

FISHERMAN JIM'S KIDS.

Fisherman Jim lived on the hill
With his bonnie wife an' his little boys;
"Twuz 'Blow, ye winds, as blow ye will—
Naught we reck of your cold and noise!"
For happy and warm were he and his,
And he dandled his kids upon his knee
To the song of the sea.

Fisherman Jim would sail all day,
But when came night upon the sands
His little kids ran from their play,
Callin' to him an' wavin' their hands;
Though the wind was fresh and the sea was
high,
He'd heard 'em—you bet—above the roar
Of the waves on the shore!

Once Fisherman Jim sailed into the bay
As the sun went down in a cloudy sky.
And never a kid saw he at play,
And he listened in vain for the welcome cry;
In his little house he learned it all,
And he clenched his hands and he bowed his
head—
"The fever," he said.

'Twas a pitiful time for Fisherman Jim
With them darlin's a-dyin' afore his eyes,
A-stretchin' their wee hands out to him
An' a-breakin' his heart with the old-time cries
He had heard so often upon the sands,
For they thought they wuz helpin' his boat
ashore—
Till they spoke no more.

But Fisherman Jim lived on and on,
Castin' his nets an' sailin' the sea;
As a man will live when his heart is gone
Fisherman Jim lived hopelessly.
Till once in those years they come an' said:
"Old Fisherman Jim is powerful sick—
Go to him quick."

Then Fisherman Jim says he to me:
"It's a long, long cruise—you understand—
But over beyond the ragin' sea
I kin' see my boys on the shinin' sand
Watin' to help this ol' hulk ashore
Just as they used to—ah, mate, you know!
In the long ago!"

No, sir! he wuzn't afeard to die;
For all night long he seemed to see
His little boys of the days gone by
An' to hear sweet voices forgot by me!
An' just as the mornin' sun came up—
"They're holdin' me by the hands!" he cried,
An' so he died.

—Chicago Record.

THE DEAD WIFE.

The hour set for the funeral had come.
The hearse with its black plumes stood at
the farm-house door. It seemed a strange
and foreign thing among the bright coloured
hollyhocks, the commonplace sunshine, the
lowing of cows in the barn, and the chickens
that moved about on the green lawn before
the house. The Jersey waggons of the
neighbouring farmers filled the road, for the
Garretts were much respected.

Mrs. Garret, who had just died, was a
"home body" and saw but little of her
neighbours, but her husband had grown rich
by great industry and close saving, and had
pushed his children on in the world.

John, his only son, had been to college
and the girls to a boarding school, and they
were so improved that they seemed to belong
to quite another class from their mother.

They had stood with their father at the
coffin, to look for the last time at the woman
who lay there.

"Your mother was a pretty woman when
she was young," the farmer had said.

It had startled him to see how thin and
withered her face was under the white hair.
"Sarah's only fifty," he continued. "She
hadn't ought to look so old," he said. He
had not thought of her looks when she was
alive."

There was a certain sullen resentment
under his grief that she was dead. How was
he to do without her? She was a master
hand at cooking and butter-making and
laundry work and sewing. He had never
thought to ask her if she needed help. She
had never complained and to complete her
work she had risen at four and gone to bed
late at night. Things always ran smoothly.
She never spoke of being ill. It stunned
him when she took this cold and sank under
it in two days. The doctor said that all her
strength was gone. "Sarah had the strength
of ten women," the husband said; "Where
had it gone?"

He was amazed and indignant. Was this
the justice of God, to take away a woman so
useful in the world? It was not just!

Her daughters sobbed vehemently. She
had always been so tender. She did so much
for them! They did not, it is true, feel well
acquainted with her since they grew up. But
between their music, and their studies, and
their young companions, and other social
occupations, their lives had been filled!
They smoothed the folds of her merino gown,
a little ashamed that the neighbours should
see that she had no silk dress. She had in-
sisted that each of them should have silk
gowns, and had helped to make them.

Jack, her son, like his father was shocked
to see how tired and worn his mother looked.
He had talked for a year or two of taking her
for a week to New York. She had never
seen a great city. But he always had some
engagement. He remembered now that she
had made enough in the dairy to keep him
in his spending money at college. He wished
he had contrived that little for her holiday!
They all felt now how good and unselfish she
had been, and how dear to them.

"Why should she be taken from us?" the

old man moaned, bitterly. "It is cruel.
Why has God done this thing?"

And the dead woman lying there, her lips
closed forever, could make no answer, save
that which toil had stamped upon the thin,
worn face, that seemed pleading for rest.

Rulers who Have Been Assassinated and Rulers who Have Escaped.

Looking over the records of the past ninety-
four years—and in the space of a brief article
it is impossible to go farther back than the
beginning of the present century—one is
struck particularly by two things: First, the
large number of determined attempts which
have been made to assassinate the rulers and
princes of Europe; and secondly, the small
percentage of cases in which the would be
murderers have been successful in their ob-
ject.

Once every three years, upon the average,
one or other of the rulers of the seven prin-
cipal European countries, England, France,
Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy and Spain,
is menaced with a violent death, but nine
times out of ten the intended victim escapes,
generally by the most marvellous accident.
The following list shows how the thirty-one
best known attempts of the century are dis-
tributed among the different countries:—

France (one successful).....	10
Russia (two successful).....	7
England (all failures).....	6
Germany (all failures).....	3
Austria (both failures).....	2
Spain (both failures).....	2
Italy (a failure).....	1
Total.....	31

By far the most dramatic Royal assassina-
tion was that of the Emperor Paul of Russia,
on the 24th of March 1801, by his nobles.
As usual, Paul had retired to rest booted and
spurred, and in his regimentals. At the
dead of night he was awakened by an unusual
noise; the hussar who guarded his chamber
door, the only faithful sentry, as it proved,
in the palace, was being killed by nine no-
bles. They burst into the room and began
to attack the Emperor, Paul hid behind
chairs and tables, and begged for his life.
He offered to abdicate; he offered to make
each of his assailants a prince; he offered
them vast estates, in vain. Then he made a
wild dash for the window, fearfully gashing
himself, but he was dragged back. He picked
up a chair and for some time kept the
nine of them at bay, and only after terri-
fic struggles was he seized and strangled with
his own sash.

The life of the late Czar Alexander II. was
unsuccessfully attempted five times, in 1866,
1867, twice in 1879, and in 1880. On the
13th March, 1881, at 2 p. m., a bomb invol-
ved both himself and his murderer in de-
struction. Practically the first attempt, by
the way, to kill a monarch by means of ex-
plosive was that by St. Regent on Napoleon
I., in 1800. Fifty-two people were injured,
twenty were killed outright; forty houses
were wrecked, but Napoleon escaped with-
out a scratch. The fuse was wrongly timed.
The annals of regicide contain many awful
chapters, but nothing more disgraceful than
one little incident connected with this affair.
Before setting the explosive barrel, St.
Regent asked a little girl to hold his horse,
knowing perfectly well that she would be
blown to atoms. As a matter of fact, only
her feet were ever found.

Except in the most recent instance, that of
the late President Carnot, all the attempts
against French rulers have failed.

Louis Philippe, for example, seemed to
bear a charmed life. Fieschi in 1835, Ali-
baud and Meunier in 1836, Darnes in 1840,
and Lecomte and Henry in 1845, all did
their best to murder him, but he died in his
bed.

Napoleon III. escaped three times, from
Pianori in April, 1855, from Bellemarre only
five months later, and from Orsini and his
accomplices in 1858. On the last occasion,
Orsini himself was wounded, one of the Em-
peror's horses was killed, a footman injured,
and the carriage in which Napoleon and his
wife were driving was shattered, while its
principal occupants were quite unhurt.

Alfonso XII. of Spain was murderously as-
sailed twice, without result. The present
Emperor of Austria has also withstood two
determined attempts upon his life, and King
Humbert of Italy one. The old Emperor
William of Germany went scot-free after
three assaults.

Five times, in 1840, 1842, 1849, 1850, and
1882, has our Queen been face to face with
death at the hands of an assassin, but it is
satisfactory to know that none of these at-
tempts had the slightest political importance.
Three of the miscreants were mere lads, and
all of them were more or less insane. The
danger to Her Majesty, however, was none
the less on that account. All the would-be
murderers except one, an ex-lieutenant of
hussars, who on the 27th May, 1850, assailed
the Queen with a stick, fired with pistols—
and missed.

It is curious how many assassinations and
attempted assassinations have taken place at
the theatre or on the way to the theatre. To
mention a few instances, in 1800 George III.
was fired at in Drury Lane Theatre by a man
in the pit; the attempt on Napoleon I. in the
same year, already described, happened on
the way to the theatre, as also that on Na-
poleon III. in 1858; Abraham Lincoln was
killed at Ford's Theatre; and everyone
knows the sad circumstances of Carnot's end.

The Need of Industrial Organization.

The only machine-using nation which
possesses the power of producing food, fuel
and iron in excess of any possible want for
generations to come, is our own. It follows
that, whatever may be the delay or obstruc-
tion, this country will become within a very
short time the greatest agricultural, manu-
facturing, shipbuilding and commercial
country in the world. As soon as these
forces are allowed to take their natural and
normal development, rapid progress will
occur, but the forced or stimulated develop-
ment of special branches of industry by
legislation has brought many of the very
evils upon us with which I was called upon
to deal in this lecture. The collective or
factory system has been forced to an un-
natural development in many directions,
notably in the arts to which the term "manu-
facturing" is apt to be limited, namely, the
production of iron and steel, the textile arts,
the working of metals, glass, pottery, and a
few other articles which in fact constitute a
small part of our manufactures.

Strikes are more apt to occur in these arts
than in any others. These arts themselves
and the strikes are brought into conspicuous
notice by constant agitation. It may seem sur-
prising that the collective or factory system
of work gives employment at this time to
not exceeding ten in each hundred of all who
are occupied for gain. More than half of
our working population is devoted to agri-
culture, which is of necessity individual, or
not collective to any extent. Eighteen per-
cent of all who are occupied for gain are en-
gaged in professional and personal service,
which is of necessity individual in its quality.
Ten and a half per cent are occupied in trade
and transportation, and while there are some
great combinations in the railway service,
that bring a small number into a union, the
work itself requires individual aptitude and
does not in any degree correspond to the
collective or factory system. There remain to
be considered the mechanic arts, manu-
factures and mining. By far the larger por-
tion in these classes are the individual
mechanics, each working with personal apti-
tude as an artisan or as a craftsman rather
than as an operative. In the last analysis,
if we put into the category of the collective
or factory system all in blast-furnaces and
steel-works—all the textile operatives, all
who are occupied in making clothing, all the
machinists and all others who can be brought
together under single roofs, each doing only
one part of the work, they number less than
ten in a hundred.

Our present difficulties are not to be
attributed to organization of labor, but rather
to lack of organization of labor. If I am
rightly informed, the total number registered
in all the trades unions is but a few hundred
thousand. There are now at least eighteen
to twenty million men and two to three
million women belonging to the ranks of
labor, by far the greater part of whom are
working on in isolation. What is most need-
ed is that the representatives of each of the
different arts shall be organized, in order
that through organization each union may
come to comprehend the terms of its own ex-
istence and the conditions under which its
own work must be done. I even welcome
the farmers' Alliance, and the Grangers, and
all that: anything better than stagnation or
inertia. The farmers are learning the true
lesson. The cheap-jacks who first misled them
are being thrown out of the ranks. The
strong men, who for a long time were them-
selves at first deluded as to what they could
do, are learning now to lead. Step by step
the organization of labor will proceed. The
terms of admission to the trades unions will
become, as they were in the guilds, the pos-
session of skill, aptitude, character and merit.
True unions will cease to attempt to reduce
all their members to the dead level of
mediocrity, or else all men above mediocrity
will leave them and form new organizations
by which the inferior ones will be beaten out
of existence.—Edward Atkinson, in the *For-
um*, New York, September.

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