

Good advice from the Georgia philosopher to young men. He advises all to marry, and we counsel his advice.

School's just out. There are five hundred children turned loose on this town and a hundred thousand on the state and several millions on the nation, and they are kicking up a racket wherever they are.

Christmas holidays are a healthy, beautiful rest for the children, and it does us all good to see them happy. Penned up in school for weeks and months; puzzled and perplexed over their books; now head and heart free and now, about half way between, with many a newfangled and many a joy, all mingled together they need a rest, a good long rest, and Christmas is sure to bring it.

Christmas is the shadow that darkens every joy. There are thousands of children to whom Christmas never comes—no Santa Claus, no tree, no presents, no anything but poverty and want. If the warm heart bleeds when thinking about them let it bleed and maybe the pocket will, too.

Pleasing the children is the biggest part of life, and is what most every family man is living for, though he don't realize it, and would hardly acknowledge it if he did. It is the power behind the throne, the incentive that stimulates every parent to be up and doing. Their daily presence, their dependence, their helplessness, and their charity, has more respect for his love, for he feels that the love of children is a nobler thing than the love of money or power or fame.

Manhood must have something to love and so they have no children. A rich man without children ought to adopt some just for his own sake. The parental relation is the natural relation, and no man or woman is happy outside of it—not as happy as they might have been. Our young men ought to marry, marry whether they can afford to or not. It is the law of God and of nature. Marry when the first pure love of woman comes over you. Don't get alarmed at her skirts and satins, for she is just wearing them to attract you and will sober down to business when you are married. There will soon be others to love for and work for, and the fever must go if you can't afford it. I always tremble for these travelers whom I meet everywhere on the rail—these nice young men of good families who are doing the commercial business of the country. They are not mating—hardly mating. They don't stay long enough in a place to fall in love, and by and by the whole south land will be full of concubine batchelors—batchelors who will soon get old and needy and wear out and die without mourners and only enough friends to bury them. They will die and leave no sign. Let the young man marry and if he does have to travel he will get home now and then and there will always be a light in the window for him. The faithful dog will bark a good welcome at his coming, and the wife and the children be so happy, never so happy.

As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man, so are the children of the youth who marry. Happy is the man who hath his quiver full. He should not be ashamed and shall speak with the enemy in the gate. That is so. Exactly so. The best security for any government is the parental relations. When a man regards of anarchy and corruption, he does not tremble for himself, but for his children and it arouses his indignation and provokes him to action. I have great respect for these large patriarchal families. Not long ago I traveled with an old gentleman in Stewarts county who had twenty-two children by two wives, and they had all settled around him and doing well, very well, and he bore himself like a king. Not

A Well Written Picture of Life in the Iron Mills.—The Strivings of a Dignely Talented Spirit to Escape from a Life of Slavery.

A cloudy day; do you know what that is in a town of iron-works? The sky sank down before dawn, muddy, flat, immovable. The air is thick, clammy with the breath of crowded human beings, it stifles me. I opened the window, and look out and can scarcely see through the rain the grocer's shop opposite, where a crowd of drunken Irishmen are puffing Lynchburg tobacco in their pipes, and the scent through all the foul smells ranging loose in the air.

The idiosyncrasy of this town is smoke. It rolls sullenly in slow folds from the great chimneys of the iron works, and settles down in black, slimy, pools on the muddy streets. Smoke on the wharves, smoke on the dingy boats, on the yellow river—ginging in a coating of greasy soot to the houses, front the iron works, and the faces of the passers-by. The long train of mules, dragging masses of pig-iron through the narrow street, have a foul vapor hanging to their reeking sides. Here, inside, is a little, broken figure of an angel pointing up to the sky, and the shelf, but even its wings are covered with smoke, clogged and black. Smoke everywhere! A dirty canopy of grey, its dream of green fields and sunshine is a very old dream, almost worn out I think.

From the back window I can see a narrow brick yard sloping down to the river side strewn with rain butts and tubs. The river, dull and tawny colored, (la rivière) drains itself sluggishly along, tired of the heavy weight of boats and coal barges. What wonder? When I was a child I used to fancy a look of weary, dumb appeal upon the face of the negro-like river slavishly bearing its burden day after day. Something of the same idle notion comes to me to-day, when from the street window I look on the slow stream of human life creeping past, night and morning, to the great mill, besotted faces bent to the ground, sharpened here and there by pain or cunning; skip and muscle and flesh begrimed with smoke and ashes; stooping all night over boiling rollers, and the red glare of day in dens of drunkenness and infamy; breathing from infancy to death an air saturated with fog and grease and soot, vilest for soul and body. What do you make of a case like that, amateur psychologist? You call it a case of morose serious thing to be alive; to these men it is a drunken jape, to a joke—horrible to angels perhaps, to their common place enough. My fancy about the river was an idle one; it is no type of a case of morose serious thing, but a noble and stately here! It knows that beyond there waits for it orator's sunlight—quaint old gardens, dusky with soft, green foliage of apple trees, and flushing crimson with thousands of full livered birds, mountains. The future of the Welsh puddler passing just now is not so pleasant. To be stowed away, after his grimy work is done, in a hole in the muddy graveyard, and after that—air, not green fields, no curious roses.

"Can you see how foggy the day is? As I stand here, idly tapping the window pane and looking out through the rain at the dirty back yard and the coal boats below, fragments of an old story float up before me—a story of this house into which I happened to come to-day. You may think it a tiresome story enough, as foggy as the day, sharpened by no sudden flashes of pain or pleasure. I know, only the faintest of a dull life, that long since with thousands of full livered birds, was vainly lived and lost; thousands of them—massed, vile, slimy lives, like those of the torpid leeches in yonder stagnant water hole. There is a curious point for you to settle, my friend, who study psychology in a lazy dilettante way. Stop a moment. I am going to be honest. This is what I want you to do. I want you to hide your disgust, take no heed of your clean clothes, and come right down with me—here, into the thickest of the fog and mud and foul effluvia. I want you to hear this story. There is a secret down here, in this nightmare fog, that has lain dumb for centuries; I want to make it a real thing to you. You, milgost, or Panteuse, or Arminian, busy in making straight paths for your feet on the hills, do not see it clearly—this terrible question which men here have gone mad and died trying to answer. I dare not put this secret into words. I told you it was dumb. You lived to be 136. How short was it? Methusalem! I expect he could stand in the middle of the year and look back and see the tail of one Christmas and look ahead and see the front of another. But whether long or short let us all so live that we may not be ashamed of our record and regret that we lived at all.

WILL APP.

What It Means. Free trade means the right of the farmer to buy where he can buy cheapest and sell where he can sell highest. That is the real truth definition.—Wilmington Star.

Woman and her Diseases is the title of a large illustrated treatise by Dr. E. Y. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in stamps. It teaches successful self-treatment.

WHAT HE THINKS OF THE TARIFF QUESTION.

A Sensible Article on 'Uncle Sam' and a Protective Tariff, How Protection Affects the Farmers as Well as Other People.

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"Papa, what is all this fuss in the papers about the tariff. What is the tariff, anyhow?" "Well, my children, there is a rich old gentleman whom the people call Uncle Sam, and he has a big plantation and lots of land and he has a very large family of boys, most of whom are farmers. But one boy by the name of Crispin took a notion to shoe making, and another named Vulcan took a notion to make iron, but they couldn't make enough shoes and iron to do the farmers, and so some outsiders came along and began to undersell Crispin and Vulcan, and Uncle Sam got mad about it. Crispin was selling his shoes at \$2 a pair, but these outsiders proposed to sell theirs at \$1 a pair, and the other boys wanted to buy them, but Uncle Sam said: 'No, Crispin can't make them at that price and make any money, so he made the outsiders pay one dollar a pair on every pair of shoes they brought to the plantation. Now all this money that Uncle Sam got from the outsiders is called the tariff. But the farmer boys have never liked it, and want to trade with outsiders and get things cheap. Uncle Sam charges these outsiders something on most everything they bring and he is getting rich—very rich. It is now a hundred millions a year more than he has any money for, and so the farmer boys are making a big fuss and want the tariff reduced so that they can get their goods cheap."

"But, papa, why don't Crispin and Vulcan quit their business and go to farming too, and then these outsiders could come in and sell their shoes and their iron cheap to the farmers?" "Because, my children, there are so many farmers now they can hardly live. Crispin and Vulcan and all their workmen now buy corn, and flour, and meat, from the farmers, and that helps a good deal; but if everybody was farming there would be nobody to buy from them, and these outsiders would sell their shoes and iron for three dollars a pair, for they would have no competition. Competition is a good thing, and keeps business lively and prosperous all round. Then there is another reason why Crispin and Vulcan can't quit. All their money is in their business, and if they quit they lose it. They don't know anything about farming, and they couldn't get a start if they did. The world moves and so does the nation. Mr. Cleveland's message has shaken her up and something is going to be done. We have been brooding and fussing over this tariff question a long time but it is coming to a focus. Mr. Cleveland is the people's president and the people demand a reduction. We be to the man or the party that says 'nay.' Ten million surplus a month is an outrage. One hundred and twenty millions a year drawn from the people and locked up in the treasury. Uncle Sam is mean to his children, mean as a dog. Who ever heard of a father getting rich off his children after that fashion. I paid a dollar and a half for Carl's hat and two dollars for his hat pants and I'm mad about it. I could have bought them in England or Germany for half the money. I'm writing on a letter pad now that cost me twenty-five cents, and if it wasn't for the tariff I could have bought it for fifteen. Plague the tariff. I want it taken off the clothing right away. I've sold my sheep and

le. Trying on her bonnet she blew out the candle. "Lay ye down, Jenny, dear," she said, gently, covering her with the old rags. "Hur can eat the potatoes, if her's hungry." "Where are ye goin' Deb? The rain's a-pourin'." "To the mill, with Hugh's sapper." "Let him bide till th' morn. Sit ye down."—sharply pushing her off. "The boy'll starve." She hurried from the cellar, while the child wearily coiled herself up for sleep. The rain was falling heavily, as the woman, pall in hand, emerged from the mouth of the alley and turned down the narrow street, that stretched out, long and black, miles before her. Here and there a flicker of gas lighted an uncertain space of muddy foot-walk and gutter, the long rows of houses, except an occasional larger row shop were closed, now and then she met a band of mill hands skulking to and from their work. Not many even of the inhabitants of a manufacturing town know the vast machinery of system by which the bodies of workmen are governed, that goes on unceasingly from year to year. The hands of each mill are divided into watches that relieve each other as regularly as the sentinels of an army. By night and day the work goes on in the bodies of workmen, and shriek, the fiery pools of metal ball and surge. Only for a day in the week, in half courtesy to public sentiment, the fires are partially veiled, but as soon as the clock strikes in kennel-hell, the work breaks forth with renewed fury, the clamor begins with fresh, breathless vigor, the engines sob and shriek like "goods in pain."

As Deborah hurried down through the rain, the noise of these thousand engines sounding through the sleep and shades of the city like far-off thunder. The mill to which she was going lay on the river, a mile below the city limits. It was far, and she was weak, aching with cold, and her feet were numb. She needed the post to steady her. So did more than one of them. "Dab's a ball to Miss Potts' tonight. Yed best come." "Indeed, Deb, if I'll come, hur'll have fun," said a shrill Welsh voice in the crowd. Two or three dirty hands thrust out to catch the gown of the woman, who was groping for the latch of the door. "No." "No. Where's Kit Smith, then?" "Begorra! on the spools! Alleys behind, though we helped her, we find. An wid ye. Let Deb alone. It's unbecom' feting. A quiet day. Be the powers an' we'll have a night of it; there'll be lashed's o' drink—the Vergent be blessed and praised for it!" They went on, the mill to which she was going lay on the river, a mile below the city limits. It was far, and she was weak, aching with cold, and her feet were numb. She needed the post to steady her. So did more than one of them.

Deborah groped her way into the cellar and after considerable stumbling, kindling a match, and lighting a tallow dip, she went to the door, and through all crowds of half clad men, looking like revengeful ghosts in the red light, hurried, throwing masses of glittering fire. It was a cold, bitter night. Fire in every horrible form; pits of metal waving in the wind liquid flames writhing in tortuous streams through the sand, wide filled with boiling fire, over which the angry, protesting, and through all crowds of half clad men, looking like revengeful ghosts in the red light, hurried, throwing masses of glittering fire. It was a cold, bitter night. Fire in every horrible form; pits of metal waving in the wind liquid flames writhing in tortuous streams through the sand, wide filled with boiling fire, over which the angry, protesting, and through all crowds of half clad men, looking like revengeful ghosts in the red light, hurried, throwing masses of glittering fire. 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