

THE ARGUS.

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WEDNESDAY MARCH 18 1891

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

At the earnest solicitation of my friends, I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of collector subject to the decision of the democratic city township convention.

KANSAS is hurting itself by threatening to repudiate debts.

THERE are 1,200 sugar plantations in Cuba, and 500 tobacco.

OVER 300,000 tons of steel rails went to South America last year.

SAN FRANCISCO has a man who is spoken of as a hero at fires and a ruffian at the polls.

A KANSAS seed-house shipped 12,000 pounds of sorghum seed to Melbourne, Australia, last week.

QUEEN VICTORIA has sent to the lepers at Rotten Island, off the Cape of Good Hope, two fine photographs of herself.

At Zanesville, Ohio, one day last week, a number of miners who had been out of work for some time, the coal companies having suspended operations, broke into a store and carried off thirty barrels of flour and several hundred pounds of meat.

ACCORDING to yesterday's Chicago Tribune ex-Congressman W. H. Gest is making a desperate endeavor to secure the appointment of fourth postmaster general.

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself "A Cleveland Democrat," writing to the St. Louis Republic from Richmond, Va., truthfully says: "The election of Gen. Jno. M. Palmer, the 'American Gladstone,' is a triumph of principle which should cause every democrat in the United States to shout with joy."

HERE is wholesome truth from the Chicago Daily News: "The supreme lesson from this New Orleans tragedy is that the work of the jury-briber is responsible for the most dangerous lawlessness in this or any other country."

The Democratic Press. No other single influence has been so potent in the grand contest for the people and principle that culminated in the triumphant election of Gen. Palmer as the democratic press, remarks the Springfield Register.

AN ARMY PORTIA.

By CHARLES KING, U. S. A., Author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "The Desertor," "From the Ranks," "Dunraven Ranch," "Two Soldiers."

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CHAPTER XIII.

If Frank Hearn was a wronged and unhappy man before the regiment marched away his troubles seemed only intensified now. Deprived of the command of his troop and confined to his quarters in close arrest, he was confronted by a new sorrow, one least expected, yet hardest of all to bear.

The sharp assaults of The Palladium to a certain extent had been discontinued. One great and influential journal of the northwest had taken the pains to investigate the situation independently, and was now giving its readers the benefit of the facts in the case of the much heralded martyr Welsh.

When that eminent patriot was thus shown up in his true colors the other papers had to moderate their ecstasies on his account. Very few managing editors, indeed, had not already been shrewd enough to see what he must inevitably turn out to be.

At this moment The Pioneer came to the rescue it was time for them to change the line of attack, for no one of their number dared look horns on a question of fact with a journal so fearless and respected. Still, as the truth can never overtake a lie, and as in this case the lie had a week's start, these exponents of the ethics of American journalism had reason to feel moderately well satisfied.

It is but the confirmation of a long haunting fear. I have all along felt that you were holding back something from me, my son, and God only knows how I have prayed that this cup might be spared me and this sin averted from you.

And this was the letter poor Hearn had written to her mother, and which she had just received. It was a long, long letter, and she had read it with a heart that was almost broken.

examination did not reconcile her to his entering upon a profession which would associate him with such characters as she had seen about the time the great army was being disbanded, and hundreds of officers seemed to have nothing to do but carouse.

Secretly he rather wanted the boy to go on in his career, and was prouder of the chevrons the handsome young cadet captain had worn than of the old tarnished sleeve-knots that he had put away so reverently the day after Appomattox.

Again the father said, "Resign if you like and I'll start you here," but in the solitude of his library he kissed the boy's letter and blessed him in his heart of hearts for blessing him.

Col. Hearn even took a few days off and the north-bound "flyer" on the Queen and Crescent to go thither and make the acquaintance of his boy's friend, and sat for hours with Lane at the club, listening to his praise of Frank.

In glaring head lines, in crushing, damning terms, in half a score of prominent northern papers she read of her son as a drunken bully, a gambler, an abusive tyrant to the helpless men committed to his charge, and, utterly overwhelmed, the poor soul had thrown herself upon her knees to implore of heaven the strength to bear the dreaded blow.

It was yet Mrs. Lane who had to do most of the talking, for Georgia Marshall was strangely silent. Every now and then her eyes seemed to take a quick note of the pallor of his face and the lines of care and trouble.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder. ABSOLUTELY PURE. The order carrying the mail came trible in at the gate.

was almost raging over when the door opened, after a single prefatory bang, and in came the major.

"Hello, lad! How are you today? The regulations which forbid your visiting the commanding officer don't prevent his coming in to see you, I suppose. Any more newspaper attacks? You couldn't have got much worse if you had been running for president of these United States."

"Read that," said Hearn; and the major read, with wonderment and concern deepening in his grizzled face, then turned away to the window with a long whistle.

"Well, lad, that is something even I hadn't thought of. By gad! I'm going to write a few lines to your good mother on my own hook; she reminds me of mine. No; no shutting yourself up in your bedroom now. Come out here on the piazza, where there's sunshine, and where there will be roses presently."

There was no resisting the major; there was no resisting the deeper longing in his heart. Every day since his incarceration Mrs. Lane had found means to send him some friendly little note, together with dainties of domestic manufacture.

Half an hour later two parasols could be distinguished above the low shrubbery further east along the row, and the ladies on Burnham's veranda, where the doctor was seated in clover, now that Wallace had ridden away, stepped forward to the hedge and accosted the bearers and strove to persuade them to stay.

If Mrs. Brodie should happen to see them and stop them! But no; Mrs. Brodie went across the parade to the Crosses' half an hour ago, thank heaven. Hearn's eager eyes were fixed upon the outer edge of that lovely lilac screen, longing for the first glance of the face he had seen in his dreams night and day now for nearly a week.

Another instant, and once more the floating fringes of the outer parasol came sailing slowly into sight beyond the lilacs, then the white ferrule, a daintily gloved hand, a white draped shoulder, then a proudly poised, dark haired head, thick, low arched eyebrows and long curling lashes through a flimsy web of veil that hung almost to the rosy lips, close compressed; then sudden upward sweep of lash, a quick, straight glance from two deep, dark eyes, a gleam of joy, of glad recognition, an instant parting of the curving lips and a flash of white, even teeth, and Hearn's heart throbbed and bounded. She had seen him instantly and was glad.

It was yet Mrs. Lane who had to do most of the talking, for Georgia Marshall was strangely silent. Every now and then her eyes seemed to take a quick note of the pallor of his face and the lines of care and trouble.

The order carrying the mail came trible in at the gate.

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