

THE ACADIAN

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1893.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS, DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Vol. XII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1893.

No. 43.

THE ACADIAN.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices. Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion. The **ACADIAN'S** JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new types and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.



Baby Rider.
Hallowell, Me.

CURED BY SKODA'S!

"Baby Rider, was a terrible sufferer from Eczema of Scalp and Face. The whole Top of Head was covered with crusts 1/8 inch thick, and Face and Ears involved in similar manner. No rest night or day for child or mother. Hands and Clothing Covered with Blood, where the little one endeavored to scratch the itching and burning, by scratching the raw surface of Face, with its tiny fingers. Remedies of nearly all kinds had been used, but it was constantly growing worse, when the mother began the use of **SKODA'S GERMAN SOAP**, and **SKODA'S OINTMENT**. These Remedies used externally, four or five times, daily, for a few weeks, produced as clear and fair a skin, as ever adorned a Baby's Body."

SKODA'S GERMAN SOAP, TOILET AND MEDICINAL.

Should always be used in the Nursery. It cleans the Skin without Spot or Blotch. **SKODA DISCOVERY CO., WOLFVILLE, N. S.**

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

- The undermentioned firms will use your right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.
- BORDEN, CHARLES H.**—Carriage and Sleighs Built, Repaired and Painted.
 - CAULDWELL, J. W.**—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.
 - DAVISON, J. B.**—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.
 - DAVISON BROS.**—Printers and Publishers.
 - JR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.**
 - DUNCANSON BROTHERS.**—Dealers in Meats of all kinds and Feeds.
 - GODFREY, L. E.**—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.
 - HARRIS, O. D.**—General Dry Goods Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.
 - HERBIN, J. F.**—Watch Maker and Jeweller.
 - HIGGINS, W. J.**—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.
 - KELLEY, THOMAS.**—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line fully performed. Repairing neatly done.
 - MURPHY, J. L.**—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.
 - POCKWELL & CO.**—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.
 - RAND, G. V.**—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.
 - REEP, S. R.**—Importer and Dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.
 - SHAW, J. M.**—Barber and Tobacco Dealer.
 - WALLACE, G. H.**—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.
 - WITTNER, BIRBECK.**—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

POETRY.

Stand to Your Work.

Stand to your work as a man who loves labor,
Come, fear not to toil with a vigorous arm;
Heed not the sneers of an eye-servant neighbor,
Or a coward skulk's hate, which can never do harm.
Man is but man when he glories in duty;
Work is the heritage given to all;
High is the soul in its measure of beauty,
Which proudly it answers to labor's roll call.
What though your labor is granite stone breaking,
Turning or fitting or welding the spade;
Add to your laurels of manhood by making
An honest day's work at the soul of your trade.
Say! are they heroes in life's rugged battle
Who will not with fervor their day weapons wield?
Behold them! They stand as poor somewhat
That crouch in the shade of the sun lighted field.

SELECT STORY.

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.

CHAPTER I.

A young man, in tight fitting bicycle suit, was walking leisurely down one of the broad, gravelled walks of a city park. A little in his rear followed a half-dozen street-boys. Huddled together, earnestly agitating something they appeared like an animated bale of woolen rags, studded with blacking boxes and shooks of tow hair. That they were discussing the young man could not be doubted. Yet the usual street-methods of emphasizing a debate—with apple cores, lumps of mud, and gutter slang—were entirely absent. There was a subdued air about them that argued respect.

"Am I apt to be ashamed of what I do? Was I ever ashamed of being lazy?"

"His friend smiled.

"Two years," said Chamberlain, as if to himself; "for that time all his friends will have forgotten me. I wish I could tell you all about the matter. Will; it is for all the world like a fairy-tale,—but I can't."

"But you will write?"

"You will receive an occasional letter from me through Doctor Ponsonby, and my letters left with him will be forwarded to me."

"One thing," said his friend, "would make me feel that this mysterious expedition was all right: If I knew that you had chosen the one friend to go with you."

Chamberlain was silent. He looked at the floor and then out of the window, but said nothing.

"Is it not the common-sense way to drop a foolish pride or do right?"

"Perhaps so; but you know you said that I must 'give up my wine,' and 'I simply told you what I had done,' and 'I'm a crooked stick, and always shall be. It runs in the blood. There's a car. Good-bye, old boy; see you again Saturday.'"

Closing the interview summarily, the young man ran down the stairs, boarded the car, and in the course of half an hour was at home.

Left an orphan in the care of a busy guardian when but a child, Tom Chamberlain had not been brought up,—he had grown up as he could. He had been sent to the best schools, had enjoyed excellent instruction in all knowledge except that which is the beginning of wisdom. His chum, Will, was a earnest Christian, and he viewed his religion with profound respect, but when it was offered him, shook his head. It had no charm for him. He wished to be lazy; and that sort of life to his mind, meant work.

As he sat in his handsomely-furnished room, smoking a choice cigar, he drew from his pocket a letter, and opening it, began to read. It was written in a fine, careful hand, with old-fashioned curves and flourishes, and quaint crosses instead of periods at the end of sentences. It read:—

STEEVILLY, May 1, 18—

"Nephew Thomas—Being about to end a long and useless life, I venture to address you. Undoubtedly you are aware of the enmity that formerly existed between your father and myself. If you are, I beg that you will not let it influence you in least in deciding

well under my arm, the pole between the horses knocked me down; and if I hadn't managed to grasp it with my right hand, and allow myself to be dragged a short distance, I'm afraid we should have been hurt."

"It was a splendid thing to do, and I'm proud of you, old boy," exclaimed Will, heartily. "I don't wonder the boot-blacks followed you. They recognized the real grit in the action. Is your hand badly hurt?"

"Only sprained a little. I was on my way here to tell you that I am going to leave the city," said Chamberlain, adroitly turning the conversation, which was becoming uncomfortably full of praise.

"For the summer?"

"For two years."

"Two years! Where?" exclaimed the other.

"That I cannot tell. If it were possible for me to make known to any one my destination and my plans, it should be to you, old fellow; but it cannot be done," was the sober reply.

Will Marshall was silent for some moments. He loved his friend with his whole heart, and knew that he was in the main a manly, generous, good-hearted fellow, but without any particular aim in life. Was he going abroad in fact company, to spend his fortune in riotous living? Was he—

"I am not going on any sort of pleasure-trip; I am going where I shall have to buckle right down to hard work," said the other, as if he divined his friend's thoughts.

"I am glad to hear you say that; but you are not ashamed of it?"

"Hearty consent."

"Am I apt to be ashamed of what I do? Was I ever ashamed of being lazy?"

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what I am about to request. I can live but a few hours. My physician forbids me to write even this.

"I have made a great deal of money in my lifetime. If you visit my factory you will see more than a thousand operatives that I have gathered. They are my slaves. I have bound them and ground them under my heel for years. Their wretched tenement houses were of my building. The dram shops were allowed by me and I alone am responsible for their existence. Wretched Steep Street, where live my slaves, is weighing me down to perdition! It is too late for me to do anything; my race is run. You are the last of the family—my dear sister's son. Will you then take the mill, take Steep Street and do with it as I ought to have done? My lawyer will call upon you soon and acquaint you with the contents of my will."

"And now, my nephew, I charge you that you bestow upon Steep Street what I have denied it. Visit it and see for yourself its many needs."

"Farwell."

"ROBERT FLINT."

The young man read and re-read this letter. It was, in his life, a strange occurrence. Heretofore he had taken almost everything without surprise, until he was thought to be one of the young Americans whom nothing astonished. He wondered if his uncle knew of his laziness; of his distaste for labor of any kind; of his belief that, however good religion might be for others, it could be of little advantage to him.

What sort of an evangelist would he make? The more he pondered the deeper he sank into profound astonishment. Had it been his chum who had been chosen he would have thought it the right thing exactly; but the idea of making Tom Chamberlain a missionary was too absurd! Of course he could refuse to have anything to do with it, for he had property enough to live comfortably; but when he reached this point he always read the letter again and once or twice finished with very moist eyes.

About this time the lawyer spoken of called. He was a short, florid man, of forty-five, with reddish hair and whiskers, and keen blue eyes that had a look of steel in their depths.

"For some years, he informed Chamberlain, he had been the confidential clerk of Robert Flint, and agent of the works. He spoke of Mr Flint as a hard worker, an eccentric and benevolent gentleman, but rather unpractical. Surprised at this latter statement the listener said,—

"My letter spoke of some conditions in the matter."

"What letter?" inquired the lawyer.

"My last letter from my uncle."

"Ah, yes," was the somewhat astonished reply, "the conditions were that you should become a common laborer in the factory for a term of two years, in order that you might learn the business, and at the end of that time you should have full control of the property, otherwise it goes to some benevolent institution; but," added the lawyer hastily, "you are the only lawful heir, and in case you refuse to do what he demands, as you justly can, you may release yourself; I have abundant proof that the lamented Mr Flint was not in full possession of his reason at the time he framed the document. It can, therefore, be very easily broken."

Mr Lamson, after these long and telling sentences, wiped his moist brow with a fine handkerchief and looked stily at his auditor.

"What is the condition of the factory people?"

"O, about the same as in other places like Steevilly. They are a happy, thoughtless, hand to mouth people, with a fervent wish to be let alone," was the careless reply.

"My uncle wished me to get an insight into the whole business, did he?"

"That is what he put in his will. The conditions were that you should come to Steevilly, where, of course, no one would know you, and that you should begin in the 'grinding room,' learn what was to be done there, then go to another room, and so on. At the end of two years, if you have followed out his instructions, you will be declared his nephew and receive the property. Until then you are to remain incognito."

"Not much pleasure in such an outlook?" said Chamberlain, interrogatively.

"I should say not, sir. It would be a dog's life. Only the strongest constitutions can stand it. If I were you I should think twice before I decided to do it," was the quick reply.

"You are right," said the other with a lazy look that delighted the lawyer. "I have thought twice; and once when you explained the conditions. You may expect me at the factory as a workman, in one week."

With a promptness that one would hardly have expected, Chamberlain at once began preparations for the new life. There was a chance for adventure in this affair that lent it a tinge of romance, yet there are few of the young aristocrats of the world that are willing to step down, to lower their estate, even for the novelty of it, and he had many doubts. A return to the letter dispelled them when they became too thick, and the getting ready went steadily on.

At length the time for the departure came—the good-byes to Doctor Ponsonby and Marshall were said, and with only a valise for baggage he started for the station. The reasons for taking no trunk were two—he had no clothing suitable for work, and wished to purchase such as would be fitting when on the ground, and second, the old doctor earnestly advised it. Had the young man known that his guardian's purpose in so doing was to make it all the easier for his ward to return, it is possible that he would not have been so complainant.

When once aboard the cars and speeding on his journey, Chamberlain had time to meditate. His imagination, fired by the possibilities of the whole affair painted the strongest pictures of drunken operatives, brutal task masters and close, filthy work rooms. Part of this the letter was responsible for, and part, as he assured himself, reiving in his runaway fancy, was something that he knew nothing about. Whatever train of thought he attempted to follow ran into a file factory, and he found himself, much to his vexation, planning all kinds of ways out of various hard places, which his common sense warned him would probably never occur.

After a long ride, as he approached the village where the steel works were situated, he became interested in the conversation of two gentlemen who occupied the seat directly in front of him. They appeared to be small politicians, and were unconscious of anything that they said might be heard by fellow passengers, or else were so calloused that they did not care.

"The vote of Steep Street is yours at the price named," said the first speaker.

Chamberlain pricked up his ears. Steep Street was the factory settlement of his uncle.

"But you must be fair with me. If I run it must be because there is money in it. Now I am willing to put out one dollar at any time if it will bring in two. But that I must be soberly sure of. Let's see your figures."

Two heads bent over a paper and went through with a calculation that covered apparently thousands of dollars or of votes, Chamberlain could not decide which, and then the document was folded up, put away, and the negotiations continued.

"If I pleased I could go in and, by a proper use of two-thirds of the money you ask, buy the important votes of the village," said the buyer.

"You couldn't do it. You can't get the inside track of the man who holds these people. He has them right where he wants them. There isn't a move in that village but he knows all about it. To outsiders it appears like a alpehoid, reckless, unthinking mass of humanity. That's what it is, but a master hand is on it. Lamson has his thumb on every soul in the place. He knows that as long as they are down he can put his heel on them, and that's why they are kept 'down.'"

"I rather doubt that. He is too pious a man to destroy people that way. If I am not mistaken, I have heard him bitterly deplore the wretchedness in the place. He is tied up in some way and cannot do anything. You are wrong in your conclusions, I am sure, and I think, as you are so willing to draw the long bow on things I know about, that it will be well

for me to go slowly on this bargain. Lamson is no friend of mine, but I'm not quite blind, and I say that he is just the reverse of what you have pictured."

"Steevilly! Steevilly!" called the brakeman, and the gentlemen, followed by Chamberlain, got out. The latter was in a ferment. Which of the two was right? One of them must be very much mistaken in his estimate of the bland lawyer.

"Carriage, sir?" said a voice which woke Chamberlain from his reverie and set him wondering what had possessed a "cabby" to ask him, a plainly dressed workman, if he wished a carriage. Something was wrong. What could it be? His hat was not fashionable; he had seen to that. His suit was ready made; his cane—here he stopped, flushed and laughed. According to the custom he unconsciously carried a cane. It almost upset his dignity, so amused and provoked was he, and the first hedge he came to he broke the article in two and threw it away. Loping that one of his future acquaintances had noticed the folly.

As was natural, he promptly made his way toward the seat of interest, the mill village, instead of following the stream of passengers up the hill to the town proper. Erlong he came in sight of the mill towers, and then passing around a curve, suddenly stood at the foot of a hill that was lined with houses of the tenement stamp. The dilapidated street sign, defaced by tobacco quads, covered with scrawling names, hacked and whittled, was not needed to inform him that this was Steep Street.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

A Sailor's Bluff.

The *Castle Huntley*, East Indiaman, was caught in a storm, during which a man named Thompson fell overboard. His comrades scattered hun coops on the side from which he fell, but in bringing round the ship he got to windward, where they were not looking for him. And it being impossible to hear his cries in such a storm, they gave him up for lost. By desperate exertions the exhausted tar managed to get hold of the rudder, and creeping in by a port hole, got into the gun room, where he managed to find some food.

Being a merchantman, the gun room was closed. He remained quiet for a day and a half, and during a calm he crawled out the way he got in and shouted:

"Ship aho! ship aho!" The men could hardly believe their senses when he cried out: "A pretty set of lubbers you are to leave me in the lurch; if it hadn't been for this calm, I should have never come up with you." And he kept the secret to himself.

For His Own Convenience.

A lady in Hong Kong engaged a Chinese cook. When the Oriental came, among other things she asked his name.

"My name," said the Chinaman, smiling, "is Wang Hang Ho."

"Oh, I can't remember all that," said the lady. "I will call you John."

The next morning when John came up to get his orders, he smiled all over, and looking inquiringly at his mistress, asked:

"What is your name?"

"My name is Mrs Melville Langdon."

"No no no no that," said John.

"Chinaman he no savvy Mrs Melville Langdon—I call you Tommy."

"Well," said Mrs Bruggins, after a solo by a fashionable church choir leader, "if that isn't the rudest thing I ever saw!" "What?" inquired he. "Just as soon as that young man began to sing every other member of the choir stopped; but he went right through with it, and I must say that I admire his spunk."

Instruction ends in the schoolroom, but education ends only with life. And education is to unfold nature; to give self help; to make a man.

Down With High Prices For Electric Cells.

Electric Cells. Former price \$5, \$7, \$10. Quality remains the same—16 different styles; dry battery and acid cells—mild or strong current. Less than half the price of any other company and more home testimonials than all the rest together. Full list free. Mention this paper. W. T. BAER & CO, Windsor, Ont.

Express delivery daily. Rates of postage paid. For full terms apply to the office.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.
Office hours, 8 a. m. to 3.30 p. m. Mail is made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 7.10 a. m.
Express west close at 10.25 a. m.
Express east close at 4.25 p. m.
Keystone close at 7.00 p. m.
Geo. V. Hard, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.
Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 1 p. m.
G. W. MORRIS, Agent.

Legal Decisions.
1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.
3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

CHURCHES.
BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev T. A. Higgins, Pastor.—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 9.30 a. m. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7.30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by:
COLIN W. BOSSON, Ushers & Saw Horses.
St. ANDREW'S (PRESBYTERIAN).—Service every Sabbath at 11 a. m. Sabbath School at 2 p. m. Evangelistic and Testimony Meeting at 7 p. m. Bible Reading Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Strangers always welcome.
CHALMERS' (LOWER HORTON).—Service every Sabbath at 11 a. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayers and Prayer Meeting, Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. Strangers always welcome.
METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oskar Gronlund, B. A., Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 o'clock, noon. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7.30 p. m. on Thursdays.
St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Service every Sunday at 3 p. m., except on the first Sunday in the month, when service will be at 11 a. m., with a celebration of the Holy Communion.
REV. ISAAC BROOK, D. D., Rector of Horton. Frank A. Dixon, Warden. Robert W. Storer.

Masonic.
St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 1/2 o'clock p. m.
J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7.30 o'clock.
ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 8 o'clock.
CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

APPLE TREES for SALE.
For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the
Weston Nurseries!
KING'S COUNTY, N. S.
Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
ISAAC SHAW,
PROPRIETOR.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY, the Great Blood, and Nerve Remedy.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.
NERVOUS PROSTRATION.
EXTREME DEBILITY AFTER THE GRIP.
Mr. Peter Lingley, Councillor, Peterborough, Queens Co., N. B., says: "Oct. 31, 1892.—Last winter I had a very severe attack of the grip, which left me very feeble and reduced in flesh. I had no appetite, and was so nervous I could not sleep. I was under Doctors' treatment for months, but received no benefit. My friend thought I had consumption and I got so low that they were going to bury my dear old wife at my feet. As a last resort they decided to try:
HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC,
2 bottles of which Rapidly Restored Me To Health.
I slept well, my appetite was restored and I soon became stronger, pleasanter and more vigorous. I had been ill for years. I cannot speak too highly of this medicine, as I feel that
I owe My Life to its Virtues.
Mr. Isaac G. Stevens, Gatekeeper I. O. G. T., Dept. St. John, N. B., says: "I was with Mr. Lingley during his severe illness and was daily expecting to have to notify his relatives of his death.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers for 50 cts. per bottle. 3 bottles \$1.25. Manufactured by the
HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Limited,
St. John, N. B.
"HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS" cure all Stomach Ills."
Ripans Tablets cure the bilious.

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