

alone in the room I indulged in a few low groans.

Two dress-makers wuz in the house, to stay all the time till the dresses wuz done; and clerks would come around, if not oftner, with packages of mournin' goods, and mournin' jewelry, and mournin' handkerchiefs, and mournin' stockin's, and mournin' stockin'-supporters, and mournin' safety-pins, and etc., etc., etc., etc.

Every one of 'em, I knew, a-wrenchin' boards offen the sides of that house that Harrison had worked so hard to get for his wife and little ones.

Wall, the day of the funeral come. It wuz a wet, drizzly day, but Abel wuz up early, to see that everything wuz as he wanted it to be.

As far as I wuz concerned, I had done my duty, for the crazy bedquilt wuz done; and though brains might totter as they looked at it, I felt that it wuzn't my fault. Sally Ann spread it out with complacency over the lounge, and thanked me, with tears in her eyes, for my noble deed.

Along quite early in the mornin', before the show commenced, I went in to see Harrison.

He lay there calm and peaceful, with a look on his face as if he had got away at last from a atmosphere of show and sham, and had got into the great Reality of life.

It wuz a good face, and the worryment and care that folks told me had been on it for years had all faded away. But the look of determination, and resolve, and bravery,—that wuz ploughed too deep in his face to be smoothed out, even by the mighty hand that had lain on it. The resolved look, the brave look with which he had met the warfare of life, toiled for victory over want, toiled to place his dear and helpless ones in a position of safety,—that look wuz on his face yet, as if the deathless hope and endeavor had gone on into eternity with him.

And by the side of him, on a table, wuz the big high flower pieces, beginnin' already to wilt and decay.

Wall, it's bein' such a uncommon bad day there wuzn't many to the funeral. But we rode to the meetin' house in Loontown in a state and splendor that I never expect to ag'in. Abel had hired eleven mournin'-coaches, and the day bein' so bad, and so few a-turnin' out to the funeral, that in order to occupy all the coaches, and Abel thought it would look better and more popular to have 'em all occupied, we divided up, and Josiah went in one, alone, and lonesome as a dog, as he said afterwards to me. And I sot up straight and uncomfortable in another eno on 'em stark alone.

Abel had one to himself, and his wife another one, and two old maids, sisters of Abel's who always made a point of attendin' funerals, they each one of 'em had one. S. Annie and her children of course had the first one, and then the minister had one, and one of the trustees in the neighborhood had another: so we lengthened out into quite a crowd, all a-tollerin' the shiny hearse, and the casket all covered with showy plated nails. I thought of it in jest that way, for Harrison, I knew, the real Harrison, wuzn't there. No, he wuz far away,—as far as the Real is from the Unreal.

Wall, we filed into the Loontown meetin'-house in pretty good shape, though Abel hadn't no black handkerchief, and he looked worried about it. He had shed tears a-tellin' me about it, what a oversight it wuz while I wuz a-foxin' on his mournin' weed. He took it into his head to have a deeper weed at the last minute, so I fixed it on. He had the weed to come up to the top of his hat and lap over. I never see so tall a weed. But it suited Abel; he said "he thought it showed deep respect."

"Wall," says I, "it is a deep weed anyway—the deepest I ever see." And he said, as I wuz a-sewin' it on, he a-holdin' his hat for me, "that Harrison deserved it; he deserved it all."

But, as I say, he shed tears to think that his handkerchief wuzn't black-bordered. He said "it wuz a fearful oversight; it would probably make talk."

But I says, "Mebby it won't be noticed."

"Yes it will," says he. "It will be noticed." And says she, "I don't care about myself, but I am afraid it will reflect onto Harrison. I am afraid they will think it shows a lack of respect for him. For Harrison's sake I feel cut down about it."

And I says, "I guess where Harrison is

now, the color of a handkerchief-border hain't a-goin' to make much difference to him either way."

And I don't s'pose it wuz noticed much, for there wuzn't more'n ten or a dozen folks there when we went in. We went in in Injin file mostly, by Abel's request, so's to make more show. And as a procession we wuz middlin' long, but rather thin.

The sermon wuz not so good as to quality but abundant as to quantity. It wuz, as nigh as I could calkerlate, about a hour and three-quarters long. Josiah whispered to me along about the last that "we had been there over seven hours, and his legs wuz paralyzed."

And I whispered back that "seven hours would take us into the night, and to stretch his feet out and pinch 'em;" which he did.

But it wuz long and tejus. My feet got to sleep twice, and I had hard work to wake 'em up again. The sermon meant to be about Harrison, I s'pose; he did talk a sight about him, and then he kinder breeched off into politics, and then the Inter-State bill; he kinder favored it, I thought.

Wall, we all got drippin' wet a-goin' home, for Abel insisted on our gettin' out at the grave, for he had hired some uncommon high singers (high every way, in price and in notes) to sing at the grave.

And so we disembarked in the drippin' rain, on the wet grass, and formed a procession ag'in. And Abel had a long exercise right there in the rain. But the singin' wuz kinder jerky, and cur'us, and they had got their pay beforehand, so they hurried it through. And one man, the tenor, who was dretful afraid of takin' cold, hurried through his part, and got through first, and started on a run for the carriage. The others stood their grounds till the piece wuz finished, but they put in some dretful cur'us quavers. I believe they had had chills: it sounded like it.

Take it altogether, I don't believe anybody got much satisfaction out of it, only Abel. S. Annie sp'ilt her dress and bonnet entirely—they wuz wilted all down; and she ordered another suit jest like it before she slept.

The men stayed to dianer, and I said to Abel, out to one side—

"Abel, that monument is a-goin' to cost a sight."

"Wall," says he, "We can't raise too high a one. Harrison deserved it all."

Says I, "Won't that, and all these funeral expenses, take about all the money he left?"

"Oh, no," says he. "He had insured his life for a large amount, and it all goes to his wife and children. He deserves a monument, if a man ever did."

"But," says I, "don't you believe that Harrison would rather have S. Annie and the children settled down in a good little home, with somethin' left to take care of 'em, than to have all this money spent in perfectly useless things?"

"Useless!" says Abel, turnin' red. "Why," says he, "if you wuzn't a near relation I should resent that speech bitterly."

"Wall," says I, "what do all these flowers, and empty carriages, and silver-plated nails, and crape, and so forth—what does it all amount to?"

"Respect and honor to his memory," says Abel, proudly.

Says I, "Such a life as Harrison's had them; nobody could take 'em away, nor deminish 'em. Such a brave, honest life is crowned with honor and respect anyway. It don't need no crape, nor flowers, nor monuments, to win 'em. And at the same time," says I, dreamily, "if a man is mean, no amount of crape, or flower-pieces, or flowery sermons, or obituaries, is a-goin' to cover up that meanness. A life has to be lived out-doors, as it were; it can't be hid. A string of mournin' carriages, no matter how long, hain't a-goin' to carry a dishonorable life into honor, and no grave, no matter how low and humble it is, is a-goin' to cover up a honorable life."

"Such a life as Harrison's don't need no monument to carry up the story of his virtues into the heavens; it is known there already. And them that mourn his loss don't need cold marble words to recall his goodness and faithfulness. The heart where the shadow of his eternal absence has fell, don't need crape to make it darker."

"Harrison wouldn't be forgot if S. Annie wore pure white from day to day. No,

nobody that knew Harrison, from all I have hearn of him, needs crape to remind 'em that he wuz once here and now is gone.

"Howsomever, as far as that is concerned, I always feel that mourners must do as they are a mind to about crape, with fear and tremblin',—that is, if they are well off, and can do as they are a mind to; and the same with monuments, flowers, empty coaches, etc. But in this case, Abel Perry, I wouldn't be a-doin' my duty if I didn't speak my mind. When I look at these little helpless souls that are left in a cold world with nothin' to stand between them and want but the small means their pa worked so hard for and left for the express purpose of takin' care of 'em, it seems to me a foolish thing, and a cruel thing, to spend all that money on what is entirely unnecessary."

"Unnecessary!" says Abel, angrily. "Ag'in I say, Josiah Allen's wife, that if it wuzn't for our close relationship I should turn on you. A worm will turn," says he, "if it is too hardly trampled on."

"I hain't trampled on you," says I, "nor hain't had no idea on't. I wuz only statin' the solemn facts and truth of the matter. And you will see it some time, Abel Perry, if you don't now."

Says Abel, "The worm has turned, Josiah Allen's wife! Yes, I feel that I have got to look now to more distant relations for comfort. Yes, the worm has been stepped on too heavy."

He looked cold, cold as a iceickle, almost. And I see that jest the few words I had spoke, jest the slight hints I had gin, hadn't been took as tney anoud have been took. So I said no more. For ag'in the remark of that little bad boy came up in my mind, and restrained me from sayin' any more.

Truly, as the young male child observed, "it wuzn't my funeral."

We went home almost immejately afterwards, my heart nearly a-bleedin' for the little children, poor little creeters, and Abel actin' cold and distant to the last.

And we hain't seen 'em sence. But news has come from them, and come straight. Josiah heard to Jonesville, all about it.

The miller at Loontown wuz down to the Jonesville mill to get the loan of some bags, and Josiah happened to be there to mill that day, and heerd all about it.

Abel had got the monument. And the ornaments on it cost far more than he expected. There wuz a wreath a-runnin' round it clear from the bottom to the top, and verses a kinder runnin' up it at the same time. And it cost fearful. Poetry a-runnin' up, they say, costs far more than it duz on the level.

Anyway, the two thousand dollars that wuz insured on Harrison's life wuzn't quite enough to pay for it. But the sale of his law library and the best of the housen stuff paid it. The nine hundred he left went, every mite of it, to pay the funeral expenses, and mournin' for the family.

And, as bad luck always follers on in a procession, them mortgages of Abel's all run out sort o' together. His creditors sold him out, and when his property was all disposed of it left him over fourteen hundred dollars in debt.

The creditors acted perfectly greedy, so they say,—took everything they could; and one of the meanest ones took that insane bedquilt that I finished. That wuz mean. They say Sally Ann crumpled right down when that wuz took. Some say they got holt of that tall weed of Abel's, and some dispute it; some say that he wore it on the last ride he took in Loontown.

But, howsomever, Abel wuz took sick, Sally Ann wuzn't able to do anything for their support, S. Annie wuz took down with the typhus, and so it happened the very day the monument was brought to the Loontown Cemetery, Abel Perry's folks wuz carried to the county house for the winter, S. Annie, the children, and all.

And it happened dretful cur'us, but the town hired that very team that drew the monument there, to take the family back.

It wuz a good team.

The monument wuzn't set up, for they lacked money to pay for the underpinnin'. (Wuzn't it cur'us, Abel Perry never would think of the underpinnin' to anything?) But it lay there by the side of the road, a great white shape.

And they say the children wuz skairt, and cried, when they went by it,—cried and wept.

But I believe it wuz because they wuz cold and hungry that made 'em cry. I don't believe it wuz the monument.

Josiah Allen's Wife.

Hog-Killing in Chicago.

To kill and prepare 1,200 to 1,500 beeves and 8,000 to 10,000 hogs in one day requires a complete system. The steers are driven into long pens, and an expert rifleman walking upon a platform over them discharges a rifle shot into the brain just behind the horns. The killing is instantaneous, the steer, without even a groan, falling like a log. The animal is then drawn forward from the pen, the hide quickly removed and the carcass prepared and cut up ready for storage in the "chillrooms," and subsequent shipment. These beef-killing processes are speedily performed, but the science most thoroughly developed is the hog-killing. These animals are driven up an inclined roadway into a pen in the upper part of the packing house. Men keep the procession constantly moving, and when the hog arrives at the proper place, a chain is deftly fastened round his hind leg. The steam machinery jerks up the squealing hog, so that he hangs head downwards upon a sliding frame; his throat is cut, the blood spouting carcass slides along the frame, and, in a moment, being drained of blood, it is dropped into a vat of boiling water. This scalds it, and being quickly lifted out it rolls over a table into a revolving machine that scrapes it clean of bristles. Then the carcass is passed along a sliding table, washed again, hung up, beheaded, disembowelled, split down the middle, and then upon a lengthened inclined railway to be hung up to cool. An army of men standing alongside the machinery perform the various duties as the carcasses transport then by gravity through the different processes, which succeed each other with such rapidity that in a few minutes the porker is finally disposed of. This is done by moving the carcass to a broad block, where half a dozen butchers standing around simultaneously attack it, and in a twinkling it is converted into hams, sides, and shoulders,—and the various parts are sent off to their respective apartments. Every portion of the hog is utilized for meats, lard, sausages, or canned goods, and the blood and other offal are converted into a fertilizer. Enormous sausage-making machines grind and cut the scraps, and scores of women are busily engaged in packing and labelling the tins. These wonderful processes attract many visitors, and the American rustic who has been accustomed to the farmer's frolic of the "hog-killing," where elaborate preparations are made for the slaughter of probably half a dozen, looks with amazement upon this wholesale summary disposal of the animals in Chicago. Great as this wonderful city is in everything, it seems that the first place among its strong points must be given to the celerity and comprehensiveness of the Chicago style of killing hogs.

During October the public debt of the Dominion was decreased more than a quarter of a million.

It is customary in Sweden to hang the door-key up outside the house to show that the family is not at home.

While the relations between France and England have of late not been so friendly as could be desired, it is a pleasure to every friend of peace and good fellowship to know that two bones of contention have been taken out of the way. The two powers have come to an amicable understanding in reference to the Suez Canal and to the New Hebrides. Of course the cry is that France has got the best in both cases. It does not appear that she has, but even though this were the case, it would in every way be better, cheaper, more honorable and in every way more in accordance with reason than if they had gone to war over either or both. The canal is to be open and perfectly neutral in time of war. This is all very well, though the difficulty will be to make such engagements respected in time of war. It is a great thing at any rate for the great nations of the earth to get accustomed to such kind of talk and settlement. The Hebrides are to be absolutely neutral, though both nations may send to them ships of war to protect their individual interests.