

THE NEWS.

JNO. P. STAFFORD, Editor

THE POLITICAL WAR.

Republican Senators Afraid to Touch the Tariff Question.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 31.—The action of the caucus of the Republican Senators as given out was very generally discussed today around the Capitol, and although Mr. Allison and some of the other Western Republicans who have been promising for many months that the Senate would bring forth a tariff bill, are still telling those with whom they talk that the measure will be forthcoming in a short while, it will be noticed that Mr. Allison has been giving himself ample chance to escape from all responsibility in the event that nothing is done, or that no bill will be reported at all.

Some of the Republicans in explaining the situation say that of course they don't know what the Democrats on the finance committee will do. This is nonsense, for the reason that it is generally known that the Democrats of the finance committee, and indeed all of the Democrats of the Senate, with one possible exception, regard the Mills bill, which has already been passed many weeks by the House of Representatives, as a measure fully entitled to Democratic support. It would not take the Democratic members of the finance committee one hour to unite in a report recommending to the Senate the passage of the Mills bill.

One significant fact about last night's caucus is that neither of the Kansas Senators were present. Indeed, there has been much comment to-day over the failure of quite a number of Republican Senators to attend Mr. Edmunds' caucus. There are at present thirty-five Republican Senators in the city, and although urgent appeals were made to each and every one of them to be present, only twenty-two were on hand. This shows beyond a doubt that a large proportion of the Republican Senators are not worrying themselves very much about the tariff question. They have about made up their minds that nothing can be done this session, and some of them have from the very start been opposed to any attempt on the part of the Senate to pass a tariff bill.

Messrs. Ingalls and Piamb, in view of their past utterances, and by the stand taken by other Republican constituents in Kansas cannot afford to go before their people and say that they had consented to a 50 per cent reduction on sugar, especially when the caucus refused in any way to interfere with the existing duties on lumber. Kansas Republicans want a reduction on lumber and they want it badly, and since the sorghum industry has become one of such importance in their State, they have been opposed also to this tremendous cut on sugar.

The whole truth of the matter is the Republicans have not the remotest idea of getting a bill through. They are playing the same old game of bluff which they commenced two months ago, and their sole object is to hoodwink and deceive the people of the Northwest. They may report a bill, but not one man in ten in this city who watches legislation believes for a moment that they will seriously attempt to pass the measure. Boss Quay is against it, and so is Boss Blaine, and the poor old Republican party is torn up and divided over the tariff issue that the would-be leaders in the Senate will be compelled to waste time and talk upon irrelevant subjects until a short period before the November election.—St. Louis Republic.

The Real Issue.

The real issue in this campaign is between Democracy, labor and the people on one hand, and Republicanism, capital and trusts on the other. Let not the workingman allow himself to be deceived by the false cries of the Republican managers, hungry for the spoils and reckless as to the means by which they may obtain them. Let the issue be understood, and

let no amount of Republican "protection" literature and oratory founded on misstatements and meant but to deceive, divert the people's minds from that issue. It is a simple one, and can be easily grasped and remembered. It is Democracy and the people against Republicanism and the enormous combinations of capital and monopoly.

As for "protection," that is now and ever has been one of the leading principles of the Democratic party—the protection of the people from impositions and wrongs of all kinds, including war taxes for the special benefit of capital; the plundering raids of railroad corporations on the public domain; the aggrandizement of monopolies and trusts in their conspiracies to put up the prices of the necessities of life for their own enormous enrichment, thus inaugurating the reign of an aristocracy of Mammon, the most monstrous of all despotisms that ever crushed a people.

This is the issue and the proof is not wanting. Mr. Blaine has declared that trusts are private affairs with which the President nor any body else has any right to interfere. Mr. Blaine is the recognized mouth-piece of the Republican party. The Democrats in the House of Representatives have introduced bills to regulate trusts and protect the people from them; and the Democratic Attorney Generals of the States of New York and Louisiana have instituted suits at law to bring the trust-forming conspirators against the people to terms.

Monarchy has been defined as "the right divine to rule wrong," and the Republican party to-day might be defined as "the protector of trusts to rob the people."

A "trust" is a banding together of rich men for the purpose of increasing their wealth by raising the prices of everything needed by the working man, thereby robbing him and his family of the earnings of his labor by over-charges for the necessities of life. An apt illustration of this was given in New York City last week when the sugar trust, composed of the wholesale grocers of New York City and vicinity, met and took such action as will increase the price of sugar by a cent a pound. No doubt the Republican editors and orators will soon come out and charge this increase to the Mills bill and the Democratic party.

Let the voters remember the issue—Democracy and the people against Republicanism and the Trusts.—American Catholic News.

JUDGE THURMAN'S TOUR.

Arrangements Made for the Old Roman's Trip to New York.

COLUMBUS, O., Aug. 31.—Judge Thurman expected to make the dates of his New York meetings for some time the latter part of September, but has been prevailed upon to yield to the desire of the National Committee and will leave for New York on September 5, next Wednesday. On the evening of the 6th he will be present at the Democratic meeting to be held in Madison square, at which he will be the principle speaker. This meeting will be under the direct control of the National Committee, and efforts are being made to have an immense rally of the Democratic hosts, a gathering surpassing any of the political demonstrations of the year. The party will leave New York on the return trip September 7, and arrive at Columbus Saturday or Sunday following, so that Thurman can be in Columbus during the week of the National Encampment of the Grand Army. Already Judge Thurman has received a large number of letters from old soldiers notifying him that they will call to pay their respects during the week, and this fact, no doubt, has much to do with the brief stay in the East at this time.

Judge Thurman, not leaving here until Wednesday, will be able to be present at the opening of the Centennial Exposition on Tuesday next. The intention is to arrange the trip in such a way as to avoid the crowds as much as possible, but the Judge will hardly be able to keep from making several speeches along the route. The details for the journey have not yet been completed, the route not having yet been decided upon, nor is it known who will accompany the Judge.

Chairman Charles D. Jewitt of the Democratic State Executive Committee of Indiana called on Judge Thurman last night a view to securing some definite information as to the latter's proposed trip through Indiana, but there will be nothing definite as to date decided upon until after the trip to New York. A delegation from Indianapolis will call on Thurman at 2 p. m. tomorrow to extend a formal invitation to him to visit that city.—St. Louis Republic.

Under a Cloud.

Cearing Himself.

THE THRILLING AND ABSORBING STORY OF ONE GREAT CRIME.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

"But, but, my boy! Come to Parson Avory's with my minutes' book; we'll come up with them yet. Where's that baggage being taken, my girl? Under a spot. For what train? Nine-forty—all right. Come September 1st to an office in plain dress who doesn't mind them, and the train started the carriage which had brought them there and were whirled away to the Rev. Avory's abode, to meet a fresh disappointed search of fact had been there at all.

It was no fault of Norris Bergmann's that they were thus late upon the scene. He would have flown straight from that miserably furnished to confront Ingot and rescue the girl he loved, but Uncle Ames stepped in with a peremptory refusal to allow such a proceeding.

"No, no, Norris, nothing of the sort. You are not to stir up our kind and have him take to the wire. There's that express business—you've got to clear your self there—and Ingot holds the key to what because of the money, too, remember. There's too much involved for us to speak around to the Fremont House, have a bath and breakfast, and settle in our coat. Give a friend who stops there, a magistrate named Steele. Well, rest him out and see what must be done in the way of getting out a warrant and having it served."

The faces that had been with Ingot heretofore, went over to the other side when he blundered so blindly into Justice Steele's office in the same hour that saw the other party there securing the legal forms necessary to their purpose of detaining him.

Leaving the minister's house, the three men all haste to reach the depot, and at the entrance encountered the clerk who had shadowed Ingot, and who saluted them familiarly with an air of relief.

"Oh, here you are. I was just going to telephone to the agent. Your party's in there. He was taking tickets for the Southern train, which isn't due yet for twenty minutes. He's the pilot of the whole thing is that he came to us to be tied. Steele would have kept him at the office, but he snatched a race, and so I was sent to track him down."

The party turned toward the waiting room, but Norris was first. He was first to catch sight of a certain white, weary, wistful face amid the waiting crowd.

"Oh, Carol, thank Heaven—thank Heaven, that you are not married to that man—that we are in time!"

He had neither eyes nor thought for any but her. It was the clerk who started in wonder, doubt and final confusion around. "Why, who has he been saying? He was here not two minutes ago. Well, I reckon he took me in and it. He was so demurely cool about it that I didn't suppose he dropped to the game. Pure waste of time to look for him now, meantime. They never hear what he's about. Work the wires for all they are worth; I'll bet ten to one that you don't find him."



LIKE ONE WHO SUFFERS FROM TOOTHACHE.

but by a hint jersey cap, which he drew from his pocket, drawing the hat unperceived further on, and in the slight disguise of his changed appearance, he had passed close by the party, who, plucked by the clerk, were at that moment turning into the waiting-room, a crowd of him."

It required some nerve to walk slowly away when he reached the street, but Ingot did it, and made good his escape, while Uncle Ames and the police sergeant were sending messages to have a train which had just pulled out searched at its first stopping-place, and Norris was reassuring the startled girl whose heart throbbled with a strange mingling of emotions she began to realize what all this meant.

Joy that the fulfillment of her promise could not now be required by Ingot; fear lest Lyman might be restrained by the discovery from which a relief was being relieved at having the piece of that detestable lover filed by one who was no less a lover, though his eyes, not his lips, told of the tenderness stirring. But anxiety for her brother was uppermost.

"Please, let me hurry back to Lyman. I have been away from him so long."

"You shall go at once. But now you will let your friends share your burden, will you not? It has proved nothing so to be shut away from you in your trouble. I think it is her trouble, too, though I would not say it to any one but you."

"Altho' Oh, I could not see her," shivered Carol.

"What has poor Altho' done to set you against her? She is a dear friend of yours, and has been throughout."

"You shall see very soon by seeing me this Carol. And if I only expect that some day you will make me happy, as I will take every thing in the world that I wish for."

A grave shade flitted across the girl's fair face. She lifted her eyes to his with-out a shadow of cogitation in them.

"Indeed, you must. Don't you ever see me," she declared, earnestly. "There are—no reasons why it is better that you should know this now. Lyman and I must be all to each other. Forget me if you do not see me. Think of me, think of me, Altho' for her sake as well as yours."

"I wish I could persuade you to see Altho'. She might have objections to this little arrangement of yours, as well as myself, and not speak of it now. How you are, at home?"

Sarah opened the door before he could rise the hall.

"She's Everleigh's in the parlor. Go in there, Miss Carol."

Something in the woman's face struck awe and foreboding to Carol's heart.

"Oh, what is it, Lyman?"

"There's been a change. He's come to himself. He would have us send right off for Mr. Everleigh."

"I must see him, I can't do till I see him," he kept going on, and Tina said we must see him. Don't look so my poor baby! Tina says he's like to go one way as to other; they always think they is dying."

The parlor door opened. Carol felt herself drawn in and folded close in Altho's arms. There were no words, no tears, while they waited, but oh! the agony of such waiting when a life hangs in the balance.

Five minutes passed, and Mr. Everleigh's steps came noisily down.

"He was no worse that I can see, though the fever has risen again. I thought he was rational for a moment, but the next he was raving. I want to tell, but that holds me back. It is all yours, so why don't you take it, Everleigh—Everleigh—Everleigh! Though he was looking straight at me it was quite evident that he did not know me. The nurse gave him a powerful sedative, and he is quieter now. I would stay longer, but I am due at the inquest, where you will be wanted, also, Norris."

The two went out together, and Carol slipped away from the grasp of her friend, saying mournfully:

"You would not want to touch me if you knew all, Altho'. I must tell you, though you hate as both. I don't think Lyman was raving, he was trying to tell that the money—the fortune—was never ours. He took it from your father, I don't know how. Ingot told me, and that Lyman shot himself. Wasn't that dreadful, Altho'! Oh, I know he suffered terribly, trying to do such a thing, and I love him. I must love him all the more, because now, if he lives, he will never have any one but me."

"I suspected something of this," said Altho', in a stifled tone. "Go, do not draw away from me, Carol; you have done nothing wrong. Let me be your friend through this trouble, and do you be mine, for I, too, am in trouble—deep trouble. Do you know—can't you guess, how he first went astray?"

Carol began to tremble.

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