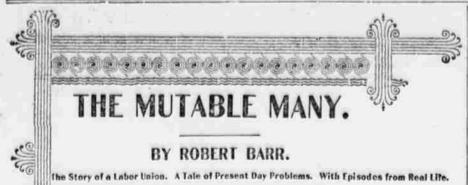
THE ONALLY STREET FUEL AVE JANUARY S. 1895

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, JANUARY 3, 1897.



pay.

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(Copyright, 1996, by Robert Harr.) CHAPTER XIII. Sartwell prided himself on being a man "When an Englishman takes off his coat to fight, he caks no favor from his opponent; who made few mistakes. He was able to trace an event from cause to effect with but he does expect fair play, and it English reasonable certainty, and this slight morit reasonable certainty, and this slight morit men are the ontookers he gets it, will mai's him perhaps a triffe impatient with they like him or whether they don't. others who could not be credited with similar docen't expect to be struck below the below foresight, as his own wife would not have be docen't expect to be strangled on the ropes he doesn't expect to be hit when he is down hesitated to hear witness. It would probahesitated to bear witness. It would proba-bly have filled that just woman with sub-Manager Sartwell, and we have fought as dued, if particinable, gratification had she man should. We have broken no law; known how wide of the mark her husband have raised no disturbance. The police, was in his estimate of the result on the strikers of the news he had committed to have say at Master Sarmell invariant that the care of Marsten. Sartwell imagined that the care of Marsten. Sartwell imagined that the men, in their fury at being outwitted, would turn on Gethons and rend him. He would turn on Gibbons and read him. He would turn on Gersons and rend him. He set agree 1 have had one mistage 1 hade believed that Gibbons would not dare tell his dupes, as Sartwell persisted in calling them, how the union had been befooled into supporting for weeks the bogus workmon

ready to take the consequences of my words-that Sartwell is a thief, and a cowardly thief whom the manager had flung into its credulous lap. After wrecking their vengeance In the estimation of any honest man. He knew that the life of our fight was our money on Gibbons and deposing him, they must return to the works, reasoned the manager. He Their money was gone, interest in the striks had all but died out, fresher events had and steal our money, because he was afraid of the law, but he took a meaner and more compressed it into a two-line item in the papers, subscriptions had practically ceased; papers, subscriptions had practically censed; what, then, was there left but a return of starvation, that powerful ally of masters all work-poor devils! I don't blame them the world over?

But Sartwell forgot that the Englishman But Sartwell forgot that the Englishman knows how to starve. No Indian ever tight-ors his halt avectors model with arithment of his, the union would take them in and pay them wages, as long as there was no ens his belt another noteh with grimmer de-ternsination to compress hunger than an Englishman sets his terth and starves, if need be. He has starved on the ice near the pole and under the burning sun in the

He has met famine face to face in be lenguered fort with no thought of surrender, and has doled with scrupulous exectitude the insufficient portions of food on a raft in mid-ocean. The poet has starved in his garret, making no outery, and the world bas said, "if we had only known." In the forests and on the plains, in the jungle and on the mountains, and-perhaps, worst of all-in the great citics, amid plenty, the Englishman has shown he knows how to starve, saying with the poet:

I have nor winced nor cried aloud. When Gibbons heard what Marsten had to tell, he promptly said, "It is a He," but the committee looked one at the other with apprehension in their faces, fearing it was truth.

"The question is," said Marsten, "are you going to let the men know this?" "Certainly, if I find it is true; but I don't believe a word of it. Perhaps you want the pleasure of being the bearer of bad news to the men."

"I intend to tell them if you do not." "Of course. I'm sorry we can't gratify you.

The committee dismissed Marsten and went into secret secsion, shortly afterward soparating to meet again in the evening Just before the large gathering in the Sal-vation hall. In the interview Glbbons and his fellow members made active search for alleged fraufulent workmen, but they found none; the birds had flown. It was evident that the word had been passed, and that, fearing the vengeance of the legiti-

mate claimants to the union funds, the former "blacklegs" had taken themselves off out of the reach of possible harm. When the committee met for the second time that day the members were divided among themselves as to the advisability of taking the members during the manager is waiting expectantly for the taking the mem fully into their conditioner.

station.

In splite of their defeat in the morning the men gathered once more about the works in the alternoon, and the threatening crowd was

even greater than before, because the even-ing papers had spread over London startling accounts of the riot, as they called it, and the news had attracted idlers from all parts affoat: shors in Light street; they had armed them-selves and were about to march on Trafal-gar square. With a resolute and desperate daster on his face, moved about counseling inderation and respect for the law. They would forfelt public sympathy, he said, by resorting to vicience, although some of his bearers growled that "a bleedin' lot o' good" public sympathy had done for them. "What

e want, and what we mean to have," said libbons, "is a word with the owners. They re bound to come out soon." They did come out ultimately together, and two more frightened mea than Monkton and Hope it would have been hard to find in all the land that day. They were sur-rounded by a dozen policemen, whose reao-lute demeanor showed they were not to be triffed with. The gates immediately closed

whind this formidable procession, and it uickly made its way up the street, the rowd jeering and groaning as it passed "We've got nothing against them," should

one. "Bring out Sartwell, and we'll show you wot for." Haired for the manager rather than the

owners was plainly the dominant sentiment of the gathering. They cheered the remark, they were doubtless starving-and he told from that if they masquerailed as employes and gave three greans for the unpopular When the protected men disappeared, the vigilance of the force relaxed, and the crowd spicion aroused-that is, if these men kep

mouths shut they could draw strike surged into the gap the police had eleared. With the masters safe and out of reach, the Much as I have always despised Sartwell, I did not think he would stoop to a critical moment of the day seemed to have

whethe

knew that starvation for the helples

He

and wood on the top of the failen cab. "For God's sake, men," he screamed, "don't resist.the police! Fall back! Fall back!" like treacheny? Think of the wives and The might as well have should to the silves; think of these that no one has given mons, and the crowd was rapidly falling a thought to all these weeks, the women as given a thought to all these weeks, the women in the back walk a few minutes back, to t because Gibbons ordered them to workers in the top floor of the work. They've had little strike pay; they have to suffer outside door opened and shut, and in the ball, the outside door opened and shut, and in the ball, the outside door opened and shut, and in the suffer was none to oppose them. In an incredibly short space of time the police in a body marched down the street, and there was none to oppose them. The remnants of what a few minutes before seemed an irresistible force lay on the pave-ment and groaned, or leaned against the walls the more seriously wounded to be taken to the hampitals, the others to the police

railway fare, so next morning early he set his face to the west and trudged along the Portsmouth road the twelve miles' distance between London and Surbiton.

As he walked up the beautifully kept drive to the Hope mansion he thought he saw the owner among the trees at the rear, pacing very dejectedly up and down a path. Mars the news had attracted idlers from all parts the metropolis. The wildest rumors were foat; the men were going to wreck the orks; they were going to loot the bread tors in Light street; they had armed them-tors and were about to march on Trained themectives and were about to march on Trafal-gar square. With a resolute and desperate leader, there is no saying what they might have attempted, but Gibbons, who had put another coat on his back, and much sticking plaster on his face, moved about courseling came upon Mr. Hope, who was much alarmed at seeing a stranger suddenly appear before hlm "I am one of your workmen, Mr. Hope

begen Marsten, by way of reassuring the lit-tle man; but his words had an entirely opposite effect. Mr, Hope looked wildly to right and left of him, but seeing no chance of cacape, resigned himself, with a deep sigh, to dynamite or whatever other shape this particular workingman's arguments might take

"What do you want?" faltered the employer at last. "I want this strike to end."

"Oh, so do I, so do I!" cried Mr. Hope, almost in tears. almost in tears. "Then, Mr. Hope, won't you allow me to speak with you for a few moments, and see if we cannot find some way out of the difficulty?"

"Surely, surely," replied the trembling old man, visibly relieved at finding his I former employe did not intend to use the stout stick which he carried in his hand for a and perhaps it did-perhaps it did. "Let us walk a little further from the use, where we can talk quietly. Have you is best to mention this to no one, "I shall never breathe a word about it,

"That's right-that's right. I am very glad you came, and I'll speak to Sartwell

day at the gates." The old man shuddered at the recollect

"There were so many there I did not see any one distinctly, and it all took place so suddenly, I don't remember Gibbons, was dreadful, dreadful!" (To be continued.)

"I hope you were not hurt." "No, no. Merely a scratch or two. Noth-

ing to speak of. Now, what can be done about the strike?" "Would you be prepared to grant the re-

quests of the men, if they were to throw over Gibbons, and send a deputation to Mr. Sartwell? "Oh, willingly, most willingly. I don't at all remember what it is the men want, but

we'll grant it; anything to stop this suicidal Does Sartwell know you?" truggle. 'Yes, sir.'

"Of course he does. He knows every one in the works, by name even. A wonderful man-a wonderful man! I often wish I had more influence with him. Now, if you would go and see Mr. Sartwell-he lives at Wimbledon; it's on your way; I asked him not to go to the works today, so perhaps you will find him at home-you might possibly arrange with him about receiving a deputation. Perhaps it would be best not to tell him that you've seen me-yes, I'm sure it's best not. Then I'll speak to him about granting the men's demands. I'll put my foot down; so will Monkton. We'll be firm with him." The old man glanced timidly over his shoulder. "We'll say to him that we've stood at his back about Gibbons and now he must settle at once with the men when they've abandoned Gibbons.

about it-nothing about it." gentleman explained to the boy all of my Marsten took the money and slipped it into

outside door opened and shut, and in the silence the crunch on the gravel was disinctly heard.

have forgotten Marsten's presence in the intensity of the moment.

"Clever girl, Susy-so I was, so I was," he murmured to himself.

"Good-by and thank you, Mr. Hope," said Marsten, rising. "I will go at once and see Mr. Sartwell.

"Yes, yes. In a moment-in a moment," said the old man, with a glance out of the window. His voice sank into an apologetic tone as he added, as if asking a favor: "Won't you take some money with you to be given anonymously-anonymously mind-to the committee for the men? You see, the negotiations may take a few days, am I understand they are badly off-badly off. Even Marsten smiled at this suggestion 'I don't see how that could be managed. I shall have to tell the men I have been to see you, or at least some of them, and the prairie land. they might misunderstand. I think, perhaps

"I see-I see. There is a difficulty, of ourse, I shall send it in the usual way to the papers. That's the best plan."

"To the papers," said Marsten, astonished The old man looked at Lim in alarm. "I didn't intend to mention that. As you say, it might be misunderstood. The world ems to be made up of misunderstandings, but you'll not say anything about it, will

you? I did it in a roundabout way, so as not to cause any ill feeling, under the name of 'Wellwisher,' Merely triffes, you know, triffes, now and then. Sartwell said the

wouldn't care for him to know you see, that contributed anonymously to the strike fund; he might think it prolonged the strike It is difficult to say what one's duty is in case like this-very difficult. So perhaps it

Mr. Hope.'

about you when we get in running order again. Now just come out by the front door this time, and when you speak to Mr. Sart-well be careful not to say anything that

The easiest way is generally the best. If any one has to put a foot down, leave that o me-leave that to me."

The manufacturer himself let his employe out by the front entrance, and the young man walked briskly to Surbiton station.

TAD LINCOLN'S RIDE.

An Engineer's Story of the Way He Carried the President's Son.

> BY JOHN HENRY MARTIN. NET VER YER IN THE CONTRACTOR OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY

I had enlisted in 1861 at Rochester, N.

Y., and was firing on a New York Central engine when I quit to be a soldier for Uncle Sam. My enlistment papers showing what my occupation had been, I was soon detailed to run an engine on a little road reaching from Washington down into Virginia that was being operated by the government as far down as the boys in blue commanded the situation. At this time I made a round trip each day, leaving Wash-ington at 10 a. m. and arriving in Washing-

ton on my return trip at 4 p. m. One morning while I sat in the cab of my engine reading a newspaper to pass the hour their elephants and are understood by them. or more that would bring us to our starting time, I became conscious, without paying any particular attention to them, that a gen-

kempt figure, rose above the struggling mob some impatience; "haven't they been treat- whisper, "take the money and say nothing "Long Bridge" across the Potomac. The his master's house. Taylor started and argued the case with such sweet reason-ableness that he finally let him ring, and when he got no answer and started away, ovements in a manner that showed he the dog made friends in a dignifiedly apolo knew the locomotive very well. getic way.

'Oh, papa! I do wish I could take a long ride on this engine, out in the country where it goes fast. It must be grand to be carried away by such a big strong horse." But if Taylor thought dog's linguistic in-telligence received inadequate recognition, he was still more convinced of the general in-justice done to horses. Mr. Taylor, in the later years of his life, owned an old horse which was wonderfully smart about getting what he wanted; age did not wither his intellect, for he was 40 rears old when he most distinguished human? As the engine slowly backed once more into the sheds the gentleman again thanked

me, and as I caught the wistful look in the boy's face I was prompted to say: the anxiety cleared away from Mr. Hope's face like the passing of a cloud, and a faint smile hovered about his lips. He seemed to back, sir. I leave here at 10 a. m. and re-back, sir. I leave here at 10 a. m. and return at 4:30 p. m. If you are willing to trust the boy to me. I will take him for the years old when he most distinguished himself in the field of reason. When, for instance, he lifted one box after another off a pile trip hore in front of me on my scat. The road is safe. We do not go into the enemy's country. I think I can safely promise to deliver the young man to you at this spot at 4:30 this afternoon.

Into my face and said;

my fellow traveler.

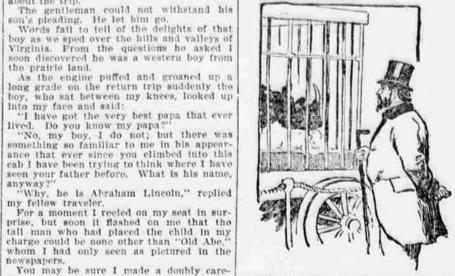
rest at Springfield.

THE POWER OF LANGUAGE.

lived.

anyway?

he litted one box after another on a pile until he came to the oats, which were in the seventh. While he was munching them by came his master, and when the horse saw he was caught he filled his mouth quickly and trotted back to his stall, car-"Papa, papa, do let me go, it will be so nice, and I know this gentleman will see that no harm comes to me. Do let me go, papa, and don't tell mamma until I get back. rying at least a quart of oats with hin More than a decade before this he snappe in play at Mr. Taylor's arm, as he had a I want to surprise her by telling her all about the trip."



A SHREWD OLD HORSE.

But if Taylor thought dog's linguistic in-

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ful run into Washington when I found that Tad Lincoln, son of the president, was the "I KNOW YOU. COME HERE TO ME."

little guest I had in my eab. Another man, I suppose a white house servant, met the train on its arrival and habit of doing, and instead of catching only the sleeve as usual, really gave the arm a little nip; the horse seemed distressed, took the boy away. The next and last time I saw Abraham and Mr. Taylor only said quietly, "Never do that again," and he never did, he dropped Lincoln after he intrusted me with his boy for a six hours' ride in Virginia, was when he lay in state in Washington, was when the habit of a lifetime forever from that

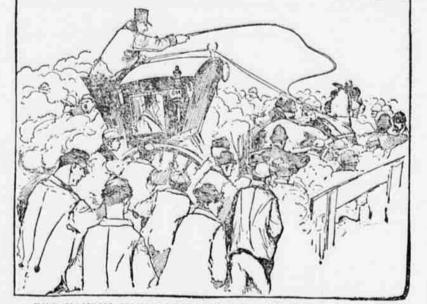
Mr. Taylor told with great gusto a story sad funeral cortege started to the prairies of Illinois to lay the martyred president to of a parrot that belonged to a friend of his -a Mrs. Kirkland, who was in Chicago at the time of the great fire; the family had to leave the house in the utmost haste, the red wall of flame was moving down on them; Miss Kirkland saw that she must choose be Even a Hippopotamus Will Yield to tween a certain precious family bible and the parrot-she could only take one of the

a Soft Voice and Gentle Words. It must be admitted that to love a hiptwo in her hands; she started with the bible popotamus is quite a stretch of affection, when the bird called loudy after her, "Good but it was with a hippopotamus that Bayard Lord, deliver us!" and of course an exchange was made and Poll saved; who could have resisted that? Taylor had a very curious and touching experience. He was standing by his tank Another bird story of Mr. Taylor's was

in the old Burnum'h museum, and he thought in the old Burnum'h museum, and he thought the poor brute looked" dejected and melan- into the vacant reading room of a hotel and choly, for he could read expression even in took up a paper when suddenly out of the air speningly spoke a voice saying "Good morning;" he looked about and what looked to be a black bird, in a cage, was the only living thing at hand, still he did not conthat monstrous countenance; the poet addressed him in English with some civil friendly remark, but the "hipped" hip-popotamus did not even move his eyes; then nect the perfectly human voice with the bird till it repeated its greeting-"Good morning;" then he walked to the cage and Taylor went to the opposite corner of the tank and said in Arable: "I know you; come here to me!" Instantly the big warty head the creature said: "Open the door, please, and let me out!" "What are you?" ex-claimed the gentleman in spontaneous won-derment. "I'm a mino," declared the amazing atom, and the voice was exactly the was turned, and his eyes fastened on the speaker; the words were repeated, and thereupon he waddled straight up to Tay-lor, pressed his head against the bars that confined him, and seemed delighted to have volce of a boy of 12. Bayard Taylor laughed to scorn the idea that such apt answers as his new friend stroke his head. Taylor had a way of trying Arabic on various "menparrots, mino's and the like often give wer ageric" animals, and several times found lions whom he declared unmistakably recogthe result of accident, but said if they showed nized the tongue, and whose eves tock on a look positively and almost painfully hu-man when they heard it. He always de-clared that animals understood far more such intelligence just because their throats were built so they could speak, what would not dogs and horses say to us if they too had simply the mechanical power of articuof speach than stupid people believe, and he instanced the way the Hindoos talk to lation.

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE. St. Nicholas.

CONTROLLING FIERCE DOGS. Of course sometimes the tone is probably more than the words, and wonderful things an be done by tone and manner, but the the matter? What can all my happy little, merry lit-ule boy?



THE HANSOM MOVED INCH BY INCH NEARER THE GATES.

trick like this. A man who robs a bank passed. The police could not be expected to has some courage, but a man who tempts poverty-stricken wretches to commit the crime, while he stands safely aside and

Neither Braunt nor Marsten had been

"Well, the chief trouble seems to be that

Mr. Sartwell will not meet Gibbous." "Ah, Sartwell!" said the old man, as i whispering to himself, "Sartwell is An, sariwell said the old man, as in whispering to himself. "Sartwell is a strong man—a strong man; difficult to per-suade—difficult to persuade." Then turning suddenly, he asked, "You are not Gibbons, are you?

might appear to criticise his actions in any way. Don't cross him, don't cross him. "No, my name is Marsten. Gibbons wa the man who tried to speak with you yester-

taking the men fully into their confidence Some thought it best to break the doleful news gradually; others that the worst be known at once. Gibbons, however, sail there was in reality no choice; the men

must be told the whole truth, for if the committee tried any half measures, Marsten would undoubtedly rise in his place and relate what Sartwell had told him. So the whole truth and nothing but the truth was resolved upon.

When Gibbons faced his audience that night in the large hall, he saw that he had to deal with a body of men whose mood was totally different from that of the crowd which lightheartedly voted with a hurrah to go on strike. There was now little jocularity among the men; they sat in their places in sullen silence. A feeling that comething ominous was in the air scemed to pervade the hall, and as Gibbons stepped to the front of the platform he feit that the atmosphere of the place was against him; that he had to proceed with great caution, or his hold on the men was lost. nt He knew he was a good speaker, but he Inew also that the men were just a trille impatient with much talk and such small

result from it all. "Combination," he began, "is the natural equence of the modern conditions of la-A workingman of today may be lik-



WHILE MARSTEN ATE MR. HOPE AROSE AND CAUTIOUSLY TURNED THE KEY.

ened to a single pipe in a large organ. He can sound but one note. He spends his life doing part of something. He does not begin any article of commerce, go on with it, and finish it as did the workmon of former days; he merely takes it from a fellow workman who has put a touch on it, puts his own thus the article travels from hand to hand until it reaches the finisher. The workman of today is merely a small cog on a very large wheel, and so, if he does not combine with his fellows he is helpless. The work-man of former times was much more inde-tione and the speaker back once the noise of today is merely a small cog on a very large wheel, and so, if he does not combine the noise for a merely a small cog on a very large wheel and so, if he does not combine with his fellows he is helpless. The work-man of former times was much more inde-

It is never safe for an orator to depend on his audience for answers to his guestions; his face smeared with blood, a wild, un- "God's truth, lad," cried

reward for his burgiary. He will throw the gates of the works open tomorrow for you to enter and complete his triumph. The question before the meeting tonight is-Are you going in?"

A universal shout of "Never! We'll starve rose to the rafters of the building. When he first confronted the meeting that night, Gibbons feared he could not rouse the men from their evident coldness toward him; as the speech went on, increasing murmurs among the men and at length savage aged a trifle since the strike began, bu itbursts of rage showed him that he

his wiry, well-knit body was as erect as them in the hollow of his hand; at the end, a word from him, and all the police in that part of London could not have saved in that part of London could not have saved An instantaneous hush fell upon the crowd. An instantaneous hush fell upon the crowd.

"To the works!" was the ery, and there as a general movement in response to it, was heard. Every man knew that the flinging of a missile, or the upraising of an arn even, would be as a spark in powder mill "No, men," shouted Gibbons, his stentorian voice dominating the uproar, "Not to the works. Every man home tonight, but be on Lot but the stroke fall, and all the police the ground in the morning. We must not play into the enemy's hands by any attempt the man walking across the cleared space at violence. Tomorrow we will intercept from the gates toward the crowd. The mass Monkton and Hope and demand our rights of silent humanity had but to move forfrom them in person. Let them refuse at ward, and Sartwell's life would be crushed We'll have no more dealings out on the paving stones. perili ith Sartwell." Sartwell, without pause and without hurry

There was a cheer at this and the meeting walked across the intervening space, with shanded quietly. evident confidence that the men would make

disbanded quieily. Next morning the men were out in force at the still closed gates and thore were angry threats against the manager. It was all right enough, they said, for Gibbons to counsel moderation, but the time for moder-ation was past. There was an increased body of police, who kept the crowd moving as man master—which commands obedience, man master—which commands obedience,

much as was possible, having for the first instant and unquestio time during the strike a most difficult task. The crowd parted be The crowd parted before him, and he cast to perform. The strikers were in ugly tem-per and did not obey orders or take pushes with the equanimity they had formerly displayed; but the police showed great forbear- | nod that had always acknowledged such played; but the police showed freat throats how that has always accur parted before use their truncheons except as a last releader, and the manager passed through

Sartwell, knowing a crisia was at hand, unscathed. cried Braunt, towering above his had slept in his office and the ever-increasing "God!" mob hooled when he did not appear at his usual time. fending sky. "I have seen in my life one

Gibbons, by word and action, moving about brave man." orywhere, tried to keep his men in hand CHAPTER XIV. and prevent a conflict. They cheered him, "Come with me, Marsten," said Braunt. but paid little attention to what he said.

"Let us get out of this crowd. 1 want a word with you." The two made their way to a quieter street Shortly after 10 o'clock a hansom drove to he outskirts of the mob and was received and walked together toward Rose Garden d to the front of it and addressed the court, talking as they went. stepped to the front of it and addressed the "This foolish strike must stop," began the Yorkshire man, "and now is the time

cupant. "Mr. Hope-" he began. "Stand back there!" cried the officer in to stop it. The men are tired of it, and

charge. "Mr. Hope," cried Gibbons, "I want ten give in, so a way must be found out of the

ords with you." Little Mr. Hope shrank into a corner of the way." "How? The men won't throw over Gib words with you.' tangle, and you are the man to find the Little Mr. Hope shrank into a corner of the men won't throw of the will bons, and Sartwell will resign before he will bons, and Sartwell will resign before he will bons.

sheet of paper. "Stand back, I say!" The officer pushed Sibbons, striking him with some force in the breast. "Let him answer. Will you speak for one minute with your men-the men who have "Yes, I know. But, my lad, there is dis-

minute with your men-the men who have made you rich?" "Stand back!" relterated the officer, push-

ing him a step further. The hansom moved inch by inch nearer the ters as of his men. If we knew the truth him rule hans in hoved inch by inch hearter the tors as of his men. If we knew the truth gates. The crowd seethed like an uncasy sea, but every man held his breath. "Listen to me, Mr. Hope. Your men are starving. They ask only—" was so frightened this morning that he

indit if reactions the minimiter. The work man of the does not combine times and the work does he shelf easily a straight of the does not combine times and the two the does not combine times are does not combine times at the does not combine times are does the shelf easily easily explicitly easily easily explicitly easily easily explicitly easily easily explicitly easily easily explicitly easily explicitly easily explicitly easily explicitly easily explicitly easily easily explicitly easily easily easily explicitly easily easily

"God's truth, lad," cried Braunt, with

Why will he not see Gibbons, do you know Has he a personal dislike to the man?" present during the morning's battle, but "Oh, no. It is a matter of principle with they, like many others with nothing to do, had, como in the afternoon. Mr. Sartwell. Gibbons is not one of your As Braunt spoke the small door in the gate opened, and Sartwell, entirely alone, stepped workmen.

"Ah, yes, yes. I remember now. That's what Sartwell said. Well, I'm very out. He had no more formidable weapon in his hand than his customary slim and trim exactly much obliged to you for coming, and I hope these awful occurrences are at an end. Goodby! There's a train in half an hour that

at stops at Wimbledon." "Thank you, Mr. Hope, but I'm on foot today. 'Bless me; it's a long distance and roundabout by the road. The train will get you there in a few minutes.

Marsten laughed. "I don't mind walking," he said. The old man looked at him for a few

ninutea. don't mean to tell me you have

walked all the way from London this morn-'It's only twelve or thirteen miles."

"Dear, dear, dear, dear! I see! I see I ee. Yes, Sartwell's right. I'm not a very brilliant man, although I think one's manshould not say so before one's partager ner. Come with me to the house for

"I think I should be off now." "No, no; come with me. I won't keep you long; I wou't take a refusal. I'm going to put my foot down, as I said. I have had too little self-assertion in the past. Come along.'

The courageous man led the way toward his dwelling, keeping the trees between himself and the house as much as possible and as long as he could. He shuffled gingorly up the steps at the back of the build-ing, letting himself into a wide hall, and then noiselessly entered a square room that looked out upon the broad lawn and plantation to the rear. The room was lined with books; a solid oak table stood in the center flanked by comfortable armchairs. Mr Hope rang the bell and held the door slightly

njar. "Is there any cold meat down stairs, Susy"" he whispered to the unseen person through the opening.

"Yes, sir." "Well, bring up enough for two; some pickles, bread and butter, and a bit of cheese." Then turning to Marsten he asked:

"Really, Mr. Hope," said the young man istening his lips and speaking with difficulty, "I'm not in the least hungry."

Which was not true, for the very recital of the articles of food made him feel so faint that he had to lean against the book the masters are sick of it, but neither will

case for support. "Bring a bottle of beer, please," whis-pered the hest, softly closing the door. "Sit down, sit down." he said to Marsten.

"Not hungry? Of course you're hungry after such a walk, no matter how hearty a breakfast you took before you left." While Marsten ate Mr. Hope said nothing

but sat listening with apparently intens anxiety. Once he rose and cautiously turned the key in the door, breathing easier when

this was done. "Now," said the old man, when Marsten had finished his neal, "you must go by rail to Wimbleton. Time is of importance-time is of importance. Here is a little money for

expenses. "I cannot take money from you, Mr. pe, but thank you all the same." Nonsense, nonsense. You are acting for

ne, you know." No, sir, I am acting for the men. "Well, it's the same thing. Benefit one, senefit all. Come, come, I insist. I put lown my foot. Call it wages, if you like. doubt you didn't want to strike. "I didn't want to, but I struck.

"Same thing, same thing. You must take the money.

"I'd much rather not, sir." Marsten aaw the auxiety of his heat, wh

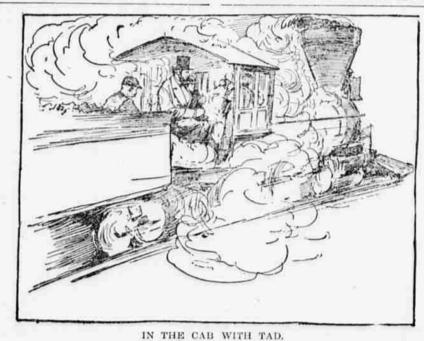
acted as a man might over whose herd some disaster impended, and it weakened his resolution not to take the money. He understood that for some reason Mr. Hope wanted him to take the money and by gone. "Tut, tut," persisted the old man eagerly, "We mustn't let triffes stand in the way of DICCESS.

As he was speaking an imperious voic sounded in the hall-the voice of a woman A sudden pallor overspread Mr. Hope's face that reminded Marsten of the look it work when the twelve policemen escorted him and

his partner through the crowd. "Here, here," said the old man, in a husky

more than the words, and wonderful things can be done by tone and manner, but the words had better correspond; there is no tleman and a youth were examining my engine, walking slowly around it. At length telling when the words may be understood. One time Mr. Taylor was walking in the country in England with Canon Kingaley. my attention was attracted by a question the boy put to the man: ""Papa, can't we get up on it? Ask the gentleman, please?"

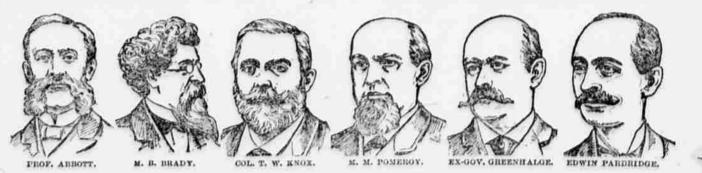
Before he could comply with the boys equest I laid aside my paper and invited he two to step up. When they did so I to the dthat the gentleman was quite tail. The chain did not lock very atrong, and Tay-le had to remove his high silk hat and then noticed that the gentleman was quite tall. He had to remove his high silk hat and then stand in a slightly stooping position while "No, walt and see what I can do to subdue



I want to 'pump her up,' anyway." He thanked me as he and the boy scaled them-selves. I set the lever, opened the throttle slightly and we moved slowly down the yard and out to the Washington end of the objection to letting Taylor ring the bell of over it."

AMONG THE DEAD OF THE YEAR.

These Prominent Men All Died of that Great Modern Curse-Bright's Disease



The year just closed has furnished an millions of people who are suffering with it (ments resulted in a discovery, which is an alarming array of prominent men who have died of Bright's disease of the kidneys. The fact.

certain that Bright's disease finds its victims incurable. Eminent doctors so declared, know its great power and the grand work is but constant scientific and chemical experi-

absolute cure for Bright's disease, even in

alarming array of prominent men who have died of Bright's disease of the kidneys. The number includes Professor Austin Abbott, the great jurist and author of law books; M. B. Brady, the famous photographer; Col Thos. W. Knox, the author of the "Boy Travellers;" Mark M. Pomeroy, the will known editor; Mr. Edwis Pardridge, the prominent Chicago merchant, and ex-Gov-ernor Greenhalge of Massachusetis. If "death loves a shining mark," It is also certain that Bright's disease finds its victims

what's the trouble, bo has eaused the tears that spoll our little darling's joy? Tears Who

"Grandpa's gone a-skating with the little skates I gave bin; Aunty's sitting reading in the fairy book

I bought; Mamma's playing horses with that pair

of reins-a present I made to her last Friday. It's meant because I thought-

"Bochool-I thought that grandpa was a generous sort of grandpa. And I thought the rest of 'em would try to be as grandpa.

to be as generous, you see; And after they all had admired the pretty things I gave them. They'd think such things more suit'ble for a little boy like me!'

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Teacher-Tommy, what do you mean, you caughty boy? Tommy-I ain't doin' nothin'. Teacher-Why, Tommy! you whiatled; heard you. Tommy-My mother says you shouldn't believe all you hear.

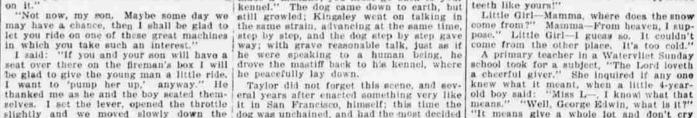
"Papa," said Tommy, "do you think Santa Claus would be offended if I put a note into the chimney and told him in which toy store they keep the best fire engines?"

Teacher-Tommy, parse discretion. Tom-my (feeling his way)-Discretion-a noun→ feminine. Teacher-How do you make it feminine? Tommy-It's the better part of valor.

Freddie-O. Mr. Dudely, may I touch you? Mr. Dudely-Certainly, Freddie, but why do you want to touch me? Freddie-Well, I M heard May say you were so soft, and I want to see for me'self. "My pa's an Odd Fellow," boasted a little

boy. "My pa's a Free Mason," replied the other, "an' that's higher, for the hod fellows walt on the marona.

A small boy, who noticed for the first time the gold filling in his aunt's teeth, ex-claimed, to the dismay of all at the table, ex-'Oh, Aunt Mary, I wish I had copportoed teeth like yours!"



in the cab. I noticed from his answers to the questions with which the boy plied him and his explanation of different parts of the machine that he knew something of the prin-ciple upon which locomotives are built. "Oh, papa! I do wish I could take a ride on it." Market and the knew something of the prin-ciple upon which locomotives are built. "Oh, papa! I do wish I could take a ride on it."