

A TIRED WOMAN'S EPITAPH.

Here lies a poor woman who was always tired. Who lived in a house where help was not hired. Her last words on earth were: "Dear friends I am tired. Where washing is done, nor sweeping, nor sewing. But everything there is exact to my wishes. For where they don't eat there's no washing of dishes. 'T'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing. But having no voice I'll get clear of the singing. Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never. I'm out, to do nothing for ever and ever."

BLIND JUSTICE.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.
I was then prepared for the effect of my wild shot, which had yet hit truth in the bull's-eye, or the Styrian's face belied him. His eyes quailed before mine as I pushed my advantage remorselessly.

"You can see her," I said, "and you will. You know that he died of either too much or too little of a powder both you and he seem to be able to take with impunity, and you will go with me at once before a magistrate and swear the evidence which will clear her."

"You talk like one mad," said the Styrian sullenly. "In one breath you say men thrive on a poison. In the next you confess that Seth Treloar died of it. How do you reconcile the two statements?"

"I hope to do so before I am much older," I said coolly, for by now I saw what his line would be, and decided on my own.

For a moment he looked disconcerted, then rose and went to the window, where he stood, gazing out and thinking deeply.

"I must see her," he said at last; "take me to her."

I shook my head and went on smoking.

"But I say you shall," he said, striding close up to me and with a look of absolute murder in his face.

"Not I; unless you are going to give evidence that will clear her."

"How can I do that?" he cried angrily.

"You can do it," I said, "and you will. What! You will stand by and see a woman hanged for a murder that you know she did not commit, for want of a few words that cannot possibly hurt you? Shame on you! And who knows but that in her gratitude to you—"

"You said she was fond of the other fellow," said the Styrian sullenly.

"Was, man, was—but who will answer for what a beautiful woman is?"

She looked at the Styrian not unkindly as she spoke, and his face softened so instantly that I saw how he would be as wax in her hands, had she but the skill and the courage to handle him.

At that moment the door opened and Stephen Croft came in.

Pale, haggard, the ghost of his former self, he yet looked beautiful as a god compared with the repellent but picturesque figure of the Styrian, at the sight of whom he stood still, arrested by surprise, while Judith with a cry of joy ran forward and

"Take a loose blossom on a rusty nail—fell into the arms that involuntarily closed around her.

The church had banned and the law had cursed the pair, yet methought I never saw more purely loving man and wife than these twain, upon whom the Styrian gazed with sullen eyes and face disfigured with passion and jealous rage.

"This man," I said, in answer to Steve's enquiring glance, "is the Styrian of whom Seth Treloar told Judith. When Seth did not return to come over here in search of him, and also on another and more mysterious errand."

"An' what may that be?" said Stephen, his face suddenly growing stern and an angry light coming into his blue eyes, while Judith pressed closely to him, closely as a loving woman might cling.

"He came to fetch Judith," I said, "Judith whom he believed to be Seth's sister, and who had been promised to him as his wife."

him to be present at the Styrian's interview with Judith.

The governor, who had hitherto held the worst possible opinion of the woman, was inclined to admit that the Styrian's appearance corroborated her story, though he did not for a moment believe that his coming would in any way influence her fate.

But I thought differently, and my heart beat high with hope as I left him.

Judith, whose figure was almost entirely concealed by a long cloak, rose as we entered the cell, but kept her foot on the fishing-net that she was making, looking past me with eyes of grave wonder at the man following behind me.

He on his part stood abashed and confused before the glorious woman who so far outstripped his expectations, and so for awhile the two stood looking on one another, then the color suddenly flashed into her face and she sat down and resumed her work.

"Judith," I said, "I have brought to you a man who knew your husband in Styria, and who arrived last night in Trovenick in search of him."

Judith looked up; in a moment she knew this was the man to whom Seth Treloar had promised her as a wife, and there was no anger, only pity in her voice, as she said,

"Seth Treloar deserved 'ee, an' made a fule o' 'ee, but he be dead now."

"He does not understand English," I said; then I repeated to him what she said.

The Styrian answered nothing, his burning eyes were rooted to the woman whose fairness was to her picture as the full flood of sunlight is to the pale glimmer of the moon.

"Judith," I went on, "this man can save you if he will. He knows that Seth Treloar died of arsenic administered by himself, but under what conditions I know not, nor can I persuade him to tell me. If you can so work upon his pity that he will speak, then you will untie the knot from about your neck, but he will be hard to deal with for he has come over here to fetch you for his wife."

Judith turned and looked at him. Some things are learned in a second of time from a woman's eyes that a whole volume of written words might fail to teach, and I knew that he perfectly understood the dumb entreaty, the deep beseeching of that prayer put forth from her helplessness to his strength, that might surely have kindled chivalry even in the breast of a boor.

"Put by your desire and save a human soul alive," said her eyes, but her very loveliness undid her petition, and if her mere picture had held such power over him, where should he find strength to thrust from him the breathing woman whose looks and voice were sweet as love?

"I'll her," he said to me, "that I will save her on one condition only, that she becomes my wife."

I repeated his words and Judith stepped back, throwing out her hands with a grand gesture that expressed repudiation, disappointment and scorn more eloquently than any words.

"Th' coward!" she said, between her teeth; "him's worse than brute beast an' me belongin' to Steve, an' th' little 'un an' a'. Tell 'un," she added proudly, "as I'd rather die Steve's light-o'-love than be wife to he or any other man, an' what him knows, that 'un can keep, us did wi' out 'un afore, an' us can do wi' out 'un agen."

She resumed her seat, and went calmly on with her netting, then suddenly the fire in her eyes flamed out, and she bowed her head upon her arms.

"Steve! Steve!" she said. It was like a mother's cry of love and yearning forced from a soul that had schooled itself to look calmly upon death, but to whom a momentary prospect of life had renewed all the bitterness of an undesired doom, but it woke no echo of pity in the Styrian's breast, for well enough he knew that it was not for him, and his face hardened as he looked down upon her.

As she would not live to please him, then she should not live to please another man, so much I read in his eyes and the cruel curl of his lips, and from this determination I afterwards knew he never wavered.

"Let her be," he said to me calmly, "she will come to her senses in time. Where is this Steve on whom she calls like a bird for her mate? Bah! she will forget him and call on me just as lovingly before she is many months older. She was born to wear richer clothes—not such woolen as now disfigures her. Tell her that I will enrich him also if she will leave him, and they will both live to bless me, for there is no such thing as love when the body starves."

I gave no heed to him, but turned to Judith.

"Do not send this man away in anger," I said; "the key to the mystery of Seth Treloar's death is locked in his breast, and the only fingers that can steal or wile it away from him are yours."

Judith thrust back the loosened masses of bronze hair from her face, and looked up.

"What 'ud 'ee have me do?" she said. "I'm jest mazed, an' how do 'ee know but he be a liar? Him want here when Seth Treloar died, an' how can 'un know aught about it?" she added, exercising the common sense that excitement had for a time driven from its stronghold.

"That I cannot tell you," I said, "though he can. You ask me what you are to do—something harder, probably, than you have either skill or strength for."

"What be it," asked Judith, looking at me with sombre, distrustful eyes.

"Fool him," I said with energy. "Does a captive thrust from him the hand that contains his ransom? Hide your detestation of his offer, let me tell him that you must have time to think over his proposals, and meanwhile I will watch him, and try to surprise his secret."

"I cannot do't," cried Judith with heaving breast, and as I looked at her, I realized that she was morally and physically incapable of acting a part that the majority of women would have filled with consummate ease.

"How could I sarve 'un so?" said Judith reproachfully. "an' after Seth Treloar he chated 'univry way, an' broffed 'un here on a fule's errand? M'appen, too, 'twas this man's gold as war found i' th' belt."

"Yes," I said, "he sent it as a marriage gift to you, but Seth never meant it to reach your hand."

"Awh!" said Judith, "'tis safe 'en, an' 'ee'll see it be paid back to 'un, won't 'ee? Poor sawl," she added with all a Cornishwoman's sense of justice, "him ha' got summat t' complain o' anyways."

Fondly he smoothed Judith's hair as he spoke, and over her head the two men exchanged looks of hatred and defiance, that in Stephen were strongly mingled with triumph.

"He is not to be despised," I said; "this man knows the true secret of Seth Treloar's death, and a word from him would open these prison gates and make Judith a free woman."

Stephen's arms slipped from Judith and he stood looking at me with dazed eyes, too deeply stunned for joy or more than partial comprehension.

"Bee 'ee tryin' to make a fule o' me?" he said at last; "'ee had always a bee i' yer bonnet, an' how can him know aught o' what 'un warn't here t' see?"

"Awh!" said Judith taking his hand, "true enuff is't. I allus sed they was up t' tricks wi' th' pison, an' furrin' folks has queer ways, but whatever him knows, my dear, us won't hear a word o' it."

"Eh!" said Stephen, "him can spake for 'ee an' wannot. But I'll jest make 'un!"

"Naw," said Judith, pulling him back, "he sets too big a price 'pon it for we. What do 'ee think it be?"

Stephen's breast heaved as Judith's face of mingled love and scorn told him the truth, and the hot blood rushed into his own.

"How dare 'un," he cried, "t' make bargains wi' a poor sawl, an' play pitch an' toss wi' her life, all for his own bit o' pleasure," and with clinched fist and fury in his eyes he advanced on the Styrian.

"Peace," I cried, arresting his arm while the two men, of about equal stature but utterly dissimilar looks, glared at each other like wild beasts about to spring, "when he came to the hut he did not even know of your existence. Blame Seth Treloar, not him."

Stephen's arm fell to his side, but his eyes still show hatred. As to Judith, I caught a look on her face then that at the moment shocked me in so good a woman, for so might look a lioness who saw her mate punish a bold usurper of his rights.

With difficulty I drew Stephen aside, where his angry eyes could not rest on his rival, and Judith followed us and stood beside him.

"You are both acting like fools," I said impatiently; "instead of conciliating this man, you are defying him to do his worst. If he goes away in his present mood, Judith's last hope of being saved goes with him."

"Has 'ee a mind t' wheedle 'un?" said Stephen, instinctively drawing Judith closer, and with all his jealous heart in his eyes.

She only laughed for answer, and out of pure deviltry, as I suppose, clasped both her arms around Stephen's neck and kissed him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How Actresses Learn Their Parts.
In nine cases out of ten the women of the stage commit the words of their parts to memory by copying them out in their own handwriting, and among other distinguished disciples of this method are Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Amy Roselle and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. As regards learning parts in the open air while walking, driving and so on, the system has fewer advocates among women than it has among men; but Mrs. Bernard Beere and Mrs. Langtry, are both accustomed to this form of study, and many younger actresses adopt it, railway and even bus journeys being utilized. Both Mrs. Kendal and Sarah Bernhardt sit down to serious study and allow nothing whatever to interfere with them during the time they are learning a part.

Occasion for Apologies.
James Payn tells of an English gentleman who objected to Christmas "waits." On one occasion, on being called upon the next day by the persons who had awakened him with carols on the previous night, he inquired their business. "Well, sir," was the modest rejoinder, "we are the waits." "I am not surprised," was the unexpected reply. "We are come," they continued, "for the usual gratuity." "I did hope," he said, with quiet dignity and a pity for human nature in his tone, "that you had come to apologize."

Crusoe Went Begging.
"Robinson Crusoe" was offered in turn to every publisher in London and refused by all. At last one bookseller, known for his speculative ventures, undertook its publication and made over 1,000 guineas. It has made the fortunes of scores of publishers since its appearance.

REPUBLICAN DOCTRINE.

HOW HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

The Free Trade Acts of 1853 and 1894.
The tariff of 1853 reduced duties to so great an extent as to paralyze industry and produce conditions identical with those we now suffer under. The following article sets forth conditions in New York ninety days after it took effect. Have we not had enough? Or must we go on from bad to worse and have these things repeated annually until our democratic policy has ground our people to the level of Europe or involved us in civil war to right these flagrant wrongs?

New York Tribune, January 15, 1855:
Who is hungry? Go and see. You that are full-fed and know not what it is to be hungry—perhaps never saw a hungry man—go and see. Go and see thousands, men and women, boys and girls, old and young, black and white, of all nations.

These are given as examples, and they cannot be challenged by our tariff reform friends, as the democratic journals share with the republican journals in making the same statements. I now want to read a short statement from the New York Sun, December 23, 1893, in the line of the same thought. Heavily loaded, were the following words:

Forty thousand are idle. The roll call of the destitute in Brooklyn reaches 10,000. Two great organizations united in the appeal for aid.

The article, which occupies two columns, contains among other things the following:

One estimate yesterday places the number of unemployed in the city, who at this time of year usually are employed, at 40,000. Of these it was estimated that more than 10,000 were destitute and wholly dependent upon charity. Every Protestant church congregation is supporting from one to fifty destitute families. Every Catholic church is supporting from twenty to one hundred destitute families. Every charitable organization in the city is taxed to relieve the distress which is daily becoming more general. Taken all together the situation is extremely bad, and the prospect of improvement in the near future is not good. According to the best informed men, the agitation of the tariff question is blamed for the hard times.

The following paragraph is an extract of what occurred at a meeting of the unemployed at Patterson, N. J., December 28, 1893, which is instructive to the members of this house, and more clearly points to a correct understanding of the situation than any word that I might speak:

New York World, January 1, 1894:
One hundred and nine thousand six hundred and fifty men are idle. The World learns just how many real workers are out of work. Labor men's estimates. Figures that prove the status of the most populous trades. Samuel Gompers says 125,000. World's new bread fund needed.

Chicago Tribune, December 23, 1893:
Three million men idle. This tells the story of the week's trade situation. Stagnation and idleness rule everywhere.

The Prophecy of James G. Blaine Fulfilled.
The property of James G. Blaine; when living he was the foremost American—Dead, his words have a special value. While men are daily inquiring as to the causes which have produced the great financial disasters that have swept over the country in the last six months, I say to them and to all the world there is an answer in the words spoken by the Hon. James G. Blaine several years ago, in which he pictured the scenes that are now transpiring as truly as ever prophet spoke. Let me ask you to give attention to his words and ponder them well:

I love my country and my countrymen. I am an American, and I rejoice every day in the prosperity of my country, and know that the workingmen of this land are the best paid, the best fed, and the best clothed of any laborers on the face of the earth. Many of them have homes of their own. They are surrounded by all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. I shudder, however, at the thought that the time must come when all this will be changed, when the general prosperity of the country will be destroyed, when the great body of workingmen in this land, who are now so prosperous, will hear their wives and children cry for bread; that the day must come when the great factories and manufactories of this land will shut down, and where there is no life and activity there will be the silence of the tomb. And the reason why this must be is this:

The great southern wing of the democratic party are determined to establish the doctrine of free trade in this land. They will be assisted by their northern allies. The fight is now on. There is a great body of visionary but educated men who are employed day by day in writing free-trade essays and arguments in favor of that doctrine, which find their way into every newspaper in this land. The great body of our people have never experienced, themselves, the sufferings which always result when the protective principles are laid aside. Poisoned and excited by the wild statements of these democratic speakers, the result will be that in the very near future these forces, which are now working, will be strong enough to defeat at the polls the party advocating the doctrine of protection.

It must inevitably follow that uncertainty and doubt will ensue. The business men of the country, fearing the destruction of the principle of protection, will decline to engage in business, consequently mills will shut down and the workingmen will be thrown out of employment. The people will then see, as they have never seen before, that they cannot be prosperous and have their principles laid aside. In the midst of their suffering they will learn that the only way they can be prosperous and happy is to vote for the party that has built up the industries by which they have gained a livelihood, because they will then see clearly that when the factory is shut down there is no demand for the only thing which they have to sell, and that is their labor.

How a Tariff Stimulates Home Manufactures. Yet Reduces Prices.
If the foreigner pays all the tax, then within the limit where his goods can circulate there may be protection or there may not. If after paying the whole tax he still has a margin of profit to sacrifice in the industrial war, there will be no protection. But if there be

only a slight margin which he cannot sacrifice without rendering the market worthless, then there will be competition the same as if he manufactured here. In the latter case he at least cannot shut up our factories.

In these cases the prices will not be raised. But when the consumer pays any part of the tax, by so much is the price raised. This is the general rule, but often it does not work so. After the act of 1890 large importations, anticipation of large profits, anticipations frustrated by the tariff failure panic, made great changes in the case. Many prices did not rise at all, and yet manufacturers, knowing that there would be a certainty at least that they could not be badly undersold begun work.

It often happens that men will begin manufacturing under a tariff that does not raise prices because they know that such a tariff will prevent them from going down.

It is not enough to have goods in the natural market at a price which will bring a profit. The manufacturer must force that the industrial enemy cannot force the price below the range of profit. Then without any increase he may put up a plant. This operation of a tariff which does not raise the price is cause industrial warfare sometimes assumes this shape. A rival maker may sacrifice another man's factory, or to prevent the establishment of a competitor. If there be a tariff, then, which will not raise prices, but which will maintain them, then the native manufacturer's risk in building a factory is limited. He may be put to hard struggle, but he cannot be beaten out of hand. He will have a fighting chance.

Emigrants.
Some one has asked, why have so few emigrants landed upon our shores in the last ten months? The answer is an easy one. They have not the same inducements that have formerly existed. The European emigrant in former years looked toward America as a land of plenty, the hive of industry, the domain of homes, the country of schools, rivers, populated cities, thriving villages, roads linking all places together, giving employment to tens of thousands of men and earning a reasonable return for all capital invested. But European people today, who have been or are contemplating emigration are not ignorant of the changed conditions that exist in the United States. Puck and Judge and Harpers, the New York World, the Sun and Tribune, periodicals and pamphlets and private letters from friends are all avenues through which information is borne to the great masses that tell the story of our woes, how the once employed millions sit in idleness.

The buzzing spindle is silent, the furnace fires extinguished, the hissing noise of steam and the whir of the electric motor are lost in the silence and gloom that everywhere seem to be present in the once great industrial centres of our country.

The cry of despair that goes out from those who are just now beginning to feel the pinch of poverty when the last dollar is drawn from the savings bank or when credit at the corner is exhausted; these, with no prospect of employment in view, are the ominous messages to the European emigrant to look elsewhere for a home and for comfort rather than to the once prosperous United States.

Coxsion—Democratic Paternity.
Among the many movements inaugurated in the United States for the amelioration of the condition of the suffering poor and unemployed masses, how soon may we expect the democratic party to publish and proclaim fatherhood of the commonwealth and grandfatherhood of the Coxsy movement? These organizations are truly the offspring of democratic control in American affairs. They never could have existed for a moment under a republican administration, for there never was a time since the close of the war when the laboring people of the United States have been driven to the extremes necessary to produce such alarming and threatening movements on the part of the unemployed. It is greatly to be regretted that in this land of plenty, where store houses are full, where counting houses have an abundance of cash, that the suffering poor of the nation must organize and march publicly through the national domain in order to publish or cause to be known, their true condition, that the party in power may be compelled to take heed of the situation and pass in the overthrow of the great industrial system which has in the past both prohibited and prevented any such condition of things to exist in the United States.

Who Pays the Tax on Imports?
But do not the people pay the tariff taxes, and do they not go into the pockets of monopolists? Do you believe the consumer pays the tax, or the foreigner? Well, I am going to be perfectly frank about that, and answer, sometimes one and sometimes the other, and sometimes both. The first thing a foreigner does when a tariff tax is laid is to see if he can get into our market without paying anything. If he cannot he looks over his margin of profit and sees if he can, by abating some part of these profits, get his goods in. So far as he does abate them he pays the tax. So far as he does not, the rest of the tax is paid by the consumer.

Business.
The clearing houses of the country show for the eleven months beginning April, 1893, and ending February, 1894, a shrinkage of over eleven billions of dollars, or more than a billion dollars per month. Formerly the democrats gave the republicans the name of the "Billion Dollar Congress," as the result of a year's bad management. The republicans can now turn the tables upon their democratic friends by giving them the benefit of this same name as the result of one month's bad management. Surely the democratic party is the billion dollar party of today.

Wheat.
Under favorable conditions, the price of wheat may be expected to advance above present quotations for the following reasons: The low price at which wheat has been held during the past year has lessened the supply by consumption in many ways. Wheat has been used in the feeding of stock, perhaps to a greater extent than ever before in the history of the country; also, the low price last season prevented very many from extending the output equal to that if the price had ruled higher.

The Magic Touch

OR

Hood's Sarsaparilla

You smile at the idea. But if you are a sufferer from
Dyspepsia
And indigestion, try a bottle, and before you have taken half a dozen doses, you will think, and no doubt exclaim "That just hits it!" "That

Hood's Sarsaparilla

soothing effect is a magic touch!" Hood's Sarsaparilla gently tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates a natural, healthy desire for food, gives refreshing sleep.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient.

Your Strength

AND YOUR RUNDOWN SYSTEM

BUILT UP AND REORGANIZED.

A few bottles of S. S. S. will do it. If you are troubled with a depressed, languid feeling, and lack of energy, your blood is not right, and needs purifying.

Will thoroughly clear away all impurities and impart new vigor and life to the whole system.

"I have used your medicine often for the past eight years, and feel safe in saying that it is the best general health restorer in the world."

F. H. GIBSON, Batesville, Ark.
Our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

GRIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.



The Housewife's

BEST FRIEND.

ON INSIDE OF EACH

CAN LABEL

You Will Find a

WASHING RECEIPT

Which is Very Valuable.

BUY IT

AND BE SURPRISED.

RUMELY

TRACTION AND PORTABLE

ENGINES.

Thrashers and Horse Powers.

For the best Illustrated Catalogue, mail for free.

M. RUMELY CO., LA PORTE, IND.

IF CLAIMANTS WHO CANNOT REAP

benefit from their property, apply to

WICKFORD, Pension & Patent Att'y, 914 F St., Washington, D.C., they will receive a prompt reply.

OMAHA Business

Houses.

Hay Tools Double, Single and Grapple Forks

Reversible Carriers, Steel Trackers, Pioneer Imp. Co., Co. Bluffs, Ia.

LADIES' (Rubber, Sewer) Pumps and 10 O. N. T. Pumps

This mail, 21. Ladies' Bazaar, Omaha.

Electric Supplies, Motors, Electric Light, etc. Wolf

Electric Co., Omaha, Catalogue mailed free.

Bicycle Council Bluffs, Ia., & 1521 Farram St., Omaha, Neb.

TWIN DYE WORKS

ROOFING TAR, GRAVEL and SLATE. Estimates promptly furnished.

Omaha State Roofing Co., 114 S. 15th St.

WANTED, AGENTS—To take contracts for the Merchants Tailoring, Washing, Dressing, etc., on the Club Plan. For full particulars address Omaha Co-operative Supply Co., Paxton Bldg.

Geo. Boyer, McCoy & Co., YARBURGH, Mo. Omaha, Live Stock Commission Merchants. Correspondence solicited. Market quotations free.

King Paper Co

Wholesale and Retail

Stationery, 1406-1418 Howard Street, Omaha.

Planing Mill Saw, Doors, Mouldings, Sashes, Interior Finish, etc.

Bank and Office Furniture, a specialty. E. M. GUSAU, 1028 So. 16th St.

BADGER CULTIVATORS, with Shovels and Bl. En. Send for Circulars. J. DONNELL, IMPLEMENT CO., Council Bluffs, Ia.

Cameras \$2.50

with "PICTURE"

for 25 cents. Catalogue free.

Moyn Photo Supply Co., Exclusive Agents for Omaha, Neb. Everything in Photo Supplies for Professionals and Amateurs.

Patton & Gallagher Importers and Jobbing Grocers. Ask for our

"LEAF" brand of "GATE CITY" brand of Coffee. No. 122

Good. "MEXICAN BLEND" Coffee. Nothing finer produced. Every package guaranteed. Do you

prefer "OMAHA DAILY BLEND" Coffee? It is a winner.

Omaha, Oct. 17th and Capitol Ave., 24 blocks from South Council Bluffs. Omaha car line.

Hotel Dellone

Best \$2.00 a day home in the state. Free proof

SEND A CARD, Proprietor.

Silks and Dress Goods

The largest and best stock