

My Fellow Laborer.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

Exactly six months from that day my book, "The Secret of Life," appeared, and everybody will remember the excitement that ensued. Of course, propositions so startling were violently attacked, but I only smiled and waited; for I knew that my conclusions could no more be seriously disputed than the law of gravitation. And now the attackers are all silent, and mankind (I say it without false modesty and without pride) blesses the man who has been the means of demonstrating the glorious cause and objects of our hitherto inexplicable existence, and of supplying the key to the mystery of life, and the agony of death, that is, as the religions foreshadowed, but the portal to the larger and more perfect life. Yes! My work is done, and well done, and I can die in peace, knowing that even here I shall never be forgotten!

A week after the book appeared, I received from Fanny this rather weakly worded letter:

"Dear Geoffrey," it began, "so you have found it! And you have had the generosity to publicly acknowledge my share in the work; and my name will go down to future generations linked with yours! It is more than I deserve, though it is just what I should have expected from you. Had I known how near we were to success, I would never have gone away. I am very wealthy, and, in a small, unsatisfactory fashion, powerful, also, as I told you I should be, and shall be more so soon. Joseph has got into Parliament, where, notwithstanding the competition, I think that his entire want of principle ought to carry him a long way. And yet, Geoffrey, I miss you as much as ever, and almost long for the old days. It is hard to have to mix with a set of fools, who smile and gabble, but cannot even understand what it is that we, or rather you, have done. I was so sorry to hear about John. Well, we must each to our own fate. Good-bye."

"FANNY."

I returned no answer to this letter, nor have I ever seen Fanny since, and I hope I never shall see her again! Of course, everybody has a right to look after his or her own interests, and on this ground I do not like to think too hardly of her. I used to believe that there was a great deal of prejudiced nonsense talked about women, and that they were as capable of real and good work and of devotion to a single end as we men are. Many and many is the argument that I have had with Fanny herself on this point, for she was wont scornfully to declare that marriage was the average woman's one object in life, and the education of a family the one thing she was capable of carrying out in a satisfactory manner. But now I confess that my belief is shaken, though I know that it is unjust to judge a great and widely differing class from the experience of an individual. And, after all, she was well within her right, and it is impossible to blame her. I had absolutely no claim upon her, and she was undoubtedly wise to provide for herself in life, when so good an opportunity came in her way. It was a little abrupt, and her explanations were rather cynical; but I have no cause or complaint. I could not marry her myself; why should I have objected to her marrying anybody else—even that young man Joseph?

And yet, I only say it to show how weak I am, I am still fond of Fanny. Hide-Thompson, and still feel sad when I think of her sudden and final departure. Next to my wife's death, it has been the greatest shock of my life. If she had stopped with me, she should have had her full share in my triumph, and of all the honors and good things that have followed on its heels. She overcalculated herself, she saw too far, and yet not far enough. But I dare say that, after all, this is but another form of the personal vanity to which I fear I am constitutionally liable, and, as such, a weakness to be mortified, especially when a man is hobbling as fast as I am toward the quiet church-yard gates. Well, this is the true history of my relations with Fanny Denely.

(THE END.)

RETALIATION

A Short Story Concluding in Our Next.

LISTEN, Mr. Marbury! Let me try to prove to you I am not as guilty as you think."

"I know, of course not; no gentleman intends to be dishonest, but it is to be regretted that public opinion will not see it in that light," replied the junior partner of an extensive mercantile firm in the city of notions.

"Too true; if you, knowing me for the last ten years, will not believe me, how can I expect aught else from strangers? Here I have been, under your eye, with the charge of the books for this long time, and never have failed to give entire satisfaction to all, until now. If you had not discovered this I should have been able to refund the amount before the end of the year. I know that I did wrong; but in the frenzy of my despair I did not think it wrong. Mr. Marbury, have mercy! do not expose me to the firm!

Only keep this knowledge you have gained until January, then, if I have not returned the amount, with interest, I will not ask for further forbearance," pleaded the young man.

"Everett Morse, it matters little what I believe. I care not whether you are innocent or guilty. Fate has thrown you in my power, and I glory in it. I have no love for you. Years ago you crossed my path, and have almost, if not entirely, blasted my hopes of happiness. Clara Dayton smiled on me, until she met you. Since then you have occupied the position I had hoped to gain. Promise to leave town, to resign all hopes of Clara's hand, and I will have mercy. Hear me out: I will give you as much time as you wish to return the money, and will also make an arrangement to send you to Europe, on business for the firm. I had intended going myself, but this affair has changed my plans somewhat. Now, sir, you have my answer. You must either conclude to give up your 'lady-love,' or stand before the world a felon."

"Mercy! Mr. Marbury, is this mercy? Oh, heaven pity me! How can I give her up! You do not mean it!"

"When Clara Dayton hears the man who has sought her love stands before the world branded with dishonesty, she will most likely release you from this task. I will be a severe blow to her proud nature."

"She will never believe it. I will go to her and tell her all. Mr. Marbury, let me tell you how I was so sorely tempted, and yielded. You have heard that when my father died, he left his affairs very much embarrassed. The old homestead was mortgaged. This had been a great grief to my mother. She thought of losing this home, most valuable for the loved associations connected with it. You know, too, that my brother and I have been trying to redeem this property. The last note was due, I could not meet the payment. This has been a trying year to me. My mother's illness has very much increased my expenses; then, worse still, my brother's misfortune in breaking his right arm, has of course prevented his attending to his engraving. So the whole burden has been on me. I felt sure that as soon as Abbott could return to his work, I should be able to return the loan, as I considered it. Fatal mistake! I now see that any swerving from the right path is certain to bring its punishment. But will you not, for the sake of my poor widowed mother, spare me? It will kill her to hear I am even suspected of dishonesty, she is so feeble now. Do not demand this terrible sacrifice of me. But just! be generous! be merciful!"

"This useless, sir. I have told you on what terms I can treat with you. I love Clara more than my own life, and cannot relinquish the chance of winning her. It will be impossible for you to remove the suspicion that will follow you. The fact of your employer's want of confidence in you will be sufficient to condemn you. Accept my terms. Go to Europe without seeing Clara again. Take your own time to return the money, and at the end of one year, if I have failed to win her, you are free to seek her anew, and I will give you my word never to mention this affair again."

"I see too plainly I have no other chance. If Clara loves me, as I have hoped, she will remain constant, regardless of appearances, for that time. Thank heaven, I have not sought to bind her by an engagement. Every chance is against me, though. What will she think of my leaving without telling her good-bye, even?"

"Just what I wish her to—that you do not love her any too devotedly. I will take your regrets to her, of 'pressure of business, and time,' and such 'little excuses. Of course she will be mortified, and disappointed, and in this state of her feelings I hope to triumph. Once mine, I do not doubt being able to make her love me. Such love as mine must meet a response."

"Be it so, George Marbury, but there's a future, thank God. A time when we shall both stand before a just judge. Are you not fearful you may yet need the mercy you now deny me? If not on earth, you surely will above."

"Clara, my daughter, why will you treat Mr. Marbury with so much indifference? He is a very fine young man and seems very much attached to you. There was a time when I thought you liked him a little. I think you thought more of Everett Morse than he deserved. It is very evident, if he had loved you, he would not have gone away without saying a word. Banish him from your mind, and try to smile on one whose long devotion merits some kindness from you."

"Mother, I cannot help thinking there is some mystery relative to Everett's leaving as he did. I feel perfectly sure he loved me. Every word and action told it plainly. Every moment that was not devoted to business, or his mother, he spent with us. We were not engaged, but there was an understanding between us. Only the night I last saw him he said to me, 'When I come again I shall bring a ring to place on the finger of a certain lady fair, and try to win from her a promise, which will make me one of the happiest men on earth.' Six months have passed since then, and not a word from him. That he is living, and well, I know, for Mr. Maybury told me they had a letter from him by the last steamer. What can he mean, mother?"

"There is no doubt of one thing; he has trifled with you, and therefore is not worthy of one thought or regret. Clara, Mr. Marbury has spoken to me and asked my approval and influence in his favor. I believe he will make you a kind, loving husband. He is wealthy and will place you in a position worthy of you. I wish very much

you would accept him. You know how hard a struggle it is for me to keep up a respectable appearance. Your brother must continue his studies, which are very expensive. After he graduates it will probably be a long time before he can get sufficient practice to enable him to help us. Our little is dwindling fast away, and it is absolutely necessary for you to take some thought for the future."

"Have patience, mother, dear; bear with me a little longer! When another six months have passed away, if I have not heard from Everett, then I will relieve your mind and make Mr. Marbury as happy as a withered heart can. Let me have a year, mother, to recover from my lost love. Custom, you know, allows that time to those whose hearts are with the dead. If Everett is false, then he is dead to me. I will, no doubt, like Mr. Marbury very well; as a friend, I respect him very much now. You may bid him hope, but nothing more, just yet."

Days, weeks, months rolled rapidly past, but no tidings came to the anxious, waiting heart. Still the dead silence continued.

Two weeks only remain of the allotted time. Never had the days passed so slowly to George Marbury.

Oh, the dreadful suspense! What if, after all his plotting, he should fail to win her! He must make another appeal to Mrs. Dayton.

All is joy now. She consents to be his. A few more days pass by, and, at length, but one remains. But what cares he! Standing before the altar, clasping the hand of her he would have risked salvation to gain, he is supremely happy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CREOLES OF NEW ORLEANS.

Intense Conservatism Is Their Distinguishing Quality.

"One of the most distinguishing qualities of the creole is his conservatism," writes Ruth McEnery Stuart in the Ladies' Home Journal. "His family traditions are of obedience and respect. It begins in his church and ends in his wine cellar. He cares not for protesting faiths or new vintages. His religion and his wines are matters of tradition. Good enough for his ancestors, are they not good enough for him and his children? His most delightful home is situated behind a heavy battened gate, somber and forbidding in its outward expression, asking nothing of the passing world, protecting every sacredness within. The creole lives for his family—in it. The gentle old dame, his great-aunt, perhaps, and nennine to half of his children, after living her sheltered and contented life of threescore and ten years behind the great green gate that opens as a creaking event at the demand of the polished brass knocker, will tell you with a beautiful pride that she has never been on the American side of her own city—above Canal street. If she will admit you as her guest to her inland garden, within her courtyard gate—and be sure she will not do so unless you present unquestionable credentials—if she will call her stately negress, Madeline, Celeste, Marie or Zulme, who answers her in her own tongue, to fetch a chair for you into the court beside the oleander tree and the crape myrtle—if, seeing you seated, she bid the maid of the tignon to further serve you with orange flower sirup or thimble glasses of liqueur or anisette from a shining old silver tray, you will, perhaps, feel that the great battened door has been, indeed, a conservator of good old ways, and that its office is a worthy one, in preserving the sweet flavor of a picturesque hospitality, whose old-world fragrance is still unspotted by innovations and untainted by emulation or contact.

METHODS, HERE AND ABROAD.

Ways of Steering Boats in England, France and Germany.

A comparison of the different methods of doing what is practically the same thing in various parts of the world is both interesting and amusing to the thoughtful observer, says Cassier's Magazine. On American ferry-boats the import is well known of the "ting-ting" or "jiggle-jingle" of the bell by which the man in the wheelhouse communicates with his fellow-mortals in the engine room. On the Thames, however, it would be considered practically impossible to convey information in this manner, and the captains of the small paddle steamers on that stream stand on the paddle-boxes and sing out "Ease er!" "Back 'er!" etc., apparently to nobody in particular, while these interesting remarks are promptly repeated in shrill tones by a small boy into a speaking tube which communicates with the lower regions. On the Seine, in France, this process is simplified and a large trumpet-shaped mouthpiece flares out in front of the man at the wheel and he yells his commands into this funnel, the other end of which is supposed to reach the engineer. The large steamers on the Rhine, in Germany, are controlled, not by the usual wheel placed in the wheelhouse forward, but by a very large wheel on a vertical axis, placed right amidships upon an elevated platform or bridge, and several men pass the handles from right to left, or upon occasion trot round in a circle, and it would doubtless be considered a serious temptation of Providence, or at least a reflection upon the fatherland, if any one were to attempt to construct a Rhine steamer with the ordinary form of steering gear.

"I see that the magazines are arranging to get out some very fancy Easter numbers," said she. "Yes," replied her husband; "and so, I suppose, are the people who write the price tags for spring millinery."—Washington Star

AS TO THE COST OF IT.

FORTY BILLIONS OF BUSINESS LOST UNDER DEMOCRACY.

Transfer of Prosperity to London—Shrinkage in American Volume of Business—The "Deadly Blight" of Free Trade.

Well may the people of the United States thank God that we have at length seen the end of the Democratic experiment with free-trade, or "tariff reform," as the Mugwumps called it. For two years and eleven months, less four days, the "deadly blight" of industrial stagnation—for which Grover Cleveland was immediately and directly responsible—has been forced upon us. For nearly two years prior to the enactment of the law of "perfidy and dishonor" its baneful effects were felt. Since the close of 1892, when it was known that a Democratic congress and a Democratic president had been elected, and that their threat of free-trade would be put into execution, the industrial enterprises of the United States have been paralyzed with fear. The banks foresaw the impending danger to American manufacturers through the contemplated influx of cheap foreign goods and, foreseeing the danger, the banks promptly locked up their capital so that the evils of the free-trade policy were felt long before the free-trade tariff law was placed upon our statutes.

And the evil did not end last week with the substitution of the Dingley tariff for protection in place of the law of "perfidy and dishonor" of the Democratic party. Anticipating the most natural idea of protection for American interests, the foreign manufacturing and producing interests have taken every advantage of the miserable "rag-bag production" that emanated from the Democratic party, and have flooded our markets with foreign goods that, in some instances, cannot be consumed within a twelvemonth. Thus the "dead-

and in 1896 there was some slight improvement, yet the volume of business transacted in New York last year, under free-trade, was almost eight billions less than in 1892 under protection.

But study the effect of our Democratic fiscal policy upon the London market, upon British trade and upon English enterprise. With practically no change in 1892 and 1893, followed by a decline in 1894 when our business was paralyzed and millions of our people were idle, the business of London grew to nearly thirty-seven billions of dollars in 1895 and in 1896, its volume then equalling the extent of our business in 1892 when we had protection. In other words, there was a complete transfer of prosperity from the United States to the United Kingdom under the Democratic policy of free-trade. Following are the entire bank clearings of the United States, both at New York and outside of New York, from 1892 to 1896, inclusive:

AMERICAN BANK CLEARINGS.

Year.	Outside	New York.	At New York
1892	\$25,446,593,773	\$36,662,469,202
1893	23,048,525,045	31,281,037,730
1894	21,227,333,167	24,387,807,020
1895	23,506,616,832	29,841,735,922
1896	22,304,169,537	28,370,775,056
1897 (4 months)	7,258,066,984	9,271,351,814

Comparing the figures for 1894 with those of 1892 we find that the amount of business transacted in the United States, as represented by our bank clearings, declined at the rate of fifteen and a half billions of dollars a year within two years under the Democratic administration. In the year 1896 our loss of business had been almost eleven billions as compared with 1892. In 1895 the loss was almost nine billions. In 1893 it was more than seven billions. So that since the Republican administration of the United States, under President Harrison, and during the Democratic administration of the country under President Cleveland, there has been a total loss of business, as compared with 1892, aggregating the enormous sum of forty-two billions of dollars in the four Democratic years! It is impossible to realize the full

WE ARE MAKING OUR OWN GOODS, NOW, JOHNNIE.



ly blight" of Democratic "perfidy and dishonor" has spread its work of ruin and wreckage over a period of almost five years, blasting the hopes of our people, ruining thousands, bringing idleness, hunger and starvation in its trail, compelling the natural accompaniments of free-trade—such as free soup, free bread and free clothing. Meanwhile, the American people have suffered and waited.

Of their sufferings history can never tell. But their patience has been brightened by the more recent knowledge that a Republican congress would bring relief as speedily as the Democratic and Popocratic obstructionists in the United States senate would permit. That relief has come, partially only for the present, but it will be permanent and profitable, we hope, as soon as the last remnants of the rags and shoddy products of cheap European labor have disappeared from our markets. And what has been the cost of this experiment with free-trade, of the practical workings of the Democratic doctrine of free raw material? Its actual cost, in dollars and cents, no man can ever estimate, but we can show how the business of the city of New York was transferred to London, as follows:

BANK CLEARANCES.

Year.	London.	New York.	
1892	\$1,942,521,473	\$36,662,469,202
1893	\$1,525,250,259	31,281,037,730
1894	30,840,387,263	24,387,807,020
1895	36,950,780,222	29,841,735,922
1896	36,893,022,125	28,370,775,056
1897 (4 months)	11,918,155,832	9,271,351,814

In the year 1892, when the United States was at the height of its prosperity under the McKinley policy of protection, the volume of business transacted in the city of New York, as represented by the bank clearings of our commercial metropolis, aggregated nearly thirty-seven billions of dollars. But the "deadly blight" of free-trade threw its destructive blast upon us and the business of New York city decreased by more than five billions of dollars during the first year of the Democratic administration. In the next year, 1894, it decreased by almost seven billions of dollars more, making a total loss of business, in the one city, exceeding over twelve billions of dollars within two short years. In 1895

meaning of this stupendous loss. But we are determined to face the evil bravely, to buckle to our strength for a fight for the restoration of prosperity under the Dingley tariff for protection that was signed by President McKinley on Saturday, July 24, 1897. This will remain in American history as the date of the dawn of a new and bright industrial era in the United States.—Charles R. Buckland.

A Wool Grower's Loss.

I wish to state the actual facts of what free wool did for me, and it is fair to assume that it did the same for every farmer in Oregon who raised sheep.

In April, 1897, I arranged with Dr. Eigen, living in this state and county, who is agent for the great American tailoring house of New York city, for two woolen suits for two boys thirteen years old, each suit costing me \$6.50 cash in advance, which was the price of fifty-nine pounds of wool at 11 cents per pound. This was the price I received for my wool in 1896.

In June, 1890, I bought a suit of woolen clothes for a boy thirteen years of age, paying \$6.50 in cash for the suit in Roseburg, Douglas county. This cost me the price of only twenty-five pounds of wool, for I got 25 cents per pound for my wool in 1890. There was a difference of thirty-three pounds of wool in the cost of one suit of boy's clothes.

That is what free wool did for me, and for every farmer that raises wool on this coast. And furthermore, the suit I bought in 1890 was at least ten per cent better goods in all respects, in material and in the make. Now somebody got this 33 pounds of wool. I know that I did not.

J. A. HAINES.

Eckley, Curry county, Oregon.

Free-trade and "tariff reform" have had their day. The people of the United States are more closely wedded to the policy of Protection now than ever before, and the Republican law that is about to be placed in the statute books is likely to remain undisturbed for many years.—Cleveland, O., Leader.

Quick Tariff Work.

The quick work done by congress on the Dingley tariff is hardly appreciated as it should be. Congress was called together in extraordinary session on March 15. In four months and nine days the bill had passed both the United States senate and the house of representatives, was acted upon in conference, finally passed by the senate, and was signed by the President. This covered a period of 131 days. In 1890 the McKinley tariff bill, reported on April 16, passed the house on May 21, but was delayed in the senate till September, and again still further delayed in conference, not being signed by the President till October 1, 1890. It was in all 168 days before congress.

When the Democratic party was in control the Mills bill dragged along in 1888 and 1889 for nearly 300 days, and then failed to pass. The Gorman-Wilson bill was reported to the house by the ways and means committee on December 19, 1893, and reported to the senate on February 20, 1894. It did not become law till August 23, 1894, and was then such a "ragbag production" of "perfidy and dishonor," that even the Democratic President refused to sign it.

The difference between the Republicans and Democrats in enacting tariff legislation in congress is very marked. The Republicans passed the McKinley bill in 168 days, and the Dingley bill in 131 days, each bill receiving the signature of the Republican President.

The Democrats, on the other hand, wasted some 300 days over the Mills bill, which never became a law, and they wasted 200 days over the Gorman-Wilson bill, which proved to be such an abortion that even President Cleveland refused to sign it.

Not a Sectional Tariff.

That the new tariff is not perfect its authors admit. But it will produce adequate revenue and protect our industries under normal conditions. Among its chief glories—and one which was acknowledged even by some of those who did not favor it, and who doubt that it will meet the expectations of its friends—is that it is not a sectional bill. It protects the people in all parts of the country, and to the producers of materials which enter into the manufacture it gives protection, as well as to the producers of the finished product. It is a matter of regret among leading protectionists in congress that the conference committee struck off the duty on raw cotton. That duty would have been an important entering wedge in the old free-trade sections of the south, and it would have proved most beneficial to the southern people. But it should be remembered by those southern men who voted for and urged the adoption of the raw cotton duty, that the principle of protection is not sectional, and the southern man who votes for protection on cotton or sugar, rice or lumber—aiding to put such protective duties into a tariff bill—and then votes against the whole bill, thereby denying to other industries in the north and south the measure of protection which he proposed for the products of the south, is entitled to little consideration at the hands of protectionists who are honestly striving to give protection to all the industries of the country.

Return of Prosperity.

Like sunrise, prosperity cannot be expected to reach all parts of the continent at once, though its occurrence in one quarter may be considered as fair evidence that it will not be long in reaching all.—Syracuse, N. Y., Post, June 26, 1897.

The check to the immediate and universal return of prosperity consists in the enormous stocks of foreign goods that are now in our markets, all of which must be consumed before there can be an active demand for American goods made by American labor.

Against the Sugar Trust.

Nothing that the Republican party can gain by the passage of the bill is to be compared to what it will lose if it gets the credit of having bowed to the wishes of the sugar trust.—Standard, New Bedford, Mass.

But it has not done so. It has reduced the amount of protection to the sugar trust from 0.281 cents under the Wilson bill down to 0.139 cents under the Dingley bill, a reduction of 50 per cent.

Thanks Mr. Dingley.

Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., of Maine, deserves the thanks of every American citizen for his continuous and untiring efforts, during the last seven months, to substitute the American policy of Protection on our statutes in place of the policy of "perfidy and dishonor" of the Free-Traders. Blaine, Reed, Dingley are all Maine products of whom we can well feel proud. Mr. Dingley has earned his summer vacation. May he enjoy it.

The recent publication by that reliable and conservative paper, the New York Journal of Commerce, shows that the present silver coinage of the world to be \$4,053,000,000, of which amount \$3,433,000,000 is full legal tender. Of this enormous total, no less than \$2,498,000,000 has been coined since 1873, and of this increase all but 15 per cent is full legal tender. It thus appears that the silver money of the world has more than doubled since the "crime," and that 85 per cent of the enormous increase in silver coinage since that time is full legal tender.