

BY CHARLES J. BELLAMY.

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(Continued from last week.) CHAPTER XII.

A NEW GALATEA. Bertha rose from her chair slowly, like one in a dream, and looked long and earnestly at Philip as he came toward her. There was a red spot on either cheek, and her eves seemed preternaturally large and bright. At first he fancied it was out of joy at seeing him. Then she smiled as if she had not thought of it before, but with a strange gentleness that was intensely pathetic

"You don't come as often as you used, but you have always been very good and kind to me, Philip," she said vaguely, as if rehearsing the virtues of the departed. His heart came into his throat, and he

could not speak. Was this her coming back to him? It was more like a funeral. She motioned him to sit near her, and then started and seemed to listen. "Have I been very cold and hard with you

Philip, when you wanted me to love you? She laid her hot fingers on his hand, but her eyes wandered lingeringly around the parlor

"It is nothing, my own sweetheart," he answered her anxiously; "only say you love me

She did not seem to hear him. "I must have made you suffer. I did not understand, you know, what it all meant." She had taken his hand, and bent over toward him with a troubled look on her face. She rested one hand on his shoulder, and her lips almost touched his forehead.

"Do you forgive me?" she said softly, and yet her voice was as dispassionate as ar angel's whisper.

"Why, there is nothing to forgive," Philip answered, his words of love frozen on his lips, there was something so terrible in the mysterious mood that was upon her. "But do you remember," he added with a forced smile, "what you promised for to-morrow?" "To-morrow?" she drew back from him fearfully; "to-morrow," she repeated as if the word had some mystery in it, "Have I promised you anything for to-morrow?"

It was not Bertha Ellingsworth at all, as he had known her-it was rather as he had dreamed she might be. In the common est of women are elements of character, germs of emotions, that in their height and fused together can glorify her to a creature of resistless power and dignity, with holy fire shining in her face. It is the sleeping goddess men worship in women, for worship is the truest form of love, and when that worship is lost the part of love for which a man | the roof, but he felt himself in an agonizing would make a hero of himself and rise above every groveling taint in his nature is lost, too. A woman may sin and not repent; she may seem as shallow as the surf on the shining sand just before its ebb, but so long as a man believes in the goddess in her he waits on her folly, he strives to gild over her sin in ennobling reverence for her possibilities. "Why, to-morrow was the day you prom-

ised to let me talk of"---"I remember." She drew back from him and clasped her white hands for a moment over her forehead; "and have you been thinking a great deal of it?" "Why not to-night, Bertha?" he begged in

sudden fervor. But she started to her feet like one in mortal terror. "Oh no, not to-night!" Then she came near him again, and looked down with a new sad smile as he held her hand to his lips, "You don't mind very

much, do you? I am not very much of a woman really," she said wistfully, "if it wasn't for the habit you have fallen into." Then she glanced at the clock on the She followed him to the door. "How sad the moonlight is. I am afraid

of it," she said as she held out her hand to

Then he heard a broken voice coming, it seemed a long way to his ears. "Oh, Philip, aren't you going to kiss me good-good night?" His passion he had thought crushed came

over him in a storm. He gathered her yielding form in his arms as if he never would lose her again, and kissed her trembling, answering lips a dozen times and her wet, anx-

"Bertha, I will not go," he whispered hurriedly. "I cannot leave you so." But she had gently released herself from his embrace. She tried to smile at him

through her tears. "No, no, you must go." Still he hesitated till a strange eagerness came into the blue eyes. "No, no, you must go. Goodby,

As he went down the steps and out of the gate, the chill of the last expression in her eyes hung about his heart. Then he stopped and looked about. She had closed the door, but something white fluttered on the step. It was her handkerchief, with the perfume she always used in its delicate folds. He carried it to his face-it was almost as if he touched her. He stood hesitating a moment -a moment big with issues to them both. He remembered her tender words and the rare caresses she had had for him; he forgot the undertone that had so painfully interpreted them. It was as if he had tasted of some priceless vintage of wine. He would return in an hour and taste again. Ah, he had waited patiently for the moment when this woman of stainless marble would turn to flesh! And now his foolish heart counted all its hard lessons for nothing, but beat high with triumph. "To-morrow." She understood him, then, but how modest and timid she was. To-morrow would be for them both the brightest day of their lives. She was not startled at herself now, no wonder, at the revelation of the depths of such a heart. She wanted a little time to calm herself; to get wonted to the new woman that looked out of her eyes.

He had made up his mind, and the moon went under a black cloud for anger. But it was only for an hour; then he would come

Market hall was crowded, and Curran was speaking at a pitch of impassioned eloquence beyond anything Philip had ever heard. "What overwhelms you is your own energies fused into weapons of deadly warfare; it is their cunning which turns your myriad hands against yourselves. Where else can they find the force to vanquish you? The rich are but few. Whose hands but yours are strong and numerous enough to carry out their plans? The longer you submit the stronger they entrench themselves with your flesh and blood. Every week some new trade | "My own son is to blame. With one word or profession is invented to make respectable and steady some new discovered method of living out of the poor; every month some new law is passed in the interests of the money

He paused for a moment and then went on with more bitterness. "Every month the upper classes grow more indifferent to the foundation on which they rest-of throbbing, agonizing human flesh. Not satisfied with the terrible natural distinction between wealth and poverty, they invent codes of manners and devise elaborate systems of what they mincingly call stiquette. Marriage with the poor is inexcusable. Even familiarity with inferiors-a great breach of "propriety" they call it. They ask not is a man honest and true hearted, is he kind? but is he wealthy or did he ever soil his hands with work! Not is a woman beautiful, is she modest? these are of little account; but is she well-that is, richly-connected? If her father cheats others she may be admitted to their circles; if he is unfortunate enough to be cheated, never. Ah, the shame of it, that makes no account of hundreds of millions of human creatures of untainted blood, of unclouded intellects, except as mere beasts of burden; to deny them social privileges, and whip the boldest of them back into the darkness of ignorance and contempt. All the lights of knowledge must burn for the few alone, all the soft influences of culture and the elevating pleasures from art and genius are for the few alone." He folded his

rms over his broad cheet and threw back his head in one of his grandest movements "And how have they earned the right to sweating under the burdens their white then, and not her! Why, it might have been

hands have put upon them? No carpets of priceless web are too fine for their lovely omen's feet, rubies are not rare enough for their jewels. Music beats out its heavenly armonies for them alone, with its treasured neaning of uncounted centuries. Painting ravishes their eyes alone with the picture realms of inspired fancy. Literature scrapes and cringes before them, with its stores of

Then he threw out his arms and came for-

ward to the edge of the platform, for one last personal appeal. A hundred that could not understand all he said, thrilled to vague revolt under his irresistible magnetic force. "Your bodies, whose only pleasure is sleep, whose only gratification is to still the daily recurring necessary hunger, your bodies could enjoy every luxury and beauty; ah, and the common Christian comforts would be sweetest luxuries to you, which have palled on the sated senses of the rich. Your minds and souls could grow fine and broad and calm in the education their pampered children scoff at; and the world progress more in a year than in centuries before. And you are a thousand to one; the joys and comforts, the blessed possibilities of a thousand lives against the insensate greed of one man for more, and more he cannot eat, or drink, or enjoy. It is his madness that they do not confine such as he, who sets the world back ten years for one he lives. But when he opens his great vault to-morrow and sits down to count his ill gotten gains of the yeserday, let his heart sink within him; he has refused his workmen the common rights of humanity, and they will leave his mills to

rot in idleness. He took his hat from the table and strode down the aisle amid the excited applause of his audience and went out, not even once looking back. An awkward silence followed, but it was several moments before Philip braced himself to do what, perhaps, was his duty. Every eye was fixed on him as he made his way forward, not one there but believed he was their friend. Had he not put on the fire escapes out of his own money in spite of his father! Many a whisper of commendation brought an answer of hearty good

feeling. One or two of the women in the calleries actually said he was handsome. "My friends," he began, but somehow he did not care to lift his eyes to meet the kind look in the trustful eyes, "I don't think there s any occasion, I mean, friends"---What did he mean, he knew better than

hey what occasion there was. How dare he ask them to wait and hope, for when had a corporation a heart for mercy? He knew better than they, that to-morrow would be the last day when a strike would be likely of any effect. They might defeat his father's scheme if nothing else, a scheme that would make them servants no longer of a man, but

of a pitiless business principle. He looked about the room at last; he read aright the confidence in the eyes of the company. He believed be might make them want but had he a right to ask it! Here were a thousand souls in the mills, impatient at injustice, as they thought; he could offer them no hope, not one straw; his hands would be forever tied after to-morrow. Had

he a right to restrain them! "Friends, I know not what to advise you since I am so weak to help you." He sat down and a cheer rang loud and hearty to position. On the great questions at issue berich and the poor, his mind was slow in coming to a conclusion. He admitted most that even Curran said, while he !istened, but how to help it was the question he ever asked himself. Surely nobody was profited by flying in the face of great economical laws. But then, what were laws, and what were fallacies! Well, if he did not know what was right, could be not follow bis father's urgent wishes? Was he making a generous return for the love his father had lavished on him, he should disobey him now! As he sat there his vivid imagination pictured the cor-

poration in operation. Some little injustice was being done, and he mentions it to the "Them's orders; you must overseer. see the superintendent." He could see it all so plainly. He knocks at the superintendent's door and is received with the attention due the chief stockholder's son; he sees his bland, smiling face, his sleek, well paid smile. He speaks of the rule which perhaps works to rob some particular set of hands wholly without their fault. "But I have no authority to change it, though it does seem hard; better see the

agent." Philip imagines his discouraged step, as he makes his way to the agent to be referred to a set of indifferent directors, who really know nothing about the matter, but I do not feel like running against the interests of the stockholders."

While Philip sat trying to grasp his duty of that moment, he became conscious that it was very still and that no one seemed disposed to follow him. Not a few impatient faces were turned askance toward him. He rose and crossed the room to go out, but almost at the door he hesitated. He must say comething.

"Perhaps it is not all quite as plain as you think. If by higher wages or shorter hours you made the profit on the mills smaller, are you not afraid other mills would leave us behind, being able to sell cheaper, or else the capital invested go elsewhere, where it can nake more profit! Now you get small wages for long hours, but in the other cases you might lose work altogether." Then he looked anxiously around and added hurriedly: "Mind, I don't say do this or that; I will not ask anything of you. But if there is a loss it

will be on you." When he left the hall he felt like walking about a little while, to calm his mind. He chose the route that would lead past the little tenement house where they had fed him with cold potatoes. It was only a month ago. He coked in through the windows. The sick voman yet lay on the sofa, the same soiled plaid shawl for her coverlet; there was the same bare deal table, and a pair of dingy chairs before it. The desolation made his heart sick. Then he looked up at the windows of the attic chamber where he had slept that other night. It was all dark, but he imagined the glaring white walls, with the queer little block of a looking glass hanging there, and the backless wooden chair that had to serve for a washstand, and his low bed, with the girl's shawl for his counterbane. What great things he had dreamed that night, he should do for the new cause that had fired his heart, new to him, but old as civilization. He turned away with a pain in his heart, a pain for the wrongs of the millions of the sons of toil who have never come into their inheritance. He turned up the road that led to his own home on the hill; ne could see the gleam of bright light from his father's study, where with his smooth faced lawyer, he was perfecting his plans for the morrow. And then he seemed to hear his own words and his own tone as he had spoken in the meeting echoing oddly in his ear. Had he undutifully sacrificed his father to his help, and would it be from his fault the strike he feared would come tonorrow! Could his father point his trembling fingers at him when the mills should stop, and the prospective stockholders de-

cline the investment to-morrow and say: ne could have prevented it." Then Philip turned his back to the lights that seemed to reproach him intolerably, and walked slowly down the hill again. Ah! what fear for capital, it always shifts its ourden upon labor.

A woman's form came quickly out of shadow, and laid a hand on his arm. It was Jane Graves, with a shawl over her head, servant girl fashion, but was it the ghastly effect of moonlight on her face that made i "Wasn't you at Miss Ellingsworth's this

evening f "Why, yes," he looked at her in astonish ment, "and I was just going there again." "I didn't know but she might be with you.

I was at my father's, and when I came back, I couldn't find her, and her hat and shawl were gone." "She has gone out with her father, perhaps," suggested Philip, startled more by her manner than her words.

evening. And you know she never goes out "Sometimes she does," he said, as he went with the girl. "I met her quite away from home one night, but she seemed a good deal frightened.'

"But he has been up at Mr. Breton's all the

"When was it?" Jane Graves stopped short, and when he had told her a quick, involuntary cry escaped her lips, and after that he had almost to run to keep up with her. Now and then he tried to laugh at the terrors this foolish servant girl had put into his mind. But could it be Bertha had taken another evening walk! She was too beautiful call themselves mankind, to drink alone at | for the exposures of common life. Was heaven the fountains of knowledge and inspiring envious of such happiness as he had expected beauty, with never a share for the millions in their reconciliation? Why not strike him,

she had tried to overtake him, to call him back. "Hurry faster," he muttered, catching the girl's arm roughly.

CHAPTER XIII. CLASS PREJUDICE

But the house looked so sedate and altogether respectable that it seemed impossible but that everything was as usual inside. The door stood invitingly open, as it should on such a balmy summer evening, the light streaming bountifully out on the walk. A catastrophe surely would have left some sign, some fatal mark somewhere to curdle one's blood from afar. How foolish of this black eyed maiden and him to rush at the top of their speed in an agony of suspense only to find Bertha sitting at the parlor table mild eyed and serene as he had used to know her! She had only stepped across the street perhaps. How she would wonder to see him hurrying in his unreasonable fear into her presence! But he would pour into her ears such a torrent of words of love that she would him a thousand times that he had come back, and their happiness would date from

to-night. Perhaps she had tender confinces for him, too, of how wonderfully she had grown into the love he had longed for, and she would whisper to him that the few weeks of estrangement had been a blessing of God for her, and he need never again complain of the coldness of her love. Life is not so serious and tragical an affair as one some times thinks; things don't always plunge into the ruin they are pointed toward. By the time Philip stepped into the door, had fully discounted his expected relief; indeed, had almost persuaded himself that he

sense in misgivings. But he did not find the blue eyed woman he wed at her parlor table. He looked for a crochet needle or a square of canvas, which might show the marks of recent work; but the round table was in perfect order. The little book shaped card basket stood near the bronze base of the drop lamp. A large red morocco bound volume, called "The Dresden Gallery," was tilted up a little by a blue and gold book of Swinburne's poems, on which it had been laid. The gracefully carved bookrack was full, all but one space the volume of ems might have fitted into.

had had no misgivings, there seemed so little

"Just as I arranged it after tea," said Jane Graves, moving uneasily about. 'For heaven's sake be still," he exclaimed. He stepped out into the hall, Why, here is her shawl," he said, with a

lightened heart. 'It is her heavy shawl that is gone;" the girl looked peculiarly at him when she added almost under her breath, "the one she takes on evening drives."

Philip shot a glance of sudden intelligence at her, and terrible suggestions and recollections came crowding their hateful meanings upon him. The mad blood seemed congesting about his heart, and yet his face blazed like fire. "Good God!" he shouted hoarsely, "if you dare to breathe it I will choke the envious life out of you." Then he caught the bell knob at the door and rang it fiercely, and then again, before its echoes had eased, and again and again. 'And is there another fire, your honor?"

The broad faced chambermaid had come from the kitchen and stood with arms imbo, trying to make her rich Irish voice heard above the sounding gong. "Do you know where your mistress is?"

"Didn't she go over to a neighbor's somewhere?" questioned Philip eagerly. "Not that I knows on, sir." "Has anybody been here! Didn't you tend

door, you ninny!" "The bell didn't ring till now, sir; but lave me think a bit," and the woman rubbed her head meditatively. "Quick," cried Philip, between hope and

Don't scare me, sir, or I can't do nothink." He moved his feet restlessly on the inlaid nall floor, and he had bowed his head as if studying the artist's design; but it was for fear he should catch some terrible significance in Jane Graves' black eves. He could hear her dress rustle; he knew she was looking at him, waiting for him to lift his face but he would not have met her eyes at that moment for all the world.

'Yis, there was a rumblin' team come up, and I thought I hearn a man come to the dure and thin go back; but the bell didn't ring, sir, and I didn't make no count on it. No. sir. I hevn't hearn missus movin' roun' sense, and I knows she be all over the house The creature's tongue was unloosed and

she kept on talking, but Philip had bounded up the broad stairs and thrown open the door of the room he thought was Bertha's. In another moment the gas blazed up to the ceiling and he stood, wild eyed, looking from side to side as if he thought to find a heart breaking story written all over the gold papered walls. Then his eyes became on the black walnut bureau with its long mirror coming down through the center. On the marble slab at the foot of the mirror he saw a satin covered handkerchief

case, and pinned upon it a piece of paper. In three steps he had clutched a little perfumed note, with a ribbon fastened on it as if for a signal, a delicate bow of white ribbon. Mr. Ellingsworth's name was written on it. It was all here, and yet Philip hesitated a moment as a man would hesitate to cut off a maimed and poisoned limb. And it was almost unconsciously at last that his nervous fingers tore the note open and let the bit of white ribbon flutter to the floor. He seemed to read very slowly and the flush faded from his face and left it very calm. There could nothing very thrilling written there surely. But every line and curve was branded forver on his heart.

"I have gone with Curran. I knew I could not stand your reproaches, but I can only be happy with the man I love. Society will disown me. He is more to me than all.

He crushed the bit of paper in his hand, and looked up to see Jane Graves standing in the doorway, pale as death. Beside her stood the red cheeked chambermaid, speechless again, this time with astonishment to see the oung man make so free in her mistress

ten out. Well, that is a joke; a man who don't wear cuffs, and Bertha loves him! Why, I never could dress to suit her." And he threw himself into a chair and burst into onvulsions of laughter till the tears came. Well, there may be something else," and stepped jauntily up to the bureau again. "Certainly, a jewel box with my name on oh! to be sure, our engagen.ent ring." He ld it up to catch the sparkle of the solitaire diamond. "Yes, yes, a very proper and delicate spirit. I wasn't mistaken in Bertha, she

always had a nice sense of propriety." He came a little unsteadily toward the two women. Jane Graves was pale and still as death, with her two little hands presed tightly upon her bosom. Philip wondered impatiently what was the matter with the girl. If he could treat the whole wretched siness like a huge joke, what the deuco them! It is mixing up flesh and blood with them spoils their grand effects. Men and women are only fit for the cheapest kind of low comedy. How it must amuse the immortal gallery gods when a man attempts to sustain the tragedy pitch in his experiences! If one can only get the true point of view, there is no such thing as a noble situation, a glorious victory or a desperate dilemma. The dignity of sorrow is a ridiculous misnomer. Everything is only more or less funny according to its pretentiousness—for example,

the astonishing denouement of his love epi-Now Norah, the chambermaid, with a face like a pumpkin and eyes like saucers, was a suitable lay figure for such an occasion. "Why, here, Norah, this is really a very good diamond. I bought it for the best; permit me to present it to you. Bertha, your late mistress, I mean, was a large woman; no doubt you can wear it over your little finger. Consider it as a reminder of this charming evening. Ah, let me put it on, you are not used to jewels—thus. Now, my love, you

He turned his strangely bright eyes wall at the foot of Bertha's bed. "My picture, too. How the girl's heart must have glowed night and morning over tt." He took it down and held it before him

may run down stairs and show your pretty

"A foolish face," he muttered between his eeth, the wild merriment fading out of his features. He bent and laid the picture glass upward on the floor, then he ground it viciously beneath the heel of his boot, and walked away without deigning to cast another look at it. Bertha's pure bed, which her graceful form

hed presed so many years an inscrutable

awe crept over him; it seemed implous to look; he fell on his knees and buried his hot face in the pillow where he fancied her head

had rested. "Oh, my lost darling, my lost Bertha, you have taken all the joy and hope of my life with you," and his slight frame shook with tearless sobs, like the death throes of a break-

ng heart. Then he rose in bitterness of soul to his feet. Was there no way to drown the deep settled pain about his breast? Were there no other women in the world? He had heard times enough there was no salve for a broken heart so quick and sure as another woman's

He almost stumbled over Jane Graves, who lay across the threshhold in a dead faint. It was but the work of a moment to bend over her and lift her in his arms. But he would not let her lie on Bertha's bed: no. not to save her life; and he bore her through the hall to another chamber. It was a slight girlish form he held, and need not have been unpleasant a burden. But he laid her down on the first resting place he could find, and lifted her feet with delicate gentleness on the bed. He removed the high pillows from under her head, so that she could breathe more easily, and, true gentleman that he was, covered her pretty feet and ankles with some light wrap.



He almost stambled over Jane Graves. A green tinted cologne bottle stood near by and he bethought himself to dash the cool contents into her face, and felt quite a doctor's surprise to see any good result follow his ministrations. The banished blood stole slowly back into her olive cheeks. He bent over her and lifted her shapely little hands, as dainty as a princess', and tried to arrange them in some graceful position. How pretty she was; if her lips were a little full that was a very pardonable fault.

A sudden mad thought warmed his body; why not wait till she opened her eyes, this charming little girl, and then swear to her that he loved her? What was love then that such a pretty face and form as this should not have it! She was no cold woman; her kisses and endearments-but his eves had grown cold and hard while he looked at her. I she were a Cleopatra she could be nothing to him, her kisses would only stifle him with her passion; her clinging soft arms about his neck would only strangle him. He knew to sorrow what it was to love, and no pretty sham, no matter how its voluptuous artifices might make his hot blood surge through his veins, could still for one moment the immortal longing it only mocked. She moved a little as she lay; and be started and went out. The girl's eyes opened slowly on the rich blue lambrequins and the rare frescoing of the room. She vaguely wondered for one de licious moment if she awoke some rich gentleman's wife and her old line of poverty was past forever. Why, she was in Mr. Ellingsworth's bed chamber! How came she here! And her hair was wet, and the ruffles on he neck were damp-it was cologne. Then she remembered everything, and rose from the august couch she had unworthily pressed. She laid back the great pillows and tried to smooth out the outlines of her form on the spotless counterpane and then made her way down stairs. The house was so still it frightened her; it was as if everybody in the world had died while she lay in her faint. The hall below was empty, too, and the outer door shut. She opened the parlor door; she felt as if she must find somebody to ease the tension

of her nerves. Mr. Ellingsworth sat with his head bowed on his hands; he knew it all; his home was desolated, his pride outraged. At the noise he uncovered his face for a moment and looked up, and the cruel light falling on his distressed face revealed the marks of age his tranquil course of life and selfish and complacent philosophy had so long softened and covered. He saw the graceful figure of his maid in a pretty attitude of hesitation on his pleasure. He was alone in the world but for er; deserted in his own home only for her. "Come here, Jennie," he said in a broken

She came into the room, and a few steps toward him. Then she stopped. Her face was almost as pale as when she fainted, but her black eyes shone with unusual feverish brilliancy.

"Give me your hand, dear." The girl started, and half turned as if to escape. Then strange thoughts darted through her brain. A warm, red flush mounted from her neck, and spread itself in tingling waves of shame to the very roots of her black hair. She came up to him, and reached out her little hand. He pressed it gently, then he laid it against his cheek. Her heart bounded in sudden revolt, but she controlled herself with an effort of sheer will. and did not move, but her startled eyes sought the floor. And so this was her proud

foolish and sentimental? it was no matter to anybody now, no one cared for her unkissed

And she kneeled by his chair, in a sudden mpulse she dared not define, not yet. She put her other hand in his, and lifted her dark, wet eyes to his face. Then he bent down to the upturned face, that never flinched, and in another instant he held in his arms her form that seemed to shrink only that he must clasp her the closer. "Will you be my wife, Jennie? I never

master. But what harm if he wanted to be

loved a woman as I do you. Will you be my wife, Jennie!" "Yes," whispered the red lips that never once turned away from his thick raining

In Bertha Ellingsworth's own parlor i was, with her mother's face looking down from the painted canvas, in the room where the daughter of the house had so coldly entertained the heir of the Breton mills. Ah! yes, and where she had taught Curran, the prophet of the poor, to love her, and she the very essence of the spirit he taught them to hate. But how her proud face would wince now! If she were only here! Her father, the haughtiest of men, to everybody in the was the use of her playing tragedy queen over great world beneath him cold as an iceberg, it? What child's play life's solemnest woes | they said, arrogant as any duke of courtly and failures are after all a man's dread of circle, could it be he praying, with hot brooth the love and the h maid! Could it be he holding her so fondly in his arms, where he might have gathered coy dames of the stateliest rank, lavishing honeyed words and mad endearments on his poor servant girl, whose only nice dress it was he was crushing so recklessly! Ah! it was worth the cost, if she had to tear her heart out, for all that wealth can buy will be hers She nestles her burning face on his shoulder and tempts him to new caresses and new words of folly, that he may not remember yet what a strange thing it is that he is ing; that he not think of repenting until his enthralled senses shall make him forget everything else rather than this sweet hour. Her wildest dreams are realized. She will be one of the rich and the great whom the rest of the world bow down to. She will make her husband's-yes, this man to be her husband, why should she be ashamed with himshe will make his friends all envy him his eautiful wife; and as for their faded, fashionable women, with limp backs and bloodless veins, how it will please her to study the signs of jealousy on their listless faces. And Bertha Ellingsworth's proud, false heart will sche with shame over the low born woman

whom her father has made his wife. "Has the train gone for the west!" asked preathless voice at the Lockout station. "It's thirty minutes behind its time." rowled the ticket agent. It was Philip Breton, who went back to the post to tie his horse more securely. "Poor Joe, poor old boy," the big white horse seemed more like to fall dead in his tracks than to try to break way. "A pretty hard gallop, wasn't it, Joe your breath will come easier in a minute, old

His time was precious, but he lingered in an uncontrollable terror of what he had come

so far to see. He had thought he wanted to make sure. There might be some mistake in the note, or even now, if she had changed her but it was all folly, he saw it now. He had forgotten all reason in one wild longing to see Bertha again. But what was the use of harrowing up his soul with new pictures he would pray God in vain to wipe out of his memory? But he had come so far, perhaps it would do no harm to look at her once more. He had turned and was walking along the platform, toward the ladies' waiting room. He glanced the long stretch of straight track and saw in the distance the head light of the engine, which seemed to him a

pitiless monster, hastening on to seize his darling and bear her to some hopeless region of eternal night. He must burry. Who knows! it might be fate had kept her rescue till this moment, and meant him to save her He pushed the waiting room door open. The seats appeared all vacant and expectant: a big russet apple had been dropped on one of them by some interrupted traveler, and in another place the carpet upholstery was specked with the white litter of a cracker and cheese luncheon. The whole atmosphere was too commonplace for a pair of runaway lovers. Philip took two or three steps into the room, but it was only as he turned to go back that he saw the settees were not quite

It was a group for a painter's loftiest genius, but the artist must have a faith in love, which the world has learned to scoff. The figure of the man may embod strength and dignity in unconscious perfection; it is bent now in a beautiful protective attitude toward the woman whose head rests on his shoulder. Her lips are parted to reveal the pearly gleam of her white teeth, but she does not smile. She has golden hair like a crown setting well down on the broad forehead, and there is the tint of red gold in her cheeks like a perpetual glow of sunset. But



what painter can catch the boly tenderness in the eyes that drink in her unsullied beauty. the breathless wonder, the rapt mystery in his softened face? What inspired brush can picture the quiver of the long, golden lashes against her cheek, and then the dreamy stirring of the eyelids that now open wide, so his impassioned gaze may thrill the liquid perfect for shame.

What was that sound so like a human sob arms! Why, it almost made them sob for sympathy, as if it came from a broken heart. Who ever heard the wind moan like that before, so short and sharp it was! But it must have been the wind, for they were quite alone.

(To be Continued.)

And the End is Not Yet. Opposition to Mr. Cleveland has developed in the Democracy of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Ohio and Indiana. In New York it has grown formidable. This business may yet unsettle the plans of the Republicans, who have been counting on the certainty of Mr. Cleveland's renomination. Dropping him now iike a cold potato would be a great disappointment to them .- Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

He Changes Ends Frequently. One of those useful Washington corre spondents who never let anything escape their eagle eye that the public wants to know, reports that the president took walk "on foot," the other day, with Sec retary Fairchild. The only thing remarkable in this arises from the current impression that Mr. Cleveland has been walking, for the most part of late, on his ear.-Springfield (Mass.) Union.

Indiana Will Be Redeemed. The Republicans of Indiana are organ izing for victory. They are very much in earnest, and believe they will win. More than that, they are perfecting party organization and will be out in full strength. The chances are that the days are numbered when Indiana can be counted as province of the solid south.-Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. War Declared in Ponnsylvania.

plied in the defeat of Randall. event can only mean that henceforth there can be no doubt under what fiag Pennsylvania Democrats fight. It is the black flag of the English free trade pirate. It means war to the knife and "no qua. ter."-Philadelphia News. A Historical Picture. W. H. Pratt, of Davenport, Ia., once wrote out the emancipation proclamation in such a manner as to have the letters

group together into a perfect picture of

Abraham Lincoln. The picture is now in

Penusylvania accepts the challenge im

the possession of the Iowa Historical society.-Inter Ocean. There Is Firing in Lienna s sear. While Kenna is haranguing at Washington in the interests of free trade the people of his state are holding public meetings and declaring for protection. The great tariff wave now rolling over West Virginia is an effectual reply Kenna's absurdities. - Boston Journal.

Heads I Win, Tails You Lose. Civil service reform, according to the president's new idea, means "we keep what we've got, and help ourselves to the rest." And the Mugwumps! They are Mark Tapleying it as best they can .-Hartford Post.

Because They Are Unanswerable. Cleveland's message has not brought ont a single strong defense against the Republican broadsides. Cleveland's message was a mistake.—Birmingham Age.

Circumstances Alter Cases. Since the change in the aspect of the Hill boom it is said that Cleveland is not tional convention held in New York city. "Thereby hangs a tale."—Burlington (N. J.) Reporter.

Might Go Farther and Fare Worse. Col. Dan Lamont is said to be laying pipes for his nomination as governor of New York, and some of the newspapers are laughing at him. Why? He hasn' made such a bad president.—Chicago Mail The Trainer Outrunning His Man.

secretary, is said to be scheming for the governorship of New York. Better hold off. Dan, your old chief may need it .-Peoria Transcript. Democratic Promises Don't Go, You Know. Somehow or other the fact seems to have been lost sight of that Grover Cieve-

Dan Lamont, the president's private

term promise. -San Francisco Chronicle. Echo from Albany Answers "Niz." Has Mr. Cleveland a monopoly of the right to be the Democratic candidate for president?-New York Sun.

land was elected on some sort of a one

It Will Be a Bitter Dose for Many. The position of The New York Sun in regard to President Cleveland is just this: 'We will support him for re-election if we must, but heaven deliver us from any such necessity."-Cleveland Leader.

war.-Washington Post, Dem.

The Democratic party has not won a

national victory on its own merits since the

PREPARED BY An Open Confession.

spring time."

The Issue Is the Same. The issue which the Republicans main-

tained and the Democrats avoided in 1884 has been prominently and specifically brought forward by the Democratic presdent, and cannot be hidden out of sight in 1888. The country is now in the enjoyment of an industrial system which in quarter of a century has assured a arger natural growth, a more rapid accunulation and a broader distribution of wealth than were ever before known to history. The American people will now be openly and formally asked to decide whether this system shall be recklessly

bandoned and a new trial be made of an old experiment which has uniformly led to national embarrassment and widespread individual distress.-Mr. Blaine's etter of Withdrawal. ione So Blind as Those Who Will Not See. It is only the Mugwump organs that uestion the houesty and sincerity of Mr. Slaine's letter, and they do so apparently on the ground that they cannot under-

stand it. By the same token and on well

defined analogy they perhaps doubt that

the sun shines for the reason that they

A Woman's Discovery.

can't see it.—Philadelphia Press.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a woman in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she Balm when the first symptoms appear. withstood its severest tests, but her If the case is a bad one, thousughly satvital organs were undermined and death urate a flannel bandage with it and apseemed imminent. For three months ply to the throat. Chamberlain's Cough she coughed incessantly and could not Remedy should be taken internally and sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. a cure is certain. Sold by Dowty & King's New Discovery for Consumption | Becher. and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus write W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby N. C .- get a free trial bottle at Dowty & Becher's drug store.

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He that labors and thrives, spins gold

George Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, can depths of blue. Let the artist fix them for- give you work that you can do and live at home, ever if he can-the smile that ripples at last | making great pay. You are started free. Capiout and write at once; no harm will be done if you conclude not to go to work, after you learn that startled the lovers from each other's all. All particulars free. Best paying work in

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Worth Your Attention. Cut this out and mail it to Allen & Co., Au gusta, 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 can do the work, and live at home also. Better write at once; then, knowing all, should you conclude that you don't care to engage, why no harm is done.

Pull down your hat on the wind's side.

The Verdict Unanimous. W. D. Sult, druggist, Bippus, Ind. testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years standing." Abraham Hare, druggist Belleville, Ohio, affirms: "The best sell ing medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters. Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood Only a half dollar a bottle at Dowty &

Becher's drug store. When God will, no wind but brings

I am selling "Moore's Tree of Life" and it is said to give the very best satisfaction. Dr. A. Heintz. 30-6m3 Say little and news will find you.

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