



JEANETTE H. WALWORTH. [COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.]

CHAPTER XV. "By comparison with electricity steam is a slow plodding beast. I can head him off, after consultation with a lawyer, my dear."

It was a grim home-going! What fiction should he invent to account for the fact that he had been so long absent from his father's funeral?

It was not good at all. He was sick of shame, and of trying to parry fate's spiteful thrusts. Should he say to her, with bliant truthfulness, that this beardless boy, from whose cassimere trousers-pockets a pair of ugly hand-kerchiefs were permitted to protrude, was his leeper?

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CHILDREN'S CORNER.

DEAR CHILDREN: We hope we have been making the "Children's Corner" interesting and instructive. We will continue to run a nice story for you. When a story is finished write and tell us how you liked it.

"My poor, poor little Ida!" He came around to where she stood and folded her tenderly in his arms. Her eyes grew luminous. It was so good to be caressed, to be pitied even by one's very own.

"But it will be difficult now—now that you have come back to live. Oh, Sib, I have wanted you so, all these years! I feel as if a mountain were lifted from my breast. Poor, poor father!"

"Let us go into the old school-room and talk. Ida," he said, with sudden brusqueness. "It will be easier there than here." He drew her away with him in the sunny little room in the wing where he and she had spent so many hours of their home school life.

"This note will make it clear, of anything else." The note did not make it clear. It was full of love and full of mystery. It was from Ida, who called him her "dear Dennis" and begged him to forgive her the blow she had just dealt him.

"Believe one thing, always: I love you." TO BE CONTINUED.

A NATIONAL CURRENCY THE BEST. In a speech in the Senate in 1897, John C. Calhoun said: "It appears to me, after bestowing the best reflection I can give no subject, that no convertible paper—that is, paper whose credit rests on a promise to pay—is suitable for currency."

IS HE A TRAITOR? An offer to Shake Hands over the Robbing and Oppression of the People. Mr. Murat Halstead, commenting on the change of Mr. Cleveland since the election, says: "The President has held out a hand to the Republicans to be shaken."

DO YOU WANT TWO PAPERS? We will send you for one year THE CAUCASIAN and any of the following papers for the amount opposite:

THE CAUCASIAN, Goldsboro, N. C. The control of trade through the contraction of the currency or by placing it in the hands and power of a few is the analogue of the control of the supply of commodities through the protective tariff.

THE FUTURE SUNDAY

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE VICTORY FOR THE DAY AT THE FAIR. Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., continues his New Series of Sermons on "The Prophecies of the World's Fair"—Man Needs Even More Hours For Rest.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., continued in Association Hall this morning the new series of sermons on "The Prophecies of the World's Fair." The subject of the discourse today he called "The Future of the American Sabbath, as indicated by the Sunday Opening Fiasco." He declared that the action of the fair authorities on the Sabbath was the one fly in the ointment of the great exposition.

First, we say that we have reaffirmed the true basis of the Sabbath an ordinance primal of the human race. The people have said, Moses or no Moses, commandment of no commandment, Bible or no Bible, right or wrong, orthodox or heterodox, whatever dogs and cats may be able to do, as for man, the Sabbath with its rest to him an absolute necessity of nature! Such a necessity indeed that, if God did not establish a Sabbath, he surely committed the crime of creating a being who can not live without one.

THE QUESTION AT CHICAGO. Grave were the fears of the faithful what would be the outcome of a national struggle on this question at Chicago. The World's fair, for the first time since the republic was founded, the whole nation came together in one place with one purpose.

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time to speak? It almost seemed as if dead silence were there the rule of life. And in face of worldwide facts like these there are men who write about the workingman's desire to see the wheels of this big world move round seven days in seven, and pose as his champion in every effort made to break his Sabbath's rest.

Second—We do not hesitate to acknowledge—and hasten to add that we are glad of it—that in this conflict ecclesiastical tradition has failed to make out a case. We have not got the Sabbath because we have tried the Commandments. This commandment is merely the first crude translation on stone of the great law that had existed from the eternities. Our Sunday does not rest on the commandment letter of the Jewish ritual. If so, we celebrate the Sabbath because we have tried the Commandments. This commandment is merely the first crude translation on stone of the great law that had existed from the eternities. Our Sunday does not rest on the commandment letter of the Jewish ritual.

Third—The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.

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Young Folks' Post Office.

MR. EDITOR—I wish to thank you for the "Children's Corner" in THE CAUCASIAN and especially for the "Young Folks' Postoffice." The story I have enjoyed very much and hope you will continue to publish one for us. I wish to ask one question: What verse in the Bible contains every letter in the alphabet except J?

Your little friend, KINSTON, N. C., Nov. 2, 1893. MR. EDITOR—Will you please allow me space in your valuable paper to join the Children's Corner. My father takes your paper and I like to read it. I wish to ask the boys and girls two questions. When and where was the first gas used for lighting up streets? When, where and by whom was the first horse brought into the U. S.?

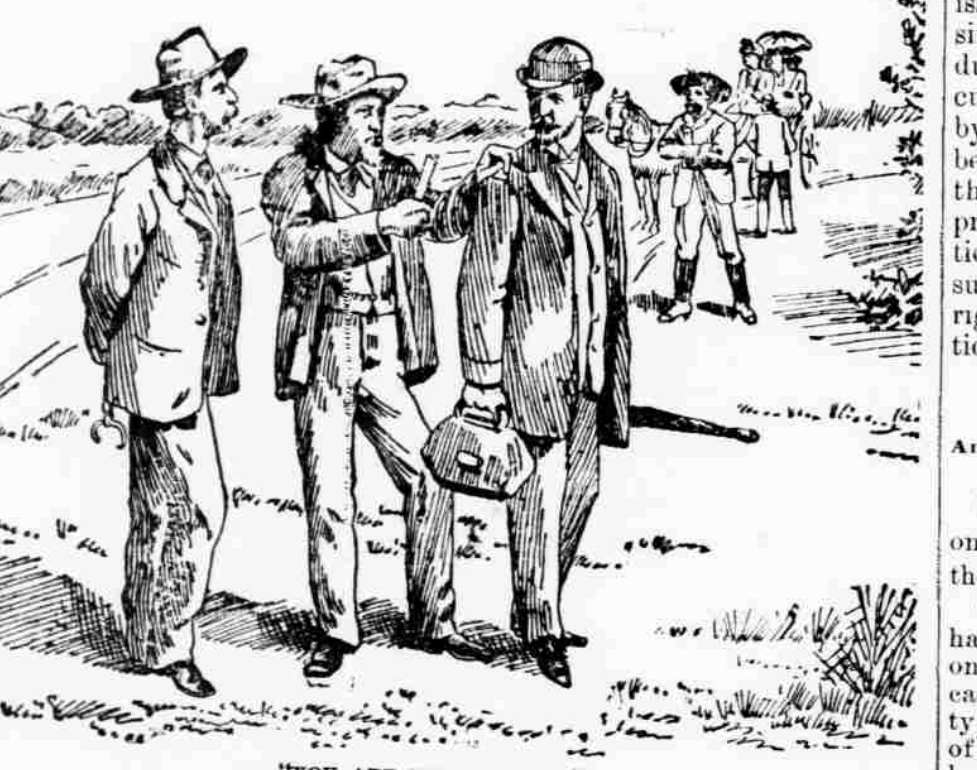
Your unknown friend, LAGANOE, LENOX CO., October 30, 1893. MR. EDITOR—I am a little boy 12 years of age. My father takes your paper and I like very much to read it. I also like the Children's Corner. I will ask a question: What year did the earthquake come? I will answer a question for Era M. Hill: George Washington was born in Westmoreland county, Va., on the 22nd of February, 1732. Best wishes to THE CAUCASIAN and its editor.

From your unknown friend, Adam Measley, ORA, SAMPSON CO., N. C. MR. EDITOR—Please give me space in your valuable to ask the boys and girls a question: Where is the tallest tree on earth, how high it is and what kind is it? Success to you all. Yours as ever, Addie Reynolds.

MISS SOEL, BERTIE CO., October 23rd, 1893. MR. EDITOR—I take pleasure in writing a few lines to THE CAUCASIAN, which I have been reading for a good while. I will answer Lou Hinant's question: The shortest chapter in the Bible is the 116th Psalm. I will also ask a question: Where is the word "river" first spoken of in the Bible? Gertrude Williams.

MARINES, ONSLOW CO., October 23rd, 1893. MR. EDITOR—Please allow me a little space in the Children's Corner. I am a little girl 14 years old. My papa takes THE CAUCASIAN and like it very much, in fact we all like it. I live near the sea shore and go to the beach when I desire and we pick up shells that are very beautiful and go in bathing too. I will ask one question: Who first invented a steam engine? With much success to the editor and his loving bride, I am Your unknown friend, Emma Redd.

MARINES, ONSLOW CO., October 23rd, 1893. MR. EDITOR—I am pleased with the Children's Corner very much, especially the Bear story. I thank you very much for the Young Folks' Postoffice for I think it a deed of kindness and appreciate it very much. I am going to school and I like my teacher. He is very kind; his name is Jack Gray. Our friends all like THE CAUCASIAN and its editor. I am a young girl and live near the coast and enjoy the sea breeze, but I am sorry that the fishermen have not had any luck fishing this year. Hurrah! Boys and girls, let's keep the office full. With much success, Your friend, Annie H. Redd. [You should put Mr. before your teacher's name.—Ed.]

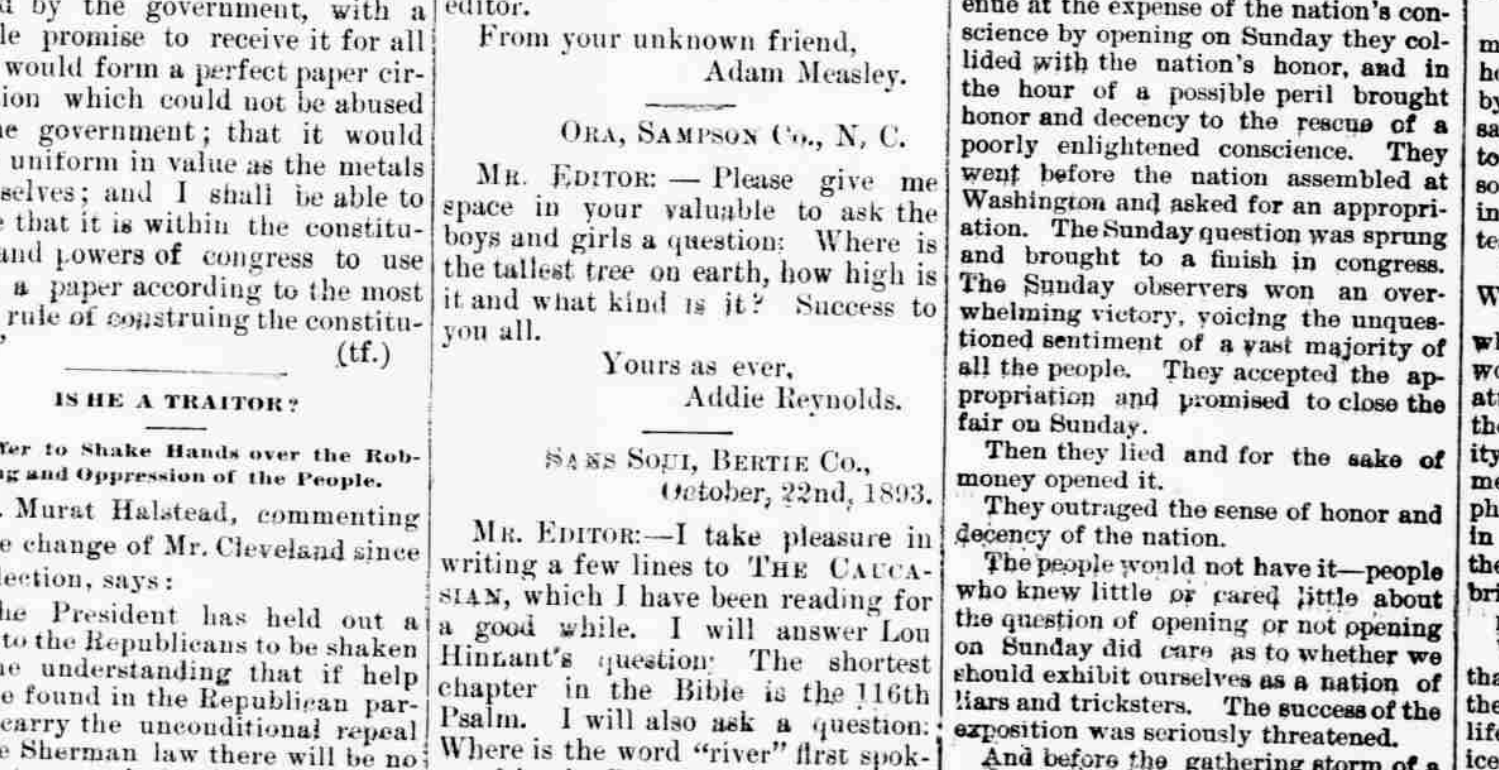


"YOU ARE MY PRISONER." He has come, and you and mammy Dido do nothing but cry and wipe your eyes on your handkerchiefs. Is that my papa?

"Do you mean," he asked, huskily, "that I must go with you—back to New Orleans?" "It does."

"Do you know what brought me here?" "You are here to attend your father's funeral." "He has thought of that, and are disposed to make it as easy on you as possible. My companion here—my deputy—is entirely unknown in this neighborhood. With your permission he will drive to Glenburnie in the same carriage with you. I would like to go to quietly. He can pass as a friend who came up with you, you know."

"I suppose you mean to be kind, so I ought to thank you. I do," said Sibby, with mechanical courtesy. "No call for gratitude only, you see, there's no use your kicking against the pricks, and there's no use our making it any rougher on you than need be."

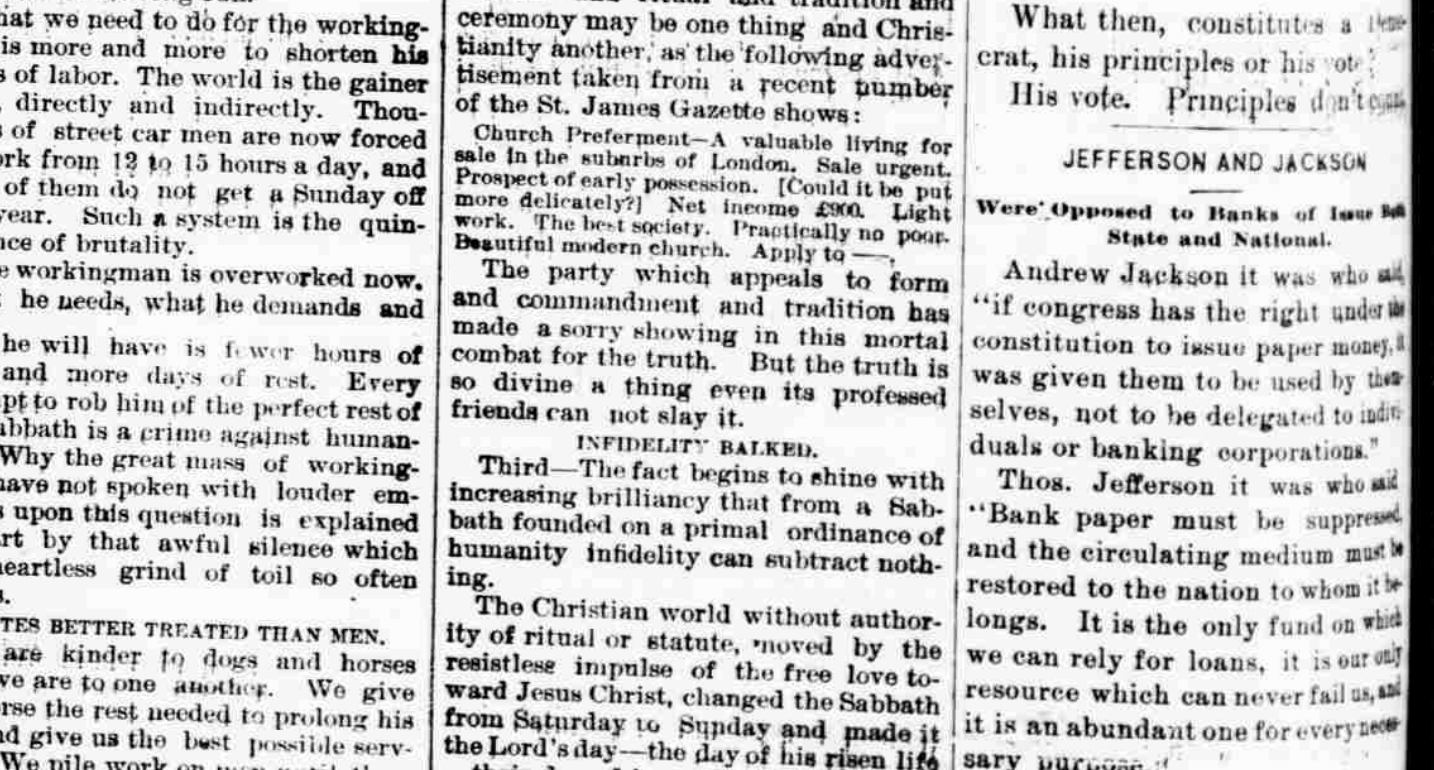


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