Chapter XVII. -- Continued.

as one spell-bound watched her deft famously." fingers as they glided over the surface of the sketch book.

With a little sigh of disappointment ardent eyes and eager face of Arthur | minor creditors. Morris. With an involuntary cry of surprise, fear and vexation, she sprang to her feet, the sketch book falling to the floor.

"Why, Miss Carden!" exclaimed Morris, with stimulated astonishment. "Really, this is an unexpected pleasure. I am delighted to meet you. Permit me-" And he picked up the sketch book, bowed, and extended his hand.

can talk without disturbing any one in the lobby."

A minute later they were in the

comparatively deserted cuter hall. "You have no right to follow me here or to annoy me by your attentions," said Jessie Carden, confronting him with flashing eyes. He fumbled nervously at his watch charm.

"It was purely accidental, I assure you," he stammered.

learned this morning that you bribed | must she be caught in the toils? my servants, and realized that an interview with you was inevitable, but to intrude your presence during my aunt inviting her to spend April and

papa dear, but you must not worry Morris stood a few steps back of in the least over me. I have money, Jessie and devoured her with his eyes. papa; lots and lots of money, , I have He noted the soft folds of her hair, saved nearly two thousand dollars out the rounded curves of her neck, and of my allowance. We shall get along

That evening, in the modest apartments he had rented, General Carden told Jessie the story of his downfall. Jessie dropped the folio on her lap. Randolph Morris was his principal Not in months had she drawn with creditor, and negotiations were then less skill. What could be the matter? in progress by which he hoped to She felt oppressed and under some ma- transfer his L. & O. stock to Mr. Morlign influence. Instinctively she ris, in consideration of a loan which turned and looked squarely into the would enable him to settle with his

"If Mr. Morris refuses to extend this accommodation I shall be in lasting disgrace," faltered General Carden. Jessie Carden had listened quietly. Until that day she had given little thought to the problem which ever confronts the great mass of mankind -how shall we live, wherewithal shall we be fed, clothed and housed? The little room in which they sat looked mean and want-haunted. The faded In these brief seconds Jessie had carpet, the cheap wallpaper, the tawregained her self-possession. "You dry decorations, the low and marred have surprised me, Mr. Morris," she ceiling, the wailing of a sick child said quietly, ignoring his proffered through the thin partition, the odor hand. "You must be aware that this of a kitchen, the rumble of traffic over is not a public reception room. We a cobblestone pavement-surely this was a dream from which she would awaken to find herself in the stately mansion on the great boulevard.

Yet it was not a dream. At the sound of the name of Arthur Morris the past and the present stood before her in glaring colors. She must be brave; she would be brave. With that superb insignt which nature gives to woman, the plot devised by Arthur Morris lay bare before her eyes. Her "Your arrival was announced in the | father was enmeshed in the net which Berlin papers," said Jessie, coldly. "I had been set for her. To release him

The Bishops had purchased a residence in New York, and there was I did not think you would presume | waiting for Jessie a letter from her

in Berlin, or rather for coming to Berlon," he began. "I was wrong and I beg your pardon."

"That is not the offence for which you should crave forgiveness," said Jessie Carden. Scorn was in her voice and a warning flash in her eyes. "Your intrusion in Berlin was insolent, but it was in harmony with a greater affront which preceded it, and one of which no gentleman would be guilty. If you have nothing more appropriate to say, leave me, sir!!"

"I have: I have!" cried Morris, cowering before her gaze. "Pray be seated, Miss Carden, and-and give me a

chance!"

"I should not," she said coldly. "I know the time you mean, Miss red and he looked at her with appealing eyes. "You mean that affair at the clambake. I was intoxicated, Miss Carden. It's a hard word, but I'm going to be honest and throw myself on your mercy. I am very, very sorry; really I am, Miss Carden, and

I want to be your-your friend." She longed to spurn his prayers and to ask him to take back the white locks from above her father's brow and remove the stain of disgrace. She realized that the man who had crushed her father was now in her power, and felt that triumphant joy which only a woman can know. But it wounded and tortured her pride to think that Morris dared aspire to her love. She charged the sacrifice she was about to make against the account of a future revenge, and turned to him with a softer light in her eyes.

When a man who pretends to your paper. position so far forgets himself, he should first obtain his own pardon. He should then seek to redress the wrongs caused by his offense. Are you prepared to do that, Mr. Morris?"

"I don't exactly understand what you mean, Miss Carden."

"I will make myself plain," said Jessie. "You attempted to murder a young man who resented your insults in a public place, and in the encounter you were injured. For years you have had a standing reward for the arrest of this innocent man. Are you willing to take steps to absolve him? John Burt has been the greater victim of your conduct."

"But my dear Miss Carden, I haven't the slightest notion of where he is, don't you know," said Morris with a puzzled expression. "'Pon my word, I don't. We had a beastly row in which I got shot, and all the fellows who were with me say I started it, and that the pistol went off in my own hand. I assure you that I don't re member a thing about it. The governor offered the reward. I can get him to withdraw it, and put a notice in the papers promising that no prosecution shall be made. I'll do anything you say, Miss Carden."

"Publicly announce the withdrawal of the reward and state that he will not be prosecuted," said Jessie, as it the matter was merely one of ab stract justice. "And if you are confident that I shall not again be em barrassed by your indiscretions I will try to overlook the past."

"You are very good!" he exclaimed, effusively. "It's more than I deserve, but you will not regret it, Miss Carden. My governor and yours are mixed up in business, and it's a beast ly shame, don't you know, that we should be at odds. By the way, I'm awfifly sorry about the general's financial troubles. Hope he pulls out of them all right, and think he will. I're trying now to make a deal which will help him out. And you're not angry with me now, are you, Miss Carden? Let's shake hands and call it square?" Morris extended a clammy hand,

and Jessie, with an inward shudder, permitted him to clasp her's for a mo-

The summer season was at hand, and Jessie was looking forward with pleasure to a sojourn in Hingham. Arthur Morris had been devoted in his attentions, and Jessie felt a thrilling wickedness at the tacit encour agement she had given him.

(To be continued.)

NOT WHAT HE WAS SENT FOR. Irishman Had Reasoned Well, But

He Was Wrong. A farmer, accompanied by several of his hired men, went into the woods one morning in the fall of the year to cut down some trees. When about to begin work it was discovered that the cant hook had been left behind. Turning to one of the men, an Irishman not very long over, the farmer instructed him to drive back to the Carden and I have met before!" he farm for the missing tool. The Irishman did not know what a cant hook looked like, but was averse to exposing his ignorance, so drove off on his errand, trusting to find some one at

> the farm who would enlighten him. At the barn, however, there was no one to help him out of his dilemma. Casting his eyes about the place for the thing which would be most likely to bear the name of "cant hook," he saw a mooley cow with never a sign of a horn upon its head, and concluded it was that he had been sent for. Procuring a rope, he fastened the

> exultantly drove back to the woods. "What in Sam Hill have you there?" shouted the farmer on seeing his messenger and the cow. "I sent you for a cant hook to use in moving the logs; what have you brought that

> cow to the rear end of his vehicle and

"Ee jabers, boss, divil another "I do not care to listen to you, sir." | thing could I see around the barn that

> Chance for Man With Brains. Cash for brains is still the cry. The Queensland government find that the prickly pear, a kind of cactus, has proved so vigorous a weed that \$25,000 eradicating it.

THE BIGGEST OF THEM SEEK RE-PUBLICAN DOWNFALL.

Havemeyer, Belmont and Other Mcnopoly Magnates Are Working Hard for the Election of a Democrat as President of the United States.

Will the free trade newspapers and the Democratic campaigners who are trying to make a counter-issue with the cry that "protection is the shelter of the trusts" explain why, then, the trust interests are so furious with the Republican Administration and party? Carden." His face flushed a deeper | Isn't the protective tariff law to-day what it was a year ago and two years ago and three years ago? If the shelter of the trusts was, in fact, the Dingley law before, ought it not to give the Belmonts and the Havemeyers and the other backers of Judge Parker as "good a thing" now as when they were selling printed paper -calling it securities-at fancy prices, or trying to sell it? What is the difference between a tariff shelter to-day and one two years ago? If the Dingley tariff enabled shipbuilding monopolists to put hundreds of millions of value into watered stock a couple of years ago, it is strange that it did not enable them to keep that value, or any value, in those "securities." So with the common steel ernment with their combinations in stock. So with any inflated stock that restraint of trade, and the Democrats was "tipped off" to be Standard Oil who are accepting him plastered over duplicates, but which has proved, tar-"I should not forgive you," she said. iff shelter or no shelter, to be waste ations must think that the American

The truth about the trusts which have flourished is, of course, as Sena-

"I want to apologize for what I did | SHELTER FOR TRUSTS | by protection from an intolerable op- | BOUGHT OWNER, TOO. pression of and unmitigated extortion against the sugar consumers of the United States. It is barred by the tariff law which by enabling the independent beet sugar industry to become established and to flourish in this country has created and maintained competition with the Sugar trust.

> If the tariff were the shelter of the Sugar trust why should the Sugar trust be managing Judge Parker's campaign for him on free trade principles, while yet declaring for noninterference by the Federal governtrust have spent oceans of money trying to buy the repeal of the tariff duty on raw sugar from Cuba? Because with a free entry for the Cuban raw material, which it absolutely controls, it could wipe out the beet sugar incompetitors. And having done that the Sugar trust, controlling the stiuation here as perfectly as it controls it in Cuba, could work its own pleasure under free trade with the American consumer, as the Standard Oil as the Anthracite Coal trust, unsheltered by the tariff, work their sweet will with the American public which consumes their products.

The trusts which are running Judge Parker for President, in the hope of preventing interference by the govwith the trust and free trade declarpeople are fools-as big fools as Mr. August Belmont plainly takes them to be-to give them such arguments as tor Gallinger stated the case in the they are putting out at the opening upper branch of Congress on April 22: of the national compaign of 1904, 'Under, but not because of the tariff | which is to determine whether the

IF IT RAINS CATS AND DOGS, THERE IS THE UMBRELLA.

HOG RAISER CAUGHT IN HIS OWN

TRAP. Weighed In With Live Stock He Had Sold, Would-Be Sharper Was Compelled to Ransom Himself at His

Full Value.

In one of the farming communities less than a thousand miles from Los Angeles there lived, a dozen years ago, a man who rejoiced in the felicitous ment with combinations in restraint | cognomen of "Hog" Jackson. He was of trade? Why should the Sugar portly of person, and many who chanced to hear his porcine appellation supposed it to have been suggested by his avoirdupois. He drifted down to California from one of the intermountain states and was rooting under his legitimate initials, firmly believdustry in this country-exterminate | ing his obnoxious alias to have been left behind, when one of his old neighbors settled in the district. The newcomer bore no malice toward his old acquaintance, but, from mere force of habit, in an unguarded moment referred to him as "Hog" Jackson, and, monopoly, unsheltered by the tariff, being pressed for an explanation, related this story:

"During Mr. Jackson's residence in the mountain state he engaged in the business of hog raising, an occupation for which he had an acknowledged affinity. In the fullness of time he had a bunch of porkers ready for the shambles, and sold them to the resident buyer at the railway station, driving them in on foot. There was no fence around the platform scales on which they were weighed, and as the buyer was busy adjusting the weights, Mr. Jackson slyly stepped upon one corner of the platform and stood there, apparently unnoticed, until the weighing was finished. While the hogs contentedly munched the corn which had been thrown on the scales to keep them quiet, the buyer wrote a check for the amount indicated, the hog raiser accepted it, and the deal was closed. Then Jackson helped the buyer drive the bunch into the high board stockade and, to make a thorough job, followed them in. Instantly the gate was closed behind him, and the key turned in the lock. After a lingering look at the porkers, he tried the gate, but found himself a prisoner, with the buyer standing guard outside.

"'Let me out,' said Jackson. "'Oh, no!' replied the buyer.

"'Let me out!' roared the fat man, while the blank walls of the stockade rolled back a confusion of answering echoes.

" 'Jackson,' said the buyer, 'I cannot let you out. You are my hog. I have weighed you and paid for you, and unless you buy yourself back you are going with the rest of them to Omaha."

"After some further parley Jackson passed his ill-gotten check out between the bars of the stockade, whereupon the gate swung open and the prisoner meekly walked out upon the scales and received a check for 240 pounds less of hog flesh. -Los Angeles Times.

All Waited Upon the Crank.

A serious man with a long face gingerly stepped down into the deep mud. Behind him a load of furniture waited anxiously.

An ice wagon driver swore several temperatures of caloric.

A hook and ladder truck intensified

the heat. A push cart got inevitably cross-

ways between a trolley car and a The serious man in the mud wildly turned a little black crank and held

his breath and hoped. He wasn't spinning a top. Neither was he grinding coffee.

He was cranking a runabout. Suddenly it sobbed.

was arrested.

The serious man leaped joyfully out of the mud, the ice cooled off, the hook and ladder truck scorched by, the furniture was released, the push cart

Moral-What the universe needs is persistent cranking.-New York Sun.

Old Maids at the Bargain Counter.

Salesgirls in department stores experience much amusement in putting spinsters through the "third degree" when the old girls endeavor to dodge the issue of whether the name is Mrs. or plain Miss. Of course, long experience with customers serves to inform saleswomen how to differentiate between married members of the sex and dyed-in-the-wool old maids, and consequently when the time arrives to book a spinster's address the loaded complexion of the questions affords delight to the girls behind the counter. When milady instructs the goods to be sent to "A." Smith, etc., the seller makes it a point to inquire if it is Mrs. or Miss the buyer said. The spinster affects to misunderstand and repeats "A. Smith." The saleswoman is unrelenting and not until the old girl snaps out a reluctant "Miss" after three or four repetitions of the inquiry does the comedy end. Then as the spinster departs the girls laugh.-New York Press.

His Only Refuge.

It was a well-dressed young man, with a sad, faraway look in his eyes, that stood on the steps as the lady opened the door.

"Excuse me, madam," he said, as he lifted his hat, "but could you direct me to the Home for the Friend-

"Do you mean to say that you are Surprise.

"I am, madam," he replied. "I am a baseball umpire."

Actors Study Realism.

Several prominent Japanese actors have gone to Korea to study realism in the portrayal of military scenes.



That acquaintance was terminated last | the summer. summer by your acts and conduct, and I have no desire to renew it. You have had the education and opportunities of a gentieman, and must respect my wishes."

She turned and entered the gallery. Morris stood as if riveted to the floor Obeying a wild impulse, he rushed after her, but halted at the door. With a smothered oath he retraced his through Unter der Linden. For the second time in his life the

fact had been forced upon him that there were ambitions beyond the reach of his money. The thought envenomed him. Again he made a vow that Jessie Carden should be his. His heavy lips parted in a sullen smile as he pictured her surrender. The longer it was delayed the sweeter would be his triumph.

Arthur Morris for a passenger. It was months before he returned to New pany.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Diplomacy.

After an absence of two years Jessie Carden looked forward with pleasure to a home-coming. She had bidden her instructors and friends adieu, and was about leaving Berlin for a brief visit to Paris, when she received a cablegram from General Carden, requesting her to return home at once. The message was so worded that Jessie was mystified, but not alarmed.

After a stormy voyage, the liner steamed into Boston harbor, and General Carden clasped his daughter in his arms. At first glance she hardly recognized him. His face was drawn and the dark bair and beard had turned to silver-gray.

"You will be brave, my pet," he said, his voice choked with emotion. "I have sad news for you, Jessie."

"There can be no very sad news, papa dear, so long as you are alive." said Jessie. With a woman's intuition; can explain myself." she guessed the truth.

"I am ruined, Jessie! My bank has failed, and my fortune is swept away. | ment!" pleaded Morris, as Jessie That is not all. Our old home is in turned haughtily from him. the hands of creditors and I am a fifty."

Jessie smiled bravely through her

"I am distressed on your account, What have you to say to me, sir?"

study hours. You take an unfair ad- | May with them in the metropolis, and vantage of an accidental acquaintance. | to be their guest in Hingham during

General Carden advised her to accept the invitation, but Jessie had at first declared that her place was with him, and would not listen to his arguments.

"I have changed my mind about aunt Helen's invitation." she said, -dazed, ashen-faced and speechless, later in the evening. "I have decided to go to New York for a few weeks at least. I believe I can sell some of my sketches and paintings steps, and hailing his coachman, drove | there, and-and-well, I think it best to go."

"You are a wise little girl, Jessie," said General Carden. "I shall be in New York nearly as much as in Boston, and you will be much happier

A week later Jessie was fondly greeted by her aunt. Thomas Bishop belonged to an old New York family, and was proud to introduce his beautiful niece to the exclusive society The morning train for Paris had circles in which the Bishops had been welcomed.

It was at the Cregier reception that York to become a junior partner in | she again met Arthur Morris. For the firm of Randolp Morris & Com- a moment Morris was unable to speak, and gazed at her blankly, first at Jessie and then at Mrs. Cregier.

"Really - why, really - why - why, don't you know, Mrs. Cregier, Miss exclaimed. "In fact-why, in fact we | are old acquaintances; are we not, Miss Carden?"

"I recall having met Mr. Morris." said Jessie, addressing her hostess. It was a trying moment for Jessie Carden. Before her stood the man she hated. Why had fate cast him as a reptile ever crawling across her path? She longed to crush the serpent's head with her tiny heel, yet she knew that the snake had cunning; she knew that her father was caught in his coils. Never until that

of a woman's hatred. "May I say something to you, Miss Carden?" ventured Morris. "I've wished to talk to you for a long time. or rather to write something, butbut-let's get out of this crush so I | cow for?"

moment did she realize the damning

power of money, or sound the depths

"I beg of you, hear me for a mo- can't hook but this."-Star of Hope.

"Since you seem determined to crebankrupt-a bankrupt at the age of ate a scene in which I am to be involved, I prefer the less conspicuous disgrace of listening to you," she said. bitterly. "Here is a quiet corner. has been offered for a sure means of

now in operation, great industrial con- 1 voters of the United States shall elect cerns, commonly known as trusts, have been built up during the past four years. Not because of the tariff has the Standard Oil Trust been built up, for the reason that there is no tariff to shelter it. Nor the Anthracite Coal trust, which no tariff could shelter if the wall of protection were forty leagues high, for the reason that there is no other coal anywhere in the world to sell in this country with the product of the American anthracite fields. Yet who will say that anywhere else in the United States there are two trusts to match both the absolute monopoly privileges and the enormous profits of those two trusts?

Because of the tariff this country has prospered; unquestionably. The trust which had genuine value and reasonable opportunity took its share of the added prosperity, just as the non-trust industry did, as the wageearner, the shop-keeper, the farmer did. The trust which sought to make something out of nothing, whether beother prosperity anywhere in this

In England, where there is no tariff. trusts fare exactly as they fare in this country, where there is a tariff. Gaining a monopoly of a rich field, by agreement among competitors or by exterminating competitors who will not combine, they wax fat and oppressive. Where competition can be maintained or where the trusts commit an economic folly, they go to test of prosperity.-Kalamazoo Telesmash, so far as any inequalities of graph. advantages are concerned, tariff or no tariff. In the United States one of the richest and most unscrupulous of all the trusts in existence is the Sugar trust, which is managing Judge Parker's New York campaign, with Mr. ar market of Cuba. Yet it is barred | made up .- Paeblo Chieftain.

President Roosevelt and go on managing the nation's affairs for themselves, or elect Judge Parker and license the trusts to manage all the affairs, public and private, of all the American people, even to the songs they may sing and the prayers they may say.-New York Press.

True Test of Prosperity.

The chief result of the tariff in relation to American industries at this time seems to be to permit the larger manufacturers to charge more for the same goods at home than they do abroad-a condition which will always be annoying to the home consumers who are unable to believe that they profit directly from such unfair treatment.—Detroit Free Press.

The Free Press knows, or ought to know better than this. The chief result of the protective tariff since 1897 has been prosperity and national solvency. It is undoubtedly true that some concerns sell their surplus procause of or under the tariff, failed, as | duce abroad a little cheaper than they any individual would have failed, no do at home, but they are compelled more and no less. The interests to do this in order to compete with which were not trusts, whenever they foreign manufacturers. However, it had anything of real value, prospered is far better for the American consumunder the tariff prodigiously, and they ing public to pay a little more for are prospering to-day. There is no | manufactured goods at home than the same could be purchased abroad, and country, there is none in the world, at the same time secure steady emlike the prosperity of the American | ployment and higher wages than can farmer. There is no agricultural be secured in Europe. It is better for a workingman in Kalamazoo, for example, to pay \$12 for a suit of clothes and at the same time earn \$3 a day, than to live in a country where the same suit costs \$10, but his wages are only \$2 a day.

The American protective system has increased enormously the consuming and purchasing capacity of the mass of the people. This is the true

Our Long Suit.

It is difficult to predict just what issues the desperate Democracy will force to the front in their effort to displace and to repudiate those which Cord Meyer, Jr., one of its factors, they declared to be of paramount imchairman of the Democratic State portance in 1896 and again in 1960. Committee, and Senator McCarren, But so far as the tariff is concerned its legislative agent, chairman of the Republicans need have no fear. If Executive Committee. This trust the tariff is to be trumps in the comoverflows with riches because it ab- ing game of politics, that is our long solutely controls the care sugar re- suit, and we may safely count on both fining industry here and the cane sug- points and honors, when the score is