

IT PAYS TO DO RIGHT.

When men are pursuing a course of ill-doing... Of crime they upbraid us, how little they seek...

SUNSET.

A bright, clear streak of sunset gold... Though darkly they the sun unfold...

BAR HARBOR.

A Wild, Weird Tale of Love and Adventure.

BY AMOS LEE.

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CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

But it was conclusively proved that Oxford and his servant had actually arrived in a Parisian hotel a little after midnight on the day of the abduction.

This, to an ordinary mind, was sufficient evidence that Oxford and Rogers could have had nothing whatever to do with the affair.

But now how was it that this interesting duo, which departed from St. Malo at half-past eight in the evening, traveling direct to Paris, remaining there nearly all the following day, and then went to Havre—how was it that this same conspiracy pair also left St. Malo at eleven o'clock the same evening, as we well know, got off at Dol, went back to the village, took part in the abduction of the following day, and returned to Paris next morning? Simple enough.

Fairfax had received Nebbitt's permission to select from the quiet office of La Follet & Co. any two clerks that might suit his fancy.

To a casual observer, who took no trouble to notice them carefully, the former, by the aid of a mustache and wig, and the latter, in short side whiskers, made a very passable Oxford and valet.

The two clerks, delighted at the prospect of a frolic, went down to St. Malo under the delusion that they had been sent in disguise for the sole purpose of receiving and conveying to Paris a bundle of valuables.

The apartments engaged by Fairfax were given them, and the false Dick and Roger, with their equally false but (to them) precious bundle, returned to Paris and registered at the hotel as Richard Oxford and valet, leaving in quiet obscurity for the evening they sat work to the office of the hotel of an immediate trip to Havre and a prospective return next morning, at which time the real Oxford and servant appeared and took up the thread of affairs where the others had dropped it, leaving shortly afterwards for England.

CHAPTER XIV.

Before quitting Paris, Dick wrote perhaps the first deliberate and cold-blooded lie of his life. It was contained in a brief note to Lydia that ran thus:

"I am horrified to hear from Baudry of the abduction of the Princess Natalie. What does it mean? It is the most daring, and at the same time, most cowardly and outrageous, thing I have ever heard of. I have written my friend, Mr. Fairfax, about it, and presume my letter will reach him soon after his arrival in America. I see, by the way, that his name is in the list of passengers that sailed from Havre, via the 'Villo de Lyons,' on the 25th inst.—the very day before the abduction.

"Poor Fairfax, I hope some day he may attain his wish—to become a man of influence. His has been a peculiarly annoying and trying career. I shall often think of him far away in that quiet little village of Drifton, in Pennsylvania. Please God, we shall have him here in a year or two again, although he says not."

This digression in his letter upon the subject of Fairfax, the unselfish Richard had inserted to please his own whim. The first paragraph of the note was really Fairfax's own composition.

Oxford said he had observed his friend's

name in the list of passengers who sailed from Havre by the 'Villo de Lyons' on the 25th inst.

So, too, had Jean Louvain, the detective, for that individual, failing to make any headway in his efforts to convict Oxford and the valet, had turned his attention to Fairfax.

There it stood in clear black and white—"Arthur Fairfax, Drifton, Pennsylvania." And, what is more, one of the wharf officials said he himself had seen Mr. Fairfax on board at the last minute before the steamer's departure, and had observed him on the vessel's deck as it moved off.

(Here again the treacherous conspirator's forethought had planned to his gain. Taking the utmost advantage of Mr. Nebbitt's offer of assistance, he had made arrangements by which one of the officers of the "Nanovna" secured passage to New York from Havre, and registered as Mr. Fairfax. At New York the officer expected to meet the yacht a day or two after his own arrival there.)

Foiled again, Louvain now turned his attention to the discovery of the vessel by which the conspirators had evidently escaped. After numerous mistakes and the pursuit of false clues, he at last hit upon what he was convinced must be the right one.

"In Mr. Nebbitt's yacht, 'Nanovna,' I have found it," quoth he to himself.

But, alas, for his pains, the "Nanovna"—after Fairfax's conversation with Nebbitt—had been ordered to steam direct for the harbor of Brest on the extreme northwestern coast of France. Louvain, that part with the public announcement intention of sailing directly westward for New York, she once again, when out of sight of Brest, turned diametrically back upon her course and sailed for the island off Chateau Neuf, whence—as we have read—she proceeded to America with the abducted girl.

"So I can't prove it was the 'Nanovna,'" mused Louvain, sadly, "for there stands the opposing proof that she was far at sea, steaming to America, when the deed was committed."

He confessed himself defeated at all points. His penetration and instinct had shown him a plan, by which he believed that the Princess had been abducted. Yet, because this theory, when practically applied, failed to work, he refused to reject it. He only confessed that Fairfax had outwitted him at every step.

In a law-court it would be quite impossible to prove any thing whatever against the latter. To convict the abductors was a work of time, Louvain saw. He must wait and work in silence. He declined to accept any other theories broached with regard to the famous case, being perfectly satisfied with his own.

As soon as he came to the conclusion that it was useless to do any thing except watch and wait, fearful lest any one—Louvain, for instance—might anticipate him, he wrote a note to the Minister of Police. Upon the exterior was the direction:

"Not to be opened until the abductors of the Princess Natalie shall have been captured, being the recovery of Jean Louvain as to the abduction and the abductors."

Then followed the speculation. This, in the main, so well agreed with the reality of the case, that it could scarcely have been more accurate had Louvain himself participated in the affair.

The document closed with this paragraph: "This is the honest and bold of Jean Louvain in relation to the famous Princess Natalie abduction case, of which the arch-conspirator was Arthur Fairfax, whose cleverness has won my unbounded admiration."

CHAPTER XV.

PLAY THE FOOL, AND LEARN THE TRUTH. When Lydia and the old Marquis had concluded that nothing further could be done toward rescuing the Princess, they held a consultation with Louvain. The result of this was the unanimous decision that not only was it better, but also absolutely necessary, that the news of the affair should be kept from the public—especially from the newspapers.

To Lydia and the Marquis this seemed impossible. But Louvain assured them that if they would place the matter entirely in his hands he would guarantee that the story would soon die a natural and honorable death. With his usual cleverness and unscrupulousness in distorting the truth, he immediately circulated a report which, on the face of it, appeared so plausible and probable, so satisfactory an explanation of the extraordinary disappearance of the Princess, that all who had heard about it at once accepted it as truth, laughed at themselves for their unnecessary interest and horror, and under the supposition that the Princess was with her family at Lake Maggiore, dropped their talk and soon forgot entirely about the supposed abduction.

Natalie's family, with rare good sense, acting under the advice of the detective and Lydia, kept the secret so well that no one outside of the palace knew any thing at all of the Princess' disappearance. And soon to those who had heard of it, at all, the abduction of the Princess Natalie Radavill was a thing of the past.

This was just what Jean Louvain wanted. Not a single newspaper even referred to the supposed false report which died shortly after its birth. Louvain rejoiced.

The sound advice of the Frenchman and of Lady Lydia, the receipt of the bulletins, whose place of mailing it was impossible to even guess at—bulletins that bore the most comforting news, told in a most chatty and confidential style, which was simply impudent—altogether with a dainty note from Natalie herself—all these united to produce a waiting policy.

Natalie's missive was short. "I am allowed," she wrote, "to say that I am all well and treated quite like a Princess; although why I am a prisoner is more than I can tell."

Lydia, after recovering from the excitement naturally occasioned by her friend's disappearance, suddenly became very absent-minded and distrustful. A very unwelcome suspicion had flashed across her mind and deeply burned itself thereon. She held with Louvain another consultation so skillfully managed as not to awaken the clever

detective's suspicions. The result of this interview was the unwilling, yet almost inevitable formation of a theory upon her part—a theory that her whole heart was set upon reject' g, if possible. Still she was

forced to recognize it as so probable as well as plausible that peace of mind could never be hers until it were disproved.

Accordingly, one day she went to her chaperon and constant companion, a widowed relative, and abruptly proposed a trip to America.

"My dear, what can you be thinking off? Nobody but the Princess Louise, and the widow of such officials as are obliged to go to Canada, ever set foot in that benighted land."

"Well, my dear aunt, I am sorry to disagree with you, but I am going there, and as you surely can't tell me to go alone, too, are going," said this spoiled young woman.

The Countess looked aghast and groaned feebly. She knew well the manifold whims of her niece and the utter futility of opposing them. That young woman having taken into her head the extraordinary notion of going to America, there was really nothing to do but go.

Her aunt inquired the time of departure, supposing that, as a matter of course, it was so distant that there might be a remote possibility of her niece altering her mind meanwhile.

"In three days," answered Lydia, in a quiet, decisive tone, "I have entered my passage for our party—ourselves, maids and coadjutors—in the 'Servia.' That vessel sails from Liverpool day after to-morrow at three p. m. We must leave here early to-morrow for Craigie Castle, and the next morning for Liverpool."

The Countess, down on the nearest couch and gazed at her niece as if she considered the latter bereft of her senses. But that imperious, yet shrewd maneuverer sailed magnificently out of the room, and soon her clear, firm voice was heard issuing orders as to the disposal of her belongings.

There was no mistaking it all. The Countess was in straitened circumstances, and depended solely on Lydia's warm heart for the necessities of life, and, moreover, she simply adored the girl.

After a quiet and comforting cry, all by herself, she dried her eyes and resolved to evince his affection by gently neighing and rubbing his nose against his mistress' face. A very pretty picture indeed, thought maid Blanche and all the sailors who saw it. Forthwith "the sweet lady" ("poor soul!" said they) "be right," and her horse became objects for the devoted admiration and attention of all the crew.

Next morning they left the village, took the steamer at St. Malo for Southampton, and at six o'clock that evening were in Craigie Castle. Here they hastily set about collecting all the necessaries for a trip of several weeks or more.

Lydia had previously telegraphed her friends for letters of introduction to influential Americans. Several of these she found awaiting her.

The following day, at three o'clock, they left Liverpool in the "Servia."

As Lydia sat that evening on the vessel's deck, with the brilliant light of a full moon clear, and the twinkling waters of the Irish sea, her thoughts wandered to Natalie and then to the young American. Her heart beat faster and her cheek became flushed, as she thought of the mission she was undertaking. The question came—point-blank—to her:

"Are you doing this solely from pure love of the cause, or from unprejudiced regard for the Princess?"

And the truthful answer came fearlessly back: "No! But because, in addition, I do not wish my fears realized; I do not want to believe, or even suspect of him being guilty."

For the first time she began to appreciate the true nature of her unprejudiced regard. Had she been any one else but Lady Lydia, she would have indulged in a fit of crying and even begged the captain to halt the first returning steamer.

But she cast aside this momentary weakness, plucked up her courage and frankly confessed to herself:

"He is the only man toward whom I ever felt even an attraction. But how can I bring myself to tell my suspicions to that French detective? And yet I feel that I must satisfy myself they are groundless. And, if I do not find N. L. B. in my, at least, prove his innocence to my satisfaction."

At the same moment a yacht was silently gliding over the waters of the Atlantic, off the coast of Maine. An hour or two after midnight, it came to anchor in Frenchman's bay that washes the eastern shores of the island of Mt. Desert. It was the "Nanovna."

CHAPTER XVI.

AM I DREAMING. Perhaps three-quarters of an hour after the "Nanovna" had captured her prize, while the shores of Brittany were fast receding in the distance, the Princess regained her consciousness. She did not seem to recollect her situation immediately; but soon memory returned, and she sprang to her feet, her cheeks scarlet with indignation and her whole being quivering with anger.

She saw, seated in the adjoining room, busily occupied with some duty or other, Blanche, the maid whom the steward had secured in Paris. To her she appealed in a perfect torrent of hasty words:

"Why am I treated thus? Where am I? Who are you? Do you know who I am? I am the Princess Natalie."

"Be quiet, my dear lady. You can do nothing. You are comfortably settled in your room. Pray, calm yourself!" calmly said the woman, a strong, hoarse, red-checked widow of about forty.

Every one on the "Nanovna" was carefully informed that this young girl was Fairfax's relative, whose mind had become a little unsettled by a recent illness, and that, for the sake of greater privacy, he was conveying her to her American home on Mr. Nebbitt's yacht.

She glanced around. This was, clearly, the cabin of a steamer. She could feel the throbbing of the screw and the rattling of the boat on the waves. Yet, only ten minutes ago—at least, so it seemed to her—she had been riding among her beloved hills of Brittany, several miles from the sea-coast. She remembered the old peasant-woman, and the rude grasp from behind, the horrible sensation of choking, and then—all was blackness and a blank.

She looked again. There was the pleasant and comely-faced maid, with her honest, motherly face, bending over the table in the adjoining saloon. Here was her own cabin, adorned with all sorts of lovely pictures, and with canvas stretched ready for use, stood in the corner, and close by were paints, a palette and brushes.

A fine piano stood opposite. A song lay on the rack. Natalie started in surprise. It was, of course, again the "Addio," and—here she sprang forward to give a genuine genuine delight. Suspended by a silk ribbon and resting against the song was her lost palette knife. A note was attached to it. The envelope bore the words: "For the Princess Natalie."

She opened it and read: "Do not be afraid. You can not under-

stand. Only trust and all will be well. You will be treated as becomes a Princess. Your family has been communicated with and informed of your safety. In a few days you may expect to hear from him."

She turned to look at the wall behind her. Her surprise was complete when she recognized Lydia in the elegant portrait hanging over her head. (Lydia was a noted beauty of the English peerage, and Fairfax had found this engraving among others in a Paris art store.)

She began to experience a desire to explore her prison. Blanche made no objection when she proposed going out on deck and around the vessel.

As she was passing toward the bow, she heard a joyous exclamation, and looking towards the source, herself gave a glad cry and rushed toward a stall where stood her own Medji. Natalie was overcome with delight, and wept tears of happiness over the neck

of her beautiful horse, while Medji, in turn, evinced his affection by gently neighing and rubbing his nose against his mistress' face.

A very pretty picture indeed, thought maid Blanche and all the sailors who saw it. Forthwith "the sweet lady" ("poor soul!" said they) "be right," and her horse became objects for the devoted admiration and attention of all the crew.

CHAPTER XVII. I WILL BE YOUR MOTHER, LITTLE MAID! Ere the Princess retired for the evening, she noticed what she had not previously seen—simply because it had been hidden by a large screen—a small bed, and in it the sweetest imaginable little rosetud of a girl. Long curling lashes swept over the child's eyes, and the color in her cheeks was like the bloom on a peach. Curling locks lay around her shining and saw the face in the most charming frame it could have possessed. The little creature was so lovely in its sleep, so appealingly helpless, that the heart of Natalie went right out to it, and she stooped down and kissed the infant, watching it delightedly, all her face aglow with pleasure.

"What is its name, Blanche?" "Dolores, madameoiselle."

"But what does it here! Who are its parents?" "No one knows, my lady. It was found in an asylum in Paris. The matron says she has preserved it in the clothes and a little lock that accompanied it from ever since the child was brought there."

Here she displayed to the gaze of the newly-thoroughly-interested Natalie, a set of baby-clothes, marked by great costliness of material. A woman's handkerchief, on which was interwoven an M. and a small note in delicate hand-writing, for the only other articles in the basket besides the lock.

The note read as follows: "This is my daughter Dolores. She is well born. I am forced to part with her. All that she must learn of her mother is that my name is Marie. May the good Jesus watch her and forgive those who separate us."

On the lock were engraved the simple words "Marie from Victor," and interwoven together, were a lock of soft fine hair and one of black, rather coarse hair.

No little Dolores was without father or mother; without a local habitation, or even a correct surname; for the matron had called her, as she lay so sweetly sleeping in the basket in which they found her, Dolores, the Angel.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOMEN IN SYRIA.

The Never-Ending Round of Their Daily Duties and Drudgery. There are grand women in Arabia; women of ability; keen insight and wonderful capabilities. The duties of the wife of a Syrian to-day are as follows: She brings all the water for family use from a distant well. This is accomplished by filling immense jars and bringing them upon her head. She rises early, and goes to the hand-mill of the village, carrying corn, enough of which for the day's bread she cruds by a slow, laborious process. This she carries home and cooks in an oven, which is made in the earth. It is a round hole, lined with oval and flat stones, and is heated by a fire built in it. When the bread is mixed with water, and a little salt, she removes the ashes and plasters little pits of dough against the hot stones to cook. Could any thing be more crude?

She cares for her children—usually a large family—and does all the rough work at intervals, while the devoted (?) husband calmly smokes his "argelle," or sits cross-legged upon his divan or housetop in conversation with some equally hard-working member of Syrian society. The houses are made of a coarse stone, roughly built. The benches are of clay, covered with coarse gravel. In hot weather the sun bakes this mud-formed roof, and large cracks appear. The rain comes, and, as a natural consequence, the roof leaks.

This is something of which the fastidious inhabitant of the Bible land does not approve. It does not add to his bodily comfort. He remedies the difficulty—shall I tell you how? Not by any effort of his own; far from it; his wife comes, ascends to the housetop, and in the drenching rain prepals a roller of solid stone backward and forward, much as we use a lawn-mower. This rolls the sun-dried cracks together, and prevents the water.

These are only a few of the Syrian housewife's duties. Her reward is not in this world, surely. She can not speak to her husband in public; he can receive no caress before his friends. She goes veiled and scantly clad. She has no time to scale her limbs, for her hands must weave and spin and embroider artistically and abundantly for her husband and the male children. In winter her feet are protected only by open wooden sandals, and drops of blood mark her way to the Syrian well. This is no extraordinary thing, but by those who have repeatedly seen it, I have been informed. Of course this is among the lower and middle classes of society in Syria, but those who belong to a higher class are very, very few.—Suez Cross.

"Lower your muzzle," was the remark made by a Nashville girl to a young man who kissed her on the nose.—Detroit Free Press.

TAKE IN THE BOOM.

When the winter days begin, and the frost is setting in. And the air is damp and chilly, and minked is laid with rheum;

When the ground-box soundly snores, and pneumonia goes out doors; When the other tender plants are housed, take in the infant boom;

Foraker's distended mouth yawns against the South Sea, Shut it, shut it, Baby Benson, feel and fear the winter brume;

Hear the word that Jamey Blaine sends across the salty main, See, his big boom comes a-whizzing, beat take in your little boom.

Minkston's patron, Honest John, dreadfully is taking on. And his grim and try features are unwrapped in deepest gloom;

Mourning o'er his wretched chicks, vainly against fate he kicks, And grieves to think the time has come to house his tender boom.

Hawley, Harrison and Hoar, Allison, Everts hear the sea. Of the Blaine movement rushing like the water through a flume;

Hope and comfort gentle spring to your seething souls may bring. But, till the water's past, each one had best take in his boom!

—N. Y. Sea.

A DISASTROUS OMEN.

The Selection of Chicago as the Place to Hold the Republican Convention. At the mention of Chicago as the place where the Republican party will meet in June next, to name candidates for President and Vice-President, what a train of sad memories must be suggested to Republicans who were old enough to be active participants in political affairs in 1880.

General Grant, the great Captain credited with saving the Union, was a candidate for the nomination for President. He had been eight years President. He had just returned from foreign lands, from his voyage around the world. He had been feted and toasted by Kings and Emperors, Lords and Ladies, the proud and the powerful. Oration followed oration in rapid succession. Cannon had boomed and flags had been unfurled in his honor, and brass bands had played "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." Come he had. He was again on his native heath, and a candidate again for the highest office in the gift of his countrymen. In that august moment Blaine struck him down. How? By asserting that U. S. Grant had turned traitor to his country, and if again made President, he would destroy the Republic and upon its ruins erect an empire and establish a Grant dynasty.

Poor General Grant. He had abandoned the Democratic party when his cup of fame was full. Debauched by the corrupt Republican leaders, who wanted to use his renown—they turned him from what Ben. Harrison would call "sunlit hills of duty," to kill him in Chicago—the slaughter-pen of the world. Grant's fame culminated at Appomattox—after that there was nothing for Grant. At Chicago he met a Brutus in Blaine, and died of his wounds on Mt. McGregor. No man who reveres the memory of Grant can vote for Blaine without confessing himself a paltron, nor for any man who stood with Blaine on the occasion when Blaine and his conspirators stabbed Grant to death.

At Chicago Blaine and Sherman and Garfield murdered Grant, politically, and the wounds they inflicted hurried him to his grave—and they accomplished their work by attacking Grant's patriotism and by intimations that he was really for treason, so black, that in comparison Arnold's is white as an angel's robe—and that is what Grant received as a reward for his abandonment of the Democratic party.

But it must be remembered, and it will be remembered, that James A. Garfield became the beneficiary of Grant's political assassination at Chicago—and that with his nomination began a Republican factional fight unparalleled for its murderous fierceness. In the campaign of 1880 the Republican party sunk to the lowest depths of corruption and depravity. It triumphed, but its success was the death of Garfield. Poor Garfield, the beneficiary of Grant's political death, and the beneficiary of the crimes of Dorsey, was seated in the Presidential chair to be murdered by a Republican crank who had been warmed into life in the fires of Republican factional hate—and as he fired the fatal shot exclaimed: "Arthur is President!" And Arthur became at last the beneficiary of the Chicago fight. Grant, Garfield, Arthur and Guiteau are all dead. In 1884 Blaine was nominated at Chicago. It is needless to say that his assassination of Grant contributed to his defeat. Republicans remembered his implacable hostility to Grant at Chicago in 1880. Brilliant, but corrupt and depraved, thousands of honest Republicans would not vote for him, nor will they vote for any man who encompassed the downfall of Grant at Chicago by charging him with treason to the Republic. The selection of Chicago by the Republican bosses as the place to hold the nominating convention of the Republican party is an omen of disaster to the party—an instance in which "coming events cast their shadows before."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

SHERIDAN AND GRESHAM. Why Neither of Them Should Be Selected by Their Party. There are occasional suggestions hither and yon that Lieutenant-General Sheridan shall be the Republican candidate for the Presidency. In like manner the name of Judge Gresham is brought forward. Both are widely distinguished. Sheridan's is the more illustrious career. Gresham's is the broader and more diversified. Sheridan is essentially a soldier. From the day he entered West Point as a cadet his employment has been in the military service, through all grades of

which he has passed, until now he is in command of the army. Gresham was bred as a lawyer. He went from the bar to the battle-field, and as an officer of Indiana volunteers made an admirable record. Resuming after the war the practice of his profession, he was soon appointed to the United States District Bench for Indiana. Thence he was invited to the Cabinet of President Arthur, where he served as Postmaster-General and for a short time as Secretary of the Treasury. Like Sheridan, he was a Stalwart. Arthur embraced the opportunity offered by the retirement of Judge Drummond to appoint Gresham United States Judge for the circuit which includes Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana. Both Sheridan and Gresham enjoy, therefore, honorable life employments in the public service. Neither is rich, and both may look forward to the crowning of a life of labor with an age of ease certain that needful worldly provision is made for them. Administrations may come and go, but their tenure, unaffected by political changes, is not disturbed. General Sheridan will be retired in 1895. Judge Gresham may continue in judicial harness until the end of his days, or, if he choose, may after a certain period of service retire upon pay from the activities of his office.

Judge Gresham has the greater aptitude for political life, but neither he nor General Sheridan seems inclined to break from safe and pleasant moorings to launch upon the troubled sea of politics. There is an eminently practical side to the American character, and both Sheridan and Gresham are typical Americans. Both have seen much of the Presidency since Lincoln's day. Sheridan was an intimate of Grant, a favorite of Hayes, a companion of Arthur. Gresham had two different portfolios under one Administration and had his original judicial appointment from another. The tinsel of power deceives neither of them. They know the worry and responsibility of a post which endures for eight years at best, and then terminates absolutely the active career of the incumbent. As a Presidential candidate, General Sheridan need not resign his army commission. Such a sacrifice was not required from General Hancock. There is no precedent of a judicial officer becoming the actual nominee of a party for the Executive office; but if Gresham were a candidate, he would, probably, feel impelled to withdraw from the bench. If elected President, Sheridan's resignation of his Lieutenant-Generalship would become necessary. He could not but recall the fact that General Grant, resigning under such circumstances, was driven by subsequent needs to seek Congressional action, whereby he might be placed upon the retired list of the army, and that one of the first acts of the present Administration under the law, passed just before its advent, was to issue the commission which was a solace to the old commander in his declining days.

However great the personal popularity of Sheridan and Gresham, neither would enter the campaign with an assurance of success. Either would be presented as the leader of a forlorn hope against the rational, commonsense sentiment of the country. Neither ought to be sacrificed in such a contest. Logan, who in his own way possessed no little sagacity, foresaw and in his last illness declared that the chance of a Republican candidate in 1888 would necessarily be slender.

Under the leadership of Blaine National Republican ascendancy was lost. Whatever perils of personal reputation, whatever trials of personal temper or health, whatever sacrifices of personal fortune are to be made in the attempt to regain it ought justly fall upon Blaine himself. The heat and burden of the next campaign ought to fall upon him.—Chicago Herald.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS. —The Boston Transcript speaks of Governor Foraker, of Ohio, as "the end man of politics." This is doubtless because he plays on the bones of dead issues.—Quincy Journal.

—Blaine's plea for tobacco is the tenderest thing of the kind on record since the ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives pleaded with Mulligan to return his letters.—St. Louis Republican.

—Those Republican Presidential candidates whose activity has been renewed by the President's message should remember Chauncey M. Depew's remark, that the man who neglects regular business to nurse a Presidential boom is a "monumental idiot."—Boston Globe.

—Will the gentlemen who urge Mr. Lamar's great age as an objection to his confirmation as a Justice of the Supreme Court kindly remember that, as Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Lamar was not too old to wrest 23,000,000 acres of land from the railroads and restore it to the public domain.—Chicago Herald.

—This year's political contest is not going to be any child's play. It is true that Mr. Cleveland will enter the contest with the sympathies of the masses in his support; but it also must be remembered that Mr. Blaine goes into the fight with all the wealth and power and influence of the monopolies at his back. They are playing for big stakes, and if they lose this time they lose forever. They have the advantage of superb organization backed by unlimited wealth. They are in the last ditch and will make a desperate struggle to recover lost ground. Such, in brief, is an outline of the situation in 1892.—St. Paul Globe.



THE COUNTESS STARED IN SURPRISE.