THE ANUWER.

he ghost of my old self I saw to night, to its pierc og eyes mine looked with fright, o stern they glowed. "Behold thy wasted frightful wreck thou'st made of faith and

Ah turn not yet away, look well: canst boast?" And I "The promises I carly made To thee I tried to keep with none to aid. Secure in my own strength I meant to be, Which only weakness was Ab, pity me. Compassion bayo, not an er, wentle ghost!" —May W. Donnan

BLIND JUSTICE.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

CHAPTER IX -CONTINUED. It was the last straw. With a turious oath the Styrian stamped his foot and battered with his clenched fists on the door till a jailer came.

Cursing, he strode over the threshold, and groping his way as one blind got free out of the jail, but quickly as I followed. I could not come up with him , nor did I see him again that day.

CHAPTER X.

Wandering from cliff to cliff aimlessly as my thoughts went beating hither and thither, my most abiding sensation was one of anger against Judith for her impolitic conduct. She might surely have temporized. with the Styrian, have led him on at no hurt to herself, till she had wiled from him some hint or clue to his secret, but instead of this she had deliberately maddened him by her passionately displayed love for stephen, and so flung away her last chance.

And yet, when at nightfall I returned to find the hut still empty, I decided that he had gone back to his own country as suddenly as he had left it, and bitterly out of heart I sat down by the cold hearth thinking of the hopes that had sprung in me so lately as that morning.

Something, too, of Judith's doubts in this man's power to save her assailed me now; after all, might he not have been affecting a knowledge that he had not, solely to obtain a sight of the woman he so passionately coveted?

convinced that he was not. And a did 'un the harm that wan cup that sense of baffled fury filled me at the Judith gied 'un when he comed home. thought of him, on his way back to Styria, carrying the undivulged secret that would have made the two most miserable people alive the happiest, while from me would have been lifted an intolerable burden that would haunt me to my life's end.

Judge, then. of my joy when at dusk I heard the latch lifted, and saw standing in the aperture of the door a tall shape, whose dishevelled hair and muddy clothes bore witness to the violence of the physical and mental exercise that had racked it. and when the haggard wretch sank into the corner before me; I could almost (in the sudden relief his return had afforded me) have found it in my heart to pity him.

But I gave no sign of such weakness, and went on smoking my pipe as though he were not present, and, while I did so, resolved upon my plan of action.

Presently I rose, knocked the ashes out of my pipe, and going up-stairs collected a few necessaries I had there, put them in a portmanteau, and bringing it down proceeded to add certain other trifles that were lying about, then fastened it, and

yawned, as one utterly weary of the subject.

"I give it up," I said indifferently, "I have wasted far too much time over the matter already. May I expect to see you on my return?'

"That depends upon when you return," said the Styrian. "Look you -she is a fool. On the one hand life and riches with me, on the other a horrible death and nothing-not even her proud fisherman for company. All to-night she will think and think, to-morrow I will go to her, and she will answer me differently. Eh?" he added, in a harsh note of interrogation?

But I made him no answer, only nodding my head in a curt farewell to him as I went out.

It was pitch night by now, and the breakers below the cliff seemed rolling to my very feet, but above their sound I heard the clashing of rough bolts and bars with which the Styrian hastened to barrica le the hut. Then I saw the blind pulled down. and heard the shutters close, and I had a curious feeling of being turned out like a dog from my own hearth as I stood in the darkness without. But I was hungry, and had beside some arrangements to make, so, after concealing my bag and rug in a cleft of the rock hard by, I pursued the winding path that led down to Trevenick, and was soon inside the cheerful hostelry that I had more

than once visited. Smiles awaited me and a good homely dinner followed in due course, during which I saw many a shy glance stolen at me by the buxom landlady, as in the village I was looked upon as almost a wizard for the part I had played in bringing Judith to justice.

"So you'm got a visitor to th' hut, sir," she said, as she set my modest dessert before me.

"A friend of Seth Treloar's, "I said. "Awh," she said. looking grave, "better fo' 'un poor sawl if 'un had bided 'mongst 'un as wished them no harm. Who'd iver ha' thought Judith 'ud turn out sich a devil? For sure but Seth war a ne'er-do-weel, an' niver happy but when he was He might have been, but I felt torsticated, but nothin' him iver took "You have always believed her guilty," I said.

"Iss, she luv'd Steve powerfu' eno' to do anythin' so's them two shouldn't be divided, but part they'll have to now, befo' long.

But I did not feel so sure of that parting as an hour later I climbed the steep path that led to Smugglers' Hole.

CHAPTER XI.

I stood still to listen outside the hut, but all was silent, no glimmer of lights showed through the cracks of the crazy old shutters.

Evidently the Styrian had a little anticipated his usual time for retiring, and presently he gave an oral proof of it, for a distant sound of snoring reached me, and I smiled at discovering the quarter whence it issued, being no less a place than that I was hit, and I had barely the bed room upstairs, which he evidently preferred to the shakedown I had made up for him below.

No sound could have pleased me better. He slept with barricaded doors, secure as a fortress, and with not the smallest fear of surprise to keep him awake. Exhausted as he was his slumbers were likely to be profound, and my spirits rose as I went round to the back of the hut, and lit the lantern with which I had provided myself at the inn. The door of the small outhouse or lean-to yielded readily to my touch; I closed the door behind me, and looked through the narrow grating I have before mentioned, into the room beyond. The embers on the hearth still glowed, but the place was in total darkness, and at once I opened the door and stepped in. Overhead came the long regular breathing of the Styrian. For awhile I stood listening, then I removed my boots, darkened the lantern, and with the utmost caution proceeded to creep up the stairs that ended in an open space, in one corner of which stood the bed upon which my unbidden guest had disposed himself. He was fully dressed, so much I saw in the narrow blink of the lantern which I permitted myself to uncover, and bitter disappointment seized me, for I knew that the thing I sought was actually on his body, and that my chances for taking it from him were small indeed. He lay on his back. one hand open and empty, thrown behind his head, the other hidden beneath the coverlid with which he had half wrapped himself. At a little distance from the bed was a chair, and upon this I sat down to think, but thought availed me little. Nothing short of overcoming him by sheer physical strength, which outmatched his, which I did not possess, could wrest from him that little box in which he found nourishment and strength and in the fellow to which Seth Treloar had mot his death. Alone I could do nothing, but with the help of Jake-Jake whose clumsy movements would certainly have awakened the sleeper. I might by good luck have bound and robbed him, but I was alone, unarmed, and

Even had I the strength to unlock that iron grasp, he carried arms and would shoot me like a dog before could escape. Involuntarily I thought of those snake charmers and Hindoo jugglers who, by the skillful use of a feather are able to make a sleeping man change his attitude or release his grip upon whatsoever he holds. I had no . such power to but make flaceid this man's muscles, and in sheer helpleseness and desperation I sat for what seemed to me a lifetime with that heavy arm weighing on my breast.

What real length of time elapsed. I cannot say, but suddenly he turned with a heavy groan, as if some spectre troubled his sleep, and his arm fell to the ground with a dull thud, then he fell to snoring loudly and regularly as before.

Kneeling down, I ventured on a tiny shaft of light that showed me his relaxed hand lying on the ground palm uppermost, with-and the sight of it nearly took my breath away for joy--the horn box loosely held in the relaxed fingers.

For once in my life I rose to the emergency of the moment, and without hesitation slipped the box from beneath that nerveloss touch and stole away.

But I had reckoned without that instinct, belonging of right only to animals, but found in savages and men who live almost entirely in the open air; an instinct that becomes developed almost into a sixth sense, that keeps sentinel over the others while they sleep, and gives instant warning of danger.

On the instant the Styrian awoke, found his hand empty, and held his breath to listen for the slightest sound that might give evidence of a stranger's presence. Then he swept his hand along the floor as thinking he might have dropped what he missed, and, not finding it, hurled his huge weight out of bed, and I said to myself. "Now if he possesses a light I am a dead man," and listened for the striking of a match that, thank God! did not come.

I heard instead a click, ominous enough, and doubting if in the darkness he so accurately knew the position of the staircase as to cover it successfully, I stopped down, and, getting on my hands and knees, crawled to the stair-head with all the speed I could command.

Instantaneously, with the first sound I made, came a shot that passed directly over my head, and then the boards groaned under the Styrian's weight as he dashed across the narrow room towards me, just missing my heels as I slid down the stairs, checking my too rapid descent by grasping the low hand-rail that on one side guarded them.

He fired again with the same result as before, then came thundering after me, but I had the start, and knew that if I could reach the secret door(which I had left open) I was safe.

But even as I slipped through it, a sharp report and a stinging sensation in my right shoulder told me drawn the door close behind me, when he fell against it with a crash that shook the whole place.

I heard him cursing and raging on the other side, completely baffled by my disappearance, and probably not aware that he had winged me.

Softly I slipped out at the door, the winding and sped lown path at the top of my speed never drawing breath till I reached the nearest cottage, where lived a fisherman with his three stalwart sons, all soundly asleep, and with difficulty awakened. "I have been shot at, and wounded by the man at Smuggler's Hole," I said, "you must come with me at

REPUBLICAN DOCTRINE.

CHEAP CLOTHING.

A Test Case With Names, Dates and Goods.

The democrats howl for free wool so we can have cheaper clothing. What is the matter with present prices? Mr. Grosvenor of Ohio, in his speech

in the house, April 13, 1894, said: "Last night 1 thought I would go and

ee whether we were being oppressed in this country, and I looked about me to see whether I was dressed quite up to the average congressman or not: and I concluded that by way of illustration would go down here and buy a suit of clothes, and I did it. And now, Mr. Chairman. I exhibit this suit of clothes. I am wearing it upon my person. I will tell you what kind of a suit of clothes it is. Let us meet this thing like men and quit this thing of being like howling demagogues. [Applause and laughter.] "The fabric in this suit of clothes is free from shoddy and flock; seams silk-sewed. Color. trimmings and wear guaranteed to give satisfaction by Saks & Co.," as honorable and capable a manufacturing house in this line of industry as the world can produce, and whose word will be taken against the unanimous statement of any tramp on earth who wants to sell

his old coat at a profit. [Laughter.] "I bought this suit of clothes without a suggestion to the salesman, whose name I do not know, as to my purpose in buying it. Here it is, a better looking suit of clothes than many of my colleagues have. [Laughter.] It would adorn the person of the gentleman from Kansas (Mr. Simpson). [Laughter.] "It cost me at the regular price \$10.80.

Applause on the republican side.] Not even in England, nowhere on the earth, nowhere under the stars, outside of the jurisdiction of the Star Spangled Banner of American protection, can the like of that be produced for the money. Let us see. (Producing another suit.) Here is another suit of clothes bought within a year. It is not a very bad suit of clothes. It did not come from a tramp. It is a fairly good suit, worth half or two-thirds what mine is. It was bought of a respectable English house the regular couse of trade, and it in cost \$16.75. [Applause and laughter on the republican side.] I will leave it to any clothing store man on earth if my suit of clothes is not worth 40 per cent more than that suit is."

Disowned.

The Wilson bill, as it now stands, has neither friends nor well wishers, except among those who are interested in building up a southern aristocracy at the expense of the plain farmers and the hard-handed workers of the nation. They have no slaves, so they seek to put white labor on a lower grade, and thus further their selfish uses.

Senator Gallinger commented on it in his recent speech in the senate as folfows:

"The anomaly is presented to the senate of a bili that we are asked to enact into law, which nobody thus far has ventured to unqualifiedly indorse or approve, with the exception of the senator from Mississippi, Mr. McLauria, and the junior senator from Indiann, Mr. Turpie. Even its distinguished author in the other house, Mr. Wilson, felt called upon to enter an apology for

the measure. "Think, Mr. President, of the chosen eader of the democratic side of this chamber openly and unblushingly proclaiming the imperfections of the meas-ure, and shamelessly admitting that it was framed, not on the principles of exact justice and fair play, but rather for the purpose of securing votes enough to pass it through the senate! What greater condemnation of the bill famous tariff measure, and he bluntly and frankly declared that 'The bill does not suit me. I am between the devil and the deep sea.' And then the senator from New York, Mr. Hill, and the senator from New Jersey, Mr. Smith, entered the arena, with spear and javelin in hand, and gave the measure what it is hoped may prove to be its coup de grace, by denouncing it vigorously, and serving notice on their party associates that unless it is materially modified they must look elsewhere for votes to pass it.

Drifting Backward.

Under the title "Whither are We Drifting," the Washington Post (inde-pendent), on April 23, 1884, published a striking editorial on the political situation

Taking Mr. Reed's prophecy at Philadelphia and the speeches of Senators Hill and Smith for a text, it showed how rapidly we are drifting into an ante-bellum condition. It shows with vividness how the ex-

confederates are now doing by legisla-tion what they failed to do by war degrade labor and ruin the industries of the rest of the country. There is no bloody shirt about it; it just simply quotes well known facts and the opinions of thinkers from both parties. The article is worth reading in full:

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

Last February Hon. T. B. Reed made a speech at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia before one of the largest audiences ever gathered within the walls of that historic building, in which he attacked the Wilson tariff bill as an engine of hate directed at the industries and people of the north, and wound up his remarks with an extract from the inaugural of the immortal Lincoln in 1861, in which he appealed to the south to halt in their threatening march against the country, and then in the most dramatic manner said, Where Lincoln failed we cannot hope to succeed "

His remarks made a profound impres sion at the time, but were passed by as an extravagant outburst of an earnest man.

In the recent carefully prepared re-marks of Hon. D. B. Hill in the senate, after a somewhat similar denunciation of the Wilson bill, and the income tax in particular, he said, turning to the south, "Remember 1860 and the ultra demands made upon us which led to division and defeat and all the incidents of those terrible years from 1860 to 1884, and know that the remarkable demands now being made mean the loss of the next house, the senate, and the probable loss of every northern electoral vote.

Senator Smith, after an elaborate onslaught upon the bill, especially the income tax, which he pronounced "an infamous proposition," said he regarded the situation as the gravest which has confronted the democratic party since the days of James Buchanan, and after charging that the south was engaged in a sectional raid upon the north, he said: "Is extinction of the party in the north the penalty we democrats must pay for extending aid and sympathy to you of the south?" and closed his speech with the prayer that if his advice was unheeded "God save the democratic

Trade and Labor.

party.

If we admit free Chinese goods, then we will soon admit free Chinese labor. One demands the other. They cannot be separated.

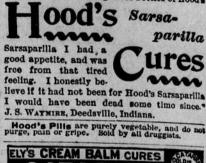
Some years ago. in response to the workingmen of California, this country entered upon a policy of Chinese exclusion. The men who began it were de-nounced. The scholars, the economists, the philanthropists, the professors, the colleges, at the start were all against it; but the workingmen triumphed and today no party and no representative of any party dares to suggest the free admission of the Chinese.

Free traders say that we keep out the Chinese because they were not clean and their habits were not good. Never in the world was there a great popular up rising to keep men out of a country because they were dirty or because their habits were unattractive.

The trouble was that the Chinese brought with them a rate of wages with which our workingmen with their standard of living could not compete. What greater condemnation of the bill can any republican imagine than that; and how inconceivable it is that such a dishonoring bargain should have been made. Following the senator from Ininfluence than anywhere in the world -Australia, too, has shut him out. How do you make it agree with the doctrine of buying in the cheapest mar-ket to exclude the Chinese labor from



That Tired Feeling "I was troubled with diabetes and tried several doctors and different medicines without avail. After taking three bottles of Hoody



CATARRH



he door with my overcoat and rug, then resumed my seat opposite the Styrian and spoke.

"I am going away." I said. "but you are at liberty to use this place as long as you please. Jake will bring you all that you require."

Worn out as he was, the Styrian's eyes pierced me as he said.

"Why are you going?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Why should I stay?" I said, "I have neither the wish nor the heart to see a woman hanged for a crime that she did not commit, a woman whom a word too from you would save.'

The Styrian laughed harshly.

"Is your blood so cold in your country?" he said, "do you always throw the women you love into the arms of other men? Living, she would be his; dead, she is as much mine as his."

"Not so." I cried. "since you have possessed neither her heart nor her. Go home, go home to your own countr, and hold up your head there if you can with the memory forever with you of the coward's deed you have done over here."

It is I who have been deceived." cried the Styrian with heaving breast, "I came honorably to make her my wife, only to find that I was be-fooled by a scoundrel whom I had housed and fed when he was destitute, whom I taught and enriched till he had almost forgotten his former miserable ostate, and who rewarded me as you know.

"What he did is no business of hers." I said, looking him full in the face with bitter contempt. "and all the sins of his mis-spent life would weigh as nothing in the balance of your blood-guiltiness, for if she dies, you are her murderer.

"You are mad," said the Styrian sullenly, "the law of your country found her guilty, and your laws are just I have lied to you, and I could him, but I was al not save her if I would. You think that Seth Treloar and I knew some I may have sat secret about arsenic that enabled us to take it with impunity-why then did he die from an over dose of it?"

"God knows," I said bitterly, across my chest and rested there. "your confounded juggling with the It had all the weight of a blow. cursed stuff is beyond me-but and I trembled under the shock, it probably by some oversight he had not his antidote with him."

A flitting smile of contempt told me that I had missed the mark, then the Styrian said calmly.

"He never carried, for he never needed an antidote."

I shrugged my shoulders and

I may have sat there a minute or an hour when with a half groan he turned on his side, and suddenly threw out an arm that fell sheer

was so horribly unexpected: but as the moments passed, and his regular

breathing convinced me that he slept, I gradually shifted the lantern and cautionsly stole a ray of light that showed me his strong fin- sewn by hand. Out of 500 skins gers closed tightly on the horn box 1,200 to 1,500 gloves of the best that I was perilling my life to steal: quality can be made.

once and secure him." The blood that dripped from my coat sleeve corroborated my story plainly enough when the three joined me, but the emergency left no time for those explanations that I should have been puzzled to give, and no more was said till we arrived at the hut.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Mending Umbrellas.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says that two young men of that city, salesmen in a dry goods store, hired bicycles and took a spin into the country. When they were perhaps ten miles out, they decided to have a race. One of them got far ahead of the other, and, in dashing around a turn, ran into a pile of stones. The wheel was demolished, and the rider found himself lying among the spokes. An old woman, who happened to be passing, was met by the second rider. "My good woman," said he. "have you seen a young man riding a bicycle ahead?" "No," said the woman; "but I saw a young man up the road a spell ago who was sittin' on the ground mendin' umbrellas."

Feeling His Way. "Excuse me, ma'am," said the tramp, "have you got any wood you want split?" "No.

His face brightened.

"Any coal you need carried?" "None whatever."

A smile stole over his features as he went on.

"Is there any work of any kind ye could call on me for?" "No.

With intense relief he said: "Thank yer. missus, for them assurances, even if yer charity don't go furder. Yours is the fust house that's let me git 'round to the question to-day. Have yer got any cold victuals?"

Fine, Russian-Made Gloves.

The bulk of fine gloves made in Russia are made from foal skins, an industry in which Russian workmen excel. They are generally cut and

A Present Issue.

These are times when every American citizen is required by a sense of his obligations to reason for himself and act on the result of his own investiga-He cannot neglect this plain tions. and imperative duty. To all such, the closing paragraphs

of Senator Gallinger's speech on the Wilson-Voorhees tariff bill, come with special force. His words strike home to the real issues and show us just what to expect:

"Mr. President, the country has had thirteen months of democratic rule, and wherever the electors have spoken they have repudiated that party with unan-imity almost unparalleled in American history. The laboring masses of the industrial north have set their seal of condemnation on the Wilson bill. They have issued their mandate to republican senators to fight the measure unceasingly and unsparingly. The great north is united today as it has not been united since the flag was fired on at Sumter. Now, as in that supreme cri-sis, mechanic, farmer, merchant and manufacturer are standing shoulder to shoulder in defense of the welfare and the progress of the nation. Factories are idle, homes comfortless and wives and children suffering for the neces saries of life. The wage-earners of the north have decreed the death of the Wilson bill, and woe be to the northern senator who turns a deaf ear to their demands.

Markets.

An English parliament could not bet-An English parliament could not bet-ter legislate for England, or with a prospect of more profit, than are the present members of the United States congress legislating today. We are taxed to maintain our system of roads and the improvement of our rivers and harbors, all of which creates for us a market in which to sell the products of market in which to sell the products of our soil and of our shops. The present law-makers propose to grant the op-portunities of this market to the British portunities of this market to the british tradesmen without compelling them to contribute in any wise towards the public improvements which make the market a possibility.

this country? We have shut out Chinese cheap labor; by the same token we must protect our native workmen from this se Chinese cheap product. This may not be philanthropy, but it is good horse sense.

In China, as the cheapest labor market and the greatest reservoir of lowpriced labor in the world, on the theory of free trade we should have the right to buy our labor; and yet everybody is agreed that it is well to put a stop to it by law. What becomes of the perni-cious theory of free trade in the face of a fact like that? We are right to exclude the Chinaman, who brings his cheap labor with him and lowers our standard of living and degrades our working people. If it is right to do so, then by what theory do you admit free of duty the product of this same Chinaman made in his own country to com-nete with our product here? The propete with our product here? The pro-duct brings its rate of wages with it just as much as the man, and ocean freight no longer gives protection. If it is right to exclude the Chinaman, it is right to exclude the chair cane which he makes and which brings his rate of wages and standard of life to compete with our workingmen just as surely as if the Chinaman came over himself and made his chair cane in New York or Philadelphia.

Great Britain's Obstinacy.

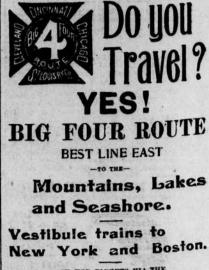
There is a growing sentiment throughout New England and the middle states that by using a protective tariff Great Britain could be forced to take part in an international agree-ment for the free coinage of silver. This is the most sensible of all methods proposed to reach Great Britain, as they cannot afford to be shut out of our markets by prohibitive import duties.

Equal Chances.

"We have undertaken on this continent of ours to build up a fabric of pol-itics, in which the laboring man had the same share, every ignorant man had the same share, every feeble man had the same share in political power with the rich and the strong and the learned. And that system we mean to maintain; and in order to maintain a system and dignity which is known no-where else in the world, and has never been known anywhere in the world till here and now, we mean to protect the wages of our workmen from competi-tion with the pauper systems of Eu-rope."



DENSION JOHN W.MORHIS Successfuily Procecutes Claima Late Principal Batminer U.S. Pension Bureau Syrs in last war, ISadjudication claima atty ince



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