BY CHARLES J. BELLAMY.

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(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHY COULDN'T SHE HAVE WAITED?

The new maid, who showed Philip Breton into Mrs. Ellingsworth's parlor, was not nearly as pretty as her predecessor in office, but he was too much absorbed with his delicate errand to take any notice of her. Bertha was alone somewhere, deserted, unprotected. Something must be done for her. It was a strange place to seek pity for her, in the woman's bosom which he had seen heaving in hate of her; but a magnanimous heart is wont to count on the generosity of others. The maid had said Mr. Ellingsworth was not in, and so he was left to appeal to the womanly tenderness of his wife.

He rose suddenly from the satin covered sofa and looked wonderingly at a woman's form in the doorway. Could this be the poor little factory girl, this fashionably dressed woman, with a train like a queen's? He had stupidly enough expected to find her in the same old calico dress, perhaps with the dingy, plaid shawl about her shoulders.

But the girl was not so sensitive as to be annoyed. Had not she kept him waiting while she dressed on purpose to enjoy a triumph? And now she was quite pleased at the plain evidence of it. She smiled rather consciously as she extended her jeweled little hand to him.

"Why haven't you called before?" Her voice had lost the desperate or sullen tone he remembered in it of old, but he was not sure he liked it any better. He bowed, like any gentleman, as he touched her hand, and noticed the great gold bracelets on her slim wrists. Philip was unpleasantly reminded of manacles, and then the massive chain around her neck, with a huge locket shaped like a padlock, had suggestions, too, of a sort, he fancied, the girl would hardly have liked if she had thought of them. He glanced at her olive cheeks, and the slightly oblique eyes, and the voluptuous fullness of her form. How could an American village have produced so perfect an odalisque?

"I did not wish to interrupt your honeymoon." He seated himself again.

She was looking oddly at him, as if curious whether he had forgotten her indiscreet visit, when she had told him of her own broken heart.

Philip suddenly met her eyes as she sat opposite him. "The truth is, Mrs. Ellingsworth, I have hardly been in the mood for polite calls of late. I suppose you understand."

"How should I?" She elevated her dark brows rather unpleasantly as if to dismiss, once for all, any further confidences with him. Philip smiled, in spite of himself, at her tactics.

"Do you know where Bertha is?" he asked, simply.

A sudden flash of color lit up her cheeks. "I hate the very name of her," she exclaimed, as she rose as if to leave him. She was not yet wonted to the customs of her new rank.

"Don't go," he urged, "I am so anxious to know where she is. No doubt you have cause to be angry with her," Philip did not notice the growing passion in the girl's eyes, "but you surely would not have her starve to death, or suffer and die alone."

"Perhaps not;" Jane meant to smile, but she only produced the effect of showing the cruel white of her teeth. "Hasn't she got—" the word stuck in her throat, "him?"

"Why, didn't you know," cried Philip breathlessly, "she has left him? She is alone somewhere, for all we know, in want; think of it, and she too proud to——"

"Left her—husband?"

"If he was her husband I didn't know," he hurried on, as if afraid of the answer that would come; "I never heard, and I didn't like to ask."

She had seated herself on the pink satin beside him and caught his hands as she bent toward him to read his thoughts before he spoke.

"Did you hear they were not married?" she almost hissed at him.

"Why, yes, that is—" he looked away in his shame. "It was told about the village, but you know better, of course." He tried to laugh, then grew sober again. "How vile of them to whisper it, and it was vile of me to let even the taint of a fear into my mind."

But she did not answer him yes or no. Her eyes had grown preternaturally large, and there was a happiness in them as if she looked right into the gates of heaven. All the common expressions were gone from her face. One could read there now nothing but purity and sweetness, such as make up the substance of dreams of love.

"And he is alone. Oh! where is he? I must know. I must go to him. It cannot be true." The angelic look flitted, the exquisite drooping at the corners of her mouth was gone.

"If you have dared to lie to me." Philip was perfectly astonished at the sudden change in her face and voice. Her black eyes blazed ungovernable passion into his. The quick transition from the height of blissful hope to the depths of deep despair seemed to bear her over the line of humanity. "Tell me, have you lied to make a show of me?"

She trembled for an instant, like a wild creature before a spring, then she clutched with her hot supple fingers at his throat, magnificent as a tigress and in every motion a perfect, terrible grace. Philip threw her from him as he would some untamed animal; it was hard to remember her womanhood then.

She sat where he had left her, as if just awoke from a terrible nightmare, her fingers parted and curved and moved spasmodically as if she yet held him by the throat. Then she buried her face in the cushion in a flood of tears.

"I didn't know what I was doing," she sobbed. "Don't remember it," I was mad." She rose tremblingly to her feet and came forward covering her face with her hands. She might have been an abused child, so gentle and sweet she seemed now. She took down her hands from her face; what man could be so cold and hard as to stand against such eyes as hers looking through their tears.

But she was alone.

CHAPTER XIX.

A RADICAL.

"Oh, my God, my God, why couldn't I have waited?"

She tore the gold chain from her neck and cast it on the floor. Her husband had given it to her, and she hated him at this moment and the proud name he had put upon her. She had rather one smile of that other's than all these empty golden favors.

"I am sick of their soft ways and their lying tongues," she moaned; "why didn't I wait?" Jane Ellingsworth began to walk rapidly about the room, wrenching the great gold bands about her wrists, unconscious that she chafed and bruised the skin

"I might have known God would not deny him to me. I wanted him so much. Oh, my love, my darling, I would have fought for you, I would have starved for you. It would have been sweet with you, and I could not wait one year. I might have known it would come, but I could not wait." She drove her nails into her flesh as she clasped them in her anguish. She panted for breath; her rich silk dress seemed to suffocate her, and the perfumed air was too heavy and dead; it seemed to strangle her.

"He is free; he would have opened his arms to me. He may be coming now to ask me to go with him. He could never have loved that cold, bloodless creature. Ah, how I could have loved him. I would have taught him that a woman can love."

She unclasped her hands and let them fall gently to her side, and her convulsed face took on a new, soft tenderness. "I would go with him," she murmured. "A hungry heart cannot feed on such things as these. Oh, but he would not have me, a low creature who has sold herself; he would not have me. He would despise me; he would not even look at me.

She fell back in one of the satin covered chairs she had bought with her husband's money, and cried and sobbed till the salt fountains dried up. It was then, while she sat silent and tearless, looking at her bruised wrists and at the wounds her nails had made, that she heard a familiar, delicate tread in the hall. It was as well Mr. Ellingsworth did not catch the expression on her set, weary face as his tall form appeared in the doorway. He seemed to her fancy that moment the most terrible monster in the world, this elegant figure of a man, whose disposition was the very essence of refinement, and she dropped her eyes to the carpet as he came toward her with his eternal smile.

"All alone, Jennie! Why you have dropped your chain, here it is on the floor."

"Oh, thank you," but she shuddered in spite of herself as he seated himself near her and warmed her hands fondly between his own soft, white palms.

"My little girl," he began.

Yes, she was his, his and no other's, his every day and hour of her life, for hadn't he bought her, and what better title was there than that by purchase? She raised her eyes and made them rest on his fine, smooth shaven face. She had never noticed before a certain cold and cruel light in his eyes, as if he could enjoy keenly the torture of a living soul, or that beside the sensual lines of his finely chiseled mouth there was a suggestion of an exquisite brutality on the thin lips. She trembled before him.

"I have a favor to ask of you." He looked admiringly at her as he spoke. Mr. Ellingsworth never tired of the rich, oriental type of his wife's beauty. If Bertha's mother had been like her there need never have been any unpleasant stories in the community on her score. And Jane was lovelier than ever today, with this peculiar brilliancy in her eyes and the bright red spot on either dark cheek. She didn't know how to furnish her parlor very well, but he had never yet been sorry he married her. She seemed to understand so well how to manage him, never too fond, always a little on her guard, like a judicious artist, who will not let even the most ardent admirer come too near his canvas.

"It is about Bertha," he continued, not seeming to notice her start. "She has left that fellow. I haven't troubled you before, but she has been alone up in Vineboro for a good many months. I think best she should come home now. It will be in better taste"——

Mr. Ellingsworth rose to his feet at a rumbling noise and stepped to the window. When he came back the color had faded from Jane's cheeks and her small mouth closed very tight. Her hands were trembling violently, but she had hid them in the folds of her dress, so her husband could not see her intense excitement. Her heart was beating loudly; her old madness seemed coming upon her again, but this man's cold, smiling face subdued her.

"When is she coming?"

"I didn't know but that was the carriage; well, I suppose she may be here," he glanced at his gold faced watch, "perhaps in an hour or two."

The girl's lips quivered; she almost broke into a passion of angry words; the hate that seethed in her heart for that woman was almost bubbling forth its bitterness. But the cool assurance on her husband's face, as his keen, pitiless eyes seemed to search out all the secrets of her soul, cowed the woman. She rose and moved, as one in a dream, toward the door.

"I must get things ready then." And so this was what her gentle voiced husband called asking a favor of her. She did not love him, but she feared him, now, as she remembered her secret. She would obey his nod as if she were his dog, she would study the signs on his placid face. He had never anything but smiles and kind speeches for her, but she would have sunk into the very earth at his feet rather than that he should open his mysterious armory of instruments of deadly torture for the soul.

"Well, well, I thought she would make more fuss."

The afternoon sun was well down on his last stretch when Philip Breton came back from his factory, and up the street toward Mr. Ellingsworth's house. There was some one with him, a man so tall and slight that the weight of his head, which was quite large, seemed to bow him. It was an old gentleman, to judge from the wrinkles on his face, but he had hardly enough hair to show whether it was gray or only flaxen.

"You have done splendidly, my boy!" It was an old acquaintance of Philip's, whom he had used to talk philosophy with at college, one of those benevolent minded gentlemen who are so optimistic that they have to go to boys for sympathy. "Splendidly," he repeated, "only why stop just where you are? If every mill owner would do in his mill what you have done, it would be a grand thing for this world. But they won't. Now you have started beautifully, but there is too much business to your plan."

Philip smiled argumentatively. It was like his boyhood returned to hear the old man's mellow tones.

"But, Mr. Philbrick, an honest business man can do more good than a dozen impracticable philanthropists like you."

"But think of the things that business principles never can regard. Your help work ten weary hours a day, all ther poor lives; business demands that, doesn't it? Well, I say that is where benevolence must come in. It is terrible to be shut up as they are; it kills body, mind and soul. Business principles never can save them," said the old gentleman, turning his kindly eyes on the young mill owner; "philanthropy, I don't care what you call it, some gentle spirit of love ought to lift the burden that crushes the life and hope out of them, contrary to business principles, higher than business principles."

As Mr. Philbrick finished, a close carriage rolled by them and stopped a little beyond, where a gentleman and lady stood to welcome the visitor.

"Your reforms," answered Philip, after a moment's thought, "should be founded on business principles. Then the force of the business instinct will carry them out. Otherwise"— he lifted his hat to Mrs. Ellingsworth, but she did not seem to notice him; her eyes were fixed on her husband, who was in the act of handing a lady out of the carriage. The lady wore a traveling suit of a blue shade. Her face was hid as she stepped down, showing a white feather in the back of her hat, and a few strands of golden hair below. Then she raised her face as the carriage rolled away, and a wild, sweet thrill of pain shot through Philip's heart, while every nerve in his body tingled like finely tuned stringed instruments, trembling in sympathy with a resounding chord. His feet refused to take him away, while his hungry eyes devoured Bertha's beauty, for it was no other than she come back—his lost darling found again. His heart warmed, as he looked, into a divine glow; how cold it had been, and so long. A great burden of weariness seemed lifted from him. It was as if, after a dreary old age, the sweet peace of childhood was born in him again.

For the moment he forgot everything that had come between them, as in the bright, perfumed morning a child forgets the dreary night just past. But the long night had changed her; the exquisite roundness of her face and form had gone; even her grand blue eyes seemed faded like her cheeks, once so rich in their sunset glow. And he only yearned over her the more tenderly—the new element of pity seemed only wanting before to glorify his love into a religion. He longed to rush to her, putting away her father, who had no caresses for her, and his wife, who was darting flashes of hate at the unwelcome guest. He would enfold her in his arms. She would be glad for them at last; such love as his made the closest kin in the world. He took a step toward her, but no one saw him.

His hungry eyes devoured Bertha's beauty.

The eyes of the two women met. Their wills met and struggled for the mastery in that moment. Undisguised hate was in one face, lofty contempt in the other. There had been one gentle, wistful expression in Bertha's face as she first alighted, but there was no trace of it now. She had drawn herself up to her full height, so that the other woman seemed like a child before her, and her hand, as it fell to her side, opened outward in a gesture of disdain for the creature her father had chosen for his wife. It was hardly a second before her rare lips parted. They at least had not changed. Jane winced for fear of some bitter taunt. She had learned how terrible a blow well trained tongues can give; but the words were only some polite commonplace; the tone—well, it caused Mr. Ellingsworth to glance critically at his wife. She seemed vulgar in his eyes for the first time. Jane tried to brazen it out, but her face only took on an expression of pugnacious insignificance.

"What was it you were saying?" resumed Mr. Philbrick as Philip overtook him.

"I had forgotten."

"Speaking of business?" suggested the other, and then continued himself, not displeased at an extra turn. "Business, I say, is heartless and cruel as death. It is pitiless. and pity is the noblest of emotions; it is ungenerous, it is unfair, we have had enough of it when it grinds so terribly."

Mr. Philbrick thought his tirade would surely fetch an enthusiastic retort. But Philip only walked on by his side in silence; he seemed intent on some beautiful masses of cloud just behind the sun, as he sped on his way to the west.

"Can't afford it, can't afford it," went on the old gentleman, gesticulating with his forefinger, "that is what you would say, I presume; of course you can't if the upper classes waste the wealth they do. I tell you there is no sense or excuse for a man spending ten and twenty and fifty thousand dollars a year. Why, it is a good workman in your mill who earns ten thousand dollars in a lifetime, adding all his days' wages together. There ought to be more fairness about these things. Such men as you, Philip Breton, get too much—more than any reasonable creature could want. Now, you ought to go right to work and distribute your surplus—I mean your real surplus—back where it came from, among the poor. It takes but very little money to buy what can make a life comfortable and complete. The rich are always complaining that they don't enjoy life more than the middle classes, but they manage to waste what would make a thousand wretched homes happy without one pang of conscience."

"But what do you want me to do?" asked Philip in astonishment.

The old gentleman's face was flushed with enthusiasm.

"Why I want you to take hold, and begin to make things equal, by paying back your surplus in one form or another. Give them better homes to live in. Shorten their hours so they can have a little existence besides drudgery; pay them better wages."

Philip looked distressed and doubtful. He had thought the subject over carefully and believed he had done a great deal already for his poor. His philanthropic friend would turn the whole world topsey turvey.

"Why, you know what the books say—that giving so much would spoil all the spirit and patience of the working classes."

"Mere arguments devised to soothe the consciences of the rich," explained Mr. Philbrick with a grand air. "Though there is such a thing as unwise benevolence, encouraging paupers and beggars; but a man who works every day of his life isn't a beggar. Your father made a good investment that brings you in say a quarter million a year. That is rather above what you pay your best workman; but it doesn't hurt your manliness any, my boy. The poorest paid hand in your factory works a great deal harder than you; you needn't be afraid of degrading his manhood until he gets a quarter million."

"But wouldn't they hang off on their oars unless they had to struggle for a livelihood?"

"My dear Philip, you wouldn't think it necessary to starve a horse, and hang a bag of oats just before his nose to make him go. Better feed him the oats, and a healthy animal likes to go. Do you lie off on your oars? You could afford it a thousand times better than they. Give them a chance for hope and ambition, and it will produce the best work ever known. Who lives here?"

He stopped in front of a graceful little cottage, through whose open windows one could see into cheerful, well furnished rooms. A row of maple saplings had been lately set in front, and plenty of green shrubs and ample vines gave the place a most charming air.

"John Graves, one of my workmen. His daughter married rich, and it is her husband's money which has worked the remarkable transformation." Philip was very glad to change the subject. "John's wife was sick—supposed to be an invalid. See that ladylike woman watering the hanging pot? that is she. Ellingsworth's money made the change. As for Graves himself, he used to be bowed almost like a cripple. He was as melancholy as an undertaker, and he had good reason to be, poor fellow. He used to pull a great slouch hat down over his face to hide as much as he could of himself. Well, you wouldn't know him now; he is as respectable a looking man as one often sees, and they say he works as hard as ever."

"He isn't degraded any, then?" asked Mr. Philbrick slyly, as they walked on again, "by his good fortune."

"I cannot carry out your proposal, it isn't in my line. I am a business man and must work in character. I actually feel as if I had made quite a step, for me."

"A step!" cried his companion, eagerly reaching out to clasp his hand. "A stride, only I want you to go clear to the goal."

"I am too slow for you," smiled Philip, sadly, as he shook his head. "What I have attempted seems enough for one life work. I don't want to risk it all by a new experiment. Here we are at my house, won't you come in?"

They stood at the gate. The front door stood invitingly open, showing the broad oaken staircase, and still beyond, the table set for the evening meal.

"Not to-night, thank you." Mr. Philbrick shook his hand for parting, but did not seem quite ready to go.

"Tea is all ready," urged Philip, "and I am quite alone."

"Oh no, my train leaves," he made an excuse to look at his watch, "in half an hour." Still he hesitated.

At last he laid his hand gently on Philip's arm.

"You are young and have probably a long life of usefulness before you. But a man can never tell." Philip looked in surprise at him. "You may change your mind, or give up your work; if you should want to, just let me know, I would like to buy you out and run things on my plan."

"But you are not rich enough. You probably know the valuation of the Breton Mills," answered Philip, a little proudly.

"I could pay you something, and you wouldn't drive too hard a bargain. You would be glad, perhaps, to contribute in that way."

Philip burst into a hearty laugh; his honest old friend was losing his wits. Give up his factory, and his own scheme that was his only hope in life! But Mr. Philbrick did not smile. He seemed actually serious and awaiting an answer.

"Well, I will give you the first chance when I want to sell."

The old gentleman's earnestness sobered Philip in spite of himself. He was sorry he had laughed. Perhaps he had been mocking his own destiny. The philanthropist's proposal began to affect him as a death's head at a feast. He was afraid he could not forget it. Did his friend know him better than he knew himself? Did he see elements of weakness in his character that would be sure to wreck his beautiful hopes?

Philip walked slowly up to his door. Once he turned and looked after the bent but still vigorous figure of the bad prophet. No doubt he was already planning how to revolutionize the whole management of the mill.

"I will never speak with him again," he muttered.

Then he looked back at his house again. It was in that very doorway, open as it was now, that Bertha had stood and kissed her hand to him the last time she had been at his home. That was when his chief thoughts of life were as a wedding journey—that was before the first cloud had dimmed his sunlight. And now she had returned. She had shamed her father's house and her mother's pure memory. She had shamed him who had been her lover since childhood, and all for a man she did not love enough to stay with him. Still he could not help that first tumultuous throb of his heart, the unreasoning wave of joy that had swept over him at the very sight of her changed, tired face. She had done her worst to spoil his life, to drive peace and happiness from his soul, but that pure, steady glow in his heart, ah, it was love yet.

Philip's heart was very full of bitterness, the fruit of his love instead of peace. He stopped midway to his door, and plucked a rose, slowly tore out its blushing petals and let the summer breeze carry them away.

The great work for the poor he had commenced would have made him the happiest man in the world if she could have shared his enthusiasm with him. His was the disposition even and sweet, just the one to get the most contentment out of his life, but loneliness was terrible to him.

"Perhaps it is better so," he said aloud, as he crushed the fragment of the flower in his hand. No doubt he was light and weak, and it was only under the pressure of a great burden that he could accomplish anything. That gave him intensity. And then Bertha might have weakened his purpose if he formed one, not sympathizing with him, and it had not been her want to sympathize with him. His very devotion to her might have made him waver, or for very happiness he might not have thought of anything but his bride. If a man has a great work to do it is better to be alone. Two souls never can have but a single thought, and the least friction might delay his progress; the least discouragement might hinder his footsteps on the mountain bringing glad tidings to the wretched.

All that peril had been saved him. Curran had proved a better friend to the people than he thought, even when he deserted them, in breaking in upon Philip Breton's idle dream of love.

Perhaps it was from Bertha's shame had sprung all the good that blessed a thousand hopeless lives.

Philip shuddered as he went up the broad stone steps to his silent house. It seemed infamous to associate the thought of shame with the woman whose beautiful, high bred face he had looked into again today. And Bertha was in the very village with him; the great outside world had given her back safe. He need not tremble for her any more, for her father's arm protected her.

He looked across the fields, where he could see one gable of the house that held her, almost hidden by overshadowing trees. Perhaps she was in her room this moment weeping bitter tears for the sweet, rare life she had lost by her madness.

He passed his hand over his eyes.

"Must she suffer forever—for what she has repented of, and the streams of despair flow always through her heart, washed whiter than snow?"

He walked into his home, and through the echoing hall and stood in the door of his dining room. There were sideboards and chairs enough to provide for a party—the table glittered with its massive plate, and glistened with exquisite china, but only one seat was placed.

CHAPTER XX.

VERY ODD.

It was an hour later than usual the next afternoon that Philip pushed back his chair from the office table preparatory to going home. He did not acknowledge to himself a certain sweet excitement that affected him as he rose to his feet, much less the cause of it; and he laid it to ordinary masculine vanity that he paused a moment before a mirror before he went out.

It was not the same face he used to see in the glass. His black moustache had grown heavy and completely hid his rather unartistic upper lip, but it was not that had changed him so much. His forehead had some new lines in it and there was, somehow, a firmer look about the corners of his mouth; the youth and freshness that had lasted for twenty-six summers had given place on the twenty-seventh. There was a self poise and suggestion of reserved force in him now that stood for some very rapid development of character.

As Philip went up the hill, his quick eyes caught a glimpse of a woman's dress by Mr. Ellingsworth's gate, and in a few steps more he could see it was the shade of blue Bertha loved. Why might it not be Bertha, why not, except that he was so eager it should be! He hurried as much as he dared—how strongly his heart was beating. She might turn any moment and go into the house. He tried to think of what he could say to her if it was she.

Yes, it was Bertha. Her face was turned away, showing him only the perfect Greek profile and the uncovered coils of her wonderful golden hair. Her hand rested on the gate as she looked off on the hills. How grand her thoughts must be to harmonize with the superb dignity of her face. Philip felt guilty at disturbing her, but it had been so long. He came quite near, so near that the magnetic thrill of her presence touched him more deeply, more tenderly, he thought, than of old, but she had not turned. He saw the path of careworn lines across her forehead that had been as smooth as marble. There was a faded look on her cheeks, less full than they used to be, and their exquisite color less evenly spread. Her hand was whiter and showed its blue veins almost painfully. His heart ached over her, his proud Bertha. Why could not God have spared her! He would rather have died and saved her the care and suffering that had stricken her loveliness. Then she turned at the sound of footsteps, and a great wave of tenderness swept over his soul. He looked at her so eagerly, so gently that it seemed her face might soften a little, but it did not, nor was there any mark of startled surprise at his coming so suddenly upon her.

"It is you Philip!" Even her voice was changed, there was a new hardness in it. She reached out her cold white hand to him.

For a moment he did not speak. It seemed as if his heart would break, there was such a stress upon it. And then he was afraid she might be ashamed before him, ashamed of the terrible injustice she had done him, ashamed of the blot that had touched her name. But whatever she might have felt, there was no sign of any emotion on her impassive face.

"And you are the mill owner now," she said. "How odd it seems." She smiled graciously, but still he could not speak. He could only look down at the thin, blue veined hand he held, and keep back the sob that trembled on his lips for his lost love.

And that smile and such words as those were all she had for him at last. He had to look away for strength to speak. He must think of some commonplace that would not startle her repose. Ah! there was the doorway where she had given him the first ardent caress of his life the last time he had talked with her, the night she forsook him. Did she remember, he wondered? He looked back at the cold, beautiful eyes, and the amused smile yet lingered on her lips.

"Yes, it does seem very odd."

(To be Continued.)

They Know What Is Good for Them.

Maj. T. F. Hanson, of Macon. Ga., says that the protection sentiment is growing so in Georgia that if the direct issue could be made between a Democrat like Randall and a Democrat like Carlisle, the former would carry the state by 50,000 majority. They don't like Carlisle in the south.—New York Press.

A Foundation Stone Gone.

We believe that the powerful Democratic free trade argument based upon the duty levied on anthracite coal has been considerably disfigured by the discovery that there is no duty on anthracite coal. Come again, gentlemen.—Kansas City Journal.

Worse Than in 1860.

Venerable Hannibal Hamlin, white and wrinkled with his 80 years, a life long Republican, vice president with Abraham Lincoln and beloved and honored by Republicans all over the land, was one of the speakers before the Veteran Republican club of Portland, Me., recently held to commemorate the election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency. Mr. Hamlin began with: "I thank God there is no vote of mine in thirty-four long years of congressional life that was not for freedom." Speaking to the young men present he begged of them to "shun the Democratic party as they would a viper. The Democratic party is not one whit more patriotic or more honest today than in the closing days of Buchanan's administration. I do not know but the Democratic party of today is worse than the Democratic party of 1860."

The Percheron a Distinct Breed.

For a long time war has been waged among the breeders of French draught horses as to the claims made by Percheron breeders that their animals are a distinct breed and constitute a separate class. The contrary opinion sustained was that all the draught horses of France are substantially of the same breed. To settle this matter a committee was appointed by the Illinois state board of agriculture last spring to investigate the subject and report thereon. This committee sent communications to best authorities in France. These authorities unanimously decided that the Percheron is a distinct breed and is the leading draught horse breed in France. On the report of this committee the Illinois state board voted to put the Percherons in a distinct class

The President and the Sewing Women.

The president and other free traders who are demanding still cheaper clothing for the masses, and still deeper degradation for the labor that produces this clothing, would do well to read the reports of the woes of the working women of this city. One woman testified recently that she used to make $8 or $9 a week at cloakmaking. Gradually it got down to $3. "Then I quit," she said.

In East London, in Belgium and in Germany hundreds of thousands of women are glad to earn six shillings, six marks or six francs at this sort of work—half of $3 per week. The Press Coults if they would "quit" at $1.50 per week. To "quit" with them would mean starvation.

Clothing is too cheap now, Mr. President. Trousers are sold in this city as low as $10.50 per dozen. And yet you cry out for cheaper clothing for the masses. A further reduction of the tariff means the transplanting of our enormous clothing factories from this to the other side of the Atlantic, and then the quitting point will be $1.50 instead of $3. What is most needed is a thorough organization of these trades, and an agreement in relation to wages below which the sewing woman will not go. This, with certain changes in the tariff preventing the importation of $45,000,000 worth of foreign woolen goods, might give relief and increase wages.

The president's plan of reducing wages still further will not help the case.—New York Press.

Crystallization of Carbon.

Attempts have been frequently made to crystallize carbon so as to form the diamond; but, though carbon can be crystallized, it always appears in the finished state as graphite (black lead), and not the diamond. These two forms are the most common, and, in fact, the only two where carbon is known to be crystallized. A discussion by Mr. L. Fletcher on a nodule of carbon from a meteorite, which fell in western Australia, develops the discovery of carbon, black, and possessing all the attributes of graphite, but crystallized in small cubes. No such precedent has been established, and therefore this may be regarded as a third crystal form for carbon. The discovery has particular interest, as this form has never been observed on any terrestrial specimen of carbon, but only in this nodule of extra terrestrial origin. —Chicago Tribune.

Two Evils to Choose From.

The Birmingham Age is one of the ablest Democratic organs in Alabama, but it declares that "Cleveland will beat the Democratic party just as certain as he is nominated." That is apparently a widespread view of the situation among our friends the enemy, but there is only one alternative before them: They must either take the medicine or take to the woods.—Philadelphia Press.

It Ought to Work Both Ways.

"Every dollar of the surplus is a deficit in the pockets and business of the people," says our nearest free trade contemporary. Then, what a surplus there would be in the pockets of the people if we could have a regular old Buchanan deficiency! Those good old Democratic times, when our government bonds needed porous plasters on their backs to enable them to get out at all.—Detroit Tribune.

Sugar Planters Would Like to See Him.

If Mr. Cleveland is to take a southern trip he might better go to Louisiana than to Florida. The panic stricken Democrats of the former state would be very glad to have him propitiate the angry sugar planters, who want to know why a Democratic congress proposes to deprive them of tariff protection and give them nothing in return.—Boston Journal.

Getting in Line for Victory.

The situation now insures one of the most interesting conventions in the history of the party. There will be nothing cut and dried about it. There will be few "instructions" and no need of controversy over the "unit rule." And the best man will win.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Voice of the English Workingman.

The workingmen of Great Britain are saying that they would prefer protection in their own country to free trade in America. They are better friends of the American workingmen than are the American free traders.—Detroit Tribune.

All States Must Do Likewise.

If any state wants a presidential candidate it must be for him solidly and earnestly. If Indiana Republicans want to see an Indianian leading the ticket, there is but one way to make that even a possibility.—Indianapolis Journal.

Give Ear to the Farmer.

The prosperity of producers everywhere is the aim of protection, and the effort of farmers to get themselves heard ought not to cease until the legislation they desire has been enacted and faithfully enforced. —New York Tribune.

The Reason for Their Unbelief.

A Democratic politician never means what he says. That is why the Democrats cannot believe that Mr. Blaine means what he says.—Cleveland News and Herald.

The Issue Must Be Met.

By no possibility can the Democratic party ignore, disclaim or escape the responsibility of President Cleveland's tariff message.—Washington Post, Dem.

A Simple and Effective Method.

How to reduce the surplus: Appropriate it to a maintenance fund for public buildings and elect David B. Hill president.—Kingston Freeman.

The Specter Still Haunts Them.

Let nobody imagine that Mr. Blaine's withdrawal from the field as a possible candidate for the presidency will relieve the pains of the Mugwumps who have been miserable these many months for fear that he would run again. They will henceforth distress themselves lest he may change his mind.—Cleveland Leader.

A Fair Warning.

The Mugwumps to the President: "Sir —You have kissed my wife; you have kicked me down stairs; you have cheated me out of my patrimony; beware, sir, beware! or you will rouse the sleeping lion! —New York Press.

A Profitable Displacement.

The Republicans who were for special candidates, whether or no, have given way to the Republicans who are for a Republican victory, whether or no.—Chicago Herald.

Is Consumption Incurable?

Read the following: C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an Incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says; "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of lung troubles. Was given up by the doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at Dowty & Becher's drug store.

Step by step the ladder is ascended.

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

He carries well, to whom it weighs not.

Try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and you will be convinced that it is a perfect treatment for coughs, colds and hoarseness. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

The dog that licks ashes, trusts not with meal.

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 a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. From the first dose, I found relief. Two bottles cured me, and my health has since been perfect."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

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The buyer needs a hundred eyes, the seller not one.

Worth Your Attention.

Cut this out and mail it to Allen & Co., Augusta, Maine, who will send you free, something new, that just coins money for all workers. As wonderful as the electric light, as genuine as pure gold, it will prove of lifelong value and importance to you. Both sexes, all ages. Allen & Co. bear expense of starting you in business. It will bring you in more cash, right away, than anything else in this world. Anyone anywhere 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. 4-1y

Mills and wives ever want.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove all Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of headache, consumption and indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cents and $1.00 per bottle at Dowty & Becher's drug store.

He is rich enough that wants nothing.

The Best Method.

The most agreeable as well as the most effective method of dispelling Headaches, Colds and Fevers, or cleansing the system is by taking a few doses of the pleasant California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs. It acts gently, yet effectively, strengthening the organs upon which it acts, so that regular habits may be formed. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal. For sale only by Dowty & Becher.

Love is not found in the market.

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, thoroughly saturate 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 & Becher.

An old friend is a new house.

Try Moore's headache cure, it beats the world. For sale by Dr. A. Heintz.

Water afar off quencheth not fire.

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. Capital not needed. Both sexes. All ages. Cut this out and write at once; no harm will be done if you conclude not to go to work, after you learn all. All particulars free. Best paying work in this world. 4-1y

In time comes he whom God sends.

An Absolute Cure.

The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINTMENT is only put up in large two-ounce tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for old sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands and all kinds of skin eruptions. Will positively cure all kinds of piles. Ask for the ORIGINAL ABITINE OINTMENT Sold by Dowty & Becher at 25 cents per box—by mail 30 cents. mar7y

Justice pleaseth few in their own house.

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

To a crazy ship all winds are contrary.

Before you start on a journey go and see Dowty & Becher and procure a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. It is a great safeguard for travelers and gives immediate relief.

Who likes not drink, God deprives him of bread.

Thousands of Dollars

are spent every year by people of this state for worthless medicines for the cure of throat and lung diseases, when we know that if they would only invest $1 in SANTA ABIE, the new California discovery for consumption and kindred complaints, they would in this pleasant remedy find relief. It is recommended by ministers, physicians and public speakers of the Golden State. Sold and guaranteed by Dowty & Becher at $1 a bottle. Three for $2.50.

The most stubborn case of catarrh will speedily succumb to CALIFORNIA CAT-R-CURE. Six months' treatment for $1. By mail, $1.10.

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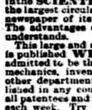

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