



CHAPTER XII—Continued.

There was a dream of silence, but during its reign the gleaming, scintillating eyes of Beatrice Mercer told that her owner was not idle.

She was thinking, plotting, preparing to act. Her quick mind grasped the situation readily, the situation she had anticipated, and which she had come prepared to meet. She held the remedy—gold. To befriend the father of the man she loved in his dire extremity, to save an honored family name from reproach—would it not win the gratitude of the delinquent son, and gratitude pity, and pity love?

She had other final resources in reserve. She had prepared plans calmly, systematically. This was but the first step. Oh! she could not fail.

She arose and stole to the door; she peered in. There sat the stern-faced, implacable lawyer, the fatal documents spread out before him. There, too, was the father of Raymond Marshall.

She stepped boldly across the threshold of the room. Not until she had reached the table and her shadow fell across it did lawyer and victim glance up, with a vivid start.

"Madam!" began the former.

"I have come to purchase those documents."

Her hand pointed to the pile of notes and securities, almost touching them. In profound wonderment the lawyer regarded her. With a gasp of hope, suspense, dread, Colonel Marshall stared at her, his face.

"You have come—!" repeated the lawyer, vaguely.

"To buy those documents!"

"Why—I do not understand—by what right?"

"Are they for sale?"

"Her voice rang out sharply.

"To Colonel Marshall or his authorized agent, yes, but to a stranger—"

Beatrice Mercer turned to the bewildered Colonel.

"I am no stranger, but a friend," she half-whispered in his dumfounded ear.

"I came to save you," and then aloud: "Colonel Marshall, you authorize me to act for you?"

The half-stunned Colonel could only nod like an automaton.

"Ten thousand dollars is the amount, I believe," went on Beatrice, calmly.

"There is the money. See that it is right."

She had flashed a heap of bank-notes of large denominations before the lawyer's sight. She took up the papers on the table.

"This is the forged \$2,000 note, I believe," she said, selecting one from the many papers.

Colonel Marshall, it shall never trouble you again.

With two twists of her dainty but supple wrists, she severed the fatal document in twain.

"These other papers I shall keep for a day or two. The amount is correct?" she demanded of the lawyer.

Colonel Marshall, you are free from debt and dread alike. I trust we all know how to keep a secret. I would like to speak a few words to you alone."

The lawyer had witnessed some strange scenes in his professional career, but the denouement of the present inexplicable one left him speechless.

Colonel Marshall, like one in a dream, followed the woman who had mysteriously saved him from ruin and dishonor from the room.

Her eyes were raining tears. Oh, actress deft and subtle! oh, hypocrite strong and confident! pitting all the issues of life upon the frail cast of a die.

She turned her face to the wall, her whole causing the sympathetic Colonel to wince with honest pity. Raymond looked concerned, grieved.

"Can we do nothing to make her happier?" spoke the Colonel, deeply affected. "Can I not tell her how grateful I am—how some arrangement must be made for the repayment of the money advanced?"

"She would refuse to consider it," responded the Doctor. "But—no! I had better not mention it."

"Speak, Doctor!" urged the Colonel, eagerly. "You were about to make some suggestion?"

"It concerns your son. This morning this poor creature walked her heart-sickness over her love for him. She cannot survive the night, and yet I think would be infinitely happy for that brief period of time if she knew that you—"

"Forgive me, gentlemen, my task is too difficult to complete."

"If she knew what?" demanded Raymond, softly.

"If you would consent to wed her, Nay, sir, do not start. A dying child's wish; you need not gratify it, only she has left all her fortune to you."

"I will never accept it!" dissented Raymond, indignantly.

"The law will make you. This poor girl's devotion is pitiable. Give her your name, render her dying moments happy. It is not much to do, for before morning you will be a widower."

The plot was out. This was the deft design two clever schemers had planned. The unsuspecting Raymond Marshall never dreamed of a new deception.

"Raymond, do it; it will quiet talk when he will be read. Poor creature! her devotion is indeed pitiable," spoke the Colonel, warmly.

Raymond Marshall thought of the woman dead and of all his love for her; of the woman dying and his pity for her forlorn helplessness.

"What does it matter?" he murmured, dejectedly. "My life is given to the future. If that small ceremony can brighten this dying girl's moments, Doctor, I will marry her!"

The clever actress on the couch thrilled withal. At last, reward; at last, success! Her hour of triumph had come.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Too Busy for Enmity.

When I hear men or women attributing a lack of success in any direction to the machinations of their enemies, I involuntarily smile at the egotistical assertion. People are in general too much engrossed, each by his own affairs, to make any very active war against each other. Jealous, envious, rancorous they often are, but to wage positive hostilities, they are for the most part too indifferent.

This proneness to attribute our mischances to enemies is merely one of the reflexes of our self-love. Admitting possible exceptions, it may be said emphatically that we are none of us anybody's enemy but our own.

We are all, however, our own enemies. The tongue that truly delects from our credit and glory is our own tongue; the hand that most mercilessly despoils us of our property is our own hand. All the real murders in this world—that is, apart from the mere commonplace killings of men and women—are self-murders. Conceit tells us a different tale, and we are too ready to lay on the flattering unction. But all great successes, all the grand triumphs, will be in proportion to our seeing the truth as it really stands; namely, that the hardest obstacles, the most real dangers, lie in the perverse impulses of our own nature.

A Protest.

I have yet to see the wife or sister of a traveling salesman who referred to his vocation as that of "drummer," or did not wince when his name was coupled with the phrase. And yet the word is used in connection with every business man who travels, whether he be a salesman or not.

"Drummer" is one who solicits trade or "drums" trade. In the minds of most users of the word, aside from the employers, it is consciously or unconsciously the vehicle of a large proportion of contempt for the personal character, serious distrust of the truthfulness and social worth of the bluffed referred to; little wonder, therefore, that self-respecting salesmen object to it. The word should be abolished. As the justification of its use because it is derived from the word "drum," no scholar will endorse "drum" as a correct or refined word to express the act either of soliciting or selling merchandise.

He Found the Title.

Wilkie Collins had written the last chapter of his "Woman in White," and no title for the book had been decided upon. The day of publication approached, but the title still eluded him. One morning he took himself off to Broadstairs, determined not to return until it had been found. He walked for hours along the cliff; he smoked a case of cigars, and all to no purpose; then, vexed and much worn out by the racking of his brains, he threw himself on the grass as the sun went down. He was lying facing the North Foreland lighthouse, and, half in bitter jest, half unconsciously, he began to apostrophize it thus: "You are ugly and stiff and awkward, and you know you are—as stiff and awkward, and you know you are—as stiff and awkward as I am."

Is the Colonel Venalious?

"I fought a battle once with wooden cannon, and I won it, too," said Col. J. C. Gallor, at the Laclade. "It was during the Mexican war. I was sent out from Santa Fe with a scouting party of twenty-four men, and we were headed off near the Mexican line by 200 of the most villainous-looking greasers that ever cut a throat or shot a brave man in the back. We got into a wooded gorge and threw up a breastwork of loose rocks and coral across the mouth of it. I felt sure the Mexicans would make a rush for us that night under cover of the darkness, and decided to take a surprise for them. We carried a small chest of tools with us, and in the outfit was a long-stemmed two-inch augur. We felled six tough oak trees, sawed off a section of the stems and transformed them into cannon. We loaded them with balls and flint gravel, mounted them and waited. Just before daylight the Mexicans came. We waited until they were within fifty yards, then opened on them with our battery. You never saw such a hustling for tall trees in your life. A few minutes was the last thing they expected to encounter, and when those wooden cannon opened on them they scattered like sheep."—Globe-Democrat.

will continue work. The Reform Club decides that there will be no cessation of hostilities—Lines of the Chicago Platform to be followed out.

President E. Ellery Anderson, of the Reform Club of New York, has just presented his report at the annual meeting of that organization.

Mr. Anderson discusses the silver question, the anti-snapper movement in New York; the reasons for the opposition to D. B. Hill, the tariff, and the nomination and election of Grover Cleveland.

The club spent during the year over \$44,000 in tariff reform work. Of this amount \$39,900 was supplied from individual subscription and \$4,000 from dues of non-resident members.

Mr. Anderson says: "This work was carried on continuously, through speakers and lecturers, through the constant distribution of tariff reform articles, which, through the Western Press agencies, appeared in over two thousand newspapers and reached a very large number of readers, and through the instrumentality of its own publication—Tariff Reform."

"Your committee," he adds, "feels that a great step in advance has been taken, and that in the battle that has been fought for principle in 1892 the Reform Club has held the right of the line, and has contributed its full share to the result which has been achieved."

"Much, however, remains to be done. On some of the principles involved there is substantial accord. Free wool, free metal ores, free lumber, free coal and free salt commend themselves to all tariff reformers. We all agree that duties which serve as bulwarks for trusts and monopolies, such as the 50 cents per hundred-weight on refined sugar, while the raw material used by the refiners is on the free list, should be repealed."

"It would seem to be absolutely necessary to impose taxes upon very many articles with a view to obtaining the highest possible amount of revenue from them, which we would gladly see taxed much less if there were less need for revenue. It is probable that no adjustment of tariff rates upon articles now dutiable, whether high or low, could produce a sufficient increase of revenue to meet the necessities of the Federal Government during the next three or four years. In view of this difficulty several different solutions have been proposed. It has been suggested that the tax on whisky should be increased. If such an increased tax could be fully collected, and if it could be made to apply to all whisky in bond at the time of the passage of the act, a large additional revenue might be obtained from this source; but all the experience of the past shows that very high taxes upon whisky cannot be thoroughly collected, and that they open the way to enormous frauds. We cannot afford to run the risk of such shameful scenes as were common during and shortly after the last war."

"It has been proposed in some quarters to tax raw sugar, tea, and coffee, which are untaxed by the existing tariff. But to this many earnest tariff reformers are opposed, as a step away from free trade, rather than toward it; while they agree that free trade, though it may yet be long distant, is a consummation desirable to be attained."

"The only alternative in the way of actual taxation which remains appears to be an income tax, which again meets great opposition on account of the gross frauds upon the revenue which have always abounded in this country. The only remaining alternative so far as we are aware, is the issue of deficit bonds to an amount sufficient to cover the deficiency which has been caused by the wanton and corrupting extravagance of the present administration. To this, of course, there are serious objections not necessary to be dwelt upon."

"Upon one point the opinions of the committee are unanimous. Whether the reform of the tariff results in increasing or decreasing the Government revenue, it ought to be met, without delay or evasion, upon the lines prescribed by the Chicago platform of 1892. Every increase of taxes made by the McKinley law must be absolutely repealed. All raw materials must be admitted free of duty and all partially finished materials at very low rates of duty. No duties must in any case be retained at a rate higher than that which will produce the largest revenue to the Government and the least revenue to protected individuals. The promises made to the people, which they have believed and upon the strength of which they have restored Grover Cleveland to national leadership, must be fulfilled to the last letter without the smallest unnecessary delay."

"Many ingenious efforts will be made to obstruct the work of tariff reform. And even after such reform is secured by irrevocable legislation the American people will need to be constantly educated, year after year, as to the importance of maintaining that which has been achieved and of going forward in the same direction. It is, therefore, the purpose of your committee to conduct an intelligent discussion on the subject of proposed legislation affecting our system of taxation. We propose to conduct this discussion by means of our periodical issues of 'Tariff Reform' and by regular contributions to the press. We shall also endeavor, if the opportunity is afforded us, to conduct a series of lectures in which the subject matter of correct taxation will be fully presented to the people from time to time. The field is ample, and we promise to return full measure for such co-operation as we may receive from time to time from our subscribers, from the members, resident and non-resident of our club, and from those who desire to see the principles settled at the late election enacted into the permanent laws of our country."

More Revenue with Less Duty.

Those commentators on the tariff who insist that a reduction of duties would be equivalent to a reduction of revenue betray ignorance of the subject. It would be quite possible to increase revenue by reducing duties, and to reduce revenue by increasing duties. Many of the present protect-

## THE UMBRIA ARRIVES!

DELAY CAUSED BY A BROKEN SHAFT.

The Overdue Cunard Ship Has Been After an Eventful Voyage—She Had Been Disabled by an Accident to Her Machinery.

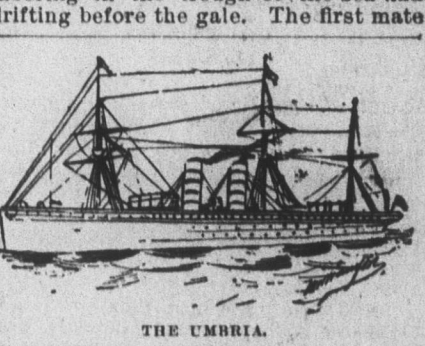
All on Board Are Safe.

The big Cunard steamer Umbria, so long the subject of anxious inquiry, is safe. So much was ascertained shortly after midnight Friday, when her lights were first sighted off Fire Island.

The news of her arrival was communicated at once to the New York office of the company, and Vernon D. Brown, the local agent, accompanied by a number of newspaper men, boarded the company's harbor tug and set out to intercept her.

The ride out occupied an hour, says a New York dispatch. At 1:20 the tug drew up alongside the gangway and the party fled over the side. Every passenger on the steamer old enough to be out at sea at that hour was up and ready to welcome the victor—the first tangible evidence that they were approaching the homes so many of them feared in days past they would never reach.

After days of anxiety, and when many were ready to believe that the big Cunarder with all on board had gone to the bottom of the Atlantic, the steamship Manhanett came into port and reported that when out eleven days from Swansea, and pounding along in a heavy gale, with the wind raising angry seas, she had sighted the Umbria laboring in the trough of the sea and drifting before the gale. The first mate



THE UMBRIA.

was in charge of the Manhanett at the time and his practiced eye made out that all was not well. The vessel lay to the north of the Manhanett, about two miles out of the harbor, and at a moment all hands were ordered on deck. Capt. Duck and Second Mate Ellis came on deck immediately. The Manhanett was hurrying over the five-mile course at its best speed. Soon the Manhanett came near enough to her to see that the Umbria was not badly hurt.

The captain and the second mate got out the signal book, and the ships began to talk to each other.

"Who are you?" asked the Manhanett.

The Umbria told him, and said he was out from Liverpool for New York, and in reply to further questions stated that the shaft was broken and was undergoing repairs, and would be ready to-morrow.

The Manhanett asked if any assistance was required and the Cunarder replied: "No. Report me to my owners." Then the Manhanett bade farewell.

At that time the Cunarder was about 75 miles east of Sandy Hook, so that she had drifted considerably before the northwest gale that was blowing.

Cunard Agent Vernon H. Brown in speaking of the Umbria, said that Capt. McKay had been criticised because of his refusal to accept aid proffered by other vessels, with the result of the Umbria in tow, the gale which has been blowing from the northwest for the last week shifted to the east it would not be anything unusual if the towmaster parted with the machinery, which he disabled. She would be on a lee shore in a gale of wind, and nothing in the world could save her from destruction and her passengers from death.

Instead of that, however, Captain McKay refused assistance, lie to 500 miles from shore, where the sea drift and drift without getting into danger, and repairs his machinery, so that when he goes near the shore he will have his ship under full control. That is what I consider good seamanship. The Umbria had the whole of the Atlantic to itself and if the storm got too strong for her she could take in her sea-anchors, hoist sail, turn her stern to the wind, and run before the storm. I was thoroughly convinced that the Umbria was in all right, and would come into this port in perfect safety. Capt. McKay has shown himself to be a man of great caution and ability.

## ACQUITTAL OF DR. BRIGGS.

New York Presbytery Refuses to Sustain Charge of Heresy.

After one of the most tedious trials in the history of the Presbyterian Church, Dr. Briggs, accused of heresy, has been acquitted by the New York Presbytery.

Prof. Briggs was arraigned on a charge of heresy, and the trial was held at the New York Presbytery.

The voting on the first charge was 40 in favor and 40 against.

On the second charge, accusing Prof. Briggs with teaching that the church is a source of divine authority, there were 55 votes cast in favor of sustaining the charge and 71 against.

On the third charge, that Prof. Briggs taught that the Scriptures contained errors of history and fact, on this charge the vote was as follows: To sustain the charge, 60; against sustaining the charge, 68.

On the fourth charge, accusing Prof. Briggs with teaching that Isaiah did not write many of the chapters in the book bearing his name, was: In favor of sustaining the charge, 49; against, 70.

The vote on the sixth charge, accusing Prof. Briggs of teaching that sanctification is progressive after death, was: To sustain the charge, 57; against, 72.

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