

EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL.

Among the various religions...

In a recent magazine article on "Vegetable Diet," the author makes the statement that there is an idea that cancer is caused by eating tainted meat...

It is stated in one of the Swedish newspapers, as a comparison between American and European business methods, that a locomotive for one of the railways of Sweden was needed in a hurry. It was found that in England or Sweden at least a year would be required for the filling of the order. It was therefore contracted for with the Baldwin locomotive shop, of Philadelphia, where it could be had in two months and a half at a cost of \$5910, delivered, a considerable reduction upon the European price. It is not that American locomotive works employ more men or for longer hours as a rule, the Chicago Graphic explains, but the most improved methods and machinery obtain, and there is closer application during working hours, and more intelligent labor, even in those portions of the work classed as "unskilled."

It is a comfortable theory, which, to the Chicago News, appears to be without substantial foundation, that in this country there is a peculiar tendency making against the perpetuation of great family fortunes. It is the common saying that yesterday's millionaire is to-day's pauper. Yet the really great estates in America are held together not less tenaciously than those of England. The Alsop's, Van Rensselaers, Belmonts, Schermerhorns, Golets and Belmonts have handed down their fortunes from father to son, and there is no reason for believing that hereafter a different policy will be pursued. The present representatives of these opulent houses will transmit their great properties intact to their heirs, and these in turn, with here and there an exception, will doubtless live within their incomes and bequeath the augmented principle to their children.

The collapse of the Panama Canal, the gigantic scheme of De Lesseps to connect the two oceans, seemed near at hand. Its overwhelming financial troubles are pretty thoroughly well known to the civilized world over, and now they have been supplemented by a serious dispute between the canal company and the Colombian Government. The company, in order to prevent merchants using its channel to carry their lumber and produce to the coast, placed a chain across the Colombian Government, deeming this an interference with its industrial affairs, ordered the chain's removal. Thereupon the company placed the chain across the canal itself. The Colombian Government, it is said, is now seriously considering whether it will not revoke the concession to the company on the ground that the latter has violated the terms of its contract by selling part of its machinery. What the outcome of the matter will be can only be surmised, but whether the concession be revoked or continued the fact remains that the canal scheme is the most colossal of failures.

The Detroit Free Press remarks: "The alarming frequency of sudden death has introduced a new danger into the prosecution of several branches of the world's business. A few years ago the death at his post of the wheelman of a Brooklyn ferryboat compelled the companies, as a measure of precaution, to change their regulations so that the pilot house should never be left in charge of a single man. A similar casualty in the case of an engineer on one of the Hudson River ferries is likely to result in the employment of duplicate engineers on all such boats in the future. The risk is too great to be taken. In the case referred to the engineer was killed by accident, and there being no one to answer the pilot's signals the boat struck the wharf with great force, injuring several passengers. Such accidents are uncommon, but the chance of one occurring, or of the engineer's dying from apoplexy or heart failure is so great that it really is not safe to run with a single engineer. There are other situations where the risk is equally great, and the demand of the age is that in such situations the public shall be protected by the employment of an extra hand."

THE MARCHING OF THE GRASS.

BY MARY E. BLAKE.
O the marching of the Grass!
O the joy that comes to pass
When the mighty silent army with green banners overflows
Drags the Winter from his throne!
Conquers all his shining valleys, climbs the rampart of the hill,
Undermines the fortress forest, overtops the castle wall,
Swift invading wins the cities, and the hamlets brown and small,
Till the whole wide world is captured,
And the soul of man enraptured,
Thrills with rapture of delight
Sunny morn and dewy night.
And the joyous rhythmic pulsing market time in lad and lass
To the marching
Marching
Of the Grass.
O the marching of the Grass!
Faster things may come to pass
In the golden days of summer: roses drunk
With wine of June;
Flitting wild birds all aflutter!
With the odorous dawning woodroose
Tapestry of flowers;
Balm of incense, rest of shadow, tangled veil of jeweled showers;
Hymning choirs of happy music backward from earth to sky;
The full beauty of completeness in rich chorals lifted high!
But what means its regal splendor
To the love boat shy and tender
With which Hope, the Blossom, chime;
In man's pulses marking time
To the haunt
Of the gladness that doth
With the marching
Marching
Of the Grass.
Independent.

CRONIN'S DAUGHTER.

It was a still, clear, cold night in the heart of the Maine woods. Mary Cronin drew her frayed shawl closely over her head and shoulders as she closed the door softly and stepped out into the night. She was very tired, for the day's work had been hard, and her invalid mother had needed more care than usual. The dishes had been washed and the table set for breakfast, the pail had been filled at the ice-encircled spring on the mountain road, her mother's gruel had been made, her bed smoothed up, and Mary had sung out "After another, as she held her mother's wasted hand, till sleep came to the sufferer. The girl stood motionless on the door-step and looked eagerly at all the works. Through the windows and doors of the casting-room, which were open this December night, a fiery gleam shone from the red-hot iron running through the molds. Now and then came a sharp explosion, with a shower of fire-works around the mouth of the furnace. The violet, orange, green and crimson stars did not attract Mary's attention. It was an old story to her, and her heart was too heavy for her eyes to see any beauty in it. She looked above the casting room up the high brick chimney to the "top-house," which was perched on an immense staging just at the mouth of the chimney. Her father was there for it was his night, and he had been drinking when he came home to supper. Fortunately her mother was asleep, and had been spared cruel anxiety. Mary's heart stood still as her father took his lunch can, without his usual kiss of "Good-night, Molly! Take care of your mother, which made her happy every night. She had stumbled over the rag mat, and uttered a curse under his breath. He never did this unless he had been drinking heavily. Poor little quinn! His appetite for liquor and his weak will had caused him to drift from one workshop to another, from city to city, and from state to state, carrying with him his wife and only child. The factory quarters of St. Louis, Pittsburg, Newark, and other manufacturing centers are woefully alike, and had it not been for her mother's stories, Mary—the little girl—would have believed the whole world paved and cut into narrow, dirty streets, with a streak of sooty sky above, crossed with clothes-lines. Her mother came from the Catskill Mountains region, and her nature revolted at the wretched places they had called home. The sunny old brick farmhouse, built in the Dutch way, the fertile fields and crowded barn-yard, grandmother's flower garden among the road, the mountains framing the little vale, the peace, cleanliness, the stability—Mary knew and longed through her mother's words and sighs and tears. A great resolve had crept into the child's heart to try and reproduce that peaceful life. "To be respected and stay in one place" was what she lived for. If only her father would not drink! There came a day to the child when she began to see her way clear. A letter arrived from a man with whom her father had worked before his marriage, in a Penobscot logging camp. He wrote of an opening for a family at the Katahdin Iron Works in Maine. Fair wages and a comfortable home were ready. When John Cronin read the letter all his old love for the woods came back to him. He could feel the cold steel of the gun-barrel and the supple rod bend in his hand. Before long the money was got together which carried the family from Boston to Bangor, and from there to the works, sixty miles north. Six months had gone, every day brought new beauties to Katahdin. Now and then the child left the works, with its black, unsightly buildings, long row of charcoal houses, heaps of purple-tinted slag, the refuse of the iron and acres of dead trees from the sulphur fumes, and explored Pleasant river, leaping from one flat stone to another, and gathering in the cardinal flowers along the bank. She wandered beside Silver Lake, which reflected old Chairback and

Saddleback Mountain upon its polished surface. Her mother would not let her venture far. Two fierce bear cubs in their cages at the hotel told what the woods contained. Under Mrs. Cronin's touch the plain wooden cottage grew into a home. There were a few pretty pictures and ornaments she had brought with her—the remainder of better days, and Mary helped arrange them in the bare living room. The curtains of the windows were coarse but white, and the new stove, shone resplendent with its silver plated ornamentation and lettering. The Star of the East, Bangor, Maine. Mary read on the oven door many times a day. "Mother," she said, holding her stove-rag in her hand as she knelt before the range. "I always give the same extra polish, for it seems to mean so much to us. This is our first home. Nobody under us and nobody over us, and such heaps of room all round!" Mary's intense delight in all she saw, and the deep gratitude she expressed for all that was done for her, made every one who came to give her pleasure. She was thoughtful and unselfish and the whole settlement earned to love "Cronin's Daughter." Was a child unruly? The mother would call Mary in to help her, and soon the unruly little one was listening with open eyes and dirty mouth, expounding into a smile, or her account of some St. Patrick's day parade, or a Fourth of July exhibition of fireworks on Boston Common. To Mary were in city lore and sights, the country was new and strange. She had the Katahdin children, tired of monotony and loneliness of a life in the woods, could never hear enough of the crow's and noise. So "Cronin's Daughter" became the story-teller of the settlement. Often the workmen stopped and joined the circle of children and crowded around her in the summer twilight and listened to her story. "Seems a different place, some-where," said "Cronin's Daughter" one day. "The children don't fight half so much as they did, nor torment the gritters. They're nice folks, them Cronins." Before her mother was taken ill, Mary's hands and feet and head had been at the service of the workmen. Every one loved, petted and tyrannized over her. In spite of her mother's sharp but short illness, from which she was now recovering, the summer and autumn had passed happily with Mary. Her father had been in the woods, she suspected his past shame. John Cronin was a good workman and soon from being a driver of the four-wheeled wagons which carried the ore down from the mountain to the works, to being a top-man. The duties of the top-man were of a very responsible nature. Eight times an hour the elevator, built beside the chimney, came creaking and groaning up to the top house with its load of ore and limestone. The top-man fastened the elevator with a bolt, and the car to the rear mouth of the chimney. Over this the car rested while the top-man pulled a chain which opened the bottom and precipitated the mass of ore and rock down the chimney and into the furnace below. The other day the bolt was loose, the man below started the machinery and the elevator began its downward journey. All this required methodical care and skillfulness. The children of the settlement had told Mary of an awful night, two winters before, when owing to the neglect of the night top-man, an explosion had occurred which wrecked and burned the works and brought all the men in the top-house to a fearful death. No wonder Mary's heart stood still with fright when her father reeled through the door, nor that she resolved to follow him to the top-house to make sure that he had not fallen asleep. She had watched the furnace and knew by the shower of sparks that were sent up that the ore was being dumped regularly, but at any moment sleep might overtake him—sleep that means dismissal and disgrace, and possibly death to himself and others. The road was white and lonely. The frozen river had no word of encouragement as she crossed the old bridge, and the stars were far away and cold. She avoided the front works, for she had seen the men of the night force in the casting room. Around the charcoal-house and through the thick smoke, up the hill, over the bridge and up the ladder the child went, with chilled hands and feet, but with a heart warm with love and desperation. Surely that is the elevator rattling up beside her. Now she steps for breath on the landing, waiting for welcome noise from above that will drive her fears away. How her father will laugh and kiss her, and with a heavy word send her home for the night. The intensely cold air may have brought him to himself, she thinks. There was an ominous silence above and he did not come up the ladder. John Cronin lay aslep on the floor. Mary had no time for thought. She drew the bolt and secured the elevator. Then she seized the handles of the car and wheeled it toward the fiery pit. The heat was so intense and more intense. Could she guide the car and dump it? Before she knew it it was done. The car was replaced, the bolt pushed back and the bell rung. The elevator had gone down and the bolt had been replaced. Then Mary crouched beside the sleeping man and moaned and cried. "O father! father! Wake up! I can't stay here all night! If I call for help you will be dismissed. I'm afraid to stay here alone." The man awoke. It was impossible to rouse him. Mary had feared one weakness, but suddenly she became conscious of her inner strength. She knew that she would stay here until morning, and hoped that by that time her father would be roused and that they might go home without suspicion. The elevator was coming again, and again she must nerve herself to roll the heavy car at that awful brink. Well she had done it once and she would do it again. Again and again she had beat herself to the heavy task. The hours went by, Mary counted them by the loads—eight to an hour. At last they

went quickly, for she needed the return of the car, but the night wore on, the child became conscious of an overpowering desire to sleep. The dreadful sense of responsibility, the loneliness and unattractiveness left her. She even began to forget her desire to save her father. All emotion was swallowed up by the sea of sleep, which surged around her, making her shut and giddy. The crowd of thoughts that she must do something. She struggled to the next dumping, and then opened the door of the warm-house, which was inclosed on three sides, the fourth side opening on the chimney. She closed it behind her, in order that her father might not feel the cruel cold, and sat on the icy platform and looked down, down on the shapeless works beneath her. The intense coldness revived her and seemed to freeze the sleep out. The December moon shone steadily, and the wind, now rising, blew the charcoal smoke away from her. From this great height the settlement seemed crowded at her feet. Each house stood out from its pure white surroundings, and Mary thought of the friend in such. What would it be to leave them all and go back to the old wandering, disreputable life? Her eyes traversed over the road all they rested on her own home—her first home. Then something blurred them, and the old friend shawl answered other purpose. Her patient mother was there—her mother who would have died in the city, the Brownsville doctor said, had this illness overtaken her there; her mother, who would have died in the city, the Brownsville doctor said, had this illness overtaken her there; her mother, who would have died in the city, the Brownsville doctor said, had this illness overtaken her there. For her mother's sake and for her father's sake she must go on. O God, keep me awake! was the fervent prayer that went up in the frosty air. A shout from below, a rattle of chains, and again came the elevator, creeping up the chimney like some gigantic beetle. Mary went to work with new confidence. Between trials, she sat outside and suffered with the cold. But such suffering was positive joy, after the deadly numbness she had fought within. The worst hours—from one to three—were past. The moon set and the stars began to twinkle. A faint pink light spread through the east. Lights appeared here and there in the houses below. The men of the "day force" were being roused and the women were preparing the morning meal. "One more hour," Mary thought, "it must be a past life. Mary thought, but she was not sure. She might have lost count once or twice. Yes, she had, for there was the bell clanging below her. It lacked five minutes of being six, and Jim Brennan, the other day's top man, would come in five minutes. "Father, get up!" Mary called, in a clear whisper, as she shook his shoulder. "Father, do you hear?" Would he move or had her awful night, it was a past life. "Why, Mary, have I overslept?" said he rising suddenly and leaning on his elbow. Then like a lightning flash the truth fell upon him. The liquor drunk in the woods the afternoon before, the difficulty going up the ladder, at which Jim Brennan had unsuspectingly laughed; the first few hours which he fought the stupor that was coming on, this he remembered. "Hush, father, don't speak a word. Jim Brennan is coming up the ladder. The furnace is all right. Jim will think I have just come to tell you how mother is. No one need ever know, father dear." "Well, then, how goes it? Hello, Mary, blessed if you didn't scare me. 'Gainst the rules, you know, to be in the top-house, but I guess the boss won't mind as long as there's a sick mother in the case. Had a hard night, did you, you say?" You look all beat up. There, go long, John, put the child to bed! I'll tend to this load, though it ain't mine." "Thank you, Jim," said Cronin. "Come, Mary, you must be tired." "Well, then, how goes it? Hello, Mary, blessed if you didn't scare me. 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