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But he had not rightfully calculated she asked at length. the extent of his father's hatred. He made himself the evil genius of his disobedient son; and, in consequence, nothing Hubert touched prospered. Mr. Trevlyn destroyed the confidence of

CHAPTER II .- (CONTINUED).

his friends in him; he circulated scandalous reports of his wife; he made the public-to look with suspicious eyes upon the unfortunate pair, and took the honestly earned bread out of their very mouths. From bad to worse it went on, until, broken in health and spirits, Hubert made an appeal to his girl now, with great, preternaturally father. It was a cold, wet night, and he begged for a little food for his wife and child. They were literally starving! Begged of his own father, and was refused with curses. Not only refused, Grandma Rugg was very harsh and but kicked like a dog from the door of his childhood's home! There was a fearful storm that night, and Hubert did not come back. All night his young wife sat waiting for him, hushing the feeble cries of the weary infant upon her breast. With the dawn, she muffled herself and child in a shawl and went torth to seek him. Half way from her wretched home to the palatial mansion of Mr. Trevlyn she found her husband, stone dead, and shrouded in the snow the tender, pitiful snow, that covered him and his wretchedness

from sight.

After that, people who knew Mr.

Trevish said that he grew more fretful and disagreeable. His hair was bleached white as the snow, his hands shook, and his erect frame was bowed and bent like that of a very aged man. His wife, Hubert's mother, pined away to a mere shadow, and before the lapse of a year she was a hopeless idiot.

Helen Trevlyn took up the burden of her life, refusing to despair because of her child. It was a very hard struggle for her, and she lived on, until, as we have seen, when Archer was nine years of age, she died.

When all this was known to Archer Trevlyn he was almost beside himself with passion. If he had possessed the power, he would have wiped the Trevlyn race out of existence. He shut himself up in his desolate garret with the tell-tale letters and papers which had belonged to his mother and there, all alone, he took a fearful oath of vengeance. The wrongs of his parents should yet be visited upon the head of the man who had been so cruelly unpitying. He did not know what form his revenge might take, but, so sure as he lived, it should fall some

CHAPTER III.

IVE years passed. Archer was fourteen years of age. street sweeping business some time before, at the com-

der waiter. It was not the best school in the world for good morals. The people who frequented the Garden Rooms, as they were called, were mostly of a low class. and all the interests and associations surrounding Arch were bad. But per-haps he was not one to be influenced very largely by his surroundings. So the Garden Rooms, if they did not make him better, did not make him

In all these years he had kept the memory of Margie Harrison fresh and green, though he had not seen her since the day his mother died. The rememde of her beauty and purity kept oftentimes from sin; and when he felt tempted to give utterance to oaths. soft eyes seemed to come between

One day he was going across the street to make change for a customer, heh a stylish carriage came dashing attent. The horses sured Arch and knocked him down. The driver drew in the horses with an im-

Arch picked himself up, and stood recovering his cattered senses, leaning against a lamppost.

Served ye right!" said the coachman roughly. "You'd no business to be running pefront of folkses' carriages."
"Stop!" said a clear voice inside the

coach. "What has occurred, Peter?"
"Only a ragged boy knocked down; but he's up again all right. Shall I drive on? You will be late to the con-

"I shall survive it, if I am," said the ice. "Get down and open the door.

must see if the child is hurt." "It's no child, miss; it is a boy older

than yourself," said the man, surlily obeying the command.

Margie Harrison descended to the payement. From the sweet voice, Arch

and almost expected to see her. A flush of grateful admiration lit up his face. camed upon him like a star from spths of the clouds. "Are you hurt?" she asked kindly.

"If was very careless of Peter to let the carriage strike you. Allow us to take you home."

"Thank you," he said. "I am close

to where I work, and I am not hurt. It to only a triffing bruise."

Something familiar about him seemed to strike her; she looked at him with a strangely pursied face, but he gave her so light.

"Is there nothing we can do for you?"

A great presumption almost took his breath away. He gave it voice on the moment, afraid if he waited he should

lose the courage. "If you will give me the cluster of bluebells in your belt-"

She looked surprised, hesitated a moment, then laid them in his hand. He bowed, and was lost in the crowd.

That night when he got home he found Mat worse. She had been failing for a long time. She was a large bright eyes, and a spot of crimson in each hollow cheek.

It was more than three months since she had been able to do anything, and severe with her in consequence. There were black and blue places on her shoulders now where she had been beaten, but Arch did not know it. Mat never spoke to him about her sufferings, because it distressed him so, and made him very angry with the old

He went in and sat down on the straw beside Mat, and before he knew it he was telling her about Margie Harrison. He always brought all his joys and sorrows to Mat now, just as he used to carry them to his mother.

The girl listened intently, the spots on her face growing deeper and wider. She looked at the bluebells wistfully, but would not touch them. Arch offered her a spray. She shook her head

"No," she said, "they are not for me, Keep them, Arch. Some time, I think, you will be rich and happy, and have all the flowers and beautiful things you wish."

"If I ever am, Mat, you shall be my queen, and dress in gold and silver,' answered the boy warmly, "and never do any more heavy work to make your hands hard."

"You are very good, Arch," she said. "I thank you, but I shall not be there, you know. I think I am going awaygoing where I shall see my mother, and your mother, too, Arch, and where all the world will be full of flowers! Then I shall think of you, Arch, and wish I could send you some.'

"Mat, dear Mat! don't talk so strangely!" said the boy, clasping her hot hands in his. "You must not think of going away! What should I do without

She smiled, and touched her lips to his hand, which had stolen under her

head, and lay so near her cheek. "You would forget me, Arch. I mean after a time, and I should want you to. But I love you better than anything else in all the world. And it is better that I should die. A great deal better! Last He had left the night I dreamed it was. Your mother came and told me so. Do you know how jealous I have been of that Margie Harrison? I have watched you closely. I mand of Grandma have seen you kiss a dead rose that I Rugg, and entered knew she gave you. And I longed to see ere sne lives, and seen her time and again come out to

third-class res- her so much, that I have waited around ride, with her beautiful dresses, and the white feather in her hat, and the wild roses on her cheeks. And my heart ached with such a hot, bitter pain. But it's all over now, Arch. I am not jealous now, I love her and you-both of you together. If I do go away, I want you to think kindly of me, and-and -good-night, Arch-dear Arch. I am so tired."

He gathered her head to his bosom, and kissed her lips.

Poor little Mat! In the morning, when Arch came down, she had indeed gone away-drifted out with the tide and with the silent night.

After Mat's death the home at Grandma Rugg's became insupportable to Arch. He could not remain there. The old woman was crosser than ever, and though he gave her every penny of his carnings, she was not satisfied.

So Arch took lodgings in another part of the city, quite as poor a place, but there no one had the right to grumble at him. Still, because she was some relation to Mat, he gave Grandma Rugg full half of his money, but he never remained inside her doors longer than necessity demanded.

In his new lodgings he became acquainted with a middle-aged man who epresented himself as a retired army officer. His name was John Sharp—s sleek, keen-eyed, smooth-tongued individual, who never boasted or blustered, but who gave people the idea that at some time he had been a person of consequence. This man attached himself particularly to Arch Trevlyn. With insidious cunning he wormed himself into the boy's confidence, and gained, to a certain degree, his friendship. Arch did not trust him entirely, though. There was something about him from which he shrank—the touch of his white, jeweled hand, made his feeh creep, like the touch of a ser-

But Mr. Sharp had an object to gain, and set himself resolutely to work to carry his point. He made himself nec-essary to Arch. He bought him books, and taught him in the evenings, when neither were engaged otherwise. He had been well educated, and in Arch he had an apt scholar. Every spare moment of the boy's life was absorbed in

his books. By and by Sharp learned the whole history of th wrongs inflicted on Arch's parents by old Mr. Trevlyn. He snapped at the story as a dog snaps at a bone.

it was a long time before he showed himself to Arch in his true character. And then, when he did, the revelation had been made so much by degrees, that the boy was hardly shocked to find that his friend was a housebreaker and a highway robber.

Long before he had formed a plan to rob the house of Mr. Trevlyn. It was a field that promised well. Mr. Trevlyn, with the idiosyncrasy of age, had invested most of his fortune in diamonds, and these he kept in a chamber in his house. His chief delight consisted in gloating over these precious stones. Night after night he would sit handling his diamonds, chuckling over his wealth, and threatening imaginary plunderers with destruction.

So, his servants said, and Sharp repeated the story to Arch with sundry variations and alterations suited to the case. He had a persuasive tongue, and it is little wonder that the boy, hating his grandfather as he did, and resolved as he was upon revenging his father's wrongs, should fall into the snare. He wanted Mr. Trevlyn to suffer-he did not care how. If the loss of his diamonds would be to him a severer blow than any other, then let it fall.

Sharp used many specious arguments to induce Arch to become his accomplice in robbing the Trevlyn mansion, but the only one which had any weight was that he could thus revenge his father's wrongs.

"Only assist me, and secure your revenge," said the wily schemer, "and I will share the spoils with you. There will be enough to enrich us both for

Arch drew himself up proudly, a fiery red on his cheek, a dangerous gleam in his dark eye.

"I am no thief, sir! I'd scorn to take a cent from that old man to use for my benefit! I would not touch his diamonds if they lay here at my feet. But if I can make him suffer anything like as my poor father suffered through him, then I am ready to turn robber-yes, pickpocket, if you will!" he added sav-

Sharp appointed the night. His plans were craftily laid. Mr. Trevlyn he had ascertained would be absent on Thursday night; he had taken a little journey into the country for his health, and only the servants and his ward would sleep in the house,

Thursday night was dark and rainy. At midnight Sharp and Arch stood before the house they were to plunder. No thought of shame nor sin entered Archer Trevlyn's heart; he did not seem to think he was about to disgrace himself for life; he thought only of Mr. Trevlyn's dismay when he should return and find the bulk of his riches swept away from him at one blow.

"He took all my father had," he said, under his breath; "he would have sullied the fair fame of my mother, and if I could take from him everything but life, I would do it."

Sharp, with a dexterous skill, removed the fastenings of a shutter, and then the window yielded readily to his touch. He stepped inside; Arch followed. All was quiet, save the heavy ticking of the old clock on the hall stairs. Up the thickly carpeted stairway, along the corridor they passed, and Sharp stopped before a closed door

"We must pass through one room before reaching that where the safe is which contains the treasure," he said, in a whisper. "It is possible that there may be some one sleeping in that room. If so, leave them to me, that is all."

(TO BE CONTINUED.) AFTER HER GOLDEN LOCKS.

Miss Martha Panzeram Has a Narrow Escape from a Razor.

A razor, a young lady and a covetous man were the cause of a lot of excitement at the Washington house last night about 7:30 o'clock, says the Nebraska State Journal. The young lady was Miss Martha Panzeram. She was in the kitchen attending to some domestic duties, when she heard a rap on the door. She opened it and a man asked her for a drink of water. She turned to get it for him. The minute her back was turned he made a spring and grabbed her by her hair, which she usually wore braided down her back. He made one swift stroke with a razor, but as she turned partly around he only succeeded in cutting off a few locks. She screamed and the man ran out of the door. As he ran another man, who had evidently been watching the rear of the building, joined him and together

they made their escape. A report was sent to the station at once and Sergt. Nash was detailed to look up the man. He got as good a description as was obtainable from a boy who saw the men from a stable back of the hotel and from the young lady. He arrested a young fellow who gave his name as William McCarthy. He had a razor in his clothing, but nothing else to show that he may have been the man who was after Miss Panzeram's golden locks. The boy partly identified McCarthy as the as-

Miss Panzeram has a beautiful head of hair remaining. It is golden brown in color and reaches to her waist. The locks which were severed were found outside the door, where they were dropped by the man.

The perpetrator of the deed. caught, will have to answer to the charge of making an assault with intent to disfigure. The penalty is imprisonment for one year in the peniten-

Treasury officials expect an immense importation of sugar during the next four months, which will add largely to the income of the government. present stock of raw sugar is the smallest this country has had for years.

BRITISH THEORIES NOT SUS-TAINED BY CONDITIONS.

If England is the Wealthlest Nation on the Globe Free Trade Has Not Made It So-James Gordon Bennett Corn-



Paradoxical as it may seem to those imbued with the false mercantile theory, there can be no real prosperity in any nation's foreign commerce except in years when the imports exceed in value or productiveness the axports -! e., when there is an "adverse balance of trade" (so called) .- New York

Of course this is one of James Gordon Bennett's attacks upon American labor and industries. No other newspaper on earth would publish any such stuff, much less refer to England, "now the wealthiest nation on the globe," in corroboration of the "undisputed fact."

In the first place England is not "the wealthiest nation on the globe." According to Mulhall, "the United States occupies the first place" with £12,824,-000,000 of wealth against only £9,400 .-000,000 for the United Kingdom. But Bennett, perhaps, knows more than Mulhall. He should give to the world a new dictionary of statistics. Then we could "make the country ring with them."

If Bennett started any such trade

China, Stone, and Earthenware made in

But he was cautious and patient, and FREE-TRADE IDEAS, amusing. But don't tell us how rich 'paradoxical as it may seem." En-

> There are thousands who insist that the tariff question has been permanently settled; that the Wilson bill will be permitted to stand; but the Republican party has never consented to the settlement of any great question until it has been settled right. The Republican party will never consent to the settlement of the tariff question until every American factory is reopened; until every American water wheel is once more turning; until every American spindle is again set to singing the song of American prosperity; until every American man can find re-employment at a decent wage; until every American market product can be sold in the American market for a decent price; until every American home is once more filled with the comforts of life; until every fire is relighted on the blackened hearthstones of our people; until every American woman is once more decently clad; until the tears of hunger are wiped from the eyes of every American child; until the old tin dinner pail is taken down from the shelf and proudly borne daily to labor by every American workingman, in whose sturdy hand it remains the badge of America's truest nobility .-Hon, John M. Thurston, U. S. S., of Nebraska.

> > How North Carolina Feels.

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and Marketed

in the

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the British trader is getting when he imports more than he exports. At least don't do it when he is rejoicing because his trade is exactly the opposite. Wait a little, till he has got over his early enthusiasm and has stopped saying that "the entire burden" of his lighter imports, "falls upon the United States." England is not cackling and crowing because she is losing "the golden eggs" of trade. Not much, gland is wise. And Bennett's paperwell, otherwise.

Senator Thurston for America.

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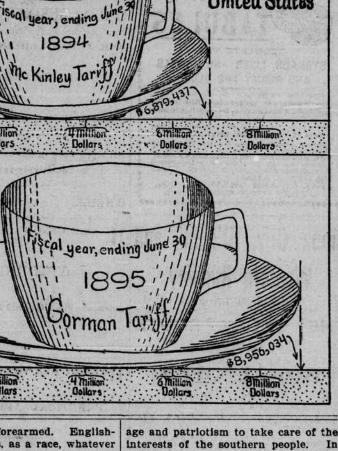
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in time. Solid by druggists. CONSUMPTION



Forewarned is forearmed. Englishmen are not fools, as a race, whatever else they may be. But they made a fool of Wilson, just as surely as Paris is progressing in the same direction with Bennett.

2 Million Dollars

If an excess of imports makes a country wealthy, why is it that British papers, especially the London Economist, are congratulating the English people because last January's exports from the United Kingdom were 16 per cent larger than in January, 1895? Why is that, in speaking of a decrease in their imports of raw cotton, they say that "the entire burden fell upon the United States?" If Bennou's theory was the correct one-that "the import is really the goose that lays the golden eggs. some of "the golden eggs." But England pities us, the exporter, saying that "the entire burden fell upon the United States." Why? Because we sold less.

Again, the British papers refer to the excellent increase of £10,345,000 in their exports to all countries during 1895, showing that £9,199,000 of the amount was due to the low democratic tariff that we now have in the United States. Over 90 per cent of their enlarged shipments were made to this country, and they are glad of it. They are not clamoring for more imports. When they decline "the entire burden" falls upon the United States. They don't transact business on theory, but on hard pan, bedrock, pounds, shillings and pence basis. Were it otherwise, the English papers would not say that the United Kingdom has "at last entered upon a period of fresh activity in trade," and that "the entire burden" of its smaller imports falls upon the United States.

Bennett should open a school for economics. We doubt, though, whether it would be as successful as his school for scandal. He is anxious to teach the theories of economics, and says "there this exceedingly important matter."

my judgment we should nominate that man whose name is identified with the prosperous times of the past and, as a consequence, has become a household word and a synonym for prosperity throughout the length and breadth of this land. I refer to the Hon, William McKinley of Ohio. With such a platform and with Governor McKinley as our standard bearer, North Carolina, Tennessee. Virgina and perhaps other states are sure to give their electoral votes to the republican party. The opportunity of effectually breaking up the solid south is now presented to the republican party of this nation. Therein lies the hope of the south.-Hon. Peter then England is to be pitied for losing C. Pritchard, U. S. S., of North Carolina.

> Then and Now. Cloak manufacturers state that the McKinley bill has not hurt them a bit.

-N. Y. Herald, September 26, 1892. But they speak differently about the Wilson-Gorman compound.

When the vessels now being built are completed the United States will should be a campaign of education on have a navy of forty-five vessels, rangthis exceedingly important matter." ing in size from 11,300 tons to 120 tons. Go ahead with the "campaign." It is displacement.