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SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1894.

EX-GOVERNOR IRA J. CHASE has been called to the pastorate of the Christian church at Valparaiso.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says that Hill is the kind of a Democrat who likes to have fun by going in swimming with the Republicans.

FREE TRADE is not always free trade. It sometimes means a tariff of 45 per cent on sugar, 80 per cent on rice, and large protection to coal and iron ore.

MATT DAUGHERTY has been nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Sixth Nebraska district. It is needless to explain that this is not our Mat.

WHEN Mr. Brookshire comes home to his "beloved" with a protective tariff of 45 per cent on sugar, what will he have to tell them about the glories of the "free breakfast table?"

It will be observed that the Republicans are not saying a word or doing a thing to delay tariff legislation. The "senseless chatter" business is monopolized by the Democrats.

The rank and file of the Democracy are standing with gaping mouths and wondering what kind of dose is going to be poked down their throats by the Conference Committee at Washington.

Moer farmers will be likely to remember that the Republican party run the government for thirty odd years consecutively, and in all this long period wheat was seldom under a dollar a bushel.

The Democratic party is great when it comes to legislating for foreign countries. The Nova Scotia coal miners are to be developed and our mines closed. And this is to give the poor man cheap coal and the miner of this country lower wages.

The Covington convention which recently re-nominated Mr. Brookshire, resolved in favor of the free coining of silver on the old ratio of 16 to 1. But what has Mr. Brookshire or his party done in Congress to secure the free coining of silver? Nothing but to repeal the Sherman silver law.

It is remembered that the Senators from Louisiana are not clamoring for a tariff on sugar "for revenue only," but for the "protection" of the sugar raisers of their State; and protection is the chief object. If it was not that the Louisiana sugar makers demand "protection," a sugar schedule could be agreed on in five minutes.

HERE is what Abraham Lincoln said of the law: "Let reverence of law be breathed by every mother to the lipsing babe that prattles in her lap; let it be taught in the schools, seminaries and colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books and almanacs; let it be preached from pulpits, and enforced in courts of justice; in short, let it become the political religion of the Nation."

DURING the entire period of President Harrison's administration, there were published, almost invariably monthly statements of large sums paid on the public debt. Has any one seen such a statement under the present administration? The only statements now made are a deficit in the treasury, the continual decrease of the gold reserve, and the issuing of bonds to keep up the treasury. Such is Democratic financing.

DEMOCRATIC speakers used to amuse their audiences by telling them that when a man bought a dollar's worth of goods upon which there was a tariff of 30 per cent, he bought 70 cents worth of goods and 30 cents worth of "protection." It will be well for Democrats to remember that when they buy a dollar's worth of sugar, 55 cents will be for sugar and 45 cents for Democratic protection to Southern sugar planters.

The Democratic Congressional convention at Covington, in their platform say that the McKinley law is still in force. If they mean by this that it is yet on the statute book, the assertion is strictly true. But every business man and laborer in the country is painfully aware that its beneficial operation has been entirely suspended for the time being by Democratic threats to overthrow it. The bare threat to repeal it has brought disaster to the whole country.

It is said that the present hard times are due to protection. But the people will remember that we have always had the highest degree of prosperity just when we have had the highest tariff, and there was no threat of repealing it. For years after the war, when we had the highest tariffs ever known, all branches of business flourished. How can our Democratic friends account for the fact that the hard times did not come till the Democracy took control of the government?

Eury.
He was the first always. Fortune shone bright in his face. I fought for years with no effort. He saved the place. We ran, my feet were all bleeding, but he ran in the race.

Spots of his man's bones, Men loved him the good fortune. My wife, mother of blame. When we were poor he gave him pity, But me—only shame.

My home was still in the shadow; His lay in the sun. I longed in vain; what he asked for It straightened was done.

Out of the world with a master's treasure, We played—and he won.

Feet, and just now I have seen him, Cold, smiling and blest; Laid in his coffin. God help me! While he is at rest, I am cursed still to live— even Death loved him the best.

—Adelaide A. Prester.

Agry.

I can wear of all! Of men, and their love, and their hate I have been long enough life's thrall, And the toy of a tyrant fate.

I would have nothing but rest, I would have peace.

One now to the breast, Earth, sweet mother of men.

Hide me, and let me sleep; Give me a lonely tomb, So close, and so dark, and so deep, I shall hear no trumpet of doom.

There let me die, for the blast are gone; Give me to hear it not; But only to slumber.

This is the fate I crave, For I look to the end and see, If there be not rest in the grave, There will never be rest.

—H. C. Clarke.

parted at the colonel's door, had he not lied to Alice Renwick, had he not denied the story of his devotion to Miss Beaubien, and was not his practical eye watching overly the beautiful dark face for one sign that the news was welcome, and so precipitate the avowal trembling on his lips that it was her he madly loved—not Nina? Though she hurriedly bade him good night, though she was unprepared for any such announcement, he well knew that Alice Renwick's heart fluttered at the earnestness of his manner, and that he had indicated far more than he had said.

Fear, not love, had drawn him to Nina Beaubien that night, and had he centered on her more beautiful rival when the discoveries of the night involved him in the first trembling symptoms of the downfall to come. And he was to have spent the morning with her, the woman to whom he had lied in word, while she to whom he had lied in word and deed was going from him, not to return until the German, and even then, he planned treachery. He meant to lead with Alice Renwick and claim that it must be with the colonel's daughter because the garrison was the garrison that was given. Then he knew Nina would come at all, and he must quarrel with her on that ground. What could have been an easier solution of his troubous predicament? She would break their secret engagement; he would refuse all reconciliation and be free to devote himself to Alice. But all, these grave complications had arisen! Alice would not come, Nina would demand that he should lead with her and that she should meet her at St. Croix, and then came the crash. He owed his safety to her self sacrifice and now must give up all hope of Alice Renwick. He had accepted the announcement of their engagement. He could not do less after all that had happened and the painful scene at their parting. And yet would it not be a blessing to her if he were killed? Even now in his self abnegation and misery he did not fully realize how mean he was—how mean he seemed to others. He resented in his heart what Sloat had said of him, but the day before little caring whether he heard it or not: "It would be a mercy to that poor girl if Jerrold were killed. He will break her heart with neglect or drive her mad with jealousy inside of a year." But the regiment seemed to agree with Sloat.

And so in all that little band of comrades he could call no man friend. One after another he looked upon the unconscious faces, cold and averted in the oblivion of sleep, but not more cold, nor more distrustful, than when he had vaguely sought among them one relenting glance in the early moonlight that batteye in bivouac. He threw his arms upward, shook his head, with hopeless gesture, then buried his face in the sleeves of his rough campaign overcoat and strode blindly on their midst.

Early in the morning, an hour before the guard, the shivering outpost, crouching in a hollow to the southward, catch sight of two dim figures shooting suddenly up over a distant ridge—men, they knew at a glance—and these two came loping down the moonlit trail over which two nights before had marched the cavalry speed to the rescue, over which in an hour the regiment itself must be on the move. Old campaigners are two of the picket, and they have been especially cautioned to be on the lookout for couriers coming back along the trail. They spring to their feet, readiness to welcome or repel, as the sturdy rings to his sharp and sensitive though selfish heart was breaking.

"Couriers from the corral," is the jubilant answer. "This colonel is mad, mad, mad!"

"Aye, aye, sonny," is the unilitary but characteristic answer. "What's your news?"

"Gat there in time and saved what's left of 'em, but it's a hell hole, and you fellows are wanted quick as you can—30 miles ahead. Where's the colonel?"

The corporal of the guard goes back to the bivouac, leading the two arrivals. One is a scout, a plainsman born and bred, the other a sergeant of cavalry. They dismount in the timber and picket their horses then follow on foot the lead of their companion of the guard. While the corporal and the scout proceed to the wagon dry and fumble at the opening, the tall sergeant stands silently a little distance in their rear, and the occupants of the colonel's—begin to stir, as though their light had been broken by the smothered sound of footsteps. One of them sits up and peers at the front, gazing earnestly at the flickering light. Then he hauls in to command the skirmishers and flankers.

But no man had the faintest idea what manner of story that tall sergeant was telling. It would have been of interest to every soldier in the command, but to no one so much as to the two who were his absorbed listeners. Armistice, before their early march, had frankly and briefly set before him his suspicions as to the case and the trouble in which Miss Renwick was involved. No time was to be lost. Any moment might find them plunged in fierce battle, and who could foretell the results? who could say what might happen to prevent the high-spirited boy from reaching the ears of his superiors? Some men wondered why it was Colonel Maynard sent his compliments to Captain Chester and bade that at the next half he would join him. The half did not come for a long hour, and when it did come it was very brief, but Chester received another message and went forward to find his colonel sitting in a little grove with the cavalryman while the orderly held their horses a short space away. Armistice had gone forward to his advance, and Chester showed no surprise at the sight of the sergeant seated side by side with the colonel and in confidential converse with him. There was a quaint smile twinkle in Maynard's eyes as he greeted his old friend.

"Chester," said he, "I want you to be better acquainted with my stepson, Mr. Renwick. He has an apology to make to you."

The tall soldier had risen the instant he caught sight of the newcomer, and even at the half playful tone of the colonel would not waver in his dogged soldierly sense of the proprieties. He stood erect and held his hand at the white, thin waist of his stepson, and then, as though it had been easily extended by the captain, who however was grave and quiet, "It is not Mr. Jerrold, sir. It is Sergeant McLeod,—th cavalry, just in with dispatches."

Armitage springs to his feet, sheds his shirt of blankets and steps forth to the glade, with his eyes fixed eagerly on the shadowy form in front. He peers under the broad brim, as though straining to see the eyes and features of the tall dragoon.

"Did you get there in time?" he asks, half wondering whether that was really the question uppermost in his mind.

And the tall figure faces promptly toward the halting voice. The spangled heads come together with a click, the gauntleted hand rises in soldierly salute to the broad brim of the scouting hat, and a deep voice answers respectfully:

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