

THE SECOND BROTHER

(Continued from Story Page)

He saved money from his scanty wages, and finally bought a farm of his own, which, prophetically he named Hardscrabble, after the English fashion of giving a title to a piece of landed property. I think it likely that his innocence was taken advantage of by the wily Hardscrabble, who was then, as it is today, the poorest farm in the neighborhood. Nevertheless, he entered upon his new purchase with all the enthusiasm of youth and the ardor of the harvests were good, prices were low; when prices were high, it was because farmers had little to sell. Ill-luck seemed a two-edged sword, for while the harvests were good, perseverance is bound to fail; and in spite of bad crops or indifferent prices my father at last accumulated money enough to send for my mother, and they were married.

V. THE FIRST FARM AND THE FIRST SON.

The severe struggle had told on the character of him who bore it, and of her who waited. My mother was described to me by those who knew them at that early date, as a care-worn pair with a haunting fear of the future in eyes which should have been lighted with youth. Their prospects did not improve when they began life together on Hardscrabble farm. Indeed, affairs went from bad to worse, until at last they saw that unless something drastic was done they were like to lose their property. My father tried to sell the farm, but no one would bid even the amount of the mortgage upon it. Money was not to be had. So, with bitterness in his heart, they abandoned the kindly homestead and went into servitude again, taking once more as master the German—for whom my father had but small affection—that frugal farmer being the only one in the district rich enough to pay their debt. My mother was general servant in the house, while my father became a farmer in the fields; and her wages were greater than his, because women were needed about the house more than men. My father or my mother speak of this period of their lives, but I am sure that no negro in the South, for whose liberty the country was even drifting toward the Red Sea of war, was more miserable in his bonds than those white slaves in the thrall of a foreigner. They endured nearly a year of hard work and ill-usage, until the cunning and crafty German, who had culminated in the kitchen cruelly berated her and drove her to complete her daily task. Then my mother crept away from the place in the night, and hid in the woods. My father, finding her gone, led her by the hand to the wretched hut which was still nominally her own. Under its broken roof she dragged herself, and there my eldest brother was born. My father, who had been so silent through the darkness of my father's head, that the touch might comfort him, for she was unable to speak.

The mendicant paused for a moment, leaning his elbow on the table, and shaded his eyes with his hand. The farmer's wife gazed silently and pityingly at him through her tears, and the children huddled around her, half-understanding, half-afraid, enthralled by the dull, monotonous tone in which the tale was told. The farmer clenched and unclenched his hand, and murmured under his breath something that sounded profane.

"Well," continued the tramp, rousing himself again, "that was the lowest ebb of their fortune. They had never made complaints, yet some knowledge of their treatment and their plight had spread abroad in the land, and the heart of the people was touched. There is much of kindness beneath the surface in this world, however harsh the surface may appear. A neighbor found them in the morning, and my mother and her child were taken away and cared for. A battalion of men, young and old, descended on the farm, repaired the roof and mended the fences, pretending it was but a day's sport. Women and boys brought food, seemingly for the workers; but there was ample left in the log house. Chairs were brought and apparently forgotten, and the Jolly workers brought my father's horse back, and telling him that they would require a day's work in return, swearing that they were but acting selfishly, looking to their own future needs; and he, poor man, could not control his voice to thank them for their kindness. In due time my mother arrived home, in her arms a strange, un-remembered baby who looked out upon existence with never a cry or a smile from that time forth. The family began to prosper, my father's tireless industry and sobriety overcoming a fate that had seemed so adverse at the beginning. My mother, however, of him gives me a picture of a man silent, kindly and contented; but they said me that in those early days he was sad and uncommunicative.

VI. THE SECOND FARM AND THE SECOND SON.

Although Hardscrabble was not the best farm in the country, my father had placed an unaccountable liking for the place, and no offer was received, times grew better, would induce him to part with it. My mother, however, never cared for it, and 2 years later my father bought an adjoining lot of a hundred and sixty acres, partly because it was much better land and partly to please my mother, who refused to have the new frame house, then projected, built on Hardscrabble. The new house was erected, and the family moved into it. A year after, my father died, and my mother, who had been my father's nurse, was left to my mother's care. My mother, who had been my father's nurse, was left to my mother's care.

VII. THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR.

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at silent war with the world, and had no friends. Every one disliked and avoided him, and he reciprocated with fierce but dumb hatred. Even our father was afraid of him, and was never known to cross him. Our mother, however, loved him to the last day of her life. She would do anything to shield him from the consequences of his evil temper, and I am glad to add that influence mitigated in her unceasing affection. In some measure the harsher characteristics in his nature. He became less and more resentful, but he never lost his gloom. My mother, however, loved him to the last day of her life. She would do anything to shield him from the consequences of his evil temper, and I am glad to add that influence mitigated in her unceasing affection.

VIII. THE THIRD FARM AND THE THIRD SON.

I do not know the year the third farm was bought. It sloped down to the river, the lower part of it being the most fertile land my father possessed. The brick residence in the colonial style, with tall columns front like a state-house, stood on high ground amidst a splendid grove of maples, commanding wide view up and down the valley, with the river like a silver ribbon winding through the green landscape. It had been owned by Colonel Jackson, a veteran of the war of 1812, and had been a good deal of money on the property. When he died the place was immediately put upon the market; for his family, having nothing to do with the property for country life, and moved to town almost as soon as the drum-taps of the military funeral had ceased to sound. There would have been a good deal of competition for Bloomfield, had it not been for the proviso that the money must be paid at once, and in full. As it happened, my father was the only man in the district with the cash in hand, and two farms unencumbered. He got a great bargain, and purchased. Everything he row touched prospered. He used to say that adversity is always intermittent, and therefore if evil is constant a man is bound to win.

My mother was delighted with the purchase of Bloomfield, and she moved with joy from the humble wooden house to the great brick mansion overlooking the river. We now possessed a little estate of four hundred and eighty acres, running along the main road to the river. The three farms were typical of my parents' progress in life. Hardscrabble, the farthest from the river, being the poorest; the middle farm, the second farm, being the best; and the farm on the river, the best of all. My father and mother were typical of my parents' progress in life. Hardscrabble, the farthest from the river, being the poorest; the middle farm, the second farm, being the best; and the farm on the river, the best of all.

A year and a half, or thereabouts, after the moving my younger brother Charley was born in the old colonial house. Charley, as he was universally called, came to be a favorite with the young and old alike. He was ever irresponsible, kind, fun-loving and reckless, the life of whatever party he happened to associate with. No one could help liking him, yet his conduct was such that his father frequently had serious disposition to make game of me; but I found on the occasion he was earnest enough, although he made a pretense of boyishness.

"Well, Johnny, my boy," he cried, when the party which did not sound genuine, "I'm off to the wars, to-morrow, and I want to spend my last night with you." I thought at first he was joking, but when he took me by the hand and serious disposition to make game of me; but I found on the occasion he was earnest enough, although he made a pretense of boyishness.

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"Or course," he cried, laughing loudly. "That's what I meant. You get over that fancy again with five seconds, or I'll help you over with this handspike." He pointed to the ironwood shaft in his shoulder, and Mr. Peters stepped back a pace or two in alarm; then seeing a look in my eye which showed I meant what I said, he turned and fled. The old woman, who was as he turned, recalled me to myself somewhat. It was an expression similar to others I had seen when my somber brother Richard was in one of his blackest moods. "I had threatened Morgan Peters. Never before had any one cast such a look of terror upon me; yet, instead of being shocked, I glared in the panic I had caused, and for the first time in my life I felt that I really belonged in his hatred of the world.

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On Sunday I began to have qualms about my treatment of the man, and on Monday was thoroughly ashamed and would have gone to Bunkerville to see him. I had thought he would be there, but I knew he was a stranger from afar. On Wednesday Mr. Peters came again. I was in my own cottage when I heard the buggy rattling on the road. I went out to see what was the matter, and I saw a man in a top hat and a woman in a bonnet. They were both looking at me with a look of surprise. I asked them what was the matter, and they told me that they had just arrived from the city. They were both looking at me with a look of surprise.

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IX. THREE INTERVIEWS.

I am a dull, common-place person, but no one ever said I was dishonest. My two brothers, so radically different from each other, had trusted me completely, leaving everything under my control, without asking even a scrap of security from me in return. I was deeply touched, and was determined, that they should not suffer for their faith in me. From the very beginning I set myself the task of doing as well as I could for the four days I should be away. I divided the working week into three equal portions, Monday and Tuesday I lived in Charley's brick mansion and worked with the farm-hands, laying out their duties for the four days I should be away. Wednesday and Thursday I lived in my own frame house and attended to my own farm. Friday and Saturday I camped out in Richard's log cabin and looked after his interests. I did more than this. I tried to act as each of my brothers would have acted. When in the brick house, I viewed the world through Charley's eyes, took his point of view, and tried to act as if he were in his shoes. When in my own frame house, I viewed the world through my own eyes, took my own point of view, and tried to act as if I were in my own shoes.

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IX. THREE INTERVIEWS.

I am a dull, common-place person, but no one ever said I was dishonest. My two brothers, so radically different from each other, had trusted me completely, leaving everything under my control, without asking even a scrap of security from me in return. I was deeply touched, and was determined, that they should not suffer for their faith in me. From the very beginning I set myself the task of doing as well as I could for the four days I should be away. I divided the working week into three equal portions, Monday and Tuesday I lived in Charley's brick mansion and worked with the farm-hands, laying out their duties for the four days I should be away. Wednesday and Thursday I lived in my own frame house and attended to my own farm. Friday and Saturday I camped out in Richard's log cabin and looked after his interests. I did more than this. I tried to act as each of my brothers would have acted. When in the brick house, I viewed the world through Charley's eyes, took his point of view, and tried to act as if he were in his shoes. When in my own frame house, I viewed the world through my own eyes, took my own point of view, and tried to act as if I were in my own shoes.

On Saturday there was a fight at the cross-roads tavern between two men in my employ—Bates, who worked for my father, and Marshall, who worked for me. Marshall, who worked for me at Hardscrabble, the contest had been about a disagreeable skinflint of a slave-driver and an honest, cheerful, and generous. They fought over the question, and Marshall got the worst of it. This battle should have given me some hint of the quality of my men, but I was preparing for myself. My own actions during the next week alone should have shown me that already I was not one individually but three. On Sunday I was called to the farm by my father. He had resolved to discharge both Bates and Marshall, although farm-hands were scarce. This, while unobjectionable, was at least defensible, although it was in my own time. My actual conduct toward them was neither justifiable nor defensible. Monday morning I laughed at Bates' black eye, and kept him in my employ. On Tuesday I discharged Marshall, and on Wednesday I was preparing for myself. My own actions during the next week alone should have shown me that already I was not one individually but three.

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"Well, Johnny, my boy," he cried, when the party which did not sound genuine, "I'm off to the wars, to-morrow, and I want to spend my last night with you." I thought at first he was joking, but when he took me by the hand and serious disposition to make game of me; but I found on the occasion he was earnest enough, although he made a pretense of boyishness.

"Who is the girl, Charley?" I asked. "You don't know her. Comes from up the river. Name of Eloise, and she's a terror. I think she'll calm down when she finds I really belong to the government and not to her. That old woman was mistaken years ago when she said you were to be ruined by the sex. She meant me."

"Or course," he cried, laughing loudly. "That's what I meant. You get over that fancy again with five seconds, or I'll help you over with this handspike." He pointed to the ironwood shaft in his shoulder, and Mr. Peters stepped back a pace or two in alarm; then seeing a look in my eye which showed I meant what I said, he turned and fled. The old woman, who was as he turned, recalled me to myself somewhat. It was an expression similar to others I had seen when my somber brother Richard was in one of his blackest moods. "I had threatened Morgan Peters. Never before had any one cast such a look of terror upon me; yet, instead of being shocked, I glared in the panic I had caused, and for the first time in my life I felt that I really belonged in his hatred of the world.

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