It was well he inserted this previso, for so many of his perfectly impartial yet trenchant sentences were scored out by his chief's blue pencil that Hopkins requested an explanation.

"Yes, I know," said the city editor. "But I had to do it, Hopkins. Personally, I was with you straight along; but you see, the *Gazette* wants to be impartial, but it doesn't want to quarrel with Charles F. Merriman. Don't you know he's about, if ever any man did in this world?"

"I wonder if that's so," said Hopkins thoughtfully; for he remembered Sybil.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## RECEIVED.

## THE BEGGAR OF BRASIGNOL.

BY EDWARD PAYSON JACKSON IN KATE FIELD'S WASHINGTON.

"A Better Financial System," by George C. Ward. Published by the Arena Publishing Company. Price in paper, 25 cents. Mr. Ward has added largely to the stock of information extant on the money question in his book, which bids fair to have large sale. He proposes, of course, that the government shall do its own banking business, instead of issuing money through national banks.

Among the notable and valuable articles in July Arena are Mrs. Helen H. Gardner's paper on "Environment; Can Heredity be Modified?" "Whittier's Religion," by Rev. W. H. Savage; "Monometallism and Protection," by C. S. Thomas, one of the ablest bimetallist advocates in the country. "Obstetrics in Tibet" is treated by Heinrich Hensoldt, Ph. D., "India Silver, Wheat and Cotton," by Samuel Leavitt, is another splendid presentation of the argument for bimetallism. James L. Hughes criticizes Professor Goldwin Smith's arguments against the enfranchisement of women. "The Higher Evolution of Man," by Henry Wood, is an ethical paper of value. Mr. B. O. Flower's discussion of Japan's treaties and the subsequent legislative operations of the English and American Governments, in a paper called "Justice for Japan," is a demand that the American government shall keep its treaty pledge and not play the bully, as John Bull always does, disregarding both honor and decency. Henry Frank outlines "The Crusade of the Unemployed." "How They Boomed the High Street Church" is a life-like realistic story. Walter Blackburn Hartie contributes a story called "Awakened." The Editor, Mr. B. O. Flower, discusses "Crucial Moments in National Life" from the evolutionary standpoint. Professor Thomas E. Will, A. M., describes the aims and methods of "The City Union for Practical Progress." There is a valuable symposium on Public Parks and Play-grounds.

## Good Thing.

A nice clean article of any description is always appreciated. This is particularly true of articles of food and drink. The latter is what we are referring to now. The Meriden Brewing Company of Meriden, Conn., is bottling a highly nutritious lager. It is ordered by physicians for their patients. To the weak mother its benefits are incalculable. To the convalescent it imparts keen appetite for food, thus bringing back the desired strength and health. To the tired worker who has difficulty in sleeping during the hot weather, a bottle taken before retiring gives the happiness of sound dreamless slumber, with fresh awakening as a result. Twelve dozen bottles in one barrel sent to any address charges prepaid where the freight does not exceed \$1, upon receipt of postage order, for \$12. Bottled at the brewery.

MERIDEN BREWING COMPANY,  
Meriden, Conn.

Meeting of D. A. 145.

To Knights of Labor in the District:

A. 197 of New Jersey has passed a resolution to boycott Hugh Coyle of Newark Avenue, Jersey City. This gentleman refuses to recognize the Local Assembly of Conch-Drivers, probably thinking these men are too humble to worth his notice. He says that the friends of labor find some other firm to bury their dead or carry their bodies to the church. The humblest is the highest in the Knights of Labor.

John H. Boyce, R. S., D. A. 145.

## Patronize Another.

D. A. 197 of New Jersey has passed a resolution to boycott Hugh Coyle of Newark Avenue, Jersey City. This gentleman refuses to recognize the Local Assembly of Conch-Drivers, probably thinking these men are too humble to worth his notice. He says that the friends of labor find some other firm to bury their dead or carry their bodies to the church. The humblest is the highest in the Knights of Labor.

John H. Boyce, R. S., D. A. 145.

Meeting of D. A. 145.

To Knights of Labor in the District:

A. 197 of New Jersey has passed a resolution to boycott Hugh Coyle of Newark Avenue, Jersey City. This gentleman refuses to recognize the Local Assembly of Conch-Drivers, probably thinking these men are too humble to worth his notice. He says that the friends of labor find some other firm to bury their dead or carry their bodies to the church. The humblest is the highest in the Knights of Labor.

John H. Boyce, R. S., D. A. 145.

## THE EARTH FOR ALL.

PO. CROSBY IN PEOPLE'S TRIBUNE.

The solid earth on which we tread, On which at night we rest, From which to raise our daily bread, Is Nature's own bequest. And no man would his fellow-man Deny the soil and sod, So thus combating Nature's plan— An enemy of God.

Gold has no right to own the earth!

The howling tempest cries—

Gold has no right to own the earth!

The dread sismo replies,&lt;/

## MINE AND THINE.

## A Story of Conflicting Interests.

"Forgiveness is the Only Cure of Injury."

BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS.

(Written for the JOURNAL OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR. Rights reserved.)

## BOOK II.—REAPING.

## CHAPTER III.

NO RELATION.

FOUR days had passed, but had brought no change in the condition of affairs between the N. and M. R. R. and its bands. There had been deputations and embassies, but all to no purpose; and when Sherwood Hopkins called at the Central Office he was told that Leroy, Elkins and Horner had been closeted with the President for an hour or more that morning, but had returned in the afternoon and been denied admittance. "And he said especially he couldn't be bothered with reporters," added the clerk maliciously.

"Don't hit a fellow when he's down," returned Hopkins meekly.

"Papers, papers," cried a youthful treble. "Fairtown Daily Gazette, last edition; trouble on the N. and M., by Sherwood Hopkins, gentleman; very thrilling, and perfectly new to those best acquainted with the facts! Hello! Sherwood, is that you?"

"You young imp of darkness! Of course you are going in to see the President?"

"I'm an invisible prince, I go everywhere," said Robin. "Want to see him?"

"Of course."

"All right. Wait till I come back."

Mr. Merriman did not seem to be very busy when Robin pushed open the swing door that led into his private office. He was leaning back in his chair, drumming idly with his fingers on the table; but the usually impassive countenance brightened strangely as Robin's saucy face peeped in at the door.

"Papers, boss?"

"Ah! Bob, come in. I was thinking of you awhile ago."

"Thanky; I haven't a quarter about me," said Robin, feeling in his pockets.

"You young ape! Robin, would you like to go to school?"

"I do—when I can't get out of it."

"Ah? Well then, would you like to have a pony?"

"Got one."

"You have?"

"Certainly. Oh! boss pony he is; I call him Shanks' mare."

"Nonsense. Look here, Robin, I am in earnest, and want to make a serious proposition to you."

"Drive ahead," said Robin. "Only don't give it away that I'm called Robin in the bosom of my family, for I should never hear the last of it from the boys."

"That's all right. You are too bright boy to be selling newspapers."

"Bless you, boss, it takes a bright boy; a stupid one don't stand any show at all."

"Perhaps; but your musical talents—come now, I'll tell you what I'll do for you. You may turn out a genius, Bob; and I'd like to have the credit of finding you. I'll send you abroad, and pay all your expenses; let you study under the best masters in Europe!"

"And work like the dickens," said Robin coolly. "Much obliged to you, boss, but I was born so as I could stand plenty of rest."

"Ah! if you feel that way," returned the great man with a look of disappointment.

"But have you no ambition, Robin? Would you not like to be a great musician? A violinist, perhaps; to see your name in great letters on every corner and in all the windows; to feel an immense audience thrill with every sweep of your bow; to know that you could set them mad with enthusiasm or wild with weeping, at your pleasure; come, would not that be worth working for?"

Robin's face had grown very thoughtful; he set his elbows on the great ponderous office table, and his chin in his two small grimy hands. Then he looked up into the fair, mild face before him, and quoted a line he had heard from his teacher:

"But what good came of it at last," said little Wilhelmina.

"Eh? what good? well, you are a strange boy," returned Mr. Merriman. "Why, fine, riches, power, Robin; a great artist may go anywhere, or do anything. Francis I., King of France, once picked up Titian's brush, you know—"

"Pretty soft snap, that was, for Francis; made him famous," said Robin.

"You red republican! you would not feel honored then to be the companion of kings?"

"Not the present ones. Precious lot of scamps they are! The only decent man in the lot is a woman!"

"Well, well; I dare say you're right about that. But at any rate, Robin, you'll always remember that you have a friend in me, and you'll let me know if I can ever help you?"

"Oh! certainly, there's nothing mean about me," said Robin, with the easy ingenuity of his age.

"I had a brother once, Robin," continued Mr. Merriman gently; "or rather a half-brother; my mother was a widow when my father married her. He was about your age when I first remember him, and I was a little tucker in petticoats, afraid of my own shadow. You remind me of him in some ways; you have his eyes and his music, though he could not tell one note from another, if he saw them on paper."

"Where is he now?" asked Robin.

"Dead. We quarreled about money, Bob and I—"

"Oh! was his name Bob?"

"Yes, you have his name too. Poor Bob! I never saw him again. Never quarrel with any one about money, Robin."

"Get none to quarrel about."

"Ah! no more had Bob and I at your age. Don't wish for it, my boy."

"Did you wish for it then?" asked the boy shrewdly.

"I've wished and worked for it all my life, Robin; but I'd give every penny I own to be a boy again, and bear poor Bob play 'Comin' thro' the Rye' on his poor cheap fiddle."

"And I'd give every penny I've got to be a man and as rich as you are," said Robin. "I mean to be rich, some day, and that's a fact; but it's pretty bad times with me just now. The old man's out of work, and the old woman's store doesn't pay her a cent, hardly; so I'm the man of the family, you bet."

"Are you indeed? Tell me, Bob, what is your other name?"

"Fine!" said Robin. "You promised not to ask."

"To be sure! so I did; but I cannot help wondering—you are so like him—are you a relation of mine, do you think, Robin?"

"Not that I know of," said the boy, with such evident surprise that Mr. Merriman was convinced of his sincerity. He sighed; for it would have been very pleasant to have a nephew to whom he might make up for the quarrel with Bob. Mr. Merriman did not feel acutely conscious of any wrong he had done his brother.

He pulled out a silk purse—Sybil's work—and drew from its meshes a shining yellow coin.

"There," he said, "if you have a family on your shoulders, this will lighten the load."

Robin's cheeks flushed, and his eyes sparkled with a gratitude which all Mr. Merriman's affection and confidence had been powerless to awaken. "Well, by George!" he said, "ten dollars! you are a bally old boy! I never had that much before in my life. You see, I can't save; I go and buy things with every cent; make people presents and all."

"Then you'll never be rich," said Mr. Merriman, smiling. "Many littles make a mickle," you know."

"But they don't make a million; guess I'll have to speculate," said Robin.

When Robin had left him, Mr. Merriman again sat motionless for awhile; then he drew pen and paper toward him, and wrote to the lawyer who had had charge of the business affairs of his brother, asking what had become of the widow and child.

## CHAPTER IV.

## A SOFT SNAP.

"WELL!" said Hopkins eagerly, as Robin reappeared.

"One well won't make a river, Sherwood," returned the boy saucily.

"Can I see him?"

"See him! Great sweet potatoes! if I didn't forget it as clear as a whistle! But come along, I'll take care of you. And to tell you the truth, Hoppy," continued Robin, when they had passed out of earshot of the clerks, I didn't set much store on your seeing the old man to-day; you let him off much too easy in that swell paper of yours."

"Oh! of course it's mine," said Hopkins a little bitterly; "I own the whole confounded business, from the editor-in-chief to the devil! I set up my own copy, read the proofs, plate it and run the presses; and there's no blue pencil gets a chance of a whack at me from first to last!"

"I don't understand that language," said Robin; "but it seems to be what the professor calls irony. Never mind, Hoppy, if it really wasn't your fault; I'll make it up to you; get you on to the softest snap you ever had in all your born

days. And I'll tell you another thing to console you. Sybil thinks you're a duck of a reporter."

"And who is Sybil?"

"Old Merriman's daughter, you duffer. You saw her in the office one day!"

"Oh! but how was I to know her name, or that you called her by its so familiarly?"

"By instinct, Hoppy, of course. I say, I didn't get a chance to talk to you that time you were at our house, but now I want to make a trade. If you swear by the holy poker not to give me away, I'll bring you out ahead on a bit of news that will make every other paper in town turn green with envy."

"Give you away? To do that I must know what you are up to."

"Well, nothing special," said the boy; "but you see, the folks at home know I sell papers, but not that I'm so chummy with old Merriman; and he don't know I'm Dan Leroy's nephew."

"And what's your object in all this mystery, like a third-rate melodrama?"

"To improve my mind," returned the boy with a grin.

"Also your morals, by acting the spy," said the reporter.

"Why not, in time of war? What else does Fenimore Cooper blow his horn about? That Harvey Birch of his—Besides, Hoppy, you know I'm really a disinherited prince and old Merriman is the vile tyrant who enjoys my kingdom; Aunt Eileen has drilled that into me since I was the size of Biledad the Shuhite. But all the same, I can't help liking the old chap."

"I wish you would talk sense for once, Bob, so I could keep track of you. I don't seem to separate chaff from earnest in your conversation."

"All right, don't try; only don't give me away, and I'll go halves in the snap I told you of."

"Which you got on to in the office?"

Robin nodded. "I've been listening to that dog-gone old telegraph," he said, "till it made me tired; so I went to a fellow I know and got him to teach me the sound alphabet."

"Which of course, with your musical ear, you learned in a jiffy," said Hopkins with a groan. "Oh! Bob, Bob."

"Oh! Hoppy, Hoppy," returned the boy; "you'd do it yourself if you were sharp enough. Well, to-day, here came a little tick-tick, and I listened, you bet; and it said: "Hands engaged as ordered; will reach Fairtown 6 p.m."

"By George!" said Hopkins, stopping short and pulling out his watch.

"Oh! it ain't half-past five yet," said Robin; "besides we don't know what station they mean to land 'em at; not the big one, you bet your boots."

"No; they'll keep 'em quiet to see if the strike really takes place. Bob, you're a deep one, you are."

"But if you have any scruples about availing yourself of information obtained in that manner, don't let me stand in your way, you know, Hoppy," remarked the boy.

Hopkins groaned. "I've got lots of scruples," he observed; "but more for you than myself, Bob. I'm a hardened old sinner; but you ought to be as innocent as a baby to match that face of yours."

"Yes; all the ladies buy my papers because I've got such a sweet face and such winning ways. Come along, Hoppy; there's a sort of second-hand station just beyond our house where they dump passengers sometimes; and if we walk fast, we'll just about make it. And I'll tell you another thing, Hoppy, if you'll cross your heart not to tell; if you go to the N. and M. freight-yards by seven o'clock, you'll hear something to your advantage."

"Bob, you're fooling me!"

"Hope I may die if I am!" said Robin. "Here we are; ain't it palatial?"

There was no pretense of a station; it was merely the end of a long street, not very well built up and perfectly unpaved. On either side lay the freight-yards, and facing the end of the street, across the railroad, a new, tall, red-brick warehouse, owned by the road, but as yet unused. No one was to be seen about the place in human shape but a sturdy-looking policeman, who eyed the pair with suspicion as they hurried up the street and ran briskly across the track.

"What's it in hast ye are?" he asked gruffly.

"Sir?" said Robin politely, so politely indeed that any "copper" who knew him would have smelt mischief at once; but this one was a recent importation and not used to the ways of young America.

"I say, is it in a hurry ye are? Fwat d'y'e want here anny way?"

"I always like to see the train come in, sir," answered Robin with a silvery voice and Rafflesque expression; "and we came fast, 'cause we didn't want to be run over. There she comes now! Oh! my! she's slowing up! Going to stop here! O, look, pa, look!" he cried, grasping his improvised parent by the arm, and seizing the occasion to whisper, "Don't look like you'd struck a banzai! Whistle!"

Thus adjured, Hopkins stuck his hands in his pockets, whistled softly, and tried to look unconcerned, as a long, double line of very seedy and disreputable-looking men were disembarked and marched into the unused warehouse. Robin, meanwhile, danced and clapped his hands, a *l'envant*.

"Ain't they nice men?" he asked the policeman innocently, when they and the train had passed on and disappeared, at right angles to one another; "what are they going to do in there?" My! I wish I was a policeman, with nice brass buttons and a club to knock the little boys' brains out, and as good-looking as you are!"

"Pretty soft snap, that was, for Francis; made him famous," said Robin.

"You red republican! you would not feel honored then to be the companion of kings?"

"Not the present ones. Precious lot of scamps they are! The only decent man in the lot is a woman!"

"Well, well; I dare say you're right about that. But at any rate, Robin, you'll always remember that you have a friend in me, and you'll let me know if I can ever help you?"

"Oh! certainly, there's nothing mean about me," said Robin, with the easy ingenuity of his age.

"Drive ahead," said Robin coolly. "Much obliged to you, boss, but I was born so as I could stand plenty of rest."

"Ah! if you feel that way," returned the great man with a look of disappointment.

"But have you no ambition, Robin? Would you not like to be a great musician? A violinist, perhaps; to see your name in great letters on every corner and in all the windows; to feel an immense audience thrill with every sweep of your bow; to know that you could set them mad with enthusiasm or wild with weeping, at your pleasure; come, would not that be worth working for?"

Robin's face had grown very thoughtful; he set his elbows on the great ponderous office table, and his chin in his two small grimy hands. Then he looked up into the fair, mild face before him, and quoted a line he had heard from his teacher:

"But what good came of it at last," said little Wilhelmina.

"Eh? what good? well, you are a strange boy," returned Mr. Merriman. "Why, fine, riches, power, Robin; a great artist may go anywhere, or do anything. Francis I., King of France, once picked up Titian's brush, you know—"

"Pretty soft snap, that was, for Francis; made him famous," said Robin.

"You red republican! you would not feel honored then to be the companion of kings?"

"Not the present ones. Precious lot of scamps they are! The only decent man in the lot is a woman!"

"Well, well; I dare say you're right about that. But at any rate, Robin, you'll always remember that you have a friend in me, and you'll let me know if I can ever help you?"

"Oh! certainly, there's nothing mean about me," said Robin, with the easy ingenuity of his age.

"Drive ahead," said Robin coolly. "Much obliged to you, boss, but I was born so as I could stand plenty of rest."

"Ah! if you feel that way," returned the great man with a look of disappointment.

"But have you no ambition, Robin? Would you not like to be a great musician? A violinist, perhaps; to see your name in great letters on every corner and in all the windows; to feel an immense audience thrill with every sweep of your bow; to know that you could set them mad with enthusiasm or wild with weeping, at your pleasure; come, would not that be worth working for?"

Robin's face had grown very thoughtful; he set his elbows on the great ponderous office table, and his chin in his two small grimy hands. Then he looked up into the fair, mild face before him, and quoted a line he had heard from his teacher:

"But what good came of it at last," said little Wilhelmina.

"Eh? what good? well, you are a strange boy," returned Mr. Merriman. "Why, fine, riches, power, Robin; a great artist may go anywhere, or do anything. Francis I., King of France, once picked up Titian's brush, you know—"

"Pretty soft snap, that was, for Francis; made him famous," said Robin.&lt;/div

## MINE AND THINE.

## A Story of Conflicting Interests.

"Forgiveness is the Only Cure of Injury."

BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS.

[Written for the JOURNAL OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR. Rights reserved.]

## BOOK II.—REAPING.

## CHAPTER IV.—(Continued).

"NOW let them victimize innocent men," said Daniel Leroy through his set teeth.

He slipped down from his perch and took his way out of the gate, followed by Hopkins.

"Hoppy!" came in a whisper from behind a row of hogsheads disembarked half an hour before, and Robin crept out softly, making gestures not to disturb Leroy, who stalked on in front, apparently unconscious of his surroundings.

"High old game, ain't it?" said Robin; "ain't I good to you, though, Hoppy? Not bound for the gallows now, am I?"

"What became of your friend Horney?" asked Hopkins eagerly.

"Left him sitting on a board-pile smoking a dog-gone pipe," returned Robin with infinite disgust. "Looked as if he might take root there, he did. But I tipped Johnny Farman a wink—he's a pal of mine—and Johnny'll watch him till all's blue. I want to know if he goes near the 'scabs,' that's all."

"Is he?"

"Don't look at me in that tone of voice, Hoppy! he's a spy, Horney is; I'm dead sure of it. Uncle Dan swears by him; but I never took any stock in him, not since I was a little tacker. And if I don't catch him out one way or another my name ain't Robin Leroy."

"Well, I guess you're like the rest of us, Bob," said Hopkins, "you don't like spying when its directed against your own side."

Thereat Robin laughed, and danced away, singing—

"He that hath any good peanuts,  
And giveth his neighbor none;  
He shan't have any of my peanuts,  
When his peanuts are gone."

"Is that sound doctrine?" said Hopkins to himself, as he walked away alone.

## CHAPTER V.

WHERE THE SHOW PINCHES.

A STATE of siege prevailed in Fairtown. Not a train moved over the N. and M. Road or its affiliations that night; and as these included every railroad of importance that entered the city, the practical effect was that nobody left town. Hotels and boarding-houses were full to overflowing, warehouses and freight depots piled with goods for which in other parts of the country men and women were starving, stoning, suffering, dying. Just what amount of loss was involved in even one night's delay can scarcely be estimated; but when the blockade continued during the next twenty-four hours and the perishable articles were gone past redemption, the loss ran up into the millions.

There were men in Fairtown that night who had dear ones at home to whom their absence would bring anguish of mind, fears, distress, even to the danger of life itself; there were others hastening to catch the last words of the dying, or to stand beside an open grave; there were mothers, wives, upon whose coming a life trembled in the balance; every face on the street was wild with anxiety or dull with hopeless patience, but the wheels of civilization had stopped; the N. and M. Road was on a war-footing; and a great country must stand aside and wait patiently until the difficulty with its employees should be settled;—no! not settled, for one strike often makes likely a dozen more!—simply fought out.

"We—well, you see—the *Gazette* don't exactly want this sort of thing, Mr. Hopkins," said the city editor, tapping the reporter's "copy" with his blue pencil.

"Not?" said Hopkins, who had raised his eyebrows and whistled when he was summoned to the august presence, as who should say, "That's what I thought?"—"not, sir? There ain't a paper in Fairtown that will have that item to-morrow; I only happened upon it by chance, as it were; and, in fact, I omitted one point, to keep from getting any one into trouble. I happen to know that the telegram announcing the arrival of those men came over the President's private wire,"

"Ah! very likely. But don't you see, however you and I may feel about it as individuals, that is the very reason it must not go into the *Gazette*. I've had to cut out about one-third of your copy every day lately, and fill up the column with jokes; and Mr. L. doesn't like it!"—Mr. L. was the editor-in-chief—"don't you remember what I told you about Merriman's interest in the paper?"

"I'm sure I've said nothing against him," said Hopkins.

"No; but you dig up things the road doesn't quite care to have known; and worst of all is the tone of this thing!—with an angry tap upon the unoffending copy—"all this talk about war, and brotherly contention and that. Not but what, personally, I'm on the side of the workingman every time; but my personal convictions, and yours too, by thunder! have no more to do with it than the catechism."

"That's a strong comparison," said Hopkins. Then you don't allow any scope for comparison?"

"I? why confound it! what have I got to do with it? That's a capital bit of yours and as clever as the mischief, not in what it says, but in what it implies; but it won't do, Mr. Hopkins. We want the same facts, but a different color to them; take it away and write it over."

Hopkins took the manuscript and stood for a moment regarding it thoughtfully; when at last he spoke, it was with a full realization of the sentence he was bringing on his own head. "I am sorry, sir, but I don't see my way to any color but true blue. This," he tapped the copy in his turn, "this is how I feel."

"Blame your feelings, and you too for a fool," said the city editor. "There won't be any job for you at this office hereafter, Mr. Hopkins."

"All right," said the ex-reporter. "This copy is *mine tho'*, sir."

"Well, that's only fair," said the city editor; "and none of my business besides, I dare say the *Journal* would jump at it." He handed the young man an order on the business office for his salary up to date, then hesitated a moment. "You don't know Gorter of the *Journal*?" he said; "I can give you a note to him"—writing, as he spoke, with professional rapidity—"there! send that up and he'll see you to-night."

It was a very kind note, but did not commit the writer at all, who was, it stated, unwillingly obliged to dispense with the bearer's valuable services. Then, after a few common-place expressions signifying praise, the note went on: "Mr. Hopkins' convictions will accord better with the *Journal* than the *Gazette*, and you will find him a valuable recruit in the present busy season."

"I'm very much obliged to you, sir," said Hopkins.

"Oh! that's all right," said the city editor. "Good-by; I'm sorry to lose you." He walked up and down his dingy office angrily when he was alone; anathematizing the strike, the strikers, the road and the money-power in that community; but the city editor had a large and expensive family, and such salaries as he enjoyed do not grow on every bush; it was only at times that his chain galled him. Just as he was about to settle down again quietly to his work, there entered a rival reporter.

"I say, sir," he said, "Hopkins gave me some points before he left about the strike; he said he didn't want that column blank to-morrow."

"Good for Hopkins; he's a fine young fellow; nothing mean about him. It wouldn't have been blank though, if I had had to do it myself. You know how we want it, I suppose?"

"Paternal officials, petted employees, wife and base return into their bosoms—I know how to do it," said the rival reporter. "I never thought the impartial business would pan out well."

"Then you're a bigger fool than Hopkins," said the city editor. "Don't you see? we've been trying to find excuses for the men, but now they've gone beyond all bounds. Our evident bias, so far, is worth gold money to the *Gazette* and the N. and M. Road. Be off; I'm busy."

The reporter said that he could hear the old man swearing all the way down stairs.

Hopkins, meanwhile, had been received with open arms by the *Journal*, the proprietors of which belonged to the political party whose views were not endorsed by Charles F. Merriman. His item was decorated with immense headlines, and occupied an honorable place on the first page; and he was instructed to work the strike right along on those lines, and give old Merriman—something warm!

The streets were full, even at that hour of the morning, of people seeking accommodation, a mere place to lie down in and be sheltered from the nipping and eager air of the spring night; mere necessities, and matters of course, these, to well-to-do, even to respectable persons, who find it hard to realize that another class of mankind number them among the barely attainable luxuries of their mortal career. Was it not well, then, that these to whom was granted not that they should be shaken for once from off their woven-wre and hair matresses and taste the lot of the homeless?

One would have said so, but the weak point about it seemed to be that these people were too busy bemoaning their own lot to think of the habitually home-

less, or to do anything else save to berate the strikers. On every side was heard the opinion that the men had no right so to infringe upon the comfort and well-being of a community; but the Company escaped condemnation. Of course! could they operate the road without hands?

"Could the shares they were so rich in,  
Light a fire in the engine?  
Or the President himself turn a switch, switch, switch!"

As Hopkins made his way through the sultry, angry, tired folk, whose wan, haggard faces were clearly lit up, but not beautified, by the many electric lights which modern civilization renders necessary as a protection from burglary and other disorders of the body politic, two of these faces caught his keen eye; not because they were more pallid, fatigued or sulken than the rest, for where many specimens exist of the positive degree of misery, one's sympathy is apt to become too dull to be touched by anything short of a double superlative. In fact, they were not sulken at all, these faces; rather supremely patient; they were the faces of women, not young nor pretty, nor old enough to constitute a claim on that score; but, as he passed them, Hopkins heard:

"Oh! sister, do you think we can hold out till morning? If I could only sit down somewhere!"

"We must hold out," said the other in a brisk voice; "there's not so much danger if you keep on as if you were going somewhere; but I'm afraid to stop or go in at this hour of the night, for the places that look the brightest are the worst, maybe."

Hopkins wheeled suddenly about and faced them. "Ladies," he said, with his hat in his hand, "if you are strangers in Fairtown, and detained by the strike, as I conclude, I'd rather than a thousand dollars be allowed to help you."

There was something irresistibly honest about his face and manner, but the sisters looked at him doubtfully. "You see, sir, we don't know you, or anything about you," said the elder, at last, in a put-an-end-to-it tone, and preparing to move on.

"I'm a newspaper man, ladies, and my office—by gracious! two of 'em—is only a few steps behind you. They'll testify to my character. Thank the Lord! here's the boss!" for the city editor himself came up at the moment.

There was some further discussion, for it was evident that these benighted strangers were as easily able to argue themselves unknown by means of the city editor as of Hopkins himself; but the former magnate, having been identified by a passing policeman, who though far more ignorant than either of the other men—altogether on a lower plane of humanity, and possibly as accessible to insult as Ko-ko himself, was yet in the minds of these simple women invested with the sublime altruism and impeccable disinterestedness of the law—why, all this having been done, Hopkins found himself walking beside his self-assumed charges on the way to Crocus Avenue.

"It's no use to try any of the hotels or boarding-houses," he said; "for they're full. I could give up my room to you of course, but where I mean to show you is nearer, the folks are likely to be up still, and you can see for yourself they are respectable, though maybe things may not be as stylish as you are used to."

The sisters assured him that, in the first place, they were plain country people, unused to style; and, in the second, that anywhere they could sit down in safety would be acceptable, even a respectable pig-pen.

"They're hard to find," said Hopkins, shaking his head, "because they pre-suspose respectable pigs; and pigs have had a bad name as housekeepers ever since Solomon's time; so that what with a natural liking for dirt and with being shut out of Germany till lately, they're kind of lost self-respect, and there ain't much hope of reforming them."

The sisters laughed; and it was then a short step to being confidential. They told Hopkins they had come to visit friends who lived at a suburban place, and who were to have met them at the station. The train was due in Fairtown just after seven; but the engineer, seeing the danger-signal set, had put out his fires and left his engine standing in the tunnel, where the passengers had been forced to alight and walk to the city.

"A walk I shall never forget," said the elder sister; "men cursing, children crying with fright; only the women seemed to have any sense about 'em, and they just walked straight ahead, one foot before the other."

"Charming woman!" murmured Hopkins. "Be good, I'm sure; do go on."

"That's all there is, except that our friends didn't meet us—maybe they're

still walking ever since the street cars stopped running."

"And then we stood up in, most of the time," said the younger sister.

"It was pretty hard lines," said Hopkins; "and rough on the country generally; but if we're fools enough to prefer war to peace, why we deserve all we get, every time. But that doesn't apply to you ladies who are non-voters."

"I wish all the strikers were hanged," said the younger sister vindictively.

"Well! you do to-night, but you won't to-morrow, when you're rested," said Hopkins soothingly; "you'd better wish the United States had sense enough to let its own railroads, instead of leaving them to private individuals. By George! if I were a caricaturist, I'd make a picture of it—Charley Merriman and a big navy engaged in a fight and Mrs. Columbia looking on, wringing her hands in despair, and crying: 'Boys, do leave off pommeling each other, and bring home the clothes from the wash!' Ah! here's Crocus Avenue, and, by all that's lucky, here's Bob. I say you imp, could your aunt take these ladies in for the night, do you suppose?"

Robin proved to be of opinion that the ladies would fare better at the Arbor, whither he conducted them, and, introducing them to Aunt Corny, assured them that now they were all right.

All right! of course they were! Aunt Corny made them at home in a moment; and the professor, who was trotting up and down the house and garden, violently agitated by the discord around him, wrung Hopkins' hand nearly off as he assured him that no more welcome guests could have been brought to the Arbor.

"And you must let us have the pleasure of seeing you again, Mr. Hopkins; for if Bobbin-around has chosen you for a friend, I feel assured that you possess a noble and chivalric nature. That is a remarkable, I may say a wonderful boy; and his instinct for truth and beauty, beauty which is truth, and truth which is of all things most beautiful—his instinct, I say, is infallible."

"I—yes, professor, I dare say you're right," said Hopkins hastily, as he shook hands and departed.

## TO BE CONTINUED.

## "CAUSES OF POVERTY."

By Rev. Edward Tallmadge Root.

We are prepared to furnish the above series of sermons, heretofore published in the *Journal* in pamphlet form, at 5 cents for single copies, or \$1.20 a hundred.

The articles are well worth the close reading of all, whether they be members of our church or not. They are especially attractive to those who seek the ethical side of the reform movement, and will be useful as an educational medium and organizer. Local and District Assemblies will find them very valuable to distribute and assist in the work.

## Reduced Rates to Cleveland.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company will sell express tickets to all stations on its lines, east of Ohio River, to Cleveland, Ohio, for all trains.

Beginning July 9th, 10th and 11th, valid for return trip until July 31st, inclusive, at reduced rates. The rate from New York will be \$1.50; Philadelphia, \$1.60; Baltimore, \$1.20; Washington, \$1.10; Cumberland, \$0.80; and corresponding low rates from all other points.

We appeal to our friends to buy their tickets early, as the rates will be increased on Aug. 1st.

For more detailed information, address James Potter, D. A. 79, Philadelphia, Pa.

## Annual Picnic.

The Brass Workers, Metal Polishers and Platers of New York, of L. A. 483, Knights of Labor, will hold their annual picnic on August 4th, at Brooklyn's Central Park, One Hundred and Thirty-third Street, between Avenue C and Avenue D.

There will be mirth, music and speaking, and the feature of the occasion will be the singing of a song written for the occasion and dedicated to the Assembly by Ed. J. Stevens, which we will publish in another issue.

## Meeting of D. A. 145.

To Knights of Labor in the District.

You are hereby notified that the semi-annual meeting of D. A. 145 will be held at the Hotel Westin, Columbus, Ohio, beginning Tuesday, July 24, 1894. A full delegation is earnestly desired. Delegates coming by rail will leave the cars at Sulphur Springs for Ben Franklin, where conveyances will be waiting to convey them to Cooper.

## John H. Boyd, R. S., D. A. 145.

Patronize Another.

D. A. 145 of New Jersey has passed a resolution to boycott Hugh Coyle of Newark, and John C. Conroy, of Newark, both of whom refuse to recognize the Local Assembly of Coach-Drivers, probably thinking these men are too humble to bother his head about. D. A. 145 asks that the friends of labor find some other firm to bury their dead or carry their bodies to the church. The humblest is as great as the highest in the Knights of Labor.

## Leads All.

Cleveland's is the strongest baking powder on the market. Try it. It is the most effective and economical. Make it a tea-spoonful and more better with a heaping tea-spoonful of other powders.

## Now Is The Time.

To select a place, figure on a route and complete arrangements for your summer's vacation. The maps, time tables and guide books issued by the Wisconsin CENTRAL LINES, and containing a list of the most beautiful and healthful resorts in the Northwest, will assist you materially in doing this. They are free upon application to J. L. Chapman, District Passenger Agent, Ridgeway Park, Pa., or James C. Pond, General Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis. Send for them.

## GO &amp; REVERSE TRAVEL.

Cleveland's is the strongest baking powder on the market. Try it. It is the most effective and economical. Make it a tea-spoonful and more better with a heaping tea-spoonful of other powders.

## Cleveland's Baking Powder is ahead of all others for purity, strength and wholesomeness.

## STORY.

## ... of My...

## DICTATORSHIP.

Printed by permission of the Spring Publishing Company, publishers of Henry George's works, 208 Fulton Street, New York.

## CHAPTER IX.—(Continued).&lt;/

## MINE AND THINE.

## A Story of Conflicting Interests.

"Forgiveness is the Only Cure of Injury."

BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS.

[Written for the JOURNAL OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR. Rights reserved.]

## BOOK III.—THE AFTERMATH.

## CHAPTER I.

## A WAR-FOOTING.

DANIEL LEROY'S hand had kept its old cunning. The strike, though, as we know, forced upon the workers at a time when their employers were best prepared for it, was a surprise, even to Mr. Merriman, in spite of such sources of secret information as he may have possessed, in its suddenness and completeness. The hour of the blow had not been fixed until after the visit of the committee to Mr. Merriman that very morning; and of the three members who composed it, no two had been in entire accord. Elkins had opposed the strike altogether, and advised those victimized—among whom he himself was numbered—to submit quietly, and the Union generally to "lay low," until a time, soon to come, when a heavy press of business would enable them to win at a blow, or perhaps without a blow, with neither loss nor inconvenience, therefore, to the country at large. But Leroy—hot-headed and generous—had urged the claims of the "Eyetalians";<sup>22</sup> and when Elkins submitted that the Union could better afford to pay the wages of a few men for a year than to engage in a strike, Leroy had called him a coward; and Horner had pronounced his counsel "blankly-blank American humbug." Whereupon Leroy himself had turned upon Horner and asked what he meant by *American humbug*, and if he didn't know an Englishman was one gigantic fraud from head to foot; and Elkins had asked why, seeing England was such a heaven on earth, more Englishmen didn't set fit to stay there? Then Horner had offered such an abject apology that even Leroy, to whose favor he owed his present prominence in the Union, had looked at him with disgust. Thus the strike was decided upon; but when that matter was settled, lo! Horner was found anxious to defer it, at least twenty-four hours; while Elkins joined Leroy in asserting that the sooner the blow was struck the better, if it must be struck at all. Upon which the signal-word had been telegraphed all along the line, and, at the same moment, all along the line was obeyed, as indeed it had been.

Horner, in a very bad humor indeed, had left his companions and wandered off to the upper station, where he unconsciously fell into the hands of Robin and Johnny Farman.

Johnny was worthy of Robin's friendship; he was a plump, red-haired, freckled-faced urchin, with the keenest blue eyes that ever flaxen lashes pretended to shade; and he watched the "suspect," if not "till all was blue," at least till the stars came out, looking cold and lonely, as if they, like the "laid-over" travelers, were homeless that spring night.

Then Horner arose, and wandered away into a part of the city distant from his home, where, in the opinion of Johnny Farman, he had no call to be, and even rang a certain distinguished door-bell. But being for some reason denied admittance, he repaired to his own home, whence Johnny, having seen him safely returned, returned to the bosom of his own family.

Hopkins, to whom Robin confided the results of Johnny's vigilance, was of the opinion that Leroy ought to be told at once; but the boy regarded him with scorn.

"You don't know the old man, Hoppy," he said; "he'd either kick me out of doors or jump on Horney with both feet; either way, there'll be a blazin' hot row and scrimmage, and Horney as innocent as a baby; 'cause you bet your boots, he'd have some tale of that lordly mansion already cooked."

"I guess you're right," said Hopkins with a sigh; "but Robin—

"What will you be at fifty  
If strikes and epis are then,  
Since you find the job so easy  
When you are but only ten?"

"Fifty!" said Robin; "great sweet potatoes! Hoppy, I'll be too old to chew bonny-clabber-by that time, so it don't make much matter what I am!"

"And you won't need a passport to a better land, I suppose?" said Hopkins, without debating the question of age at fifty; for having been a boy himself, not so very long ago, he knew that matter would right itself.

"Oh! I'll repeat in time to die," said Robin airily.

Hopkins scratched his head. "Well, I ain't a preacher," he said, "but I should think your music would have taught you better than that, old man. If you were going to play at a Wagner festival, would you practice beforehand? or would you leave your violin out in the rain, and let all your fingers turn to thumbs, trusting to repeating in time?"

"Well, that's what a lot of people do, Hoppy, and, far as I can see, they get there just the same. But then you can't most always generally tell," he added thoughtfully. "Great guns! Hoppy, do you mean that if I want to be an angel and with the angels stand, up above, I've got to practice angelity here below?"

"That's what they tell me," said Hopkins.

"Well, then, it's dog-gone rough on a fellow, and that's all there is about it! to put him where he ain't worth a row of pins without he's as sharp as the mischief, and give private orders to St. Peter to turn him down if he is sharp. Now don't it look like scaly practice to you, Hoppy?"

"Couldn't you amount to something by helping to make the world easier for other boys to grow up in?" asked Hopkins. "Johnny Farman, for instance. It wouldn't be easy work, you know; but it's work that the world wants pretty badly. I knew an old man once who did that sort of thing. Most people called him a fool; and finally he gave his very life for the cause; but it was worth it!" said Hopkins enthusiastically.

"Why? what did he do?"

"Nothing so very remarkable, Robin. He didn't build churches nor orphan asylums, nor even free libraries; but it was just that every one that knew him was in better practice for heaven on that account. He spread around him the harmony your professor talks about, that's all."

"And he died?"

"Died for the cause, Robin; an American hero ought not to mind that!"

"Hm! well, I suppose not," said Robin; "though if it's the same to all concerned, I'd rather be excused! Well, dog-gone Horney!—Hoppy, if I let him alone, the fat will all be in the fire in a jiffy!"

"I feel sorry for Horner, if he's the rascal we think him," said Hopkins artfully. "Do you suppose your guardian angel?"—(Hopkins was not quite sure about angels, but considered them a proper topic for youth);—"feel sorry for you when you do anything wrong?"

"Bless his boots!—I mean wings!—he watches and tells on me just the same!"

"Because he wants you to grow better?"

"By Jinks!" cried the boy, laughing. "there's a good racket for me. I'll be Horney's guardian angel—and me and Johnny!—and if I can corner him first, and forgive him after—make him see the error of his way, don't you know?—why, we'll get even with that old discord every time, as the professor says! Oh! Hoppy, you are the gayest old bird! You'll go to heaven, rapid transit! you're a saint from away back, you are! from away up the river!"

Meanwhile, the Company, though taken by surprise at the swiftness and suddenness of the strike, had done all in their power to "get even," in a different sense from Robin's, with their rebellious employees. The "hands" whom they had snugged into Fairmont had not been sufficient to fill the places of all the strikers; besides, they were green hands almost without exception; so that when President Merriman, happening to cross the bridge near the round-house, saw three of them trying to close one switch while the engine waited, puffing impatiently, he stood perfectly still, and—a quite unusual performance with him—spoke fluently. It was a difficult matter to send out even the mail trains under such care as this; difficult and dangerous, too; though, of course, the best material at their disposal was placed in charge, and the risk of smashing up the rolling stock was reduced by the diminished number of trains. As a matter of course, there were very few passengers, comparatively speaking; only those to whom the journey was an imperative necessity, and who were willing to take their chances; but, as Mr. Warren remarked, if they should unfortunately happen to be blown up, maimed, scalped or roasted alive, their widows and families would strike the Company for damages, same as if no other strike was on hand!

When the ex-employees detected the Company in a stratagem, they howled as if war did not naturally involve such things; but, as a matter of fact, the strikers had no need of stratagem; their cue was to play a waiting game, to be perfectly passive. There was scarcely a move that they could have made that would not have been disastrous; while to the Company, on the other hand, life, activity, movement, were essential; to be passive, idle, was to give up the fight at once. And public opinion, which the strikers could only conciliate by staying at home, by perfect order and tranquillity, the Company sought to gain by an appearance of being perfectly able to do without their rebellious subjects; by making it evident that more men were applying for the vacant places than there were places to be filled; and by asserting and demonstrating that the road was in full operation, and that all trains were running on schedule time. Residents of suburban places told a different tale; but they did not, as a rule, tell it in the newspapers; and the stories that were passed on among the strikers, of dummy trains run back and forth through the tunnel, and of the long line of applicants for work,

who, when they had interviewed the agent, turned back and took their places again at the foot, as if it were an old Virginia reel or a game of book-binding—why! in a war with a foreign foe, a war with swords, guns and military music, these things have often been done and applauded as the very acme of cleverness and patriotism.

Ab! but were the N. and M. Company swayed by patriotism? Were they doing these things for their country, or for their own pocket-books?

"Now that," said Leroy to Elkins one morning, as they stood on the bridge watching a train go out—"that I call a beautiful object lesson," and he pointed to one car of the departing train, upon which in dignified but modest letters appeared the legend:

"U. S. MAIL."

"Look that car on to a train," said Leroy, "and would we dare to molest it, even if it wasn't bad policy? No, sir; Uncle Sam has undertaken to have us get our letters and bills reg'lar, and he proposes to see the job right through."

"Nor it don't do to interfere with him," said Elkins; "for when the old man does get riled, he's real tearin' down, all-fired mad all over! Fact is, Uncle Sam don't know his own power, or he wouldn't be sat upon and bulldozed by capitalists the way he is."

"That's so," said Leroy. "Say, Elkins, you remember a strike they had once in Blank State? and the Governor got pretty wrathful at the interference with public comfort, so he wrote to the officials to meet him at a certain place and time, to show cause why the State should not seize the road and operate it at cost for the benefit of the country, while the Company came to an agreement with its employés. And in case the officials felt disposed to kick about it, they might consider themselves under arrest from then on. Hey, Elkins, remember that? How long before that strike was settled?"

"One hour! Oh! I remember it," said Elkins dryly.  
"Lots of snap to that fellow, now!"

"Most too snappy for the railroads, Dan. Don't you remember he ran for President afterward?—President of the United States I mean, not the road, and got snapped off?"

"That's so," said Leroy; "that's where the railroads have got the inside track. If we want to get even with 'em, every time, we've got to fix it so as a man can't get to be President without we say the word."

"I'm afraid you're making a mistake at last, Charley," said Frank Warren, hurrying into the President's office one morning; "what's this you are going to do, bring a lot of armed Pinkertons down on us? There hasn't been a symptom of violence on the part of the strikers; and you've given them a chance to be most sublimely virtuous!"

"How's that?" asked Mr. Merriman calmly.

"Why, they've appointed a patrol from among themselves to guard our property all along the line."

"I dare say."

"And the regular police protest against the introduction of private detectives; the citizens are opposed to it—and Lord knows I don't blame 'em for, of all abandoned God-forsaken wretches, a Pinkerton is about the worst?"

"It's not a job a respectable man would hanker after," said the President.

"Then why?"

"Warren," said Mr. Merriman, laying his hand on the other's shoulder, "when I went into this business I meant to *win*; and I mean it now."

"But there's not a shadow of danger to our property."

"Are you sure?" asked Mr. Merriman significantly. "Don't say that outside this office, Frank. Our cue is to dread violence; and it isn't always the outside that happens. When the Pinkertons are here—"

"Oh! if the Pinkertons exasperate them there's no saying what may happen. That's what I'm afraid of."

"You haven't the nerve for this sort of work," said his friend; "go home, and leave it to me. I have sources of information that you do not possess, and I am very sure that before the day is over there will be violence, and on the part of our peaceful, law-abiding and disinterested ex-employés."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for the JOURNAL.]

## JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.

(Tunes.—The Watch on the Rhine.)

The day has come, the hour's at hand.  
When freedom's bold sounds through the land.  
The giant arises from his trance  
And asks for his inheritance.

CHORUS.

The cry resounds from sea to sea,  
From lake to lake: we'll be free!  
We'll stand or fall, with our blood we'll defend  
Our rights as freemen throughout the land.

CHORUS.

The God who gave us limbs and brain  
Did not expect us to be slain  
In fruitless toil for daily bread,  
Like slaves of old, from birth to death.

CHORUS.

We are the nation's corner-stones;  
We have no use for idle drones;  
Who gather wealth through fraud and crime  
And drag the nation's honor through the slime.

CHORUS.

We have no room for money-kings  
And their humble slaves, the corrupt rings.  
All honest men united stand  
To drive the thieves and scoundrels from our land.

CHORUS.

A Zealous Worker.

LAKE LINDEN, Mich., July 13, 1894.

The following resolutions were adopted at a recent meeting of L. A. 1128:

Whereas, the Supreme Master Workman in His infinite wisdom has removed from our midst our beloved brother and fellow-worker, Charles F. Laube. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we bow in humble submission to the Supreme Master Workman's will.

Resolved, That in the decease of Brother Laube this Assembly has lost one of its most zealous workers and organized labor a staunch defender.

Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved parent and relatives our heartfelt sympathy in this hour of distress.

Resolved, That we draped our charter in mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That one meeting of this Assembly be set aside for the purpose of holding memorial services in honor of our deceased brother.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the records, a copy sent to the JOURNAL OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR and the Native Copper Times for publication, and a copy to his immediate relatives.

W. L. HAGEN, P. M. W.  
TILLIE E. HOFF, R. S.

All Honor to His Memory.

There are very few men in the ranks of organized labor in New York who held more of the esteem of his fellow-men than Brother Richard L. Raleigh, of L. A. 7148, Ship-Joiners, of New York City.

His health had been bad for some time, and on Saturday, July 21, he breathed his last.

He was an earnest advocate of labor's rights, and a champion of the cause of humanity.

Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved parent and relatives our heartfelt sympathy in this hour of distress.

Resolved, That we draped our charter in mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That one meeting of this Assembly be set aside for the purpose of holding memorial services in honor of our deceased brother.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the records, a copy sent to the JOURNAL OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR and the Native Copper Times for publication, and a copy to his immediate relatives.

W. L. HAGEN, P. M. W.  
TILLIE E. HOFF, R. S.

Sympathy Expressed.

The following resolution was adopted by the Cleveland Laundry-workers Assembly:

Resolved, railroads corporations after years of opposition, and support of all labor organizations, particularly of the Knights of Labor, pledged as they are to the service of humanity.

Resolved, That we extend to the American Railway Union its hearty sympathy, and express our best wishes for their success in this great struggle to abolish industrial slavery; that we cheerfully endorse the principles of the Knights of Labor.

Organizer to be Had.

Brother John N. Brown, of Parker's Lake, Minn., is the organizer of the Knights of Labor, and is the man to bring to workers and farmers in his district who want to organize into the Knights of Labor. He will promptly answer all calls.

## STORY.

## ... of My... DICTATORSHIP.

Printed by permission of the Steery Publishing Company, publishers of Henry George's works, 106 Fulton Street, New York.

CHAPTER X.

LAWYERS' QUERIES.

HIS lordship's looked exceedingly uncomfortable, not to say mortified, and this caused great embarrassment among his conferees. He was about to say something, as if anxious to restore his dignity—which seemed to have completely deserted him during the lesson I read him about compensation—but could only stammer a few incoherent words about cruelty, theft and illegality. His followers, seeing his embarrassment, pushed a lawyer forward—a little man with a huge wig, under which he almost disappeared.

"We want none of your rhetoric, nor your insolence either, but shall insist on having our legal claims recognized," he burst out. To which I quietly replied:

"As for legal claims, you have absolutely none. As a lawyer you ought to know so much, that a legal claim can only be established by law; and under laws that had once been repealed

## MINE AND THINE.

## A Story of Conflicting Interests.

"Forgiveness is the Only Cure of Injury."

BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS.

[Written for the JOURNAL OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR. Rights reserved.]

## BOOK III.—THE HARVEST HOME.

## CHAPTER II.

A TRUE KNIGHT.

**M**R. GORTER.""Yes?"  
Here's a story I'd like to work up," and Hopkins laid his finger upon an advertisement in that morning's *Journal*.

Mr. Gorter's eyebrows went up several millimeters. "That?" he said; "do you know what it means?"

"Oh! I know," said Hopkins. "I was in the office when it came in."

"And what do you mean to do about it? I don't quite understand."

"Apply for the job," said Hopkins; "there might be some spicy revelations; anyhow, the public ought to know just what goes on."

"Humph!" said Mr. Gorter; "but if you happened to be chawed up in the meanwhile, they never would know?"

"Well, I'll risk that if you will," returned the young man.

"All right; go to-day, and take—well—take as long as you need. It's hard to say how long that will be. I wouldn't waste too much time on it though; you ought to see all there is in a couple of days."

"Unless some contingency—"

"Oh! hang your contingency! Look here! This is Friday; well on Monday, if you're not back, you can direct a postal to my box—no name—sign it McGinty if you like or Annie Rooney—"

"Too stale," said Hopkins; "I'll sign it Troubadour."

"There's nothing the matter with your initials, so far as I can see," said Mr. Gorter; "but I don't care what in the mischief you sign it, or whether you sign it at all. Be off now, I'm busy."

The spring evening was closing in as Hopkins made his appearance at the address designated in the advertisement. But was it Hopkins? There were no violets in his button-hole—there was, indeed, a decided scarcity of buttons; his coat was pinned tightly across his breast in an ineffectual attempt to conceal the stained, weather-beaten, gray flannel shirt—which had once done duty as a part of a bathing costume; his trousers were threadbare, patched, and baggy at the knee; and of his hat, the least said the soonest mended; sooner in any case than the hat itself.

"Room 417," the advertisement had said. Hopkins ran lightly up the steps of the stately building in which this room was located, and looked around for the number. There were many other footprints behind and before him, all apparently bent on the same errand—"the élite," Hopkins called them, though there were several respectable-looking men, evidently only out of a job lately, but with weary, haggard faces, as if they had had quite enough of that hideous anomaly—looking for work.

In this society Hopkins found himself in a large bare room, at one end of which a pleasant-faced gentleman sat behind a small deal table, on which were pens and ink and a number of business-like blank forms of some sort or other. Just as he entered there turned away from this table a man in shabby raiment and a towering passion; a gaunt, hollow-cheeked, cavernous-eyed fellow, with the frame and general appearance of an athlete gone to seed.

"I say, all you fellows," he called in stentorian tones, "do you know what you're wanted here for? Pinkertons! Pinkerton detectives!" with a string of oaths, which was interrupted by the pleasant-faced gentleman, who came up behind the speaker and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"My good friend," he said, "you are traveling entirely outside of the record. We don't propose to engage any man without telling him why he is wanted, and what for; so it is perfectly optional with any one to consent or refuse."

"Optional!" said the man; "yes, it's optional with me, ain't it? I've got a woman and four kids starving at home—home? My God!—and I've had neither bite nor sup myself since yesterday morning; but I'm not so low yet as to take bread-money!"

"It's your own lookout, of course," said the pleasant-faced gentleman quietly; but we can't have a disturbance here, you know; hadn't you better be going?"

Hopkins followed, as the agent, with the same calm smile, opened the door and allowed the man to fling himself out.

"See here, mate," said the reporter, "have you got the strength to carry a line—but Lord! where shall I send him for that will-o'-the-wisp!"

"I ain't a beggar," said the man sullenly; "but strength? I've got strength to choke the life out of that sneering, smiling devil in there!"

Hopkins had not waited for an answer to take out his note-book and write a line to Robin:

"I'm off on a job. Get some help for this man from some one, and I will pay you when I get home."

"Yours, HOPPY."

"Give this boy your name and address," he said, "and I'll look you up when I get home."

"And you with a job like this," said the man, who had coolly read the note Hopkins had addressed and given him. "Do you suppose, blank you, that I'd take a penny from you? If I won't earn blood-money, do you think I'll beg for it?"

"I don't know how you'll live then," said Hopkins coolly; "there ain't many things going but are marked with somebody's blood. As Kingsley didn't say exactly:

"There's blood on the coat you wear, Squire,  
There's blood on the shoes on your feet;  
There's blood on the coal you burn, Squire,  
There's blood on the bread you eat."

"That's God's truth, whoever said it," observed the man faintly; for his passion had passed, and the hope that had buoyed him up had expired, so that he felt his own weakness. "If any man would only hold together," he went on, "there'd not be one in the fix I am to-day. Taint drink nor laziness, mate, but sheer bad luck; but I won't be made a weapon of against my brothers that are fighting for freedom. Protect the property of the railroad? I'd sooner send it to—"

"Oh! blow that!" said Hopkins; "shut up and do as you're bid." He looked the man steadily in the eye. "I'm all right," he said emphatically. "Take this paper and get some food for your wife and children."

The man sullenly obeyed, and staggered down the steps.

"Don't give me his name after all! I wish I could have investigated him," thought Hopkins; "but as it is I may have spoilt my own job by parleying with him!"

This fear proved unfounded, and he was a little disappointed to find no element of tragedy or lawlessness in the manner of his engagement. How should there be when the hiring of private detectives is permitted by the law? as regularly a part of the capitalist's prerogative as a troop of marauding retainers of that of the medieval robber baron. But as neither the baron nor his troop could have read the contract which Hopkins was presently required to sign, the reporter concluded that civilization had not after all been perfectly stationary. It was a very fair agreement—"good thing if all workmen were lucky enough to strike up as fair a one," thought Hopkins—obliging the Company to pay fifteen dollars a week, with further particulars of board and lodging (laundrying was not mentioned, probably as superfluous for a Pinkerton), while the reporter contracted to defend the Company's property against loss or injury, etc., etc., etc.

"But who's to defend me?" thought Hopkins mournfully, as he surveyed his new companions while under process of being "marshalled through the night" in company with about a score of as tattered, out-at-elbows, rag-tag and bobtail a set as ever were got together since Falstaff's time. "Leprosy or Asiatic cholera is the least I can expect."

He shrugged his shoulders under the threadbare coat which, with some hints as to costume, he had borrowed from a friend in the theatrical line.

"Don't overdress the part," the friend had said; "remember you've got to eat, sleep and maybe work with your togs on. Don't aim at a disguise; look seedy, that's all."

Overdressing? Hopkins was quite sure he had not done *that*, as the soft, cold spring rain, into which the delicious morning had melted, pattered to his very marrow. He thought of Sybil, and how she had called him a duck of a reporter, according to Robin; though whether the girl had ever used such an expression is more than doubtful; then he tried to warm himself with heroism; but there was not a shade of romance in such rain as that, and he heartily wished himself at home. There was, however, a momentary satisfaction in remembering that he had not signed his own name to the agreement. The contingency of being required to do so had not occurred to him a moment beforehand, and he had therefore had no time for reflection; but his conversation with Mr. Gorter had left a residuum in his brain which resulted in the bold signature—

M. A. N. RICO.

"You don't look like a foreigner," the agent had remarked.

"I ain't," replied Hopkins so solidly that the agent shrugged his shoulders and was silent.

The remembrance of this episode rather tickled Hopkins; he tried to keep warm by dwelling upon it, but the result was such a dismal failure that pneumonia or worse would have been his portion had he not hit upon the plan of recalling all the mean things he had ever been guilty of, and imagining what that pretty daughter of Merriman's would say if she knew about them.

Just why he should have fixed upon Sybil as his judge it is hard to say; for, since a certain bitter experience in his youth, Hopkins had never been a lady's man; but the plan, though singular, was efficacious, and got him into a precipitation directly.

## CHAPTER III.

"PASS THE BEARER."

THE objective point of the ragged regiment into which Hopkins now found himself mustered turned out to be the very warehouse in sight of which he had once been escorted by Robin. Within doors, two cheap kerosene lamps hung against the walls, and showed a large room, roughly fitted up with bunks, benches, and long tables made of planks laid upon trestles. At one end a sort of caboose had been established, in charge of a son of Darkest Africa, who promptly repulsed all efforts of the drenched new-comers to warm and dry themselves at his fire.

Against the practiced wiles of a professional newspaper man, however, Cato was not proof; and by a judicious intermingling of Southern accent and Irish blarney—both donned for the occasion, like his disguise—Hopkins managed to get himself thoroughly dry and warm; also to fortify himself against coming woes with a good supper and a waterproof overcoat, which Cato had inherited from a "gen'plum," who had given it to him to brush, and then got himself killed in a tunnel accident.

By the time this had been accomplished, Hopkins was marshalled into very uneven ranks with his fellow-Pinkertons, hearing from the rear Cato's felicitations that one of them at least knew enough to carry his gun without spilling the charge; though, as the weapons now distributed were Winchester rifles, precaution on that score was perhaps superfluous.

"Now dis is w'enst I says my pr'r," remarked Cato sarcastically; "I kin face de cabbage lightnin', an' I don't keev much w'en de locomotive busts up; but w'en I sees dem guns a-pintin' as many ways as a coon's bristles w'en you tickles his ribs wid de nose of a dog—gentlemen, it make my blood run cole fo' sho'!"

Hopkins' blood ran cold also as he was marched away; but though two guns go off accidentally, no one seemed to be hurt; and he found himself stationed at a gate, with orders to admit no one without a pass.

"I suppose you can read writing?" said the officer.

"Sometimes," said Hopkins.

"Well, you seemed to me to have more brains than the rest of this blankity-blank crew—"

"Oh! I've got brains enough," remarked Hopkins; "but there's some kinds of writin' that old Nick himself couldn't read!"

The officer was not quite easy in his mind, perhaps, but his material was limited. "I'll be back myself in about half an hour," he said, "so if any one should come with a paper you can't read, just hold him till I get here."

"There's a modest request!" thought the sentry, as he was left alone with his rifle and his dark lantern. "Hold him? and if a dozen come, I'm to hold them too, I shouldn't wonder! Humph! a Pinkerton's life is not a happy one, on a night like this! I'd feel easier in my mind if I knew where the next fellow was and which way his gun was pointed. And though, to be sure, the barrel must be half-full of rain-water by this time—that, unfortunately, won't hurt the charge. What a pity they didn't give us Continental flint locks!—not one of this crew knows enough to keep his powder dry! Hello! what's that?"

It was a cautious footstep approaching him, then halting before the gate, while the stepper whispered: "I've a pass."

"Plunk it down," said Hopkins, in what he considered true Pinkerton language.

"Pass bearer, Charles F. Merriman."

That was all, except a date, but it took Hopkins some time to spell it out, with the aid of the lantern and much turning and twisting of body and contortions of countenance, in the midst of which a sudden beam from the friendly lantern shone upon the face of his visitor.

"I guess it's all right. Pass."

The man swore a round oath at him for his stupidity and hurried in.

"Seems to come by appointment," said Hopkins; "wonder where the other man is?"

The new-comer seemed to share this feeling, for he came to the gate once or twice and looked out impatiently; then Hopkins heard him moving about under the sheds within the freight-yard; and at last he questioned the guard whether any one—any man—had passed by, missing the gate in the darkness. Upon being assured, with the ungrammatical discourtesy proper to his role, that neither hoof nor horn of any such person had been seen, the man, in a voice which was very like Horner's, swore that if he had been trifled with and "shook off," he would, etc., etc.; but this course not proving immediately efficacious, he retired again under shelter, where he still remained when, about two o'clock, Hopkins was relieved.

It was a cautious footstep approaching him, then halting before the gate, while the stepper whispered: "I've a pass."

"Plunk it down," said Hopkins, in what he considered true Pinkerton language.

"Pass bearer, Charles F. Merriman."

That was all, except a date, but it took Hopkins some time to spell it out, with the aid of the lantern and much turning and twisting of body and contortions of countenance, in the midst of which a sudden beam from the friendly lantern shone upon the face of his visitor.

"I guess it's all right. Pass."

The man swore a round oath at him for his stupidity and hurried in.

"Seems to come by appointment," said Hopkins; "wonder where the other man is?"

The new-comer seemed to share this feeling, for he came to the gate once or twice and looked out impatiently; then Hopkins heard him moving about under the sheds within the freight-yard; and at last he questioned the guard whether any one—any man—had passed by, missing the gate in the darkness. Upon being assured, with the ungrammatical discourtesy proper to his role, that neither hoof nor horn of any such person had been seen, the man, in a voice which was very like Horner's, swore that if he had been trifled with and "shook off," he would, etc., etc.; but this course not proving immediately efficacious, he retired again under shelter, where he still remained when, about two o'clock, Hopkins was relieved.

It was a cautious footstep approaching him, then halting before the gate, while the stepper whispered: "I've a pass."

"Plunk it down," said Hopkins, in what he considered true Pinkerton language.

"Pass bearer, Charles F. Merriman."

That was all, except a date, but it took Hopkins some time to spell it out, with the aid of the lantern and much turning and twisting of body and contortions of countenance, in the midst of which a sudden beam from the friendly lantern shone upon the face of his visitor.

"I guess it's all right. Pass."

The man swore a round oath at him for his stupidity and hurried in.

"Seems to come by appointment," said Hopkins; "wonder where the other man is?"

The new-comer seemed to share this feeling, for he came to the gate once or twice and looked out impatiently; then Hopkins heard him moving about under the sheds within the freight-yard; and at last he questioned the guard whether any one—any man—had passed by, missing the gate in the darkness. Upon being assured, with the ungrammatical discourtesy proper to his role, that neither hoof nor horn of any such person had been seen, the man, in a voice which was very like Horner's, swore that if he had been trifled with and "shook off," he would, etc., etc.; but this course not proving immediately efficacious, he retired again under shelter, where he still remained when, about two o'clock, Hopkins was relieved.

It was a cautious footstep approaching him, then halting before the gate, while the stepper whispered: "I've a pass."

"Plunk it down," said Hopkins, in what he considered true Pinkerton language.

"Pass bearer, Charles F. Merriman."

That was all, except a date, but it took Hopkins some time to spell it out, with the aid of the lantern and much turning and twisting of body and contortions of countenance, in the midst of which a sudden beam from the friendly lantern shone upon the face of his visitor.

"I guess it's all right. Pass."

The man swore a round oath at him for his stupidity and hurried in.

"Seems to come by appointment," said Hopkins; "wonder where the other man is?"

The new-comer seemed to share this feeling, for he came to the gate once or twice and looked out impatiently; then Hopkins heard him moving about under the sheds within the freight-yard; and at last he questioned the guard whether any one—any man—had passed by, missing the gate in the darkness. Upon being assured, with the ungrammatical discourtesy proper to his role, that neither hoof nor horn of any such person had been seen, the man, in a voice which was very like Horner's, swore that if he had been trifled with and "shook off," he would, etc., etc.; but this course not proving immediately efficacious, he retired again under shelter, where he still remained when, about two o'clock, Hopkins was relieved.

It was a cautious footstep approaching him, then halting before the gate, while the stepper whispered: "I've a pass."

"Plunk it down," said Hopkins, in what he considered true Pinkerton language.

"Pass bearer, Charles F. Merriman."

That was all, except a date, but it took Hopkins some time to spell it out, with the aid of the lantern and much turning and twisting of body and contortions of countenance, in the midst of which a sudden beam from the friendly lantern shone upon the face of his visitor.

"I guess it's all right. Pass."

The man swore a round oath at him for his stupidity and hurried in.

"Seems to come by appointment," said Hopkins; "wonder where the other man is?"

The new-comer seemed to share this feeling, for he came to the gate once or twice and looked out impatiently; then Hopkins heard him moving about under the sheds within the freight-yard; and at last he questioned the guard whether any one—any man—had passed by, missing the gate in the darkness. Upon being assured, with the ungrammatical discourtesy proper to his role, that neither hoof nor horn of any such person had been seen, the man, in a voice which was very like Horner's, swore that if he had been trifled with and "shook off," he would, etc., etc.; but this course not proving immediately efficacious, he retired again under shelter, where he still remained when, about two o'clock, Hopkins was relieved.

It was a cautious footstep approaching him, then halting before the gate, while the stepper whispered: "I've a pass."

"Plunk it down," said Hopkins, in what he considered true Pinkerton language.

"Pass bearer, Charles F. Merriman."

That was all, except a date, but it took Hopkins some time to spell it out, with the aid of the lantern and much turning and twisting of body and contortions of countenance, in the midst of which a sudden beam from the friendly

## MINE AND THINE.

## A Story of Conflicting Interests.

Forgiveness is the Only Cure of Injury."

BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS.

(Written for the JOURNAL OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR. Rights reserved.)

## BOOK III.—THE HARVEST HOME.

## CHAPTER IV.

POOR, PRETTY MYRTLE."

TWO days later, while Hopkins, after reporting to his chief, was writing a spy account of his experience for the *Journal*, Mrs. Speltizer hustled about her kitchen, busy preparing a basket, which was to go on Myrtle's arm, to the sick children of some of those Italians on whose behalf the strike had begun.

Suddenly a whirlwind seemed to sweep through the house; but Mrs. Speltizer only laughed. "I knew it was you, Robin," she said. "There, leave my head on, do; it may not be as good as some folks, but it's all I've got."

"Oh! I wish you were my real aunt," burst out the boy; "though even a step-aunt is better than nothing, and Uncle Dan says she hates you and didn't want you to know; but will you come to her, please? She's crying her eyes out."

"Crying? Your aunt? dear me, Robin, has anything happened?"

"Nothing bad," reassuringly; "only a lawyer man says I've got five hundred dollars coming to me; but she didn't want him to know I was alive."

"Five hun—alive?—dear me, my darling boy, you must be mistaken."

"That's what he said, anyway," returned Robin. "You see old Merriman asked me if I was related to him, and I said no. How was I to know his brother Bob was named Roland? People ought to tell things straight when they tell 'em at all. Won't it be funny to call him Uncle Charles? But I'm real glad I'm Sybil's cousin. Didn't you always say we looked alike?"

"Deary me!" said Mrs. Speltizer, letting herself fall into a chair; "my dear Myrtle, will you open the kitchen door and the window? I feel—surprised!"

"Great sweet potatoes!" said Robin; "but I'm glad I ain't a woman! She's got to cry too!"

"Oh! Indeed, my dear boy, you are mistaken this time," said Aunt Corny, wiping her eyes with the corner of her kitchen apron. "I'm not crying at all; but as to understanding a word you've said, even the professor could hardly do that. Do you really mean you are poor, dear Bob's darling little boy?"

"That's me every time," said Robin; "but you're only my step-aunt, you know, worse luck! I say, Aunt Corny, come along to Aunt Eileen first, and understand afterward, will you?"

"Indeed, Robin, the professor is even more right than he always is when he talks about your instinct being wayward. Of course I'll go; but you must kiss me first, for poor, dear Bob! Deary me! why if I had not been as stupid as an owl I'd have known it long ago, you are so like him!"

It was, however, several minutes before she was able to complete her arrangements with Myrtle as to the proper delivery of the dainties in the big basket.

"Oh! I'll see to 'em, Aunt Corny, don't you fret," the girl said cheerfully.

"But, Myrtle, the family that live across the railroad near that new factory; I did not mean you to go there; I meant to leave it for the last and send you home."

"As if I'd have let you go alone through all them Pinkertons," the girl said steadily. "If I ain't ever been up to that hill since I saw Jim killed there while he was couplin' the cars, and me waitin' to say good-by again, just as he was ready to start—well, that ain't no reason I should keep away from there forever, is it?"

"But the Pinkertons, Myrtle? Oh! deary me, you can never go there alone!"

"Pinkertons!" said Myrtle grimly. "Let one of 'em just dare to say a word to me, that's all. Just let him das!"

"She'll be all right, Aunt Corny," said Robin. "Johnny Farman's sitting on a fence up there, now, whistling—at least he was whistling when I left—and he can knock down any of those old bloats. You come to Aunt Eileen."

There seemed nothing for Aunt Corny to do but yield, but she looked back as they crossed the street, and waved her hand to poor, pretty Myrtle, with her black dress and her sweet, sad face, as she stood at the gate between the syringes bushes, with the basket on her arm. Aunt Corny was glad to remember that wave of the hand afterward, and how Myrtle had smiled and kissed her fingers in return.

Leroy's house was empty when they reached it, and, when they had satisfied themselves of this, Aunt Corny would have returned to accompany Myrtle on her errand of love; but there was no trace of the girl visible in all the street, and they could not guess which way she had chosen to go first. So as Aunt Corny was trembling sorely with excitement by this time, and as Robin coaxed her, she was easily persuaded to sit down in the little dining-room and hear all that he could tell her about this new and astonishing relationship, which was, after all, no blood relationship at all. Then the professor came in, having returned to find the Arbor vacant, and directed by a kind and observant neighbor, and finding them looking at the great family Bible which Eileen had kept, and always jealousy hidden that any one less ingenuous than Robin could hardly have found it—he had to hear the whole story, though in rather a confused and heterogeneous fashion. For the fly-leaf bore the words:

"TO ROBERT, ON HIS WEDDING-DAY, FROM HIS SISTER CORNELIA."

and the record leaves testified to the marriage and parentage of Robin's father and mother, and to his own birth. To which was added, in the odd, pointed hand Lenore had learned abroad, the date of her husband's death; her own was bracketed with it in Eileen's unformed writing, and over against the two, "Murdered by Charles F. Merriman."

Then, even as Aunt Corny was crying over this, and saying that—"Deary me! I was sure dear Charles never meant anything of the sort!"—and Robin was asking what it all meant anyhow, and being answered by the professor that it was only a part of the world's wild discords, there came first the whistle and rumbling of a train, then a sharp rattle of firearms, and then a great roar, terrible roar!—ah! poor, pretty Myrtle!

She had chosen—it was very like Myrtle—to get the hardest part of her task over first, and so had started up the street toward the factory. To her surprise, every foot of the way was crowded and both sides of the track were black with human figures. When she started to cross the track, a voice called to her sharply, and, as she did not turn, Johnny Farman came racing after her.

"Mr. Leroy says you'd better not get over on that side," said Johnny. "Them dog-gone Pinkertons are there; where you goin' anyway?"

"What's brought the crowd?" asked Myrtle; "say, Johnny, come with me and carry my basket, will you? It's very heavy."

"Can't miss the fun," said Johnny, "or I would. The word was passed up and around just now that the first freight train was going out since the strike, and we've turned out for the moral effect, and to see how the 'seabs' get along."

"There won't be any trouble, I hope?"

"Trouble? now! don't you see the committee over there, 'spresly to keep order? Old Horney wouldn't look as fresh as he does if he knew all I know! But Robin won't let me tell."

"Well, this basket don't get any lighter by standing," said Myrtle, "and, if you won't go with me, I'll go alone."

"Not yet," said Johnny, "for there she comes! Cross over this side, quick!"

He caught the basket from her and darted back, followed quickly by Myrtle, just as the long, heavily-laden train appeared at the curve, manned by "seabs," and the top of each car guarded by Pinkertons. It was a very insecure position for them; they clutched each other wildly as though to prevent the fall they had good reason to dread. Then there came from the crowd a low, sullen, angry hiss; perhaps it set the epistle upon the Pinkertons' blind fright, and their rifles went off without absolute intention on the part of anybody, though there were plenty to swear that such aim as was possible to such marksmen was deliberately taken. At all events there was a scattering fire, and a roar of execution; then came Leroy's stentorian voice ordering quiet, a surging to and fro of the throng, wavering, wanting only a leader, to rush upon the slowly-moving train and rend the murderers in fragments. Then the train was gone, amid a volley of mud and stones which the leaders were unable to restrain, and more shots from the Pinkertons;—and then the crowd parted and held its breath with pity; for there, in the midst, knelt Johnny Farman, himself streaming with blood, supporting upon his arm the head of poor, pretty Myrtle, dead, quite dead; killed not twenty yards from the spot where her lover also had been crushed under the wheels of our American Juggernaut.

## CHAPTER V.

GOOD-BY!

"ND you mean to say," said Horner, "that we've got to sit down and take this sort of thing—our women and children shot down under our eyes and no effort made to defend them?"

"If raidin' that—factory and burnin' them dogs alive would bring Myrtle to life or cure up the others any quicker, there'd be some good in talkin'," said Leroy as it is."

"Why, as it is, Dan, it would be throwing away—not just more lives, but all we're fighting for. The public are mighty keen on *that* point, little as they know about others. Some of 'em, I guess the majority, admit that since labor

is a commodity, we've got a right to hold it back so's to raise the price, same as if it was grain or lard; but if them—thugs provoke us till they'd aggravate Job himself into firing the shops, we've got to keep quiet; because any kind of violence will be blamed straight and sure on the strikers. They'll hold us responsible every time."

"Much we need care for that, if we can terrorize the Company?"

"Terrorize your grandmother's gray cat!" said Elkins. "The Company want nothing better."

"We could lick the thugs in five minutes," persisted Horner.

"Five minutes! they wouldn't fire a shot if they knew we meant business; but could we lick the entire military force of the State?"

"Of the Union, for that matter," said Leroy; "Horner, you mean well, but you're a fool; don't you know that's just what the Pinkertons are here for? Of course the Company know there's no real protection for their property in such material as that, and all they mean it for is desperation. What I dread is that some low-life scoundrel may do some damage that they can shun over on us."

"Then we are to sit still and see them 'seabs' take the bread out of our mouths?" Leroy, I wouldn't say it outside, but you know, with that great mind of yours, that they are getting the road in working order; this strike is going to fail!"

Leroy gnawed his moustache savagely without replying; but Elkins said:

"Well, we took the chances of failure when we went into it; it was a bad time for it, but you was hopeful enough then, Horner."

"'Ol' dry up," said Leroy fiercely; "don't holler before you're hit; we ain't beaten yet anyway; and what we've got to do is to draw up a manifesto, that will set public opinion dead against them thugs."

They set themselves to work with the readiness of men who were well accustomed to the production of such documents; only Horner seemed to have little heart in it. The place where they had gathered for their impromptu committee meeting was Leroy's parlor; the time, about an hour after the freight train had passed.

In the midst of their labors, a shadow fell upon them; they looked up to see Sybil Merriman standing in the open door. She was deadly pale, with wide, horrified eyes; there were gouts and splashes of blood all down the pretty fawn-colored frock.

"Gentlemen," said Sybil—her voice faltered, broke; Leroy with gruff kindness rose and put her into a chair, for she could hardly stand. "It's pretty rough on you, Miss Sybil, having to see all this; you're kinder torn to pieces, as it were," on you, Miss Sybil, having to see all this; you're kinder torn to pieces, as it were,"

she said.

"Yes," said the girl, less formally, but with set, white lips, and a tense look upon her pretty face. "Yes, I am torn to pieces, Mr. Leroy; I have kept away from Crocus Avenue on account of that; because I knew you—all of you—blamed pap, and I could not—I mean I did not know how to defend him. But to-day I could not stay away—and I came just in time!" A strong shudder shook her from head to foot, but her eyes were dry.

"Poor child," said Leroy, "you'd better go home, Miss Sybil; Crocus Avenue is a bad place for you now; we know you, and feel just the same as ever for you, which is as fond as if you was our own daughter; but there's them Eyetalians, you know, they're not much better than brutes at the best of times, and if they should just remember that you are Merriman's daughter..."

"And, oh! such a good father as he has been to me!" cried the girl.

"Yes, my child," said Leroy, "I don't doubt it; they often are."

"But what I came to tell you is this," said Sybil, springing to her feet, though she was obliged to cling to Leroy's arm for support, "papa is not wicked, I'm sure he is not; he did not mean all the dreadful things to happen that have happened, as the people here say he did; he will be horribly, horribly shocked when he hears of it, and I am sure—oh! I am quite, quite sure that he will send those dreadful men away at once!"

Leroy looked down into the girl's appealing face, then glanced at his companions. Elkins did not raise his head; his left hand shaded his eyes, and, with the pencil in his right, he scrawled meaninglessly upon the paper before him; but Horner's face wore a grin of derision.

"I think women had better mind their own business," he said.

"Hold your tongue!" replied Leroy sternly. "My dear little girl," he went on in a different tone, "maybe the good Lord my mother used to talk about put that notion in your head; but tain't for me to speak of, for nor against. Are you going home now? Yes? Well, you can't walk to the street cars even. Is your carriage here?"

"No," she murmured faintly; "I wouldn't come in a carriage—you understand why?"

"Yes, yes," he said, "that was all right. Horner, run up to the corner and telephone for a cab, will you? and be quick about it, confound you!"

"You'll be apt to get enough of that pet of yours before you are done with him," observed Elkins when Horner had departed.

"Oh! he's useful," said Leroy; "and there must always be some deadwood in a committee."

"As props for the big heads, I suppose," said Elkins in his dry way; but Leroy did not reply, and there was no more conversation until the cab arrived. Then Leroy, with that rough tenderness of his, put Sybil into it, and the committee returned to their manifesto.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Open Letter to a Striker.

(Continued from first page.)

increase in the productiveness of labor would leave the laborer in a but little better condition. God himself cannot help us unless we help ourselves, for we see that increased fertility of soil or of labor cannot create wealth.

It is proposed for the present undesirable condition of affairs to remove its cause. Give profitable employment to the idle; make the rewards and inducement to labor greater and the rewards of idleness less. Encourage production and legislation against attempts to restrict production. Tax monopoly; allow no privilege to any individual or corporation; there is no advantage in a powerful organization and endurance of a single person; the result of such personal benefit for a community's good, that, if properly directed, could obtain much more than you have been striving for.

Put aside all minor questions, pick out good men to represent you and before voting for them pledge each one to support the cause of labor. Let the people in the community be educated to distinguish from a historical sense, the land belongs of right to everybody, then every body, without exception, must share in the benefits of the land.

This remedy is all in your own hands, if you will make the fight, where the Constitution provides that you should make it—at the ballot-box. You must go into politics, not for plunder, but for right. The great sympathetic strikes are a powerful organization and endurance of a single person; the result of such personal benefit for a community's good, that, if properly directed, could obtain much more than you have been striving for.

Let the people of the country resume their former competition with each other, their former competition will be a benefit to all.

This remedy is all in your own hands, if you will make the fight, where the Constitution provides that you should make it—at the ballot-box. You must go into politics, not for plunder, but for right. The great sympathetic strikes are a powerful organization and endurance of a single person; the result of such personal benefit for a community's good, that, if properly directed, could obtain much more than you have been striving for.

Let the people of the country resume their former competition with each other, their former competition will be a benefit to all.

This remedy is all in your own hands, if you will make the fight, where the Constitution provides that you should make it—at the ballot-box. You must go into politics, not for plunder, but for right. The great sympathetic strikes are a powerful organization and endurance of a single person; the result of such personal benefit for a community's good, that, if properly directed, could obtain much more than you have been striving for.

Let the people of the country resume their former competition with each other, their former competition will be a benefit to all.

This remedy is all in your own hands, if you will make the fight, where the Constitution provides that you should make it—at the ballot-box. You must go into politics, not for plunder, but for right. The great sympathetic strikes are a powerful organization and endurance of a single person; the result of such personal benefit for a community's good, that, if properly directed, could obtain much more than you have been striving for.

Let the people of the country resume their former competition with each other, their former competition will be a benefit to all.

This remedy is all in your own hands, if you will make the fight, where the Constitution provides that you should make it—at the ballot-box. You must go into politics, not for plunder, but for right. The great sympathetic strikes are a powerful organization and endurance of a single person; the result of such personal benefit for a community's good, that, if properly directed, could obtain much more than you have been striving for.

Let the people of the country resume their former competition with each other, their former competition will be a benefit to all.

This remedy is all in your own hands, if you will make the fight, where the Constitution provides that you should make it—at the ballot-box. You must go into politics, not for plunder, but for right. The great sympathetic strikes are a powerful organization and endurance of a single person; the result of such personal benefit for a community's good, that, if properly directed, could obtain much more than you have been striving for.

Let the people of the country resume their former competition with each other, their former competition will be a benefit to all.

This remedy is all in your own hands, if you will make the fight, where the Constitution provides that you should make it—at the ballot-box. You must go into politics, not for plunder, but for right. The great sympathetic strikes are a powerful organization and endurance of a single person; the result of such personal benefit for a community's good, that, if properly directed, could obtain much more than you have been striving for.

Let the people of the country resume their former competition with each other, their former competition will be a benefit to all.

This remedy is all in your own hands, if you will make the fight, where the Constitution provides that you should make it—at the ballot-box. You must go into politics, not for plunder, but for right. The great sympathetic strikes are a powerful organization and endurance of a single person; the result of such personal benefit for a community's good, that,

## MINE AND THINE.

## A Story of Conflicting Interests.

"Forgiveness is the Only Cure of Injury."

BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS.

[Written for the JOURNAL OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR. Rights reserved.]

## BOOK III.—THE HARVEST HOME.

## CHAPTER V—(Continued).

SOMEWHAT calmed and stabled by the drive, but still sorely shaken, Sybil let herself in with her latch-key at her own door, and crossed the wide, handsome hall to her father's study. He was surely at home by this time, she thought; yet she paused with her hand upon the knob, as if she dreaded to meet a stranger. For indeed the rough words, the accusations, the curses upon him, that she had heard that day, clung about the image in her mind, and made him strange to her. Not that she believed him unscrupulous, greedy, or blood-thirsty, as those rough lips had called him, in words that smote her ears like blows as she hurried through the angry crowd; but she paused a moment to bring back the likeness of the kind, loving, gentle father she had loved all her young life, before she entered that room with which her fondest memories of him were entwined. Of him and of his goodness; for how often had she brought him there a story of distress, an appeal for help, and never once had he turned a deaf ear to the petition—nay, nor even an unwilling one; she could see now the odd little smile, as if anticipating her pleasure—just a little wrinkle under his moustache, that smile was, as he bent his head over purse or check-book;—then, the would-be indifferent manner as he put the gift into her hand, and the tears in his dear eyes, as she flung her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Ah! my dear," he would sometimes say, "that generous little heart of yours makes your father a very happy man."

This, however, was Justice, right—more common humanity—Sybil said to herself;—therefore he would be doubly, trebly, a hundred-fold more ready to listen and eager to grant; yet her limbs trembled under her, and her heart beat chokingly, as she slowly opened the door.

He sat, leaning back in a great arm-chair, facing her; his eyes were dreamy, and his face wore the look of one who is lost in thought; but he sprang to his feet in terror at sight of that white face, trembling form, and the blood upon his dress.

"My child!" he cried, "my darling, for God's sake, tell me what has happened to you!"

She was in his arms now, clinging round his neck, sobbing, trembling.

"Sybil!" he cried; "Sybil, my child, dearest in all the world, what is this?"

She struggled bravely not to distress him further; she crushed down the sobs that hindered speech, with the strength of will inherited from himself.

"I have been," she said, "on Crocus Avenue."

"Ah!" he said, clasping her close in angry apprehension; "and who dared molest you there? Come, tell me all! quick!"

"Molest me?" she said; "ah! no, papa, not one of them would do that; but Myrtie is dead, shot—oh! papa!"

"You should not have gone near the neighborhood in such times as these," he said in a relieved tone; "but heavens! child, you are all over blood!"

"It is Myrtle's blood," she said, "and Johnny's; poor little Johnny; his arm—but the sobs broke out again.

"You were foolish to go there," he said. "Who are Myrtle and Johnny?"

Then Sybil gathered her strength by a mighty effort, and told him the whole pitiful story, as she had gathered it from Aunt Corny, Robin and Johnny, whose wound she had helped to dress. "And, oh! papa, if you could see the pretty young thing, so pale and cold—"

"My child, hush! all this excitement is very bad for you; you will be ill to-morrow. Of course it is very sad and dreadful; but it cannot be helped now; and really those people brought it all on themselves."

"Papa! you did not hear me! They were quite unarmed, all of them! The Pinkertons made the first attack."

"Pshaw!—well, well, darling, we won't argue about it."

"Papa, I had it from eye-witnesses;—no, not strikers, nor their friends; the doctor who bound up Johnny's arm—"

"Yes, my dear, yes; have it your own way."

"But indeed it is true, papa."

"I won't talk about it, Sybil; you are not fit; you must go to bed at once, and have some—"

"Give me what I want, papa, and I shall sleep happily."

"Anything in reason—I mean, my dear, anything in my power."

Her sweet face flushed eagerly; this was the consent she had hoped for. "Papa," she said, standing unsupported, with her slender hands clasped and her eyes on his. She would not use any blandishments or coaxing; this was a matter of right and justice. "Papa, send all the Pinkertons away, every one of them, before another dreadful thing happens!"

The surprise upon his face showed that he expected no request so little as this.

"My dear," he began.

"Papa!" she cried in an agonized voice, "dear papa! oh! dear, dear papa! and clung about his neck again, as if holding desperately to the father she had loved and believed in.

For a moment he hesitated, whether to give the pledge and satisfy her; but it was not a thing that could be concealed, should he break it, as of course he must; while as for sending the detectives away when matters were progressing so well—though, to be sure, it was a pity a woman had been hurt—people made such a fuss about women—"My dear," he said, "we will talk of this to-morrow, when you are calmer."

"It isn't a matter that need be talked about, papa," she said; "do you want them to murder any more women? Perhaps it may be Aunt Corny next time—one of me."

"I shall take care that you are in a place of safety," he replied; "and your aunt should have sense enough, at her age, to keep out of danger. Take my word for it, Sybil, it is a great mistake when women meddle with matters that don't concern them."

"Papa, you will send them away for my sake?"

"My dear child, you are talking of things you don't understand. It is my duty to protect the Company's property."

"But such men as those are no protection—men who would fire, unprovoked, upon a defenseless crowd!"

"You do not know in the least, my child, what you are talking about. Go to bed now—I will send you something warm and comforting, and you will wake up my good, sweet, sensible girl."

She looked up in his face wistfully for a moment, then laid her head again upon his shoulder, with a feeling very like despair.

"There's my own good daughter," he said, pleased that she had ceased to urge him; "we will have a long talk about it to-morrow, and I think I can show you that I am doing only my duty;" and he bent his face to hers and kissed her.

"Good-by, papa," she said faintly. It was the father of her childhood to whom she bade farewell.

"Good-by?" he said, laughing. "you mean good-night, I suppose—why, Sybil! Sybil, my dear!" for in his arms, and with her head upon his shoulder, Sybil had slipped into merciful unconsciousness.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE COST OF THE STRIKE.

NOW all this while, what had become of Eileen? The news of the proposed moving of the freight train had been brought to her house, immediately after Robin had left it in search of Aunt Corny, and Horner and the tall, gaunt, desperate-looking man whom Hopkins had sent to the boy with a note from the office of the Pinkerton Agency. Robin, being himself out of cash, as usual, had referred the matter to Mr. Merriman, to whose office Hopkins had sent the man, rightly considering it the most likely locality to find the boy at that hour. The magnate was, as usual, kindly sympathetic; and when the man, on discovering to whom he had been sent, had vowed that though he must keep the money that had been given him—for both his resolution and his legs were weaker than when Hopkins had seen him—yet that he would use it and the strength he should gain by it to wreak vengeance in some way on the giver, Mr. Merriman had smiled compassionately, and had stood looking at the man with a singularly thoughtful expression.

"You see, my boy," he had said to Robin afterward, "what harm is done by these labor agitators with their incendiary speeches and crude ideas of political economy. I am sure I never heard of him or harmed him in my life; yet he chooses to fancy the N. and M. Road, and me as its representative, responsible for all his bad luck! Where would he be without railroads, I should like to know."

"Why, he could not very well be much worse off," said Robin simply.

That was on the Friday night; on the Saturday the gaunt one had made the acquaintance of Horner.

To return to the freight train. It had been closely watched all day, as it was awkwardly loaded and clumsily made up. Now the neighborhood was afire at

the tidings that it was about to move, to what purpose the reader already knows. Eileen's mental condition had, since the strike, been steadily growing worse, as, indeed, was only what might have been expected on the strictest scientific principles. For the structure of the brain, little as we know about it, has revealed one thing clearly enough; that hate is a condition of disease, as love is of health. For more than eight years Eileen had fostered her hatred of Charles Merriman as if it had been the child whom she believed that he had injured; and constant dwelling upon the one unhealthy idea had had its due and proper effect. The strike, with its promise of vengeance upon her enemy, had only deepened the injury; but with the dread of failure before her, she had sunk into a condition of silent melancholy. The excitement and shock of Myrtle's death and Johnny's wound restored her, however, almost to her usual self; but a fierce light burned in her deep-set, blue eyes, her lips were pressed closely together, and the few words that fell from them were words of vengeance.

When Leroy had hurried away to the printers with the manuscript proclamation which on the next morning he hoped to have widely distributed over the city, Horner upon some pretext followed Eileen into the kitchen.

"You heard all, in there?" he whispered.

She nodded.

"You think she can make her father give the sack to them thugs?"

She smiled bitterly, scornfully.

"To be sure, they can be tried for murder, as Leroy says," pursued the man.

"And hanged?" asked Eileen.

"Ah! not if boodle will prevent."

She gave a short, hard laugh.

Horner came close to her, and looked straight into her eyes. She returned his gaze unflinchingly.

"Are you game?" he asked.

"Try me!" she said.

"The strike is being lost for want of a bold move," he whispered. "We can't afford to let them freight trains run steady. See?"

She nodded silently.

"If it—a—an accident should happen it would intimidate the 'seabs,' and then we could terrorize them into joining the strike and the Union."

"You got in that way yourself, didn't you?"

"That's how I know," he replied boldly. "Are you game?"

" Didn't I say so?"

"Good! Mind, I say only a freight train. I'll have nothing to do with passenger accidents; I was in one, and they're too beastly horrible."

"It's all one to me," returned Eileen negligently.

"Oh! then you and me and a man I know—that's enough in it. Mind—not a whisper to—"

"Am I a fool?" asked the woman.

"If you ain't, your husband is," said the man coolly. "All right then, I'll see you again; we'll have Elkins nosing round if I stop any longer. Give me a jug of water to take in with me. Leroy is so dead set against beer."

"You look kinder smilin'," Horner, said Elkins, as the man re-entered the parlor. "What tickles you?"

"Why, it's so beastly foolish for a lot of men to sit down and drink water!" returned Horner. "Leroy's as big a fool about beer as he is about—other things!"

"He's been a pretty good friend to you, anyway; you'd never have been put on this committee but for him."

Horner's face grew into an ugly scowl. "I'm not so blazin' fond of having that thumbed up to me, Elkins," he said.

For, indeed, to force oneself for years to flatter and cajole; to know that the man whom he flatters is what the flatterer ought to be; to receive benefits and kindnesses and return them with deliberate treachery is cause enough for hatred. But Horner felt that he had found a way to get even, not only with Leroy and Elkins, but with Mr. Merriman himself, whom he hated equally, though a traitor.

"I'll teach him to lead me on up to the very minute of the strike, and then drop me like I was red-hot," said Horner to himself; "I'll teach him to skip appointments with me, and keep me standin' all night in a beastly wet yard, where I'd never have got if that blame sentry hadn't been too drunk or stupid to see it was an old pass. I'll wreck his blank train and have Leroy's wife help me; then whatever he says to her, he'll never dare give me away, even if he can prove I was there, which I don't mean he shall." But Horner reckoned without his guardian angel.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## COLUMBUS AGREEMENT VIOLATED.

Spring Valley (Ill.) Coal Company Refuses to Deal with the Committee of the Men.

The following letter shows how the coal companies of the county are inviting another conflict with their employees. Not content with starving their employees out, they now humiliate them in every manner possible and endeavor to tie the knot around each individual throat:

SPRING VALLEY, Ill., August 8, 1894.  
Editor:—I enclose hereinafter the ultimatum of the miners of this city, adopted by them at a mass-meeting held here yesterday. The miners are to meet again on Monday evening, and present their proposition to the General Manager, but that gentleman refused to treat with the committee in their official capacity. He said, "I will not do that, because you are not organized." Without success. The action of Mr. Daultel in refusing to meet the miners' committee is severely condemned by all classes of citizens. It is regarded as a repudiation of the miners' demands.

The coal companies have publicly announced that there are some hundreds of their former employees, especially those who have had a hand in the strike, among those who will not work from this company again.

Upon this point the chief part of the fight will center, as the men are determined that all miners who have been dismissed from this company shall be compelled to recognize a committee. I will not do that, and the miners stand.

And thus the miners' committee stands. And the coal companies are uncompromising in their stand.

On the other hand, the miners are uncompromising in their stand. And the miners' committee stands.

And onward, onward, upward and back. But they hold to the lip a bitter cup.

Whose dregs are the dregs of woe!

For the hopes of youth grow faint and die.

And the cold, hard world has never a sigh For the patient, childlike hands.

Ah, yes, those darlings in flower ways,  
Know naught of grim despair,  
Think of the heated summer days  
And your children working there,

Never never a cooling zephyr comes  
Through the factory's stifling breath,

Where the looms weave on and the spindle turns.

In a treadmifl round to death;

And onward, onward, upward and back;

In the close and crowded rooms,  
In the dark rooms on an endless track;

On spindles and shafts and looms;

With the sound of death in the iron glass,

Shakes out the dusky sands.

As the merciful, longed-for shadows pass

Over worn-out childlike hands.

## Short Snaps.

The national banks must go—excuse me, national robbers.

Wonder if the workers see any difference now between the two old parties?

In a contest between an empty stomach and the national banks.

Down in the depths of the factory's gloom

They gather at early dawn,

Where the ceaseless whirr of spindles and looms

Goes on and on;

And the god of gold in the tainted air

An invisible Moloch stands;

As he watches the fabrics wove there

By the toll of childlike hands.

Backward and forward, over and up,

Steadily still they go;

# MINE AND THINE.

## A Story of Conflicting Interests.

"Forgiveness is the Only Cure of Injury."

BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS.

(Written for the JOURNAL OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR. Rights reserved.)

### BOOK III.—THE HARVEST HOME.

#### CHAPTER VI—(Continued).

**R**OBIN had had, as he expressed it, all the stiffness knocked out of him by recent events, and had been sitting on the stairs in the dark, very much subdued and with very red eyes, of which he felt ashamed, when he saw Horner enter the kitchen, and heard low murmuring words which even his keen ears could not take in. As soon as Horner had retired and the coast was clear, Robin descended boldly.

"Aunt Eileen," he said, "what did that duffer want with you?"

"A jug of water," she answered sullenly.

"Jug? Dog-gone his impudence! he calls anything that will hold a drop a jug! What besides that?"

She caught him suddenly in her arms, her mood changing swiftly.

"My boy," she said, "my little prince, we'll have revenge yet, my Robin."

"Oh! auntie," he said, "revenge is such a mean, no-account business."

"No, no," she said wildly; "it's sweet, Robin; sweet, my pet. But mind, you are not to know of it."

"Oh I ain't I' then you'd better not tell me. See here, auntie, I was talking to the professor about it, and he says so too; and what the professor and Hoppy both say will do to freeze to. Revenge only makes things worse; it's increasing the world-discords. When my violin gets out of tune I don't smash her up, so as to get even; I tune her till she's all right; and that's what forgiveness means. Aren't you sorry for Uncle Charles? Oh! auntie, don't be a discord! Really he ain't a bad chap when you know him."

But Eileen had relapsed into silence, nor could all his blandishments win a word from her lips.

Robin was sorely perplexed; but being only ten years old, his perplexity did not keep him awake, and he arose the next morning feeling equal to this or any other situation, even though bereft of both his allies; for Johnny was abed with his wound, and Hopkins not to be looked for till afternoon. He followed Horner all day, to the bank and the docks—at neither of which places could he have had lawful business, according to the boy's opinion; and at last heard him make an appointment with one of the strikers—an Italian—to go together to the funeral of poor, pretty Myrtle. This, at least, Robin thought he might tell Leroy.

"You wanted the hour kept quiet, didn't you, Uncle Dan?" he asked.

"If he goes, others will; and one Italian is enough to make a riot," said Leroy. "I'll go speak to the professor about it."

Professor Tommy sat upon his small vine-covered porch, and listened in melancholy fashion to Leroy's message.

"Friend Leroy," he said at its close, "it matters little. When discord reigns in the heart, to repress it by physical means does but drive it deeper into the man's very being. Let it, therefore, if it will, bubble upward and outward, that so it may clear itself into calmness and peace."

"But the strike will be ruined, if—"

"Many strikes must be ruined—aye, lost—before the end," said Professor Tommy.

"I guess I was a fool for expecting anything practical from you," said Leroy to himself, as he dismally hurried home.

It was too late, however, to change the hour, and he was therefore compelled to adhere to the arrangements already made.

He had been gone about twenty minutes, during which Eileen had replied to a knock at her back gate, where she found Horner, and after a brief conference she returned to the house with a cruel, tigerish look in her eyes, and her red lips drawn back as in a snarl. She seemed dimly conscious that her looks might betray her, for when Leroy came in she kept her face turned away from him as she went about her work.

"I've just met Aunt Corny," he said. "Miss Sybil has not been well, it seems; she fainted last night—and no wonder, poor child—and they are going to send her to Braunecker Springs this afternoon, her and her maid."

"I might fain till I died, but no one would send me to the Springs," muttered Eileen.

"What's that? Eileen, I believe you are crazy!" said the man more truly than he knew.

Eileen did not answer, but she was ready when the carriages arrived, in a black dress and the veil she had worn for Lenore. The drive to the cemetery was very silent; Robin sat beside Aunt Corny, who held his hand very tight, and said once or twice: "Oh! deary me, Robin, it is a dreadful thing, but we mustn't feel angry about it, for that would be worst of all!"

Robin could say quite truthfully that he had no thought of being angry. He was "too much bothered," to use his own expression, as to how he was to manage, unless he could get hold of Hopkins; and Hoppy's one fault in the eyes of his youthful comrade was that he was as unreliable as Nonh's dove; he might materialize or he might not.

Eileen had her veil closely drawn over her face; she did not resent Robin's clinging to his "step-aunt," as she might have done at other times; to the poor brain-sick woman this was the supreme hour of her life; besides, soon, very soon, Robin would be all hers; separated from those others who dared to claim a share in him by the need in which she meant him to take part.

It was a surprise to every one to find Hopkins awaiting them at the cemetery, having come out by train. He gave his arm to Aunt Corny, who, between tears and her usual lameness, was glad to have it to lean upon; and Eileen followed them, holding fast to Robin's hand.

Then as they stood upon the very edge of the open grave, there came to the boy's ear, from behind that shrouding veil, whispers so terrible that his bright face grew pale as he listened.

"We are to take another carriage—Horner will be with us; the driver is one of us—in the plan," he heard; and then, "To-night, just at dark; in the tunnel, they will have trouble clearing away a wreck there," said the whisper.

Perhaps Robin would not have felt so anxious to save the property of the Rond had he not heard Horner's name. But Horner meant mischief, Robin was sure; this was the plot he had been at so long, and which neither Robin nor Johnny had been able to unravel. In truth, however, nothing had been further from Horner's mind than any injury to the Road until he had been impelled thereto by purposes of revenge, which was likely to be more complete than he had schemed; for, as the boy suddenly remembered, Sybil herself was to pass through the tunnel before sunset!

The heavy clods fell fast upon the coffin, the earth was heaped over the grave; the little party of mourners turned sadly away.

Robin writhed and struggled; just one word with Hoppy, he thought, would do the business; but Eileen's clutch upon his hand was like iron; and there was a chivalrous heart beating in his harem-acrem bosom that prevented his making an outcry; since he could not have betrayed Horner without involving her. Not a very wise course, perhaps, that which he finally hit upon; if he had called aloud and denounced both, he might have prevented a crime and saved a precious life; but, after all, his brain had not yet eleven years' thought marked upon it; and such a course would not merely have elicited a flat denial from Horner, thus casting the whole curse upon Eileen or Robin himself, but the rumors thereby generated would have been wellnigh as unfavorable to the cause of the strikers as the deed itself. And, alas! between humanity in general and one's own party in particular, the decision is predetermined to older minds than Robin's.

At the carriages a slight confusion took place: Hopkins and the professor stepped into the first in the line, and were driven off rapidly before Robin could manage to get a word with either: Aunt Corny was left in Leroy's care; and among the other changes involved Robin saw his opportunity. With one swift, silent wriggle he slipped his hand out of Eileen's clutch, darted under the horses, across the road, and was gone.

"What's the meaning of that?" demanded Leroy.

Eileen shook her head silently.

"Well, it's no great matter," he said, "the boy knows his way home, and is well able to take care of himself. Come along."

"I'll not go home with her," said Eileen in a low, intense voice, drawing back as he would have placed her beside Aunt Corny; "I had her whines and her 'deary me!' and her fuss over the boy, all the way out. Isn't that enough?" It was the pretext that had been concocted between herself and Horner; but her long-cherished jealousy made it plausible enough.

"If that's the way you feel, you shan't ride with her," he said angrily. "I'm ashamed of you, Eileen."

But when she and her hatred were young and pretty, Leroy had not been ashamed of either.

The plan was thus successful by its very simplicity. Leroy sprang into the carriage himself, Elkins took the place beside him, and they drove off, leaving Eileen to dispose of herself as she would. In the carriage wherein she now found herself were Horner, a tall, gaunt man, and a small, dark Italian, every fibre of whose agile, sinewy frame was tense with the idea of revenge.

"He's one of the first victims," whispered Horner, "don't you know him?"

There's another up beside the driver. I thought we'd better have four men—it may be a troublesome job, you know."

Yes, Eileen remembered the man's face, when her mind was brought back to it from the maze wherein it was helplessly wondering. He was one in whom Leroy had been interested; one whom he had inspired with the ambition to improve his condition, live more cleanly, and get his wages raised. All very good things, no doubt, but—especially as he had failed to attain them—they had left the man undefended against the present stress of temptation; may, they had but added bitterness and depth to his vendetta.

The carriage had disappeared around a turn in the road, when Robin ventured forth from his concealment, and stood wondering what he ought to do next, and whether it might not have been better policy to submit to his captor, and trust to luck to avert the danger.

The cemetery lay some four miles from town; and though that distance was a trifle to Robin, the time it would take to walk home was a very serious matter indeed. Opposite the gate stood the little railway station; quite a picturesque little building, too; for the earthly tabernacles of many rich and great were here interred; and their sorrowing relatives, when they drove out with a carriage-load of flowers, whose value would have made many a sad heart gay, would have been dispensed had the surroundings been marred by an unsightly edifice. So the little station was neat, and trimly kept; gay flower-beds adorned the grassy spaces front and rear; and from the further side, as Robin stood deliberating, came the sound of a whistle, and then a bell.

The boy made one spring across the space between the road and the station, another through the house, and stood on the platform, awaiting the train.

"A strike ain't a bad thing if it brings an accommodation along just when it's most needed and least expected," said Robin to himself; for, indeed, this particular train was an hour behind time.

He had no money except the gold-piece that had been given to him by Mr. Merriman, certainly with no idea that it would be put to its present use. It went to Robin's heart to break it, but there was nothing else to be done. "The first money I ever even tried to save," he said mournfully; "but now it's broken it's as good as gone. Well! anyway, if the 'scabs' don't skip the truck and smash me up, I'll get to town first and can lay for Hoppy and the professor."

This plan was successful enough. He hurried to the *Journal* office, where, as he had chanced to hear, Hopkins was to be deposited, with the idea of nabbing them both; but to his disgust the carriage set down the reporter at the corner and drove off toward the station.

"Now ain't that just my luck!" he said, hurrying to meet his friend. Hopkins' eyes grew large at the sight of him.

"Is it a Robin that I see before me?" he exclaimed. "You imp! Fuck is nothing to you! You could put a girdle round the earth in twenty minutes, let alone forty!"

"Fuck!" said Robin, "what's he got to do putting girdles on the earth when he wears himself is a spiket coat and a stovepipe hat? Don't talk rubbish, Hoppy. I mean business. I tell you it's awful, and Aunt Eileen is in it."

A few words of explanation made the reporter stagger against the wall, as white as his pocket handkerchief.

"Miss Merriman!" he faltered. "She may have started already! Run, Robin, for God's sake! stop the special! Don't let it leave!"

"You dunce, Hoppy, it's freight trains they're after—" but Hopkins had got his breath now, and was off. Then it came to the boy like a flash that there really was danger of such a nincompoop as Horner making any kind of a fool blunder; he shot after Hopkins, reached him easily, and caught his arm.

"You go to the freight-yards, Hoppy," he said; "stop any train that's leaving; but don't give away Aunt Eileen! I can run faster than you, and so I'll see to the old man and Syb."

Which seemed rational enough to Hopkins; but how he cursed himself afterward for consenting. For it appeared that Robin, on reaching the Central Station, had found the special train, which had been ordered for the President's daughter, already made up, and the President himself in the act of putting her into his private car. Just what impulse of shyness or timidity seized the boy, it is impossible to say; perhaps he was unwilling to betray Eileen thus to her enemy in person; perhaps he felt a diffidence about appearing before his new-found uncle for the first time in the character of a nephew; perhaps it was merely his usual preference for strategy over commonplace straightforwardness. But, at all events, he chose to lurk behind boxes and tales until the train had started, and then to fling himself on it at the risk of his life, and in full sight of Mr. Merriman.

That gentleman turned away with a pang at his heart, but a smile on his lips. "I don't wonder he's ashamed to face me," he thought. "To think that Bob's boy could deceive me as he has done. But I should have found and claimed him sooner; I must win him now by persistent kindness."

Meanwhile, Hopkins had reached the yards and found that a heavy freight train had been made up in two sections, one of which had departed half an hour ago, with orders to switch off just beyond the tunnel and let the special pass. The other stood awaiting the signal for departure; but at Hopkins' report that there was rumor of danger, the superintendent telegraphed the Central Office for orders. The answer was prompt:

"Hold the train and send the man here who brought the warning."

Hopkins jumped aboard an engine, by the superintendent's request, which took him over the short distance between the dépôts very quickly; but even so, precious minutes were lost, and when he reached the President's office he found that gentleman walking up and down in a very agitated manner.

"You?" he said, when Hopkins appeared. "What is all this about danger on the track?"

"It came to me pretty straight, sir," said Hopkins; "but I'm not at liberty to say how; except," and he looked the great man squarely in the eye, "that I can prove a fellow named Horner to be at the bottom of it."

The effect of this was not exactly what he had expected.

"My God, man!" said Mr. Merriman, "do I care what you can prove? It is my daughter I am thinking of."

TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### SONG OF THE FACTORY SLAVE.

(The following song was written by Ernest Charles Jones in England in 1848, and is as applicable to-day as then. It is sent us by a friend, as signed below.)

The land it is the landlord's, The trader's is the son, The ore the user's, the master fills— The engine whirls for master's craft; The steel shines to defend, With labor's arms, while labor raised, The camp, the pain, and the law For rich men's sons are free; Theirs—theirs are learning, art and arms.

To each his task, and each his chance, That's all we ask, and all we have.

CHORUS. The coming hope, the future day, When wrong to right shall bow, And hearts that have the courage, man, To make that future now.

I pay for all their learning, art and arms, The reader looks in coin for coin.

The toll—toll—and then—a cheerless home, The poor man's child that dies,

Eternal gain to them that live— To me eternal loss.

The hour of leisure happiness The poor man's child, the smiling wife— But what remains for me?—CHORUS.

They render back, those rich men, A pauper's, a pauper's grave,

And think they're quits with me. But us poor men's child that dies,

Eternal gain to them that live— To me eternal loss.

They render back, those rich men, A pauper's, a pauper's grave,

And think they're quits with me. But us poor men's child that dies,

Eternal gain to them that live— To me eternal loss.

They render back, those rich men, A pauper's, a pauper's grave,

And think they're quits with me. But us poor men's child that dies,

Eternal gain to them that live— To me eternal loss.

They render back, those rich men, A pauper's, a pauper's grave,

And think they're quits with me. But us poor men's child that dies,

Eternal gain to them that live— To me eternal loss.

They render back, those rich men, A pauper's, a pauper's grave,

And think they're quits with me. But us poor men's child that dies,

Eternal gain to them that live— To me eternal loss.

They render back, those rich men, A pauper's, a pauper's grave,

And think they're quits with me. But us poor men's child that dies,

Eternal gain to them that live— To me eternal loss.

They render back, those rich men, A pauper's, a pauper's grave,

And think they're quits with me. But us poor men's child that dies,

Eternal gain to them that live— To me eternal loss.

They render back, those rich men, A pauper's, a pauper's grave,

And think they're quits with me. But us poor men's child that dies,

## MINE AND THINE.

## A Story of Conflicting Interests.

"Forgiveness is the Only Cure of Injury."

BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS.

(Written for the JOURNAL OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR. Rights reserved.)

## BOOK III.—THE HARVEST HOME.

## CHAPTER VI.—(Continued).

**D**ID the special get off? Didn't Robin get here in time?" cried Hopkins, grasping his arm.

"Get off? of course, with Robin aboard, hang him! do you mean he knew? She had passed the first station before your message reached me. All right that far; the next is Marburg, just beyond the tunnel—Ha! Wilkins, is that the answer? Listen!"

There was a silence in the office that might be felt as the fatal words clicked out, letter by letter. To Hopkins, to most of those present, it was but sound signifying nothing; but when the President had fallen to the ground like a log, the reporter needed no explanation.

This was the message:

"Special reported wrecked, inside the tunnel. Said to be on fire."

Hopkins staggered to a chair, and hid his face in his hands.

"Poor old boy," said the clerks, as they picked up their insensible chief; "poor old boy! he was fond of her; it's awfully rough on him."

The reporter stumbled to his feet, and tried to get away quietly; but his white face attracted notice and he was obliged to pause. "Boys," he said, "all I knew about this is what Robin told me, and he's dead; poor little Robin! That's all I know about it, boys," and he stumbled out of the office, and down the stairs.

He realized now the inspiration that Sybil's bright face had brought to him, when first he saw her in her father's office; and how he thought of her and worked for her, half-unconsciously; in the moment of knowing that he had lost her, he knew that he had loved her.

There was hurry and excitement everywhere, for the dreadful tidings had clicked out all over the huge building, repeated from one machine to another. Below upon the tracks a wrecking train was hastily being made up. The sight steadied Hopkins' nerves. After all, there was a possibility that they had escaped!

"I suppose I can go along," he said to the official in charge; "I'm on the *Journal*."

"Step aboard, sir," was the answer; "your going may be of some use. There ain't much to be done, ever, in these tunnel accidents; but now, perhaps, they'll be put a stop to."

The words turned Hopkins sick again; he fell into a seat, drew his hat over his eyes and groaned aloud.

"Now, perhaps, they'll be put a stop to," the official had said in his unguarded agitation.

"How willingly I would die to set things straight," Sybil had said to herself that very morning.

Was there any connection between the two? Was the cost of the strike and the long neglect of precious lives to be indeed so heavy?

## CHAPTER VII.

## REVENGE!

**T**HE carriage which contained the conspirators stopped at the point previously settled upon, and Eileen, alighting, found herself standing in the dust of a country road, bordered on both sides by thick woods. The shadow of these darkened the gathering twilight into night; but Horner left her no time to study her surroundings before he seized her arm and hurried her through the dense undergrowth into the deeper shade of the woods. Upon the upper freer branches of the shrubbery was a tender growth of fresh, young leaves, but the lower were matted together, bare and brown; and even as they were trampled down they reached out fleshless arms and thorny fingers, wherewithal they laid hold of the woman's sable garments as if to hold her back. Around the roots of the oldest trees was a carpet of soft, green moss; and here and there shy, many-hued anemones, sweet Spring Beauties, or demure Quaker ladies peeped after them in wonder, while the taller blood-root lifted her long, pale fingers in remonstrance. Bright-eyed squirrels, disturbed by their steps, came out and chattered at them; and in the nests above their heads new-mated birds chirped a soft even-song. Beyond them, where the trees were thinnest, a dull red glow shone on the horizon; the air was soft, yet crisp, and that peculiar hush lay on the earth which comes at the fall of night, and tells so sweetly of peace and rest.

Some breath of it all stirred in the woman's darkened mind; she drew her arm from Horner's grasp, and stood still.

"I—I—can't do it!" she gasped. "Let me go back!"

"Ah! so much for letting a woman into a job!"

"You fool, Horner! what I tell you!" came from behind her; but Horner only wasted so much time as was necessary to draw out a pistol.

"Come along!" he said; and Eileen bowed her head and submitted.

When they had gone a few yards further they turned into a narrow foot-path which led—if Eileen had been able to note the points of the compass—almost directly toward the city, when the resultant of all its turns and windings was alone taken into account.

Horner seemed familiar with every foot of it, and paused at last at a point where it divided into two branches; one trending upward over the brow of a low hill, the other sideways and downward.

"Here we are!" he said; "and now as long as the woman chooses to cut up rough, we've got to divide. You boys know what you've got to do, and you can't miss the way; I'll keep the old lady quiet in the meantime," with a low, sneering laugh.

"Serves you right for giving the job away to her," said the gaunt one, but there was no idea in the mind of any that Horner was holding back on his own account.

"Isn't there a guard at the mouth of the tunnel?" Eileen found voice to say. The influence of the time and place had grown weaker with the sound of their voices; and the awful excitement of the deed was stealing over her.

"Guard? one man!" said Horner scornfully; whereupon one of the Italians showed his white teeth in a significant smile, as he touched the hilt of a tiny stiletto.

"Makes no noise; not any," he said, laughing silently.

One by one they crept down the narrow, steep, little path; when they had disappeared, Horner drew the woman to a point where the hill fell away abruptly, affording them a view of the tracks and the mouth of the tunnel. There was a signal shining in the clear, gray air, and the signalman stood leaning against the pole, smoking peacefully. Then with a hurry, a rush and a roar, the head-light of a locomotive appeared in the black opening, and with many puffs, and groanings too deep for utterance a heavy freight train rumbled slowly past them.

"Too late!" said the woman exultantly.

"No," said Horner, "that is only the first section; the other'll be along in twenty minutes or so; time enough for the boys if they're quick. Ah-h!"

It sounded like the snarl of a tiger; and tigerish, indeed, had been the swift leap upon the back of the unsuspecting signalman, throwing him face downward upon the ground. Then, ere he could cry out, came a gleam of steel, and swift, sure blows—Eileen covered her face with her veil and shuddered. Had this man injured her? murdered those she loved, or laid claim to Robin?

"They should have let him change the signal," said Horner with a grin; "if a train should come along while they're in the tunnel—however, they do know enough to spring aside, and not enough, perhaps, to set the signal back again." He laughed merrily. "This a case where the block-signal system would be dearer in the first cost, but a little cheaper in the end, even to the Company," he said.

There was a pile of loose rails lying beside the track; these the men fomoyed upon, and gathered up as many as they needed. Tools they had brought with them; and thus provided they disappeared into the tunnel, whence soon issued the sounds of muffled blows.

Outside it was still as death; there was no movement from that figure on its face beside the signal-post. He was only a "scab," to be sure; but life was sweet to him; so sweet that he was willing, in order to preserve it, to take sides with the oppressor against his fellows, and snatch the hard-earned crust from a brother workman's hand.

But had it been the oppressor, the arch-enemy himself, who lay there so silently—was not he also a fellow-creature? And which of the three—the tyrant, the tool or the victim—has the best right to breathe the wholesome air? In the sight of Him who maketh His sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust!

Eileen had sunk upon the earth, and sat huddled together as motionless as though it were her life-blood that oozed out in that thick, sluggish stream upon the track below. The bloody haze which, it seemed, had been about her mind, had cleared away; in the horror of that moment she felt herself a murderer.

Moral insanity!

It is a term which has the weight of great names behind it, of high medical

authority; but who understands it? That an evil thought, yielded to and often repeated, effects a permanent alteration of brain substance, seems certain; that evil is but another name for disease, is an idea not yet popularized. In Eileen's case, the evil thought—Revenge!—had been long cherished; it had affected her whole nature, mental, moral and physical; yet, hidden, lurking among the convulsions of that tortured brain of hers had been the healing power. Dumbly she had set it at naught—she had kept away from, defied, all that could stir it into life and vigor; but the soft spring winds had wakened it; and now the lifeless form under the signal-tree, the remembrance of those muffled blows, filled her with agony instead of exultation.

It had grown very dark now, and the black figures stole out from the tunnel and climbed the hill. The work was done.

"Come along," said Horner, pulling at Eileen's arm; but she remained motionless. The man swore a great oath, and touched her veiled head with the barrel of his pistol; but one of the others laid a hand upon his arm.

"Men at work up the road," he said; "scabs"—fools; they'd afraid of us, or maybe think we 'nothang gang of 'scabs'; pistol-shot bring 'em maybe; this better;" and he touched his deadly stiletto.

But this by no means was a part of Horner's plan; Leroy's wife tried and condemned as a criminal would be a sweeter morsel than her mere assassination.

"Nonsense!" he said roughly; "I don't want her killed unless it's necessary. Come along, woman."

"We ought to be far enough away from here by now," said the gaunt man; "and I'm gone for one."

The Italian hurried noiselessly after him, laughing, and pointing their slender, brown fingers at the pair left behind.

"Let him stay with his *inamorata* if he wishes," they said.

Horner let go the woman's arm and drew out his watch. "By —, I can't spare another minute!" he exclaimed.

The tunnel, it should now be explained, was in reality several tunnels. They began here, and terminated far within the city limits. When a train plunged into that black mouth, it came up only to breathe at the various stations within the city and without. Of those without, the first was at Cemetery Hill, where Robin had taken the timely accommodation train; the second was a half-mile or so from this end of the tunnel.

It was clear and still—that cool night air—and sounds came far and distinctly. Even as Horner replaced the watch in his pocket, a whistle, full and clear, mellowed and yet distinct, came to his ear. He started, and, forgetting his caution, called aloud and sharply—"My God! that's not a freight engine! It's a passenger train!"

With a shriek, Eileen was upon her feet, tore herself from his grasp and rushed up the path over the hill.

"Is she gone to meet and stop them?" queried Horner of himself. "I only wish she could!"

Then he turned and fled; fled from his own conscience, at last overcome, and from the glare upon the track below of that red, unwinking, treacherous eye.

But Eileen had no thought of giving a warning; her brain was in no condition to form plans. She was fleeing from herself, perhaps, or from the power that had so long dominated her; we all have learned how when the devils were driven out of the possessed man, the herd of swine into which they entered ran violently down into the sea and perished. But Eileen's bosom spirit was not yet exorcised; only the good influence was awake within her, and the struggle—the century-old struggle—between good and evil, Ormuzd and Abriman, was raging within her. To herself she seemed but a plaything for demons; and in truth her will, her conscience, had for so long been stunted and stifled, that now they could help her only to flee. On, on, like a dry, dead leaf before the wind; guided perhaps by the lights of the city, reflected before her upon the clear night sky; twinkling cheerfully as she drew nearer to them like millions of tiny earth stars; with just reason enough left her to wing her footsteps toward the home she had blighted; the husband whose life-work she had just helped to bring about; the poor tortured soul fled onward through the silent night, under the pitying stars. And again the thorny fingers laid hold upon her, they rent great fragments from her veil and dress, they left crimson bleeding traces upon hands and face. There were lights and moving figures upon the track below her as she rushed along the hill-path; but Eileen saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing; not her own wounds nor the solid earth beneath her feet; only that mad longing to escape, to reach home, husband, safety, bore her onward almost without volition or consciousness.

It was past midnight when she reached it; but the door was open on the latch, where sat Leroy, his arms upon the table, his head bowed upon them, as he had sat for hours.

As Eileen stumbled, faintly, weakly, into the room, and fell into a chair, the man arose and stood over her, tall and terrible in his awful anger. His face was white and drawn, his hair was wild, and many white threads had been mingled in its darkness by those terrible hours; his eyes were fiercely accusing; there was no touch in them of pity or of tenderness.

"Where have you been?" he asked. She stared at him dumbly. Alas! poor soul, with her sunken eyes, her haggard face, and disordered dress, there was no beauty left, to blind him to her misdeeds.

"Come," he said "I give you a chance to confess. You can't ask no fairer than that."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THAT FALL HAT!

Be Sure It Contains the Label of the United Hatters.

The United Hatters, composed of Knights of Labor Assemblies and Trade Unions, earnestly request all workers to ask for the label when buying a hat. It can be found under the sweat-band; and if your dealer wants to put one in for you, bear in mind it is counterfeited and forged.

We the delegates to D. A. #8 in session assembled passed the following resolutions:

To the Members of Organized Labor and the Citizens of Anaconda, Mont., August 23, 1894.

D. A. #8 in session assembled passed the following resolutions:

To the Knights of Labor Assemblies and the Citizens of Anaconda, Mont.,

We the delegates to D. A. #8 in session assembled passed the following resolutions:

To the Knights of Labor Assemblies and the Citizens of Anaconda, Mont.,

We the delegates to D. A. #8 in session assembled passed the following resolutions:

To the Knights of Labor Assemblies and the Citizens of Anaconda, Mont.,

We the delegates to D. A. #8 in session assembled passed the following resolutions:

To the Knights of Labor Assemblies and the Citizens of Anaconda, Mont.,

We the delegates to D. A. #8 in session assembled passed the following resolutions:

To the Knights of Labor Assemblies and the Citizens of Anaconda, Mont.,

We the delegates to D. A. #8 in session assembled passed the following resolutions:

To the Knights of Labor Assemblies and the Citizens of Anaconda, Mont.,

We the delegates to D. A. #8 in session assembled passed the following resolutions:

To the Knights of Labor Assemblies and the Citizens of Anaconda, Mont.,

We the delegates to D. A. #8 in session assembled passed the following resolutions:

To the Knights of Labor Assemblies and the Citizens of Anaconda, Mont.,

We the delegates to D. A. #8 in session assembled passed the following resolutions:

To the Knights of Labor Assemblies and the Citizens of Anaconda, Mont.,

We the delegates to D. A. #8 in session assembled passed the following resolutions:

To the Knights of Labor Assemblies and the Citizens of Anaconda, Mont.,

We the delegates to D. A. #8 in session assembled passed the following resolutions:

To the Knights of Labor Assemblies and the Citizens of Anaconda, Mont.,

We the delegates to D. A. #8 in session assembled passed the following resolutions:

To the Knights of Labor Assemblies and the Citizens of Anaconda, Mont.,

We the delegates to D. A. #8 in session assembled passed the following resolutions:

To the Knights of Labor Assemblies and the Citizens of Anaconda, Mont.,

We the delegates to D. A. #8 in session assembled passed the following resolutions:

To the Knights of Labor Assemblies and the Citizens of Anaconda, Mont.,

We the delegates to D. A. #8 in session assembled passed the following resolutions:

To the Knights of Labor Assemblies and the Citizens of Anaconda, Mont.,

We the delegates to D. A. #8 in session assembled passed the following resolutions:

To the Knights of Labor Assemblies and the Citizens of Anaconda, Mont.,

We the delegates to D. A. #8 in session assembled passed the following resolutions:

To the Knights of Labor Assemblies and the Citizens of Anaconda, Mont.,

We the delegates to D. A. #8 in session assembled passed the following resolutions:

To the Knights of Labor Assemblies and the Citizens of Anaconda, Mont.,

We the delegates to D. A. #8 in session assembled passed the following resolutions:

To the Knights of Labor Assemblies and the Citizens of Anaconda, Mont.,

We the delegates to D. A. #8 in session assembled passed the following resolutions:

To the Knights of

# MINE AND THINE.

## A Story of Conflicting Interests.

"Forgiveness is the Only Cure of Injury."

BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS.

(Written for the JOURNAL OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR. Rights reserved.)

### BOOK III.—THE HARVEST HOME.

#### CHAPTER VII—(Continued).

SHE made no reply. There was only a wordless thought at her poor heart, that *this* was not the safety she had fled to.

"Can't you speak?" he said in a low voice of concentrated fury; "well, no wonder for it! Do you know what you've done? you and that villain Horner? Do you know that I've sat here all night when I ought to have been at work trying to undo the harm? that I am tied hand and foot now because you are in it? Not that I'd protect you!—don't believe a word of that!—if I wasn't obliged; but because I was fool enough to give you my name; and now it's my name that will be dragged in the mire! and whatever I do, if I take your part, or cast you off to the hangman!—whatever I do will only make it worse!"

Still no answer, but that silent, unflinching gaze. The man writhed at last under it. "Haven't you got a word to say for yourself?" he said; "do you know *all* you've done? Do you know that it was the special, not the freight, and who was aboard? I don't believe you know that!"

"Mr. Leroy—oh! deary me! don't tell her too suddenly."

Aunt Corny had come in unheeded; she was white and trembling, and for the first time in her life looked her full age; but her face was radiant with divine pity; she knelt upon the floor beside Eileen's chair, for, indeed, she felt too weak to stand, and took the poor bleeding hands in hers. It is true that the blood, the wounds, made her shudder; for she knew not how they had been gained; and though Hopkins had tried to shield Eileen, he had mentioned—unwarily—the name of Horner, with whom, as many remembered, she had left the cemetery; so that the two names conjoined had been on every tongue in the street all that sad night.

"Oh! my dear, my poor dear, I am sure you never meant it," cried Aunt Corny; "no one could have meant harm to poor, sweet Sybil, or my dear, dear—" Aunt Corny could not finish the sentence.

"Do you understand?" said Leroy savagely. "You have murdered her kin as well as your own; and see how she treats you!"

Eileen looked from one to the other uncomprehendingly. "I believe you have lost your senses!" he cried; "Robbin and Sybil were aboard, I tell you, and—"

"No, no, Mr. Leroy, not so suddenly! Are you sure she had anything to do with it? The man may have kept her with him by force; and—oh! deary me! try to bear it, my dear! You were so fond of poor, dear, little Robin!"

"What?"

She had found her voice now; she pulled her hands from Aunt Corny's and staggered to her feet. "Robin?" she said.

"He was on board," said Leroy in a low voice. "No one supposes you dreamed of that. It was like his pranks; he sprang aboard at the last minute, We have heard nothing since, except that the train was afire."

"But, oh! my dear, it isn't certain they are *all* killed!" cried Aunt Corny.

Leroy shook his head sadly. "There were only the two cars," he said; "a baggage car, and—! And it's always worst for them that nearest the engine."

Eileen did not seem to hear; she had sunk in a heap upon the floor, and was rocking herself back and forth, with low moans. She did not quite realize, perhaps, that the boy whose injuries she had resented had himself been the victim of her vengeance; it was only that the sparks of hope which had led her homeward had faded out and left her alone in the black, horrible darkness. Then Aunt Corny knelt again beside her, and laid the poor head upon her kind bosom. "Oh! be good to her!" cried Aunt Corny, "for whatever she has done, will unkindness help it? And she suffers so! I think her sorrow is worse than mine!" Mr. Leroy, will you not love her again? will you not forgive her?"

"Sufferers?" said Leroy. "She deserves to suffer!"

"So do we all!" cried Aunt Corny; "oh! deary me! so do we all! Suppose even that she has done what the people say; haven't all of us many a time wished harm to those we hate? And what is the difference between that and *doing* harm, but just a little more bravery? Oh! Mr. Leroy, many a time when she has said bitter words against the rich, you have laughed; so I tell you now you have no right to stand and judge her, when she has only put her words into action. But it's what we all do!" cried Aunt Corny, weeping bitterly and wringing her kind hands together; "we add by our bad lives, our evil words and unkind thoughts to the wrong that is in the world; and then, when the weight of it drives some poor wretch into crime, we turn and blame him, though he is just one of ourselves who has simply had the courage to do what we have only thought."

The little woman had wellnigh forgotten her own grief in her pica for Eileen; she approached Leroy, laid her hand upon his arm and looked into his face with her clear eyes.

"Mr. Leroy," she said; "I do not blame *you*, any more than I do *her*; but do you dare to cast a stone at her?"

Before Leroy could answer, there came the sound of wheels, then a stir, a joyful outcry; the door of the shop thrown wide open to admit a laughing, weeping, excited throng and a babel of many voices. For there in the open door smiled the face they had never thought to see again in life; and the next moment Robin was in Aunt Corny's arms, then dancing wildly about the room, before he ordered them all, at the top of his lungs, to quit their feeling and be quiet; he wanted to know what was the matter with Aunt Eileen. For she had not stirred nor noticed him; when he spoke to her she answered by a dull, unmeaning stare.

They took her away—some of the least excited of the women—put her to bed, and gave her a sleeping powder from Aunt Corny's own homeopathic medicine box; and the street slowly quieted into its usual order. But Daniel Leroy walked up and down his little parlor till the morning dawned, listening to Robin's story of how it had all happened.

"If you had only told me," he said at last.

"I was afraid to, Uncle Dan."

"Did I ever lay my hand upon you, Robin?"

"On me?" no?" said the boy; "but you'd have just wiped up the ground with Horney!"

"The weight of our evil lives drives others into crime!"

Aunt Corny's words came back to his mind; he felt that he could not answer.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### THE KEYNOTE.

WHEN President Merriman once more regained consciousness he found the round and rosy but grief-stricken face of his brother-in-law bending over him. Hopkins had hurried the professor into a carriage and driven home with him, as Robin had seen, in order to secure a private conference for which the last few days in their multiplicity of exciting and saddening events had given no opportunity. Professor Tommy was made of the material most desirable for confidants; the mere act of telling a thing to him took out of it all sting; he burned out the dross in the fire of his own loving heart, and left only the gold in the memory both of himself and of him from whom came the confidence.

And yet, even Professor Tommy was saddened by the tale that Hopkins had to tell; and the suspicions to which it gave rise. When they parted at the *Journal* office, he had intended to bid Sybil good-bye, and then await Robin's arrival at home, before finally deciding whether to communicate to Leroy their suspicions of Horner's treachery; but the rumor of the tunnel accident had forced from him a cry of horror which told all; and he had then hurried back to the Central Office, both as the headquarters of news, and to serve, if he might, him on whom the blow had fallen most heavily.

Mr. Merriman raised himself on his elbow, and looked around in that bewilderment which often mercifully follows such a swoon.

"You here, Spleitzer?" he said. "What has happened? Oh!" and as memory returned to him, he sank back upon his pillow and closed his eyes, as though to waken unconsciously.

"Aye!" said Professor Tommy in a low, solemn voice; "when darkness has fallen upon the very soul, the light of day becomes discordant to our physical organs."

"For heaven's sake, don't preach!" said Mr. Merriman, struggling to his feet.

"Surely that telegram has been contradicted! It can't be true. They often send sensational reports at first."

"It has been true for many another," said Professor Tommy, "why not for us?"

"Nonsense! I tell you, it was a picked lot, engineer, conductor, brakeman and all; every possible precaution was taken all along the line—"

"Against treachery? against deliberate murder?" said the professor. "There is a man called Horner."

"Horner!" cried the President. He gazed blankly at the professor for a moment; then dropping into a chair, covered his face with his hands.

"What has been his treachery toward you and his comrades; how deep, how black, how dishonoring, I know not," said the professor; "but I would bid you

think well of your treachery to him. The man was poor, weak, ignorant; you rich, strong and wise, at least with the wisdom of this world. You could have made him what you would; what you choose to make him—you know."

There was no answer.

"That aught but ruin and destruction should come of it, even to yourself, it had been vain to expect," continued the professor. "Believe me, Charles, only discord and disgrace can be ours, unless we tune our souls to accord with the grand and universal Keynote, the foundation of all harmony, the root of all knowledge, and the end of all striving and attainment. Under the mysterious bond which balances atom against atom, which holds worlds in their courses and unchains the lightning; ruling the sunbeam, dominating our petty musical scale, uniting human hearts, and lifting heavenward souls immortal—sounds forever the majestic and eternal tone chord—God is Love: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart: and thy neighbor as thyself."

Still no reply.

"Whether," pursued the little man, his eyes full of divine compassion, his left hand behind his back, palm outward; his right forefinger raised in exhortation; his whole small person quivering with the message he was striving to bring home to this soul; "whether in your midnight conferences with Horner you urged upon him some deed of treachery and violence?"

"I!" cried Mr. Merriman, springing to his feet. "I? Spleitzer, you're a fool!"

"The Lord grant it!" said Professor Tommy, laying his hands together as if in prayer.

"That Horner for years has brought me news of the growth of their Union, I admit;" said the President. "It was kept quiet because the other men would have objected; but they were employees of the road, and it was a thing I had a right to know; but once open war was declared, I had no more concern with it; there was no advantage to me in any news he could bring; I never sold my fingers unnecessarily, and I knew I had only to give them plenty of rope, and they would!"

A shudder swept over him at thought of what they had done; he drooped his head and was silent. Then he rallied again, with fierce energy. "Has no other telegram come?" he said. "Has nothing been done? Do you stand there spouting mystical rubbish, while telling me that God is Love when Sybil—ah! Spleitzer, give her back to me and I'll believe you!"

"A bargain!" cried Professor Tommy, extending his hand. "Keep your side of it and God will keep His. If Sybil be safe you will remember that He is your Father, and that all men are brothers?"

"What have you heard?" asked Mr. Merriman.

"That—

"The love of God is wider  
Than the measure of man's mind;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind."

said Mr. Spleitzer. "Robin warned the conductor in time; and the special ran past Cemetery Hill and backed on to a siding. They were afraid to return to the city on account of the second section of the freight train, Robin not feeling sure that our friend, Mr. Hopkins, had reached the yards in time to hold it. Merriman, you are bound by your contract!"

The President did not reply. He looked his brother-in-law full in the eye for a moment, then turned on his heel and walked steadily into his private office.

Mr. Spleitzer heard the key turn in the lock; but whether the great man himself had turned him there before his Maker and prayed for pardon, he could not tell.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### CONCLUSION.

THE rumor of something wrong with the tunnel had been carried to Marburg by the laborers whom the Italians had seen at work on the road; and the non-arrival of the special at that station had been basis enough for the first very sensational telegram.

Quite ignorant of any cause for anxiety on her account, Sybil's first intention had been to remain in the private car and proceed on her journey as soon as the road should be clear. She knew that a telegram had been sent from Marburg to convey the news of damage to the track and ask for orders. The messenger had been obliged to proceed on foot through the tunnel, where he had found the rails torn up and bent, in a way that would take some hours to repair; he had also found the form of the signalman, stiff and cold, and bearing many marks of the deadly stiletto. All this he had telegraphed to Fairtown; and Mr. Spleitzer had at once sent a messenger to his wife with the tidings, while he remained with her still unconscious brother; but the messenger had so many times stopped to drink Miss Sybil's health that at last he became incapable of proceeding further than to the station-house, whither he was assisted by a guardian of the law; and Mrs. Spleitzer and Leroy were left to suffer until relieved by the appearance of Robin himself, as already related.

Meanwhile, a train already made up, and waiting for the freight and special to get out of the way, was hurriedly broken up, and the engine sent out with one car, and Hopkins aboard of her, to the relief. At Cemetery Hill they got news of the safety of the special, and the heart of Hopkins bounded, as he himself expressed it, like a billiard-ball.

"You look kinder different," said the conductor, when they had overtaken the other train, and Hopkins was preparing to board the President's car.

"Feel now," said Hopkins.

"Now you're disappointed, because you ain't got no horrors for your paper?"

"Do I look to you like a vampire or a party politician?" asked Hopkins.

"Besides, the public get accidents every day, more's the pity!" but "Isn't often they get a rescue of the President's daughter?" I'm right in it, I am!"

"Well, I guess that's so," said the conductor.

But there was no thought in Hopkins' mind of being "in" it, or out of it, when he entered the private car, and saw the change which the last few days had made in the bright face which had haunted his thoughts since he first saw it in her father's office. He had heard enough from Leroy of the shock and grief that recent events had caused her to understand the change, and something in his own nature, absurd as he usually appeared, helped him to even a deeper comprehension. Robin had gone forward to interview the tunnel, so they were all alone; but the boy would have been less surprised than the reporter's business associates to hear the grave and even lofty tone which the conversation assumed.

Before their return to Fairtown, Sybil was much more cheerful, and inclined to believe that things were going to turn out well after all; while the description of her father's sufferings on her account could not but awaken all the old feeling toward him, and make her eager to be once more at his side.

For all this they had the more time, as a gang of "seals" at work on the road had managed in the meantime to upset a hand-car full of stones upon the track, which delayed them several hours.

A day or two later, President Merriman called a conference with the leaders of the strike, not including Horner, who had not been seen since the failure of his conspiracy, though it had been discovered that he had sailed for Australia the midnight following, having made his preparations for the step beforehand.

Leroy was present, a broken and aged man; for Eileen's disgrace weighed heavily upon him, even though medical examination had pronounced her of unsound mind. The unfortunate woman now occupied a place in the State Asylum for the Insane, with but little hope that she would ever recover the self so fatally injured by the indulgence of what in the beginning had seemed only a petty resentment.

"Men," began the President, "I don't know how you feel about it, but I want to end this strike."

"Well, I guess there ain't much money in it for us," said Elkins dryly.

"There's no money in it for any one," said the President. "Ours is a harsh and you imagine, boys; to run a great road in competition with others almost as good; and it is a feature of our American civilization, though we are a kind-hearted nation too, that in a conflict between business interests and humanity, humanity goes to the wall. But in my own family relations, it has lately been shown me, in a sort of parable, just what this means, that one cannot injure one's brother man without also injuring one's self?" that enforced carelessness of the lives of others touches the life of our dearest and best; that, in short, the cost of a strike is heavier than either you or I care to pay. The road is not beaten; don't think so for a moment; but the game is not worth the candle; and we have to prove that to the world."

"But what will the directors say to you, Charley?" asked Mr. Francis Warren, when this proposal had been agreed to with acclamations, and the conference concluded in the most friendly manner. "How will they like your giving away their interests like that?"

"Men," began the President, "I don't know how you feel about it, but I want to end this strike."

"Well, I guess there ain't much money in it for us," said Elkins dryly.

"There's no money in it for any one," said the President. "Ours is a harsh and you imagine, boys; to run a great road in competition with others almost as good; and it is a feature of our American civilization, though we are a kind-hearted nation too, that in a conflict between business interests and humanity, humanity goes to the wall. But in my own family relations, it has lately been shown me, in a sort of parable, just what this means, that one cannot injure one's brother man without also injuring one's self?" that enforced carelessness of the lives of others touches the life of our dearest and best; that, in short, the cost of a strike is heavier than either you or I care to pay. The road is not beaten; don't think so for a moment; but the game is not worth the candle; and we have to prove that to the world."

"But what will the directors say to you, Charley?" asked Mr. Francis Warren.

"Men," began the President, "I don't know how you feel about it, but I want to end this strike."

"Well, I guess there ain't much money in it for us," said Elkins dryly.

"There's no money in it for any one," said the President. "Ours is a harsh and you imagine, boys; to run a great road in competition with others almost as good; and it is a feature of our American civilization, though we are a kind-hearted nation too, that in a conflict between business interests and humanity, humanity goes to the wall. But in my own family relations, it has lately been shown me, in a sort of parable, just what this means, that one cannot injure one's brother man without also injuring one's self?" that enforced carelessness of the lives of others touches the life of our dearest and best; that, in short, the cost of a strike is heavier than either you or I care to pay. The road is not beaten; don't think so for a moment; but the game is not worth the candle; and we have to prove that to the world."

"But what will the directors say to you, Charley?" asked Mr. Francis Warren.