

# THE EVENING FREE PRESS.

W. S. HERBERT, Editor and Prop'r.

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In reducing the war taxes congress ought to do away with the tax on bank checks. This is one of the most aggravating taxes.

Who will say that piety is on the decline, or that woman's power is abating? The women of Kansas have enforced their requirement that the theatres shall be opened with prayer.—Philadelphia Record.

L. Trumbull, a graduate of Yale, died at Johnston, Pa., Sunday a week ago of injuries received in a game of football at Greenwich, Conn. Rev. Braithwaite, an Episcopal preacher, got two ribs broken in a game of football. It is an interesting and exciting game, but it is brutal and dangerous.

Complete official returns of the vote for president in the United States are not yet available. The following statement of the aggregate is said to be very nearly correct:

McKinley.....	7,238,514
Bryan.....	6,360,796
McKinley's plurality in 1896 was 574,224, against 877,718 this year. McKinley's aggregate vote was 131,210 votes larger in 1900 than in 1896; Bryan's aggregate was 172,284 votes less in 1900 than in 1896.	

The evidences that the trusts were not simply a political body were not wanting, and now the faith of trusts in the protection of a Republican administration is illustrated in a very practical and forceful way.

The records for November show that during that month trusts with an aggregate capital of \$148,850,000 were formed. In October the aggregate capital of trusts organized during that month was \$18,350,000.

Why this difference in the trust record for the two months?

The reason is very simple. On November 7th, the organizers of the trusts knew without doubt that they would have the benefit of governmental protection for four years more, says the Charlotte News.

Bobbitt's Chill Pills are the best. Cost less than any other chill and fever remedy, and they are guaranteed to cure, or your money back. Price 25c per bottle. Druggists.

### Ought to Know.

Lady—Where is the agent for these flats?  
 Man at Door—I can rent the flats, mum.  
 "Are the rents reasonable?"  
 "Yes, mum."  
 "What sort of a janitor have you?"  
 "A very good one, mum."  
 "Is he polite and attentive?"  
 "Yes, mum."  
 "Honest?"  
 "Yes, mum."  
 "Doesn't he ever steal from the market baskets of the tenants?"  
 "Never, mum."  
 "He's a good Christian man, is he?"  
 "Yes, mum. A polliter, more attentive, honest or more Christian man never lived, mum."  
 "I'm delighted to hear that. Where is he now?"  
 "I'm him, mum."—Weekly Bouquet.

### Nocturnal Tragedy.

It is a dark night. It is also a dark kitchen. The kind hearted man in his stocking feet is after a drink of water for his fretful youngster. He thinks he can find his way in the inky darkness. He is mistaken. He turns to the left instead of to the right and falls down cellar.

Another good man gone wrong.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### In Need of Reform.

"Your effusion," said the busy editor, "is not available."  
 "Is there any other place where I could send it?" queried the disappointed bard.  
 "Oh, yes."  
 "Where, sir?"  
 "The house of correction."—Chicago News.

### A Bad Break.

"I say, Boney, it was nasty mean of you not to speak to me when you met me down town last night."  
 "Why, deuce take it, man, it was your own fault. It's fellows are wearing lavender ties this week, and you had on a pink one."—Lodge.

Among the tens of thousands who have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for colds and la grippe during the past few years, to our knowledge, not a single case has resulted in pneumonia. Thos. Whitfield & Co., 340 Wabash avenue, Chicago, one of the most prominent retail druggists in that city, in speaking of this, says: "We recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for la grippe in many cases, as it not only gives prompt and complete recovery, but also counteracts any tendency of la grippe to result in pneumonia." For sale by J. E. Hood, druggist.

## Won by Waiting.

The plain fact stated Will Spencer ever in the face that Helen Raymond did not love him, and that Mrs. Raymond had urged his suit and exerted her maternal influence and eloquence until Helen had consented to be his wife, telling him very frankly that her heart was in the grave of her lover, George Vanborn, who had been killed in a railway collision nearly one year before.

Will Spencer winced, for he was rich, very rich; but then he put to the wound that soothing salve, "I will win her love when she is my wife," that has wrecked so many lives.

After the lapse of several months he won Mrs. Raymond to his side, and so by proxy wooed Helen and won—what? A cold, reluctant consent to be his wife. Mrs. Raymond made a suggestion. "I want you to go away for a month," she said to him, "and let Helen miss the constant devotion that she has had since your betrothal. Let her feel that a void has come into her life and how dull and cheerless it would be if she lost you. The wedding day is set for June 10, and this is April. Stay away until the 5th or 6th of June."

It gave him the first really happy moment of his engagement when Helen said gently, yet with a shudder: "I cannot bear to think of you on railway trains. Will, write often, that I may know you are safe."

Her lips met his in a tender pressure such as a loving sister might bestow, but with far more affection than she had ever before given him. The hope made this unexpected absence endurable, and for two weeks life held more pleasure than it had done in all the days of his courtship.

Then came a blow—sudden, sharp, overwhelming. He was in a large western city, when, after night, returning to his hotel a man on crutches asked for charity. The voice was familiar, and in a shock of horror the face struck him.

"George Vanborn!"

"Let me go, Spencer!" the crippled man pleaded. "I didn't recognize you. Don't you know I am dead?"

"I know you are coming in here with me," Will said gently, substituting his arm for one of the crutches and entering the hotel, where he had a room. He would not let his guest speak until he had ordered a supper and made him comfortable. Then, turning to him, he saw that he was weeping.

"See what a woman you make of me!" the poor fellow said. "You thought I was dead?"

"Yes. All your friends think so."  
 "It was a narrow escape, and I wonder why I was spared. Nine months in a public hospital have left me crippled and incurably ill. They would not keep me after I could get about on crutches, but I have begged or starved, and it will not be for long! I would not let any one know for fear it would get to—Helen!"

"You want to hide from her?"  
 "Yes—yes! What would her life be tied to mine? You will not betray me, Spencer?"

"But you may recover."  
 "No. I should be only a wreck if I could, but I cannot."

Will Spencer literally could not speak. This man asked of him only the silence that would give him his wife. And then, true, unselfish love triumphed.

"She will never marry me!" Will thought ruefully as he folded a long, long letter. "But she shall not be cheated out of what little happiness life may still hold for her."

He wrote, too, to Mrs. Raymond a letter that caused that respectable lady to grind her teeth, but which she obeyed, packing her trunk and accompanying Helen in the journey westward. It was Will Spencer who met the two at the depot and accompanied them to the boarding house, where he kept Mrs. Raymond in the parlor after sending Helen up stairs alone. It was Will Spencer who smoothed away every difficulty, engaging rooms for mother and daughter and quietly effacing himself.

George Vanborn was resolute on one point—he would not marry Helen. He had no hope of recovery, but if the unexpected should happen he would not risk ruining Helen's life by binding it to his.

"Oh," she would cry, "what am I to deserve the love of two such men? Mother, it humbles me to think how they love me."

And by this love her courage was sustained through the three months when she and her mother smoothed George Vanborn's path to the grave. Will Spencer never spoke of love to her, giving her up entirely, but upon her lover he lavished every kindness wealth could procure or friendship dictate.

It was three years later when he came home from a European tour and called on Mrs. Raymond.

"Mrs. Raymond, sir, is dead," the servant told him, "and Miss Helen's living in — street. She's come into some money from her uncle, sir, and Mrs. Grady took this house, sir."

Come into some money! Well, she did not need him. He would wait awhile. But in a few days a little note reached him:

"It was unkind to let me hear of your return by accident. Will you not come to see me?"

And when he went he could not keep the love out of his eyes or his voice, and she—at last! Her eyes drooped under his gaze, her cheeks blushed for him, her voice faltered with tenderness. And he had no secret hidden from the loving eyes, no treachery he would dread to have her discover.—Keystone.

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