

CHAPTER XL WORDS OF FLAME.

A mass meeting. No hall could hold the vast concourse of excited men and women gathered to discuss the labor trouble, which threatened to spread like fire into the industries, and even to give color to the dread of an outburst of communism, which has always been a bugbear to

Loud of voice and strong of lung, Demagogue Schlossinger roared his de-nunciations from the platform with a rude brute eloquence that even struck chords of sympathy in Frank Grey's heart, much as he despised the man. It was a bitter arraignment of the

wealthy classes, showing under a glar-ing light of savage criticism the jobberies and corruptions of public offices the cruel tyranny of monopolies, the hard, fettered fate of the man who had to work for his daily bread. Vulgar and ill-bred as the fellow was he was a born orator, and when he rose to passion lin his speech men listened with breathless interest.

But a strange thing was to happen.

The speaker was in the midst of the most lurid flight of his imagination, and paused with folded arms to let the weight of his words sink into the hearts of his hearers.

Every eye was fixed on him. Every bosom was thrilled with emotion. Suddenly—no one could say exactly how or whence she came—a young woman sprang to his side, pale as marble and with flashing eyes, hatless and with hair streaming in the wind.

She stood for a moment facing the astonished multitude, then, in a voice laden with passion, but clear and mu-sical as a bell, she cried with unconscious plagiarism:

"Men and women hear me, for I will speak. I come to you from a home made desolate by your folly, from the bedside of a half-murdered husband, with the cries of my children for bread ringing in my maddened ears. O, listen to me! For the sake of your wives and little ones you must and shall hear me." The silence was intense.

"Order," yelled Atkins, recovering his self-possession. "Throw her out! Off with the crazy fool." "No, no!" roared the fickle crowd.

"Let her speak." Was this ill-clad young woman in-

spired? Words leaped from her lips in clear, resonant tones that held the people spellbound. Men forgot her haggard look and mean attire, as their ears drank in the music of her voice, as they listened to the terrible tale of their sufferings; and when in glowing tones she pictured her happy days before the strike, and drew the contrast of her present blighted hearth, the women

eyes filled with tears. Nor did they grow restive when she reproached them for sacrifleing to their pride the comfort of those they should have loved dearer than their lives-the folly, the madness of their actions, which had led them to the very verge

sobbed with sympathy and even men's

"And for what," she cried, "for what have you steeped your souls in crime and shadowed your homes in poverty? For a sentiment-for a weak, sickly sense of offended dignity, which a school boy would blush to pout over."

Then, with infinite tenderness, she drew a picture of her sister's sorrows, and the tragic story of Joe Henderson's love and ruin. And at last, in one grand burst of passionate eloquence, with quivering lips and tear-stained face, she appealed to the women, the real sufferers in this unequal fight, to lend their sympathy and lead the bread winners back to a sense of duty.

She finished-cast one look full of mute pathos at the people-and with head bowed low retreated from the platform.

For a moment there was silence; then the pent-up feelings of those thrilling forty minutes burst forth in one tremendous roar of applause.

Cheer upon cheer greeted the brave girl, as she stepped through the crowd; women clung round her and kissed her mid mingled tears and laughter; men shook her by the hand and poured lavish praises in her ears.

might those tribunes of the people, Schlossinger and Atkins, look glum, for the backbone of the strike was broken and the next day the busy hum of industry made music in the erst deserted shipyards of

And one man went back to his lodging dismayed at the events-feeling very much as if his temple of theories were but a house built of cards, which a girl with her finger had toppled over and left him more in doubt than ever as to which was the best way to solve the intricate problem of the rights of

CHAPTER XIL FAINTING BY THE WAYSIDE.

The weeks fie w rapidly by. The merchants of the city presented Nellie Harland with a purse of five hundred dollars. George was on a fair way to recovery. Alice had secured a position in a store, where her lithe ster and laughing eyes bore testimony to a contented spirit that rejoices in a fair day's wage for a fair day's work, and even Joe Henderson was hoping to re-deem the future, and all but Frank Grey were happy. Times were not prosperous with him.

Spring succeeded winter, yet he had se cured no permanent employment, while the fees he had received for desultory contributions to the journals and magazines had been so small that he was obliged to draw on his little capital till the end of his resources was unpleasantly close at hand.

"Literature," sneered the eccentric Bailey in his forcible style, when one day Frank met him in his rambles, "is a tolerable cane, but an infernally un-reliable crutch."

Now necessity has no laws. The world did not want his services, save in one way, and that the most ob-

noxious to him. He must once more turn schoolmaster, the only profession in the states which seems always to offer a chance of employment to the impecunious, who stay in it, in nine cases out of ten, just as short a time as necessity compels them to do so.

His new field of labor-for he soon found a position-was a village a hundred miles from the city amid the rich, rolling prairies of Illinois.

He had been down to the place to interview successfully the school author-



ities, and was returning to Chicago to spend the last few days of freedom before taking possession of his new incumbency.

The railroad car was crowded. He found himself seated beside an oldish man, dressed in a shabby suit of black a man who looked as though he had seen better days. His features, strongly marked, were ashy pale, and his lips occasionally twitched convulsively.

"Are you sick, sir?" Grey asked. He was startled by the short, nervous reply: "Get me out of the train, or I shall die!"

Grey at once alarmed the conductor, who vainly sought a physician among the passengers, while the growing pallor in the sufferer's face threatened a serious end to the adventure.

"We stop at Princeton next. If some one would only see him to the hotel he may have a chance," the conductor suggested.

Grey at once volunteered his services. "If you choose to stop and take care of your sick friend," the proprietress of the hotel declared, "he may remain; but our hotel's no hospital, nor I ain't no nurse."

Common humanity demanded that Grev should see the sufferer at any rate through the night, though he thought ruefully of the additional expense he was encountering, for he felt assured that the old fellow would have to be his debtor for all outlay.

Colic the doctor called it-that common pestilence of the western statesbut sharp remedies prevailed, and towards morning the patient dozed into a slight, grateful slumber.

"I am better," he gasped on waking. "Of course you are," Grey responded cheerfully. "You'll be on your legs again in no time."

"But, you will not leave me yet?" "Why, yes, I must be going soon."

"Don't go. Stay a little."

"Well, we'll see. Now don't worry yourself about trifles. I'm not very flush myself, but I can find enough to see you through this little trouble. I'll settle the bill here before I go."

This seemed to pacify the sick man, for he grew rapidly better, and before noon was talking as gliblyas though he had never been sick, astounding Grey with his terse remarks. Nay, the young fellow, to his own amazement, found himself chattering over his own adventures in Chicago, partly with a view of diverting his listener and partly because he was glad to get a congenial spirit to talk to.

In fact, the old gentleman picked up so immensely that it was decided that Frank should continue his journey on the midnight mail, leaving the man he had played the Samaritan to to follow at his leisure.

"I have some little influence in Buffalo, where I live. Give me your address; who knows what may turn up?" Grey, with an amused smile, wrote the number of his street in his friend's pocketbook as desired, little dreaming that he would ever hear anything of the dear old fellow again. And, having thus done his duty, he paid the

hotel bill and left the place. Four days afterwards he received a letter from the Western New York Rolling Mill company, offering him the position of assistant secretary, at a salary of eighteen hundred dollars a year, and by the same mail a sweet, womanly letter, dated from Prospect street, Buffalo, in which the writer thanked him warmly for his kindness to her husband and added: "He has been

fortunate enough to secure for you the offer of an appointment, which, though not very great, is likely to be a step-ping-stone to something better. It is needful that you should be here forthwith, so I suggest your coming to Buffalo by the train that reaches the city at nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, next, when, in my husband's absence

from home, I will meet you at the station. Mr. Woodgrove hopes that, Continuing, the senator says: for the present, you will make our house your home. We are plain, simple people, but will do our best to make you comfortable. Reply at once, and oblige your cordial friend,

"DOBOTHY WOODGROVE." These wonderful letters Frank Grey read as in a dream.

"How the dickens," he mused, "could that seedy old fellow have wrought the miracle? It only corroborates my suspicions that he has seen better days, and though broken in fortune has powerful friends whom he has importuned in my behalf. As for going to their house, that is all right, they doubtless want a lodger, and I will try and be a liberal one."

The union depot at Buffalo is a big rambling building, which when thronged with hundreds of bustling people pouring forth from trains from every point of the compass, presents a broad field for the search of an unknown person.

Grey took in the absurdity of his position for the first time. How could he recognize Mrs. Woodgrove? Well, he would hunt for a genteel old lady in faded black, who, like her husband, bore the sad insignia of decayed prosperity, but he searched in vain.

Suddenly he came face to face with an elderly gentlewoman, richly dressed in sealskins and silks. A sweet, gentle face, crowned with braided gray hair, looked pleasantly up into his and a well gloved hand was stretched forth toward him.

"Mr. Grey, of Chicago?" a pleasant voice asked.

"Xes, madam," Frank stammered. 'And you?"

"Mrs. Woodgrove," she replied, shaking his hand heartily. "I am indeed glad to see you; come straight to my carriage; give your checks to the coachman, and he will attend to your aggage."

Cinderella riding in her pumpkin carriage behind her rat horses was not in such a whirl of astonishment as Grey when he found himself bowling along behind a pair of high-stepping bays up the finest avenue of Buffalo. And what a home! A fine stone-front

mansion standing in spacious grounds with all the luxurious surroundings that wealth could accomplish. "Now," said this gracious lady, when

they were indoors, "I want you really to feel that you have come home." "You are too kind." The poor, friend-

less fellow could not keep back the tear from his eye.

"We are an old childless couple," she continued, "and you were so good to my Marcus, the best husband woman ever had. He says again and again that if it had not been for you he would have died. Oh!" she added, earnestly, "you do not know how precious a life

"Really, my dear lady, you exaggerate my services," Grey remonstrated, feeling really uncomfortable at the warmth of her gratitude. "I would have done for anyone else what-"

"Oh, yes; I know you would. That is just it. Now, tell me, are your parents living?"

"No; they are dead." "Your relations?"

"I have none-at least none who have ever acknowledged me, and, as they are rich and I am poor, I suppose I may say that I am quite alone in the world."

"The old story," she sighed. "I graduated at an eastern college, then drifted west."

"And none to love you?" "No relation."

"Ah, I understand-nay, do not blush, though the color is very becoming to your cheeks. Now, Mr. Grey, I wanted to ask a favor of you." "Be assured it will be granted."

"I want you to try hard to love me just one little bit." "No need to try, dear Mrs. Wood-

grove; no one could be in the same house with you and not love you." "That is very prettily spoken, Mr.

Grey, so I will reward your gallantry by dismissing you to your own chamber till we meet at lunch.' The first thing Grey did when he

found himself in the solitude of his number will be reduced one half. You room was to write a long letter to Jack self during his long disappointments in | -Coming Nation. Chicago-for now with a clear conscience he could beg the honest pros-pector to tell him all the news of Ore-

Little did he think that while he was basking in the sun of prosperity, the cold clouds of trouble were hanging over the head of the girl he loved dearer than life itself.

(To be Continued.)

Called Down. He was saying all sorts of soft things

"Sir!" she exclaimed, with sudden indignation. "Oh, I beg your pardon," he replied.

hastily, "I meant nothing by"-"That's just what I don't like, sir. What I want to hear is something you mean.

The Himalayas have been seen 224 miles away.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh

that Contain Mercury. as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Curs, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucuous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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THERE'S FUN AHEAD.

M There Are Any More Bonds Issued Sen-Senator Peffer is out in a newspaper interview in which he makes the bold statement:

"If another issue of bonds is made without the authority of congress, I shall advise their repudiation."

"I considered the bond issue fraudulent and I have not changed my position since then. I still think that the government had no authority to issue bonds without the authority of con-

"I am satisfied that there will another bond issue before October 1, because the syndicate has been given the privilege of taking all the bonds issued before then. There is only one thing which may prevent a bond issue and that is the fear that it may weaken the democratic strength. They are making heroic efforts to strangle the free silver sentiment in all the states and have to a considerable extent succeeded. Look how they squelched it in Kentucky and Arkansas and nearly all the other states where the test has been made. They are compelling the silver men to go outside the democratic party if they desire to adhere to that principle.

"If there be another bond issue without authority of congress I intend to introduce a resolution advising the repudiation of the bonds. They were issued without authority and are fraudulent, and the people should not be compelled to pay them. This may not sound well, but there is no use in allowing the people to be imposed upon any longer, and I will call their attention to the matter in a resolution. I do not consider these bonds a just debt of the government.

"When the first bond issue was proposed Secretary Carlisle came to both houses of congress and asked legisla-tive authority for the issue. He went so far as to prepare a bill for that purpose and presented it to the committees of both the senate and the house. Congress refusing to act, the secretary gave notice that if he were not authorized by special act he would issue bonds without such authority; and he did so. I called attention to these facts at the time, charged that the bonds were issued illegally, and also introduced a resolution instructing the judiciary committee of the senate to examine and report whether the secretary had such authority under existing law, and the committee dared not report, because they knew there is no such law."-Associated Press.

MORE MONEY CANNOT SAVE. No Solution of the Money Question Will

Avail Unless Interest Is Destroyed Thereby.

If it takes twenty pounds of cotton to get a dollar, isn't there something

the matter with the dollar? If you have to work ten hours to get

a dollar, when you used to get two for ten hours, what's the matter? Isn't the matter in the dollar? If it takes two bushels of wheat to

get a dollar, isn't there something wrong with the dollar, when you used to get a dollar for one bushel? If you have to sell twice as many

goods to get dollars enough to pay store rent as you once did, is the trouble in your goods or the dollars? If the trouble is not in the dollar,

where is it? Wouldn't it be a good thing to locate the trouble, wherever it is, and then cure it? Or, do you think "good times" will cure it? If you do, what do you say to this fact: With the same kind of "good times" as we have had in the past, and the same concentration of wealth in the hands of the people who don't create it, all the wealth in fourteen years will be owned by a few monopolists. Who will own you then? Who will own your children? Can you think?

Don't flatter yourself that more money will settle the labor problem. It will bring relief, but this is an age of machinery and the machines that make shoes, clothing, coats, hats, wagons, plows, that bale hay, harvest, plant and stack wheat, set type, cut and fold newspapers, pull stumps, plow corn and work roads and in fact do all kinds of labor so much better, cheaper and quicker than you can, will find employment while you are idle, no matter how plentiful money may be. Nine million producers now supply the wants of our sixty or seventy millions of people. A few more inventions equal to the type setting machines, hav balers and stump pullers and that see the laboring man will soon be Wilders, a pleasure he had denied him- largely like a worn out suit of clothes.

FORGING THE CHAINS.

The Attorney for the Debtor is Being Wined and Dined by the Creditor. James H. Eckels, of Illinois, is the comptroller of the currency of the United States, a position he holds through an appointment at the hands of Grover Cleveland. He is drawing for his services \$5,000 a year, which is paid by the taxpayers of the United States. Late dispatches announce that he is in London, Eng. He was entertained by Ambassador Bayard and the press reports state that "several leading English financiers were present." Later dispatches say "Mr. Eckels has

made several visits to the Bank of England during the week," and that "he is studying the methods of banking of that institution." In plain words, this fellow Eckels-a hired man of the American people, is absent from his post of duty, drawing a salary of nearly \$14 a day of the taxpayers' money, dining with English financiers and visiting the Bank of England to advise himself of their methods. Isn't it a nice spectacle for the producers of this country to witness! May the Supreme Ruler of the universe give the yeomanry of this country backbone enough to drive from power in 1896 every American tory that holds a gov-

ernment position. -Missouri World. -The political life of the Texas democrat is a burden to him, for the populist is camped on his trail and he knoweth that he is doomed. - Missouri World

ROPE AROUND HIS NECK.

KANSAS MISCREANT BARELY SAVED FROM A MOB.

RESCUED BY THE MAYOR.

Osage City Men for Nearly Four Hours Wrestle With Officers in Trying to Get Louis Thomas From the Authorities, and are Balked by Strategy Just as They

Had Their Man.

OSAGE CITY, Kan., Sept. 18. - Louis Thomas, a disreputable man, enticed the 12-year-old imbecile daughter of O. E. McElfresh from her home yes-terday and brutally assaulted her. He was arrested.

Last night a large body of men gathered at the jail. The mayor tried to persuade them to disperse, but they picked him up and carried him away. For nearly four hours the officers were kept busy guarding the entrance to the cell. When the electric lights were turned off at 12:45 o'clock this morning, the crowd surrounding the city hall numbered about 300 men. At 12:55 six men approached Night Watch Ogren who was guarding the rear entrance and demanded the keys. Ogren had hidden them but the men overpowered and searched him. Failing

to secure the keys they seized the fire axes, battered down the wooden door and rushed into the corridor. Using the same axes they broke the lock, opened the cell and, placing a rope around Thomas's neck, pulled him out of the building and hurried down Main street to Third and then to Safford street, where the rope was thrown over a telegraph pole. While the crowd was waiting for the rope to be properly placed, City Marshal McMillan, followed by a band of deputies, cautiously worked their way

close to the prisoner, and before the would-be lynchers realized their presence the rope was cut from Thomas neck and prisoner and rescuing party backed from the crowd.

backed from the crowd.

McMillan conducted Thomas to a place of safety and by 1:30 o'clock was on the way by secluded roads to the county jail at Lyndon.

The feeling runs very high this morning and very little doubt exists about a repetition of last night's attempt at Lyndon.

tempt at Lyndon. The parents of the child report her in a precarious condition.

NO CUBAN RECOGNITION. The United States Unlikely to Take Any

Positive Action at Present. WASHINGTON, Sept. 18.—Save vague Compound. newspaper reports, nothing is known at the state department of the intention of any of the governments of the Positively the One Remedy for the treat American republics to recognize the belligerency of the Cuban revolutionists, and it is quite certain that no Hervous Exhaustion, formal application for such recognition by the United States has been made. It is not perceived here how the insurgents can reap any substantial advantages at this time for such recognition. The only comfort that they would derive would be from the moral effect of an assent by an independent power to the proposition that

they had assumed statehood. As far as the United States is concerned, it took such a pronounced stand in the case of the late Brazilian insurrection that it could scarcely recognize the insurgents in the case of Cuba at present without a complete reversal of its position. It has held that, to entitle them to recognition, insurgents must set up a seat of government and maintain it; that they must issue money, and must possess a navy to make effectual any blockade they wish to establish-in short, that they must have an actual defacto government. The state department is not informed that any of these requirements have been met by the Cubans.

POLITICS AND CRIME.

Professor Warner of California Attacks the Present Police Systems

DENVER, Col., Sept. 18 .- At this

morning's session of the national prison congress a paper on "Politics and Crime," written by Amos G. Warner, professor of economics and social science in the Leland Stanford university of California, and read by John N. Dryden of Kearney, Neb., created a sensation. "If the state itself is under the influence of criminals," wrote Mr. Warner, "how can it hope to reform criminals? Setting a thief to catch a thief was an old-time doctrine, but the plan of setting a thief to reform a thief has never yet been defended. The representatives of the state with which criminals are most frequently brought into contact are policemen, police justices, sheriffs, sheriffs' deputies and others only a shade-if at all-better than the criminals themselves. The hope for the cure of criminals largely lies in curative treatment in the early stages. Petty offenders and those on the verge of criminality in the large cities seldom or never get beyond this line of guards, and live more or less in their presence. The police to them represent the state.'

Whipped by a Postmaster's Wife. SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Sept. 18 .- At Nichols Junction this morning John Brickel, a hotel keeper, was horsewhipped by Mrs. W. W. Wilkerson. wife of the postmaster, in the office. Mrs. Wilkerson charges that Brickel insulted her. He denies her story.

Fatalities at a Bull Fight.

CITY OF MEXICO, Sept. 18.-Two men were killed and five injured at a bull fight at Sawangel yesterday, the floor giving away. Sawangel is a pretty suburban town, the favorite rainy season resort of the aristocracy.

The Republicans and Democrats of Seward county, Kan., are to fuse to defeat the Populists.

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