

IN THE COURSE OF TIME.

When Maud and I were nine or ten,
We shared our every grief and joy,
Played, quarreled, "made it up" again,
As if she, too, had been a boy.

But when we reached thirteen or so
I seldom let her join my play:
"You're nothing but a girl, you know,"
With frank contempt I used to say.

Years passed, and me, more seventeen,
Fair Maud was older far than I;
She laughed at my fifth scorned scene,
For I was "just a boy," and shy.

But when we came to twenty-three,
I more than settled all arrears;
She then had due respect for me,
And quite ignored our equal years.

And Time, though obdurate to men,
Can spare his scythe, it seems, at will;
For now my maid is nearly ten,
While Maud is three-and-twenty, still.

—Charles P. Sherman, in Life



CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"Oh! I am quite capable of it, I assure you," said Eric. "I'll get the princess to poison you. Still, no, on second thought, I can't. She's entirely too strong a hater of our transatlantic republic. If I talked with her about that Borgian Burgundy for you, she would be certain to snub me for wishing to give you so old-world and aristocratic an extinction."

The princess, though much more prosaic than a Borgian, had already contrived to make her son's little court a nest of discontentments. Her severities, her arraigning edicts, had bathed in gloom all the merry abandon of Clarimond's environment, and by the time that May touched the valley with its tender promises, she had filled it also with fends and bickerings. It was her wish that the hotels adjacent to the springs should be closed permanently, but on this point the king showed firm disfavor. "The waters are wonderfully healing," he said. "Let those who choose come and drink of them."

"Bah!" said his mother. "My dear Clarimond, you cheapen your charming little kingdom. And then those unspeakable Americans!"

"Unspeakable, indeed," said the king. "In occasional instances."

"What do you mean?" asked the princess, with a start.

"I mean the enchanting young American lady of whom I caught a glimpse last evening," he replied. "I've not yet found out her name, but Eric has promised to get it for me. Perhaps Lispenard might know her, but as you are probably aware, he is now in Munich."

The princess gnawed her nether lip and said nothing. Her son's civilities to Bianca d'Este had not been half so accentuated of late as she desired them to be.

The name of this enchanting young American lady, in whom the king found himself uncommonly interested, was Kathleen Kennard. On the morrow Eric Thaxter made that discovery and at once imparted it to Clarimond. For some reason Eric refrained from mentioning the former relations between Kathleen and his absent friend. All the time, however, he was telling himself that it was a very small world, and wondering if Alonzo would not agree with him to this effect when he returned from Munich.

"I should like greatly to know that girl," the king said to Eric a day or two later. "Her face somehow haunts me. Do what you can about it, won't you?"

If Mrs. Kennard had heard those words from the royal lips it is certain that her heart would have given a very lofty leap indeed.

CHAPTER VIII.

The truth was that Kathleen's mother had brought her to Saltravia with a most ambitious motive. After leaving Stuttgart they had been living for several months in Dresden, and there she had heard things concerning Clarimond which made it seem at least conceivable that a splendid event might crown past disappointments and chagrins. Poor Kathleen, whose health had somewhat failed of late, did not dream of the audacity which underlay her mother's proposal that they should visit the Saltravian springs. They had hardly been there three days at the hotel when Clarimond, strolling one evening, just at sunset, passed the casino, saw Kathleen, and was struck by her peculiar loveliness. The princess detested his democratic way of exhibiting himself, as she called it, and more than once implored him not to appear thus publicly. But the king had no idea of hedging himself with his own divinity. He had long ago formed the habit of going and coming like a private gentleman, and though the stares of the crowd did not precisely please him, they were less of a bore than would have been compulsory self-immurement. Mrs. Kennard was quickly plunged into an ecstasy by his evident admiration of Kathleen.

"I do wish one could know him," she said to her daughter. "Did you notice how he looked at you, my dear?"

"No," said Kathleen. "It seemed to me that he looked at everybody equally, and in the most amiable manner."

"They say," continued Mrs. Kennard, "that he is wonderfully amiable for a king. And he certainly is very handsome; don't you think so?"

"I think him very distinguished," Kathleen's eyes glistened as she added: "There's a picturesqueness about him that corresponds perfectly with this lovely land he rules. He interests me very greatly. I don't mean so much because of his royalty as of the artistic atmosphere in which he seems to dwell; though one must allow each its attractive force."

"His being royal is hardly an objection, I should say," remarked Mrs. Kennard. "One can endure it. At least I can—that is in a son-in-law." And she laughed a sort of tinkling little laugh. "Mamma! Good heavens! What are you saying?" As she spoke, Kathleen flushed to her temples and then grew colorless.

They had left the casino and had reached a somewhat lonely spot, where

at a distance you could see the pale marvels of the palace towering with its innumerable spires, turrets and crenellations above the bounteous verdure of the dark-green champaign. Between masses of spicy-scented hemlocks flashed and plashed a cascade, and so strong was the afternoon breeze that it blew little spray-laden gusts from the foamy and tumbling turbulence of water. Mother and child were not wholly alone, as it chanced, and Mrs. Kennard, with a look to right and left as though an ambushed listener were possible, if not just a likelihood, suddenly said:

"I'm not dealing in such fairy dreams my dear, after all." And then she let her hand rest on the girl's arm, steadily and meaningfully pressing it.

"Mamma! mamma! Even if I cared to marry anyone, I—"

"You shall not sacrifice your life to that ruffian, Kathleen. For this is what he had been to you both. I shall never be happy until I see you married happily—and brilliantly, too. Of course King Clarimond would be a glorious triumph for you. I've dared to dream of such an event. Yes, Kathleen, I actually have. And there are strong reasons, my dear, why I should so have dreamed. You remember that Mrs. Winslow in Dresden—that bright little Boston woman with the lemon-colored eyebrows—who gave us our letter to the Jenningses here? Well, it was she who first roused in me my daring idea. She looked at you on the evening that we dined with her, and murmured to me that you had the air of a queen, because your manner was at once so grand and so simple, and then (this she said in the frankest yet most abrupt fashion, as if it were only an afterthought), because you were so entirely, so exceptionally handsome. Before that the voluble little creature had been speaking of the king of Saltravia. She had told me that his hatred of morganatic marriages had given offense to some of the haughtiest nobles of Europe, and that he had refused to receive a certain princely cousin of his on account of having contracted such an alliance. Then she said other things concerning Clarimond; she spoke of his intense democracy, of his rumored assertion that he meant to marry the woman he loved, even though she were born a peasant; and lastly of his well-known regard for America and the American people. This, my dear, was the secret of my having brought you here. You see, I'm making a clean breast of it to you now. Don't stare at me in that amazed manner. You act as if you'd just heard an explosion of dynamite."

"I have, mamma—and a rather loud one."

Mrs. Kennard drew herself up and gave several short nods. "Kathleen, stranger things have happened. And if there's a woman living who could bring about such a development I believe that I am she."

They had reached a small rustic seat, within a thicket of laurels where rose a bust in granite of Pouslikin, the famed Russian poet. Kathleen sank into the seat almost exhausted, heaving a quick sudden sigh, while her mother stood beside her, a presence of extreme stateliness and distinction.

"Are you tired, my dear, so soon?" she asked.

Kathleen looked up at her with a cold, fatigued smile. "You've wearied me beyond expression," she answered.

"My child!"

"Oh, mamma, it's true! You know that I loved him, and that I love him still! To you it may sound senseless enough, but he is more to me than a whole dynasty of kings! And then for you to torment me by this new folly! As if you had not already made me go through enough! As if I were not the butt and jeer of hundreds of people at this very hour! Surely you might have some mercy after what you dragged me through in London!"

"Kathleen! Kathleen! This is atrocious!"

"It is indeed!" cried the girl, and without another word she sprang to her feet and hurried away, leaving her mother to gaze at her figure as it retreated among the fringing frondage of the hemlocks.

Well though she believed that she knew Kathleen, Mrs. Kennard had not a doubt that the actual success of her new and most characteristic design would win from her child the gladdest sort of acquiescence. There are some natures that can no more conceive of worldly gains when the chances come for palpably grasping them than a man born color blind can conceive of the lights and shade in a canvas by Rousseau or Daubigny. If it was fate that this extraordinary, this unprecedented young king should fall in love with her daughter, his nuptial path would of course be one strewn with roses. As if any woman could or would refuse to become a queen. Kathleen was capable of odd behavior, beyond a doubt; but even her worst vagaries must end at the bounds of lunacy.

That afternoon the Kennards had received an invitation to go and drink tea at the Jenningses' villa. They had not yet met the Jenningses, though brother and sister had both left cards upon herself and Kathleen a few days ago, finding them absent from the hotel. When Mrs. Kennard again saw her daughter she refused to pay the proposed visit.

"Say that I am unwell, mamma," was Kathleen's announcement. "Say anything you please. I shall not go."

"But you must, my dear. They are not people to treat rudely, although I have learned since we have been at the hotel that they are exclusively in the foreign set and that neither the king nor any of his court honor their entertainments. It seems that Mr. Jennings has made himself unpopular in Saltravia. He has quarreled with the king's favorite friend, the architect who built for him that superb marble palace—a person named Mr. Eric Thaxter, an American, and—"

"Eric Thaxter?" broke in Kathleen. "I remember that name. Where have I heard it?"

"Really I don't know, my dear. Perhaps during your London days. He can't be anyone of the least importance in New York, though I am told that he

originally belonged there. He is of great importance here, however, he is a sort of power behind the throne. The king is devoted to him. I must manage to meet him. Poor, dear, giddy old Mrs. Madison has promised to present him soon. One sees him now and then at the Casino, she tells me, and not seldom in the company of the king himself. He has the entrée into the very most difficult Saltravian houses. Indeed, why not, since that charming Clarimond deigns to be his friend? You will change your mind about the Jenningses, my dear, will you not?"

"No," replied Kathleen, with much firmness. Then she looked at her mother very fixedly, and pursued: "Now, mamma, let one thing be clearly understood between you and me. I do not wish to go at all into society while we are in Saltravia. We came here for the waters—at least I did, if you do not. It is late in the day for me to try and impress upon you that my social life has ended. You must have seen that in Dresden! And as for a certain idea of yours, I can only say that it would be painful to me beyond words—painful and mortifying in the extreme—were it not so strongly flavored with an element of wild absurdity."

Mrs. Kennard attempted no further persuasions. "Let me achieve her presentation to the king," she mused, "and this nonsensical desire for secluding herself will vanish like one of the Saltravian morning mists." And while she robed her stately figure, that afternoon, in the most becoming gown that her limited wardrobe possessed, the new yearning cheered her spirit as an elixir-like cordial warms the blood. Because an aim was dazzling, even dizzying, should it for that reason be deserted? Ah, to think of the exquisite victory it would mean! How that horrible marchioness of Dendulow would writhe when she heard of it! To be the mother of a queen! There was something splendidly distinctive in the very boldness of the project. The fact that an effort like this teemed with novelty and daring was no sign that it would prove a failure. After all, so much depended on Kathleen's powers of fascination, and these were immense. Then, too, was she not just American enough to be called an American girl, and was not this the next remarkable and stirring act for the American girl to commit? Margaretta Kennard surveyed herself in the dressing mirror as she donned her bonnet, and thought how the matronly symmetries of her figure would grace a court. And then to have her portrait painted by some famous European artist and hung in the palace as that of the "queen's mother!" Perhaps several centuries after her death it would hang there. And for several centuries, no doubt, they would recollect her great accomplishment over seas in New York, whence her stock had sprung. Everybody who could claim the faintest relationship with her would do so. "Queen Kathleen" would range for them as an ancestress worth having; that humiliating Dendulow affair would be mercifully hidden (why not?) by the capacious mantle of history itself. "Queen Kathleen!" What a delightful sound it had! "Clarimond and Kathleen!" There was not as much real honeyed romanticism in even "Romeo and Juliette!"

It must be confessed that meditations of this kind produced an intoxicating effect upon this most curious of American "aristocrats." Her state of mind was almost an agitated one by the time that a short stroll had brought her to the gates of the Jennings villa. She felt herself on the verge of society here in Saltravia, felt that to-day might prove but the quiet threshold of many beautiful morrows. There were not more than twenty guests present, and these were nearly all her own country folk. In the course of a little time she was presented to at least half of them, finding that she already knew a few, that she had heard of a number more, and that certain others were not by any means of a desirable type. Then it entered her shrewd mind that this set into which she had drifted was altogether the wrong set, and that if she kept Kathleen quite out of it she would be doing a most prudent act.

The Jenningses, brother and sister, had evidently a great grudge against the king and his court, and it was pleasant for them to feel that their friends were of the same rather rancorous mind. They never spoke against Clarimond, but they hinted that he was flippant and frivolous and had all the proverbial bad faith of princes. Brother and sister were oddly alike, both being tall and slim, both having a sunken look about the cheeks and slaty-hued eyes with pink-edged lids. They both talked with a slight lisp, and in talking used their hands with the same jerky little gestures. Neither of them often said "I," it was always "we" with them, so that after awhile you got the impression that nothing happened singly to this devoted brother and sister, but that human experience treated them to its good and its ill in perpetual duo, as the rain and sun treat two apples on a single stem.

Harriet Jennings made herself notably civil to Mrs. Kennard, and after awhile they had a private chat together amid the general babble of the little morning drawing-room.

"We hear your daughter is so wonderfully beautiful, Mrs. Kennard," said the sister of the deposed autocrat. "Pardon me, but we do! And it grieves me greatly to hear that she is indisposed to-day. The waters sometimes affect people for a few days just like that. We can't live away from them now, though at first we thought them really quite horrid. That is why my dear brother hasn't departed from Saltravia. I mean since Mr. Eric Thaxter caused the king to treat him so cruelly. But perhaps you haven't heard about that. No? Oh, then, I won't bore you with our private grievances. And yet, after all, they've become horribly public ever since my dear brother was ousted from his position and that Alonzo Lispenard was made to replace him."

"Alonzo Lispenard?" broke in Mrs. Kennard. "Is he in Saltravia?"

"I believe he is in Munich now, though there is a report that he will be

back next week for the great royal ball at the palace. Pray, do you know him?"

"Yes, yes, I've met him. He's a New Yorker, you know."

"True. I suppose you have met him in society over there—the 'Four Hundred,' as they call it?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Kennard, feeling a little dizzy and hardly knowing just what answer left her lips. "Quite right. It—er—was in the 'Four Hundred,' as you say."

"Such a queer name, isn't it?" babbled Miss Jennings. "We can't get used to it, you know. There was nothing of that sort when we were there."

"Oh, yes, there was," her listener might mentally have said, "only you know nothing about it." But Mrs. Kennard was in no mood for any such comments, whether mute or vocal. "And so this Alonzo Lispenard," she presently faltered, "holds a position here under the king."

"Oh, yes—art superintendent, you know. Eric Thaxter, the adored friend of Clarimond, took it away from us—that is, I mean from my brother—and gave it (with the king's full sanction) to this Mr. Lispenard."

"I see, I see," continued Miss Jennings. "Pray, is it true," continued Miss Jennings, "that he was engaged to a beautiful girl in New York, who jilted him the moment she heard he'd lost all his money?"

"Really, I think it's quite false," murmured Mrs. Kennard. She got away from the villa as soon as decent politeness would permit. The late afternoon made the exquisitely-tended and statued lawns in front of the hotel look like squares and medallions of dark green plush. From an immense Japanese pagoda that burned with as many tints as if it had been built out of a fallen rainbow floated music made by one of the most perfect orchestras in Europe. Kathleen, in a plain dove-colored gown, without a single ornament of any kind, moved here and there amid the arabesque of box-edged paths, holding a book against one side of her bosom, as women are wont to do. She seemed wholly unaware of the attention, even the scrutiny, which she attracted, though she was perhaps perfectly well aware of it and preferred to appear otherwise. She had known no one at the hotel on her arrival, and afterward had desired complete isolation. The new acquaintanceships into which her mother had drifted were not shared by her. She remained calmly, though not haughtily, aloof.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PROPER SUPPORT.

A Sharp Lesson for Gallant But Green Escorts.

He was doing his best to be agreeable, but there was apparently something that displeased her. She walked along in silence, paying little attention to all the clever and pleasant things he was saying.

"Mr. Wills," she said at last, as pleasantly as she could, "are you afraid that I will get away?"

"Why—why, no, Miss Mabel. What a question!"

"You are not afraid that I will suddenly start and run?"

"Certainly not! I know of no reason why you should."

"Perhaps then, Mr. Wills," she suggested, growing a trifle more haughty, "you have been ill and are weak?"

"No, indeed, Miss Mabel. I was never in better health."

"You are really not afraid of falling?"

"Not at all."

"And you need no support?"

"None. I don't understand—"

"Then I see no occasion for your holding on to my arm."

"Why, it was rather to assist you than to—"

"If you will kindly give me your arm, Mr. Wills, I can gain all the support that is necessary with less inconvenience and more grace. Furthermore, I will not have a black and blue mark on my arm every time you think I need a little extra assistance. And the public, Mr. Wills, will be more inclined to think that you are strong enough to walk without support."

He offered her his arm.—Chicago Tribune.

Housework as an Exercise.

When a man expresses an opinion about the desirability of housework for women we are apt to think him an interested party. But the Medical Record, which may be supposed to be free from such motives, says: "To keep the complexion and spirits good, to preserve grace, strength and agility of motion, there is no gymnasium so valuable, no exercise more beneficial in result, than sweeping, dusting, making beds, washing dishes, and the polishing of brass and silver. One year of such muscular effort within doors, together with regular exercise in open air, will do more for a woman's complexion than all the lotions and pomades that ever were invented. Perhaps the reason why housework does so much more for women than games is the fact that exercise which is immediately productive cheers the spirit. It gives women the courage to go on living, and makes things seem really worth while."

Bag for Crochet Edging.

Take two triangles of thin cardboard whose sides will be four and one-half inches long; cover one side of one piece with velvet and one side of the other piece with silk and overhand them together. Cut three pieces of plush seven and one-fourth inches long and four inches wide across one end and five across the other. Sew the long edges together on the wrong side; overhand the larger end to the triangle, sew a lining of silk to the plush at the top edge. Turn and sew the other edge to the triangle where the plush was sewed on. One inch from the top run in ribbon draw strings. This holds the crochet work, hook and cotton, and will be found very useful.—Home.

Household Conveniences.

Every housekeeper should provide herself with little conveniences for doing her work. A short-handled, broad paintbrush to wash the outside of window sills, and an old toothbrush for washing around the glass.

HERE YOU ARE!

They Will Come Together If Need Be and "Behave All!" If Necessary—Paste This in Your Hat.

The two old parties will pursue their own course, and the Farmers' Alliance will pursue its path until enough of its members recover from their mid-summer madness, when the organization will crumble to pieces as the old oath-bound secret know nothing party did. If it should appear that there was real danger of the people's party holding together long enough to do great mischief, the democrats would unite with the republicans, from whom they differ chiefly on the tariff and offices, and the two would fight against a common enemy. When that job was ended the two parties would separate and resume their dispute on the tariff as of old.—Chicago Tribune (Rep.).

To this may be added this additional testimony from the foremost republican in the nation. Ex-Secretary of State James G. Blaine, of Maine, two months before the recent election wrote in the North American Review as to the similarity of the republican and democratic platforms:

"It is interesting and suggestive to look over the platforms of the two parties and see how much they are alike. In parallel columns they read:

"That the republicans favor bimetalism and dollars of equal value.

"That the democrats favor bimetalism and dollars of equal value.

"Both are in favor of a navy.

"Both are in favor of building the Nicaragua canal.

"Both are opposed to trusts and demand more rigid laws against them.

"Both are in favor of restricting immigration.

"Both are hostile to Chinese immigration.

"Both are in favor of public education.

"Both are hostile to any attempt of union of church and state.

"Both are in favor of making congressional provision for the world's fair.

"Both are in favor of civil service reform.

"Both are in favor of admitting the territories at the earliest possible moment.

"Both sympathize with the Russian Jews.

"Both are in favor of granting pensions.

"Both are in favor of river and harbor improvement.

"Both would avoid any entangling alliance in our foreign policy.

"Out of this long platform the measures on which the parties really differ (not much) are the tariff, reciprocity, the tax on state banks, and the force bill, if the force bill can be regarded as a party measure when so large a number of the republicans do not favor it."

The ex-secretary might have carried the likeness much further.

Both are in favor of modern banking—one national bank and the other state banks.

Both are in favor of repealing the tax on all banks.

Both are opposed to United States government issue of money.

Both are opposed to further issue of money except through banks.

Both are opposed to the free coinage of silver.

Both propose that a tariff shall pay more of the revenue.

Both stand in with Wall street and London Shylocks.

Both are opposed to an income tax of any sort.

Both are in favor of the workingman and the farmer.

Both conspire to rob them (the producers), and

Both denounce each other in extenso.

Both have no issues worth a tally that have not a money background for the few.

Both are deceivers, hypocrites, demagogues and prevaricators, and the truth is a stranger to all the leaders from ocean to ocean.

Both are managed and manipulated by corporation lawyers—think over the leaders' names and see.

Vote the "regular" ticket. "Brave boys are they who come at the party's call," and you won't have a shirt to your back in five years from now.—H. W. J., in Columbus (O.) Farmers' Union.

THE GAME OF SEE-SAW.

Will the People Be Foolish Enough to Elect Another Republican Congress?

One of two things seems certain. Either some republican papers are preparing to repudiate the republican party, or else the republican party hopes to again ride into power upon the strength of ante-election promises never intended to be redeemed. Recently, under the caption "The Money Conference," the Kansas City Journal said:

The advances from the Brussels conference are not encouraging, nor are they disappointing. As our readers know, we have never been sanguine as to that body.

The money of the world to day is not the money of law, of trade or of government creation, but is the currency of the broker. People talk of fiat money—but the chief fact of the world is gold.

There is only one way to permanent relief, and that is the remonetization of silver. No man should be voted for as a member of congress unless pledged to that end—the unconditional remonetization of silver. The ratio is unimportant compared with the fact—a side issue or a thing of detail. It is the legal power—the fiat quality—that is essential.

We feel like drawing the line on this measure, because it lies at the basis of all prosperity. It affects the price and production of everything the farmer raises, and it affects the price of labor in all departments. Why? Because it increases the buying capacity of everybody and the ability to consume. And in this fact, against all theories in the world, lies the philosophy and secret of general and individual prosperity. It, then, is better for banks and bankers, for railway earnings, for everything, as well as for farmers, manufacturers and labor.

We are strongly partial to it, we believe in the efficacy of party organization, but we do not believe in a party being used for class or special interests, except those interests belong in the general good. Wall street is in power, or will be after the 4th of March. And we believe, as we believe in cause and effect, that this calamity is one to the fact that the republican party did not meet this overshadowing question as it ought. Had the Minneapolis platform declared for free coinage the result could have been no more disastrous to the party, but the friends of salvation money would have been united—to win at an early day. Before the question of the restoration of silver as legal money, tariff and all other questions sink into insignificance, and that plank must be in the future platforms of the republican party—in the congressional dis-

trict, in the state and in the nation. At is now, as it has always been, the platform of the Journal.

The next day, as if afraid it had not made its position sufficiently clear, the Journal said:

"The Brussels conference has brought out the fact that gold and silver were once the money metals of the world, with a fixed value on a prescribed quantity—or that 482½ grains standard silver and that 38½ grains standard gold was a dollar. That fact gave an 'intrinsic' or 'flat' value to the two metals. England, Germany, the United States and some other nations repealed the law or destroyed the rule as to silver, and it now sells at about 21 per cent less than gold—or has lost its value as a money metal and become a commodity, like iron, tin, lead, zinc, copper and other metal commerce."

Yet these gold advocates cry out that their opponents are advocates of "flat" money. What is "flat" money? Only a representative of value, that by law is made receivable for debts or for property sold or payable for things bought. In the London clearing house that legal money is gold only and gold is the "flat" money. This "show" for it is nothing more, is on a par exactly with the cry of "stop this!" raised by the confederates of the real offender. The people are determined that the "flat" quality once enjoyed by silver shall be restored, and that gold alone shall not enjoy the monopoly. Let nobody be scared by the silly cry of "flat money." There is not and never was and never can be in the world any other kind.

This entirely repudiates the Minneapolis platform, because a silver dollar which, in the absence of a free or unrestricted coinage law, contains a dollar's worth of silver, measured as a commodity with a gold dollar, contains no "flat" whatever, but would be worth as much as bullion as it was worth as money.

MARY E. LEASE.

A Grave Injustice Is Being Perpetrated in the Treatment Accorded Her From Certain Quarters.

In the circulation of the scandalous unfair rumors and reports concerning the supposed treachery of Mrs. Mary E. Lease to the people's cause, a grave and cruel injustice is being perpetrated against a patriotic stateswoman and true populist, whose only crime seems to have been that she refused to crucify Truth between the thieves Fusion and Policy. These rumors and reports seem to be founded upon two conditions precedent: First, an inability to properly distinguish between the wheat and the chaff—the true and the false; second, the state of feeling which must necessarily result from such a "boycott" with death and league with hell as an alliance between the people's and the democratic parties.

Let us briefly examine and review the facts in the case. There are two distinct stumbling blocks or causes of offense, the improper blending together of which is responsible for much of the misapprehension that seems to exist.

First—There was a very short Associated Press item, purporting to give an outline of an interview with Mrs. Lease, in which was promulgated the silly lie that because of the reception given to Gen. Weaver in Georgia and the south generally, Mrs. Lease had advised the populists of Kansas to vote for Harrison rather than Weaver, for fear of assisting Cleveland by the latter course. Of course every well informed populist knew that Mrs. Lease had given no such advice, but that she advocated the destruction of both the old parties. This lie she promptly denied in the following telegram, which was sent broadcast over the northwest:

MOUNT PLEASANT, Ia., Oct. 17.—The special giving the news to the press in regard to an interview in which I am reported to have advised the populists to vote for Harrison, or that I vote for Weaver was a vote for Cleveland, is unequivocally false. I would consider it a public calamity for either Harrison or Cleveland to be elected.

Mrs. M. E. LEASE.

Right here it should be born in mind that the interview referred to in the foregoing telegram was not the celebrated Inter Ocean interview, to a consideration of which we now proceed. The Inter Ocean interview, in the form published in that journal, undoubtedly lost the populists some votes in the northwest and probably caused the loss of Nebraska, in which state an analysis of the vote shows that enough democrats voted the republican ticket to defeat the populists.

The Inter Ocean interview may be divided into two parts, to-wit: The genuine and the bogus; the false and the true; Mrs. Lease's utterances and the utterances of the republican national committee. That portion of the interview which denounced in scathing terms modern democracy, as exemplified in the southern states, and depicted in burning language the fraudulent, intolerant and outrageous character of southern democrats was genuine, and in thus denouncing the southern democrats Mrs. Lease was but acting the part of a true patriot, who scorned to condone treason against the bulwarks of a free government for the sake of party policy. Her words would have found a responsive echo in the hearts of the populists in the northwest had it not been for the moral turpitude and cowardice which was the logical offspring of the unholy alliance entered into by the populists and the democratic party. In thus arraigning the southern democracy Mrs. Lease was right, both morally and politically, and they are wrong who, for this reason, denounce or condemn her.