MC2397

## **POOR DOCUMENT**

## THE SATURDAY GAZETTE, ST. JOHN, N. B.,



BY CHARLES J. BELLAMY.

Copyrighted by the Author, and published by arrangement with him.

CHAPTER I. PICTURE AND ITS CRITICS.

A PICTURE AND ITS CRITICS. "Let's take a squint in." It is on the sidewalk in front of the fine residence of Ezekiel Breton. Surely every-body within the length and breadth of a hun-dred miles must have heard the name of the wealthy mill owner, whose energy and shrewdness have passed into a byword. The house is brilliantly lighted, and the windows wide open as if to invite the attention and admiration of the humble passers by. Three men, laborers, if coarse, soiled clothes and dull, heavy tread mean anything, have come down the street and now stand leaning arainst the tall iron fence.

"Why shouldn't we see the show, boys?" continued the long whiskered man, with an inpleasant laugh. "It's our work that's pay-in' for it, I guess. How long do you think it would take you, Jack, to scrimp enough to-gether to buy one of them candlesticks? Hullo-there's the boss himself," and he thrust his hand inside the iron pickets to point out a portly gentleman whose bald head was fringed with silver white hair. Mr Breton had named a moment before the

ton had paused a moment before the

ne, let's go on," urged the man with a "They won the "That's just pe, edging off a little into the shadow; going to be be

"What's the odds if he does?" and the aker frowned at the rich man from be-een the pickets. "He can't get help no apper than us, can he? That's one good it of bein' way down, you can't tumble a te. But just look at him, boys; big watch ain and gold bowed spees a danglin'. See

new interest. She had hair turned from the piano, but her sleeve was caught back on the edge of the keyboard, revealing the fair full contour of her arm, which glistened whiter than the ivory beneath it.

contour of her arm, which gistened which than the ivory beneath it. "A mystery, how charming!" she smiled; "let me picture him: tall, with clustering auburn hair on his godlike head"—— "Pish—excuse me, my dear—but more likely the fellow is some low, drunken jail-bird you would be afraid to pass on the street. Some day they will find out there is no good making working people uneasy. They want the work, and they ought to be glad the work wants them. Their interests are identical with ours." "No doubt," assented Mr. Ellingsworth, in his suavest tones, that seemed too smooth for

Iner want the work, and they orgin to be closes the best contex you got got. Four are identical with ours."
"No doubt," assented Mr. Ellingsworth, in his suarest tones, that seemed too smooth for satire, "but perhaps they think you get too large a share of the dividends."
"You like to round your sentences pretty well," retorted Mr. Breton, flushing slightly, "but do you mean to say you, of all means the proor mising the sender the sufferings of the lower classes—they may be very pitiable—but I don't see how the nether milistone can be level it to his house there's a wife all faded and broken, and two little or a startling nature to communicate So it happened that, at the moment Mr Ellingsworth inquired for them, the your goople?" After considerable dumb show Bertha had become aware that Philip had some intelligence of a startling nature to communicate So it happened that, at the moment Mr Ellingsworth inquired for them, the you may an a severy you seen, has only to his take and the set ye're on? Well, he's got his take store you may and he set wen're to well the stay?" The girl looked at him in astonishment "They won't let you in."
"That's just where the fun is coming. It is going to be better than all the college deritiry, y, and—wait, here two minutes and This how you."
Book shelves ran up to the celling on the side of the room, opposite the door. A long of the how you."

faded coat. Could the speaker give no hope to the wretched listeners hanging on his lips? Must they cringe forever at the foot of power? Their thin, worn hands made the bread, but it was snatched from their mouths after h Philip's heart jumped. Of course he couldn't stay, but what excuse could he give for coming at all, then? "Be you lookin' for a job?" asked Graves,

and doled out in scanty allowance as the It occurred to Philip that he had and doled out in scanty anowance as the price of hopeless slavery. He had never seen it before.

one, if he

It occurred to Fhilip that he had offe, if he price of hopeless slavery. He had never seen it before.
"Who is he?" he whispered to his companion. The man did not even turn his face from the speaker.
"It is Curran. He belongs to the Labor league." This, then, was the agitator his fatter spoke of. And Bertha had pictured him rightly, with his clustering auburn hair. For a moment he stood silent, while under the divine light in his eyes the souls of each one ripened for his next words.
"Alone you can do nothing, but united we can shake the world, and all over the land the oppressed are banding together. We are weak now, but when the long stifled voice of your wrongs finds utterance, the answering moans of millions will rouse your souls to the sweet to die—yes, to starve—with your dear ones about you inspired with the same enture and the gold of the rich rot worthless in their white hands till they divide with us our common heritage."
He stopped and sat down, and as his enture and the starve but has forgotten how to yield, and even for the bread of life will not set was noth handsome. The eyes that had seemed so wonderful were too deep seated beneath his heavy brows, and his smooth shaved face yee, was scared from nexposure to stud and star down, and as his enture yee, while he had been speaking, pity and divide the was noth andormo. The eyes that had seemed so wonderful were too deep seated beneath his heavy brows, and his smooth shaved face yee, was newly whitewashed, or else was the seldorm used. His lamp sat on a wooden Between the speak of the shaved face yee, while he had been speak of him over a the stopped and sat down, and as his enture to a many for us. I gess it's human nature is not handsome. The eyes that had seemed so wonderful were too deep seated beneath his heavy brows, and his smooth shaved face yee you in the mornin."

wish not influxe in the event of the event of the mornin." What is not highly due the generation is sensed on the mornin." His bedroom, on which the roof encroached preserved is the mornin?." His bedroom, on which the roof encroached preserved is the mornin?." His bedroom, on which the roof encroached preserved is the mornin?." His bedroom, on which the roof encroached preserved is the mornin?." His bedroom, on which the roof encroached preserved is the mornin?." His bedroom, on which the roof encroached preserved is the mornin?." His bedroom, on which the roof encroached preserved is the mornin?." His bedroom, on which the roof encroached preserved is the mornin?." His bedroom, on which the roof encroached preserved is the mornin?." His bedroom, on which the roof encroached preserved is the mornin?." His bedroom, on which the roof encroached preserved is the mornin?." His bedroom, on which the roof encroached preserved is the mornin?." His bedroom, on which the roof encroached preserved is the mornin?." His bedroom, on which the roof encroached preserved is the mornin?." His bedroom, on which the roof encroached preserved is the mornin?." His bedroom, on which the roof encroached preserved is the mornin?." His bedroom, on which the roof encroached preserved is the mornin?." His bedroom, on which the roof encroached preserved is the mornin?." His bedroom, on which the roof encroached preserved is the mornin?." His bedroom of water half filling it, and a round black ball of soap. Then Philip thought their zest in life had gone so long ago that they did not even miss it; then he remembered what his life was, bright as a June morning. Did God love has a set fit for his head? I have known him, and he had a seensition of more set of the ecapital the set would not make if the normin set the funny adventure he had to tell his sweet-head to be escaping notice. Where was the funny adventure he had to tell his sweet-head to be heart? A new world had been revealed to head played is the ill dressed men he had seen that the CRYING FOR THE MOON shawls and chip hats, the tory girl. Their restles among the rattling mac cunning fingers moving pale faces would show there

ord. Of course he His ready in



It was Jane Grave ions of their days, the spe

ike at first th nce for their hot work-and must spend But infinite must be the diversities of their

CHAPTER IV.

of 400 looms v

