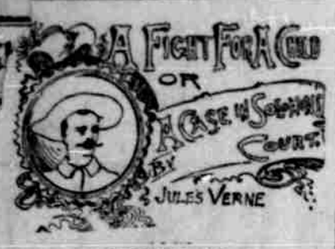


CHAPTER III.

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

Ten years of life in the Australian bush had worked great changes in Thad Faircamp, but it had worked them easily and naturally, for he had proved to be a very fit subject. He had taken with great zest and willingness to the wild ways of this life in the wilderness, which, as an untame horse struggles against bit and rein, rebelled at the restraining touch of so-called law and order. His ranches, lying for miles about Waldeck hill, strange to say, had not enriched him, for in order to maintain his position as a cattle king he had suffered his band of retainers to become, as it were, sharers of his ill-gotten property. In this he had little choice, for, owing his existence as he did at the outset to their protecting arms, he now found himself at the head of a band of half-marauders, half-farmers, who regarded themselves as well entitled to an interest in this vast estate, which lay far beyond the cleared patches of the most adventuresome pioneers. In a word, so complicated were the claims of ownership to this valuable property edging the deserts of the interior that nought save the patient and skilful hands of the law would be able to untangle the twisted and snarled skein and trace back the ownership to the golden sources of the Faircamp millions, which Thad, as guardian, had born away from San Francisco.

Janet Faircamp, the mistress of Waldeck Hill, had, as the years went by, passed more and more under the domination of her husband. Always a weak and irresolute woman, she had been awed to servility by the high-handed measures, the deeds of violence of their early life in the Australian bush, and more than all by the knowledge of the terrible fraud perpetrated upon her sister-in-law—a fraud which she herself had made possible. The presence of the child ever before her eyes or within her hearing now kept a sense of the wrong, like a spike in a helmet of torture, forever pressed upon her brain, and this was the punishment which had furrowed Janet's cheeks and streaked her dark hair with white. When news of the coming of Helen Faircamp and her lawyer reached Waldeck Hill Janet had summoned up resolution enough to throw herself at her husband's feet and to implore him to end the wrong they had jointly wrought by restoring the child to Helen. For once she seemed able to brave the lightning of Thad's dark eyes and to dare to stand undaunted in his presence.

"Thad," she pleaded, "listen to me. They will be satisfied to get the child back again. They will not seek to rob you of your home in this faraway corner of the world."

Thad sprang upon the kneeling woman like a panther with uncovered fangs and foaming jaws.

"Never! never! I say," he hissed out. "That woman embittered my brother against me. She shall pay for it, now that I have her in my power."

Janet rose to her feet and in a delirium of courage advanced upon her husband. He was thunderstruck by the spectacle, and backed away from her for once in his life, awed by a righteous indignation.

"Hear me, Thad Faircamp," she whispered hoarsely, "if you will not act, I will; if you will not speak, I will! Kill me if you dare, but when they come they shall know the truth and the whole truth."

With a fearful oath Thad burst out: "Turn traitor against your husband, will you; betray me, will you, at this late day? Then you shall get your deserts; you shall get what a false woman merits at her husband's hand, and that is death! You know me, Janet, and if you don't, by heaven it's time you did; and you know I'll keep my word when I say I'll put a bullet in your heart if you betray me. You know my plans, Janet; help me put them into execution, or take the consequences."

Thad Faircamp met his brother's widow and Col. Barstow with a well-played dignity, a well-feigned composure.

In an almost judicial manner, before which the outlaw quailed in spite of himself, Barstow stated the main facts of the case upon which he based his charge.

"I hardly know, madam," replied the accused, turning to Helen with a sneer and a convulsive twitch of the fingers, "what reply a man should make to this wretched business, instigated after all

HE LEVELLED THE PISTOL AT HIS WIFE.

these years by your superserviceable attorney, but before I say anything my self-respect bids me hurl back into his teeth this insult to my wife and to me!"

"I'll speak when the time comes," said Helen, calmly, "but for the present, sir, I must beg you to address yourself to my legal adviser."

An ashen pallor of rage overspread Thad's face, but Barstow appeared not to notice it.

"If the charge we make is false, Mr. Faircamp," continued the lawyer, calmly, "there can be no insult in it, for you are safe beneath the panoply of truth and honesty, while we poor fools, chasers after the unreal, victims of our own speculation, stand exposed to your scorn and contumely."

Thad caught at this thin line of reasoning thus skilfully tossed to him. "I need not be told that by you, sir," he blurted out, sneeringly, "but there's another aspect of the case, which is that, when a man makes up his mind to play a desperate game for a big stake, as you are doing, clouding the good judgment of this lady by your vile hypothesis, he hardens and steels himself against any insult which an honest man can put upon him; but my life for many a year has been cast among violent and headstrong people. I spoke a little too quickly. You are right. You are deserving of our contempt, and nothing else."

Col. Barstow bowed with mock politeness.

"As for your allegation of fact," continued Faircamp, "upon which you base your case, that there was no reason for me to leave San Francisco, it disappears with the other fabric of falsehood when the sun of truth falls upon it. It is only natural that my wife's relations, whose funds I wasted in stock gambling, should at this late day be adverse to reviving a family scandal. They are ten years older, they deem me dead, or as good as dead, and, alarmed by your wretched intermeddling, they naturally aver that no fraud was ever committed; that they were mistaken."

"It may be, Mr. Faircamp," replied the lawyer, with a nod of acquiescence, "that I am the poor deluded victim of my own speculation. I admit the possibility, but that is not enough. As the attorney of Helen Faircamp, I demand that you lay before me positive and conclusive proof that the boy born beneath your roof at Oakland is the son of Thaddeus and Janet Faircamp and not the son of Jasper and Helen Faircamp!"

"Curse you, sir!" blurted out Thad, taking a step forward and making a motion as if to draw a firearm, but he suddenly halted, although his bronzed face was drawn into lines of demoniac fury to regain mastery over himself as he glanced at the newcomer standing on the threshold.

"Take care, Thad," said the scout, for he it was. "It might be dangerous for you to reach for your shooting iron in that way."

"Your answer, Mr. Faircamp," cried Barstow, completely ignoring the timely entrance of the scout.

"What proofs do you want?" asked the outlaw in a husky voice. "Can there be better proof in this matter than the evidence of the boy's own father and mother? No other living soul was present at the birth of this child save a colored nurse, who died beneath this roof six years ago."

"Thaddeus Faircamp," said Helen, starting up and walking towards her brother-in-law, "why this mystery about this child? Where is he? Produce him! Let him stand face to face with me! A single glance into his eyes may annihilate every vestige of suspicion in my mind! Send for him!"

"Impossible!" said Faircamp.

"Ah, you are afraid," came almost in a whisper from Helen.

"You dare not do this, you fear that a just God may move the child's heart to run from you with horror, to stretch out his arms to me!"

With a piercing shriek of terror Janet Faircamp threw herself at Helen's feet and clasped that woman's body with

"I repeat, Faircamp, you are my prisoner," said the lawyer.

"I have a warrant for your arrest, sir," replied the lawyer, in cold and measured tones. "You have nothing further to offer, but we have."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Faircamp.

"I reiterate my charge against you, Thaddeus Faircamp," said Barstow. "You have failed utterly to prove its falsity! I charge that Helen Faircamp is the mother of that boy whom you, in violation of the statutes of our State, have abducted and removed beyond its jurisdiction."

"Villain and liar!" roared Thad, beside himself with rage.

"I have in my possession, Mr. Faircamp," continued the lawyer, taking no note of this outburst, "a mandate of extradition, with Capt. James Terrill of the Oakland police force, to take you in custody. You must return to the United States with me and meet this charge, for which you have been indicted by the grand jury of San Francisco county, in a court of justice. If this boy is yours you will know how to prove it, and heavy damages will be awarded you for false arrest, damages which my client is amply able to liquidate."

"Return to America?" fairly yelled Thad Faircamp. "Never shall I submit to such an outrage. Never shall I permit myself to be torn from my home and transported across the seas to be speedy settlement of this matter, yet in truth I care little for the mere fact of resemblance one way or the other. I don't rest my case upon such variable indicies. Let your wife be summoned to corroborate your testimony."

Faircamp entered the room

"Let your hired assassins shoot me down, Faircamp," exclaimed Barstow, "it will be a bootless job, for other champions will arise to battle for this unfortunate lady. I have a duty to perform, and shall perform it boldly and fearlessly! You are my prisoner!"

Thad broke out into a jeering laugh, but it came to a sudden ending, for stepping from the window the lawyer drew the curtain aside. A troop of black police had ridden into the yard and pulled up under the very windows of the house. The Captain of the troop saluted Col. Barstow.

"I repeat, Faircamp, you are my prisoner."

"Villain, villain, you have betrayed me!" cried Thad, in a tone of triumph, "no doubt this evidence will satisfy you; no doubt you are convinced at last that you are the victim of suspicion engendered by your hatred of me!"

"I am not satisfied with this proof, sir," replied the lawyer, in cold and measured tones, "but we have nothing further to offer, but we have."

"Well, sir," exclaimed Thad in a tone of triumph, "no doubt this evidence will satisfy you; no doubt you are convinced at last that you are the victim of suspicion engendered by your hatred of me!"

"No, madam, I fear nobility of the sort," replied Faircamp. "My son lies within on a bed of suffering, come, you may see for yourself. Two days ago my sheep stampeded and poured like a mad torrent down the plain. My son was overtaken by the fleeing herds, thrown down, trampled, torn, one eye completely destroyed."

Helen gave a cry of [illegible] for at the sight of the [illegible] had not Barstow [illegible] led her with his arm she must h[illegible] fallen to the floor. Fate seemed to [illegible] ve favored the outlaw, for so cruelly had the lad's face been torn and lacerated that even when it should be completely healed [illegible] every semblance of its original expression would be stamped from it.

In deep silence, broken only by Helen's convulsive sobs, Barstow led the agonized woman back into the main room.

"Mr. Faircamp," began the lawyer, "while this terrible accident may rob us of a certain advantage upon which we had reckoned in order to reach a speedy settlement of this matter, yet in truth I care little for the mere fact of resemblance one way or the other. I don't rest my case upon such variable indicies. Let your wife be summoned to corroborate your testimony."

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her long, thin arms, while her face was upturned with a pitiful look of half frenzy, half dispair, as if the truth was to be made known at last. Thad was as good as his word, but as he leveled his pistol at his wife a quicker hand had pressed the trigger of another. The bullet struck the wrist of the outlaw and literally shot the pistol from his hand, but a shot from a concealed assassin sought to do what his leader had failed to accomplish. Janet fell backward with a groan.

When the smoke of the firearms blew away Thad Faircamp had disappeared. The outlaw had darfed out of the house, thrown himself on his horse, and, followed by several trusty companions, had sought refuge in the mountains.

The steel of Janet's corset had de-

A SINGLE SENTINEL WATCHING OVER THE CARAVAN.

A SINGLE SENTINEL WATCHING OVER THE LITTLE CARAVAN.

tected the ball and her wound was but a slight one. She soon revived sufficiently to give a brief description of the fraud committee upon her sister-in-law.

"Then the poor lad who was trampled and disfigured by the fleeing herds of sheep is my son and not yours, Janet?" asked Helen Faircamp.

"No, no!" gasped the fainting woman. "Not so! Not so!"

"Not mine, Janet?" whispered Helen breathlessly, as she raised her sister-in-law in her arms.

"No, it's false," said Janet; "another falsehood added to the long, long list. Robert, your son, is alive and well. That injured boy is—I know not whose."

"Robert alive and well!" exclaimed several voices in the same breath.

"Yes," continued Janet, "a close prisoner in one of the out-buildings on the ranch, where my wretched husband confined him at news of your approach to Waldeck Hill."

In a few minutes a handsome lad, with the brow, large blue eyes set wide apart, curly auburn hair and dimpled chin of Helen Faircamp; in a word, a resemblance even more striking than Capt. Jim had averred it to be, was led in, startled and speechless at the sight of so many eager eyes fixed upon him.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, springing toward Janet, but she refused his embrace and led him, more perplexed than ever, to Helen's side, and thus the two halves of the Faircamp fortune were joined together again.

"My dear Helen," said Barstow to his fair client later in the day, after the excitement had somewhat quieted down, "I have always felt that I would live to set this great wrong right, for I had

MRS. FAIRCAMP SPRANG FROM HER CHAIR.

a suspicion of it at the time it was perpetrated. Thank God, the work of my life is done!"

"Has just begun, you mean, my dear Colonel," said Helen with a smile too sweet and a pressure of the hand too warm to be mistaken.

## JULES VERNE HAS A VISION.

**Wonderful Things He Predicts for the World a Thousand Years Hence.**

M. Jules Verne has been speculating as to what will be the daily life of people 1,000 years hence. As science extends her dominion it is noticeable how increasingly ambitious such forecasts become.

Nothing will satisfy M. Verne but aerial trains traveling at the rate of 625 miles an hour; a trans-Atlantic tubular service, conveying the traveler from London to New York in 285 minutes; a "telephote" which enables people of different hemispheres to dine with each other, or at least to see and converse with each other while eating; and accumulators for condensing and radiating at will the sun's rays. Such are the advantages to be enjoyed by the inhabitants of a certain city called "Universal City," the capital of the United States in the year of grace 2891, England by that time will, according to M. Verne, have become a province of the United States.

The public will be kept informed of the latest political developments, not only upon the terrestrial globe, but upon Jupiter, Mars and Venus. Not that they will read newspapers. The newspapers of the day will be spoken. Brilliant descriptive writers will be retained to speak through the telephone to millions of subscribers, and daily installments of novels to be continued to-morrow morning will be given by popular authors. Man is to be fed on the choicest viands, laid on as New river water is at present, and it will be sufficient to step into a toilet cabinet to be tubbed, shaved, dressed and brushed in the space of two minutes.

Even a new digestive apparatus, "warranted for two years," will be obtainable. But one thing we, or rather our posterity, are told not to expect. They must not expect to live forever. A certain Dr. Faithburn's experiment in freezing his own body and causing himself to be kept for 100 years turns out a complete failure, so obstinately does he refuse to be resuscitated.

**Commissioned Moth Exterminators.**

A commission of gipsy moth exterminators, acting at the expense of Massachusetts, under legislative authority, has been at work in the vicinity of Boston. The State has already spent $100,000 in its war upon this insect pest, which in more than one suburb has stripped the trees entirely of foliage. The ravages were worse in Middlesex county than anywhere else, and billions of eggs were there destroyed. Indeed, the nuisance has become so offensive that the fire department was frequently called out to wash moths off the trees and afterward crush them with rollers. This winter the superintendent of annihilation will keep fifty men employed at marking trees with the fatal white circle. Twenty-one years ago the gipsy moth was unknown in Massachusetts. About that time a French professor, who brought some eggs over for a natural history collection, allowed them, it is said, to blow out of a window. Hence all the trouble.

## THE "HONEST MONEY" FRAUD.

**Paper the Primary Basis for Gold and Gold-Bug Currency.**

The "honest (?) money" system, which is the chief corner-stone in the platform of the Republican party, is a system of money based upon paper, declares the Topeka Advocate. The money enters circulation as a loan, secured by a mortgage on property either directly or indirectly. Gold money is no exception to this rule. It does not enter circulation and perform the functions of money until an interest bearing debt is created. All productive securities which are taken as security by the banks derive their sole value from their power to extract usury in some form from the owners of property. Every dollar of this money passes through the bank a number of times, and an interest bearing debt is created every time, thus adding debt upon debt and usury upon usury with no increase in the number of dollars by which these debts can be paid. This process has been continued until all the money in the nation is only sufficient to pay a fraction of one year's interest.

This burden of interest-bearing debt is the basis of the so-called "honest money" system advocated by the old parties. There is nothing honest about it. It is merely a piece of machinery for creating debt, the principal of which can never be paid. Its sole value consists in its legal power to exact usury from productive labor and legitimate business. As long as the people sustain this system by their votes and strive to pay the interest, it will continue to be the source of enormous profit to the money power.

The interest bearing debt rests upon property and forms the basis of gold-bug money. The People's party holds that the property which gives value to the debt is a better basis for money than the debts, the principal of which can never be paid under the present monetary system. The property is the only actual value which gives value to the debt or the money based upon the debt. Both the debt and the money are only legal values, and the people are the law-making power, just as soon as they choose to express their will through the ballot box. The people create these actual values by their labor, and as citizens and voters they have the right to create the legal medium by which actual values are exchanged. There is not even common every day horse sense in the system that covers their property with an interest bearing debt in order to secure a medium by which that property can be bought and sold, labor employed and more property created. The infamous and oppressive nature of this system of making our debts the basis of our medium of exchange is only equalled by its absolute stupidity.

To illustrate: A farmer needs money in order to make necessary improvements that will enable him to increase his power to create wealth by his labor. Under the present system he goes to the bank, places a mortgage on his farm for $1,000 bearing 10 per cent per annum, running five years. The mortgage is worth to the bank $1,000, with $500 added for interest, or $1,500. The money is worth to the farmer $1,000—less the $500 paid as interest, or only $500 a clear loss to the farmer. If he is very shrewd he may be able to shift the loss onto the shoulders of others and save himself, but in any event productive industry has been a loser of all that the banker realizes out of the operation. The only real value in this transaction is the property pledged for the payment of the $1,000 borrowed, and this property belongs to the farmer. Now, if the only actual value is in the farm, why not establish a system under which the farmer could convert that value into a convenient form—to be used as a medium to enable him to make the necessary improvements—instead of turning it over to the bank as security for a loan and then paying 10 per cent for the privilege of using the bank's credit, while the farmer owns the only credit in this kind of transactions that has any real value.

Under a system by which property could be converted, at cost, into a medium by which property may be changed, labor employed, and more property created, money would become the representative of actual value pledged for its redemption in such actual values as the holder of such money desired to purchase, and the producers of these actual values would save all that they now pay as interest to non-producers. Such a monetary system, based on actual values, would be honest in the true sense, and would always be equal to the demand. Every dollar would be secured by actual values, the use of which the world cannot afford to dispense with. Panics would be unknown, as the means of payment would be equal to the value of the wealth created by the people. There is nothing more senseless than the charge that this would be a system of unhealthy inflation. The inflation in the volume of the currency, under this system, would be but a small fraction when compared with the inflation of the volume of interest-bearing debt under our present system of dishonest money, which is but a promise that we will do something that never can be done. There is just as much danger in our creating too much value as there is in our having too much money based on value.

## INDEPENDENCE IN POLITICS.

**No Indications of Reform by Either of the Great Parties.**

The result of the election in New York, which confirmed by an enormous majority the power of Tammany hall and all the forces which it represents, and prevented the completion of the ballot law; the election of Mr. Crisp as speaker of the house of representatives by a Tammany-Hill Gorman combination; the correspondence between the speaker and Mr. Mills; and the appointment of Mr. Elkins as secretary of war, are all illustrations of the present false political situation. It arises from the fact that the two great parties do not represent the chief public issues, says George William Curtis in Harper's Weekly, and that neither of them, as a party, can be trusted as an agency to secure the honest government which is an object transcending all questions of policy. In this situation the body of independent voters is necessarily very large. So long as the two pirates retain their traditional hold, and Republicans and Democrats follow the party machine, controlled on one side by leaders like Quay, Platt, Clarkson, Dudley and their comrades, and on the other by Hill, Gorman and Springer and Tammany hall, a great multitude of voters will be necessarily unattached to party and party action will be determined without regard to weight of character, experience and intelligence which would be of the highest service to any party.

It is idle to say that a citizen is necessarily impotent who does not join a party, and that he ought to join it and try to influence it. Tweed used to propose to respectable young Democrats to become members of the Tammany machine. But his object was to make them stool-pigeons. They were not to control, but to give his control a respectable air. When a president thinks that Mr. Elkins is the kind of person who should be called into the cabinet, is it a good time to join the Republican party in order to secure another kind of cabinet officers? When the Democratic majority in New York declares emphatically its confidence in Senator Hill and Tammany Hall, and in the house selects as speaker the representative of active opposition to a Democracy of which Mr. Cleveland is the representative, is it the moment to join the party in order to persuade it to renounce Tammany leadership? Reform within the party is the merest chimera. The occasion and necessity of reform arise from the fact that the party, which means its majority, is going wrong. But so long as the party is successful, how is the minority to persuade the majority that it ought to mend its ways? A party is a body of men who agree, not who disagree. When a voter feels that his party needs to be reformed he must procure its defeat and then he ceases to be a member of the party.

There are four questions which are now most paominent and upon which the great body of independent voters agree. They are tariff reform, civil service reform, a sound currency and an honest government. But there is no party which stands for these issues collectively. The Democratic party professes tariff reform and rejects its especial representatives. The Republican party calls itself the party of honest currency, and Republican senators are free silver leaders. The platform of both parties speaks politely of civil service reform, and the administration of both discredits it. Both denounce political corruption, and each collects and spends corruptly as much money as it can. If it be the duty of every citizen to join a party, which party shall he join? Shall it be the Democratic which prefers Mr. Hill and Mr. Gorman and Tammany hall as its leaders or the Republican which honors Mr. Elkins and seriously tries to replace John Sherman by Foraker? It cannot be said that these are not the accepted leaders of the parties. If they are not, who are? Nobody denies that Mr. Croker asserts truthfully that Tammany hall is the only organization in the city recognized by the Democratic party of New York, nor that Senator Hill is the actual Democratic leader in the state. Nor will anybody deny that Mr. Platt is the Republican leader in New York and Mr. Quay in Pennsylvania, nor that the attempt to justify the appointment of Mr. Elkins is an evidence of decline in the true standard of the public service.

It is a time when parties do not represent the actual division of political opinion, and when both parties degrade the political standard, and it is therefore a time of greater political independence than ever.

**Keep It Before the People.**

The press of the old parties falsely report that the People's party of Kansas is dying out and the people are returning to their old parties. Notwithstanding these malicious falsehoods, the official returns of the last election show that the total vote of the state in 1891 was 49,299 less than in 1890, and that the People's party cast 6,388 more votes in 1891 than were cast for the state ticket in 1890; and that in counties where the People's party was defeated in the last election, it was done by a combination of the two old parties against it. Keep these facts before the people.—Advocate.

**Farmers and Politics.**

Farming for farmers and politics for politicians, have played havoc with the farmers. The farmer will hereafter attend more to politics and see that the affairs of this country are run on the principle of "equal rights to all and special favors to none." The politicians would prefer to run it so that a class can secure benefits, so that boodle can be secured from that class to run each campaign. That is just what has produced the troubles that environ the people.—Alliance Herald.

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