New, she is washin; dishes.
Now, she is feeding the chicks,
Now, she is playing with pussy
Or teaching Rover tricks.

Wrapped in a big white apron.
Pinned in a checkered shawl,
Hanging clothes in the garden,
Oh, were she only tall!

Hushing the fretful baby. Coaxing his hair to curl. Stepping around so briskly. Because she is mother s girl.

Hunting for ergs in the haymow, Petting old Brindle's calf, ding Don to pasture, With many a ringing laugh.

Coming whene'er you call her, Running wherever sent. Mother's cirl is a blessin r. And mother is well content

BLIND JUSTICE.

BY HEKEN B. MATHERS.

CHAPTER VII-CONTINUED.

Then ensued a display of nistrionic power, for which I was not in the east prepared, for snatching up a piece of cord lying near, he rapidly wound it round his arms, simulating a man who is securely bound, then threw himself on the ground, stretched himself stiffly out and simulated death.

The Styrian watched him closely, but without visible comprehension, till Jake by a series of jerks that showed considerable muscular energy, but still preserving in his features a corpse-like rigidity brought himself to the open mouth of the cellar and made a feint of going through it head foremost.

This, I need scarcely say, he was most careful not to do, and having opened his eyes and sat up, he pointed downward with much vigor, repeating: "Seth Treloar down there!" till the sudden flash of comprehension on the Styrian's face convinced him that he was understood.

Then he replaced the trap-loor. tossed the cord back to where he found it, brushed some of the dust from his jersey, and with a confirmatory nod meant to convey "its all true," made tracks for the door.

But the Styrian's strong hand caught him back.

"Murdered!" burst from his lips in Austrian, and in defiance of common. sense, but strange to say, whether it be that the thought of murder, or rather its image, is able to convey itself in one flash from eye to eye. being by its human horror as well understood of the deaf as the numb. Jake distinctly understood the Styrian's question and nodded vehemently. For a few moments the stranger stood motionless, all his energies concentrated in thought, then he made a gesture of inquiry. that said as plain as possible. "How!"

Jake was equal to the occasion, and performed his part so well that I was not surprised to hear later that he had often rehearsed the whole drama in the tap room of the Chough and Crow."

the crossed the room, threw himself into a chair, the chair in which Seth Treloar had sat on the night of his weturn. In this he leaned back, affeeting to sit up shortly, and look smitingly at some one who approached him. He then pretended to take some vessel from the invisible person, to swallow its contents, to be seized at once with violent pain and sickness (it was droll to see him, in the paroxyisms of agony, still keeping a weather eye on the door, an case of my return), to roll on the ground in convulsions, biting and kicking like a rabid dog, and finally to stretch himself out stiff and stark. as if the last office he required would be at the hands of the undertaker.

The Styrian had watched with bent brows the first part of the pantomime, fully perceiving its significance, however grotesquely ex-pressed, yet I saw in a moment that it neither surprised nor convinced him, and I said to myself, "This man listens to a circumstantial tale that is entirely vitiated by some secret knowledge that he possesses.'

Jake, out of breath, and disappointed with the effect of his simulated death, came nearer the impassive man, who looked up sud-denly, and began a pantomime of his own.

Leaught his meaning before Jake did. "Did Seth Treloar die of poison before he was pushed into the cellar, or after?'

But when Jake had made him understand, an expression of incredulity, quickly followed by astonishment, crossed his face, he turned aside, threw out his hands vehemently, and his thundered out Austrian, "No! No! Impossible!" reached me clearly where I stood.

Jake shrugged his shoulders and slipped away, he knew he had stayed too long already.

For some moments after he had gone the Styrian stood motionless. revolving many things clearly not in his mind. Then he smiled evilly, and half drew from a fold in his sash a pistol of curious workmanship, and it needed not his significant look at the stair-case leading to my sleeping quarters to convince me that here was a man only to be fooled at serious personal risk to the fooler.

He put back the pistol, produced the little horn box, shook out some of its contents into the palm of his han!, and swallowed it.

I saw the color distinctly-white. Involuntarily I thought of another man whom I had seen taking a pinch of white powder out of a box, but with very different results.

Over the Styrian's face stole the me expression of voluptuous satisfaction that I had noticed on the pre-

freshly whetted, and. without wait-

ing for me, sat down and fell to. The act convinced me of his utter contempt and indifference to me. counted for nothing: he had come to fulfill a purpose, and meant to do it: my presence here could neither hinder nor advance him one jot. So he thought-but through my brain had just darted an idea so wild, so inspired, that I felt absolutely giddy as I left my loop-hole and regained the fresh morning air.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Styrian had the grace to rise as I entered the room, but in the very tone of his greeting I observed a change, and knew that he already distrusted me.

His appetite, however, was in no way affected, for he put away vast quantities of butter, cheese and milk, looking at me with a kind of pity as I made my moderate meal of coffee and bread. When he had finished, he leaned across the table and looked me full in the face, a tough, resoluteeyed fellow, who might have passed for a brigand whose only law was his own will.

"Seth Treloar was murdered." he

said. "Who murdered him?" I neither turned my eyes away from him, nor answered save by shrugging my shoulders, and shaking my head.

"He was killed first, then thrown down that trap-door." (He pointed to it). "Why was he killed? I repeat. who killed him?"

"That is what I am trying to find out." I said. The Styrian looked at me with

eyes that searched my very soul. "You do not know?" he said.

"I do not know."

"Does any one know?" said the Styrian.

"Seth Treloar." The Styrian laughed harshly, "Of course-but the man who killed Seth Treloar?"

"I believe Seth Treloar killed himself. "And who threw him down the trap-door?"

"Another person-for reasons wholly unconnected with his death." The Styrian sat rigid, and con-

centrated in thought. "It is a strange story," he said. 'A man dies, is thrust into a cellar. If he had died by his own hand why not bury him? To whose advantage was it to hide him? Whoever did so must surely have come under sus-

I said nothing, the filling of my pipe occupied me. "You are playing the fool with

me," said the Styrian in a hoase guttural voice," "but the truth I will have, even if it cost your life." I laughed contemptuously at his

melodramatic tone.
"It is not my life that is in question," I said, "but that of, as I believe, an entirely innocent person. The manner of Seth Treloar's death did arouse suspicion, and the person

accused is now in prison." I paused.
"Found guilty?" said the Styrian.
"Under sentence of death," I c.n. tinued, "but that person no more murdered him than you or I did." "Who was the person?" said the

"The woman," I said, "with whose portrait you fell in love, and whom you have come all the way to seek; the woman,"I added slowly, "who

Styrian.

The Styrian thrust back his chair, leaped to his feet, and turned on me with the ferocity of a mad bull.

"His wife-HIS WIFE! You are mad, and a liar! She was his sister. he would not have dared to fool me

He literally towered over me, his great stature seeming to rise higher with the wrath and fury that swelled him; his clenched fist involuntarily moved to fall with crushing force on my head, but I did not stir, and with an oath he dropped it by his side, though his features remained dark

and convulsed with passion.

"He lied to you," I said quietly; "he was always a liar and a rogue. And he wanted to make her something worse than himself. So far he meant honestly by you, that he would have taken her to you, and sold her as his sister-if she would have let him."

"And she killed him when he told her of his intention." said the Styrian more calmly, "and hid him yonder? She must be a strong woman and her will must be as strong as her heart." He snatched at a slender gold chain hanging round his throat, and drew out a locket, which he opened, and looked at with a frown that gradually softened into extraordinary tenderness and love.

"She did right," he said suddenly and passionately. The man was a hound and liar, it was not her fault that he deceived me, and he deserved all he got; she must have been a good woman to be so angry; and he is dead, she is free now-free-" stopped suddenly as one palsied by a sudden thought; for some moments he did not speak, then striding over to me he seized my arm and, shaking

me violently, said. "Where is she? Speak! O! God! She is in prison. She is to die-to die for killing that scoundrel?" "She did not kill him," I said.

told you that before. But she will be hanged all the same." As I spoke I released myself with a sudden exercise of strength that

sent him reeling backwards, and seemed to astonish him.
"Tell me the truth," he said, with more respect in his tone than he had hitherto shown me. "You do not believe her guilty, and I forgive her

I could have smiled at his sultanlike assumption that Judith was abvious night then he turned to the solutely at his disposal, but the "Certainly. There's as though his appetite were grandeur of his simplicity impressed of it."—Texas Siftings.

me, and I began my story without

loss of time. He heard the account of Trelour's married life without much emotion. though he occasionally gave vent to an expression of disgust; but when I brought Stephen upon the scene, he became transformed into an enraged man who sees snatched from his lips the morsel he hungrily covets. "And she loves him, she adores him, this miserable fisherman," he

cried. I shrugged my shoulders.

"Who can answer for a woman?" I said. "All women love comfort, and, as you say, he is poor. And she is not his wife," I added, narrowly watching his working face; "if by any miracle you could save her, who knows but that ___ " I did not complete the sentence, but I saw he understood me.

"Wife to one man, mistress to another," he said, the words dropping harshly and slowly from his lips. so that is the woman I've come all this way to find-but go on with the story, there will be more surprise

I described Seth Treloar's return to Smuggler's Hole, his disappearance, the departure of Stephen and Judith next morning, her return to the hut for a few moments, and her strange conduct in the train, where I was eye-witness to the incident of the box of arsenic and the effect produced on Stephen when he tasted it.

(At this point the Styrian laughed contemptuously, as a fire-eater might at one who dreaded fire.) I went on to relate how I recovered the box that Judith had thrown out of the window, how I traced her as the woman who had left a man hidden away at Smuggler's Hole. how I had caused her to be brought back to England and put on her trial, how she had been condemned, on circumstantial evidence, to death, and how only a short time now would elapse before the carrying out of the sentence. I then gave him a succinct account of the events of that night, as related by Judith

The Styrian had not asked a single question during the recital, but I had read first scorn and then flat denial in his face when I described the dose of arsenic found in the dead man's stomach; he even waved his hand impatiently as if to motion away an absurdity, but when I had ceased to speak, he began a very vivid cross-examination of me.

"You are sure that the potion she gave him was harmless, beyond keeping him asleep for twenty-four

"Quite sure." "There was no trace of poison found in the stomach besides arsenic?"

"None." "She did not bruise or injure him when she hid him in the cellar?" "There was not a mark or bruise of any kind on him."

"It would be dark when he came to his senses, there would be no light by which he could see the trapdoor above, and his arms were bound: did the rope hang in such a manner that in the dark he would strike against it or touch it?"

"No. By lifting his hands he could touch it-not unless."

"How could a bound man do that?" easily—as any other man of half his muscular strength could have done." "Always supposing that he had

not swallowed enough arsenic to kill a dozen men," said the Styrian. whose excitement increased each moment, though he made visible efforts to subdue it.

"Arsenic that was never adminis-tered by his wife," I said boldly, "but by—himself. God knows by what devitish agency a man is able to take a life-destroying drug and thrive on it, but you at least should know, since you carry a box with similar contents to the one he carried, and without which, and possibly for lack of it, he died."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Commander of a Big Cruiser. The commander of the big cruiser New York is an extremely exclusive man when his ship is in action. High above her spar deck is a conning tower made of metal so thick that it seems to the layman who looks at it that no missle could penetrate it. Where the roof of the tower comes down there is a narrow slit around the tower through which the commander peers. The slanting roof hangs over this slit far enough to prevent even a minie ball from entering the crack. Should the big cruiser go into action the commander would ascend into the tower and from there steer and fight his ship. The quarters are so cramped that a tall man can barely stand erect. There is room only for the commander and one other to assist him. It is a little bit of a metal box on a floating fortress of iron and steel, but in there could be done the most destructive and deadly work.

A Woman's Heart.

She, gently-I am afraid I do not love you enough to be your wife, but I shall always be your friend, and sincerely wish for your happiness.

He, moodily- I know what I'll do. not do yourself an injury?

He, calmly-No; I will find happiness. I will marry some one else. She—Horrors! Give me another ay to consider, dear.

Carried Out. Miss Passe still makes a valliant struggle to carry out the illusions of youth."

"Yes, and she succeeds pretty well, too." "Do you think so?"

"Certainly. There's nothing left

REPUBLICAN DOCTRINE.

Reciprocity vs. Free Trade There have been many explanations of the difference between reciprocity and free trade. Some have declared they were identical. Let us see.

Suppose a young woman comes up to you with her apron full of nice, red, juicy apples and with a smile pours them at your feet. That, my friend, is free trade, pure and simple. But sup-pose that this young woman holds onto her apples and says coyly. "What will you give me for this fruit?" Suppose she is level-headed and drives a good bargain, getting quid pro quo or, in good English, "her money's worth." That, my friend, is reciprocity with a capital IL. That's just what it is, and that makes the plain difference between the two. Let us see what these democratic friends of ours propose to do with Canada.

RECIPROCITY WITH CANADA. Putting iron ore, coal, lumber and the principal agricultural products on the free list, will be especially disas-trous to the belt of agricultural, lumbering and mining states along the Canadian border. Under the house bill, if it should become a law, we would have free trade in these articles with Canada. Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the United States and Canada lie side by side, divided only by an imaginary line, with similar forests and mines, with the same character of soil, but with cheaper lands, cheaper labor and undeveloped resources upon the Canadian side. proposed to throw down the barrier which had protected agriculture in the United States and compelled the Canadians to contribute largely to our treasury, and to admit the products of the cheaper soil and cheaper labor of Can-ada into the United States free. It is proposed that we shall make an ex-ceedingly foolish bargain with Canada, and give her the markets of sixty-seven millions of people for the privilege of sending free certain agricultural products into a country having five millions of people.

This is reciprocity with a vengeance. There is but one handle to a jug and we won't be able to get hold of it at all as regards our Canadian brethren.

This disproportion between the population of the two countries is not the worst feature of the proposed reciprocity. The raw products of Canada and those of the United States are substantially the same. Reciprocity with Can-ada would mean a very different thing from reciprocity with Mexico or South American countries, from which, with reciprocity, we might get, in exchange for our products, products of those countries which we do not produce; but with the duty removed or reduced upon the products of the forests, the mines and the soil of Canada, the only result will be to make farming profitable in Canada, to increase the amount of Canadian products annually exported to the United States, to crowd out of our home markets a like amount of our own products. The amount of Canadian imports will not greatly affect prices in the United States, but will affect domestic production, and relieve the Canadian producers from the burden of paying duties at our ports. It will result in benefiting the Canadian producer, in loss to our treasury, and to American farmers exposed to Cana-

dian competition. Our tariff upon agricultural products has made farming unprofitable in Can-ada, has protected farmers on our northern frontier from undue competi tion with Canadian products, has added greatly to our revenues, contributed, as every one admits, by the Canadian producer, has caused such a difference in the prosperity of the two countries "How could a bound man do that?" as to induce a very large immigration of the most industrious, enterprising All these advantages are to be absolutely thrown away, without any compensating benefits; and only to carry out an unsound theory concerning free trade in raw materials. people are to be further taxed; new schemes of taxation are to be devised to make them contribute to the reve

nues the amount which, under existing laws, is now contributed by Canadians. They won't have to come to the United States any more, and those who have come and make good money over here can now return home and pick up the apples we pour down at their feet.

Why We Do Not Laugh-Why Business Is Depressed.

The democratic party has come into power again, and, wedded to free trade, unwilling to be convinced by the great object lesson our present industrial condition affords that its tariff theories are wrong, denies that the democratic success and the threat of free trade has stricken down our great industrial fa-bric, and deprived millions of our citizens of that employment necessary to secure their daily bread; and blind and obtuse as they ever have been when dealing with financial questions, our democratic friends ransack history, and draw on their imaginations for causes to account for existing conditions. But the fact will go down in history to future generations that at the time of the last annual message of President Harrison the country enjoyed a wonderful degree of prosperity. Every department of human industry flourished. Every forge and loom and spindle was in operation, labor everywhere was employed, and the country was advancing with unabated rapidity in its grand march of civilization and of individual

and national prosperity.

As time advanced the extent of the calamity which had overtaken the cause of protection became apparent; it was found that not only had the democratic party elected a president and secured the control of the house of representatives, but that the senate, which under the previous administration of President Cleveland, being republican, had prevented the passage of the Mills bill, would be controlled by the democrats. and that there was nothing in the way She, anxiously-You surely will of the democratic party carrying into execution the threat and promise tained in its platform to destroy the protective system. When this startling fact was fully realized the wheels of progress were immediately stopped. The mills, the furnaces, and the factories were closed. Every business industry began to prepare for the coming storm. Business operations were curtailed. Collections were forced. fidence was shaken. Labor was thrown out of employment, banks failed, and bankruptcy and ruin everywhere pre-

vailed. The contrast between the general prosperity prevailing under the Harriis frieson administration and the business in it."

and financial distress which followed the succession of the democratic party in November last, is admirably shown by the following extracts from Presi

dent Harrison's message in December last, and the message of President Cleveland transmitted to congress, con vened in extraordinary session on the 8th of August last.

Opening of President Harrison's mes sage to congress, December, 1892: In submitting my annual message to congress I have great satisfaction in being able to say that the general conditions affecting the commercial and industrial interests of the United States are in the highest degree favorable. A comparison of the existing conditions with those of the most favored period in the history of the country will, I be-lieve, show that so high a degree of prosperity and so general a diffusion of the comforts of life were never before enjoyed by our people.

Opening of President Cleveland's mes

age to congress, eight months later,

August, 1893: The existence of an alarming and extraordinary business situation, involving the welfare and prosperity our people, has constrained me to call together in extra session the people's representatives in congress, to the end that, through a wise and patriotic exercise of the legislative duty with which they are solely charged, present evils may be mitigated and dangers threatening the future may be averted.

What the Fathers Thought About Pro tection.

President Washington, in his eighth nessage said:

Congress have repeatedly and not without success, directed their action to the recignition of manufactures. The object is of too much consequence not to secure a continuance of their effort in every way which shall appear eligible.

THE TARIFF OF 1816.

From the time the first tariff act for the protection of American industries was passed by the first congress to the passage of the tariff of 1816, a number of acts were passed imposing duties upon imports, and designed for the protection of domestic industries, all of them affording encouragement to such industries.

President Madison, in his message to congress, December 1, 1815, recom-mended encouragement to the manufacturing interests. He said:

Under circumstances giving a ful impulse to manufacturing industry. it has made among us a progress and exhibited an efficiency which justify the belief that with protection not more than is due to the enterprising citizens whose interests are now at stake, it will become at an early day not only safe against occasional competition from abroad, but a source of domestic wealth and of external commerce.

At the Fourteenth congress, which assembled December 4, 1815, and was in session until the 30th of April, 1816, a new tariff law, imposing increased duties upon imports, was enacted. The intention of those who favored the new law was to establish a system of protection to American manufactures. Mr. Calhoun opened a speech in the house of representatives on April 4,

1816, by saying:
The debate heretofore on this subject has been on the degree of protection which ought to be afforded to our cotton and woolen manufactures, all professing to be friendly to those infant establishments and to be willing to extend to them adequate encouragement.

Again, in the same speech, he said: Coming, as he did, from the south, having in common with his constituents no interests but in the cultivation of the soil, in selling its products high and buying cheap the wants and con-veniencies of life, no motive could be attributed to him but such as were dis-

Again, discussing the necessity for protection to our manufacturing indus-

triee, he said:
It [protection] is to put them beyond

the reach of contingency. Besides capital is not yet and can not be for some time adjusted to the new state of things. There is, in fact, from the operation of temporary causes a great pressure upon these establishments. They had extended so rapidly during the late war that many, he feared, were without requisite surplus capital or skill to meet the present crisis. Should such prove the fact it would give a setback and might, to a great extent, endanger their ultimate success. Should the present owners be ruined and workman dispersed and turned to other pursuits the country would sustain a great loss. Such would, no doubt, be the fact to a considerable extent if not pro-

Mr. Clay, in the same debate in the

house on the 25th of March, said: We all know that now is the time for encouragement, and that the domestic manufacturer has to struggle more at the end of a war, and at that moment the greater aid is necessary to support home against foreign competition.

And—
That the object of protecting manufactures was that we might eventually get articles of necessity made as cheap at home as they could be imported, and thereby to produce an independence of foreign countries. Mr. Lownds said in the same de-

That he believed the manufacture of woolens, and particularly of blankets, required a decided present encourage-

Information Wanted by a Young Voter. We are anxious to know what are the true definitions of the following phrases. A democratic congressman, a member of the labor committee of the lower house, has sent no answers, which we append, but we are not sure that they are correct definitions. Who

will answer? The "sons of toil" is defined as men who have nothing to do.

The "workless man" is defined a man who does not expect a job until after the next presidential election. The "over-worked man" is defined as a man who walked from California

to Boston in search of a job.
A "hard-pressed laborer" is defined as a man who lives between soup houses.

Which Should be Paid?

Only seven pension bills have been reported to the house by the invalid pension committee, Mr. Martin, of Indiana, chairman, and not all of those favorably: but 262 southern war claims, once rejected by a commission, and inonce rejected by a common volving millions, have been favorably reported and placed on the calendar. The confederate house is looking after its friends. Yankee soldiers, 'you aint

Father and Daughter Rejoice in the Merit of Hood's.

"I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla four months, and have realized wonderful help. I had not enjoyed a well day for sixteen years, and was frequently confined to my bed a month at a time with rheumatism. I was also

Troubled With Dyspepsia so that I could eat but little. Several doctors attended and gave me temporary relief. I kept up my courage and looked for help which came to me eventually in Hood's Sarsaparilla. It did me more good than all the doctoring during the past years. I have a good appetite, I sleep well

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