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faded soat. Could the speaker give no foot of power? Their thin, worn hands made the bread, but it was snatched from their mouths and doled out in scanty allo *ance as the price of hopeless slavery. He had never seen it before.

"Who ishe?' he whispered to his companfrom the speaker.

'It is Curran. He belongs to the labor league." This then, was the agitator his him rightly with his clustering auburn hair. Foo a moment he stood silent, while under the divine light in his eyes the souls of each one ripened for his next words

"Alone you can do nothing but united land the oppressed are banding together We are weak now, but when the long stifled voice of your wrongs finds utterance, the answering moans of millions will rouse your souls to the resistless martyr pitch Then it will seem sweet to die-yes to starve-with your dear ones about you inspired with the same enthusiasm. When the generation is born which dare starve but has forgotten how to yield, and even for the bread of life will not sell its children into eternal slavery, then will the gold hands till they divide with us our common

He stopped and sat down, and as his enthusiasm faded from his face, Philip saw he was not handsome. The eyes that had seemed so wonderful were too deep seated beneath his heavy brows, and his smooth shaved face was scarred from exposure to | pillow. How many times must anybody sun and storm; yet, while he had been me ting and burning in his eyes and lighting up his rugged cheeks, he had seemed beautiful like an archangel

The audience sat in silence a moment then one man shuffled his feet uneasily. then another, and then all rose listlessly to their feet. Philip thought their zest in life had gone so long age that they did not these weary creatures whose only refuge was in hopel ssness? Then he thought of Bertha waiting for him, and he hurried out, glad that he seemed to be escaping world had been revealed to him; a world might. Each one must have a family circle of his own. There were hungry eyes that loosed to him for the cheer his poor heort was to dead to give Suddenly a it all. heavy hand was laid on his shoulder. Praps you aint got no place to go to,

friend" It was his big whiskered companion in the hall, Grav-s. 'I sort o' liked your looks in the meetin to-night, and you're welcome to a bed at my house if you want it "

"On, no," stumbled Philip, at his wit's "Oh, no? Why not, then? Where be you goin' to stay," and the man took his hand from the young man's shoulder and eyed him suspiciously. "Why he wanted to go home and lay off his masquerade forever Bertha all radiant in all that wealth can add to beauty was awaiting him. He had so much to tell her,' but he had nothing to

man, taking Philip by the arm words; Jane will get along easy with an extra for once. I presume you've slept in wuss places.'

CHAPTER III.

AN UNWILLING GUEST. Philip thought things were going a little too far, and as he walked along with his undesirable host he began to plan escapes. Up on the hill to his left he could see, now

and then, between the houses, his own home and the lights in its window streaming welcome to him. The tense mood relaxed in him, old habits of thought and association made themselves felt again; the poor man walking heavily by his side seemed a thousand miles removed from him.

"Here we are," said Graves, as he led the mill owner's son up a couple of rickety looking steps to a doorway. Philip was not pleased at all; he had seen enough poverty to-night; he did not care to particularize. What was the use of distressing himself over this man's private miseries and discomforts? Wasn't it written in all the books of political economy that-but Graves opened the door and waited for his unwilling guest to go in before him. The poor man's heart was warm in the unwonted exercise of hospitality. With an ungracious frown on his face

Philip entered the dimly lighted room, his great boots sounding with startling effect on the bare floor. The top heavy kerosene lamp was turned down, but with the heartiness of a true host, Graves turned up the lamp so that Philip could look about him. There was little enough to see-a round pine table with a little blue, cracked crokery on it, a rusty cooking stove, two or three dingy, unpainted chairs, a high backed rocking chair, with a faded, shapeless chintz cushion, and what seemed to be a sofa in one corner.

At first Philip thought the room had been unoccupied, but as Graves turned up the lamp a trifle more he saw it was a woman lying upon the sofa-a woman with sunken black eyes and wan, colorless cheeks, whose loosely bound hair, gray before its time, fell down over her shoulders.

"The woman is sick, or she'd get up and speak to you," said Graves, with a new gentleness in his voice, as he looked at the wife

perfect health lightening up its olive. Involuntarily he rose to his feet and bowed, but as the girl only seemed to regard him as one might look at a circus tumbler, Philip relapsed into his seat, in the humiliation beauty can put upon the greatest of us. "Nothin' but cold potatoes? Well, I guess they'll do with a little salt and a piece of

"Did Curran speak?" asked the girl. "Yes," answered Philip. "And who is he -a common laborer?" Then he bit his lip. But nobody took offense, no one suspected their guest of being anything above a common laborer. "Only a laborer," answered Graves,

weaver, but he's got some book knowledge somehow. There aint many can beat him at talkin', is there?" The girl's eyes were on Philip now, impatient, as he fancied, even for his poor tribute

to her lover's praise. "He is wonderful," he assented, "but what I don't understand is, that he can be such a man and still a weaver. Where did he learn it all?"

"Have you got enough to eat? Well, knowledge has got pretty well through all classes now, for those as wants it. It's there for all who have eyes or ears for it. Why, friend, where have you been all your life? Brains and hearts don't go by station. I've found strarter men in shops and mills than most we send to congress. There's thousands like Curran, if they only got the stirrin' he's had some way. Now, Jane, it's about time you got this man's bed ready."

Philip's heart jumped. Of course he couldn't stay, but what excuse could he give for coming at all, then? "Be you lookin' for a job?" asked Graves after his daughter had left them.

It occurred to Philip that he had one, if he wanted it-to put one spark of happiness into such lives as these, but he nodded. The man looked him over rather disparagingly. "Well, wash yourself up and black your boots a bit, and I guess I can do somethin' for you in the mill. It's hard work and hope to the wretched liste ers hanging on | small pay, but we never had better, you and his lips? Must they cringe forever at the me. We don't well know what we miss bein' suffering.

poor, we miss it such a big ways." "How long has Curran lived here?" asked Philip incoherently. The man stared at him "Oh! Curran, he ain't been here more'n a

ion. The man did not even turn his face | six month. He aint got no folks; he lives down to one of them factory boardin' houses, but don't have no friends, or talk about anythin' but what you heard to-night. But it's fa her spote of. And Bertha had pictured all useless." Graves looked gloomily on the floor. "We aint got no show; the rich are too many for us. I guess it's human nature for one man to boss the crowd, or it wouldn't a always been so. There's the girl, she'll we can shake the world, and all over the | show you where to sleep. Be up early in the

The only course for him seemed to be to follow the girl, and Philip rose to his feet. "Good night," he said. The sick womar opened her eyes in surprise. Such people d they found no time for amenities in the dreary home. Graves looked around. "What? Oh, yes, goodby, but I'm join' to see you in the mornin'."

His bedroom, on which the roof encroached

greedily, was newly whitewashed, or elsa was of the rich rot worthless in their white seldom used. His lamp sat on a worder chair with no back to it, crowded by a tin wash basin, with his portion of water half Then Philip turned to look at the bed they had made for him on a slat bedstead with low headboard but not so low as the thin double the pillow to make it fit for his head? little girl, she would want it very early in the morning. Then he glanced in the eight by ten looking glass that hung on the white wall. Disguised! his own father would not have known him, and he had a sensation of | double consciousness as he saw his own reeven miss it; then he remembered what | flection. Perhaps Graves was disguised too, his life was, bright as a June morning. and all the ill dressed men he had seen that Did God love him so much better than evening, who suffered as much in their wretched lives as he could, who could enjoy all that brightened his own life as much. And clothes made the notice. Where was the funny adventure difference between him and them, apparenthe had to tell his s eetheart? A new ly, perhaps really. The world managed according to the clothes standard—for the man within the world he had played with that | who could borrow a broadcloth suit, comknew no such thing as mirth but fed for- forts, consideration, happiness-for the man ever on bitter realities, and his little spark in overalls, weary days, cheerless houses, of happiness seemed smothered in its black hunger and-bah. Phillip pulled off his great boots and threw them angrily across

He did not propose to spend the night here. of course, and face the family and his job in the mill in the morning, but he might as well lie down till the house was asleep and escape became possible. But he could not lie down with all his paint on and spoil the poor little pillow. So he takes off his yellow whiskers, and makes such good use of the basin of water and the ball of soap that when he next looked in the little mirror he saw no longer the road dusty tramp, but the fresh, kindly face of a young man who has never tasted of the bitter fountains of life. He started as if he had been shot; the windows had no curtains, and any passerby might have seen his transforma-I won't take no refusal "insisted the tion. Then came a heavy step on the stairs, He blew out the light and buried himself in

the bedclothes. In a moment more the door opened and Philip was breathing heavily. "Asleep?" it was the voice of his host. "Well, I s'pose the morning will do. Pretty tired, I guess; wonder how far he came today!" and Graves closed the door after him

and went down stairs again. Of course Philip was not going to sleep, but there would be no harm in just closing his

eyes, he could think so much better. Here he was drinking in the very life of the poor, a strange, terrible life he had never really imagined before. He had seen how

worn and broken were their men, and read the pathetic lines of despair and sullen wretchedness written on their faces, as if in silent reproach to the providence that had inflicted the unsoftened curse of life on them. He had seen, too, their hapless girlhood, which beauty cannot cheer, which love only makes blacker, as the path of lightning a starless night. And their sick, too, with no nursing, no gentle words, no comforts to assuage one hour of pain. Then he seemed to be in the hall once more, and thrilling under the eloquence of the man Curran. Suddenly he opened his eyes wide. It could not be he was going to sleep, the bed was too hardabsurd-there could be no danger. But in five minutes the heir of the Breton mills was sound asleep in John Graves' garret room.

How long he had slept Philip had no more idea than Rip Van Winkle on a former occasion; indeed it took him a ridiculously long time to separate dreams and facts enough to get his bearings. Was that moonlight in the east, or dawn? Perhaps the family were all up and escape would be impossible. He bounded to his feet and clutched at his false whiskers, but alas! his paint was all dissolved in the tin basin. His only chance was in getting away unnoticed, and in two minutes more he was groping out of his little room and down the steep stairs, boots in sitting room. What if Graves stood within stealing out before daybreak. Again Philip

wished he had staved at home that night. Thank God! no one was in the room. There was the cracked, rusty stove and the sofa the sick woman had lain upon; there was the of his youth. "They say she might get well | dish of cold potatoes on the table and the if we could pay doctors' bills. Eh, Jennie?" | chair he had sat in while he tried to eat. But The girl who stood in the doorway had her somebody must be up in the inner room; a mother's eyes, not quite large enough, but stream of light made a white track through -th a rare sheen in them; it might be her the half open door. Would that bolt never

mother's face, too, but with the bloom of | slip-there. It slipped with a vengeance, and Philip drew back into the staircase in mortal, terror. The light streak on the floor began to move, and in a moment more a white figure stood on the threshold of the bed room. It was Jane Graves, with her long black hair about her neck and white night dress, and her eyes glistening brightly. She held the lamp above her head, and let her drapery cling as fondly as it chose about a form that would have charmed a sculptor. As she listened he could see her wavy hair rise and fall over her beating heart. Would she notice the open stair door and come forward? What then? He must push her rudely to one side. He imagined her startled screams and the father's figure hurrying into the scene from another room to seize the interloper. No, she returns to her room. another instant he has opened the door and is walking along the street. His escape was well timed, for the gray dawn of another day of toil and weariness is creeping, over the

factory village. The houses were all alike, the front pretty women, and that is the only hope a doors just as soiled, the steps equally woman has of winning her way. If she only worn, the paint the same cheerless yellow had a chance. to a shade. Through the windows of one her face and form lighted up by the flames she was nursing. His ready imagination pictured the wan featured man But infinite must be the diversities of their | their ranks. But the rich men do not come

CHAPTER IV. CRYING FOR THE MOON.

The strident voices of 400 looms would new, strange, heavenly impulse. seem to be too much for human nerves, but ! the walls of the weave room Number Two of the Breton mills are hung with soiled plaid among the rattling machinery, their swift | him in delicions surprise. cunning fingers moving harmlessly where mutilation would seem certain. It is a mere | you?" matter of habit; one look at most of the set pale faces would show there was no brain force in exercise. Why, the overseer will tell you those girls are as much machines as the frames and belting; though they undoubtedly have one advantage for the employers, the girls are cheaper. The wonderful mechanism of those looms, the skillfut system of belts and pulleys and the enormous water wheel cost a fortune. Girls can be bought in the market any day for a crust

Is not that figure familiar-the one that | man. I don't suppose you know it." stands this moment leaning against a dingy white pillar, while the rushing belts and slid- to her, and Curran went on, "Few women terpane only last night. Her dress is soiled | women." and ill made, and her hair tied up in the he had seen it on a nail down stairs. Poor | and the moist sheen in her black eyes were always the same, and many a young man would rather look at her this minute than turn off an extra cut, they call it, of cloth at

even than now. She had wished every morning that she might die before night, and at suppose." night that God would take her before morning; take her, she cared not where; no place could be worse, certain. But she was slowly | reached only in old age, when storms have growing, she thought, into the dead calm | wreaked their fury for a lifetime on a soul. that all the rest had learned; and yet how she | Sometimes it comes in childhood, with threehated the great massive mills, irresistible score years of decline to come after it. It giants that held her with deathless grasp, was at this moment that this girl's life grimly contemptuous of her writhings and | reached its moral height. If she could but foolish struggles. The overseers, too, how have kept it. she hated them; their sharp words stung her | "That is love," she added softly. "It is like the lash of so many taskmasters, and the their lives; they hope only for that; they paymaster who doled out to her the few dol- | dream only of it." lars, the wages of her blood and life, as if | Curran laughed, but gently, as he took her the room; he did not know what to make of that could be paid for. She had longed so hands at parting, pressing them perhaps unsmiling, patronizing face; but the poor can- less to such beauty as hers.

not afford the dearest of all luxuries, pride. roar of the wheels, and at its voice the looms | voted, that they are able to make such abstopped, the breath of their life taken away. and the belts ceased from their endless race. Another day's work was closed, and the poor girls hurried on their shawls and hats as if at last something pleasant awaited them and went out in chattering groups.

dered young fellow had left the crowd and followed her shyly up the hill. "Nothin' much, only may I walk home with you?" "Will that do you any good? Hurry up

He was an honest faced young fellow, and a little better dressed than most of the group

that waited about the mill yard gate. "What you want to walk round here with me for I can't see. They can't work you very hard, Tommie, if you want so much extra

It was rather a contemptuous laugh she had for him, but she showed a row of small white teeth that poor Tommie thought were longed so eagerly for another smile. very beautiful.

"I wanted to say somethin' particular, Jennie." And he reached down his big dingy hand for a stalk of grass, and began pulling it nervously to pieces, as he kept up with her quick feet. They were just passing Mr. Ellingsworth's house, and father and daughter stood in the doorway. No doubt Mr. Ellingsworth had just come home to tea. He held his tall hat in his hand, while he waited with his beautiful daughter to enjoy the soft spring mildness. Jane Graves could see in behind them. How could they bear to stay outside? She saw a white spread tea table glistening with silver and rare china, soft tinted carpets and pictures in rich gilded frames, far prettier, she was sure, than anything nature had to show. The girl's face, as she stood resting her white hand on her father's shoulder, was as calm as the twilight itself.

"How has she deserved it all more than If She was never tired in her life, and I never lie down at night but my hands and feet ache. See what she gets for being idle; see what I get for my ten hours' work, every day since I was a child." "We've known each other pretty long, Jen- too; how odd!" thought the girl, as she

nie, and-and"-he had pulled the grass all all to pieces-"and I s'pose you know how I've its rider disappeared in a cloud of dust. -I mean how I've felt. I am doing a little better now." The young man's eyes bright- where, too." ened. "Ive got a little money left me, and you know I'm just made second hand." "What is that to me, Tommie?" she said,

impatiently. Her woman's soul was longing hand. He slowly opened the door into the for the beautiful life of the rich, whose house armchair, watching the deepening twilight she was passing, and she felt, too, the admir- from her parlor window. Her eyes were alcuriously watching. An odd guest, this, ing glance Mr. Ellingsworth had given to her graceful figure. Why was this awkward boy by her side to spoil the effect? Tommie Bowler winced, but ducking his

round head to avoid the sharp look he feared was in the beautiful eyes, he went on dog-"I s'posed we'd been agoing together quite a while, Jennie, and I was goin' to ask you her lover was no divinity to her; she saw and when you was willin' to be married."

"Married-to you?" Ah, Tommie Bowler, what were you thinking of to want to marry a girl who had such a tone as that for you? lears of shame started into his eyes.

aint so low; I never thought but what you would before.' She gave him a look half curious and half pitiful. He might as well have cried for the moon. Could it be the lad thought that just because she was pretty she could make his home happy for him-his?

"I'm not going to have a hand at making another poor man's home. People like us had better be single; there's only half the trouble that way, Tommie." The broad shouldered young man, who did not know what was good for him, fell back

from the woman his heart hungered for as if he was shot. And she walked on, with hardly another thought for the foolish lover who imagined they two could be happy together. Why couldn't she be rich? They had always told her she was beautiful. If she only had a chance. They say men are fools over

A delicate gray mist floated over the river of them he caught a glimpse of a tall below the village, and the green forests and gaunt woman building the kitchen fire | fresh meadows on the other side smiled tears. A tired soul might have drunk in its beauty and been rested, but Jane Graves cast her eyes down on the dusty road before her who must be her husband, out of whose and walked along with a set bitter curl on eyes had faded so many years ago the last her bright red lips, and did not once look at lingering gleam of tenderness. He im- the gift of God's mercy to the poorest of his agined their old faced, joy ess children creatures. For her part she despised the be grudged the scant play hours of child- poor; she didn't pity them; great strong men hood. Trooping behind them all, he who submitted to be trodden on and ground pictured a long line of special wants and | under the feet of the rich; whose blood and sorrows, the companions of their days, muscles and quivering flesh were weighed in the specters of their nights. Their the balance against a few dollars of the spechouses looked all alike as he walked ulators. It was good enough for them as along, so their lives might seem just long as they submitted to it. She didn't alike at first thought. Ten hours for each in | ple; she only envied them. They did well to the same mills-who got almost the same | take all they could get and walk over as pittance for their hot work-and must spend | many thousands as would fail down before their pennies for almost the same necessities. them. Oh, if she could only win her way to into the weave room for their enslavers.

Suddenly she heard a step behind her; a step she knew from all others in the world, and the whole air seemed to tremble with a "Good evening, Jane."

She turned with a new, sweet shyness. It was Curran, the agitator, who was beside shawls and chip hats, the livery of the fac- her. A soft flush was on her cheeks, a warm tory girl. Their restless forms are busy light in her eyes that had grown larger for "Who is that young fellow who just left

"Oh, one of my lovers," she answered coquettishly, dropping her eyes before his.

"He your lover!" repeated Curran in his imperious fashion. "You're not for such as Her heart fluttered in sweet fear at the meaning she thought in his words. She was trying to walk very slowly, but how fast

they seemed to pass the houses. "So I told him," she said. "You did well, then," and he looked down admiringly on the girl. "You are a fine wo-

Jane Graves tried to look as if it was news ing frames seem hurrying the faster all about are prettier. There are fine prizes for such as the door. her? Yes, on the piece of wall between the | you in this world if you will only wait." He filling it, and a round black ball of soap. | two jail like windows nearest to her hangs | continued thoughtfully, "Men have to work the plaid shawl Philip Breton had for a coun- for distinction; a pretty face brings it to

"What sort of prizes?" And she trusted closest and ugliest coil to escape the greedy herself to look up at him. How grand he speaking. pity and divine wrath in turn | For a counterpane was the girl's plaid shawl; | tims. But the warm, soft time of her cheeks | had a touch of weakness in him that might | haps."

"Position, money, power." "No woman cares for those." And she believed it as she spoke, looking away over the

Her days used to be more terrible to her | "What then?" he asked, smiling. "Those things are what all men are working for, I "Women care for but one thing." Sometimes the climax of a character is

many times to throw back his money in the | consciously, yet no man can be wholly care-"It is only because women are more foolish Suddenly the mill bell rang out above the than men, not because they are more de-

She smiled on him as radiantly as a red petaled rose unfolding its glowing heart to the morning sun-the sun that gives everything and wants nothing, and stood half turned watching his retiring form. The road "What is it, Tommie?" A broad shoul- at this point passed near a deserted ruin, once a brick sawmill, which had shorn the hills and valleys around of their pride, now a favorite trysting place for lovers of moonlight nights like this would be. Curran was just entering under an arch, where once had swung a heavy oaken door which long ago

had served some shivering family for a week's firewood. He went in and did not once turn. How cruel men are. Perhaps, she told herself, he is to meet there some messenger of the Great league he had told her about, and they will plan together some bold stroke. It was beautiful to have such power, even if it made him forget this one poor girl, whose heart

The whole world seemed glorified to the girl as she walked on. She had loitered so long that the sun was now almost setting. with his flowing robe of carmine about him. and the whole landscape seemed in a rapture of silent worship. Jane Graves was like one in a dream-her home, which she could tell from its cheap dreary counterparts, might have been a palace; the path along in front of it, beaten by so many faltering footsteps, seemed only pleasantly familiar to her. What had she seen to envy in anybody's life

that had not her dear hope! But down the hill comes a great white horse, tossing his mane and curveting in the pride of his strength and beauty. Its rider who held the rein so gracefully

must be young Philip, the mill owner's son; he had just finished college, they said. So that was the young man Bertha Ellingsworth was engaged to; not ill looking, and he rode well. The girl smiled to herself. "But Bertha Ellingsworth had not seen Curran." "Did he lift his hat to me?" She looked inquiringly about her. "There is no one else, and his black eyes seemed to know me,

walked on more hastily, and the horse and "And it seems as if I had seen him some CHAPTER V.

stantly relieve and speedily cure every disease and humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to age, from pimples to scrofula. A RUIN BY MOONLIGHT. Bertha lay back indolently in her favorit Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, The.; BOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPGRATION, Beston.

How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, 100 testimonials, mailed free. most closed, and Philip, affecting to be interested in Mr. Ellingsworth's conversation, thought he might look at her as fondly as he chose without discovery and rebuke. He was sure he was not noticed, but the girl was quite enjoying his silont offering so long as he did not guess she perceived it. If a gin must have a lover, Philip did very well. But her lover was no divinity to her; she saw and his faults as clearly as anybody; not with neons pain killing strengthening plaster. 35 cents.

impatience, however; was not n some 'so sweet to have an earnest thought and hope persment. For example, he was too short in common—one more bond to unite them. and his shoulders were too slight. She never forgot it for an instant. But then he always did what she said, and that was very convenient, and yet she was half provoked with him for it. A man ought to command a woman's love, not try to coax it from her. He thought quite too much of her for what she returned him; he ought to be stern and cold to her sometimes, and give her a chance to be something besides an ungrateful recipient. But perhaps she would not like him at all in that character. She suddenly opened her eyes wide and looked curiously at her lover; there is nothing so chilling as such a look as

that, and Philip winced under it. "Well, I suppose you two are bursting with tender confidences," smiled Mr. Ellingsworth, as he rose to his feet; "I really won't stay a minute longer." He moved toward the door, then he smiled and looked around; he had thought of something very funny. "Now Philip, my dear boy, you mustn't be too sure of her just because she seems so affectionate. That is where a young man makes his worst mistake. As long as there is another man in the world, he may have hope, that is, the other man."

His daughter looked coolly after him "Must you go? Why we shall die of ennui. We shall have to take a walk ourselves. Excuse me, Philip, while I get ready." Left alone, the young man rose and went to the window and looked out at the evening

sky. There was a little frown on his face. "What an unpleasant way of talking Bertha's father had. One would think he believed in nothing. There was no danger of his feeling any too sure of her; how far away she seemed to him. The idea of marriage seemed vague and dreamlike, and yet he had her promise." "You may adjust my shawl for me." His vexation fled, and he smiled with the sweet complacency of possession as he laid the delicate bit of lace about her warm shoulders. To-night would be a good time to turn his idea into reality, and ask her when-

"But you must promise me one thing," she said, standing close to him for one moment. "What is that, Bertha, dear?" he asked with guilty uneasiness. She put her soft white hand in his charmingly that he was suddenly sure it

could be nothing hard she would require. "I promise," he assented. "No love making in the ruin, if I let you take me there." "Why, Bertha!" he exclaimed so sorrowfully that he showed his whole plan. The

"You are too cunning by half, Mr. Philip, but then you know love making in the saw mill is too common. Why, it is the rendezyous of all the factory hands. No, I couldn't

think of it for a moment." "Then I won't insist on taking you to the old saw mill." "Oh, yest it is charming by moonlight."

"One would think you hadn't any heart." Philip did not confess the peculiar charm this woman's very coluness had for him: there was some quality in it that was irresistibly exciting to his nature. Perhaps it was the presence of an unconscious reserve of passion, never yet revealed, that he felt in her, that kept his heart ever warm, and his eyes ever tender for its unveiling.

The round faced servant girl had come up from the kitchen, and stood awkwardly at

"Yes, you may light the gas now, Annie; we are going out." She laid her hand lightly on Philip's arm as they went down the walk. "I must really have a maid. That Annie is too clumsy for me to endure in the parlor or dining room. Oh, yes, I probably have got machinery, ever reaching cut for new vic- was, with his firm, strong face. If he only a heart; some time it will frighten you, per-They walked slowly along the street, pass-

ing the very spot where Tommie Bowler had offered his poor little all to Jane Graves only an hour or two ago. Their feet trod carelessly on the bits of grass the nervous lover had scattered along the path. "But you haven't told me about the meet-

ing. Did the agitator have auburn curls, as I said? That is the clearest idea I have got

As he told her his adventure they reached the ruin and went in. The moonlight poured through the dismantled roof, and made a white track for itself over the uneven floor, leaving the rest of the interior in the shadow. Such as remained of the fallen rafters made convenient benches for visitors, who might easily enough imagine themselves in some old world ruin. And the young mill owner's son and Bertha, the hem of whose garment had never touched poverty, seated themselves where many a penniless young fellow had wooed some pretty weaver maid to share his destitution, all for love-soon starved out of

both their lives. Philip felt all his last night's enthusiasm coming over him again, as he described the meeting of the hopeless poor and the life of the family that had taken him in. He seemed to be again thrilled with Curran's eloquence as he pictured his noble presence, and tried to repeat his vivid sentences. Was Bertha listening so patiently to him or only idly watching the shadows as they shifted with the moon? He hoped she was touched. She could help him so much to do something for the thousand souls in the mills if there was anything could be done. And then it seemed

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I feel it is my duty to tell you my experience

with your CUTICURA REMEDIES. I have been troubled for over nine years with a dreadful skin disease. When I first felt it, there appeared a few

small red spots on my breast, and it kept on spreading slowly. It startbetween my shoulders. A few days after the spots turned gray, and began itching. Small scales would fall off, so it continued spreading all over my body. I tried all the patent medicines I could think of, or get hold of. I also consulted doctors. Yes, short time, but they always failed. Then I gave it

all up, thinking there was no cure for me. Some few months ago, I noticed your advertisement in the Tacoma Morning Globe; thought I would try the CUTICURA REMEDIES, not thinking it would do me much good, but to my surprise, three boxes of CUTICURA, one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, and three bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT cured me entirely.
My skin is now as white and pure as that of a child.
I send my photograph. I have many friends in Chicago, Ill., and St. Paul, Minn.
JOHN E. PEARSON, P. O. Box 1062, Whatcom, Washington.

Cuticura Resolvent The new Blood and Skin Purifier, internally, and CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, the exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, in-

PIEPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin cured by Curicuma Sear. WEAK, PAINFUL KIDNEYS

"But what can I do, Bertha? It is all so mixed up. Do you suppose my father would listen to me? But if he would, what can I propose? If I tell him the people are poor and unhappy, he knows all that. I can't ask him to divide all his wealth with them; that wouldn't last so many very long, and then

he couldn't employ them any more-they would be spoiled for work, and we would all

"I wish I could see him," said the girl He looked at her blankly.

Suddenly a double tread of feet without, and the forms of two men, one much taller than the other, blocked the doorway. "Hush, then," whispered Philip excitedly.

"There he stands," The men came forward till they stood directly in the path of the moonlight, which seemed to clothe them with its silver sheen. No need to tell her which was he; the girl bent eagerly forward and fixed her eyes on the majestic figure that stood with folded

"I am very late," began the shorter man Curran did not reply, and the man went on in a minute more. "What is the news?

want to report your village, you know." "There is no news. It is the same old story. What is the good of reporting and reporting, and then doing nothing?" The words escaped between his teeth like the staccato tones of a cornet. "I am sick of the word 'wait;' it is the resource of the weak."

"But we are weak. Give us time." Curran unfolded his arms with a gesture of

"The injustice has got its growth; it has fattened on our flesh and blood, and sucked out the life of untold generations before us." His eyes shone fiercely on the man of caution. "I believe the time has come to destroy it, and the crime of murder lies at our consciences for every crushed soul sacrificed for our delay." Philip fancied Bertha trembled.

"But," began the stranger, in the metallic voice of the objector, "the officers of the league think the laborers are not ready. "No, nor will they ever be; they have submitted too long. But they are always good

for action if somebody will lead them. They hang on our lips, but we do not speak." "Yes, we are spreading intelligence, sending out orators like you; we are arranging political campaigns. By and by capital will be more reasonable." (Continued on sevenih page.)

D. Ritchie & Co.

(CUT PLUG.)

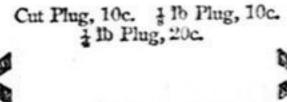
LD CHUM (PLUG.) No other brand of Tobacco has ever en-

joyed such an immense sale and popularity in the same period as this brand of Cut Plug and Flag Tobacco.

Oldest Cut Tobacco manufacturers in Canada.



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Furniture Dealer and Undertaker.

COFFINS, CASKETS AND SHROUDS ALWAYS IN STOCK.

CHARGES MODERATE, indeay, Sept. 14, 1891.-71 15

Miss O'Brin.

MILLINERY

Would respectfully call the attention of the ladies of Lindsay and surrounding country to her well selected stock of willinery, which is replete with everything new and fashionable.

MISS O'BRIEN

Just Received—American Straw Shapes in Hats and Bonnets-with Trimmings to Match.

Ladies desiring what is New and Feshionable at Reasonable Prices will find my Stock well worthy of inspection. Give me a call.

MISS O'BRIEN A Few Doors East Be :sen House, Lindsay, May 19, 1892,-106.

Miscellaneous. THE CANADIAN POST WILL D

Britain or the United States for One Dollars year. Address THE POST Lindsey. Canada DOR SALE OR TO RENT. South half of lot No. 7, in the 7th conon sion of Maripose; 100 acres. Convenient to market, railway station, schools and churche Apply to Mcintyre & Stewart, burnters, Lindsay. July, 14, 1892.—14-16.

BARTHOLOMEW. Insurance, Loan and Real Estate Agent.

OFFICE, DOMINION BANK BUILDING LINDSAY, ONT. Lindsay, Aug. 1, 1892,-17 MARM FOR SALE .- 100 acres on miles from Cannington, on leading road; show 90 acres cleared and in good cultivation; er.

cellent stone house, hard and so't water, one venient farm outbuildings, some fruit tree. Soil, finest quality of clay loam. Apply MRS GEO. JOHNSON. on the premises. Manilla July 25th, 1882.-17 4tf. NEWS OF THE MOME AND FOREIGN ITE saikered from the Telegraph It is a certain and speedy cure for HEALING.

Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its SOOTHING, CLEANSING, Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible. Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as head sche, partial deafness, losing sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spit ting, nausen, general feeling of any of these or kindred symp your have Catarrh, and should time in procuring a bottle of BALM. Be warned in time, necled cold in head results in Catarria, lowed by consumption and death NASAL BALM is sold by all druccists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt ca price (50 cents and \$1.00) by addressing FULFORD & CO.,

Brockville, Ont. OLF A SHEET

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ANCHOR LINE United States Mail Steamships

ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS,

REDUCTION IN RATES.

PORTLAND AND HALIFAX TO LIVE

Steamers sail regularly from

POOL VIA LONDONDERRY,

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STRAMSHIPS.

Cabin \$40 and upwards. Second Cabin \$2

Steerage at low rates. No Cattle Carried.

NEW YORK and GLASGOW

via Londonderry, every Fortnight.

CABIN, \$40 and upwards. Second Cabin \$55

Apply to H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal, or

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LAKE ONTARIO STEAMBOAT COMPANY

Magnificent New Steamer

Will leave Cobourg at S A.M., and Port Hope

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RETURNING-Leaves Charlotte at 11.15

P.M., except Tuesday at 9.45 P.M. and Satur-

day at 4.25 P. M. CONNECTS at Rocheste

with early trains for all points on New York

Central and all diverging lines. CALLS #

Brighton on Monday and Wednesday Mon-

ings for Rochester, and Wednesday Morning

borne, Wednesday and Friday at 4.00 A.K.

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THE NORTH KING is one of the largest

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General Manager, Kingston.

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C. H. NICHOLSON,

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TIMETABLE. 1892

TRENT VALLEY NAVIGATION

COMMENCING ON THURSDAY, JUNE 2ND,

THE STEAMER

PLYING BETWEEN

CALLING EACH WAY AT

Lindsay and Bobcaygeon

STURGEON POINT

Leave Bobcaygeon at 6.30 s. m. and 3.10 p. 1

Excepting on Saturdays, when the steamer

leave Lindsey at 8.2) p.m., (Instead of 5.45 p.m.)

Single tickets between Lindsay and Bob

Single tickets between Lindsey and Sture

Point 35 cents, return tickets 50 cents.
Single tickets between Boboaygeon and State on Point 40 cents, return tickets 50 cents.

EFF amily Tickets at reduced rates can be procured at the P STEOFFICE, BOBOAT GEON, and on the boat.

PURSER.

M. LAWE

upon arrival of Toronto train.

Arrive Lindsay Leave Lindsay

J. W. DIAMENT.

-108 tf.

Arrive Bobossgeen " 1.45 "

Gen. Pass. and Fgt. Agt., Port Hope

and Saturday Evening from Rochester. Col-

from North, East and West.

from Agents or on board.

C. F. GILDERSLEEVE,

throughout.

Steerage at low rates.

Sail from New York every Saturday For Glasgow via Londonderry Rates for Saloon Passage By S. S. CITY OF ROME, \$50 and upward.

Second Cabin, \$30. Steerage, \$20. ON OTHER STEAMERS Cabin, \$45 and upward, Second Cabin, \$30. Steerage, \$20. Drafts at Lowest Current Rates, For Book of Tours and other information apply to their employ. HENDERSON BROTHERS, 7 Bowling Green, N.Y. or F. C. TAYLOR, Lindsay, Ont.

ALLAN LINE to New York. Victoria Park.

> passengers and crew were reso passing vessel and have been A -Twenty deaths have taken ph in the past week in Helmitts, a l

cholera.

also been made. -The Kippewa timber limits of

tion Thursday afternoon. The eigh were sold en bloc for \$250 Joint Stock Lumbering Co. -Ten years ago Mrs. Watson 1 of Roon, Mich., made her husban she repeated the operation, and the ago again astonished him by tea

all healthy at d well.

years, to deepen the channel so the vessels can go up to their deck time. The cost of deepening the

winter in Chicago. -The ibarque Grant, which a Falmouth from Portistid, Oregon, ed a remarkable field of iceber midnight Sune 16 to the following in latitude 44 30 south, longtitude

-News has reached Mr. A. Ray Wellington street, Hull, of the death of his son in the state of N caused by an encounter with a b

estimates of good judge . -Joseph Cross of Wimingto

-The Montreal street rallway have granted an increase in was per cent. to the conductors and o -The Cunsider Aurania has another victory over her rival, the

was recovered Tuesday four mile

turing village near New Brunsw o and the local authorities fear t

the first of the souvenir coins min

more lusty babes. But the great came Saturday, when she gave, her fourth twins. The eight chil -The Inman company is evident ing of giving up Liverpool as the arrival and del arture of its steam Saturday the authorities of the Southampton and Southampton board sgreed, if the Irman comp

extending as far as the eve cou and might be mistaken for island are right in the track of homewat maips rounding Cape Horn.

Maryland estimate the peach cro Deninsula at 400,000 baskets, or a sixth of an average crap. Ord middle and northern Delaware t inden with luscious fruit last sun nearly bare of fruit this year, marked in every part with "the The failure of the crop this year to be followed by the uprooting thousand trees. Experts in peacl convinced that peach growing 18 in northern Delaware.

aydrophobia Sunday evening at after eleven hours of agony. The attacked on July 11th by a la which tore his face and throat in manner. The wounds, however rapidly, and nothing more was th me matter until three days ago, violent that it required the str several men to hole him in his b esteur institute had dec ined to boy unless it was proven that the

and last Sunday, in company with be ascended a mountain close by of blueberries. After rambiling for some time they separated and terms for EXCURSIONS of from 100 to persons on regular trips of the boat. For use apply by letter addressed to Secretary T. V. E. Co., Bobosygeon. eaten up, with a large bear keepin

-Terrible suffering is existing Mexico from famine. -The German parliament will

INTEREST.

-Tennyson's birthplace is to be

Publisher's Notice

ADVERTISING RATE

Ten cents per line (solid type) nonps

Besding notices in local columns, inc first insertion; Sc. each subseq

Small condensed advertisements

strayed cattle, teachers wanted, farme of six or eight lines) \$1.00 cash for

r esertions. If more than eight

WILSON & WILLON, Propri

Mbsrsl discount to merchants for

severtisements by the year or for a

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, AUGUS

THE CANADIAN P

its sittings in November. -Nearly fifty per cent. of those by cholera in Russia die of the dis -Seven soldiers were drowned Neisser river, Germany, during sq tary exercises. -The sale of Dickers' works in four times what it was during year of his life. -Three lives were lost Thursday

sinking of the tug William Per carsl basir, Montreal. -William Cuddy, a brother to a Cuddy of Toronto, was murdered -Germany in erxicusty watch movements of the Frerch general who is at St. Petersburg. -The wheat crop will average 2 to the scre all over Mantions, and

ware, killed a chicken hawk men ft. 4 in. from tip to tip the other d -G. M. Bligh, a commercial was run over by a street car on Kin Toronto, and killed Tuesday after -Col. H. Clay King, convicted der at Memphie, Tennessee, rece had his sentence commuted to til

of the Guion line, in a race from () -The body of Harry L. Brough was drowned on July 17th off Pol

-The British steamer Eighliche in the Lavant, has founder d at a

-The treasurer of the Work Chicago, Friday is t received t \$4,000,000 for the \$2,500,000 to +out dollars voted by congress. The bi Leo A. Alton of Chicago, Bids of

tate of the late David Moore of comprising eight beribs, which

-American yachte bound to Ch the World's Fair are stready com to come up the St. Lawrence. come round from New York and and go through the Canadian can steam yacht Peerless of New York up last week, and the Lurline, b to the New York yacht club, p on Saturday. These yachts will the upper lakes during the sum

east and west. On June 19 sha p immense iceberg probably 280 fe Some of the icebergs were earth -Railway officers in Delaw

-Leroy Bell, six years of age complained repeatedly of

In spite of medical aid he gre R fellow has for some time be

ing on a railway at Tupper's lak other. His friend reached the car towards evening, but young R Monday morning a searching p found the body of the unfortunate