out the gray trousers and the black vest and examined them closely.

"What did he wear to protect these?" he asked.

"Why, he wore overalls!" I said at once. As I spoke I remembered seeing father go around the path to the yard with those blue overalls drawn up high under his arms.

"Where are they?"

"Weren't they in the kitchen closet?"

"No."

We looked again, however, in the kitchen closet; we searched the shed thoroughly. The cat came in through her little door as we stood there and brushed around our feet. Mr. Dix stooped and stroked her. Then he went quickly to the door, beside which her little entrance was arranged, unhooked it and stepped out. I was following him, but he motioned me back.

"None of my boarding mistress' windows command us," he said, "but she might come to her back door."

I watched him. He passed slowly along the little winding footpath which skirted the rear of our house and extended faintly through the grassy field to the rear of Phoebe Dole's. He stopped, searched a clump of sweetbriar, went on to an old well and stopped there. The well has been dry for many a year and was choked up with stones and rubbish. Some boards are laid over it and a big stone or two to keep them in place.

Mr. Dix, glancing across at Phoebe Dole's back door, went down on his knees, rolled the stones away, then removed the boards and peered down the well. He stretched far over the brink and reached down. He made many efforts; then he got up and came to me and asked me to get for him an umbrella with a crooked handle or something that he could hook into clothing.

I brought my own umbrella, the silver handle of which formed an exact hook. He went back to the well, knelt again, thrust in the umbrella and drew up easily enough what he had been fishing for. Then he came, bringing it to me.

"Don't faint," he said, and took hold of my arm. I gasped when I saw what he had—my father's blue overalls, all stained and splotched with blood!

I looked at them; then at him.

"Don't faint," he said again. "We're on the right track. This is where the button came from; see?" He pointed to one of the straps of the overalls and the button was gone. Some white thread clung to it. Another black metal button was sewed on roughly with the same white thread that I had found on the button in my box of clues.

"What does it mean?" I gasped out. My brain reeled.

"You shall know soon," he said. He looked at his watch. Then he laid down the ghastly bundle he carried. "It has puzzled you to know how the murderer went in and out, and yet kept the doors locked, has it not?" he said.

"Yes."

"Well, I am going out now. Hook that door after me."

He went out, still carrying my umbrella. I hooked the door. Presently I saw the lid of the cat's door lifted and his hand and arm thrust through. He curved his arm up toward the hook, but it came short by half a foot. Then he withdrew his arm and thrust in my silver-handled umbrella. He reached the door-hook easily enough with that.

Then he hooked it again. That was not so easy—he had to work a long time. Finally he accomplished it, unhooked the door again, and came in.

"That was how?" I said.

"No, it was not," he returned. "No human being, fresh from such a deed, could have used such patience as that to fasten the door after him. Please hang your arm down by your side."

I obeyed. I looked at my arm, then at his own.

"Have you a tape measure?" he asked.

I brought one out of my workbasket. He measured his arm, then mine, and then the distance from the cat's door to the hook.

"I have two tasks for you today and tomorrow," he said. "I shall come here very little. Find all your father's old letters and read them. Find a man or woman in this town whose arm is six inches longer than yours. Now I must go home, or my boarding mistress will get curious."

He went through the house to the front door, looked all ways to be sure no eyes were upon him, made three strides down

"DON'T FAINT," HE SAID AGAIN.

the yard, and was pacing soberly up the street with his cyclopedia under his arm.

I made myself a cup of coffee; then I went about obeying his instructions. I read old letters all the forenoon; I found packages in trunks in the garret—there were quantities in father's desk. I have selected several to submit to Mr. Dix. One of them treats of an old episode in father's youth, which must have years since ceased to interest him. It was concealed after his favorite fashion—tacked under the bottom of his desk. It was written forty years ago by Maria Woods—two years before my father's marriage—and it was a refusal of an offer of his hand. It was written in the stilted fashion of the day; it might have been copied from a "complete letter writer."

My father must have loved Maria Woods as dearly as I love Henry to keep that letter so carefully all these years. I thought he cared for my mother. He seemed as fond of her as other men of their wives, although I did use to wonder if Henry and I would ever get to be quite so much accustomed to each other.

Maria Woods must have been as beautiful as an angel when she was a girl. Mother was not pretty— she was stout, too, and awkward, and I suppose people would have called her rather slow and dull. But she was a good woman and tried to do her duty.

Tuesday evening.—This evening was my first opportunity to obey the second of Mr. Dix's orders. It seemed to me the best way to compare the average length of arms was to go to prayer meeting. I could not go about the town with my tape measure and demand of people that they should hold out their arms. Nobody knows how I dreaded to go to that meeting, but I went, and I looked not at my neighbors' cold, altered faces, but at their arms.

I discovered what Mr. Dix wished me to, but the discovery can avail nothing, and it is one he could have made himself. Phoebe Dole's arm is fully seven inches longer than mine. I never noticed it before, but she has an almost abnormally long arm. But why should Phoebe Dole have unhooked that door?

She made a prayer—a beautiful prayer. It comforted even me a little—she spoke of the tenderness of God in all the troubles of life, and how it never failed us.

When we were all going out I heard several persons speak of Mr. Dix and his Biblical cyclopedia. They decided that he was a theological student, book canvassing to defray the expenses of his education.

Maria Woods was not at the meeting. Several asked Phoebe how she was, and she replied, "Not very well."

It was very late. I thought Mr. Dix might be over tonight, but he has not been here.

Wednesday.—I can scarcely believe what I am about to write. Our investigations seem all to point to one person, and that person—it is incredible! I will not believe it. Mr. Dix came as before, at dawn. He reported, and I reported. I showed Maria Woods' letter. He said he had driven to Acton and found that the jeweler there had engraved the last date in the ring about six weeks ago.

"I don't want to seem rough, but your father was going to get married again," said Mr. Dix.

"I never knew him to go near any woman since mother died," I protested.

"Nevertheless he had made arrangements to be married," persisted Mr. Dix.

"Who was the woman?"

He pointed to the letter in my hand.

"Maria Woods?"

He nodded.

I stood looking at him—dazed. Such a possibility had never entered my head.

He produced an envelope from his pocket and took out a little card with blue and brown threads neatly wound upon it. "Let me see those threads you found," he said.

I got the box and we compared them. He had a number of pieces of blue sewing silk and brown woolen ravelings, and they matched mine exactly. "Where did you find them?" I asked.

"In my boarding mistress' piece bag."

I stared at him. "What does it mean?" I gasped out.

"What do you think?"

"It is impossible!"

CHAPTER VI.—THE REVELATION.

When Mr. Dix suggested to me the absurd possibility that Phoebe Dole had committed the murder, he and I were sitting in the kitchen. He was near the table; he laid a sheet of paper upon it, and began to write. The paper is before me.

"First," said Mr. Dix, and he wrote as he talked, " whose arm is of such length that it might unlock and lock a certain door of this house from the outside? Phoebe Dole's.

"Second, who had in her piece bag bits of the same threads and ravelings found upon your parlor floor, where she had not by your knowledge entered? Phoebe Dole.

"Third, who interested herself most strangely in your blood-stained green silk dress, even to dyeing it? Phoebe Dole.

"Fourth, who was caught in a lie, while trying to force the guilt of the murder upon an innocent man? Phoebe Dole."

Mr. Dix looked at me. I had gathered myself together. "That proves nothing," I said. "There is no motive in her case."

"There is a motive."

"What is it?"

"Maria Woods shall tell you this afternoon."

He then wrote:

I READ OLD LETTERS ALL THE FORENOON.

"Fifth, who was seen to throw a bundle down an old well in the rear of Martin Fairbanks' house at 1 o'clock in the morning? Phoebe Dole."

"Was she—seen?" I gasped. Mr. Dix nodded. Then he wrote:

"Sixth, who had a strong motive, which had been in existence many years ago? Phoebe Dole."

Mr. Dix laid down his pen and looked at me again. "Well, what have you to say?" he asked.

"It is impossible!"

"Why?"

"She is a woman."

"A man could have fired that pistol, as she tried to do."

"It would have taken a man's strength to kill with the kind of weapon that was used," I said.

"No, it would not. No great strength is required for such a blow."

"But she is a woman!"

"Crime has no sex."

"But she is a good woman—a church member. I heard her pray yesterday afternoon. It is not in her character."

"It is not for you, nor for me, nor for any mortal intelligence, to know what is or is not in character," said Mr. Dix.

He arose and went away. I could only stare at him in a half dazed manner.

Maria Woods came this afternoon, taking advantage of Phoebe's absence on a dressmaking errand. Maria has aged ten years in the last few weeks. Her hair is white, her cheeks are fallen in, her pretty color is gone.

"May I have the ring—he gave me—forty years ago," she faltered.

I gave it to her; she kissed it and sobbed like a child. "Phoebe took it away from me before," she said, "but she shan't this time."

Maria related with piteous little sobs the story of her long subordination to Phoebe Dole. This sweet, child-like woman had always been completely under the sway of the other's stronger nature. The subordination went back beyond my father's original proposal to her; she had, before he made love to her as a girl, promised Phoebe she would not marry, and it was Phoebe who had, by representing to her that she was bound by this solemn promise, led her to write the letter to my father declining his offer and sending back the ring.

"And after all, we were going to get married if he had not—died," she said. "He was going to give me this ring again and he had had the other date put in. I should have been so happy!"

She stopped and stared at me with horror-stricken inquiry.

"What was Phoebe doing out in your back yard at 1 o'clock that night?" she said.

"What do you mean?" I returned.

"I saw Phoebe come out of your back shed door at 1 o'clock that very night. She had a bundle in her arms. She went along the path about as far as the old well; then she stooped down and seemed to be working at something. When she got up she didn't have the bundle. I was watching at our back door. I thought I heard her go out a little while before, and went down stairs and found that door unlocked. I went in quickly and up to my

"I SHOULD HAVE TO DO THE SAME TO YOU."

chamber and into my bed when she started home across the field. Pretty soon I heard her come in and then I heard the pump going. She slept down stairs; she went on to her bedroom. What was she doing in your back yard that night?"

"You must ask her," said I. I felt my blood running cold.

"I've been afraid to," moaned Maria Woods. "She's been dreadful strange lately. I wish that book agent was going to stay at our house."

Maria Woods went home in about an hour. I got a ribbon for her and she has my poor father's ring concealed in her withered bosom. Again, I cannot believe this.

Thursday.—It is all over; Phoebe Dole has confessed! I do not know now in exactly what way Mr. Dix brought it about—how he accused her of her crime. After breakfast I saw them coming across the field. Phoebe came first, advancing with rapid strides like a man; Mr. Dix followed, and my father's poor old sweetheart tottered behind, with her handkerchief at her eyes. Just as I noticed them the front doorbell rang. I found several people there, headed by the high sheriff. They crowded into the sitting room just as Phoebe Dole came rushing in with Mr. Dix and Maria Woods.

"I did it!" Phoebe cried out to me. "I am found out and I have made up my mind to confess. She was going to marry your father—I found it out. I stopped it once before. This time I knew I couldn't unless I killed him. She's lived with me in that house for over forty years. There are other ties as strong as the marriage one that are just as sacred. What right had he to take her away from me and break up my home?

"I overheard your father and Rufus Bennett having words. I thought folks would think he did it. I reasoned it all out. I had watched your cat go in that little door. I knew the shed door unhooked, I knew how long my arm was; I thought I could undo it. I stole over here a little after midnight. I went all round the house to be sure nobody was awake. Out in the front yard I happened to think my shears were tied on my belt with a ribbon and I untied them. I thought I put the ribbon in my pocket—it was a piece of yellow ribbon—but I suppose I didn't, because they found it afterwards, and thought it came off your young man's whip.

"I went round to the shed door, unhooked it and went in. The moon gave light enough. I got out your father's overalls from the kitchen closet; I knew where they were. I went through the sitting room to the parlor. In there I slipped off my dress and my skirts and put on the overalls. I put a handkerchief over my face, leaving only my eyes exposed. I crept out then into the sitting room; there I pulled off my shoes and went into the bed room.

"Your father was fast asleep; it was such a hot night the clothes were thrown back and his chest was bare. The first thing I saw was that pistol on the stand beside his bed. I suppose he had had some fear of Rufus Bennett coming back after all. Suddenly I thought I'd better shoot him. It would be surer and quicker; and if you were aroused I knew that I could get away and everybody would suppose he had shot himself.

"I took up the pistol and held it close to his head. I had never fired a pistol, but I knew how it was done. I pulled, but it would not go off. Your father stirred a little—I was mad with terror—I struck at his head with the pistol. He opened his eyes and cried out; then I dropped the pistol and took these"—Phoebe Dole pointed to the great shining shears hanging at her waist—"for I am strong in my wrists. I only struck twice, over his heart.

"Then I went back into the sitting room. I thought I heard a noise in the kitchen—I was full of terror then—and slipped into the sitting room closet. I felt as if I were fainting and clutched the shelf to keep from falling.

"I felt that I must go upstairs to see if you were asleep—to be sure you had not waked up when your father cried out. I thought if you had I should have to do the same by you. I crept up stairs to your chamber. You seemed asleep, but as I watched you stirred a little. But instead of striking at you I slipped into your closet. I heard nothing more from you. I felt myself wet with blood. I caught hold of something hanging in your closet and wiped myself off with it. I knew by the feeling that it was your green silk. You kept quiet and I saw you were asleep, so I crept out of the closet and down the stairs, got my clothes and shoes and, out in the shed, took off the overalls and dressed myself. I rolled up the overalls and took a board away from the old well and threw them in as I went home. I thought if they were found it would be no clue to me. The handkerchief, which was not much stained, I put to soak that night and washed out next morning before Maria was up. I washed my hands and arms carefully that night, and also my shears.

"I expected Rufus Bennett would be accused of the murder and maybe hung. I was prepared for that, but I did not like to think I had thrown suspicion upon you

"THAT IS ALL I HAVE TO SAY."

by staining your dress. I had nothing against you. I made up my mind I'd get hold of that dress before anybody suspected you and dye it black. I came in and got it, as you know. I was astonished not to see any more stains on it. I only found two or three little streaks, that scarcely anybody would have noticed. I didn't know what to think. I suspected, of course, that you had found the stains and got them off, thinking they might bring suspicion upon you.

"I did not see how you could possibly suspect me in any case. I was glad when your young man was cleared. I had nothing against him. That is all I have to say."

I think I must have fainted away then. I cannot describe the dreadful calmness with which that woman told this—that woman with the good face whom I had last heard praying like a saint in meeting. I believe in demoniacal possession after this.

When I came to the neighbors were around me putting camphor on my head, and saying soothing things to me, and the old friendly faces had returned. But I wish I could forget!

They have taken Phoebe Dole away—I only know that. I cannot bear to talk any more about it. When I think there must be a trial, and I must go!

Henry has been over this evening. I suppose we shall be happy after all, when I have had a little time to get over this. He says I have nothing to worry about. Mr. Dix has gone home. I hope Henry and I may be able to repay his kindness some day. As for Maria Woods, she is to spend the rest of her life with us.

* * * * * * * *

A month later.—I have just heard that Phoebe Dole has died in prison! This is my last entry. May God help all other innocent women in hard straits as He has helped me.

(The end.)

MILLER BOY'S SONG.

I am the boy that tends the mill
  Down in the lonely nook,
Between the plane trees and the hill,
  Beside the foaming brook.

A busy, wholesome life I lead,
  And many a joy I find;
There is a poem that I read
  In every grist I grind.

For listen to the buhrstones' boom.
  The gudgeons creak like frogs,
And, in the trembling under-room,
  The gnashing of the cogs!

Whir and rumble, rasp and ring,
  Jolt and growl and roll,
Old mill, what time I gaily sing
  And measure out my toll!

The snarl and purr of belts and gear
  Blend in the garret's gloom;
But on the water-wheel I hear
  The music of the flume.

Oh, rich the color, sweet the smell
  Of old and golden corn!
In every grain imprisoned dwell
  The beams and blooms of morn.

The joys of all the fields exhale,
  And settle down on me,
Like a thin, filmy gloss of pale
  Flower pollen on a bee.

I whistle, sing and take my toll,
  And keep my hopper fed;
Roll, my merry mill-wheels, roll!
  The world must have its bread.

—Maurice Thompson.

FACTORIES IN JAPAN.

A Talk With Okuma, the John Sherman of the Orient.

CHANCE FOR AMERICAN CAPITAL.

Girls Work for 5 Cents a Day Who Are as Skillful as Those Who Get $1 in This Country.

Tokyo Letter in Chicago Record.

Count Okuma may be called the John Sherman of Japan. He was the finance minister of the empire for twelve years during the formation of the present system of government, and shaped the financial policy that has since been followed. He has held portfolios in several cabinets, and was minister of foreign affairs four years ago and made a series of treaties with the United States and European powers, similar to those which have recently been concluded with Great Britain, Russia and our own government. No man in Japan, except Count Ito, the present prime minister, or Count Inouye, who has recently returned from the Korean mission, has been so active as a leader, and although he is not a member of the present government, Count Okuma is still regarded as one of the ablest statesmen in the empire and one of the most ardent apostles of progress. The political party, or rather the faction, of which he is the leader are called the Progressionists, and their criticism of the present administration is chiefly that it does not go so far and so fast in the adoption of modern ideas and methods as the welfare of the country demands.

With Mr. Masujima, one of the most prominent lawyers of Japan, as interpreter, I called upon Count Okuma today and asked what suggestion he could make to the merchants and manufacturers of the United States in regard to the extension of their trade in Japan. He remarked that the market for foreign merchandise in Japan was growing more and more limited every day, but there was a grand opportunity for the introduction of American machinery and for the sale of our raw products, such as iron, cotton and wool.

"Japan is undergoing an industrial revolution," said Count Okuma, "similar to the political revolution which has occupied our attention for the last quarter of a century. Old ideas and methods which have been practiced by our artisans for centuries are being gradually discarded and new ideas and methods are being introduced. Manual labor is being supplanted by machinery, and our manufacturers are seeking the most economical and perfect methods of producing their goods. As you know already, this revolution has affected the textile industry thus far more than any other, but it will very soon invade other branches of manufacturing, and Japan will soon become one of the greatest workshops in the world, for we have all of the conditions necessary, with the exception of raw cotton, iron and some other materials which your people should furnish us. I should be very glad to see a large increase in our trade with the United States."

"What methods can you suggest to bring about that increase?"

"I am not a practical man," replied Count Okuma, "and I am not sufficiently familiar with the details of manufacturing to be a wise adviser. I have a general knowledge only. Our country is still young. Our manufacturing industries, judged by modern standards, are still in their infancy, and such conditions always offer opportunities for profitable investments and for the sale of all forms of machinery that are required by modern methods of manufacturing. It will be years before the demand is supplied or our people are capable of making their own machinery. We have very skillful artisans, perhaps the most skillful in the world, but they have never been trained in mechanics, and for some time yet must depend upon foreign inventors and foreign experience to supply them with the machinery they need and teach them how to use it. Our people learn very rapidly, but they still require instruction in the applied sciences.

"To meet the new order of things," continued Count Okuma, "our first great requisite is capital, and the second is experience, and the people of the United States can furnish us both. The new treaty will soon go into effect which gives them equal advantages and opportunities with our own citizens, and we shall hope to see many of your enterprising business men bringing their money and their machinery over here to add to our wealth as well as their own."

"Would advise them to establish independent factories or organize companies in connection with your citizens?"

"I should think it would be better to combine. Our people know the local market and the condition of labor better than yours, while your people have a better understanding of the use of machinery and the foreign demand. I should think better results could be accomplished by mixed companies, the shares being distributed among such of our citizens as might aid in the success of the enterprise, but it would be well for the investors of the United States to bring with them a few men of experience to act as superintendents and foremen, at least until competent Japanese are educated to perform such duties. Our people are ambitious and quick to seize upon new ideas, but at first they would be less capable of managing matters economically and so as to produce the best results."

The experience of the iron foundry to which I have alluded in a previous letter was referred to as an illustration of the ambition of the Japanese, as well as the unfortunate results that often follow inexperience.

I then asked his excellency how soon Japan would be ready to compete with the United States and other manufacturing nations in the markets of the world.

"I do not think there will ever be any close competition between the United States and Japan," he replied, "but within twenty-five years I expect to see our manufacturers in control of the Asiatic market. By that time we shall be able to furnish nearly everything that is required on that continent and it will be a serious competition for England, France, Germany and other European countries. It will be some years longer before we will be able to compete with them in machinery. We haven't that so well in hand, but in fabrics and almost everything else we shall be able to begin exporting very soon. Japan has a great future as a manufacturing nation, but its natural rivals are in Europe, not in the United States, particularly if your country retains its protective policy we may not come in competition with you at all."

"I understand that your government intends to adopt a protective policy as soon as the new treaties go into effect and you are able to make your own tariff."

"I hope not. I am not a protectionist, and I should regret to see the introduction of such a policy in Japan. I have no doubt that it will be expedient for us, after the new treaties go into effect, to impose higher duties upon tobacco, wines, spirits and articles of luxury for revenue, but not for protection. I am opposed to taxing the necessaries of life and to the doctrine of a protective tariff."

"Is not the present government contemplating such a policy?"

"There is no settled policy in the present government, but its tendency is in favor of protection, and an attempt will be made to adopt it, but it will not succeed. The ministers of finance and agriculture and commerce are protectionists, but their ideas are not popular. There are also a number of political leaders advocating a protective tariff, but the people are against it, especially those who are engaged in foreign trade. We have prospered under the present policy of free trade, and there is no occasion or excuse for abandoning it. If we charge higher duties upon luxuries imported from foreign countries we shall obtain sufficient revenue without additional taxation, and there is no reason for the protection of our labor against foreign competition. That has been demonstrated by experience. Our laboring classes are skillful and economical; they require but little to live comfortably and are able to take care of themselves. Their industry and the superiority of their products make artificial encouragement unnecessary. In our spinning factories there are girls working for 10 sen (5 cents) a day who are as skillful and produce as fine yarns as labor of longer experience that is paid ten or twenty times as much in foreign countries, and the same conditions exist in other industries. That is a sufficient answer to the advocates of protection."

"Japan has only a silver currency. Are you in favor of bi-metallism?"

"That is a difficult problem. It has engaged my attention for twenty-eight years. Twenty-five years ago, when I was first minister of finance, I adopted the theories advanced at the Paris monetary conference, because I thought they were sound, and introduced the gold system of mono-metallism in Japan, but it was a mistake. It proved to be a failure. Our country was not ready for it. Our business methods were not sufficiently modernized, and I would not try it again even now. We have a nominal bi-metallic currency now, although we are on a silver basis, and I would not advocate a change under any circumstances. We are doing well enough with silver and our prosperity has been affected less by the silver agitation than that of any other country."

"I believe," continued Count Okuma, "that 100 years from now a mono-metallic system, or a single gold standard will be generally adopted throughout the world, because that theory is sound, but the time has not come for a gold standard of money. The United States, Japan, India and other new countries are not ready for it. They need a great deal of currency to transact their business, but as the world progresses and nations intermingle more and more uniform trade systems will be developed which will enable them to do with less, and each development will dispense with large amounts of the circulating mediums until they gradually become able to accept gold. When that time comes, and I think it will be not less than 100 years from now, there will be sufficient gold in circulation to meet the demands of commerce. For example, England does the largest commercial business of any nation in the world, and has the best financial system, but her circulation is not half as large as that of the United States. France has also a very large amount of money in circulation. The fact that England can do so much business with so little money shows the high development of her credit system and her banking facilities. With the French money is more a plaything than a medium of commerce. The Frenchmen do not understand the true use of money. Suppose Englishmen were put in charge of the commerce and finances of France. They would reduce the circulation one-half by withdrawing the money and investing it elsewhere., which is due to their superior experience and prudence. As our trade system develops commerce will be carried on by credit and not by cash.

"This theory is my own, and I sincerely believe in it, but it cannot be applied at present, particularly in new countries like Japan and the United States, and whatever we may believe we should consider present conditions and conform our policy to them. Our politicians are not usually broad-minded or farsighted. They do not or cannot see far enough ahead. The action of the British government in suspending silver coinage in India under the Gladstone ministry was a terrible mistake and the whole world is suffering from it. The passage of the Bland act and the Sherman act by your own congress were also mistakes and makeshifts. These examples show that no attempts should be made to correct financial troubles by arbitrary legislation in a single nation. There should be mutual agreements and organizations like the Latin union among all civilized nations to regulate and maintain the value of money. However powerful and rich a country may be, it cannot afford to have a selfish or individual policy. All nations should unite to maintain the value of money, so that business may not be affected by fluctuations. But the ratio of 15 to 1, as adopted by the Latin union, is too small. It cannot be maintained now, owing to the reduced value of silver."

"What ratio would you suggest?"

"It is very difficult to suggest any, but with the present value of silver it ought to be as great as 25 to 1. I think that would be about right now. The old value of silver will never be restored. Bi-metallism will sooner or later be adopted throughout the world as a temporary expedient, but mono-metallism is the only sound policy, and we will come to it within the next century. As silver increases in quantity it will cease to be considered a money and drop down among the industrial materials."

Count Okuma asked about the financial condition of the United States and the progress of the struggle now going on there for the remonetization of silver. When I told him of the great agitation in favor of a 16 to 1 ratio he replied:

"If your country adopts a 16 to 1 ratio your rich money lenders, your creditor class, will be ruined. The trouble in the United States is universal suffrage. It is not just or reasonable that the man who earns $1 a day with a pick and shovel, who spends it all for food and clothing, who owns no property and pays no taxes, should have as much influence in shaping the financial policy of a government as one who pays taxes upon $1,000,000. I am not in favor of universal suffrage. The experience of the world has demonstrated that it is a failure. There should be educational or property qualifications required as a condition of suffrage. A government should be directed and controlled only by its intelligent citizens and taxpayers. I think our plan here the wisest. No man can vote in Japan unless he pays $15 or more in taxes annually."

I asked Count Okuma if he had any suggestions to make for the benefit of those who desired to come here from the United States to engage in manufacturing or other business. He replied that he was very much interested in the subject, but was not sufficiently informed to offer wise advice, but he would confer with some of his friends who are better posted and would be glad to have another talk with me.

BALLADE DES ECRIVAINS DU TEMPS JADIS.

In what Limbo, or Paradis,
  Hides the bulge of his painful brow,
Ponderous Howells, W. D.?
  Where vade Warner and Aldrich now,
  Boyesen, knowful of why and how,
Skandine skald of the soulful sneer,
  Light his pen as a sub-soil plow?
But where is the froth of yestreen's beer?

Where now drivels the droolful Bok?
  Whither doth Harding Davis fare?
And Riley, best of the rhyming flock?
  Where is the georgic Garland, where
  Harte, tamed cub of the grizzly bear?
Ben Hur Wallace, whose style was queer?
  Quipful Clemens, that jester rare?
But where is the froth of yestreen's beer?

Where lies Hawthorne, last of the name?
  Gamesome Stockton, where gambols he,
With lass and tiger, his fee to fame?
  And Bunner, airful of Arcadie?
  Whither doth Brander Matthews flee?
Slim, sad Gilder, sweet sonneteer,
  Darling and pride of his Century?
But where is the froth of yestreen's beer?

Sought ye, gentles, a year and day
  Tidings of these, ye still must hear
The doleful burden of this poor lay.
  But where is the froth of yestreen's beer?

—The Philistine.

To Writhe Upon a Bed of Agony

Is what people troubled with rheumatic symptoms can fairly expect, if they take no efficient means to check the rapidly growing malady which, it should never be forgotten, has a tendency to attack the heart and terminate life. The testimony, public and professional, is overwhelmingly convincing and concurrent that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is both a sovereign preventive and curative of rheumatism. It completely expurgates from the blood the acrid principle which, attacking the tissues surrounding the joints and muscles, causes such exquisite pain. The Bitters promotes the action of the kidneys, bladder, stomach and bowels, and remedies malaria, nervousness and debility. It also induces appetite and sound repose, hastens convalescence after exhausting maladies, and mitigates the infirmities of age. Take it daily at regular intervals, and confidently expect the best results.

"Pet" Cigarettes,

A little high in price, but—

STAMBULOFF KNEW IT

He Foretold That He Was to Be Assassinated.

INFAMY OF PRINCE FERDINAND.

He Killed the Man Who Elevated Him and Made Bulgaria a Nation—Now Russia Despises Him.

New York Sun.

The swiftness of the European press to charge Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria with instigating the assassination of Stephen Stambuloff was unexplained until the arrival of Saturday's mail from the Continent. All the German and Austrian newspapers of ten days ago contain a remarkable interview, given by Stambuloff last April, regarding the tragic fate that was awaiting him. In this interview Stambuloff foretold his death, named the men who would assassinate him, indicated clearly the criminal neglect of the police, and laid the blame at the door of the Coburg prince.

This interview was given to an editor of the Cologne Gazette, and was sent by him from Sofia to his chief, who, in a moment of excessive carefulness, placed the manuscript in a pigeonhole, where it remained until the news of the assassination was flashed through Europe. Then, after two days' deliberation, the editor-in-chief of the Gazette published the great Bulgarian's forecast of his own end. The matter has more than passing interest, for, as the Vienna New Free Press says, the murder in Sofia has shot a flame of fire far up from the European horizon and has given rise already to hasty agreements of the powers to meet an expected crisis in the East.

"It is well that you have come to me at this time," said Stambuloff on the April afternoon when the Cologne editor entered his study. "I was thinking of requesting you to call on me today, for I have a few important things to say to you. But first, read this telegram of congratulation that I am going to send Bismarck and translate it into German."

The telegram said that a kind Providence had allowed Bismarck to see the completion of his great work and to approach the evening of life with the happy consciousness that his work was growing stronger daily.

"To me," said Stambuloff, "Providence has not been so kind."

"How is that? Your work is almost complete, even though it may be left to others to crown it. The foundations, the walls, and even the roof are in place, and your successors have little to do except hoist the flag."

"Ah, yes, the flag! But the people will not hoist it; they will deliver the country over to Russia. However, let that pass. I had something else in my mind when you came—I am to be murdered soon."

The correspondent suggested that the ex-premier had been made nervous by the solicitude of his friends, and that the rumors of plots had been current ever since his fall.

"You think that nothing will happen because nothing has happened, but that is poor logic. This time the combination is too strong, and I cannot but believe that serious business is ahead. Everything takes time, of course, but I learn from my friends that things are now about ripe for action. However, when I fall my friends will not desert my wife and children; this triumph will not be granted my enemies. In powerful quarters care will be taken that after my death telegrams from all parts of Bulgaria will express relief at the taking off of the 'tyrant' and 'blood sucker' and 'libertine.'"

The correspondent was skeptical. How could Stambuloff be assassinated if the whole plot against him was ready to be unfolded to the police?

"That is the true European! You people can live among us Bulgarians ten, twenty, or thirty years without understanding that we are a savage people, with all a savage people's good and bad qualities. When, in 1876, we planned our first revolt against Turkey, all Bulgaria knew of it. Only the Turks remained in blissful ignorance until the day when we cut off a dozen Turkish heads. When the attack which resulted in Beltcheff's death was to be made on me thousands were informed of it in advance. The chief of police and his men, however, were trustful and tranquil. Today many know of my approaching assassination, and my friends—and God be praised that I still have them—are keener than the Turks or the police were. I give you no names, but my information is correct. The former chief of police, Ilija Lukanoff, a man of honor, devoted to me, and still possessing the best sources of information, came to me two days ago. He was in a frenzy of excitement, this man who usually is so stern and so calm. He wished to go to the prince and tell him all. 'Ilija,' I said to him, 'that would be the greatest act of stupidity you could commit. Do you not understand that these assassins have sure and powerful backing in their undertaking?'

"We know perfectly well that in the suburb of Utchbunar a band has assembled which goes through exercises in the use of arms. This is nominally for Macedonia, and the government, which does not know its own mind, puts up with it. But we know that the members, among whom are M. Beltcheff's murderers, have sworn to assassinate me in revenge for Panitza and the four men executed after the Beltcheff trial. Prince Ferdinand's name is on the same list, but of course that is a preposterous ruse. The band of assassins of which I speak consists of Rasareff, Haloff, Arnaut, Tufektchieff and some others. Tufektchieff was sentenced in Constantinople to fifteen years' imprisonment for killing Dr. Vulkovitch, the Bulgarian agent in Constantinople, who was murdered in the street by the hired assassins of Russia, but he roams about unmolested here, and has even received a post on the railway works. The Turkish commissary demanded his extradition, but Natchovitch begged him not to insist upon this, as it would raise bad blood between Bulgaria and Turkey, and would set the Macedonian agitation alight. Natchovitch promised that he would be arrested and imprisoned here, but he is absolutely free. For years past people have been at work here with the revolver and the dagger, and we have grown accustomed to it as one grows accustomed to bloodshed in war. Now we have civil war, which the government only inflames, while formerly we were pitiless in dealing with the guilty alone. Those of the offenders who are left are now high up.

"And now, what do you think? After getting yesterday and the day before the most minute details of this plot to murder me, I receive Tufektchieff's card today and am told that he is at the door to see me. Think of it! Tufektchieff, who accuses me of torturing his brother to death in prison! To my porter's questions this man replied that he wished to see me to accomplish a reconciliation for the sake of Macedonia. Naturally I received neither him nor the Ivansvi brothers, who are also to take part in the assassination. What did these people want? They know that I have six servants, always armed to the teeth and ready to spring upon anybody who attacks me. The truth is that this reconciliation was to be a mask under which they could plot and complete the assassination. Their efforts to get this mask, now, without delay, shows me that the time of the assassination is near at hand.

"Today I shall put on paper all the details of the plot. Copies of this document will be delivered to you and to all the diplomatic agents of the powers. On each envelope will be the words: 'Not to be opened until after my death.' Thus the world shall learn how faithful service is rewarded in Bulgaria."

Stambuloff's forecast of the completion and execution of the plot to kill him sheds a flood of light on all the dark points in the state tragedy in Sofia. It shows clearly why for weeks Stambuloff's friends and family had begged Prince Ferdinand to let Stambuloff leave the scene of the plot for Carlsbad, why Prince Ferdinand steadfastly declined to grant this apparently small favor, and why, when Stambuloff lay maimed and unconscious where he fell under the assassin's blows, the Sofia police not only let the assassins escape, but even cut down those who tried to pursue them. It shows also why Mme. Stambuloff refused to receive Prince Ferdinand's messages of condolence and turned his chamberlain from her door. Without Stambuloff's references to the "powerful backing" of the plotters it is difficult to understand why, immediately after the assassination, the Bulgarian gendarmes, omitting all pretence of looking for the fugitives, crowded to the house of the sinking man to arrest his friends and maltreat his servants until driven out by the fierce denunciations of Stambuloff's wife.

The caliber of the prince, who is thus convicted out of the dead man's mouth, was given a week ago by a continental correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, the last person to interview him before his assassination. The correspondent said:

"Prince Ferdinand's views of politics, as far as I could gather them, are something of the following order, and I trust that no seeming depreciation of his statesmanship will be taken as implying any but most friendly and grateful feeling toward the man himself:

"'Stambuloff is a pig. He may be a very clever man, and he may have made me prince. But he bullied me and wouldn't let me do what I liked. He abused Russia like a pickpocket, and he will use my picture as a spittoon. If he abuses Russia I shan't get recognized, and although it's true that it doesn't matter a snuff to Bulgaria whether I'm recognized or not, still, if I'm not recognized, the foreign ministers mayn't wear their orders when they come to dinner with me. Stambuloff says I ought to make friends with Turkey. Bother Turkey! She's discredited before Europe, and the czar is czar. Besides, Stambuloff's so rude, and I don't believe myself he's at all nice and moral. No; I'll get a fool or two like Stoiloff and a Russophil or two like Zankoff, and send wreaths to St. Petersburg, and be received at Vienna, and live happily ever after. Macedonia? Ah! yes. Well, if I do make speeches about Macedonia, I don't mean anything; but you see I do speak very, very nicely, and I haven't much chances of making speeches, and it amuses the people.'

"Such, I verily believe, is no unjust exposition of Prince Ferdinand's view of statecraft, and even in my ignorance I turned away with a heavy, doubting heart. And it was Stambuloff I turned to, and began an acquaintance, which, if brief, was intimate and interesting almost beyond any I have known—a friendship which makes my blood boil with rage, as I write, at the thought of the marred, maimed, blinded, brutalized giant agonizing today at Sofia."

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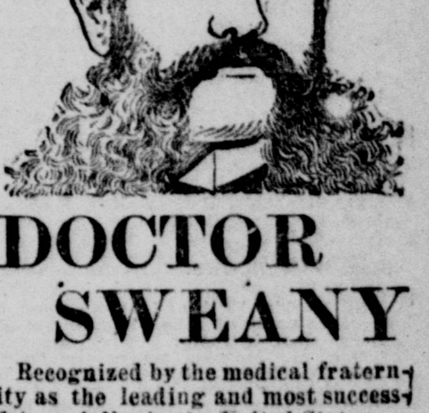

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