



UNITED AT LAST

MISS M. E. BRADDOCK

CHAPTER III

"It was three o'clock that first day."

Nearly a year had gone since Cy-

prus Davenport had turned his back

upon British soil. It was the end of

May, high season in London, and un-

usually brilliant weather, the West

End streets and squares thronged with

carriages, and everywhere throughout

that bright western world a delightful

flutter and buzz of life and gaiety, as

if the children of that pleasant region

had indeed in some manner secured an

exemption from the cares and sorrows

of meaner mortals, and were bent on

making the most of their privileged

existence.

A neatly appointed brougham waited

before the door of a house in Half-

Moon street, and had been waiting

there for some time. It was Mrs.

Walsingham's brougham, and the lady

herself was slowly pacing to and fro

her little drawing-room, pausing every

now and then to look out of the win-

dow, and in a very unpleasant state of

mind. She was elegantly dressed in

her favorite toilet of blue muslin and

lace, and was looking very handsome,

in spite of the cloud upon her smooth

white brow, and a certain ominous

glitter in her blue eyes.

"I suppose he is not coming," she

muttered at last, frowning her white

lips, and looking at her watch with a

gesture of impatience. "This will be

the second disappointment in a week. But I

shall not go to the concert without him.

What do I care for their tiresome

classical music, or to be stared at by a

crowd of great ladies who don't choose

to know me?"

She rang the bell violently, but

before it could be answered there came

a thundering double knock at the door

below, and a minute afterward Gilbert

Sinclair dashed into the room, bearing

in his hand a beautiful bouquet of the

rarest and most fragrant flowers.

"Late again, Gilbert," cried Mrs.

Walsingham, reproachfully, her face

brightening nevertheless at his coming;

and she smiled at him with a pleased

welcoming smile as she shook hands.

"Yes, I know it's late for that con-

founded concert. But I want you to let

me off that infatuation, Clara. That sort

of thing is such a consummate bore to

a man who doesn't know the difference

between Balfe and Beethoven, and you

know I have a heap of engagements on

my hands."

"You have only come to cry off,

then?" said Mrs. Walsingham, with a

staiden contraction of her firmly molded

lips.

"My dear Clara, what a fend you

look when you like! But I wouldn't

cultivate that kind of expression if I

were you. Of course, I'll go to the

concert with you, if you are bent upon

it, rather than run the risk of anything

of the way of my going. But you know

very well that I don't care for music,

and you ought to know—"

He stopped, hesitating, with a fur-

"These acquaintances of the nursery
are apt to end in something more than
friendship," said Mrs. Walsingham.
"Is there any engagement between Sir
Cyprus and Miss Clarydare?"
"Decidedly," replied the other.
Gilbert Sinclair burst into a harsh
laugh.
"Not very likely," he exclaimed. "I
should like to see old Clarydare's face
if his daughter talked of marrying a
gentlemanly man like you."

"That is the woman he loves," Mrs.
Walsingham repeated to herself.
No more was said about Sir Cyprus
or the Clarydare. The conversation
drifted into other channels, and the
evening wore itself away more or less
pleasantly, with the assistance of music
by and by in the drawing-room where
there were a few agreeable dis-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT A ROMANCE.

The Old Capital of a Proud Southern
State Sold to an Ex-Slave.

Alabama's old capital, the city of

Cahaba, was sold the other day at

auction for \$550. In old days Cahaba

held its head high. It had grand in-

augural fates. Great streets were laid

out in the pine groves and large docks

were erected. A Governor's mansion

was built and a daily paper started.

Fine dwellings shot up as if by magic.

A metropolitan air sat upon the woodland

capital. It boasted itself proudly, and

spoke in friendly and unassuming

interest of the decay of neighboring

towns and villages.

The town-plot speculator fastened

himself upon the community. He laid

out the pine groves into lots and sold

them at fancy prices. Eligible sites

for building purposes were sold at

thousands of dollars an acre. Cahaba

began to look even upon Mobile as a

suburb, and saw the day when it would

be large as New Orleans.

Cahaba's glory lasted about ten

years. In 1850 the capital was taken

from the town and removed to Tusca-

loosa and thence to Montgomery. The

reason for this was the impure air

about Cahaba. The capital was all Ca-

haba had to call for, and when it was

gone, the town went back gradually

into insignificance from which it so

suddenly had been called. The brick

streets became empty, the streets grew

up in grass and forests, and the proud

families moved away.

The death-knell was sounded last

week. At the stroke of the Sheriff's

hammer the town was knocked down

to Henry Freeman, colored, an ex-

slave, for \$550 cash, in default of the

payment of taxes. Henry got in his

purchase money, and now he owns the

brick streets, several cottons, and other

property—fifty acres in all. What will

he do with his purchase? He will plant

cotton, corn, and rutabagas. He will

rain brain vines over the brick streets,

and over the town which the brick

streets made and the town made.

PEANUTS.

How They Are Grown and Made Ready for

Market.

There were few peanuts grown in

this country previous to the war. Dur-

ing that period they formed a consid-

erable portion of the Confederate sol-

dier's fare, and when the war was over

was over the Southern people were so

impoorished that they turned their

hand to the first thing that seemed

available. Peanuts could be grown with

out great expense in preparation, and

the first year they brought a price of

100¢, proved a great success. It is now

estimated that 4,000,000 bushels are

annually placed upon the market.

Peanuts grow upon a trailing vine

with leaves much resembling small

clover. The small yellow flower is

small and is shaped like a pea. It is

one of the pea family. The soil in

which it is cultivated must be light

and sandy; after the flower falls away

the flower-stalk elongates and becomes

curled, curling in such a way as to

bury the fruit in the soil. It is now

the face of the earth; if by any accident

this is not done, the nut never mat-

ures.

They are planted in rows about three

OPENED BY VOORHEES

BATTLE OF THE TARIFF BEGUN

IN THE SENATE.

"Tail Sycamore of the Wabash" Makes

an Eloquent Plea for the Wilson Bill.

The Bill in Its Present Shape Will Save

Taxpayers \$75,000,000.

The McKinley Law is a Crime.

Senator Voorhees opened the tariff

debate in the Senate Monday afternoon

with the greatest speech of his life.

He had been getting ready for the oc-

casional for the last two weeks, and ac-

cording to a Washington dispatch, sur-

passed his friends by his masterly pre-

sentation of the economic side of the

subject. The Senator said:

Great abuses in government, strong by

the sanction and growth of years, im-

bedded in the powerful interests of privileged

classes, created, fostered, encouraged and

protected by the laws themselves, have

rapidly, in any age, been promptly

and totally eradicated, except by forcible

revolution and bloodshed. Such is the

concurrent and unbroken testimony of his-

tory. The spirit of peaceful and practical

reform, on the other hand, is a reason-

able and progressive spirit, moving

forward step by step, no matter how

radical and thorough its ends

and aims may be, and overcoming the most

gigantic evils with patient wisdom and

courage, rather than by violent and whole-

sale assaults. The protective system of

tariff taxation as developed and fastened

upon the business and labor of the Ameri-

can people, especially during the third of

a century past, growing worse at every

stage, is a system of indescribable in-

justice and oppression, and yet who will

contend that all its vicious principles

and workings can be annihilated by a

single vote or a single word by a single

legislative enactment?

For the bill now under consideration

such claim is made, but in its behalf can

be truthfully asserted, and will be suc-

cessfully maintained, that it accomplishes

a vast work of relief to the people from

existing burdens and constitutes

a long stride, though not a final one, toward

the approaching day of a full and perfect

deliverance. I challenge the attention of

the Senate and the country to the great

and commanding fact that by the pro-

visions of this bill the seeming paradox

of a reduction of taxes and at the same

time an increase of public revenues will

be reconciled when it becomes

known that the first and foremost ob-

ject of the bill is to relieve the people

of the burden of the tariff. It is now

pointed out by the bill that the duties

imposed upon the people of this country

are in excess of \$4,000,000,000, and

that the duties upon the people of this

country are in excess of \$4,000,000,000,

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and that the duties upon the people of

Pennsylvania, under Carnegie, resulting

in bloodshed and wholesale murder, and

extending to all parts of the country and

to almost every branch of manufacturing

industry.

Mr. Voorhees defended the ad valorem

system as fairer and more easily under-

stood than specific duties. On the subject

of the sugar schedule he said:

"Absolute free trade in sugar is an at-

tractive theme, but no such thing has ever

existed for a single hour since the organ-

ization of this government. A moderate

duty has always been imposed upon sug-

ar and it has been a stanch revenue sup-

port to the Government. In that great model

of a Democratic tariff for revenue only

—the tariff of 1842—it was declared in

short and simple phrase that sugar of

all kinds and "sugar of the sugar" were

subject to a duty-laid tax of 20 per cent.

ad valorem. During the present sugar

year, ending June 30, there will be paid

by the treasury \$15,000,000 as bounty to

the producers of sugar, and every dollar

of this vast sum is first collected from

those who plant corn, raise wheat and

engage in all the various branches of ag-

riculture. The sugar schedule is a heavy

burden upon the sugar-growers of the

country. It is a law to remain unrepaled

if the law is not at hand when it will con-

fer as a mere gratuity more than \$20,000,000

per year upon a small portion of our popu-