of the land he held, generally "to

been so well off as this morning,

when he sat amid his blue prints,

figuring closely on the margin of a

The door of his office opened, a

large, clumsily-built man of robust

appearance, who looked as though born for a policeman, entered, speak-

ing as he came in a full voice and

"Well, Harden, I declare, I didn't

He stepped back to the door and

stood looking down the main street.

where it ran up against a precipitous

hill, thickly covered with dense ever-

greens. The hill literally stood on

edge, and was so narrow across its

high razor top that there was only

foothold along the ridge for a thin

veil of evergreens against the sky.

Harden went. too, and looked out the

"I think," he said, in his pleasant,

suave way. "I can place it with par-

"Well, perhaps you can," said the

other, with a laugh; "but you must

be careful they den't come out to

look up their property. But that isn't what I came for. How do you

stand on our new electric light plant?

What are you going to subscribe

"Well, you're the right sort, Har-

Harden smiled modestly; he had

He sauntered out of the office to-

ward the corner where the new Har-

den business block was getting its

finishing coat of paint. It was a

pretentious two-story building that

he was building to let; it was an ex-

cellent investment. The carpenters

were still at work on the inside, mak-

ing a resounding din in the empty

building; outside the painters climbed

about on the hanging scaffolding.

with brushes bristling from the

backs of their paint-gummed overalls.

Harden had dispensed with the unnecessary expense of an "arch-i-tec',"

and had planned and directed the

building himself. As he came up

two painters were standing talk-

ing emphatically in the doorway. One of them, the boss, stepped for-

"I've let it for the 1st," Harden

said. "Have you a big enough force

"I've got the men all right enough

but, you see, we've got the lower part painted. The last fellow that

went up to work on the cornish

kicked, and this fellow swears that he

won't go up-that the hanging scaf-

Harden glanced up at the scaffold,

which hung like a broad-seated swing

from grappling hooks above. The

long board bent slightly under the

weight of the painters at work on the

"There's no danger in the world,"

he said; then turning with his bright,

conciliatory smile to the painter.

Of course, I don't want you to take

any risk. I'll take all responsibility

myself. You see, this must be done

The man turned about swearing

grumblingly. It was his lest oath.

An hour later, in the middle of a gay

time, the creaking rope near which

he stood parted and the over-burdened

scaffold shot its load downward. The

men behind him clung to the swing-

ing platform and frayed rope end,

but he lay in the sand and lime of the

plaster pit with his face to the sky

Two men were lounging in the

"Board of Trade" rooms. One was

"Do you know what he has done

"Yes. Paid her the man's wages

up to 11 o'clock. You know it wasn't

a full half day's work.-New Orleans

All pain banished by Dr. Miles' Pain Pills.

A Police Officer Missing.

St. Paul, Minn., July 28.—Sergeans

Errors of Youth.

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Indiscretions, Lost Manhood,

BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN.

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NEW ENGLAND MEDICAL INSTITUTE,

No.7, Tremont Row, Boston, Mass

John Zierkelbach of the Central police station was seen last Friday forenoon

and his back broken.

for the widow?"

Times-Democrat.

ward as Harden came up.

on to finish it by the 1st?"

fold won't hold any more."

"cornish."

by the 1st."

"One thousand, I guess."

suspected as much himself.

ties in the East."

to it?"

den.

think you'd be such a fool as to plat

the bluff. Why, man, you can't sell

plat of Edensport.

with a decisive vigor.

FIFTH DAY OF THE DEBATE

Mr. Horr Discusses Fixed Ration and Mr. Harvey Errors

CHICAGO, July 28 .- When the Horn Harvey debate on silver was resumed at the Illinois club rooms this afternoon, there was a fair audience.

Mr. Horr opened with a written argument touching the impossibility of maintaining a fixed ratio between gold and silver. As the result of experience all of the civilized nations of the globe money. It was useless to exploit long had discarded silver as a standard of ratio to show whether a double standard could be maintained. The world had pronounced against

Mr. Harvey said that he had been e report of the director of the greater or less amounts had been coined nearly every year. The fact was that Mr. Morrill was a bank stockholder with a bank stockholder's

Mr. Horr said that Mr. Morrill had not meant to say that not a dollar had en coined, but that none to speak of had been. At most it could be said that Mr. Morrill had made a mistake. Mr. Harvey, however, in his book had made a mistake, and a bad one, in stating the amount of silver which had been coined during the life of the govarnment.

MR. BLAND TALKS.

The Democratic Party Will Be Swamped

If It Doesn't Stand Up for Silver. St. Louis, Mo., July 28 .- Ex-Con-"There is no use trying to dodge this cities like St. Louis talk about the silver movement dying out, but they are not going to fool anybody. There may be a few Democrats in the cities who will follow the administration, but there are practically none in the country. This convention will show how the Democrats of Missouri stand. In order to win in the next campaign we have got to take a bold stand for silver, and we must be getting into

"Do you think the next Democratic national convention will declare for independent free coinage?"

I do not know whether it will or not, but if it don't the party will not stand the ghost of a show. The people are not going to follow a platform any more which is meaningless or in-tended to deceive. Federal officeholders and whisky gaugerrs may succeed in controlling conventions, like they did in Kentucky, but the people will not follow them."

"Your name has frequently been mentioned as a candidate for the presidency; what can I say about that?"

is all foolishness to talk about

PREJUDICES OVERCOME.

Remarks of a Catholic at the Pan-American Congress.

TORONTO, July 28 .- The proceedings of the Pan-American congress yesterday were confined to a meeting in Massey hall, where missionary work and effort was the subject of the speeches. The meeting was presided over by Rev. Father Ryan, rector of St. Paul's cathedral, Toronto. After prayer had been offered up by the Rev. George Coulson Workman of Toronto, Father Ryan remarked to the audience that while he had been asked to lead in prayer and refused, still he had heard nothing in any of the prayers offered that any good Roman Catholic could take exception to. He thought this meeting in which all the Christian denominations were represented was the most significant of the convention, as it showed that the prejudices, intolerance and bitterness and disappeared forever from Toronto

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MRS. N. C. MILLER.

Of Fort Wayne, Ind., writes on Nov. 29, 1894: "I was afflicted for forty years with heart trouble and suffered untold agony. I had weak, hungry spells, and my heart would palpitate so hard, the pain would be so acute and torturing, that I became so weak and nervous I could not sleep. I was treated by several physicians without relief and gave up ever being well again. About two years ago I commenced using Dr. Miles' Remedies. One bottle of the Heart Cure stopped all beart troubles and the Restorative Nervine did the rest, and now I sleep soundly and attend to my household and social duties with-

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Dr. Miles' Remedies Restore Health.

A MOTHER'S SONG.

Hush, my baby; sweetly rest!
Mother's boy feels no alarm:
Pillowed soft upon her breast.
He knows naucht of eartaly harm.
What though life be dars and sad—
Mother's love can make it glad.

Little child. close to my heart, See, I press you closer still, For your dear weight he is its smart— Even I have known life s iil What dream you of tears and sighs While you gaze in mother seyes?

Baby mine, my bonnie lad,
Do you guess your power, dear?
Earth cannot be dark or sad
To this heart white you are near.
How can life be aught but sweet
When child-love makes it complete?
—Harper's Bazar.

WORKED FOR HARDEN.

In a tiny bedroom in a brand new called upon by letters and telegrams to Western town faintly burned an oil give statements by Blaine, Ingalls and others regarding the demonetization of silver, but said the limitation of the debate would not admit of it. Taking up Mr. Horr's eulory of Senator Morup Mr. Horr's eulogy of Senator Morrill, delivered Saturday, he charged that Senator Morrill erred in saying that Senator Morrill erred in saying that no silver dollars had been coined stove. The air, pungent with the the smoked isinglass in front of the for forty years prior to 1873. He read mingled odors of peppermint and halfconsumed kerosene oil, was pierced at mint showing that silver dollars in quick, regular intervals by the weak, shrill screams of a young child.

Leaning over the cradle a man, girdled into a crimson bath gown, uttered inarticulate sounds of a soothing nature, while near by on the bed a vague mass of huddled white cast an immense blurred shadow upward on the wall and ceiling.

"No. Nothing seems wrong with the pins," the man said presently, in a pleasant, even voice. "It must be colic. His little hands and feet are like ice."

"I have the peppermint dropped." said the voice from the bed.

The man took the spoon held out to him, and putting it into a silver cup, added a little hot water from the gressman Bland is in the city, and stove, stirring the mixture and testspeaking of the silver question said: ing its heat with his lips. He half lifted the baby with one hand, while issue any longer. If the Democratic he cautiously insinuated the tip of party does not declare for the free the spoon into the bird-like opening coinage of silver it will be wiped off of the stretched mouth; the cries the map. The newspapers in the large ceased, and there was a sound of labored sucking and little smacking noises; a great effort, a sort of in-drawn whistle, emptied the spoon, and the screams recommenced.

"You'd better light the lamp, Mac, and give him to me.'

"Can't you lie down and let me quiet him, Lillian? As soon as he is warm he will drop off." And again the man leaned deeply into the cradle, like a bird in the act of hovering, but the cries continued.

The lighting of the lamp brought out a curious interior. The room was not more than ten feet square and into it was squeezed an ordinary ash bed room set; on the wall, at the foot of the bed, a row of clothes pegs supported a line of woman's dresses: across the chair that was wedged between the wash stand and bureau, over a confused heap of clothes, stretched a long rose and cream teagown, as it had been thrown the evening before. An immense black bear skin lay extended at the bedcandidates. There is no Democratic side; its great, sullen head lay under party. There is nothing but chaos and the cradle, while one of its hind legs was thrust beneath the washstandits shaggy blackness covering all the available floor space, except where in front of the bureau lay the richly marked skin of a wildcat. From the unplastered walls and ceiling bagged and wrinkled a cheap, highly-colored wall paper, and the damp night wind, coming in at the window, which was raised on a block of wood, ran between the papering and the wall with a creeping, crackling sound.

As the man sat on the bedside, making impotent efforts to soothe the child, a bellowing, shrieking whistle obliterated the baby's cries.

"The sawmill whistle! It must be 4 o'clock. I thought we had only just gotten to sleep. Poor little fellow, he's hungry. He know's what he wants better than we do."

The oil stove was turned higher, and in a few moments the baby's bottle was gurgling repletion, while with swift, dexterous fingers the father slipped the black tube over the top. Then the cries stopped; the baby was gently returned to the cradle and pinned in with giant safety pins, the lamp and stove extinguished, the dressing gown thrown off, and perfect quiet, except for the wind creeping under the paper, filled the tiny room. Presently came a faint:

"Mac?" "Yes."

"Do you ever feel sorry the baby came? Don't you ever feel that he and I are more bother than we are worth?"

for the last time. Since then nothing has been heard of him. His friends and relatives seem at a loss to account "You ought not to say such things, Lillian. Think how long we waited for his strange departure for the baby. Why, little woman, you know that you and he are all that I have in the world to live for and work for."

And then came sleep.

Macmillan Harden sat in his real estate office the next day, with his feet on the table desk, upon which blue prints and hulls of letters were scattered. He was one of the chief rustlers of Edensport, which at that time consisted of two saw-mills, one street and a coming land boom. He had just been back a week from an Eastern trip, in which he had been eminently successful in selling choice town lots, four miles from town, to Swedish servant girls in St. Paul. He had only had time to settle his wife and baby in the best house he could find for them, look over his mail and get his affairs straightened out. He had cooked breakfast that morning, that his wife might get a second nap, turning the breakfast cakes with a swift wrist: movement that bespoke experience. He had, in fact, done the same thing many times in the four years of his married life, as he and his wife had helped build one Western town after another on the Pacific slope; they had never stayed long enough in any one place for it to reach the servant stage of social evo-

Three Cent Column. lution. Indeed, most of the towns that Harden had built were of the card-house order, and collapsed soon after his withdrawal; but fortunately

"For Sale," "Wanted," "For Exchange, "and small advertisements for short time, will be charged three cents per word for each insertion. Initials or a number counted as one word. Cash with the order

If you wasy anything, or have anything that anybody else "wanta," make it known through this column. It will pay. he had always managed to sell most parties in the East," and he had never

FRANK D. EAGER, Attorney-at-Law, 1884 O

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