

any explorer-one of those shabby, sordid.

newly built quarters, which have no inter

There stood Goldwin's, with its long

lines of windows all of the same pattern

and its iron balconies one above the oth-

er, giving it the appearance of a gigantic

iron cage, as it were—the prison-house o

the unconvicted poverty. Lashmar stood

on the opposite side of the parrow street

gazing up at that barrack and picturing

his brother's distorted figure, those long

lithe arms of his drawing him upward

from story to story, the slender fingers

never seen.

clinging to yonder railings. The lord of

"It was a noble thing to do," thought

Lashmar. "I ought to have valued her

for the sake of that great deed. Decent

feeling, the respect due to my dead broth-

He had no hope of finding Stella amidst

er, should have made me kinder to her.

that aggregate of struggling humanity

The police had been here at the beginning

of their quest and had assured themselves

that no such person as the fugitive from

Lashmar Caetle had applied for a lodging

at Goldwin's. He expected to get no in-

formation here and yet he hung about the

place in his despondency, not knowing

where to go or what to do next, feeling

impelled to do something, were it only to

wander from street to street, in the vague

hope of meeting the fugitive face to face

Presently he saw a respectable, elder

woman, with a market basket on her arts

going in under the archway which opened

into a stony quadrangle. He followed

"May I ask, madam, if you have been

The matron turned and confronted

Lashmar in some confusion, startled by

the stately address, the tall, upright fig

ure and darkly handsome face, and that

indescribable, inexpressible air which is

ordinarily the result of high birth and a

West End tailor. Not often-no, not even

when an election was on-did such a

young Alcibiades enter beneath yonder

"Yes, sir. I have lived here over twenty

years, almost ever since the houses wer

"Then you remember the fire here?"

"Yes, indeed, sir; and I have good cause

niture were all burned, things as I'd

had from my poor mother and as belonged

to her father before her when he was a

farmer in a small way in Herefordshire.

you happen to know a man called Bold-

"Boldwood, that lost his life in the fire"

Everybody knew Mr. Boldwood. He was

a great man, my husband used to say, a

man that ought to have been a cabinet

minister; a man that had poor people

interests at heart, and would have touch

our battles, if he'd ever come into power

And quite a gentleman, too, though rath

er rough-looking and careless about his

clothes; and such a loving father to his

like a lady. The little girl used to sit ou

on the balcony all day in summer time.

said the woman. "Boldwood had put up

an extra ruil to make it safer for her, and

had divided off his bit of balcony from

the rest with wire netting, so that she

He didn't want her to mix with the othe

hildren, and she didn't seem to want to

when they spoke to her she answered in

foreign language. She had her little

intentedly hour after hour; but I al-

ways felt sorry for her in those long, lone

Certainly a sad and solitary infancy

"She used to watch the funerals going

to the cemetery," said the dame, who

had no desire to cut short the conversa

tion, albeit the rudiments of her hus

band's high tea were lying in her basket

and the day was wearing towards after

noon, "There wasn't near so many house

asked me no questions. She little thought

how soon her daddy, that she was so fond

'Is it near here?" asked Lashmar.

"I'll go and look at Boldwood's grave.

Good-morning, madam. If you will ac-

He did not further explain himself, bu

dropped some loose silver into the mat-ron's willing hand and left her curtesying

reatleman so noble looking, so free in his

Lashmar found his way to the ceme tery, which had been placed remote from

the town in the first instance and was

still in the outskirts. It was a noble

cemetery as to spaciousness, though s

little monotonous as to art. But tre

and shrubs had thriven, the place was

neatly kept and on Sunday evenings this

garden of death was a favorite resort fo

the soher and serious among the working people of Brumm, the people who liked to go to chapel and take their quiet walk after chapel. Boldwood's grave? The man at the

was not a political enthusiast; had heard of Mr. Boldwood, could give formation as to the last resting place

on the pavement. Was there ever suc

nanners and so open handed?

of, would be lying in that cemetery."

'Not half a mile.

ept a trifle by way of-

ly days, when her father was away

followed by a desolate girlhood.

"Very sad," murmured Lashmar.

at some unexpected corner.

and accosted her.

ong a resident here?"

sionary or the philanthropist.

CHAPTER XXII.-(Continued.) "Fond is too strong a word." she said: ed. It lay in the opposite direction to
"I like my servants; I become attached the road by which he entered the city and o them even, when they are useful and in a region which had no attraction for shful; but I am never fond of them."

But she is not a servant; she is genborn, has been highly educated, is est save to the tax gatherer, the city mis gifted far above other women. Oh, mother, be human if you can. You know that this girl has crept into your heart, however hardly you may have striven to keep her out. You know that you miss her sorely, that she has grown dear to you." Necessary to me, perhaps, Victorian,

but not dear." "Yes, she has become dear to you," pleaded Lashmar, kneeling by his mother's chair, throwing his arms round her as he had done many a time in his boyish fays when he wanted some indulgence at her hands, but as he had done rarely of broad lands risking his life and limb to

late years. "Yes, mother, say dear to save one little child, whose face he had you, for my sake."

For your sake, Victorian! What can For my sake, mother; yes, for my sake, This friendless waif, this orphan daughter of a demagogue and destructive, this spawn of the radical gutter, is just the one woman I will have for my wife. It may be that I shall not win her. I have done everything to make myself hateful in her eyes; but if I miss her, I will have none other. I will go down to my grave a woman hater. Yes, the bater and reviler of such women as Lady Carminow, beneath whose alabaster bosom never glowed one generous emotion, as Mrs. Vavasour, who paints her face a quarter of an Inch thick; as Lady Sophia, the type of our modern Amazons, who unsexes herself by munly sports and men's society. and never, from the time she wore pinafores, has thought as a woman; as smooth-tongued Mrs. Mulciber, time-serv ing, self-seeking, the trafficker in society's small vices and large foibles, garnering up her riches out of other people's worthlessness. One woman and only one have I seen, straight, truthful, original, inde-

no other shall be my queen. Lady Lashmar looked at her son's im-118 passioned face with absolute horror. this madness?" she murmured. "Why, I thought you hated the girl."

pendent, scorning fortune when it was at her feet, daring to live her own life in the

teeth of adverse circumstances. Such an

one will I honor and reverence. She and

"So I did, mother. Heaven knows ! tried my hardest to hate her, schooled myself to believe that I detested her. would not suffer my eye to linger upon her face or my memory to recall her gracious presence. And yet in spite of it all craft, but now I begin to understand that It was simple force of character, the influence of a pure, untarnished -oul upon one that had been blemished and clouded by contact with the world. I be eve that Providence meant her for me that my brother trained her for me-that all things have tended unawares to one happy end ing-she is to be mine!"

"If you do this thing, Victorian-if you, my son, with your opportunities, marry so far beneath you, I suppose you know that you will break my heart?"

"I know that I will do nothing of the kind, mother sweetest. There will be a feeling of disappointment, no doubt. You would have preferred to see the Lashmar coffers replenished with the wealth Dane brook made in the iron trade. You had rather I had married the ironmaster's daughter, albeit that on her father's side she comes from a much lower grade than Boldwood's orphan child. But this regret once past, you will rejoice in your new daughter, since she has been as a daughter to you already, though you did not

There was a pause, a silence which emed long. Victorian still on his knees by his mother's chair.

He had been prepared for a violent outbreak, for ungovernable anger; prepared to hear himself denounced and cast off as an unworthy son. But to his surprise, dowager sat for some moments with her hands shading her eyes and her lips silent. He almost thought she was weep

"I have missed her sorely," she said at last, "yes, sorely. She comforted me with that low, sweet voice of hera; her reading had been a kind of music which soothed my tortured nerves. She has been very sweet, infinitely patient, as sympathetic as I would ever allow her to be. But you are right in your accusation, Victorian. I was never kind to her. I was always afraid of being too kind, of letting her see how necessary she was to me. We are made of hard stuff, you and I, Victorian. We come of a hard race, a race with whom pride of birth has been ever a kind of religion. It is difficult to stoop when such pride as that is bred in our bone, the ritage of a thousand generations. And for my son to marry a girl of no parentage nestic in his mother's house!

Her father was an Oxford graduate! of Oxford graduates, down to the sons of Oxford hair dressers. People will ask who your wife is. How can you answer them?"

"I will leave the answer to time and the lady who bears my name. Her beauty

CHAPTER XXIII.

ed Lashmar determined on going to am directly after breakfast next ling. He left his phaeton at the Lion Lamb and went wandering about the

He

till be found the handsome beadstone which his brother had erected to mark the demagogue's grave.

"In memory of Jonathan Boldwood, a man of advanced opinions and strong sympathles with the poor and oppressed, who perished in his endeavor to save his infant daughter's life, and who was much be loved and regretted by the working classes of the city.

"By their works ye shall know them." This was the epitaph which Hubert, Lord Lashmar, had caused to be engraved on the republican's headstone.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Victorian stood looking at the words on the headstone in a dreamy forgetfulness, istless, tired, physically and mentally. Would be ever find her whom he soughtwould be ever?

In the impatience of his temper, in the intensity of all his feelings, it seemed to him as if he had been looking for her for ages, had exhausted every mode of search and must needs despair. He had 300, and menacing a shortage in the driven her from him and she had gone. ireasury of \$100,000,000 by the end of You told me to march," she had said to him, recalling his speech of the past. "You need not tell me that this time. I am going to march."

And she had marched, into infinite space, whither he knew not; and he stood of carrying on the business of the counhere in this place of graves, stood desolate and lonely among the dead, and despaired of ever seeing her face again. He to grow into such dangerous proporstood with fixed eyes for a moment or so, lions as to make necessary a bond issue

He turned and saw a tall, slim figure drawing near, that black-robed, girlish form which he had seen so often in the prehending an indefinable danger, the peril of his pence of mind, which was ever

disturbed by that presence. He had looked for her among the dead and had found her living, lovely as when she had last looked upon him in her pride and anger. She bowed gravely, startled for an in-

stant, but composed herself instantly with wondrous self-command and would have passed him, but he stopped her. Stella," he said, holding out his hand.

"Lord Lashmar?" interrogatively and without accepting the offered hand, "Stella, will you not forgive me? I have

en seeking for you ever since that night. I have desired nothing on this earth so much as your forgiveness. Will you not Will you not shake hands forgive me? with me? By your father's grave?"

That plea was irresistible. She gave him her hand without a word. It was the first time their hands had ever met. His grasp tightened upon the little hand and he drew her nearer to him, she shrinking all the while, looking at him with frightened eyes, half angry, half wondering.

They were alone in the place of gravesalone amidst the populace of the dead, no one within sight or earshot.

"Stella, I have but one plea for pardon, but one excuse for my brutality the other night, for my coldness, my neglect, my opie, and not the money power, elected absolute unkindness in all the years that Grover Cleveland? The money power have gone over us since my brother's My excuse for my conduct that night is that I was mad with jealousy, my excuse for years of unkindness is that I have been the slave of caste. I have passionately than ever I thought to love on the gold standard, so that the curprincess. All my pride of birth, all my greed of gain, are

Say, sweet, at least, am I forgiven? She had turned giddy with the suddento remember it, for my poor little bits of shock of an unspeakable happiness. Her evelids drooped and there were flashes of light across her eyeballs, and a rushing cound in her head. Her cheek lay ghastly caught her to his breast and just saved their investment.

"My beloved, say I am forgiven. Say that I may hope.

Her pale lips tried to answer, but were too tremulous for speech. There was a pause, and then the heavy evelids were slowly lifted, as with a painful effort, a soul coming back to life and conscious ness, and the large, dark eyes looked up

"I have hated myself so bitterly for loving you," she faltered; "I have scorned myself for loving the man who despised

little girl. She was adopted by the late Lord Lashmar and has been brought up 'Ah, then, we are both content," he said, kissing her. "We have both struggled, and we have both been beaten by fate, which is stronger than either of us. My beloved, I am ineffably happy; there not in this world a man more deeply blessed. And now come back to the castle and comfort my mother, who has been pining for you, and be to her as a daugh-She, too, has tried to shut her heart play with them. She was very shy, and against you, but I suspect that she, too, loves you. She knows everything, dearest, knows that you are to be my wife, if toys, and she seemed to amuse herself I can win you.'

Will she not be angry with you for such a choice?" ask-d Stella "No, she bore it like a lamb. Don't you know that her strong point is common sense, and sensible people always submit quietly to the inevitable. Come, dearest, we can get a fly somewhere out side the cemetery, and drive to the hote

where I left my phneton. We shall be at

the castle in time for afternoon tea. I be-lieve her ladyship will be delighted. She

began to find out your value directly you about here in those days. It was almost were gone. open country, and she could see every-(To be continued.) remetery, and used to sit and watch and watch and wonder and wonder. I could see it in her face, sometimes, when stopped to look at her. But she never

Very Fine Writing. A machine has been invented, which is composed of exquisitely graduated wheels, running a tiny diamond point at the end of an almost equally ting arm, whereby one is able to write upon giass the whole of the Lord's prayer within a space which measured the 294th part of an inch in length by the 440th part of an inch in breadth or about the measurement of the dot over the letter "I" in common print, says the Palladelphia Record. With this inschine any one who understood operating it could write the whole 8,566,480 letters of the Bible eight times over the space of an inch-a square inch. A specimen of this marvelous microscopic writing was enlarged by photography, and every letter and point was perfect and could be read with case.

Known of Old.

Hammers are represented on the nonuments of Egypt, twenty centuries there were no claws on the back for the extraction of sails. The first hammer quiries made and the evidences adward undoubtedly a stone held in the duced, it has manifestly failed to prove hand. Claw hammers were invested itself an effectual cure. The other methods is a return to the bimetallic system

A VALLA NEEDED.

H CHIFF TROUBLE WITH THE UNITED STATES

Bank- with Four Cents of Money Manage to Sustain a Business of 100 Cents Prosperity's Rocky Road Trusts at Enacity with the People.

In a Bad Plight.

The Republican party has been placed by its tariff legislation "between wo stools," and is therefore in immiient danger of coming to the ground.

The first stool is that of a tariff defcit. The party has, through its sperial session of Congress, given to the country the great Dingley bill, productve of a deficit to date of over \$46,000,the fiscal year. To amend the bill is to confess judgment and to go before the people as an incompetent lawmaker and to brand itself as a party incapable try with reasonable intelligence. Not to amend the bill is to allow the deficit till an approaching footstep startled him which would be the death blow to Republican supremacy.

The second stool is retrenchment. To but the expenses of the government in corridors at Lashmar, and shunned, apported to bring them equal to the revenue would mean a reduction of at east \$50,000,000, and that would retire a large number of Republican Congressmen in 1898 to throw the balance of power into the hands of the Demo-

The situation is sad for the Republieans. Whichever stool they choose they are bound to tumble. If they tax the trusts they lose the support of the men who put the party in power. If they cut the appropriations they cause the defeat of their Congressmen. If they are forced to issue bonds the people will reveit. The Republican party has groved itself incapable of wise governnent, and the sooner it comes to the ground the better it will be for the people of the United States.

Enemies of the People.

Take aim to shoot. Shoot to kill. Kill he trusts and corporations, for they are he enemies of the people and good govrument. So long as plutogracy can control the issue, and divide the people. they care not which party wins in an election contest. Does any honest person for a moment contend that prindid for the Cleveland Democracy the same as it did for McKinley. Cleveland was their willing tool, and McKinley has every symptom of serving them tried not to love you and I love you more just as faithfully. The cry was made any living woman, were she peeress or rency could be contracted, and while there is no demand for silver the silver flung to the winds. I mines could be bought by the corporalove you, Stella, and live only to love you. lons for less than their value. Have you noticed that the silver mines are being purchased by corporations? ness of this surprise, fainting under the When the silver mines will all be controlled by the money kings, they will "boost" into power the party which will insure to them free silver, because white against her lover's shoulder, as he it will benefit them; wield a profit on

Will free silver give relief? Not so long as the mines and the amount in circulation can be controlled by corporations. The relief will extend just so far as it will benefit the mine owners. Shall the cry of metal money contin-

ne? Yes, if you are in favor of the money power, and believe in barbarism If you are an American you will oppose it. The United States bonds are better than gold. Why? Because they are based upon the wealth of the nation. These bonds are good in "Europe, too," and they do not represent gold. Upon his same basis the government shall sens and control the volume of a sciendus carrency, based upon the wealth of the nation, a full legal tender, with out any gold attachment. This is the only method to solve the problem of he money question and give the people cellef. If we must have metal currency, we say Uncle Sam shall own and operate the mines, both gold and silver Kill the trusts and corporations, for they are the enemies of good govern-

ment.-Indianapolis Nonconformist. Lose in Agriculture.

The supplementary report, signed by ten out of the fourteen commissioners whose names are appended to the final report of the royal commission on agricultural depression, is certainly not the least interesting nor the least ably written portion of the Blue Book lately issued. In their main report the fourteen commissioners state that the grave situation which they described is due to a long-continued fall in prices. They make a number of recommendations dealing with various aspects of the question, but they do not pretend that had all these suggestions been adopted and been in force during the years of depression they would have been found real remedies for agricultural distress. because they do not deal with its real cause, viz., the fall in prices. The commissioners who signed the supplementary report are naturally of opinion that some attempt should be made to deal with the admitted cause of the trouble, and to suggest a remedy which should go to the root of the matter, or which, in other words, should check the fall, and bring about, if possible, some recovery of prices. Now, there are only two ways in which this can be attempted-the first way is protection. But protection does not appear to them to be a way which is within the pale of practical politics. Moreover, it is a remedy which has been fairly tried in before our em. They greatly resembled other countries, where agricultural depression has prevailed, notably in France and Germany; and from the in-quiries made and the evidences ad-

which prevailed until some twenty-five people appear to have no rights which years ago, and the abandonment of the gold clique is bound to respect. which immediately preceded the commencement of the fall of prices and the consequent depression of agriculture.-Chicago Disputch.

Prosperity's Road.

Those who for the last two or three years have been looking for an advance in the prices of commodities, whether from a recovery of mercantile and industrial confidence or from increased supplies of gold, will find no support for their expectations in the

course of quotations during 1896. Sauerbeck's index number for the whole year is sixty-one, the lowest annual average on record. A glance at the annexed table shows that since the end of 1893, from which point some very confident predictions of a great rise were uttered at the beginning of 1894, the movement has been uninterruptedly downward.

Even the index number of December, 1896, is but 0.8, or 1.3 per cent. above that of December, 1805. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to explain that Mr. Sauerbeck's system starts from the average of prices, taken at 100, during the eleven years 1867 to

These years comprise the depressed period following upon the crisis of 1866, the period of activity which followed it, and the subsequent period of moderate decline. This basis has long been accepted as entirely suitable for comparative purposes.

The following table gives the annual index number for each year since 1888, and the monthly numbers for last year, as well as those for December, 1893, 1894 and 1895;

1867 t	a 1877 - 1	100	January 61.4
	1889	72	February 61.4
	1890	72	March60.7
24.	1891	72	April 60.3
126	1892	68	May 60.1
	1893	68	June 59.3
	1804	(13)	July
19000	1895	62	August 50.7
	1896	61	September61.3
December	, 1893	67.0	October62.6
The second second	1001	150 1	Navambas 69 ft

December, 1894, . 60.1 November . . 62.6 threves has McKilley December, 1895, . . 61.2 December . . 62.0 one, -Nonconformist. The first point to be noticed is that prices of commodities were last year 38 per cent, below the assumed normal level, nearly 14 per cent, below the av-

erages of 1880-91, and nearly 11.3 per cent, below those of 1892-3,

Too Little Money. On the 6th day of October, 1896, there were 3,676 national banks in existence. They owed demand liabilities of more than \$1,800,000,000; all the money they had to pay these demands with was \$149,000,000 and a little more.

They had on hand of all kinds of material which passes for money \$304,000,-000 They were able to pay on demand a little over 15 cents on the dollar. These banks could not have paid on that day on their debts 5 cents on the dollar in money, and there was not money enough in the 12,000 banks of the United States to pay 10 cents on the demand liabilities, and not enough to pay 4 cents on the dollar of the debts owing to and by those banks.

There is no business that can, with cents of money, manage to sustain a business of 100 cents. The chief trouble in the United States is that the people have too little money. They have plenty of land, plenty of mills, plenty of factories, and shops and stores and goods, and there are 70,000,000 of people-almost every one of whom is willing to work-who can produce sufficient to meet all demands of all the

The only thing they are short on and the only thing they have not enough of is money. The volume of money in circulation-not the volume stored in banks-fixes the price of things generally. When prices fall, generally, it is because of a shrinkage in the quantity

of money in circulation. McKinley and his administration do not proposne to increase the quantity of money in circulation. He will do just as Grover Cleveland did if it becomes necessary, in his opinion-issue more bonds. How it is possible for an individual or a nation to become prosperous, constantly getting into debt and being compelled to pay heavy interest, is beyond comprehension. - Chicago Dispatch.

Sugar Beets and Silver.

A year ugo the whole nation was convulsed over the proposition to coin annually into dollars something like a hundred million dollars worth of silver. That same year we sent abroad nearly \$200,000,000 for sugar. And nobody thought much about it. We can't coin the silver, because the majority said no. We can make the sugar, though. Sugar, thank God, is not in politicsnot beet sugar.-Stockton Mail.

If the beet-sugar proposition ever gets into politics our Republican friends will say, "What! Take four dollars' worth of sugar-beets and make eight dollars' worth of sugar out of them? Such a thing is preposterous. It will flood the country with cheap sugar and can't be done, unless, of course, by international agreement."-Carson Appeal.

"Repudiation."

"Repudiation" is what the gold clique cry when any legislation is suggested which contemplates a benefit to the debtor.

"Reform" is the slogan of the gold monometallists when they propose to repudiate contracts in order to the creditor. Bonds made payable in "coin" (which means either silver or gold), are to be refunded, if the go men have their way, into bends paya-ble in gold. Thus the debtor is to be robbed, but that is all right; the creditor gets the best of the bargain, and that is your true golden rule of the

monetary "reformers." National "honor" demands that conracts made in good faith shall be broken in order that a few the olders shall fatten on the labors of seventy millions of tellers.

Coin bonds were bought at a much lower price than gold bonds would have brought; therefore there is a monumental steal in securing the refunding of coin bonds into gold bonds

Giving the creditor millions of dollars and robbing the debtor in same wholesale manner constitute the peculiar plan proposed by the gold clique to maintain the "honor" of the nation. The people do not understand this kind of financiering, and the Republican representatives in Congress, knowing this fact, dare not go before the people for re-election in 1898 with a record of having supported such .

Worse than Grover.

McKinley's use of the pardoning power in behalf of bank wreckers is causing discussion in all parties. In each case he has had ample proof that the bankers were dishonest and that hundreds have been plunged into poverty by their crime. People are to-day without food, shelter and proper clothing, because their earnings have been stolen from them. Grover pardoned three bank thieves during the first nine months of his second term, McKinley has pardoned twelve. Here is the list:

Harry L. Martin, Illinois, Alonzo B. Crawford, Missouri. Henry H. Kennedy, Pennsylvania. John M. Wall, Ohlo. Fred E. Edgar, New York. C. R. Fleischman, Illinois. Fred L. Kent, Missouri. Edward R. Carter, New York,

Francis A. Coffin, Indiana.

Louis Redwine, Georgia,

Stephen M. Folsom. Fred W. Griffin, Indiana. The pardon of Francis A. Coffin, of this city, was an insult to every honest person. He has gone forth to deceive others, as he has changed bis res-

idence. Gage's plan will provide for bank thieves, and save the President from further "duty." How many snall thieves has McKinley pardoned? Not

A National Receivership.

A receiver has been asked for Spring Valley, III. If the court gunts the petition, the city affairs will be taken out of the hands of the people and vested in a trustee as absolutely as if he were a czar. Perhaps this will open the way to take the people's franchise from them, for they will have no power over their own affairs. In this way, the United States Supreme Court might settle all the national affairs by appointing a receiver if the republic could be made to default on some of its obligations, and the receiver could then operate the nation, and save the people the time and trouble of chewing the rag over the finance, thriff and other rags every campaign. I think this would be a capital idea. If it is right to consider a receivership for a city, it is right to consider one for a State or nation.- J. A. Wayland,

Good Times.

Talk about good times! I read of five cases of starvation in cities in to-day's papers, and they run from the trams sinking on the highway to a family of nine slowly dying in the garret. Yet stocks are going up-our export trade is increasing—our gold reserve is fas above the hundred million mark. Yet starvation thinly disguised stalks the hand, and when relentless winter tears off the mask it will discover one of the most appalling conditions the cities of this country have ever witnessed. Every winter means metropolitan famine. and each successive season outdoes the preceding ones .- Pilgrim.

Injustice to Judas.

John Ruskin says: "We do a great injustice to Iscariot in thinking him wicked above all common wickedness He was only a common money loven and like all money lovers, didn't under stand Christ-couldn't make out the worth of him or the meaning of him. He didn't want him to be killed. He was horror struck when he found that Christ would be killed; threw his mon ey away instantly, and hanged himself How many of our present money seels ers, think you, would have the grace to hang themselves, whoever was

The Future Market.

The future field of the American manufacturer is not the home market says the Kansas City Star. It is the wide, wide world, and the statesmen at Washington will be forced to recog nize that fact before long and wil shape their tariff legislation in accordance with that idea and not for the purpose of shutting up this country and restricting its trade with other n

Steel Barrela The manufacture of steel barrels is a

new industry lately established near London, England. The difficulty of giving the steel sheet the ordinary bar rel shape, says the Sun, is overcome by easing the curved rolls at the ende so that they bear only in the middle thus stretching the metal at the center and forming the barrel body complete, with the exception of shearing the ends straight in a special machine and weld ing the seam. The welding is done by electrically melting pieces of steel over the opening and hammering them down; the beads are cut in a circular shearing machine, cerrugated and dish ed in a 400 ton hydraulic press, and secured in place by a ring of metal which is welded both to the end of the barrel and the head; the bung beneet are also welded on—ne skilled labor be ing required for the process, and but moderate power is needed to supply the

It is more than 18 years since the Empress of Austria was last ph graphed. She has completely w drawn herself from public life, an fond of traveling inc