

LIVING IT DOWN

By Rita



CHAPTER V.

After that visit to Monk's Hall—a visit commemorated by a champagne luncheon in the great oak-paneled dining room and a present of magnificent hot-house flowers from Sir Ralph to me at parting, we seemed to develop into rapid intimacy with our neighbors. Hardly a day passed without aunt or nephew coming over to see us—sometimes both. As for Yorke Ferrers, we had taken him into our joint fellowship without further demur, and he was as much at home in the school room as ourselves.

He and Alfie became great friends; they were constantly together—walked, talked, rode, raced, confided in and fell out with each other in regular boyish fashion, and for the space of those Christmas holidays were well-nigh inseparable.

But all things must come to an end, and the holidays achieved that result in due course. The boys went back to school, including Toddy, and Alfred entered upon his first term at college, and Darby and I were left without even the goodness to keep us company, for my father considered I no longer needed one, and I myself never hear of any one but myself teaching the child.

"May I come over now and then to see you and enjoy your solitude?" Yorke Ferrers had asked the day the boys were leaving.

"If I am lonely," I exclaimed, with sudden indignation, as I looked at the four bright, rosy, boyish faces, a little grave and downcast as the moment of parting approached, "if I am lonely you won't make any difference—it is the boys I want. You could never be the same."

"I don't doubt that," he said, with some of that old huffiness of air and voice that I had always the knack of rousing. "I never meant to enter into rivalry with them. I only thought you might be dull."

"I am sure to be that," I answered demotively. "But I don't suppose you would entertain me very much. On the whole, I would rather have your uncle. He is more sympathetic."

He flashed one of his thunderous looks at me.

"I will send him, then," he said, icily; and stalked off to where Alfie stood, by the head of the impatient chestnut.

I took no notice. I was used to his short temper, and I knew his anger never lasted very long. The three boys were bidding farewell to Darby. Toddy was in tears, and Ted and Hughie almost in the same condition. The child herself was very pale, and large drops rolled down her cheeks as she clung to her favorite Toddy. Then there came a moment of throbbing as the strong, warm young arms were round my neck, and Toddy cried out to Darby: "Be sure you don't forget me, duckey." And the child uttered her usual formula: "No, I won't," and with a final flow of tears and good-bys they were off.

I went back into the hall with Darby in my arms. I had forgotten all about Yorke Ferrers.

He does not come near me for a week. During that week his uncle drops in twice to share the school room tea, and we indulge in desultory talk and friendly confidence, and I begin to think him even kinder, cleverer and more companionable than I did at first.

But I miss Yorke. I miss him greatly. His fun, his little fits of pique, his gay sallies, even our quarrels and disagreements—I miss them all. I ask Sir Ralph after him at last, and he says he is always out—mostly with the Crofts. The information gives me a little pang, but I say nothing.

One afternoon I start out for a solitary walk. Darby has a cold, and I leave her asleep in my own room under the care of the nurse. I have not been out of the house for several days, and certainly this one is not particularly inviting. The sky is steel-colored and dim; a cold wind blows over the heath, and I turn aside and enter the long stretch of wood that borders it in the hope of escaping its boisterous attentions.

There, in the heart of the wood, loitering, I see the well-known figure of Yorke Ferrers. For a moment a little pleasurable thrill of gladness runs through my veins, and involuntarily I quicken my steps. He hears me, I suppose, for he suddenly turns round, and then stops, and awaits my approach.

"Well, I say, and hold out my hand, 'you are a stranger! I—' have been wondering whether you had not started for the Antipodes, or—"

"I should have thought you were too well employed to miss me," he answers loftily.

"Well employed!" I echo. "I have only had my usual employments. You know pretty well what they are."

"Only lately they include a guest at afternoon tea every day."

"Every day?" Then I break off into sudden laughter. "How absurdly touchy you are! Why, you will never get on in life if you take offense at every imagined trifle. All the same," I add demurely, "I am very much obliged to you for so faithfully delivering my message to your uncle."

"He acted upon your invitation very readily, I must say."

"Why did you not come, too?" I ask, glancing at the moody face.

"It was so likely!" he says with scorn. "I, at least, don't give my company where it is not wanted."

"And so you took offense again?" I say, gloomily, "to-night of all nights. I told you he was a bad man—vindictive, passionate, headstrong. He loved the girl who was to be his elder brother's wife. There had been bad blood between them always, and this made matters worse. The girl seemed to love him best, but he was not the eldest son, and her people were mercenary, and forced her to accept the other. They had been married some

two or three years. Then Yorke Ferrers turned up again in Monk's Hall, apparently quite friendly and with the old passion forgotten. One day there was a terrible grief at the Hall. Lady Ferrers had died, leaving her year-old son behind, and Yorke was her companion. His brother followed them from place to place, but for a long time they managed to elude him, and at last he died of a fever caught in Italy. Years afterwards Yorke came to Monk's Hall alone. The child was young, and there had been no guardian appointed. He took the boy under his charge, but the lad hated him, and one day ran to sea. He was never heard of again. The property lapsed into the hands of Yorke Ferrers and his heirs, and so remained until—"

"Until when?" I asked as he suddenly paused.

"Until my uncle claimed it," he said in a low, hard voice. "History repeats itself, you know. Again a Yorke Ferrers and a Ralph Ferrers dwell at Monk's Hall, and again they both love—the same girl."

"Oh, no—no!" I exclaimed, terrified at his gloomy tone. "Don't say that, Yorke! It is not true, and even if it were—"

"Well?" he asked as I paused.

"It is not true, but I should be true—that I could not help being true; and so, with his young face white and set and sorrowful, he kissed away my tears and loosed my clinging arms, and left me to the silence of long nights, and days whose cold pauses would be filled with echoes of words he had spoken, of vows he had vowed, of bitter weeping that never eased my pain, and futile longings that lessened even hope."

(To be continued.)

HE LEARNED A NEW TRICK.

Man with Haysack in His Hair Fools a Clever Landlord.

"You can't clerk in a big hotel without being something of a detective and keeping your eyes open all the time," declared a widely known landlord to the rural caller with a cheap suit that didn't fit and a slouch hat that looked as if it might have seen service in a hen's nest. "Don't want to be put up too high, hey? I'll just give you a nice warm room on the third floor. Ask the clerk for the key when you want to go to bed. He's at supper now. As I was saying, you have to be a good judge of human nature and up to all the tricks of the crooks in order to be a first-class clerk. I was in the business fifteen years before I became a proprietor, and was never taken in once. I can tell a slick customer as fast as I can see him, and some of his kind are always around."

"That's what I've allus heard. Atween you an' here's \$200 in this envelope. I'm going to pay a feller most of it, but I guess I better leave it inter your safe till morain'. Just count it, lan'lord."

"That's correct; just \$200."

An hour later while the landlord was counting his stack of cash the "farmer" came up breathlessly. "My man's here now, an' he's got ter ketch a train. Jist ha' an' he \$15 an' take it outen th' envelope."

This was promptly done. Next morning when the cash showed the above shortage the landlord grimly charged it to himself, filled his hip pockets with guns and went looking for his rural friend who had changed envelopes while the receipt was being written.—Detroit Free Press.

The Value of Credit.

Is there anything under the sun that will fill the place of credit? I believe not. If there is I have never met with it. Cash is the only available substitute, and even that fails in many instances.

There are firms in New York that will refuse to open an account for cash with a man who has no credit; they will have no business transactions with any one who has not a current credit rating in this market. Yet those same firms will not hesitate to open an account with a man whom they find relatively well rated.

I have experienced that singular thing, a wholesale firm that refused to sell goods for cash to a merchant who had no credit rating. Reference showed that he always paid cash and neither sought nor received credit. The firm in question refused to sell him, he had no assurance of his soundness, no other testimony of his disposition to play fair other than that he paid as he went, so they positively refused to do business with him. He asked no accommodation at their hands; he wanted goods and would pay on the spot, yet they positively refused to place his name upon their books in any capacity whatever.

This only goes to show that "no record" is a bad record. The man who is not rated good is bad. Some men will persist in judging every man a rogue until he is proven honest.

Be careful of your credit; you can have no more precious possession than a good name, nor more valuable capital than a good credit rating. The practice of having your check received by your creditor the day it is due instead of sending it on that day is a trifling thing, yet it will not go unnoticed. Trifles like this supplement your rating in dollars and cents and help to stiffen it. Make no promises you cannot keep, and whether prompt or slow be as good as your word.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

DIRECT LEGISLATION.

SENTIMENT FAVORS INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM.

Subject Is Now Being Given Thoughtful Consideration—Rejection of the Gold Standard to Low Wages—Tariff Legislation Cannot Help Us.

Is Attracting Attention.

Sentiment in favor of direct legislation—the initiative and referendum—is steadily gaining ground, and as the subject is given more thoughtful consideration it has more devoted adherents.

The question has been submitted to the voters in South Dakota as a proposed constitutional amendment and will be passed on at the election next fall. It applies to municipalities, as well as State, and provides that 5 per cent. of the voters may invoke the initiative of a measure or demand that a law be referred to the people.

The Legislature of Nebraska passed a law establishing the system in cities concerning which the following particulars appear in a recent correspondence of the New York Sun. The measure is attracting widespread notice:

"The right to propose ordinances for the government of any city or municipal subdivision is vested in the voters of the city as well as the Mayor and the Council. The word 'ordinance' is defined as including also all orders, resolves, agreements, contracts, and any other measure within the powers of the legislative authorities of the city. It is provided that the proposal for legislation shall contain the full text of the ordinance proposed, and, to be mandatory, must be signed by at least 15 per cent. of the voters of the city making the same. At least ten of the persons signing the proposal shall make oath before a competent officer that they are duly qualified voters and that they believe all the other persons who signed the proposal are qualified and that the signatures are genuine. This proposal shall be filed with the City Clerk; but if 20 per cent. of the voters shall request that the ordinance proposed shall be submitted to the voters to be voted on at a special election, the Clerk shall obey their wishes and call the election. If no special election is asked for, the proposal shall be submitted to the voters of the city at the first regular election held after the expiration of thirty days from the filing of the proposal, unless the council meanwhile makes it a law. If the proposal receives a majority of the votes it shall become a law. This is the initiative.

"It is provided, for the referendum, that no ordinance for the government of any city, except as specially provided, shall go into effect until thirty days after the passage of the same. If in the interim a petition signed by at least 5 per cent. of the voters of the city is filed requesting its submission to a vote of the people, it shall be submitted. If the number of signers represents 10 per cent. of the voters, a special election shall be held within twenty days; if less than that the next regular election. Excepted from the operation of this section are all ordinances relating to the immediate preservation of public peace or health or items of appropriation for current expenses of the department of the city which do not exceed the corresponding appropriations of the preceding year, all of which must be passed by a unanimous vote.

"The Mayor and Council shall have no power to enact an ordinance which shall in any manner alter, modify, repair or render nugatory ordinances enacted by a direct vote of the people, except by a two-thirds vote, and then not until a year after enactment. The Mayor and Council have power to submit to a vote of the electors at a special or general election any ordinances they may initiate. Any one falsifying to the qualifications or signature of signers shall be fined not more than \$300 or imprisonment not more than one year. Similar punishment is to be meted out to the man who signs any proposal knowing that he is not a qualified voter. Any clerk who fails to comply with the provisions requiring his official action in submitting ordinances is liable to a fine of \$5,000. As a saving clause, however, it is provided that this act shall not become operative in any city until accepted by the voters in the manner provided for the submission of ordinances. Authority, however, is given to the Mayor and Council of any city to adopt it by a majority vote without submission."

The Legislatures of Kansas and Montana failed by a few votes to pass any direct legislation law, but in both of these as well as several other States the issue is assuming such proportions that the people will at no distant day demand of their legislators this right.

It is the first foundation principle of a government by the people, and wherever agitated it is bound to win.

Populists for Principle.

Republicans and Democrats must certainly be impressed with the earnestness and courage of the rank and file of the Populist party. The masses of the old parties never complain, no matter what their prominent officers and leaders do. Here in Missouri Gov. Stevens vetoes a bill to require the rich money-lenders to give in their property to the Assessor. Not even a whisper of a complaint from Democrats anywhere. The Missouri Legislature defeats the bill to prevent the demonization of silver by private contract. No word of complaint from the Democrats, notwithstanding the Chicago platform declared against such contracts. Other Democratic legislatures defeated similar bills. No complaint. But the rank and file of the Populist party are in the reform movement in dead earnest, and hence it is that there

is so much criticism of prominent Populists by the masses of the People's party. Let no Populist fear that this will deter men from joining us. The people who want reform will be glad to know that Populists are not meek followers of men, but brave followers of principle.—Missouri World.

Tariff Cannot Help Us.

Republican financiers pretend to have great faith that the Dingley tariff bill will prove a potent power in bringing prosperity to this country.

With a naive disregard for the teachings of history they are congratulating themselves that prosperity is waiting "just around the corner," and when the tariff bill becomes a law this land will flow with milk and honey. They refuse to investigate the true causes of business depression, and foolishly believe that by contracting the currency and enlarging the taxes they can set the wheels of industry in motion.

Let us glance a moment over the pages of recent history and see what lesson they have in them. Bradstreet gives facts and figures which show that the decline of values in this country is coincident with the decline of silver.

When the McKinley tariff went into effect in 1890 the decline in values had set in. The tariff was high, the highest ever made up to that date. Did it stop the decline in prices? When the McKinley law was passed Bradstreet's indication of values was 114.171. In three months it fell to 101.741. After nine months had elapsed it had gone down to 97.853. When an entire year had passed it stood at 95.051. In October, 1892, it had sunk to 88.574. A year later, in October, 1893, the record was 85.280, and in October, 1894, it had tumbled to 77.501.

It does not appear from these incontrovertible statistics that a high tariff brings increase of values. There can be no doubt that the tariff remedy is a quack nostrum, and the stronger the dose the weaker the patient becomes. The currency is all wrong, and that is the cause of business depression. Discrediting silver and trying to force this great nation to a gold standard are back of all this decline in values. The remedy cannot be found in high tariff, for not only history but common sense acknowledges that no nation can grow rich through taxation. Establishing the gold standard will simply make matters worse, for men cannot do business on a limited capital. The free and unlimited coinage of silver is the only thing that will bring back prosperity, restore values and set the millions of idle and suffering men in this nation once more hopefully and successfully at work.—Farm News.

Gold and Low Wages.

There are many wage-workers in the Republican party; there should not be one. Every vote cast for Republicanism is a vote for lower wages.

To demonstrate this assertion it is only necessary to quote the language of leading Republican organs. The Boston Commercial Bulletin in a recent editorial says: "It looks as though, in spite of the efforts of one great political party, wages in this country were slowly but gradually getting down to the European basis. The fall in commodity values, cheap foreign labor and the disappearance of large profits in business because of the big trusts or combinations of capital are making this decline in wages not only possible, but inevitable."

What the Bulletin says is true and the result will be as it prophesies under continued Republican rule. The single gold standard is the standard of Europe, and that is the standard which the Republicans are laboring to establish in the United States. If wage-workers want European wages and desire to be reduced to the level of European laborers they will continue to cast their votes for Republican candidates.

If, however, they desire a return to the system of a fair day's wage for a fair day's work; if they wish to be considered as men and not as machines; if they wish their children to have an opportunity to rise in the



scale of life, they will vote for men who champion a currency that will give the farmer, the merchant, the mechanic and the laborer a chance to make money and not leave that undertaking entirely in the hands of the bankers.

Which Is Patriotic?

The new tariff says that I shall pay \$2.50 tariff for the privilege of buying a knife worth \$1. Congress says I will become prosperous by paying \$2.50 for a \$1 knife. If I buy a knife like it, made in this country, I do not pay the \$2.50 to the Government, but pay it to the home monopolist, who can charge the same sum if he pleases. Now what am I to do—be patriotic and buy the home article and let the Government starve or support the Government by buying the foreign article and let the home monopolist starve? Is the man a patriot who supports the Government, or must he support a corporation to be a patriot? Darned if I know where I am at. And then, again, suppose a fellow is too poor to buy a knife at all—what is he?—Appeal to Reason.

Medical Effects of Electricity.

In a recent communication to the Societe Internationale des Electriciens concerning the therapeutic and physiological effects of high-frequency currents, Mr. d'Arsonval showed the powerful inductive effects which can be obtained with these currents. A striking experiment consists of placing three lamps in series, allowing the current to pass through the body. These currents cause no sensations, and a man placed in a circuit does not feel that he is traversed by the currents, which brilliantly illuminate the lamps. The principal results of this electrification are an augmentation of the oxidations in the organism and an increase in the production of heat. A subject who, under ordinary condition, eliminates 1.5 liter of water in twenty-four hours, after being subjected to this action, High-frequency currents do not act solely upon the surface of the body, but also profoundly upon the interior. All of these results have been obtained upon a number of subjects by Mr. Apostoll and Mr. Charria.

Mr. d'Arsonval cited, in closing, the action exercised upon microbes and bacteria by these currents. The microbes and bacilli are modified, and the toxins are killed and transformed to vaccine. Mr. d'Arsonval and Mr. Charria hope by this method to arrive at a direct treatment for the interior of the bodies of patients suffering with zymotic disease, and experiments to this end have begun.—Electrical World.

The All-Conquering Wheel.

The subjoined letter, published by the American Field, is said to be an order sent by a Kansas man to a bicycle company:

"Dear sir: I live on ml farm near Hamilton, Kas., am 57 years old and just a little sporty. My nephew in Indiana bot his old one by frate, and I've learned to ride some. His a pile of fun, but my bicycle jolts considerably. A feller come along yesterday with a bicycle that had hollow injun rubber tires stuffed with wind. He lect me try his own and ml, it run like a kushin! He told me you sell injun rubber just the same as hissen. How much will it be to fix mine up like hissen? Mine is all iron wheels. Do you punch the hollow hole thro' the injun rubber, or will I have to do it myself? How do you stiek the ends together after you got it done? If your injun rubber is already holler will it come any cheaper empty? I can get all the wind I want out here in Kansas free."

"EBERNEZER Y. JENSON.

"P. S.—How much do you charge for the doodad you stuff the wind into the rubber with and where do you start?"

The 5-cent silver piece, familiar to our fathers, was authorized by Congress April 2, 1792, and its coinage was begun the same year. Its coinage was discontinued Feb. 12, 1873.

The eye of the vulture is so constructed that it is a high-power telescope, enabling the bird to see objects at an almost incredible distance.