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**A THEFT.**

I wonder—just a tiny bit—  
As I see Mabel thoughtful sit  
Beside the table,  
What she would do, the merry miss,  
If I should steal from her a kiss;  
To me it would be perfect bliss—  
But what to Mabel?

Her ear is pink as mother pearl,  
And from her net one golden curl  
Is straying vagrant;  
Her silken lashes curve a-down  
And veil her eyes of bonnie brown—  
The perfume from her dainty gown  
Is faintly fragrant.

How easy round her chair to slip  
And kiss her tempting ruby lip!  
Yes—would I rue it?  
What is that saying out, though old?  
A winning knight must needs be bold!  
And maiden Mabel could not scold.  
I think I'll do it!

—[Boston Transcript.

**THE THREE GRANDMOTHERS.**

"And you would marry this fellow," said Grandma Von Brecks von Starch, in her bassoonist (that is the only word I can think of with which to describe them) tones, "if you could?" "Yes, ma'am," replied Gertrude meekly but firmly.

"The idea is simply preposterous!" declared Grandmother Huffey's life-like voice.

"Preposterous indeed!" responded the bassoon. "More than preposterous—disgraceful! A mechanic! a common working-man! a house-painter!"

"He's a fresco-painter," timidly corrected Gertrude.

"Which amounts to the same thing," growled the bassoon.

"Michael Angelo—" began Gertrude.

"Heaven preserve us!" shrieked the fife; "she's bringing some Irishman into the discussion now! Be silent, miss. We'll not hear another word from you. And understand distinctly, once and for all, that if that person calls here to-morrow, which no doubt he will have the impertinence and assurance to do, you are to dismiss him instantly, or we will."

"And endeavor to begin the new year"—the bassoon took up the strain again—"in a manner befitting a descendant of the illustrious General Von Brecks von Starch, whose unexampled bravery made him and Bergen-op-Zoom—the city of his birth—famous not only throughout Holland but the entire world, at a time when you were not dreamed of."

As for Great-gran Pecky, she had sat softly rocking to and fro in her cushioned rocker munching her caraway biscuits—a store of which she always carried in a little satchel suspended at her side—sleepily regarding the group of talkers, and saying not a word herself. But that was nothing strange for her. She scarcely ever spoke save in monosyllables, and never even in them when Madame Von Brecks von Starch and Mistress Huffey were laying down the law (a favorite occupation of theirs, by-the-by) to servants, tradespeople, or granddaughter Gertrude. And the last thing that could have occurred to either of the amiable law-makers would have been the idea of appealing to the old lady for an opinion on any subject whatever. It sufficed them that she paid without grumbling the greater part of the expenses of the household out of the income which was to cease at her death, and yet allowed them to manage all things pertaining to it in their own way.

Gertrude—so named by Madame Von Brecks von Starch in honor of the patron saint of Bergen-op-Zoom—had lost both her parents in her infancy, and her father having been reduced to poverty some time before he died by various gentlemanly vices, she had been left wholly dependent upon her three grandmothers.

Of these Great-gran Pecky was the mother of Grandmother Huffey, who in turn was the mother of Gertrude's mother, while Grandma Von Brecks von Starch held the same close relationship to her father.

The bassoon grandmother was at the head of the American branch of her family (she had been a Von Brecks von Starch herself, and had married a cousin of the same name)—a family of great prowess and many bags of gold in their father-land some century and a half ago. She was tall, stout and solid, with a round face, big black eyes, abundant iron-gray hair, and a carriage that immediately suggested to the beholder the last syllable of her aristocratic name.

The fife grandmother, five years her junior, was directly her opposite, being short, slim and limber, with a sharp-cut face, extremely thin fair hair and faded blue eyes.

Great-gran Pecky, notwithstanding her eighty-three years, was by far the best-looking of the three (though she did look, I must confess, when munching her caraway biscuits, somewhat like a very nice meditative old rabbit). Her snowy white tresses waved prettily above her still dark eyebrows, beneath which beamed with a mild, dreamy light her soft brown eyes, and a pleasant winter bloom lingered on her wrinkled face.

It was from her Gertrude had received all the picture books and sugar-plums, almost always bestowed in perfect silence, that had brightened and sweetened her childhood, Grandma Von Brecks von Starch supplying the lessons in deportment and Grandmother Huffey (let me whisper it) the punishments, usually inflicted with a slipper or the back of a hair-brush. But in spite of the lectures and lessons and other disagreeable things, Gertrude led a tolerably happy

life with her three grandmothers until her eighteenth birthday. From that day dated such strict surveillance so much sarcasm, so many scolding heads, that even the hair-brush-and-slipper period seemed by comparison a regrettable one. And all on account of the young man who came to fresco the parlor ceilings. A handsome young man he was, possessing the highly euphonious name of Everdell Tremlett. But neither his good looks nor his romantic name availed him aught with the two managing grandmothers, who saw in him only one of the working-day race, with which the Huffeys and the Von Brecks von Starches had nothing in common.

And therefore with no more thought about the matter than if John the man-servant had been there in his stead, they allowed their granddaughter to practice her music lessons in the back parlor—the sliding door being partly open—while he was at work in the front.

And so it happened that Gertrude, trying to play an air from memory, and finding it continually eluded her, was about giving it up in vexation, when some one softly whistled it behind her; and turning quickly on the revolving stool, she saw the young painter, brush in hand, standing in the doorway.

"Beg pardon, but that is what you wanted, is it not?" he asked as he ceased whistling, in a voice as deep as that of the bassoon grandmother, though much more melodious.

"Oh yes, thank you," said Gertrude, with a blush; and turning to the piano again, she played the whole air skillfully and gracefully.

"It's a beautiful thing," said the painter, still standing in the doorway; "but I think the song beginning in this way"—and he prepared to whistle again, when he encountered the frozen frown of Madame Von Brecks von Starch, as she stepped into the room from the balcony and fled.

And the next day the piano was closed and locked, and the fair former a prisoner in her own room; and Grandmother Huffey, meeting Mr. Everdell Tremlett as he came to work, requested him in one brief sentence to "get through his work and go about his business as soon as possible."

But Love—bless his merry little heart!—laughs at locks and lock-smiths, and the very next time Gertrude went for her singing lesson to the Conservatory (to and from the door of which she was always escorted by either Madame Von Brecks von Starch or Mistress Huffey) she found there a new pupil with a magnificent bass voice, and that new pupil was the fair-haired, blue-eyed young fresco-painter. Not one word of this meeting, nor of the meetings that followed it two or three times a week for six months thereafter, did the naughty girl breathe to either of the three grandmothers, and the two younger of the trio exulted greatly over the strict vigilance with which they guarded the future bride (according to their long-laid plans) of Diedrich von Brecks, the rich Holland merchant, due in New York with the new year. But their exultation came to an end on New-Year's Eve. On that evening the Conservatory of Music gave a pupil concert, and the very first duet was sung by Miss Gertrude Von Brecks and Mr. Everdell Tremlett. In vain had the latter begged to be left out of the programme; in vain had he summoned to his aid a mysterious throat disease. His professor declared that sing he must, or lose his place in the Conservatory, and, what was still worse, prove himself an "ingra-a-te!" And so the three grandmothers, sitting in great state near the stage, were horrified—that is, two of them were (great-gran munching her caraways as placidly as ever)—by seeing and hearing their granddaughter made operative love to, in a very real love-making way, before a most fashionable audience, by the young man who frescoed their parlors.

In a moment the whole truth flashed upon their minds, and how they sat out the rest of the concert, so great was their indignation, they never knew. But at last, much to their relief, it came to an end, and the ominous silence with which they received the pretty culprit prepared her for the storm (the after-claps of which I have recorded at the beginning of my story) that burst upon her head as soon as they reached home. When it was over Gertrude was allowed to seek her room. Here she threw off her cloak, turned the key in her door, and took from her bosom a note, which she hastily read.

"My dearest" (thus it ran),—"I suppose—in fact, I know—you will have a scene to-night with her Royal Highness Von Brecks von Starch and her faithful henchwoman the Duchesse de Huffey. I am so sorry for you, dear! But don't let them frighten you; and don't be frightened at what I am about to propose. To-morrow will be New-Year's Day. Consent, I entreat you, to begin the new year with me. I have but a humble home to offer you, but in it waits the blessing of mothers and the best of grandmothers (who will make your fourth) to welcome you. I shall be waiting, when you read this note, with a carriage around the nearest corner. Our alto and tenor will be with me, ready to act as bridesmaid and groomsmen. Your grandmothers would never consent to our marriage, and unless you take a decisive step they will marry you, in spite of yourself, to your Dutch fifth cousin. Come, my darling, come.

EVERDELL.

"P. S.—If you find it impossible to make your escape, why, then I must beard the lions in their den to-morrow, and fight a duel with the Von Brecks von Starch as soon as he arrives in the country."

Gertrude stood an instant in thought. Then she glanced in the mirror. It reflected a bride-like figure. Dress of some clinging creamy white material, daisy-decked head, a cloud of lace clasped at the throat by a tiny gold cross. She smiled softly, re-read her note, waited impatiently until half an hour had passed, and then unlocked her door, opened it, and listened. All was silent as the grave. Cautiously she ventured out into the entry, groped her way to the stairway, and began to descend the stairs, pausing on every other step to make sure that no one was astray and watching her. At last she reached the street door in safety. It seemed an age to her until she had succeeded in unfastening the heavy chain across it—in reality it was just three minutes—and then she felt for the key. It was gone! Her heart sank within her.

"Poor Everdell!" she said, and sadly prepared to retrace her steps—not daring to try the basement way, because the servants slept in that part of the house—when a faint light appeared above her head, and looking up, she saw great-gran, carrying a lighted candle in her hand, coming down the stairs as carefully as she had come down them herself. "She will call the others as soon as she is sure it is I," she exclaimed, clasping her hands in an agony of fear. But great-gran came straight on, without a word, until she stood beside the frightened girl.

"Here's the key, my dear," she said, in a whisper, and with quite a girlish air. "I've got a key that fits the General's door, though she don't know it, and I took this from under her pillow. Oh! if she'd caught me. But she sleeps like a soldier of the Revolution. And here's a little gift for you"—putting a small package in Gertrude's hand. "Law, child, how much you do look like me the night I ran away with Oliver Pecky! Your sweetheart's a good boy; I know all about him. Good-night, and a happy New-Year to you both!" And exerting all her strength—Gertrude standing motionless in her great surprise—the old lady unlocked the door, and gently pushed the girl out into the arms of her lover.

And when the flight was discovered next morning, the anger thereof was nearly equalled by the wonder in regard to the manner of it.

"She never went by the front door, for the key was under my pillow," thundered the bassoon.

"She couldn't have opened one of the parlor windows to have saved her life," squeaked the fife. "Only John and myself know the secret of the fastenings. And if she could have opened it, she certainly could not have fastened it behind her. Some of the servants must have helped her."

But the servants emphatically declared their entire innocence.

"There's no use asking me," said Mistress Huffey, looking rather spitefully at the old lady as she rocked in her favorite rocker and munching her favorite refreshment. "She never sees nor hears anything. But however the ungrateful mix got out, I'm glad she's gone, and not a penny of my money does she ever see."

The great-gran's "little gift" proved to be a bonbon box filled with fresh caraway biscuits, in the midst of which lay a crisp thousand-dollar United States Treasury note. But never did Everdell or his wife hear from or see her again, for very soon after their marriage she passed quietly out of life, and so will remain an enigma to them forever."

And Madame Von Brecks von Starch and Mistress Huffey having succeeded in marrying the merchant from Bergen-op-Zoom to a distant relative of the Von Starch family—sought out and dowered for that purpose—departed with the bridal pair for that once-renowned military town, and "the land of the free and the home of the brave" knew them no more.—[Harper's Weekly.

**THE KING AND WAGNER'S SON.**

The King of Bavaria has undertaken the education of Siegfried, the son of the illustrious composer whose remains were buried at Bayreuth yesterday. It is not often that genius descends from father to son, but there are instances of such descent. It is said that young Hadley, now a tutor at Yale, gives promise of achievements as remarkable as those of his famous father. It can hardly be that the child of a man of the extraordinary strength of character of Richard Wagner has not more than ordinary talents. If he has genius, the advantages the King now gives him will develop it, and if he lacks it, the kindness of the monarch will be an appropriate tribute to his immortal sire. In honoring the memory of his great friend the Bavarian King brings his own name into honorable mention the world over.—[Mail and Express.

On the discussion of a certain bill in the House of Lords, Bishop Atterbury happened to say that he had prophesied this bill would be attempted during the session, and he was sorry to find he had proved a true prophet. Lord Coningsby, who spoke after him always in a passion, desired the House to remark, that one of the right reverend lords had set himself up as a prophet for his part he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that furious prophet Balaam, who was reproved by his own ass. The bishop, in reply, with great wit and calmness, exposed this rude attack concluding thus: "Since the noble lord has discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; but, my lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel; I am sure that I have been reproved by nobody but his lordship."

**THE BAD BOY.**

He Will Bring in Coal, but Draws the Line at Kindling Wood.

**A WICKED TRICK PLAYED ON HIS UNSUSPECTING FATHER.**

"I was down to the drug store this morning, and saw your ma buying a lot of court plaster, enough to make a shirt, I should think. What she doing with so much court plaster?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy, as he came in and pulled off his boots by the stove and emptied out a lot of snow that had collected as he walked through a drift, on the hearth, which melted and made a bad smell.

"O, I guess she is going to patch pa up so he will hold water. Pa's temper got him into the worst muss you ever see, last night. If that museum was here now they would hire pa and exhibit him as the tattooed man. I tell you, I have got too old to be mauled as though I was a kid, and any man who attacks me from this out, wants to have his peace made with the insurance companies, and know that his calling and election is sure, because I am a bad man, and don't you forget it."

And the boy pulled on his boots and looked so cross and desperate that the grocery man asked him if he wouldn't try a little new cider.

"Good heavens," said the grocery man, as the boy swallowed the cider, and his face resumed its natural look, and the piratical frown disappeared with the cider. "You have not stabbed your father have you? I have feared that one thing would bring on another, with you, and that you would yet be hung."

"Naw, I haven't stabbed him. It was another cat that stabbed him. You see, pa wants me to do all the work around the house. The other day he bought a load of kindling wood, and told me to carry it into the basement. I have not been educated up to kindling wood, and I didn't do it. When supper time came, and pa found that I had not carried in the kindling wood, he had a hot box, and he told me if that wood was not in when he came back from the lodge, that he would warm my jacket. Well, I tried to hire some one to carry it in, and got a man to promise to come in the morning and carry it in and take his pay in groceries, and I was going to buy the groceries here and have them charged to pa. But that wouldn't help me out that night. I knew when pa came home he would search for me. So I slept in the back hall on a cot. But I didn't want pa to have all his trouble for nothing, so I borrowed an old tom cat that my chum's old maid aunt owns, and put the cat in my room after me, and found that by his unkindness that I had changed to a tom cat, he would be sorry. That is the biggest cat you ever see, and the worst fighter in our ward. It isn't afraid of anything, and can whip a New Foundland dog quicker than you could put sand in a barrel of sugar. Well, about eleven o'clock I heard pa tumble over the kindling wood, and I knew by the remark he made, as the wood slid around under him, that there was going to be a cat fight real quick. He come up to ma's room and sounded ma as to whether Henny had retired to his virtuous couch. Pa is awful sarcastic when he tries to be. I could hear him take off his clothes, and hear him say, as he picked up a trunk strap, 'I guess I will go up to his room and watch the smile on his face, as he dreams of angels. I yearn to press him to my aching bosom.' I thought to myself, 'mebbe you won't yearn so much directly.' He come up stairs, and I could hear him breathing hard. I looked out around the corner and could see he just had on his shirt and pants, and his suspenders were hanging down, and his bald head shone like a calcium light just before it explodes. Pa went in my room and up to the bed, and I could hear him say, 'Come out here and bring in that kindling wood, or I will start a fire on your base burner with this strap.' And there was a yowling such as I never heard before, and pa said, 'Helen Blazes,' and the furniture in my room began to fall around and break. O, my! I think pa took the tom cat right by the neck, the way he does me, and that left all the cat's feet free to get in their work. By the way the cat squawled as though it was being choked, I know pa had him by the neck. I suppose the cat thought pa was a whole flock of New Foundland dogs, and the cat had a record on dogs, and it kicked awful. Pa's shirt was no protection at all in a cat fight, and the cat just walked all around pa's stomach, and pa yelled 'police' and 'fire,' and 'turn on the hose,' and he called ma, and the cat yowled. If pa had had presence of mind enough to have dropped the cat, or rolled it up in the mattress, it would have been all right, but a man always gets rattled in time of danger, and he held onto the cat and started down stairs yelling murder, and he met ma coming up. I guess ma's night cap, or something, frightened the cat some more, cause he stabbed ma on the night-shirt with one hind foot, and ma said 'merry on us,' and she went back, and pa stumbled on a hand-sled that was on the stairs, and they all fell down, and the cat got away and went down in the coal bin and yowled all night. Pa and ma went into their room, and I guess they anointed themselves with vaseline and Pond's extract, and I went and got into my bed, cause it was cold out in the hall, and the cat had warmed my bed as well as it had warmed pa. It was all I could do to go to sleep, with

pa and ma talking all night, and this morning I came down the back stairs and haven't been to breakfast, cause I don't want to see pa when he is vexed. You let the man that carries in the kindling wood have six shillings worth of groceries and charge them to pa. I have passed the kindling wood period in a boy's life, and have arrived at the coal period. I will carry in coal, but I draw the line at kindling wood."

"Well, you are a cruel, bad boy," said the grocery man, as he went to the book and charged the six shillings.

"O, I don't know. I think pa is cruel. A man who will take a poor kitty by the neck, that hasn't done any harm, and tries to chastise the poor thing with a trunk strap, ought to be looked after by the humane society. And if it is cruel to take a cat by the neck, how much more cruel is it to take a boy by the neck, that had diphtheria only a few years ago and whose throat is tender. Say, I guess I will accept your invitation to take breakfast with you, and the boy cut off a piece of bologna and helped himself to the crackers, and while the grocery man was out shovelling off the snow from the sidewalk, the boy filled his pockets with raisins and loaf sugar, and then went out to watch the man carry in his kindling wood.

**SHOPPING IN BOMBAY.**

I wished, on one occasion, to find smoking-jackets and caps, and my butler volunteered to conduct me to a place. Through narrow, crowded and dark streets we rode, stopping finally at a door-way, where a steep flight of steps, or rather a ladder, almost erect, led to the upper story. A rope at the side hung down from above, and, clutching it first, I ascended. I could not help feeling a little nervous, but the butler, in whom I had great confidence, followed closely, and reassured me. The room in which I found myself was very small and dark, with no window. An old Mohammedan sat cross-legged in the corner, with a dim light by his side. He rose, salaamed almost to the floor, lighted another lamp, and, piling up some dingy old rugs for me to sit on, proceeded to untie his bundles and display his goods. It was a long time before I could see in the dimness of the room, but by degrees my eyes became accustomed to the darkness and my olfactory to the "delightful India smell," which was almost overpowering. It required patience to watch him open package after package of very inferior goods. From experience I knew this was a necessary performance to be gone through. After a while the embroideries of which I was in search began to appear. Then my butler depreciated the article so well that the abatement in price was astonishing. I selected several things, and rose to go, but the little, weird old man begged "Mem Sahib" to be seated, and wait just one "little minute," and give him the pleasure of showing "Mem Sahib" a shawl. And he did show me not one shawl, but hundreds—coarse, ill-made, heavy, at first; finer, more delicate, most exquisitely woven at last. Finding me firm in my intention not to purchase, he reduced the prices for these bewitching goods till they were almost too small to be true. I hastily made my escape down the ladder, lest my pocket-book should be emptied then and there.

**A TANK ON WHEELS.**

One of the palace cars belonging to the United States Fish Commission started recently for California with a passenger list of young fish numbering 18,000. The car in its appearance, and to a large extent in its internal arrangements, resembles a modern sleeping car. There are the compartments at each end. In the one compartment is what may be called the office of the superintendent. Here is a table fixed between two seats, with a hanging lamp above. The space above the two ice tanks, which are built upon each side of the passage-way, and are used when necessary to cool the air that passes through the fish tanks in the car, is utilized for pigeon holes. The compartment at the other end is used for a kitchen. The central part of the car has an aisle running through the center, and in place of the seats on each side, are wide wooden ledges about three feet high, on which are placed the tin fish tanks. Berths like those in sleeping-cars are along the side for the use of the superintendent and his assistants. The dining table is placed in the aisle, with seats in the ledges. The human passengers, as well as the fish, live in the car.

The fish are not placed in the tanks filled with water, as the motion of the train would dash the water about and destroy many lives among the young passengers. Instead, about twenty fish are placed in gallon tin pails, and these pails are put in the tanks, and then the latter filled with water. With the carp, however, the water in the pails is sufficient, and the motion of the car tends to the circulation of air in the water, keeping it fresh. The attendants, however, renew the water every eight hours, and keep a careful watch to remove any fish that may have died. The percentage of fish lost by death is, however, very small.

The fish do not complete their travels when they leave the car. For instance: The first stop which will be made by this car will be at St. Louis, where fish will be left for applicants residing in Missouri and Arkansas. From this point pails of fish will be sent all over the States by express at the expense of the consignee.

**A FAITHFUL WIFE.**

Early Sorrows of the Woman Who Later came Pore Hyacinthe's Bride.

**THE REAL FACTS OF HER LIFE TOLD BY HER BROTHER.**

In the first place, the *Figaro* girl's maiden name was Emily Jane Terfield, whereas it should be Bunnell, and she was born in the State of New York, not Ohio, as stated. Our father was killed by the fall of a horse in the village of Melmore, Ohio. He was a carriage maker, a "carpenter." There were eight children, instead of five—four boys and four girls. Soon after the death of our father the family got separated, leaving the younger children at home, my youngest brother, my sister Emily and myself remaining with my mother. My brother came soon after, leaving mother, Emily and me alone in possession of the old homestead. Sister Emily and myself supported ourselves, my mother, she by teaching a district school and I by working on a farm. She was at that time nearly forty years old and I two years her senior.

My sister's first husband, Edward R. Merriman, was a dry goods merchant in Bucyrus, O., and the son of Willis W. Merriman, the president of the Pittsburg, I. & W. Wayne & Chicago railway company. Her husband failed in business, became dissipated. Soon after his failure they removed to New York, where his dissipation increased to such an extent that she could not endure it any longer, so she determined to place the ocean between her and her husband, which she did by leaving her two children, a boy and a girl, with her husband's father in Ohio. This step on her part was sanctioned and advised by her people, as well as those of her father's. Upon sailing for Europe she saw her husband: "If you reform and come a man again I will return to live with you, but if you don't I shall." They mutually loved each other dearly, and she had tried to wait patiently for fourteen years to save her but all in vain. As soon as she heard for Europe he began to realize his condition and stopped dissipation. In less than one year we wrote in return, as we all thought "Ever" we familiarly called him, had a heliograph reformed for good. She came on upon the first steamer. Some forty days after her departure her record not long after her husband to drink again, becoming worse, and she determined to give him one more chance to reform himself. So she crossed the ocean again, taking her son with her, and she would return again. But months after he died in an insane asylum in Chicago. Hence the *Figaro's* statement that "the ambitious young woman had but one message—and that was a sojourn in Europe is not true, as her main object that she get her young son away from the influence of a dissipated father, which desire also that her absence would be the means of reclaiming him. Enter the *Figaro* says: "an amount of for occasion soon offered itself, being her to go to Europe. That beheld Hammall, of Indiana" propositioned her "to take his son to France to complete his education." The fact that Judge Hanna, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, a relative of the Merriman family, and the successor to Merriman, senior, to the presidency of the Chicago and Pittsburg, I. & W. Wayne & Chicago railroad company, sent his son and daughter with my sister to Europe the second time. She which treated her husband "as her infatigable as stated. He was well educated, a good business man, while, Kolfiner looking men ever lived, no voice, standing his dissipation. Woman tried for years to reclaim him, some purpose.

The *Figaro* says: "she returned to the United States, with the intention of obtaining a divorce," and age of "she pleaded that her husband was unable to support her and her children. This is not a fact, as she never would all her friends insisted on her attempt. But she would not, and she would yet reform. That her most sorrow in her early life was due to the drugs all who know her testify, but she was possessed of great courage and indomitable will, and was a thorough student, wishing herself closely to her studies, she might fit herself to battle with life and provide for herself and her children.

General John R. Gordon of Ohio came home from Europe proud country. He said to a reporter that it is enough to make an American citizen to walk through the streets of London, with the civilization of thousands years, and see American implements, American sewing machines, American tools and American goods displayed on every hand. I know that American wares are being sold in the stores and the fields are feeding the English that effing and American factories are being to clothe them."

Think not you are the only one who has to endure, and who does hardships of life. Ease and comfort are the natural desires of the heart, and there are thousands of imaginary, in every one's mind. But sitting down and brooding never bring power to overcome. Rather be up and doing, than the blessings yet remaining.