A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE

By Lulu Jamison

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

Brian slept all day, and at dinner time Margaret, pausing outside of his door and hearing no sound, fancied he must still be sleeping. But two hours later, when the loneliness and silence became oppressive, and the desire to see and talk to him could no longer be resisted, she put aside the book she had vainly tried to read, and, going to his room; tapped upon the door.

There was no answer, and she knocked more loudly. Still no answer. Becoming frightened, she tried the door. It opened to reveal an empty room. Brian was gone. She stood for a second motionless, trying to realize this fact, and then without a word or cry she went to her own room.

He was gone; that was all. It was easy to say it. Why should she mind so much? Had he really been home? Perhaps she had only dreamed, that Bertie had talked with her, or that she had heard Brian's voice. Maybe if she should rub her eyes very hard she would awaken presently to find herself back at Elmwood, and these last two months a horrible dream.

"We should never despair except in the face of positive defeat," Wilson had once said to her. "Wasn't this positive defeat? Could she see hope beyond it? Was the long, hard struggle and the bitter travail of spirit through which she had passed to avail her nothing? Ah, heaven would be more kind."

This thought brought a certain hope and trust with it. And she could think quite calmly of the hopes and longings which had filled her heart when she married Brian; of the unfulfilled dreams and ambitions which had become a part of her life, and her vague ideas of those wife duties and attentions which were to win him back from a life of indolence to a position high and honored before the world. They had been in vain. All in vain.

She tried to put aside the overpowering regret this knowledge brought her. She would forget it. She would sit here no longer. The window was open and she was cold and chilled. Besides she heard—what? A step. Yes, a step, and, thank God, she recognized it.

Without a second's hesitation she left the room, and when Brian entered the hall outside he found her standing like an apparition in the dim, uncertain moonlight.

He started back, but it was too late to avoid her. Yet even in that moment of supreme agony he saw that her white, pained face held no anger, no reproach, only the unutterable sadness of one who has hoped so much and been disappointed.

"You!" he said, motioning her from him with a hand whose trembling he vainly endeavored to control. "You!" What pen could describe the shame, the misery and despair that simple word held.

"Have you come to add the last dreg to my cup of bitterness?" he continued rather huskily. "Ah, you turn your face away. I am beneath even your notice. Why did I come home to-night?"

"Because you still have a little feeling for me," she answered, in a voice that was full of tears. "I can't bear too much."

"Some little feeling for her," he reflected. "My God, have I shown much feeling for her? Yet I touched nothing to-day—nothing since this morning."

"Why did you go out?" she asked, leaning rather heavily against the door, though she was conscious of much relief at his assurance.

"To forget, Margaret, to forget myself—to forget you. Here every memory haunted me. I must have died had I staid in that room one hour longer. I have walked and walked. My body is weary, but my mind is active. It is a living furnace of bitter agony. It tortures me. I cannot escape——"

"From your better nature. No, Brian. Thank God, you cannot escape from your better nature. It is the thought of the man you might be which tortures you. Oh, Brian, Brian! Where is your promise?"

He laughed unsteadily. A meaningless laugh which jarred upon her.

"You see, it is worse than useless," he returned, recklessly. "I'm too worthless to waste one thought upon. I have broken your heart and ruined your life, Bertie says. Why don't you hate me? Why don't you strike me as I stand here a villain and a coward."

"Ah, no," she cried, raising her hand to her face. "Not that weak and unfortunate, but with heaven's help a man."

He grasped the door for support. Her gentleness unnerved him. Contempt would have found him stronger.

"What can I say, Margaret?" he asked, looking in her face with pitiful helplessness. "What can I say. Your trust is heaven for me. Can I find any excuse after that. Yet I struggled. If you could know how hard."

"But you took nothing to-night?" she questioned, a soft light stealing into her eyes.

"No, nothing; but the temptation was never more terrible. When I recalled these last two days I thought I should go mad. I remembered that I had again broken my solemn promise. Again overwhelmed you with shame and sorrow, notwithstanding all your kindness and all your sympathy. The worst criminal on earth never felt greater misery and degradation. I was sure you would never trust me again. Sure that you would dread to look upon my face. I could see no hope. And when I went into that accursed place they seemed so happy. The wine was there to bring forgetfulness, to drown my misery. It was before my eyes. Close to my hand. Yet I did not drink. A thought of you, like the last straw to a drowning man, held me back. I pushed it from me. Though I saw heaven in its depths and hell in my own mind. Then Wilson came and I——"

He could go no farther, emotion overpowered him. Margaret's own eyes filled with tears, and impulsively she placed her hand in his.

"Poor Brian," she said very softly. "It has been very hard for you. I never knew how hard until now. To-night has marked your first victory, and after this you shall not fight alone. No matter how rough the path may be, no matter how often you may stumble, I know the time must come when you will stand strong and firm. It is this belief which keeps my faith and courage so warm within me. And until that time does come, I always want you to remember that my hand is ever in yours, and, side by side, we will meet and overcome all that is hard to you. Through better and through worse, always together. Don't, Brian; it pains me to see you give way so. We will only be giving mutual help. You shall lean on me, as I shall often lean on you. I have had so many hopes and ambitions for you. So if you will insist on magnifying my simple duty into such generous proportions, I shall expect my reward in my own way. I can say no more to-night; I feel so utterly weary. To-morrow I will have more to tell you. Only keep your courage strong, and remember that my desire to help you is above every other."

"May God make me strong, Margaret, to be worthy of your faith. In his presence and in yours I solemnly pledge my word that the day shall come when you will see in me something higher and better than the weak creature I am to-night. I can say no more than that. Words are powerless to express my thoughts. I can only feel."

"And I can understand," she returned, with tremulous lips. "I can hold my hand to you now and say: 'There is only faith and trust between us.'"

Alone in his room. Alone with feelings and emotions which filled his heart to overflowing, Brian went over every word of this conversation, and in the fresh strength and courage which had come to him he repeated his pledge.

Then his mind passed in review the events of the evening. He remembered that when he could no longer bear the tide of bitter, remorseful thoughts which surged over him he had found his way to his old haunts with the almost overwhelming desire to seek oblivion in the usual way. How Wilson had found him and drawn him away from the temptation that had well nigh conquered him.

They had walked for a long time in the fresh, cool night, and while Wilson talked in the kind, confidential manner he had so often used in their student days, Brian had felt himself overpowered by a rush of feeling, and he had longed with intense longing for something of the noble personality of the man beside him.

"You have saved me from myself," he had cried under the impulse of the moment. "I thank you, not for my sake, but for hers. Men who are strong like you seldom pity men who are weak like me. I have fallen without the breastworks. Shall I ever find safety?"

And Wilson had answered, just as he often answered in those old days, when he had promised such rich fruition for Brian's many talents:

"There is safety for you in strength of purpose and determination of endeavor, and safety," he had added in a lower tone, "in the faith and trust of a loyal wife. Think of her and be strong."

CHAPTER XIX.

MARGARET SEES SOME SUNLIGHT.

"I think the clouds must be rolling by," Margaret said to herself one morning.

Brian had just told her of his talk with Wilson, and of the latter's promise to help him in every possible way. And as if this was not enough there was her long delightful letter from Miss Hilton, and the promise it held, that this dear old friend would be with her so soon. Only a short visit—five or six days at most—yet the prospect of even that made her so happy that she could scarcely speak of it to Brian. The happy moment arrived at last, when she looked into the dear brown eyes and kissed the smooth cheek, which was still so round and rosy. She could only let her tears fall, and feel how sweet it was to lean once more upon that true and tender love.

"It is so nice to have you, so very nice to have you," she cried, in glad tones, as she divested Miss Hilton of bonnet and wraps, and made her take the great arm-chair. "So like the old times. I am going to sit on this low stool by you and stroke your hand just as I used to do. Do you remember how you used to like me to stroke your hand. Ah, I have missed those times, Miss Hilton. You cannot guess how I have missed them, even at Elmwood; but here a thousand times more."

"What a delightful little home you have," answered Miss Hilton, allowing her eyes to travel about the room in an effort not to see the expression of pain which had accompanied Margaret's words. "I am charmed."

"Are you? I am so glad. I think it rather nice, too, though at first it did seem rather small. Now I have become accustomed to it, and we are doing nicely Norah and Nanny are both with me. They both like New York better than I do. I fear I am lacking in appreciation, but—— No, I'll not tell you any more of that. I have really made a great many friends here. I find the people very nice and pleasant."

"I am pleased to hear it, Margaret. I never doubted your faculty for winning love. You are happy, too, I hope."

Margaret continued to stroke the hand that rested on hers, but she found it impossible to raise her eyes, and the earnest question only won an evasive answer:

"I am contented now."

Miss Hilton was a keen observer, and Margaret's reply did not satisfy her, but she answered with apparent readiness:

"I am glad for even that much. I fear you have not trusted me implicitly. I think there has been some heartache, or your letters were not true barometers of your feelings. Some were very hopeful; others despondent. Often I feared you were breaking down, and then I wished to borrow wings and come to you."

"Ah, if you only had," faltered Margaret, burying her head in Miss Hilton's lap. "You were so kind to want to do so. It has been heartache, so much heartache, I could not tell you. It was too bitter to put on paper. Yet I knew you would read between the lines, that you would see and understand. And I felt sure of your sympathy—always so sure of that. If all had fallen from me I believed I should still have you. Sometimes I was tempted to ask you to come just for a little while. Then I reflected you might find it hard or impossible, and so I always put the wish aside."

"Your letters would have brought me, Margaret. Absence has not lessened my love for you. I want you to feel that it is always with you, though I may be far away. I was very much surprised when you told me you were leaving Elmwood. I felt that Brian was at the bottom of your reason, and I begged heaven to bless my brave girl. I am so happy to hear of Brian's improvement. Industry is certainly a concession for him."

"I always hoped for something better," Margaret returned, wondering why she should make her words apologetic. "Then, besides, he is my husband, and there is less a question of personal feeling than of wifely duty. There's duty again. I am growing to detest the word. I—— Oh, Miss Hilton, you are tired. How thoughtless I am. In my selfishness I've quite forgotten what a journey you've had. Come; you shall go right to your room. Then I shall bring you a cup of tea, and you must rest until Brian comes. He will be delighted to see you."

When Brian returned that night he found Miss Hilton installed in his particular chair.

"Don't be jealous," laughed Margaret, after the warm greetings were over. "I gave Miss Hilton your chair because she is a visitor, and must enjoy all the privileges."

"On the principle of 'The poor you have always with you,' I suppose."

"Don't quote Scripture so lightly, you thoughtless boy," said Miss Hilton, with a smile. "I have been hearing some good accounts of you."

"I know who to thank for that," returned Brian, with a grateful glance at Margaret. "How long have you been here discussing me?"

"I have been here since early this afternoon, but we discussed other subjects besides you, sir. Margaret has been telling me a budget of news, and I have been admiring this delightful little home.

"All Margaret's taste," was Brian's reply. "I tell you, Miss Hilton, she is——"

"Won't you come to dinner, please?" interrupted Margaret at this point. "You'll find that a much more interesting subject for discussion."

When Brian returned home next evening he found Miss Hilton alone.

"We have spent the afternoon in shopping," she explained, "and the experience proved too much for Margaret, so I sent her away to rest before dinner. She will be in presently, and meantime you must put up with my company."

"I am not displeased at the prospect," he responded, lightly, though an anxious expression settled over his face. "I am becoming seriously worried about Margaret," he added, more gravely. "Don't you think she is looking rather ill?"

"She doesn't seem particularly well. I fear she finds this spring weather trying. Her case is not difficult to diagnose, however, and the medicine she most requires is—Elmwood."

The old lady gave Brian a searching look as she gave expession to this opinion. He bore it without flinching and answered with scarcely a moment's hesitation:

"You are right. I have thought the same. She shall go to Elmwood as soon as possible."

Miss Hilton shook her head, with thoughtful gravity.

"That won't do, Brian. Such a half-way method would be as effective as taking only one part of a seidlitz. You must see this in its proper light, my dear boy. Margaret should not make all the sacrifices."

"She shall make no more," was the impulsive answer. "I see it all now. When she goes to Elmwood I go with her."

"To stay, I hope. Otherwise——"

"Yes, Miss Hilton, to stay. I have been sufficiently neglectful and brutal. Now I have turned over a new leaf, and I am determined that my future shall be worthy of her husband. I have much to make up."

"Now I recognize the real Brian," answered Miss Hilton, with smiling eyes. "I have always been confident that he would show himself some day. I am very glad to see him."

"If he lives at all," returned Brian, with unusual feeling, "it is to Margaret's credit. Her trust gave him life, and her influence led him on. As you cannot understand the depths to which I had sunk, neither can you realize to what extent she has proved my salvation. Had her nature been less noble, less generous, less pure than it is, I could not love her as I do, and—here she is to hear me say so."

"And to thank you for such sweet words," aided Margaret. "Brian, have you been home very long? I thought I should be here before you came, but my eyes would not stay open, and the time went so fast."

"If you are rested I sha'n't regret it," returned Brian, drawing her unresistingly to the chair beside him. "I am glad those refractory eyes compelled your obedience, even though they deprived me of your company. In your absence Miss Hilton has made herself vastly entertaining. We have been exchanging ideas. See how she lies back in my chair, which she takes without the least compunction, and smiles at something I have told her. I wonder if it won't make you smile, too. We will try the experiment after dinner."

But after dinner Wilson made his appearance, and Margaret forgot all else in her effort that he and Miss Hilton should have ample opportunity to see and admire each other.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WONDROUS CAVE.

Situated on the road leading to Haydentown is one of the most remarkable caverns to be found in the mountains of Pennsylvania. Here the notorious Cooley outlaws have their retreat. The cave is about 17 miles from Uniontown. The only means of ingresss is through a crevice under one of the high rocks, just large enough to admit a man by lying flat upon the ground and drawing himself slowly through the narrow aperture.

It is necessary to travel in this way for about 10 feet, when one finds himself in a vaulted chamber 40 feet long and 15 or 20 feet wide The cave has a smooth gravel floor, and at the end furthest from the mouth of the cave the way seems to be blocked by huge rocks that at one time must have fallen from the arch above. From under these rocks flows a brook of ice-cold water, clear as a crystal, and striking against the high walls of the chamber it sinks through the gravelly bed of the cave. The only way to reach the second room is by crawling through the ice-cold water for 20 feet, when one finds himself in a chamber one-fourth of a mile in length and of irregular width.

The spectacle that greets the eye in this room is grand. From the arch above hang hundreds of stalactites, white as snow, that dazzle the eye and bewilder the mind of the beholder. Along one side of this room the stalactites and stalagmites also meet and, forming column after column, pass through a wide opening on the north side of the room, and along one side the crystallized lime has the appearance of a frozen cataract.

On either side of this room are crevices in the rocks through which can be seen chambers of unknown size, through which man never trod, and the beauty of which is yet unknown. Follow this narrow chamber for half a mile and you suddenly find that you are perspiring unnaturally. You feel a sickening sensation come over you; your taper refuses to burn, and you discover you are surrounded by deadly fire-damp, and at once return to the chamber of indescribable beauty.

Through another opening in the side of the main chamber one can look far back into a chamber cut off from the first by fallen rocks. In it are a number of huge logs that must have been put there by men many years ago, but for what purpose or by what race of men is unknown. This wonderful cavern is only four miles from the famous Delaney cave, and from all the investigations that have been made, it is believed that the two are connected by passages yet unknown.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

WILL PLUTOCRACY OR DEMOCRACY GET YOUR VOTE?

The Democratic Party Still Occupies Its Old Historic Ground Against Monopoly Behind the Republican Mask—Worried by Ballot Reform.

Plutocratic or Democratic?

The electoral contest of this year is between Plutocracy and Democracy. The Republican party, with its insistance upon a greater exercise of the Government's taxing power than any party ever before justified or attempted to defend, and with its demand for a Federal election law stronger in the assertion of Federal power than even the old Federalists dreamed of, has lost its character as an American political party. It has out-Federalized Federalism and out-Whigged Whiggery in its declaration that the property of the citizen and the rights of the States are alike subservient to the demands of the National Government. It has, accordingly, ceased to be truly representative of any large body of citizens having interests in common with those of their fellows, and has become the champion of classes vested with public privileges, whose interests lie in the direction of such a control of elections as will prevent any effective popular protest against their perpetuation. These classes are varied and distributed among a number of industries, but they are all protected under one general law and combined for the purpose of defeating any effort to repeal or amend it. They are all embraced in the term Plutocracy.

THE FARMER SEES ONLY ONE SIDE OF THE MACHINE.

"These pretenses should no longer deceive."—Grover Cleveland, Sept. 26, 1892.
—Chicago Herald.

Against the plutocratic party thus for the first time created in American politics the Democratic party still occupies its old historic ground. It insists that the Government has no power to tax the citizen in excess of the needs of government economically administered. It protests against the principle asserted in the Republican national platform that the centralized government in Washington shall have control of the elections in the States. Its position is that the fiscal legislation of the last generation, of which the McKinley law is the present consummation, is destructive of the great and prosperous middle class upon which the preservation of free government must depend, and tends towards the creation of widely separated classes representing great wealth and great poverty. It meets the assaults of its opponents on every line of detail involved in the discussion of the tariff question, but points to the thousands of colossal fortunes created by Republican legislation and the present prevailing comparative depression and want of opportunity in the great middle classes of society as a broad generalization of argument overshadowing all questions of petty detail, and as an illustration of prevailing tendencies.

The Republican party as once organized and maintained for the assertion and defense of doctrines defining the ideas of great bodies of men without special interests to serve is not a party to this campaign. The Plutocratic party is masked behind the Republican name, but the disguise will be found a poor one if the results of the election of two years ago are not altogether misleading and deceptive. The Democratic party, at least, is fully aware of the tremendous importance of this struggle. The disappointments of great leaders or the ambitions of aspiring men have not been allowed to stand in the way of keen popular apprehension of what would be involved in the re-election of the man whose one term has carried his party away from Americanism to a Plutocracy asserting both the old feudal rights—to collect tithes and to govern in council. The unification of the party in New York and the defeat of the People's party in the South is proof of this.

There are abundant evidences that the situation is equally well understood in the Republican party. The men in middle life and middle rank in that party, who feel most heavily the hand of the tax-gatherer and most keenly the creation of a moneyed aristocracy which will overshadow themselves and their children, are not unmindful of either their political or domestic portents. There are cheering assurances that the first clearly defined conflict between plutocracy and Democracy in America will have a result worthy the history of our Anglo-Saxon race.—St. Louis Republic.

Cleveland or Harrison?

While one might hesitate to predict the result of the election in November, it can be said without hesitation that Cleveland or Harrison will be the next President of the United States.

There is a disposition in certain quarters, where the Farmers' Alliance is strong, to abandon the Democratic candidate and vote for Gen. Weaver. This is due largely to the prevailing discontent and to low prices for farm products. Notwithstanding the agitation for free trade, little relief has been obtained. In fact, the exactions of the robber barons have been increased.

Demagogues have used this dissatisfaction for their own purposes. What did the Democrats do, they say, when Mr. Cleveland was in office?

They cut down expenditures; they put through the House of Representatives a bill reducing taxes, and Mr. Cleveland vetoed the dependent pension bill.

It is to be remembered that the Democrats have not had since the war control of the law-making power of the Government. They had at one time the Senate and House; again, they had the President and the House, but did not have the Senate. They have not been able to pass a single bill since the war that was objectionable to the Republican party. All that they have been able to do has been in the House to check the extravagance of the Senate; in the executive department, to introduce economy and business methods.

The purposes of the Democratic party have been fully defined. They are written in the famous tariff message of President Cleveland; they are found in the message vetoing the dependent pension bill; they were foreshadowed in the Mills bill.

The Democratic party has moved forward step by step. Every bill for the reduction of taxes supported by the party has been a step in advance of all previous measures. The Democrats presented first the Morrison horizontal bill, which was defeated. Next they offered the second Morrison bill, a more thorough and logical measure, and that was defeated. Then they formulated the Mills bill, a still more advanced measure, justified by the conditions of the country, a bill which should, as a compromise measure, have been accepted by the Senate; it was rejected.

The next bill will be as far in advance of the Mills bill as the Mills bill was in advance of the Morrison horizontal bill.

These are the promises of the Democratic party, and the promises that they have made in every campaign have been fulfilled, as far as was in their power when in control of either house of Congress.

The recent Congress refused the expenditures demanded by the Republican officeholders and the Senate. They were not able to return to the Cleveland level simply because the Reed Congress had so enlarged the pension list, and had enacted bounty and subsidy laws to such an extent that it was not possible to force the Republicans economically to administer the government.

If the Democrats of the country will do their duty, if they will stand together, if they will refuse to divide their votes, they will not simply secure the election of Mr. Cleveland in November, but they will also obtain control of the United States Senate. If that be done, their professions may for the first time be put to the test.

The Republicans in the North well understand that a vote cast for any other candidate than Cleveland is a vote for Harrison. In a recent speech in Ohio Gov. Foraker said:

"There are a number of parties, and each has its candidate, but it may be assumed that, if they live, the next President of the United States will be either Harrison or Cleveland. If there were nothing more involved than a choice between these men, every Republican should stand by his own standard bearer. His record is much the better. Both he and Cleveland commenced political life before the war. They began, and have ever since continued, in opposition parties. They have all their lives represented and contended for conflicting and opposing ideas, principles and purposes."

Let our friends of the Farmers' Alliance, and men who are disposed to try a new deal by voting for Gen. Weaver, consider this declaration of Gov. Foraker's. It is as certain as anything in the future that the next President of the United States will be either Cleveland or Harrison. Failure to vote for Mr. Cleveland is at least a half vote for the election of Mr. Harrison.—Courier-Journal.

The Cost of Harrison.

The ordinary expenditures of the first three years of the Cleveland administration were $627,000,000. For the first three years of the Harrison administration the ordinary expenditures have been $901,000,000.

The three years of Harrison cost the people $274,000,000 more than the three years of Cleveland.

The average annual cost of the Cleveland administration was $209,000,000; of the Harrison administration over $300,000,000.

These figures are for ordinary expenditures exclusive of expenditures for sinking fund, for interest, for premiums and bond purchases and for the postal service.

Harrison costs the country as much for ordinary expenses in three years as Cleveland did in four.

The increase under Harrison is entirely due to the Republican policy of taxing earnings for the benefit of non-earners—a policy well illustrated in the case of the exorbitant direct bounty of over $10,000,000 a year paid to a few corporations in Louisiana and a few sap-boilers in Vermont. The Republican argument for giving these people public money is that they could not earn it; that they were the crippled veterans of the tariff system, and that having existed under it until they were utterly incapable of independent self-support they thereby became entitled to a pension direct from the Treasury. Every year, therefore, between $10,000,000 and $15,000,000 is taken direct from the pockets of people who have earned it and paid to these incapables on the ground of their incapacity.

There is no metaphor about this. The money is taken directly out of the treasury and put directly into their hands to do as they please with, and they are not required to render the least service to the Government in exchange for it.

The same policy of bleeding the earner for the nonearner is carried out in every direction—through direct subsidies to steamship corporations and in a general policy of extravagance intended to prevent the lessening of indirect subsidies accruing under the high tariff taxes. The Republican party cannot be economical in administration. Its theories involve the extravagant expenditure of other people's earnings, and it grows more extravagant as it grows more radical in the enforcement of its theories.

Worried by Ballot Reform.

Very many of the States of the Union have passed ballot-reform laws based upon the Australian system. The main benefits of the method are the freedom of the elector from extraneous interested control, the absolute secrecy of the ballot, and the perfect individuality assured each elector as alone in a private compartment he indicates upon an official ballot his desire as an elector.

Wherever Redublicans have given their assent to this method of election they seem greatly to regret it. The Republican candidate for the Vice Presidency said in his journal only a few weeks ago words in derogation of the Australian system, which, applied to Maine, he regarded as harmful to the Republican cause. Wherever the Australian ballot idea is used there, it is found, are increased Democratic majorities. It is within the observation of all men who have been through many elections that employers have exercised coercion upon voters, their employes. The time has been when workingmen have been marched to the polls in squads, furnished at the booth with the tickets selected by their employers, and watched that they placed in the hands of the booth officer the ballot that was given them by the agent of their employer. All this has been done away with wherever the Australian idea has been adopted.

In Pennsylvania, where protected mill owners have been in the habit of voting their men according to the wishes of the employers, strong effort is now made to undo the legislation for the reformed method of voting. All sorts of representations are made that it is impossible to comply with the law, that paper and presses cannot be had in order to prepare the necessary official ballots, and some persons have gone so far in the Republican interests as to ask of the Executive that a special session of the Legislature shall be held even at this date with the idea of repealing that law. The men who made this demand upon Governor Pattison did not know with whom they were dealing. He advised them promptly as follows:

"There is no occasion for an extra session of the legislature. The Baker ballot law passed by a large majority in both branches of the legislature. It was enacted in obedience to a very decided public sentiment. The press, almost without exception, approved of it. If as earnest efforts were made to enforce it as there is a disposition to find fault with it there would be no trouble in its execution. Ballot reform in Pennsylvania has come to stay. Amendments may be found necessary in the future, but they will be in the line of present legislation."

The pending is the first presidential election where the balloting will have been very general under the Australian plan. Republicans foresee in such purity of election as the system grows the loss of their ascendency. They cannot follow the elector into the booth. He is there alone, unwatched, and can vote as his manhood and not as his employer dictates.—Chicago Times.

Benefits of the Unvoted Vote.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid is now publishing editorials on "The Dangers of Neglecting to Vote," from which an uninformed person might infer that an unvoted Republican vote is the greatest of all evils.

On the contrary, the one unvoted vote in every Republican ten is capable of the most beneficent results, for it is capable of defeating Harrison and Reid and the work of the office-holders' convention at Minneapolis.

No fair-minded man can deny that this will, probably, be the best thing that could happen to the Republican party. If Harrison and his radical faction get four years more in power they will wind the party up, and not leave enough of it to be worth administering, except through a return de bonis non. They are determined to keep it a civil-war party, and no civil-war party in this country can survive much longer. If the Republican party is to represent for the next five years what Harrison represents now, it will be obliterated as completely as the Whig party was when, in 1856, there was not enough of it left to be laughed at.

While we see no particular use of saving the Republican party from this complete extermination; while on the whole it would be much better for it to be exterminated, yet on the other hand we see still less use of such violent forcing of immediate settlement as is involved in Harrison's continued leadership of the party. Such majorities as the country gave against Harrison in 1890 are necessary as protests against Radicalism, but they are inconveniently large when considered in any other light than that of an expression of popular disapproval. An almost even balance between parties gives the best results for good government.

But many Republicans are so attached to their party as to be unable to reconcile themselves to the prospect of its extermination through a second term of Harrison, and these seem to be bent on saving it with their unvoted votes. To Mr. Reid now the unvoted Republican vote may seem a great evil, but in ten years or so, when he is more disinterested, he may be able to look back at the campaign of 1892 and think better of it.—St. Louis Republican.

The Issue Fixed.

Nothing that the Republican speakers say can change the main issue of the campaign.

That issue is the Republican record for the past four years.

No irrelevant clap-trap about State banks; no manipulation of the battered old "free-trade" bugaboo; no citation of English opinion, forged or otherwise; no rattling of the bogus American tin; no parade of cooked statistics can divert the people from the issue created by the candidacy of President Harrison for a second term and the appeal for a new Reed Congress.

The Republican record includes:

A squandered surplus of $100,000,000.
A worse than war tariff.
Increased taxes.
The multiplication of monopolies;
The menace of a force bill.
Inflation with 65-cent dollars.
State-stealing and seat-grabbing.
The protection of Republican rascals.
A carnival of spoils.
Renomination by office-holders.

As a fitting climax the record is crowned with a bold attempt to carry the election by bribery and fraud.

The importation of the professional election crook, David Martin, and the Hackett circular calling for the "secret and discreet" furnishing of names of Democrats "who can be induced to vote the Republican ticket this fall" can have no other meaning.

With the issue thus made up the result ought not to be doubtful if every Democrat and honest Independent voter does his duty.

Every incident of the Republican campaign renders it more imperative that the next President must be a Democrat.

SANCHO I., or Sancho the Fat, was killed by poison being introduced into an apple.

HERE'S ALL THE NEWS

TO BE FOUND IN THE STATE OF INDIANA.

Giving a Detailed Account of the Numerous Crimes, Casualties, Fires, Suicides, Deaths, Etc., Etc.

Minor State Items.

A MILITIA company has been organized at New Albany.

THE fruit crop in Lawrence County is reported a total failure this year.

THE long-continued drought has been broken in some sections of Southern Indiana.

JOHN NEFF, near Milford, had both legs broken by a log rolling on him off a wagon.

MISS DAISY CHASE, while horse-back riding at Mitchell, was thrown and seriously hurt.

ON an old farm near Crawfordsville, George Britton has found a number of skeletons in a gravel pit.

THERE is still one toll-road in Shelby County. Its purchase and liberation is to be voted on next month.

JOHN FARRINGTON, aged 18, of Kokomo, died from injuries received by being struck by a train last July.

BURGLARS broke into H. McLachlan's store at Elkhart, and stole $1,200 worth of jewelry and other goods.

JAMES HACKETT, a Bedford bartender, was accidentally shot and killed by a boiler-maker while out hunting.

EDWARD HENRY, a resident of Greenville, near New Albany, was Whitecapped for mistreating his wife.

AN engine and eight cars were wrecked in a collision at Logansport. The air-brake failed to work. Loss, $10,000.

ED. HILL, a Brazil youth, was hunting, when the breech-pin of the gun blew out and penetrated his skull. He will die.

LOGANSPORT has dug up an elm log that was buried under a street fifty-five years ago. The wood was sound in every fiber.

THE large lake at Bethany park, near Brooklyn, was drained recently. It is estimated that 3,000 pounds of carp fish were caught.

MARTIN PETERSON of Goshen, who claimed to have lost both arms by falling under a Lake Shore train, was awarded $8,000 damages.

JAMES MCCORMICK, near Seymour, is said to be 109 years old, and is also said to have spoken to George Washington, the father of his country.

WILLIAM MELOY of Scottsburg, while hunting, accidently shot his cousin, Walter Meloy, twenty-five shot taking effect in his face and head.

THE side-bar on a Big Four engine broke near Warsaw, smashing the cab and injuring Jones Scott, who was riding on the seat with the fireman.

THE Kokomo Daily Gazette-Tribune has moved into a new home of its own, it being one of the finest printing offices to be found in Northern Indiana.

ROBERT WHITE, aged 16, son of John White, of Walnut Level, Wayne County, was fatally mangled by a freight train at the L., E. & W. depot in Muncie.

AT Crawfordsville, the Monon paid a judgment and costs in a suit for a horse that killed itself by running into a train standing on the street at Ladoga.

LOUIS FELTZ, 13 years old, of Brookville, was accidentally and fatally shot in the groin by his brother, while they were gathering grapes in the woods.

THE Connersville News and Times have consolidated. Howard M. Gordon retires, and J. W. Shackleford, Delia C. Smith and W. F. Downs takes charge.

THE last of the walnut timber growing about Goshen was hauled to a mill the other day by eighty-seven teams gaily decorated. The timber was valued at $8,500.

SOME wretch hit an Elwood horse on the leg with a stone the other night. The animal went into convulsons and two men worked all night before its life was saved.

H. L. THOMAS, who cleaned out a boarding-house at Brazil of jewelry and money, was captured by Detective Patrick Furley and lodged in the Clay County Jail.

HARRY ALUIS, aged 34, in Parrot's mill, at Patoka, received a slight cut on his right hand with a saw. He went home, and 9 p. m. took lock-jaw and died at 10 o'clock.

SIGMAN WELINITZ, a prominent business man of Whiting, committed suicide. His wife had left him, and he had made an attempt at a reconciliation, which was unsuccessful.

THE father of a boy at English, where the lad was suspended by the neck by a quick-tempered school-teacher, will apply to the State authorities to have the teacher suspended.

JACK BRITTON of Harmony, brakeman on the C. & I. C., was cut to pieces at Kickapoo. While making a coupling at the foot of the steep grade at that point, he was caught by a backing freight train and twenty-five cars passed over his body.

THE east-bound train run by the Wells Fargo Express Company on the Chicago and Erie collided with some freight cars which had run through a closed split switch on a heavy grade at Leiter's, a few miles west of Rochester. Engineer Fredericks, one of the oldest men on the road, and Firemen Metz were horribly scalded and bruised, Metz being fatally injured. The engine was badly damaged, road torn up, express cars injured, and several freight cars demolished.

WILLIAM H. KELLY, a prominent resident of Frankfort, died last week. For several years Mr. Kelly had stomach trouble, and it was the desire of the family that an autopsy be held. The operation revealed a cancerous mass in the stomach which contained a metallic substance that proved to be a portion of a shoemaker's awl, fully an inch in length. The awl is supposed to have been in his stomach ever since Mr. Kelly worked on the bench as a shoemaker, over thirty years ago.

H. S. SCHWIER, a 10-year-old boy, at McCool, near Valparaiso, has died of supposed hydrophobia. He was bitten last summer, and had been treated by the Pasteur Institute at Chicago.

AN unknown man about 25 years old was killed at Union City, by a Panhandle freight train. It is the supposition that he was beating his way on the train and fell between the cars. He was torn to pieces and had evidently been dragged for some distance. Nothing was found in the pockets of his clothing, which was that of a laborer, save a brass check, which was marked with the number "29" and "G. W."

A SKELETON, partly decayed, has just been unearthed by workingmen near the mouth of the cave at the head of Rock Lick, a small creek which wanders through the valley about two miles from Mitchell. It appears to be that of a female Indian, and is the first skeleton found at the cave, though many relics have been found in former years to show that black bears formerly lived in the cave, and that they were hunted by savages with bow and arrow.

A THREE-YEAR-OLD daughter of Chas. Pettifer, at Elkhart, got hold of a bottle of pepperment oil, and poured a spoonful of it down her baby brother's throat with the result that the child was not expected to live.