

HOPE INSPIRES REPUBLICANS

Industrial Distress Unheard of—The Laborer Finds Plenty of Work at Good Wages—Good Prices for Farm Products.

AN ENORMOUS INCREASE IN VOLUME OF MONEY

The Republican Party Not the Party of Imperialism, Proven by the Records of Deeds Performed—Fusionists in Congress Defeat the Proposition of Constitutional Amendment Giving Congress the Power to Control Trusts.

NATIONAL ISSUES OF THE PARTY SUMMED UP IN FEW WORDS

The Recent Populist State Convention Dominated by Fusion Office-Holders—A Portion of the National Platform of 1892 Reproduced—Names Taken From the Roster of the Delegates—No Hope of Reform by Fusion Populists.

OMAHA, Neb., July 23, 1900.—The republicans enter upon the campaign this year inspired by resplendent hope. Unexampled prosperity to the farmer, laborer and business man, the direct result of republican policies crystallized into law, is of itself a sufficient solution to the political problems, and completely explodes and dissipates the fallacy of the fusionists. The wild and fallacious predictions of Bryan, as to the ills and woes that would be visited upon the people in the event of republican success four years ago, have been completely shattered. Instead of industrial distress have come good prices for the farmer's products, good wages and plenty of work for the laborer and good patronage and prompt payment to the business man.

The republicans promised in the event of success the enactment into law of such policies as would stimulate industry and remedy the ills bequeathed by the Cleveland administration. This promise has been kept. The factories have been kept open, labor has found good employment at good wages, the consequent increase in consumption has advanced the value of farm products, and after four years of republican management the commercial and industrial situation has reached that point in prosperity never before attained in the history of the nation.

FINANCIAL LEGISLATION.

As a result of the financial legislation promulgated by republican statesmanship the volume of money has, in the last four years, increased over \$500,000,000, and a financial policy has been established which insures equality of money, and places this government, foremost among the civilized nations of the world. The wisdom of this step has been demonstrated already in more ways than one. First of all it has reduced the rate of interest to the borrower so that now, right here in Nebraska, where four years ago an interest rate of 10 per cent was the result of lack of confidence in the stability of fusion dogmatism and the fear of fusion success, money was hard to obtain on the best collateral at any rate of interest, money may be borrowed at rates as low as five per cent. This has compelled the creditor to share the burden with the debtor and has contributed aid and comfort to the debtor—the one most needy of it and least able to bear additional hardships.

And the inauguration of the gold standard as a fixed policy has done more than reduce the rate of interest. It has brought money out of hiding, has placed it in circulation—building and operating factories, building homes, purchasing farms and farm machinery, more clothing, more food, more education; in short, more everything for all classes. Today no other nation enjoys a more substantial credit abroad or at home, and no other nation can present such a splendid example of domestic tranquility, peace and happiness.

FINANCE AND TARIFF.

It is but natural that sound financial legislation accompanied by judicious tariff laws should result in commercial and industrial prosperity and progress. Under the McKinley administration new avenues of commerce have been opened, so that in the last year, with a large increase in domestic consumption, this country produced and sold in excess of its imports products of the value of upwards of \$600,000,000. The net profit of the producer, comparing the prices of today with those of four years ago, was in excess of \$150,000,000. Thus the difference in the market prices alone between the democratic administration of 1896 and the republican administration of 1900 put \$150,000,000 on the export trade alone into the pockets of the producers of the United States. The producers received a corresponding benefit on domestic consumption, so that the net profit on the whole approximates an amount that large as to almost challenge comprehension.

THE LABORER.

Nor has the farmer alone been benefited. The laborer has reaped equal benefit. Manual labor has advanced fully 25 per cent and skilled labor has advanced fully 30 per cent. True there have been strikes, but in no instance has there been a strike against a reduction in wages, but in every instance for an increase in wages. Another thing to be considered is that a laborer must be at work, must be employed, in order to strike. Unemployed labor cannot go on a strike—it was in this condition that labor found itself under democratic rule. In 1896 the great cry was sympathy for the unemployed. Men stood for hours and days and weeks on street

corners and in front of labor bureaus the country from east to west and from north to south in search of work whereby an honest living might be obtained.

So desperate became the conditions that in large cities free soup houses had to be established at public expense to feed the honest unemployed. What are the conditions today? Labor finds honest employment everywhere that allows it to live in luxury. In fact the laborers are so scarce that work is left undone for want of men at any price. Harvest is dragging for want of men to gather in the grain and a perplexing question that will soon confront the farmers of Nebraska is how they will gather in the enormous corn crop that is now assured.

IMPERIALISM.

One of the great bugaboos discussed by fusion orators and editors is that of imperialism. The republican party is and always has been the anti-imperialistic party. Not only have party platforms stated this but the whole work of the republican party through its representatives proves the fact conclusively. During the past four years the party has made the Hawaiian Islands into a republic. It has wrested from the Empire Spain, Porto Rico, and has given to those islands a republican form of government. It has wrested from the Empire Spain, Cuba, and has already given her such freedom as Cubans never dreamed of. It has wrested from the Empire Spain, the Philippines, and beside quelling an insurrection there it has established schools and is even now preparing those people for self-government. In regard to China, it has demanded the open door and in this demand stood out against the powers of Europe. In its work on every hand it has been anti-imperialistic and no charge to the contrary can be truthfully made.

THE NATIONAL ISSUES.

In the national campaign the issues will be clear, and from a republican standpoint might be summed up as follows:

The record of the administration in successfully handling great questions, the progress and prosperity of the country at the present time. The assured continuation of such conditions with the republicans in control. Such are the issues and along this line will the stories be told. On the other hand, the fusionists have taken up the dead and four times condemned fallacy of 16 to 1. They cry imperialism when every evidence points to the fact that the republican party is the anti-imperialistic party and they cry trust in the face of the fact that in the last session of congress nearly every fusionist voted against the proposition of a constitutional amendment whereby congress could control trusts. They cry out against expansion when every forward step made since we nullified our contract with England in '76 has been the result of expansive methods. Every expansion of our territory has meant an expansion of our commerce and our industries and has opened up markets for every producer in America.

DOMINATED BY OFFICEHOLDERS.

A reference to the platform of the people's party, adopted at the first national convention held in Omaha July 4, 1892, shows that the party strongly condemned office holders participating in conventions. We reproduce below that part of the platform and follow it with a list of names of delegates to the recent populist state convention held at Lincoln. The names are taken direct from the roster and are only a partial list of those officeholders of the state who participated in that convention. The platform reads as follows:

"We, the people's party, at the outset, to secure permanent control of the party organization unaffected by the interest of those in public service, do hereby in national convention assembled at Omaha on this 4th day of July, 1892, establish this ordinance as the fundamental law of party organization, viz.:

"No person holding any office or position of profit, trust or emolument under the federal or any state or municipal government, including senators and congressmen and members of the legislature, state and local, shall be eligible to sit or vote in any convention of the party, and a copy of this ordinance shall be annexed to every call for any future convention."

How this fundamental law of the party was observed at the late fusion convention is best shown by a reproduction of a partial list of officeholders who participated as delegates in said convention.

It is but an incomplete list and does

not contain the names of hosts of subordinate officials and employees who sat as delegates in the convention.

Senators and Congressmen—W. V. Allen, Madison; William Neville, North Platte; J. S. Robinson, Madison.

District Judges—C. Hollenbeck, Fremont; J. A. Grimson, Schuyler; Douglas Cones, Pierce; E. L. Adams, Minden; J. R. Thompson, Grand Island; C. A. Munn, Ord; H. M. Sullivan, Broken Bow; W. H. Westover, Rushville; J. J. Harrington, O'Neill.

State Officers—Governor W. A. Poynter, Albion; C. J. Smyth, Omaha; W. P. Porter, Morrill; J. F. Cornell, Verdun.

Members of Legislature—J. S. Canaday, Minden; Thomas Farrell, Central City; F. J. Hale, Battle Creek; F. M. Howard, Aurora; A. J. Knepper, Octavia; J. E. Miller, Majors; W. A. Morgan, Allen; W. D. Schaal, Springfield; G. J. Spohn, Superior; Charles Crockett, Niobrara; T. J. Flynn, Omaha; T. F. Memminger, Madison; O. S. Moran, Croston; J. R. Morrison, Cheater; J. W. Tanner, Fullerton; W. H. Taylor, Exeter; W. J. Taylor, Merna; F. A. Thompson, Clay Center; G. P. Watson, Pierce; J. Weaver, Falls City; J. H. Wright, Rusklin.

State Institutions—Dr. S. P. Tracey, Milford; Dr. J. S. Bennett, Kearney; Dr. I. C. Canine, Geneva; Thomas Welch, Lincoln; Dr. J. T. Steel, Hastings; Rod C. Smith, Shelton; E. Von Forrell, Kearney; J. N. Campbell, Kearney; G. N. Smith, Kearney; W. F. Bryant, Hartington; J. Sprecher, Schuyler; D. Rowden, Omaha; E. E. Thomas, Omaha; C. A. Whitford, Washington; C. D. Casper, David City; S. E. Starratt, Central City; G. W. Leight, Nebraska City; P. L. Hall, Wahoo; D. H. Wentworth, Hastings; Dennis Shеды, Hastings; V. E. Wilson, Omaha; O. Grotham, St. Paul; J. M. Gilchrist, Nebraska City; J. J. Cardwell, Nebraska City; A. H. Hipple, Omaha; George Corcoran, York; Ed. P. Smith, Omaha; J. F. Coad, Omaha; J. C. Dahman, Omaha; R. E. Herdman, Omaha; P. H. Barry, Greeley; H. M. Casebeer, Lincoln; C. J. West, Lincoln; H. C. Demaree, Lincoln; Thomas Welch, Lincoln; L. W. Edwards, Lincoln; C. S. Jones, Lincoln; Fred Jewell, Platte Center; James Whitaker, Falls City.

Clerk District Court—Fred J. Mack, Albion; J. A. Sucha, Schuyler; C. F. Orr, Broken Bow; J. M. Hurley, Ponca; J. M. Cruikshank, Fremont; G. H. Cleaver, Alma; C. Guenther, Columbus; J. S. Crawford, Wahoo; H. M. Davis, Ord; F. P. Heston, Bartlett.

County Treasurers—Will Brookley, Hasaun; P. W. Murphy, Alnsworth; C. F. Bollinson, Kearney; Fred Hoffmeister, Imperial; Theodore Griess, Clay Center; Jacob Cas, Chadron; E. M. Humphreys, Greeley; H. K. Henry, O'Neill; C. Apple, St. Paul; G. E. Lundgren, Niobrara; W. McLaughlin, Lincoln; J. G. Basher, Columbus; D. D. Remington, Seward; H. F. Washwood, Rusklin.

Register of Deeds—George Mitchell, Clay Center; N. H. Mapes, Schuyler; A. F. Walla, West Point; G. W. Ellsworth, Fullerton; W. R. Wyatt, Falls City.

County Commissioners—W. R. Wood, Sidney; C. R. Petersen, Chadron; E. Manning, Beaver City; John Callis, Stanton; W. C. Heers, Hebron; Fred Lindberg, Sidney; George Kittle, Hayes; R. Saling, St. Paul; J. J. Hughes, Madison; J. G. Stroble, Nebraska City; William O'Conner, Wahoo; H. Maskenthine, Stanton.

Sheriffs—G. W. Secord, Clay Center; A. C. McLeod, Schuyler; H. W. Phillips, West Point; J. R. Cameron, Beaver City; W. Waddington, Beatrice; P. E. Dunn, Elwood; J. Hansen, St. Paul; W. F. Bonawitz, Fairbury; H. A. Patwick, Ogallala; Matt Leach, Fullerton; J. C. Byrnes, Columbus; T. E. Housh, Rushville; H. D. Heck, Ord.

Surveyors—R. C. Beatty, Lexington; F. F. Ashby, Bloomington.

County Attorneys—E. D. Kilbourne, Neligh; E. M. Davison, Newport; A. M. Morrissey, Valentine; G. H. Thomas, Schuyler; G. G. Martin, Fremont; George W. Shields, Omaha; W. Miller, R. Ellis, Niobrara; H. H. Mauck, Nelson; H. F. Barnard, Pierce; E. E. Stanton, Osceola; C. E. Woods, Rushville; T. S. Nightengale, Loup City.

County Clerks—J. M. Conklin, Neligh; S. M. Smyser, Alliance; John J. Graham, David City; George Mitchell, Clay Center; N. H. Mapes, Schuyler; A. Walla, West Point; G. W. Tillman, Minden; Henry Vogler, Kimball; P. B. Clark, Niobrara; F. A. Wersig, Taylor; G. W. Ellsworth, Fullerton; George E. Schneider, Falls City; J. P. Hale, Red Cloud; E. S. Heston, Bartlett.

County Judges—A. H. Bowen, Hastings; Charles Plumleigh, Hartington; H. C. Palmer, Clay Center; I. Woolf, Chappell; C. M. Miller, Alma; J. C. Thomas, Niobrara; E. C. Ewing, Central City; W. M. Peebles, Nelson; W. A. Garrett, Holdrege; John Gagnon, Falls City; J. H. Barry, Wahoo; A. W. Comstock, Pender.

County Superintendents—J. W. Baumgardner, Alliance; J. J. Tooley, Broken Bow; H. J. Hopeman, Dakota; Claude Smith, Lexington; C. Smyrah, Geneva; E. M. Hussong, Bloomington; T. V. Norvell, O'Neill; C. Manuel, St. Paul; F. A. Carmony, Fairbury; C. W. Crum, Madison; A. Soffley, Grant; L. H. Leavy, Columbus.

"How the mighty have fallen." What do the honest reformers of Nebraska think of such a record? To them the record must be appalling. The independent thinkers among the fusion populists must certainly see that they are being led to where no reform can be expected.

THE 1896 THREAT RENEWED.

It is most unfortunate that the allied forces of reform have renewed the threat of 1896, without abatement or modification. They denounce the gold bill and demand that it be repealed. Therefore, with all its dire consequences to credit and confidence, to business and to industry, the menace of 16 to 1 still hangs over us. The scattered forces of the enemies of sound currency are being rallied and the public must once more unite and overcome the advocates of repudiation and there must be no relax in energy until the battle for public honor and honest money shall again triumph.

Moonlight nights are too bright for burglars and for lovers.

Men, like bullets, need to be aimed right to hit the mark.

In the Desert.

A Story Illustrating the Horrors of War
By H. B. WELSH...

CHAPTER IV.
"Margaret," he cried, "what is it? What is it, my darling? Speak to me!"
"It is nothing," she breathed painfully. "You must let me go, Doctor Cleland; you must leave me."

"I shall not let you go!" Paul answered vehemently. "You dare not send me from you, Margaret—you cannot! If nothing else gives me a right to you, surely my love does!"
She made no answer, but shivered as if with cold.

Cleland went on passionately:
"If you can say to me, Margaret, that you no longer love me, that the past is dead and buried to you, or that you have been self-deceived when you imagined you did love me, then I shall go away and trouble you no more. It may be that I shall shortly be leaving this country, perhaps forever; and I felt I could not go without knowing the truth."

He felt her shiver again, but her strength came back, and she stood erect, looking at him with eyes that had something of the look of a hunted animal at bay in them.
"Margaret," he went on slowly, after a pause, "you must tell me, now and here, have you ceased to love me? By your answer I will abide; it will be final with me."

A strange look crossed the girl's face.
"If I refuse to answer?"
"I shall not leave you till you answer," said Cleland. "Margaret, if you can say those words after me—'Paul, I no longer love you'—I shall be satisfied and go my way. It is all I ask."

Again the white hands moved convulsively. It gave Cleland a curious sensation—as if she had wrung them piteously. She began slowly:
"Paul, I—no—longer—"
Then her voice dropped and broke into a half sob and her face fell between her hands.

In the silence that followed Paul Cleland felt his heart quicken its beating, with an emotion that was half joy, half pain. She loved him still, then! These proud, pure lips of hers could not utter an untruth. But the agony that could wring that sob from self-contained Margaret Crawford almost frightened him. He could not even speak at its cause.

He spoke at last, in a voice unsteady and uncertain.

"Then you love me still, Margaret?"

She looked up then and at sight of his agitation her own calm seemed to return. That one pitiful yielding to weakness had startled her back to her old self. And her woman's heart, forgetting its own pain and trouble, tried to find some comfort for his.

"Paul," she said, gently laying her hand upon his with a touch that thrilled him through and through, "I cannot hide the truth from you. I do love you—I shall love you always; but there is a reason why I can never allow you to speak of this, why we can never, never be anything to each other. There is a terrible barrier between us which can never be removed. Do not ask me what it is—I cannot tell you. Do I seem cruel? Believe me, it is because I wish to save you pain that I cannot tell you more."

Paul, God had laid on us both a heavy burden; but he will surely give us strength to bear it."
"You ask a hard thing of me, Margaret," said Paul Cleland, huskily. "You ask me to give you up forever, and I am not even to know why. If I knew your reason, I might submit to your decree; but you cannot expect me tamely to give you up without knowing why I am to do so!"

Margaret was silent. She felt that it would be easier for her also could she tell him the whole truth; but what cruelty it would be to inflict on him the knowledge that his father had died—or taken his own life, as Paul himself seemed to think—believing his son guilty of so fearful a crime?
No, she must never tell the truth. For Paul's own sake, for the sake of the dead, she must not.

"Will you not take my word for it?" she said at last, very gently. "The barrier between us is insuperable, and I cannot, must not, tell you the nature of it. Oh, spare yourself and me further pain, Paul, by leaving me now! We must try to forget!"
"I shall never forget!" said Paul, a little harshly. He was a Scotchman, and "dour" and obstinate rather than passionate. "You are sacrificing your own happiness and mine, Margaret, to some absurd notion of honor. You think I am coward enough to shrink before the sneers of the world over a dead man's memory; you have, perhaps, learned after all your father was guilty, and you will not confess it to me. You would rather wreck my life and my happiness!"

But the next moment he stood humbled and contrite before the look of those tender, dark eyes, and the courage and sweetness of the pure, pale face. He raised her little white hand and kissed the hem of her sleeve reverently.

"Margaret, Margaret, forgive me!" he cried. "Only say it is that alone that divides us, and I shall sweep the phantom from our path."
"It is not only that," she answered, in a low voice. "If it were, then I should leave it to you to judge whether it was a real barrier or not; but it would only make your pain the greater if I were to tell you what the barrier is. It can never be done away with; it must stand between us forever."

"And I am to go from you, Margaret, knowing no more than this?"
"It must be so. It is as Heaven has willed it, Paul. God has laid the burden upon us, we can only submit."

But from her woman's heart there was rising a heartbroken cry. "Oh, my love, my love! It is hard, God knows!"

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Paul Cleland turned away suddenly. His face had grown pale and set. It seemed to him that any further pleading with Margaret would be like beating against the rock. A little quivering sigh broke from her lips. He heard it, and turned quickly.

"You will relent, Margaret? Tell me there is some hope!"

She shook her head.
"There is none, Paul—we must part. Oh, can we not do so quickly? The pain would be less if we did not see each other!"

"It shall be as you wish," said Cleland, after a moment's pause. "I can leave Greystoke at once, and in a short time I shall be far enough from England. Do you care to hear where I am going, Margaret?"

She bowed, making no answer.
"I am going to Egypt. I have had an offer made me, and I was only doubtful as to what my answer should be until I saw you; but now my mind is quite made up. I shall probably sail in a fortnight or so."

A stifled exclamation came to Margaret's lips; but she checked it, and the next moment turned to him, her face as pale as ever, but quite calm.

"I can only wish you every success—and happiness in your new life," she said, and laid her hand, cold and trembling as it was, in his. "And, after all, what happiness is better and deeper than that which comes to us from our work? If we can help to allay suffering, and to bring back health to others, surely we can ask no greater joy on earth? Doctor Cleland, I wish you that happiness with all my heart."

"Thank you," he said, a little huskily. "I do not think I shall be able to call myself happy, Margaret—I have not reached such a height of self-abnegation yet; but as the great apostle of work says, 'Thou canst do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness.' I suppose that is what you mean. Well, shall we say good-by now? We may not have another chance."

Margaret looked at him. It was a look he was to remember for very long afterwards. In it he read all the deep love of her woman's soul for one moment, without veil or reserve, bared before him. Her hand still lay in his. He drew her a little nearer, and his eyes seemed to devour her face.

"For Heaven's sake, Margaret, think once more what you are doing! Do not part us for the sake of an imaginary barrier; do not sacrifice us both for another's sins! It is not too late yet to say the word that will change our whole future lives."

He felt her hand quiver; but she answered steadily:
"Paul, this is the only thing left for us to do—to part. There is no other way—none. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Paul, hoarsely. Then, after a pause, still holding her hand, he said: "Margaret, it is the last time perhaps that I shall ever speak to you alone on earth. Will you kiss me once, because of what might have been?"

And in the tenderness of that moment—a tenderness that for the time seemed to blot out all her own agony and weakness—Margaret raised her pale, pure face and kissed him with a kiss that held parting and grief and death in it.

CHAPTER V.

The blazing heat of a sultry Egyptian noon, tempered and softened as much as possible by ingenious arrangements of softly moving fans and waving curtains. An elegant apartment, furnished after European style, and with every sign of wealth and luxury around. And two people sitting together, talking very earnestly and in low tones a man and a woman.

The man, looking many years older than when we saw him last, though only two years have actually passed, whose bronzed face wears an anxious and serious expression, is Paul Cleland; and the woman, whose dark, rich beauty, soft liquid eyes and exquisitely molded figure, gowned in some "confection" from Paris, have already won for her a conspicuous place in the European society of Cairo, is the widow of a wealthy government official, and has, since her husband's death, lived with her brother, Colonel Beauchamp, one of the most gallant officers who had gone through the terrible campaign of 1895.

A soft-footed native servant had just brought in the afternoon cup of tea, retiring as silently as he had entered; and the two were too deeply engrossed in conversation even to notice that.

"I trust matters may not be so bad as the Colonel makes out, Mrs. Breynton. Often we don't like to be alone for fear of meeting our worst enemy,"

"You do not know the fantastic der-
vish as I do," she said, and her voice
was one of the sweetest ever woman
possessed. "There is nothing in all
the world will make men fight like
religious zeal, Doctor Cleland, and
they are intoxicated with it. They
fight like men inspired. Ah, I have
reason to know how they fight!"

She sighed, but there was nothing
deeper than a gentle regret in the
sigh. Cleland had heard the story
of how Oscar Breynton had been
hewed to pieces in mistake for an ob-
noxious officer by a horde of shriek-
ing, half-mad Arabs; but he had also
known how his wife, beautiful and
good as she was, had been strangely
neglected by Breynton for years, and
he guessed that her grief must have
been less than her horror at his ter-
rible death.

"Our cause is one of justice and of
mercy," said Cleland, after a pause;
"and I think there is no man who
would dare to say that we do wrong
in trying to free the Soudan from the
rule of these barbarous, bloodthirsty,
massacring hordes. I confess to shar-
ing the enthusiasm of the war spirit so
far. I have made up my mind to go
on to Athara, Mrs. Breynton."

A strange expression flitted sudden-
ly over Adrienne Breynton's face. It
was like a quiver.

"You are not going to the desert?"

she asked, a little pantingly.

"Yes. They require a doctor, and I
have offered my services. I am going
next week."

Adrienne's white hand moved the
fan it held to and fro gently. Cleland
could not see that her cheek was gradu-
ally growing as white as that hand.
"You don't know the Soudan," she
said at last, in a low tone. "It has
killed our best and bravest men. It is
a man-eater, sucking the life out of
strong men, not by battle or murder
or sudden death, but by slow, ignoble
disease. Think of the days of weary
march through storms of sand, be-
neath a sweltering sun! And the
nights, sometimes icy cold, sometimes
hot and close as an oven. Think of
sickness there!" She shuddered.

"I shall not think of it at all," said
Cleland, quietly. "Others do not, and
why should I? I could not stay here
and lead this life of ignoble ease
while others are bravely facing dan-
ger or death. You would not think
the more of me for doing so, I am
sure, Mrs. Breynton."

A lovely color, soft and warm like
the blush of a pale damask rose,
swept over her face for a moment.
Did Cleland notice it? It was not
likely. For two years only one wom-
an's image had dwelt in Paul Cle-
land's mind, and he had never even
imagined that any other could obtain
an entrance there.

Yet there was no woman for whom
he had so high a respect, so warm an
admiration, so true a friendship, as for
Adrienne Breynton.

But the soft blush in Adrienne's
face was not in response to respect or
admiration or friendship.

"Why, tea is in, and we have taken
no notice of it!" she exclaimed the
next moment, as if to cover her mo-
mentary embarrassment. "I will pour
you out a cup, Dr. Cleland."

As she crossed the room, her pale-
blue teagown falling in soft folds
around her, the door was opened, a
servant announced "Major Rayburn,"
and Mrs. Breynton paused, and turned
towards the door to receive her second
guest.

(To be Continued.)

The Care of Cut Glass.

A wooden tub should be used for
washing cut glass, and the water in
which it is cleaned should not be too
warm for the hands. A sudden change
of temperature is bad for glassware,
and it should never be left upon mar-
ble or stone. The deeper the cutting,
the more liable it is to be broken.
Decanters and water bottles which
have become discolored may be
cleaned with a soft cloth guided by
a wire. Discoloring may be removed
by placing suds with bits of paper and
strong soap suds in the vessel and
shaking them well together. Beans are
sometimes used instead of shot. A
tablespoonful of muriatic acid to a
pint of water will remove obstinate
stains. For cleansing the outside,
cloths and towels and a brush are
necessary. The washing and rinsing
waters should not vary much in tem-
perature. A soft towel should be placed
under the dishes when draining. To
secure a high polish vigorously rub
glassware when it is warm, with a per-
fectly clean towel. Glass which is
ornamented with gold should be
washed in suds made of castile soap,
and should be wiped dry as soon as it
is washed. Finely cut glass should be
kept in a closed cabinet and not han-
dled much.

Five Miles an Hour.

There is no shadow of a possible
shadow of doubt that the day of the
motor car and automobile fiend is at
an end in Paris and the same may be
said of the scorching cyclist. The
roar, the hissing sound and the cloud
of dust are no more. Their desperate
recklessness has led the police to
cut down to eight kilometers, which
is only a shade over five miles an
hour, their authorized speed, and
twenty-three summonses were issued
in one day in a single arrondissement.

Often we don't like to be alone for
fear of meeting our worst enemy.