might speak to me, knowing what I cught to tell you, even at such a place and moment—something that you' could hear from

me alone. I did not know you were in Wash-ington, although I knew you were relieved; I had no other way of seeing you or sending to you before, and I only came to Mrs.

circumstances to tell you the terrible ending of this story, you ought to know it all.

friends, they got permission from the divi-

was buried by her friends and among her

people in the little cemetery of Three Pines Crossing, not far from where you have gone.

brother

his

and

commander to take her away, and she

thought that I ought this; it seems that friend had a stra

## BUSINESS LIFE IN COREA

The Stores and Shops of the Queerest Capital in the World.

TIRED TRADERS SQUATTED ON THE FLOOR

The Merchants' Union and Corean Trusts-Bazaars, Bookstores and Free Lunch Counters-One of the King's Perquisites.

(Copyrighted, 1895, by Frank G. Carpenter.) The city of Seoul is now filled with Japanese troops, and Japanese merchants are preparing to open stores and go into business. The whole country is to be reorganized on a modern basis. Other merchants will soon come in, and the business methods of the Coreans will be changed. They are the queerest business men of the world, and their shops and stores are like nothing else on the face of the globe. I spent many days in going through them last summer, and in chatting with the merchants. They are the gaudiest merchants on the planet. They keep their horsehair hats on when in their stores. and instead of standing up behind the counters, they squat cross-legged on the floor and smoke long pipes while they talk to you about trade and offer you goods. Often they squat outside their stores, and both stores and merchants are so unlike anything in America that it is hard to describe them. The stores are located on the three main business streets of the city. These are dirt roads about as wide as Pennsylvania avenue in Washington. They are lined with mud huts thatched with straw, to the front of which there is often a framework or booth-like awning, which juts out over the street, and in which, on boards, are spread out the goods they have for sale. Here and there little tents have been built up in the streets, and there are hundreds of big-hatted, white-gowned squatters, who have planked themselves down on the road, their goods spread out before them, and who soberly smoke as they wait for their customers. There are hundreds of boys who part their hair in the middle, and who look like girls in their long gowns, going about peddling candy and chestnuts. They have a shoulders, and which rests on their chests. and the candy peddlers carry scissors and cu of their long strings of taffy into such sticks as you want. These boys yell out that they have taffy for sale. They are shrewd little fellows, and they ply their business in all THE COREAN BAZAARS.

Seoul is, you know, a city of 300,000 people and it covers about three square miles. Right in the center of the city there is a point where the three business streets come together, and at this point there is a temple about as big as a good-sized cow shed, which holds the great bell, or town clock, of the capital. This bell rings the opening and closing of the Corean day, and its knell sounds the beginning and ending of the day's work and business. It is rung just at dusk, and at this time the great gates of the city are closed. The stores are supposed to shut up, and the men to go into their houses and give the women a chance to take moonlight walks unmolested. About this bell are the biggest business establishments of Seoul. They are in large one and two-story buildings, which look a good deal like granaand which are cut up into lit-bits of closets opening out upon s. Each of these buildings is devoted to the selling of one kind of goods, and the leading merchants who deal in them have each one of these closets, and they squat on cushions just outside of them, ready to bring out their goods when the customers come. Glass is hardly known in Corea, and there windows, and the closet is as dark as a pocket. There is no display of goods, and ou ask for what you want and the merchant orings it out. One of the buildings will have nothing but cottons, and there may be fifty merchants each owning one of the closet-like stores within it. Another building will contain nothing but silk, and others will be de-voted to the selling of hats and paper. The merchants of different classes have guilds. and they fix the prices. Every yard of silk and every sheet of paper sold in Seoul has to pass through the guild and pay its taxes be-fore it can be sold. There are six great guilds, and each of these guilds pays a good round sum to the government for the con-trolling of its branch of trade. If a retail dealer is found with a piece of goods which does not bear the stamp of the guild the guild can fine and punish him without ref-ference to any other tribunal, and all of the petty traders throughout Seoul have to buy are those which control the trade in Chinese cotton goods, hemp cloth, grass cloth. Corean silk and paper, and it will be surprising to know that the whole of Corea is divided up into unions, and that the porters have their trades unions, and there are peddiers' unions and all sorts of working organ-

A LOOK INTO A COREAN STORE. The average Corean store is not much bigger than a dry goods box, and about this great bell there are courts surrounded by such stores, which open out on a ledge or porch about three feet wide, upon which the merchants sit. A merchant could hardly turn around in one of these stores, and if you would take a plano packing box and line it with shelves and run a board along in front of it about two feet from the ground. you would have a Corean store. The chief business is in cloth, as the Coreans probably spend more on clothes in proportion to their income than any other people in the world, and the cotton trade is a big one. The common people all wear cotton, and I was told that they like the American goods much better than the English, for the reason that they are better made, and that they are of finer material. The Corean silk is fairly good, and they use a good deal of Chinese silk. I re-member one fur store which I visited. It was not more than five feet square, but it was full of costly fur garments, which the richer of these people wear in the winter. Among the curious articles which it had for were frameworks of wicker, which the people wear during the summer inside their garments to keep them away from their per There were wicker shirts and wicker cuffs and wicker frames which fit out over the stomach, all so light that the weight of them ajəqi ui əug su puu ejqildəə.ədui əq pinom workmanship as a Panama hat. BIGGEST BOOK STORE IN SEOUL.

I spent some time in going among the ok stores and picture shops, and I found book stores and picture snops, and I found the merchants by no means anxious to sell, especially when I had General Pak, my in-terpreter, with me. I was warned to pay for everything on the spot, and I found that the nobility of Seoul and the high officials, with whom I was supposed to be connected, had a habit of taking what they pleased and never coming back to pay for it. I really believe this was the way they looked on me until I offered them the money. They always asked three times as much as they expected to take, and everything is done by dickering. I bought for about 50 cents a ing. I bought for about 50 cents a which was first offered to me for \$3, and this was at the biggest book store in Seoul The books are all laid flat on the floor. They have flexible backs, and are more like magazines than books. Many of them look like blank books and account books until you open them, and you find them filled with Chinese or Corean characters. The merchant keeps his accounts with a paint brush, the clerks keep their hats on, and the average clerk is satisfied if he receives his clothes and food for his family and himself. bought a Corean first reader, and later on ! visited a Corean printing establishment.
There were no movable types, and the pages which were to be printed were engraved on boards. The printer laid one of these boards down on two blocks of wood, then mixed down on two blocks of wood, then mixed some lampblack and water on a flat piece of marble and smeared this over the page. He then laid a proof sheet on it and pounded it down into the engraved type, and this con-

ONE OF THE KING'S PERQUISITES. The king gets a big income out of Corean paper. It is all made by hand, and it brings about 5 cents a sheet, each sheet containing about as much paper, I judge, as eight pages of this newspaper. I went through a paper factory, which is just outside of Scout, along the banks of a stream. Some paper is made of bark reduced to pulp, and all the old paper

is worked over. It is ground up into a sort of a much, and when it is all in bits a bamboo frame is thrust into the mush, and that which sticks to the frame ruskes a sheet of paper. It is bleached in the sun, and is as strong as cloth. Now, the king gets his percentage out of the first sale, and he makes a great deal of money out of his examination papers. All offices are supposed to be awarded by civil service examinations, and at certain times of the year the students, by the thousands, come from all parts of the country, each carrying two or three of these sheets of paper. They are admitted into one part of the palace grounds, and there squat down under umbrellas which they bring with them, and write essays in poetry. They have to wear a certain kind of a cap, known as a scholar's cap, at this time, and each essay covers a sheet of this paper. It must have just so many verses and just so many lines o each verse, and the students don't know what they are going to write about until they get inside the grounds. The subject is hoisted up on a pole just outside of a pen in which the king and the judges sit. After the writing is through each student folds up his essay in a peculiar way and throws it over the fence of the pen. It is carried up to the king and is spread out on top of a pile of papers which grows to large proportions before the examination is through. Only a few pass at these examinations, and the rejected papers are all sold by the king or by his officials, and there are hundreds of houses in Scoul which are carpeted with these old examination papers. I wore a rain-coat made of olled paper which had been originally used by a Corean student for one of these essays and I trotted about through the streets with a lot of Confucian doggerel on my back. The paper stores are found in different parts of the capital, and they do a big business. This paper takes the place of glass, and it forms the window coverings of Corea. THE SHOE STORES.

One of the largest of the guild halls about the great bell is devoted to the selling of shoes. These are of many varieties, and some are quite expensive. Those for the lashoes. dies are made of pink, blue and red leather while the men usually wear black slippers with soles of white wood about an inch thick The common people wear straw shoes, and hese are made by the bushel, and are carded by porters all over the country. I took picture of one with about 500 pairs on a back on his back, and I saw peddlers squatting down on the road here and there with hese shoes before them. They cost about 1 ent per pair, and are the cheapest article of clothing in Corea. Most things are extravagantly dear. General Pak showed me hats which cost \$15 apiece, and he bought a new gown in order that he might go about with me in style which cost him \$10.

FREE LUNCH COUNTERS. Think of free lunch counters in Corea Well, they have them in all parts of the country, and there is many a dirty little den in Secul outside of which a clay oven is continually cooking free soup, and where you can get a bit of dried fish or a raw turnip without charge between drinks. The Corean: are less temperate than the Chinese, and I think, also, than the Japanese. They like ntoxicating liquors, and I met many reeling through the streets, and now and then saw one asleep by the roadside, dressed in his ong white gown and looking for all the world like a corpse in a shroud. I saw a number of fights and General Greathouserather too delightedly, I thought-once said

"Why, these people are just like our peo ple at home. They drink and they fight and they go upon sprees. They have many other things in common with us, and they are deidedly human." There are many saloons, and the sign of

these is a basket which is hung on a pole above the door and which is of the kind hrough which the beer and other liquors are strained when they are made. This basket is usually about eighteen inches long and eight inches in diameter, and you see them all over Corea.

THE DRUG STORES.

The drug stores do not sell liquors, and they have very few fluids of any kind. Their medicines consist of powders and herbs, and patent medicines are as yet unknown in Corea. I believe a great big business could be done in both Corea and China by taking patent medicines out there and advertising them as wonderful cure-alls, using the "be-fore and after taking" signs, especially. The field is a virgin one, and it ought to be worked. I went into one drug store in Scoul which was walled with cabinets containing frawers about six inches square filled with pags of medicine hanging from the roof, and the druggist was squatting on the floor with his hat on, making more medicine. Both the Chinese and the Coreans believe in big doses They don't think a powder is worth anything unless it is big enough for a horse, and their great cure-all is ginseng. This we consider a weed in America, but it is one of the most valuable products of Corea, and the king has the monopoly of it. He has great farms which are watched at night by men who sit on platforms which have been built up in them to keep the people from stealing the crop. The roots are shipped off to China where the king has his own officials to watch the sale and see that he gets his share of the profits. It is, in short, worth almost its weight in gold. Some of this herb is shipped from America to China, but is not considered as good as the Corean ginseng. The weed is used as a tonic, and it is believed to have wonderful strengthening properties. THE CABINET SHOPS.

The Coreans do some very good cabinet work, and about the only things you can buy in the country which are worth carrying away are brass cooking utensils and bureaus. The brass is wonderfully fine. It shines like gold, and is made in little foundries, which look more like blacksmith shop than brass works. Everything is done by hand. The bureaus are all trimmed with brass, and the funniest article of household furniture is the Corean cash box. Every man has his own bank of this kind. It is oak wood about two inches thick, and the lock to it weighs several pounds. The money is kept in this box, and is carried about on the backs of coolies or by servants when a man goes shopping, and in the winter It is taken and put into the Corean safe de

THE COREAN SAFE DEPOSIT. The Coreans have perhaps the best safe deposit system in the world, but it is one that works only during the winter. All their money is in the shape of Corean cash, which is made in coins of copper and brass about as big as an old-fashioned red cent, with a square hole in the center. It takes 600 coins, or 3,000 cash, to make an American dollar, and about \$20 is a good load for a man, and \$40 would break down a bullock During the summer the Corean capitalist lends out his money for 5 per cent and upward a month, very judiciously placing it. In the winter, however, there is liable to be cold and famine, and it might be stolen, or his debtor might not be able to pay, so, as the cold weather approaches, he draws in his cash and puts it into his safe deposit vault until spring. Every Corean has his own vault. It is usually his front yard, which is walled off from the street. He has his servant dig up this to a depth of about eight feet and then the first cold, frosty night he spreads out a layer of this cash in the hole and covers it with a coating of earth. He has water thrown upon this, so that the cash is embedded in mud, and it is watched until Jack Frost freezes it tight. The next night there is another layer of cash and a second coating of mud. This is frozen and so it goes on until there is a solid frozen mass of cash and mud, lying two or three feet below the surface of the ground. On the top of this the ground is also frozen and the winter is such that the also frozen and the winter is such that the merchant can sleep without fear until spring.

Frank G. Carpenter A WINTER THOUGHT.

R. K. Munkittrick, in Harper's Weckly, Old winter is a surly soul, Gaunt, heggard, grim, and gray; His trumpet blast sweeps from the knoll All that is green and gay.

But isn't he a poet still, Of sweet and gentle art, Who feels a kind and gentle thrill Of sunshine in his heart.

When he depicts in dreams wind-test The flowers of summer's train In acadesques of sparking frost Upon the window pane?

The coming summer bonnet is to be small, flat affeir, worn well back on the head, similar to the extreme evening bonnet occasionally seen at the theater.

By Bret Harte.

Author of "The Luck of Rosring Camp," "Two Men of Sandy Bar," Etc.

(Copyright, 1894, by the Author.) why I did not speak to you when we met PART III. night; why, I even idreaded that you

CHAPETR III.-CONCLUSION. Although Brant was convinced as soon as he left the house that he could not accept anything from the Boompointer influence, and that his interview with Susy was fruitless, he knew that he must temporize, While he did not believe that his playmate would willingly betray him, he was uneasy when he thought of the vanity and impulsiveness which might compromise him-or of a possible jealousy that might seek revenge. Yet he had no reason to believe that Susy's nature was jealous, or that she was likely to have any cause, but the fact was that the climax of Miss Faulkner's reappearance when they were together affected him more strongly than the real climax of his interview with Susy-which was her offer. Once out of the atmosphere of that house, it struck him, too, that Miss Faulkner was almost as much of an alien to it as himself. He wondered what she had been doing there. Could it be possible that she was obtaining information for the south? But he reject

Perhaps there could be no stronger proof of the unconscious influence the young girl already had over him. He remembered the liveries of the diplo matic carriage that had borne her away, and ascertained without difficulty that her sister had married one of the foreign ministers and that she was a guest in his house. he was the more astonished to hear that and her sister were considered to southern unionists, and were greatly petted in governmental circles for their sac rificing fidelity to the flag. His informant an official in the State department, added that Miss Mathilda might have been a good dea! of a madcap at the outbreak of war, for the sisters had a brother in the confederate service, but that she had changed greatly, and indeed within a month. "For, he added, "she was at the white house for the first time last week, and they say the president talked more to her than to any

the idea as quickly as it had occurred to

The indescribable sensation with which this simple information filled Brant startled him more than the news itself. Hope, joy, fear, distrust and despair alternately thrilled him. He recalled Miss Faulkner's almost agonizing glance of appeal to him in the drawing room at Susy's, and it seemd to be equally con-sistent with the truth of what he had jusleard, or some monstrous treachery and de ceit of which she might be capable. Ever now she might be a secret emissary of some spy within the president's family; she migh have been in correspondence with some trai-tor in the Boompointer clique, and her imploring glance only the result of a fear of ex-posure. Or, again, she might have truly recanted after her escapade at Gray Oaks. and feared only his recollection of her as the go-between of spies. And yet both of hese presumptions were inconsistent with her conduct in the conservatory. It seemed im-possible that this impulsive woman, capable f doing what he had himself known her to do, and equally sensitive to the shame or joy of such impulses, should be the same heartless woman of society who had so coldly recog-nized and parted from him. But this interval of doubt was transitory.

The next day he received a dispatch from the War department ordering him to report himself for duty at once. With a beating heart he hurried to the secretary. But that official had merely left a memorandum with his assistant, directing General Brant to ac-company some fresh levies to a camp of occupation near the front for "organization." Brant felt a chill of disappointment. Duties of this kind had been left to dubious regular

by a lady, with the request that it should be delivered only into his own hands. "She did not know your hotel address, but ascerained you were to call here. She said it was of importance. There is no mystery about it, General," continued the official, with a mischleyous glance at Brant's handsome, perplexed face, "although it's from a very pretty woman—whom we all know." "Mrs. Boompointer?" suggested Brant,

very pretty woman—whom "Mrs. Boompointer?" with affected lighteness. It was a maladroit speech. The official's face darkened. "We have not yet become a postal department for the Boompointers, General," he said, dryly, "however great their influence elsewhere. It was from a rather different style of woman-Miss Fault ner. You will receive your papers later at your hotel and leave tonight."

Brant's unlucky slip was still potent enough to divert the official attention, or he would have noticed the change in his vistor's face and the abruptness of his de-

Once in the street, Brant tree off the envelope. But beneath it was another, on which was written in a delicate, refined hand: "Please do not open this until you reach your destination." Then she knew he was going! And this

was her influence! All his suspicions again returned. She knew he was going near the lines, and his very appointment, through her influence, might be a plot to serve her and the enemy. Was this letter which she was to him the cover of a missive to her southern friends, which she expected



IN THE CONSERVATORY.

him to carry as a return for her own act of self-sacrifice? Was this the appeal she had been making to his chivalry, his gratitude, his honor? The perspiration stood in beads on his forchead. What defect lay hidden in his nature that seemed to make him an easy victim of these intriguing women? He had not even the excuse of gallantry. Less susceptible to the excuse of gallantry. gallantry. Less susceptible to the potencies of the sex than most men, he was still compelled to bear that reputation. He remem-bered his coldness to Miss Faulkner in the first days of their meeting and her effect upon his subalterns. Why had she selected upon his subalterns. Why had she selected him from among them, when she could have modeled the others like wax to her purposes? wodeled the others like wax to her purposes? Why? And yet with the question came a possible answer that he hardly dared to think of; that in its very vagueness seemed to fill him with a stimulating thrill and hopefulness. He quickened his pace. He would take the letter, and yet be master of himself when the time came to open it.

himself when the time came to open it. That time came three days later, in his tent on Three Pine crossing. As he broke that it contained no other enclosure, and seemed intended only for himself. It began

month, added to this first official notice of his disgrace, had brought forward again that

The official smiled. "I suppose, then, you are walting to hear from the president," he said, dryly.

or me to inquire." Even when he reached his hotel this halfavage indifference which had taken the place

Boompointer's party in the hope of hearing ws of you. "You know that my brother was captured by your pickets, in company with another officer. He thinks that you suspected the truth, that he and his friend were hovering near your lines to effect the escape of the spy. But he says that although they failed the public rooms of the white house to a more secluded spot of the household. The to help her she did escape, or was passed through the lines by your connivance. He says that you seemed to know her; that from what Rose, the mulatto waman, told him, you and she were evidently old friends would not speak of this nor intrude upon your private affairs, only that I think you to know that I had no knowledge of when I was in your house, but believed her to be a stranger to you. You gave me no intimation that you knew her, and I be lieved that you were frank with me. But I should not speak of this at all, for I believe that it would have made no difference to

me in repairing the wrong that I thought had done you; only that as I am forced by "My brother wrote to me that the evening after you left the burying party picked up the body of what they believed to be a mu-latto woman lying on the slope. It was not Rose, but the body of that very woman—the real and only spy—whom you had passed through the lines at daybreak. My brother thinks she was accidentally killed in the first attack upon you by her own friends and so fell a double martyr. But only my brother and his friend recognized her through tranquil. "I was told I should have to send for you her blackened face and disguise, and on the plea that she was a servant of one of their

If I wished to see you," he said smilingly.

Already mollified, and perhaps again falling previous influences of this singular man. Brant began somewhat hesitatingly to

You don't understand. It was something new to my experience here to find an ablebodied American citizen with a genuine, healthy grievance who had to have it drawn strange from him like a decayed tooth. But you have



gruous to the dreadful message I was charged with. And when I had to meet you laterperhaps I may have wronged you—but it seemed to me that you were so preoccupied and interested with other things that I might perhaps only be wearying you with something you cared little for, or perhaps already knew and had quickly forgotten.

"I had been wanting to say something else message. I do not know if you still care to hear it; but you were once generous enough to think that I had done you a service in bringing a letter to your commander. Al-I know better than any one else the genuine devotion to your duty that made you accept my poor service, from all that I can hear you have never had the credit of it. Will you not try me again? I am in more favor here, and I might yet be more successful in showing your superiors how true you have been to your trust, even if you have lit le faith in your friend, Matilda Faulkner." For a long time he remained motionless with the letter in his hand, then arose, or-

There was little difficulty in finding the emetery of Three Pines Crossing-a hillside slope, hearsed with pine and cypress, and starred with white crosses, that in the dis-tance looked like flowers. Still less was there in finding the newer marble shaft among the older lichen spotted slabs, which hore the simple words: "Alice Benham, Martyr." A few confederate soldiers, under still plainer and newer wooden headstones, carved only with initials, lay at her feet Brant sank on his knees beside the grave, but he was thrilled to see that the base of the marble was stained with the red pollen of the fateful lily, whose blossoms had been heaped upon her mound, but whose fallen pedals lay dark and sodden in decay.

How long he remained there he did not mow. And then a solitary bugle from the camp seemed to summon him as it had once summoned him before—and he went away —as he had gone once before—to a separation that he now knew was for all time.

Then followed a month of superintendence and drill, and the infusing into the little camp under his instructions the spirit which seemed to be passing out of his own life forever. Shut in by alien hills on the border, land of the great struggle, from time to time reports reached him of the bitter fighting and almost disastrous successes of his old division commander. Orders came from Washington to hurry the preparation of his raw levies for the field, and a faint hope sprang up in his mind. But following it came another dispatch ordering his return to the capital. He reached it with meither hope nor fear,

so benumbed had become his spirit under his last trial, and what seemed to be now the mockery of his last sacrifice to his wife. Though it was no longer a question of her life and safety, he knew that he could will preserve her memory from stain by keeping her secret, even though its divulgence might clear his own. For that reason he had even hesitated to inform Susy of her death, in the fear that in her thoughtless irresponsi-bility and impulsiveness she might be tempted to use it in his favor. He had made his late appointment a plea for withholding any present efforts to assist him. He even avoided the Boompointers' house, in what he believed was partly a duty to the memory of his wife. But he saw no inconsistencies in occasionally extending his lonely walks to the vicinity of a foreign legation, or in being lifted with a certain expectation at the sight of its liveries on the avenue. There was a craving for sympathy in his heart, which Miss Faulkner's letter had awakened. Meantime he had reported himself for duty at the War department, with little hope, however, in that formality. But he was surprised the next day when the chief of the bureau informed him that his claim was before the president

fore the president.

"I was not aware that I had presented any claim." he said, a little haughtily.

The bureau chief looked up with some surprise. This quiet, patient, reserved man had once or twice puzzled him before. "Perhaps I should say 'case,' general" he said, dryly. "But the personal interest of the highest executive in the land strikes me as being desirable in anything."

ing, but none the less firmness, "and I should imagine it was not the duty of a soldier to question them, which I fancy a 'claim' or a 'case' would imply."

He had no idea of taking this attitude before, but the disappointments of the past month, added to this first official notice of

dogged, reckless, yet half scornful, determina-tion that was part of his nature.

"I am waiting orders from the depart-ment," returned Brant, quietly, "but whether they originate in the president or commander-in-chief or not, it does not seem

of his former incertitude had not changed. It seemed to him that he had reached the crisis of his life when he was no longer esponsible, but could wait superior alike to effort or expectation. And it was with a merely dispassionate curiosity that he found a note the next morning informing him that the president would see him early that day. A few hours later he was ushered through

messenger stopped before a modest door and knocked. It was opened by a tall figure, the president himself. He reached out a long arm to Brant, who stood hesitatingly on the threshold, grasped his hand, and led him into the room. It had a single large, elaborately draped window and a magnificent medallioned carpet, which contrasted with he otherwise almost appalling simplicity of the furniture. A single plain, angular desk with a blotting pad and a few sheets of large foolscap paper upon it, a waste paper basket, and four plain armchairs completed the interior, with a contrast as simple and homely as its long-limbed, black-coated occupant. Releasing the hand of the general to shut the door which opened into another apartment, the president shoved an armchair toward Brant and sank somewhat wearily into another before the desk. But only for moment; the long, shambling limbs did not seem to adjust themselves easily to the chair; the high, narrow shoulders drooped to find a more comfortable lounging attitude, shifting from side to side, and the long legs moved dispersedly. Yet the face that was turned toward Brant was humorous and

officers, and favored detrimentals. But if it was no longer inaction, it was no longer inaction in twas no longer inaction. It was, also, evidently the result of some influence, but hardly that of the Boompointers, for he knew that Susy wished to keep him at the capital. Was there another power at work to send him away from Washpower at work to send him away from Washpower at Work in the capital. Was there another in the capital was not think he was touched by what that the had twice sought an addience—but—

"You donged the dentist! That was wrong." As Brant made a slight movement of derivative that the had twice sought an addience—but—

"You donged the dentist! That was wrong." As Brant made a slight movement of dependent or the white house. His attention was attracted by an erect, handsome, soldierly looking man, with a beard and moustache slightly straked with a two that the had twice sought an addience—"

"You donged the dentist! That was wrong the white had of pain must be suffered in this world, even by one's enemies. Well, I have looked into your case, General Brant." He took up a by one's enemies. Well, I have looked into your case, General Brant." He took up a piece of paper from his desk, scrawled with two or three notes in pencil. "I think this is the way it stands. You were commanding a position at Gray Oaks, when information."

The took up a reserved only for the president of the United States and his family," said the gentleman, smilingly, "in that little conservatory I proposed to your mother."

passing through your lines. There was no attempt to prove your neglect; your orders the facts of your personal care and precau tion, were all before the department; but it was also shown that your wife, from whom you were only temporarily whom you were only temporarily separated, was a notorious secessionist; that before the war you yourself were suspected, and that therefore you were quite capable of evading your own orders, which you may have only given as a blind. On this infor-mation you were relieved by mation you were relieved by the department of your command. Later on it was discovered that the spy was none other than your own wife, disguised as a mulatto; that after

treachery.
"But I did not know it was my wife until she was arrested," said Brant impulsively.

The president knitted his eyebrows humor-"Don't let us travel cut of the record, ously. by your friends I discovered something of more importance to you. I had been trying to find a scrap of evidence that would justify the presumption that you had sent informa-tion to the enemy. I found that it was based upon the fact of the enemy being in possession of facts at the first battle of Gray Oaks which could only have been obtained from our side, and which led to the federal disaster; that you, however, retrieved by your gallantry. I asked the secretary if he was gallantry. I asked the secretary if he was prepared to show that you had sent the information with that view, or that you had been overtaken by a tardy sense of repentance. He preferred to consider my suggestion as humorous. But the inquiry led to make the preferred to the inquiry led to the preferred to the preferred to the inquiry led to the preferred t my further discovery that the only treasonable correspondence actually in evidence was found upon the body of a trusted federal officer, and had been forwarded to the division commander. But there was no written record of it in the case." "Why, I forwarded it myself," said Brant

"So the division commander writes," said the president smiling, "and he forwarded it to the department. But it was suppressed in some way. Have you any enemies, Gen-"None that I know of."

"Then you probably have. You are young and successful. Think of the hundreds of other officers who naturally believe themselves better than you are, and haven't a traitorous wife. Still, the department may have made an example of you for the benefit of the only man who couldn't profit by "Might it not have been, sir, that this sup-

pression was for the good report of the service—as the chief offender was dead?" "I am glad to hear you say so, General, for it is the argument I have used successfully in behalf of your wife."

"Then you know it all, sir?" said Brant,
after a gloomy pause.

"All, I think. Come, general, you seemed,

just now, to be uncertain about your enemies. Let me assure you you need not be so in re-gard to your friends." "I dare to hope I have found one, sir," said Brant, with almost boyish timidity.
"Oh, not me," said the president, with a laugh of deprecation. "Some one much more

"May I know his name, Mr. President?"

highest political convictions should be under restraint. Luckily, the department knows nothing of it."

'Nor would any one ever have known from me, said Brant eagerly. "I trust that she did not think—that you, sir—did not for an instant believe that I—" and the said and the Baring failure the national have been drawing gold from us. If we draw this metal away from them again, they must of necessity look to allow "Oh, dear no. Nobody would have believed

you! It was her free confidence to me. That was what made the affair so difficult to handle. For even her bringing your dis-patch to the division commander looked bad for you—and you know he even doubted its authenticity. "Does she does Miss Faulkner-know the

spy was my wife?" hesitated Brant. The president twisted himself in his chair so as to regard Brant more gravely with his deepest eyes, and then thoughtfully rub-

your old friend, Mr. Hooker, "Hooker!" said Brant indignantly, "did

tell me that any of his inventions are true! Leave me at least that magnificent liarhave. For from the time he first appeared here with a grievance and a claim for a commission he has been an unspeakable joy me and a convincing testimony to you. Other witnesses have been partisans and prejudiced. Mr. Hooker has been frankly true himself. How else should I have known of the care you took to disguise yourself, honor of your uniform, and run the risk of being shot as a unknown spy at your wife's side, except from his magnificent version of his part in it? How else should version of his part in it? How else should I have known the story of your discovery of the California conspiracy, except for his supreme portrayal of it, with himself as the Was at the opera every night, and every No, you must not forget to thank Mr. Hookerwhen you meet him.

'Miss Faulkner is at present more accessible; she is calling on some members of my family in the next room. Shall I leave you with her?

Brant rose with a pale face and a quickly throbbing heart, as the president, glancing at the clock, untwisted himself from the chair, and shock himself out at full length | He'd stores of pleasant memories of singers and so, gradually, to his feet. "Your wish for active service is granted, General Brant, he said slowly, "and you will at once rejoir your old division commander, who is now at the head of the old Tenth army corps. But," he said, after a deliberate pause, "there are certain rules and regulations of your service that even I cannot with decent respect to your department override. You will, therefore, understand that you cannot rejoin the army in your former position."

The slightest flush that came to Brant's cheek quickly passed. And there was only the unmistakable sparkle of renewed youth in his frank eyes as he said: "Let me get to his frank eyes as he said: "Let me get to he was a learn not have not been and beare not be a learn not the front again, Mr. President, and I care not

The president smiled, and, laying his heavy the president smited, and, laying his heavy hand on Brant's shoulder, pushed him gently toward the door of the inner room. "I was only about to say," he added, as he opened the door, "that it would be necessary for you to rejoin your prometed commander as a major general. And," he continued, lift-ing his voice as he gently pushed his guest into the room, "he hasn't even thanked me for it. Miss Faulkorer."

for it, Miss Faulkner!"

The door closed behind him, and he stood for a moment dazed, and still hearing the distant voice of the president in the room he had just quitted, welcoming a new visitor. But the room before him, opening into a conservatory, was empty save for a single figure that turned half-timidly, half-mischievously toward him. The same quick, sympathetic glance was in both their eyes. He moved quickly to her side.
"Then you knew that—that—woman was
my wife?" he said hurriedly, as he grasped
her hand.

e cast a half-appealing look at his facea half-frightened one around the room and at an open door beyond.

a position at Gray Oaks, when information was received by the department that either through neglect or complicity spies were passing through your house the spies were after that!"

"Oh, Clarence, how can you?" said the lady, reprovingly. "You know it was long after that!"

THE END. THE GOLD MONOPOLY.

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 16.-To the Editor of The Bee: The gold standard is the greatest of all monopolies because of the limited supply as a measurer of values. It no more deserves the name of money than silver, which has been its co-worker ever since the two metals have been called money. The exclusive use of one without the other has always brought about commercial disaster, her arrest by your own soldiers you con-nived at her escape—and this was considered conclusive proof of, well, let us say, your clamorous for the demonetization of the more abundant metal. So we can only conclude if both gold and silver should be produced ously. "Don't let us travel out of the record, general. You're as bad as the department. The question was one of your personal treachery, but you need not accept the fact that you were justly removed because your wife was a gpy. Now, general, I am an old lawyer, and I don't mind telling you that in Illinois we wouldn't hang a yellow dog on that evidence before the department. But you need abnormally in Chicago. As soon as in abundance at the same time, then there lawyer, and I don't mind telling you that it illinois we wouldn't hang a yellow dog on the partial failure of the crop in 1894, advanced abnormally in Chicago. As soon as when I was asked to look into the matter it became known that wheat would fatten hogs more cheaply than corn, down goes the price of corn, while wheat remains at un changed prices. There was not corn enough; wheat came to the rescue. The two together are sufficient to do the business. That are sufficient to do the business. That is, it gives the man who has hogs to fatten a competition product and saves him from bankruptcy. So gold in its scarcity demands a higher price, buys too much of the product of labor; couple silver with it to decrease its buying capacity, and the product of toil rises and saves it from bankruptcy.

But, the gold monometallist says, we are producing \$160,000,000 of gold annually, and

in twenty-five years the \$4,000,000,000 of silver now used as money with gold can be replaced by gold. Hence there will be no necessity of using the bulky silver after that time. Yes, if all the \$160,000,000 is put into coin, and if the world stands still commercially for twenty-five years, but the best statisticians claim that only about 33 per cent of the gold product is coined. Hence it would take seventy-five years to produce and replace silver with gold, and by that time the world may demand \$16,000. 000,000 of metal money instead of \$8,000. 000,000 as now, which is about half each gold and silver.

Then again the monometallist says we only want a small per cent of gold behind the flat money the nations may issue, that the flat money with checks, drafts, etc., the business. Up to the time of the Barings failure this paper or credit system did well, but that failure opened the eyes of the world and showed too much paper for the metal money. Hence the scramble for gold, and nearly all the nations are buying it Why our panic during the past two years?

Because the foreign nations saw too much silver and paper compared with our gold supply. We have produced in this country some \$2,000,000,000 of gold, which if we now had, or even half of it, we would be the fittest nation on the face of the globe in gold, as we should be, and as we are in everything else. It is the nation that holds the gold that can compel international blue. gold that can compel international blinetailism, and as this nation is rich in every-thing that commands gold, why not have the gold? We must have more money from some source until our revenues again are sufficient to meet government expenses, so "May I know his name, Mr. President?"

"No. For it is a woman. You were nearly ruined by one, general. I suppose it's quite right that you should be saved by one; and, of course, irregularly."

"A woman!" echoed Brant.

"Yes! One who were guiler to meel government expenses, so why should congress not pass a law giving the secretary of the Irresury authority to sell \$500,000,000 gold bonds abroad, and thus show the world we mean to have our money equal to the best of any nation. With this authority vested in the hard. That time came three days later, in his not on Three Pine crossing. As he broke not envelope he was relieved to find lat it contained no other enclosure, and semed intended only for himself. It began bruptly:

"When you read this you will understand of the department in reporting myself here," which is a contained to the best of any nation. With this authority vested in the hands of the secretary of the highest executive in the land strikes me as being desirable in anything."

"Yes! One who was willing to confess the department was sufficiently vested in the hands of the secretary of the treasury, in my opinion he would not have to self \$50,000,000 before gold would traitor—to save you! Upon my word, general! don't know if the department was far wrong; a man with such an alternately uncertain the properties of the highest of the highest of the highest of the highest of the properties of the highest of the highest of the highest of the highest of the department was sufficiently vested in the hands of the secretary of the treasury, in my opinion he would traitor—to save you! Upon my word, general! he said, dryly.

"A woman!" echoed Brant.

"Yes! One who was willing to confess the reading to confess the secretary of the treasury, in my opinion he would traitor—to save you! Upon my word, general! don't know if the department was far wrong; a man with such an alternately uncertainty vested in the hands of the secretary of the treasury, in my opinion he would traitor—to save you! Upon my word, general! don't know if the department was far wrong; a man with such as alternately uncertainty vested in the hands of the secretary of the treasury of the treasury

from the other nations would show them the inability of gold alone as a measurer of val-ues. As yet they have hardly seen this be-cause since the Baring failure the nations must of necessity look to silver as a co-

worker with gold.

The motto that the fittest only survive now applies to money as well as to any other matter. Gold alone as money is not the matter. Gold alone as money is not the fittest from its limited quantity; silver, from its bulk and abundance. The two together make the ideal metal money. No of repute would question the ability of Eng-land to force bimetallism. She has the gold, but not the inclination. If we had the gold, as we have the inclination, then we could his deepest eyes, and then thoughtfully rub-bed his leg. "Don't let us travel out of the record, General," he said, after a pause, But as the color surged into Brant's cheek, But as the color surged into Brant's cheek, mines. This country better buy, borrow, pro-mines. This country better buy, borrow, proa half humorous recollection:
"No. I think that fact was first gathered and force bimetallism rather than surrender our position as the first nation in the world by adopting free coinage of silver,

Hooker, general," said the president in Mr. be necessary to accumulate as much gold as weary, half humorous deprecation. "Don't tell me that any of his inventions. Nothing succeeds like success. So it may perfectly intelligible witness you or from the time he first appeared putting 50 cents value in gold in the middle of 50 cents value in silver. This combina-tion coin would remain with us. Our foreign balances could be paid in bullion when trade is against us.

J. M. BEMIS.

A MUSICAL SOUL.

from a flat. He never missed a single chance to hear an matince.

He'd talk of fugues and nocturnes with the greatest sort of ease,
Of majors and of minors, of sopranos and
high C's.
He'd tell you how the trilogy should properly be sung,
And often whistled snatches from the Gotterdammerung.

he had met,
he had met,
And those he'd not encountered have their
debuts to make yet.
On Verdi and on Wagner he was truly most adroit; He'd even made a pilgrimage one season to Bayreuth.

He knew Herr Paderewski, and upon a window sill Could imitate Von Bulow with inimitable skill.
Each morning on awakening, with fingers and his thumbs, He'd play upon the bedposts a grand symphony for drums.

In fact he lived for music; but he had no single fad.
All music pleased his inner soul; he deemed no measure bad.
But best of all he said he loved the xylophonic beat
Of those plano-organs that go round from those plane-organs that go round from street to street.

And as I thought about him, when I heard that he had died, I could not help a feeling of extraordinary And as I thought about him, when I heard that he had died,
I could not help a feeling of extraordinary pride,
To think the age in which I lived had in its little span
Produced at last without a doubt a truly house man. honest man.

for though I think all mortals love the xylophonic beat

of those plano-organs that go round from street to street, man of honesty, such as we takes a man of honesty, such as we rarely know, ombined with nerve to stand erect and tell the public so.

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