Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., August 21, 1925.

THE BUSY CITIZEN.

By Schuyler E. Sears.

I have not time to hear the birds
The seasons bring along,
For I must rush to operas
For prima donna song.

I have not time to look at bloom
In orchard, wood and field,
For I must hunt the movie films
To eye their latest yield.

I have not time to notice stars
In galaxy at night,
For I must hold my steering-wheel
And watch with all my might.

I have not time to cast my vote
On next election day,
For I have dates at our golf links—
I must take time to play.

I have not time to be a friend
To those whom I should cheer,
For I must use my time to pluck
When Mammon's plums appear.

I have not time for folks at home,
I think they ought to know,
For why should I wait for their talk
And miss the radio?

I have not time to go to church,
Or ponder on God's plan,
For seven days each week I trot
In hurried ways of man.

I have not time—it's sadly true—
To really live and think,
When I have all the time there is
Between now and the brink.

—National Republic.

BLUE HYACINTHS.

In the double parlors of the late Mrs. Talbot's boarding house, in Thirty-seventh street, the window blinds were up again and the windows discreetly opened to the mingled odors of the street outside, which included such homely scents as fresh-grated horseradish from a passing peddler, the smell of new-baked loaves from the bakery on the corner, and Evie May's hyacinths. These grew in two long boxes that Jenkins, the pork-butcher's clerk, had built for Evie May and painted green, down in the cellar last autumn. The flowers were rearing lovely heads of pink and white, and a heavenly blue that had tints of violet in it, like Evie May's eyes.

They were talking about Evie May now in the big gaunt front room where the boarders had their "company," and where the late Mrs. Talbot's still form had rested from Saturday till Monday, the strong, work-worn hands quiet for probably the first time since Evie May had been born.

"What on earth about Evie May?"

It was Mrs. Jake Daggert, otherwise known in vaudeville as one of the team of "Daggert and Walker," who put the question that all of them had been turning over while they waited for dinner to be dished up. There was Miss Flossie Merkle, who gave "Facials;" and little Miss Minns, who did dressmaking; and Mrs. Rosenberg, who lived on alimony and the movies. Also, there was a pale young man named Piggens, who sold safety razors on commission; Jenkins, the pork-butcher's clerk; and Mr. Jake Daggert, who, in spite of his air of youth, had seen Evie May grow up from babyhood in those intervals when he was not on the road. She had been an awful sweet kid, Evie May.

"It ain't as if Evie May had style," went on Cora Daggert. "Jake and I might of got her a little stunt. But, my word, no matter what kind of a make-up you used, you couldn't make her look anything but a sweet little kid still doing her turn at Girls' High."

"I could of got her up at the Acme"—it was Flossie Merkle's good-natured voice speaking—"only for a beauty parlor you got to have something to show. When you do a facial you got to show round curves yourself, and keep any thinness you have for your hips."

"Gentlemen present, Flossie."

Miss Merkle turned without the slightest embarrassment to survey the pale young man and the uncomfortable Mr. Jenkins. "Why, so there are," she said smoothly. "Maybe you two could give us ladies some idea of what's best for Evie May. Mr. Jenkins, you ought to be about ripe for a proposition of some kind."

This was so obviously another of Miss Merkle's constant side-steppings toward matrimony as the safest way out of anything that Mr. Jenkins was at once covered with confusion, and Mr. Piggens turned several shades paler.

Perhaps it was fortunate that at this embarrassing instant the door opened and Evie May herself came in. Hesitating on the threshold, she stood a moment, trying to smile on them with her old manner, and not to look at that empty room with the couch-bed where there was still a hollow. But what they saw was the strangely disconcerting sight of Evie May in her new pink gingham, the last thing her mother had made, with a little heap of black garments hung over one arm.

"Miss Minns, I—I've brought them back." Evie May took two or three steps forward and laid those small borrowed garments of her first great sorrow in Miss Minn's lap.

"Why, Evie May!"

"I couldn't wear them, really. It—oh, how could I, when I believe that for Mother it is * * * happier?" Evie May, her blue eyes bright with tears that she would not shed, looked at them each in turn, as she stood in her little pink dress with the white collar and cuffs, looking like a May blossom rain, with drops still in its chalice.

"My goodness, Evie May, you got to, child! Folks will think you don't care." Miss Minns spoke almost sharply. Evie May seemed such a little thing to be deciding for herself.

Evie May sent another of her bright glances about the somber room. "You will know that I care," she said, "and just now it does not seem as if the world matters!"

Mr. Jake Daggert stared fiercely at the door knob. "You do as you like, kid," he said hoarsely, "and send the bill to Daggert and Walker. We'll back up any little act you got the idea of putting across. Just shake your feet to any tune you want the band to play."

"What I came in to say to you all"—Evie May seemed to hunt for the words—"is that I'm going to give up school and try to keep everything going here just the way Mother did."

"Good Lord, Evie May!" It was Cora Daggert this time who voiced the amazement of the rest.

"Evie May you always wanted to be a school-teacher."

"Why, you hate the boarding-house business, Evie May!"

"I know—but, you see, I love you!"

There was again that strange silence, while they took in the fact that for Evie May childhood had gone forever, had been laid, with those quickly fading flowers, back there on the fresh-turned earth. Evie May had grown up.

Back of the silence there was something that Evie May could not guess. Miss Merkle, rolling her fine eyes, said something across the room to Daggert and Walker. "Tell her, Cora."

But Mrs. Jake Daggert shook her head. "Go ahead, Jake," she said tersely, "She's got to know."

Mr. Jake Daggert reached for a long blue envelope that he had tucked that morning behind the clock on the mantel-piece. He cleared his throat. "It's like this," he said. "Kid, your mother leased this place from the Herrold Estates. Well, that means that it's a corporation, and that means that it ain't got a heart the size of a split pea. The very day she died the lease ran out, and they've went up on her on the rent."

"You mean," Evie May said, "that Mother would have had to pay more?"

"Such a darned sight more," said Mr. Daggert fiercely, "that it was highway robbery. Not if you raised the rooms on all of us, kid, you could not manage it."

Evie May still stood, her arms straight at her sides. Her eyes, clear now of tears, were troubled. Her face had whitened, but her small chin had taken a resolute line. "'But it's your home," said Evie May, her voice growing more and more earnest, "and we have just got to do what we can, all of us. I can rent my room to somebody and the back parlor, now that—now that Mother won't be needing it. Oh. you say corporations have no heart, but there's got to be a head to them, and perhaps the Herrold Estates aren't nearly so bad as—as you all think. If Jake will go with me tomorrow—" She broke off, fixing her blue eyes on Mr. Daggert.

"Sure I will kid. I'll go the limit for you."

"Then," said Evie May, "we won't need to worry right now about it. And maybe it will all come right. Because—" here she made a desperate effort to steady herself against that aching sense of loss—" because nothing ever fazed Mother."

Evie May, in her small straw hat with the wreath of flowers on it, stood in the dull vestibule the next morning pulling on her worn kid gloves. Miss Minns, shocked and solicitous, had spent an extra fifteen minutes on her way to work trying to persuade Evie May that a flower-wreathed hat on the day after a funeral was really unwise, and made you "liable to be mistook for a person lacking, if not heart, at least due respect to your mother's memory." All of which, said on a breath and without commas, failed to shake Evie May's attitude toward her everyday garments.

"Mother trimmed this for me herself," she said. "And oh, Miss Minns, can't you see I'd rather wear it than the grandest black one in the world?"

"Well, I must say, Evie May, you're a strange being, but as loyal a little soul as ever lived. Only, you would look well in black, dear, and Flossie and I could fix you up so the expense would be minus."

Evie May put one hand to her throat as if she would check in that way the size of the lump there. And just then Mr. Jake Daggert joined her on the doorstep.

"Which way, kid? Say the word."

"Jake dear, I want you to take me to the Herrold Estates."

He looked at her quizzically. "What's the great idea all about, little one?"

She shook her head. "I don't want you to ask me anything, Jake, or to go in with me. I want to say it all in my own way."

"They won't do a thing for you, Evie May, not a darned thing!"

"Tell Me, Jake," Evie May went on, "how much money did they say they want, in that blue envelope?"

Mr. Daggert shook his cane moodily from right to left. "Look here, kid, if you're bound to act, go and take center front and do the ingenue. I'm not going to give you any pointers, see? It's baby talk that gets those fellows if anything gets 'em, which I doubt."

In silence he conducted Evie May through a down-town district of narrow streets and towering stone fronts, coming finally to a stop somewhere near Bowling Green. "We park here," he said at last; and nodded to Evie May, and said to an elevator man as he nervously fingered a cigarette, "Take her up, will you, and let her off twelfth floor—Herrold Estates."

The Herrold Estates, it seemed, was heavily guarded. Railings within and railings without, and barriers to pass that seemed to Evie May harder than the hard crust of a hard-baked world. She found herself in an office full of men, who stopped smoking to stare as she went by. Finally she managed to voice her timid question to one of them.

"About a lease renewal? Where does she go for a lease renewal, Buck? Yeh. You're in the wrong joint for that. There's a man takes care of leases up-town. Somewhere in Fifty-fifth. Yeh. And he's out of the city, anyway."

"Oh, but's—it's so very important, please. All the boarders will have to find another place."

"What's it all about, Tim?" An individual had detached himself from one of the brass railings and now drew nearer, to stare, as the rest had, at Evie May. He too was in shirt sleeves; but he had the grace to shift his cigar from his mobile lips as he looked at the small person who had got into the "wrong joint."

"It's about our boarding-house," said Evie May. "You see, Mother died on Monday, and I've had to take it over."

There was an awkward silence. The man looking down at Evie May suddenly took off his hat. He had businesslike eyes and a bored mouth.

"I thought," she faltered, 'If I could tell Mr. Herrold about it—I mean the head of the Estates."

The man continued to stare at her. "As a matter of fact," he said at last, "Mr. Herrold doesn't handle these things. You see, this is a corporation."

Evie May smiled ever so faintly. She had practiced trying to smile ever since the funeral, but any one could see it was hard work.

"Suppose," said the man bluntly, "you come in where we can be quiet, and give me an idea or two. I'm Mr. Oliver. It's just possible"—he spoke guardedly—"I can put you on the right track."

Evie May looked straight ahead as she followed him into a small office on the left, but her cheeks were burning. She could hear some of those back of her saying things about her eyes.

Evie May sat on a small stool. The man, Mr. Oliver, sat in a swivel chair, and stared for a further period at Evie May. She couldn't tell whether he was old or young. That is, his hair looked young, being close-cropped and crisply curling, but his eyes and mouth looked old.

After a minute he spoke to her, a little sharply, Evie May thought. "Don't think," he said, "because this happens to be my personal den that I'm a high mokey-moke. Now cut in and tell me what you're up against. and er—make it brief and snappy."

Evie May was brief. She told it in three sentences with small gaps between. "It's about our boarding-house in Thirty-seventh street."

"Yes? What's wrong with it?"

"Nothing. Only Mother has just died, and I've had to take it over."

"What has all this to do with the Herrold Estates?" His curt gaze held her hard and fast.

"The lease is out, and they've sent up the rent."

The man tapped on the desk lid with a lean, hard hand. "And you don't want to pay it?"

"Oh, I must, if it's right. I just want them to give me a chance to—to make good."

"H'm. You look to me like a bad risk. The boarding-house game is a pretty rough one. Did you—inherit anything from your mother?"

Evie May's chin trembled: "Just the boarders."

"That seems rather an incubus."

"A what?"

"Never mind. Why don't you soak them for more pay? Go on 'em good and hard, and get it in that way?"

Evie May shook her head. "Oh, you wouldn't say that if you knew them. You see, except Daggert and Walker, who go on the road, they are all——quite poor!" Evie May flushed, as if she were giving something away that she shouldn't.

The man leaned back in his swivel chair. "What do you bother with them for, then? Why don't you get a lot of new ones?"

Evie May lifted the flower-wreathed hat. "But, you see, I love these—"

There was a small silence. Evie May fancied that the man's lip curled. She straightened, with that lump in her aching thoat again as she remembered their goodness—how Jenkins had stayed from work all day to help before the funeral, and how Flossie had offered her best crepe de chine * * * She drew up with a start to hear Mr. Oliver speaking.

"H'm. I suppose, as a matter of return compliment, the boarders love you?"

Evie May nodded. "Yes. You see"—she was suddenly covered with confusion—"they've known me such a long time."

"Really? I should say that would rather break the spell for most of us. However, let's go to the business in hand. What's troubling you now—that extra rent?"

"It troubled me all last night," admitted Evie May honestly," until I had thought out a way. You see, I can rent the back parlor, that—that Mother used to have, and my room on the second floor. I can perfectly well do without a room, really, and—"

"I see. You would put up a tent in the back yard?"

"No, sir. There is a place under the roof, where the skylight comes through. When I was little I used to love it up there, because I could see the pigeons."

"I understand. You'd rent these two rooms then, and meet our increase?"

"Yes. And I thought, for the first month, before I get them filled, that if you wouldn't mind taking these as—as security—" Evie May, groping in the depths of her mother's old shopping bag, drew out a small tissue paper parcel and nervously undid the string. She held out her hand to Mr. Oliver.

He stared down at the contents spread on his man's palm; a child's gold locket and chain, a turquoise and pearl ring, a small gilt and enamel class pin.

"I don't imagine," said Evie May, feeling suddenly intensely anxious, "that they are very valuable; but if just until I got the rooms rented the Herrold Estates would hold them for me—because I should want them back—" The lump was in her throat again, but she fought it down fiercely.

Mr. Oliver laid them down on the desk and looked again at Evie May. His eyelids were drooped a little, as if his gaze had narrowed to get the whole effect. He cleared his throat.

"Suppose," he said, "we allow you thirty days—to turn in?"

Evie May smiled faintly. It sounded so like a committal to jail or the work-house!

"I'll do this on my own responsibility," added Mr. Oliver. "But of course, since it is a business transaction, I shall want to hear a report now and then."

"I could write you every Monday. Would that do?"

"Perfectly," said Mr. Oliver. He was still staring at her with those queer, drooped lids.

Evie May rose. She looked mournfully at her treasures, and it seemed to jerk Mr. Oliver into alertness. He reached for a big yellow envelope, dropped Evie May's jewels into it and carefully sealed the flap, locking it in a small drawer of the huge desk. "There," he said, "you can depend on my looking out for tnem, er—er—until we can square up that monthly difference."

Evie May held out her hand. Whether it was the thing to do or not in a matter of such pure business, Mr. Oliver took it, dropping it, however, rather quickly as he realized that through the open door the office force seemed to think it a moving picture. The next instant Evie May had turned away. The world no longer seemed a heartless place full of graves.

All the same, Evie May had entered into a business obligation that must be met in thirty days!

Miss Minns, finding her at work making the box under the skylight into a place fit for sleeping quarters, voiced tremulous disapproval.

"Evie May, your poor mother would have been heart-broken to see you cramming a chair and a child's crib into that hole in the wall. And if a Gerry Society agent saw you, darling, and found we were letting you run a boarding-house, I don't know what would happen, because you no more look eighteen, Evie May, than I do eighty."

"Oh, please," said Evie May gently, "do let me try. I have to earn my living, and this is the only way I know."

It was Jenkins, however, who was moved to the depths. For three years now, he had seen Evie May in gingham frocks tripping to school or to the corner bakery. He had presented her with a stiff bouquet when she was graduated from Public School No. 35 and entered "Teachers' Training;" he had watched her over her dead mother's form, but he had never seen Evie May cry. And now, when he found her crying over her little white desk in the room she was giving up for an extra boarder Jenkins felt the time for action had come.

"Look-a here, Evie May—"

"Oh, Jenkins, I must this once. Mother gave it to me on my birthday."

"What I got to say, Evie May, is this—" Jenkins was frowning heavily—"there ain't no call for you to work for your living. Get the idea?"

Evie May shook her head. "But I must, Jenkins."

"Nothing doing. I'm pretty husky. I'm in a good business. Well—it's up to me to earn enough for two of us—Evie May."

"Jenkins—"

"I mean for you to marry me, Evie May."

"Oh, it's so dear and—and good of you, Jenkins; but I couldn't. Evie May's tears had gone dry. She was stirred, and strangely frightened.

Jenkins stared down at her. His big hand twitched. His chest lifted. But he was a gentleman! "You * * * think it over, Evie May, and let me know. You * * * think it over." Still frowning heavily, he precipitated himself down the stairway.

Evie May's small notes to the Herrold Estates each Monday were at this time a very good road map of her soul.

Dear Sirs: I have advertised the rooms in two papers. There are so many nice people without homes! I ought to be sorry for this, but at least I can try to make it home-like for whoever comes to live with us. I forgot to state that there is a pearl out of my ring, which of course makes it less valuable. Thanking you for your consideration.

EVELYN MAY TALBOT.

Her second was shorter:

Dear Sirs: The rooms are not yet rented; but I feel sure they will be soon.

EVELYN MAY TALBOT.

Her third, written three weeks later, was penned after discouragement had stamped shadows under her eyes. The thirty days were all up but three, and the rooms were still empty of tenants. Daggert and Walker had departed for a summer tour, after paying six weeks in advance, but that did not help Evie May; and Jenkins, clumsy and kind, did not help her either, because Evie May knew she could never give him the thing he wanted.

She wrote therefore, with a sinking heart:

Dear Sirs: I have nothing favorable to report. People see my hyacinths and come in, but they all want to do light housekeeping, and not to be a real part of us; so I have to send them away, as the lease reads, "no cooking must be done in the rooms.' However, some one may be on the way right now—it is the best way to keep on hoping, isn't it?

EVELYN MAY TALBOT.

(Concluded next week.)

JACKSONVILLE.

Services in the Reformed church on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Daily, of Altoona, spent over Sunday at the Geo. Ertley home.

Mr. and Mrs. Linn Ertley and children, Isabelle, Violet and Rosella, were Sunday visitors at the J. J. Vonada home.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bennison, Miss Nellie, Miss Virginia and Mac Bennison, were Sunday guests at the Nevin Yearick home.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lucas and family and Mr. and Mrs. John Condo and family attended the Stover reunion, at Aaronsburg, on Saturday.

Misses Isabelle and Violet Ertley accompanied their aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Daily to Altoona, on Monday morning for a short visit.

A chicken and waffle supper was held at the A. A. Garrett home, Saturday evening, in honor of Florence's sixteenth birthday, which was on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Yearick and daughter, of Newberry, and Miss Jeannette Winkleman and Miss Anna Smith, of Williamsport, were Sunday guests at the George Ertley home.

——Get the Watchman if you want the local news.

Boy Had Good Idea of Penalty of Lying

"You know where people go who tell lies?" said a court official at Newcastle, England, to a small girl in the witness box recently. "Yes, but I don't believe it," was the reply.

This incident has suggested to an English commentator an instance where the converse of the Newcastle episode occurred in the court of Judge Maule a few years ago: A small boy was placed in the witness box and was asked the same question, "Do you know where people go who tell lies?" on which Maule commented: "If he knows that, it's a good deal more than I do." However, the boy did know, for he was taken through a catalogue of offenses from telling lies to stealing apples, and replied "Hell-fire" to all of them. Counsel suggested that he was not competent. The judge demurred. "He thinks that for every willful fault he will go to hell-fire; and he is very likely, while he believes that doctrine, to be most strict in his observance of the truth. If you and I believed that such would be the penalty for every offense we committed, we should be better men than we are. Swear him." —San Francisco Argonaut.

Traditions Tell of Many Sunken Cities

Traditions of sunken cities are always interesting. Both Killarney and Lough Neagh are reputed to have once been the sites of famous Irish cities, drowned as a punishment for the wickedness of their inhabitants. Holland boasts of several ruined towns sunk at the bottom of the Zuyder zee, while off the cost of Holstein lies buried the legendary city of Vineta, whence (so fishermen say) the tolling of the bells in the church spires comes up faintly through the waters on quiet days. Most famous of all is Ys, said to have stood where now is the Bay of Douarnency, a little west of Quimper, in Brittany. Ys was a magnificent city, built below the level of the sea, and it owed its destruction to a certain wicked princess named Dahut, who, to gratify an idle whim, opened the sluice-gates and herself perished in the ruin which she brought upon the city.

Bear as Photographer!

A student of forestry was camping with two friends in the wildest part of Allegheny park. Taking his camera, he rambled off alone to look for picturesque subjects.

He had placed his camera on a fallen tree, and had gone some little distance to get a viewpoint, when he saw a black bear browsing amongst some berry bushes. He was scared, and, forgetting his camera, sped back to his camp and companions. With them he returned to the spot, but, in the meantime, the bear had disappeared.

The camera was still on the log, but a plate had been exposed. When it was developed it showed the frightened young man in rapid flight down the trail. The bear, investigating the camera, had touched the trigger with its nose.

Sadler's Well

A question as to the identity of a person named Sadler has been suggested by a recent appeal, sponsored by leading men, for the restoration to the nation of the historic theater known as Sadler's Well. Sadler lived in the time of the Stuarts, and was a road surveyor and a property owner. One day some workmen, while digging for gravel on a piece of land belonging to him in Clerkenwell, came on an ancient well—one of the medicinal springs to which pligrimages were formerly made. The site at once became a popular resort. Sadler built round it a pleasure house, set in pretty gardens and groves of trees. He provided music and other entertainments, and in a short time the existence of the waters was almost totally forgotten.—Family Herald.

Excellence

Excellence may be considered an axiom, or a proposition which becomes self-evident just in proportion to the clearness or precision with which it is put. If it fairly exists, in this sense, it requires no further elucidation. To point out too particularly the beauties of a work is to admit tacitly that these beauties are not wholly admirable. Regarding, then, excellence as that which is capable of self-manifestation, it but remains for the critic to show when, where and how it fails in becoming manifest.—Poe.

Vision of Animals

Men and monkeys have far better eyesight than any other animals, except birds. It has been found that most birds have powers of vision about one hundred times as great as that of normal man. Some birds can see a worm at a distance of 300 feet. The eyes of birds are especially adapted to see moving objects at great distances, so that the approach of an enemy is observed by them long before the human eye could detect it.

At Any College

Homecoming day is the time when alumni come back to the old alma mater, criticize the furniture, freshmen and architecture of the house, reorganize the football team, weep mildly at the ivy, declare things weren't that way when they were in college, and express great wonder as to where the younger generation is going. Then it rains.—Colorado Dodo.

THADDEUS STEVENS—THE LATE REPUBLICAN LEADER.

By Levi A. Miller.

When Thaddeus Stevens was still living, and the last time I spoke to him, I regarded him as one of the greatest living public men in the Keystone State. He was recognized by many as the grandest American Commoner of the country. He was a champion, a leader, a chief. In Congress he was regarded as a superior, prominent as a logical debater and a fiery radical, and in his home town of Lancaster he was a local king, his word was law, and his suggestions were regarded as the shadow of a statute to come.

He was at the time an old man, and physically infirm; yet he could write and speak with a vigor that few men command at half his age. Over thirty years of public life, fighting with the minority against a fierce majority, for justice and liberty, had not bent his form nor crushed his spirit. In his contest for human rights he never failed to honor the fact that "color is not a crime." Without flinching he braved the odium which his love of equal rights for all brought upon him.

He favored the education of black children in our common schools, the enlisting of black men for the army and navy, and the lifting of the entire race of Negroes in this country, out of the chains and fetters and gyves of slavery not only, but into the high sphere of civilization enjoyed by the whites. His voice and his vote had always been on the side of oppressed humanity, and he lived to see his ideas grow into institutions.

When I called on him he gave me a cordial invitation to sit down and chat with him, and without reserve gave his opinion of some of the men who were public property, not in the sense of being purchasable commodities, but in the sense that they were then alive and active in the domain of politics. In the course of his remarks he applauded Horace Greely, the then boss editor, for his ability and integrity, but censured him severely for bailing Jefferson Davis. He had little affection for Senator Fessenden, because he regarded him as parsimonious, and more especially disliked his dealing so gently with Andy Johnson. He did not regard Mr. Chase a great statesman. In speaking of some national men, he said, "Trumbull is a Republican perforce, while he is constitutionally conservative."

He thought Senator Sherman had too high an opinion of himself. Edmunds, of Vermont, and Morgan, of New York, were the subjects, with others, of criticism, touched up with a little coloring of commendation.

I found Mr. Stevens to be a very positive man; one who would not attempt to carry water on both shoulders at the same time; not a "two faced man." He was six feet tall, but rather slender. His gray eyes were apparently full of fire and he looked you fairly in the face when he talked. He had the reputation of being a congenial neighbor, a true friend, a generous giver, and a thorough patriot. He would carry the standard of stars and march to the music of progress over the continent, but he had little patience with those who did not keep step with him. He climbed the highest altitudes of progress, and beheld with the vision of a seer a new civilization without caste, without chains, without injustice, with a free press, a free school, free soil, and free men.

Mr. Stevens was born at Peacham, Calidonia county, Vermont, April 4th, 1793; died in Washington, D. C., August 11th, 1868. His parents were poor and unable to help him, but though he was lame and sickly his resolute soul enabled him to help himself. By hard study he qualified for college, and was graduated with honor at Dartmouth in 1814. He at once went to work teaching school and studying law and speedily secured a large and lucrative practice. In 1828 he entered into the political field, and with great ardor objected to the election of General Jackson, acting with zeal in behalf of the Whig party. In 1833, and for a number of years following, he was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature; and at all times distinguished himself as an opponent of slavery.

In 1842 he moved to Lancaster, Pa. opened a law office and devoted six years to the practice of his profession He was elected a Representative in Congress in 1848 and re-elected in 1850. There he eloquently and persistently opposed the fugitive slave law and the Kansas-Nebraska bill In 1858 he was again honored with a seat in Congress and held it until he died.

As a lawyer he easily distanced many competitors, and took his place among the first men of the nation at the head of the bar. As a manufacturer and business man his enterprise and diligence were crowned with wealth, and when the rebels burned down his iron works, the loss of $100,000 did not in the least cripple him in his affairs so that he had to stop business. His voice was usually quavering and feeble, but when excitement stirred him—as it did whenever a plea was offered from the south—he threw a certain tone into it which made it ring all over the House, and inspired those who had been presumptuous enough to oppose him with an extraordinary dread of his influence and power.

No, he did not hate the southern people—he hated slavery as O'Connell did. A man may hate the sin and yet not hate the sinner. His ways were neither dark nor intricate, for he battered breaches through the defenses of slavery and let in the light, and his ringing blows echoed across the continent. His voice may have quavered but it was heard afar, and it made the oppressors tremble as the roar of the lion shakes the nerves of the traveler in the desert. He may have been old and shrunken and lame and pallid, but he was able to defeat the strongest man that dared to measure lance with him in the arena of debate in the House of Representatives.

"O, duty, if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guard a rod
To check the erring and reprove,
Thou art victory and law."

——Wordsworth