

THE WRONG PASSENGER

GERARD St. Albans is coming here," said Isabel Marsh, a bright smile lighting up the soft, languid beauty of her face.

"Colonel St. Albans!" cried Annie Grey, the young and lovely cousin of Miss Marsh. "How delightful! It is five years since he went away to that horrid India, and I was just fifteen then—a mere schoolgirl—but still I remember that he was one of the handsomest men in the city! How pleased his sister Helen will be!"

"Certainly. This note is from her, saying that they—herself and Colonel St. Albans—will do themselves the pleasure of calling here day after to-morrow."

"Splendid! I'll set my cap at once!" cried the gushing Annie.

"Don't be absurd, cousin! Mr. St. Albans is a traveled man, and quite familiar with pretty faces by this time. Besides, he is an artist of no mean ability, and his character for gallantry in action stood very high when he was in the army."

"Heigho! well, I only wish there had been a hero in our family! But what makes you look so grave, Aunt Letitia?" addressing a serene-faced, brown-haired woman of past thirty, who sat by the window engaged in sewing.

Miss Letitia lifted her sad brown eyes, soft and beautiful still, and glanced at her young relatives from beneath the long black lashes.

"Oh, let Aunt Letitia alone!" cried Isabel, half pettishly; "she is sewing and dreaming dreams, as usual. And she is too old to care anything about brave and handsome gentlemen like Colonel St. Albans."

Letitia's pale cheek flushed rose-red; her eye gleamed with fire; for the moment she was far more beautiful than either of the girls beside her. She made no reply, but directly gathered up her work and left the room.

Annie gazed after her with wide eyes. "Good gracious! what have I said? She looked like a young girl who has just met her lover. Did you see that red on her cheek, Isa? Brighter than the rouge in my toilet case. Letitia must have been handsome once."

"She was the beauty of the city. She is elegant now, though everybody knows she is passe. There was some gossip about her and this Colonel St. Albans once, you know. She saved him from drowning on one occasion, and he was the prince of devotion for a week; then, manlike, he forgot his gratitude, and sailed for India. Men are very consistent creatures, ma belle."

Meanwhile, Letitia Marsh, who was the sister of Isabel's father, went to her chamber, and laid her work carefully away in its neat basket, for she was an old maid, and old maids, you know, always do everything with care, if we may credit tradition.

She unlocked a drawer, and took from thence a small escritoire, which opened to the touch of a key, which

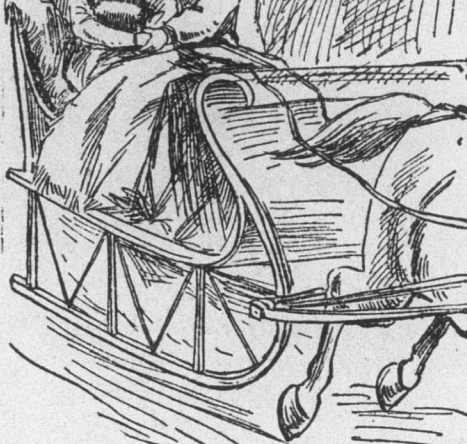
she always wore attached to a slender gold chain around her neck.

The lifted lid displayed a few letters, a bunch of faded flowers tied with a blue ribbon, and a miniature case of dead gold. The case she did not open—perhaps even yet she could not trust herself to look upon the face hidden there, but she pressed the faded flowers to her lips, and held the yellow letters a moment against her heart. Then, with nervous haste, she flung all those souvenirs of a dead day back into their receptacle, and snapped the casket together rudely, hiding the key again in her bosom.

"Yes," she said, wearily, turning away, "I am too old. And yet, despite it all, I love him still. Oh! Gerard! Gerard! why did you win my heart and then cast it back to me desolate and unloved? Oh, Heaven! why are women created with these intense longings for love, love, always love—and then suffered to drag out a dull existence, missing always all that can make existence life?"

She paced the floor softly, her eyes weeping tears bitterer than those which come to younger eyes, her woman's heart wrung with a pain fiercer than anything which comes to her sex in careless girlhood.

But when the storm was over, and that was soon; for Letitia Marsh's was a well-disciplined nature, she went down to the parlors just as



HIS HAND CAUGHT HERS.

serene, and quiet, and self-possessed as usual.

And when, three days later, Colonel St. Albans called, and was devoted to the young ladies, and coldly courteous to herself, Miss Letitia met him with stately grace, and no feature of her face betrayed that any old sweet memory of him lay hidden in her heart.

Nobody minded her, and after the first polite greetings St. Albans did not address her. She was very glad of this, inasmuch as it saved her from the necessity of talking, and she knew that there would be a suspicious tremble in her voice; and, besides, she wanted to soothe her sore heart with watching St. Albans.

He had grown very handsome in those five years of absence, but she saw that there were wrinkles around his eyes, and white hairs among the brown on his temples. Time had not left him untouched.

This first visit was like all the others, so far as Letitia was concerned. He was courteous to her, but never friendly, and some fine self-consciousness of her weakness for him made Letitia avoid him.

He visited at Mr. Marsh's frequently, and Miss Isabel Marsh was very generally supposed to be the attraction. Indeed, the young lady herself was very sanguine of her success in winning the gallant colonel, and on one occasion she was gushingly girlish enough to assure Aunt Letitia that when she was mistress of the new house which the colonel was building at Salisbury Point, nothing could afford her more pleasure than to give her "dearest aunt" a home there.

When the snow fell and there was sleighing, Colonel St. Albans invited a party of his friends to the new house for a sort of "house warming" supper, Letitia among the rest. At first she thought she would not go, but Isabel declared it would look "odd," and people would think that she had not forgotten that "old romantic episode," and Miss Letitia decided not to give "people" any chance to talk.

Isabel went with the colonel in his own sleigh, and was as happy as a queen, and all the other girls were ready to die of envy. The sleighing was none of the best, for a new snow had fallen and the weather had not yet cleared. The wind was blowing furiously, and the air was thick with flying snow. Somehow, in the darkness, the colonel's horse managed to upset the sleigh, and in consequence, a half dozen more sleighs shared the same fate, and half the merry party were mixed up together in inextricable confusion.

The re-embarkation was of course hurried, particularly on the part of Colonel St. Albans, who had a restive horse, and one quite indisposed to wait patiently for passengers in such a furious wind as was then raging.

They had gone fully a mile, the colonel holding the reins with both hands, when he heard a low and tremulous voice say:

"Pardon me, Colonel St. Albans, but I fear you have taken the wrong passenger."

"Good heaven!" he cried, in strong agitation; "Letitia!"

"Yes. Do not be offended. I was not to blame for it. The snow blinded me and I thought surely you were brother John."

Through the robes he had wrapped around her, St. Albans was sure he felt her tremble. He drew closer to her side, moved by some uncontrollable impulse to speak what was in his heart.

"Letitia" he said hoarsely, "once we were not strangers!"

"But that time is past."

"Yes," he said, bitterly. "Your caprice ruined my happiness and made me a dissatisfied and useless wanderer."

"My caprice!" she said, slowly. "I do not understand."

Letitia was growing dizzy, and the world of snow spun around before her bewildered eyes. He turned upon her sharply:

"You do not understand? Then let me explain. Why did you not answer my letter? The letter in which I told you that I loved you—in which I asked you to be my wife? I was a coward, Letitia. Love made me distrust myself, else I should surely have spoken to you instead of writing. But I wrote, and I asked you to answer me as you felt, and I told you that if you rejected me, you need only keep silent. And you kept silent."

"That letter never reached me," she said, faintly.

"It did not! But if it had? If it had?"

His hand sought hers, all unmindful of his horse; and the animal took the liberty of deciding his own course and went off in the very opposite direction from the right one, but St. Albans did not observe it. He was too intent on Letitia to observe his horse.

"I loved you, Gerard," she said, softly. "My answer could have been nothing but that."

"My darling! change that form of expression," he cried, eagerly. "Say 'I love you, Gerard!'"

And she said it, with his lips holding hers so close they dared not make a mistake in the words he dictated. But she added, immediately:

"It is too late to dream these dreams, Gerard. I am too old!"

He laughed gleefully.

"Just four years younger than your Methuselah of a lover!" said he, pressing her closer to his heart. "It is all right now, dearest, and I thank heaven for sending me the wrong passenger, for she is the right one, after all!"

Of course, the girls were all greatly surprised at the turn affairs had taken, and were ready to exclaim against the impudence of that "awfully designing old maid;" but Letitia was so happy she could afford to be talked about, and love, the great rejuvenator, made her young again.

"REPUBLICAN TIMES."

THE G. O. P. IS NOW ON TRIAL.

With the Certainty of a Republican House and Senate After March, Business Even Grows Worse Than Democracy Made It.

[Oklahoma State.]

The following is the sweet refrain that comes into the office of the State every afternoon. Going, going, last call, "fine span of mules, \$20, going, last call, sold for \$20!" These are good honest republican dollars, twenty-six of them buy a pair of mules. "Going, last call, horse, harness and cart for \$13.25, going, going, last call, sold for \$13.25." Honest dollars; thirteen and one quarter of them buy a horse, wagon and harness. Vote the republican and democratic tickets you whelps; "going, last call, a fine 2-year-old filly, all sound and going for \$7."

"Last call and sold for \$7." It takes a 2-year-old filly to get seven of them. Which way did you vote at the last election you poor devil of a farmer who exchanged the 2-year-old filly for seven honest dollars. "Going, going, third and last call, a fine horse and saddle sound in every limb and a good riding pony. Going, last call and sold for \$3.75" good honest dollars; none of your silver basis about them. It is only the horses that are on the silver basis. Vote that way you whelps; vote for an honest gold dollar and put your horses upon a silver basis.

And the above scenes can be seen every day, and are seen by 200 farmers of Oklahoma county, and the poor devils look on as though it was a huge joke on the poor devil who is compelled to make the sacrifice. The other day a mule sold for \$17 and dropped his ears in shame to think that he was worth so little. But 200 farmers stood by and it did not cause a blush of shame to come over their cheeks. The mule had sense enough to know that the transaction was a devilish shame. The poor dupes of farmers had not sense enough to know it. They belong to the yellow dog crowd that "vote the ticket straight;" one of them voted as he shot; another one of them was born a democrat, his father was a democrat, and his father's father was a democrat and he sucked democratic milk, and to tell the truth he was still a calf; and when night came they all went home to raise mules to buy honest dollars, the kind of which it takes a mule to get seventeen. And when election day comes we have to pit our intelligent votes against an animal of that kind—not the mule but the man—and they call this popular government.

As to the Future Policy.

The following are Senator Peffer's views as to the future policy of our party.

"Populists wisely placed the money question first in their platform. The money power now agrees with us that this is the leading issue of the time. Its representatives in high places have removed from the statue books the last vestige of law requiring the coinage of silver dollars and the issue of paper money. They have brought the business of the country to a gold basis; they have stopped the coinage of all other kinds of money and now they propose to withdraw from circulation our government paper and substitute bank notes in its place, thus placing the people's business affairs at the mercy of the speculators. We can not escape the issue if we would. It is upon us. The practical question for us to determine it, how can we best concentrate the voice and vote of men who take the same view that we do of this great and pressing issue? A proper discussion of the money question involves every idea in the Populist platform. We need not and ought not to abandon a principle we hold dear, but we can press our leading idea more boldly, more aggressively and more exclusively than we have done, and with this key solve the problem yet to come.

Where the Bounty Went.

Under the Cleveland sugar tariff one great trust gets all the tariff and the republicans boast that it was not so under the bounty system.

How much better was it?

The records of the treasury department show that during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, the payments as bounty on sugar aggregated \$12,090,896, of which \$11,114,290 was on cane sugar, \$852,174 on beet sugar, \$17,312 on sorghum and \$110,121 on maple. Of the bounty on cane sugar \$10,868,896 was paid to producers of Louisiana, \$223,166 of Texas, \$22,113 of Florida and \$155 of Mississippi.

The records also show that \$11,114,290 bounty on cane sugar was paid to 378 producers, an average of \$19,195.66 to each producer. The amount paid as bounty on beet sugar was divided among seven producers or factories, making the average payment to each \$121,739.

WELL, suppose that silver should take the place of gold in the treasury—one is as useless there as the other.

We don't care whether "foreign investors" are alert, or inert, or in the bottom of the sea.

RAILROADS POOLING.

Leaving it to the Discretion of the Commission.

The interstate commerce act prohibits pooling (a division of earnings) by railroad companies. The bill passed by the house last week authorizes pooling, provided the contract is reduced to writing, filed with the interstate commerce commission and the commission does not disapprove it. The pool goes into effect twenty days after filing contract. The commission may, after a pool goes into effect, modify the pooling arrangement or cancel it. The bill allows any company to apply to a United States Circuit court to test the reasonableness of the commission's rulings and the court may approve the pool notwithstanding the commission disapproves it. The patrons of the road and communities affected by the pool are not given a like right to have the commission's rulings passed upon by a court. Pending litigation on the subject and appeals to the United States Supreme court, the commission's orders are in force.

When a railroad goes into a pooling contract it can't get out of it except upon an order from the commission or the court.

Pooling means no competition. Where there are several companies pulling for the same trade there is competition, rate cutting, etc. The present law prohibiting pooling is no doubt directly violated, but the companies will not be honest with each other and will violate their agreements, and by all manner of scheming each road will get as much traffic for itself as possible.

The pending bill compels the companies, when they agree to skin the public and divide the spoils, to stick to the agreement. While the rate fixed in the pooling contracts must be reasonable in the eyes of the commission, that body is considerable of a railroad auxiliary and will not likely consider any rates unreasonable that failed to yield interest on watered bonds and dividends on stock that is all water.—Missouri World.

FROM A REPUBLICAN PAPER

"There is no Lack of Faith in the People as a Redeemer."

The history of the past year has demonstrated that the currency of the country is based more on the faith and credit and confidence and wealth of the people than anything else. Gold has nearly failed twice, and it has been necessary to fall back on the people's credit each time. That there is no lack of faith in the people as a redeemer is evinced by the scramble to get their securities. If the credit of the government must stand behind the gold, and the silver, and the coin certificates, and the national bank notes, and every other form of currency, it does seem likely to call in a lot of fellows between the servants of the people and the people themselves. If the government must stand good for everything, and it is conceded that it must or the money can not be relied upon, why shouldn't the government take the whole matter of banking and the issuing of currency into its own hands. It surely could be managed much more cheaply and safely than at present. If there were gold enough to go around there would be no need of banks of issue, either government or otherwise, but there isn't.—Topeka, Kan., Daily Journal.


The Journal is evidently drifting into anarchy, Populism and fiat lunacy.

This Is Treason.

What strange influence, or to express it vulgarly, "pull," has Andrew Carnegie with the national administration? How the heavy fine assessed on this typical plutocratic manufacturer for having palmed off on the navy department defective and fraudulent armor plates was heavily cut down by President Cleveland is a matter of recent history. Now comes a parallel to it. Carnegie, Phipps & Co., are furnishing the armor for the new battle ship Oregon. One plate, singled out at random, was subjected to ballistic test and cracked like a sheet of glass before a stone. The natural inference is that the rest of the armor furnished for the Oregon is equally faulty. But the armor is not to be rejected, nor is there to be any further test, though the members of Carnegie's firm protest that the other plates are all right. After a personal conference with Mr. Carnegie Secretary Herbert announces that "the cracking was caused by the use of a projectile much superior to the ordinary service shot," and that he will accept all the armor despite this failure under trial. What, then, is the use of having tests at all? And, above all, what is the mysterious influence which Andrew Carnegie exerts at Washington?—Chicago Times.

The game of making prize battle ships goes merrily on. England has just launched a couple of elegant killing machines, and the American builders are confident that they can make faster, finer and more destructive ones.

Who is it continues to drain the treasury of its gold? Is it not the poor man. He isn't seeing any gold at all. It is the capitalist who takes a profit on bond issue in order to get gold into the treasury, and then hurries around with his legal tenders in order to take it out. This is our wonderful national financing.—Chicago Times.



\$1,000

REWARD!

FOR ANY SHODDY FOUND IN MEN-DEPERSON'S NO. 1,000 SATIN CALF SHOES.

NOT IN 1,000

Years will you find a shoe that fits, wears and looks so well for so little money.

For Sale By

PORTER & YEOMAN,

RENSSELAER, - INDIANA.

