UNCLE SAM VIEWS THE CONVERGING INDUSTRIAL ARMIES.

COXEY IN THE CAPITAL

THE AND BROWNE PLACED UNDER ARREST.

Washington Police Prevent the Invasion of the Federal Capitol Grounds—Attempt to Hold a Meeting on the Steps—Given a Drowsy Reception.

Police Charge the Army.

Gen. Coxey and his commonweal army arrived in the national capital Tuesday. The day—the proudest in the history of Gen. Coxey—was perfect in its appointments. Fair weather and a large and good-natured crowd lined Pennsylvania avenue, from the

GEN. J. S. COXEY.

Treasury Department to the Capitol grounds. Around the Peace monument at the base of the Capitol grounds the spectators formed a bank of humanity. But not a flag fluttered in the breeze, nor was there a token of welcome held out to the weary army of the commonweal, as it trudged along, except the banner at the local Coxey headquarters.

The Commonweal army was astir early upon Brightwood heights with preparations for the great procession to the capital. There was an early breakfast of eggs, coffee and bread. Tents were struck and packed into wagons and the whole army was in line before 9 o'clock. All the men carried staves, on which fluttered white flags with the motto: "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men, but Death to Interest on Bonds."

There was much marching and countermarching on the grounds, prancing of steeds and hauling of the commissary wagons into line. The men had passed a cold night, most of them sleeping on the ground. Before the start Carl Browne formed the men into a hollow square and put them through a most remarkable drill. The staves were handled like guns, and when Browne shouted "gloria and peace" they cheered three times shrilly and waved their sticks in the air. These evolutions were performed by the main body of the army.

After traversing four miles the army, headed by a mounted band of those imbeciles in blue coats and pewter buttons, to whom sarcastic fate has given it to guard life, property and public peace in Washington, debouched into Pennsylvania avenue, a magnificent, smoothly-paved, 80-foot wide

NIGHT IN A COMMONWEAL CAMP.

thoroughfare. Down this Appian way of the republic every elected President since John Adams has passed on his journey to the Capitol to take the oath of office.

The avenue was crowded as on inauguration. The whole city had turned out to see these strange visitors, these men who had come on foot to ask legislation they conceive would remedy conditions. Following the grim-looking officers was the commonweal band of musicians. Then came Bandmaster Thayer, "Oklahoma Sam" and Private Secretary Kirk, who were mounted on the best of horses. Back of these three men was a young woman. She was the daughter of Commander Coxey. Mounted upon a horse as white as the blossoms of the chestnut trees in the neighboring yards, the maiden led her father's column for six miles between two walls of men and women. She was cheered repeatedly. Chief Marshal Carl Browne followed just behind this white-robed angel of peace. Then came Commander Coxey, Mrs. Coxey and little Legal Tender, the Commonwealer's youngest child. The six communes of the Commonweal came behind the commander's vehicle. Now and then a cheer burst from the tremendous crowd as the procession passed.

Arriving at the Capitol grounds the column turned south along the front and then east again on B street, skirting the Capitol grounds. All along B street the line of the grounds is marked and the symmetry maintained by a stone retaining wall some two feet high. Bordering the wall and fairly overhanging it is a wide, crosslike strip of bushes, thick as a hedge. Beyond this dense brush fringe are the open Capitol grounds, with their wide grass plots and walks. A rank of mounted police was drawn up across New Jersey avenue and along the line of B street. They were there to keep the commonweal parade from entering the ground at that point. But Browne and Coxey were bound to enter. Browne got off his horse and went up to Coxey's carriage and conferred with that gentleman. The line had come to a halt. It had fairly climbed the hill and the right of the column had New Jersey avenue, which cuts B street and runs north and south about the center of the Capitol grounds. Coxey left his carriage, and both men scaled the low stone wall and disappeared in the foliage of the inclosure.

Charge of the Mounted Police.

As Coxey and Browne ducked into the brush the crowd outside howled

THE BAND WAGON.

its approval. In an instant those valuable aids to society, the mounted police—sixteen in number—came tearing down the B street sidewalk. Men, women and children were knocked right and left before the valorous charge of these sixteen mounted ruffians, whose sole admitted aim was to intercept and apprehend two trespassers on the Capitol grounds. That was the crime, mind you. And the malefactors numbered two. And sixteen crazy policemen, as criminally crazy and as crazily criminal as any who ever in the vice of police making found themselves endowed with club and 6-shooter and horse and a mission to ride down innocent women and children, came charging along a crowded sidewalk for 100 yards to make these arrests. On they came, full tilt, yelling, swearing, cursing, clubs whirling and flying, people knocked right and left, women screaming with their children, men cursing. It took only a few seconds, yet by this time Coxey and Browne had worked through the bushes and were pushing along in among the cheering people on the grounds. The sixteen tremendous idiots with horses and clubs and silver badges, too late for Coxey and scenting still further openings for their valorship to win crimson glory and undying fame, squared their horses at the laurels and lilacs, and jumped them over the two-foot wall and into the selfsame thicket through which Browne and Coxey had disappeared. There was a crashing, tearing moment as man and horse beat the astounded bushes, and then like ambushed tigers, these police creatures burst on the thick-crowded grounds.

As these sixteen protectors of public interest burst through the bushes they yelled like demons, and their clubs cracked heads right and left. There was not a law-breaker in this crowd. It was a scene of peace—a gala scene. There were children romping on the grass, women in white dresses: the most deadly weapon was a parasol. Yet fifty men, women and children were clubbed and trampled on in that one indiscriminate moment of police crime. One big negro was clubbed until the blood streamed down his chest. Marshal Browne was being dragged by the neck and shoulders from the grounds. His head was uncovered, his shirt in rags and his face almost colorless in rage. During all this excitement a slender man wearing glasses and pale as death in a

THE ARMY ENTERS WASHINGTON.

chalk mine was elbowing his way to the steps of the Capitol. He nervously fumbled a scroll of manuscript in the side pocket of his coat and daintily lifted his hat to the crowd as it cheered him. This slender man climbed ten of the marble steps, when he stopped, cleared his throat and placed his hat beneath his arm. The stranger was Jacob Sechly Coxey. Captain Garden, of the Capitol police, stepped to one side of him and Lieutenant Kelly, of the city police, was at his other arm. The other officers formed solidly about him, and he was almost carried from the steps of the Capitol.

At the foot of the steps the great crowd greeted Coxey and the officers with a storm of shouts. Again the mounted officers charged. The crowd surged, and women and children fell in the stampede. As Commander Coxey left the white steps he tossed his typewritten protest, which he had endeavored to read, to the newspaper men who were following him.

The police escorted Coxey to his carriage, where he stood looking fiercely over the crowd for a moment, and then bowing right and left amid cheers from his followers he led the way and was followed to camp by the industrials.

A Washington dispatch says the dash made by the twin reformers this afternoon has made them a great many friends. No one really believed that an attempt to speak would be ventured. Coxey is as hopeful as usual to-night. He says he expects to make another trial before long. In his protest, which he attempted to read from the Capitol steps, he said:

The Constitution of the United States guarantees to all citizens the right to peacefully assemble and petition for redress of grievances, and, furthermore, declares that the right of free speech shall not be abridged. We stand here to-day to test these guaranties of our Constitution. We chose this place of assemblage because it is the property of the people, and if it be true that the right of the people to peacefully assemble upon their own premises and with their petitions has been abridged by the passage of laws in direct violation of the Constitution, we are here to draw the eyes of the nation to this shameful fact.

Gen. Coxey said to a reporter at the camp: "This is the beginning of the movement; that is all. The people are with us—the common people. Look at the thousands who cheered our cause. We will remain right here. Other bands of unemployed will join us. Congress will see the will of the people and will pass our bills."

Coxey Under Arrest.

Wednesday morning Gen. Coxey was arrested, charged with unlawfully entering the United States Capitol grounds and there injuring certain plants and shrubs. The commonweal leader was held in $500 bail and locked up in a cell along with his lieutenants, Carl Browne and Christopher Columbus Jones. Judge Miller, who held Coxey for trial, refused to accept $500 cash bail for his appearance, and it was not until noon that Frank Hume, a wholesale liquor-dealer, secured the commonwealer's release by furnishing real estate security for his appearance when wanted.

COXEY'S ARMY ON THE MARCH.

Brieflets.

ALL Minneapolis saloons are now closed on Sunday.

THREE desperate criminals escaped from jail at Birmingham, Ala.

"JIM" JORDAN, a notorious outlaw, was killed in Clark County, Ala.

WILLIAM PIERCE, a farmer, shot and killed himself at Smith Center, Kas.

ASTRONOMER A. E. DOUGLASS, at Flagstaff, Ari., observed the Gale comet.

UNITED AT LAST

BY

MISS M E BRADDON

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

At Marchbrook everything went pleasantly enough for the plighted lovers. Lord Clanyarde had filled the house with company, and his youngest daughter had very little time for reflection or regret upon the subject of her approaching marriage. Everybody congratulated her upon her conquest, and praised Gilbert Sinclair with such a show of enthusiasm that she began to think he must be worthier of a warmer regard than she was yet able to feel for him. She told herself that in common gratitude she was bound to return his affection, and she tried her utmost to please him by a ready submission to all his wishes; but the long drives and rides, in which they were always side by side, were very wearisome to her, nor could his gayest talk of the future, the houses, the yacht, the carriages and horses that were to be hers, inspire her with any expectation of happiness.

They rode over to Davenant with Lord Clanyarde one morning, and explored the old house, Gilbert looking at everything in a business-like spirit, which jarred a little upon Constance, remembering that luckless exile who had loved the place so well. Her lover consulted her about the disposition of the rooms, the colors of new draperies, and the style of the furniture.

"We'll get rid of the gloomy old tapestries and have everything modern and bright," he said; but Lord Clanyarde pleaded hard for the preservation of the tapestry on the principal floor, which was very fine and in excellent condition.

"Oh, very well," answered Gilbert, carelessly. "In that case we'll keep the tapestry. I suppose the best plan will be to get some first-class London man to furnish the house. Those fellows always have good taste. But of course he must defer to you in all matters, Constance."

"You are very good," she returned, listlessly. "But I don't think there will be any necessity for my interference."

"Don't say that, Constance. That looks as if you were not interested in the subject," Gilbert said, with rather a discontented air.

The listlessness of manner which his betrothed so often displayed was by no means pleasing to him. There was a disagreeable suspicion growing in his mind that Miss Clanyarde's heart had not quite gone with her acceptance of his offer, that family influence had something to do with her consent to become his wife. He was not the less resolved on this account to hold her to her promise; but his selfish, tyrannical nature resented her coldness, and he was determined that the balance should be adjusted between them in the future.

"Perhaps you don't like this place, Constance," he said, presently, after watching her thoughtful face for some minutes in silence.

"Oh, yes, Gilbert, I am very fond of Davenant. I have known it all my life, you know."

"Then I wish you would look a little more cheerful about my intended purchase. I thought it would please you to have a country-house so near your own family."

"And it does please her very much, I am sure, Sinclair," said Lord Clanyarde, with a stealthy frown at his daughter. "She can't fail to appreciate the kindness and delicacy of your choice."

"Papa is quite right, Gilbert," added Constance. "I should be very ungrateful if I were not pleased with your kindness."

After this she tried her utmost to sustain an appearance of interest in the discussion of furniture and decorations; but every now and then she found her mind wandering away to the banished owner of those rooms, and she wished that Gilbert Sinclair had chosen any other habitation upon this earth for her future home.

October came, and with it the inevitable day which was to witness one more perjury from the lips of a bride. The wedding took place at the little village church near Marchbrook, and was altogether a very brilliant affair, attended by all the relatives of the Clanyarde family, who were numerous, and by a great many acquaintances of bride and bridegroom. Notable among the friends of the latter was James Wyatt, the solicitor who had been employed in the drawing up of the marriage settlement, which was a most liberal one, and highly satisfactory to Viscount Clanyarde. Mr. Wyatt made himself excessively agreeable at the breakfast, and was amazingly popular among the bridesmaids. He did not long avail himself of the Marchbrook hospitalities, but went quietly back to town by rail almost immediately after the departure of the newly married couple on their honeymoon trip to the south of France. He had an engagement in Half-Moon street that evening at eight o'clock.

The neighboring clocks were striking the hour as he knocked at the door. Mrs. Walsingham was quite alone in the drawing-room, and looked unusually pale in the light of the lamps. The solicitor shook his head reproachfully as he pressed her hand.

"This is very sad," he murmured, in a semi-paternal manner. "You have been worrying yourself all day long, I know. You are as pale as a ghost."

"I am a little tired, that is all."

"You have been out to-day? You told me you should not stir from the house."

"I changed my mind at the last moment. Anything was better than staying at home keeping the day like a black fast. Besides, I wanted to see how Gilbert and his bride would look at the altar."

"You have been down to Kent?"

"Yes; I was behind the curtains of the organ-loft. The business was easily managed by means of a sovereign to the clerk. I wore my plainest dress and a thick veil, so there was very little risk of detection."

"What folly!" exclaimed Wyatt.

"Yes, it was great folly, no doubt; but it is the nature of women to be foolish. And now tell me all about the wedding. Did Gilbert look very happy?"

"He looked like a man who has got his own way, and who cares very little what price he has paid, or may have to pay, for the getting it."

"And do you think he will be happy?"

"Not if his happiness depends on the love of his wife."

"Then you don't think she loves him?"

"I am sure she does not. I made a study of her face during the ceremony and afterward; and if ever a woman sold herself, or was sold by her people, this woman is guilty of such a bargain."

"Perhaps you say this to please me," said Clara, doubtfully.

"I do not, Mrs. Walsingham. I am convinced that this affair has been brought about by Lord Clanyarde's necessities, and not the young lady's choice. But I doubt whether this will make much difference to Gilbert in the long run. He is not a man of fine feelings, you know, and I think he will be satisfied with the fact of having won the woman he wanted to marry. I should think matters would go smoothly enough with him so long as he has no cause for jealousy. He would be rather an ugly customer if he took it into his head to be jealous."

"And you think his life will go smoothly," said Clara, "and that he will go on to the end unpunished for his perfidy to me?"

"What good would his punishment be to you?"

"It would be all the world to me."

"And if I could bring about the retribution you desire, if it were in my power to avenge your wrongs, what reward would you give me?"

She hesitated for a moment, knowing there was only one reward he was likely to claim from her.

"If you were a poor man, I would offer you two-thirds of my fortune," she said.

"But you know that I am not a poor man. If I can come to you some day, and tell you that Gilbert Sinclair and his wife are parted forever, will you accept me for your husband?"

"Yes," she answered suddenly; "break the knot between those two; let me be assured that he has lost the woman for whose sake he jilted me, and I will refuse you nothing."

"Consider it done. There is nothing in the world I would not achieve to win you for my wife."

CHAPTER VII.

"GREEN-EYED JEALOUSY."

It was not till early spring that Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair returned to England. They had spent the winter in Rome, where Gilbert had found some congenial friends, and where their time had been occupied in one perpetual round of gayety and dissipation. Constance had shown a great taste for pleasure since her marriage. She seemed to know no weariness of visiting and being visited, and people who remembered her in her girlish days were surprised to find what a thorough woman of the world she had become. Nor was Gilbert displeased that it was so. He liked to see his wife occupy a prominent position in society, and having no taste himself for the pleasures of the domestic hearth, he was neither surprised nor vexed by Constance's indifference to her home. Of course it would be all different at Davenant Park: there would be plenty of home life there—a little too much, perhaps, Gilbert thought, with a yawn.

They had been married nearly four months, and there had not been the shadow of a disagreement between them. Constance's manner to her husband was amiability itself. She treated him a little de haut en bas it is true, made her own plans for the most part without reference to him, and graciously informed him of her arrangements after they were completed. But then, on the other hand, she never objected to his disposal of his time, was never exacting, or jealous, or capricious, as Clara Walsingham had been. She was always agreeable to his friends, and was eminently popular with all of them; so Gilbert Sinclair was, upon the whole, perfectly satisfied with the result of his marriage, and had no fear of evil days in the future. What James Wyatt had said of him was perfectly true. He was not gifted with very fine feelings, and that sense of something wanting in such a union, which would have disturbed the mind of a nobler man, did not trouble him.

They returned to England early in February, and went at once to Davenant, which had been furnished in the modern mediæval style by a West End upholsterer. The staff of servants had been provided by Lady Clanyarde, who had bestowed much pains and labor upon the task of selection, bitterly bewailing the degeneracy of the race she had to deal with during the performance of this difficult service. All was ready when Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair arrived. A pompous housekeeper simpered and courtesied in the hall; an accomplished cook hovered tenderly over the roasts and the stew-pans in the great kitchen; house-maids smart caps flitted about the passages, and poked the fires in bed-rooms and dressing-rooms, bath-rooms and morning-room, eager to get an early look at their new lady; a butler of the usual clerical appearance ushered the way to the lamp-lit drawing-room, while two ponderous footmen conveyed the rugs and newspapers and morocco bags from the carriage, leaving all the heavier luggage to the care of unknown underlings attached to the stable department. Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair dined alone upon this first evening of their return, under the inspection of the clerical butler and the two ponderous footmen. They talked chiefly about the house, which rooms were most successful in their new arrangement, and so on: a little about what they had been doing in Rome; and a little about their plans for the next month, what guests were to be invited, and what rooms they were to occupy. It was all the most matter-of-fact conventional talk, but the three men retired with the impression that Gilbert Sinclair and his wife were a very happy couple, and reported to that effect in the house-keeper's room and the servants' hall.

Before the week had ended the great house was full of company. That feverish desire for gayety and change which had seemed a part of Constance's nature since her marriage in no way subsided on her arrival at Davenant. She appeared to exist for pleasure, and pleasure only, and her guests declared her the most charming hostess that ever reigned over a country house. Lavish as he was, Mr. Sinclair opened his eyes to their widest extent when he perceived his wife's capacity for spending money.

"It's rather lucky for you that you didn't marry a poor man, Constance," he said, with a boastful laugh.

She looked at him for a moment with a strange expression, and then turned very pale. "I should not have been afraid to face poverty," she said, "if it had been my fate to do so."

"If you could have faced it with the man you liked, eh, Constance? That's about what you mean, isn't it?"

"Is this intended for a complaint, Gilbert?" his wife asked in her coldest tones. "Have I been spending too much money?"

"No, no; I didn't mean that. I was only congratulating you upon your fitness for the position of a rich man's wife."

This was the first little outbreak of jealousy of which Gilbert Sinclair had been guilty. He knew that his wife did not love him, that his conquest had been achieved through the influence of her family, and he was almost angry with himself for being so fond of her. He could not forget those vague hints that had been dropped about Sir Cyprian Davenant, and was tormented with the idea that James Wyatt knew a great deal more than he had revealed on this point. This hidden jealousy had been at the bottom of the purchase of the Davenant estate. He took a savage delight in reigning over the the little kingdom from which his rival had been deposed.

Among the visitors from London appeared Mr. Wyatt, always unobtrusive, and always useful. He contrived to ingratiate himself very rapidly in Mrs. Sinclair's favor, and established himself as a kind of adjutant in her household corps, always ready with advice upon every social subject, from the costumes in a tableau vivant to the composition of the menu for a dinner-party. Constance did not particularly like him; but she lived in a world in which it is not necessary to have a very sincere regard for one's acquaintance, and she considered him an agreeable person, much to be preferred to the generality of her husband's chosen companions, who were men without a thought beyond the hunting field and race-course.

Mr. Wyatt, on his part, was a little surprised to see the manner in which Lord Clanyarde's daughter filled her new position, the unfailing vivacity which she displayed in the performance of her duties as a hostess, and the excellent terms upon which she appeared to live with her husband. He was accustomed, however, to look below the surface of things, and by the the time he had been a fortnight at Davenant he had discovered that all this brightness and gayety on the part of the wife indicated an artificial state of being, which was very far from real happiness, and that there was a growing sense of disappointment on the part of the husband.

He was not in the habit of standing upon much ceremony in his intercourse with Gilbert Sinclair, and on the first convenient occasion questioned him with blunt directness upon the subject of his marriage.

"I hope the alliance has brought you all the happiness you anticipated?" he said.

"Oh, yes, Jim," Mr. Sinclair answered, rather moodily, "my wife suits me pretty well. We get on very well together. She's a little too fond of playing the woman of fashion; but she'll be tired of that in time, I dare say. I'm fond of society myself, you know, couldn't lead a solitary life for any woman in Christendom; but I should like a wife who seemed to care a little more for my company, and was not always occupied with other people. I don't think we have dined alone three times since we were married."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Called Lord Salisbury a Crank.

Although Lord and Lady Salisbury make a point of spending the major part of every winter and spring at their chateau of Beaulieu, which is close to Monte Carlo, yet both of them carefully avoid ever setting foot on the property controlled by the managers of the Casino. This is due to the treatment to which they were subjected a few years ago. Walking up the steps of the Casino with his wife, Lord Salisbury was directed, as is always the case with strangers, to apply at the office for a ticket of admission.

Lord Salisbury is exceedingly careless in his attire while the marchioness is equally dowdy-looking in her dress. The consequence was that when, in reply to the usual request to state his occupation, Lord Salisbury replied that he was prime minister of England—which he was at the time—he was greeted with a shout of laughter and an invitation to "get out," on the ground that "cranks and wags and people like you" were not admitted.

Thrifty Norwegian Immigrants.

No country contributes so many immigrants to the United States in proportion to population as Norway. It is chiefly the rural Norse that come to America, and the immigrants are for the most part under 30 years of age. The Norse are good farmers and thrifty citizens. They, as well as their neighbors, the Swedes, have a strong desire to make homes for themselves and to have land and the conveniences of life. They frequently return to visit their native country, but they become permanent citizens of the United States. Most of those that come are of marked peasant type.

FOOTBALL players are not allowed to smoke cigarettes while in training.