UNITED AT LAST

BY

MISS M E BRADDON

CHAPTER XXIX—Continued.

Lord Clanyarde and his daughter left at the end of the week. There were fever cases talked of already, and all the American tourists had fled. Lord Clanyarde felt he was not getting away an hour too soon. They dawdled about among Swiss mountains, living a life of rustic simplicity that was wondrously beneficial to Constance, but somewhat painful to Lord Clanyarde. At the beginning of July they had established themselves at a little lonely village in the shadow of white, solemn mountains, and here Constance felt as if she had passed beyond the region of actual life into a state of repose, a kind of painless purgatory. She had done with the world and worldly interests and affections. Even the little stranger's heart must have been weaned from her by this time.

Lord Clanyarde saw the gradual decay of his daughter's strength, and trembled for the issue. She had grown dearer to him in this time of close companionship than she had ever been since the far-off days when she was little Connie, the youngest and loveliest of his daughters. He told himself that unless something occurred to rouse her from this dull apathy, this placid calm, which looked like the forerunner of death's frozen stillness, there was every reason for fear and but little ground for hope.

Lord Clanyarde prayed more earnestly than he had ever done before in his self-indulgent life, and it seemed to him that Providence heard his cry for help.

One morning there came a letter from Rome which startled father and daughter alike. It was from Mrs. Walsingham, written in a tremulous hand, and addressed to Lord Clanyarde.

"They tell me I am dying, and the near approach of death has melted the ice about my heart. I have been a very wicked woman, and now conscience urges me to make you what poor reparation I can for the most cruel and treacherous revenge—not upon the man who wronged me, but upon the innocent girl for whose sake I was deserted.

"I have deeply injured your daughter, Lord Clanyarde, and I meant to carry the secret of that wrong to the grave—to leave her desolate and childless to the end. But the long lonely nights, the pain and weariness of decay, the dreary seclusion from the dreary outer world—these have done their work. Conscience, which had been deadened by anger and revenge, slowly awakened, and there came a longing for atonement. I can never undo what I have done. I can never give your daughter back the years that have been darkened by sorrow—her wasted tears, her vain regrets. But I may do something. Let her come to me—let her stand beside my deathbed, and I will whisper the story of my crime into her ear. I will not write it. She must come quickly if she wishes to hear what I have to tell, for death stares me in the face, and this letter may be long reaching you. Every day drifts me further down the dark river. How swiftly it rushes sometimes in the dreary night-watches! I can fancy I hear the ripple of the tide and the hollow moan of the great ocean that lies before me—the unknown sea of death and eternity."

Here came a broken sentence, which Lord Clanyarde could not decipher, and it seemed to him that the writer's mind had wandered toward the close of the letter. There was no signature, but he knew the handwriting, and Mrs. Walsingham's address was engraved at the top.

The letter had been more than a week on the road, and was readdressed from the hotel where Lord Clanyarde and his daughter had stayed at the beginning of their tour.

"It's a curious business," said Lord Clanyarde, doubtfully, after he had given Constance the letter. "I believe her mind is affected, poor soul; and I really don't think you ought to go. Who can tell what she may do in her ravings, and not a vestige of truth in it, perhaps."

He thought Mrs. Walsingham's death-bed confession might concern her relations with Gilbert Sinclair, and that it would be better for Constance to hear nothing the unhappy lady could tell.

"This letter bears the stamp of truth," said Constance, firmly. "I shall go, papa. Pray get a carriage and let us start as quickly as possible."

"But, my love, consider the unhealthiness of Rome at this time of year. We might as well go and live in a fever hospital. The Pontine Marshes, you know, steaming with malaria. We should be digging our own graves."

"You need not go there unless you like, papa, but I shall not lose an hour. She has something to confess—some wrong done me — something about Christabel, perhaps," cried Constance.

He saw that the only wise course was to yield to his daughter's wishes, and lost no time in making arrangements for the journey back to Rome.

They entered Rome in the summer sunset, the city looking beautiful as a dream. The atmosphere was cool and balmy, but Lord Clanyarde looked with a shudder at the silvery mists floating over the valleys, and fancied he saw the malaria fiend grinning at him behind that diaphanous veil. Constance thought of nothing but the purpose for which she had come.

"Tell the man to drive straight to Mrs. Walsingham's, papa," she said, eagerly.

He gave the directions to the driver, and the man pulled up his tired horses before one of the stately palaces of the past.

An Italian man servant admitted them to the anteroom lavishly decorated with pictures and bric-a-brac—a room in which Lord Clanyarde had eaten Neapolitan ices or sipped coffee on those Saturday evenings which Mrs. Walsingham had made so agreeable to him. He had never seen the room empty before to-night, and it had a singularly desolate look to his fancy in the flickering light of a pair of wax candles that had burned down to the sockets of the Pompeian bronze candlesticks on the velvet draped mantelpiece.

"How is your mistress?" Lord Clanyarde asked, eagerly. The Italian shrugged his shoulders.

"Alas, excellency, it goes always the same. She still exists, that is all."

"Tell her Mrs. Sinclair has come from Switzerland in the hope of seeing her."

The Italian summoned Mrs. Walsingham's maid, who requested Constance to come at once to the sick-room. She was expected. But she must prepare herself to be shocked by Mrs. Walsingham's appearance. Her end seemed near.

"You had better go to your hotel, papa," said Constance. "I may have to stay here a long time. You can come back for me by and by."

On reflection Lord Clanyarde considered this the best arrangement. He really wanted his dinner. Indeed, he had never yet found any crisis in life so solemn as to obliterate that want.

The servant led the way through a suite of reception-rooms to a tall door at the end of a spacious saloon. This opened into Mrs. Walsingham's bedroom, which was the last room on this side of the house; a noble chamber, with windows looking two ways—one toward the hills, the other over the stately roofs and temples of the city. Both windows were wide open, and there was no light in the room save the rosy glow of sunset. The bed was in an alcove, voluminously draped with amber damask and Roman lace. Mrs. Walsingham was in a sitting position, propped up with pillows, facing the sun-glow beyond the purple hills.

There was a second door opening onto the staircase, and as Constance entered, some one—a man—left the room by this door. She supposed that this person must be one of Mrs. Walsingham's medical attendants. The doctors were hovering about her no doubt, in these last hours.

"You have come," gasped the dying woman, "thank God! You can go, Morris," to the maid; "I will ring if I want you. Come here, Mrs. Sinclair. Sit down by my side. There is no time to lose. My breath fails me very often. You must excuse—be patient."

"Pray do not distress yourself," said Constance, seating herself in the chair beside the bed; "I can stay as long as you like."

"How gently you speak to me! but you don't know. You will look at me differently presently—not with those compassionate eyes. I am an awful spectacle, am I not?—living death. Would you believe that I was once a beauty? Sant painted my portrait when we were both at our best—" with a bitter little laugh.

"I have not lost an hour in coming to you. If you have done me a wrong that you can by any means atone for, pray do not lose time."

"Death is waiting at my door. Yes, I must be quick. But it is so horrible to talk of it, such mean, low treachery. Not a great revenge, a pitiful, paltry act of spitefulness. Oh, if you knew how I loved Gilbert Sinclair, how firmly I believed in his love—yes, and he was fond of me, until the luckless day you crossed his path and stole his heart from me."

"I never knew," faltered Constance.

"No; you wronged me ignorantly, but that did not make my loss lighter to bear. I hated you for it. Yes, I measured my hatred for you by my love for him. Life was intolerable to me without him, and one day I vowed that I would make your life intolerable to you. I was told that you were making an idol of your child, that your happiness was bound up in that baby's existence, and I resolved that the child should be taken from you——"

"Wretch!" cried Constance, starting up in sudden horror. "You were there—at Schoenesthal; you pushed her down the steps. It was not an accident——"

"No, no. I was not quite so bad as that; not capable of taking that sweet young life. To take her from you, that was enough. To make your days miserable, to make you drink the cup of tears, as I had done, because of you; that was my end and aim. I found a willing tool in your French nurse-maid—a skillful coadjutor in James Wyatt. Everything was well planned. The girl had learned to swim, the year before, at Ostend, and was not afraid to plunge into the river when she saw some one coming. This gave a look of reality to the business. I met Melanie Duport at the ruins that September morning, and took your baby from her. I carried her away in my own arms to the place where a carriage was waiting for me, and drove straight to Baden, and from Baden traveled as fast as I could to Brussels, keeping the baby in my own charge all the while."

"She was not drowned, then. Thank God! thank God." cried Constance, sinking on her knees beside the bed, and lifting up her heart in praise and thanksgiving. Of Mrs. Walsingham's guilt—of the vain sorrow she had endured—she hardly thought in this moment of delight.

"Where is she, my darling, my angel? What have you done with her? Where have you hidden her all this time?

A wan smile crept over the ashen face of the dying sinner.

"We are strange creatures, we women—mysteries even to ourselves," she said. "I took your child from you, and hearing you were dying broken-hearted, gave her back to you. Your old lover pleaded strongly. I gave her into Sir Cyprian Davenant's keeping. I know no more."

"Then I was not deceived. My Christabel—it was my Christabel they brought back to me. The instinct of my mother's heart was not a delusion."

"Can you pity—pardon?" faltered Mrs. Walsingham.

"Yes. I forgive you for all—for months of blank, hopeless grief—all—because of what you have told me to-night. If you had taken this secret to the grave—if I had never known—I should gave gone on steeling my heart against my darling; I should have thrust her from me, left her motherless to this cruel world, and thought that I was doing my duty. Yes, I forgive. You have wronged me cruelly; and it was heartless, treacherous, abominable, what you did at Schoenesthal; but I forgive you all for the sake of this blessed moment. May God pardon you, as I do."

"You are an angel," sighed Mrs. Walsingham, stretching out a feeble hand, which Constance pressed tenderly in both her own. Death is a great healer of bygone wrongs. "And will you forgive the friend who brought you your own child, believing that he was bringing upon you a stranger, and who experimentalized with your maternal love in the hope of winning you from the grave?"

"You mean Sir Cyprian Davenant?" said Constance.

"Yes."

"I felt angry with him when my father told me what he had done; but I am sure all he did was done out of affection for an old friend. I have nothing to forgive."

"I am glad to hear you say that. Sir Cyprian has returned from Africa after a successful expedition. He is in Rome."

Constance's pale cheek grew a shade paler.

"He is in Rome, and has paid me many visits in the sick-room. He has talked to me of your gentleness—your divine compassion. But for that I do not think that I should ever have had the courage to send for you——"

"I thank him with all my heart," exclaimed Constance.

"Let your lips thank him, too," said Mrs. Walsingham, touching the spring bell on the little table by her side.

She struck the bell three times, and at the third chime the door opened and Cyprian Davenant came in. It was he who had withdrawn quietly at Mrs. Sinclair's entrance, and whom she had mistaken for the doctor.

"She has forgiven all," said Mrs. Walsingham. "You were right when you called her an angel. And now let me do one good thing on my deathbed. Let me be sure that the rest of her life will be bright and happy, that there will be a strong arm and a true heart between her and sorrow. It will help to lift the burden from my conscience if I can be sure of that."

Constance spoke not a word. She stood before her first lover blushing like a schoolgirl. She dared not lift her eyes to his face.

Happily there was little need of words.

Cyprian put his arm round the slender figure, in its dismal black dress, and drew the love of years to his breast. "God has been very good to us, my darling," he said. "May He never part us any more! I think He meant us to live and die together."

Constance did not question this assertion. Her heart mutely echoed her lover's words.

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In the early spring of the following year Davenant awoke like the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, and the comfortable old servants, who had grown fat and sleek during their period of comparative idleness, rejoiced and made merry at the coming home of their master. They had known him from his boyhood, and to them this raising up of the old family to more than its former prosperity was like a personal elevation. Even the neighboring villages had their share in the gladness, and there were more bonfires and triumphal arches between the railway station and the park gates on the evening of Sir Cyprian's return with his beautiful wife than had ever been seen before by the oldest inhabitant.

Baby Christabel was waiting to receive them on the threshold of the old oak-paneled hall; and Martha Briggs, resplendent in a new silk gown, declared that this was the happiest day of her life—an assertion which James Gibson, the gamekeeper, resented as a personal affront.

"Bar one, Patty," he remonstrated. "I should think your own wedding-day ought to be still happier."

"No, it won't," cried Martha, decidedly; "and I think you ought to know, Jim, that I would never have given my consent to get married if my mistress hadn't——"

"Set you the example," cried James, with a guffaw. "And a very good example it is, too. Sir Cyprian has promised me the new lodge at the south gate—five rooms and a scullery. That's the missus' doing, I'll be bound."

[THE END.]

Eskimo Weapons.

The spear used by the Eskimo is about five feet long. It is made of wood, mounted with bone, in which are finely carved all the fantastic designs characteristic of the Eskimos in this line of work. The arrow is made in three pieces, two parts wood, and the third, which is the head, of bone dipped in poison. The three pieces are held together by a leather thong, but with a slight movement of the hand these can be disengaged, leaving the head, when it strikes the animal, curved in its body in such manner that it is impossible to disengage it without cutting the skin.

When the weapon is used on whale, seal or other water animals a floater, made of the bladder of a seal, is attached to the end of the spear, so that the hunter may trace its course and locate his game. The Eskimos have a peculiar way of "shooting" this weapon.

The hunter holds in his right hand, high above his head, a short stick, or "gun" with a notch near the top, where the end of the spear fits snugly. Taking aim at his game, he moves his right hand swiftly forward, propelling the spear with lightning speed, and invariably with unerring aim at the mark. Instances have been recorded where a hunter brought down his game at fifty yards, and one or two Alaska story tellers, who have no fear of being discredited by the rising generation, say that animals have been slain at 100 yards distance. But all agree that the average Eskimo is a marksman who never fails to hit his mark, and who, when so disposed, always provides plenty for his family with his primitive weapon. Sometimes to this spear is attached a rope of leather, one end of which is securely fastened to the hunter's arm, so that he may keep hold of his game. But this is only done on short distance shots.

A weapon used in hunting birds is a tripod-shaped spear. This is thrown in the same manner as the poisoned spear. The hunter sneaks within distance of his covey of ptarmigan or other birds, and lets fly his weapon. If he be lucky, three birds are the reward of his skill; if not, one or two.

Old Superstitions.

It is curious to observe how many strange ideas and superstitions have been handed down to us by our great-grandmothers, many of which are still firmly believed in in remote country places, particularly by the peasants in the north of England. It was proverbial with our grandmothers that—

A maiden should never be married in colors if she wishes to be happy, the most unfortunate colors being yellow and green.

Widows who re-marry ought to be dressed in white. Wednesday is the most fortunate day for marriages, Saturday the most unlucky.

The thirteenth of the month is unfortunate for all purposes.

If a wedding party should meet a funeral on the way to church, separation will ensue.

Birds in flocks are lucky, and the sun to shine upon a bride is most propitious, denoting success in all matters, and mutual love.

If a green pea-pod containing nine peas is put by a maiden over the hall door, she will be married if the first stranger who enters happens to be a bachelor.

Everything commenced upon the first day of the moon is supposed to turn out successful.

Never pick up an old glove or sorrow will follow.

A dream told before breakfast will not come out true. It is said to be unlucky to dream of a baby, lucky to dream of a white horse, and luckiest of all to dream one hears music being played. To dream of a wedding means a death, and to dream of a death foretells a wedding.

STANDS TRIUMPHANT.

BRILLIANT RECORD OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

Living Made Cheaper and Taxes Greatly Reduced—Pernicious Legislation of Republicans Corrected—Great Speech of Senator Voorhees at Terre Haute.

Talked for Two Hours.

Senator Voorhees opened the Indiana Democratic campaign in Armory Hall at Terre Haute. Nearly 1,500 people were present. The Senator's speech was read from manuscript and required nearly two hours in delivery. Senator Voorhees is billed for twenty-five speeches in Indiana during the campaign. The Senator said:

"The theory of this Government is that the people govern themselves through their representatives, chosen at short intervals, and at free, untrammeled elections. In framing and adopting the Constitution under which we now live, our great forefathers planted it firmly and squarely on the broad doctrine of self-government. They proclaimed to the ends of the earth their faith in the virtue, the intelligence and the sovereignty, not only of their own patriotic generation, but of all the generations which were to follow in this mighty republic. In this doctrine is contained the full and pure essence of American liberty.

SENATOR VORHEES.

There is no power above that which has been given to you by the Constitution. A stream can never rise higher than its fountain. From the beginning of the present century, when Jefferson was inaugurated President, down to the present hour, the Democratic party, through good and through evil report, through sunshine and through storm, in peace and in war, in its times of victory, and in its times of defeat, has never failed to thus assert the power of the people, and thus interpret the Constitution. The Democratic party has never recognized any control of the people except their own, nor any master except themselves. There is not an official personage in all this broad land, from your township trustee to your President at Washington, who can add to or take away one jot or title of your supremacy. You are the only people on the face of the globe to whom are guaranteed the inalienable rights of man in a written constitution. You are dependent on the bounty, grace and favor of no man or set of men, however powerful, for your freedom of speech, for your freedom of the press, your freedom of religious worship, without let or hindrance from secret and treasonable, oath-bound societies, the habeas corpus, your trial by jury, your civil supremacy over all military power, and your right to equal and exact justice before the law, whatever may be your state or persuasion, religious or political.

In thus pointing out the plenitude of your power and your unassailable sovereignty in the administration of your government, I have on this occasion a distinct object in view. I am one of your public servants, now many years in your employment, and I fully recognize, as I have always done, the duty I owe in rendering an account on all proper occasions of the stewardship with which you have intrusted me. I also stand to-day, as I have stood for more than a third of a century, for the honor, the integrity, the justice, the patriotism, and the triumph of the Democratic party. If there are those who think this a dark hour for the great old party of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Seymour, Hendricks, McDonald, Thurman, and Cleveland, I do not agree with them on that point. I have seen dark hours in the political sky in my day and generation; I know what they look like. I have seen the clouds of coming disasters gathering in inky blackness low down over our heads, but it was only when the government itself, and all guarantees of liberty and union, were threatened with the same overthrow and destruction which seemed impending over the Democratic party. As long as the constitution survives, the party whose charge it has always been to maintain that instrument in all its purity and strength will survive also. When the republic itself shall fall, like a bright exhalation from the heavens to rise no more, then, and only then, will the Democratic party fall, its avocation gone, and the world shrouded in gloom and despair. But the present is not the hour for dismal forebodings; it is an hour rather for rational discussion, and for a well-grounded faith in the prosperity and glory of the future, arising from the sure and steady ascendancy of Democratic principles. The victorious legions of the Indiana Democracy, veterans of more glorious campaigns than the legions of Cæsar or Napoleon ever knew, are again in line, firm as in the days of old, and ready to move forward on the enemies' works of usurpation, spoliation and oppression.

And now, citizens of Indiana, let us take a survey of the political situation, and by the solemn light of recorded and undisputed facts fix the responsibility of parties, and vindicate the truth. What a vision rises to our view as we look backward for the causes which have led up to the present condition of the country! A solid mass of Republican legislation from 1861 to 1893 confront us. In all that space of American history, embracing the average period of a lifetime, every enactment of whatever kind or description, every law, whether by bill or joint resolution, is of unquestioned Republican origin, pedigree and adoption. From the first inauguration of Abraham Lincoln on the 4th of March, 1861, to the last inauguration of Grover Cleveland, on the 4th of March, 1892, the Democratic party has never, for a single day or hour, had the power to put a law on the statute books of the nation. During that long period the Democratic party never at any one and the same time had possession of both houses of Congress and the Presidency, and was, therefore, incapable of perfecting any proposed measure of legislation. If evil influences have been abroad in the land arising from pernicious legislation, the responsibility and the odium can alone rest where the power to legislate has rested. There is a brutal and senseless accusation in certain quarters at this time against the Democratic party because it has not in the first eighteen months of its legislative ascendancy, been able to uproot, tear down and demolish the entire system of vicious legislation whereby the Republican party for more than a generation has practically revolutionized this government, made it a plutocracy instead of a government of the plain people, established privilege and caste in all our public affairs; made the rich richer and the poor poorer, aggrandized the power of capital and oppressed every organization of labor and every branch of industry under the American flag. I defy the ingenuity of man to show where, and in what instance, the leaders of the Republican party ever devised, framed or enacted a financial measure of any kind into a law which was not originated and dictated by organized capital and against labor, whether organized or unorganized.

The stability of public credit was also menaced by vicious legislation on the subject of silver, as well as by the plunder of the the treasury and the destruction of revenue by the doctrine of protection. More than twenty years ago the great and unforgiven and unforgivable crime of silver demonetization took place at the hands of the Republican party and, although afterwards partially restored, yet from that time to the present hour silver money, instead of being treated in the money world as it is in the constitution, as the constitutional coequal of gold as a standard currency, has been kept in a maimed and crippled condition, spurned, clubbed and stoned at every opportunity by those interested in the contraction of the currency to the narrow basis of gold alone.

Speaking at the time in my place in the Senate I made the following statement, and from it I never expect to depart:

"As a firm, unfaltering believer in bimetallism, and as an undeviating supporter of the coinage and use of both gold and siver as the standard money of the country, without discriminating against either matal, I voted against the passage of the Sherman act, and for the same reason I shall vote for its repeal. The outcry in certain quarters at this time that those who vote for the repeal of this measure are the enemies of silver as money and in favor of its demonetization is not only false, so far as I am concerned, but in the light of what has happened in the past, it is absurd."

For some months past you have often heard the sneering and somewhat idiotic inquiry as to what the Democratic party has done since it came into power. I would say in all kindness to our Republican friends, that we have been engaged thus far, day and night, and to the point of utter exhaustion, both physical and mental at times, in undoing and reforming the wretched and dangerous work you left when the people rose in their majesty and turned you out. The author of the Sherman act himself, and every leading Republican newspaper organ in the United States, denounced it as fraught with business ruin, and clamored to Mr. Cleveland's administration for its instant repeal.

The passage of the McKinley act in 1890 was the culmination of that system by which taxes are levied on one class of people for the benefit of another class, and it was so shameless, arrogant and insolent in all its features, so revolutionary, unjust and oppressive in its exactions on labor and the fruits of labor, that it became at once a trumpet call to battle for its repeal, and for the final overthrow of the hideous principle of legislative piracy on which it was based. Popular resentment arose like a spontaneous flame against a measure so unrighteous, so subversive of the inherent rights of man. No enactment in American history has ever been more odious to the American people than the McKinley law of tariff taxation. Not even the fugitive slave law of 1850 was held in greater abhorrence and detestation throughout the North than this measure of wickedness and extortion throughout the whole country. I do not hesitate to declare that the bill which passed both houses of Congress, and became a law on the 28th day of August, 1894, whatever its other merits or defects may be, will do more in the aggregate toward the inevitable reduction of duties, and consequently will make a longer stride in the direction of fredom in trade and commerce than any other measure ever enacted into law by the American Congress. While repealing the McKinley act, we provided that at least $30,000,000 a year should be collected hereafter from people who have good net incomes, rather than from people who have nothing but their wants, and their labor with which to meet them. What is this, but a transfer of taxation for the support of the government from the laboring poor to the idle and comfortable rich? What is it but a relief from high protection, and a direct and powerful blow to the whole protective system?

In regard to the general operations of the new Democratic tariff law it has made certain the replenishment of the treasury and removed all risk of a further increase in the permanent national debt. Again, it insures the cheapening, to a substantial extent, of the multitude of necessaries and comforts of life, reducing the cost of living for every household, without weakening the resources of the government. Clothing of every description, cloths, dress goods, blankets and carpets will be cheaper and better everywhere for its passage. Imported food, woods and lumber, china and glassware, pocket knives and table knives, nearly all the completed goods, the use of which is so large a part of civilized life, together with the materials of which they are made, share in the large reductions of duty. These changes alone will certainly, within a few months, make every man's daily earnings more valuable to him than now. But they will do far more than this. They will do much to revive depressed industry and to restore general prosperity.

But now, as my remarks are drawing to a close, perhaps some one in my audience, some kind friend, Democrat or Republican, no matter which, here to-night, wants to inquire again, and something more in detail, what the fifty-third Democratic Congress has done thus far. Let me answer in the splendid language of Speaker Crisp:

"We have not done all we hoped to do; we have done more in the past year to redress the wrongs of the people; we have done more for their relief than was ever done by any party in the same length of time in any country under the sun. These are bold words, yet I hold myself at all times ready to defend them. Coming into power at a time of panic, when business was at a standstill, when labor was unemployed, when our treasury was empty, with courage and fidelity we entered upon a struggle with the enemies of the people. We emerged from the struggle victorious in this:

"We have repealed the McKinley law.
"We have greatly reduced taxation.
"We have made living cheaper.
"We have made all money taxable.
"We have taxed surplus incomes.
"We have restored freedom of elections.
"We have reduced public expenditures and we have declared undying hostility to all trusts and monopolies organized for the oppression of the people. On these foundations we 'build our house;' on these issues we go before the people. For them we have 'fought the good fight,' to them we have kept the faith and we have no fear."

Turning from national affairs, however, at this point to the affairs of our own great and beloved State, I am ready to make answer as to what the Democratic party has also done for the people of Indiana. During the last ten years Democratic Legislatures in Indiana have enacted the following laws for the benefit and protection of wageworkers and employed laborers.

1. The law protecting labor organizations.
2. The law giving laborers a lien upon the product of their labor for wages and material furnished.
3. The law creating a mechanic's lien.
4. The law making a day's work in public employment consist of eight hours.
5. The law providing for the ventilation of mines and the safety of miners.
6. The law prohibiting the blacklisting of employes.
7. The law protecting workmen from being cheated and imposed upon in what are known as "pluck-me" stores.
8. The law regulating the liability of employes.
9. The law against the importation of alien or foreign laborers.
10. The law repealing the so-called conspiracy act of 1881.
11. The law requiring employers to provide seats for female employes in stores and factories.
12. The law protecting labor union labels.
13. The law providing for a standard coal screen for the protection of miners.
14. The law providing for the payment of wages every two weeks.
15. The great and just law making it a penal offense to bring into this State armed men, whether Pinkerton detectives or any organized force, for the purpose of shooting down laboring people.

Amendments in the future will here and there be made where experience points out their wisdom, and the lines of Democratic legislation will be pushed up at certain points, on raw materials, a little closer to an absolute freedom of trade, but it is due to the reviving business interests of the whole land to say that there is no reserved purpose in any party to recast the tariff schedules again or to rip up by general legislation the present law unless, after a fair, practical test, it should be found necessary to do so. But of the future workings of the law we have so recently made I have neither fear nor doubt. Although born amid the bitter scenes of party strife and fierce, avaricious contentions, yet it contains the spirit of liberty, equality and justice—liberty for the commerce of nations, equality for American citizens—without protection for any which is not given to all, and justice to American labor, which upholds everything and pays for all.

INDIANA INCIDENTS.

SOBER OR STARTLING, FAITHFULLY RECORDED.

An Interesting Summary of the More Important Doings of Our Neighbors—Weddings and Deaths—Crimes, Casualties and General News Notes.

Condensed State News.

TYPHOID fever still rages at Greensburg.

LOGANSPORT girls have united to boycott every cigarette dude.

THE fine new Masonic Temple at Richmond has been completed.

THE waters of the Mississinewa River near Muncie are said to be black as coal.

JACOB THURSTON, aged farmer near Shelbyville, fell into a pond, and was drowned.

JOE COWGILL, 6, a mute, was run over and instantly killed by a clover huller at Noblesville.

THE tenth annual reunion of the Ninth Indiana Cavalry will be held at Danville, Tuesday, Oct. 9.

THE Polk canning factory at Greenwood put up 126,000 cans of tomatoes in twelve hours, last week.

LITTLE May Lewis, aged 3, Noblesville, while playing in the street in front of her home, was run over by a wagon and killed.

BARTHOLOMEW County Commissioners have refused to allow a $50 funeral bill for the burial of Patrick O'Flanigan, an old soldier, by the county.

A CIVILIZED Indian who lives in Wabash County has posted the following sign on his farm: "Hunt all you please and when the bell rings, come to dinner."

IKE LEVI and his two sons, all noted counterfeiters, were caught in the act of turning out spurious coins in a little hut near Osgood, and were arrested by two detectives.

AN employe by the name of Mount was caught by machinery in the flour mills at Atlanta, and his arm broken and badly lacrated. He is also thought to be injured internally.

IN the trial of Mrs. Cordelia Coleman for arson at Lebanon, one witness testified that the defendant wanted her to buy some dynamite to "blow her husband to kingdom come."

EDWARD BURGESS started to go on a freight train to Rushville, and fell in between the cars. He was run over and his body completely severed in two, midway. He was an orphan, and his grandparents live in Brookville. He was 16 years old.

A NEW religious sect has made its appearance in Southern Indiana. They are called the "saints." They profess to be guided entirely by the Bible and their services consist in reading extracts from the good book. The membership is rapidly increasing.

HARRISON ROWE of Waverly, exhibited seventeen fine pearls at Martinsville, which he found in White River. One of them weighed sixty-six grains. The most valuable among the collection weighs thirty-six grains. It is as large as an ordinary rifle bullet.

AT Kokomo, two boys, 12 years old, sons of John Knote and Irvin Brown, owners of the Jerome mills, were racing in the mill-race. Young Brown's boat capsized and he was drowned. The Knote boy and several others, in attempting to rescue the lad, had narrow escapes.

ALLISON ANDERSON, an employe of the Diamond Plate Glass Factory, was helping move a large plate of glass, when he fell, causing the glass to break and fall squarely on his back, cutting a gash ten inches long on his left side, severing the principal muscles on his back. He was injured internally, and he may not recover.

ANDERSONIANS are felicitating themselves over the location of another large manufacturing industry in North Anderson. The Wright Shovel Company began the erection of a factory for the manafacture of heavy shovels. The company will employ 125 skilled men at the start and announce that 200 will be employed by the close of the year.

AT Red Key, a fourteen-inch pipe in the pumping-station of the Ohio-Indiana Natural Gas Company burst as the gas was first turned into it as a test, and George Edger, of the Red Key Bank, was fatally injured. A large piece of the pipe struck him and then crashed through a building 100 feet away. His body was hurled forty feet and stripped of clothing. His wooden leg was twisted and broken.

TWO prisoners broke jail at Valparaiso and made their escape. One was Del West, who has already served four terms in the penitentiary, and Charles Nearhufe, alias C. Monroe, who was arrested in Chicago about two weeks ago and brought here for burglarizing a jewelry store of Max Propp, at Kouts. They secured a key and, unlocking the jail door, ran out. The hired girl grabbed them and called for help, but was knocked down, and the prisoners made their escape. Nearhufe's relatives live near Wheatfield, Ind.

The following Indiana patents have been issued: George E. Boots and W. O. Eakright, Butler, wire clamp for fences; J. C. Hardesty, Millville, syringe; Frank Long, Fort Wayne, buggy cushion; Jacob Redding, New Castle, mechanism for regulating speed of pulleys, etc., Wilfield S. Osbourn, Gilboa, corn harvester; Timothy J. Mussay, Covington, flag staff; Edward Wilbert, Evansville, station indicator; James O. Miller, Rochester, car coupling; James H. Stiggleman, Wabash, furniture hinge; James J. Wood, Fort Wayne, adjustable machine base; Louis C. Zollinger and W. H. Patee, assignees of one-third, and H. C. Zollinger, Fort Wayne, joint for railway rails trademarks. Frank B. Dearinger and C. J. Niemer, Indianapolis, tool and implement for making artificial stone and cement pavement.

THE little town of Eaton, Delaware County, was the scene of a murder the other night. Jacob Persley, a widower, resides near Frank Bell, who has an attractive wife. Bell began to grow suspicious that Persley and his wife were on too intimate terms, and he warned the widower to stay away from his house. Persley became intoxicated and went to the Bell home. He asked Mrs. Bell to let him in. The husband awoke and, rushing down stairs, ordered Persley away. The drunken man cut him with a knife and Bell emptied a shot gun at Persley, who fell dead. Bell gave himself up.

THE Department of Agriculture prints this statement of the condition of the crops in Indiana: The condition of the corn crop varies greatly in different counties. The drought of the past sixty days almost ruined the crops in some counties, while in others there has been sufficient rain to mature a good average crop. Rains have been local and light during the corn-growing season. Wheat is an excellent crop. Conditions were favorable for maturing and harvesting the crop in first-class order. The oats crop is of good quality and nearly up to an average in yield. Oats are being sold at 1 cent per pound in the local markets throughout the State.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

My Big Brother.

I wish that my big brother's here;
He comes home jes 'bout onst a year,
For where he lives 's an orful ways
An' cars can't come in free whole days;
But when he's here I laugh an' laugh
Till I'm 'bout dead—more'n half.

Last year, soon's he unpacked his trunk,
I frowed a pillow right kerplunk;
Nen he frowed back an' nen us boys
All frowed an' made the biggest noise
Until we made him say "enough,"
An' tell us we were jes' the stuff.

We played some he's our big horse Jack
An' nen he rided us on his back;
But onst I falled off on my head,
'Cause he scared at the cat, he said—
I jes' got straps down off the shelf
An' tied him to behave hisself.

One day we played that we was bears,
An' runned him up an' down the stairs
Till ma said she'd jes' punish us
For making such an orful fuss;
An' nen she tooked him 'cross her knee,
An' laughed an' spanked him—yes, sireet

Onst ma gived us some dough to bake
On top the stove, jes' like a cake,
An' nen she said that we could try
To make ourselves an apple pie;
Nen when it cooked, we runned away
An' et it all up in the bay.

He wished he's small again like me
So he could climb our cherry tree.
I s'pose he's sorry he's so old
An' could do things 'thout being told,
For lots of times when he was here
He looked that way—he was so queer.

He'd stand an' talk to our old cow
An' ask her how she's tended now;
He'd look at everythinz he'd made—
The places where the chickens laid,
The pigeon coop, the old wood box,
That somehow shuts itself and locks.

Nen every place he used to play,
He'd go to see 'bout every day;
Down to the ice house, by the stairs
He'd go there lots—more'n anywheres—
An' there he'd stand an' look an' look,
Jes' like he's readin' in a book.

I s'pose he's thinking, for, you know,
He used to play there wif his beau—
A-making pies an' lettin' on
They's keepin' house like any one.
He used to say she was his wife
And cut her name there wif his knife.

When they'd come slow-like up the walk
Ma said they'd catch their hands an' talk
'Bout what they'd do when they got grows
An' had a big house of their own;
But nen, it never did come true,
Jes' like they said—he's sorry, too!

For he'd take flowers on the hill
Nen go down there an' keep as still;
Or else he'd look 't album where
There's an old faded one of her,
Mor'n onst I listened, and he said
Out loud: "Why, Annie, are you dead?"

I s'pose he thought she'd hear him speak
An' see the tears run down his cheek.
Say, don't you think it's funny how
He jes' remembers 'bout her now?
For he's a great big man, you know,
An' they were little years ago.

I wish some bird or fairy bright
Would bring him while I sleep some night;
I wish he'd come right off to-day:
I'd hold him tight and make him stay.
For all of us jes' feel so good
When he comes home—I wish he would.
—New York World.

Growing Dirty.

Little 5-year-old Arthur was asked if he knew that a penny would grow if it were planted. "Yes," he replied, promptly, "it would grow dirty."

Filling an Order.

Newsboy—Say, d'yeh remember them old papers you had printed for the Washington Centennial?

Clerk—Do you mean the fac similes of a paper of a hundred years ago?

"That's it. Funny little paper, with queer letters."

"Yes. Well?"

"I want one."

"What for?"

"A sick lady, at a hotel acrost the street, wants a newspaper wid no accounts of riots and murders and robberies in it."

The Right Bait.

"Papa," said Benny Bloobumper, who knew his father's weakness, "you know all about fishing, don't you?"

"Yes, my son," replied the elder Bloobumper, graciously. "There is very little about that gentle sport with which I am not familiar."

"You know all about the right sort of bait to use, don't you?"

"Certainly."

"That's what I was telling Freddie Fangle, and we agreed to leave something about fishing for you to decide. We had a discussion about it."

"Well, Benny, I am very glad to see you taking such an interest in fishing, as well as to see such confidence in your father's judgment. What was the point in which you and Freddy differed?"

"I don't know as we differed exactly. Freddy didn't seem to quite agree with me, though."

"State the question, Benny."

"Well, fish run in schools, sometimes, don't they, papa?"

"Yes."

"That's what I told Freddy."

"Didn't he believe it?"

"Oh, yes, he believed that all right."

"Well, I told him that when fish ran in schools the proper bait to use was bookworms. Now ain't I right, papa!"

Mr. Bloobumper reached for his slipper, and Benny disappeared out of doors.

A Loose Nose.

One day as Verner was watching Herbert's dog, which was asleep, it began to sniff the air. Verner cried out, "Oh, see, his nose is loose."