

RETALIATION

A Short Story Concluded in This Issue.

Slowly the man of God proceeds, each word binding them closer. With increased solemnity came the words, "Wilt thou, forsaking all others, keep thee only to him, as long as both of ye shall live?"

What inspiration caused her to raise her eyes, glance over, seek and find a face amidst the many there, whose every feature spoke to her heart, and answered the oft-repeated inquiry! Yes, he had loved her ever, and now. But why his mysterious silence?

She heard no more. Lower drooped her beautiful head, paler grew the sweet lips. A strong, firm arm clasped and supported her trembling form. A few more moments and friends are crowding around. With a powerful effort she arouses her almost paralyzed faculties, and gracefully receiving the many kind wishes, she smilingly bids adieu, and is led away—enters the carriage, and is soon on her way to New York, to take passage on the steamer about to sail for Europe.

Clara Dayton was a girl of pure principles and great depth of character. She immediately recognized the only path to find and secure peace and happiness.

It was now her duty, she knew, to fulfil the vows she had made—to love and honor the man she had consented to call her husband.

To this end she bent all her energies. By nature piously inclined, she sought and obtained guidance and assistance from the throne of Grace.

Time passed on; children gathered around her; little arms fondly caressing, rosy lips ever lisping words of love, filled the mother's heart to overflowing. There was no room for regrets.

Mother's love, so pure and holy, had chased all other thoughts away. It was no longer a task to learn to love her husband. It was perfectly natural to love him her little darlings clung around and called "papa."

Nothing had she ever heard of Everett Morse, except that he had returned about the time of her marriage, settled up his business, and then resigned his connection with the firm.

George Marbury was happier than he ever thought to be. The doubt which had clouded the early days of his marriage had entirely passed away. At times, when gazing on his wife's beautiful face, beaming with content and happiness, he would wonder if it were possible she had ever loved the man from whom he had won her. The means by which he had obtained this great blessing had never troubled his conscience at all.

When his, he lavished on her everything that wealth could purchase—maintaining her in a style of such elegance that many were the whispered predictions that such reckless extravagance could not last a great while.

As the years roll past, anxiety, grief and disappointment enter the home where content, joy and hope had dwelt so long.

Their eldest son, bright, intelligent youth of nineteen years, proved no longer a source of comfort and happiness.

Reared in a lap of luxury, cradled in idleness, subject to little, if any restraint, he followed the bent of his inclinations, and found pleasure among the youths of the wildest and most reckless habits.

Constantly were his parents' hearts wrung with the fear of coming evil. At last it came, striking a terrible blow, particularly at the proud-hearted father.

With all his boy's faults he had never feared dishonesty. That was impossible for his son.

But so it was. Fate had decided that the brand of forgery should rest upon the hitherto spotless name of Marbury. For nearly a year this youth had occupied a position in a large importing house, and had won the confidence of his employers. Intrusted frequently to draw from the bank various sums of money, he became very familiar with the signature of the principal of the firm.

The dreadful infatuation of the gaming table had lured him from the paths of honor and honesty.

It grew worse and worse. Large sums were drawn to meet the emergencies till at last the day of reckoning came.

"Father, dear! do go up in Dayton's room and see what is the matter with him. He rushed in a few moments ago when I was arranging his room, and he is now packing his traveling bag. He will not tell me what is the matter or where he is going. He seems terrible agitated," exclaimed George Marbury, rushing into the library where her father was sitting.

Before he could reach the door she cried out again:

"Haste, father, he is coming down; do stop him, here he is."

With hasty strides her father reaches the hall door in time to place his hand upon his son, and ask:

"Dayton, my son, what means this agitation, this haste? Where are you going, what is the matter?"

"Father, let me pass! Do not detain me—nor question! You will know soon. Let me go quick before it is too late. Open the door, or I will soon end my disgrace. Thank heaven, I have the means of escape!" and he placed his hand in his bosom.

head pillowed on the mother's devoted breast and with gentle, encouraging words she drew him into the room.

"Where would you, my boy, find surer help in this hour of need than from your parents. Come, my husband, let us stand by our boy. Tell him, though all the world condemn and desert him, we will do our best to save him. What is it? Speak, my child; do not fear, your mother's heart is strong enough to hear the worst, and brave enough to bear all for those she loves. Father, speak to your boy."

"My son, let us know the worst. You have your mother's promise of help. I will do all she wishes."

"Oh, you may save me from imprisonment, but the terrible shame for you to bear. Your name borne by a forger!" gasped forth the guilty youth.

"Old Truman will have no mercy. I heard him say that when he discovered the guilty one he would make an example of him," he continued.

Swiftly fled the thoughts of the father back to the time, long years ago, when another young man stood before him, writhing under his relentless hand. And comes back to him the long-forgotten words:

"Do you not fear you may need the mercy you now deny to me?"

At last he hoarsely whispered:

"The amount! tell me!"

"Five thousand dollars! Father, you can easily fix that, but the shame!" he answered, unconsciously probing still deeper and deeper the wounded man.

"My wife, you will have to suffer more than this disgrace. For years I have been living beyond my means. I cannot meet this but only by withdrawing from the firm. This property and everything else is no longer mine, nor has it been for three years past. I have tried to keep this from you, hoping I could manage those difficulties until Uncle Jacob's death. I feared that if the strange old man should know I was no longer prosperous he would destroy his will, and cut me entirely off. Now if he hears of this I fear the consequences."

"Oh! this is a severe blow."

A loud ring came from the hall door, and a girlish voice softly said:

"Papa! there is a gentleman in the next room, who wishes to see you, and he asked if Dayton was home."

"After me, I know! Father, let me go away. I have money enough to carry me out of the country," pleaded the boy.

"Remain with your mother. I will see this gentleman, and try to make terms with him."

"God bless you, my husband, do not think of me, think only of your son and your name."

"Mr. Marbury, I am here on very unpleasant business. I hope, however, to give you some comfort. Your son is with you, I hear; I was fearful he had fled. He has told you, I think, of his trouble," said the stranger.

"You are right, sir. The amount I can return, that is nothing; but Oh, God! the disgrace! Can I hope for any mercy? Can anything induce Mr. Truman to spare us that?"

"Mr. Marbury, I am a man of few words, and wish not to prolong your sufferings. I have pleaded with Mr. Truman for your son. He is a stern, rather hard man; but I think I have induced him to yield. He is under obligation to me, in fact, only my representative; the capital is mine. When he became aware of this unhappy business he immediately telegraphed for me, before he had ascertained the guilty one. This affair is known only to Mr. Truman, the bookkeeper and myself, and I am here this morning to pledge to you, sir, that this knowledge shall go no further. Relieve your mind, your son's and your wife's. The name of Marbury shall remain spotless."

"How can I ever thank you! On what terms is this mercy granted us? I will be ready to meet them immediately."

"I have made all the necessary arrangements. I know you are a proud man, therefore I will not release your son from the payment of this money. I must insist, however, that he shall pay it. Here are notes which he must sign. You will see I have made them in ten payments, yearly. This will be five hundred each year. I have an object in this, it will arouse him; give him something to work for, bring forth his self respect, and, more than all, will make a man of him. I am a queer fellow, you think, but I choose to try this experiment. For years past I have been making myself happy by doing little kindnesses for friends—people who loved me. This time I thought I would try how much happier I should be in doing good to him 'who hated and despitely used me.'"

"What do you mean? Who are you? Why have you acted thus?" asked the astonished man.

"I feel a deep sympathy for your son, Mr. Marbury, because in years gone by I was tempted, and yielded. I pleaded with one for mercy, and it was granted me. You know at what cost. More than all, I could not suffer Clara Dayton's son should wear the brand of shame! Do you not know me, George Marbury? Has time and grey hairs altered me so much?"

"Everett Morse! Just heaven, how mysterious are thy ways! Yes, I spared you, but for a dreadful sacrifice. Forgive, Oh! forgive me! Oh! how prophetic were your words," burst from the lips of the humiliated man.

"I do forgive you—have, long, long years ago. I have known she was happy with you, and I was content. Will you some time, when you best can, let her know how it was I lost her? Is this asking too much?"

"How can I? This is a severe task, but it is as you wish."

The door opened, and Clara stood before them.

Going up to the bowed man, she raised his head, pressed her lips to the burning brow, and then holding out her hand to Everett Morse, she said:

"Nay, he need not tell me; I know all. I have heard from the next room. To you, of all the world, I would sooner be indebted for this great kindness. I know how good and noble you are, but I cannot find it in my heart to censure him, whose only faults was through his loving me so much."

Both men were answered—yes, satisfied. The look she bent on both to one her true appreciation and gratitude, to the other—that he alone she loved.

Little more remains to tell: many years have passed, and Dayton Marbury stands before the world beloved and respected by his fellow men. Many are the speculations concerning the great intimacy and devoted friendship between the old bachelor and this young man, but to few is known the true reason why they love each other thus.

SILK AND TAILORS.

The Fatter a Chinaman Gets the Better Pleased He Is.

The first person in all the world who raised silkworms for the purpose of robbing the cocoon of its soft covering was the Empress Si-Lung-Chee, who reigned in China 2,700 years B. C., says Lippincott's. She is now worshipped as goddess of the silkworm. Once each year a national festival is held in her honor. The reigning empress and her maidens resort to the temples of Si-Lung-Chee and pay her, in flowers and spirit money, an installment upon the debt which China owes to her; for did she not make the important discovery whereby the poor may earn life's necessities and the rich may rustle in shining garments?

Perhaps more people wear silk in China than in any other country; for plain raw silk is almost as inexpensive as cotton. Even for winter garments this material is made to serve, with layers of wadding placed between the outside and the lining. As their garments do not go out of style, it is not necessary to buy new ones until the old ones are well worn.

This is a great item of saving for every one but the tailors; but if the people followed the example of the tailors themselves there would be still less for that craft to do. Like the feet of "shoemakers' children," the Chinese tailors, while at their work, are as nearly bare as possible. When well fattened their uncovered bodies suggest the animals which Americans inclose in a sty. The more like a well-fed porker a Chinaman becomes the prouder he is of his looks, for a corpulent man is regarded by his almond-eyed brethren as a high type of humanity.

In the tailor's workshop, which is frequently open on all sides, the passer-by may see from five to ten men squatted around a low, matting-covered table. Each man is in undress uniform, consisting of his cue, a pair of slippers and pantaloons about six inches in length. They work both for shops and for individuals, receiving about \$5 a month; yet somehow they manage to keep fat.

Character in the Chin.

If you have a protruding chin, you are of the "get there" type. Successful people always carry their chins in this way, with compressed lips.

A retreating chin shows a yielding nature, easily discouraged; unless its owner has other well-developed faculties to counteract the influence of this chin he is mentally, morally and physically weak.

A pleasure-loving person has a small, well-rounded chin, with a red cushion of flesh upon it. If dimpled it belongs to a coquette or one who loves to be petted and admired. Its owner should live to be a round old age.

Broad chins signify nobleness, square chins executive ability and a strong desire to hate; chins with circular lines about them denote drunkards. Slowly folk have wrinkled chins.—Exchange.

Fashion Is the Dictator.

"Not only," said the mill agent, "do fashions change in a bewildering way and a most expensive way to us manufacturers, but they have a way of changing so radically that new goods may be wholly unsalable if they bear any resemblance to the dress goods in demand last year. Why? Simply because a woman who buys a new dress wants a pattern and a color wholly different from that of her last year's frock, in order that there may be no question as to its being a new frock. She not only wants a different design, but a very different one, so that he, or, more probably, she, who runs may see that it is a new dress."—Scribner's.

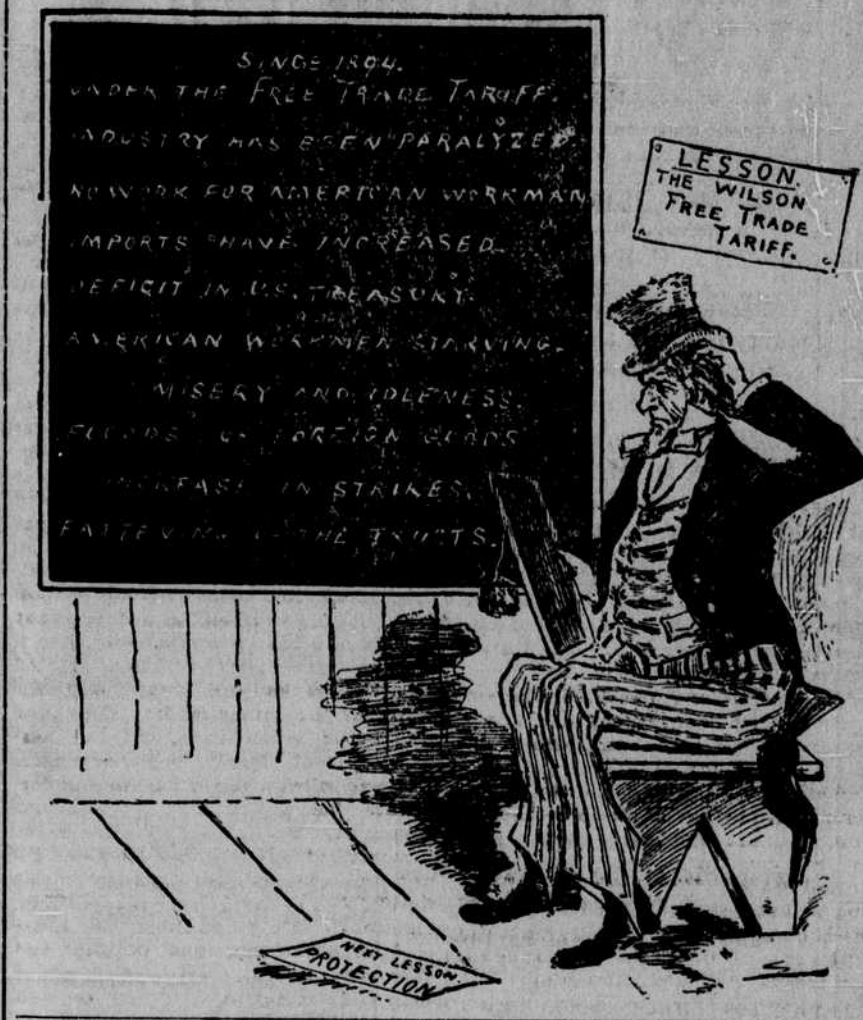
Brains Sleep in Sections.

Sir James Crichton Browne, the expert on brain diseases, holds that insomnia is not attended with such disastrous consequences as is commonly supposed. It is not as dangerous as the solicitude of the sufferer. He suggests that the brains of literary men, who are the most frequent victims, acquire the trick of the heart, which takes a doze of a fraction of a second after each beat and so manages to get six hours rest in twenty-four. Some brains, in cases of insomnia, sleep in sections, different brain centers going off duty in turn.—Phrenological Journal.

What He Bled For.

The Manager—It says here that he hit you in the nose, an' you bled freely. The Boxer—I guess not. I got one-third of the receipts.

THE LESSON OF THE PAST.



STATE CAMPAIGNS.

ASSUME MORE THAN ORDINARY IMPORTANCE.

Free Silver Men of Ohio Are Making a Fight for Life—They Have Endorsed Free Coinage to the Exclusion of All Else.

(Washington Correspondence.)

A chief subject of discussion in Washington just now is the political campaigns which are in progress in various states. These are considered specially important because of their bearing upon the political complexion of the United States senate. In several states, legislatures which are to choose a United States senator are to be elected in part or in full at the approaching state elections, and interest centers in each of these states, particularly those which are close and in which each party has hopes of gaining control of the legislature by the vote cast at the approaching election.

The states which are just now especially attracting attention are Ohio, Iowa and Maryland. Ohio and Iowa are the subjects of special attention at the present moment because of the fact that in those states the Democrats have pinned their faith to the single proposition of the free and unlimited coinage of silver, coupled with the general calamity cry which has been an unceasing feature of their political utterances in season and out of season in the past decade. The platforms in these two states having been adopted early went to the fullest length in their advocacy of the 16 to 1 without-waiting-for-any-other-nation proposition, while the Maryland platform, framed by the cautious and cunning Gorman, who saw the approaching storm, straddled along on the silver question in the most approved Gormanesque style, its wording being such that anybody can assume that it means anything he may choose upon the money question.

It is in Ohio and Iowa, that the free silver element of the Democracy is put again clearly and conspicuously upon record in advocacy of the free silver proposition as the sole sentiment of its national ambition. Advices from those states show that the Democrats already are seeing that they made a great mistake in not only again espousing the silver cause, but in making it the chief and only expression of their views upon national subjects. Since the conventions in those adopted the 16 to 1 proposition as the chief plank of their platform silver has fallen rapidly and equal promptness. At the same time business activity has increased through each of those states. Letters received from leading business men, Democrats as well as Republicans, throughout Iowa and Ohio, show there a marked improvement in business conditions, manufactories increasing their forces and now running full time and overtime, thousands of men being put at work at living wages, farmers getting increased prices for their wheat, wool, and other farm products, and the general repudiation of the calamity cry and the theory that only the free coinage of silver can bring prosperity to the people of this country.

Coupled with this came advices from Mexico indicating that the fall in the price of silver has produced a business paralysis there, that merchants and business men generally are compelled to suspend business operations or are at least greatly crippled, and the amount of money which the Mexican government and the great business undertakings of that country must have in order to meet their interest charges which are payable in gold is bringing the Mexican government to consider seriously adopting the gold standard.

It is perfectly clear to the average observer, putting aside any political views or wishes, that the trend of events is so pointedly in the support of Republican theories as to currency, and Republican pledges of prosperity under protection, that it only remains to the members of that party in the states where elections are to be held this year to get their voters to the polls and thus insure sweeping Republican victories.

G. H. WILLIAMS.

POLITICAL DRIFTWOOD.

The Populists of the country are thoroughly disgusted with the treatment which the Democracy have given them, and are developing the greatest hostility to further attempts at fusion.

The Clevelandite Democrats are making large accessions to their ranks everywhere, and expect to poll a much larger vote this year than last.

People who are assuming that the recent great gold developments are a mere matter of good luck to those opposing the 16 to 1 theory are mistaken. It is more than luck; it is the logic of events. The fact that the world prefers gold to the bulky white metal as its medium of exchange has stimulated the production of gold everywhere until it seems likely to supply the needs of the world for a money metal.

The money in circulation in the United States has increased about \$130,000,000 in the past year, the price of foreign products has advanced, and the business of the country has greatly improved despite the assertions that nothing but the free coinage of silver would bring an increase of money or prices to the people of this country.

While the diffusion of the value of land by the extension of railroads, and the broader application of machinery to agriculture, with facilities of transportation from remote regions, introducing new sources of supplies to the markets, reduced the price of wheat and these reasons were beyond the control of the farmers, there were faults in the farmers themselves of which they should be sensible. They seemed to be anxious to extend the wheat areas on their own land, and committed the same error in that particular that has damaged the southern cotton planters. Let the farmers have diversity of crops.

A few days ago there were strange dispatches from Mexico—"Gold at 125 per cent premium. Business paralyzed." Why should business be paralyzed in a free silver country, a "bi-metallic country" like Mexico, by a premium on gold? How does it happen that free silver is not the medicine to cure this trouble? The old farmers who hear the voices of the silver screechers telling how the gold standard hurts the toilers on the farm and in the shop should ask for an answer to this question and insist upon getting it.

The people who attempted to make the people believe a few months ago that Secretary Sherman had passed the period of active usefulness are saying nothing more on that subject. Secretary Sherman's expressions of views on current political topics are clear, crisp, and vigorous, and strike a responsive chord in the hearts of every American citizen.

What of the price of wheat in the future? Is the rise now so remarkable in the markets a temporary affair? Will wheat go down again when there are good crops on other continents? It is, of course, true that heavy crops elsewhere will reduce the price of wheat, simply because they will reduce the demand for it. There can be no help for that. But the growing of wheat can be made profitable. The first notable influence will be found in the increase by many millions of the consumers of white bread. These millions were introduced to the better breadstuff of civilization by the low rates that prevailed, and they have acquired a taste for it. The same influences that have enlarged the wheat-producing lands and cheapened the production have found new customers—consumers—therefore markets. So this great matter of white bread for the world will adjust itself handsomely.

The farmers of the country should give their attention closely to a few contrasts. The free traders made a great row over the sugar bounty and the tin-plate duty. Their contention was the sheer impossibility that we should produce our own sugar and tin. Already every farmer in America knows that we shall soon produce all the sugar we consume and save a hun-

dred millions a year for the tillers of our soil, and that we are also deep in the tin-plate manufacturing business, and that long before this presidential term is out we shall produce in our shops all the tin-plate we want, and there are from twenty to twenty-five millions a year for American workmen to earn and distribute. Now, these are the things that give a boom to prosperity. Contrast this with the vulgar falsification that low silver made wheat low, and all that rottenness of the Democratic imagination.

When Bryan assumed with an affectation of solemnity, to be a student and a man of deep thought, he begged the people who came out to see the show to "study this silver question." He had looked into it. Oh, yes, he had even studied it! And he said wheat would soon be down to twenty-five cents a bushel if silver were not made free at the mints! The people have had an object-lesson in the rise of wheat and the fall of silver at the same time, and as the country rises in prosperity Bryan falls.

The recent enormous fall in the price of silver is driving Mexico to consider the advisability of going to the gold standard. The example of Japan, Russia, Peru, and, in fact, all the intelligent nations of the world is having its effect upon the statesmen of that country, and, followed, as it is, by the business troubles growing out of the great fall in the value of silver, warns them that they must fall in line with other civilized nations if they expect to maintain their business and financial standing.

The Divided Democracy.

Free trade has been betrayed in the house of its friends. Mr. Bailey of Texas, the Democratic leader in the house, has repudiated the Democratic doctrine of "free raw material." A considerable number of Democrats voted for some of the Protective features of the Dingley bill, and the Atlanta Constitution, in a recent issue, said that the time had come to correct the error people made in considering the Democratic party a free trade party. We have more respect for the foresight of these men than for their consistency. They at least have read the signs of the times and have seen that free trade is a "dead dog" in the future politics of this country. Hence they are trying to rid themselves of any part or lot in that economic fallacy by whatever means they can. In any case, however, we are glad to welcome them from the dreary outposts of free trade into the folds of Protection. We recognize them as pioneers in the general movement of the people of the south toward the adoption of the sound principles of the American system of Protection.

Uncle Sam's New Suit.



The Cost of Living.

The one thing absolutely certain about the new tariff bill is that it will increase the cost of living.—The World, N. Y.

This same statement was hawked about the country by the free-trade papers in the fall of 1890, and subsequently while the McKinley tariff was in force. Comparing it with the advertising columns of the World a few days after the Dingley tariff went into effect, we were surprised to find that only two of the large department stores were advertising in the World, but we quote from them both as follows:

We cannot remember a time when prices were more favorable to consumers.

This was from the advertisement of a very large department store on Broadway. It gives the lie direct to the editorial statement of Mr. Pulitzer that the new tariff bill "will increase the cost of living." We quote again:

Liberal reductions have been made throughout our entire store; in some cases we have cut our regular prices in half.

This is the advertised announcement of one of the largest Sixth avenue department stores. We can hardly reconcile how the Dingley bill "will increase the cost of living" when this large store, which sells almost every possible article of daily demand and consumption, announces that "we have cut our regular prices in half."

These contradictory statements from the editorial and advertising columns of the World lead to but one conclusion. One of them is false. Is it that the advertised announcements in your paper are misleading to the people, Mr. Pulitzer? Or is it that you are deliberately deceitful in your editorial columns? These questions must be settled between yourself and your advertisers.