

BETRAYED:

OR

A DARK MARRIAGE MORN.

A Romance of Love, Intrigue and Crime.

BY MRS. ALICE P. CARRISTON.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(Continued.)

He did not imagine for a moment that Clara would charge herself personally with the infliction of her vengeance; but she had said, he then remembered, that she had found her. She was rich enough to find it, and this hand might be hers.

"Flo," he said, "let us walk a little faster. I beg of you! I am cold."

He quickened his steps, and resolved to return to the house by the public road. When he reached the edge of the woods, although he still thought he heard at intervals the round which had alarmed him, he reassured himself and assumed his flow of spirits as if a little ashamed even of his panic.

He detained Flora to look at the pretence of the walk. "This was a small wall of rock over a high excavation. Two trunks of trees had been thrown across the narrowest part of the excavation, forming a species of bridge—always giving those who ventured upon it the most complete and picturesque view of a most wonderful and romantic spectacle."

"Flo had never before seen this species of bridge, which her brother had recently placed there. After some minutes of contemplation, as he was showing her with his hands the two trunks of the trees:

"Must we pass these?" she asked, in a broken voice.

"If you are not afraid," said Eugene; "and, after all, I shall be with you."

He saw she hesitated, and her face, under the moonlight, seemed to him to become so strangely pale that he could not refrain from saying:

"I thought you were braver."

She hesitated no longer, but put her foot on the perilous bridge against her wish, always cautiously advancing.

At half turned her head, and her steps became unsteady.

All at once she staggered.

Eugene rushed to catch her, and in the trouble of the moment his hand struck her with some force.

The unfortunate woman uttered a shriek, made a gesture as if to push him off, and, recoiling him, rushed wildly over the bridge and ran into the woods.

Eugene, repulsed and frightened, not knowing her thoughts, followed her in great haste.

He found her near the bridge, with her back against a tree, her face turned toward him, terrified yet menacing.

"Coward!" she exclaimed.

He looked at her with real bewilderment, when he heard the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps, and a shadow passed out of the depth of the woods.

He recognized Mrs. Leland.

She ran toward them, palpitating, excited, seized the hand of her child, and turned to him.

"Both here!" she cried.

Now he understood all.

A strange cry issued in his throat; he pressed his forehead convulsively between his two hands, and let fall his arms despairingly; then he said in a hoarse voice:

"You take me for a murderer?" and stamped in the wild agony of his rage.

"Well, what are you doing here? Save yourselves then!"

Terrified, they obeyed him—they fled—the mother dragging her daughter with long strides; and he saw them disappear in the night.

He remained there, in this wild place. The hours passed on without his numbering them. Sometimes he went up and down in the narrow space which separated the bridge from the sycams; sometimes stopping suddenly, his eyes lowered and fixed, he seemed to see the face of his enemy, as if he were looking at the trunk of the tree against which he leaned.

If there is, as we hope, a divine hand which weighs in a just balance our griefs against our faults, these moments ought to have been counted for this man.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

RESTORED MEMORY, AND SORROW.

Warren Leland's journey to Roxbury resulted in a disaster to his father.

An interview with Clara's father revealed—that he had half expected to hear—that the remittances for the support of Mildred had all been made anonymously.

This knowledge filled him with a strange and undefined fear.

The liberal amounts supplied, and the regularity with which they were remitted, indicated that Mildred's brother must be a wealthy man, yet the fact that his address was not known, nor even that of his banker, except in New York, lent an air of decided mystery to the whole transaction.

Without waiting even to see his mother, the perplexed and anxious young man hastened to catch a New York train.

Once seated in the rapidly moving coach, he gave way to serious reflection.

"There's something back of all this," he decided, after he had run over in his mind all that was known to him of the history of his father's life. "I should have thought, at this point, I'll be surprised if I don't run against something in the way of villainy before I fathom it, as I surely shall."

The love which Warren Leland had entertained for Clara Denton had been pure and sincere, but it had been but for her beautiful protegee, Mildred Lester.

Clara had done much to remove that which was gross from his nature, but his love for Mildred had purified him as with fire.

Her gentle influence had operated upon him in a manner exactly opposite to the way Eugene had been affected by the beautiful siren whose baneful love had wrecked his life.

It was nearly evening when he reached the Grand Central Depot.

Calling a carriage, he was driven rapidly to the house of his friends, whom he had not seen since parting with them the preceding evening.

Clara and Mildred were there to receive him.

"Where's Edith?" he asked, when he had briefly informed Mrs. Denton of the uselessness of his journey.

"She went this afternoon to call on her new-made friend, Miss Fielding, and has not yet returned," was the response.

This query was attended by the creaking of a door, and followed by the tinkling of little feet, and a moment later the little maiden in question danced into the drawing-room.

"I'm always at the very place I'm expected to be," laughed Edith, merrily.

"That you are, daughter," replied Clara, greeting her with a kiss.

"And what did you find out?" asked Warren, eagerly.

"I found Miss Fielding out."

"How did that happen?"

"A misunderstanding as to the hour. They said she would be home at five o'clock."

"And you didn't wait?" interrupted her mother.

"How could I? Why, the wedding day is almost here, and I've lots and lots of things to buy for Mildred, yet."

The sprightly girl here opened her reticule, and disclosed a number of small packages.

"But I didn't forget my errand," she added, checking Warren, who was about to speak. "I left a note for Miss Fielding, inviting her to tea, and promising that I should escort her home."

"But I was out of the city. You know that I was to leave for the East on a morning train."

"True, but trains run West, as well as East, and there was an attraction here."

She laughed and pointed to the now blushing Mildred.

"By the way," she rattled on, "I saw the doctor, and told him about it. He said I might turn out to be the cure of Mildred."

At that instant there was a tingling of the door-bell.

"Miss Fielding," announced the servant.

All rose, and an instant later Meta presented herself.

"Mr. Leland," said Edith, beginning the introduction of Warren.

She was interrupted by a sharp cry of something mingled surprise and pain.

All eyes were upon Mildred, who, with uplifted hands, was swaying to and fro.

Warren Leland presented his strong arms none too quickly to prevent her from falling to the floor.

In an instant Clara was using restoratives to recall her from the swoon into which she had fallen.

"Stand a little back, please, Miss Fielding," said the young man as he saw signs of returning consciousness in the fair, young face. "It will be better for her not to see you at first."

"Meta! Meta!" cried Mildred, upon opening her eyes. "I'm certain I saw her."

An instant later and the two old-time friends were clasped in each other's arms.

"You're better, darling," queried Warren, as he half-jealously withdrew his affianced wife from the embrace of Meta.

"You remember the past now?"

"Remember the past?" she repeated, as if not understanding the question.

"Yes. You knew Miss Fielding long ago?"

"And my brother Ray?" added Meta.

"Yes, yes!" shrieked Mildred. "Oh, God! Better death than this!"

"Her mind wanders," said Warren, anxiously. "Come, rouse yourself, darling, my little wife that is soon to be happy, and my hope of heaven."

"You remember the past now?"

She gently disengaged herself from the yielding arms of her bewildered lover, and stepped toward Meta.

"She raves," said Clara. "This shock, instead of restoring, has overthrown her mind."

But Meta shook her head sadly.

"Mildred is right," said she. "She was married some years ago."

"To whom?" demanded Leland, frantically.

"To Eugene Cleveland!" cried Mildred, answering for herself.

"My sister's husband!" shouted Warren Leland. "The scoundrel!"

"My husband married again?"

With a moan of anguish, the deeply wronged and suffering woman fell senseless to the floor.

"I can't imagine what."

"You love and would possess for your very own Eugene Cleveland."

Flora smiled bitterly, but made no reply.

"While I have but one object left in life."

"Revenge on him?"

"No. I love Flora Cleveland, his wife. She must be mine."

"I still fail to understand what interest we have in common."

To accomplish our several ends, we must separate the two, and that in a way that will leave no lingering trace of affection between them."

"I'm becoming interested," smiled the siren, as she threw herself languidly upon a sofa, and waved her caller to a chair.

Then, in hurried tones, Slyme related how Flora believed her husband guilty of her intended murder.

"A bold move now," said he, in conclusion, "and the thing will be accomplished."

"I will join you in the enterprise."

Oscar Slyme noted the changed expression upon the beautiful woman's face, and inscribed it to the inward promptings of her insane and guilty love.

With the way she rattled on, "I saw the doctor, and told him about it. He said I might turn out to be the cure of Mildred."

Love for Eugene Cleveland had forever departed from the heart of Clara Elliston, or rather it had turned to hate, and that of the kind which the poet placed a degree below that engendered in the infernal regions, when he wrote: "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

This change of sentiment on her part was favorable to Eugene Cleveland, for the love of such a woman is more brightly mingled with her bitterest most implacable hate.

It was a full hour before Slyme withdrew, and when he did so a plan had been agreed upon.

But let us return to Roxbury, toward which the two had just started, as the scene of a coming tragedy.

How Eugene Cleveland passed that dreadful night, he never fully realized. The wickedness of his past life rose before him like a veritable phantom.

He realized now that what he had thought of as love for Clara had been passion only. Even in his despair and black remorse, he could not comprehend how he had been so long enslaved, and had been led into such guilty courses.

As he thought of his loving, trusting wife, and innocent child, a full sense of what he had lost, or rather cast aside, dawned upon him, and he burst into bitter tears.

"I never loved another," moaned he, "then, with a feeling akin to guilt, he thought of his lost Mildred."

"She was pure and good," said he, "and had she lived we might have been happy together, and this frightful nightmare, from which I have just awakened, been avoided; but I know that I never entertained for her the love I do for Flora. I have trifled away my earthly happiness, and my hope of heaven."

Thus tortured by bitter reflections, he had wandered away from the rocky chasm and approached the highway, near the house.

"The night had long since passed, and the sun was mounting high into the heavens."

With a start he raised his eyes and realized his position.

A second shock ran through his nerves as he saw two persons approaching the house.

One he recognized as Warren Leland. His companion, a closely veiled lady Eugene did not recognize, though he thought he detected something familiar in her carriage.

When the moment and they had entered the mansion.

With the privilege of a story-teller, let us follow them.

As the reader has no doubt surmised, the veiled lady was Mildred, the wife, the lawful wife of Eugene Cleveland.

The scene which followed was too painful a one to describe in detail.

Flora had been crushed before. She was overwhelmed now.

To be widowed without having been ever legally a wife, was a thought too agonizing for her to entertain. Her reason seemed likely to be overthrown.

As for Mrs. Leland, Warren, and Mildred, their condition was but little better.

"I have regained my memory, came back to my old life, only to encounter misery," moaned Mildred. "I loved Eugene, but he was not a true man. I am bound to him by the law, while my heart is bestowed upon another."

At this juncture the door-bell rang, and to clap the climax, to add, if possible, to the anguish that possessed the quartette, Oscar Slyme and Clara Elliston were ushered into the parlor.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A HOUSE OF SORROWS.

Unhappy, distracted, Eugene Cleveland had no doubt that he knew who had dogged the footsteps of himself and wife in their strange, mable through the woods.

The appearance of Mrs. Leland and the vague expression of suspicion on her part had convinced him that she had been the spy.

In this he was mistaken. Becoming alarmed at the long absence of her daughter, and filled with a vague fear that the wrong of Fiebe Craven might contain an element of truth, the mother had hastened to find Flora, that she might protect her, if necessary, from the murderous hand of her husband.

She had arrived upon the scene at the moment calculated to confirm her suspicious fears.

But it was a man who had followed the pair before the unfortunate, almost fatal, episode at the rustic bridge, which had convinced Flora that at heart he believed, idolized husband, the father of her child, was a murderer.

This man was the degraded, revengeful Oscar Slyme.

Rendered desperate by the failure of his diabolical schemes, and burning with a desire for vengeance, he had persistently dogged the movements of young Cleveland.

He had seen Eugene emerge from the Elliston mansion and had followed him to the Grand Central Depot, and taken passage on the train which bore him to Roxbury.

After the flight of the two terrified ladies, the wretch whose name was so truthful an index to his character, watched the distracted young man for some time.

He had come to Roxbury bent on taking his enemy's life, and now saw an opportunity to accomplish his end without danger of being suspected of the dastardly crime.

"It'll be reckoned a case of suicide," muttered he at length, as he produced a revolver and started forward.

But almost instantly he checked himself, and a smile of triumph swept his rage-distorted features.

Returning the weapon to his pocket, he glided swiftly from the spot.

With the good fortune which seems sometimes to favor the evil-minded, he caught a train, and was not long afterwards, entering a cab at Forty-second street, New York.

Alighting after a short drive, he boldly ascended the marble steps leading to the Elliston mansion.

The hour was late for calling upon a lady, yet Slyme lost no time in ringing the bell, and in notifying the sleepy footman who answered it that he desired to see his mistress upon business of urgent importance.

Clara Elliston, looking peerless in her widow's weeds, received him in the library.

At first she had resolved not to see the ex-secretary, but upon reflection had changed her mind, deciding that he must know something of a startling nature to communicate.

"What brings you here?" she asked abruptly, without taking a seat.

"Your interests—"

"Bah!" interrupted the siren, looking more beautiful than ever, in scorn. "I have no interests."

"That's my own," added the man, diplomatically.

"That's more to the point. State your errand, and that briefly."

"You despise me, and, perhaps, rightly; yet we have one interest in common."

"Is it possible?" she cried.

She started forward, but a repellant gesture, and a look of disgust on the part of Mildred, repressed her.

"You know very well that she was alive all the time," said Warren, rather warmly. "Was it not your tool, Slyme, there, who pretended to be her brother and presented proof of her death?"

"Yes, but not with my knowledge, far less as my instigator."

"At whose, then?"

"Oscar Slyme was working under the orders of Eugene Cleveland. Ten minutes after he was married he received a letter from my husband, notifying him that as a bride present he would make him a partner in the publishing house where he was employed. This changed his ideas at once. He saw that he could look higher. Excusing himself, he sought Slyme and set a plot in motion which sent Mildred flying from the city by night. Is not that true, Mr. Slyme?"

The beautiful woman paused, laid her white hand upon her heaving bosom and turned her dark eyes, so full of witchey and fascination, upon the face of the ex-secretary.

Slyme hesitated a moment. That he had lost all chance of gaining the love of Flora Cleveland he fully realized. He wavered for a moment. The eyes of the siren seemed burning their way into his very soul. An instant later his resolution was taken.

"The lady is right," he faltered. "I hate to acknowledge it, but I acted for Cleveland in the matter. He held a whip over my head, an old folly of which he had gained knowledge, and I was forced to perform the dastardly part."

"And you were the catch he had in his mind," added Mrs. Elliston, speaking to Flora, and bestowing a glowing look of gratitude upon Slyme.

"It is false!" cried Flora. "Your wiles have led Eugene to a wrong one, but he was never capable of such perfidy, such infamy."

"Thank God!"

These words in fervent tones, caused every one present a start of surprise.

As the reader has surmised, Eugene Cleveland bounded through the window and opened on the veranda and stood in the midst of the astonished company.

He had seen Slyme and Clara enter the house, and from a place of espionage had seen and heard all that had transpired within.

The knowledge that Mildred still lived had been a shock, but its effect had lost much of its weight, so great was the mental excitement under which he was laboring.

"Now all," he went on, speaking rapidly, almost incoherently. "I have sinned beyond all thought, all hope, of pardon; but I am not the cold-blooded, heartless wretch that woman would make me appear to be."

"This man Slyme acted for her, and I have had evidence to prove it. Convinced that my Mildred was no more, I fell a victim to her wiles, and have until lately continued in her toils. I urge it not in mitigation of my grievous offenses, but at least I am free from her thrall, and cannot do less than acknowledge my disgrace and ruin."

As Eugene Cleveland uttered these words, the face of Clara Elliston lost everything of fascinating beauty and took on an expression that would have done credit to a cast-iron fiend.

"If you have brought me to this," she raved, turning upon Flora. "You came between us—took from me all that I ever valued in this life, my love; but you shall not live to enjoy your triumph."

As she shrieked speaking, she drew from a fold of her dress a small gold-plated revolver, which she leveled at her fair and innocent rival.

No one was near enough to arrest her murderous hand, and Flora Cleveland's doom seemed sealed.

It was the quickness of a cat Eugene sprang forward and covered with his own body that of the woman whom he now loved better than his own life.

There was a report, a wreath of smoke, and the two fell to the floor together.

Without an instant's delay the desperate woman recoiled, the revolver fell and placed it over her treacherous, guilty heart.

A second report, a fall, a brief struggle, a parting groan, and she had entered the precincts of another world.

As a final, irreparable disaster ensued, Flora was found unharmed, but her husband had received the bullet in his breast and was apparently in a dying condition.

Before losing consciousness, he seemed to believe that his death was at hand, and begged and received the pardon of the wife he had so cruelly wronged.

"Good-by," said he to Mildred. "I see where your affections are placed. Promise me that you will marry Warren and be happy."

"I have no pleasure," was the tearful response. "The unexpected often happens in real life, and why not in fiction?"

Eugene Cleveland did not die. For a long time his life was despaired of, but the careful watching of devoted Flora brought him back to life and ultimate health and strength.

The existing complication was a sad and trying one, but it was not without a remedy.

Mildred felt that she had no claim upon the husband from whom the beautiful siren had parted her, and as she was devotedly attached to Warren Leland, she procured a legal separation from Eugene, and shortly afterward married the husband of her choice.

As for the truly repentant Eugene and his faithful Flora, they were remarried and constituted a happy, loving pair, whom not all the sirens on earth can put asunder.

Warren never again saw Welch, the old rag-picker, who disappeared from the country with his daughter and her children, but he learned that the old man was an uncle of the wronged wife of Herbert Brownell.

Mr. Metcalf is hale and hearty in his years, and Clara Denton happy in his love and that of her charming and promising daughter, Edith.

Oscar Slyme escaped punishment at the hands of the law, but he never afterwards prospered, and within a year died miserably in a New York lodging-house.

Thus after a storm of passion and wrong-doing has come peace, content and happiness.

Thank God that for sin there remains, even in this lower world, a place for repentance and reformation.

Thank God that virtue and purity still exist to conquer and bring to naught the follies and sins engendered by unbridled passions.

[THE END.]

A LEADING New York publisher employs at a large salary a young lady who is useful to him alone on account of her memory. She has read almost everything in the whole range of fiction, and can detect at once borrowed plots and expressions.

VARIOUS lakes are derived from roots, barks, and gums.

WALL STREET'S GAME.

THE NATION'S FINANCES NOT MANAGED IN THE PEOPLE'S INTERESTS.

How the People are Forced to Suffer by the National Banking System which was Especially Designed to Foster Wall Street Gambling.

When some venturesome speculators in Wall Street get in a hole, a corner or in "the soup" the obliging secretary of the treasury kindly buys a few million dollars' worth of national bonds, thus putting currency in circulation and relieving "the pressure on the money market." It is claimed that financial panics are prevented by these operations. Perhaps they are. But it is likely that these purchases of bonds by the direction of the obliging secretary of the national treasury encourages the Wall Street speculators to continue to operate in bonds and other securities that are of doubtful value. These bonds are bought that gambling in stocks may continue.

The public would like to know what obligations the national government is under to Wall Street speculators. It wishes to be informed why they are singled out as deserving of national aid. It does not regard them as public benefactors. It believes that they create most of the panics. It knows that they are not producers of wealth. It thinks that the country could manage to dispense with them altogether.

The farmers of this country are in a much worse situation than the Wall Street speculators, but government does nothing to help them out. Buying bonds worth \$50,000,000 will not raise the mortgage on one Kansas farm. The operation will not lower the price of one article the farmer is obliged to buy, or increase the price of one product he has to dispose of. What the secretary of the treasury is buying bonds to accommodate Wall Street speculators, congress is passing a tariff bill that will make the condition of every farmer in the country worse than it now is. The proposed law will take many millions of dollars from farmers which will pass into the National treasury, where the secretary can use it for buying bonds for the purpose of helping out the stock gamblers of Wall Street.—Chicago Herald.

Where has the Rip Van Winkle of the Herald been sleeping during the last quarter of a century that he is just waking up to the fact that our present national bank system was especially designed to foster Wall Street gambling?

In "Men and Mysteries of Wall Street" published in Boston, 1871, we learn that two-thirds of the bank capital and two-thirds of the money circulation of New York, are in thirty national banks in and about Wall Street. By an iniquitous provision in the law providing for national banks, all the banks outside of New York are allowed to keep from one-half to three-fifths of their reserves in New York banks on interest, during the part of each year when the money is not needed to transfer the crops or facilitate the commerce of the country.

Of course the banks can not pay interest on this money and not loan it, but it must be loaned on "call" so that the banks which own it can have it when the trade of the country needs it. As the above author declares, this provision so wisely adapted to be the cause of the panics was especially designed to foster Wall Street gambling, as stock gamblers and other gamblers are the only men who can, to any considerable extent, make such loans.

That money stringencies and panics are the direct results of this satanic scheme of robbery, the controller of the treasury bears witness in his reports for 1873 and 1874, in which he attributes the disastrous panics of those years to this diabolical provision.

By means of the margin, which, as the author of "Ten Years in Wall Street" declares, "contains the essence of stock speculation" and is another banker's device to favor gambling—the certified check—a man who has \$5,000 in the bank can buy \$100,000 worth of stocks or provisions, and sometimes three times that amount. The money is borrowed of the banks on the security of the stocks purchased.

If the Herald will brush the cobwebs from what little brains it has, it can probably in view of these facts see "what obligations the national government is under to Wall Street speculators."

When these men by the lawful use of the means which government has provided, find themselves in a corner where they must certainly be ruined unless the government furnishes them relief, and with their ruin precipitate the ruin of thousands of innocent persons, the duty of government to prevent the disaster must be apparent even to the dullest intellect.

When in 1873 these pestilent banks found themselves caught in the tempest their own diabolism had raised, and lustily begged an accommodating treasurer, contrary to law, to issue them, to save them from utter ruin, \$25,000,000 more of the hated greenbacks which they had been only too successful in seeking to destroy, but for the financial destruction of thousands of innocent parties to which their downfall would have caused, richly deserved to be left to their fate.

What a great public spirited journal which really cares for the interests of the people, such as the Herald professes to be, ought to do, is to seek the destruction of an unjust and ruinous monetary system which fosters gambling and tempts men into straits where their own downfall will precipitate the ruin of multitudes.

The Herald's feeble intelligence seems to be capable of grasping but a single issue, and that, one whose importance to the country as compared with the money and other questions, is scarcely more than a drop in the bucket.

If the farmer is not wiser in this matter than his would-be-adviser, it will be a long day before he sees any great relief from the evils that are now crushing his life out.—Chicago Flaming Sword.

Whither are We Drifting?
"In 1889 out of 1,500,000 people living in New York City, 1,110,000 dwell in

tenement houses. At the same time farm-hands, east and west, had fallen, in twenty-five years, to one-third or one-half their cost. State Assessor Wood, of New York, declared in 1889, that, in his opinion, in a few decades "there will be no more but tenant farmers in this state."

In 1889 the farm mortgages in the western states amounted to three billion four hundred and twenty-two million dollars.

Pliny informs us that usury destroyed Rome.

Rollin in his "Ancient History" declares that it has ruined every nation that has tolerated it.

Bacon says: "The usurer trading on a certainty and all othermen on uncertainties, in the end of the game all the money will be in the box."

Any interest or increase for the use of money is usury and should be considered as such it is strictly forbidden by the bible, and was hidden by English law down to the reign of that prince of tyrants, Henry the Eighth.—Popular Science Monthly.

L. C. POLK, President of the National Farmers' Alliance, before United States senate committee on agriculture, April, 23, 1890, said: "Mr. Chairman: Retrogression in American agriculture means national decline. The power and grandeur of this great country cannot survive the degradation of the American farmer. Struggle, toil and suffer as he may, each recurring year has brought him smaller reward for his labor until today, surrounded by the most wonderful progress and development the world ever witnessed he is confronted and appalled with impending bankruptcy and ruin. We protest with all reverence, that it is not the farmer's fault. We protest that it is the farmer's fault. We believe, and so charge, solemnly and with a good conscience, that the fault of the financial system of the government—a system that has placed on agriculture an undue, unjust and intolerable proportion of the burdens of taxation."

They tell you the land-loan bill and sub-treasury bill are impractical, yet this same American country had tried both schemes before the present was across had an extensive market for the people then. Read up a little, gentlemen. Look at the land-loan scheme of Pennsylvania colony, and the tobacco warehouse system of Virginia, and the warehouse scheme of 1848, which brought France out of extremity of dire necessity and made her people prosperous and happy. Not practical, eh? Well, we admit it does not suit the rag-tag and bob-tail politicians, but suits the great mass of producers.—Piestone (Minn.) Farmer's Leader.

The Lodge Election Bill.

Some of our contemporaries, including themselves and their friends, or attempting to delude them with the idea that the federal election bill, introduced by the lower house of congress in HENRY CABOT LODGE of the Sixth Massachusetts district and spurred through that body by Autocrat REED, is of comparatively little importance to the people of Iowa. No greater error can be made. The Force Bill, as it is sometimes called, places the control of all congressional elections in the hands of whatever political party may happen to have control of the three departments of the government.

The party whose members are in a majority in the United States courts will have the appointment of supervisors of elections; these supervisors will have the power of calling United States troops to the polls, and of making out certificates of election, and such a man as Speaker REED will have the power of declaring that a man with such a certificate is entitled to a seat in congress.

Besides, in thus interfering with congressional elections the state elections, too, will be placed more or less under the control of these supervisors, unless they are held at different times or places which would entail an unnecessary expense upon the people. It might even be possible for some political party, should it decide so to do, to secure in this way the return of United States senators in sufficient numbers to enable it to carry any measure it saw fit through the senate as well as the house.

Now let us picture to ourselves a political party which has passed some iniquitous piece of legislation which the people are attempting to repeal—it matters not what the name of the party may be nor what the legislation may be—that party, under this law will have the power, if they see fit to use it, to prevent its repeal by any method short of absolute revolution. And with the history of the fifty-first congress before us, who will doubt that the power will be used, to its full limit, if necessary to hold control.

Neither does it matter where that power may be applied, whether north or south or east or west; when it is applied, the application will be made with the expectation of crushing the party which makes it, in power, and for no other purpose.

Let no one be deceived by this bold and unconstitutional attempt to deprive the American people of the power of self-government, by any pretext or subterfuge, however specious or fair it may outwardly appear. The serpent is there and sooner or later will sting.

All people who favor free government get together and dare overwhelmingly, the party which dared to champion so bold an attempt at the life of American institutions, before they are too thoroughly entrenched in power, to be driven out.

Beware of men who stand in the way of united action.—Stones C's Liberty Bell.

"WHEN I speak of this as the era of plutocrats nobody can misunderstand me. Everybody has recognized the rise of the money power, its growth not merely stifles the independence of the people, but the blind believers in this omnipotent power of money assert that its liberal use condones every offense. The pulpit does not speak out as it should. These plutocrats are the enemies of religion, as they are of the state. And, not to mince matters, I will say that while had the politicians in my mind prominently, there are others. I tell you I have heard the corrupt use of money in elections and the sale of the sacred right of the ballot openly defended by ministers of the gospel. I may find it necessary to put such men of the sacred office in the pillory."—Bishop Potter quoted in Caesar's Column.