

THE GLASS DAGGER

BY
WEATHERLEY CHESENEY

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Then came an entry without date. It read thus:

"I am perfectly calm and dispassionate now. I am absolutely alone in the world, and my love is dead. It is five months since I wrote those words that seem to mock me—five months since I dressed to please him. He came and with him a friend. He seemed sorry I had waited up. His friend would not go to bed. He was going on by the down train in a few hours. I was about to excuse myself and retire when the man turned to me:

"Well, Mrs. Durant, you may congratulate yourself on having your husband back tonight. Last night's was the toughest job we have had for a long time. We were lucky in just catching the last train, or we should surely have been taken. I don't believe there is a square inch in the village that has not been scoured before this."

"As he spoke Arthur made a step forward as though to interrupt him. But he stopped short suddenly and allowed him to continue. But when the man emptied a handful of jewelry out of his pocket Arthur put his hand over it with an oath. A ring rolled across the table. I knew it in a moment—papa's signet ring, which had never been off his finger within my memory.

"How did you become possessed of that ring?" I gasped in a voice which I scarcely recognized as my own.

"The man picked it up, slipped it on his finger and turned his hand about to show it to advantage.

"Yes, it's valuable, isn't it, but not negotiable. The old duke's a game un, but—"

"Shut up, you fool!" cried Arthur. The ground seemed to rock. I caught a chair to steady myself. Arthur's face was suffused with deadly rage; his hands were clenched; he started forward as though he would have struck the man who had betrayed him. Then he folded his arms and stood as if waiting for me to speak.

"And you, Arthur—you, my husband, a common thief!" I cried. "Oh! I can't believe it. Tell me I am dreaming. Tell me I am mad—anything but that," and I went to him and seized his hand. He turned his face away and did not speak. I sank to the floor in my shame, and the love I had borne him lay dead and in its place was born a passionate hate. My voice was low when I spoke: "Then your speculations were burglaries. Your last infamy the robbery and perhaps murder of my father! May I never see you again—never hear your name—never remember that I ever met you! Tonight I leave you, and I will never again willingly let my eyes rest on you!"

"My wedding ring I flung from me. Its touch was pollution.

"I would have passed out of the house as I was without cloak or hat, but he barred my way. 'Not so fast, Florence. You married me for better and for worse, and you shall not leave me.' Till the gray dawn crept in he argued, prayed, besought, threatened. His companion had long since slunk away. At last, in answer to a burst of threats, I said, with all the determination of a desperate woman: 'The up train goes from the junction at 8 o'clock. If you do not let me leave by that train, I will arouse the house and denounce you both. You will be taken red handed. You have reminded me that a wife cannot give evidence against her husband, but those things will be enough to condemn you.' In vain he implored me to stay and told me of his undying love. 'Love!' I cried. 'Such love as yours is worse than hate. Words cannot tell you how I despise and loathe you.'

"All right, madam," he hissed between his teeth. 'You have said quite enough. You have your turn today. Mine will come before long, and then you'll repent what you've said tonight.'

"The 7:50 train carried me to London. Arthur Durant stood on the platform, hat in hand. Oh, the ghastliness of the farce! His face wore a look so diabolical that had I not been past all fear it would have terrified me.

"By the newspapers I learned that both Glenmore and Abbinghall had been broken into and a large amount of valuables carried away. The Duke of Lundy, who was disturbed and attempted a capture, was hurt in the scuffle. Mr. Durant was away from home at the time, but returned the next day. The police had no clew. Oh, the bitter irony of it all!

"I took rooms in this little house at Hammersmith, and for weeks I was ill. My landlady was kind, and when my money was nearly all spent she made arrangements for me to do fancy work for her sister's shop."

The further entries of that year dealt with her uneventful life in the Hammersmith lodgings. Then came others that Mabel read eagerly:

"Today, as I came out of a shop where I had taken my work, I noticed a tall man watching me with interest. I looked at him a second time. It was Robert! I knew him at once by the scar on his forehead and his dear red hair. But, oh, how altered he was—and he has lost an arm! He scarcely waited for my exclamation of joy and surprise to come to me. What a meeting it was! Poor boy! How he must have suffered since he left us! We walked about for hours in the park, talking about what had happened since we saw one another. He was naturally much surprised to learn I was living alone and in such shabby rooms. I told him very little

about my husband. Robert rejoins a theatrical company next week in Scotland.

"Feb. 5.—We have had a long day together, Robert and I. He has told me much of his checkered life since he left Oxford. He was naturally curious to know why I had left Arthur, but I did not tell him anything more.

"Feb. 7.—He begs me to join this company with which he is playing. If they will only take me, I will do so gladly. At least, it will keep me near Robert, and it cannot be harder than the work by which I gained a miserable pittance so far. But ought I to take it? Robert and Arthur might one day meet, and Robert's hasty temper might lead to violence.

"Feb. 9.—I am going with Robert to Scotland tomorrow. He says there will be no difficulty about my joining."

"Feb. 11.—I saw Mr. Flannery, the manager of the company, today, and he actually engaged me as a 'singer,' as they call it. This is a rare bit of luck for me. I shall always be with Robert and shall be able to look after him. Poor boy, he has never known a sister's love. I was only 14 when he left us."

"Feb. 21.—I joined the company today. My parts are very trivial, but I do my best in them, and perhaps in time Mr. Flannery may promote me. He complimented me on my acting today, but I did not like the way he did it. I forgot to say I have given my name as Mary Western. Robert has for years been known as Dick Lambert.

"March 4.—Robert and Mr. Flannery, who persists in worrying me with his unwelcome attentions, had a quarrel this morning, and Robert has been dismissed. So I have brought him nothing but ill luck after all. I would leave, too, but I am just getting a bigger salary, and Robert thinks I had better stay. Beggars cannot be choosers.

"April 7.—My chance came last night. We played 'The Lady of Lyons.' Miss Hastings, our leading lady, was ill, and I took her place as Pauline. They all tell me I was an immense success. Mr. Flannery was unpleasantly complimentary. I scarcely heard anything, but they say I had an enthusiastic reception. I am to try my hand at Juliet next week, which means very hard work in the meantime.

"April 16.—I was Juliet last night. I was horribly nervous at first, but that strange Romeo, Mr. Vandeleur, helped me through, and I soon recovered myself. I believe I did well. At any rate I have a further increase in my salary, and am now to take all Miss Hastings' parts. I am sorry for her. I am not surprised at her drinking with all the trouble she has.

"April 20.—I have told Robert all about Arthur. I thought it better to do so. He was terribly angry with him for his duplicity. I dare not think of what will happen should they ever meet.

"May 2.—At last it has come. Arthur has found out where I am. I had a horrible letter from him this morning. Luckily today is Saturday. I shall leave after the performance is over, and Robert will follow on Monday. Where we go I care not, but surely we can escape that man—my husband.

"May 4.—At Hinton, a restful spot on the Wye. They only have one room at liberty at the inn, so Robert will have to sleep elsewhere. I am glad he is coming today, for there are a lot of people here.

"May 12.—What a terrible day yesterday was! As we were crossing the lawn Arthur met us. He had been to Scotland and then tracked me here. There was a terrible scene. Arthur thought Robert was my lover. Robert wanted to avenge my wrongs, and I had to plead, beg and explain. At last they grew calmer, and Robert said: 'I don't grumble about your housebreaking propensities—you can go to the devil your own way for all I care—but the score I have to settle with you is that you deceived my sister and ruined her life.' Then Arthur spoke with all the artfulness and plausibility of the evil one. Had a spark of affection for him reappeared in my heart it would have died out as he talked. Oh, the intolerable-ness of the thought that I am that man's wife! Robert listened at first contemptuously, and then with attention, and my heart sank as I saw how readily he fell a prey to Arthur's sophistries. His moral weakness has been the cause of all his misfortunes. Before the evening was over he was quite friendly with Arthur.

"May 14.—They have gone away together. I dare not imagine for what purpose.

"May 27.—They returned today. I was so thankful to see Robert safe again. There has been a robbery at the hall. Robert said laughingly: 'My first experience. Anything for a new sensation.' Oh, it is too horrible! They are going abroad in a few days. I should breathe freely when I knew that Arthur, who now calls himself Archie Dacre, was really out of England, if only he had not Robert in his clutches."

Then the diary abruptly ceased. The remaining leaves had been torn out, and there was no written record to tell of her meeting with George or of her feelings toward him. But from what she had read, all Mabel's sympathies were awakened for the poor girl, whom up to then she had regarded as an unprincipled woman, whose dark ways had led to her own untimely end.

CHAPTER XX.

MABEL ESCAPES.

When the door was unlocked and her

breakfast brought in on the following morning, Mabel saw with glad surprise that her jailer was now the man whom she had recognized as Robert King, and to her surprise he continued to act as such for the next few days. She tried to get him to talk, but Robert was wary and would not enter into conversation.

Of course King had read of the De Vere Gardens burglary and had ceased to expect the return of Fitzgerald, but he was daily expecting the instructions of Mr. Keighley Gates respecting his charge. That gentleman, however, maintained a discreet silence, and as the days passed Robert King grew more and more inclined to accede to the unceasing prayers of his captive, especially as his funds had now run low, leaving him without the means for keeping the establishment going.

So one day Mabel found her door left ajar. She opened it gently and peered into the passage. The front door was wide open. In another minute the girl was in the street, running as though for her very life, regardless of the remarks of the passersby. How long she ran she did not know, but she ultimately stopped when she saw a hansom for hire. She hailed it, and after some demur—for she admitted she could not pay her fare beforehand—the man agreed to drive her to De Vere Gardens. She got inside and the man whipped up his horse. Soon the streets grew familiar, and Mabel leaned back with a sigh of unutterable thankfulness. All danger was passed. She was free; she would be at home within the hour!

Suddenly the cry of a newspaper boy rang in her ears—"The South Audley street murder!" And like a deathknell came the words: "Trial of George Fenton. Verdict and sentence!"

CHAPTER XXI.

MABEL'S RETURN.

All the way home that horrible cry rang in Mabel's ears. In every street it was shouted out, and at every corner a newspaper bill was displayed bearing the fateful words:

"Trial of George Fenton today. Verdict and sentence!"

The hansom drew up before her home, and the girl stepped out. She did not stay to reply to Soames' expressions of surprise and gladness when he opened the door, but walked straight to her mother's room.

She opened the door gently and stopped on the threshold, and in that instant she knew the worst had happened. Her mother was in her old chair by the window, deathly pale and worn, but fearless. One hand clutched the table at her side and the other was held by her husband, who, bending over her, strove by tenderest words and caresses to alleviate for an instant the agony of her grief. He looked piteously aged and broken.

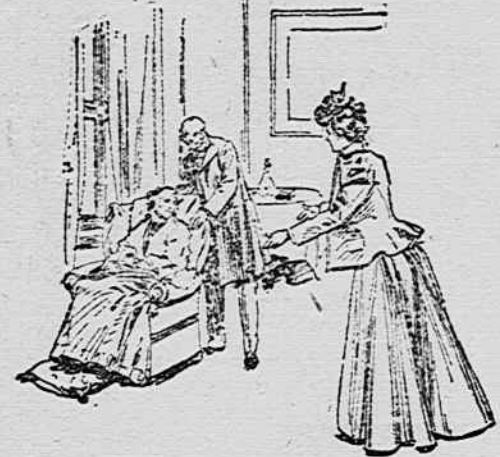
"Mother! Father!" cried Mabel, rushing toward them without stretched hands.

"My darling, my darling!" cried the mother, holding her dear one to her breast, and the tears that had frozen in her heart now found their way.

"And George?" Mabel whispered, when she held her father's hands.

He turned his head away, and there was a terrible silence in the room.

Yes, the worst had happened. The evidence of the prosecution was abso-



lutely convincing. High words had been heard between the prisoner and the woman, and then her body had been found, with that curious dagger, which was proved to be his, sheathed in her heart, while he had fled from the spot, panic-stricken by the horror of his deed. The defense had utterly broken down, and the summing up was completely against the prisoner. After five minutes' deliberation the jury had brought in a verdict of "Guilty," and George Fenton had been sentenced to death in terms that forbade any hope of the mercy of the crown.

CHAPTER XXII.

DR. FITZGERALD CAUSES A SENSATION.

On the day following the attempted burglary at De Vere Gardens Fitzgerald was remanded for a week, at the request of the police, pending the capture of his accomplice, which was confidently hoped for. That capture, however, was not effected, and on the day after George Fenton had been sentenced to death Dr. Fitzgerald took his stand alone in the dock.

In a corner, among the unwashed who had come to gloat over the baiting of the prisoner, was a black bearded man with keen, penetrating eyes and a glittering row of teeth. He had waited the whole day for this case, and when it at last was called and Fitzgerald came up the steps into the dock he leaned forward with eager intensity.

For the purpose of the burglary Fitzgerald had discarded the frock coat which always lent some little pretense of respectability to him, and he now appeared in a short pilot jacket. In place of collar and tie a scarf was twisted round his neck, and gloves no longer gave a piquant finish to his exterior.

From the depths of a pocket he produced a single eyeglass, and, having carefully wiped it, fixed it in his left eye and then courteously took note of the magistrate. He nodded approvingly at the reporters, smiled contemptuously at the lawyers below and then turned to survey the spectators. He looked at them very carefully, and it might have been noted that as he did so the black bearded man in the last row but one drew back into the gloom of his corner. A warder tapped the prisoner on the

shoulder to direct his attention to the front, and, with an apology, Fitzgerald turned round.

A dapper little solicitor was now on his feet.

"May it please your worship," said he, "I appear for the prosecution. The prisoner, James Fitzgerald, alias William Richmond, is charged with entering the premises of Mr. Ralston Fenton, at 145 De Vere Gardens, between the hours of 12 and 2 on the morning of the 15th inst., with felonious intent. He had an accomplice, who has unfortunately escaped. The two men effected an entry at the back of the house and proceeded to appropriate various silver and other articles in the dining room."

"Commander Brett, who was staying in the house at the time, evidently heard them, and went down stairs, when he was attacked by the men. A severe struggle apparently ensued, and I am sorry to say that Captain Brett is now lying in a precarious condition, and is quite unable to give evidence—in fact, up to last night he was unconscious."

"Policeman Z 952, whom I shall call to give evidence, was on duty on that beat, and he will tell you that as he passed Mr. Fenton's house the door opened and a man rushed down the steps. He stopped at the sight of the officer and hurriedly informed him that a robbery was taking place in the house. They entered together, but the man evidently took advantage of the darkness of the hall to abscond. By this time the inmates of the house had been aroused by the sounds of the scuffle, and the prisoner had taken alarm. The officer met him in the doorway of the dining room: with a bag in one hand and a life preserver in the other. Luckily, he managed to get the first blow in, and promptly secured the prisoner. He then ascertained from evidence in the room that there had been two of them at work, and the man who had given the information was undoubtedly the accomplice of the prisoner. Call officer Z 952."

The officer gave his evidence in confirmation of the statement of the prosecution, and Fitzgerald was then asked if he wished to put any questions to him.

"Will you please describe the man you met on the doorstep?" he said.

"It was dark at the time, and he came on me so suddenly that I did not turn my lantern on him, but I should say he was of middle height, and he had a lightish beard."

"And this man told you there was a burglary going on inside the house?"

"He did."

"Thank you. That's all," said Fitzgerald with a vindictive smile on his face.

"That is the case for the prosecution, your worship," said the solicitor, "on the charge of burglary. It is obvious that a still graver charge should be preferred either against the prisoner or some other person in respect of the assault which has been committed on Commander Brett, but further inquiries will be made before any information is laid."

"Prisoner," said the magistrate, "having heard the evidence, do you wish to say anything in answer to this charge? You are not obliged to say anything unless you desire to do so. But whatever you say will be taken down in writing, and may be given in evidence against you at your trial."

Fitzgerald leaned over the bar in front of him and nodded to the reporters.

"You hear?" he said. "You've got to take it all down in writing. Don't miss an 'h.'"

"Yes, your worship," he continued in consecutive sentences, very different from his ordinary speech. "I do desire to say something, and something of importance. I am guilty of this charge, but it is not of myself, but of my accomplice that I wish to speak. For years the police have been on his track, but the devilish ingenuity of the man and the assistance of his friends have prevented their purpose being attained. I have been one of those friends, and up to the night of this robbery I would have shielded him to the best of my power. But that night he repaid me by the blackest ingratitude. He betrayed me, and now it is my intention to betray him."

The words of the prisoner, spoken with deliberate coolness, made a profound impression in the crowded court.

"My accomplice in the robbery was a man well known in London, not only to the police, but in society. Under divers disguises and at various times he has committed robberies all up and down the country—notably those at Glenmore, the Duke of Lundy's seat, at Abbinghall, the residence of Mr. Arthur Durant, and at Hinton, at Squire Marchant's. I can give a list of those I know if it is desired, but there are plenty of which I know nothing. The man who committed these felonies is known under various names, and the most notorious of his aliases are Archie Dacre and Keighley Gates."

Again the officers had to call out for silence, and when the hum of excitement had died away Fitzgerald continued:

"Many other misdeeds may be laid to this man's charge, and there is one of special villainy. Under the name of Arthur Durant, and in the guise of an honest man, he induced Lady Florence Mostyn, the woman who was murdered in South Audley street, to leave her father's roof and marry him."

The excitement in the court was now at fever heat, but there was a breathless silence.

Fitzgerald paused for a few seconds and then said:

"I now come to the greatest crime of his life. With my own eyes I saw this man murder his wife, and for that murder an innocent man was yesterday condemned to death."

If he had intended to create a sensation his wish was gratified. Never in the annals of police courts had such a scene of confusion ensued as that which followed his dramatic ending. The officers no longer attempted to preserve order, and the magistrate, after formally committing the prisoner, ordered the court to be cleared.

Amid the shouting crowd of specta-

tors who left at the back was a black bearded man with white teeth.

He did not join in the demonstrations of his neighbors.

He seemed preoccupied. And he left the neighborhood of the court with his shoulders thrust up and his eyes glued on the pavement. The chill of approaching capture and death was gripping at his heart.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ROC TO EARTH.

Mr. Finneure Vandeleur was in low water. African interest had ceased to boom, and "Lost In the Great Sahara" no longer attracted bumper houses.

He was now living in very third rate rooms off Bond street, and a few days after Fitzgerald's committal a brother actor looked in to pass the evening with him.

He was, the heavy tragedy man of the company, and in private life he managed to combine the idiosyncrasies of the melancholy Jacques with the peculiarities of King Gama. He was not exactly a jovial companion at his best, and Mr. Vandeleur evinced no particular pleasure when he entered.

"A charming little den, Finny," said the newcomer after a minute survey of the cheerless apartment. "It reminds me strongly of your Melnotte days. We only require your widowed mother to be complete."

"You'd make a dented poor Pauline at any rate," retorted Vandeleur. "I'd prefer Miss Hastings."

"Now, would you? If you'd said the Western girl, I could have understood. I see you have her picture over there. Do you know, Finny, I always thought you had a hand in her disappearance?"

Mr. Finneure Vandeleur seemed gratified by this insinuation, but he waved his dirty hand.

"No, no, Lorton—'pon my honor, no. I won't say I hadn't a chance in that direction, but there was Dick, and he was my friend. Need I say more?"

A sneer wriggled across Mr. Lorton's lips.

"Your sentiments do you honor, sir," he said with melodramatic effusion.

"Allow me to shake hands."

"Don't be an ass, Lorton. Look here—let's do something or other. I can't sit listening to you."

"Then stand, man. I've seen 82 in the pit and half the gallery doing that, when other people have played to empty benches."

"Ah, that's not my way. I never care to chuck paper about broadcast, Lorton. Well, shall we play nap?"

"For oyster shells, or what? I haven't a stiver, and I don't believe you've found a gold mine in the Sahara lately. Can't we make up a third? Does no one live in this mystic grove but yourself?"

"There's a man in the back room. Looks as if he broke the bank years ago and was living on the reminiscence."

"Trot him out, then."

"Don't know him. Go yourself. He seems a surly brute, or your genial eloquence would no doubt fetch him."

Nothing loath, Mr. Lorton proceeded to the back sitting room, and after a long absence returned with the other man.

He was a swarthy looking individual with a scrubby beard and keen, piercing eyes.

"Mr. Matthews," said Lorton, ushering him into the room, "allow me to introduce your neighbor, Mr. Finneure Vandeleur. Mr. Finneure Vandeleur, your neighbor, Mr. Matthews."

"Glad to see you, Mr. Matthews," said Vandeleur, shaking hands. "Mr. Lorton and myself find time hanging heavily on our hands. We thought you would perhaps take pity on us and prevent our quarrelling."

"Cards!" said the newcomer, glancing at the pack on the table. "Old friends, I see," he added as he fingered them.

"Signs of the times, dear boy," said Finneure Vandeleur. "Some day in the next few months I may be able to afford a new pack."

"Such old friends," continued Matthews, disregarding the explanation, "that you must know most of the cards personally."

"Sir," said Mr. Vandeleur, "do you wish to insult a gentleman? If you don't like the cards you can get out, and be hanged to you."

Mr. Matthews did not take advantage of the suggestion. For various reasons he was thirsting for any small excitement which would take him out of himself.

He sat down and dealt around, faces upmost. The first knave came to himself.

"Ah!" he said, "I deal."

The stakes were not high. They played for the smallest brown coin but one which passes current in this realm.

They played keenly. The actors were adepts at the game. Mr. Matthews showed himself to be no novice.

TO BE CONTINUED

Seems Game.

The venerable Dr. Sunderland, who was put out of the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church to make way for Dr. Talmage, has announced that he will not accept the pastorate which has been offered to him now that Dr. Talmage has enough of it. The old gentleman seems to be game.

The roll of the Cuban army shows that half of the 50,000 men on the list were officers, and they insist upon officers' pay

There have been over 20,000 applications for the 101 lieutenancies in the army. The officers' places do not go begging

Successful Physicians.

Wholly recommended Dr. Hathway & Co. of 22 1/2 Broad St., Atlanta, Ga., as being perfectly reliable and remarkably successful in the treatment of chronic diseases of men and women. They care when others fail. Our readers if in need of medical help should certainly write these eminent doctors and you will receive a free and expert opinion of your case by return mail without cost.

THE TURMOIL IN CUBA.

Cuba Assembly Will Not be Heeded.

Washington, March 16.—There has been further telegraphic correspondence between Gen. Brooke and the war department regarding conditions in Cuba, with the result that hereafter Gen. Brooke will confine himself wholly within the terms of the resolution adopted by congress before the war. No government, organization or set of men will be recognized. The United States government will deal directly with the people of Cuba. It is not stated who the "people" are, but it is inferred that the United States authorities will determine that point as different questions arise.

In the same connection it is regarded as important that the census which has been determined upon should be taken so as to ascertain the resident citizens of the island.

The Cuban assembly will be dealt with as any other organization. If its session provoke riot and disturbances it will be dispersed like any other disorderly body. If its meetings are harmless and amount to nothing more than the vociferation of men no attention will be paid to it. If the assembly gets in the way of the United States authority in the preservation of the peace and tranquility of the island, then the assembly or any other set of men must, in the language of the American police, "move on."

NO MORE FREE FOOD.

Havana, March 16.—An order was issued to-day by the United States military authorities to the effect that all rations distributed to the Cuban people after the supply now on hand is exhausted, shall be charged against the customs receipts of the province in which they are distributed. Monthly requisitions will be made as heretofore, and the United States authorities will supply, buying in the Cuban markets, such articles as sugar and rice if they can be obtained to better advantage here. The rest of the rations will be bought in the United States.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee has returned here from Cienfuegos.

Fatal Hotel Fire.

PEOPLE FORCED TO LEAP FOR LIFE.

New York, March 17.—Flames which originated from the igniting of a lace curtain burst forth from the second floor of the Windsor hotel at Forty-seventh street and fifth avenue shortly after 3 o'clock this afternoon, and in a few minutes they had leaped up to the roof and enveloped the entire Fifth avenue and Forty-seventh street fronts of the hotel. Ten minutes later the flames were roaring through the interior of the hotel, and all means to escape by way of stairways and elevators were out of order and there was the wildest scene of excitement within the building.

Hundreds of guests and employes were in the hotel when the fire broke out, and for many of them escape with safety was impossible. Probably from four to fifteen lives were lost within a half hour, and 30 or 40 other persons were injured in jumping from windows and in rushing through the flames in the corridors and on the stairways. Many who were injured died later at nearby residences or at hospitals, and others who made wild leaps to the stone sidewalks were so badly injured that they are still hovering between life and death. It may be 24 hours or more before the complete list of fatalities becomes known, and it may be longer than that before it can be ascertained definitely how many charred bodies are in the mass of fallen masonry that marks the spot where the hotel stood.

The News and Courier staff, we believe, pride themselves upon the use, in their writing, of choice words and terms. We should like to know, therefore, why they still speak of John C. Shephard, John Peter Richardson and other, who once occupied the governor's office, as "Governor" Shephard, "Governor" Richardson, etc. How would a stranger know whether either of these gentlemen or Elberbe is the governor?—Press and Standard.

Some enterprising statistician says the fly lays four times each summer and 30 eggs each time. The descendants of one female fly in a single season may number 2,080,320. We are not going to figure it out, but we have seen the time when we were willing to believe it.

J Pierpont Morgan's new coal combine, with a capital of \$889,000,000, is by far the largest trust yet formed or projected. The members will save it all for themselves, for the consumers will not share in the gain. In fact, the saving will be an actual detriment to the public, since it means that just \$3,200,000 less will be disbursed by the coal magnates. They will draw from the consumer as much as ever, but will return to the purchasing classes three millions less than before.

There isn't a weak point anywhere about the White Sewing Machine—M. B. Randle sells them.

Wisdom to-day means comfort to-morrow. To prove it buy