

and horses, the good living, the fine houses, and what are we a-doing? Living on a few dollars a week—starvin' on a mere pittance!"

There was loud applause. It lasted so long that the speaker took the opportunity of pouring out for himself, from a big jug that stood there, a glass of ale.

"Here's to their destruction!" he said, lifting the glass to his lips.

"Right you are." "That's the way to say it." "Nothin' like puttin' it plain," came from man after man. They all hastened to fill their glasses and to drain them with a vigorous thirst.

"They's allus stops in music," continued the chairman, "an' after this little interruption we will proceed. Now, who is the biggest tyrant in the adjoining city? Who is the richest tyrant? Who wants learnin' a lesson what he won't forget?"

"Vaughn! Vaughn!" said all.

"It isn't as he done so much that we could put us hands on. No, he's one o' these undermined, under-handed ruffuns."

"He is!" they groaned.

"Consequently, we've got to learn him a lesson, and what we perpose to do is to burn his house down for him. Won't that be a lesson? And what's more, won't it give work to the horny-handed sons of toil? I ask that in all confidence