THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX — by Beatrice Sturges.

In all the state there was not a better known citizen than Thomas Jefferson Kirby. Mayor of his town for ferson Kirby. Mayor of his town number of years, and connected with most of the big affairs of the district, he was a person of power and influence, honored in public, rather feared in private, and disliked by those who had gone contrary to his will. The Kirby spirit was acknowledged throughout the state as a compound of ice and iron. The judge was a born leader, his friends were wont to say. He never followed. He would organize a club or association or committee, and run it. No passive membership for him; if he could not be president or chairman or the leading member of the board—whichever it might happen to be—he would resign. But he rarely resigned. Most people were content to let him run things; he did it so well and he had such a cheery, genial way about him.

"Papa, you ought to be president," his eldest daughter, Ethel, used to say to him; "you like to boss people around so."

But papa, knowing full well that he had far more autocracy in Pine Crest than he could exercise in the White House, was satisfied to stay where he was.

There were six of the Kirby children, and ever since they could remember papa had done everything for them. To be sure their Aunt Emma had taken their mother's place and mended and tended them for years, but such was the spirit of the household that it appeared that the judge did it all. Certainly he ruled them with the tradition rod of iron. He knew what was best for them, he prescribed it; they had but to follow. In public life, in politics, no one was a stronger advocate of liberty, no one spoke more eloquently on the subject of freedom than Judge Kirby, and as is often the case, no one was a greater tyrant.

When Ethel reached her eighteenth summer and Chester Dean appeared on her horizon, she had her first conflict with the judge. It was June and Chester had walked home with her from a garden party. They paused at the gate a few moments, as the judge was sitting on the front piazza reading a magazine article which held such erroneous views that he felt impelled to challenge them in an open letter to the local paper. He glanced up in time to see Ethel break off a rose from the bush clambering over the gate post and fasten it in the buttonhole of a young man who held her hand at parting rather longer than was absolutely necessary.

She looked very pretty as she came up the walk with her pink and white flowered gown, with her big hat tied under her chin, but hanging off the back of her golden head.

"Who was that, Ethel?" he asked, although he knew perfectly well.

"It was Chester Dean, papa," she answered, not without trepidation. "He says you know his father!"

A grim smile passed over the judge's face. 'Humph! I should say I did. He will know me, too, some day, better than he does now."

"That will be nice," said the innocent Ethel. "Next week Chester will be twenty-one and they are going to have a big party. We are all invited."

"Well, I don't want you to go. No child of mine shall visit the Deans, and no Deans can be invited here."

"Oh, father!" Ethel's lips trembled, but long experience had taught her that argument was useless.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, and we will all go automobiling instead; but I want it distinctly understood that the Kirbys and the Deans are not friends." Then he returned to his magazine with an air of finality. He could scarcely explain to Ethel that he had forced the elder Dean out of one association they both were interested in and that Dean had then made things so uncomfortable for him in another affair that Kirby had resigned in a huff. It did not render the situation any pleasanter either to know that Dean had taken his place in the second organization and was running it with great success. But a time would come, and the judge was trying to scheme out some way to eclipse his rival effectually. At any rate, it could become known about town that the Kirby children were quite forbidden to associate with the Deans. That was something.

So of course Chester could not visit Ethel. But it made little difference in their seeing each other. There were the woods and meadows, delightfully sweet and fragrant meeting places, to say nothing of the hospitable houses of friends.

All that had happened a year ago. Rebellion against what she considered her father's injustice rankled in Ethel's young heart, but long habit had made her yielding to his will. It was so with them all. Even Rover, the incorrigible, would answer meekly to his master's tones when no amount of coaxing on the children's part could move him. But somewhere in the disposition of each of the six was a spark of the spirit of independence they heard their father talk about to other people.

Every Fourth of July there were great celebrations in Pine Crest. Many of the people from the surrounding country came in to attend the meeting which Judge Kirby always organized and addressed. Lemonade and cake and popcorn were always served in great quantities at the Judge's expense, and in the evening a grand display of fireworks was made on the Judge's lawn. It was always an exciting time and the Judge, being the center of things, enjoyed every minute of it.

The day dawned beautifully bright and clear. The little Kirbys were up at the first streak of dawn firing off crackers and risking their lives with that cheerful recklessness which is the characteristic Fourth of July spirit with the American youth.

Immediately after breakfast the children filed into the library with their aunt, followed by the servants, the extreme rear being guarded by old Rover. Here their father, in his Sunday frock coat and with a pomp of manner worthy of the highest cause, read to them, according to his custom, the Declaration of Independence. Then he would give them a short and impressive talk on the beauties of freedom, the sacredness of liberty and the rights of American citizens. This done, he issued his orders for the day and the children were free to do as they liked for a while. Of course they all had to attend the meeting in the opera house and hear the exercises. The town hall was not large enough to hold all those who attended the celebration, so it was always held in the opera house, where, by the way, opera had never been given within the memory of man, but where lurid melo-drama made occasional appearances throughout the season. The children always enjoyed the ceremonies, for they sat in a bunting draped box and were quite important. They had little flags in their hands and knew just when to wave them, which was whenever Papa paused for a moment, and at the conclusion they stood up and started off singing "The Star Spangled Banner," of which they had known every word since they could remember.

"Liberty is the birthright of every American citizen," the Judge exclaimed, "even to the humblest. No man need be downtrodden, even in this age of trusts and capital aggrandizement. It was not for this that our fathers fought; it was not for this that Washington and Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson lived and strove; it was not for this that blood was spilled on Lexington common, or that brave men died at Valley Forge. No, my friends. If this country offers nothing else to the poor immigrant, it offers freedom; if it stands for anything at all among other nations, it stand for liberty; if it means anything to the youth it means opportunity, equality and independence. The spirit of Seventy-six is not dead. It lives, fellow citizens, it must live in the heart of every true born American. Liberty is the watchword, freedom the birthright, and independence the soul

of evry child born under our glorious flag!"

With this final burst of oratory the Judge turned with an impassioned gesture to the huge flag that hung on the stage behind him. Then the audience cheered wildly, the fife and drum corps burst into the strains of the national anthem, and the Kirby children knew it was time for them to open their little mouths and sing "Oh say can you see?" at the tops of their voices.

Then the meeting broke up with everybody shaking hands and saying "What a fine speech the Judge made," and "Fine orator, Judge Kirby," etc., etc. And all the children rushed home to fire off their cannons and crackers, while their mothers made sure that plenty of cotton and sweet oil and arnica waited in a convenient spot.

The Kirby children had set off all their crackers and the pinwheels, Roman candles and other spectacular effects were locked carefully away, only the Judge knew where. So they had nothing particular to do until dinner time, which was 2 o'clock, when a great feast was always served to celebrate the day. The younger children all made for the cool back yard when they reached home and climbed up into their favorite big apple tree, which accommodated them all and still had room to spare.

"Why is it," propounded Teddy, the solemn one, "that speeches always sound so fine, but you can never do it?"

In spite of his doubtful construction the others understood him.

"I think so, too," burst in Bobby, who was eight years old. "It's all very well to say we are free, but we can't even take another doughnut without asking somebody."

"What was the good of Patrick Henry and Valley Forge and everything when we can't go in the Deans' yacht, and papa makes us go to bed at 8 o'clock?"

Frank, with the wisdom of fifteen years, sniffed at his younger brothers.

"Liberty isn't what it used to be; then you could get up in church like Patrick Henry and make a speech, or cross the Delaware, like Washington, or—"

"Or fire cannons like Molly Pitcher," broke in little Amy, who did not want to see her sex neglected.

"But you can't do it now," went on Frank, not at all disturbed, "at any rate when you belong to this family. Fancy anybody defying father!"

"The patriots defied King George," stoutly maintained Teddy.

"Yes," replied his elder brother, "but they didn't have to look at him while they did it."

"Well, I think we ought to have the spirit of Seventy-six and do what we like. That's what he said this morning."

Star, No. 3, The Spirit of trgt wde

Ethel, sitting on the grass under a nearby tree, heard them and looked up from the letter she was reading for about the tenth time that day. It was from Chester Dean, and when she finished it again and listened to the children's chatter a look of determination settled on her pretty face. She rose and softly passed around the house, went out the side gate and disappeared down the lane.

An hour or so later the whole family had gathered in the dining room where an especially fine dinner was spread. In the center of the table was a glass bowl containing scarlet carnations, white phlox and blue bachelor buttons. At each place was a pretty favor in the shape of a huge red fire cracker.

"Where's Ethel?" asked the Judge.

But just then she slipped in rather breathlessly, and with considerably more color than usual in her cheeks.

"I was just thinking over your speech, father," she said, as she took her place.

"So were we," chimed in the others.

Bobby the bold, encouraged by a look of interest from the head of the table, and warmed to his work by a goodly helping of chicken fricassee, spoke out.

"Yes; we've decided that we're free-born American citizens, and we're going to do just what we like!"

Teddy gasped inwardly at this announcement, but vailantly backed up his brother.

"If this country stands for liberty, I am going to get some guinea pigs tomorrow. I've always wanted some, and I know a boy who will swap me two for my skates."

"And I'm going to see Fanny Dean tomorrow; she has a doll that can talk," announced little Amy, fired with righteous rebellion against the paternal yoke.

"Anything else?" asked their father, in a tone that should have warned the young patriots.

"Freedom is our birthright," they chanted in unison. "You said so."

"Yes, I did; but liberty is one thing and license is another. I know what is good for you. You will not visit the Deans, you will net have any guineapigs, and everything will go on just as before."

The spirit of Seventy-six melted and wilted and faded away utterly. The five children ate their bread and gravy without more ado. It was what they expected, and really they didn't mind much. Besides, the ice cream was coming pretty soon, and they didn't want papa to get angry before that happened. Ethel, alone, sat with her dinner scarcely tasted.

"Well, Ethel?" queried the Judge, "What's the declaration?"

"I believe in personal liberty, father," she began.

"Quite right, when a person has the sense for it," responded the Judge.

"And your speech this morning inspired me to do what I have lacked courage to do for a long time."

"I am glad to hear that you are bracing up! Courage is the quality above all others I want my children to have.'

"You wouldn't want us to be slaves, would do, father? Bound to obey an unreasonable tryant, and without any will of our own?"

"What nonsense, child. Certainly not!"

"Then it's all right; I was sure you would feel that way."

"What's all right?"

"Why, I decided to ast independently this morning after I heard your speech."

She paused, for her courage was ebbing fast as her father's cold grey eyes were fastened on her.

"Well?" he demanded.

"So Chester Dean and I were married at the rectory an hour ago."

"What!"

The children paused open-mouthed at Ethel's magnificent act of independence.

"You dared to marry Chester Dean without my consent?"

"I couldn't marry him with it."

"Never mind about being funny. I am your father, and no child of mine can act in such a way. Married to Chester Dean, indeed!" I'll have it annulled, I won't allow it. It's preposterous. Go to your room and stay there until I send for you."

Alas for freedom and the spirit of Seventy-six!

The young disciple of Patrick Henry rose, so strong was the force of habit. There was a smouldering flash in her eye, to be sure, but the other will was the stronger. The bride of an hour went meekly upstairs to her room.

The meal was finished in a silence that bordered on gloom. Even the red and white ice cream served on blue plates failed to excite the children to conversation. They spent the afternoon helping the neighbors make all the noise possible, and their father shut himself up in his study.

Supper was light and early that night, for the fireworks were to be set off as soon as the darkness would admit. Large boxes of Roman candles, pin-wheels, skyrockets and all the stunning pyrotechnic novelties in the market had been provided by the Judge. Half the town was there to see and enjoy. The hired man fastened up the set pieces under the Judge's direction. Huge bombs were hurled high into the air to burst in a shower of red, white, blue, green and yellow gems, flaming rockets tore upward with a hissing sound, fire balloons went sailing gracefully across the dark sky, red fire burned in the gravel walks cast a picturesque glow over the whole scene, and a chorus of delighted and elongated "A-a-a--h-h-hs" rose from the crowd as each new stunning effect was displayed to their dazzling eyes. The children were in an ecstacy of joy and excitement. The spirit of Seventy-Six was forgotten and they were living in an enchanted world of whizzing lights, red fire and showers of colored gems.

Suddenly, no one ever understood how it happened, a rocket came whirling over the lawn from the opposite direction. Sparks dropped from it into a box of unused canon crackers, rockets and the like, and there followed a deafening explosion. The air was suddenly filled with smoke and the frightened cries of the children. Most of the spectators had been seated on one side of the spacious lawn, while the judge stood near the house and aimed the rockets over the garden where they could do no damage. The intruding firebrand had evidently come from some careless passerby in the street. There was a sudden rush toward the porch when the smoke cleared. They found the Judge lying unconscious with blood streaming from a wound in his forehead. Some ran for water, others for stimulants, still others for a doctor. One young man dashed out of the crowd suddenly, crying, "Here, carry him out, quickly; don't you see house is on fire!"

Almost by himself he dragged the elder man to a place of safety on the lawn, where willing hands ministered to him, and then dashed back to the house, where he was soon seen up on the porch roof with the garden hose, directing at the same time a bucket brigade.

That part of the porch roof under which the Judge had lain fell in and the room where the stray rocket had entered was pretty badly burned, but after a little the flames were worsted.

The excited crowd was divided between watching the fire and hovering over the Judge. The children were crying wildly and Ethel, who had been in solitary confinement since dinner time, knelt on the grass with her father's head in her lap.

"Just a bad knock, that's all," said the doctor, who arrived in a few moments. "He will be all right pretty soon."

Presently the Judge opened his eyes. The first thing he saw was the blazing corner of the house.

"Ethel's room," he gasped, struggling to rise, "and I locked her in!" Then before he could say any more he lapsed into unconsciousness.

When he came to it was several hours later. He was in his own bed, with only Aunt Emma and the doctor at hand.

"Ethel ?" he whispered faintly.

"Here, father," said his eldest daughter, gently, as she came in from the next room, where she was sitting, weeping softly, with her head on Chester's shoulder.

He looked at her wonderingly.

"I wasn't in the room, father," she whispered, kneeling down by the bed. "I had run away. I went to meet——"

She paused, but her father smiled, and she went on.

"To meet Chester, and we came back when we heard the noise. He—he helped you some, father, and he put out the fire. He——"

"Bring him in," said the Judge.

Ethel blushed and stepped to the door. In an instant she returned with a young man whose hand was bound up.

"Just a burn," he said to the Judge, who looked at that first.

The orator of the day looked at the young man's eager face.

"It's all right, my boy," he said. "Take her."

Ethel buried her happy face in the bedclothes as she knelt by her father's side, and Chester bent over to take the hand offered him. An unusual look came over the Judge's face, and the young man had to lean over to catch the whispered words, "When I think of what might have happened !"

Then the doctor came in again and sent them all off to bed.

"He will be all right in a day or two, he said reassuringly. "Just a little rest and quiet. He's good for many another Fourth of July speech yet. Hope they'll all be as successful as today's was."

The Judge smiled sleepily and turned on the pillow.

"Tell the children they can have the guinea pigs," he said.

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THE STORY OF THE SECOND BROTHER — by Robert Barr.

A STORMY SATURDAY NIGHT.

Angrily the rain lashed shuddering windows—audible evidence of the storm's strength—the precursor of winter; for every weather-wise farmer will tell you that frost and snow cannot come until the marshes are overflowing. This was a swamp-filling deluge, the death of the autumn, and might turn to snow before morning, presenting to the world new-born winter in its swaddling clothes.

Inside the farm-house warmth and comfort were enhanced by the violence of the tempest without. Here was good cheer sweetened by companionship and affection. The kitchen was the simple living-room of the family, parlor and dining-room being reserved for formal occasions. From the stout beams hung savory hams smoked to a rich brown, representing the solid requirements of life; while the graceful festoons of dried apples, quartered and strung like loops of pearls, gave promise that the table would not be without a dainty dish even if nothing were seen of the sugared preserves in the cellar, that appetizing storehouse of the farm. This practical decoration of the roof was also reminiscent of the lightsomest of farm festivals, the paring-bee, when the youth of all the district gathered together amidst laughter, story and song, to peel the apples, to core and string them, and to dance to the local fiddle when the easy task was done.

The huge cast-iron cooking-stove occupied one end of the kitchen, and was the nucleus round which the household formed itself in the evenings. The farmer sat smoking in a chair tilted back against the wall, his heels on the lower rung. It was a stout construction, able to stand the strain of resting on two legs instead of four without a protesting creak; rush-bottomed, and made before machine-built furniture was thought of. The housemother occupied a rocking-chair, also of home manufacture, a chair invented in a land where people were to rest quickly if they rested at all. She was darning stockings. Her tall, handsome daughter was putting away the last of the supper dishes. The eldest son, with a piece of broken glass, scraped a new axe-handle of straight-grained hickory, white as a bone and almost as hard. It was an artistic production of gentle curves; and every now and then the boy fitted its smooth surface to his palm and swung it as a warrior might swing a sword, critical of his own work, and ever trying to perfect it—for a well-planned axe-handle is a delight to the grip of the woodman. The younger children of the household were grouped around the artisan in open-eyed admiration of his skill.

The solid house withstood the blast staunchly, momentarily quivering, however, to its root timbers—an involuntary tribute to the strength of the raging tempest which was increasing in violence hour by hour.

The farmer had reason to be contented with his position. The long Civil War had been ended sometime past, and a season of rather feverish prosperity had set in. The negro was free, and the torn country was at rest. With a quiet celerity unparalleled in history the greatest military force the world had yet beheld dissolved and merged into the body politic, from which, full-armed, it had sprung to answer the call to battle. Peace was on the land, the land was fertile, and the farmer, supreme master of his acres, had cause for contentment.

"What a fearful night," murmured the house-mother, as the windows rattled and the house shook, while the rain tore across the roof like trampling cavalry.

"It is that," assented the farmer, refilling his pipe.

As he spoke the group was startled into awed silence by a knock at the kitchen door.

THE ADVENT OF THE TRAMP.

The two unsupported legs of the farmer's chair came down with a crash to the floor.

"There is something wrong," said the farmer in a low voice. "No neighbor would venture out on such a night except under spur of calamity. I hope Simmons' new frame house has not blown down and crushed them."

"Open quickly," cried the wife, color leaving her cheeks.

The farmer flung wide the door, heedless of the lashing rain which the veranda roof but scantily intercepted. The lamp-light shone on a stranger clother in soaking rags, a haggard figure, relic of the Civil War, pioneer of a sinister horde—a tramp. He made no motion to enter, but stood enframed in the door-woy, a hapless personification of the black storm which seemed to have tossed him against this square of light; nevertheless, there was a suggestion of sullen defiance in the deep tones with which he announced himself.

"I am John Harmon," he said, "who asks food and shelter without the money to pay for either."

"Come in," cried the farmer cordially. The vagrant stepped across the threshold, and the farmer put his shoulder to the door, closed and barred it. Ae he turned from his task and viewed the disconsolate object standing there he saw that a pool of water was forming round the broken boots.

"Come with me," he said, "and I will get you some dry clothes. Susy, set out a bit of supper."

The two disappeared to the loft above the kitchen, and the girl placed food upon the table. The word "tramp" was at that time practically unknown in its present baleful significance, and this was the first of these human derelicts that had drifted upon the farm; so he was treated with all the kindness that would have been bestowed upon a visiting friend. Yet this courtesy seemed to have no mollifying effect on the saturnine stranger, whose dark brow wore a perpetual frown as he wolfed the food set before him. The lank, wet hair plastered on each side of his hollow cheeks framed a countenance almost ferociously forbidding. When he had finished his meal he pushed away his plate and drew up to the fire, shivering as he spread out his hands to the warmth. His advent had stricken all joy from the household, whose younger members gazed on the unknown with apprehension and dismay. He proffered neither thanks for his welcome nor apology for his intrusion, but sat grimly silent until addressed by the farmer, whose questions he answered with brief gruffness.

"This is like to be the end of our autumn weather, Mr. Harmon. It is a wild night outside."

"A fierce storm in a fierce world," replied the mendicant without looking up.

"How came you to be out in it?"

"I had no choice,"

"Are you looking for work?"

Second Brother NO. 2.

"My work is done. I am useless; wrecked by the war."

"Were you wounded?"

"No."

"Ill in hospital, perhaps?"

"No."

"To what regiment did you belong?"

"To none."

"Were you camp-follower, then?"

"I saw nothing of the army and nothing of the war."

"Then I must have misunderstood your remark that you were wrecked by the war."

"Wrecked by the war and a woman."

"Oh. You married badly?"

"I never married."

"Ah."

The farmer now glanced uneasily at his family, each member of which regarded their guest with absorbed attention. John Harmon seemed to feel the constraint that had suddenly fallen upon the assemblage, and he was impelled to make further explanation.

"During all my life I have hardly spoken to any woman except my mother, who is long since dead. I was never in love, never engaged, never married, avoiding all women; for it had been predicted that one should ruin me, and the prophecy, made when I was young, remained in my mind and terrified me all my life. Now I am undone, and by a woman. The story is long and would do you no good to hear, and me no good to tell. If there is a place under this roof where I may lie down for the night, I will go to it."

The farmer ceased his questioning, rose, and led the way to the loft.

"Poor man!" said the house-mother, as she watched the despondent figure of the tramp disappear for the night.

A GLOOMY SUNDAY.

On Sunday morning the rain had ceased and the wind had fallen, but the heavy clouds hung low and threatening. Once the red sun shone for a moment over a flooded landscape, touching the long pools in the autumn furrows with crimson, and giving the bosom of the earth the appearance of being gashed by lancets; then the obscuring clouds dropped down and covered all with gray again.

When John Harmon came downstairs breakfast was past, but he found that an ample portion had been left on the table for him.

"We are early risers," was the farmer's greeting, "and we breakfast early 'The morning hour has gold in its mouth,' says the proverb. Even on Sunday it is hard to break the habit of the week."

"Habit makes strange playthings of us," replied the tramp, with more of geniality in his tone than had been noticeable the night before, although he made no apology for his own tardiness. "I am myself a victim of habit. All my days I have been a farmer, so I know the necessity of early rising, and am encouraged that I was able to sleep late this morning."

"Why do you say 'encouraged'? asked the farmer in surprise. "Isn't the habit a good one?"

"It may be good or bad, but so long as I am able to shake off the thraldom of any habit I have reason to rejoice, for I am the hapless victim of habit and heredity, and hope to win my freedom yet. Why should the negro be free and I a slave?"

"You have at least one curious habit," commented the perplexed farmer. "You speak in riddles. Last night you said you had been wrecked by the war, and then admitted that you had seen nothing of it. Then you were ruined by a woman, yet had rarely spoken to one. Now you place disaster to the account of habit and heredity, whatever the last may be. Did all four combine to injure you, or did one after another overthrow you, the last downfall leaving you unable to rise again?"

The tramp laughed, but there was no mirth in the hardness of his laugh, and it was a sound so unpleasant to hear that the farmer's wife in a whisper begged her husband to discontinue the questioning. But curiosity is ever a quality of those who live remote from the world, and the farmer's interest was so fully aroused that he concentrated his whole attention on the stranger, and paid small heed to the admonition of his wife.

"Sir," said the vagrant, "if you require a full explanation, it shall be given to you. Know then that if it had not been for the war I should not have been placed in the peril that encompassed me at its close. If it had not been for the woman, that peril would have passed me by. If it had not been for heredity, habit might not have enchained me so easily. If it had not been for habit, I could still mend my misfortunes, for I am not yet an old man. There you have the situation in a nutshell; and I hope I have satisfied your curiosity as completely as your generous breakfast has satisfied my hunger."

As the uncanny guest said this he drew his chair back from the table, and for the first time looked his host in the eye, a cynical smile playing about his thin lips, which was as disquieting to see as his laughter was to hear.

The farmer was plainly in a quandary, and his eyes sunk beneath the hypnotizing gaze of the other.

"I confess you leave me still in the dark," he said at last.

"Do you go to church?" asked Harmon.

"As a general rule we do, but the church is four miles away and the roads are fit for neither man nor beast today."

"Then, sir, if you wish, you shall hear my sermon instead; but I fear that you may not see the application of it to any useful purpose, beyond what comes from hearkening to a tragedy. Last night I was unpardonably rude to you when I said that my story would profit neither me in the telling nor you in the hearing. Its telling is the only return I can make for your ungrudging hospitality, and if you care to listen, I am most willing to relate."

The farmer expressed his desire to hear, but his wife regarded the stranger with deep distrust. The children, however, were so eager for the story that they pressed around their mother, clamoring and whispering. She bade them sit down and be quiet, interposing no objection, greatly to their relief. The tramp began and continued his narration in a dull voice that had little of either emphasis or reflection in it, and he was uninterrupted to the end.

THE TRAMP'S STORY BEGINS.

"My father, Richard Harmon, was an Englishman, who at the age of twenty-one emigrated to America, seeing little hope of bettering his condition in the old country. I have nothing of ancestry to boast, for my father was of the laboring class, sober, industrious and poor. He was betrothed to a girl of his own class, like himself in farm-service; and so little money had they, he could not marry her and bring her with him, but left her there, hoping that America, which they regarded as an El Dorado, would shortly provide the means for their reunion. They were destined to live apart for some years, filled with anxiety for the future, which were nevertheless sweetened by hope. My father became the hired man of a German who was considered thrifty and well-to-do for that time and that district. He owned a large farm and was, I believe, a somewhat hard taskmaster; but he must have found his new employee a willing slave, for my father was eager to become acquainted with American methods of agriculture, and soon found he had as much to unlearn as to learn.

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