GOLDENROD:

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY

R. E. FRANCILLON.

Author of "Bounce Bahawder," "King or Knave," "Romance

of the Law," "No Conjuror," etc., etc.

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It was on a duli, hot, heavy day in the (middle of a London August, and in the middle of a London street, that Denis Warren first felt himself overpowered by a dreadful doubt-the most dreadful, perhaps, of all that can occur to a man like him. It was not whether he was really the greatest genius in the world; many men, even much younger than he, have experienced that without feeling that there is nothing left to live for. It was whether he was a genius at all; whether he was not just as common-place a piece of human crockery as the unoccupied crossingsweeper at the corner, or even as the stockbroker, if such it was, whose wheels splashed the mud upon him as they passed Once he would have held his head by. Once he would have held his head the higher; it is an honor to walk in days when only dull tolk ride. To-day, the splasher only asked him whether he were not really the dullest of all the dull-too dull even to become a millionaire. Per-haps, indeed he might aspire to take the place of the crossing-sweeper; though even f that he was no longer sure.

Denis Warren was a musician, who had started upon his career in the full faith that his name, although so unpromisingly En-glish, would travel down to posterity in company with Beethoven's at the very least, if not in advance; and a poor sort of a musician he would have been had he been content with less at starting-unless, in-deed, he were so great, beyond all other greatness, as to think only of music, and not of himself at all. Denis did think a great deal of himself, it must be owned; and even the purest and most practical sense will allow that, on this particular day, he had ample reason why. He had come out in the morning, with exactly sevenpence in his pocket-all he owned in the world except his pocket—all he owned in the work manu-the clothes he stood in, half-a-dozen manu-script operas, an unfinished oratorio, a wife, and a bundle of unpaid bills—to pick was few crumbs from the wealth of London; and he was returning bomeward with the same amount of capital, all but fivepence, which had somehow turned into crumbs for richer sparrows' picking. Every acquaint-ance he had was out of town or pocket; not a tradesman would glance at what he had to sell, even at the latest pot-boiler of which he was the most ashamed. But that was an old story now; there was scarcely a trades-man left who was not inaccessible when Denis Warren called. Common sense will suggest the pawnbroker's. But not the most benevolent of pawnbroker will ad-vance anything worth mentioning on a piece of music paper, a wife, or an unpaid bill.

In short, here was Denis Warren, at an age when he ought to have had a firm foot on the ladder of life, worse than penniless, worse than friendless, and overcome by a sudden annihilation of pride which means the crowning loss of all—the loss of courage. It was a new loss to him, from which, in his bewilderment, he did not know how to recover; and even if he had known how, hunger and weariness of body and spirit, and the thought of hunger at home, had to be reckoned with as well. Life took the form of one colossal blunder-the impotence of ambition, the barrenness of labor, the crueity even of love. Even when he ex-claimed, almost aloud, "Poor Mabel!" he really meant "Poor Denis!" for though it was bad enough to return home with an was bad enough to return home with an empty pocket, it was worse to face the woman to whom he had condescended from his height of genius in the character of a self-detected imposter. This was the cruelhis height of genius in the character of a self-detected imposter. This was the cruelest part of all. And, therefore, his homeward way was as slow as a heavy heart could make it: indeed it was hardly his homeward way at all-it was one of those ways which are just as likely as not to last for hours, and then to come to a sudden stop at the bottom of the Thames. There was nothing in his appear-ance to attract the attention of a passer-by, whether Levite or Samaritan; anybody idle enough to glance at him, took him for just a fellow idler, trying to amuse himself with the shop windows. What an unfailing ata fellow idler, trying to amuse himself with the shop windows. What an unfailing at-traction shop windows always exercise upon eyes too blinded by mental mist to see any-thing in them! So at least it was with Denis, who must at last have stood for a good quarter of an hour at the least, gazing into a florist's window without knowing it from a cheesemonger's. Lines drawn from his area would have accounted any form his eyes would have converged upon a branch of Goldenrod, with its rich clusters of starry bloom; but to him it might have been a wax doll or a brass kettle, for all that his mind saw. But, his eyes still fixed upon what, to him, was misty space, and after a space of time that might have been either a moment or an age-conscious the while, if of any-thing outside himself at all, only of the hum of the traffic which turned to rhythm in his brain-he started as if he had received a galvanic shock. Had the stars of the Goldgalvanic shock. Had the stars of the Gold-enrod been human eyes, they would have opened and stared to see how suddenly he flushed, and then grew pale; how the veins stood out on his forehead; how he trembled for a moment from head to foot, as if he had been touched, or rather stung, by an unseen wand. Possibly, however, being a flower, the Goldenrod saw not only as much as a man or a woman might see—which after all is never anything worth mentioning—but a great deal more. chila. great deal more. No longer at the place of an aimless snail, but as if he were pursuing what he feared might escape him at the pext corner, reared might escape nim at the pert corner, avoiding collisions on the pavement, and the perils of the crossings, only by that instinct which comes to the help of men who, whether walking or sleeping, are not in a state to help themselves, he at last reached the door of the shabby lodging house in a shabby street—one of those doors where a very small circle on times here in where a very small girl on tip-toe is for-ever trying to reach the topmost of half a dozen bell-handles, and forever in vain. Before Denis the door seemed to melt like mist, and, weak and weary as be must have been, he was at the topmast landing with-ont being conscious of a single stair. The room in which his flight, or his chase, ended was as poor as its owner, but for one thing—the light that came into a pair of brown eyes when Denis entered. If this was what he had been pursuing there was little wonder at his speed. The owner of the eyes was a young woman of no especial beauty, and yet it was plain to see that whoever could call that light into her face by his coming could never be truly called a poor man, even if he had to go without more common food. But-not an answer-ing glance did it receive from Denis. There was a light, indeed, upon his own face, too; but it was not for her. Mabel Warren, whom undeserved misfortune had doomed to be the wife of a man whose profession was genius, was not especially pecially sensitive to apparent trifles; but the light changed into moisture, and she The second best-por of success before him; inkited, and thenThe second best-por of success before him; inkited, and thenThe second best-por of success before him; inkited, and thenThe second best-por of success before him; inkited, and thenThe second best-por of success before him; inkited, and thenThe second best-por of success before him; inkited, and thenThe second best-por of success before him; inkited, and thenThe second best-por of success before him; inkited, and thenThe second best-por of success before him; inkited, and thenThe second best-por of success before him; inkited, and thenThe second best-por of success before him; inkited second best-por success before him; inkited second best-por success before him; bast when or success before him; bast success before him; bast success before him; bast when or success before him; bast success be sighed; and when that was over she became just as commonplace a young woman as ever

"Hush, for mercy's sake!" he exclaimed "If you say another word you'll kill it. It-It! before It's born !" She looked at him in alarm. "You have

had ill luck?" she asked. "Mabel, do you want to send me crazy? Don't you see that I've had all the luck that doesn't come to one man in a hundred vears.

"I am glad !" she said, gently, but still anxiously. One must be used to good fort-une before one can go out to welcome her half way. "And you don't even ask what it is?

Guess. I'll give you a dozen guesses. "You have sold 'Good morning?"

"A bit of trash not worth two-pence? As if anyone would look at such a thing;no-not even I have ever been so unlucky as to have my name to that thing. I should never have held up my head again. But that's woman all over. One sees one's way to thousands-to tens of thousands-to better than all the thousands in the world; and

than all the thousands in the world; and she thinks of pence and farthings—" "Thousands, Denis!" said Mabel, faintly, turning a shade paler. What could he have been doing, to talk of thousands? And he was so excited—so unlike anything she had ever seen, although she had, thought she knew him through and through. She was growing afraid with a jear that would have made her tear her heart out rather then she made her tear her heart out rather than give it a name.

"Yes-it has come at last, thank God!" he exclaimed, no longer with rough im-patience, but joyously. "Everything is all right now-more than all right, Mabel. Congratulate me-congratulate us both-congratulate the whole world! I have found--'

"What, Denis?" "A Song!" II.

But had not Denis Warren already made, or found, scores and scores of songs, and had not incessant experience taught him that there was not 6 penny worth of fortune in the whole pile.

Nothing of the sort. One does not give to things made of wax the name of flowers; or, if one does, it is only out of a moment' foolishness. Denis Warren had covered many a sheet of music paper, but now he knew that he had made a song, and never before. Before his eyes had chanced to fall upon that particular branch of Goldenrod, he was a self despised nobody; in one moment he knew himself to be in very truth the genius that he had once only imagined himself to be. All in a moment there had blossomed into his brain, with stars for notes, the freshest and the most ex-quisite melody that he had ever heard; more exquisite indeed—it was as if music had been waiting till that moment for its crown. And this was not only a real song, full and finished in itself in the first moment of its creation. moment of its creation; it was—as he knew in that self-same moment, a germ from which other melodies, no less exquisitely fresh, would spring and blossom, and which an artist might enrich with all the treas-ures of harmony, till their stood forth masterwork of the world: the arch-dra ma of passion translated from life into song. When hopeless and helpless, his first thought, and the burden of all his thoughts, had been "Poor Mabel!" Now he had but one thought—to crystallise the melody be-fore it could escape him; for such things. moment of its creation; it was-as he knew

of making such thoughts the longer. It was certainly not for the sake of getting quickly to anywhere that, instead of keepinto a quiet roadway divided from it by a low wall and a narrow strip of gardeu planted by shrubs and trees. It was a dimly lighted terrace of tall houses, made

are those that are. After all, the fairies, or whatever they may be, who can freely give a man a song like that would scarcely leave him to starve before it could be heard. So he put away his pile of manuscript, and went out for a solitary meal. And Mabel? Well, in the first place, it was well she was not in the way to take the bloom off the moment of triumph by imper-fect sympathy; and, in the second place, he wanted to be alone with himself to re-cover himself from his fever, and to revel in what had come to him. What a marvel-ous change had come over even the streets of London, now that he paced them no longer as a beaten man, but as a conqueror! The rumble of the vehicles swelled in his ears into the roar of applause; the flare of He tried to think-while she sang. Had He tried to think—while she sang. Had he by chance heard this woman singing before? Perhaps—unconsciously—at the very moment when he was staring in at the florist's window? No; because here was not only his own music, but his own words; and then it was rendered, not as he imagined it, but with a pathetic passion of which he had never dreamed, and yet must have remem-bered had it been only dreamed. And no; it could be no coincidence. There must be it could be no coincidence. There must be a limit even to mirscles. It was some hideons mockery on the part of fortune, who had taken advantage of his despair to de-lude him with imaginary genius and prom-ises of wealth and glory never meant to be fulfilled. ears into the roar of applause; the flare of the gas mellowed into the light of glory; every passerby seemed to be thinking the same thought aloud—and it was: There goes Denis Warren, the greatest musician in the whole world!" There was one hope-whatever the secret

THE PITTSBURG

After so sharp a spell of excitement, it was only natural that he should rest a little upon his future laurels, so that some sort of equilibrium should be restored between Denis Warren, the great musician, and Denis Warren, the man. As it was, the two Denis Warren, the man. As it was, the two scarcely knew one another; they needed time to become acquainted. He studied his own work, talked pleasantly enough to Mabel between whiles, rambled about a good deal, and came to take for granted the otherwise singular fact that, though one cannot ramble about for nothing, he never found his pocket empty. He had often won-dared at the same thing in the case of men dered at the same thing in the case of men who, to his own knowledge, had neither means nor earnings, and yet were never without coin for their pleasures-all who have ever set foot in Bohemia have who have ever set foot in Bohemia have been exercised by the same riddle, but, though the riddle remained as inexplicable as ever, the fact, in his own case, seemed entirely natural, and in accord with the fitness of things. For that matter, other men began to find it natural in his case also; and he began, in addition to them of work to context the addition to those of wealth, to foretaste the pleasures of popularity—which chiefly con-sist, as everybody knows, in giving drink to the thirsty and in the philanthropic application of small change. There were soon scores of men whose judgment the critics never thought of disputing, who were any hour ready to swear to his face that his great work had only to come forth, be heard, and conquer. For though no human years?

heard, and conquer. For though no human being has as yet heard a note of it, he had begun to boast of it a little, so far as the proverbial modesty of true genius allowed. It must be confessed that this new life of his was in some ways unwholesome, in com-parison with his days of patient battle. His

parison with his days of patient battle. His evenings, for example, became anything but domestie. But then one can purchase so much more sympathy out of doors than is given to one at home. Still, he could not go on anticipating glory for ever, even with the help of a pocket where, in that mysterious manner, ailver and even gold seemed to hrad. Be

silver, and even gold, seemed to breed. Be-sides his name, from having been unknown except to himself, had somehow got into the air. Such a thing does happen some-times—and when it does, then is the time In short, fame as well as fortune seemed. ithout any exception of his own, to be showering themselves upon Denis Warren even before they are due. As if touched

lav.

even before they are due. As if touched by a magic Rod, the very tradesman—a very great tradesman, indeed—who had refused his latest pot boiler—had of his own accord asked for an introduction to the work, of which expectant rumors of his unheard magic had ex-haled, like the perfume of an invisi-ble flower. The introduction had been arranged: and Denia denasted from a arranged; and Denis departed from a preliminary interview in a state of thorough confidence in himself and satisfaction with a world which had surely been grossly

libeled when charged with being hard and The air of the streets was cold, however, this raw and misty November evening; at least for all whose cloak of self-esteem was less weather proot than Denis Warren's. As it was, he could afford contortably his habit of lingering as he walked when his heavity ware pleasant and of taking thoughts were pleasant, and of taking round-about roads for the further pleasure

Denis stood spellbound, as well he might;

and he felt angry when such music was fol-lowed by so sordid a rupture of the charm

DISPATCH THURSDAY. JULY 21, 1892

whole vision of wealth and glory hung upon this melody. And now-either it had be-come common before it was born, or else by some hideous conincidence he was exposed to be scouted as a plagiarist and an im-portor THE REDS OF LONDON Their Rant, Their Bluster and Their

Utter Abhorrence of Soap.

WORD AS TO WILLIAM MORRIS.

-where, as Europeans generally suppose, any fellow may do as he chooses. But the Anarchists know better. They know that they, at least, cannot do as they choose on the other side of the Atlantic, therefore, they hate the American Republic worse than they hate Czardom and Kaiser-dom and the Victorian empire. Wherever and whenever Anarchists meet in London they flaunt banners inscribed with the legend "Remember Chicago." It is precisely because they "remember Chicago" that they remain safely in Lon-don. They have no relish for the Napo-leonic method as a dissolvent of mobs. In the Tottenham court road there is an The Kind of Men Who Frequent the Various Anarchistic Clubs.

In the Tottenham court road there is an Anarchists' Club. It is not so large as the one in Berners street, but it is as dirty, and it has produced, or has attempted to pro-duce, some dynamite effects. ENDS OF THE DOCTRINE OF DYNAMITE

More Anarchy Clubs in Prospect.

Before long there will probably be more Anarchist clubs in London. The recent ac-tivity of the continental police has added to London's stock of loud mouthed and un-washed. Some 400 of this kidney are said to have crossed the channel Englandward in one week recently. London, you see, be-comes a receptacle for the outpourings of the European sewers.

comes a receptacle for the outpourings of the European sewers. Picture to yourselves these "saviors of society." Would you not prefer rather to be among the lost than among the saved if salvation, social or other, is to come from the uncouth hands of the blatant? What have these men of ignorance and unclean

have these men of ignorance and unclean habits and intemperate speech to teach hu-manity, except to teach it what to avoid— themselves and their fry. The position would be ludicrous if there were not dyna-mite in the filthy trenches. Not to convince, but to terrorize, is the destring of iteraches are in a solar "

May Soon Be Reduced to Practice.

has not yet been put into practice. But it will come. The persuasive uses of dyna-mite have been hitherto illustrated here by certain picturesque zealots of Celtic patriot-ism-vide the Clerkenwell, London bridge and Houses of Parliament explo-

But there is hope for the London Anar-

But there is hope for the London Anar-chist yet. He has got as far as threatening assassination in his public prints. A Sec-retary of State, a Judge and a Chief of Po-lice are declared by the *Commonweal* too vile to be allowed to live. The editor of the *Commonweal*, thus declaring for an era of common woe, is arrested, and Mr. William Morris leaves his poetry and his artistic

Morris leaves his poetry and his artistic furniture and bails him out. Meantime, the editor-valorous champion

haby." "Please, Mr. Judge, I didn't do it. I don't approve of it. I had already re-signed the editorship before—or sfter—(it isn't quite clear) the article appeared." Fellow-feeling makes even anarchistic poets and furniture makers "wondrous kind." Mr. William Morris started the Commencie addted it end when he found

Commonweal; edited it, and when he found it getting too hot for him threw it over.

Mr. Mowbray picks it up, and when he finds himself arrested for "inciting mur-der" he pleads irresponsibility and resigna-

It makes such a difference in anarchy whether you kill the other rellow, or the other fellow claps you into jail.

AGAINST THE PARTY SYSTEM.

A Canadian Statesman in Search of a New

Plan of Government.

OTTAWA, ONT., July 20.-Sanford Flem-

ing, C. M. G., has offered a prize of \$1,000

for the best workable measure which, if

made a law, would give the whole Canadian

people equal representation in Parliament

and each elector due weight in the Govern-

assassination by newspaper-"cries

In London this beautiful anarchistic cree

doctrine of "anarchy as she is spoke

of Ravacholism.

The Anarchists of London are not nu nerous, but all of them are noisy, and for the most part they have an aversion to baths. They live amid clouds of rhetorical dust, and so the world appears to them unclean. If they would for a moment climb down from their abstractions and look about them they would find their immediate surroundings as unclean as any districts further west. Thus writes Arthur Warren for the Boston Herald. He continues:

Berners street and its neighborhood, for example, needs washing. The headquar-ters of the Anarchists' Club there would be no worse if it were scrubbed, but Anarchy would probably suffer. It would seem that there can be nothing more difficult than to be an Anarchist and to be clean. If this is not strictly true then the apostles of the dispensation, that is not to be, must bear the blame.

doctrine of "anarchy as she is spoke." If you refuse to believe, then you are blown up. If you do your duty as officer, jury-man, judge, public man or private citizen, and assist timid justice a little (the poor, blind creature), then does dynamite dis member you, and distribute your fragments among the spheres. This is the philosophy of Rayacholism. Somebody will say that I forget that William Morris is an Anarchist. But it is not possible to forget William Morris. Besides, I am not so sure of him.

Not a Patron of Laundries.

He scorns a white shirt and wears a woolen one, perhaps more, but I can swear to the one. No doubt it is difficult, even impossible, to keep a white shirt clean in London over six hours, but Mr. Morris is rich. A laundry bill need have no terrors for him. Moreover, Mr. Morris believes in giving employment to those that need it. Why draw the line at laundresses?

But William Morris is not so much of an Anarchist as he likes to think himself, and IV. .When Denis came to himself his first as he likes others to think him. To be sure, he is inconsistent, but most Christians thought was that he had been the victim of sure, he is inconsistent, but most Christians have that virtue. Mr. Morris may spurn collars, yet, after all, the beatitudes of anarchy allure the elect from other false gods than linen, although this one, of course, is incompatible with sound belief— or that belief in sound belief which makes a nightmare. But when he tried to lift himself in his bed, and had to fall back again from weakness, and when he looked round and recognized all the surroundings of a sick room, his second was that his mind man one of the faithful.

had really wandered. His third, however, Wealth the Source of the Man's Power,

was the knowledge that, however he had William Morris is rich; at all events he come into his own room, everything had been as real as the daylight in which he is rich enough to go bail for other Anarch-ists when they get into trouble. This, perists when they get into trouble. This, per-haps, is a reason why the real believers, unadulterated with soap, point to Mr. Morris as a model. When you say that Anarchists are unclean, or unkempt, or this, or that, or the other, they point to William Morris, and so fling back the aspersion in the teeth of him that utters it. But, when all is said, they have no un-breakable taith in the nost who also men-One of the strangest things about such a state is how clearly one knows; even things that one has never known before. He could even remember having seen the branch of Goldenrod, as if his eyes had taken all this while to convey its image to his brain. He followed himself through the frenzy of inspiration, the throes of com-position, and thence throughout until he reached the point which, since it was as-suredly not of madness, was all the more of mutationable musters breakable taith in the poet who also manu-factures artistic furniture. No genuine Anarchist can believe in a man with a bank tunooo

Moreover, William Morris is not altogether sound on the assassination question, and merit untempered with assassination must lie unrecognized in the final councils

suredly not of madness, was all the more of unfathomable mysterv. It was all real; only too real. And, hear-ing a sigh beside his bed he knew that there was something else in the world at least as real as the daylight—Mabel; of little mo-ment, doubtless, in the life of an artist, but whom, at this hour of weakness, when sus-tained thought was too hard a labor, he could not help feeling that he had forgotten almost beyond what a woman who marries genius deserves. So something had hap-pened to him in the street; he had been brought home; and she was nursing him. of anarchy. Anarchy, it will be observed, is always to be spelled with the large"A." Spelling is not a strong point with your genuine Anarch-ist, but he insists upon the large "A" as the only form of capital which must not perish from the earth. Anarchy is of such importance that no man must be permitted to ignore its apostles. By uproars, or odors, do they manifest themselves. brought home; and she was nursing him. That also was clear. He closed his eyes in order to see the better, and when he opened them they met hers. "You are the woman!" said he. They were strange words to be his first;

Dynamite Their Ultimate Argument

A Remarkable Thirst for Blood,

His Further Career of Murder. Within an hour he killed another woman in a dark square a mile away. Whether the

testifying his regard for the general fitness

ment through Parliament. Accordingly, "You are the woman!" said he. They were strange words to be his first; but hers were stranger still: "Forgive me, Denis! But-oh, never mind forgiving me now! Don't forgive me at all-thank God, you will get well now!

he invites essays on electoral representation and the rectification of Parliament, accompanied by a draft of a bill applicable to the country and with a parliamentary

NEARLY EVERY HOUSE DAMAGED.

South Dakota Town Badly Used Up by Lively Blow at Night.

Sr. PAUL, July 20.-Telegrams from various points in South Dakota give details of a severe storm that did considerable damage to crops and property last night. At Gettysburg a woman named Herron was

At Gettysburg a woman named Herron was killed and her child fatally injured. The storm struck that place at 10 o'clock and destroyed the Methodist and Baptist Churches. Nearly every house in the city was more or less damaged. Two heavy freight cars were blown 50 feet from the track. Wires from Gettysburg are all down. down.



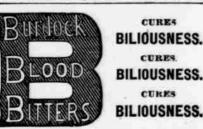
Countless cases of female complaints, such as leucorrhœa, ovarian troubles, organic diseases of the uterus or womb, displacements,

Bearing-down Feeling,

causing pain, weight, and backache, inflammation, nervousness, have been permanently cured by

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

the only truly reliable and harmless remedy for all forms of female complaints. Its success is world-famed. All Druggiste seil it, er sent by mall, in form of Fills en Lazenger, on receipt of SI. OO. Liver Fills, SSc. Correspondence freigu sawered. Address in confidence LYDIA E. FINEMAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.



Direct Proof. REGULATES My wife has been troubled with Liver Comi troibled with Liver Com-plaint and Palpitation of the Heart for over a year. Her case baffled the skill of our best physicians. After using three bottles of your BURBOCK BLOOD BITTERS she is almost en-tirely well. We truly reo-ommend your medicine. GEORGE W. SHAWLL, Montpelier, Williams co, O. THE LIVER.



ing and Itching, External, Internal, Ing and Itching, Chronic, Recent of This remedy has positively never be fail, §i a box, § for \$\$, by mail. A gue with six boxes, when purchased at on fund the \$\$ if not cured, issued to bTUCKT, Druggist, Wholesale and I Nee, well and 100 features.

of the song, it might perhaps be between him and the singer; and in that case he might make it his own by purchase. It was not a noble thought; but it was at any rate better than if it had occurred to him to

better than if it had occurred to him to make it his own by means of murder-for he might have told his conscience that if homicide in the defense ot one's mere life is justified, homicide in defense of what is ten thousand times more than life is justi-fied ten thousand times over. But, how-ever he might have to act, he must know first the nature of the mystery. * * * * The song closed at last; again he heard the clink of coins upon the gravel. He came out of the shadow and approached the fig-ure, scarce knowing, however, what he should say. There was no need to know. Scarcely had he caught night, not of a face, but of a black weil which hid all features except the lips and chin, when the form but of a black weil which hid all features except the lips and chin, when the form glided away so swittly as to be lost in the mist almost before he reached the spot where it had been. Had it not been for some silver at his teet he might have fancied that no ears but his own had heard the song. But had it been so? Were the coins only another illusion? Had anything happened incom when? Or had he since he saw the since-when? Or had he, since he saw the Goldenrod without seeing it, been wandering about for minutes or hours which had seemed months, weeks or days-or even

'Heaven help me-I must be mad or dead!" he groaned aloud; and the mist turned to darkness, into which he seemed to sink as into a sea.

other thing or creature: not even for Mabel. Having given her all the explana-tion of what had happened to him that he felt to be needful, Denis took paper and pencil, and in the excitement of giving visi-ble subtance to big maled for the ble substance to his melody forgot the very existence of Mabel. There was no need to put it to the coarse test of the piano. He could hear it in himself—he had become the darker by the trees and the gray mist, in which he could hum to himself that won-derful air, which was the source and the soul of his great work without being dis-turbed-for he fell to it as a lover. most sensitive of instruments, with nerves for strings. To turn it suddenly into sound

turbed—for he fell to it as a lover. Undisturbed! Is there an inch of Lon-don where even the deaf can count upon a moment which he shall be free to say "I will do this," however small a thing "this" may be? Hardly had he begun to feel alone than there rose out of the gray silence a woman's voice in song—so bright, so clear, so fresh, a voice that he even forgot himself in sudden wonder whence it could come. And when he knew, it was to forget himself in further surprise. Not quite within the shadow of the trees, and near enough to be more to be no more than softened by the for strings. To turn it suddenly into sound would seem, as yet, too grossly profane. And even before the melody was half be-fore his eyes, the notes became not only sounds, but live words, which, all uu-thought, seemed to drop from his pencil. He had never suspected himself of being a poet; and yet the air drew from him, with

He had never suspected himself of being a poet; and yet the air drew from him, with itself, the very words it needed in order to be sung with all its meaning. "Hadn't you better get some sleep?" at last he heard asked in a far-off voice that did not seem wholly strange to him. He was too absorbed in his new life even to resent an interruption, of which indeed he was but mechanically aware. He ought to snadow of the trees, and hear enough to be more to be no more than softened by the mist, stood a slender form draped in black, perfectly still: and thence the song came, and its slight support of tinkling chords. A street singer? So his eyes told him: but if they were right, there was no need for people in wart of a some to so forther these was but mechanically aware. He ought to have been craving for sleep and rest, and have been craving for sleep and rest, and, before any possible sleep, for food, even if he had been able to forget that there was somebody else who needed them too. He rose from his seat, however, for he had so far become a mere highly strung instrument that he might have been played upon by a chile n they were right, there was no need for people in want of a song to go farther than their street doors. It was "Che Farc:" rendered not merely with vocal perfection —that was its last charm—but with a fresh-ness of voice which seldom survives culti-vation, and with a thrilling pathos in it, as if instead of hering, hear studied it rest

Perhaps he slept; but certainly he dreamed. But it was not of his music. It was of a branch of Goldenrod which he did if, instead of having been studied, it was coming straight and warm from the singer's own heart; as if she had learned it from dead not know he had ever seen. love and living sorrow. It was less a song than a soul.

III The musician's instinct proved true-that sudden song was indeed a branch from which fresh sprays, each with its clustering blossom of melody, sprang forth day by day; al-

I owed by so sortid a rupture of the charm as the ring of a coin thrown from an open window, which the singer stooped to pick up as if she were a common ballad bawler. What could it mean? What could be her history? Especially as the voice was a lady's in every tone. Did the face match the voice? Even if it did not, what could have direct accommon with such a rich to most hour by hour. But how are such days and hours to be But how are such days and hours to be reckoned? Whatever may be their meas-ure, it has assuredly nothing to do with clocks, or bells, or mealtimes, or the post-man's knocks, or even the times of rising up or lying down. It had nothing, even, to do with Mabel's kisses, or even with her good night or good morning; for Denis had ceased to heed that such things were. He was aware but of one thing-the great lyric drama that was taken from under his hand, springing from that one song. Time had no have driven any woman with such a gift to the destitution implied by such a calling? Then, she must be a good woman to prefer such a calling to all the worse things to which such a voice, even without beauty to match it, would be an "Open, Sesame," She must be absolutely without protection, and alone; yet she must have loved-no woman sings like that until her soul has been born; few until it has begun to despair. springing from that one song. Time had no measure, for there was no longer such a thing as time. For aught he knew or heeded Mrs. Hughes

It must needs have been a story of love, per-haps of passion; and Denis' blood glowed with righteous anger against the man, whoever he was, husband or lover, who hal left her to sing in the streets for the bread of charity.' The man might be dead? Not he! In the first place a voice might have forgotten or foregone her rest, and butcher and baker have entered into a conspiracy to support him and his wife for nothing. He did not know or heed that his days were undisturbed: though at the top of a London lodging it seemed perfectly nat-ural that he should have more freedom from worry than if he were on a desert island. To tell the history of those days is the easiest thing in the world: they had no his-tory. like that would have kept him alive; in the second-well, Denis, with all the logic of impulse, was ready to stake his great work that the man was alive, and the greatest

that the man was alive, and the greatest scoundrel unhanged. . At any rate it was not for him, a musi-cian, to leave a voice like that for the weather to break to pieces; it was his duty to give it a proper setting, perhaps in a work of his own. How fortunate for her that the man musicing of the area harmonic. easiest thing in the world: they had no his-tory. But at last he woke. And there, as if it had actually come to him in a dream of sleep, lay before him his great work—a per-fect whole, finished and real, and all his— his very own. He did not know whether he was wholly glad that the ecstasy of pro-duction, as if he had been played upon by an invisible hand, was over. But there was the second best joy of success before him; and meanwhile he had the sense of achieve-ment, and that delicious weariness which work of his own. How fortunate for her that the great musician of the age happened to have strolled down on that road on that particular evening! He would wait for another song, and then question her. He had not long to wait. A chord or two tinkled, and then—

tinkled, and then— As clear and as sweet as he had heard it in his own brain, nay, clearer and sweeter far, there rose into the mist his own air— the air—the air which had come to him in a magic moment, and whence all else had come, and not only the air, but the very words: the air and the words which none but he had seen, and not even he had heard with his ears!

-thank God, you will get well Only you must be very quiet-"How did you learn my song?" "Denis? Must I say? * * It was

"Denis? Must I say? " It was one night: you were very restless: you left your bed without waking, and went to the pisno, and * * It was dreadful: it haunted me! And then when _____." "How did you learn to sing?" "I don't know __but I could not let you

"I don't know—but I could not let you be troubled in your work; and yet if I could do nothing—but thank God, you were spared from knowing how things were, thanks to that very song! It came to me one day that people who sing in the street must make money by it, and that I could not do worse than they, even if I tried. I never meant you to know. I wranned me not do worse than they, even if I tried. I never meant you to know. I wrapped my-self up so that I could not be seen, and then I saw you fall. Oh, Denis! Don't ask me any more; it is all so much harder to tell than to do-"" "You have done all this for the sake of

To u have done all this for the sake of my work and me? To shield me from worry -to-I was a fool to ask you how you learned to sing as I heard you sing. There is only one master who teaches like that;

Hark! It was a street where such things me; and from the pavement below the window rose in soulless rhythm the Inspirawindow rose in sourcess raytom the inspira-tion of Denis Warren, played as—as the barrel organist alone knows how to play, with perhaps an ape to cut capers to the tune. * * * * Fame had come; but in what a guise! Denis could not help one sigh.

"There Denis could not help one sigh. "There goes my great work," the sigh said: but not for even Mabel to hear. "Never mind, dear," he said aloud. "There was a mo-ment when I felt, for the sake of a woman, more scorn and anger ggainst a man than I can tell. You are the woman, Mabel; and I, am the man. * * Forgive me. Genius, indeed! You are my genius: my good gen-ius. Let everything go-except you. * * If I ever fail you again-"" said Mabel. dows, and against the very lintel of the door of Anarchists, that the adroit slayer of females put his knife to his fifth victim about 1 o'clock on the morning of Sunday, September 30, 1888. The Anarchists were jollifying within doors. Their corrugated throats vented some murderous Bussian chorus inst as "You have never failed me," said Mabel,

"Tou never the end of some murderous Russian chorus just as "Jack" sent the remnant of another soul to the other whither. Startled by the shout from the windows just above him, the mysterious Ripper fled.

A Model Chicago Location,

A syndicate of successful and wealthy A syndicate of successful and weaithy Chicagoans have just arranged to put Shel-don Heights, a model residence location, on the market. Their reasons for delaying giving investors a chance to share in the enormous profits (which will result from the settling up and occupation of Sheldon Heights) is that their improvements have just been completed. It has taken a year's time and a large amount of money to ma-cademize all the streets; lay stone sidewalks around every block; put pure water in every in a dark square a mile away. Whether the anarchistic noise frightened him from Ber-ners street, or the mad song of the Anarchists fired him with additional zeal, who shall say. It is significant that the fiend that night killed two women and that he began his work in the Anarchists' back yard, thus the state of th cademize all the streets; lay stone sidewalks around every block; put pure water in every street; plant trees, and in fact make the model residence location of Chicago. This is what has been accomplished with Shel-don Heights. Lots are now being sold upon prices and terms that make Sheldon Heights property the best possible purchase in Chi-cago real estate. Send for the fuller de-scription of the story in a booklet called of things. It is not without interest that one notes

Mr. J. A. Lander, a prominent citizen ot Clarksburg, Mo., and widely known in that State, says of Chamberlain's Colie, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy: "I have seen its

promenade the prosaic stretches of the King's road in Chelses on the Sabbath day, of Canada. He says: "The method of election which we follow

you will encounter before the "World's End" public house a vociferous group of unpleasant individuals who declare that, if in its effect disfranchises half the popula-tion entitled to representation in Parliament. The question is simply to determine a practicable plan by which the whole body of electors can form a standing committee, nothing else serves, you shall be converted by dynamite. The other day a youth, somewhere be-

The other day a youth, somewhere be-twixt 14 and 17 years of age, committed suicide by hanging. He had been previous-ly e stopped at the business; once when he had his father's razor at his throat, and again when he had jumped into the Thames. Now he has hanged himself and left a docu-ment—half adjuration, half last-will-and-testament—for the edification of the world. "If an timed of life" " means Sir Box "!! chosen from among themselves, to manage and direct the National affairs. The present system places these affairs in the hands of committee of a party, not a committee of the whole people."

An Appeal for Mercy.

If you have any regard for your physical weifare, have mercy on your bowels, cease deloging them with drenching purcatives and relax them without pann with Hoster-ter's Stomach Bitters. Subdue with it, too, malarial and kidney complaints, kidney and rheumatic aliments, dyspepsia and nervous-"I am tired of life," moans Sir Boy. "I will no longer be a slave or countenance the shavery of my fellow-creatures. I bequeath my curse to society, and request my com-rades to carry on the good work. Long live anarchy!"

The Pennsylvania Railroad's Special Seashore Excursion.

The case made a quarter of a column in the newspapers and was then forgotten for weightler matters. But I hold that Sir shore Excursion. Tickets will be sold for regular trains to-day. Thursday, July 21, leaving Union station at 4:30, 7:10 and 8:10 r. M., tickets available to either Atlantic City, Sea Isle City, Ocean City or Cape May and return sold at rate of \$10 for the round trip, good 13 days, with privilege of stop off at Philadel-phia on return trip within the limit. The date of the next excursion to seashore via Pennsylvania Railroad will be Thursday, August 4. Boy was a most exemplary Anarchist. He had such a thirst for blood that he regaled had such a thirst for blood that he regaled himself with his own. Nothing could be finer. Here was a case of "poetic justice," which might commend itself to such an artist in poesy as William Morris. If only that enchanting bard could but persuade the whole tribe of the anarchical to retire into owner and class the marchical. The "front

corners and slay themselves! The "good work" of cursing could be left to certain Excursion Via the Picturesque B. & O. R. R. politicians we wot of. Berners street is the paradise of the un-

To Atlantic City, via Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia, on Thursday, July 28, 1892. Bate \$10 the round trip; tickets good ior 12 days from day of sale and good to stop off at Washington City returning. Trains with Pullman parlor and sleeping cars will leave B. & O. depot, Pittsburg, at 8 A. M. and 9:20 F. M. clean. It was there that the accomplished assassin, "Jack the Ripper," disported him-self on the night of his most notable feat in butchery. It was in the yard of the An-archists' Club, under the anarchistic win-P. M.

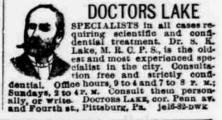
Way allow bedbugs to keep you awake at night when a bottle of Bugine will destroy them in a minute? 25 cents. dows, and against the very lintel of the

> Mas Winstow's Soothing Syrup for chil dren teething produces natural, quiet sieep. 25c.

Diarrhea & Cramp Cure. 2 and 30 ets. jal-42-cod MEDICAL.

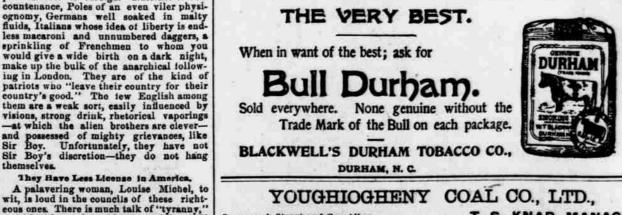


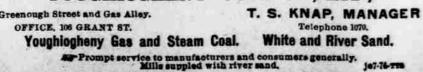
As old residents know and hack files of Pittaburg papers prove, is the oldest estab-lished and most prominent physician in the Pittsburg papers prove, is the oldest established and most prominent physician in the sity, deroting special attention to all ohronis discovers. NO FEE UNTIL CURED ponsible NERVOUS eases, physical derot, servous debility, lack of energy, ambition and hope, impaireit memory, disordered sight, self distrust, bashfulness, dizziness, disordered, self distrust, bashfulness, dizziness, disordered sight, self distrust, bashfulness, and privately and marrise, permanentily, self distrust, bashfulness, and privately and marrise, permitting the person for usiness, accelety and marrise, permanentily, weak back, gravel, oatarthal disoharres, inflammation and other painful disoharres, inflammation and other painful disoharres, inflammation and other painful transments, weak back, gravel, oatarthal disoharres, inflammation and other painful transments, weak back, gravel, oatarthal disoharres, inflammation and other painful disoharres, inflammation and other painful transments, weak back, gravel, catarthal disoharres, inflammation and other painful transments, weak back, gravel, catarthal disoharres, inflammation and other painful transments, and the second disorder and real curse. The martiness at distance as description fore, Patients sata distances as description and real curse.



Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco

Situated in the immediate section of country that produces a grade of tobacco, that in texture, flavor and quality is not grown elsewhere in the world, and being in position to command the choice of all offerings upon this market, we spare no pains nor expense to give the trade





It is not without interest that one notes the origin of the bawling brethren. You rarely find a Londoner among them or a man of English birth. Of course, some of the bad blood of the nation has shown itself among the dynamité hosts, but the princi-pal interest is foreign. Russians of evil conntenance, Poles of an even viler physi-conner Garman well exched in multy scription of the story in a booklet called "The Way to Win" to Jas. E. & Robt. L. McElroy, Chamber of Commerce, Chicago ognomy, Germans well soaked in malty fluids, Italians whose idea of liberty is end less macaroni and unnumbered daggers, a sprinkling of Frenchmen to whom you

Mr. Lander's Recommendation.