Woman against Woman

By Mary E. Holmes

Frank went on quickly:

"Lord Darrell, it is not a moment to mince matters. I know your trouble. I think I can appreciate your grief. I have come here to tell you I think you have been the victim of some horrible treachery."

Roy's heart stood still, then beat quicker than ever.

"Go on," he said, in low tones.

"I had the honor of a short conversation with Lady Darrell that morning at the ruins, and, thinking her a neglected, sorrowful woman, uged by some strange feeling, I begged her to let me be her friend. After a moment's hesitation she agreed, and I handed her two cards with my address, one at the Grange, and the other in London. She promised me if ever she needed help she would send for me. Have those cards been discovered?"

Roy rose hurriedly.

"I will ring for her maid and ask."

He paced the floor in wildest agitation till Davis came. How he reproached himself! A stranger had read her misery, and he was blind!

Davis knew nothing of the cards.

"I have looked through everything, my lord," she said, coming back after a time. "They are nowhere. My dear mistress left all her clothes. She had only her white silk peignoir, her cloak, and hat. Oh, dear! I feel something terrible has happened to her."

The earl waved her away, and Frank only waited till the maid had gone. Then he walked up to the earl.

"Did you hear that? Would any woman deliberately go away in this damp, cold weather, clad only in a dressing-gown? I am convinced there is some treachery. Listen: I came over here at Armistead's request. Last night we were sitting up late, when we heard a slight noise and going to discover what it was, we discovered two men crucking outside the house. They fled like hares. We chased them; they took the direction of the Abbe y ruins. Two nights before I imagined I heard something outside, but I took no notice of it. Armistead has gone up town to bring down a couple of detectives, and we will get to the bottom of the affair. I have come to tell you this, and so support my theory that the disappearance of the plate and diamonds is all part of a systematic robbery."

"Yes, yes; but——"

Roy had risen in his excitement.

"You mean, how does this account for Lady Darrell's disappearance also? I cannot explain that; but something tells me she is in trouble, and needs our assistance. But you look pale, Lord Darrell. Let me get you some brandy or—"

"It is nothing, only your views upset me. It is dreadful to think of—of her, perhaps in danger, and I cannot help her. What shall we do?"

Roy had covered his face with his hands, and now looked up.

"Do!" echoed Frank; "put the detectives on the track at once. Will you ride with me now as far as the Abbey? We might reconnoitre and find out something."

"Let us start at once. Have you a horse? No? Then I will order two."

The earl seized the bell.

"Two saddle-horses. Mason, without delay. Mr. Meredith, you have given me the first moment of gladness since that dreadful morning. You have given me hope."

"Do not be too sanguine," Frank observed, quickly. "They are only my own ideas on the affair. I have no proof; but to convict Lady Darrell of such odious crimes seems to me impossible. She has the face of an angel. If ever human eyes spoke the truth, hers did."

"Why have not I had this faith?" cried Roy passionately; "I should not have wasted three days. But come, the horses are there; we can start at once."

"Do you know anything about this Count Jura? Where did you first meet him?" Frank asked as he mounted.

"In Italy. He represented himself as a scion of a noble and ancient house, and certainly I found him charming. Why do you ask?"

"Because Armistead seems to think him a scoundrel; but you will meet Geof to-night and learn more."

Valerie Ross heard the sound of horses on the path and looked from the window. As she saw Roy ride away hastily with a stranger her heart contracted as if with fear. What had happened? Suppose they had traced Count Jura, and Alice was found? She summoned her maid, and, after much questioning of Mason, Valerie's fear died away. Roy had but gone for a ride. All was safe as yet.

CHAPTER XII.

Alice lay unconscious half through the night that followed on her abduction; she tossed and turned in her fever; her lips murmured words incoherently; her small hands were held out as if begging for pity.

She knew not that Myra Burden sat beside her through the silent hours long after the voices hid sunk down in the next room, patiently and tenderly watching and tending her.

The chloroform had made her feverish; the shock of seeing Count Jura simply prostrated her.

A vague dream of horrors filled her brain. Valerie's malignant face, Count Jurea black eyes, haunted her like demons; then for a moment would come blessed happiness, as Roy's tender, handsome countenance floated before her, only to melt again into terrifying figures of Myra and her mother, bringing that sense of dread and horror.

"Yes," mused Myra, as she sat in the long night, silence, ever and again moistening Alice's parched lips with water; "she is here against her will and knowledge; he has evidently carried her away drugged and insensible. Who is she? A lady, her hands are white. I will help her; my heart burns against her, she is in my power, yet I cannot do her harm. It is he who shall suffer. He loves her," she shuddered; "yes, there was a look on his face he never gave me—he shall suffer. I will get her away, but how? Let me think?"

As she pondered, Alice moved over restlessly; the actions caused two cards to fall from her pocket to the ground, Myra picked them up.

"Frank Meredith, the Grange. Why that's the next plant! Is he a friend, or perhaps her husband. The same name—Saville-row, London! This is luck. I will keep them, and George shall find out."

The words died away in a stifled shriek, a hand was placed over her mouth, another snatched the cards from her.

This was done by Count Jura; he had pushed aside the curtains noiselessly, had watched the girl sitting quietly, had listened to her half-whispered musings, and when she picked up the cards he dashed forward and grasped them.

"So, you viper, you are planning against me, are you?" he hissed, drawing her by a tight hold into the other vault. "Treacherous—eh?"

"Yes, treacherous if you like," Myra answered sullenly, snatching her arm from his hand; "though it is not from you such words should come, George Fox."

"Hush!" Count Jura glanced round fearfully—"dare to breathe that name again and I'll——"

"Kill me? Well, do it. What have I got to live for? You've treated me like the dirt under your foot, George." Myra dashed her great black eyes on him like scorching stars. "Do you ever think of my ruined heart, of all the misery I am suffering, of my degradation, of the aching void, the never-dying despair?"

Here she smote her breast as she spoke passionately.

"I know all about that," returned the man coolly. "I am not in the mood for recrimination, Myra, so I tell you plainly,"

"Have you forgotten all you swore to me? Have you forgotten your promise that I should be your wife?"

"Yes," he said quietly with a sneer.

Myra shrank back; his cruel coldness cowed her, she could say no more. She turned, and sinking on to a mattress, buried her face in her hands.

The count frowned, then he approached her.

"There, Myra, don't be a fool! We have had our sunshine, and it is gone. But we needn't quarrel, we are friends, you and I, Myra; I can't do without you, I swear it!"

"George, do you mean that?"

The words had gone through the girl like an electric shock.

"Mean it? Of course I do! There, give me a kiss to mend the quarrel."

Myra shrank back. Then a thought seemed suddenly to come to her; she lifted her lips for the careless caress; but as the count turned aside for an instant, she brushed away the touch with a shudder.

"Now you are my wife Myra once more. I want your help. This plate must be got to Nestley town, en route for London in the morning. You will take it?" He glanced at her indifferently.

Myra made no outward sign as she answered, "Well?"

"The Darrell diamonds cannot be disposed of here. I shall take them abroad. I will be gone only about a week; during that time you must look after everything as you know how to. Keep your eye on Paul; he is growing sulky. I half expect him to bolt. Your mother, too, must not venture to Nestley again. She lets out too much when the liquor is in her. We all move up to headquarters as soon as the job is done at the Grange, and I come back. You will do all I ask, Myra?"

"Yes," Myra answered slowly, then she added. "And she—does she stay here with me?"

Count Jura hesitated.

"Yes," he replied; then with a careless nod he went out through the curtains into the passage, to the corner in which the men slept.

Myra stood glaring after him.

"He lies to my face. Traitor! coward! villain! But though my hands are tied now and I seem helpless, I shall find a way, and he shall learn what it is to break the heart of Myra Burden!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Myra crept back to the inner room. Alice was not awake, but she was murmuring in her sleep.

The other girl drew a rug over the stone floor and crouched down on it to get a little rest.

She burned with a fever of pain, jealousy, and shame in her heart, but her hands were cold as ice.

As she lay down on the rug the memory of bygone days came to her—dim visions of a tiny house and shop in a crowded city, where her mother was busy all day.

She could hardly remember her father, though away in the misty past she seemed to recall a tall, dark man who returned but seldom to his home, and always tossed her on his shoulder and played with her.

She knew now that he had been a sailor, and that he was dead. Then years passed and she could see plainer. Her mother left the shop they lived in—a dipgy, dirty locality; their lives were strange. Roused at the dead of night to admit men with bundles and packages, she learned to know them all, and as she blossomed from a bud into a lovely flower, she grew to welcome one with a flutter at her heart.

For George she had always a smile, and in return she got many golden glimpses of happiness.

George admired her beauty. He loved to deck out her dark locks in glittering jewels, clothe her in silken robes, and let her walk about the dingy house like some beautiful star caught in a prison.

Myra loved this man with all the warmth and passion she inherited from her Spanish father. Her mother cared nothing about the intimacy one way or another, except that she let Myra amuse George; it kept him in a good temper, and he was a man to be feared and fawned to.

He was the most daring of the whole gang; a gentleman by birth, of unexceptional manners, he mingled with the very people whose houses he robbed.

Myra was eighteen when she first realized what her mother's calling was—the receiver of stolen goods! It did not shock her.

She had no knowledge of the sin it was. Her companions had kept her in the dark so long, merely to prevent her talking, and when she knew the truth she was indifferent. George was one of them, and what George did was hallowed in her eyes.

But there came a time when Myra's dream was shattered.

George wearied of her love; he came less often; then he announced that it was decided between Paul Ross and himself that he should go to Italy, get introduced to Roy Darrel, become his friend and thus rob Darrell Castle of some of its world-famous treasures.

The whole gang was ordered to find their way to the Abbey ruins.

Paul Ross knew them well; he had lived in their moldy vaults during the whole time his sister was luxuriously lodged as Lady Darrell's guest.

With sullen sorrow Myra went about her work.

George went off to Italy without a word, and despair and grief had eaten her heart nearly away when the burning fire of jelousy was added to her burden, and transformed her at once into a woman full of cares and thoughts of vengeance.

Alice's fair loveliness was a sight that brought the flush of agony to her dark cheeks; the knowledge that George loved her was a very sword thrust into her bleeding heart, and filled her eyes with unshed tears.

"He means to take her with him!" she thought bitterly, as she lay crouched on the rug. "What right has she to come and push him from me? He did love me once, but her fair beauty blinds him to me. What if I"—she started, half-raised herself on her arm—"what if I separate them forever? She sleeps—a blow with this," touching a dagger that hung on the wall, "and all would be ended!"

She stretched out her hand, then let it drop heavily with a shudder.

"No, no, she begged for pity; she hates and fears him. I promised I would help her, but oh, my heart is broken! Why does Heaven let such suffering come? It is too much—too much!"

She burst into a heavy fit of tears, then buried her face in the cushions, and worn out with excitement and fatigue, sobbed herself to sleep at last.

She was awakened early by her mother. The faint morning light streamed in through a slit in the wall, but the old woman held a candle.

"Be sharp, put on your thick coat and hat. George is waiting for you."

Myra staggered to her feet; she passed her hands over eyes swollen from the bitter tears she had shed.

"All right—I will come," she muttered. "What is the time?"

"Six and after. Sam is going to drive you—look sharp."

Dame Burden turned away and bent over Alice. There was a flush on the lily-white skin, the lips were brown and parched.

"She's in a high fever," muttered the old woman.

Myra woke from her dream. She strode up to the couch, and a thrill of joy swept through her.

"He can't take her away to day—it would kill her to be moved," was the rapid thought that flashed through her brain.

She turned, and pouring some water into a great basin, plunged her face into it. Then, when thus refreshed, she divested herself of her weird garments, donned a thick ulster, and an every-day kind of hat, and with her hair tucked safely away, looked a quiet demure girl with splendid flashing eyes.

Dame Burden was busy spreading a board with some food as her daughter, having tenderly drawn the coverlet carefully over the sleeping form, and placed a cup of water near, entered the outer vault.

"There, eat that, Myra, and be quick about it," she exclaimed.

"Where is George?" asked the girl, ignoring the command; "what are my orders?"

"He is putting the plate into the sack. Sam is going to drive you to Nestle Town; he'll put you into the train for London. Bill will meet you at the other end with the cart. Come, girl, eat some food, or you'll faint before the day's out."

Myra took the cup of coffee, drank a little, and ate a few mouthfuls of bread. She looked pale and strangely resolute.

"Mother," she said suddenly, speaking in a low voice, "look to her; she is ill—very ill. Keep her here till I come back. If—if George offers to get her away, don't help him. Do you hear? I shall be back by nightfall. Keep her here; promise me."

"I promise," answered the old woman at once. "Where would George take her to? Don't fill your head with jealous nonsense, Myra; she's here to please some spite; he has nothing else——"

"She's here because he loves her," the girl said bitterly; "do you think I am blind? He never looked at me as he looked at her. At moments I feel as if I could kill her, and then—then I remember she pleaded to me, and I pity her. Mother, you swear to keep her here?"

"Yes—yes, I swear!" Dame Burden replied hurriedly.

Myra glanced at her; her heart was full of misgivings.

"Am I her child?" she asked herself; "she will swear one moment and break her word the next. Well, I can but trust she will be too ill, I must save her."

She turned at the thought and a slight flush mounted to her face.

Count Jura had just passed through the curtains.

"Ah, Myra, you are ready? You are a treasure! Here is the key of the house. Bill will be at the station. Empty the sack, carefully lock all away—you know where. Go to Moses, tell him all is ready for his brazier, then come back straight. I want to see you before I start abroad with the diamonds."

"Is that safe?" demanded Myra suddenly, pointing to the glittering ring on the dirty hand of the old woman.

Dame Burden looked up angrily, but Count Jura simply shrugged his shoulders.

"It's all right here, it pleases her to wear it; there is no one to see it; when she goes from here it will be different. But Myra is wise; be careful, Dame Burden—be careful"

"It's not me you need warn," muttered the old woman angrily, glaring at her daughter. "I am to be trusted."

"Of course," rejoined the count. "Now, Myra, it is time to start; remember all you have to do. You are always safe, my girl—always safe."

"George," Myra turned, "do not go away to-day."

The count frowned, then his face cleared.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Tobacco and Bacteria.

It will be news of dubious joy to smokers to learn that the fame of their favorite brands of tobacco is not due to the excellence of the leaf, but to the bacteria which inhabit it. The bacteriologists boldly assert that the delicate aroma, the subtle shades of flavor which affect the palate of the smoker are one and all attributable to the agency of microbes alone, and that it is to frizzled bacteria and not to any particular plant growth that the gratitude of smokers is due. A German bacteriologist, Herr K. Suchsland, was the first to draw attention to the remarkable fact that the flavor of tobacco is not inherent in the leaf, but is due to the microbes which aid in its process of fermentation. He cultivated the finest West Indian bacteria and introduced them into common German tobacco, and even connoisseurs could not tell the produce from the best West Indian tobacco. A patent has been applied for to manufacture high-class tobaccos in Germany and it is hoped that the bacteria may take kindly to cabbage, so that the best brands may be imitated in Germany at the lowest price. But there is, it seems, one drawback. The bacteria are local, and resent being transplanted from their own homes. They have their flavor away from their usual haunts, in spite of the wiles of scientific persons. Were it not so every man might grow his own microbes in his cellar and the customs house would have to give up taxing tobacco and levy duties on microbes.

Spontaneous Combustion Among Paper.

Not a great while ago librarians and book lovers in general were discussing the deterioration in the quality of paper of late years. It is curious to learn from Her Majesty's Waste Paper Office that one result of the change of materials has been a decided increase in liability to fire wherever paper waste is accumulated in any great quantity. It is the rarest thing to find paper made of rags nowadays. It is made from wood and other vegetable materials which, chemically, are not very different from the component materials of a haystack. If this waste is stacked in large masses, and especially if it happens to be a little damp, heating takes place just as with a prematurely stacked hayrick, and spontaneous combustion may at any time break out in flame, as it has often been known to do in the farmyard. Of late years the greatest care and vigilance have been necessary to guard against this.

Public Land in Idaho.

Eighty-four per cent of the entire state of Idaho is still public land, amounting to more than 44,000,000 acres. Of this area it has been estimated by the government geological survey that 7,000,000 acres can be irrigated successfully.

Could Not Fool Gladstone.

"The keenness of Gladstone's collecting eye, even in old age," The Athenaeum says, "may be inferred from the story told us by a bookseller in Brighton. On one of his last visits Mr. Gladstone paid a visit to our informant and took up a nice book in an old French binding. 'What's this?' he said.

"'Oh, it's a book from the library of Catherine de Medici.'

"'But there's no fleur de lis in the top lozenge,' retorted Mr. Gladstone without a second glance at it."

A Lightning Flash.

By means of a photograph made with a vibrating lens scientists have calculated the time of a lightning flash. It comes out one-ninetieth of a second. The calculation is based upon the multiple image in the photograph and the rate of vibration of the lens. The time applies, of course, only to the particular flash that was photographed.

SUMMER GOWNS.

Details of Their Trimming and General Arrangement.

Small buttons of fine goldsmiths' work are fashionably employed as a decoration for bodices, and even white blouses of wash materials are thus adorned. The smaller the button the more valuable it is, as a rule, stones of genuine value being frequently used.

The mode has a tendency to enlarge the width of the shoulders, although sleeves are close and sleeve caps are less and less seen. The bodice itself is cut rather wide at the top, and the top of the sleeve is stiffened with canvas to give it a square form.

Costumes of lawn, thin nainsook or batiste, or Swiss muslin are usually made over a lining, either colored or white. It is not necessary that this lining should be silk, percaline or some similar lining fabric of fine quality answering the purpose very well. If it is colored, the lower edge may be finished with a pinked silk ruffle of the same shade, and in any case it is best to stiffen the hem a little in order that it may give proper support to the separate outside skirt.

CRAPE COSTUME.

The princess costume of pink crepe de chine which is shown in the sketch has a slight train, and closes at the left side, the edge of the skirt having a deep flounce of plaited pink mousseline de soie, which follows the line of closing up the side of the skirt to the waist. The flounce is headed by a continuous design of bows in a narrow black velvet. The bodice has a mousseline plaiting, headed in the same way and forming a fichu. Black velvet trims the wrists. The leghorn hat is decorated with pink tulle and black plumes, a scarf of tulle coming from pink roses beneath the brim and tying under the chin.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

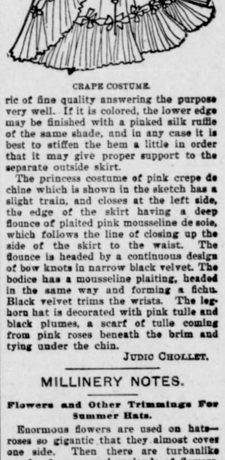
MILLINERY NOTES.

Flowers and Other Trimmings For Summer Hats.

Enormous flowers are used on hats—roses so gigantic that they almost cover one side. Then there are turbanlike scarfs of gauze and garlands of flowers, all tending to enlarge the mass of the hat. High, detached sprays of trimming are less used than they were last year.

Scarfs of tulle and gauze, coming from the back of the hat and tied under the chin or at the side, are becoming to nearly all faces, and their revival is an agreeable circumstance.

Many women wear beneath the ordinary veil another one of the finest white illusion, which answers the double purpose of protecting the skin and making it appear clearer.



NOVEL HAT.

A novelty in parasols is of light colored taffeta, decorated with Louis Quinze knots of black velvet in application. Another idea is to have the velvet bands design a Greek or arabesque border, the edge of the parasol being cut to follow the shape of the design.

The picture shows a hat of leghorn straw. The brim is not very wide and curls upward. Around the crown is a band of black velvet, and in front is a chou of sky blue ribbon and a full trimming of bunches of black and white grapes, with leaves, black and white dandelion balls and ears of ripe wheat.

INDUSTRIAL PROBLEMS

Rev. Dr. Talmage Discusses the Relations Between Capital and Labor.

Some Lessons Drawn from Strikes in Various Parts of the Country--A Truce Between Employer and Employe --Each Needs the Other.

Washington, Aug. 13.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage suggests how the everlasting war between capital and labor may be brought to a happy end. The text is, I. Corinthians xii., 21, "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee."

Fifty thousand workmen in Chicago ceasing work in one day, Brooklyn stunned by the attempt to halt its railroad cars, Cleveland in the throes of a labor agitation and restlessness among toilers all over the land have caused an epidemic of strikes, and somewhat to better things I apply the Pauline thought of my text.

You have seen an elaborate piece of machinery, with a thousand wheels and a thousand bands and a thousand pulleys, all controlled by one great wheel, the machinery so adjusted that when you jar one part of it you jar all parts of it. Well, human society is a great piece of mechanism controlled by one great and ever revolving force—the wheel of God's providence. You harm one part of the machinery of society, and you harm all parts. All professions interdependent. All trades interdependent. All classes of people interdependent. Capital and labor interdependent. No such thing as independence. Dives cannot kick Lazarus without hurting his own foot. They who threw Shadrach into the furnace got their own bodies scorched. Or to come back to the figure of the text, what a strange thing it would be if the eye should say: Inversee the entire physical mechanism. I despise the other members of the body. If there is anything I am disgusted with, it is with those miserable, low-lived hands. Or what if the hand should say: I am the boss workman of the whole physical economy. I have no respect for the other members of the body. If there is anything I despise, it is the eye seated under the dome of the forehead doing nothing but look.

I come in, and I wave the flag of truce between these two contestants, and I say, "The eye cannot say to the hand, 'I have no need of thee.'"

That brings me to the first suggestion, and that is, that labor and capital are to be brought to a better understanding by a complete canvass of the whole subject. They will be brought to peace when they find that they are identical in their interests. When one goes down, they both go down. When one rises, they both rise. There will be an equilibrium after awhile. There never has been an exception to the rule, that which is good for one class of society and that which is bad for one class of society will eventually and in time be bad for all. Every speech that has been made against capital postpones the day of permanent adjustment. Every speech that capital makes against labor postpones the day of permanent adjustment. When capital maligns labor, it is the eye cursing the hand. When labor maligns capital, it is the hand cursing the eye. As far as I have observed, the vast majority of capitalists are successful laborers. If the capitalists would draw their gloves, you would see the broken finger nail, the scar of an old blister, the stiffened finger joint. The great publishers of the country for the most part were bookbinders or typesetters, earning small pay. The great carriage manufacturers for the most part sandpapered wagon bodies in wheelwright shops.

Not a Great Gulf.

While, on the other hand, in all our large manufacturing establishments you will find men on wages who once employed 100 or 500 hands. The distance between capital and labor is not a great gulf over which is swung a Niagara suspension bridge. It is only a step, and the capitalists are crossing over to become laborers, and the laborers are crossing over to become capitalists. Would God they might shake hands while they cross. On the other hand, laborers are the highest style of capitalists. Where are their investments? In banks? No. In the railroads? No. Their nerve, their muscle, their bone, their mechanical skill, their physical health, are magnificent capital. He who has two eyes, two ears, two feet, two hands, ten fingers, has machinery that puts the nothingness carpet and screw and cotton factory and all the other implements on the planet. The capitalists were laborers, the laborers were capitalists. The sooner we understand that the better.

Again, there is to come relief to the laboring classes of this country through co-operative associations. I am not at this moment speaking of trades unions, but of that plan by which laborers put their surplus together and become their own capitalists. Instead of being dependent upon the beck of this capitalist or that capitalist they manage their own affairs. In England and Wales there are 813 co-operative associations. They have 840,000 members. They have a capital of $18,000,000, or what corresponds to our dollars, and they do a business annually of $63,000,000. Thomas Brassey, one of the foremost men in the British Parliament, on the subject says: "Co-operation is the one and the only relief for the laboring populations. This is the path," he says, "by which they are to come up from the hand to the mouth style of living to reap the rewards and the honors of our advanced civilization." Lord Derby and John Stuart Mill, who gave half their lives to the study of the labor question, believed in co-operative institutions. The co-operative institution formed in Troy, N.Y., stood long enough to illustrate the fact that great good might come of such an institution if it were rightly carried on and mightily developed.

Tobacco and Liquor.

"But," says some one, "haven't these institutions sometimes been a failure?" Yes. Every great movement has been a failure at some time. Application of the steam power a failure, electro telegraphy a failure, railroading a failure, but now the chief successes of the world.

"But," says some one, "why talk of surplus being put by laborers into co-operative associations, when the vast multitude of toilers of this country are struggling for their daily bread and have no surplus?" I reply: Put into my hand the money spent by the laboring classes of America for rum and tobacco, and I will establish co-operative associations in all parts of this land, some of them mightier than any financial institutions of the country. We spend in this country, over $100,000,000 every year for tobacco. We spend over $1,500,000,000 directly or indirectly for rum. The laboring classes spend their share of this money. Now, suppose the laboring man who has been spending his money in those directions should just add up how much he has expended during these past few years and then suppose that that money was put into a co-operative association and then suppose he should have all his friends in toil, who had made the same kind of expenditure, do the same thing, and that should be added up and put into a co-operative association. And then take all that money expended for overdress and overstyle and overliving on the part of toiling people in order that they may appear as well as persons who have more income—gather that all up, and you could have co-operative associations all over this land.

I am not saying anything now about trades unions. You want to know what I think of trades unions. I think they are necessary in some shape or manner, and they have a specific object, and in this day, when there are vast monopolies—a thousand monopolies concentrating the wealth of the people into the possession of a few men, the laboring men of this country and all countries band together they will go under. There is a lawful use of a trade union, but then there is an unlawful use of a trade union. If it means sympathy in time of sickness, if it means finding work for people when they are out of work, if it means the improvement of the financial, the moral or the religious condition of the laboring classes, that is all right. Do not artists band together in an art union? Do not singers band together in Handel and Haydn societies? Do not newspaper men band together in press clubs? Do not ministers of religion band together in conferences and associations? There is not in all the land a city where clergymen do not come together, many of them once a week, to talk over affairs. For these reasons you should not blame labor guilds. When they are doing their legitimate work, they are most admirable, but when they come around with drum and fife and flag and drive people out from their toil, from their scaffoldings, from their factories, then they are nihilistic, then they are communistic, then they are barbaric, then they are a curse.

But now suppose that all the laboring classes banded together for beneficent purposes in co-operative association under whatever name they put their means together. Suppose they take the money that they waste in rum and tobacco and use it for the elevation of their families, for the education of their children, for their moral, intellectual and religious improvement, what a different state of things we would have in this country and they would have in Great Britain!

Better Without Stimulants.

Do you not realize the fact that men work better without stimulants? You say, "Will you deny the laboring man this help which they get from strong drink, borne down as they are with many anxieties and exhausting work?" I would deny them nothing that is good for them. I would deny them strong drink, if I had the power, because it is damaging to them. My father said: "I became a temperance man in early life because I found that in the harvest field, while I was naturally weaker than the other men, I could hold out longer than any of them. They took stimulant and I took none."

Every body knows they cannot endure great fatigue—men who indulge in stimulants. All our young men understand that. When they are preparing for the regatta or the ball club or the athletic wrestling, they abstain from strong drink. Now, suppose all this money that is wasted were gathered together and put into co-operative institutions—oh, we would have a very different state of things from what we have now!

I remark again: The laboring classes of this country are to find great relief when they learn, all of them learn, forecast and Providence. Vast numbers of them put down their income, and they put down their expenses, and if the income meets the expenses that is all that is necessary. I know laborers men who are in a perfect fidget until they have spent their last dollar. They fly around every where until they get it spent. A case came under my observation where a young man was receiving $700 a year and earned it by very hard work. The marriage day came. The bride had received $300 as an inheritance from her grandfather. She put the $300 in wedding equipment. Then the swain hired two rooms on the third story. Then this man, who had most arduous employment, just as much as he could possibly endure, got evening employment so he could earn a few dollars more, and by this extra evening employment almost extinguished his eyesight. Why did he take this extra evening employment? Was it to lay by something for a rainy day? No. Was it to get a life insurance so that if he should die his wife would not be a pauper? No. It was for the one purpose of getting his wife a $150 sealskin sack. I am just giving you a fact I know. The sister of this woman, although she was a very poor girl, was not to be eclipsed, and so she went to work day and night and toiled and toiled and toiled almost into the grave until she got a $150 sealskin sack! Well, the news went abroad all through the street. Most of the people on that street were laboring, hardworking people, and they were not to be outshone in this way, and they all went to work in the same direction and practically said, though not literally, "Though the heavens fall, we must have a sealskin sack!"

Mortgaging the Farms.

A clergyman in Iowa told me that his church and the entire neighborhood had been ruined by the fact that the people mortgaged their farms in order to go down to the Philadelphia centennial in 1876. First, one family would go, then another family, and finally it was not respectable not to go to the centennial at Philadelphia, and they mortgaged their farms. The church and the neighborhood ruined in that way. Now, between such fools and pauperism there is only a very short step. In time of peace prepare for war. In time of prosperity prepare for adversity. Yet how many there are who drive on the verge of the precipice and at the least touch of accident or sickness over they go. Ah, my friends, it is not right, it is not honest! He that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own household, is worse than an infidel. A man has no right to live in luxury and have all comforts and all brightness around him, taking his family with him at that rate—everything bright and beautiful and luxurious, until he stumbles against a tombstone and falls in and they all go to the poorhouse. That is not common honesty. I am no advocate of skinflint saving. I abhor it. But I plead for Christian providence. There are some people who are disgusted if they see anything like economy, such as a man might show by turning down the gas in the parlor when he goes out. There are families actually embarrassed if you ring their doorbell before they have the hall lighted. There are people who apologize if you surprise them at the table. Now, it is mean or it is magnificent to save just according to what you save for. If it is for the miserly hoarding of it, it is despicable, but if it means better education for your children, if it means more house help for your wife when she is not strong enough to do much work, if it means that the day of your death may be a horror because all endurance because it is to throw your family into disruption and annihilation and the poorhouse, then it is magnificent if it is to avoid all that.

Exchanging Confidences.

Again I remark, great relief is to come for the laboring classes of this country by appreciation on the part of employers that they had better take their employes into their confidence. I can see very easily, looking from my standpoint, what is the matter. Employes, seeing the employer in seeming prosperity, do not know all the straits, all the hardships, all the losses, all the annoyances. They look at him and they think, "Why, he has it easy, and we have it hard." They do not know that at that very moment the employer is at the last point of desperation to meet his engagements.

I remark, again, great relief will come to the laboring classes of this country through the religious rectification of it. Labor is honored and rewarded in proportion as a community is Christianized. Why is it that our smallest coin in this country is a penny, while in China it takes a half dozen pieces of coin or a dozen to make one of our pennies in value, so the Chinese carry the cash, as they call it, like a string of beads around the neck? We never want to pay less than a penny for anything in this country. They must pay that which is worth only the sixth part or the twelfth part of a penny. Heathenism and iniquity and infidelity depress everything. The gospel of Jesus Christ elevates everything. How I account for that I account for it with the plainest philosophy. The religion of Jesus Christ is a democratic religion. It tells the employer that he is a brother to all the operatives in the establishment—made by the same God, to live in the same dust and to be saved by the same supreme mercy. It does not make the slightest difference how much money you have, you cannot buy your way into the kingdom of heaven. If you have the grace of God in your heart you will enter heaven. So you see it is a democratic religion. Saturate our populations with this gospel, and labor will be respectful, labor will be rewarded, labor will be honored, capital will be Christian in all its behavior, and there will be higher tides of thrift set in.

Make Investments for Eternity.

Let me say a word to all capitalists: Be your own executors. Make investments for eternity. Do not be like some of those capitalists I know who walk around among their employes with a supercilious air or drive up to the factory in a manner which seems to indicate they are the autocrat of the universe, with the sun and moon in their vest pockets, chiefly anxious when they go among laboring men not to be touched by the greasy or smirched hand and have their broadcloth injured. Be a Christian employer. Remember those who are under your charge are bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh, that Jesus Christ died for them and that they are immortal. Divide up your estates, or portions of them, for the relief of the world before you leave it. Do not go out of the world like that man who died in New York leaving in his will $40,000,000, yet giving how much for the church of God, how much for the alleviation of human suffering? He gave some money a little while before he died. That was well, but in all this will of $40,000,000 how much? One million? No. Five hundred thousand? No. One hundred dollars? No. Two cents? No. One cent? No. These great cities groaning in anguish, nations crying out for the bread of everlasting life. A man in a will giving $40,000,000 and not 1 cent to God! It is a disgrace to our civilization.

My word is to all laboring men in this country: I congratulate you as your brightening prospects. I congratulate you on the fact that you are getting your representatives at Albany, at Harrisburg and at Washington. I have only to mention such a man of the past as Henry Wilson, the shoemaker; as Andrew Johnson, the tailor; as Abraham Lincoln, the boatman. The living illustrations easily occur to you. This will go on until you will have representatives at all the headquarters, and you will have full justice.

I also congratulate you because your work is only prefatory and introductory. You want the grace of Jesus Christ, the carpenter of Nazareth. He toiled himself, and he knows how to sympathize with all who toil. Get his grace in your heart, and you can sing on the scaffolding amid the storm, in the shop shoving the plane, in the mine plunging the crowbar, on shipboard climbing the rattlines. He will make the drops of sweat on your brow glittering pearls for the eternal coronet. Are you tired? He will rest you. Are you sick? He will give you help. Are you cold? He will wrap you in the mantle of his love. Who are they before the throne? "Ah," you say, "their hands were never calloused with toil!" Yes, they were. You say, "Their feet were never blistered with the long journey." Yes, they were, but Christ raised them to that high eminence. Who are these? "These are they that came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." That for every Christian workingman and for every Christian workingwoman will be the beginning of eternal holiday.

A WOMAN'S PLUCK WINS.

How a Drunken Husband Was Made a Sober Man by a Determined Wife.

A PATHETIC LETTER.

She writes:—"I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Samaria Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerved me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his week's salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming, at all hazards. I sent for your Samaria Prescription and put it in his coffee as directed next morning and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more and also at supper. He never suspected a thing, and I then boldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that set every nerve in my body tingling with hope and happiness, and I could see a bright future spread out before me—a peaceful, happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive, loving husband, comforts, and everything else dear to a woman's heart, for my husband had told me that whiskey was vile stuff and he was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the full course he had stopped drinking altogether, but I kept giving the medicine till it was gone, and then sent for another lot to have on hand if he should relapse, as he had done from his promises before. He never has, and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the worst cases."

Pamphlet sent in plain, sealed envelope free, giving testimonials and full information, with directions how to take or administer Samaria Prescription. Correspondence considered sacredly confidential. Address

THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO.,
Jordan Street, Toronto, Ont.

HOW MATAAFA LOOKS.

Has an Inscrutable Face, Cropped Gray Hair and Mustache.

We found Mataafa sitting on a mat in the King's house. On a wall, where a small portion of the side of the house was boarded in, hung a photograph of a group of German naval officers, and above it a gaudily ornamented picture of the Virgin on a background of blue peppered with gold stars—for Mataafa is a strict Roman Catholic. From one of the central pillars of the house hung a modern ride. On the floor beside the chief was a cheap mahogany-framed mirror, a lamp without a chimney and a tin enamelled mug and water carafe. The surroundings could be taken in at a glance, but the man himself arrested the attention. There was a calm dignity of manner about him, as he sat there cross-legged on his mat, a large lavalava of tappa covering his spacious loins and waist. His short-cropped gray hair and mustache showed signs of advancing age, and, perchance, of his five years' banishment in the Island of Jaluit. He seemed a man of strong personality as he sat there, with inscrutable face and fine head poised above a brave chest and big breasts, every now and then swishing the flies away with his ebony-handled fue of horse tail; but all the time there was that shifty look of the eye, and we know now that, for all his grand air, he is a very babe in politics, and too apt to be made the puppet of priests and prime ministers in this puppet principality.

THE DAHLIA.

The Great Improvement in Its Culture Since Its Discovery by Humboldt.

More than 100 years ago Baron Humboldt discovered the dahlia, a small, single flower, in Mexico. Could some prophetic vision have revealed to him the dahlia of today in its dazzling hues and varied forms he might, perhaps, have been prouder of that discovery than of all his other scientific achievements. It was sent by him to the Botanical Gardens, Madrid, where it received the name of dahlia in honor of the botanist, Professor Andrew Dahl. The same year it was introduced into England, where it was cultivated under glass. For a few years it was lost to cultivation, then re-introduced into England. Cultivation soon developed the double form, and every color except blue. For many years the ideal dahlia of the cultivators was a perfectly double, ball-shaped flower. Those who remember the compact flowers of 30 or 40 years ago know how nearly that ideal was realized, and remember the deserved popularity of the dahlia of that time. But people soon tired of the regularity of that type, and for a few years it was neglected. Florists were giving time, labor and thought to the development of the rose, carnation, chrysanthemum and other popular flowers. At last some far seeing cultivator recognized the possibilities of the dahlia, and in new, improved and more beautiful shades of color it resumes its place. To-day greets us in so many varied and attractive forms that every taste may be suited.—London Globe.

A Novel Ride.

"The most novel ride I ever experienced," said Count Cassini, Russian ambassador to the United States, "was a journey of about 2,500 miles through Mongolia in October and November. Soon after I closed my mission as ambassador at Pekin. I had decided to travel overland through China and Russia to St. Petersburg, a distance of 8,000 or 10,000 miles. Two thousand five hundred miles of this was through Mongolia, and the Chinese officials planned my journey. They provided 60 changes of horses, and at each changing point they had 60 horses, making in all 3,600 for my personal use. At the end of each portion of the route elaborate preparations were made for my entertainment. The roads of Mongolia are excellent, and we made remarkably quick time to the Russian frontier. My hardest experience was in crossing the River Oby, one of the great rivers of Siberia. The thermometer marked 30 degrees below zero, and the river was full of floating ice. I shudder yet at the thought of that river trip. I don't know how we ever got across, for I thought I should die with the cold. I afterward learned that October and November were the worst months in the year to make such a trip."

From Samoa.

Tell not of your sorrows, ye laboring men,
Write not of your trials with eloquent pen;
The year seems to join in a pl