

young man answered, as he dragged his chair after him to the neighborhood of his wife. They were alone, but his instinct told him that Nettie desired a little confidential talk, and confidential matters are not best discussed when the conferees are twenty feet apart, and a third person liable to enter at any moment. "I presume that you will agree that Adam and Eve were married in even greater common ignorance than we enjoyed."

"Enjoyed!"

"Well, that may not be the word. Shall we say 'possessed?' The possession of ignorance is a question for a casuist."

"Don't think, Charlie, that I am uneasy or fearful, but I should very much 'enjoy,' to use your word in a happier sense, to hear you tell something of yourself. I love to recount the few possessions I have. I know that your life is full of jewels, and I long to count and to value them."

"And I have an equal desire to know something of your history."

"Well, then, I will get my poor, little story out of the way in short order. Of my parentage I know scarcely anything. My mother, and possibly, my father, came of a race of weavers, of woolen, and later, cotton goods. You know the average factory life, and need not be told its shameful secrets, I would have my tongue torn from my mouth before I would accuse my poor dead mother. I know not who was my father. Some rich official of the mill, I believe. I have learned to regard the factory girl with more leniency than I formerly entertained. I have felt the hot breath of temptation to a life of ease and plenty, and it comes with irresistible power, I can well believe, to some poor souls who, mad beneath their burdens, their lives cramped and confined in the pestilent air of the mill, inhaling the corrupt thoughts and words of the operators, and all are in time more or less corrupted, or they run away, or get bounced—"

"What do you mean by that?"

"What? Bounced? Certainly. If a girl is too pure or too proud to take part in their vile love feasts, where all manner of unclean topics are discussed, and all subjects are dissected by dull and filthy scalpels, she is soon tabooed—I believe you know what that means. She is ignored. She becomes the butt of inuendo and sly satire. As she is never addressed or named, she cannot easily resent. Should she do so, ten to one, she gets the worst of the controversy, and a row ensues, which is settled by the foreman. There is but one result. There are hundreds against her and she goes down. Once discharged from one of the mills, and she is blacklisted from all. Knowing all this, I can go so far as to realize that a young woman, naturally pure hearted, might become so horrified at this companionship day after day, that she could fling herself into the arms of a man who, whatever his faults, would not insult her, and whose care and regard for her may, in some degree, recompense her for the loss of reputation in a society she could never have entered at her best estate.

"Myself? Surely, if you are not already weary and disgusted, I may tell you briefly my story. When young, so young my memory runneth not to the contrary, I was an inmate of one of the best and richest homes in this village. I have hinted, I believe, why. I was an apt scholar at school, a spoiled child at home. Petted and punished by turns, always to the extreme of both, I developed a proud, stubborn

and self-reliant nature, which has stood me in good stead since. But my evil genius followed me. As I suppose that my presence in the household was due to the relationship I held to the master of the house, I came to know as I became a woman and after his death that my continuance therein depended upon my relation to the new master. I was offered by him a position as his mistress. An hour afterward I was one of the operatives in the old Hope mill. I met a monster there and he has followed me to this cellar with his vile persecutions."

"Rest easy, Nettie, he can do no more injury. Shall I tell you what conclusion I have drawn from your story?" Nettie nodded. "I believe that you was perilously near surrender or suicide."

She was strangely moved. Angry tears came, but her eyes flashed and she harshly breathed the word—

"Surrender!"

"Yes. That is, I consider that under the circumstances you was nearly yielding the fight and falling in with the rest."

"No never!" she replied, shaking her head, "you don't know me as yet, I see. Never! I would have welcomed suicide at one time, though, but for the pitiful cowardice of it. I could not bear that the coroner in the other world should instruct his jury of spirits to give a verdict of 'Scared at the fight and ran to the rear.' But even that, before I could think of yielding to those wretches. But I've been on the rack long enough, and you may now take your turn."

"Well," answered Calvin, "I can't tell you much about myself, and I don't like to tell you much about my father who was the only parent I remember."

Nettie looked at him a moment, and then arose with a soft, sweet light in her eyes and kissed him. "Never mind, dear," she whispered, "tell me all about him. 'Twill be a comfort to think I have one father of whom I may be proud."

"That you may be, indeed," Calvin responded. "He was a nobleman. My mother dying in my extreme youth, he took as well as he was able her place. I was the only child, and he made me his playfellow, his bedfellow, and later, his constant and trusted companion and confidant. I owe all I am and shall owe all I may be to my father. I mean, dear, except the aid you give me, and that I am sure will be on the same line. When I was about 14 years old the war broke out. You was too young to know much of the awful tumult of that time. The very air shimmered with rumors, with tidings. Events each of sufficient importance to engage the attention of the nation for a year in ordinary times grew in clusters every day. The fever of patriotism as the disease of disloyalty, no longer sporadic, became a devouring epidemic. Thoughts of peace, of Christian charity, of home duties and preoccupations were all swept away, the devil knows where, by this all-whelming flood. I have heard doubts expressed by some men of the possibility of accepting Christ's text, 'If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother and wife and children and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.' They were not immersed in the war spirit. Young as I was, I touched the inner meaning of that terrible text, when my father turned from my almost frenzied appeals, and calmly took

his place in the forming lines of recruits."

"I saw him but once afterwards. He lay in state with the choicest flowers half burying the sword and sash of a captain on his casket. He had looked grimly upon the most magnificent spectacle war ever displayed on our continent—the advance of Pickett's splendid lines on Cemetery Ridge. He was in the spray of the highest tide of rebellion which broke over the crest and in its undertow fell back, sweeping with it the pitiful debris of the glorious charge. He was dead when they found him. But he left me a paper which I have ever regarded as his last will and testament. He evidently felt a premonition of death, and perhaps, on the night before the final battle, wrote this paper. Shall I read it, Nettie? It is not long."

There was no response in words. Perhaps the entranced woman feared to trust her voice. He proceeded:

"You will notice the style of writing. Crisp, forcible, decisive. So must he have ordered his company at Gettysburg. It is an index of the man. He never faltered, never evaded, never failed. But you shall hear."

MY DEAR SON:—I shall not be able to speak to you again by the living voice. I feel that I shall not survive this battle. I leave you, therefore, this, as my last advice.

You will have all I leave. I wish it were more, but it will be enough for your day with careful husbandry. I am more concerned for your mental and moral development. Remember that

You must take care of yourself. God and man can give you but supplementary aid.

Assume your share of life, its duties, prerogatives and burdens. Resent the endeavor to keep you therefrom as strenuously as you will resist the temptation to take more than your share.

Fear not to speak your mind. But be sure before you speak that it is your mind.

Be not in haste to decide to marry, but marry in haste when you have decided.

Your wife will be yourself, so I need give no further charge on this line.

Remain with no church, society or party longer than your respect and faith.

Remember, above all, that you are descended from heroic stock, that the blood of Hampden flows in your veins; that one ancestor rode and fought beside Cromwell at Naseby and Dunbar; that your life sprang from sturdy pioneers who hewed their way through forests, ice and Indians. You should have fire and iron in your blood. Keep them well tempered. Never forget, my dear orphan boy, that you are the Heir of the Humanities. Be brave, be prudent, be honorable, be immortal. Farewell! Your father, ALGERNON S. CALVIN.

In the long and tender silence which followed the reading, Nettie threw her arms around Calvin's neck and whispered:

"I know all now. You will be the noblest man I have ever known."

"And you will help to make me so, dear," he responded in a tone as solemn as a benediction.

(To be continued.)

"Streets Flow With Blood."

The signs of the times indicate that before the sun rises on January 1, 1900, the great American nation will groan and writhe in an agony of revolution, and the streets of all her great cities will be slippery with blood—a hundred drops of blood for each gem that flashes on the necks of the rich and pampered women, and ten drops of blood for each tear that has washed the face of the poor. Politics is so rotten that it stinks. Everybody knows it and no one cares. America is no longer a republic. It is a plutocracy. The president is merely the creation of bank directors, railroad kings and coal barons; and it is the same with the governors of the states. The poor whine about their poverty and gnaw their crusts of bread, but can always be relied upon to vote for the rich, and nine-

Swelling in the Neck



"Large knots of scrofula nature came on my wife's neck for four years. When she had taken two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, we could see the swelling was going down. Now the glands have assumed their natural appearance and she is

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from this trouble. Our children were afflicted with spells of malaria every fall but this season they have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has purified their blood, built them up, and they have been free from all illness this winter." E. M. BLACKBURN, Oregon, Missouri.

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Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

tenths of them would shoulder their muskets and lay down their lives in defense of the right of the rich to rob them. A nation such as this, in which 1 million plutocrats tyrannize over 60 million slaves, will be either overthrown by a foreign foe or die of gangrene. The various labor organizations neither think together, vote together, nor work together, and they have no money to buy votes, lawyers and judges. Soldiers and police shoot down laboring people and are cheered on in their bloody work by monopolies and the clergy. But the day will soon come when there will be a horrible dance to death, lighted up by burning houses and the music of cries and groans and dynamite and bombs. Rich idlers amuse themselves at Newport and Tuxedo; poor workers toil ceaselessly in the darkness of the mine and the din of the mill. Young men and women dawdle over iced champagne and oyster parties; old men and women pick rotten food out of the garbage cans. Lap dogs are driven through Central park to take the air; children die of overwork in filthy garrets. Piety in the White House is enjoying the fruits of bribery—infidelity in the tenement house enduring the punishment of uprightness. These are the signs of the times in America to-day—signs that point to calamity too dreadful to imagine, but which nothing can avert. —London (Eng.) Echo.

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