

THE WORLD OVER.

LATEST NEWS FROM EVERY LAND.

BIT OF SHREWDNESS

AMERICANS RUN BIG BLUFF ON FILIPINOS.

Advices of the Fall of Bayambang Good News to the Administration --Seventy Spanish and Two American Prisoners Released.

Washington: Otis called the war department as follows, Dec. 4:

"A report has been received that Bayambang, with the province of Nueva Vizcaya, surrendered Nov. 28 to Lieut. Monroe of the Fourth Cavalry, who commanded the advance scouts on Carrangalan trail consisting of fifty men and three native scouts. Insurgent Gen. Canon surrendered his entire force, numbering 800 men, armed with Mausers, and a number of officers. Seventy Spanish and two American prisoners were secured and probably considerable property."

Manila: The capture by Lieut. Munroe and fifty men of the Fourth Cavalry of Filipino Gen. Canon, with 800 officers and men with rifles, several American and seventy Spanish prisoners at Bayambang, province of Nueva Vizcaya, was a successful bluff. Lieut. Munroe tapped a rebel wire and telegraphed to Canon that he was advancing with a large force and demanded his surrender. After negotiations Canon consented to capitulate to superior force, whereupon Lieut. Munroe telegraphed that he would enter the town with a small guard and receive the garrison's surrender. He captured the whole Filipino force and secured their arms, the rebels supposing Munroe had an army behind him.

FITZ AND JULIAN QUARREL.

Ex-Champion of the Ring and His Manager Part in Anger.

Chicago: Ex-Champion Robert Fitzsimmons and his old time manager, Martin Julian, have parted company. This resulted after a bitter quarrel in the pugilist's room at the Sherman House Dec. 4, in which fists were freely swung and a revolver displayed. Fitzsimmons left for New York city, vowing he was through with Julian for good. The disagreement comes after a series of misunderstandings.

According to the stories of both men, it grew out of Fitzsimmons' inability to obtain a box at the Lyric Theater during a crowded period. Julian is interested in the Lyric. The pugilist made certain remarks of an uncomplimentary nature concerning the Lyric, and Julian took him to task for it. After a little talk Julian slapped the big fellow's face, and the fighter swung on his manager's eye, skinning it slightly and raising a slight bump. Fitzsimmons declares that Julian drew a revolver and that he chased him out of the room. Julian insists that it was Bob who drew the pistol.

A MOB OF WOMEN.

Mine Operators Attacked and Compelled to Flee.

Cheyenne, Wyo.: About a week ago 600 miners employed in the mines of the Diamondville Coal and Coke Company at Diamondville, Wyo., struck for an increase in wages. Their demands were refused by the company, and after a short shut down operations were resumed with a small force of non-union men. At an early hour on the morning of the 3d inst. a mob of 300 women and girls armed with guns, knives, clubs and stones marched on the mines and compelled the operators to flee.

The miners at work were dragged from the mines and also driven away. Several were injured by being struck by clubs and one man was shot at. The small force of deputies guarding the property of the company was powerless. The miners have been importing arms and ammunition.

De Oro Defends His Title.

New York: Alfredo de Oro successfully defended his title as pool champion of the world Dec. 2 by defeating the western expert, Fred Payton of Omaha, in a three nights' match of 600 balls of continuous pool at Maurice Daly's, the final play ending with the score 600 against 579. A purse of \$300 and the gate receipts went to the winner.

Defaulter O'Brien Bankrupt.

Chattanooga, Tenn.: M. J. O'Brien of this city, who defaulted about nine years ago as supreme treasurer of the Catholic Knights of America, has filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy. His liabilities are \$75,039; assets a suit of clothes valued at \$25.

Wreck on Great Northern.

Great Falls, Mont.: A wreck on the Great Northern branch of the Great Northern Saturday resulted in the death of three men and the destruction of an engine and ten cars. The engine struck a steer and left the rails.

"Independence Is Safe."

Havana: The Patria, discussing the references to Cuba in Secretary Root's report, pronounces them "very satisfactory," and says that "independence is safe."

Printing Press Inventor Potter.

New York: Charles Potter, jr., the printing press inventor, died at his home in Plainfield, N. J., Dec. 4.

Lightship Goes Ashore.

Astoria, Ore.: Lightship No. 50 went ashore just inside McKenzie head, one mile north of the mouth of the river, and its crew of eight men was rescued by life-saving crews and are now safely housed in the hospital at Fort Canby.

Lumberman Banned Dead.

New York: Stanton Barnard, formerly a western lumberman, and for many years president of the Chippewa Lumber and Boom Company of Chippewa, Wis., is dead, aged 71.

FATE OF GILMORE.

Authentic News of the Lieutenant Is Received at Vigan.

Manila: When the landing party from the United States battleship Oregon, under Lieutenant Commander McCrackin, took the town of Vigan, province of South Ilocos, Sunday, Nov. 25, they found there an escaped prisoner, A. L. Sonnenschein, who furnished the first authentic account of the experience of Lieut. James C. Gilmore of the United States gunboat Yorktown. Mr. Sonnenschein was imprisoned at Abra for a long time with Lieut. Gilmore and seven sailors, but contrived to escape, carrying a concealed note, written in naval cipher, signed "Gilmore."

According to Mr. Sonnenschein, when Lieut. Gilmore's launch entered the river, from Baler harbor, under cover of Ensign W. H. Standley's gun, the landing was received with three volleys.

Two of the Americans were killed and two mortally wounded.

Every man was hit, Lieut. Gilmore receiving a flesh wound in the leg, and his foot stuck fast in the mud. It was a choice between surrender and being slaughtered.

Lieut. Gilmore asked the terms of release. The insurgents proposed that he should procure the delivery to them of the arms and munitions of the Spanish garrisons, undertaking, if this were accomplished, to send the Spaniards and Americans to the Yorktown.

A sailor of Lieut. Gilmore's party carried this proposition to the garrison. The Spanish commandant replied that it was an insult to Spanish arms.

The Americans were then bound hand and foot, and taken to San Isidro, when Gen. Luna ordered their execution. They were marched to the plaza, and in the presence of a great crowd, were aligned to be executed. Lieut. Gilmore said: "As an American officer and gentleman, I protest against being shot with my hands tied."

Aguinado interfered and prevented the execution.

DEPART WITH THE CASH.

Philadelphia "Get Rich Quick" Concern Closes Its Doors.

Philadelphia: The doors of the home office of the Investors' Trust, 1321 Arch Street, doing business exclusively with patrons outside the city and promising large profits on investments, have been closed, and efforts to find Lipman Keene, president; Charles L. Work, secretary and Miss M. C. Carson, cashier, have been unavailing.

The company began business here four years ago. Its plan was to invite the investment of capital, inducements being held out of interest ranging from 100 to 200 per cent. In explaining why such large gains are made the company asserted in its literature that it was in the confidence of stock manipulators, and therefore in a position to know which way stocks would go. As the result of these statements cash flowed in a steady stream. It is thought the firm has over \$100,000 invested for its patrons.

TO REMOVE TROOPS.

Root's Recommendation Regarding the Forces in Cuba.

Washington: Gen. Leonard Wood, who reached Washington Nov. 28, had a conference with the secretary of war next day. After the conference Root announced that his recommendations as to the removal of troops from Cuba had been approved, and orders will be issued putting them into effect.

Fund For Gridley's Widow.

Sedalia: Milton Barde, foreman of the upholstering department at the Missouri, Kansas and Texas shops here, in a local paper suggests that he will be one of 100,000 persons to contribute 25 cents each to a \$25,000 fund to be presented to the widow of Capt. Charles V. Gridley, who commanded Admiral Dewey's flagship at the battle of Manila. Barde suggests that Miss Helen Gould be made treasurer of the fund.

Young Garcia in New York.

New York: Gen. Carlos Garcia eldest son of Gen. Calixto Garcia, is in New York. He represents the element in Cuba which desires to obtain civil government for the island. He says that the opposition to the new government which has suddenly manifested itself in Cuba grows out of a misconception of the plan of the Americans.

John Barrett Suspended.

Chicago: Suspension from the board of trade for one year is the sentence pronounced by the board directory against John Barrett, of the firm of Barrett, Farman & Co., which failed a few weeks ago, on the charge of uncommercial conduct. Mr. Barrett has been an active trader on the board for over twenty years.

Pingree to Sue for Libel.

Detroit, Mich.: Announcement is made that libel suits amounting to \$450,000 were about to be begun against the Detroit Free Press by Gov. Pingree and several others. Gov. Pingree claims \$250,000, Assistant Corporation Counsel C. D. Joslyn \$100,000, and Assistant Corporation Counsel Eli H. Sutton \$100,000.

\$100,000 Blaze in Virginia.

Cape Charles, Va.: The entire business portion of Onancock, Accomack County, Va., was destroyed by fire Dec. 2. The loss is \$100,000; insurance, \$25,000.

Killed at a Crossing.

Hazleton, Pa.: A Pennsylvania Railroad train crashed into a stage at Cranbarra crossing, killing three women.

Devoted to the Last.

"What useful letters do you want me to use for the inscription, madam?" asked the marble cutter.

"Oh, use the biggest you've got," replied the widow. "He was awful near-sighted."

The Cleverest Horses.

The broad-headed horses are the cleverest. In the cavalry the horses with broad foreheads learn their drill more rapidly than the others.

Love makes the world go round—he sometimes has difficulty making the money do so.

EATEN BY FLAMES.

An Electric Spark Does Great Damage in Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Pa.: An electric spark in the basement of Partridge & Richardson's big department store, Nos. 15 to 29 North Eighth Street, on Nov. 29, started a fire that in less than four hours laid in ashes nearly an entire block of business houses and caused an estimated loss of nearly \$2,000,000.

The heaviest losers are:

J. B. Lippincott & Co., book publishers, 716 to 720 Filbert Street, whose big six-story brick building, containing rare and valuable plates and machinery, was completely gutted, involving a loss estimated by a member of the firm at \$600,000.

The next heaviest loser is Partridge & Richardson, extending south on Eighth Street from Filbert a distance of about 125 feet, and with a depth of 100 feet. Their loss on building and contents is estimated at \$700,000.

Lit Bros., whose department store adjoins the Lippincott building, estimate their loss at \$850,000. Other losses amount to \$180,000.

In addition to the big house mentioned numerous smaller stores were either gutted or badly damaged. Chief among these were Bailey's Five and Ten Cent store, on North Eighth Street, loss \$100,000, and Rosenberg's millinery establishment, North Eighth Street, loss \$30,000.

Various other establishments were slightly damaged by smoke and water.

BRYAN WILL STAY IN TEXAS

Will Prepare for Campaign of 1900 in Lone Star State.

Austin, Tex.: W. J. Bryan and wife are here to spend the winter. They are the guests of former Governor Hogg temporarily, but will shortly rent a private residence for the winter. Mr. Bryan said he had come to Texas to spend the winter, to rest up and prepare for the campaign of 1900, which he expected would be a very hard one, and that he would only make a few speeches in Texas during his stay.

Beats Uncle Sam Out of \$60,000

New York: David D. Badeau, 42 years old, who conducted a store at 12 Broadway for the past sixteen months, has been arrested by federal officials, charged with buying and selling washed revenue stamps. He was held in \$5,000 bail. Internal revenue officials allege that he has been buying and selling washed stamps at the rate of \$6,000 to \$8,000 a day, that he has cleared about \$80,000 by his transactions and that the government has lost twice that amount because of them.

See Yellowstone Park Sights.

Washington: Acting Superintendent Brown, of the Yellowstone National Park, in his annual report to Secretary Hitchcock, announces a total of 9,579 visitors to the park during the year. He recommends an appropriation of \$3,000 for projected improvements, including many new roads and bridges. The report says that as a game reserve the park is probably the greatest in the world.

Are Barred from Missouri.

Jefferson City, Mo.: The American Fire Insurance Company of Pittsburgh and the Insurance Company of the State of New York are the only two companies which failed to pay their fines of \$1,000 each for violating the state anti-trust law, and a writ of ouster by the supreme court was issued against them, barring them from doing business in Missouri.

Haul Live Stock by Weight.

Chicago: A new system of charging for the transportation of live stock was inaugurated by the Rock Island Dec. 1. Shipments of live stock from points west of the Missouri River are now charged for on the basis of weight instead of by the ear. Vigorous protests from shippers are expected.

To Try Chaplain for Drunkenness.

San Francisco: General Shafter has appointed a court to meet for the trial of Chaplain David H. Shields, U. S. A. The charge against Chaplain Shields is drunkenness. Major Stephen W. Groesbeck, judge advocate, U. S. A., will act as judge advocate.

Australian Cabinet Crisis.

Melbourne, Victoria: Premier Sir George Turner has resigned, and Gov. Lord Brassey has summoned A. McLean to form the new ministry.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, \$3.00 to \$7.25; hogs, shipping grades, \$3.00 to \$4.00; sheep, fair to choice, \$3.00 to \$4.50; wheat, No. 2, red, 65c to 66c; corn, No. 2, 31c to 32c; oats, No. 2, 22c to 23c; rye, No. 2, 54c to 55c; butter, choice creamery, 15c to 21c; eggs, fresh, 17c to 19c; potatoes, choice, 35c to 45c per bushel.

Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, \$3.00 to \$6.50; hogs, choice light, \$3.00 to \$4.25; sheep, common to prime, \$3.00 to \$4.25; wheat, No. 2, red, 65c to 67c; corn, No. 2, white, 32c to 33c; oats, No. 2, white, 25c to 27c.

St. Louis—Cattle, \$3.25 to \$6.75; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.00; sheep, \$3.00 to \$4.25; wheat, No. 2, 71c to 72c; corn, No. 2, yellow, 30c to 32c; oats, No. 2, 23c to 25c; rye, No. 2, 54c to 56c.

Cincinnati—Cattle, \$2.50 to \$6.50; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.25; sheep, \$2.50 to \$4.00; wheat, No. 2, 69c to 70c; corn, No. 2, yellow, 33c to 35c; oats, No. 2, white, 27c to 28c; rye, 57c to 59c.

Toledo—Wheat, No. 2, mixed, 67c to 68c; corn, No. 2, mixed, 32c to 34c; oats, No. 2, mixed, 23c to 24c; rye, No. 2, 55c to 57c; clover seed, \$4.70 to \$4.80.

Milwaukee—Wheat, No. 2, northern, 54c to 66c; corn, No. 3, 32c to 34c; oats, No. 2, white, 24c to 26c; rye, No. 1, 54c to 56c; barley, No. 2, 43c to 45c; pork, mess, \$7.75 to \$8.25.

Buffalo—Cattle, good shipping steers, \$3.00 to \$6.75; hogs, common to choice, \$2.25 to \$4.25; sheep, fair to choice, wethers, \$3.00 to \$4.50; lambs, common to extra, \$4.50 to \$5.25.

New York—Cattle, \$3.15 to \$6.75; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.50; sheep, \$3.00 to \$4.75; wheat, No. 2, red, 72c to 74c; corn, No. 2, 33c to 40c; oats, No. 2, white, 30c to 32c; butter, creamery, 23c to 27c; eggs, western, 15c to 21c.



CHAPTER I.

The walls of the pretty county town of Harbury, in Kent, were all placarded with the name of Martin Ray—Martin Ray the Radical, the Reformer; "the Voice of the People," as he liked best to call himself; the philanthropist, the hater of Queen and aristocracy, the teacher of treason; the man who worked for, yet lived upon the people; the man who had genius, half madman, half poet, full of great thoughts all distorted, of grand ideas all wrong; a man whose lips had been touched by the divine fire of eloquence, who could stir the hearts of the people as the wind stirs the leaves; a man who had magnificent conceptions of what the world might be made; yet failed utterly in making them practical.

He could be tracked easily as the flaming fire that lays bare the prairie; wherever he went he was followed by loud murmurs of popular discontent, and then came riot and imprisonment. In quiet hamlets, in sleepy villages, in peaceful towns, in factories, workshops and garrets, his words fell, and set fire to those who listened.

At Harbury there had been a trial for bribery at the elections. "There is sure to be a flaw in the armor there," thought Martin Ray; "it is the very place for a paying lecture by the 'workingman's friend.'" So the walls of the old town were placarded with the name of Martin Ray, and the people thirsted to see the new champion of popular rights.

The largest placard of all was that opposite the house of Amos Hutton, the last descendant of what had once been a wealthy and powerful family. For generations they had faded and decayed; they had no longer houses or lands, nor even position; and Amos Hutton had been compelled to apply himself to one of the professions. He was a solicitor, with a small but paying practice; and, being a staunch Conservative, the name of Martin Ray in large letters opposite to his door displeased him greatly.

When he came down to breakfast on this fine May morning, there the words were looking him defiantly in the face, while his pretty daughter Doris was gazing at them intently.

"Papa," she asked, "what is a Radical?"

The old lawyer's face flushed hotly. "I will not answer you until I feel calmer; to say the least of it, it is most atrocious to place that name there."

The girl looked at it with softened eyes. "Martin Ray is not a bad name, papa. I should like to hear him," said Doris. "I have never heard a really eloquent speaker. May I go to the lecture?"

"I shall be ashamed if you do," replied the lawyer.

But Doris laughed. "Not quite that. Sir John Darke is going, with his wife and daughter. I should like to go also."

"Well, you can go, Doris—that is, if your cousin will accompany you. Just once will not matter, and it will prove to you what nonsense such men talk. Go, but do not mention the man's name to me again."

Doris Hutton was well pleased to go. She had all her life heard her father speak of Radicals as of a class of beings quite different from other men. Here was a chance of seeing the enemy. Partly because she had nothing else to do, partly because fate or destiny led her, Doris Hutton went to the lecture.

Looking over the sea of faces, changing, brightening, or darkening under the fire or scorn of his words, Martin Ray saw one that lived in his heart for evermore—a pale, refined, pretty face, with great, earnest eyes and a tender mouth, the face of a girl who must be a worshiper by nature. It was like playing on some grand harp; touch what chords he would, the response was certain. After a while the girl's face held him captive—he found himself speaking to it, thinking of it, watching it as it changed and moved. It was no longer himself and his audience, but himself and this girl. He was explaining to her his doctrine, imbuing her mind with his ideas.

All night Martin Ray dreamed of one face, one pair of eyes. He tried to get an introduction at the house, but failed completely; Amos Hutton would not receive him. Still Martin Ray could not tear himself from the girl, and he found means to meet her and to tell her how well he loved her.

Doris Hutton was always inclined to take a romantic view of matters, and she made of the man a perfect hero. She loved Martin Ray with perfect love, such as he could have won from no other creature living. There was a long struggle in her heart between allegiance to her father and this swift, sweet, new-born love; but, as this new teacher told her, the old landmarks were swept away; they existed no longer—no father had a right to interfere with the marriage of his children.

Through the sweet month of May, while the hawthorn bloomed on the hedges and the clover grew, he contrived to see her every evening. He found that Harbury was a good school. He founded a society, and taught the people what were workmen's rights and wrongs. He labored honestly enough, and in the intervals of work he secretly wooed Doris—Doris, who believed in his dreams and his visions, and who foresaw a time when all men would be equal, when poverty and toil would be done away with, and universal peace, charity, harmony and comfort reign. Martin Ray, her hero, was to bring about this.

Amos Hutton stormed and raved when he received one morning a letter from Martin Ray, asking for his daughter's hand. Nothing could exceed his wrath and indignation.

"You have good blood in your veins," he cried to the trembling girl. "You have ancestors who fought and died—died mind you—for the king and country, and you ask me if you may marry the man who has boasted that, if no one else were found willing, he himself would behead every sovereign reigning."

"I love him—I cannot help it, papa. You misjudge him," she answered, despairingly.

ly. "I must love him; no one understands him but me."

"You must choose between us, Doris," said her father, trying to speak calmly. "If you marry him I will never look upon your face again; I will never speak to you or hear your voice; you will be no child of mine; I will cast you off from me."

She uttered a low cry of pain and despair. "I wonder," she said, "if ever a girl had to choose between her father and her lover before?"

"Yes," he replied; "hundreds. As a rule, they choose the lover; but you ought to be an exception, Doris—you ought not to be of the common run of girls. I expect more from you. I will not take your answer yet; you must think it over. It is not for a few days or months that you have to decide, but for life, Doris. My dear, try to disabuse yourself of the notion that Martin Ray is a hero. He is nothing of the kind. He is a paltry, miserable schemer, who lives upon the hard earnings of the people he misleads."

"You cannot understand his aims, papa," she cried, despairingly.

Amos Hutton gave his daughter a few days to decide upon her fate in life. She took the decision into her own hands and married Martin Ray—but not with her father's consent or blessing. She stole from the house one sunny morning never to enter it again. She kissed her father on the evening before and never saw his face or heard his voice again. She married the man whom she believed to be a hero, and reaped her reward.

There was some little surprise and consternation in Harbury when it was known that Doris Hutton had married the young demagogue whose appearance had created a social whirlwind.

Few understood the attraction that such a man would have for a romantic, sentimental girl. Doris thought no lot in the world one-half so brilliant as hers.

Amos Hutton was a broken-hearted man. He had but two children, and he loved them with the deepest possible love. His son Arthur, a handsome, spirited boy, eight years older than his sister, had chosen the army for a profession; and quite early in his career he had received an excellent military appointment in India, where he was rapidly accumulating fame and fortune. Doris, his fair daughter, was the very pride of his heart. For her the old lawyer had worked and toiled, only to see himself forsaken for a man whom he hated and despised. His heart was bitter and his wrath was great. He wrote to his son in India, telling him what had happened, and bidding him to drive all memory of his sister from him forever. Then Amos Hutton made another will, in which he left all his property to his son; and when he spoke of Doris it was as of one dead. Everything that had ever belonged to her—piano, books, pictures, clothes, ornaments—was sent after her. In the lawyer's pleasant, old-fashioned house in Harbury not a trace was left of the daughter once so beloved.

The three years that followed his marriage were perhaps the most brilliant of Martin Ray's life. The worship and adoration of his young wife stimulated him. He positively began to believe himself what she imagined him to be. One morning when Amos Hutton opened his newspaper he saw a long account of a grand political meeting in London, and the event of the day was the speech of Martin Ray. He read it. Bitterness, anger and regret filled his heart; he suffered terribly. His emotion brought on a fit; and when his clerk went into the office he found him with his head on the table. The doctor who was hastily summoned said that he had been dead for an hour.

The news of his decease was sent to India, where his son Arthur grieved heartily for him. According to his will, everything that he possessed—house, furniture, pictures, plate, business, railway shares, mining shares—was sold, and the money was sent to his son.

Arthur took it, and doubled it in a few years. He thought of his little sister Doris with something like remorse, but made up his mind that when he returned to England he would seek her out, and at least share the money with her.

So Amos Hutton was buried, and in due time forgotten. Doris mourned long and deeply for him. She still believed in her husband as a great hero and an excellent man. None of her illusions had been dispelled, and her happiness had been crowned by the birth of two little daughters—beautiful children, the eldest of whom she had named Leah, and the second Hattie. She was wonderfully happy, this sweet Doris, who thought no husband and no children equal to her own. Cut off from all her former associations and friends, thrown entirely on her husband for society, no wonder that her life narrowed and her world became centered in him.

It did not take her many years to find out that her idol was of clay, to discover that he was no prophet, no martyr, that he cared little for the consequences of his seditious language and the fire he put into the hearts of the people, provided only that he made money and lived in comfort, that his eloquence was a great natural gift which he would just as cheerfully have turned to any other purpose, that, stripped of all the ideal qualities she had ascribed to him, he was simply a shrewd man of powerful intellect, rather more egotistical and more selfish than most of his fellows.

Some wives live and die without either seeing their husband's faults or discerning their weaknesses. It was not so with Doris. The time came when she stood appalled at what she had done—when the clap-net sentiments that she had once thought so heroic and grand appeared to her in their true light. The knowledge brought on a severe illness, and she died, leaving her two little daughters, Leah and Hattie. But before she died she wrote a letter to her far-off brother, owning to him that her marriage had been a fatal mistake and praying him to take charge of her children—to save them, to

rescue them, if he could, from a fatal and unwholesome atmosphere and do the best he could for them.

He was Colonel Hutton when he received the letter. He placed it with his papers, intending to do what she asked, and in the whirl of his busy life forgot all about it.

CHAPTER II.

No two girls ever had a stranger education and a more unequal life than had Leah and Hattie Ray. Sometimes they found themselves in the midst of comfort and luxury. Then would come poverty, squalor, common lodging houses, common clothing, the want of even the necessities of life. During their mother's lifetime they had been more settled, they had lived longer in one place, they had been more uniformly comfortable, but now they never had a home for more than three months together.

Then came a time of great trouble, of which they fortunately knew but little. When Leah was eleven and Hattie ten, Martin Ray, rendered desperate by what seemed to him long-continued peace and order, made a speech which brought him under the iron grip of the law. He was tried and sentenced to three years' imprisonment; and, in spite of all that friends could do, the sentence was carried out.

An old patron took pity on his youthful children. Sir John Falkner, a leading Radical, came to the rescue. He sent the children to a boarding school kept by a poor relative of his own—a Miss Fairfax—who resided at Kew. He forbade any mention of their father's imprisonment; and the children were told that he was away from home—absent on special business, and would not return for a few years. They believed it implicitly. They had some kind of an idea that their father was a great statesman, born to see the wrongs of the world right. If they had been told that he had gone to dungeons the Czar of all the Russias, they would have believed it just as implicitly.

Martin Ray was released from prison when Leah was in her fifteenth year and Hattie still almost a child of fourteen. He was not grateful to Sir John. He rented apartments in Manchester. He intended to educate the girls after his own fashion. Leah, who was gifted, clever and brilliant, he had meant to bring out as a lecturer; a beautiful young woman lecturing on politics would be a novelty that would pay well. As for Hattie, there was plenty of time to think over what should be done with her.

Leah was well read and thoughtful. She was a girl of magnificent talent, full of energy and the restless fire that proclaims genius. He had never told her what his intentions were with regard to her; but one day he called her into the miserable little room he dignified by the name of study to communicate his plans to her.

"You have grown very beautiful, Leah," he said, looking at her quite calmly—"very beautiful; and it is time you knew for what purpose heaven has sent you that same beauty."

The girl smiled and blushed. She did not remember that her father had ever used such words to her before.

"You have a grand mission in life, Leah. You must not be as other girls; you must not think that dress, gaudy enjoyment, love and marriage are the end and aim of your existence. You have a far more important future in store for you."

She looked up at him in wonder. "I did not know that I had any mission, father," she said quietly. "What is it?"

"The greatest, Leah, that ever fell to a woman. I have been preaching and teaching all my life. I have given up everything in this world for the cause of the people—all my hopes, my ambition. I have served them, lived for them, spent my life for them; and now, even as from the prophet of old, my mantle has fallen—and it has fallen upon you."

"I do not understand