THE MAN WITH A THUMB.

By W. C. HUDSON & BARCLAY NORTH.

(Copyright, 1891, by Cassell Publishing Company and published by special arrangement with them.)

CHAPTER XV

STEPS FORWARD.

"I regret, said Cathcart, rousing up, that this misunderstanding has arisen."

In no better frame of mind Dorison awoke. Yet he remembered the old detective's instructions to report as soon as he had anything to tell. So he set out and in time found Cathcart in his rooms in Bond street, busy with papers he had pushed aside to listen to his visitor.

When the tale was finished the old man made no comment, but paced up and down his room with his hands in his vest pockets.

"My belief is that I could have yesterday brought the murder question to an issue, were it not for the fact that your matter is not advanced to the stage I desired. I believe the gorge of that unfinished letter and the murders are to be found in the one condition of affairs.

"I have done little in the murder case but direct your movements. You have put into my hands the material by which I am certain that within the next twenty-fours hours I could put into custody the murderer were I to devote myself to the effort. For the past two months I have labored hard, as hard as I ever did in any two months of my life, and"—he paused to give effect to his words—"nine-tenths of that time has been devoted to your affair. You think no fact has been gained, I presume. I know more at this moment of your father's life and business than you ever did. I have made the friendship of your father's executor, I have won him as your friend, instead of your enemy, as he has been for eight years. I have persuaded him to go to work with a belief in your innocence. He is a conscientious man and is enthusiastic in his effort to repair the wrong he has done you.

"I have examined the old books of the firm of which your father was so long the head, and have run down every item of personal expenditure I suspected might possibly have a bearing on your affair. I have turned over every scrap of paper in the possession of your father's executor, and I have conversed with nearly every man yet alive with whom your father did business. I have found, and to a great extent know, the cause of the dissipation of your father's great property. The work is not completed. When you came in I was examining reports the mail brought me, which advance me another long step on the way. And this moment I can account for nearly every cent, except one block of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This money was not lost in speculations or bad investments. It was actually spent, deliberately expended in pursuance of a deliberate intention, after having been raised by hypothecation of stock and securities. What was that purpose or intention? And why so deliberately and persistently pursued? I have only within the hour gotten to a point where I could parse that part of the inquiry with any degree of intelligent effort or with hope of success.

"I never was engaged in a case where the lines cross each other in so confusing a manner, nor did I ever have two cases I was working together wherein the persons in each case have such strange relations to each other without bringing the critical point of each case together. Here is an instance. We have young Eustace under suspicion of being in some way connected with that murder. I believe your father, dead as he is, is in some way connected with it. I have reason to believe that the older Eustace was at one period of his life intimately connected with your father's affairs; I am certain the elder Eustace in no way touches the Farrish murder. You perceive how necessary it is to maintain a clear head and move slowly in this almost inextricable tangle of the two cases. Here are my instructions for your movements: I want you to engage the elder Eustace in a conversation as to your father. The way is open. You told me he had discovered a great resemblance between your father and yourself."

"A coolness has sprung up between the older Eustace and myself," said Dorison.

"Indeed—how?"

"Over that very resemblance."

The old man evinced increased interest, and demanded to know everything, the very smallest point. Thus urged, Dorison gave him a minute and careful history of the incident.

When the recital was finished the old detective thrust his hands into his vest pockets, and dropping his chin upon his breast closed his eyes in thought for a long time. When he spoke it was rather as if he were thinking aloud than addressing Dorison.

"When Eustace was comparatively a young man," he said, "he endangered his fortune by extravagance and bad management. Your father came to his aid, took charge of his estate, gave him financial aid, lent him the great power of his credit, and having straightened out his affairs obtained a diplomatic appointment abroad for him, so that the ravages in his fortune might be repaired; in other words, saved him from ruin. In return, Eustace did some great service for Dorison. What its nature was I cannot determine. Nor will Eustace tell as intimate a friend as he has. Perhaps he may think idle curiosity prompted the question—that he would tell if sufficient reasons were given him. At all events the career Dorison set him on has resulted in his living abroad many more years than here since that time. Can it be—can that be the line to follow? If it should be that, that—but no, he was abroad when Dorison died—had been for several years. But would that have been any reason why it should not be so?"

He relapsed again into a brown study, from which Dorison waited for him to emerge, confused and perplexed by the maze in which he found himself, and unable to perceive even a glimmer of light.

"I regret," said Cathcart, rousing up, "that this misunderstanding has arisen. It would have been avoided if you had followed my instructions obediently. You did not play the part you yourself deliberately chose, before you came into contact. If you assume a role you must play the whole of it, or necessarily fail. You choose to pretend to be some one else, yet the first time you are seriously questioned you refuse to carry out your assumption. That was foolish. Your lie would not have been any greater in denying your paternity in words than it was when you permitted yourself to be introduced under a name intended to deny that paternity. How can you repair the blunder. Have you quarreled with young Eustace?"

"No," replied Dorison. "He asked me this afternoon to a theater party next Monday and I accepted for sister."

"Um. This is Thursday. Well, seek an interview with the elder Eustace as soon as you can to repair the blunder."

CHAPTER XVI

BREAD FOUND AFTER MANY DAYS.

"Who made you the protector of the lady?"

Dorison saw nothing of Cathcart for several days. In the meantime no opportunity was presented him to have an interview with the elder Mr. Eustace, so that he might clear up the misunderstanding.

Monday came, and in pursuance of his engagement he went to the Eustace residence to escort Evelyn to the theater. He was distinctly conscious, on arriving, of an air of constraint in his reception, though so far as the young lady herself was concerned he could see no difference in the graciousness of her manner.

At first he was disposed to attribute everything to his imagination, until he found that Mr. Eustace was in an adjoining room, the doors of which were open, and did not come forward to meet him.

"I shall be very frank with you, Mr. Dudley," said Miss Eustace as they drove from the door. "You have offended father in some way."

"I wish you would carry your frankness further," said Dorison in return, "and tell me in what way. I am conscious of his change of demeanor without being certain as to its cause."

"The strange thing is that while he shows his displeasure he refrains from telling why, though Charley urged him to do so."

"I can give no other reason than the one I gave your brother."

"I know, Charley told me. But it is not that. Charley urged that to father, but he dismissed it with a wave of his hand as not being of the slightest importance. Of course he could not find anything in that for displeasure, and if he did, would not refrain from telling if it were so. There is something else."

"Then I am utterly at a loss. Believe me, Miss Eustace, I am too fond of your brother's friendship and too sensible of the kindness shown me within your household not to quickly seek, with an apology, to repair any offense I may have given, if I knew wherein it lay. I really hoped that before this would have been apparent that I should have been enlightened either by you or your brother."

"It is something serious, Mr. Dudley, and at one time Charley thought his invitations would have to be recalled."

"So serious as that," said Dudley, thoroughly understanding that in this tactical way Miss Eustace had made him understand her father had opposed further reception of himself at the house, and had yielded his position only upon being convinced that persistence on his part would result in embarrassment to his son.

"He has come to believe I am John Dorison figuring under an assumed name—the disgraced son," he said to himself, "and not being certain does not wish to give it as a reason."

The thought troubled him, and he was not consoled by the other one occurring to him, that he had had, in the family difference, the active partisanship of Evelyn and Charley. The affair sobered him so that it was with difficulty that he could shake off his despondency.

He made the effort with these words:

"I will make a serious effort to discover the cause, Miss Eustace, and shall do all that is proper for a man to do under the circumstances."

He was certain that this assurance gave the young lady much satisfaction, and she became quite gay during the rest of the short drive.

At the theater they found the rest of the party, and in the pleasure of the moment Dorison forgot the unpleasant impression that had been put upon him. He found the young lady a delightful companion, and thought she carried about her the same charm of personality possessed by her brother. She was endowed with that quality rarely possessed by a woman—a keen appreciation of humor, and he himself, for that evening, was subject to one of those alternations men of a melancholy and dependent nature are at times. His gayety swept up to high spirits, dangerously near to boisterousness, and he was conscious of a marked endeavor to impress himself favorably upon the lady who was his companion.

He talked much at the supper after the entertainment, which was not his wont, and what was better, talked well, with a gay, capricious and whimsical fancy; told humorous stories, showered witticisms without stint, which were entirely unpremeditated, and carried all with him into his own wild spirits.

"Upon my word, Dudley!" cried young Eustace, "I never knew you in such a mood before. If I had not been watching your glass and noticed your moderation I would have supposed you were obtaining your inspiration from wine."

"You forget that I promised you solemnly that I would not frighten your sister with despondency. What would you? I have not a large assortment of moods at my disposal. Either deep despondency or high gayety. Tomorrow I will have a wet towel around my heart while you have it around your head."

"That is a base hint that I am indulging in too much wine. I honestly believe the slur was thrown out to prevent me from describing the awfully despondent mood he was in the last time I saw him. Then he told me that he was insane, that he proposed to immolate me upon the sacrificial altar of a phantom he was pursuing, and in the most tragic manner urged me to beware of himself."

Dorison blushed and was disconcerted, but looking at Miss Eustace his thoughts were diverted, for he perceived an expression of dislike and annoyance flit across her face, and following her eyes saw that Langdon had entered the room and was ostentatiously bowing to her. She did not respond except with a haughty and well bred stare, though her brother made a gesture as if to rise from his chair.

Dorison laid his hand upon his knee.

"Do nothing, Charley; you cannot resent the affront without a scene, and the mere act of bowing is not sufficient."

"You are right. What an insufferable bore it is that we should be haunted by this fellow."

Langdon was accompanied by a young man, and it was plain they were making the Eustace party the subject of their conversation. The incident, unimportant as it was, the meaning of which, however, was known to but Miss Eustace, her brother and Dorison, threw a damper upon the spirits of those who had been the guests, and soon all rose from the table. As they crossed the room it was necessary to pass near the table at which Langdon was seated with his companion.

Fearing that Langdon would attempt to secure recognition, Dorison maneuvered to get young Eustace in the lead of the party, intending to bring up the rear himself. His purpose was to prevent a scene, if possible.

As he anticipated, Langdon rose as Miss Eustace approached, with a smile intended to be engaging, ready to extend his hand. Dorison quickly changed to the side of Miss Eustace other than that on which he was walking, thus bringing himself between her and Langdon.

It was the work of a moment, and stepping he said sternly and menacingly:

"It should be plain to you, sir, the lady does not desire to be recognized by you."

A flush overspread Langdon's face, and his eyes shot forth an angry glance as he said:

"My pretty fellow you are making debts for me to pay. You will have to answer for this insult. Who made you the protector of the lady?"

"Common decency when a loafer insults her," replied Dorison, moving on quietly before Langdon could say anything further. Miss Eustace, having penetrated his purpose, had walked on rapidly.

"Did that scoundrel attempt to speak to you, Evelyn," Dorison heard young Eustace ask, as he joined the party in the vestibule.

"Yes," replied his sister, "but was prevented by Mr. Dudley."

"You are putting my sister and our people in your debt rapidly, Dudley," said Eustace warmly.

"That he is indeed," echoed Evelyn, glancing gratefully at Dorison, in a manner which brought to his mind vividly the scene in the drug store on the day he first met her.

"Strange," he said lightly. "But do you know that Langdon said something of the kind also."

Evelyn looked at him quickly in alarm and exclaimed:

"I hope you will get into no trouble by it."

"No fear," replied Dorison hastily. "I shall really be obliged to him if he will be the cause of such interest in my well being."

All this had passed rapidly as the carriages were being called, and in a moment more he was on his way with the young lady, endeavoring to make her forget the disagreeable contretemps by his gay talk.

After leaving her at her house he went straightway to his own rooms to dream of violet eyes and golden hair, no matter how unattainable they seemed to be to him.

The following morning on arising he was handed a note, written hastily in pencil:

"Will Mr. Dudley meet the lady he saved from being arrested, this morning, at eleven, at the corner of Lexington avenue and Thirtieth street, sharp. It's for his good. Gratefully, his friend,

"Bess."

Not a little astonished, and at first deeming it to be a foolish woman's effort to draw him into an acquaintance, and moreover disgusted with it, he determined to ignore it. But on reflection he thought there was something significant in the fact that she had learned his name, and he further remarked to himself, engaged as he was in such a search, he had no right to cast aside any incident, however slight or insignificant or improbable it might appear.

Hence he determined to meet her as requested. As he had slept late, it was already near the hour, and so doffing his lounging jacket he prepared for the street and set out for the trysting place, as he laughingly termed it.

The girl was already there, and approaching him, said:

"Let us walk up Lexington avenue. There is less chance of my being seen. I'm takin chances doin this. You've crossed my man some way an he's down on you."

"Who is your man?" asked Dorison.

"His name is Langdon."

"Oh!" said Dorison surprised. "What is he to you?"

"He's my husband," she said quickly. "Don't you believe nothin else. The priest didn't marry us, but we were married all the same, though he does try to act and say we weren't. But we was all the same."

"Well, what have I done, and if he is down on me, what can he do?"

"I dunno what you've done to him. But he's been grumblin for some time about a feller named Dudley, before I know'd it was you—the one what saved me from arrest. The other day he came home growlin about you interfering in his affairs, and last night when he came late a fellow named Pittston was waiting for him, and he took him off in another room to talk with him. Something you did to him last night made him very mad, an I heard him say he'd git you dosed for it before many hours."

Dorison laughed.

"I don't think there's much to be afraid of."

"Yes, there is," earnestly replied the girl. "If there wasn't I wouldn't be takin the chances I am. Now, sir, I'm grateful to you for what ye did for me, and because after ye did it ye didn't insult me, as most men do. So I said I'd give you a warnin. He doesn't treat me so well that I shouldn't do it, anyhow. He's a bad one when he's roused, and that feller Pittston, who I hate, and him, has got some rough fellers that'll do anything they tell them. You've got 'em both down on you. What they will do or can do I don't know, but you want to look out and be careful. I don't know just what they mean by dosin a man, but I do know that in Chicago they talked about dosin a man one night, and after that he was found on the street nearly dead."

"What does Langdon do for a living?"

"He don't do nothin. He's got money of his own."

"Do you know that?"

"I know he ain't never done nothin, ain't never done no work, and yet he has all the money he wants. He don't stint me."

"Where did you marry him?"

"In Chicago. My folks were agin him. My father is a policeman there, and said he was nothin but a gambler. He wasn't, though. I ran away with him, and father thought I wasn't married to him at first, but afterward he knew better, although I came to know that his name wasn't always Langdon."

"What was it?" asked Dorison.

"I never heard," said the woman shortly.

"Is he as flush of money as he always was?" asked Dorison.

"I ain't seen no difference," replied the woman; "but don't you think I've done enough when I warn you of danger, without askin me to give him away?"

Dorison answered, laughing:

"Before I ask you to give him away I must know there is something to give away. However, I am much obliged for your kindness. I will be careful, though I don't know what he can do. Do you know what I've done to him?"

"Only he says you are interfering in his affairs. I heard him say you followed Pittston into a restaurant, and did it because a Chicago detective named Cathcart told you to. And he said that if you wasn't a swell in town he'd think you was a detective."

Dorison laughed at the idea and further asked:

"Do you know what I did to him last night that made him angry?"

"No."

"I prevented him from speaking to a young lady who didn't want to be noticed by him."

"I know—a Miss Eustace. I've heard him curse the family and say he knew a way to pull 'em down in time."

A malicious thought popped into Dorison's head.

"Do you know what he proposes to do?"

"No."

"I'll—

"What?"

"I'm afraid you will get angry with me and make a row."

"No, I won't," she said with breathless interest.

"He wants to marry the youngest Miss Eustace, and has tried to get her to run away with him."

Dorison was fairly frightened at the effect of his words.

The black eyes of the woman flashed fire and her strong, handsome face became hideously convulsed with an anger that seemed to be ungovernable.

"You are not lying to me," she hissed.

"Now be calm. You promised not to make a row. I shall not say another word until you are composed."

The girl made a desperate effort to regain control of herself, and while she was doing so they walked some distance in silence.

"Tell me all you know," she said at length. "I will be quiet."

"Who is Dr. Fassett?"

"He's a doctor that used to come to see Harry every morning. I don't know anything about him, except he used to have a close talk with him, but about what I don't know. Harry's got some hold on him. Why do you ask?"

"He is the family physician of the Eustace people and introduced Langdon there. He tried to make the younger daughter like Langdon and arranged meetings alone with Langdon. The brother, young Eustace, told me of this, and that ever since they found it out they have kept so close a watch on the younger daughter that she can't see him at all. But he is still hanging around."

The girl's struggle with her passion was something pathetic.

"That's why he's tryin to make people believe I'm not his wife, then," she gasped.

"Do you think so much of him?" he asked.

"Does any wife want to see her husband run after another woman?"

"I presume not, but he'll never run away with her?"

"No, he never will," said the girl, with frightful emphasis.

"Who is Pittston?" he asked.

"I don't know. He's a feller of good family in Chicago. Harry knew him there. He's crooked, I think. Hang it, sometimes I think Harry is, but I don't know. They never tell me anything. Harry laughed one day and said I was too d—d honest to tell anything to. They've got some ugly fellers about 'em, and you look out for 'em."

"I will look out. But what will you do? Tell Harry what I've told you?"

"I'll tell him nothing. Don't you fear. But he'll never run away and marry anybody. I'll see this girl and make her know I'm his wife. I must get back now or I'll be missed."

The woman slipped down the cross street, and Dorison retraced his steps through Lexington avenue, deep in thought. After carefully reviewing his talk with the girl he said:

"I presume the first thing to do is to see Cathcart and inform him. The next thing, to see Eustace and tell him. It strikes me that there is a strong weapon in this to use with the young girl. It ought to rid her of any sneaking notion she may have for Langdon."

(To be Continued.)

THE TARIFF ROBS WOMEN.

Why Glass Fruit Jars Have Been High. A Trust Did It.

The National Glass Budget, the organ of the glassworkers' labor unions, has recently printed a piece of news which will show the housewives of the United States why they have been paying such high prices of late for glass fruit jars. It is another story, now grown familiar, of a tariff trust putting up prices to gather in tariff spoils. The manufacturers of these jars are protected by a duty of 40 per cent. on the best jars, and still higher on those of cheaper quality.

Now let the buyers of fruit jars keep that fact in mind and read what The Glass Budget says. After speaking of the great boom in glass jars at the time when the factories resumed work after the summer shut-down, this paper goes on:

"Behind the boom there is a most interesting story of how Whitney Bros., of the Whitney glass works, at Glassborough, N. J., have scooped up a clear profit of $200,000.

"Two years ago Whitney Bros. found themselves in a position where it was to their advantage to take the entire product of an outside factory which ran on jars for them. The Whitneys' own mills continued to turn out the usual amount, and the trade looked with horror upon the jars, which were piled up into the thousand gross.

"At the beginning of the season a combination was made in which it was agreed to maintain the price at $7.50 a gross. The Whitneys were in, but even this combination did not let the others rest easy. When the boom came the Whitneys had about 45,000 gross of jars on hand and they were masters of the situation. Up jumped the price. It rose quickly from $7 to $7.50, to $8.50, to $10.50, to $11 and to $11.50, and still Whitney Bros. had thousands of jars. They could not ship them fast enough to check the rise. From five to fifteen car loads have been going daily from their storehouses in Glassborough and Salem, and yet but a small fraction of the demand was met. Prices continued to jump, and Tuesday offers as high as twelve and fourteen dollars per gross were made without securing the jars. The resumption of work at the factories will have no appreciable effect on the market."

Last fall, when the McKinleyites were so overwhelmingly routed at the polls, Senator John Sherman, Tom Reed and others said, "The women did it." Are not the women ready to "do it" again?

CARPETS UNDER A LOW TARIFF.

The Carpet Industry Under a Thirty Per Cent. Tariff Before the War.

The protectionists claim the carpet industry, both in its great development and in its cheapening of carpets, as a peculiarly bright illustration of the blessings of a high tariff. This claim they make for the high tariffs which have prevailed since the war period, the low tariff of 30 per cent. ad valorem in the low tariff period beginning in 1846 not being considered by them as a protection period at all. They refer to it as the "revenue tariff period," and even as the "free trade period," with such contempt do they regard the little 30 per cent. duty on carpets in that day.

But even under that low tariff our carpet industry was flourishing and was teaching Europe how to make carpets. In a document sent to the ways and means committee at Washington in 1857, and signed by all the leading agents for the sale of domestic wool in New York, the following language was used, "In Brussels and Wilton carpets our manufacturers challenge the world, and England has but recently supplied herself at considerable expense with the patent right to an American loom."

In the same year the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, in describing certain carpets, said, "These velvet and tapestry carpets are now made by a New England worsted company so perfectly equal in every respect to the best foreign article that not merely the ordinary buyer, but even the English manufacturer himself is unable to find in them any inferiority to the best imported."

This was possible under the 30 per cent. duty before the war, yet the 40 per cent. duty on carpets proposed in the Mills bill was looked upon with pretended alarm by the high tariff cranks and was denounced as little short of free trade.

Although our carpet industry demonstrated its ability to prosper under 30 per cent., McKinley came forward last year with a grand flourish of trumpets and gave the manufacturers protection running all the way from 50 to 85 per cent. Did he think that our manufacturers are suffering from European pauper competition? We imported only 605,000 square yards during the fiscal year 1890, the very time when he was so industriously engaged in putting up the high tariff wall.

THE FLOW OF GOLD.

How the Tariff Depresses the Price of Our Farm Produce in Europe.

The great exportation of our wheat to Europe has caused some fear as to the rate of exchange, since a premium has already been placed on gold bars and coin by the banks of England and France.

Now this simple little statement has in it an important meaning for the American farmer, and should enlighten him as to one of the hidden evil effects of the tariff.

A premium on gold means that more wheat must be given to get it; in other words, it depresses the prices of wheat.

But why did these banks find it necessary to put a premium on gold? Let any wheat grower look at the tables of imports which were recently published by the treasury department to show how the McKinley law has worked. For the nine months extending from Oct. 1, 1890, to June 30, 1891, there was a heavy falling off in many classes of goods that we have been buying from Europe, and our high tariff organs have been printing the figures showing these reductions with the utmost satisfaction, claiming stupidly enough that "Europe's loss is our gain."

In the first nine months of the McKinlty law manufactures of wool fell off $14,900,000; cotton lacings, edgings, etc., $4,700,000; manufactures of flax, hemp, jute, etc., $3,700,000; hats, bonnets, etc., $2,900,000; seeds, $1,500,000; manufactures of silk, $1,700,000; buttons, $1,200,000; corsets, $720.000; fancy articles, $926,000. Tin plate increased by $13,600,000, but it has fallen off enormously since the McKinley tax took effect on July 1. Our imports of plates in June reached $7,016,000 worth, and in July they fell to $425,933 worth.

These figures show that we are refusing, thanks to our McKinleyism, to take the very things which Europe has to offer us in payment for our farm products, and Europe is therefore compelled to trench upon her gold supply in order to make payment. But Europe needs her gold and will not willingly part with it. Hence the price of gold begins to rise just so soon as it becomes necessary to send gold here to pay for our produce.

Thus our farmers are compelled to take a lower price for their produce than they would if we allowed Europe to pay us in goods. Europe has an abundance of these, and they are so cheap that our protected manufacturers quake and tremble every time anybody talks about lowering the tariff to let them come in; and they are the very kinds of goods that our people want. If we take them in large amounts there will be no need for a premium on gold in London and Paris, and our wheat will bring full value.

Did you ever see the tariff in this light before?

Rich and Poor Under McKinleyism.

When the tariff shuts out goods entirely it is always such goods as poorer people buy; rich people buy what suits their tastes, whatever the price may be. An illustration of this is found in our imports of carpets. The carpets imported in the fiscal year 1890 came in at an average value of $1.16 a yard. The treasury report shows that the average value for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1891, was $2.08 a yard.

But the report gives a still more interesting insight into the workings of the McKinley duty. One part of it gives an extended comparison of the imports for the nine months from October, 1890, to June 30, 1891, with those of the same months in the previous year. The McKinley tariff went into effect on Oct. 6 last year, and the imports of carpets from Oct. 1 to June 30 were valued at $2.41 a yard.

The same thing is shown in cotton cloth. That which came in under nine months of the McKinley law was valued at 13¼ cents a yard as against 11 2-5 cents for the corresponding nine months under the old law.

These figures were gotten up by the treasury department at the cost of much labor and money to show the beautiful workings of the McKinley tariff law. What they do show is that the rich are going on buying European goods while the poor are shut up to the tender mercies of the "home market," plastered over as it is with tariff trusts and combinations.

These figures explode one of the most deeply cherished superstitions of the high tariff cranks. They say that when you put up the tariff the foreigner will reduce his prices in order to get into our market, and in this way he will pay our tariff taxes. The figures just quoted go to show that the foreigner is not doing any such thing. They show that he is continuing to sell high priced goods to the rich people of America, while the poorer class are simply left.

Competition cheapens goods, say the protectionists, and they are right. But how can the tariff cheapen goods, since its very purpose is to cut off competition? If it is competition that they want, they can have that in fullest measure by inviting it from every nation on earth. The tariff wall shuts out competition and gives the domestic manufacturers the opportunity to get rid of it entirely by forming trusts and combinations. And they do it.

In Pittsburg we have had more failures since the passage of the McKinley bill than was ever known in the history of the city. This undue stimulation creates undue competition. During the past three weeks we have had a large glass and an iron failure. Where is all the milk and honey promised us upon the passage of the McKinley bill? We are anxiously looking for it.—National Glass Budget (labor organ).

The New York Fruit Trade Journal says: "George S. Knight, of San Jose, Cal., got three tons of dried prunes from 160 trees—about an acre and a half—being profit per acre of $440." And the good Major McKinley doubled the duty on prunes to protect such successful growers as Mr. Knight.

The First and Only Original

PARK ADDITION to OLYMPIA

This Addition is in every sense of the name a park. The owners having laid out a park all along the north line, ranging in width from 15 to 30 feet. It is located only seven blocks east of Maple Park, and five blocks from the new brick school house.

SIZE OF LOTS, 50x100.

We have a few lots remaining that point on the Park.

Prices of Lots $125 to $275.

This entire addition commands a fine view of harbor and mountains, and they are the cheapest lots now on the market.

TERMS: ONE-THIRD CASH, ONE-THIRD 6 MONTHS, ONE-THIRD 12 MONTHS

EIGHT LOTS IN SEBREE'S ADDITION!

$200 to $250. Very Easy Terms.

SIXTY LOTS IN

COLLEGE HEIGHTS,

The Finest Residence Lots in the City.

Will only be sold to those who will agree to improve. On easy terms. Prices $500 to $900. Improved property in all parts of the city.

JOSEPH CHILBERG & CO.

The Celebrated French Cure,

Warranted to cure "APHRODITINE" or money refunded.

Is SOLD ON A POSITIVE GUARANTEE to cure any form of nervous disease, or any disorder of the generative organs of either sex whether arising from the excessive use of Stimulants, Tobacco or Opium, or through youthful indiscretion, over indulgence, &c., such as Loss of Brain Power, Wakefulness, Bearing down Pains in the Back, Seminal Weakness, Hysteria, Nervous Prostration Nocturnal Emissions, Leucorrhœa, Dizziness, Weak Memory, Loss of Power and Impotency, which if neglected often lead to premature old age and insanity. Price $1.00 a box, 5 boxes for $5.00 Sent by mail on receipt of price.

A WRITTEN GUARANTEE is given for every $5.00 order received, to refund the money if a Permanent cure is not effected.

We have thousands of testimonials from old and young, of both sexes, who have been permanently cured by the use of APHRODITINE.

Circular free. Address

THE APHRO MEDICINE CO.
BOX 27, WESTERN BRANCH, PORTLAND, OR.

For sale by Pacific Drug Co., Olympia, Wash.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.

Our Office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office, and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

HONG HAI & CO.,
—DEALERS IN—
Chinese and Japanese Fancy Goods
AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Forty cans of FIRE CRACKERS just received and for sale at wholesale.

Fifth street, between Main and Columbia, Olympia, Wash. j20-tf

Northern Pacific Railroad

Is the line

TO ALL POINTS EAST AND SOUTH.

It is the DINING CAR ROUTE. It runs through VESTIBULED TRAINS every day in the year to

ST. PAUL AND CHICAGO

(NO CHANGE OF CARS)

Composed of DINING CARS unsurpassed, PULLMAN DRAWING ROOM SLEEPERS, Of Latest Equipment

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS

Best that can be constructed and in which accommodations are both FREE and furnished for holders of First or Second class tickets.

ELEGANT DAY COACHES.

A CONTINUOUS LINE connecting with ALL LINES, affording DIRECT AND UNINTERRUPTED SERVICE

Pullman Sleeper Reservations

Can be secured in advance through any agent of the road.

TRAINS EAST.

No 10—Chehalis to Seattle—Arrives Olympia at 8:37 A. M.
No. 6—Portland to Tacoma and Seattle—Arrives at Olympia at 4.50 P. M.

TRAINS SOUTH AND WEST.

No. 5—Seattle to Portland—Arrives at Olympia at 1 A. M.
No 7—To Montesano—Lvs. Olympia at 9:32 A. M.
No. 9—To Chehalis—Leaves Olympia at 5:20 P. M.

THROUGH TICKETS To and from all Points in America, England and Europe can be purchased at any Ticket Office of this Company.

Full information concerning rates, time of trains, routes and other details furnished on application to any agent, or

A. D. CHARLTON,
Assistant General Passenger Agent,
No. 121 First St., cor. Washington, Portland, Oregon.

F. P. KEYES,
Agent, Olympia Wash. ja24

The Road to Wealth

Cannot be successfully traveled without good health. To reach wealth or any coveted position in life requires the full possession and operation of all the faculties kind nature has endowed us with. These conditions cannot exist unless the physical being is in perfect working order, and this is impossible when the liver and spleen are torpid, thus obstructing the secretions, causing indigestion and dyspepsia, with all of their accompanying horrors.

DR. HENLEY'S
English Dandelion Tonic

exerts a specific influence over the liver, excites it to healthy action, resolves its chronic engorgements, and promotes the secretions; cures indigestion and constipation, sharpens the appetite, tones up the entire system, and makes life worth living.

HANG
YOUR BANNER
—ON—
THE OUTER WALLS!

If You Have any
BILLS to POST,
Circulars to Circulate,
—OR—
DODGERS TO DISTRIBUTE,

Call on A. W. Thompson, No. 613, Olympia Theater. Promptness and accuracy guaranteed.

July 24, 1891.

$3000 A YEAR: I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

JOB PRINTING of all kinds, neatly executed at the office of the WASHINGTON STANDARD.

—GO TO—
J. MEACHAM & CO'S
WAREROOMS,
—FOR—
Furniture.

The Oldest and Best Established Furniture Business in Olympia or on the Sound

A Fine Display of
Bedroom Suits, Chairs,
And Upholstered Goods
BEDDING, &C.

We can supply anything in the Furniture line.

Remember the place: On Columbia between Third and Fourth Street. Ap1tf

IF YOU WANT TO BUY A
GOOD FARM
—IN—
Thurston and Lewis
COUNTIES.

Call at the Real Estate Office of
WILLIAM RAGLESS,
Corner of Sussex and Sheridan Sts., Tenino.

June 20, 1890. tf

PUT THIS IN YOUR SCRAP BOOK FOR FUTURE USE.

IF YOU HAVE NO SCRAP BOOK GO TO
W. A. VAN EPPS
AND BUY ONE!

That beeswax and salt will make your rusty flatirons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rub and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot rub them first with the wax rag, and then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

That Van Epps' bargain counters are still the attraction for buyers who know where to get good goods at the lowest figures.

That cool rain water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

That W. A. Van Epps has a splendid stock of wall paper and decorations.

That a teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with pour white clothes will aid the whitening process. f2

F. R. BROWN, President. C. S. EATON, Vice President. H. V. OGDEN, Secretary-Treasurer

THE WESTSIDE MILL CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Rough and Dressed Lumber,

Sash, Doors, Nails, Cement, Lime, Laths, Shingles, Pickets, Etc.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON MILL WORK OF ALL KINDS.

City Office, Fourth St. Bridge; Telephone 71

Mill, West Olympia, Telephone No. 5.

March 6, 1891. tf

PACIFIC DRUG COMPANY

429 Main Street.

Celebrated Solon Palmer Toilet Soaps.

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

Ten Cents a Cake. Three Cakes for a Quarter.

July 24, 1891. tf

IF YOU
WANT TO BORROW MONEY

At a low rate of interest or

INSURE YOUR LIFE OR INSURE YOUR HOUSE

—CALL ON THE—

R. G. O'BRIEN, MANAGER,

Rooms 15 and 16 Woodruff's Block, Olympia, W. T.

For the Solicitors Mortgage Loan Company, of Philadelphia, capital	$ 500 000
Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York, the largest, strongest, safest, CHEAPEST and BEST Life Insurance Company in the world, Assets over	115,000,000
Fireman's Fund Insurance Company, San Francisco, Cal. Capital	1,000,000
Orient Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn. Capital	1,000,000
Manchester Fire Insurance Co., Manchester England. Capital (gold)	5,000,000
London & Lancashire Fire Insurance Co., of Liverpool, England, capital (gold)	7,500,000
Total capital represented	$130,250,000

SALES OF REAL ESTATE NEGOTIATED.

Money loaned on Improved Real Property, at a low rate of interest in sums to suit. Houses rented and sold. Farms for sale. City lots for sale.

Oct. 2, 1891.