

A CHANGED DECISION.

CHAPTER I.

A cutting March wind, driving before it a small rain, which a little extra sharpness would have converted into hail or sleet, swept Byerley Street pretty clear of passengers, and furnished a good excuse, if one were sought, for two men, who walked on the more sheltered side of the road, seeking refuge in the Byerley Arms, a tavern which stood at an angle just where the wind and rain were coldest. This was not a "swell" hotel, or, indeed, a high class place at all. Byerley Street was a low street, and "the Arms," as it was usually called, was a low house; but a good fire was burning in its public room, and, save for one man, who sat moodily in a corner, with folded arms and half asleep, the friends had the place to themselves. They were friends, or had been so until lately, and partners in business; but divers matters had arisen, which need not here be detailed, causing much irritation, with many unpleasant arguments between Messrs Sparle and Oterson, the two persons of whom we have been speaking, and some of this unpleasantness was still fermenting in their minds.

The hot gin and water, which should have been cheering and soothing, failed in its effect; and, indeed, after a second tumbler, their conversation, which had been carried on in guarded tones, grew a little louder, and some personal remarks, which were also deficient in cheering and soothing qualities, were exchanged. It was evident that business transactions, and especially those of finance, were at the base of all this dispute, which increased in acerbity, until Oterson exclaimed: "I won't have it, Jack!—and that is all about it. Pay me out, and I'll go. I will go cheap. As for all the stock, horse, van, and everything, I don't want them. Give me a fifty pound note and you shall keep the lot. Only let us have a settlement soon."

"It is very well to talk like that, Steeve," returned the other; "and I don't say I will not settle with you on your own terms; but what would you have said if I had checked the affair up as suddenly as this, and left you to find a partner where you could?"

"I leave you with all the best of it, don't I?" retorted Oterson. "What is fifty pounds to the value of the things I am giving up? You will find a partner soon enough; perhaps you have got one ready. I don't know a likelier man than Jack Sparle for such a dodge."

"You know a good deal better than that, Steeve," said Sparle, who was the elder of the pair. "You want to quarrel; but we can part without that. I do not know where to find a man; I wish I did. Men who will stick to the business, and can put in some money—although it is not much—are not to be met with every day. I would give something to hear of one."

"Would you?" exclaimed the third person present. The interruption startled both the others, who each uttered an angry ejaculation; Oterson following this with an oath.

"You had better mind your own business, sir," said Sparle; "and leave ours alone."

"I am attending to my own business, and I mean what I say," continued the stranger. "I have not listened purposely; but it was impossible to avoid hearing your arguments. I want something to do. Your trade, with its going about the country, will suit me."

"We should want some money first," interrupted Sparle, eyeing the shabby slovenly figure of the speaker, a young man of somewhat dissolute appearance, with no great favour.

"I understand that well enough," returned the other. "I can find some. I can pay a deposit at this moment, and find the rest easily, if your terms are moderate. Do not be set against me on account of my looks. You may have known before to-day others who were under a cloud and glad to be out of the way; that is my case."

Each of his hearers gave a sardonic laugh, and Oterson said: "Most of our pals have been like that at some time or another—it is a little in my way at present. But if you really mean business, we don't care about the cloud, and now is your chance."

An animated conversation followed; the first two men appearing in much better temper, preliminaries were tolerably well adjusted at once.

The business in which the partners had been engaged was merely the travelling in the western provinces with a large van, fitted up for the sale of goods; attending fairs and races, and doing a little betting at some of the latter meetings, where they were known.

"Always on the square, you understand," explained Mr. Sparle; Mr. Oterson emphasising this with an oath or two, as seemed his custom.

If the young man was in earnest—thus proceeded Mr. Sparle—and liked to do business sharp, he could go and see the horse and van at once, and see people, too, who would satisfy him that all was correct. He could then pay his fifty pounds if he liked; but he was not a coming in for any such money, although Steeve Oterson, who has a nasty temper—I don't mind saying so afore him—may pretend he is willing to go out for that. Only that a second party was necessary, nobody should come in at all. As it was, the party would have to put down a second fifty, or perhaps a little more, according to valuation, for his share; and even that would not include the betting, for which separate funds must be provided. This is a brief summary of the lengthy explanation by his late partner.

The stranger gave some proof of his business-like intentions by exhibiting a couple of five-pound notes. "These are all I have," he said; "and I know too well that no more can be got where they came from." His tone changed as he said this, perhaps involuntarily; but his hearers, who were among the most cunning of their class, each glanced sharply at him, and each felt added confidence, from that moment, that he did "mean business."

The stranger went on: "I have a friend who will help me at once, as far as your price goes; and if I join, I will do my best for you in the work."

"What is your name?" demanded Sparle. "I mean, what are we to call you? I can tell well enough that whatever you give us will not be right; but we shall not argue about that. Names don't count for much with us, and all our agreements are by word of mouth."

A curious smile, apparently in spite of himself, had moved the lips of the young man while Mr. Sparle was speaking. "I rather like your free and easy style," resumed

ed the stranger, after a brief pause. "Your name, I learn, is Sparle; mine will be Frank Rodbury. Here are the ten pounds. Late as it is, I am ready to go on with the business to night. I will see what you have to offer; and I am quite sure my friend will not mind a call from me at any hour. Will you go on?"

"You had better do it, Jack," said Oterson, interposing. "I can see this young fellow means what he says. I did not like his look at first; but I do now. You can take him round to the place, and I will go on to my new people. We shall part good friends, Jack, after all."

"Perhaps we shall," retorted Sparle; but he did not care much how it is. I am glad we are going to part, as you have turned out nasty. Now, Mr. Rodbury, if you are ready, I will take you round to our place."

The stranger rose. He was a tall, well enough built young fellow, and not bad-looking, while he wore his shabby coat with a different air from that of either of the burly fellows in his company; yet, for all that, there was something, a slovenly dissolute something in his very look, his every movement, which told of a wasted if not a bad career.

This his new partner had early noted; but his own experience had made him far from fastidious in such matters, and so, without further delay, he set off with Mr. Rodbury in the direction of his stable and depot; Oterson parting company, having, as he declared with sufficient emphasis, something on hand which suited his book a great deal better.

It was now dark, or so nearly dark that the street lamps were lighted, and most of the shop windows were lighted up also. In a yard at the back of a shabby terrace near the water side, Frank Rodbury was shown a big strong horse, a large wagon or caravan, and a collection of goods.

"The things are worth more than you are going to pay," said Sparle; "and as a matter of fact, I am giving you the lot. It is only the good will and the training you are paying for.—Now, come on; you shall hear something about me, and I will show you my receipts." He took his new friend to a gay bustling public house close by, where he seemed to be well known. Here the landlord testified to his respectability and to his solvency, avowing that Jack Sparle's simple note of hand was good to him, the landlord, for fifty or a hundred pounds any day.

"Now, I have dealt straight with you," summed up Mr. Sparle; "and I shall expect you to be as straight in return. Where is this friend of yours, and when can you have your money?"

Rodbury intimated that he was ready to set about his arrangements at once, and said that he could make an appointment with Sparle for the next day, to settle, if that would do.—Yes, that would do very well.—"You will not object to a cheque, I suppose?" continued Rodbury.

"You can get it cashed, I daresay?"

"Cashing a cheque would not trouble me," returned the other; "and I shall not give you anything for it, not even a sixpenny note of coppers in change, till I know it is all right. So, if it did not turn out all right, it would be a good deal worse for you than for me."

"I might have guessed what your answer would be," said Rodbury with a smile. "I will take my chance as to there being any thing wrong with what I shall pay you."

"Am I to go with you to your friend?" asked Sparle. "I ought to know."

"Well, you will not know!" interrupted Rodbury. "My money will be all the reference I shall give. I have trusted you with ten pounds readily enough; so, good-night."

With this abrupt farewell he left his companion, and went quickly off, glancing round once or twice, to make sure he was not followed. There was no danger of this, however; for, as he disappeared, Mr. Sparle muttered: "This is a different beginning in a cheap-jerk business from any as I ever saw before. I wonder what my new pal has been up to? But Jack Sparle never was a spy, and never will be."

Rodbury hurried on his errand, which led him a long way and to a very different part of London, until finally he stopped at a house in a large and respectable street in the West End, a house at which few persons of his aspect were likely to call.

The servant who opened the door to Rodbury demurred, naturally enough, at admitting such a person to his master's presence; but when the latter heard that a rough-looking man wished to deliver a message to Mr. Ashwell from a gentleman, the domestic was ordered to show him in.

"You say you have a message for me," began the master of the house; but checking himself, he told the footman not to wait; and the latter, who had hesitated at leaving such a character alone with his master, disappeared.

"Why, Cyrus! What, in the name of all that is horrible, have you been doing with yourself?—and why do you come here now in such a guise?" exclaimed Mr. Ashwell, with a total change of tone. "Sit down, and tell me all about it."

"No, Herbert; I must not stay long to-night; nor will I now tell you much of what I am doing," returned Rodbury. "What I have done, you know; and in what danger I am, you know too. I always calculated on your friendship."

"You may, to the last!" interrupted Ashwell.

"Yes; I know it. Even as if you had been as great a rogue and fool as I am, a combination in your case happily impossible," continued his visitor, "and I had been—what you are, you might, I believe, have relied on me. I need two hundred pounds, in two cheques. With this I see my way to hiding myself, and leading a coarse vulgar sort of life, but one without any particular harm in it. I can have it, I hope?"

"Instantly; and I only wish I could find the means of helping you to something better than you describe," replied his friend. "I should like to attach one condition to this help, to which you are heartily welcome. I would wish you to let me know, sometimes, where you are, or, at any rate, how you are faring. I shall not press you further; I will leave all to yourself."

"Thank you, Herbert," returned the other. "Perhaps I will do so. You will smile if I tell you I am going into business with this money; and you would smile or shudder if I don't know which—if you could

see my partner. That reminds me that I should like you to make the cheque payable to a number, and sign it with initials. The London and Westminster will cash it, if you advise them."

Without another word, Mr. Ashwell drew a cheque-book from a drawer near to his hand, and in a couple of minutes the required slips were handed to Rodbury; then, with a brief clasp of the hand, the strangely assorted pair parted.

This was the commencement of the partnership between Jack Sparle, so well known, and, it must in fairness be added, so generally liked on the western road, and Frank Rodbury. The latter soon proved to be of great use in many ways, especially in betting, at which he was quicker, cooler, and "broader" in his work than Jack Sparle, shrewd as the latter undoubtedly was. But the new partner never became so popular as the old one; he never possessed, and could never assume, a spice of the geniality of Sparle.

So Mr. Jack always maintained, of necessity, the lead in the business, and Rodbury had sense enough to see that this should be so; yet, in spite of this, there was something about the junior in the firm which influenced and almost controlled his partner. Sparle felt that his colleague had not much in common with their usual associates, and he could not fail to notice that the craftiest of these "fought shy" of Rodbury; nor did the most swaggering venture on any of the practical jokes with him which were much in favor with the class.

In consequence, perhaps, of this, Sparle unconsciously treated Rodbury somewhat differently from the manner in which he had dealt with Oterson, and with others before the latter. He could hardly be said to like his new partner better than he had liked his old ones: in fact, it was with him a frequently recurring question, studied over his pipe and his glass, as to whether he really liked this queer chap at all. Nevertheless, as said, he could not help treating him in a different style from his predecessors, and amongst other things, he took him to his house, not to his place of business, but to his own home, where were found such family ties as he owned. These were two sisters—a girl of nineteen, and one of two or three years younger.

"I am five-and-thirty," said Sparle, in his introduction; "so they look up to me as an old man," he said, "as an old man," but it is hardly necessary to reproduce all his oddities of speech, of which this is one of the most striking examples. "There was ten of us," he went on; "but all the rest died off in two or three years; so did the mother. My governor died long before."

Jack Sparle had been a fellow good enough to be the main support of his mother and sisters during the declining health of the former, and he was a fellow good enough still to say nothing about this to his new friend.

Rose and Matty, the two young women, were unusually good-looking, in which particular they resembled their brother Jack. Their attraction was rather of the showy "barmaid" style, it was true; but they were attractive, beyond doubt. At first, Rodbury treated them with but slight attention, much of the trifling civility he did show being bestowed upon the younger. He was never rude or churlish; in fact, to each of these girls he seemed a cavalier of high breeding, and perhaps his conduct piqued Rose. In any case, on his recurring visits he gradually grew more conversational with her, while she undoubtedly looked forward to his coming, and, as Matty noted, and in consequence indulged in a great deal of sisterly satire, was always at her smartest when he came, and never failed to exert herself to please and entertain him.

During one of their visits to London, Sparle broke into a denunciation of the unreasonableness of women, their absurd ways, and utter want of business like judgment. Rose furnished the occasion for this tirade, as it appeared that she had refused an offer of marriage from Bill Stakerly. "Bill Stakerly, you know!" he repeated, with emphasis; "a man as owns nine caravans, and could take a public for his wife, if she was so disposed any day of the week, and any week in the year, without putting his hand in any man's pocket but his own. To say 'no' to Bill Stakerly!"

Sparle was unfeignedly exasperated, and held forth at great length on the enormity of his sister's conduct. The explosion probably did him good, for he seemed able to treat the matter more philosophically afterwards, and even to laugh at his own anger. But the incident made an impression on Rodbury. He was more reserved than usual, and appeared to be meditating upon some problem of difficulty.

Sparle had by this time grown accustomed to the occasional exhibition of these moods in his partner, "who had as much learning and conversation as a lawyer or a parson, but was something so cranky and silent that you could never quite tell where to have him. But a sharper fellow in the business you would never wish to see"—thus ran Mr. Sparle's opinion.

He was a little surprised, on returning home one evening, after a day spent in the purchase of goods and so forth, to find Rodbury at his house before him. This was only remarkable from the latter having said nothing of such an intention. Mr. Sparle was still further surprised by his partner's rising, coming towards him as he entered the room, and then shaking him heartily by the hand. He opened his lips to ask the meaning of this; but a rush of mingled feelings and recollections—vague the moment before, but grown suddenly to conviction—stayed him.

Then, ere he could recover himself, Rodbury exclaimed: "Let us have no secrecy in such a matter, Sparle! My sister has promised to marry me, and I give the notice at the registrar's to-morrow."

"Yes, it is true, Jack," said his sister in answer to his inquiring look. "I know I offended you about Stakerly; I hope I please you now?"

"Well, I wish you luck," said Sparle at last. "I know you will take care to please yourself at any rate, whatever you choose to do. Well, I shall not attempt to interfere. I hope you will be happy—that is all.—I should like a little talk with you, however, Mr. Rodbury, and"

"I expected you would say as much," interposed the other, who had smiled cynically at the doubtful, lukewarm benediction pronounced by his future brother-in-law. "So, Rose," he continued, "I must go and talk business with your brother, as I told you I should have to do."

"I cannot see that it has anything to do with you, Jack," said the girl, whose heightened colour gave evidence of a temper easily aroused. "I am my own mistress."

"You are," returned her brother; "and try to be so over every one who comes near you. I shall not interfere very much, you may lay long odds. Let us go round to the 'Fox and Goose'; we shall be quiet there, and can say all we have to say in a few minutes."

His partner complied so far as to leave with him, but preferred to enter on such business as was in hand without going to the hostel indicated.

Sparle asked him several questions, of a character so searching as to do his shrewdness great credit, and was answered with more or less candour.

"Now, look here," continued Mr. Sparle at the close of his questioning, "your name is not Rodbury, is it? Be straightforward and say 'yes' or 'no.'"

"It is not," answered the other decisively; "but it is the only name by which I intend to call myself in future, and the only name by which you will know me."

"Why—but—confound it!" exclaimed his companion, "you are not going to marry Rose under a false name, are you?"

"You know, I am quite sure," returned Rodbury coolly, "that such a marriage is perfectly legal if the wife did not know her husband had assumed a name. I do not fancy you will enlighten Rose; so your sister will call herself and really be Mrs. Rodbury."

"Well," said Sparle after a long pause, "I suppose you are right. I shall not split on you. I should give no thanks if I did. However, I will just give you a hint. Rose is a trump, and I will go through fire and water, danger or death, for a man she likes; and she likes you. But if you do not mean to set fair and square by her, my advice to you is to draw back while there is time; for if you thoroughly offend her, you had better face all the enemies you have in the world, then stand your chance with her. She would never mind killing herself, or you, or half a dozen like you, if she once fairly made up her mind, so do as you please."

Rodbury's answer to this was a laugh, a broad open laugh; he said nothing, and there the conversation dropped, save that Mr. Sparle once muttered in an undertone: "A pretty pair they will make."

No opposition, therefore, being forthcoming, the lovers were duly married, in a district at the east of London; in the parish of West Ham, indeed. Neither of the contracting parties lived there, so a little further misdescription was necessary, but, as Mrs. Rodbury said, "Lor! what does it signify!"

Indeed, to have hesitated then would have been, on the gentleman's part, in truth, straining at a gnat after swallowing a full-grown camel.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ASYLUM ABUSES.

A Patient Kicked to Death—Important Testimony of an Amateur Madman.

CHICAGO, MAY 12.—At the coroner's inquest to-day into the cause of the death of Robert Burns, a patient in the insane asylum at Jefferson, Attendants Richardson, Crogan, and Pecha, charged with beating him to death, were present. The dead man's widow and her brother testified that Burns was in good health when he was sent to the asylum. Chas. Beck, a reporter, who played the insanity dog and was admitted to the asylum, detailed the repeated acts of brutality which the accused inflicted upon Burns. He declared the patient was not unruly, but seemed to be dazed. Beck testified that Burns was ordered to sit on a bench. He seemed not to understand, and did not do so, whereupon he was violently thrown down upon it. Rising in a dazed way, Richardson kicked him violently in the abdomen. Burns again arose, when Richardson caught him by the collar and threw him to the floor, and so the brutality continued, the accused kicking the helpless lunatic in the side and stomach, striking and cutting and bruising his face with their fists. They undertook to dress his wounded leg, jerking him about roughly and causing him excruciating agony, meantime continuing their blows. Crogan picked up Burns' shoes and, taking it by the toe, beat the patient over the head with the heel, cutting great gashes and covering the victim with blood. By this time Burns was in a semi-comatose condition. He was then jerked out of his seat, which was covered with blood that had run from his head. That night Burns was ordered to remove his clothes, but not complying, was slapped and cuffed. Finally the attendants stripped him and Richardson kicked him in the abdomen, knocking him across the seat. At another time witness heard blows in Burns' cell and loud cries from Burns, lasting several minutes. Attendants Schubert, Crogan, and Richardson were there. Then a mop and a pail of water were brought, and the door was closed and locked. The attendants concluded he was too irascible, and he was removed to another part of the building. The reporter came out of the asylum at the end of ten days, Burns was then reduced to a skeleton, and was a sallow, hollow-eyed idiot. The reporter told how, when friends secured his release, Dr. Kirman, superintendent of the asylum, shook his head ominously and advised against it. He declared the reporter was incurably insane. He knew this because he had watched the case closely. Dr. Schubert, of the staff, concurred in this opinion.

A STRANGE FAMILY.

A Cow Gives Birth to Two Lambs and a Calf.

A very remarkable freak of nature exists on the farm of Mr. J. H. Carter, con. 8 lot 20, Township of Tecumseh, County of Lincoln, Bond Head P. O. On Sunday, April 14th, a cow belonging to Mr. Carter gave birth to two lambs and a calf. He is a respectable farmer who would not under any circumstances be guilty of an attempt to palm off a fraud on the public, and the issue has been seen by scores of his neighbors. The attendant circumstances were such as to leave no shadow of doubt on his mind as to correctness of the statement. The lambs are to all appearance perfect, but larger than ordinary. The calf, a male, is also perfect. The expression in the face of the lambs has a peculiarity, while considerable hair is mixed among the wool, both in the fleece and on the legs. Mr. Carter has already refused an offer of \$600 for the dam and family. Mr. E. J. Jeff, lecturer on agriculture for Ontario, and many other gentlemen have been visitors. So far as known there is no parallel case on record.

Nothing is degraded which a high and graceful purpose enables.

MAKING FRENCH WINES.

Amusing Story of the Alleged Falsification of Clarets in France.

The falsification of wines is once more becoming a burning subject in France, says George R. Sims in the London Referee. It is notorious that millions of bottles of the vin rouge which is consumed at home and sent abroad are absolutely guiltless of one drop of the juice of the grape. Concerning this wholesale "falsification" of Bordeaux wines I was told an amusing story this winter by a French gentleman who was my traveling companion from Marseilles to Paris.

Here is the story: A farmer in Normandy, seeing a wine advertised by a firm in Bordeaux, wrote for a couple of casks of it, and forwarded the money. A fortnight afterwards it arrived at the station, and he sent his carter to bring it home. The carter brought two casks, but, to the farmer's astonishment, only one cask was full; the other was empty. An examination of the cask showed that it had not been tampered with, and there was no trace of leakage. Evidently an empty cask had been sent by mistake. The farmer at once wrote to the Bordeaux wine merchant to complain of the carelessness. In due course a reply was received, which was as follows: "Dear Sir: I am sorry for the mistake made by my man, but you can easily rectify it. If you will fill the empty cask with water and leave it for a fortnight you will find the wine all right. The ingredients are at the bottom of the cask, but my man foolishly omitted to add the water. Waiting your further orders I am, sir, yours, etc."

My French friend assures me that this was a fact. The story became public through the Norman farmer demanding the return of his money, and, the wine merchant objecting, the case came before the law courts. After this, what price for "vin ordinaire" if that's what they give political prisoners no wonder Boulanger ran away.

Bird and Snake.

The secretary-bird of South Africa feeds upon rats, mice, lizards and even insects, but it is especially fond of snakes. So valuable are its services that the white settlers levy a heavy fine on any one who kills one of these birds. Its name, Secretary, was suggested by the fact that the large feathers projecting from the apex of its head suggest a clerk or secretary, with several quill pens stuck behind its ears.

It is about four feet in height and its hawk-like bill is a formidable weapon, capable of splitting the head of a large snake at a single blow. As snakes do not willingly submit to the operation, long and exciting fights often take place before the bird cleaves its opponent's head. Parker Gilmore saw one of these contests, and describes it in his "Hunter's Arcadia."

While stalking springbok he discovered a secretary bird fighting with a snake seven or eight feet long, called by the Boers "ringkaal," from the white ring or stripe round its neck. It is an active serpent, endowed with the power of spitting its venom six feet or more.

For several minutes the activity of the belligerents displayed itself in feints and blows. The bird then withdrew and uttered a prolonged harsh note. In a moment it was joined by another secretary bird. Both birds then attacked the snake, which, being unable to face both ways at the same time, received frequent blows from its assailants' strong wings.

One blow stupefied the snake. Instantly one bird seized the serpent near the neck and the other further back, and bore it, wriggling, struggling, aloft a hundred yards and then dropped it. With closed wings, the birds descended so rapidly as to reach the ground as soon as the snake. Quick as thought a bird struck the serpent a blow upon the head which killed it.

As is generally the case, the allies, having conquered, began disputing as to the booty. The dispute led to a fight, during which the hunter, who wanted the snake as a specimen, slipped in and took the booty. He conveyed the ringkaal to his wagon, where it continued to distil clear poison for an hour.

DR. TANNER OUTDONE.

A Young Lady in Quebec who Has Lived on Water for Eight Years.

Mr. C. Smith, traveller for Messrs Northrop & Lyman, of this city, sends the following interesting letter to "The Empire" writing from Richmond, Que. "I was in Tingwick, Que., yesterday and my attention while in Mr. P. Herbert's store, was directed towards a farmer that entered about the same time, and whose name is Ambrose Bedard, a farmer of only ordinary means, and living within four miles of Tingwick, and who is the father of what can truly be called a living wonder, a young lady eighteen years of age, whose name is Miss Mary Josephine Bedard, and who has not tasted any food of any kind since eight years ago last December. This person, of whom you have previously heard, no doubt, exists on water only, and that she takes no more than any other ordinary individual, and has occasionally gone six days, during which time she has probably drunk a couple of glasses.

The Cowboy was Worsted.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., May 13.—Cowboy Jack Embree served two years in Joliet penitentiary for shooting at E. N. Dixon, a ranchman. He swore to return and kill Dixon when his sentence expired. Yesterday he rode out to the ranch, and invited Dixon to come out and be killed. One of Dixon's men appeared, and Embree shot him in the arm. Dixon secured a Winchester, and made towards the cowboy. As the latter aimed his six-shooter at Dixon the ranchman dropped to the ground, and the bullet whistled over his head. Then he shot the cowboy dead.

Commenting upon the fact that ten thousand emigrants recently left Liverpool for America in a week, the Chicago "Tribune" says:—"An alarming proportion of the immigrants to this country fall victims to a greatly stimulated drink habit, and often become worthless as workmen. Using their increased wages to ruin themselves by drink instead of to better their condition, they charge their resulting poverty and wretchedness to the institutions of this country or to its industrial system rather than to their own vicious indulgences. The great tide rolls in, bringing 600,000 or 700,000 immigrants every year, and a sadly large proportion of them go to swell the ranks of the drunkards, loafers, and self-made victims of poverty and vice."