

That Mysterious Major..

...BY...
ETHEL A. SOUTHAM

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

Great was his disappointment, however, as he laid the book on the table and opened it at the page at which it had begun to open naturally, to find that, instead of the stranger's eyes being riveted, as everybody's always were, to the bottom of the leaf, where the names of Lady Howard and Miss Evelyn Luttrell boldly confronted the reader, with the full address appended, they instantly wandered off to a few lines above, where, in easily decipherable letters, was written "Gilbert Falkland."

"Thank you; that will do." He closed the book and pushed it aside.

"I am very sorry to trouble you, sir, but—and the waiter placed an inkstand and pens at his elbow—"perhaps you'd kindly add your name."

"My name? Oh—yes—very well."

He was staring somewhat abstractedly through the window; but at the request he took up a quill, dipped it into the ink, and was just beginning the line with a rather awkward-looking "S," when he suddenly paused, hesitated a second, and, drawing hurriedly through the capital, finally wrote "Major Brown, London," in clear, legible characters.

A few minutes later Major Brown, as he designated himself, rose abruptly from his chair, and, with his hands in his pockets, was crossing the room toward the door, when a glimpse of a dainty lace handkerchief lying half concealed beneath the folds of a tablecloth attracted his notice. He stooped to get it, and, glancing at the monogram and crest embroidered in one corner, was about to hand it to one of the waiters to deliver it to its rightful owner, when a faint smile for the moment dispelled the frown which had gathered upon his forehead, and, without a word, he quietly placed it in the inside pocket of his coat.

"My dear fellow, you are a fool!" he murmured to himself. "Fancy throw-

ing away such an opportunity! This at least will be an excuse for one word with the curly-headed divinity!"

CHAPTER III.

The sun was streaming with all the persistence of a hot July morning sun through the interstices of Venetian blinds into a large private sitting room on the ground floor of the "Royal George" as Evelyn Luttrell, looking delightfully cool in a pink cotton gown, put in her head at the open window and surveyed the scene in astonishment.

"Nobody down? Are we really the first, after all?" she exclaimed, advancing to the middle of the room and glancing quickly from the table to the clock on the chimney-piece. "Well, Sambo, it is of no use waiting. We may as well go and see if there are any letters for us this morning."

As she spoke she opened the door and passed out into the cool, softly carpeted corridor, which seemed, after the heat and glare of the beach, where she and the poodle had been having a run, a perfect paradise in contrast. Swinging her hat carelessly in her hand, she hurried along toward the table where the morning delivery of letters was always to be found.

A tall, military-looking man in a light gray shooting-suit was standing casually surveying the post as Evelyn came up to it and rapidly scanned the different addresses. Her scrutiny was unsuccessful, however. Neither her own nor her aunt's name met her eyes upon any of the envelopes, and she had turned away and was about to cross the hall, when a voice suddenly arrested her footsteps.

"I beg your pardon?"

The words, spoken in singularly courteous tones and accompanied by a slight but most chivalrous bow, made

her pause in some amazement, to behold the wearer of the light shooting-suit, who had apparently been as deeply engrossed in the contents of the "Royal George" post-bag as herself, advancing toward her.

"But is not this for you? You must have overlooked it, I fancy."

Evelyn glanced quickly at the envelope which he was offering to her, directed indisputably to herself, and then, looking up, found herself encountered by the very same pair of gray eyes which she remembered meeting for the first time in the table d'hôte room the night before.

"Thank you—it is for me," she answered, with a vague sense of wonder. "I cannot think how I missed it."

"Oh, easily, I should imagine," was the prompt reply. "Among so many, it is no difficult matter to miss one. Still, as this has come to light, had you not better see if there are any more?"

"Perhaps I had," answered Evelyn, wrinkling up her forehead perplexedly.

She was turning to the table once more, when a hand was laid with a somewhat familiar gesture upon her arm and a voice said:

"Good morning, Miss Eve. Her ladyship has sent me to find you. What are you doing here?"

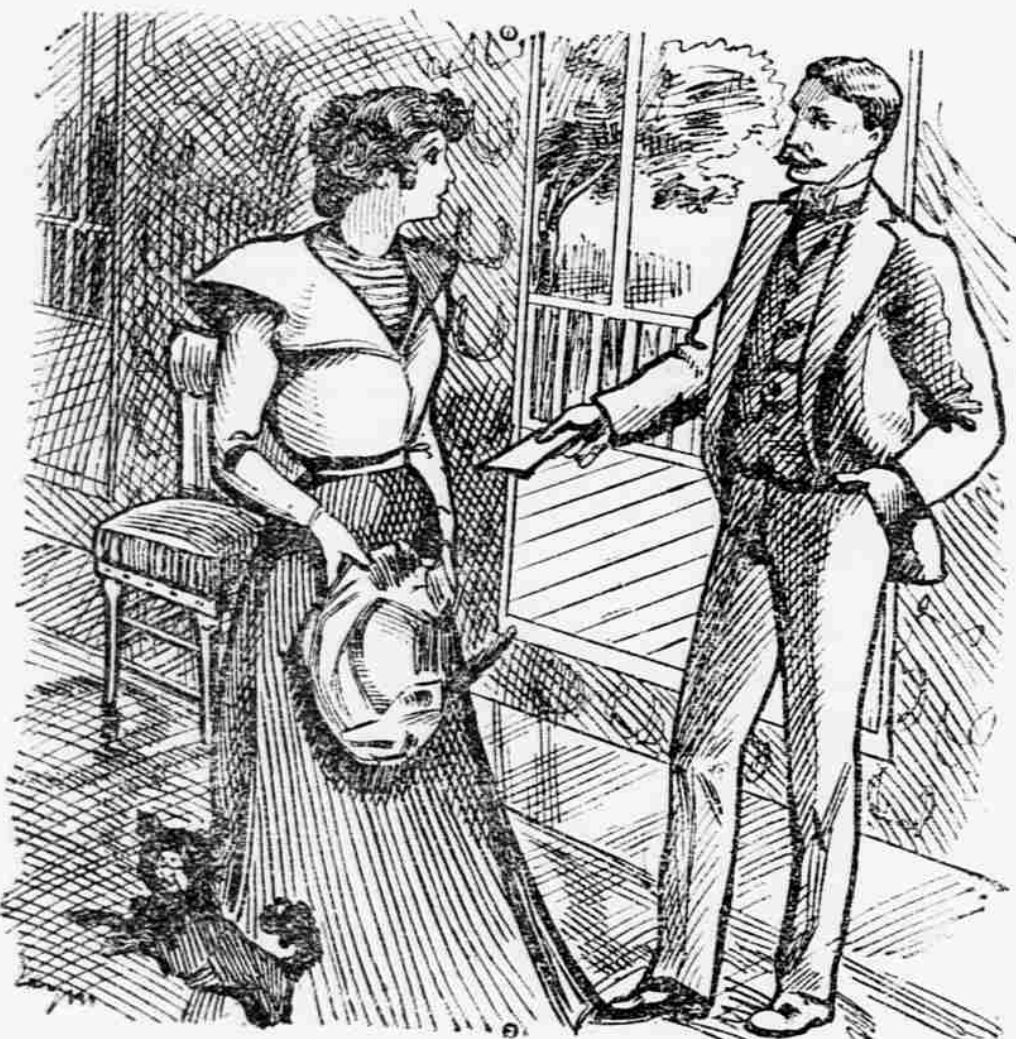
"Only trying to sort these letters. Have you been for yours yet?"

"No; I prefer my breakfast first. Letters are not always calculated to improve one's appetite. But come—Lady Howard wants to know what your opinion is of the weather. She thinks it is too hot for that drive which we were talking about."

"Very well, I am coming; but—"

She hesitated a second, and then glanced quickly toward Major Brown.

"Thank you very much," and, with a graceful little inclination of her head, she turned to follow Gilbert Falkland.



"BUT, IS NOT THIS FOR YOU?"

brows in astonishment. "I do not suppose that I shall ever speak to him again."

"Do you imagine that fellow did not know whom he was addressing this morning? Certainly he did! 'Luttrell' is by no means a common name, and directly he saw 'Miss Luttrell' posted in the visitors' book he guessed no doubt who you were and asked some one to point you out to him. Consequently he has taken the first opportunity of beginning an acquaintance, which I dare say he intends to follow up as speedily as possible. Ah, Lady Howard—here he threw open the door of the room which Evelyn had forsaken a few minutes before—"I have found your niece and brought her back to you. Here she is."

"And, by way of improving the occasion, he has been offering me a little of his valuable advice," announced Evelyn, going up to Lady Howard and bending down to kiss her as she sat at the head of the breakfast table, still a handsome, good-looking woman, in spite of the lines of care across her forehead and the silvery threads of hair distinctly visible beneath the soft folds of her widow's cap.

"I was only cautioning your niece against a fellow whom I noticed playing rather high in the billiard room last night, and with whom she had the ill-luck to have occasion to speak this morning," protested Falkland, strolling up to the window and gazing out with all the air of a man who was at home in her ladyship's private sitting room.

"To speak? My dear Eve, what have you been doing?" asked Lady Howard in alarm.

"Nothing, Aunt Lydia," answered Miss Luttrell, with a decided little shake of her head. "Do not agitate yourself, please! It is only Mr. Falkland who is piling up the agony now. This poor innocent man who has such wicked designs on us only handed me this letter"—throwing down the hapless-looking note upon the table—"that is all."

"And, as an old friend, knowing what thorough-paced scoundrels habitually frequent places of this description, I have advised her to avoid him for the future."

"Exactly," agreed her ladyship. "One cannot be too careful or exclusive at a hotel where one encounters the same person day after day. Who is this man that spoke to you, Eve?"

"Oh, ask Mr. Falkland," answered Evelyn in a deprecating tone. "He evidently knows more about him than I do, if he had the benefit of his society in the billiard room last evening, and perhaps—who knows?—joined him in some of his high play."

Falkland accepted the little taunt with an air of praiseworthy complacency, and turned calmly to Lady Howard.

"Well, I believe he goes by the elegant name of 'Brown.' That is vague enough, you would think; but his address of London only—Brown of London—is vaguer still."

"Yes, indeed; anybody would have difficulty in tracing him. But that reminds me. As you came in, I was just reading in the paper that—Do sit down, though, Mr. Falkland, and have some breakfast."

"Oh, no, thank you! I have just told Henry to have some ready for me in the coffee room; so I will not keep you from yours. But you were saying—"

"Only that they fancy they have at last found a clue to the whereabouts of that man who committed those fearful forgeries about twelve months ago," added Lady Howard, pouring out the coffee and passing a cup across to Evelyn. "You remember the Beauchamp case, which made such a commotion at the time?"

(To Be Continued.)

FOOD IS BETTER THAN TONICS

Debilitated Energies Do Not Require the Stimulation of Drugs.

A professor in one of the many medical colleges of this city holds that there is no need of buying and swallowing advertised tonics, because the accomplish no more than a judiciously selected diet will. The professor says that spinach is richer in iron, which is the basis of most tonics, than even the yolk of an egg, while the latter contains more than beef. The ordinary dish of spinach and poached egg is a tonic as potent as one in which iron forms a part, without the harmful effect of other ingredients that enter into the medical compound. Plants imbibe iron, and it is through them that we should absorb it into our system. That mineral is present largely in apples, lentils, strawberries, white beans, peas, potatoes and most of the red fruits and vegetables. Stewed black currants if taken daily in their season will cure anemia that has become chronic. It is the experience of mariners that while lime juice is a palliative of scurvy, potatoes are a specific. Nansen, in his voyage in the Fram, had no occasion to resort to the medicine chest. The concentrated form of all the fruits and vegetables that his men were accustomed to eat in Norway was worth a shipload of drugs. It is the first instance on record of the escape of Arctic explorers confined on shipboard from the ravages of scurvy and it was due entirely to the tonic effect of the food supplied.

A Rodent Wire-Walker.

There is a rat in Memphis which gives a slack wire exhibition every evening. He gives his performance at about the same time each evening and he generally has quite a crowd out to see him. The rodent crosses Front street every evening about 7:30 walking on a telegraph wire. He has done the trick fifty times or more and seems perfectly at home on the high wire.

TRUSTS IN ENGLAND.

HOW COMBINATIONS FLOURISH UNDER FREE-TRADE.

They Thrive More Luxuriantly in British Than in American Soil, and All the Better Because of the Absence of a Protective Tariff.

Writing to the New York Press from London under date of July 26, Mr. H. Curtis Brown, a staff correspondent of that paper, presents with much force and distinctness the subject of trusts in England. Such a presentation is most timely. It comes at a moment when facts are important in order to accurately determine the extent to which trusts abound in a country where protection is unknown. From Mr. Brown's article, which appears in the current issue of the American Economist, it is learned, among other things, that in free-trade England the modern trust had its origin and has attained to its most complete development. To-day, says this well-informed writer, "there are more trade combinations to the square inch in England than in the United States, and it will not be long at the present rate before every trade in the tight little island will be in a position to regulate competition."

In spite of the fact that the tendency toward monopoly in England in the last year has been significant and almost startling, the average Englishman will tell you, "We have no trusts in England." Mr. Havemeyer evidently had that idea when he declared that "the customs tariff is the mother of trusts." How mistaken is this belief, and how firmly the trust movement, under another name, has taken hold upon English commercial life, may be convincingly learned from the facts set forth in detail by the Press correspondent. According to this well-informed writer,

"Organizations which in America would be popularly called trusts now control in England the fine cotton spinning, the dyeing, screw manufacture, salt manufacture, newspaper manufacture, cotton thread, chemicals, the crushing of oil seed, bedstead making, glass bottle making, manufacture of electrical fittings and the cased tube trade. There is no open market in petroleum, nickel, mercury, antimony, lead pipe, and fish. The National Telephone company now has a monopoly, and the number of trades in which the leading producers have combined and have begun to squeeze the smaller producers to the inevitable end of establishing what is tantamount to a trust is almost infinite."

In one respect the trust idea has been carried in England to an extent thus far unknown in the United States. The combinations operating separately in different lines are engaged in combining themselves into still larger and more comprehensive trusts. At last accounts the dyers were thinking of going into the chemical manufacturing business, making their own dyes and dyestuffs, and establishing what would amount to a practical monopoly in that direction. Likewise the retail chemists, themselves combined into associations which regulated prices in many districts, froze out the manufacturer of mineral waters by building a factory themselves and practically controlling the market.

One of the latest combinations is that of oil seed crushers, whose chairman is Hugh Cullen Smith, late governor of the Bank of England, and the manufacturers of the paper used in making newspapers are said to have formed a monopoly. Twenty-four leading firms in the engineering trade have consolidated with a capital of \$70,000,000. Vickers & Co., armor-plate manufacturers, have been buying up competing firms until they control the trade. The Belfast linen yarn spinners were lately reported to be organizing, and also the Scottish floor cloth manufacturers, also the bleachers, who are reported to have a capital of \$30,000,000.

All this in free-trade England, where, if Mr. Havemeyer and his demopopular admirers are correct in their contention, trusts do not and cannot exist. It appears, however, that they can and do exist, and that they thrive wonderfully well in that non-protected country—thrive all the better, it would seem, because of the absence of protection and the active and always increasing competition which protection promotes and insures. Such, it will be found, is the truth concerning trusts. They flourish with or without a protective tariff—rather better without than with it.

Democracy and Trusts.

Protection is a Republican policy; the Democrats have formed a habit of denouncing it, and they think they must keep it up, with or without reason and sense. And so, with the splendid record of protection staring them in the face, and being unable to point to a single fact that is not to its credit, they wildly re-echo Havemeyer's flippant utterance with some such scheme as this in their heads: The people like the protective tariff; let us try to make them hate it by circulating the absurd lie that it is the mother of trusts.

The hypocrisy of all this is quite as comical as it is revolting. It shows what a poverty-stricken old concern the Democratic party is. Free silver is dead. Flag hauling as an issue is worse than no issue at all. Fantastic yarns about trusts and the tariff are the only remaining resort. The Democracy grabs at this grotesque banner and flourishes it frantically, hoping to rattle voters and muddle their thinking apparatus. But the Dodge will not

work. It is a confession of weakness and a proclamation of stupidity. The people see through the game and will coldly keep out of it, preferring to retain their prosperity, their open workshops, their 100-cent dollars, their sterling Americanism and their respect for the flag of their country.—Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat and Chronicle.

Where Should We Be?

Forty years ago we were far in the rear as a manufacturing nation. Today we occupy the first rank. Forty years ago we were dependent upon Europe for all our best manufactured products. To-day we are independent of the world. Forty years ago the notion that we should sell iron and machinery in large quantities in England would have been laughed at. Now this kind of traffic is a familiar and growing fact. In short, the protective system for which our economists and progressive statesmen strenuously contended for so many years, often against heavy odds, has triumphantly vindicated itself; making the nation rich, powerful, self-contained and able to supply its wants from its own resources. We have a right at the close of the century which witnessed the great struggle between free-trade and protection to congratulate the men who made the fight for truth, and who have been so magnificently vindicated by experience. Suppose the free-traders had won the battle? Where, then, should we be?—Philadelphia Textile Record.

Should Take a Rest.

The Indianapolis correspondent for a trade paper reports that there has not been a year since 1892 when the outlook for fall and winter business in that section along all lines has been as flattering as it is now. Jobbers are confidently expecting to see the record of 1892 passed before the season closes. It is stated that there is a healthy business confidence among all classes which fully justifies the placing of large orders. Anticipating a rise in prices, early buyers have stocked up heavily in order to take advantage of market conditions, and jobbers have laid in large supplies.

And yet Mr. Bryan and Mr. Belmont profess to think that the people of the country are laboring under heavy burdens. If these talkative gentlemen would give their tongues and their pens a rest for a few days and would give even a cursory attention to the actual state of affairs in the country they would perhaps realize the folly and the nonsense of their blatherskite talk about the present heavy burdens of the people.

The Astonished "Rubberneck."



Nothing Else to Howl About.

The Democrats dare not go before the people on the question of tariff for protection—they repealed protection and plunged the country into hard times and poverty, and they dare not go before the people on that issue. They are afraid to raise again the cry of free silver and dishonest money—they were beaten out of sight on that issue in the last campaign, and they wish to get up some new issue. What shall it be? Why, say the Democrats, let us howl against the trusts. True, the Republicans have legislated against trusts, and the Democrats, when they had the power, did not, but we can fool the people and get into power if we howl loud enough and long enough against the trusts. At any rate we are going to try it, for in these blooming times of Republican prosperity and plenty there is nothing else left for the Democrats to howl about.—Freeport (Ill.) Journal.

Will Not Make Votes.

For the present, and with the current rise of wages making the workmen contented with their lot, it would not be possible to rally a large part of the labor vote against the tariff on the ground that it is the parent of trusts, even if that contention were true, which it is not. Mr. Havemeyer is inadequate authority to quote on that side, in view of the fact that our worst trusts lie entirely outside the range of protected industries, and that these organizations have been shown by English writers to flourish in that country under free trade no less than in America under protection. But whether true or false, it will not make votes for the Democracy in the quarter where they most want them, and the party can make no graver mistake than to run after Mr. Havemeyer's red herring.—Robert Ellis Thompson, in the Irish World.

When the Devil Was Sick.

Mr. Havemeyer illustrates in a new way the old rhyme that "When the devil was sick, the devil a monk was he." In the days of the Cleveland administration Mr. Havemeyer moved heaven and earth to secure protection for his sugar, but having failed to get as much as he desired he now denounces the tariff as "the mother of trusts."—Burlington Hawk-Eye.

WORKMEN WANTED.

The Supply Not Sufficient to Meet the Demand for Industrial Helpers.

Assistant Commissioner of Immigration McSweeney, in his testimony before the industrial commission at its recent sitting in New York city, stated that applications for 10,000 unskilled workmen had been made upon the immigration authorities since the revival of business last spring, but these they could not and had no authority to furnish.

In 1893 an army of workmen, out of work, started out to march to Washington to demand employment. There were many hundreds of thousands more workmen in the country who had no work, but who did not start out on that fruitless and foolish march. In 1899, when immigration has swelled the number of laborers in the country by many hundreds of thousands above what it was in 1893, employers of labor are so in need of laborers that they apply to the immigration authorities for 10,000 workmen. In 1893 we had for president the so-called "Moses of Free-Trade," the man who in his search for an issue with which to make good his leadership had gone back to the dead past and had brought forth a bygone and discredited policy and made it the policy of his party; the man whose election meant, above all, that this country was again to make a trial of some old policy which history showed had wrecked its industries more than once. In 1899 we have for president the great apostle of protection, whose election meant, above all things, the restoration of protection to American industries, whose first official act was the calling of a special session of congress for the purpose of enacting a protective tariff law. In 1893 the prospect of the immediate adoption of free-trade and workmen seeking in vain for work; in 1899 a protective tariff law and work seeking in vain for men to do it. It is an instructive picture.

Prosperity Points.

Corn in Kansas this year will win over calamity by the largest margin ever known.—Topeka Capital.

It is gratifying to observe the steadily increasing volume of our transactions with all of our Latin-American neighbors.—Troy Times.

Even the numerous strikes are indices of the country's prosperity. Workmen know better than to strike when the times are hard.—Buffalo Express.

The Kansas corn crop is estimated at 300,000,000 bushels, and the most ardent of Populists concede a Republican victory in the state for at least two years. Good times and Republicanism go hand in hand in Kansas.—New York Press.

Prosperity is evidenced in the earnings of the railroad, which for June and the first half of July increased from 14 to 16 per cent over the corresponding period of last year. There is no better gauge of the improved business conditions.—Syracuse Herald.

Pennsylvania papers announce that marriages in the state have increased decidedly during the last two years, and one editor remarks that "there is an intimate relationship between marriages and the markets." Another pleasing result may be credited to prosperity.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Making Up for Lost Time.

A Pittsburg dry goods dealer recently stated that his firm could not keep their trade stocked sufficiently from the time their traveling men visited towns until their return to them. Orders by the score came in unsolicited, most of them being "hurry-up" orders. He declared it to be practically impossible to keep their stock of standard goods up to a normal condition. Dry goods dealers throughout the country are having similar experiences. The people of the country have reached that pitch of prosperity where they are able to indulge in the gratification of their tastes, when they can pay something for beauty and for style. They are making up for the miserable years of 1892-1896, when they had to put up with "any old thing." Now that protection has brought back prosperity they are making up for lost time.

A Foolish Luxury.

Champagne importations to this country have largely increased. It's another bumper for McKinley times. Back in the Gorman-Wilson days the third-haunted aristocracy was lucky to get beer.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Champagne as a luxury, and in protection times there is always an increase in the use of luxuries. Foreign champagne, however, belongs in the category of foolish luxuries—foolish because sparkling wines in every way equal to those sold under foreign labels are now being produced in our own country. It is no longer true that champagnes of the first quality are only to be had from France. America has made splendid advances along this line, as along many other lines of successful competition.

Troublesome Prosperity.

When the Wilson-Gorman bill was getting in its deadly work nearly all of the railroads in the country were in the hands of receivers; now that the agent of prosperity is on deck they are troubled because of their inability to receive all the freight which offers itself.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Cutting.

Sandy Pikes—"How yer like 'Da Man wid de Hoe,' Billy?"
Billy Coalgate—"De last time I met de man wid de hoe he made a very deep impression on me, an' I kin fee de impression yit."