☞ All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

BY THE GATE OF THE SEA.

By David Christie Murray,

AUTHOR OF "A MODEL FATHER," "A LIFE'S ATONEMENT," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

"Arthur," said Phil, "I have strange news for you."

Tregarthen glanced up, with a singular smile, and then looked back at his bit of crystal. Phil noticed great changes in him. His hair was long, and looked neglected, and he had grown a full beard and mustache. He had become so thin that his cheek-bones took great prominence. His forehead was deeply lined, and his eyes were old.

"You think your news strange, Phil?" he said, dreamily staring at the object in his palm.

"Very strange," said Phil, upon whom the first feeling of dismay was growing fast.

"There is nothing strange under the sun, or new," said Tregarthen, in an inward way. "Things go their round—seed, stalk, bud, flower, fruit decay. There is nothing new, nothing unexpected. All things are inevitable and in order. The smallest is the type of the greatest. You know the Maelstrom, if you have studied an eddy in a gutter."

"I have news, though," said Phil, trying to dispel the comfortless feeling this singular welcome gave him, "which will interest you deeply, Arthur."

"I have news, if I cared to tell it," returned Tregarthen, "which would transform the world." He laughed, and arose from his seat. "How oddly," he said, "the inaccuracies of speech cling to us! I have been telling you in effect that there is no transformation possible for the world, and a moment later I profess to be able to transform it. I could resolve human nature into its simple elements of greed and hate, no doubt—such greed, Phil, that if I told my news men would gnaw Mont Blanc with their teeth from its highest peak to its lowest foundations to get at me—such hate that even hypocrisy should vanish in its fire. So that my news would scarcely be good news to the world, Phil, and may as well be kept a secret."

He spoke lightly, and with every appearance of sincerity, and, wild as his words were, his manner was calm and usual.

"I don't know what to think of this," said Phil to himself. As a matter of fact he knew well enough what to think of it, but he did not dare to father his own fears.

"I won't be so discourteous, Phil," said Tregarthen, "as to refuse to hear your news. You shall amaze me if you can. I will lock up this valueless bit of devilry," he continued, with the greenish crystal between his finger and thumb, "lest any fool should find it and do himself a mischief." He crossed the room, unlocked a safe which stood in one corner, and tossed the object carelessly into a small box. "I was always inclined to be harmless, Phil, but never so much inclined that way as now. Which shows I fancy," he said, as he slammed the door of the safe, "a certain sweetness of disposition, for which I deserve some credit. I owe the world nothing but hatred, and I could pay the debt a million times over." He crossed the room again, and, laying both hands on Phil's shoulders, looked into his eyes with a profound and mournful earnestness. "Power and responsibility are inseparable," he said. "The world suffers already. Men are bitten by their own desires, and gratified desire is despair. And I am one of the dirty crowd myself, Phil, though I scarcely care to think it, and I have not the heart to give them what they cry for."

Phil could only look back at his benefactor and friend with grief and wonder.

"You are hungry after your journey," said Tregarthen, returning to his lighter manner. "Get something to eat, and in the meantime I will dress. You shall tell me your news out of doors, when you have had luncheon. Let me look at you again. You are honest—you are not changed? The little bit of leaven has not leavened the whole lump yet? Not yet. Pure hands and a clean heart are great gifts. They are greater than any one I could give you, though I made Emperors despair to think of you. Don't throw them away, Phil; don't barter the immediate jewel of your soul for the husks which the swine do eat." He had laid his hands again upon Phil's shoulders, and his voice was full of entreaty and affection, but he broke off abruptly and began to pace the room. "You will do what you must do. Fire will not drown, nor water burn because of my beseechings. Go your way, Phil. Eat and drink and be merry—if you may."

Phil opened the door, passed through it, came upon the corridor and stood there amazed and desolate. He could find but one solution to the problem Tregarthen's speech presented. That there was much melancholy wisdom in it, and the revelation of a heart by nature noble, made it none the less the speech of a madman.

The housekeeper had already prepared a meal for him, but Phil had no desire for it, and sent it away untasted. By and by Tregarthen appeared.

"Are you ready?" he said. "Have you lunched? Come into the open air, then, and let me hear your news. My work is over." Phil rose obediently, but he asked himself what good end he could serve by telling the news he had traveled so far to carry. "I have of late," said Tregarthen, as they came upon the grass in the rear of the old house—"I have of late, and wherefore I know very well, foregone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this most goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire—why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilential congregation of vapors."

"He can quote Hamlet," said Phil to himself, "and perhaps he is no more mad than Hamlet after all."

"Your news, Phil," said Tregarthen. "You promised to surprise me."

"I have serious news, indeed," Phil answered. It looked harder than ever to offer it now, and he could not guess how it might be received. "Arthur, I have met Mrs. Tregarthen." His companion swung round upon his heel and faced him.

"Well?"

"I owe you so much" said Phil, earnestly, "that I must try to pay a little." He forgot his diffidence and began to forget his fears for Arthur. "If ever there was a good woman in the world—if ever there was a woman in the world who loved her husband—if ever there was an unhappy woman in the world—I have seen her Arthur; there was a great mistake."

"You wrote of her," said Tregarthen, with no show of feeling, "but you did not write ingenuously. You pretended not to know my knowledge of her, and wrote of her as a stranger."

"She was a stranger then," returned Phil, "but she learned from a friend that I came from Tregarthen, and that you had saved my life. She sent for me and tried to question me about you as if she had not been interested in you"—the lad was moved at the memory of this scene—"but she broke down, and confessed who she was, and, Arthur, since you have let me say so much you must let me go on. I have heard the Gorbay people talking about you a hundred times, and in their mouths it was always you who were at fault. But I knew better, and I know that you believed terrible things about Mrs. Tregarthen. I believed them, too, but I believe them no longer. I have seen her and spoken to her, and she has told me all the story. She did not let you know that she had been upon the stage, and when you found it out she thought you could never forgive her deceit, and she ran away. There was something worse in your own mind against her, or you would have traced her and have brought her back again. But that is all her story. That is all the confession she has to make."

"You are quite sure she is innocent and good, Phil?" asked Tregarthen, looking askance at him.

"I am as sure of her innocence and goodness as I am of my own heart beating at this moment."

"So was I," returned Tregarthen. "Don't you see, Phil," he added, "that you are somewhat indiscreet? This lady is my wife, and it is a little hard that I should be asked either to incriminate her or condone her crimes. Let me hear no more of her. Your love excuses you now, and your inexperience alone would be extenuation enough for so well-meant a folly." Phil accepted his rebuff in silence, but he was none the less sure that he was right, and that some dreadful error had separated Arthur and his wife. "Let us change the question," said Tregarthen. "Tell me of your studies. Who is your friend, Mr. Marsh? I am out of the world here, and I know nothing of him, though you speak of him as being famous."

Phil had no heart to talk, but he answered Tregarthen's questions, and wondered all the while what the mad speech of an hour ago had meant. There was no trace of madness now. The youngster knew well enough that he had made a foolish move in attempting to influence Tregarthen by a mere impression of his own, and yet he was as certain as he could be of anything that his impression was the true one. But Arthur seemed frozen into indifference, and Phil had no evidence to offer, even had his benefactor been eager to demand it. The lad was anything but a fool, and yet it had seemed to him quite natural to suppose that he should come down here, hot as he was with sympathy, and by a mere touch thaw the heart which had been frost-bound all these years. He had miscounted his relative forces. The frost had conquered the fire, and his own heart for the moment was almost as cold and dark as Tregarthen's.

Tregarthen ceased to question, and the two walked side by side in silence. Phil began to muse, and while he mused the fire began to burn again.

"Arthur," he said, suddenly, "there are things we can't prove that we are sure of all the same. I am sure—I know—that she is innocent of any greater fault than that deceit. I know I give you pain, Arthur, but I should deserve nothing you have done for me if I didn't speak. Let me bring you together. If you could see her, if you could hear her, you would believe her."

Tregarthen looked at him, and saw that there were tears in his eyes.

"It is well to have a good heart, Phil", he said, gently, "base as the world is. Keep your beliefs in goodness. You are happier, and will be happier for them, till the bitter day when you must lose them. Virtue and honor are fine things to believe in." He laughed there, and went on. "Hope's a toothsome dish when One-and-twenty serves it piping hot. Hope served hot—Hope gone cold—cold Hope in the pot—nine days old. A nauseous mess, Phil. No relishing it. Take it away."

There was a tone in this bitter badinage which was more afflicting to Phil than even the tenderness which had preceded it. Tregarthen had given him a right to love him and he was young and enthusiastic, and sure with the certainty of enthusiastic youth.

"You are wrong, Arthur," he cried, almost with passion. "Virtue and honor live after one and twenty. You prove it yourself. You are virtuous and a man of honor, and do you think that you are a rarity in nature? I haven't seen much of the world, but I know it's a better world than you think it. You have had a cruel experience, Arthur. You have eaten wormwood, and everything tastes of wormwood."

"Very well, Phil," said Tregarthen, quietly. "The flavor will last me my lifetime. The coffin worm will scour well if he scours it all away and gives me leave to rise for judgment with a clean tongue." Phil sighed, and offered no reply. "I have had sometimes half a mind of late," said Tregarthen, speaking suddenly, and with a new vivacity, "to put this pretty world to the test, as I could do, but I shrink from debauching altogether men who may not yet be wholly given over to the devil. Who is your honest-est man in the world, Phil—your one incorruptible, unpurchasable?"

Here was the craze again, thought Phil, miserably. He would at least be sure of that.

"How would you test the world, Arthur?"

"That is my news, Phil, if I choose to tell it," Tregarthen answered. "Tell me your honest man, and I will buy him and turn him to whatever creed you like."

"Buy Thomas Carlyle," said Phil, sardonically. Even madness—if Arthur were really mad, and had some most curious meaning yet unfathomed deserved no courtesy on a theme like this. "How do you propose to do it?" Tregarthen laughed allowingly, as a man might laugh at a childish puzzle offered by a child. "What should it profit *him*, of all men in the world," asked Phil, "to gain the whole world and lose his own soul? What could you offer him?"

"'My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time, and makes a healthful music,'" said Tregarthen, stretching out his hand, as if to invite Phil to test him. Look me in the face. Am I mad—disordered? Is there any sign of mental derangement in me? Do I speak in cool blood and in possession of my faculties? And do you know me for a man of honor, who never lied in his life? Well. I tell you there is no virtue that would not sell itself, and none that I could not buy."

All this was painful, but, much as he suffered in the process, Phil determined to examine Tregarthen's mind more closely.

"You mean," he asked, "that you yourself—you personally—might buy all the virtue in the world?" Tregarthen inclined his head gravely.

"I mean nothing else and nothing less than that," he answered, "that, as I told you just now, power and responsibility are inseparable. I dare not put even the meanest wretch in the world to the test, for though he is waiting to be debauched, and was born for no better destiny, and deserves no better, I dare not have it on my soul that he can point to me at the great assize and say, 'There is the man who first bought my conscience!'" He walked away a little further, and then, turning, said, "This power has been wisely hidden from mankind, and to believe a man has found it he has seen the harm of his discovery, and has left no record of the fatal gift his studies have brought him. I shall do as my predecessors have done. I have not even hinted until to-day my possession of the power I hold. It will die with me. It is fitter that it should. I shall not even make use of it to prolong my own days, for suffering is the chief gift of many years, and I have borne enough already."

Phil saw no way of escape from the dreadful truth. He was willing to believe in many marvels, but the fancies which had taken possession of Tregarthen were the birth of mere madness. Except that he spoke hopelessly and like a cynic upon all themes he touched in the course of that afternoon's walk, Arthur's mind seemed sound enough apart from this one astounding aberration. What with affection and pity Phil's heart was like to break, and when at last Tregarthen took him back to the house, and showed him that trumpery bit of green crystal, as the talisman which could give riches and power and eternal youth to its possessor, the lad could hold in his grief no longer, but fairly sat down, with his face in his hands, and cried.

The owner of the precious talisman took no notice of this outburst, but, sitting in the attitude in which Phil had discovered him a few hours before, he stared at the treasure with an absorbed and dreamy gaze. It was useless to speak to him, useless to argue, absurd to demand a test. Phil wrestled him broken-heartedly for a while, and then stole away. There seemed to his disturbed heart a threatening shadow on the house, and in the chill twilight of the lonely rooms he found a fear he had never known before.

The housekeeper summoned him to dinner, but he excused himself at first, until the poor woman broke out and declared that there was a blight upon the place.

"No luncheon, sir, and now no dinner, and Mr. Arthur going about like a ghost, eating nothing for days together, and wearing himself into his grave! For pity's sake, Mr. Philip, do eat something, sir—and a healthy young gentleman like you, sir, ought to have an appetite, I'm sure, for if you don't I shall make up my mind there's something dreadful in the house, I'm half afraid to live in it already."

At this appeal he consented; but when he went to induce Tregarthen to join him he found the door locked against him, and there was no answer to his summons.

CHAPTER XIII.

Phil left the island two days later, and Tregarthen was just as sane and just as insane as he found him on arrival.

"You are provided for, Phil," said Tregarthen, as he shook hands at parting. "My will was made long since, and there is nobody but you to whom I care to leave a penny. I do not wish you ill enough to leave you my secret. It's a type of life at large," he added, with a mournful smile. "I have spent the best years of my life in hunting for it, and now I have found it is worthless, and worse than worthless. I do not know if I shall see you again, for to outlive hope is to almost outlive everything, and I have nothing left to care for. If these are the last words you hear of mine you will value them. There is one possession in the world worth coveting, and that is honor, though it is so little valued that men sell it for a mess of pottage. Cherish Virtue, Phil. She will not make you happy. That is a foolish fable. If you wish to be happy, be a fool, and have no care for the morrow, be a hog with the rest, and keep your feet in the trough. But if only one man in the world should turn his back on the world's shameful joys, let that man be yourself. Good-bye."

He drew Phil towards him and kissed him on the cheek, and then walked indoors. Phil went away well-nigh heart-broken, and this was the first great grief of his manhood.

He told Marsh that his intercession had been useless, but he had not the heart to say more about his journey, and he loved Arthur too well to spread the story of the talisman. He came to know more of Mrs. Tregarthen, and to have better ground than he had at first for his good opinion of her. The world is never of one complexion only, even to the most profound natures, and neither Mrs. Tregarthen nor Phil were always shadowed by their respective sorrows. For one thing, Miss Lina, who had grown into a charming sprightly woman, was on the eve of a brilliant marriage, and was gay from morn till eve. She alone would have kept a more selfish creature than her sister from stagnation, and there were duties, social and professional, which had to be attended to and served their turn in keeping the wolf from the door.

It befell one day that the youngster, walking in poetic cloudland toward the house of the great actress, was suddenly pulled from his dreams by a hand upon his arm, and turning round, saw the poet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—"Like poor Hugh Conway, Josh Billings was formerly an auctioneer in Albany. I remember once calling on him at his house, and a huge black tom cat came bouncing into the room, which he affectionately and frequently addressed as 'William'. I ventured to remark that it was a swell name for puss, whereupon he assured me that the cat was no ordinary grimalkin, but a blue blooded and very aristocratic cat. 'He's got a finer name than William,' quoth Josh, and all owing—poor old boy—to his having fits.' 'How's that?' I gently inquired. 'Well since his affection I have christened him Fitzwilliam, and it seems to reconcile him to the spasms that occasionally overcome him.'"—*Hawk's Peak.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

TOO LATE FOR HIM.

[illegible]

TEMPERANCE TEACHING.

The Device Adopted by the W. C. T. U. of Oakland, Cal.

[illegible]

RUM AND WAGE-EARNERS.

Interesting and Instructive Facts Gleaned from the Report of the New Jersey Bureau of Statistics of Labor and Industries.

Fourteen States have Bureaus of Statistics of Labor, the oldest being that of Massachusetts, which, under the management of a statistician of ability and experience, Hon. Carroll D. Wright, has contributed immensely to the facilities for the study of various social and industrial problems. The Massachusetts Bureau was established in 1869, but the bureaus in six of the fourteen States date from 1883 and 1884. It is to be hoped that other States will establish bureaus at as early a day as possible. It costs but little comparatively to sustain them, and the facts and statistics which they can gather, arrange and print in annual reports would be of incalculable value to legislators, and to all students of social and economical questions. Much of the legislation which is being put upon the statute-books deals either directly or indirectly with such questions, and is too often based upon unsupported theories rather than well-ascertained facts. No State can really afford to be without a Bureau of Statistics of Labor and Industry.

We have been looking over the seventh annual report of the New Jersey Bureau of Statistics of Labor and Industries, and have been specially impressed with a chapter concerning the condition of wage-earners, and how it can be improved. The chapter is made up of passages from letters of individual workmen and others, and is very interesting as well as instructive. We quote some of the sentences, first as to the causes:

"Whisky and beer are the great obstacles here."

"Intemperance is the cause of very much wretchedness in our town."

"The greatest evil is strong drink."

"Our morals here are low on account of rum."

"Many of the hands drink to excess."

"The liquor traffic has a bad effect on our trade."

"Strong drink injures a great many of us."

"Morality would be good except for drunkenness."

"Too large a portion of our wages go to the sellers of rum and beer."

"Drunkenness is the bane of the working classes."

"Many of our men give over more than their families."

"Drink is the working man's curse."

"Drunkenness is a great source of injury."

"Except for beer and whisky, we are very moral."

"Rum does much to lower us."

"Working men drink too much for their own good."

"Rum and beer are our great enemies."

"Our condition is much lower than it would be if the results were freed from the evil of liquor and from gambling."

"Much immorality—whisky is at the bottom."

"Ignorance and intemperance are the chief causes which prevent us from improving."

"Intemperance is the great vice of the painters."

As to the remedy, the following suggestions are made:

"Laws prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquor would improve the workingmen's condition."

"Local option has improved our condition."

"A prohibitory law would do much for our improvement."

"The liquor traffic has a bad effect on trade; prohibition would do good."

"Prohibition is needed."

"Spread drinking laws."

"Tax the liquor."

"We should not spend so much time in saloons."

"We must have a prohibitory law before our condition can much be improved."

"The saloons must go. Newark must have a better organization if they are ever to improve; also less temperance and saloons."

"What is wanted is that men should drink less and keep better choice."

"Better education and legal prohibition of the sale of liquors."

"I do not believe in prohibition entirely, but think that many workingmen would be better off if we had it."

"If rum has been banished there will be some hope."

"We should also support and encourage each other to resist the evil of drink."

"Abolish rum and tobacco."

"Prohibition both of tobacco and liquor would help us."

"Prohibition is about the only thing which will elevate workingmen."

These passages are from representatives of various trades, and from varied localities. They are selected from hundreds equally pertinent, every passage representing an individual. The views expressed by the majority of these letters are long-suffering. They ask to be delivered from the curse. A. T. Rice.

THE OATMEAL KING.

His Sacrifices for Temperance Principles—He Had No Grain to Sell to Be Made into Whisky.

"Yes, I know Schumacher, the oatmeal king who has just had his big mills by fire," said the Ohio passenger, "and an odder little man you never saw. He's a German, of course, about sixty years old, as active as a grasshopper and just as lively, talks Dutch and writes the most vigorous English, hates whisky and beer as he does a bear, and works sixteen hours a day. He came to this country as poor as a church mouse, started a little grocery and beer saloon, saw that awhile and then began making oatmeal in a hand mill in his woodshed. Finally he sold his saloon, peddled oatmeal and farina from a hand-cart, which he wheeled about town himself, and nothing was built up the largest factory of that kind in the world. He won't hire a man in any capacity who drinks whisky or even beer, and has about him several hundred employes, who are mostly Germans, and, strange as it seems, prohibitionists, like himself. He once brought over from Germany a workman who was master of a new process. This man came under a two years contract at a large salary, his expenses being guaranteed. The very one day after he began work Schumacher learned that he was a beer-drinker. In two hours the workman left the mills, never to return, and with a check for nearly five thousand dollars in his pocket. This was the price Schumacher had paid for upholding his principles and enforcing his rule down to the very letter.

"A few weeks ago," said a drummer, "I said you a little story about Schumacher, the Ohio oatmeal King, who has just been mulcted by a fire to the tune of several thousand dollars rather than break his rule of refusing to employ a man who drinks liquor. Since then I have been in Akron and saw the ruins of Schumacher's great mills. A few days after the fire two men from Cincinnati called on Schumacher. They said that they had heard that in the cellars of the mills was a vast quantity of grain damaged by smoke and water, and they had come with the intention of buying it. The matter was talked over, and a bargain broke off. The men drew their check for the purchase price, a score running into the thousands, and were just about to hand it to Schumacher when one of them happened to remark that they would be able to make a good deal of whisky out of that grain.

"'Do you want this grain to make whisky of?' inquired Schumacher, stepping back a few feet.

"'Yes, we are distillers in Cincinnati.'

"'Then, gentlemen, you can not buy any grain of me. I have no grain to sell to be made into whisky, good-day, sirs.'

"And as the damaged grain was only good for distillers use, Schumacher gave every basket of it to teamsters, expressmen, draymen and poor families keeping cows to feed to their stock on condition that they would haul it away."—*Chicago Herald.*

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

Mr. Nasby Wants Confidence in President Cleveland, and Gives His Reasons Therefor.

[illegible]

THE NEGRO SLAUGHTER.

[illegible]

REPUBLICAN BRIEFLETS.

[illegible]

An Unfounded Report.

There must be some mistake about the report that the Democratic Senators are going to oppose the confirmation of Mr. Trenholm as Comptroller of the Currency because of his anti-silver views, for in such an event they would have to ask the President to resign for a similar reason. They are more likely, we should say, to dodge the issue by claiming that the papers in the case are private, and that they have no right to assume that Mr. Trenholm has any views upon the silver question when the President has omitted to state such a fact.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

☞ Senator Logan has proclaimed himself in favor of open and above-board business in the Senate. In this action Senator Logan voices the sentiment of the American people. In a republic all business should be transacted under the public eye.—*N. Y. World.*