BY CHARLES J. BELLAMY.

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(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER X.

WEAR WOMAN. Curran glanced keenly at the face of his beautiful hostess, whose wonted serenity had nil gone, then he rose to his feet, and stood, while she spoke his name in the briefest form of introduction. He did not seem offended by the stare of surprise Mr. Breton had for him. It was a new experience to the mill owner, meeting his workmen in fashionable

"Curran, is it? I was sure I had seen yo in the null, but you had on a white apror then." Mr. Breton laughed familiarly, but he did not hold out his hand. Coul-in't Curran see how rudely he wa

treated! Mr. Breton's laugh and tone rasped Bertha's finer sensibilities, so that she was at once indignant with him, and disgusted with Curran who seemed to bear it so unconsciously. Curran's brow was unruffled; he had only folded his sams across his breast cometimes a sign of excitement with him. "Mr. Curran had the good fortune, I be lieve, to do my daughter a great service. Mr. Ellingsworth's manner was the perfection of well bred rudeness. It expressed the infinite elevation and polish of the person who assumed it, far above the very natural feeling of disgust at the presence of so vulgar a person as this workman. It suggested irresistibly the great contempt such a person ought to call forth, but at the same time that Ellingsworth was unapproachable by even as vulgar a thing as contempt.
"Indeed," exclaimed Mr. Ereton, as

seated hims 'f. "I will thank you, too, it was a good in for you, and I will see it don't burt your interests any, either." "How do you like your work?" went on Mr

Breton in his harsh mill voice. "I hope you ain't one of those who don't know when they are well off." "I can keep from starving: that is well off.

Mr. Breton was at loss but for a moment "But you poor people don't save what you get. You ought to economize."

Curran's eyes flashed dangerously, but h bit his lip and kept silence. Mr. Ellingsworth saw a scene was immi nent. How little tact Mr. Breton showed in patronizing the young man so provokingly before the golden haired goddess whom he had no doubt fallen in love with. Something

"Excuse me. Have you had any serious trouble with your wound, Mr. Curran!" "I have only lost a few days; that is nothng," he answered quickly.

"But it must be considerable for a poor man!" broke in Mr. Breton, with his grand air; "I will direct my paymaster to make it up to you."

Curran glanced across the room at Miss Ellingsworth. He expected to see her face flushed with anger. She would leap to her feet in indignant remonstrance to shield him from such impertinence, all the generosity of her nature in revolt against such return for his devotion to her.

She was looking at him, but much as a girl looks at a strange animal she has been petting, when suddenly they tell her he bites. Curran turned away from her and ground his teeth. Then he looked at Mr. Breton. "Can't your paymaster make up for the pain, too, as well as the lost time?"

Mr. Ellingsworth was at his wit's end. He saw the cloud gathering in the workman's eyes, and that his hip trembled with suppressed feeling when he spoke. "How long have you been in town, Mr. Curran?" he said to change the conversation if possible into safer channels. "Only six months,"

"Why," volunteered Mr. Breton after an awkward silence, "that is about as long as the mill hands have been fault finding so loudly." The old gentleman looked sharply at him. "I don't suppose you would tell who has been making the trouble."

"Yes, sir." Curran had risen to his feet. the flush of offended self respect in his cheeks. When I came here I found the mills paying you 12 per cent. dividends, while the help who ground them out for you, were crushed almost to the earth. I felt bound to tell them, as I now tell you, that the owner has no more God given right to all the profit of their work than they to all the profit of his

"And you are the man who has been stirring up this mischief here!" cried Mr. Brcton, almost starting from his chair. He had caught him at last then. "And do you say that a man isn't entitled to the interest on his money! My money represents a thousand such lives as yours; it ought to have a thousand times the pay." He had more terrible guns than of the batteries of logic for the rebel, but he could not resist the temptation to explode the fallacies of his class before he

The young man's eyes flashed beautifully. "Your money represents a thousand lives, then, out of which you have sucked the life blood! And at how much do you value s human life! As much 's \$1,000 for a soul? A thousand dollars for I the joys and hopes and possibilities of a human life! Your valnation is too miserably small. I tell you," and Carran threw out his right hand in a magnificent gesture, "I tell you, a human creature ought to have for its service a good portion of the comforts and delights the world is so bounteous with. Anything less is slavery, a slavery worse than negro bondage. Do you call it pay that you give the hopeless men and wom that weave gold for you on your looms? ather say the daily recurring fact of hunger chains them to your

Mr. Ellingsworth had sunk back in his seat in despair; he might as well resign himself to the situation since it seemed beyond his power to change it. Mr. Breton was likely to hear some startling truths before he succeeded in refuting this dangerous young man. Perhaps it was just as well, too; there is no sense in a man's making his money as the rich do, by one kind or another of imposition or injustice and then affect such ridiculous unconsciousness. There is no sense in being blind and stupid about how one comes to be rich, the comfortable fact remaining. What was the use of Breton wrestling with such a young giant as this? "I pay my help market prices of labor. I don't propose to make them gifts." The old gentleman handled his cane nervously, but he could punish the man enough later. He felt Ellingsworth's sharp eyes, he must think of something to absolutely overwhelm the arguments of his workman. He ran over in his mind the smooth axioms of his class, and tried hard to recollect some of the perfect syllogisms of the political economists. Curran stood, his elbow resting on the back of the chair he had been sitting in, in an attitude so dignified and agraceful that Mr. Ellingsworth glanced across at his daughter to see if she had observed it. It was not quite so inconceivable, after all, that Bertha might have taken a fancy to him. But then his whole associations had been with the poor, and what possible harmony, even for a moment-then Mr. Ellingsworth remembered the maid servant crying at this moment in the dining room.

"Naturally you prefer to let your half clothed ill fed hands make you the presents; they earn you big dividends; you throw them a crust of bread, the market price of labor you call it, and put the dividends in your own pocket."

"But it's my money made the mill, and my management runs it."

"As for the money," retorted Curran, "per haps you inherited a part of it, saved by the tax laid on the poor of the last generation, or you borrowed it, perhaps, on interest, and made the help in your mill pay the interest every penny of it; how else could it be paid? You did not make your money; no man can till \$2,000,000 out of his farm, or dig it out of a coal mine. You simply took it. Your new mills are paid for out of wages you ought to have given your help; you call them yours; the new machinery comes out of them. They are the real stockholders in it all." something for him.

Mr. Breton had sprung from his seat, but Curran went on unflinchingly. "It isn't carned, it is simply defrauded. The management is doubtless good, but no management

could, in the righteous course of justice, bring such vast fortunes into the hands of a few nen; while the thousands who work for them live and die with the consuming thirst or happiness never for one hour assuaged in

The old gentleman had come up close to him as he spoke, and as he finished, Curran looked down calmly into a face almost purple with passion. It occurred to him that Mr. Breton was about to have an attack of apo-plexy. The hand that held his gold headed cane fairly trembled.

"You have earned your last penny in my nills!" the old gentleman shouted at him. We ought to have laws to shut up such men

"Mr. Ellingsworth," said Curran, as that rentleman rose to his feet. "I am very sorry to have brought such a scene into your parlor; it seemed unavoidable after what was said to me, and it seems likely to prove more unfortunate for me than for anybody else." No one thought of anything to say. Mr. Ellingsworth vaguely wondered where the man picked up his neat way of talking, but then the wealthy, after all, have no monopoly

Curran cast a withering look of contempt on the mill owner. "I am sorry, too, to be deprived of the chance to win my daily

He did not notice that the expression of the girl's face had changed, or that she had started to come to him, but there was a grandeur of wrath in his face and bearing that awed her. She stood in the center of the room, with heaving bosom and frightened, troubled eyes, watching him out of the door. Then her father came back through the hall with his sarcastic smile finely curving his thin lips.

How beautifully he had known how to preserve his own honor. It would have been base and ignoble in him to have crawled out of her parlor at the entrance of her father and Mr. Breton, self confessed unworthy to sit in their presence. And for all their wealth and power and vantage ground, careless of what it must cost, he had thrown their insults in their teeth and shown himself a grander man, a thousand times, than either

The warm flood of returning feeling swept over her soul. She could not bear one more cruel word against him now. Before her father could speak she had hurried into the hall and shut fast the door so that she should not hear the bitter sentence that was just parting his lips.

What strange impulse moved her that she should go to the outer door and look eagerly down the street! But her insulted guest had not lingered. In a moment more she was at the gate, and saw his tall form only at a little distance. No doubt he was thinking sadly, or perhaps angrily, of her, as he walked, and he could not guess that she had repented, and was eager this moment to beg his forgiveness, with all the sweet words she knew. Bertha glancod back at the house in esitation. She could see the slim outlines of her father's figure shadowed on the curtains. She could not hear what he was saying. It was this:

"It is one of Bertha's freaks. All women are subject to them." "But I don't understand," insisted Mr. breton, wiping the perspiration from his heated face. "I don't understand how she can bring herself, a girl of her notions, to you suppose this has been going on? Ever since the dog adventure, very likely. If I were Philip"--

"But you recollect I am only three days returned from my trip, and am entirely unthis very striking individual. Don't hurry yourself into mental decline by trying to explain on logical principles a woman's performances," smiled Mr. Ellingsworth. "And i wouldn't take the trouble to suggest misgivings to Phil. I would rather trust the girl's nature, and I think I know it, than depend on a jealous lover's reproaches. Why, my dear friend, I would stake my life on the girl's attachment to the traditions of her position. Our wives and daughters are thrice more intolerable, unreasonable aristocrats than we. If she had been guilty of a touch of foolish sentiment reaction is certain, and she will only despise the man the more because of her season of blindness."

"But supposing the reaction came too late," suggested Mr. Breton anxiously. Then it better not come at all," he contimed. "The very character you give her would make three people perfectly miserable

and herself." But the girl who had stood at the gate, in her slippers, and with no covering for her head but her golden hair fastened low on her neck, had hesitated but a moment. She could not let Curran leave her thus; perhaps she should never see him again, if he went | be roasted to death, and it aint a bit pleasaway without one word from her to soften the blows she had let them give him. And then he seemed to be walking slowly, she could overtake him in a moment. The uneven walk hurt her feet, her slippers were so thin, and as she lifted ! r skirt to walk faster a rude briar tore her soft flesh, and then hung greedily to her to impede her steps. She stopped and called his name. She had hardly murmured it, but it seemed so loud spoken and so tender toned she blushed at herself, and dared not speak it again. She might run a few steps, and then he would hear her voice more plainly. But her dress clung so closely and her excited breath came so fast that she gained on him very slowly. There was no use, she must lose him forever out of her life; he must always think her cruel and ungenerons. She leaned against the fence and sent one more hopeless cry after him. It was more a sob than a cry, & piteous sob, trembling with gentle, heart broken reproach. Why, she was sure he must have heard that; she had never meant to speak so loud. What could she say to him when he came back to her

was piercing enough to go a mile on the still evening air. No, he was further away, he and not heard her. Then she looked backed, and was frightened to see what a distance she was away from home. And as she stood looking, now at his tall form drawing unconsciously away from her, and then at the distant lights of her home, the first hint of the desolation that broods over millions of hopeless hearts came upon her soul. Her slippers were torn, and wet with dew, and each step she took braised the tender feet that had never known hart or weariness. Her heavy masses of hair had been shaken from their fastenings, and hung at full length to her waist. She fancied herself some lost, friendless Magdalen, for whom the world, that fawns on the fortunate and proud, had only taunts and cruel blows. And were there women who had to face the world alone! fight their own battles with timid hearts! earn their own right to

She must try to be very cold and dignified.

But wasn't he going to turn! Why, her cry

breathe, with sinking hearts! "What was that, a ster, a man's step coming toward her?" To her scited imagination at that moment her beautiful home and the elegant life she loved so well seemed things of

the past. She gathered her hair into a loose coil and let her dress trail on the walk to cover her She had hoped he might be a gentleman. She tried to keep on the outer edge of the sidewalk: she would have taken the road if she had dared. She looked away from the man, but she could see with beating heart he was coming directly toward her. But perhaps he did not see her, and he might turn aside yet. God grant he be an honest man, whose wife's loving face was in his thoughts at this moment. There were such men. But instead of moving aside the man stopped short just before her, and she raised her big, scared eves to his face.

"Why, Bertha, I thought it was you." Sure enough it was Philip Breton. He had come from the mill, where there had been some extra work, and wore his working clothes

"Let me walk home with you," he said very gently, as if he had no right to assert

any privilege with her. "I came too far, and got frightened," she said dreamily, as she rested her hand on his

Her hand was cold, but it sent his young blood tingling through his veins. "I am so sorry." How he longed to catch her white hand to his lips, and warm it with kisses. But lately she had treated him with a new coldness, and her coldness he dare not meet. He dreaded to face it, it pained him so past endurance, and he had called on her but seldom since the night of the fire. But now his heart was full of eloquent love; so full he could not conceive of her not sharing in it. It was she called it forth, she must have

They had reached her gate. She would surely invite him to go in with her. Then she could tell him if he had done anything to gentleman was a little ashamed of having cious, Phil, it might knock my corporation displease her. He could remember nothing I spoken quite as harshly to the workmen as scheme all to smithereens. Little mercy

but there might have been some unconscious cold word or tone, as if, poor fellow, he had not been only too tender with her.

Good night," she said. She had lost the tremor in her voice fright had given her, and all the softness of heart of her loneliness, "I thank you," she added, coldly, as he did not go, but stood looking as if he did not

Good night," he answered, with a great throb in his throat. He stumbled awkwardly, as he went down the steps; he could not see very well for the mist in his eyes.

CHAPTER XI.

UNGRATEFUL POPULACE. Philip Breton sat late over the tea table, one evening some days after. His father had been detained down in the village, and had come home with a good deal on his mind. Indeed, the old gentleman, who generally laid aside his hardness outside his own doors. had sat in silence wrinkling his forehead very martistically almost throughout the

"Poor folks are always ungrateful," he exclaimed harshly at last as he shook his head severely at the maid servant who offered him the cake basket. "Here I have whitewashed every house for

grumbling old woman tell her husband, she wondered how old Breton would like to live in one of his own tenements. Philip said nothing. It had been his habit lately, when his father got on this theme, to keep silence. He was puzzled to know what

"Why, look at it, Phil. The insurance on the burned mill won't make up for the lost time in rebuilding, and this is the time they select to ask for fire escapes. Yield them an inch and they want an ell. I suppose they think I ought to run the factory for a big benevolent institution. Every man that is poor curses me for it, and not one shiftless family in town, I'll warrant, but would lay the fault on my shoulders. By the way, Phil, you have been to college; you ought to know if there isn't any way I can stop the tongue of that tall brown haired fellow. Can't the law touch him! I have discharged him, but he does more mischief than ever.

"Discharged Curran!" exclaimed Philip. "You don't mean it! why, he is the man that saved Bertha's life," he continued hurriedly. 'You must take him back at once-you must take him back at once, no matter what he

has said." "No matter what he has done either, I suppose," said Mr. Breton, with some heat Perhans I know more of the interesting young man than you de," he went on indis creetly. "It may be as well for you if I open your eyes a little-what is it, Mary!" "Three men at the door, sir. They want

"I think they are workmen." The mil owner found three of his workmen in his study: all standing when he entered because they felt less awkward on their feet. "Send my son in," he called to Mary. might as well learn how to meet this sort of

occasion. The delegation of workmen did not look very fierce. One of them kept gazing longingly out of the window, and smoothing his napless felt hat. Another, out of whose soiled cont pocket stuck the stem of a clay pipe, ertain a fellow like this. How long do was studying the ceiling of the room with an master's eye. They were two of the men who had peered into the parlor windows of this very house on the evening our story com-mences. The third was John Graves, whose able to tell you how many times she has met eyes were fixed unflinchingly on the mill owner for whom he had a message. When Philip came in he was a little startled to see his quondam host, but the man had other things to think of than the possible identity of this elegantly dressed young gentleman with the ungrateful tramp he had kept once over night.

"There's a meetin' of the mill han's down in the hall, sir, and they sent us up sak a favor. Mr. Breton had seated himself before his long office table and pulled up a file of busi-

ness letters. "You have too many meetings," he said loudly. "You talk so much you aren't fit to work. Some of the noisiest of you will find themselves out of a job some fine morning: one man did the other day." The two other men looked anxiously at

their spokesman. If they had dared they would have begun to make excuses for coming. Their wives and babies must be fed. and talking about their rights wouldn't ever feed them. Let others who could afford to offend him go to the meetings. But the poor fellows were afraid to raise their voices, even in apology.

"But the willingest of us all don't want to anter to us men felks to think of seein' our wives and children burnt up before our eyes. Our women aint quite so purty as those of the rich, but we prize 'em as much. Wo come to ask for fire escapes on the miks. So if there should happen to come a fire in day time, when the mills were full, the poor critters could git out." It was quite a long speech for John Graves in such august presence, and he delivered it in the monotonous Yankee drawl which carries high tragedy or low comedy without a distinction of accent "There is no danger," he answered with a

gruff laugh, "and in business we can't spend much money providing against very unlikely events. Fire escapes would be a piece of useless extravagance." Mr. Breton looked sharply at his visitors over the file of letters. "It would make necessary another cut in your pay" Bill Rogers fingered his pipe uneasily i the significant silence that followed, and finally drew it half out of his pocket through force of habit in distress. Then he found his

"Yer jokin', equire; yer wouldn't cut us oor devils down again. The last cut seemed is if it would kill us, till we found how little t takes to keep soul and body together if a critter don't expect nothin' else. Why, squire, a dog has the best of some on us now for folks let him steal." The tall man thrust back his pipe into the depths of his pocket, and his face hardened into a sullen expression as he added solemnly: "I callate another cut would fill all the jails in the country. Yer might as well give us the least we can live on here as support us in prison."



It was quite a long speech for John Graves. bustling movement of impatience. The unreasonable beings had no conception of the their feet.

"Well, well, I don't mean to cut you again lost so much that I really can't afford another dollar of expense." He rang the bell for the servant. There was a gleam of sarcastic humor in John Graves' black eves. "But wouldn't it now be quite a loss to burn up a thousand such good cheap factory

han's? I wouldn't thought you could afford that. These fire 'scapes now "Show them out, Mary," interrupted Mr. Breton angrily. "You might as well know, I could find a thousand as good and as cheap, in a week," and he shut the office door after them with a slam.

"But you have let those men go away thinking you had just as lief they would be burned to death," expostulated Philip, flushing with excitement. "Nothing of the kind, sir, only that—but do you take sides with them? That is the

he had. It would be repeated all about town. And it was certainly incautious, but his very uneasiness made him the more provoked at Philip's suggestion. "I presume you picked up a few socialistic ideas at l. No doubt you would like to put on the fire escapes out of the money your mother left you." He rang the bell violently. "Yes I would," exclaimed Philip, his eyes lighting up. "I will be very glad to pay for

all. It seems unjust, somehow, to crowd the men and girls into the mills as thick as they can work, and not provide so but that they all may be burned to"-"Mary, bring those three men back," interrupted Mr. Breton. "But they are on the street by this " 'It makes no difference," and the choleric

old gentleman brought his fist down with a

crash on the table. "Go after them if you ave to chase them a mile. Bring them back. The little office clock ticked its loudest to reak the silence until the door opened to let in the returning committee. What could it mean? Mr. Breton stood with his back turned to them, drumming on the window pane, while Philip, pale and uncomfortable. ooked nervously at his father and then at

the three awkward figures in the doorway,

with the breathless servant girl behind them

them, and it was only to-night I heard some waiting for startling developments. You can report to your meeting," said Mr. Breton in a constrained voice, without facing the workmen, "that my son will put on the fire escapes at his own expense. That

> The men were astonished. So the young mill owner's son had begun to redee his romise of the night of the fire. There were ough words of gratitude on their lips, their nearts were in a glow, after the first chill of appointment, but there was an influence in the little office that husbod their enger speech, and they only ducked their heads in wkward acknowledgment and followed the

"Did you suppose," said Mr. Breton in a almer tone as he left the window and took his chair by the long table, "that I was going to let you pay for those fire escapes? Not penny, my dear boy, but you can have the redit of it, discredit I should call it." He opened the drawer and drew out a sheet of

"The Breton Mills," was printed at the top. He dipped his pen in the ink and wrote in the Then he wrote the address, as follows: John T. Giddings, Esq., Attorney at Law,

42 Loring street, Lockout." "Please sit down, Phil. I am not much in the habit of talking of my business to anybody, but I presume it is your right to know this." Mr. Breton laid down his pen and clasped his hands behind his back. "I want to make this mill four times its present size; haven't the money, but other men have. I am going to take those other men in with

me, and then turn the whole thing into a corporation. Giddings is managing it for me. Philip's face fell. A corporation! Then all his thoughts of some day letting a little light into the lives of the villagers, so far always in the shadow, his dreams which had lent a new dignity to his life, were all for nothing. A soulless corporation, with nobody to blame for an act of injustice! How it would rivet the shackles of the poor past any power of his hands to loose them.

What is the trouble, my boy!" smiled his think you wanted the tough job I have had, over again. It is too much, too much for a man; why, I thought I was doing you a kindness. A man thinks, at first, he is strong, that he won't care for the murmurs and the drawn. threatenings of his help, but he gets tired. The amount of power, almost like God's, Philip," said Mr. Breton excitedly, "almost like God's, which a big fortune gives a man, is too much, too much." He came around the table, and put his hand on his son's shoulder. "The people are poor and unhappy; we can't thut our eyes to it. Don't we all wonder," he went on in this new, strange mood Philip was fairly startled at, "don't we all wonder what life is worth to them that they are so hungry for the bread that keeps the breath in them! And they all blame the men who own the mills; they think it is our hardness and injustice. A man may know he is all right, that rich men have always done as he is

doing, that the few always have the best of

everything, and seem to deprive the mastes

of their rights. But it wears on a man; he

wants to get behind somebody or something occasionally." The little office clock ticked on restlessly or another week, and Philip had come to feel that to be in love may be the most terrible misfortune of a man's life. His pride had not let him call again on Bertha for days of distress, days of hot, dry wretchedness, whose dawn was a new, pitiless reminder of his quenchless passion that met only insult. It was insult, as he felt it, for a lover has sensibilities painfully acute, and can detect the slightest change in a woman's relations with him, by signs too subtle for unstimulated observation. A hair's breadth variation in tone makes invsterious revelations. sweet or bitter to him; a shade of expression in the beautiful blue eyes, has a meaning clearer than words, to thrill him with hope, or plunge him into despair. And in those days, too, he found time to remember how unloverlike Bertha had always been to him, and the many times she had met his order with coldness, with all the instances of hardness and neglect she had meted out to his de-

that will not be forgot. How he had fooled himself, and yet he had been so happy in his There came a light tap at the door. He closed the drawers and turned about in his chair in time to see Mary, the maid, enter with a letter for him. He glanced at the writing, and then was so angry at the sweet glow about his heart that he tossed the letter carelessly on the table.

votion, rose up in his mind like hideous sins

The maid had lingered with a woman's unwearying taste for sentiment; but now she slammed the door on him and went bridling down the hall in high dudgeon. "He's a pretty beau, he is," she muttered "if I was that girl of his I'd teach him to

treat my love letters that way." But the maid did not see, for the door was shut, what might have better suited her ideas of propriety. Her young master had torn open the envelope and read the three lines of the letter before Mary had finished her disgusted soliloquy. Then he reread it a dozen times and behaved generally in as foolish a fashion as the most exacting sweetheart could have desired. But there were only three "I have not deserved it, I do not deserve

But where was his sullen determination never to see her again? Had he forgotten so soon that she had never loved him? But he remembered that moment that to-morrow was the day she had promised to let him talk of marriage to her. There was a new flush on his face, which any woman might have thought handsome now, and a new bright light in his eyes. Why, it was near 7 o'clock now. And he rose to go out. "Bah!" It was his father who opened the door and came in, tearing a scrap of paper

it; but will you call before 7 to-night?

between his fat fingers. But Philip thrust his letter into his inside pocket, and then made sure it was safe, as if it were a precious ticket of admission. "My dear Phil, if there ever was a man fool enough to try and give the poor what they want, they would lead him the wildest kind of a wild goose chase, I can tell you. You'll

The mill owner rose to his feet with a see yet I was right about those fire escapes. Since they have got those the help are clamoring for something new ever day. They deprinciples of political economy, but always vote all their spare time wing to think of had some particular hardship of their own to some Right they are kept out of. I suppose urge against its beautiful theories, as if what | the ninnies imagine the milis ought to be run made the rich more rich must not in some in their interest," and Mr. Breton smiled at way help the beggars even that cringed at the absurdity of the idea conjured up. Then he tossed the torn bits of paper into the wasto basket. "There goes one of their warnings: if you don't bother me too much. I have I have burned a dozen within a week. 'If I don't do this or that, my wills will stop,' they read. I wouldn't wonder if a strike was brewing. I only hope they will give me one more day. They might scare some of the apitalists if they should make a disturbance to-morrow, but after to-morrow it will be too

late. They can do their worst; we shall al-

ways have the whip hand of them."

"Is your corporation actually going to be started to-morrow?" exclaimed Philip, breathlessly; "I didn't know but it was given up." "I never give anything up, my son. But you can help me a good deal if you will. The hands trust you, they would do as you urged them. You understand how to talk to them. Yes, you do; don't stop me; didn't your ready tongue save the mill once, the night of the fire? Now, just you run down town, go into their meeting, if there is any, calm them down some way, I don't care how, last thing I expected, that my own son would | Philip; all I want is one day more. If they

they'd ever get after that from me, though You see they won't gain anything either way, strike or no strike, but you see I might

Philip moved toward the door in silence To-morrow goodby to hope from any help of his, and his father expected him to-"That's right, my boy; don't delay; I am expecting a man here every minute, and

"But, father, I can't"-"Yes, you can. Ah! good evening, Mr. Giddings. My son, Mr. Giddings, my law-"But I must say one word to you." "No, positively not one moment, Phil; later on. Good night."

> (Tobe Continued.) MISSISSIPPI METHODS

A Sample of Convincing Democratic Ar

How the last local election was carried Jackson, Miss., is thus described by The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette: There was a circular printed in red ink, scattered among the negroes for a week before the election, the true significance of which was seen in this cut, which dorned it:

The circular said: "Driven by no sudden passion or blind pulse, but actuated by a firm and de iberate sense of the duty we owe to ourselves and to our race, we hereby warn the negroes that if any one of their race attempts to run for office in the approach

ing municipal election, he does so at his supremest peril; and we further warn any and all ne groes of this city against attempt ling, at their ut most hazard, by rote or influence, to foist on us again this black and damnable machine miscalled

government of our city. The Democracy held a convention and dopted the following: Whereas, This convention having re-

ceived the assurance that hereafter no negro alderman or negro policemen will be a part of the city government, and that in the election to be held Monday next one but white men will vote, the negroes having voluntarily agreed to stay away from the polls, therefore, be it Resolved, That the Democracy of the ity of Jackson pledges itself that, so far

as it can govern, the election shall be fairly and peaceably conducted. And it was not sufficient for the colored people to submit—they had to publish their weakness and submission by holding public meeting and proceeding as fol

Whereas. The colored people have been reliably informed that the Democratic club or committee of Jackson has invited Democrats from various other places and adjoining counties to be here election day for the purpose of preventing the colored voters from participating in the city election next Monday, Jan. 2, 1888, therefore Resolved, That in the interest of peace

and harmony and the protection of life roperty, the colored people refrain from voting or in any way participating in Resolved further, That the colored candidates for alderman are hereby with-

ELIJAH ROBINSON, Chairman. H. T. RISHER. Secretary. Could any one not brutalized by indulg ence in Mugwumpery insinuate that there is a possibility that there could be an election like this in a northern state? Certainly not .- Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The Common Sense View of It. Busy people are not sitting up nights pacing the floor and plucking out their hair because of the "ad valorem" on "bicromate," or the "specific" on "potash; nor about the \$3 in customs duties annually collected on tin tacks. "Is the country fairly presperous?" "How much ahead am I at the end of the year?" is the business man's way of putting it. "Ho do my wages compare with the wages o European workers?" "Will my wages be increased by increasing the importation of foreign goods made by workmen earning less than half the wages I am paid?" i what the artisan and mechanic says. These are the questions.-New York

PITH AND POINT OF POLITICS. Bull's Eyes Made by Journalistic Sharp-

It strikes us that if the Democratic party can get along without Mr. Randall he will not be the greatest sufferer from the separation.-Kingston Freeman. The defeat of Mr. Randall may cost the

The Pennsylvania Democrats who sat down on Sam Randall will probably be eating humble pie when New York, New Jersey and Connecticut begin to sit down on free trade Democracy. - Baltimore American. Ex-Congressman Warner, of Ohio, says

Democratic party the loss of the next presidency.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

that the Democratic party cannot win another victory if it fathers the presidential message. And Mr. Warner is a dyed in the wool Democrat. But it isn't free trade wool. - Detroit Tribune. It seems that the Republican majority n Pennsylvania is not large enough for Congressman Scott. He proposes to dig

the Democracy a deeper grave. - Ogdens burg Journal. Senator Chandler must be doing good service for the Republican party, otherwise the Democratic papers would not abuse him so. The finest fruit is borne by the tree which the greedy ruffian clubs.-

Washington Republican. The latest thing in neckwear-the Democratic tie.—New York Tribune. The Pennsylvania Democracy is in a suicidal mood. Randall and protection have been thrown over together by the

state committee.—San Francisco Post. "I love him for the enemies he has made," said Gen. Bragg, of Cleveland Bragg must be just boiling over with

affection now.—Albany Journal. No party, any more than an individual can afford to have all its eggs in one basket. Supposing Grover Cleveland should die to-morrow, what then?-Springfield Republican.

If the Hon. Roger Quixote Mills cannot manage the house to the extent of bring ing about an ordinary adjournment for one day without being snubbed and laughed at, how can he hope to induce that body to pass his forthcoming tariff

bill!—St. Louis Globe-Democrat. David B. Hill's chance for that ination doesn't seem to be quite so had a "risk" as it did .- New York Tribune. Hubert Herkomer says Americans think quickly. Even Grover did some rapid thinking when he heard from the New York state committee. - Syracuse Stand-

What a joke it would be on the Mug wumps if Governor Hill, of New York should be nominated for president instead of Mr. Cleveland .- Chicago Herald. Mr. Cleveland is said to have confided to Mr. Lamont the view that the recent

gale was the worst that ever struck the state of New York.—New York Tribune. Evidently The Vicksburg Commercial Herald is not pleased with United States senators who favor an investigation of the election outrages at Jackson, Miss. It expresses its displeasure in the elegant declaration that "the white people of the south will fight them on that issue until h-ll freezes over, and then fight them on the ice."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

President Cleveland has been compelled to take cognizance of the recent election outrage in Jackson, Miss., notwithstanding the effort of his party to ignore and laugh down the disgraceful transaction. He has removed the Democratic United States marshal for participating in the bulldozing.—Philadelphia Press. There are strong indications that Ros-

well P. Flower, of New York, is preparing to break into politics again. If Mr. Flower should conclude after all not to go in, his bar'l will be accepted as an en-tirely satisfactory substitute.—Philadelphia Press.

Cleveland Not Following Arthur. The Mugwumps are attempting to re-lieve Mr. Cleveland from his tariff reform predicament by asserting that his position is the same as was that of President Arthur. But Gen. Arthur, in 1882 and 1883.

recommended the abolition of internal revenue taxes for the purpose of revenue reduction, except those on distilled spirits, ubstantially the ground taken by the Republicans at the present time. The two systems, the one advocated by Mr. Cleveland and the other by Mr. Arthur, are as wide apart as the east from the west.—Plattsburg (N. Y.) Telegram.

The Voice of Labor Raised.

The convention of the Workingmen's assembly of New York state adopted the following resolution at Albany: "Whereas, the president of the United States, in his annual message to congress, has recommended a sweeping reduction of

the present tariff.
"Resolved, That it be the sense of this convention that we are opposed to any reduction that may bring the product of foreign underpaid labor in competition with the people of free America, and that we favor a tariff for protection as well as for revenue."

Personal. Mr. N. H. Frohilehstein, of Mobile Ala., writes: I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis and Catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I

which I can recommend. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottles free at Dowty & Becher's

had tried other remedies with no good

result. Have also used Electric Bitters

drug store. No lock will hold against the power of

Sore throat may be cured in a few hours by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm when the first symptoms appear. If the case is a bad one, thououghly satarate a flannel bandage with it and apply to the throat. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy should be taken internally and a cure is certain. Sold by Dowty &

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A positive cure for liver and kidney troubles, constination, sick and nervous headache and all blood diseases is "Moore's Tree of Life." Try it. Sold by Dr. A. Heintz.

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He that strikes with his tongue must ward with his head. I am selling "Moore's Tree of Life'

and it is said to give the very best satisfaction. Dr. A. Heintz. The tongue talks at the head's cost.

Wonderful Cures. W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail druggists of Rome, Ga., says: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for four years. Have never handled remedies that sell so well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by Dowty

& Becher. Let none say, I will not drink water.

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He is not poor that hath little, but he that desireth much.

barm is done.

Try Moore's headache cure, it beats the world. For sale by Dr. A. Heintz. Be not idle, and you shall not be longing.

Try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and you will be convinced that it is a perfact treatment for coughs, colds and hoarsness. Sold by Dowty & Becher. He that burns his house, warms him

self for once. Good Wages Ahead. George Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, can give you work that you can do and live at home making great pay. You are started free. Capi tal not needed. Both sexes. All ages. Cut this out and write at once; no harm will be done i you conclude not to go to work, after you learn

all. All particulars free. Best paying work in

All is not gold that glitters. A blustering night a fair day. -

The First Symptoms

Of all Lung diseases are much the same feverishness, loss of appetite, sore throat, pains in the chest and back headache, etc. In a few days you may be well, or, on the other hand, you may be down with Pneumonia or "galloping Consumption." Run no risks, but begin immediately to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Several years ago, James Birchard, of Darien, Conn., was severely ill. The doctors said he was in Consumption, and that they could do nothing for him, but advised him, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine, two or three months, he was pronounced a well man. His health remains good to the present day. J. S. Bradley, Malden, Mass., writes :

Three winters ago I took a severe cold, which rapidly developed into Bronchitis and Consumption. I was so weak that I could not sit up, was much emaciated, and coughed incessantly. I consulted several doctors, but they were powerless, and all agreed that I was in Consumption. At last, a friend brought me bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. From the first dose, I found relief. Two bottles cured me, and my health has since been perfect."

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> God strikes not with both hands, for to the sea he made heavens, and to the rivers fords.

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