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CHAPTER IV.

The Secret of the Runic Ring.

The room that Godfrey Rothwell was accustomed to call his study was a small and cozy apartment, well furnished with books; while here and there were many ornaments betraying the taste of Beatrice, for the room was jointly occupied by brother and sister. They loved to be together, and while Godfrey studied his medical tomes, Beatrice's fingers would be busy with sewing or embroidery.

On this particular evening the presence of Idris caused both study and needlework to be suspended. He had whetted the curiosity of his entertainers by affirming that his coming to Ormsby had something to do with the search for his father; he was, in fact, following a clue.

His hearers pressed for enlightenment.

"Let us sit around the fire, and I will explain my meaning."

Drawing a comfortable arm-chair to the hearth Beatrice composed herself for what she felt was about to be an interesting disclosure.

"Among the papers," Idris began, "handed to me on my eighteenth birthday by my mother's executors was a piece of vellum with runic letters upon it. Though eleven years had passed I immediately recognized these characters as being identical with those engraved on the ring of Odin. My mother had had the forethought to make a copy of the inscription."

Here Idris paused, reading a question in Beatrice's eyes.

"Have you the transcript with you?" she asked. "It will be interesting to look at, though we do not understand it."

Idris produced from his pocket book a scrap of vellum inscribed with four lines of tiny runic letters.

"And these are runes?" said Beatrice, looking at them attentively. "They are very like the characters on the bugle that hangs within the porch of Ravenhall."

"Precisely," said Godfrey, "inasmuch as that is an old Norse drinking horn. But we are interrupting Idris' story."

"The sight of this inscription naturally interested me," continued Idris, "and I resolved to make an attempt at its decipherment, in the hope that it might cast a ray of light upon the mystery of Duchesne's murder, for I have always held to the belief that he was assassinated for the sake of the altar ring. With this view I procured the services of a professor eminent for his knowledge of Norse antiquities, and under his tuition I began the study of runology.

"I was soon able to read all the letters of the inscription, and to pronounce what I supposed were syllables and words; but syllables and words would not yield any sense. And here and there came a juxtaposition of consonants quite unpronounceable. To add to the difficulty, there were no spaces to show where one word ended and another began. All the characters were equally close together and seemed to form one long word. I did my best to break the inscription up into its component parts, but failed. I could not distinguish one familiar term. Either the language was not old Norse or the professor had taught me wrongly."

"Why did you not lay the inscription before the professor," asked Beatrice, "and get him to decipher it for you?"

"Because I did not wish any one to know the secret till I myself had first ascertained its value. In the belief that it might be written in some language other than old Norse I made incursions, not very deep, I fear, into Danish, Frisian, Icelandic and other northern dialects, but failed to identify the inscription with any one of these tongues.

"At last, in despair, I cast aside the caution I had hitherto exercised, and placed the writing before my tutor; but, eminent runologist as he was, he could extract no meaning from it.

"Anxious to begin the search for my father, I parted from the Norse professor; but yet, amid all my wanderings through Europe, I never quite gave up the hope of being able to decipher the inscription.

"Now, a few weeks ago it occurred to me that the art of secret writing may have been practiced in Norse times just as in our own. Hitherto, following modern usage, I had always read the inscription from left to right; why not from right to left, as ancient Hebrew is read? I tried the course, but it made me no wiser.

"However, the cryptographic idea grew upon me, and was not to be shaken off. As you perceive, it is a four-line inscription; I therefore read downward, combining the letters in the first line with those directly beneath in the second, third and fourth lines, but with no success. I read upward; disappointment was still my lot. I tried the plan of omitting every alternate letter. I seemed as far off as ever."

"But you succeeded in the end," said Beatrice.

"Yes. By playing at random with the letters I hit upon the key to the decipherment. Observe this character," continued Idris, pointing to one in the first line, shaped thus: *. It is called Hagl, and corresponds to our H. As it is slightly larger than the other letters, I had come to regard it as the initial one in the series, and the sequel proved that I was correct. Beginning with this Hagl, I omitted the three following letters, taking the fifth which corresponds to our i."

"That gives us H-i," said Beatrice.

"Just so. Passing over the next three characters we come to the equivalent of our l."

"H-i-l," said Beatrice.

"Proceeding in this way I add two more letters, and the result is a woman's name, as common in Norse days as in our own."

"You mean Hilda?"

"Precisely. Hilda is the first word of the inscription. Light had dawned at last. I had discovered the key to the writing, and it is this: Every fourth letter is to be treated as if in immediate sequence.

"I instantly marked off the characters into sets of four. By taking out the first letter in each quartet and placing them in consecutive order, I found the result was an intelligible sentence. By treating the second letter of each quartet in like manner the sentence was continued; and so with the third and fourth letters. There could be no doubt about it. I had mastered the secret of Odin's ring.

"And what is the secret?" said Beatrice breathlessly.

Idris could not avoid smiling at her eagerness. It was pleasant to have so fair and interested a listener.

"Impulsive Beatrice!" said Godfrey. "Idris may wish to keep the secret to himself."

"It will be very unfair, then, after having excited our curiosity," she retorted.

"You shall have the secret," said Idris; "though you will probably be as much disappointed with it as I was. There is nothing very startling in it. It does not relate to Odin and the gods of Valhalla, but to an old Viking and a buried treasure. This is my rendering of the Norse runes engraved on the broad perimeter of the ancient altar ring."

And here Idris drew forth a second piece of vellum, and read from it as follows:

"'Hilda, the Alruna, to her son, Magnus of Deira, greeting.—Within the lofty tomb of thy sire Orm, the Golden, wilt thou find the treasure won by his high arm. The noontide shadow of the oft-carried throne will be to thee for a sign. And may the fires of the Asas guard thy heritage for thee.—Farewell.'"

"That," continued Idris, after a pause, "is the secret of Odin's ring; and though, as I have said, I was disappointed at first, yet in course of time I began to think that the knowledge I had acquired might furnish me with a clue—a very faint one, it is true—toward discovering my father."

"I fail to see how," observed Godfrey.

"In this way. Captain Rochefort, who was instrumental in effecting my father's escape, possessed—so I have learned—a copy of this runic inscription. Now, let us suppose that he and my father turned their attention to its decipherment, and, like myself, succeeded. Let us further grant that they had reasons for believing that the old Viking's treasure still existed in the spot where it was originally placed. Allowing these premises, what is the conclusion?"

"That they would endeavor to possess themselves of this treasure."

"Just so. They would try to find the Viking's tomb. Therefore, if I, too, could hit upon the place—"

"I understand. You might come upon some trace of your father."

"That is my meaning. I admit that it is a very slender thread upon which to hang my hopes, but it is all that is left me. To find the burial place of Orm the Golden became my next object, a somewhat difficult feat, seeing that he is a person who has altogether escaped the historian's pen. However, I have succeeded."

"What!" exclaimed Godfrey, incredulously. "You have discovered the burial place of this unknown Viking, who, granting the reality of his existence, must have lived at least a thousand years ago?" And on receiving a nod of affirmation, he asked, "How did you accomplish it? 'Within the lofty tomb of thy sire Orm, the Golden,'" continued he, reading from Idris' translation of the inscription, "'wilt thou find the treasure, won by his high arm.' There is nothing here to indicate the site of this 'lofty tomb.'"

"There is just a hint. Magnus, the Viking's son, is said to be 'of Deira.' I infer, therefore, that the father Orm was likewise of Deira; that in Deira he lived, in Deira he died, and in Deira he was buried. 'Look for the tomb in Deira,' became my watchword."

"Deira," said Beatrice quickly. "Is not Deira the ancient name for this part of the country?"

"Yes," Godfrey answered, "and it is rather a wide area for our friend Idris to explore, seeing that the name included all the country from the Tyne to the Humber, and from the Pennines to the sea."

"True," assented Idris; "but we may narrow the area of our search considerably. These old Vikings had such love for the sea that they were usually buried within sound of the breakers. We shall not err, therefore, if we confine our attention to the seaboard only of Deira."

"Even then you will have a coast line of more than one hundred miles to explore."

"A glance at an ordnance map will help us to fix the site."

"In what way?"

"Thus. I take it that Orm the Viking, being master of much wealth, as is clear from the words on the ring, would build for himself a dwelling or castle by the sea. Around the abode of their chief the vassals and dependants would fix theirs, thus forming the nucleus of a town. Now, what name would such a place be likely to take?"

"My dear Idris," said Godfrey, protestingly, "how can I tell?—or you, either?" he added.

"Well, like most town names of Norse origin it would probably end in the syllable by."

"I will grant you that much—no more."

"You cannot see at what I am aiming?"

"I am completely in the dark."

"Receive a ray of light, then. Don't you think that if this Orm built a town, that town would bear his name?"

"Surely you are not alluding to Ormsby?"

"But I am. This town must have received its name from some one called Orm, and it is my belief that this Orm was none other than the Viking who figures on the runic ring. In the neighborhood of this town, then, we must look for the 'lofty tomb' of my Norse warrior. Now, four miles to the north of us, there is, so local guide books say, a lonely valley called Ravensdale, containing—"

"Containing," Beatrice broke in, excitedly, "containing a rounded, artificial hillock, over fifty feet high, and known by the name of Ormfell."

"Ah! I see you know it," smiled Idris. "Yes, Ormfell, or Orm's Hill, is the spot where I shall find the bones of the ancient Viking."

"And do you really intend," asked Beatrice, "to bore your way to the heart of that hillock in order to see what it contains?"

"Such is the purpose thas has brought me to Ormsby, my object being to discover whether this tumulus exhibits traces of having been recently opened. It may be that in the sepulchral chamber within the hillock I shall light upon something that will afford a clue toward discovering my father. It may be a handkerchief merely, a discarded lantern, a tool, a matchbox, a button or some other article trifling in itself, but which a skilled detective will know how to employ in tracing the man he wants. I may come even upon a pocket book or a letter unwittingly dropped—who can tell? Ormfell is my last hope. Fanciful as it may appear to you, Godfrey, something seems to whisper to me that the interior of that tumulus will furnish me with the means of lifting the veil that has so long shrouded my father's fate."

There was in Idris' manner a confidence which his hearers did not like to quell by the expression of cold doubt, though they considered his expectation fanciful in the extreme.

"Do you intend to obtain the earl's sanction to make your excavations?" asked Beatrice. "Ormfell stands on the Ravengar lands, you know."

"Humph! if I should ask for permission I may meet with a refusal. In such circumstances, therefore, I feel myself justified in committing a bold trespass."

"Well, if you should be caught, Mr. Breakspear," said Beatrice with a blush, "I will intercede for you with Lord Ormsby, for I believe I am rather a favorite of his."

Idris tendered her his thanks. He had almost forgotten that the pretty maiden sitting beside him might one day be the inheritrix of Ravenhall and owner of those very lands the proprietary rights of which he was preparing to set at naught.

"But," continued Beatrice, "if you are not going to apply for the earl's permission, how do you intend to escape observation?"

"By conducting my operations in the dead of night."

"Break into a Viking's tomb in the dead of night! What a weird idea!"

"I shall not be the first who has so acted, Miss Ravengar."

"You will not object to my help, I presume?" Godfrey remarked.

"On the contrary, I shall be glad of it."

"I am half disposed to join in this romantic business myself," said Beatrice with a smile. "How interesting if you should discover the treasure!"

"We are not very likely to discover treasure that was secreted a thousand years ago," commented Godfrey.

"And yet," said Idris, "many sepulchral barrows, opened in our day, are found to contain treasure—coins, drinking horns, armor and the like."

"True; but in this case you forget that the words on the runic ring were an express invitation to Orm's son—what was his name, Magnus?—to possess himself of the treasure. He would not leave much for posterity to glean."

"Yes, if he received his mother's ring; but how if it miscarried? Hilda evidently lived far away from her son Magnus, else why should she have engraved her communication on metal when she could more easily have delivered it viva voce and face to face? The messenger intrusted with the ring may have gone astray. Traveling was a difficult matter in Norse times, and many perils beset the wayfarer, especially a wayfarer who carried anything worth stealing. Or consider this point, that though Magnus was capable of understanding the runic riddle—otherwise his mother would not have adopted such a mode of communication—yet it does not follow that his son or successor was equally skilled. Supposing, then, that Magnus was dead when the messenger arrived with the ring, there may have been no one in Deira capable of interpreting the message. The ring might thus retain its secret, and the hillock its treasure, down to our own time."

"Possible, but not probable," smiled Godfrey.

Beatrice's eyes rested upon the vellum containing Idris' translation of the runic inscription.

"'The fires of the Asas guard thy heritage for thee!'" she read. "What does that mean?"

"The Asas were the old Norse gods, who were supposed to dart forth flames upon any one venturing to disturb the sleep of the dead."

"Then beware, Mr. Breakspear," she said playfully, "for you are going the very way to evoke their wrath. 'The noontide shadow of the oft-carried throne will be to thee for a sign.' How do you interpret that?"

"I wish I could answer you, Miss Ravengar. That sentence is an enigma I've never been able to solve. It is my intention to pay a visit to Ormfell at noon tomorrow, when an inspection of the hillock may perhaps throw some light on the matter."

Soon afterward Beatrice retired for the night, but it was a long time before sleep came to her. She lay awake, thinking of Idris, and of the passionate look that came into his eyes at the sight of the beautiful Lorelie Riviere.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

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Sideboard	$15.00	$11.50
Sideboard	$26.00	$17.75
Sideboard	$23.00	$19.00
Sideboard	$27.00	$21.75
Sideboard	$33.00	$27.00
Sideboard	$39.00	$33.75
Sideboard	$36.00	$30.50
Sideboard	$43.00	$35.00
Sideboard	$60.00	$53.50
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Chiffonier	$8.50	$6.45
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Chiffonier with hat box	$15.00	$12.25
Chiffonier	$26.50	$19.50
Chiffonier	$31.50	$24.00
Chiffonier	$26.00	$19.50
Chiffonier	$24.00	$20.90

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Oak Bureaus	$13.00	$9.00
Oak Bureaus	$14.00	$9.65
Oak Bureaus	$17.50	$12.95
Oak Bureaus	$19.50	$14.35
Oak Bureaus	$21.00	$15.65
Oak Bureaus	$22.00	$15.00
Mahogany Bureau	$30.00	$24.00
Mahogany Bureau	$37.50	$28.50
Mahogany Bureau (Inlaid)	$90.00	$72.50
Mahogany Bureau	$130.00	$104.00
Maple Bureau	$32.00	$24.00
Maple Bureau	$30.00	$22.50
Maple Bureau	$32.00	$26.75
Maple Bureau	$43.00	$38.00
Birch Bureau	$30.00	$22.50
Birch Bureau	$60.00	$50.00

Cheval Dressers.

	Worth.	Sale price.
Maple Dresser	$42.00	$36.50
Birch Dresser	$27.00	$20.00

Bed Room Suites.

	Worth.	Sale price.
Bureau	$33.00	$24.00
Chiffonier	$33.00	$23.00
Toilet Table	$25.00	$18.50
Bureau	$54.00	$42.00
Chiffonier	$50.00	$39.00
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2 pairs	$3.75	$2.60
2 pairs	$2.75	$1.75

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4 pairs	$4.25	$3.00
3 pairs	$4.50	$3.00
4 pairs	$7.75	$6.00
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2 pairs	$6.00	$4.75
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3 pairs	$5.50	$4.50
3 pairs	$6.00	$4.50

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3 yards	$3.75	$2.00
5 yards	$3.00	$2.00
15 yards	$1.50	$1.00
15 yards	$3.25	$2.25
15 yards	$3.00	$1.50
15 yards	$2.50	$1.75
15 yards	$1.50	$1.00
25 yards	$1.75	$1.00
50 yards	$0.75	$0.50

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1 pair	$5.00	$3.50
1 pair	$5.50	$3.50
1 pair	$7.50	$4.00
1 pair	$6.75	$5.00
1 pair	$4.50	$3.00
1½ pairs	$8.00	$6.00
1 pair	$7.50	$5.50
2 pairs	$6.50	$5.00
1 pair	$12.50	$9.00
1 pair	$11.00	$8.00
1 pair	$9.00	$7.00
1 pair	$16.00	$12.00

RED PORTIERES.

	Worth.	Sale Price.
1 pair	$7.50	$5.00
2 pairs	$9.00	$6.50
1 pair	$9.75	$7.00
1 pair	$9.00	$6.50
1 pair	$14.00	$10.00

ROSE PORTIERES.

	Worth.	Sale Price.
1 pair	$7.50	$5.50
2 pairs	$4.50	$3.00
1½ pairs	$4.50	$3.00
2 pairs	$8.00	$5.00
1 pair	$9.00	$6.50
3 pairs	$6.00	$4.00
1 pair	$6.00	$4.00
1 pair	$4.50	$3.00
2 pairs	$4.00	$2.50
1 pair	$12.00	$8.50
1 pair	$13.50	$9.50
1 pair	$18.00	$12.50
1 pair	$22.50	$15.00

Tapestry Table Covers.

	Worth.	To Close.
1 6-4	$4.50	$3.00
4 8-4	$6.50	$3.00
1 8-4	$12.00	$8.00
5 8-4	$6.50	$2.50
6 10-4	$7.75	$3.00

Cretonnes.

	Worth.	To Close.
43 yards	18c.	10c.
25 yards	45c.	20c.
15 yards	25c.	10c.
25 yards	25c.	10c.
50 yards	30c.	15c.
75 yds. 40c. & 50c.	15c. & 25c.	
25 yards	25c.	15c.
15 yards	$1.00	25c.

W. B. MOSES & SONS, F St., Cor. 11th.

SHIP TRUST SUITS IN OCTOBER.

More Unwritten History to Be Divulged Before Election.

A dispatch from New York last night says: Concurrently with the reopening of the courts in this county and also in Saratoga and Orange counties more unwritten chapters in the history of the United States Shipbuilding Company scandal are to be recited. Out of the multiplicity of suits precipitated by the collapse of that $80,000,000 enterprise several are still alive. Three of these are about to be pushed into the open.

Unexpected developments have just occurred in the suit brought by the new directors of the Commonwealth Trust Company (successor to the Trust Company of the Republic) against the old firm of Harris, Gates & Co. in connection with the so-called "flim-flam" loan of $750,000 to the Trust Company of the Republic by the banking and brokerage firm at the time the $9,000,000 of shipbuilding underwriting was attempted. Since the firm of Harris, Gates & Co. dissolved last spring some of the former members have sought to withdraw their answer to that suit. They have just alleged that if any such loan was effected it was without the knowledge, direction or consent of the firm per se, and now these men protest against being held responsible for any liabilities thereunder.

The suit brought in behalf of Charles H. Kavanaugh, a wealthy knit goods manufacturer of Waterford, N. Y., against the former directors of the Trust Company of the Republic to compel them to pay into the trust company's treasury an amount equal to the depreciation in the value of the company's stock through alleged official negligence in entangling the trust company with the shipbuilding bubble is in the hands of Senator Brackett and will be brought in Saratoga county next month, as was the first Kavanaugh suit, which was settled by the repayment of most of the sum alleged to have been sunk by Mr. Kavanaugh in his investment in the first-mortgage bonds of the United States Shipbuilding Company.

This suit closely resembles receivership actions brought against the directors and stockholders of a national bank, which have uniformly resulted in judgments against such defendants if they have not paid up an assessment sufficient to restore a bank to its original affluence.

The defendants in this suit comprise a notable group of financiers, most of whom have not heretofore been connected directly with litigation growing out of the ill-starred shipbuilding scheme.

New Quartermaster Storehouse.

Quartermaster General Humphrey has leased the premises on 20th street near M street owned by Mr. Chris Heurich, for use as a quartermaster's storehouse. The building on the grounds contains 26,000 square feet of space, and will be used for the storage of medical field supplies and miscellaneous military stores.

ARE POLITICAL TWINS

WATSON'S DESIGNATION OF RIVALS FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

Fails to See Any Difference in Their Principles—Prefers Roosevelt to Parker.

A dispatch from Paducah, Ky., last night says: The people's campaign in Kentucky has been opened, Thomas W. Watson, candidate for President, delivering the principal address. The occasion was the convention at which J. H. Lackey was nominated for Congress in the first district.

Mr. Watson said in part:

Mr. Watson's Address.

"The national campaign is now in its third month and no democratic expert in political chemistry has yet been able to discover wherein the fluid called Rooseveltism differs from the liquid called Parkerism. So far as I can see, the nominees of the two old parties are defending the same line of battle, but Parker is the harder to hit because he dodges better than Roosevelt. You can locate Theodore, and you can bombard him with a stationary siege gun, but you want a flying battery when you go after Alton B. Trained for twenty years in the school of Dave Hill, it would be a marvel, indeed, if the favorite pupil did not somewhat resemble the maser who taught him. In April, 1904, W. J. Bryan hired a hall in Chicago for the express purpose of telling the American people what a fraud the New York democratic platform was, and what 'an artful dodger' was Alton B. Parker. If Mr. Bryan will now compare that fraudulent New York platform with his 'artful dodger's' speech of acceptance, and point out wherein the two essentially differ, he will once more compel us all to bow down in admiration to the ingenuity and resourcefulness of his remarkable intellect.

"On the question of imperialism I defy any man to point out, in plain English, the exact difference, in principle or policy, between Roosevelt and Parker.

"Take the question of the tariff, the trusts, government by injunction, there is no difference which any mortal man can boil down to a clear-cut contract. Theodore speaks in one set of words, and Alton B. in another, but each of them reaches the same camping ground, and each tries to spread his blanket on the same spot.

No Issue on Banking Question.

"What is the difference between the twins on the subject of the national banks? Just this—the republicans have always openly favored them and voted for them. The democrats declared against them in 1892 and in 1896 and in 1900. The national platforms and campaign books of the democratic party rang with denunciation of national banks, and were full of pledges in favor of state banks of issue. Yet the 10 per cent prohibitory tax on state banks was never repealed, and the democrats in Congress joined hands with the republicans to renew the charters of the national banks in 1902.

"How about the labor question? Is there any difference between the two on that? If so, state it; and state it plainly. In their national platform for 1892 the democratic party expressly pledged itself against 'child labor' in factories. Fifteen years was the age limit fixed. Yet all over the south, where the democratic party is supreme, 'child labor' is as fixed as African slavery ever was. Children under fifteen, under fourteen, under twelve and sometimes under ten slave their little lives out amid pestilential vapors and brutalizing conditions which are a shame and a scandal to Georgia, South Carolina and other democratic states. In spite of all the efforts of the labor leaders in those states, they have been utterly unable to get the democratic party to respect their platform pledge in behalf of the helpless boys and girls of the south.

Parker on the Income Tax.

"What about the income tax? That is a subject of vast importance. It is not 'a minor matter' which may be waived 'for the sake of harmony,' as Alton B. told the editors at Esopus. If Alton B. were called upon to suddenly name a more important matter than a graduated income tax he might have to get Olney to come to Rosemount again before he could answer. How do republicans and democrats stand on this issue? They are both opposed to the tax. They joined hands to repeal it right after the civil war; they united to defeat its reenactment in 1878.

The Negro Question.

"But they contend that there is a difference between Roosevelt and Parker on the negro question. Has Parker stated what it is? Time is passing swiftly now, and, so far as I know, Parker has not defined the difference between himself and Roosevelt on the negro question. He is the man to do it—not irresponsible editors and spellbinders.

"The dear old south has been swindled and hoodooed on this negro question so long that I, for one, would feel like hugging Alton B. Parker if he will but lift the embargo on his tongue and tell us wherein he differs from Theodore on this African riddle.

"Did he believe in Bryan and in free silver? He does not say so. He voted that way to be regular—did this favorite pupil of Dave. He now leaves silver and comes over to gold. Does he believe in gold more sincerely than he did in silver? He does not say so. Not once, so far as I know, has he said what his own conviction is upon the money question. Possibly he has no convictions upon that subject. Certainly he has not stated them. Yet the question is about as close up to him as it can get.

Parker and the Gold Standard.

"Why doesn't he declare that the gold standard is right if he wants gold standard votes? Why not be frank and honest? To save my life, I cannot see hom a firm believer in the gold standard could vote for Parker, any more than I can understand how those who oppose that standard can support him. He abandoned the Bryan democrats without saying they were wrong, and he has gone over to the gold democrats without saying that they are right. Such political morality could only have been learned in the school of Dave Hill.

Democratic Secret Promises.

"What has been promised the Standard Oil Company that its New York agent, Pat McCarren, should have given the greater part of his time for two years to the Parker campaign? What has been promised to Belmont that he should have been so active in personal work and so lavish in financing the Parker campaign during the last two years? What do these greedy corporation hordes expect from Parker? Are they doing this simply for health and pleasure, or is it a matter of business with them? These corporations would not be so eager for Parker's election if Parker had not made similar pledges to those which Cleveland made in 1892. We know what they will get if Roosevelt is elected. What will they get if Parker is elected? We know what they got under Harrison. We know what they got under Cleveland. In the name of