

reading as it were their thoughts, many of them whom he had befriended turned their backs to hide the blush of shame which was covering their faces. They now began to realize what they had done, that they had abused and insulted their best friend—had struck at the hand that fed them, and some did even shed tears of bitter regret. At length he motioned for them to come near. They knew him to be a man of few words, and no hand had ever dared to disobey one of his commands. They gathered around with trembling hearts, knowing that whatever he should say would be carried out to the letter. He had always addressed them as boys, yet some of them had seen more years than he; but now, as he slowly raised his hand, he sternly said: "Gentlemen, every one of you who is willing to go to work again at one shilling per day less than his former wages, can do so at once; all others must leave this yard immediately." In an instant all of these men went into the mill, and within ten minutes every saw but two was in motion.

Mr. A. seeing no one at these gates, inquired for Kearny and Wellock. The boy answers again, "When they see you coming, they run 'round behind the mill." These men had heard all that had been said, and when Mr. A. looked behind the mill he saw them making tracks up stream as fast as their legs could carry them. Mr. A. went back to the office and the business went on without any further interruption. Although strikes are always wrong, dishonest, and dishonorable, effecting no good to either party, and always harm to the striker, there never was a more unjust one, or one less called for than this. The statement that Mr. A. was hoarding money was false. He started in life without help, was a hired hand for several years in this mill which he now owned. Here he earned the money to make the cash payment necessary to purchase it.

He invested his money in mills and timber lots as fast, yes faster, as it proved, than he had obtained it, thus giving employment to more men every year. After a few months these old hands, having proved faithful to their former trust, their wages were again raised to the old standard, but they had learned a lesson not soon to be forgotten. Kearny and Wellock fled to parts unknown.

The lumber business still increasing, the future supply of logs became a matter of the utmost importance. Competition among mill owners caused a rise in the price of timber tracts, so that they could only be obtained at enormous rates, and A. must either pay these prices, or allow his business to die out. He reasoned thus: The scarcity of timber standing along the streams and lakes, or in ready access to them, would cause a rise in the prices of lum-

ber, and would, in the end, warrant the outlay. So he bargained for immense tracts, for which he was unable to pay cash, but promised time payments, such as his ordinary sales of lumber would easily meet.

But these perilous times soon after commenced. The sale of lumber was almost at a stand-still. Prices of all kinds of property went down, payments were falling due—these expensive tracts of timber were now unsaleable at any price. But Mr. A., having almost unbounded credit, borrowed money at high rates of interest to meet these payments and kept his mills running. His men were given work at full wages, month after month, in hopes of better times, while their expenses of living had fallen off nearly 50 per cent. within the two years. But there is a limit to every man's pure and credit, and that of Mr. A.'s was at length reached. A crash came, which astonished many of the wisest heads. The news flashed over the wires that Mr. A. had failed. Creditors packed around the mills, clamorous for their money.

Mr. A. tried to make a compromise and keep the mills running until better times, when business would again revive, and he could then soon pay up these claims. But the men quarreled over the property, like eagles over a carcass, and finally took his mills and other property away, and now the old gray-headed man, who has spent almost his life-time benefiting other people, has to earn the bread for his family by his daily labor, while most of the men (a full thousand have been in his employ) are in good, comfortable circumstances, and scores of them are doing a good and prosperous business, started with the money earned in his employ. Had he succeeded in weathering the storm and saved his property, he would undoubtedly have been called a bloated capitalist, who, with others, ought to be put down.

These are the men against whom all of this great tirade of socialism is aimed, and such men as Kearny and Wellock are the leaders in the work. When laboring men can understand their true position they can readily see that they are now standing in the same position in life from which most of our present capitalists started, and that perseverance, good judgment and economy is all that is needed to secure the same amount of capital for themselves, and that now, while at their daily labor, saving up little by little, they are comparatively safe from these great financial storms, by which so many fortunes are swept away.

A mule's head does not contain a brain capable of culture and refined rearing, but it is wonderful to what an extent the other end of him can be reared.

SUNDAY IN THE HOME.

We know a household in which the Sunday is hardly over before the little ones begin the inquiry, "Mamma, when will it be Sunday again?" To these children Sunday is the "red-letter" day of the week, looked forward to, and backward to, on every other day. And this, because on Sunday they have their father at home all day. This wise father makes Sunday the children's day. He dismisses his business cares, gathers his children close about him, listens to their histories of the week, reads to them, or talks to them, or walks with them. He is making beautiful associations to cluster about this beautiful day.

This should be the day of days in every household. Six days must the bread and butter be earned, and the bread and butter be prepared, the raiment taken thought of, and the raiment stitched. Six days must the fathers and sons and daughters and little children go abroad to their work and their lessons. But then comes the seventh day, the beautiful Sunday, in which business may be set aside, the lessons dismissed, husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters reunited. Let this day be consecrated to all that is highest and best in our natures, to thanksgiving and aspiration, and to the development in the home of those spiritual graces which make our homes heavenly places. Wise parents will make the day so bright and sweet with their joy in their children, their sympathetic conversation, their choice books, their songs, and their bits of poetry, that those who come to the hearthstone weary or discouraged will be renewed and cheered for the work of the coming week, and all will bear in their hearts a bright memory to shine on them in all cloudy weathers.

The Skagit river valley (W. T.) is fast looming up as a desirable locality for new settlers. Settlements extend some sixty or seventy miles above the mouth of that noble stream, which is only second in volume and current to the majestic Columbia. This valley has now a saw-mill and five or six logging camps; is rich in mineral resources and will probably ere long have coal and gold mines in successful operation, as both have been discovered there in fair "prospects." The agricultural, mineral and timber resources of that vast region will eventually become a source of wonder and admiration to this our northwestern commonwealth.—*Mail.*

The quicksilver mine near Oakland, Oregon, produces rock which assays 264 pounds of pure quicksilver from a ton of rock. A company with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars will commence work there shortly.