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## A Strange Message

BY

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### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LADY BAB'S SUGGESTION.

LADY BAB had a word to say to her nephew, and she was waiting downstairs in the dining-room somewhat impatiently to say it. When, therefore, she heard him hastily descending the staircase after parting with Nora, she opened the room door and beckoned him to come to her.

But when she saw his face she half repented that she had done this. There was written on it such bitter, bitter pain, such utter despair, that she drew a little back; but Biddulph followed her into the room and closed the door behind him.

"I wanted to have a little talk with you," began Lady Barbara. "So you've seen the poor girl upstairs, have you?"

"I have seen her to say good-bye," answered Biddulph, gloomily.

"Then you are going away! That is right; it is about this I wished to see you. When do you go?"

"To-night."

Lady Barbara nodded her head approvingly twice.

"Does she know?" she asked.

"Not that it is the parting that I mean it to be. Aunt Barbara, will you be kind to her,—when—when she knows that she and I must meet no more?"

"Of course I shall be kind to her! It's a bad business, James."

"Why speak of it?" he answered darkly. "To me it is worse than death—a living death."

"And it is such an extraordinary thing," said Lady Bab, beginning to walk up and down the room in her energetic way. "I suppose—I scarcely like to say this—but I suppose you have *no doubt* in your own mind, James, that the sister is living whom you married twelve years ago?"

Biddulph lifted his eyes in surprise to his aunt's face.

"I have no doubt," he said.

"Still, that old doctor of yours said that there was no visible difference between them but the difference of life and death. And to women of their stamp lies count for nothing, you know."

Biddulph did not speak for a moment; then he said slowly—

"Aunt Barbara, she said a few words to me that only she could know—there is no doubt."

"That settles the matter, of course, then; and you are right to go away. The poor girl upstairs has an idea that you could go on seeing each other—that you are to be great friends; but all that is nonsense, though I do not tell her so. She is a fine character, and I can't help being sorry for you, James, though of course——"

"Please do not discuss my folly, Aunt Barbara; I have paid a very bitter price for it. And—and let me think," he hesitated a moment, "that when I am far away she will have a constant friend in you?"

Lady Bab did not speak for an instant for she was a woman who made few professions; then she said, still with her eyes (in which there was some pity) fixed on her nephew's face—

"I shall do what I can, James, but time will be her best friend."

"Yes;" and then he put his cold hand into his aunt's and left her, and Lady Bab looked after him with an impatient sigh.

"There's good in him," she thought, "but he's made poor use of it, and of the gifts that God gave him; and the worst of it is that the bitter fruits of his folly fall on the poor girl. Well, I had best go and look after her, I suppose."

But when Lady Barbara ascended the staircase and entered the drawing-room, where she expected to find Nora, she was not there. She had gone to her own room and locked the door, and was kneeling by the bed praying, with clasped hands, for the man with whom she had just parted. In the bitterest hour this still is left to us; though the black clouds gather, and the storm breaks over our stricken heads, all is not darkness if we but find strength to lift our eyes beyond the blinding mists that surround our mortal ken.

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And when Nora met Lady Barbara at dinner her face was very calm. Lady Barbara had been prepared for some signs of grief or emotion, but Nora showed none. Lady Bab noticed her voice was very low, but this was all; and when they returned together to the drawing room Nora at once quietly proposed that they should leave Scotland.

"If you do not mind, Lady Barbara," she said, "I think I should like to go South now."

"Mind, my dear! How can you suppose that a woman of my age can have any pleasure in staying on in such a climate as this in mid-winter? Not that the climate of London is not detestable in winter also; but still, I am more used to it. Of course we can go whenever you please."

"I should like to go at once, then; and I've been thinking I should like to ask Minnie Fraser to spend some months with me, as soon as I settle in town."

"An excellent idea. She is pretty, that little Minnie, and won't, therefore, be a dead weight on your hands. And I suppose you'll want an old woman to look after you, and take you out into society occasionally?" added Lady Bab, somewhat grimly.

"Oh, dear, no," answered Nora, smiling. "I feel quite old now, and shall make an excellent chaperone for Minnie."

"I was going to say," continued Lady Bab, "that I hope, for goodness' sake, you won't invite that Cousin Margaret of yours also. Rather than you should do this, I shall take you out, whenever propriety requires it, myself, though I own, as a rule, I do not care to be bothered by girls."

"We shall be no bother to you, though I hope we shall often see you, Lady Barbara," said Nora, smiling still.

"That is all right, then. When do you propose to go?"

"I thought of the day after to-morrow; and I shall write and ask my cousin Jock Fraser to come over to see me and bring Minnie, and ask Mrs. Jock's leave for her to stay with me in town."

"Why not ask her to go with you now?"

"She might require some little preparation, you know," hesitated Nora.

"She could get dress and everything she wants much cheaper in London than anywhere else. I propose, my dear, that we take her with us. It will be brighter for you to have this young girl with you from the first."

And after thinking a moment or two, Nora decided that this was very good advice. She therefore, before the evening was over, wrote to Mrs. Jock Fraser, to ask if Minnie might be allowed to go to town with Lady Bab and herself, to pay a long visit.

Lady Barbara has promised to act chaperone whenever we shall require one," (she added,) so I do hope Minnie will come to me. Will you, Jock and Minnie have lunch with us here to-morrow, and then we can decide all our plans, as we propose to start very soon.

Yours affectionately,
LEONORA STEWART.

Nora sent this note over to Airdlinn, and told the bearer to wait for an answer. Alick Fraser had been dining with his brother and sister-in-law, and Mrs. Jock and the two brothers were still sitting at the table when it was brought in, though pretty Minnie had retired.

Mrs. Jock read it, and then looked at her husband.

"It is from Nora Stewart," she said, "and she wishes Minnie to go to London with her and Lady Barbara Biddulph, the end of this week, and she asks Minnie for a long visit."

A flush came over Alick Fraser's clear, fresh face as he listened to these words, and a look of pleasure into his brown eyes.

"It's a very good idea, I think," he said at once, in his decided way.

"I think Minnie would like to go, and perhaps her company would help to cheer Nora," said Mrs. Jock.

"Miss Nora won't need cheering long Jeanie," remarked Alick, "or I shall be much mistaken. D'ye know that Biddulph is going to shut up Dunbaan and leave the county to-night—and a good riddance too!"

"I heard he was going," said Jock quietly.

"Let Minnie go, by all means," continued Alick. "And as the child will want some fads and finery, I suppose, Jeanie, I'll give you a cheque for fifty pounds to smarten her up a bit, though, for that matter, she's a pretty face of her own and doesn't want much dress."

"You are really very kind, Alick," said Mrs. Jock, gratefully.

"Don't mention it, my dear. So you had Gendoyne calling here yesterday, Jock said?"

"Yes, Minnie saw him; but I didn't," answered Mrs. Jock, with a sigh.

"Humph! Well, settle about her going to town with Miss Nora to-morrow. I am glad Nora Stewart is showing such good sense, and not making a fool of herself, as some girls would have done; though such a disgusting piece of business was certainly enough to sicken any woman."

"It's a terrible business," said Mrs. Jock, with a little shiver.

"I'm told," went on Alick, "that old Alexander, though he's very close about it, managed to get Biddulph's wife away, and paid her a heavy sum to go. Biddulph himself would not see h r, so he sent Alexander. However, the countryside's rid of him at last, for I don't think Mr. Biddulph will dare show his face here again in a hurry."

Alick Fraser could not, indeed, conceal his elation at the terrible humiliation which had befallen the man who had crossed his own plans in life. He had listened to all the gossip he could hear on the subject with unfeigned pleasure and satisfaction. He had even sent for the doctor, for some fancied ailment or other, but found "old Alexander," as he called him, very reticent.

"It's an unco' bad business, Mr. Alick; and least said is soonest mended, when there's na gude to tell," was all he could draw from the doctor's lips.

"Well, Miss Nora Stewart is well rid of him," Aleck had said triumphantly.

"It's hard to tell," replied the doctor; and then he changed the subject, and Alick felt that he could not very well pursue it under the circumstances.

And this invitation to Minnie now caused him fresh satisfaction. He would hear how Nora was going on, through his brother's wife, when she was absent, and he would run up to town occasionally to see "the girls," he mentally decided, as he crossed the loch from Airdlinn and returned to his stately home.

When he entered the room where he usually sat, he found a packet lying on the table, addressed to himself, and a note in Nora Stewart's handwriting. He hastily opened the note and read the following lines, with no little excitement:

DEAR MR. FRASER,—I return by the bearer of this note the magnificent marriage present which you so kindly and generously gave me, as my marriage is unavoidably broken off. With kind regards,

I remain yours sincerely,
LEONORA STEWART.

Alick Fraser read these words again and again, and then he smiled and proceeded to open the packet and look once more at his sapphire necklace.

It was really a splendid gift, and he felt proud of himself for having made it. Then he fastened it up again and redirected it to Miss Nora Stewart, at Rossmore, and sat down to indite a letter to her, which Nora found awaiting her (and the necklace) when she went downstairs on the following morning.

DEAR MISS NORA (she read in Alick's clear handwriting), Please honor me by accepting a gift which was given as a small token of my regard for you and admiration for your character, which no circumstances can change. I was at Airdlinn last night when your kind invitation for Minnie arrived, which she was delighted to accept. If you are not ashamed to be seen with 'a country cousin,' I shall run up to town sometimes, when she is with you, and escort you young ladies to the theaters, or any other places of amusement you wish to go to; and, with kind regards,

I remain, very sincerely yours,
ALICK FRASER.

Nora thought it was kind of Alick Fraser to send the necklace back, and stood looking at the shining stones for a few moments, and then sighed deeply. She was recalling the day they were first given to her, and Biddulph's face as he stood by her side and admired the gorgeous gems. How happy she had been! But 'tis a brief possession to most of us, drifting down the stream of life, the rocks and shoals of which we cannot see ahead, this perfect joy. Nora's had been but short-lived, but, while it lasted, all the coming shadows were hidden from her view.

### CHAPTER XXXIX

A HAUNTING DOUBT.

Jock Fraser, his wife and Minnie all lunched the same day with Nora at Rossmore. Minnie had been delighted to receive the invitation to go to town with Nora, and her fond father and mother were pleased with her pleasure. She, indeed, looked like a different girl, so much brighter and happier than she had done of late, when she entered Nora's drawing-room and kissed Nora, whispering, "Thank you so much" as she did so.

They all met with just a little embarrassment, neither. Jock nor his wife having seen Nora since the tragical ending of her engagement. But Lady Barbara could talk well when it pleased her to do so, and she entered into an animated conversation now with Jock Fraser, regarding some ancient highland customs, and soon the whole party felt more at ease. Then, when lunch was over, Mrs. Jock slid her hand through Nora's arm, and indicated to her that she had a few words to say she wished to speak in private.

Nora led her to her own room up stairs, and when they got there Mrs. Jock turned round and tenderly kissed her cheek.

"Thank you, dear, so much," she said, "for asking Minnie."

"But it will be a great pleasure to me to have her," answered Nora, with some emotion, for she knew Mrs. Jock must naturally be thinking ot other things than Minnie's visit.

"And there is something I want to say, Nora, about my boy," continued Mrs. Jock, clasping Nora's hand, while tears rushed into her blue eyes. "Day and night I think of him, you know," she went on; "and I want you to send him this twenty pounds, dear, that I have saved out of the housekeeping. Don't tell Uncle Alick this, though Alick has been very kind lately—since our great grief—but this is just a little present from his mother."

"Very well, dear Jeannie," said Nora, whose eyes also grew a little dim. In truth, it was impossible for any one whose heart was not cold to look unmoved now at the faces of Jack Fraser and his wife. There was always a shadow in Jock's kind eyes, and care and anxiety expressed on every line of Mrs. Fraser's once jovial features. One thought, indeed, was ever present in her mind—her son's danger—and sad days and sleepless nights soon write their story.

"And I have brought a letter for you to send to him, Nora. I dare not post them here, of course; but when you get to town I can write often to him, can't I? I shall send them under cover to you, not Minnie, on account of the name; and God bless you, my dear, for being kind to him!"

"Of course I shall do anything for him that I can."

"And, Nora, I want to say also," said Mrs. Jock, with a little hesitation, "how—how much I have felt for you during this dreadful——"

"Please, Jeanie, do not mention it," interrupted Nora, quietly but firmly, though a sudden flush passed over her pale face. "I wish it never to be mentioned to me at all—and will you tell Minnie this—let it be as if it had never been?"

"She is a brave girl." Jock Fraser told his wife, when Mrs. Jock repeated this conversation to her husband on their way home,

"And yet I can tell by her face how deeply it has cut into her heart," answered Mrs. Jock, "Alick thinks she will soon get over this; but she won't."

"She is behaving splendidly, at all events; and I like that old dame, and pity Biddulph from the bottom of my heart."

But Mrs, Jock, with the unreasonableness of a loving woman, could never quite forgive Biddulp, since indirectly through him all this misery had fallen on her beloved son. She had been secretly jealous ot, and had grudged him his happiness with Nora, when no shadow seemed to lie between their lives. And now, though she grieved for Nora's pain, it must be admitted she did not regret her engagement was broken off.

"He is a good-looking, clever man, she said to Jock; but, to my mind, the whole thing is too absolvtely revolting. A man has no right to marry a woman and forsake her, as Mr. Biddulph confessedly did. If he had been a true, or even an ordinary husband, our boy would not have been in exile now."

"You are a prejudicedwoman, Jennie!" answered Jock, with a smile; but the next moment he sighed and turned his head away. He, too, knew that Biddulph had cost them all very dear; how dear, the poor laird never talked of, even to his wife.

In the meantime, the unhappy man whose misfortunes had become strangely mixed with those of the family at Airdlinn, was passing through one of those dark phases of life when we ask ourselves in bitterness, Why were we born?

Biddulph could not bow to the rod, nor accept the terrible punishment which his own early fault had brought down upon his head. He saw his life blasted, he believed unjustly, and their was anger as well as grief in his heart. And strange, though he had expressed no doubt at the time, that suggestion of Lady Barbara's that there might still be some uncertainty about the identity of his wife recurred again and again to his mind. It came like the whispering of an evil spirit tempting him. The woman had said a few words in his ear that none but Natalie could know, self-argued Biddulph. "But," suggested the mocking voice that would not be gainsaid, "to such women nothing is sacred; these twin sisters might have no secrets."

He tried to force himself not to entertain this idea, but tried in vain. It came again and again, clothed in different words, but the essence was the same. It unsettled him, and made him yet more impatient of what he deemed an unjust fate. And he was in this condition of mind when he received a note from his aunt, Lady Barbara, to tell him that Nora, Minnie Stewart and herself were to arrive in town on an evening she named.

Lady Barbara had thought it proper to write this so that Biddulph might leave England before he had any chance of seeing Nora again. But he he did not do this. He went to Kingscross station at the time when the train from the North was expected to arrive, on the night Lady Barbara had mentioned, and he lingered there until it came in.

And he saw Nora again. Shrinking back in the shadow, he watched her pale face, which, though wearied looking, had a certain serenity of expression which his now never wore. And he saw her smile, too, and put her arm through Minnie Fraser's, while Palmer and Alfred were claiming the luggage, and his aunt was personally inspecting the safety of her own.

He stood there, looking at the woman nearest to his heart, cut off from her by a tie of which there was still a *doubt*. That familiar spirit of his told him this very distinctly in the busy station, and urged that a man is a fool to throw away his life's happiness on a quibble of honor.

He made a step forward. Should he speak to her, feel her little hand in his for one brief moment? Again Nora smiled, and Biddulph resisted the temptation.

"Why disturb her peace, he thought half bitterly; "why fill her heart with the burning, unsatisfied questions that are distracting mine?"

But later during the same evening, he called on Lady Barbara, who lived in one of the small streets leading out of Park Lane. He found that lady sitting in her little drawing-room, and when his name was announced she looked sharply up, for she was reclining very comfortably in an easy-chair by the fire, with her feet resting on the fender.

"So you are not gone?" she said, holding out her hand.

"Not yet; but I am on the eve of going," answered Biddulph.

"Well, we all got safely back to town a couple of hours ago."

"I know; I saw you arrive."

"Ah!" and Lady Barbara fixed her keen grey eyes on her nephew's face. "James Biddulph," she continued a moment later, "you are better away, do you know; and you are looking remarkably ill."

"Nora does not look ill?"

"No," answered Lady Bab, nodding her head; "that girl has a wonderful amount of—what shall I call it—faith? Something that makes the things of this world seem of secondary importance."

"I wish I had," said Biddulph, darkly. "To me these things become daily more dim—more 'unknown and unknowable.'"

"Many people feel thus when things go wrong with them."

"But why should my life be cursed?" answered Biddulph, with quick passion. "What have I done that everything should be made bitter to me?"

"And what have any of us done that our lives should be made quite pleasant to us? I don't want to preach, but have you deserved this?"

Biddulph made no answer; he began (an old habit of his) to walk slowly up and down the room, and Lady Barbara's eyes followed him with some pity.

"Aunt Barbara," he said presently, "will you write to me when I am away?"

"Yes, of course I shall, if you wish me to do so."

"And tell me how everything goes on?"

"You mean everything about Miss Nora Stewart, I suppose?"

"Yes—tell me if she seems happy—if—I am forgotten."

"I would not; yet, for her sake, I think it would be well."

"There is one man I am certain means to propose to her."

"Who is that?" asked Biddulph, sharply.

"Mr. Fraser, of Inismore; a rich man, I'm told."

"Alick Fraser—impossible!" said Biddulph, angrily.

"Quite possible, I assure you. He was at the station to see us off this morning, and as that pretty little niece of his is with Nora Stewart, he will, of course, make her the excuse to run up to town constantly; in fact, I heard something of this."

"If I thought——" began Biddulph, and then he paused. What right had he, he told himself bitterly, to interfere with Nora's life, or stand between her and any other man? Not that he believed for one moment that she would marry Alick Fraser, though he had noticed that Alick admired her, and believed the antagonism he had shown toward himself had sprung from this cause.

"Will you see Nora to-morrow?" presently said Biddulph, resuming his slow walk up and down the room.

"Yes; we settled I had to go there to lunch to-morrow."

"Then I want you to tell her the reason I am leaving England is that I have not strength to stay—will you tell her this to-morrow after I am gone?"

"And are you really going to-morrow? Does your father know this?"

"Yes, I dined with him yesterday; he thinks I am on my way to Liverpool now, which I shall be in a few hours, and there I shall start for New York."

"Well, I think you are wise, James."

He did not speak for a moment, and then he held out his hand.

"Good-bye, then, Aunt Barbara; I shall write to you when I reach New York."

They shook hands and parted, and after Biddulph left her, he drove to South Kensington, alighting near the street where Nora's house was situated. He knew the number, and stood there outside, watching the lights in the windows, and thinking of the fair woman within, his heart racked by the contending emotions which struggled in his breast.

It was starlight, and suddenly, Biddulph looking upwards at the wondrous sight which dwarfs all others, a wave of purer thoughts swept through his mind. He remembered lingering hand-in-hand with Nora on such a night as this, and how they had talked of hopes and aspirations not bounded by mortal span. Would he drag her down even if he could, he now asked himself. And what was best in his nature answered no. He turned away with something like a blessing on his lips, and returned to his hotel, and when he reached it he sat down to write to Nora to bid her farewell.

My dear, dear Nora, he began, when this letter reaches your hands, I shall have left town and started for America, where I propose to make a lengthened tour. Dear Nora, you know why I do this? You, in your sweet trust proposed that we should resume our old friendship, and forget alike our days of grief and joy, and, on my part at least, of passionate despair. But, Nora, I cannot do this. My nature is not as yours, and my strength is but weakness. My aunt tells me that your strong faith has bridged over for you the terrible grief which has literally struck me to the earth. I I should but disturb your peace, my dear one, by the sight of my restless misery. I am better away. But will you write to me sometimes, and tell me all about your daily life? These letters will be my consolation in my long exile. And believe that I shall remain always,

Faithfully yours, JAMES BIDDULPH.

He did not post this letter, intending to do so after he reached Liverpool on the following day. And he did this; Nora, in the meantime, listening during the whole of the next morning with a beating heart and flushed cheeks te every ring that came to the house door-bell.

She felt so sure that Biddulph would not delay in calling to see her; and when he came not during the early hours of the morning, she decided that he meant to come to lunch with his aunt, Lady Barbara.

But Lady Bab arrived alone at two o'clock, looking very erect and grim. She kissed Nora, and patted Minnie Fraser's fair cheek with one of her bony fingers, regarding them both at the same time critically.

"You girls look very well after your journey," she said; "but my poor old bones have a hundred aches, of course."

"Is James coming to lunch?" asked Nora, with a sudden blush.

"Not that I know of," replied Lady Bab, who did not think that this was quite the time to break her news to Nora, and also reflected that she might as well have her lunch first.

To lunch accordingly they went, and Lady Bab's shrewd eyes noticed how Nora was listening and watching for a visitor that Lady Bab knew would not come. But she said nothing about her nephew James until the meal was over, and the three ladies had returned to the drawing-room.

Then she said to Nora she should like to see over the house, and Nora accordinly led her upstairs.

"Let us go into your room for a few minutes and have a chat," suggested Lady Bab.

Thus they went together into Nora's bedroom, and presently Lady Bab, after one or two remarks, said in her abrupt way—

"Well, I had a visit from James Biddulph last night."

"I have been expecting him all day," answered Nora, with a pretty blush; "but he will be coming later, I suppose."

"He is not coming, my dear."

"Not coming?" repeated Nora, with a swift change of countenance. "Has he left town, then?"

"Yes; he thought it right to go, and he was right."

"Was this," began Nora with faltering tongue, and again flushing deeply, "because I am here? He need not have been afraid."

"He likes you too well to stay—that is the truth, Nora; he is afraid of himself."

Nora did not speak; she was greatly agitated and could scarcely conceal her emotion.

"He has gone to America for a time," said Lady Barbara, considerately. "When he comes back the first bitterness of this unhappy affair will be over. My dear, he was wise to go."

Still Nora did not speak; she was beginning to understand now what Biddulph had meant when he had asked to kiss her "for the last time," when they parted at Rossmore.

"He looks changed and ill," continued Lady Barbara, who was woman enough to know that Nora would rather hear this than that, under the circumstances he seemed well and happy. "The change will do him good. All this has cut him to the heart."

"And—he left no letter, no message?"

"Yes, he sent a message, and he no doubt will write to you. I was to tell you he was going away because he had not strength to stay."

"I—I think he might have told me this," said Nora, with some pride. "Shall we go downstairs again now, Lady Barbara? I think Minnie will feel dull if we stay here."

But later in the day when she received Biddulph's letter, all her pride and her little feeling of anger melted away. She could not mistake the tone of the words he had penned with such a sore and aching heart. He loved her too well, then, to forget the "brief days of joy" and "passionate despair" that she had been prepared to ignore, to bury with the sweet dreams and dead hopes which then had ended.

She kissed his letter again and again, and laid it against her breast as if it were some living thing. Sweet words! that told her he was thinking of her then, and would think of her when he was far away. This love of theirs at least was strong and deep and true, and, like gold, would bear the cruel crucible of absence and time. Nora stood there thinking of Biddulph, seeing him with that strange mental vision of ours which beholds features that are not present—the glance, the smile, that memory re-pictures on our brain. She knew his face so well—the grey eyes that softened when he looked at her, that grew tender when he listened to her words.

"My dear," she said softly, "I know you will not forget me; my soul is too near akin to yours for us to change."

(*To be continued next week.*)

## AN APOLOGY DEMANDED.

**A Greenback Organ Calls Upon Ben Harrison to Retract.**

[Grand Ledger (Mich.) Graphic.]

June 21 last the Chicago *Tribune*—one of the most influential organs of the republican party in the country—gave figures which showed that (to quote from the *Tribune*) "if the republicans could have gained the support of the greenbackers in 1884 they would have carried every Northern state, including New York, Indiana, and Connecticut, and would have made New Jersey close."

"The greenbackers," says the *Tribune*, "were nearly all republicans and differed with the republican party only on the question of the issuance of legal tender currency in times of peace as well as war." For the ideas of the greenbackers on money, Harrison, says the *Tribune*, "denounced them as 'fools and lunatics' and recommended that they should be committed to the 'insane asylums.'"

"Fortunately," says the *Tribune*, "that question was passed upon by the federal supreme court and the position of the greenbackers was was sustained by the solid vote of the eight republican justices, Field, democrat, alone voting in the negative. The doctrine which the greenback party was organized to advocate and defend is now sustained and vindicated in the court of last resort. In one of the most important and exhaustive opinions ever rendered by the supreme court the judges declared that 'in war or peace the question of issuing legal-tender currency was which one to be determined by the people's representatives in congress, and not to be passed upon or questioned by the courts.' So the greenbackers are not fools and lunatics. Benjamin Harrison was mistaken. He did them an injustice. Nor has he, so far as is known, apologized.

The *Graphic* hereby does call the attention of Gen. Harrison to the fact that in stigmatizing the greenbackers as "fools and lunatics" he wronged them. We ask Gen. Harrison to apologize to the greenbackers of the United States. Will he? If he does not, can he expect or will he want their support?

## SAM JONES ON THE SITUATION.

**The Picturesque Preacher Says Cleveland is Going to Get There.**

[Chautauqua, N. Y., Special to the Republic.]

Sam Jones lectured here in the amphitheatre to an audience of nearly 5,000 people. He was as sensational as ever but he never created a bigger sensation than he did on this occasion, when he predicted the re-election of President Cleveland. He said: "I will lecture on how to get there. When we get there socially we have not got very far. I like a live man. I like anything that is alive. I like courage. We need grit and courage. If I had a prayer for the United States I should pray: 'Oh, Lord, give us every four years a president who is brave, a man who has a backbone like a circus pole.' We have got to begin at the top and work down to reform. Most any preacher can jump on a few rummies, but when he jumps on a president or governor or mayor, he will need grit or he has got to git.

"A man or a chicken without sand in his gizzard is a failure. God Almighty will not let a preacher be 99 per cent. a man and 1 per cent. a preacher. A preacher ought to be the bravest man in the community. I am not a democrat or a republican or a third party man. I am one of these 'one in a hill' kind of fellows. I believe in prohibition, and I will tell you what will happen. In November the democrats are going to re-elect their man. But in four years we will have an issue—prohibition or whisky, heaven or hell. I am a Southerner, and I tell you you can never have anything but a solid South by shaking a bloody shirt at them. But if you get an issue you will break the solid South. The difference between the democrats and republicans is that the democrats come right out and say 'we favor whisky.' The republicans don't say so, but they do, just the same."

**The Value of Longevity.**

[Dr. Felix L. Oswald in the August Forum.]

Can there be a doubt that Burns and Keats foresaw the issue of their struggle against bigotry, or that Cervantes, in the gloom of his misery, could read the signs of the dawn presaging a sunburst of posthumous fame? Spinoza and Schiller died at the threshold of their goal; Pascal, Harvey, Macaulay, Buckle and Bichat left their inimitable works half finished; Raphael, Mozart and Byron died at the verge of a summit which, perhaps, no other foot shall ever approach. Who knows how often, since the dawn of modern science, the chill of death has palsied a hand that had all but lifted the veil of Isis temple? Or in how many thousand lives time alone would have solved all discords into harmonies? An increase of longevity would, indeed, solve the most vexing riddles of existence; it would furnish the peculiar indorsement of Mr. Mallock's conclusion. It would give the vicissitudes of fortune a chance to assert their equalizing tendencies; it would supply a missing link in the arguments of that natural religion that trusts the equipoise of justice in the apparent caprices of human fate. The price of longevity would redeem the mortgage of our earthly paradise.

**What Free Hides Has Done.**

[Kansas City Times.]

Hides were put on the free list and by a republican congress. The consequence was a rapid development of the leather manufacturing industry to the benefit of the whole country.

## PORTER FINALLY REFUSED

### AND THE CONVENTION CHOSE HOVEY.

**A Convention Begging a Man to Accept a Nomination He Didn't Want—The Candidates and Their Records.**

GOVERNOR,
GEN. ALVIN P. HOVEY of Posey county.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR,
REV. IRA J. CHASE of Hendricks.

SECRETARY OF STATE,
CHARLES P. GRIFFIN of Lake.

AUDITOR OF STATE,
BRUCE CARR of Orange.

TREASURER OF STATE,
JULIUS A. LEMCKE of Vanderburgh.

SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.
R. M. LAFOLLETTE of Boone.

JUDGES OF THE SUPREME COURT,
First District—S. D. COFFEY of Clay.
Second District—JOHN G. BERKSHIRE of Jennings.
Fourth District—WALTER OLDS of Whitley.

REPORTER OF THE SUPREME COURT,
JOHN L. GRIFFITHS of Marion.

THE PLATFORM.

With grateful pride the republicans of Indiana indorse and ratify the action of the national convention held at Chicago in June last. Affirming allegiance to the principles and policy of the republican party, we pledge to the nominees for president and vice-president a united and successful support. The electoral votes of Indiana will be given for Harrison and Morton.

In commending Benjamin Harrison to the people of the United States, we repeat the words in which the state presented him as a candidate for nomination: "A republican without equivocation, always in the fore front of every contest, devoted to the principles of the party with which he has been identified since its organization, prominent and zealous in all its campaigns, wise and trusted in its councils, serving with honorable distinction in the military and civil service of the government, of great abilities, long and distinguished public life, of high character and unblemished reputation."

The national platform expresses the faith of the party upon national questions for the republicans of Indiana. We declare:

Crimes against an equal ballot and equal representation are destructive of free government. The iniquitous and unfair apportionment for congressional and legislative purposes, made at the behest of the liquor league

GEN. ALVIN P. HOVEY.

of Indiana, followed by conspiracy and forgery upon the election returns of 1886, in Marion county, for which a number of prominent democratic leaders were indicted and tried, two of whom are now suffering the deserved penalty of their acts, demand the rebuke of every patriotic citizen. The gerrymander, by which more than half of the people of the state are shorn of their just rights, must be repealed and constitutional apportionments made, whereby the votes of members of all political parties shall be given equal force and effect, equal political rights to be the only basis of a truly democratic and republican form of government.

The action of the democrats in the last general assembly was revolutionary and criminal. The will of the people expressed in a peaceable and lawful election, advised and participated in by the democratic party, was set at defiance, and the constitution and laws as expounded by the supreme court of the United States disregarded and nullified. Public and private rights were subverted and destroyed, and the capitol of the state disgraced by violence and brutality. The alleged election of a U. S. senator was accomplished by fraud and forced by high-handed usurpation of power, the overthrow of constitutional and legal forms, the setting aside of the results of a popular election and the theft of the prerogatives of duly elected and and qualified members of the legislature. That stolen senatorship is part of the democratic administration at Washington, now in power by virtue of public crimes and the nullification of constitution and laws.

The serious revelations of corruptions, scoundrelism and outrage in the conduct of the penal and benevolent institutions of the state, made before investigating committees of the last legislature, and confessed by the action of a democratic governor and democratic legislators, enforce the demand of an enlightened public sentiment that these great and sacred trusts be forever removed from partisan control. We favor placing all public institutions under a wisely-conceived and honestly administered civil service law.

Labor is the foundation of the state. It must be free, well paid and intelligent to remain honorable, prosperous and dignified. In the interests of labor we favor the establishment and permanent maintenance of a bureau of labor statistics. We favor the passage and strict enforcement of laws which will absolutely prevent the competition of imported servile, convict or contract labor of all kinds with free labor; prohibit the employment of young children in factories and mines; guarantee to workingmen the most favorable conditions for their service, especially proper safeguards for life and comfort in mines and factories, on railways and in all hazardous occupations; to secure which the duties and powers of the state mine inspector should be enlarged and provision made whereby only skilled and competent men can be placed in positions where they may be in control of the lives and safety others; enforce the certain and frequent payment of wages; abridge the hours of labor wherever practicable, and provide for the submission to just and impartial arbitration, under regulations that will make the arbitration effective, all controversies between workingmen and their employers. The right of wage-workers to organize for the legitimate promotion of their mutual good cannot be questioned.

A just and equal enforcement of the law is the only sure defense for the rights of the people. It is the highest duty of the State and home governments to administer all laws for the protection of life and property, and the abdication of this function to private and personal agencies is dangerous to the public peace, and subversive of proper respect for legal authority.

We favor such legislation as will secure to every head of a family in Indiana a comfortable homestead, in addition to the personal property now exempted from execution by the law.

Fees and salaries should be equalized under the constitutional amendment adopted by so large a majority for that purpose, and a law for the equitable compensation of public officials should be promptly enacted. The methods of county and township business should be economized and simplified.

The amendments to the state constitution making the terms of county officers four years, and striking out the word "white" from section 1, article xii, so that colored men may become a part of the regular militia force for the defense of the state, should be renewed.

Railway and other public corporations should be subjected to control through the legislative power that created them; their undue influence in legislation and in courts, and the imposition of unnecessary burdens upon the people, through illegitimate increase of stock or capital, should be summarily prevented.

The free, unsectarian public school system must be protected against impairment or abridgement from any cause. The constitutional provision for a common school education

IRA J. CHASE.

of the children of all the people should be given the widest possible scope. The state normal school for the training of teachers for the common schools should be rebuilt, and the school fund of the state released from restrictions that keep it out of the hands of the people.

Politics and legislation should be kept free from the influence of the saloon. The liquor traffic must obey the law. We favor legislation upon the principle of local option, whereby the various communities throughout the state may be as they deem best—either control or suppress the traffic in intoxicating liquors.

The gratitude of a patriotic people to the defenders of the Union can not be measured by money. We will not consent that any Union soldier or sailor, or his widow and orphan, shall be impoverished or embarrassed because of the refusal of liberal provisions by the government, or by harsh or inimical requirements of law or administration in securing recognition of their just claims. Proof of an honorable discharge and of existing disability ought and must be deemed sufficient showing to warrant the award of a pension.

We congratulate the people of the state upon the indications of a prosperity that is being maintained despite all adverse influences. The rapid utilization of natural gas greatly stimulated the industrial interests of the commonwealth and rendered more essential the continuance of the economic system under which our marvelous advancement has been made.

State legislation should be directed toward the reclamation of untillable lands and the development of our resources of every kind.

Democratic filibustering in the national house of representatives prevented the return to the treasury of the state of Indiana the sum of $904,875.33, the justice of which claim against the general government has been officially acknowledged and its repayment provided for. Like hostile democratic action has also prevented the return of our state treasury of $606,979.41 discount and interest on war loan bonds, rendered necessary to equip and maintain the volunteer soldiers who went out under the first call for troops in 1861. More than a million and a half of dollars, justly due the state, are thus withheld in the presence of an increasing federal surplus and of a practically bankrupt state treasury caused by the inconsistence of the democratic state administration.

The services of our republican members of the national house of representatives meets our unqualified approval. They have been alert to protect the interests of the state and of their respective constituencies. The location of a branch of the National soldiers' home and the prospective establishment of a naval hospital within the boarders of the state are sources for special congratulation.

Under this declaration of facts and principles, the republicans of Indiana invite the co-operation of all citizens irrespective of past political faith or action.

The republicans of Indiana assembled in state convention, bid a hearty welcome home to the Hon. James G. Blaine. The enthusiastic honors now being paid him by the people of the United States are properly awarded to a public servant, who has always and under all circumstances been conspicuously an American. Mr. Blaine's services to the republican party have been manifold and able, but his services to the United States, as a representative American, have been even more notable and praiseworthy. Whether at home or abroad his voice and influence have been powerful for the advocacy and furtherance of those principles and that policy which has made the United States the most prosperous nation in the world.

THE REASON WHY.

**Some of the Influences at Work on the Convention.**

Porter meant it.

That was the principal piece of information conveyed to the delegates of Wednesday's republican state convention. Months ago Mr. Porter declared his unwillingness to again be a candidate for

CHARLES J. GRIFFIN.

governor. Goaded on by the absolute certainty of defeat without the aid of his name on the ticket, the party managers have grasped with the desperation of drowning men at the hope of securing from him a reconsideration of his purpose not to be a candidate. Catching at this straw of hope the machine postponed the convention to a date so late as to incur the disapproval of the vast majority of the party in the endeavor to secure from Mr. Porter a recantation of his withdrawal. But all the artfully laid plans went amiss, and the republican party goes into the race deprived of the aid of that name on the ticket, which many have declared was necessary to success. The conduct of the Porter boom has been peculiar. While in his every public utterance he has declared himself not a candidate, those supposed to be in his confidence have stoutly maintained that Gov. Porter would yet be a candidate. Another element which has been endeavoring to secure the nomination of the ex-governor has been the following of Gen. Harrison which has urged that Porter must be the nominee to order to secure to Mr. Harrison the vote of his own state. This latter element has of late been the