

# A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE



BY LULU JAMISON

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

The Colonel met them at the dining-room door, and Nell, approaching rather cautiously, gave him a half-expectant, half-questioning, glance.

Her fears were quite groundless, however, for as soon as he had seen Margaret, and heard that she was going to leave them so soon, he had no thought for any one else.

"I don't know how we shall do without you," he said, bending over her with kindly affection. "Bertie told me you were going, and I have been anticipating my own loneliness. Have you any idea of when to go?"

"It was not interesting when one had no companions to exchange opinions with. The crowds wearied her, too. She felt so utterly alone amidst the bustle, the noise, where friendly glances seldom, if ever, greeted her. At home it was so different; there she could see a familiar face in every passer-by."

No, she would not go out to-day, she decided at last. She would stay at home and read and try to emulate the contentment of spirit which prompted Norah under all circumstances to sing cheerily over her work. Yet it was a bright day to spend indoors. The sun, which always seemed to her preoccupied fancy to shine through a yellow, thicker atmosphere, lay warm and golden on the house tops opposite. It tempered with its cheeriness. But, however, she longed to go in walking sedately over the hard pavements? How could that compare with a delightful gallop over the hills at home?

Margaret smiled. "You have many desirable advantages, that is certain, but while you are proud of your wealth you should not forget your poverty."

"I am poor, and have enough of it."

"Ah, no," she hastened to answer, as her eyes grew dim and a painful flush overspread her cheeks.

The gentleman did not answer for a second, during which his face worked with feeling and a tender light filled his eyes.

"You are a brave girl," he said, rather unsteadily, at last; "a true, brave girl. Heaven will bless you as you deserve. Don't let that scoundrel come near me; I don't want to be tempted."

"You are so hard on him, Colonel. Don't blame him, I suppose. Ah,

Margaret, you are like the rest of your sex—always ready to defend the man who breaks your heart. Well, well, I'll not be hard, for your sake, but when I think—Never mind; we'll miss you, child—every one of us. Don't quite forget your old friends; you won't find the new ones half so true."

Again Margaret's eyes grew dim, and she found herself incapable of an answer.

Alce, noting her distress, broke in with some light remarks, which Nell, notwithstanding her uncle's formidable presence, and discussed with feeling and a tender light filled his eyes.

Under this respite Margaret regained her self-possession, and began to speak quite calmly.

No further allusion to her going away was made during the meal, though each one seemed quite talkative; Nell particularly airing her opinions freely, and receiving no reproof for her temerity.

But when the time came to say good-by, and Margaret was ready to go, the Colonel, disregarding the hand she held out to him, clasped her in his arms, and tenderly, almost reverently, kissed her brow.

"I knew it would be hard," she sobbed, breaking down completely. "I knew this would be the hardest of all."

"No, it shan't be hard," he said, putting her gently from him. "I don't wish to see you, child, even for a moment. But I am very deeply moved to see you go from us under such circumstances. Your bravery and devotion will have its reward—be sure of that."

Margaret had her ride on Mollie's sleek back. They would canter away through the cool, still morning. She would feel the invigorating air against her cheek, and the glad sense of freedom in the light of her veins. She would go to the Cedars and talk with Alice and the Colonel, and laugh over Nell's ridiculous nonsense, and feel so happy. She would run in to kiss the children as they pressed their little faces against the rectory window, and she would find time for a few minutes with Mrs. Martin, to ask her how her rheumatism was, and hear if the old man had been out since his sickness. Ah, there was so much she would do if she could be at home to-day.

"I suppose so," returned Margaret, with a sigh. "Such an experience wouldn't do for me at all; so much wealth on one side and so much want on the other would make me lose my faith in God. It is dreadful to say it. I have taken myself to task for even thinking of it, but my sense of justice cannot be controlled. There is some wise decree, no doubt, in what seems so unwise, but—Tell me. Don't you ever feel like taking the world to pieces and making it over again?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

"He Laughs Best," Etc.

Richard Crowder is one of the tramps who find a cordial welcome in Chicago at every visit, and he generally brings along the latest and happiest flights of imagination of the boys on the road, and frequently spins a tale as uniquely humorous as any of them, of his own invention. Here's his latest:

"I once frightened 200 colored people almost to death. They were held in a protracted meeting in a little tumble-down church near Nashville, and the excitement ran high. I attended with some other bad boys, misbehaved and was fired out. I determined to break up the meeting. I procured some phosphorus, and the next night, before the crowd assembled, drew skeletons, death's heads and devils all over the walls. I then concealed myself in the loft, armed with a long hollow reed; while my companions, provided with sheets and masks, hid themselves in the grove in which the church was situated. That night the church was packed, and religious fervor reached its climax. The preacher was picturing the horrors of hell and the hideousness of its master, and the sinners were shivering with apprehension. Two large lamps, hung in the center of the low room, furnished the light, and by the help of the hollow reed I blew them both out. The preacher stopped in the middle of his exhortation. The walls blazed forth with horrors traced in burning, snaky outlines. There was a convulsive gasp, a scream from 200 throats, and a stampede. The preacher went through a window, and, though a rheumatic, outran all his parishioners. Then my ghostly confederates appeared, uttering dismal groans. Scores of terrified blacks, unable to run, lay down and groaned with an agony of fear. The joke was too good to keep. My father heard of it. He was a Presbyterian divine and did not believe in trifling with sacred things. It is said that he laughs best who laughs last, and the colored people came in on the subsequent cabininon."

Offensively Prudish.

There is very little probability that the play written by an American lady, which the English Examiner of Plays has refused to license, contains anything either "gross" or coarse, indecent or indecent, it is said. The Examiner affirms that it does. The fussy personage who says what shall and what shall not be played in Great Britain is very arbitrary and has made some huge mistakes in his day.

"She is fully exercised," rejoined Wilson, meeting her smiling glance. "We got here about ten minutes ago, and Brian left me to make himself more presentable, he said. I was admiring some of your curios when you came in. I knew you at once. Bertie's description is so accurate, and I've had the pleasure of meeting her in my mind."

"Really? Why, I feel quite vain. I hope he isn't a cynic."

"Oh, no. It is rather indifference, I think, to the female sex; that is, he doesn't care for visiting people follow up, though like the deuce, and he's considered quite a catch in the matrimonial pond. Any number of anglers would be glad to land him. The power of money, you see. Well, I must be off. I sha'n't be home to lunch. Good-by. You won't be lonely?"

"No."

Every day Brian left Margaret with this question, and every day she answered "No," but always after he had gone she felt she had answered untruthfully. She was lonely—very lonely.

She found so little to interest her—so little to fill the long dull mornings. Brian sometimes came to lunch, but as often he did not. Her afternoons were spent in seeing the sights of New York, shopping, or calling on her few friends, and her evenings at the theater, when Brian would take her; but more often at home alone when he had some engagement which he could not possibly engage.

From these engagements he would return late in the night, with the heavy, stumbling steps which told their own story, and which always struck so heavily on Margaret's heart, as she waited sleepless and anxious.

This was the record of the ten days she had spent in New York, and she seemed as far away from the reward the Colonel had promised her as when she left Elmwood.

Under other circumstances she could have been, not precisely happy, because she was too thoroughly a child of nature not to miss, with an intensity few could understand, the restful, peaceful influences of her country home. Yet she could have found contentment in this charming little apartment, with its comforts and luxuries. Its situation was convenient and delightful, in the heart of the city, surrounded by places of interest and amusement, and near the various clubs, where Brian was fond of spending his time.

He regarded her face with an intent, rather puzzled, glance.

"Yet you have established yourself

very delightfully," he said, as if answering an argument in his own mind. "I fancy you must intend a long stay."

"Yes, it may be. That is, I don't know. I hope—It depends on circumstances, I think."

She spoke rather disconnectedly, and anxious to divert any impression her words might make upon her she hastened to add:

"Don't misunderstand me, please. I don't wish you to think I actually dislike the city. I find it interesting in many ways, but I have not that fascination which some people feel for it. I like the country, and its associations hold the memory of green fields and bright skies. I think this must account for my tastes. I know that brick walls and paved streets tire my eyes, and I feel a longing to rest them on something that is not bore. Sometimes I am almost determined to go to Elmwood just for a day. It isn't far from here, you know; but then I remember that I should have to leave after the day was over, and that would be hard. So I think I must always put that thought aside. Brian is so different in his tastes; he likes this busy life. He finds the country dull and lonely, and Elmwood has not the same attraction for him that it has for me. He simply enjoys it, but—I well, I could live there forever, because it is home and ours."

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## ON A NEW WORLD'S SHORES.

The First Landing in America of Christopher Columbus.

It was an important day in the world's history, a day fraught with vast possibilities for future ages when the eyes Columbus first beheld the new world. And now that we are to commemorate the event in the land which he discovered, anything pertaining to the voyage and discovery is of more than ordinary interest.

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sea for the mythical Babegue, and the following day the Pinta, under Martin Alonzo Pinzon, deserted him. This had a most depressing effect upon the great navigator, yet he pushed on until Dec. 5 he reached the eastern end of Cuba. The following day he advanced in sight of beautiful Hayti, which he called Hispaniola. Of the natives Columbus wrote: "If anything was asked of them they never said no, but rather gave it cheerfully, and showed as much amity as if they gave their very hearts." Another writer says: "It is certain that the land among these people is as common as the sun and

## M'KINLEY VINDICATED

A TRANSACTION IN WHICH THE FOREIGNER PAID THE TAX.

The Pearl Button Infant Express—Protection Pictures—A Wall-Paper Trust—The Over-Taxed Foreigner—Labor Commissioner Peck Repudiated—Shows His Audiences.

Sample McKinleyism.

Proprietor (to salesmen in large wholesale houses in London)—Did that Chicago merchant call this morning?

Salesman—Yes, and left a big order with him. He will again to-morrow to get his bill and to tell his account where we have deducted the duty which we will have to pay to get his goods through the custom house. He says you always pay this tax for him.

Proprietor—Oh, yes; we must keep his trade. Have you made out his bill yet?

Salesman—Yes; two bookkeepers have been at work on it. Here is the account:

	Amount.	Duty.
10,000 yards alpaca, 27 inches	\$800	
Duty at 7 cents per yard, and 40 per cent.		\$805
20,000 yards corduroy, 27 inches	3,900	
Duty at 14 cents per square yard, and 20 per cent.		2,700
10,000 yards cotton, 24 inches wide, at 54 cents.	5,400	
Duty at 49 cents per pound, 22 oz. to yard, and 60 per cent. 22 inches wide, at 18 cents.		10,309
Duty at 14 cents per square yard, and 20 per cent.		5,200
8,000 yards silk striped cotton (Italian), 40 inches wide, at 16 cents.	5,940	
Duty at 10 cents per square yard and 35 per cent.		0,079
	\$20,000	\$21,000

Duty less amount of bill....

Proprietor (biting his lip)—Blat that McKinley bill! Are you certain there is no mistake?

The duties are computed, but the bookkeepers verified every item by means of the last United States Senate Report on Bills of Lading.

Proprietor—It's an outrage for a rich nation like the United States to collect its taxes over here. We were poor enough on this side of the water before the McKinley bill reached out after our last few crumbs. If this trade keeps up, must lower your salaries against the end of the year, for it all comes out of the laborers in the end. It is no wonder all Europe is groaning since 1890.

Salesman—But surely you are not going to pay this duty? It would be better to burn your goods rather than to pay this merchant \$3,000 to take them.

Proprietor—Yes, yes. I know. But we don't do anything against American protection, just now. If we did the Americans would be told that British gold was being used to compel them to adopt free trade, and that would only convince the foolish voters there that they were benefited by protection, and make them cling to it all the longer. Here is my check for \$2,900. Give it to him and tell him we will always be glad to have his patronage, though we would naturally prefer that he take goods that will leave a balance in our favor after we have paid the duties.

Projection Pictures.

The Carnegie Company to pay its workmen "the difference in wages," is protected from \$8.82 to \$15.60 per ton on steel billets. The actual price that it pays its workmen ranges from

\$1.65 to \$1.95 per ton, on billets protected by a duty of

\$20.16.

It has certified to Congress that it wants and will collect the protection of \$20.16 and pay it to its workmen, in addition to paying them foreign wages. But it actually hands them only

\$1.95 per ton;

steels no foreign wages, and gets its labor free of cost. Andrew Carnegie received \$5,000 per day as his share of this theft from the wages of the workers of the mills, and his partners received as much more, but they were not satisfied.

To steal more of this trust fund of \$20.16 belongs to their workmen, of which they are but the trustees, they reduced the pitance paid of \$1.95 per ton, increased the hours of labor, and hired 300 mercenaries to shoot down the workmen who forcibly resisted any further theft from "the difference in wages" belonging to them.

What is true of the selected Carnegie mills is true of every protected mill. The employer has absolute pauper labor, supported by public contributions, and his profit mainly comes from what he steals from the fund paid by the people for their support.—T. E. Wilson.

Twin Safe Trust.

The Philadelphia Telegraph is a Republican paper. It ought to know a good thing when it sees it, for it certainly knows a bad thing when it sees it and is not afraid to say so. The Telegraph says: "Peck has made a mess for himself, and the next big political battle will be over the observations originally made in these columns concerning his ridiculous document. It was utterly unworthy of attention on the part of any intelligent man, and the Republican National Committee made a blunder little less than a crime in taking it up as a first-class campaign document. There looks very much as though Peck was likely to turn out the Richard in the present instance."

Ute Observer.

M'KINLEY SHOULD EXPLAIN.

The lessening volume of our agricultural exports requires an explanation from McKinley. The August returns show a diminution in exports of broad-stuffs of \$7,500,000, as compared with the same month last year. Moreover, of this week's value \$4 cents a bushel, as of Aug. 16, 1891.

Now, McKinley has assumed the responsibility of the West that their great sales and high prices of last year were directly due to the foreign methods of taxing money out of the foreigners' pockets and into theirs.

But his law is still in force, and the question arises why it does not continue to perform its beneficent functions. We hope it will not be answered that better harvests in Europe have slackened the demand, for that would seem to imply that the McKinley bill does not, as claimed for it, override all natural laws, and would also call to mind the fact that last year there was an extraordinary demand for our agricultural products. This would have fallen out to the profit of the Western Farmer in any case.—New York Evening Post.

Pearl Button Infant Expires.

Every day a pearl button used in Missouri has three cents of McKinley tax on it for every cent of actual cost. And in face of this we have the following:

CHICAGO, Sept. 16.—Ignatz Zehsler, Secretary of the Pearl Button Trust, filed a bill in the Superior Court to-day asking a receiver for the corporation which was organized last March, with a capital of \$10,000 fully paid up. Zehsler represents that the manufacturing of pearl buttons is an industry practically impossible in this country.

This comes just nine days after the letter of acceptance in which Harrison wrote: "Another industry that has been practically created by the McKinley bill is the making of pearl buttons. Few articles coming from abroad were so distinctly the product of starvation wages." We believe that the convicts at Joliet engaged in making McKinley pearl buttons are reasonably paid. This is the only reason for which the bill is so popular.

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Harrison's Free List.

A correspondent who describes himself as "a friend to the Foreigner" asks us to publish a list of the principal countries on the free list of the bill, prepared