

THE LONELY INN

BY FERGUS HUME
AUTHOR OF
THE MYSTERY OF
A HANSON CAB
ETC.
COPYRIGHTED 1894 BY THE AUTHOR

CHAPTER II.

It was close on 10 o'clock when I awoke next morning. My long tramp of the previous day had tired me more than I thought. Nevertheless I was annoyed at oversleeping myself and astonished that Francis had not called me earlier. I knew how anxious he was about the proposed meeting with his brother and fancied that his impatience would have drawn him to my room at dawn. Apparently he was less curious concerning the interview than I thought. Yet, leaving him out of the question, I ought certainly to have been roused by Strent or his daughter and determined to reproach them for such neglect. After all, an inn is an inn, and one has a right to attentions for which one pays. Judging from the landlord's looks, I did not think my bill would err on the side of cheapness.

These thoughts passed through my mind as I hastily dressed myself. Opening the window, I looked out on the marshes golden in the sunshine. A keen wind was blowing from the sea, and the smell of brine struck into the heavy atmosphere of my bedroom. An absolute stillness prevailed both inside and out. I felt as though I had awakened in the spellbound palace of the sleeping beauty. An inn of all places should be full of bustle and noise, but there was something uncanny in the silence which reigned in this marsh locked hostel. It hinted trouble, and I felt uneasy.

In a very good temper I descended to the dining room, with the intention of apologizing to Francis for my tardy appearance and of rating the landlord for his negligence. To my astonishment, neither Francis nor any one else was to be seen, and the room was in precisely the same condition as on the previous night. The fire was unlighted, the table not set out for breakfast; even the window blinds were down. For the moment I was sick with apprehension, as it was impossible to conjecture the reason of this neglect and absence of human life. The stillness was as absolute as had prevailed up stairs, and when I rang the bell it echoed through the house as though mocking my efforts to summon landlord, maid or friend.

Twice, thrice, I pulled the bell-rope without result; then, somewhat unnerved by the silence in which I found myself, went to the back part of the premises. Here the condition of things was the same as in the dining room. The kitchen was empty, nor were there any signs of fire or of food. I explored the whole of the ground floor and found nobody. The conclusion forced itself upon me that Strent and his daughter had left the inn during the night.

What was the meaning of this sudden flight? What reason could be sufficiently powerful to force them to vacate the premises? Asking myself these questions, I entered room after room, but in none of them did I find any answer. The front door was bolted and barred, the back entrance was in the same condition, and there was no key in either lock. I considered the features of the case and saw that the air was full of mystery, perhaps of—but, no; in that lonely house I could not bring myself to utter the terrible word.

I knew not what had happened during my sleep, but felt certain that some event had taken place. Otherwise there could be no reason for this state of things. Almost against my will I searched the house again, but could discover neither Strent nor his daughter Rose. I was alone in the house. But Francis—

"Francis," said I, repeating my thoughts aloud, "aye, Francis. I wonder if he has left the inn also or whether he has overslept himself and is still in his room." To make sure I went up stairs to his bedroom. Pray observe that all this time I had not connected these things with crime. It is true I had a faint suspicion that there might possibly be some foul play, but as there was nothing to confirm such a belief I abandoned the idea. I declare that when I knocked at the door of Briarfield's room I had no more idea of the horrible truth than the babe unborn. My premonitions pointed to mystery, but not to murder. Yet from the conversation of the previous night I might have guessed what had happened. The house was as accused as the palace of the Artidas, and Ate bided on the threshold stone.

Not until I had thrice knocked without receiving any answer did my suspicions begin to form. Then they took shape in an instant. I tried the door. It was locked. The ominous silence still hinted at unspeakable horrors. My knocking echoed jarringly through the stillness. At that moment there flashed before my eyes the picture of two figures flying across a red horizon against which blackened the beams of a gal-lows. It was the shadow of the future. I knocked, I called his name, and finally in desperation at the continued silence set my shoulder against the crazy door. It yielded with a tearing sound, and I entered the room amid a cloud of fine dust.

He was lying on the bed stiff and cold. I had no need to call, to touch his shoulder, to place my hand on his heart. He was dead. With the clothes drawn up smoothly to his chin lay the man with whom I had conversed the previous night. The right arm lay outside the counterpane. On the hand glistened a pearl ring. I looked at that bauble. I glanced at the waxen face. The matter was beyond all doubt. Francis Briarfield was dead.

Before I could further examine the body or the room I was forced to run for my brandy flask. For the moment I was deadly sick, and it needed a long draft of the fiery spirit to speed the stagnating blood through my veins. The strange circumstance was a sufficient apology for such qualmsiness. This lonely inn set on a handbreadth of living ground amid quaking bogs, this dead body of what had once been a friend, this solitude by which I found myself environed, these were sufficient to shake the strongest nerve. It looks in a manner prosaic on black and white, but think of the horror of the actual experience.

For the moment I could formulate no ideas on the subject. That my friend should be dead was sufficient to stun me. When reason came back, I asked myself how he died and who was responsible for the crime. The landlord, the maid, the brother, one of these three had murdered Francis Briarfield. But in what way?

I examined the body. It was clothed in a nightgown, and the clothes lay folded up on the chair by the bedside. The face was calm; there were no marks of violence on the throat or on the frame. Only on the violet lips lingered a slight curl of foam. The smooth bed-clothes drawn up to the chin forbade the idea of a struggle. I looked at the right arm lying on the counterpane, at the hand, and there in the palm was a ragged wound from thumb to little finger. It was discolored at the edges and looked green and unwholesome. This livid appearance made me think of poison, but I was not sufficiently a doctor to diagnose the case correctly. Yet I was certain of one thing—that Francis Briarfield had come by his death in some foul fashion, and that at the hands of—whom?

Aye, there was the rub! So far as I knew, the landlord had no motive to commit such a crime. Suspicion pointed toward the maid who had wished to speak with the dead man after supper. Yet why should she desire his death? From the lips of Francis himself I had heard that he knew neither Strent nor Rose, nor indeed aught of the Fen inn. Either he had been brought by his brother's letter to keep an appointment and was as ignorant of the inn, of its inmates, of its surroundings as I.

Could Felix have committed this crime? True, if my theory were correct and he had passed himself off to Olivia Bellin as Francis, there were some grounds for believing he wished his brother out of the way. Francis would undoubtedly refuse to permit the deception to be carried on, so it was just possible that Felix, in a frenzy of wrath and terror at the idea of his treachery being exposed, might have slain his brother. Yet all this fine theory was upset by the fact that Felix had not arrived on the previous night to keep the appointment. He therefore must be guiltless.

If so, what of the landlord and his daughter? Certainly they had no reason to slay a stranger who had sheltered them.

Another question pregnant with meaning was the reason of their being alone in the inn. I had seen no servants either indoors or out. Father and daughter appeared to do all the work, yet it was beyond all reason that they should have no assistance. Where was the cook, the waiter, the hostler, the chambermaid? The house was a large one. Two people with all the will in the world could not thoroughly attend to the domestic economy of so great a mansion. Moreover, the girl had looked unused to work. That in itself was suspicious.

"Can it be?" thought I. "Can it be that these two hired this inn to compass the death of Francis Briarfield, and that he was drawn here as into a snare by his brother's letter? On the face of it, it looks absurd, and yet in what other way can I explain the absence of servants, the mildewed aspect of the rooms? Now Francis is dead, and they, without a word to me, have departed."

I could not solve the mystery. Far from doing so, the more I thought, the more I examined the surroundings, the deeper grew the mystery. The door had been locked, and I could find no key. The window also was locked, and even had it not been no one could have entered thereby, so considerable was the height from the ground. How, then, had the assassin gained admittance? Yet sure was I that Briarfield had been murdered, but by whom it was hard to say—nay, impossible.

I did indeed think that he had committed suicide, but this was too wild an idea to entertain even for a moment.

When I parted from him on the previous night, he was in the best of health, looking forward to meeting Miss Bellin, and was passably content with his life. There was no hint of self-destruction either in speech or action. The thought that his brother had deceived him would not have engendered such an idea. Rather was he determined to unmask the traitor and regain his promised wife by force. Murder it might be. Suicide was out of the question.

Thus far I thrashed out the matter, yet arrived at no logical conclusion. As there seemed no signs of landlord and maid, it behooved me to consider what I should do. According to Francis, his brother was due at the meeting place that morning, so I deemed it advisable to wait until he arrived and then explain the circumstances to him. If he was in league with Strent to murder his brother, he would hardly be able to disguise his joy at hearing the success of his plot. I therefore determined to watch his face during the interview, and if I saw therein any signs of guilt to there and then, in that lonely inn, accuse him as a second Cain. By thus terrorizing his soul with such accusation and with the sight of his victim I might force him into confession.

If he were guilty, I guessed the plea behind which he would shelter himself—that he had not been near the place on the previous night. This I would counter by the accusation that his emissaries had carried out his orders and then sought safety in flight. It might be that I suspected Felix wrongly, yet after the story told me by Francis I could not but think he was connected in some unseemly way with the death of the latter. But, after all, these suspicions were yet vague and aimless. All I knew for certain was that Francis Briarfield was dead. I swore on the instant to devote myself to finding out and punishing his detestable assassin.

Having come to this resolution, I propped up the open door, so as to close the entrance to the chamber of death, and descended to the lower regions. Finding victuals and fuel in the kitchen, I cooked myself a meal and made a sufficiently good breakfast. Then I lighted my pipe and took my seat at the front door to watch for the coming of Felix Briarfield. Whether my suspicions would be dispelled or confirmed by his demeanor I was of course unable to say until the interview took place. But I was most anxious to know.

All that morning I looked down the winding road to Marshminster, but saw no one coming therefrom. Not a soul was in sight, and if I did for a moment think that Strent and his daughter might return and declare themselves innocent the thought was banished by a few hours' outlook. The inn, as I said before, was on a slight rise, and I could see far and wide. No human being was to be seen, and as the hours passed I grew almost horrified at the grewsome solitude. To be alone with a dead body in a lonely house in a lonely moor is hardly healthy for the mind.

Toward noon I took a resolution. "If," said I, "the mountain won't come to Mohammed, why, then, Mohammed must go to the mountain." The interpretation of this was that I intended to see Felix Briarfield at Bellin Hall, Marshminster. Face to face with him, and I would force him to explain why he had not kept the appointment. It seemed to me a suspicious circumstance. Perhaps Strent had told him Francis was dead, and therefore it would be for him to ride to the Fen inn. This was so, it would go a long way toward implicating him in the crime.

I re-entered the house, locked up everything, and strapping on my knapsack took my departure toward Marshminster. Some way down the road I looked back at the ruin and saw it loom more grim and ghastly than ever. Even in the bright sunshine it could not appear otherwise than eerie, and it was with great pleasure that I left it behind. Yet under those sloping roofs Francis Briarfield lay dead, and it was to discover his assassin and avenge his death that I set my face toward Marshminster.

CHAPTER III.

Late in the afternoon I tramped into Marshminster. It was by no means my first visit to that sleepy provincial town. Under the shadow of the cathedral tower dwelt relatives with whom I had spent school and college holidays. Their house was the goal of my pilgrimage, and a week's rest was to recoup me for the toils of the walking tour. The tragic occurrence at the Fen inn altered all my plans. With an assassin to be tracked there was no time for comfortable idleness. Francis Briarfield had been my friend, and I owed it to his memory to avenge his death. It was no easy task I had set myself. I recognized that from the first.

In place, therefore, of seeking the center of the town and my maiden aunt's I turned off at the outskirts and made for Bellin Hall. According to the story of Francis, his brother was staying with the Bellins, and it was necessary that I should see him at once about the matter. My acquaintance with Mrs. Bellin and her daughter was confined to casual conversation at crowded "at homes" during the season. I had hardly the right to thrust myself on them uninvited, but my business brooked no delay. The sooner Felix knew the truth the better it would be for him. If he were guilty, I could punish him for his crime by denouncing him at once to the authorities; if innocent, he need lose no time in hunting down those who had slain his brother. Besides I wished to put Olivia on her guard against the man masquerading as Francis Briarfield. That I intended to do in any case, whether he was innocent or guilty.

Bellin Hall was a grotesque specimen of architecture, built by Jeremiah Bellin, who had made his money out of blacking. It was uncommonly like a factory, but perhaps the deceased Jeremiah liked something to remind him of the origin of his fortune and keep him from thinking his ancestors came over with William the Conqueror. He mar-

ried the daughter of a baronet and then took his departure to the next world, leaving his widow well provided for and his daughter an heiress in her own right.

Mrs. Bellin was a pretty woman, with no brains and a giggling laugh. Her daughter had the beauty of her mother and the brains of her father, so she was altogether a charming girl. How she could tolerate her silly dolly of a mother I could never understand. Perhaps 23 years of constant forbearance had injured her to the trial.

On arriving at the front door I learned that Mr. Briarfield was within and sent up my card, requesting a private interview. For the present I did not wish to see Olivia, as it was my intention to warn Felix that I was cognizant of his trickery. My theory was proved correct by the following dialogue:

Myself—Is Mr. Briarfield within?
Footman—Yes, sir. Mr. Francis Briarfield has just returned from town.
After which question and answer I was shown into a room. Observe that I had said "Mr. Briarfield," and the footman answered "Mr. Francis Briarfield." Now, as I well knew that the man bearing that name was lying dead at the Fen inn, it was conclusive proof that Felix, to gain the hand of Olivia, was masquerading as his brother. I had just argued this out to my complete satisfaction when Felix made his appearance.

The resemblance between the brothers was extraordinary. I had some difficulty in persuading myself that the man before me was not he whom I had seen dead that morning, the same pale face, dark hair and jaunty mustache, the same gestures, the same gravity of demeanor and actually the same tones in the voice. There was not the slightest difference between Felix and Francis. The one duplicated the other. I no longer wondered that Olivia was deceived. Despite my acquaintance with the brothers, I should have been tricked myself. As it was, I stared open mouthed at the young man.

"This is a pleasant surprise, Denham," he said, looking anxiously at me. "I did not know you were in this part of the world."

"Nor was I until yesterday. I am on a walking tour and last night slept at the Fen inn."

"The Fen inn," he repeated, with a slight start. "What took you to that out of the way place?"

"I came by the marshes, and as I was belated had to take the shelter that offered."

"But, man alive," said Felix, raising his eyebrows, "the inn is empty!"

This time it was my turn to be astonished. If Felix thought the inn was empty, why did he appoint it as a meeting place for his brother? He either knew too much or too little, so it behooved me to conduct the conversation with the utmost dexterity.

"It was not empty last night at all events," I retorted, keeping my eyes fixed on his face.

"Indeed! Are gypsies encamped there?" he said coolly.

"Well, not exactly," I answered, emulating his calm. "It was in charge of a man called Strent and his daughter."

"This is news to me. I was always under the impression that the Fen inn was quite deserted."

"You have not been near it lately?"

"No. Nobody goes near it. They say it is haunted."

"Pshaw," I answered angrily, "an old wife's tale! And yet," I added after a moment's thought, "it may well be haunted after what took place there last night."

"This begins to grow interesting," said Felix. "Had you an adventure?"

"Yes. I met with your brother."

"Impossible! My brother Felix is in Paris."

"I am talking of Francis."

"Francis," he repeated, with a disagreeable smile, "Francis? Well, Denham, I am Francis."

"I think you are making a mistake, Briarfield," said I coldly. "Your brother Francis slept at the Fen inn last night."

"I slept in this house,"

"I quite believe that. But you are Felix!"

"Oh," said Briarfield, bursting into a harsh laugh, "I see you are making the inevitable mistake of mixing me up with my brother. It is pardonable under the circumstances; otherwise I might resent your plain speaking."

The assurance of the man was so complete that I wondered if he knew that his secret was safe by the death of his brother. Such knowledge would account for his complacency. Yet it was quite impossible that he could know of the death, as he certainly had not been to the inn. I knew that from my own knowledge.

"If you are Francis," said I slowly, "you are engaged to Miss Bellin."

"I am," he answered haughtily, "but by what right?"

"One moment, Mr. Briarfield. Miss Bellin gave her love to Francis a few days ago. I do not see it on your finger."

He glanced down at his hand and grew confused.

"I lost it," he muttered—"I lost it some time ago."

"That is not true!"

"Do you dare to—"

"I dare anything in connection with what I know to be a fraud. You are passing yourself off as your brother Francis."

"By what right do you make this mad assertion?"

"From what Francis told me last night."

"But I tell you I am Francis," he said savagely. "Don't I know my own name?"

"If you are the man you assert yourself to be, where is the pearl ring?"

"I lost it."

"You did not. You never had it. I saw it on the finger of Francis no later than last night."

"I think you are mad, Denham!" said Felix, white with astonishment, "or else you must be talking of Felix, who is in Paris."

"That untruth will not serve," I said coldly. "Felix is before me, and Francis is lying dead at the Fen inn."

"What! Francis dead?" he cried unguardedly.

"Ah, you admit it is Francis?"

"No, I don't," he retorted quickly. "I only re-echoed your words. What do you mean by saying such a thing?"

For answer I rose from my seat and made for the door. The farce wearied me.

"Where are you going, Denham?" he asked, following me up.

"For the police," I answered, facing him. "Yes, I am determined to find out the mystery of Francis Briarfield's death. You, his brother, decline to help me, so I shall place the matter in the hands of the authorities."

"Upon my soul, Denham," said Felix, detaining me, "you are either mad or drunk. I declare most solemnly that I am Francis Briarfield. From this story of yours I should think it was my brother Felix who is dead, did I not know he is in Paris?"

"A fine story, but it does not impose on me," I answered scoffingly. "Listen to me, Briarfield. Your brother Francis went out to South America some six months ago. Before he went he was engaged to Miss Bellin. The mother would not hear of the marriage, so the engagement was kept quiet. You alone knew of it and took advantage of such knowledge to suppress the letters sent to Miss Bellin through you by Francis and represent yourself to Olivia as her lover returned three months before his time. You, I quite believe, are supposed to be in Paris, so that you may the more easily carry out the game."

"This is mere raving."

"It is the truth, and you know it. As Miss Bellin did not answer his letters, Francis thought something was wrong and returned home. Afraid lest he should find out your plot, you asked him to meet you at the Fen inn, and there either intended to throw yourself on his mercy or—to murder him."

"Murder him!" he repeated fiercely. "It is false!"

"That will be for the police to determine."

"But surely, Denham, you don't intend to inform the police?"

"I am going to do so now."

Felix seized me by the arm and dragged me back to my seat. He was now much agitated, but made every effort to restrain his emotion.

"Sit down," he said in a hoarse tone. "You do me wrong, Denham—on my soul you do me wrong. I was engaged, I am engaged, to Olivia Bellin. Her mother consented to our engagement after I returned to England three months ago. Felix, I believe, is in Paris. I

"But surely, Denham, you don't intend to inform the police?"

"I am going to do so now."

Felix seized me by the arm and dragged me back to my seat. He was now much agitated, but made every effort to restrain his emotion.

"Sit down," he said in a hoarse tone. "You do me wrong, Denham—on my soul you do me wrong. I was engaged, I am engaged, to Olivia Bellin. Her mother consented to our engagement after I returned to England three months ago. Felix, I believe, is in Paris. I

"But surely, Denham, you don't intend to inform the police?"

"I am going to do so now."

Felix seized me by the arm and dragged me back to my seat. He was now much agitated, but made every effort to restrain his emotion.

"Sit down," he said in a hoarse tone. "You do me wrong, Denham—on my soul you do me wrong. I was engaged, I am engaged, to Olivia Bellin. Her mother consented to our engagement after I returned to England three months ago. Felix, I believe, is in Paris. I

"But surely, Denham, you don't intend to inform the police?"

"I am going to do so now."

Felix seized me by the arm and dragged me back to my seat. He was now much agitated, but made every effort to restrain his emotion.

"Sit down," he said in a hoarse tone. "You do me wrong, Denham—on my soul you do me wrong. I was engaged, I am engaged, to Olivia Bellin. Her mother consented to our engagement after I returned to England three months ago. Felix, I believe, is in Paris. I

"But surely, Denham, you don't intend to inform the police?"

"I am going to do so now."

Felix seized me by the arm and dragged me back to my seat. He was now much agitated, but made every effort to restrain his emotion.

"Sit down," he said in a hoarse tone. "You do me wrong, Denham—on my soul you do me wrong. I was engaged, I am engaged, to Olivia Bellin. Her mother consented to our engagement after I returned to England three months ago. Felix, I believe, is in Paris. I

"But surely, Denham, you don't intend to inform the police?"

"I am going to do so now."

Felix seized me by the arm and dragged me back to my seat. He was now much agitated, but made every effort to restrain his emotion.

"Sit down," he said in a hoarse tone. "You do me wrong, Denham—on my soul you do me wrong. I was engaged, I am engaged, to Olivia Bellin. Her mother consented to our engagement after I returned to England three months ago. Felix, I believe, is in Paris. I

"But surely, Denham, you don't intend to inform the police?"

"I am going to do so now."

Felix seized me by the arm and dragged me back to my seat. He was now much agitated, but made every effort to restrain his emotion.

"Sit down," he said in a hoarse tone. "You do me wrong, Denham—on my soul you do me wrong. I was engaged, I am engaged, to Olivia Bellin. Her mother consented to our engagement after I returned to England three months ago. Felix, I believe, is in Paris. I

"But surely, Denham, you don't intend to inform the police?"

"I am going to do so now."

Felix seized me by the arm and dragged me back to my seat. He was now much agitated, but made every effort to restrain his emotion.

"Sit down," he said in a hoarse tone. "You do me wrong, Denham—on my soul you do me wrong. I was engaged, I am engaged, to Olivia Bellin. Her mother consented to our engagement after I returned to England three months ago. Felix, I believe, is in Paris. I

"But surely, Denham, you don't intend to inform the police?"

"I am going to do so now."

Felix seized me by the arm and dragged me back to my seat. He was now much agitated, but made every effort to restrain his emotion.

"Sit down," he said in a hoarse tone. "You do me wrong, Denham—on my soul you do me wrong. I was engaged, I am engaged, to Olivia Bellin. Her mother consented to our engagement after I returned to England three months ago. Felix, I believe, is in Paris. I

"But surely, Denham, you don't intend to inform the police?"

"I am going to do so now."

Felix seized me by the arm and dragged me back to my seat. He was now much agitated, but made every effort to restrain his emotion.

"Sit down," he said in a hoarse tone. "You do me wrong, Denham—on my soul you do me wrong. I was engaged, I am engaged, to Olivia Bellin. Her mother consented to our engagement after I returned to England three months ago. Felix, I believe, is in Paris. I

"But surely, Denham, you don't intend to inform the police?"

"I am going to do so now."

Felix seized me by the arm and dragged me back to my seat. He was now much agitated, but made every effort to restrain his emotion.

"Sit down," he said in a hoarse tone. "You do me wrong, Denham—on my soul you do me wrong. I was engaged, I am engaged, to Olivia Bellin. Her mother consented to our engagement after I returned to England three months ago. Felix, I believe, is in Paris. I

"But surely, Denham, you don't intend to inform the police?"

"I am going to do so now."

WHO WAS RIGHT?

Two years ago the Populists said that a chance of administration from republican to democratic would not be a better thing than the democratic speakers said it would. Who was right? The Populists then said that Grover Cleveland and the eastern wing of the democratic party were not in favor of free silver and world, with the assistance of the republicans, defeat it. The democrats said not, but that if they were given power they would pass a free silver bill. Who was right? Two years ago the Populists said that Grover Cleveland would stand in with the money power. The democrats said he would not. Who was right? Two years ago we said that the money question was the main issue and that the democrats would engage in a sham fight over the tariff to cover it up and distract the attention of the people while the bankers were securing control of the finances of the country. The democrats said we were wrong; that if they were given a chance they would knock the principle of protection higher than a kite. Who was right? We said Cleveland was a gold bug and would veto a silver bill if one passed. They denied it. Who was right? We said prices would be no better than they had been under the republican administration. They said they would. Who was right? We said they would favor trusts and corporations just the same as the republicans did. They denied it. Who was right? We said they would not abolish banks of issue as Jefferson and Jackson recommended. They said they would. Who was right? We said strikes would continue, tramps would increase, mills would shut down, money grow scarcer, prices lower and times harder. They hooted at the idea and said we were crazy. Who was right? Now they are out with more predictions and promises to again deceive the people. Trust them not. They are after the salaries and are willing to deceive the people in order to obtain them.

Democratic Inconsistency—A Bitter Pill

(Southern Economist.)
THIS PICTURE—BEFORE TAKING.
The democrats went up to Chicago in 1892 and built a platform of material which they had carried in stock since 1776, and which they said they cherished as they did the apple of their eyes, as follows, to wit:

1. The free coinage.
2. The currency expansion.
3. The further issue of bonds stopped.
4. The repeal of the tax on state banks.
5. The "tariff reform" on antebellum basis.
6. War to the bitter end on trusts and combines.
7. Economy in government expenditures.
8. Home rule.
9. Enactment of laws favorable to labor.

THIS PICTURE—AFTER TAKING

When the deluded people had elected their President, senate and house of representatives they gave them.

1. Demonetization of silver—mints all closed.
2. Stopped issuing currency.
3. Fifty million dollars of bonds promptly issued and sold to Wall street, and more promised.
4. The 10 per cent tax on state banks re-enacted.
5. The McKinley tariff indorsed, as a whole, slight changes of 1 1/2 per cent suggested by Voorhees and company.
6. Millions vote to sugar and other trusts.
7. Most extravagant administration and largest appropriations ever known, exceeding those of the war, of Harrison, Sherman, Reed and company.
8. Home Rule, by appointing C. H. J. Taylor, from Kansas, registrar of deeds at Washington.
9. Not one promise kept, but executing all of the republican laws passed during and since the war, causing stagnation and bankruptcy, and flooding the land with tramps.

The single gold standard adopted, plutocracy upheld and encouraged, millionaires made by the thousands and paupers by the millions, values destroyed to the extent of one-half, all industries paralyzed and billions of dollars of their property confiscated. Then what? Why, these same democrats who made the Chicago platform assemble all over the country in little conventions of six and eight stalwarts and "whereas" and "resolved" that Cleveland is the greatest, best, most patriotic, wisest and fittest President and snipe-hunter on earth, and that congress is ditto; and further, that "the people" unanimously endorse all that they have done or may do, and if they were to sell a billion dollars of bonds, and call in and destroy every greenback, certificate and silver certificate, they "the people" would cry out "endorsed, endorsed." The sure enough people have shown their disgust in all the elections since March, 1893, and "the people will hear the