I didn't have one bit of fear 'Hout nothin' 'tall, when ma was near; The clouds could bank up in the sky, Or 'tore the wind in white streaks fly, But somehow 'nuther I didn't keer A snap for them—when ma was near

Goblins that sneak at night to skeer Us little folks—when ma was near Jes fairly flew, and wouldn't stay 'Round there one bit, but runned away: An' didn't seem to be one bit queer— They couldn't help it, when ma was near

It wasn't bad to be sick, where You felt the joy that ma was near. The throbs o' pain couldn't stay much Under the cooling of her touch. But seemed to stand in mortal fear Of everything, when ma was near —Edward N. Wood

A Passive Crime.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER V-CONTINUED. "Fighting, I think," says Mr. Wilding, who is a plain spoken man at times, and given to electrifying the judges in court on certain occasions.

They are arranging a duel, unless I am greatly mistaken."

"But it must be prevented!" says Maud, wildly. "Something must be done!

Going up to Penruddock she lays her hand upon his arm. "Let me speak. Dick!" she says, in trembling accents. The word-his Christian name-has unconsciously escaped her; but he has heard it, and proudly, gladly, takes the little hand upon his arm between both his own, as though this unexpected mention of his name had made her his-had been an informal confession of her

"There is no need that you should quarrel." she goes on with lowered eyes and pallid lips. "He is right; he has but spoken the truth. I am lowly born, as all the world knows; though, sir," confronting Saumarez, and gazing full at him with terrible grief and reproach in her glance, "it has yet to be proved how you came to use that word 'basely.'"

"My conduct to you has been unpardonable, madam," says Saumarez, bowing and drawing back, with set lips and a stern expression. "I ask your forgiveness. To your friend, Mr. Penruddock, I shall give every satisfaction necessary—the very strongest satisfaction!" conconcludes he with a grim smile; after which he bows again, and withdraws.

Miss Neville bursts into tears, and sobs bitterly for a few minutes. Penruddock with his arm round her, supports her head against his breast some time unrebuked. Presently, however, she checks her emotion, and drawing away from him, wipes the tears from her eyes, sighing

"You have got your work cut out for you, you know," suggested Mr. Wilding, in a low tone to Dick, who had forgotten everything but Maud's

"I am quite aware of that," mutters Dick.

"If you are going to cross to the other side, you will have but very little time to arrange matters before starting."

"There is little to arrange," says Penruddock, absently. .. My cousin George falls in for everything if I come to grief in the encounter."

Then he goes up to Maud, who is still silently crying, and takes her

"Tell me the truth now," he says. .At this last moment, it would be a soluce, a comfort to me. That time -a few minutes since, when you called me 'Dick'-your tone, your whole manner thrilled me; it almost caused me to believe that I was not quite indifferent to you. Was that resumption, madness on my part? Speak, darling!"

He bends his head, and she whispers something in a voice half broken. It must have been some word of encouragement, as Penruddock's visage brightens, and his whole manner changes.

"And if I return?" he begins, eagorly.

"Oh. you must-you will return!" she says painfully.
"If I do you will marry me?"

She shakes her head. Even at

this solemn moment her great resolve is not to be broken. "My dear Penruddock, this is out

of all bearing." says Mr. Wilding. who has been engaged in an engrossing examination of a bit of old Chelsea, but now feels it his duty to come to the rescue and deliver Miss Neville from her embarrassment Let us discuss what you have got

"That is simple," says Penruddock, with a frown. "If luck stands to me, I shall shoot him through the

"No, no" says Maud, faintly, putting up her hand in quick protest.

To kill him, that would be murder! Do not have his death upon your conscience."

"Would you shrink from me be-cause of that?" asked he wistfully. -It would be so terrible," she Valters.

"Yet, remember, it would be in your cause."

"For that very reason"-earnestly ... I should feel it all the more. And later on when you had grown cool, it would be to yourself an ever-lasting regret, and I should be the author of it. Oh, let him live!"

... Well, I dare say I shall, "says Penrudkock, in a curious tone; "for this reason-that I suppose he will kill

"He splits hairs, and sixpenny bits, and all sorts of thin things, at any number of paces that you like to says Mr. Wilding pleasantly. mame. Miss Neville shudders, and turns a

shade paler even than she has been "After all, there is not so much in tife that one should regret it to any

takes it rather badly that she objects to his killing Saumarez.

"My dear boy, there you err." says Wilding, briskly. "There is a great deal in life, if you go the proper way to find it, and if you don't expect too much; that is the great secret. Life is a first-class thing in my opinion-nothing like it. I never, you know, fight duels myself-nothing would induce me; but if you must, my dear Penruddock, aim low and cover him well with your eye. I'll see you through it, and stick to you, my dear boy, whatever happens."

'Thanks, old man; I knew quite

well that you would not desert me,"

says Dick gratefully.
"Can nothing be done?" says
Maud. clasping her hands. "Oh. Mr. Wilding, do try; surely something may be effected it you will

"Of course I shall try." says Wilding promptly. "I'll stand to him all through I have promised that. By I wouldn't advise that fellow to do anything unfair when I am on the field! And if!"-impressivelyanything unfortunate should occur,

"Oh. Mr. Wilding, how I hate you!" interrupts Miss Neville, with a sudden burst of wrathful tears.
"If no one else will help me," cries she, going hurriedly toward the door, "I shall try at least, what a weak woman can do!"

She opens the door, closes it behind her firmly, and runs up-stairs to her own apartments.

CHAPTER VI.

An Entreaty. It is an hour later, and in his library Gilbert Saumarez is sitting with folded arms, on which his face lies hidden. The table is strewn with papers. A crumpled, faded flower and a little, six-buttoned black kid glove are on the desk close beside him; how procured, he alone knows. Certainly they were never given to him by their rightful owner. The lamps are low-ored, until a half gloom, that

is almost darkness, envelops the apartment. Ghastly shadows creep here and there, unchecked, unnoticed by the man who sits so silently in the armchair beneath the center lamp. He is lost in thought, in vain regrets, that belong to the present and the near past, but have no connection with the morrow, that may bring death in its train. But not to him. No fear of being "done to death" in open fight need harass him. He is too expert a shot, has too often earned his reputation as a skilled duelist, to feel nervous at the prospect of an encounter with an amateur-a raw schoolboy in the art of dueling, as he rightly terms Pen-ruddock. He has killed his man before this; and having made up his mind to kill this present rival as he would a dog, has dismissed the subject from his thoughts. Other considerations crowd upon

him - other remembrances, sweet and bitter; and so absorbed is he in his inward musings, that he does not hear the door open, nor the sound of the light feet that advanc acrosse the floor, until the owner of them is almost at his side. He raises his head then, and looking up, starts to his feet with an exclamation that is caused by a surprise which for the moment completely overpowers him. It is Maud Neville who stands before him, pale as "the snowy lily pressed with heavy rain."

Her eyes are large, half frightened and full of grief. Beneath them Beneath them dark circles show themselves. No faintest tinge of color adorns her cheeks. Her hair, under her swansdown hood, has loosened, and strays across her low, smooth forehead at its own good will. She is pale, nervous, thoroughly unhinged, yet never perhaps has she looked so lovely.

"You here alone!" he stammers moving from her rather than toward

"Yes, here," returns she in a low tone, tremulous with emotion. "Es-ther waits for me outside. I have so far forgotten my own dignity and self-respect as to come here to you at midnight, compelled by a sudden necessity. The more reason, sir," with an upward glance of mingled entreaty and pride. "that you should re-

"Speak!" returns he coldly. She throws back her hood and cloak as though half stifled, and stands before him in all the bravery of her satin ball dress, on which the pearls gleam with a soft, subdued light

"I have come to ask you to forego this duel-to give it up," she says, faintly, discouraged by his manner. yet not wholly dismayed. "I entreat you to hear me, to listen to what I have to say, not to turn a deaf ear to my prayer.

"Yet to my prayer not an hour since you were deaf." retorts he, quietly.

She is silent "You would ask me to spare your lover—that boy, Penruddock," says

he, with a mocking smile, "and so proclaim myself a coward, as he called me? Impossible! Why. he struck me across the face with his open hand—here!" He raises his hand to the cheek that still bears the mark of the blow. but has paled as the remembrance

of the deadly insult returns to him. His eyes blaze with wrath. Involuntarily he clinches his hand. To the girl watching him there seems indeed but small hope of mercy. She draws nearer, and by a sudden impulse lays her hand upon his. "At least, do not kill him," she

says, despair in her tone, an awful look in her great gleaming eyes. Do not murder him! He is young. and youth is precious. You will have mercy on him, will you not?" Overcome by fear, and utterly un-

with imploring look and gesture. There is a childish grief and anxiety in her lovely face that touches the world-worn and almost ntterly cal-

lous heart of the man before her. "How you must love him," the man says bitterly, almost scornfully, "to bring yourself to at you—you, have done to-night! That you—you, where no woman could be seen without injury to herself, convinces me of- But no!" He interrupts himself and his voice grows suddenly tender. "I will take care that no evil shall be spoken of you; you need not be afraid of that"

He stoops and raises her gently from the ground. "You will promise me." she en-

treats in a whisper, "to spare him? I know how skillful you are—what an easy matter it would be to you to place a bullet in his heart. But you will spare him? And who can say but this one deed of mercy may save your soul at last?'

"My soul?" says he, with a haunting laugh. "And supposing that at your earnest instigation I do consent to spare your lover-what then, I

"I have no lover," says the girl, simply. "I never shall have one. You should know that-you, who told me in plain language not an hour since of my lowly birth and breeding." Pardon me," says he, lowering his eyes, shame covering his brow

with crimson. "If I could recall that last hour I would. I lied when I spoke of disgrace." "You do not deceive me now-you tell me the truth?" asks she, with agitation. "Yet you said that you

knew of my birth-that I was baseborn. "This is no time for such discus sion," says he, evasively; "but if ever you want a witness to prove your

birth, send for me. And now, am I forgiven my offense?" "I have forgotten everything," says she, eagerly. "only this, that I want your promise. Swear to me Dick Penruddock's death will not lie at your door?"

"And if I give this promise-if I tell you I shall fire over his head instead of straight into the center of his heart, what shall be my reward?" "Name it," says she, thoughtlessly.

"It is a simple request. I ask but one kiss, and my oath shall be given." She starts and shrinks from him

perceptibly. "You are no man to ask me that!" she says, white to the lips again, and with her small hands tightly

clinched. "Yet that is my bargain—the only one I will make!" returns he dog-

gedly. Within her breast fierce battle reigns. All a woman's innate modesty fights with love's self-sacrifice. The struggle is severe, but lasts not

very long. Love conquers.
"For his sake!" she murmurs, brokenly. And then she goes up to Saumarez,

and stands before him, her face like marble. "You shall have your reward!" she

says faintly.

He lays both his hands upon her shoulders and regards her earnestly.

Then he pushes her somewhat roughly from him, and laughs aloud -a very unpleasant laugh, and one by no means good to hear.

"Look here," he says; "I can be generous, too! Keep your ki keep" (bitterly) "your lips unsullied for him! And keep my promise, too; I give it freely, without reward, just for love of you! Perhaps in the future you will confess that I loved you at least as well as he does, or any man could! Do I not prove it? For your sake—to please you—I spare the life of the only man I envy, and when I could shoot him as easily as I could a dog!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Origin of Coal. A curious theory regarding the origin of coal has just been announced. Rock oil or petroleum is Wilson's own district. Thus, wherever generally supposed to have resulted from the exposure of coal to the internal heat of the globe; in fact, to have been produced by nature's process of distillation. The hypothesis just started involves a converse proposition-viz., that coal itself arises from the condensation of petroleum which first comes from the action of heat on plants. The pitch lake of Trinidad is referred to in support of this idea. Trees grow on the hardened pitch of this lake within a short distance of other pitch in a state of ebullition, and one can readily conceive of the hardened pitch in some cases being softby an eruption of the boiling ened pitch, and of trees growing on it being thus engulfed. The theory is ingenious, but it does not explain all the facts, and is entirely irreconcilable with some of them. For example, it could not possibly explain the origin of coal-beds containing all the constituents of petroleum, and it would not account for the presence of large accumulations of pure car-

A Certain Symptom. Mamma-Why don't you go and do the errana I told you to? Freddie-I want to sit here and

see the company that's coming to Mrs. Smith's. "How do you know there is any coming?" "I saw Robbie wash his hands."-

Chicago Inter Ocean. Relief for Mothers.

Little Boy-What's the use of so many queer letters in words? Look at that "c" in "indicted."

Little Girl-I guess those is just put in so mothers can get an excuse to send their childrens to school and less than the amount paid as interest on the public debt. Thus, as the In tense degree says Dick, who nerved, she sinks at his feet and have a little peace.

gazes up at him, speechless, but still GRAND OLD PARTY.

BRITISH REJOICING OVER THE NEW TARIFF.

The Downfall of Reciprocity Pleases Them Immensely—Our Farmers Taxed by Canada-Mr. Wilson Took Care of His Own District.

The New Tariff Helps Them.

The comments of the British papers on the new American tariff and its effect upon British interests show that they are far from being displeased with Democratic "tariff reform." From Wales comes the statement

that "the reduction in the tin-plate auty has led to a marked revival of prosperity at the tin-plate works" over there. Many of the mills which were closed have been reopened and largely augmented. In a recent issue the Birmingham Post says that "British manufacturers are looking for a large and immediate increase in American imports of English woolens," that "the impulse given to the woolen and other textile branches by the new tariff may be expected to act beneficially upon other branches of English trade by furnishing increased employment to the factory hands and augmenting the profits of their employers." The Sheffield Telegraph is immensely pleased over the abrogation of the reciprocity treaties by the new tariff law. It regards the action of Spain in restoring heavy duties on American products as "a good omen that other partles to this class of treaties may promptly take the initiative in tearing them up. This ought to be specially advantageous to Shef-The Telegraph thinks that the indirect benefits of "the closure of McKinleyism" may be even more pronounced than from "the enlargement of trade with the United States." French and other continental papers are also elated over the better American market for European products and the destruction of the reciprocity arrangements, which will enable our foreign competitors to regain what they have lost on account of these

Yet the doctrinaires in this country have contended and still contend that the McKinley law was a curse to the United States and a boon to foreign producers, says the Cincinnati Times-Star. They make this assertion in face of the conspicuous fact that foreigners considered themselves badly handicapped by the McKinley law, not only so far as the American trade was concerned, but also in the trade of Spanish-American countries those which entered into reciprocal commercial relations with the United States provided for by the reciprocity section of the McKinley law. Speaking of the claim that the old tariff was a good thing for Europe and a bad thing for America, ex-President Harrison in one of his car-platform speeches pointedly asked:

"If, as they pretend, the old tariff was to the advantage of England, France and Germany and a disadvantage to us, in the name of common sense, how does it come that these nations are not able to bear with more equanimity a policy that injures us and helps them?"

The doctrinaires are in a maze of absurd befuddlement on this subject that only illustrates their incompetency to deal with the ordinary, practical questions within the province of statesmanship. Free Trade for the Other Fellow.

Attention has been called to a para-

graph in the tariff law, as Mr. Wilson approved it in the house, which is generally overlooked and which increases the duty on cut nails from 18.6 per cent, on an ad valorem basis, as it stood under the McKinley act, to 25 per cent. This is an amazing performance, in a bill aiming to reduce duties and making its heaviest cuts in the metal schedule. The explanation is that the manufacture of cut nails is one of the principal industries in the city of Wheeling, and that Wheeling is the principal center in Mr. you touch one of these Democratic reformers," you find that his views of a tariff are, indeed "for evenue only," but the revenue must accrue to They hoot at Gorman and him. Brice for helping the sugar trust. But how are these worse than Murphy, who must have collars and cuffs looked after? Or, than Wilson himself, the apostle and paragon of reform, who preaches pure doctrine and is as rapacious a grabber as any of them when it comes to a matter affeeting his own district? Many humbugs have found the Democratic party a congenial home: but Mr. Wilson deserves to stand pretty close to the head of the list.—St. Paul Pioneer

The Farmer Is Not to Be Caught. "There, that is the cheapest suit of clothes you ever bought," said a merchant to a farmer. "Oh, no, it isn't," replied the farmer; "this suit costs me twenty bushels of wheat. I have never paid over fifteen bushels of wheat for a suit before." The Democratic "cheap" dodge is evidently not fooling that farmer very extensively. -Kansas City Journal.

Question and Answer. What did the Democracy promise o do?

Make everybody's ship come in. What has it done? Scuttled everybody's ship. Gn purpose? No; by stupidity.

The Soldier's Interest Money. Since the beginning of the civil war the total pensions paid to soldiers have amounted to \$1,727,000,000. This is a large sum, but it is \$800,000,000

Rochester Post Express puts it, "The men who loaned themselves to the government get less than those who merely loaned their money, and the latter get their money again." Of the two kinds of service, that which the soldier gave was far the greater. Let there be no more complaints about the cost of soldiers' pensions. They are essentially unpatriotic. — American Cultivator.

Our Farmers Taxed by Canada.

When the Republican administration under President Harrison made overtures to Canada to join in reciprocal trade relations under the reciprocity provisions of the McKinley law, the proposition was met by a cold re-buff. The Canadians felt that they had the best of it in the laws already existing. The Canadian farmer was protected even above his neighbor on this side the line and they proposed to have it remain so. Canada believes in protection, and believes that no protection is worthy the name that loes not protect the tiller of the soilthe basis of all wealth and prosperity on the American continent. The Democratic free trade policy gives no recognition of this fact, however.

The farmer of the United States is told that what he most needs is access to the "markets of the world," and that the only way to get to them is over the prostrate industries of our own country. Canada gets its benefits of this policy with the rest of the world, but still keeps up its bars against the farmer on this side. Its lawmakers know how to take care of their own and they are doing it.

Make note of the way in which the farmer of the United States is taxed for such of his products as he may want to sell over there. If he sells eggs to the Canadian he must do so despite a Canadian tariff of 5 cents a dozen. He must calculate on 4 cents a pound for butter; 11 cents a pound on live hegs and 2 cents on pork and beef; 3 cents on cheese; 10 cents a bushel on buckwheat, rye, oats and peas; 15 cents a bushel on wheat, beans and potatoes; 40 cents a barrel for corn meal and 7½ cents a bushel on

These are some of the more notable evidences of the way the Canadian farmer is protected by his own government while the Democratic congress is opening the doors for the admission of Canadian products to the United States in competition with our own producers. Every farmer should know it.—Kansas City Journal.

Cne or the Other.

The Birmingham Age-Herald insists that the new tariff "affords ample revenue to meet the expenses of the government economically administered." The official statement is that from September 1 to October 18 the deficit amounted to \$18,975,199, or at the rate of \$403,727 a day. If the revenue is ample, then there is only one way to account for this deficit, and that is the government is not being economically administered. The Age-Herald can draw us into no argument on that point.

Advice for Cotton Planters.

We propose to give without charge to our readers the following recipe to make money on cotton, and we will guarantee that if all follow the advice they will come out first best next year, viz.: Buy cotton futures now for next year to twice the number of bales you raised this year, and then plant your whole crop in corn, peas, sorghum cane, goobers, hogs, beeves, cows, sheep, etc., and only enough cotton to keep seed for the next year. Try it!-Eutaw, Ala., Mirror.

A Reason With Hair on It. The report of the labor commissioner of Ohio show that 2,394 representative manufacturing industries, located in forty-six cities of the state, which paid out in wages in 1892 \$50,838,383, paid in 1893 only \$43,903,857, a decrease of \$6,933,516. Yet Chairman Wilson says tariff reform has only begun.

The Subject of His Anxiety.

Two years ago the workingman was greatly wrought up because he was made to believe he was paying two or three cents too much for his dinner pail. For the past year and a half he has not been concerned about the cost of his pail; his time has been fully occupied in trying to find something to put in it.

A Tariff Speech.

Lean Jimmie Jones of Tennessee: My friend, this tariff question is really not the intricate matter it has been represented; in fact, it is as simple as the alphabet. Now, what would I do in regard to the tariff? Why, simply, this: If the tariff is too high I'd lower it, but if it was too low I'd hist it.

'Tis a Maxim All Should Heed. You will never miss the water till the well runs dry."

Is a song they used to sing us in the days gone by: But the striking way to put it at the present

day.

Is 'you'll never miss your wages till you vote Five-Cent Cotton.

Cotton is down to five cents a pound

on the Southern plantations, and is steadily declining in price. How do the Southern cotton planters like the results of the Cleveland administration and of the Democratic massacre of American industries.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Brilliant Success. Is the present national administra-

tion a success? Yes. In what way? In piling up debts, public and pri-

Outing Dangers.

vate.

Mrs. Baxter, on an outing-Oh. Isaac! Isaac! Come quick! Leetle Yacob has fallen into der riffer. Mrs. Baxter—Oh, mine goodness chracious! Mit dot tre-toller suit on!

FOR TIRED MOTHE

larsaparilla has & for me. I have to three bottles and a medicine has made great change. I w

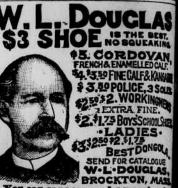
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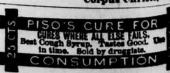
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