

couple land to land, to the impoverishment of others, but so behave themselves in letting out their tenements, lands and pastures, that after this life they may be received into everlasting dwelling places, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

LABOR DAY.

For The Public.

Why march ye, O brothers, in brave array?
Are your swelling ranks
Giving humble thanks
For leave to labor that others may play?
March ye in triumph, with hardened hands,
From the mill and shop,
Where your brain powers stop
At the narrow line of each day's demands?
Must ye throng the streets, that the money king
And his greedy clan
Your vigor may scan,
As they lure it into their cunning ring?
With legal lies they will bind it fast,
And laugh in the sleeve
At the web they weave
Round the Sampson, left shorn and blind
at last.
In this proud procession with servile name,
Is there not at most
But an empty boast—
Each token of trade but a badge of shame?
Long suffering brothers, with joints of age,
And with shoulders bent,
Are ye well content
With your childrens' manifest heritage?
With flush of shame at your mustering line,
I pray that some cheer
Through the mist appear
For the slighted cause that is yours and mine.
Charity, ever the tool of knaves,
In the vain pretense
Of her blinded sense,
Doles a patent balm for the bane of slaves.
While Justice, weighted with ages of wrong,
Has no answering speed,
For the hour of need,
And we wait her coming, O Lord, how long?

D. H. INGHAM.

Now all over the land the trolley makes long country rides possible to thousands of persons who are too young, or too old, or too infirm or lazy to ride bicycles, and too poor or too timid to drive horses. Trolleying through a pretty country in good weather is an admirable amusement. It is cool, clean, safe, and refreshing. We are told that its effect is observable, in many places, in the improved health of city babies, whose mothers are able to carry them now on long rides, where they get good air and cool off. Trolleying is a standard summer resource in Washington, where it affords the easiest means of keeping cool. It is a recognized resource in New York and, apparently, every-

where else. Between Boston and Mount Desert, along the New England coast, with its remarkable succession of summer hotels, there is now almost a continuous line of trolley railroads. They run from village to village, and from port to port, and wherever the seafaring pleasure-seeker goes ashore he finds summer boarders trolleying in shoals up and down the country, and getting the most for their money that summer boarders ever got. A great institution is the trolley car. It beats the livery horse out of sight, and is the worthy fellow of the bicycle.—Harper's Weekly.

The Pecos Valley, in West Texas, to-day has the largest and most complete irrigation system now in operation in North America, and although it has been the result of but a few years' labor it has been so constructed that with proper care it may yet compete in durability with the Pueblo ditches and the Yaqui canals, built several hundred years ago. In addition to the benefit the irrigation system has been to the Eddy country in the way of raising crops, it has also been the means of transforming the barren plains into shaded streets and roads for miles. Eddy now boasts of having 30 miles of shade, numbering over 10,000 thrifty shade trees.

With the exception of Colorado Springs, Col., Eddy is to-day the best-shaded town in the west, and 15 years ago the Pecos river ran through as dismal and barren a waste as could have been found on this side of the great American desert.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The largest freight train ever hauled anywhere in the world ran over the Pennsylvania railroad last week. It was made up of one hundred and thirty cars of Amboy coal, which made a train 3,877 feet in length, a trifle less than three-quarters of a mile. The total weight of the train behind the tender of the engine was 5,212 tons, of which 3,693 tons was the weight of the coal. A single engine hauled the enormous string of cars. This locomotive, which is conceded to be the largest in the world, weighs about one hundred and eighteen tons, and has demonstrated its title to be the strongest machine on wheels in the world.—Public Opinion of Aug. 18.

Two hundred and sixty town councils and other local authorities in Great Britain, including those of the two greatest cities in the empire—London and Glasgow—have petitioned parliament for the right to raise local revenue from land values, and this is sup-

ported by the commercial bodies and almost unanimously by the trades unions, which here are much stronger than they are in the United States. So clear has this question grown in the local affairs of London, for instance, that in the county council election last March it became the chief cry, and the vast influence of such great land owners as the dukes of Westminster and Bedford, combined with the threats of the tory government, was thrown solidly against it. But the liberal party candidates, known locally as "progressives," were elected with an overwhelming majority.—Henry George, Jr.

The broadest and most far-sighted intellect is utterly unable to foresee the ultimate consequence of any great social change. Ask yourself, on all such occasions, if there be any element of right or wrong in the question, any principle of clear natural justice that turns the scale. If so, take your part with the perfect and abstract right, and trust God that it shall prove the expedient.—Wendell Phillips, at Worcester, Mass., 1851.

"They say yesterday was the hottest day this town has had for 15 years."

"That's nothing; last summer there was a day, the hottest we'd had for 20 years!"—Roxbury Gazette.

Somebody, traveling through the south, heard an ex-confederate remark: "We Yankees will give those Spaniards fits."—Judge.

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