

WON AT LAST

By Bernard Digby.

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fore me. Millie, lass, I can't say any-
thin' to cheer you up, yet I see you a-
fadin' away before my eyes. You had
hope enough once for both of us, but
the light's played out now, an' there's
nothin' but darkness around us."

"Still, dear Jack, I do not give up
all hopes of seeing our little one again;
but if it is not to be we must meet our
fate with resignation."

"An' that's just what I cannot do.
Do you think, Millie, that in the next
world, about which you seem so cer-
tain, that we shall know him again?"

"Yes, that I do, Jack." This very
ferverently.

"Well, there's some comfort in that
for you, at any rate."

But it didn't seem to bring much sol-
ace to the prospector, who sank again
into moody silence.

"Hark, there's some one at the front
door."

"Don't stir, Jack, I'll go," Millie
cried, springing from her seat.

She returned with Corporal Whitford
at her heels—Corporal Whitford in evi-
dently a great state of mind, so excited
that he could hardly speak.

"I've come to tell you that we've just
received a telegram from Elsie."

"Ah!"

"She's in Buffalo."

"Coming home, I suppose? Well, I'd
glad you've had news of her, for she's a
dear, good girl we love dearly."

"And say, Jack," the corporal drew
nearer to the prospector, and his voice
sank to half-whisper, "I think that I
wouldn't—that is to say, I only think,
you know—but I really wouldn't quite
give up all hopes of seeing Willie again."

The prospector sprang wildly to his
feet.

"Great God! You have news of him?
Speak out, man; I can bear the strain
no longer."

The honest corporal had been thor-
oughly impressed by his wife with the
necessity of breaking the news by de-
grees; and here was this provoking
couple working themselves into hyster-
ics before he had said a dozen words,
or, as he tersely put it, "going off half-
cock before the game had risen."

"Well, there's a telegram—read it for
yourself. I did my best, but the fat's
all in the fire now."

The prospector took the paper in his
trembling hands, and, with an effort,
read the blessed words aloud:

"Willie Wilders is with me safe and
well. Break the news to his parents,
and tell them to come on here as soon
as possible. I found the child acci-
dentally in New York. Reply. Elsie
Whitford."

A bright gleam of ineffable joy spread
itself over the prospector's face. He
was like one drunk with the delirium of
delight.

"Hurrah!" the corporal shouted,
atching the infection of joy. "Three
cheers for Elsie, and 'a tiger' for the
boy!"

But Millie, after the manner of her
sex, when the trouble was over, of
course broke down, and, to the dismay
of the gallant corporal, fell into a dead
swoon at his feet.

We will not attempt to depict their
joy on meeting their child, such scenes
are better imagined than described, for
words can paint events but not emotions.

Of course the Woodgroves were in
high glee; their kindly hearts were
touched to the depths at the joyous at-
mosphere they breathed. Wilders in-
sisted on Elsie receiving the thousand
dollars reward, which he had brought
for her in crisp new bills, and, as the
prospector showed signs of offense at
her refusal, the happy girl took the
money, to Jack's entire satisfaction.

Meanwhile Jack and his boy had big
communings together. From these lit-
tle conferences the prospector picked
up several bits of information which he
pieced together, and was enabled to
arrive at a tolerably accurate guess as
to who was the originator of the out-
rage.

Of these suspicions he said nothing to
his wife until they reached home, but
then his wrath broke forth.

The first thing he did was to send for
Susan Green, who, now that the boy
was found, had hoped to be spared fur-
ther explanations.

"When you took Willie away from
Alma Miggs," Jack asked, judicially,
"had you been talkin' to a man—walk-
in' with him, in fact?"

"Lor, no."

"Now, think, Susan. Think again."
Susan scorned reply.

"Did you meet that fellow Dodd,
there?"

"Man, you said—he's not a man; he's
a parson."

"Oh," Jack grinned, for he had a
strong sense of humor, "so you confess
that you did meet him?"

"Confess, indeed. I'd like to know
what you mean by confessing? Of
course I met him. Did I ever say I
didn't?"

"Had you an appointment with
him?"

Susan's wrath was rising. "That's
my business."

"So you decline to answer?"
She remained silent.

"Did Dodd hand you a package that
afternoon?"

Susan's nose was sharp, her lips were
thin and her anatomy of bony proclivi-
ties not wholesome to look at, but as
Jack put this question she seemed to
shrivel up into ten times her natural
ugliness. A leaden hue spread over her
face, paling all but the tip of her nose,
which was a flaming, scorbutic red.

Without a word, she dashed for the
door, but the prospector's broad back
was against it.

"No, you don't, you vixen! By thun-
der, if you don't behave yourself I'll
have the constable in in less than three
minutes. Did you take money from that
man?"

"No!"

"You lie!"

The man's passion was terrible, the
swollen veins in his forehead stood out
like whipcord, as with towering form
he stood over the trembling girl.

"You sold my little one to my ene-
mies," he cried, hoarsely. "Like Joseph's
brethren you sold him into bondage."

Susan's limp figure bowed to the
blast.

"Oh, Mr. Wilders, dear Mr. Wilders,"
she cried, flinging herself on her knees.
"Don't kill me! I'll tell the truth! I will
indeed! I'll tell the truth! Oh, good-
ness gracious me, do have pity on me."

Jack paused.

"Wife," he cried, as though struck by
an inspiration. "Give her pen and
paper. She shall write her confession."

CHAPTER XIX.
MR. DODD APPEARS AGAIN.

"It shall be a legal document," the
prospector said solemnly. "Wife, keep
your eye open on errors, for I ain't
much of a hand at literator. Susan,
prepare to write."

The meek-eyed girl meekly took her
place at the table pen in hand:

Jack dictated:

"I Susan Green, spinster, being of sound
mind, do hereby affirm before all conditions
of men, regardless of sex or color—"

Here Millie interfered to ask how
many sexes a man could be, but was
promptly reproved and told that no
woman ever could understand law
terms.

"That I was hired by one Dodd afore-
said—"

"Dear Jack, you never said one word
about Dodd before."

"To lay out and do up one Jack Wilders
by putting up a plant to rob him of his
child—"

"Lay out' and 'do up' are not law
terms, are they, Jack?"

"If you don't hold your tongue, Mil-
lie, we shall never 'get there.' Go on,
Susan."

"And Freed—"

"How much did you receive?"

"Twenty dollars," Susan sobbed.

"Great Scott! Twenty dollars only!
To think that a boy like my Willie
didn't fetch the price of a Newfound-
land pup! Go on."

"The sum of twenty dollars sterling—"

"Sterling' is wrong, I know,"
plended Millie, "it is only applied to
silver."

Her husband dared not debate this
shaky question, so he simply ignored
it.

"To do so, which I accordingly and fe-
lonsiously did—"

"Did what, Jack?"

Jack glowered.

"How often must I tell you that there
never was a woman critter born, as
could get within a mile of a legal
document."

"By enticing him from a female person
one Alma Miggs, and handing him over to
a thundering, dough-faced sneak, one—"

"Jack! Jack! All those bad words
cannot be right."

"Archibald Dodd. All which is the
truth, the whole truth, and nothing but
the truth, so help me God. Amen. Susan
Green."

When the prospector had got his
"legal document" signed and delivered,
he turned upon the dismayed Susan,
and, pointing to the door, roared in a
voice of thunder but one word:

"Git!"

"Now," he cried, "for Mr. Dodd.
Get me my coat, Millie, while I put
Dandy in the cutter."

"Stop, Jack, you need not go on that
errand. Here's a cutting from a news-
paper my sister sent me this morning.
I did not show it to you before because
you are so very excitable. Now listen."

"I said so.—Our readers will remem-
ber the case of Archibald Dodd, who
suffered so severely whilst driving to
our city from Oretown some weeks ago.
He died last night, a raving maniac, in
the county poorhouse."

"And there's no forty-below zero tem-
perature when he's gone," Jack sneered.
"Don't jest, Jack. Lame, blind,
mad!" Millie shuddered. "What an
end!"

CHAPTER XX.
AN INTERESTING NECTE.

One bright summer's day, Mrs. Frank
Grey ran down the walk to the garden

gate of her pretty new house to meet
her husband, on his return from his of-
fice.

It was not long after a gay little
wedding, which had turned Elsie Whit-
ford into Elsie Grey, and made two
young people supremely happy.

"Frank, darling!" was the young
wife's glad greeting; "what do you
think I have found to-day?"

"Another lost baby?"

"No, indeed; but a real live—very
much alive—uncle, Frank."

"You are joking?"

"I never was more serious. He came
all the way from England on purpose
to see me, and I don't like him one lit-
tle bit. Frank, I do absolutely believe
the horrid man was going to kiss me!"

"Shows he has good taste, at any rate.
Is he the corporal's brother?"

"Why, don't you know the Whitfords
are not my real father and mother,
Frank?"

Frank stared in amazement.

"And you were not Elsie Whitford?"

"Not myself at all, you stupid dear,
but it appears my mother died in my
infancy and I was left to the care of
Uncle Jacob Gregson, the gentleman
who called here to-day, who put me in
charge of Mrs. Whitford, paying her
large sums for my support."

"Where is your uncle?"

"At the Tift house. I promised that
you would go up to the hotel this even-
ing and call on him."

"So I will."

"Don't be prejudiced, Frank, but I
fear he is not a bit nice."

"Rough, eh?"

"No, but, oh, so intensely vulgar—
however, you must form your own con-
clusions."

And Frank's conclusions were the
same as Elsie's. He had not been in
Mr. Gregson's presence five minutes be-
fore he mentally declared him to be the
most insufferable cad he had ever met,
and only to be tolerated for Elsie's sake.

"So you're the chap that's caught the
golden pigeon—rather a bit of a prig,
I expect, but might be worse," was the
courteous greeting of the showy
stranger.

"You are very candid," Frank
smiled.

"Candid! Jacob Gregson's truth it-
self. Just ring that bell by your hand
and let us have a nip of brandy, for
talkin' dry work."

"Not for me."

"Well, I thought you were a prig.
Do you smoke?"

"With pleasure. Thank you."

He took one of Gregson's cigars,
though he distrusted it.

"Well, that's something in your fa-
vor. Now, see here, young man, I've
come across the raging ocean—which,
by George! I hate with all my soul—to
see your wife on most important busi-
ness, but now she's married. Accord-
ing to English law she's nobody, an'
you, her husband, are everybody; con-
sequently, I'm driven to open matters
to you."

"You'll find me keenly alive to my
wife's interests."

"Devil doubt you; but I want to find
you alive to mine, too."

"To yours?"

"Yes, the game lies in my hands.
Here's a young woman entitled to a
large fortune; here's a young man mar-
ries her; here's an enterprising uncles—
a kind, good uncle, on whose bosom she
lay an innocent babe, whose hard-won
ducats have for years supported her.
Now the kind uncle says to the nice
young man, says he: 'You can never
learn one word of your wife's fortune
without my aid.' An' the young man
says—he paused, and, with a drunken
leer, winked expressively at Grey—
"what do you think the young man
says?"

Frank smiled.

"The young man," he declared, "says
he would deal very liberally with the
kind uncle."

"Spoken like a brick! Tip us yer
flipper, old chap. You're the right sort
after all."

"Well, what does the kind uncle pro-
pose to do?"

"He means to give that nice young
man a cool fifty thousand dollars a
year."

Grey started with incredulous won-
derment.

"Impossible," was all he could ejacu-
late. "Why, man, you must be dream-
ing." He did not say drunk, though he
thought it.

"I knew that 'ud take the starch out
of you, but it's gospel truth—ah, you
didn't think you'd gone in for such big
stakes, when you married the little gal,
did yer?"

"If Elsie had never a cent—"

"Oh, yes, I know all about that bosh.
You're in your calf love now, an' life's
all molasses an' moonshine. She'll be
all the sweeter for golden trimmin's,
you bet yer life."

Grey felt a strong inclination to kick
his wife's irrepressible relative.

Gregson drew from his pocket a
legally prepared contract, securing to
himself liberal compensation in case of
Frank Grey's accession to the unnamed
fortune and cried exultingly:

"Sign that document, my boy, an'
the estate is yours."

Grey signed like one in a dream.

"Far away in England lives an old
bloke," Mr. Gregson began, with a sen-
timental tone and expression, "named
Sir Gordon Hillborough, who had one
child, Richard, who was rather a wild
young cuss. When this youth was
still young an' green he secretly mar-
ried my niece, a young country girl of
seventeen."

"Elsie's mother!" Grey interpolated.

"How glad she will be to hear about
her."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

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In a speech delivered before a free silver convention at Griffin, Ga., Senator Morgan of Alabama rehearsed the stale theories of the silver standard advocates, and closed his exposition of the free coinage gospel with the declaration that the silverites demanded "equal rights for all, special privileges to none." This doctrine of equality before the law is one which appeals to every fair minded American, and it is the belief that silver is denied privileges granted to gold which has led many to support the agitation for free coinage at 16 to 1. But there is no ground for such claim. On the contrary the proposition that the government should coin into money at a fixed ratio all the silver of this or other countries which might be brought to the mints is a direct violation of the principles of equal rights.

All that the government does for gold is to stamp it with a certificate of its weight and fineness. The legal tender quality of gold coin adds nothing to its commercial value. If the government were to stop the coinage of gold tomorrow, the value of that metal would remain the same. And the adoption of gold as the standard of values has not increased the value of the products of the gold miner. The same could be said of silver were it merely proposed to coin that metal at its true commercial value. The most extreme "goldbug" of the silverite's imagination would not object to free coinage of silver dollars if each coin contained a full dollar's worth of silver. The objection to such action on the part of the government is that it would involve a great and useless expense for mintage, as the commercial value of silver continually changes, and it would be necessary to make new coins whenever silver became cheaper or dearer. But the demand of the free silver advocates is not for the coinage of both metals at their commercial value, but for the unlimited coinage of silver, worth only 50 cents, into coins which will be legal tender in payment for goods or of debts equal to gold coins, worth twice as much. In other words, they seek to compel the government to give one class, the producers of silver, the right to have the value of their products doubled by setting a fictitious value on it. This is what free coinage at 16 to 1 really means, and if adopted it would make the silver miners a privileged class at the expense of the whole people.

That this is true is recognized by all the leading Populists, who have demanded that the government should go farther and give the owners of staple farm products the right to have their crops stored in government warehouses and to receive money based on them. In this the Populists are consistent with their paternalistic views, but very inconsistent with the Jeffersonian doctrine of equal rights. The true remedy for any violation of this great principle is not the granting of special privileges to the farmers as well as to silver miners, but the repeal of all class legislation and steadfast opposition to all financial schemes involving government aid to any special interest.

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