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CHAPTER L A PICTURE AND ITS CRITICS. "Let's take a squint in." It is on the sidewalk in front of the fine residence of Ezekiel Breton. Surely every-

body within the length and breadth of a hundred miles must have heard the name of the wealthy mill owner, whose energy and shrewdness have passed into a byword. The house is brilliantly lighted, and the windows wide open as if to invite the attention and admiration of the humble passers by. Three men, laborers, if coarse, soiled clothes

and dull, heavy tread mean anything, have come down the street and now stand leaning against the tall iron fence. "Why shouldn't we see the show, boys?"

continued the long whiskered man, with an unpleasant laugh. "It's our work that's payin' for it, I guess. How long do you think it would take you, Jack, to scrimp enough together to buy one of them candlesticks? Hullo-there's the boss himself," and he thrust his hand inside the iron pickets to point out a portly gentleman whose bald head was fringed with silver white hair. Mr. Breton had paused a moment before the

"Come, let's go on," urged the man with a clay pipe, edging off a little into the shadow; "he'll see us and be mad."

"What's the odds if he does?" and the speaker frowned at the rich man from between the pickets. "He can't get help no cheaper than us, can he! That's one good pint of bein' way down, you can't tumble a mite. But just look at him, boys; big watch chain and gold bowed specs a-danglin'. See the thumbs of his white hands stuck in his vest pocket and him as smilin' as if he never did nobody a wrong in his whole blessed life. There now is somethin' purtier, though."

The old gentleman moved unsuspectingly aside and revealed a young girl, large and fair, with great calm blue eyes. She wore a pale blue silk, with delicate ruffles at her half bared elbow and at her neck, kissing the warm white skin

"Well, I suppose my girl Jane might look just as good in such clothes as them. But she wouldn't no more speak to Jane than as if the girl wasn't human. And as for a poor man, he might pour his life out for her purty face and she wouldn't give him a look. A few dollars and a suit of clothes makes the

"What's she laughin' at?" seid the tall man taking his clay pipe from his mouth. "Can't you see! There's the boy standing jist beyond her. Breton's young hopeful. Nothin' less than the biggest kind of game

for her, I cal'late." "I never seen him before," remarked third man, reverentially. "I s'pose he'll be our boss some day."

"He's been to college polishin' up his wits. 'Taint goin' to be so easy as it was to grind the poor. The old man now didn't need no "I aint so sure now," said the tall man,

blowing out a wreath of smoke. "The boy looks more kind about his mouth and eves. See him look at the girl. I cal'late she don't think he's very bad." "Wait till he gets his beel on the necks of

a thousand of us, as his father has. Wait till he finds we aint got a penny ahead, nor a spot of God's earth for our own, but lie at his mercy. See how kind he'll be then. "Taint the nature of the beast, Bill Rogers." Bill Rogers took a long look at the slight form of the mill owner's son-at his fresh, young face and small, pleasant black eyes. "I wish the lad had a chance. I believe I'd trust him, Graves. Hadn't we better be startin'? The meetin' will begin purty soon." "What's the hurry! Curran is always late

himself. Well, come along, then." Just now Mr. Breton is leaning lightly on the mantel near one of his pet heirloomsthe siver candelabra. Near him stands a tall, elegantly formed gentleman, only a trifle past middle age, whose clear chiseled mouth has the merest hint of a smile on it, as if he had just said something bright. It was a smile he always were when he had spoken-a smile with an edge to it. But Mr. Ellingsworth had to make that smile do good service, for he never laughed. The funniest jokes had been told him-the most ridiculous situations described to him-but he only smiled.

"What am I going to do with the boy?" Mr. Breton's voice was always loud and sharp as if making itself heard above the roaring of his mills. "Why, marry him to your daughter the first thing. Eh! Philip?"



"Why, marry him to your daughter the first thing.

Would she be angry, proud and reserved as she was? Philip shot a furtive glance at Bertha as she sat at the piano idly turning over the music sheets. But the girl might not have heard, not a shade of expression changed in her face. It might as well have been the sources of the Nile they were discussing so far as she was concerned, apparently, but as she pressed her white hand on the music sheet to keep it open, her lover's eves softened at the flash of their betrothal

"I should think your hands must be pretty full already," suggested Mr. Ellingsworth in the low smooth tone, as much a part of his style as the cut of his black coat, "with a thousand unreasonable beings down in your factories. And by the way, I hear that Labor is claiming its rights, with a big L. As if anybody had any rights, except by

"Skeptical as ever, Ellingsworth," said the mill owner with all a practical man's distaste for a thing so destructive to industry. "But the way; though there is some kind of an agitation meeting to-night; somebody is raising the mischief among them. I wish I knew who it was," and Mr. Breton looked impatiently around the room as if he hoped to seize the incendiary in some corner of his

He met Bertha's blue eyes wide cpen in a piano, but her siceve was caught back on the edge of the keyboard, revealing the fair full contour of her arm, which glistened whiter

than the ivery beneath it. "A mystery, how charming!" she smiled: "let me picture him: tall, with clustering

auburn bair on his godlike head"-"Pish-excuse me, my dear-but more likely the fellow is some low, drunken jailbird you would be afraid to pass on the see their lad struttin' off to school while they street. Some day they will find out there is kept a thinkin' of him all day long in the no good making working people uneasy. mill. And they was never too tired to hear

are identical with ours." large a share of the dividends."

"You like to round your sentences pretty well," retorted Mr. Breton, flushing slightly, "but do you mean to say you, of all men, sympathize with this labor reform nonsense? Ellingsworth smiled and shrug ed his

shapely shoulders just visibly.
"You ought to know me, Mr. Breton. sympathize with-nobody. It is too much trouble. And as for the sufferings of the lower classes—they may be very pitiable—but I don't see how the nether milistone can help itself, or for that matter be helped either." Then he glanced curiously toward the piano. platform.

"Why, where are our young people?" After considerable dumb show Bertha had ecome aware that Philip had some intelligence of a startling nature to communicate. So it happened that, at the moment Mr. Ellingsworth inquired for them, the young people stood just inside the door of the cozy little room called "the study."

"I am going to have some high fun tonight, Bertha; I am going to that labor meeting. I want to see the business from the in-side, when the public show isn't going on." The girl looked at him in astonishmen "They won't let you in." "That's just where the fun is coming. It is going to be better the all the college devil-

try, and-wait here two minutes and I'll

Book shelves ran up to the ceiling on the side of the room, opposite the door. A long office table stretched across the center almost to the high window looking toward the street. But all the business associations did not oppress this elegant young woman, who threw herself in luxurious abandon into the solitary easy chair. She apparently did not find love very disturbing. No doubt she only smiled at its poems, fervid with a passion unknown to her calm, even life. Her young lover had often been frightened at the firm outline of the cold red lips, with never a thought of kisses on them, and at the spritelike unconsciousness of her blue eyes that

looked curiously at him when love softened

his voice and glorified his face. She was not

listening for his returning footsteps, not one

line of eagerness or of suspense was on the

dispassionate face, while she played with the

flashing jewel her lover had placed long ago on her finger. The door opens behind her, but she does not turn her head-no doubt he will come in front of her if he wishes to be-there he is, a slight figure, looking very odd and disagreeable in the soiled and ill fitting clothes he has put on, with no collar or cuffs, but a blue flannel shirt open a button or two at his neck. His faded pantaloons were roughly thrust into the tops of an immense pair of cowhide boots which apparently had never been so much as shadowed by a box of blacking. His black eyes sparkle as he holds out to her a bandless felt hat which shows the marks of a long and varied history. Bertha looked at him in dull distaste. What a poor mouth he

"I wouldn't ever do this again," she said A hurt look came into his eyes; he dropped his hat on the floor and was turning dejected-

had, and how unpleasantly his face wrinkled

when he smiled.

v away. The fun was all gone, and her words and her look he knew would come back to him a thousand times when he should be alone. But she put out her hand to him like the scepter of a queen. "Never mind-you will generally wear better clothes than these.

"But I wouldn't like to have that make any difference," said Philip, looking wistfully at the cool white hand he held. "Supposing

She drew her hand away impatiently. he had known how he looked then, he would have chosen another time for his lover's fool-

"Don't get poor. I like pretty things and graceful manners and elegant surroundings; that is the way I am made. I should suffocate if I didn't have them."

love anybody but me, could you? She smiled charmingly. "You must not let me!" Then she rose as if to dismiss the subject. "Are you all ready?" In a minute more he was, after he had

fastened on his vellow whiskers and bronzed over his face and neck and white wrists. "Your own father wouldn't know you!" she laughed, as they opened the outer door. Philip went down two steps,
"You shake the foundation with those boots." He was quite recovering his spirits, now that she was so kind with him. "And

you will tell me all about it, and whether the leader has auburn hair as I said! How long before you will come back-an hour? Well, I'll be here as long as that." He pulled his great hat well down over his eyes and started, but at the gate he turned to

Bertha stood in the doorway, tall and queenly, the red gold of her hair glistening in the light like a halo about her head. He could not catch the look in her face, but as the stood she raised her hand to her lips and threw him a kiss with a gesture of ex-

In a moment more he heard her at the piano, and he tried to keep clumsy step to thestrain from "La Traviata" that came throbbing after him.

CHAPTER II.

MASQUERADING. Philip pushed open the door of Market hall and looked in. About sixty men were scattered over the benches in all conceivable positions. A number held pipes between their teeth, filling the room with the rank smoke of the strongest and blackest tobacco. Here and there two men appropriated a whole bench, one at each end, for a sofa. But more of them were settled down on the small of their backs, with their knees braced against the bench in front. He saw in a moment that, though he was worse dressed than any of them, yet there was a difference in kind also. There was more meaning in one wrinkle on their well worn coats than in all his ingenious paraphernalia. He felt ashamed in the presence of these pathetic realities, and turned to go back, but his great boots creaked incautiously. Only two or three looked around; a poor man more or less does not count for much with the poor or with the rich. Two or three grave, worn faces, two or three pairs of tired, hopeless eyes rebuked him unconsciously for the idle freak that brought him there. What right had he there, who came out of curiosity to watch the unhealthy symptoms of the disease called poverty! What an insult to their bitter needs were his mock trimmings, in which he came ake one masquerading among a graveyard

full of ghosts! "Hold on, friend, ve needn't go," and a long whiskered man beckoned to him. He found his way to a seat with a hang dog air, the best piece of acting he had done yet. The same stolid look was on this man's face, bleached to a settled paleness from the confinement of years in the walls of the mills. and there was a bitterness about the mouth and nostrils as if he had not kissed the rod

"No call to be shamed, young man. I suppose them's the best clothes you got. Your heart may be just as white as if you had a

The poor don't talk except when they have something to say. So Philip said nothing, to act in character.

"I suppose you think you're pretty hard up," resumed the big whiskered man, who was no other than Graves, the man who had peered into his companion's parlor window only an hour ago. And he glanced significantly at Philip's boots and soiled panta-

"Jest look at that little chap over yonder,

all bowed up. He don't look very hearty, nr., I get along easily enough with my help if quacks and tramps would only keep out of faded and broken, and two little cripples for children, a whinin' and a screechin' from mornin' to-night. He would chop his head off to help them, but he is slow and weak, and don't git but ninety cents a day, and he can't save them babies a single ache, nor ease their poor misshapen little bones one twinge. It takes every penny to keep the wretched breath in 'em all, and him and his wife, once new interest. She had half turned from the as purty a gal as ever you seen, has only to stand and see 'em cry. They used to cry themselves, too, but that was long ago." Graves looked about him. "Do you see that lean faced man with the hurt arm, at

the end of the seat ye're on! Well, he's got the smartest little boy in town. All he wanted was schoolin', and his father and mother saved and scrimped so he could have it. You oughter seen how proud they was to They want the work, and they ought to be | the boy tell them over the hard names glad the work wants them. Their interests | he had learned. And then they would tell the neighbors, who sometimes got "No doubt," assented Mr. Ellingsworth, in jealous, how they was savin' every his suavest tones, that seemed too smooth for cent and how their boy was goin' to colsatire, "but perhaps they think you get too | lege like old Breton's son. But there was no call for the neighbors to be jealous; the woman went to work one day when she was sick, and caught her death o' cold and it took a mint of money to nuss and then bury her. Then the man fell and got hurt and the little boy cried enough to break your heart when they took his books away." The face of the

long whiskered man softened an instant, but he turned his head away. "He needn't a cried," he said gruffly; "I don't know as he was any better than the rest of us."

Now there came a little commotion on the

the group on the platform rose to his full height like a young giant and came forward. He looked down into the upturned faces for a moment in silence, and Philip felt his steel blue eyes piercing him like a sword. "Men," he began. Then he stopped speak-

A man who sat head and shoulders above

ing a moment. "Yes, men you are, in spite of all the degradation the rich and the powerful can put upon you. The time is coming when the principles of equality vaunted on the pages of so many lying constitutions, and preathed on the lips of so many false tongued demagogues, shall be fully realized. The time is coming when the work shall not be on one side and the reward on the other. We shall not always wear rags as the livery of our masters. Not always shall the poor rise early and toil late, wear their skin till it be shriveled like parchmen' and their bodies till they be ready to drop into the grave for weariness, only to pluck the fruit of God's countiful earth for the lips of the idle and the broud to taste. The gracious favors of ten thousand smiling hills and valleys are gathered only for the few, and those whose arrogance and hardness of heart have least deserved them. And they tell us it must be so; that the few who are more capable and prudent should thus be rewarded for their superiority. They point to six thousand years' oppression of the poor, and say what has been must be. Yes, for six thousand years the groans of the poor have gone up, and as long the few, for whom alone all the beauty and bounty of the great earth, seemed to blossom, have answered with urses and contempt." Now his magnificent hest seemed to expand; his voice lost its pahetic tone and rang out like a trumpet.

"But the knowledge they have given to make us better slaves is bursting our fetters before their frightened eyes. The astonished people see at last the black and monstrous ininstice of their subjection. They have numbered their hosts, as countless as the sands of the sea. It is the strength of their arms has girdled the earth with unceasing streams of wealth. It is the ingenuity of their brains has harnessed each of the untamed forces of nature to service. The infinite number of their cunning fingers has woven the fabrics o clothe Christendom, and their red blood poured out on a thousand battlefields has ought vain triumphs for the pride of their

His lips suddenly curled in majestic scorn. 'And how long will your patient, calloused hands build palaces for the great, while you live in hovels! Ought not such strong arms as yours be able to win enough to make one modest home happy, if you were not robbed! The world is full of cheap comforts; the harvests are boundless, the storehouses bursting, but each worthless pauper has as good a share as you who make the wealth. You cause the increase; your hands till the teeming lands and work the tireless looms. Your shoulders bow beneath the products of your toil -like muzzled oxen beating out the grain for unpitying masters. Why will you endure it! They tell you it is only right; their books teach gentle submission; their ofly tongued speakers soothe you with proverbs and consoling maxims, but all the wise men of centuries and all the hundred thousand printing presses of today, heaping up books in every language like a new tower of Babel, cannot

turn a lie into the truth." Philip sat leaning forward, his eyes fixed fire, consuming the chaff of years and leaving a path of light behind. He was full of wonder that he had been blind so long, mixed with joy at his new piercing vision. He had forgotten how he had come there, and felt a sudden desire to take the hand of every poor man in the room and pledge him his help. But no one seemed touched as he was. The same hard look was on each face, the mask the poor assume to cover their distress, but the eyes of them all were centered on their

orator. "But you are poor, and with your wives and children are hungry for even the crust of bread your masters cast you. Though you were a million to one, you are held to their service, no matter how unjust, by the daily recurring facts of hunger and cold. Look! the fields are white with their harvests, the shops filled with their cloths, but the law makers and their pitiless police are in their pay, and you must bow your meek necks and thank your masters humbly for the triffe

their greed vouchsafes you." I'hilip's heart thumped painfully within his faded coat. Could the speaker give no hope the wretched listeners banging on his lips? Must they cringe forever at the foot of power! Their thin, worn hands made the bread, but it was snatched from their mouths and doled out in scanty allowance as the price of hopeless slavery. He had never seen

it before. "Who is hef" he whispered to his companion. The man did not even turn his face from the speaker. "It is Carran. He belongs to the Labor engue." This, then, was the agitator his father spoke of. And Bertha had pictured him rightly, with his clustering auburn hair. For

moment he stood silent, while under the

divine light in his eyes the souls of each one ripened for his next words. "Alone you can do nothing, but united we can shake the world, and all over the land the oppressed are banding together. We are weak now, but when the long stifled voice of your wrongs finds utterance, the answering moans of millions will rouse your souls to the resistless martyr pitch. Then it will seem sweet to die-yes, to starve-with your dear ones about you inspired with the same enthusiasm. When the generation is born which dare starve but has forgotten how to yield, and even for the bread of life will not sell its children into eternal slavery, then will the gold of the rich rot worthless in their white hands till they divide with us our common beritage."

He stopped and sat down, and as his enthusiasm faded from his face, Philip saw he was not handsome. The eyes that had seemed so wonderful were too deep seated beneath his heavy brows, and his smooth shaved face was scarred from exposure to sun and storm; yet, while he had been speaking, pity and divine wrath in turn melting and burning in his eyes and lighting up his rugged cheeks, he had seemed beautiful, like an archangel. The audience sat in silence a moment, then one man shuffled his feet uneasily, then another, and then all rose listlessly to their feet. Philip thought their zest in life had gone so long ago that they did not even miss it; then he remembered what his life was, bright as a June morning. Did God love him so much better than these weary creatures, whose only refuge was in hopelessness? Then he thought of Bertha waiting for him, and he hurried out, glad that he seemed to be escaping notice. Where was the funny adventure he had to tell his sweetheart? A new world had been revealed to him; a world within the world he had played with, that knew no such thing as mirth, but fed forever on bitter realities, and his little spark of happiness seemed smothered in its black night. Each one must have a family circle of his own. There were hungry eyes that looked to him for the cheer his poor heart was too dead to give. Suddenly a heavy

hand was laid on his shoulder friend." It was his big whiskered companion in the hall, Graves. "I sort o' liked your looks in the meetin' to-night, and you're welcome to a bed at my

house if you want it." "Oh, no," stumbled Philip, at his wit's end. "Oh, no! Why not, then? Where be you goin' to stay!" and the man took his hand from the young man's shoulder and eyed him suspiciously. "Why, he wanted to go home and lay off his masquerade forever. Bertha, all radiant in all the wealth can add to beauty, was awaiting him. He had so much to tell her," but he had nothing to say aloud. "I won't take no refusal," insisted the man, taking Philip by the arm. "No words; Jane will get along easy with an extra for once.

CHAPTER III. AN UNWILLING GUEST.

presume you've slept in wuss places."

Philip thought things were going a little too far, and as he walked along with his undesirable host he began to plan escapes. Up on the hill to his left he could see, now and then, between the houses, his own home and the lights in its window streaming welcome to him. The tense mood relaxed in him, old habits of thought and association made themselves felt again; the poor man

walking heavily by his side seemed a thousand miles removed from him. "Here we are," said Graves, as he led the mill owner's son up a couple of rickety looking steps to a doorway. Philip was not pleased at all; he had seen enough poverty to-night; he did not care to particulariza. What was the use of distressing himself over this man's private miseries and discomforts! Wasn't it written in all the books of political

equomy that—but Graves opened the door

and waited for his unwilling guest to go in before him. The poor man's heart was warra

in the unwonted exercise of hospitality. With an ungracious frown on his Philip entered the dimly lighted room, his great boots sounding with startling effect on the bare floor. The top heavy kerosene lamp was turned down, but with the heartiness of a true host, Graves turned up the lamp so that Philip could look about him. There was little enough to see-a round pine table with a little blue, cracked crokery on it, a rusty cooking stove, two or three dingy, unpainted chairs, a high backed rocking chair, with a faded, shapeless chintz cushion, and what seemed to be a sofa in one corner.

At first Philip thought the room had been unoccupied, but as Graves turned up the lamp a trifle more he saw it was a woman lying upon the sofa-a woman with sunken black eyes and wan, colorless cheeks, whose loosely bound hair, gray before its time, fell down over her shoulders. "The woman is sick, or she'd get up and

speak to you," said Graves, with a new gentleness in his voice, as he looked at the wife of his youth. "They say she might get well if we could pay doctors' bills. Eh, Jennief" The girl who stood in the doorway had her mother's eyes, not quite large enough, but with a rare sheen in them; it might be her mother's face, too, but with the bloom of perfect health lightening up its olive. Involuntarily he rose to his feet and bowed, but as the girl only seemed to regard him as one might look at a circus tumbler, Philip relapsed into his seat, in the humiliation beauty can put upon the greatest of us. "Nothin' but cold potatoes! Well, I guess they'll do with a little salt and a piece of

"Did Curran speak?" asked the girl. "Yes," answered Philip. "And who is he a common laborer?" Then he bit his lip. But nobody took offense, no one suspected their guest of being anything above a common laborer.

"Only a laborer," answered Graves, "a weaver, but he's got some book knowledge somehow. There aint many can beat him at talkin', is there?" The girl's eyes were on Philip now, impatient, as he fancied, even for his poor tribute to her lover's praise. "He is wonderful," he assented, "but what

I don't understand is, that he can be such a man and still a weaver. Where did he learn "Have you got enough to eat? Well. knowledge has got pretty well through all classes now, for those as wants it. It's there for all who have eyes or ears for it. Why, friend, where have you been all your life! Brains and hearts don't go by station. I've found smarter men in shops and mills than

most we send to congress. There's thousands like Curran, if they only got the stirrin' he's had some way. Now, Jane, it's about time you got this man's bed ready." Philip's heart jumped. Of course be couldn't stay, but what excuse could be give for coming at all, then? "Be you lookin' for a job!" asked Graves.

after his daughter had left them. It occurred to Philip that he had one, if he wanted it-to put one spark of happiness into such lives as these, but he nodded. The man looked him over rather disparagingly. "Weil, wash yourself up and black your boots a bit, and I guess I can do somethin' on the speaker in a strange excitement. Cur- for you in the mill. It's hard work and poor, we miss it such a big ways." "How long has Curran lived here?" ask: 1

Philip incoherently. The man stared at him

"Oh! Curran, he ain't been here more'n a six month. He aint got no folks; he lives down to one of them factory boardin' houses, but don't have no friends, or talk about anythin' but what you heard to-night. But it's all useless." Graves looked gloomily on the floor. "We aint got no show; the rich are too many for us. I guess it's human nature for one man to boss the crowd, or it wouldn't a always been so. There's the girl, she'll show you where to sleep. Be up early in the mornin', now,"

The only course for him seemed to be to follow the girl, and Philip rose to his feet. "Good night," he said. The sick woman opened her eyes in surprise. Such people : they found no time for amenities in tidreary home. Graves looked around. "What! Oh, yes, goodby, but I'm goin' to

see you in the mornin'. His bedroom, on which the roof encroached greedily, was newly whitewashed, or else was seldom used. His lamp sat on a wooden chair with no back to it, crowded by a tin wash basin, with his portion of water half filling it, and a round black ball of soap. Then Philip turned to look at the bed they had made for him on a siat bedstead with low headboard but not so low as the thin pillow. How many times must anybody double the pillow to make it fit for his head? For a counterpane was the girl's plaid shawl; he had seen it on a nail down stairs. Poor little girl, she would want it very early in the morning. Then he glanced in the eight by ten looking glass that hung on the white wall. Disguised! his own father would not have known him, and he had a sensation of double consciousness as he saw his own reflection. Perhaps Graves was disguised too. and all the ill dressed men he had seen that evening, who suffered as much in their wretched lives as he could, who could enjoy all that brightened his own life as much. And clothes made difference between him and them, apparently, perhaps really. The world managed according to the clothes standard-for the man who could borrow a broadcloth suit, comforts, consideration, happiness-for the man in overalls, weary days, cheerless houses, hunger and-bah. Phillip pulled off his great boots and threw them angrily across the room; he did not know what to make of

He did not propose to spend the night in of course, and face the family and his job in the mill in the morning, but he might as well lie down till the house was asleep and escape became possible. But he could not lie down with all his paint on and spoil the poor little pillow. So he takes off his yellow whiskers, and makes such good use of the basin of water and the ball of soap that when he next looked in the little mirror he saw no longer the road dusty tramp, but the fresh, kindly face of a young man who has never tasted of the bitter fountains of life. He started as if he had been shot; the windows had no curtains, and any passerby might have seen his transformation. Then came a heavy step on the stairs. He blew out the light and buried himself in the bedela hes. In a moment more the door

opened and thillip was breathing heavily. "Asleep!" it was the voice of his host. "Well, I s'pose the morning will do. Pretty tired, I guess; wonder how far he came today?" and Graves closed the door after hira and went down stairs again. Of course Philip was not going to sleep, but

there would be no harm in just closing his

Here he was drinking in the very life of

the poor, a strange, terrible life he had never

eyes, he could think so much better.

really imagined before. He had seen how worn and broken were their men, and reat any accidental burning of the mouth. self without help. Now I am free the pathetic lines of despair and sullen Going slowly down backward, I would from all pain and soreness, and am able wretchedness written on their faces, as if in lie at full length on the bottom of the to do all my own housework. I owe my silent reproach to the providence that had inflicted the unsoftened curse of life on them. of the cigar. Just as I reached the sur-He had seen, too, their hapless girlhood, face again another flip reversed the cigar, which beauty cannot cheer, which love only makes blacker, as the path of lightning a versing is done so quickly that nobody no- bottle, 50 cents and \$1 at Dowty & starless night. And their sick, too, with no tices it."-Philadelphia Call. nursing, no gentle words, no comforts to assuage one hour of pain. Then he seemed to The Intelligence of Birds. be in the hall once more, and thrilling under Dr. Charles C. Abbott says that in exthe eloquence of the man Curran. Suddenly perimenting on the intelligence of birds he opened his eves wide. It could not be he when he girdled branches on which birds was going to sleep, the bed was too hardhad built their nests, causing the foliage absurd-there could be no danger. But in to shrivel, exposing their nests, although five minutes the heir of the Breton mills was they had laid their eggs they would abansound asleep in John Graves' garret room. don them; but if the nests already con-How long he had slept Philip had no more tained young birds, notwithstanding the idea than Rip Van Winkle on a former occaexposure, they would remain until the sion: indeed it took him a ridiculously long young were able to fly. He placed a numtime to separate dreams and facts enough to ber of pieces of woolen yarn-red, yellow. get his bearings. Was that moonlight in the purple, green and gray in color-near a east, or dawn! Perhaps the family were all tree in which a couple of Baltimore oriup and escape would be impossible. He oles were building a nest. The pieces of bounded to his feet and clutched at his false yarn were all exactly alike except in color. whiskers, but alas! his paint was all dis-There was an equal number of each color. and the red and yellow were purposely placed on the top. The birds chose only solved in the tin basin. His only chance was in getting away unnoticed, and in two minutes more he was groping out of his little the gray pieces, putting in a few purple room and down the steep stairs, boots in and blue ones when the nest was nearly finished. Not a red, yellow or green hand. He slowly opened the door into the strand was used .- Chicago News. sitting room. What if Graves stood within curiously watching. An odd guest, this

stealing out before daybreak. Again Phili-

wished he had stayed at home that night.

Pickaninny Transportation in Georgia. One day a large family of slaves came Thank God! no one was in the room. The through the fields to join us. The head was the cracked, rusty stove and the sofa the of the family, a venerable negro, was sick woman had lain upon; there was the mounted on a mule, and safely stowed dish of cold potatoes on the table and the away behind him in pockets or bags atchair he had sat in while he tried to eat. But tached to the blanket which covered the somebody must be up in the inner room; a mule were two little pickaninnies, one on stream of light made a white track through each side. This gave rise to a most in: nothing. the half one goor. Would that bolt never

slip-there. It slipped with a vengeance, and Philip drew back into the staircase in mortal terror. The light streak on the floor began to move, and in a moment more a white by a blanket with two pockets on each figure stood on the threshold of the bed side, each containing a little negro. Very room. It was Jane Graves, with her long soon old tent flies or strong canvass was used instead of the blanket, and often ten black hair about her neck and white night dress, and her eyes glistening brightly. She held the lamp above her head, and let her or fifteen pockets were attached to each side, so that nothing of the mule was vis-ible except the head, tail and feet, all else drapery cling as fondly as it chose about a being covered by the black woolly heads form that would have charmed a sculptor. and bright shining eyes of the little dar-As she listened he could see her wavy hair kies. Occasionally a cow was made to rise and fall over her beating heart. Would take the place of the mules; this was a she notice the open stair door and come fordecided improvement, as the cow urward! What then! He must push her rudenished rations as well as transportation ly to one side. He imagined her startled for the babies.-James Lane Allen in The screams and the father's figure hurrying into Century. the seene from another room to seize the in-

Fetich Fuith in Western Africa. another instant he has opened the door and Max Muller says: "We may fancy ouris walking along the street. His escape was selves secure against the fetich worship of well timed, for the gray dawn of another day the poor negro, but there are few if any f toil and weariness is creeping over the among us who have not their fetich or idol, either in their church or their heart. The houses were all alike, the front doors The negro's religion is not belief in the just as soiled, the steps equally worn, the power of the fetich, but belief in the power of the spirit through which the fetich is of paint the same cheerless yellow to a shade, Through the windows of one of them ha caught a glimase of a tail gaunt woman building the kitchen fire, her face and form lighted up by the fiames she was nursing, His ready imagination pictured the wan-

terioper. No, she returns to her room. in

featured man who must be her husband, out

of whose eyes had faded so many years ago

the last lingering gleam of tenderness. He

imagined their old faced, joyless children be

grudged the scant play hours of childhood,

Prooping behind them all, he pictured a long

line of special wants and sorrows, the com-

P. was Jane Graves

panions of their days, the specters of their

nights. Their houses looked all alike as he

walked along, so their lives might seem just

alike at first thought. Ten hours for each in

the same mills-who got almost the same

pittance for their hot work-and must spend

their pennies for almost the same necessities.

But infinite must be the diversities of their

To be Continued.)

SCYTHE SONG.

Stalwart mowers, brown and litha.

Wielding fast the whispering scythe,

Soft through hades' twilight air?

Husb, the scythe says, where, ah wheref

Where the garden ground is spread-

Dames that o'er them once would tread.

Hush, the scythe says, where, ah where!

Where hath summertide her tomb?

Comes the long blade gleaming cold

Rays of pearl on crowns of gold,

Damsels blithe and debonair.

Where is all your sweetness fled?

Time! who tak'st and giv'st again

Follow still those phantom feet?

Some old, vew-begitt parterre.

Is there not some grass grown street.

Where our dreams and v.e may meet?

Hush, the scythe says, where, ah where!

AN OLD INDIAN FIGHTER.

Herrifying Coolness With Which He Gave

the Details of the Death of His Foes.

I suppose a soldier in battle but rarely

knows that he has actually shot a man,

but one of these old Indian fighters sits

down after dinner, over a pipe, and re-

lates to you with quite horrifying coolness

every detail of the death which his rifle

and his sure eyes dealt to an Indian; and

when this one, stroking meanwhile the

head of a little boy, who was standing at

his knees, described to me how he lay on

the grass and took aim at a tall chief, who

was, in the moonlight, trying to steal a

boat from a party of gold seekers, and

how, at the crack of his rifle, the Indian

fell his whole length in the boat and never

stirred again, I confess I was dumb with

amazement. The tragedy had not even

the dignity of an event in a man's life.

He shot Indians as he ate his dinner,

plainly as a mere matter of course; nor

was he a brute, but a kindly, honest, good

One of these very Indian fighters is

now sitting before me. I have been ac-

quainted with him for years, and I know

him to be a good, kind hearted man, and

the idol of the little curly heads who

cluster at his knees. He does not look at

all as I imagined a murderer would look;

he is dignified as well as good bearted-in

fact, there is nothing different in his ap-

pearance and manner from those of any

other well meaning citizen. And yet he

has just been telling me, with a slight,

satisfied smile playing over his lips as he

spoke, how he once hanged an Indian and

I am not at all afraid of him, though I

must acknowledge that he makes me

shudder; but as we think over the matter

I wonder all the same—and yet in the

south, and all over the sea, I have looked

upon some strange, sad scenes, in which

blood was not wanting. Am I disgusted

when he tells me how he once cut a steak

with his bowie knife out of an old Indian!

Yes-but there he stands before me, and

I must say that he does not at all look

like a butcher.-A. G. Tassin in Overland

Smoking Under Water.

ing under water is done?" asked a show

man the other day. "You'll see it tried in the swimming tanks. It looks strange,

I admit, to see a man go under water

with a lighted cigar in his mouth, smoke

calmly at the bottom, and come to the

surface with the cigar burning as nicely

as if he were smoking in his easy chair.

It is a trick, but it requires practice. I

I threw myself backward to go down, I

would flip the cigar end for end with my

tongue and upper lip and get the lighted

"Do you know how that trick of smok

Monthly.

again how he cut the throat of another.

fellow, not in the least bloodthirsty.

Must we follow, all in vain

Dainty daisies, white and red!

Over summer meads abloom.

Where is all the old perfume

Breathes it yet in tender gloom,

factory village.

One important thought in particular i not peculiar to fetich faith, but is mixed with the religions of most people; but the negro suffers more than any other man from the fear of ghosts. "In the foaming water, in the dazzling lightning, in the murmuring wind he sees the working of self existing spiritual beings. And why should we deprive an anxious human heart of the comforting faith thes a piece of hide or a dried snake head arefully wrapped up and worn about the body can protect him?"-H. Nipperdey in Popular cience Monthly.

Power of a Kind Voice.

There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal. feels: and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. It is often in youth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp. and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that sings as well as shines .- Elihu Burritt.

A New Advertising Dodge. The latest advertising dodge is to strew about the sidewalks bogus purses, from which bogus bills stick out, the idea being that the people who pick them up will have their attention drawn to the advertisements printed on them. "I don't think much of that scheme." said a gentleman who is not wholly insensible to the charms of money. "Do you think I am going to patronize a man who trifles with my fluest feelings?"-Toronto Globe. Never Dined Before.

Said an English woman of rank American lady: "Was Buffalo Bill invited to dine out much when he was in New York?" "He never dined in his life till he came to London," was the reply, "when he was at home 'he had something to eat' at 12 o'clock."-Detroit Free Press.

Worth Knowing.

Mr. W. H. Morgan, merchant, Lake City, Fla., was taken with a severe cold, attended with a distressing cough and running into consumption in its first stages. He tried many so-called popular cough remedies and steadily grew worse. Was reduced in flesh, had difficulty in breathing and was unable to sleep. Finally tried Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption and found immediate relief, and after using about a half dozen bottles found himself well and has had no return of the disease. No other remedy can show so grand a record of cures, as Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption guaranteed to do just what is claimed for it,-Trial bottle free at Dowty & Becher's drug

Better spare to have thy own, than ask

troubles, constipation, sick and nervous headache and all blood diseases is "Moore's Tree of Life." Try it. Sold by Dr. A. Heintz. There is more talk than trouble. Any person who is effected with Tet-

ter. Salt Rheum or any itching or smarting skin disease, had better try Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. They will certainly never regret it. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

An ill agreement is better than a good

Worth Your Attention. Cut this out and mail it to Allen & Co., Augusta, Maine, who will send you free, something new, that just coins money for all workers. As wonderful as the electric light, as genuine as pure gold, it will prove of lifelong value and importance to you. Both sexes, all ages. Allen & Co. bear expense of starting you in business. It will bring you in more cash, right away, than anything else in this world. Anyone anywhere

harm is done. 4-Iv Good words quench more than a bucket of water.

can do the werk, and live at home also. Better

write at once; then, knowing all, should you

conclude that you don't care to engage, why no

Try Moore's headache cure, it beats the world. For sale by Dr. A. Heintz. It costs more to do ill than to do well.

Renews Her Youth. Mrs. Phœbe Chesley, Peterson, Clay county, Iowa, tells the following remark used to be quite proficient at it. Just as able story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled end in my mouth, closing my lips water- with kidney complaint and lameness for tight around it. A little slippery elm many years; could not dress mytank and blow smoke through the cut end thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed com and there I was smoking calmly. The re- pletely all disease and pain." Try a

Becher's drug store. Good cheap is dear.

A conflict for possession. When your system becomes disordered do not let sickness or disease take possession. Take St. Patrick's Pills at once. They act promptly, cure costiveness and bilious disorders. They ward off diseases and tone up the whole system. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

The beast that goes away, never wants

Dr. I. Rader, of Fulton, Kan., says: "I have been practicing medicine for 27 years. Many times I have prescribed Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and do not believe it has an equal in the market." It is a certain cure for Coughs, Colds and Hoarseness. It is a splendid expectorant. It contains no opium, chloroform or any injurous substance, 50 cents a bottle. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

The hard gives more than he that hath

portant invention—i. e., "the next way of transporting pickaninnies." On the next day a mule appeared in column covered. THE IMPORTING DRAFT HORSE CO.



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