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SOMETHING TO FORGIVE.

You say: "Such ardent friendship is mistaken; if you knew—
There! Close your lips and listen: When the sky is clear and blue,
When sun and birds and dew drops make the big world glad and bright,
Would all be half so precious had there been no clouds or night?
Would flowers seem so beautiful if sent from heaven above—
Does not their earthly origin add sympathy to love?
So friendships must be human if on earth they'd thrive and live—
For what does friendship feed on when there's nothing to forgive?
How could my heart be gentle to a heart that knew no pain?
Could friendship go on living if its proffered help were vain?
Could I, were I not certain you were only human, feel
The tender, sweet compassion that my words to you reveal?
Oh, say not: "If you only knew—"
The Father knows I know;
He left His blessed impress on each human soul; and so
My loved one must be human while upon this earth I live—
For earthly love grows stronger when there's nothing to forgive."
—S. W. Gilliland, in Los Angeles Herald.

MYSTERIOUS MISS DACRES

By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield.

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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"Yes, Beldon—Mr. Beldon—came in from the vestibule and down that central aisle, and as he was coming the door opened again, and you came in with that tiresome old Dr. Wynne."
"My dear," said I, excusing her in my heart, because she was so like my little Amaranthe—"my dear, don't speak so. He is a dear old gentleman, highly recommended by President Smith, of the Galtersville college."
"Well, if he bored me with the Lost Tribes as he bores you, I'd get rid of him mighty sud—I mean as soon as possible. But to go on, where was I? Oh, yes, I crouched down behind the front pew and that man, Beldon, I think, you said, came down the aisle. Then you came in and I heard you all talking. I then felt sure from the sound of your voices that you were coming along to the chancel, so I simply crawled round the corner, up the side aisle, and while you were still talking with the officious man in the back room I was out of the door and off. Johnny opened the door for himself, so that I could get out without it being very apparent."
"I don't see why you hid," said I.
"Why, from Mr. Beldon. I told you I was averse to meeting him. I don't like his looks at all. I won't know him—simply won't! I never saw many old churches," continued Miss Dacres, musingly. "Out in India they are mostly temples, and such things, but—"
"So you have been in India," I said. "You have traveled a great deal for so young a—"
"Did I say India, really? How careless I am. I didn't mean to tell you now. Perhaps I will sometime, all about it. In our Wisconsin home we hadn't, of course, any old churches, and after mother died father took me abroad with him."
"When you came here you said that your mother was in town—in the city. I mean—and that your brother brought out your slippers."
"Yes, you dear old thing," said she, stroking my knees with her thin brown hand, "I know I did. I was so afraid that you would turn me adrift, and I had really nowhere to go. I said I was married, too, at least I spoke of my little chap at school! No such good luck for me. Can you forgive me?"
"Poor child!" I said. "I spoke a tear dropped from my eye upon her yellow curls."
"Don't cry," she said. "Don't cry for me." She got up on her knees and stroked my cheeks. "It may be better some day. She winked very hard and bit her lip. "I really haven't any mother. That is just a good woman who took me in, but her married daughter came home with two children and I had to leave. I could send you to her any time. She would tell you the same. And that man—well, his name was Waldemar, but he wasn't my brother. I am going to confess all about it. He is that kind woman's daughter's husband. She sent him out here with my slippers. They are plain people, and queer sort of people, but I'd trust them as I would myself. I knew you would not like it, and, in fact, I didn't like it any too well myself. What do you think he did? He threw gravel against my windows. Now, did you ever hear of such a thing?—calling a respectable girl in that way? Did you hear anything?"
"I didn't hear the gravel," said I.
"Then I needn't have told you," she laughed. "I was so ashamed when you discovered it, I wrote to his mother that when she had anything more to send or any message, or anything, she must send her son out in the daytime; but he is employed in an automobile factory, as I told you—that is all true—and he can't very well get away in the day."
I started, for just here I thought I heard a faint rumbling sound beneath the place where we were sitting. "What is that noise?" I exclaimed.
"Noise? I don't hear any."

"Yes, underneath us, in the cellar. It sounds like a rumbling."
"Dear me! Dear me!" she jumped up from the floor and began to scream nervously. "Perhaps we're going to have an earthquake. We had one out in—"
"She ran to the cellar door, making a great deal of noise as she went, and flung it wide. "Is there anyone there?" she called. "Come and listen for yourself, Mrs. Brathwaite. Come and listen for yourself." The rumbling had ceased. "I certainly heard a noise," said I. "Well, you ought to know your own cellar. You will make me afraid to sleep if you say such things."
"Let us go down and see," I suggested.
She hesitated, and then said: "Well, if you wish, but it's very draughty. O-o-o-h! I'm shivering already."
Now, I had the beginning of a cold, caught suddenly, I feared, in the old church, and for that reason I hesitated also to go down into that gloomy vault. I did, however, push myself a little way down, and then, as if I had seen them for the first time, "Why! what is this?" said I, and I reached out my hand and took from the wall the suit of men's clothes.
At this my boarder seated herself upon the top step, put her hands over her face, and burst into tears. "They're Jim's," she said. "They're Jim's."
"Don't, my dear, don't. Do not agitate yourself so terribly."
She shook all over her spare form. Her voice came muffled from between her fingers. There was no doubt about her grief being serious. "It seems as if I were suspected and hounded every step I take. I'm sure I have only good intentions. I have no wish to do anything wrong, but, dear Mrs. Brathwaite, just remember that I have had no mother. You know what that means to a girl—no mother! Poor Jim! It might not have happened if she had not died and left us. Jim's clothes are all that I have left of him, and I kept them. I could not bear to give them away. I have heard of women being blamed for not giving away their baby's clothes, after they died, to poor people. I feel as if Jim had been my baby, my dead baby. Jim! dear, dear Jim!" Her tears were very honest tears.
I came to the top step and gathered the girl in my arms. "There! don't cry," said I. "Don't cry."
"Stop, dear lady," said she, brushing away her tears hurriedly. "I must hang up poor Jim's clothes again. I didn't think you'd mind. I hung them there to keep them free from moths." I wanted to take her in my arms and say "Little Amaranthe, little Amaranthe." She looked so thin and helpless and woe-begone. She hung the clothes upon their nail with many a sigh and heave of the breast. Her sorrow was so real that my heart ached for her. I went back into the room, and in a moment she joined me. "How good you are to me," she said. My own eyes were brimming as I put my hands on her shoulders and looked into hers, and I said:
"Little Amaranthe! little Amaranthe!"
"What do you mean?" said she suddenly, the color flushing her cheeks. She stared at me like one seeing an apparition.
"Ah, little Amaranthe, you don't remember me. You don't remember Wibby, who used to teach you when you were a little tot."
She put her hand to her head. "Say that again," said she.
"Wibby, Wibby, who used to teach you."
"Let me think," said she. "Let me think. I seem to see—oh! was it a great white house? Was there a riotously lovely garden? Did we do lessons out under a tree? Was there a great dog, and a cow that I used to fondle? Were there two ladies there, and a little one, who always came with the books—"
"Yes, yes," whispered I, as my tears streamed fast. "It was like that. What you say is proof enough for me. I am Sophronia Willoughby who used to teach you, my dearest little girl."
"So you are Wibby?" said she. "Is it a wonder that I did not know you? How you have changed?"
"Yes," said I, with a sigh. "I have indeed changed. How could I help it in 16 years? Do you remember your aunts?"
"Yes," said she. "They were my aunts, were they not, those two ladies? Then there was mother and an uncle. Was his name—"
"David," said I. "Don't you remember your Uncle David, David Darlington?"
"Was it David?" she asked. "Was it my Uncle David? I knew that my name was Darlington. It was the name we had in Madras. After father died I had to do something. Father died very poor."
"But how was that?" I asked. "He was a rich man."
"I don't like to say things against dear daddy," she laughed—a sad little laugh—but to tell you the truth, Mrs. Brathwaite dear, father was a confirmed gambler. He died when I was 15 years old, and I have been supporting myself ever since."
"With the great house standing up there on the hill," I cried, "and enough and to spare."
"Are those my Darlingtons?" she asked in an awe-struck voice. "Are those my people? I cannot believe it. Oh, to be at home at last! Not to have to work any more, to be taken care of!" and she burst into hysterical tears.
"And why did you never write?"
"I did write after father died, but I never received any answer. Then the consul wrote, but he was un-

successful also. I thought that they must all have died. Father had told me that he had taken all that belonged to him, and I felt that I had no rights, that perhaps they did not want me, would not welcome me."
"Why did you change your name?" I cried—"oh, why?"
"Oh, to Daeres? If you had known my father."
"You forget, my dear, I did know your father."
"Very well, then, you know how he hated the idea of one of his family working for a living. He had very grand ideas, had daddy. He said often and often that no one of the Darlington family should disgrace his name or him by working for a living."
"Yes," said I, "those were exactly Eugene Darlington's ideas. I have heard him express himself in that way fifty times or more."
"But what was I to do? I had no friends—no one to take care of me. I went first to England with an English family as nursery governess. When I left them I went into an English hospital. I learned to be a trained nurse. I took the name of Daeres. It came into my head, I don't know how. Father had been persistent about the honor of his name, and here I am, as Josephine Daeres, at your service."
"Josephine Amaranthe Daeres," I corrected her.
"Yes, Josephine Amaranthe, but not Daeres—Darlington at last, thank God!"
As I lay thinking of it all, after I was in bed, I remembered that I had not asked her how she came to have a brother. I had never heard of any son having been born to Eugene Darlington. I must ask her about it in the morning.
And now it seemed to me that the time had come when I should take the ladies into my confidence. I began a series of visits to them.
Each time that I went to the Hall I took with me a copy of a letter, the words traced in the hand of Miss Elizabeth, Miss Evelyn, or their dead brother David. How Miss Elizabeth wept over them, and how sweet Miss Evelyn sobbed over them, until the ink in which I had copied them was faded and blurred with their remiscient tears.
And now the summer flowers were bursting into bloom. The country was, I thought, at its best. Everything gave promise of a delightful season. It was the latter part of June, about a week, perhaps, after my interview with Miss Dacres, that there came a sudden change from warm to hot weather. My room was not under the attic, which acted as an air chamber, and it became so heated that one would have thought it was midsummer.
On the hottest night of all, I lay on my bed fanning myself and trying to fall into a doze. It was useless, and remembering the cool horsehair of our old sofa in the parlor, I got up, opened my door very gently, so as not to disturb Aunt Jane Mary, and went down the stairs. The parlor door was open, and I slipped into the room. There was enough of glimmer from the moon to show me my way. I groped past the table to the sofa. Ah, how invitingly cool it was! I lay down under the window fanning myself for a half hour or so, and finally awoke to the fact that I was not growing cool but chilly. I was just about to get up and take a shawl from the hall hat-rack when I heard a step upon the piazza. Now, the window was open, and I felt sure that in another moment some midnight marauder would be crawling



I LEANED OUT AS FAR AS I COULD AND WATCHED.
over me and into the room. I was terribly frightened. He might show a dark lantern at any instant. Then what would be my fate? I slid softly from the sofa and crept to the inner side of the room, to the recess behind the organ, which stood across the corner. Here I crouched and waited.
"Jo!" I heard, "Jo!" and then in a little louder tone, "Jo, are you here?" Then a light streamed into the room. There was a grunt of annoyance on account, I knew, of the discovered nature of the room, and the light was withdrawn. I heard the footsteps go along the piazza and past the hall door. I hardly knew what to do. I thought of running to Mr. Beldon's room and knocking on the door, and then I remembered suddenly that which I was always forgetting, that he spent his nights at the newspaper office. There was no one to protect us but an old and feeble man upstairs, locked in his room, difficult to awaken perhaps, or Baldy Towner, who was sound asleep over the stable. To reach him I must unlock the back door and cross the open yard. I might meet this midnight prowler anywhere outside of the house.
As I listened, I heard a tapping on the window farther along the piazza. He was not trying the front door, then? I crept out from my place of

concealment, and, kneeling on the sofa, I leaned out of the window as far as I could and watched. Then I heard a second tapping, and after a few minutes the window was gently raised. There was a short conversation, and the figure disappeared within the opening. I leaned out as far as I could, wondering where Bill could be. He had always slept with one eye open just in front of the hall door, and no one could so much as lay a finger on the gate latch without his deep growl sounding in my ear. I strained my eyes; Bill certainly was not there.
Bill, dear old Bill! They knew your faithfulness, but they also knew your greediness, as the following morning showed me, when Baldy Towner, with real tears in his eyes, came and beckoned me to the back door. There lay my dear old dog, stiff and cold, a meat bone stained with green powder lying near, proof of his too trusting nature.
I crept out through the dark hall, and going close to Miss Daeres' door, put my ear to the keyhole and listened. I heard voices talking; though hardly above a whisper; there were more than two; it seemed to me that I heard three, but so nervous had I become that I could not place them or say if I had ever heard them before. Sometimes I thought that one of them sounded like Mr. Beldon's. I fancied that I heard Miss Daeres' soft tones, and my heart sank like lead! Perhaps, though, she was pleading for her life. Of course, I knew that Mr. Beldon could not be there, that he was away in the city, working over his articles for the next day's paper. Then I heard a movement within, and a door was unbolted and a light streamed from under the door of Mr. Beldon's room. So this was the way in which Miss Dacres disposed of her midnight visitors! Such was my sudden change of mind. She used Mr. Beldon's room while he was away!
I started up and went swiftly to the door of my lower-back. As I reached it, I saw that a figure was there before me. It came suddenly upon my sight. It stood on the farther side of the door and leaned down with its ear to the keyhole. As I came close, it raised its head, and at the same time clasped my wrist with a wiry grip of iron.
[To Be Continued.]
A Gentleman Beast.
Representative Lacey, of Iowa, has contributed to the Congressional Record the following essay on the Buffalo:
"The buffalo was the noblest of all the wild animals that inhabited this continent when America was discovered.
"The ages in which this wonderful creature was evolved into its peculiar form and size are inconceivable in duration. How admirably he was adapted to life upon the western plains. When he had fed he traveled with his fellows in long lines, single file to the favorite watering place. The herd did not spread abroad and trample down and destroy the grass in such a journey, but in long and narrow trails the journey was made, and when the drinking place was reached and thirst was sated, the buffalo never defiled the pool in which he drank.
"He was a gentleman among beasts, just as the game hog is a beast among gentlemen."—Cleveland Leader.
Drew on Father for His English.
In a public school down in the 920-ward is an ambitious Italian boy named Michael Angelo Matasio. Michael is doing his best to master the English language. His efforts, it would appear, are being seconded, although quite unintentionally by his father, who is able to give expression to his feelings in English, which, if broken and inelegant, is nevertheless to the point and vigorous. The other day young Matasio's teacher asked the class to write a sentence to include the word "disarrange." The word is in advance of the Italian boy's stock of English, and he was sorely puzzled, but too proud to confess the fact. Later he handed up a paper on which was written in round, boyish characters: "When a foddia light the fire in the morning he says, 'Damma-dis-a-range.'"—Philadelphia Telegraph.
Accepted Wrong Side Up.
They are telling in Paris art circles an amusing and somewhat curious experience that befell a certain French painter. He had gone to the salon accompanied by a friend who had been instrumental in procuring the acceptance of the artist's work. When the painter came near his picture he exclaimed: "Good gracious! You are exhibiting my picture the wrong side up!" "What!" was the reply. "The committee rejected it the other way up."—London Mail.
Only a Little.
A little six-year-old could not be induced to go into the ocean. One day his father offered him 50 cents if he would put on his bathing suit and get wet all over. Flapping his arms around his father's neck, he consented. After much shivering and trembling he was washed about two inches over his ankles. When he exclaimed: "Papa! I guess—I will—only—take—ten—cents—worth—this time."—Detroit Free Press.
Thought He Was an Angel.
"Did papa give wings when he was a little boy?" inquired Johnny, innocently.
"Of course not," replied his mother. "What makes you ask such a silly question?"
"Cause he told me he used to like to go to school."—Woman's Home Companion.

THEIR KNIVES IN HAND.

Democratic Classmen Are Preparing for the Presidential Nomination Fray.
It is cold-blooded business, this of starting booms for democratic presidential nominees merely to see "how the people take them" and what chances there are for making a real fight. It begins to look as though much of the recent talk about Judge Parker, of this state, has been indulged in simply as a "feeler" to ascertain the sentiment of the party toward him, says the Troy (N. Y.) Times. And it turns out that he is by no means a unanimous choice. A correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, who seems to be quite near the democratic heart of things in that locality, writing from Chicago, gives much interesting inside information. He dismisses the Parker boom rather curtly, saying it has come to a quick end, as the response to the "feeler" put forth in the east has not been encouraging. Only three of the democratic national committee expressed a preference for the judge. The correspondent remarks:
"The New Yorkers seem to understand that an unknown man like Parker cannot possibly make the appeal to the west which it is absolutely necessary should be made in order to hold out to the party workers any hope of a victory. A significant part of the recent poll of the national democratic committee was the expression of Norman E. Mack, of Buffalo, the New York committeeman. Mr. Mack was absolutely noncommittal on the proposition, and it was noticeable that he was much less enthusiastic in his praises of Judge Parker as a man than were the committeemen of some other states, who have probably never met the judge. It is stated here that there is considerable quiet opposition among New York politicians to the nomination of Parker, and that ex-President Cleveland is among those who do not look with favor upon such a nomination. Mr. Cleveland, as was stated in this correspondence some weeks ago, would rather have Oney nominated than any other man whose name has been mentioned in connection with the selection. Already it is given out from democratic sources that the election of Judge Parker to the bench was no indication of his extraordinary strength in that state."
Meanwhile we are told that the Cleveland crowd is in dead earnest in efforts to secure the nomination of Richard Olney, while Mr. Bryan is trying to make Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago, his residuary legate. If Harrison is again elected mayor in March next it is regarded as certain that Mr. Bryan will bring him forth before the next national convention as the Bryan candidate for the head of the ticket—provided, of course, that Mr. Bryan himself does not aspire to that honor, and it would not be at all strange if he did.
All of which is highly interesting as tending to show what is going on in democratic circles. It looks as though the final line-up in the democratic contest would be between Bryanism in the west and south and Clevelandism in the east. And how each would love and support the other, whichever won!
GROWTH OF PHILIPPINE TRADE
Gratifying Improvement in Business Conditions in Our New Territory.
Although conditions in some parts of the Philippine archipelago are not prosperous, owing to events beyond human control, there is evidence of gratifying improvement in the condition of the archipelago as a whole, in the increase in the export trade that is shown in the latest statement compiled by the bureau of insular affairs, says the Albany Journal.
For the month of September, which is the latest period concerning which statistics are available, the export trade of the islands amounted to \$3,589,535, which makes the record for any month that has elapsed since the United States took possession of the islands.
The total value of Philippine exports for five months is \$19,239,018, against \$18,869,798 for the corresponding period of the previous year.
Imports, too, have increased. In September last those of merchandise amounted to \$2,785,009, or about \$500,000 more than in September of 1901. This shows that the purchasing power of the Filipinos has increased, despite the unfortunate happenings that have temporarily impoverished certain districts.
Barring the unforeseen, there should be henceforth steady increase in the trade of the Philippines, and especially their trade with the United States, soon to be facilitated by the establishment of communication by cable, should develop healthy growth.
No Rejoicing Over Teller.
It will be noticed that the democratic papers of the country at large are not jubiling over the reelection of Senator Teller. They are saying that he is not a democrat anyhow, and that his vote will not be cast for democratic policies. Teller pretended to be a republican during all the days in which he was a power of any consequence in legislation, but he has been a democrat in the past two years, so he has confessed, and the country has a right to take his words for this. He has entered democratic caucuses from the beginning of the present congress. He has called himself a democrat all this time. His immediate friends in Colorado call him a democrat. And yet Teller's victory is not much of a triumph for him or for the party with which he has allied himself. He received a bare majority of the legislature, and this majority was due to the large number of hold-over members in one branch of the legislature, whom the voters, in the recent election, could not get at. If all the members of the legislature had been chosen in the election of 1902 the republicans would have had a large majority, and Teller would have been defeated.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PLANS OF JUDGE PARKER.

The New York Democratic Possibility Takes Mention of His Name Seriously.
Judge Alton B. Parker, of New York, during the recess of the court of appeals a few months hence, is to make a tour of the southern states, and deliver addresses in several of them. This shows that the judge takes the mention of his name with the nomination of 1904 seriously, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Early in 1892 David B. Hill made a similar pilgrimage to the south, where the sentiment was supposed to be strongly in his favor for the nomination that year. As a preliminary to the boom which was to be started for him in the south, Hill got up his early state convention, which met in February of that year, and which was to commit New York to him for the candidacy in the national convention to be held a few months later.
Hill accomplished nothing by his "snap" convention and his southern crusade. Will Judge Parker have better fortune? Possibly he may. The judge is an unknown in politics, and as such he has charms for the democratic politicians, who are anxious to get a man who can carry the country on any sort of a device or subterfuge. He is personally a genial and popular man, but he has made no political record of any consequence! He supported Bryan in 1896 and 1900, which may be a merit in the eyes of western democrats, but this consideration is not calculated to arouse any enthusiasm among the democrats of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and the rest of the old doubtful states of the east, which will have to be carried by the democrats, if they are to win the presidency.
Much interest is taken in Parker in the south. Many of the newspapers and politicians in that region have proposed him for the presidency, chiefly on the ground that he has made no political record at all, he is more available than the experienced men of all elements of their party, all of whom have made too much of a record for their own political good. Undoubtedly Parker's tour will attract the country's attention. While the republicans are not afraid of any aspirant who is mentioned in connection with the democratic candidacy, they are naturally interested in anybody who has any chance for carrying the democratic convention. The judge's coming swing round the circle will get some space in the republican as well as the democratic journals.
LEGISLATION AGAINST TRUSTS.
Important Cases Upon Which Congress Has Passed and Others on the Way.
It looks now as if congress might enact important anti-trust legislation at this session. One important measure already passed both houses and is now in conference committee with every prospect of becoming a law in a short time. There is a provision in the bill to create a department of commerce, which provides for a bureau of corporations in that department, with a commissioner in charge who shall have power to require reports from corporations engaged in interstate commerce, to investigate their organization and business methods, to compel testimony and to enforce publicity. This provision embodies the features of one of the bills prepared by Attorney General Knox, which proposed to confer the power on a special committee which this provision confers on the commissioner of corporations. It is a part of the administration plan of anti-trust legislation, says the Indianapolis Journal.
Another part of the administration plan, as embodied in a bill drawn by the attorney general, was to forbid the giving or taking of railroad rebates, or the departing from published rates by a carrier through any device whatever, and giving the courts civil and criminal jurisdiction over the subject, both to restrain such practices and to punish them. This feature is embodied in the Elkins bill, which passed the senate.
A third measure suggested by the attorney general was a bill to expedite the hearing and determination of cases under the Sherman anti-trust law. Several important cases are now pending in the courts, including the Northern Securities case, the beef trust case and the railroad injunction suits. It is important that these cases should be heard and decided as soon as possible, and the attorney general suggested that the courts be directed, upon the motion of the attorney general, to advance such cases, and that they might be appealed directly to the supreme court of the United States without the delay of an intermediate appeal to the circuit court of appeals. All these provisions were embodied in another bill introduced by Senator Elkins, and passed by the senate. Thus it will be seen that all of the suggestions of the attorney general are well advanced towards enactment. The one embodied in the department of commerce act is sure to become a law in a few days, and the other two, which have just passed the senate, will probably pass the house.
Those papers which are attributing to the protective features of the sugar duty the present magnitude of the sugar trust, as it is called, are ignorant of the facts. The high duty on sugar is on raw sugar, but the duty on refined sugar is only eight cents per 100 pounds, or about two per cent. The sugar trust grew up by combining nearly all the refineries and compelling their customers to purchase all their sugar of the trust and sell at the trust's prices.—Indianapolis Journal.