

The Philadelphia City Council is making war on bicycle riders. A measure has been introduced restricting the speed to six miles per hour, barring them from all sidewalks, and compelling riders to take out a license and carry an alarm bell. Thousands of wheelmen are up in arms to oppose the measure.

The rule of mob law in this country seems to be extending. The fact that so many persons are lynched is the most powerful indictment that could be drawn up against the modes of criminal procedure prevalent everywhere. There cannot be any question of the fact that the machinery of the law, as it is administered in the United States, is cumbersome and slow, and provides more safeguards than terrors for the criminal. A skillful criminal lawyer, if his client possesses any influence or standing whatever, can "wear out" any ordinary case, even of murder. The law fills his hand with trump cards. He can find plenty of technicalities, a flaw in the indictment, or some other legal quibble, and he can ask for new trials and appeals and postpone until the important witnesses are dead or have left the country and the public has forgotten the case.

A DOMESTIC disturbance which threatens to affect seriously an important industry in Denver is reported by the Colorado Sun. The city council recently passed an ordinance limiting the minimum price of chips used in the gambling houses to 25 cents. The gamblers insist that the enforcement of this law operates to exclude the humble players. While willing to apply the rule to the far games, they request that the ordinance be so amended as to permit 10-cent chips to be issued to devotees of roulette and keno. The council is obdurate in the matter, however, and one alderman has gone so far as to threaten, if the gamblers don't stop their kicking, to introduce an ordinance for closing the gambling houses altogether. This threat has thrown the community into a fever of excitement, and every 10-cent advocate is clamorously demanding that he be given a show for his money. If the council stands by its action, or attempts to close the houses, the issue will be carried into the municipal campaign, making it the liveliest in the city's history.

The war between the stockmen and the "rustlers" in Wyoming is an incident of frontier life in a community where primitive conditions have not yet been supplanted by a social organization. In such a locality and amid such environments there is little or no respect paid to law. Its restraints are not felt and its penalties excite slight apprehension. It is natural, perhaps, that the cattle thieves should have the sympathy of the small farmers. The latter look with no favor on the big ranchmen, and the rustlers do not steal from the small farmers. It is the stray mavericks from the great herds which the thieves regard as their legitimate prey. It is anomalous, however, that the peace officers should be found on the side of the rustlers, as appears to have been the case in Johnson County. Under such conditions the action of the ranchmen is not without excuse. The present trouble marks the speedy and final disappearance of the range as a factor in breeding and feeding cattle. The rapid settlement of the country and the use of the land for farming purposes will soon compel the owners of immense herds to fence the boundaries reserved for grazing their stock. This will operate also to reduce the size of the herds. With a reduction in the number of cattle belonging to one individual or company and with inclosed pasture lands the rustler will disappear as a disturber. His occupation will be gone, and he, too, will go. Thus that which is now a serious problem to the friends of law and order will in the end solve itself. Meanwhile, however, the laws must be enforced as strictly as possible and an equitable form of government in Wyoming must be preserved, if it can be done. In order to accomplish this it may be necessary to send several regiments of Federal soldiers into the State. The effect produced by the presence of Colonel Van Horne's troops at the "T. A." ranch, near Buffalo, shows that the rustlers are willing to recognize the supremacy of Federal authority.

Edith Wilder's Journal.

By METTA E. S. BENSON,

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CHAPTER VII.

I was met at the door by Martha, Mrs. Volney's house-keeper, and who has been in her employ for such a long term of years that she considers herself as one of the family. "Good afternoon, Miss Wilder. Mrs. Volney is in her room, and wishes to see you at once. She knows you are come, so I need not climb the stairs again. But just lay off your hat, please, it'll seem more chippy to her I think." "Why, Martha, is Mrs. Volney really ill?" drawing off my gloves, as I turned to question her. "She isn't far from it, I can tell you. And I knew by her tone that she, too, had noticed Mrs. Volney's failing strength, and not without alarm. Mrs. Volney was seated by the open window. She turned her head as I paused at the door, and smiled faintly. "Good evening, Edith. Take the chair by the window yonder, please, the breeze seems very refreshing after the sultriness of the day." Smiling, I made answer: "There is always something beautiful, to me, in the approach of night-fall. Mrs. Volney. It brings with it such a sense of quiet and peaceful folding away." Her face saddened. "On the contrary, and especially of late, it impresses me with a feeling of gloom, horror almost. But have you heard from Joyce?" "I half rose from my chair. "O, no accident has happened!" she hastened to reassure me. "Here is her last letter. Read it if you like." It was brief and full of herself—her social triumphs, the high admiration she everywhere excited, and Leon's pride in this universal acknowledgment of her beauty. "She is very happy," Mrs. Volney said when I had finished reading. "After her own manner, yes," I replied. "But you wished to see me, Mrs. Volney." "I sent for you, Edith, to solicit a very great favor of you. I am unusually lonely since Joyce's marriage. I am not strong enough for the demands of society, and there is some trouble with my eyes, so that I can read but a few minutes at a time. I can think of no one whom I could have about me as a companion save yourself. I like your quiet, thoughtful ways, and the unobtrusive kindness which has always characterized your intercourse with me. I will make your salary double that you are earning at present, and you shall be free to go and come as you please, with the privilege of a daughter." She must have read negation in my face. "Do not deny me, Edith! If you understood how much I really need you I am sure you would not refuse my request." What could I say after such an appeal, but that I would consider the matter until morning. "There can be no choice of action, Edith, to him who clearly sees the right." It was Rose who uttered these words, Rose, with my hands clasped close in her own, the moonlight touching her face with a halo as of glory. "But think of it, Rose, I was driven from a quiet home nest last year by the happy event of Edna's marriage. Without a murmur I sought another, and now that I am so contented, O Rose, why should I be disturbed, I exclaimed, with a burst of passionate tears. "Come, Edith," she said after a moment, "let us find if there are no blue sky and sunshine in this picture. You will earn more money, have more leisure, and can therefore be more helpful to my people, as you call them." "But these are watery sunbeams. You have not created sunshine yet." "You must wait the coming days for that, dear. It may be you will find in this new and broader pathway, work so ennobling, duties so sacred, that you will count all other delights your life has known as dross in comparison." "I cannot think that, Rose, when I recall what dear delights have beautified my life." Yet I drew a certain sense of comfort from her words, and had time to think of the difference my going would make to her lives than mine. "And what of your mother, and Dick, and of yourself, Rose?" All the light faded out of her face, leaving only a grayish pallor behind. "We must go back to the old manner of living again." "Listen to me, Rose. Mrs. Volney is no more to me than any other chance acquaintance. She is a proud, aristocratic woman, who has paid me without stint for the services I have rendered her, but beyond this has never questioned—was I sad or happy? Now that she has come into a time of weakness she turns to me for some possible good she fancies I am able to give her. For this woman's sake are you willing to relinquish the enjoyments and advantages of this dear little home, and with your mother and Dick go back to the old tenement house?" She moved uneasily, as

though she felt the red-hot pinchers tearing at the quivering flesh. Then she grew quiet and her face passed slowly into one of its higher phases. "Yes," in the lowest possible tone of voice, in which I could detect no slightest quiver of indecision; but there was some subtle sound in its deep undertones that instantly pictured before my mind the Garden of Gethsemane. "I arose and walked the floor to and fro, then came and knelt beside her. "Rose, you have sealed my fate. I will go to Mrs. Volney in the morning and remain with her as long as she may desire; but in the meantime you shall promise to abide at 'Rose Cottage.' I want a home into which I can feel free to intrude at all sorts of odd hours. I want to come sometimes and sleep in the room which is inexpressibly dear to me because it is so near your own. O Rose, I would rather die than that this home which unites our lives should be severed! You will not refuse me?" "Put in that way I cannot," stooping to seal our compact with a kiss. And thus, with her face close to mine, she uttered a few words of prayer,—such beautiful, glad, earnest words—and my mind pictured another scene: I saw the great hosts of Israel coming up out of the sea in safety, and in the midst of them was Miriam, singing her song of praise. JULY 2. I have been two weeks with Mrs. Volney in the new role of companion. My duties are very light and pleasant. I have only to read aloud to her at times; brighten the rooms with fresh flowers; write her letters; entertain her callers when she does not feel equal to the effort; and myself be as cheery as possible at all times. Yesterday morning when we returned from our usual early ride, and James, the man of all work assisted Mrs. Volney from the carriage, she said: "Drive as far as you would like to, Edith, Martha will do all that requires until your return." I thanked her and turned the ponies to the direction of Rose Cottage. Taking Rose with me I drove out to where the road wound between fields of growing grain, which the warm west wind transformed into billowy, heralded seas, and came to us as we rode along, laden with the peculiar sweetness of new-mown hay. After a mile or so, a strip of dense beautiful woodland came down to the very roadside. Woods that were full of sumnerous shadows, fresh earth scents, tall graceful ferns, and bright-hued blossoms. I alighted and gathered ferns, and flowers, and little tufts of exquisite moss, so that Rose might hold them in her hands, and carry them back with her into the noise and dust of the city. Her face was radiant, and her eager exclamations of delight seemed almost pathetic when I remembered that all her life long she had been shut away from the quiet retreats of nature. "You do not appear unhappy," Rose said, as we rode slowly homeward. "I am not," I responded, "and I am surprised at the ease with which I have become accustomed to my new manner of life." "It has proven one of the pleasantest things God is always keeping in store to surprise us with when we bravely go forward in the way he would have us walk, whatever it may cost us of personal sacrifice. You will be finding these little surprises all along the road, Edith." "I used not to believe in this personal supervision of God; but with the richer thought of to-day I am able to understand how he can make a human heart, wet by the tears of its own sorrow, fragrant with the flowers of faith and joy as easily as he can set the fields ablaze after a time of fierce storm or gentle rain. And I see with this broader vision, Rose, because I have sat at your feet and listened to your teachings." A look of pain flitted over her face, then vanished, leaving it radiant. "No, I will not shrink away from your words of honest praise," she said meditatively. "For I remember a time when I sat in the deepest darkness, feeling that life, my life, because of its pain and its helplessness,—was a curse. At last there moved into the rooms next to our own, a man and his wife and children, and the wife's grandmother, very old, and feeble, and totally blind. It was in mid-winter. They were distressingly poor and very often were both hungry and cold; but the spirit of that helpless old grandmother pervaded the entire household and made it the most beautiful family I ever knew." "Why is it," I asked her one day when mother had led her into our room to keep me company, "that you are always happy? Tell me the secret of your joy?" "Sakes alive, child, it ain't no secret!" "But it must be, grandmother, since in spite of your desolate surroundings you are so happy." "That's just it, child," she replied with a little quaver of laughter I shall never forget. "Happiness doesn't come from the outside of a body, but from the inside. And when once you've found its source, its for all the world like a natural spring of water, it keeps bubbling up and filling ye so full there ain't no room for worryment. And bless God, child, it'll be so through all eternity." "Happiness comes from within," I repeated the words over and over, until the thought took root in my heart, and grew, and blossomed, so that life was rich with their fragrance,—content, peace, joy. None of us are so lowly that we may not set some tiny wave of bliss in motion, that shall grow unceasingly in width and power until it reaches the far shore. And where is that, Edith?" "Why, there is none rose, Rose. It is forever." "Wonderful, is it not, dear?" I just reached out and touched her hand—the one that held the flowers—

and the silence between us was unbroken until we said "good-bye" at Rose Cottage. SUNDAY AFTERNOON. I have just returned from "Rose Cottage." Every Sunday at 3 o'clock Rose holds her meetings. Strange that in finding Louis and Aggie Adams, I should have found Rose's work; but from the day when Mr. Adams came for his children until the present, not a Sunday has passed that he has not come to sit at Rose's feet with the rare devotion of a Pilgrim seeking some sacred shrine. Mr. Adams had a long and severe struggle with his habit of drunkenness, but by the help of Dr. Brownlow and Rose, he was able at last to conquer his besetting sin. For months he has been a sober and industrious man. He has a comfortable home in a quiet and respectable neighborhood. There is a marked change in the apparel and bearing of himself and family and it would be impossible, I think, to find a happier wife than Mrs. Adams, or two children more lovable in every way than Louis and Aggie. This work of Rose's has grown very gradually. At first it was only Mr. Adams and the children, and Mrs. Owens always had ready some bit of refreshment, and Rose would give to each of the children a pretty card with a motto upon it, which they were to commit during the week, and from our small library Mr. Adams was told to select a book to occupy his leisure hours. After a time he asked the privilege of bringing an old comrade along with him who was trying to reform. And Aggie came one day leading by the hand a shy little ragged waif, between whom and Edna there sprang up a marvelous gift of song, and only to-day Edna said, passing her hand carefully over the sunburnt tinted hair: "The world shall hear from my little girl some of these days." Sometimes Dick would bring in a homeless little bootblack or newsboy with his Sunday papers under his arm. And if one came once he was sure to come again and again, bringing others with him, until at last Dr. Brownlow suggested the fitting of a large, pleasant room, and for which we had no other use, in which to hold these weekly meetings. Edna furnishes cards for the smaller children, and through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Benton we have several copies of the *Youths' Companion* and the *Youths' Temperance Banner* to distribute among the attendants. Dr. Brownlow solicited funds from some of his more wealthy patrons, and by each one of us putting a shoulder to the wheel, Rose has a library for "her people" of more than 100 choice volumes. At these meetings Rose has always some bright, beautiful things to say,—simple, earnest, hopeful, helpful words,—and men, women and children sit entranced before her; Edna has charge of the singing; Mr. Adams and Dick look after books and papers; and so Rose seeks to have each one learn the secret of a happy life, by finding some work to do; and herself is happy, because she knows that her life is not being lived in vain. That the influence of her gentle deeds will survive her, as the subtle sweetness which clings to the rose, long since dead as dust. JULY 12. For days the heat has been intense. The flowers droop their sweet heads in the yellow glare of the mid-day sun, and even the shadows of the tall, umbrageous trees, and the perpetually falling spray of the fountains, seem unrefreshing. I am conscious that Mrs. Volney is slowly failing. There has come upon her of late a slight, hollow cough, and a daily chill, hardly perceptible, but a faint foreboding of life's decay. That the secret sorrow which she is enduring is creating, the death of this proud and aptible woman I have not a doubt. This morning I placed her couch in such a position that she could obtain a full view of the fernery, and where the falling mist of a small marble fountain made low, slumberous music in the air. She was silent for a long time, while I sat by an opposite window sewing upon a dress for one of Rose's little girls. At last she said: "Will you bring a book from the library, Edith, and read aloud?" I think I must be a trifle nervous this morning." She said this with a sad, fitting smile. "I will do so with pleasure, Mrs. Volney; but what shall it be, prose or poetry? Wise or foolish?" Again that fleeting smile, as I paused midway of the room to question her. "Let it be prose, and something that will set me thinking. Sometimes it is better to think other people's thoughts than your own." I came back with one of Emerson's books in my hand,—his "Letters and Social Aims." I named the subjects in their order. "Read the one on 'Immortality,'" she said. "When I came to that part where 'the modern Greeks, in their songs, asked that they may be buried where the sun may be set; and that a little window may be cut in the sepulchre, from which the swallow might be seen when it comes back in the spring,—she turned her face toward me and smiled, though her eyes were large with tears. "It may be a very foolish thing to tell you, Edith, but I have often thought that sometime the robins would come in the early spring, and sing their half-pilgrimage, wholly sweet songs about my silent resting place, and that I should lie there dumb and unheeding. There is something inexpressibly saddening in the thought." I was surprised into silence by the pretty poetry of her words, so different from any I had ever before heard her utter. I tried, too, to think what Rose

would say to her, then trusted my own intuitions and replied: "Your thought is a very beautiful one, Mrs. Volney, and I think we can comfort ourselves with the assurance that if it will make us one whit happier to know when the robins return in springtime to the familiar places, the knowledge will be denied us, nor can the little thrill of gladness that always comes at sight of the first robin. For Rose—may she be born into a beautiful life, with a glorious new body for the freed spirit, and with all the old loves and ideals, just as much a part of us as now, only tenderer, more intense." She sprang from the couch and walked the floor hastily to and fro, with the palms of her hands turned outward as though to ward off a cruel blow. "An eternity!" she cried. "O, God forbid! I could not endure it! Beneath the dreamless sleep of annihilation that!" She sank upon the couch, pale and panting for breath. Quietly I went and knelt beside her, rearranged her pillows, and passed my hands over head and hands in slow, soothing touches, which calmed her almost instantly. "O, Edith!" looking straight into my eyes, and with such unutterable longing in the depths of her own as must have brought an answering gleam of sympathy into mine. I had never seen Mrs. Volney's face so pale—the lips pressed together with such a look of pain. I had a feeling that the moment was not far distant when the secrecy was to be broken. But I could not speak. I could not say: "Confide in me, Mrs. Volney. Let me help you bear this burden which is wearing your life away." Even if I could have trusted my voice, I should have feared wounding her. I waited for her to speak, but she remained silent, and after a time turned her head a little away from me, with her eyes fixed as on something incorporeal. The momentary moment passed. I was back to the window and to my sewing again, conscious of a disappointed yearning—a shutting out from something that was a part of my own life—and I could not hinder my imagination from taking a slow flight over what seemed possibilities. JULY 13. Mrs. Volney's physician was late in coming to-day, and he lingered longer than usual with her, in a low and earnest conversation. When at last he was gone, I found her lying upon a couch drawn up before the open window, her face very pale and turned toward the west, where the sunlight lingered in a rosy flush. She moved slightly at my approach. "Edith," she said, almost in a whisper, "at last I know the truth. When the leaves fall from the trees I shall die." "I tried to speak, but the words were hindered by struggling sobs, and great tears that fell fast. I knelt down beside her and she laid one of her weak hands upon my bowed head. When I had grown quiet, she said, still in that low voice: "Is it possible, Edith, you care so much for me?" "I do indeed love you, Mrs. Volney, very, very dearly; but I am selfish toward your sorrow, when I should seek to give you comfort, instead." "You have comforted me more than you know, Edith, for if you do really love me, then I can trust you, and I must trust some one! I can no longer bear my burden alone." Some tremulous emotion passed into her entire being so that she spoke with intense effort. [TO BE CONTINUED.] The umbrella trust has already taken most of the manufacturers under cover. Those still remaining will be glad to get in out of the rain before long. WHEN Kentucky asks that "no whisky shall be sold on the Exposition grounds at the World's Fair," who can say that the temperance cause is wanting? THERE was a time when it was supposed that if all other means of defense against the ravages of the photographer failed distance at least could be relied upon, but now some flend in human shape has combined the telescope and the camera and "long-distance" photography has become as easy and as simple as long-distance telephoning. Hereafter one can not walk abroad under the clear sky of heaven without being exposed to the danger of being photographed by whoever, miles away, is pleased to take the trouble to catch his likeness in the lens of a telescopic camera. There is no longer the slightest hope of anything like privacy left in life. You may read of the cleverest forgers or embezzlers of the century, or of the cleverest murderers, and their arrest has been brought about by some trifling, unconsidered incident which detective skill has developed. The cleverest and one of the most extensive forgers of this country was sent to a penal cell in England for a number of years, and the only thing upon which the authorities had to work was a letter, found in a thousand scraps, in his room. A bright fire was in the apartment at the time of his capture, and even the man with no desire to hide his correspondence would have availed himself of its presence to destroy useless written communications. But the criminal seems to overlook these small points

AS A DETECTIVE
nder's Game With the New
burgh-Ticket Scalpers.
WON THEIR CONFIDENCE
To Be Arrested on the Charge
Ewinding the West Shore.
Everyone Who Bought Tickets Know
They Had Been Used Before, Will
Prosecuted the Loss to the Railro
Estimated at Thousands of Dollars—
Bar Tactics Are Said to Have B
Pursued in Other Towns.
NEWBURGH, May 9.—The arrest
of Saloon Keeper Michael H.
Thomas Gillooly and John J. E
on a charge of defrauding the W
ore Railroad Company is estima
re as of very great importance. T
accused of conspiring with pas
conductors to resell tickets and
red-rate ticket book covers.
Pender came here in the latter part
Arch. He said he was a New York
in the insurance business, but he
ever did anything here in that line.
last long after his arrival that he
to hang around the West Shore
There he met Horton, who kept
a short distance away in So
freet street, and Gillooly, who is
spot news agent. It was soon w
ered that they were in partnership
ticket-scalping business. The lo
railroad company is said here to
regate many thousands of dollars.
A warrant has been issued for a
named Thomas Cunningham, a
for Horton, but he has got away
District Attorney Michael H. Hirsch
Newburgh, traveled over the
any times last winter, and people
think it was he who informed the
more officials of how they were b
winded.
After being arrested the three
were arraigned before Recorder Mc
ery, and released on bail in the su
1,000 each. Horton and Gillooly
very nervous at the hearing, but P
ery cool.
This was remarked by everybody,
nothing thing noticed was the ge
most familiar way in which the E
rton men who had him in ch
handled him. After the examina
Pender took the first train to New
and he hasn't been seen around
knowing ones say that this city
seen the last of him.
The suspicion is that he is a Pink
man, and that he came here for the
press purpose of getting into the
ence of Horton and Gillooly and
retaining them. It is evident that
two unscrupulous men are of the same w
hinking. They have been heard
some very harsh things of him.
The District Attorney has said th
will prosecute every person who
pought tickets from the scalpers I
they had been already used.
used to say anything about Pender
smiled knowingly when his name
mentioned. He acknowledged,
over, that he was going to prosec
against those citizens of Newburgh
had patronized the scalpers, kno
they were swindling the road.
It is asserted here that what has
done by the Pinkertons in Newbur
the way of getting evidence has b
pented in many towns along the li
that other arrests will follow soon.
The Niagara Falls Tunnel.
NIAGARA FALLS, May 9.—George
the celebrated English electricia
ner and expert, has arrived here
company with the executive offi
of the Cataract Construction Co.
Prof. Forbes has devised a plan
transmission of electrical power
the Falls to Buffalo, by the use of
ternating current, which has at
great attention in the electrical
and he is here in the interest of
vention. Work on the big tunnel
gressing rapidly. A beautiful
for the portal of the tunnel has b
cepted. It is a representation
"Father of the Great Waters,"
dian chief.
Efforts to Improve the Leather M
NEW YORK, May 9.—The mee
prominent leather dealers in
resulted in an agreement not to
bides for sixty days, that is, th
be no tanning during that period
while the large stock of sole an
leather on hand will be greatly
ashed, and prices are expected to
upward turn. There is now suc
leather that prices are too low
profit. At the end of sixty days
will be resumed, and each tan
produce as much as has been
hundred tanneries were repres
the meeting. It was reported
leather trust was to be formed,
was not the case.
Canadian Retaliation.
TORONTO, May 9.—The report
tion of the United States Govern
impose tolls on Canadian vessels
through the Sault Ste. Marie
being discussed by the local gov
who say that if the United Sta
ment carry out their intent
Canadian Government should
the treaty of 1871 as to the Ar
and allow no United States car
through the Welland Canal wi
The chief Canadian sufferers by
posed embargo would be the
Pacific Railroad Company, who
do the main trade in bringing
Manitoba and Northwest grain
Snowstorm in Nebraska.
OMAHA, May 9.—A heavy fal
has occurred throughout the r
ern tier of counties in Nebra
teen inches have fallen there.
portions of the State the su
quite so deep. A cold rain is
the eastern part of the State,
where there is nothing but a
The farmers are appalled.