

REUTER BRIC-A-BRAC AND DESTINIES. V.7 POUCHKIN QUEEN OF SPADES pdf

1: Gov. Wallace Surprises Again - PDF

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Do you know what that date means? By this air and these pines? Well, only you know how I hate scenes, These might be my very last lines! For perhaps, sir, you'll kindly remember If some other things you've forgot That you last wrote the 4th of December, Just six months ago! From this spot, that you said was the fairest For once being held in my thought. Now, really I call that the barest Ofwell, I won't say what I ought! For here I am back from my riches, My triumphs, my tours, and all that; And you're not to be found in the ditches Or temples of Poverty Flat! From Paris we went for the season To London, when papa wired, Stop. I've heard that some things took a drop. But she said if my patience I'd summon I could go back with him to the Flat Perhaps I was thinking of some one Who of me was not thinking that! That is just like a man! But, however, I read it'dr how could I quote? And as to the stories you've heard No, Don't tell me you have n't know! Well, we met her in Paris just flaring With diamonds, and lost in a hat! She thought it would shame me! I met her With a look, Joe, that made her eyes drop; And I said that your love-suit fared better Than any suit out of their shop! And I did n't blush then as I'm doing To find myself here, all alone, And left, Joe, to do all the suing To a lover that's certainly flown. In this brand-new hotel, called The Lily I wonder who gave it that name? On that hill there are stores that I knew not; There's a street where I once lost my way; And the copse where you once tied my shoe-knot Is shamelessly open as day! There's the rustle of silk on the sidewalk; Just now there passed by a tall hat; But there's gloom in this boom and this wild talk Of the future of Poverty Flat. But there's still the lap, lap of the river; There's the song of the pines, deep and low. How my longing for them made me quiver In the park that they call Fontainebleau! There's the snow-peak that looked on our dances, And blushed when the morning said, Go! There's a lot that remains which one fancies But somehow there's never a Joe! Perhaps, on the whole, it is better, For you might have been changed like the rest; Though it's strange that I'm trusting this letter To papa, just to have it addressed. He thinks he may find you, and really Seems kinder now I'm all alone. You might have been here, Joe, if merely To look what I'm willing to own. I've just got your note. How dared you how could you? To think I've been kept a believer In things that were six months ago! And it's you've built this house, and the bank, too; And the mills, and the stores, and all that! And for everything changed I must thank you, Who have struck it on Poverty Flat! How dared you get rich you great stupid! Like papa, and some men that I know, Instead of just trusting to Cupid And to me for your money? Just to think you sent never a word, dear, Till you wrote to papa for consent! 'T was because oh, you silly! He once went down the middle with me! I've been fooled to the top of my bent here, So come, and ask pardon you know That you've still got to get my consent, dear! And just think what that echo said Joe!

OVERHEAD the sky is light blue; toward the south a billowy bank of clouds, white a few moments ago, but faintly tinged with pink now, until it looks as might a thousand tons of wild roses crushed into a feathery mass and blown about at the caprice of a gentle breeze; as far as the eye can reach, beginning with the east, a sweep of upland, covered with huckleberry-bushes, sassafras, wintergreen, intermingling with more ambitious undergrowth; then, toward the pulsating, opalescent clouds, a sudden rise, crowned with sturdy trees, vigorous and proud, but not of great size; and swinging southward and beyond, toward the west, the delicate wild-rose tints deepen to wide bands of crimson laid upon the sky as with a huge palette-knife, and between the bands uneven flashes of gold or silver where the sinking sun has pierced. Outlined against this heart of the dying day stand the rigid black forest sentries. Close to us, here in the foreground, is a wide, rambling road, bordered on each side by small, unpainted frame-houses, placed together two by two as if they were a ridiculously large number of twins; for each pair is surrounded by a picket fence, each has the same number of doors and windows, the slant of the roofs is similar, and the positions of chimneys correspond exactly. Chickens may hold possession of one yard, and ducks and geese of another; but, with such slight variations, the

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company houses of the anthracite colliery are alike. In them dwell the Irish, Welsh, Scotch, and English miners, with their families; and a quarter of a mile away, on that hillside, past the company store, and beyond the tall, ungainly breaker that rears its black head menacingly toward the summer sky, over there is the collection of shanties wherein exist the ten or eleven hundred foreign miners, with their few women and children, who form the most picturesque feature of any of the anthracite mining towns, or patches, as they are termed. Back of the company store, a stream of VOL. Grasses and wild flowers once were luxuriant there, but for many decades rains have been washing from the huge pile some of the deadly black particles that smother plants, even trees, as we realize by noting the gaunt, leafless, lifeless trunks scattered here and there, with naked grayish limbs uplifted as if crying to Heaven for help. Were it not for the green hillsides and the kaleidoscopic sky, this would be indeed a somber picture. To the immigrant just arrived from Italy the colliery town must seem a realization of desolation itself. When anthracite came into general use, the original miners quickly established themselves in their adopted homes, and ceased to speak regretfully of childhood associations in Wales or in England. They had an abundance of work here, and wages that would seem a fortune in the old country. In those days a Pennsylvania miner deemed it an unlucky month if he and his two brawny sons failed to earn two hundred dollars or more. They were not always paid at regular intervals before and during the Civil War, for money was not plentiful in this region. But they were credited finally on the books of the company, and they were permitted, if not encouraged, to purchase goods at the company store, where could be obtained food, clothing, toys, furniture in fact, about all the necessaries and comforts and luxuries the miner had learned to use. Prices were high, but wages corresponded, and work was steady. But after the terrible struggle between North and South came a period of depression in business. Selling prices dropped lower and lower, and wages felt the result. But the average miner did not understand this. He saw that the operator of the colliery took wife and children to Philadelphia or New York as often as in previous years, and that the superintendent wore clothing as costly as ever. He forgot that while he had been spending his wages every month, and often exceeding his account at the company store, the operator and other officials had been saving at least a portion, if not the greater portion, of their earnings. The miners grew discontented, and talked the matter over. As the panic drew near, they had more idle hours than ever; and their complaints reached the ears of smooth-tongued rascals who organized them into a band ready to resist any further oppression, as the business changes were termed. And right at this point let it be said that the old-time professional agitators referred to were wholly different from the responsible, intelligent men who have performed such good service during recent years by organizing and directing trades-unions like those which embrace the printers and the locomotive engineers and firemen. If the anthracite miners of Pennsylvania had been wisely led and firmly controlled in the early seventies, the Keystone State would now be spiced with many black chapters in her history. But such happiness was not foreordained. Owing in some degree to the troublous times, and in a greater degree to a group of beings more devilish than human, there sprang into active control of a portion of the commonwealth the most brutal, vindictive, terrible conspiracy that ever a civilized community has been cursed with in recent times the Molly Maguires; and it required the genius of Franklin B. Gowen of the Reading Railroad, and the marvelous courage of James McParland, a Pinkerton detective, to break it up, and hang its leading spirits, not singly, but in groups of ten. Then, within a few years, came the long strike in the Lehigh region, when the old hands refused to work under any consideration. Week after week and month after month dragged by. The collieries remained idle; the men, women, and children almost starved. Fortunes were lost in flooded mines and in burning breakers. And at last one of the greatest of the operators sent abroad to Austria-Hungary and brought thence to his mining-patch in Pennsylvania the first of the foreigners, who have long ago succeeded, by their very presence, in driving out all of the English-speaking miners who could obtain work elsewhere and who had the means to remove their families. It is an old story now, how the first of the Slovaks, Polacks, Italians, and Sicilians who came here were comparatively intelligent, and learned readily, in the course of a few years, the work of mining coal. COBBLER AND MINER, know that year by year the immigrants of such nationalities decreased in the scale of civilization until those who have come to

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the anthracite fields during the first half of the present decade are, as a rule, much more dangerous to the body politic than the excluded Chinese; for not only are they eager to work for wages on which an English-speaking family would starve, but they are superstitious and murderous, and do not hesitate to use dynamite if they desire to blow up the home of one whom they particularly hate. Also, unlike the average Chinese, each of these foreign miners insists on voting as soon as possible. But it is time we were back in our mining village; for the whistle has blown, and the men are coming home from work, and the crimson is fast fading from the western sky. The English-speaking miners come from the slope, each man carrying his empty dinner-bucket, nearly all wearing rubber boots, several whose homes are at a distance keeping alight the lamps which are firmly fixed at the peaks of their caps. Near the breaker, at the crossing of two roads, they separate into groups, and tramp homeward, laughing, chatting, skylarking. And then from breaker and slope and stripping come hundreds of Italians, Slovaks, and Polacks, men of each nationality gathering as they proceed with awkward gait toward Shantytown, on the hillside across the way. The Italians generally are small men, wearing short jackets, round little hats of black felt, and clumsy shoes. The Slovaks and Polacks are tall, brawny, muscular fellows, with dull expression of countenance and heavy features. But here in the mining-patch they are not known by such designations. The Italians are termed Hikes, and the other foreigners are grouped under the inelegant name Hunks. The miners have been at work since seven o'clock in the morning, except for an hour's rest at noon, and have earned from fifty to ninety cents each during the day; some may have earned a dollar, a very few perhaps one dollar and ten cents. And all are rejoicing because the boss has promised them steady work five days per week for a month. To-night they spend quietly around their shanties, gambling, discussing the affairs of their religious societies, or telling stories of witches they heard while at work in the mines. Now and then a group will steal away from Shantytown to the woods, and there discuss the best methods of getting rid of some hated enemy—a member of the coal-and-iron police force, for example, or a priest who has antagonized them. But there is little excitement in the mining-patch this evening, for the foreigners have scarcely any money in their pockets. As a rule, from six to a dozen of the foreigners live in a single shanty, which they have erected upon land owned by the company, for rental of which fifty cents per month is charged. Then fifty or seventy-five cents is deducted for the company doctor, who asks no other fee for medical advice or for medicines, unless called upon to perform a surgical operation. Formerly twenty-five cents was deducted each month from the wages of Roman and Greek Catholics to pay the priest; but this custom is by no means invariable at present. Of course all the miners are charged with food, clothing, tobacco, powder, fuses, and oil that they have purchased during the month through the company store or office. The remainder of their wages is paid to them in cash. The English-speaking miners expend from four to ten dollars per month rental for their houses, according to size, location, conveniences, etc. Many assertions have been made that the company robs its employees to such an extent that when pay-day comes the miners find they have little or no cash at all due them; and as to this, it may be said that prices vary at different collieries, and that while some superintendents undoubtedly do take every possible advantage of the men, yet others are more liberal in dealing with them. As far as can be ascertained, the price of powder at many collieries is far above the figure asked in the open market; the cost of certain articles of clothing probably is higher. But, on the other hand, the company store transacts a credit business, and it may be worth while remembering. The worst feature of the company-store system is the absolute conviction, on the part of the miners generally, that they will be deprived of work if they neglect to buy all, or nearly all, their goods from the company and dare to trade in the open market to an appreciable extent. Rightly or wrongly, this belief is firmly embedded. Furthermore, it is openly asserted that the Pennsylvania legislature appointed a committee to investigate the company-store system a few years ago, and that an order for printing fifty thousand copies of their report was canceled because of the disgrace which would fall upon the State were the truth made known of conditions existing in the Schuylkill region.

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Reuter / Bric-a-brac and destinies. V.7 Pouchkin / Queen of spades: Balzac / Unknown masterpiece: Doyle / My friend the murderer: Schnitzler / Dead are silent.

Transcription 1 Weather 7 jum. Fair tonight, low Friday, fair and warmert See weather, page 2. His wife Lurleen looks on. Wallace claimed victory for his cause. Just a week ago the commission had. The opening plan was agreed upon at a conference of Freeholders and Commissioners which delayed start of the freeholder regular meeting 30 minutes. Freeholder Director Joseph C. Irwin announced the change but said that use this year would be on a limited basis. SchoeUner said picnic tables and benches, and. The entrance road and parking tot for cars has been covered with crushed stone, walks from the parking yard have been, gravelled, and swings and other playground equipment will be set up by May 30, he added. Two ppnds, one about five acres and me other Jess than an acre, have been. Fishing will be permitted but emphasis will be on pleasure for children who will be encouraged to throw back the small ones. A small softball diamond and field will be laid out, Mr. He will begin work June 1. He was the eighth New Jersey officer and the first one from the county to win the New Jersey Police Academy plaque for academic achievement. Patrolman Hauck has served i years as a Red Bank officer. Crossword Puzzle fl 2fi , 13 Editorials llcblock Movie Timetable Seven widely scattered primaries were held yesterday in which: Welsh, but with around 30 per cent of the votes he claimed victory. It was a big primary day, and often a thoroughly confusing one. Goldwater had been expected to breeze in, with Harold Stassen supplying minimum opposition. But the former governor of Minnesota picked up around a fourth of the votes cast for his finest showing in years. Write-ins are illegal in Indiana, and Stassen collected the windfall. In, New Hampshire, where Henry Cabot Lodge won with write-ins, Stassen ran a bad sixth and last, with a trifle over one per cent of the vote. J Or take Ohio. Republican," of his party. Young, a bouncy year-old who wants to keep his job, found the voters like John H. And about one third of the Democrats voted for him anyway. Elsewhere around the country there were these developments: His opponent was to be decided in a runoff between the incumbent Sen. Howard Edmondson and state Fred Harris. His slate of unpledged electors won by a lop-sided margin over a pro- Johnson ticket. Once more Alabama Democrats are in full revolt against the national party. In Macon County, Ala. That was the word yesterday from defeated candidate Edward J. Ledford who told The Register, "If we work out the finances, we definitely are going to make a court case out of dt. The decision was made yesterday by the candidate, his attorney, Lloyd D. Elgart of Strathmore, and Mr. The original vote had been Mr. The witness was L. Moore, signal engineer for the New York and Long Branch. Moore testified that gates and lights would be safer arrangement than the present protecton a watchman with a sign and a lantern Mr. Mausner asked the PUC to excuse the borough from paying any portion of the cost of the safety devices. Included in the figure are Items for storehouse overhead, regular overhead, and contingencies, all of which were challenged by Mr. He said it could take up to six months to acquire materials after a PUC order is handed down, if one is handed own. Moore said the speed limit r or trains at West Ijrcgen PI. He testified that on weekdays 4 passenger trains -and three rills paw the crossing in each! Ledford lost one vote, making the tally, to In the primary, two nominations for Township Committee were at stake, and In this traditionally Democratic town, the nomination usually is tantamount to election. The nominations were won by Mr. Downey, who are members of opposing factions. Zambor, are affihated with the "old" Democratic organization, which Dr. Dlnkelspiel told the county Board of Freeholders yesterday he had been able to vote for 12 instead of an authorized 10 Republican national convention delegates in the primary election April Describing himself as a "machine man," and asserting, that on other occasions he had told the board how voting machines could be jammed, Mr. Dinkelspiet said he disclosed his latest experience to illustrate a need for close super- Vision. The freeholder passed over the report with only one comment. Irwin said the complicated ballot presented In the primary created many problems in machine operations. According to the mayor and Mr. Ledford, the suit, which probably will be filed in Superior 2ourt,

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will seek to have the pri- Gerdes Cites Golf Gap mary election voided and the court asked to call a new election. The committee is split between the two factions, and has not even been able to elect its own chairman. If the court threw, the issue into its lap, and the committee held to the division, the matter then might be decided by the county Democratic leader, P. There Is also the probability that if Ledford won a court battle, the Downey forces would appeal to a higher court. Rubber Band Regarding the recount yesterday, Mr. Elgart told The Register that he was shocked to find the extent to which voting machines failed to work on election day. His suggestion was referred to the county Parks and Recreation Commission. Gerdes said he had made his proposal originally in when he was a Democratic candidate for a freeholder seat. The board is all-republican. But he asserted that "even as a nonjoler, I do not think one public golf course is too many for the almost , people of Monmouth County. Gerdes pointea out the editorial to the freeholders. The machines were supplied by R. Elgart said, is whether the ;voter is disenfranchised by malfunctioning machines and negligence to maintain machines in working order. Aikins nance provides for enforcement new licensing year begins June Mr. Quirk said the new ordiing in which City Council assured said. Mazza recently given to Frank Anastasia. Roosevelt was directed to arrange a regulatory provisions and improve collections, and to make quired to assist the inspector. Harmon, the Chamber of Commerce denounced the ordinance. Council said changes will be. He said en- Mr. A passerby stands over tho victim whoso shoo, knocked off by tho impact, lies at right. Mortonson livod on A lion St. AP Wirophoto suaded the then Board of City Commissioners to levy a mercantile tax to raise money to promote "and advertise the city. Since then, however, the obligation Imposed on the city administration has diverted the licensing measure into a "revenue gimmick. If you would do justice you would abrogate the revenue feature of the ordinance except for minor imposllions to use in defraying enforcement costs. The case may now go to the state commissioner of education, or to the courts. School doctor Joseph B. In a formal opinion to the board, said that under no circumstances should the board change its policy on immunizations, noting that "the safety and welfare of all is our goal. George Kulcsar, 70 East Second St. The Ixiard last night instructed s attorney, Harvey G. Another alternative would be to seek a court order compelling the board to admit the child. Kulcsar said, when the issue was first raised last month, that he is Catholic and his wife Protestant but that they are in agreement on the immunization Issue. In the neighboring Matawan school district, the board has taken a different view. Last year, in Matawan Township, two parents refused on "personal belief" to have their children immunized and the board refused admittance. The parents then "clarified" their position and claimed the refusal was on "religious" grounds and the board admitted the children on this basis, stating that religious belief was cause for an xception to board policy. Tho state commissioner of ed-. XH to May Place all "clean-up" refuse at the curb in a ne. Local officials met with the freeholders yesterday on the proposal. Kavalek reported that a new cost estimate ha: Kavalek said the county Insisted that there be a fooi paved surface as a condition to its participating In the project Once the project Is completed the county will take over main and Harry Levin, and Milton P Garr.

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Ellet, ellet, einzuwandern in das neue Vaterland! Hell dir, Führer Hell dir, Bnad Goethe. I hear the tread of pioneers Of nations yet to be, The first low wash of waves where soon Shall roll a human sea. We devoured everything that professed to contain any information about the Red River of the North, from Mayne Reids Young Voyagcurs down to the latest reports of the Canadian Im- migration Department and the railway companies. What was the result? It worked like madness in the brain. For how was it possible. These things puz- zled us. When we turned to our travelled ac- quaintances for enlightenment and help, we were baffled. For if the person ques- tioned had heavy investments in the Red River Valley, we found that he had seen only those portions of it which were like paradise in summer weather. But if his interests were in Texas or Kansas, he had been impressed chiefly by the desolate as- pect of the Red River country, the intense cold of the winters, and the enormous size of the mosquitoes. So we packed our trunk with sketch-books and note-books, bought a supply of ammunition and a patent filter, and set out to see for ourselves. On the westward journey we found many of our fellow-travellers bound for the same region. Some of them were going out as new settlers; some of them were old settlers who had been on a visit to the East, and were returning. They entered readily into conversation. It seemed to be a pleasure to them to talkas, indeed, it is to all rational beings except Englishmen. They were frank and communicative in regard to their personal history. They were also given to large stories. It was sometimes a ter- rible strain on the listeners imagination. On one occasion I incautiously said to a loquacious old gentleman that I supposed they had some quite big farms out on the Red River. Why, theres farms out there biggern the hull State o Rhode Island. A man starts out in the mornin to plough a fur- rer, and he ploughs right ahead till night, an then camps out, an ploughs back the nex day. The expression of child-like innocence on Gads face was sicklied oer with a pale cast of thought, and he silently felt for the filter. Paul by the St. Dismiss from your mind all the associations that are called np by this word. Understand that in the West a valley is not necessarily a hollow be- tween hills or mountains. That is a narrow Eastern conception. As we look- ed out from the car window for the first time upon this famous valley, we saw a broad level plain covered with short grass, and flooded by the rising sun with red and golden light. Doubtless there were hills somewhere in the world, but they were invisible. Far away on the left a dim blue line of timber marked the course of the Red River and another line far in front of us indicated the approach of a tributary stream. This was all that broke the lake - like expanse. We realized at once what we had heard before, that it was in fact a lake without any water in it. A few words will explain the character and probable formation of the Red Ri ver Valley. It is about three hundred miles long and fifty miles wide a fiat prairie, extending northward froni Lake Traverse, in Minnesota, until it passes by a gentle slope beneath the water of Lake Winni- peg. About thirty miles north of the southern and higher extremity of the val- ley the Red River comes meandering in from the east. It is a sluggish stream, flowing in a ditch in the middle of the prairie, and is altogether inadequate in size and force to have made the valley which bears its name. When we seek an explanation of this vast alluvial plain we must find a much larger body of water to account for its formation, and this is done by the theory which connects it with the gi eat Mississippi system. There are many indications that the whole drainage of this region was at one time southward. The valley of the Mississippi, with its true line of continuation along the Minnesota,]must have formerly contained a vastly larger body of water than now flows through it. Now imagine that a few thousand years ago the level of the continent was a little dif- ferent from what it is now, a few hundred Mississippi. There would be a mighty stream come, and all the waters of the Winnipeg draining the whole central region of the Basin would flow southward through the continent into the Gulf of Mexico. Two railroads sea - coast: Minne- locity of the great south ward river. It

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apolis, and Manitoba, which now runs will have less and less power to cut its way parallel with the river to St. Vincent, on through obstacles. It will be dammed the British border, where it connects with by the granite ledges near Big Stone the Pembina branch of the Canadian Pa- Lake. It will spread out into a vast lake ci tie to xATiiijipeg.. The wat T5 of this lake will be gles, and opens up the wonderfully fertile shallow and muddy, and the deposit of land lying on the west side of the river, in alluvium very rapid. As the northward Dakota. Into this territory a great hood depressioli continues, the outlet toward the of innigration is now pouring. The rap- south will become more and more feeble. Iii the last quar- It will degenerate into a mere dribble. Iii rocky channel and numerous rapids, bears all, over a nmihlion acres were taken up by all the marks of an outlet thins recently settlers in those three months, inostl v in formed, the Red River Valley. Since the Thils is but a rough and hasty outline Northern Pacific Railway bus sold , of time theory which has beemi advanced acres of Red River lands. In the land by General G. Warren, of tIme United districts traversed by this road the gov- States Engineer Corps, and supl orted h y eminent has assigned 1, To- tion of two very important factsthe imm- getimer within time lands sold by time railway niense fertility of this ancieunt lake bed. Embracing time samne itoba, through the Nelsomi River amid Hud- territory, present statistics show the fol- son Bay, to Emigland. These facts have a lowing: Presemut population, 69,; hi - direct bearing on time comimmercial welfare crease in past year, 19, Area traunsporation of time products of the rich in other crops, 79,; increase, 20, Cassel- Amsterdam, when they were ready to sell ton, in Dakota, on the Northern Pacific, at any price, and getting them transferred was the first objective point which Gad into land. The whole of this vast tract and I desired to reach. Not that the town is under the personal supervision of Mr. It is Oliver Dalrymplea tail, thin Yankee, simply a cluster of wooden stores and with keen eye and firm mouth. But as we stood on the platform of the little railway station, we saw by the number of agricultural machines stand- ing around the freight d6p6t and the farm wagons and teams of all descriptions driv- ing iii and out of town, that Casselton must be a promising place. The chief ground of its promise is undoubtedly the vicinity of the gioantic wheat farms, of which all the world has been talking and writing. These farms have four great divisions, called after the men who have money in- vested in them Grandin, Cass, Cheney, an l Alton. They include in all 75, acres, 20, of which were in wheat this year. The original cost of the land was from forty cents to five dollars an acre. It is said that a large l ortion of it was ob- tained by buying Northern Pacific shares The farms are cut up into hivisions of acres, with a superintendent for each. These divisions are again divided into sec- tions of acres. On each division there is a complete set of buildings, in- cluding a dwelling-house for the superin- ten lent, a boarding-house for the hands, a stable, a granary, a blacksmiths shop, and a machine-house. There are mount- ed division foremen, and gang foremen, each of whom oversees twenty teams; there are over a hundred self - binding reapers and twenty steam-threshers em- ployed. The horses and mules are num- bered by hundreds. The men employed at harvest would make a little army. In fact, it is just that the army system ap- plied to agriculture. This general mar- shals his men, arrays his instruments of war, and with mechanical precision the whole force moves forward to conquer and exact rich tribute from the land. We rode about over the farm with the courteous superintendent of one of the divisions. The air of the September morning was clear and keen. But there was life and vigor in ev- ery breath; plenty of ozone, or whatever that mysterious substance may be which makes men and horses happy and live- ly when they inhale it. The blue sky spanned a cloudless arch above us. There was not a fence nor a hill to break the prairie level. Southward we could see the timber-line of the Maple River, but on the north the horizon was smooth and unbroken a slender rim of earth meeting the sky. The yed barns and white houses of the divisions stood out high and dis- tinct. There were broad stretches of the golden-brown grass of the yet unbroken prairies, vast fields of pale yellow stubble from which the harvest had already been gathered, and here and there fields in which the shocks were still standing, and the steam-thresher, monstrwin horrendton, - informe, ingens, devoured the remnant of the wheat. A little way off we saw a bug line of teams pushing slowly across the bound- less plain. It was a very different sight from that ploughing which we have seen in the steep fields of New England, where John- ny steers the old horse carefully along the hill-sides, and the old man guides the plough as best he can through the stony ground;

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different, also, from that plough- ing which Rosa Bonheur has painted so wonderfully in her picture at the Lux- embourg, in which the French peasant drives his four-in-hand of mighty oxen, butting their way through the misty morning air. Here on this Western farm there were twelve sulky ploughs, each drawn by four mules, moving stead- ily along a two-mile furrow. The shin- ing blades cut smoothly into the sod, and left a rich black wake of virgin earth be- hind them. As we looked out over the great plain, and slowly took in the ex- tent, the fertility, the ease of cultivation, we echoed the local brag: I cant get it on canvas. A man might as well try to paint a jead calm in mid-ocean. We spent an evening in the comfort- able home of one of the superintendents, and heard him explain the system of book- keeping. Every man is engaged by con- tract, for a certain time, to do certain work, for certain wages. He receives his money on presenting to the cashier a time check certifying the amount and nature of his labor. A record is kept by the foreman of the amount of wheat turned out by each thresher, by the driver of each wagon of the amount of wheat loaded by him, and by the receiver at the elevator of the amount of wheat brought in by each team. All the farm machinery and the provisions are bought at first hands for wholesale prices. Mules and horses are bought in St.

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sew your own organizing bins! I keep pinning stuff like this. I really need to get around to sewing it! sew your own organizing bins! oh man i can't wait until i get a sewing machine lol shower to get it lightly coated, and scrub away to your heart's content. The mixture cuts right through the.

To begin with, sixty years ago my grandmother went to Paris, where she was all the fashion. All the great ladies played faro, then. On one occasion, while playing with the Duke of Orleans, she lost an enormous sum. She told her husband of the debt, but he refused outright to pay it. Finally, she remembered a friend of hers, Count Saint- Germain. You must have heard of him, as many wonderful stories have been told about him. He had money at his disposal, and my grandmother knew it. She sent him a note asking him to come to see her. He obeyed her summons and found her in great distress. She painted the cruelty of her husband in the darkest colors, and ended by telling the Count that she depended upon his friendship and generosity. Tomsy lit his pipe, took a few whiffs, then continued: The Duke of Orleans was the dealer. Grandmother made some excuse for not having brought any money, and began to punt. She chose three cards in succession, again and again, winning every time, and was soon out of debt. She had four sons, one of them being my father, all of whom are devoted to play; she never told the secret to one of them. But my uncle told me this much, on his word of honor. Tchaplitzky, who died in poverty after having squandered millions, lost at one time, at play, nearly three hundred thousand rubles. He was desperate and grandmother took pity on him. He returned to the game, staked fifty thousand rubles on each card, and came out ahead, after paying his debts. The Countess Anna Fedorovna was seated before her mirror in her dressing-room. Three women were assisting at her toilet. The old Countess no longer made the slightest pretensions to beauty, but she still clung to all the habits of her youth, and spent as much time at her toilet as she had done sixty years before. Soon, a young officer appeared at the corner of the street; the girl blushed and bent her head low over her canvas. This appearance of the officer had become a daily occurrence. The man was totally unknown to her, and as she was not accustomed to coquetting with the soldiers she saw on the street, she hardly knew how to explain his presence. His persistence finally roused an interest entirely strange to her. One day, she even ventured to smile upon her admirer, for such he seemed to be. The reader need hardly be told that the officer was no other than Herman, the would-be gambler, whose imagination had been strongly excited by the story told by Tomsy of the three magic cards. Why not try to win her good-will and appeal to her sympathy? One day, as Lisaveta was standing on the pavement about to enter the carriage after the Countess, she felt herself jostled and a note was thrust into her hand. Turning, she saw the young officer at her elbow. As quick as thought, she put the note in her glove and entered the carriage. On her return from the drive, she hastened to her chamber to read the missive, in a state of excitement mingled with fear. Of this fact, Lisa was, of course, ignorant. The young girl was much impressed by the missive, but she felt that the writer must not be encouraged. She therefore wrote a few lines of explanation and, at the first opportunity, dropped it, with the letter, out of the window. The officer hastily crossed the street, picked up the papers and entered a shop to read them. In no wise daunted by this rebuff, he found the opportunity to send her another note in a few days. He received no reply, but, evidently understanding the female heart, he persevered, begging for an interview. He was rewarded at last by the following: I can arrange for a meeting in this way. After our departure, the servants will probably all go out, or go to sleep. At half-past eleven enter the vestibule boldly, and if you see any one, inquire for the Countess; if not, ascend the stairs, turn to the left and go on until you come to a door, which opens into her bedchamber. Enter this room and behind a screen you will find another door leading to a corridor ; from this a spiral staircase leads to my sitting-room. I shall expect to find you there on my return. The hours dragged slowly by; at last he heard the sound of wheels. Immediately lamps were lighted and servants began moving about. Finally the old woman tottered into the room, completely exhausted. Her women removed her wraps and proceeded to get her in readiness for the night. Herman watched the proceedings with a curiosity not

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unmingled with superstitious fear. When at last she was attired in cap and gown, the old woman looked less uncanny than when she wore her ball-dress of blue brocade. She sat down in an easy chair beside a table, as she was in the habit of doing before retiring, and her women withdrew. As the old lady sat swaying to and fro, seemingly oblivious to her surroundings, Herman crept out of his hiding-place. At the slight noise the old woman opened her eyes, and gazed at the intruder with a half-dazed expression. Herman thought she might be deaf, so he put his lips close to her ear and repeated his remark. The listener remained perfectly mute. Remember Tchaplitzky, who, thanks to you, was able to pay his debts. There was no reply. The young man then drew a pistol from his pocket, exclaiming: She threw back her head and put out her hands as if to protect herself; then they dropped and she sat motionless. Herman grasped her arm roughly, and was about to renew his threats, when he saw that she was dead! Seated in her room, still in her ball-dress, Lisaveta gave herself up to her reflections. She had expected to find the young officer there, but she felt relieved to see that he was not. Strangely enough, that very night at the ball, Tomsy had rallied her about her preference for the young officer, assuring her that he knew more than she supposed he did. It is said he has at least three crimes on his conscience. But how pale you are. But why do you talk to me of this Herman? The words of Tomsy made a deep impression upon her, and she realized how imprudently she had acted. She was thinking of all this and a great deal more when the door of her apartment suddenly opened, and Herman stood before her. She drew back at sight of him, trembling violently. She is dead," was the calm reply. What are you saying? Herman sat down and told her all. She listened with a feeling of terror and disgust. It was money that he desired. The poor girl felt that she had in a sense been an accomplice in the death of her benefactress. She began to weep bitterly. Herman regarded her in silence. I intended to show you the way to a secret staircase, while the Countess was asleep, as we would have to cross her chamber. Now I am afraid to do so. She gave him minute instructions and a key with which to open the street door. The young man pressed the cold, inert hand, then went out. The death of the Countess had surprised no one, as it had long been expected. Her funeral was attended by every one of note in the vicinity.

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The adamant of his pride was streaked with veins of blood. He carried a lamp with the flame turned low, and walked as lightly as a shadow without a sound, as though the sombre somnambulism of his fixed idea had made of him an imponderable fantom. He crossed the room, reached up, took down the key and went out again. There was a dead silence. A fly awakened by the light buzzed for an instant and then ceased. The door remained on the latch. In her bare feet she slipped into the hall. Her husband was going downstairs; she followed him. At the ground floor he continued to descend; the stairway plunged into gloom, but she could hear along the subterranean corridors the steps which preceded her. They were now in the ancient substructions of the castle. The walls sweated, the ceilings were vaulted. At its base the light of the vanishing lamp still glimmered on the slimy pavement. A grating sound reached her and the light disappeared. At the foot of the stairs she found a circular chamber. An opening in the wall revealed a shallow bay; she still crept on, until, at the end of the passage, by feeling her way, she recognized a door very slightly ajar. She pushed it open. He was motionless, staring with wide-open eyes. He looked at his wife without seeing her. A nauseating odor came from the cell, and beyond the shadow spread over the tiles lay a fleshless hand already greenish in hue. Should she waken the wretched somnambulist, whose frenzied sleep had drawn him to this tragic dungeon? Was she capable of inflicting this degrading shock upon his pride? The vengeance of the outrage was just. She felt pity for those wild eyes, which stared at her without seeing her, for the tortured visage, for the hair blanched by such poignant anguish, and it seemed to her best to protect the secret of this nocturnal adventure that he might never discover his self-betrayal. He must, she deemed, be allowed to satisfy his terrible craving in the eternal silence of the tomb, without ever knowing whose unseen hand walled him in face to face with his sacrilege. Walking away on tiptoe, she slid the bolt of the vault which closed the passage. She ascended the spiral stairs, the subterranean steps, the stairways of the upper house, and on the rusty nail of her chamber wall she suspended the tragic key, which balanced itself an instant, then hung motionless to mark an eternal hour. The doves passed to and fro as they flew below the arches of the little cloister. The hour rang out simultaneously from all the belfries in the city. He picked it up; it was heavy and the patches of rust were red like blood. He descended toward the little garden, which embalmed the centre of the cloister with its fragrant flowers which grew in beds equally divided by boxwood. Great roses engarlanded the well with its stone circle; their thorns clung to the monkish frock as he bent over to drink; the water spurted out. A tall, golden sunflower mirrored its honey-laden monstrose. He clothes his ideas in jaunty, rakish, crisp, up-to-date style, in the language of the reporter and of the boulevards. Like most of the modern French literary aspirants, Allais made his debut in the Paris journals. He wrote humorous, fantastic monologues full of life, and what the French call "verve," which is a kind of sprightly enthusiasm tempered by an original personality. He has written, besides the three-act vaudeville called "U Innocent," in collaboration with Alfred Capus, several other plays and vaudevilles which are immensely popular with the Parisians.

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