

My Fellow Laborer.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER III.

ABOUT three months after my dear wife's death, Fanny Denelly and I commenced our investigations in good earnest. But, as I had prophesied, I soon discovered that I could not serve two masters. It was practically impossible for me to carry on the every-day work of my profession, and at the same time give up my mind to the almost appalling undertaking I had left in hand. Any spare time that was left to me, after providing for my day's work, was more than occupied in collecting notes of those particular kinds of physical and mental, or, to coin a word, spirituo-mental phenomena—some of which are, as readers of "The Secret of Life" may see, exceedingly rare—that I required as a groundwork of my argument, and with the carrying on of a voluminous correspondence with such scientific men all over the world as did not set me down as a dreamer, or worse. So I had to make up my mind either to do one thing or the other, give up my search after the moral philosopher's stone, or surrender the lease of my chambers in the city. For some months I worked double tides, and hesitated, but at last my decision could no longer be postponed, it must be one thing or the other. So in my perplexity I consulted Fanny, and having laid the whole matter before her, asked her which course she thought I ought to take. Her answer was prompt and unhesitating. It was to the effect that I should give up my profession and devote myself exclusively to my investigations.

"You have six hundred a year to live on," she said, "and therefore will not starve; and, if you succeed, you will achieve immortal fame; for you will have found the way to minister to a mind diseased, and, if you fail, you will have acquired an enormous mass of knowledge which you may be able to turn to account in some other way. I have no doubt myself on the matter. Think of what the reward before you is."

I did not quite like Fanny's way of putting the matter. She always seemed to me to dwell too much upon the personal advantages that would result from my success. Now such a quest as mine is not for the individual; it is for the whole wide world, and for the millions and millions who are yet to live upon it. What does it matter who finds, provided that the truth is found? Why, any right-thinking man should be glad, if his circumstances will permit of it to give his life to such a cause; ay, even if he knows that, so far as he is concerned, he will never reach the goal, but be trodden down and forgotten. He should be glad and happy, I say, if he can only think that some more fortunate seeker will be able to step a pace to forward on his prostrate form. But, after all, even the best and wisest-minded women, as I have found them, will look at things in a strictly personal light. I do not think that as a class they care much for humanity at large, or would go far out of their way to help it; of course, I mean if they are certain that nobody will hear of their good work. But this is only an opinion.

I pointed this out to Fanny, who shrugged her handsome shoulders, and said that really she did not think it mattered much which way one looked at it; the great thing was to succeed.

Well, I took her advice, partly because it fell in with my own views, and partly because I have always paid more attention to Fanny than to any other living creature. Indeed, to this day I hold her judgment in almost childish veneration. It was a hard wrench to me, giving up the outward and visible following of my profession, more especially as I was then in a fair way to achieve considerable success in it; but it had to be done. I felt it my duty to do it, and so I made the best of it. What was still harder, however, was the reception that my decision met with among such few relatives as I possessed, and my friends and acquaintances. They remonstrated with me personally and by letter, and annoyed me in every way, and upon every possible occasion. Even relatives with whom I had never had the slightest intercourse thought this a good opportunity to inaugurate an epistolary acquaintance. One old aunt wrote to ask what amount of truth there was in the rumor that I had given up my profession, and what I had taken in place of it? I replied that was devoting myself to scientific research. An answer came by return of post, to the effect that, having heard that I was doing so well as a doctor, she had recognized my talents in her will. This she had, on receipt of my letter of explanation, at once given instructions to alter by the commission of my name; she was not going to have her money squandered on scientific researches, which always ended in smoke. "Science, indeed," her letter ended. "Why you might as well have taken to looking for the North Pole or even literature!"

Finding my resolution unalterable—for one of my few good points is that I do not turn back—I was, however, soon given up by the whole family as an irreclaimable ne'er-do-well, and it was, I believe, even hinted among them that I was not altogether responsible for my actions. At any rate, the rumor did get round, and whether it was owing to this or to the fact that I could

no longer be looked upon as an individual who was likely to make money, I soon noticed a decided change in the manner of my acquaintance, professional and lay, toward me. Before, their attitude had at least been respectful; now it was, if not contemptuous, at least tinged with superiority.

Well, I put up with it all humbly enough, but now that my position is such that these very people who have treated me with contumely for so many years, go about and boast of their intimacy with me, and are even so kind as to supply the papers with the supposed details of my private life, I will confess that the pill was a bitter one for me to swallow. Not that I was altogether without comfort, faintly foreseeing the hour of triumph that has come.

Besides, even when we must perforce do worship to Mammon and bow the knee to Baal, there are yet consolations. It is something to feel with the keen instinct which knows no error that the minds of those contemptuous scoffers, who think so well of themselves and so ill of you, are to your mind as the ditch-mud is to the mirror reflecting heaven's own light; that in you there dwells a spark of the glorious creative fire of which they know nothing, and cannot even understand; and that they, the rich, the respected, the prosperous and unctuously happy, are as far beneath you, whom they despise as an unsuccessful dreamer, in all that really tends to make a man divine, as their dogs and horses are beneath them.

That was how I thought in those days, and think so still, though now that it is showered in upon me, I do not care much for that world-wide praise I used to covet in my bitter and more lonely moments, when imminent failure seemed to press me round like the darkness closing in. It is too rank and too undiscerning, and much of it is merely tribute to success and not to the brain and work that won it.

In short, as will be understood with difficulty, being human, I felt all this neglect of which I have striven to show the color, pretty sharply, and though I submitted, and was perfectly able to analyze its causes, it gave my mind a misanthropic turn, from which it has never quite recovered, for the world's adulation can never atone for the world's contempt, or even for the neglect of those around us who make our world. And thus as time went on I gradually acquired a greater and greater dislike to mixing in society, and began to attach myself more and more to my studies and to Fanny, who became by degrees the only person that I thoroughly trusted and relied on the world.

When my dear wife had been dead eighteen months, it occurred to me that there were inconveniences attaching to our mode of life, and that if she saw matters in the same light, it would be well to draw the bond of friendship and affection yet closer by marriage. Not that I was in love with Fanny Denelly in the sense in which the term is generally used. Indeed, it was one of her great charms in my eyes that it seemed possible to live on the terms of the closest friendship and affection with her without any nonsense of the sort being imported into the intimacy, either on one side or the other. Also, as far as I was concerned, I had buried all passion of that kind with my dear wife, and my speculations occupied my mind far too entirely to allow of the entry into it of any of those degrading imitations to which imaginative and intelligent men are, oddly enough, especially liable if they are not very hard worked, probably on account of the greater irritability and sensitiveness of their brains.

What I looked forward to in marrying Fanny Denelly was a reasonable and sensible companionship, entered into for the comfort of congenial society and to further the end to which we had both devoted our lives. Also I was desirous of giving my unfortunate boy a permanent substitute for his dead mother, and one whom he dearly loved. Accordingly, I took occasion one evening after dinner to speak to Fanny about the question, before we settled down to our night's work. This I did with some trepidation, for however well you may think you understand a woman, it is not always possible to know how she will take a matter of the sort. Still I put the best face on it that I could, and talked for a quarter of an hour without stopping.

All the time she sat still with her hands behind her head, and her dark eyes fixed upon my face, and never said a word.

"You are a very curious man, Geoffrey," she answered, with a little laugh when at last I had done.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because you have put the whole question to me as though marriage were a chapter out of 'The Secret of Life.'"

"Well, for the matter of that, so it generally is," I said.

"And you have not said one word of affection. It has all been business, from beginning to end."

"My dear Fanny," I answered, "you know how deeply I am attached to you. I did not think it necessary to enlarge upon the point."

"Yes," she answered, gently, and with a new light shining in her eyes, "but it is a point that women like to hear enlarged upon. I am only a woman, after all, Geoffrey. I am not all scientific and mathematical."

I saw that I had made a mistake, and had appealed too much to the reasoning side of her nature as opposed to the sentimental. To tell the truth, when one lives day by day with a woman, and all one's talk is of the highest problems of existence, one is apt to forget that these matters are, after

all, only more or less accidental to her, and that the basis of flesh and blood, on which they are built up, remains the same. In short, one gets to view her more in the light of a man.

A man can lose his old Adam in studies or aspirations, or in devotion to a cause; but a woman, so far as my experience goes, and as the moral of this story tends to prove, can never quite get rid of the original Eve.

"My dearest Fanny," I said, "forgive me," and then I took another line of argument with her which I need not enter into—for that tale has been told so often before, and besides one always looks back at those sort of things with a kind of mental blush. Sufficient to say that it proved effective.

"I will marry you, dearest Geoffrey," she murmured at last, "and I hope that in looking together for the Secret of Life, we shall find the secret of Happiness also."

"Very well, love," I said; "and now that we have settled that, let us get to our work. We have lost an hour already!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Towers for Electric Lights.

When arc lights were first introduced for street lighting there was a very exaggerated idea of their lighting power. A light of 1,000 candle power seemed such a powerful illuminator that the idea was very naturally conceived of placing lamps on the top of tall towers and lighting the whole area of the city. Several municipalities adopted this tower system of lighting, of which the best known example is doubtless Detroit. It was at once found, however, that a cluster of arc lamps 150 feet or more from the ground might be an excellent plan for lighting the whole of a large area; but was a very poor plan for lighting city streets. In the average American city, with long blocks, the streets comprise not more than one-third of the area. Hence with the tower system of lighting 66 per cent of the illuminating power is wasted in lighting up house roofs, backyards and vacant lots. Nearly every city of which we have information that originally adopted the tower system of lighting has abandoned it. It is therefore quite surprising to learn that Des Moines, Iowa, proposed to put in a municipal street lighting plant and to use the tower system. What consideration influenced the city authorities to adopt this system we do not know, but we would strongly urge them to investigate the experience of Detroit and other cities with the tower system of lighting before they construct such a plant in their own city.—Engineering News.

The Freaks of False Teeth.

Accidents will happen sometimes, even to the veteran in official or social life. But when a certain congressman's eloquence grew so spirited Wednesday that his false teeth flew out into space very few knew it, except those sitting close to him, and the adept manner in which he caught them went to show that he is familiar with their freaks. It reminded a Kansan of a man whom he once knew, a prominent editor of one of the largest newspapers in his state. He had beautiful false teeth, but he didn't love them, and when he had visitors and got into a reminiscent mood it was his habit to remove his teeth and play with them. In this manner they were liable to get lost and would be found in the most unexpected places. One day he absentmindedly mailed them among a batch of letters, and the mischief was to pay until he saw them advertised in his own paper. After that he had his name engraved on the solid gold plate and felt that he was quite safe. When he talked very rapidly his teeth had a startling habit of flying out. He was a picturesque improviser of profanity, and when he got excited his false teeth would often punctuate his remarks by their sudden appearance. One day his unfortunate foreman was thus attacked, and the teeth struck him in one eye, nearly blinding him. He kept the teeth, sued and recovered damages.—Washington Star.

A Joking Monkey.

There is a monkey in one of the suburbs of Washington that is a practical joker of the most irrepressible sort. A few days ago, a member of the family found the Simian apparently stiff in death. As the animal was a great pet, there was a great howdy-do, and a quick summons for a doctor. The physician came and after a thorough examination pronounced his monkeyship dead. No sooner had he delivered his opinion than the monkey hopped briskly up, gave the doctor a military salute, and scampered away, chattering and screeching at the top of his voice. The physician is hearing a great deal about the affair from his friends.

Decidedly Objectionable.

The Tenant—I want to change my office for one on the second floor. The Agent—What's the trouble? The Tenant—You know I'm on the fourteenth floor now. Well, every time my wife's mother comes up to see me it gives her palpitation of the heart so to come up on the elevator that she invariably insists upon stopping in my office two hours for the palpitations to ease down. Gimme a room that can be reached by a stairway.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Unavoidable.

Wallace—Wasn't it rather strange for Tippler to marry that snake charmer? Bruts—Yes. It was brought about through circumstances. He had delirium tremens that night, and she was the only one who could do anything with him.—Philadelphia North American.



THE WRECK OF FREE TRADE.

CAUSE OF THE STRIKE

THE WILSON TARIFF BILL AT THE BOTTOM OF IT.

Wages Have Decreased Precisely the Same Amount as Tariff Reduction—And Still the Cleveland Administration Wanted It Made Worse.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean: The McLeans and calamity howlers in Ohio who are chuckling over the coal strike will do well to avoid all facts of recent history. We notice that President Ratchford of the United Mine Workers' association, in a communication to the New York Herald, dated June 3, says: "A miner's wages in the western Pennsylvania field ranges from 54 to 47 cents per ton in thin veined districts, and from 30 to 28 cents per ton in the thick-veined. In 1893 the mining rate in thin-veined districts was 79 cents, and in thick-veined 65 cents per ton. During the same year the rate in Ohio and Indiana was 70 and 75 cents respectively. Now it is 51 cents, with a reduction proposed in Ohio to 45 cents per ton. This ratio holds good in a general way all along the lines: Illinois, a portion of Iowa, eastern and central Pennsylvania, and the Virginias are all equally affected." These figures point directly to the fact that miners' wages have fallen from 20 to 30 cents per ton since 1893, following directly the Wilson tariff law, which reduced the tariff on coal 35 cents per ton. The humblest miner cannot mistake the fact that "the starvation wages" were the result of Democratic legislation, which not only struck a blow direct in the face of the coal workers, but added general prostration in business. The free traders in coal, such as Mr. Wilson, Bryan & Co., will have to meet and answer these suffering working thousands, and it will be more than they can do. The facts are too plain and the history too recent to give them any comfort.

The South for Protection.

The voting on the Dingley tariff bill in both house and senate has brought out some interesting and significant facts, some Democrats and even a few Populists have joined with the Republicans in support of a protective measure. This evidences that the principle of protection has grown broader than party lines. But the most significant fact is that nearly all of these non-Republican votes for protection came from the south. The day was when in making a forecast of election returns the votes of the "solid south" were assigned without discussion to the party of free trade. But that day has gone never to return. The "solid south" is broken and the break is greater than that which is measured by party lines. Not only has the party whose watchword is protection more southern members in congress than ever before, except at the time immediately following the civil war, but the number of their votes does not measure even the whole strength of protection sentiment in the south. The growth of manufactures in the south and the opening up of southern resources is swinging the south surely and not slowly into the protection column. It is quite conceivable that in the not far distant future we will have again a "solid south"—a south solid for the American system of protection.

Prosperity in Mississippi.

For four long years everything has been as dead and still as a door nail, and nothing but patch work going on, from the application of the notorious Cleveland badge to stopping leaks on the housetops. But now, presto change! as soon as the election of McKinley and common sense was assured people all over this country woke up and went to work, and I don't have to go away from home to tell you that confidence has come back to the hearts and minds of the people. There are at this writing six new brick stores, none less than 100 feet long, a large hotel, under course of construction in Ackerman, together with a fine brick and iron courthouse. New residences and

improvements of old ones visible on every hand. Of a truth, there has been more painting done in this town since the 1896 presidential election than for ten years last past. Everybody is expecting better times, and if we can only get prompt and effective protective legislation we shall see a marvelous growth of that idea in the south, and a steady growth of the Republican vote here. Hoping for the speedy passage of a Republican tariff law and a realization by our people of its far reaching benefits, I am, Ackerman, Miss. E. E. Buck.

What Farmers Depend Upon.

Farmers depend upon a protective tariff just as surely as does the prosperity of every other American producer. The remedy for agricultural depression is an enlargement of the market for agricultural products. In order to secure a larger market for agricultural products we must make the home market larger and increase the home demand. The only way to do that is by building up our manufactures, by increasing the number of our industrial plants, by giving employment to all idle workmen, by creating such a demand for labor through the opening up of new industries, that the increased number of consumers will afford a market for all the farmers' products. This is the best way to secure prosperity to the farmers, and the enactment of a protective tariff law will benefit no class of workers more than it will benefit the farmers.

A Question of Revenue.

The industrial invasion that has been overwhelming the United States since August, 1894, will soon be checked by the reconstruction of our wall of protection.—American Economist.

Whence, then, is to come the additional revenue which Major McKinley declares to be necessary and to provide which the present extraordinary session of congress was called?—Democrat, Johnstown, Pa.

The additional revenues will come from the same sources as it did under the McKinley tariff when we had revenue enough for all requirements amounting to \$1,006,682,378 during the first 33 months that it was in force, as compared with a total revenue of only \$867,265,939 during the first 33 months of the Democratic free trade tariff. The loss of \$139,416,439 of revenue under 33 months of the Democratic fiscal policy has compelled the restoration of a protective tariff for the purpose of again providing revenue just as it formerly did.

Will He Win Her?



Among Free Traders.

High protective tariffs are breeders of discord and ill feeling at home as well as abroad.—Salt Lake Herald. Certainly they are, among the free traders.

Interest of Consumers. At no time have the interests of the consumers been considered. They constitute the greater portion of those affected by a tariff, but their welfare does not enter into the delusive schemes of the protective tariff theory.—Easton, Pa., Argus.

Oh, yes; they have been considered! Who are the consumers but our great army of workers? A protective tariff is enacted in order that our masses may have work, may earn wages, may spend their money and may "consume" what they buy. Without the work they cannot earn, they cannot spend money, they cannot buy, and they cannot consume. A protective tariff is designed to serve the best interests of the millions of our "consumers."

Republican Fundamental Principle. The fundamental principle of Republicanism is protection—protection to American labor, protection to American capital, protection to American farmers, protection to American finances, and the American citizen no matter where he may be found. Therefore, the men who voted for McKinley on account of his standing on the financial question, must show that they are in accord with the foundation principle of Republicanism—protection—before they can be accorded a hearing in Republican councils.—Darlington, Mo., Record.

Why Not?

Some European nations subsidize their steamships; others subsidize their shipbuilders; others again exempt their ships from taxes, only taxing their net earnings; others give a bounty on imports on their own vessels; others give a bounty on tonnage for distance sailed. In various ways as to them seems best, they protect and encourage their shipping. Why may not this, a sovereign nation, adopt discriminating duties, then, to protect its shipping; since that form of protection to our people seems best?

Democratic Branches.

The country has been pleasantly disappointed by the large number of Democrats in the senate who have cast off the heresy of "tariff for revenue only" to the winds and who have voted as Jackson and Jefferson would have voted in a crisis like to the present.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

And there will be still greater pleasure, during future tariff discussions, when it is seen that the supporters of the old heresy number less and less.

One of Wilson's Friends.



A member of the British board of trade reflecting upon the effect of the Dingley protective tariff upon British industries.

What They Are After.

The Democrats do not cease their attacks on the Dingley tariff bill. The measure is a continual source of worry to them, and they are already sitting up nights to discover what can be done with a surplus when we get it.—Williamsport, Pa., Gazette, May 14, 1897.

Then they'll be sitting up nights to concoct plans for looting the treasury.

Postpone the Evil Day.

But the main thing is to do what is best to pull the wheels of industry out of the rut. Discussions of Democratic policies will be more to the purpose when Democrats shall have again been clothed with power to administer the affairs of the nation.—Philadelphia Record.

And may this date be long postponed is the earnest prayer of every well-wisher of American labor and industry.

Nit.

Is there any honest American toiler who rejoices in slightly cheaper clothing with the knowledge that it came at the cost of loss of employment and wages to many thousands who, like themselves, must depend upon the prosperity of an industry for what they eat and wear?—Wheeling, W. Va., Intelligencer.

Don't Deceive.

The importers who are rushing goods into the country have the double purpose of making an extra profit by raising the price on them when the Dingley bill goes into effect, and putting that law into disrepute by making its receipts light during the first year.—Trenton, N. J., Gazette.

One at Grover.

There are some individuals so constituted that they would rather shuffle off this mortal coil than admit that they could be mistaken.—Binghamton, N. Y., Herald.

Is this a slap at the ex-president?

Give It a Push.

Protection to American labor is a good thing. Push it along.