

KITTY'S HUSBAND

By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"I don't know the details of the rest—but she threw John over; she couldn't bear the prospect of poverty; Monsieur Arnaud, who had made a colossal fortune in trade, who had bought land in Brittany, had heard her sing and proposed and been refused, and now proposed again and was accepted. She accepted the colossal fortune, and hoped that the jam would compensate for the presence of the pill in the shape of monsieur. I hope monsieur proved a more bitter pill than she expected; I hope devoutly that he proved a brute; but of that history does not speak."

The clock ticked on again in the silent room. Meg and I sat still, saying nothing for some minutes; then I asked half absently—

"Who told you the story?"

"Never mind who told me," said Meg, rising suddenly from the elbow of my chair and wandering away from me to turn over the music on the piano. "I heard it long ago, but had half forgotten it; and it was only the other day that I knew it was John to whom she had been engaged."

"And John thinks her so good?" I said wonderingly, speaking to myself rather than to Meg.

"My dear," returned Meg drily, "John is a paragon—as I believe we have said before."

A soft tap at the drawing-room door, and the maid announced—

"Madame Arnaud."

I rose quickly. Madame Arnaud came across the room towards me. She kissed me and shook hands with Meg; and, in another minute, I was offering her tea, and she was sitting talking to us in that soft, low, musical voice of

will come and see you every day if you like. I'm nicer than Kitty—I am, indeed!"

Meg had succeeded. It was impossible to talk seriously if Meg meant the conversation to be frivolous. The conversation remained frivolous until Madame Arnaud rose to go.

"John is not back yet?" she asked, as she rose from her chair.

"His slippers are still in view," said Meg—"on the dining-room fender—or is it in the breakfast-room, Kitty, that they reside when warming?"

"No, John is not in yet," I replied coldly.

Madame Arnaud opened the fur bag-muff she carried and took out a letter.

"I feared I should not see him. Will you give him this?" she said, and there was just a touch of embarrassment in her manner as I took the letter from her. "You won't forget it?" she besought me, with a note of anxiety in her clear, sweet voice.

"I am not likely to forget," I said.

A minute later Meg and I were alone again, and Meg, too, was rising to go.

"Kitty, do you pride yourself on your manners as a youthful hostess?" she asked.

"No, not at all."

"That's a good thing," she said.

"I dare say I was rude," I admitted unrepentantly.

"Oh, don't feel doubtful about it, dear—you needn't! You were an icicle—an iceberg—the polar regions! I'm going, dear. Good-night."

"Good-night," I said.

Meg was gone. The fire was now burning low; the lamp, with its big red shade, made a circle of light in the distant corner; all the rest of the room was dim. I sat in my low chair beside

"The society of one's contemporaries is such a relief, is it not?" I said; and I meant the speech to be biting in its sarcasm. My voice spoiled the speech a little by faltering. John was looking at me with such a grave glance that my eyes fell.

He did not answer me. He drew on his thick gloves slowly, looking thoughtfully away from me down into the fire; then he sighed, kissed me in a grave way, and went.

I heard the street door shut, then I sat down in a hopeless attitude upon the rug, buried my face in my hands, and burst into tears.

CHAPTER XII.

Seven o'clock, eight o'clock, nine o'clock struck. The fire had burnt lower, and at last had gone out; the room had grown cold. Still I sat in the same attitude—my head bowed down upon my hands—and tried to think calmly of the future that lay before me—tried and failed. I was so young!—I had so many years to live!—that thought was too pitiful; it made me cry anew! And as long as I live, John's life must be a bondage; he had married me for kindness' sake, but perhaps he had never realized beforehand how little I should have in common with him, how young I was, how foolish, how dull the constant companionship of a girl of seventeen must be. And again my tears flowed fast for John's sorrow or for the pathos of my own part therein.

I was numb with cold, dazed with weeping, when at last I rose from the floor. Suppose John should return at this moment and find me in tears! In sudden fear of his return, I ran upstairs to my room, took my hat and cloak and went out of doors into the cold gray October night.

There were few people about. In the park the paths were deserted. If I had been less unhappy, I should have been frightened at the loneliness; I was too wretched to feel fear or to care about the cold.

The clouds parted a little; the moon came out and shone down between the trees upon the rippling water; the water sparkled coldly, the bare branches looked ghostly in the pale silvery light. Then the clouds gathered again and the moon was hidden.

I sat down on a seat beside the path-way, with my fur cloak drawn closely about me; and my tears fell fast again beneath my veil. Footsteps came slowly up the lonely path. Two figures were advancing in the darkness; I saw them dimly outlined, but did not heed them. I only awoke to any interest in them when my ear detected a woman's choking sob.

"I cannot bear it!" said a voice—a woman's voice, tremulous, broken. "It is too hard—I cannot bear it! For ten years I have hoped for the best. I have borne everything; I have looked forward to brighter times, never allowed myself to despair. And now—now—the ten years are over, and things are as they were ten years ago. But then I had courage! Now I have no courage. I look forward to the future and see no comfort—none—none!"

The voice was so broken, so tearful, that it scarcely struck me as familiar. The man and woman slowly advanced, slowly passed; then, all at once through the parting clouds, the moon shone out again—shone across the retreating figures, and I recognized John and Madame Arnaud.

(To be continued.)

LIGHTNING WORK ON TROUSERS

How the Cheap Grade of "Pants" Are Made.

"Pantaloons-making has been reduced to a great science in the big factories both here and in the north," said a New Orleans clothing dealer to a New Orleans Times-Democrat man. I refer, of course, to the cheap garments that in this section are sold almost entirely to the negroes. A pair of "pants" of that grade contains twelve pieces, the outlines of which are represented by slits in the top of a heavy table. Twenty-four sections of cloth are laid on the table and a revolving knife like a buzz-saw travels through the slits. As it does so it cuts the fabric into the exact patterns. The whole thing is done with incredible swiftness and the pile of cloth is scarcely deposited when it is fully cut. The pieces are then sent on an electric carrier to the sewing machines, which are also run by a motor. Each operative has only one thing to do. The first one will put in the leg seams, the second sew up the body, the third will put on the waistband, and a fourth will attach the straps. The buttonholes are worked by machinery, and, as a rule, the buttons themselves are of the automatic staple variety and are secured by a single motion of a sort of punch. It is very interesting to watch the garment passing from hand to hand, and it reaches the inspector all complete with a celerity that nearly takes one's breath away. It is then ironed by being passed between a series of gas-heated rollers and is ready to be ticketed and placed in stock. Under the present system the outputs of some of the large factories have been quadrupled during the last five years."

Coffee for Breakfast. Philadelphia Record; Doctor—Dyspepsia, eh? You want to drink a cup of hot water first thing every morning. Patient—I always do. My boarding mistress invariably serves coffee for breakfast.

"The memory of man," remarked the Stockton sage, "differs from romance in that it usually runneth not to the contrary."

"AN ACT OF MADNESS."

THE PROPOSED ABANDONMENT OF PROTECTION.

If We Are to Achieve Commercial Supremacy We Must Hold to the Policy That Has Made Us Industrially and Financially Supreme.

A timely article on the subject of "Commercial Empire and Protection" is contributed by Hon. Edward N. Dingley to Guntton's Magazine for October. It is just now quite the fashion among certain expounders of "advanced" economic theory to assert that protection has outlived whatever usefulness it ever had in the matter of developing and sustaining domestic industries, and, in view of the new conditions which have arisen, must now be greatly modified, or, better still, altogether abandoned. Such is the purport of an article in a recent number of the Forum, and to this proposition Mr. Dingley adds himself with the vigor and zeal born of an intense conviction that the abandonment of our fixed national policy just at a time when its successful operation has wrought such splendid results would be an act of madness.

It was by establishing and maintaining a protective tariff, as Mr. Dingley points out, that the founders of our republic, after having thrown off the political yoke of England, took steps to throw off the commercial and industrial yoke which the "mother country" had so firmly fastened upon the necks of the American people. How successful was this determination and what magnificent results have flowed from the practical realization of the hopes of the fathers of the republic are matters of history. Today the republic stands supreme among the nations of the earth—supreme, industrially, commercially, and financially; the home of the most prosperous and powerful nation the world has ever known.

After the lapse of a century from the passage by congress of the first tariff bill under the federal constitution, framed by Madison and approved by Washington—an act "for the support of the government, for the discharge of debts of the United States, and for the protection of manufactures"—the same fundamental principles remain alive in the Dingley tariff law of today: the raising of revenues and the encouragement of domestic industries. The effective manner in which these principles are carried out under the existing tariff law, together with the demonstrated fact that because of the increased employment and the increased purchasing power of the people a protective tariff produces more revenue than a free-trade tariff, are matters which Mr. Dingley's article emphasizes most convincingly. Similarly cogent is his demonstration that the "home market can be preserved only by maintaining to the highest possible degree the purchasing and consuming power of our own people." This is the pivotal point of the whole question.

Turning to the question of commercial supremacy, Mr. Dingley urges that "a nation must be industrially and financially supreme before it can be commercially supreme; it must be strong at home before it can be strong abroad." It is for the full development and maintenance of this strength at home that the writer appeals—a strength which has come by and through protection, and which will remain with this nation as the result of steadfast persistence in the faith of the fathers who planned protection as the surest, the only, way to secure for their country absolute freedom, absolute independence, absolute prosperity.

If for no other reason than to serve notice upon all whom it may concern that protectionists see nothing in existing conditions which suggests the wisdom of abandoning the American policy, but are, on the contrary, firmer than ever in their adherence to that policy, Mr. Dingley has done well to make public his views in the article in Guntton's from which we have quoted. Protectionists know where they stand, and it is well that the "advanced" theory expounders should also know.

NOT OVERPRODUCTION.

Underconsumption Caused Our Troubles in Free Trade Times.

Some of the free traders, like Mr. Bryan and Mr. Belmont, are still talking about the "burdens" of the people. Other free traders, who have sense enough to know that the people can't be fooled with any claptrap about "burdens" when they are in the midst of such prosperity as exists today, when work is seeking the worker and when the Saturday night wage is larger than it has ever been before, are looking about for some more available weapon to use against the protective tariff. The bugaboo they present is overproduction. This is a more subtle argument than that of the "burden" cries, but not more sound. Facts are quite as strong against it. Farmers, manufacturers and merchants all find a strong and steady demand for all their wares, and the prices are good. The demand for labor is unusually good, and is on the increase. These are not the signs of overproduction. People don't go on buying after they have had enough, and employers don't continue to hire more laborers when they have products enough on hand to satisfy existing demands.

The chances are that the free traders are not at all sincere in their cry against overproduction; but, if they are, it is only further evidence of their utter inability to understand economic principles. If the American people consumed no more in times of industrial activity, such as the present, than in times of industrial depression, such as

the years from 1893 to 1896, overproduction would be a reality. But industrial activity, with the increased work and wages which it means for everybody, brings also increased consumption on the part of everybody. As we produce more and have, therefore, more of the wherewithal to buy, the more numerous are our wants and the greater our demands for the products of other workers.

The economic system is a system of interdependence. The market for the increased product in any one industry is at hand in the increased demands of the workers in every other industry. Furthermore, if, instead of having more of the luxuries of life, we prefer to lay up money, there are the world's markets to take the surplus products which we don't want for ourselves. Our increased and increasing foreign trade shows that we are taking advantage of them.

In any case, so long as human nature is what it is; so long as the more we can have the more we want, there will be no overproduction. In free-trade days we have more than once suffered from underconsumption, but we have never yet had a case of overproduction, and we are not likely to have such a case.

Prosperity and Education.

From all over the country there are reports that the enrollments at public and private schools, from the primary grades to the universities, are larger this year than ever before. Some increase might have been expected as a result of the steady growth of population, but the marked gain noted this season is much more largely due to the general prosperity of the country. Thus the good times that have resulted from wise national policies, from large crops and from good markets not only bring employment to all who seek it, not only afford good investments for all who have money to invest, not only increase the earning power of both labor and capital and contribute to the comforts and necessities of daily life, but they open the way for more liberal education. Children who had been forced to earn something for the family are released from their employment and sent to school. Young men and young women who have had but limited opportunities for higher education now find themselves able to attend the colleges and universities. The benefits of prosperity are incalculable, but among them one of the greatest is along educational lines.—Kansas City Journal.

Never Again.



Wage Earner: "No, I thank you; not any for me. I tried your game in 1892, and know exactly how it works. Protection is good enough for me."

A Destructive Remedy.

Since the election of McKinley production has increased at such a rate that the per capita consumption in 1899 will probably be more than double that of the disastrous years under Cleveland. We can only maintain this rate of consumption by keeping our mills employed, and that can only be done by preventing the encroachments of foreigners, who are constantly trying to break into and break down our market. If we dispense with protection we simply invite Germany and other countries where capital has been effectively organized to drive our industries to the wall. No sane people will take such a risk. If the trusts become oppressive the American people will take them in hand and regulate them, but they will not commit the blunder of destroying the manufacturing industries of the country in a senseless effort to avert an evil which may be remedied by a resort to sensible methods.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Truth as to Trusts.

Mr. Oxnard's statement that trusts are the result of competition which has taken business beyond a paying point is certainly the truth as applied to most cases. Combinations are the law of present day tendencies, and it is only natural that when competition so reduced profits that there was nothing left for the producer, combination should step in to prevent such a slaughter. This does not justify such combinations, but merely explains them. It also indicates the foolishness of connecting these results with the tariff. The greater trusts now in the United States were formed under the (Gorman-Wilson tariff system. The greatest trusts in all history have been formed in other countries at other times and under nothing in the shape of a protective tariff system.—Peoria (Ill.) Journal.

Too Busy Now.

The laboring men who still cling to Bryanism should take into consideration this fact: When Bryan made his previous tour through the country they could go and hear him without losing any time whatever from the jobs they didn't have. Now every industriously inclined mechanic and day laborer will have to "lay off" from his job or miss the speech. The lesson is clear enough.—Indianapolis Journal.

TALK WITHOUT THINKING.

People Who Argue That the Removal of the Tariff Would Abolish the Trusts.

That a free-trader is a person who simply recites formulas without a thought as to their application is again shown by the attitude of the remnant of the old Cobdenite contingent in the Chicago conference. One after one the votaries—a man named Purdy from New York and a man named Holt from Boston and a man named Seymour from Chicago—like savage priests beating the temple gong, intone solemnly the words, "Abolish the tariff and you abolish the trusts," thump their breasts, bump their brows and retire into the robing room.

Not one of these men had apparently ever thought of the consequences of the practice proposed any more than he had examined the basis of the theory propounded. He had heard that the tariff prevented competition, that a lack of competition created trusts and that trusts raised prices, and that, therefore, the lack of a tariff would prevent trusts and lower prices. Not one had ever tested the grounds of the major premise, nor noted the patent facts that the greatest trusts are the unprotected industries, and that the greatest increase of prices has been in the most keenly competed industries. As with cause so with effect. Not one can possibly have considered for an instant the immediate result of the adoption by the government of the course proposed.

The American Sugar company and its solitary rival are in all men's minds when the subject of a trust in a protected industry is mentioned. Let us suppose the tariff abolished on this commodity. What would be the result of the impact of the German, Austrian, French and Belgian goods upon the producers of the American goods? Which would suffer—the great combination with its \$50,000,000 capital, its enormous reserve of undivided profits, its huge plants and consequently cheap output, or the single corporation which is fighting it? Is it not plain that it would not be the "trust" or combination of concerns which would succumb to this foreign competition, but the individual concern? And what, then, would be the result? We saw it here a little over a year ago when the foreign steamship companies formed a pool to wring double rates from the United States government for carrying the Spanish prisoners to their homes. The result would be the formation of that thing so completely irresponsible and wholly unconscionable in its absolutism of the governance of the public opinion of its vicinage—the international trust. We would have a thing whose excesses would be blamed in Germany upon the American sugar trust. And the healthful domestic competition, which inside the tariff, with the aid of jealous public sentiment, had regulated the price of the commodity, would be extinct.

Every step of these processes must be unavoidably plain to the most commonplace mind at the moment that it is concentrated on the subject. Yet gentlemen travel a thousand miles, considering their "problem" all the way, and never once putting their formulated solution to the most obvious test of practice. There is no barbarian religion more thoroughly benumbing to the mind than the outworn doctrines of free trade.—New York Press.

Prosperity for All.

The editorial writer of the Gratiot Journal in last issue said that "the prosperity of the country had not reached the middle and lower classes of society," and then proceeded to get off a canned article on trusts. The Journal writer knows, if he has given the matter any attention, that even Ithaca factories are running on fuller time than they were during the last administration. There isn't a farmer in the vicinity of Ithaca that isn't getting more for his cattle, sheep and other stock. There isn't a working-man in the country that can't get work if he wants it, and at good wages. The iron mines, the iron mills are hustling their hardest, something they weren't doing in '94-'96. Think of it! Big factories refusing orders because they are already filled up for three years to come, with their mills running on double time, and then have some one here yell out that the middle and lower classes are not feeling the better times.—St. Louis (Mich.) Republican-Leader.

Are There Any So Blind?

Ten thousand dollars paid to working men and women by four Xenia factories last Saturday. "The butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker"; the dry goods dealer and the grocer; the clothier, the shoe dealer and the printer; and every line of trade, and the landlord, each got part of this money. Within a few hours it had passed from hand to hand and had bought the necessities of life to make home comfortable and happy. This is what internal industries do for a nation. This is what the Republican party has long and bravely fought for—protection to American industries. Is there a man or woman in our community so blind as to not see that these should be fostered?—Xenia (O.) Gazette.

Howling Not Popular.

Mr. Bryan is against trusts, but he hasn't said yet what he would do to throttle them were he elected president. And it may be necessary for him to outline a policy before the people place their undivided confidence in his ability. Mere howling isn't popular any more. The voters are too busy with the new McKinley prosperity to listen to "declamation."—Winchester (Ill.) Standard.



"THERE IS A LETTER FOR YOU."

hers that made her most commonplace speeches charming, graceful and full of meaning.

"I want you and John to come to the theater with me one day next week," she said. "Miss Corfield has promised to come too. You must tell me which day will be most convenient."

"Thank you; any day," I replied coldly. I could not accept the invitation with the graciousness that was befitting.

I was grateful to Meg for breaking in and taking upon herself the onus of the conversation. She talked nonsense eloquently for the next ten minutes, and never left a pause.

"Do you know what I meant to say to you when I came this evening?" said Madame Arnaud at length, turning away from Meg and smiling at me. "I meant to scold you. Why do you never come to see us?"

"I do come, Madame Arnaud—very often."

"Not very often," she returned reproachfully. "Never unless we send a formal invitation to you!"

"Kitty has given up the world," interjected Meg. "She devotes herself to planning unexpected mutton chops for John, airing his newspapers, and putting his slippers down to warm."

Madame Arnaud, looking earnestly at me, paid no heed to Meg's explanations.

"We want to know you," she continued. "You won't let us know you!"

"Madame Arnaud," broke in Meg, irrepressibly, "Kitty is very dull when known. I've known her for seventeen years, and can speak with authority. I wish you'd want to know me instead! I should be most grateful—I would come to see you frequently, and never wait for formal invitations. I like coming to see people who live in big houses, with plenty of servants, and plenty of easy chairs, and hot-house flowers, and grapes and peaches out of season, and a brougham to drive in the park in, and a man in livery to open shop doors and wait outside! I

the fire and waited for John to come. He came at last. He stopped to hang up his hat and great-coat in the hall, then came briskly toward the drawing-room.

"Kitty! All in the dark!" he exclaimed, as he opened the door. He came across the room, bent down and kissed me, then stood before the fire, holding out his hands to warm them.

"John," I said in my coldest, most steady tone, determined to speak quite carelessly, "there is a letter for you— from Madame Arnaud. Here it is."

He took it eagerly. I opened a book and pretended to be deeply absorbed in it. John carried his letter across the room toward the lamp.

He read it without making any comment. I heard him turn to the first page to read it through again; he stood still for many minutes, the letter in his hand, and seemed to be lost in thought. The dinner-bell rang while he was standing there. I put down my book and rose slowly from my seat.

Then John sighed, folded his letter, and came towards me.

"Kitty, I am going out," he said.

I did not reply for a moment; my heart felt dead within me. I could not even feel angry; I was too heart-sick with misery, with helpless, hopeless, aching regret.

"To Madame Arnaud's?" I asked. And the question was asked in the most level tone, without passion, almost without interest in the answer.

"Yes, I am sorry to leave you again, Kitty."

But, although he spoke in his habitually gentle way, he spoke abstractedly.

"Don't trouble," I said, coldly, "I do not mind."

"Have dinner, Kitty. Then go round and see the girls."

"Oh, yes—that is a most exciting plan!"

"So exciting that you are almost glad to get rid of me?"

I smiled a hard, mirthless little smile.