BY CHARLES J. BELLAMY.

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(Continued from last week.) CHAPTER XIV.

THE MILL OWNER'S TRIUMPH. The gray mists broke and the eastern clouds blushed red at the coming of the most ardent lover in the universe. His fruitful bride, earth, smiled her glad welcome up to him, but gave place to settled peace and love as the early hours went by. But it was the saddest day of Philip Breton's life, so terrible a thunderbolt had fallen upon him out of the clear sky.

A woman's hand had struck him; and he had looked to her for all the most precious experiences of life. Humiliation might have stirred in some hearts a blessed reaction to relieve their aching consciousness of loss; but the blow to his love and his hopes was so much heavier than the hurt of his pride that he did not think to be insulted, he was only overwhelmed There could be no escape for him; he had been so simple to give his whole heart to a woman before he had married her; to teach every taste to incline toward her; to suffer every little rill of tenderness and worship in his being to pour into his ideal of her. And all his plans touched ber somewhere; and all his thoughts, even such as she could never understand, wound about her personality as he conceived of it at some point in their processes. And now every hour of his life must be embittered by some reminder of what he had hoped for and lost. The balmy south wind that morning was like her breath; the soft murmur of the water in the raceway below the mill was like her voice; a blonde face looked down from one of the windows of the weave room, there was a flitting expression on it like Bertha. And

so it must be forever. At the head of the counting room table sat Mr. Breton, smiling and bland. Before him were piled the heavy tomes containing the records of his great factory: by his side stood two clerks to assist in handling and explaining them. Around the table, attentive and eager, were gathered as many as could get there, of shrewd, hard business men. A dozen more of the same unmistakable species, stood about the room and leaned against the windows, quiet and observant, listening to all that could throw any light on the matter under discussion. It was the momentous meeting of the prospective stockholders in the corporation looming up in magnificent proportions before their fancies.

The paymaster and the attorney stood at hand apt with suggestions; one of them had the emile born of fond hopes of unlimited fees; but the other an awkward fretted air at sudden change from one to so many superiors. The mill owner was detailing to this most interested audience the details of the flourishing industry he desired to enlist them in, and their eyes shone eagerly at the prospect of buying such stock at par. They magined their thousands doubling on their hands in such an investment, doubling withent an effort of theirs, doubling in spite of their idleness, which added never one stroke of theirs to the sum of the muscular force

that furnishes the wealth of the world. But what could possess Breton to make this change! Was he rich enough! Absurd! who ever was rich enough! Perhaps there was some flaw somewhere, and this cunning lawyer knew all about it. They must not let themselves be fooled, so they listened with still quickened attention, and waded suspictously into one after another of the big ledgers, for a few pages, to ferret out the

"The gentlemen may ask," Mr. Giddings, the lawyer, had noticed the puzzled expresnion on their shrewd faces, "why Mr. Breton makes this offer. From the amount of stock we propose to issue, it ought to be clear enough," and he laid his fat finger in the palm of his left hand. "He proposes to keep just as big an interest here as ever, but the plan is to make these mills, as they shall be extended, gentlemen, as they shall be exbended, the most stupendous manufacturing enterprise in the country. For that there must be more capital, and you are invited to

poin."

Philip had but little to say to the unwelcome visitors, whose carriages, of all varieties of elegance, lined the roadside without. He moved about among them more like a stranger than the least pretentious of them

"Ellingsworth, Mr. Ellingsworth," called Mr. Breton, "why, he was with me only last night. Can he be sick?"

Yes, sick with shame, and Philip thought how quickly the flush of pride would fade out of his father's pleased face, if he knewknew that his own son, the heir of his millions, had been discarded at last by the girl be had already taken into a daughter's place in his heart. And it was this same man Philip had defended and argued for, that had struck his deadliest blows at the mills, and now thrust his knife into the very home of the rich man. It would embitter the father's life, when he came to know of the broken heart his boy must bear forever-but

he need not know just yet.

Now and then the young man went out into the hall for a clear view of the massive mills, and glanced fearfully along their front. and listened. But the roar of the machinery did not abate, and through the jail like windows he could see the tireless men and women forms stepping backward and forward, raising and lowering their hands at the tasks that had ushered in their cheerless youth, and were wearing out their tedious lives. Very likely there would be no trouble; could it be they had been influenced by his words? God forbid that any such responsibility should rest on him. Once, a man appeared at a door. Philip's heart stopped beating for an instant; be thought him the first of a long line that would now rush forth from their prison. But the man only stood listlessly a moment as if there was absolutely nothing of importance on his mind, and then went back. So Philip returned to the office.

"Is that Breton's son, that young man who looks so pale? He don't seem to take much interest in this business." "I've always noticed business talent wears

out in one generation. The father carns and "True for you," said a third, apparently of brish birth. "Well, we won't want the boy's parvices when the old man dies." "Hush, Breton is talking."

"And, gentlemen, I have never known a strike here, though I certainly don't pay any more wages than my neighbors." There was a slight noise of something falling outside and Philip hurried out. The mill yard was as quiet as on Sunday; not a soul in the whole village apparently who thought of a strike but him. And whether he feared most an outbreak or a day of peace he could not

have told. "I wonder how the help will like the change," suggested a white baired old gentleman, with a grim smile.

These corporations are the nestest device of the century for a gagging machine. What the devil's the use of the belp grumbling, when there is nobody they can find to blame, only a fiction of law. Philip was standing near the speaker, and

was so galled by his complacent enjoyment of his own unfeeling philosophy as to venture to make a suggestion "Isn't it just possible that this complaining

you wish to gag has some occasion!" A dozen craned their sleek wise pecks. stare at the man who talked so wildly. "Why, my kind hearted young friend," replied the philosopher, glad of an excuse to

vent his practical wisdom, "don't you see the poor will complain until the whole vast distance between us and them is bridged over. We have got to protect ourselves, you won't deny that. I climb to heights on another's body. Everybody knows life is only a fight -the weakest goes to the wall. The poor are the weakest in this case."

Could the mill owner's son dispute such plain propositions? An odd silence pervaded the company. The gentlemen in the windows stopped talking to look at this curious young men, who seemed disposed to question the nest axioms of his class. His father hitched uneasily in his chair and rustled a brudle of papers to attract Philip's attention. What had got into the boy! But of what possible account was his

eyes were turned toward the mili owner, on own passion. The poor were avenged. God the course of whose ideas hung the fate of a | had taken judgment into his own hands, whole viliage. The clock struck 10.

"Gentlemen, you pronounce yourselves satisfied," he waited. His lawyer smiled omplacently, the paymaster and his clerks began piling up the books. "Well, then, there are one or two formalities, my lawyer informs me-What is that noise?" It was like a rising north wind, not a little

like the breaking of the angry sea on a rock bound shore. From the entrance to all the mills swarmed jostling human forms. A thousand heads turning at frequent intervals to catch courage from their numbers, gave an unpleasant snake like effect to the swaying columns which united as they swept on toward the mill yard gates. Philip Breton hurried back from the hall and threw open the office door. Within all was still as death. The complacent smile had died on the lawyer's lips. The clerks stood like statues, while the ruddy color slowly faded from his father's face, giving place to undefined dread of a danger that had elements no huwan arm could control. Kings and armies before him had trembled at the murmur of mobs till they learned how short lived was the mad fury of the people, no matter how terrible their wrongs, until they learned how certain was the disunion which made patient victims so soon again out of the flerce avengers of

"Do you ask what the noise is?" cried Philip from the doorway. "It is a strike at last, see for yourself."

The sight of the mill hands in open revolt, untouched by the motives that commonly restrained them, at once awed Philip, and determined him to oppose their violence with his life if need be. The mill yard gates were hastily unlocked by the frightened janitor, and as the first excited throngs, like a mation escaping out of bondage, swept through them, only one man stood calmly watching from the counting room plazza. In the front rank ran some little children, whose faces, that should have been rosy in the first bloom of life, were pinched and wan instead. Play hours and merry sports were unknown to them. What their baby fingers could earn was the merest trifle, but it cost them the only hours that could ever be free from care. A number of them were deformed from a neglected infancy; they had to learn to be still because it hurt them to fall-tenderer essons there was no time for. Then came the girls, chattering, and nervously pulling their shawls about their shoulders. as if it were winter. One and all seemed to wear the plaid shawl-badge of their vocation-and there was the same dull yellow hue on their cheeks, the same lines of weariness on every face. Few of them looked well; girls ought to be petted a little; but the dreary monotony of their ill paid work had frowned on their childhood as it cursed them now. And instead of resting while they might ripen into bealthful, happy women and blessed mothers, their unknitted frames and soft muscles must work like their starving fathers and brothers. It is only the women of the rich whom the sentiment of chivalry is for. In every eye was the duliness that comes when hope goes, and the vague, delicous dreaming, the eternal privilege of girlhood, is broken rudely upon, when love has no more of its ideal glory, and all the beauty of purity and refinement is lost in the gross struggle for something to eat. The gentle,

But Mr. Breton had pushed his chair to one side and was making his way through the group of his friends with hardly a word. The rest tried to smile, but he was far too angry. "Don't go," urged his lawyer, imperatively laying his hand on his shoulder. "don't think of it, you can do no kind of good, and they will only insult you."

uddling, awkward creatures were only

"Insult me!" he repeated between his teeth. Then he stopped, and suddenly faced about. He frowned fiercely on the cautious business men, whom he knew full well had lecided to give him the lurch. "If I had a pair of horses who behaved badly, they are stronger than I, but I would whip them and starve them till they forgot it." If he could subdue his own rebellious factory hands, and turn them back to their work like whipped beasts, he knew these timid counselors would come back into his office and put their names o his corporation scheme, if not- He bit ais lip and pushed on out of the door. His help had never dared think of mutiny before; he had fancied they were afraid of him. Five minutes more would prove

whether they were or not. In a moment more he stood beside his son. who watched, pale and stern, from the counting room piazza; behind him his lawver, whose face, deserted by smiles at last. ooked almost unfamiliar; and still further back a few of the boldest of his visitors. "For God's sake-go inside," whispered Philip between his set teeth, "you will only make them angrier."

"Truckle to my own belp, shall If" repeated his father in his harsh, grating mill shoulders, and looked commandingly at the

crowd. He could not understand why they were not afraid of him. Had he not been the dispenser of bread, almost of life or death to them, for twenty years? They were will, and was it any less so today! They might be ever so numerous and strong; the subtle machinery of the laws and the ingenuity of capital put them at his mercy. He frowned majestically on the women and children; where would their dinners and suppers come from! Where could they lay their foolish heads to-night if he chose to punish them! But they only laughed in a novel sense of freedom as they hurried by to

enjoy their whole holiday. Then came the men, with the hard, set look on their faces that should have warned the mill owner that this was not the moment for him to assert too boldly the sovereignty that had made their whole lives a barren waste. The word had been passed from lip to lip that Mr. Breton was at the counting room door, and very angry. But his son, who had shown himself their friend, and who had been too honest with them to give them false counsel, stood with him, and the men meant to show him the respect he deserved and march by in silence. Still the seeds of old wrongs and daily repeated privations had borne a bitter fruit in every heart. and many a sullen look of hate Philip saw on

"Stop, stop, I say," shouted Mr. Breton. A murmur ran through the crowd and they stopped. Philip saw the willingness of the halt. It had irked them to go by, without one word to relieve the universal sense of justice that had seethed so long in their

"You will do well to let them go in peace, muttered Philip, in a constrained voice, "the poor creatures will have to come back again when they are hungry." But his father did not appear to hear him. His face had flushed crumson, and he seemed to have quite lost his self command, as he shook his fist at the sullen crowd that widened every moment.

"Do you think you can force me, you beg-

courage divided the indignation of his and learned again for very pity to love him. strange audience, and the first response was | If she had only waited another day! But no as much applause as anger. "No!" he shouted, in a voice shrill with excitement. "You shall every one of you starve first. You get more wages than you

earn now. Do you know what this strike will fetch you?" His lawyer plucked at his sleeve. That man of discretion did not like the expression on the faces of the workmen nearest to the

"This is quite uncalled for, my dear Breon, and not only that," be added, "but decidedly dan"-But the excited proprietor shook off his arm and stepped forward, trembling with

mpotent wrath. "I will tell you," he cried. "I will out your pay down 10 per cent. more." A murmur started on the outskirts of the crowd, and swelled into a roar at his very feet, while the mass of ill clothed humanity swayed tumultu-

Philip saw that a catestrophe was immi nent. The excited workmen avoided his anxious eyes, and there was a power of wrath in their slightly stooping attitude, like a panther, before a spring. Their faces, too, were lit up with a fierce glare, like some long caged beast that has burst his bars. Injustice after all is an uncertain foundation for riches, when it is thrilling human beings who suffer. He rushed boldly forward to save his father from violence, apparently he was absolutely blind to the peril in which he stood. Mr. Breton's face had grown suddenly purple. "I'll teach you to brave me. I'll starve

your obstinacy out of you, before one of you omes back into my mill." He threw up his hands in distress, reeled backward before their astenished eyes, and fall into the arms of his one, a victim of his



His friends bore his stricken form from within, out of the sight of the people. But be had tamed the mob at last, though it took his life to de it. A hush as chill as the breath of the death angel's wings had fallen upon them. They waited with the patience of their class, they watched doctors come and attendants hurry to and fro, but ne one told them what had happened. Nothing but glances of hate were cast at them, till at last Philip Breton himself, with a new desolation his face, came out alone on the piazza. Some fancied he stood unsteadily as if a vital prop had been taken away, others saw a new

e and dignity in his thin, beyish face. My father did not finish his speech," he enid, with scathing satire in his voice; "I will finish it for him." They would have horne all the reproach he might have heaped upon them, but he only said, "Will you go back to work?" His voice began to break as he added, "My father is dead, and I want to take him home." Not a man, woman or shild but werked

hed triumphed. CHAPTER XV.

out their tasks that day. Esskial Broton

A HOLIDAY. The streets of the little village are alive with the people commonly shut up in the great mills out of night. It was only one man dead, the world in which he moved crowded along, and if he had come back even so soon, he would have had to make a place for himself, as when he started first. Another man was born the minute he died, and the ranks were always kept full.

There was a holiday at last, and the people were the nearest they could get to holiday dress. The husbands and fathers had but few changes to make. Their aprous, if they were fortunate enough to have them, were off, and their overails; their sleeves were rolled down, too, revealing the wear of storm and sun on the cheap stuff of which the clothes of the poor are made. But the young men had, most of them, some flashy color about their necks, and wore some threadbare black coat, with here and there a whole shows suit, bought regardless of the poverty that stared them in the face. The higher scant pennice to disguise in the livery of the prosperous the poverty that the world makes at once his misfortune and his disgrace. Most of the girls, too, had gilt or rubber jewelry in abundance, rich looking chains about their necks, and the most elaborate and nassive earrings. They were flashing ribbons of the most startling colors, and for dresses cheap flimsy imitations of the most

costly stuffs. All had gathered near the Breton mansion. The door was hung with black crape in voluminous folds. A melancholy hearse, with plumes waving the insignta of woe, was at the gate. But the faces of the multitude were happy, even gay, and the murmur of their voices had no cadence of sadness. Yet for one moment they were quiet. It was when eight bareheaded men, with awe in their faces, the awe of mortals in the presence of the grand mystery of death, came slowly out of the erape hung door bearing between them the deposed lord of the house. Then appeared at the door the face of the heir, young Philip, pale and grief stricken, and an involuntary hum of greeting met him from the people who lined the roadside and hustled the carriages in waiting. He was their hope, their trusted deliverer, their friend who had seen how hard their lives were, and had once promised to help them. His words that night of the fire had sunk deep into their hearts and been repeated from mouth to mouth, with many an addition of an eager imagination. To be sure, he had done but little to fulfill his promise. But there were the fire escapes to bear witness to his hor sty, and his father, the one they were expe ed to mourn for, was a hard man to move. ad the young man not admitted in their meeting he was too work to help them! New be was untrammeled; the unquestioned owner of the Breton a thousand, and he one, but for thirty years | Mills; his wish was the sole authority hencetheir fate had trembled in the balance of his forth, and he wished kindly to them. His word the only law throughout the great factory, and he had given his word to help them. Not a soul but believed in the dawn of a vague day of general happiness. Few had clear ideas of the elements of their long wretchedness. They thought everything was wrong in the system under which the poor were so unhappy, and the remedy that cocurred to their minds was, of course, to change everything. Ne more long hours, no more scant pay, no more favoritism; all should have alike. No more strikes or conflicts or complaints or bitterness were

dreamed of, for there would be no hardships seemed a year since he had lest her, and he wondered with a dull ache in his beart where

she could be after se long a time. Then it seemed but an hour, so fresh was the wound in his heart. It was her place, that empty seat by his side, in this supreme moment of his desolation. She could comfort him in his loneliness, the most terrible rushing loneliness, that in the midst of a multitude. Perhaps he was weak, too weak for the stern requisitions of his destiny. Perhaps there was not enough of the sturdy element in his character. He would rather have leaned on some other brave heart than stand out alone before the world, better formed for the gentle graces of a friend than to wield undismayed the ponderous weapons of wealth and power. He would have been etter to nurse the sick and comfort the fallen, than to be ordered to the front of the battle, where to be still is infamy, and to fight death to some pitied foe. And there was not one human being near or dear enough to him to instil one spark of new courage into his heart, or brighten by one smile of love the darkening desolation that seemed to have settled over his life. If Bertha had only waited another day she gars? For a moment admiration for his | could not have gone. She would have staid doubt the very weakness in him that cried out for her made him incapable of holding her love. It is hard to confees to oneself, his soul is too poor and small for the woman of his choice to love. But that was the depth of humiliation Philip Breton had reached as he lay back on his carriage cushions. At

least he was generous to make an excuse, even at the moment of his greatest need, for the woman who had deserted him. He heard voices from without. He had no interest in what any one in the world might my, he thought, but these words were the first words that fell upon his ear. "Sick is it? Well, cheer up, girl, the young boss will make it all right. Yer all tired out

and ye niver was fit for much any...ow." "Will be give us doctors, too?" "Why not? he has 'em when he's sick. It's just as right we should, as works our best for him when we're well."

Philip was fairly startled into momentary forgetfulness of his sorrow. But the carriage moved along a few feet and stopped again. Were the people mad! Was it his duty to keep a free hospital and teach the sick to come whining to him for charity, when ill! Wouldn't it spoil them, to say nothing from the business point of view? He began to sympathize more than ever with his father's perplexities, and to feel that perhaps, after all, his solution of them was the only practicable one. But he heard the rustle of a woman's dress beside his carriage where it

"Isn't it splendid to have a whole holiday?" said a fresh, girlish voice. "This isn't the last, Molly," replied a man who stood right against the carriage door. "They say we've not to work but four days a

Philip frowned very unpromisingly, but the girl said: "And how can we git along on much less

"Why, the wages will be more instead less. I guess you don't understand." Nor did Philip, but the carriage rolled along before the young man could explain, and stopped by another group.

"Only eight hours a day and every hand will get just the same. No more favoritism. Who told me? Why that's been the plan all along, only the old man wouldn't agree. Now it's goin' through, though." The other man laughed. "Well, I don't see how the young boss is goin' to make the mill pay that fashion, but that's his lookout."

"Pay!" repeated the sanguine prophet. Why those looms just turn off sheets of The horses started once more and Philip Breton sank back again on his seat. The people had cost him his bride and his father.

They had wrecked his life, and cast him on a

shore of barren wastes, with never one foun-

tain of hope for his famished soul.

And now, with stupid and yet pathetic trust, they looked to him to devote his fortune and hinself to them, never questioning but a word of his, a stroke of his pen, would let perpetual sunlight into their lives. That evening he sat alone in the little study in the house that had been his father's. The house was full of solemn faced guests, but he would see none of them. He had bowed his head on his folded arms and tried to commune with the dead; his dead. There were

two. One his kind, tender father, whose broad, florid face always brightened with a mile at the coming of his son. The other of his dead was a woman. He saw her as if she yet lived. What there was in this woman of all others that should have called forth such tender raptures of love he had never paused to wonder. She was not brilliant as some women. Her lips, that he believed could have spoken so wonderfully if they had cared, were oftenest closed in society. Her eyes expressed to him the rarest of noble oughts, and it , was as if she deemed the common world unworthy, but that by and by she would speak. He had thought her heart potless white, and the texture of her nature finer and sweeter than that of all other women. Every eye that saw her must admire the threads of fine spun gold she called her hair, her soft skin as delicate to the touch as a baby's lips, and the queen like perfection of her form, a system of bold curves and lines of beauty melting into each other at their beginning and their end. But could there be any one to whom she was so much beside he: beauty, for whom each phase of her thought er tone of her voice was just what seemed most fitting? And she too was gone, dead; where no prayers or cries of his could reach

Will you see a lady, sir!" It was Mary, whose manner was subdued suitably to the melancholy cectaion. All these trappings and presences provoked Philip strangely, as did the low voices of his guests and their drawn down faces. He knew well enough they dislo't care so much as all that. "She is very particular, Mr. Phi--: I mean Mr.

or tech her; dead, and yet forever alive for

Then he forgot his impatience in a strange, thrilling thought. He rose to his feet and walked to the window without answering the previously unknown; but, coming in conflict classes had taught them the lesson that a girl. Could it be Bertha had felt his hunger with the natives, he was obliged to return for her such as no other creature could have | without any specimens in September of the respect anywhere, and each human creature, for her presence! Was it too unlikely that following year. whose spirit is not all broken, will save his such pain as sched in his heart might have touched her! A throb of electricity goes around the world; might not such longing as habits of the gorille, that interesting animal his have reached her a few short miles away: The maid began again. "Will you see a"-

"Yes, yes: show her in." How wild he was to-night. Why Bertha was married to the man she had chosen, long ago; if she came back, what comfort for him! If she were not happy with this man after all! Oh, God save her from such a fate, since he had paid such a price that she might be happy. God forbid that all his torment be for nothing. Philip was rapidly walking the room. But supposing-and his heart almost stopped beating at the thought-she were not married and had come back to him after all-what other woman would call on him now-what then, could be forgive her!

The door opened and a heavily veiled woman came in. She was too slight of form and not tall enough for Bertha. The idea had been absurd, but human beings cannot believe miracles in their behalf quite impossible. So Philip was not required to decide the terrible question he had asked himself. Much as be had longed for that other woman who had not one throb of pity in her heart for him, his first feeling was of ntense relief when his visitor laid back her reil and revealed the face of Jane Graves. She looked a little agitated and hastened to speak. "I know you are surprised to see me, but I felt I must"-



"Do not distress yourself," he said gravely, scovering his self possession. Was this his first visit of condolence, and so soon! "It was about Miss Bertha." Then she aught ber breath and went on as if she were afraid he would interrupt her, he started so violently. "I know what a lover you are-if mine had only been like you;" she dropped her eyes and went on without looking at him, but the girl you liked so much that you were blind to how mean she was, she never loved you; she never cared anything for

Philip had moved uneasily in his chair a he began, but now he sat still as death, with his eyes fixed, as if in some fatal charm, on he girl's face. She grew pale as she talked. all but one bright spot in either cheek. "I could tell it when your name was spoken before her; women notice things like thatand when she expected you-and when she

experted the other." His eyes fell in shame. He wished a moun tain might fall on him to shield his hurt face from even this poor girl's scrutiny. But she hurried on as if she took pleasure in his winsing nerves. "If you could have seen how her face warmed at his coming, and her voice, so cold to you, shook and stumbled when she welcomed him. And how her hands would nestle like a kitten in his-at a look. You never saw her like that, did you? And there was no pillow so soft, you would think, as his shoulder, and"-"I cannot stand this," he cried, starting to

"Do you think I am made of "Wasn't it a pretty sight? I used to love to hang out of my window to see it, or follow her out on Sunday walks. Her kind of women make the biggest fools of themselves: so cold and lofty like you would think them angels; when all of a sudden they lose their heads, and there's nothing too wild for them to do for some man, till they get over it." Her eyes were all ablaze with hate, but Philip hung on the scornful lips as if it were not poison he drank from them. "But she did not get over it," he faltered when she stopped. He raised his hands to

"That is it; it lasted longer than I counted on. I thought she'd come to her senses hefore she could do anything rash. And then supposed he wouldn't leave the village an'. what he was doing here, just yet." "But why didn't you tell me?"

cool his beating temples; his fingers were cold

"What could you have done! She cared nothing for you. But I was doing the bost I knew, if they hadn't been too quick for me. I was waiting till I thought she was just mad ever the man. I never supposed they would be so quick;" her bosom rose and fell as if it were hard for her to catch her breath. "I knew one thing was sure, and when it would hurt her the most I was going to have tried it. If had only hurried." She rose, sobbing riolently, but she shed no tears. Philip had no consideration for her emotion. 'What was it? oh, why didn't you do it?

We form trembjed as if he stood in a winter's

blast, while drops of perspiration gathered on his forehead. "I-I-hated so to-to break his heart. knew he would-would never get over it. He ain't the kind that"-

"Curse him!" cried Philip, "what is he to gaged to you. I knew he would never for-

give her for deceiving hint." "And he didn't know it!" "Ah, if he had, he was that honest-you don't know him. But I was too slow, and now, my God, my God!" Then she rose to her feet and tied her veil tightly about her

face and moved toward the door. But Philip Breton was there before and held it. "Tell me first what you came here for tonight?" The answer came sharp as a knife. Because I wanted to make you hate that woman too. It made me mad that you should think her so pure and good." "But why should you hate her? I never could-never." His hand loosened on the

door knob and he leaned back. Jane Graves could have gone if she would. "And don't you hate her now?" she almost screamed at him, "when I have told you how she kissed and fondled him."

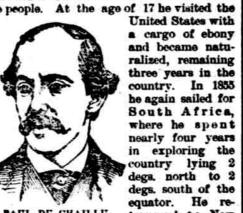
"Well, I hate her, because she stole away my lover. May his love touch her yet to disgust; may his kisses turn bitter on her line." The door closed after his visitor, and Philip glanced at the clock, which pointed to 12, Only half the night gone then! He sat down and dropped his head on his folded arms

(To be Continued.)

PAUL DU CHAILLU. The Famous Writer and Traveler W is Reported Seriously Ill.

The world possibly owes the existence of the valuable work of Paul du Chaillu (whose illness was recently announced) to the fact that his father was appointed, many years ago, to a consulate on a French settlement at the mouth of the Gaboon, on the west coast

Paul was born in Paris in 1835. He studied at one of the Jesuit institutions in Africa. acquiring a knowledge of the native languages, and learned from trading expeditions much of the habits and mode of life of the people. At the age of 17 he visited the



PAUL DU CHAILLU. turned to New York in 1859, bringing a large collection of by Dowty & Becher. native arms and implements and numerous specimens of natural history, including 2,000 stuffed birds, which he had shot and prepared himself. He set out on another expedition in 1864, and penetrated among tribes

It is especially to Du Chaillu that we are indebted for information concerning the who walks through the African forest on two legs like a man, and whose strength would put a modern cannon ball man in a circus to the blush.

M. du Chaillu, on the occasion of one of his visits to London, was lionized by the great men of England. His collection of curiosities was deposited in the rooms of the Royal Geographical society, and excited a good deal of attention, drawing visits from personages personally unknown to one who had spent so much time in company with the chimpanzee and the gorilla. He had heard of the Duke of Argyll and of Gladstone; possibly the Bishop of Oxford, but did not know that this bishop has long been accustomed to sign himself "Oxon." The three magnates wrote Du Chaillu on the same day. The complications which ensued are so well told in London "Court Pump" that its story thereof is here "lifted" bodily:

Mr. Gladstone worded his letter in usual way, inviting M. du Chaillu breakfast. The Duke of Argyll wrote substantially as follows: The Duke of Argyll presents his compliments

to M. du Chaillu, and begs to inform him that he will visit his collection at 3:30 on Thursday next. The bishop wrote: DEAR SIR-Will you do me the favor of lunc ing with me at 55 J -- street, on the -th (a day previous to that mentioned in Mr. Gladston Yours truly, M. du Chaillu answered Mr. Gladstone's invitation, accepting it. But, not being fa-

miliar with ducal and episcopal ways, he did

not understand the second and third notes.

The former, indeed, he seems to have rather resented, for he replied as follows: M. du Chaillu presents his compliments to the Duke of Argyll, and begs to inform him that his collection at the rooms of the Royal Geographical society is open to the public at large. Should his grace present himself he will, doubtless, be ourteously received by the officials in attends The bishop's note was, however, a hopeless poser: M. du Chaillu had never heard of any public man of the name of Oxon. So a happy note, he would reconnoiter the house that the writer dated from. So he proceeded to 55 J street, and, perceiving in the dingy a cure is certain. Sold by Dowty & window of the first floor evidences that a Becher. tailor practiced his art there, made no further inquiry. It never occurred to him as possible that a public personage might have rooms above a tailor's shop in a good locality. He did not even pause to compare the tailor's name with the signature at the bottom of the note. The whole thing was clear. Oxon was a "vulgar tradesman," who, presuming on his wealth, had written him. Such a fellow deserved no answer, and none was given. M. du Chaillu duly appeared at Mr. Gladstone's house on the morning mentioned in the note of invitation, and there met a distinguished company. He mentioned to his host that he had received a note from the Duke of Argyll, and described its tenor. Mr. Gladstone, then in the same political boat with the Duke of Argyll, begged M. du Chaillu to excuse any apparent "superiority" in his grace's epistolary style, on the ground that he "had not received a public school education!" Among the company whom M. du Chaillu met at Mr.

Gladstone's was the bishop of Oxford, and he found him the most urbane of gentlemen and most delightful of companions. As they were leaving together the bishop said: "My dear sir, why did you not come lunch with me the other day! Lord Elgin was there, and some other men I think you would have liked to meet. From your not

answering my note, I made sure you were "But I received no note from your lord-"That's very odd; I posted the note myself on Monday night. You ought to have had it "I received no note from your lordship, but

I did get an invitation to lunch from an impertinent tailor called Oxon, whom I never saw in my life, and never was intro-"Oxon, my dear sir, why c'est moi!" "But your lordship's name is not Oxon, but Wilberforce.

"But my see, my see!" And after some explanation M. du Chaille did see and lives to tell the tale.

thor of the Educational Bill.

H. W. BLAIR.

HENRY W. BLAIR The Senator from New Hampshire-Au

Senator Henry W. Blair, of New Hamp shire, who has succeeded in getting his educational bill through the United States senate, was born at Campton, N. H., on Dec. 6. 1834. He is not a having ceived a common

college graduate, only reschool and academic education. He studied law at Plymouth and was dmitted to the bar in 1859. The year after he was appointed prosecut ing attorney for Grafton county,

"cured me." Ayer's Sarsaparilla, N. H. When the war came be threw side his law books to assume the shoulder PREPARED BY straps of a lieutenant colonel of the Fifteenth New Hampshire volunteers. In 1866 he was elected to the house of representatives of his

in 1807-6. Mr. Blair was twice elected, and declined a third election to congress as representative of his district. When Charles H Bell, who had been temporarily appointed to fill a vacancy, left the senate, Blair was his successor, elected by the New Hampshire legislature. He took his seat June 20, 1879. When his term expired, March 3, 1885, he was appointed to fill the vacancy until the next session of the legislature in June following, when he was duly elected to fill the

rest of the term, to expire March \$, 1891. Senator Blair has given especial attention to social questions. He is a temperance reformer as well as educationalist.

Japan's New War Ships The Japan naval department intends rdering from private dock yards in the country about fifteen men of war and graphats constructed on the newest style, at a cost of not much less than 500,000

The petrified body of a man was recently discovered in a gulch near Dayton, Ore., by a farmer. The body was leaning against small bluff, and when the clothing was removed had all the appearance of a status carved from gray stone.

yen each. The new war ships are to be

completed within two years. - Chicago

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hoarsness. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

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He that gives thee a bone, would not

have you die. You are feeling depressed, your appetite is poor, you are bothered with head ache, you are fidgety, nervous, and gen erally out of sorts, and want to brace up. Brace up but not with stimulants, spring medicines, or bitters, which have for their basis very cheap, bad whisky, and which stimulate you for an hour, and then leave you in worse condition than before.

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Who eats his meal alone, must saddle

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A Confirmed Dyspeptic. C. Canterbury, of 141 Franklin st.,

Boston, Mass., writes, that, suffering for years from Indigestion, he was at last induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla and, by its use, was entirely cured. Mrs. Joseph Aubin, of High street, Holyoke, Mass., suffered for over a year from Dyspepsia, so that she could not eat substantial food, became very weak, and was unable to care for her family. Neither the medicines prescribed by physicians, nor any of the remedies advertised for the cure of Dyspepsia, helped her, until she commenced the use of Ayer's Bersaparilla. "Three bottles of this medicine," she writes,

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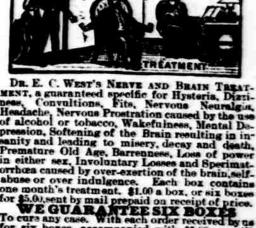
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