



The Autumn Wind.

The voice of the autumn wind,
As sad as the mourning sea,
And it sets astride the chords
Of the harp of memory!

It sets the chords astride,
And my heart throbs quick again
With the old, old thrill of love,
With its ecstasy and pain.
—Clinton Scollard in Leslie's Monthly.

Phantom's Warning

About the broad hearth in its customary manner the family had assembled after the evening meal, and Henry Carroll, the city cousin, came to the country to restore failing health, found his first visit into a Kentucky home not so dull as he had anticipated.

The conversation lulled. Silence was broken only by the ticking of the clock. Suddenly Carroll heard the faint pit-pat of a galloping horse on the frozen turnpike. He walked to the window overlooking the road, and the sharp air bore the sound more clearly to him.

"I wonder who that can be, riding so wildly at this time of night?" he asked.

"Some drunken fellow going home, I suppose," said Mr. Rankin, indifferently, but with a significant look at his wife.

"He rides like a wild man!" exclaimed Carroll. "Come here! Look at him! One would think both man and beast were hunted—were fleeing from the devil himself!"

Martha ran to the window and gazed for a moment at the fast-disappearing horseman. "Papa, maybe it's our ghost—'Rob the rider'—and Aunt Dinah once met."

The mournful bay of foxhounds disturbed by the hoof beats and the suggestion of a chase gave her remark a tinge of color. Both Mr. and Mrs. Rankin had kept their seats while the rider passed, and now tried in vain to lift the gloom his appearance had left in passing. Carroll noticed this and half laughingly inquired if Martha's ghost was a reality.

"Not at all; simply a stupid old story of the negroes," said Mr. Rankin. He spoke in an unconvincing manner, however, and the fireside group relapsed into a moody silence. Carroll slept little that night in the great room assigned to him. Among the old pictures on the walls, which he casually looked over as he undressed, he was struck by a tarnished portrait of a girl who closely resembled Martha. No name was written on the worn gilt frame, but on the dust-covered back he found scrawled, "Martha Rankin, 1839." Even when Carroll put out the light that face stood between him and sleep. Those eyes haunted his brain. So, too, did the flying horseman and the troubled face of his host and the remark of the young Martha.

The brilliant, fitful sunlight of a spring day strayed into winter was streaming into his room ere Carroll awakened. The refreshing bath and the wholesome smell of the country cleared his head, and he smiled at the foolish fancies of the night. Carelessly he ran down the broad stairs of the stately mansion in a manner calculated to startle into life the sweet-faced dames and the starched-collared soldiers of the revolution whose portraits smiled from their gilded frames studying the hallway.

Martha's remark about Aunt Dinah's



The dim figure of a horseman dashing along.

ghost remained in Carroll's head, however, and having nothing to do, he strolled out to the cabin to hear her story. It was Aunt Dinah's favorite yarn, and she unbent with right good will, proud of having the stranger cousin for a listener.

"Good Lawd, honey, an' you ach-shally ain't heahed dat tale? Miss Martha wuz her name, an' she loved

Mars Rob Gregory, what had a heap o' fine horses. He kep' comin' an' comin' heah ter see Miss Martha twell everybody said dey sho' would marry. Den dey had a fallin' out an' he didn't come no moah. Miss Martha didn't let on, but she sartainly did love Mars Rob, an' kep' pinin' an' pinin' away twell she wuz nigh ded. One Sunday dey all went to church at de Cross Roads, 'cep'n her. When dey come back her maw, Miss Ellen, found her on de floah in de parlor—ded. She had shot herself in de corner by de



He clasped her in his arms and whispered: "I won't go home to-morrow."

window, whar she an Mars Rob uster set.

"Wall, don't jes' reckelleck, but folks do say Mars Rob died jes' after. Anyway, he took her death mighty hard, 'cause it wuz his fault, an' he ought to have made up with her. He uster ride 'bout de country on his big geldin' jes' like mad. One night I seed him go by heah like all de devils wuz followin'. De nex mawnin' dey found him by de crick, his big geldin' standin' over him. He had shot hisself in de heart.

"I dunno, chile, but ever since den dey say Mars Rob ride by heah when sweethearts ob de county fall out. I seed him once when Mars Walker an' Miss Mary Rogers had dere trouble—but dat's another tale, honey. Anyway, folks don't come dis away nights no moah."

And so Aunt Dinah rambled on, eager to tell other stories of the past. Carroll kept the incident in his mind for a while, and then let it drop as a dark superstition. He devoted himself to the task of building up his health, going hunting, riding to neighborhood fox meets, driving Martha to dances and parties, and in other ways filling out the routine of life in the country. In following this social round he found that the chase after health can sometimes be made a cheerful occupation, especially with a girl like Martha to help one.

One afternoon, as Carroll and Martha were returning from town they let their horses take their own pace and settled themselves comfortably back on the buggy seat and listened to the hum of the wheels and drank in the charm of the country.

Looking dreamily into Martha's eyes as the carriage rolled homeward, the question, which he had as yet put to himself only vaguely, came to him. "Does she like me?" He dared not trust himself to ask as to love. While he was turning about this, to him, startling suggestion, a young farmer of the neighborhood whom Carroll had often imagined to be covertly fond of Martha cantered down the road toward them. He pulled up sharply, bowed to Carroll, and directed to Martha a few commonplace inquiries about her family, the crops and the next party to be given. Carroll thought he saw a blush steal over her cheek as the young man talked, and after he had ridden on, half in jest, but a bit in earnest, he asked if that were her sweetheart. The blush mounted higher as she denied it. Carroll unreasonably and jealously insisted that he was, and finally Martha poutingly suggested that in any event it was a matter that did not concern him. The clouds had fallen. Carroll had had his question answered.

At supper he announced to his host that his health was now fully regained and that an urgent letter from home would take him away the following morning. Mr. and Mrs. Rankin expressed regret. Martha coldly said she was sorry, and continued the meal in silence.

That night Carroll retired early to his room, but not to sleep. His pride was deeply hurt, and he was indignant. He called himself "Idiot!" and other pleasant things. "She didn't have the heart to say she was sorry! Love! Bosh!"

Finally, putting on a light overcoat, he started for a walk upon the pike. It was near midnight when he turned again into the little valley. The full light of the moon was obscured by a mist which rose from the river and spread over the valley. The brooding silence of the night was broken now and then by the distant cry of a fox hound, the low neigh of a horse, or the tinkle of a sheep bell.

"Clackety-clack! clackety-clack! There was borne in on Carroll's ears the distant sound of a galloping horse upon the turnpike. Could it be the phantom of Aunt Dinah's story? "Clackety-clack!" The horse was coming nearer. The forgotten tale sprang vividly into Carroll's mind, and he felt the chill of the unearthly creep over him. Sweethearts had quarreled! The phantom rider was due! Bang! Crash! Crash! and Carroll saw a wildly speeding horseman flash across the bridge and come up the road toward him with uncontrolled gait.

Carroll, forgetting all of the improbability of the tale, ran to the roadside and tried to scale the stone fence. But it was too high for him to scale in his nervous condition, and he crouched against it, his eyes glued upon the ever-advancing figure. It thundered along. Now it was almost upon him. A vision of a horse of thoroughbred build, with foam flying from its mouth, with flanks heaving, and of a darkly clad rider with gaze fixed ahead, a cloud of dust, a sound of distant hoofbeats, and Carroll, completely cowed, fled toward the house. On the veranda he met Martha, strangely pale.

He clasped her in his arms and whispered: "I won't go home to-morrow."—Walter S. Hiett in New York Times.

ARTISTS AND THEIR MODELS.

Beauty of Face and Form Are Rarely Found Together.

Artists say it is curious but nevertheless true that beauty of face and form are not often found in one and the same person. The woman who has an ideal face frequently falls from the standpoint of figure, so that painters are obliged to make their ideal figure from half a dozen models. From one will come a beautiful throat or arm or shoulder; from another a perfect back, and so on. Even after that the painter has to idealize his figure—to throw into it whatever form of fleeting expression he desires.

Once in a while his model gives him unconscious help. The model who posed for Church's "Fairy Tale" used to tell of having once stood before the picture at an exhibition, listening to the comments of enthusiastic visitors. They commended the fanciful painting, but marveled most of all at the wonderful look which the artist had managed to get into the woman's face. The model herself was able to enlighten them.

"He didn't have to idealize for that wonderful look," she said. "I remember the day it was painted. I was wondering whether he was going to pay me by the day or the week."

A photographic artist tells this little story of a model. She was a simple, rather shallow, straightforward girl when not at work. When she posed her beautiful, mobile face expressed the most varying emotions. The artist used to wonder if she felt one-quarter of what her expression indicated. His doubts were set at rest one day. After the girl had posed with an exalted aspect that enraptured the artist he waited to hear her deliver some sublime inspired thought. But she merely looked up wistfully into his face and said:

"Oh, how hungry I am."

The Ringing Roll of "Dixie."

The old brigades march slower now—the boys who wore the gray—
But there's life an' battle spirit in a host o' them to-day!

They hear their comrades callin' from the white tents far away,
An' answer with the ringin' roll of "Dixie!"

They feel the old-time thrill of it—the battle plains they see—
Again they charge with Jackson, an' face the fight with Lee;

An' the shoutin' hills are answered by the thunders of the sea
When they rally to the ringin' roll of "Dixie!"

The battle-fields are voiceless—once wet with crimson rain;
O'er unknown graves of heroes wave golden fields of grain;
But phantom forms—they leap to life, and cheer the ranks again,
Far-answering to the ringin' roll of "Dixie!"

Beat, drums! the old-time chorus; an' bugles, blow your best;
And wave, oh, flags they loved so well, above each war-scarred breast!
Till they vanish down the valley to their last, eternal rest,
Still answering to the ringin' roll of "Dixie!"

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

Believes in Woman Suffrage.

Gov. Garvin of Rhode Island has put himself on record as a believer in woman suffrage. In a recent address before the Rhode Island Woman Suffrage association he said: "I think woman suffrage will be adopted by Rhode Island and in other New England states. It has been tried in other states and has worked well, and sooner or later it will prevail throughout the Union."

GROVER CLEVELAND
HE LOOMS UP AGAIN AS A POSSIBLE NOMINEE.

Will the Democrats Bring Forward as Their Candidate the Man Whose Election in 1892 Cost More in Money and Suffering Than the Civil War?

The American Economist does not often concern itself with a discussion of the merits of an improbable, much less an impossible, presidential candidate. However, both the improbable and impossible sometimes happen, and as no one man in our history has had a more disastrous influence upon our industrial life than the subject of this sketch, we propose simply to remind our readers of Grover Cleveland's contribution to his country's history, and what he would do again, if placed in a position to accomplish his purpose, which, we may add, was not fully accomplished in the first instance.

It was decided in 1884 that a man's domestic faults need not affect his public life and executive ability. Mr. Cleveland was elected in that year in spite of his shortcomings as a man, and because of his good fortune as a politician. He was elected not because of his own strength, but because of the weakness of his opponent's campaign and the lack of complete harmony in his opponent's party.

His first administration has left nothing worth remembering, except his message to the Fifty-third Congress in December, 1887. Mr. Cleveland had studied his Cobden club literature well and stated precisely, if not honestly, some of their most important tenets. The message was devoted almost wholly to the tariff and taxation, and its several thousand words can be put

HIS SERVICES NOT REQUIRED.



into two of its sentences as indicating the tenor of the whole. These two sentences follow:

"But our present tariff laws, the vicious, inequitable and illogical source of unnecessary taxation, ought to be at once revised and amended. These laws, as their primary and plain effect, raise the price to consumers of all articles imported and subject to duty by precisely the sum paid for such duties. . . . So it happens that while comparatively a few use the imported articles, millions of our people, who never use and never saw any of the foreign products, purchase and use things of the same kind made in this country, and pay, therefore, nearly or quite the enhanced price which the duty adds to the imported articles."

These are false statements, and Mr. Cleveland knew them to be false, for he could have gone into the open market and bought hundreds of articles at a less price than the duty on similar imported articles of no better quality. His message defeated him for reelection, and a Republican Congress and President thought best to revise the tariff, and the McKinley law was the result. The effects of that law were marvelous. In May, 1892, Edward Atkinson, the noted statistician and free trader, who was in full possession of his mental faculties at that time, said in the Forum:

"There never has been a period in the history of this or any other country when the general rate of wages was as high as it is now, or the prices of goods relatively to the wages as low as they are to-day, nor a period when the workman, in the strict sense of the word, has so fully secured to his own use and enjoyment such a steadily and progressively increasing proportion of a constantly increasing product."

Such testimony was repeated by the commercial agencies, by the President in his message to Congress and by the whole honest press of the country. And yet Grover Cleveland was again nominated, and, adopting the double dealing tactics of Polk and Dallas in 1844, was elected by a very positive popular and electoral vote. We have not to do now with the methods of that campaign, but with the result. For the first time since the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860 the three branches of the government were to be in the hands of the Democratic, free trade party. The very moment that the people, and particularly the commercial world, realized this there was consternation in every industrial and financial circle. Wise capitalists, shrewd manufacturers and cautious

merchants knew what was before them. That grim specter, sure to materialize in the evil monster, free trade, which had more than once devastated our land and impoverished our people, was bound to come. It mattered not just how soon, or in just what form; we must prepare for it as best we could and take the consequences—and we did.

It was not as bad as Mr. Cleveland would have had it. Mad clean through he would not sign his party's law. But that Gorman-Wilson tariff did its work most effectively, and completed the panic and ruinous work begun in its anticipation. Is there need to recall those awful years? Is there need to repeat the billions of dollars lost, the suffering, the sickness, the sadness that entered almost every home in the land?

We are loyal and patriotic enough to add our plaudits to those of the multitude when cheering an ex-president of the United States. We are willing to blur our memory, to wipe off the slate and say, "Well, in the light of later events perhaps it was all for the best. We need adversity once in a while; we must learn by experience." And so we find no fault in the hearty greeting and acclaim given to our rapidly ageing ex-president; but when the mugwump and free-trader and politician step in and turn patriotism into politics we say No; never again must Grover Cleveland be in power and gain the opportunity to conspire and ruin our country. Once is enough, and though we may condone we must not forget. Far more than the civil war did Grover Cleveland cost our country in financial loss. More lives were sacrificed through sickness and sorrow, through despair and poverty, through hunger and cold, than by the bullets of the rebellion.

If free traders, if mugwumps, if Democrats do not forget, then the peo-

Iowa Farms 34 Per Acre Cash, balance 1/4 crop till paid. MCHALL, Sioux City, Ia.

She Saw Aaron Burr.

Mrs. Henry Chadwick of Brooklyn, who is 84 years old, tells of seeing Aaron Burr. She is the granddaughter of Benjamin Botts, who defended Burr in his trial for treason at Richmond in 1807. Her father owned a farm near Jamaica, L. I., adjoining one owned by Burr. When she saw Colonel Burr he was 77 years old, withered and bent, but his famous eyes were still black and piercing. Burr died in 1836. Mrs. Chadwick also knew Chief Justice Marshall well.

KEELEY INSTITUTE FOR NEBRASKA.

The Great Work It Has Done in the Past Twenty Years.

More than twenty years ago, Dr. Leslie E. Keeley made the announcement that "Drunkennes is a disease and can be cured," and this statement has been verified by the fact that the Keeley treatment of the Liquor and Drug habits has restored more than 300,000 men and women to their families and friends and brought hope and sunshine into that number of blighted lives. The Keeley Institute for the state of Nebraska is located at Omaha, corner of Leavenworth and 19th streets. It is operated under the authority of The Leslie E. Keeley Company, with a member of the resident physician, and its remedies, methods and rules are those prescribed by the originator, Leslie E. Keeley, M. D., L.L. D., and in use for nearly a quarter of a century.

The Omaha Keeley Institute occupies one of the highest points in the city, only seven blocks from the center. The Institute is a very large residence building, thoroughly modern, large verandas and beautiful grounds. In fact there is everything here that those wishing to take the Keeley treatment could desire, and this is the only Keeley Institute in the state of Nebraska. Any additional information can be had by addressing the Keeley Institute Company, corner of 19th and Leavenworth streets, Omaha, Nebraska.

In Poland the standard bearer must be a flag-Pole.

GREATLY REDUCED RATES

WABASH RAILROAD.

Below is a partial list of the many rail rates offered via the Wabash Railroad.

Atlanta, Ga., and return\$32.10
Sold July 5th, 6th and 7th.	
Indianapolis, Ind., and return\$19.40
Sold June 7th, 8th, 9th, 13th and 14th.	
St. Louis, Mo., and return\$13.50
Sold June 16th and 17th.	
Boston, Mass., and return\$31.75
Sold June 24th, 25th and 26th.	
Boston, Mass., and return\$33.75
Sold June 30th to July 4th.	
Saratoga, N. Y., and return\$32.20
Sold July 4th and 5th.	
Detroit, Mich., and return\$21.00
Sold July 14th and 15th.	
Baltimore, Md., and return\$32.25
Sold July 17th and 18th.	
Baltimore, Md., and return\$32.25
Sold Sept. 17th, 18th and 19th.	

All tickets reading over the Wabash are good on steamers in either direction between Detroit and Buffalo without extra charge, except meals and berths. Long limits and stopovers allowed. Remember this is "The World's Fair Line." Go this route and view the grounds.

For folders and all information, address HARRY E. MOORES, G. A. P. D., Omaha, Neb.

The Real Cause of the Trouble.

A negro preacher down south has discovered the real cause of the recent volcanic disasters. He says: "De earf, my frisen, resolves on axes, as we all know. Somefn' is needed to keep the axes ground; so when de earf was made, perlyrum was put inside for dat purpose. De Standard Oil compny comes along an' strax dat petrolryum by borin' holes in de earf. De earf sitx on its axes an' won't go round no more; den dere is a hot box, just as ef de earf wuz a big railway train—and den, my frizen, dere is trouble."

His Heart Out of Place.

With a heart displacement of four inches downward and one inch to the left Thomas Hoben, aged 45, of Indianapolis, still lives, but his death may result at any time. Hoben was examined by members of the faculty of the medical college of Indiana, who term his ailment aortic regurgitation. The normal position of the human heart is one inch to the right of the fifth intercostal space. Hoben's heart shows by examination that the apex beat is four inches below and one inch to the left. It is believed this peculiar ailment is the result of overwork in a rolling mill. A severe shock at any time would undoubtedly produce instant death. Medical experts say that there are a few cases of heart displacement of such extent as the case of Hoben.

A Cure for Dropsy.

Sedgwick, Ark., June 22d.—Mr. W. S. Taylor of this place says: "My little boy had Dropsy. Two doctors—the best in this part of the country—told me he would never get better, and to have seen him anyone else would have said they were right. His feet and limbs were swollen so that he could not walk nor put on his shoes.

"When the doctors told me he would surely die, I stopped giving him their medicine and began giving him Dodd's Kidney Pills. I gave him three pills a day and at the end of eight days the swelling was all gone, but as I wanted to be sure, I kept on with the pills for some time, gradually reducing the quantity, till finally I stopped altogether.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills certainly saved my child's life. Before using them he was a helpless invalid in his mother's arms from morning till night. Now he is a healthy, happy child, running and dancing and singing. I can never express our gratitude.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills entirely cured our boy after everybody, doctors and all, had given him up to die."

An Irish physician says that a man never begins to take care of his health until after he loses it.

The Tariff and Banking.

The phenomenal increase in bank deposits and loans since the free trade period can be seen from the following:

March 9, 1897	April 9, 1902.
Loans . . . \$1,898,009,291	\$3,403,217,618
Deposits . . 1,668,219,961	3,168,275,260
Cash 420,281,615	536,214,834

These deposits are in addition to almost an equal amount in the savings banks, and represent the daily balances of merchants and business concerns. They confirm the statement that we are doing double the business under protection that we were under free trade. It seems hardly time to revise such a tariff as we are now prospering under, either up or down. It will indeed, be well to let well enough alone.

Its Beneficiaries.

"The tariff is always revised in the interest of its beneficiaries," says Editor Bryan. The principal beneficiaries of the American protective tariff policy are the people of the United States.—Oswego Times.