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The sound of his feet upon the causeway began the business of the day; for the village was still sound asleep. The church tower looked very airy in the sunlight; a few birds that turned about it seemed to swim in an atmosphere of more than usual rarity; and the Doctor, walking in long transparent

CHAPTER II .- (CONTINUED.)

proclaimed himself well contented with the morning. On one of the posts before Tentaillon's carriage entry he espied a little dark figure perched in a meditative

attitude and immediately recognized

shadows, filled his lungs amply, and

Jean-Marie. "Aha!" he said, stopping before him. humorously, with a hand on either knee. "So we rise early in the morning do we? It appears to me that we have all the vices of a philosopher." The boy got to his feet and made a

grave salutation. "And how is our patient?" asked

Desprez. It appeared the patient was about the

"And why do you rise early in the

morning?" he pursued. Jean-Marie, after a long silence, pro-

feased that he hardly knew. "You hardly know?" repeated Desprez. "We hardly know anything, my man, until we try to learn. Interrogate your conscience. Come, push me

this inquiry home. Do you like it?" "Yes," said the boy, slowly; "yes, I "And why do you like it?" continued

the Doctor. "(We are now pursuing the Socratic method.) Why do you like it?" "It is quiet," answered Jean-Marie; "and I have nothing to do; and then I feel as if I were good."

Doctor Desprez took a seat on the post at the opposite side. He was beginning to take an interest in the talk, for the boy plainly thought before he spoke, and tried to answer truly. "It appears you have a taste for feeling good," said the Doctor. "Now, there you puzzle me extremely; for I thought you said you were a thief; and the two are incompatible."

"Is it very bad to steal?" asked Jean-Marie.

"Such is the general opinion, little boy," replied the Doctor.

'No; but I mean as I stole," exclaimed the other, "For I had no choice. I think it is surely right to have bread; it must be right to have bread, there comes so plain a want of it. And then they beat me cruelly if I returned with nothing," he added. " was not ignorant of right and wrong; for before that I had been well taught by a priest, who was very kind to me." (The Doctor made a horrible grimace at the word "priest.") "But it seemed to me, when one had nothing to eat and was beaten, it was a different affair. I would not have stolen for tartlets, I believe; but any one would steal for baker's bread."

"And so I suppose," said the Doctor. with a rising sneer, "you prayed God to forgive you, and explained the case to Him at length."

"Why, sir?" asked Jean-Marie. "I do not see."

"Your priest would see, however," retorted Desprez.

"Would he?" asked the boy, troubled for the first time, "I should have thought God would have known."

"Eh?" snarled the Doctor. "I should have thought God would have understood me," replied the "You do not, I see; but then it other. was God that made me think so, was

"Little boy, little boy," said Doctor Desprez, "I told you already you had the vices of philosophy; if you display the virtues also, I must go. I am a student of the blessed laws of health, an observer of plain and temperate nature in her common walks; and I cannot preserve my equanimity in presence of a monster. Do you understand?"

"No, sir," said the boy.

"I will make my meaning clear to you," replied the Doctor. "Look here at the sky-behind the belfry first, where it is so light, and then up and up; turning your chin back, right to the top of the dome, where it is already as blue as at noon. Is not that a beautiful color? Does it not please the heart? We have seen it all our lives, until it has grown in with our familiar thoughts. Now," changing his tone, "suppose that sky to become suddenly of a live and flery amber, like the color of clear coals, and growing scarlet toward the top-I do not say it would be any the less beautiful; but would you like it as well?"

"I suppose not," answered Jean-Marie.

"Neither do I like you," returned the Doctor, roughly. "I hate all odd people, and you are the most curious little boy in all the world."

Jean-Marie seemed to ponder for a while, and then he raised his head again and looked over at the Doctor with an sir of candid inquiry. "But not you a very curious gentle-"an?" he asked.

he Doctor threw away his stick. courded on the boy, clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him on both

"Admirable, admirable imp!" he cried. "What a morning, what an hour for a theorist of forty-two! No," he continued, apostrophizing heaven, "I

was ignorant they made them so; had doubted of my race; and now! It is like," he added, picking up his stick, "like a lovers' meeting. I have bruised my favorite staff in that moment of enthusiasm. The injury, however, is not grave." He caught the boy looking at him in obvious wonder. embarrassment, and alarm. "Hello!" that? Egad, I believe the boy despises me. Do you despise me, boy?"

"O, no," replied Jean-Marie, seriously; "only I do not understand."

"You must excuse me, sir," returned the Doctor, with gravity; "I am still so young. O, hang him!" he added to himself. And he took his seat again and observed the boy sardonically. "He has spoiled the quiet of my morning," thought he. "I shall be nervous all day, and have a febricule when I digest. Let me compose myself." And so he dismissed his preoccupations by that poison for to-day; only one day, an effort of the will which he had long and you will feel the benefit, I pledge practiced, and let his soul roam abroad in the contemplation of the morning. He inhaled the air, tasting it critically as a connoisseur tastes a vintage, and prolonging the expiration with hygienic gusto. He counted the little flecks of cloud along the sky. He followed the movements of the birds round the church tower-making long sweeps, hanging poised, or turning airy somersaults in fancy, and beating the this way he regained peace of mind and animal composure, conscious of his limbs, conscious of the sight of his eyes, conscious that the air had a cool are the last word of human imperfectaste, like a fruit, at the top of his throat, and at last, in complete abstraction, he began to sing. The Doctor had but one air-"Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre;" even with that he was on terms of mere politeness; and his musical exploits were always reserved for moments when he was alone and entirely happy.

He was recalled to earth rudely by a pained expression on the boy's face. 'What do you think of my singing?" he inquired, stopping in the middle of a note; and then, after he had waited some little while and received no answer, "What do you think of my singing?" he repeated, imperiously.

"I do not like it," faltered Jean-Marie.

"Oh, come!" cried the Doctor. "Possibly you are a performer yourself?" "I sing better than that," replied the

The Doctor eyed him for some seconds in stupefaction. He was aware that he was angry, and blushed for himself in consequence, which made him angrier. "If this is how you address your master!" he said at last, with a shrug and a flourish of his arms.

"I do not speak to him at all," returned the boy. "I do not like him." "Then you like me?" snapped Doctor

Desprez, with unusual eagerness. "I do not know," answered Jean-

a good-morning," he said. "You are too much for me. Perhaps you have blood in your veins, perhaps celestial nize the philosopher who has the ecichor, or, perhaps you circulate nothing more gross than respirable air; have been reckoning all this while but of one thing I am inexpugnably assured:-that you are no human being. No, boy"-shaking his stick at him-"you are not a human being. Write, write it in your memory-'I am not a human being-I have no pretension to be a human being-I am a calls me father." dive, a dream, an angel, an acrostic, an illusion-what you please, but not a human being.' And so accept my humble salutations and farewell!'

And with that the Doctor made off along the street in some emotion; and the boy stood, mentally gaping, where he left him.

CHAPTER III. ADAME DESPREZ who answered to the Christian name of Anastasie, presented an agreeable type of her sex: exceedingly wholesome to look upon, a stout brune, with cool, smooth cheeks. steady, dark eyes, and hands that

neither art nor nature could improve. She was the sort of person over whom adversity passes like a summer cloud: she might, in the worst of conjunctures, knit her brows into one vertical furrow for a moment, but the next it would be gone. She had much of the placidity of a contented nun; with little of her piety, however; for Anastasie was of a very mundane nature, fond of oysters and old wine, and somewhat bold pleasantries, and devoted to her husband for her own sake rather than for his. She was imperturbably good-natured, but had no idea of self-sacrifice. To live in that pleasant old house, with a green garden behind and bright flowers about the window, to eat and drink of the best, to gossip with a neighbor for a quarter of an hour, never to wear stays or a livery system all hollow."-Tid-Bits. dress except when she went to Fontainebleau shopping, to be kept in a continual supply of racy novels, and to be married to Doctor Desprez and have no ground of jealousy, filled the cup of her nature to the brim. Those who had known the Doctor in bachelor

theories, but of a different order, attributed his present philosophy to the study of Anastasie. It was her brute enjoyment that he rationalized and per-

haps vainly imitated. Madame Desprez was an artist in the kitchen, and made coffee to a nicety. She had a knack of tidiness, with which the had infected the Doctor; everycapable of polish shone gloriously; and dust was a thing banished from her empire. Aline, their single servant, had no other business in the world but to scour and burnish. So Doctor Desprez lived in his house like a fatted calf, warmed and cosseted to his heart's ortent.

The midday meal was excellent, There was a ripe melon, a fish from the river in a memorable Bearnaise sauce, a fat fowl in a fricassee, and a dish of asparague, followed by some fruit. The Doctor drank half a bottle plus one said he, "why do you look at me like glass, the wife half a bottle minus the same quantity, which was a marital privilege, of an excellent Cote-Rotie, seven years old. Then the coffee was brought, and a flask of Chartreuse for madame, for the Doctor despised and distrusted such decoctions; and then Aline left the wedded pair to the pleasures of memory and digestion.

"It is a very fortunate circumstance, my cherished one," observed the Doctor-"this coffee is adorable-a very fortunate circumstance upon the whole -Anastasie, I beseech you, go without my reputation."

"What is this fortunate circumstance, my friend?" inquired Anastasie, not heeding his protest, which was of daily recurrence.

"That we have no children, my beautiful," replied the Doctor. think of it more and more as the years go on, and with more and more gratitude toward the Power that dispenses such afflictions. Your health, my darwind with imaginary pinions. And in ling, my studious quiet, our little kitchen delicacies, how they would all have suffered, how they would all have been sacrificed! And for what? Children tion. Health flees before their face. They cry, my dear; they put vexatious questions; they demand to be fed, to be washed, to be educated, to have their noses blown; and then, when the time comes, they break our hearts, as I break this piece of sugar. A pair of professed egoists, like you and me, should avoid offspring, like an infidelity."

"Indeed!" said she; and she laughed. "Now, that is like you-to take credit for the thing you could not help." "My dear," returned the Doctor,

solemnly, "we might have adopted." "Never!" cried madame. "Never, Doctor, with my consent. If the child were my own flesh and blood. I would not say no. But to take another person's indiscretion on my shoulders, my dear friend, I have too much sense."

"Precisely," replied the Doctor. "We both had. And I am all the better pleased with our wisdom, because-because-" He looked at her sharply.

"Because what?" she asked, with a faint premonition of danger.

"Because I have found the right person," said the Doctor firmly, "and shall adopt him this afternoon." Anastasie looked at him out of a

mist. "You have lost your reason," she

said; and there was a clang in her voice that seemed to threaten trouble. "Not so, my dear," he replied; "I retain its complete exercise. To the proof: instead of attempting to cloak The Doctor rose. "I shall wish you | my inconsistency, I have, by way of preparing you, thrown it into strong relief. You will there, I think, recogstacy to call you wife. The fact is, I without an accident. I never thought to find a son of my own. Now, last night, I found one. Do not unnecessarily alarm fourself, my dear; he is not a drop of blood to me that I know. It is his mind, darling, his mind that

> "His mind!" she repeated, with a twitter between scorn and hysterics. "His mind, indeed! Henri is this an idiotic pleasantry, or are you mad? His mind! And what of my mind?"

'TO BE CONTINUED.

A Good System.

The young postmaster of a village was hard at work in his office when a gentle tap was heard upon the door and in stepped a blushing maiden of 16, with a money order which she wished cashed. She handed it, with a bashful smile, to the official, who, after closely examining it, gave her the money it called for. At the same time he asked her if she had read what was written on the margin of the order.

"No. I have not." she replied. "for I cannot make it out. Will you please read it for me?" The young postmaster read as fol-

lows: "I send you 10s. and a dozen kisses." Glancing at the bashful girl he said:

'Now, I have paid you the money and suppose you want the kisses?" "Yes," she said, "if he has sent me any kisses I want them, too."

It is hardly necessary to say that the balance of the order was promptly paid and in a scientific manner. On reaching, home the delighted

maiden remarked to her mother: "Mother, this postoffice system of ours is a great thing, developing more and more every year, and each new feature seems to be the best. Jimmy sent me a dozen kisses along with the money order, and the postmaster gave me twenty. It beats the special de-

Lets of News.

Mrs. Gadabout. What was the news at the sewing circle today, my dear?" Mrs. Onthego: "Mrs. Buddins has a new cook, and Mrs. Remnant has the States, filling the bonded warehouses, same one she got two days ago."and not know that such boys existed; I days, when he had aired quite as many | Philadelphia North American.

TO NOT COMPLAIN

ELCAUSE PROSPERITY HAS NOT BEGUN BEFORE POSSIBLE.

The Reasons Why Business Has Not Revived More Rapidly-Interesting Interview with Senttor Cullom on the Complaints About Business Conditions.

(Washington Correspondence.) Incredible as it may appear, there are apparently some people in the United States who are impressed with the cry which the Democrats are raising that the promised prosperity has not come." It seems difficult to understand why anybody could expect the business improvement promised by legislation to occur before the legislation is had, but they evidently do, judging from the reports reaching here.

Reports reaching here indicate a disposition on the part of some persons to join in the complaint which the Democrats are fostering by these meaningless and absurd statements.

"I can not think it true, however," said Senator Cullom of Illinois, talking on this subject, "that the people as a class have any such thought. It is to be expected of course that those who are opposed to the Republican party politically, especially those who are willing to make any sort of trouble for political effect, would put afloat and encourage suggestions of this sort. But I can not believe that the thinking people, who know that it is impossible to enact a tariff law in a single month, or even in two or three months, are making the complaint which the newspapers and politicians are charging them with."

"You do not think it reasonable, then, to expect prosperity and business activity until some legislation is had?'

"Not to any considerable degree. Of course the result of the election last fall showed to the country that the stability of our currency system is not to be destroyed. But the same vote which gave confidence to the business public as regards further destruction of our business conditions showed them that a restoration of the prosperity which existed under a protective tariff could not be accomplished without legislation."

"By the term legislation, you refer of course to the tariff bill."

"Yes. That is at least the first step in legislation promised, and the first step necessary to restore business activity.'

"The mere promise that such legislation is to be had you do not consider sufficient to start the factories, then?"

"No. On the contrary, in many cases, the knowledge that such legislation is to be had reduces the amount of work they are able to perform until the proposed law is actually upon the statute books. In not a few cases the effect will be felt still longer, for wherever an importer sees that rates of duty are likely to be increased on a given class of articles he is rushing those articles into the country in enormous quantities. The result is that the manufacturers are not only unable to determine what they can do in prices until they know what the new tariff law is to actually be when it is placed upon the statute books, but they also know that the country is being flooded with an unusual quantity of goods at the lower rates."

"The result, then, upon the manufacturer must be to reduce his business activity rather than increase it for the present? "Certainly. This has always been

the effect to a greater or less extent of tariff legislation. Everybody familiar with the history of our former tariff bills will remember that the mere fact that changes were about to be made in the tariff law was of itself sufficient to compel a temporary suspension of manufacturing, or at least to so disarrange prices and the possibility of making contracts that business was to a great extent suspended among that class of citizens. This is especially true when a tariff is to be changed from a lower to a higher rate, for not only is there uncertainty on the part of the manufacturer as to what his prices must be in the future, but there is a certainty in his mind that the country is being filled with cheap foreign goods s.t the old tariff rates which will be peddled out in competition with him for many months."

"It is a fact, then, is it, that very large quantities of foreign goods are now being brought in and are likely to continue to compete with our own manufacturers for many months yet?" "Certainly. Anybody who will take

the trouble to examine the customs collections now being made at New York and other ports will see that at a glance. From the day congress met and began consideration of the tariff bill the receipts from customs increased enormously, doubled, and sometimes trebled. This means that the quantity of dutiable goods being brought in now and for many weeks past is more than double the ordinary importations for the same length of time. In addition to this enormous quantities of goods now on the free list, but likely to be transferred to the dutiable list, are being brought in, but not indicated in the increase in customs receipts. So when you take these facts into consideration, any of us can with a moment's thought, that the manufacturers can not make contracts to go on with their manufacturing enterprises until they know what the new law is to be and that even when they do know this they will be hampered for many months by the enormous quantities of foreign goods which the importers of this country and the manufacturers and dealers abroad have forced into the United and causing the opening of new ones in every direction. The result is that

it will be months before manufactur- paid to employes of this description ers can resume the activity which existed under the McKinley law. Not only must they be able to fix definite rates after they know what the new law is to be, but they must wait for some proportion of the enormous flood to disappear. While it was expected would in time check these importations, it has not yet done so, because importers order their goods months ahead, and the act is only to apply to goods ordered after April 1.

"These are things," continued Senator Cullom, as he resumed his paper, "which the intelligent people of the country ought to understand-and they are intelligent; and if they will stop to think a moment of these facts, I am sure they will understand it."

G. H. WILLIAMS.

Question of Sugar Market.

Mr. Henry Wallace of Des Moines, Iowa, delivered an able and instructive address before a beet sugar convention at New Ulm last week. He puts the question to the farmers in this way: "Why grow 50 bushels of corn to the acre and sell it at 20 cents per bushel, when you can grow from 10 to 20 tons of sugar beets to the acre and sell it at from \$4 to \$5 per ton?"

Fifty bushels of corn at 20 cents aggregates \$10; ten tons of beets at \$4 the Republican silverites and Popuaggregates \$40-and twenty tons of beets at \$5 would bring \$100 per acre gross. If the possibilities of profit from beet culture are even as good as the lowest aggregate named, it would not take much to induce our northwestern farmers to turn from corn and wheat growing to sugar beet culture. All the inducement they would need would be the guarantee of a steady market about the tariff principle which they for the beets.

Could a steady market be insured if a large percentage of our farmers were to engage in beet culture? On this head Mr. Wallace presents some facts and figures that are very striking. He says there is practically unlimited market in this country for sugar. According to official statistics our people have consumed during the past three years an average of nearly 65 pounds of sugar per head. To supply this demand we have imported during the last four years an average of 1,672,613 tons of sugar, and to pay for this sugar requires about our total export of wheat and flour combined. "We pay," Mr. Wallace, "from \$76,000,000 to \$126.-000,000 a year for our imported sugar, while our exports of wheat and flour combined have been but about \$95,000,-000.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

False Figures to Bolster Free Trade.

A very careful and a thoroughly informed writer on finance has thrown down a gauntlet which Mr. Worthington C. Ford, chief of the bureau of statistics in the treasury department during President Cleveland's term of office, must pick up, or confess himself to be discredited. Mr. Ford has stated officially that the exports of American manufactures for the calendar year 1896 amounted to \$256,962,505, and thereupon the Democrats have asserted the Wilson tariff to be the most beneficial of measures, acting directly toward enlargement of our foreign trade, and, of course, creating a demand for home labor in the manufacture of the articles exported.

It may be said in passing that if the added to the price of the thing upon which duty is paid," be true, then the wages paid for the manufacture of articles of export must be lower than those paid for articles manufactured for home use. For such exports must compete with the "untaxed manufactures" of foreign countries.

But the gentleman who, under the signature of "Statistician," occupied nearly two columns of the Inter Ocean of Wednesday, waives all special pleas and boldly denies the accuracy of Mr. Ford's figures, and in great detail sets forth the name and value of every class of manufactured exports during 1896. and finds them to be not \$256,962,505. as officially set forth by Mr. Ford, but \$138,493,637.—Inter Ccan.

Tired of the Populist Combination.

The Topeka Democrat is a newspaper of unimpeachable Democratic regularity, which put its brains in its pocket and faithfully supported Bryan in the campaign of 1896. This is what it has to say about the matter now:

Fusion is dead in Kansas. A united Democracy and no further fusion with the selfish and arrogant People's party. The supreme duty of the hour for Democrats in Kansas is to cut loose from the festering corpse of the People's party. The ranting Populists, with full power to act, have tried their hand at state government. Does any

sensible man want them back again? We should profit by experience. The Democratic party did not win in the late presidential campaign because it took too heavy a load at Chicago in its platform. Capital is proverbially timid. The business interests of the country took alarm at the revolutionary platform. It was a clear case of "biting off more than they could chaw." The result should serve as a warning. The Populist party is doomed. It will never command the confidence of the people. If the Democratic national convention in 1900 shall repeat the blunder of 1896, in laying down a platform to catch Populist votes, we believe it will meet with even a greater disaster at the polls than it did last November.

What Protection Did for Industries. In 1870 the total amount of capital invested in manufrctures in the United States was \$2,118,208,769. In 1890

amounted to \$775,584,243. In 1890 the wages paid were \$2,283,216,529. In 1870 the value of the products of American factories was \$4,232,325,442. In 1890 it had ivereased to \$9,372,437,283. These are merely a few of the salient features of foreign made goods now coming in | in the progress of the nation under twenty years of ecatinuous protection. that the retrospective clause of the bill Here was prosperity which lasted-an era of widespread industrial development, of ir creasing employment and of rising wages without precedent in the history of human affairs.

> The Legitimate Fruits of the Chicago Platform.

In addition to this abandonment of the vital principle of tariff reform, the convention at Chicago nominated for president a man who had repeatedly declared that the free coinage of silver was the only aim to be considered, and who in the whole course of his canvass either evaded questions about the tariff or absolutely refused to discuss the subject. The cue was taken by all the free silver orators and press, and from first to last nobody heard a tariff speech or read a tariff editorial. The subject was tabooed. There was nothing but silver and abuse of sound money Democrats.

Four of the five Democratic members of the House who voted for the Dingley bill are pronounced silverites, and lists in the House either voted for the bill or refused to vote at all. Not even to this late day has Mr. Bryan abated one jot or tittle of his campaign position that free silver was the whole thing.

What impudence it is, then, in Mc-Millin and other sixteen-to-one-or-bust enthusiasts to get up now and howl deliberately shelved in the national convention, to gain protectionist allies with whom they are still cheek by jowl. -Memphis Scimiter (Dem.).

No Real Democratic Gains-

Mayor-elect Harrison of Chicago, spoils the beautiful theory which Democratic shriekers were spreading broadcast that the municipal elections were a hopeful sign of restoration for the Democracy, He admits that the success was purely upon the question of municipal reform and that national questions did not enter into the campaign. Investigation of the conditions attending Democratic success in other cities show that this was the case generally. In not a single one of the municipal elections did national issues cut any figure, while in the state election of Rhode Island, where national issues were at the front, the Republicans increased their vote 20 per cent over that which they gave to William McKinley in 1896.

Heavy Weight Clothing That. Professor Wilson, who is now adding to the \$75,000 which he has drawn in salary from the government during the past few years, by writing articles at so much per column for the New York Herald, says in a recent attack upon the Dingley bill that the wool tariff will add more than 25 per cent to the cost of clothing. By this he means that about \$5 will be added to the cost of a suit of clothes. As the rate of duty named by the bill averages 12 cents per pound, the professor must calculate that 40 pounds of wool goes into a suit of clothing. But what better can be expected of a man who framed such a measure as that now upon the statute books bearing his name?

The South Wants Protection. The experience of the South in the past few years with the new industries developing there, the manufactures and the new demands which they call out has strengthened the protective sentiment very greatly. Not only has it increased the demand for material for use in the manufacturing establishments, such as cotton, lumber, iron, coal, wool and other articles of that class, but it has also proved advantageous to the general agricultural interests of that section.

Buddha's Birthplace.

Buddha Sakya-Muni's long lost birthplace was recently stumbled upon accidentally, according to the Pittsburg Chronicle, by a government archaeological expedition in Nepaul, sent to explore the country around his Nirwana stupa at Konagamma. By a blunder the expedition met the Nepalese authorities 15 miles from the place to be explored, near the tahsil of Bhagwanpur, in the district of Buraul. While encamped there a monolith of the emperor. Asoka, was noticed standing ten feet above the ground. On it was a pilgrim's inscription of the ninth century, which led the expedition to dig around the stones to a depth of fourteen feet, when an inscription of the emperor was found. He states that in the twelfth year of his reign (about 239 B. C.) he had erected this column on the very spot where Lord Buddah was born. Eighteen miles northwest of the column the expedition came upon great ruins of stupas, monasteries, and palaces covered with forest and stretching for five miles to the Banganga river, the circumference being about seven miles. This is the site of Kapilavastu, the capital of Buddha's father, and will undoubtedly yield inscriptions earlier than those of Asoka. Excavations will be made there as coon as the famine which is now afflicting Nepaul is over-it is hoped next winter.

Trust.

Law may surround the right of property with ever so many safeguards, but it was \$6,524,475,306. In 1870 the num- if personal integrity is not in the comber of persons employed in our manu- munity our deeds and bounds are not facturing industries was 1933.000. In worth the paper they are written on. 1890 it was 4,712,622. In 1370 the wages | -Rev. R. F. Johannot.