THE JOURNAL

LUCIAN SWIFT, MANAGER. | J. S. McLAIN, EDITOR.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL.

One month	$0.55
Three months	1.00
Saturday Eve. edition, 20 to 26 pages	1.50

Delivered by Carrier.

One week	8 cents
One month	35 cents

All papers are continued until an explicit order is received for discontinuance, and until all arrearages are paid.

THE JOURNAL is published every evening, except Sunday, at 47-49 Fourth Street South, Journal Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mgr. General Advr. M. LEE STARKE. { New York Office, Tribune Building. Chicago Office, Tribune Building.

W. W. JERMANE, Representative. { Washington Office, 45 Post Building.

AN INVITATION is extended to all to visit the Press Room, which is the finest in the west. The battery of presses consists of three four-deck Goss Presses, with a total capacity of 144,000 eight-page Journals an hour, printed, folded and counted. The best time to call is from 3:15 to 4:30 p. m. Inquire at the business office and be directed to the visitors' gallery, of the Press Room.

The Minneapolis Journal from January 1st to June 1st, 1903, carried 73 per cent more advertising than the daily Tribune.

The Minneapolis Journal from January 1st to June 1st, 1903, carried 74 per cent more want advertising than the daily Tribune.

The Minneapolis Journal from January 1st to June 1st, 1903, carried 9 per cent more advertising than the Sunday and Daily Tribune combined.

The Minneapolis Journal out of 6,651 residences canvassed, had 5,347 subscribers—the Evening Tribune 1,392—the Morning Tribune 804.

The Minneapolis Journal in 84 apartment and flat buildings canvassed, had 1,263 subscribers—the Evening Tribune 189, and the Morning Tribune 180.

Swelling Commerce.

The department of commerce discloses some very interesting figures as to our export and import trade for the last fiscal year, showing the enormous aggregate of $2,445,610,417, as compared with $2,310,937,156 in 1900, in which the largest previous record was made. Imports were larger than in any previous year's record, aggregating $1,025,619,127—an increase of 18.4 per cent during the past decade, while in the same period exports have increased 67.5 per cent.

The increase in imports has been specially noticeable during the past few years, and the fact seems to have made some of the organs of extreme protection nervous and apprehensive lest the tariff wall be in need of repairs. But a large proportion of the imports seems to have consisted of manufacturers' materials; at least 50 per cent of the whole were articles in a crude condition and articles wholly or partly manufactured for use in the manufactures and mechanic arts. About 35 per cent of these materials have paid duty, the duty on raw materials being a handicap on our manufactures. Under our tariff system or revenue laws, a drawback or rebate is allowed on the customs duties paid on imported materials used in the manufacture of goods exported. This drawback is a very positive advantage to our commerce; a direct benefit to our manufacturing interests. The drawback law provides for a rebate of 99 per cent on the regular duty, but it requires that the imported materials entering into exported articles must be surely identified. This is practically impossible in industries where the process of manufacture is too intricate for the positive identification of the imported material used. Thus many manufacturers are unable to reap the benefits of the drawback of 99 per cent, and the bill introduced during the last session of congress by Mr. Lovering provided that positive identification should not be required in cases where the manufacturing process is too intricate to reach such identification, provided that material of the same value is shown to have entered into the exported article. Last year over a million dollars' worth of manufacturers' materials was imported each day, and the drawbacks on imported raw or partly manufactured material entering into the manufacture of exported goods have ranged from $2,388,000 in 1898 to between $5,000,000 and $6,000,000 in 1900 and 1902. Tin plate has had drawback advantage for the last twenty years and more, while drawback is allowed on raw sugar, hides, burlaps, lead, alcohol, lead or lead ore.

It was shown, at the last session of congress, that the difficulty of identifying materials imported, which enter into the manufacture of goods exported, has placed many manufacturers at a disadvantage. The matter presents a case of unjust discrimination which should be removed. It has been argued that the government cannot afford to increase the remission of duties to the extent of 99 per cent on more manufacturers' material imported, and that there is danger of giving the rebate advantage to manufacturers who take advantage of the law simply to get their material practically duty free, and can buy the same material in this country from home producers. The drawback system, in its present form, was a feature of the McKinley tariff of 1890. Extreme and moderate protectionists voted for that tariff. The drawback device is practically tariff reduction. It is reduction which would come with reciprocity treaties. The protected manufacturers recognize drawbacks as of genuine advantage to themselves. It means tariff reduction of 99 per cent. What inconsistency for sugar manufacturers, for instance, who get drawbacks on raw sugar used in their exported goods amounting to 99 per cent, to howl dismally over a little reduction of 25 per cent on Cuban sugar!

And now all of Pierpont Morgan's millions and his own unshaken financial position can not save him from the humiliation of being called a "has-been."

A Justifiable Course.

The Journal's Washington correspondent gave a most interesting account yesterday of the whys and wherefores of the federal government's course in building the first national irrigation works in Salt River valley, Arizona, where all the land to be benefited has long since passed from public to private ownership.

A great row has been made over this decision, and it has undeniably given the anti-irrigationists an excellent opportunity to discredit national assistance to irrigation. It has been whispered, hinted and charged that the choice of the Salt river project was a "deal," and that after all the care that has been taken to confine the benefits of public irrigation to the actual settler and keep them from the speculator, the very first work undertaken by the government is to be of great assistance to the speculators.

The government thought it was wise to assist settlers having a hard and losing struggle to hold what they had gained from the desert, before it began to "make" land for new settlers. Because of lack of storage reservoirs and proper regulation of the water, the Salt river country was going backward. Where 60,000 acres has been under irrigation, less than half of that area is now supplied with sufficient water.

Our correspondent's letter makes it perfectly plain that the government is doing all it can to equalize conditions as much as possible and reduce unearned profits of land-holders to a minimum. The government money will not go to enrich any man with a bonanza farm, for he must cut it up and sell it in 160-acre lots within the next four years or there will be no water for any of his land. But more than that, the government, by virtue of its proprietorship of the water, insists that the large holdings must be sold at reasonable prices.

It must be remembered that all of the money the government expends in this irrigation work is to be repaid to it within ten years. The net result in the Salt river valley will be that by reason of government assistance, tho without ultimate cost to the government, the irrigated area of the valley will be increased from 30,000 to 200,000 acres, with an actual settler owner and tiller of the soil on every "quarter," the same having been secured by him thru Uncle Sam's intervention, at a reasonable price.

If Lake Harriet must be lowered, the ice men know how it can be done, else their experience on Calhoun and Cedar lakes goes for nothing.

The Lake Harriet Level.

Mr. Warren H. Manning, landscape designer, recommends that the level of Lake Harriet be lowered two or three feet.

Mr. Manning's recommendation is sure to have one immediate effect, that of evoking a loud roar of opposition. After the vehement protest has been made, the public can sit down by itself and think the proposition over.

Mr. Manning is a practical man and an expert in his line. It is not, therefore, believable that he would recommend the lowering of the lake's level if he thought it would detract in any way from the beauty and attractiveness of Lake Harriet and its surroundings. He gives his reasons plainly for the course he recommends. More room is needed between the lake and the car tracks. The lowering of the lake will add a strip to the ground area, besides making it possible to reclaim cheaply two swamps which are needed for play grounds.

On the other hand Lake Harriet is none too large now. To take two or three feet from the depth of its water will very considerably decrease the size of the lake, advancing the shore line in places as much as fifty feet or more. Such a beautiful lake is too rare a gift to a city to be impaired in size or depth unless there are objects to be gained which are unquestionably of greater value than the loss suffered thru the diminution of the lake.

If it is absolutely necessary to have more space in the neighborhood of the pavilion, it might be better to fill in the lake at that point and drain the swamps in some other way than by gravitation to the lowered lake level than to lower the lake and cause a recession of the shore line where there is no call for more land area.

Brander Matthews declares in the August Harper's that the most obvious defect of the English language is its barbarous and unscientific orthography. Why doesn't Mr. Matthews lend a hand and follow the example of the National Educational Association and The Journal, and begin to revise that orthography in his daily use of the language?

Still They Come.

The railways estimate that already this year 130,000 settlers have passed thru the twin city gateway to the American and Canadian Northwests. It is estimated that 85,000 settled in the United States and 45,000 in Canada. Of those who remained in the republic, Idaho and Washington got about 45,000; Montana, 20,000, and North Dakota and Minnesota 20,000.

South Dakota and northern Wisconsin settlers do not pass thru Minneapolis and St. Paul in such numbers as to make these cities a gateway of importance, there being more direct routes from the old homes of the settlers to their new ones. But it must not be forgotten that once in South Dakota and Wisconsin the new population is largely tributary to these cities. Northern Wisconsin and South Dakota together have probably received 20,000 new people this year.

When the new comers get as far away as Washington they are largely out of our territory, but at the least the population movement of this year has brought 65,000 people into our commercial territory, without mentioning those who went into Canada, who, tho not so valuable to us as if they had stopped on this side of the line, will continue to buy American goods in large quantities.

It is interesting to observe that the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railway companies think that the population movement is smaller this year than last because of the increase in the price of lands, and that they are beginning to think that it would have been better for them to have retailed their own lands, instead of wholesaling them to land companies, who have wholesaled again, in many cases, so that two or three profits sometimes come out of the last purchaser, the actual settler. Possibly, however, if self interest had not enlisted an army of keen and energetic men in getting settlers to come to the northwest, the movement would not have been kept so large during the past four or five years as it has been.

There seems to be a tendency to make the Miller question a political one, and there are threats that President Roosevelt will have to face organized labor arrayed in hostile ranks at the next election. Nothing will come of this talk. The proposition is too plain. The union of 80,000,000 of the people controls government affairs, not the bookbinders' union, and the rule of the big union will have to prevail when they conflict with those of the small one's. A labor union can no more set aside laws than a Sunday school can. There is no analogy between the Miller affair and a question between a private employer and his employes as to a conflict between union rules and those the employer prefers.

And even in Norway they are complaining of the new-fangled public schools. Is, after all, the bulk of the adverse criticism of the schools nothing but the ages-old dissatisfaction of the elder generation with the younger, based on that never-discredited belief in the good old times. If the elder generation were to be believed, mankind has steadily degenerated from Adam to the latest baby, and every improvement of the new generation has been viewed by the elder as a device of satan.

The Hartford Telegram regards Charles A. Towne as the Moses of the democratic party, the leader favored of fate, the young man eloquent who will one day with his democratic myrmidons behind him, scramble over the battlements of national administration. How would President Charles A. Towne sound? And if Mr. Towne ever should be president, it would be exceedingly difficult to account for his defeats in the old sixth Minnesota district.

The Brooklyn Eagle calls for a wilderness. Well, there is Cook county, Minnesota, and the Canadian country north from there to the Arctic ocean. But, seriously, the Eagle's demand for a wilderness is echoed by many people. Would it not be good business for Minnesota to maintain some of its wilderness indefinitely. The north shore of Lake Superior is bound to be one of the nation's breathing spots in the near future.

With so many people now declaring that they were not in the Danville mob, the wonder grows as to where it came from. We suspect a little lying, but it is a good sign.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK

Don't Lower Lake Harriet.

To the Editor of The Journal.

Allow me to protest against what to me seems a piece of vandalism under the name of art—the proposal to lower Lake Harriet. No expert or technical knowledge can relieve him who suggests it from the charge of folly. If the park board need more space, let it use some of the many acres it now has, but let the beautiful lake be spared.

—Charles J. Tryon.

Minneapolis, July 30.

The Reckless Automobilist.

To the Editor of The Journal.

I have read with much interest an article in your Monday edition, "The Boy Chauffer," and while it is undoubtedly a dangerous pratice to allow children to operate these machines on public thorofares, yet the greatest menace to public safety is the "racing fiend," who drives his machine along streets and boulevards at a speed far in excess of what should be allowed, and unless some prompt and vigorous action is taken by the proper authorities to stop this growing evil, serious accident if not loss of life is bound to result.

Only a few evenings ago, two of these large machines were racing down Lake street at better than a three-minute clip and at Nicollet avenue collision with an electric car was only averted by the smallest possible margin, yet on clearing the crossing the "pin-head" drivers once more pulled the levers wide open and raced on down the street as far as the eye could follow them.

This is by no means a rare or exceptional case, and it has reached a point where the majority of these drivers seem to think that the "toot" of their horn should at once insure them right-of-way regardless of conditions or the rights of others.

I find that both our city and park police will very promptly stop the person who drives a horse over a crossing at even a moderate pace, yet they never to my knowledge, make the slightest attempt to stop the automobile which comes tearing along at terrific speed.

Have not the people who drive and walk, some privileges which even the automobile driver should respect? If they have, is it not about time for the proper authorities to wake up to the fact, or do they prefer to wait for an inquest to bring out the true state of affairs?

—A Reader.

AN IMPERIALIST DREAM

St. Cloud Journal-Press.

Frank Day has a pleasant official chart all figured out for C. A. Towne: First mayor of New York, then member of congress for two terms, later governor of New York, and finally president of the United States. By that time there will probably be a merger of nations, and Charley will then be in line for czar of America, Europe, Asia and Africa, with the rest of the world as dependencies. To make it pleasant all around, we insist that Frank shall be understudy to the czar—with C. A. given permanent vacation.

MODEST REDWOOD

Redwood Falls Gazette.

Are we "going some" this year? Well, we guess so. Where is there another city in the state, even with ten times the population of Redwood Falls, that can boast of a fine free public bath house and system, a public park system that will compare favorably with the finest in the state, a boating system and all other things that go to make up a town? There simply isn't such a city in the state.

BETTER SPARE RIDICULE

Renville Record.

Jim Hill is certainly a great man, an able man, and has played a great part in building up the northwest, but that doesn't make the merger any better public policy. The people don't trust him or believe in the merger and a campaign for the governorship built on derision of Governor Van Sant's attitude toward Hill and his pet consolidation scheme, will not carry far. A continuation of such tactics will mean a third term for Van Sant, for which there is no crying necessity.

NOT GOING TO THE BAD

Bismarck Palladium.

We have no sympathy with the man who says the world is going to the bad. We think he is bilious. It may be he knows more of evil than his father did, but if he does, he should also know better how to avoid it. Anyway, how would one know what is good if he saw no evil?

Books and Authors

MUST MAINTAIN ERUDITION.

The Chicago Tribune calls attention to three erudite publications issued from the press of the University of Chicago, recently, on "Invariants of Differential Quantities," "Equilibrium in Aqueous Solutions of Carbonates" and "The Commentariorum Petitionis Attributed to Quintus Cicero." It is surprising to find that a newspaper published in Chicago, where is located a great university in which Dr. Harper and his faculties are laboring so strenuously to enlighten the minds of a large aggregation of students, should be disposed to treat evidence of progress in the abstruse topics mentioned with something which resembles undue levity. It cannot be expected that in a great institution of learning the scholastic learning shall abandon its distinctive terminology and be brought within the sure comprehension of the average user of the English language. The interests of deep learning require that deep subjects shall be discussed in abstruse terms. It won't do to make reading too easy for students. It is no wonder, therefore, that the bulletins of the University of Chicago are constructed for persons who have strong ambitions to be pundits. The University of Wisconsin issues equally interesting bulletins, as its neighbor. In its philology and literary series that institution recently issued "Eine Litterarhistorische Studie" on Schiller's "Einfluss Auf Grillparzer," and "The Time Element in the Orestean Geology." Indeed, what would be the great advantage of a university if modern thought was articulate in words of two or three syllables and within the comprehension of youngsters? What use would be all the thousands of polysyllabic words with which the competing dictionary makers of the day pack their enormous dictionaries?

NEW BOOKS.

THE MAN WITH THE WOODEN FACE. By Mrs. Fred Reynolds. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co., No. 36 E Twenty-first street. Price $1.25.

The author has seen fit to call her heroine, the Little Teacher, and the other characters introduced, including the hero, are designated by peculiarities, as the hero is known as "The Man With the Wooden Face." The "Little Teacher," who was left an orphan when a young girl, emerged from school to teach music to children, the rudiments of music for a living, and she stuck to it for twenty years without a day off; had no beaus; never was in love; had no friends in big London. After twenty years of sedulous, soul-breaking drilling of infants on suffering pianos, the Little Teacher drew a prize in a guessing contest and resolved to break life's dull monotony by taking an outing. She went to a Welsh summer resort and was happy, for she had not seen natural beauty since a child. Her full aesthetic nature awoke in great bounds to intense enjoyment. She met a man at Pen-y-guyn, whom she called, in her playfulness, "The Man-with-the-Wooden-Face." He was not otherwise "woodeny" and the Little Teacher one day discovered a new and happy feeling dawning in her heart, to which she had been a stranger. There was an opening of a closed bud. She was in love for the first time. The story of the next few weeks was almost tragical. Little Teacher loved the man who had come into her life, but it did not bother her at once that he might not be in love with her. The "Man-with-the-Wooden-Face" became aware of her love. She flushed up beautifully when he talked to her. He said nothing. After awhile, he admitted it to himself and began to be less attentive to her and finally, after kissing her twice (she had never been kissed before by mortal man) he told her he loved her but could not marry her. Then the dear little thing went to a deep pool in the woods to drown herself, but thought better of it and returned to London and resumed her uninteresting work with the juveniles and the piano. The "Wooden-Faced" really loved the "Little Teacher" by this time. He had denied to her the charge that he had a wife and had told her that a vow had been placed upon him not to marry. The Little Teacher was killing herself with five-finger exercises, when one day the color came back to her cheeks, for the "Wooden-Faced-Man" had been released from his vow. "Wooden-Face" is not a very admirable character. Most readers will no doubt think that he had no business paying lover's attentions to "Little Teacher" when he knew he was under a solemn vow. Some will question his conscientiousness as to keeping the vow. Certain it is that the lovely, little teacher will somehow get deep into the hearts of most readers, who will be very glad that, after all her sufferings, the pool remained without a tragedy and her heart, which hungered for love, received love in its fulness.

THE MAGAZINES

McClure's is an extraordinarily good story number. It is attractive from beginning to end in text and illustration. There is a thrilling account of a steamboat race on the upper Mississippi by Willis Gibson with spirited illustrations. "Murnane and the Illinois" shows the terrible pluck of the river men. Doane Robinson shows in "A Side Light on the Sioux" that stories of the Sioux uprising of 1862 have not been exhausted. A very lively tale is "The Girl at Duke's," by James Weber Linn, and Stewart Edward White tells one of his ripe "Blazed Trail" stories called "The Foreman," and nobody can possibly skip "Colonel Lumpkin's Campaign," by John McAuley Palmer. And there are many other good ones, and Lincoln Steffens' excellent paper on Jacob Riis is something which people will read if they miss their dinners.

What to Eat has a kindly and timely paper by that good man, Dr. Felix Oswald, on "Traveling Temptations." There is real humor in "Mammy Jinny's Experience at Cooking School," and there are dashes of humor in many contributions not intended to be humorous. The "Pure Food Symposium" is immensely useful, if a trifle dull, but it is really satisfactory to turn from it to the refectory of delicious salads and new formulas for preparing corn and tomatoes in tempting ways. Some clever suggestions can be found even in the description of a Hungarian dinner.

KICKERS HAVE A VALUE

New Ulm Review.

Many of the papers thruout the state find time and space to make notice of kickers who complain about their papers, when in truth the papers have no license to make such a complaint. A kicker is the best friend a newspaper has, and if an editor knows he is giving his readers value received for their money he will have no reason to complain. Too many papers in the state are in the kindergarten stage and their editors, who should command the respect and esteem of the community, are looked upon as boys having a newspaper plant as a plaything. When you see a newspaper kicking because it is not supported, it is evidence that the field is too small or the proprietor is unworthy.

FILLS ALL REQUIREMENTS

Madison, S. D., Outlook.

Among northwestern daily papers, perhaps none is showing the progress and substantial improvement, almost daily, as is The Minneapolis Journal. Its news department is far-reaching and covers its field thoroly, the editorial department ranks with the best in clearness of thought and conciseness of expression, the markets and commercial department are exhaustively handled, there is always a good continued story, and the Nonpareil Man keeps the readers in good humor with the world generally in his department on the editorial page. Altogether, there is perhaps no journal that reaches Madison, covering the newspaper wants of the community more fully than The Journal.

THE NONPAREIL MAN

Integer Vitae.

(Translation from Horace, Book I. Ode xxii.)

Fuscus, the man whose life is pure
And free from crime may live secure;
No Moorish darts nor bow he needs,
No quiver stored with venom'd reeds.

Whether on Afric's burning sands,
Or in Jim's old book shop he stands,
Or where with legend-haunted tide
The waters of Hydaspes glide.

In Eddie Brooks' book shop becalmed
I roamed light-hearted and unarmed,
Holding my Lalage in thought,
The book I wanted stayed unbought.

Set me on lifeless deserts where
No tree is fanned by summer air.
Place me up on First avenue
With only Raymer's shop in view.

Set me in houseless realms afar
Beneath the sun's too neighboring car.
E'en there sweet-smiling Lalage,
Sweet-speaking maid, beloved, shall be.

Casually Observed.

The cyclone that we longed for never came.

The flying machine doesn't seem to be rooting around in the Zodiac yet.

Owing to the boldness of certain sports at Mapleton, Governor Van Sant was obliged to place a ban on dog fights, declaring that there must be no dog fighting in the state. The Benson Monitor states that none of the canines in that locality have taken the slightest notice of the governor's decree, but insist on fighting whenever they meet if they feel so disposed—a clear case of lese majeste.

An interesting letter written from Chicago by a Boston lady to the Transcript of that town about the Emerson symposium at the Chicago Fortnightly club develops some amusing and instructive things in the line of reminiscences. It is surprising to find how many Chicago women met Emerson in their youth and how little they recalled of his talk. The only points to be gathered about Emerson from them was that he smiled and smiled without saying much of anything; that his table manners were irreproachable, and that he always said good morning to the children on the street. After agreeing in a general way on these and similar things, the ladies, as a rule, trailed off to various side issues, like a detailed description of the dresses they wore on the great day when they met Emerson, anecdotes about Alcott and their favorite quotations and "things that have influenced me." One lady had been to the Sedgwick school at Lenox and told more about that than about Emerson. In fact, the seer's personality seemed so vague that it was constantly eluding them. Doubtless this is strong testimony to Emerson's impersonality. "The soul knows no persons" was one of his striking bits of insight. Caught up into the vision of principles, such deciduous things as personalities were seen by him to be limitations that were in the process of passing away. We often say of a person, "What a delightful personality he has." It would probably be nearer the truth to say, "What a delightful impersonality." The more a man suppresses self, the more delightful we find him because the nearer he comes to absolute truth, beauty and goodness. Who can find much lovableness in the self—ish man?

"The soul knows no persons."

"Why callest thou me good. There is none good but the One."

"I can of mine own self do nothing. Whatsoever the son seeth the Father do, that doeth the son also."

These are all wonderful testimonies to the impersonality of the true man.

While hanging around the other day "in Jim's Place," an enticing old book store on Washington avenue, where a man sometimes meets his financial Waterloo when he least expects it, the proprietor of the shop, in a confident and brazen manner, dragged out from under the counter two moldy and shelf-worn volumes, whose appearance gave the writer a severe case of the twitters. They were bound in full calf, old American style, and plainly showed the rubbings and wear of over 100 years. They were rare early Americana indeed! It was a set more precious than silver to the collector, printed, as they were, in New Hampshire in 1797. The title pages read as follows;

The Algerine Captive, or the Life and Adventures of Doctor Updike Underhill, Six Years a Prisoner Among the Algerines.

Printed at Walpole, Newhampshire, By David Carlisle, Jun., and Sold at His Bookstore. 1797.

In this rare work, Doctor Underhill told of meeting Doctor Benjamin Franklyn and other celebrities of his time. He also threw a clear light upon the horrors of the African slave trade as practiced at that age.

In one of the earlier chapters Doctor Underhill quoted a document that had come down to him from one of his ancestors back as far as 1650.

I was particularly interested in the case of Mistress Miriam Wilbore, wife of Samuel Wilbore, a "valne ladie" who was "dealt with" by the authorities for going to church "in a pair of openworkt gloves slit at the thumbs and fingers for the purpose of taking snuff." I quote a few words of the document telling of the inquiry previous to the "dealing with":

Master Cotton observed, for what end should these vaine openings be but for ye intent of taking filthy snuff; and he quoted Gregory Nazianzen upon good works. Master Peters said that these openings were Satan's port holes of fiery temptation.

Mistress Miriam offered in excuse of her vaine attire that she was newle married and appeared in her bridal arraye.

Master Peters said that marriage was ye occasion that ye Devil took to cast his fiery darts and lay ye pit falls of temptation. She is to be further dealt with. Oh, my beloved, how these proud pharisees labor about ye minte and ye cummine.

When I had read thus far I was seized with a mighty desire to possess the books. The following conversation took place:

Me—How much do you want for these two old boys?

Jim—O, I don't know. How much'll you give?

"What are they worth?"

"O, I don't know; $25 maybe. You can't tell. I know a lot of fellers that will water at the mouth when they see them."

"Well, I'll give you a dollar apiece. I don't know what they're worth."

"I wouldn't let 'em go go under $5 nohow. I know a fellow who is collecting on slavery who would unloosen $5 the minute he saw 'em."

Of course this settled it, and the scenes that ensued were, first, the very painful one, analogous to the taking off of a refractory porous plaster, of me separating a five-dollar bill from my roll, and, second, the more cheerful one, of me dragging off the books in great solace and contentment of mind.

Over the Border

A Stirring Story of the English Parliamentary War

By ROBERT BARR

(Copyrighted, 1903, by Robert Barr.)

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

Tension.

And all his preparations were as naught, because of this midnight spectre moving upon him! She changed her direction and, with her former stealth, came ghost-like to the edge of the couch.

His doublet was open at the throat; that was so much to the good. Like a snowflake in its coldness and its lightness, her hand stole down underneath his vest, fluttered by the slow, steady subdued beating of his heart, running no such wild race as her own at that moment. It seemed incredible that at last her fingers closed on the parchment, but there it lay, and gently she drew it forth. Was the robbery to be so easily accomplished after all?" Ah! she had congratulated herself too soon. It had stuck fast; either the silken cord that bound it was caught, or the document was secured to the vest, a contingency she had never thought of, and yet, what more natural? Twice she tugged it gently, then a third time more strenuously, when it came unexpectedly away and her knuckles struck the sleeper under the chin. Instantly, like the snap of a steel trap, his fingers closed upon her wrist, and his voice rang out wideawake and clear as ever he had spoken to her:

"Frances!"

Now the racing heart stopped dead. Lucky for her that at this supreme moment all action was impossible, and that she was stricken into frozen marble. She thought he was awake and knew her, and then the cold horror of her situation numbed thought at its source. "Frances!" The voice came more sleepily this time, and he repeated thrice very rapidly, "Frances! Frances! Frances!" Feebly her heart had taken up its work again. She was not to die as she had thought. Sodden with drowsiness his voice rambled on, and came to an indefinite conclusion.

"My darling, you are in danger. We must get out of Oxford. Everything, every—your safety, my dear. The king——" Then the words became indistinct and died away, but alas! the grip of iron remained on her wrist. For a long time she stood there motionless, and tried to disengage his fingers gently, but at the first movement the grasp tightened again. One o'clock struck. He slept so silently that it began to appear to her agitated brain that she was a prisoner of the dead. She came near to sinking from very weariness. Two o'clock tolled from the tower. Sometimes she fancied she slept standing there, but her five jailers did not sleep. She kept wondering in which direction lay the open door, for at times the room seemed to swim around her, thus disturbing all sense of locality. She almost laughed aloud when she thought of herself free, but groping helplessly for the open door, failing to find it, and she shuddered that even the remembrance of laughter should come to her at such a time; surely a sign of approaching frenzy. Then it seemed the fingers loosened, but hand and wrist had lost all feeling and she could not be sure. She tottered and nearly fell. When she stood upright again she was free, he muttering to himself and his hand slashing undirected on the mattress, as if it missed something it sought drunkenly to recover. The girl could scarce repress a cry of joy at her release. She moved eagerly in the path that should lead her to the door but, hurrying to much, came upon his jack-boots on the floor and fell helplessly, so overwrought that even when her feet touched them she could not draw back.

"Who's there? Who's in this room?" cried Armstrong. She was standing again, fully expecting to hear his feet on the floor, but the bell struck 3 and he counted dreamily, and all was still again. When she reached her room she closed and barred the door as silently as she had opened it. The tension relaxed, she felt she was going to swoon. Blindly she groped for her shoes, murmuring, "Oh, God, not yet; not yet. Give me a moment more."

Finding her footgear at last, she dared not wait to put them on, but stole softly down the stair, steadying herself against the wall.

The cool air outside struck her like the blessing of God and soothed her whirling head. She heard a horse champing his bit, then a whisper came out of the darkness:

"Is that you at last, madame?"

"Yes," she said, sinking on the doorstep and leaning her head against the linten, the cold stone grateful to her hot forehead.

"You are not hurt, madame?" inquired the man, anxiously.

"No, no," she gasped; then, with an eldrich little laugh, "I want to put on my shoes, that's all."

CHAPTER XIX.

Acquaintance.

Either the moon had set or lay behind a cloud, for the night was very dark, with no trace of morning yet visible in the east. Frances buckled on her shoes and stood up. The innkeeper led forward his horse, and would doubtless have proffered his assistance, but when she spoke he learned she was already in the saddle.

"Set me on the road to Broughton, if you please."

"The word for to-night is 'Broughton,'" he whispered, then took the horse by the bridle and led him down the street. The girl became aware that the town was alive with unseen men, for at every corner the innkeeper breathed the word "Broughton" to some one who had challenged his progress. She realized then that Cromwell had surrounded Armstrong with a ring of flesh, a living clasp, as her own wrist had been circled earlier in the night. At last they came suddenly from the shadow of the houses into the open country, and the night seemed lighter.

"Straight on for about a league," said the innkeeper. "You will be challenged by a sentinel before you reach the castle, and he will lead you there. Remember that the word going and returning is 'Broughton.' Do not forget, I beg of you, to tell the general that all preparations were made to your liking," and with that the honest man let go the rein, smote the horse on the flank, and bade her good-night.

In spite of herself, the girl experienced that exhilaration which comes of the morning air, the freshness of the country and the movement of a spirited horse. She breathed deeply and felt as one brought newly to life again. If it were not for her upbraiding conscience and her distress of mind, she could have sung for the joy of living. But the biblical phrase "A thief in the night" haunted her and brought a choking sensation to her throat. Once or twice she wavered and almost turned back, for there was still time to undo; but reflection showed her the uselessness of retreat, for the town was man-environed, and, until Cromwell gave the word of release, Armstrong could no more reach its outer boundary than she could have escaped when his fingers closed upon his wrist. Her sacrifice must be complete, or all she loved were involved in common ruin. So, with the phrase ringing in her ears, "Thief in the night," "Thief in the night," thru the night she galloped, until her horse suddenly placed his forefeet rigid and came to a stop so abrupt that the shock nearly unseated her.

"Who goes?" came the sharp challenge from under the trees that overshadowed the highway.

"Broughton," she answered automatically.

"Are you the woman from Banbury?"

"Yes."

"This is Broughton castle. I will lead your horse."

They descended a slight depression and came to a drawbridge, passed under an arch in the wall, then across a level lawn, on the further edge of which stood the broad eastern front of the castle, with its numerous mullioned windows, a mysterious half light in the horizon playing on the blank panes, which recalled the staring open eyes of a blind man. The house seemed high and somber, with no sign of light within. The sentinel beat against the door, and it was opened at once. Muffled as had been the knocking on the oak, it awoke the alert general, for when Frances had dismounted and followed her guide into the ample hall, Cromwell stood at the head of the stair, a candle in his hand. Less mindful of his comfort than Armstrong, he had evidently slept in his boots, and as Frances looked up at him, his strong face seemed older than when she last saw him, altho but a few days had passed. The swaying flame of the candle, held on a level with his head, made the shadows come and go on his rugged features and emphasized the deep furrows in his face. His hair was towsled, and he had the upkempt appearance of a man who had slept in his clothes. But his eyes burned down upon her, as if their fire had never been extinguished even for a moment.

"Come up," he commanded, and as she ascended the stair cried impatiently, "Well."

"There is the king's commission," she said quietly, presenting the document to him. He took it without a word, turned and entered the room; she followed him. He placed the candle on a table, did not take the time to untie the silken cord that bound the royal communication, but ripped it asunder and spread open the crinkling parchment, holding it up to the light. He read it thru to the end, then cast it contemptuously on the table, muttering;

"Charles Rex. A wreck you have made of life and opportunity and country." Then to the girl: "Wench, you have done well. Would you were a man."

"The pardon for my brother, sir, if it please you."

"It is ready, and the commission as captain also. You see I trusted you."

"So did another, and thru his faith he now lies undone in Banbury."

"You have not killed him?" cried Cromwell sharply, looking with something almost like alarm at the uncanny apparition. All beauty had deserted her, and her face seemed pinched and small, white as the parchment on the table, and rendered unearthly in its hue by the mass of cavern-black hair that surrounded it.

"Killed him, no. But I have killed his faith in woman, cozened him, lied to him, robbed him, to buy from you, with the name of your Maker on your lips, a life that you know was not forfeited, but which you had the power to destroy."

"Ah, yes, yes, yes. I remember your tongue of old, but it may wag harmless now for all of me. His life WAS forfeited; aye, and this Scot's as well. But no matter now."

He threw before her the pardon for her brother and his commission as captain, then strode out of the room to the head of the stair again, and she heard his strenuous voice:

"Hobson!"

"Here, Excellency."

"Ride at once to the commandant at Banbury. Tell him the Scot goes free. Tell him to send word north and see that he is not molested, but should he turn in his tracks and attempt to reach Oxford again, hold him and send word to me."

"Yes, Excellency."

"Send up a stoup of wine."

He waited at the stair-head until the wine was brought, then took it into the room and placed it on the table beside her.

"Drink," he said.

"I cannot," she cried.

"Drink, drink," he shouted in a voice so harsh that it made her tremble. She lifted the flagon to her lips, and barely sipped the liquid.

"Drink," he roared, bringing his clenched fist down on the oaken table with a force that made the very room quiver. The word had all the brutal coarseness of an oath, and it beat down her weak resolution as the storm levels the sapling. She drank deep, then let the flagon drop, raised hands to face and burst into a helpless wail of weeping. Cromwell's face softened, now that he was obeyed, and he looked at the passion-swayed human flower with the air of a puzzled man. Then the huge hand patted her heaving shoulders with some attempt at gentleness.

"There, there," he said, in tones not unkindly, "do not distress yourself. You are a brave wench, and the wine will do you good, tho you take it as it were a chemist's draught. I meant no harshness toward you; indeed, you remind me of my own daughter, who thinks her father criminal and will shout for this foolish king in my very ears. Aye, and is as ready with the tears as any one of you, to the bewilderment of straight-going folk. I have a young daughter who is your namesake, and I love her well. You will rest here in Broughton."

"No, no," sobbed the girl. "I must at once to Banbury. Give me, I beg of you, a pass for my servant to the county of Durham. I would send him on to my brother without delay, so that your release may reach him as soon as may be."

"But you? You do not purpose traveling further with this Scot?"

"I have done the crime; I must not shirk the punishment."

"Tut, tut, that is woman's talk. There is no punishment. He dare not place a hand on you. You may have an escort of twenty men, who will see you safe for all the Scots that ever depredated their neighbors."

The girl dolefully shook her head.

"My punishment will take the shape of no harshness from him. It will come to me when I see his face, knowing me a thief in the night. This punishment is with me now and will be with me always."

"Woman, I do not like your bearing, touching what you have done. You did your duty by your country, God aiding you. Neither do I like your attitude towards this meddler in affairs of state. What is your relationship to him?"

"Merely that of the highwayman towards his victim."

"Sharp words again; hollow sounding brass, and the tinkling of cymbals. I ask you if there has been any foolish talk between you?"

"If 'twere so, 'tis not an affair of state, and I shall follow the example of General Cromwell and allow no meddlers in it."

A wry smile came to the lips of her questioner, and he remarked dryly: "I told you the wine would do you good."

He sat down by the table and wrote the pass for John, the servant, tying the three papers together with the discarded silk cord that had wrapped the parchment of the king. Giving her the package, he accompanied her to the head of the stair, and stood there while she descended. He did not offer her his hand, nor say any word of farewell. They needed now no candle, for the early daylight was coming thru the broad eastern window. Half way down the stair she turned, and looked up at him.

"The innkeeper at Banbury did everything that was possible for a man to do in aiding me."

Cromwell made no comment on this piece of information, standing there as if he were a carven wooden statue, part of the decoration of the hall. She completed her descent, passed outside without looking back, and mounted the horse which a soldier was holding for her. The birds were twittering in the trees, and the still water of the moat lay like molten silver in the new light. She rode up the acclivity, then galloped for Banbury, reaching the town before any one was astir. The streets were entirely deserted, Cromwell's command having cleared them, and the invisible guards of a few hours before, whom the magic password stilled, seemed as nonexistent as if they had been phantoms of a vision.

The sleepy innkeeper received the horse, and she crept up the stair of Old John's room and knocked upon it until he responded. She gave him his pass, and the two documents for her brother, and told him to set off for Durham as soon as he got his breakfast, making what haste he could to Warburton Park. He was to tell her brother that she was well and would follow shortly. Then she went to her room, threw herself on the bed, dressed as she was, and, certain she would never enjoy innocent sleep again, slept instantly.

To be continued to-morrow.

Defective Page