By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

Author of "At a Girl's Mercy," Etc.

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CHAPTER XX .- Continued.

reading to Mrs. Green. Mrs. Green that Johnson has had a relapse and was a woman one could love at a can live but twenty-four hours. Doglance and love always; her sweet old lores-Dolores must not know-yet. face was flushed with pink, her brown | She can not get to him, and it would eyes were soft and gentle, her silken do no good." white hair was brushed in waves back der, silent girl seemed to melt toward haste, and stood before Mrs. Green. her as toward no one else, though at first it was very bitter this having to accept hospitality from the mother of | the words were slow, as her lips were the man who had been so wronged. stiff.

She had been forced to accept the hospitality of his mother-been forced | claimed, under his breath, clenching and with no excuse to place the acceptance out of the question, because there was no excuse she could offer when they took her father from the little house, bearing him carefully to the carriage waiting for him at the gate, soft with cushions and pillows of down, to the station and the city some thirty miles below the town down the valley, with Doctors Dunwiddie and Grey and her uncle. They had everything that money could buy to gain comfort for him. A car was reserved for him on the train; everything absolutely was done that could be for his comfort. And then they had forced upon her the acceptance of this hospitality.

Mrs. Green was watching Dolores through the open doorway, leaning back on the cushioned sofa, her soft hands folded in her lap at this her "rest time" of the day, as she listened to Mrs. Allen's reading, her thoughts somehow tangled with that and the girl at the western window in the sunset lights and the boy of her hearttheir only child, the best son, she often said, laughing, that a mother ever had. his hands at his side. "Mother, why

her face, too, caught the glow from not tell me!" turning fiercely upon above. The silence that had followed Mrs. Allen in the darkness, in sudden Dolores all her life seemed to fall like distrust of her, her subtle words rea veil around her, and even to her turning to him, losing half their meancousin for the time. The sunset lights | ing. faded aind dled; a mellow darkness enveloped the eastern slope of the hers, and her voice was tender as a mountain; the road that wound up its | mother's when she spoke. side was like a slender thread in the darkness. Suddenly the sound of a the tender name. "Lorie, my dear-" church bell smote the air, and Dolores started, turning from the window.

"What is it?" she asked of Dora, and Dora arose as she answered her:

"Church bells, Lorie," touching the hand nearest her shyly, as though she were half afraid. "This is Wednesday | gently, "dear; not just now; there is evening, and the bell is ringing for no way to go until midniught, then prayer meeting."

the subject. She knew nothing of prayer meetings or church bells; they | "at once. Tell me how to get there, had little interest for her; her | please." thoughts were with her father, with young Green, with many things outside of this commonplace subject. She turned from the window, however, bringing her face into shadow. Mrs. Allen had ceased her reading, and was watching the girls with an inscrutable bitterness she held in her own heart. were possible, believe me-Dolores.' That, at least, was worth planning vously when Mrs. Green called the girls in her soft, low voice.



"Church bells, Lorie."

each of you beside me here on the all I love him as I do." And Dora's around the new Howe memorial librasweet and low to charm away the and her pleading face turned to her.

in haste, her face suddenly paling.

"Charlie, what is the matter?" "Don't be frightened, mother," Charlie said, hurriedly with a quick glance every one loves you. And no one-has around the room, taking her hands in ever-loved me."

his. "Sit down. Where is Miss John-Mrs. Allen was in an adjoining room | son and her cousin? Dunwiddle wires

A dead silence reigned through the from her face and softened by a cap rooms for a moment, then the lace of lace; her voice was what a woman's curtains were drawn aside from the voice should be, sweet but firm, low distant window, and Dolores came out perfectly modulated. She took out; she had unconsciously pushed Dolores right into her motherly heart, Dora's hands from her arm and stood knowing every word of her history alone with the darkness around her, so far as her son knew it, knowing, the light of the faded sunset setting tco, without being told, that this was her in outline against the window. the girl her son loved. And the slen- She crossed the room with no sign of

"I must go to my father," she said. Her voice was perfectly even, but

"God forgive me!" young Green ex-



"We have him safe and sure."

Dora was partly in shadow though | did you not tell me? Why did you

Mrs. Green took the girl's hand in

"Lorie," she said softly. She liked Dolores interrupted her.

"I must go to my father," she repeated, in the same set voice, her eyes not moving from Mrs. Green's face. "How can I go?"

"You cannot go," Mrs. Green said, the train will be due here, and Charlie Dolores made no further remark on and Mrs. Allen will take you there." "I must go to my father," she said,

> "There is no way but the train at midnight," he replied.

> "But I must go now," she said gravely; "if there is any way. Could we not go on horses? I must go."

He shook his head slowly. "Even starting now and taking the fastest expression in her eyes. Had she failed horses in the stables we could get after all her planning? There seemed there only half an hour sooner, and no difference in the friendship be the ride would be too exhausting for it tween this girl and the son of their to pay. We will wait, Miss Johnson, host. And as she could not win Dora and take the train and be in time-I from her cousin she could at least am sure we will be in time. Do not make this stupid girl feel some of the worry. I would get you there if it

It was the old voice and the old tone for. She was so deeply buried in of uttering the sad name. She gave these thoughts that she started ner- no sign that she heard, but she heard. She said nothing as she turned from him, and went out of the room like one "My dears," she said, "are you not in a dream-went out of the room and ready to join us now? We have watch- up the stairs to her room, but the tone ed the picture you make until now we and the one low word followed her. like a note of tenderness, through her stony sorrow. And when she had gone young Green turned to his mother, like a boy, in his sore distress, and she,

understanding, comforted him. Then he left the room and Dora went up after Dolores, and the time dragged on leaden feet ere the time came for them to go to the train, when Dolores came down the wide staircase like a spirit in her trailing black dress and bonnet, her face more pallid than the light of the moon on the mountains. Dora was behind her, but she seemed to notice no one, but passed out on to the steps of the piazza where young Green and Mrs. Allen were waiting for her, as though she were moving machinery and not through any wish of her own.

"Such an unheard of thing, going off like this in the dead of night," Mrs. Allen said, sharply, showing her heart for the moment in her anger. "Thank

heaven Dora isn't like her." "Hush, Nurse Allen. If I were half as brave as Lorie I would be the proudest girl in the world. I could not wish yourselves. There is room for do what she has, for my father for

Before they could answer her, how- She stood for a moment silently on the silver piece badly mutilated and the ever, quick steps sounded on the moonlit steps, her face immovable plazza, the outer door was opened, and | and pallid against the dead black of young Green entered the room where her gown, then she turned to Dora and the elder woman sat. Mrs. Green arose | cried in sudden flerceness born of pain -a pain her gentler cousin could nev-

er understand. "And your father loves you, DoraCHAPTER XXI.

Even in Death.

As they were whirled along through the night and the darkness young Green's mind was full of the one

thought he must tell Dolores about the trial in court that afternoon, before they reached the station, and away from Mrs. Allen's hearing. "Miss Johnson-Dolores," he said, presently. Her head was leaning Senator Hoar dropped some pearls

against the back of the seat and her eyes were closed, but he was pretty certain she was not asleep, "Dolores, you remember the laming of my mare just after I first met you, and the excitement and indignation among us pointed strongly in one direction?"

terror of the rough men, and that saved her. We were late home that evening from the house of a friend, and hearing Bess we went at once to the stables. One of the fellows we caught, but the other made good his escape.

"We tried our best to get the fellow voice steady now and natural; "but he credit for that. There is an honor that one must respect. Then we waited for your father, as you know, depending considerably upon his evidence, for he knew the condition of the mare's hoofs when he shod her, and that there was nothing wrong then save a slight lameness from going too long without shoes over the rough road. But even without his evidence we have succeeded even better than I had dared hope."

Dolores did not move. She did not quite understand this that he was telling her. How could they succeed without her father, and how could they get the guilty man-

"It was only yesterday," Green went on, and there was a touch of pleasure in his voice that Dolores caught with a dull sense of dead pain, "It was only yesterday that we caught the fellow, but we have him safe and sure enough now."

Surely they had not-Dolores caught her breath, and her swift, terrified eyes flashed upon his startlingly. His own eyes darkened as though with troubled thought.

"The men we sent out in search of him found him yesterday, Dolores, not a stone's throw from where your father fell on the opposite mountain. The first fellow we have sentenced to five years for attempted horse stealing, and the other has had his trial to-day. It was sharp and swift, I assure you Such a dastardly deed deserved the severest penalty the law allows."

(To be continued.)

Find Ancient Scotch Bridge.

Laborers engaged in digging a trench for the new drain along the White Sands recently disclosed an arch, pier and buttress of the Old Bridge, which tradition says was first erected at Deverogilla, though in 1620 it was reconstructed after having been wrecked by the flood. At a much later and Buccleuch street opened up through the Castle Gardens, and the level of the old Sand Beds raised over which the river used to spread, some of the arches of the Old Bridge at the being brought over them. It is one of these, the one next to the bridge as it is now seen, that was disclosed. It is in good preservation, except that the crown of the arch, which is only about a foot and a half below the level of the pavement, has been broken through. At nine feet down in the cutting for the drain the gravel of the old bed of the river was turned up .-The Scotsman.

Stop Slaughter of Elephants.

steps to stop the indiscriminate slaughter of elephants in its African possessions. Many thousands are killed every year for the sake of their ivory. The governors of the various colonies have been directed to prohibit by every means in their power the killing of the huge animals, as it is feared that unless prompt measures are taken elephants in Africa will soon become very scarce.

Valuable Old Coins.

has picked out of the earth where he has been at work on the grading to said at the Essex Club dinner: sofa, or will Dora play something soft hand was on the woman's mouth, ry. The three coins are a penny made in 1817, and a half-dollar with the date Dollyou want to strike down one darkness while Lorie and I sit here And these words out of all the of 1803 plainly stamped on it. The American manufacture for the benefit others seemed to reach Dolores' mind. | third piece of money is a three-cent of another? Or do you want to estabdate cannot be made out.

Egyptian Cigarettes.

In a recent German report on the thing that she has got to sell that we Egyptian cigarette industry, it is do not produce." stated that all the tobacco from That is Blaine reciprocity, Republiwhich these cigarettes are made. comes from Turkey, Macedonia. Smyrna and Greece.

LET THE PEOPLE SAY

WHEN TARIFF REVISION SHALL BE UNDERTAKEN.

Senator Hoar Urges That Changes in Our Protective System Be Not Made Until the People Shall Have Passed Upon the Question at the Polls.

speech at the dinner of the Essex club | tage of our people. Considerable has on the 10th of September. "The Grand Old Man" of Massachusetts was | much has been actually accomplished.' easily the star among the speakers. Just this passage on reciprocity, and because of it, and our inability to He usually is in any company. He catch the fellow, though suspicion talked about the tariff, about foreign the head of the Treasury department. trade and about reciprocity, and it was And, in truth, no more can be said. She roused with a sinking at heart clear brained, wholesome talk, that Reciprocity is a neblous thing, an unwhen the young man spoke; she shook | was alike timely and pertinent. Tariff | tried theory. No one can define it. | milk and somethin' handsome beoff every other thought and sat wait- revision, he said, might become neces- The situation is wisely described in a sides tu, I hearn. It was so much, ing for what might be coming upon sary, just as it is necessary to some few words. Reciprocity is not, as yet, times revise the statutes of Massachu- even an experiment. Its actual work-"Dolores," he said, and he tried to setts; "but," said the wise statesman ings are unknown. keep his voice steady, for her sake as and profound economist, "you cannot well as his own; "we have been fol- be doing it all the time, because, on by Secretary Shaw is to move lowing up every clew, letting nothing whenever you are doing it business 13 toward free trade in the hope that agin. Beats all how everlastin' slip us in this matter, as doubtless you | thrown into confusion and uncertain- | greater freedom of importation will | graspin' some people is. They tell have heard, no matter how trivial it ty." In the course of time, he added- induce other nations to follow the me that all hosses is 'fraid on 'em might appear. Just before the deed and no protectionist disputes this- example. "I would like to inquire," was committed Hal and I disturbed changes may be required in the most asked the secretary of the business two fellows in the act of stealing the satisfactory and the most scientific men he addressed, "whether you, in Huckins says he b'lieves that if they mare. It was a dark night, and they tariff schedules, but the time to make making your purchases abroad, give hed a pictur painted on each side o' had her out of the stable, her hoofs such changes, he insisted, was not in preference to those countries which the utermobile o' a nice pile o' red bound to deaden the sound, but she the year before a presidential election, favor us with an open door, or do you apples, a few ears o' yaller corn, and would whinny in her excitement and but after a presidential election, when buy where you can obtain the desired a nosebag or few o' oats, thet, instead the changes can be made in accord article to the best advantage?" The with the instructions of the people, answer is evident. Business men buy up tu it. It might not work o' course, Note the qualification: Tariff changes according to margins of profit. They should only be made in obedience to go for silks to protective France, and | litus," in Outing. the expressed will of the people. The | not to free trade England. We open-Dingley law, having been enacted in ed the door to Brazil, and yet response to the demand of the sover- that country continues to sell to us eign people, may not and must not be \$70,000,000 worth of goods a year, and With It a Physician Cures a Case we had to tell where his comrade changed in any essential particular buys from us only \$10,000,000 worth was," the young man continued, his until the people shall have declared The third method, which Secretary their wishes through the ballot box. Shaw approves, is to adopt a system of was silent as the grave; I give him That is the thought which the Ameri- encouraging "regular lines of American Economist has again and again can ships, flying the American flag among even these rough, lower men urged as the guiding principle in all and carrying American merchants and tariff changes, whether by legislation | American travelers, with their wares or by any other method. It is also the and merchandise, the product of thought which Senator Hoar enter- | American labor," between our ports

NOT FOR RECIPROCITY.

Why Secretary Shaw Had So Little to Say About It.

In his speech at Chicago before the National Association of Merchants and Travelers, Secretary of the Treasury Shaw spoke of three ways guggested to acquire more markets for this country. One is reciprocity, to which the secretary referred as a plan "to trade compliments-to exchange trade privileges-to set our doors of wisdom and sound policy in his somewhat ajar for the special advanbeen said along this line, but not very no more, from the cabinet official at

One of the three ways commented



tains. It should be the uniform | and countries where our trade is unthought and doctrine of the Republi- developed. Here is practical food for

LOOKING BACKWARD.

As to the much talked about and little understood question of reciproc- can be said about a mere theory, if ity as a means of promoting foreign | not a chimera.-St. Louis Globe Demo period, when the New Bridge was built | trade the venerable statesman was | crat. equally clear and pointed when he

"Everybody is in favor of reciprocity and everybody is in favor of foreign trade. We wish to sell every-Dumfries end were buried by the road | thing we can sell to foreign countries and to buy from foreign countries everything that it is for the interest of the whole people that we should buy rather than make ourselves."

That is the question. Reciprocity begins and ends right there, if it begins at all under and in accordance with the principles of protection to domestic labor and industry. What is we should stop making in order that we should stop making in order mat foreigners may make and sell it to us? What industry or group of industries The British government is taking shall we wipe out of existence, displacing American employment, American labor and American wage paying? It is a hard question and one that demands an answer. No advocate of reciprocity in competing products has ever answered it; none ever will answer it except he answer it as a free trader-namely: "No mater what industry or group of industries shall be annihilated. Let us have more foreign trade at any cost to domestic labor and wages.

That is not the answer of protec-George J. Laporte of Shrewsbury, tionists, and it should not be the Mass., has three old coins which he answer of any Republican. It is not icle. Senator Hoar's answer. This is what

"Do you wish to buy of Canada anything we can make better ourselves? we have got to sell that she does not fiction.-Jersey City Journal. produce, and buy of Canada every-

can reciprocity as defined in the platform of 1900, the only reciprocity that is not free trade.

thought. Secretary Shaw has little to say about reciprocity, because little

Hampered.

The New York Journal of Commerce is of the opinion that our woolen manufacturers are greatly hampered by the tariff on wool. They were not thus hampered during the free wool period, 1894-97, a period of stagnation, loss and bankruptcy. If occasionally, a woolen manufacturer indulges himself in a dream of free trade in wool he is sure to wake up when he recalls what happened to him as the result of the Wilson-Gorwould happen to him when the removal of the tariff on wool should be -as it certainly would be-accompanied by a very material reduction of the tariff on woolens.

The World Is Advantaged.

A Democratic free trade paper, commenting on the fact that the British are protesting against cheap bounty sugar, says that their attitude and the facts suggest that "the bounty business may be carried so far as to chiefly benefit the consumers of other countries and that the production of beet sugar has tended to enormously reduce the world's price of sugar. That being the case, it would be preposterous to deny that the world generally is advantaged.-San Francisco Chron

Familiar Tactics.

The free-traders in England are trying to defeat the protectionists by setting up a cry of the dear loaf. How like the tactics of the free trades in mer resort for Americans." this country. The facts are against | lish the reciprocity that Blaine favor- free trade, therefore the appeal to iged: Sell to Canada everything that norance must come from the realm of

country as well as themselves.

They Know. There is not a farmer in the United States, whether he raises sugar beets or not, who favors the Cuban treaty. busy pinching the pretty girls at that

Our farmers know what is best for the place. The bugs are black and three

to four inches long.

THE HORSE AND THE AUTO.

"Cap'n Titus" Makes a Suggestion That May Be of Value.

Last week, one o' the summer folks hed one o' them new-fangled land steambuts come down. Utermoble, they call her, and I want tu tell ye the's a slick one. Gosh er mighty, now she can go! But I'm afeard we shall hev trouble until the hosses in town get used tu it. Bill Ganzy was comin' up from the neck the other day with a load o' milk, and when thet land steambut went by him his old hoss, thet ain't gone faster'n a walk in ten years, I guess, shied out o' the road and into a fence. Spilt ill the milk and raised ruchshuns 'ound there fer a few minutes. The owner of the utermobile was all right, though; he paid Bill fer all o' the anyway, thet Bill said he'd be comin' ap the same road next mornin' with another load o' milk, and he was kinder hopin' he'd meet the utermobile and hev his milk cart upsot more or less at fust and can't seem tu do nothin' tu prevent it. Ezra o' shyin' the hosses would come right but maybe it's wurth tryin'.-"Cap'n

NEW USE FOR PHONOGRAPH.

Without Seeing Patient. "A novel use for the phonograph impressed me the other day," says a clergyman in the Philadelphia Record. "I was calling on my doctor and he told me of it then. He said a patient. of his, while on a visit to California, had developed a bad cough and feared that this cough was of a tubercular nature. His heart also was weak and he was anxious about that, too.

"Well, for the doctor to go all the way to California would have been expensive and for the patient to have come to Philadelphia would have been impossible. In the dilemma a phonograph was called in. The sick man first talked into the phonograph all his symptoms. Then he coughed before it, and then, with the help of an instrument that highly magnifies sound, two or three minutes' beating of his disordered heart was registered on the sensitive cylinder.

"The outcome was wonderful. The Philadelphia doctor, receiving the phonograph record, ascertained that his patient's cough was not a consumptive one, and that his heart was not seriously affected. The doctor let me listen to the record in his office. It was impressive. First I heard the patient, in a weak voice, detailing his symptoms-a pain here, an ache there. and so on. Then I heard him coughing. Then I heard his heart pulsating in an odd, irregular way.

"'Thanks to the phonograph,' the doctor said, 'I diagnosed that case as well as though my patient has sat beside me."

Purification.

She cometh all stained and passion-Fulfill'd with man's sins and care,

Her sorrow flows on, and soon it is gone And her voice has the pleading of She murmurs: "A river polluted am I.

O cleanse me and wash me with foam, And give me the leaven of thy deep Before I shall turn to my home."

And the great rebuking Sea replied vast thy need, my gift is She sighs: "I fed on the fresh clean

Away in old pastures green, Till I darkened and gloomed, as a Spirit In-gathering things unclean, Yet the patient Mother, the cleansing

Withheld not her kiss of Purity.) And the River turned and thundered again, With joyous song, from her tide-held bars, She dimpled and smiled, as a waking

When he laughs at the paling stars: For the mighty Mother had hidden for aye The sings and the griefs of her Child -G. H. R., in the Westminster Gazette,

A Humane Man.

She handed him his evening clothes They had been packed away all summan atrocity, and, particularly, what mer with a moth-exterminating substance. As the odor of tar and camphor assailed him his face grew sad. "What is troubling you?"

> "I was thinking of these clothes." "It seems to me that you ought to look pleased. There certainly are no

> moths in them." "I can't help my sympathetic nature." he responded. "Sometimes it leads me to an absurd extreme. Of course, I'm glad that the moths are gone, but," and he sighed deeply, "it must have been a horrible death."

Wanted Some Chance Himself.

Bernard Shaw was a guest at a dinner given by Mr. James Douglas, edtor of the London Star, at Mr. Dougas' home in Inverness terrace, London, a few weeks ago.

Addressing an American guest Mr. Shaw said:

"What a lot of you Americans come over here every summer!" "Yes," replied the American, "Eng-

land has come to be a favorite sum-"Well, we won't complain of that," said Shaw. "But for heaven's sake

New York Times. Busy Pinching Bug. A new kind of pinching bug has

lon't make it a winter resort also."-

appeared at Bayonne, N. J., and is