## Che Home Reading Circle

## A WAR-TIME INCIDENT.

By WILL N. HARBEN.

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marked Mrs. Yarborough; "you don'

A smile came on the thin face of the

The Lord knows you ain't in no con-

"That'll be mighty sweet-tasted to

me," said 'he boy; "I hain't had noth-in but canned meat an' hard tack for

a month. Hungry as I am, I've sorter

stored it to the haversack, the boy

"I may as well own up that I've been

tryin' to keep it hid all this time," he

said, flushing. "I wastn't afeerd o' youuns, but it belongs to a feller in

the army, an' he axed me to take it to

his folks nigh whar I live, an' made

me promise not to let a soul know it

"It's mighty reesky in these moun-

tain to be toatin' money about, ur to

he astraddle of a fine hoss," put in Mrs.

Yarborough at her dishpan on the

table, just out of the firelight. "You

never know when you are with honest

"That's so," agreed the boy; "an' I

don't like to be responsible for any-

body's property. I made shore I was

goin' to be robbed about an hour ago.

I met two shabby-lookin' fellers on

mules. I noticed that they liked the

appearance of my hoss, an' that they

turned and followed me after I passed,

My hoss was purty fresh, and when I

got over the rise of the hill I whipped

Mrs. Yarborough, with stern anxiety.

Her eyes rested on her husband's face.

"Four or five miles, I reckon."

"How fur back was that?" asked

"Was one a tall, dark-complected

man, an' t'other a little stunted feller

"Exactly; you must know 'em."

up an' got away from 'em.'

with a gray goatee?"

her last quarter."

"Is it loaded?"

damp."

his pistol and examined it.

"They are a helpless kind of thing,"

she said, holding the weapon down near

at the powder in the tube. "Looks

better not take any chances." Then, as

if actuated by a sudden impulse, and

despite the glare of opposition in Yar-

borough's eyes, she took down a shin-

ing revolver from the mantelpiece, and

gave it to the boy, "I think we'd better

swap," she said. "Your'n will do fur

me; besides we've got two guns, an'

my husband has a Smith an' Weston

that he always carries under his coat."

Yarborough's glare swept from her

to the fireplace. He was afraid that

she might go further in her insinua-

"It's mine," she said to Yarborough,

"I traded a good cow fur it, an' can

much to her husband, as to her guest.

"This is a awful country fur a wound-

ed boy like you to be in. You don't

"I know that, but speakin' about

sleepin' reminds me that I need it bad.

of a tallow dip and gave it to him.

said the soldier, and he went to the

ladder, followed by Mrs. Yarborough.

to undress of I was you." she said, in

a whisper, as she caught the ladder to

her movements like a suspicious dog.

"What are you a'goin' to do with

"I don't believe I'd take the trouble

dispose of it as I like."

know who to trust."

mornin'.

me, an' may need it bad."

caught Coot Yarborough's eye.

boy. "I hain't had a bite since five

o'clock this morning, except some

dition to travel on a empty stomach,"

the woman said. "We hain't got much,

look overly well fed."

parched corn with salt."

bread an' bacon.'

turned agin it."

PART L

During the civil war, the mountains of northern Georgia were the refuge of men who, to avoid conscription, hid in caves, canyons and dense thickets. Here also were the hiding-places of lawless bands of "bushwhackers," who went about robbing the weak and the helpless and often committing mur-

Through having lost an eye in boyhood, and having a slight lameness in one leg, old Coot Yarborugh had managed to secure immunity from military duty, and, with his wife, lived in a cabin at the foot of the Cohuttas, near the main road leading over the moun-

"They are a-fightin' like rips over at Dalton," he said late one summer afternoon as he stood in the cabin door and looked eastward. His wife left the potatoes she was roasting in the hot ashes at the fireplace, came to his side, listened to the far-away artillery

and sighed deeply.
"It's awful," she said. "Jest think o the pore men that's being' piled up an' drug off the field dead an' dyin', an' half o' 'em starvin' fur some'n' t' eat. The Lord only knows what they are a-fightin' fur anyway."
"Let 'em go it," Yarborough said,

unsympathetically; 'the balls hain't agoin' to reach us over heer."

"The war has huint my life," she said, with another sigh. "I mought a-putt up with yore disposition in ordi-nary times, but thar is too much temptation amongst all this outlawin' fur a weak, waverin' man like you. I hoped you was goin' to do better when the war fust broke out, but I lost all heart when I discovered you was aidin' Seth Moore's gang o' he devils,"

'You don't know what yo're a-talkin' about," he replied, surlily; "mind yore own business."

'You can't deny it," the old woman went on, with the calmness of resigna-tion in her tone. "Tother night Bill Long came by 'axin' fur information o' his family, an' said he had got this fur without detection. You talked to 'im like a friend, and got 'im to set down to rest while you went an' told Seth Moore. Do you reckon I was much surprised when I heerd they'd caught 'im a mile furder on' and robbed 'im

o' the last cent he had in the world?" "You don't know what you are atalkin' about," he repeated, but he kept his eyes upon the ground and moved uneasily.

"Before Mandy married and moved away from us, you was a different sort of a man, kase she always did have some influence over you fur good. Yore evil ways begun with yore gittin' mad at her fur marryin' the only man she ever did lay any store by, and you have gone down hill ever since. Mandy was the only child I ever had, but you separated me from her, and my uined-that's all. Sha's g grown children by now, an' they'd 'a' been a comfort to us, ef you'd jest a been more forgivin'."

He was prevented from replying by the sound of horses' hoo's down the

'Git in the house," sail the old wo mon, calmly; "thar's an tellin' but it

may be somebody lookin for you." Pale and excited he disappeared into the cabin, Mrs. Yarborough stood in the doorway, prepared for any emergency. Out in the dusk down the road came, a, bay horse, ridden by a pale, slender boy of sixteen or seven-

teen yeary of age, wearing a soiled and worn confederate uniform. His left arm was bandaged, and he looked very tired and weak. "I'm a wounded soldier," he said, drawing rein at the cabin. "I've got a furlough, an' am a-tryin' to git through to Pickins county to my folks,

I don't know which side you are on, an' you may not want me to stop, but I've lost a good deal o' blood, an' can't go any further tonight." 'We never turn anybody away, er

we kin help it," the old woman said, sympathetically; "git down, an' I'll put yore hoss in the stable."

'I'll tend to 'im," said Coot Yarborough, who had been listening at a crack in the wall of the cabin, and now came out fearlessly. The boy followed him, as he led the horse to the stable behind the cabin, and with his uninjured hand opened his saddle-bags and emptied some shelled corn into the an imal's trough "You got a mighty fine hoss," re-

marked Yarborough, as they were entering the cabin. "I hain't seed as good a one in many a day." As she placed a chair for the guest,

Mrs. Yarborough cast a searching glance at her husband.

"He don't belong to me," said the boy. "A feller over thar at Dalton lent 'im to me to git home on. He was a preacher, an' was a-feerd the soldiers would take 'im anyway. I was offered two thousand dollars fur him in Con-

federate money this mornin'." steady it. "You see thar's no tellin' Yarborough had caught his wife's when a body might be surprised." eye, and made no reply. He sat down "All right," he said; "good night." in the chimney corner, kicked the pine When the boy had disappeared, Mrs. embers under the logs, and continued Yarborough took a musket from the to think of the good points of the horse and what might be done with it wall over the head of her bed and sat down opposite her husband. She drew time when rich men were offerthe ramrod and carefully took the ing large amounts for any means of measurement on the inside and outside of the barrel, to see if it were charged,

"I know you must be hungry," reand then, when she had satisfied herself that it was, she examined the cap carefully. Yarborough was watching

> "Use it, if necessary," she replied, without looking at him. "Looky' heer, Coot Yarborough," she went on, more sternly; "do you reckon I don't know that Seth Moore and Budd Hardcastle are still on this boy's trail? They know

that gun'?' he asked.

in reason he'd have to stop som'ers tonight, an' this is the only place. Now, see heer. I can't help your conduct outside o' the house along with that gang but in this cabin I will have my rights. That pore boy is helpless, an' ef them dirty rascals put their heads in at that door tonight, as the Lord is my stay and comfort, I'll do my best to blow

their heads off." "Puh!" he sneered. "You'd better mind yore own business, ef you know what's good fur you. You can't regulate the whole country; them feliers would make you sing a different kind of a song, ef they had a rope round yore neck as they did me once."

"I ain't as rank a coward-as you are," she answered, sternly. "You quiver at the very sound o' Seth Moore's voice. He orders you about like a dog, but ef they attempt any o' their tricks on this boy, I'll make 'em wish they was dead. He was wounded fightin' fur his country, while them that's afeered to face powder an' ball is a-slinkin' about heer in the mountains, robbin' women an' children.

"I'm goin' to bed," Yarborough answered; and he went to the high-posted bed, undressed, and retired. Mrs. Yarborough sat for several minutes looking into the fire; then she got up, went to the door, and looked out down the road Seeing no one, she closed the door and barred it. Then she put a stick of wood on the fire and lay down beside her

The hours passed. Mrs. Yarborough was pretending to be deep in sleep. Her eyes were closed, and she draw her breath heavily. The fire had burnt so low that the light had ceased to flicker on the walls and ceiling.

Coot Yarborough was not asleep. He was expecting something. Toward morning it came, a soft whistle, the imitation of the whip-poor-will's call thrice repeated. He sat up stealthily, and looked at the face of his wife in the semi-darkness. Not a muscle of but we kin give you some hot corn it betrayed wakefulness; her breathing was that of a sound sleeper.

PART II.

Dressing himself noiselessly, Yar-After supper they drew their chairs porough unbarred the door, opened it back to the fireplace, for the night air and went down the road in the moonwas cool, Rising to help Mrs. Yarbor-ough put a log of wood on the fire, the light. He had scarcely left the doorstep when his wife rose, drew on her young soldier dropped his haversack dress, crept to the door and looked affrom his arm to the floor. There was ter him. She heard him repeat the a fingle of gold and silver coin, as a whip-poor-will's call, and saw eight or little bag filled with money rolled into ten men ride out of the bushes to sight. As he hastily, and with some embarrassment, picked it up and re-

"Lord have mercy!" she muttered. The whole gang is heer; don't see how on arth I can save 'im. But out of her sheer despair rose a plan for the boy's escape. Going to the stable, she quickly bridled and saddled his horse, and ieft him fastened to a bush in the edge of the woods back of the cabin. Then she crept round to the front door. bending near the earth, so as not to be seen, and took a hasty look down the road. The men had dismounted and stood grouped around her husband. They were planning an attack.

Hastening into the cabin, and shuddering at the sound of the puncheons creaking under her feet, she mounted the ladder to the loft. The moonlight shone through a little shutterless window, and fell on the bed of the young soldier, who was so sound asleep that he did not stir till she had touched him. But she had no sooner done so, than he sat up and laid hold of the revolver lying ready at his hand. "It's jest me," she said in a cautious whisper. "Git up as quick as you possibly can. Thar's a whole gang o bush-whackers out thar ready to rob

"I recken not." he said, not yet fully awake, but she heard him cock his revolver the next instant, and knew he had comprehended her warning. "Hurry up," she said. "I've got yore

hoss ready tied in the bushes." He was holding his revolved between "I do, ef anybody does. Thar ain't two blacker-hearted scoundrels unhis teeth, and grunted impatiently as be drew on his coat over his bandaged nung; they'd murder a sick woman fur arm. "I'm ready," he said, as he followed her to the ladder. "but if I didn't The boy put his hand on the butt of his pistol, and his face was very serious. have Tom Brantley's money and that hoss to look after, I'd jest like to let 'em "I wouldn't a-run frum them as I did, smell my powder-the dirty dogs!" but I had this money an' lost my gun They reached the floor beneath and when my hoss was swimmin' the river. she held up her hand warningly, while I didn't think my pistol would do any good, unless I could use both hands to she peered through the door.

"Thank goodness, they are down than The old woman dried her hands on yit, but-but come on quick; they're her apron, came into the firelight, took a-comin'! Follow me roung the house! Stoop as low as you can."

"Git up," she said, and she aided him "Yes'm; but the powder may be to mount. "I'll show you a way through the woods. When they find you gone, they'll think you went the main road. I kin lead you to another big road, an' they will never ketch you in the world." Yarborough's knee, as she lifted the They had gone about a quarter of a hammer and cap, and carefully looked mile, she keeping ahead, and parting damp to me; my eyes are bad; you'd the bushes and briars, when the young soldier said:

"Hold on thar.I kin git through the bushes an' snags better than you can with yore dress a-draggin', an' soakin' wet with dew. You git up heer an' let

"Sh! it ain't fur," and she raised her hand warningly, and continued on her way till they had reached a spot where the trees grew very densely; then she stopped and stepped back to him. She was pantingly heavily, and har hair

"Listen," she said, with a grim smile "They couldn't find us heer, but they are in the cabin now. That sound was the ladder a-fallin', I fixed it so it "I am mighty much obliged," said the boy. "I wouldn't take it, but I've would slide to one side the minute anybody got on it. Thar! I heer em a got a good deal of responsibility on cussin'; they have discovered yore escape. Thank heaven!"-as a clatter "I'd sleep with it cocked in my hand of horses' hoofs came to them on the every night, on this road," she said, as still air-

"Thar they go up the big road like rips. They will try to overtake you never imaginin' you went this way. Come on; t'other big road is right out all right."

kin hardly hold my eyes open, an' A moment later the long yellow road-I want to get an early start in the way lay before them, stretching upwards in the moonlight. "Yore bed is up in the loft," she said, "You'll have to climb the lad-

"I reckon I'd better turn back," she "Keep straight ahead, and you'll der. Me an' Mr. Yarborough sleeps down heer." She lighted a short piece git to Ellijay some time in the mornin' But I was just a-thinkin'; you never "Well, I'll tell you both good night,"

told us yore name." "Roberts," he replied, smiling, "And I've eat yore meat an' bread an' slept in yore house, 'thout so much as axin

"Yarborough," she said. "Yarborough," he repeated, "Why, I've got a granddaddy an' grandmammy down in Fannin county by that name. It ain't a common one. Yarborough was his name. My mother left 'em 'fore I was born.'

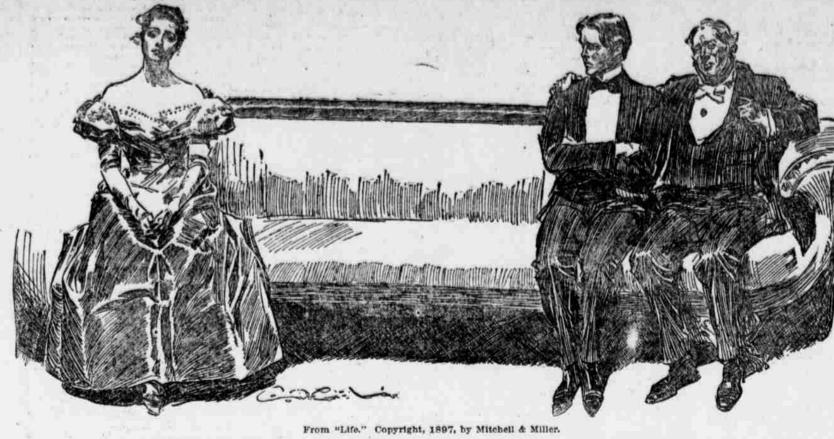
She had turned very white and laid trembling hand on the boy's leg. "That's my old man's name, an' we lived in Fannin 'fore we moved up heer after the war broke out. I wonder-I wonder if you are one of Mandy's children?"

"That's her name, as shore as preachin'." and the boy leaned down and studied the features of his rescuer. "I thought thar was something that made me feel at home with you the minute I heerd you speak. I went to sleep up thar in the loft easier than I have fur many a night in a long time. But what become o'-o' him-the old man? Somehow I couldn't quite trust him the same as I did you."

A big tear came out of her eye and fell to the ground.
"I'm ashamed o' the way he treated she said, almost sobbing. "I'm afeered Mandy never would understand

"I never would mention it to her," replied the boy, slowly comprehending her drift. "Though I want to tell 'er about you. I'm mighty glad I seed you. Ef the war's ever over I want to come out heer an' help you with yore crops. I wouldn't mind him."

"He ain't so awful bad," said the old



DON'T DESTROY A ROMANCE BY MEETING HIM MORE THAN HALF WAY.

sence he got in with these desperadoes. Important. His famous letter to the He's naturally cowardly, an' they have a knowed you was Mandy's child he'd of the investigation ordered by the senhe ever cared for. Maybe I kin per-

"I reckon you do," said the young soldier, pained by the sight of her emotion. "Come, go with me, now," he "Git up heer. This hoss will urged. tote double. Mother an' the children will be glad to see you. Pap is off in

The old wrinkled face glowed with

"I couldn't think a-goin' now; he's too weak an' waverin' to be left to hisself; but I'll come before long, ef I am able." Then she broke out a joyous laugh like that of a child. "I declare, how much like Mandy you do talk, now I know who you are. You've got her head an' eyes. But you'd better be a-goin' now. Tell Mandy I'll come over thar as soon as I kin arrange it."

The light of dawn was whitening the eastern skies as she entered the cabin door. Coot Yarborough was sitting over a big fire, his hands outstretched to the flames. She saw a look of interse relief spread over his face as she came in, and then he gazed doggedly into the fire. Neither spoke for several minutes, as she sat drying her shoes and skirts near him. She broke the silence presently.

"Coot Yarborough," she said, "I've got more Christian patience with you right this minute than I ever had, in spite of what you tried to do to that pure wourded boy last night. The Heavenly Father stepped between you an' a awful crime. That boy them fellers might a-murdered last night (fur he'd a-fought 'em till he drapped) was nobody else but Mandy's oldest boy."

He started, gazed at her wildly, an awful horror growing in his eyes, for was susceptible of proof entirely infully a minute; then he hung his head and quivered in every limb for a long Her dress dried, she rose and looked down at his cowed figure pityingly.

"I'll fry some bacon an' put on a pan o' bread," she said, gently. But he made no reply, and she busied herself with the cooking utensils on the hearth at his feet.

"He was mighty anxious to have us move over thar," she went on. "He 'lowed he'd help us with our crops ef | mand. the war was ever stopped, an' that Mandy an' the rest of 'em would like to see us. Roberts ain't thar; he's off in the war; you wouldn't have to see him. I am mighty lonely, so fur from women folks, an' I do want to see Mandy and her other children. I'd

think you would, too." "After what happened last night"the old man began, but he did not finish what he started to say, and, to hide his embarrassment, he rose and stood

in the door. "He said he didn't intend to say one single word about it," said Mrs. Yar-

borough, argumentatively; "he ain't the unforgivin' sort." "What time had you ruther start?"

Yarborough asked, his eyes on the white mists that were climbing up the mountain side. "I kin get a wagon fur our things an' a hoss. I don't intend to meet them fellers agin. They are mad at us, kase he got away last thar. When you git on it, you'll be night. I-I knowed you had led 'im out the back way, but I didn't let on, kase-kase they would a-killed you if they had caught you." "We'll go today, then," said the old

roman, "I want to see Mandy mighty

Not since the birth of her only child had Mrs. Yarborough felt so happy as when she and her husband drove over the mountain to join those she loved in the peaceful valley beyond.

### Prosecuted for Doing Their Duty

From the Philadelphia Press.

of the cases growing out of the Sugar of the freedom of the press and of the trust investigation, which, unless we altogether misconceive it, involves in the highest degree the privileges and liberty of the press and the defence of public rights. Several witnesses were indicted for declining to answer questions of the committee. Messrs. Have- this publication must be made under meyer and Searles have gone free upon the decision of the judge. The next trial will be that of the newspaper correspondents which is set down for Monday. Mr. Edwards, the "Holland" of the Philadelphia Press, and Mr. Shriv- is ample remedy in the law of libel and er of the New York Mall and Express will be arraigned for declining to disclose the names of informants for formation true, and it is proper for pubstatements they published in connection with the Sugar trust and its operations. The arraignment of Mr. Shriver newspaper, not the informant, takes is nothing less than grotesque. He very properly refused to give the name of the | their intelligence from many sourcesauthority for his publication: but when some of them public, some of them pria question arose from this refusal, the authority himself, who was a member of congress, promptly and voluntarily came forward and avowed that he was responsible for the statement. Mr. Shriver had protected his confidence and his hopor, but all possible ground of complaint against him was credly respected. So manifest is the removed and the proceedings should propriety of this principle that Mary-have been instantly dismissed. The land has passed a law which protects woman, "but since the war begun he have been instantly dismissed. The has changed from what he used to be, case of Mr. Edwards is more vital and the confidences of journalists the same

Press of May 14, 1894, was the immefalled to obey their orders. But ef he'd diate occasion and the essential basis posures of wrong which have ever been threatened to take his life of he ever ate. The substance of that letter was a-let them cut his throat ruther than that the Sugar trust had made heavy the source of information. Indeed, if a harmed you, fur she was about all contributions in the campaign of 1892; such protection did not exist many of that it made these contributions with the doors would be closed. There is suade him to move over nigh you-uns. I wish he would. I am tired out with should be protected in passing the sugthis way of livin'. I want to see my ar tariff; and that the sugar schedule child before I die." presented by the senate in the con-struction of the Wilson-Gorman bill was framed explicitly in compliance with that understanding. These gen-eral propositions were fortified and illuminated with great fullness and minuteness of specific information. The central and commanding link in the chain of evidence was the striking and startling revelation that Secretary Carlisle, as the representative of the administration, and in the interest of the trust, had framed the sugar sched- body. ule and that it was actually presented and placed before the Finance committee in his own handwriting.

> When Mr. Edwards was called to the stand and asked to name the source from which he obtained that information, he very properly declined to do Mr. Edwards there was no real contuso. Every other honorable and right-macy; that he was standing as a chamminded journalist in the United States, plon of the people against a nefarious would have done the same thing under the same circumstances. Mr. Edwards information essential to the revelation received the information in confidence of the truth; and that his honorable and he manfully refused to violate that attitude of defending the confidence reconfidence. It was no rightful concern | posed in him alone made the truth ac of the senate who the informant was, cessible. It should have recognized that The only legitimate question for its in- the question involved touches the most quiry was, Is the statement true? As sacred privileges of journalism and a matter of fact Mr. Edwards had himself seen the paper. He knew the sec- Lodge especially should have seen and retary's handwriting. There could be selzed the opportunity presented to no chance of mistake. Yet he was him.. He is the accomplished historinever asked if he had seen the paper | cal student. He is familiar with the and knew it to be what he said it was. great struggles for the freedom of The effect was not to get at the truth, printing from the malignant and impobut to get at the informant-not to tent warfare on John Wilkes down to punish the wrong but to punish the ex- the present day. He is the one man of poser of the wrongdoing. To know the all others who, standing up in the comsource of the information was in no mittee or before the senate, should way needful to determine whether the have said: "Let not the committee or dependent of its origin. Every member | those despots and marlots who have of the committee knew it was true. As sought to stifle the liberty of the press a matter of fact the paper was after- Mr. Edwards, it is true, has declined to wards produced and the statement was answer a question, but he is not a con absolutely vertified in every particular. tumacious witness. He is only acting To insist on the name of the informant, therefore, was not prompted in the interest of truth or of justice, but simply and solely for the purpose of punishing opening the way to the complete estabhim, and Mr. Edwards would have been lishment of the truth. He is not to be less than the true and chivalrous man confounded with those witnesses who he is had he yielded to this sinister de- are seeking to taint the senate or to

> The question involved is far broader and far more important than this par- | tion, and I insist that the committee ticular case. We shall not now assume to discuss the proposition whether there are legal distinctions between the case of Mr. Edwards and those of Chapman, Havemeyer and Searies. But there is a broad moral distinction which will be instantly recognized, Mr. Chapman was the broker who refused to answer whether he was acting for senatorial clients in sugar speculation. liberty of the press and would have If there was corrupt connection between the trust and the senate, Messrs. Havemeyer and Searles were partici- he missed one of the greatest opporpants. These parties were accomplices tunities which has come to any statesin the alleged wrong and were seeking man or public leader in recent years to suppress the truth. They were all The question which he, with a clear acting against the public interests. On vision and a pure aim, could have setthe other hand, Mr. Edwards was ex- tled on the spot, remains now to be de posing the wrong and moving for the termined in another manner. We do public welfare. While they were seek- not discuss the legal issues which will ing darkness he was turning on the be presented on Monday. But this case, light. Their object was to conceal, his with its deep import and its far-reachto uncover. They were in a conspiracy ing significance, cannot be dwarfted by between the trust and the senate, and any petty technicality. We do not exhe was laying it bare in the interests aggerate it when we say that in the of the people. There was in their act the element not only of evasion and of the press and the ethics of journalsuppression but of turpitude, while his was warfare against wrong and defence of public rights. They suppressed the truth and aided and shielded the guilty; he revealed the truth and only withheld the wholly unnecessary name of the informant; and to proceed against them all alike for contumacy is to confound cases which in every moral quality are as wide apart as the poles In declinng to betray his informant

Mr. Edwards was following the established and indispensable code of journalism. He was acting upon a prin-A point has been reached in the trial ciple which lies at the very foundation security of the rights and interests of the people. It is the prerogative of journalism to publish legitimate information which serves to enlighten and protect the public; it is the safeguard of the public and of every individual that all the restraints and responsibilities which the law imposes upon journalism. If a newspaper publishes statements which are false or unjust to any person, it does so at its own peril. There any aggrieved party can secure redress. The vital question is, is the inlic information? The source of information is of no consequence. the responsibility. Newspapers derive vate. No rule is better established and none is more important in the public interest than the rule that while every newspaper is amenable to the law if its information shall be false or in

jurious, its guardianship of the sources

of confidential information shall be sa-

as those of lawyers and priests. Many of the most important and valuable exmade would never have been undertaken had they involved a betrayal of comes to him in a confidential way. He takes his own risk in the publication, and if he publishes what is false and indefensible he must answer for it. The vital question relates to the character of the publication itself, and no useful end is served by undertaking to go behind what must itself pass the full scrutiny of the law. When the editor accepts the informaton and publishes it he himself takes the whole responsibility, and the unknown source that stands behind is nothing to any-

The senate committee itself should have made the clear and commanding distinction which exists in this case It would have been far better for its own fame had it drawn the line be tween the accomplice and the accuser It should have seen that in the case of conspiracy; that he was withholding no the senate put itself in the attitude of the honorable part which every man o honor must respect. He is not withholding any legitimate information but shield tainted senators. The question which Mr. Edwards declines to answer is in no way essential in this investigaought to withdraw it or that no proeedings should be taken against Mr

Edwards for declining to answer it." Had Senator Lodge taken such an at titude as his antecedents and his attainments might have led us to expect. he would have made himself the foremost champion in this country of the held a unique and enviable position. In failing to grasp the splendid chance, largest sense it involves the freedom ism. If we do not mistake their spirit, the newspapers of the country will appreciate its character and make the true nature of the question clearly understood. It would be an extraordinary spectacle if the magnates of the trust should go free and the journalist who made the exposure, should suffer punishment!

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

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