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VOLUME 25. MILTON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1885. NO. 20.

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A YOUNG GIRL'S WOOING.

BY E. P. ROE,

Author of "His Sombre Rivals," "From Jest to Earnest," &c., &c.

At last the sound of music and laughter lured them to the main hall, and there they found Madge surrounded by children and young people, little Nellie Wilder clinging to her side the most tenderly, with Mr. and Mrs. Wilder looking at the young girl with a world of delightful good-will in their eyes.

"O Miss Alden, sing us another song," rescored a dozen voices.

"Yes," cried Jennie Muir; "the funny one you sang for us in the woods."

Madge smilingly complied, and the children fairly danced in their delight at the comical strains, abrupt pauses, droll nonsense, and interlarded words of explanation. The more elderly guests were attracted, and the audience grew large. Having finished her little musical comedy, Madge arose, and Mr. Arnault, aware of Stella Wildmere's ability to sing selections from opera, said, "Since the children have been so well entertained, I suggest that we who have the misfortune to be grown have our turn, and that Miss Wildmere give us some grown-up music."

Madge flushed slightly, and Miss Wildmere, after a little charming hesitation, seated herself at the piano, and sung almost faultlessly a selection from an opera. It was evident that she had been well and carefully trained, and that within her limitations, which she gracefully remembered, she gave little occasion for criticism. Both her sisters were delighted. They applauded so heartily, and urged so earnestly with encores, that she sung again and again, to the unaffected pleasure of the throng who had now gathered. At last she pleaded fatigue, and rose from the instrument, flushing proudly amid vociferous encores. Graydon was about to ask Madge to sing again, when an old gentleman who had listened to the children's ditties, and had detected unusual sweetness and power in Madge's tones, said promptly, "I may be mistaken, but I have an impression that Miss Alden can give us some grown-up music, if she will."

Instantly his suggestion was seconded by general entreaty, in which not only Graydon joined from sincere good-will, but also Mr. Arnault, in the hope of giving Stella a triumph, for he believed that the best of her social rival could do would be to render some ballad fairly well.

Madge's brow contracted, as though he were irresolute and troubled.

"Truly, Miss Alden," said Stella, who was standing near, "I have done my part to lighten the dismal day; I think you owe me some favor in return. There are no critics here, I hope. We should enjoy a simple song, if you cannot now recall anything else."

"Very well, then, I will give you a little German song that my old teacher loved well." Graydon saw the same slight hesitation and resolute expression take the place of her hesitancy.

After a brief prelude, which, to his trained ear, revealed her perfect touch, her voice rose with a sweet, resonant power that held those near spell-bound, and swelled, in volume until people in distant parts of the house paused and listened as if held by a viewless hand. Connoisseurs felt that they were listening to an artist and not an amateur; gentlemen and women, and the children, knew simply that they were enjoying music that entranced them, that set their nerves thrilling and vibrating. Madge hoped only that her voice might penetrate the barriers between herself and one man's heart. She did not desire to sing on the present occasion. She did not wish to annoy him by the contrast between her song and Miss Wildmere's performance, feeling that he would naturally take sides in his thoughts with the woman outvied; nor had she any desire to inflict upon her rival the disparagement that must follow; but something in Miss Wildmere's self-satisfied and patronizing tone had touched her quick spirit, and the arrogant girl should receive the lesson she had invited. But, as Madge sung the ballad her soon lifted her above all lower thoughts, and she forgot everything but Graydon and the hope of her heart. She sang for him alone, as she had learned to sing for him alone.

As the last lovely notes ceased, only the unthinking children applauded. From the others there was entreaty.

"Please sing again, Miss Alden," said the gentleman who had first asked her. "I am an old man, and can't hope for many more such rich pleasures. I am not an amateur, and know only the music that reaches my heart."

"Sing something from *Lohengrin*, Madge," said Henry Muir, quietly. She glanced at him, and there was a humorous twinkle in his eyes.

Herr Brachmann had trained her thoroughly in some of Wagner's difficult music, and she gave them a selection which so far surpassed the easy melodies of Verdi, which Miss Wildmere had sung, that the latter sat pale and incensed, yet not daring to show her chagrin. This music was received with unbound. ed applause, and then a little voice piped, "The big folks have had more'n their turn; now give us a reg'lar Mother Goose."

This request was received with acclamations, and soon ripples of laughter broke over the crowd in all directions, and then one of the adoring boys who were usually worshipping near cried out, "A reel, Miss Alden, a reel, and let us finish up with a high old dance before dinner."

Graydon seized Miss Wildmere's hand, boys made profound bows to their mothers, husbands dragged their protesting wives out upon the floor. Soon nearly all ages and heights were in two long lines, many feet already keeping time to Madge's rollicking strains. Never had such a dance been known before in the house, for the very genius and inspiration of mirth seemed to be in the piano. The people were laughing half the time at the odd medley of tunes and improvisations that Madge invoked, and gray-bearded men indulged in some of the antics they had thought forgotten a quarter of a century before. As the last couple at the head of the lines was glancing down the archway of raised and clasped hands, the lively strains ceased, and the dancers swarmed out, with thanks and congratulations upon their lips, only to see Madge flying up the stairway.

"Madge," said Graydon, at dinner, "I propose you will tell me you have practiced over and over again every note you sang this morning."

"Certainly; some of the more difficult ones hours and hours and months and months. Herr Brachmann was an amiable dragon in music, and insisted on your knowing what you did know."

"I thought you would say all this, but it doesn't account for your singing."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know exactly. There is something you did not get from Herr Brachmann,—scarcely from nature. It suggests what artists call feeling, and more."

"Oh, every one has his own method," said Madge, carelessly, and yet with a visible increase of color.

"'Method,' do you call it? I'm half inclined to think that it might be akin to madness were you very unhappy. The human voice often has a strange power over me, and I have a theory that it may reveal character more than people imagine. Why shouldn't it? It is the chief medium of our expression, and we may even unconsciously reveal ourselves in our tones."

"When were you so fanciful before? What does a professional reveal?"

"Chiefly that she is a trained professional, and yet even the most *blasé* among them give hints as to the compass of their woman-nature. I think their characters are often suggested quite definitely by their tones. Indeed, I even find myself judging people by their voices. Henry's tones indicate many of his chief traits accurately,—as, for instance, self-reliance, reserve, quiet and unswerving purpose."

"Well" asked Mrs. Muir, who was a little obtuse on delicate points, "what did Miss Wildmere's tones indicate?"

Graydon was slightly taken aback, and suddenly found that he did not like his theory so well as he had thought. "Miss Wildmere's tones," he began hesitatingly, "suggested this morning little more than a desire to render well the music she sung, and to give pleasure to her listeners"

"I thought they suggested some self-complacency, which was lost before the morning was over," added Mr. Muir, dryly.

"Miss Wildmere sung admirably," exclaimed Madge, warmly, "and could sing much better if she had been trained in a better method and gave more time to the art. I sung hours every day for nearly two years. Nothing will take the place of practice, Graydon. One must develop voice like muscle."

"You are a generous, sensible critic, Madge," he said, quietly, although there was a flush of resentment on his face at his brother's words. "In the main you are right, but I still hold to my theory. At least, I believe that in all great music there is a subtile individuality and *motif*. Love may be blind, but it is not deaf. Miss Wildmere gave us good music, not great music."

Mr. Muir began talking about the weather as if it were the only subject in his mind, and soon afterward Madge went to her room with bowed head and downcast heart.

"I have no chance," she sighed. "He loves her, and that ends all. He is loyal to her, and will be loyal, even though she breaks his heart eventually, as I fear. It's his nature."

CHAPTER XXII.

DISHEARTENING CONFIDENCES.

Under the renewed impulse of loyalty Graydon intercepted Miss Wildmere as she was going to her room, and said: "The clouds in the west are breaking away,—they ever do, you know, if one has patience. We can still have our drive and enjoy it all the more from hope deferred."

"I'm so sorry," she began, in some embarrassment. "Of course I couldn't know last night that it would rain in the morning, and so promised Mr. Arnault this afternoon."

"It seems as if it would ever be hope deferred to me, Miss Wildmere," he said, gravely.

"But, Graydon, you must see how it is—"

"No, I don't see, but I yield, as usual."

"I promise you Sunday afternoon or the first clear day," she exclaimed, eagerly.

"Very well," he replied, brightening. "Remember I shall be a Shylock with this bond." But he was irritated, nevertheless, and went out on the piazza to try the soothing influence of a cigar.

The skies cleared rapidly. So did his brow; and before long he muttered: "I'll console myself by another gallop with Madge. There goes my inamorata, smiling upon another fellow. How long is this going to last! Not all summer, by Jupiter! Her father must not insist on her playing that game too long, even though she does play it so well."

Madge was sitting in her room in dreary apathy and spiritless reaction from the strain of the morning, when she was aroused by a knock on her door. "Madge," called a voice that sent the blood to her face, "what say you to another ride? I know the roads are muddy, but—"

"But I'll go with you," she cried. "Why use adversitives in the same breath with 'ride'? The mud's nothing. What won't rub off can stay on. How soon shall I be ready?"

"That's a good live girl. In half an hour."

When they were a mile or two away Madge asked, as if with sudden compunction, "Graydon, are you sure you were disengaged?"

He laughed outright. "That question comes too late," he said.

She braced herself as if to receive a deadly blow, and was pale and rigid with the effort as she asked, with an air of curiosity merely, "Are you truly engaged to Miss Wildmere, Graydon?"

"In one sense I am, Madge," he replied, gravely, "I have given her my loyalty, and, to a certain extent, my word; but I have not bound her. Since you have proved so true and generous a friend to me I do not hesitate to let you know the truth. I am sorry you do not like her altogether, and that you have some cause for your feeling; but you are both right at heart. She spoke most enthusiastically of your rescue of the child. You ladies amuse me with your emphasis of little piques; but when it come to anything large or fine you do justice to one another. Henry had no right to say what he did at dinner, for Stella applauded you as you had her; but Henry's prejudices are inveterate. Why should I not be loyal to her, Madge? I believe she remained free for my sake during the years of my absence."

"I think your feelings are very natural. They are what I should expect of you. You have always seemed to me the soul of honour when once you obtain your bearings," she added, with a wan smile.

"How pale you are, Madge!" he said, anxiously.

"I am not feeling very well to-day, and then I am suffering from the reaction of this morning. I never can get over my old timidity and dislike to do anything in public. I can do what I will, but it often costs me dear. I was led on unexpectedly this morning, and only anticipated singing a ditty for the children when I first went to the piano at their request."

"I saw that, Madge. Any other woman with your power of song would have made it known long before this."

"And, believe me, Graydon, I did not want to sing in rivalry to Miss Wildmere. I'm sorry I did."

"I saw that, too," he replied, laughing. "Stella drew that little experience down upon herself."

"I'm sorry now that I sung," she said, in a low tone. "I didn't want to do anything to hurt the feelings of so good a friend as you are."

"You didn't hurt my feelings in the least. Just the contrary. You gave me much pleasure, and made me all the more proud of you. It will do Stella no harm to have her self-complacency jostled a little. Slight wonder that her head is somewhat giddy from the immense amount of attention she has received. I'm not perfect, Madge; why should I demand perfection? Its delightful to be talking in this way—like old times. I used to talk to you about Stella years ago. If I have the substance I can forego the shadow, and I do feel that I can say to you all that I could to a sensible and loving sister. Believe me, Madge, I can never get over my old feeling for you, and I'm just as proud of you as if your name was Madge Muir. I think your brave effort and achievement at Santa Barbara simply magnificent. You have long had the affection that I would give to a sister, and now that I understand you, I feel for you all the respect that I could give to any woman."

"Those are kind, generous words, Graydon. I knew that you misunderstood me, and I was only provoked at you, not angry."

"You had good reason to be provoked and much more. If you and Stella understood each other in the same way, and—well—if she were only out of that atmosphere in which she has been brought up, I could ask nothing more."

"What atmosphere?"

"Wall Street atmosphere transferred to the domestic and social circle. You have too much delicacy, Madge, to refer to what I know puzzles you, and I admit that I do not fully understand it all, though I know Stella's motive clearly enough. Her motive is worthy of all commendation, but not her method. She is not so much to blame for this as her father, and perhaps her mother, who appears a very spiritless woman, a faint echo of her husband. It is here that the infernal Wall street atmosphere comes in that she has breathed all her life. Does it not puzzle you, in view of my relations to her, that she should be out driving with Arnault?"

"Yes, Graydon, it does."

"Well, Arnault is a money-lender, and I am satisfied that in some way he has her father in his power. Many of these brokers are like cats. They will hold on to anything by one nail, and the the first thing you know they are on the feet again all right. As soon as Wildmere makes a lucky strike in the stock-market he will extricate himself and his daughter at the same time. Of course these things are not formulated in words, in a cold-blooded way, I suppose. Arnault has long been a suitor that would take no rebuff. I am satisfied that she has refused him more than once, but he simply persists, and gives her to understand that he will take his chances. This was the state of affairs when I came home, and she, no doubt, feels that if she can save her father, and keep a home for her mother and the little one, she ought to retain her hold on Arnault. After all, it is not so bad. Many women marry for money outright, and all poor Stella proposes is to be complaisant toward a man who would not continue his business support to one whose daughter had just refused him."

Madge was silent.

"You wouldn't do such a thing, I suppose."

"I couldn't, Graydon," she said, simply. "If I should ever love a man I think I could suffer a great deal for his sake, but there are some things I couldn't do."

"I thought you would feel so."

"Why don't you help her father out?" Madge faltered.

"I don't think I have sufficient means. I have never been over-thrifty in saving, and have not laid by many thousands. I have merely a good salary and very good prospects. You can't imagine how slow and conservative Henry is. In business matters he treats me just as if I were a stranger, and I must prove myself worthy of trust at every point, and by long apprenticeship, before he will give me a voice in affairs. He says coming forward too fast is the ruination of young men in our day. Nothing would tempt him to have deal ings with Mr. Wildmere, and I couldn't damage myself more than by any transactions on my own account. But even if I were rich I wouldn't interfere. I don't like her father any better than Henry does, and if I began in this way it would make a bad precedent. What's more, I won't introduce money influences into an affair of this kind. If it comes to the point, Stella must decide for me, ignoring all other considerations. If she does, I won't permit her family to suffer, but I propose to know that she chooses me absolutely in spite of everything. I am also resolved that she shall be separated from her family as far as is right, for there is a tone about them that I don't like."

"I thank you for your confidence, Graydon," said Madge, quietly. "You are acting just as I should suppose you would. No one in the world wishes you happiness more earnestly than I do. Come, let us take this level place like the wind."

She was unusually gay during the remainder of their ride, but seemed bent almost on running her horse to death. "To-morrow is Sunday," she explained, "and I must crowd two rides into one."

"Wouldn't you ride to-morrow?"

"No; I have some old-fashioned notions about Sunday. You have been abroad too long, perhaps, to appreciate them."

"I appreciate fidelity to conscience, Madge."

They had their supper together again as on the evening before, but Madge was carelessly languid and fitful in her mirthful sallies, and complained of overfatigue. "I won't come down again to-night," she said to Graydon as they passed out of the supper-room. "Good-night."

"Good-night, Madge," he replied, taking her hand in both his own. "I understand you now, and know that you have gone beyond even your superb strength to-day. Sleep the sleep of the justest and truest little woman that ever breathed. I can't tell you how much you have added to my happiness during the past two days."

"He understands me!" she muttered, as she closed the door of her room. "I am almost tempted to doubt whether a merciful God understands me. Why was this immeasurable love put into my heart to be so cruelly thwarted? Why must he go blindly on to so cruel a fate? Of course she'll renounce everything for him. Whatever else she may be, she is not an idiot."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FILIAL MARTYR.

Miss Wildmere appeared in one of her most brilliant moods that evening. There was a dash of excitement, almost recklessness, in her gray eyes. She had Mr. Arnault had been deputed to lead the German, but she took Graydon out so often as to produce in Mr. Arnault's eyes an expression which the observant Mr. Wildmere did not like at all. He had just returned from dreary, half deserted Wall street, which was as dead and hopeless as only that region of galvanic life can be at times. He had neither sold nor bought stock, but had moused around, with the skill of an old *habitue*, for information concerning the eligibility of the two men who were seeking his daughter's hand. In the midsummer dulness and holiday stagnation the impending operation in the Catskills was the only one that promised anything whatever. He became more fully satisfied that Arnault's firm was prospering. They had been persistent bears on a market that had long been declining, and had reaped a golden harvest from the miseries of others. On the other hand, he learned that Henry Muir was barely holding his own, and that he had strained his credit dangerously to do this. He knew about the enterprise which had absorbed the banker's capital, and while he believed it would respond promptly to the returning flow of the financial tide, it now seemed stranded among more hopeless ventures. There was no escaping the conviction that Muir was in a perilous position, and that a little thing might push him over the brink. Therefore, he had returned fully bent upon using all his influence in behalf of Arnault, and was spurred to this effort by the fact that his finances, but not his expenses, were running low. His wife could give but a dubious account of Stella's conduct.

Before the evening was over, Mr. Wildmere saw that his daughter was in truth pursuing a difficult policy. The angry light in Arnault's eyes and the grave expression on Graydon's face proved how fraught with peril it was to his hopes. Neither of her suitors liked Stella's manner that evening, for it suggested traits which promised ill for the future. Graydon, who understood her the less, was the more lenient judge.

"Not only Arnault," he thought, "but her father also, has been pressing her toward a course from which she revolts, and she is half reckless in consequence."

He endeavored by his quiet and observant attention, by the grave and gentle expression of his eyes, to assure her once more that she could find a refuge in him the moment that she would decide absolutely in his favor. She understood him well, and was enraged that she could not that night go out with him into the moonlight, put her hand in his, and end her suspense.

TO BE CONTINUED

CATARRH—A NEW TREATMENT.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern medicine has been attained by the Dixon treatment for Catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Startling with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due the presence of living parasites in the tissue, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination—this accomplished, he claims the Catarrh is practically cured and the permancy is unquestioned, as cures affected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure Catarrh in this manner and no other treatment has ever cured Catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple, and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street, west, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh.—*Montreal Star Nov.* 17, 1885 Nov. 20.

A Horse Thief Captured.

WELLAND, Ont. Oct; 26.—On October 15th, Joseph William Green Hill, a young Englishman, stole a horse from Charles Strong, a buggy from W. Audrows, and a set of harness from Mr. Blain, of Streetsville. He was seen leaving Streetsville early Saturday morning. On Sunday morning he stopped at Police Magistrate Hellem's house here to allow a man whom he had given a ride to stop. He hardly thought that this man would give him three years in Kingston. Sunday night he spent in the woods southeast of here, and on Monday sold the horse and rig to M. Kreiger, of Bertie, for forty dollars cash and a gold watch and chain. The owners traced him here, had him arrested and brought before Police Magistrate Hellems, who sentenced him to three years in penitentiary. He leaves for Kingston to-morrow morning.

Lord Salisbury, who underwent a surgical operation on Monday, is making steady steady progress towards recovery.

Lieut. Coquilhat has just returned to Brussels, after three years' stay in Bangala the country of the Upper Congo, and flatly contradicts the reported massacres of Europeans there. He declares cannibalism in Congo is dying out and that the natives are friendly. The surveying party is tracing the route of a future railway.

A special from Paris tells a story of revolting cruelty. Mme. Cartier, the head of a charity for the education of girls, in Auterive, not satisfied with treating the children with unheard of severity, when they reached the age of sixteen sent them to a women in Paris, who disposed of them for immoral purposes. The French Government has ordered an investigation.

Here is an extract from a despatch of Queen Elizabeth's Deputies in Ireland to their royal mistress: "Should we exert ourselves in reducing this country to civility and order, it must soon acquire power, consequence and riches. The inhabitants will thus be alienated from England, and will cast themselves into the arms of some foreign power; perhaps erect themselves into an independent and separate State. Let us, then, rather connive at their disorder, for a weak and disordered people never can attempt to detach themselves from the Crown of England." In the light of subsequent events, this is interesting.

A Montreal despatch says:—Some new particulars with reference to the new Canadian Theological College at Rome have been learned. The college is to be built entirely of stone in that part of the Eternal City called the Corso. The plans of the edifice have been prepared by Mr. Bourgeau, a well known architect of Montreal, and the total cost of the building is expected to reach almost $200,000. Pope Leo XIII has consecrated the work, and the British Government has conferred upon it its especial protection.

Scott Act Politics.

From the Week.

The Scott Act enthusiasts seem bent upon proving more clearly than ever that fanaticism is subversive of morality. No duty can be plainer or more important than that of voting at elections for the man who is best qualified to serve the State. In a democratic community, where so much depends on the right use of the electoral trust, the obligation is pre-eminently strong. Yet here are a set of people, pretending to superior morality and identifying their movement with the cause of God, who deliberately propose and exhort others to abuse their electoral trust for the purpose of excluding from the State in all departments legislative, executive and municipal, down to the school trusteeships, and all who presume to differ from them as to the expediency of a particular mode of dealing with a particular social question. The point immediately threatened by these political boycotters is the municipal government of Toronto, from which they are resolved to cashier everybody who does not repeat their shibboleth. The interests of the city are various and the qualifications needed for its administration are equally so, but one qualification is to be paramount; that of entire submission to the will of the promoters of the Scott Act. Our sanitary system, our water supply, our public schools our police, our finances—everything upon which the health and comfort and well-being of our citizens depends—may go to the dogs; the one thing needful is that all power and all public emoluments shall be in hands of the friends of the Scott Act. Temperance, however well established, will not do; even total abstinence will not do; nor will adherence to the plan of the Liberal Temperance Union, to the plan of High Licenses, or to any policy but the Scott Act. Statesman after statesman, legislature after legislature, on both sides of the Atlantic has tried to deal with the question and has confessedly failed. Massachusetts has had to repeal her law; and Iowa is about apparently to do the same. Prohibitionists differ among themselves, while notoriously some of the best and ablest men, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright among the number, are oppose on the highest grounds to prohibitive legislation altogether. But the promoters of the Scott Act are infallable, and not to agree with them is mortal sin. We know very well what will happen. The test will be refused by conscientious dissidents, who will thus be excluded from the service for which they are of all men morally the best qualified; it will be taken with enthusiasm by hypocrital knaves—tipplers perhaps in secret—who use a social agitation as a ladder whereby to climb into political office, and some of whom have not failed here, as well as in the United States, to mingle with the sincere leaders of the movement; it will be taken with reluctance by men who are not knaves but whose consciences are weak and who will be demoralized and depraved by their submission. There is hardly a viler act than constraining a public man by threats of loss of votes to act against his convictions and to profess what he does not believe. Citizens, however, who care for liberty and public right now see what they have before them: that which is now done by the Scott Act men may be done hereafter by the Anti-Vaccination men, by the Anti-Tobacco men, or by the devotees of any other tyrannical crotchet. What would be the condition of legislatures when the practice became generally If the game of boycotting is to be played on one side it must be played on both sides, and we shall have to mark down and oppose on all occasions the men who resort to such practices for the coercion of their fellow citizens. Does the Methodist Church whose pulpits have become the organs of the Scott Act, sanction political boycotting? If it does, let us hope that the other churches do not; for when they do, though they may be teachers of something higher than morality, teachers of morality they will no longer be.

Kansas Republicans Forsaking False Idols.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Oct. 23.—[Special.]—The last year has worked a marked change in Kansas politics which is making itself felt in the campaigns now in progress. Prohibition was so far successful as to close the open saloons in and about all Kansas towns except Leavenworth, Atchison, and Dodge City. But it did not stop the liquor business, which passed in into the hands of the drug stores, and there thrives as lustily as ever. In Topeka, Lawrence, Wyandotte, Wichita, Salina, Junction City, Fort Scott, and all the towns above a hamlet, drug stores have multiplied, and the proprietors thereof generally wear rubicund faces are prosperous. A man is constantly at the prescription case, and any quantity of whiskey is ready upon the signing of of a statement setting forth that it is needed for mechanical, medicinal, or scientific purposes, and upon the payment of from 50 cents to $1 a pint according to quality. There is no visible decrease of drunkenness and no let-up of the appearance of the old soak in the police court for his regular fine and job on the rock pile. Cities that formerly enjoyed a handsome revenue from saloon licenses are now deprived of it, but still have the liquor business to contend with.

These facts have shaken the faith of some of the most stalwart Prohibitionists. Their utterances are more moderate in tone, and their papers are talking Republicism instead of prohibition, and urging support of the regular ticket. High license and strict regulation are discussed by them with more favor, and some of the most unswerving disciples openly say that high license may be a wise step towards ultimate prohibition.

In this county the Republican Convention in its platform denounced prohibition and demanded a return to the license system. It was then said that the National platform of 1884 voiced Republican sentiments, and there the matter rested. The extreme prohibitionists were indignant, and sixteen of them went down to the little town of Tonganoxie, where they nominated a ticket of their own, of unknown and untried men, that will not spoil a hundred votes out of the 7,500 that the county casts. Gov. Martin is heartily in sympathy with the regular Republican ticket here, the fact that it stands on the anti-prohibition platform not affecting him, apparently, in the least.

The Republican victory in Ohio, won on a regulation and revenue issue, has helped to weaken the prohibition heresy in the Republican party here. The Germans, who left the Republican party of Kansas in a body after they saw that it was wedded to false doctrine, now show a strong disposition to return and help stamp this doctrine out. If the change now in progress goes on, in a few years the party here will have abandoned prohibition and will be found "doing a legitimate business at the old stand" as in the days of Lincoln and Grant. —Chicago Tribune.

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